

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 Sprig is shot through the top of the head. The murderer writes mocking notes signed "The Bishop." District Attorney Markham asks the aid of his friend, Philo Vance. The following people are associated with the case: Prof. Dillard, his niece, Nellie; Sigurd Arnesson, who hopes to marry Belle; John Fardee, a neighbor; Mrs. Drucker and her son Adolph. Drucker is suspected but the night he is questioned he is found murdered. The shock kills Mrs. Drucker. Apparently Fardee commits suicide. Vance believes, however, another murder has been committed. Prof. Dillard asks them to his home. It is plain, from his remarks, that he suspects Arnesson. Word comes of the disappearance of a little girl. She is found half suffocated in a closet in the Drucker home.

### CHAPTER XXXVIII.—(Cont'd.)

"I realize that the finding of the typewriter and the notebook is not conclusive," concurred Markham. "But the identification by the child—"

"Oh, my dear fellow! What weight would a jury attach to a frightened five-year-old girl's identification without powerful contributory evidence? A clever lawyer could nullify it in five minutes. And even assuming you could make the identification hold, what would it boot you? It wouldn't connect Arnesson in any way with the Bishop murders. You could only prosecute him for attempted kidnaping—the child's unharmed, remember. And if you should, through a legal miracle, get a doubtful conviction, Arnesson would receive at most a few years in the bastille. That wouldn't end this horror. . . . No, no. You must be precipitate."

Reluctantly Markham resumed his seat. He saw the force of Vance's argument.

"But we can't let this thing go on," he declared ferociously. "We must stop this maniac some way."

"Some way—yes," Vance began pacing the room restlessly. "We may be able to wrangle the truth out of him by subterfuge; he doesn't know yet that we've found the child. . . . It's possible Professor Dillard could assist us." He halted and stood looking down at the floor. "Yes! That's our one chance. We must confront Arnesson with what we know when the professor is present. The situation is sure to force an issue of some kind. The professor now will do all in his power to help convict Arnesson."

"You believe he knows more than he has told us?"

"Undoubtedly, I've told you so from the first. And when he hears of the Little-Miss-Muffet episode, it's not unlikely he'll supply us with the evidence we need."

"It's a long chance," Markham was pessimistic. "But it can do no harm to try. In any event, I shall arrest Arnesson before I leave here, and hope for the best."

A few moments later the front door opened and Professor Dillard appeared in the hall opposite the archway. He scarcely acknowledged Markham's greeting—he was scanning our faces as if trying to read the meaning of our unexpected visit. Finally he put a question.

"You have, perhaps, thought over what I said last night?"

"Not only have we thought it over," said Markham, "but Mr. Vance has found the thing that was disturbing you. After we left here he showed me a copy of 'The Pretenders.'"

"Ah!" The exclamation was like a sigh of relief. "For days that play has

### FASHION HINT

"How to make my old short skirts conform to the new length was a problem to me until I hit on this plan. I dropped the hems; and as the part that had been turned under was darker than the rest, I redyed the entire dress, after having bleached the goods, following directions in the Diamond Dyes package.

"I used Diamond Dyes for the redyeing, of course. I have dyed many things with these wonderful colors. They have saved me many dollars and have never failed to give perfect results—smooth, even colors—fast to wear and washing. Friends think my things are new when I redye or tint them with Diamond Dyes. They do give the most gorgeous colors!"

Mrs. G.C. Levis, Quebec.

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"If Mr. Arnesson were convinced that our case against him was a strong one, he might choose suicide as a way out. That perhaps would be the most humane solution for every one."

Markham was sorely troubled. He rose and walked the length of the room and back, his face dark with anxiety. When he sat down again he looked at Vance for a long while, his fingers drumming with nervous indecision on the table.

"The innocent of course must be considered," he said in a voice of discouragement. "As morally wrong as suicide is, I can see your point that at times it may be theoretically justified." (Knowing Markham as I did, I realized what this concession had cost him; and I realized, too, for the first time, how utterly hopeless he felt in the face of the scourge of horror which it was his duty to wipe out.)

The old professor nodded understandingly.

"Yes, there are some secrets so hideous that it is well for the world not to know them. A higher justice may often be achieved without the law taking its toll."

