

The Second Bullet—By Robert Orr Chipperfield

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THIS STARTS THE STORY

A dinner party is being held at the home of Colonel and Mrs. Ledyard. Among those present are their daughter, Tracy; her friend, Hilda Cowles; Cora; her friend, Hilda Cowles; Cora; her friend, Hilda Cowles...

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

I thought it was stolen, sir. Louise faltered. "I hung it in the rest in the wardrobe of the corner room that was being used as a dressing room. I'd been told to stay there, but it got late and nobody else arrived, and the music just drove me crazy, sir! When they were all at supper I stole down the backstairs and peeped in the empty hall room. Listening; I couldn't have been gone more than five minutes. After the supper some of the ladies came up for a bit of powder, and one of them—Mrs. Cowles, it was—wanted her cigarette case, that was in the pocket of her cloak. I had hung Mrs. Hartshorne's cloak right next to it, but it was gone—Mrs. Hartshorne's I mean. My heart was up in my mouth, but Mrs. Cowles was going on so about the conservatory door."

"What about the conservatory door?" Paul interposed swiftly. "It wouldn't open. She thought Colonel Ledyard had ordered it locked just after supper to prevent strangers from picking his orchids for souvenirs, and she was put out about it. I didn't let on before the ladies had gone back to the ballroom I flew down to Mary, who was in charge of the other cloak-room, and asked her if the cloak had been brought down there. She said 'no' and I went back, so sick with fear I could hardly get up stairs, for with hundreds of strangers in the house I was sure it had been stolen and I would be to blame, of course, for leaving my post. I don't know how I ever got through the night, expecting every minute that Mrs. Hartshorne would come to claim her cloak and I would have to say that it had been taken."

"But she didn't come, though everyone else did. When the guests had gone it finally came over me that she must have taken the cloak herself and gone home while I was downstairs that time during supper. It served me right for disobeying my orders, but I won't for the worry of it to my dying day." She paused for breath, and Paul beamed upon her. "You are sure the cloak was taken during the supper hour; not just mislaid and removed later, when you went down to speak to Mary, perhaps?" "No, sir," she responded doggedly. "It was gone when I came back that first time, for I hunted high and low for it."

"Thank you, Louise; that is all I wanted to know. You may go." "The maid needed no second permit. As she slipped from the room she turned to Miss Ledyard. The tapping of her feet ceased and she sat tense and immovable. "Will you ring for the butler now, please, or shall I?" "She motioned toward the bell, and he pressed it. "You did not see Mrs. Hartshorne, yourself, after the supper hour?" he asked. "She shook her head and they waited in silence for the coming of Hickson. When he appeared, wearing a consciously virtuous expression, Paul began without preamble. "What is the rest of your name, Hickson?" "Alfred George, sir." "English?" "Yes, sir. Twenty-eight years in this country, sir, and twenty of them in service here at Colonel Ledyard's." He spoke with pride. "Married, Hickson?" "Widower, sir. Two sons at the front and the third, William, who is chauffeur now for Mrs. Ledyard, has a shattered knee from Ypres, sir."

"What were your duties at the Red Cross dance here on Thursday?" "I took the tickets at the door, sir, and then generally overlooked the waiters from the caterer, and kept an eye on things." "How long were you posted at the door?" "Until eleven, sir, or a bit after. No one arrived later than that." "You remember the Hartshorne's arriving with the Gaylors?" "Perfectly, sir. That was about half-past ten." "Did you observe when she left?" "No, sir. I did not see Mrs. Hartshorne again after she entered." "Hickson, did you lock the conservatory door?" "There was a pause during which Hickson glanced at his young mistress in surprise. "No, sir," he responded at length. "I heard nothing of it, sir. There must be some mistake."

ly. "And if you'll excuse me, sir, you must have been misinformed. The door must have stuck, but it wasn't locked, there's been no key to it for a long time. It stood wide open when I went about putting out the lights after all the guests had gone."

