# Murder at Bridge

By ANNE AUSTIN.

SYNOPSIS

SYNOISIS.

Special investigator bundee, investigating the murder art bridge of Juanities the murder art bridge of Juanities the murder art bridge of Juanities the tells District Attorney Sanderson his findings. Possible suspects incipal Lydia Carr, the maid: Denter Sprague John C. Drake, Judge Marskall, Nitariand Lydia Carr, the maid: Denter Sprague James of the gun and silencer with which she was shot; Polly Beale and Clive Hammond, who were in the solar turn torether; Flora Miles, Janet flay mond and Ralph Hammond.

Sprague jame early to the party, wen upertirs to the room he Insed. Lydia followed and told him he would have to leave. Flora Miles admits she was if Nita's closet reading a note which shehought was from her husband. Tracey but which was really from Sprague bunder and the district attorney decide to pretend to accept the theory of a New York gunnam. Dundee hopes to firl out who paid Nin \$10,000 since her grival in Hamilton.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

Bonnie Dundee's hole soul revolted Bonnie Dundee's whole soul revolted farce of an inquest-the small morgu chapel crowded to the doors with goggle-eyed, blood-loving humanity the stretcher with its sheeted corpse reporters, avid for sensation and primed with questions which, if an wered by indiscreet witnesses, would defeat the efforts of police and district attorney; news photographer with their insatiable cameras aimed at every arriving person connected with the case in any way.

Mercifully, this particular inques promised to be quickly over. For Corene. Price, in conference with District Attorney Sanderson, Special Investi ator Dundee and Captain Strawn of the homicide squad, had gladly agreed to call only those witnesses and exiract from them only such informa tion as the authorities deemed advis

Lydia Carr, whose black veil had defeated the news camera levelled at her poor, scarred face, was the first witness called by Coroner Price, and witness called by Coroner Frice, and she was required for the single pur-rose of identifying the body as that of her mistress. To two perfunctory questions—"Have you any information to give to this jury regarding th and manner of the deceased's knowledge of the identity of any per son, man or woman, of whom the de ccased stood in fear of her life?"-Lydia answered a flat "No!" and was

Karen Marshall was the second wit ness called. Dr. Price guided her gently to a brief recital of her dis covery of the dead body of her hostess emphasizing only the fact that, so far as she could see, the bedroom was un occupied except by the corpse at the

time of the discovery.

He then handed her the photostation for then hanced her the photostatic copy of a blueprint of the ground floor of the Selim house, with a pen-ciled ring drawn around the bedroom. Karen falteringly identified it, and was immediately dismissed.

Dr. Price himself took the stand next and described, in technical terms the wound which had caused death and the calibre of the bullet he had extracted from the dead woman's

"I fird, also, from the autopsy," h concluded, "that the bullet traveled a downward, slanting path. I have made exact mathematical calculation, using the position of the body and of the wound as a basis, and found that a line drawn from the wound and ex-tended, at the correct slant, ends at a point 51.8 inches high, upon the right-hand side of the frame of the window nearest the porch door." And he obligingly passed the marked blue-print among the jury. When it was in his own hand: again, he added: "It is impossible to state the exact dista...ce the bullet travelled, more nearly than to say the shot was fire along the line I have indicated, at a distance of not more than 15 feet and not less

Captain Stran rose and was permitted to question the witness:
"Dr. Price, that blueprint sh that the bedroom is 15 feet in width.

That is correct."

"Have you also measured the height of that window sill from the floor?" 'I .have," the coroner answere 'The height is 26 inches."

'Now, doctor, would it be possible for a man crouching in the open win-dow to fire a shot along the path you have calculated?"

"It would," Dr. Price answered. possible to say at exactly what dis-tance from the body the shot was

But Strawn, Dundee and the dis trict attorney were amply satisfied. It licture of the body after Lydia ha suited their purposes that the public be convinced that an intruding gun-

man had murdered Nita Selim being called to the scene of the crime of the activities of Carraway, the ingerprint expert, and of the exhaus

search of his squad of detectives "Did you find any person concealed



of your Baking
You'll set a great
thrill ant of preparing
new, clickes. The big,
new Purity Cook Book
vith a simple step-by-step method which
success to emplete course in
home couches breach paster, received
the success of policy course, in
home couches breach paster, received
the success of policy course, in
home couches breach paster, received
the success of course in
home couches breach paster, received
the success of course in
home couches breach
the success of course in
home couches breach
the success of course
the su

'Yes, its next to the radiator. ple earning \$2000 or less annually.

house itself, or in the garage or or the grounds?

