

THE SECOND BULLET

By ROBERT ORR CHIPPERFIELD

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THIS STARTS THE STORY

A dinner party held at the home of Colonel and Mrs. Ledward was attended by their daughter, Beatrice, her friend, Bebe Cowley, Cornelius Swarthmore, Wendie Braddock and Mrs. Hartshorne. Under the pressure of a severe headache Mrs. Hartshorne suddenly leaves after a discussion relating to Zenas Prall, the former president of a bank, who was sent to prison for conversion of the bank's funds. A few days later, following a dance at Mrs. Ledward's, she is found dead in her home. Braddock and Swarthmore, who had been in love with her, are exonerated by the authorities. Beatrice Ledward also denies responsibility for the crime, but admits the woman was murdered in her mother's home and that she had her servants removed from the middle of the night to the woman's own home. Swarthmore is arrested by the federal authorities after confessing to having defrauded the government in the matter of war contracts. Paul Harvey, a detective, takes a room at the house of Mrs. McNab. Prall's former bookkeeper in River-erton, the town where Prall worked his bank, he becomes suspicious of an Italian lurking near the house. Harvey follows Mrs. McNab to a lonely house in the suburbs where he discovers Prall, who admitting that it was Mrs. Hartshorne who caused his ruin, but denying responsibility for the murder, dies. Harvey confers with Fred Sammis, comedian, and asks for information concerning Amy Howard. "When did you run up against her?" asks Sammis!

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

"IN CHICAGO, a couple of years ago," Paul lied glibly. "I had written a one-act dramatic sketch that was bound to be a sure-fire hit, but nobody could seem to see the great stuff I had in it. It was about—

"Never mind the sketch!" interrupted the comedian apprehensively. "Get on with the plot. Where does the dame come in?"

"All right," agreed Paul with inward gratitude. "I was willing to produce it myself, but I couldn't get even a try-out. Then I met this Amy Howard and she convinced me that she had the talent and experience and influence to put it over if I furnished the capital. I gave her my play and \$2000, borrowed another \$1000 for her and I've never seen her since or heard of my play!"

"You're lucky, if it's the same dame as the one I knew," the other remarked, evidently satisfied of the dramatist's sincerity. "Were you stuck on her?"

"Well, I—she did have me going, but I didn't exactly fall for her," Paul hedged. "I say, have you got a date? Will you come out and have a bite with me and talk it over?"

"You said something!" the comedian agreed cryptically as he flung down the make-up towel and reached for his clothes. "I'll be with you in a second. I can't tell you where to locate your 'Amy Howard,' but I know an Annie Halsey once who fits your description. That little game that was put over on you is right in her line."

"Paul's face expressed disappointment, but a thrill of elation tingled through his veins. Could he be at last upon the track of Mrs. Hartshorne's past? He waited, volubly lamenting his lost money and play the while, until they were seated at a nearby chop house with two frothy steins before them. Then he asked:

"How long ago did you know this Annie Halsey?"

"Seven years," Sammis's face darkened. "If it's the same girl, you got out cheap; you've got your self-respect left—and your nerve and a chance for a future." She took it all away from a friend of mine—the whitest fellow that ever lived for all he was quick-tongued. He hit the toboggan right! I'd like to know where she is, myself; I owe her a few on my own account for breaking up the team and putting the best partner I ever had on the bum!"

He added the last observation with grim earnestness and a flash of enraged retrospection in his eyes.

"Who was he?" Paul asked. "How did she do it?"

"How do you mean 'em get a fellow crazy about 'em and drag him down in the dust?' retorted the other. "Jack Bennett his name was, and we were top liners on the Big Time for three seasons solid; comedy rough-and-tumble stuff, but we worked up a specialty you couldn't beat in the business; Bennett and Sammis it used to be, and I would be Bennett and Sammis now, featured in the 'Maytime Maid.' If it hadn't been for that little she-devil I got hot under the collar just to mention her, for Jack and I were like brothers until she came along. It hurts to think that I'm on top now, while he had to go down the line because of her! He was the last fellow in the world that you'd think would fall for a quiet, pale-faced little thing like she was, but she did for him."

