

Salada Orange Pekoe has a most fascinating flavour

"SALADA"
ORANGE PEKOE BLEND
TEA
"Fresh from the gardens"

The Bishop Murder Case

A PHILLO VANCE STORY

BY S. S. VAN DINE

SYNOPSIS

A man known as Cock Robin is found with an arrow through his heart, lying on 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 calls in Phillo Vance. The following people are associated with the case: Professor Dillard, his niece Belle, and his protégé, Sigurd Arnesson, who hopes to marry Belle; John Fardee, a neighbor with a passion for chess; Mrs. Drukker and her son Adolph, a cripple with a super-intellect. Mrs. Drukker is terrified by a visit from The Bishop. Vance learns that Drukker and Fardee had a heated argument the night of the mysterious visit. He also learns that Drukker lied as to his whereabouts on the morning of Cock Robin's murder. It is decided to threaten Drukker, but on the same night he is murdered, and Mrs. Drukker is found dead from shock.

CHAPTER XXIX—(Cont'd.)

"Do you know, Mr. Pardee," asked Markham, "that Mr. Drukker fell from the wall in the park at ten o'clock last night—shortly after you stopped and spoke to him?"

"I heard of the accident this morning." The man's pallor became more noticeable, and he toyed nervously with his watch chain. "It's very unfortunate." His eyes rested vacantly for a while on Markham. "Have you asked Professor Dillard about it? He was with Drukker—"

"Yes, yes; we've just come from him," interrupted Vance. "He said there was a ruffled atmosphere between you and Mr. Drukker last night."

Pardee slowly stalked to the desk and sat down stiffly.

"Drukker was displeased for some reason to find me at the Dillard's when he came over after dinner. He hadn't the good taste to hide his displeasure and created a somewhat embarrassing situation. But, knowing him as I did, I tried to pass the matter off. Soon, however, Professor Dillard took him out for a walk."

"You didn't remain long afterward," observed Vance indolently.

"No—about a quarter of an hour. Arnesson was tired and wanted to turn in, so I went for a walk myself. On my return I took the bride path instead of the Drive, and came on Professor Dillard and Drukker standing by the wall talking. Not wishing to appear rude, I stopped for a moment. But Drukker was in a beastly mood and made several sneering remarks. I turned and walked back to 79th Street, crossed the Drive, and came home."

"I say; didn't you loiter a bit by the wayside?"

"I sat down near the 79th Street entrance and smoked a cigarette."

For nearly half an hour Markham and Vance interrogated Pardee, but nothing more could be learned from him. As we came out into the street Arnesson hailed us from the front porch of the Dillard house and stalked forward to meet us.

"Just heard the sad news. Got home from the university a little while ago, and the professor told me you'd gone to rag Pardee. Learn anything?" Without waiting for an answer he ran on: "Frightful mess. I understand the entire Drukker family is wiped out. Well, well. And more story-book mumbo-jumbo to boot. . . Any clues?"

"Ariadne has not yet favored us," responded Vance. "Are you an ambassador from Crete?"

"One never knows. Bring out your questionnaire."

Vance had led the way toward the wall gate, and we now stepped down on the range.

"We'll repair to the Drukker house first," he said. "There'll be a number of things to settle. I suppose you'll look after Drukker's affairs and the funeral arrangements."

Arnesson made a grimace.

"Elected! I refuse, however, to attend the funeral. Obscene spectacles, funerals. But Belle and I will see to everything. Lady Mae probably left a will. We'll have to find it. Now, where do women generally hide their wills?"

Vance halted by the Dillard's basement door and stepped into the archery room. After glancing along the door's moulding he rejoined us on the range.

"The alley key isn't there. By the way, what do you know about it, Mr. Arnesson?"

"You mean the key to the wooden door in the fence? . . . Haven't an idea on the subject—never use the alley myself—much simpler going out the front door. No one uses it, as far as I know. Belle locked it up years ago; thought some one might sneak in off the Drive and get an arrow in the eye. I told her, let 'em get popped—serve 'em right for being interested in archery."