Beatrice Ledyard's tense figure relaxed suddenly and she uttered a cry of relief. "Here is my father, now!" "If I had only known!" A key had rattled in the great entrance door which opened and closed with a slam and footsteps sounded down the hall. "Father, will you come in here, please?" Miss Ledyard's voice was high-pitched and strained. "There is a man from police headquarters—"

"What's this?" Colonel Ledyard's hand had appeared in the doorway. "Bless my soul, we're not going, but mixed up in that Hartshorne affair, are we? Why didn't you call at my office, young man, if you want any information about Mrs. Hartshorne's stocks?" "That is not what I am here for, Colonel Ledyard," Paul turned to him. "My name is Harvey; I am a special investigator called in on this case by the chief of police."

"Well, Mr. Harvey, this is a most shocking tragedy, of course, but I cannot see what information you hope to gain here." The colonel handed his hat and stick to Hickson and dismissed him with a nod. "As far as we have been able to discover, Mrs. Hartshorne was last seen alive in your house," Paul explained patiently. "I have just learned approximately what time she left, but not the manner of her going nor if she were accompanied by any one or alone."

"He says he has a warrant for our arrest," broke in Miss Ledyard half-hysterically. "Hush!" The colonel's stout figure bristled like that of an angry game-cock. "This is preposterous! On what trumped-up charge have you come here to try to bluff us?" "Here is the warrant, Colonel Ledyard," Paul extended the document. "I have no intention of serving it unless I meet with opposition to my necessary investigation here."

"Hush!" The colonel unfolded the paper, and after glancing hastily over it, handed it back as if it burned his fingers. He turned to his daughter. "Trix, I think you had better leave us. I will attend to this gentleman."

"Yes, father." Her tone was submissive, but she moved slowly and with obvious reluctance to the door. "Hush!" The colonel heaved a sigh, handed it back as if it burned his fingers. He turned to his daughter. "Trix, I think you had better leave us. I will attend to this gentleman."

"I never considered that. My wife thought it odd, when we were talking the affair over last night, that no one seemed to know when Mrs. Hartshorne left. There is a door leading from the conservatory down some steps into the strip of garden between the ballroom extension and the next house, but it has been locked and bolted since last autumn, and sealed with weather stripping to prevent the cold from getting in on my orchid collection." He turned to the hallway. "Come along, Mr. Harvey. I'll be glad to leave you see for yourself."

Paul followed him through the succession of long stately apartments, noting the position of each. The windows were all on a level about ten feet from the ground outside and nowhere did a balcony, ledge or trellised vine offer foothold for a possible intruder. "This is the ballroom," Colonel Ledyard threw open the wide double doors and pressing a switch flooded the great, high-ceilinged room with a myriad clusters of light which were reflected in the glassily polished floor.

"The stage has been set up again, you see, at the farther end. We usually place the orchestra there, but for this big semipublic affair when every extra inch of dancing space was desirable, Mrs. Ledyard had the stage taken down, and stationed the music there in that alcove; there was no need to worry about the acoustics for a jazz band."

He led the way into the dim, cool vault-like apartment and pointed to a mass of great purple and brown mottled bloom which hung wilted and dying from crushed, broken stems. "I've nursed them as a mother would a child," he lamented. "Sat up nights with them to keep the temperature just right and brought a horticulturist up all the way from Central America to try out a new method of grafting he had devised—and now look at them!"

But Paul gave no second glance to his host's hobby. He was gazing about the glass-domed room with its artistically massed flowers and narrow tiled paths winding cunningly about through aisles of arching palms. A miniature fountain tinkled in the heart of the delicate greenery and rustic seats were tucked invitingly into secluded nooks and corners. Despite its beauty there was something sinister in the atmosphere, damp and heavy with the cloying mingled perfumes, which sent a chill to his bones. He shivered involuntarily.

From where he stood with his back to the orchid bank Paul faced directly upon the row of long French windows set so closely together as to give the impression of an unbroken wall of glass that looked out upon the strip of garden. At the farther end to the right stood a narrow closed door, doubtless the one of which Colonel Ledyard had spoken.

