The Bishop Murder Case

A PHILO VANCE STORY

BY S. S. VAN DINE

SYNOPSIS.

A man known as Cock Robin is shot through the heart with an arrow on the archery range beside the home of Prof. Dillard, where Robin was well known. The crime seems to be the intentional dramatization of the old nursery rhyme "Who killed Cock Robin?" District Attorney Markham is puzzled by the apparently senseless circumstances attending it and asks the aid of Philo Vance. The police get on the trail of Sperling, the last man known to have been with Robin. Both Robin and Sperling had been in love with Belle Dillard. Sigurd Arnesson, Professor Dillard's protege, and a professor of mathematics, says he would like a chance to solve the mystery mathematically, if they will tell him all they know concerning it.

CHAPTER VI.—(Cont'd.)

"I'll be glad to tell you whatever we know," Arnesson," Markham replied after a brief pause. "But I can't promise to reveal everything that may arise from now on. It might work against the ends of justice and embarrass our investigation."

Vance had sat with half-closed eyes, apparently bored by Arnesson's astonishing request; but now he turned to Markham with a considerable show of animation.

"I say, y' know; there's really no reason why we shouldn't give Mr. Arnesson a chance to translate this crime into the realm of applied mathematics. I'm sure he'd be discreet and use our information only for scientific purposes. And—one never knows, does one?—we may need his highly trained assistance before we're through with this fascinatin' affair.

Markham knew Vance well enough to realize that his suggestion had not been made thoughtlessly; and I was in no wise astonished when he faced Arnesson and said:

"Very well, then. We'll give you whatever data you need to work out your mathematical formula. Anything special you want to know now?"

"Oh, no. I know the details thus far as well as you; and I'll strip Beedle and old Pyne of their contributions when you're gone. But if I solve this problem and determine the exact position of the criminal, don't pigeon-hole my findings as Sir George Airy did those of poor Adams when he submitted his Neptunean calculations prior to Leverrier' . . ."

At this moment the front door opened and the uniformed officer stationed on the porch came in, followed by a stranger.

"This gent here says he wants to see the professor," he announced with a radiating suspicion; and turning to the man he indicated Markham with a gesture of the head. "That's the District Attorney. Tell him your troubles."

CHAPTER VII.

The newcomer seemed somewhat embarrassed. He was a slender, well-groomed man with an unmistakable air of refinement. His age, I should say, was fifty, though his face held a perennially youthful look. His hair was thin and graying his nose a trifle sharp, and his chin small but in no way weak. His eyes, surmounted by a high, broad forehead, were his most striking characteristic. They were the eyes of a disappointed and disillusioned dreamer—half sad, half resentful, as if life had tricked him and left him unhappy and bitter.

He was about to address Markham when he caught sight of Arnesson.

"Oh, good morning, Arnesson," he said, in a quiet, well-modulated voice. "I hope there's nothing seriously wrong."

"A mere death, Pardee," the other replied carelessly. "The proverbial tempest in a teapot."

Markham was annoyed at the interruption.

"What can I do for you, sir?" he asked.

"I trust I am not intruding," the man apologized. "I am a friend of the family—I live just across the street; and I perceived that something unusual had happened here. It occurred to me I might be of some service."

Arnesson chuckled. "My dear Pardee! Why clothe your natural curiosity in the habiliments of rhetoric?"

Pardee blushed.

"I assure you, Arnesson——" he began; but Vance interrupted him.

"You say you live opposite, Mr. Pardee. You have perhaps been observing this house during the forenoon?"

"Hardly that, sir. My study, however, overlooks 75th Street, and it's true I was sitting at the window most of the morning. But I was busy writing. When I returned to my work from lunch I noticed the crowd and the police cars and also the officer in uniform at the door."

Vance had been studying him from the corner of his eye.

"Did you happen to see any one enter or leave this house this morning, Mr. Pardee?" he asked.

The man shook his head slowly.

"No one in particular. I noticed two young men—friends of Miss Dillard—call at about ten o'clock; and I saw Beedle go out with her market basket. But that's all I recall."

