The Bishop Murder Case

A PHILO VANCE STORY

BY S. S. VAN DINE

SYNOPSIS

A man known as Cock Robin is found on the archery range of Prof. Dillard's home with an arrow in his heart. The last person seen with him was Sperling (German for sparrow). Both Robin and Sperling were in love with Belle Dillard. District Attorney Markham asks Vance, a rich young bachelor who dabbles in solving mysteries, to help him. Sigurd Arnesson, protege of Prof. Dillard, asks to be given particulars so that he may solve the mystery mathematically. The Drukker house backs on the range and Mrs. Drukker's window overlooks it. Mrs. Drukker, known as Lady Mae, is demented, and her son, Adolph, is a cripple whom she still thinks of as a child. Vance, Markham and Belle Dillard call on Lady Mae for information.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Cont'd.)

"We don't know." Vance, despite his negligent air, was watching her astutely. "But inasmuch as he was killed on the range, within sight of your window, we hoped you might be able to help us."

Mrs. Drukker's eyelids drooped craftily, and she clasped her hands with a kind of deliberate satisfaction.

"You are sure he was killed on the range?"

"We found him on the range," Vance returned non-committally.

"I see. . . . But what can I do to help you?" She lay back relaxed.

"Did you notice any one on the range this morning?" asked Vance.

"No!" The denial was swift and emphatic. "I saw no one. I haven't looked out on the range all day."

Vance met the woman's gaze steadily, and sighed.

"It's most unfortunate," he murmured. "Had you been looking out of the window this morning, it's wholly possible you might have seen the tragedy. . . . Mr. Robin was killed with a bow and arrow, and there seems to have been no motive whatever for the act."

"You know he was killed with a bow and arrow?" she asked, a tinge of color coming into her ashen cheeks.

"That was the Medical Examiner's report. There was an arrow through his heart when we found him."

"Of course. That seems perfectly natural, doesn't it? . . . An arrow through the Robin's heart!" She spoke with vague aloofness, a distant, fascinated look in her eyes.

There was a strained silence, and Vance moved toward the window.

"Do you mind if I look out?"

With difficulty the woman brought herself back from some far train of thought.

"Oh, no. It isn't much of a view, though. I can see the trees of 76th Street toward the north, and a part of the Dillard yard to the south. But that brick wall opposite is very depressing. Before the apartment house was built I had a beautiful view of the river."

Vance looked for a while down into the archery range.

"Yes," he observed; "if only you had been at the window this morning you might have seen what happened. Your view of the range and the basement door of the Dillards' is very clear. . . . Too bad." He glanced at his watch. "Is your son in, Mrs. Drukker?"

"My on! My baby! What do you want with him?" Her voice rose pitifully, and her eyes fastened on Vance with venomous hatred.

"Nothing important," he said pacifying. "Only, he may have seen some one on the range——"

"He saw no one! He couldn't have seen any one, for he wasn't here. He went out early this morning, and hasn't returned."

Vance looked with pity at the woman.

"He was away all morning? Do you know where he was?"

"I always know where he is," Mrs. Drukker answered proudly. "He tells me everything."

"And he told you where he was going this morning?" persisted Vance gently.

"Certainly. But I forgot for the moment. Let me think. . . ." Her long fingers tapped on the arm of the chair, and her eyes shifted uneasily. "I can't recall. But I'll ask him the moment he returns."

Miss Dillard had stood watching the woman with growing perplexity.

"But, Lady Mae, Adolph was at our house this morning. He came to see Sigurd—"

Mrs. Drukker drew herself up.

"Nothing of the kind!" she snapped, eyeing the girl almost viciously. "Adolph had to go downtown somewhere. He wasn't near your house—I know he wasn't." Her eyes flashed, and she turned a defiant glare on Vance.

It was an embarrassing moment; but what followed was even more painful.

The door opened softly, and suddenly Mrs. Drukker's arms went out.

"My little boy—my baby!" she cried. "Come here, dear."

But the man at the door did not come forward. He stood blinking his beady little eyes at us, like a person waking in strange surroundings. Adolph Drukker was scarcely five feet tall. He had the typical congested appearance of the hunchback. His legs were spindling, and the size of his bulging, distorted torso seemed exaggerated by his huge, dome-like head. But there was intellectuality in the man's face—a terrific passionate power which held one's attention. Professor Dillard had called him a mathematical genius; and one could have no doubts as to his erudition.

"What does all this mean?" he demanded in a high-pitched tremulous voice looking toward Miss Dillard. "Are these friends of yours, Belle?"

The girl started to speak, but Vance halted her with a gesture.