Paul's eyes turned to the left, toward the larger, opened door which led into the ballroom. In a direct line with his gaze was the alcove and a stretch of the damask-hung wall. He turned again to the row of windows. "Were any of these open on the night of the dance?" "No. The ventilation came from a sliding pane of glass or two in the alcove." The colonel turned with a sigh from his mutilated orchids and started down the walk. "Come and examine the door for yourself. It hasn't been tampered with, you see. There's the padding and weather stripping I had put in last autumn, and the chain and padlock are still on, as well as the bolts. It could only have been opened if all that stuff were pried loose first."

Paul nodded as though satisfied and led the way himself back through the ballroom and into the entrance hall. "Thank you for your courtesy, Colonel Ledyard. I may have to trouble you again in a day or two, but I won't unless it's absolutely necessary."

The colonel waved a pudgy hand. "That is all right. Glad to give the authorities any assistance I can, but you won't find any clue here, Mr. Harvey, to what happened after the poor little thing was tried to poison her, and leaving her to perish. I can't think what the motive could have been; she looked no more capable of a history than a—maltese kitten! Yet that reticence of hers—!" He broke off and added nervously: "I—I hope the chief of police won't consider it necessary to lay stress upon the fact that Mrs. Hartshorne was last seen alive here. If the newspapers get wind of it and play it up, Mrs. Ledyard will be simply prostrated. She has been under a severe nervous strain ever since the tragedy became known."

"Unless the special article chap does that out for himself, I am sure you should be able to get the cold from getting in on my orchid collection." He turned to the hallway. "Come along, Mr. Harvey. I'll be glad to leave you see for yourself."

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Paul mounted the narrow stairs and knocked upon the door labeled "Peters."

A tall, gaunt woman with iron-gray hair and a look of strained anxiety in her faded eyes admitted him and ushered him into a tiny, spotless kitchen. "You are Mrs. Peters? I've come from police headquarters to learn what you can tell me about your niece, Sadie Mullen," he began pleasantly.

"It's little enough, sir," she motioned to a chair. "Do you mind speaking low? My husband's a night watchman and he's just come home and gone to bed. I've told him Sadie was off for the week-end visiting friends, for she's like his own girl, and I don't want him worried in case she turns up all right. I can't think what's got into Sadie. She's been like a crazy thing ever since she came home Friday night with the news that her lady had been murdered. You'd expect her to be sorry, and sick with the shock and afraid if it, too, but not to carry it as if she'd had a hand in her, the silly girl!"

"What did she say?" Paul asked. "Nothing at first, but just that some body had killed Mrs. Hartshorne in the night. We couldn't get another word out of her, she was dumb and white and crying something terrible as if my husband got a paper before her went to his job, and that's how we learned the details of it. Sadie had come home a little after 6, but she wouldn't eat any supper and shut herself in her room. Along about midnight she burst out crying something terrible as if she'd held in as long as she could and had to let go, but although she hung on to me when I went in to her, I couldn't get a word from her except one thing she kept sobbing over and over: 'If I'd only known! If I'd only known!'"

"Didn't she explain later what she meant?" "No. I got her quieted down finally and she went to sleep; but she must have been dreaming of it, for she started up screaming four times. She started again to find her husband and wouldn't take to the reporters when they came, or the neighbors, but hid off in her room and cried softly to herself. She seemed to get better, though, and when she only shook her head when we tried to question her, and she had that stubborn look in her eyes that I've learned to reckon with when she was a little girl. She gets streaks of that queer, mulish spunk when she will have her own way if it kills her, and I could see she'd made up her mind to something, but little I guessed what!"

"My husband went to his job at 8 o'clock last night, and I stepped out to a neighbor's, just a few doors away, leaving Sadie poring over the latest 'extra' about the murder. When I came home I thought she had closed her door, for her door was closed and there was no light in the room, but when I went to wake her for early mass I found her gone!"

"She left no note or message for you?" asked Paul. "No, sir. Her bed hadn't been slept in and none of her things were missing except the clothes on her back, but the room was strewn with feathers. She had taken to her pillow, and when I looked at it close I could see where she must have ripped it before she hid with her. Whatever it was, she had hidden in there she must have taken it with her."

