

### Send Students Home Who Drink

#### Twelve University of Kansas Boys Had Liquor After Nebraska Game.

Lawrence, Kan., Nov. 16.—A dozen University of Kansas students will be sent home for one week as a result of admitted misconduct on a special train which carried the university contingent to the Kansas-Nebraska game at Lincoln, Chancellor E. H. Lindley announced today.

### Woman Driver Wrecks Car in Collision With Truck

Plainview, Neb., Nov. 16.—Miss Doris Gunthorpe of this place, driving her father's car, crashed in to the big truck used by the sewer contractor, and broke the truck's lamps and one of the fenders so that the damage done was beyond repair.

### New Hospital Will Open Soon at Nebraska City

Nebraska City, Neb., Nov. 16.—Dr. A. B. Dunn, formerly of Hastings, expects to open a public hospital in this city early next week. He has secured the Winton apartments for a hospital and will open the institution with eight beds.

### Farmer Is Sentenced on Statutory Charge

Pawnee City, Neb., Nov. 16.—Neal Marley, who resides on a farm south-east of Pawnee City, pleaded guilty before Judge J. B. Epper in district court to a statutory charge and was sentenced to a term of not less than three nor more than five years.

### Geneva Woman's Club Will Sponsor Christmas Tree

Geneva, Neb., Nov. 16.—The Geneva Woman's club is planning to have a community Christmas tree. The committee in charge comprises Mrs. C. S. Stover, Mrs. J. K. Waring and Mrs. M. E. Barker.

### Farmer to Quit Business and Become Undertaker

Beatrice, Neb., Nov. 16.—G. H. Roulston of Diller has decided to quit farming and will work at the undertaking business at Fairbury. He disposed of his holdings at a farm sale, horses selling for as high as \$112 per head and cattle bringing about \$60 per head.

## 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 Sir Arthur, who he says was killed in the Agency Colony of a London newspaper.

After going to a hotel, Captain Pelham decides to join in the fun and writes a personal address to the "Ladies" and "Gentlemen" who had signed the ones which drew his attention. He writes both that "Bill" is after them.

Scotland Yard will know of this in the morning, remarks one of the clerks in the detective office. On a midnight walk Pelham walks through the gates of the famous manor and immediately is set upon by another intruder. A policeman catches him but allows his assistant to escape.

After being questioned at police headquarters, Pelham returns to his lodgings. The morning C. F. Pridoux of Scotland Yard calls upon him and bears his story from the time he first saw Pelham in the Agency Colony. When the official from the criminal investigation department hears that Pelham's assistant appeared to be a German, Pridoux, he agrees to use the cooperation of Pelham in the case of the mysterious murder.

(Continued From Yesterday.)  
"Because he spoke German."  
"Do you?"  
"No. I just learned a few cuss words. They came in handy when Helme wouldn't tell us what we wanted to know, though I must admit the point of a bayonet was often more persuasive."

"What did this man say?"  
"He wished that the devil would take me. Then he apologized, in a sort of a way, as I didn't happen to be Karl."  
"He did that, did he? Used the actual name?"  
"Undoubtedly."  
"That blithering ass of a constable ought to be put on traffic duty for the rest of his life. Couldn't the fool see that you were not the aggressor?"

"He was looking through a window, I suppose, and watching me only. The other highter seemed to drop from the clouds. Then, again, he would lose sight of both of us while making for the door, and things were happening rapidly during those few seconds. No. The policeman is not to blame. I was his bird right right enough."  
"Actually, why did you go there at all?"  
"I have no better excuse than the one I gave the inspector. It is possible I may never again be in Barnes, so I took the opportunity to inspect my cousin's residence. This very day I am lurching with a man who wants me to grow oranges in South Africa."

Yesterday it was a toss-up between a poultry farm at home and an apple orchard in Nova Scotia. What do you recommend? Bananas?"  
"If I were you I would grow chickpeas."  
"That's a trifle too subtle for me."  
"Somehow, Captain Pelham—how I do not know at this moment—you have been thrust into the most dangerous criminal combination now existing in England. '69, 'Matador' and 'Vaquero' are the noms de guerre of three German spies whom we were never able to lay hands on during the war. '69' or 'Sokantentent', as his colleagues used to allude to him, is supposed to be a German-American of good education who was able to rent his German attributes and pose as a pro-ally American. 'Vaquero' and 'Matador' operated in Mexico on the American border, and also in Holland. Their real names are not known, even yet. They corresponded or reported, under their respective pseudonyms, and with true German impudence, are now snarling at each other by advertisement in a London newspaper, though well aware that many of their written communications fell into British hands between 1915 and 1918. I have a crazy kind of belief that you had your fingers on the throat of one of them last night. If so, you are in grave danger. That is why I suggest 'whiskers'."

"Oh, I see. But why should 'matador,' 'vaquero' or '69' jump on me because I dare take a peep at my cousin's house?"  
"I cannot even guess. Perhaps Jenkins may enlighten us. He laid the trail, you know."  
Some elusive but lightning-like flash of inspiration, a piercing gleam which went far beyond mere words.

started when Pridoux's eyes and started a queer train of thought in Pelham's mind. He found the detective an extraordinarily stimulating person and wanted to tell him so.

"Let me understand," he said slowly, taking the opportunity to re-light his pipe. "Are we talking for publication—evidence in a law-court, I mean—or just idle discussing a combination of rather uncommon incidents?"  
"I hate law-courts," said Pridoux. "When an inquiry reaches that stage I lose all interest in it."

