

# Murder at Bridge

By ANNE AUSTIN.

## SYNOPSIS.

Special Investigator Dundee, having dinner with Penny Crain on Sunday afternoon, tells her that suspicion centers on Nita Selim, Polly Beale and Ralph Hammond, who were with Nita at the time of the murder. He tells her that he has a letter to Nita, which she reads. It is from Nita's sister at the time of the murder, Dexter Sprague, who came from New York to join Nita and Lydia. Nita's maid, Ralph, however, appears and tells Nita and Penny, very humbly, to marry him, to which she consents.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

It was nearly nine o'clock Monday morning, and Dundee sat alone in the district attorney's office, impatiently awaiting the arrival of his chief. Coroner Price, with the approval of Captain Strawn of the homicide squad, had set the inquest into the murder of Juanita Leigh Selim for 10 o'clock, and there was much that Dundee wished to say to the district attorney before that hour arrived.

When the thoroughly tired and dispirited young detective had returned to his apartment late Sunday afternoon, after having seen Ralph Hammond completely exonerated of any possible complicity in the murder of Nita Selim, he had found a telegram from the district attorney, filed in Chicago:

"Called Chicago serious illness of Mother Stop Returning Hamilton eight ten Monday morning Stop See by papers you are on Selim job Stop Good but watch your step—Sanderson."

Well—and Dundee grinned ruefully—he had been on the job all right, but would Sanderson consider that he had "watched his step"? At any rate, he had been thorough, he congratulated himself, as he weighed the big manila envelope containing his own transcription of the copious shorthand notes he had taken during the first hours of the investigation. A smaller envelope held Nita's tell-tale cheque book, her amazing last-minute change of heart, and the still more startling note she had written to Lydia Carr. The last two Dundee had retrieved from Carraway only this morning, after having submitted the note to the fingerprint expert on Sunday.

Carraway's report had rather dashed him at first, for it proved that no other hands had touched either envelope or contents. But he was content now to believe that Nita herself had sealed the envelope she had inscribed "To Be Opened in Case of My Death." Why? Had she been moved by an impulse to give a clue to the identity of the person of whom she stood in fear, but had stifled the impulse?

Strawn had said, too, that the little rosewood desk had been in a fairly orderly condition, before his big official hands had clawed through it in search of a clue or the gun itself. Well, Strawn had been properly chagrined when Dundee had produced the will as a note.

"Why did she stick it away in a lack of new envelopes, if she wanted it to be found?" Strawn had demanded irritably, and had not been appeased by Dundee's suggestion: "Because she did not want Lydia, in dusting the desk, to see it and be alarmed."

Yes, he had been busy enough, but what, actually, had he to show for his industry? He had worked up three good cases—the first against Lydia Carr, the second against Dexter Sprague, and the third against Ralph Hammond—only to have them knocked to pieces almost as fast as he had conceived them. Of course Lydia Carr might be lying to give Sprague an alibi, but Dundee was convinced that she was telling the truth and that she hated Sprague too much to fake an alibi for him. Of course there was always Judge Marshall, but—

Through the closed door came sounds which Dundee presently identified as connected with Penny Crain's arrival—the emphatic click of her heels; the quick opening and shutting of desk drawers.

The down-hearted young detective debated the question of taking his perplexities out to her, but decided against it. She probably wanted to hear no more of his theories, was undoubtedly buzzing with righteous indignation against him because of Ralph Hammond. . . . Did she still con-

sider herself engaged to Ralph, in spite of the fact that young Hammond had gallantly insisted upon releasing her from her promise as cool as she suspected that it had been given merely to prove her faith in his innocence? It was a decidedly unhappy young detective whom Sanderson greeted upon his arrival at nine o'clock.

The new district attorney, who had held office since November, was a big, good-natured, tolerant man, who looked younger than his 35 years because of his freckles and his always rumpled mop of sandy hair. But those who sought to take advantage of his good nature in the courtroom found themselves up against a keen lawyer and prosecutor as could be found in the whole state, or even in the middle west.