"I should like to see her room, please," Paul said. "I haven't had time to straighten it yet," Mrs. Peters hesitated. "Then, crossing the kitchen, she threw open door at the end. "The feathers will fairly choke you, sir!"

The room was small, with a single window opening on a court, and furnished simply with a narrow bed and a chair and a combination pine bureau and washstand. A crisp calico curtain suspended from a shelf bulged with a cloud of feathers from the torn pillow swirled with the opening of the door and settled again.

Paul's darting glance took in every detail and rested finally upon the small mirror over the bureau. "From all sides of it protruded clipped photographs of sniggering girls and buxom sirens, effeminate youths and leering satyrs in evening dress. Then, galled toward the improvised gallery Mrs. Peters sighed. "The movies," she explained. "Sadie's just crazy about them! She would have those pictures up there. I burned the first batch I saw, but she got on one of those stubborn fits of hers and threatened to leave home if she couldn't have them. After all, it seemed harmless enough. Sadie's a good girl, sir. I've never had any trouble with her. She don't seem to care about boys, or staying out late nights. And she never was deceitful before. She just loves pretty things, like any other young girl, and she'd spend her last dime for the movies."

DAILY NOVELETTE

SALVAGE

By Mary Buzell

NATHAN PYNE, keeper of the lighthouse on a ledge rising abruptly from the ocean, cast an all-embracing eye over the surrounding waters; then turned toward the house with a stentorian: "Hey, Charly!" and a fair-haired girl at one of the narrow windows returned a prompt, "Yes, dad—what is it?"

"I'm going now, and don't you try any stunts on the water while I'm gone! We're in for bad weather, if I read the signs right! However, I'll be back before dark if nothing happens. Good-by, honey!" and stepping to the dory he pushed off with a last hoarsely shouted admonition to the watching girl to be careful. And with a laugh she promised and went back to her work. Since the death of her mother when she was but a child, she had lived alone with her father.

Then, having finished her work indoors, she took a book and settling herself in a sheltered nook between two boulders, prepared to enjoy an afternoon's reading. An hour—two hours—passed unheeded. She looked up from her book. The sky was black under the brooding clouds and the wind was howling. She shivered and hurried against the rocks below moaned with a dismal insistence that made her shiver. She stood up to scan the water, but saw no sign of the dory. What if something happened to dad! But she need not allow herself to worry—yet!

To keep from thinking she went into the house and busied herself in making a kettleful of chowder—for dad would be ravenous when he got in from his trip. By the time this was set on the back of the range to "ripen" the room was dark. Wrapping a thick shawl around her shoulders, she went out again to find the dory. Yet no dory do I see, she thought, coming higher and higher, each striking with a reverberating boom that struck terror to her heart. And the lighthouse was dark!

She ran to the house and up into the attic, and when the great light sent its white rays far out over the water she felt new courage. So down and out again—this time with a coil of cable in her hand. And then—hark—above the noise of the crashing waters, there came from the depths a faint: "Alo!" The lighthouse! and with a fearful shriek she answered the hail with a hoarse "Charly!"

"Don't give up, dad—don't give up! I'm coming!" and even as she spoke, making fast the rope to a boulder—for she realized that her idyllic father was out there—and in danger!

No regard for her own peril, she fairly flew down the rocks till she stood on the dock, now well under water. A head appeared above the foam—and sinewy hand tried to grasp the edge of the dock—fumbled uncertainty and slipped from view. "Dad—dad!" she screamed frantically. "Try again, here to your right! The rope's the rope! Catch the rope!"

Again the hand showed above the spume; and with a sobbing prayer for success, she threw the knotted rope and toward it. At first it fell slack; then she felt a feeble tug, followed by a choked: "Pull, Charly! For God's sake—pull!" and with set teeth, and with every ounce of her splendid young strength, she pulled.

