

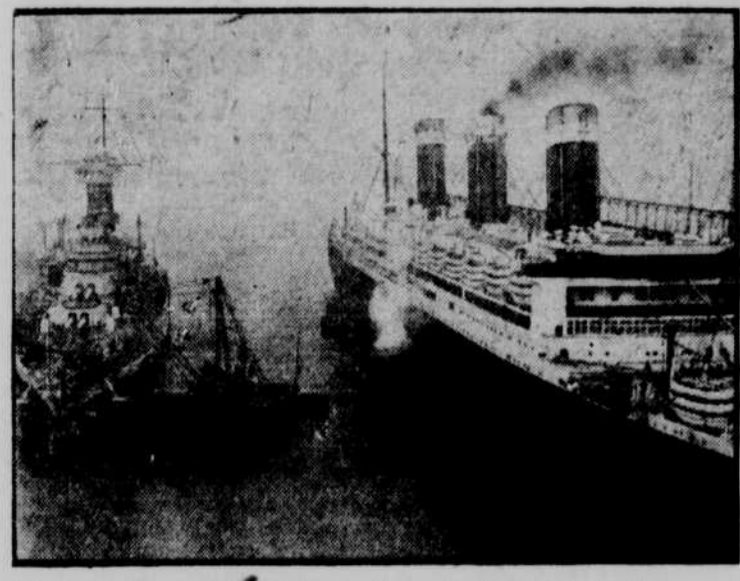
# The Pelham Affair by Louis Tracy

**SYNOPSIS.**  
 Captain Arthur Pelham, arriving in London from Bombay, India, after several years' absence, is told by a railway porter of his strong resemblance to the man who was killed in France. Pelham declares that his cousin is very much alive.  
 Jenkins, the porter, tells of words he heard the supposedly dying man speak and declares that these names have been seen signed by persons in items in the "Agony Column" of a London newspaper.  
 After going to a hotel, Captain Pelham decides to join in the fun and writes a letter addressed to "Matador" and "Vaquero" who had arrested the man which drew his attention. He warns both that "Bill" is after them.  
 Scotland Yard will know of this in the morning, remarks one of the clerks in the advertising office.  
 (Continued From Yesterday.)  
 For a young man who was revisiting London for the first time in seven years, Arthur Pelham remained singularly insensitive to the great city's attractions. He lunched frugally, transferred his baggage from the hotel, sought advice from a policeman as to the quickest way to reach Abney Park cemetery, and about 3.30, was standing bareheaded by the side of a grave marked by a small wooden cross. In order to identify it he had to consult the lodgekeeper's records. A little later he approached the official again, and learned the routine which permitted of a stone being erected. Then he interviewed a monumental sculptor, selected a design in marble, and supplied the text

of an inscription, which read: "In loving memory of Gwendolyn, wife of the late Richard Harrowby Pelham, of Netherton, Yorkshire, who died in London, March 18th, 1913, aged 27 years. Her loss will be ever mourned by her only son."  
 While the man was making out a receipt he glanced at the bronzed face of his patron.  
 "I suppose you have only just returned home, sir?" he said sympathetically. He was aware already that the nature of the commission did not admit of the putative of the cemetery where the grave lay.  
 "Yes," was the answer. "I was in the Khialbar pass when my mother died."  
 "Hard lines. The poor lady died rather young, sir."  
 "She never recovered from the effects of the last daylight raid," said a son, then said.  
 "Ah, them damn Germans! Cost me a shon, they did."  
 "Did he fall in France?"  
 "Yes, sir. At the battle of Loos."  
 "Thank you, sir. I'll attend to everything. If you can call in three weeks you'll find the stone erected."  
 As a second lieutenant in one of the divisions which came up too late to press home the first superb attack. In fact, his commission was then a week old. Not until he saw his mother in Holland. Prompted by Mrs. Pelham's kind heart he wrote a letter of congratulation and in reply received a four typewritten message that Sir Arthur Pelham, though plighted by the friendly inquiry, was too ill to write personally, and did not wish to enter into any further communications.  
 He recalled the name which shook him when he read the insulting words but his mother had only smiled wistfully.  
 "Those words are a legacy of hate. People who injure never forgive," she had said, so he smiled grimly now at the thought that perhaps he had that day stuck a pin into the unregenerate baronet's hide.  
 And that chatty railway porter had told him he saw Sir Arthur Pelham lying dead in a field hospital.  
 "What a queer world it was! Had the second baronet really died he, Arthur Pelham, advised by one in authority to raise chickens or grow apples for a living, would now be third of the line, owner of a fine estate and heir to much invested wealth. Moreover, his mother might have lived. That was the thought which rankled. He believed, indeed he knew, that she was very poor during the later years of the war. He had even sought employment in India so that his enhanced pay should relieve her necessities.

