

MURDER ON THE BLUFF

SYNOPSIS: A storm breaks and queer things start happening as Michael and I (Jim Wells) reach his aunt's home, Farrington Bluff, for a February weekend. After a dismal dinner, smooth Jude Blinshop gets Mike alone in the game-room, and Gay Palmer, Mike's red-headed sweetheart returns in a huff. The Skipper, Mike's tall and tuxedoed younger stunts, urges me to keep Mike and Jude apart. In the night, Mike awakens me as a chimney crashes, shouting that Jude and the Skipper have disappeared. Martha Farrington, the stout, Victorian aunt, and the four servants gather in the dining room.

Chapter Four

Into The Churning Surf

"YOU'RE rather damp yourself," Gay said to Mike. "Do you take strolls in February, too?"

Right there I think it began to dawn on Michael that the course of true love can be lumpy. He stared at her. "I went down to see if the bridge was all right."

"Without a coat?"

"In a topcoat. It's raining. What the devil—"

But Gay turned her back on him and asked me for a cigarette. She didn't appear to enjoy asking me



We had a horrible picture of what might be lying at the foot of those rocks.

either, but she wasn't quite up to asking Higgins. My cigarette, however, was in my coat and my coat was in my room. A few hours later I might have dashed outside clad only in my trousers, but at the moment I hadn't reached that stage. I made for the door, and my example was followed by Higgins, Annie, and Cook. I took one fletching glance over my shoulder as I went.

Gay was standing at the window, her back to Michael, and poor Mike was wearily trying to pacify M. Farrington. I took the stairs three at a time, one idea bouncing about in my head. Did Mike know anything about this performance, and did his knowledge in any way hinge on his talk with Jude? I remembered something that caused me to sit down hastily and hard—the Skipper standing on the stairs saying, "Keep him away from Jude Blinshop. I count on you."

"Michael's voice cut short my ramblings. 'Are you waiting for warm weather?'"

At the foot of the stairs we found William in silkings, armed with an enormous searchlight.

"Ready, sir," he said.

Michael looked at him. "Have you got a gun?"

"A gun?" I echoed.

Michael snarled. "You've heard of them? Well?"

William's mouth closed with a snap. "No, sir," he said. "Begging your pardon, we ain't likely to need it. However, Higgins—"

"Then get it," ordered Michael sharply.

As soon as the chauffeur's back was at a safe distance, I delivered myself of a few well chosen words.

"Look here, Mike, don't be a damn fool. There's nothing to get so worked up about. Probably—"

"Isn't there?" His voice was savage. "Well, get this. Those two women didn't go out in this mess for their health!"

The Gun Goes Along

I HAD an inspiration. "Maybe Jude got a call from home and asked the Skipper to run her into town."

"Nobody went anywhere. That bridge was down at 10 o'clock, because I saw it."

Ten o'clock! "But you couldn't—"

"But I did," he said, very quietly. "They might be in the cellar—"

"Sifting cinders? They're not. We looked."

William appeared, waving an efficient looking revolver.

"Higgins says, sir, that it ain't never shot wind yet, but that if you was quick about it." William was grinning.

Michael pocketed the gun and opened the front door. A blast of icy wind and rain shrieked up to meet us. "Keep the light ahead of you, William."

"Yes, sir. But don't you think if we was to stand on the steps here and flash it around, Miss Barbara might see it and sing out or head in this direction?"

"No," said Michael.

There was something in his tone that I didn't like, and neither did William. His "Yes, sir," was surly.

We started down the drive. That night reminded me of one of my kid nightmares in which the world came to a sudden end with trees crashing, houses tumbling down, and souls in long white nightgowns shrieking all over. Aside from the chimney, the house gave no signs of tumbling and there were certainly no souls in evidence. But the old elms creaked and clashed horribly; the rain came to slashing torrents; and the roar of the wind was both deafening and breath-taking. The light was of little use, for it was impossible to see more than 10 feet ahead of you. No, there was no contradicting Michael's statement that nobody had gone out for a casual stroll that night.

We went down the drive rapidly, fairly blown along by the wind at our backs. The light disclosed nothing but mud, water and broken branches

at the foot of the drive a roaring current of water had entirely effaced the little creek bed. The bridge was nowhere in sight. Only a few broken and twisted piles gave evidence that it had ever existed.