"Well, boy!" he greeted Dundee genially, but with an undertone of solemnity. "Looks like we've got a sensational murder on our hands. It's not every day Hamilton can rate a headline like 'Broadway Belle Murdered at Bridge'—to quote a Chicago paper. . . . But I'm afraid there's not enough mystery in it to suit your tastes."

Dundee grinned wryly. "I've been pretty down in the mouth all morning because there's a little too much mystery, chief."

"Fairly open-and-shot, isn't it?" Sanderson asked, obviously surprised. "New York gets too hot for this Selim libby—probably mixed up with some racketeer. Lois Dunlap offers her a job to organize a Little Theatre in Hamilton, which the fair Nita would certainly have described as a hick town and which she wouldn't have found dead in if she could have helped it"—and the district attorney grinned at his own witticism—"but Broadway Nita umps at it. Her racketeer sweetie is a long arm, however, and Nita gets hers. Justly enough, probably, but I wish she had chosen some other town to hide in. Lois Dunlap is the finest woman in Hamilton, but she's too damned promiscuous in her friendships. As it is now, some of the best friends I have in the world are mixed up in this mess, even if it is only as innocent victims of circumstance."

Until then Dundee had let his chief express his pent-up convictions without interruption, and indeed Sanderson's courtroom training had fitted him admirably for long speeches. But he could keep silent no longer.

"That is what has been worrying me, chief," he interrupted. "Captain Strawn has given the papers very little real information, but the truth is I am afraid one of your friends was not an innocent victim of circumstance."

District Attorney Sanderson sat down abruptly in the swivel chair at his desk. "Just what do you mean, Dundee?"

"I mean I am convinced that one of Mrs. Selim's guests was her murderer, but I'd like to tell you the whole story, and let you judge for yourself."

Sanderson slowly drew out a handkerchief and mopped his freckled brow. "If I hadn't had a good many years of experience with criminals, Dundee, I'd say it is obvious on the face of it that none of these four men—Judge Marshall, Tracy Miles, Johnny Drake, Clive Hammond—could have committed such a cheap, sensational crime as murdering a hostess during a bridge game. . . . Not that I haven't wanted to commit murder myself over many a bridge game," he added, with the irrepressible humor for which he was famous.

Then he grinned, the useful twinkle still in his eye: "I'm afraid we're in for a lot of gruesome kidding. Why, last night, in the club car of my train, three tables of bridge players could scarcely play a hand for wisecracking about the dangers of being dummy! Well, boy, suppose you give me the low-down."

Painstakingly, and in the greatest detail, Dundee told the whole story. "You see, sir," Dundee repeated, "the list of possible suspects includes Lydia Carr, Dexter Sprague, John C. Drake, Judge Marshall, Polly Beale, Flora Miles, Janet Raymond, Clive Hammond."

"But Polly and Clive were in the carium together all the time!" Sanderson objected.

"So they said," Dundee agreed. "But it is a very short trip from the solarium by way of the side porch into Nita's bedroom. And either Polly Beale or Clive Hammond could have made that trip, on the pretext of speaking to Nita about Ralph. . . . Motive: murder to end blackmail. Naturally such a theory would not include both of them, but if one of them was being blackmailed and made use of the pretext of warning Nita of Ralph's overwrought condition—"

"Sprague's your man!" Sanderson interrupted with relief. "Motive, jealousy because Nita was ditching him to marry Ralph. . . . As for the gun and silence, it seems pretty clear to me that Nita herself stole it from Judge

Marshall, and that Sprague got it away from her. You say the maid, Lydia, went upstairs to tell Sprague he had to pack his things and take them away—for good. . . . Very well Sprague goes down the back stairs with the gun in his pocket, through the back hall into Nita's bedroom, shoots her, bumps into the lamp, goes out by the back door, and comes around front to join the party. . . . You say yourself he has admitted to everything but the trip to Nita's room and the shooting—even to sneaking back to get his bag, which, I believe, also contained the gun."

