

Murder at Bridge

By ANNE AUSTIN.

SYNOPSIS

Juanita Selim is murdered at bridge. Replaying of the "death hand" shows that "Five Hammonds and Holly Beale" were in the parlor. Flora Miles, who was Nita's closest friend, is seen with Nita on the bridge. Nita is seen with Nita Selim on the bridge. Nita Selim is seen with Nita Selim on the bridge. Nita Selim is seen with Nita Selim on the bridge.

CHAPTER XIX.

Although Bonnie Dundee had taken Captain Strawn's none-too-entirely parting gift with good grace, it was a very thoughtful young detective who set about locking himself in the house in which Nita Selim had been murdered, and which he had promised to guard until midnight. Captain Strawn had beaten him to the job that evening by at least 20 minutes. Had the old detective stumbled upon something which Dundee, for all his spectacular thoroughness, had overlooked, or had been unable to turn up because Strawn had suppressed it? Only his optimistic faith in the old detective's willingness to cooperate with him, not that he was no longer a member of Strawn's homicide squad, had kept him from asking Strawn point-blank if the "death chamber," as his newspapers would be calling it, had yielded up some tangible, unmistakable clue. What if Strawn's parting bestowal was not an idle one, and he really had "the goods" on Ralph Hammond? Had the old chief been laughing up his sleeve during the force of playing out the "death hand at bridge," and during the merciless quizzing of old Judge Marshall? But his native commonsense quickly reeled his gloom. Captain Strawn was too direct in his methods, too afraid of antagonizing the rich and influential, to have permitted even a "special investigator" from the district attorney's office to torment those 12 people needlessly. Probably Strawn, feeling a little hurt at having played second fiddle all evening, had simply wanted to get him fussed, was even now chuckling over the effect of his parting boast. Much cheered, Dundee lingered in the dining room whose windows he had made fast against any intrusion, so that his task of guarding the house alone might be minimized. As he glanced at the table, with its silver plates heaped with tiny sandwiches of caviar and anchovy paste, its tiny silver boats of olives and sweet pickles, he discovered that he was very hungry indeed. As he munched the drying sandwiches and sipped charged water—the various liquors or cocktails on the sideboard offered a temptation which he sternly resisted—Dundee's thoughts boiled and churned, throwing up picture after picture of Nita Selim, alive and then dead; of Penny Crain—bless her!—helping him at the expense of her loyalty to lifelong friends; of Flora Miles, lying desperately and then confessing to a shameful theft; of Karen Marshall gallantly playing out the "death hand"; of Karen's stricken, childlike face when she learned that her elderly husband had met and at least flirted with Nita Selim at a chorus girls' party. At that last picture Dundee flushed. Had he made a fool of himself, or was he right in his suspicion that Hugo Marshall had given Nita Selim this cottage rent free? That point should be easily settled, at any rate. Recklessly reflecting that appetizers do not make satisfactory meals he betook himself to the dead woman's bedroom. Yes, his memory had served him well. Here was her desk—a small

Relive that pain safely

You can always relieve that ache or pain harmlessly with Aspirin. Even those deep-seated pains that make a man's very bones ache. Even the systemic pains so many women suffer. They will yield to these tablets! Aspirin has many important uses. Read the proven directions in every package; and don't endure any needless pains from neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism. Keep a bottle of these tablets in the house; carry the pocket tin if subject to unexpected headaches, sudden colds. Quick relief, without any harmful effects; Aspirin does not depress the heart. Just look each time for the name Aspirin—and the word genuine printed in red on every box. Every druggist has Aspirin, and if you ask for it by that name you are sure to get relief. Aspirin is a trademark registered in Canada.

