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"

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished with Every Pattern

3157

Jackets! Jackets! And more jackets! Paris is sending for daytime wear. And a tremendously smart vogue it is.

Women who are not so slender will find it a particularly helpful style.

It is the pampered vogue of youth.

It is unsurpassed for the business woman and for spectator sports.

Here's a charming model so smartly appropriate to span over the needs of entire day.

It can be nicely carried out in one of the lovely new crepe silk prints. The jacket of plain crepe may match or contrast.

Don't you love the softened effect of the bodice?

For more formal wear, it could be developed of a chiffon print or chiffon voile print.

Linen, eyelet batiste, shantung and pastel flat washable crepe are charming for resort.

Style No. 3157 is designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.

Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 35-inch or 4⅛ yards 39-inch, with 1⅝ yards 35-inch for jacket.

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.

Future of Young Farmers Lies Right At Home

Washington.—Country boys who do not want city jobs were hailed as the hope of agriculture in a recent radio address by Dr. J. C. Wright, director of the Federal Board for Vocational Education.

Dr. Wright described the enthusiasm for country living displayed by 100,000 boys belonging to the Future Farmers of America, an organization sponsored by vocational agricultural schools.

"They are learning their best opportunity for the future lies right on the home farm or another farm," said Dr. Wright. "You will not find them walking the streets of our large cities looking for jobs where there are no jobs.

"They form and operate their own co-operative associations, they buy and sell, they conduct agricultural meetings, and they participate in the agricultural program of the community. Their laboratories are their home farms."

Increased means and increased leisure are the two civilizers of man.—Benjamin Disraeli.

When Depressions Were Depressing

I can remember back in 1873, when times were really hard, writes F. Van Dyck in the Saturday Evening Post. Laborers in our streets were glad to get 87 cents for twelve hours of hard work, and tried to keep their families alive in the squalor of insanitary slums.

There were all kinds of bargains being offered in those times. Men said the country had gone to the "demnition bowwows." There were a lot of spectacular failures that grew out of an equally spectacular boom. I was offered a seat on the New York Stock Exchange for $5,000 by a member who believed the economic bottom had dropped out of the world. He believed New York was bankrupt.

Our red menace in those days was the red flag of the auctioneer. He believed that before long the flags of auctioneers would be floating above the doors of most business houses. He was scared and he had to have money.

I do not remember who bought that seat that was offered to me for $5,000, but I know that it might have been sold a few years ago for $625,000. I have not the slightest doubt that in the future a New York Stock Exchange seat will be rated a bargain at 1 million dollars.

One of the bargins I did buy during that panic was a 43-acre farm with an 8-room house and barn at Scarsdale, in Westchester County, New York. I paid $11,500 to a man who felt that a country place was an extravagance; that the United States of America was ruined.

I sold off that place in small plots. To-day the tract, with the improvements, is assessed at more than $400,000. There are thirty or forty houses there now.

Traveler's Song

He who would travel far
  Must travel light
And for his company
  Take dear Delight.
Delight loves simple things,
  Her needs are few;
She is as young and fair
  As untouched dew.

But if Delight should prove
  A fickle friend
Let him to sturdy Grief
  A hearing lend;
He from her well-lined store
  A cloak may borrow,
No cobbler patches shoes
  So well as Sorrow.

The man who knows these two—
  Grief and Delight—
May view the varied world
  And sleep at night.

—Elluned Lewis, in The London Sunday Times.

Decision

Think prayerfully before deciding You can only see a little way; Christ can see the whole way. He cares for you. Consult Him and He will guide you.

A Danish farmer finds the cash return of his land is nearly seven times as much when planted with cabbage being raised for seed as when planted with grain. If other remunerative "grain-substitute" crops were more widely planted, many farmers would raise less grain and therefore help raise the prices. — The Christian Science Monitor.

First Chorus Girl—"These camera fiends from the newspaper are awfully annoying."

Second Chorus Girl — "Indeed they are. But don't move, dear. There's one justa going to take us now."

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 papers, signed The Bishop. District Attorney Markham asks the aid of his friend, Philo Vance.

The following are associated with the case: Prof. Dillard and his neice, Belle. 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. Drukker is holding back information and Vance determines to find out what it is. That night Drukker is murdered. The shock kills Mrs. Drukker. Then Vance determines to question Pardee, but Pardee is found to have committed suicide.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Professor Dillard's gaze moved to the chess table wonderingly.

"The black bishop," he repeated in a low tone. "Could that have been what was preying on his mind last night? It seems unbelievable that so trivial a thing could affect him so disastrously."

