

The Evening Herald

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Saturday, January 17, 1931

Why So Many Idle Railroad Men?

IT is true that the general depression which has held the country in its grip during the past fifteen months has contributed hundreds of thousands of men to the ranks of the unemployed, but labor-saving machinery and new devices for carrying on business and industry have aided in no small measure. The fact that railroad companies have been laying off men in such numbers as to make it almost appalling is due largely to the depression, but as in other activities the reason is not entirely due to business and industrial stagnation. Months before the depression struck the country railroads had been reducing the number of train crews running out of division points, letting men out of their machine shops and discharging employees in nearly every department, due to the unfair competition forced upon them by motor trucks. The phrase, "unfair competition" is used for the good and sufficient reason that when state authorities began permitting huge trucks to engage in business as common freight carriers, using highways built at the expense of the people of the state, they subjected railroads to a competition which was and is nothing but unfair.

This unfair competition which began before the depression settled down over the country has increased by leaps and bounds. Today motor trucks are carrying a much larger volume of freight than ever. The result is that railroads have been compelled to lay off a correspondingly larger number of men.

In the day's drive from here to Portland one meets gigantic trucks drawing ponderous trailers at almost every turn of the road, and as he does he cannot help but realize that these new carriers are not only pulverizing highways built at a tremendous cost to taxpayers, but that there are freight-train crews in Klamath Falls, in Ashland, Roseburg, Eugene, Portland and all other division points in Oregon which are idle. There is the realization that a constantly increasing number of railroad employees are being deprived of their buying power; that business men who may save a few cents on a shipment of freight via truck lines are losing an equal or larger amount in the increased cost of maintaining public highways, to say nothing of the fact that every added shipment is contributing to a condition which will soon bring about the laying off another train crew of five men.

If merchants of Klamath Falls and other cities will give to this important subject the consideration it demands and thoroughly analyze it for themselves, they cannot fail to realize that patronizing motor truck lines and permitting them to destroy a system of splendid highways is contributing largely to unemployment in their own city.

Oregon Loses A First Citizen

IT can well be said that in the death of Ben Selling in Portland Thursday Oregon's lost one of its first citizens, and one of its best. Having been a resident of Portland and of Oregon 68 years, highly successful in business, public spirited, charitable, a member of the state senate, and intensely interested in the growth and development of his adopted city and state, few men in history have been more closely or prominently identified with Oregon's advancement, than Ben Selling.

The strength that carried him well along toward his eightieth year was manifest in all his activities during his long residence in Oregon. He was a leader in business and the various activities which are essential to the building of a state or commonwealth. And, one of the finest things to remember concerning him was the devotion with which he served all in the time and energy which he gave to charity and public welfare movements, and in directing and assisting in financial drives during the World War.

The death of Ben Selling takes from Oregon one of its most venerable, able and worthy men, who left an impress upon its people and institutions which will live in the memories of thousands of his friends in every district.

Calling attention to South American revolutions, the Indianapolis News comments: "Up here we get action by reducing taxes." Over there that would be a startling thing to have happen.

Lima Beane says the particular thing in life that requires the least will power is that of turning over and going to sleep again when it is time to get up in the morning.

Even the transportation business is a gamble. When interurban railway lines came into vogue it was a question whether they would pay. Then they did. Now they don't.

"When woman makes choice," sings Eddie Guest. "It's vain to seek the reason why." Futile to ask, "Now what does she see in him?"

EDITORIALS

From Over The Nation

Invitations to Fly

New York Times: A year ago leaders in aviation expressed concern at a tendency to talk about flying rather than to fly. Better flying, more convenient schedules and, perhaps, more of all, lower fares have brought about a striking increase in the use of the air in the twelvemonth. Present figures indicate that at least three times as many passengers will have traveled on the scheduled airlines in 1931 as in 1929. Miscellaneous passenger flying will bring the total of those who have taken to wings in the period to well over 1,000,000. But the changing spirit is manifested not only in statistics but in the attitude toward the airplane.

An air mail pilot drops a Christmas tree from his plane for a group of children who live in a sagebrush desert. Daily shipments of gardenias come to Broadway from California by air. New York's flying police seek to follow homing pigeons to a blackmailer's lair. Airplanes in cities from coast to coast have found their facilities taxed by students of college and academy seeking to conserve precious vacation time.