"Married him. We were pulling down eight hundred a week then and Jack never dissipated in those days. Handsome, too, and didn't seem to know it; that was the best part of it. Not big and brawny, but slim and dark and supple, with olive skin and

soft, black eyes—you know the kind! The woman wees all mad about him, but he never bothered much with any of them until we happened to lay off for a week in Chicago and went to French Lick to see what the springs were like. There he met Annie Halsey.

"He was dippy over her from the start, although I tried to steer him off, for the resort was wide open and the crowd pretty swift. Annie was a swell dresser and posing as a society dame, but she seemed to stand with the gambling element, although she was the cold-blooded kind and straight, as far as that went. Jack wouldn't listen to me and she was crazy about him, too, so you see what chance I had! When our season closed he married her, and before six months passed she tired of him and showed herself in her true colors.

"She was crooked—crooked as they make 'em! It was born in her, I guess, Jack's little old four hundred a week wasn't pin money to her. She was forerunning up schemes on people we met, from raking at cards to blackmail, and trying to put them over. At first she thought she could make him stand in with her, but after she saw the way he took that she played a lone hand and defied him. Jack loved her and stuck even after we found out that she'd been a silent partner in that gambling ring, roping in the suckers to be trimmed.

"He thought he could reform her, but meanwhile his work was falling off and at last, about five years ago, she left him flat. He still believed in her, though, believed in the good that was in there and waited for her to change and come back to him. Instead of that she framed up a case against him and divorced him and then the drink got him and he went to pieces.

"You never saw a fellow go down the line as quick as he did! Our act was canceled, of course, in spite of all I could do to keep him straight. So I worked out the season in one, for I wouldn't team up with anybody else trying to make him pull himself together. He couldn't do it, though. She'd taken the heart out of him, and within a few months he disappeared, down and out. I never could find him again, so you see, young fellow, if your Amy Howard is the Annie Halsey I knew, you got off cheap!"

"Still, you don't know where I could reach her," Paul insisted.

"I never heard of her again, either," remarked Paul after a pause. "Perhaps he has gone back to his own people, though. Where did he come from?"

"I don't know. He never talked much about himself, but he had an other house in a nearby chop house the ground he walked on. I've seen some of her letters begging him to come home and I got an idea he had run away when he was a kid. I don't know where she wrote from."

"Do you remember her name?" asked Paul, beckoning to the waiter.

"Nothing more for me, old man! I've got to hit the hay!" "No, no, I wouldn't know the name if I heard it again, and it won't do you any good to try to locate her or Jack. I don't think he ever let her know that he had married; he was waiting for Annie to brace up and run straight so he could be proud of her, and then when the bust-up came it was too late." The comedian shook his head lugubriously once more.

"No, Mr. Harvey, if it was Annie who trimmed you, you'd better say good-by to your three thousand and thank your stars it was no worse. If I'd known Jack I would have let her have him as he rose.

"You would—what?" Paul watched him curiously.

"I wouldn't have let her make a bum out of me, ruin my work and my happiness, and my wife, and then laugh in my face and go on her way! I'd have killed her!"

The Yellow Streak FORMER Police Commissioner Phillips sat back in his chair and regarded appraisingly the youthful representative of his fellow official of Eastopolis.

"Glad to do anything I can for Chief Burke," he announced. "Your name is Harvey, you say? The greatest police commissioner Eastopolis ever had was named Alfred Harvey."

Paul flushed.

"He was my father. I didn't realize it was he who was outside of his own territory, sir. He was proud of the force, proud to be its chief. And it was his greatest ambition that I should enter politics myself, even after he passed, hitting his lip, and then went resolutely on, 'after I was lamed. Chief Burke was good enough to give me my chance, anyway.'"

