

Murder At Bridge

by ANNE AUSTIN author of "THE BLACK PIGEON," "THE AVENGING PARDON" and "MURDER BACKSTAIRS" PUBLISHED BY NEA SERVICE, INC.

CHAPTER XVIII

"You are damned impertinent, sir!" Judge Marshall shouted, the ends of his waxed mustache trembling with anger.

"Then I take it that you do not wish to divulge the circumstances of your friendship with Mrs. Selim?" Dundee asked deferentially.

"Friendship!" the old man snorted. "Your implications, sir, are distasteful. I met Mrs. Selim, or rather Nita Leigh, as she was introduced to me, only once, several years ago when I was in New York. Naturally—"

"Just a moment, Judge. You say she was introduced to you as Nita Leigh. Then you know her as an actress, I presume?"

"It occurs to me to such a cowardly attack, sir?"

"Attack, Judge?" Dundee repeated with assumed astonishment. "I merely thought you might be able to shed a little light on the past of the woman who has been murdered here today, with a weapon you admit to having owned. . . . However—"

The elderly ex-judge stared at his tormentor for a moment as if murder was in his heart. He glanced twice, then suddenly his whole manner changed.

"I apologize, Dundee. You must realize how—but that is beside the point. I met Nita Leigh at—"

—at a social gathering, arranged by some New York friends of mine. She was young, attractive, more refined than—"

—than the average young woman in musical comedy, to put it simply. Dundee took him up.

"You co-operated with Mrs. Dundee to introduce her to you, most intimate friends—including your wife?"

"Oh, Hugo! Why didn't you tell me?"

"You see, sir, what you are doing," Judge Marshall stormed. "I am truly sorry if I have distressed you, Mrs. Marshall. Dundee protested sincerely. "But—"

He shrugged and turned again to the husband. "I understand you were Mrs. Selim's landlord. . . . May I ask how much rent she paid?"

"The house rents for \$100 a month, furnished."

"And did Mrs. Selim pay her rent promptly?" Dundee persisted.

"Since this is the 24th of May, sir, Mrs. Selim's rent for June was not yet due."

"Not before poor little Karen could Dundee force himself to ask what, inevitably, would have been his next question—one which could not have been evaded, as the ex-judge had evaded the other two questions: "Is it not true, Judge Marshall, that Nita Selim said you no rent at all?" But there were other ways to find out.

"Look here, Dundee!" a brusque voice challenged, and the detective whirled to face Polly Beale. It was as if he had been thought, with a silent grin, to address him as one man to another.

"Yes, Miss Beale?"

"I'm no fool, and I don't think any of my friends here are either—though two or three of them have acted like it today," the man-of-the-law said. "You've made it very plain that any one of us here, except the Sprague man, could have stolen Hugo's gun and silencer. . . . Has the gun been found?"

"It has not, Miss Beale."

"O. K.!" The queer girl snapped her fingers. "I move that you or Captain Strawn search the men for the weapon, and that I search the women. . . . Wait!" she commanded harshly to a flurry of feminine protests. "I'll ask you, Dundee, to search me first yourself. I believe the technical term is 'frisking.' Isn't it?"

"Frisk me. . . . Here is my handbag. I wore no coat, except this—and she pointed to the jacket of her tweed suit."

As she strode toward the detective, Clive Hammond sprang after her with an oath and a sharp command.

"Shut up, Clive! I'm not married to you yet!" she retorted, but her eyes were gentler than her voice.

His face burning with embarrassment, Dundee went through the traditional gestures of police "frisking"—running his hands rapidly down the girl's tall, sturdy body, slapping her pockets. And his fingers fumbled sadly as he opened her tooled leather handbag.

"Satisfied?" Polly Beale demanded, and at Dundee's miserable nod, the girl faced her friends: "Well, come along, girls."

"Lord! What a girl!" Dundee muttered to Strawn, as the young Amazon herded Flora Miles, Penny Crain, Carolyn Drake, Lois Dunlap and Janet Raymond into the dining room.

Silently, and almost meekly, as if ashamed under submission by Polly Beale's example, John Drake, Tracey Miles, Clive Hammond, Judge Marshall and Dexter Sprague permitted Captain Strawn and Sergeant Turner to "frisk" them.

"How about the guest closet and cars?" Dundee asked of Strawn in a low voice, when the fruitless, unpleasant task was finished.

