The Second Bullet—By Robert Orr Chipperfield

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"I want you to shake hands with my new screen star, Miss Sada Mula."

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, Wendle Braddock and Mrs. Allison Hartshorne. Mrs. Hartshorne's past history is clothed in mystery. Mention is made of a former president of the Riverton bank who was sent to prison for conversion of the bank's funds. She suddenly leaves under the pretense of a severe headache. She is accompanied by Swarthmore, who expresses his love for her and obtains her promise of marriage. She is found dead on the floor in the morning by her suspiciously acting French maid, Matilde. Detective Paul Harvey asks Rose Adare, a social secretary to Mrs. Hartshorne and her friends, to assist him in unraveling the mystery. Braddock admits it was he who sent Mrs. Hartshorne the valuable pearl necklace which was found on her dead body, that she had promised to be his wife and that an antagonism exists between him and Swarthmore. Trixy Ledyard is accused by Harvey of the murder because of jealousy. She denies the accusation, but admits that Mrs. Hartshorne was killed at her mother's home and that she and her servants removed the body in the middle of the night to the woman's own home. Bebe Cowles confesses to Harvey that she overheard a quarrel between Mrs. Hartshorne and Swarthmore in which she retracted her promise of marriage and threatened to expose his dishonest business dealings with the government. Swarthmore admits the quarrel and his dishonesty to Harvey, but denies responsibility for the woman's death. Swarthmore disappears, with the federal authorities on his track. Harvey discovers a second bullet buried in the woodwork in the conservatory of the Ledyard home. Harvey decides to investigate the relation between Mrs. Hartshorne and Zenas Prall, the convicted bank president. Harvey asks Glaub, a moving picture manager, to notify him if a certain woman applies to him for a position.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

The Face at The Window

PAUL'S proposed departure from town, however, was temporarily delayed by a message which he found pinned to the tablecover in his sitting room when he returned to pack.

It was written laboriously on a bit of brown wrapping paper and was evidently the handwork of Mrs. Swensen, who appeared intermittently to clean his modest apartments.

"Mr. Harvey, sombady name glob call up on fone five time, he say got girl can't hold ware in davil you was he say come."

Even as he read it admiringly the telephone rang once more and the excited voice of Mr. Glaub came to him.

"Thank Gawd it's you! That square-head you've got is the limit. Say, I gotta squab here with hands like a kitchen mechanic who calls herself 'Sada Mula' an' wants the job! Paradise hat, white fox, mustard-yeller suit an' white spats. Seems kinder tongue-tied an' scared but she's puttin' a bold face on it. Thought I couldn't hold her, but I got her rehearsin' and practicing fdintin' spells now an' if you can get here before she breaks her neck you may get some dope out of her."

Paul sped down to the office of his friend and found it basking in blissful solitude after the influx of the morning. A tow-headed office boy with an expression of utter exhaustion on his relaxed face dozed in a corner. From behind the door of the inner sanctum came a dull, crashing thud and an involuntary exclamation.

"Ow!"

"That's the stuff! You'll get over great!" The wearied but professionally enthusiastic tones of Mr. Glaub floated out upon the air. "Only you gotta remember that studio sets is built sort of flimsy an' if you come down like a ton of coal you're liable to bring the whole scene down with you! Try it again an' look out for the water cooler."

Paul walked over to the door and knocked briskly.

"Hello!" There was a world of relief in Mr. Glaub's voice. "Come in! I want you to shake hands with my new screen star, Miss Sada Mula."

But Paul had no opportunity, for the lady gave him one startled glance and burst into violent tears.

"Come now, Sadie," he said not unkindly, when the storm had subsided to a thin, gulping wail. "Crying won't get you out of this, you know. What did you run away for?"

"F—for this!" The erstwhile kitchen maid waved a hand vaguely about the office and put it once more to her eyes. "I w-wanted to g-go in the m-movies."

"Your aunt is deeply grieved and anxious," the detective went on gravely. "Why didn't you tell her?"

"Sh-she'd have s-stopped me, and my uncle would have m-made me go to work in a lunch-room!" Sadie came out cautiously from behind her screening hands and felt for her handkerchief. Her lips were sullen and she eyed him half-defiantly. "I ain't going back!"

"No, Sadie, you are not," he agreed. "You are coming down to headquarters with me and tell the chief of police how much money you stole from Mrs. Hartshorne."

The girl's new-found assurance crumpled and a fresh outburst of tears came.

"I don't c-care! She's dead and it don't matter, and I had to have nice things to be a picture actress!" she sobbed. "It was my last chance to get away from pots and pans, and I don't care what you do to me! I just couldn't stand it!"