feminine affair of rosewood, set in the corner of the room nearest the porch door. The desk was not locked. As Dundee let down the slanting lid, whose polish was marred with many fingerprints, he saw that its contents were in a hopeless jumble. So Strawn had been here, too! Had he found an all-important clue in one of the many little pigeon-holes and drawers, stuffing it into his pocket just before a bumptious young "special investigator" arrived? But Dundee's returning gloom was instantly dispelled. Here was Nita's checkbook, a flutter of filled-in stubs attached to only one remaining blank check. So Nita had banked with the Hamilton National Bank, of which John C. Drake—who apparently hated his fattish, fussy wife—was a vice president! Another tiny fact to be tucked away. She had opened her account, apparently, on April 21, the day of her arrival in Hamilton—the guest and employee of Mrs. Peter Dunlap. Probably Lois Dunlap had advanced her the \$200 as first payment for her prospective work in organizing a Little Theatre movement in Hamilton. Turning rapidly through stubs, Dundee stopped twice, whistling softly with amazement each time. For on April 28, and again on May 5, Nita Selim had deposited \$3,000! Where had she got the money? Were the stubs, possibly, transfers from accounts in New York banks? Hardly likely that a little Broadway hanger-on had so much hard cash on deposit. Then where had she got it—\$5,000 at a time, here in Hamilton? BLACKMAIL? Dundee ran through the remaining check stubs. No record at all of a check for rent made out to Judge Hugo Marshall! But there was a stub that interested him. Check No. 17—Nita had spent her money lavishly—was filled in as follows, in Nita's pretty handwriting: No. 17—\$9000. May 9, 1933. To Trust Dept. For Investment. Had John C. Drake, who as vice president in charge of trusts and investments had doubtless handled the check, wondered at all where the \$9,000 had come from? One other revelation came out of the 23 filled-in stubs. On every Monday Nita Selim had drawn a check for \$10, to her maid, Lydia Carr. Again Dundee whistled. Forty dollars a week was, he wagered to himself, more money than any other maid in Hamilton was lucky enough to receive! Nita in a new light—an over-generous Nita! Or—was Nita herself paying blackmail on a small scale? He reached into a pigeon-hole whose contents—a thick packet of unused envelopes—had not been disturbed by Strawn, and was about to remove an envelope in which to place the all-important checkbook, when he noticed something slightly peculiar. An envelope in the middle of the packet looked rather thicker than an empty case should. But it was not empty. And across the face of the expensive, cream-colored linen paper was written, in that same pretty, very legible hand: TO BE OPENED IN CASE OF MY DEATH. —Juanita Leigh Selim. His heart hammering, and his fingers trembling, Dundee drew out two close-written sheets of cream-colored paper. After all, who had better right than he to open it? Was he not the representative of the district attorney? And he hadn't damaged the envelope. It had opened very easily indeed—its flap had yielded instantly to his thumb nail. Wait! It had been too easy. Before unfolding the letter or whatever it was, Dundee examined the flap of the envelope. Yes! He was not the first to open it since its original sealing. God grant he hadn't destroyed any tell-tale finger-prints in his criminal haste to learn any secret that Nita Selim had recorded here! Perhaps Nita herself had unsealed the letter to make an addition or a correction? Well, whatever damage had been done was done now, and he might as well read. Five minutes later Bonnie Dundee was racing through the dining room, pushing open the swinging door that led into the butler's pantry. Where the devil were the steps that led down into the basement? A precious minute was lost before he discovered that a door in the dark back hall opened upon the steep stairs. An unshaded light, dangling from the ceiling, revealed the furnace in one corner of the big basement, laundry equipment in another. He plunged on. That must be the maid's room, behind that closed door. God! What if she had escaped, while he had been munching caviar and anchovy sandwiches? A fine guard he'd been. And it wasn't as if he hadn't had a dim suspicion of it. The knob turned easily. He flung upon the door. And then his knees nearly gave way, so tremendous was his relief. For there, on the thin matress of a white-enamelled iron bed, lay the woman he so ardently desired to see. She had been asleep, and the noise he had made startled her into panicky wakefulness. Instinctively her hand flew to the ruined left side of her face.

"What? Who?" Lydia Carr gasped, struggling to a sitting position, only to fall back as nausea swept over her. "You remember me?" Dundee painted. "Dundee of the district attorney's office. I questioned you this afternoon." The woman closed the single eye that had escaped the accident which had marred her face so hideously. "I remember. I'm sick. I told you all I know." "Lydia why didn't you tell me that you were my mistress, Mrs. Selim, who did—that?" Dundee demanded sternly, pointing to the woman's sightless left eye and ruined cheek. (To be continued.)