Dundee shook his head. "I believe Lydia is telling the truth. She says she was in the upstairs bedroom with Sprague and remained behind only two or three minutes at most, to put his shaving kit into the packed bag, and to clean up the bathroom basin. On her way down the back stairs she says she heard Lois Dunlap's second ring and went to answer it. Sprague and Janet Raymond, with whom Janet says he stopped to talk a minute on the front porch, were in the dining room before Lydia entered it."

"No, Mr. Sanderson, I don't believe Sprague did it, but I do believe it was Sprague's revenge that Nita was afraid of when she made her will Friday night. I believe Sprague and Nita were lovers, even partners in blackmail, and that she feared he would kill her when he knew she was going to marry Ralph Hammond and give up their source of income."

Sanderson considered for a long minute. "Well, don't think I fail to follow your reasoning that the crime must have been committed in the bedroom, and not from the window sill, but those footprints may save us yet, and will certainly get us through the inquest. Let's be going. It's nearly ten now."

(To be continued.)

## Domestic Manners of the Latin Races

Details of personal traits and domestic life have an inexpressible charm for all readers of average human sympathies. We turn with more relief than we are willing to confess from the brilliant generalizations of the historian to the pages of the humble chronicler or diarist; and what the French modestly call "memoires pour servir" are indeed often of more real use as well as entertainment to posterity than the works by which in their own time they were overshadowed.

In all that has been written of the public and social life of the Italians, we find few details of their family habits. One reason of this is, of course, that the social life of the Latin races does not center in the home, as does that of those nations whom necessities of climate—quite as much, perhaps, as nobler reasons—have driven to domesticity. The Italian does not bring the stranger, to whom he wishes to be courteous, home with him; he takes his friend to the theatre, dines with him at the cafe, or strolls with him in the park. If he does introduce him, as a rare favor, within his domestic precincts, it is only after due preparation, and in such a manner that the spontaneity of hospitality has had time to congeal into the solemnity of a public occasion. He does, indeed, invite the chance visitor to the hour of a repast, to "favor" him by remaining to partake of it; but he does so when the visitor is already at the door, and would be as much surprised at his assent as would the Spaniard by the acceptance of the possessions which he lays at your feet.

We of the North smile at these gracious "insincerities"; but the Southerner wonders no less at the blunt, unsmiling positiveness which he calls rudeness; as the want of general sympathy which shuts up all our demonstrativeness within closed doors; at the solemn faces with which we go about both our work and our recreation. . . .

Luxury in dress, which had been severely repressed by sumptuary laws in 1330, was on the increase at this time, though it did not reach its highest point until the reign of Lorenzo de' Medici. The costume of Florentine women at this period was a robe of silk or woolen stuff extending to the ground, and trimmed with fringe; the waist long, and the sleeves usually of the same material as the dress. The hair was worn in curls, and over it a veil of white silk reaching to the shoulders. . . . From "At Home in Italy," by Mrs. E. D. R. Bianchiardi.

## Fashions

The morris are meeker than they were.

The nuts are getting brown; The berry's cheek is plumper; The rose is out of town.

The maple wears a gayer scarf, The field a scarlet gown; Lest I should be old-fashioned, I'll put a trinket on.

—Emily Dickinson, "Poems."

## Feminine Outlook on Clothes

"The Colonel's lady and the Juny O'Grady," wrote Rudyard Kipling, "are sisters under their skins," and, according to Edward H. Symonds, president of the British Fashions and Fabrics Bureau, the society woman and mill-girl are much the same in their mental outlook about clothes. Addressing a London trade school recently, he said: "There is no appreciable difference between the style point of view of the society woman and the mill-girl. It is purely a question of relativity. They have all, more or less, the same mental outlook in regard to the clothes they wear and the manner in which they wear them, whether they have pounds or only shillings to spend."

Needs are frills; words are but leaves.

## Jimmy and Joan's Column

**A Boy's First Room**  
I've got a room, now, by myself,  
A room my very own,  
It has a door that I can shut,  
And be there all alone;  
It has a shelf, a closet, too,  
A window just for me.

And hooks where I can keep my clothes  
As neat as neat can be.  
A lovely paper's on the wall;  
A rug is on the floor—  
If I had known how fine it was,  
I'd had a room before.

