

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: Harry, Tricky, his friend, Bebe Cowles; Cornelius Swarthmore, Wendell Bradlock and Mrs. Allison Hartshorne. Mrs. Hartshorne's past history is mentioned in the release from prison of the president of the Riverbank Bank after serving four years of a twenty-year sentence for conversion of the bank's funds. Mrs. Hartshorne suddenly leaves under the pretense of a severe headache. She is accompanied by Swarthmore, who extorts his love for her and obtains her promise of marriage. She sees a face at the window which fills her with terror, the significance of which is not revealed. She is found dead on the floor in the morning by her suspiciously acting friend, Miss Adare. Detective Paul Harvey and other officers are on the scene. The officers believe Miss Adare is concealing information from them. Harvey brings out various facts by questioning of Swarthmore and other witnesses. Mrs. Hartshorne's peculiarity in keeping large sums of money loose about the house; her carelessness about her jewels. In the room where she was found, in close touch with Mrs. Hartshorne's friends, to assist him in unravelling the mystery. It was a dead admit to Harvey that it was she who sent Mrs. Hartshorne the \$22,000 pearl necklace, that she promised to be his wife and that an antagonism exists between him and Swarthmore, who are accused of unscrupulous business methods. Daisy Bayne, a trained nurse, informs Harvey that she saw a woman assisted by Swarthmore to leave the house in the middle of the night by a man and another woman.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

"I DIDN'T know what to do then; I felt as if I ought to come forward and tell what I had seen, but I was afraid I would get in the papers and then the doctor would know I had been to blame for Donald's release—well, not really to blame," she corrected herself hastily, "but that I had been careless with him and disobeyed orders. I wouldn't be trusted on another case if he knew, and I have my mother to support in the country, so you can see what a position I was in!" "The murder puzzled me, too, for none of the papers mentioned the possibility of Mrs. Hartshorne having come home ill or under the influence of alcohol, and I was positive there had been no pistol shot while those other people were in the house or even after they had driven away. I thought of nothing else for hours until the truth finally came to me."

"She stopped with a shudder, and Paul leaned toward her." "You mean—?" "That it must have been her dead body which they carried into the house between them?"

Rose Adare, who was seated a little apart, uttered a low exclamation, and Paul merely nodded.

"And when you came to that conclusion, did you still hesitate to tell what you knew?" "Yes," Miss Bayne hung her head for a moment and then looked up defiantly. "It wouldn't have done any good to Mrs. Hartshorne for me to have come forward, and I had to think of myself. I worried me, though, so that I wasn't fit for anything; another doctor wanted me on a case yesterday, but I was so nervous and upset that I couldn't take it. Then this morning Miss Adare here came and said Doctor Davis had spoken of me to her in connection with it. I didn't recognize her as the young woman who had rushed with the policeman into the Hartshorne house and I believed her."

"She spoke in an injured tone and Paul glanced at Rose, but the latter was gazing demurely down at her folded hands."

"Doctor Davis was the physician in charge of the Fraser case and I was glad he had recommended me because that showed he didn't hold me responsible for little Donald's case, and the business proposition soured feasibly enough. We talked it over and Miss Adare invited me to lunch and then we took a long walk and decided to have dinner together. Nothing was said about the murder at first, but speaking of Doctor Davis I mentioned the Fraser case, and Miss Adare asked me to go to Farragut street. When I told her of the Hartshorne affair quite naturally and before I knew it I was telling her everything. She brought me here and persuaded me that I ought to tell you, too, promising me that she would have me into any manly man. I'll never tell you on another case, and I've told you this of my own free will."