Mike Drops Out Of Sight

MICHAEL cupped his hands and roared, "Boathouse!"

But getting there was no easy matter. Our way was up hill, over rocks, and against the wind. It was slippery and cold. Once William slipped and nearly lost the light altogether. When we reached the rocks overlooking the beach, I made an ineffectual effort to make myself heard above the din. The wet rocks sloped down smooth and slippery as glass. I seized Michael's arm.

"Go around!" I belloved with every bit of wind I had.

Michael's answer was to sit down on the rocks and start to slide. I say start because he sailed down the first dip, landed on his feet, staggered, and the next minute disappeared headlong into the darkness. Simultaneously William's huge paw descended upon my shoulder. He was dragging me toward the path and the steps, slipping and scrambling, more on our hands and knees than otherwise.

A horrible picture of what might be lying at the foot of those rocks went with us. With the path came sure footing and we fairly tore along, but at the head of the boathouse steps we were stopped short. Water was beating against the top step.

Somewhere in that boiling mess was Michael—or what was left of him. And the Skipper—Something hard and heavy was thrust into my hand. The searchlight. William was peeling off his oilskins. I was hardly aware of what he was doing before he had again seized the light.

"Coat!" he yelled. "Off! Quick!"

I wrenched myself out of it and held the light for him. As fast as his wet fingers would move, they tied the coat and the oilskin together. Signaling me to follow, William began to edge himself out along the ledge of rock that ran above the boathouse. I followed him just beyond the boathouse he halted and signaled me to throw the light out over the water.

For a second only churning surf met our eyes and then something else, something dark and bulky.

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A body is found on the bluff, tomorrow.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



DETROIT AND WASHINGTON, A. L., PLAYED AN 18-INNING SCORELESS TIE! - July 16, 1909 -



WHAT RIVER IS EVER WITHOUT A BEGINNING OR AN ENDING? - Answer tomorrow -



MRS. ANNA M. JARVIS WAS THE ONLY MOTHER HONORED BY THE FIRST MOTHER'S DAY - May 9, 1907... HER DAUGHTER ORIGINATED IT IN OBSERVANCE OF THE ANNIVERSARY OF MRS. JARVIS' DEATH...



THE PIOUS PIRATES! DE LUSSAN, French pirate, AND HIS BAND OF NOTORIOUS CUTTHROATS NEVER FAILED TO ATTEND CHURCH SERVICES IMMEDIATELY BEFORE LOOTING A TOWN...

Mother's Day

Fast becoming one of the most widely observed customs in the world, Mother's Day brought candy, flowers, telegrams and assorted gifts to millions of mothers yesterday. To the "Mother of Mother's Day," however, it brought little more than disgust.

She is Miss Anna Jarvis, the Philadelphia spinster who founded the observance of Mother's Day in 1907.

Observing the anniversary of her mother's death on May 9, Miss Jarvis was struck with the idea of popularizing a day set aside for all mothers, living and dead. Leading a movement in these channels, she succeeded in having congress pass a resolution on May 10, 1913, commending the observance of the second Monday of May as Mother's Day by government departments. Now she looks upon Mother's Day as a "racket," being vigorously opposed to what she regards as the commercialization of the memorial day. She is quoted as having said a few years ago: "Mother's Day began as a personal, family and memorial day—a day upon which to show our gratitude for what our mothers have done for us. But the telegraph companies, with their ready-made greetings; the florists, with their high-pressure publicity and advertising campaigns; the candy manufacturers and others with something to sell have made a veritable racket of it. . . ."

"Even a barber in my neighborhood has put a sign in his window, 'Get a shave and take a clean mug home to mother.'"

Miss Jarvis is said to have been arrested for disorderly conduct at a meeting of the War Mothers' association in 1925 in which she protested their adoption of the white carnation as an emblem. Several bitter legal fights have been waged in her attempt to win sole rights to the name "Mother's Day" on the grounds that she has it incorporated. In 1934 she attempted to stop sale of the Mother's Day postage stamp.

Apprentices Wanted

PORTLAND, Ore., May 10.—(AP)—Stimulated building activity has created a demand for trained apprentices, A. M. McLean, state supervisor of apprentice training for the Portland district, told the 36th annual convention of the master plumbers' association.

