

The Bishop Murder Case

A PHILO VANCE STORY

BY S. S. VAN DINE

SYNOPSIS.

A man known as Cock Robin is found ture would permit. Johnny Sprigg, is found with a bullet through the top of his head. District Vance asked casually. Attorney Markham calls in Philo Vanco who claims the murders are founded or nursery rhymes and are the work of a o'clock. There were only fourteen

protege Sigurd Arnesson also a professer of mathematics. John Pardee, a neighbor with a passion for chess; ...rs. sidering the late hour."

had gone to the theatre. Pardee is also

CHAPTER XXIV .- (Cont'd.)

into Pardee's voice, and for some reasen which I could not exactly explain his eyes like live coals. His lips mov-I got the feeling that he was fond of ed with a slight tremor, but so word Belle Dillard. Vance, too, must have received the same impression, for after a brief pause he said:

"You will realize, I trust, that it is not our intention to pry unnecessarily into any one's private affairs; but the question of motive in the two murders we are investigating still remains obscure, and as Robin's death to the District Attorney's car, which Arnesson had not been wholly frank was at first superficially attributed had been left in front of the Druk- with him. Twice he dropped in a to a rivalry for Miss Dillard's affec- ker house in 76th Street, Markham the Manhattan Chess Club and attions, it might help us to know, in a questioned Vance sharply in regard tempted to lead Pardee into conversageneral way, what the true situation | . the final remark he had made to tion; but each time he was met wit is concerning the young lady's prefer- Pardee. ence. . . As a friend of the family "I was in hopes," explained Vance, ticed that he made no effort to com

ciate your confidence in the matter." tion or understanding from him. But, Drukker; and when I asked him his window, and the suggestion of a sigh | pect any effect like the one I produced. | swered:

"I've always had the feeling that grasp it-I don't at all grasp it. . " them now. Each is playing a game; she and Arnesson would some day be He became engrossed in his and both are thoroughly frightened. married. But that is only conjecture. thoughts. But as the car swung inte Until we have some definite evidence, She once told me quite positively that Broadway at 72nd Street he roused more harm than good will result from she was not going to consider matri- himself and directed the chauffeur to any attempt to cross-examine them." mony until she was thirty." (One the Sherman Square Hotel, could easily guess in what connection | "I have a gaspin' desire to know Belle Dillard had made this pro- more of that chess game between nouncement to Pardee. His emotional Pardee and Rubinstein. No reason as well as his intellectual life had ap- for it-sheer vagary on my part. But parently met with failure.)

concerned with young Sperling?"

Pardee shook his head. "However," finished game of only forty-four he qualified, "martyrdom such as he moves." is undergoing at present has a tre- We had drawn up to the curb at

her this morning."

day." He was obviously uncomfort- sheet of paper filled with notations. able and, I thought, a little embar. There was, however, no sign of jubil-

sitive look.

naturally met her several times." "You've called at her house?"

"On many occasions, but always to It seems to have been a coruscatin' see Drukker. I've been interested for battle, full of esoteric quirks and stra- With purple pyramids of scented years in the relation of mathematics | tegical soul-searchin's. Along about to chess. . . ."

Vance nodded.

I didn't see the papers this morning." | ceeded to tear Pardee's tactics to "I resigned on the forty-fourth smithereens-just as Drukker had move." The man spoke hopelessly. "Rubinstein found a weakness in my attack which I had entirely overlooked when I sealed my move at the adjournment." "Drukker, Professor Dillard tells

us, foresaw the outcome when you and he were discussing the situation last night."

I could not understand why Vance referred so pointedly to this episode. knowing as he did how sore a point it was with Pardee. Markham, also, frowned at what appeared to be an unforgivably tactless remark on Vance's part.

Pardee colored, and shifted in his chair.

"Drukker talked too much last night." The statement was not without venom. "Though he's not a tournament player, he should know that such discussions are taboo during unfinished games. Frankly, though, put little stock in his prophecy. thought my sealed move had taken care of the situation, but Drukker saw farther ahead than I did. His analy-

"How long did the game last?" at half past nine Drukker went out

moves in last night's session." "Were there many spectators?"

