

# 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. The body is found on the archery range beside the home of Professor 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, wealthy young bachelor who dabbles in the solving of unusual mysteries. The police got on the trail of the perpetrator the last man known to have been with Robin.

## CHAPTER III.

"What have you done about Sperling?" asked Markham.

"I got his address—he lives in a country house up Westchester way—and sent a couple men to bring him here as soon as they could lay hands on him. Then I talked to the two servants—the old fellow that let you in, and his daughter, a middle-aged woman who does the cooking. But neither of 'em seemed to know anything, or else they're acting dumb. After that I tried to question the young lady of the house. The Sergeant raised his hands in a gesture of irritated despair. "But she was all broke up and crying; so I thought I'd let you have the pleasure of interviewing her. Smitkin and Burke," he jerked his thumb toward the two detectives by the front window, "went over to the basement and the alley and back yard trying to pick up something, but drew a blank. And that's all I know so far. As soon as Doremus and his finger-print men get here, and after I've had a heart to heart talk with Sperling, then I'll get the ball to rolling and clean up the works."

Vance heaved an audible sigh.

"You're so sanguine, Sergeant! Don't be disappointed if your ball turns out to be a paralimped that won't roll. There's something deuced oddish about this nursery extravagance; and unless all the omens deceive me, you'll be playing blind man's buff for a long time to come."

"Yeh?" Heath gave Vance a look of despondent shrewdness. It was evident he was more or less of the same opinion.

"Don't let Mr. Vance dishearten you, Sergeant," Markham rallied him. "He's permitting his imagination to run away with 'im." Then with an impatient gesture he turned toward the door. "Let's look over the ground before the others arrive. Later I'll have a talk with Professor Dillard and the other members of the household. And, by the way, Sergeant, you didn't mention Mr. Arneson. Isn't he at home?"

"He's at the university; but he's expected to return soon."

Markham nodded and followed the Sergeant into the main hall. As we passed down the heavily-carpeted passage to the rear, there was a sound on the staircase, and a clear but some-



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ISSUE No. 47—30

The Dillard lot was 135 feet deep, the depth of the Drukker lot therefore being sixty-five feet. A section of the tall ironwork fence that separated the two rear yards had been removed where it had once transected the space now used for the archery range. At the further end of the range, backing against the western line of the Drukker property, was another tall apartment house occupying the corner of 76th Street and Riverside Drive. Between these two gigantic buildings ran a narrow alleyway, the range end of which was closed with a high board fence in which had been set a small door with a lock.

The body of Robin lay almost directly outside of the archery-room door. It was on its back, the arms extended, the legs slightly drawn up, the head pointing toward the 76th Street end of the alley. Robin had been a man of perhaps thirty-five, of medium height, and with an impetuous countenance. There was a ruddy flush to his face, which was smooth-shaven except for a narrow blond moustache. He was clothed in a two-piece sport suit of light gray flannel with a pale-blue silk shirt, and tan Oxford shoes with thick rubber soles. His hat was a pearl-colored felt fedora, was lying near his feet.

Beside the body was a large pool of coagulated blood which had formed in the shape of a huge pointing hand. But the thing which held us all in a spell of fascinated horror was the slender shaft that extended vertically from the left side of the dead man's breast. The arrow protruded perhaps twenty inches, and where it had entered the body there was the large dark stain of the hemorrhage. What made this strange murder seem even more incongruous were the beautifully fleeced feathers on the arrow. They had been dyed a bright red; and about the shaft were two stripes of turquoise blue, giving the arrow a gala appearance. I had a feeling of unreality about the tragedy, as though I were witnessing a scene in a sylvan play for children.

Vance stood looking down at the body with half-closed eyes, his hands in his coat pockets. Despite the apparent indifference of his attitude I could tell that he was keenly interested, and that his mind was busy co-ordinating the factors of the scene before him.

"Dashed queer, that arrow," he commented. "Designed for big game; undoubtedly belongs to that ethnological exhibit we just saw. And a clean hit—directly into the vital spot, between the ribs and without the slightest deflection. Extraordinary! I say, Markham; such marksmanship isn't human. A chance shot might have done it; but the slayer of this Johnny wasn't leaving anything to chance. That powerful hunting arrow, which was obviously wrenched from the panel inside, shows premeditation and design." Suddenly he bent over the body. "Ah! Very interesting. The nock of the arrow is broken down—I doubt if it would even hold a taut string." He turned to Heath. "Tell me, Sergeant; where did Professor Dillard find the bow?—not far from that club-room window, what?"

(To be continued.)

