

# Murder at Bridge

By ANNE AUSTIN.

## SYNOPSIS

Juliana Selim is murdered during a bridge party. Questioning the guests, Dundee, Dundee's special investigator, learns that Ralph Hammond, who loved Nita, is missing. Dundee asks the guests to take the positions they held at the bridge table to help in the search for the "death hand". Penny Crain, district attorney's secretary, Karen Marshall, who discovered the body, and Carolyn Drake take their places at the bridge table to replay the hand. Lois Dunlap, Nita's only woman friend, stands beside them.

## CHAPTER VIII

"Oh, this is too terrible!" Karen Marshall moaned, as Penny Crain again slipped into Nita Selim's chair and prepared to lay down her hand. And it was terrible—even if vitally necessary—for these three to have to go through the farce of playing a bridge hand while one of the original players was now lying on a marble floor at the mort...

But he said nothing, for Tracey Miles was already hovering in the doorway, ready for his cue to enter. Penny, or rather "Nita," as she seemed miraculously to become, was saying: "How's this, Karen darling?" as she laid down the ace and deuce of spades—Karen's trumps. "I hope you remember you are vulnerable, as well as we are," Carolyn Drake remarked in a sorry imitation of her original cocksureness—the offensive optimism of a bad bridge player who thinks she is really good—as she opened the playing by leading the king of clubs.

"And how's this, partner? A singleton in clubs?" Nita's imitator demanded triumphantly as she continued to lay down her dummy hand, putting the lone nine of clubs beside trumps; "and this little collection of hearts?" as she displayed and arranged the ace, king, eight and four of hearts; "and also this?" as a length of diamonds—ace, jack, ten, eight, seven and six—sifted down the glossy black surface of the bridge table toward Karen Marshall. "Now if you don't make you little slam, infant, don't dare say I shouldn't have jumped you to five!"

"This is where I enter," Tracey Miles whispered harshly to Dundee, then, at a nod from the young detective, the pudgy little blond man strode jauntily into the living room, proud of himself in the role of actor.

"Hello, everybody! How's tricks?" he called genially, loudly, but there was a quiver of horror in his voice as well.

Penny was quite pale when she sprang from her chair, but her voice seemed to be Nita's very own, as she sang out merrily:

"It can't be 5:30 already! Thank heaven I'm dummy, and can run away and make myself pretty-pretty for you and all the other great big men, Tracey darling!"

Dundee's keen aural memory registered the slight difference in the wording of the greeting as reported by this pseudo-Nita and the man she was running to greet. But he made no comment. His eyes were busy—taking in the mounting flush on Tracey Miles' florid, round face, the involuntary glances of repugnance exchanged by Karen Marshall and Carolyn Drake, and the sudden brimming of tears in Lois Dunlap's kind eyes. How fondly he must have looked upon her protégée earlier that afternoon!

But Penny, as Nita, was already straightening up. Tracey Miles necktie with possessive coquettish fingers, was coaxing, head tucked:

"Tracey, my ownest lamb, won't you shake up the cocktails for your poor little Nita? Everything's ready on the sideboard or I don't know my precious old Lydia, even if her poor jaw does ache most horribly!"

Then Penny was on her way, or rather on Nita's journey, to meet death, pausing in the doorway to blow a kiss from her fingertips to the fastidiously grinning but now quite pale Tracey Miles.

Unobtrusively, Dundee drew his watch from his pocket, palmed it as he

## Olympic Beauty



Petite Rosalie Grandjean, French figure in the Los Angeles Olympic beauty show.

foolishly thought would take a trick—the jack of spades; the dummy gave up the deuce, and Penny followed with her own last trump, the eight.

Karen counted on her fingers, her eyes on the remaining trumps in her own hand, then smiled triumphantly up at her husband.

"Why not simply tell us, Karen, that the rest of the trumps are in your own hand?" Penny suggested caustically.

"I didn't mean to do anything wrong!" Karen pleaded, as she led now with the jack of hearts, which drew in Carolyn's queen to cover—Carolyn murmuring religiously: "Always cover an honor with an honor—or should I have played second hand low, Penny?"

