

● SERIAL STORY

Murder on the Boardwalk

BY ELINORE COWAN STONE

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Yesterday, "Lucille" leads Christine to Chandra. She realizes that it was he who met her at the station. He admits he is "partly responsible" for Mrs. Talbert's death because he did not warn her of impending danger.

CHAPTER XIV
"DON'T believe it!" Christine cried hotly. "I don't believe that my cousin ever went to a fortune-teller in her life. She was too—"

"Too sensible, you mean? I am sorry to disillusion you; but Mrs. Talbert has been one of my best clients for years."

"And I let you make me promise not to warn the police!" Christine swung on the girl.

"Please!" the girl spoke swiftly. "I brought you here because there are things you must know that only my uncle can tell you. . . . And this is the only place in Surf City where he is safe from the police."

Then a door opened and another person came quickly from an adjoining room.

Christine cried on a caught breath, "Jaspar!"

But this wasn't the caricature of Jaspar she had seen last night. This was the same immaculate, decorous Jaspar she remembered moving smoothly about his duties at Cousin Emma's.

"Miss Christine," he began respectfully, "I had almost given up hope of speaking with you until you called my niece as I told her to ask you the other night to do."

He turned anxiously to the girl. "You'd better hurry home, Lucille," he told her in an undertone.

The girl nodded, and slipped obediently out of the room.

FOR a moment Christine stood speechless, her thoughts scattering like leaves in a wind.

Apparently the butler was here under Chandra's protection—a trusted confederate. Yet if the clairvoyant had learned about those bonds from Jaspar, why had he tried to warn her? . . . Or supposing he had really wanted to warn her, why hadn't he given her the information plainly, in words of one syllable, without all that theatrical clap-trap? Unless, perhaps, he had some reason for distrusting the butler, and wanted to make sure before he committed himself. . . . Unless he had some reason for suspecting that Jaspar was involved in Cousin Emma's death.

But when she had talked with Chandra, Cousin Emma was still alive—at least, her death was not public knowledge.

No, it's too thin, Christine thought. These two are working together.

"I hope, Miss Christine," Jaspar went on, "that you haven't just left those papers lying around—or that you're not carrying them about with you?"

Christine said steadily, "I turned the bonds over to Inspector Parsons the first thing this morning, and told him where I found them. . . . And, Jaspar, it seems to me that you are the one who—just left them around. How did you know where my room was, and how did you get in?"

"That was the simplest part of it, Miss Christine. You see, not being able to meet you myself at the train, I asked Mr. Chandra, who has been in Mrs. Talbert's confidence for years, to make certain where you went. And at the hotel, all I had to do was to find one of the maids who used to work under me at your cousin's home. . . . Mrs. Talbert had made me promise, Miss Christine, that if anything happened to her before she saw you, I would make certain that you had the securities."

"But my cousin was killed last night. You put those papers there the afternoon before. Nothing had happened to her then."

"Yes, Miss Christine," Jaspar agreed uncomfortably. "But—of course you couldn't know this—for some time Mrs. Talbert had been growing more and more—well, strange, about things like that. She insisted that you must have them in your own hands."

"But if you knew she was in danger, why didn't you go to the police?"

"Because that was another thing Mrs. Talbert had made me promise. You see, Miss Christine, she had been expecting something like this for a long time. Perhaps you wouldn't remember, but almost 12 years ago, her only nephew was kidnapped in much the same way."

"And Mrs. Talbert wouldn't have the police called then, either," Jaspar finished.

"Why should she expect to be abducted?"

"Well, Miss Christine, lately she's had—threatening letters—just as the family did before Mr. Earl was taken."

And who, Christine thought, would be in a better position than you to see that those letters were safely delivered?

For a moment she hesitated for words. Then she went on, feeling her way carefully, "Then why didn't you leave a note with the bonds—some explanation?"

Before the butler could answer, a sharp knock sounded on the outer door. Jaspar and the medium exchanged startled glances. Then with a reassuring gesture Chandra went out into the hall.

CHRISTINE had never expected to be gladdened by the sight

of Inspector Parsons; but when he came briskly into the room, she could have fallen on his neck. Behind him were Bill Yardley—his eyes seeking her out with a kind of angry relief—Mr. Wilmet, and, sobbing miserably into her handkerchief, the girl Lucille. . . .

The inspector looked Jaspar over with a satisfied smile of recognition and favored Christine with a glance that was far from friendly. Then he turned to a uniformed man.

"Take this girl home," he directed, indicating the butler's weeping niece; "and see that she stays there till further notice."

