

The Second Bullet—By Robert Orr Chipperfield

Copyright, 1919, by Robert M. McBride & Co.

THIS STARTS THE STORY

A dinner party is being held at the home of Col. Fred Ledyard. Among those present are their daughter, Trixy; her friend, Bebe Cowley; Neely Swarthmore; Wendell Braddock and Mrs. Hartshorne. Mrs. Hartshorne's past history is clothed in mystery. In her presence mention is made of the release from prison of the president of the River-ton Bank after serving four years of a twenty-year sentence for conversion of the bank's funds. Mrs. Hartshorne suddenly leans under the pretense of a severe headache. She is accompanied by Swarthmore, who expresses his love for her and obtains her promise of marriage. She sees a face at the window, and she is seized with terror. The significance of which is not revealed. Swarthmore has killed Trixy, who says she abhors him. Mrs. Hartshorne is found dead on the floor in the morning by her suspiciously acting French maid, Matilde. Detective Paul Harvey and other officers arrive on the scene. Matilde confesses to the murder, recovering from a fainting spell. The officers believe she is concealing information from them. Harvey brings out various facts by questioning her parents and other witnesses. Mrs. Hartshorne's peculiarity in keeping large sums of money loose about the house; her carelessness with her jewelry; the fact that she received a string of pearls as a gift the night before the murder; her intimacy with Swarthmore and a newly-wedded couple between him and another woman; Harvey leaves her in the hands of the police. He is questioning members of the Gaylor family Harvey leaves for the home of Mrs. Ledyard.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

The argument he had used at the Gaylor's had evidently proceeded with good effect, for he found no difficulty in gaining an audience with Mrs. Ledyard. Indeed, that lady descended to the drawing room with a promptitude which hinted that she had not been unanticipated.

"This is a most delightful thought, Mr. Harvey," she exclaimed. "I do hope you will be able to keep it all out of it. Of course I need not suppose you that we know nothing of the shocking affair except what we have read in the papers, but the fact that the young man received here as a guest in my home will bring the most disgraceful notoriety about our ears."

"Not necessarily, Mrs. Ledyard," demurred Paul. "Mrs. Hartshorne was received by practically all the best people in town. They must share with you what publicity may come, although I understand you were her social superior."

"By no means," she corrected him in haste. "Dr. Perrine was responsible for her introduction to society here. She appeared at church, made lavish contributions to charity, and conducted herself in every way as if she were quite our own. Dr. Perrine positively urged me to call upon her, and so did my husband; she had started to operate extensively on the stock market through him and had placed a substantial amount of capital in the Trust Company of Philadelphia through his agency. I learned that she had purchased a home here, and intended to settle down among us. I felt it my Christian duty to call. If others of our set followed my example that was no affair of mine; I did not introduce."

"Nevertheless I was given to understand you were Mrs. Hartshorne's friend," Paul asserted significantly. "Just because the lady had had the misfortune to be murdered it does not necessarily follow that she is guilty of any crime on the social calendar."

"It will be a lesson to me, however, not to take up any one else of whom I know nothing," Mrs. Ledyard retorted. "The motive was not robbery, and it is sure to prove to have been something disgraceful. I cannot think why she should all have been so blind; of course, Mr. Harvey, I should not speak so candidly to any one else, but we are at your mercy and I feel that absolute frankness is our best course. I did give Mrs. Hartshorne the cabinet of my approval. I was among the first to open my home to her and I do not want to make myself ridiculous by admitting my mistake now to the world. It is a most deplorable situation."

"A most unusual one," he amended. "It is possible that in all your acquaintance with Mrs. Hartshorne she told you nothing of her life, gave you no inkling whatever of the past?"

"Not a syllable," Mrs. Ledyard replied impressively. "It is almost incredible. I know, but she slipped into our lives here as so seemingly little effort that before we realized it she was quite one of us. My daughter was right; Doctor Perrine should have looked into the woman's antecedents most carefully before he fostered her upon us."

"But he was so sure that there could be no question also, when the discussion arose assumed such an unqualified stand in her favor that the significance of her reticence about the past did not appeal to me as forcibly as it should have done. Then, too, I am quite willing to admit that her charm of manner wholly disarmed me from the first."

"Mrs. Ledyard, when did this discussion take place?"

"Realizing her slip she hesitated, biting her lips."

"I—I really couldn't say, Mr. Harvey. Some little time ago."

and President Braddock will doubtless be able to recall the incident if subpoenaed for the inquest—

"I cannot imagine why you attach such extraordinary importance to so trivial a circumstance?" Mrs. Ledyard interrupted indignantly. "I understood your object in coming here to be to aid us in avoiding notoriety, not to thrust it upon us. We none of us know anything whatever of Mrs. Hartshorne; an expression of personal opinion concerning her cannot be construed as evidence against us. Surely you are not mad enough to think that we had anything to do with the woman's death?"

