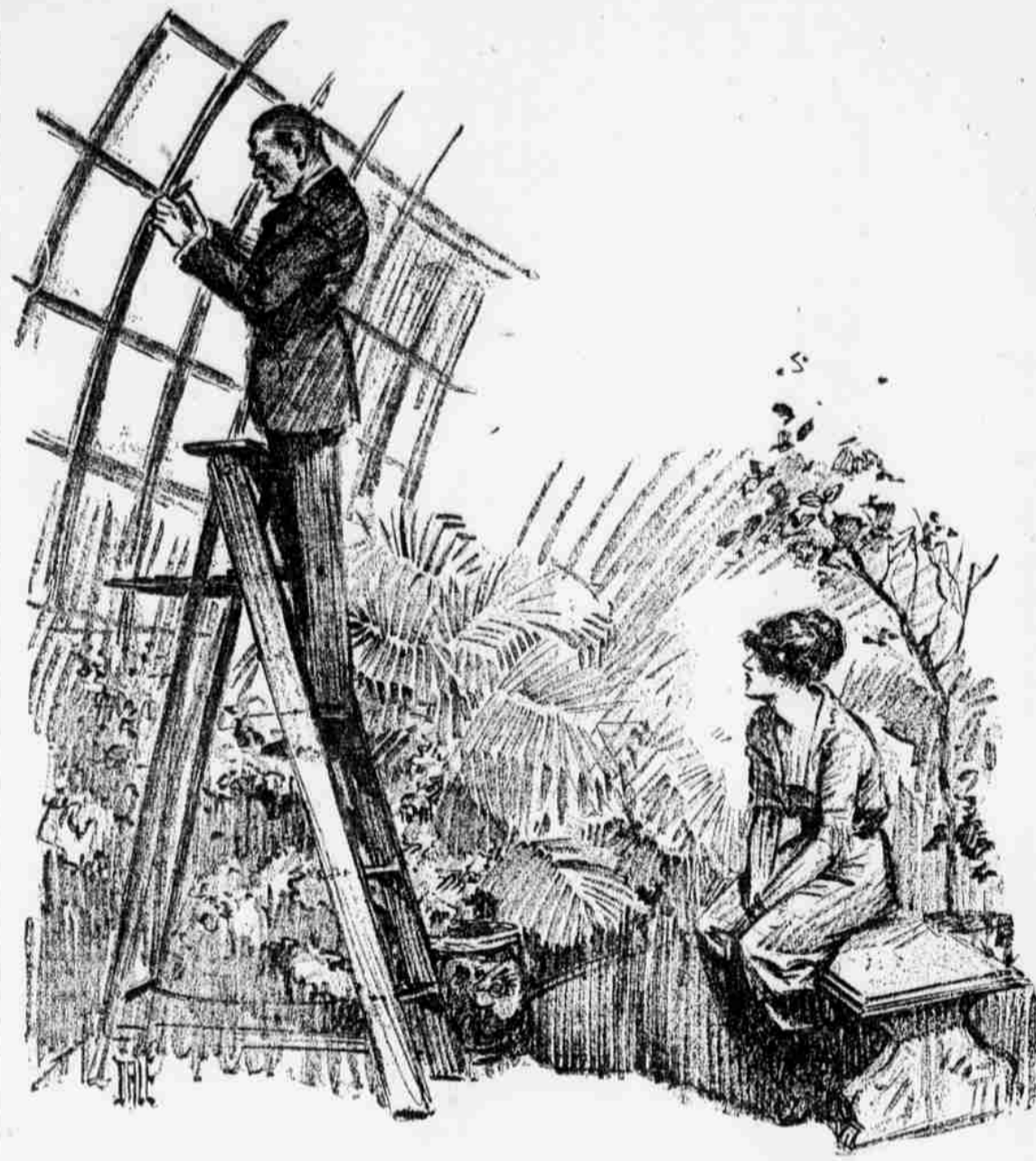


The Second Bullet—By Robert Orr Chipperfield

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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, Bebe Cowles; Cornelius Swarthmore, Wendie Bradlock and Mrs. Allison Hartshorne. Mrs. Hartshorne's past history is cloaked in mystery. She suddenly leaves under the pretense of a severe headache...



