Murder at Bridge

By ANNE AUSTIN.

2 1 Carolyn Drake rlay the hand.

Clive Hammond and his fiancee, Follyn Brake in the solarium at the ine of the murder, admit having lunch with Halph Hammond. Judge Marshall says he addition over by a lawyer friendly a surface over by a lawyer friendly for the walked over from the Country Gub Deveter Sprague walked to the house from the bus. Jamet Haymond stationed on the front porch, came may be suffered to the were Tracey Miles and Lois Dunlandam. Accuracy Lyda, the maid, of the murker, because Lois had to ring twice for her.

CHAPTER XV.

For the first time during the difficult For the first time during use aiment interview Dundee was sure that Lydin Carr was lying. For a fraction of a second her single eye wavered, the lid flickered, then came her barsh, flat

"I didn't see nobody."

"I presume you basement room has a window looking out upon the

has a window looking out upon the back garden?" Dundee persisted.
"Yes, it has, lut 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-twisted mouth, than the abscessed touth had been.

ed tooth had been. Finally, when her lene eye did no

Finally, when her lone eye day faze, and waver under his steady gaze, be dismissed her, or rather, returned her to Captain Strawn's custody.

"Well, Janet, I hope you're satistically and the strawn's custody. fied!" Penny Crain said oitingly, as sh dashed unashamed tears from her

brown eyes. "If ever a maid was absolutely crazy about her mistress—"
"I'm not satisfied!" Janet Raymon "She's just the so

retorted furiously. "She's just the sort that would harlor a grudge for year. ard then, all hoppe; up with dope—"Stop it, Janet!" Lois Dunlap commanded with a curtness that sat oddly

upon her kind pleasant face.

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

"And my wife is worrying her sell sick over our boy—just three months old," Judge Marshall joined ti. protest. "I'm all for assisting jus

ti. protest. I m an ter assisting justice, sir, having served on the bench r yself, 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 leager,

was beastly to have to hold them like loint, all right. It would have been

was peasily to have to note them like this... But one was guilty!
"You knew Jirs. Selim in New York, Sprague?" he asked, whirling suddenly upon the man with the

Broadway stamp.
"I met Nita Leigh, as I always "I met Nita Leigh, as I rlways heard her called, when I was assistant director in the Altamont Studios, out on Long Island," Sprague answered, lightly large to meet Dunder's didn't want to act in the picture, and the block was trained to meet Dunder's didn't want to act in the picture, and his black eyes trying to meet Dundee's with an air of complete frankness. "Wonderful little girl, and a great dancer. . . . Screeneu damned well, too. I had hoped to give her a break some day, at something better than doubling for stars' legs. But it happened that Nita, who never forgot even a casual friend, had a chance to give me a boost herself—a chance to show what I can really do with a

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

the contract, yes," Sprague answered with palpably assumed mod-esty. "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,

Even as he put the sinister ques tion, the detective was exulting to himself: "Light at last! Now I know why this Broadway bounder was re ceived into an exclusive crowd like this! Every last female in the bunch hoped to be the star in Sprague's mo nicture!"

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

face. "If you're accusing...."

of—"

"Of killing Nita Selim?" Dundee

"Oh. no! Not—yet 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 sudder crumpling of Dexter Sprague into the chair from which he had risen. In stead, 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

Dundee asked matter-of-factly, as I extended the sheet of bluish note

"I—no—yes, I wrote it," Sprague irltered. "But it doesn't mean a thing—not a damned thing! Just a thing—not a meaned thing! Just a little private matter between Nita and

myself—"
"Rather geer wording for an unim
"Rather geer wording for an unim "Rather quer wording for an unimportant messagt, Sprague," Dunder interrupted. "Let me refresh your memory: 'Nita, my sweet,'" he began to read slowly, "Forgive your bad boy for last night's row, but I must warn you again to watch your step. You've aiready gone too far. Of course I love you and understand, but— Be good, Babv. and you won't be sorry!—

you and understand, but— Be good, Baby, and you won't be sorry!— Dexy.' .. We'l!, Sprague?' Sprague wiped his perspiring hands on his handkerchief. "I know it sounds—odd, under the circumstances," he admitted desperately, "but listen, Dundee, and I'll try to make that hand works as clear as nossible to a damned note as clear as possible to man who doesn't know his Broadway. Why, man, it isn't even a love letter! Everybody on Broadway talks and writes to each other like that, without meaning a thing! . As I told you Nita Leigh, or Mrs. Selim, remember ed some little kindnesses I had done her on the Altamont lot, when she go here to take up that Little Theatre work Mrs. Dunlap is interested in, and work Mrs. Duman is made in cound that the Chamber of Commerce was interested in putting Hamilton into the movies, in a big booster campaign. She wrote me and I thought it looked good enough to drop every. thing and come. . . Of course Nita and I got to be closer friends, but I

swear we were just friends—"
"And what was the 'friendly' row

about last night, Sprague?"
"There wasn't a row maiy," Sprague protested with desperare carnestness. "It was merely that Nita insist. ed on my casting her for the her one of the movie—a thing I know would blienate the whole crowd that's been so kind to us--