"Come over with a fine tooth comb long ago," Strawn assured him gloomily. "And not a hiding place in or outside the house that the boys haven't poked into—including the throw as far as anyone could throw from the bedroom windows."

The women were filing back into the room, some pale, some flushed, but all able to look each other in the eye again.

With surprising jauntyness Polly Beale saluted Dundee. "Nothing more dead-end on any of us than Flora's triple-deck compact."

"I thank you with all my heart, Miss Beale," Dundee said sincerely. "And now I think you may all go to your homes. . . . Of course, you understand," he interrupted a

chorus of relieved ejaculations, "that all of you will be wanted for the inquest Monday."

"And what's more," Captain Strawn cut in, to show his authority, "I want all of you to hold yourselves ready for further questioning at any time."

There was a stamped for coats and hats, a rush for cars as if the house were on fire, or—Dundee reflected wryly—as if those he had tortured were afraid he would change his mind. Rushing away with hatred for him in their hearts.

Only Penny Crain held back, maneuvering for a chance to speak with him.

"I don't have to go with the rest, do I?" she begged in a husky whisper.

"And why not?" Dundee grinned at her.

"I'm attached to the district attorney's office, too, aren't I?"

"Right! And you've been a brick this evening. I don't know what I should have done without you."

"Well, I can't see that you've done much with me," she glibed. "But I'd like to stick around, if you're going to do some real Sherlocking."

"Can't be done, Penny. I want to stay here alone for a while and mull things over. But I'd like to have a long talk with you tomorrow."

"Come to Sunday dinner. Mother loves murder mysteries," she suggested. "Her brown eyes widened, filled with terror. "Stop thinking me of us did it! Stop, I tell you!"

"Can you stop, Penny?" he asked gently.

But she fled from him, sobbing wildly for the first time that long, horrible evening. Dundee, watching her from the doorway of the haunted hall, saw the chauffeur open the rear door of the Dunlap limousine, saw Penny catapult

herself into Lois Dunlap's outstretched arms. . . .

"When did the Dunlap chauffeur call for his mistress?" he asked Strawn, who stood beside him.

"About a minute after you arrived," Strawn answered wryly. "Said he'd dropped Mrs. Dunlap and the Selim woman at about 2.30 and had been ordered to return around 6.30. . . . Knows nothing of course." The chief of the homicide squad drew a deep breath. "Well, Bonnie, he has nothing on me. In spite of all the palaver I don't know nothing either."

"You need some dinner, chief," Dundee suggested. "And the boys must be getting hungry, too."

"Somebody's got to guard the house, I suppose," Strawn gloomed. "Not that it will do any good. . . . And what about that maid—that Carr woman? Shall I lock her up on general principles?"

"No. I want to have another talk with her, and if she backs at spending the night here, I'll take her to the Rhodes House, and turn her over to my old friend, Mother Rhodes. We haven't anything on her, you know."

"No, nor on anybody else, except that old fool, Marshall and we can't clap him into jail—yet," Strawn agreed, his gray eyes twinkling. "And what about that 'Take your crew on in, chief.' Dundee urged. "I'll stick till midnight or longer, if you don't mind. You can arrange for a couple of the boys to relieve me about 12. . . . And by the way, will you telephone me the minute you get hold of Ralph Hammond?"

"Well, maybe not so quick as all that," Strawn drawled. "I'll take the first crack at it, baby my lad! Not so dumb, am I, my boy. Not so dumb! I can put two and two together as well as the next one—pretty near as well as the district attorney's new 'special investigator'."

(To Be Continued)

Letters to Santa Claus

Local merchants, with the co-operation of the Evening Herald and the Klamath News, have planned a gift campaign for the youngsters of the city, and have offered prizes which will follow the spirit of children. The following merchants are giving prizes:

Underwood Pharmacy—Doll bed, doll furniture, mechano set, Klamath Furniture—Doll bed of nifty bedroom slippers.

Buster Brown—Order for pair of nifty bedroom slippers.

Shaw-McCrea Stationery Co.—Kodak.

George Metz—Girl's wrist watch.

Public Market—Five \$1 grocery orders.

Roberts & Harvey Hardware Co.—Flexible Flyer sled.

Pelican Grill—Dinner for four.

H. W. Ponder—Party to all children and a prize.

Klamath Hardware Co.—A fine circus truck.

Lives In Country
Bonanza, Ore.

