

MURDER ON THE BLUFF

SYNOPSIS: A raging February storm breaks on Farrington Bluff after Michael, his sweet-heart Gay Palmer and I arrive for a weekend with his aunts. That night, Jude Blinshop, the fourth guest, and the Skipper, Mike, tall and tuxedoed, younger aunt, disappear. Michael hurries himself in a fall while we are searching the island. William, the chauffeur, and I continue the search, finding Jude's body on the bluff. I have just carried it to the kitchen, when the Skipper walks in saying she has been in the stable with her colts which was bearing a litter.

Chapter Seven Was It A Tramp?

THEY were all waiting for me to speak. Desperately I plunged into my story, an anxious eye on the Skipper's face. But the Skipper was never hysterical. Aside from the color of her face and the slight twitching of her mouth, she might have been listening to a plot for a novel. After I had finished there was no sound in the room but the crackling of the fire. The Skipper recovered first.

"The first thing for us to do is to get hold of George Foster. He's the coroner—and a good doctor."

"We can't," I said dully. "The bridge is down—and the telephone wires."

"Her grip on my shoulder tightened. 'Are you sure?'"

"Positive." She drew a long breath.

"I see. Well, go up to Mike and tell him the best you can. I'll handle Martha, Higgins, you and William had better carry Jude—Miss Blinshop to her room. Wait until Mr. Wells and I get upstairs. I'll send Cook and Annie down right away."

At the foot of the stairs I stopped her.

"Skipper, wait a minute," I said. "There aren't any other servants here on the bluff, are there?"

"We're all here, Jim," she said evenly.

"Then it must have been a tramp on the grounds or some fool shooting to—to call for help!"

We stared at each other. As plainly as any words could say it, her eyes said, "And Jude went out there for what?" God, but she looked haggard! Taking my arm, she started me up the stairs.

"We've got to bite on it, Jim," she said in a husky voice.

Mike's implication.

I LEFT her at M. Farrington's door and walked on to Michael's. It took an effort to knock and turn the knob. Michael was asleep. Gay, still holding his hand, half rose from his side as I entered and closed the door behind me.

"How is he?" I whispered.

"Just fagged out, I think, Jimmie! You didn't find them!"

Her voice was low, but not low enough. Mike's eyes flew open and lighted on my face. He struggled up. "Jimmie! Where are they? You—"

"We found them, Mike," I said, "but—"

"But what?"

My lips were dry. I was obliged to

a shred of covert tearing away in his clenched fingers.

"Skipper! Oh, my God!"

I was riveted to the spot, too busy fighting back the implication of these words to do anything. But Gay moved bodily to him.

"Mickie!" she said. "Oh—oh—"

Michael's arm went around her, but the expression on his face never changed. I turned away to the mantel and left them that way. There were a few pictures in my own mind right then that were all I could deal with. In the end it was Michael who forced me to go on. Gay huddled beside him, her freckles standing out in startling relief against her chalky face, but Mike, propped up against the pillows, was ghastly. The hand that supported Gay was shaking.

"We found Jude on the bluff, Mike. And just as we got into the house the Skipper came in. She'd been with a sick dog in the stable. Jude must have gone out to look for her and been hit by a shot from a boat in distress—"

"Bunk!" said Michael curtly.

The bluff was a sheer drop of at least fifty feet to the water, and I knew it. There was a strained silence. Then Gay's voice, forced but level, said:

"There must be a tramp in the grounds somewhere."

More silence. A tramp coming to a place like the bluff on such a night? Hardly. Burglars? That didn't make sense either. Jude would never have pursued a burglar into the storm. Would she have followed the Skipper without hat or coat? Was there someone else out there? My head was roaring with wild ideas.

"Sleep. Do you get me?"

"I wouldn't do any harm to see that the house is locked," I said. "That's one thing we can do."

The look in his eyes was giving me the creeps. He was a sick man and, unless I missed my guess, he was going to be sicker. "And you're not going to do anything, you're going to sleep."

"Sleep!" said Michael violently.

"Sleep!"

Gay's hysterical laugh agreed with him.

"Look here," I said, "you've been through enough for a good case of pneumonia. We're cut off from shore and will be until this sea stops running. And there's a lot of damned unpleasant figuring to do in the morning. If you don't sleep, you may die on our hands. Do you get me?"

He didn't, but Gay did and that was all I wanted. I left her to carry the point. The Skipper opened M. Farrington's door in answer to my knock, and just one glance told me that he had not been having an easy time of it.

"How is she?" I whispered.

