Salada Green tea drinkers drink the best green tea

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

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'Fresh from the gardens'

The Bishop Murder Case

A PHILO VANCE STORY

BY S. S. VAN DINE

SYNOPSIS.

A man known as Cock Robin is found with an arrow in his heart; another, Johnny Sprigg, is found with a bullet through the top of his head. District Attorney Markham calls in Philo Vance, who claims the murders are founded on nursery rhymes and are the work of a maniac.

Those associated with the case are: Prof. Dillard, his niece Belle, and his protege Sigurd Arnesson, also a professor of mathematics. John Pardee, a neighbor with a passion for chess. Mrs. Drukker lied as to his whereabouts on ker is mentally unbalanced and Adolph is a cripple with a super-brain.

Sperling, the last man known to be with Robin, is arrested but the subsequent murder of Sprigg establishes his innocence. Vance questions Mrs. Drukker, who tells how the murderer paid her a terrifying visit. He also learns Drukke rlied as to his whereabouts on the morning of Robin's death. Belle Dillard, Arnesson and Pardee are cross-examined, but their testimonies only serve to baffle the police more.

CHAPTER XXV.—(Cont'd.)

This definite evidence was to come the very next day from a most unexpected quarter; and it marked the beginning of the last phase of our investigation—a phase fraught with such sinister, soul-stirring tragedy and unspeakable horror, with such wanton cruelty and monstrous humor, that even now, years later, as I set down this reportorial record of it, I find it difficult to believe that the events were not, after all, a mere grotesque dream of fabulous wickedness.

Friday afternoon Markham, in a mood of desperation, called another conference. Arnesson asked permission to attend; and at four o'clock we all met, including Inspector Moran, in the District Attorney's private room in the old Criminal Courts Building. Arnesson was unwontedly silent during the discussion, and not once did he indulge in his usual flippancy. He listened with close attention to all that was said, and seemed purposely to avoid expressing an opinion, even when directly appealed to by Vance.

We had been in conference perhaps half an hour when Swacker entered quietly and placed a memorandum on the District Attorney's desk. Markham glanced at it and frowned. After a moment he initialed two printed forms and handed them to Swacker.

"Fill these in right away and give them to Ben," he ordered. Then when the man had gone out through the outer hall door, he explained the interruption. "Sperling has just sent a request to speak to me. He says he has information that may be of importance. I thought, in the circumstances, it might be well to see him now."

Ten minutes later Sperling was brought in by a deputy sheriff from the Tombs. He greeted Markham with a friendly boyish smile and nodded pleasantly to Vance. He bowed—a bit stiffly, I thought—to Arnesson, whose presence seemed both to surprise and disconcert him. Markham motioned him to a chair, and Vance offered him a cigarette.

"I wanted to speak to you, Mr. Markham," he began, a bit diffidently, "about a matter which may be of help to you. . . You remember, when you were questioning me about my being in the archery-room with Robin, you wanted to know which way Mr. Drukker went when he left us. I told you I didn't notice, except that he went out by the basement door. . . . Well, sir, I've had a lot of time to think lately; and I've naturally gone over in my mind all that happened that morning. I don't know just how to explain it, but everything has become a lot clearer now. Certain—what you might call impressions—have come back to me. . . ."

He paused and looked down at the carpet. Then lifting his head, he went on:

"One of these impressions has to do with Mr. Drukker—and that's why I wanted to see you. Just this afternoon I was—well, sort of pretending I was in the archery-room again, talking to Robin; and all of a sudden the picture of the rear window flashed across my mind. And I remembered that when I had glanced out of the window that morning to see how the weather was for my trip, I had seen Mr. Drukker sitting in the arbor behind the house. . . ."

"At what time was this?" Markham demanded brusquely.

"Only a few seconds before I went to catch my train."

"Then you imply that Mr. Drukker, instead of leaving the premises, went to the arbor and remained there until you departed."

