

Salada tea is gathered from the world's finest gardens

# 'SALADA' TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

## The Bishop Murder Case

A PHILO VANCE STORY

BY S. S. VAN DINE

### SYNOPSIS

A man known as Cook 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 newspapers 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, Felle, his protégé, Sigurd Arnesson; John Farose, a neighbor; Mrs. Drukker and her son Adolph.

Vance suspects Drukker, but Drukker, too, is found murdered; the shock kills Mrs. Drukker. Farose apparently commits suicide, and Markham believes that Vance was the murderer. Vance, however, awaits a new move. Prof. Dillard is found half-suffocated in the Drukker home. Vance questions Arnesson, who answers mockingly.

### CHAPTER XXXIX—(Cont'd.)

"That is the finestst of contributory evidence," Arnesson countered. "It would not help much toward a conviction."

"We might be able to show why the murderer chose the sobriquet of Bishop."

"Ah! That unquestionably would help." A cloud settled on Arnesson's face, and his eyes became reminiscent. "I'd thought of that, too."

"Oh, had you, now?" Vance watched him closely. "And there's another piece of evidence I haven't mentioned. Little Miss Muffet will be able to identify the man who led her to the Drukker house and forced her into the closet."

"So! The patient has recovered?"

"Oh, quite. Doing nicely, in fact. We found her, day see, twenty-four hours before the Bishop intended us to."

Arnesson was silent. He was staring down at his hands which, though folded, were working nervously. Finally he spoke.

"And if, in spite of everything, you were wrong . . ."

"I assure you, Mr. Arnesson," said Vance quietly, "that I know who is guilty."

"You positively frighten me!" The man had got a grip on himself, and he retorted with biting irony. "If, by any chance, I myself were the Bishop, I'd be inclined to admit defeat. . . . Still, it's quite obvious that it was the Bishop who took the chessman to Mrs. Drukker at midnight; and I didn't return home with Belle until half past twelve that night."

"So you informed her. As I recall, you looked at your watch and told her what time it was. Come, now: what time was it?"

"That's correct—half past twelve." Vance sighed and tapped the ash from his cigarette.

"I say, Mr. Arnesson: how good a chemist are you?"

"One of the best," the man grinned. "Majoring in it. What time?"

"When I was searching the attic this morning I discovered a little wall closet in which some one had been distilling hydrocyanic acid from potassium ferrocyanide. There was a chemist's gas-mask on hand, and all the paraphernalia. Bitter almond odor still lurking in the vicinity."

"Quite a treasure-trove, our attic."

A sort of haunt of Leki, it would seem."

"It was just that," returned Vance gravely. "—the den of an evil spirit."

"Or else the laboratory of a modern Doctor Faustus. . . . But why the cyanide, do you think?"

"Precaution, I'd say. In case of trouble the Bishop could step out of the picture painlessly. Everything in readiness, don't you know?"

Arnesson nodded.

"Quite a correct attitude on his part. Really decent of him, in fact. No use putting people to unnecessary bother if you're cornered. Yes, very correct."

Professor Dillard had sat during this sinister dialogue with one hand pressed to his eyes, as though in pain. Now he turned sorrowfully to the man he had fathered for so many years.

"Many great men, Sigurd, have justified suicide," he began; but Arnesson cut him short with a cynical laugh.

"Faulstich! Suicide needs no justification. Nietzsche laid the bugaboo of voluntary death. 'One should die proudly when it is no longer possible to live proudly. The death which takes place in the most contemptible circumstances, the death that is not free, the death which occurs at the wrong time, is the death of a coward. We have not the power to prevent ourselves from being born; but this error—for sometimes it is an error—can be rectified if we choose. The man who does away with himself, performs the most estimable of deeds; he almost deserves to live for having done so.' Memorized that passage from 'Gotzen-Dammerung' in my youth. Never forgot it. A sound doctrine."

"Nietzsche had many famous predecessors who also upheld suicide," supplemented Vance. "Zeno the Stoic left us a passionate diatribe defending voluntary death. And Tacitus, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, Cato, Kant, Fichte, Diderot, Voltaire and Rousseau, all wrote apologies for suicide. Schopenhauer protested bitterly against the fact that suicide was regarded as a crime in England. . . . And yet I wonder if the subject can be formulated. Somehow I feel that it's too personal a matter for academic discussion."

The professor agreed sadly.

"No one can know what goes on in the human heart in that last dark hour."

CHAPTER XL

During this discussion Markham had been growing impatient and uneasy, and Heath, though at first rigid and watchful, had begun to unbend. I could not see that Vance had made the slightest progress; and I was driven to the conclusion that he had failed signally in accomplishing his purpose of ensnaring Arnesson. However, he did not appear in the least perturbed. I even got the impression that he was satisfied with the way things were going. But I did notice that, despite his outer calm, he was

intently alert. His feet were drawn back and poised; and every muscle in his body was taut. I began to wonder what the outcome of this terrible conference would be.

