

Murder at Bridge

By ANNE AUSTIN.

SYNOPSIS

Special Investigator Dundee believes that Juanita Selim and Dexter Sprague were murdered by a blackmail victim, while the police theory is that they were killed to avenge a racketeer whom Nita Selim thought to have betrayed. Of Dundee's six possible suspects—Judge Forsyth, owner of the death watch; Polly Beale and Clive Hammond, who married suddenly after Sprague's death; John Drake, James Raymond, in love with Sprague, and Flora Miles—his case is strongest against Flora.

In New York Dundee learns that there are vague rumors of scandals involving Flora and Janet, which Nita might know. From Serena Hart, stage star and graduate of the Forsyth School, he learns that Nita was married early in 1918, and that the dress in which she was cremated was her wedding dress. Dundee is about to leave when Serena asks him if he knows Penny Crain, saying that she met her and Roger Crain, who later killed the Forsyth School. Dundee impulsively tells Serena that Penny and her mother would like to have Crain, and she writes Penn. Dundee learns that on the night of the benefit, when Nita Selim was all her life, a denial was printed two days later. Dundee receives an answer to his wife's letter.

CHAPTER XLIV.

With a sharp exclamation of excitement and triumph, Dundee finished reading Penny's telegram: HAMILTON EVENING SUN DATE OF MAY FIFTH NINETEEN TWENTY TWO PUBLISHED STORY OF SUICIDE ANITA LEE ARTISTS MODEL BUT PICTURE ACCOMPANYING WAS NITA LEIGH SELIM STOP NO CORRECTION FOLLOWED STOP WHAT DOES IT MEAN

"What does it mean?" Dundee repeated excitedly to himself. "It means, my darling little Penny, that anyone in Hamilton who had any interest in the matter believed Nita Leigh Selim was dead; and that, not the picture itself. . . . The question is, who read that story and gazed on that picture with vast regard?"

Two hours before he had dismissed as impossible or highly impractical his impulse to investigate the 11-year-old scandal on Flora Hackett, who was now Flora Miles, as told him by Gladys Earle of the Forsyth School. Even more difficult would it be to find out why Janet Raymond's mother had taken her abroad for a year. Of course—he had refused to tell himself Nita Leigh might have been lucky or unlucky enough to run across documentary proof of one of the scandals of which Gladys Earle had told her, or had dared to blackmail her victim by dark hints.

But this new development could not be ignored. A picture of Nita Leigh as a suicide had appeared eight years ago in a Hamilton paper, and the paper had either remained unconscious of the error or had thought it not worth the space for a correction.

Eight years ago in June three weddings had occurred in Hamilton: The Dunlap, the Miles, the Drake wedding. And within the last year and a half Judge Marshall had married Karen Plummer. Suddenly a sentence from Ralph Hammond's story of his engagement to Nita Leigh Selim popped up in Dundee's memory. "And once I got cold sick because I thought she might still be married, but she said her husband had married again. . . . I wasn't to ask questions or worry about him."

If Ralph Hammond had reported Nita accurately she had not said she was divorced. She had merely said her husband was married again! Why was Ralph to ask no question? Divorced wives were not usually so reticent. . . .

Had Nita planned to commit the crime of bigamy? If not, when and

when and how had she secured a divorce?

To Serena Hart, years before, she denied any intention of getting a divorce, for two reasons—because she did not know where her husband was, and because, being married although husbandless, was a protection against matrimonial temptations.

To Gladys Earle, a year ago in April, she had confided that she could not marry again, because she was not divorced and because she did not know the whereabouts of her husband.

And so far as New York reporters had been able to find out, Nita Leigh had done nothing to alter her status as a married woman during the past year. And yet—

Suddenly Dundee jumped to his feet and began to pace the floor of his hotel bedroom. He was remembering the belated confession that John C. Drake, banker, had made to him the morning before—after the discovery of Dexter Sprague's murder. He recalled Drake's reluctant statement almost word for word:

"About that \$10,000 which Nita deposited with our bank, Dundee. . . . When she made the first deposit of \$5,000 on April 28, she explained it with an embarrassed laugh as 'back alimony,' an installment of which she had succeeded in collecting from her former husband. And, naturally, when she made the second deposit on May 5, I presumed the same explanation covered that sum, too, though I confess I was puzzled by the fact that both big deposits had been made in cash."

Had Nita, by any chance, been telling a near-truth? Had she been blackmailing her own husband—a husband who had dared marry again, believing his deserted wife to be dead—and justifying herself by calling it "back alimony"?

In a new light, Bonnie Dundee studied the character of the woman who had been murdered—possibly to make her silence eternal.