He swung upon Christine. "Wait a minute, Inspector!" Bill's voice crackled. "I told you that Miss Thorenson hadn't any idea where she was coming to—night, or whom she was going to find. . . . And a sweet chase you've led me!" he swung on Christine.

"If Wilmet, here, hadn't happened to see you following that girl, I don't know how we'd have run you down. It was pure luck—his recognizing her when she came back along the Boardwalk."

Inspector Parsons had turned to Chandra. "I was on my way here when Yardley burst in about Miss Thorenson's disappearance," he said. "So you do cut in on this after all!"

"I thought you'd work around to that idea, Inspector."

The clairvoyant's voice was cool; but his tawny eyes were watchful.

"When I talked to you this morning," the detective went on, "that danger looked like a deliberately planted clue—and a pretty

stupid one. I didn't know then about your talk with Miss Thorenson last night. . . . Interesting that you should have known that Mrs. Talbert's bonds had been stolen—and where they were. . . . And I didn't know," he added very slowly, "that on the night Mrs. Talbert disappeared, she was last seen going into your Broadway studio."

(To Be Continued)



Charging Edward J. Barrett, Illinois state auditor, with breach of promise, Camille Martinetti has filed \$250,000 suit in Chicago court. She claims to have been confidential secretary in auditor's office.

OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN

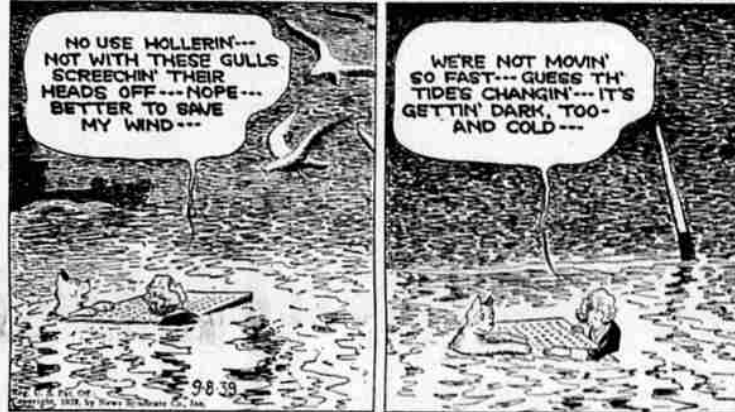
FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"Can he talk yet?"
"Yeah, but he hasn't said anything worth repeatin'."

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



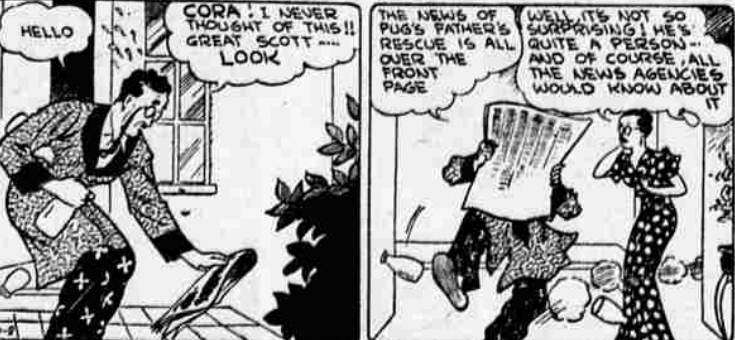
BY BLOSSER

WASH TUBBS



BY CRANE

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



BY MARTIN

ALLEY OOP



BY V. T. HAMLIN



FEMININE ATHLETE

HORIZONTAL

1 Pictured English tennis star.

10 Sheaf.

11 To close with wax.

12 The soul.

13 Jewel.

14 Credit.

15 Inheritable.

16 Measure of area.

19 Flat-bottomed boat.

20 Field.

21 Hideous giant.

22 Quiescence.

27 Administers drugs.

29 Bill.

30 Short letter.

31 Goddess of discord.

32 To lease.

33 Energy.

34 Coal truck.

35 To assess.

36 Knave of clubs.

37 Postscript.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

13 Smells.

14 Clerical worker.

15 She is a left tennis player.

16 Borders.

17 To puff up.

18 To think.

22 To contradict.

23 Malicious intentions.

24 Name.

25 Court.

26 Taxaceous trees.

28 Pope's scarf.

29 Flock.

32 To retract.

33 Flower holder.

36 Cripples.

37 To primp.

38 Donated.

40 Hindi dialect.

41 Stingy.

42 Away.

44 Pine tree.

46 Corded cloth.

47 Half an em.

48 You and I.

VERTICAL

1 Chinese measure.

2 Yellow resin.

3 52 weeks.

4 Senior.

5 To seek to attain.

6 Pithy.

7 Wrong.

8 EIL.

9 River.