Vance put out his cigarette and got house. But nothing unusual happerup. When we were in the lower hall ed; and, despite the Sergeant's tireon our way out to the front door he less activities, all promising lines of Vance learns that Adolph Druk- halted suddenly and, fixing Pardee invertigation seemed to be automatic-

> "Y' know, the black bishop was at papers were outdoing themselves in large again last night around mid- gaudy rhetoric; and the inability of

His words produced an astonishing trict Attorney's office to make the effect. Pardee drew himself up as if | slightest headway against the myshe had been struck in the face; and tery of the two spectacular murders An unusually soft note had crept his cheeks went chalky white. For a was rapidly growing into a political full half-minute he stared at Yance, and discussed the case along general came from them. Then, as if lines. He also spent over an hour on superhuman effort, he turn d stiffly Thursday afternoon with Arnesson in away and went to the door. Terking it the hope that the working out of the open he held it for us to pass out. proposed formula had brought to light some detail that could be used as a

CHAPTER XXV.

you probably know; and we'd appre- "of surprising some look of recogni- municate with either Drukker or Mrs. Pardee's gaze travelled out of the 'pon my soul, Markham, I didn't ex- reason for ignoring them, he an-

O see that lilac bush! The North the idea has been workin' in me ever "You do not believe then," pursued since the professor mentioned it. . . Vance, "that her heart is seriously From eleven until past one-that's a deuced long time to play off an un-

mendous sentimental appeal for we- the corner of Amsterdam Avenue and Then gentle South-West Wind comes ming of his companions. Softly at your carriage would bring the book And when you pass his amber door was fully five minutes before he re-"I generally drop over during the turned. In his hand he carried a

ance in his expression. "Do you know Mrs. Drukker well?" "My far-fetched but charmin' Pardee gave Vance a quick, inqui- theory," he said with a grimace, "has ! run aground on base prosaic facts. I "Not particularly," he said. "I've just talked to the secretary of the But when the golden sun dries up the hat is passed from hand to hand; and club; and last night's session consumed two hours and nineteen minutes. half past eleven the onlooking genii had Pardee picked for the winner; "How did your game with Rubin- but Rubinstein then staged a masterly

as bitterly as his seemingly mild na-

"It was over a little after one in the park reading.

"An unusually large number, con-

to his whereabouts on the with a gaze of sardonic amusement, ally closed. Both Heath and Mark-

As we walked up Riverside Drize view, and complained to me that

Astonishin' how he reacted. I don't

stein come out last night, by the by? piece of sustained analysis, and pro-

Astonishin' mind, What New York It was plain that even now he was Is Wearing

not entirely satisfied with what he had learned; and his next words voiced his dissatisfaction. BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON "I thought while I was at it I'd

prognosticated.

Drukker's. . . ."

time langs heavy."

it in his wallet.

take a page from the Sergeant's book,

Vance called on Professor Dillard

starting point for speculation. But

he was dissatisfied with the inter-

the reticence of cold courtesy. I no

"The truth cannot be learned from

(To be continued.)

The Lilac-Bush

She shivers and she turns herself

And, to his wooing, answers "Nay"

Too rough thou art, and clumsy

Piercing the mists with bright and

-Janet Reade.

wind blows-

away-

ter gay.

tiny spray.

every way.

showers.

flowers

display,

glorious ray.

pers "Stay!"

aloft

and "Nay.



withstand wear. It is extremely moderate in cost. Yellow linen with brown dots made the original. The belt was brown patent leather. Its yoke-like collar of plain yellow linen ending in deep pointed outline is very slimming. Two brown but-

tons are effective trim. The skirt in box-plait effect at the front with plain back is smart

and practical. Style No. 3073 may be had in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.

A model such as this adapts itself lovely to cotton mesh in angora finish, pique, men's shorting, shantung, pastel wool jersey and flat crepe silk.

