

# MURDER ON THE BLUFF

**SYNOPSIS:** The mysterious shooting to death of attractive Jude Blinshop makes us all fluster on this wild, stormy weekend at Farrington Bluff, home of Michael's aunt. A series of strange attacks is apparently explained when we find below the bluff the body of Michael's mad father, supposedly long since dead. But our roll is brief; Aunt Martha is shot in the shoulder by an unseen hand. Who held the gun? Mike, the Skipper, his call, surely, younger aunt, Gay Palmer, his sweetheart; Higgins, the old butler; William the chauffeur; Cook; Annie, the maid?

## Chapter 30

### The Skipper Vanishes

Higgins was as much a fixture on Farrington Bluff as the old house itself. With every breath she drew, Martha Farrington defended anything that pertained to the old order of things. But would she defend her butler at the risk of involving the nephew whom she regarded almost as a son? I thought not.

In short, I came to the conclusion that if the angle of the mirror would allow a glimpse of anyone standing in the doorway, M. Farrington had seen a woman's arm, not, she had merely imagined that she saw something. The person who had killed Jude Blinshop was the same person who had tried to kill Martha and the same person who had lured Norman Farrington over the cliff to his death. And that person must be in the house, known to every one of us.

If that individual had pried open the locked door of Jude Blinshop's room, he was a person of considerable strength. Michael had only one hand, Higgins was too feeble, Annie and M. Farrington were not conceivably strong enough. William, Cook, Gay, and myself were left—possibilities, but not probabilities. I was getting too involved in the subject.

"Mike," I said, "there'll be a boat from shore by morning at the latest. Have you decided what we'll say to people?"

His clouded eyes had a somber look. "We ought to consult everyone before we decide. For Aunt Martha's sake, I think we should hush it up as much as we can. Old George Foster's the coroner. He can tell us what to do, and we can let him handle the police."

"What about the Blinshops?"

"Michael's face was growing darker and darker. 'As soon as we can get across, I'll go down there. I think I should.'"

I knew what he was thinking. Everything would depend upon Jude's family. We could tell them that she had been shot by accident while one of us had been playing with a gun. If they would accept that statement and the coroner in action was no different from the coroner on a fishing trip, the name of the body in the billiard room might be left out of the case altogether. We could—

Right there I stopped, struck by an unhappy thought. If we were to smooth this thing over—hush it up—we would be running a terrible risk. Either at Farrington Bluff or among us in town there would remain a dangerous homicidal maniac, unknown and therefore infinitely dangerous. On the face of the thing, I wondered that Mike could consider it. "Do you think we have a right to risk it?"

He glanced up at me swiftly, and then back to the fire.

"Yes," noncommittally.

"But suppose something else happens?"

It was a squeamish way to put it, but he understood me. Leaning forward, he surveyed me with weary, patient eyes.

"You'll have to trust me a little, Jim. I don't think anything else will happen."

I stared at him. M. Farrington shot down like a rabbit! And nothing else would happen!

"Have you any reason for thinking so?"

"No, of course not." Michael roused himself, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and slipped the ash into his pocket. "Don't be so jittery."

**Three Murders?**

"YOU wouldn't be so calm yourself if the police were scheduled to arrive within a few hours and everyone from the kitchen maid up suspected you of three murders?"

"Three?" He shot the word at me, suddenly on the alert. "How do you figure three?"

"Well," I said cautiously, "one certainly, one possibility, and one attempt."

"So you think my father was murdered, do you?"

"I think it's damned likely that someone coaxed him out to that bluff."

"You're crazy!" said Michael roughly. "Why the devil would anyone—? Gay's voice lumped at us from the door. "Have you seen the Skipper? I've looked all over the house. I can't find her!"

"She's in Aunt Martha's room," said Michael. "What are you talking about?"

"How do I look?" is a common query in the accident ward of any hospital on the morning after, he said.

The tests in "beauty surgery" that are performed to restore these individuals to as near normal appearance as possible are amply justified, the Detroit physician declared, because the effect, which is greater than the physical suffering they endure, "is the mental agony which lasts throughout life in the presence of facial disfigurements, however slight."

Another triumph in beauty surgery was demonstrated to the physicians by Dr. Robert E. Moran of Washington, D. C., who offered a new operation to correct "pop eyes" and "sunk-in eyes."

**Our hunt for the missing Skipper goes on, tomorrow.**

**Beauty Surgery for Auto Wreck Victims is Need**

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., June 9.—(AP)—"Beauty surgery" for the mangled victims of automobile accidents is the newest demand by the American people on medical men, a Detroit physician told the American Medical Association today.

