A cup of Salada Green tea invigorates and refreshes

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

'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 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 asks the aid of Philo Vance in solving the mystery.

The following people are associated with the case: Prof. Dillard,, his neice 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, who is a cripple with a super-intellect.

Vance learns that Drukker has lied to him as to his whereabouts on the morning of Robin's murder, and decides to threaten him in the hope of learning facts which he has been keeping back.

That same night Drukker is murdered. 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 XXX.—(Cont'd.)

Vance had been gazing lazily out of the window as Arnesson rambled on. The impression he gave was that he had scarcely heard the description of Drukker's habits; but presently he turned and fixed Arnesson with a languid look.

"I say," he drawled; "would you mind toddling upstairs and fetching Drukker's note-book? Look in both the study and the bedroom."

I thought I noticed an almost imperceptible hesitation on Arnesson's part; but straightway he rose.

"Good idea. Too valuable a document to be left lying around." And he strode from the room.

Markham began pacing the floor, and Heath revealed his uneasiness by puffing more energetically on his cigar. There was a tense atmosphere in the little drawing-room as we waited for Arnesson's return. Each of us was in a state of expectancy, though just what we hoped for or feared would have been difficult to define.

In less than ten minutes Arnesson reappeared at the door. He shrugged his shoulders and held out empty hands.

"Gone!" he announced. "Looked in every likely place—couldn't find it." He threw himself into a chair and relighted his pipe. "Can't understand it. . . . Perhaps he hid it."

"Perhaps," murmured Vance.

It was past one o'clock, and Markham, Vance and I rode to the Stuyvesant Club. Heath remained at the Drukker house to carry on the routine work, to draw up his report, and to deal with the reporters who would be swarming there shortly.

"I feel so youthful, so simple, so innocent,' Vance complained lugubriously. "So many things are happenin' and they're bein' manipulated so ingeniously that I can't grasp 'em. It's very disconcertin', very confusin'. I don't like it—I don't at all like it. Most wearin'." He sighed drearily and sipped his tea.

"Your sorrows leave me cold," retorted Markham. "You've probably spent the afternoon inspecting arquebuses and petronels at the Metropolitan Museum. If you'd had to go through what I've suffered——"

"Now, don't be cross," Vance rebuked him. "There's far too much emotion in the world. Passion is not going to solve this case. Cerebration is our only hope. Let us be calm and thoughtful." His mood became serious. "Markham, this comes very near being the perfect crime. Like one of Morphy's great chess combinations, it has been calculated a score of moves ahead. There are no clews; and even if there were, they'd probably point in the wrong direction. And yet . . . and yet there's something that's trying to break through. I feel it; sheer intuition—that is to say, nerves. There's an inarticulate voice that wants to speak, and can't. A dozen times I've sensed the presence of some struggling force, like an invisible ghost trying to make contact without revealing its identity."

Markham gave an exasperated sigh.

"Very helpful. Do you advise calling in a medium?"

"There's something we've overlooked," Vance went on, diregarding the sarcasm. "The case is a cipher, and they key-word is somewhere before us, but we don't recognize it. 'Pon my soul, it's dashed annoyin' . . . Let's be orderly. Neatness—that's our desideratum. First, Robin is killed. Next, Sprigg is shot. Then Mrs. Drukker is frightened with a black bishop. After that, Drukker is shoved over a wall. Makin' four distinct episodes in the murderer's extravaganza. Three of 'em were carefully planned. One—the leaving of the bishop at Mrs. Drukker's door—was forced on the murderer, and was therefore decided on without preparation. . . ."

"Clarify your reasoning on that point."

"Oh, my dear fellow! The conveyor of the black bishop was obviously acting in self-defence. An unexpected danger developed along his line of campaign, and he took this means of averting it. Just before Robin's death Drukker departed from the archery-room and installed himself in the arbor of the yard, where he could look into the archery-room through the rear window. A little later he saw some on in the room talking to Robin. He returned to his house, and at that moment Robin's body was thrown on the range. Mrs. Drukker saw it, and at that time she probably saw Drukker. She screamed—very natural, what? Drukker heard the scream, and told us of it later in an effort to establish an alibi for himself after we'd informed him that Robin had been killed. Thus the murderer learned that Mrs. Drukker had seen something—how much, he didn't know. But he wasn't taking any chances. He went to her room at midnight to silence her, and took the bishop to leave beside her body as a signature. But he found the door locked, and left the bishop outside, by way of warning her to say nothing on pain of death. He didn't know that the poor woman suspected her own son."

