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 and asks the aid of Philo Vance, who dabbles in the solving of unusual mysteries. Sperling is the last man known to have been with Robin. Vance learns that both Robin and Sperling were in love with Belle Dillard, the professor's niece. Sigurd Arnesson, a protege of the professor's, jokes heartlessly about the murder. Pyne, the butler seems much confused when questioned as to his whereabouts the morning of the murder.

CHAPTER VI.

Markham smoked awhile, his gaze concentrated on the table-top.

"Did any one else call at the house this morning, Pyne?" he asked presently.

"No one, sir."

"And you can suggest no explanation for what happened here?"

The man shook his head heavily, his watery eyes in space.

"No, sir. Mr. Robin seemed a pleasant, well-liked young man. He wasn't the kind to inspire murder—if you understand what I mean."

Vance looked up.

"I can't say that I, personally, understand exactly what you mean, Pyne. How do you know it wasn't an accident?"

"I don't, sir," was the unperturbed answer. "But I know a bit about archery—if you'll pardon my saying so—and I saw right away that Mr. Robin had been killed by a hunting arrow."

"You're very observin', Pyne," nodded Vance. "And quite correct."

It was plain that no direct information was to be got from the butler, and Markham dismissed him abruptly, at the same time ordering Heath to send in the cook.

When she entered I noticed at once a resemblance between father and daughter. She was a slatternly woman of about forty, also tall and angular, with a thin, elongated face and large hands and feet. Hyperpituitarism evidently ran in the Pyne family.

A few preliminary questions brought out the information that she was a widow, named Beedle, and had, at the death of her husband five years before, come to Professor Dillard as the result of Pyne's recommendation.

"What time did you leave the house this morning, Beedle?" Markham asked her.

"Right after half past ten." She seemed uneasy and on the alert, and her voice was defensively belligerent.

"And what time did you return?"

"About half past twelve. That man let me in"—she looked viciously at Heath—"and treated me like I'd been a criminal."

Heath grinned. "The time's O.K., Mr. Markham. She got sore because I wouldn't let her go downstairs."

Markham nodded noncommittally.

"Do you know anything of what took place here this morning?" he went on, studying the woman closely.

"How should I know? I was at Jefferson market."

"Did you see either Mr. Robin or Mr. Sperling?"

"They went downstairs to the archery-room past the kitchen a little while before I went out."

"Did you overhear anything they said?"

"I don't listen at keyholes."

Markham set his jaw angrily and was about to speak when Vance addressed the woman suavely.

"The District Attorney thought that perhaps the door was open, and that you might have overheard some of their conversation despite your commendable effort not to listen."

"The door might've been open, but I didn't hear anything," she answered sullenly.

"Then you couldn't tell us if there was any one else in the archery-room?"

Beedle narrowed her eyes and gave Vance a calculating look.

"Maybe there was some one else," she said slowly. "In fact, I thought I heard Mr. Drukker." A note of venom came into her voice, and the shadow of a hard smile passed over her thin lips. "He was here to call on Mr. Arnesson early this morning."

"Oh, was he, now?" Vance appeared surprised at this news. "You saw him, perhaps?"

"I saw him come in, but I didn't see him go out—anyway, I didn't notice. He sneaks in and out at all hours."

"Sneaks, eh? Fancy that! . . . By the by, which door did you use when you went a-marketing?"

"The front door. Since Miss Belle made a club-room out of the basement, I always use the front door."

"Then you didn't enter the archery-room this morning?"

"No."

Vance raised himself in his chair.

"Thanks for your help, Beedle. We won't need you any more now."

When the woman had left us Vance rose and walked to the window.

"We're expending too much zeal in irrelevant channels, Markham," he said. "We never get anywhere by ballyragging servants and questioning members of the household. There's a psychological wall to be battered down before we can begin storming the enemy's trenches. Everybody in this menage has some pet privacy that he's afraid will leak out. Each person so far has told us either less or more than he knows. Disheartenin', but true. Nothing that we've learned dovetails with anything else; and when chonological events don't fit together, you may rest assured that the serrated points of contact have been deliberately distorted. I haven't found one clean joinder in all the tales that have been poured into our ears."

"It's more likely the connections are missing," Markham argued; "and we'll never find them if we don't pursue our questionings."