"You won't get in any trouble, I promise you, Miss Bayne," Paul reassured her. "Now, to go back to that night. You say that your patient fell asleep about midnight, and that you watched over him for an hour or more before going to the library. Can you give the time more definitely than that?" "It was after half-past 1, because I looked at him then and he was still fast asleep. It was the time for his medicine, but Doctor Davis had instructed me not to disturb Donald unless he were awake and restless." She paused. "I went into the library a few minutes later, and I couldn't have slept very long there at the window before the sound of the motorcar aroused me, because when it had driven away again, I went back to the sickroom to find Donald choking and called Miss Wray, who was a nurse at the time. I should say that car drove up to Mrs. Hartshorne's door between twenty minutes after and half-past 2."

"Could you tell the color of the car body?" "No, only that it was very dark. It must have been a high-powered, expensive car, though, for the hood was extra long and it looked massive, looming up there under the light from the street lamp."

"You said that the woman who rode away in it was bareheaded and had on a long, dark cloak. Did you catch a glimpse of her face under the lamp?" "No, I don't think you would know her face."

"Miss Bayne recalled. "She was tall and graceful, but you couldn't tell whether she was stout or thin as she moved up in that loose cloak. And I never saw her before. It was a strange sight."

shadow. Her hair seemed dark under the lamp, but I couldn't be sure. I've told you everything about it that I remember an honest answer to Mr. Harvey. May I go now? It's late and I'm too nervous to talk about it any more."

"Yes, I think I have enough information now to work on," Paul rose and held out his hand. "This would have been of inestimable benefit to me had you come forward sooner, but thank you for telling me now, at any rate; you have cleared up one or two obscure points very nicely for me, Miss Bayne."

The young woman shook his hand, bowed coldly to Rose Adare and departed. When the emphatic thud of the street door resounded, Paul turned with a smile of warm congratulation to his hostess.

"May I ask what business proposition you suggested to that young person and what stroke of positive genius put you on her trail?"

Rose laughed heartily. "I wanted her to start a rest cure with me—a sort of oriente sanitarium. She to treat the sick—heaven help them!—and I to manage the finances. Then her face grew grave. "I began thinking after I left you yesterday morning, Mr. Harvey. I was wondering who on that street would be likely to have been up during the night, and all of a sudden I remembered that when I first saw Mrs. Hartshorne's body and ran out in the street to find a policeman there was a doctor's handprint in front of the door. It was still there when I looked out of the window and saw the window white. I waited for you and Chief Burke to send for me nearly two hours later. I thought somebody must have been very ill over there to keep that doctor that long, and it struck me that if any one in all that street had been awake and stirring when Mrs. Hartshorne came home it would be some one in that house."

"After I left Mrs. Cowles yesterday I walked through Farragut street. The handprint was there again and I got into conversation with the chauffeur." Miss Adare had the grace to blush most becomingly. "I found out the doctor's name and office hours, and late yesterday afternoon I went to pay a professional call on him. I had a queer kind of a pain which he couldn't diagnose, but he was most helpful in the library. I asked how the little Fraser boy was, saying I knew the family, and he spoke of the release and the night when I was mentioned. I looked up in the nurses' directory and went to see her this morning. The minute I began talking to her and saw how she shied away from any mention of 'Farragut,' I realized that I was on the right track, and I stuck to her until she broke down and told me her story."

"Miss Adare," Paul shook her hand solemnly. "I can't express my personal gratitude to you, but I can tell you how much I value what you have done. It was masterly. Chief Burke, looking up on his staff who could have equaled it. You have beaten me at my own game."

"Nonsense!" She flushed again, really. "I had a—hunch, that's all; it probably wouldn't happen again in a thousand years. But I don't believe that girl's story is going to be such a lot of help to you as I thought it would, Mr. Harvey. You know some of it before, didn't you? You weren't surprised when I told you that poor Mrs. Hartshorne's dead body that had been brought to the house."

"No," Paul responded gravely. "I knew from my first examination of the body that Mrs. Hartshorne had not been killed in her own home. But Miss Bayne's testimony as to the hour and method of returning the body and the description of those who accompanied it is of the utmost importance."

"Still," Rose mused, "two men and a woman and a limousine; there's nothing very definite about that, is there? I wish to goodness I'd been in that window instead of Miss Bayne. Where do you suppose they killed poor Mrs. Hartshorne? Where could they have been those three hours after she left the Ledyard house and what possessed her to slip away like that?"