"Don't forget, sir," Vance reminded him, "that the black bishop was the symbol of his failure. It represented the wreckage of his hopes. Less potent factors have driven men to take their own lives."

A few minutes later Burke informed us that the Medical Examiner had arrived. Taking leave of the professor we descended again to the archery room, where Doctor Doremus was busy with his examination of Pardee's body.

He looked up as we entered and waved one hand perfunctorily. His usual jovial manner was gone.

"When's this business going to stop?" he grumbled. "I don't like the atmosphere round here. Murders—death from shock—suicides. Enough to give one the creeps. I'm going to get a nice uneventful job in a slaughter house."

"We believe," said Markham, "that this is the end."

Doremus blinked. "So! That's it, is it?—the Bishop suicides after running the town ragged. Sounds reasonable. Hope you're right." He again bent over the body, and, unflexing the fingers, tossed the revolver to the table.

"For your armory, Sergeant."

Heath dropped the weapon in his pocket.

"How long's he been dead, doc?"

"Oh, since midnight, or thereabouts. Maybe earlier, maybe later. Any other fool questions?"

Heath grinned. "Is there any doubt about it being suicide?"

Doremus glared passionately at the Sergeant.

"What does it look like? A blackhand bombing?" Then he became professional. "The weapon was in his hand. Powder marks on the temple. Hole the right size for the gun, and in the right place. Position of the body natural. Can't see anything suspicious. Why? Got any doubts?"

It was Markham who answered.

"To the contrary, doctor. Everything from our angle of the case points to suicide."

"It's suicide all right, then. I'll check up a little further, though. Here, Sergeant, give me a hand."

When Heath had helped to lift Pardee's body to the divan for a more detailed examination, we went to the drawing room where we were joined shortly by Arnesson.

'What's the verdict?" he asked, dropping into the nearest chair. "I suppose there's no question that the chap committed the act himself."

"Why should you raise the point, Mr. Arnesson?" Vance parried.

"No reason. An idle comment. Lots of queer things going on hereabouts."

"Oh, obviously." Vance blew a wreath of smoke upward. "No; the Medical Examiner seems to think there's no doubt in the matter. Did Pardee, by the by, impress you as bent on self-destruction last night?"

Arnesson considered. "Hard to say," he concluded. "He was never a gay soul. But suicide? . . . I don't know. However, you say there's no question about it; so there you are."

"Quite, quite. And how does this new situation fit into your formula?"

"Dissipates the whole question, of course. No more need for speculation." Despite his words, he appeared uncertain. "What I can't understand," he added, "is why he should choose the archery room. Lot of space in his own house for a *felo-de-se*."

"There was a convenient gun in the archery room," suggested Vance. "And that reminds me: Sergeant Heath would like to have Miss Dillard identify the weapon, as a matter of form."

"That's easy. Where is it?"

Heath handed it to him, and he started from the room.

"Also"—Vance halted him—"you might ask Miss Dillard if she kept playing cards in the archery room."

Arnesson returned in a few minutes and informed us that the gun was the one which had been in the tool-chest drawer, and that not only were playing cards kept in the table drawer of the archery-room but that Pardee knew of their presence there.

Doctor Doremus appeared soon afterwards and iterated his conclusion that Pardee had shot himself.

"That'll be my report," he said. "Can't see any way out of it. To be sure, lots of suicides are fakes—but that's your province. Nothing in the least suspicious here."

Markham nodded with undisguised satisfaction.

"We've no reason to question your findings, doctor. In fact, suicide fits perfectly with what we already know. It brings this whole Bishop orgy to a logical conclusion." He got up like a man from whose shoulders a great burden had been lifted. "Sergeant, I'll leave you to arrange for the removal of the body for the autopsy; but you'd better drop in at the Stuyvesant Club later. Thank heaven today is Sunday! It gives us time to turn round.

That night at the club Vance and Markham and I sat alone in the lounge room. Heath had come and gone, and a careful statement had been drawn up for the press announcing Pardee's suicide and intimating that the Bishop case was thereby closed. Vance had said little all day. He had refused to offer any suggestion as to the wording of the official statement, and had appeared reluctant even to discuss the new phase of the case. But now he gave voice to the doubts that had evidently been occupying his mind.

"It's too easy, Markham—much too easy. There's an aroma of speciousness about it. It's perfectly logical, d' ye see, but it's not satisfyin'. I can't exactly picture our Bishop terminating his debauch of humor in such a banal fashion. There's nothing witty in blowin' one's brain out—it's rather common-place, don't y' know. Shows a woeful lack of originality. It's not worthy of the artificer of the Mother Goose murders."

