

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, Trixy; her friend, Bob Cowley; Cornelius Swarthmore; Wendell Bradlock and Mrs. Allison Hartshorne. Mrs. Hartshorne's past history is cloaked 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 leaves under the pressure of a severe headache. She is accompanied by Swarthmore, who expresses his love for her and obtains her promise of marriage. She sees with terror the significance of what is not revealed. She is found dead on the floor in the morning by her suspiciously acting French maid, Matilde. Detectives Paul and Harvey and other officers arrive on the scene. The officers believe Matilde is concealing information from them. Harvey brings out various facts by other witnesses. Mrs. Hartshorne's peculiarity in keeping large sums of money loose about the house; her carelessness with her jewels. Harvey and Swarthmore, Mrs. Hartshorne's friends, to assist him in unraveling the mystery. Bradlock admits to Harvey that it was he who sent Mrs. Hartshorne to the hospital, but she promised to be his wife and that an antagonism exists between him and Swarthmore, whom he accuses of unscrupulous business methods. Miss Ledyard is accused by Harvey of the murder because of jealousy. She denies the accusation, but admits that Mrs. Hartshorne was killed at her home and that she had the body removed in the middle of the night to the woman's own home. Harvey hears from Miss Adare what happened at the funeral.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

THE coffin was down the center aisle, in front of the altar, with a few big set-looking floral pieces grouped around it. The service had started and the choir was chanting when an old man tottered down the aisle past me toward the altar. He looked almost seventy, tall and stooping, with scant white hair and the palest face I ever saw. He was and deeply lined. I shouldn't have noticed him particularly but for the way his watery eyes were fixed on the coffin with a stare as if he were walking in his sleep. He kept right on until he stood beside the casket and laid his trembling old hand on it. An usher came from behind me to lead him back and he looked rather bewildered. "Doctor Perrine was eloquent in her praise, but you could see he wasn't any too pleased to be conducting the service. I'll wager he was shaking in his boots to think of what the woman he was eulogizing might turn out to have been or done before ever she set foot in his aristocratic parish. I fancy others were thinking the same thing, for once somebody by the pew just behind me laughed right out; not loudly but a sort of scornful, derisive chuckle. "I looked around quickly to see who it could have been. There were two fat women in the pew, an old man with his mouth open and his hand cupped behind his ear, a girl scribbling away in a notebook, and a lady sniffing and eating peppermints, a dark, thin, young man with a smooth face and bold black eyes. He gave me a sharp look and I turned around again; but it was easy to see they were all just there from curiosity. "After the service was over I went out and waited in the vestibule as you told me to. Jenny and the cook came out together, talking so busily they never noticed me, and though I stood there until everybody had gone, I didn't see a thing more that would have interested you, Mr. Harvey. The people all seemed solemn, but there wasn't a man who looked as if that death meant anything to them, one way or the other. "It was good of you to have followed my instructions so exactly, Miss Adare." Paul paused and glanced at her. "I wonder if you would be willing to help me still further? There is something that only you can accomplish for me." "Oh, what is it?" She halted and turned sparkling eyes upon him. "I'll do anything in the world that I can." "Don't promise rashly," he warned. "What if I should ask you to renounce for the time being the principle on which you have built up your business; to carry out my information, and to do it blindly without even knowing why? Would you be willing to do that in order to help me as at the truth?" She eyed him uneasily. "Just what is it you want me to do, Mr. Harvey?" "Gossip!" he replied briefly. "I want you to gossip most ingeniously to carry such a load as will make the hair of your client stand on end. I cannot tell you my reasons, but it is vitally important that a certain bit of news should reach Mrs. Cowley without delay. You would not be telling any absolute falsehood, for the story you would repeat has a solid basis of fact. It will not make any trouble for you if Mrs. Cowley is discreet, and I think I can promise that she will be; she will have the best of reasons for not permitting what you tell her to go any farther. Will you do this, Miss Adare?" She drew a deep breath. "It's asking a good deal, Mr. Harvey, for I would never let a tattling word pass my lips in business, but if it really is going to help you find the murderer of Mrs. Hartshorne, I'll chance it. What is it that you wish me to tell Mrs. Cowley?" "Well, for a start, you might reveal certain of your own private affairs. You have made a conquest; a young man is crazy about you, and for all he thinks he is clever, you can wind him around your little finger and make him tell you everything he knows." Paul smiled. "That young man is myself." "What?" She flushed scarlet and eyed him in blank amazement. "He is quite an official," he laughed. "Don't you see? You have captivated me into giving you my confidence, telling you things about the Hartshorne investigation that the newspapers don't dream of. If you only dared tell Mrs. Cowley, she would be the most surprised person on earth! Now, if I read the lady aright, she will more heaven and earth to find out what you know." "I see," Rose said slowly. The flush had died away. "And what is it that I know, Mr. Harvey?" "That Mrs. Hartshorne was mur-