CHAPTER XXX.

We entered the Drukker house by the rear door. Belle Dillard and Mrs. Menzel were busy in the kitchen.

"Hallo, sis," Arnesson greeted the girl. His cynical manner had been dropped. "Hard lines for a young 'un like you. You'd better run home now. I'll assume command." And taking her arm in a jocularly paternal fashion, he led her to the door.

She hesitated and looked back at Vance.

"Mr. Arnesson is right," he nodded. "We'll carry on for the present. But just one question before you go. Did you always keep the key to the alley door hanging in the archery room?"

"Yes—always. Why? Isn't it there now?"

"It was Arnesson who answered, with burlesque irony.

"Gone! Disappeared! Most tragic. Some eccentric key-collector has evidently been snooping around." When the girl had left us, he cocked an eye at Vance. "What in the name of all that's unholy, has a rusty key to do with the case?"

"Perhaps nothing," said Vance carelessly. "Let's go down to the drawing room. It's more comfortable there."

He led the way down the hall. "We want you to tell us what you can about last night."

Arnesson took an easy chair by the front window and drew out his pipe.

"Last night, eh? . . . Well, Pardee came to dinner—it's a sort of habit with him on Fridays. Then Drukker, in the throes of quantum speculation, dropped in to pump the professor; and Pardee's presence galled him. Showed his feelings, too. No control. The professor broke up the *contreforts* by taking Drukker for an airing. Pardee moped for fifteen minutes or so, while I tried to keep awake. Then he had the goodness to depart. I looked over a few test papers . . . and so to bed." He lighted his pipe.

"How does that thrilling recital explain the end of poor Drukker?"

"It doesn't," said Vance. "But it's not without interest. Did you hear Professor Dillard when he returned home?"

"Hear him?" Arnesson chuckled. "When he hobbles about with his gouty foot, thumping his stick down and shaking the banisters, there's no mistaking his arrival on the scene. Fact is, he was unusually noisy last night."

"Offhand, what do you make of these new developments?" asked Vance, after a short pause.

"I'm somewhat foggy as to the details. The professor was not exactly phosphorescent. Sketchy, in fact. Drukker fell from the wall, like Humpty Dumpty, round ten o'clock, and was found this morning—that's all plain. But under what conditions did Lady Mae succumb to shock? Who, or what, shocked her? And how?"

"The murderer took Drukker's key and came here immediately after the

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crime. Mrs. Drukker caught him in her son's room. There was a scene, according to the cook, who listened from the head of the stairs; and during it Mrs. Drukker died from dilation of the heart.

"Thereby relieving the gentleman of the bother of killing her."

"That seems clear enough," agreed Vance. "But the reason for the murderer's visit here is not so lucid. Can you suggest an explanation?"

Arnesson puffed thoughtfully on his pipe.

"Incomprehensible," he muttered at length. "Drukker had no valuables, or no compromising documents. Straightforward sort of cuss—not the kind to mix in any dirty business. . . . No possible reason for any one prowling about his room."

Vance lay back and appeared to relax.

"What was this quantum theory Drukker was working on?"

"Hah! Big thing!" Arnesson became animated. "He was on the path of reconciling the Einstein-Bohr theory of radiation with the facts of interference, and of overcoming the inconsistencies inherent in Einstein's hypothesis. His research had already led him to an abandonment of casual space-time co-ordination of atomic phenomena, and to its replacement by a statistical description. . . . Would have revolutionized physics—made him famous. Shame he was told off before he'd put his data in shape."

"Do you happen to know where Drukker kept the records of these computations?"

"In a loose-leaf notebook—all tabulated and indexed. Methodical and neat about everything. Even his chirography was like copperplate."

"You know, then, what the notebook looked like?"

"I ought to. He showed it to me often enough. Red limp-leather cover—thin yellow pages—two or three clips on every sheet holding notations—his name gold-stamped in large letters on the binding. . . . Poor devil! Sic transit. . . ."

