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"SALADA" GREEN TEA 192

'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 neice Beelle, 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.

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 discloses that someone entered Drukker's room shortly after the latter's death and turned on the light. Upon going to the Drukker house they find Mrs. Drukker dead from shock in Drukker's study It is clear that the murderer had visited the study immediately after killing Drukker and that Mrs. Drukker found him there.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

When the doctor had straightened Mrs. Drukker's body on the bed and covered it with a sheet, we returned down-stairs. Barstead took his departure at once after promising to send the death certificate to the Sergeant within an hour.

"It's scientifically correct to talk of natural death from shock," said Vance, when we were alone; "but our immediate problem, d' ye see, is to ascertain the cause of that sudden shock. Obviously it's connected with Drukker's death. Now, I wonder. . ."

Turning impulsively, he entered the drawing room. Mrs. Menzel was sitting where we had left her, in an attitude of horrified expectancy. Vance went to her and said kindly:

"Your mistress died of heart failure during the night. And it's much better that she should not have outlived her son."

"Gott geb' ihr die ewige Ruh'!" the woman murmured piously. *"Ja*, it is best. . . . ."

"The end came at about ten last night. Were you awake at that time, Mrs. Menzel?"

"All night I was awake." She spoke in a low, awed voice.

Vance contemplated her with eyes half shut.

"Tell us what you heard?"

"Somebody came here last night!"

"Yes, some one came at about ten o'clock—by the front door. Did you hear him enter?"

"No; but after I had gone to bed I heard voices in Mr. Drukker's room."

"Was it unusual to hear voices in his room at ten o'clock at night?"

"But it wasn't him! He had a high voice, and this one was low and gruff." The woman looked up in bewildered fright. "And the other voice was Mrs. Drukker's . . . and she never went in Mr. Drukker's room at night!"

"How could you hear so plainly with your door shut?"

"My room is right over Mr. Drukker's," she explained. "And I was worried—what with all these awful things going on; so I got up and listened at the top of the steps."

"I can't blame you," said Vance. "What did you hear?"

"At first it was like as though the mistress was moaning, but right away she began to laugh, and then the man spoke angry-like. But pretty soon I heard him laugh, too. After that it sounded like the poor lady was praying—I could hear her saying: 'Oh, God! oh, God!' Then the man talked some more—very quiet and low. . . And in a little while it seemed like the mistress was reciting a poem. . . ."

"Would you recognize the poem if you heard it again?. . . Was it

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall;
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall?"

"Bei Gott, das ist's! It sounded just like that!" A new horror came into the woman's expression. "And Mr. Drukker fell from the wall last night. . . . !"

"Did you hear anything else, Mrs. Menzel?" Vance's matter-of-fact voice interrupted her confused correlation of Drukker's death to the verse she had heard.

Slowly she shook her head.

"No. everything was quiet after that."

"Did you hear any one leave Mrs. Drukker's room?"

She gave Vance a panic-stricken nod.

"A few minutes later some one opened and shut the door, very soft; and I heard steps moving down the hall in the dark. Then the stairs creaked, and pretty soon the front door shut."

"What did you do after that?"

"I listened a little while, and then I went back to bed. But I couldn't sleep. . . ."

"It's all over now, Mrs. Menzel," Vance told her comfortingly. "There's nothing for you to fear. You'd best go to your room and wait till we need you."

Reluctantly the woman went upstairs.

"I think now," said Vance, "we can make a pretty close guess as to what happened here last night. The murderer took Drukker's key and let himself in by the front door. He knew Mrs. Drukker's quarters were at the rear, and he no doubt counted on accomplishing his business in Drukker's room and departing as he had come. But Mrs. Drukker heard him. It may be she associated him with 'the little man' who had left the black bishop at her door, and feared that her son was in danger. At any rate, she went at once to Drukker's room. The door may have been slightly open, and I think she saw the intruder and recognized him. Startled and apprehensive, she stepped inside and asked him why he was there. He may have answered that he had come to inform her of Drukker's death—which would account for her moans and her hysterical laughter. But that was only a preliminary on his part—a play for time. He was devising some means o fmeeting the situation—he was planning how he would kill her! Oh, there can be no doubt of that. He couldn't afford to let her leave that room alive. Maybe he told her so in as many words—he spoke 'angry-like,' you recall. And then he laughed. He was torturing her now—perhaps telling her the whole truth in a burst of insane egoism; and she could only say 'Oh, God—oh, God!' He explained how he had pushed Drukker over the wall. And did he mention Humpty Dumpty? I think he did; for what more appreciative audience could he have had for his monstrous jest than the victim's own mother? That last revelation proved too much for her hypersensitive brain. She repeated the nursery rhyme in a spell of horror; and then the accumulated shock dilated her heart. She fell across the bed, and the murderer was saved the necessity of sealing her lips with his own hands. He saw what had happened, and went quietly away."

