

MURDER ON THE BLUFF

A mysterious slay kills attractive Jude Blinshop on a wild stormy night at Farrington Bluff, home of Michael's aunt. Then a series of strange attacks makes everyone jittery in the marooned household: Mike, the Skipper, his tall, tweedy younger aunt; Aunt Martha, stout and prudish; Gay Palmer, Mike's red-headed sweetheart; Higgins, the old butler; William, the chauffeur; Cook; Annie, the maid; even myself. On the second nerve-racking day we find a man's body below the bluff. It is Michael's father, Isaac, and supposedly dead since Mike was an infant.

Chapter 23 Roaring Drunk

THE dining room was deserted. Voices beyond the closed door of the library indicated that M. Farrington and Gay Palmer still kept unhappy vigil against the return of the rescue party. It seemed brutal to leave them in such suspense, but the Skipper was pouring coffee with a steady hand. And its aroma was too much for me. I was famished. Whatever happened, apparently, I could eat and I did so. Higgins served us in silence. Not until my fourth cup of coffee did I turn to the Skipper.

"Well?"
"Your move now, Casablanca," she said with the ghost of a smile. "I'm taking Martha upstairs. From now on I'll be in the dining room."

Gay Tears into Mike
AND he was no cheering spectacle. His hair stood wildly on end. His clothes were crumpled and messy. His eyes had a nasty, glowing intensity that brought me to my feet in a jerk.



I grabbed Mike by the throat and shook him hard.

you and Gay will have to amuse yourselves. The entertainment," with a twisted grin, "is over."
I waited in the dining room as long as I possibly could. I was in no mood for a rousing scene with M. Farrington. Dismally crumbling toast, I reflected that the storm couldn't last much longer. The rain had stopped. There should be boats from the mainland by the next day at the very latest. And, then—police—inquests—reporters—the Blinshop family to be faced. What about Mike? What if he were to discover that his father's disease had been hereditary? Lord! What an awful situation for Gay Palmer!

thickly, crossing the room with a labored, weaving motion. He was drunk—roaringly drunk.
"Upstairs!" I began like a shot. "You've got a nerve! Where do you think you are?"
I had a fleeting desire to knock their heads together.
Michael waved a pompous hand. "Where? Home, my pet—at Farrington Bluff on beautiful, bounteous Long Island in the boom of my family." Something in the remark appeared to amuse him. He roared with drunken gusto, holding weakly to the edge of the table.
Gay advanced on him, eyes flashing. "You filthy little rat!" she said. "You yellow, drunken lout, listen to me! You think you'll quit on your aunt now because the going is getting tough. Well, you won't! Either of those old girls is worth more than a dozen of you on one platter, do you hear? And if Jimmie doesn't whale the booze out of you right now, I will!"

"What's Going On?"
I WENT reluctantly. Apparently she had been pacing around in there alone for some time. Her face was very red; her hands jerked nervously.
"Look here, what the devil is going on? One minute you rush in howling that you've found a dead man on the beach, and the next the Skipper comes waiting in with the bright remark that it was all a mistake. What is this anyway?"
"This," I said curtly, "is a damn mess."
"That's not an answer." She snapped a cigarette from the case in her none-too-steady hand. "I want to know what's going on, and I'm going to know. Where's Mike?"
"In his room."
"She almost got to the door before I did."
"Now listen, Gay, you can't see him just now. Sit down. I've got to talk to you." I look her arm and led her, struggling, to a chair. "You and I have a lot of thinking to do, and we're going to make ourselves pretty scarce."
"What do you mean?" She sat under protest.
"Just this. The Skipper is trying to keep M. Farrington in the dark to save us from some messy scene. There was a body on the beach. It's in the game room now."
Her face tightened. "Who is it?"

Michael stared at her stupidly, stepping himself against the table. "You can get this fool!" Her voice was rising shrilly. "After what I've seen of you in the last few days, I don't want to see any more. Is that clear?"
Possibly his silence irritated her more than anything else. Suddenly her hand shot out. There was a hearty smack, and a dull white streak glistened on Michael's red face—glistened, turned pink, and stood out a welt of red.
Then, like a streak, Mike moved. His hand seized her wrist and sent her hurtling into a table covered with glasses and decanters. There was a tinkling crash. I leapt across the room and had him by the throat. I shook him until my head roared and my breath was gone. Then I flung him violently into a chair.
For a long time none of us spoke. None of us could. Mike moved first, lumbering heavily to his feet. All the liquor had gone out of him, but there was something in its place—something that made me catch my labored breath in a painful gasp. He spoke very slowly.
"I'm drunk. All right. I mean to be drunk, and I mean to be drunk from now on. Can't you see that I'm safest that way? I've killed a person. Do you understand that? I've killed a person!"
(Copyright, 1937, Erika Tyler)

The Skipper tells the story of Norman Farrington, 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.

