

THE CISCO DAILY PRESS

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BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY The righteous shall be glad in the Lord, and shall trust in Him, and all the upright of heart shall glory.—Ps. lxxv. 10.

CIO Gettysburg? THE battleground of independent steel threatens to be the Gettysburg of the CIO campaign.

Washington Daybook

WASHINGTON, June 28.—What John L. Lewis and Tom Girdler might as well realize is that both have slapped the public in the face in their labor wars and the public is likely soon to get tired of it.

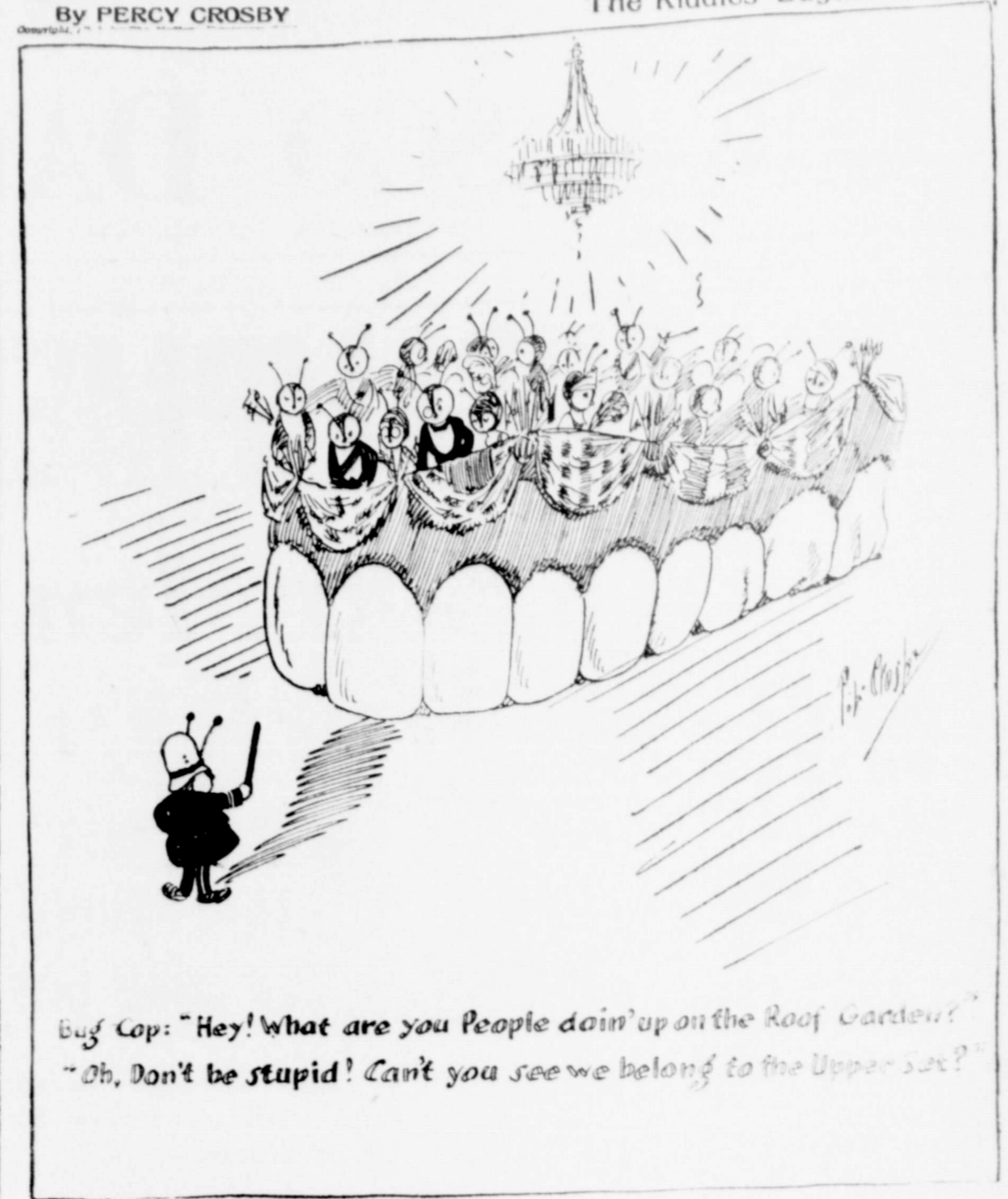
When they can see the heels of the fleeing enemy. That might be the smart move for Lewis now.

concerns and has achieved a number of minor victories. But the unheard-of spectacle of a governor, with enough courage and willingness to stake his political fortunes on what he believes to be right...