"No. sir." Did you or your men discover the eapon with which the deceased was

"No, sir." "And you questioned every person

present in an effort to place responsi bility for the death of Mrs. Selim?"
"I did. I couldn't find that anyo resent had anything to do with it." "Did you find on the premises any clue which you consider of importance

to this jury?"
"I did! A bunch of footprints under the window you've been talking about Here are life-size photograph, of 'em doctor. And the rambler rose vines putride of the window had been torn. After the photographs had been in-spected by the jury, Dr. Price said:

That is all and thank you, Captain trawn ... Mr. Dundee!' As had been agreed, Dundee's testinony, after the preliminary questions, was confined to the effering of Nita Seiim's 'last will and testament" and

The reporters sat up with startled Interest, then their pencils flew as Dundee read the two documents, after le had told when and where he had discovered them. As District Attor-ncy Sanderson had said: "Better give the press something new to chew on, but don't mention that chequebook of Nita's. It's dynamite, boy-dyna-

While the morgue chapel was still ir a buzz of excitement, Dundee was dismissed, and listrict Atterney Sanderson requested an adjournment of

inquest for one week. The police were urging the crowd pon its way before it became fully ware that it had been cheated of the pleasure of hearing, at first hand, the tories of that fatal bridge and cocktail party, from the guests then

speak to her," Sanderzo: directed Dundee. "She'll thank you for rescuing her from the reporters."

As Dendee pushed his way through the jam he heard a reporter carnestly pleading with Lois Dunlage "But I'm sure you can remember the cards each player held in that 'death hand,' Mrs. Cheerfully sure that he could trus

Lois Dunlap's discretion and distaste for publicity, Dundee went on, grin ning at the reporter's use of his own lurid phrase. Two minutes later Sanders Strawn and Dundee were closeted in

Dr. Price's own office with Lydia "First, Lydia," began Sanderson, vant to warn you to give the report-ers no information at all regarding the nature or extent of your mistress

bequest."
"It was little enough she had, po girl, beyond her clothes and a fev pieces of jewelry," Lydia answered stubbornly. "Are you going to let m do what she told me to, in that note . . . Not that I hold with burning—"

"I see no reason why you should not take charge of the body, Lydia, and arrange it immediately for crems tion. . . . Do yeu, Captain Strawn? Sanderson answered.

"No, sir. The quicker the better."
"Then, Lydia, if Captain Straws will send you out to the Selim house with one of his boys, you may get the dress described in Mrs. Selim's

"And the curls she cut off and ha made into switches," Lydia interrupt ec. "I can't dress my poor girl's hai in a !'rench roll without them!"

"The curls, too," Sanderson agreed, with a slight smile. "Now as to the cremation

"Mrs. Miles let me come in early to see about that," Lydia interrupted I love the hour that comes, with dusky again. "They can do it this afternoon and you don't need to worry about the expense. I've got money my own to pay my girl's funeral ex-

"Good!" Sanderson applauded. "The will will be probated as soon as possible, of course, but it makes it simp ler if you will pay the necessary ex-

penses now." "Just a minute, chief," Dunder halted the district attorney as he was about to leave. "Under the circum stances, I think it highly advisabl that we get pictures of the burial But as I have pointed out it is im- dress. I suggest you have Lydia bring the things to your office before she lays out the body, and that Carraway photograph the angles. I should also like to have

> i ished her services. The maid's scarred face flushed deep, angry red, but she offered no protest when the district attorney ac-

cepted both of Dundee's suggestions. "Then you'll have Carraway with his camera at my office in about ar hor?" Sanderso Strawn. "Lei's say 12 o'clock. By rpon the premises, that is, within the the way, Lydia, you may bring in with you the few pieces of jewelry you mentioned. I'll keep them safely my offices until the will is pro-

of your Baking you."

You'll get a great "I don't know where she kept them," "What?" exclaimed Bonnie Dun-

dee.

Warm "Dad, I'll have to admit that I have the best seat in the class-"

Half of the buying power of the United States is in the hands of peo-

## 1 Will Be Glad

will be gizd to be and do. And glad of all good men that live, For they are woof of nature too; Glad of the poets every one, Pure Longfellow, great Emerson, and all that Shakespeare's work can gire.

