To make ICED TEA - Brew tea as usual - strain off leaves - allow to cool - add lemon and sugar to taste - pour into glasses half full of cracked ice

ICED "SALADA" TEA

225

"Fresh from the Gardens"

The Bishop Murder Case

A PHILO VANCE STORY

BY S. S. VAN DINE

SYNOPSIS

An insane genius in New York City breaks into a hideous orgy of crimes based on nursery rhymes. First the body of a man known as Cock Robin is found with an arrow through the heart. Then a young chap named Sprigg is shot through the top of the head. The murderer writes mocking notes to the newspapers signed The Bishop. District Attorney Markham is helpless and asks the aid of Philo Vance.

Those associated with the case are: Prof. Dillard, his niece Belle, and his protege, Sigurd Arnesson, who hopes to marry Belle; John Pardee, a neighbor with a passion for chess; Mrs. Drukker and her son Adolph, a cripple with a super-intellect.

Vance finds that Drukker has lied to him and is holding something back. On the night Vance determines to force Drukker to tell the truth, both Drukker and his mother are found dead.

CHAPTER XXIX

The Sergeant dismissed the three detectives gruffly. He was obviously dissatisfied with their reports.

"The farther we go," he complained, "the more gummed up this case gets."

"Never mind, Sergeant," Vance exhorted him. "Let not dark despair o'ercome you. When we have Pardee's and the Professor's testimony as to what took place while Emery was watchfully waiting beneath the trees at 74th Street, we may be able to fit some very interestin' bits together."

As he spoke Belle Dillard entered the front hall from the rear of the house. She saw us in the drawing-room and came in at once.

"Where's Lady Mae?" she asked in a troubled voice. "I was here an hour ago and Greta told me she was out. And she's not in her room now."

Vance rose and gave her his chair.

"Mrs. Drukker died last night of heart failure. When you were here earlier Mrs. Menzel was afraid to let you go upstairs."

The girl sat very quiet for some time. Presently the tears welled to her eyes.

"Perhaps she heard of Adolph's terrible accident."

Possibly. But it's not quite clear what happened here last night. Doctor Barstead thinks Mrs. Drukker died at about ten o'clock."

"Almost the same time Adolph died," she murmured. "It seems too terrible. . . . . Pyne told me of the accident when I came down to breakfast this morning,—every one in the quarter was talking about it,—and I came over at once to be with Lady Mae. But Greta said she had gone out, and I didn't know what to think. There's something very strange about Adolph's death. . . ."

"What do you mean by that, Miss Dillard?" Vance stood by the window watching her covertly.

"I—don't know—what I mean," she answered brokenly. "But only yesterday afternoon Lady Mae spoke to me about Adolph and the—wall. . . ."

"Oh, did she, now?" Vance's tone was more indolent than usual, but every nerve in his body was, I know, vigilantly alert.

"On my way to the tennis courts," the girl went on, in a low, hushed voice, "I walked with Lady Mae along the bridle path above the playground—she often went there to watch Adolph playing with the children—and we stood for a long time leaning over the stone balustrade of the wall. A group of children were gathered around Adolph; he had a toy aeroplane and was showing them how to fly it. And the children seemed to regard him as one of themselves; they didn't look upon him as a grown-up. Lady Mae was very happy and proud about it. She watched him with shining eyes, and then she said to me: 'They're not afraid of him, Belle, because he's a hunchback. They call him Humpty Dumpty—he's their old friend of the story-book. My poor Humpty-Dumpty! It was all my fault for letting him fall when he was little. . . .' The girl's voice faltered and she put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"So she mentioned to you that the children called Drukked Humpty Dumpty?" Vance reached slowly in his pocket for his cigarette case.

She nodded, and a moment later lifted her head as if forcing herself to face something she dreaded.