As he spoke the door opened, and Arnesson stepped into the room.

"Well, well. Another conference, eh?" He gave us a quizzical leer, and threw himself into a chair beside the professor. "I thought the case had been adjudicated, so to speak. Didn't Pardee's suicide put *finis* to the affair?"

Vance looked straight into the man's eyes.

"We've found little Miss Muffet, Mr. Arnesson."

The other's eyebrows went up with sardonic amusement.

"Sounds like a charade. What am I supposed to answer: 'How's little Jack Horner's thumb?' or, should I inquire into the health of Jack Spratt?"

Vance did not relax his steady gaze.

"We found her in the Drucker house, locked in a closet," he amplified, in a low, even tone.

Arnesson became serious, and an involuntary frown gathered on his forehead, but this slackening of pose was only transient. Slowly his mouth twisted into a smirk.

"You policemen are so efficient. Fancy finding little Miss Muffet so soon. Remarkable." He wagged his head in mock admiration. "However, sooner or later it will be expected. And what, may I ask, is to be the next move?"

"We also found the typewriter," pursued Vance, ignoring the question. "And Drucker's stolen notebook."

Arnesson was at once on his guard. "Did you really?" He gave Vance a canny look. "Where were these tell-tale objects?"

"Upstairs—in the attic."

"Aha! Housebreaking?"

"Something like that."

"Withal," Arnesson scoffed, "I can't see that you have a cast-iron case against any one. A typewriter is not like a suit of clothes that fits only one person. And who can say how Drucker's notebook found its way into our attic? You must do better than that, Mr. Vance."

(To be continued.)

### Tails They Lose\*

Is the London sparrow loving its tail?

The writer has recently noticed a number of tailless sparrows in London suburbs, but didn't pay very much attention to the fact. He thought that they had been fighting, or had had a narrow escape by the tail feathers—from a predatory cat.

But it seems to be a fairly general phenomenon in London, and scientists have now begun to take note of it. There is a reference to it in a recent number of a scientific journal, in which it is described as "a very peculiar form of degeneration . . . the breakage of the tail feathers some time after the adult."

London pigeons, now being rigorously kept down, have always had the reputation of being unhealthy; now we are told that London sparrows are degenerating. A big city seems to be a bad place for birds.

Probably that is because, in a city, their natural food is often unobtainable. In the country the main diet of the sparrows consists of hard seeds. In the cities they eat breadcrumbs and soft scraps. This diet, it has been suggested, may be responsible for their broken tail feathers.

### Making It Clear

The steamship office clerk was being pestered by questions from a prospective traveller. Finally he decided to teach the man a lesson.

"Now, sir," he said, "upper or lower berth?"

"What's the difference?" asked the customer.

The clerk rubbed his hands triumphantly.

"The difference is five shillings." He commenced to explain. "The lower berth is higher than the upper one. The higher price is for the lower. If you want it lower you have to go higher. We sell the upper lower than the lower. Most people don't like the lower upper, although it's lower on account of it being higher. When you occupy an upper you have to go up to bed and get down to get up."

London's official affairs are handled by an army of 6,500 people, who are responsible for the expenditure of about £63,250,000 a year.

## What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern



3295

A little Directoire model for girls of 4, 6, 8 and 10 years that expresses the newest Paris has to offer. The partial belt effect is cute idea, finished with buttons above the inverted skirt pleats at the front.

Style No. 3295 is fashioned of a tweed-like cotton. The Peter Pan collar and cuff bands of pique may be of white or of predominating tone of the print.

Size 8 requires 2 yards 39-inch, with 3/4 yard 35-inch contrasting.

Navy blue wool challis with tiny white pin dots is so smart with plain white linen trim and vivid red crepe de chine bow tie.

Linen, cotton broadcloth prints, pique, wool jersey and light weight worsted are lovely for this 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 Patterns Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

### Starting Young

"Anything wrong?" asked the kindly neighbor. "You look worried."

Skinner brushed a hand across his perspiring brow.

"Our little Freddy is in financial trouble," he explained.

The neighbor gazed wonderingly at the harassed parent.

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed. "The child is only a year old."

"Yes, but he's swallowed a penny," replied Skinner.

In Britain more than 100,000 War widows have remarried, leaving only 140,550 still receiving pensions.

