

Murder at Bridge

By ANNE AUSTIN.

SYNOPSIS.

Investigating the murder of Nita Selim at a bridge party, "Dundee" Dundee orders the replaying of the "death scene" by Penny Crain, Karen Marshall and Carolyn Drake. Play the hand. Clive Hammond and his fiancée, Polly Beale, in the solarium all say "no" to the murder, admit having lunch with Ralph Hammond. Judge Marshall, Drake, driven over by a lawyer friend, Dundee walked over from the Country Club, Dundee Sprague walked to the house from the front porch, came in with him, and they went to the dining room, where were Tracy Miles and Lois Dunlap. Jane, accuses Lydia, the maid, of the murder, because Lois had to ring twice for her.

CHAPTER XV.

For the first time during the difficult interview Dundee was sure that Lydia Carr was lying. For a fraction of a second her single eye wavered, the lid flickered, then came her harsh, flat denial. "I didn't see nobody."

"I presume your basement room has a window looking out upon the back garden?" Dundee persisted.

"Yes, it has, but I didn't waste no time looking out of it," Lydia answered grimly. "I was laying down, with an ice cap against my jaw."

She had seen someone, Dundee told himself. But the truth would be harder to extract from that stern, scar-torn mouth, than the abscessed tooth had been.

Finally, when her lone eye did not again waver under his steady gaze, he dismissed her, or rather, returned her to Captain Strawn's custody.

"Well, Janet, I hope you're satisfied!" Penny Crain said brightly, as she dashed unshamed tears from her brown eyes. "If ever a maid was absolutely crazy about her mistress—"

"I'm not satisfied!" Janet Raymond retorted furiously. "She's just the sort that would hurt a grudge; for years, and then, all of a sudden, up with dope—"

"Stop it, Janet!" Lois Dunlap commanded with a curtness that sat oddly upon her kind pleasant face.

"Listen here, Dundee," Tracy Miles broke in, almost humbly. "My wife is getting pretty anxious about the kiddies. The nurse quit on us yesterday, and—"

"And my wife is worrying herself sick over our boy—just three months old," Judge Marshall joined in, protest. "I'm all for assisting justice, sir, having served on the bench myself, as you doubtless know, but—"

"I'm all right, real y, Hugo," Karen Marshall faltered, laying a very white little hand against her elderly husband's cheek.

"Please be patient a little longer," Dundee urged apologetically. After all, only one of these people could be guilty of Nita Selim's murder, and it was beastly to have to hold them like this. . . . But one was guilty!

"You knew Mrs. Selim in New York, Sprague?" he asked, whirling suddenly upon the man with the Broadway stamp.

"I met Nita Leigh, as I always heard her called, when I was assistant director in the Altamont Studios, out on Long Island," Sprague answered, his black eyes trying to meet Dundee's with an air of complete frankness. "Wonderful little girl, and a great dancer. . . . Screens damned well, too. I had hoped to give her a break some day, or something better than doubling for stars' legs. But it happened that Nita, who never forgave even a casual friend, had a chance to give me a boost herself—a chance to show what I can really do with a camera."

"I knew I'd seen your name somewhere!" Dundee exclaimed. "So you're the man the Chamber of Commerce is dickering with. . . . Going to make an historical movie of the founding, growth and beauties of the City of Hamilton, aren't you?"

"If I get the contract, yes," Sprague answered with palpably assumed modesty. "My plans, naturally, call for a great deal of research work a large expenditure of money, a very careful selection of 'stars'—"

"I see," Dundee interrupted. Then his tone changed, became slow and menacing in its terrible emphasis: "And you really couldn't let even a good friend like Nita Selim upset those fine plans of yours, could you, Sprague?"

Even as he put the sinister question, the detective was exulting to himself: "Light at last! Now I know why this Broadway bouncer was received into an exclusive crowd like this! Every last female in the bunch hoped to be the star in Sprague's motion picture!"

"I don't know what you're driving at, Dundee!" Sprague was on his feet, his black eyes blazing out of a chalky face. "If you're accusing me of—"

"Of killing Nita Selim?" Dundee asked lazily. "Oh, no! Not yet, Sprague! I was just remembering a rather puzzling note of yours I happened to read this afternoon. . . . That note was sent by special messenger to Breakaway Inn this noon, you know."

He had little interest for the sudden crumpling of Dexter Sprague into the chair from which he had risen. Instead, as he drew the note from his coat pocket, Dundee's eyes swept around the room, noted the undisguised relief on every face, the almost gushy satisfaction with which that close-knit group of friends seized upon an outsider as the probable murderer of that other outsider whom they had rashly taken into their sacred circle. Even Penny Crain, thorny little stickler for fair play that she was, relaxed with a tremulous sigh.