"But why didn't Drukker tell us whom he saw in the archery-room with Robin?"

"We can only assume that the person was some one whom he couldn't conceive of as being guilty. And I'm inclined to believe he mentioned the fact to this person and thus sealed his own doom."

"Assuming the correctness of your theory, where does it lead us?"

"To the one episode that wasn't elaborately prepared in advance. And when there has been no preparation for a covert act there is pretty sure to be a weakness in one or more of the details. Now, please note that at the time of each of the three murders any one of the vario s persons in the drama could have been present. No one had an alibi. That, of course, was cleverly calculated; the murderer chose an hour when all of the actors were, so to speak, waiting in the wings. But that midnight visit! Ah! That was a different matter. There was no time to work out a perfect set of circumstances—the menace was too immediate. And what was the result? Drukker and Professor Dillard were, apparently, the only persons on hand at midnight. Arnesson and Belle Dillard were supping at the Plaza and didn't return home until half past twelve. Pardee was horn-locked with Rubinstein over a chess board from eleven to one. Drukker is now of course eliminated. . . What's the answer?"

"I could remind you," returned Markham irritably, "that the alibis of the others have not been thoroughly checked."

"Well, well, so you could." Vance lay back indolently and sent a long regular series of smoke-rings toward the ceiling. Suddenly his body tensed, and with meticulous care he leaned over and put out his cigarette. Then he glanced at his watch and got to his feet. He fixed Markham with a quizzical look.

"Forward, my friends. It's not yet six. Here's where Arnesson makes himself useful."

"What now?" expostulated Markham.

"Your own suggestion," Vance replied, taking him by the arm and leading him toward the door. "We're going to check Pardee's alibi."

CHAPTER XXXI.

Half an hour later we were seated with the professor and Arnesson in the Dillard library.

"We've come on a somewhat unusual errand," explained Vance; "but it may have a vital bearing on our investigation." He took out his wallet and unfolded a sheet of paper. "Here's a document, Mr. Arnesson, I wish you'd glance over. It's a copy of the official scoresheet of the chess game between Pardee and Rubinstein. Very interesting. I've toyed with it a bit, but I'd like your expert analysis of it. The first part of the game is usual enough, but the play after the adjournment rather appeals to me."

Arnesson too kthe paper and studied it with cynical amusement.

"Aha! The inglorious record of Pardee's Waterloo, eh?"

"What's the meaning of this, Markham?" asked Professor Dillard, contemptuously. "Do you hope to run a murderer to earth by dilly-dallying over a chess game?"

"Mr. Vance hoped something could be learned from it."

"Fiddlesticks!" The professor poured himself another glass of port and, opening a book, ignored us completely.

Arnesson was absorbed in the notations of the chess score.

"Something a bit queer here," he muttered. "The time's askew. Let's see. . . The scoresheet shows that, up to the time of adjournment, White—that is, Pardee—had played one hour and forty-five minutes, and Black, or Rubinstein, one our and fifty-eight minutes. Quite in order. But during the second session of the game White consumed only forty-five minutes, whereas Black used up one hour and thirty-four minutes."

Vance nodded. "Exactly. There were two hours and nineteen minutes of play beginning at 11 p.m. Rubinstein's moves during that time took forty-nine minutes longer than Pardee's. Can you make out what happened?"

Arnesson arose and went to the little chess table, where he arranged the men to accord with the position of the game at the time of adjournment.

"It doesn't strike me as a particularly unfavorable position for Pardee," ventured Vance.

Arnesson made half a dozen moves, then gave a grunt. "Ha! This is rather deep stuff of Rubinstein's. As I know Rubinstein, it took him a long time to figure it out. Slow, plodding chap."

"It's possible, isn't it," suggested Vance, "that the working out of that combination explains the discrepancy in time between Black and White?"

"Oh, undoubtedly. Planning the combination took him all of forty-five minutes—or I'm a duffer."

