# The Bishop Murder Case

## A PHILO VANCE STORY

BY S. S. VAN DINE

SYNOPSIS

A man known as Cock Robin is shot on the archery range of Prof. Dillard. District Attorney Markham is puzzled and calls in Philo Vance. The police get on the trail of Sperling, the last man known to have been with Robin. Both men were in love with Belle Dillard, the professor's niece. Mrs. Drukker and her son Adolph seem to be holding something back.

CHAPTER IX.—(Cont'd.)

"I can't see any careful planning about it," persisted Heath. "This Sperling gets sore, picks up a bow, grabs an arrow off of the wall, follows Robin outside, shoots him through the heart, and beats it."

Vance sighed.

"You're far too forthright for this wicked world, Sergeant. If only things happened with such naive dispatch, life would be very simple—and depressin'. But such was not the *modus operandi* of the Robin's murder. First, no archer could shoot at a moving human target and strike just between the ribs over the vital spot of the heart. Secondly, there's that fracture of Robin's skull. He may have acquired it in falling, but it's not likely. Thirdly, his hat was at his feet, where it wouldn't have been if he had fallen naturally. Fourthly, the nock on the arrow is so bruised that I doubt if it would hold a string. Fifthly, Robin was facing the arrow, and during the drawing and aiming of the bow he would have had time to call out and cover himself. Sixthly . . . ."

Vance paused in the act of lighting a cigarette.

"By jove Sergeant! I've overlooked something. When a man's stabbed in the heart there's sure to be an immediate flow of blood, especially when the end of the weapon is larger than the shaft and there's no adequate plug for the hole. I say! It's quite possible that you'll find some blood spots on the floor of the archery room—somewhere near the door most likely."

Heath hesitated but only momentarily. Experience had long since taught him that Vance's suggestions were not to be treated cavalierly; and with a good-natured grunt he got up and disappeared toward the rear of the house.

CHAPTER X.

"I think, Vance, I begin to see what you mean," observed Markham, with a troubled look. "But if Robin's apparent death with a bow and arrow was merely a stage-setting, then we're confronted by something almost too diabolical to contemplate."

"It was the work of a maniac," declared Vance, with unwonted sobriety. "Oh, not the conventional maniac who imagines he's Napoleon, but a madman with a brain so colossal that he has carried sanity to a point, where humor itself becomes a formula in four dimensions."

Markham smoked vigorously, lost in speculation.

"I hope Heath doesn't find anything," he said at length.

"Why—in heaven's name?" returned Vance. "If there's no material evidence that Robin met his end in the archery room, it'll only make the problem more difficult legally."

But the material evidence was forthcoming. The Sergeant returned a few minutes later, crestfallen but excited.

"Damn it, Mr. Vance!" he blurted. "You had the dope all right." He made no attempt to keep the admiration out of his look. "There isn't any actual blood on the floor; but there's a dark place on the cement where somebody's scrubbed it with a wet rag today some time. It ain't dry yet; and the place is right near the door, where you said. And what makes it more suspicious is that one of those rugs has been pulled over it. But that don't let Sperling out altogether," he added pugnaciously. "He mighta shot Robin indoors."

"And then cleaned up the blood, wiped off the bow and arrow, and placed the body and the bow on the range, before making his departure? . . . Why? . . Archery, to begin with, isn't an indoor sport, Sergeant. And Sperling knows too much about it to attempt murder with a bow and arrow. A hit such as the one that ended Robin's uneventful career would have been a pure fluke. Teucer himself couldn't have achieved it with any degree of certainty—and, according to Homer, Teucer was the champion archer of the Greeks."

As he spoke Pardee passed down the hall on his way out. He had nearly reached the front door when Vance rose suddenly and went to the archway.

"Oh, I say, Mr. Pardee. Just a moment, please."

The man turned with an air of gracious compliance.

"There is one other question we'd like to ask you," said Vance. "You mentioned seeing Mr. Sperling and Beedle leave here this morning by the wall gate. Are you sure you saw no one else use the gate?"

"Quite sure. That is, I don't recall any one else."

"I was thinking particularly of Mr. Drukker."

"Oh, Drukker?" Pardee shook his head with mild emphasis. "No, I would have remembered him. But you realize a dozen people might have entered and left this house without my noticing them."

"Quite—quite," Vance murmured indifferently. "How good a chess player, by the by, is Mr. Drukker?"

Pardee showed a flicker of surprise.

"He's not a player in the practical sense at all," he explained with careful precision. "He's an excellent analyst, however, and understands the theory of the game amazingly well. But he's had little practice at actual over-the-board play."