And at last, the head and shoulders of her father emerged from the clutching water's smothering foam; and a limp form across his shoulders told her that not only was he battling for his life on the dock, now well under water, she braced herself anew. And inch by inch, her torn and blistered hands shortened the rope till her father, gasping for breath, reached the dock; and with his daughter's help, from there to the safety of the rocks above. And after regaining their spent breath, they sat on the dock, and the storm's fury abated. The form of the man saved from a watery grave up into the warm kitchen of the lighthouse.

After they had all got into dry clothing, she made her two patients drink strong black coffee; and fed them sparingly of the hot chowder, and soon the sturdy old keeper of the lighthouse was able to tell her what had happened. "As he was passing a lighthouse anchored to ride out the storm, the young marine—weak from a recent illness—had fallen overboard almost in the path of the dory, and he managed to get him into the boat, where he soon lost consciousness. And then, when nearly home, a terrific gust of wind had twisted the oars from his chilled hands; and the dory, dashed on the rocks, was smashed—throwing them into the stormy water. "And it hadn't been for you, Charly," he finished. "But should have been gone by this time! We as it is—well, according to maritime law, we both belong to you—for you salvaged us from the sea!"

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES-By Daddy

"THE LAUGHING MAN"

(The Laughing Man races with Cranky Jimkins to sell an outfit to Farmer Field and thus to start a fortune. The Laughing Man is picked up by his kind-hearted covey by a short cut gave them hopes that the Laughing Man would win.)



He waved one crutch

PEGGY and Billy were glad that the Laughing Man stopped to pick up the little old woman, for she seemed very tired and worn. Still, they were sorry that he had lost so much time and given Cranky Jimkins such a lead in the race for a fortune. Only the little old woman's promise to guide him by a short cut gave them hopes that the Laughing Man would win.

After a time they turned off the main highway upon a narrow road that twisted about so much that it would be hard indeed for any stranger to follow it without a guide. The little old woman knew every twist, however, and the Laughing Man sent his truck along at full speed. Thus it was that when the short road joined the long road that Cranky Jimkins had taken the two trucks reached there at the same time, much to the surprise of Cranky Jimkins, who thought he was well ahead.

Indeed, so close together were the trucks at the cross roads that there might have been a bad crash if the Laughing Man had not thought of the safety of his passengers and slowed up, giving Cranky Jimkins a chance to dash first past the cross roads. Standing at the cross roads was a frail boy on crutches. He waved one crutch at Cranky Jimkins and called in a shrill voice: "Hey, sir, please

"Cashing in" on Misfortune I DON'T know who invented Blue-Jay, but I'll bet he had a crum. Millions of people have had crums, but the number of folks who cashed in on the misfortune is insignificant. And isn't it so all along the line? All the time we are getting battled all over the lot with one kind or another. Yet how seldom do we pay a dividend?

I am reminded of this thought by a letter which came to me some years ago. Not that there's much in the letter itself, but it happened to "hit" the trade right and started a stream of orders to a factory that desperately needed it. This concern made—never mind what, I mustn't say. Anyhow, they made it right, but business was hard to get, they were bucking an established competitor. Things were looking rather blue when the treasurer went to get the payroll check cashed one Friday morning. He had to see the bank president before he got the funds that insured running for another week—that's how tight things were.

Well, he returned with the cash, and after filling the pay envelopes deposited it in the safe until Saturday. Usually he did; but Saturday is a busy time with a bank president and he couldn't take a chance with a harassed bank official. Besides, if the bank should be closed, the funds he would have had to try elsewhere. Saturday morning came and business started as usual. When the office was opened it was found burglars had entered. Heart sick, the treasurer hastened to the safe and, to his surprise and relief, he found the money safe in the little brown paper parcel into which he had tied it.

He had suffered a loss, however—a severe one—for a whole lot of merchandise, small but valuable, had been taken. Around the office were cigar butts, and the office cigars were missing. By the time the extent of the robbery was known the police were there and the president of the company had arrived. "That's something they can't get anywhere. I have not the letter itself, but the point he made was this: "Burglars entered our place last night. They burst open our burglar-proof safe and played hob around the place generally. "They did not steal our money, however. That's something they can't get anywhere. They stole our best cigars—those we keep for extra special customers like you. "Worse still, they stole all our complete stock of —. They must have been professionals, for they knew that our — are more valuable than money. The dickens of it is that customers who have once used our — know this also, and as our complete stock of finished goods is stolen it will, mean holding up our friends for a few days until a new supply is ready. "Perhaps it was some customer who just could not wait for delivery. If so,

give me a ride, for I am lame and tired."

