

MURDER ON THE BLUFF

SYNOPSIS: Attractive Jude Blinshop is mysteriously shot to death on a wild, stormy night at Farrington Bluff, home of Michael's aunt. Everyone mentioned on this island is suspect: Mike, who talked with Jude alone that night; the Skipper, his tall and tudey younger aunt; Aunt Martha, stout and prudish; Gay Palmer, Mike's red-headed stepbrother; Higgins, the elderly butler; William, the chauffeur; Cook; Annie the maid—*even I who am picked to lead our group investigation.* As we search the house, finding Aunt Martha's room in bloody chaos, the Skipper faints.

Chapter 18 Could William—?

I THINK I helped William carry the Skipper into Gay's room, but I'm not sure. I distinctly remember pouring out a liberal dose of mouth wash, and being prevented by main force from administering it to her.

It went on for a while. When it was finally stilled, the Skipper was sitting up. M. Farrington lay sobbing in a big chair, supported by both Michael and Higgins. William stood at the door, his arm around Annie and a stern eye upon Cook who was seated inconspicuously upon the floor at his feet, her eyes staring into space. I stood by the bed, holding up Gay who seemed on the point of falling. No one spoke for a long time. Then William in a hushed voice:

"I think, sir, that this just about does up our searching party."

I said in a voice intended to be steady. "We are all absolutely safe here as long as we stay together. We have a revolver. That bathroom door can be bolted. The windows are out of reach from the ground and there is absolutely no danger. William and I are going to leave you here for a few moments while we look around. You can lock the door the minute we go. And don't unlock it until we tell you to."

"No!" cried Annie. "Oh, please—"

But William turned to the door. "Let's go!" he said.

Michael never could take orders. "Look here," he exploded. "I'm not staying here while you do the dirty work. What do you think I am? I brought you here, and I'll take the risks. You and William stay where you belong."

M. Farrington's voice rose in horror. "James—don't think of allowing it. He's weak! He has fever! He—"

"He's staying right here," I said bluntly.

"The hell I am! I'm—"

"Shut up!" I snapped. "Any more out of you and I'll push your face out of the door with my own hands. Someone has to stay with the women. They're your responsibility. See to it, for once."

I didn't give him time to answer. I strode out the door with William at my heels. We could hear a click on the other side as someone shot the bolt home.

One room remained to be searched on the west end of the hall—Jude Blinshop's. Before that door I hesitated. It was quiet. All the excitement onzed out of me. The one reality of the whole wild, gruesome nightmare—Jude was dead. I would have given something just to lean against that door and blubber like a two-year-old.

William spoke softly in my ear. "I'll go in, sir, if you'd rather not."

"Thanks," I mumbled. "I'd rather watch the hall."

I'm afraid I didn't notice for several minutes whether or not the room was occupied. A low lamp burned beside the bed. The figure under the sheet was very still. William's cough in the hall finally roused me. I didn't move the sheet. The memory of that disfigured face was too strong. It took a definite effort to stir myself to the point of crossing to the closet and making sure it was empty. Looking under the furniture was a little worse. I closed Jude's door behind me very softly.

We Lock The Rooms

THAT finishes this end of the hall, William.

"Yes, sir. It might be a lot easier if we could lock up these rooms that we're sure of. Shut the—him out!"

I liked the idea. On the inside of the three doors, we found keys, and we locked them all. I pocketed the keys.

The Farrington hall is perfectly straight and rather wide. On the north side, just beyond the end of the stairs, was my room, and, next to it, Michael's. Opposite them a swinging door opened into the narrow corridor of the servants' quarters. My room was just as I had left it. Standing in the hall, I sent William through into Michael's.

"All right here, sir," he said from the door. A swift glance over his shoulder verified the statement.

We were now confronted with a

leave Saturday for Phoenix, Ariz., to attend the annual meeting of the western plant quarantine board.

Soviet Spies Shot.
MOSCOW, May 26.—(AP)—Eleven persons were reported today to have been executed at Khabarovsk in the far east, bringing to 55 the number put to death in Siberia within the last few days on charges of sabotage, under direction of Japanese intelligence agents.