Markham took a turn up and down the room.

"The least comprehensible part of last night's tragedy," he said, "is why this man should have come here after Drukker's death."

Vance was smoking thoughtfully.

"We'd better ask Arnesson to help us explain that point. Maybe he can throw some light on it."

"Yeh, maybe he can," chimed in Heath. Then after rolling his cigar between his lips for a moment, he added sulkily: "There's several people around here, I'm thinking, that could do some high class explaining."

Markham halted before the Sergeant.

"The first thing we'd better do is to find out what your men know about the movements of the various persons hereabouts last night. Suppose you bring them here and let me question them. How many were there, by the way?—and what were their posts?"

The Sergeant had risen, alert and energetic.

"There were three, sir, besides Guilfoyle. Emery was set to tail Pardee; Snitkin was stationed at the Drive and 75th Street to watch the Dillard house; and Hennessey was posted on 75th Street up near West End Ave. They're all waiting down at the place where Drukker was found. I'll get 'em up here *pronto*."

He disappeared through the front door, and in less than five minutes returned with the three detectives. I recognized them all, for each had worked on one or more of the cases in which Vance had figured. Markham questioned Snitkin first as the one most likely to have information bearing directly on the previous night's affair. The following points were brought out by his testimony:

Pardee had emerged from his house at 6.30 and gone straight to the Dillards'.

At 8.30 Belle Dillard, in an evening gown, had got into a taxi and been driven up West End Avenue. (Arnesson had come out of the house with her and helped her into the taxicab, but had immediately returned indoors.)

At 9.15 Professor Dillard and Drukker had left the Dillard house and walked slowly toward Riverside Dr. They had crossed the Drive at 74th St., and turned up the bridle path.

At 9.30 Pardee had come out of the Dillard house, walked down to the Drive, and turned up-town.

At a little after 10 Professor Dillard had returned to his house alone, recrossing the Drive at 74th Street.

At 10.20 Pardee returned home, coming from the same direction he had taken when going out.

Belle Dillard had been brought home at 12.30 in a limousine filled with young people.

Hennessey was interrogated next; but his evidence merely substantiated Snitkin's. No one had approached the Dillard house from the direction of West End Avenue; and nothing of a suspicious nature had happened.

Markham then turned his attention to Emery, who reported that, according to Santos whom he had relieved at six, Pardee had spent the early part of the afternoon at the Manhattan Chess Club and had returned home at about four o'clock.

"Then, like Snitkin and Hennessey said," Emery continued, "he went to the Dillards' at half past six, and stayed till half past nine. When he came out I followed, keeping half a block or so behind him. He walked up the Drive to 79th Street, crossed to the upper park, and walked round the big grass bowl past the rocks and on up toward the Yacht Club. . . ."

(To be continued.)

ISSUE No. 27—'31

Radio Letters Mean Quick Delivery

London—Letters, written in mid-Atlantic on one day, will be delivered to their destinations in Britain the next, with a new service just inaugurated by the Post Office here. The Post Office refers to them as "letters" in making the announcement although really the correct name is "ship-letter-telegrams" which, although lengthy, explains the trick of the one day service. Messages will be accepted by the wireless operators in the ships and sent to the nearest short-wave radio station. There the message will be put into an envelope and posted as ordinary mail. Although still rather expensive the new method is decidedly cheaper than sending straight wireless messages. Fee will be threepence a word, as compared with eleven pence a word. There will be a minimum of 25 words.

Tomorrow hath a rare, alluring sound; today is very prose. And yet the twain are but one vision seen through altered eyes. Our dreams inhabit one; our stress and pain surge through the other.—Richard Burton.

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

Feminine daintiness and chic is this lovely little afternoon frock of printed crepe silk.

The quaintness of the graduated fulness of the skirt gives it smart distinction.

The simple bodice is youthful with puffed sleeves and bow tied waistline.

Style No. 2998 may be had in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36 and 38 inches bust. Size 16 requires 4⅛ yards of 39-inch material with 2 yards of ribbon for tie-belt.