When the road is dest, and the gra-Then will I gaze on the deep skies

And if Dame Nature from in cloud Well, mother—then my heart shall 527-You cannot so drive me away;

Companioned of the good hard ground. Whereon stort hearts of every clime In the battles of all time.

will still exult aloud.

## Foothold and couch have found. —Edward Rowland S.H. in "Plems. Hurdy-Gurdy Memories

Ten o'clock of an autumn morning on a basy city street. A panorama of faces; alert, indifferent, determin-ed, bored and eager. Sudden music, gay and inconsequential, quite alien to the prevailing seriousness of affairs. A rollicking tune, sweet and shrill, vibrating on the air, dispelling gravity and dispensing magic. A dark, wiry man, with fierce black moustachie turns a handle vigorously, head and foot unconsciously keep ing time to the music of his hurdy gurdy.

The light-hearted tunes bring an awestruck ring around the hurdygurdy man. Of frantle rushes into music may not cease. Of a neighbor, throwing pennies from an upstairs window to the repeated bowing of of the New Monthly Magazine. the music man and his ingratiating smile.

Memory pictures another city street and the box of music sur rounded, by urchins with tattered clothes, tousled hair and untidy faces. A tiny girl detaches herself from the group and begins to dance. Short, ragged skirts fluttering, dark hair flying, bare arms akimbo, black eyes shining, she dances with dellcacy and grace. Her little feet glide in perfect rhythm.- her slim body sways and curves as if the heart of the tune itself had taken form on the city street.

a button-eyed monkey capers along Edinburgh Review. Sales picked up the ground. From restaurant, from parked automobile and white doorway, natives and visitors stroll to the center of the square. A group of adults surround the hurdy-gurdy as its tunes clatter on, brigging echoes of plaintive old song and ancient melody. Neighbor and stranger smile and sigh together at phantom pic tures of childhood days. Someone gives the monkey a marshmellow and the cutertainment proceeds. The speculative expression of the little animal as he pulls the marshmallow from one claw to the other, testing it gingerly, upsets the dignity of the crowd, so that the old-town square rings with music and hearty laugh-

Memory brings to mind the day that music sounded high above the city streets. Perhaps never was hurdy-gurdy seen in a stranger place than in an elevated train. The door opens, and in trots a smiling dark man carrying his cumbersome instrument. A few moments he sits quiet ly, epeing the other passengers, then suddenly begins to turn the handle of his hurdy-gurdy. To hear music, mingled with the rush and roar of the city elevated train, is so unusual that passengers crane their necks and children chatter in pleased excite nent. The atmosphere grows notice The dark man smiles ably gayer. and turns the handle that rolls out the old airs, satisfied with his recep-tion. A station is called. The hurdy-gurdy man bobs and bows to the other passengers, picks up his ancient piece of mechanism and, still smiling, hurries away.-L.L.R.

## Twilight in the Alps

hair

And dewy feet, along th Alpine dells To lead the cattle forth. A thous-

Go chiming after her across the fair

And flowery uplands, while the rosy Of sunset on the snowy mountain

And valleys darken, and the drowsy spells Of peace are woven through the purple

Dear is the magic of this hour: she

And lend a sweeter song to hidden

She opens all the doors of night, and With moving bells the music of my

That wander far among the sleeping hills. -Henry Van Dyke, in "The White Bees.

## DAMP

Four fellows who had arrived a a riverside resort for a week-end's fishing dispatched one of their nun ber to the nearest wine merchan'ts for a few supplies. The emissar ordered a crate of beer, several bot tles of whisky and siphons of soda and concluded: "What do you think the weather is going to be like this

"The further outlook, sir," said the assistant with a slight amile, "ie distinctly wet."

So It Seem

the winter in the rotogravure sec-tions."—Pathfinder.

expensive blunders when be prevented the publication of Thomas Hardy' first novel, although he recognized ers. the Hardy genius even then.

Thackeray's free-lancing days were a constant struggle with edi-tors and publishers. There is some uncertainty just how many times Vanity Fair really was rejected be-fore it finally crawled, obscurely, into print; though on the fact of its rejection all accounts agree. Thack-eray's daughter alludes to "the jouras to the identity of the offending publishers.

