



"My God! Why Are They Hounding Me Like This?"

# 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 chum makes a business proposition to Howard which involves \$100,000 cash, and Howard is broke. Robert Underwood, who had been ruined by Howard's wife, Annie, in his college days, and had once been engaged to Annie, Howard's secretary, has arrangements at the Astruria, and is apparently in prosperous circumstances. Howard secures a loan from Underwood, who remains unpaid, and decides to ask him for the \$100,000 he needs. Underwood, taking advantage of his intimacy with Mrs. Jeffries, Jr., becomes a sort of social high-walker. Discovering his true character she drives him from the house. Alicia receives a note from Underwood, threatening suicide. She decides to go and see him. He is in desperate financial straits.

## CHAPTER V.—Continued.

Underwood laughed nervously. Affecting to misinterpret the other's meaning, he said:

"Yes, you're right. The art and antique business is a delicate business. God knows it's a precarious one!"

Reaching for the decanter, he added: "Have a drink."

But Mr. Bennington refused to unbend. The proffer of refreshment did not tempt him to swerve from the object of his mission. While Underwood was talking, trying to gain time, his eyes were taking in the contents of the apartment.

"Come, take a drink," urged Underwood again.

"No, thanks," replied Mr. Bennington curtly.

Suddenly he turned square around.

"Let's get down to business, Mr. Underwood," he exclaimed. "My firm insists on the immediate return of their property." Pointing around the room, he added: "Everything, do you understand?"

Underwood was standing in the shadow of the lamp so his visitor did not notice that he had grown suddenly very white, and that his mouth twitched painfully.

"Why, what's the trouble?" he stammered. "Haven't I got prices for your people that they would never have gotten?"

"Yes—we know all that," replied Mr. Bennington impatiently. "To be frank, Mr. Underwood, we've received information that you've sold many of the valuable articles entrusted to you for which you've made no accounting at all."

"That's not true," exclaimed Underwood hotly. "I have accounted for almost everything. The rest of the things are here. Of course, there may be a few things—"

Taking a box of cigars from the desk, he offered it to his visitor.

"No, thanks," replied Bennington coldly, pushing back the proffered box.

Underwood was fast losing his self-control. Throwing away his cigar with an angry exclamation, he began to walk up and down.

"I can account for everything if you give me time. You must give me time. I'm hard pressed by my creditors. My expenses are enormous and collections exceedingly difficult. I have a large amount of money outstanding. After our pleasant business relations it seems absurd and most unfair that your firm should take this stand with me." He halted suddenly and faced Bennington. "Of course, I'm much obliged to you, personally, for this friendly tip."

Bennington shrugged his shoulders. "The warning may give you time either to raise the money or to get the things back."

Underwood's dark eyes flashed with suppressed wrath, as he retorted:

"Of course, I can get them all back in time. Damn it, you fellows don't know what it costs to run this kind of business successfully! One has to spend a small fortune to keep up appearances. These society people won't buy if they think you really need the

time he reached the Astruria his courage failed him. He rather feared Underwood, and he felt the need of a stimulant to brace him up for the "strike" he was about to make. The back door of a saloon was conveniently open and while he was refreshing himself two other men he knew dropped in. Before he knew it, half a dozen drinks had been absorbed, and he had spent the whole of \$5 which his wife had entrusted to him out of her carefully hoarded savings. When he sobered up he would recall to him that he had acted like a coward and a cur, but just now he was feeling rather jolly. Addressing Underwood with impudent familiarity, he went on:

"The d—d boy didn't seem to know if you were in or not, so I came up anyhow." Glancing at Bennington, he added: "Sorry, if I'm butting in."

Underwood was not in the humor to be very gracious. Long ago young Howard Jeffries had outgrown his usefulness as far as he was concerned. He was at a loss to guess why he had come to see him uninvited, on this particular Sunday night, too. It was with studied coldness, therefore, that he said:

"Sit down—I'm glad to see you."

"You don't look it," grinned Howard, as he advanced further into the room with shambling, uncertain steps. Concealing his ill humor and promising himself to get rid of his unwelcome visitor at the first opportunity, Underwood introduced the two men.

"Mr. Bennington—Mr. Howard Jeffries, Jr."