"I'm afraid we're not going to like the answers to that riddle when we learn them, Miss Adare." Then Paul's tone lightened. "You will be acquainted with another of your list of professional accomplishments now; that of detective. My plainclothes brethren will have to look to their laurels."

"I wish I could! I mean," she amended, "I wish I could do something more in this case. If any strike point comes up that you think I could verify for you, or if there's any snooping to be done where I'd stand a better show than a man, will you let me know?"

"I will, indeed," Paul assented heartily. "By the way, you don't happen to be going to the funeral tomorrow afternoon, do you?"

"I don't happen to be staying away if there's breath in my body!" retorted Rose promptly. "There's little enough I can do to show respect to the woman who's been kind to me! I suppose the crowd that made so much of her so short a time since will avoid it like the plague. I'm curious to see if she had even one real friend among them."

"I wish you'd be more curious still," Paul suggested. "Go early, get a seat about the center of the church on the main aisle, if you can, and watch the people leave the end of the service and wait in the vestibule to see them come out. Not only those

you recognize, but the strangers. Don't let anything escape you. You can report to me later, if you will. Will you do this?"

"Surely!" Her eyes glowed. "Leave it to me, Mr. Harvey! If there's a guilty conscience in the crowd and I don't spot it I'll stick to being a secretary for the rest of my days. But you don't think those people who brought the body home would venture there, do you?"

"No," responded Paul as he shook hands on her. "I think they will find themselves otherwise engaged tomorrow."

Where Death Lurked

THE inquest on Monday morning was not a protracted one and resulted in the familiar noncommittal verdict of murder by a person or persons unknown. Paul did not produce the later evidence which he had obtained from the reluctant Miss Bayne, nor had he as yet taken Chief Burke into his confidence. As he sat in the latter's office in the early afternoon the vials of official discontent and chagrin were poured out before him.

"It's not that I blame you, Paul," the chief assured him gloomily. "That that inquest was the biggest fizzle in the history of the department! Three days since the body was discovered and we have done no more than when we first stood looking down on it! Wait till you hear the holler the evening papers make about it! I tell you we've got to do something, and do it quick."

Paul nodded. "I know," he assented patiently. "Has any report come in yet on that missing girl, Sadie Mullen?"

"None whatever," the chief responded with emphasis. "You're on the wrong track about her, my boy. She's the only one who holds the key to the situation and we've let her slip through our fingers. We don't care how Mrs. Hartshorne left the Ledyard house or when. What we want to know is who got into her own house and killed her. And you won't find that out with the line of investigation you've been following."

"Maybe not," Paul admitted, with his eyes on the clock. "I'm expecting a young lady to call, chief. I took the liberty of telephoning to her in your name and I'd like to have you hear what she has to say. After that, if you like, I'll drop the method I've been working on and take my orders from you, Mr. Chief. Don't expect too much, it is only one of the society crowd Mrs. Hartshorne traveled with, but I think she can corroborate a certain theory of mine."

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"I screamed, I think, but the blare of the orchestra drowned my voice. I could feel myself sway and everything began to whirl before me, when with a first blast the music ceased. I pulled myself together, somehow, and turning, ran to the door leading to the ballroom with only one thought in my mind; to keep any one from entering until I had decided what to do."

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like foam. Its shimmering length was stained with great blotches of rusty brown where the fabric had dulled and stiffened.

An odd, tremulous sigh floated out upon the tense air, but there was silence until Paul asked:

"Do you recognize this, Miss Ledyard?"

"No," Her tone was still even, but hushed as though she were waiting.

"Is this not a portion of a scarf which belonged to you?"