"No. But your conduct is a representative one, Mrs. Ledyard," he explained suavely. "A consensus of opinion expressed here will enable me to gauge the attitude of the rest with whom Mrs. Hartshorne came in social contact. That is important. Surely you can remember now when this conversation took place? Do you recall my usually being together just these three guests in particular?"

"No, it was quite informal," Mrs. Hartshorne herself dropped in later with Mr. Swarthmore for a game of bridge, but they did not stay, as Mrs. Hartshorne complained of a headache. She remained and added with obvious reluctance. "It was last Tuesday evening."

"And who started the discussion?" Paul gave no evidence of the significance of this question, but he asked it. "I haven't the faintest idea. I really don't know."

"Was it not your daughter?" Dr. Perrine and President Braddock took part with her.

"My daughter was wholly indifferent to Mrs. Hartshorne. From the first she has maintained the merest acquaintance with her," Mrs. Ledyard interrupted in unguarded haste. "I happened to ask Doctor Perrine what she thought her relations were in before coming here and when he professed ignorance she remarked upon the fact of how little we really knew of this woman whom we had accepted without sound or logical credentials."

"That is really all there was in it, Mr. Harvey, and if you want the consensus of opinion in which I most deeply share, it was that Mrs. Hartshorne deserves her relations as a worldly and welcome addition to our community."

"She did not neglect the fact that she was a widow, did she not?"

Mrs. Ledyard sighed in multiple relief at the change of topic.

"Yes, and she intimated to me that her married life had not been an unqualifiedly happy one. I don't know how I gathered the impression—certainly not from any words from her—but I fancied that her husband was much older than she, and somewhat of a cure. I inferred that they had traveled a great deal, presumably for his health. That is really all I can tell you, Mr. Harvey."

"Did you see her between Tuesday evening and your Red Cross dance on Thursday?"

"Yes, I met her at the dedication of the playground for the children of St. George's Church on Thursday afternoon. I was with Doctor Perrine, and she merely stopped to chat for a moment."

"Yes, Mrs. Ledyard glanced up in surprise. "I remarked upon it, for the day was unusually balmy, but she said she had had a slight chill."

"She gave no evidence of it when she came to the dance in the evening with the Gaylor's, did she?"

"No. She looked remarkably well. They came late, and in the crush of outsiders to be taken care of I did not think of Mrs. Hartshorne again after the first greeting."

"I'm curious, too, Mrs. Hartshorne seems to have been quite a person of mystery."

"Well, it's a mystery to me how she ever succeeded in pulling the wool over Mrs. Ledyard's eyes. If your right hand puts a large enough check in the collection plate I don't think Doctor Perrine bothers very much about what your left hand may be doing, but Mrs. Ledyard usually looks out for that. We always follow her lead, you know; saves us a lot of trouble to discriminate. I suppose she is simply well now to think what a fool she has made of herself!" Bebe gurgled joyously.

"I really fancy she won't be permitted to forget it so quickly. Personally, I like Mrs. Hartshorne, but I found her a trifle dull, and so goodly goodly that ought to have made me suspect her, it wasn't natural. However, I thought it was only a pose to attract the men. Heaven knows it worked, if it was. There wasn't any age limit to her death, from Freddie Gaylor to old Mr. Braddock."

"But I understand some one did cause a suspicion of her antecedents, and that very recently," Paul remarked. "Do you remember a conversation at the Ledyards' last Tuesday evening?"

Bebe's eyes opened wide.

"You mean that outbreak of Trixy—Miss Ledyard's? Oh, nobody took that seriously."

"Why not?"

"Well, Mrs. Ledyard wouldn't admit the possibility of her having made out her death in talking her husband. She was bound to stand by her, and the men were all prejudiced in her favor."

"And you, Mrs. Cowley?"

"I did seem rather odd, when Miss Ledyard told us so strongly, that we had even attempted to find out anything about her, but I never gave it another thought until the 'extras' came out about the murder."

"What cause had Mrs. Ledyard for her suspicion of Mrs. Hartshorne?" Paul held slightly forward. "Can you recall in just what words she expressed her doubts?"

"Oh, she said we had all taken Mrs. Hartshorne on blind trust, merely because she had a Madonna face, an ingratiating manner and ready cash. Bebe shrugged. "She didn't mean anything, really. I don't believe Trixy had any idea in her mind that those might not be something well, a little sense, about Mrs. Hartshorne. You know how it is when a person is jealous; they just want to start something."

