

# Murder at Bridge

By ANNE AUSTIN.

**SYNOPSIS.**  
"Bonnie" Dundee, former member of Hamilton's homicide squad, now attached to the District Attorney's office, is surprised when he finds that Penny Crain, District Attorney's secretary, is going to a luncheon at the Forsythe Alumnus Bridge Club given by Junius Selim.

## CHAPTER I.—(Cont'd.)

Dundee lowered the paper and started at the profile of District Attorney Sanderson's private secretary. So she was a "society girl," a "Forsythe girl" was that the reason, perhaps, why she had been so thrifty with him, a mere "dick"? Well, he wasn't just a "dick" any longer. He was a Special Investigator. . . . A "society girl," playing at work. . . .

But there was more, and he read on: "As is well known, the girls have their 'hen-night' bridge-luncheon every Saturday afternoon from the first of October to the first of June, and a bridge-dinner, in which men are graciously included, every Wednesday evening during the season. Mr. and Mrs. Tracey A. Miles are scheduled as next Wednesday's host and hostess."

"I take off my hat to your 'society girl,'" Dundee commented with false cheerfulness, when he had laid the paper back upon Penny's desk. "She makes half a column of this one item alone in which must be a meager Saturday bunch of 'Society Notes,' then writes it all over again, in the past tense, for an equally meager Monday column. . . . Like bridge, Miss Crain?"

Penny snatched up the paper and crushed it into her wastebasket. "I do! And I like my old friends, even if I am not able, financially, to keep up with them. . . . If that's why you've suddenly decided to stop being—conrades."

"Please forgive me again, Penny," he begged gently. "You thought I was a 'society girl,' playing at work," she accused him as accurately as if she had read his mind. "I'm not! I was born into that crowd and I still belong to it, because all of them are my real friends, but get this into your thick Scotch-Irish head, Mr. Dundee—I'm working because I love to, and—and because I love it, too, and because I want to learn to make enough before I'm many years older to give mother some of the things she's missing so dreadfully since—since my father failed and—and ran away."

"Ran away?" Dundee echoed incredulously. How could any man desert a daughter like this! "Yes, ran away!" she repeated fiercely. "I might as well tell you myself. Plenty of others will be willing to, as soon as they know you are—my friend. . . . As I told you, my father—I used to call him Dad—and her voice broke—"my father went bankrupt, but before the courts knew it he had sent some securities to a woman in New York, and when he left us, he went to her, because he left mother a note saying so. His—defted creditors here have tried to—catch him, but they haven't—yet."

Very gently Bonnie Dundee took the small hand that was distractedly rumpling the brown waves which swept back from the widow's-peak which made her forehead so irresistible. It lay fluttering in his bigger palm for a moment, then snatched itself away.

"I won't have you feeling sorry for me!" she cried angrily. "Who owns your—Primrose Meadows—house now? Mrs. Selim?" he asked.

"The lovely Nita?" Her voice was scornful. "No. She rents it from Judge Hugo Marshall—or is supposed to pay him rent," she added with a trace of malice. "Hugo is an old

darling, but he is fearfully weak where pretty women are concerned. Nita Selim had known Hugo in New York—somehow—and as soon as Lois—Mrs. Dunlap, I mean—had got Nita off the train, the stranger in our midst hid herself to Hugo's office and he's been tagging after her ever since. . . . Though most of the men in our crowd are as bad or worse than poor old Hugo, how Karen keeps on looking so blissfully happy—"

"Karen?" Dundee interrupted. "Mrs. Hugo Marshall," she explained impatiently. "Karen made her debut a year ago this last winter—a darling of a girl. Judge Marshall—retired judge, you know—had been proposing to the prettiest girl in each season's crop of debs for the past 20 years, and Hugo must have been the most nonplussed 'perennial bachelor' who ever led a grand march when Karen snapped him up. . . . Loved him—actually! And they've been blissfully happy ever since. . . . A baby boy three months old," she concluded in her laconic style. Then, ashamed: "I don't know why I'm gossiping like this!"

"Because you can't find another blessed scrap of work to do, you little efficiency fiend," Dundee laughed. "Come on! Gossip some more. My Magnify case will wait till afternoon to be mullied over while you're losing your hard-earned salary at bridge with rich women."

