

The Third Degree

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

By CHARLES KLEIN AND ARTHUR HORNBLow

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

Howard Jeffrey, banker's son, under the will influence of Robert Underwood, a fellow-student at Yale, leads a life of dissipation, marries the daughter of a gambler who died in prison, and is disowned by his father. He tries to get work and fails.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

"I wish I could help you, old man. As it is, my own salary barely serves to keep me in neckwear. Wall street's great fun, but it doesn't pay much; that is, not unless you play the game yourself."

Howard smiled feebly as he replied:

"Nonsense—I wouldn't accept help of that sort. I'm not reduced to soliciting charity yet. I guess I'd prefer the river to that. But if you hear of anything, keep me in mind."

The athlete made no response. He was apparently lost in thought when suddenly he burst out:

"Say, Jeffrey, you haven't got any money, have you—say, a couple of thousand dollars?"

Howard stared at the questioner as if he doubted his sanity.

"Two thousand dollars?" he gasped. "To you suppose that I'd be wearing out shoe leather looking for a job, if I had \$2,000?"

Coxe looked disappointed as he replied:

"Oh, of course, I understand you haven't it on you, only I thought you might be able to raise it."

"Why do you ask?" inquired Howard, his curiosity aroused.

Coxe looked around to see if any one was listening. Then in a whisper he said:

"It's a cinch. If you had \$2,000, you and I could make a snug little fortune. Don't you understand? In my office I get tips. I'm on the inside. I know in advance what the big men are going to do. When they start to move a certain stock up, I'm on the job. Understand? If you had \$2,000, I could raise as much, and we'd pool our capital, starting in the business ourselves—on a small scale, of course. If we hit it right we might make a nice income."

Howard's mouth watered. Certainly that was the kind of life he liked best. The feverish excitement of gambling, the close association with rich men, the promise of a luxurious style of living—all this appealed to him strongly. But what was the use? Where could he get \$2,000? He couldn't go to his father. He shook his head.

"I'm afraid not, old sport," he said as they left the saloon and he held out his hand to say good-by. "But I'll bear it in mind, and if things improve, I'll look you up. So long!"

Climbing warily up the dirty stairs of the elevated railroad, he bought a ticket with one of the few nickels remaining in his pocket, and taking a seat in a north-bound train started on his trip back to Harlem.

The day was overcast, rain threatened. A pall of mingled smoke and mist hung over the entire city. From the car window as the train wound its serpentine course in and out of the maze of grimy offices, shops and tenements, everything appeared drab, dirty and squalid. New York was seen at its ugliest. Ensnared in a cross-seat, his chin leaning heavily on his hand, Howard gazed dejectedly out of the window. The depressing outlook was in keeping with his own state of mind.

How would the adventure end? Reconciliation with his father was out of the question. Letters sent home remained without response. He wasn't surprised. He knew his father too well to expect that he would relent so soon. Besides, if the old man was so infernally proud, he'd show him he had some pride, too. He'd drown himself before he'd go down on his knees, willing to be forgiven. His father was dead wrong, anyway. His marriage might have been foolish; Annie might be beneath him socially. She wasn't educated and her father wasn't any better than he ought to be. She did not talk correctly, her manners left much to be desired, at times he was secretly ashamed of her. But her bringing up was her misfortune, not her fault. The girl herself was straight as a die. She had a heart of gold. She was far more intelligent, far more likely to make him a happy home than some stuck-up, idle society girl who had no thought for anything save money, dress and show. Perhaps if he had been less honorable and not married her, his father would have thought more highly of him. If he'd raised the girl, no doubt he would have been welcomed home with open arms. Pah! He might be a poor, weak fool, but thank God, they could not reproach him with that. Annie had been loyal to him throughout. He'd stick to her through thick and thin.