Movies, Maids and Men

In the vast open spaces of the far Northwest men still are men, but movies are no longer. The strong, silent men who push the corpses of civilization into the iron maw of the polar bear spurn the silent screen and the talking leave them cold—colder than usual, that is. Pictures that tickle the sensibility of languid audiences in crowded yet unoppressed urban centres pale in the arid air north of the fifty-eighth parallel and elicit scorn instead of laughter. At least, that is the report from Churchill, Manitoba, most northerly port in Canada, where, instead of a joyful S.R.O. sign in its lobby, the sole theatre in the place has gone dark, and the only sign reads "For Real." Half a thousand men working on construction jobs and living in frontier camps have sternly resisted the lure of seltzer personalities, feminine and masculine, preferring, presumably, to spend their evenings with Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" or Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture," and similar forms of lightsome recreation. The reason for this Spartan indifference to mere amusement affords a piquant study in sociology. It throws neither slight nor slur on the films. It was not lack of uplift in the scenes presented that wounded the sensibilities of these hardy handlers of axe and hammer. Nor was the rare and subtle humor peculiar, to the film lost upon them. Rather was it the absence of Churchill of the chief, his altruistic motive for going to the theatre. In that frontier settlement the fair sex, with the exception of a few wives of officials is conspicuous by its absence. "What's the good of going to a show if you can't take your girl?" demanded the men and resolutely stayed away.—The Christian Science Monitor.

Sound Films Are Gaining Popularity in Argentina

Sound films were introduced into Argentine in 1929, says "United States Commerce Reports," and have steadily grown in popularity since that date. Theatres and halls of all kinds at which motion pictures are regularly or occasionally shown number approximately 1,300. Not all of these places may be termed "motion picture theatres," as many are large halls, rooms, office buildings or even sheds or tents, at which pictures are shown at irregular intervals. Of the total number, it has been estimated that between 550 and 625 are theatres in which motion pictures are regularly shown and that most of these are located in the largest cities and towns of the provinces of Buenos Ayres, Santa Fe, Cordoba and Entre Rios. Between a third and a half of all the sound equipment in use in the country is located in the Federal capital or in the immediate vicinity of the city. Argentines are fond of sports, but this fact does not affect the attendance at motion-picture theatres, except on Saturday afternoons, Sundays and holidays. Even during these days the theatres are well crowded by people who are not interested in sports. Most of the theatres start their performances in the afternoon, and usually give four or five performances at night. These performances are divided into sections, and different pictures are given at each performance. The programs are changed very often, and a picture is not kept at one theatre, as a rule, for more than three days. This system calls for an unusually large number of pictures.

RANDOM WRITINGS

By an Astronomer There's a good deal of religion in an honest man. The sun is an unerring clock provided by the Creator. Beauty has its blemishes, even the sun has its spots. The darker the cloud the brighter the sun when he breaks through the rift. To some base minds the sight of gold is more alluring than a beautiful sunset or the prospect of heaven. The merit of an action should always be judged according to the motive which achieved its performance. Students Join Land Settlement Ortelburg, East Prussia.—Twenty University of Göttingen students, headed by Professor Bondy, have become temporary members of the Jablonka land settlement for a four-weeks vacation course on land settlement problems. An important part of their study is working alongside the settlers, for which the student helpers get free bed and board. Difficulties There are difficulties that hold out against real attacks; they fly, like the visible horizon, before those who advance. Error is sometimes so nearly allied to truth that it blends with it as imperceptibly as the colors of the rainbow fade into each other.—W. B. Chulow.

Where Women Rule the Roost

By A. Hyatt Verrill in the N.Y. Herald-Tribune.

Reports of the recent rescue of two American women from life among the San Blas Indians of Panama have revived interest in these famous aborigines of the Isthmus. The women, it appears, married the Indians while the latter were in the United States. Dressed in the conventional clothes of the white man, well groomed—and these Indians when abroad are most meticulous in such matters—and speaking English, the aborigines doubtless appeared thoroughly civilized. And if they represented themselves as members of a civilized tribe, they did so in good faith.