In the Times this week appeared a little advertisement which strikingly exemplified the matter-of-fact way in which flying is coming to be regarded. "Flying to Florida; gentleman accompanied by 1-2 gentlemen; low fare," it read. Extra space in motor cars long has been offered in this way. Why not in the airplane?

The Football Future

Cleveland Plain Dealer: It is impossible to tell whether the slump in football attendance last fall was a part of the business depression, or marks the beginning of the decline of public interest in the gridiron sport. It has been contended for a decade that over-emphasis on this sport and the professionalizing of teams that so often goes with it would sooner or later bring a reaction, which, some believe is reflected in diminished attendance at this year's games.

If the gridiron game brings in smaller revenues in the future, it will follow as a matter of course that entire sports programs will have to be revised, for it is football that carries the load. Basketball about pays its way, but baseball, tennis and the rest many cases are entirely unproductive and could not exist but for the subsidy from football.

For that reason the decline this year in college football receipts is of more than passing interest. And for the same reason attendance figures at next year's games will be scanned by those responsible for athletic policies.

Isn't So Bad

Paul Morand in the Neue Freie Presse, Vienna: It is possible that America, in trying to attain a new high peak of civilization, has taken the wrong road. We can repudiate this road, but we cannot repudiate America, for it is superior to us in many results, especially in its mechanization and standardization, which are certainly civilized achievements. America is a fine country and the Americans well deserve both love and respect. They look down on us Europeans, for the reason that we are too eager for the main chance. In their love affairs material interests play a comparatively small role. Marriages for money occur comparatively seldom in the United States, and the American does not fear the future. He feels himself strong enough to do battle. Being an optimist, he lives on credit and feels that the future is sure to bring him something better.

Timely Quotations From People in the Public Eye

If there is one thing the American likes it is a good thumping, particularly of his neighbor.—J. Brooks Atkinson.

These spinach diets and the "apple a day" admonitions make me laugh.—Beatrice Lee, "Miss United States for 1930."

Whoever admits that he is too busy to improve his methods has acknowledged himself to be at the end of his rope. And that is always the saddest predicament which anyone can get into.—J. Ogden Armour.

The world at present is divided into two camps, the camp of democracy and the camp of militarism.—Lord Astor.

We may talk all we want about feminism and woman's important place in the business world, but we still want homes and children.—Anna Steens Richardson.

Arrange "Dad's Night" Program For February 11

A special, "Dad's Night" has been scheduled for fathers of boys of the Klamath Union high school for February 11, at which time the guests will be entertained by a dinner and program of boxing and wrestling. Male students of the high school have had preparations for the coming event underway for some time, and not only promise to give a dinner that will satisfy the most ravenous appetites, but will stage several thrilling boxing and wrestling bouts for their entertainment. Early announcement of the event is made to prevent a conflict with other events contemplated for the early part of February.

DAILY WASHINGTON LETTER

It's Difficult for Ordinary Person to Understand Why Big Corporations Can't Get Their Tax Returns Right in the First Place, and Eliminate Necessity for Refunds

By RODNEY BUTCHER
NEA Service Writer

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16.—One of life's greatest mysteries, to persons who do not pretend to understand the involvements and complications of high finance, is the business of tax refunds.

Just why huge corporations, with high-priced batteries of lawyers and accountants, can't get their tax returns right in the first place and avoid subsequent fuss and resultant refunds—or additional assessments—running into many hundreds of millions of dollars, is not only very difficult to understand, but very difficult for anyone to explain.

You might think that these corporations and their lawyers would have been making errors through underestimation of the tax they should pay rather than overestimation—and of course many of them do—but the total cash refunds, credits and abatement allowed during Mr. Mellon's years as secretary of the treasury are placed at around \$3,000,000,000. So it would appear that either the corporations are much more anxious to give their money away than the government is to take it or else that's just so much more mystery.

Many Changes Made
Of course, one also gets to wondering about the contentment of Congressman John Garner of Texas, that there is something both fishy and sinister about these refunds. If certain corporations such as Mr. Mellon's Aluminum Company and U. S. Steel are in great good to the farmers of Klamath county who are under the reclamation project, has been introduced in the legislature at Salem by W. O. Smith of Klamath Falls.

