

# MURDER ON THE BLUFF

**SYNOPSIS:** Michael and I (I'm Jim Wells) share a small apartment in New York. In February his two aunts invite us to Farrington Bluff for a week-end because the Skipper (his younger aunt) is not well and needs company. Mike takes along Gay Palmer, his red-haired heart interest, and we reach the little island estate at nightfall. The Skipper, tall, square and mannish, looks startlingly gray and worried. Martha Farrington, the small, stout, rather prudish aunt, is as Victorian and correct as ever. The wind shrieks as we go up stairs to change for dinner.

## Chapter Two Jude Gets Mike Alone

TRUE to the Skipper's hint, Jude Blinshop put in an appearance at dinner, but the meal was not much of a success. The atmosphere was peculiar. For one thing, the conversation was too free and easy for an M. Farrington function.

Not once did Mike have occasion to kick my shins under the table as I hovered on the brink of a slip. Not once did M. Farrington edge him into an exclusive conversation with Jude Blinshop or suggest that he must show the child the conservatory directly after dinner. And not once did the Skipper so much as chuckle during the entire meal.



"Well, Don Juan, I suppose there's some reason for this stupid stunt?"

It has since occurred to me that the disappointing flatness was due to the absence of the spirit of chase. We were keyed up for a contest that never transpired. I had my eye on calling M. Farrington's campaign for Tessie Appliot almost wistfully. That had been a weekend! And with Mary Gould—Well, certainly the old lady was losing her grip.

Jude Blinshop, by the way, deserves a word or two of description. Although I hadn't seen her in some time, she and I had been very fond of each other once in the dim, dark past. One of those sleek, slender girls for whom the collegiate world has coined the word smooth. Her hair was very dark, combed straight back and caught low on her neck. Her eyes were an amazing blue, matched exactly this evening by her gown. Her dark clear-cut profile gave a suggestion of aloofness and indifference. Beside her Gay Palmer looked pudgy, cherubic and thoroughly insignificant. But not to Michael's way of thinking. Since his first pair of long pants, Mike had never succumbed to Jude's charms—a situation that had always been quite agreeable to me.

Coffee in the library proved an even more dismal affair. We had by that time pretty well exhausted our stock subjects of conversation—the respective healths of Mr. and Mrs. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Blinshop, M. Farrington's cat, and the Skipper's dogs—not to mention the severity of the winter and the spring repairs. We had also discussed the social activities to date, the condition of my present novel, the reception of the previous one, Jude's opinion of Florida, and Gay's longing to live in England.

The library did not share the dining-room's sheltered position, and the howl of the storm was painfully audible. Matters were decidedly at a standstill when Higgins appeared with the coffee.

### The Stage Is Set

MICHAEL had taken possession of Christopher, the repulsive Persian cat that occupied the place of honor in the heart of Martha Farrington. Seating himself calmly on the fender, quite unmindful of Chris-

ter's strenuous objections, he caused feline arias to mingle with the general uproar. Miss Farrington sat bolt upright at a discreet distance from the fire, while the two girls were arrayed on the davenport and the Skipper and I took our stand beside Michael. The stage was set, but the lines were sadly missing. Except for the wind and the cat, silence and plenty of it pervaded the Farrington library.

"Higgins," said Michael, manfully venturing into the void, "you don't look up to scratch. Getting lumbago?"

Everyone turned eagerly to Higgins. The man did look ill, as a matter of fact. That he should rattle a coffee cup was a situation in itself, but Higgins had other plans.

"I feel very fit, Mr. Michael," he said, looking if anything a little worse, and promptly withdrew. At this point the Skipper's foot hit the log a resounding whack and she began to chuckle.

"Give it up, Mike. Even Higgins can't stand the gas. Take all these kids into the game-room and live them up. Martha and I need a nap."

None of us hastened to point out that this was hardly the hour for napping. Michael rose with alacrity releasing Christopher.

"Skipper," he said, "you're always right." And informing Gay that she would mold if she sat there another moment, he steered her from the room, leaving me to follow with Jude

The arrangement suited me to the ground. The Skipper having yawned in my face and declared that she loathed both table tennis and billiards, I said goodnight to M. Farrington and eagerly did my duty. My exhilaration was short-lived. The library door was scarcely shut behind us when Jude dropped my arm.

"Jimmie," she said in a low voice. "I want you to do me a favor."

"I Must Speak To Mike"

I HAD once been in love with the girl and I hadn't forgotten. "Anything at all, Jude."

"Well, pigeonhole Gay for half an hour, will you? I must speak to Mike, and it's a little awkward for me under the circumstances."

"Why certainly. When? Now?"

"If you don't mind. Thanks, Jim." And we entered the game-room. Gay and Michael were already seated with their backs to us, and it took no keen eye to see that they were neither interested in billiards nor anxious for our company. I looked uncertainly at Jude, but she had turned away and was loyally with a billiard cue. Well, I was playing marbles when my elders plowed through the Argonne, but I have my fighting instincts. I marched up to Gay and hauled her unceremoniously to her feet.