JULIUS CAESAR—
WHO STRIPPED POMPEY OF HIS POWER, DEFEATED HIM IN BATTLE AND DROVE HIM TO HIS MURDER IN EGYPT, WAS ASSASSINATED AT THE FOOT OF POMPEY'S STATUE IN THE ROMAN SENATE CHAMBER!
—Ides of March, 44 B.C.—



BARNEY AIN, of Brooklyn, N. Y., HAS OFFICIATED IN MORE THAN 7,000 BASKETBALL GAMES

SONG TOWN... BANGOR, Maine, WAS SUPPOSED TO BE NAMED SUNBURY— BUT A MINISTER APPOINTED TO RECORD THE NAME SUBSTITUTED THAT OF HIS FAVORITE CHURCH TUNE...

OLD FAITHFUL... A CAR, owned by V. J. Morris, Pasadena, Cal., HAS BEEN DRIVEN EVERY DAY FOR 12 YEARS... IT HAS RUN UP A TOTAL MILEAGE EQUAL TO 8 TRIPS AROUND THE EARTH, WITHOUT A SINGLE MECHANICAL REPAIR



Conqueror of Asia, Africa and Spain, Pompey turned to a political career in 61 B. C. In an effort to cement a friendship with Caesar, he married the latter's daughter Julia, and the two men took over the joint rule of the Roman empire. For a while the combination worked, but the ambition of the two men and the death of Pompey's wife strained relations between them. In 50 B. C. the crisis came, civil war broke out and Caesar defeated Pompey in battle. Pompey fled Italy, seeking refuge in Egypt. In the act of landing, he was treacherously murdered by one of his soldiers. Caesar became sole master of Rome and retained his power until his death at the hands of assassins on March 15, 44 B. C. Pierced by 23 wounds, he fell at the feet of his great rival's statue in the senate hall attached to Pompey's theater.

Song Town.
Chosen to procure an incorporation charter for the little town of Sunbury, Maine, in 1873, Reverend Seth Noble went to Boston. His fellow townsmen had decided to incorporate their community under the name Sunbury, but the minister had the papers made out under the name Bangor, which was the title of his favorite church tune.

Reverend Noble later claimed that the name had been changed through a mistake on his part, stating that he was whistling "Bangor" when the clerk who was taking care of the documents asked, "May I inquire the name?" Assuredly believing the clerk wanted the name of the tune he was whistling, Noble replied, "Bangor." Basketball Official.

"Dean of Basketball" is a title which Barney Ain of the New York City board of education well rates. A player, coach, umpire, writer and lecturer on the sport, he has officiated at more than 7,000 games in the past 18 years.

Tomorrow: The Henpecked Pirate!

Smelter Chief Passes.
SPOKANE, June 3.—(AP)—Frank Marshall, 71, mining operator who for 16 years was smelter director of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan Mining company, died here yesterday. He was the Washington state member of the board of governors of the American mining congress.

Flowers for Flowers.
WASHINGTON, June 3.—(AP)—Mrs. Roosevelt sent flowers today to Representative Walter M. Pierce, who was released from a hospital recently. Pierce is recovering in his hotel.

Slips That Fit by KICKERINICK
\$1.95 Panama Crepe, Satin \$3.95 Ethelwyn B. Hoffmann S & H Green Stamps

Former First Lady, 77.
WASHINGTON, June 3.—(AP)—Mrs. William Howard Taft, widow of the former president and chief justice, was 77 years old today.

WINDOW GLASS. We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Frowbridge Co. Inc. Works. Phone 542. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



ON A WARM OPEN-WINDOW DAY THE LADIES HAD TO INTERRUPT THEIR CLUB MEETING AT MRS. PERLEY'S TO TRY TO EXPLAIN TO THE MAN WHOM FRED HAD HIRED TO CUT THE LAWN THAT THE NOISE OF HIS MOWER WAS BAD ENOUGH BUT THAT WHEN HE SANG AS HE WORKED THEY COULDN'T HEAR A THING; BUT HE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND ENGLISH VERY WELL, AND THEY HAD TO ADJOURN

S'MATTER POP By C. M. PAYNE



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Off to Littleville!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Oswald Sparks!



THE NEBBS—The Truth Hurts



By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS



TANK FARMING PLAN SPREADS TO SOUTH; TRIALS SUCCESSFUL

HATTIESBURG, Miss. (UP)—F. C. Glenn is sure of having gritless spinach this year. He is raising it in the first soil-less agricultural station in the Hattiesburg section.

Some time ago Glenn set up some tanks on his farm and started his first crop. He planted Irish potatoes, tomatoes and spinach. He says the plants appear healthy.

The tank process for growing plants is simple. Into a tank 2 feet wide, 3 feet long and 6 inches deep is poured 25 gallons of water. It is heated to a temperature of 70 degrees.

Agri-culture experts at the University of California already have shown that crop yields can be produced by tank methods. In a tank, the area of which was but one-hundredth of an acre, they raised three-fourths of a ton of potatoes.

That was equivalent to a yield of 77 tons per acre. Tomato vines grew 25 feet long and produced huge fruit. Tobacco stalks soared to a height of 22 feet. All of the plants were healthy specimens because of carefully planned chemical diets.