"We don't play for high stakes," she corrected him. "Just a twentieth of a cent a point, though contract can run into money even at that. The winnings all go to the Forsythe Scholarship Fund. On Wednesday evenings the crowd plays for higher stakes—a tenth—and winners keepers. Therefore I can't afford to go, unless I sink so low as to let my escort pay my losses—which I sometimes do," she confessed, her brown head low for a moment.

"Is this Mrs. Pete, Dunlap a deep-loomed club woman, who starts 'Movements'?" he asked, more to bring her out of her depression than anything else. "Bigger and Better Babies Movements, and Homes for Fallen Girls, and Little Theatre Movements?"

The brown head flung itself up sharply, and the brown eyes hardened into bright pennies again. "Lois is the sweetest, finest, most comfortable woman in Hamilton, and I adore her—as does everyone else, Peter Dunlap hardly more than the rest of us. She is interested in a Little Theatre for Hamilton, but she won't manage it. That's why she got hold of Nita Selim. Lois will simply put up barrels of money, without missing them, and give a grand job to a little Broadway gold-digger. Funny thing is, she really delights in Nita. Thinks she's sweet and has never had a real chance."

"And what do you think?" Dundee asked softly. "Oh—I suppose I'm a cat, but I can see through her so clearly. Not that she's bad; she's simply an opportunist and 'frank' with women, but with men—well, she simply tucks her head so that the black curls fall forward enchantingly, gives them one of those little black eyes that click like black pansies and—the click of slave chains! . . . Now go on and think I'm catty, which I suppose I am!"

Bonnie Dundee grinned at her reassuringly. Not for him to explain that practically all women and many men found themselves "gossiping" when he led them on adroitly for reasons of his own. Which helped make him the excellent detective he was, of course.

"So all the men in your crowd have fallen for Nita Selim, have they?" "Practically all, in varying degrees, except Peter Dunlap, who has never looked at another woman since he was lucky enough to get Lois, and Clive Hammond, who's engaged to Polly Beale," Penny answered reluctantly, her color high.

"Including your young man?" "I haven't a 'young man,' in the sense of being engaged," Penny retorted, then added honestly: "I have been letting Ralph Hammond—that's Clive's brother, you know—take me about a good deal. . . . Ralph and Clive have plenty of money," she defended herself hastily. "They are architects, Clive being the head of the firm and Ralph, who hasn't been out of college so long, a junior partner. It was the Hammond firm that drew up the plans for my father's Primrose Meadows Addition houses. He had our house built as a sort of show-place, you know, so that prospective builders out there could see how artistic a home could be put up for a moderate sum of money. But he didn't quite finish even that—left half the gabled top storey unfinished, and Nita has been teasing Hugo to finish it up for her. It looks," she added with a shrug, "as if Nita will get what she wants—as usual."

"And Ralph has acquired a set of slave chains?" Dundee suggested, with just the slightest note of sympathy. "And how!" Penny assured him grimly. "A smile as out of date as my clothes are going to be if I don't get some new ones soon. Not that the crowd minds what I wear," she added loyally. "I could dress up in a window drape."

"And be just as charming as you are in that grand new party dress you have on now," Dundee finished for her gallantly. "Now!" Penny snorted and turned back to her desk in a futile effort to find something left undone.

Dundee ignored the rebuff. "How many suckers—I mean, how many gentlemen with moderate incomes actually built in Primrose Meadows?" "You are inquisitive, aren't you?" . . . None! Our house, or rather the one Nita Selim is living in now, is the only house on what used to be a big farm. . . . Why?"

"I was just wondering," Dundee said softly, almost absent-mindedly, "why the lovely Nita chose so isolated a place in which to live, when Hamilton has rather a large number of 'For Rent' signs out just now. . . . By the way, know what time it is now? . . . Twenty to one. Get your hat on, young woman. I'm going to drive you out to Breakaway Inn."

"You're not! I'm going to take a bus. One runs from the Square right past the Inn," she told him firmly. And just as firmly Dundee escorted her out of the almost deserted, rather dirty old courtyard to where his brand new sports roadster was awaiting them in the parking space devoted to the motors of those who officially served Hamilton county.

(To be continued.)

## Gems from Life's Scrap-book

**GIVING**  
"The more we give to others, the more we are increased"—Lao-Tze.

"That alone belongs to you which you have bestowed."—Vamuna.

"He gives twice who gives quickly."—Syrus.