"It looks that way, sir." Sperling was reluctant to make the admission.

"You're quite sure you saw him?"

"Yes, sir. I remember distinctly now. I even recall the peculiar way he had his legs drawn up under him."

"You would swear to it," asked Markham gravely, "knowing that a man's life might rest on your testimony?"

"I'd swear to it, sir," Sperling returned simply.

When the sheriff had escorted his prisoner from the room, Markham looked at Vance.

"I think that gives us a foothold."

"Yes. The cook's testimony was of little value, since Drukker merely denied it; and she's the type of loyal stubborn German who'd back up his denial if any real danger threatened him. Now we're armed with an effective weapon."

"It seem to me," Markham said, after a few moments of speculative silence, "that we have a good circumstantial case against Drukker. He was in the Dillard yard only a few seconds before Robin was killed. He could easily have seen when Sperling went away; and, as he had recently come from Professor Dillard, he knew that the other members of the family were out. Mrs. Drukker denied she saw any one from her window that morning, although she screamed at the time of Robin's death and then went into a panic of fear when we came to question Drukker. She even warned him against us and called us 'the enemy.' My belief is she saw Drukker returning home immediately after Robin's body had been placed on the range. Drukker was not in his room at the time Sprigg was killed, and both he and his mother have been at pains to cover up the fact. He has become excited whenever we broached the subject of the murders, and has ridiculed the idea that they were connected. In fact, many of his actions have been highly suspicious. Also, we know he is abnormal and unbalanced, and that he is given to playing children's games. It's quite possible—in view of what Doctor Barstead told us—that he has confused fantasy and reality, and perpetrated these crimes in a moment of temporary insanity. The tensor formula is not only familiar to him, but he may have associated it in some crazy way with Sprigg as a result of Arnesson's discussion with Sprigg about it. As for the Bishop notes, they may have been part of the unreality of his insane games—children all want an approving audience when they invent any new form of amusement. His choice of the word 'bishop' was probably the result of his interest in chess—a playful signature intended to confuse. And this supposition is further borne out by the actual appearance of a chess bishop on his mother's door. He may have feared that she saw him that morning, and thus sought to silence her without openly admitting to her that he was guilty. He could easily have slammed the screen porch door from the inside, without having had a key, and thereby given the impression that the bearer of the bishop had entered and departed by the rear door. Furthermore, it would have been a simple matter for him to take the bishop from the library the night Pardee was analyzing his game. . . "

Markham continued for some time building up his case against Drukker. He was thorough and detailed, and his summation accounted for practically all of the evidence that had been adduced. The logical and relentless way in which he pieced his various factors together was impressively convincing; and a long silence followed his resume.

Vance at length stood up, as if to break the tension of his thoughts, and walked to the window.

"You may be right, Markham," he admitted. "But my chief objection to your conclusion is that the case against Drukker is too good. I've had him in mind as a possibility from the first; but the more suspiciously he acted and the more the indications pointed toward him, the more I felt inclined to dismiss him from consideration The brain that schemed these abominable murders is too competent, too devilishly shrewd, to become entangled in any such net of circumstantial evidence as you've drawn about Drukker. Drukker has an amazing mentality—his intelligence and intellect are supernormal, in fact; and it's difficult to conceive of him, if guilty, leaving so many loopholes."

CHAPTER XXVI.

"The law," returned Markham with acerbity, "can hardly be expected to throw out cases because they're too convincing."

"On the other hand," pursued Vance, ignoring the comment, "it is quite obvious that Drukker, even if not guilty, knows somthing that has a direct and vital bearing on the case; and my humble suggestion is that we attempt to prise this information out of him. Sperling's testimony has given us the lever for the purpose. . . I say, Mr. Arnesson, what's your opinion?"

"Haven't any," the man answered. "I'm a disinterested onlooker. I'd hate, however, to see poor Adolph in durance vile." Though he would not commit himself it was plain that he agreed with Vance.