Markham was disgruntled.

"You yourself explained how the crimes accorded with the psychological possibilities of Pardee's mentality; and to me it appears highly reasonable that, having perpetrated his gruesome jokes and come to the end of his rope, he should have done away with himself."

"You're probably right," sighed Vance. "I haven't any coruscatin' arguments to combat you with. Only I'm disappointed. I don't like anti-climaxes, especially when they don't jibe with my idea of the dramatist's talent. Pardee's death at this moment is too deuced neat—it clears things up too tidily. There's too much utility in it, and too little imagination."

Markham felt that he could afford to be tolerant.

"Perhaps his imagination was exhausted on the murders. His suicide might be regarded merely as a lowering of the curtain when the play was over. In any event, it was by no means an incredible act. Defeat and disappointment and discouragement—a thwarting of all one's ambitions—have constituted cause for suicide since time immemorial."

"Exactly. We have a reasonable motive, or explanation, for his suicide, but no motive for the murders."

"Pardee was in love with Belle Dillard," argued Markham; "and he probably knew that Robin was a suitor for her hand. Also, he was intensely jealous of Drukker."

"And Sprigg's murder?"

"We have no data on that point."

Vance shook his head.

"We can't separate the crimes as to motive. They all sprang from one underlying impulse: they were actuated by a single urgent passion."

Markham sighed impatiently.

"Even if Pardee's suicide is unrelated to the murders, we at a dead end, figuratively and literally."

"Yes, yes. A dead end. Very distressin.' Consolin' for the police, though. It lets them out—for a while, anyway. But don't misinterpret my vagaries. Pardee's death is unquestionably related to the murders. Rather intimate relationship, too, I'd say."

Markham took his cigar slowly from his mouth and scrutinized Vance for several moments.

"Is there any doubt in your mind," he asked, "that Pardee committed suicide?"

Vance hesitated before answering.

"I could bear to know," he drawled, "why that house of cards collapsed so readily when I deliberately leaned against the table——"

"Yes?"

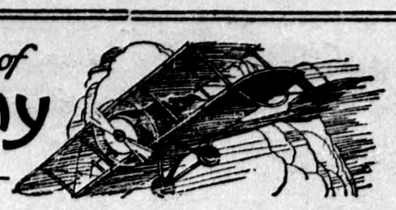
"—and why it didn't topple over when Pardee's head and shoulders fell forward on the table after he'd shot himself."

"Nothing to that," said Markham. "The first jar may have loosened the cards—" Suddenly his eyes narrowed. "Are you implying that the card house was built after Pardee was dead?"

"Oh, my dear fellow! I'm not indulgin' in implications. I'm merely givin' tongue to my youthful curiosity, don't y' know."

(To be continued.)

The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE



What came before: Captain Jimmy is forced down in his plane on a desert island, while flying from China to Japan. Night after night he builds a fire in hope of attracting a passing ship. Then one evening he hears a steamer whistle in the darkness.

Night can't last forever. Gradually a faint light showed in the East. There we sat, all huddled around the fire, waiting. A dozen times I thought I made out a ship—only to find out that it was my imagination. Then came an excited yell from Chung.

"Lookee, lookee. Bigee Boat!"

There sure enough, was a good sized freight steamer, anchored several miles from shore.

Just about sun up, a boat put off and a little while later it was beached about where we landed our plane. The Captain, whose name was Bueno, had seen the faint glare of our fire and decided to stand by and investigate in the morning. The crew were all Philipinos and spoke not a word of English.

I explained to him that we must take the plane apart and bring it with us, and after a while we dismantled it, and carried it abroad. General Lu had gone with the first boat to the ship, from which he refused to budge, but Chung stayed with Scottie and me and went in the last boat.

"Chung", I said when leaving, "What shall we call that island of ours?"

Chung gave it a scornful look. "Call him EGG" and so Egg we called it, which after all was appropriate, for it was nearly egg-shaped.

It was hazy and growing towards dark as we stood on the bridge of the Madrigal peering by turns through a telescope at the vessel which lay on the very horizon. Now and then we could see faint flashes as though a small gun was being fired.

Through the glass we could make out the ship as a small steamer, while dead a head of it, and partly hidden from us was a second boat that we couldn't see clearly.

