

MURDER ON THE BLUFF

SYNOPSIS: My room mate, Michael, has two aunts who invite us (I'm Jim Wells) to Farrington Bluff for a February weekend. Gay Palmer, Mike's red-headed heart interest, goes along. The Skipper, tall and square, looks worried and ill, while Martha Farrington, the small, stout, Victorian aunt, seems unchanged. Another guest, smooth Jude Blinshop, is an old flame of mine. After a dismal dinner, a constrained atmosphere settles upon the party. On the way to the game-room, Jude asks me to pigeonhole Gay; she must talk to Mike. Gay resents being dragged from Michael's company.

Chapter Three

"There's Hell to Pay!"

I WAS floundering badly and Gay's voice was somewhere along the coast of Labrador when to my infinite relief the Skipper suddenly came out of the library.

"What, no billiards?" said the Skipper.

Gay stood up. "No," she said without deigning me another look. "I have a snoring headache and I think I'll run up to bed if you don't mind."

"There's some aspirin in the drawer of the bedstand," offered the Skipper. "Probably this damned wind."

And there it was, I must have looked about as I felt, and that was no good. She was a nice kid, Gay. Confound Jude anyway! The Skipper was chuckling.

"Jim, don't tell me Mike has fallen at last!"

Gay marched up those stairs, her back like a ramrod. I nodded gloomily. "He's fallen about two thousand feet in the last two minutes," I said, "and he doesn't know it yet."

"Hm-m." She went up one step and turned. "Jim, do me a favor!" All things considered, I should have been cured, but I wasn't. "Sure."

"Don't let Mike drag any fool doctors around here, and for the love of Pete keep him away from Jude Blinshop!"

"Skipper!" I said. "Listen! What—?" "Please, Jim." She reached down and gave me a whack on the shoulder. "I count on you," she said and mounted the stairs.

A Chimney Crashes

EVENTUALLY I closed my mouth. In the course of a mere five minutes I had succeeded in precipitating a promising row between Michael and Gay and in checking my only reason for being at the Bluff at all—to get the Skipper to see a doctor. Concluding that there were no limits to my possibilities, I looked at my watch. It was 8:30 exactly.

No sound from the game-room. The Skipper and Gay were definitely out of the picture. That left myself and M. Farrington. With some idea of doing penance for my sins by spending an hour with that worthy, I opened the library door. But the library was empty.

That left myself. Well, I picked up a book and tried to relax, but the wind wasn't conducive to relaxation. I sat down at the desk and tried to worry a plot that had been more or less on my mind for the past month. Again the wind had other notions. And the couple in the game-room showed no signs of coming to the rescue. At precisely 10 o'clock I gave it up and went to bed.

Even there my woes did not sub-

the Skipper, and M. Farrington hissed from below. "Do me a favor! Do me a favor!" Finally I roused enough to convince myself that the wind and not the household was doing the hissing, and then at last I slept.

I woke to a bright light in my eyes and someone shaking my shoulder. A loud siren seemed to be sounding in the room. There was a sudden thundering crash that shook the house. In one jump I landed out of that bed and snatched into Michael, standing there fully dressed and dripping wet.

"The north chimney!" he shouted above the racket. It sounded more like the whole house. "For God's sake get into your clothes, Jim!" He was white as chalk and his hands were shaking. "There's hell to pay around here. Judge and the Skipper are missing!"

"Missing?" I echoed. "Where—?" "God knows. They're not in their rooms and they're not in the house. And the bridge is down."

I regarded him stupidly. "Dammit all!" roared Michael. "Will you get dressed?"

Obediently I reached for my pants.

Screams In The Dining Room

IT didn't take me long to get into them. As I dashed into the hall after Michael, the entire house was a blaze of light. All up and down the hall doors stood open, but no voices were audible above the wailing of the storm.

