



The THIRD DEGREE

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

By CHARLES KLEIN AND ARTHUR HORNBLow

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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 classmate makes a business proposition to Howard which requires three cash and Howard is broke. Robert Underwood, who had been repulsed by Howard's wife, Annie, in his college days, and had since been engaged to Alicia, Howard's stepdaughter, has apartments at the Astruria, and is apparently in prosperous circumstances. Howard recalls a loan to Underwood that remains unpaid, and decides to ask him for the \$3,000 he needs. Underwood, taking advantage of his intimacy with Mrs. Jeffries, becomes a sort of social highwayman. However, she has true character and she denies him the loan. Underwood's absence from a function causes comment among Mrs. Jeffries' guests.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"In a word," laughed the judge, "you mean that any one trained to read my mind can tell just what's passing in my brain?"

"Precisely," replied the doctor with a smile. "The psychologist can tell with almost mathematical accuracy just how your mental mechanism is working. I admit it sounds uncanny, but it can be proved. In fact, it has been proved, time and time again."

Alicia came up and took the doctor's arm.

"Oh, Dr. Bernstein," she protested, "I can't allow the judge to monopolize you in this way. Come with me. I want to introduce you to a most charming woman who is dying to meet you. She is perfectly crazy on psychology."

"Don't introduce me to her," laughed the judge. "I see enough crazy people in the law courts."

Dr. Bernstein smiled and followed his hostess. Judge Brewster turned to chat with the banker. From the distant music room came the sound of a piano and a beautiful soprano voice. The rooms were now crowded and newcomers were arriving each minute. Servants passed in and out serving food and champagne.

Suddenly the butler entered the salon and, quietly approaching Alicia, handed her a letter. In a low tone he said:

"This letter has just come, m'm. The messenger said it was very important and I should deliver it at once."

Alicia turned pale. She instantly recognized the handwriting. It was from Robert Underwood. Was not her last message enough? How dare he address her again and at such a time? Retiring to an inner room, she tore open the envelope and read as follows:

Dear Mrs. Jeffries: This is the last time I shall ever have you with my letters. You have forbidden me to see you again. Practically you have sentenced me to a living death, but as I prefer death shall not be partial, but full and complete oblivion. I take this means of letting you know that unless you revoke your cruel sentence of banishment, I shall make an end of it all. I shall be found dead, Monday morning, and you will know who is responsible.

Yours devotedly,
ROBERT UNDERWOOD.

graph office. A special feature was the garden court, containing over 30,000 square feet of open space, and tastefully laid out with palms and flowers. Here fountains splashed and an orchestra played while the patrons lounged on comfortable rattan chairs or gossiped with their friends. Up on the sixteenth floor was the cool roof garden, an exquisite bower of palms and roses artistically painted by a famous French artist, with its reeferie restaurant, its picturesque terraces, and its superb view of all Manhattan island.

The Astruria was the last word in expensive apartment hotel buildings. Architects declared that it was as far as modern lavishness and extravagance could go. Its interior arrangements were in keeping with its external splendor. Its apartments were of noble dimensions, richly decorated, and equipped with every device, new and old, that modern science and builders' ingenuity could suggest. That the rents were on a scale with the grandeur of the establishment goes without saying. Only long purses could stand the strain. It was a favorite headquarters for Westerners who had "struck it rich," wealthy bachelors, and successful actors and opera singers who loved the limelight on and off the stage.

Sunday evening was usually exceedingly quiet at the Astruria. Most of the tenants were out of town over the week-end, and as the restaurant and roof garden were only slimly patronized, the elevators ran less frequently, making less chatter and bustle in corridors and stairways. Stillness reigned

Then came the answer. The boy looked up.

"He says you should go up. Apartment 165. Take the elevator."

In his luxurious appointed rooms on the fourteenth floor, Robert Underwood sat before the fire puffing nervously at a strong cigar. All around him was a litter of objets d'art, such as would have filled the heart of any connoisseur with joy. Oil paintings in heavy gilt frames, of every period and school, Rembrandts, Cuyp, Ruysdaels, Reynoldses, Corots, Honners, some on easels, some resting on the floor; handsome French bronzes, dainty china on Japanese teakwood tables, antique furniture, gold embroidered clerical vestments, hand-painted screens, costly oriental rugs, rare ceramics—all were confusedly jumbled together. On a grand piano in a corner of the room stood two tall cloisonne vases of almost inestimable value. On a desk close by were piled miniatures and rare ivories. The walls were covered with tapestries, armor, and trophies of arms. More like a museum than a sitting room, it was the home of a man who made a business of art or made of art a business.

