

MURDER ON THE BLUFF

SYNOPSIS: Attractive Jude Blinshop is mysteriously shot to death on a wild, stormy night at Farrington Bluff, home of Mitchell's. Everyone mentioned on this island is suspect: Mike, who talked with Jude alone that night; the Skipper, his tall and tweedy younger aunt; Aunt Martha, stout and prudish; Guy Palmer, Mike's red-headed sweetheart; Higgins, the elderly butler; William, the chauffeur; Cook; Annie, the maid—even I who lead the group investigation. While searching the house, William and I are both knocked out by some unseen assailant.

Chapter 20

"Don't Watch The Stairs"

THE narrow corridor was in complete darkness. We made our way along it slowly with the aid of Mike's flashlight. In the main hall full lights still blazed. The silence was oppressive. As rapidly as my stiff legs and aching head would allow, we crossed to Guy's door, where Mike knocked sharply.

"Michael?" came the Skipper's voice from within.

"O.K., Skipper." And the door was opened.

Inside the room was blue with cigarette smoke. M. Farrington was still in the big chair, one pudgy hand hanging on to Higgins for dear life. William was sitting on the bed with Annie on one side of him and Cook on the other. The man looked as if his last call had sounded.

"Jim's all right," said Michael quickly. Just a little shaken up. How are you now, William?"

"Not so good, sir." The chauffeur was glaring at me accusingly. "It's a nasty thing to be hit on the head behind—nasty."

Guy shoved a chair at me and I flopped into it, hardly aware of what I was doing.

"William," I said, "what's the big idea—knocking me out and tying me to your bed?"

Someone screamed—M. Farrington, I think—and William sprang to his feet, shaking with fury. "You dirty dog," he said and started for me.

Mike intercepted him. "William!" he shouted. "Are you crazy?" His left arm shot out, and William spun across the room. "We found Mr. Wells in your room just now—gagged and tied to the bed."

"What?" In spite of myself I pelted him. "Gagged and tied—? His eyes were those of a suffering dog. "Then—who—hit—me?"

"I didn't!" I said. "What happened to you? Can't you see that time is important? What happened?"

He turned to me like a man walking in his sleep. "I went into my room like you told me," his voice was dazed, "and you hit me when I went through the door. Only—you—didn't—hit—me!"

Suddenly his voice rose in a yell. "I'm getting out of here! I'll swim out. We're going to be murdered—murdered in the dark! Let me go!" Mike and I were hanging on to his arms.

"Let me go! I can't do no more! I—"

All the strength Mike had left went into that punch. William crumpled to the floor.

"Be quiet!" Cook was shaking Annie furiously. "Start any fuss now and I'll warm you proper!"

Over William's body, I stared at Michael's grim face. "It wasn't William, I guess," I said through dry lips.

"No. And the rest of us were all here."

The Skipper was kneeling beside William, and Guy was bringing water from the bathroom.

There Is Someone Else

"HEN," said Michael at last, "there is someone else in the house—someone one of us know about."

There seemed to be no other explanation. Which meant that no one in that room was a murderer. None of us had crept stealthily into the storm after a friend, and I could have whooped with relief.

"William moaned and opened his eyes."

"Better?" asked the Skipper. "You were a bit excited and they quieted you."

"Here," Mike was ooing good spirits, "let me help you. Stretch out on the bed a while. You'll be all right."

We helped him to the bed, Annie escaping from Cook and fluttering to his assistance. M. Farrington brought us back to the problem at hand.

"You really think there is someone else in the house?"

"Not a doubt in the world. Aunt Martha," said Michael. "And that makes everything all right."

"Does it?" the Farrington eyebrows went up. "Now I should say, Michael, that it makes everything very much wrong. You don't seriously intend to sit here idle while an unknown criminal roams the house—a criminal who has murdered one of your guests?"

M. Farrington had a knack for putting things unpleasantly. I had been considering doing just that, and so I could see from his face, had Michael. Compared to the sensation of suspecting your best friends of an unspeakable crime, the feeling of mere-

ly being pursued by a thing was a pleasurable one. Michael reddened.

"It's this way, Aunt Martha," I ventured. "We can't do much in the dark, and he can't get away. And—well, we're a little mixed up. I think the most sensible thing for us to do is to make ourselves as comfortable as possible right here until morning."

"The most sensible thing any of us can do right now is to eat. Do any of you realize what time it is? I'll compare watches. It was after one o'clock."

"Twelve hours since lunch," continued the Skipper. "I propose a kitchen delegation to handle the crisis."

There followed something of an argument. The natural thing was to send the servants all downstairs together. There were four of them, William in no worse condition than I was and not half so bad as Michael. Higgins still had his revolver. But Cook had other ideas. She would never go back into that kitchen, not for all the gold in China, as she put it.

The Skipper had no objections to taking Cook's place, but Higgins had never heard of such a thing and so assured us, Annie agreed with him and William agreed with Annie. M. Farrington, quite herself again, settled it.

