

What Was the Good of Regrets?



## SYNOPSIS.

Howard Jeffries, banker's son, under the evil influence of Robert Underwood, a fellow-student at Yale, leads a life of dissipation, marries the daughter of a gambler who died in prisen, and is dis-owned by his father. He tries to get work a business proposition to Howard which requires \$2,000 cash, and Howard is broka. Robert Underwood, who had been re-pulsed by Howard's wife, Annie, in his college days, and had once been engaged to Alicia. Howard's wife, Annie, in his college days, and had once been engaged to Alicia. Howard's wife, Annie, in his college days, and had once been engaged to Alicia. Howard's wife, Annie, has spariments at the Astruria, and is ap-parently in prosperous circumstances. Howard recalls a \$250 loan to Underwood, that remains unpaid, and decides to ask to Alicia. Howard's stepmother, has sparently in prosperous circumstances. Howard recalls a \$250 loan to Underwood, that remains unpaid, and decides to ask him for the \$2.000 he needs. Underwood, taking advantage of his intimacy with Mrs. Jeffries, Sr. becomes a sort of social highwayman. Discovering his true char-acter she denies him the house. Alicia receives a note from Underwood, threat-ening suicide. She decides to go and see him. He is in desperate financial straits. Art dealers for whom he has been acting ar commissioner, demand an accounting. He cannot make good. Howard Jeffries calls in an intoxicated condition. He asks Underwood for \$2.000 and is told by the inter that he is in debt up to his eyes. Howard drisks himself into a maudin condition, and goes to sleep on a divan. A caller is announced and Underwood draws a screen around the drunken sleeper. Alicia enters. She demands a promise from him that he will not take his life. pointing to the disgrace that would attach to herself. Underwood re-fuses to promise unless she will renew. her patronage.

CHAPTER VII.-Continued. 't belleve you intend

some time. I've played my last card and I've lost. Death is better than going to jail. What good is life anyway without money? Just a moment's nerve and it will all be over." Opening the drawcr in the desk, he

The strongest swimmer must go under

took out the revolver again. He turned it over in his hand and regarded fearfully the polished surface of the instrument that bridged life and death. He had completely forgotten Howard's presence in the room. On the threshold of a terrible deed, his thoughts were loagues away. Like a man who is drowning, and close to death, he saw with surprising distinctness a kaleidoscopic view of his past life. He saw himself an innocent, impulsive school boy, the prids of a devoted mother, the happy home where he spent his childhood. Then came the association with bad companions, the first step in wrongdoing, stealing out of a comrade's pocket in school, the death of his mother, leaving homewith downward progress until he gradually drifted into his present dishonest way of living. What was the good of regrets? He could not recall his mother to life. He could never rehabilitate himself among decent men and the serious predicament in which he found my master. Mr. Robert Under-

He thought he had heard a woman's down the first staircase voice-a voice he knew. Perhaps that was only a dream. He must have asleep some time, because the lights were out and, seemingly, everyody had gone to bed. He wondered what the noise which started him could have been. Suddenly he heard groan. He listened intently, but all was still. The silence was uncanny.

Now thoroughly frightened, Howard cautiously groped his way about, trying to find the electric button. He It had no idea what time it was. must be very late. What an ass he was to drink so much! He wondered what Annie would say when he didn't return. He was a hound to let her sit up and worry like that. Well, this would be a lesson to him-it was the last time he'd ever touch a drop. Of course, he had promised her the same thing a hundred times before, but this time he meant it. His drinking was always getting him into some fool scrape or other.

He was gradually working his way along the room, when suddenly he stumbled over something on the floor It was a man lying prostrate. Stooping, he recognized the figure. "Why--it's Underwood!" he ez

claimed.

At first he believed his classmate was asleep, yet considered it strange that he should have selected so un-comfortable a place. Then it occurred to him that he might be ill. Shaking him by the shoulder, he cried: "Hey, Underwood, what's the matter?