But when they reached their husbands' village these women discovered that "civilization" is an elastic term and that conditions which an Indian deems civilized are far from fulfilling the expectations of American women. Possibly—or rather probably—the husbands were ostracized by their own people because of their white wives, for the San Blas have always prided themselves upon maintaining the purity of their blood. As a result, possibly, of all this, the Indians deserted their white wives, or at least neglected them, and the unhappy women sent forth a pitiful SOS.

Few American Indian tribes have figured more prominently in the news of recent years than these so-called San Blas. Yet in nearly every case the stories about them have been grossly exaggerated or utterly without foundation. Such was the announcement of the alleged discovery of a race of "White Indians" among the San Blas a few years ago. As a matter of fact, there were neither white Indians nor any discovery, the "white" Indians being merely albinos who occur among all known Indian tribes. Unlike other tribes, however, the San Blas permit albinos children to live, and regard them with a sort of superstitious respect.

Equally without foundation are the oft-repeated tales of these Indians permitting no strangers to dwell among them, of driving white men from their territory, and of their hostility and savagery. For many years trading companies have had representatives among the San Blas, and sightseeing parties of tourists from Colon and Cristobal visit the Indians regularly. I have lived for long periods among these aborigines; I have learned their language and have made a study of their customs, home life, religion and ceremonial; I have slept in their homes, have eaten with them, have doctored men, women and children—and I have always found them most interesting, delightful, friendly and hospitable lot. This, however, is exactly what might be expected, for the Indians of the San Blas Archipelago have been in close contact with white men for nearly five hundred years—ever since Columbus cruised along the coast of Panama. During the days of buccaners, they rendered invaluable aid to the sea rovers as guides, hunters, fishermen and pilots, for the cruelty of the Spaniards had made them implacable foes of the Dons.

From their buccanier friends and allies they learned seamanship and the English language and when, years later, Yankee whalers appeared, the Indians proved as useful to the New Bedford, Nantucket and New London skippers as they had been to Morgan, Sharpe, Swan, Ringrose and other piratical skippers of the past. They took to whaling as the proverbial duck takes to water, and they regarded the high-batted, frock-coated Quaker whaleship captain with so much respect and admiration that even today their favorite household gods are carved wooden figures with chin whiskers, high "stovepipe" hats and long-tailed coats.

Having acquired a love of ships and of visiting foreign shores, the San Blas men found sailing exactly to their liking and scarcely a Yankee windjammer sailed to seven seas that did not include one or more San Blas Indians in its crew. And being adepts at picking up languages, many became excellent linguists. On one occasion I heard one of my San Blas boatmen speaking French with a Martinique. "How many languages do you speak?" I asked him. He grinned. "Mebbe ten," he replied. Yet throughout all these centuries of dealing with white men of many na-

tions and wandering over the world, the San Blas have maintained their tribal integrity, have retained their dialect, their faith, their ancient customs and ceremonial and have until very recently preserved the purity of their blood. And though they have been ever friendly with all Anglo-Saxons, they nevertheless have always had a smoldering hatred and distrust of Spanish blood.

At the time of an incipient rebellion against Panama, one of the sub-chiefs came to me to ask my advice in the matter. "Why do you want to revolt and kill the Panamanians?" I inquired after he had stated his case. His reply fairly took my breath away. "Because we don't want to be civilized," he informed me. "We want to live like Americans!"

In the brief uprising that took place, several Panamanian officials were tortured and killed. For, peaceful, quiet, gentle and in many ways civilized as they are, the San Blas, like all Indians, become savages,—feelings incarnate, when aroused on the warpath. And heaven knows they have had cause enough to be aroused and to go on the warpath to right the wrongs they had suffered at the hands of the Panamanians, who had exploited them, violated their women, placed Negro police over them, taken possession of their homes and islands, robbed them of their golden trinkets and forcibly compelled them to adopt conventional garments.