It is a sweet pretty dress for informal evening, and a dress that you'll find lots of use for later for resort for afternoons.

Lace, chiffon print, eyelet batiste, shadow patterned organdie and handkerchief linen are altogether charming ideas for this model.

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.

Market Last Outpost of Rio's Traditional Color

Rio De Janeiro—Rio de Janeiro's last vestige of local color is to be found in its huge market place.

Although tourists are usually amazed at the sharp contrast of Rio's skyscrapers and Moorish-style buildings, the landscaped parks and small tropical overgrown gardens, they are astonished when they enter the market place and leave behind one of the most modern cities in the world.

The market, located by the sea, occupies six blocks and is a copy of the "marche St. Honore" in Paris. Fishing boats of every description are tied up alongside the market wharf, presenting a picturesque scene. Tropical and European vegetables and fruits are found in many varieties.

"Russia is from fifty to a hundred years behind the rest of the world in knowledge. It is our job as Bolsheviki to make up arrears in these ten years, because laggards always suffer."—Joseph Stalin, dictator of Russia.

The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE

hat came before: Captain Jimmy and his dog Scottie have many strange adventures while flying over China. After escaping from bandits and enemy soldiers they finally land their plane at the military base from which they started, and are greeted with an unexpected surprise.

After escaping from the enemy's soldiers, we pushed the plane to an altitude of several thousand feet, and headed straight for Shanghai.

It was still early in the morning when we sighted the familiar flying field, spread out like a small green handkerchief in the early sunlight.

Heading the plane down in a wide spiral, we rolled to a stop outside the airdrome.

Then to our amazement, a Lieutenant and a detachment of soldiers drove up and told us we were under arrest.

We were dumfounded. "By who's orders are we under arrest?" I asked.

"General Lu's orders," replied the dapper little Chinese officer.

We were more surprised than ever. General Lu had been our friend and helper from the beginning of our trip. Now he had placed us under arrest.

"On what charge are we arrested?" I asked.

"Kidnapping Colonel Fong," responded the little officer.

We were bundled into an army truck and rushed through the streets with the siren screaming. In no time we arrived at the palace of General Lu.

General Lu welcomed me gravely, shaking hands with himself in Chinese fashion, and then dismissed the orderly. Then he unfolded a plan so amazing that I pinched myself to see if I were really awake.

He had SOLD OUT—can you beat that? SOLD OUT—his office as a General. Someone had paid him a great stack of money to quit—and being a business man first, he had accepted. To you and I this would be treason—inexcusable—but to General Lu war was simply a business proposition. Why shouldn't one take a job as General,—and after making a success of it, sell out?

I must have looked shocked, which seemed to hurt his feelings, but he stifled his pride and continued with his plan. He wanted to leave China promptly, go to Japan,—and I was to fly over with him. He offered me a round sum of money, or practically anything I could ask within reason for the trip. The arrest was simply a bluff. If I said "Yes" all would be well.

In a flash it occurred to me that here was all the equipment and help we needed to try to find Lieutenant Stone's brother, now held captive by the mountain bandit tribe. I accepted at once—with the understanding that Guy Stone would first be found. From that moment, there wasn't a thing we could ask for that we didn't get immediately—from extra heavy canvas to phosphorous paint.

Working secretly in a special guarded hangar, we fashioned our plane into the weirdest looking dragon you ever saw. Trailing out back was a long canvas tail, that floated straight out when we were in the air.

In the daytime it was a wild looking plane, but at night it was positively terrifying. So much so, that when Fu Hsu, the interpreter entered the hanger after dark one night, he nearly passed out entirely. Actually he fainted, and I thought we would never bring him around.

(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.

More Laughter Needed Says New Zealand Daily

The habitual optimist, the person with an ineradicable cheer-germ, the confirmed fun-maker, is worth more to us than gold these days, says The New Zealand Free Lance. The merry joker in the army in the dark years of the war was a treasure that inspired his comrades on many a weary march and through many a fearful test of spirit and courage. The people who in a similar spirit of cheerfulness proposed community singing in the towns devastated by the earthquake are doing their fellow-citizens a real service. Anything in that way that will help to relax now and again the mental strain of the moment is to be encouraged.