It was late in the afternoon of the first day out from Karatsu, Japan, with a full load of coal bound for Manilla. Scottie and I were making the trip with Capt. Bueno and planning to spend some time on the islands. Securely lashed on deck was our plane, the Borden Eagle. At Karatsu, we had built her some pontoons and we had rigged a derrick and sling so that in a very short space of time we could launch the plane, overside.

The Captain was intently examining the strange ship through the telescope when Chung rudely interrupted. "Chung lookee through longee stick," he announced.

That China boy was all a quiver to get the glass into his hands. Never had he seen one before, let alone hold one, and he was all excited. With one hand he held the eye piece to his eye and grasped the other end of the telescope firmly. The very next minute there was and exclamation of surprise and dismay and there stood Chung with the telescope all collapsed. He had pushed the two ends together and instead of a telescope about two or three feet long he held in his hands one that was only about eight or nine inches long. You should have seen the surprised expression on his face.

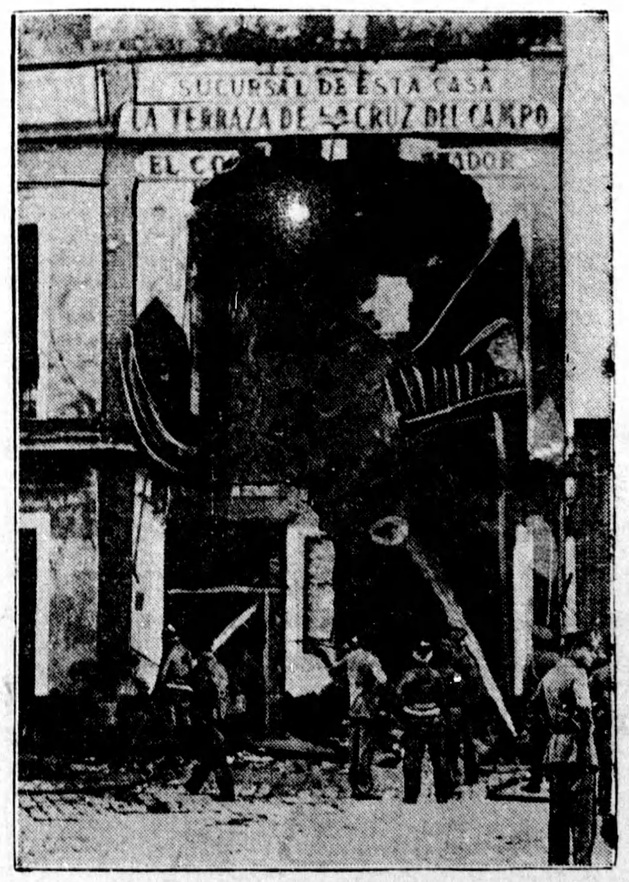
(To be continued.)

Note: Any young reader 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.

Communists Unpopular in Spain



Twenty-two rounds of rapid fire from the machine-gun and artillery units by Spanish soldiers, left this building headquarters of Communists in Seville in ruins.

Armour of 25 Foot Crocodile is Discovered in Texas

Ann Arbor, Mich.—The Museum of Paleontology of the University of Michigan recently announced discovery of the dorsal armor of a giant phytosaur of the Triassic Age.

The discovery was made near Amarillo, Texas, by an expedition composed of Dr. E. C. Case, director of the Museum of Paleontology; W. H. Buettner, preparator, and Theodore White, graduate student in the university.

Dr. Case describes the phytosaurs as large carnivorous reptiles, resembling crocodiles in form and habits. The specimen was part of the skeleton of a great animal about twenty-five feet long which lurked in the swamps during the Triassic Period, some 50,000,000 years ago.

The phytosaur's back was covered by an armor made up of thick bony plates, an dthe Michigan expedition made the first find of a set of armor plates, and the Michigan expedition Case said the finding of the plates of the dorsal armor in place is a unique discovery, as it will solve many questions concerning the form of these extinct creatures.

Near Amarillo, the expedition found, besides the specimens of phytosaur armor, a large amphibian skull, probably new to science, two phytosaur skulls and many other portions of the skeletons of reptiles and amphibians.

Thankfulness for Light

We should render thanks to God for having produced this temporal light, which is the smile of heaven and joy of the world, spreading it like a cloth of gold over the face of the air and earth, and lighting it as a torch, by which we might behold His works.—Caussin.

Coal Deposits Discovered

Rio De Janiero.—Large deposits of high-grade coal have been discovered in the Xingu region, according to advices from Para. The coal, a commodity somewhat scarce on the east coast of South America, is described as equal in quality to the best grade mined in Wales.