**Rich in body and delicate as blossoms in its flavour**

# "SALADA" TEA

163

**'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 notes signed The Bishop. District Attorney Markham calls in Philo Vance to aid him.

The following people are associated with the case: Prof. Dillard, his neice Belle, and his protege, Sigurd Arnesson; John Pardee, a neighbor; Mrs. Drukker and her son Adolph, a cripple.

Vance is convinced Adolph knows something, but before he can question him, he (Adolph) is murdered, The shock kills Mrs. Drukker. Then Pardee commits suicide. Markham believes Pardee was The Bishop, but Vance believes otherwise.

Then Prof. Dillard asks them to come to his home and while there he tells them that he is convinced that The Bishop is still active, though he will not give any reason. Word then comes of the disappearance of a little girl.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—(Cont'd.)

"Very well," Markham acquiesced. "A five-year-old girl named Madeleine Moffat was playing with a group of children at about half past five last evening. She crawled up on a high mound near the retaining wall, and a little later, when her governess went to get her, thinking she had descended the other side, the child was nowhere to be found. The only suggestive fact is that two of the other children say they saw a man talking to her shortly before she disappeared; but, of course, they can give no description of him. The police were notified, and are investigating. And that's all there is to the case so far."

"'Madeleine,'" Vance repeated the name musingly. "I say, Markham; do you know if this child knew Drukker?"

"Yes!" Markham sat up a little straighter. "Her father mentioned that she often went to parties at his house. . . ."

"I've seen the child." Vance rose and stood, hands in pockets, gazing down at the floor. "An adorable little creature . . . golden curls. She brought a handful of flowers for Drukker the morning of his funeral. . . . And now she has disappeared after having been seen talking with a strange man. . . ."

"What's going on in your mind?" demanded Markham sharply.

Vance appeared not to have heard the question.

"Why should her father appeal to you?"

"I've known Moffat slightly for years—he was at one time connected with the city administration. He's frantic—grasping at every straw. The proximity of the affair to the Bishop murders has made him morbidly apprehensive. . . . . But see here, Vance; we didn't come here to discuss the Moffat child's disappearance. . ."

Vance lifted his head: there was a look of startled horror on his face.

"Don't speak—oh, don't speak. . ." He began pacing up and down, while Markham and Heath watched him in mute amazement. "Yes—yes; that would be it," he murmured to himself. "The time is right . . . it all fits. . ."

He swung about, and going to Markham seized his arm.

"Come—quickly! It's our only chance—we can't wait another minute." He fairly dragged Markham to his feet and led him toward the door. "I've been fearing something like this all week—"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Markham wrenched his arm free from the other's grip.

"I won't move from this office, Vance, until you explain."

"It's another act in the play—the last act! Oh, take my word for it." There was a look in Vance's eyes I had never seen before. "It's 'Little Miss Muffet' now. The name isn't identical, but that doesn't matter. It's near enough for the Bishop's jest; he'll explain it all to the press. He probably beckoned the child to the tuffet, and sat down beside her. And now she's gone—frightened away. . ."

Markham moved forward in a sort of daze; and Heath, his eyes bulging, leapt to the door. I have often wondered what went on in their minds during those few seconds of Vance's importunate urgings. Did they believe in his interpretation of the episode? Or were ehey merely afraid not to investigate, in view of the remote possibility that another hideous joke had been perpetrated by the Bishop? Whatever their convictions or doubts, they accepted the situation as Vance saw it; and a moment later we were in the hall, hastening toward the elevator. At Vance's suggestion we picked up Detective Tracy from the branch office of the Detective Bureau in the Criminal Courts Building.

"This affair is serious," he explained. "Anything may happen."

We emerged through the Franklin Street entrance, and in a few minutes were on our way uptown in the District Attorney's car, breaking speed regulations and ignoring traffic cignals. Scarcely a word was spoken on that momentous ride, but as we swung through the tortuous roads of Central Park Vance said:

"I may be wrong, but we will have to risk it. If we wait to see whether the papers get a note, it'll be too late. We're not supposed to know yet; and that's our one chance. . . ."

"What do you expect to find?" Markham's tone was husky and a little uncertain.

Vance shook his head despondently.