The end came swiftly. A short silence followed the professor's remark. Then Arnesson spoke.

"You say you know who the Bishop is, Mr. Vance. That being the case, why all this palaver?"

"There was no great haste," Vance was almost casual. "And there was the hope of tying up a few loose ends—hung juries are so unsatisfactory, don't you know. . . . Then again, this port is excellent."

"The port? . . . Ah, yes," Arnesson glanced at our glasses and turned an injured look on the professor. "Since when have I been a teetotaler, sir?"

The other gave a start, hesitated, and rose.

"I'm sorry, Sigurd. It didn't occur to me. . . . you never drink in the forenoon." He went to the sideboard and, filling another glass, placed it, with an unsteady hand, before Arnesson. Then he refilled the other glasses.

No sooner had he resumed his seat than Vance uttered an exclamation of surprise. He had half risen and was leaning forward, his hands resting on the edge of the table, his eyes fixed with astonishment on the mantel at the end of the room.

"My word! I never noticed that before. . . . Extraordinary!"

So unexpected and startling had been his action, and so tense was the atmosphere, that involuntarily we swung about and looked in the direction of his fascinated gaze.

"A Cellini plaque!" he exclaimed. "The Nymph of Fontainebleau! Berenson told me it was destroyed in the seventeenth century. I've seen its companion piece in the Louvre. . . ."

A red flush of angry indignation mounted to Markham's cheeks; and for myself I must say that, familiar as I was with Vance's idiosyncrasies and intellectual passion for rare antiques, I had never before known him to exhibit such indefensible bad taste.

It seemed unbelievable that he would have let himself be distracted by an object so trivial in such a tragic hour.

Professor Dillard frowned at him with commiseration.

"You've chosen a strange time, sir, to indulge your enthusiasm for art, was his scathing comment."

Vance appeared abashed and chagrined. He sank back in his seat, avoiding our eyes, and began turning the stem of his glass between his fingers.

"You are quite right, sir," he murmured. "I owe you an apology."

"The plaque, incidentally," the professor added, by way of mitigating the severity of his rebuke, "is merely a copy of the Louvre piece."

Vance, as if to hide his confusion, raised his wine to his lips. It was a highly unpleasant moment: every one's nerves were on edge; and, in automatic imitation of his action, we lifted our glasses too.

Vance gave a swift glance across the table and, rising, went to the front window, where he stood, his back to the room. So unaccountable was his hasty departure that I turned and watched him wonderingly. Almost at the same moment the edge of the table was thrust violently against my side, and simultaneously there came a crash of glassware.

I leaped to my feet and gazed down with horror at the inert body sprawled forward in the chair opposite, one arm and shoulder flung across the table.

A short silence of dismay and bewilderment momentarily paralyzed Markham stood like a graven image, his eyes, fastened on the table and Heath, staring and speechless, clung rigidly to the back of his chair.

"Good gad!"

It was Arnesson's astonished ejaculation that snapped the tension.

Markham went quickly round the table and bent over Professor Dillard's body.

"Call a doctor, Arnesson," he ordered.

Vance turned wearily from the window and sank into a chair.

"Nothing can be done for him," he said, with a deep sigh of fatigue. "He

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### Life

Me, in the midst of dateless centuries, By love concealed, Now, newly swathed in mortal destinies, Hath Time revealed.

A breathing space, a silence, and behold What I have been, Unswathed, the circling centuries unfold, Again unseen.

With Days and Nights brief fellow-ship was mine, But unto thee I come, a child inseparably thine, Eternity.

—T. B. Tabb.

### A Blessing

Blessed is the calamity that makes us humble; though so repugnant there-to is our nature, in our present state, that after a while, it is to be feared, a second and sharper calamity would be wanted to cure us, of our pride in having become so humble.—Coloridge.

prepared for a swift and painless death when he distilled his cyanide. The Bishop case is over."

(To be continued.)

## The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE



What came before: After many adventures, Captain Jimmy lands in his plane at the island of Formosa. He goes inland to see the camphor camps and the country of the head-hunters.

At last we reached a settlement of little huts with a big one for the manager. The camp boss was a young Japanese, who spoke English perfectly. He had a long white scar across his face, which he told us was a souvenir from a fight with a head-hunter.

A group of savage youths had raided his camp at dead of night, eager to bring back heads to their dusky maidens.

He objected to having his head cut off and, seizing an iron pot, bounced it off the skull of the leader. Some one threw a knife at him, just grazing his face, and then the head-hunters vanished into the darkness.

After the camp foreman had told us the story of his fight with the head-hunters, he invited us to visit the camphor camp.