"Did you see either of these young men depart?"

"I don't remember." Pardee knit his brows. "And yet it seems to me one of them left by the range gate. But it's only an impression."

"What time would that have been?"

"Really, I couldnt say. Perhaps an hour or so after his arrival. I wouldn't care to be more specific."

"You recall no other person whatever either coming or going from the house this morning?"

"I saw Miss Dillard return from the tennis courts about half past twelve, just as I was called to lunch. In fact, she waved her racquet to me."

"And no one else?"

"I'm afraid not." There was unmistakable regret in his quiet response.

"One of the young men you saw enter here has been killed," Vance told him.

"Mr. Robin, alias Cock Robin," supplemented Arnesson, with a comic grimace which affected me unpleasantly.

"Good heavens! How unfortunate!" Pardee appeared genuinely shocked. "Robin? Wasn't he the champion archer of Belle's club?"

"His one claim to immortality. That's the chap."

"Poor Belle!" Something in the man's manner caused Vance to regard him sharply. "I hope she's not too greatly upset by the tragedy."

"She's dramatizing it, naturally," Arnesson returned. "So are the police, for that matter. Awful bother about nothing in particular. The earth is covered with 'small crawling masses of impure carbo-hydrates' like Robin—referred to in the aggregate as humanity."

Pardee smiled with tolerant sadness—he was obviously familiar with Arnesson's cynicisms. Then he appealed to Markham.

"May I be permitted to see Miss Dillard and her uncle?"

"Oh, by all means." It was Vance who answered before Markham could reach a decision. "You'll find them in the library, Mr. Pardee."

The man left the room with a polite murmur of thanks.

"Queer fellow," commented Arnesson, when Pardee was out of hearing. "Cursed with money. Leads an indolent life. His one passion is solving chess problems. . . ."

"Chess?" Vance looked up with interest. "Is he, by any chance, John Pardee, the inventor of the famous Pardee gambit?"

"The same." Arnesson's face crinkled humorously. "Spent twenty years developing a cast-iron offensive that was to add new decimal points to the game. Wrote a book about it. Then went forth proselytizing like a crusader before the gates of Domascus. He's always been a great patron of chess, contributing to tournaments, and scurrying round the world to attend the various chess jousting-bouts. Consequently was able to get his gambit tested. It made a great stir among the infra- champions of the Manhattan Chess Club. Then poor Pardee organized a series of masters tournaments. Paid all the expenses himself. Cost him a fortune, by the way And of course he stipulated that the Pardee gambit be played exclusively. Well, well, it was very sad. When men like Doctor Lasker and Capablanca and Rubinstein and Finn got to combating it, it went to pieces. Almost every player who used it lost. It was disqualified—even worse than the ill-fated Rice gambit. Terrible blow for Pardee. It put snow in his hair, and took all the rubber out of his muscles. Aged him, in short. He's a broken man."

"I know the history of the gambit," murmured Vance, his eyes resting pensively on the ceiling. "I've used it myself. Edward Lasker taught it to me. . . ."

The uniformed officer again appeared in the archway and beckoned to Heath. The Sergeant rose with alacrity—the ramifications of chess obviously bored him—and went into the hall. A moment later he returned bearing a small sheet of paper.

"Here's a funny one, sir," he said, handing it to Markham. "The officer outside happened to see it sticking outa the mail box just now, and thought he'd take a peep at it. What do you make of it, sir?"

Markham studied it with puzzled amazement, and then without a word handed it to Vance. I rose and looked over his shoulder. The paper was of the conventional typewriter size, and had been folded to fit into the mail box. It contained several lines of typing done on a machine with elite characters and a faded blue ribbon.

The first line read:

Joseph Cochrane Robin is dead.

The second line asked:

What killed Cock Robin?

Underneath was typed:

Sperling means sparrow.

And in the lower right-hand corner—the place of the signature—were the two words in capitals:

THE BISHOP.