I like to go there after school,  
Away from everyone;  
I feel—well—sort of scared at first,  
But now I think it's fun.  
The voices of the folks downstairs  
Seem faint and far away.

I hear the rain upon the roof;  
I watch the birds at play;  
Oh, yes, it's often very still,  
At night there's not a sound—  
But I let mother in, of course,  
When bedtime comes around.

—Arthur H. Folwell.

**Something For Dolly**  
If you have an old ping-pong ball  
That is no use, you can make a jolly gift for dolly with it.  
Cut it into halves. Take each piece  
and bore three holes equal distances  
round the edge. Tie three pieces  
of cotton to these and you will have  
two splendid hanging lamp shades for  
the dolls' house. All you need to do is  
fix the cotton with a drawing-pin to  
the ceiling.

Of course, they will look every so  
much nicer if you paint them.

"Well, Tommy, how are you getting on at school?"  
"Oh, fine, thanks. I am centre-forward in the football team."  
"But your lessons?"  
"Oh, I am right-back there," said the boy, mischievously.

**The Angry Crow**  
Long ago when crows were white,  
A crow and an owl sat on a log talking together.

"I do not like my color," said the crow. "I don't like being white."  
And the owl said:  
"I wish I had some pretty spots on my back."  
"So do I," said the crow. "Let us paint each other with oil from the lamp."  
"Too-whit, to-whoo!" said the owl. "What fun that would be!"  
Now, when a candle lamp gets old there is a lot of thick black oil in it. The crow took one of the owl's feathers, and dipped it into the oil. Then he painted beautiful spots all over the owl's body.

He did it very well, and made the owl look fine. Then it was the owl's turn to paint the crow. At first he liked doing it, and made such pretty spots that the crow felt very proud indeed.

"I do look fine!" he croaked.

But before he was halfway through the owl became tired of working so hard.

"This is taking me too long!" he grumbled. "I shan't be finished for hours and hours if I don't hurry up."  
And taking the lamp, he turned it upside down and poured the black oil all over the crow.

"There, that is finished!" he cried.

How angry the crow was when he found himself black all over, with no spots!

"I look like a scarecrow now!" he cried.

He tried his best to get it off, but it was no use. The black was stuck, and ever since then the crow has been black.

You look at one and see!

**Tongue Twisters**  
I have a picture in which there is a pitcher, the pitcher makes the picture.

**Reading Dickens**  
How many kind things are done in the world which remain unknown and untold?

A schoolboy on holiday the other day made friends with a workman and asked him if he liked Dickens. The man told him he had read him all over the row.

"There, that is finished!" he cried.

How angry the crow was when he found himself black all over, with no spots!

"I look like a scarecrow now!" he cried.

He tried his best to get it off, but it was no use. The black was stuck, and ever since then the crow has been black.

You look at one and see!

**Jack-in-the-Box**  
Oh, I'm the tramp of the nursery!  
All alone in the dark live I;  
No window is there as by my small house,  
No light ever meets my eye.  
Do you wonder that I plot mischief,  
Do you wonder my deeds are dark?  
That my nose is red and my whiskers fierce?

That my hat came out of the ark?  
When I jump out suddenly at you,  
And pussy arches her back  
And the baby screams—then happy  
Is the tramp of the nursery, Jack.

Shake hands, Evangelina! how did you lose your hair?  
And monk-on-a-stick, how are you?  
Your leg's broke, I declare!  
Ha, woolly dog, I salute you!  
Can you see with your shoe-button eyes?  
I greet you all, friends, in passing—  
(Here Jack was himself surprised),  
For the roof of his house fell on him  
With a loud resounding whack,  
And he was again a prisoner,  
This jolly old rogue of a Jack.)

—Mary Hicks Vanderburgh.

Annual is the desire of activity with-out the fit means of gratifying the desire.—George Bancroft.

