

# Murder at Bridge

By ANNE AUSTIN.

## SYNOPSIS.

The chief suspects in the murder of Judith Selim, shot at a bridge party are: Flora Miles, in Nita's closet reading a note which she thinks is from her husband to Nita; Dexter Sprague, who wrest the note and Lydia, her maid. Special Investigator Dundee learns that Nita went out with Ralph Hammond Thursday night, and saw Sprague Friday night, the night she made her will.

After Miles and Lydia leave, Dundee finds the kitchen door unlocked, searches the attic, he finds traces in the bedroom of a man's having slept there. He believes that Sprague was the man but does not believe him guilty.

## CHAPTER XXV.

Bonnie Dundee's first thought upon awakening that Sunday morning was that it might prove to be rather a pity that his new bachelor apartment, as he loved to call his three rooms at the top of a lodging house which had once been a fashionable private home, faced south and west, rather than east. At the Rhodes House, whose boisterous clamor and lack of privacy he had abandoned upon taking the flattering job and decent salary of "special investigator" attached to the district attorney's office, he had grown accustomed to using the hot morning sun upon his reluctant eyelids as an alarm clock.

But he continued the train of thought, after discovering by his watch that it was only 8.40—it was pretty darned nice having "diggings" like these. Quiet and private. For he was the only tenant now on the top floor. His lazy eyes roved over the plain severity but solid comfort of his bedroom, and on past the open door to take in appreciatively the equally comfortable and masculine living room. . . . Pretty nice! That leather upholstered couch and armchair had been a real bargain, and he liked them all the better for being rather scuffed and shabby. Then his eyes halted upon a covered cage, swung from a pedestal. . . .

"Poor old Cap'n! . . . Must be wondering when the devil I'm going to get up!" and he swung out of bed, lounged sleepily into the small living room and looked the square of black silk from the cage.

The parrot, formerly the property of murdered old Mrs. Hogarth of the Rhodes House, but for the past year the young detective's official "Watson," ruffled his feathers, poked his green-and-yellow head between the bars of his cage and croaked hoarsely: "Hullo! Hullo!"

"Hullo, yourself, my dear Watson!" Dundee retorted. "Your vacation is over, old top! It's back to the job for you and me both! . . . which reminds me that I ought to be taking a squint at the Sunday papers and see how much Captain Strawn thought fit to tell the press."

He found The Hamilton Morning News in the hall just outside his living room door.

"Listen, Cap'n. 'NITA SELIM MURDERED AT BRIDGE' . . . Probably the snappiest streamer headline the 'News' has had for many a day. . . . Now let's see—" He was silent for two minutes, while his eyes leaped down the lesser headlines and the story of the murder. Then: "Good

Strawn! Not a word, my dear Watson, about your absurd master's absurd performance in having the death hand at bridge replayed! Not a word about Ralph Hammond, the losing guest! Not a word about Mrs. Tracy Miles being hidden away in the clothes closet while her hostess was being murdered! . . . In fact, my dear Watson, not a word about anything except Strawn's own theory that a hired gunman from New York or Chicago—preferably Nita's home town, New York, of course—sneaked up, crouched in her window, and bumped her off. And life-sized photographs of the big footprints under the window to prove his theory! . . . By golly, Cap'n! I clean forgot to tell my former chief that I'd found Nita's will and note to Lydia! He'll think I deliberately held out on him. . . . Well—I can't sit here all day gossiping with you. Work—much work—to be done then—Sunday dinner with poor little Penny."

Four hours later a tired and dispirited young detective was climbing the stairs of the five-story "walk-up" apartment house in which Penny Crain and her mother had been living since the financial failure and flight of the husband and father, Roger Crain.

"Hello, there!" It was Penny's friendly voice, hailing him from the topmost landing of the steep stairs. "All winded, poor thing?"

His eyes drank her in—the freshness and sweetness of a domestic Penny Crain, so different from the thorny little office Penny who prided herself on her efficiency as secretary to the district attorney. . . . Penny in domestic voice, with a saucy, ruffled white apron. . . . But there were purplish shadows under her brown eyes, and her grayety eyelids until he had reached her side.

"Sh-h-h!—Have they found Ralph?" she whispered anxiously.

He could only answer "No."

"Mother's all of a twitter at my having a detective to dinner," she whispered, trying to be gay again. "She fancies you'll be wearing size 11 shoes and a 'six-shooter' at your belt—Yes, Mother! It's Mr. Dundee!"