The need for beauty surgery is the inevitable result of high speed driving, recklessness, and the haste to get somewhere after lingering during the cocktail hour, Dr. Charles L. Straits of Detroit said.

Damage to the faces, skulls, chests and limbs of accident victims presents to the surgeon a complicated problem of cutting, stitching and replacement of parts, he said. Generally, if they survive, they are more interested in their appearance than in how they feel.

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



**ROUNDING OUT 4 CENTURIES!**  
THESE 7 EMPLOYEES OF THE LINCOLN (NEB.) JOURNAL HAVE BEEN WITH THE NEWSPAPER FOR A TOTAL OF 398 YEARS!!! HAD THEIR SERVICES BEEN COMBINED IN ONE MAN, HE COULD HAVE COVERED THE EXPLORATION OF FLORIDA BY DE SOTO AT THE TIME IT TOOK PLACE!



**FROG HANDICAP—**  
DR. S. RENNIE, Easton, Pa., HAD TO SINK HIS PUTT TWICE TO COMPLETE THE SAME HOLE!!! A FROG IN THE CUP KNOCKED THE FIRST PUTT OUT!

**A BELL CANNOT DEAL!**  
THERE ARE 50 TIMES AS MANY MUMMIES IN EGYPT AS THERE ARE LIVING PERSONS!

**Rounding Out Four Centuries.**  
"Extra — Extra — Read about De Soto's defeat of the Indians in Florida. Ten Thousand Indians Killed. 70 Spaniards! Extra—Extra..."

That would have been the yell bawled out by newspaper "hustlers" back in 1539 if modern journalism methods dated back that far. It doesn't, of course, but strange as it seems, the employment of seven men with the Lincoln (Nebraska) Journal totals enough years to extend back that far!

Reading left to right in the front row of the above cartoon are: Hugh McVicker, night telegraph editor; John Cronley, foreman of the stereotyping room; Lou Hellweg, foreman of bindery; and John M. Thompson, state house reporter. Respectively, they have been with the Journal for 54 years, 51 years, 50 years, and 50 years.

In the back row, left to right, are: Al Hellweg, book finisher; Charles Eppens, shipping clerk; and Carl Jerome, book binder. These men, respectively, have been with the Journal 62 years, 56 years and 64 years. Month differences bring the total service period to about 398 years.

**Pealless Bell.**  
Bell ringing is an anciently established art and has a language all its own. The ring of a single bell is called a "change" when followed or preceded by the ring of another bell. Thus two bells can ring four "changes," number one bell being rung and followed with number two bell or vice versa. On the same system, figured through permutation, three bells can ring six "changes," four bells, four times as many, and so on.

A "peal" constitutes 5,000 changes. To produce this many changes eight bells are required.

**Egyptian Mummies.**  
The remarkable method of embalming used in ancient Egypt dates back hundreds of centuries. When embalming in Egypt was largely discontinued in 700 A. D., an estimated 750 million bodies had been mummified. Millions of the mummies have never been uncovered but are known to be still concealed. The total living population of Egypt today is in the neighborhood of 14,170,000—less than one-fiftieth of its mummified "population."

Tomorrow: Presidential Paradox.

**TAILSPIN TOMMY—Failure means . . . Death!**

TOMMY HAS AGREED TO IMPERSONATE THE SLAIN SPY PILOT, TONY LACEY, FOR TWO REASONS... THAT IT IS HIS PATRIOTIC DUTY TO HIS COUNTRY, AND THAT HE MAY FLY AGAIN, WHILE THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE AGREES TO CLEAR UP HIS RECORD AND GET HIS LICENSE BACK 2832

YOU'LL CONTACT OUR AGENT AT THE UNION AIRPORT... IN METROPOLIS CITY, I'LL GIVE YOU THE KEY WORD...

WHAT ABOUT A SHIP?

GOSH! IT'S TAKIN' TOM LONG ENOUGH, MISSUS TOMKINS!

AT THE BLUE LANTERN INN YOU'LL MEET YOUR FIRST TEST. IF YOU CONVINCE ROBLE YOU'RE TONY LACEY THE REST IS EASY.

IT'LL HAVE TO BE BETTER THAN "BEST," TAILSPIN, IT MUST BE PERFECT! ONE SLIP ON YOUR PART AND THEY'LL KILL YOU LIKE A WILD ANIMAL!

**BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Silence Ordered**

YOU MEAN YOU BOUGHT SOME GOODS FROM HERB HOOKER? WHAT'D YOU BUY, MRS. HIGGINS?

EVERYTHING WE NEEDED, BEN!

