

MURDER ON THE BLUFF

SYNOPSIS: A storm breaks and every thing starts happening at Michael, his sweetheart, Guy Farmer and I (Jim Wells) reach his aunt's home, Farrington Bluff, for a February weekend. In the night, Mike awakens me as a chimney crashes, shouting that Jude Blinshop, the fourth guest, and the Skipper, his tall and tuxedoed younger aunt, have disappeared. With William, the chauffeur, a gun and flashlight, Michael and I start to search the island. At the boat house, Michael slips over the wet rocks in his eagerness and falls into the black, churning surf.

Chapter Five The Body On The Bluff

EVEN as I realized that the dark object was Michael, William moved. He threw the coats, my heavy one on the end Michael was yards to the right of us and the coats went straight out. But William's eye was good. In a flash Michael was washed toward us, and the coats were blown toward him. As they met I lent my free hand to the tug. In one surging swell he came in. We pulled like madmen. Headlong, Michael was tumbled onto the ledge.

He lay, horribly still. Throwing the coats to me, William bent over. With one lunge he heaved Michael over his shoulder, and slowly, laboriously, we edged our way back to the path. Despite the care with which we laid him down, one arm was twisted under him. Blood was flowing from a gash on his head.

Luckily my hip pocket still contained the flask with which I had reconciled myself to that side in the rumble-seat. I raised his head and forced a little whiskey into him. Possibly minutes ticked by. The roar of the blood in my ears drowned out the combined wind and surf. And then finally he moved. It was impossible to catch what he said. He insisted on getting to his feet and stood there swaying, covered with blood, dripping wet, and altogether unpleasant to look at.

William roared, "Back to the house, sir!"

We thought Michael understood, for he started along the path before we could get the overcoat around him. As we came abreast of the tennis courts, Michael paused and signaled for the light. The backdrop was down, a tangled jumble of wire, and the wet clay was a soft mush. In between the two courts, running straight toward the bathroom, a set of heavy footprints showed that someone had been too impatient to take the path. The Skipper? Michael was off like a shot.

At the drive we lost them. Too much water had poured over that gravel to leave any sign of anything. It seemed to me that wherever she was, the Skipper would agree that Michael needed attention at once. We were directly in front of the house. I grabbed him and shoved him, struggling and protesting, up the steps and into the house.

One Arm Hangs Useless

WE were a mess, all three of us, dripping and coatless. William still wore rubber boots and a sou'wester. His trousers and his pajama top were plastered against him as if by magic, and his lips were blue. But Michael was Exhibit A. His face

Michael put an end to the scene in her stress of feeling. M. Farrington clutched his mad arm and Michael crumpled quietly to the floor.

Then things began to happen. M. Farrington promptly went off into hysterics. Gay knelt beside Michael. Higgins stood wringing his hands, and William stared dumbly at the general proceedings.

"He fell on a rock," I said to Gay's mute white face. "Higgins, ring for Annie and take Miss Farrington to her room. Lend a hand here, William."

In spite of his aunt's protests we picked up Michael and started for the stairs.

"I'm going to call a doctor," said Gay at my elbow.

"He can't get through. The bridge is down."

"There are boats," she said quietly. "It was something of a job to get Michael upstairs. He's no featherweight, and below us M. Farrington was giving efficient proof of Higgins' lack of skill as a lady's-maid. We got him into his room and onto the bed, where a penknife made short work of what was left of his clothes. The gash in his head was wide, but not too deep. His knee and shins were merely scraped, but the arm was a different matter.

"It ain't broke, sir. I think it's his shoulder."

I nodded. We patched him up as well as we could and brought him around. It took him only a second to collect himself. His voice was hoarse.

"Did you find them?"

I shook my head, in the midst of our efforts to keep him in bed. Gay appeared behind me.

"The wire's down," she said dully. "Well, I had expected it. Listen, Mike," I said. "You're staying right here. If you promise to do it, we go on hunting. If you don't, we'll stay right here and hold you down."

Once or twice a year I succeed in convincing him that I mean just what I say. I did it then. He stared at me for half a minute.

"All right. Only hurry, for God's sake!"

"I'll get them," I promised.

The Sound Of Shriek Sobs

DOWNSTAIRS, Annie and Cook between them had managed to remove M. Farrington to the library whence the sound of his shriek sobs was distinctly audible. William and I climbed into dry coats and tested the Skipper's Scotch. It was good Scotch.

"I suggest, sir, that we go out the west door if you was to go round the front and me round the back, we could cover quite a lot of ground, meet at the east side, and go on to the garage."

"O.K.," I said. "For God's sake don't fall off the bluff!"