As the train swept round the curve at Fifty-third street and started on its long, straight run up the West side, his mind reverted to Robert Underwood. He had seen his old associate only once since leaving college. He ran across him one day on Fifth ave-

nue. Underwood was coming out of a curio shop. He explained hurriedly that he had left Yale, and when asked about his future plans talked vaguely of going in for art. His matter was frigid and nervous—the attitude of the man who fears he may be approached for a small loan. He was evidently well aware of the change in his old associate's fortunes, and having squeezed all he could out of him, had no further use for him. It was only when he had disappeared that Howard suddenly remembered a loan of \$250 which Underwood had never repaid. Some time later Howard learned that he occupied apartments at the exclusive and expensive Astoria, where he was living in great style. He went there determined to see him and demand his money, but the card always came back "not at home."

Underwood had always been a mystery to Howard. He knew him to be an inveterate gambler and a man entirely without principle. No one knew who his family were or where he came from. His source of income, too, was always a puzzle. At college he was always hard up, borrowing right and left and forgetting to pay, yet he always succeeded in living on the fat of the land. His apartments



"I Wish I Could Help You, Old Man."

in the Astoria cost a small fortune; he dressed well, drove a smart turnout and entertained lavishly. He was not identified with any particular business or profession. On leaving college he became interested in art. He frequented the important art sales and soon got his name in the newspapers as an authority on art matters. His apartment was literally a museum of European and oriental art. On all sides were paintings by old masters, beautiful rugs, priceless tapestries, rare ceramics, enamels, statuary, antique furniture, bronzes, etc. He passed for a man of wealth, and mothers with marriageable daughters, considering him an eligible young bachelor, hastened to invite him to their homes, none of them conscious of the danger of letting the wolf slip into the lambs' fold.

What a strange power of fascination, mused Howard as the train jugged along, men of Underwood's bold and reckless type wield, especially over women. Their very daring and unscrupulousness seems to render them more attractive. He himself at college had fallen entirely under the man's spell. There was no doubt that he was responsible for all his troubles. Underwood possessed the uncanny gift of being able to bend people to his will. What a fool he had made of him at the university! He had been his evil genius, there was no question of that. But for meeting Underwood he might have applied himself to serious study, left the university with honors and be now a respectable member of the community. He remembered with a smile that he had been through Underwood that he had met his wife. Some of the fellows hinted that Underwood had known her more intimately than he had pretended and had only passed her on to him because he was tired of her. He had naively taken her as a lie. Annie, he could swear, was as good a girl as ever breathed.

He couldn't explain Underwood's influence over him. He had done with

him what he chose. He wondered why he had not tried to resist. The truth was Underwood exercised a strange, subtle power over him. He had the power to make him do everything he wanted him to do, no matter how foolish or unreasonable the request. Every one at college used to talk about it. One night Underwood invited all his classmates to his rooms and made him cut up all kinds of capers. He at first refused, point blank—but Underwood got up and, standing directly in front of him, gazed steadily into his eyes. Again he commanded him to do these ridiculous, degrading things. Howard felt himself weakening. He was suddenly seized with the feeling that he must obey. Amid roars of laughter he recited the entire alphabet standing on one leg, he crawled like a rooster, he hopped like a toad, and he crawled abjectly on his belly like a snake. One of the fellows told him afterward that he had been hypnotized. He had laughed at it then as a good joke, but now he came to think of it, perhaps it was true. Possibly he was a subject. Anyway he was glad to be rid of Underwood and his uncanny influence.

The train stopped with a jerk at his station and Howard rode down in the elevator to the street. Crossing Eighth avenue, he was going straight home when suddenly he halted. The glitter and tempting array of bottles in a corner saloon window tempted him. He suddenly felt that if there was one thing he needed in the world above all others it was another drink. True, he had had more than enough already. But that was Cox's fault. He had invited him and made him drink. There couldn't be any harm in taking another. He might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb. By the time he emerged from the saloon his speech was thick and his step uncertain. A few minutes later he was painfully climbing up the rickety stairs of a cheap-looking flat house. As he

reached the top floor a cheerful voice called out:

"Is that you, Howard, dear?"

CHAPTER II.

A young woman hurried out of one of the apartments to greet Howard. She was a vivacious brunette of medium height, intelligent looking, with good features and fine teeth. It was not a doll face, but the face of a woman who had experienced early the hard knocks of the world, yet in whom adversity had not succeeded in wholly subduing a naturally buoyant, amiable disposition. There was determination in the lines above her mouth. It was a face full of character, the face of a woman who by sheer dint of dogged perseverance might accomplish any task she cared to set herself. A smile of welcome gleamed in her eyes as she inquired eagerly:

"Well, dear, anything doing?"