"Why -cince she was a profession-actress!" Dundee accounted. "Because she isn't a Hamilton girl, of course, and the Chamber of Com-merce wants the cast to be all local

Sprague_answered, lapsing into the present tense. "And just what were you warning

her against?"
"I'd told her before to watch her step," Sprague went on more easily.
"You see, Dundee, Nita Leigh is—was—a first class little vamp. And I could see she was playing her cards with the 1. en here"—he indicated four of Ham-ilton's most prominent Chamber of Commerce members with a wave of Dundee urged apologetically. After all, only one of these people could be guilty of Nita Selim's murder, and it guilty of Nita Selim's murder, and it the star of the picture. I could see her about her that they'd vote for her as the star of the picture. I could see her a big chance for her to show how she could act. . Well, I could see it vas a dangerous business, and that the girls"—and he smiled jerkily at the tense women in the living room-

> Nita didn't make any headway at al with Peter Dunlap. "Thanks, Mr. Sprague," Lois Dun lap drawled, with an amused quirk of

her broad mouth.

"Get along with the row, Sprague
Dundee commanded impatiently.

"As I said, it wasn't really a row ers, and to make it clear to them that sne didn't want the star part in the picture any more than she wanted any other woman's husband or sweetheart.

Just a friendly warning—"Sprague drew a deep breath. "And that's all the note meant-absolutely!"

"That meant, of course," Sprague took him up eagerly, "that I'd see she got a real part in a regular movie, after I'd made my hit with the Hamilton picture."

"Very plausible, very plausible in-ead," Dundce refletec. "And yet—" "Very plausible, very plausible had dead," Dundee refletec. "And yet—" "All of you have stated, separately and collectively, that you heard no shot fired in Nita Selim's bedroom this afternoon," he said sharply. "Is that

He was answered by weary nods or sullen affirmations.

"Then," he continued. "I must con clude that you are all lying or that Nita Selim was killed with a gun equipped with a Maxim silencer."

Naver was a detective more unpreand for the effect of his words upon a group of possible suspects than was Special Investigator Dundee. . . .

(To be continued.)



"I wonder why they speak of the sad sea waves?"
"I really don't know. I don't see why they should be sad when they have no hotel bill to pay."

Favorite Partner of Prince New Tested Recipe Plum Jam and Jelly



Mrs. Cecile Kraua 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

Retired

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

Such were her mother's days, Such the tasks of her mother mother.

She had returned to their ways;

Finding in these old motions 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

And tapestry grow bare On the round footstool and the sofa And the sagging easy-chair.

hese have weathered the huma 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 shock to the older generation of this province to learn that, according to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics—which ought to know—Quebec I just pleaded with Nita last night to has the highest percentage of unthe Dominion. We lead with 62.19 is accounted for, of course, by our large families of children. Of the total number of single per

ons, 5,951,411, no fewer than 3,179,-443 are males, so that the girls have "I' see," Dundee said quietly, then quoted: "Be good, Baby, and you numbered by the mere men by 407,

475. There is no indication as to river in the Highlands. the cause of the election for single He claimed to have large part in their decision.

The figures may be somewhat disquieting, but older folk can solace themselves with the soothing reflection that soones a latest them. tion that sooner or later the bachelor the conclusion-singly, of course, not the big fish he had caught. by battalions—that it is better to be married 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 the German occupation a project has a whist drive was to be held. been evolved to leave some small district just as it was as a perpetual district just as it was as a perpetual fail fail his friend. "You play whist, reminder of the horrors of war, if not of German devastation.

The French Government has final-

decided to let the plateau of puaumont, near Verdun. become a national monument in this respect.
Of this plateau about 5,000 acres have een so consecrated and will be main tained 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 re-minder of the horrors of war. For gioulish 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?" "No," sale one of them, "can you sing a 'ymn?" "No," The first sailor thought hard for a moment of the Marne, in September, 1914, and then by Petain, who commanded it in the spring of 1916.

"Haven't you heard the news?" "News! What news?" "Triplets!" "Oh, so that accounts for—" beginn. The ground had been carefully prepared for their advent; first by prepared for their advent; first by prepared for the first battle of the first battle of the Marne, in September, 1914, and then by Petain, who commanded it in the spring of 1916.

