

Rich in body and delicate as blossoms in its flavour

# "SALADA" 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 Muffat 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 niece Belle, and his protégé, Sigurd Arnesson; John Fardee, 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 Fardee commits suicide. Markham believes Fardee 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.

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 tuft, 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, kept to the door. I have often wondered what went on in their minds during those few seconds of Vance's impulsive utterance. Did they believe in his interpretation of the episode? Or were they 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 signals. Scarcely a word was spoken at 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 otherwise 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 hurried 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 then a vision 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



3127

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 has its collar and jabot of white crepe tuck-in blouse pleated to prove its feminine chic.

The gored skirt, slightly 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 1 1/4 yards 39-inch for blouse.

Crepe marocain, crepe satin and supple wools 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.  
Crisp-crossed above the hot cement,  
Unbleached 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.

### Briefs From Britain

Excavations on the site of the new Royal Bank of Canada in London have resulted in the discovery of an 1,800-year-old jig-saw puzzle in a Roman pavement.

The London Fishing Board has granted Mrs. Rachel Jones, 80, permission to use a fish trap that had been used by her family for 300 years, although fish traps are forbidden by law.

The "missing link," a skull dug up by Prof. Raymond Dart in 1925, is on its way back to South Africa after having disappeared in London. Mrs. Dart left the ancient relic in a taxicab and the driver gladly turned it over to the police.

Mrs. John King and her little daughter had an attack of near hysterics when a cow entered their home at Hull, England, climbed the stairs and cornered them in a bedroom. The cow was eventually driven out by a rescue party.

During 1930 more than a billion passenger journeys were made by rail in Britain. This number is equal to 30 journeys for every man, woman and child in the country.

No local man has applied for the post of town-crier to advertise the jubilee celebrations of Southgate, N.,—but an outside applicant claims to have a voice that can be heard seven miles away.

About twenty per cent. of the butter consumed in the United Kingdom is blended.

Of the 159,820 babies born in England and Wales in the first three months of this year, 81,881, or more than half, were boys.

Oats which will stand up to heavy rain and wind have been grown experimentally at Cambridge. The popular varieties now most grown have stalks too weak for straw, so they cannot stand the rain.

**Spun Glass Now Being Manufactured in Scotland**

The first factory in the United Kingdom for the manufacture of "glass silk" (also known as glass wool and spun glass) has begun production in Glasgow, Scotland, according to a recent report issued by the Department of Commerce. Although glass wool has been made for a number of years on the European Continent, this is the first attempt at commercial production in England. The new factory is producing glass wool primarily for heat-insulating used in ships, locomotives and engine rooms.

The glass is prepared by being melted in a furnace and passed through holes from which it is spun in fine silky threads of about one-thousandth of an inch in diameter. The strands cling together, giving the appearance of a delicate veil. In preparation for use, it is made into sheets, strips and mattresses, each form having its own application and uses. The strips are built up in spirals over pipes as they are laid in position, without having to wait until they are heated, as in previous processes.

It is reported that the firm producing this glass product is in association with or has some agreement with Continental producers, who apparently own the process.

**Age of Tortoises**

That the age of tortoises cannot always be told accurately by the ridges on their shells has now been ascertained through the study of several Galapagos tortoises brought over to this country several years ago. They were sent to several different stations, where the rates of growth were found to differ, each depending on the climate and treatment. Where the age of the tortoise is known up to twenty years the ridges or serrations agree with the number of years. But in greater ages the ridges tend to flatten out and to become illegible. Thus, it is said that these giant Galapagos tortoises are not necessarily extremely old merely because they are so large and have a large number of ridges; for the rate of growth shows that they are capable of reaching a great size in a comparatively few years. However, tortoises of more than 150 years of age are known to be living, and some of these have been removed to colder climates only to die.