—topped by the ace in the dummy, the trick being completed by Penny's three.

At that point John C. Drake marched into the room, strode straight to Dundee and spoke with cold anger: "Enough of this nonsense! I, for one, refuse to net like a puppet for your amusement!"

## Pigeon "Camera Man"

Carrier pigeons are being used in Germany to take aerial photographs. These are often wanted for particular purposes, and to make them by means of an aeroplane is rather an expensive business. By means of a wonderful new miniature camera, pigeons can be made to take the required snaps at trifling cost.

The method used is ingenious. Birds which can be relied upon to fly straight home to their lofts are selected. They are then liberated so that the place to be photographed lies between the point of release and the home loft.

The camera has a time shutter which can be set to operate to within a fraction of a second. The speed at which particular birds fly is known from previous records, and it is found that they fly at an average height of about 500 feet.

The figures having been worked out, the camera shutter is set to operate at the exact moment that the bird will be crossing the place or the building to be photographed. The bird is then released, and at the loft waits an assistant who removes the camera.

Experiments have shown that extraordinarily good photographs can be obtained.

## Bon Voyage

Her summer glory fleeing all the left us depart, scarce knowing how nor why,  
But driven forward as a ship is cast  
Against high waves—hail New Found Land at last!  
And in the wash and waste of untried seas,  
Seek a new meaning for old Odysseys.

Oh! brave, adventurous morning, spread your wings  
Radiant above the tangled drift of things,  
Uncompassed we, and chartless, take control—  
And fit each crumpled body with a soul!

## Worst Bug Year in Decade Declares U. S. Statistician

Springfield, Ill.—This is the most prolific bug year in a decade, says A. J. Surratt, Federal agricultural statistician. He warns the residents of Illinois cities that oat lice have spread from country road to city street to infect the eyes, ears, head and clothing of the townspeople.

## Shorts

There is an average of two servants to every guest in a London "First" hotel.

Thefts of money from public telephone call-boxes are stated to amount to about \$1,125 a month in Gt. Britain.

"Easy travel conversation" is the subject of a special class held for adults by the London C. of C. Council.

Hotel salaries range from \$1.25 a week for the paces up to \$10,000 a year or more for the manager in London.

There are, in proportion to the population, far more pairs of twins born in the country than in the cities in Gt. Britain.

A census of horses has been kept by the British War Office since 1919; now they are preparing a census of motor vehicles.

Gt. Britain consumed sweets in various forms at the rate of nearly eighty-nine and a half pounds per head of the population in 1920.

Zarminads in London have a club of their own, with rest-rooms and sleeping accommodation for members out of a berth. This club is now thirty years old.

Gramophone needles represented an item of £69,000 in England's national trade in 1920, as compared with £11,600 in 1921.

The national birth-rate has fallen in Britain from 20.4 per thousand of the population in 1922, to 15.3 in the first quarter of this year.

Breakages of crockery at a big London hotel will represent a loss of up to \$250 a week. Broken glassware may represent another £2,000 a year.

Income tax is now paid in Gt. Britain by over 4,000,000 persons; of this total, nearly 2,000,000 only became liable on the recent alteration in the scale.

Working ten hours a day, a new agricultural machine will cut forty-three acres, threshing, cleaning, sorting, and packing the grain in bags at the same time.

Customers may, if they wish, shave themselves with razor, brush, soap, and hot water and towels in a novel barber's shop recently opened in a town in Massachusetts, U.S.A.

The four leading religions, in point of membership, in Great Britain, are Anglicans, 26,550,000; Presbyterians, 4,025,000; Methodists, 3,602,000; and Roman Catholics, 2,820,000.

Eight British towns—Boston, Bridgewater, Carmarthen, Grantham, Hartlepool, Lerwick, Margate, and Tiverton—hold the record for having no fatal street accidents last year.

There is a long-forgotten act by which any person who sits properly flanged wheels to his motor-car can drive it on any British railway, if the vehicle is of approved design.