## Quaint Folk

By GEORGE MIKSCHE SUTTON,  
in The Atlantic Monthly

Ask an average white man to tell you what he knows about the world of the Eskimo and he may give you a somewhat disjointed discourse upon long dark winters, icebergs, igloos, Husky dogs, filthy clothing, blubber, and the trading of wares.

Ask an average Southampton Island Eskimo to give you his concept of the white man's world and you may, in due course, be regaled with a series of practically unpronounceable words describing very big boats, radios, gramophones, mouth organs, accordions, soap, warm water, razors, airplanes, odd footgear, robed priests, binoculars, and magazines; and sooner or later you will be told that white men spend nearly all their time looking for skins of the white fox.

The Eskimo appears to concede that the white man possesses and controls many wonderful tools, toys, and machines. He seems to feel that it is as natural for the white man to have power over huge ships, or so to control the spirits as to bid them carry messages through the air, as it is for the snow to cover Southampton in winter. Accepting himself further, he does not disturb Eskimo manners, and cares so little about the world outside his own that, consistently enough, he thinks it impossible that we of the South should be interested in, or know anything about, the circumpolar region.

One man was amazed at the bird specimens I had prepared; it was not fitting that I should skin a bird as well as or better than he, since these birds were of his world, not mine. He wondered whether I had ever seen or heard of an ookpikuk, a snowy owl. Another man was surprised that I could handle a row-boat without special instruction; it was his world's water, at present his world's boat.

Maps, magazines, and books have given the Eskimo some idea of the world and of the relative position of Southampton. But the one definite idea of the white man's civilization which every Eskimo appears to have is that the white man needs fox skins. So long has he been trapped all winter, brought his pelts in for trade, and been exhorted to hurry back for more, that he has come to think of the arctic fox as a sort of hub about which the wheel of civilization moves.

It is considered quite normal, therefore, for any white man to go to any extreme in his quest for the fox skin. But when a naturalist comes to Southampton on the annual supply boat, announcing, as I did, that he is interested in lemmings, mushrooms, sculptures, the Eskimo gulps, remembers that the white man's behavior is unaccountable after all, then bends to the task of bringing in everything from half rotten birds to a fair-sized willow tree.

The preparation of natural-history specimens assumes theatrical proportions while a silent man may stand near by absorbed in every detail of the process. When I measure a lemming's tail or hind foot with brass dividers and metric tape, he may whisper a rap, "Wab, kudlunga!" which is, so far as I can ascertain, almost precisely the equivalent of Virgil's "Mirabile dictum!" My careful examination of stomach contents interests and amuses him, though my failure to nibble at this and munch at that as I proceed may mystify him.

Thinking that the Eskimo might better understand my need of specimens after seeing watercolor portraits of arctic birds, I took some downstairs one evening, and bade my friends inspect them. Grogg followed grog; grunt followed grunt. "Why-ee, why-ee," sounded in many voices. The Eskimos handled the sheets almost reverently, touched the delineation of cloud, rock, or feather as if to make certain the object were not actual. Finally Shoo Fly, who was queen of our island by popular consent, delivered her ultimatum: "You are not human. You are more like a camera. But I want to see you making one." Here, indeed, was a skeptic!

The Eskimo makes a gesture of genuflection to the white man; but in his heart he knows that the Eskimo in Eskimo land is superior. The inmate are the inheritors of the earth. We come to see and live with them because we need their environment, their philosophy, or their religion; because we need their fur skins; or because we want to paint pictures of their birds. The Eskimo may appear to admire a white man's ability as hunter or craftsman; or he may compliment him upon his courage and endurance. But in his heart he has reservations.

And who am I to assert that the Eskimo is inferior to me? While my world has developed an obsession for inventing, discovering, conquering, for "being somebody," the Eskimo has evolved the ability not alone to endure, but to enjoy, the "unspeakable tedium" of the long winter. He seems to have learned far better than I to be content.

The Eskimo sees no need for effort, not connected with the pursuit of daily food, so he smokes and eats, and tells tales. He has no printed literature; his only classics are those of legend and fable. Yet why is not the spoken fable of the Bunting and the Snowy Owl enough for the soul whose great ambition is to kill a walrus or caribou, to keep comparatively comfortable in tupek or igloo, or to drive the dog team properly? And why should the Eskimo have a greater ambition, so long as he is happy?