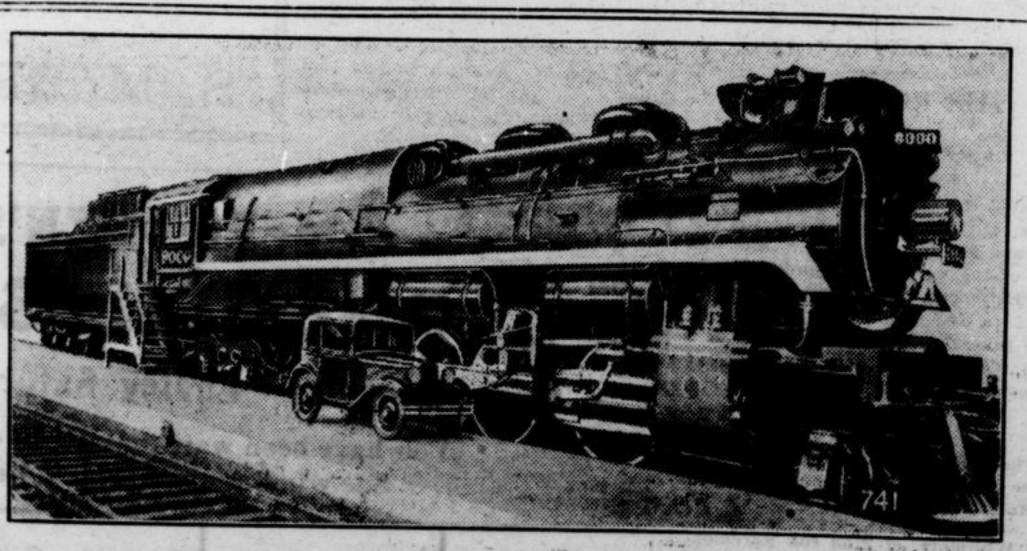
Size 36 requires 35 yards 35inch with 3 yard 27 or 35-inch contrasting.

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Veranda Serenaders

In the sultry stillness of evening rio of wan. settles stealthily on the lawn. The leader mops his flushed brow, waves find a copy of "Enoch Arden" lying on The fluids of the brain; the bow of his 'cello, then begins care- the table, and if you went on a rail- His rarest Ecstasy is made lessly to weave the rich tone of his way journey you were almost sure to From Centuries of Pain. With hint of tears behind his laugh. Black Joe" smother the steady droning in reading it. of the locusts. One by one figures The lilac bush waves graceful arms glide from the old house into the lace patterned moonlight on the verandah. And decks with tender green each A slight pause, and the lively notes of "Money Musk" start grandfather's Swaying now this, now that, now foot to patting and grandmother's I head to nodding over memories of her if the coins chink reassuringly, the

She crowns herself, her beauty to High-flying records stand at 43.166 feet for men, held by Lieut, Soucek, And turns her face to him, and whis- of the American Navy, and 32,500 picturesque charm of his personality. (about six miles) for women, held by There are several reasons for this. not, if he could, somewhat incline to- And a little white house in John O'London's Weekly can aviator.



THE GIANT AND THE PIGMY

Although it has the advantage of the height of the platform above rail-level, when lined up against the Canadian Pacific Railway's new "8000", multiple-pressure locomotive, the Bantam Austin coupe, shown in the was the jealousy of self-pity in his above picture cannot measure up to the top of the huge cylinders of the great engine, which is the largest and was tone, and I felt that he hated Drukker most powerful of its kind in the world, and unique on the American Continent.

The ADVENTURES of and his Dog SCOTTIE-

what came before After nany .d- great speed but I conventures flying over China, Captain Jim- were going to hit my is captured by bandits. He escapes were going to hit with a sound in a freight train and meets an old thump friend, Lieut. Stone, on board, seeking Sudd a brother who has also been captured

along the tracks at a great rate. dragon. Now and then we rushed by little groups of soldiers in the fields. Soon!

getting jumped higher and went further.

above the infer- officer was striving to quiet a frangine was making. of that Chinaman's neck. "Before long we must abandon ship and set out on foot. Otherwise of all the blood curdling yells-

have ties put on the track and stop old dragon had got him at last. us. And it's going to be just the least bit difficult to make him believe sailing on my own account. we didn't steal this old wagon. So while we still own it." missed him entirely. "Too late. Here he is," Stone re-