Lois Dunlap had liked, even loved her. The other women and girls of that exclusive, self-centred clique of Hamilton's most socially prominent women must have liked her fairly well and found her congenial, in spite of their jealousy of her popularity with the men of the crowd, or they would not have tolerated her, regardless of Lois Dunlap's championship of her protegee.

Gladys Earle had found her "the sweetest, kindest, most generous person I ever met"—Gladys Earle, who envied and hated all the girls who were more fortunate than she.

Serena Hart, former member of New York's Junior League and still listed in the Social Register, had found Nita the only congenial member of the chorus she had invaded as the first step toward stardom. And Serena Hart had the reputation of being a woman of character and judgment, a kind and wise and great woman. . . .

Finally, Ralph Hammond had loved Nita and wanted to marry her. Was it possible that Nita Selim's only crime, into which she had been led by her infatuation for Dexter Sprague, had been to demand, secretly, financial compensation from a husband who had married and deserted her?

But who was the man whose picture was to spin a new theory—Nita had recognized as that of her husband among the male members of the cast of "The Beggar's Opera"? Dundee studied the picture that contained the entire cast. Again despair overwhelmed

News Oddities

A Sweet Hoa. Letter

A Brooklyn vending company received a letter from a Japanese customer which read: "Highly Honorable Sir—Me received here damn fine shipment Tokyo come one machine from your honorable firm. She much well do. Came me make 42 yen first damn day. Congratulations. Me decided maybe buy more her fine machines from honorable firm soon yet. Be sure get one ready make up ship Tokyo as her before."

"Wishing you thousand years' luck, many fine flowers. Farewell honorable sir to honorable family, to damn fine machine come later."

Police Baffled

Last week New York police answering a call from a Y.M.C.A. found Erich Baumann, 27-year-old gymnast strangled to death in his own sleeping bag. Straps and ropes were fastened tightly about his ankles, knees, thighs, chest and neck. Another rope with a slip knot encircled his neck and attached to his ankles in such a way that any attempt to relax drew the noose tight. Friends had planned a party that night to celebrate the issuance of his final citizenship papers. Detective Captain John Macdonald called it "the most brutal and mystifying murder in his 50 years of service."

Spring Is Near

The Spring "freak crop" was ushered in March 17th when an Ontario paper reported the birth of a five-legged lamb twelve miles north of Kingston. The lamb is reported normal except that an extra hind leg grows from one shoulder.

Last week a show called "Marilyn's Affairs" set a new and probably all-time record on Broadway for the length of a run. It ran exactly one night.

Britain to Try Prison Newspapers

Crime News Will Be Barred and Only Results of Turf Classics May Be Published

London.—The first prison newspapers are about to make their appearance in Britain. They will consist of several foolscap sheets run off on a duplicator and published weekly. The sheets will be distributed to every prisoner in his cell, where he will be allowed to keep it. The experiment is being tried at Parkhurst and Exeter. If it is found to be successful it will be generally extended.

At present the policy of the Prison Commissioners is to keep convicts in touch with world events through the chaplain or some official who reads once a week a summary of the week's happenings to the assembled convicts. Now what has been said verbally will be typed out and duplicated. The spoken bulletins sometimes pass over the heads of the slower-witted prisoners.

The news sheets will be edited by the prison governors and contain a brief summary of the principal public events at home and abroad. Crime news, however, is strictly ruled out, as is news of horse racing to prevent betting, although results of such classics as the Grand National and the Derby will be included.

Vienna Opera Has Heard 3,074 Wagner Singings

In connection with the Richard Wagner Festival, which started with a performance of "Parsifal," writes the Vienna correspondent of "The Sunday Observer," London, it is interesting to note that since the first production here of a Wagner opera, in 1855—that is, seventy-five years ago—no fewer than 3,074 performances of his works have been given at the Vienna Opera House, now called the State Opera House.

"Lohengrin" has been given 601 times; "Tannhauser" 476; "The Meistersingers" 388; "The Flying Dutchman" 368; "The Valkyrie" 277; "Tristan and Isolde" 204; "Siegfried" 195; "Gottterdammerung" 179; "Rhinogold" 176; "Rienzi" 109 and "Parsifal," produced in Vienna for the first time in 1914 (when the rights of production became independent of Bayreuth), 101.

I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of an "honest man."—George Washington.

"Man is no different, by and large, from the days when he cracked down on a saber-toothed tiger with a tomahawk. Instead of tiger teeth, now he wants money."—Clarence Darrow.

