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A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE BY CHARLES KLEIN ARTHUR HORNBLOW ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS Sharply he added: "You see I know

your record."

"I've done nothing I'm ashamed of."

"Eighty-six Morningside."

there watching his quarry.

Maloney again got busy with the

If Capt. Clinton had begun to have

SYNOPSIS.

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CHAPTER I .- Howard Jeffries, banktr's son, under the evil influence of Robert Underwood, fellow-student at Yale, leads a life of dissipation, marries the Won't you please let me send her a daughter of a gambler who died in primessage?" son, and is disowned by his father. Forced to leave college, he tries to get work and fails. His wife, Annie, is straight as a die, and has a heart of to his sergeant: gold. A former college chum makes a business proposition to Eoward which requires \$2,000 cash, and Howard is broke. What's the number?"

CHAPTER II .- Robert Underwood, who had made love to Annie in his college telephone and the wearying wait bedays and was repulsed, and was once engaged to Howard's stepmother, Alicia, is a welcome visitor at the Jeffries home. two. For a whole hour he had been Underwood has apartments in the Assubjected to this gruelling process, truria, an exclusive apartment house. Howard recalls a \$250 loan to Underwood and still the lynx-eyed captain sat that remains unpaid and decides to ask him for the \$2,000 he needs.

CHAPTER III .- Mrs. Jeffries, Sr., fool- any doubts when Howard told him ishly encourages a dangerous intimacy with Underwood which the latter takes advantage of until he becomes a sort of social highwayman. Discovering his true ease. It was all clear to him now. character, Mrs. Jeffries denies him the house.

CHAPTER IV .- Alicia receives a note He was in desperate financial straits. from Underwood threatening suicide unless she revokes her sentence of banishment. She decides to go and see him.

CHAPTER V .- Underwood is in desperate financial straits. Merchants for whom he has acted as commissioner in the sale of art treasures demand an accounting. Underwood cannot make good. Howard Jeffries calls at Underwood's apartments in an intoxicated condition.

CHAPTER VI.-He asks Underwood for \$2,000 and is told the latter is in debt up hands, trying to escape from the to his eyes. Howard drinks himself into apartment? Oh, they had him dead a maudlin condition and finally goes to sleep on a divan. A caller is announced and Underwood draws a screen around would hold him on such evidence. the drunken sleeper. Alicia enters.

take his life, pointing to the disgrace me."

to get away. That's the truth, so help me God!" The coroner looked at him sternly and made no reply. No one could ever reproach him with sympathizing with criminals. Waving his hand at Capt. Clinton, he said: "Good-night, captain."

"Good-night, Mr. Coroner." The door slammed and Capt. Clinton, with a twist of his powerful arm, yanked his prisoner back into his seat. Howard protested. "You've got no right to treat 'me like this. You exceed your powers. I demand to be taken before a magistrate at once." The captain grinned, and pointed to

the clock. "Say, young feller, see what time it is? Two-thirty a. m. Our good magreplied Howard calmly. "I married istrates are all comfy in their virtuthe girl. She's waiting my return now. ous beds. We'll have to wait till row?"

morning." "But what's the good of sitting here The captain eyed Howard sus- in this death house?" protested Howpiciously for a moment, then he turned ard. "Take me to the station if I must go. It's intolerable to sit any get. I think one thousand,"

"Maloney, telephone this man's wife. | longer here." The captain beckoned to Maloney. "Not so fast, young man. Before we go to the station we want to ask

you a few questions. Don't we, Ma- he-" gan once more. The clock soon struck | loney?" The sergeant came over, and the captain whispered something in his Howard shivered. Suddenly

ear. turning to his prisoner, the captain shouted in the stern tone of com mand:

"Get up!" who his father was, Maloney's infor-Howard did as he was ordered. He mation immediately put him at his felt he must. There was no resisting that powerful brute's tone of authori-The youth had never been any good. ty. Pointing to the other side of the His own father had kicked him out. table, the captain went on:

"Stand over there where I can look He had come to this man's rooms to make a demand for money. Underat you!"