ities. Yes, Christian charity was all very well, but he hoped that "68" and "Matador" and "Vaquero" would fret and fume when they read that advertisement the following morning. Yet, in the next instant, for his vigil by the graveside had calmed rather than excited him, he realized that those foolish gibberings of melodramatic idiots might never disturb the placid existence of his wealthy relative. The ex-soldier, having been mistaken in the one ill-important matter, might have blundered in the other, though the man's testimony was borne out most singularly by his recollection of the two unusual words and a French numeral.  
 But here was Pelham in the Tottenham Court road, with shopping to do, as the hall-porter at the Mansions could only undertake to send in a respectable charwoman, who could cook a bit, next day. He purchased quite a variety of stores, campaigning in France and India having taught him the art of catering. These he piled into a taxi and the hall-porter assisted in transferring them to the flat, a well-furnished and comfortable place. The man was an ex-marine, so they drank success to the new ménage in whisky and soda.  
 As a telephone was available, Pelham rang up a friend in the "Rag," and the two dined together. Afterwards they walked in the park and Johnny lunched with me tomorrow. Come and hear the bird warble. Let's go for a toddle round the jolly old park, lunch at Ranelagh, for which I've two tickets, and watch a hefty knock at polo between the Wanderers and 'A' team. How's that for sub-merging life's worries?"  
 They carried out the program faithfully, even remaining to see some good tennis, and dine in the club with two other men. About 10 o'clock a game of bridge was suggested, but Pelham declared he could not concentrate on cards that night. A rubber was formed without him, and he bade his friends farewell, meaning, he said, to walk home for an hour.  
 He had the vaguest notion of the topography of that part of London, Tottenham Court road lay north-eastward, and the fact sufficed. He paid no special attention to his route until he noticed by a sign post that he was in Barnes. He speculated as to where Chestnut Avenue and Cedar Lodge might be, and questioned a postman who was unlocking a pillar-box at the moment.  
 "That's the house where a burglar was fired at last night."  
 "Was he hit?" inquired Pelham.  
 "No, sir. He got clean away."  
 "With the plunder?"  
 "Oh, no. The gentleman who lives there found him using a jummy on a pantry window."  
 "I don't know much about such things, but is it lawful to shoot a man without warning? What did the police say?"  
 "The police don't care how many burglars are shot. They're fair sick of 'em."  
 Pelham saw no reason why he should not have a look at his cousin's place, as he might never again be in the locality, so, following the postman's directions, he found himself in a broad, tree-lined road in which lighted lamps on a June night were few and far between. The second lamp-post on the right, however, marked the gate of Cedar Lodge. As he happened to be on the opposite

## The Omaha Bee: Thursday, November 15, 1923 Liner Dwarfs Greatest Battleship



The Leviathan and the Colorado, largest ships of their classes, and the Colorado looks like a rowboat in comparison. They were photographed together recently at New York City pier.

"An admitted mistake," said Tuntum. "Now, just hearken unto words of wisdom. This South African Johnny lunched with me tomorrow. Come and hear the bird warble. Let's go for a toddle round the jolly old park, lunch at Ranelagh, for which I've two tickets, and watch a hefty knock at polo between the Wanderers and 'A' team. How's that for sub-merging life's worries?"  
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mysterious and almost equally dangerous surroundings of Indian frontier warfare might be trusted to display a sixth sense in sudden peril. Therefore, though he had not even turned his head, he became aware of some furtive, menacing figure advancing swiftly and silently from behind. It was a simple trick to jump aside first and swing around afterwards, and the action disconcerted a lithe, slimy built man who had intended to surprise him by a cat-like spring.  
 "Ach, so," breathed the assailant, barging into the gate, yet simultaneously dropping his right hand into his coat pocket, whereup Pelham sent him reeling with a straight punch between the eyes, and had him pinned to the ground before the revolver, which he felt with his knee, could come into play.  
 "Which are you, Vaquero or Matador?" he demanded in the quiet tone of one who asked for a match.  
 "Das dich ter teufel hol!" gasped the other. "I had misdake. You are nod Karl!"  
 "No, but you are Helme, all right. Now, what's the game?"  
 "First, let me take this," and Pelham secured the revolver. "Got another? No. Well, you know what you'll get if you don't behave. Now—"  
 At that instant Pelham was seized from behind and a gruff voice said: "I want you two beaties. Come along quietly, or—"  
 Pelham threw himself flat on the man beneath him, thrust out his feet violently, and rolled over. The policeman who had collared him was hurt and disconcerted, but struck gamely. Unfortunately, he did not realize at once that his colleague advanced ceased struggling. The first cause of all this excitement, evidently a desperado of quick perception, sprang to his feet and made off. He was pursued by the lodge-keeper, who had come to the law's assistance, but he might as well have chased a ghost.