SAVED IMPORTED DRESS

"After a little wearing, a lovely green vollee—an imported dress—lost color so completely that it was not wearable. A friend who had admired it asked me why I wasn't wearing it any more. On hearing the reason, she advised dyeing it and recommended Diamond Dyes. To make a long story short, it turned out beautifully. I have a lovely new dress that really cost just 15c—the price of one package of Diamond Dyes."

"I have since used Diamond Dyes for both tinting and dyeing. They do either equally well. I am not an expert dyer but I never have a failure with Diamond Dyes. They seem to be made so they always go on smoothly and evenly. They never spot, streak or run; and friends never know the things I dye with Diamond Dyes are redyed at all!"

Mrs. R. F. Quebec.

Fortune, men say, doth give too much to many. But yet she never gave enough to any.

—Sir John Harrington.

SUCCESS Many big successes result from many little achievements.—Forbes.

Amusing Anecdotes Of Famous People

One of the amusing stories told by Major-General Sir Ernest D. Swinton (in "Eyewitness: And The Origin of The Tank"), concerns his meeting with Edna Ferber, the novelist. Miss Ferber and General Swinton—who had come to the United States as aide to Lord Reading—were touring the country in behalf of the Third Liberty Loan drive. Their parties met in Iowa one day and the General, in a humorous mood, told Miss Ferber confidentially that at the last place where his party had spoken twenty people had been crushed to death trying to get into the hall to hear them.

"Was that so, General?" asked Miss Ferber. "And how many were crushed trying to get out after you started?"

Coming from a lecturer "as is a lecturer," this from Stephen Leacock is amusing: "No one likes lecturing except those who can't do it. A dull lecturer enjoys his own performance immensely."

Professor Leacock is telling (in "Mark Twain"—a little masterpiece of compressed biography) how poor Mark grew to abominate lecturing, but, alas! needed the money.

Following his marriage to Olivia Langdon—his beloved "Levy"—in February, 1870, Mark Twain lived in Buffalo, N.Y., in a house presented by his father-in-law. Here is a bully picture of the "Innocents at Home," done in the best Leacock manner.

"Behold then Samuel L. Clemens—now become for everybody Mark Twain, the great American humorist—the rough days of his western life—yet behind him, settled down at number 472 Delaware avenue, Buffalo, trying hard to be respectable."

"Here he lives the model life of a family man, joins in morning prayer and listens as best he can to the daily reading of the Scriptures. More than that, he even makes desperate efforts to give up smoking. "He has his wife at his side, his desk at his elbow, and the world at his feet. After all, what does tobacco matter? Let's have another chapter of Deuteronomy."

A story is told of a book publisher who, wishing to rid himself of his bothersome authors, determined to write his own books; did so, and lived happily ever after. That does not apply to Grant Richards, well-known English publisher—although he has written a number of books—for he so obviously enjoys the company of authors, and artists, judging from the stories about them in his reminiscences "Memories of a Misspent Youth"—though why "Misspent," I can't imagine.

Grant Richards—named after his uncle, Grant Allen, the novelist—recalls Frank Harris, always a mighty talker, telling the "magnificent stories he afterwards published" to a group of literary friends, including Grant Allen and Frederic Harrison, which regularly wintered on the French Riviera. When it was suggested to him that he ought to write them, he declared that to write and publish short stories less good than the best was repugnant to him.

"But your stories are in the very front rank, Harris," they assured him.

"Yes—you think so. But are they equal to Maupassant's best?" Next year Harris returned with some of the stories set up in type (says Richards). He had had them pulled in "galley" so that he might, with the least possible trouble, subject them to correction and correction. All his friends had to read the proofs and listen to arguments about the advisability of altering this adjective, of omitting that comma. Meticulous? Yes, indeed. His case resembled that of Walter Pater or, more recently, George Moore. And the stories were worth all the labor he spent on them.

It was while Herbert Spencer was a guest of Grant Allen at "The Nook," Dorking, that the famous story of the philosopher's ear-clips leaked out.

"How it got out we never discovered," says Richards. "My uncle was furious that this eccentricity on the part of his guest should become the subject of paragraphs. But it is true nevertheless. The philosopher carried clips in pocket so that if the conversation was not to his taste, or if he thought it unworthy of attention, he could apply them to his ears and fall back on his own thoughts for companionship."

Here's a story of Zola—told by Sir William Rothenstein, the artist, and retold by Grant Richards: "Zola sat to me in Paris" Rothenstein—then a young artist—is reported as saying. "He was very cross that morning. I remember. It was just after he had come back from Lourdes and he was wearing a monk's habit as a kind of dressing gown. He said 'that he never looked at a picture show now,' and so I remarked that books had lately entirely ceased to interest me. After that he never spoke till I had finished the drawing."