"You're much too trustin'." Vance walked back to the centre-table. "The more questions we ask the farther afield we'll be taken. Even Professor Dillard didn't give us a wholly honest account. There's something he's keeping back—some suspicion he won't voice. Why did he bring that bow indoors? Arnesson put his finger on a vital spot when he asked the same question. Shrewd fella, Arnesson. Then there's our athletic young lady with the muscular calves. She's entangled in various amat'ry meshes, and is endeavoring to extricate herself and her whole coterie without leaving a blemish on any one. A praiseworthy aim, but not one conducive to the unadulterated truth. Pyne has ideas, too. That flabby facial mask of his curtains many an entrancin' thought. But we'll never probe his cortex by chivyin' him with questions. Somethin' rum, too, about his matutinal labors. He says he was in Arnesson's room all morning; but he obviously didn't know the professor took a sunnin' on Arnesson's verandah. And that linen-closet alibi—much too specious. Also, Markham, let your mind flutter about the widowed Beedle's tale. She doesn't like the over-sociable Mr. Drukker; and when she saw a chance to involve him she did so. She 'thought' she heard his voice in the archey-room. But did she? Who knows? True, he might have tarried among the slings and avelins on his way home and been joined later by Robin and Sperling. . . . Yes, it's a point we must investigate. In fact, a bit of polite converse with Mr. Drukker is strongly indicated. . . ."

Footsteps were heard descending the front stairs, and Arnesson appeared in the archway of the living room.

"Well, who killed Cock Robin?" he asked, with a satyr-like grin.

Markham rose, annoyed, and was about to protest at the intrusion; but Arnesson held up his hand.

"One moment, please. I'm here to offer my exalted services in the noble cause of justice—mundane justice, I would have you understand. Philosophically, of course, there's no such thing as justice. If there really were justime we'd all be in for a shingling in the cosmic woodshed." He sat down facing Markham and chuckled cynically. "The fact is, the sad and precipitate departure of Mr. Robin appeals to my scientific nature. It makes a nice, orderly problem. It has a decidedly mathematical flavor—no undistributed terms, you understand; clear-cut integers with certain unknown quantities to be determined. Well, I'm the genius to solve it."

"What would be your solution, Arnesson?" Markham knew and respected the man's intelligence, and seemed at once to sense a serious purpose beneath his attitude of sneering flippancy.

"Ah! As yet I haven't tackled the equation." Arnesson drew out an old briar pipe and fingered it affectionately. "But I've always wanted to do a little detective work on a purely earthly plane—the insatiable curiosity and natural inquisitiveness of the physicist, you understand. And I've long had a theory that the science of mathecatics can be advantageously applied to the trivialities of our life on this unimportant planet. There's nothing but law in the universe—unless Eddington is right and there's no law at all—and I see no sufficient reason why the identity and position of a criminal can't be determined just as Leverrier calculated the mass and ephermis of Neptune from the observed deviations in the orbit of Uranus. You remember how, after his computations he told Galle, the Berlin astronomer, to look for the planet in a specified longitude of the ecliptic."

Arnesson paused and filled his pipe.

"Now, Mr. Markham," he went on; and I tried to decide whether or not the man was in earnest, "I'd like the opportunity of applying to this absurd muddle the purely rational means used by Leverrier in discovering Neptune. But I've got to have the data on the perturbations of Uranus's orbit, so to speak—that is, I must know all the varying factors in the equation. The favor I've come here to ask is that you take me into your confidence and tell me all the facts. A sort of intellectual partnership. I'll figure out this problem for you along scientific lines. It'll be bully sport; and incidentally I'd like to prove my theory that mathematics is the basis of a truth however far removed from scholastic abstractions." He at last got his pipe going, and sank back in his chair. "Is it a bargain?"

(To be continued.)

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

Charming and new! Easy to wear! And simple as A, B, C to make it!

It's a one-piece dress in disguise! To give the smart abruptly flaring hem, the courturier has slit the skirt and inserted circular godets at the front and at the back.

The bodice is given a moulded line through pin inverted tucks. The cowl neckline is especially flattering and new.

Forest green canton-faille crepe made the original Paris model with eggshell crepe contrasting.

Style No. 2669 may be had in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. The medium size requires 3¾ yards of 39-inch material with ½ yard of 27-inch contrasting.

Black canton crepe with turquoise blue is modish.

Wool crepe in plain or patterned, crepe marocain and sheer velvet also suitable for this stunning model.

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.

Business As Usual

Harry Lauder told this to Lord Aberdeen, former Governor-General of Canada, who includes it in his book of Scottish stories, "Tell Me Another":

A visiting artist who was down on the program of a village concert to sing "The Village Blacksmith" was resting at his hotel when a caller was announced.

"I understand, sir," said the caller, "that you are going to sing 'The Village Blacksmith' at the concert tonight."

"That is so," replied the singer.

"Well," said the caller, "I just came to say that I am the village blacksmith, and I would take it very kindly if you could introduce into the song a few words which would let the folks know that I also repair bicycles."

Minard's Liniment for Frost Bite.