My Dearest Santa:
I live out in the country several miles from town. I play by myself most of the time. I still have the nice doll you left me last year. It is so pretty I am always afraid I am going to get her dirty. I go to school and I am 8 years old, and in the third grade. If you have any dishes left after you visit the poor children, would you please bring me a set?

Even if they are tin, I won't care. Also some shoes for my dolly. Hoping I will see you at the Pelican Theater. Love to you and Mrs. Santa Claus.

Betty Ann Sparks,
Box 53, Bonanza.

—Love to you and Brownsies

Dear Santa Claus—This Christmas I would like a Christmas stocking and a basket ball and my little brother Edward wants a seppelin and Donald want a dump truck. Vivalt want a tickle toe doll I have a little

Dear Santa Claus:
I have been a sick girl with a bad cough and sore throat. I was in bed for two days. I am just 4 years old so you see my sister has to write to you for me. Mother says if I take my medicine like a good girl she will tell you to bring me a rocking chair for Xmas. Hoping this isn't asking too much. Lots of love to you and Mrs. Santa Claus.

Yours truly,
Margery Tidwell.

Dear Santa Claus:
How are your reindeer up at the north pole?
I hope your reindeer are not too cold for then you cannot come for Christmas day. I think I have to tell my daddy to make the chimney bigger for then you can come down the chimney.

Here is what I want for Christmas day. A set of China dishes and buggy.

Lenx Billotti, age 9,
Pelican City.

Dear Santa Claus:
I bet it is cold up at the north pole. I hope that every little boy and girl gets what they want. I bet that you and Mrs. Santa have been very busy making toys for your boys and girls.

Are you going to give some little girls purses this year? If you do and have one left over, I would like to have one. I am sorry I haven't any fireplace, Santa, but daddy said I could leave the front door unlocked for you. You see, we think you are a very special friend of ours and you may come in without knocking. Gypie wont bite you though he does bark sometimes.

Gypie is our little dog. I have a sister, Thelma, who is thirteen years old and I am ten years old. Goodbye, Santa. I hope to see you at the party next Friday.

Dorothy Lee Griffith.

Dear Santa:
I'm not asking for much. Because my daddy hasn't been working for so long and I know all my little boys and girls like me that don't expect much. But please give us all a little of something.

Kenneth Fykerud, 9 years
1031 Washington.

Dear Santa Claus:
I did not believe in you last year but since I got all the things that I wanted and I believe in you now, and I want sled doll and skates. Best wishes.

Betty Fairbro, Henley school
8 years old, goodby.

Dear Santa:
We all would like a electric corn popper and I would like a pair of galoshes. Please remember

ber like my little bull dog, he would like a hard ball and he will sing for you if you will bring him a nice fat bone, love,

Dionella Ruth Howard,
1736 Johnson.

Dear Santa Claus:
We are glad that it is so near Christmas and glad to see you. We are nine and our names are June and Joyce. We are 8 years old. We would like a sled and some candy. Santa we hope there is plenty of snow so you can see all the little boys and girls this Christmas and we wish you a Merry Christmas.

Your little friends,
June and Joyce Pinell,
Rt. 1, Box 111.

Dear Santa Claus:
I am five years old. I just started to school. I want a set of dishes and telephone and a stove and some candy and nuts, goodby.

Maxine Taylor,
Malin, Ore.

Dear Santa:
I am 10 years old and in the 5th grade. I have a little playhouse and it is so big I can stand up in it. I have decorated it with green crepe paper. It is very cute. I have lights and a stove in it. If you and your helpers are cold you may come and get warm if I don't forget to turn the juice off. For Christmas I would like the following things, dresser, dusting set, laundry set, ironing board, large size, toy kitchen cabinet, large size, little dancer victrola and records to match it, toy typewriter, sewing machine, sewing cabinet, and surprise package. Wishing you and your helpers a Merry Christmas, I remain your friend.

Madelyn Crana.

Wants Drum Do-Jigger.

Dear Santa Claus:
I want a little piano and that little baby doll a cradle and some little tea dishes. Dear Santa Claus I thank you for the little paper snake you gave me at Gomersy Wards I must close dear.

Dolores Kalkay.

High Top Shoes Please.

Dear Santa Claus:
I am 7 years old and I go to Mills to school. I would want a high top pair of shoes for Christmas so I can have them with candy and nuts. I hope you are well this year. You was awful nice last year and brought me a cap with big ear flops cause I wanted it I will close as my little brother wants to write to you.