No response came from the pros trate figure. Howard stooped lower, to see better, and accidentally touching Underwood's face, found it clamand wet. He held his hand up in the moonlight and saw that it was covered with blood. Horror-stricken, ae cried:

"My God! He's bleeding-he's hurt! What had happened? An accident.

or worse? Quickly he felt the man's pulse. It had ceased to beat. Underwood was dead.

For a moment Howard was too overcome by his discovery to nuch know what to think or do. What dreadful tragedy could have hap-Carefully groping along the pened? mantelpiece, he at last found the electric button and turned on the light. There, stretched out on the floor, lay Underwood, with a bullet hole in his left temple, from which blood had flowed freely down on his full-dress shirt. It was a ghastly sight. The man's white, set face, covered with crimson stream, made a repulsive spectacle. On the floor near the body was a highly polished revolver, still smoking.

Howard's first supposition was that burglars had entered the place and that Underwood had been killed while defending his property. He remembered now that in his drunken sleep he had heard voices in angry altercation. Yet why hadn't he called for assistance? Perhaps he had and he hadn't heard him.

He looked at the clock, and was surprised to find it was not yet midnight. He believed it was at least five o'clock in the morning. It was evident that Underwood had never gone to bed. The shooting had occurred either while the angry dispute was going on or after the unknown visitor had departed. The barrel of the revolver was still warm, showing that it could only have been dis charged a few moments before. Suddenly it flashed upon him that Underwood might have committed suicide

But it was useless to stand there theorizing. Something must be done. He must alarm the hotel people or call the police. He felt himself turn and cold by turn as he realized

Willes Bo outs vehind him. Stop that "Murder! Stop thief! man! Stop that man!' There was a rush of feet and hum

of voices, which made Howard run all the faster. He leaped down four steps at a time in his anxiety to get away. But it was no easy matter descending so many flights of stairs. It took him several minutes to reach the main floor.

By this time the whole hotel was aroused. Telephone calls had quickly warned the attendants, who had promptly sent for the police. By the time Howard reached the main entrance he was intercepted by a mob too numerous to resist.

Things certainly looked black for him. As he sat, white and trembling, under guard in a corner of the entrance hall, waiting for the arrival of the police; the valet breathlessly gave the sensational particulars to the rapidly growing crowd of curious onlookers. He had taken his usual Sunday out and on returning home at midnight, as was his custom, he had TO let himself in with his latchkey. his astonishment he had found this man, the prisoner, about to leave the premises. His manner and remarks were so peculiar that they at once aroused his suspicion./He hurried into the apartment and found his master lying dead on the floor in a pool of blood. In his hurry the assassin had dropped his revolver, which was lying near the corpse. As far as he could see, nothing had been taken from the apartment. Evidently the man was disturbed at his work and, when suddenly surprised, had made the bluff that he was calling on Mr. Underwood. They had got the right man, that was certain. He was caught redhanded, and in proc? of what he said, the valet pointed to Howard's right hand, which was still covered with

blood "How terrible!" exclaimed a woman bystander, averting her face. "So young, too!"

"It's all a mistake, I tell you. It's all a mistake," cried Howard, almost "I'm a friend of Mr. panic-stricken. Underwood's. "Nice friend!" sneered an onlooker

"Tell that to the police," laughed nother. "Or to the marines!" cried a third.