Heath thought, characteristically, that immediate action was advisable, and expressed himself to that effect.

"If he's got anything to tell he'll tell it quick enough after he's locked up."

"It's a difficult situation," Inspector Moran demurred, in a soft judicial voice. "We cannot afford to make an error. If Drukker's evidence should convict some one else, we'd be a laughing-stock if we had arrested the wrong man."

Vance looked toward Markham and nodded agreement.

"Why not have him on the tapis first, and see if he can't be persuaded to unburden his soul. You might dangle a warrant over his head, don't y' know, as a kind of moral inducement. Then, if he remains coy and reticent, bring out the gyves and have the doughty Sergeant escort him to the bastille."

(To be continued.)

Crisp.....
Salty.....
Crunchy

Christie's
O-SO-GUD
BUTTER
PRETZELS

Air Travel Rests Eyes, Optometrist Asserts

Flying, which has been called beneficial in some forms of deafness, now is said to be good for the eyes as well. The opinion was expressed in a letter written by Dr. Harold G. Stafford, New York optometrist, to Transcontinental & Western Air, Inc.

According to Dr. Stafford, the eyes are relieved of strain by fixing them on a distant horizon. In this manner sea voyages have often been found helpful. Dr. Stafford believes airplane travel is even more of a relief, however, because the range of vision is not confined to a fixed line, is devoid of objects and changes rapidly.

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

Isn't it cut on modish lines? It's so girlish, neat and practical.

I'm certain little daughter will love your choice in selecting a dress that is smart besides being merely suitable and serviceable.

It only pretends a bolero.

A blue and white plaided gingham with white pique collar and cuffs and vivid red grosgrain ribbon tie carried out the popular tri-color scheme of the elder mode.

Style No. 3110 is designed for girls of 8, 10, 12 and 14 years.

Another charming way to fashion it is of dusty-pink shade shantung with self fabric collar and cuffs finished with bindings of brown shantung that is repeated in bow tie.

Linen batiste prints, persey, crepe de chine print, dimity and many rayon novelties also suitable.

Size 8 requires 2 yards 35-inch with ⅝ yard 35-inch contrasting.

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.

The Tree in Town

My lofty window in the hart of town
Upon a humble garden-plot looks down;
A brave oasis, there a slender beech
Spreads slim aspiring boughs the sun to reach.
Now all the multitudes of trees that make
The summer wonder of the woods awake
In quiet straths, on hillsides far away,
And don triumphantly their green array,
As though obedient to some potent word
That thrills their companies, by men unheard;
And here, beset by walls, this tree, alone,
This patient prisoner, in exile grown,
Obeys the same command and gaily wears
The same renewed young loveliness as theirs.

—Serrefile, in the Glasgow Herald.

Barred

She was the sort of woman who always tells exerybody her business. With a cheery smile, she settled herself at the counter of the hosier's shop and began:—

"My husband has been very ill—very ill indeed. So I have to do his shopping; and I want a shirt."

"Certainly, madam," said the assistant. "Stiff front and cuffs?"

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed. "The doctor says he must avoid anything starchy."

God screens men from premature ideas.—Emerson.

PAINS

No matter how severe, you can always have immediate relief:

BAYER

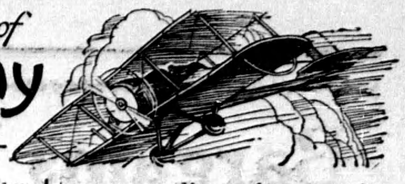
Aspirin always stops pain quickly. It does it without *any* ill effects. Harmless to the heart; harmless to anybody But it always brings relief. Why suffer?

ASPIRIN

TRADE MARK REG.

Made in Canada

The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE



What came before: After many adventures in China, Captain Jimmy meets an old friend, Lieut. Stone. The two escape from bandits in a freight train, which is wrecked in enemy territory. Eluding the soldiers, they set out to find a plane they had hidden in the woods.