The two men now faced each other, wood had refused and there was a the small table alone separating quarrel, and he shot him. There was The powerful electrolier overprobably a dispute over the woman. them. cast its light full on How-Ah, yes, he remembered now. This head girl he married was formerly a sweet- ard's haggard face and on the capheart of Underwood's. Jealousy was tain's scowling features. Suddenly Maloney turned off every electric behind it as well. Besides, wasn't he light except the lights in the electcaught red-handed, with blood on his roller, the glare of which was intensified by the surrounding darkness. to rights, all right. Any magistrate The rest of the room was in shadow. One saw only these two figures standing vividly out in the strong "It's the Tombs for him, all right,

all right," muttered the captain to light-the white-faced prisoner and a quarrel, and-" Suddenly leaning Underwood a promise that he will not himself; "and maybe promotion for his stalwart inquisitor. In the dark forward until his face almost touched background stood Policeman Delaney. Howard's, he hissed rather than at hand was Maloney taking Close Suddenly there was a commotion notes at the door. The coroner entered, "You did it, and you know you did followed by the undertaker. The two it!" thundered the captain, fixing his men advanced quickly into the room, eyes on his trembling victim. and took a look at the body. After "I did not do it," replied Howard making a hasty examination, the corslowly and firmly, returning the policeoner turned to Capt. Clinton. man's stare. "Well, captain, I guess he's dead, "You're lying!" shouted the captain. all right." "I'm not lying," 'replied Howard "Yes, and we've got our man, too." The coroner turned to look at the calmly. The captain glared at him for a prisoner moment and then suddenly tried new "Caught him red-handed, eh? Who is he?" tactics. "Why did you come here?" he de Howard was about to blurt out a reply, when the captain thundered: manded. "I came to borrow money." 'Silence!" "Did you get it?" To the coroner, the captain ex-"No-he said he couldn't give it to plained: "He's the scapegrace son of Howme.' ard Jeffries, the banker. No good-"Then you killed him." bad egg. His father turned him out "I did not kill him," replied Howard of doors. There is no question about nositively. Thus the searching examination his guilt. Look at his hands. We went on, mercilessly, tirelessly. The caught him trying to get away." same questions, the same answers, the The coroner rose. He believed in same accusations, the same denials doing things promptly. hour after hour. The captain wa "I congratulate you, captain. Quick work like this ought to do your reputation good. The community owes a tired, but being a giant in physique, he could stand it. He knew that his debt to the officers of the law if they

Howard shook his head helplessly. | shining pistol, repeated, as if reciting a lesson: Weakly he replied: "This constant questioning is ma- "I did it!"

king me dizzy. Good God! What's | Quickly Capt. Clinton signaled to the use of questioning me and ques- Maloney to approach nearer with his tioning me? I know nothing about note-book. The detective sergeant took his place immediately back of

dered the captain.

"I've told you over and over again. We're old friends. I came to borrow money. He owed me a few hundred dollars when we were at college together, and I tried to get it. I've told you so many times. You won't believe me. My brain is tired. I'm thoroughly exhausted. Please let me go. My poor wife won't know what's the matter."

"Never mind about your wife," growled the captain. "We've sent for her. How much did you try to bor-

Howard was silent a moment, as if racking his brain, trying to remember.

"A thousand-two thousand. I for-"Did he say he'd lend you the mon-

ey?" demanded the inquisitor. "No," replied the prisoner, with hesitation. He couldn't-he-poor chap-

"Ah!" snapped the captain. "He refused-that led to words. There was



"Why did you come here?" thun- Howard. The captain turned to his prisoner: "You shot Robert Underwood!" "I shot Robert Underwood," repeated Howard mechanically. "You quarreled!" "We guarreled." "You came here for money!" "I came here for money." "He refused to give it to you!" "He refused to give it to me." "There was a quarrel!"

"There was a quarrel." "You drew that pistol!" "I drew that pistol." "And shot him!" "And shot him." Capt. Clinton smiled triumphantly. "That's all." he said.

Howard collapsed into a chair. His head dropped forward on his breast, as if he were asleep. Capt. Clinton yawned and looked at his watch. Turning to Maloney, he said with a chuckle:

"By George; it's taken five hours to get it out of him!"

Maloney turned out the electric lights and went to pull up the window shades, letting the bright daylight stream into the room. Suddenly, there was a ring at the front door. Officer Delaney opened, and Dr. Bernstein entered. Advancing into the room, he shook hands with the captain.

"I'm sorry I couldn't come before, captain. I was out when I got the call. Where's the body?"

The captain pointed to the inner room.

"In there."

After glancing curiously at Howard, the doctor disappeared into the inner room.

Capt. Clinton turned to Maloney.

