Salada Orange Pekoe is a blend of fresh young leaves

"SALADA" ORANGE PEKOE BLEND 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 and her son Adolph. Mrs. Drukker is mentally unbalanced and Adolph is a cripple with a super-brain.

Vance questions Mrs. Drukker, who tells how the murderer paid her a terrifying visit. Suspicion settles on Drukker, but the night the police plan to cross-examine him, he is murdered. The detective set to watch the Drukker house is summoned.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Heath bawled an order over the telephone. Guilfoyle made the distance between Police Headquarters and the Criminal Courts Building in less than ten minutes. The Sergeant almost pounced on him as he entered.

"What time did Drukker leave the house last night?" he bellowed.

"About eight o'clock—right after he'd had dinner." Guilfoyle was ill at ease, and his tone had the wheedling softness of one who had been caught in a dereliction of duty.

"Which way did he go?"

"He came out the back door, walked down the range, and went into the Dillard house through the archery-room."

"Paying a social visit?"

"It looked that way, Sergeant. He spends a lot of time at the Dillards'."

"Huh! And what time did he come back home?"

Guilfoyle moved uneasily.

"It don't look like he came back home, Sergeant."

"Oh, it don't?" Heath's retort was ponderous with sarcasm. "I thought maybe after he'd broke his neck he mighta come back and passed the time of day with you."

"What I meant was, Sergeant——"

"You meant that Drukker—the bird you were supposed to keep an eye on—went to call on the Dillards at eight o'clock, and then you set down in the arbor, most likely, and took a little beauty nap. . . . What time did you wake up?"

"Say, listen!" Guilfoyle bristled. "I didn't take no nap. I was on the job all night. Just because I didn't happen to see this guy come back home don't mean I was laying down on the watch."

"Well, if you didn't see him come back, why didn't you phone in that he was spending his week-end out of town or something?"

"I thought he musta come in by the front door."

"Thinking again, were you? Ain't your brain worn out this morning?"

"Have a heart, Sergeant. My job wasn't to tail Drukker. You told me to watch the house and see who went in and out, and that if there was any sign of trouble to bust in. Now, here's what happened. Drukker went to the Dillards' at eight o'clock, and I kept my eye on the windows of the Drukker house. Along about nine o'clock the cook goes upstairs and turns on the light in her room. Half an hour later the light goes out, and says I: 'She's put to bed.' Then along about ten o'clock the lights are turned on in Drukker's room——"

"What's this?"

"Yeh—you heard me. The lights go on in Drukker's room about ten o'clock; and I can see a shadow of somebody moving about. Now, I ask you, Sergeant: wouldn't you yourself have took it for granted that the hunchback had come in by the front door?"

Heath grunted.

"Maybe so," he admitted. "You're sure it was ten o'clock?"

"I didn't look at my watch; but I'm here to tell you it wasn't far off of ten."

"And what time did the lights go out in Drukker's room?"

"They didn't go out. They stayed on all night. He was a queer bird. He didn't keep regular hours and twice before his lights were on till nearly morning."

"That's quite understandable," came Vance's lazy voice. "He has [illegible] at work on a difficult problem [illegible] t tell us, Guilfoyle, what [illegible] t in Mrs. Drukker's [illegible] The old dame always keeps a light burning in her room all night."

"Was there any one on guard in front of the Drukker house last night?" Markham asked Heath.

"Not after six o'clock, sir. We've had a man tailing Drukker during the day, but he goes off duty at six when Guilfoyle takes up his post in the rear."

"How far away were you last night from the door of the alleyway between the two apartment houses?"

The man paused to visualize the scene.

"Forty or fifty feet, say."

"And between you and the alleyway were the iron fence and some tree branches."

"Yes, sir. The view was more or less cut off, if that's what you mean."

"Would it have been possible for any one, coming from the direction of the Dillard house, to have gone out and returned by that door without your noticing him?"

"It mighta been done," the detective admitted; "provided, of course, the guy didn't want me to see him. It was foggy and dark last night, and there's always a lot of traffic noises from the Drive that woulda drowned out his movements if he was being extra cautious."

When the Sergeant had sent Guilfoyle back to the Bureau to await orders, Vace gave voice to his perplexity.