The only editor who can be 'cef initely noisted to the bad eminence of the rejection was Henry Colburn the fac.s. In 1846 when Thackeray first offered the novel to him he had only a few chapters to show, and seemed to have only a vague idea as to its eventual length. To make the editor's blunder still more natural, the great novel was then called "Pencil Sketches of English So-ciety."—a title that would bother any self-respecting editor. The famous title is said to have occurred to Thackeray while he was in bed,

nd he leaped up, ran three times around the room, shouting: "Vanity Fair! Vanity Fair! Vanity Fair!" Again memory changes the scene. It was Bradley and Evans, the proteins time to the sleepy square if a scaport town. A hardy-gurdy man grinds out metallic tunes, as he waits hopefully for an audience, and a button-eyed monkey capers along the series of publication. The protein was concluded in serial form it had won favorable notice in the Edinburgh Review. Sales nicked no

fast after that. Edward Fitzgerald. Thackeray print. He first submitted the poems to Fraser's, who returned them after a year or more at the author's request. In 1859 Fitzgerald published them at his own expense. These Low nearly priceless little books were to have been five shillings, but they dropped to a penny before they vere discovered by Rossetti, Swinburne and Richard Burton. were all enthusiastic, and the price rose to 30 shillings. The first edition

was exhausted. Richard Watson Gilder, then at the beginning of his brilliant editorial beginning of his brilliant editorial career on the Century, was assistant to the first editor, J. G. Holland.
"I thought of publishing the whole of it in the magazire," he wrote lat-

"but realizing that Dr. Holland would never let it appear there on account of the wine therein, I gave office and up the idea." This was perhaps the worst editorial blunder of the Central blunder of the C tury's history, except the sad occasion when an unidentified stranger was thrown out of the office before any one discovered that he was Robert Louis Steverson.

lishing house specializing in trans lations, but they were again rejected. Although two obscure American editions appeared, one in 1870 and one a few years later, the poems did not really come into their own until Houghton Mifflin published them with Elihu Vedder's illustra-

tions in 1894. Another poem, called Forlorn, writ-ten by William Dean Howells, was rejected by the Atlantic and the Fortnightly Review, to be accepted some time later by the New York

Nation. It was very successful.

George Meredith, as pub.isher's reader for Chapman and Hall, was esponsible for a number of famous In spite of the vehem fejections. ence of his literary opinions, and in spite of the acid in his critical per his comment was so highly value that many authors of the day sent their work to Chapman and Hall

mainly to see what he would say. When Hardy submitted his first novel. Thy Poor Man and the Lady to Chapman and Hall, they agreed to publish the book if Hardy would guarantee two hundred and twenty Meredith urged him to withdraw th manuscript entirply, and dimissed him with the injunction. "Don't nail your colors to the mast just yet. Hardy took the advice to heart, lost the manuscript. Only a few pages have ever been recovered.

George Gissing's first book, The Unclassed, had to be thoroughly re vised, Isabel Clarendon was rewriten two or three times, and Th Story of an African Farm, by Olive Schreiner, was rewritten twice, all on Meredith's suggestions. One fam ten three times for the American Magazine

Villirs, by Ouida; Frank Tressilor, by G. A. Henty; The Heavenly by Mrs. Henry Wood; Samuel Butlers' Erewhon; and Bernard Show's first novel. "Immaturity."

Rudyard Kipling met with relent less rejection in America when he vas already well known in India and beginning to be known in England Dudley—"So your wife goes south in 1839, passing through New York, wery winter?"

Swank—"Yes, she loves to spen! half a dozen books, all of which were promptly rejected. Among these were Plain Tales From the Hills,

## Famous Rejections Soldiers Three, The Phantom Rick shaw, and The Story of the Gads-

bys.

From that lowly servant, the first. In December, Kipling's agent zgain reader, to that lordly autocrat, the submitted Plain Tales From the magazine editor, and that no less Hills to Harpers, and it was again potent magnifico, the book-publisher rejected. Later, the American firm ereryone with the least degree of reprinted a number they had bought responsibility for the acceptance or from other magazines, in book form rejection of manuscripts is hausted and sent Kipling—in his own indigniby one, and only one, nemesis. It ant phrase—"a ten-pound note as a sis the fear of rejecting in a careless notification of outrage perpetrated" moment, or a blind one, a master-This is the unauthorized collection of is the fear of rejecting in a careless moment, or a blind one, a master plece—or worse ret, a best-seller. This is the unanthorized collection of plece—or worse ret, a best-seller. This is the unanthorized collection of bis stories which he characterizes are as "an unedited, unrevised, unfinishment get of the plected manuscripts turned out to be both wasterrieces and best-sellers.