"Giving does not impoverish us in the service of our Maker, neither does withholding enrich us"—Mary Baker Eddy.

"For the will and not the gift makes the giver."—Lessing.

"Gifts are as gold that adorn the temple; grace is like the temple that sanctifies the gold."—Burkitt.

Remember—Edison gave unstintingly.

## Ramblings

One London firm of caterers has provided nearly every Lord Mayor's banquet since 1699.

Brighton is an expensive town to run, the annual bill amounting to \$5,500,000.

It is twenty years since the last horse-drawn omnibus was withdrawn from the streets of London.

A cut potato rubbed on the windshield of a motor car will prevent it becoming obscured during heavy rain.

In London alone there are 650 firms more than 100 years old, many of them having histories going back several centuries.

Cruising on British liners has "gone out." It is estimated that 77,000 people will make trips, long or short, this season.

Gold teeth are not popular in Hollywood film studios, where the brilliant lighting causes these articles to shine dazzlingly.

Children are being sold in the fabled areas of China, where destitute parents will part with a boy for about nine shillings or a girl for fifteen shillings.

In spite of recent cuts, British school teachers are the best paid in Europe, according to Sir Donald Maclean, Minister of Education.

In the centre of London the average speed of motor-buses is six miles an hour, and in the outer districts from nine to twelve miles an hour.

Great Britain's national consumption of sweets in a recent year was nearly 750,000,000 lb., or about 17 lb. by every man, woman and child in the country.

Women have not always been the only spendthrifts in soap and perfume. George IV. spent £700 a year on these luxuries; this is equivalent to about £2,000 to-day.

May is a favoured birth month with the Royal Family; it sees the anniversaries of Queen Mary, the Duke of Connaught, Princess Helena Victoria, and Princess Arthur of Connaught. . . .

Sevens run in the family of Mr. A. A. Hill, of Maine, U.S.A. His father was one of seven sons, and himself had seven sons, of whom Mr. Hill is one. He has seven sons, one of whom has seven sons.

By following special floats which are illuminated at night, parties of boatmen study the tides of the River Thames. One of these floats took nearly five and a half days to get from Teddington to the North, a distance of sixty-eight miles. But it went up and down with the tides and travelled altogether 202 miles.

## EVIL

Evil is always weak,—it flourishes for a day, a month, a year, or if you will, a thousand years, for a thousand years are but as a moment in the sight of Heaven; but for ever and ever justice is done,—for ever and ever Right comes uppermost and the Strong, which is God, than Whom is none stronger, and who is all Goodness—prevails.—Corelli.

## OUR HOPE

Our only hope of strength and peace lies in knowing that there is One whom nothing disappoints, and One who nothing amazes. . . . Somewhere there is an eye which looks on all this strange bewilderment, and feels no wonder, because it looks through and through, and sees its first principles and final causes clear as daylight.—Phillips Brooks.

## Purpose

I pray in me fulfill Thy purpose true, and hold me still, So thou canst work in me The thing which thou dost see Must nearest bring this soul to thee.

Words are freeborn, and not the vassals of the guff tyrants of prose to do their bidding only. They have the same right to dance and sing as the dewdrops have to sparkle and the stars to shine.—Abraham Coles.

Don't let us keep our heads in our hearts, nor our hearts in our heads.

## A Sharp-Shooter



Grace Chun, Chinese girl, is the outstanding member of the University of Hawaii's rifle team. She often gets a perfect 100. And competes by telegraph with American students.

## Six Known Vitamins

Six vitamins have been discovered and labeled. Probably there are at least three more. A list of the known vitamins, with their properties, follows:

**Vitamin A.**—Without this fat-soluble factor, animals fail to grow; sterility results; xerophthalmia, a disease of the eye, is produced; resistance to bacterial infection is lowered, especially to that associated with colds, pneumonia and affections of the respiratory apparatus. The vitamin is found in fish-liver and animal-liver oils, butter and egg-yolk fat and many vegetables.

**Vitamin B.**—This is called the anti-neuritic vitamin. In England it is designated as B1. Lack of it results in loss of appetite and weight, in nervousness and irritability and even in paralytic seizures. The vitamin is sometimes designated by the letter F. It is found in cereals, nuts, seeds, many vegetables, yeast, egg-yolk, kidneys, brains and sweetbreads. Vitamin B2 is the British designation for our Vitamin G.