"If you want an assurance that you will be kept wholly out of this business, except in such matters as you wish to participate in, I give it freely."  
"Thanks. Now I am going to lay bare a family skeleton. It may have struck you as curious that there should be two Arthur Pelhams. The first baronet was Sir Arthur Pelham. He died in 1914, just after war was declared. He had married a German wife. My father, Richard Harrowby Pelham, Sir Arthur's brother, was so certain that the Prussian system was a menace to civilization that they quarrelled about the marriage, which took place, of course, long before the baronetcy was conferred. Arthur was, you see, the yearling professor of physics in a Midland university. Arthur prospered. George remained poor, but had sufficient income to live in fair comfort and educate his children. He married, and I came along. About 1910 my father discovered a formula for a non-explosive gas suitable for balloons. Trusting to his brother's business acumen he approached him, and for a time, the hatchet was buried. For some reason, largely owing to misrepresentation my father held, our war office would not give his invention a trial, yet, within the year, Count Zeppelin was producing a similar gas at Lake Constance."

"Ah!" chirped Pridoux.  
"Eighty or wrongly, my old man blamed the Germans for it. About that time Sir Arthur bought a big sporting estate in Scotland. Nothing would convince the younger brother that the elder one had not sold the formula to the Germans for a large sum of money, and the family cleavage then became so serious that Sir Arthur paid not the slightest heed when my father died in 1912. I had completed my first year at Oxford, but had to let go. Having a taste for mechanics I got a job in Coventry with a motor-manufacturing firm, and had just settled in their London office when the war broke out. The call came for dispatch riders in France, and, of course, I couldn't resist it. We Pelhams are really a race of soldiers with the exception of one generation, and my mother was an Indian Lawrence."

"Was there any trouble about her nationality?"  
"I never heard of any. She has lived in this country nearly 20 years. I think few people knew that she was a Hanoverian by birth and upbringing."  
"A whistle's thin note came from the kitchen."  
"That's a signal from the hall-porter's office," said Pelham, rising. "I'll just see what it is, though I don't expect any parcels."  
"Then Pridoux heard a disjointed conversation."  
"What? A lady? What's her name? From Cedar Lodge, you say?"  
Pelham repeated, "Pelham reappeared."  
"The plot thickens," he said. "A lady, a young lady, who refuses to give her name but says she has come from Cedar Lodge. Barnes, has called, and is now on her way upstairs."  
"Let me remain, but say nothing about my unfortunate profession," urged Pridoux.  
"Certainly. I would much prefer not to see her alone," agreed Pelham. "Women make me nervous. I don't know how to tackle them."  
"I'm a past master in the art," chuckled the detective. "When I find the woman in the case I regard my work as half done."  
"Of course, I don't want to share in any deception."  
"Wait till you see the lady. Some women simply ask to be deceived. And chuck that pistol into a drawer, quick!"

Pelham went to the door, Pridoux to the window; a taxi was just driving away. Then Pelham said, quite nervously:  
"Are you sure you are not making a mistake. Do you really wish to see me?"  
And, in truth even Pridoux was silenced for the time. Neither he nor Pelham was prepared for the style and manner of this unexpected visitor. She was a charming English girl, apparently 20 years of age, or even younger. She was well, but quietly dressed, the salient items of her costume being a broad-brimmed grey hat, a knitted jersey of French grey silk, a cloth skirt of the same shade, grey silk stockings and suede shoes with silver buckles. Her figure was slim and straight yet elegant, with the noise of activity and suppleness. But it was her face that compelled attention. While not strikingly beautiful she had fine eyes and a clear, sun-browned complexion, innocent of cosmetics. Masses of golden-brown hair peeped under her hat and were coiled above the nape of her neck. In a word, she was typical of the best elements of her race, and suggested the environment of an English county town rather than London.

Though obviously ill at ease, she did not lose her self-possession at sight of a somewhat flurried young man.  
"Yes," she said. "That is, if you are Capt. Arthur Pelham."  
"I am," said Pelham.  
"Well, I have ventured to call because—because of what happened last night in front of Cedar Lodge."  
"Please don't stop smoking on my account," said the girl, more collectedly, showing that Pridoux had attained his object.  
"If you really don't mind?" stammered Pelham, who had never before felt so absurdly tongue-tied.

"Not in the least. But, let me tell you who I am. My name is Phyllis Daint, and I—I am supposed to be engaged to Sir Arthur Pelham."  
"Then we are prospective cousins at least," broke in Pelham quickly. He had found something to say at any rate, and was eager to forestall Pridoux.  
(Continued in The Morning Bee.)  
Have you the O. O. McIntyre habit? His column appears each day in The Evening Bee.

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CHAPTER III.  
The Girl Who Didn't Want to Marry.  
The more evidence of her voice, the even, well-bred utterance of one accustomed to good society, brought Pelham to a sense of his gaucheerie in standing with a restraining hand on the door, and staring at this pleasing apparition although he rather resented the intrusion.  
"Please forgive me," he said, with a helpful smile. "My wits are wool-gathering. I'm afraid. Won't you come in? I have a friend here, Mr. Pridoux."  
"Of Scotland Yard," put in the little man instantly. Pelham gave him a glance of ready appreciation, which the detective did not fail to interpret correctly. From that instant no barrier of distrust existed between those two.  
"Oh!" fluttered the girl, her blue eyes, which had in them that rare Aesthetic tint known as blonde Kazool, betraying a shade of alarm.  
"Yes," said the detective, "I am sure you prefer to know that at

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