"How did it happen?" The commissioner's keen old eyes softened with kindly sympathy.

which had evidently stumped the department, I want to Chief Burke and offered my services as a rank amateur. He accepted, because of my father's former reputation, I think, but events proved my theory to be correct. And since then he has called me in on several unusual cases. Of course, it is been sheer luck—"

"And something more." The commissioner tapped his chair arm with his tortoise-rimmed glasses. "Chief Burke would never have put the Reuhl and Van Vreenken cases in your hands, my boy, if he hadn't known the stuff there was in you. The Hartshorne case and the others to get shaken from the top branches by the coming storm. But they didn't want the dragon to see the

The Escape BILLY and Rollo crept forward with which Billy had made up for being the union suit with thorn branches and leaves. They planned to place it beneath the tree where the Great Brown Dragon lay coiled, waiting for Peggy and the others to get shaken from the top branches by the coming storm. But they didn't want the dragon to see the

"It is in connection with that I have come to you," Paul responded. "Every one knows, sir, how you cleaned up New York during your term in office and stamped out gambling by breaking up the ring who thought they had you buffaloed. I want to get a line on you or two of them."

"The boys weren't all bad," observed the commissioner tolerantly. "Some of them were straight enough and ran their games on the square, but I was out to put the lid on the city and I did it!"

"Did you know Chris Waterford?" asked Paul.

The commissioner chuckled. "I did—and liked him, man to man. No crooked stuff was ever pulled in one of his houses; the fools who went there to play trimmed themselves and he grew rich over his game was shut down all over the country."

"Where is he now?"

"Retired and living in Chicago is a big place facing the lake. He's getting on in years now, as I am, and I heard that he went blind some little time ago. But what had old Chris do with the Hartshorne case?"

"Nothing, personally, but some of his former associates may be in possession of information which will be useful to me," Paul replied. "Did you ever hear of any women working in with him? Making a play for rich men, likely patrons, and bringing them to one of his various establishments to gamble, getting their rake-off from the victims' losses?"

"They all did that," the commissioner shrugged. "The proprietor of nearly every gambling house in the country has a staff, and you would be astounded at the class of women who suggest their incomes in such a way; not women who frequent actual gambling houses, but the wide-open resorts and so-called private games. Chris all ways encouraged his women friends, at a percentage, to introduce their acquaintances; but he gave them a square deal when they came and a run over their money, at least, and helped many a player out when he went broke."

"Did you know of any women as associates of his seven or eight years ago?"

"That was long after my time," the commissioner shook his head. "I've been out of the business for fifteen years. I couldn't recall any of them now."

"How about Jimmie Bayard's crowd?"

"Broken up. They were comparative pikers, and there is little profit in their operations in these times," responded the old man. "Jimmie himself went to Europe a short time before the war started and I haven't heard of him since; his associates drifted into more lucrative fields."

Paul rose, and as an after thought asked somewhat indifferently: "Have you heard during the last few years of a woman who identified herself with their type of enterprise known as Annie Halsey?"

The commissioner pondered for a moment.

"No," he said at last. "Chris Waterford might know, though. He had a sister named Edith, and names and kept in touch with all of his fraternity, great and small. He wasn't in Jimmie's class, you know; Jimmie was a plain crook, but old Chris played the game differently and he was an artist in his line. He would be the one to give you the information you want, if anybody could. How is the case coming on, Harvey?"

"Slowly, but I'm beginning to see daylight, I think," Paul answered gravely. "I have a good physical description of the murderer and an idea as to the identity of a near relative of his, but I've got to substantiate it with the proofs before I can bring my presence to bear. Good-by, commissioner; thank you for seeing me."

"I'd like to have helped you, but I've been out of the running too long. I'm queer now and I'm getting into business," the commissioner remarked as they shook hands. "You're changing a future before you and the chance of a lifetime in your hands. Good luck to you, Mr. Harvey!"

Dreamland Adventures

BY DADDY The Great Brown Dragon

(Peggy, Billy, and their school-mates, turned into monkeys by Rollo's Dream Stick, are trapped in a jungle tree top by the Great Brown Dragon. Billy makes a dummy by stuffing his union suit with thorns, hoping that the dragon will attack it, and that the others will have a chance to escape.)

The Escape BILLY and Rollo crept forward with which Billy had made up for being the union suit with thorn branches and leaves. They planned to place it beneath the tree where the Great Brown Dragon lay coiled, waiting for Peggy and the others to get shaken from the top branches by the coming storm. But they didn't want the dragon to see the



They began jumping around the prickly boy

prickly boy until they were ready, for he might suspect another trick and not attack him. That would spoil their whole scheme.