Society in the Village—Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Roberts will entertain a number of friends at their home Monday evening. The occasion is their "wooden wedding," or fifth wedding anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Wattenberg will entertain the Non-Belgravia club this evening when what will be played.

Mrs. Clarence Underwood was hostess to the Bridge club at her home on Seventh Street and High Avenue on Friday.

Wednesday afternoon will be long remembered by the ladies of the Art Needle Work club, as they were delightfully entertained at luncheon at the Klamath County high school.

Five hundred will be the principal diversion at an entertainment to be given this afternoon at the home of Mrs. Gary Ramsey, Mrs. Charles J. Martin, and Mrs. S. E. Martin.

Examinations Are In Order In Grade Schools of Klamath

Mid-year examinations at the city grade schools have been held this week and will be completed next week, according to J. Percy Wells, city school superintendent. Ninety-five per cent of the students, he estimated, will be advanced while the others will be retained in their present classes because of inability to secure proper grades.

Thirty-five former eighth grade students will graduate into high school. These students will enter high school Monday. Several of them will enter high school a week later if they pass their mid-year exams, but since their grades are doubtful they will remain in grade school another week.

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3 Opera 41 England's
5 Anything that favorite
heals. drink.
9 Wing.
10 Camel's hair 42 Collection of
facts.
12 Yellow bugle
plant.
13 Support.
14 To make
corrections.
16 House cat.
17 Slim.
19 Decreases.
22 While 23
24 Billiard shot.
27 To love
greatly.
28 Crossbeams.
30 Pressing.
31 An under-
standing be-
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32 Tree.
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VERTICAL
1 Aperture.
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3 Tatter.
4 Titles.
5 Companies.
6 To drink
slowly.
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8 Door rug.
11 Franklin's
nickname.
14 Component.
15 Leaves.
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replaces.
18 Range of
hills.
19 To perform.
20 Fence rail.
21 Constellation.
23 Eggs of
fishes.
24 Sea eagle.
25 To harden.
26 Lets it stand.
29 To dis-
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38 Black bird of
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the war years. Taxpayers generally paid large amounts to the treasury, with legality in doubt but with the assurance that ultimately when payments would be analyzed, that correct interpretations would be applied, that justice would be done and excessive payments refunded.

EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO IN KLAMATH

Following the death of Elmer Graber at Merrill, Wednesday, residents of that city are much alarmed at the possibility of an epidemic of diphtheria. The town authorities and the county health officers are making an investigation.

S. Edward Martin, acting mayor of Merrill, has issued a proclamation regarding the danger, and public gatherings and meetings are prohibited until further notice. The directors have dismissed school while the investigation is being made.

The Lakeview stage, which was due to reach here Friday with mail from that section, had not arrived this afternoon. A four-horse team was sent out from this city this forenoon to meet the incoming stage. The mail due from Lakeview Thursday did not reach Klamath Falls until Friday.

A bill prepared by D. V. Kuykendall, former district attorney of Klamath county, and which is expected to be introduced in the legislature at Salem by W. O. Smith of Klamath Falls.

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Murder At Bridge

by ANNE AUSTIN author of "THE BLACK PIGEON" and "MURDER BACKSTAIRS"

CHAPTER XVII
"I fail to see any necessity for all this secrecy and house-pouca," District Attorney Sanderson protested irritably. "Why the devil don't you come clean and give us the low down—if you have it—on this miserable business instead of high-bandedly summoning Captain Strawn to my office, so that you can give orders to us both?"

Before Dundee could answer, Captain Strawn came to his assistance.

"I worked with this boy for nearly a year, Bill, and never yet did he fail to make good when he said he had a pot shot to pull. If he says it will pull over this evening, provided we help him, boil over it will, or I don't know Bonnie Dundee!" Sanderson scowled, but capitulated. "All right! What do you want?"

"Thanks, Chief! And thanks, Captain!" Dundee cried with heartfelt gratitude. "First, I want to be excused from attending the adjourned inquests into the two murders, scheduled for three o'clock today."

"O. K.," Sanderson agreed shortly.