Some sanguine spirit has offered to help institute old English pageants and floral dances and that sort of thing in Wellington. The notion is not to be despised. It all makes for the brighter life, a colorful bit of relief against the too-drab background of working life. Many people happily are coming to realize the great worth of such color, such relaxation, a lightsome change from the prosaic and the sordid. The enormous psychological value of a new, bright and pretty dress to a woman is something all men should appreciate — though unfortunately they don't always recognize the fact.

This principle can be carried into a wider sphere. The house, the garden, the town, the streets, all can be made pleasanter to the senses, and unconsciously all this would be reflected in the general attitude toward life.

By the way, some one tells us that in Stockholm even the dustmen wear bright uniforms. Heaven knows we all have enough to worry about, but we need not parade our troubles. Even a cheerful, happy face in a tramcar of people, one has noticed, helps to leaven the whole lot with a little of its own pleasant-seeming outlook on life.

"Why are you always rubbing it in on rich people?"

"They deserve it."

"Yes, but we can't all be poor, you know."

Japan Plans to Eradicate Leprosy in Twenty Years

Dr. Adachi, Minister of the Interior, soon after his appointment to the post, visited Kusatsu Hot Springs, Gumma, where there are about 200 leprous families with 900 members living around the town, says the Japanese correspondent of The Journal of the American Medical Association.

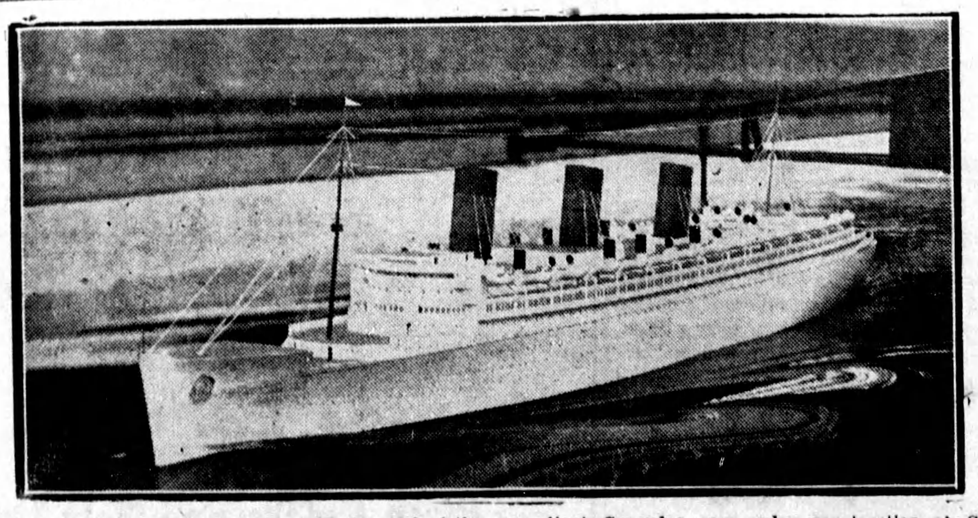
"It is reported that he intends to establish a self-governing leprosy village at Kusatsu, granting a large sum of money every year," he continues. "He also proposes to organize and anti-leprosy association with the aid of Viscount Shibuzawa and other influential men in Tokyo, with whom he held a conference in his official residence. The projects of the proposed association have been published.

"The general plan is to eradicate the disease in this country in the next twenty years, though there are now some thousands of cases according to the investigation made several months ago.

"Dr. Aoki reports that there have been an average of 203-3 cases of leprosy among each 551,667 young men of conscription age every year during the six years 1924-1929. The government has established a leprosy asylum at Nagashima Island, Okayama Prefecture; the opening ceremony was attended by government officials and noted sanitarians.

"Dr. K. Mitsuta, former chief of the Zensei Asylum, has been appointed new chief, and the hospital has been named the Aisei Asylum. The total capacity is 500."

I believe freedom to be the first condition of moral life. It needs, however, to be accompanied by much instruction. It is like money in this, that in order to profit by it one must know how to use it properly. —Julia Ward Howe.



The above photograph is of an 18-foot model of the new giant Cunarder now under construction at Clydebank, Scotland, in the yards of John Brown & Co. The model is shown floating in a specially built experimental tank in which Atlantic ocean conditions were reproduced in miniature. Wind and waves were artificially produced by mechanical devices to subject the model to severe tests. The new Cunarder will be the largest ship afloat, and will gross 73,000 tons. She will be 1018 feet long. Details of her construction which it is said will embody principles entirely new to ship building, are being jealously guarded. The picture above is the first to reach Canada of the model of the new Cunarder.

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