BUT DON'T YOU WORRY, SON—HE'S GIVIN' US 90 DAYS T'PAY FER IT ALL. AN' THE WAY YOU'RE WHOOPIN' THINGS I KNOW WE'LL SELL IT ALL IN 30—

BEN, I DON'T WANT TO BE A TATTLETALE, BUT HETTY BOUGHT EVERY DEAD CAT THAT SLICKER HAD ON HIS LIST—

I KNOW, UNCLE NAT—I JUST READ THE ORDER—BUT DON'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT IT TO HER—IT'D BREAK HER HEART BECAUSE SHE THINKS SHE DID THE RIGHT THING—

**THE NEBBS—He's Just No Good**

MAX IS ON TOP NOW WITH LUTHER IN BAD ON THE HORSE RACING BET AND ROTS IN DIFFERENT.

I COULD TELL YOU PLENTY THINGS ABOUT THIS GUY LUTHER IF I WAS A GABBER—I'M A GUY THAT MINDS HIS OWN BUSINESS AND GETS FUN OUTTA IT.

A FELLER THAT'S GOT SUCH LITTLE STABILITY THAT WHEN HE AIN'T GOT CASH HE BETS EGGS ON HORSES—AND YOU CAN TRUST HIM AS FAR AS YOU CAN THROW A SAFE.

HE'S GOT A LOT OF MOUTH AND A LOT OF WORDS COME OUT OF IT, BUT YOU CAN'T BELIEVE ONE OF 'EM—IF I WAS A GABBER AND WANTED TO OPEN UP ON THIS BABY, I COULD TELL YOU PLENTY!

**BEAUTY SURGERY FOR AUTO WRECK VICTIMS IS NEED**

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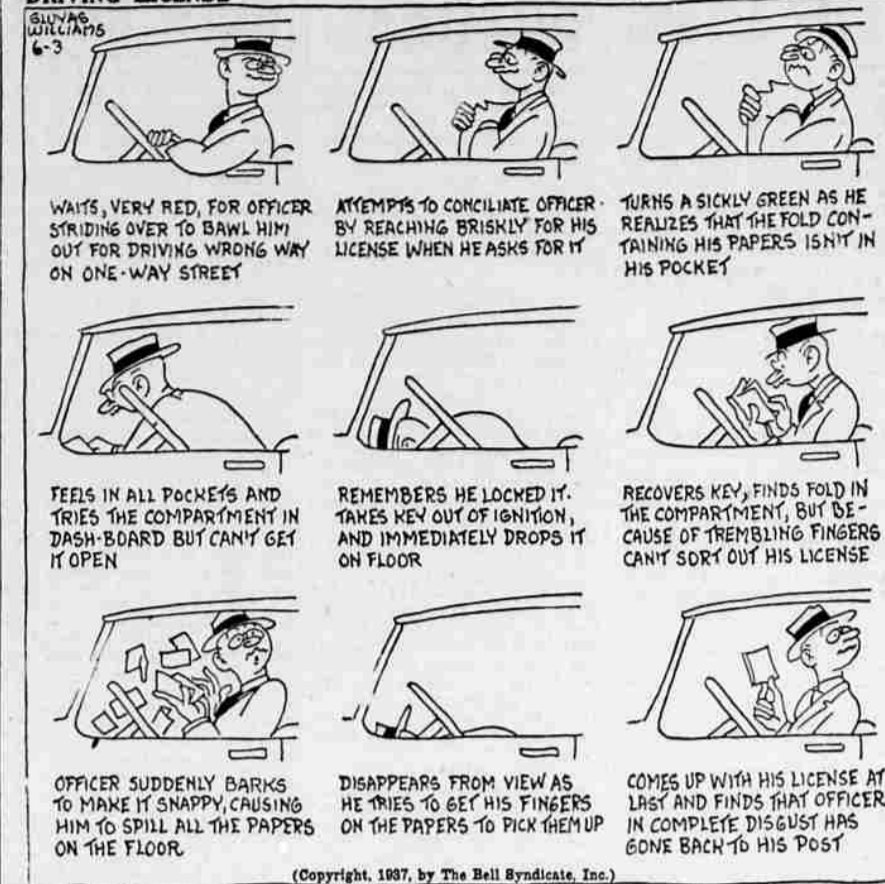
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**CANNERY PICKETS BOMBARD TRUCKS**

OAKLAND, Calif., June 9.—(AP)—One truck was overturned and workers were subjected to a barrage of rocks and bricks today as they near-

## DRIVING LICENSE By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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## S'MATTER POP By C. M. PAYNE



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## THE NEBBS—He's Just No Good



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