"Tell me about it," Paul urged sympathetically, with a cautioning glance at Mr. Glaub's excited face. "Did you take the money all at the same time or separately?"

"Little by little," responded Sadie. "I—I put it back once, but then I went and got it again; she had so much and I didn't have any; it wasn't fair! I never had anything, no pretty clothes nor outings, nor a feller, like other girls; only dish-water and cook's scoldin's and my uncle's layin' down the law! Everybody in the movies seemed to be having a perfectly elegant time, and I knew I could do as good if I only had the clothes to get me a job! Mrs. Hartshorne, she gave Matilde some grand things every once in a while that she was through with, but Matilde wouldn't let me have them. She didn't want them herself—she was always mad when Mrs. Hartshorne gave them to her—and burned them in the stove. I wouldn't have touched the money if I'd known poor Mrs. Hartshorne was goin' to die so soon! It seemed awful mean, like I'd hurt her myself, and I was so ashamed I could have died, too. But then I thought she couldn't care, now, and I was bound to have my chance!"

"When did you first learn about the money being hidden about the house?" Paul asked.

"Oh, a long time ago; a couple of months, maybe." Sadie dried her eyes and sniffed. "Jenny comes down from the parlor one day scared to death and said she'd found a $100 bill in a little box on the mantel, and that Mrs. Hartshorne had said it was all right, that she had meant to leave it there. After that Jenny found a lot more, scattered-like, and her talk about how easy it would be for some burglar or somebody to walk off with it kind of put an idea into my head. If Mrs. Hartshorne had so much money she didn't know where she put it all, why, she wouldn't miss some of it if it was taken. So I thought it wouldn't be any very great harm. At first I tried not to think about it at all, but every time I went to the movies it come back to me till I was nearly crazy. At last one day about a month ago Jenny was cleaning at the top of the house, cook was down with a toothache and Mrs. Hartshorne and Matilde was both out. I sneaked up to the parlor and, sure enough, I found two $100 bills in a vase! I took out one of them and left the other, and hid what I'd taken under the rug in our basement sitting room. I waited two or three days, but nothin' happened, so one afternoon when everybody was out again I came up and took $200 more from between the covers of some books in the bookcase."

"Is that all?" Paul eyed her sternly.

"N-no," she faltered. "I got scared and put the $300 back, but it didn't seem to make any difference to anybody except me, and I made up my mind to take it again as quick as I could. It seemed as if there never would come a time when I could get into that parlor once more without somebody snoopin' 'round, but last Wednesday when I saw that face at the window——"

"What face?" Paul interrupted.

"Oh, I didn't tell you about that!" she paused. "I was goin' to when you talked to me before, but that fat man who was with you yelled at me so, I didn't care. It was after dark, but the gentleman that was having tea with Mrs. Hartshorne hadn't gone yet when I got through preparin' what I had to for dinner and went into the basement sitting room.

"I was starin' out the window watchin' the lights spring up in the houses across the street and wonderin' if I could get out that night to the movies when I saw a dark figure, like a shadow creepin' around the areaway and a face peeked in at the window right close to mine with only the glass between!"

"What was it like?"

"Like a corpse!" Sadie responded, with a gruesome relish. "All but the eyes that was awful bright and blinkin'. He looked to be very old, for his face was all wrinkled and a lock of white hair showed under the hat he wore pulled low. He was terrible thin, too, and trembly, and I guess I s'prised him as much as he did me, for he ducked and jumped back and in a minute more he was gone. As for me I let a screech out of me that brought the cook in, but she wouldn't believe there'd been anybody there, and gave me a scoldin'.

"Late that night, after the other gentleman who had come for dinner was gone and the lights was all out I tiptoed down with a candle end and took the three hundred back from where I'd put it and another bill that I didn't dare stop to look at from a vase on the console table. I ran back up to the room I shared with the cook and stuffed the money under the mattress of my cot, thinkin' that if it should happen to be missed in the morning I could tell about the burglar I'd seen hangin' 'round and cook would have to back me up.

"But nobody said a word, and it bein' my afternoon off I took the money with me to my aunt's. I didn't dare look at it until I made an excuse for her to go across the hall to a neighbor's to borrow a long needle for a hat I was trimmin' and when I got her safe out of the way and saw the last bill I had taken I nearly fainted, for it was a five-hundred-dollar one! I sewed all the money up quick in my pillow, but I worried something awful when I went back to Mrs. Hartshorne's for fear my aunt would find it.