Mr. Bennington had heard of the older Jeffries' trouble with his scapegrace son, and he eyed, with some interest, this young man who had made such a fiasco of his career.

"Oh, I know Bennington," exclaimed Howard jocularly. "I bought an elephant's tusk at his place in the days when I was somebody." With mock sadness he added, "I'm nobody now—couldn't even buy a collar button."

"Won't you sit down and stay awhile?" said Underwood sarcastically.

"If you don't mind, I'll have a drink first," replied Howard, making his way to the desk and taking up the whisky decanter.

Underwood did not conceal his annoyance, but his angry glances were entirely lost on his new visitor, who was rapidly getting into a maudlin condition. Addressing Bennington with familiarity, Howard went on:

"Say, do you remember that wonderful set of ivory chessmen my old man bought?"

Bennington smiled and nodded.

"Yes, sir; I do, indeed. Ah, your father is a fine art critic!"

Howard burst into boisterous laughter.

"Art critic!" he exclaimed. "I should say he was. He's a born critic. He can criticize any old thing—every old thing. I don't care what it is, he can criticize it. When in doubt 'criticize,' is nailed on father's certificate." Bowing with mock courtesy to each he raised the glass to his lips and said: "Here's how!"

Bennington laughed good humoredly, and turned to go.

"Well, good night, Mr. Jeffries. Good night, Mr. Underwood."

Underwood followed the manager to the door.

"Good night!" he said gloomily.

"It's impossible, Jeffries. Things are a little hard with me, too, just now. You'll have to wait for that \$250."

Howard grinned.

"Taint the \$250, old man, I didn't want that. I want a couple of thousand."

Underwood could not help laughing. "A couple of thousand? Why not make it a million?"

Howard's demand struck him as being so humorous that he sat down convulsed with laughter.

Looking at him stupidly, Howard helped himself to another drink.

"It seems I'm a hit," he said with a grin.

Underwood by this time had recovered his composure.

"So you've done nothing since you left college?" he said.

"No," answered Howard. "I don't seem to get down to anything. My ideas won't stay in one place. I got a job as time-keeper, but I didn't keep it down a week. I kept the time all right, but it wasn't the right time." Again raising the glass to his lips, he added: "They're so beastly particular."

"You keep pretty good time with that," laughed Underwood, pointing to the whisky.

Howard grinned in drunken fashion. "It's the one thing I do punctually, he hiccoughed. 'I can row, swim, play tennis, football, golf and polo as well as anybody, but I'll be damned if I can do anything quite as well as I can do this.'"

"What do you want \$2,000 for?" demanded Underwood.

"I've got an opportunity to go into business. I want \$2,000 and I want it deeded quick."

Underwood shrugged his shoulders. "Why don't you go home and ask your father?" he demanded.

His visitor seemed offended at the suggestion.

"What!" he exclaimed, with comic surprise, "after being turned out like a dog with a young wife on my hands! Not much—no. I've injured their pride. You know father married a second time, loaded me down with a stepmother. She's all right, but she's so confoundedly aristocratic. You know her. Say, didn't you and she—wasn't there some sort of an engagement once? Seems to me I—"

Underwood rose to his feet and abruptly turned his back.

"I'd rather you wouldn't get personal," he said curtly. "Sitting down at a desk, he began to rummage with some papers and, turning impatiently to Howard, he said:

"Say, old man, I'm very busy now. You'll have to excuse me."

If Howard had been sober, he would have understood that this was a pretty strong hint for him to be gone, but in his besotted condition, he did not propose to be disposed of so easily. Turning to Underwood, he burst out with an air of offended dignity:

"Underwood, you wouldn't go back on me now. I'm an outcast, a pariah, a derelict on the ocean of life, as one of my highly respectable uncles wrote me. My grandfather was an iron pudler." With a drunken laugh he went on: "Doesn't it make you sick? I'm no good because I married the girl. If I had ruined her life I'd still be a decent member of society."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"I don't want to remind you of that little matter of two hundred and fifty bucks which you borrowed from me two years ago. I suppose you've forgotten it, but—"

A look of annoyance came over Underwood's face.

"Well, what of it?" he snapped.

Howard took another drink before he continued.