dered, not in her own home, but in the conservatory at the Ledyards, during the dance." "You can't mean it!" She caught his arm as if to steady herself. "Oh, Mr. Harvey, that's not the truth, is it?" "Yes, Miss Adare. Please say that was why the conservatory door was locked at midnight; don't forget, because it was Mrs. Cowley who discovered and remarked upon that closed door. Tell her, too, that the body was removed secretly to Mrs. Hartshorne's home after the dance, that I have absolute proof of all this, and ask her if she noticed anything strange in Miss Ledyard's appearance or manner." "Miss Ledyard?" Rose gasped. "Mr. Harvey, don't tell me she knew anything about it? I can't believe it, I won't! It's too horrible." "It was Miss Ledyard, her butler and the chauffeur who took the body home," he explained quietly. "But what I want you to impress on Mrs. Cowley's mind is that I am on the point of arresting Beatrice Ledyard for the murder of Mrs. Hartshorne. She must believe that absolutely; that is my whole object in asking you co-operation in this. Mrs. Cowley must be sure that I am convinced of her friend's guilt." "But you're not." Rose eyed him shrewdly. "I can scarcely believe it yet, that she was the woman Miss Payne saw from the window, but even if she is, there can't be murder on her mind. You are not going to arrest her?" "That may be necessary, if your little talk with Mrs. Cowley does not have the result I hope for," he responded. "You can realize now how important the task is, which I am giving you." "Oh, I'll do my very best," she hesitated and then asked, "It won't bring trouble on Mrs. Cowley, will it?" "By no means. Mrs. Cowley has nothing whatever to do with the murder, herself; I can assure you of that. The next corner is yours and I will leave you now, Miss Adare. I hope you don't mind." "I don't mind anything," she cried recklessly, as she gave him her hand. "This affair is too terrible! And I feel as if I had gone too far in it to stop now. I would do anything in the world to help you find out who killed Mrs. Hartshorne." After her trim figure had disappeared around the corner Paul laid a call on a theatrical agent of his acquaintance, stopped at one of the larger newspaper offices and then returned to his rooms. He had succeeded in the purpose of his interview with Miss Ledyard, but this achievement left him with no sense of victory. Instead he felt oddly baffled. Had she, indeed, killed Mrs. Hartshorne? Had Swarthmore, or was there still a third as yet unknown person to be reckoned with? The telephone all at once invaded his meditation. At the sound of the agitated feminine voice which came to him over the wire he smiled in quiet exultation. "Is this Mr. Harvey? This is Mrs. Cowley speaking. Mr. Harvey, would you find it convenient to call on me this evening? I have some—some information, which I think would be of value to you." "Yes, Mrs. Cowley. I shall be glad to hear what you have to tell me, but I think that I am already in possession of the main facts of the case—?" "No, you are not," she broke in upon him. "You couldn't be! What I want to tell you is known to no one in the world but myself and one other person. You couldn't possibly have learned it, and I am sure it will totally change your—whatever opinion you may have formed. Can you come soon?" "In half an hour, Mrs. Cowley." On his arrival, he found the lady pacing the floor in unceasing perturbation. There was no attempt at disguise as she offered her cold little hand. "Mr. Harvey, I don't want you to scold me for withholding information from you when you came to see me last Saturday," she began. "I did not tell you then only because it did not seem to have any bearing on the case you were investigating. Then, too, I could not endure the thought of being dragged into the affair myself, even as a witness!" "You have changed your mind now?" he asked significantly. "Yes," she flushed. "I've been thinking, and it very much seems to be my duty to tell you. Besides, so many wild rumors are flying about. Some people question the fact that Mrs. Hartshorne was killed in her own home where she was found, and I have even heard it whispered that the crime might in some way have been committed at the Ledyards, during the dance. Of course that is absurd, but it convinced me that I ought to tell you everything and save you, perhaps, from—making a terrible mistake." "Thank you," he responded quite gravely. "I shall be grateful if you will tell me now." "Do you remember asking me the last time you were here if I saw or heard anything at the dance which might have suggested a motive for the crime, and I said that as far as I knew Mrs. Hartshorne hadn't an enemy in the world? Well, I asked, Mr. Harvey? I