"Where would this note-book be now?"

"One of two places—either in the drawer of his desk in the study or else in the escritoire in his bedroom. In the daytime, of course, he worked in the study; but he fussed day and night when wrapped up in a problem. Kept an escritoire in his bedroom where he put his current records when he retired, in case he got an inspiration to monkey with 'em during the night. Then, in the morning, back they'd go to the study. Regular machine for system."

(To be continued.)

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON
Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson
Furnished with Every Pattern



A strikingly smart Princess dress of Nile green linen with white coin dots for the sophisticated miss of 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. No. 2639, size 8, requires 2 yards of 32-inch material with 3/4 yard 30-inch contrasting.

It flares its skirt through circular shaped gores with points that dip the hem.

It wears a white leather belt to match the jaunty white linen collar and cuffs.

Style No. 2639 will be lovely later to wear for the beginning of the new school term.

A red and white printed dimity is dainty with white organdie collar and cuffs with a black ribbon velvet belt in two-inch width tied in bow with streamers at the back. Pique in plain or print, printed batiste, cotton shantung printed handkerchief lawn and gingham checks are smartly appropriate.

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.

Lady Bug's Value as Killer Of Pests Held in Doubt

Yakima, Wash.—The hard-working lady bug, long believed effective in combating fruit tree pests, is now under suspicion. Many fruit-growers say this beetle is a natural born tramp, migrating too rapidly to help individual orchards. It is still believed, however, that the insect, freed in large communities, might clean up the green aphid and rust larvae. Entomologists are of the opinion that severe dust-storms in the melon and grape growing sections caused ladybugs to migrate.

Anking is a new port of call for airplanes operated by the China National Aviation Corporation between Shanghai and Hankow. Anking is the capital of Anhwei Province. Planes operated on this air route are capable of carrying both passengers and mail.



July 7, 1931.—When the giant Cunard "Aquitania" called at Halifax last Sunday on the 91st anniversary of the Line, a deputation of prominent Nova Scotians headed by Lt.-Gov. Stanfield, Mayor Ritchie of Halifax, and the Hon. John Doull, provincial secretary, welcomed Commodore E. G. Diggle, R.D., R.N.R., master of the ship, officially in the name of the province. From left to right in the photograph are, Lt.-Gov. Stanfield, Commodore E. G. Diggle, R.D., R.N.R., Eric Reford, general manager of the Cunard Line in Canada, J. Norman Duffus of Halifax, E. G. Ritchie, Mayor of Halifax, Hon. John Doull, provincial secretary, Commodore Hose, director of Naval Services, Ottawa. This was the first of the express liner week-end cruises from New York to Halifax and brought nearly 1200 American tourists to the Nova Scotian port.

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, Jed's younger brother, from the cruel Chinese bandits. Disguising their plane as a dragon, they raid the bandits' camp.

I searched hurriedly through the deserted tents for Guy. A few hundred feet away Lieut. Jed Stone stood guard with his terrible dragon plane gleaming blue in the darkness. From the rim of the dark forests the bandits' rifles flashed and stray bullets rained about the camp. Jed returned their fire with bursts from his machine gun.

Tat-tat-tat. Tat-tat-tat. And the echoes resounded a hundred times from the black mountain cliffs. Adding to the terror of the situation, the thunder which had rumbled in the distance now rolled up overhead with a muffled roar.

Flashlight in hand I searched. The tents were in the utmost confusion. Dirty cooking utensils, fragments of cooked food, were all strewn about helter skelter fashion. The air was close and hot. Scottie sniffed and sneezed, with disapproval.

No sign of Guy Stone in the first tent and made for the next one. As we ran across the open space, a rifle went, Crack! A bullet whipped by my arm. Those bandits were better shots than most Chinese.

From tent to tent we went, and each time we showed ourselves a sniper's bullets went, Spat! Still no sign of Guy Stone. I had searched the last tent without success, and turned to go, heart-broken.