"Get out of the way!" roared Cranky Jimkins. "I haven't any time to waste giving you a ride." And away sped Cranky Jimkins down the road. But the Laughing Man noticed how pale and weak the boy on crutches was. He put on his brakes and stopped his truck, even though Cranky Jimkins was getting farther ahead every moment. Down off his machine leaped the Laughing Man. He picked the lame boy up in his arms and set him on the seat of the truck beside the little old woman.

"I'll give you a ride," shouted the Laughing Man. "You seem to be going my way." He jumped aboard the truck again and started helter-skelter after Cranky Jimkins. "And what may your way be, sir?" politely asked the lame boy. "I'm racing to sell Farmer Field a

truck and thus win my fortune," answered the Laughing Man. "That you will do, Laughing Man, and I will help you all I can," declared the lame boy, using exactly the same charm-like words that Johnny Bull and the little old woman had spoken before him.

Peggy and Billy looked at each other and wondered what the charm-like words meant. Was there some strange power in them that would really help the Laughing Man? If there was, he certainly seemed to need them, for because of his stopping Cranky Jimkins was far, far down the road. "Ha, ha, ha! See how fast he goes!" laughed the lame boy, pointing a crutch at Cranky Jimkins. "That remark seemed very odd to Peggy and Billy, for they didn't think it a bit funny that Cranky Jimkins should get such a big lead."

"Ho, ho, ho! He doesn't let anything stop him," he said Laughing Man, ruefully. "But the broken bridge a mile ahead will stop him," chuckled the lame boy. And now Peggy and Billy knew why the lame boy thought the speeding of Cranky Jimkins was so funny. Cranky was rushing into trouble just as fast as he could go. "Turn at the next corner and you will find a safe and secure road to the home of Farmer Field," added the lame boy. "Ha, ha, ha! What a joke on Cranky Jimkins!" roared the Laughing Man. "Ha, ha, ha!" What a joke! echoed all the others; but still they felt rather anxious, for they knew the race for the fortune was far from ended.

(In the next chapter Cranky Jimkins finds himself in much worse trouble.)

THE BUSINESS DOCTOR

By HAROLD WHITEHEAD Author of "The Business Career of Peter Flint" and "Bruno Duke—Solver of Business Problems"

please, dear customers, give us a chance to deliver in the regular way." With the letter was a clipping from the local paper giving an account of the burglary. The whole thing was so cleverly seized upon for advertising purposes and the evident good spirit with which the concern took the misfortune that customers were impressed as never before with the liveliness of the concern.

An immediate influx of orders, reports from old customers, sample orders from new ones followed. During the week, the salesman, the president and two other men made a whirlwind campaign over the whole territory covered. The following Friday the treasurer again visited the bank president and secured funds with little trouble, for he showed bona fide orders enough to keep the plant busy day and night for two months. I'm very much interested in true stories of misfortune being used as the key to the door to success. If readers will send me any true incidents, giving full facts—not for publication—I'll be glad to retell them for the benefit of my readers. Readers' Questions Answered Mrs. Whitehead will answer in this column questions on marketing, buying, selling, advertising, letter writing, business education, and on matters pertaining to the choice of a vocation. All questions will be answered in order of

receipt. No anonymous correspondence will be acknowledged. Readers' initials only will be published. It will take from four to fifteen days for a reply to appear.