"It's a dashed complicated situation. Drukker called on the Dillards at eight o'clock, and at ten o'clock he was shoved over the wall in the park. As you observed, the note that Quinan just showed us was postmarked 11 p.m.—which means that it was probably typed before the crime. The Bishop therefore had planned his comedy in advance and prepared the note for the press. The audacity of it is amazin'. But there's one assumption we can tie to—namely, that the murderer was some one who knew of Drukker's exact whereabouts and proposed movements between eight and ten."

"I take it," said Markham, "your theory is that the murderer went and returned by the apartment-house alley."

"Oh, I say! I have no theory. I asked Guilfoyle about the alley merely in case we should learn that no one but Drukker was seen going to the park. In that event we could assume, as a tentative hypothesis, that the murderer had managed to avoid detection by taking the alleyway and crossing to the park in the middle of the block."

"With that possible route open to the murderer," Markham observed gloomily, "it wouldn't matter much who was seen going out with Drukker."

"That's just it. The person who staged this farce may have walked boldly into the park under the eyes of an alert myrmidon, or he may have hied stealthily through the alley."

Markham nodded an unhappy agreement.

"The thing that bothers me most, however," continued Vance, "is that light in Drukker's room all night. It was turned on at about the time the poor chap was tumbling into eternity. And Guilfoyle says that he could see some one moving about there after the light went on——"

He broke off, and stood for several seconds in an attitude of concentration.

"I say, Sergeant; I don't suppose you know whether or not Drukker's front-door key was in his pocket when he was found."

"No, sir; but I can find out in no time. The contents of his pockets are being held till after the autopsy."

Heath stepped to the telephone, and a moment later was talking to the desk sergeant of the 68th St. Precinct Station. Finally he hung up.

"Not a key of any kind on him."

"Ah!" Vance drew a deep puff on his cigarette. "I'm beginning to think that the Bishop purloined Drukker's key and paid a visit to his room after the murder."

"But what would have been his object?" protested Markham incredulously.

"We don't know yet. But I have an idea that when we learn the motive of these astonishin' crimes, we'll understand why that visit was paid."

"We'd better be getting out of here," said Markham.

Vance made no move. "Y' know, Markham, he said, "it occurs to me that we should see Mrs. Drukker first. There was tragedy in that house last night. Something strange took place there that needs explaining; and now perhaps she'll tell us the secret that has been locked up in her brain. Moreover, she hasn't been notified of Drukker's death, and with all the rumor and gossip in the neighborhood, word of some kind is sure to leak through to her before long. I fear the result of the shock when she hears the news. In fact, I'd feel better if we got hold of Barstead right away and took him with us. What do you say to my phoning him?"

We drove up-town, called for Barstead, and proceeded at once to the Drukker house. Our ring was answered by Mrs. Menzel, whose face showed plainly that she knew of Drukker's death.

"Has Mrs. Drukker heard the news?" asked Vance.

"Not yet," she answered, in a quavering voice. "Miss Dillard came over an hour ago, but I told her the mistress had gone out. I was afraid to let her upstairs. Something's wrong." She began to tremble violently. "She hasn't made a sound all morning. She didn't come down for breakfast. . I'm afraid to go and call her."

Vance turned back to the hall and led the way upstairs. When we came to Mrs. Drukker's room he knocked softly and, receiving no answer, opened the door. The room was empty.

Without a word Vance retraced his steps down the hall to Drukker's study and opened the door without knocking.

On the foot of the narrow bed lay Mrs. Drukker, fully clothed.

Barstead sprang forward and leaned over. Then he straightened up and shook his head slowly. "She's gone. Been dead probably most of the night."

"No signs of violence?" asked Vance.

"None; she died from dilation of the heart brought on by shock."

(To be continued.)

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Caprice

Caprice
Is gold;
An orange-colored toy balloon,
The tinkle of a tambourine,
Pollen that makes the brown bee bold,—

Caprice
Is green—
A hurdy-gurdy's tangled tune,
The tassel from a jester's shoe,
A faun's dream in mid-afternoon,

Caprice
Is blue—
Soap-bubbles blown by Pirrot,
An errant dragonfly or two,
Venetian lanterns hung a-row,—
Caprice
Is you.

—Katharine Morse, in "A Gate of Cedar."