Underwood stared moodily at the glowing logs in the open chimney-place. His face was pale and determined. After coming in from the restaurant he had changed his tuxedo for the more comfortable house coat. Nothing called him away that particular Sunday evening, and no one was likely to disturb him. Ferris,



"Yes, I Must See Him at Once."

everywhere as if the sobering influence of the Sabbath had invaded even this exclusive domain of the unholy rich. The uniformed attendants, having nothing to do, yawned lazily in the deserted halls. Some even indulged in surreptitious naps in corners, confident that they would not be disturbed. Callers were so rare that when some one did enter from the street, he was looked upon with suspicion.

It was shortly after seven o'clock the day following Mrs. Jeffries' reception when a man came in by the main entrance from Broadway, and approaching one of the hall boys, inquired for Mr. Robert Underwood.

The boy gave his interlocutor an impudent stare. There was something about the caller's dress and manner which told him instinctively that he was not dealing with a visitor whom he must treat respectfully. No one divines a man's or woman's social status quicker or more unerringly than a servant. The attendant saw at once that the man did not belong to the class which paid social visits to tenants in the Astruria. He was rather seedy looking, his collar was not immaculate, his boots were thick and clumsy, his clothes cheap and ill-fitting.

"Is Mr. Underwood in?" he demanded.

"Not home," replied the attendant insolently, after a pause. Like most hall boys, he took a savage pleasure in saying that the tenants were out.

The caller looked annoyed.

"He must be in," he said with a frown. "I have an appointment with him."

This was not strictly true, but the bluff had the desired effect.

"Got an appointment? Why didn't you say so at once?"

Reaching lazily over the telephone switchboard, and without rising from his seat, he asked surlily:

"What's the name?"

"Mr. Bennington."

The boy took the transmitter and spoke into it:

"A party called to see Mr. Underwood."

There was a brief pause, as if the person upstairs was in doubt whether to admit that he was home or not.

moment. Crushed in his left hand was a copy of the New York Herald containing an elaborate account of the brilliant reception and musicale given the previous evening at her home. With an exclamation of impatience he rose from his seat, threw the paper from him, and began to pace the floor.

Was this the end of everything? Had he reached the end of his rope? He must pay the reckoning, if not today, to-morrow. As his eyes wandered around the room and he took mental inventory of each costly object, he experienced a sudden shock as he recalled the things that were missing. How could he explain their absence? The art dealers were already suspicious. They were not to be put off any longer with excuses. Any moment they might insist either on the immediate return of their property or on payment in full. He was in the position to do neither. The articles had been sold and the money lost gambling. Curse the luck! Everything had gone against him of late. The dealers would begin criminal proceedings, disgrace and prison stripes would follow. There was no way out of it. He had no one to whom he could turn in this crisis.

And now even Alicia had deserted him. This was the last straw. While he was still able to boast of the friendship and patronage of the aristocratic Mrs. Howard Jeffries he could still hold his head high in the world. No one would dare question his integrity, but now she had abandoned him to his fate, people would begin to talk. There was no use keeping up a hopeless fight—suicide was the only way out!

He stopped in front of a mirror, startled at what he saw there. It was the face of a man not yet 30, but apparently much older. The features were drawn and haggard, and his dark hair was plentifully streaked with gray. He looked like a man who had lived two lives in one. To-night his face frightened him. His eyes had a fixed stare like those of a man he had once seen in a madhouse. He wondered if men looked like that when they were about to be executed. Was not his own hour close at hand? He wondered why the clock was so noisy; it seemed to him that the ticks were louder than usual. He started suddenly and looked around fearfully. He thought he had heard a sound outside. He shuddered as he glared toward the little drawer on the right-hand side of his desk, in which he knew there was a loaded revolver.

If Alicia would only relent escape might yet be possible. If he did not hear from her it must be for to-night. One slight little pressure on the trigger and all would be over.

Suddenly the bell of the telephone connecting the apartment with the main hall downstairs rang violently. Interrupted thus abruptly in the midst of his reflections, Underwood jumped forward, startled. His nerves were so unstrung that he was ever apprehensive of danger. With a tremulous hand, he took hold of the receiver and placed it to his ear. As he listened, his already pallid face turned whiter and the lines about his mouth tightened. He hesitated a moment before replying. Then, with an effort, he said:

"Send him up."

Dropping the receiver, he began to walk nervously up and down the room. The crisis had come sooner than he expected—exposure was at hand. This man Bennington was the manager of the firm of dealers whose goods he disposed of. He could not make restitution. Prosecution was inevitable. Disgrace and prison would follow. He could not stand it; he would rather kill himself. Trouble was very close at hand, that was certain. How could he get out of it? Pacing the floor, he bit his lips till the blood came.