## Skunk's Character Is Cruelly Maligned

A woodchuck is a fat thief, as dangerous to a farm garden as a host of locusts; yet even the farmer's son, who has a sneaking affection for the 'chuck, and a sneaking respect for anything fat which can move so fast. All the squirrels—red and gray and chipmunks alike—are skinny thieves; yet we love them. The poet includes wild mice within their zones of romantic interest, and every one, except the farmer who catches them in his orchard, feels a warm glow of enthusiasm at sight of a deer. Henry Williamson writes fondly of the otter; even the weasel becomes royal as "ermine." Among wild animals, in our scale of values, only the skunk is vile.

Now, the skunk is really a very amiable little animal whose chief fault is laziness. He likes mice and birds and snakes, but is usually too indolent to catch them. Grasshoppers and crickets are his preferred food, but when the supply runs short he takes almost any food available. In the outer suburbs he finds the family garbage can a great resource; there must be thousands of suburban housekeepers who would be horrified if they knew how intimate were his nocturnal routes. There is a superstition that the skunk smells all the time and that he is aggressive. It maligns him; he can be as cleanly as a cat, and uses his special weapon only when annoyed. Traveling at night, as he does, he sometimes makes the mistake of assuming hostility before it is proved; but in that he is not so different from the human. We are all a little wary of visitors in the dark; and we have a different attitude. As a matter of fact, apart from the special capacity with which nature has endowed him—one which differs only in intensity from that of mink and weasels—the skunk has precisely the kind of easy-going temperament which gives a man the reputation of being a good fellow. It is cruelly unfair to him that his name should be used as a synonym for all that is despicable. From the editorial page of the N.Y. Tribune.

A woman will usually forgive a husband's past if he comes home with a present.

For Dry Skin—Minard's Liniment.

## Something Added

Smithson, the city man, was spending his week-end on a friend's farm. During an inspection of the sheds he saw one of the farm laborers milking a cow.

"How much milk does that cow give a day?" he asked.

The man paused in his labors.

"But eight quarts, surr," he replied.

"Really," said Smithson interestedly. "And how much of that do you sell?"

"Well, surr," said the labourer, without hesitation, "we sells something like twelve quarts."

## What New York Is Wearing

By ANNABELLE WORHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson, Furnished With Every Pattern.



A darling bolero-frock that is the pampered fashion of all the French courtiers.

It is youthfully smart and practical in dark green crepe woolen. The skirt favors the new box-plaited treatment. The tightened hip yoke in pointed outline tends to lengthen the figure.

The bolero rolled in revers reveals a blouse of eggshell crepe that buttons down the front.

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The medium size requires 3 1/2 yards of 39-inch material for bolero and skirt with 1 1/2 yards of 39-inch material for sleeveless waist.

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Revenge

The little set in the suburban avenue had long decided that Browne was over-proud of his bargain in the second-hand car market, and that something must be done to damp his aggressive enthusiasm.

Robinson, one of the set, was on his way to the city one day when he met Browne in his second-hand car.

"I'm going to the station," said the car-owner. "Would you like a lift?"

"No, thanks," said Robinson, seizing his chance. "I'm in rather a hurry."

Use Minard's Liniment for Toothache.

A man went into a shop for a shave and was waited upon by a man who waxed eloquent on the germ-proof nature of the business. The towel was super-heated, the razor sterilized, the soap bactericidal, and the comb and brush antisepticized. "Great scheme," said the customer, who had been waiting patiently for the discourse to finish, "but why don't you go ahead and shave me?" "But I'm not the barber, sir," said the man. "You're not? Then where is he?" exclaimed the customer. "They're bolting him," the man replied.

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## Diphtheria Can Be Wiped Out And Lives and Dollars Saved

Simple Injection of Substance Called "Toxoid"—Disease Kills 1200 Every Year Out of 13,500 Cases—Tremendous Waste

This is one of a series of weekly articles on health topics, written by the Canadian Social Hygiene Council.

Diphtheria Can Be Prevented

If for ten years or less, Canada were to pay as much money towards preventing this disease as Canadians now pay for curing it and burying its victims, it could be virtually eliminated. And yet at the present time 13,500 Canadians experience expensive and dangerous attacks each year, with 1200 annual fatalities.

So you see, a great national work is being left undone.

How does diphtheria kill, and how can its ravages be averted? First of all it is a germ disease. A healthy human child (children are diphtheria's victims for the most part) who happens to be susceptible to this disease, is suddenly attacked by a tiny, invisible germ of it. These lodge in the youngster's throat and feed and multiply. They give off a waste product which is a deadly poison, and this poison spreads throughout the system. A victim of diphtheria dies of poisoning, just as surely as though he had swallowed prussic acid.

However, death as we know does not always result, for the germs do not have things their own way. Certain formations and substances have been placed in the human blood by nature to fight against infection. Often, this defending army of the blood stream wins the fight against the invading

army of diphtheria germs, and when that happens, the patient gets well.

Now once recovered, such an individual rarely gets the disease again. The defending army in his bloodstream has learned how to repel the attacks of this particular germ.