Scottie was sniffing at a heap of rags. He wouldn't budge away, and continued pawing at the rags and howling to himself. I turned my flashlight on the litter, and there at the very bottom more dead than alive, was Guy Stone.

Cutting his bonds, I shook him

well to bring back circulation into his numb arms and legs. Then I helped him from tent to tent. Each time we showed ourselves, we were greeted with a regular fusillade of shots. The bandits, enraged at losing their captive were growing bolder and creeping closer. Jed rushed to meet us, and in a moment we lifted Guy into the plane. Boasting Scottie over into the cockpit, I followed the two brothers, and in another moment we were rushing down the field.

A group of bandits, headed by the Chief, broke from the cover of the woods, firing as they came. Realizing that they had been duped by our dragon, their rage knew no bounds. They planned to riddle our plane as we passed.

The storm which had held in check, now broke. Amid the crash of thunder, the rain came down in sheets. Then Jed turned loose his machine gun.

Stopping in their tracks, the bandits turned and made for the woods as fast as they could run.

"Give her the gas," said Stone. And I did. Whirr-bump - bump-bump. It wasn't the smoothest place in the world to take off, but we weren't spending much time picking and choosing that night.

Off the ground we went. Higher and higher. Soon we sailed far above the valley, and passed through the storm out into bright, clear moonlight. We were soaking wet, but happy. After midnight we landed in Shanghai. General La sent for us in haste. What had happened? (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.

World's Greatest Air Routes

By the end of this year Great Britain will possess air services covering routes totalling 40,000 miles. These will link up almost every part of the Empire. We already have airways to Egypt, Persia, India, and South Africa, and recently the Indian route has been extended a further 5,800 miles by the service between Karachi and Port Darwin in Australia. Before the end of the year over 3,000 miles will have been added to the African air routes.

At the moment the United States is still a little ahead of us with air routes totalling 38,000 miles, but these are all services within the country. Britain's air routes are mainly external. No other country is extending its airways so quickly, and this wonderful expansion is due mainly to the work of pioneers like Sir Alan Cobham and Kingsford-Smith.

Before the end of the year we shall have outdistanced the United States in air-route mileage, and we shall then possess airways covering almost double the mileage of any other European country. France has less than 20,000 miles of airways, whilst Holland, whose colonies are to be found in all parts of the world, has only just over 12,000 miles.—London "Tit-Bits."

Chance

Unless 'twas purposely designed, I think it very strange That birds and beasts of every kind Their habits never change. That flowers so large or so small may grow. That trees fixed heights may reach. And only man was given to know The fellowship of speech.

If life is but an accident, It seems a curious fact That animals to all intent Their kingdoms kept intact, And that no other living thing By chance was ever made For weeping or for worshipping Or following a trade.

If purposeless this life began And out of nothing grew, I think it strange that only man Should lofty goals pursue. For that same chance which gave us speech And reason might have thrown These powers to creatures in its reach And not to man alone.

I know not how this world began, Stars fixed and sun and tide, Nor why some powers were given to man Which were to beasts denied; Nor why all birds and blossoms stay Unchanged while men advance, But I feel sure enough to say It's not the work of chance. Edgar A. Guest in "Tit-Bits."

Prison—or Hotel?

Wash-basins with hot and cold water, comfortable beds, table, seat, and hanging accommodation for clothes are provided in every cell in a new women's prison in New York.

Strive manfully; habit is overcome by habit.—Thomas-a-Kempis.

Rheumatism?

Quick relief from rheumatic pains without harm!



To relieve the worst rheumatic pain is a very simple matter. Aspirin will do it every time! It's something that you can always take. Genuine Aspirin is let's see harmless. Look for the Bayer Cross on each tablet.

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House of the Future As Science Sees It

Constant Sunshine and Purified Air Will be Two Main Factors

The house of the future can easily be visualized declares Prof. A. M. Low in "The New York Times." It will be situated in an arcade-like street, its sides and roof will be largely constructed of permeable glass, while from a central well in each block will extend a number of interconnecting rooms ill. Via roof and ceiling reflectors from the wall itself and by small individual lights for purposes of working or reading.