haven't suggested that sufficient motive for such a crime was established, but Mrs. Hartshorne made a very bitter and vindictive enemy that night. I told you, too, that I passed Mrs. Hartshorne in the conservatory, but did not notice who her companion was; but that was another thing. I did not pass her, she never even knew I was there, and I did not see who was with her and heard what passed between them." "At what time was this, Mrs. Cowley?" "Some time between 11 and half-past." "And Mrs. Hartshorne's companion?" "It was Cornelius Swarthmore." Her voice had sunk to a whisper but she rallied quickly and went on: "I had promised the same dance to three men, and I didn't know how to get out of it, so I slipped into the conservatory and sat down on a bench behind some palms. Mrs. Hartshorne entered with Mr. Swarthmore and I would have made known my presence; but the first words I heard rooted me to the spot and prevented me from doing so." "An older man, in whom you can feel a greater sense of protection? Mr. Swarthmore seemed to be repeating the words. He was in one of his seething rages, only more intense than I have ever seen him. 'So you're throwing me over for some one else?' By God, if it isn't that notorious old goat Bradlock!" "I shrank back behind the palms, but he evidently lost control of himself and seized her, for I heard his quick rustle of her gown and then she spoke in a cold, disdainful way which must have been intended to horrify me." "Stop, please, you are hurting me. There is no need of melodrama, Mr. Swarthmore, nor is there occasion for insult. I have exercised a woman's privilege and changed my mind, that is all, and your present mood shows me that my decision is a wise one. If I choose to marry Mr. Bradlock or any one else that is my affair." He gave a nasty sort of laugh. "And only yesterday you permitted me to hold you in my arms, you promised to be my wife! God, what an infatuated ass I was! I think I understand you. I wonder if you wanted to keep your engagement a secret? You wouldn't commit yourself publicly until you had played the bigger fish to see if he would rise to your bait? Did you think me a sentimental fool, a fool of whom you could dispose so easily?" "You are going a bit too far!" Mrs. Swarthmore's voice trembled. "I'm not on the witness stand, you know. If the lady had made any other matrimonial plans she did not honor me with her confidence." "Mr. Swarthmore, I have evidence that Mrs. Hartshorne did acquaint you with her intention to marry some one other than me, and that she denounced her as an adventuress and threatened to expose her mercenary motives to the man she had chosen, Wendell Bradlock." "What do you mean?" the other cried. "Who gave you that information?" "Some one who overheard a part of your conversation together in the conservatory," responded Paul. "You told me that you had had no quarrel with Mrs. Hartshorne." "Because it was no one's d-d business!" Swarthmore had sprung from his chair and his face was crimson and mottled with rage, but beneath that there was an underlying note of fear. "Who was the eavesdropper? What do you know? How much did she tell you? Tell me, or I'll—" "Don't get excited, Mr. Swarthmore; you may need to keep all your wits about you," Paul advised coolly. "You told Mrs. Hartshorne that you would spoil her game, instead of making good your threat and denouncing her to Bradlock when you met him face to face in the ballroom door a few minutes later, you merely laughed at him and left the house. Why did you not keep your word?" Swarthmore laughed harshly but in unmistakable relief. "The woman wasn't worth it! I could get even with old Bradlock more satisfactorily by letting him marry her and see her in the world as well as for you there." "You are sure that is why you refrained? You were not afraid that you would retaliate by making certain disclosures against you, Mr. Swarthmore?" "There was silence for a moment and then the other man flung himself back in his chair with a gesture of surrender. "So your eavesdropper heard that, too, did he?" he said slowly. "I've nothing more to say, Mr. Harvey. I'm not the first man to meet his finish through a woman, but by God, she's paid for it in advance!" "By her death?" The other nodded grimly. "The woman was a blackmailer. Your informant must have told you that, if he heard the whole altercation. She followed up what I had told her in confidence until she had the goods on me, clear; she boasted that she had verified my statements as to the investment on which she could make me pay dividends. She only got what was coming to her and I'm ready to pay the consequences of my own ideology. I gobbled and lost, that's all." (CONTINUED TOMORROW)