Howard shook his head for all response and a look of disappointment crossed the young wife's face.

"Say, that's tough, ain't it?" she exclaimed. "The janitor was here again for the rent. He says they'll serve us with a dispossession. I told him to chase himself, I was that mad."

Annie's vocabulary was emphatic, rather than choice. Entirely without education, she made no pretense at being what she was not and therein perhaps lay her chief charm. As Howard stooped to kiss her, she said reproachfully:

"You've been drinking again, Howard. You promised me you wouldn't."

The young man made no reply. With an impatient gesture he passed on into the flat and flung himself down in a chair in the dining room. From the adjoining kitchen came a welcome odor of cooking.

"Dinner ready?" he demanded. "I'm devilish hungry."

"Yes, dear, just a minute," replied his wife from the kitchen. "There's some nice Irish stew, just what you like."

bursts out that boundary on all sides and expands another orbit on the great deep, which also runs up into a high wave, with attempt again to stop and to bind. But the heart refuses to be imprisoned; in its first and narrowest pulses it already tends outward with a vast force and to immense and innumerable expansions.

The Passion for Gain.

The existing industrial order virtually rests upon the assumption that it is every man's business in this world to get for himself—and, of

The box-like hole where Howard sat awaiting his meal was the largest room in a flat which boasted of "five and bath." There was a bedroom of equally diminutive proportions and a parlor with wall paper so loud that it talked. There was scarcely enough room to swing a cat around. The thin walls were cracked, the rooms were carpetless. Yet it showed the care of a good housekeeper. Floors and windows were clean, the cover on the table spotless. The furnishings were as meager as they were ingenious. With their slender purse they had been able to purchase only the bare necessities—a bed, a chair or two, a dining room table, a few kitchen utensils. When they wanted to sit in the parlor they had to carry a chair from the dining room; when meal times came the chairs had to travel back again. A soap box turned upside down and neatly covered with chintz did duty as a dresser in the bedroom, and with a few photographs and tacks they had managed to impart an aesthetic appearance to the parlor. This place cost the huge sum of \$25 a month. It might just as well have cost \$120 for all Howard's ability to pay it. The past month's rent was long overdue and the janitor looked more insolent every day. But they did not care. They were young and life was still before them.

Presently Annie came in carrying a steaming dish of stew, which she laid on the table. As she helped Howard to a plate full she said: "So you had no luck again this morning?"

Howard was too busy eating to answer. As he gulped down a huge piece of bread, he growled:

"Nothing, as usual—same old story, nothing doing."

Annie sighed. She had been given this answer so often that it would have surprised her to hear anything else. It meant that their hard hand-to-mouth struggle must go on. She said nothing. What was the use? It would never do to discourage Howard. She tried to make light of it.

"Of course it isn't easy, I quite understand that. Never mind, dear. Something will turn up soon. Where did you go? Whom did you see? Why didn't you let drink alone when you promised me you would?"

"That was Cox's fault," blurted out Howard, always ready to blame others for his own shortcomings. "You remember Cox? He was at Yale when I was. A big, fair fellow with blue eyes. He pulled stroke in the 'Varsity boat race, you remember?"

"I think I do," replied his wife, indifferently, as she helped him to more stew. "What did he want? What's he doing in New York?"

"He's got a fine place in a broker's office in Wall street. I felt ashamed to let him see me low down like this. He said that I could make a good deal of money if only I had a little capital. He knows everything going on in Wall street. If I went in with him I'd be on Easy street."

"How much would it require?"

"Two thousand dollars."

The young wife gave a sigh as she answered:

"I'm afraid that's a day dream. Only your father could give you such an amount and you wouldn't go to him, would you?"

"Not if we hadn't another crust in the house," snapped Howard savagely. "You don't want me to, do you?"

"No, dear," she answered calmly. "I should certainly wish that you should humble yourself. At the same time I am not selfish enough to want to stand in the way of your future. Your father and stepmother hate me. I know that. I am the cause of your separation from your folks. No doubt your father would be very willing to help you if you would consent to leave me."