AND HERE IT CONTINUES

"YOU admit, then, that you killed her?" Paul asked quietly. "Admit nothing!" Swarthmore retorted, starting. "I'm talking about my deals with the government. I suppose it is Atlanta for mine, but bigger men than I are dipping into Uncle Sam's pockets right now and getting away with it. If I hadn't gotten the graft some other fellow would. As for killing that woman—say, do you think I broke into her house, waited for her to come home and then fired a shot that would have been calculated to bring a bunch of shrieking female servants about my ears? Do I look like that kind of a boob?"

"No, Mr. Swarthmore, but as Mrs. Hartshorne was not murdered in her own home; as she was shot there in the Ledyards' conservatory within a few minutes of the time you uttered your threat against her—" "What?" Swarthmore's face turned ashen and his voice all but failed him. "Say that again, Harvey!"

"It can't be! There's some mistake!" The amazement and incredulity in Swarthmore's tone seemed too unstudied to have been assumed. "God, man, the thing's impossible!" "The man, the thing's impossible!" "The man, the thing's impossible!" "The man, the thing's impossible!"

"I was beside myself," explained Swarthmore. "I realized, too, for the first time in all those weeks, what a fool I had been. Beatrice Ledyard was the last person I wanted to encounter just then."

"That is a pity, for Miss Ledyard evidently put a wrong construction on your manner," Paul spoke casually, but each word went home to the man before him. "Her pride as well as her heart were involved, and that is a dangerous combination with such a woman as she. When you repudiated her so publicly you aroused a spirit of desperation which would stop at nothing. Before you reached the cloakroom she had entered the conservatory."

"Stop!" Swarthmore rose slowly. "Why have you come here? What are you driving at? If your eavesdropper was still there does she dare to accuse Miss Ledyard?" "My informant had slipped out of the conservatory before you left," Paul admitted. "But since it was not you who killed Mrs. Hartshorne, and an innocent person was selling the truth in this respect, Mr. Swarthmore, I am forced to conclude—" "Your conclusions are damnably false!" the other burst in upon him. "I treated Miss Ledyard like a cur, if you will have it so, but she is not guilty of any crime as you intimated. Whatever her feeling toward Mrs. Hartshorne, she could not have shot her down in cold blood! It is unthinkable!"

"I'm afraid you won't find any other clues."

At noon the next day Paul presented himself once more at the Ledyard residence. Hickson, pale and hollow-eyed, admitted him, and, following him into the reception room, laid a shaking hand upon his arm. "Oh, sir, you haven't come for her!" he pleaded in a broken voice. "She didn't do it, Mr. Harvey! I swear it, sir; she never had a hand in the lady's death! We only took the body home where it rightfully belonged. Take me up for that and William, too, but leave her out of it, for God's sake! It would kill her father and mother, and she did nothing worse than try to shield them from the trouble that would have come if the body had been found there!"

"That's all right, Hickson; I haven't come to arrest anybody. But it would have been better for all of you if you had told me the truth from the start," Paul murmured. "Ask Miss Ledyard if she will see me, please." "Miss Ledyard is very ill!" the butler stammered, adding hastily, "but, of course, she will see you, sir. If you will wait just a few minutes—" "When she appeared Beatrice Ledyard bore out the truth of his assertion. She was wan and haggard and from her drawn face and dull, brooding eyes the last traces of girlhood had vanished. It was a woman desolate and all but consumed with the warring emotions which racked her who faced the detective from the doorway."

"What do you want of me now, Mr. Harvey?" she asked listlessly. "I hoped that after yesterday I should be left in peace for a little while; such peace as I may find. I suppose that what I did with the aid of Hickson and his son may constitute a violation of the law, but I understand that you have not come to place us under arrest?" "No, Miss Ledyard. His tone was gravely considerate. "But did you not stop to realize that when your rise was discovered, as it must inevitably have been, you would be in a far more serious position than if you had left the body where you discovered it?"

"I never dreamed that any one would know," she responded. "My only thought was to rid the house of such a fearful thing. It seemed to me that if the body were beyond our threshold our responsibility would end. I cannot describe it, but it was the same instinctive feeling with which one struggles to throw off a nightmare." "But why did you take the initiative? Would not instinct have directed you to summon your natural protector, your father?" Paul insisted gently. "Her gesture of repudiation was unguarded. "No. My father would never have permitted the removal of the body in that way. He would have made a scene, locked the doors, summoned the police, and precipitated us all into a scandal we could never have lived down."