She did not look "all of a twitter," this pretty but rather faded middle-aged little mother of Penny's. A gentle dignity and patient sadness, which Dundee as sure were habitual of her, lay in the faded blue eyes upon the soft, sweet mouth. . . .

But Mrs. Crain was ushering him into the living room, and its charm made him forget for the moment that the Crains were to be pitied, because of their "come-down" in life. For every piece of furniture seemed to be authentic early American, and the hooked rug and fine, brocaded damask alluded themselves with the fine old furniture to defeat the ugliness with which the Maple Court Apartments' architect had been erecely determined to punish its tenants.

"Excuse me! Gotta dish up!" Penny flung over her shoulder as she ran away and left him alone with her mother.

Dundee liked Mrs. Crain for making no excuses about a maid they couldn't afford, liked the way she settled into a lovely, ancient rocking chair and set herself to entertain him while her daughter made ready the dinner.

Not a word was said about the horrible tragedy which had occurred the day before in the house which had once been her home. They talked of Penny's work, and the little gentleman listened eagerly, with only the faintest of sighs, as Dundee humorously described Penny's fierce efficiency and District Attorney Sanderson's keen delight in her work.

"Bill Sanderson is a nice boy," the woman of perhaps 48 said of Hamilton's 35-year-old district attorney. "It is nice for Penny to work with an old friend of the family, or was—until—"

And that was the nearest she came to mentioning the murder before Penny summoned them to the little dining room.

Because Penny was watching him and was obviously proud of her skill as a cook—skill recently acquired, he was sure—Dundee ate as heartily as his carefully concealed depression would permit. There was a beautifully browned roast of beef, pan-browned potatoes, new peas, escalloped tomatoes, and, for dessert, a gelatine pudding which Penny proudly announced was "Spanish cream," the secret of which she had mastered only that morning.

I was up almost at dawn to make it, so that it would 'set' in time," she told him. Dundee knew that it was top Spanish cream which had got her up. . . .

"I'm going to help wash dishes," he announced firmly, and Penny, with a quick intake of breath, agreed.

"Hadn't you better take a nap, Mother?" she added a minute later, as

Mrs. Crain, with a slight flush on her faded cheeks, began to stack the dessert dishes. "You mustn't lay a hand on these dishes, or Bonnie and I will have our dishwashing picnic spoiled. . . . Run along now. You need sleep, dear."

"Not more than you do, poor baby!" Mrs. Crain quavered, and then hurried out of the room.

"I called you 'Bonnie' so Mother would know we are really friends," Penny explained, her cheeks red, as she preceded him through the swinging door into the miniature kitchen.

"You'll stick to that—being friends, I mean, no matter what happens, won't you, Penny?" Dundee said in a low voice, setting the fragile crystal dishes he carried upon the porcelain drainboard of the sink.

"I knew you had something bad to tell me. . . . It's about—Ralph, I suppose?" Her husky voice was scarcely audible above the rush of hot water into the dishpan. "You'd better tell me straight off, Bonnie. I'm not a very patient person. . . . Are they going to arrest Ralph when they find him? There wasn't a word in the paper about him this morning."

"I'm afraid they are, Penny," Dundee told her miserably. "Captain Strawn has a warrant ready, but of course—"

"Oh, you don't have to tell me you hope Ralph isn't guilty!" she cut in with sudden passionate vehemence. "Don't I know he couldn't have done it? They always arrest the wrong person first, the blundering idiot—"

It was the thorny Penny again, the Penny with glittering eyes which matched her nickname. But Dundee felt better able to cope with this Penny. . . .

"I'm afraid I'm the chief idiot, but you must believe that I'm sorry that it should be a friend of yours," he told her, and reached for the plate she had rinsed of its suds under the hot water tap.

"Shoot the works!" she commanded with hard flippancy. "Of course I might have known that Captain Strawn's theory about a gunman was just dust in our eyes, and that only a miracle could keep you from fastening on poor Ralph, since he and the gunman are both missing. . . . Naturally it wouldn't occur to you that it might be an outsider, someone who had followed Nita and her lover, Sprague, from New York, to kill her for having left him for Sprague. . . . Oh, no! Certainly not!" she gibed, to keep from bursting into tears.

(To be continued.)

## Autumn Ocean

Cold rocks watch the roll of clouds Along white plains of sky and prowling Storms sweep down the shivering sea. And lock the shore in iron bleakness.