"Yes! And that's what was so strange; for after a little while she shuddered and drew back from the wall. I asked her what was the matter, and she said in a terrified voice: 'Suppose, Belle—suppose that Adolph should ever fall off of this wall—the way the real Humpty Dumpty did!' I was almost afraid myself, but I forced a smile and told her she was foolish. It didn't do any good, though. She shook her head and gave me a look that sent a chill through me. 'I'm not foolish,' she said. 'Wasn't Cock Robin killed with a bow and arrow, and wasn't Johnny Sprigg shot with a little gun—right here in New York?'" The girl turned a frightened gaze upon us. "And it did happen, didn't it—just as she foresaw?"

"Yes, it happened," Vance nodded. "But we musn't be mystical about it. Mrs. Drukker's imagination was abnormal. All manner of wild conjectures went through her tortured mind; and with these two other Mother Goose deaths so vivid in her memory, it's not remarkable that she should have turned the children's sobriquet for her son into a tragic speculation of that kind. That he should actually have been killed in the manner she feared is nothing more than a coincidence. . . ."

He paused and drew deeply on his cigarette.

"I say, Miss Dillard," he asked negligently; "did you, by any chance, repeat your conversation with Mrs. Drukker to any one yesterday?"

She regarded him with some surprise before answering.

"I mentioned it at dinner last night. It worried me all the afternoon, and—somehow—I didn't want to keep it to myself."

"Were any comments made about it?"

"Uncle told me I shouldn't spend so much time with Lady Mae—that she was unhealthily morbid. He said the situation was very tragic, but that there was no need for me to share Lady Mae's suffering. Mr. Pardee agreed with uncle. He was very sympathetic and asked if something could not be done to help Lady Mae's mental condition."

"And Mr. Arnesson?"

"Oh, Sigurd never takes anything seriously,—I hate his attitude sometimes. He laughed as though it was a joke; and all he said was: 'It would be a shame if Adolph took his tumble before he got his new quantum problem worked out.'"

"Is Mr. Arnesson at home now, by the by?" asked Vance. "We want to ask him about the necess'ry arrangements in regard to the Drukkers."

"He went to the university early this morning; but he'll be back before lunch. He'll attend to everything, I am sure. We were about the only friends Lady Mae and Adolph had. I'll take charge in the meantime and see that Greta gets the house in order."

A few minutes later we left her and went to interview Professor Dillard.

The professor was plainly perturbed when we entered the library that noon. He sat in an easy chair with his back to the window, a glass of his precious port on the table beside him.

"I've been expecting you, Markham," he said, before we had time to speak. "There's no need to dissemble. Drukker's death was no accident. I'll admit I felt inclined to discount the insane implications arising from the deaths of Robin and Sprigg; but the moment Pyne related the circumstances of Drukker's fall I realized that there was a definite design behind these deaths: the probabilities of their being accidental would be incalculable. You know it as well as I; otherwise you wouldn't be here."

"Very true." Markham had seated himself facing the professor. "We're confronted by a terrific problem. Moreover, Mrs. Drukker died of shock last night at almost the same time her son was killed."

"That, at least," returned the old man after a pause, "may be regarded as a blessing. It's better she didn't survive him—her mind unquestionably would have collapsed." He looked up. "In what way can I help?"

"You were probably the last person, with the exception of the actual murderer, to see Drukker alive; and we would like to know everything you can tell us of what took place last night."

Professor Dillard nodded.

"Drukker came here after dinner—about eight, I should say. Pardee had dined with us; and Drukker was annoyed at finding him here—in fact, he was openly hostile. Arnesson twitted him good-naturedly about his irascibility—which only made him more irritable; and, knowing that Drukker was anxious to thrash out a problem with me, I finally suggested that he and I stroll down to the park. . . ."

"You were not gone very long," suggested Markham.