When Pardee had gone Heath cocked a triumphant eye at Vance.

"I notice, sir," he remarked good-naturedly, "that I'm not the only one who'd like to check the hunchback's alibi."

"Ah but there's a difference between checking an alibi, and demanding that the person himself prove it."

At this moment the front door was thrown open. There were heavy footsteps in the hall, and three men appeared in the archway. Two were obviously detectives, and between them stood a tall, clean-cut youth of about thirty.

"We got him, Sergeant," announced one of the detectives, with a grin of vicious satisfaction. "He beat it straight home from here, and was packing up when we walked in on him."

Sperling's eyes swept the room with angry apprehension. Heath had planted himself before the man, and stood looking him up and down triumphantly.

"Well, young fella, you thought you'd get away, did you?" The Sergeant's cigar bobbed up and down between his lips as he spoke.

The color mounted to Sperling's cheeks and he set his mouth stubbornly.

"So! You've got nothing, to say?" Heath went on, squaring his jaw ferociously. "You're one of these silent lads, are you? Well, we'll make you talk." He turned to Markham. "How about it, sir? Shall I take him to headquarters?"

"Perhaps Mr. Sperling will not object to answering a few questions here," said Markham quietly.

Sperling studied the District Attorney a moment; then his gaze moved to Vance, who nodded to him encouragingly.

"Answer questions about what?" he asked, with an obvious effort at self-control. "I was preparing to go away for the week-end when these ruffians forced their way into my room; and I was brought here without a word of explanation or even an opportunity to communicate with my family. Now you talk of taking me to Police Headquarters." He gave Heath a defiant glare. "All right, take me to Police Headquarters—and be damned to you!"

"What time did you leave here this morning, Mr. Sperling?" Vance's tone was soft and ingratiating, and his manner reassuring.

"About a quarter past eleven," the man answered. "In time to catch the 11.40 Scarsdale train from Grand Central."

"And Mr. Robin?

"I don't know what time Robin went. He said he was going to wait for Belle—Miss Dillard. I left him in the archery room."

"You saw Mr. Drukker?"

"For a minute—yes. He was in the archery room when Robin and I went downstairs; but he left immediately."

"Through the wall gate? Or did he walk down the range?"

"I don't remember—in fact, I didn't notice. . . Say, look here, what's all this about anyway?"

"Mr. Robin was killed this morning," said Vance, "at some time near eleven o'clock."

Sperling's eyes seemed to start from his head.

"Robin killed? . . . Who—who killed him?" The man's lips were dry, and he wetted them with his tongue.

"We don't know yet," Vance answered. "He was shot through the heart with an arrow."

This news left Sperling stunned. His eyes traveled vaguely from side to side, and he fumbled in his pocket for a cigarette.

Heath stepped nearer to him and thrust out his chin.

"Maybe you can tell us who killed him—with a bow and arrow!"

"Why—why do you think I know?" Sperling managed to stammer.

"Well," returned the Sergeant relentlessly, "you were jealous of Robin, weren't you? You had a hot argument with him about the girl, right in this room, didn't you? And you were alone with him just before he was croaked, weren't you? And you're a pretty good shot with the bow and arrow, aren't you? That's why I think that maybe you know something." He narrowed his eyes and drew his upper lip over his teeth. "Say! Come clean. Nobody else but you coulda done it. You had a fight with him over the girl, and you were the last person seen with him—only a few minutes before he was killed. And who else woulda shot him with a bow and arrow except a champeen archer—huh? . . . Make it easy for yourself, and spill the story. We've got you."

A strange light had gathered in Sperling's eyes, and his body became rigid.

"Tell me," he spoke in a strained, unnatural voice—"did you find the bow?"

(To be continued.)

# What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

*Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern*

The flattering capelet collar is the very newest feeling for smart afternoon wear. This one is particularly desirable because of its smart tapering movement toward the centre-front waist that gives a lengthened line to the figure.

Note how slenderizing is the skirt with its unique curved seaming.

It is black canton crepe with lace trim, so favored this season.

Style No. 2889 may be had in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.

Pastel flat crepe is modish to wear beneath the fur wrap.

Wool crepe, marocain crepe and printed crepe silk are fascinating fabrics for this model.

Size 36 requires 4 yards 39-inch with ⅜ yard 39-inch all-over lace.

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.

CLOTHES COVER.

Keep the lingerie collars on your dresses fresh by using a washable shoulder cover over the hangers in your closet. These are simple to make and have a hole in them to slip through the hanger hook.

Cheap notoriety usually costs more than it is worth.