The Skipper smiled, a rather twisted smile. "She'll live. How did Michael take it?"

"Hard." I hated to alarm her, but there seemed no help for it. "I'm afraid he's pretty sick, Skipper. Shock, cold water, and his shoulder."

She nodded. "Stay with Martha a minute. I want to have a look at him."

Of all things on earth, that I did not want at that moment, a tête-à-tête with M. Farrington headed the list.

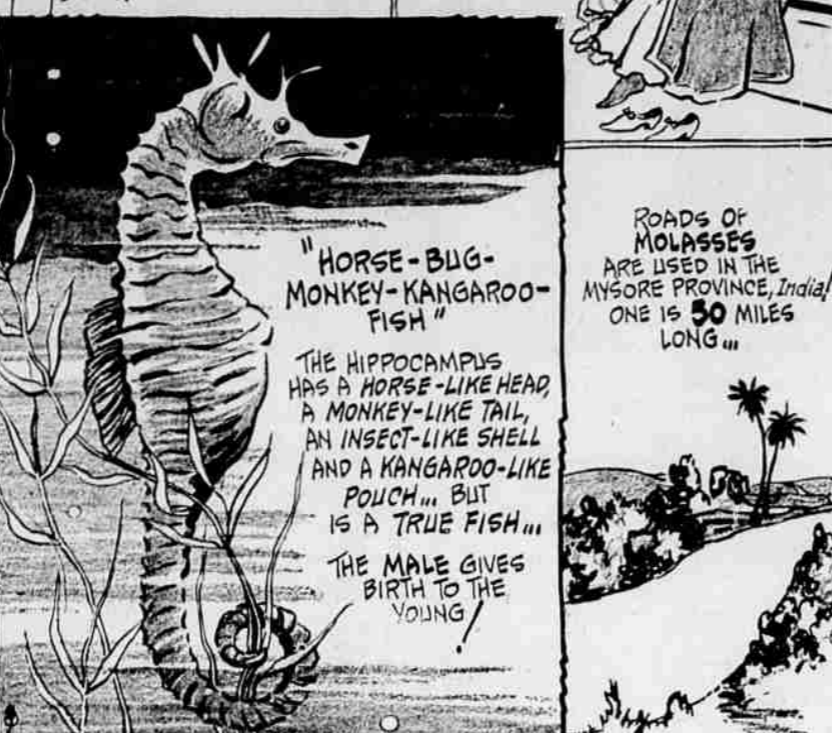
It was difficult enough to answer her

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

"I ASK ME, HAS WILL A PEER?" IS AN ANAGRAM OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

ANNE OF DENMARK HAD TO BORROW A PAIR OF SILK STOCKINGS FOR HER CORONATION AS QUEEN OF ENGLAND



Combination Fish

Dame Nature must have been in a freakish mood when she designed the hippocampus, commonly known as the sea horse. From stem to stern it is one of the oddest forms of life on earth.

The head of the hippocampus closely resembles that of a horse but its "horse neck" is not a neck at all. In common with other fish, it has no neck, the part of its body that looks like one being the front part of its abdomen.

Bony plates, much like those of insects on the outside of the horse's body make the fish a poor swimmer. permitting it to bend sideways only. A delicately adjusted air bladder serves as the sea horse's means of

buoyancy and, when punctured, drops the fish to the bottom until the "inner tube" heals.

Other strange features of the hippocampus include a monkey-like tail which it wraps around the stems of sea plants to remain stationary and eyes that can be operated entirely independently of each other, being capable of looking backward and forward at the same time. Of all the fish's weird characteristics, however, its reproduction of the species is the most curious. Equipped with a kangaroo-like pouch on the under-part of its body, the male sea horse "gives birth" to the young. The female lays unfertilized eggs in the pouch and the male carries them about until they hatch!

The sea horse is said to be the only fish capable of "talking." With its jaws it makes a scarcely audible snapping noise which is believed to be a means of communication with its fellows.

Molasses Highways.

Mixed with surface soil and water, molasses makes an excellent highway stabilizer on roads of the Mysore province in India. The molasses, taken as waste from sugar factories, is mixed with water and spread out over the road to be surfaced. After being allowed to soak into the road for about half an hour, it is covered with coarse sand. A 30-mile stretch is now in use.

Tomorrow—What Price Navy.

be 100 percent organized within a short time.

Glarence A. Chambers and Ralph A. Harlan, union business agents, said the immediate program would be the organization of clerks and completion of the building trades organizations. Next in line will be the cannery workers, the state highway department and state office clerks.