"No. An unfortunate episode occurred. We walked up the bridle path to almost the exact spot where, I understand, the poor fellow was killed. We had been there for perhaps half an hour, leaning against the stone balustrade of the wall, when Pardee walked up. He stopped to speak to us, but Drukker was so antagonistic in his remarks that, after a few minutes, Pardee turned and walked away in the direction he had come. Drukker was very much upset, and I suggested we postpone the discussion. Furthermore, a damp mist had fallen, and I was beginning to get some twinges in my foot. Drukker straightway became morose, and said he didn't care to go indoors just yet. So I left him alone by the wall, and came home."

Did you mention the episode to Arnesson?"

"I didn't see Sigurd after I got back. I imagine he'd gone to bed."

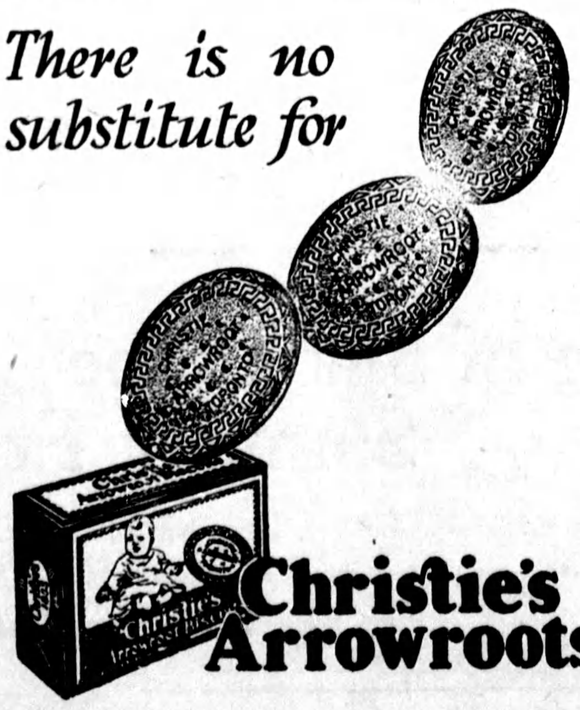
Later as we rose to take our leave, Vance asked casually: "Can you tell us where the key to the alley door is kept?"

"I know nothing about it, sir," the professor replied irritably, but added in a more equable tone: "However, as I remember, it used to hang on a nail by the archery-room door."

From Professor Dillard we went straight to Pardee, and were received at once in his study. His manner was rigid and detached, and even after we had seated ourselves he remained standing by the window, staring at us with unfriendly eyes.

(To be continued.)

There is no substitute for



For nearly 80 years preferred by the mothers of Canada because of their *proven* purity and high quality. Only Christie's can make Christie's Arrowroots.

Frost Thwarted

The farmer may now get a chance to fool Jack Frost. Experimental work at Morden, Man., by the Dominion Department of Agriculture shows conclusively that on a soft crop like tomatoes this can be done. With the advance of the season tomatoes ripen more slowly, and the use of ethylene gas speeds up the process from late August on. Fruit in danger of frost damage can be picked and quickly ripened by the use of this gas.

Playing golf is more dangerous than travelling by train, according to the accident statistics of one big American insurance company.

Expert Gives Advice To Future Salesmen

"It is essential that you should like to meet people and possess the ability to get along well with them if you are to become a salesman," says an expert in giving his idea of how youths should pick their life job.

"You don't necessarily have to be of the hail-fellow-well-met type, but you do need to be agreeable and have personality.

"But above those qualifications you should have another. You must make people have confidence in you. If you make people have confidence in you, you will find that you will have an asset greater than any other. If business men can believe in you they will trade with you. Confidence breeds respect.

"Then you will need self-confidence and poise, and if you are to get ahead you can't be of the type that is easily discouraged. You should be a good judge of human nature in order to size up the people with whom you deal.

