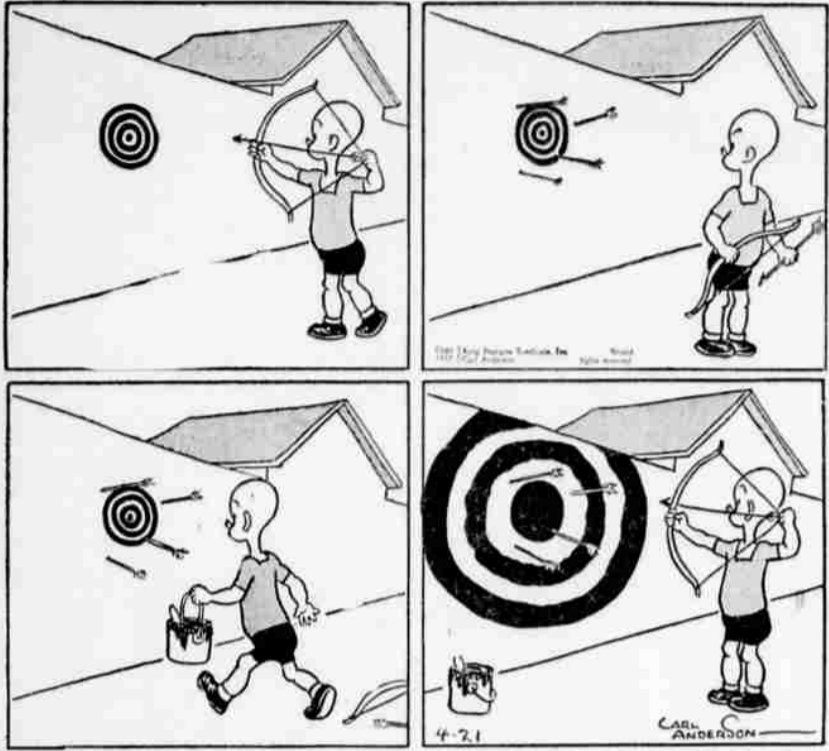


HENRYBy Carl Anderson



ANSWERS to QUESTIONS

A reader can get the answer to any question of fact by writing The Capital Journal Information Bureau, Washington, D.C. Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Please enclose three cents for reply. Q. What was Sir William Osler's statement about men over forty and on what occasion was it made? W. J. A. In a famous valedictory address delivered at Johns Hopkins in 1905, Sir William Osler said: Take the sum of human achievement in action, in science, in art, in literature, and while we should miss great treasures, even priceless treasures, we would practically be where we are today... the effective, moving, vitalizing work of the world is done between the ages of 25 and 40—those golden years of plenty, the anabolic or constructive period, in which there is always a balance in the mental bank and the credit is still good.

ROOM AND BOARDBy Gene Ahern



RADIO PROGRAM

- WEDNESDAY P.M. 12:00—Popeye Young's Family, NBC. 12:15—Ma Perkins, NBC. 12:30—Vic and Sade, NBC. 12:45—The O'Neill, NBC. 1:00—Columbia, NBC. 1:15—Follow the Moon, NBC. 1:30—The Gladys Light, NBC. 1:45—Hollywood News Flash, NBC. 2:00—Portland Council of Churches, NBC. 2:15—Clary and Gillum, NBC. 2:30—Biffo's Time, NBC. 2:45—Our American Schools, NBC. 3:00—Women's Magazine of the Air, NBC. 3:15—The Star, NBC. 3:30—The Star, NBC. 3:45—The Star, NBC. 4:00—The Star, NBC. 4:15—The Star, NBC. 4:30—The Star, NBC. 4:45—The Star, NBC. 5:00—The Star, NBC. 5:15—The Star, NBC. 5:30—The Star, NBC. 5:45—The Star, NBC. 6:00—The Star, NBC. 6:15—The Star, NBC. 6:30—The Star, NBC. 6:45—The Star, NBC. 7:00—The Star, NBC. 7:15—The Star, NBC. 7:30—The Star, NBC. 7:45—The Star, NBC. 8:00—The Star, NBC. 8:15—The Star, NBC. 8:30—The Star, NBC. 8:45—The Star, NBC. 9:00—The Star, NBC. 9:15—The Star, NBC. 9:30—The Star, NBC. 9:45—The Star, NBC. 10:00—The Star, NBC. 10:15—The Star, NBC. 10:30—The Star, NBC. 10:45—The Star, NBC. 11:00—The Star, NBC. 11:15—The Star, NBC. 11:30—The Star, NBC. 11:45—The Star, NBC. 12:00—The Star, NBC.

