



The THIRD DEGREE

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

By CHARLES KLEIN AND ARTHUR HORNBLow

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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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 prison, and is disowned by his father. He tries to get work and fails. A former college chum makes a business proposition to Howard which requires \$200 cash, and Howard is broke.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"You know I wouldn't, Annie," he said earnestly. "Not one second have I ever regretted marrying you—that's honest to God!"

A faint flush of pleasure lit up the young wife's face. For all her assumed lightheartedness she was badly in need of this reassurance. If she thought Howard nourished secret regrets it would break her heart. She could stand anything, any hardship, but not that. She would leave him at once.

In a way she held herself responsible for his present predicament. She had felt a deep sense of guilt ever since that afternoon in New Haven when, listening to Howard's importunities and obeying an impulse she was powerless to resist, she had flung aside her waitress' apron, furtively left the restaurant and hurried with him to the minister who declared them man and wife.

Their marriage was a mistake, of course. Howard was in no position to marry. They should have waited. But what was done could not be undone. She realized, too, that it was worse for Howard than it was for her. It had ruined his prospects at the outset of his career and threatened to be an irreparable blight on his entire life. She realized that she was largely to blame. She had done wrong to marry him and at times she reproached herself bitterly. There were days when their union assumed in her eyes the enormity of a crime. She should have seen that a social gulf lay between them. All those taunts and insults from his family which she now endured she had foolishly brought upon her own head. But she had not been able to resist the temptation. Howard came into her life when the outlook was dreary and hopeless. He had offered to her what seemed a haven against the cruelty and selfishness of the world. Happiness for the first time in her life seemed within reach and she had not the moral courage to say "No."

If Annie had no objection she was not without brains. She had sense enough to realize that her bringing up or the lack of it was an unsurmountable barrier to her ever being admitted to the inner circle of Howard's family. If her husband's father had not married again the breach might have been crossed in time, but his new wife was a prominent member of the smart set, a woman full of aristocratic notions, who recoiled with horror at having anything to do with a girl guilty of the enormity of earning her own living. Individual merit, inherent nobility of character, amiability of disposition, and a personal reputation untouched by scandal—all this went for nothing—because unaccompanied by wealth or social position. She had not even education. They considered her common, impossible. They were ever ready to lend an ear to certain ugly stories regarding her past, none of which were true. After their marriage, Mr. Jeffries, Sr., and his wife absolutely refused to receive her or have any communication with her whatsoever. As long, therefore, as Howard remained faithful to her, the breach with his family could never be healed.

"Have some more stew, dear," she said, extending her hand for her husband's plate.

Howard shook his head and threw down his knife and fork.

"I've had enough," he said despondently. "I haven't much appetite."

She looked at him with concern.

"Poor boy, you're tired out!"

As she noted how pale and dejected he appeared, her eyes filled with sympathetic tears. She forgot the appalling number of cigarettes he smoked a day, nor did she realize how abuse of alcohol had spoiled his stomach for solid food.

"I wish I knew where to go and get that \$2,000," muttered Howard, his mind still preoccupied with Cone's proposition. Lighting another cigarette, he leaned back in his chair and lapsed into reverie.

Annie sat and watched him, wishing she could suggest some way to solve the problem that troubled him. She loved her husband with all her heart and soul. His very weakness of character endeared him the more to her. She was not blind to his faults, but she excused them. His vice, his drinking, cigarette smoking and general shiftlessness were, she argued, the result of bad associates. He was self-indulgent. He made many good resolutions and broke them. But he was not really vicious. He had a good heart. With some one to watch him and keep him in the straight path he would still give a good account of himself to the world. She was confident of that. She recognized many excellent qualities in him. They only wanted fostering and bringing out. That was why she married him. She was a few years his senior; she felt that she was the stronger mentally. She considered it her duty to devote her life to him, to protect him from himself and make a man of him. It was not her fault, she mused, if

she was not a lady. Literally brought up in the gutter, what advantages had she had? Her mother died in childbirth and her father, a professional gambler, abandoned the little girl to the tender mercies of an indifferent neighbor. When she was about eight years old her father was arrested. He refused to pay police blackmail, was indicted, railroaded to prison and died soon after in convict stripes. There was no provision for Annie's maintenance, so at the age of nine she found herself toiling in a factory, a helpless victim of the brutalizing system of child slavery, which in spite of prohibiting laws still disgraces the United States. Ever since that time she had earned her own living. The road had often been hard, there were times when she thought she would have to give up the fight; other girls she had met had hinted at an easier way of earning one's living, but she had kept her courage, refused to listen to evil counsel and always managed to keep her name unsullied. She left the factory to work behind the counter in a New York dry goods store. Then about a year ago she drifted to New Haven and took the position of waitress at the restaurant which the college boys patronized.