"Was it the scandal alone which you dreaded, Miss Ledyard, or had you cause for greater apprehension in the locking of the doors and arrival of the police?" He gazed levelly into her eyes. "Was there not something which preyed upon you more than the scandal, a revelation which must be averted at all costs? Was it fear of notoriety or fear lest we discover the truth which led you to plan so reckless and hazardous a maneuver?" "What had I to fear? I did not kill Mrs. Hartshorne." "Miss Ledyard," he changed his tactics abruptly. "You told us yesterday that you helped your mother to receive and then danced like the rest. Do you remember where you were at the moment when you became dizzy and fatigued and decided to seek refuge in the conservatory?" "No. There was a note of awakened caution in her monosyllabic response and she seemed to be gathering her all but spent forces to meet the fresh attack. "You were not dancing, or your partner would have accompanied you. Were you not in the hall near the foot of the staircase?" "I do not know; I may have been."

DAILY NOVELETTE FATE? By Minnie M. Townsend

"DO YOU really believe that, Dave?"

The big, athletic fellow, lolling on the hot beach sand, turned toward his companion a little bit impatiently. "Sure. If two persons are meant for each other they will come together. What is to be will be."

The girl at his side shrugged her thin shoulders. A distant bell clanged and the man arose with alacrity. "First call for dinner. Coming? No; well, so long, then."

She watched him swing easily down the beach. If what he had expounded was true, there was no chance at all for her; but she glanced down over her shapely, washed-out blouse and shabby white skirt, down to the homely sneakers; she had a mind's eye view of her hair, plastered back tightly in a careless pug—there was a decided chance for improvement.

When her boss had granted a well-earned two months' vacation she had thought only of the long, lazy rest she could enjoy, and had come prepared only for that sort of time. Just recently she had begun to realize that her life's happiness was at stake.

Suddenly she jumped to her feet, a little smile of determination upon her lips. Ocean Beach would see plain Anne Brown no more—a new Annette Browne would grace the pleasure resort.

David scarcely noted the two days' absence of his little chum, but when she did reappear he was somewhat perplexed and very much aware of her presence. He did not voice the admiration in his eyes, but Anne's intuition told her that he had taken stock of her trim green linen suit which went so well with her dark hair, now displayed to advantage under the soft green outing hat.

"No wonder," Anne told herself crossly. "I never wear it before." The long summer days drifted by and before many days had gone beyond recall Anne realized that her dream was coming true. She was no longer just Dave's pal, but a very much more to be reckoned with. Anne was unhappy. A little gnawing worm of suspicion entered her heart. Dave had never really cared before she had donned all her new finery, arranged her hair becomingly and affected certain little airs of her own. A miserable time followed this overpowering discovery, and soon her apparent disillusionment began. She refused his invitations, ignored him carelessly and finally cut him from her list of friends. The sham of life smote her tragically.

The last day of her vacation arrived. It was rainy and cold. Deftly Anne donned her very oldest clothes and went for a walk out over the breakwater rocks. Rounding a huge rock suddenly, she came face to face with a very well-known looking David. Surprise and consternation halted her a moment, but regaining her self-composure, she turned to retreat her steps. David was at her side in a moment. "Anne, this seems to be the opportune moment for an explanation. What on earth have I done to merit such displeasure on your part?"

"Anne's mouth curled sarcastically. "I'd much rather not discuss it." David planted himself between the two rocks where she would have passed. "Well, I prefer to discuss it right now. It isn't many decades since you and I were the best of chums, and now—I don't know what happened, but you are as cold as the two poles."

He looked very boyish and eager as he stood there in the rain, and Anne's hard little heart finally unlocked and she told him the whole tale. "So you see, David," she said in conclusion, "I disapproved your argument to my own detriment and disgust. I—I leave tomorrow."

"You do? How very near you came to shipwrecking your lives, Anne! Your little dress-up farce hasn't displeased anything. Why, I've cared for you right from the beginning. Didn't you know that?"

Anne shook her head, stubbornly unconvinced, but her fingers clung to his when they met, and she did not resist the arm that crept about her. However, that evening in the privacy of her own room Anne stopped her packing long enough to pull into one of the old blue and pink back her hair in the skimpy little old-time pug, she viewed herself in the mirror. "Well, Dave can say what he likes," she told her plain reflection emphatically, "but I know that you could never have brought it about."