"Then Mrs. Hartshorne was found murdered the next day and I felt as if I'd brought ill-luck on her by stealin' from her, but it was too late to put the money back a second time. And now I'd lost my place uncle would make me go in that dirty old lunch-room his friend runs and that would be the end of everything if I didn't start out for myself. And now if only you hadn't found me, I'd have been a movie star!"

Mr. Glaub choked irrepressibly and Paul demanded:

"What have you done with all the money?"

"I—I spent a lot," Sadie confessed in a very small voice. "Sixty for this hat, and eighty-five for the fur, and fifty for the suit and about forty more for shoes and a suitcase and things to put in it. Then I've been livin' 'round in small hotels, a different one every night since Saturday. I haven't touched the five hundred yet; I was afraid to try to get it changed for fear people would ask me questions. Here's all I've got left."

She opened her purse and poured out upon Mr. Glaub's desk several crumpled bills and a handful of silver. Then from her waist she produced a crisp yellow-back and added it to the rest. As she sat gazing at it her lips trembled and once more the ears overflowed.

"Just when I had my chance!" she sobbed. "It ain't fair! I never had anything!"

The midnight train for Riverboro carried among its other passengers a certain slightly lame young man who occupied a compartment and fell quite easily into conversation with the conductor when that worthy appeared for his ticket.

The young man, it appeared, had some capital of his own and was thinking of establishing an amusement park in Riverboro, whereupon the conductor waxed enthusiastic, for the bustling little city at the terminus of the branch road proved to be his home town.

"Great place, sir. More money for its size than any other city in the state!" he announced proudly. "Ought to be fine for your proposition on account of its being such a manufacturing center, and you won't find any competition but the fair grounds and a picnic grove. We've got four hotels, three banks, nine churches and two big department stores, to say nothing of the library and the town hall. Oh, you'll find us quite up to date! The best ain't none too good for us!"

"Three banks?" repeated the young man meditatively. "I'll have to do business with a bank right away."

"Yes, sir! First and Second National, and the Municipal; that used to be the Riverboro, but it failed a few years ago, wrecked by the president, Zenas Prall." The conductor paused to accept a cigar. "Thank you, sir, don't mind if I do! Prall, he went to jail, but they say he's out now. Beats all how those slippery fellers can get out of paying for what they do!"

"Has he shown up again in Riverboro?" the young man asked carelessly.

"By Godfrey, no!" The conductor ejaculated. "He made away with the savings of all the small shopkeepers, to say nothing of the foreign mill hands and factory workers. Riverboro's a law-abiding community, but old Zenas's life wouldn't be worth a plugged nickel if he ever came back. The bank's all right now though, under its new name and all reorganized; Edmund Coe is the only one left that used to be on the old board, and his honesty never was questioned; he's the president now. You won't go wrong doing business with them, and if you're a stranger in town with no lodgings engaged I'd advise you to try the Norton House; it's got a grill room and a Turkish bath and all the latest improvements. Yes, sir, there's nothing slow about Riverboro!"

The next morning as he deposited his bags in a jitney and climbed in after them for the ride to the Norton House, Paul concluded that the conductor had spoken truly. There seemed to be nothing slow about the cheery, prosperous-looking town. Embryo skyscrapers were springing up on every hand, traffic policemen in much dignity stood at the intersections of car lines and the number of jewelry shops, motor-car agencies and sporting goods displays attested to the wealth of the community.

At 10 o'clock Paul left the rather blatant gorgeousness of the Norton House and presented himself at the Municipal Bank, where he asked to see the president, fortifying his request with the credentials with which he had supplied himself for the emergency.

President Coe proved to be a cadaverous individual, with a hook nose and a long goatee which persisted in intruding itself into the conversation. But he took kindly to the young stranger's enterprise, particularly when it developed that he required no additional financial backing to what he already possessed. The interview was an eminently satisfactory one and Paul remarked in conclusion:

"You've made an enviable reputation, Mr. Coe, by establishing this institution so solidly on the ruins of the old Riverboro. Prall's speculations and exposure must have been a frightful blow, not only to the depositors, but to his associates and family."

President Coe's cordiality congealed, and his goatee waggled a protest at the tactless reference.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

Medical "Exams" Dates Out

The State Board of Medical Education and Licensure today in Harrisburg announced the following dates for examinations to be held in Philadelphia: Medical, January 13, 14 and 15; bedside, January 16 and 17; drugless therapy, January 13 and 14; massage and allied branches, January 13 and 14, and chiropody, January 13 and 14. The state dental board will conduct examinations in this city and Pittsburgh on December 10, 11, 12 and 13.

DAILY NOVELETTE

CLOTHES

By Pearl B. Meyer

MRS. DREW mopped her eyes and stuffed her limp handkerchief in her apron pocket.

