

# Murder at Bridge

By ANNE AUSTIN.

## SYNOPSIS

Juanita Selim is murdered at her dressing table during a bridge party. Bonnie Dundee orders everyone to take the places they held from the ceiling of the death hand until the body was found. Penny Crain, Karen Marshall and Clive Hammond are the players. Miss Dundee, Nita's only woman friend, stands beside them. Flora Miles is in the room outside Nita's room, telephoning Janet Hammond in on the front porch. Polly Beale and Clive Hammond are in the solarium.

## CHAPTER X

There was a concealed rush to the girl who had fallen, sobbing and whimpering to the floor of the hall. It was Dundee who reached her first, Dundee and not her outraged husband. "J excited old husband."

"Mrs. Marshall—listen, please," he begged in a low voice, as he lifted her so that her head rested against his arm. "You have been splendid—wonderful! Please believe that I am truly sorry to distress you so, and that very soon, I hope, you may go home, and rest."

"I can't bear any more," Karen whimpered. Ignoring Judge Marshall's loud whispering, Dundee continued softly: "You don't want the wrong person to be accused of this terrible crime, do you, Mrs. Marshall?... Of course not! And you don't want to help us when you can discover who really killed Mrs. Selim?"

"I suppose so," Karen conceded, on a sob. "Then I'll help you. I'll go into the bedroom with you," Dundee promised her with a sigh of relief. To the others he spoke sharply: "Go back to the exact positions in living room and dining room and solarium that you occupied when Mrs. Marshall ran from the room." "I think you're overdoing it, Bonnie," Captain Strawn protested. "But—sure I'll see that they mind you."

With Karen Marshall clinging to his arm, Dundee walked down the hall, beyond the staircase to an open door on his left—a door guarded by a lounging plainclothesman. Stated at the dressing table of the guests' lavatory was Flora Miles, her sallow dark face so ravaged that she looked 10 years older than when he had first seen her an hour before.

"So you were here when you heard Mrs. Marshall scream, Mrs. Miles?" Dundee paused to ask. "Yes—yes," she gasped, rising. "And that horrible man has made my stay in here—of course the door was closed—before. I telephoned home to ask about my children, and then I came in here to do my face over."

"You didn't hear your husband arrive?" "I didn't hear him arrive," Flora Miles faltered, her handkerchief dabbing at her trembling over-rouged lips. "I see," Dundee said slowly. He stepped into the little room, leaving Karen to stand weakly against the door frame. Without a word to Mrs. Miles he looked closely at the dressing-table top and into the small wastebasket that stood beside it.

"You can see that I cold-creamed my face before I put on fresh powder and—rouge," Flora Miles pointed out, with an obvious effort at offended dignity. "After I came back, while you were making those poor girls play the hand over again, I went through the same motions—because you told all of us to behave exactly as we had done before."

"I see," Dundee agreed. "Pretty clever, in spite of being almost frightened to death, Dundee said to himself. But he had been just a shade cleverer than she, for he had been in this room ahead of her, and there had been no balls of greasy face tissue in the wastebasket then! He was passing out of the room, offering his arm to Karen, when one of his underlined notes thrust itself upon his memory.

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taken not more than two or three minutes. Not only that, but it told me the names of persons in this party who could have killed Nita Selim, and—Good Lord! of course!"

And to Captain Strawn's amazement, Dundee threw open the door of Nita's big clothes closet, jerked on the light, and stepped to the floor. (To be continued.)

# Urges August Plowing

A prompt plowing of lands harvested during the early Summer is advocated by Professor E. R. Gross agricultural engineer at the New Jersey Agricultural Experiment Station. Plowing is an operation that should follow the harvesting of a crop rather than one that should precede planting or seeding, he says. If plowing takes place soon after harvesting, stubble and weeds are turned under, soil moisture is preserved and a mulch of green manure is formed which the heat of the Summer will turn into valuable plant food for the next season's crop. The soil is left open, ready to receive its share of moisture from the Fall and Winter rains or snows.

"Mechanical farming overcomes objections to plowing in the heat of the month of August," states Professor Gross. "When horses are used the teams may be changed at noon or larger teams may be used to lighten the load. The plowing will help control the noxious weeds, such as Canada thistle and quack grass, which may invade the land in late Summer. Unplowed fields frequently harbor insects during the Winter. A thorough plowing with good coverage is, therefore, advantageous in controlling these pests and is particularly effective in checking the corn borer.

"The extreme rush that often accompanies early Spring work in wet seasons or on poorly drained lands is avoided and late plantings cease to be necessary if the land is plowed in the Fall. Land that has lain fallow during the Winter and has a tendency toward erosion should be terraced. Terracing as a practice in the agriculture of the country is rapidly increasing and presents a means of permanently controlling erosion and of conserving soil fertility."