Vance, after glancing at the strange message with its even stranger signature, reached for his monocle with that slow deliberation which I knew indicated a keen suppressed interest. Having adjusted the glass he studied the paper intently. Then he handed it to Arnesson.

"Here's a valuable factor for your equation.' His eyes were fixed banteringly on the man.

(To be continued.)

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

Girls' Slip-On Dress closed on left shoulder. Waist has round neck, front and back, with straight gathered ruffles inserted between waist and yoke. Long set-in sleeves with turned-back cuffs, perforated for short sleeves with attached gathered ruffles. A two-piece waistband is inserted between waist and two-piece gathered skirt. 12 pieces.

Proportionate Measurements:

Years	8	10	12	14
Breast	26	28	30	32 ins.
Socket bone to floor (with shoes)	40	44	48	52 ins.

Before cutting, compare carefully all pieces of patterns with chart.

MATERIAL REQUIRED

Sizes	Front View Figured Material 32-in.	35-in.	39-in.	Short Sleeved Dress of One Material 35-in.
8 yrs.	2	1⅞	1⅞	2⅛
10 yrs.	2⅜	2⅛	2⅛	2¼
12 yrs.	2¾	2½	2⅜	2½
14 yrs.	3	2⅞	2¾	2¾

½ yard 35-inch plain material for yoke, cuffs, belt and ruffles for front view.

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.

Loving letters,
Cupid's fetters,
Foolish youth—the tale is old.
Jilted! Fury!
Judge and Jury!
Letters worth their weight in gold.

Inhale Minard's Liniment for Asthma.

Einstein Braves New York Welcome

Says "So Much Sincerity Displayed that He Felt at Home"

New York.—Professor Albert Einstein and Mrs. Einstein were officially welcomed to America at the City Hall by Mayor Walker and his specially formed reception committee, headed by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, on Dec. 13th.

The scientist, who has repeatedly stated his dislike of public appearances, for the first time seemed greatly pleased by the honors accorded him and left the City Hall in a genial mood, waving his black sombrero at the cheering crowds.

"I thought I would be frightened," he said, "but there was so much sincerity that I felt at home. The Mayor was charming."

Called Monarch of Mind

He arrived accompanied by Dr. Butler and was immediately taken to the Aldermanic Chamber, which was filled with spectators. Montrose Strassburger, Assistant Corporation Counsel, who was master of ceremonies, introduced Dr. Butler, who in turn presented Professor Einstein to the Mayor.

Dr. Butler in his address described Professor Einstein as "a monarch of the mind' who was taking his place in that great succession which began with Archimedes and Ptolemy and which came down through Copernicus, Newton and Kepler.

"Our thoughts are absorbed the whole world round with grave questions of political, of social, of economic policy and betterment," he said. "And yet wisely and properly, at this very moment, we raise our hands in salute to one whose repute and influence is far away from all this in the realm of pure thought."

Professor Einstein did not reveal whether the scholarly address of Dr. Butler or the popular interpretation which Mayor Walker gave to his theory or relativity made him "feel at home," but he appeared greatly amused when the Mayor said he understood the scientific fact that there was no such universally simultaneous thing as time.

A Cosmopolitan Greeting

"We, too, with no little difficulty, understand," he added, "if a projectile were thrust in the air, it would not go on in a straight line infinitely, because the world is round and the universe is running in a circle.

He praised the professor's modesty and humanitarianism. He said that in this cosmopolitan country the world greeted him. Recalling Professor Einstein's last visit to New York in 1921, the Mayor remarked that then he had been promised the keys of the city, which had never been delivered.

"That brings us to a closer understanding of the subtle mentality that is yours," he said, "because you got the keys relatively. They are the keys to our hearts, to our imagination."

Professor Einstein, who during the address by the Mayor had whispered smilingly to his wife and nodded his head vigorously when the Mayor commented on his work, was then introduced by Dr. Butler. He replied in German with a low but clear voice. He spoke fast and his words were not translated.