12,000 Reports Mailed.
PORTLAND, May 26.—(AP)—More than 12,000 copies of Oregon state planning board reports have been mailed to every state to acquaint the nation with Oregon. Ormond R. Bean, board chairman, said today.

Booster Censorship.
PORTLAND, May 26.—(AP)—Publication of reports which show a decline in building permits should not be published, because it "will tend to disturb the minds of those who may be intending to build." H. E. Fluimery, chief of the bureau of buildings, said today.

Security Office Selected.
WASHINGTON, May 26.—(AP)—The social security board announced today opening of a new field office at Klamath Falls, Ore. (Oregon bank building) with Shiri H. Blalock, Seattle, Wash., in charge.

Miss Virginia Keister.
Miss Virginia Keister has lived for 30 years at 702 Virginia avenue, Virginia Heights, Roanoke, Va.

ST. MARY'S FACES SALE AT AUCTION

OAKLAND, May 26.—(AP)—The properties of St. Mary's college, famous for its football teams, will go on the auction block June 25 to satisfy claims of bondholders, a legal notice said today.

The trustee for the bonds, Central Bank of Oakland, advertised the date had been fixed and that the sale will be held on the steps of the Alameda courthouse, in default of satisfactory settlement.

The original amount of the bond issue was \$1,500,000. Some \$1,370,000 of the 5 percent issue remains outstanding, interest having been in default since the middle of 1934.

Salem Safe Cracked.
SALEM, May 26.—(AP)—Safe-crackers who entered the Orey cigar store early Monday made away with \$309. It was revealed today by Salem police. The burglary was not discovered until the store was opened yesterday and it was first believed the loss was considerably larger.

To Quarantine Meet.
SALEM, May 26.—(AP)—Frank McKennon, head of the plant division of the agricultural department, will

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



MOUNT VERNON—
THE HOME OF GEORGE WASHINGTON AND ONE OF AMERICA'S MOST SACRED, PATRIOTIC SHRINES, WAS NAMED AFTER A BRITISH ADMIRAL, EDWARD VERNON!



THE TARANTULA HAWK, a giant wasp NOT ONLY KILLS THE TARANTULA BUT DRAGS THE BODY INTO THE TARANTULA'S OWN HOME—TO PROVIDE FOOD FOR THE HAWK'S YOUNG!!

CONTROL!
CHARLES B. ADAMS, Pitt., N.Y., PITCHED A 21-INNING GAME WITHOUT WALKING A SINGLE MAN!!

Answer to yesterday's puzzle—REMOVING 8 MATCHES AND LEAVING ONLY 2 SQUARES!!!

Mount Vernon.
Originally called "Little Hunting Creek Plantation" by John Washington, founder of the estate, the site on which Mount Vernon now stands was deeded to Lawrence Washington, the half-brother of George Washington, in 1743. Lawrence, a former officer in the British navy, named the estate Mount Vernon in honor of his old-time commander, Admiral Edward Vernon. Thus, strange as it seems, one of the United States' most sacred, patriotic shrines, the home of George Washington, bears the name of one of England's naval leaders.

Stranger still, perhaps, is the fact that the naval leader for whom Mt. Vernon was named is the same man from whom "grog," meaning liquor, took its name! In the time of Admiral Vernon it was the custom in the English navy to issue a gallon of beer daily to every seaman sailing in home waters. A quart of wine was ordinarily substituted for the beer on cruises in the Mediterranean and a half pint of rum in the West Indies. It was in the West Indies that the admiral gave the order that the admiral gave the order that was forever afterward to associate his own nickname with that of liquor.

Irritated over the fact that his seamen tossed off their entire ration of rum immediately after receiving it and consequently became rather "light," he issued orders on August 4, 1740, that each half pint of rum be mixed with a quart of water and that this mixture be divided into two parts—one-half to be given out the morning and the other half at night. The seamen immediately dubbed the diluted drink "grog," deriving the word from Admiral Vernon's nickname, which he had previously received because of his habit of wearing a program boating cloak. "Grog" eventually came to mean any kind of intoxicating liquor and is found under that definition in modern dictionaries.