THE courage of Gov. Martin L. Davey of Ohio in this crisis is admirable and American. And his action certainly does not discriminate against the CIO.

Encampment-- (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1) boro, Itasca, Cleburne, Handley, Fort Worth, Graham, Throckmorton, Haskell, Rule, Munday, Anson...

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By PERCY CROSBY. The Kiddies' Bugtime Story.

BUG COP: "Hey! what are you people doin' up on the Roof Garden?" "Oh, Don't be stupid! Can't you see we belong to the Upper Six?"

Radio Programs for Today

- MONDAY, JUNE 28 (Central and Eastern Standard Time) (Listings in Standard Time, Daylight time one hour later) NBC-WIAP (RED) NETWORK 3:30—4:30—Don Winslow of the Navy

- NBC-WJZ (BLUE) NETWORK 3:30—4:30—The Singing Lady—east; The Gentlemen of Rhythm—west

what was first reported as 1,555 to 1,563 feet. Later it was understood the depth had been miscalculated. Dr. R. C. Ferguson, Eastland, Breckenridge, 15-32 interest in the possible production of the former L. A. Thompson No. 1 Carolee Fox...

Practically All Jamboree Boys Paid Expenses

WASHINGTON, June 28.—Scouts resident in the District of Columbia will literally "go across the street" to attend a jamboree, lads from north, east and west, many living more than 3,000 miles from the jamboree encampment...

W. O. W. Camp 500 meets first third nights in month.

For COMPLETE Market and Financial News The WALL STREET JOURNAL

The Purity of Our Milk Is Insured by PAGE PORTABLE MILKERS.

M. R. SURLIN I have many desirable pieces of residential property in Cisco for sale on easy terms.

Summer Means Outdoor Life and Problems of Beauty Care that challenge the Expert ELITE BEAUTY SHOP

Monday, June 28, 1934. Various vertical text and fragments from other pages on the right edge of the image.

MURDER ON THE BLUFF

Chapter 50
Mike Faces the Test

"Not a lunkhead," Gay said in a withering voice. "Just a moron!" Walking back into Higgins' room, she swept the far wall with eager eyes and moved straight to the hole in the plaster. "Here you are, sleuth. Sometime when you're short of cash, why don't you sell that head of yours for a curiosity? You wouldn't miss it."

I tried to look crushed and I managed to beam like an idiot. "I must be getting old," I murmured.

"Or feeble-minded," said Gay. "Come on to breakfast."

"Go ahead down. I'll collect Michael and the aunt. I think the Skipper will be all right for half an hour."

There was one danger that I had overlooked—the likelihood of our being intercepted in the hall. But Gay solved my problem before I could begin to tussle with it.

"I'll go through the kitchen and see if they need help," she said. "Do you think you can get two whole people down the stairs before another brainstorm strikes you?"

I turned my back on her, but I didn't move until I heard her reach the kitchen. Then I turned and galloped down the hall at full speed. Outside Michael's room I paused long enough to screw my face into a glum expression and thrust my hands dejectedly into my pockets.

Michael turned a red face from his one-handed struggle with a tie.

"It's about time," he said. "Fix this damn thing, will you, before I go completely nuts?"

I fixed it, sank gloomily upon the bed, and took to a studious contemplation of the floor. Michael grunted into a vast, swore himself into a coat, selected a handkerchief to his taste, and finally became conscious of me.

This Damned Murder Fest
"Well," he said irritably, "now what's the matter. Aren't things bad enough without any higher tragedy from you?"

"Mike," I said, "I don't like it."

"You don't say. Now look at me. I just love it! Another minute and I'll be turning handsprings."

That mood always annoyed me. I let my irritation go with a vengeance.

"Don't be any more of an imbecile than you have to!" I snapped.

"And keep your voice down. There's no crying necessity for waking the Skipper that I can see."

"Who's waking the Skipper?"

He flipped open his cigarette case, found it empty and flung it violently on the bed. "Damn it, Jimmie, I simply request that you do something besides run around looking like Banquo's ghost. For God's sake get over the idea that you're the only person with a headache! I'm the host of this damned murder fest, if you recall."

I was ashamed of myself. It was bad enough to plan cold-bloodedly the proof that your best friend was a murderer, but to bait him was inexcusable. Stealing a glance at him, I nearly abandoned the whole idea. He looked terrible.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I'm—I'm sorry."

He stared at me a moment. "Don't look like that!" he growled.

"It's my fault. I'm jumpy. Forget it."