They were all in the dining room; there, I suppose, because the din was slightly muffled. M. Farrington in curlers and a hideous lavender robe. Gay, in fuzzy pajamas, looking like a sleepy, startled Kewpie. Higgins in a genuine nightshirt, topped by a tall coat and finished off with red slippers. Behind Higgins, Cook in braids and an overcoat was trying to pacify the chambermaid, who looked hysterical and obviously desired to be administered to by William, the chauffeur. It was a perfect scene, and it reached a climax as I entered.

Annie screamed. "I can't stand it any more," she wailed. "I'm going to faint." Her second scream was a prize winner. But Cook had methods of her own. She landed a neat, hay-maker on Annie's chin before Michael could intervene.

"Shut up, both of you!" he ordered and there was comparative silence. "Now look," he continued, "there have been storms like this out here before. There's nothing to worry about. Miss Barbara and Miss Blinshop must have gone out for a walk and been caught in it. We'll have to find them Higgins, you stay here and see to things. William, you can come with Mr. Wells and me. Better get a coat. Have you a flashlight?"

William had. As he vanished to get it, M. Farrington warmed into action. "Why," she demanded, voicing the thought in all our minds, "would Barbara and Judith go out for a walk on a night like this—and at this hour? They must be in the house, Michael. Possibly—"

"They aren't," said Michael shortly. Gay's voice, cool and crisp, joined the party. "I suppose you have reason to know?"

Michael turned to her. "I have. I was sitting here wondering about the storm and I suddenly got the idea that if the west chimney went, Jude and the Skipper wouldn't be any too safe. When I went up to suggest that

they move down the hall, they weren't there. I thought the Skipper might be in with Aunt Martha, so I woke Aunt Martha up. And then I called Higgins and we looked all over. Then I went after Jim, and while he was getting his clothes on, the chimney went and you came rushing down. He paused.

(Copyright 1937 Esther Tyler)

Mike slips over the rocks into the churning water, tomorrow.

side immediately. The roar of the wind was terrific, and curiosity—not to mention a touch of jealousy—kept me busy speculating about the interview in progress downstairs. I had done considerable thrashing by the time everything merged into a senseless hodgepodge in which I stood on the Farrington landing and watched Gay's furious face without any body glide slowly up ahead of me, while the voices of Jude, Michael,

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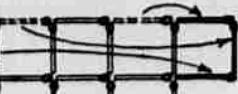
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STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



Solution to yesterday's puzzle... MAKING 4 SQUARES OUT OF 5 BY MOVING JUST 3 MATCHES



THE QUEEN WHO REFUSED TO BE CROWNED! HENRIETTA MARIA—Wife of Charles I, TURNED DOWN THE CROWNS OF BOTH ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND BECAUSE SHE OBJECTED TO THE CORONATION CEREMONY

VALERIC ACID, FOUND IN RANCID BUTTER, WILL CAUSE A ROOM IN WHICH IT HAS BEEN SPILLED TO SMELL FOR YEARS



THE HORSE THAT WRECKED A BANK

SO HEAVILY DID THE CITIZENS OF MIDWAY, KY., BET ON THE LOCAL PRIDE, ROLLED STOCKINGS, IN THE 1927 KENTUCKY DERBY, THAT THE TOWN'S BANK HAD TO CLOSE ITS DOORS WHEN THE HORSE CAME IN NINTH

though the institution had just finished going through a major financial panic. When the results of the race came in, Midway was a sad but wiser place. Rolled Stockings had finished ninth in a field of twelve. The following Monday, the Midway bank failed to open its doors. The results of the race had forced it into a moratorium! It's too bad the Midway gamblers didn't have the same set-up provided by the Kentucky Derbies of 1882, 1890 and 1905. If they had placed bets in those years, they couldn't have failed to pick a money horse—because every horse in the race finished in the money! Only three horses ran in each of the three races so each nag finished up in a win.