MURDER ON THE BLUFF

Chapter One AN INVITATION TO THE BLUFF I met Michael at college, where I was spending more dollars than I like to think about learning that a Shakespeare is found once in many centuries, and Michael was busy spending more than that learning to wear my suits and shirts. Afterward we drifted together into a small apartment on West 80th street and I settled down to writing bad fiction while he massacred time in his own fashion. This story proper begins on the February morning when the Skipper's note arrived. We were at breakfast, and the prospect of a fourth consecutive rainy day had lent the finishing touch to the excellent grouch I had been nursing for a week. Due to a long-awaited birthday check from his aunts, Michael's spirits were soaring. "A swell day, old son," he observed, pinning the check down with the toast tray. My response was brief and to the point. I glanced morosely at the envelope labeled in Miss Farrington's careful hand and added, "There's a note. Aren't you going to read it?" "You would," said Michael satily. "Don't miss anything. Sometime when you—Damm it!" His face fell sufficiently for my satisfaction. So I reached for the note. "Dear Michael," it read. "Since it is your birthday, Barbara and I enclose this slight remembrance. We should be delighted if you could find it convenient to pay us a short visit next week, as Barbara is not too well and would be better for a little company. Pray ask James also, if he finds it convenient. I shall expect you Friday. Affectionately yours, Martha Farrington."

rocky little island connected with the mainland by a none too sturdy but extremely picturesque bridge. Perched directly on the bluff, it looks to the southward over miles of Long Island Sound and to the northward over a long sloping lawn, terminating in water and the beach. East and west lie rocks, and below the rocks, the beaches. The pier and the boathouse stand on the western beach. Between them and the house are the tennis courts, and on the rocks to the east stand the stable and the garage. Over the entire estate towers a collection of beautiful old elms. In all, I should say, the island covers about half a mile of dry land. In the proper season it is pleasant to wharf over the old bridge into the shade of the elms. After a four-hour ride in February it is hardly that. I swore so loudly and so well that Gay rapped applause on the window as we drew up to the house. But my fury was short-lived, for once inside the house I had something more important to think about. M. Farrington's vague remark about the Skipper was far from unfounded. She was not actually ill, but her hair had grayed appallingly and there were tense, strained lines in her face. I was startled and so, I could see, was Michael. We were established in the library almost immediately. Before the numbness was fairly out of my hands and feet M. Farrington was systematically caucusing Michael about his fall and winter activities. With Gay's assistance he launched into a dramatic account of a debaucher's ball, and I was left to the Skipper, who stood gazing into the fire, the new silver in her hair glinting in the light and the knuckles of the brown hand resting on the mantel standing out livid, so tightly was it clenched. As I stared at her broad back, feeling more and more disturbed, she whirled and looked me full in the eye. "Skipper," I said, grabbing her hand, "what's wrong?" She smiled. "Great Scott, Jim, do I look as bad as that?" Her voice was natural and easy in its booming cheerfulness. "Good Heavens, boy! You're half frozen, Mike, take that kid upstairs and pour something hot to him. He's cold. Time to dress, anyway."