"Cook," she said sternly, "stop your nonsense. Naturally you will go down to the kitchen. The others will all be with you. There is absolutely no danger. In fact," with sudden decision, "I think the rest of us would be more comfortable in the library."

Guy, who had never really seen M. Farrington in action, stared open-mouthed. "But," she objected, "there's someone down there, I mean—"

M. Farrington smiled thinly. "Of course there is someone down there, my dear. Therefore we shall drive him upstairs where all the doors and windows are locked and he can neither do any damage nor escape."

"Well, then, come along with you, Higgins," said Cook. It was settled.

Giving 'Him' A Chance

WE GAINED the library without incident. Wherever our prowler might be, he was not in the halls, the dining room, the library, or judged by the silence from the other end of the house—the servants' quarters. Chaos of our own making was the only thing that confronted us in the library. M. Farrington, switching on the dining room lights, stood the connecting door ajar.

"Sit down, Barbara," she ordered, seating herself on the divan. "James, make up a fire. Michael, you and Grace might put some of these books back where they belong."

The history behind the odd clause is this: Some 30 years ago, Sultan Mkwawa, former chief of the Wahhehe tribe of Tanganyika, rebelled against German rule and met his death either by suicide or execution by German forces. The Wahhehe tribe claims that the sultan's skull was removed to Germany but Germany claims it was buried in Tanganyika. The natives look upon the skull as a good luck omen and it is in their belief that Great Britain demands its return.

Three times since the war the house of commons has instructed the colonial secretary to demand the skull from the German government but Germany holds firm in its denial of possessing the weird trophy.

Twin Engineers

The sons of a track supervisor of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad at Cameron, W. Va., the Cooley twins were given jobs in the company's shops in 1885. Both were promoted to firemen in 1898 and became engineers on the line in 1899. They are still employed as engineers on the B. & O., having completed 51 years of service.

John I. now takes out the first track yard engine in Garrett yards and James E. makes regular runs on trains 9 and 10 between Garrett and Chicago. For several years both were employed on the same run.

The Lost Skull

As recently as 1936, the British House of Commons rose up in indignation to demand why Article 246 of the Treaty of Versailles had not been fulfilled. Article 246, in Part VIII, Section II, marks one of the strangest clauses ever included in any treaty between nations—and is all the more remarkable in that it was included in no modern treaty as that which ended the World War. The clause follows:

"Within six months of the coming into force of the present treaty, Germany will restore to his majesty the king of Hedjaz, the original Koran of the Caliph Othman, which was removed from Medina by the Turkish authorities and is expected to have been presented to the ex-Emperor William II. Within the same period Germany will hand over to his Britannic majesty's government the skull of the Sultan Mkwawa, which was removed from the protectorate of German East Africa and taken to Germany."

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No Allen Flags to Fly

PORTLAND, May 28.—(AP)—The Memorial day is strictly an American affair so no foreign flags will appear in the Portland parade, Major George Sandy, chairman, said today. He received a petition from ex-soldiers asking a ban on the Nazi emblem.

Tillamook K. C. Host

PORTLAND, May 28.—(AP)—Tillamook will be host to the Oregon council of the Knights of Columbus at the annual convention Sunday and Monday. Representatives from 23 cities will be headed by State Deputy George J. Cannon of Klamath Falls.

Ram Sale Opens

SACRAMENTO, May 28.—(AP)—The seventeenth annual California ram sale got off to an auspicious start here today with a price of \$300 being reached for one ram and numerous others selling for more than \$100 each.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

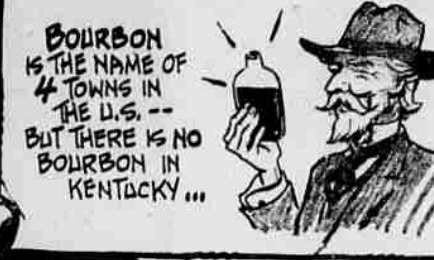
SMOKE SCREEN HOME RUN!

A FLY HIT BY LINDGROM, N.Y. GIANTS, RESULTED IN A HOMER WHEN A SMOKE CLOUD FROM A TUPOUNT HID THE BALL

- Polo Grounds, 1931 -



RAILROADING TWINS!
JOHN AND JAMES COOLEY, TWIN ENGINEERS ON THE B. & O. RAILROAD, BEGAN SERVICE 51 YEARS AGO ON THE SAME DAY AND WERE SUCCESSFULLY PROMOTED TO FIREMEN AND ENGINEERS IN THE SAME YEARS...



BOURBON IS THE NAME OF 4 TOWNS IN THE U.S. -- BUT THERE IS NO BOURBON IN KENTUCKY...

A SPECIAL CLAUSE IN THE VERSAILLES TREATY PROVIDES FOR THE HANDING OVER OF THE SKULL OF SULTAN MKWAWA TO THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT BY GERMANY BUT IT HAS NEVER BEEN FULFILLED THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT DENIES KNOWING WHERE IT IS...

THE LOST SKULL!