"Oh, I don't know. But it'll be something devilish."

When the car drew up with a lurch in front of the Dillard house Vance leapt out and ran up the steps ahead of us. Pyne answered his insistent ring.

"Where's Mr. Arnesson?" he demanded.

"At the university, sir," the old butler replied; and I imagined there was fright in his eyes. "But he'll be home for an early lunch."

"Then take us at once to Professor Dillard."

"I'm sorry, sir," Pyne told him; "but the professor is also out. He went to the Public Library—"

"Are you alone here?"

"Yes, sir. Beedle's gone to market."

"So much the better." Vance took hold of the butler and turned him toward the rear stairs. "We're going to search the house. Pyne, you lead the way."

Markham came forward.

"But, Vance, we can't do that!"

Vance wheeled round.

"I'm not interested in what you can do or can't do. I'm going to search this house. . . . Sergeant, are you with me?" There was a strange look on his face.

"You bet your sweet life!" (I never liked Heath as much as at that moment.)

The search was begun in the basement. Every hallway, every closet, every cupboard and waste space was inspected. Pyne, completely cowed by Heath's vindictiveness, acted as guide. He brought keys and opened doors for us, and even suggested places we might overwise have overlooked. The Sergeant had thrown himself into the hunt with energy, though I am sure he had only a vague idea as to its object. Markham followed us disapprovingly; but he, too, had been caught in the sweep of Vance's dynamic purposefulness; and he must have realized that Vance had some tremendous justification for his rash conduct.

Gradually we worked our way upward through the house. The library and Arnesson's room were gone over carefully; Belle Dillard's apartment was scrutinized, and close attention was given to the unused rooms on the third floor. Even the servant's quarters on the fourth floor were overhauled. But nothing suspicious was discovered. Though Vance suppressed his eagerness I could tell what a nervous strain he was under by the tireless haste with which he pushed the search.

Eventually we came to a locked door at the rear of the upper hall.

"Where does that lead?" Vance asked Pyne.

"To a little attic room, sir. But it's never used—"

"Unlock it."

The man fumbled for several moments with his bunch of keys.

"I don't seem to find the key, sir. It's supposed to be here. . . ."

"When did you have it last?"

"I couldn't say, sir. To my knowledge no one's been in the attic for years."

Vance stepped back and crouched.

"Stand aside, Pyne."

When the butler had moved out of the way Vance hurled himself against the door with terrific force. There was a creaking and straining of wood, but the lock held.

Markham rushed forward and caught him round the shoulders.

"Are you mad?" he exclaimed. "You're breaking the law."

"The law!" There was scathing irony in Vance's retort. "We're dealing with a monster who sneers at all law. You may coddle him if you care to, but I'm going to search that attic if it means spending the rest of my life in jail. Sergeant, open that door!"

Again I experienced a thrill of liking for Heath. Without a moment's hesitation he poised himself on his toes and sent his shoulders crashing against the door's panel just above the knob. There was a splintering of wood as the lock's bolt tore through the moulding. The door swung inward.

Vance, freeing himself from Markham's hold, ran stumbling up the steps with the rest of us at his heels. There was no light in the attic, and we paused for a moment at the head of the stairs to accustom our eyes to the darkness. Then Vance struck a match and, groping forward, sent up the window shade with a clatter. The sunlight poured in, revealing a small room, scarcely ten feet square, cluttered with all manner of discarded odds and ends. The atmosphere was heavy and stifling and a thick coating of dust lay over everything.

Vance looked quickly about him, and an expression of disappointment came over his face.

"This is the only place left," he remarked, with the calmness of desperation.

After a more careful scrutiny of the room, he stepped to the corner by the little window and peered down at a battered suitcase which lay on its side against the wall. I noticed that it was unlatched and that its straps hung free. Leaning over he threw the cover back.

(To be continued.)

## What New York Is Wearing

*Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished with Every Pattern*

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON

The bolero jacket dress is engaging much attention of debs, debutantes and youthful type of woman.

No small wonder—when so smart and so thoroughly wearable as this one.

The original in a crepe silk had its collar and jabot of white crepe tuck-in blouse pleated to prove its feminine chic.

The gored skirt, slighly flared, lends height to the figure.

In emerald green with plain white, this model is very snappy.