The next complete novelette—Prince and the Puppy.

Part of the Game "Those golf clubs look rather fragile."

"They are made that way purposely. Wouldn't do to have 'em too heavy. If you can't make the stroke you can at least smash the club."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"We have, of course."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES—By Daddy "MONKEY-LAND"

(Rollo, the Wandering Monkey, uses a Dream Stick to turn Peggy, Billy, Smiling Teacher and all the pupils in Peggy's room into monkeys. They jump through a circle in the blackboard and find themselves in a jungle.)



Fun in the Jungle WILD and strange looking as was the jungle, Peggy seemed to know it. She felt that she had either been there before or had seen it.

"We-ee-ek! We-ee-ek! This is my native land. Hurrah! We-ee-ek! We-ee-ek!" Rollo, the Wandering Monkey, chattering with joy, raced up among the tangled trees and streaming vines. He seemed to dance in midair so gaily did he swing from branch to branch.

Then in a flash Peggy knew where she had seen the place before—it was the jungle shown in the picture in her geography.

"But that jungle was in South America. This surely can't be it," cried Peggy, and she was surprised to hear her own squeaky monkey voice.

"It is, though," chattered Rollo, swinging back to her side. "One slap of the Dream Stick has brought you thousands and thousands of miles."

"Hurrah! For this fun!" shrieked Billy, now turned into a very active monkey. Away he went, swinging from branch to branch, just as Rollo had done.

"Hurrah! Isn't this fun!" and away went all the twenty pupils, swinging along with Billy and Peggy.

"Come on," said Rollo to Peggy, and he seemed fairly to fly up among the tree tops.

KEEP COOL. IMAGINE, if you please, the following incident, which is quite true in its basic facts.

The theatre was crowded with the usual jolly Christmas holiday makers. The show had gone along with a swing, the second scene being well on its way.

Suddenly the people in the front rows of the orchestra noticed a peculiar odor, a faint but unmistakable odor of something burning. Uneasy glances passed from one to another to see if others had the same dread suspicion.

The smell of burning became more evident. A faint whisper was heard here and there, and some people turned uneasily in their chairs. A man in an orchestra seat half rose as if to leave, but after a moment of hesitation he sat down again.

The whole house was nerve to the breaking point, when an evil-looking coil of smoke curled up from one of the wings. That proof of fire was seen by the whole house. A woman pointed with shaking finger and gasped in a hoarse whisper. "Look, it's burning!"

The situation was serious, one false move by any one, one dread cry of "Fire," would have loosened the rats of terror and fearful panic would have ensued.

In that dread moment the manager walked leisurely on the stage and turned to make a laughing comment to some unseen person.

Instantly a relaxing of nerves was felt; the tension was relieved. Surely, there could be no danger when the manager could walk leisurely from the very midst of the fire and laugh as well.

A few words quieted the house and the beasts of the savagery were conquered by the spirit of civilization. Had any one lost his head, however, what disaster would have followed!

Keep cool, not when everything is going along like a summer song, but when people become excited and angry, when trouble is brewing and when one knows what to do or what may happen, but instinctively dreads and fears the worst.

It becomes a high type of citizenship at such times to control one's petty fears and to smother one's selfish desires. At times like these, when the pendulum of human emotion has swung from the high ideal of personal sacrifice for the glory and protection of the country and the cause of right to the hysterical emotional grab for every one of us to get circumvented and to talk guardedly, so that he in no way will help the cause of mob rule.

Reason and fair play make people into organizations. Emotion and selfishness make people into mobs. The more emotion that is displayed the more danger there is of disaster from the unguarded tongues of fanatics.

When charges of disloyalty and deception are passed from class to class, keep cool. So long as we as individuals keep reason in control of emotion just so long will we be free from violence. Instead of brooding too much on the evils of the past, let us realize the blessings of the present and be thankful for them.

While we realize our imperfections, let us cure them by the legal and social machinery which we have created and which we can control.

Civilization depends on business. Men must work, they must work regularly, sincerely and happily.

Regular work requires that the machinery of business shall be well oiled with the oil of friendship so that it will continue to function profitably from day to day.

Sincere work demands that workmen shall understand the employers and that the employers shall understand the workers. Both must understand and appreciate the other's viewpoint. That means education.