There, on the track, not salf a mile away was piled an immense number of wooden ties. Around about were perhaps a hundred soldiers with eight or ten officers on horse-

"Jump before we're hit, Jed," I "Get a horse somehow and ride for those woods. There and palaver and argue about methods. stand, Fu?" I added. "Uh Huh - me savvy," Fu answer- the track and then rolled over on her

The group of soldiers stood near old horse,

the obstruction on the track and

waited for us to arrive. Quite apparently they expected us to set the brakes and come to a stop. they didn't know our brakes. Down we bore on them-not at any

Note: - Any of our young readers

(To be continued)

Out of the corner of my eye

writing to "Captain Jimmy", 2010 Star Bldg., Toronto, will receive his signed photo free.

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When Poets Were a Race Apart

Occasion took me the other day to until now the influence of his name the British Museum Reading Room and to while away the rather long interval of waiting for books to be brought to me, I took down an old colume of the Annual Register out of an idle curiosity to see what was happening in the world of letters in the year of my nativity. . . . In poetry, Tennyson reigned in kingly loneliness, quite a small star to the moon of that "Enoch Arden" had been received that year with immense enthusiasm. and, the recorder added, such was its vogue that it was not easy to go into a drawing-room where you would not Life is a chemist who distils

with Browning greatly respected but Tennyson's glory. It was mentioned out of his pocket and become absorbed Tennyson, in fact, shared the popu- One molecule of bliss.

larity of Dickens; he was as supreme -Eliot Bliss, in the Observer. in one art as Dickens was in another; but we have no poet nowadays who so A woman entered a library and I had jade raculous hold on a vast multitude sent. either by the power of his verse or the their hair short, are clean shaven, McCardie. dress like stockbrokers or city clerks, and mix with the crowd as if there were no difference between them and the next man. They are no longer wrapped in mystery as a race apart, like the Levites; they look commonplace and ordinary, and this discourages the public from believing they or their works are otherwise; and the portraits of them scattered freely through the press give them away even to people who have not seen them. I suppose it is difficult to go hero-worshipping unless the hero either looks the part or holds impres Another reason for the apathy of the general reader is, perhaps, that

sively aloof and keeps out of sight. the poetry written to-day is not so great, or does not seem so great to him as the poetry of Tennyson seemed to our grandfathers. The only poet of our time who wakened such enthusiasm that his name was in the mouths of everybody, whether they had read him or not, so that the publication of a new poem or book of poems by him became an event of national interest, was Kipling. But with the passing of years this glow of eager enthusiasm

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merely warms the system of the general reader to a respectable ardour.

Probably the Victorians were more emotional, more generously impulsive, types of mothers, among them, Conless hypercritical and sophisticated stance, in "King John," as the type than we are; they still believed poets who carries mother love to a degree were inspired, but we have been so dangerous to the beloved; and Volumover-fed with all manner of wonders nia, the heroic Spartan mother of in these latter years that our poets Coriolanus. indifferently with practitioners of other ingeniously mechanical, unsensational crafts.-St. John Adcock, in "The Glory That Was Grub Street."

The Chemist

Wonder awhile on this-How many agonies compose

towers above his fellows, none who asked for "Kegs and Nails." It And opale strung has so subdued the public with his turned out that the book she wanted On silver chains, magic that the reading world, roused was "Cakes and Ale." The other And a gown of silk, to excitement by the news that he case is historical and relates how a A Watteau fan, has finished a new book, hurries out request for "Milk and Asparagus Aid a skin like mick, leader signals for "My Old Kentucky ing it as soon as it is printed. This Johnson's friend. The best the Over and over in thousands to spend money in buy- Lost" was sent to Mrs. Thrale, Dr. And beside all thesedoes not happen now; none of our lady could make of it was Milton's I had the heart poets has been able to take such mi- Paradise Lost," which volume she Of a handsome lover.