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



GIANTS IN THOSE DAYS



Dear Michael," it read. "Since it is your birthday, Barbara and I enclose this slight remembrance. We should be delighted if you could find it convenient to pay us a short visit next week, as Barbara is not too well and would be better for a little company. Pray ask James also, if he finds it convenient. I shall expect you Friday. Affectionately yours, Martha Farrington." I glanced at Michael. His face was black and I promptly felt cheerful. "Well?" I said. "Well, yourself!" he exploded. "Of all the lousy luck—" I interrupted hastily. "There's another one. Here, I'll read it." The second note was in the Skipper's scrawling hand. "Dear Mike, Martha has decided that I need company, and I'm afraid that nothing will do but that you and Jimmie pay your debtors in February. The choice this way is Judge Blinn's. But I have heard no talk on the subject. In any event, being as many people as you like, I'll do what I can. Regards to Jimmie. Love, AUNT BOB." Michael, let me here announce, had more relatives than any three people of my acquaintance, but his immediate family consisted of two nuns with whom he had lived as a child, being unable to trust himself away from the unquestionable attentions of my aunts and two—as he so kindly informed me—the present residence at Farrington Bluff consisted of an annual visit there in my company. During college this custom had become a fixed one, and by the time of this year it was nothing short of an institution. We usually favored the bluff in May or June when swimming, boating and fishing were partial compensations. In February it was unthinkable. I glanced at Michael. "We could," he ventured feebly, "have the medals. You could anyway, and—"

Definitely uneasy, I mounted the stairs with Michael. In my room he parked himself in the best chair and fumbled for a cigarette. "Jimmie!" "Yeah?" "What the devil do you suppose is wrong with the Skipper? Aunt Martha doesn't know. Aunt—well, damn it, she looks rotten!" "You're telling me!" I said. "Why the devil can't you stay here and look after her?" Michael lit his cigarette and stared at the end of it. "I should, that's a fact," he said. "If anything goes wrong with the Skipper, I'll never forgive myself." And right there, just in case either of us had changed our opinion of the bluff in February, a benign, whistling shriek of wind seemed actually to shake the house. I thought of the ride back on Monday and shivered. "Listen to that," growled Michael. "Enough to make anyone sick. And when I tried to talk her into going to Florida this winter, she told me to put on my long underwear if the climate bothered me." I didn't point out that the Skipper had listened to that wind all her life and thrived on it. Instead I looked at my watch and observed, "If we don't get a move on, M. Farrington will explode. Scram, Mike!" Still fuming, Michael scrambled. (To be Continued)

REG'LAR FELLERS



THE WHOLE WORKS



Sundown Stories

Christopher's Second Prank BY MARY GRAPAM BONNER WAVING in the sunlight was a clothes line and on the clothes line were a lot of nice, freshly washed clothes. The ground underneath was of dirt and cinders. Tucking the note under his wing, Christopher flew up to fly clothes line. One of the clothes was pulled off the clothes line and dropped the freshly washed clothes to the ground. It took him time to do this, but no one was around and it did not seem as though he needed to hurry. "This is really wicked," he told himself. "But perhaps the one who washed these clothes needs to get out in the good air and get something on her once more. Yes, maybe that will be good for her. She'll get added exercise first in doing the wash a second time." "Exercise is good for anyone. I know, how my stomach aches and drops when I can't stretch my strong wings every so often." But in his own heart of hearts he knew he was being very, very naughty. "They'd spank me if they caught me," he thought. "I'll have to rush away as soon as I see anyone." Suddenly there was a loud shout of anger and great, great annoyance. "Just see what that crow has done!" someone called. "From where did he come? On dear, on dear, my nice fresh wash! I'll get an old stick and drive him off." Christopher was about to fly away when another thought came to him. "Do I dare? Do I dare?" he asked himself. To get back to the story, I was

THE GUMPS



COCKTAILS



TAILSPIN TOMMY



THE SHADOW—ON THE HANGAR FLOOR!



EKMAN GOES EAST

Silverton—O. Henry Ekman, who has been at the home of his son, Ernest R. Ekman, for several months, left for Minneapolis and various cities in Wisconsin where he plans to spend the summer. Scotts Mill—The dance given in the Odd Fellows hall Saturday evening sponsored by the Royal Neighbors, was a successful one.