"The truth is, Mr. Drukker," he explained sombrely, "there has been a tragedy next door. This is Mr. Markham, the District Attorney, and Sergeant Heath of the Police Department; and at our request Miss Dillard brought us here that we might ask your mother whether or not she had noticed anything unusual on the archery range this morning. The tragedy occurred just outside the basement door of the Dillard house."

Drukker thrust his chin forward and squinted.

"A tragedy, eh? What kind of tragedy?"

"A Mr. Robin was killed—with a bow and arrow."

The man's face began to twitch spasmodically.

"Robin killed? Killed? . . . What time?"

"Some time between eleven and twelve, probably."

"Between eleven and twelve?" Quickly Drukker's gaze shifted to his mother. He seemed to grow excited, and his huge splay fingers worried the hem of his smoking-jacket. "What did you see?" His eyes glinted as he focussed them on the woman.

"What do you mean, son?" The retort was a panic-stricken whisper.

Drukker's face became hard, and the suggestion of a sneer twisted his lips.

"I mean that it was about that time when I heard a scream in this room."

"You didn't! No-no!" She caught her breath and wagged her head jerkily. "You're mistaken, son. I didn't scream this morning."

"Well, some one did." There was a cold relentlessness in the mans tone. Then, after a pause, he added: "The fact is I came upstairs after I heard the scream, and listened at the door here, but you were walking about humming 'Eia Popeia,' so I went back to my work."

Mrs. Drukker pressed a handkerchief to her face, and her eyes closed momentarily.

"You were at your work between eleven and twelve?" Her voice now rang with subdued eagerness. "But I called you several times—"

"I heard you. But I didn't answer. I was too busy."

"So that was it." She turned slowly toward the window. "I thought you were out. Didn't you tell me—?"

"I told you I was going to the Dillards. But Sigurd wasn't there, and I came back a little before eleven."

"I didn't see you come in." The woman's energy was spent, and she lay back listlessly, her eyes on the brick wall opposite. "And when I called and you didn't answer I naturally thought you were still out."

"I left the Dillards' by the street gate, and took a walk in the park." Drukker's voice was irritable. "Then I let myself in by the front door."

"And you say you heard me scream. . . . But why should I scream, son? I've had no pains in my back this morning."

Drukker frowned, and his little eyes moved swiftly from Vance to Markham.

"I heard some one scream—a woman—in this room," he iterated stubbornly. "About half past eleven." Then he sank into a chair and gazed moodily at the floor.

This perplexing verbal intercourse between mother and son had held us all spellbound. Though Vance had stood before an old eighteenth century print near the door, regarding it with apparent absorption, I knew that no word or inflection had escaped him. Now he swung about and, giving Markham a signal not to interfere, approached Mrs. Drukker.

"We're very sorry, madam, that we've had to trouble you. Forgive us, if you can."

He bowed and turned to Miss Dillard.

"Do you care to pilot us back? Or shall we find our own way down?"

"I'll come with you," the girl said; and going to Mrs. Drukker she put her arm about her. "I'm so sorry, Lady Mae."

As we were passing out into the hall Vance, as if on second thought, paused and looked back at Drukker.

"You'd better come with us, sir," he said in a casual yet urgent tone. "You knew Mr. Robin, and you may be able to suggest something—"

"Don't go with them, son!" cried Mrs. Drukker. She was sitting upright now, her face contorted with anguish and fear. "Don't go! They're the enemy. They want to hurt you!"

Drukker had risen.

"Why shouldn't I go with them?" he retorted petulantly. "I want to find out about this affair. Maybe—as they say—I can help them." And with a gesture of impatience he joined us.

(To be continued.)

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished with Every Pattern

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The dolman sleeve is a conspicuously smart feature of this charming afternoon frock of black canton crepe. Ochre lace enhances its lovliness in a draped inset in cowl effect at the front, and in the insets of the deep sleeve cuffs. The button trim is interesting.

The skirt concentrates its fulness at the front through a circular godet. The side fronts of the skirt form a yoke effect that narrows the hips.

This stunning model Style No. 2888 may be had in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.

The 16-year size requires 3⅝ yards of 39-inch material with ⅜ yard of 39-inch contrasting.

Crepe satin using the dull surface for trim, patterned wool or silk crepe with plain crepe, two tones in crepe silk and chiffon are lovely ideas for this chic 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.

Ash-Trays from the Victory

London — Some novel Christmas presents, of considerable association value, were made possible by the decision to make ash-trays from a quantity of copper from H.M.S. Victory, and sell them at half-a-crown each in aid of the Victory Restoration Fund.

Several thousands of these ash-trays were bought and the Fund has benefited to an appreciable extent, while the Victory ash-trays will, of course, be very highly prized by those fortunate enough to have secured them.