There was a sharp ring at the front door. Underwood opened it. As he recognized his visitor on the threshold, he exclaimed:

"Why, Bennington, this is a surprise!"

The manager entered awkwardly. He had the constrained air of a man who has come on an unpleasant errand, but wants to be as amiable as the circumstances will permit.

"You didn't expect me, did you?" he began.

Shutting the front door, Underwood led the way back into the sitting room, and making an effort to control his nerves, said:

"Sit down, won't you?"

But Mr. Bennington merely bowed stiffly. It was evident that he did not wish his call to be mistaken for a social visit.

"I haven't time, thank you. To be frank, my mission is rather a delicate one, Mr. Underwood."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

his man servant, had taken his usual Sunday off and would not return until midnight. The apartment was still as the grave. It was so high above the street that not a sound reached up from the noisy Broadway below. Underwood liked the quiet so that he could think, and he was thinking hard. On the flat desk at his elbow stood a dainty demi-tasse of black coffee—untasted. There were glasses and decanters of whisky and cordial, but the stimulants did not tempt him.

He wondered if Alicia would ignore his letter or if she would come to him. Surely she could not be so heartless as to throw him over at such a

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Suit Coiffure to Hat



If it is true (as those who make it their business to know, say it is) that American women have less hair than the women of other lands, then we are compelled to admire the cleverness with which they conceal this deficiency. One would naturally infer that a variety of styles in hairdressing would be impossible to them, but this is not the case at all. By using switches, chignons, transformations and the many other devices of dealers in hair goods, all the pretty conceits in the changing fashions in coiffure are copied and our gentlemen continue to look to-day demure, tomorrow vivacious; another day finds them with a stately coiffure and then again they effect simplicity. No doubt Cleopatra rung all the changes within her knowledge or invention in matters of dress to aid her in earning the greatest tribute paid to her fascinations: "Age cannot wither, nor custom stale, her infinite variety."

Just now we must concern ourselves with suiting our coiffures to both large and small hats. The new imports for midsummer are more than large, one may almost call them enormous.

The large hats require a coiffure designed to fill in the space under the brim next the face and head, otherwise they look grotesque and their beauty is wasted. The small hats require only enough hair visible about the face to frame it, but it is necessary to have a coiffure under

the hat, for the hat must be taken off.

The puffed chignon shown in the picture is woven in a long strip like that used for a "transformation." This strip is drawn together at intervals leaving quite large spaces on the under side of the coiffure, which are covered by the puffs and curls on the outside. These open spaces afford ventilation, and they also make it possible to arrange the chignon in a great variety of styles. What with them and the hair bands now universally worn there is no end to the variety of coiffures that fashion makes possible.

The chignon placed high on the head so that it is in the crown of the hat solves the problem of the small turban and makes a stately and beautiful coiffure. The puffs are crowded together a little and pinned down over a coil of the natural hair (or two coils) placed on top. Usually no other support is needed for this coiffure.

In case the natural hair is very thin a small pompadour may be arranged by using a small hair roll before the chignon is pinned to place—Julia Bottomley in the Illustrated Milliner.

Rows of Frills.

Rows of little frills again finish the hems of dressy gowns, but the frills are scanty and their soft materials make them far from bouffant. They add little to the flow of the hem of the skirt.

HEADGEAR FOR THE MOTOR

Attractive in Design and Affords Ample Protection Against the Flying Dust.

Here is a very attractive way of arranging headgear for motoring. The visor rose straw shape is wound with a blue silk scarf, which terminates in



a loose chou at the side. A rose silk fringe frames the face and a chiffon veil of the same color is gathered on to the crown, to be thrown back off the face if preferred. No pins at all are required, except for fixing the bonnet on the head.

Buy Ready-Made Linens.

Most housewives nowadays effect a great saving in many ways by buying their bed linen and towels ready made. These are offered attractively hemstitched at reasonable prices. But you must conform to regulation sizes and qualities.

Many mistakenly believe that they can economize by buying sheeting or toweling by the yard and doing the hemming or hemstitching themselves.

The woman of leisurely hours who loves to sew and who perhaps wants to elaborate the hems with more or less intricate drawn work may find this worth while. Most women will find it advisable to stick to the ready made.

Quaint Frocks.

When children form a part of the bridal procession they are often dressed in quaint little gowns copied from styles of other lands or of the years gone by. Many of these are quaint, old styles adapted to the fashions of the present day, but all are pretty and make the child an attractive attendant at weddings.

Large Collars.

Extremely large collars of heavy lace are being worn on many suits and dresses. Some are called the "Charlotte Corday" collars, and all are charming. Sailor collars, with or without jabots, are being shown by all the leading blouse shops. Materials are varied, and trimming is applied in many ways.