Lucuts are eaten in many countries where they are roasted or fried in butter. They are also preserved in brine and often dried in the sun. They appear in the markets of Arabia, Syria, Egypt and Madagascar and are even exported as an article of commerce. They are also candied and eaten as a delicacy in China.—Easton Free Press.

Nothing definite of the threats Mr. Swarthmore uttered just before you slipped away?" "Isn't it enough?" Her eyes widened, then she turned her head slightly from him and added very low: "I never saw Mrs. Hartshorne again. Did any one else? Did she leave that conservatory alive?"

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"SORRY to intrude upon you at such a late hour, Mr. Swarthmore," Paul's tone was conciliatory, but beneath its smoothness there sounded an unmistakable note of authority. "A few additional facts have come to my attention in the Hartshorne case, and I shall have to ask you to amend and amplify your former statement to me." "Fire away, Mr. Harvey!" Swarthmore called, but his geniality was obviously forced and his dark eyes were somber. "Will you smoke? No, Well, don't mind if I do. Now go ahead; I'm quite at your disposal."

"You told me that you had shown Mrs. Hartshorne a certain amount of attention because she amused you, Mr. Swarthmore, but you neglected to tell me that an engagement existed between you." Paul went straight to the point at issue. "I did not, at the time of her death," Swarthmore shrugged. "I can't see how you obtained that information, and frankly, since she was dead, I did not consider the incident as being any one's affair but my own." "But it was only on the day before the dance that Mrs. Hartshorne promised to become your wife." "Now, how the devil did you know that?" Swarthmore frowned and added hastily: "It makes no difference, however; the engagement was just a momentary whim on the lady's part. She changed her mind almost immediately."

"In favor of some one else?" "You are going a bit too far!" Mrs. Swarthmore's voice trembled. "I'm not on the witness stand, you know. If the lady had made any other matrimonial plans she did not honor me with her confidence." "Mr. Swarthmore, I have evidence that Mrs. Hartshorne did acquaint you with her intention to marry some one other than me, and that she denounced her as an adventuress and threatened to expose her mercenary motives to the man she had chosen, Wendell Bradlock."

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Lucuts Used as Food

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DAILY NOVELETTE ROMANCE VS. RICE

By Adelaide R. Kemp

ANNE PRESTON boarded the crowded Pullman of a through train with an expression of absolute weariness on her pretty face. Tired from her hard winter in the office, she felt glad indeed she had resisted the pleading of the other girls to spend her three weeks' vacation with them at a fashionable seaside resort. With closed eyes she remembered gratefully the kind letter from dear Aunt Maria inviting her down to the old home in Maine, where she spent such happy summers when she was a little girl.

It was late in the afternoon when the train came to her station. Coming toward her was a tall, well-built young man with eyes gray. Could this be Aunt Maria's adopted son, the merry freckle-faced lad with whom she had spent such happy days fishing and picking berries? With outstretched hand and a slow friendly smile he met her. "You are little Anne. I should have known you anywhere," he said. "Why?" she exclaimed, his calm deep voice causing an odd flutter in her heart. "You must be David."

As the jugged along the country road they were soon chatting merrily together, quickly bridging over the years since they last met, as is the way of youth. Anne breathed in hungrily the sweet breath of the pines and the tang of the salt air. "But it was only on the day before the dance that Mrs. Hartshorne promised to become your wife." "Now, how the devil did you know that?" Swarthmore frowned and added hastily: "It makes no difference, however; the engagement was just a momentary whim on the lady's part. She changed her mind almost immediately."