"This is the hut where I slept on the night of the attack," he said, with a grin that showed his white teeth. "and this," he continued, pointing to a large iron kettle that stood on a crude shelf, "is the pot that I bounced off the chief's head. One never knows when it might come in handy again."

What a life! Sleeping and working in the shadow of continual danger. Certainly the camphor camps are no place for a nervous person.

We walked down a trail through trees with big, thick green leaves and finally arrived at a small clearing, where a number of fires were burning. Over each fire was a large pan of water and a barrel. Our guide explained that the barrels were filled with chips from the camphor trees and when steam from the boiling water passed through these chips, it took the camphor with it.

Later on we had a good look at him. He was a powerfully built fellow, with a square sort of face and a low forehead. His eyes were shifty, crafty, like those of a fox. He was a hard looking customer and not the sort of person you would care to have prowling around on a dark night.

(To be continued)

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

He then showed us how a bamboo pipe caught the steam from the barrels and carried into clay chambers where it was cooled and turned back into water, in the way that steam from a kettle will turn to water on a cold window pane.

Some of the camphor crystallizes on the sides of the clay chamber and some drops to the bottom as oil. After that, they take the crude camphor and heat it again until it turns to vapor and steam and condense it until it is solid.

In another part of the camp they pressed it into little cakes and packed it in lead boxes, ready to send to Japan. The guide told us that most of the world's camphor supply comes from Formosa.

About a quarter of a mile from the camp, we came to a well beaten road, with a high wire fence on the far side of it. This fence was charged with electric current to keep out the head-hunters from the hills. Near the fence, someone had dug up a quantity of fresh earth.

"This," said our guide, "happened last night. The head-hunters tunneled under for a surprise attack when a patrol caught sight of them. We nabbed one, who was not quick enough to get back. We've sent him down to the jail for a while."

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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.

## Earth Eating Still Practiced

Earth eating, generally considered to be a custom of ancient peoples, is still practiced to-day. It occurs sporadically almost anywhere and has nothing to do with climate, race, creed or culture. It is found among the most civilized nations—as in India and Persia, according to Dr. Walter Hough, head curator of anthropology at the National Museum.

The habit of geophagy is not general in any particular tribe or social group. There are individuals who eat earth and others of the same group who even disapprove of it.

Man will generally taste and test anything that nature offers and consuming earth, mud or clay need not be considered more surprising than eating pepper, salt or bark, or chewing gum, betel or tobacco. Primitive people explain the habit on the grounds that they believe earth or clay is good for them, that it benefits the stomach and aids digestion. Others that it tickles the palate and gratifies the stomach.

Several theories are given as to the origin of the habit. The first attributes it to the need of supplying the deficiency of mineral substances which brings on the use of salt. The second holds that it is due to the primarily mechanical effect it may have in comforting gastric or intestinal irritation. Another suggests that it is to silence the hungry stomach for a short time with an indigestible morsel.

Not all kinds of earth are eaten. The most important is the so-called diatomaceous earth, or Kieselsburr, popularly known as "mountain meal" or "fossil meal." It is very light and soft and resembles chalk or clay, consisting of the siliceous remains of minute aquatic organisms. Earths eaten as medicine or for enjoyment are usually fine, fat and often ferruginous (iron-impregnated) clays.

Photography in Color Is Developed Cheaply

Vienna papers are exploiting with illustrations the invention of a local expert, Alfred von Bariss, who says he has perfected a camera and a process which makes color photography simple and cheap.

The camera he manipulated recently before a gathering of reporters is described as "an ordinary press camera with a good, but ordinary, lens." By the aid of mirrors the light coming through the lens is diverted evenly on three plates inside the box—a yellow plate at the top, a red plate at the back and a blue plate at the bottom.

The operation took three minutes, during which Herr von Bariss said: "You may use ordinary panchromatic roll film, film packs, or plates. I am using ordinary films."

He went on to say that the picture could be taken either by snapshot or by time exposure, but that the three negatives must be exposed simultaneously. He then took the negatives to a dark room and developed them, transferring each to specially prepared gelatine sheets, which, he said, could be had for 5 cents apiece.

Next, he placed the gelatine sheets on top of each other over a chemically prepared paper and said: "It is this paper which is my secret, and on which I have worked for seven years. With it you are able to do away with washing and fixing and can print your colored photographs in ordinary light in three minutes."

He then showed how toning and other artistic effects could be produced on his paper by placing the colored plates at right angles or in different sequence. He added that any number of colored prints could be made from the colored negatives on his paper, which, he said, cost only a cent a sheet.

Reverence

There is one thing no one brings with him into the world, and it is a thing on which everything else depends; that thing by means of which every man that is born into the world becomes truly manly. This thing is reverence.—Goethe.

Reverence is fear tempered by love. In the Old Testament, the fear predominated, in the New Testament, the love; but the sentiment of reverence pervades all religion on earth and in heaven. Whether as sacred dread or loving fear, it abideth always.—W. B. Pope, D.D.