"I'm sorry, after about an hour of routine stuff, I wish you'd ask for another adjournment until tomorrow, on the plea that important developments are expected today."

"O. K. again!"

"Third, I'd like you personally to assist the appearance of every person connected in any way with each of the murders, in your office this afternoon at four o'clock—so the whole bunch will be kept together and have no chance to go to their homes to anywhere else until I am ready for them. You can't say that, owing to the illness of your mother during the investigations, you want to question everyone personally."

"Do you want all the servants brought here, too?" Sanderson asked.

"None but Lydia Carr," Dundee answered. "After about an hour's innocuous questioning, please invite them to accompany you to the Selim house. For that—and to grime!"

"Now that you are no longer looking for a New York sunman, I suppose you have plenty of plainclothesmen at your disposal?" Dundee asked, and was instantly sorry he had reminded his former chief of the cost of his cherished and satisfying theory.

"Plenty," Strawn answered gruffly. "How many will you need?"

"Enough to keep every person on Mr. Sanderson's invitation list under strictest observation until—the pot boils over," Dundee replied.

"When do you want them to get on the job?"

"As soon as they can do so, after you get back to your office."

"Are they to follow the whole gang clear out to the Selim house?"

"Most decidedly! After the unwilling guests are safely within the house, your boys must guard the entrance so that no one leaves without permission."

"That's all as good as done," Strawn assured him. "Now—about them inquiries you asked me to make yesterday of the secretary of the American Legion."

"I'll drop a scrap of paper from my breast pocket to find out if John Drake, Peter Dunlap and Clive Hammond were all in service, in the 4th Division, which was held up late in January 1918, for nearly two weeks in Hoboken, before the War Department could get transports to send 'em to France. Miles, who enlisted the day war was declared, was wounded and shipped home late in 1917. He was discharged as unfit for further service—spinal operation—from a New Jersey base hospital on Jan. 12, 1918. Furthermore, Judge Marshall was in New York the whole winter of 1917-18, attached to the Red Cross in some legal capacity. He donated his services and—"

"All that doesn't matter now, Captain, but thanks just the same," Dundee interrupted. "Now if you will both excuse me, I've got a lot of work to do before five o'clock today!"

Dundee had not exaggerated. The Monday was one of the busiest days he had ever spent in all the 27 years of his life. He began, rather strangely, by visiting half a dozen of Hamilton's hardware stores, exhibiting a peculiar instrument and making annoying inquiries as to when and to whom it had been sold. But at his sixth port of call success so completely rewarded his efforts that he was jubilant when he bade the mystified proprietor good day, a signed statement reposing in his wallet.

Two other calls—both in office buildings—took up only an hour of his time, and a taxicab delivered him at police headquarters just as the factory whistles were sirening the news that it was five o'clock.

He was lucky enough to find the fingerprint expert, Carraway, in his cubbyhole of an office, his desk almost crowded out by immense filing cabinets. Five minutes later Dundee sat at that desk, photographs of the two dead bodies, just as it had been discovered on the floor of the trophy room in the Miles home, and a labeled set of fingerprints spread out before him.

"You're sure there can have been no mistake?" he asked. "No chance that these fingerprints were reversed when the prints were made?"

"Not a chance—with my system!" Carraway retorted positively. "Fine!" Dundee cried. "May

I take these photographs?" "You have copies, I presume?" "I have half-past two o'clock when Dundee, after a much needed lunch, parked his car in the driveway of one of the most splendid houses overlooking Mirror Lake—a home whose master and mistress were now attending an inquest into two murders."

Half an hour later he climbed into his roadster again, his head spinning. "Did I say ingenious?" he marveled.

He drove directly to the Selim house, for he had much to do before the arrival of Sanderson's compulsory guests at 5:15. His first visit there was to a small room in the basement—a dark cubbyhole next to the coal room. He had locked it carefully after exploring it the day before, for he had taken no chance on leaving unguarded—as he had found it—treasure worth more to him than his weight in gold.

And queer treasure it was that he extracted now—a coiled length of electric wire, which he and Ralph Hammond had measured the day before, with a triumphant excitement; a box of thumb tacks, many of them surprisingly bent at the point; an auger with a set of bits of varying sizes, a step-ladder, and a hammer. If Dexter Sprague had not overestimated the amount of electric wire needed for the job of installing an alarm bell between Nita's bedroom and Lydia's, . . . Dundee was about to close the door when his eyes fell upon a piece of hardware he had not expected ever to find, although he had known of its existence for more than an hour.