Naval relics may be of various kinds, but it is not always that the general public is given a chance of acquiring them. Sometimes they are offered for sale, but only to officers' messes and to officers and ex-officers. —Answers.

Acrobats

(From Harper's Magazine)

High up on that thin rope called Time,
Hung taut across eternity,
No walker of us can tell
When his own turn to slip will be.

One foot before the other—so,
With arms wide out for balancing—
Who does not love the muscle-pull,
Or would quite miss the final fling?

Helen Molyneaux Salisbury.

Fashion Tit-Bits

So unique are the weaves in the cotton fabrics that they could easily pass for wool. These "tweedy" cottons have many advantages—besides being extremely light in weight, they are non-crushable and will launder.

"Sandy Beach," a soft neutral shade bordering on the light tans, promises to be a most popular color for all type of clothes, including accessories. The becomingness of this shade will add much to its popularity.

Mother: "How did you hurt your hand? Been fighting?" Ronny: "Yes. Those were awfully sharp teeth Tommy Brown used to have."

An English Lake Goes Underground

By WALTER WOOD

The longest water tunnel in the world has been begun in the Lake District in England. It will be 9 ft. in diameter, lined with steel and concrete, and nearly five miles long; and in places it will be 1,600 ft. below the summit of the hills.

This wonderful tunnel is only part of a vast engineering plan which will cost $50,000,000 and will take five years to complete, the money being spent by the Manchester Corporation to carry out a scheme for conveying water from the heart of Lakeland to Manchester and the enormous industrial district of which the city is the centre. There is to be an 82 miles aqueduct from the Lake District to Manchester; the 82 miles will include this five-mile tunnel.

Altogether, the total length of tunnelling will be about 30 miles. The great extent of the enterprise will be understood when it is remembered that the Severn Tunnel, which is England's longest railway tunnel, is 4 1/3 miles in length, and was under construction for thirteen years.

Here again, in Lakeland, Nature herself is being conquered, and a vast population is being put into actual touch with one of the wildest and loneliest spots in Great Britain. From a region which is in some ways as primitive as it was centuries ago, the pure, refreshing water is to be taken to the multitudes of people who inhabit Manchester and the neighborhood. The Lake District, beloved of honeymooners, mountain-climbers, poets, artists, and numberless tourists, is to be put, not for the first time, to definite utilitarian purposes. And in the process, Haweswater, a lake which is now about 2½ miles long, will be increased by several miles, and will become England's second largest lake— Windermere is the largest, with a length of 10½ miles and a breadth of nearly a mile.

Changing the Face of Nature

Haweswater is to be raised from a level of 100 ft. to 190 ft. by means of a huge dam, and so that the water scheme can be properly carried out it will be necessary to obliterate, by submersion, the ancient village of Mardale, with its church, graveyard, farmhouses, school, and cottages. In this way the very face of Nature will be changed.

Haweswater is so high above sea-level that its water will travel by gravity to Manchester, and will rush through the aqueduct and tunnels at the rate of 90,000,000 gallons a day.

The big tunnel will go under the mountains, and the aqueduct will pass by the ancient market town of Kendal. The tunnel will be so constructed that, in addition to the immense pipes conveying the water, space will be left for workmen to make repairs at any time. Skilful and courageous men will be needed.

By way of beginning the southern portion of the waterworks tunnel, at Stockdale, a tremendous charge of high explosive was electrically fired by the Lord Mayor of Manchester (Councillor R. Noton Barclay), in the presence of members of the Manchester Waterworks Committee and the Westmoreland County Council, who sheltered in a ruined building well out of range.

In the Heart of the Mountains

That first explosion was an example of the astonishing things which will be done before the scheme is completed. Tons of iron-hard rock and earth and stones were hurled about 200 ft. into the air, and dangerous fragments were carried right across the valley. An immense steel safety-net had been placed in position to catch the fragments; but the tremendous explosion carried the net hundreds of yards away.

The explosion was merely the opening note of many like it, for during the next five years hundreds of tons of high explosives will be used, and some 150,000 tons of solid rock will be blasted.

Like swarms of ants attacking a heap which seems impossible of reduction by small infinitesimal forces, an army of human beings are at work on two faces of what look like impregnable mountains. They are operating simultaneously at each side, and in time the working parties will meet face to face in the very heart of the mountains.

And the result of this Herculean undertaking? For the next hundred years Manchester and the district will be abundantly supplied with the purest water; healthy refreshment from one of Nature's undefiled stores.

All that is a wonderful prospect. But not less remarkable is the fact that this gigantic task will be achieved without adding a halfpenny to the rates.—Tit-Bits.