Style No. 3127 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 years. 36 and 38 inches bust.

Size 16 requires 3 yards 39-inch, with 1¼ yards 39-inch for blouse.

Crepe marocain, crepe satin and supple woolens will make up very fascinatingly in this chic 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.

### "Little Alley Washings"

Oh, little alley washings
Hung on my neighbour's line.
Criss-crossed above the hot cement,
Unblesed by brief sunshine.

Oh, ragged alley washings
(The poor, oh, Lord, how long?)
You know my neighbour's calloused hands,
Her cheerfulness and song.

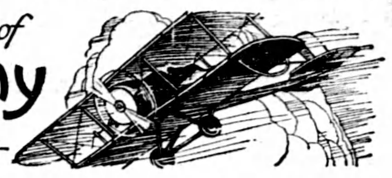
So, little shirts and stockings
(Grimly, torn, and few),
You'll never feel the wind from hills
Nor sweet baptism of dew!

—Nimrod, in The Chicago Tribune.

Crisp..... Salty..... Crunchy

Christie's O-SO-GUD BUTTER PRETZELS

## The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE



**What came before:** Captain Jimmy sees a Chinese pirate junk trying to sink another ship and goes to the rescue in his plane. He swoops down in a surprise attack and leaves the junk in a disabled condition.

The last we saw of her, she seemed to be half full of water. Whether she ever made the shore of China, in the stiffening breeze, is doubtful.

Meanwhile, we circled back toward the little ship. Something white and dense rose from her decks. Smoke! Then a flash of red flame. Sure enough—those villians had set her afire.

As we circled over the doomed vessel, large clouds of heavy white smoke drifted up from the decks. Then, to our dismay, we noticed that the pirates had cut every life boat loose before they fled from the ship, thus taking away the crew's only means of escape.

Back we headed for the freighter and as we passed I dropped a note on her decks. "Ship on fire. No lifeboats. Hurry."

But the captain of the freighter needed no warning. Steam up, he drove his ship with all possible speed. Meanwhile, we circled around and waited, for the water was now too rough to alight.

Fire at sea is a beautiful sight and a dreadful one too. In some way it is like a fire in the country. Unless someone catches it at first, it is almost impossible to put it out, and all you can do is to stand by and watch it burn.

The stern of the little ship now began to blaze brightly and the passengers turned like a mob of fighting madmen, pushing and shoving to get away. Here, the value of discipline and training showed up—for in contrast to the frenzied rush of the passengers, the ships officers remained cool and collected.

Meanwhile, the freighter drew near, the cpatain manoeuvreing his ship so it would approach from the windward of the burning boat. The wind would then be driving the smoke away from the freighter.

For a few minutes we could not understand his plan, then it became clear. He swung his bow around and made it fast to the bow of the burning ship. In a minute more he was taking the passengers off and none too soon for the little ship was fast becoming a raging furnace.

Meanwhile, we spotted a patch of nice smooth water to the lee of the freighter and quickly alighted. In a few minutes the derrick swung us up to the deck and we rushed forward to help in the rescue.

The first sight that greeted our eyes Chung—hanging on for dear life to the nozzle of a fire hose, with a big Filipino sailor helping him. Just then, one of the ship's officers called the sailor who went away and left only Chung to handle the hose.

Those high pressure hose will wiggle and squirm like snakes and it takes two strong men to control them. You can guess what happened. Once the sailor let go, the hose became alive. Chung didn't dare let go for fear it would fly up and hit him—and he simply couldn't steer it.

Scottie and I rushed forward to help Chung and despite the seriousness of the situation, we had to laugh at the funny picture of all those Chinese scrambling away to escape getting drowned by Chung and his hose.

(To be continued.)

Note: any of our young readers writing to "Captain Jmmy", 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.**

THE CHAMBER OF SLEEP

I have a Castle of Silence, blanked by a lofty keep,
And across the drawbridge lieth the lovely chamber of sleep;
Its walls are draped with legends woven in threads of gold,
Legends beloved in dreamland, in the tranquil days of old.

Here lies the Princess sleeping in the palace, solemn and still,
And Knight and countess slumber; and even the noisy rill
That flowed by the ancient tower has passed on its way to the sea,
And the deer are asleep in the forest, and the birds are asleep in the tree.