In A Nursing Home

By day chill winds blow from the sea
And beat upon the grey stone walls,
While the Dean Waters monody
Rises above their sough, and falls.
A rushing train screams through the night;
A hooting car takes revellers home,
And echoing wheels, until daylight,
Tell of balls ended, morning come.
All night winged angels hover there;
One they call Pain, with sad, dark eyes.
While Sleep red poppies in her hair,
Drives Pain away with lullabies.
The night drags past, and now one sees
Figures, blue-robed, with coiffes of white—
Just human women, all of these,
Yet, surely, angels in God's sight.

—Jean Lang, in Chamber's Journal.

The United States spends $5,000,000 on crime. And they certainly get value for their money.

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lessons Furnished With Every Pattern

Paris sends a jaunty sports suit—with accompanying shorts. And how attractive it is, to say nothing of its practicality.

Peachy-pink linen makes the cunning sleeveless jacket and the skirt with box-plait insets at front. It wraps the figure at the back, finished with double row of self-fabric buttons.

The blouse and shorts choose a printed batiste in peach-pink and white.

It's easily slipped on, and simple to make.

Style No. 3099 may be had in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36 and 38 inches bust.

Ginghams, shirting fabrics, cotton, mesh, jersey, flat washable crepe silk and many rayon novelties are excellent for this model.

Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 35-inch for blouse and shorts, with 3¼ yards 35-inch for jacket and skirt, and ¼ 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.

Money or Her Youth

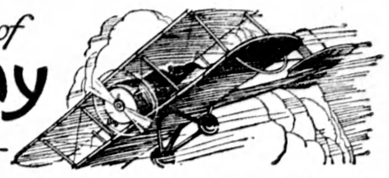
"I've just met Maude again," said Alice, "and she wanted to borrow $5.00 for her holiday expenses."

"Good gracious!" said the girl's mother. "Why is Maude always so short of money? I thought her uncle left her a lot."

"So he did," smiled Alice. "But, you see, she's not allowed to touch it until she's thirty, and she'll never own up to that."

The more a man gets left the more he talks about his rights.

The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE



What came before: After many adventures flying over China, Captain Jimmy is forced to land behind the enemy's lines. He plans a raid on the military camp to secure gasoline and oil.

While Lieutenant Stone threw the military camp into an uproar, I whistled softly to Scottie and groped my way through the darkness toward the big, imposing tent.

Quietly I slipped under the canvas, and felt my way around the sides. As my eyes grew more used to the darkness, I could see the outline of a large cot on which someone lay sleeping soundly. Scarcely daring to breathe I crept slowly forward. Then before the surprised Chinese could offer any resistance, I grabbed him and secured his arms behind his back.

Under his pilow I discovered no less than two pistols and a knife. The knife I threw away. One pistol I pocketed; with the other I induced him to follow me. Wrapped in a blanket, I shoved my captive under the tent wall, and marched him along to where the horses were held by Fu Hsu.

Once we had put some distance between ourselves and the camp, we questioned our prisoner. To our amazement, we discovered that we had secured no less a personage than General Fong as a hostage.

"Tell him" I said, "that as soon as it becomes light, he'll write me an order for 150 gallons of gasoline, twenty gallons of oil and a supply of food, and if he doesn't write the order pronto, I'll take him apart by hand to see what makes him tick".

The interpreter translated my message.

"General say he no can do", said Fu Hsu, "He say you sullender now and he'll be very easy with you".

I scowled as fiercely as I could. The poor Chinese looked so funny in his night clothes and blanket, yet he just could not forget his rank of General. Pulling out my pistols I made a number of horrible faces, expressing the dozens of doleful things that would certainly happen to him if he continued to refuse our request.

Being a sensible man, and a General, he decided to yield handsomely since yield he must.

"He say 'Yes', can do," translated Fu Hsu; "Velly glad to do such little favor for fline gentlemen."

At daybreak I rode out to the camp with the General's written order in my pocket, and his gold signet ring on my finger, as proof of my authority.

The camp was astir and immediately we were sighted, a group of mounted men galloped out and surrounded us. In a loud and commanding tone I insisted that we be taken at once to the commanding officer. To him I showed the ring and made the demands for gas, oil and food.