Defers to Colleagues

"I am deeply moved by the words of sympathy which I have just heard," he said. "I take them, however, not as being addressed to my person. What a human being can achieve in the realm of thought is so little that it does not entitle him to special honors. I think that they were addressed to the men of science in general and I take them as an indication of the fact that the man of research to-day meets with the understanding of the world at large."

Following his words the German and American national anthems were played by the municipal band. Professor Einstein and the members of his party were then taken to the Mayor's office, where the reception was reenacted in an abbreviated form for the sound films.

You can be confident that its quality never varies

"SALADA" TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

Fixing New Year's Day

Where does the New Year actually begin? It starts, of course, earlier in Europe than it does with us, and the farther east you travel the earlier is its coming. But there must be a limit somewhere, for if you went on traveling always eastward you would eventually circle the globe and arrive back in Canada.

It was agreed originally that the days should begin on the 180th degree of longitude, a line running from the North Pole to the South, exactly halfway round the world from Greenwich Observatory. But this was found to have curious results.

The line passed right through a good many countries, so that the date might be December 31 in one town and January 1 in another only a mile or two away. On one island it used to be a standing joke to send newcomers a note saying "I shall be glad if you will come to lunch yesterday"!

This led to so much confusion that an alteration was made in the date line. It now bends in various places in order to include the whole of any country that lies in its path.

There are still some rather weird possibilities. If a steamer sailing from America to India reaches the date line at midnight on December 31 the captain puts his clocks forward twenty-four hours and makes the date next moment January 2. His ship sees no New Year's Day at all.

But if he were sailing in the opposite direction he would have two New Year's Days! Supposing he reached the date line one minute before midnight on January 1, his clocks would be put back twenty-four hours, and the next day would also be January 1.

The Discoverers

How much we owe to all the noble sages,
Those chosen ones of God who set men free,
Who teach them how to rise from lethargy,
And with the truth correct the wrong of ages
That hampers men in their unfolding stages.
Such prophets' work and aim it is to see
The truth that helps mankind not seem, but be.
Discoverers' names are writ in history's pages.
How quickly people seek new lands afar;
How soon they drop the chaise for motorcar.
And who will live without the telephone?
But let a vital truth that blesses men
Be given to all in a new tongue, and then
Prophet and message almost stand alone.

—Irving C. Tomlinson

Skating On Thin Ice

The first few days of the winter sport season are usually fraught with danger to heedless young folk. Now is a good time to impress upon their minds the necessity of observing caution.

British Columbia Salmon

Five principal varieties of salmon are caught in British Columbian waters—sockeye, Spring, Coho, pink, and chum.

Gems From Dickens

We must look forward.

* * * *

Moralize as we will, the world goes on.

* * * *

The office is one thing, and private life is another.

* * * *

Where's the good of putting things off?

* * * *

Strike while the iron's hot.

* * * *

Do not allow a trivial misunderstanding to wither the blossoms of spring.

* * * *

It's very much to be wished that some mothers would leave their daughters alone after marriage.

* * * *

Be faithfully affectionate against all discouragement, and never cease to be so, until you cease to live.

* * * *

Home is the best, after all, and its pleasures are the most heartily and enduringly prized.

* * * *

The hardest and best-borne trials are those which are never chronicled in any earthly record.

* * * *

Conscience is an elastic and very flexible article, which will bear a deal of stretching, and adapt itself to a great variety of circumstances.

* * * *

David Copperfield from head to foot! Calls a house a rookery when there's not a rook near it, and takes the birds on trust, because he sees the nests.

* * * *

The first of May! There is a merry freshness in the sound, calling to our minds a thousand thoughts of all that is pleasant in nature.

* * * *

You have no idea what it is to have anybody wonderfully fond of you, unless you have been got down and rolled upon by that lonely feeling.

French Detective Finds Way to Remove Tattooing

Dr. Locard, the most famous scientific detective in France, has made a hobby for years of tattooing, says "The Washington Star." Contact with criminals from all over the world who have come to his laboratory in Lyons has taught Dr. Locard virtually everything there is to know about the various systems and markings of tattooers, if not a little more. For he has been able to announce recently a cure for tattooing, something hitherto unknown.