Howard laughed as he replied:

"Well, if that's the price for the \$2,000 I guess I'll go without it. I wouldn't give you up for a million times \$2,000!"

Annie stretched her hand across the table.

"Really?" she said.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Engineering in Hospitals.

Practically all the important infirmaries and hospitals in England have their own electric generating stations, and the size of the installations would surprise the majority of engineers. The equipment has to be designed with unusual care, owing to the special conditions which prevail in hospital work. Even where a public supply is available, the use of an independent system is justified on account of the security which it gives against failure of current at a critical moment. The installations are used for lighting, heating, ventilating, telephoning and other purposes, and many hospitals have laundries operated electrically. One county asylum has its own private electric railway for conveying supplies from the nearest railway station.

The Duration of Dreams.

Something regarding the duration of dreams can be gathered from this experience of a man who, on sitting down for a dental operation, took gas and dreamed. He saw himself finish his work, go to the club, leave for the station, run for the train and miss it. He returned to his club and reclined on a settee in the library. There he passed a miserable, restless night, getting gradually colder and colder as the fire died down, and with a pain gradually growing about his head and face from the hardness of his couch. Five o'clock in the morning came, and the steward roused him to say that the club must now be closed. The sleeper got up feeling very stiff—to find that the steward was his dentist, and that the night's adventures had lasted exactly 42 seconds.

course, to get away from his neighbors—as much as he legally and prudently and safely can. This principle of life, no matter how artfully disguised, nor how cautiously practised, is sure to bring strife and poverty and wretchedness. Any organization or any society which is founded on selfishness will come to grief. That is the bottom trouble with the industrial world today; and the only radical cure for it is a change in the ruling principle of life.—Recollections of Dr. Washington Gladden.

The Coiffure



EVERY one (with an eye for beauty values in the new styles) will want a hair band. The hair band is not a novelty, but it is a revival which, for two reasons, has been steadily gaining ground in favor.

Those consummate judges of the beautiful and artistic—the ancient Greeks—show us, in what remains of their art, that their women bound up their hair with bands, and the Greek coiffure, like the Greek architect, still stands the most excellent of all achievement in its line, writes Julia Bottomley in the Illustrated Milliner. The demand for the band has become so general that bands of many descriptions and styles, designed for women of various ages, complexions and build, are now manufactured and put on the market, all ready to adjust to the head.

There are plain black bands of velvet or silk ribbon, finished with a plain flat bow, or a rosette for morning wear, which means also that they are appropriate for the business woman during her working hours. They fasten with one or two hooks and eyes, and are not confined to black but are shown in black with a little silver or white, or in white with black markings suitable for very gray hair.

The hair band supports the hair which, as the day wears on, has a tendency to sag, unless provided with some artificial support. It keeps the "scolding locks" from flying loose and straggling about the neck and face. The charm of neatness is hardly second to that of beauty, and has a beauty of its own, which has been known to win out over very beautiful but "sloppy" creatures. Besides these virtues the hair band is becoming. If the hair is dull and lifeless, the band brightens it. The older ladies with beautiful white hair, understand the life and sparkle resulting from the vivid contrast of the black velvet band, or one of vivid green. The glow of silver strands or the sparkle of cut steel or rhinestones on the band makes the white coiffure a thing of distinction and beauty which is different from any other. The black hair, that is lacking in the luster and "shine" essential to beauty in dark shades, borrows brilliancy from gold

and silver and spangles. Women with brown hair, and all the intermediate shades or tones that gradually lead to auburn, red, deep gold, pale gold and drab and then to ash blonde, will find the selection of a band as interesting as the selection of a hat. All of them may be sure that black looks well, bringing out the wonderful colors which nature seems to delight in giving to human hair. The band is not necessarily of a contrasting color. The possessor of copper colored hair may achieve a color harmony with copper color and green or copper color and black, which will make the most jaded observer of things beautiful (if such a being lives) turn round to look and rejoice. Adopt the hair band, make a study of it, and it will be a part of you, waking or sleeping. For her modern ladyship gives attention to her night time disposition of the hair, with an eye to making it attractive as well as comfortable. If she finds it necessary to roll it up on curlers about the face, then the broad band of soft ribbon covers up a lot of unsightliness. The soft rosette at the side is a touch of frivolity which we not only forgive, but adore. Little net or silk caps with a fringe of lace or band of ribbon about the face are also very nice for night wear.