Wedgwood—"Potter To Her Majesty"

By N. HUDSON MOORE

In "The Old China Book"

At the Bell House Works Wedgwood made his finest pieces, and so admirable did they become that he soon gained distinction both in England and on the Continent. In September, 1761, Wedgwood made and presented to Queen Charlotte, upon the birth of her first child, a candle and breakfast set of his cream-colored ware, which had by this time reached a high state of perfection. He had it still further embellished by his two best painters, Daniell and Steele, and on the creamy yellow ground were were raised sprigs of jessamine and other flowers, all colored from nature. The Queen was highly delighted and gave orders for a dinner service, and, in token of his gratitude, Wedgwood called this Queen's Ware. He received commands to call himself by the proud title of "Potter to Her Majesty." Of course both potter and his products became immensely fashionable when the Queen set the style, and orders flowered in upon him. It is on record that at this time these cream-ware plates, large size, brought fifteen shillings a dozen and other pieces in proportion. It is well to remember that the common type of plate in this ware was of the trencher pattern, or like the old wooden plates, with flat edge and without a rim on the under side. . . .

The distinctive quality of Wedgwood's cream-colored ware was the introduction of Cornwall clay, and its superiority as due to improvements in the processes of its manufacture and its glaze. This cream-colored ware, so called, varies in shade from on extremely light primrose to the deepest saffron. The variation in the color comes from the clay, the dark tints being much rarer than the light, and the objects made in them are always of the finest quality and highly desirable. Some splendid specimens of basket work—"twigged baskets" Wedgwood called them—are found in this deep tint, as well as center pieces of various shapes. Vases were made in cream ware of a thin paste, with highly vitrified glaze and of small size. If left uncolored they were plain, ribbed, flutted or impressed with classical borders. . .

Wedgwood cut cut his models first in paper, and modelled most of the trial pieces himself. So true were these models that his plates and bowls "nest" perfectly, and even the commonest jug for wash-hand basin was moulded to be accurate in its lines, good in form, and perfect in its capacity for pouring. His butter tubs were modelled in the pleasing shapes of melon or pineapples. His honey pots were beehives, and his twigged baskets and dishes are things of beauty. In this same cream ware he made watering pots, large and small milk pans, slabs and tiles for dairies, as the management and care of the dairy was a fashionable fad among his aristocratic customers. . .

After working on the ware itself and its decoration. Wedgwood then turned his attention to shapes, and from this time on great improvements are noted in the forms of common objects and convenience and the perfection of each piece was studied.

Wedgwood's taste and artistic sense were so strong that even the silversmiths followed his models, as well as the members of his own craft. In all of the long and prosperous career of this prince of potters only once did he take out a patent, and then only an unimportant one for decorative purposes in the year 1769.

FEATHER PUDDING.

To make this delicious pudding take one cupful of white sugar, one cupful of flour, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Mix thoroughly and add three well-beaten eggs.

Beat all together and put into a greased pudding basin; cover tightly and steam for one hour. Serve hot, with a rich sauce or cream and sugar.

This pudding, if the directions are carefully followed, should be golden in hue and very light; suitable when only a light sweet is required.

When a man doesn't feel well he always says he has been working too hard.

Amelia Earhart Weds

Amelia Earhart, first woman to fly Atlantic, and Geo. P. Putnam, explorer and millionaire publisher, dropped out of the clouds at Cleveland airport and denied they were to be married there. The couple took out a license to wed in Noank, Conn.

Green tea with the finest flavour in all the world

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

A MORAL FOR MOTORISTS.

("She hasn't got the ten dollars bail," said a constable when a typist was charged with over-fast driving in Illinois, U.S.A., recently. "But she has a pretty face," replied the judge, 'and that is bail enough for me.")

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a-speeding, sir, I think."
"Then you must come with me, my pretty maid;
Speeder go into the local clink."
"What are you charged with, my pretty maid?"
"Driving too fast, my Lord," she wept.
"Pay out ten dollars, my pretty maid;
Then in a cell you need not be kept.
"Where is your money, my pretty maid?"
"I haven't a cent, my lord," she said.
"Because you are comely, my pretty maid,
Your face I will take as your bail instead."
"Where have you been to, my pretty maid,
All this long time?" her employer roared.
"What of your typing, my pretty maid?"
"Nothing—because of my looks," she quoth.
"This is amazing, my pretty maid,
Get to the garage right away.
Cut out the typing, my pretty maid;
You are my chauffeur from to-day."
"What are we doing now, my pretty maid?"
"Eighty per hour, kind sir," she cries.
"Step on the gas then, my pretty maid;
Your face is my fortune," he replies.

Perfect Buttonholes

The secret of making a perfect buttonhole lies chiefly in preparing the ground work.

First, determine the size of the buttonhole and, with a colored thread, mark its position and length. Then around this colored thread, about one-eighth of an inch from it, put a row of small, close stitches the same color as the goods.

