Salada Green tea is a masterpiece in blending

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

192

'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 mocking notes signed The Bishop.

District Attorney Markham calls in his friend, Philo Vance. The following are associated with the case: Prof. Dillard, his niece, Bell, and his protege, Sigurd Arnesson, who hopes to marry Belle; John Pardee, a neighbor; Mrs. Drukker, and her son, Adolph, a cripple.

Vance is convinced Drukker is holding back certain information and determines to find out what it is. But that night Drukker is murdered. The shock kills Mrs. Drukker. Then Pardee commits suicide.

Markham believes Pardee was The Bishop, but Vance believes differently. Then Prof. Dillard asks them to come to his home.

CHAPTER XXXV.—(Cont'd.)

"Sigurd will be here before long. He'd enjoy seeing you again. As I said, he's at 'The Pretenders,' but I'm sure he will come straight home. . . . By the way, Mr. Vance," the professor went on, turning from Markham, "Sigurd tells me you accompanied him to 'Ghosts' last week. Do you share his enthusiasm for Ibsen?"

"A slight shift of Vance's eyebrows told me that he was somewhat puzzled by this question, but when he answered there was no hint of perplexity in his voice.

"I have read Ibsen a great deal; and there can be little doubt that he was a creative genius of a high order, although I've failed to find in him either the aesthetic form or the philosophic depth that characterizes Goethe's 'Faust,' for instance."

"I can see that you and Sigurd would have a permanent basis of disagreement."

Markham declined the invitation to stay longer, and a few minutes later we were walking down West End Avenue in the brisk April air.

"You will please take note, Markham, old dear," observed Vance, with a touch of waggishness, as we turned into 72nd Street and headed for the park, "that there are others than your modest collaborator who are hag-ridden with doubts as to the volition of Pardee's taking-off. And I might add that the professor is not in the least satisfied with your assurances."

"His suspicious state of mind is quite understandable," submitted Markham. "These murders have touched his house pretty closely."

"That's not the explanation. The old gentleman has fears. And he knows something which he will not tell us."

"I can't say that I got that impression."

"Oh, Markham,—my dear Markham! Weren't you listening closely to his halting, reluctant tale? It was as if he were trying to convey some suggestion to us without actually putting it into words. We were supposed to guess. Yes. That was why he insisted that you visit him when Arnesson was safely away at an Ibsen revival."

Vance ceased speaking abruptly and stood stock still. A startled look came in his eyes.

"Oh, my aunt! Oh, my precious aunt! So that was why he asked me about Ibsen! . . . My word! How unutterably dull I've been! He stared at Markham, and the muscles of his jaw tightened. "The truth at last!" he said with impressive softness. "And it is neither you nor the police nor I who has solved this case: it is a Norwegian dramatist who has been dead for twenty years. In Ibsen is the key to the mystery."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Markham regarded him as though he had suddenly gone out of his mind; but before he could speak Vance hailed a taxicab.

"I'll show you what I mean when we reach home," he said, as we rode east through Central Park. "It's unbelievable, but it's true. And I should have guessed it long ago; but the connotation of the signature on those notes was too clouded with other possible meanings. . . ."

"If it were midsummer instead of spring," commented Markham wrathfully, "I'd suggest that the heat had affected you."

"I knew from the first there were three possible guilty persons," continued Vance. "Each was psychologically capable of the murders, provided the impact of his emotions had upset his mental equilibrium. So there was nothing to do but to wait for some indication that would focus suspicion. Drukker was one of my three suspects, but he was murdered; and that left two. Then Pardee to all appearances committed suicide, and I'll admit that his death made reasonable the assumption that he had been the guilty one. But there was an eroding doubt in my mind. His death was not conclusive; and that house of cards troubled me. We were stalemated. So again I waited, and watched my third possibility. Now I know that Pardee was innocent, and that he did not shoot himself. He was murdered—just as were Robin and Sprigg and Drukker. His death was another grim joke—he was a victim thrown to the police in the spirit of diabolical jest. And the murderer has been chuckling at our gullibility ever since."

"By what reasoning do you arrive at so fantastic a conclusion?"

"It's no longer a question of reasoning. At last I have the explanation for the crimes; and I know the meaning of the 'Bishop' signature to the notes. I'll show you a piece of amazing and incontrovertible evidence very soon."

A few minutes later we reached his apartment, and he led us straight to the library.

"The evidence has been here within arm's reach all the time."

He went to the shelves where he kept his dramas, and took down Volume II of the collected works of Henrik Ibsen. The book contained "The Vikings at Helgeland" and "The Pretenders"; but with the first of these plays Vance was not concerned. Turning to "The Pretenders" he found the page where the *dramatis personae* were given, and laid the book on the table before Markham.

"Read the cast of characters of Arnesson's favorite play," he directed.