SLEEVE BOARD

With styles more complicated, a little tapering sleeve board is indispensable to the home maker. It is useful for all kinds of lingerie touches and handkerchiefs, too.

Chief of Police—Can you give a description of your missing cashier?

Banker—He is about five feet five inches tall and $7,000 short.

Heart disease is responsible for the staggering total of 11,775 deaths a year in Canada. Periodic Health Examination frequently reveals the causes of heart disease, or the disease itself in early stages.

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'Fresh from the gardens'

Economy Corner

Ginger Marshmallow Sauce.

One tablespoon gelatine, 1 tablespoon cold water, ½ cup sifted powdered sugar, whites of 2 eggs, 1½ cups light cream, 1 teaspoon vanilla, salt, 1 teaspoon ginger. Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes. Then dissolve by placing dish over boiling water for a few minutes. Mix with cream and beat hard. Then add by beating, the sugar stiffly beaten egg whites, salt and vanilla. This sauce will be about like whipped cream. Cut cake in squares and serve with the sauce, either hot or cold.

Spanish Panocha.

Four cups of brown sugar, 1 cup sweet cream, lump butter size of an egg Boil, stirring constantly until it forms soft balls in cold water. Remove from the fire and add one chopped walnut and teaspoon of flavoring. Stir until it becomes creamy and pour into pans. Cut in squares. Chopped candied fruits, orange peel, dates, figs and prunes, also pecans, may be added.

Black Chocolate Cake.

Cut 4 squares chocolate fine in mixing bowl. Set in oven or in hot water till melted. Add 1 cup sugar creamed with butter size of egg. Stir in ½ cup sour milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, ¼ teaspoon soda; beat smooth Then stir in 1½ cups cake flour sifted with 2 teaspoons baking powder and pinch salt. Mix well and last add ½ cup boiling water. Bake in square pan in moderate oven.

Steamed Date Pudding.

Sift together 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder and ¾ teaspoon salt. Then add ½ cup sugar, 1 cup dates, stoned and cut up fine; grated rind of one lemon, 4 tablespoons cooking oil and 2-3 cup milk.

Mix well, pour into a greased mold, cover and steam two hours. Serve with hard sauce.

Taffy Tartlets.

One egg, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon water, 1 tablespoon shortening, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Beat egg with sugar until thoroughly mixed but not too fluffy. Add water, melted shortening, salt and vanilla, mix well. Pour into small tart pans lined with pastry dough. Bake in a moderate oven until the edges of the crust are delicately browned. (350 degrees).

Keene Valley Cake.

Onehalf cup butter, 1 cup molasses, 1 cup hot water, 2 eggs, 1 cup maple or brown sugar, 3 cups flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon cloves, 2 teaspoons soda Mix egg yolks and sugar and beat well. Sift remaining dry ingredients and gradually add to first mixture, then add beaten yolks and sugar. Lastly, fold in stiffly beaten whites of eggs. If you use brown sugar add ¼ teaspoon vanilla. Pour into buttered shallow pan and bake 30 to 40 minutes in a moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit). This makes a large cake.

Orange and Pineapple Shortcake.

Two cups flour, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 cup milk, 4 tablespoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 can shredded pineapple, 4 oranges. Cut the oranges in small pieces, mix with the pineapple and let stand an hour. Sift the flour, salt and baking powder. Cut in the butter with a knife, then add milk. Bake in layer cake tins Put half the fruit between the layers and the rest on top.

Spice Cake.

Two eggs, 1½ cups sugar, ½ cup shortening, 1 cup sour milk, all kinds of spice, 2½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon salt. Mix in order given . A cup of raisins may be added the last thing if one wishes. For spice I used a little each of cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg.

Rice Pudding.

Two cups cold boiled rice, 3 cups hot milk, ¾ cup molasses, ¼ cup raisins, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon nutmeg.

Mix together rice and hot milk. Add molasses, raisins, nutmeg and salt. Pour into buttered baking dish and bake in medium oven about one hour.

Here's One Estimate On Size of Universe

Princeton, N.J.—A scale in which each object in mass is about 1,000,000 times smaller than the object just above it is given by Professor John Q. Stuart, Princeton University astronomer.

In order of bigness these masses are:

The known material universe—a spiral nebula—a very large start—a good-sized planet—an ocean—a mountain peak—a forest—a man—a butterfly—a paramecium (single cell animal)—a bacterium—the largest organic molecules—a few score electrons—a quantum of ultra-violet light.

Moods

Many of our physical ailments are the direct result of bad mental moods. What is needed to cure these ailments is not a dose of medicine, but a dose of mirth.—John R. Gunn.

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