"You admit that this note, signed by what I take to be your 'pet name,' was written by your hand, Sprague?"

Favorite Partner of Prince New Tested Recipe Plum Jam and Jelly

Both Make Delicious Foods
For Spreads and
Puddings



Mrs. Cecile Kraus who at Lido, Italy, recently monopolized the attention of the Prince of Wales at a dance and a morning swim. She is of Hungarian ancestry and lives in Turin.

Plum jam used to be so difficult to make that it was left out of the list of good things stored in the fruit cupboard. But now—from a new tested recipe—a perfect plum jam is easily made.

Any type of fully ripe plum may be used. Tart plums make an excellent filling for many of the pastry and batter puddings used during the winter. And as a supplement to a cottage cheese salad there is nothing more delicious than a small mound of plum jelly. The cottage cheese is uncooked on crisp lettuce leaves and a small mound of plum jelly placed on the side of the salad plate.

Ripe Plum Jam

4 cups (2 lbs.) crushed fruit, ½ cup (4 oz.) water, 7½ cups (3¼ lbs.) sugar, ½ cup bottled fruit pectin. Pit about 2½ pounds fully ripe fruit. Do not peel. Cut into small pieces and crush thoroughly. Measure fruit, solidly packed, and water, into a large kettle. Stir until mixture boils, cover and simmer 15 minutes. Add sugar, mix well and bring to a full rolling boil over hottest fire. Stir constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard 1 minute. Remove from fire and stir in fruit pectin. Skim, pour quickly. Seal hot jam at once with hot paraffin. When cool, cover with another layer of paraffin and roll glass to spread paraffin on sides. This recipe makes about 11 eight-ounce jars.

Ripe Plum Jelly

4 cups (2 lbs.) juice, ½ cup bottled fruit pectin, 7½ cups (3¼ lbs.) sugar. Crush thoroughly 4 pounds fully ripe fruit. Do not peel or pit. Add 1 cup (8 oz.) water. Bring to a boil, cover, and simmer ten minutes. Place in jelly cloth or bag and squeeze out juice. Measure sugar and juice into large saucepan and mix. Bring to a boil over hottest fire and at once add fruit pectin, stirring constantly. Then bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard ½ minute. Remove from fire, skim, pour quickly. Seal hot jelly at once with paraffin wax. Makes about 11 eight-ounce jars.—These recipes, applying only to Canadian conditions, have been checked by Canadian dietitians as well as by two Canadian women editors.

Retired

Back to the homely rhythms
Of needle and washboard and broom,
Making whole and making firm,
And coaxing the crosspatch room.

Into a smiling order,
Such were her mother's days,
Such the tasks of her mother's
mother.

She had returned to their ways;
Finding in these old notions
Something that clears the mind,
Making smooth and making sweet,
Like linen dried in the wind.

It seems quiet without the clatter
Of typists and adding machines,
Sewing alone, and rocking slow,
And thinking on ways and means.

The chintz is faded; the needle-
point
And tapestry rug bare
On the round footstool and the sofa
And the sagging easy-chair.

These have weathered the human
turmoil,
Though the generation is gone
That chose them. It is strange
How tables and chairs live on.

When all who were gay and tender,
Or passionate and bold,
Have vanished into the silence,
And become a tale that is told.

MYLA J. CLOSSER.

Quebec Leads in Bachelors

It must have come as somewhat of a shock to the older generation of this province to learn that, according to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics—which ought to know—Quebec has the highest percentage of unmarried people of any province in the Dominion. We lead with 62.19 per cent of our total population. This is accounted for, of course, by our large families of children.

Of the total number of single persons, 5,951,411, no fewer than 3,179,443 are males, so that the girls have a battle for choice, as they are outnumbered by the mere men by 407,475. There is no indication as to the cause of the election for single blessedness by so many Canadian males at the present time. It may be taken for granted, however, that the depression has played a very large part in their decision.

The figures may be somewhat disquieting, but older folk can solace themselves with the soothing reflection that sooner or later the bachelor state will be found less interesting than the married, and that the unwedded of both sexes will come to the conclusion—single, of course, not by battalions—that it is better to be unmarried and comfortable than unmarried and lonely.—Montreal Daily Star.

Grim Reminder of War

In the restoration of the territory in Northern France left desolate by the German occupation a project has been evolved to leave some small district just as it was as a perpetual reminder of the horrors of war, if not of German devastation.