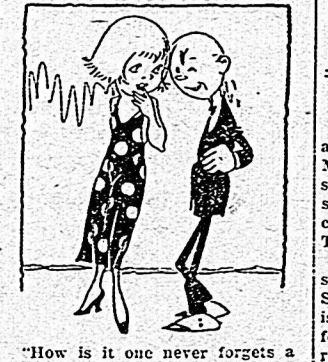
Sombre glint of wave and wild White wash of spray that chill the twilight Stir a weedy drift of thought Bewildered as the weaving waters' Stumbling on indifferent coasts.

But there is comfort in the roaming Breakers and the keening gulls That gleam along the wet gray gulches, And the never-ending war Of waves with weight of deeper water, And the wind's low discontent.

The summer is spent and through the measured Drone of days beneath low skies There wells an autumn presence of quiet And the air is drenched with still Slow turning of earth's thoughts to winter.

When the year's gold crest is reached It breaks in greyness, deeply seeking Peace within the winter sea To lull its hunger into sleeping.

—Christy MacKay, Wind in the Grass.



"How is it one never forgets a love affair?"

"Because that is something one learns by heart."

## Airplanes Used in Alps To Search for Climbers

Berne, Switzerland.—Airplanes are now used over the Alps to hunt lost mountain climbers. Planes are held in readiness at Dabendorf, Lausanne and Thour airports to take off whenever an Alpinist is reported missing.

The planes carry food which may be dropped if the missing are found. The aviator marks on a map the spot where he located the climbers, then drops his map at the nearest salvage depot.

## New Rail Record

London, Eng.—Another new rail record has been hung up by a British railway. The London, Midland and Scottish Railway has broken the record between London and Coventry with two special trains. Carrying 600 persons the trains covered the 94 miles from London to Coventry in 82 minutes respectively. On the return journey the Royal Scot, although it had to slow down to 10 miles an hour midway, reached Euston in 82 minutes, four seconds. For long stretches on both journeys the trains ran at 90 miles an hour.

"An Angel from Heaven has brought me a message: 'No one on earth will remain unhappy for ever.'"—Hafiz.



### Devil's Food Layer Cake

3/4 cup butter	1/2 teaspoon salt
1 1/2 cups sugar	3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
2 eggs	1 cup milk
1 cup milk	1/2 cup pastry flour for 2 cups and 3 tablespoons of bread flour

Cream butter thoroughly; add sugar slowly. Add beaten yolks, mix thoroughly. Add flour sifted with baking powder and salt, alternately with milk, add vanilla and melted chocolate. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Put into 3 greased layer cake tins and bake in moderate oven at 350° F. about 20 minutes. When cool, put together and cover thickly with Chocolate or White Icing (recipes are in the Magic Cook Book).

Miss Gertrude Dutton tells why she makes her Devil's Food Layer Cake with Magic Baking Powder



"I know from experience," says the cookery expert of Western Home Monthly, "that Magic makes most baked dishes look and taste better. Its uniform leavening quality gives dependable baking results."

And Miss Dutton's praise of Magic is seconded by the majority of dietitians and cookery experts throughout the Dominion. They use Magic exclusively because they know it is pure, and always uniform.

Canadian housewives, too, prefer Magic. In fact, Magic outsells all other baking powders combined.

For luscious layer cakes, light, tender biscuits, delicious pastry—follow Miss Dutton's advice. Use Magic Baking Powder.

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### Urges Survey of Weeds

Plant surveys of communities as an aid to hay-fever control are urged by Miss Elsa Horn, botanist of the Kansas State College, who has completed such a project in Manhattan, Kan., a city of 12,000 population, according to The Associated Press.

"Only ten of these vitally needed surveys have been made in the United States," Miss Horn said, "but botanists must take up this work if hay-fever sufferers are ever to get much relief."

Three varieties of ragweed, hemp and pigweed were identified in Miss Horn's research as Manhattan's worst offenders among the 250 possible varieties of trees, grasses and weeds which may cause hay fever. She found that 57.8 acres or 22 per cent of the city, was in weeds. A single acre of ragweed, which grows in profusion in Manhattan, had been found to give off sixty pounds of pollen, the botanist said.

In arguing the importance of weed surveys, Miss Horn said that 60 per cent of all asthma is hay fever in its advanced stages.

We must choose between the romance of man and the mysteries of God. God only reveals Himself through many a veil, but those veils are not falsehoods.

## A COMPLETE COURSE in Cookery for only 50c postpaid

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## The Making of A Race-Horse

Arthur Mann in American Mercury (July, '32).