Miss Eleanor Smith, another Ameri- For one thing all our poets now cut ward the poor man."—Sir Henry Belong to me;

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ISSUE No. 23-31

Shakespeare Types **Up-to-the-Minute**

"The heroines of Shakespeare," said Mrs. Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale, in a recent address in Montreal, are extraordinarily modern, more up to date than any woman in literature between his own time and the last the thirty years. Shakespeare did not debrakes, pulled the whistle valve pend on his imagination for his char-After we had cut the freight en- wide open and skated into their acters, but drew them from life. His gine free from the cars, we roared midst like a shrieking, fire-eating age had much in common with our own in being a period of stimulation. The discovery of the New World and the And jump we all did. Scottie went stories brought back by adventurers we would be near into action with the rest of us, and, stimulated the imagination. The the enemy's head- having the advantage of being on struggle of the Reformation, and the top of the tender, he quite naturally advancement of learning, shared by women, were stimulating intellectually and spiritually. Then too, the yelled saw him sail thru' the air. A Chinese throne was occupied by a "red-headed" Tudor woman who did not hesinal racket and tic horse. Straight as a bullet sail- tate to express her opinions forcibly. clattering our en- ed Scottie landing right on the back | The women of her day were influenced by the qualities of the ruler, and girls Off the horse they both went, and were not afraid to be thought intellectual as at a later period.

some stupid Chinese General may whew!-that officer just knew the Mrs. Hale selected typical Shakespearean heroines, dealing chiefly with Meanwhile I was doing a bit of the non-historic plays. She began with Portia, from "The Merchant of Ven-I jumped for a man on horseback ice," as an example of the efficient I think we'd better swap this thing but I miscalculated my speed and type, shown in her handling of the Just behind case of Antonio and Shylock.

him, however, The women of the plays are courwas a second ageous, and typical of this quality mounted China- was Juliet, who had the kind of courman and I clos- | age that acts in spite of nerves and ed in on him imagination. Juliet visualized the like a football possible results of drinking the potion, tackler and off but carried cut the plan agreed upon nevertheless. Another kind of cour-There was no age, of the physical type, was shown time to stop by Imogen, in "Cymbeline."

The heroines were strong, and there will be plenty of vacant ponies when I had to get a horse and get out- were in all the plays, as far as she they hear us go into action with our and so I did. It was a regular bedlam knew them, Mrs. Hale said, only four brakes and whistle. You under- let loose. Our old locomotive had faints, "or three and a half," the half slid into those ties, kicked a few off laint being when Rosalind "turns pale and gives a little totter when she is back, wheels in the air, like a tired shown Orlando's blood-stained handkercher." Hermione, in "A Winter's Tale," faints from good reason, tidings of the death of ner son. In the same play, Paulina, l.nows where the queen is hiding and says nothing about it for fifteen years, "and yet some people say a woman cannot keep

Rosalind and Celia in the Forest of Arden (in "As You Like It"), were shining examples of woman's loyalty to woman, and there were, the speaker said, eight scenes from different plays illustrating this virtue of loyalty in women, "who stuck to each other through thick and thin." Ophelia and Desdemona were of reebler constitution. Ophelia was not the mental or spiritual equal of Hamlet, who in his solitariness needed her help. Desdemona, too, did not handle the situation as other heroines would have done; they would have had it out frankly with Othello.

Lastly Mrs. Hale spoke of some

The Possessions of An Ancient Lady

An amber cat. An aspen tree, And a little white house Belong to me: A silver spoon A pewter pot, A hive of bees And a garden-plot; A Wedgewood plate, A blue-ringed cup-And time to dream When the moon comes up

Once, long ago, When I was young,

And time to dream, When the sun goes down, Of a flashing smile In a face of brown. And time to think, When the moon has set, Of sombre eyes Like polished jet

-a sliver spoon, And a garden-plot; A Wedgewood plate And a blue-ringed cup An time for dreams When the moon comes up -Marion Doyle, in

Naval Conference

The small, nervous husband was having an unpleasant interview with the large, muscular cook, whom he was remanding on account of her numerous breakages. "Look 'ere," said she, "you can't

frighten me-I'm a dreadnought, that's what I am!", "Well," replied the other, looking at

the heap of broken china, "I would rather say-er-that you are a de-

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