"At what hour, would you say," asked Vance carelessly, "did Rubinstein use up that forty-five minutes?"

(To be continued.)

Nurses Wanted

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Fordham Hospital, New York City, offers a Three Years' Course of Training to Young Women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further particulars write or apply to the Superintendent.

The Rainbow's End

Light of foot and gay of heart,
He took the rainbow road
With empty pack while others bore
Ambition's heavy load.

He sought like them the pot of gold,
But ever on his way
He paused to hear the thrushes sing
A requiem for the day.

He lingered where hill vistas spread
New beauty to his sight;
He saw the great hills wear at dawn
Creation's holy light.

The Autumn's loveliness was his,
The Spring's ecstatic word;
The lyric phrase of bird and bee
His listening spirit heard.

He came belated to the place
Where down the hills descend
The eager feet that seek the gold
Hung at the rainbow's end.

They found no shining pot of gold
Who took the trail with him
And never knew his pack of dreams
Was laden to the brim!

—Arthur Wallace Peach.

A Good Settler

The motorist pulled up at a wayside garage for petrol, but he had to wait for some time while another customer was having his tires pumped up.

"Was that man a prominent figure in these parts?" asked the motorist when the other had departed. "You were very respectful and attentive to him."

The garage proprietor nodded his head.

"Yes, sir," he said; "he's one of the early settlers."

The motorist looked surprised.

"But he's still quite a young man," he returned.

"True enough," said the proprietor; "but he pays his bills the first of every month."

Three Generations in Teaching Post

For 104 years—from 1821 to 1925—a teaching position at Southesmes (Meuse) France, was held successively by Nicholas Grandjean (1821 to 1867), his son, Prosper (1867 to 1899), and his grandson, Charles (1899 to 1925), according to L'Ecole et la Vie, a weekly review of education published in Paris. The item was quoted in School Life, official organ of the United States Office of Education, which said this was a record as far as it knows.

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished with Every Pattern

A printed chiffon voile printed in white pin dots shows how smart and cool it can be.

The collarless neckline is cut quite low at the front. Pin inverted tucks add trimming note at either shoulder. Shirring at centre-front moulds the hipline.

The attached skirt favors the soft gathered treatment. The pointed outline at the front tends to slenderize the figure.

It may also be made with short sleeves that echo the skirt fulness in gathered ruffles.

Style No. 2646 comes in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.

Chiffon in plain or print, dimity print, sheer linen print, crepe silk, dotted swiss and printed batiste are suitable fabrics.

Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 39-inch material.

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.

Popular

Crochet suits, insidiously out steadily, have made inroads into beach modes. Juliette Compton, uses blue and white crochet pyjamas.

The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE

What came before: Captain Jimmy bargained with General Lu to fly him to Japan in exchange for help in fitting up his plane to rescue Lieut. Stone's brother Guy, from the bandits. He is about to start on his long trip across the Chinese Sea.

General Lu sent for us in haste. He wanted to start at once. He had sold out his position as General for a huge sum of money, which had just arrived, and he was anxious to be off before any of his officers found out and made him divide up his wealth.

The following night we bid Guy and Jed Stone, good-bye, and began our trip under cover of darkness. Six hundred miles or more across the Chinese Sea was no joke. Many bad storms and typhoons sweep the waters, and heavy sea fogs make flying dangerous.

Once off the ground I could see we were in for it. The air was just full of bumps, and General Lu and his faithful servant grew nervous. We tried a thousand feet higher up, and it was even worse. The plane tossed like a boat riding on a rough sea.

The sky gradually clouded up and the wind grew in volume. The darkness and fog seemed to crowd us down to the water. Long curling waves with sharp white crests made any chance of surviving impossible, should we be forced down.

Hour after hour we flew along, steering by the instruments. A cold wet drizzle blew right through our coats. I wrapped a blanket around Scottie, but the poor little chap still shivered. The past few days had been strenuous, and we were about fagged out. Most likely I dozed, for the next thing I knew I was being vigorously shaken. Scottie was barking furiously.

Right under our wheels the waves lapped angrily. I nosed the plane up. The gasoline swished around in nearly empty tanks. Flying against the wind had exhausted our supply. We might have enough for another fifty miles.

The dawn broke in a cold grey streak. I strained my eyes to see a large black object through the mist. Then a rocky headland emerged from the fog on our left.