Robert Underwood was among the students who came almost every day. He made love to her from the start, and one day attempted liberties which she was prompt to resent in a way he did not relish. After that he let her alone. She never liked the man. She knew him to be unprincipled as well as vicious. One night he brought Howard Jeffries to the restaurant. They seemed the closest of cronies and she was sorry to see what had influenced the elder sophomore had over the young freshman, to whom she was at once attracted. Every time they came she watched them and she noticed how under his mentor Howard became more hardened. He drank more and more and became a reckless gambler. Underwood seemed to exercise a baneful spell over him. She saw that he would soon be ruined with such a man as Underwood for a constant companion. Her interest in the young student grew. They became acquainted and Howard, not

lent Underwood. I never got it back, although I've been after him many times for it. He's a slippery customer. But under the circumstances I think it's worth another determined effort. He seems to be better fixed now than he ever was. He's living at the Astoria, making a social splurge and all that sort of thing. He must have money. I'll try to borrow the \$2,000 from him."

"He certainly appears to be prosperous," replied Annie. "I see his name in the newspapers all the time. There is hardly an affair at which he is not present."

"Yes," growled Howard; "I don't see how he does it. He travels on his cheek, principally. I guess. His name was among those present at my stepmother's musicale the other night."

Bitterly he added: "That's how the world goes. There is no place for me under my father's roof, but that blackguard is welcomed with open arms!"

"I thought your father was such a proud man," interrupted Annie. "How does he come to associate with people like Underwood?"

"Oh, pater's an old dot!" exclaimed Howard impatiently. "There's no fool like an old fool. Of course, he's sensible enough in business matters. He wouldn't be where he is to-day if he weren't. But when it comes to the woman question he's as blind as a bat. What right had a man of his age to go and marry a woman 20 years his junior? Of course she only married him for his money. Everybody knows that except he. People laugh at him behind his back. Instead of enjoying a quiet, peaceful home in the declining years of his life, he is compelled to keep open house and entertain people who are personally obnoxious to him, simply because that sort of life pleases his young wife."

"Who was she, anyway, before their marriage?" interrupted Annie.

"Oh, a nobody," he replied. "She was very attractive looking, dressed well and was clever enough to get introductions to good people. She managed to make herself popular in the smart set and she needed money to carry out her social ambitions. Dad—"

"It was my stepmother who gave him the entrée. You know she was once engaged to him, but broke it off so she could marry dad. He felt very sore over it at the time, but after her marriage he was seemingly as friendly with her as ever—to serve his own ends, of course. It is simply wonderful what influence he has with her. He exercises over her the same fascination that he did over me at college. He has sort of hypnotized her. I don't think it's a case of love or anything like that, but he simply holds her under his thumb and gets her to do anything he wants. She invites him to her house, introduces him right and left, got people to take him up. Everybody laughs about it in society. Underwood is known as Mrs. Howard Jeffries' pet. Such a thing soon gets talked about. That is the secret of his successful career in New York. As far as I know, she's as much infatuated with him as ever."

A look of surprise came into Annie's face. To this young woman, whose one idea of matrimony was steadfast loyalty to the man whose life she shared and whose name she bore, there was something repellent and nauseating in a woman permitting herself to be talked about in that way.

"Doesn't your father object?" she asked.

"Pshaw!" laughed Howard. "He doesn't see what's going on under his very nose. He's too proud a man, too sure of his own good judgment, to believe for a moment that the woman to whom he gave his name would be guilty of the slightest indiscretion of that kind."

Annie was silent for a minute. Then she said:

"What makes you think that Underwood would let you have the money?"

"Because I think he's got it. I obliged him once in the same way myself. I would explain to him what I want it for. He will see at once that it is a good thing. I'll offer him a good rate of interest, and he might be very glad to let me have it. Anyhow, there's no harm trying."