Happy work implies profitable work, profitable to employer and employee, and that can surely be obtained if we restrain emotion and are guided by reason followed with sympathy.

This we can work out if we will keep cool.

"How do you go so fast?" pants Peggy, hurrying after him.

"Use your tail. It's a fifth hand," answered Rollo.

Peggy didn't know she had a tail. And when she found she had one she didn't know what to do with it. Just then, however, one of the pupils, trying to make a flying leap like Rollo, bumped into her and knocked her off the high branch upon which she was sitting. The boy went Peggy, head foremost, toward the earth below. Then of a sudden she felt herself caught, and there she was, swaying comfortably back and forth, hanging from a heavy vine. To be sure, she was upside down, but she didn't seem to mind that in the least.

"Thank you for catching me," she cried out, thinking some one had rescued her. But no one was near. She was hanging there all by herself. And

"Children! Children! Come back here and get your lessons!" cried a voice, and there was Smiling Teacher, who, even though she was turned into a monkey, was trying to get her pupils back.

"We-ee-ek! We-ee-ek! I'm teacher now. Every body come to school to me!" shrieked Rollo.

"Come here and I'll teach you what these trees are," said Smiling Teacher. "Come here and I'll show you how to race through the trees hanging by your ears," replied Rollo, swinging away as if he had wings.

"Hurrah! Show us!" chattered all the pupils, and they chased after Rollo. Even Peggy and Billy joined the class, and soon Smiling Teacher followed after.

Rollo proved a good teacher, and soon all the monkeys could travel along among the tree tops faster than they had ever run on the ground.

"Now, we will go looking for my old home," shrieked Rollo.

But at that instant there came a great change about the trees. A great and shock, and dozens upon dozens of wild monkeys, came swarming down upon them.

(Tomorrow will be told what happened when the wild monkeys surrounded them.)

THE BUSINESS DOCTOR

By HAROLD WHITEHEAD

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

chinery of business shall be well oiled with the oil of friendship so that it will continue to function profitably from day to day. Sincere work demands that workmen shall understand the employers and that the employers shall understand the workers. Both must understand and appreciate the other's viewpoint. That means education.

Happy work implies profitable work, profitable to employer and employee, and that can surely be obtained if we restrain emotion and are guided by reason followed with sympathy.

This we can work out if we will keep cool.

Readers' Questions Answered

Mr. Whitehead will answer in this column questions on marketing, buying, selling, advertising, letter-writing, business education, and on matters pertaining to the career of a woman. All questions will be answered in the order of receipt. No anonymous correspondence will be acknowledged. Reader's initials only will be published. It will take from four to fifteen days for a reply to appear.

As we expect to change from a credit to a cash basis of operation, all orders for goods should be paid for in advance. We will not be responsible for goods shipped on credit after we have changed to a cash basis.

Do not go into lengthy explanation when giving reasons for changing your business from a credit to a cash basis. Send out a notice to this effect:

"On and after _____ we are discontinuing credit to all customers. The cost of carrying charge accounts is so high as to add materially to the cost of the goods. Good customers have to bear the loss of poor ones, which is not fair to

you as a valued customer. By paying cash, you will help reduce the high cost of living."

If you want to send out a general notice, try something on this style: "EVEN CENTS ON EVERY DOLLAR goes toward carrying charge accounts. If you buy goods and have them charged you pay five cents on every dollar for the privilege. On and after _____ this store will discontinue all charge accounts and enable its patrons to reduce the high cost of living. Pay cash and save your money at _____ store."

I am interested in advertising novelties. Would you appreciate a list of magazines which deal with them. INTERESTED.

I am sending you a copy of this list under separate cover.

I'm sorry I could not get to your letter before, but I must answer all letters in order of receipt. However, you are not too late for evening school registration.

If you are really interested in advertising, attend evening courses in advertising and salesmanship and economics. You ability to draw is helpful but by no means essential. The principal qualities of a good advertising man are salesmanship and the ability to construct sales policies and a knowledge of business principles.

If you can do this, you can hire plenty of people able to carry out your ideas. Copy writers are plentiful, but sales planners are scarce.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

Sense of Smell Protect Animals

Perfumes, or odors, were intended for something else besides affording pleasure for human beings. They are as useful in the outdoor world as anything else, and everything is of some use; otherwise it wouldn't exist.

