

Salada Green tea is a masterpiece in blending

"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. The young chap named Sprigg is hot 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, 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.) 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 2nd 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 haggard with doubts as to the volition of Pardee's tacking-off. And I might add that the professor is not in the least satisfied with your assurances."

indication that would focus suspicion. Drukker was one of my three suspects but he was murdered; and that left two. Then Pardee, with 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 chucking 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 dramatic personas 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 Væradal, one of his guards.
Gregorius Jonsson, a nobleman.
Paul Flida, a nobleman.
Ingeberg, Andres Skjaldarband's wife.
Peter, her son, a young squire.
Sira Vilham, 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 same values of life into hideous buffoneries.

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. "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 Mucous 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. Hubert, 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.

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-pleat 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 3 3/4 yards of 39-inch material; the dress requires 2 3/4 yards of 36-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 fight 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 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. Being so a little vessel, they 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 terrific speed to wards 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 cease. A lucky shot must have crippled the ship they were pursuing. Quite a mile away and we nosed down to get a better view of what was taking place.

A little slip 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, seeking 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 backshot 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—perilous. 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 screamed 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 or 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.

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

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.

How Glass Gets Desert-Colored

Scientists Say Change of Tint Occurs Due to Sun's Ultra-Violet Rays

Interest in desert-colored glass continues to increase, writes Ransome Sutton in "The Los Angeles Times." "I know several prospectors who have stopped hunting for gold," a friend writes me, "and are devoting all their time searching for violet-colored bottles—which have acquired considerable value. I wish you would explain how the sun's rays give glass a rich heliotope color."

The change of color, according to Dr. Edison Pettit of Mount Wilson Observatory, who has for years been working with ultra-violet light, occurs in the make-up of the manganese dioxide molecules, which are intermixed with the glass. Manufacturers mix manganese oxides—a black dust—with the molten glass to whiten it. Without the manganese, glass would not be clear. An extra amount of manganese gives it a pinkish color.

Desert light in the ultra-violet region, said Dr. Pettit, affects the manganese dioxide molecules, possibly by removing one or more of the oxygen atoms from the combination, then the changed molecule refracts or reflects light differently, producing the ultraviolet or heliotope color. It is a slow process, because the color deepens gradually for about eleven years. Thereafter, the color stays fixed, unless changed by heat.

Dr. Pettit lighted an oxygen lamp and held a piece of beautifully colored glass over the flame. Within two or three minutes, the heat restored the desert-colored glass to its original color—by rearranging the atoms in the molecules as they were before the influence of the desert sun.

Glass, we are told, absorbs ultra-violet light. This being true, how does it happen that the under side of a bottle becomes colored? Most bottles are found uniformly colored, the under side equally with the upper side. Dr. Pettit's explanation is that ultra-violet rays of a particular wavelength do the coloring and are not absorbed.

Passing through the upper wall of a bottle, lying half buried in sand, these penetrating rays act on the manganese-oxygen molecules in the buried wall, as if the whole bottle were exposed to the direct rays. It is not true, he said, that only foreign glass "blushes" deep blue in the desert; all glass responds—more or less conspicuously, depending upon the amount of manganese in the glass. The bluing effect can be produced by soaking glass in X-rays. A Los Angeles company, responding to the demand for heliotope glass, is now manufacturing it—beating the desert, we are told, at its own job.

A Rustic Factory There are other woods lying thick around Great Hampden that have this touch of dream atmosphere, though perhaps the chair-makers who have worked there for so long drove the fairies away long ago. For when Sir Philip Sidney was writing his Arcadia, these same woods knew the light, rough, straw-woven tents, cast about with old sacks in Arab fashion in the same manner that one sees today, the same primitive method of the lathe worked by the foot, that turns, with astonishing ease, rapidly and smoothly, the legs for the chairs of the Wycombe workshops. Neat piles of them stand by the tent openings, while the forest clearing is scattered with chips and shavings and the raw material of the prepared timber, with the pots and pans of the workers' diners.

There is no anachronism in this rustic factory, but rather a scene that contrasts sadly with the great temples reared to the god of machinery, full of roar and speed and subordinate human automaton; for out here is but the wind and the curious woodpecker. . . . There is a little pool in circulation upon the subject of this charming retrogression, giving the details of a craft which is most fitting in Hampden woods, but tragically, absurdly inapplicable to the world at large.—From "Green Fields of England," by Clare Cameron.

Amateur Sky Gazers Spot 10,000 Meteors Philadelphia.—Dr. Charles P. Olivier, president of the American Meteor Society, said reports received from volunteer observers have provided the society with valuable information concerning the Perseid stream of meteors which reached its height on August 11 and 12. Dr. Olivier, professor of astronomy at the University of Pennsylvania, said the number of meteors seen and mapped from August 4 to 16, when the stream was visible, had not yet been tabulated fully, but indications were that it would total approximately 10,000, most of which were observed on August 11 and 12. He added: "Another opportunity for volunteer observers to study a meteor shower will be presented from about November 14 to 18, when we have good hopes of an excellent Leonid display which will be even better than the Perseid. The Leonids have to be observed from midnight to dawn."