Figure 1 shows a band of wide ribbon finished with a rosette. The color, in this instance, is turquoise blue and the wearer possesses a gift of nature, in hair of deep yellow, a regular gold. She should wear with equally fine effect, yellow, white, pale green, pale and deep blues, black, white, gray, lavender and yellow browns. The band shown is called the "Hortense." The ribbon of which it is made is six inches wide and two yards are required. The rosette is fastened back of the tip of the ear. The new coiffures are either quite high or very low, and are designed for different types.

Fig. 2 is called the "Lady Vivien," and is designed for evening wear. It is simply a strip of spangled tulle 10 to 12 inches wide finished with a small rosette. A barrette of shell, set with rhinestones, is worn with it, forming a more substantial support for the chignon.

It was Muffing.

"Bugs Raymond, the handsome and brilliant pitcher of the New York Giants, is a great wit on the field," said a sporting editor at the Pen and Pencil club in Philadelphia.

"Raymond was disgusted one day at his team's wretched outfielding. Batter after batter sent up high flies, and these easy balls were muffed alternately by left and center.

"Bugs at the sixth muffed threw down his glove and stamped on it.

"There's an epidemic in the outfield," he said, "but, by Jingo! it isn't catching!"

Happy Family.

Mrs. Scragginton (in the midst of her reading)—Here is an account of a woman turning on the gas while her husband was asleep and asphyxiating him!"

Mr. Scragginton—Very considerate of her, I'm sure! Some wives wake their husbands up, and then talk them to death.—Puck.

Men have more temptations than women, because they know where to look for them.

A WIDOW'S LUCK

Quit the Thing That Was Slowly Injuring Her.

A woman tells how coffee kept her from insuring her life:

"I suffered for many years chiefly from trouble with my heart, with severe nervous headaches and neuralgia; but although incapacitated at times for my housework, I did not realize the gravity of my condition till I was rejected for life insurance, because, the examining physician said, my heart was so bad he could not pass me.

"This distressed me very much, as I was a widow and had a child dependent upon me. It was to protect her future that I wanted to insure my life.

"Fortunately for me, I happened to read an advertisement containing a testimonial from a man who had been affected in the same way that I was with heart trouble, and who was benefited by leaving off coffee and using Postum. I grasped at the hope this held out, and made the change at once.

"My health began to improve immediately. The headaches and neuralgia disappeared, I gained in flesh, and my appetite came back to me. Greatest of all, my heart was strengthened from the beginning, and soon all the distressing symptoms passed away. No more waking up in the night with my heart trying to fly out of my mouth! heart trying to fly out of my mouth! heart trying to fly out of my mouth!

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In May Beware of Dyspepsia.



NOT ANNOYED, OF COURSE

Capt. Butt was Merely Giving to His Friend a Few Philosophical Reflections.

Capt. Archibald W. Butt, the president's military aide, was called out of bed at nine o'clock one morning to answer a telephone call.

"Archie," said his friend on the other end of the wire, "I called you up to tell you that I shall not be able to keep the appointment I made with you for eleven o'clock today."

"I'm sorry," said Butt, his tone a trifle chilly.

"Yes; it's too bad," agreed the other.

There ensued an ominous pause. "You know," remarked Butt sententiously, "telephoning seems to be a habit, a bad habit, in Washington. People are beginning to issue their invitations by telephone. They 'phone don't seem to know when not to telephone. They even get you out of bed to talk to you on the telephone."

"I'm afraid I annoyed you, and you're bawling me out," said the friend.

"Oh, no!" contradicted Butt in a louder tone. "My remarks are merely a few philosophical reflections induced by the early hour of the morning."—The Sunday Magazine.

NATURAL.



"Mrs. Tree's husband has only one leg."

"Well, most every tree loses a limb."

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