You'll like this tempting

# MAGIC



# MENU

Keep a copy of the New Magic Cook Book handy and you'll never have to worry about thinking up suggestions for attractive meals. Here, for instance, is a delightful menu selected at random from the dozens of interesting recipes it contains.

**DINNER MENU**  
 Cream Francaise Soup  
 Orange and Cheese Salad  
 Swiss Steak  
 With browned potatoes  
 Muffins—Caramel Pie  
 Almond Cakes\*  
 Cheese & Sanborn's Tea or Coffee



Try this Recipe for  
**\*ALMOND CAKES**

1 cup butter  
 1 cup sugar  
 1 cup milk  
 2 eggs

1 1/2 cups flour  
 2 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder  
 1 cup almonds, blanched and cut in pieces

Mix ingredients in order given, and bake in individual cake pans, or small paper containers, as shown in the illustration.

This recipe together with those used in the Magic Menu, and dozens of other equally delightful ones, are all listed in the New FREE Magic Cook Book. If you bake at home, write to Standard Brands Limited, Fraser Ave. & Liberty St., Toronto, and a copy will be sent to you.

BUY MADE-IN-CANADA GOODS

# MAGIC

Baking Powder  
 ensures better baking results

## The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE



What came before: After the rescue of the crew of the burning ship, Captain Jimmy decides to fly over the island of Formosa and visit the country of the head-hunting savages. He and Captain Stuart take off early in the morning.

But don't think that the Taiwans are not still head-hunters. They're just as savage as ever, and all efforts to civilize them have failed. Every young boy is taught to steal through the woods and make his kill. Then he brings back the head of a fallen enemy—for what a Taiwan girl would have a youth who had not proven his bravery by bringing her back a head?

Yes, sir, they still hunt heads in the mountains of Formosa. So dangerous are these savage men of the hills that the Japanese have placed a wide road through the island, guarded by soldiers and a high fence charged with electric current.

Now and then the savages tunnel under the fence and attack some outlying camp where camphor is made. One or two of the Japanese are always killed before the head-hunters are driven back, yet they continue to push right up to the guard line, for the best camphor trees are found on the mountain slopes and the industry is very profitable.

Flying low over the island, we were struck by the wonderful beauty of the country—also we were impressed to see a couple of planes hurriedly leave the ground to investigate us. Maybe those Japanese army planes weren't fast. They came up so quickly it made it feel as if we were tied to a post.

We knew that we could not get away from them, so we spiralled down into the harbor and taxied up to the landing. Dozens of people crowded down to the water front to meet us, curious to see what was going to happen. Then a big automobile, driven by a chauffeur in uniform rolled up to the water front and stopped. From it alighted the snappiest Japanese officer you ever saw.

He certainly looked like trouble, for we knew we shouldn't have flown over the island without permission. Anyway, there we were, so we might as well make the best of it.

He waited until we came within speaking distance—but before he had a chance to say a word, I asked for the Governor of the island. In very precise English, he replied:

"I have the honor to present His Highness, Count Ogachi."

I introduced Stuart and myself and explained that we were anxious to visit the camphor camp and see the article being made. By this time, the two Japanese army planes had arrived and two very hot, irritated army officers were on the scene. They all seemed put out—probably because they hadn't found an opportunity to shoot us down or place us under arrest.

They all asked us a flock of questions. When one would run out of ideas another would take it up. Finally they brought us before a magistrate and we answered all the old questions and a lot of new ones as well.

Then, all of a sudden, they decided we were all right. We could go where we pleased. Visit the camphor camps—and they gave us an official guide and a car! We were too surprised for words.

After a drive of fifty miles or more we came to the end of the good road. Out we climbed and trudged up the steep path into the mountains. On both sides were evidence of great camphor trees having been chopped down; here and there stumps had been chopped apart and even roots dug up. The roots, you know, are the richest in camphor.

(To be continued.)

Note: any of our young readers writing to "Captain Jimmy," 2010 Star Building, 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.

### Are Stamps a Menace?

A campaign has been started in France against what is called the "pernicious habit" of licking stamps.

"The habit," we are assured, "is dangerous. Microbes are carried by stamps. Even poisons may be absorbed from the dyes."