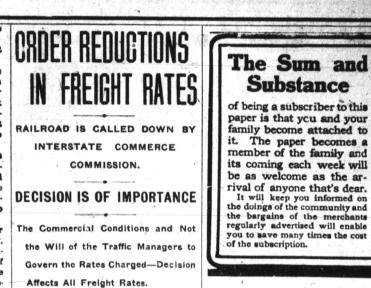
"It's the chair for his'n!" opined a ourth. By this time, the main entrance hall was crowded with people, tenants and passersby attracted by the unwonted commotion. A scandal in high life is always caviare to the sensation seeker. Everybody excitedly inquired of his neighbor:

"What is it? What's the matter? Presently the rattle of wheels was eard and a heavy vehicle driven furiously, drew up at the sidewalk with a jerk. It was the police patrol agon, and in it were the captain of the precinct and a half dozen pollesmen and detectives. The crowd

pushed forward to get a better view of the burly representatives of the law as, full of authority, they elbowed way unceremoniously through thefr the throng. Pointing to the leader, a big man in plain clothes, with a square, determined jaw and a buildog face, they whispered one to another: "That's Capt. Clinton, chief of the precinct. He's a terror. It'll go hard with any prisoner he gets in his

clutches! Followed by his uniformed myr midons, the police official pushed his way to the corner where sat Howard, dazed and trembling, and still guarded by the valet and elevator boys.

"What's the matter here?" demand ed the captain gruffly, and looking "I came home at midnight, sir, and



Washington .--- In what are known as the Spokane-Reno-Pacific coast cases, the Interstate Commerce Commission ordered material reductions in freight rates from the East to points between Denver and the western terminals of the great transcontinental railroads. For many years the railroads have exacted from shippers to intermediate points, such as Spokane and Reno, higher races on Eastern freights than were charged for the much longer hauls to Seattle, San Francisco and other Pacific coast points. The theory has been that the railroads must meet water competition to the Pacific coast. The higher rates to intermediate points, arbitrarily fixed, have been defended by a comparison with the coast rates, plus a theoretical back-haul from the coast to the inland stations along the line

The commission recognizes, the right of a railroad to meet water competition to Pacific coast points, but practically wipes out the back-haul rates to inter-Rocky mountain territory. It lays down what it considers would be fair and just rates to various freight zones in the West and gives the railroads until October 15 to

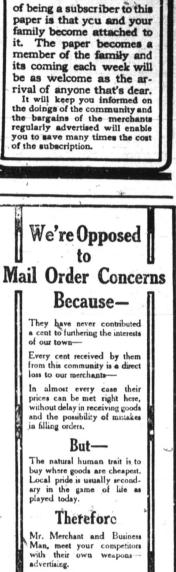
adjust their tariffs accordingly. The commission also lays down the important principle that hereafter railroads will not be permitted to fix arbitrarily marked limits and that hereafter commercial emditions rather than the will of railway traffic managers shall control rates on transcontinental transportation.

The decisions announced are of farreaching importance. They affect directly all freight rates between the Atlantic ocean and the Pacific coast. Particularly they affect the rates in the territory lying between Denver and Pacific coast points.

May Tell Who Killed Wife of Beattle Richmond, Va .--- The most important development in the Beattie murder case was an indication on the part of Beulah Binford, the woman with whom Henry C. Beattie was infatuated, that she has decided to turn against her erstwhile admirer. Miss Binford, who is in jail as a witness in default of \$1,000 bond, sent for Detective Scherer. A conference followed between the Binford girl, the detective and the Commonwealth's attorney, Mr. Wendenberg, and it is understood that she made admissions which strength en the theory of the Commonwealth's representatives that Beattie alone sent his wife to her death on the lonely Midlothian turnpike.

## Bloodhounds Aid Detectives.

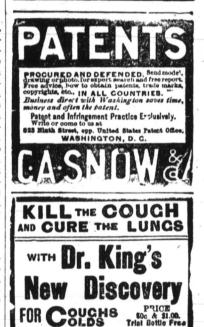
New York .- Bloodhounds are aiding detectives searching for the highwaymen who attempted to wreck a Long Island railroad train near Valley Stream, L.I. A 15-car passenger train crowded with pleasure-scekers was speeding toward the city when Engineer Whitford saw an obstruction on the track. He threw on his brakes and brought the train to a stop within 15 feet of the obstruction. A tie had been planted in a hole dug out between the rails, the end tilted toward the approaching locomofive.