Comparatively recently doctors have discovered a substance called Toxoid which, when injected into a human body, induces the blood to develop that same resistance to an attack of diphtheria. In other words, the immunity to diphtheria which a patient painfully develops, it is now possible to give to a child by a simple, safe series of injections under the skin.

Your own family doctor can administer this treatment and it is up to all parents to make sure that their family doctors do so. It is safe and simple and same and practically painless. At one time the city of New York immunized 10,000 infants with toxoid, without any ill effects whatever.

How much simpler to have your children undergo this simple treatment than to have your home quarantined and possibly lose a child or two through diphtheria! If only every public health department would see that this marvellous substance be put at the disposal of every parent, and if only all parents would insist upon protecting their children with it, diphtheria could be wiped out of Canada within ten years, and hundreds of lives and thousands of dollars saved every year.



## What's in a Name

The magistrate was questioning a woman witness in the box.

"What's your husband's vocation?" he asked.

"He's a vegetarian," she replied haughtily.

The magistrate looked puzzled.

"No, no," he said tersely. "I mean what does he do for a living?"

"I told you once," she replied. "He's a vegetarian. He sells vegetables."

British apprentices are very popular in French racing stables, as French boys are said not to understand or care about horses.

Queer Animal

Bombay.—One of the queerest animals in the world was found in New Guinea and brought here for shipment to Europe by Herr Kibler, German naturalist. It is two feet long, has a bird-like bill, spines like a porcupine, pouch like a kangaroo's, lives underground like a mole, lays eggs but suckles its young and adapts itself to temperature like a reptile.

Curates are said to be drifting after training in Wales into England, where stipends are higher and the prospects of advancement are better.

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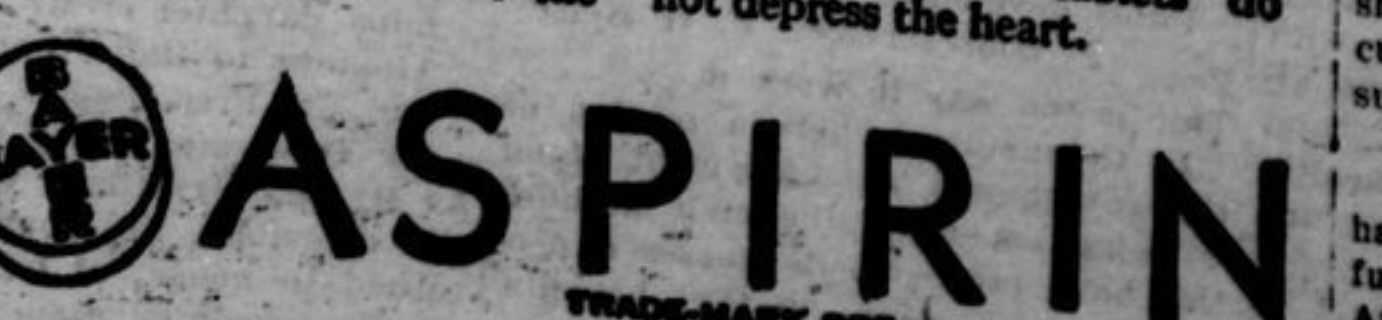


## FEEL MEAN?

Don't be helpless when you suddenly get a headache. Reach in your pocket for immediate relief. If you haven't any Aspirin with you, get some at the first drugstore you come to. Take a tablet or two and be rid of the pain. Take promptly. Nothing is gained by waiting to see if the pain will leave of its own accord. It may grow worse! Why postpone relief? There are many times when Aspirin tablets will "save the

day." They will always ease a throbbing head. Quiet a grumping tooth. Relieve nagging pains of neuralgia or neuritis. Or check a sudden cold. Even rheumatism has lost its terrors for those who have learned to depend on these tablets.

Gargle with Aspirin tablets at the first suspicion of sore throat, and reduce the infection. Look for Aspirin on the box—and the word Genuine in red. Genuine Aspirin tablets do not depress the heart.



## 7 Years Penance For Killing a Cow

By E. F. BRAYHAM

In India if a Hindu dares to harm a cow or even accidentally injure one, he is bound by the traditions of his religion to undergo a penance. Forms of penance vary and are often suggested by the Guru or Hindu priest, whose directions no Hindu dares disobey. India consists of innumerable religious bodies but Hinduism predominates. In this faith the River Ganges or more religiously, "Mother Ganges," is one of the two purifying factors, the other being the cow.

During my recent stay in Calcutta, one very entertaining Sunday afternoon, I lay on a veranda easy chair when I was awakened by the occasional tinkle of a bell and a "moo" such as signals the privileged passage of the sacred cow as it meanders around the bazaars and streets of India. Expecting to see the indolent movements of a cow, I was not a little surprised when my eyes fell upon an unkempt Indian with numerous appendages round his neck and waist, who alternated his mournful "moo" with a tinkle of a brass bell suspended from his neck. At the same time I noticed Pinoo, my bearer, to wit, valet, drop a copper coin into a small empty basin held in the unkempt man's hand, then exchange a few words in the vernacular. The mendicant walked on, mooring and tinkling.