Bebe had spoken in unguarded candor, forgetful, for the moment, of the possibility of her sister's Paul's and out-cried her sister. "I am glad to hear that, but he is usually boorish, you know; it is a sort of a pose, a crowd must put his trust on edge."

"Did Mr. Braddock, too, leave soon after?"

"Oh, no. He took Mrs. Ledyard in to supper and stayed until the change of subject, and started their conversation because he went all about looking for Mrs. Hartshorne. I gathered that he expected to take her home, but she must have slipped away early."

"Mrs. Cowley," Paul leaned forward earnestly and started into his shadow. "Did you see or hear anything at the dance which could possibly have bearing upon the crime which followed?" Anything which however remotely suggested a motive of enmity toward Mrs. Hartshorne?"

Cowley had been utterly unconscious of the significance of her admissions against her bosom friend, Beatrice Ledyard, yet the mention of Mrs. Hartshorne's presence at the dance had put her instinctively on her guard. She was thinking of her friend now but of her friend's what had occurred at the Ledyards' that night which for her own sake she must conceal?

"You arrived before Mrs. Hartshorne?" he asked.

"Yes. She came with the Gaylor's. Her brief reply was in marked contrast to her previous loquacity."

"Mr. Swarthmore had also preceded her?"

"Yes. The Gaylor party was among the last to arrive."

"Did you have any conversation with Mrs. Hartshorne?"

"No, I merely nodded to her. The crush was awful." Bebe stirred uneasily.

"Where was your seat at the table during the evening, Mrs. Cowley?"

"There was a perceptible pause before she responded in low, hurried tones."

"No, I don't think so. I didn't observe her, if I was."

"Do you know when she left?"

"No, I cannot recall seeing her after the early part of the evening. Bebe's breath caught again, unconsciously.

"You were seated at a corner table in the supper room with young Mr. Gaylor and the Harringtons. Paul remarked with a new note of firmness. "You must have had a companionative view of the room. Where was Mrs. Hartshorne seated?"

"I don't recall seeing her," Bebe had spoken in a low, hurried tone. "I don't know how I gathered the impression—certainly not from any words from her—but I fancied that her husband was much older than she, and somewhat of a cure. I inferred that they had traveled a great deal, presumably for his health. That is really all I can tell you, Mr. Harvey."

"Did you see her between Tuesday evening and your Red Cross dance on Thursday?"

"Yes, I met her at the dedication of the playground for the children of St. George's Church on Thursday afternoon. I was with Doctor Perrine, and she merely stopped to chat for a moment."

DAILY NOVELLETTE HOUSE HUNTING By Elizabeth De Boer

"WHY, hello, Jo!" Gilbert Gleason extended a warm hand to Josephine Wilbs. It was indeed a treat to meet her on the boulevard.

"Bert!" Unconcealed surprise and pleasure glowed in Josephine's dark eyes as she placed a slender hand on his.

"When did you arrive?"

"Late last night—too late to call you up, but I was going to do so this morning. This is a wonderful surprise, Jo—finding you up here. I don't want to be curious, but really, what are you doing up here?"

"Why—I'm house-hunting."

"House-hunting? Is that so? Funny, but I am too. They both laughed, but it was forced laughter, and when their eyes met, the girl's wavered and heavy lashes drooped a pink flush that crept up her cheek. Then suddenly they lifted and Josephine spoke:

"Anyway, Bert, you must come to see me before you leave, that is, if you're here long enough to spare me an evening."

"I'm staying indefinitely and will certainly see you again soon."

"You said good-bye with a forced smile and starting the car, drove down the boulevard. The smile disappeared and a frown, not forced, slipped into its place. She lifted a tin hand and found a tear on her cheek. Then her dark eyes flashed and she said aloud:

"Josephine Wilbs, aren't you suddenly lifted and Josephine spoke: 'Anyway, Bert, you must come to see me before you leave, that is, if you're here long enough to spare me an evening.'"

"I wonder who the chap is—lucky man! What a fool I am. Had no business getting a house before a wife was wanted. How I've wanted her since that day in Chicago—since she was so kind to love me, and now I'll be a man. I'll see her again and we'll be friends." He lingered over the word "friends."

"Hello! Oh, hello, Bert! Yes, do come up. I'm not doing a thing—really."

"I signed softly as she replaced the telephone on the table and returned to the drawing room, where she seated herself at the piano and played dreamily, distantly. She was as beautiful as the melody she played. A wealth of Auburn hair crowned her oval face. At the belt of her white georgette gown was a cluster of forget-me-nots, one had fallen on the bench. Suddenly the music blurred before her and, leaning forward on the piano, she murmured: "I can't love him—I must—but I do, I do."