MOURNING WARDROBE

"A death occurred in our family and I had to go in mourning. I could hardly afford to buy all black clothes, so I decided to dye what I had. I consulted our druggist and he advised using Diamond Dyes. Everything came out beautifully; coats, wool dresses, stockings and all. I have since learned to appreciate the excellence of the black dye and the results were impossible. I had to get Diamond Dyes and do the work over. Recently I have tinted my curtains a beautiful raspberry shade and dyed a rug a lovely garnet with Diamond Dyes. They are real money savers—the finest dyes money can buy—I truly believe."

Mrs. G.K.L., Montreal.

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## Methods of Love—Not Fear

Jac' Woolen

It seemed as if little Ann had been born with a love for animals. Soon after she had learned to toddle along with Daddy out on the street she would call out jubilantly every time she saw a dog, a cat, or a horse. Unafraid, she would go up to any animal and make every effort with her beguiling, unintelligible utterances to get it to be her companion.

"That's a wonderful sign," Daddy said to Mother.

When Ann was three she developed a particular dislike for retiring when bedtime came. Mother did everything she could think of to help her to go to sleep, but apparently her ideas were not workable. Ann would fuss, cry, and even scream, while Mother fumed and begged. Finally Mother thought of a new method.

"Big dog will bite if Ann doesn't go to sleep," she declared. "Maybe he'll carry my baby away."

Night after night Mother frightened the child with this warning as soon as she started to rebel against going to bed. And Ann would quiet down in her little crib, and be silent as soon as she was told that the big dog would bite. Mother would smile inwardly each time, and as she would tuck up her book or her sewing, be thankful that she no longer had trouble in getting the child to bed. She was proud of her strategy.

One afternoon Daddy took Ann for a walk. They were going along quietly and happily when suddenly the child gave a scream and clutched her father around his legs. Amazed, the man picked up the distressed child.

"What's the matter, Ann?" he asked, wiping the tears from her eyes.

The child pointed to a harmless fox terrier across the street. "Big dog bite," she sobbed.

Daddy hurried home. He felt sure he knew just what had happened.

"Mother," he said heatedly as he walked into the kitchen, "who can have been scaring Ann about dogs?"

"It was the only way I could get her to sleep," explained the mother. "I tried every other means, but none worked until I hit on the idea of telling her that the dog would bite unless she went into dreamland."

"You must stop it, Mother," Daddy said calmly. "You're killing one of the finest tendencies the child has."

"What do you mean?" asked his wife.

"Simply this," replied the man. "A child that loves animals as Ann has done is the kind that makes friends readily, has human understanding—much love for others. Children who love animals are usually unselfish and are loved by almost everyone. But Ann can't love animals when she's afraid of them. If you continue frightening her about them she may always be afraid. And with fear will come timidity, selfishness and maybe hate. It's too big a risk, Mother, and you'd better think up some other scheme that will get the baby to sleep—some scheme that has love and understanding united with firmness, in place of fear and threats."—Issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th Street, New York City. These articles are appearing weekly in our columns.

## More Butter and Cheese

The Canadian Bureau of Statistics has issued a preliminary report on the production of dairy factories for the year 1930. The number of dairy factories in operation in 1930 was 2,719, comprising 1,200 creameries, 1,202 cheese factories, 291 combined butter and cheese factories and twenty-six concentrated milk plants.

Canada's production of creamery butter in 1930 amounted to 187,151,217 pounds, valued at \$57,177,798, an increase in quantity over the preceding year of 16,341,017 pounds, but a decrease in value of \$8,751,984. The make of 1930 is the largest recorded for any year in the history of the industry, and it exceeds the previous high year (1924) by more than eight million pounds. The average price per pound for creamery butter in 1930 was 30.55 cents, compared with 38.60 cents in 1928.

The total quantity of factory cheese made in 1930 was 118,919,558 pounds, valued at \$18,105,447, as compared with 118,746,286 pounds in 1929 of the value of \$21,471,330, the decrease in value being due to the average price having dropped from 18.68 cents per pound in 1929 to 15.22 cents in 1930.

## Easily Remedied

Some of the best anecdotes take years to circulate. This one, about the Prince of Wales as a child, though dating back some years, is well worth repeating.

The Prince was once talking to King Edward about Roosevelt, who was at that time President of the United States.

"Mr. Roosevelt is a very good man, isn't he?" he queried.

"President Roosevelt is a very clever man," replied King Edward.

For a time the Prince did not speak, but went on turning the leaves of the album through which he was looking, and which contained the President's portrait. The next day he said to the King, "I have changed Mr. Roosevelt's portrait from the Album of Rulers to the album where the clever men are!"—Pearson's Weekly.

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