TUB DRESSES FOR A DOLLAR

Dainty Frocks in All Sorts of Designs Are Now Well Within the Reach of All.

It is astonishing how many dainty frocks for the summer can be made these days setting the limit of expenditures at \$1, including the patterns and threads.

Never before have so many delicate designs been shown in inexpensive laws and gingham, and the business girl should begin now to make the smart little dresses which she will wear to the office during the coming summer.

Two things should be remembered. One is that much trimming of any sort detracts both from the cool effect of the gown and makes it bad to launder; the second is that however dainty the very light materials are they are far less serviceable than a plaid or a plain buff or blue dress.

As to the question of expense, begin with the pattern. Choose one of the new ones that are capable of being carried out in several different fashions, with or without the high waist line or with long or short sleeves and with or without yoke. Thus for 15 cents you will provide yourself with a pattern for several frocks.

Next, a few yards of white mull and some inexpensive lace will make broad collars and cuffs and a fichu or a dainty pointed yoke, all of which will serve as trimming, for your gowns.

Then as to materials. Gingham, plain ones, may be purchased as low as 8 and 10 cents a yard. A good quality of lawn in dark colors is only a cent or two more in price.

Paper for Stitching.

When you buy a bolt of narrow ribbon, save the paper on which it is wound, and use this later to place under soft materials when stitching them, to avoid puckering. You will find this much better than tearing up strips of newspaper for the purpose.

Ribbon Holder.

Cut four three and one-half inch circles out of thin cardboard, tack Dresden silk on one, and white soft silk on the other, being careful that it is on smoothly. Trim of all superfluous ends and sew the circles together firmly. Whip a tiny valenciennes lace on the edge of these and repeat the process with the remaining circles. When this is done insert a bolt of baby ribbon between them, and with a stiletto make two holes from top circle through bolt and bottom circle. In these insert a short piece of baby ribbon, tying in bow on top and in this bow put a bone ribbon threader.

WELCOMED BY MEN WHO SMOKE

Particular men who smoke realize how offensive to people of refinement is a strong tobacco breath, and how objectionable to themselves is that "dark brown taste" in the mouth after smoking.

Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic is worth its weight in gold for this purpose alone. Just a little in a glass of water—rinse the mouth and brush the teeth. The mouth is thoroughly deodorized, the breath becomes pure and sweet and a delightful sense of mouth cleanliness replaces that dark brown tobacco taste.

Paxtine is far superior to liquid antiseptics and Peroxide for all toilet and hygienic uses and may be obtained at any drug store 25 and 50c a box or sent postpaid upon receipt of price by The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass. Send for a free sample.

A MEAN REMARK.



Mrs. Homely—My husband is extremely hard to please.

Miss Caustique—Indeed! You don't look it.

CRIMINAL NEGLECT OF SKIN AND HAIR

Cuticura Soap and Ointment do so much for poor complexions, red, rough hands, and dry, thin and falling hair, and cost so little that it is almost criminal not to use them. Think of the suffering entailed by neglected skin troubles—mental because of disfigurement—physical because of pain. Think of the pleasure of a clear skin, soft white hands and good hair. These blessings are often only a matter of a little thoughtful, timely care, viz.—warm baths with Cuticura Soap, assisted when necessary by gentle anointings with Cuticura Ointment. The latest Cuticura book, an invaluable guide to skin and hair health, will be mailed free, on application to the Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston, Mass.

Many a man's idea of being well dressed is a sorry necktie.

Levi's Single Binder, the famous straight 5c cigar—annual sale 11,500,000.

Lots of people who have brains don't know how to use them.

DOCTORS FAILED TO HELP HER

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Pound, Wis.—"I am glad to announce that I have been cured of dyspepsia and female troubles by your medicine. I had been troubled with both for fourteen years and consulted different doctors, but failed to get any relief. After using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier I can say I am a well woman."

I can't find words to express my thanks for the good your medicine has done me. You may publish this if you wish."

—Mrs. HERMAN SIEB, Pound, Wis.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills, and suffering women owe it to themselves to at least give this medicine a trial. Proof is abundant that it has cured thousands of others, and why should it not cure you?

If you want special advice write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it. It is free and always helpful.

Don't Persecute Your Bowels

Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal, harsh, unnecessary. Try CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely Vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate bile, soothe the delicate membrane of the bowels. Cure Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache and Irritability, as millions know. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine Must bear Signature

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Is a deceptive disease—thousands have it and don't know it. If you can make no mistake by using Dr. Kilmner's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy. At druggists in fifty-cent and dollar sizes. Sample bottle by mail free also pamphlet telling you how to find out if you have Kilmner's trouble.

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