One morning she entered the kitchen at an earlier hour than usual, to find it deserted. A few dishes at the end of the table gave evidence that the men had finished their breakfast. But the fire was low and an unusual air of desolation seemed to pervade the atmosphere. Anne quickly ran upstairs to Aunt Maria's room, only to find that kind-hearted soul stricken with a severe headache and unable to dress. "Oh, Anne, why ever didn't you call me?" exclaimed Anne, laying her cool little fingers on the aching brow. "You mustn't worry, dearie. I'll soon be better," answered Aunt Maria. "If I could only sleep a short time. But there is so much to be done downstairs."

"Auntie," said Anne, with determination. "I can do everything if you will tell me what to do for dinner. And then you can take a good rest and feel all right by afternoon." Aunt Maria, with a relieved sigh, gave a few directions, adding at the last, "And David loves rice pudding. So you can make a big one and he can have it for supper, too." "You will find plenty of milk and eggs in the pantry," Anne, having seen the patient comfortably settled for a quiet sleep, returned to the kitchen and set to work humming cheerily to herself.

It might have been two hours later that David, returning to the house as was his habit for a little lunch, heard queer choking noise in the kitchen. He hurriedly entering, he saw a slight figure huddled on the old sofa. "Why, Little Anne," he said, hurriedly to her side, "what has happened?" For a moment she lifted her tear-stained face and glanced despairingly toward the stove, sobbed "Rice!"

David looked wonderingly in the same direction. "I don't understand," he said. "Anne's face was hidden on his broad shoulder now and he held her close. "Why! Why!" she stammered in muffled tones, "Auntie asked me to make you a rice pudding—a big one. And I opened her new five-ounce package and put it to soak—oh, dear!" she was overcome now and could say no more. A look of understanding came suddenly to David's face. Over on the stove were kettles of rice, little kettles, even the dishpan had been called to service. He drew one long breath and then his peals of laughter could be heard in the attic. Anne looked up indignantly and tried to draw away, but he only drew her closer. Suddenly the humble of the situation struck her and her sob's changed to merriment equal to David's.

It was at this juncture Aunt Maria appeared in the doorway, her headache bandage perched on one ear, bewilderment in her eyes. On the old sofa sat her help blissfully unconscious of boeing undone or dinner to be cooked. Late in the autumn when they started on a happy wedding journey, David picked a few tiny white particles from the folds of his wife's dainty suit. "Look, Little Anne," he said, mischievously, "shall we save these for a pudding?"

The next complete novelette—Fate!

Egyptian Pyramids It took 123,000,045 slaves, working twenty-four hours a day for three centuries, to complete the pyramids of Egypt and the mummies exported from them have not brought, all told, \$1,000,000.—New York Sun.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES—By Daddy

"MONKEY-LAND"

(In this story Peggy, Billy and their schoolmates pay an unexpected visit to a tropical jungle ruled by Chief Chatter-Chee.)

PEGGY finished her work in school and looked up at the clock. It was half an hour to going-home time and so, to keep herself busy, Peggy opened her geography.

She liked her geography best among all her books, for it told of strange lands—lands that Peggy would like to visit and that she did visit in dream voyages thought out in her own head. Turning the pages, Peggy came upon pictures of scenes in South America, and there among them was a glimpse of a tangled jungle in which monkeys and birds were having a jolly frolic.

"I wonder if that is the jungle in which Wandering Monkey lived when he was little," thought Peggy to herself. "I wonder if he ever gets lonesome for it." "You can just bet I do," whispered a low voice, and there was Rollo, the Wandering Monkey, squeezed up close beside her in the narrow seat. "Gracious me, what are you doing here?" said Peggy in another whisper. "Don't you know that a monkey in school is against the rule? You're like Mary's little lamb; you'll make the children laugh and play." "They look as though they needed to laugh and play," answered Wandering Monkey. "How serious every one is, how busy they seem doing nothing." "They aren't doing nothing," declared Peggy. "They are studying and learning lots of useful things. You'd better study, too, for if Smiling Teacher sees you idling, she'll fix you."



Peggy opened her geography

better study, too, for if Smiling Teacher sees you idling, she'll fix you." "Wouldn't you rather play with the monkeys in the tree tops away down south in Monkey-land than study those dull-looking books?" asked Wandering Monkey, squinting about uneasily. "Of course, I would, but one has to go to school to learn things," said Peggy.