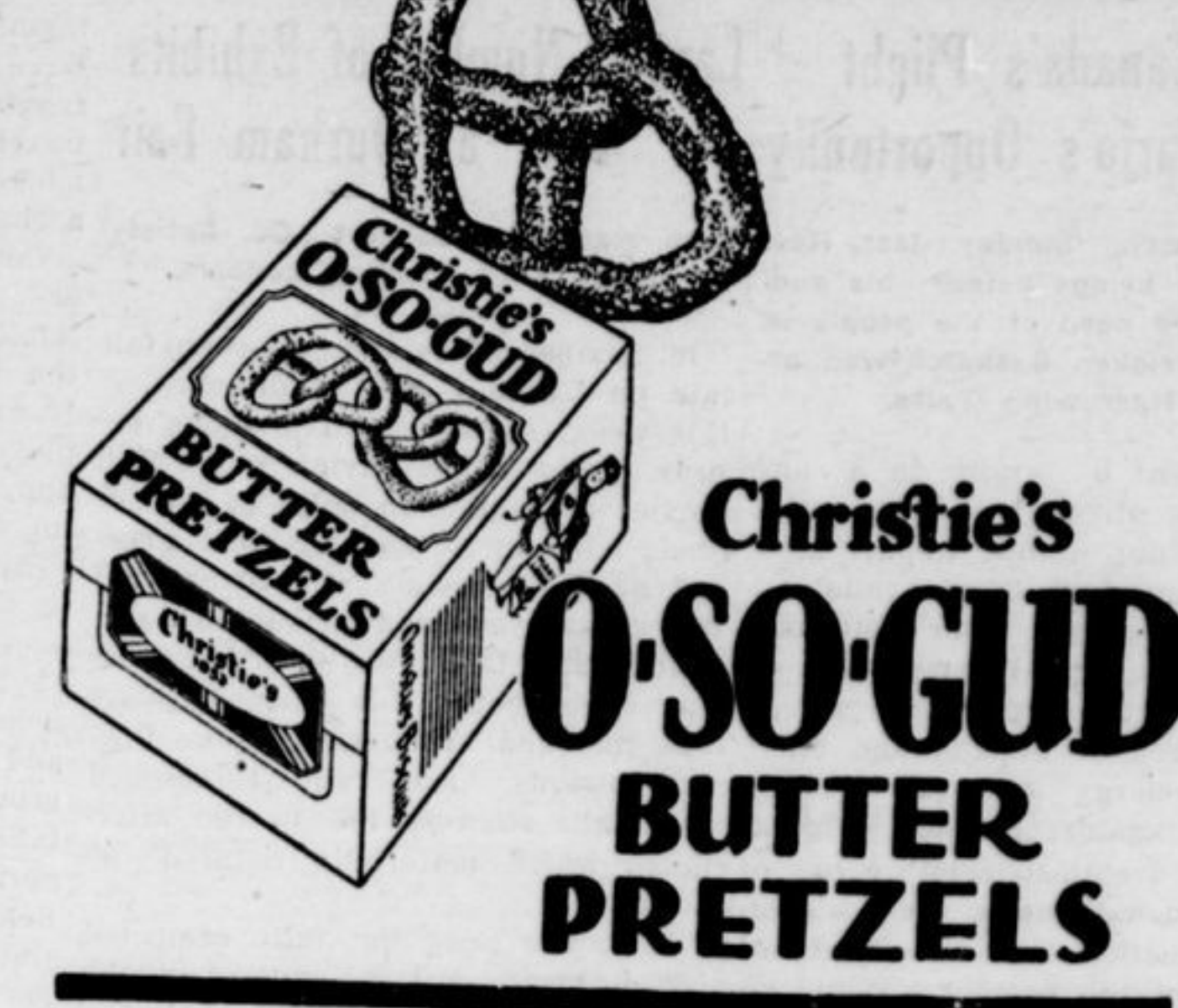
**Quick Dressmaking**

Three-quarters of an hour for sewing a complete dress is certainly worth being registered as a new record. This speed was attained by the winner of a dressmakers' competition in Berlin recently. Half a hundred participants had entered and for about an hour the large hall, where the event took place, was filled with the hum of the fifty sewing machines. The dresses were afterward worn by manikins and sold in an auction, so that even those competitors who were not among the prize winners did not go home empty-handed.

**Despair**

Despair is the thought of the unattainability of any good, which works differently in men's minds, sometimes producing uneasiness or pain, sometimes rest and indolence.—Locke.

# 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 villains 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 ship's officers remained cool and collected.

(To be continued.)

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



Meanwhile, the freighter drew near, the captain manoeuvring 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.

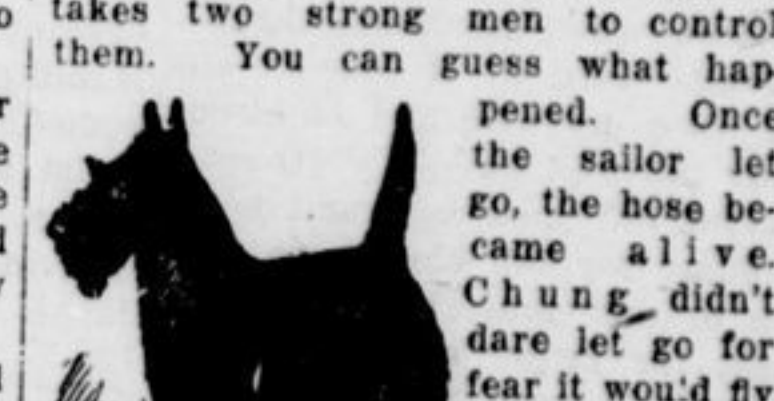
Meanwhile, we spotted a patch of nice smooth water to the fore of the freighter and quickly alighted. In a few minutes the derrick swung us up to the deck and we rushed forward to help in the rescue.

The first sight that greeted our eyes hung 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 hoses 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.

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## 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, blanketed 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 countless 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 enshrouded 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 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.