In the centre of each block will be the "room of preparation" into which the inhabitants will go for their bathing, their sun treatment and their exercise. A series of ducts will introduce fresh air which will be warmed and cleaned by drying and electrical heating apparatus situated in the centre of each group of dwellings, while extracting fans on the flat roofs will take away all vitiated air.

Surrounding the bathing room will be a department used solely for food and this will be supplied from a communal restaurant by means of lifts and tubes, while automatic refrigerators and warming appliances will be used to keep the food in a proper state of nourishment to suit the latest biological conditions.

The outer portion of each dwelling will be so arranged that external light can properly be admitted, but with the cramped space available for construction much of this illumination must necessarily be artificial.

Each room will be built in a not too severe style, for the alcove beloved of our parents will be replaced by the music, reading and writing departments and the television cabinet, all communicating with the main room but separately lit.

Protection From Noise

One of the great essentials of such houses built in the midst of a city full of high-speed transport vehicles, airplanes and underground tubes will be that they must prove free from vibration and noise. We cannot absorb world-wide information and lose our parochial attitude of mind if we are constantly reminded of immediate surroundings by unwanted noise. Human noises need scarcely be included, for education will have prevented the emission of unnecessary speech and may take our children's children into departmental nurseries.

The importance of reasonable silence cannot be exaggerated. Noise is indicative of waste, while the whole body is sensitive to oscillations of the air, which may even be outside the band of audio frequency. The science of acoustics is new. Radio has taught us that sensitive hearing is an important faculty, while talking pictures are each day being so improved that a degree of mechanical reproduction is likely to be achieved which will prove indistinguishable to the original in the minds of the average listener.

Our houses will probably be double walled and in the intervening space will be such materials as not only conserve heat but which prevent the ingress of noise over every frequency which, in conjunction with absorbing plaster, will prevent the re-creation of unwanted sounds in our own rooms.

Internal Windows

Street noises are already prohibited in many areas, while the opening of a window on to a main thoroughfare can even now render speech impossible in a number of dwellings. Windows will not open on to main streets but into ventilating appliances fed with fresh air, while the embrasure of a window will always be covered by materials or reflectors which absorb sound instead of throwing it into the room as is at present permitted.

Of one final point the world may be very certain: That the house of the future will avoid the necessity for normal physical effort, and that people who live in those days of intelligent development will regard us with the same mixture of pity and contempt which we reserve for the dirty untutored savages who were loath to part with the mud-hut dreams of their animal minds.

Man, Not Auto, Is Cause of Most of Car Accidents

One of the most interesting findings in safety research was the recent announcement that the automobile itself is least responsible for traffic accidents. This statement was made by the Albert Russell Erskine Bureau for Street Traffic Research, Harvard University. It was declared that the modern vehicle is such that human nature has not as yet adjusted itself to take advantage of its full efficiency.

"Not only in number but in percentage these defects in humanity run so far ahead of defects in the automobiles as to make it instantaneously obvious that we have only ourselves to blame," said Dr. Miller McClintock, director of the Erskine bureau.

"The simple fact that mankind has created a mechanical device which functions far more efficiently than does man himself. The remedy apparently is education and more education to convince man that he must live up to his car."

Former Doves of Monks

Now and then monks and nuns are found away in quiet forests and villages, says the "The German News."

"Usual order of barracks than would pass those office columns, mightily done, these are building where monks and the world have seldom to be seen. From the warm centers cold halls, echoing corridors, room with heavy mentation, pillar with the murmur."

"Southern Doves in those wooded history often reach eighth or ninth of ancient clusters of part of the count the walls of many. From here they win the battle, filled their cells were restless in serving library. Linked with. "The history of, often internal is interesting and bearing on the doors to which they and even in high growth of the city."

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