**Vitamin C.**—This is the famous scurvy preventive. It is contained in fresh fruits and vegetables.

**Vitamin D.**—Unless children eat food containing this vitamin their bones are unable to calcify or harden. Rickets is the result. Exposure to sunlight or ultraviolet rays or the eating of food which is not irradiated by ultraviolet light prevents rickets.

**Vitamin E.**—This is the anti-sterility vitamin essential in animal reproduction. Most vegetable oils and green vegetables contain it.

**Vitamin F.**—This designation is no longer used by American biochemists.

**Vitamin G.**—This is known in England as B2. A deficiency of this vitamin results in soreness of the eyes and mouth and in a disease much like pellagra. Eggs, milk, yeast and some other foods contain this vitamin.

## EARNSTNESS

Set yourself earnestly to see what you were made to do, and then set yourself earnestly to do it. . . . and the loftier your purpose is, the more sure you will be to make the world richer with every enrichment of yourself.—Phillips Brooks.

## SERVICE

To give oneself freely in response to the devotion of love is not to waste life but to enrich it. There is much which we cannot understand, but self-surrender to the call of love is never waste, though our life be cut short and our purpose be frustrated.—H. M. Hughes.



## No "just as good" oil says lubrication expert

In every line of endeavor there is always a leader—and countless followers. The field of household lubrication is no exception. Unfortunately the general public doesn't always appreciate the difference between the real thing and the "just as good"—but household experts do.

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## Women Drivers

By ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM in "Sorry But You're Wrong About It"

Can women drive automobiles as safely as men? An extremely important investigation has recently been carried out on this problem by Morris S. Viteles, Assistant Professor of Industrial Psychology at the University of Pennsylvania, with the aid of Helen M. Gardner. Results of earlier investigations, which seemed highly favorable to women, were first reviewed by Professor Viteles and his assistant. For instance, figures from the District of Columbia for 1927 showed that women, constituting 15 percent of the licensed operators, had only six percent of the non-fatal accidents and only a little over two percent of the fatal accidents. In San Francisco a study of 1000 fatal accidents showed that whereas women held 20 percent of the driving licenses, they were responsible for less than five percent of these fatalities. Among similar studies, one from Connecticut for 1927 showed that 29 percent of the licenses were held by women, but they had less than ten percent of the accidents.

Of such figures Professor Viteles says: "First, the evidence fails to include a comparison of accidents per mile of driving. It is safe to assume that the average number of miles covered by male operators is considerably in excess of the average covered by women. Second, it seems probable that on the whole men operate under more unsatisfactory driving conditions than do women. A greater proportion drive in heavier traffic and in stormy weather. Third, only male drivers operate trucks and other heavy vehicles. Fourth, it is possible that the mechanical condition of machines driven by women is, on the average, better than those driven by men. It seems true that second-hand cars are more often bought and operated by men."

Clearly, then, conclusions drawn from the type of investigation previously quoted are bound to be worthless. If you find that 100 men drivers kill ten people and 100 women kill five, you are no wiser than before. If ten men drive 1000 miles to every 100 miles driven by the women, the women have only 1/10 as many chances to kill a person. It is just by such loose thinking that practically all popular notions arise and cost humanity so much in life, property, and happiness.

Dr. Viteles and Miss Gardner were fortunate in having available very exact data on a large group of men and women taxicab-drivers in a large eastern city, covering a year of operation. The women may have been slightly favored by the fact that only new cabs were issued to them. The men may have been slightly favored by the fact that the women did not drive at night. It is a popular notion that city driving at night is more hazardous than day driving, but the investigators found the higher accident rate during the day, though the night accidents were more serious. The women were also given the easier districts, and had a great deal of additional training after being hired.

The total number of miles driven by the men was 28,431,719. Their total number of accidents was 7311. This means that they had practically one accident for every 4000 miles. The women drove a total of 348,979 miles. They had 263 accidents, or one accident for every 1303 miles. Since the men had to drive 4000 miles to have an accident, you can see that when women are driving under approximately the same conditions with the same kind of machine it is about three times as dangerous to ride with a woman as with a man at the wheel.

These investigations also calculated the ratio of male and female accidents for every \$1000 collected in taxi fares. The women had 5.06 accidents for every \$1000, whereas the men had 1.44 accidents for every \$1000, which means that the women had nearly 3 1/2 times as many accidents per \$1000.