The French Government has finally decided to let the plateau of Douaumont, near Verdun, become a national monument in this respect. Of this plateau about 5,000 acres have been so consecrated and will be maintained in the desolate state in which the end of the war left them.

However, there can hardly be any reminder of German destructiveness in preserving this territory, as a reminder of the horrors of war. For the Germans had little to do with the destruction of the villages and hamlets which originally studied the region. They were prepared, first by Sarraill, who commanded the Verdun front at the time of the first battle of the Marne, in September, 1914, and then by Petain, who commanded it in the spring of 1916.

Amusing Anecdotes

An amusing anecdote—that is, amusing to read—related to what Owen D. Young told Ida M. Tarbell was "the bitterest humiliation of my professional life"—he is a lawyer—passed along by Miss Tarbell in her spirited "Life" of the author of the famous "Young Plan." Back in 1900, Mr. Young, acting for Boston principals, went to El Paso, Texas, and negotiated a contract with the town officials for a street railway. With the signed contract in his pocket, he returned to Boston highly satisfied with himself.

Not long after, a man called on Mr. Young's principals in Boston, and offered to sell them "a street railway contract that I have secured in El Paso."

"But we have got for El Paso what Owen Young says is the best contract that was ever drawn," he was told.

To cut the story short, Young was called in and the two contracts were compared—word for word. Both were identical until they reached the words—in the Young contract: "In every street, present and future of the city."

But after "in" and before "every" in the other man's contract appeared the words, "the middle of." So that he had a contract for running a street railroad down the middle of every street present and future of the town. Mr. Young's principals could not use the sides of the street, if there was room enough! The principals were good sportsmen and settled with the man.

"And that," Mr. Young says when he tells the story (adds Miss Tarbell), "was the bitterest humiliation of my professional life."

One of the many good stories told by the Rev. Dr. Elwood Worcester, for many years beloved rector of Emmanuel Church, Boston, dates back to the time when he was in charge of the fashionable church of St. Stephen's, Philadelphia. One Sunday morning, soon after he went to St. Stephen's, Dr. Worcester preached on sin.

"After the service," chuckles this jolly parson (in Life's Adventure: The Story of a Varied Career), "an elderly lady, one of the pillars of Philadelphia society, entered my study very indignant and angry."

"She said, 'I hope that as long as you are in this church you will never preach on this subject again.' I asked, 'Why not?' and she continued, 'You have lived in Philadelphia only a short time and you can't be expected to know everything, but I want you to understand that the members of St. Stephen's are not sinners.' She must have seen me smile, for she added in a deprecating manner, 'Of course, I mean the regular pew owners.'"

During Dr. Worcester's stay at St. Stephen's he was assisted by the Rev. Joseph Miller. One Good Friday morning, Mr. Miller was reading the second lesson "with deep feeling."

"The congregation was listening intently," recalls the good doctor, "and all went well until he came to the words, 'Not this man, but Barabbas.' Then, as if Satan had entered into him, he added, 'Now Barabbas was a barber.' A snort of laughter rose from the meek of the congregation, who, instantly ashamed of their untimely mirth, covered their faces with their handkerchiefs.

"After service I said, 'Miller, why did you say that about Barabbas?' and he replied, 'I had my hair cut just before I came to church and I suppose I must have been thinking of barbers.'"

Dr. Worcester recalls that a predecessor of his at St. Stephen's, Philadelphia, was Doctor Rudder, "the most popular preacher the parish possessed and during his entire rectorship the church was thronged by the elite. One day as the alms basin was handed to him by the Warden, he looked into it, and, not satisfied with its contents, cried out, 'Your carriages are blocking Tenth street, and you dare to make such a beggarly offering to Almighty God! Gentlemen of the Vestry, pass the plates again.' This alarmed the people, and the next time the offering was presented it took two plates to hold it."

Another of Dr. Worcester's stories

Lowest Price in 15 Years

"SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

is about his friend, the late Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, eminent Philadelphia physician and novelist. Here it is:

"One day a wealthy man came to consult him in regard to his health. As he was about to depart he said, 'Doctor, what do I owe you?' Dr. Mitchell replied, '\$100.' 'Really, Doctor,' the man continued, 'I've been in your office only half an hour and I don't know that anything you've told me is worth \$100 to me.' 'That's my price,' said Dr. Mitchell courteously, 'but give me what you please.'"