Farmer Gored By Angry Mother Cow
ROSEBURG, Ore., May 8.—(AP)—R. L. McLaughlin, South Deer creek farmer, suffered a severe injury yesterday, when he was gored through the upper portion of the left arm by an angry cow. McLaughlin was leading the cow and its calf to the barn when the cow attempted to attack a playful dog. Restrained by the lead rope, it tossed its head, and a horn pierced the farmer's arm.

D. A. R. WOULD HONOR EARLY DAY GOVERNOR
SALEM, Ore., May 8.—(AP)—The Salem Daughters of the American Revolution requested the state highway commission today to name the proposed Wilsonville bridge, which will span the Willamette river near Champeo Park, the George L. Curry bridge, honoring the last territorial governor of Oregon.

The matter will be taken up by the commission at a later date. The bridge will be part of the Wilsonville cut-off highway to Portland.

In 1911 there were only 26 certified airplane pilots in the United States.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Inspector Views the Mystery Plane!

TOMMY AND SLIM WERE JUST PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON TOM'S NEW RACING PLANE WHEN A DARK SHADOW FELL ACROSS THE DOORWAY OF THE HANGAR... LOOKING UP THEY PERCEIVED THE NEWCOMER WAS JACK CARAS, DEPARTMENT INSPECTOR....

HOW ARE YOU, INSPECTOR?... DO YOU THINK THE DEPARTMENT WILL GIVE ME AN EXPERIMENTAL NUMBER... SO I CAN TEST HOP THIS BABY?

CLIMB IN... AND FEAST YOUR EYES ON MY INSTRUMENT BOARD...

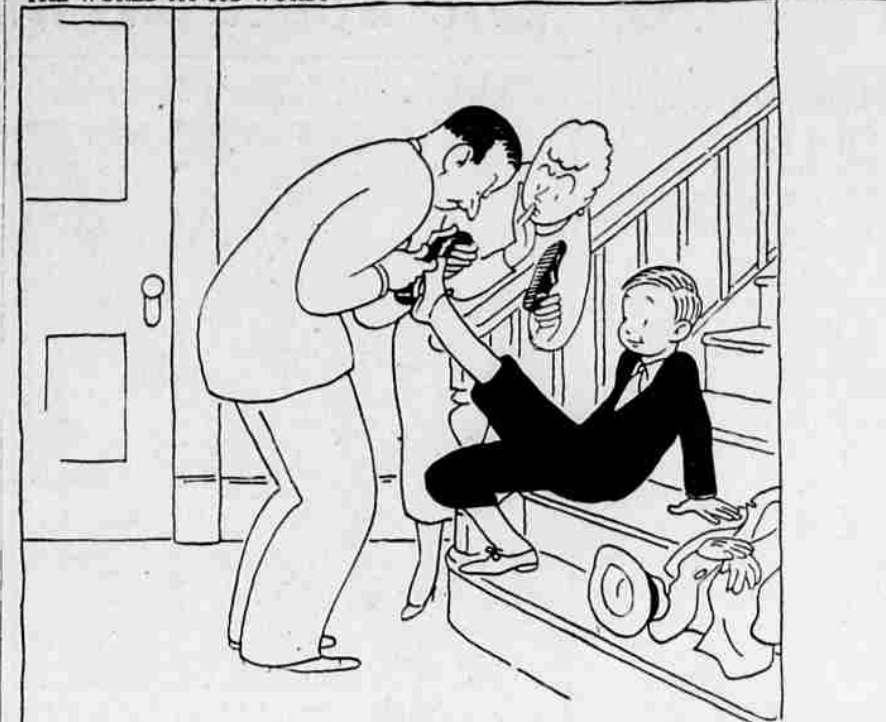
SHE'S BUILT FOR SPEED, ALL RIGHT, TOMKINS... SHE'S GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO GET ALONG... DO I GET THE NUMBER?

WELL, DON'T GET TOO ENTHUSIASTIC AND FLY 'ER... UNTIL I GET A DEPARTMENT OKAY...

TRUST ME! I'M NOT JEOPARDIZING MY TICKET!