And I in my Castle of Silence, in my chamber of sleep lie down,
Like the far-off murmur of forests come the turbulent echoes of town.
And the wrangling tongues about me have now no power to keep
My soul from the solace exceeding the blessed Nirvana of sleep.

Lower the portcullis softly, sentries, placed on the wall;
Let shadows of quiet and silence on all my palace fall;
Softly draw my curtain, let the world labor and weep,
My soul is safe environed by the walls of my chamber of sleep.

SHARING JOY

Byron has said, "All who joy would win must share it—happiness was born a twin." This implies the readiness to accept on the one hand as much as the desire to bestow on the other. The ability and willingness to impart happiness are always deemed worthy of honor, but the power and desire to participate in it are seldom considered of much consequence.

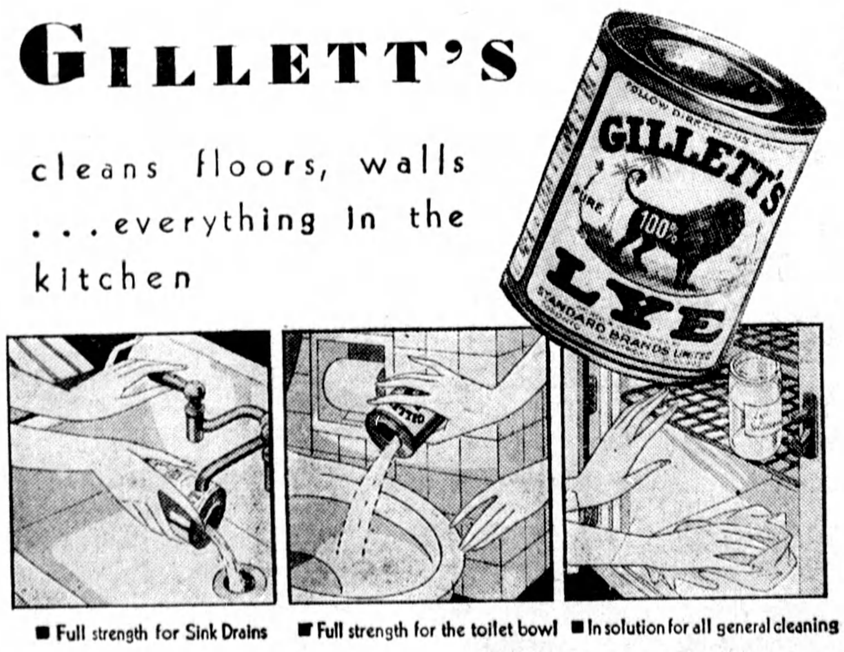
Yet it is just this hospitable and sympathetic welcome to all glad influences which makes a large portion of the sweetness and happiness of life. Like other faculties, it can be cultivated; he who has it not can acquire it and he who has it can increase it.

Trusting

I once illustrated the act of faith by the experience of a friend who was in an upper room of a hotel at night when the building took fire. He seized the escape rope that was in his room, swung out of the window, and lowered himself in safety to the sidewalk. He had a good opinion of that rope during the day when he saw it coiled up by his bedside, but it was only an opinion; when he believed on the rope, and trusted himself to the rope, it saved his life.—T. L. Cuyler, D.D.

**GILLETT'S**

cleans floors, walls . . . everything in the kitchen




■ Full strength for Sink Drains ■ Full strength for the toilet bowl ■ In solution for all general cleaning

**GILLETT'S Lye "Eats Dirt"**

**Flake Lye**

*Lye should never be dissolved in hot water.

KEEP a tin of Gillett's Lye handy and you can cut your kitchen cleaning time in two.

Greasy pots, pans and dishes, soiled walls, the kitchen floor, etc. . . . all can be more quickly and thoroughly cleaned with a solution of one tablespoonful of Gillett's Lye dissolved in a gallon of cold* water.

To keep drains free-running, pour a small quantity of full strength Gillett's Lye down them each week and they'll never clog with dirt and grease accumulations.

• • •

Gillett's Lye has many handy household uses. Send for the new FREE Gillett's Lye booklet explaining how it will make all your cleaning easier.

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