"Palmer," I announced, "unless I demonstrate to you immediately the glories of M. Farrington's roses, there will be full consequences."

"Hey!" began Michael, but I yanked Gay through the door. It is satisfying to carry off a situation, but I realized the moment we were in the hall that the situation had barely begun. Gay seated herself on the stairs.

"Well, Don Juan," she started. "I suppose there's some reason for this stupid stunt?"

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

MOVE 3 MATCHES AND HAVE ONLY 4 EQUAL-SIZED SQUARES



EACH OF THE 16 MATCHES MUST FORM THE SIDE OF ONE SQUARE... Solution tomorrow

THE HEART OF A SNAKE CAN BEAT FOR 24 HOURS AFTER THE REPTILE'S HEAD IS CUT OFF



### THE GHOST CANDIDATE!

THADDEUS STEVENS WAS UNANIMOUSLY ELECTED A CANDIDATE FOR THE U.S. CONGRESS 4 DAYS AFTER HE WAS DEAD!

-Pennsylvania, Aug. 15, 1868-



### THE KING'S HORSES!

TO FETE HIS CORONATION, EDWARD I, of England, TURNED LOOSE 200 HORSES IN THE STREETS OF LONDON... WHOEVER CAUGHT ONE BECAME ITS RIGHTFUL OWNER.



The Ghost Candidate  
On a tombstone marking a grave in a humble Lancaster, Pa., cemetery are the following words: "I repose in this quiet and secluded spot, not from any preference for solitude, but finding other cemeteries limited by charter rules as to race, I have chosen it that I might be enabled to illustrate in my death the principles which I have advocated through a long life—the equality of man before his Creator."

This epitaph, composed by Thaddeus Stevens, who rests underneath it, well shows the character of the man who so won the affections of his neighbors that they actually elected him as a candidate for congress of the United States after he was dead.

Three times elected to congress from the county of Lancaster, he became one of the leading members of the house. The news of his death in Washington, D. C., on August 11, 1868, came as a blow to his home community. The Republican primaries were scheduled for the following Saturday, August 15.

Pennsylvania's county committee pondered the problem of a substitute candidate for the dead man. No one they could think of came within any degree of the popularity held by Stevens. The chairman came to a decision. His recommendation read: "As a fitting tribute to the memory of our most able and distinguished champion of freedom and justice, the unanimous vote of the party be cast for the name of Thaddeus Stevens in the ensuing primary meeting, and that arrangements be made later for filling the vacancy."

Lancaster's citizens lauded the suggestion. When the primary votes were counted, every one had been cast for a corpse, that of Thaddeus Stevens!

The King's Horses  
London let down its hair and went wild for the coronation of Edward I and Eleanor of Castile on August 2, 1273.

Huge cooking sheds in the yards of the royal palace dispensed food to the entire populace, fountains and conduits flowed Gascon wine in place of water and wealthy persons stood at their windows showering gold and silver to the crowds.

To top it all off, the king had 200 horses turned loose in the streets. Each horse became the property of the person who caught it.

Ochs' Widow Dies  
NEW YORK, May 7. — (AP) — Mrs. Adolph Ochs, widow of the publisher of the New York Times, died suddenly today at her home "Hillside" in White Plains. She suffered a heart attack a short time ago and her death came a little more than two years after her husband died at Chattanooga, Tenn., April 8, 1935.

Padding Principal Restored to Office  
PORTLAND, Ore., May 7. — (AP) — The school board of the Holbrook district unanimously restored Earle E. Reinhart, principal, to his position last night after a mass meeting to consider his resignation, given after he had been convicted in court of paddling a pupil and braining him.

Glond experiments have been carried on at San Quentin prison, Cal., since 1908.

## THE FAMILY ALBUM—ENDING THE DAY

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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## S'MATTER POP.

By C. M. PAYNE



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## TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Shadow... On the Hangar Floor!

By HAL FORREST



2804

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Proposition

By EDWIN ALGER



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## THE NEBBS—You Tell 'Em, Emma

By SOL HE



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## GENERAL RELIEF EASES IN MARCH

SALEM, Ore., May 7. — (AP) — The number of persons receiving general relief assistance in Oregon decreased 13.9 per cent in March over the previous month, State Relief Director Elmer R. Goudy reported to the state budget department today.

## AUTO VICTIM HELD ON DRUNK CHARGE

Joseph Frank Dell, 62, was being held in the city jail today charged with drunkenness following an accident at Central avenue and Main street Wednesday night which saw Dell knocked to the pavement by an automobile driven by John A. Adamczyk, of Route 1.

According to a police report Dell walked directly in front of the car which was traveling between five and eight miles an hour. He was taken to a hospital in an ambulance, and later lodged in jail when it was discovered the extent of injuries was a broken nose.

Dell, a city police say, has been living in Medford the past several months, and has been in jail before on drunkenness charges. Police state Dell claims he has been sleeping in box-cars.

Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.