# Humans As Producers Of Purest Alcohol

We are all living producers of alcohol—not in great quantity, to be sure, but the purest alcohol, none the less. Alcohol in fact is "normally associated with man's vital activities," say the German physiologists, who announce that they have proved this fact. To quote from The Journal of the American Medical Association (Chicago):

"Recent evidence bearing on this point has been furnished by Gettler and his coworker, who succeeded in isolating pure ethyl alcohol from human and animal tissues. The aqueous suspension of ground tissue or of blood was distilled with steam, and the alcohol together with organic acids, bases, and other volatile compounds was collected in the distillate. The recovery of the alcohol from the highly diluted solution thus obtained required the construction of special distillation flasks, condensers and rectifier, the use of which resulted after a single distillation of a few drops of very high-proof alcohol. This was dried, redistilled, and finally fractionated, the contaminating compounds being removed during the procedure. The boiling point and percentage of carbon as well as the constants of two esters formed from the alcohol proved that the material was ethyl alcohol. Special care was taken to be sure that no alcohol had been used within two weeks of the time when the human tissues were taken. The quantity obtained from human brain was 0.0064 per cent., from human liver 0.0026 per cent., from human blood 0.004 per cent., and from the hog's brain, liver, and blood 0.003 per cent., 0.0007 per cent., and 0.0013 per cent., respectively. These studies illustrate again the possibility of securing unsuspected information when suitable methods become available. They also emphasize the intimate, normal association of alcohol with man's vital activities."

# Smiles and Sinks

Myrtila's eyes are blue and bright, And mischief in them lies. Her wavy hair is crisp and light, But not so are her pies. —Judge.

She makes a picture day by day, That fairly turns my head, She also—this I grieve to say—Makes terro-concrete bread. —Boston Transcript.

Her eyes are soft and limpid As the blue Italian lakes, And on their sandy bottoms Belong the cakes she bakes. —Buffalo Evening News.

Scandal "No one," says Jerome, "loves to tell a tale of scandal except to him who loves to hear it. Learn, then, to rebuke and check the distracting tone by showing that you do not listen to it with pleasure."

Trivialities The man called to a great work must not waste his time on trivial things. He must not act like the keeper of the lighthouse who gave to the people in the cabins about him the oil which was intended for the mighty lanterns of the sea.—Maeterlinck.

Helpers We are always helping or hindering someone by our life, our teaching, our influence and our example. Most of the shadows of life are caused by standing in our own sunshine. Happiness is a roadside plant, growing by the way of usefulness.

# Smart Street Model



Featured by the guimpe of striped silk and jacquette carried on the arm, this is one of the recent street dresses displayed in Paris shops.

# Ancient Cyprus Art Unearthed at Mizpah

Jerusalem.—Dozens of dainty oil bottles imported from Cyprus before 1,000 B.C. and hundreds of jugs, lamps, bowls and pitchers, some of striking form and finish, are among the finds in the last tomb explored in the Necropolis of Mizpah, the fortress that existed from the time of King Asa of Judah until its capture by the Assyrians.

The excavations in the tomb furnished one of the greatest surprises of the season just ended, according to Professor William Budge, who directed the expedition and who now is leaving Palestine after finishing work on thirteen scarabs, seven of which bear the cartouche of Thutmosis III, the Egyptian king, who made numerous expeditions to Syria and Palestine in the fifteenth century, B.C. Sixteen button seals and a number of ancient heraldic devices are of great archaeological interest. One is inscribed with unknown alphabetic or hieroglyphic symbols.

Fifty bronze bracelets, strings of beads and other forms of jewelry illustrate the feminine love of ornament in ancient Canaan. Most of the beads are carnelian and as well cut as any modern lacquer.

Among the discoveries was a large Byzantine tomb containing beautiful glass bottles, pitchers and highly ornamental lamps. A thousand museum subjects were obtained that from many angles throw light on biblical history, according to Professor Budge. Outstanding among subjects is the seal of Jaazaniah, which aroused such interest in Palestine that the flow of visitors to the site of the excavations sometimes seriously interfered with the work. Another notable achievement was the complete excavation of the temple of the "Queen of Heaven" (Jeremiah, Chapter 44, Paragraphs 17 to 19), whose licentious worship was so strongly denounced by the prophets. Discovery and excavation of the gate of ancient Mizpah was one of the sensations of the year. It is the first in the history of Palestinian archaeology that an ancient city gate was found so well preserved. The door sockets and doorway against which the double-winged gate closed, the long slot wherein the iron bars rested, the stone seats at the entrance where the judges gave decisions and the gatekeeper's room from which he could ascend to the gate tower—these and other features serve to illustrate the biblical descriptions in a way hitherto impossible.