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out your threat. I should have known from the first that your object was to frighten me. The pistol display was highly theatrical, but it was only a You've no more idea of taking bluff. your life than I have of taking mine. I was foolish to come here. I might have spared myself the humiliation of clandestine interview. Goodthis might!"

She went toward the door. Underwood made no attempt to follow her. In a hard, strange voice, which he scarcely recognized as his own, he merely said:

"Is that all you have to say?" 'Yes," replied Alicia, as she turned "Let it be thoroughly unat the door. derstood that your presence at my house is not desired. If you force yourself upon me in any way, you must take the consequences.'

Underwood bowed, and was silent. She did not see the deathly pallor of his face. Opening the door of the apartment which led to the hall, she again turned.

"Tell me, before I go-you didn't mean what you said in your letter, did you?

"I'll tell you nothing." replied Un derwood doggedly.

She tossed her head scornfully.

"I don't believe that a man who is coward enough to write a letter like this has the courage to carry out his threat." Stuffing the letter back into her bag, she added: "I should have thrown it in the waste-paper basket but on second thoughts, I think I'll keep it. Good-night."

"Good-night," echoed Underwood mechanically.

He watched her so down the long hallway and disappear in the elevator. Then, shutting the door, he came slowly back into the room and sat down at his desk. For ten minutes he sat there motionless, his head bent forward, every limb relaxed. There

women. The world had suddenly come too small for him. He must go, and quickly.

Fingering the pistol nervously, he sat before the mirror and placed it against his temple. The cold steel gave him a sudden shock. He wondered if it would hurt, and if there would be instant oblivion. The glare of the electric light in the room disconcerted him. It occurred to him that it would be easier in the dark. Reaching out his arm, he turned the electric button, and the room was immediately plunged into darkness, except for the moonlight which entered through the windows, imparting a

ghostly aspect to the scene. On the other side of the room, behind the screen, a red glow from the open fire fell on the sleeping form of Howard Jeffries.

deliberately, Underwood Slowly. raised the pistol to his temple and fired.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Hello! What's that?"

Startled out of his Gargantuan slumber by the revolver's loud report, Howard sat up with a jump and rubbed his eyes. Cn the other side

of the screen, concealed from his oba body falling with a chair-then all was quiet.

Scared, not knowing where he was, dimly make out outlines of aesthetic a

furniture and bibelots. Ah, he remembered now! He was in Underwood's apartment.

Rubbing his eyes, he tried to recal how he came there, and slowly his be fuddled brain began to work. He remembered that he needed \$2,000, an that he had called on Robert Under

himself was placed. If he aroused the hotel people they would find him here alone with a dead man. Suspicion would at once be directed at him. and it might be very difficult for him to establish his innocence. Who would believe that he could have fallen asleep in a bed while a man killed himself in the same room? It sounded preposterous. The wisest course for him would be to get away before anybody came.

Quickly he picked up his hat and made for the door. Just as he was about to lay hand on the handle there was the click of a latchkey. Thus headed off, and not knowing what to dy, he halted in painful suspense. The door opened and a man entered He looked as surprised to see How ard as the latter was to see him. He was clean-shaven and neatly dressed. yet did not look the gentleman. His appearance was rather that of a servnt. All these details flashed before Howard's mind before he blurted out: "Who the devil are you?"