Pinoo, my mentor, is a "bahubhujawallah" (know-it-all) and is forever ready with an explanation for all my inquiries.

"Begar?" I asked.

"No, sir, no beggar, but curse. He berry bad man, make too much sin."

And this is what my mentor further related. The man was atoning for killing a cow! He was by profession a cow cart driver, and one particularly hot day when the temperature probably hovered around 100 in the shade, one of the beast's of burden in his team was inclined to be lazy, so he in his usual manner twisted its tail. Still the animal refused to move. This stubbornness on the part of the beast infuriated the driver, and the parwalah (policeman, on traffic duty had pulled out his pocket book to note the number of his cart for delaying the traffic. Unhappily the lead on the cart consisted of iron bars, so he picked up one within his reach and struck the head of the cow. The blow cracked open its skull and the animal tumbled down dead.

That was in 1923, on the rising of the eighth moon, and for seven years he must atone like a cow because the Guru (Hindu priest) to whom he confessed had said it. The appendages round his neck and waist were the symbols of his guilt. A cow's horn, a cow's tail, and a cow's bell. The man was a Hindu, he was a cow worshiper and killed a cow. He was, therefore, ostracized until the completion of his penance. Moreover, he must beg from door to door until the rising of the eighth moon in 1930, wearing the tail, the horn and the bell of the cow which he had killed, and imitating, mournfully, its voice.

And such is the lot of a large proportion of India's teeming millions, who are still awayed by such superstitions as these.

A Prayer

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high;  
Where knowledge is free;  
Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls;  
Where words come out from the depth of truth;  
Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection;  
Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit;  
Where the mind is led forward by thee into ever-widening thought and action—  
Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake.  
—Rabindranath Tagore.

Out of Place

A philanthropic lady had given up her afternoon to address a class of young pupils at the village school.

"Now," she commenced, "can anyone tell me the greatest of all the virtues?"

No answer.

"Come, now, think," she insisted. "What am I doing when I give up my own pleasure to come and talk to you?"

A grimy little fist shot up.

"Well, my little man," she asked, "what am I doing?"

"Please, miss, buttin' in," came the reply.

Plenty of Training

The rather garrulous grocer was holding his customer in conversation and attempting to serve him with a pound of sugar at the same time.

"You remember my son who used to help me in the shop?" he mentioned.

"Yes," returned the customer; "but I haven't seen him lately."

"No," said the grocer. "He left me to become a boxer, and he's already won a championship, and—"

"A light-weight championship. I shouldn't wonder," interrupted the customer, glancing at the pound of sugar on the grocer's scales.

First Office-Boy: "Don't you ever have a day off for your grandmother's funeral?"

Second Office-Boy: "What! And me working for the registrar of births and deaths?"

## Prince of

London.—The Prince of Wales is the leading figure in the world's news, more than 200 million people are interested in his movements. In addition to piloting the DO-X to the Arctic, he is expected to visit the Arctic in the autumn. The Prince of Wales is the only possible heir to the Canadian throne.

## Norway R Arctic as

Friendly Note to the Arctic

Oslo.—The Government has formally notified the Arctic to the Arctic, known as the Arctic, known as the Arctic, known as the Arctic.

Announcement given for the Arctic, known as the Arctic, known as the Arctic.

The Arctic is in the Arctic, known as the Arctic, known as the Arctic.

850 Miles Beyond

Four islands, in situ by 850 miles north of and is one of the islands in the Arctic.

The statement given for the Arctic, known as the Arctic, known as the Arctic.

took possession of the name of his Sovereign act of occupation to Dominion of Canada, sovereignty over the of the mainland.

The rights acquired in this area were transferred by Order-in-Council to all British territories in North America and to such territories which are not already Dominion of Canada, exception of Newfoundland, dependencies, he annexed part of the said title thus based on the continuity and British exploration was complete occupation and

All Land

The Canadian Act defined in official status by the Minister of the House of Commons in maps and public statements that Canada claims a north of the Canadian sector lying between 60 and 141.

"In view of the continued Sverdrup Islands territory was made the union between the Norwegian Governments.

element of the issue which was effected in 1910."

The administrative Canadian Government territories are extensive. The territories, which represents 15 miles, are administered

STEPPING UP

wide economic difficulties the Dominion's Water impetus to national progress, water-power development. Since 1910 Canada has been a marvel of progress through the pre-war years through the drastic upswing of world-wide program of hydro-electricity. This ability of the face of recession is fortunate and favorable and progress.