So they stopped to figure out a way of making him look in the other direction.

"We might tell Peggy and Smiling Teacher to act as though they were going to tumble out of the tree top into his waiting coils," said Billy, "but we can't tell them without shouting, and the dragon will hear what we say."

Hollo scratched his head as he thought over the matter and then he scratched out a bright idea.

"The Great Brown Dragon understands monkey talk, but not boy and girl talk," he said. "The Dream Stick has turned you into a boy again. If you shout to Peggy the dragon will not know that you are really boys."

Billy did as Rollo said, but first he went back some distance into the jungle, so the dragon would not see him. As Billy was shouting, the dragon raised his head. That shout might mean fresh meat for him; it might mean dan-

ger, or it might mean a trick. The Great Brown Dragon didn't know what to think about it. He monkey began to act as if they were all tired out and about to fall from their wind-tossed perch.

"His-s-s-s-s-s-s!" he said softly. "Eats are coming my way. I'll feast, feast, feast!"

While the dragon was thus looking up at Peggy and Smiling Teacher and thinking what a good meal they would make, Billy and Rollo were fastening the prickly boy to a sturdy bush beneath the tree. As the bush moved the dummy swayed back and forth, looking very much like a real, live boy.

When Billy began a loud shout and the dragon jumped around the prickly boy, he instantly the dragon flashed a look downward. Here was a better meal than the one above—a feast just waiting for him. Billy leaped behind a tree, and Rollo hit him with the Dream Stick, turning him back into a monkey. But the prickly boy was still bobbing at a nail punctured through it was the real boy he had just seen.

Out sprang the dragon's long neck and body from the crotch of the tree. In an instant the powerful creature threw about the prickly boy. Crunch! The thorn branches cracked and broke under a mighty squeeze. And then the dragon got his surprise. The dragon, the thorn branches cracked and broke under a mighty squeeze. And then the dragon got his surprise. The dragon, the thorn branches cracked and broke under a mighty squeeze. And then the dragon got his surprise.

Crunch! The dragon squeezed again and a dozen more thorns stuck deep into him.

Then the dragon flew into a fury. He thought the prickly boy was fighting him with a knife. He threw coils and squeezed harder than ever, and the harder he got stuck by the thorns. And all over the dragon stuck at the prickly boy's balloon-head. Pop, went the balloon in his face, and he was madder than ever. He struck with his head at the stuffed union suit, itself. And the minute he struck he was sorry, for thorns buried themselves deep in his ugly pointed snout.

And as the dragon fought with the prickly boy, Peggy, Smiling Teacher, and the others fled from the tree top. They were just in time, for at that moment the storm broke.

(Tomorrow will tell how they meet with Leaping-Light's father.)

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

A LESSON IN SALESMANSHIP By GRACE O. WEATHERBY

BETTY did not heed the sunshine. She was seated on the rickety bench in the apple orchard, her favorite colic, Liege, at her feet. Her usually sunny smile was missing. Betty was in trouble.

Suddenly the dog barked and dashed toward a figure in khaki that doubled slowly toward them. Betty sprang to her feet and was soon in a pair of rather woebly arms. When speech was possible, Betty gasped, "Bob, we didn't expect you for another month! How does it happen that you are home so soon?"

"Well, sister mine, it was this way: We were booked to go at the time I wrote you, but unexpectedly we had the opportunity to get an earlier ship, and believe me—we took it! Nick and Dana are with me here. You don't mind, do you?"

"Bob," Betty drew her soldier brother down to the rickety bench, "just to have you safely home again is all I care about. But who are Nick and Dana? I don't remember of hearing of them before."

"Oh, yes, I wrote you about them 'time and again. Just like you girls never remember anything. Well, Nick and Dana and I were pals over there. We were in the same fight, hurt at the same time and in the same hospital, and as they both lived in cities I invited them up here for a month or so to rest up and get fat before going back home."