By the time I had forced my horse through the mob, Scottie had got himself untangled from the officer and was in pursuit of Jed Stone who had a horse for himself and was busy getting Fu, our interpreter, on another.

Such yelling and such shrieking! Every man for himself. We were a hundred yards or more away before a single shot was fired and at that distance we might as well have been nome in bed for all the danger of those soldiers hitting us.

Except for a lot of shooting, there was little attempt at pursuit. We circled through the woods, and after going a few miles, turned out again to the railway tracks. Turning the corner of a thicket, I was suddenly confronted with the most welcome sight of my life. Giving a great war whoop I started forward.

There, just as we had left it, stood our old plane. A hurried check up showed that it was just as we had left it—but no gas, no oil, no anything! A fine situation. There we were, with a perfectly good plane, powered with a tremendous engine that used so much fuel it called "Gas! Gas!" every time it went by a gasoline station. And we had just about enough in the tank to clean a grease spot in a suit of clothes.

"We'll borrow some from the soldiers," Jed Stone suggested.

"Ha, Ha, Ha," I laughed, "and while you're at it, just borrow a ten course dinner for each of us. My stomach is so empty it's digesting itself."

"Quite right," he said, "We'll just do that. Of course, it may not be a ten course dinner, but we will eat shortly—and fly soon after—just as soon as it is dark."

Our plan was perfectly simple. If it worked, it was grand. If it didn't—we wouldn't need any more gas and oil. We settled down to wait for darkness; a long, hungry wait it was, too, till near midnight.

We were mounted, Lieutenant Stone, Fu Hsu (the interpreter) and I—Scottie trotted along on foot. With every possible precaution against making any unnecessary noises, we circled the place where the old engine lay on her back About a mile below that spot we crossed the tracks and shaped our course for the sleeping camp—a couple of miles away.

Perhaps half a mile from the camp, we dismounted. Fu Hsu and Scottie stayed with the horses—Lieutenant Jed Stone and I went forward to reconnoiter. All was quiet in camp. Sentries pacing to and fro were all that seemed to be awake. We crept as close as we dared.

On our left, a large roomy tent stood out against the sky line.

Back at the horses once more we arranged our plan. Fu Hsu, on pain of death, agreed to stay alone with our horses. Jed Stone mounted his horse, circled back and to the right so as to reach a point of the camp as nearly opposite the large tent we had seen, as possible. Under compulsion, Scottie went along with him. He much preferred to stay with me, but Jed Stone needed him to help him carry out his part of the plan. I crept quietly back towards the big tent.

(To be continued.)

Note:—Any of our young readers writing to "Captain Jimmy", 2010 Star Bldg., Toronto, will receive his signed photo free.

Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk

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

Earlier Egg Plant Produced In Canada

An egg plant which promises much of value to Canadians is referred to in the annual report of the Director of Dominion Experimental Farms. As the result of long continued studies the Dominion Horticulturist makes the following observation:

A Japanese egg plant called Negasaki, with fruit too small for the general market, having proved the only egg plant that would produce a satisfactory crop in many parts of Canada owing to its earliness, was crossed with the Black Beauty, one of the large but rather late varieties, with the result that an egg plant of good size was produced, which is much earlier than the Black Beauty. Experimental work in this connection is now being centred upon getting the type fixed. When this is accomplished an egg plant suitable for cultivation under Canadian conditions will be established, and it will probably become an important new factor in horticulture throughout Canada.

Unless the noises of cities decrease, their residents will have to depend upon artificial hearing by the next century, according to one expert.

"Everything comes to him that hustles while he waits."—Thomas A. Elison.

IT'S CLEAN AS CHINA
CAN'T HARBOR DIRT
SANITARY *and* HYGIENIC
NO CHANCE OF INFECTION

SMP
ENAMELED WARE

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