That short but sharp uprising, however, was a salutary lesson to the government of Panama, and drastic changes were made in the treatment of the Indians. To-day they are contented, happy and prosperous. The younger members of the tribe, abandoning the customs and conventions of their fathers, have become ultra-civilized. Many of the young men have been graduated from the University of Panama; many of the girls have become nurses in the hospitals or have become self-supporting wage earners elsewhere. Several of the islands have well laid out villages of neat houses and straight, wide streets, with artificial lighting, with gramophones and radios, with sanitary rules and street cleaning brigades—in short, they are learning to "live like Americans," even if that necessitates being civilized.

But on many of the islands and on the mainland life goes on as it has for countless centuries, the people dress in their ancient peculiar costumes, the medicine men hold sway and a hereditary chiefs still rule. And here I must digress to state that woman's suffrage has been in vogue among these Indians from time immemorial. According to San Blas law, women hold first place in everything. Descent is by the female line and male ancestry counts for little, as is the case with many tribes. Hence the women literally rule the roost. When a man marries he becomes the virtual slave of his wife's parents until a girl is born of the union. I knew one old Indian fully sixty years of age who worked every day for his father-in-law, for although he had had a dozen children all were boys.

But do not imagine that men are the only workers among the San Blas. Woman may have an exalted place, she may be regarded as man's superior in many ways, but she is no drone. She has the household duties to attend to—the cooking, washing, cleaning, caring for the children and making the family's clothing; she dresses and cleans the fish and game, grinds the corn, weaves baskets and makes hammocks.

The woman is exempt from any heavy manual labor, however. She is not expected to carry burdens, nor even to bring a bucket of water to her home, wherein she rules supreme. She owns everything—only his hammock, his canoe, his gun, his clothing and his fishing gear actually belong to the subservient male—and he cannot sell, trade or give away anything without the permission and approval of his better half.

Even the chiefs have little control over the women. On one occasion I landed at an island where the Indians were still ranking under treatment received at the hands of Panamanians and had a grudge against all strangers. Scarcely had I stepped ashore before the local chief appeared, fairly bristling with fur, and ordered me off.

But the women had caught sight of my trade goods. Chattering excitedly, they surrounded the chief and implored me to bring my goods ashore and trade. In vain the poor chief protested, stormed and threatened. The women were as keen bargain hunters as any feminine shoppers in a metropolitan department store, and they didn't intend to let any mere man—even if a chief—interfere with their fun. Finding himself utterly helpless in the face of the feminine majority the old fellow sheepishly rescinded his orders.

On the islands, where modern ideas and civilized conditions have not supplanted the truly aboriginal life and customs, the women still adhere to their picturesque, gaudy costumes, and still wear the heavy gold nose rings, and here lies an interesting story and one reason for the women's social status. For the nose ring, now a badge of superiority, was once a symbol of servitude and inferiority.

In the olden days, before the coming of white men, these Indians—like their neighbors and distant relatives, the Caribs—were confirmed cannibals and raided other tribes for the purpose of obtaining a supply of fresh meat. At such times the women and girls of the vanquished were made captives, and it was no small task for the captors to control a bevy of female prisoners, the warriors hit upon the plan of linking their captives together by means of cords through their noses—like so many fractious bulls.

Of course, the pierced noses identified the women as aliens, and hence inferior beings, once they were established in the villages of their conquerors. But leave it to the women to find a way out of any such situation. And, putting their heads—or their noses—together, the captured women soon hit upon a way. It was very simple. They spoke their own language among themselves and taught it to their daughters,

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Superb Quality . . . Always

"SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"



There are from fifteen to twenty mistakes in each of the cartoons which will appear weekly on this page. See if you can find them and then compare with list which will be published next week.

- ### Answers to Last Week's Puzzle
- P-31
Not a machine shop.
Sign on wrong side of door.
Word "in" should be "in."
No door knob.
Hinges on wrong side of door.
Nothing holding electric light.
One fan blade missing.
Flower in vase has two different kinds of leaves and flowers on one stem.
Telephone receiver upside down.
One leg of chair broken.
Round of chair broken.
One blade of scissors too long.
Man's chair has no back.
Man has woman's shoes on.
Man has his hat on indoors and in presence of lady.
Bow in hat band on wrong side.
Fringe on one end of rug missing.
Wall paper doesn't match.
Word "floating" misspelled on sign.
Impossible to put large piece of ice in such a bottle.