Markham, silent and puzzled, drew the volume toward him; and I looked over his shoulder. This is what we saw:

Hakon Hakonsson, the King elected by the Birchlegs.
Inga of Varteig, his mother.
Earl Skule.
Lady Ragnhild, his wife.
Sigrid, his sister.
Margrete, his daughter.
Guthorm Ingesson.
Sigurd Ribbung.
Nicholas Arnesson, Bishop of Oslo.
Dagfinn the Peasant, Hakon's marshal.
Ivar Bodde, his chaplain.
Vegard Vaeradal, one of his guard.
Gregorius Jonsson, a nobleman.
Paul Flida, a nobleman.
Ingeborg, Andres Skialdarband's wife.
Peter, her son, a young priest.
Sira Viliam, Bishop Nicholas's chaplain.
Master Sigard of Brabant, a physician.
Jatgeir Skald, an Icelander.
Bard Bratte, a chieftain from the Trondheim district.

But I doubt if either of us read beyond the line:

Nicholas Arnesson, Bishop of Oslo.

My eyes became riveted on that name with a set and horrified fascination. And then I remembered. . . . Bishop Arnesson was one of the most diabolical villains in all literature—a cynical, sneering monster who twisted all the sane values of life into hideous buffooneries.

With this astounding revelation the Bishop murder case entered its final and most terrible phase. Heath had been informed of Vance's discovery; and it was arranged that we should meet in the District Attorney's office early the following day for a counsel of war.

Markham, when he took leave of us that night, was more troubled and despondent that I had ever seen him.

"I don't know what can be done," he said hopelessly. "There's no legal evidence against the man. But we may be able to devise some course of action that will give us the upper hand. . . . I never believed in torture, but I almost wish we had access today to the thumbscrew and the rack."

Vance and I arrived at his office a few minutes after nine the next morning. Swacker intercepted us and asked us to wait in the reception room for a little while. Markham, he explained, was engaged for the moment. We had no more than seated ourselves when Heath appeared, grim, pugnacious and sullen.

"I gotta hand it to you, Mr. Vance," he proclaimed. "You sure got a line on the situation. But what good it's going to do us I don't see. We can't arrest a guy because his name's in a book."

"We may be able to force the issue some way," Vance rejoined, "In any event, we know where we stand."

Ten minutes later Swacker beckoned to us and indicated that Markham was free.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting," Markham apologized. "I had an unexpected visitor." His voice had a despairing ring. "More trouble. And, curiously enough, it's connected with the very section of Riverside Park where Drukker was killed. However, there's nothing I can do about it. . ." He drew some papers before him. "Now to business."

"What's the new trouble in Riverside Park?" asked Vance casually.

Markham frowned.

"Nothing that need bother us now. A kidnapping, in all likelihood. There's a brief account of it in the morning papers, in case you're interested. . . ."

"I detest reading the papers," Vance spoke blandly, but with an insistence that puzzled me. "What happened?"

Markham drew a deep breath of impatience.

"A child disappeared from the playground yesterday after talking with an unknown man. Her father came here to solicit my help. But it's a job for the Bureau of Missing Persons; and I told him so. Now, if your curiosity is appeased—"

"Oh, but it isn't," persisted Vance. "I simply must hear the details. That section of the park fascinates me strangely."

Markham shot him a questioning glance through lowered lids.

(To be continued.)

Trace Hay Fever to Birds and Powder

Baltimore Physician Finds Small Plant Pollen Grains Cause Membrane Irritations

Baltimore.—Hay Fever, which annually brings sneezes and watery eyes to thousands, may be caused by such unusual substances as face powder and canary feathers, reports Dr. Howard M. Bubert, of the University of Maryland.

Hay fever usually is caused by irritation of the mucous membranes of the eyes, nose and throat by infinitesimal grains of plant pollen that float in the air. Not all persons are sensitive.

A girl came to Dr. Bubert for treatment, he reports, and said she suffered hay fever symptoms the year round instead of only during the usual season.

She used a face powder made from orris root and Dr. Rubert discovered that she was super-sensitive to orris root.

She changed her face powder to one made of rice powder. Within twenty-four hours her hay fever symptoms disappeared, says Dr. Bubert.

Another woman treated at Bubert's clinic at the University of Maryland Hospital suffered from asthma during the entire year and hay fever during the regular spring and fall seasons.

She raised canaries and kept about fifty of them at home. It was found she was sensitive to canary feathers and certain plant pollens.

When this woman got rid of her canaries and was treated with extracts of canary feathers and of the pollens to which she was sensitive, Dr. Bubert reports, she was relieved of both the asthma and hay fever symptoms.

He tells of a man afflicted with eye trouble every summer for a number of years. Finally it was found he was supersensitive to certain pollens, and actually was suffering from a form of hay fever. Treatment with pollen extracts greatly relieved his symptoms.