SALEM Lifts Ban On Married Teachers

SALEM, May 13. — (AP) — Married women will be permitted to teach in Salem schools hereafter if they qualify above single women.

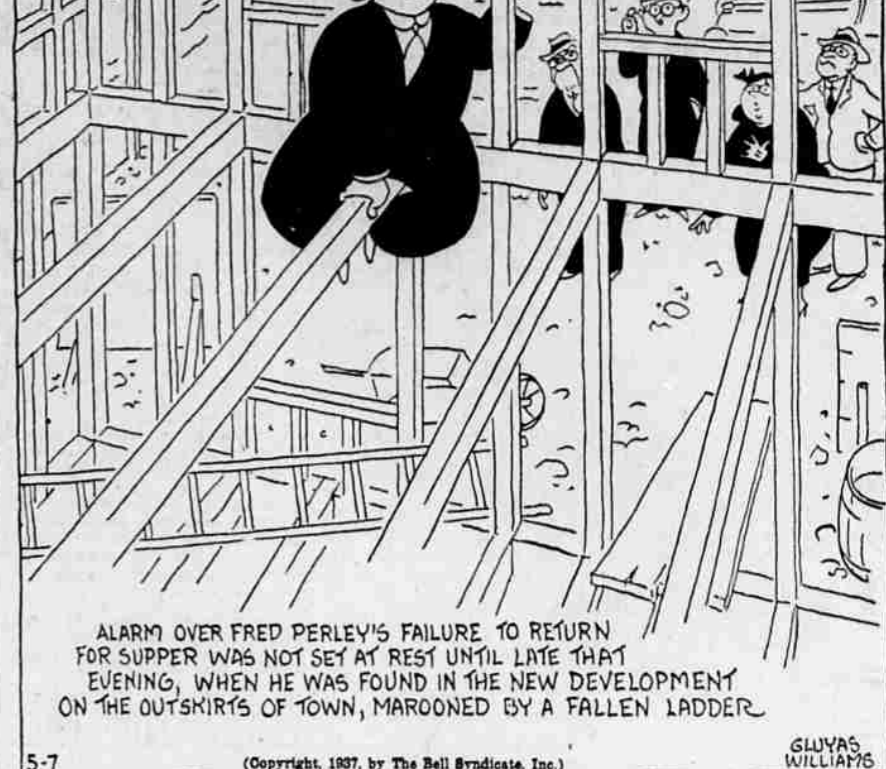
The school board lifted the ban at a meeting last night but qualified its action by stating that "where qualifications are substantially equal, preference shall be given to single women over married women."

The action followed protest over dismissal of a grade school teacher because she was married.

Mrs. H. L. Gregory of Shelburne, Ind., celebrated her eighty-second birthday by walking six miles into the country to visit relatives.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



ALARM OVER FRED PERLEY'S FAILURE TO RETURN FOR SUPPER WAS NOT SET AT REST UNTIL LATE THAT EVENING, WHEN HE WAS FOUND IN THE NEW DEVELOPMENT ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN, MAROONED BY A FALLEN LADDER.

5-7 (Copyright, 1937, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

S'MATTER POF

By C. M. PAYNE



YOU LOOK KINDA SCARED, AMBROSE. YES. I WUZ OUT IN FRONT, AND AN ICEMAN OUT THERE DROPPED A CAKE OF ICE ON HIS TOE!

5-7 (Copyright, 1937, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)



WELL, WHAT ARE YOU SCARED ABOUT? AWWW! I'M SCARED I MIGHT REMEMBER WHAT HE SAID!

(Copyright, 1937, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)



For one never-ending second they stared at me.

moisten them before they would seem to move. There's been an accident. The Skipper's all right, but we found Jude out on the bluff. I swallowed hard. "She's been shot, Mike. She's dead."

For one never-ending second they stared at me. Then Gay's hand flew to her throat. "No!" she cried sharply. "No!"

But Mike sat like a wooden Indian,

questions when the answers were obvious. Right then there were no answers and I was busy enough with questions of my own. But the Skipper didn't wait for a reply. For the first time in my life I entered M. Farrington's room.

(Copyright 1937, Esther Tyler)

Aunt Martha confides a bit of information, tomorrow.

START NEW BORE IN OREGON CAVES

With formal sanction received from Washington, preliminary work was begun today on a new tunnel in the Oregon Caves. It was announced by David H. Cantfield, administrator of the national monument.

The tunnel will extend a dead-end spur which connects with the main passage, thus making it possible to guide additional parties through the caves. Mr. Cantfield explained. As it is now visitors must wait until parties in the spur return.