"You can learn lots of things in the jungles without studying!" whispered Wandering Monkey. "Come with me." "Teacher wouldn't like it," answered Peggy. "We will take Smiling Teacher with us," declared Rollo. "See, I have a Dream Stick. One touch of it will whisk you away to Monkey-land." Just then Smiling Teacher turned toward Peggy. She saw something stirring behind Peggy's geography. "Peggy, what have you there?" she asked, her smile turning into a frown. Peggy felt much embarrassed and didn't know what to say. But before

she could open her lips, the Wandering Monkey leaped upon her desk and gave Smiling Teacher a low bow. Then he grinned happily at the startled pupils. "Mercy me! A monkey!" shrieked Smiling Teacher. "Peggy, you stay after school for bringing that creature here."

"We-e-ek! We-e-ek! We-e-ek! She can't stay after school because we're going to Monkey-land," squeaked Rollo. He leaped from desk to desk toward Smiling Teacher, while the twenty pupils scattered in every direction, the girls screaming and the boys shouting. Smiling Teacher climbed on top of her chair and yelled.

Rollo climbed the chair as nimbly as though it were a ladder, and gave Smiling Teacher a sharp slap with his Dream Stick. Then a surprising thing happened. The instant the stick touched Smiling Teacher she turned into a monkey. Rollo and the boys in the room she went chattering and shrieking, and the pupils fled wildly from her.

Rollo leaped to the black board and drew a round circle, Smiling Teacher jumped into the circle and went right out of sight as though it were a door. Then the class yelled and Rollo chased them with the Dream Stick. Right and left fell his blows and every blow changed a boy or girl into a monkey. And each new monkey followed Smiling Teacher through the circle and out of sight. Billy Belgium and Peggy were the last. As the Dream Stick turned them into monkeys, they jumped through the blackboard and found themselves in a wild, strange-looking jungle. (Tomorrow will be told how Peggy and Billy find strange adventures in Monkey-land.)

THE BUSINESS DOCTOR By HAROLD WHITEHEAD

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

STENOGRAPHERS—AND FLIRTING

I OVERHEARD two women talking in the trolley. Of course, it was wrong of me, but they occupied the seat just ahead of me, and they talked loudly.

Both women were mothers; both had reached the "fair, fat and forty" stage. Said the woman in the gray dress: "I think you're right, Mrs. B— I never let Sadie or Nellie work in no office." The woman in the brown dress nodded and replied: "And so I says to Minnie, 'No, me girl, no office for you. You get as much money in a factory, and there's safety in numbers. I know the carry-lugs-on in offices.'"

The woman in the gray dress clucked sympathetically as she shook her head sagely: "Men are all alike; let 'em be with a girl for a while and they can't help flirting with her. I suppose it's natural with them, but I wouldn't let my girls take a job in an office just the same. The tales I've heard! Ah!"

"Yes," agreed the other woman, "and the more educated they are, the worse they seem to be."

"Well, my dear," the woman in gray said, "I think the old ones are wiser."

The car had reached their street and they departed. As the car started forward, I wondered if such weird ideas of business men "in offices" were at all common.

By asking around, I was surprised to find that the opinion generally was that, while most men were gentlemen, there were some who felt that flirting and filing went together; that spooning and stenography were natural teammates, and that "there was no telling what any man might do" if encouraged by a pretty face.

This opinion, let me add, was found among women who had never worked in an office. From stenographers, themselves, I received assurance that most men were in business for business, and they looked upon their stenographers with the same impersonal attitude as they would their men bookkeepers.

Here and there, of course, I heard of cases where bosses proved themselves to be stupid ogres, who were so satisfied and proud of themselves that they were sure they were quite irresistible; that any girl would feel flattered to receive their sloppy attentions.

"Some girls," said one clever secretary, "are rather silly. They forget that men are naturally friendly with each other in business, and if they are friendly with their stenographers with the same impersonal attitude as they would their men bookkeepers."

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ORIGIN OF 'KANGAROO COURT'

Kangaroo court is an expression which, however strange it may be to the layman, is familiar to most United States marshals, postoffice inspectors and the police forces of larger cities. What it really stands for is explained by a postoffice inspector who has had much experience with offenders and criminals.