Second, put a piece of cardboard under the spot marked for the buttonhole and cut into the goods with the edge of a safety razor blade, keeping the cut within the stitches and on the colored thread. The buttonhole is now ready to be worked. Twist should be used and the stitches kept straight and close.

In binding a buttonhole, mark with a colored thread the position and the length of the buttonhole; put a small square of the binding material over the spot and mark it also in the same way; next machine-stitch carefully all around the colored thread, keeping about one-eighth of an inch from it; then cut through, keeping within the stitching, and push the binding material into the opening; Now slip-stitch it into position along the sewing line on the right side of the garment. Finish it neatly on the wrong side by turning in the raw edges and pressing it.

For Winter Cheer

The sun room may be furnished as a porch or a room. Painted furniture in bright colors, wicker, grass and stick-willow are all popular. A couch, glider, hammock, chaise-longue or deck chair is pleasant. A table, rockers and a place for reading matter should be included. A plant stand, goldfish and a tea-wagon are individual possibilities.

Rugs especially designed for the sun room are fiber and some are lacquered. Sometimes they are in blocks of alternate fiber and black, or green and white. They come in oval and octagonal shapes as well as in some very new designs shaped like flower-pots and Chinese lanterns! This is to give the beguiling outdoor aspect—no matter how chill the weather.

For this reason, flowered cretonne as the final touch of cheer in the sun room. Draperies, upholstery or at least cushions, are an inexpensive way of creating summer in winter. Gleaming oilcloth, too, in the new variety of colors is useful for seats, foot-stools, table tops and cushions.—From "The Christian Science Monitor."

TO AVOID WASTE

You will be surprised how much you can reduce your gas bill just by turning off the gas before instead of after removing the cooking utensils.

Matches are cheaper than as, so do not leave a burner lighted because you expect to use it again in a few minutes.

After the food being cooked reaches the boiling point turn the gas or electricity down to where it will keep just at that stage. It will surprise you how low it need be.

Minard's Liniment aids Sore Feet.

Bacteriologist To Be Appointed

Cheesemakers Welcome Announcement of Intended Appointment

Belleville—The third annual Central Ontario Cheesemakers' Convention met here recently, with nearly 250 cheesemakers, patrons present.

Welcome news was brought when J. B.Fairbairn, Deputy Ministed of Agriculture, Toronto, announced that the Government had decided to appoint a bacteriologist, who will associate himself exclusively with the cheese and dairy industry, tracing trouble to its cause, determining the cause of rancidity and bad flavors. Cheesemakers for some time have felt the need of a bacteriologist, and have asked that one be appointed.

"We have tried," said Mr. Fairbairn, "to stimulate in the minds of the people a greater desire for farm products. The per capita consumption of cheese in Canada is decidedly too low. We must create in the mind of the average consumer a desire for cheese at least a year old—good cheese, not the leathery, fresh cheese that is sold in such large quantities in the stores. You have increased the percentage of first-class cheese in this district by 4 or 5 per cent., and there is no reason why the cheese should not sell.

Production Figures

"There are several conditions in the cheese industry that will have to be solved," said the Deputy Minister. "The total value of dairy products in 1929 was $142,000,000; in 1928 it was $144,000,000, and in 1927 $135,000,000. Production of creamery butter in 1929 was 174,000,000 pounds. This was an increase over 1928 of nearly 7,000,000 pounds. In only three years of the history of the industry has there been greater production than in 1929." But the quantity of cheese produced in 1929 was 118,000,000 pounds, a decrease in production of about 25,000,000 pounds, the speaker pointed out. Production and valuation were the lowest since 1900. A loss in money of $9,000,000 was represented.

"The largest decrease in exportation was noted in cheese," said Mr. Fairbairn. Cheese imported into the Old Country has increased during the last three years by about 30 per cent. The purchasing power of the people in the Old Land has not declined, but Canada's exports have."

According to recent reports R. D. Shutt of the Ontario Agricultural College may receive the appointment as bacteriologist.

Singular Plurals

You may find a lone mouse, or a whole nest of mice
But the plural of house is houses, not hice.
If the plural of man is always called men
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?
The cow in the plural may be cows or kine
But a bow, if repeated, is never called bine
And the plural of vow is vows, never vine.

If you speak of a foot and you show me your feet
And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?
If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth
Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth?
Then the masculine pronouns are he, his and him
But imagine the feminine she, shis and shim!
So the English I think, you all will agree,
Is quite as queer as a language can be.
—I. Morgan, in The Christian Science Monitor.

"Wisdom comes too late to be of much use."

"And by the time your lungs are developed you are too big to cry."

Everytime a man tries to show off something is bound to go wrong.