TWO CLASSES

"I know only two classes—the 'worker' and the 'loafer,' and we will find those in every walk and in every sphere of life until the world ends."—Mrs. Stanley Baldwin.

A good name makes an excellent passport.

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNETTE.

For Travel and "Dress" Upon Arrival

It's in the much favored navy blue wool crepe. The navy blue crepe silk frock is printed in red and white thus smartly carrying out the popular tri-color scheme.

The bolero jacket chooses the printed crepe for its turn-back cuffs. The separate redingote skirt is in box-plait effect at the front. The diagonal seaming and closing of the hip yoke is decidedly slimming. The belt is removable. The sleeveless dress has slightly dropped shoulder. The neck is interesting finished with jabot.

This attractive outfit Style No. 379 may be had in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36 and 38 inches bust.

The redingote takes 3⅛ yards of 39-inch material; the dress requires 2⅜ yards of 39-inch material for the miss of 16 years.

Another equally chic idea is vivid red crepe silk coat with the dress of navy blue crepe silk.

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.

Elms of Berlin Doomed

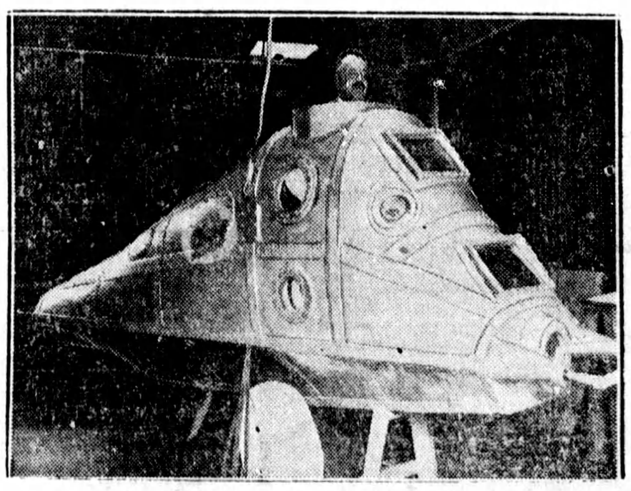
Berlin.—Elms in the parks and streets of Berlin appear to be doomed to extinction, the plant pathologists of the park department apparently having abandoned as hopeless their long flight to check the disease that is destroying the trees.

The elms are being killed by a minute fungus carried by a small beetle that deposits its eggs on the bark. A method of treating the elms by inoculation, worked out at the Dahlem Institute of Plant Biology, proved as fruitless as previous remedies.

Not only Berlin but all of central Europe is in danger of losing its elms from the disease which began its ravages in Holland ten years ago and spread rapidly eastward, completely baffling all efforts to arrest it.

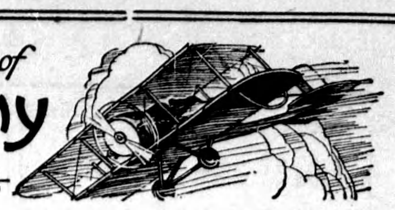
If the elms in affected regions are to survive it can only be through some saving process of nature or the discovery of a new remedy. At a recent session of the German Botanical Association it was said that remedies hitherto tried had proved wholly useless.

Not a Sea Monster



Man vies with the odd denizens of the oceans. Here we see an odd-looking machine of steel and glass which will soon be launched on an under water search for sunken treasure.

The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE



What came before: Late one afternoon, while on board the freighter Madrigal in the Chinese Sea, Captain Jimmy and his friends sight a bandit ship firing on a little vessel. hey take off to the rescue in their plane.

After some difficulty we lowered the plane into the sea and heading into the wind, took off. The motor sputtered and missed at first—then it opened out into a deep, satisfying roar and drove the plane at a terrific speed towards the scene of battle. There was not a moment to lose.

As we drew nearer, through the twilight, we could plainly see the flash from the guns of the Pirate Junk. I gave our plane every bit of gas I could and she roared down toward the scene of battle at a tremendous rate.

Suddenly the firing seemed to case. A lucky shot must have crippled the ship they were pursuing. Quarter of a mile away and we nosed down to get a better view of what was taking place.

A little ship lay over with a heavy list to starboard, evidently leaking from a shot below the water line. A large Chinese junk was tied behind and a boarding party of pirates swarmed all over the captured vessel. The passengers ran here and there, looking for shelter. Then as we came near we could see a number of figures bound to the rail—evidently white men and ship officers.

As we passed overhead, the pirates greeted us with a volley but they were not used to firing at a speeding plane and their shots went wide.

We swept past the boats at about one hundred and ten miles an hour. The Chinese Junk was our target and how we longed for a few nice hand grenades or a machine gun! Still, we had the shot gun and plenty of buckshot shells. We could make it hot for those pirates.