A newly invented protection against smash-and-grab raids ejects ammonia gas and explodes a smoke bomb, while a siren shrieks so loudly that it can be heard over half a mile away.

Football is not a suitable game for women: this decision was made by the British Football Association eleven years ago, and they still stand by it to such an extent that women's matches are forbidden on the ground of any club controlled by the F.A., and registered referees may not officiate at them.

## Neighbour

She sits there at her window,  
Looking out,  
And you wonder what it is  
She's thinking about.

You know she isn't staring  
At any one thing,  
For nothing ever happens  
That's interesting.

There's just a row of houses  
Along our street,  
And just the kind of people  
You always meet.

I wonder what she's seeing  
That we can't see  
In such a quiet street  
As ours seems to be.

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## JUNGLE DWELLERS

By J. L. BUCK  
Veteran Collector and Trainer of Wild Animals.

When I captured my first animal alive, many years ago, the emphasis was almost entirely upon shooting and trapping. In time I was to see the interest in animals turn from hunting with a gun to hunting with a camera.

The newest development in the scientific curiosity about the attitudes and emotions of animals, which recently has shown a marked increase. In many colleges departments of animal psychology have been founded during the last decade, and serious research is now attempting to answer some of the questions our interest prompts us to ask about animal behavior.

I am not a scientist, but for more years than I like to recall I have been collecting wild animals, studying them in their jungle home and in captivity, and living with them on the ships in which I transport them. And each successive year my conviction that man has strengthened my conviction that in many emotions these creatures of the African wilderness are amazingly like men.

## WHEN WILD BEASTS FEAR.

Curiosity; solicitude; kindly pity; fear (ranging from shy timorousness to really dread); family feeling; shock at the death of other animals; concern (in a very weak measure, generally) for their own demise; a very crude sense of humor; memory; sometimes developed to a marvelous degree; insanity or extreme eccentricity; mental quirks which casual men would hardly believe to exist in animals; even a desire for revenge—all of these are sure human traits, and all of these I have found in animals.

Fear, we are told, is one of the most devastating emotions that prey upon men. Though fear certainly shows itself in animals, I have never felt that it harnesses their lives as it does the lives of many men.

As yet it is doubtless impossible to determine, with our present scientific tools, if such an animal as the lion ever feels that fear called mental worry. I do not believe that he does. Rather, it seems to me that most animal fear has to do with physical safety or comfort.

## A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

The apes back up my contention that the chief fear of most animals is linked with considerations of safety. I have met only two of the tribe—the Barbary ape and the Fijian monkey—that did not have a terrific fear of snakes. The reason for this, of course, is that snake bite in most cases is fatal to monkeys and apes. The Barbary ape and the Fijian monkey do not fear snakes, because there are none in their habitats.

In one other situation the apes seem to overcome this extreme fear—when they live in regions where the wild hog abounds. This doughy creature regards snakes as prized dainties and usually eliminates them in the terrain over which he roams.

The monkeys or other apes apparently note this carefully, for in such regions they become very bold in the presence of snakes and sometimes even kill them with sticks and stones.

Some of the most interesting traits I have encountered in animals concerns family affections. A Rhodesian farmer who I visited during one of my first trips to Africa kept a baboon as a pet in a commodious cage; and when his baby died at birth, he supplied it with a baby grass-monkey as the best substitute.

It was an appealing sight, the tender solicitude of the large baboon—she was more than three feet tall—for the six-inch monkey. During the weeks that followed I firmly believe these two learned to speak to each other in baboon talk.

Scientists probably would assert that there is no such thing. I disagree. I insist that there are several monkey dialects—many as there are species of apes and monkeys—and my opinion is as good as that of any other thoughtful man who has lived his life with animals.

At any rate, the farmer swore that when the grass-monkey was taken temporarily from the baboon's cage and placed in a cage with other grass-monkeys his own kind could not understand his jibbering, and seemed to regard him as an alien. But when restored to the baboon the two chattered away, seemingly most intelligibly.