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



AFTER ONE OF THOSE EXHAUSTING ARGUMENTS ABOUT WEARING RUBBERS TO THE PARTY, YOU FIND THAT VICTORY RESTS WITH JUNIOR AFTER ALL, BECAUSE HIS RUBBERS WON'T GO ON OVER HIS NEW SHOES

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S'MATTER POP By C. M. PAYNE



I'M SCARED TO GO HOME! I PAINTED THE FRONT DOOR GREEN AND IT DIDN'T COME OUT SO GOOD!



I WISH I WUZ SOMEONE ELSE! I CAN'T DO THAT, KIN YA?



I KNOW WHAT! CHANGE YER NAME! OH-H! I'M GLAD YA THOUGHT OF THAT!



WAIT-NAW, I DON'T THINK THAT WOULD WORK!

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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Big Opportunity!

LEMMIE HEAR THAT AGAIN, LEMUEL PILLINGS—Y' MEAN TO SAY THAT STORE IS ACTUALLY TURNIN' A PROFIT?

'DEED IT IS! IT'S MAKIN' MONEY HAND OVER FIST, AN' THAT AIN'T THE HALF OF IT—

IS THAT YOUNG FELLER, BEN WEBSTER, RESPONSIBLE FOR IT?

HIM? GAY, GO TAKE A SLEEPIN' POWDER! ME AND OSWALD GINGERED IT UP, UNCLE CALEB!

AN' WITH OLD MAGGIE HIGGINS OWIN' YOU PLENTY O' JACK, AN' BEIN' SHORT O' READY CASH, YOU KIN GET IN, AN' GO KIN OS AN' ME! IT'S THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME, UNCLE CALEB!

WELL, YOU WAS USING THE INNOCENT THIRD PARTY AS A FOOTBALL TO HURT ME SO I THOUGHT I'D TAKE A KICK AT IT

WHAT WAS THE IDEA THE OTHER NIGHT AT MAX'S—TRYIN' TO MAKE ME JEALOUS?

HOW COULD I MAKE YOU JEALOUS WHEN YOU DON'T CARE NOTHIN' ABOUT ME? I WISH I COULD!

WHAT WAS ALL THE NASTY REMARKS ABOUT? DO YOU THINK BECAUSE I WENT OUT WITH YOU A FEW TIMES YOU GOT A RIGHT TO INSULT ME IN PUBLIC?

IT WAS JUST JEALOUSY THAT MADE ME DO IT BUT YOU HURT SADIE'S FEELINGS WHEN YOU SAID IF YOU HAD ACCEPTED MY INVITATION SHE WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN THERE—SHE WAS THE INNOCENT THIRD PARTY!

GRACE AND VARIETY SEEN AS DEFICIENT IN MODERN DANCING

DENVER.—(AP)—Young America's dancing is pretty bad.

Its folk dancing has degenerated because most young people regard it as effeminate when it could be nearly as virile as football.

Its ballroom dancing suffers from unsightly contortions and lacks variety.

These opinions were given to members of the Central District Physical Education association, representing 11 states, at the recent convention here.

Frank Evans of the Cheyenne Mountain school at Colorado Springs deplores the decline in this country of folk dancing and says if a few

participants would "get knocked down once in a while," it might help stimulate interest.

Elizabeth Dunkel of the University of Kansas physical education department thinks young moderns dance rather badly because they haven't been taught how and it is the public schools' job to do it.

She believes modern dance rhythm is essentially good, even though it is not interpreted very expertly. Most young couples' idea of dancing, she says, is "running around on a dance floor, with their shoulders hunched and their hips distorted."

Alfred O. Anderson of St. Louis, president-elect of the association, advocates "physical education."

"Mixed games are fine things and have an important bearing on youth's attitude toward sex," he says. "You don't see boys standing around any more, staring at girls' legs on athletic fields."

In an effort to find new crops economically adaptable to Texas, the state's agricultural experiment station is growing test plots of hemp.

THE NEBBS—Just Getting Even

By SOL HESS

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