"Well, Maloney, I guess our work is done here. We want to get the prisoner over to the station, then make out a charge of murder, and prepare the full confession to submit to the magistrate. Have everything ready by nine o'clock. Meantime, I'll go down and see the newspaper boys. guess there's a bunch of them down there. Of course, it's too late for the morning papers, but it's a bully good story for the afternoon editions. De-



Rheumatism is caused by an excess of uric acid in the blood, which gradually gets into the circulation because of indigestion, constipation, weak kidney action, and other irregularities of the system which are sometimes considered of no importance. This uric acid causes an inflamed and irritated condition of the blood, and the circulation instead of nourishing the different portions of the body, continually deposits into the nerves, muscles, tissues and joints, the irritating, pain-producing acid with which it is filled. Rhen. matism can only be cured by a thorough cleansing of the blood, and this is just what S. S. S. does. It goes down into the circulation, and by neutral izing the uric acid and driving it from the blood, effectually and surely removes the cause. S. S. S. strengthens and invigorates the blood so that instead of a weak, sour stream, causing pain and agony thoughout the sys. tem, it becomes an invigorating, nourishing fluid, furnishing health and vigor to every part of the body and relieving the suffering caused by this disease. S. S. S. being a purely vegetable blood purifier, is the surest and safest cure for Rheumatism in any of its forms. Book on Rheumatism and any medical advice desired sent free to all who write.

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that would attach to herself from having been associated with a suicide. Underwood refuses to promise unless she will renew her patronage. This she refuses to do, and takes her leave. Underwood turns out the lights, places a pistol at his temple, and fires.

CHAPTER VIII .- The report of the pistol awakens Howard from his drunken slumber. He stumbles over the dead body of Underwood. Realizing his seripus predicament he starts to leave the room and is met by Underwood's valet. The latter discovers the body, raises an alarm and Howard is turned over to the police.

CHAPTER IX.

Fifteen minutes passed without a

word being spoken. There was deep

silence in the room. It was so quiet that once could have heard a pin drop. Had a disinterested spectator been there to witness it, he would have been at once impressed by the dramatic tableau presented-the dead man on the floor, his white shirt front spattered with blood, the cringing, frightened boy crouching in the chair, the towering figure of the police captain sitting sternly eyeing his hapless.

the coroner comes. We'll fix you."

watches a mouse.

Howard's mental anguish was alget word to her. Perhaps she would be able to explain things. Then he thought of his father. They had quar-His father could hardly refuse to come to his assistance. He must get a up all his courage, he said boldly:

"Yes, cap.," said Maloney, quietly.

first.

"You're going to put him through the 'third degree,' eh? Every one's heard of your star-chamber ordeals. Are they really so dreadful?" "Nonsense!" laughed the captain. "We wouldn't harm a baby, would we,

Turning to go, the coroner said: "Well, good-night, captain." "Good-night, Mr. Coroner."

Howard gave an involuntary step backward, as if he realized the trap being laid for him. "No. no!" he cried. Quickly following up his advantage,

spoke: "You shot him!"

Capt. Clinton shouted dramatically: "You lie! He was found on the floor in this room-dead. You were trying to get out of the house without being seen. You hadn't even stopped to wash the blood off your hands. All you fellers make mistakes. You relied on getting away unseen. You never stopped to think that the blood on your hands would betray you." Gruffly he added: "Now, come, what's the use of wasting all this

ime? It won't go so hard with you you own up. You killed Robert the mucous membrane of the nose, "uderwood!"

Howard shook his head. There was on his face.

"I didn't kill him," he faltered. "I

"Now I've caught you lying," interoner say that?"

his hip pocket the revolver which he had found on the floor near the dead

"Stop your lying!" he said fierce-

surface, he shouted:

laney, you're responsible for the prisoner. Better handcuff him." The patrolman was just putting the manacles on Howard's wrists when Dr. Bernstein re-entered from the inner room. The captain turned.

"Well, have you seen your man?" he asked.

The doctor nodded. "Found a bullet wound in his head."

he said. "Flesh all burned-must have been pretty close range. It might have been a case of suicide."

(TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW).

A WARNING AGAINST WET FEET.

Wet and chilled feet usually affect throat and lungs, and la grippe, bron-

chitis or pneumonia may result. Watch carefully, particularly the children, and for the racking, stubborn coughs give pathetic expression of helplessness Foley's Honey and Tar Compaund. it soothes the inflamed membranes. .nd heals the cough quickly. Mrs. A. A. was asleep on that sofa. I woke up. Swagel, Kroh, Wis., says: "I always It was dark. I went out. I wanted to give Foley's Honey and Tar Compound get home. My wife was waiting for to my children. It cures their cougas and colds and they like to take it."-Bowen's.



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