"South of the horrors of war. For the Germans had little to do with the destruction of the villages and the destruction of the villages and hamlets which originally studded the region. The ground had been carefully prepared for their advent; first by prepared for their advent; first by sarrall, who commanded the Verdum! Sarrall, who commanded the Verdum! The time of the first battle of the

Both Make Delicious Foods For Spreads and

recipe-a perfect plum jam is easily

Any type of fully ripe plum may be used. Tart plums make an excellent filling for many of the pastry and bat-ter puddings used during the Winter. And as a supplement to a cottage cheese salad there is nothing more elicious than a small mound of plum delicious than a small mound of pium felly. The cottage cheese is unmould-ed on crisp lettuce leaves and a small mould of plum jelly placed on the side of the salad plate.

Ripe Plum Jam

4 cups (2 lbs.) crushed fruit, 12 cur 4 cups (2 lbs.) crushed fruit, ½ cup (4 oz.) water, 7½ cups. (3½ 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 testile. Stir partit mixture boils cover. 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 ruit pectin, 7½ cups (3¼ lbs.) sugar. Crush thoroughly 4 pounds fully ripe fruit. Do not peel or pit. Add 1 cup by the Rev. Dr. Elwood Worcester, (8 oz.) water. Brng to a boil, cover, and simmer ten minutes. Place in manuel Church, Boston, dates back to

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 1/2 minute. Remove from fire, skim, pour The Story of a Varied Carcer), "an elderly lady, one of the pillars of quickly. Seal hot jelly at once paraffin wax. Makes about 11 eightunce jars.—These recipes, applying only to Canadian conditions, have been checked by Canadian dietitians as well as by two Canadian women editors.

Finland Has World's

who have the desire to visit out-of-the-way places now are able to travel to a point far within the Arctic Cricle via what is believed to be the north-ernmost road in existence. This road is located in Northern Finland, starting about 300 kilometres within the circle, it extends some 230 kilometers farther north to the Fjord of Petsamo in the Arctic Ocean. This harbor is free from mice the entire year.

The southern end of the newly com pleted highway is connected with the network of other roads in the country by means of a good highway and through this also with the railway sys-

Construction of the road was begun by the Imperial Russian Government in 1916 as a military measure to establish communication with the Allie and thus offset the German blockade of the Baltic. The revolution of of the Baltic. The revolution of March, 1917, interrupted constructon, but upon the conclusion of peace Finland resumed the work. The road has now been in use for some time and is just before I came to church and I used by both tourists and motor trucks. It is a gravel road, five metres wide, and the total cost was \$1,500,000. Tourist hotels have been erected in several places and, while they are open principally during the Summer, some of them remain open during the Winter also. A telephone ers, and to make it clear to them that the Dominion. We lead with 62.19 and telegraph line runs alongside the she didn't want the star part in the per cent of our total population. This and telegraph line runs alongside the relative any more than she wanted any is accounted for, of course, by our road which can be used for internative any more than she wanted any is accounted for. tional communication.

Andy MacDonald lived alone in a wooden cabin he had built with his own hands on the banks of a salmon

He claimed to have m blessedness by so many Canadian the record fish catches in that vicinity, males at the present time. It may and kept a record book in which visitthe depression has played a very of wonderful catches, together with their dates and weights.

During the summer a young married couple from London were occupying a small bungalow near Andy's cabin. A baby was born to them, and the only state will be found less interesting than the married, and that the unwedded of both sexes will come to those on which Andy had weighed all

The baby turned the scales at twenty-five pounds.

USELESS

A raw country lad was on a visit to a town friend.

Thinking he would like to attend some social function, his friend suggested a visit to a large hall where

don't you? And there's a £10 tor -the prize, you know?" "Oh, aye." replied the other. "But if Oi won it, Oi could never spin the darned thing!"

WHAT'S THE USE?

The neighbour of a man noted for his extreme thrift saw him on a week day dressed in his Sunday clothes.

"What's up, Jim?" he called out "Why the glad rags?"
"Haven't you heard the news?"
"News! What news?"

Amusing Anecdotes

An amusing anecdote—that is, amusing to read—related to that Owen D. Young told Ida M. Furbell was the bitterest humiliation of my professional life"—he is a lawyer -Pluddings
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 board, But now—from a sex tested board a perfect plum jam is easily officials for a street railway. the signed contract in his pocket, he returned to Boston highly satisfies with himself.

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

"But we have got for El Paso what Owen Young says is the test contract that was ever drawn," he was told. called in and the two contracts 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 and simmer ten minutes. That is mainter church, assume the fighty cloth or bag and squeeze out the time when he was in charge of the fashionable church of St. Stephen's

elderly lady, one of the pillars of Philadelphia society, entered my study very indignant and angry.