It is certainly unpleasant to have to lick any considerable number of stamps one after the other, and most people who have many letters to stamp use a sponge or a gadget of some kind for the purpose. But there is really no need for alarm.

Similar "scares" have been started from time to time about paper money, or even about coins. But they have never caused any of us to refuse money.

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## A Home To Be Proud Of

By Rebecca Dunlap

"Teddy! You must not skate on the porch! How many times must I tell you? Susan—be careful and don't let your paper dolls blow out on the lawn—it has just been mowed—and I want it to stay nice." And the harassed looking mother went into the house.

It was a very pretty house, attractively located among shade trees and stretches of green grass. And inside the house everything was immaculate, though it never quite satisfied Mrs. Holmes. This afternoon, when the sunshine outside seemed to call to busy mothers to bring their darling out of doors—if it must be done—while they watched the children play, she spent the whole time dragging books out of shelves, dusting them and replacing them in exact order.

Teddy appeared while she was in the midst of this work, and asked if he might go over to John's to play. She pulled him toward her, straightened his tie, jerked his belt and examined his fingernails. He submitted, his own eyes strangely appraising, as he noted her worried manner.

"No, dear, I'd rather you stayed at home. You have such a nice place here—everybody says it's the prettiest place on the street—and I—I don't care for you to visit such—such careless sort of people."

"But, Mother, they have a wide walk we can skate on—we want to skate."

"Well—why can't you skate?" She remembered having stopped him that very day, and it made her irritable. "Oh, for pity's sake, go! Go on—and don't bother me! But this is the last time you can go. Why aren't you satisfied at home? Goodness knows I work myself to death keeping it nice—so you ought to be proud of it. Now, be sure you are back in an hour."

Susan played for a while, all by herself, because other little girls were uncomfortable in Mrs. Holmes's painfully neat house. And when she grew tired, she stored her paper dolls away carefully between the leaves of an old magazine. And although she looked about her with worried eyes eyes for all the scraps that might have fallen off the paper spread to cut on, she didn't see the pieces a careless breeze had blown out on the carefully clipped lawn—where they danced fantastically about.

But her mother saw them when she came out to wipe away the tracks Teddy's skating had made on the porch—and she turned on the little girl indignantly. Susan almost cried. She had tried very hard, and didn't even know the paper had blown about, but she said nothing. Later, her mother discovered her deep in a book, and scolded her for trying to ruin her eyes.

"Mother," she asked timidly, "could I go to Mabel's?"

"No—you can not. Why do you children forever have to go to the neighbors? Haven't you a beautiful yard to play in?" The child turned her eyes wistfully to the trees whose arms seemed made for swings—to the grass that begged so for little feet to romp on it.

Late in the afternoon, when Mr. Holmes sneaked in the back way to avoid running into two ladies having tea with his wife in the living room, he accosted the children in the library, and their faces lighted at sight of him. He started to smoke, and Susan, who had been standing still telling Teddy he'd better not take down any of the neatly arranged books to read, ran to get him an ash tray. Sheepishly, he accepted it.

From the hall voices were telling Mrs. Holmes how wonderful she was to keep such a lovely home—and with two children! Her voice floated back to them.

"Well, Theodore and I made great sacrifices to get this place—and I have no servant—but it is worth it—for the children's sake."

The father, looking at the discontented Teddy and the timid Susan, recalled a handsome building he had once inspected, which rose from a well-kept lawn having beds of beautiful flowers. Every part of it had been scrupulously neat and clean. But the building had bars on its windows. Issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th Street, New York City. These articles are appearing weekly in our columns.

Many persons are likely to plan a new garden in the spring and to think of the fall as one of preparation for winter. Expert gardeners, however, urge the use of this season as one of preparation for next year.

This year's results and failures are now fresh in mind. Unusual conditions of soil and drainage are well known. Many steps in the preparation of next year's garden can best be done in the fall.

Soils that must be ready early next year may be plowed or spaded this fall. Most shrubs and trees can be planted this fall after the leaves have dropped, with greater assurance of success than can be hoped for if they are planted next spring.

Hardy bulbs must be planted in the fall. A good general rule to follow in deciding the time of planting is to wait until after the first heavy frost, short and uncertain weather.