Beans From Aztec Ruins Growing in Northwest

Tacoma, Wash.—The agriculture of the Aztec farmers of five centuries ago still marches on. Mr. R. E. Warwick, who owns a five-acre farm south of Tacoma, is raising seven hills of beans of a most unusual sort. Their progenitor was a single bean taken from an Aztec tomb in Arizona. They are known as the Giant Aztec. The seed beans cost 5 cents apiece, which is said to be not so much when they grow 18 times as large as the navy bean.

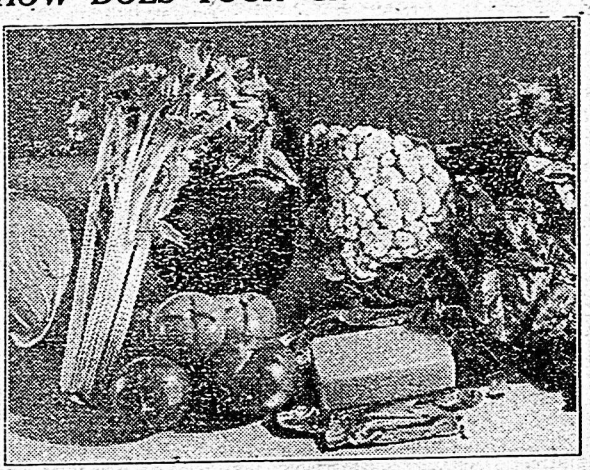
TWO GIVERS

Who little gives, knows not the joy of living;
His shrunken soul the bliss of heaven foregoes
For earthly gain; and daily harder grows
His task—the task of little giving.
Who gives his all, and gives with spirit willing—
Yea, gives himself and mourns "a gift so slight"—
Shall find in sacrifice supreme delight.
A heavenly joy the emptied vessel filling.
—George Henry Hubbard.

A refrigerator has now been perfected which rings an alarm bell when opened after a certain time in the evening. This innovation will no doubt be greeted warmly by mothers with growing families whose raids on the ice box have often defeated well-laid plans for the next day's meals.

"I'm thinking of applying for a job at the Meteorological Office." "What qualifications have you?" "Well, I've had a couple of pretty reliable corns."

HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW?



By MARYE DAHNKE Kraft Cheese Institute

These recipes present a new and simple manner of glorifying old and delicious vegetables.

BAKED STUFFED TOMATOES

6 medium tomatoes 2 package Kraft 1 1/2 cups fresh vegetables
bread crumbs Salt, pepper

Cut a small slice from the top of each tomato. Scoop out the centers and fill the shells with a mixture of the tomato pulp, bread crumbs, vegetables cut in small cubes, and seasonings to taste. Bake in a moderate oven, 35 degrees, until vegetables is melted and crumbs begin to brown.

BAKED MACEDOINE

1 tablespoon chopped onion 1 cup cooked corn
2 tablespoons chopped rice 1 1/2 cups cooked
3 tablespoons butter 1 cup chopped dill
2 tablespoons flour Salt, pepper
2 cups cooked tomatoes 2 package Kraft vegetables

Cook onion and pimiento in melted butter a few moments; add flour. When blended, add tomatoes and cook until mixture thickens, stirring constantly. Add corn, rice, pickles and cover with sliced vegetables. Bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees, 25 minutes.

"My friends all ask me what I used"

"I had a lovely delicately-colored silk scarf from Paris which was my pride," writes an enthusiastic woman from Quebec. "It became so soiled I had to wash it—which ruined its beauty. I was heart-broken. One day I saw in the drug store a new kind of tint—Diamond Tints. The druggist said they were for light shades and needed no boiling. When I found they were made by the makers of Diamond Dyes, I knew that there was something I would dare to use on my precious scarf. (You see, I had dyed all my mourning clothes with Diamond Dyes and knew they were wonderful.) I got a package of Diamond Tints, dipped my scarf and it came out as gorgeously colorful as a sunset! My druggist says repeated washings will not fade it. My friends were as delighted as I and wanted to know what I used. Indeed, I'm enthusiastic about Diamond Tints!"



DIAMOND TINTS AT ALL DRUG STORES