Insect to Injury.
The tarantula hawk (pepita formosa) completes its life cycle by killing a tarantula, dragging the dead victim into its own burrow, laying an egg on its body, sealing up the entrance to the burrow and leaving it flies off and dies. When the egg hatches, the larva feasts on the body of its parent's dead victim, spins a cocoon, develops into a wasp, cuts its way out of the burrow, mates, then searches for a tarantula victim of its own. Klamath!

Tomorrow: The Pin-headed Monster.

Urges Sex Education.
PORTLAND, May 26.—(AP)—Sex education for young people and assistance of physicians in determining the source of infection, will go far to reduce syphilis, prominent Portland doctors told a large audience last night.

Break Blame Fixed.
ANGLETON, Tex., May 26.—(UP)—Texas prison board members blamed dilapidated buildings and carelessness today for the escape of 10 dangerous convicts, four of whom were captured, at Retrieve state prison farm.

Plan Klamath Picnic.
KLAMATH FALLS, May 26.—(AP)—A giant tri-county picnic at Odell Lake in July for the purpose of raising interest in the Williams highway was planned here late yesterday by County Judges George Plak of Lane and George Grizzle of Klamath.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Sad Parting



BY A RULING OF THE AIR DEPARTMENT, TOMMY'S PILOT LICENSE HAS BEEN REVOKED FOR ONE YEAR! THIS DECISION WAS REACHED WHEN SEVERAL WITNESSES TENTATIVELY IDENTIFIED HIM AS THE PILOT WHO CRASHED THE MYSTERY PLANE.

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Hetty's Secret



WELL, MRS. HIGGINS, WE'RE IN THE CLEAR AGAIN—JUST PAID OFF BANKER CRUNCHEN—

THERE'S THE EVIDENCE—

BLESS ME, IF THIS PAPER DON'T SHOW THAT FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS IS PAID OFF IN FULL!

AND NOW, THIS BUSINESS IS GOING TO SEE FULL GTEAM AHEAD—NOTHING CAN STOP US NOW! WE'RE ON THE WAY!

WHY, ER, ER, YES, I GUESS WE ARE, BEN—

OH, I JEST CAN'T TELL THAT BOY I OWE BANKER CRUNCHEN A LOT MORE MONEY—MEBBE SOMETHIN'LL TURN UP SO'S I KIN PAY IT—I'LL KEEP IT A SECRET AS LONG AS I KIN!

THE NEBBS—The Great Luther



MISS IDA JANE, LOUISVILLE, KY., VOTES FOR THE RICH BANKER—

UP TO NOW ANBY HAS A SLIGHT LEAD OVER MARY AND LUTHER.

WHOM DO YOU VOTE FOR?

HERE'S SOME MORE MONEY. I GOT A NEW WAY OF MAKIN' IT—I BET TWO DOLLARS ON A HORSE AND GOT % CLEAR PROFIT

SO YOU'RE GAMBLING ON HORSES NOW. THAT'S A HARD WAY OF MAKIN' MONEY

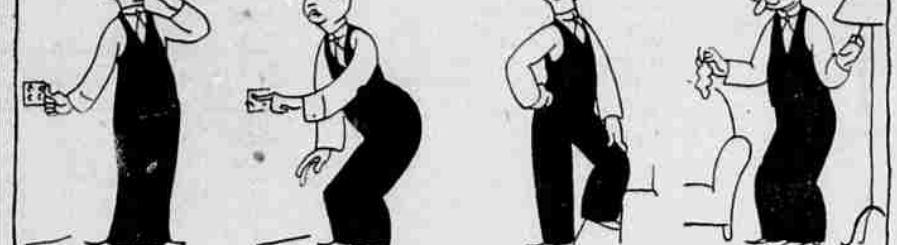
WELL, YOU SEE—LUTHER GETS INFORMATION RIGHT FROM THE TRACK—IT'S ALMOST STEALIN'!