Goodbye Santa.
From Billie Tracy.
I forgot to say I would like a top if my shoes don't cost too much.—Bill.

Dolly Goy Smashed.

Dear Santa Claus:
I want so many things I can't ask for them all so I am going to ask you to bring me a doll and buggy for Christmas. Last Christmas you gave me a doll to but it got smashed when we moved I got many other things

too I am in the third grade after Christmas I will be in the fourth grade.

Your truly friend
Dorothy Borgenson.

Arm is offel sore.

Dear Santa:
I am seven and in the high second but my writing is a little clymay becose I'm left handed. I want a dolly and a tea set. I was going to have a little table and chairs by mother says that when Don and Beryl get their toys there wont be room in our little house for all of them.

I am etc in bed today my arm is offel sore wer it was vaccinated I couldn't spell that word.

Merry Christmas to all and to all a goodnight

June Newman
Rt. 1, Box 265.

Can You get a Horse?

Dear Santa Claus:
Merry Christmas!
Happy New Year.
I am seven years old. I want a tractor and wrist watch that will run.

And a sack off candy and nuts if your reindeer gets tired will you get a hours in its place.

Your friend
Floyd Oden.
P. R.—Good by to you.

Dear Santa Claus:
I saw your picture some time ago.

And I saw your litter in the Klamath News. I am now in the third grade. I hope I pass. I don't think you will find us this year because we live in the meadow I will tell you where we live. We are kind of poor over a quite a way from the fence but I hope you make it over it is quite cold over here. I want a doll and a pair of shoes. And we like to hear about you and I like to read about you books our teacher reads us a storie about you every day thers some boys who dont believe in you. M sister is in fifth grade now two grades higher than I am I will give you what brother wants his name is alvin he wants a steamshovel and a wagon and a train I suppose you now as well as I do that he wants a track for the train has anyone else writing to you yet. I am eight years old now, my sister is 9 there is a girl in the seventh grade her name is Nina she has a brother his name is Toy he is in the second grade. I will not forget it was quite along time ago Lenor was in the second grade then her teacher asked her if she had Indian blood in her she said no but she had a unkel who had had Indian blood in him. I think that will be enough now dont you good by.

Loretta

O yes I forgot I guess you all ready now that I want a doll because most girls like dolls Goodby I hope I see you a Klamath Falls.

Wants "Peanuts"

Dear Santa Claus how is the land up in the north this year. It is fine down here I hope you come down this way this year. I have a little sister and brother.

I do not now what they want. Wait a minute and I will ask them. My little sister wants a doll and a set of dishes and a little table and chair to go to gather. And I think that is all and I want a pair of peanuss and a nice pocket book.

Please come to Edith and Virginia's house year friend Edith and Virginia. Yours truly from Edith and Virginia Nelson Yours truly.

Wouldn't Small Sweet.

Dear Santa:
Please send me some doll dresses, a doll, some bloomers, a bonnet, and some sox and shoes.

I would like some perfume, some handkerchiefs and some overhoses.

I will be a good little girl if you will bring these things.

Your friend
Alleen Frader.

Can Go To School Soon.

Dear Santa Claus:
I am 6 years old and I can start to school after Christmas. My big brother Billie wants high shoes so I do to I am almost as big as he is. I like candy and nuts to I would like a tablet with a pretty picture on it like Billie.

I hope you are well and jolly like you was last year.

Byby Santa Claus

From Gene Tracy
Sister helped me a little bit with this letter cause I wanted it wrote as good as Bill

A Chloquins Friend.

Dear Santa:
I am 9 years old. I just had a little spare time so I though I would write to you.

I want a pair of skies I would like to have them 6 feet long.

I want a timber set to.

Your Friend
Emanuel Mitchell
Chloquins.

Wants Set of Books.

Dear Santa Claus:
All I want is a set of books the rest you can leave to the poor children.

How is Mrs. Claus
Marie Samson, 11 yrs.

Wants Little Purse.

Dear Santa Claus:
I want a little purse I want a watch that will run a ball that is all how is miss Santa Claus

Paul Evans.

Another Dump Truck Wanted.

Dear Santa Claus:
I want some play things and dumper truck and airplane I hope you get here safe.

Goodbye Santa Claus
Stanley Jones.

Today In Klamath's Theatres



Jack Oakie, Jeanette MacDonald, Skeets Gallagher and a pair of peppy natives in Paramount's mad and merry musical romance, "Let's Go Native."

