A cup of Salada Green tea invigorates and refreshes

"SALADA" GREEN TEA 193

'Fresh from the gardens'

The Bishop Murder Case

A PHILO VANCE STORY

BY S. S. VAN DINE

SYNOPSIS.

The body of a man known as Cock Robin, is found with an arrow through the heart, on Prof. Dillard's archery range. District Attorney Markham calls in Philo Vance to help solve the mystery. A note is received from the murderer, who signs himself The Bishop. Then another murder is committed in the same vicinity. John E. Sprigg is shot through the head. Both crimes seem to be dramatizations of the well known nursery rhymes, "Who Killed Cock Robin," and "There was a little man, and he had a little gun."

CHAPTER XIV.—(Cont'd.)

"Ah! It was Sprigg's habit to promenade in the park each morning," murmured Vance. "Most interestin'."

"Even so, that don't get us anywhere," returned Detective Pitts. "Plenty of fellows take an early constitutional. And there was nothing unusual about Spriggs this morning. He wasn't worried about anything, his folks told me; and was cheerful enough when he said good-bye to 'em. After that I hopped up to the university and made inquiries; talked to a couple of the students that knew him, and also to one of the instructors. Spriggs was a quiet sort of chap. Didn't make friends and kept pretty much to himself. Serious bird—always working at his studies. Stood high in his classes, and was never seen going around with Janes. Didn't like women, in fact. Wasn't what you'd call sociable. From all reports he was the last man to get in a mess of this kind. That's why I can't see anything special in his getting shot. It must have been an accident of some kind. Might have been taken for somebody else."

"And he was found at what time?"

"About quarter of eight. A bricklayer on the new 79th-Street dock was cutting across the embankment toward the railway tracks, and saw him. He notified one of the post officers on the Drive, who phoned in to the local station."

"And Sprigg left his home in 93rd Street at half past seven." Vance gazed at the ceiling meditatively. "Therefore he would have had just enough time to reach this point in the park before being killed. It looks as if some one who knew his habits was waiting for him. Neatness and dispatch, what? . . . It doesn't appear exactly fortuitous, does it, Markham?"

Ignoring the jibe, Markham addressed Pitts.

"Was there nothing found that could possibly be used as a lead?"

"No, sir. My men combed the spot pretty thoroughly, but nothing showed up."

"And in Sprigg's pockets—among his papers. . . ."

"Not a thing. I've got all the stuff at the Bureau—a couple of ordinary letters, a few odds and ends of the usual kind. . . ." He paused as if suddenly remembering something, and pulled out a dog-eared note-book. "There was this," he said, unenthusiastically, handing a torn, triangular scrap of paper to Markham. "It was found under the fellow's body. It don't mean anything, but I stuck it in my pocket—force of habit."

CHAPTER XV.

The paper was not more than four inches long, and appeared to have been torn from the corner of an ordinary sheet of unruled stationery. It contained part of a typewritten mathematical formula, with the lambda, the equals and the infinity sign marked in with pencil. Despite its seeming irrelevancy, it was to play a sinister and amazing part in the investigation of Sprigg's death.

Vance glanced only casually at the exhibit, but Markham held it in his hand frowning at it for several moments. He was about to make some comment when he caught Vance's eye; and, instead, he tossed the paper to the desk carelessly with a slight shrug.

"Is this everything you found?"

"That's all, sir."

"That's all, sir."

Markham rose.

"We're very grateful to you, Captain. I don't know what we'll be able to make out of this Sprigg case, but we'll look into it." He pointed to the box of Perfectos. "Put a couple in your pocket before you go."

"Much obliged, sir." Pitts selected the cigars, and placing them tenderly in his waistcoat pocet, shook hands with all of us.

When he had gone Vance got up with alacrity and bent over the scrap of paper on Markham's desk.

"My word!" He took out his monocle and studied the symbols for several moments. "Most allurin'. Now where have I seen that formula recently? . . . Ah! The Riemann-Christoffel tensor—of course! Drukker uses it in his book for determining the Gaussian curvature of spherical and homaloidal space . . . But what was Sprigg doing with it? The formula is considerally beyond the college curicula. . . . ." He held the paper up to the light. "It's the same stock as that on which the Bishop notes are written. And you probably observed that the typing is also similar."

Heath had stepped forward, and now scrutinized the paper.

"It's the same, all right." The fact seemed to nonplus him. "That's a link anyway between the two crimes."

Vance's eyes took on a puzzled look.