The doorknob rang and Mr. Gleason was announced.

"A man called you came, Bert. There was a quiver in her voice she welcomed him. "I was wondering how I should pass the long evening. It's too rainy to motor and there is no party on the town tonight." She laughed and waved him to a chair.

"He's probably in France," Bert thought, sometimes one does get tired of these everlasting dances, you know."

MERCIER, "BACKBONE OF BELGIUM," HELD NATION FIRM IN MIDST OF WAR

Metropolitan of Malines, Guest of City Today, Scholar, Churchman and Unyielding Patriot

Defied Kaiser's Might by Pastoral Letter and Personal Arraignment of Teuton Atrocities

Desire Mercier, cardinal archbishop of Malines, primate of Belgium, is a guest of Philadelphia today.

Against the flaming background of four years of war he stands as one of the towering figures of the great struggle.

He has been called the "backbone of Belgium"—firm against tyranny in his country's blackest days, defying the invader, and by voice and pen beating his countrymen against crushing odds.

It is in this character that he now stands before the world, Belgium regaled to its rulers, and only the ashes of defeat left for his enemies.

Such is the man Philadelphia acclaims today as it receives from him the grateful thanks of his native land for the food and clothing sent there from here.

"Glorious America," He Calls It Cardinal Mercier landed in this country—"Glorious America," he calls it—September 20, and has been officially welcomed in New York, Buffalo, Baltimore, Annapolis and Washington.

And now as to the cardinal himself. Six feet two in height, he is spare and ascetic looking, with a vigor that belies his sixty-eight years. The dominating feature of his face is the nose, large, fine, resolute. His lips are full, conspicuously full, but very firm.

His eyes are deep-set, observable, with overhanging brows. His smile is wonderful.

He was born November 21, 1851, at Braine l'Alleud, a little town on the field of Waterloo. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1875, and from that time up to 1906, when he was made archbishop of Malines, was professor of philosophy at the University of Louvain.

One year after his selection as archbishop he was created a cardinal.

Founded School of Philosophy During his days as a professor, acting under the guidance of Pope Leo XIII, he founded and established on a solid footing the school of philosophy in the College of Louvain, Louvain-la-Neuve.

It was after the death of Pius X and the calling of all the cardinals of the Catholic Church to Rome for the election of a pope that Mercier made his first move in the drama of the war.

The conflict was a month old, Liege and Namur had fallen, Louvain had been destroyed. The Allies were retreating on Paris before Von Kluck and the German great right wing.

Cardinal Mercier had intended to journey to Rome by way of Germany and Austria, but before he started he issued a call to Belgian priests to join the army. Neither Germany nor Austria would give him a safe-conduct. He finally reached Rome by way of Ostend, London, Paris and the Riviera.

Cardinal Mercier's Life Rich in Climactic Events

1851—Born in Braine l'Alleud, on Waterloo battlefield, November 21.

1875—Ordained to priesthood and made professor of philosophy at University of Louvain.

1906—Consecrated archbishop of Malines.

1907—Created cardinal.

1914—Defies Germany and Austria by attending concave that elected Pope Benedict XV.

Issues pastoral call to all patriotic Belgians to return. Launches Christmas pastoral of "patriotism and endurance" that rendered German tyranny impotent.

1915—Held prisoner four days in his palace by Germans. Refuses to retract Christmas pastoral and continues defiance of Kaiser.

He has been called the "backbone of Belgium"—firm against tyranny in his country's blackest days, defying the invader, and by voice and pen beating his countrymen against crushing odds.

It is in this character that he now stands before the world, Belgium regaled to its rulers, and only the ashes of defeat left for his enemies.

Such is the man Philadelphia acclaims today as it receives from him the grateful thanks of his native land for the food and clothing sent there from here.

"Glorious America," He Calls It Cardinal Mercier landed in this country—"Glorious America," he calls it—September 20, and has been officially welcomed in New York, Buffalo, Baltimore, Annapolis and Washington.

And now as to the cardinal himself. Six feet two in height, he is spare and ascetic looking, with a vigor that belies his sixty-eight years. The dominating feature of his face is the nose, large, fine, resolute. His lips are full, conspicuously full, but very firm.

His eyes are deep-set, observable, with overhanging brows. His smile is wonderful.

He was born November 21, 1851, at Braine l'Alleud, a little town on the field of Waterloo. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1875, and from that time up to 1906, when he was made archbishop of Malines, was professor of philosophy at the University of Louvain.