"I don't wonder you cry," sympathized her neighbor, Mrs. Kent, rocking violently back and forth in the porch chair. "After you've worked your fingers off for that boy, so he could go to college and have things real fine—to have him turn around and get married without saying a word; it's too much."

"They'll be here tomorrow," sobbed Mrs. Drew. "I haven't the heart to bake a thing."

"Let the bride try her hand," sneered Mrs. Kent.

Mrs. Drew shook her head energetically. "Besides, he said she worked in an office. Probably all she knows about cooking is how to typewrite recipes."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Kent significantly, "I've heard tell about that kind. Wears French heels. Those girls spend every penny they earn on silk things."

Mrs. Kent laughed scornfully. "She'll want to boss everything, and Clarence'll stand up for her. That's what he'll do. You just wait."

At this dire prophecy, Mrs. Drew's face disappeared completely in the folds of the checked calico. "I don't know how I'm ever going to stand it," she wailed.

"There's the expressman," cried Mrs. Kent, with an eager start.

Her hostess lowered her apron. "Clarence wrote she was sending some of her things."

"Oh, really?" Mrs. Kent was all interest.

"He told me to unpack the box." As she spoke, she walked hurriedly to the steps to receive the package. Mechanically she signed for it. The mere acceptance of it appeared a disloyalty to all the past years that had belonged exclusively to Clarence and her. This seemed the opening wedge bound to split asunder his life and her own. Her lips quivered and the box slipped from her shaking hands.

Mrs. Kent snatched it. "Shall I open it?" she asked eagerly.

"Well—yes—no—I'll do it myself," Mrs. Drew sat down and commenced working at the knot.

"Cut it, cut it," snapped her caller, impatiently.

But the mother was thinking that probably Clarence's hands had tied that knot, and her fingers lingered over it lovingly. Slowly she unfastened the string, removed the heavy wrapping paper, untied more knots and at length loosened the cover.

Mrs. Kent pulled up her chair with ill-concealed satisfaction. "I'm that curious," she confessed, her sharp nose coming over closer.

Mrs. Drew glanced at the greedily peering eyes, and for a moment her hands hesitated. Then her longing for sympathy overcame her scruples. She let the cover slide to the floor.

"Well!" ejaculated Mrs. Kent.

The eyes of both women were fixed on the neatly folded garments. Mrs. Kent's hand flew out swiftly as if to disturb them and explore further; but a sudden change in her hostess' attitude made her as quickly withdraw it.

"I think I'll go in," remarked Mrs. Drew, after a weighty pause. "You come over again, Carrie."

There was no mistaking the import of her words. Mrs. Kent's jaw dropped. She hurriedly arose.

"I clean forgot I had a cake baking," she exclaimed with remarkable presence of mind; then added sourly, "I hope you enjoy your visit."

But Mrs. Drew had passed into the house, ignoring her. Upstairs in the little white bedroom where Clarence had slept until he went to college, she unpacked the box and laid its contents, one piece after another, on the snowy counterpane.

"Just like what I used to have," she whispered. "No silk nonsense—just cotton, like mine."

She shook out a white dress, smoothing its folds. "I declare—she must have made it herself. The lining looks that way. I'll have to show her how it ought to be done. Why, bless my heart, here's a real calico apron—and another—great big ones." She gave a little choking laugh.

Piece after piece was lifted from the box, each receiving a welcoming comment. "Well, well, if she hasn't packed in some of Clarence's socks. And they're darned. Now, that's fine. Not a hole left and done as neat as you please."

Mrs. Drew's face had grown brighter and brighter. At length, her task completed, she stood back to view the result. The whole room, that haven of dear memories, had taken on a different aspect. The new personality seemed already to have left an impress. A strangely sweet charm radiated from the neatly spread clothing on the white bed. Her eyes caressed their fresh daintiness. Then she recalled Mrs. Kent's greedy curiosity.

"I guess it's none of her business what Clarence's wife chooses to wear," muttered Mrs. Drew with sudden indignation.

She returned to the bed, and passed her hands gently over the folds of the white dress. All the rancor, all the deep hurt in her heart melted away.

"Clarence said she had no mother," she whispered; then, after a long pause, "I always wanted a daughter."

The next complete novelette—Friends.

AUTOS IN COLLISION

Occupants Escape, but Machines Are Badly Damaged

No German barrage or advance in the face of enemy machine-gun fire ever gave Morris A. Lafferty the thrill he got out of an automobile crash, he said today.

Lafferty, who lives at 2511 Bryn Mawr avenue, escaped unhurt in a crash that threw his heavy touring car to the side of the road and literally broke it to pieces against the high curbing last night.