The man looked astonished at the question and eyed his interlocutor closely, as if in doubt as to his identi-In a cockney accent he said ty. loftily:

"I am Ferris, Mr. Underwood's man. sir." Suspiciously, he added: "Are servation, there was a heavy crash of you a friend of Mr. Underwood's, sir?" He might well ask the question, for

Howard's disheveled appearance and ghastly face, still distorted by terror, Howard jumped to his feet. For a was anything but reassuring. Taken moment he stood still, trying to col- by surprise, Howard did not know was anything but reassuring. Taken lect his senses. It was too dark to what to say, and like most people discern anything plainly, but he could questioned at a disadvantage, he answered foolishly:

"Matter? No. What makes you think anything is the matter?" Brushing past the man, he added:

"It's late: I'm going" "Stop a minute!" cried the man servant. There was something in Howard's manner that he did not like. Passing quickly into the sitting room was deep silence, broken only by How-ard's regular breathing and the loud Yes, he recalled that perfectly well, ticking of the clock. "It's all up," he muttered to himself.

wood, lying dead in the apartment, Pointing to shot through the head." Howard, he added: "This man was in the apartment trying to get away. You see his hand is still covered with blood.'

Capt. Clinton chuckled, and expanding his mighty chest to its fullest. licked his chops with satisfaction. This was the opportunity he had been looking for-a sensational murder in a big apartment hotel, right in the very heart of his precinct! Nothing could be more to his liking. It was rich man's murder, the best kind to attract attention to himself. The sensational newspapers would be full of the case. They would print columns of stuff every day, together with his portrait. That was just the kind

of publicity he needed now that he was wire-pulling for an inspectorship. They had caught the man "with the

goods"-that was very clear. promised himself to attend to the rest. Conviction was what he was after. He'd see that no tricky lawyer got the best of him. Concealing, as drew himself up and, with blustering show of authority, immediately took to a police sergeant at his side, he said

"Maloney, this fellow may have have an accomplice. Take four officers and watch every exit from the hotel. Arrest anybody attempting to leave the building. Put two officers to watch the fire escapes. Send one man on the roof. Go!"

"Yes, sir," replied the sergeant, sa he turned away to execute the order. Capt. Clinton gave two strides for ward, and catching Howard by the collar, jerked him to his feet.

'Now, young feller, you come with me! We'll go upstairs and have a look at the dead man."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Antis Still Lead in Texas.

Dallas, Texas. - Texas defeated state-wide prohibition according to the admission of the "dry" campaign, After 36 hours of ballot counting the "wets" maintain a slender lead of barely more than 5,000 in unofficial returns. Unless the vote yet to come is different in tenor from that up to the present time, the remaining few thousands of ballots can not swing the election to the "drys."

Castro Looking For a Friendly Port. Washington. - Cipriano Castro, in the opinion of a diplomatic officer who has given some study to the problem well as he could, his satisfaction, he of locating the Venezuelan, is now a sort of a "nying Dutchman" making a desperate effort to reach a friendly command of the situation. Turning port in his native country. Apparently just as he nears his goal, he is turned back, not by storms, but by watchful guardians of the Venezuelan coast or warships of other nations which seek to prevent him from renewing his activity in his own country.

> Interest in Outcome of Fake Battle. Washington .--- The Navy Department vill soon announce which fleet won the "battle" of Narragansett Bay, Admiral Otterhaus, who cammanded one fleet and Commander Eberle, who di rected the other, each claims to have gained theoretically possession of Long Island Sound. Each claims he annihilated" his "enemy." From the official reports of the umpires, soon to reach him, Secretary Meyer will lecide which fleet won. Interest in theoretical battles has been very keen.





D<sup>0</sup> YOU know of anyone who is old enough to read, who has not seen that sign at a railroad crossing?

- If everyone has seen it at some time or other, then why doesn't the railroad let the sign rot away? Why does the railroad company continue to keep those signs at every crossing?
- Maybe you think, Mr. Merchant, "Most everybody knows my store, I don't have to advertise."
- Your store and your goods need more advertising than the rail-roads need do to warn people to "Look Out for the Cars."
- Nothing is ever completed in the advertising world.
- The Department Stores are very good example—they are continually advertising—and they are continually doing a good business.
- If it pays to run a few ads 'round ut Christmas time, it certainly will pay you to run ad-vertisements about all the time.

It's just business, that's all, to **ADVERTISE** in THIS PAPER