At 5:15 he was entirely ready for D. A. Sanderson, Captain Strawn, and their party of indignant and inquiring guests. . . . "Oh, Mr. Dundee!" Carolyn Drake squealed. "You're not going to make us play that awful death hand" again, are you?"

They were all crowding about him—the men and women who had been Nita Selim's guests at her last bridge and cocktail party. . . .

Not only are the bridge tables exactly where they were at this time on the evening of May 24, Dundee answered so significantly that all stopped chattering to listen, "but everything else in the house is precisely as it was then. Fortunately, not even the electricity has been cut off! But to make sure I have forgotten nothing, I wish you would all follow me into Mrs. Selim's bedroom and look for yourselves."

Like sheep, they crowded into the little foyer and on into the bedroom. There stood the big bronze lamp, set squarely in front of the window frame and in a direct line with the musical powder box on dead Nita's dressing table. . . .

At 5:25, Penny Crain, Karen Marshall, Carolyn Drake and Flora Miles, who had been requisitioned by Dundee to play the part of the murdered women, were seated at table No. 2, and behind Karen's chair stood Lois Dunlap, Clive Hammond and his new wife were again together in the solarium. But there Dundee's restaging of the original scene in the tragic drama ended. Everyone else, including Lydia Carr and Peter Dunlap, were buddled together in a far corner of the living room.

"Now, Mr. Miles!" Dundee called. "Your cue! Never mind the comedy about 'How's tricks!' Simply go into the dining room, with Mrs. Dunlap, to mix cocktails. Put on all the ingredients still on the sideboard, exactly as they were when Mrs.

life spoke again, his voice very clear, but slow and weighted with a dreadful significance: "Mrs. Dunlap, step on the bell beneath the dining table!"

Lois Dunlap dropped the empty whiskey glass, her pleasant face going blank with amazement. "Step on that bell, Mrs. Dunlap—just as you did before!"

As if hypnotized, Lois Dunlap began to grope with the toe of her right pump for the slight lever under the rag which indicated the position of the bell used for summoning the maid from the kitchen.

With a strangled cry Tracey Miles lunged across the few feet which separated the woman and himself, seized her arm and whirled her violently away from the table.

"Do you want to kill my wife, too?" he panted, his usually florid face the color of putty. (To Be Continued)

Selim sent you to mix drinks on May 24. . . . And Mrs. Miles, will you, pretending that you are Nita Selim, go to powder your face at Mrs. Selim's dressing table!"

Her face white and drawn, Flora Miles stumbled from the room, just as her husband, dumb for once with rage, entered the dining room with Lois Dunlap.

Dundee was about to follow the latter two when an interruption occurred. Followed by a plainclothesman, a middle-aged man entered the living room. Tall, broad-shouldered, determined, he strode to the bridge table, his handsome head upflung, his grown eyes fixed upon the widened brown eyes of Penny Crain!

"Dad!" the girl breathed; then, joyously: "Oh, Dad! You've come home!"

But Dundee halted the reconciliation with a stern word of command. "Please join the group in the corner, Mr. Crain!"

Regardless of the ensuing hubbub Dundee strode into the dining room, where Tracey Miles stood at the sideboard, pouring whiskey from an almost empty decanter into a small glass.

"May I drink the Scotch Tracey has poured for us, Mr. Dundee?" Mrs. Dunlap asked shakily, leaning against the big brown table.

"Yes, but—Silence, please!" he cried, as there came the first faint, tinkling notes of Jassatia, from Nita's musical powder box, penetrating the thin wall between the bedroom and dining room.

"As I have said," the detective spoke loudly and clearly above the tinkle of music, "everything is now exactly as it was when Nita Selim was murdered. Pay me time to show you all how that murder was accomplished!"

A chair at the bridge table was overturned. Lois Dunlap almost choked on her drink of Scotch. Women screamed. In a few seconds every person in the living room, including the district attorney and Strawn, was huddled in the wide opening into the dining room, their eyes fixed in horror upon Bonnie Dundee.

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