It appears that in a number of the larger prisons in this country the prisoners, from time to time, are accustomed to hold what they call kangaroo court, and that every notorious criminal in the United States is probably not only familiar with the term, but has no doubt presided often enough as judge or prosecuting attorney in this relation, or perhaps has been tried for some of the numerous mock charges that are preferred against those who have the misfortune to be held before such a tribunal.

Such a court is held only in the great prisons of the country, being entirely unknown in the county jails. The institution of kangaroo court seems to date back some forty years in the United States.

In the days when Australia was a penal colony the convicts at Botany Bay, by way of amusing themselves and relieving the monotony of prison life, used to organize a sort of mock court, in which the shrewdest and often the worst criminals of the lot presided as judges, while others acted as jurymen, prosecuting attorneys, bailiffs, criers and the like.

At such trials the prisoners were wont to take on recent arrivals from England on all manner of mock charges, such as snoring too loudly, washing their faces with soap, and so on. If it was found that among the batch of newcomers, convicts just from the old

country, there were several who possessed money, court was immediately convened and the ones suspected of having funds were tied up on the charge of having red hair or wearing box toed shoes.

The trial was held with mock gravity and decorum, and in the end the prisoner would be found guilty and fined whatever amount he was known to have on his person. The fine was charged to the money he obtained, and he divided among the old, long-term convicts, who would buy tobacco and other luxuries with it, while the victim of this form of extortion would have no recourse except to await the time when he might get a chance to preside as judge or sit on the jury at the trial of some new arrival.

It was called kangaroo court because in those days the Botany Bay convicts spoke of themselves as kangaroos, an animal very abundant, as everybody knows, in Australia.

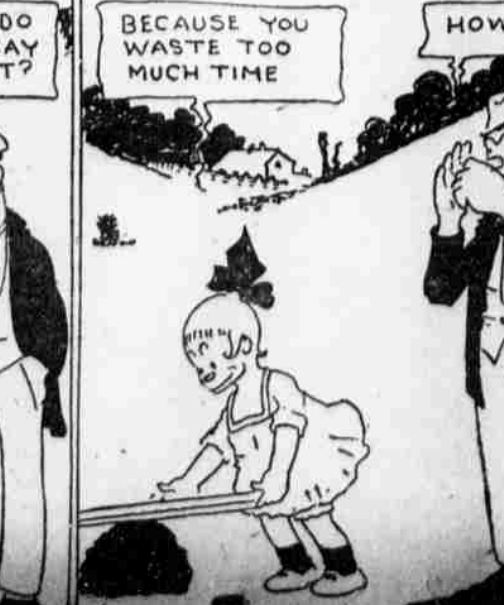
The institution, as well as the term, traveled from Australia to England, whither it was introduced by returning Botany Bay convicts, whose terms had expired. It had a short life in England, however, where it was speedily discovered by the jailers and turkeys and broken up; but it was not long after that it found its way into the prisons of the United States, where it has remained ever since.—Detroit News.

SOLAR SYSTEM ON A TEAR

Sun's Family on Way Into Space at Rate of Twelve Miles a Second

Spectroscopic studies and sky observations alike tell us that our sun and his family are all headed in a great migration across the sky toward a point between the constellations of Hercules and Lyra. (Lyra is the constellation identified by the bright star Vega. Hercules is an irregular group to the west of Lyra, about one-quarter of the way to the horizon.) The speed with which we are traveling in that direction is twelve miles a second. The velocity of an artillery shell is about 3000 feet a second; that of the sun 63,000 feet. An artillery shell with the velocity of the solar system through space would, according to Kippax, penetrate a sheet of steel four city blocks in four seconds. "Think how far we travel every year and how complex our journey! In the first place, those of us who live near the equator cover upward of 9,000,000 miles in our flight around the earth's axis. In the second place, in our journey around the sun we travel nearly 600,000,000 miles. While we are doing all this we are also being carried off into new and untried regions of space at the rate of 400,000,000 miles a year. In our great family journey through space along a straight road, or is it revolving around some greater body, even as the earth revolves around the sun and the moon around the earth, the astronomer tells us frankly that if the sun has an orbit its curve is yet deeper detection.—William Joseph Snowball in the National Geographic Magazine.

DOROTHY DARNIT—Tis False!



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