# The Prime of Life Is Around Forty

## But in Britain the Age is Much Higher

A good many years ago Osler, the famous doctor, made the statement that most men's powers for either brain work or manual work had begun to decline at the age of forty.

Recent investigations seem to show that the majority of men are retaining their powers longer than they were. Sir Thomas Oliver, the physician, discussed the question in his presidential address before the Royal Institute of Public Health. The position, he said, appeared to be that in the United States the physical condition of man was undoubtedly declining after he had reached forty; on the other hand, it was improving in Great Britain. Possibly the American takes so much out of himself in his younger days in a strenuous pursuit of the dollar that he is old at forty.

"The way to look at the question," said Sir Thomas, "is from the side of values. Is a moderately long life, with its possibilities of contentment and leisure, to be the object aimed at, or is the life to be a shorter one, each day of which is to be lived to its fullest and with little pause for reflection?"—From Tit-Bits.

# Africa Becomes Road Conscious

Even the interior of darkest Africa is not immune from the advance of the automobile. Some of the continent's most inaccessible regions are now slowly surrendering to its inroads and network of highways are spreading in its wake, according to a recent road survey of the dark continent made by the automotive division of the United States department of commerce.

Road programs are materializing in many sections of the continent and their results are seen in the slow but steady replacement of the human pack-carrier by the motor truck and the burden of the long-suffering camel by the passenger car.

The vast distances to be covered in Africa and the inadequacy of rail transportation have emphasized the urgent need for good roads. In even the remote sections the advent of the automobile has been accompanied by a demand for new or improved highways. These roads, in turn, have created new demands for motor cars.

The two great rivers of Africa, the Nile and the Congo, are now linked by a road which makes possible a regular motor mail service. A new highway is projected from Alexandria to Luxor. It is to be over 600 miles in length. Another is to be built from Luxor to Timbuctu. However, in spite of these ambitious projects, the survey points out, road construction in Africa is only in its initial stages, and vast areas of the interior remain to be opened up by motor highways.

# Average Chinese Family Exists on $140 a Year

Pieping, China.—The tiny amount of money on which the average Chinese family exists is strikingly set forth in a government survey.

The survey showed that middle class families—not the bitterly impoverished or unemployed—frequently have incomes of less than 500 Chinese currency about $140 Canadian currency at the present depressed rate of exchange) a year.

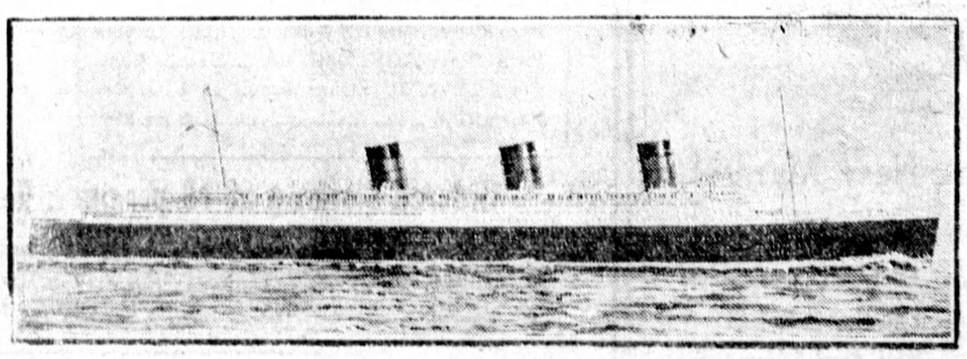
The present economic depression felt around the world has affected China, but in the main the people have not been sensitive to its restrictions, being forced throughout generations to live on a pittance.

# Coral Popular

Coral as a costume accessory color has much weight now in fashion circles—one of those forerunners of spring. A little bit of coral looks well with black or with brown. If you have no coral jewellery, you can have a coral colored handkerchief of linen for day, and one of chiffon for night. The linen handkerchief will link with a black or brown suede bag having a touch of coral in the clasp, and the chiffon kerchief with a coral crepe evening bag.

To wear with tweeds and other sports costumes the popular Ascot type of scarf is now shown in this rich shade, it being merely a length of silk on the double, possibly shaped slightly at the neck or perfectly straight, and the ends fringed to half an inch or more.

"534" The New Giant Cunarder



The above is an artist's drawing of the new giant Cunard liner at present under construction on the Clyde. This enormous vessel will register 73,000 tons and will be the largest liner afloat.


Salada Green tea drinkers drink the best green tea

"SALADA" GREEN TEA 191

'Fresh from the gardens'


# Economy Corner

### Cornmeal Muffins

Cream ¼ cup butter, add ½ cup of sugar and 2 eggs well beaten. Mix and sift together 1 cup cornmeal, ½ cup flour, ½ teaspoon salt and 2½ teaspoons baking powder. Add to first mixture and then add ½ cup currants. Bake 25 minutes in a hot oven.