We got plenty of immediate action. Burros were loaded with gas, oil and food and we set out for camp. Leading off in a round-about way, it was over four hours before we shook off the last spying soldier and finally reached the plane.

For us, the tinned food was a real feast and even the General seemed to enjoy it. Breakfast over, we put him to work emptying cans of gasoline into the plane and he proved to be about average Chinese labor at that job.

Then we took off on a level spot in back of the trees and our last sight of General Fong was seeing him walking wearily back to his camp.

(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.

How "Dixie" Came To Signify the South

Money gave to the South its pet name of "Dixie," says Fred W. Thompson, of the American Bankers' Association. The principal bills issued by a bank in New Orleans before the war between the States were in $10 denominations. They were engraved in English on one side and in French on the other. On the French side the word "dix" was very prominent; it means "ten".

The Americans throughout the Mississippi Valley who did not know the French pronunciation called the bills "dixies," and Louisiana came to be known as "the land of the dixies," or "dixie land." This inspired Dan Emmett, who is 1859 composed the original "Dixie Land" for a minstrel show, then performing in New York. He embodied in it the expression he had so often heard: "I wish I were in Dixie." This song was later rewritten by General Albert Pike, who gave it the battle thrill that makes "Dixie" immortal and stamps the name "Dixie upon the South.

Magistrate—"When you married him you promised to share his lot, didn't you?" Wife—"Yes; but I didn't know then it was just a lot of trouble."

Germany's Great Spring

Germany's biggest spring, which is seldom visited by tourists, pours forth about 100,000,000 gallons of water a day, according to the tourist information office of the German National Railways. The huge volume of water comes from the Rhumesprung near Rhumspringe on the railroad from Herzberg to Bleichrode in the Harb Mountains.

The spring is not far from the 1,000-year-old community of Poehlde, formerly Palathi, where King Henry I. is said to have become Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire in 919. Henry presented the Edelhof palace with its surrounding lands to Queen Mathilde for the creation of a cloister. Relics of the history of the ancient town are preserved in the Guilph Museum in Hanover.

The Rhume River rises in a small valley not far from Poehlde. Hundreds of springs in a small pond form the source of the river. The water always rises at a temperature of 50 degrees Fahrenheit. The water furnishes power for factories and mills.

The vast spring lures Sunday excursionists from Duderstadt, Nordhausen and other points in the Hartz Mountains. Lectures are occasionally held to explain the origin of the spring, which has been found to result from seepage from the Sieber and Oder Rivers, about seven miles away. Coloring matter placed in the rivers appears in the water of the Rhume Spring about thirty hours later.

The second largest spring in Germany, which is much better known to travelers from abroad is the artesian spring at Oeynhausen, which throws a single colum of water high in the air at a rate of more than 2,000,000 gallons daily.

When Sail Beats Steam

Cornwall is one of England's favorite holiday counties, and most of those who visit it look in at Falmouth during their stay.

Just now Falmouth should be especially interesting, for the grain ships from South Australia have begun to arrive, and those windjammers are perhaps the most picturesque and interesting of all the ships afloat today. Also, there are very few of them left—and Falmouth is one of the few ports where they can still be seen.

It is interesting to note that the champion windjammer, the four-masted Herzogin Cecile, which arrived at Falmouth recently, has been known to sail 17½ miles in an hour, which is considerably faster than the average steamer. In one twenty-four hours' period she has sailed 360 miles, beating the Cutty Sark's best run, which was 353 miles in twenty-four hours. The Cutty Sark, by the way, is also in Falmouth Harbor.

Mothers and Wife Say "Bon Voyage"

Four intrepid Montreal canoemen started on Saturday a 5000-mile journey over the waterways followed by La Salle in his historic journey from Montreal to New Orleans. They are Paul Paquin, leader of an Across-Canada canoe expedition last year; Jean Maison, R. Beaudry and M. Bourcier. Relatives witnessed their start from Lachine, on historic Lake St. Louis when the mothers of Maison and Bourcier, (left and right) and the wife of Paul Paquin were on hand to wish them godspeed on their journey which is expected to take them 10 months. The party, in two "Canayank" canoes, will follow the St. Lawrence west to the Great Lakes, and paddling westward as far as Duluth, will then strike southward to the southern metropolis.

—Canadian National Railways Photograph.