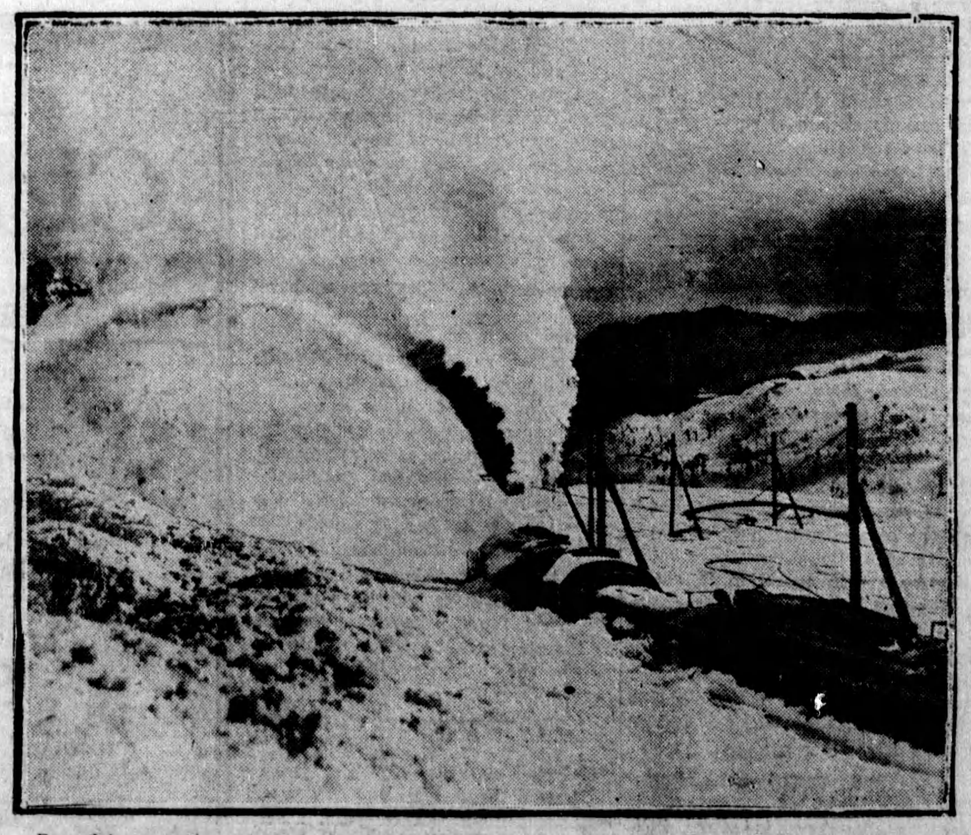
Thousands of people have been swindled by fake tattoo removers; thousands more go through life miserable because they cannot get rid of some objectionable design, bitten deeply into the skin.

Well, here is what Dr. Locard says to do: First, apply to the tattooed area a concentrated solution of tannin. Then open each hole made by the tattooer, and rub each tiny wound with a pencil of silver nitrate. The skin will turn black soon, powder again with tannin. Within sixteen or eighteen hours, according to Dr. Locard, the tattoo marks will disappear, the solution must be used in this method and a doctor's advice is necessary. No more than two square inches of flesh should be removed at one time.

"Try one of these," said the host, pulling out an oblong cedar box. "They are Dutch, made from Havana tobacco grown in Java, and I venture to think, not unlike a genuine Corona." "No, thanks," answered the intended victim. "I once tried 'em in Rotterdam. They sell 'em for a farthing in the Binnenhof, and a headache powder goes with each smoke."

Minard's Liniment aids Sore Feet.

King Winter's Reign Defied!



Powerful snow plow at work clearing drifts along electric railway between Tirano, Italy, and St. Moritz, Switzerland. No matter how deep the snow, traffic is successfully maintained throughout winter on this Alpine line.