

# THE HORN BLOW

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

By CHARLES KLEIN AND ARTHUR HORN BLOW

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CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

"You Have Besmirched Her Character With Stories of Scandal."

"That's your object, isn't it, Mr. Jeffrey—to find out?" he said sarcastically.

"What's the name of this mysterious witness?" exclaimed the banker.

"If the police haven't been able to find her why should Howard's wife be able to do so? There was a report that she herself was—"

"No," said the judge dryly, "he will tell us to-night."

"The banker bounded in his seat."

"You'll see," he cried, "another flash in the pan. I don't like being mixed up in this matter—it's disagreeable—most disagreeable."

Dr. Bernstein puffed a thick cloud of smoke into the air and said quietly:

"Yes, sir; it is disagreeable—but unfortunately it is life."

Suddenly the door opened and Capt. Clinton appeared, followed by his aids Achates, Detective Sergeant Maloney. Both men were in plain clothes. The captain's manner was condescendingly polite, the attitude of a man so sure of his own position that he needs no respect for the opinion of any one else. With an effort at amiability he began:

"Your message, Judge—came as soon as I could. Excuse my bringing the sergeant with me. Sir, I've had 'Maloney' half apologetically, he added. 'He keeps his eyes on me and his mouth shut, so he won't interfere. How do, doctor?'"

"Maloney took a position at the far end of the room, while Dr. Bernstein introduced the captain to Mr. Jeffrey."

"Yes, I know the gentleman. How do, sir?"

The banker nodded stiffly. He did not relish having a common in his room with such a vulgar-looking police captain. Capt. Clinton turned to Judge Brewster.

"Now, Judge, I've made up my mind. But I warn you I've made up my mind."

"I've made up my mind, too," retorted the judge, "so at least we start even."

"Yes, grieved the other."

"As I stated in my letter, captain," went on the judge, "you refuse to use your own methods in this matter. I don't want to spread reports about you, or accuse you of anything. That's why I asked you to come over and discuss the matter informally with me. I want to give you a chance to change your attitude."

"Don't want any chance," growled the policeman.

"You mean," said the judge, peering at his side, "you've over his head, that you don't want to change your attitude?"

Capt. Clinton settled himself more firmly in his chair, as if getting ready for hostilities. Definitely he replied:

"That's about what I mean, I suppose."

"In other words," went on Judge Brewster calmly, "you have found this view too guilty and you refuse to consider evidence which may tend to prove otherwise."

"That's my business to consider evidence," snapped the chief. "I'm up to the prosecuting attorney. It's his job to present it's up to you."

"He" exclaimed the other in genuine surprise.

"Yes," went on Judge Brewster calmly, "you were instrumental in obtaining a confession from him. I'm raising a question as to the truth of that confession."

Capt. Clinton showed signs of impatience. Shrug his massive shoulders depressingly.

"Are we going over all that? What's the use? A confession is a confession and that settles it. I suppose the doctor has been working his pet theory on you and it's beginning to grope."

"Yes," retorted the judge, "it's beginning to sprout, captain!"

"There was a sudden interruption caused by the entrance of the butler, who approached his master and whispered something to him. Aloud the judge said:

"I don't like to wait till we are ready."

"What difference does that make?" demanded the policeman.

"The barrel of the revolver was bright—shining steel. From the moment that Howard's eyes rested on the shining steel barrel of that revolver he was no longer a conscious personality. As he himself said to his wife: 'The first I did know of it, I knew I didn't, but after I looked at that shining pistol I don't know what I said or did—everything became a blur and darkness.' Now, I may tell you, captain, that this condition fits in every detail the clinical experience of nerve specialists and the medical experience of the psychologists. After five hours' constant cross-questioning while in a semi-dazed condition, you impressed on him your own ideas and your own conclusions, but those that were in your mind, but those that were in yours. Is that the scientific fact, doctor?"

"Yes," replied Dr. Bernstein, "the optical captivation of Howard Jeffrey is the greatest public optical-oh, you know the political value of that sort of thing as well as I do."

The captain shrugged his shoulders. "You can't help what they say about me," he growled.

"They might add that you are also the richest," added the judge quickly, "but I don't want to go into that."

Again Capt. Clinton reddened and shifted restlessly on his chair. He did not relish the trend of the conversation.

"I don't like all this Judge Brewster—'ain't fair—I ain't on trial."

Judge Brewster picked up some papers from his desk and read from one of them.

"Captain, in the case of the People against Creeden—after plying the defendant with questions for six hours you obtained a confession from him."

"Yes, he told me he set the place on fire," he answered.

"Exactly—but it afterward developed that he was never near the place."

"Well, he told me."

"Yes, he told you, but it turned out that he was mistaken."

"I didn't come here to hear about that—you were going to produce the money," he retorted.

"One thing a title," replied the judge. "First, I want to show you that we know Howard Jeffrey's confession is untrue. Now we'll take up the other question—striking a bell on his desk, he added: 'This woman can prove that Robert Underwood committed suicide.'"

"She can, eh?" exclaimed the captain sarcastically. "Maybe she did it herself. Some one did it, that's sure!"

The butler door opened and the butler entered.

"Yes, some one did it," retorted the judge; "we agree there!"