About half a mile away, I turned to the attack again. Suddenly I swooped until it seemed as if we would scrape the decks as we passed. Every bit of engine power forced us out of the sky. Our speed was tremendous. It must have been a fearful sight to see a plane making such speed straight at one. In the bow of the Junk stood a group of pirates — petrified. Then, Bang! Bang! roared the heavy shot gun, and the pirates raced for cover, but several seemed to stumble and lay quite still.

A few stray shots screeched by fired by the more courageous of the pirates who dared show themselves above decks. Meanwhile, my gunner loaded up his heavy artillery ready for his next attack. Again we swooped and raked the decks with buckshot but this time the pirates had seen enough of us. Someone cut the junk loose and the pirates rushed back and crowded on full sail. Now was our chance.

Circling around to gain altitude, we suddenly dived straight for the pirate's wheel deck, banging away with our old shotguns. The helmsman of the junk had all he could do, at best, to hold the ship in her course, for a brisk wind had suddenly sprung up and she leaned heavily to one side.

Then, looking up, he caught sight of us hovering above him like a great bird of prey, just as a charge of buckshot rattled around him on the decks. With a yell, he let go the wheel and fled and the next moment a strong gust of wind keeled the junk over on her side.

(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.

LIFE

If I have helped some struggling man to master
His baser self. A nobler life attain,
If by my love, some heart has beaten faster—
I have not lived in vain.

If I have sown the seeds of peace and gladness,
If I have caused sad lips to smile again.
If I have eased some other's ache and sadness—
I have not lived in vain.

If I have made one weary life the brighter,
If I have eased another's toil and pain,
If I have made some comrade's burden lighter—
I have not lived in vain.

—Norman Cole.

Helping Hand

When her young man visitor became very plainly embarrassed, she thought she knew the cause.

"Er—Miss Johnson,' he said, feverishly, "could I—er—see your father for a moment?"

"Certainly, Mr. Clarke!"—and, excusing herself, she left the room.

Presently her father came in, and after a short conversation with the young man he stepped to the door and summoned his daughter.

"It is getting late,' said Mr. Clarke, whose face was radiant, "and, as I have a long ride before me, I think I will say 'Good night.' Shall I find you at home on Wednesday evening, Miss Johnson?"

The girl assured him that he would, and the young man took his departure.

"Oh, papa!" began the girl, when they were alone, "did he——"

"You must not ask questions," said the old man. "Mr. Clarke wished to see about a matter which for the present must remain a secret."

"I know," pleaded the girl, "but you might give me a hint of what it was—just a word."

"Oh, well," replied her father, indulgently, "since you must know, he wanted to borrow a shilling to get home with."

Contrarieties

Immortality

Forgotten now her fragile golden beauty,
The tilt of her proud chin;
Her quick bright words, her elfish, wistful laughter;
Her dreams of lovely things that might have been.
But not a one has ever yet forgotten
Her one small sin.

—Jewell Bothwell Tull, in Poetry.

Makes Gasoline From Waste Oil

Scientist Extracts Gasoline and Other Oils from Methane Gas

Minneapolis.—A new source of gasoline that holds promise of economical commercial production has been discovered in the laboratory of Dr. G. R. Schultze at the University of Minnesota.

In research for the American Petroleum Institute this German scientist has extracted gasoline, petroleum oils and other petroleum products from methane gas, which now is mostly wasted.

Results of his work, under direction of Dr. S. C. Lind, director of the university's school of chemistry, may point the way to new means of obtaining the fuel, if and when the source of America's petroleum supply is exhausted.

The cost of his process now is commercially prohibitive—about $3 or $4 a gallon. But Dr. Schultze believes continued research with other gases higher in carbon content, such as propane, ethylene and butane will prove the method economically feasible.

Methane has a low carbon content, accounting in part for the excessive cost of the process. It and similar gases, common in oil fields, now are mostly waste products.

Dr. Schultze obtained gasoline by bombarding a quantity of methane gas with electrons from an electric current of between 17,000 and 20,000 volts.

Gasoline has been obtained from methane before, but only by using radio-active substances and other complicated chemical processes which cost more.

Dr. Schultze believes his process also has other potentialities. During experiments using certain gases he obtained a yellow compound resembling amber.

The new substance has shown possibilities as an insulating material for electric power lines and as containers for powerful acids.

John Barrymore delights in putting interviewers in their place by making them "Mister" him. A certain New York feature writer had been warned about 'Jawn" and his pet method so when he got to him (Mr. Barrymore having finished his 10 o'clock breakfast) he asked, "Are you John Barrymore?" The profile turned and haughtily replied, "No, I am MISTER John Barrymore." "That's fine," came the crushing reply, "I was afraid you might be Miss Ethel!"