One year after his selection as archbishop he was created a cardinal.

Spurred Suggestion of Flight by Renewed Calls to Loyalty of Belgian People

Visits "Glorious America" to Express Grateful Thanks for Shattering "Barbarian Formula"

The printer was sent to prison for three days and fined 500 marks.

The next step was an order forbidding the reading of the pastoral in the parishes.

Then, January 3, three German officers called on the cardinal and interrogated him. The next day he received a telegram from Von Bissing "inviting" him not to go to a service which was to take place at Antwerp.

On January 4 the cardinal was detained in his palace all day. In the morning one of Von Bissing's aides arrived in an automobile, accompanied by soldiers, and bringing a letter from the German general. An immediate reply was demanded.

Soldiers Stay in Palace The cardinal offered to send a reply, in the course of the day to Brussels, but the aide was obstinate. After telephoning Von Bissing he told the cardinal he and his soldiers would stay in the palace until the desired reply was given.

On January 6 the Germans presented the cardinal with the text of a species of retraction which they demanded he should sign. The cardinal refused.

Three weeks later, on Jan. 20, and at length the Germans stopped beating their heads against the wall of his resolution.

Later the Germans denied the cardinal had been made a prisoner in his palace. Even the Kaiser sang in the chorus of denial. Wilhelm sent a note to the pope declaring false the reports of the cardinal's arrest.

But the cardinal months later, when questioned about the incident, insisted he had been treated as a prisoner by Von Bissing for four days.

Meantime relief ships were bearing supplies to the Belgians. Philadelphia, through the Belgian relief committee of the Emergency Aid, did noble work for the invaded country.

On May 2, 1917, the Belgian relief committee received a personal letter of thanks from Cardinal Mercier. The following month another personal letter was presented to President Wilson, the cardinal thanking America for its magnanimity.

Cardinal Anxious for Visit Here During all this time the cardinal was anxious to report in person the message of thanks he had sent to the United States.

The first intimation of his visit was given in the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER, November 13, 1918, in an interview with Monsignor Carton de Wiart, brother of the Belgian minister of justice, who was in Philadelphia on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Hazard Hery.

Cornell Sends for Alumni Ithaca, Sept. 25.—President Jacob Gould Schurman, of Cornell University, has sent invitations to more than 200 alumni and friends to attend a reunion to visit Ithaca on October 13 to learn from a tour of the university its real needs.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES-ByDaddy "FLYING FEATHERS"

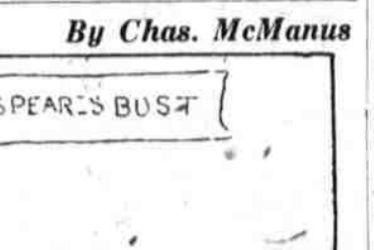
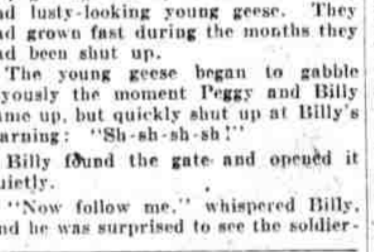
(Peggy and Billy fly north in feather aircraft to help the King of the Wild Geese and the Beautiful Blue Goose search for their little birds. The new King Geese are found in the paws of the red trappers, from which they cannot escape because their wings are clipped.)

Peggy Finds a Way NEAR the village of the red trappers was a grove of fir trees. Here the feathered nibblers settled softly down, coming to rest among the heavy benches. Peggy and Billy had to climb down the tree trunks to the ground, but did not find this at all hard. As for the King of the Wild Geese and the Beautiful Blue Goose they landed in a little pond close to the grove.

"You'd better wait here while we go into the village," said Billy, who feared that if the two geese came along their honking would arouse the red trappers. Then he and Peggy carefully crept among the trees which had once more settled down to sleep. Even the dogs were snoozing, while the snoring of the red trappers showed that the men were in deep, deep slumber.

But the young geese were awake. They were no longer raising a clamor with their honking, but a little excited murmur showed that they were eagerly awaiting the coming of Billy and Peggy. This murmur helped to guide the children to the prison pen.

No Class That bellows pretty cheap, forsooth. Who hasn't got a Golden tooth? —Cartoons Magazine.



DOROTHY DARNIT—Shakes, Himself, Couldn't Stand It—Some Bust!



"We will drop it if you insist," He assured her quietly. "Doctor Perrine

"I—I really couldn't say, Mr. Harvey. Some little time ago."

"I—I really couldn't say, Mr. Harvey. Some little time ago."

"I—I really couldn't say, Mr. Harvey. Some little time ago."