# London Actresses Play Cricket



English favorites of the theatre favor cricket as the ideal sport for keeping fit. Miss Gladys Cooper, left, captained a team of actresses who played an authors' eleven.

# FOUR WALLS

By NICHOLAS ASHE

Daly was in a fix. He sat on the bed in a tawdry edging-house room, his elbows on his knees, wondering what he was going to do next. By his side was a short rubber club. It lay close to his hand, and could be picked up at the first sign of alarm.

He was unable to think clearly—because he had been without food for three whole days, and had not the money to send out for any. He could not go out himself, either, for he was in hiding.

The reason for his hiding was that Johnny Moran had just been released from prison, and had sworn to get Lim. He hated Johnny Moran, and feared him—feared him because he, Daly, had been responsible for sending Moran to penal servitude for three years.

Daly thought about it as he sat there, and realized that for once he had made a grievous error in psychology. His particular means of livelihood was blackmail—not the sort whereby a perfectly decent citizen was threatened with exposure but a far more dangerous game, namely, that of blackmailing his own kind.

He had always flattered himself that he knew his strange world like a book, hence he considered his particular form of livelihood was safe. He never chose any victims other than those who were too weak or too frightened to turn round and show fight. The only ones he was interested in were those who, rather than risk exposure to the police, would pay a small levy on their earnings.

They had no choice about paying, either. It was hinted that Daly was a police informer, consequently a suggestion from him in the right corner would invariably result in official censure. What a fool he had been this time! He had gone to Johnny Moran one day, and had handed out to him the usual threats of exposure. Moran, unfortunately, was different from the others. His reply to Daly's demands had been—

"Pay you, you son of a rat? Get out of my way, or I'll smash you!"

After that, Moran had gone round telling everyone what had happened. It was a fool thing to do, because Daly, in order to maintain his hold on his regular victims, had been compelled to pay a quiet visit to a certain Detective-Sergeant Brannigan, the result of which was Moran's speedy arrest. Brannigan had booked him on thirteen different counts, one being robbery with violence. It was an unlucky number for Moran, because he got three years for the robberies and eighteen strokes with the cat for the violence.

And now he was at large again. At least, so Andy Lakin had said. Andy Lakin was one of Daly's victims, and there was no reason why he should have passed the news on, except for the purpose of keeping friendly.

Daly was a coward. He knew what he would get from Moran when the two met. Moran would never forget those eighteen strokes. And from Daly's point of view, it was one thing being the dictator in these matters—quite another being the prospective victim.

He got up from the bed, and paced the floor. Like a caged animal, he ruminated about the room, hemmed in by four walls. Outside in the street was a watcher, silently hanging around—someone who had been there for the last twenty-four hours, and who was probably one of Moran's pals. He couldn't hold out much longer. If he stayed in this place he would go mad. He went to the window and stared out. The watcher was still there—on the other side of the street, looking up.

Daly muttered to himself; a sudden fit of nerves attacked him: "I've got to bust out tonight. Even if it does get me, it can't be worse than this." He turned from the window abruptly, and as he went back across the room, knuckles sounded sharply on the panels of the door. He stopped dead, his heart suddenly

# "SALADA" ICED TEA is delicious

(Write Salada, Toronto, for excellent recipe) 281

odd. Then he whipped across to the bed, and picked up the rubber club. "Who's there?" "Is that you, Da—?" "Who are you?" "Brannigan. Can I come in?" The handle turned, but the door was locked. "What's up, Daly? Let me in. I want to talk to you." Daly hesitated. "What for?" "I just want to see you about one or two things, that's all. It's about another job I can put your way."

Another job! That meant money and food—police protection. Brannigan had always been decent to him. He might hand out some cash on account, remembering past work. Daly reached out and slipped back the bolt.

Detective-Inspector Brannigan came into the room slowly, his quick eye noting the club that Daly still held. He also noted the dirty condition of the room, the unmade bed, and Daly's unwashed face.

He nodded towards the club. "For me?" he asked, pleasantly. "No," Daly said shortly, and threw it on the bed.

"No," he said. "I wouldn't try to use a thing like that on you. You know that, Brannigan." He paused, and eyed Brannigan hungrily. "Have you got anything to eat on you?" Brannigan shook his head. He tried not to show it, but he clearly was expecting the question.

"Not a bite," he replied, and promptly changed the subject. "I had a devil of a job to find you. What are you here for, anyway? Secret?"

Every nerve in Daly's body danced and tingled at the question, but a swift glance at the detective's face reassured him. He went closer. "Listen, Brannigan," he said, "I've always helped you—"

"And been paid for it," interposed Brannigan. "Yes, I know, but—well, Johnny Moran's out again. Andy told me. Moran reckons he's going to kill me. It must have leaked out somehow that I told you about him."