E. N. Westcott, the author of Devid Harum, was a banker with

Most of the great publishing horses: David Harum, was a banker with have the memory of some such literary and musical tastes. He biunder to haunt them. For example contracted tuberculosis, and while Walter Hines Page, who made a trying to regain his health in the success of every magazine he touch-ed, made one of the vorst and most Among the editors who rejected the novel, the greatest was Walter Hine Page, who made few editorial blund-ers. He never quite lived it down. Finally, Appleton published it, and it scored an amazing success.

Ariel, written by Andre Maurois met with many rejections, until i was finally landed by Mr. Rutge Jewett of Appleton's

In spite of the fact that editor have grown wiser, and the call for rejection all accounts agree. Thack-books is so great that nearly every eray's daughter alludes to 'the jour-neys which the manuscript made to arious publishers' houses before it Macmillan rejected the Autobio could find one ready to undertake graphy of Helen Keller; Doubleday he venture," but she is not specific rejected Education of a Princess also Booth Tarkington's Monsieu Beaucaire; Doubleday and MacMil lan both let slip Rupert Brooke Poems: Main Street was turned down on the ground that Sinclair Lewi was an unsuccessful novelist; The of the New Monthly Magazine. We can hardly blame him in view of Outline of History, Pollyanna, The the facis. In 1846 when Thackeray Man Nobody Knows, and Casuals of the Sea are other examples

Morley once Impishly typed out som of Shakespeare's sonnets, and sent them to Doubleday. They were rejected as being "Below the Usual It is said that the rejection formula was hastily altered when the awful truth leaked out .-The Mail, London.

## **Opinions**

"It is an awful thing for a man to go through life without developing the talents within himself."-John

"The restoration of trade holds only the economic but the social sal vation of the world."-Owen D. Young "If you put the channel there things always flow in the right direction."-

Lady Reading. "We have emerged from our diffi culties before and we shall do so again, advancing to ever higher stand ards of well-being." - Charles M.

"It is hard for an imaginative per son to be very happy."—Peter B. Kyne.

"I have no belief in inspiration." William Butler Yeats.
"People nowadays go around deny ing there's anything to romance any more. They think it's fashionable to be cynical."—Lenore Liric.

"The times call for a soul-searching re-examination of our national purpose in life."-Herbert Hoc-

warning now from the fate of severa European countries"-Roger W. Bab "A conservative is a fellow that's office and wants to stay there."—Hue

"It becomes more and more clea that individual competition needs to be supplemented and guided by pul lic or collective planning."—Sir Jame Arthur Salter.

"We may come on a new 'golder age' if we get fear out of the world and get a new economic equilibrium stablished."—John Drinkwater.

"In New York, marriages are to short and novels are too long."-Pau

"I am sure of one thing-unless w get some step in disarmament there is chaos ahead."—Lord Astor.

L. Mencken. woman."-Alice Foote MacDougall. "One should always learn to love meself for that is the only life-long omance."-Gabriele D'Annunzio.

"With the exception of capitalism here is nothing so revolting as re olution."-George Bernard Shaw.

gerously."-Sir Arthur Keith. "The present is the invisible brid, over which the achievements of the past walk toward the shaping of the

"God is clever, but not dishonest." Albert-Einstein There is no short :ut to prosperit through the provision of governmenta ed primarily is not credit but busi "-Nicholas Murray Butler.

"Charm is sexual virility."-Joseph Hergesheimer. "There is no swift and royal road universal prosperity." — Thomas W

"Feminine talent is altogether too

latent."-Fannie Hurst, "Arguments which draw their de ionstrations from probabilities are idle, and unless one is on one's guard against them they are very deceptive. -Plato.

God's Glory We should preach God's glory day

by day, not by words only often not by words at all, but by our conduct. If you wish your neighbors to see what Twins, by Sarah Grand; East Lynne, God is like, let them see what He can make you like. Nothing is so infectious as example.—Charles Kingsley.

> Have love; not love alone for one And scatter like the circling sun Thy charities on all.

A man't life is an appendix to his

# The Household Word For Tea ALADA

# What's Wrong Puzzle

"Fresh from the Gardens"



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 hear Giraffes are spotteo instea striped.