First Flood District

SALEM, May 10.—(AP) Residents of Fairfield, 16 miles north of here, formed the Dittmar Bend District Improvement company, forming the first corporation to sponsor a flood control project in the Willamette valley under the enabling act passed by the last legislature.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Figure in the Shadows!



FROM EARLY MORNING UNTIL LATE AT NIGHT, TOMMY AND SLIM WORKED ON THE NEW THREE-POINT MYSTERY RACING PLANE. AND NOW IT IS READY FOR A TEST HOP. BUT TOMMY CANNOT TAKE IT ALONE UNTIL HE GETS A DEPARTMENT X-LICENSE NUMBER

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—A Slight Worry



TODAY'S A BRAND NEW DAY, BEN—WHAT HAPPENED YESTERDAY IS OVER AND DONE WITH—WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS NOW, BOY?

THE NEBBS—Congratulations



I WANT TO CONGRATULATE YOU—I THINK YOU'VE GOT ENMA WON—I PUT IN A PLUG FOR YOU AND HOW! I TOLD HER YOU WERE GETTING MELLOW

WHIRLWIND by GLUYAS WILLIAMS



RELAXES WITH NEWSPAPER, ENJOYING THE PEACE AND QUIETNESS OF THE HOUSE

WINCES, AS FRONT DOOR SLAMS BEHIND JUNIOR WHO HAS RUSHED IN TO GET HIS BASEBALL BAT

THERE FOLLOW IN QUICK SUCCESSION SLAMS OF COAT CLOSET DOOR, BEDROOM DOOR, STORE ROOM DOOR AND CELLAR DOOR—AS JUNIOR LOOKS FOR HIS BAT

SHOUTS FOR PHY'S SAKE DON'T SLAM ANOTHER DOOR, BUT IS TOO LATE, FRONT DOOR SLAMMING SHUT AS JUNIOR RUSHES OUT

WIPES BROW, PICKS UP NEWSPAPER AND TRIES TO RELAX

AT THIS MOMENT JUNIOR POKES HEAD IN AGAIN TO SAY HE FOUND HIS BAT IN THE GARAGE, AND IS OFF AGAIN, FRONT DOOR CLOSING WITH A FINAL SLAM

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S'MATTER POP By C. M. PAYNE



POP! AMBROSE SAYS HE KAN KNOCK A BALL OUTTA ANY BALL-FIELD

THAT'S A LOTTA BALONEY

WHAT HAPPENED TRANSLATE THAT FOR ME!

MPP-66K! MPP-66K! SKBOOCH! SKBOOCH!

HE HEARD 'A SA BALONEY! HE WANTS YA TO GO AN' GET SOME!

SKBOOCH! SKBOOCH!

WHAT HAPPENED TRANSLATE THAT FOR ME!

ESSIE

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V. F. W. AUXILIARY ESSAY WINNERS ANNOUNCED SOON

Crater Lake Auxiliary, Veterans of Foreign Wars, through the courtesy and co-operation of City School Superintendent E. H. Hendrick and County School Superintendent C. R. Bowman has been conducting an essay contest in the city and county schools the past two months. This contest is nationwide and preliminary reports show that 100,000 students from all sections of the country entered the contest, which was included in the curriculum of approximately 2000 schools. "Forma-

tion Peace for America" is the subject of the essays.

The contest closed April 27 and the local auxiliary will send the two winning essays to the state essay contest chairman of the department of Oregon V. F. W. auxiliary by June 14. Mrs. C. C. Murray, Mrs. F. J. Newman and Mrs. Bert Lowry are acting as judges for the local auxiliary. Cash awards of \$5 and \$2.50 will be given as first and second prizes to the local winners.

Winner of the first prize in the state will receive a suitable trophy, characteristic of the organization and there will be also two medals for second and third prizes. The girl or boy who wins the first prize of the state will also be given free transportation and all expenses paid for one day at the state convention at Astoria in July for the award of the trophy.

A gold medal, \$100, and a trip to Buffalo via Washington, D. C. at the time of the V. F. W. National encampment is the national award offered winner of first place. Second

By SOL HESS