Carefully I banked the plane and nosed her down as close to the rocks as I dared. It was a sheer precipice. At its foot the angry waves dashed themselves into white fury. Gradually the cliff descended within fifty feet of the water. Surely there must be a sand beach somewhere.

Imagine my despair when the cliff began to rise again and ended in a steep crag without a single inch of sandy beach. Soon we circled the island, and it was simply a tremendous volcanic rock with straight, high sides.

Suddenly we noticed a line of white breakers a mile or two away. The water seemed shallow. As a last chance I followed it—two miles, four miles, six—our gasoline was almost spent, when right below appeared the nicest sand beach you ever saw, sloping gradually up to a little island.

Like a great many beaches, this one looked much harder and smoother than it really was. With the motor cut out we hit, rolled a few feet in the soft sand, and then the plane went over on her nose. During all this time General Lu was splendid. Never a complaint. Never an argument; he sat quietly and calmly, waiting for what might happen.

Soon we kindled a roaring fire from driftwood, and dried ourselves out. To our surprise, General Lu began peeling off one suit after another, until he had taken off about six. Then I remembered that some of the Chinese had a way of putting their suits on in layers. General Lu could afford plenty of suits, so why not have them?

Meanwhile the question of food and water became pressing. We set out to search without delay.

(To be continued)

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

Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk

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

Work

The gospel of work does not save souls, but it saves peoples. It is not a Christian maxim only, that they who do not work should not eat; it is also in the end a law of Nature and of nations. Lazy races die or decay. Races that work, prosper on the earth. The British race, in all its greatest branches, is noted for its restless activity. Its life motto is Work! Work! Work! And its deepest contempt is reserved for those who will not thus exert themselves.— Dr. Stewart (of Lovedale.)

Daily Work

Idleness is the key of beggary and the root of all evil. If the devil catch a man idle he will set him to work, find him tools, and before long pay him wages.

Do not overwork yourself, nor sit up too late, and never continue any one mental employment after you are tired of it.—Southey to Coleridge.

As soon as a man begins to love his work, then will he also begin to make progress.

What we would do, let us begin today. Every good we would have must be paid for in strokes of daily effort.—William James.

Full Marks

"Why," asked the schoolmaster, "are the days longer in the summer than in the winter."

Timothy, to whom the question was put, had a ready answer.

"Because the sun shines longer," he replied.

"Yes, yes," the master returned. "But why does the sun shine longer?"

Without the slightest hesitation the boy replied:

"Because the night is so much shorter."

Self-Confidence

"She had a quiet confidence in being able to do whatever was needful for her to do. She leaned on her necessities instead of being broken by them," says a biographer, of a busy and useful life. The statement is worth more than a passing thought, for the necessities that confront most lives can either be allowed to become a crushing burden or turned into a staff that will aid on the journey or strengthen for higher climbing.

It is inevitable that the entire banking system must be socialized in the public interest. — Professor Colston Warne.

Spring Babies Are Brightest

"Lady Luck smiles on the children of spring."

Such is the conclusion of P. P. Blonsky, Russian psychologist, who compared the intelligence scores and birth months of a large number of Moscow school children. He found a significant difference in favor of those born in the three spring months. Those born in the winter were dullest, he said.

The children were all below normal and from poor homes. Blonsky explained the difference as due to the fact that children born in the spring get more fresh air, and that milk is cheaper then, so that parents can afford to buy it.

The winter's children must spend their first months in a stuffy and often filthy environment. In summer the heat affects the children.

It appears, he concludes, that the environment in which a baby gets its start partly determines the mentality it will develop through life.

Blonsky's tests have just been repeated with a group of 2,925 children by Columbia University psychologists, as reported by Prof. Rudolph Pintner in the Journal of Applied Psychology, and a much smaller difference, considered insignificant, was found between children born in the warm and cold months.

I would as lief poison people as tell untruths about them.—Bishop Woodcock of Kentucky.

Summer COLDS

Almost everybody knows how Aspirin tablets break up a cold—but why not prevent it? Take a tablet or two when you first feel the cold coming on. Spare yourself the discomfort of a summer cold. Read the proven directions in every package for headaches, pain, etc.

BAYER

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