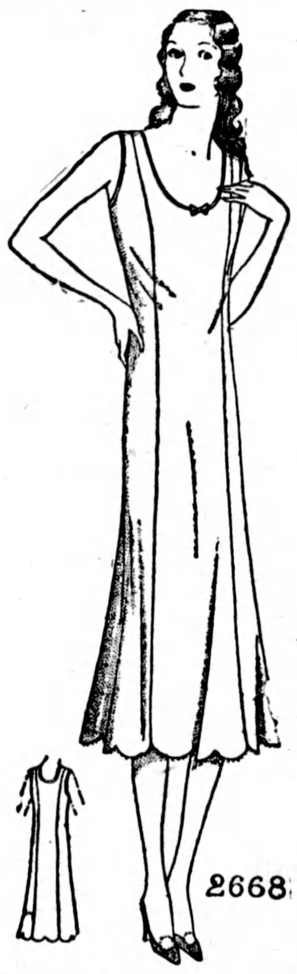
"You should realize at the outset that your job will be to sell what the buyer can use profitably, or can dispose of in turn. You will not be approaching your task in the proper light if you try to dispose of your wares for the cake merely of an immediate sale. To be a good salesman you must think in terms of your customer's problems as well as your own.

"Get all the education you can. It isn't necessary that you have a college education to be successful as a salesman. But if you can obtain the advantage of such training, do so by all means. There is only one good place for you to start, and that is the bottom."

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern



The princess slip is indispensable in smart women's wardrobe to wear with the new slim silhouette frocks.

The moulded line of this slender model hugs the figure to well below the hips where it starts to widen so as to have a comfortably full flaring hemline.

Its unbroken line from shoulder to hem does away with any conflicting lines to the outer garment, that so often entirely ruin an otherwise perfectly charming appearance.

It's easily made! A few seams to join! The hem may be finished with picot-edging or binding.

Style No. 2668 may be had in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. The 36-inch size requires 2⅝ yards of 35-inch material with 2 yards of binding.

It's very French in flesh-colored crepe de chine with pale blue binding at neck, armholes and hem.

Flat crepe silk and crepe satin also suitable.

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 Way o fthe Scot

Sandy entered the saddler's shop.

"I want one spur," he ordered.

"One spur, sir!" said the saddler. "Of what use is one spur?"

Sandy shrugged his shoulders impatiently, and went on to explain.

"Can't ye see, mon," he said, "if I can get one side of the horse to go with one spur, the other side will have to come with it?"

The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE

What came before: Captain Jimmy and his friend Lieut. Jed Stone plan to rescue Guy Stone from the cruel Chinese bandits. They bargain with General Fu for his assistance, in exchange for flying him over to Japan.

We worked secretly on our plane for several days, changing it to look like a fire-eating dragon. The body, we covered with phosphorus paint, which would glow green in the dark, while a long dragon tail was attached behind. We painted bat-like marks on the wings, and wicked-looking claws spread out underneath. Even in the daytime our plane looked horrible enough, but at night, it was enough to freeze any ignorant bandit camp with fear.

Of course, that is just what we intended our plane to do. While the bandits fled in terror, we would have a chance to rescue Guy Stone, the brother of Lieutenant Stone, who had been held captive for many weeks.

Just for safety, we mounted a machine gun in front of our plane. If any Chinese proved too hardy to be afraid of our dragon, he would certainly understand enough not to fool with a machine gun.

As the sun sank toward the western sky line, we wheeled our plane out of the hanger, and soon were heading full speed toward the cruel Chinese bandits' camp. We timed our raid so we would arrive just after dark, while the bandits were still astir.

As we passed over the countryside, the poor Chinese families hearing the drone of our motor rushed to the doors of their hovels. Seeing our dragon glimmering in the sky, with its bat-like wings spread out, and long tail flying behind in the wind, they fell on their knees and buried their faces in their hands.

We followed the railway tracks, and soon we came to the siding where we hid from the bandits in the string of freight cars. Due East from that point, we followed the trail into the mountains. The campfire of the bandit guards at the notch in the cliffs proved a welcome beacon, for the sky grew darker every minute, and thunder rumbled in the distance.

Soon the main camp became visible. The little tents looked like Chinese lanterns far below, as we circled slowly down, and red campfires dotted the ground. Somewhere down in the pit of darkness was Guy, Jed Stone's younger brother. As we circled overhead, there flashed before my minds eye a picture of the days when as boys together, we played on the old ranch out near Winnipeg.