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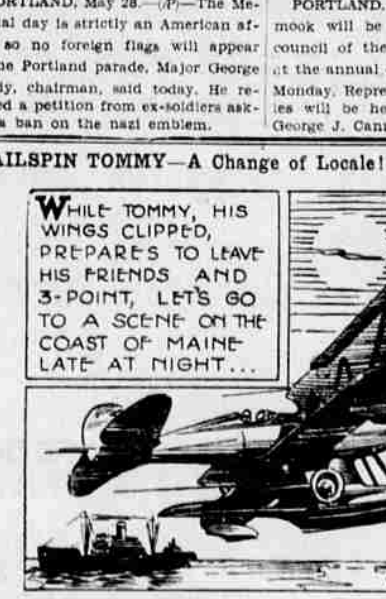
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While Tommy, His Wings Clipped, Prepares to Leave His Friends and 3-Point, Let's Go to a Scene on the Coast of Maine Late at Night...

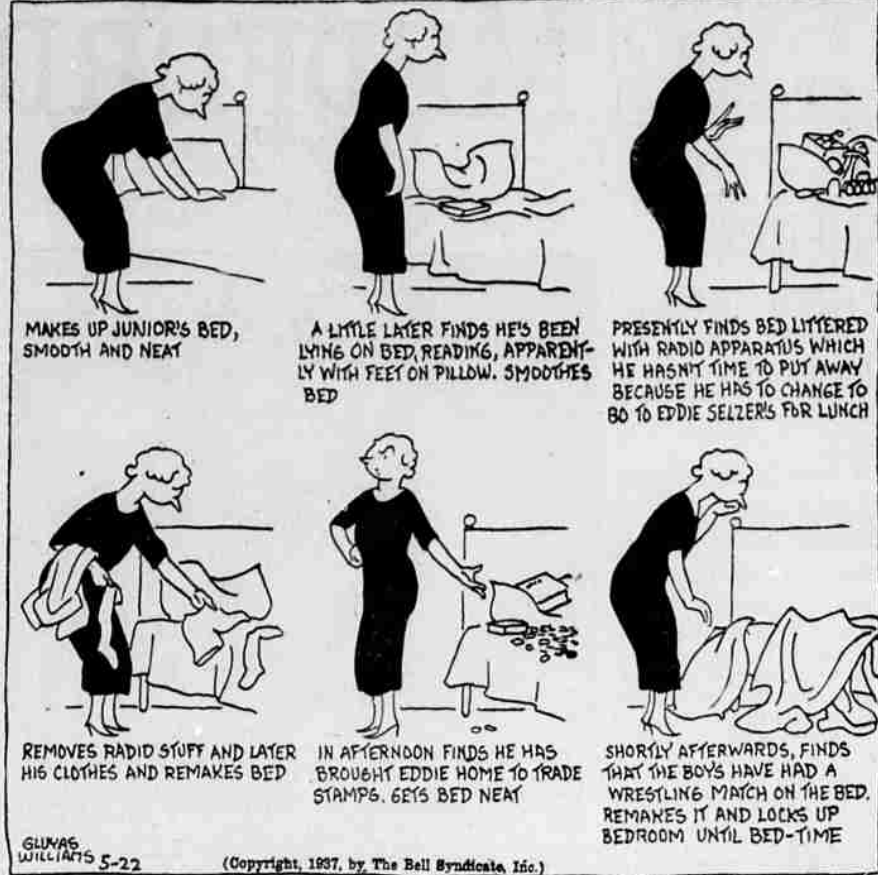


The Tip-Off: He's Circling to Land in This Cove!



BED MAKING

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



S MATTER POP

By C. M. PAYNE



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Sudden Idea!

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—Bad News

By SOL HESS



POPE ACCUSED OF UNTRUTH BY NAZIS

BERLIN, May 28.—(AP)—Nazi Germany struck a new blow today at Catholic publicity organs and the mouthpiece of Adolf Hitler's black-shirted Schutz Staffel bodyguard accused the pope of an "objective untruth."

The Gestapo (state secret police) forbade issuance until further notice of some 200 Catholic church papers printed by the Koeniger Kirchen-Verlag company of Essen. These papers correspond to country newspapers "patented inside" in the United States, and have the same text, with open space for local items.

Officially, it was stated the church papers made false statements about Nazi girls' league and generally vilified institutions of the Nazi state.

A home-made parachute which Babe Smith, girl jumper, used in more than 100 leaps from airplane now rests in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington.

JEALOUS FILIPINO AMUCK, KILLS 15

MANTLA, May 28.—(AP)—Fifteen persons have been killed as the result of Kalingsa Boli, jealousy-crazed Filipino, running amuck in the village of Tagan in Cagayan province, reports received at constabulary headquarters today said.

Constabulary authorities said Boli believed his wife was unfaithful to him and suddenly ran amuck last Tuesday, killing her and five other persons. He fled Tagan, shouting he would kill at least 24 persons before he was through.

Today word was received relatives of the victims attacked Boli's kinsmen in the village of Abuling and killed seven, including three children. The justice of the peace at Kabugao reported Boli entered that village and killed two other persons and fled with constabularymen in close pursuit.

Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.