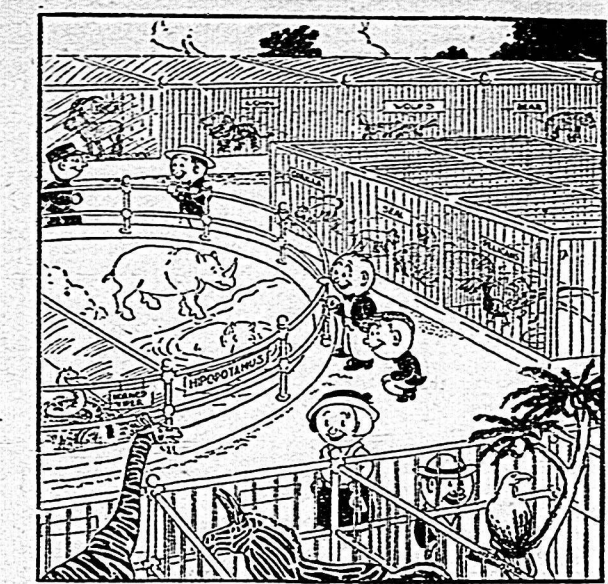
The average Eskimo is scarcely even curious about the Outside World. At the Post he looks at a map for a moment, but prefers to gaze at the wall, listening to the radio. He inspects a magazine, gapes admiringly at a full-page corset advertisement, finds, with satisfaction, the picture of a woman clad in white fur, asks a question about a

Fresh and Fragrant—Always

# "SALADA" GREEN TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

## What's Wrong Puzzle



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  
Giraffe do not have beads.  
Giraffes are spotted instead of striped.  
Stripes are running in wrong direction on zebra.  
Eagle's cage has no top.  
Wrong kind of trunk on palm tree.  
Rhinoceros in Hippopotamus cage.  
Rhinoceros has wrong kind of feet.  
Pheasants in pelican's cage.

Word "lion" misspelled.  
Lions do not have striped coats.  
Ibex should not be in glass cage.  
Walrus in cage marked "seal."  
Word "wolves" should be "volves."  
Monkeys in cage marked "gorilla."  
Snakes are not kept in open cages.  
Ear on man in background in back wards.  
Lady's hair is dark on one side and light on the other.

## Economic Self-Discipline

By SIR ARTHUR SALTER  
The economic system of the world must to a large extent achieve its own regulative institution. I should for example, like to see Industrialists—first, for given industries, then for all the main industries of a country, and lastly in conjunction with industrialists of other countries—forming their own councils and associations, not for the mere protection of their own interests but to secure that their business is conducted under conditions which protect the public interest. I should like to see bankers uniting to secure that the conditions under which loans are raised and lent should be in the interests of the borrowers and the investing public.

I should like to see a similar development over every main sphere of activity. And I should like these separate organizations to be linked to each other and to the machine of public government through economic councils, national and international. So, only, with the aid of all the available constructive intelligence in every sphere, will what I may call "governance," or the defense of the "res publica," be adequate for its task under the infinitely complex conditions of modern life.

Now, not with professional pride but with a kind of professional apology, I wish to claim that this task of "governance" is overwhelmingly the most important of man's tasks at this stage of the world's history. . . . For it is only because "governance" is more defective, has lagged behind the specialized activities of man, that it is this important.

## Gems from Life's Scrap-book

**Blessings**  
"Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man has many."  
—Charles Dickens.

"The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it."  
—Bible.

"To those leaning on the sustaining infinite, to-day is big with blessings."  
—Mary Baker Eddy.

"For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds."  
—Congreere.

"A man's best things are nearest him. He close about his feet."  
—R. M. Milnes.

"The superlative blessings are these of the mind."  
—L. Estrange.

Remember—John Wesley shared his blessings.

## TO EVERY TAXPAYER

**GOOD ROADS THE YEAR ROUND AT LOW COST**  
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