"A link—yes. But the presence of the formula under Sprigg's body appears as irrational as the murder itself. . . . ."

Markham moved uneasily.

"You say it is a formula that Drukker uses in his book?"

"Yes. But the fact doesn't necessarily involve him. The tensor is known to all advanced mathematicians—Arnesson will be delighted with the find. He may be able to work out some astonishing conclusion from it."

"I see no reason," protested Markham, "to inform Arnesson of this new case. My idea would be to keep it under cover as much as possible."

"The Bishop won't let you, I fear," returned Vance.

Markham set his jaw.

"What damnable sort of thing are we facing?" he burst out. "I expect every minute to wake up and discover I've been living a nightmare."

"No such luck, sir," growled Heath. He took a resolute breath like a man preparing for combat. "What's on the cards? Where do we go from here? I need action."

Markham appealed to Vance.

"You seem to have some idea about this affair. What's your suggestion? I frankly admit I'm floundering about in a black chaos."

Vance inhaled deeply on his cigarete. Then he leaned forward as if to give emphasis to his words.

"Markham, old man, there's only one conclusion to be drawn. These two murders were engineered by the same brain; both sprang from the same grotesque impluse; and hence the first of them was committed by some one intimately familiar with conditions inside the Dillard house, it follows that we must now look for a person who, in addition to that knowledge, had definite information that a man named John Sprigg was in the habit of taking a walk each morning in a certain part of Riverside Park. Having found such a person, we must check up on the points of time, place, opportunity, and possible motive. There's some inter-relation between Sprigg and the Dillards. What it is I don't know. But our first move should be to find out. What better starting-point than the Dillard house itself?"

"We'll get some lunch first," said Markham wearily. "Then we'll run out there."

It was shortly after two o'clock when we reached the Dillard house. Pyne answered our ring; and if our visit caused him any surprise he succeeded admirably in hiding it. In the look he gave Heath, however, I detected a certain uneasiness; but when he spoke his voice had the flat, unctuous quality of the well-trained servant.

"Mr. Arnesson has not returned from the university," he informed us.

"Mind-reading, I see," said Vance, "is not your forte, Pyne. We called to see you and Professor Dillard."

The man looked ill at ease; but before he could answer Miss Dillard appeared in the archway of the drawing room.

"I thought I recognized your voice, Mr. Vance." She included us all in a smile of wistful welcome. "Please come in. . . Lady Mae dropped in for a few minutes,—we're going riding together this afternoon," she explained, as we entered the room.

Mrs. Drukker stood by the centre-table, one bony hand on the back of the chair from which she had evidently just risen. There was fear in her eyes as she stared at us unblinkingly; and her lean features seemed almost contorted. She made no effort to speak, but stood rigidly, as if waiting for some dread pronouncement, like a convicted prisoner at the bar about to receive sentence.

Belle Dillard's pleasant voice relieved the tensity of the situation.

"I'll run up and tell uncle you're here."

She had no sooner quitted the room than Mrs. Drukker leaned over the table and said to Markham in a sepulchral, awe-stricken whisper: "I know why you've come! It's about that fine young man who was shot in the park this morning."

So amazing and unexpected were her words that Marham could make no immediate answer; and it was Vance who replied.

"You have heard of the tragedy, then, Mrs. Drukker? How could the news have come to you so soon?"

A look of canniness came into the woman's expression, giving her the appearance of an evil old witch.

"Every one is talking about it in the neighborhood," she answered evasively.

"Indeed? That's most unfortunate. But why do you assume we have come here to make inquiries about it?"

"Wasn't the young man's name Johnny Sprigg?" A faint, terrible smile accompanied the question.

"So it was. John E. Sprigg. Still, that does not explain his connection with the Dillards."

"Ah, but it does!" Her head moved up and down with a sort of horrible satisfaction. "It's a game—a child's game. First Cock Robin . . then Johnny Sprigg. Children must play—all healthy children must play." Her mood suddenly changed. A softness shone on her face, and her eyes grew sad.

(To be continued.)

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

Feminine daintiness expresses this new model of printed crepe silk.

And what a fascinating affair it is to make and wear.

A peplum frill encircles the hips—but is cleverly placed so as not to interfere with its slenderness. A frill also finishes the fitted cape collar that chooses the becoming V-shape at the front and bow trim.

Plain flat crepe, sheer crepy woolens, lace and many rayon novelties are all lovely materials for this model.

Style No. 3006 may be had in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.