He saw a dark shadow flitting among the roadside trees, and that was all. Meanwhile, the policeman, a burly fellow, with a heavy knee planted on his prisoner's chest, was about to handcuff him.  
 "You idiot!" said Pelham, quite calmly. "Don't you see I am not resisting you? I could have broken your neck easily. And you have let the ruffian who attacked me escape."  
 Now, the constable, who had been concealed in the lodge, had sense enough to grasp the essential truth of some of these statements. He had seen the beginning of the fray. He knew that the man who addressed him so placidly was a gentleman. But one remark rankled.  
 "Break my neck, could you?" he growled. "I'd like to see you try."  
 "I can't try. I can only succeed, you ass! And I don't want to do

that, for the sake of your wife and family."  
 The lodge-keeper came running back.  
 "I couldn't catch that other chap," he wheezed, "but you've got one of 'em all right." He looked at Pelham, whose face was clearly visible in the light cast by the lamp. "My God!" he almost screamed. "Who is it?"  
 The policeman began to believe that things were not what they seemed. He relaxed his grip.  
 "If you'll come quietly—" he began.  
 "Oh, you worry me." was the astonishing answer. "Why shouldn't I come quietly? Have I tried to do anything else?"  
 So, the lodge-keeper having locked the front door of his cottage, the three walked off to the district police station at Mortlake.  
 (Continued in The Morning Bee.)

### Now is the time to fight constipation with Bran—Start to-day!

Don't give the diseases that follow in the track of constipation a chance to lodge in your system! Get after constipation with nature's greatest helper—BRAN, Kellogg's Bran, sprinkled over your favorite hot or cold cereal or cook or mix it with hot cereal. In the latter cases add two tablespoons for each person.  
 Do you realize what Kellogg's Bran can do for you and for your family; do you realize that it will keep sickness away; that it will put every one on a new health footing; that it will free you all from pills and cathartics? Kellogg's Bran is particularly delightful made in raisin bread, in macaroons, popovers, muffins, etc. Recipes are printed on each package!  
 You will say that Kellogg's Bran is a blessing to humanity.  
 All grocers sell Kellogg's Bran!

### END RHEUMATIC PAINS QUICKLY

With New German Oil—A Written Guarantee That You Can Do It.

Why continue to suffer with rheumatic pain, aching muscles and stiff, creaking, agonizing joints, when science now offers you instant relief? Thanks to German chemistry that gave to the world the benefits of Aspirin for headache pain and Novocain for painless dentistry you can now often in a very short time be free from the nerve-racking pains of rheumatic infection.  
 A remarkable new discovery makes this possible. For by applying a few drops of a powerful oil to the sore, swollen and sensitive parts, you actually rub the pain away. So rapid and effective is it, and so amazing has been its success in Europe, that the American Distributors have authorized your local druggist to give you a positive signed guarantee of relief from the use of the very first bottle. Unless you are fully satisfied and convinced your money will promptly be refunded.  
 This amazing oil, when applied to the affected parts, quickly penetrates to the affected tissue. Its action on the crystallized deposits of poison must be surprisingly certain, for the pain disappears almost at once in many cases, and the benefits are positive and lasting.  
 Get a bottle of this Oil today and ask for the written guarantee. Then use it in accordance with the directions and watch results. You'll be amazed at the immediate benefits of this wonderful remedy. For sale today at Sherman & McConnell Drug Co., Heaton Drug Co., Merritt Drug Co., Harney Dugan Drug Co., Unit-Doseal Drug Co., Saratoga Drug Co., Pope Drug Co. and Haines Drug Co.

### ADVERTISING

**A Sale Extraordinary of BEAUTIFUL COATS FRIDAY**  
 Values That Will Compel the Interest of Every Omaha Woman  
 Watch Thursday's Paper  
 Edward Reynolds Co.  
 1613 Farnam St.

### ADVERTISING

**QUICK RELIEF FROM CONSTIPATION**  
 Get Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets.  
 That is the joyful cry of thousands since Dr. Edwards produced Olive Tablets, the substitute for calomel.  
 Dr. Edwards, a practicing physician for 17 years and calomel's old-time enemy, discovered the formula for Olive Tablets while treating patients for chronic constipation and torpid livers.  
 Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets do not contain calomel, but a healing, soothing vegetable laxative.  
 No gripping is the "keynote" of these little, sugar-coated, olive-colored tablets. They cause the bowels and liver to act normally. They never force them to unnatural action.  
 If you have a "dark brown mouth"—bad breath—a dull, tired feeling—sick headache—torrid liver—constipation, you'll find quick, sure and pleasant results from one or two of Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets at bedtime.  
 Thousands take them every night just to keep right. Try them. 15c and 30c.