So we parted. Either the gale was gathering force or we were losing it. Going was hard and thinking was worse. Where the devil was the Skipper? And Jude! What was that girl up to anyway?

I thought nothing of reaching the end of the house ahead of William. Going, I reasoned, would be harder for him on muddy sod with no protection against the wind. But by the time I had been there several minutes, it was beginning to get me. And then I heard something—a faint shout in the distance, calling my name.

It was coming from the direction of the bluff. I forgot the danger of dashing over the edge in the darkness. I forgot everything and began to run toward that voice. Long be-

fore I could see anybody I could see the light, and I bellowed at the top of my lungs as I came. William was standing not 20 feet from the edge of the bluff, and I was still some distance from him when he turned his light downward.

There, without hat or coat, face downward in the mud, lay Jude Blinshop, still clad in her bright blue dress and silver slippers.

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The Skipper explains her absence tomorrow.



Michael's face was a pasty white; his clothes were in shreds.

was a pasty white, smeared with blood. His right arm hung useless at his side and his clothes were in shreds. "Damn you!" His roar gathered volume as William closed the door behind us. "Let go of me, I'll—"

But he didn't do anything. A piercing scream from the dining-room announced that he had been discovered. M. Farrington bore down upon us, babbling at us.

"Michael! Michael! My poor boy, what—?"

I caught a glimpse of Gay behind her and of Higgins behind Gay when

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



Coronation.

Several crowns will be used in George VI's coronation ceremony tomorrow, but St. Edward's crown is the real coronation crown. Yet, strange as it seems, the King will not wear it! It is too heavy.

Studded with 2800 diamonds, the finest collection of matched pearls in the world, four rubies, 11 emeralds and 18 sapphires, the crown weighs approximately five pounds—too heavy to be worn with any degree of comfort. At the crowning, the coronation crown will be held over the King's head for a moment by the Archbishop of Canterbury, then replaced with the Imperial State crown.

When the late George V was crowned Emperor of India at New Delhi in 1912, a new crown had to be made for the occasion because of a law forbidding the removal of either St. Edward's crown or the Imperial State crown from England.

A strangely symbolic mishap occurred at the coronation of George III. In the midst of the ceremony, the largest diamond in the crown came loose and dropped to the floor. It was during George III's reign that England lost her greatest jewel—the American colonies.

Probably the most undignified coronation in English history was that of William and Mary on April 11, 1689. During the ceremony they engaged in a fight for the possession of the only state sword. Later, when a gold basin for donations to charity was passed around, their majesties discovered they had no money with them and, to make a contribution,

had to borrow 20 guineas from an attendant.

"Lefty" Grove, Run over the histories of baseball's leading players and you'll find that practically all of them were teasing the horsehide around before they spat out the last of their baby teeth.

"Lefty" Grove, Boston Red Sox ace pitcher, is one outstanding exception. Strange as it seems, he didn't touch a baseball until he was 19!

A glass-blower in his home town of Loaconing, Md., was thrown out of work by a strike. With nothing to occupy his time, he took up sand-lot baseball, developed into a semi-pro first baseman, and then shot to the big leagues and fame as a pitcher.

Tomorrow: The Queen of Queens!

Other district officers: Neva Wimer, Grants Pass, senior; Mae Parker, Roseburg, junior; Mrs. Thompson, Medford, manager; Grace Fulkerson, Klamath Falls, secretary; Elsie Rasmussen, Bandon, treasurer; Ruth Morrison, Grants Pass, guard.

MITCHELL TO PAY BACK INCOME TAX

NEW YORK, May 10—(AP)—The U. S. circuit court of appeals today ruled unanimously that Charles E. Mitchell, former president of the National City Bank of New York, must pay \$718,709.84 taxes on his income for the year 1929.

In his tax return for the year 1929, Mitchell deducted \$2,872,305.50 which he claimed was a loss incurred by him through the sale of 18,300 shares of National City bank stock at \$212 a share to his wife.

In the circuit court of appeals decision, written by Judge Augustus N. Hand, and concurred in by Judges Thomas W. Swan and Harrie B. Chase, it was set forth:

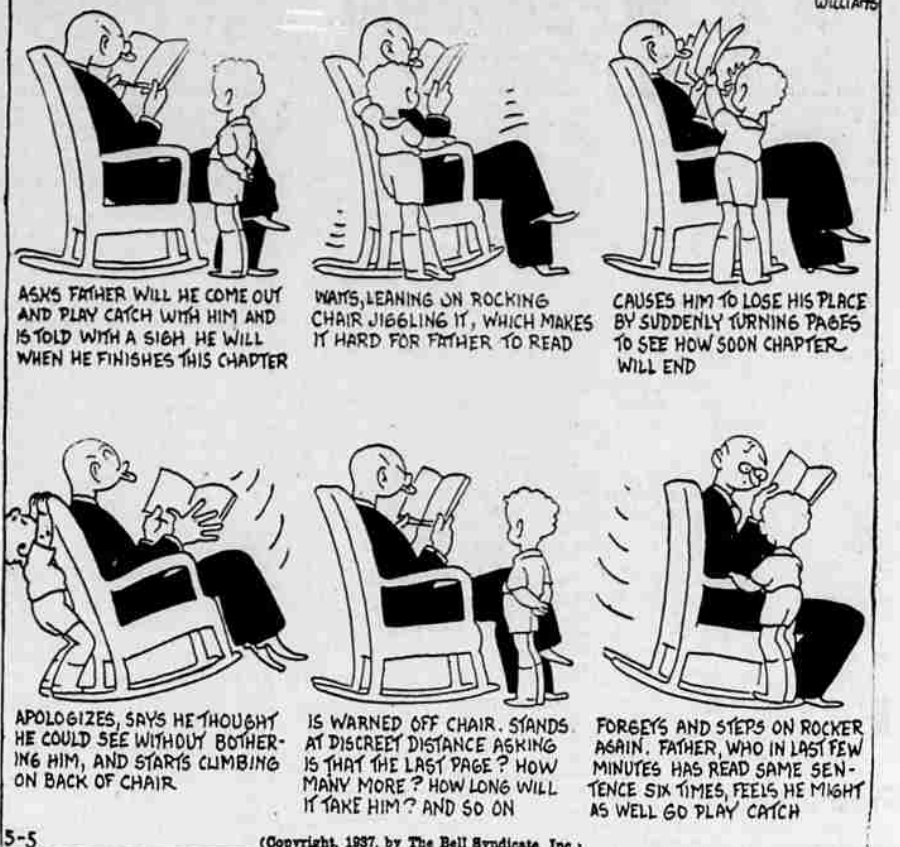
BONNEVILLE POLICY AIRED IN COMMITTEE

WASHINGTON, May 11—(AP)—The house rivers and harbors committee took up the subject of power policy today by opening hearings on bills to appoint a separate administration for the Bonneville project in Oregon.

There are differences of opinion as to whether this would fit into a coordinated national power program, ex-

ROCKING CHAIR

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



S'MATTER POP

By C. M. PAYNE



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Has a Tough "Break!"

IT WAS QUITE LATE WHEN TOMMY STOPPED WORK ON HIS NEW RACING PLANE. HE LOCKED UP THE HANGAR, FAILING TO NOTE A FIGURE LURKING IN THE SHADOWS AS HE CLIMBED INTO HIS AUTO AND STARTED HOME... BUT EN ROUTE...

2807

WHAT A TOUGH BREAK! HALF-WAY HOME... AND OUT OF GAS!

PERHAPS I CAN MAKE PET'S FILLING STATION... BEFORE HE CLOSES... IF I TAKE... THIS SHORT CUT...

G-GOSH!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Terror!

WE'LL BE SHORT-HANDED ALL RIGHT WITHOUT LEAM AND OSWALD, BUT WE'LL ALSO BE A WHOLE LOT BETTER OFF THAN WE WOULD IF THEY WERE HERE—

—AND WE'LL GIVE SOME MONEY—YOU CAN LOOK OUT FOR THE STORE AND I'LL DO THE DELIVERING—

OH, THERE'S THE PHONE.

YEG-YES, THIS IS MRS. HIGGINS—WHO? CALES CRUNCHER? OH, YES, I'LL—

GOSH! WHAT'S HAPPENED? WHY, SHE'S FAINTED!

THE NEBBS—Iceberg

HELLO, AMBROSE, GOT SOME MORE MONEY FOR YOUR BANK!

WHO THEY'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU AT THE WINDOW—IN OR OUT AND WE DON'T CARE WHICH WAY

OH, EXCUSE ME, MR. POTTS, I'M SORRY I TALKED TO YOU SO FRIENDLY—LIKE—YOU'RE A BIG MAN—BIG LIKE AN ICEBERG AND JUST AS CHILLY!

WELL, I CAN CHECK POTTS OFF—HE CERTAINLY ICED ME JUST NOW—THAT GUY COULD AIR-COOL HIS PLACE WITH HIS DISPOSITION.

HE'S TOO OLD FOR YOU ANYWAY, AND BESIDES YOU GOT DOUGH AND A FREE LIFE—THAT'S TWO THINGS THAT SHOULDN'T GET MIXED UP IN MATRIMONY!

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