Breeding time on a thoroughbred stock farm is a period of deep anxiety. The colts are foaled in April and during these days hopes, fears and wishes are born. The most lowly foal may become king, and the colt with the blindest blood may grow to be a wind-sucker, or may have brittle hoofs, or a weak digestion, or insufficient racing courage. . . . And always the breeder dreams of producing another Man o' War.

You can well imagine the eagerness and anticipation which attend the Man o' War matings and foalings. The whole racing world talked about them. Man o' War was a king and the blood lines of every mare he served were subjected to the most rigid scrutiny. And what splendid animals his offspring turned out to be! All but one or two won big sakes. Today, in his retirement at the Parazay Farms at Lexington, Ky., stud service by Man o' War is valued at \$5,000. Other outstanding stallions, such as Reigh Court and Gallant Fox, command service fees of \$2,500, while the average fee for fairly prominent stallions runs from \$1,500 to \$2,500.

The weanling foal is a gaunt and awkward animal, and one can scarcely visualize him as a future champion. His legs are long and spindled, and his body stumpy. Spending night and day outdoors with his mother he becomes hardened to the mild exposure of Summer and early Fall. His feet grow firm from constant gamboling. He learns to nibble grass. On January 1, the common birthday of all racehorses, he changes overnight from a weanling to a yearling and is introduced to hardy meals of oats and mash. He can always find hay in the corner of his stall.

Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons dean of American trainers, has had more helpless weanlings in his charge than anyone else in the business. Fitzsimmons' greatest triumph lies in the unattached career of Gallant Fox. He took the Fox as a weanling and led him to the highest conquests that racing offers. He watched the little colt develop such intelligence that he was regarded as having the reasoning powers of a ten-year-old boy. This amazing horse, winner of \$302,000 in a single season, always knew when his scheduled racing day arrived. On the day he would leave a portion of his noon-day oats while other horses finished everything in their stalls. Sugar 'n' the stomach of a horse about to race may complicate matters. Well, you could not bribe the Fox to eat a lump of sugar before a race, although he'd accept it willingly afterwards.

Most horses search for the water after a race, but drinking before cooling brings on cramps. Gallant Fox refused to touch water before he had cooled out. In his first race he stood at the barrier gazing skyward trying to fathom the mystery of an airplane overhead. Though he was smarter than any other colt in the race he was left at the post, wondering about that strange bird hovering over the track.

Forty years of observation and close study have taught Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons what is best for a colt, but he can never be certain of results. "It's all kindness and patience," he says. "You've got to realize that you're dealing with an animal that's nearest to a human being in intelligence. If he can't run fast, a whip won't teach him."

Despite a common belief to the contrary, the appetites of thoroughbred racing colts are not pampered. There is only one dependable food, and that is oats. A growing colt consumes nine quarts a day—three quarts in the morning, two quarts at noon, and four in the evening. If he eats more, he is overfed.

At the end of his first year of training the colt has become accustomed to halter, saddle, and a boy on his back. He has been presented with his first set of reins, and recognizes the signals to turn, start, stop, and trot. Meanwhile he has grown splendidly. His shoulders are powerful and his whole body is strong and vigorous.

Once more he is turned out into the paddock for winter. He builds up resistance by exposure to the elements, for he goes into his stall only when the weather is unbearable. He becomes a two-year-old on January 1, and must soon start to retrieve some or all of the dollars he has cost his owner. The colt by this time may be a slow or fast starter. He may be a sprinter or a distance runner; he may favor a hard fast track, or a slow wet one. He may be cute, tricky, temperamental. He may be a complete failure or a potential sensation. These and hundreds of other possibilities flash through the trainer's mind as he brings his precious charge out of winter retirement.

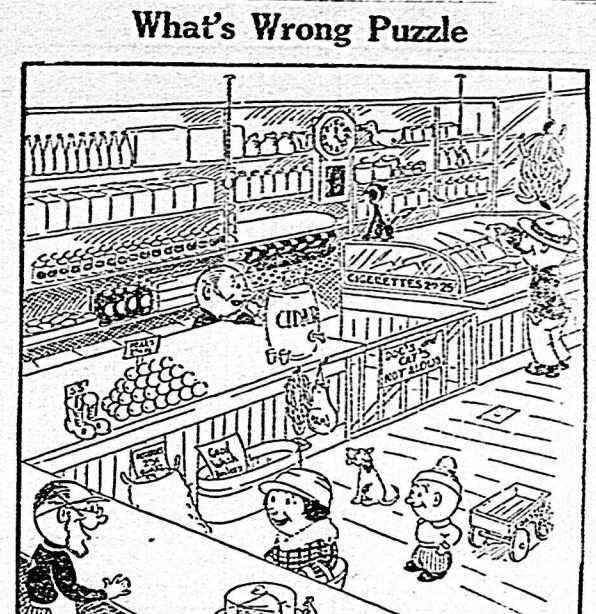
The colt begins his activity as a two-year-old in February, with free-rein gallops up and down the track. He is allowed to romp at a fast canter for an eighth of a mile, and continues this pace for a week to loosen up his muscles. Then for the first time in his life the youngster is allowed to trot a quarter of a mile against time. He is paced to cover the distance in 30 seconds. Unless he is a plucky he meets the assignment with ease. By the latter part of March he is sweeping past the three-eighths post in 37 flat. On the days when he takes no galloping exercise he is ridden to the starting stalls and the barrier. There he must learn the significance of that restraining webbing; it is brushed in front of his face and eyes to show that it is harmless.