The pattern provides for long cuffed sleeves as seen in small illustration.

The bindings are in plain colored crepe in the deepest tone of the print, while the collar uses the palest shade.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Germs of Wisdom

Prejudice is opinion without judgment.

* * *

A little cloud can hide both sun and moon.

* * *

The love of the creature more than the Creator, is the death of the soul.

* * *

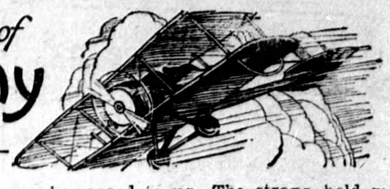
I had rather suffer for speaking the truth, than that the truth should suffer for the want of my speaking.

* * *

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not.

The illusion that times that were are better than those that are, has probably pervaded all ages. — Horace Greeley.

The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE



WHAT CAME BEFORE:

Captain Jimmy and his dog Scottie set out in their Vickers airplane to see the world. Captain Jimmy is a late member of the Royal Air Force; Scottie is a bristling Scotch terrier who as a pup adopted Captain Jimmy and stayed with him through all his adventures since. Just out of Calgary, Jimmy, Scottie and their good plane Eagle run into a violent storm.

Boy, how that rain did pelt down; and the wind whined and whistled out of a black stormy sky. The good plane Eagle plunged and reared like a huge dragon-fly. Scottie, with his Scotch austereness, never made a sound, though he must have been scared white beneath his whiskery black coat. Suddenly we drove forward into an air pocket and the whole plane dropped away from under us for 20 or 30 feet. Perhaps you have been in an elevator sometimes when the operator has let it drop quickly. That's quite like the sensation you have when a plane hits an air pocket and she drops from under you. It makes one's stomach a bit uneasy.

Let me tell you that I was worried. I don't mind a squall or a storm when I am out in the open, but among the foothills—well, that's a different situation.

I headed down as best I could and down we went. Sometimes straight down, sometimes sidewise, then a gust of wind would pick us up and whirl us about. Soon I didn't know whether we'd land in one piece or a piece at a time.

But land we did—bump-bump-bump. We taxied along the ground. The rain came down in sheets and I could not see ten feet ahead. I steered by guess only—and what a guess! Suddenly ahead of us there loomed a tall tree. I swung as far to the left as I could to avoid a head-on collision, but I couldn't clear it. Smack! We crashed our wing against the tree—the meanest tree I ever saw. It was almost in the exact center of a little grassy valley—and it was the only tree within many yards of us. With all the rest of the whole world to grow in, of course, it had to grow right there, and, of course, I had to steer straight for it.

I wonder if you have ever crashed into something while going thirty or forty miles an hour? I hope not. But if you have, you can understand what happened to us. The straps held me to my seat, but I was so shaken up and bruised that I could scarcely move. And Scottie — the poor terrier, popped out of the cockpit like a shot out of a gun. Sailing through the air he went, and landed in a thick clump of grass, where he rolled over—not once, but a dozen times. Finally he stopped rolling and I untangled myself from what had been an airplane and went over and picked him up. A sorrier pup you never saw. It hurt to stand up and worse to sit down. Soon, by good luck, the rain stopped, and we scratched the wet top of some pine needles and settled down as comfortably as possible to talk things over.

But night was coming on, and we had to find somewhere to sleep. When I asked Scottie about it, he wasn't even the least bit interested He kept right on licking the bruises and lumps he had. Anyway, a dog doesn't care much where he sleeps, he simply follows his tail around two or three times, and settles down, and he's in bed.

That sort of bed doesn't appeal to me so much, however, so I got up and started over to the little old deserted cabin. It was only a rough little cabin some woodsman had built—and was really as lonely as could be—but it looked mighty snug and homey to me right then. The sun was rapidly sinking behind the hills, and strange sounds drifted down from the tall pine covered slopes nearby. A great Barred Owl went "Whoo-Whoo" back in the dark timber. Perhaps you have heard a Barred Owl? It sounds like a hungry wolf and a wildcat rolled into one—and, of course, while you know its' just a Barred Owl, it doesn't seem to help much, for in spite of all you know, you're scared all the same.

Well, boys and girls, that little cabin looked mighty good to me, and I started up the little trail to the door. Suddenly the bushes began to move. Yes, sir, moved just like as if some heavy animal was trying to peer out at you without being seen. Then there was a snarl. A nasty mean snarl, and the biggest, fiercest bear I ever hope to see lumbered out and stood looking at us . . ."