The man took out a \$10 bill and placed it on the table. Dr. Mitchell touched the bill and his colored boy appeared. "Take that, John," said the doctor, pointing to the offending note, "and leave the room." The patient turned to him instantly and said with an air of elaborate politeness, "Excuse me, doctor, I was not aware that you had a partner. If I'd known that, I should have given you something too."

Never was there a man who enjoyed telling a story at his own expense more than Elbert Hubbard—says Frank Shay, who tells this one about his old friend:

The superintendent of a New York insane asylum invited Hubbard to address the inmates. Telling of his experience later, Hubbard said: "Never did I have a more attentive audience. Of course, some of them laughed in the wrong place—but that always happens. Half-way through the talk I was going strong when a grand old woman stood up, flapped her arms and shrieked in a high falsetto 'My gracious! I can't stand this foolishness any longer!'—and stalked out! Afterward the superintendent told me that was the first sign of returning sanity."

Overheard in Yellowstone Park— from "Foot-Loose in the West," by Charles J. Finger:

"We looked into the Dragon's Mouth and heard some on instigating his nervous colored chauffeur, in all seriousness, the proper conduct to be observed when bears threatened. Said the man: 'All you've got to do when a bear chases you is to throw yourself on the ground. The bear will smell around you, then, supposing you to be dead, will go away.' 'The Negro asked in return: 'But what if the bear sniffs at me longer than I can hold my breath?'"

Or, the ferry boat at Victoria, British Columbia: "While we waited to disembark, I heard two young Canadian ladies who stood in front of me discussing a thin book of poetry," relates Finger, "and I managed, presently, to get a sight of its title, which was 'A Pagoda of Jewels,' by Moon Kwan. They were laughing merrily at the ending of a queer poetic effort, clever enough in its pidgin English.

"It ran, as I heard it read: 'Ah, me wantta know What made Walt Whitman so sweet with face And people tell his name?'"

"He gotta beard white and long. That what made know his song. Me think me gonta get one too. Meybee it will advertise poor Loo." The poem was entitled "Loo Koo Noodle Peet," and I have since sought in vain for the book. That little simple poem whetted my appetite for me."

Walter Sichel, recalling (in "The Sands of Time") the "good old days" (?)—before his time, though—when dinners used to last several hours, and "three bottle" men were MEN, mentions that Dean Ramsay, a noted

cleric, recounts a story of a dinner at which the guests sank one by one under the table where a little boy had been posted.

"What are you here for?" hiccupped one.

"If you please, sir," was the answer, "I am the boy who unties the cravats."

Irving Bacheller says that, as a young man, he once went to see Mark Twain.

"I am writing these days," observed the humorist, "exclusively for the fireplace. All I can say for my product is this—it burns well."

Cigarettes were introduced to the English-speaking world following the Crimean War notes John Wilber Jentient turned to him instantly and said with an air of elaborate politeness, "Excuse me, doctor, I was not aware that you had a partner. If I'd known that, I should have given you something too."

Max Beerbohm and his friend Sir William Rothstein, noted artist, once went to call on the George Calderons, at Hampstead. Now Calderon had lately written a novel "Dwala," and Mrs. Calderon was delighted when she found that Max had—rather, said he had—read it. (How easy it is to say "Yes" under such circumstances!) She piled him with questions, wishing to know what parts of the book he most admired. But alas, Max had not read "Dwala."

Yet he managed to leave his hostess with her first impression unspoil—a marvelous thing to have done, says Rothstein, admirably (in the second volume of his delightful "Men and Memories"), for mordant as Max can be with his pencil, he cannot bear to hurt anyone's feelings.

"So lonely his tongue, so polished his manner," adds Sir William, "that beside him one feels oneself a clodhopper."

PAINTING THE LILY

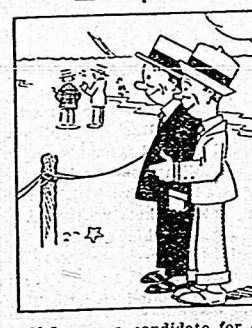
Patrick, having committed a more or less grievous offence, found himself in the dock.

Counsel on his behalf addressed the Bench:—

"Do not forget the character of the accused; he is a man of big heart, of philanthropic motives; a man who has never failed to do his duty; a man who has been a faithful husband and a dutiful father; a man—"

At this point Patrick intervened:—

"Excuse me, sir, but is it me you're talking about?"



"If I were a candidate for office I should go in for yachting."

"You must be corrupt if you are for sale."

"Oh, no! Then I should always have my moon with me."

He—"Last night I wandered in my mind." She—"Well, you wouldn't stray far."

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