"All right," I shoved my cigarettes at him. "Any sound from the Skipper?"

"No. I wish we could get a doctor here now, Jim—"

The flare of the match lighted up his drawn face. "You don't suppose this will have any after effects—heart or anything—do you?"

"I don't see why it should," I said.

"If it does," said Michael bitterly. "I'll never forgive myself."

"You?" Great God! Was the crazy fool going to confide his

father's presence caused all this? "It must have. It was the only unusual thing that I can think of."

Michael crushed his barely lighted cigarette. I studied his face.

"Do you think that also explains Higgins' extraordinary behavior?"

"No." The face was cloudy.

"Damn it, it doesn't explain anything, Jim, what could have ailed him?"

"You've got me, Mike," I said truthfully. "Has it occurred to you that there's something mighty peculiar about the way Higgins died?"

He whirled on me. "What do you mean?"

"Well," I was picking my words with care, "when a bullet goes through a man's head, it lands somewhere. Of course, the police will be better than I was, but I'll be damned if I can find it—anywhere."

His eyes were boring into my face. "Are you sure it went through?"

"Positive. There's a mark where it went in and a gash where it came out."

I delivered the end of that sentence to an empty room. Michael had started for Higgins' door, and if he got a glimpse of the face under that blanket before I had staged my act, it was all over.

Everything I had went into the sprint that brought me up to him just as he halted at the side of the bed. Two seconds later and I would not have been in time to grab the hand he reached toward the blanket.

Masterly Acting. Or—
"Don't, Mike. It's—pretty bad."

Ordinarily wild horses couldn't have stopped him. Was it exhaustion or was it guilt in his face and trembling hands?

"Perhaps—you're right." His voice was muffled. There was a silence and then he straightened up.

"All we have to do is reconstruct the scene. He must have been either on the bed or beside it—unless someone moved him. Did anyone touch him?"

"Not so far as I know," I said in the steadiest voice I could muster.

"Then he must have been doing one of the two. That means that the bullet—" His eyes turned to the far wall and picked out the splotch in the plaster immediately.

"Here you are, sleuth."

guilt to me just as I was busily trying to prove it for myself?

"Don't be absurd, man! What have you got to do with it?"

"If I'd insisted on her going south, she would have been forced to tell me what was on her mind, and my father would have been sent back where he belonged."

It took me fully 10 seconds to get my breath. "You think your

ly. His voice stopped. The next instant his grasp on my arm made me wince. "What the devil is the big idea?"

I was fighting to keep my voice down. "What do you mean?"

"That bullet is right where it should be. What kind of damned stunt is this?"

I shook him off. "I don't know what you're talking about," I grated. "There isn't any bullet. I've been over this door a dozen times—even moved the bed and looked in the hall. If you find anything, you're better than I am!"

There was an awful moment of silence, and then Michael began to chuckle—a chuckle that sent the blood back into my singing head.

"Jimmie—" he said. "Jimmie—you're a dud! Look." He pointed to the far wall. "Here's your bullet, right where it ought to be."

Either I was witnessing some masterly acting or Michael had no conception of the state in

which the body had been found. I stared at that tiny section of cracked plaster as if I had never seen it before in my life.

"Come along," he said at last. "You need food!"

If my little attempt did nothing else, it had at least restored Michael to a good humor. He was still chuckling when we reached the stars.

"Go look after your love-life," I said. "I'll get the aunt. I'll cough when—"

"It won't be necessary," said Michael, clattering down the stairs. M. Farrington alone remained, and I rather relished the idea of an encounter with the irascible old lady. I knocked on her door and called, "It's Jimmie, Aunt Martha."

There was a slight pause and then a truculent voice said, "Come in."

(Copyright, 1937, Esther Tyler)

Aunt Martha depicts the death scene in Higgins' room, tomorrow.

Gray Hair In Rats
Check by Vitamins

BERKELEY, Calif., June 28. (AP)—Experiments at the University of California point to a time when men and women may keep away gray hair, retaining the natural color to a ripe old age.

A diet containing a filtrate of

vitamin B is being fed to rats under direction of Dr. Agnes Fay Morgan, who says it "appears to have checked the graying of their hair."

A species of African bird spends much of its life perched on the neck of the giraffe.

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JIMMIE DUGAN! WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY FIGHTING WITH BUMP HUDSON?

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HAVEN'T YOU EVER HEARD ABOUT 'PEACE ON EARTH GOOD WILL TO MEN'?

YES MOM BUT WHEN HE TRIED TO TAKE A POKE AT ME I REMEMBERED IT WAS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE!