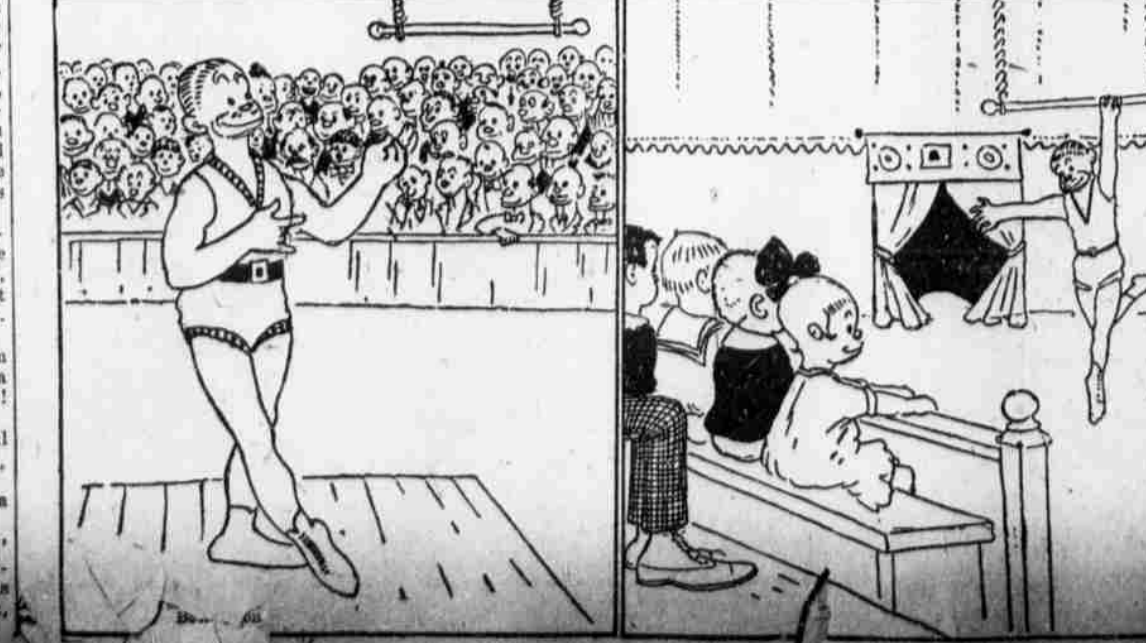
The flowers are more odorous than anything else; they furnish the perfume for the out-of-doors; they are the things which we generally refer to when talking of pleasant odors—although the perfume of some flowers is not pleasant to some people.

The blossom or flower is the forerunner of the fruit and seed of plants as a general proposition. It is necessary that the insects and flies and bugs and bees visit these blossoms to carry the pollen from one to another. The pollen is the floury stuff, like golden dust, frequently, that you see in the blossoms. This pollen is the very life of the fruit or seeds, and it must be mixed with the pollen of other blossoms or there will be no seeds.

So the blossoms are odorous to attract the bugs and bees and insects that are to carry the pollen from one plant to another. That also is the object of many of the colors; that is the reason the blossoms of the plants and flowers are colored, in fact—to attract the attention of the little creatures that are to serve them in the matter of distributing the pollen.

But there is an odor to nearly everything out of doors—to other things than the blossoms. Even the grasses are odorous, and the leaves and the bark of the plants. Each growing thing, in fact, has its peculiar odor.

DOROTHY DARNIT—It Would Probably Have Pleased Her if It Had Been His Neck



HURRAY



HURRAY FOR THE BUSTED ROPE.



By Chas. McManus

"With an odor, undoubtedly," a well-known physician replied to the question. "The sense of smell is the most easily aroused of any of the five. We have trained ourselves to sleep at night—else we would get no sleep at all in a city. In the country the same sounds which we utterly disregard in town would awaken us instantly. To shake a person is more or less successful, as a rule, but often it serves only to half arouse the sleeper, and he turns over and goes to sleep again, or, if he does wake, he is apt to be in a bad humor. Any really unusual noise is effective, but one can't think of a new noise-making method every morning.

"When an odor is used, however, the sleeper wakes at once—is wide awake. Almost any odor will answer, if not too faint. Perfume of any kind is especially good. Ammonia, camphor—in fact, any thing with a decided odor will do, but it should not be too powerful, or the awakening will be violent."—Kansas City Star.