Annie said nothing. She did not entirely approve this idea of her husband trying to borrow money of a man in whom his stepmother was so much interested. On the other hand starvation stared them in the face. If Howard could get hold of this \$2,000 and start in the brokerage business it might be the beginning of a new life for them.

"Well, do as you like, dear," she said. "When will you go to him?"

"The best time to catch him would be in the evening," replied Howard. "Well, then, go to-night," she suggested.

Howard shook his head.

"No, not to-night. I don't think I should find him in. He's out every night somewhere. To-night there's another big reception at my father's house. He'll probably be there. I think I'll wait till to-morrow night. I'm nearly sure to catch him at home then."

Annie rose and began to remove the dishes from the table. Howard nonchalantly lit another cigarette and, leaving the table, took up the evening newspaper. Sitting down comfortably in a rocker by the window, he blew a cloud of blue smoke up in the air and said:

"Yes, that's it—I'll go to-morrow night to the Astoria and strike Bob Underwood for that \$2,000."
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Smugglers' Ruse.

An ingenious method of smuggling saccharin has been detected at Bregenz, Austria, where seven men were arrested for importing large quantities of contraband. When the Geneva-Munich express arrived at Bregenz the station master had a coach containing seven travelers unoccupied from the express and detained for examination. He had been warned by telegraph from Zurich that seven smugglers of Geneva were in the train with a large quantity of saccharin. After an exhaustive search the officials failed to find any contraband and were about to apologize to the seven travelers for their detention when one customs inspector accidentally kicked a hot water pipe in a first class compartment and the secret was revealed. All the hot water pipes in the carriage were in duplicate, differing in no detail as to length, breadth and color, but one set was of metal and the other set made of papier mache containing saccharin, which is about nine times as expensive in Austria as in Switzerland.

For the Scandalmonger.

The Orleans museum has just been enriched with a curious relic of the past which some workmen in making excavations in the city came across. It is a stone representing a grinning figure, showing the teeth, the countenance being repellent enough. In this way the loquacious woman, the scandalmonger, was brought to her senses. The stone, suspended by a chain, was placed round her neck, and so accoutred she was compelled to walk round the town in which she lived. The stone is supposed to date about the sixteenth century.

Looking Backward.

On the night following the Yale-Princeton game last fall, a young man who had slipped and fallen was assisted by his feet by a passer-by.

"Just a little celebration of victory," the young man explained as he waved a bedraggled bit of orange and black ribbon.

"But Princeton lost," the other told him.

The young man looked painfully surprised for an instant.

"Why, it was on the bulletin board an hour ago," the other said. "Yale won to-day's game."

"I wash referring," said the young man with great dignity, "to 'th' game of 1903."—Lippincott's.

In Hat Trimming



By JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

WITH a remarkable vogue in black and white in ribbons and straw shapes the liking for flowers to provide color, follows "as night the day." But flowers are everywhere used, whether the hat is quiet or gay. A group of three models shown here portray what may truthfully be termed the three leading ideal shapes and their popular and tasteful trimming.

In Fig. 1 a French sailor with a decided upward roll to the brim and a low dome crown, is pictured. The shape is in white chip, but any other white braid will give good effects. The bow across the back is of white satin ribbon having a border of black velvet ribbon stitched on one edge. The loops are wired. There are four of them making a wide double Alsatian bow, extending across the back of the hat, mounted against the crown.

Small, full blown garden roses are massed over the crown, concealing it, and a few glossy leaves peep out about the base, outlining the shape and making a good finish.

One of the hats on the helmet order is shown in Fig. 2, made of rough braid in tones of bronze and purple. A bronze velvet faces the brim and is laid in a flat plaited bow at the left. Here a spray of wild flowers in shaded colorings in which dark red, purple and green tints appear. This hat may be designed in almost any color. In amethyst shades, with deep



purple facing, and cerise flowers, it is very handsome. It is a good model in all black.

Shapes which flare off the face have captivated many fancies and are apt to lead all others for summer wear. Fig. 3 shows a smooth straw in leghorn color, in which the brim droops about the head but lifts abruptly at the front with a sharp turn upward. Two bouquets of roses and moss joined by a band of black velvet ribbon, which extends about the crown, make this a hat which will harmonize with almost any costume.