With the barrier lessons completed and the work of producing big-league speed the colt graduates to the races in April. Then the Eastern tracks open and the owner trots out their proud little charges to fame, fortune, or failure. The average owner has already spent between \$6,000 and \$7,000 on every colt or filly he sends to the barrier as a maiden two-year-old. This does not include preliminary fees and starting assessments which total approximately \$500 for the eight most

## 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.

Answer to Last Week's Puzzle.  
Sign "No Trespassing" misspelled.  
6 x 9 is 54 instead of 45.  
Wrong number of stripes in flag.  
A dog can not climb a lamp post.  
A dog does not meow.  
A cat does not bark.  
Word "matron" misspelled.  
The heavy boy is on the wrong end of the board on sea-saw.

Word "allowed" misspelled on sign.  
Man is reading newspaper upside down.  
Bots do not fly in the day time.  
The larger wing of airplane should be on top.  
Man's pipe is up-side down.  
Wrong end of flag fastened to pole.  
The flag and the smoke are blowing in opposite directions.  
Handle in ax upside down.

## Republic of Children

By Emmanuel Marin

I know children to whom frontiers, nationalisms, war exploits are just as many words; children who apply their young will and intelligence to the thousand little problems of collective life; whose conception of the world is based on solidarity and the obligation to assist one another.

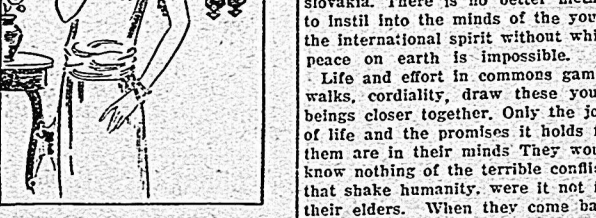
Every year when school closes these children of working men and small craftsmen, from Germany and France, from Denmark and Czechoslovakia, leave the stuffy cities to lead the simple life of a camp during a whole month. This year the Europe of children, glimpse of a world in which it would be good to live, has pitched the tents of its capital in the surroundings of Paris, on the shore of a small lake. Never was there a Babel more cordial.

From afar we see the colors of the nations represented in the community flying from high poles, erected by the children themselves. The place of honor is reserved to the scarlet banner of the "Red Falcons." For this is the organization responsible for the republic.

The children do everything themselves. The advice of the "assistants," mostly volunteers, is tendered in an unobtrusive way. The little men and women manage their own white city, organize the supplies, fix their own laws and regulate the rhythm of their life.

Posters bearing inscriptions like "Children's Republic," "International Solidarity Camp," etc., show the way. Doerger Lowenstein, member of the German Parliament and one of the initiators of the movement, who together with Professor Quadt presides over the destinies of the republic, receives us and is happy to show us his model organization. This year he is especially happy, for it is the first time that the "Red Falcons" were able to pitch their tents in France, after several years' camping in Germany, Denmark and Czechoslovakia. There is no better method to instill into the minds of the young the international spirit without which peace on earth is impossible.

Life and effort in common games, walks, cordially, draw these young beings closer together. Only the joys of life and the promises it holds for them are in their minds. They would know nothing of the terrible conflicts that shake humanity, were it not for their elders. When they come back from the summer camp, they are won for the democratic cause and conscious of what is just and unjust. And maybe one day, when they are grown up they will want to live up to this ideal.



"So you think Ethel is broad-minded?"

"I know it. Why, she is broad-minded enough to admit she's narrow-minded."

God has so made the mind of man that a peculiar deliciousness resides in the fruits of personal industry.—Wilberforce.

Argument does not answer. Facts do. The easiest way out of an argument is to listen and agree.

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