The servant left the room and the captain returned to the judge with a smile.

"Is she the one? Ha! ha!—that's easy."

"The judge nodded."

"She has promised to produce the missing witness tonight."

"She has, eh?" exclaimed the captain.

Rising quickly from his chair, he crossed the room and talked in an undertone with his sergeant. This was done in the case of the interest. Meantime Mr. Jeffrey, who had followed every phase of the questioning with close attention, left his seat and went over to Judge Brewster.

"Is it possible," he explained, "is it possible that Underwood shot himself? I never dreamed of doubting Howard's confession!" More cordially he went on: "If it is true, I owe you a debt of gratitude—"

"The judge grasped his hand warmly. "I'm afraid I've been just a trifle obstinate."

"Just a trifle," said the judge dryly. Sergeant Maloney took his hat.

"I'm sorry," said the captain, "you can telephone from the corner drug store."

"All right, captain."

Dr. Bernstein also rose to depart.

"I must go, Mr. Brewster; I have an appointment at the hospital."

"The judge grasped his hand warmly. "Thank you, doctor!" he exclaimed; "I don't know what I should have done without you."

"Thank you, sir!" chimed in the banker; "I am greatly indebted to you."

"Don't mention it," replied the psychologist almost ironically.

He went out and the banker impatiently took out his watch.

"It's getting late," he exclaimed; "where is this girl. I have no faith in her promises!"

As he spoke the library door opened and Anne appeared.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Had No Opinion.

An attorney said to an Irishman, his client: "Why don't you pay me that money, Mr. Maloney?"

"Don't you pay me that money, because I don't owe it to you."

"Not owe it to me? Yes, you do. It's for the opinion you had of me."

"That's good as I did," replied the man. "When I never had any opinion of you in all of my life."

**FRANK JAY GOULD, BATTERLEE AND OTHER FINANCIERS ON THE LIST.**

**NINE INDICTMENTS AFFRACK THIRTY-FIVE FIRMS.**

Government Charges Restraint of Trade in Violation of Sherman Anti-Trust Law by Agreement With One Another.

Nine indictments charging 35 firms with restraint of trade in violation of the Sherman anti-trust law were returned against many associations and 34 individuals, comprising the so-called "wire trust," affiliated with the steel industry.

Prominent among the defendants are Frank Jay Gould, of New York, president of the Old Dominion Iron & Nail Works Co.; Herbert L. Satterlee, son-in-law of Pierpont Morgan, and William P. Palmer, president of the American Steel & Wire Co., subsidiary of the U. S. Steel Corporation.

"What this suit charges," said District Attorney Wise, "is a trade agreement not to seek to establish a physical or fiscal monopoly of properties or interests indicated, but a series of pools to maintain prices and apportion territory. It is in violation of the Sherman act."

The suit appears as a further earnestness of the government's determination to deal rigorously with restrictive trade agreements. The indictments, however, that were gathered by the bureau of corporations in its investigation of the Sherman act are mentioned, the American Steel & Wire Co. and the Trenton Iron Co.

The general charges in all the indictments are the same, allowing for the difference in the business. They are: "The defendants were engaged. It is set forth that the various associations organized under their association names and each selected a supervisor, and adopted rules and regulations."

Class of 1911 Gets Sheepskins.

More than 300 men and women have been added to the number of graduates of the University of Michigan. President Harry B. Hutchins handed them the sheepskins for degrees of Bachelor of Science in the University hall, and they walked out in their college regalia out into the world for which they have been preparing in the university's halls.

U. of M. Adds to Curriculum.

The degree of Doctor of Public Health, which was conferred on Dr. Guy L. Kiefer, of Detroit, and Dr. William Evans of Chicago, by the University of Michigan at the commencement exercises at the U. of M. a new degree at Michigan, and is conferred by that university in the United States, Harvard, Pennsylvania, and Columbia.

Some of the members of the board of regents a course leading to the degree of doctor of public health and their college career out into the world and it is planned to begin the courses at the opening of the university next fall.

Unions Decide to Raise Funds.

Seventy Compters and 100 officials of labor organizations, including the heads of many international unions, met Monday to discuss means for raising a fund to defray the cost of the strike in California, and James McNamee, now in jail in Los Angeles, under indictment for alleged dynamiting of a Los Angeles cable.

Ten Men Killed in Buffalo.

Seven men were instantly killed and 30 injured, three so seriously that they died within the hour, when the new pumping station at the Buffalo water works at the foot of Fort Street, which was under construction, was struck by a gas explosion. The property loss will be over a million dollars.

Car Curious Case of Diptemper.

When it comes to the task of taking up the parlor carpet, do you run away from the job?"

"No, I beat it."

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Stop the Pain.

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Charles Understelt, 65 W. 44th St., Chicago, Ill., says: "Kidney trouble ran me down from 196 to 136 pounds and I was a shadow of my former self. I had to go to a hospital, but was not helped. I became so bad the doctors said my left side was paralyzed. I could not walk without assistance. I grew worse and went to a hospital, but was not helped. My friends all thought I would die. Three weeks after I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills I passed a gravel stone as big as a pea. At intervals the stones kept passing from me. I passed eleven in one day. Doan's Kidney Pills finally cured me. My health returned and I have had no kidney trouble since."

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