This shape is to be had in many colors as well as black and white. It is pretty in black hemp or tagal, and in good black chip will prove serviceable. The color of the roses is a matter of taste, which the wearer may settle to suit herself.

DESIGNED FOR HOME WEAR

Mulberry-Colored Cashmere Would Make Up Well for This Pretty House Dress.

Here is a smart little dress made up in mulberry-colored cashmere. The under skirt is of lining, to which is attached a deep kilt; the tunic is wrapped over at left side and stitched, and is trimmed then with passementerie.

The material of bodice is tucked



each side, and is then crossed over a vest of tucked cream nixon; the oversleeves are cut in with the bodice and are trimmed like edge of fronts to match tunic. The tight fitting undersleeves are of tucked nixon.

Material required: Six yards 46 inches wide, six yards lining, one and one-half yard nixon 40 inches wide, three yards trimming.

Muslin Scarf.

Muslin scarfs, with borders of eyelet embroidery, will be carried with lingerie dresses during the summer, replacing the chiffon ones of last year.

Linen for Needle Work.

Heavy gray linen is much used for the background for embroideries which are to be employed as house decorations. Bedrooms and living rooms for country houses are furnished in gray in many instances, and the linen is used for bed hangings, cushion covers, tablecloths and window hangings. Ambitious needleworkers are embroidering these articles in quite elaborate designs in several colors. For one bedroom a set of hangings for the bed and window is being made of the gray linen embroidered with designs of wood fairies and fuchsias in tones of violet, green, pale yellow and fuchsias red.

Latest Idea in Ropes.

A company has patents covering a rope made of several strands of paper covered with galvanized steel wire. The rope thus produced is strong, tough and flexible, suitable for clothes lines and such uses. It is claimed that a rope of this kind will withstand the action of the weather 50 per cent longer than cotton.

HATBAG FOR THE TRAVELER

Simple and Easy Method That Will Preserve the Much-Prized Headgear.

The season for traveling is once more nearly upon us, and our hats, if not broader, are higher than ever. Of course you may ask the porter for a paper bag to hold your hat on the train. But how often will it fit?

Try, instead, laying the hat on a sheet of stout brown paper, so as to get the correct size. Then make the paper into a large envelope by gathering the two sides in the middle and pasting them down. Slit up the sides about two inches and turn these down to form the closed ends; but before pasting them cut away the inner part of the turned-up ends and snip the corners to give a neat edge.

Do the same with the top of the big, but, of course, do not paste down the flap. Sew to each side of the bag cord or plaited twine handles by which to hold the bag. The whole may be folded and tucked in a corner of your suitcase.

Explosive Neckties.

There are several processes of manufacturing artificial silk which are based on the use of ordinary cellulose, reduced to a plastic condition so that it may be drawn into threads. These are woven into various forms whose chief difference from real silk, to the eye, is that the material is glossier.

All but one of these processes yield a "silk" that is as safe as cotton. The other employs nitro-cellulose, or soluble gun cotton, from which the threads are drawn in ether or alcohol. After the thread has been drawn and is ready for weaving it is supposed to be denitrated. If it is, then it is entirely safe. Otherwise it may be exceedingly dangerous, for it then remains nothing less than gun cotton spun into a fabric.

Small Girl's Hobbie-Skirt.

There is apparently considerable diversity of opinion as regards the correct position for the belt on the small girl's frock. Many of the smartest little French dresses show the sash in practically normal place, while on other frocks the belt is so far down as to hamper the tiny wearer in her walk almost as absurdly as does the hobbie-skirt of the moment. The abnormally long-waisted effect obtained by placing the belt almost at the hem of the frock is charmingly quaint on some children, but is not becoming to every type.—Harper's Bazar.

The Boy's Outfit.

Severity must mark the outfit for a small boy. In the morning a Russian blouse suit of natural-colored linen, worn with a wide patent-leather belt, is practical. To complete this dress should be brown boots and stockings. Low shoes and socks are fashionable for all children, leather leggings being worn out-of-doors until the weather is really warm. This fashion should not be kept up after the boy has grown big, any more than he should be forced to keep to his knickerbockers when he is tall enough to wear long trousers.—Harper's Bazar.