Another comparison of great interest was the relative cost in claims for damages resulting from the male and female accidents. This part of the investigation was not so conclusive because the figures covered only one month; but the comparison is extremely suggestive and in it the women came off much more favorably than the men. The result showed that the cost of accidents per thousand miles was \$2.68 for women and \$5.77 for men, or over twice as much. In the words of the investigators, "these last named results suggest that the accidents in which women are involved are on the whole less serious than those in which men are involved. This is in favor of a common opinion that women, through over-cautiousness, cause accidents on the part of fellow-drivers. In such accidents the women involved naturally have no damage charge against the vehicle operated by them. This is possibly borne out by the fact that the proportion of accidents followed by claims is smaller in the case of women than of men."

Summing up his investigation, Professor Viteles says: "The figures obtained in this comparison favor the point of view that the present generation of woman drivers is more susceptible to accidents than the present generation of men drivers. The extent to which this is the result of relative inexperience in driving, or of a sex-determined difference in susceptibility to accidents in traffic, cannot be finally determined from the present data. The fact, however, that a sampling of women suffer more accidents than a somewhat similar sampling of men is clearly established."

I think this investigation does establish clearly that women have as few accidents as they have, not because they are superior drivers, but because they usually drive machines in better repair, do not drive

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## "Land of a Thousand Lakes"

The surpassing charm of Finland lies in her lakeland scenery. It is sufficient to say they are scattered over the lake; they are splashed. They seem to have been burst open and spread out in shreds and tatters. They close in upon the vessel on every side, but ever as it steers ahead a way seems to open up. It would be impossible to find the fairway through this labyrinth were it not carefully marked out by beacons. Always there is in sight some whitewashed cairn of stones or mark upon the cliff by which the helmsman steers. At times the channel is so narrow that it has to be completely staked off by long white poles. . . .

The voyager on the Saima Lake is in the position of one who cannot see the wood for the trees. He cannot see the lake for the islands. It seems as if one were sailing up a broad river with numerous creeks and tributaries that the pebbles on the shore and the flowers and ferns among the trees can be distinguished. The hummers float sweetly over the water. Miles after mile the vessel proceeds, threading its way through the winding channels, and never an open lake view is to be seen. One must examine a large scale map in order to realize that this is indeed the great Saima, and that what seem to be the river banks are but innumerable small islands.

The further north we go the more numerous the islands become, the more fantastic their shapes, their winding bays, their straggling capes, promontories, and peninsulas. It is in all sorts of rough weather, and do not drive buses, trucks and heavy machines. Consequently in gross state statistics they show up far more favorably than they deserve. But put the same number of women drivers on the highway as men in the same types of machines, and it is safe to assume that women are at least twice as likely as men to cause accidents.

Women in general undergo much less stringent selection than these particular taxicab drivers. The same may be said of men. But this study certainly suggests that women should not only be more carefully selected than they are, but should also be more carefully trained than men, before they are allowed to drive.

## To Bliss Carman

He is the morning's poet— The bard of mount and moor, The minstrel fine of dewy shine, The dawning's troubadour:

The brother of the bluebird, Mid blossoms, throng on throng, Whose singing calls, o'er orchard walls, Seem glitterings of song.

He smiles, with brow uncovered, The sunrise through the mist, With raptured eyes that range the skies And seas of amethyst:

The brambled rose clings to him; The Jerezy wood receives Him as the guest she loves the best, And laughs through all her leaves:

Pan and his nymphs and dryads, They hear, in breathless pause, This earth-born being till his delight, And envy him because—

He is the morning's poet— The bard of mount and moor, The minstrel fine of dewy shine, The dawning's troubadour. —James Whitcomb Riley, in "The Lockerbie Book."

"I say, caddy, did you ever see a worse golf player than I?" "No, but then, sir, I've only been caddying five years."

Wishes The noblest wishes are not noble deeds, And he does least who seeks to do the whole; Who works the best, his simplest duties heeds Who moves the world first moves a single soul. —C. F. Richardson.

## AUDACITY

What we require in order to conquer is audacity, and yet more audacity, and always audacity!—Dan-ton.

## THREE GROUPS

The vast population of this earth, and, indeed, nations themselves, may readily be divided into three groups. There are the few who make things happen, the many who watch things happen, and the overwhelming majority who have no notion of what happens.—Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler.

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