"No, I have never—"

"Miss Ledyard, some of your servants are faithful to you, loyal even to the extent of setting a felony, but you made a mistake on Saturday night when you dismissed Louise, your maid, for her disobedience in leaving the cloak-room where she was stationed during the dance, and permitted her to re-enter this damaging bit of evidence. She positively identifies this scarf as yours and even told me the name of the shop where it was purchased."

"You have just supplied the motive, yourself, for such a statement from her. The word of a discharged servant is of little value. I was about to add, when you interrupted me, that I had never seen the scarf—if that is what it is—before, in my life."

"Nevertheless it was found stuffed behind the radiator in your boudoir. An effort had been made to burn it, presumably in your bathtub, for the odor and smoke were remarked upon by your maid later when she entered your apartment last night. You can see where the end has been partially consumed."

Paul nodded. "I know," he assented patiently. "Has any report come in yet on that missing girl, Sadie Mullen?"

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DAILY NOVELETTE

SUSAN THE THIRD

By Mildred Lavole

"DEAR me, what a problem that child is!" Susan the first, grandaunt of Susan the third, often lamented to Susan the second, aunt of Susan the third.

They had expected to find a nice, pretty, little girl who idled about in a hammock devouring chocolates and reading love stories. But instead, they found a rather plain girl, a trifle over the average height, who wore flat heels and plain, tailored clothes, and who positively refused to be pretty.

However, the two Susans immediately hunted the place for a suitable husband for their rather indifferent niece.

"Jimmie is such a nice boy, my dear," Susan the first would say. "He comes from the very best of people and has plenty of income to make him independent. Now, do be nice to him."

But although Susan the third did try to be nice to Jimmie, somehow they were not suited to each other. Then Arthur came, then Frank and finally George; but it all ended the same way—Susan was bored by them, and they were bored by Susan.

So Susan the third turned her back entirely upon society and announced to the family that she intended to run the farm.

"Farming!" exclaimed the mid-Victorian Susan the first. "Why, that's a man's job!"

"Why, that's shocking!" ejaculated Susan the second, who, by the way, was a relic of the Pompadour period. "But the two horrid Susans could not see Susan's determination. In due time she was running her own farm by the day and reading literature on farming by night."

But Susan the third soon discovered that she needed a superintendent, so a young man of refined appearance and fairly good education came from a nearby agricultural college to fill the position. He was a very business-like person, and had very little to say except on business.

And because the Aunt Susans had little else to do, they framed up a love affair between the third Susan and her superintendent.

One day it became necessary for Susan the farmer and her superintendent to go to town on a business trip. On the way back they had many breakdowns, and it was nearly midnight before they returned. Of course, the two elder Susans were waiting for her.

"Ah, my dear!" cried the first as her niece entered the room followed by her superintendent, Mr. Dodd. "Come here, my young rascal, and tell us all about it."

"Yes," chimed in Susan the second. "You naughty, naughty girl! But I know that this was coming when I watched you both around the place."

Susan the third stared at her aunts in amazement, at first not quite comprehending what they were saying. Then suddenly the true situation came out to light. Without a word, except a scornful little laugh at the absurd supposition, she hastened off to her room. But the next day the rumor that she and Mr. Dodd were engaged had spread all over the town.

She was embarrassed, so was Mr. Dodd; but they both stood the test well. "I'm sorry," she told him. "But you see how absurd it all is? However, it would shock my aunts too much if they knew the truth. So for their sakes we must be deceitful, for a while, at least."

And as the summer faded into autumn Mr. Dodd announced the fact that he would soon have to return to college, where he had a special class in agriculture.

"I shall be sorry to see you go," Susan told him, "and very sorry about our funny make-believe engagement. But I shall not hold you bound to anything so ridiculous any longer."

And she handed him the little ring which he had given her to seal their make-believe engagement.

"Susan," he said, "I have wanted to tell you right along that I have not been make-believing. I was really sincere about the whole affair, but of course I knew you couldn't want a fellow like me. I am plain and common and just ordinary, while you are clever, capable and self-efficient. I am very glad to have taken part in even a make-believe affair which involved you. And I shall never forget you."