AT THE PINE TREE

There is something akin to a family reunion in "Let's Go Native," the laughing-singing-dancing extravaganza which comes to the Pine Tree Theatre for two days, beginning Sunday.

Of Jack Oakie, Jeanette MacDonald, Skeets Gallagher and James Hall it can be said that "they knew each other when—"

For the paths of this quartet of singing and dancing stars crossed or ran parallel along the musical stages of New York's one and only Broadway before they led to Hollywood.

While Miss MacDonald was working her way up from a chorus role in a Ned Wynn show to stardom in "Yes, Yes, Yes," "Angels" and "Boon Boon," the other three were blazing similar trails to the top. Oakie, Hall and Gallagher started in vaudeville. Song and dance acts on the "two-day" circuits led them to musical comedy.

Oakie appeared in "Innocent Eyes," "Artists and Models," several "Passing Shows," a Ziegfeld "Follies" and "Peggy Ann." Gallagher's first musical show



Franklin Pangborn, Helen Twelvetrees and James Gleason in "Her Man."

AT THE PELICAN

With the selection of Mathew Betts and Thelma Todd in supporting roles, the cast of "Her Man," a new Pathe dialogue picture, which will be on view at the Pelican Theatre Sunday, is said to be exceptionally imposing.

This picture, based on the famous characters of Frankie and Johnnie, serves to introduce Marjorie Hamilton, celebrated stage star, to the talking screen. Helen Twelvetrees and Ricardo Cortes play Frankie and Johnnie, respectively. Phillips Holmes, son of Taylor Holmes, who recently scored in "Devil's Holiday," has the romantic male lead.

The comedy of "Her Man" is provided by James Gleason, Harry Sweet and Franklin Pangborn. Others in the cast are Mike Donlin, Stanley Fields, Patricia Carron, Shirley Daily,

with Mary Philbin, Lionel Barrymore, Don Alvarado and Tully Marshall opening at the Liberty Theatre Sunday.

Though the story is essentially a romance of a great and tragic love, Griffith, by his splendid insight into the emotions, is said to have made it a realistic drama with none of the sordidness of drabness generally associated with realism.

Instead, "Drums of Love" is one of the most colorful and entertaining pageantries ever made by Griffith. It has all the beauty of "Broken Blossoms," all its poignancy and mood with the addition of dash and verve.

In making the picture Griffith desired most of all to emphasize the great love theme of Francesca da Rimini upon which the photoplay is based and also to interject into the screen version enough color to make its appeal universal—in other words, he wanted romantic realism.

Griffith has patterned his present photoplay on the successful formula which made "The Birth of a Nation" the great picture it was. "Drums of Love" has the same ingredients of spectacular splendor of action, with the addition of emotional scenes that are fated to be named among the finest examples of acting on the screen.

The dramatic work of Mary Philbin, Lionel Barrymore, Don Alvarado and Tully Marshall is said to be outstanding as is the comedy performance of William Austin. Griffith made "Drums of Love" for United Artists.

NEW "GIANT" THREAT
LONDON — Primo Carnora came out of Italy to give boxing fans a treat and to herald the march of huge heavyweight boxers. The latest "giant" sensation is Alfred Ernest Lee, who has been up to London from Newcastle-on-Tyne to seek flatie laurels. He is 6 feet 4 1/2 inches tall and weighs 300 pounds. He has a reach of 81 inches.

A SIMPLE WAY TO AVOID 81% of MOTOR TROUBLES

Familiarize Yourself with the GILMORE BLU-GREEN Gas Pump

Every pump from which you can obtain genuine Gilmore Blue-Green Gasoline is painted cream and red in the simple design as shown here. It also bears the Lion Head trade mark and the Carbon Removal Guarantee.

Insist on being served from these pumps. Get the one and only gasoline that is guaranteed to remove carbon—and when you chase out carbon—you avoid 81% of motor troubles—so say automotive experts—and it is the perfect quick starting winter gasoline.

GILMORE BLU-GREEN

STARTS QUICK

GREATER GILMORE CIRCUS SATURDAYS

THE ONLY PREMIUM GAS AT NO EXTRA COST GASOLINE

MODERN FIREPROOF

HOTEL SUTTER

SUTTER AT MARKET ST. SAN FRANCISCO

ROOMS WITHOUT BATH \$1.50 per day
ROOMS WITH BATH \$2.00 per day

GEORGE WALKER HOOPER