Mrs. Reginald de Koven's first meeting with Oscar Wilde took place in the London apartment of her friend, Mrs. Montton. "Where in the world do you come from?" demanded Oscar in a loud voice after the presentation had been made. "I was born in Chicago," Mrs. de Koven replied. "There was a look of horror in his expression," declares Mrs. de Koven in "A Musician and His Wife," "as he answered: 'Never, no, never; your parents have deceived you!'"

W. Somerset Maugham, who has made a lot of money from his plays

Enjoy This Finer Quality

"SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

Blind Professor Foresees Great Progress in Astronomic Science

Williams Bay, Wis.—Amid the quiet atmosphere of his home, a blind man, who has taught many to learn the secrets of the universe, visualizes an amazing degree of scientific progress during the next 100 years.

He is Dr. Edwin Brant Frost, former director of the Yerkes Observatory, who won world renown as an instructor of astrophysics.

Whether man, within that period or beyond it will find an answer to the age-old question as to the possibility of intelligent life beyond the earth, he is not prepared to say.

"It is reasonable to assume, however, that thousands of yellow stars closely resembling our sun in physical and chemical characteristics are quite as likely to have habitable planets circulating about them as has our sun," he said, "I suspect that life would develop on a planet ready for it as naturally as familiar processes occur on the earth." And methods of detecting and of transmitting radiation, he added, "may develop in ways undreamed of."

"But, believing, as I do, that the progress of science in the next 100 years will be even more rapid than in the last, I think it unwise to set limits on discovery for the future."

The occasion for Dr. Frost's remarks was the recently announced discovery of Dean Charles E. Lipman of the University of California that bacteria had been found in the interior of stone meteorites—a fact which has led some scientists to speculate further on the theory that original forms of terrestrial life may have been brought to the earth by these aerolites hundred of millions of years ago.

Pointing out that he was expressing a personal opinion and was speaking in no way for Yerkes Observatory, Dr. Frost said that positive proof of the existence of living organisms in meteorites would only shift the point of origin to some other unknown body. In this connection he also called attention to the slowness of any inter-communication in sidereal spaces.



"What is the most satisfactory stock to keep on a country place?" "Bees. They work for you and get their feed elsewhere."



Wearily Willie—"Did you ever have all yer wanted of anything?" "Tattered Tom—"Yep, two things—advice and water."

A telegraph operator demands cash for what he does on tick.

An Admirer of Genius

Mozart was a very great admirer of his master Haydn, and never missed an opportunity of impressing the originality and mastery of character of Haydn's work upon others. One day he was at a concert with Kozeluch, a popular and capable composer of that time, at which a new quartet of Haydn's was played. At one point Haydn had written something that was very bold and modern, at which Kozeluch whispered to Mozart: "No, would not have done that. . . . No, neither would I," replied Mozart; "and do you know why? Neither you nor I could have invented such a splendid idea." Kozeluch, being of a jealous nature, never quite forgave Mozart for making such a remark.

France Aids Unemployed

Paris.—Municipal authorities in several towns of the industrial section of Northern France have adopted a plan for assisting unemployed workers back to the land without giving them a dime. Funds raised from charity have been devoted to purchasing ten-acre lots of land, equipped with a portable house, twelve pigs, one cow, one steer, fifty fowl and twelve lambs. Under supervision of the commune an unemployed beneficiary is allowed the use of the land and animals rent-free in place of monetary government aid.

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ROYAL YEAST CAKE

Coffee Cake

A Real Treat!

COFFEE CAKE—equally popular for tea, luncheon or supper. . . .

Cream together 1/2 c. butter and 1/2 c. sugar, add 1 well-beaten egg and 1/2 c. milk. Add this mixture with about 2 c. flour and 1/4 tsp. salt to 1 c. Royal Yeast Sponge to make a soft dough. Knead lightly and place in greased bowl. Cover and set in warm location until double in bulk (about 1 1/2 hrs.) Shape into regular coffee roll shape. Allow to rise until double in bulk. Brush surface with melted butter and sprinkle with nuts or cinnamon. Bake at 400° F. about 25 min.

SOAK 1 ROYAL YEAST SPONGE: Soak 1 Royal Yeast Cake in 1 pint lukewarm water for 15 min. Dissolve 1 tsp. sugar in 1/2 pint milk. Add to dissolved yeast cake. Add 1 quart bread flour. Beat thoroughly. Cover and let rise overnight to double in bulk in warm place free from draughts. Makes 5 to 6 cups of batter.

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