Do you believe in smoking during working hours in a business office? T. G. No, particularly if you are ladies present, and I presume that most business offices today have several ladies working therein. Last summer I took a trip to the British West Indies and found that there is a lot of the islands among the small mercantile class, particularly if you are a British firm, their trading is being done with the mercantile class, and I represent a few of the merchants, whose addresses I have obtained to meet in such a business office. Will you kindly advise me on the proper method to proceed in such a business office in the matter of buying goods for export? Is there any book that will help me? B. D. I assume that you have secured definite contracts to buy for these West Indies merchants—in which case I would advise you to go to your banker and lay the matter before him, for you probably will need bank help, as many American houses insist on goods being sold with sight draft attached to bill of lading. Your bank may not only give you the technical help you wish, but you may need financial help also. It would be better to start in with a good working understanding between yourself and the bank. List of books under separate cover.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

THE SPIRIT LAKE MASSACRE

It is a long, long trail for many of us back to school readers, rubber boots and tales of Indian wars. We feel about Indian wars as the young woman did who when visiting the aquarium recently was as surprised and thrilled seeing the little seahorse as though she had suddenly come upon Aladdin's lamp. Just because there were pictures of seahorses in her book of fairy tales she had relegated them in her mind to the realm of the unreal. One of the latest and best-known Indian massacres was that of Spirit Lake, in northwestern Iowa, and there still lives in that region a little woman who has been known for two generations as "the only survivor of the Spirit Lake Massacre." She is Mrs. Abby Gardiner Sharp. And many an unwilling memory has been dragged from her mind. That night she was compelled to watch an Indian war dance in celebration of the extinction of her family. By the next night they had killed thirty-eight people, the entire settlement with the exception of Abby Gardiner and three other young women who were made captives to serve the whims of the Indians and set as pack horses when not otherwise occupied.

"Too Much Cooper" Mrs. Sharp is a woman weighing less than 100 pounds. "You know," she explained, "Easterns all look upon the Indian as the 'noble red man.' My mother had that idea. It came from reading so much of James Fenimore Cooper. When the Indians came to our house that morning father realized that they intended to kill us. His impulse was to defend us and kill a few of them before they

killed us. But mother interfered. She begged him to let the Indians in and treat them kindly, hoping that then they would spare our lives. "If we had fought them there might have been no Spirit Lake massacre. We might have defended ourselves, and as ours was the first house they visited that morning, it was the one they carried. At least the rest of the settlement might have been warned. Father asked two young men who were at our house to go and warn the settlement, but they sided with mother, who thought the Indians were only in a pet and that they would get over it. "When we did understand there was not ten open space to shut the door," pointing to an open space of light framed in morning glories, "I thought, 'How I stood it is as much of a conundrum to me as to you—I, who had been protected from hardship all my life, and who did not know there was such a thing as evil in the world! When I write down the things that were in that pack I carried I could not believe it if I did not know it was true. It was heavier than I imagined it would be. The Indians took all the settlement livestock with them, but only one little pony and I survived to reach Yankeon, where I was rescued. The severer was so bad that spring that several from the rescuing parties that tried to reach us were frozen to death."

Cost State \$10,000 The rescue of Abby Gardiner was accomplished in the guise of a purchase which was carried out by a clever Christianized Indian, Horton-Ho-Washta, with two others, who was sent by the state of Minnesota. The expedition cost the state the sum of \$10,000. The little girl was well on her way to St. Paul before she found out that she was not the property of another tribe. "There were thirty-eight Indians hanged by the government for the massacre of 1862," Mrs. Sharp recalled, "which was patterned by Ispakpadda upon his very successful Spirit Lake killing. Lincoln pardoned all but thirty-eight of those convicted. The easterners couldn't understand what a massacre was like and they interceded for the Indians. "But do you know," she repeated, "if my mother had not read so much of James Fenimore Cooper down there in New York I don't believe there would have been a Spirit Lake massacre." Mrs. Sharp bought her father's old log cabin many years after the massacre and built her own cottage near it. "Father built it," she said. "It was all there was left to speak of him in the world. "But," she whispered, "people come here and they say to me: 'Weren't you, awful scared? My! My! My! I say to these people: 'Fear ceases to make you afraid. When you are in battle your fear has departed.' The soldier who has been in battle can understand where I was.'"—New York Evening Sun.

DOROTHY DARNIT—He Can Probably Handle a Knife All Right



By Chas. McManus



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