Fashions in Bulgaria.

Bulgaria believes in fringes, and they are over all with the rare exceptions when the underskirt, always of the best of white linen, may be scalloped at the bottom and even then the fringe effect is used in the over tunic, for the gathering of the many threads suggests to the wearer the numbers of their nations, as is their peculiar red dyed reminder of their blood, and the flowers, and grains, and fruits, embroidered on their gowns represent their industry.

325,000 IN ONE YEAR

THE IMMIGRATION TO CANADA SURPASSES ALL RECORD.

The returns recently issued by the Canadian Immigration Branch shows that upwards of 325,000 persons arrived in Canada during the past twelve months, declaring their intention of becoming settlers in that country. Of this number about 130,000 were from the United States, the balance being from the British Isles and Northern Europe. It will thus be seen that the sturdy farming element that has gone forward from the United States is being splendidly supplemented by an equally sturdy settlement from across the seas. The lure of Canadian wheat, oats, barley and flax grown on the rich prairie of Western Canada is constantly attracting more and more, and year by year the tide of immigrants to the Western Canada plains increases; there is no ebb to this tide. The Canadian authorities are not surprised at the number from the United States being as large as it is but they did not look for so large an immigration from the old countries. Still, they will not be found unprepared. Reception halls are in readiness at all important points in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, surveyors are at work during the past season opening up new districts on which to place those seeking free homesteads of 160 acres each, railways have been projecting laterals from their main lines, and every provision has been taken to accommodate the newcomer. A recent dispatch from Antwerp reads: "The diversion of European emigration from the United States to Canada is said to be seriously affecting the Atlantic steamship lines. The Red Star today gives up to the America-Canada line two of the best special emigrant steamers afloat, the Gothland and the Stamsland. These vessels heretofore in the Antwerp-New York service are now to be operated from Rotterdam to Canadian ports."

On the date of the above dispatch word came to the Immigration branch that the "Vanguard of the 1911 army of United States settlers reached Winnipeg at 1:30 o'clock this morning. There was a solid train load of effects, comprising 41 carloads and two colonist sleepers attached to the train, which contained the members of 25 families. Every man Jack in the party is a skilled farmer, and all have come north prepared to go right on the land, which was purchased last year. They are equipped with everything that experience has shown is necessary to make a start on virgin prairie. In addition to machinery and household effects there were a large number of horses and cattle. Some of the farmers had also brought along gas tractors, which will be put right to work on ground breaking."

One of the agents of the Canadian government advises that it would appear as if each month of the present year would show a large increase over the past year. The demand for the literature of the department, describing the country and its resources, is greater than it ever has been.

Breaking a Hobo's Heart.

Manager Gus Hartz was standing near the opera house box office when one of two panhandlers who had entered the lobby approached him, and, holding out an addressed and sealed envelope, begged for the price of a postage stamp.

"It's for me mudder, boss," he snivelled. "You'se wouldn't turn down er guy fer de price er de stamp, would youse?"

"Never," said the manager, deftly grasping the envelope and throwing it through the box-office window. "Here Fred," addressing himself to Treasurer Fred Coan, "stamp this and have it mailed."

The velocity of the proceeding fairly took the panhandler's breath away. Then, backing away to where his partner awaited him, he whispered, "Nothin' doing, bo—the guy's wise."—Cleveland Leader.

Now He Doesn't Believe It.

A Cleveland man was reading some jokes about how the English weren't so slow as they are supposed to be to get a joke. He believed it, too. So he tried his theory on a British guest of his.

"Did you ever hear Mark Twain's joke about how the report of his death had been greatly exaggerated?" he asked.

"No," answered the Englishman, eagerly, "but I'll wager it was good. What was it?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The sunset of your life will not be beautiful unless your home life was pleasant during your day of work.—Colonel Hunter.

Authority is a misfit when some people are clothed with it.

Get the
Happy Mood—
Post
Toasties
with cream
for a breakfast starter produce it.
And there's a lot in starting the day right.
You're bound to hand happiness to someone as you go along, and the more you give the more you get.
Buy a package of Post Toasties and increase the happiness of the family!
"The Memory Lingers"

POSTUM CEREAL Co., Ltd.,
Battle Creek, Mich.