### USE SULPHUR TO HEAL YOUR SKIN

Broken Out Skin and Itching Eczema Helped Over Night.  
 For unsightly skin eruptions, rash or blotches on face, neck, arms or body, you do not have to wait for relief from torture or embarrassment, declares a noted skin specialist. Apply a little Mentho-Sulphur and improvement shows next day.  
 Because of its germ-destroying properties, nothing has even been found to take the place of this sulphur preparation. The moment you apply it healing begins. Only those who have had unsightly skin troubles can know the delight this Mentho-Sulphur brings. Even fiery, itching eczema is dried right up.  
 Get a small jar of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur from any good druggist and use it like cold cream.



### It's Results That Count in Want Ads

The cost of a want ad is small—if it produces results.

For results, put your ad in The Omaha Bee FIRST.

Thousands of people scan the Bee Classified Section every day in search of things they want to buy, sell or rent.

A 4-line ad reaches one thousand two hundred people for each cent it costs you.

Call Atlantic 1000 and ask for "Classified Department"

### Don't Let That Cold Turn Into "Flu"

Rub on Good Old Musterole  
 That cold many turn into "Flu," Grippe or, worse, Pneumonia, unless you take care of it at once.  
 Rub good old Musterole on the congested parts and see how quickly it brings relief.  
 Colds are merely congestion. Mustersole, made from pure oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other simple ingredients, is a counter-irritant which stimulates circulation and helps break up the cold.  
 As effective as the messy old mustard plaster, does the work without blister.  
 Just rub it on with your finger-tips. You will feel a warm tingle as it enters the pores, then a cooling sensation that brings welcome relief.  
 For Mothers: Mustersole is now made in milder form for babies and small children.  
 Ask for Children's Mustersole.  
 35c and 65c in jars and tubes.



### Why suffer from Rheumatism?

THERE is a certain unexplainable feeling that goes with hale and hearty old age—it is a feeling of happiness, of care unknown, of reborn youth.  
 But rheumatism—that deadly malady which has caused so many to surrender to the woes of pain and suffering—caused so many to forego the pleasures of life—caused so many to be dependent. Why suffer from it?  
 To be helped about—cruelty, canes and willing hands always needed to assist you here and help you there. Rheumatism will vanish the same as skin disorders—the same as yellow complexion—the same as that run-down condition when S. S. S. is used. S. S. S. builds red blood cells by the score. Your nerve power is strengthened.



### The World's Best Blood Medicine

When rich, red, healthy blood courses through your veins, there is no such thing as inflammation or neuralgia of the muscles and joints. S. S. S. is what you need to retain that old time vim and vigor and vitality, when you turn down the final stretch of life.  
 Mr. M. A. Farmer, Elyria, Ohio, writes:  
 "S. S. S. relieved me of rheumatism and nervousness. It is the best medicine for building up the blood."  
 S. S. S. is made of carefully selected and scientifically prepared and proportioned herbs and barks. Only pure vegetable ingredients are used. Stronger healthier bodies—bodies able to withstand the onslaughts of diseases are the results of S. S. S. All leading drug stores carry S. S. S. The large size is the more economical.



### The Lighting Company buys Jimmie's shoes

"I'm taking Carrie for a new pair of shoes. It seems I'm always buying shoes for her."  
 "My Jimmie goes through his in no time, too, but the lighting company gives him a new pair every three months."  
 "The lighting company?"  
 "Yes, Nebraska Power Company—my silent partner works there."  
 "Oh, I didn't know your husband worked in the lighting company."  
 "He doesn't. I didn't mean him. It's true I do most of the talking but the silent partner I meant was \$197.00 we have working in the company. You see, we own two shares of its Preferred Stock and every three months, we get a dividend check for \$3.50 and it just keeps Jimmie in shoes the year round."

Maybe YOU, TOO, could put to good use the extra dollars some of YOUR savings could earn for you if you put them to work in Nebraska Power Company by investing in shares of its

### Cumulative Preferred STOCK

Buy your shares from any employe of the Company—they're our salesmen. Clip and mail coupon for complete information.

FREE BOOKLET COUPON (Without Obligation)  
 NEBRASKA POWER CO.  
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 Please send me illustrated booklet "How to Put Money to Work" and More Information about your Preferred Stock, also Details of Easy Payment.  
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 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_

We maintain a resale market at our offices for the benefit of local stockholders who may wish to sell their shares.

# Omaha reads Bee Want Ads