Suddenly the bandits saw us. Panic broke loose in the camp. Black forms rushed about—tripped, fell and fought each other, frantic with fear. I switched on the landing lights and turned on the siren whistle. The sound wailed and echoed through the mountain pass. The terror was complete!

Landing on the ground, we roared down toward the tents. The entire force of bandits seemed to have deserted and taken to the forest. Then a dark form rushed toward the tents with a flaming brand from the fire.

One bandit, braver than the rest, was attempting to set the tents ablaze. we fired a few rounds from the machine gun, and evidently winged him in the foot, for he dropped the brand, and limped into the darkness.

"Hurry," I cried, "we must search the tents before they are burned. Keep the motor idling while I search. Use the machine gun if the bandits return."

Over the side I went and dashed into the first tent. The crack of rifles sounded far away in the darkness. Spat! Spat! went the bullets in the sand, but the range was wide. Then I heard Jed Stone open fire with his machine gun.

(To be continued.)

Note: Any of our young readers writing to "Captain Jimmy", 2010 Star Building, 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.

Modern Palate Not So Spicy

Survey Shows Spices Less in Demand in Today's Menu

One result of changing taste in food and of a marked decrease in home cooking in America has been a sharp drop in the consumption of spices. Americans are using one-fifth less spices today than they did in 1923, and although consumption of vanilla beans, paprika and mustard has increased recently, the general loss has been heavy. Pepper, cassia, cloves, ginger root and cinnamon are among those whose popularity seems to be waning.

How can this decrease in consumption be accounted for? First of all, according to Albert H. Doolittle, who conducted a survey for the American Spice Trade Association, there is evidence that the public taste for spices is changing again. When they were first introduced into Europe from the East they were considered a delicacy, but their popularity increased rapidly until by the end of the fifteenth century they lured Columbus and others to risk the unknown Atlantic in the hope of finding an ocean route to their source, the Indies. Thus the desire for spices and other Oriental luxuries, such as silks, perfumes and jewels, led to the discovery of America and six years later induced Vasco da Gama to make his pioneer voyage around the Cape of Good Hope.

Spices were and continued to be in great demand because they gave variety to food. Until comparatively recent years most housewives relied upon a few foods and were therefore dependent upon spices to give zest to a diet that might otherwise have become monotonous. Today they vary the foods rather than the spices.

Another cause of the decreased use of spices is said to be a falling off in pickling and preserving because of the development of transportation and of processing, rapid freezing and vacuum methods of preserving natural flavors.

A village of 500 inhabitants in Northern Siberia had never, until quite recently, heard of the Great War or the death of the Czar; they had no knowledge of Soviet ideas and a woman was their chief judge.

Out of every 33 British railwaymen, one was killed or injured while on duty during 1929.

Mable—"Where are you going this summer for a rest?"

Madge—"A friend of mine told me of a lovely place where they do nothing but play golf all day and bridge all night."

His Strong Point

"What's a genius, mum?" asked little Ernest.

"Well," pondered his mother, "I suppose a genius is a very clever person."

"I'm one, then," went on the boy. "My teacher said so."

His mother smiled.

"Of course you are, my son," she said encouragingly. "But what did your teacher say?"

"She said I had a genius for inventing," explained Ernest.

"And what did she say you could invent?" asked the fond parent.

"New ways of spelling words," came the reply.

Fuel oil, which is safe and costs only 4d. a gallon, is to replace the more expensive petrol in a new aeroplane engine now being built by a famous firm.

HEADACHES

Needless pains like headaches are quickly relieved by Aspirin tablets as millions of people know. And no matter how suddenly a headache may come upon you, you can always be prepared. Carry the pocket tin of Aspirin tablets with you. Keep the larger size at home. Read the proven directions for pain, headaches, neuralgia, etc.

BAYER

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