Stripes are running in wrong direct on on zebra. Eagle's cage has no top.

Wrong kind of trunk on palm tree. Rhinoceros in Hippopotamu, cage. Rhinoceros has wrong kind of feet.

Word "lion" misspelled. Lions do not have striped coats. Ibex should not be in glass cage. Walrus in cage market, "seal." Word "wolfs' should be "wolves." Monkeys in cage marked "gorilla." Snakes are not kept ope Ear on man in background in back-

Lady's hair is dark on one side and light on the other.

## A Lake of Storied Romance

To Miss Lucy Edgeworth

"Here we are! I can hardly be leve we are really at the place we have so long wished to see: we have really been on Loch Katrine. We were fortunate in the day; it was neither too hot, nor too cold, nor oo windy, nor too anything.

"The lake was quite as beautiful as I expected, but that is telling you nothing, as you cannot know how much I expected. Sophy has made some memorandum sketches for home, though we are well aware that neither pen nor pencil can bring be-fore you the reality. William says he, does not, however, fear for Kil-larney, even after our having seen this. Here are no arbutus, but plenty of soft birch, and twinkling aspen, and dark oak. On one side of the lake the wood has been within these few years cut down. Walter Scott sent to offer the proprietor five hundred pounds for the trees on one spot, if he would spare them; but the offer came two days too late; the trees were stripped of their bark be-iore his messenger arrived. To us, who never saw this rock covered the armed Highlanders with trees, it appeared grand in its bare boldness and in striking con-trast to the wooded island opporsite. Tell Fanny that, upon the whole, I think Farnham lakes as beautiful as Loch Katrine; as to mere beauty "There is no record in human history of a happy philosopher; they exist only in romantic legends."—H.

Mencken. er over the imagination by the recol-lection it raises? As we were row-

Callander, June 20th, 1823 ed along, our boatman, happily our only guide, named to us the points we most wished to see; quietly named them, without being askel, and seemingly with a full belief that ho was telling us plain facts without any flowers of speech. There's the place on that rock, see yonder, where the place where the Lady of the Lake landed. 'And there is the Silver Strand, where you see the white pebbles in the little bay yonder."
"He landed is just at the spot where the lady

> 'From underneath an aged oak, That slanted from the islet rock,

shot her little skiff to the silver

"At the inn the mistress of house lent me a copy of the Lady of the Lake, which I took out with me and red while we were going to the lake, and while Sophy was drawing. We saw an eagle hovering, and noreover. Sophy spied some tiny sealarks flitting close to the shore, and making their little, faint cry. Re-turning, we marked the place where started up from the furze-brake before King James, when Roderic Dhu sounded horn, and we settled which was the

"Clan Alpine's outmost guard" where Roderic Dhu's safe conduct ceased, and where the king and he had their combat."—From "Maria Edgeworth: Chosen Letters," by P.

From a Chinese Junk

It was raining when the ship slid ut from under the eaves of Hong Hong Kong is like the great Kong. shadow of a Chinese temple upon the sky: its sunset is nearly always ruled straight by a high horizontal cloud, its slopes have the optimistic concavity of temples, and only lack a titanic dragon and a curled lion or two to make the temple suggestion complete. At night, so absurdly is Hong Kong tilted, it leses its outhigh and the stars so low.

blew across the great harbor and it be a man? How terribly the sea obscured the faces of the gaunt hills must count to him!

gray-glass rim of the sea, the but one evening at sunset, on a sea Chang-Shing seemed all alone like of glazed crimson, she passed the a guest at a strange deserted feast, mouth of the Yang tse river .- Stella A great company of remote islands Benson, in "The Little World."

V. Barry. come, watched her pass. never been so much alone on a ship before. . . The Chang-Shing carried only indigo and—by courtesy—me She was only smart in comparison with some of the junks. haps in order to show herself to advantage for the first two days of her voyage, north she rolled, snort ing proudly up the rough ruts of a plunging avenue of junks. . .

China, with hills dull red or dunes line, the lights of the peak clim's so bleakly white, ran by us to the west. There was never a sign of life on the coast, and, at night, never a light. We passed a lighthouse on the the shadows and ships in the har-bor. At last Hong Kong itself was dim and loops of silver cloud world. A man waved from it. Could

The Chang-Shing did not touch at of the New Territory.

When Hong Kong slipped over the so sophisticated a port as Shanghal,



ISSUE No. 50-32