(To be continued).

Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk

The health-giving, delicious drink for children and grown-ups. - - Pound and Half Pound tins at your grocers.

Especially good for CHILDREN

Children can eat all they want of this nourishing whole milk food. On graham crackers . . . toasted . . . or in tempting sandwiches for school lunches. Velveeta contains all the elements of rich whole milk. It is digestible as milk itself.

Made in Canada

Velveeta

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Your Riches

Count your riches as you may,
Seek your fame where'er you will,
Peace must mark the close of day
Or you'll be unhappy still
Friends must trust in all you do
Or no joy can come to you.

Gold is good to have and own,
Fame is worth the winning, too,
But if these you gain alone
Little will they do for you,
Friends must be and love must stay
Or your life is thrown away.

View it howsoe'er you will
Life is more than wealth or fame,
More than cunning, more than skill;
Peace requires an honored name,
Though the heights you stand upon
Love and faith must follow on.

Gentle deeds must mark the strong,
Thought for others grace the wise,
Skill cannot conceal a wrong,
Oft with triumph, friendship, dies.
Happiest they, whate'er their place,
Who have touched their lives with grace.

—Edgar A. Guest.

$200,000 LOG ROFT

A log raft, said to be the largest ever towed across Lake Superior, consisted of 17,000 cords, with an estimated value of $200,000.

"So yo' wants to marry mah daughter, eh? Can yo' support a wife, young man?"

"I reckon I kin. I done frowed four sebens in a row las' night."

She Should Know

Mrs. Waite called unexpectedly at her husband's office and found that he had gone out for the day.

"You say Mr. Waite is out?" she said to the new office-boy. "Do you know where he has gone?"

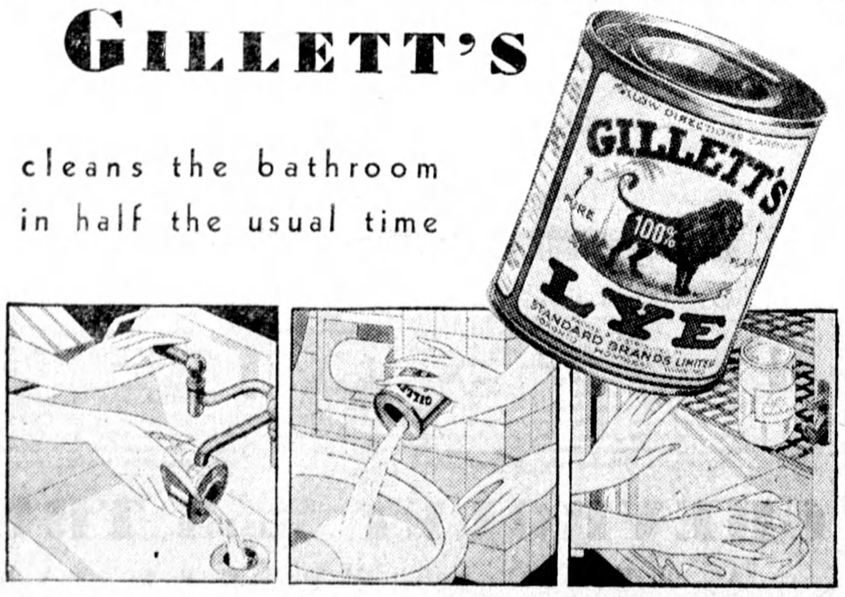
'I don't know, ma'am," replied the youth.

"How tiresome!" she went on. "Perhaps his secretary could tell me?"

"She certainly could," shot back the office-boy. "She's gone with him."

GILLETT'S Flake Lye

cleans the bathroom in half the usual time



■ Full strength for Sink Drains ■ Full strength for the toilet bowl ■ In solution for general cleaning

GILLETT'S Lye "Eats Dirt"

* Lye should never be dissolved in hot water.

ONE tablespoonful of Gillett's Lye dissolved in a gallon of cold* water provides an ideal, safe solution that quickly cleans everything in the bathroom.

Use it to wash walls, the floor, in the sink and bathtub : : : and remember, when you use Gillett's Lye, each is disinfected as well as cleaned with the one operation.

Once each week, pour full strength Gillett's Lye down the closet bowl and it will always be clean and free-running.

• • •

Gillett's Lye has dozens of other handy household uses. Send for the new FREE Gillett's Lye booklet describing the many ways it will help you with all your cleaning.

ISSUE No. 10—'31