### Sponge Cake

Please follow directions carefully. Sift 3 times the following: One cup flour, ½ teaspoon salt and 1 level teaspoon baking powder, so it will be ready when eggs, sugar and vinegar are ready.

Beat the yolks of 2 eggs until light and cheamy.

Beat whites until stiff and dry; add whites and yolks together; beat until stiff; add 1 teaspoon vinegar and 1 teaspoon flavoring. (We like orange). Beat again. Now add 1 cup of sugar gradually, then fold in flour, a small portion at a time. When smooth, add ½ cup of boiling water, to which you have added 1 teaspoon (a bit heaping) of butter. Beat hard. The more you whip egg whites and kolks and sugar for sponge cake, the finer grained it is, if you do not use too much baking powder. This is a small sponge cake and the longer you keep it the moister it grows, not dry as some sponge cakes.

### Baked Caramel Custard

Two cups scalded milk, ½ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 3 eggs. Melt sugar, stirring constantly, until light brown. Add hot milk and cook until free from lumps. Add eggs, slightly beaten, salt and vanilla. Strain into buttered mold and set in pan of hot water. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes, 325 degrees.

### Apple Batter Pudding

Peel and core 4 or 5 medium-size apples in a pie dish. Sprinkle with ½ cup of sugar with a little cinnamon over apples. Cream ½ cup of sugar and 1 tablespoon of butter, add 1 well beaten egg and pinch of salt, then ½ cup flour. Beat well. Spread the batter over the apples and bake in a moderate oven 375 degrees for about 30 minutes.

### Memory Pads

To jolt your memory and save strain have a memorandum pad tacked over the kitchen table with pencil attached so that you can jot down kitchen lists, or things you want to get done, or clothes to be sent to the cleaner. If you put each item down as it comes into your mind, you will be surprised how much strain it saves you.

### Cranberry Pie

One and one-half cups cranberries, ¾ cup sugar, ½ cup water. Cook all together for 10 minutes. Cool, place in one crust with a high rim. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, then cool oven and bake 30 minutes, slowly. Add strips of paste, lattice fashion, if desired.

### Cheese Sponge

Scald 1 cup of milk and add 1 cup of stale bread crumbs, 1 tablespoon butter, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ pound grated cheese. Stir until the cheese melts, then add the beaten yolks of 2 eggs. Take from the fire and add the beaten whites. Turn into a buttered dish and bake in a hot oven. Serve immediately.

### Bran Muffins

One-quarter cup sugar, shortening size of egg, 1 egg, 1 cup sour milk (or sweet milk), 1 cup bran, 1¼ cups flour, 1 level teaspoon soda (or 2 teaspoons baking powder if sweet milk is used), pinch salt. Cream shortening and the sugar together. Mix and sift dry ingredients. This will make 12 large muffins.

### Onion Sauce

Four tablespoons flour, ½ pint rich milk or cream, 1 pint milk, ½ cup chopped onions, salt. Mix flour with cream. Bring milk to a boil and slowly add the first mixture, stirring gently. When thick, stir in onions cut very fine and boiled very soft; salt and serve with fowl or game or any meat.

### Sausage Puff

One and one-half pounds of sausage meat, spread in the bottom of a broad tin. Beat together ½ cup milk, ½ tablespoon flour, ¼ teaspoon salt and 1 egg. Pour over sausage meat and bake.

# Westminster Cleaners Find Images of Angels

London.—Workmen scrambling over the sides and top of Westminster Abbey in giving that gigantic edifice its first scrubbing in centuries, have discovered two marble figures of angels carved in the thirteenth century.

The two pieces, exquisitely enamelled in color even to the rosy complexions, were found on the corners of the window of the south transept, buried beneath nearly an inch of grime. More remarkable discoveries are expected by those directing the work, who maintain the task will require at least five years.

"Say, Dusty, I heard a feller say yesterday, de age is developin' a kind of artistic idleness."

"Dey'll have to admit dat we're de pioneers in dis interestin' field."


Tablets Aspirin MADE IN CANADA BAYER Genuine

SAFE For HEADACHES

Prompt relief from

COLDS. . . . . .
SORE THROAT . .
RHEUMATISM . . .
LUMBAGO . . . .
NEURITIS . . . . .
ACHES and PAINS

Does not harm the heart

ASPIRIN

TRADE-MARK REG.

'Accept only "Aspirin" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Aspirin" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—All druggists.

Made in Canada