The new tunnel will be constructed by CCC men. Two and possibly three shafts will be utilized to complete the passage before the CCC camp is moved for the summer to Crater lake about June 15, Mr. Cantfield stated.

HILLSBORO, May 13. — (AP) — Joseph C. Hare, 74, first mayor of this city and a native, died last night at his Portland home after a long illness.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

As I am by profession a creator of theatrical illusions," the famous dramatist added in a statement to the communist organ, the Daily Worker, "these amateur pageants are my bone life."

Indirectly Shaw referred to the abdicated King Edward VIII as an example of the restrictions imposed on the monarch to change his powers so they would be symbolic rather than actual.

Salem Unionization Near 100 Per Cent

SALEM, May 13. — (AP) — Including state house employes and cannery workers in their campaign leaders of labor unions here declared Salem will

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy's Plane Stolen

By HAL FORREST



A POLICEMAN, NOTING TOMMY STUMBLING ALONG LATE AT NIGHT, SUFFERING FROM CUTS AND A BROKEN ARM, SUSTAINED WHEN HE FELL DOWN THE EMBANKMENT, HELPED THE LAD TO A HOSPITAL! A SHORT TIME AFTER TOM LEFT THE AIRPORT, OLD TIM, THE WATCHMAN, HEARD A NOISE...

2809 (Copyright, 1937, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)



NOW, WHO'D BE AFTER STARTIN' AN AIRPLANE... AT THIS HOUR? BY TH... SAINTS! 'TIS TAILSPIN!

(Copyright, 1937, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)



BY ME SOUL! HE IS AN IMPETUOUS LAD!... CAN'T WAIT FOR TH' MORROW TO TEST OUT HIS NEW PLANE!

(Copyright, 1937, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)



WELL... 'TIS NO AFFAIR O' MINE... AN' I'LL BE BACK TO ME ROUNDS...

Hal Forrest

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Paymen in Full!

By EDWIN ALGER



'I'M TALKIN' TO YOUNG WEBSTER NOW—LITTLE PEPPER POT, AIN'T HE?

2-5 (Copyright 1937, Esther Tyler)



HE LIKES TO GIVE THAT IMPRESSION, UNCLE CALES—

49



ALL RIGHT, MY FINE, YOUNG FRIEND—I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I STARTED TO TELL HETTY HIGGINS—SHE'S GOT A NOTE FOR FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS DUE AT THIS BANK TOMORROW AN'—

(Copyright 1937, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)



—I AIN'T EXPECTIN' NO SONG AN' DANCE ABOUT IT, SEE? I'M ASKIN' FER PAYMENT IN FULL AN' INTEREST!

By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—Tell Her Yourself

By SOL HERS

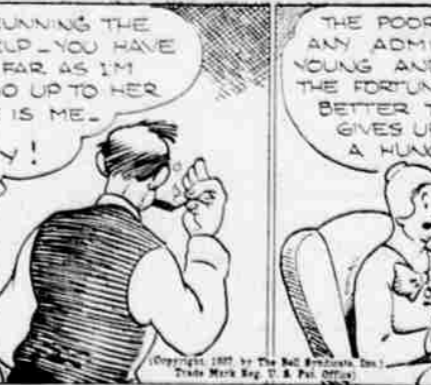


EMMA'S OUT ALMOST EVERY NIGHT WITH ONE OF HER FORTUNE ADMIRERS AND SHE COMES TO THE HOTEL FOR A REST AND WERE GETTING HOOKS ON THE COOKING—I WISH YOU'D TALK TO HER



WHY ME? YOU'RE RUNNING THE HOTEL AND THE HELP—YOU HAVE PLENTY MOUTH—AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, JUST GO UP TO HER AND PRETEND SHE IS ME—YOU'LL TELL HER PLENTY!

5-11 (Copyright 1937, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)



THE POOR THING—SHE NEVER HAD ANY ADMIRERS WHEN SHE WAS YOUNG AND SHE JUST CAN'T RESIST THE FORTUNE HUNTERS—YOU BETTER TELL THEM SHE GIVES UP A DIME LIKE A HUNGRY DOG DOES A BONE

(Copyright 1937, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)



THE POOR THING—SHE NEVER HAD ANY ADMIRERS WHEN SHE WAS YOUNG AND SHE JUST CAN'T RESIST THE FORTUNE HUNTERS—YOU BETTER TELL THEM SHE GIVES UP A DIME LIKE A HUNGRY DOG DOES A BONE

(Copyright 1937, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)