"She said, 'I hope that as long a you are in this church you will never preach on that subject again.' I asked 'Why not?' and she continued. 'You have lived in Philadelphia only a Most Northerly Road short time and you can't be expected to know everything, but I want you to w derstand that the members of St. Mouth and hears some on instructing Stephen's are not sinners. She must his nervous colored chauffeur, in all have seen me smile, for she added in seriousness, the proper conduct to be a deprecatory manner, 'Of course, I observed when bears threatened. Said mean the regular pew owners.'" the man:

> 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 in-tentily," recalls the good dector, "and al. 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 mea of the congregation, who, instantly ashamed of their un timely mirth, covered their faces with their handkerchiefs.

cessor of his at St. Stephen's, Phila-delphia, 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 :atisfied with its contents, cried out, 'Your carriages are blocking Tenth street, and you dare to make such a beggarly offering to A!-mighty God! Gentlemen of the Vestry, pass the plates again. This alarmed the people, and the next time the offering was presented it plates to hold it."

Lowest Price in 15 Years

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 it said, "Doctor, what do I owe you?" Dr. Mitchell replied, "\$100." "Really, doctor," the man continued, "I've been ir 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 bell and his colored bor appeared. "Take that, John," said the dector, pointing to the offending tote, "and leave the room." The patient turned to him instantly and said with an air of elaborate action. Excuse me, doctor, I was not aware sthat 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 which became favorites in England more than Elbert Hubbard—says and from there the custom spread to Frank Shay, who tells this one about America.

his old friend: The superintendent of a New York

setto 'Mp gracious! I can't stand this feolishness any longer!'—and stalked out! Afterward the superintendent old me that was the first sign of returning sanity."

Charles J. Finger:

"We looked into the Dragon's Mouth and hear a some on instructing this nervous colored chauffeur, in all seriousness, the proper conduct to be seriousness, the proper conduct to be seriousness, the proper conduct to be seriousness.

"'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 snuffs at me longer 'n I c'n hold my breff?'"

On the ferry boat at Victoria, British Columbia:
"While we waited to disembark, I duty; a man who has been a faithheard two young Canadian ladies wh 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

ils 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 zota beard white and long. That what made know his song. Me thenk me gonta get one too. Meybee it will advertise poor Loo."
"The poem was entitled 'Loo Ke
Noodle Poet,' and I have sine

ought in vain for the book. little simple poem whetted my appe Walter Sichel, recalling (in "The Sands of Time") the "good old days" (?)—before his time, though—when dinners used to last several hours and the "Last night".

Another of Dr. Worcester's stories tions that Dean Ramsay, a noted stray far."

is about his friend the late Dr. S. 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?" hicroughed one.
"If you please, sir," was the answer, "I am the boy who unties the

swer, a cravats." Irving Bacheller says that, as a oung man, he once went to see Mark

Twain. "I am writing these days," observam 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 conn Wilber Jenwith an air of elaborate politeness, that you had a lartner. If I'd known that you had a lartner of the known that you had you them for generations, but British and French soldiers acquired the hauit when serving in the Crimea War in the 1850's. After the war they car-ried home the paper-covered tubes, America.

Max Beerbohm and his friend Sir The superintendent of a New York insane asylum invited Hubbard to address the inmates. Telling of his experience later, Hibbard said:

"Never did I have a more attentive laughed in the wrong place—but that laughed in the wrong place—but that always happens. Half-way through the talk I was going strong when a gaunt old weman stood up, flapped leer arms and shrieked in a high falsetto 'Mp gracious!' I can't stand this setto 'Mp gracious!' I can't stand this land was had not read "Dwala!"

Max Beerbohm and his friend Sir William Rothenstein, noted artist, william Rothenstein, noted artist, we william Rothenstein, noted artist, william Rothenstein, noted artist, william Rothenstein, noted artist, and lately written a novel "Dwala." alas, Max had not read "Dwala!"

Yet he managed to leave his hostess with her first impression unspoilt—a marvelous thing to have done, says Overheard in Yellowstone Parkfrom "Foot-Loose in the West," by
Charles J. Finger:
"We looked into the Dragon's
"We looked into the Dragon's to but anyone's feeling."

beside him one feels oneself a clod-

PAINTING THE LILY Patrick, having committed a more or less grievous offence, found him-

self 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

ful husband and a dutiful father; a At this point Patrick intervened:-"Excuse me, sir, but is it me you're



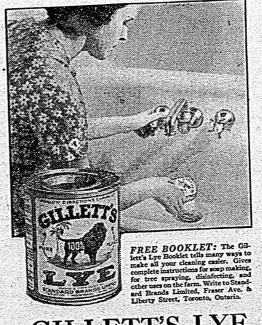
"If I were a candidate for office I should go in for yachting." "You must be corrupt if you are

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

mind." She - "Well, you wouldn't

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