"How?" asked Brannigan. "I never said anything." Daly avoided the question. He couldn't tell Brannigan his real reason for playing the rotten trick he did on Johnny Moran. Brannigan would hardly be sympathetic towards a squealer who got money from both sides.

"He's openly threatened to do me in," Daly said, switching the detective back to the original discussion. "And he'll do it, too, Brannigan. Can't you book him again, so I'll be safe?" Brannigan shook his head. "Sorry," he said. "I've nothing to book him for."

"But you must—you must," Daly's voice began to take on a high pitch. "I've been in this damned hole nearly a week. I'm starving, and I can't stand it any longer. Brannigan, you've got to do something."

Brannigan shrugged his shoulders. His attitude was entirely non-committal. "Sorry," he said again. "You see my position, don't you? I can't arrest a man without cause, and I don't think a court would accept a charge that he had threatened to kill you. There's no direct evidence. He's probably sore about the way you shopped him, but he'll soon get over it. I shouldn't worry if I were you."

Daly went to the window and pointed out. Beads of sweat rolled down the sides of his face. "There's a man there, now—no, two. One of them's been waiting for me a whole day. Moran knows where I am, he knows where I am, I tell you! He's always waiting, always watching. He's determined to get me, Brannigan. I can't save myself. If you won't help me—"

He stopped suddenly and the hopeless, beaten look went suddenly from his eyes. "Brannigan!" "Well?" "You pinch me. That's it—you pinch me." He began to laugh childishly. "They aren't touch me if I'm under arrest."

Once more Brannigan shook his head. This time he showed signs of becoming impatient. "It's no good, Daly. I can't do it. I tell you. I can't take even you along without a charge."

"You can, Brannigan," said Daly quickly, eagerly. He was slowly breaking under the fear of being left alone again. "You can if you like," Brannigan turned away. "I came here to see if you could tell me a few things, Daly," he said, "but I didn't bargain for all this business. I'll be going, I think. So long."

Daly clutched him by the arm, his face grey. "Don't go, Brannigan," he begged. "Listen, if—if I give you something to hang on to me, will you take me along?" He was whining pitifully, hardly knowing what he was saying. Brannigan's face was impassive. "I suppose I'd have to," he said, indifferently. "But you don't go in for crime, Daly, so what's the use?"

"I do," Daly said with eagerness. "It was me that did that Rainham job. It was me that got the pearls from the Twyford Mansion. I worked in with Red Hawkins and Barney Allen."

"You haven't got all of them," Daly, all caution gone. "I can prove it. Barney's got the pearls hidden where he can find them when he comes out. They're at Jessup's place. Jessup was the fence, and—"

He stopped speaking suddenly, and his face went from grey to dead white. Something cold and hard was around his wrists.

"All right, Daly," said Brannigan, quietly. "I'll do what you want, and book you. The two boys I've got outside will see you down to the station."

An hour later, Detective-Inspector Brannigan was handing in a pay-sheet to the station officer. The station officer looked at it critically. "Andy Lakin, ten pounds!" he said. "It's a lot, Brannigan, isn't it?" Brannigan smiled.

"Not too much," he said. "It was through him we got Pug Daly, Red Hawkins, Barney Allen, and Bill Jessup. Spreading rumors isn't easy." "Anyway, it's a lot of money for an informer," protested the station officer.

"I can't help that," said Brannigan. "It's got to be paid." He was about to go, when suddenly he stopped. "By the way, when does Johnny Moran come out?"

The station officer looked through the day's list. "The thirteen—three days' time." "H'm! Well, he's had his revenge anyway," said Brannigan. "See you in the morning."—London Tit-Bits.

# The Need To Buy

By Alfred P. Sloan Jr., President General Motors Corporation, in a Message to the National Editorial Association.

We have overcome the doctrine of Malthus, who believed that population would outrun the food supply. This is a surplus depression. Production of food or goods is no longer our great problem.

But when alongside of surpluses of every commodity we see on all sides all over the world millions of people who are deprived not alone of the comforts but of many of the necessities of life, then it becomes evident that a fault has developed in our system of distribution.

There are millions of people to-day who could buy, who want to buy, yet who are held back by an unreasonable fear of the future or the thought that it is unpatriotic for them to buy when others cannot.

Let them once understand that interdependence is the keynote to modern life, that buying means employment, and one key-log will be removed from the jam.

Approval A man can do without his own approval in much society, but he must make great exertions to gain it when he lives alone.—Sydney Smith.

Strength God gives us always strength enough and sense enough for everything he wants us to do.—Ruskin.

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