The crash occurred when Lafferty's machine and one owned and driven by John McManus, of Ardmore, collided on Bryn Mawr avenue. The collision was a head-on smashup and McManus's machine, as well as Lafferty's, was badly damaged.

McManus escaped with slight injuries.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES—By Dunn

"MONKEY-LAND"

(Rollo, the Wandering Monkey, with Dream Stick, turns Peggy, Billy, Smiling Teacher and all Peggy's schoolmates into monkeys. They jump through a circle on the blackboard and find themselves in monkey-land, where they meet wild monkeys. Clinging-Tail, a friendly monkey, warns them against Chief Chatter-Chee.)

Chief Chatter-Chee

"CHIEF CHATTER-CHEE! Chief Chatter-Chee!" cried the wild monkeys loudly when Cheeky shrieked out that his father was coming. They seemed afraid of their chieftain.

Clinging-Tail, the friendly old monkey, grabbed Billy by the arm and drew him behind a mass of vines that hid a hole in a hollow tree. He shoved Billy into the hole and pulled the vines in front of him.

"Stay there!" he hissed. "Cheeky will tell his father, Chief Chatter-Chee, about how you squeezed his neck, and the chief will seek to punish you."

"But who will protect Smiling Teacher?" asked Billy.

"I'll hide her, too," answered Clinging-Tail. Darting into the excited crowd of chattering monkeys, he tried to lead Smiling Teacher away. She had not been warned of the danger, however, and was eager to see Chief Chatter-Chee, who just then burst into the crowd, at the head of a lively, swaggering band of monkey braves.

"Father! Father! A strange monkey squeezed my neck," wailed young Cheeky.

Chief Chatter-Chee, a bristling, fierce-looking chap, flew into a quick rage.

"We-ee-ek! Who has dared to touch my son? Show him to me!"

Cheeky rushed around trying to find Billy, but Billy was safely hidden in the hollow tree. All the wild monkeys quailed before Chief Chatter-Chee's anger and it was plain to be seen they had felt his fury in the past.

But to Smiling Teacher, the anger of Chief Chatter-Chee instead of being frightful was only comical. She chuckled and giggled and enjoyed the sight so much that Clinging-Tail couldn't budge her a step.

He jerked the Dream Stick away from Rollo

Thus it happened that Chief Chatter-Chee, chasing after Cheeky in the hunt for Billy, came face to face with Smiling Teacher, while she was still chuckling. Chief Chatter-Chee stopped short with such a surprised look that Smiling Teacher giggled harder than ever. She just couldn't help it. The wild monkeys gave cries of fright. They expected to see Chief Chatter-Chee burst into a mad fury.

But Chief Chatter-Chee didn't. Instead he forgot all about his anger and all about the hunt for Billy. He saw only Smiling Teacher.

"Oh, Lady Monkey, you are fair," he chattered. "Lady Monkey, you shall be my mate and rule Monkey-Land with me."

At that Smiling Teacher's giggles died in her throat, for Chief Chatter-Chee seized her by the arm and dragged her powerfully up, up to the very tip-top branches of the trees.

"No, no. I do not want to be your mate! You are cruel, cruel!" she shrieked.

"Yes, he is cruel, cruel, and he has killed mate after mate with his cruelty. She must be saved!" muttered Clinging-Tail.

Billy darted out of his hiding place to go to the rescue. At that moment, however, Smiling Teacher came tumbling down from the tree tops, with Chief Chatter-Chee chasing after her.

Rollo, the Wandering Monkey, sprang forward to meet them. In his hand was the Dream Stick with which he had turned Smiling Teacher and the children into monkeys. He aimed a blow at Chief Chatter-Chee, but Smiling Teacher swung into his path, and the Dream Stick struck her instead. In an instant it turned her back into herself, and there she was a frightened young woman, clinging trembling to a tree branch high above the ground.

This change startled the wild monkeys. With frightened screams they fled away—all except Chief Chatter-Chee.

"Magic!" he shrieked. "The magic of the Dream Stick."

With a quick leap he jerked the Dream Stick away from Rollo and struck one of the children. Instantly the pupil changed back from a monkey to a boy. Shrieking loudly, Chief Chatter-Chee struck at the other children, and each time the stick struck, a monkey turned into a boy or girl.

Rollo seized Peggy and Billy before Chatter-Chee reached them and dragged them into Billy's hiding place in the hollow tree.

"Lay low!" he whispered. "Now we are in for a lot of trouble.'

(In the next chapter Smiling Teacher and the children learn how it feels to be monkeys in a cage.)

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DOROTHY DARNIT—He Can Have It Framed, Anyway

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By Chas. McManus