That monkey had learned "baboon talk" as a baby and did not know the talk of his own species. One day, while trying to pull the grass-monkey through the bars of her cage, the baboon tugged too tight and killed her little protégé. Her desolation was pitiful. For a day she tried to nurse the monkey back to life. We made repeated efforts to get the baby from its foster mother and were met with snarls of rage. Bananas and coconuts could not tempt her.

## THE CALLOUS LEOPARD.

The morning of the second day we placed another grass-monkey into the baboon's cage. The mother looked up, sniffed and turned away. This was not ne baby.

Near the end of that day we persuaded her to relinquish the body of her pet, but she still refused food and would not be comforted. A little later we offered her the other monkey again. Again she turned away.

And then, at my suggestion, we tried something which may have saved the baboon from dying of a broken heart. We removed a bit of the dead monkey's flesh and rubbed this on the living one. Then we offered this youngster to the baboon again, and this time she took it. I have never believed that we deceived the baboon. I have always felt that she still remembered that her foster child was dead; but I believe that we had suc-

# "SALADA"

## ICED TEA is delicious

(Write Salada, Toronto, for excellent recipe)

succeeded in identifying for her the living child she had seen die.

How do these creatures behave in the presence of death?

What observation I have made of lions on the comparatively rare occasions when I could glimpse the action of a living lion when its mate or companion had been killed, has convinced me that the king of beasts feels solitude at the death of his kind. This solitude seems more intense when the dead lion is his mate.

Though leopards also are of the cat family, I do not believe they are nearly as affected by the death of their own as the lion.

I once watched a leopard come across another that had died from the effects of a poisoned arrow, and the leopard behaved with far more of the personal contemplation of the dog than with the shock and concern that the lion displays in similar circumstances.

Elephants, on the contrary, display for a dead kinsman a concern which approaches that of a human.

ELEPHANTS ARE SINCERE. I have heard it said, and I am inclined to believe, that the Indian elephant coming upon a fallen comrade, stops to strew leaves about his last resting-place. From the experience of my circus years, from my acquaintance with elephants in captivity as well as in their native wilds, I am convinced that most elephants do all that is possible to help a brother in his illness and that when death occurs they mourn sincerely.

Is there a well-developed memory in animals? One of the most interesting instances of animal memory that I have ever had brought to my attention concerned a work elephant in Siam. Samson was the name of this great elephant, and he belonged to the British Bangkok Company. All day Samson hauled great mahogany logs lifted them with his tusks, piled them in stacks as he had been taught. All day his Indian mahout guided him, clucked to him, comforted him, fed him, and tended him. There was a sense of companionship between the Indian and the elephant.

Finally, Samson was turned into the forest for breeding, and the mahout mourned his big friend. Three years passed—certainly ample time for the elephant to have forgotten the little brown man who had been his master. Then one day the mahout was injured while making a trip through the company forests. For two days he was missing.

On the third day Samson trudged into the lumber camp with the mahout slung over his back.

The mahout had stumbled while walking through the woods, his gun had been discharged, wounding him so seriously that he resigned himself to death. At the end of the second day he had heard a band of elephants approaching and had expected to be trampled underfoot.

Dimly he was conscious of the fact that one of the huge creatures had halted in front of him. He felt a kindly trunk curl about him and lift him up to a broad back.

And there he clung, while Samson, partly by his own memory of the old road, partly by what guidance his old mahout could give him, headed toward

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company headquarters and safety for the man in whom he had put his faith.

## REVELATION.

The I were bred in some unshallow'd land  
Where no birds sing  
Nor random petals flutter from the hand  
Of timid darling spring;

The I never had I seen the regal sun  
Invade the skies,  
But dwell in vivid darkness till it span  
A web athwart my Gies;

The I all my life had been a wintry night,  
Gloomy and dense,  
Yet loving you I should know spring's delight  
And dawn's magnificence.

—Lionel Stevenson in *The Rose of the Sea*.



"She said on her wedding day that she'd go through everything for him."  
"Well, I guess she has. I loaned him a ten spot this morning."

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know no way of judging of the future but by the past.

"I believe that in the future manual labor will acquire the honorable position it had when our forefathers were setting our great country."—Theodore Roosevelt.

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ISSUE No. 30—32