Together they went to the house, and Betty was duly introduced to two tall young soldiers. For two weeks Betty forgot her troubles and was gloriously happy romping with the three young fellows, who speedily grew fat as their wounded bodies mended. One day Bob discovered his sister "in the dumps," as he expressed it. After a number of significant questions he prevailed upon her to explain.

"Well, Bobby, it is this way: You know I'm just crazy to get into business, and I'm a stenographer, and mother they shook hands. "You're changing a future before you and the chance of a lifetime in your hands. Good luck to you, Mr. Harvey!"

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

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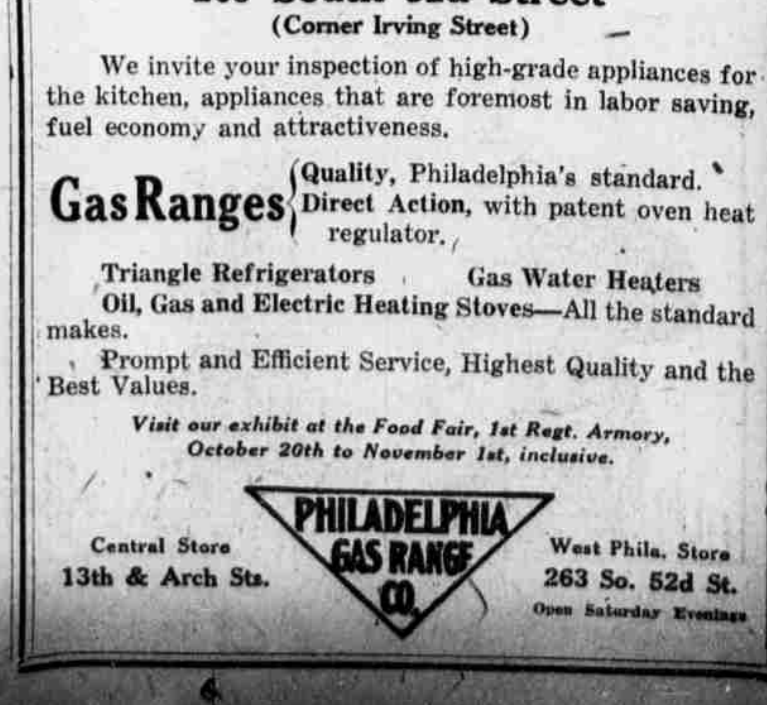
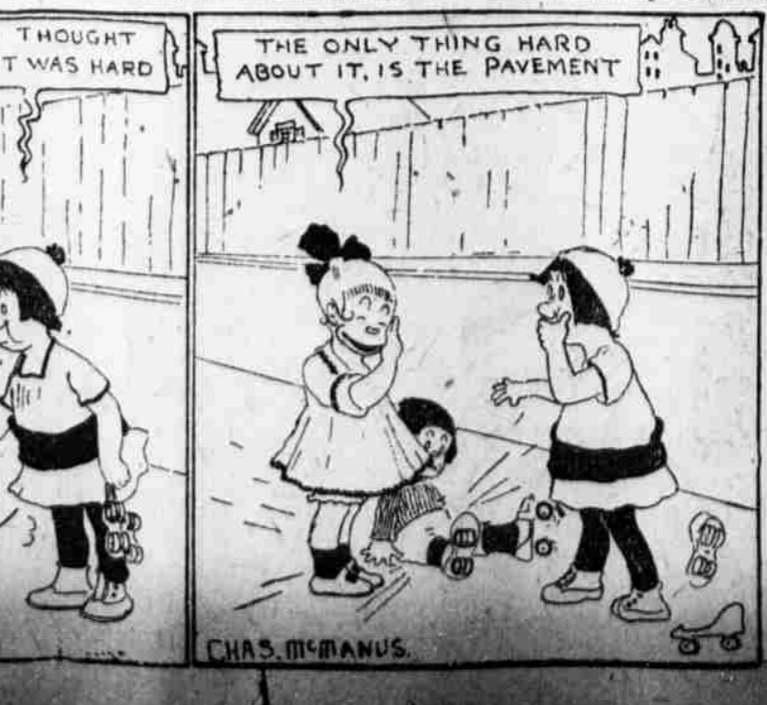
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