YOU DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH FUN IT IS GETTIN' MONEY. YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORK FOR

WELL, IF YOU WANT TO GET RICH, TAKE LUTHER'S ADVICE—HE'S GOT BRAINS LIKE A SNAKE'S GOT FEET!!

LIGHTS OUT

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

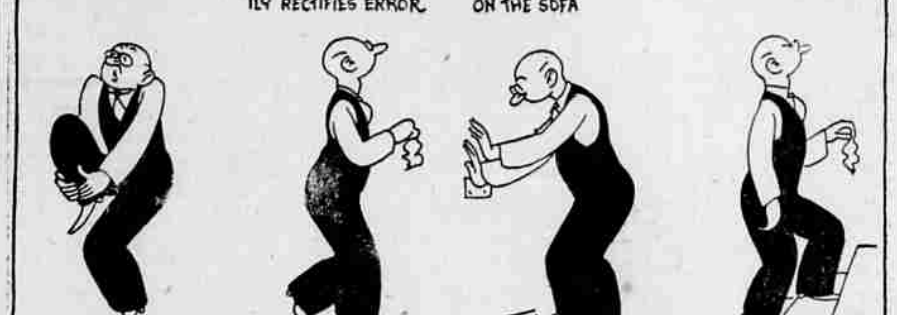


STARTS FOR BED. PUTS OUT LIVING-ROOM LIGHTS AND SLEEPILY PRESSES HALL LIGHT SWITCH

BY MISTAKE PUTS OUT UP-STAIRS HALL LIGHT WHERE WIFE IS GETTING TOWELS FROM LINEN CLOSET. INSTILY RECALLS ERROR.

WITH LOWER FLOOR IN DARKNESS, STARTS UP, WIFE CALLING SHE LEFT HER HANDKERCHIEF ON THE SOFA

GROPE'S WAY BACK INTO LIVING ROOM, PUTS ON LIGHT BY SOFA AND FINDS HANDKERCHIEF



PUTS LIGHT OUT AND STARTS FOR HALL, CRACKING ANKLE ON ROCKING CHAIR

PUTS FLOOR LAMP ON, PUTS FLOOR LAMP OUT, MAKES WAY SAFELY TO STAIRS AND PUTS HALL LIGHT OUT

WIFE CALLS HE'D BETTER MAKE SURE SHE DIDN'T LEAVE LIGHT GOING IN PANTRY. FUMBLES FOR HALL SWITCH AGAIN

FINDS SHE DIDN'T LEAVE PANTRY LIGHT GOING, PUTS OUT HALL LIGHT AND GOES TO BED. PORCH LIGHT BURNS ALL NIGHT

GLUYAS WILLIAMS 5-20 (Copyright, 1937, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

5-MATTER POE

By C. M. PAYNE

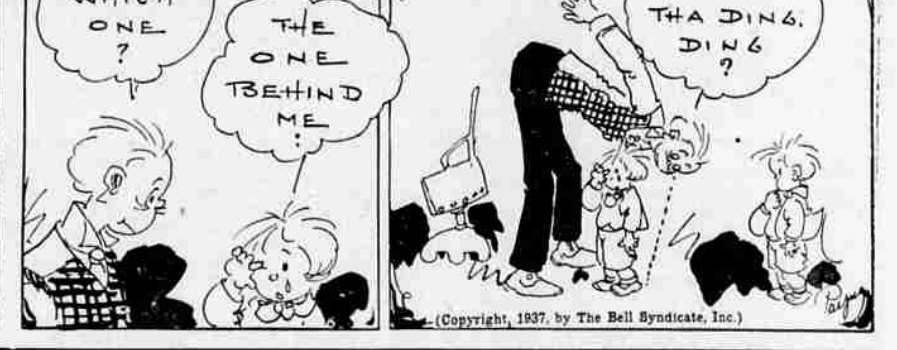


DON'T TELL POP I KICKED YOU! HERE IS A NICKEL

UMFF UMFF

WHAT BOTHERED YOU?

FOOT!



WHICH ONE?

THE ONE BEHIND ME!

WHAT THA DING, DING?

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By HAL FORREST



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