"I wouldn't remind you of the loan, old chap, but I'm up against it. When the family kicked me out for marrying the finest girl that ever lived, my father cut me off with a piking allowance which I told him to put in the church plate. I told him I preferred independence. Well," he went on with serio-comic gravity, "I got my independence, but I'm—I'm dead broke. You might as well understand the situation plainly. I can't find any business that I'm fitted for, and Annie threatens to go back to work. Now, you know I can't stand anything like that. I'm too much of a man to be supported by any woman."

He looked toward Underwood in a stupid kind of way, as if looking for some sign of approval, but he was disappointed. Underwood's face was a study of supreme indifference. He did not even appear to be listening. Something disconcerted, Howard again raised the glass to his lips, and thus refreshed, went on:

"Then I thought of you, old chap. You've made a rousing success of it—got a big name as art collector—made lots of money and all that—"

Underwood impatiently interrupted him.

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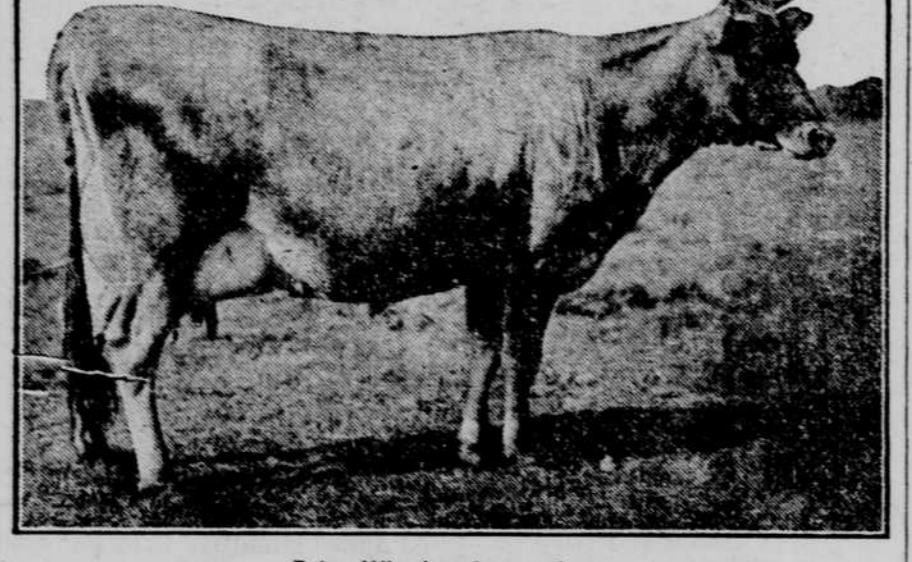
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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## MANY EXCELLENT QUALITIES OF PURE-BRED JERSEY COW

Reasons for Claim That Animal Is Superior to All Others Is Her Ability to Produce Butter and Cheese Economically and Records Made in Many Tests Gives Her Reputation That Is Indisputable.



Prize Winning Jersey Cow.

After a lifetime spent in learning the business of keeping cows I do not hesitate to say to the young man reared on a farm: "Farm, and if you farm, keep stock; and if you keep stock, keep cows; and if you keep cows, keep Jersey cows," writes H. S. Chapman in the Breeder's Gazette. Of course, I add to this, "If you keep Jersey cows, keep registered Jersey cows. My reasons for maintaining that the Jersey cow is superior to all others as a butter cow are as follows:

Her ability to produce butter and cheese economically stands undisputed. Her record in many public tests, including the Chicago, St. Louis and Portland exhibitions, has given her the reputation, enviable and indisputable, of being the world's greatest butter cow.

The extra size of the fat globules in Jersey milk renders the butter of superior grain and firmness and more easily separated from the cream.

The Jersey cow has the function of assimilation developed to a greater degree than any other breed. She is a high-grade specialist as a feeder. She will give profitable returns from a ration so rich (concentrated) that other cows can not assimilate it. It is this ability to stand force-feeding that has brought the Jersey out ahead in so many public tests. This is a merit of the Jersey that can profitably be taken advantage of in a working dairy herd. In the herd in which the raising of stock is the primary consideration I would keep a little closer to nature, even at the risk of surrendering to some extent the meritorious qualities that artificial conditions have produced.

Superiority in numbers makes the Jersey a more practical animal than her rivals. The animal that naturally is matched against the Jersey is the Guernsey. The Guernsey has her good points and doubtless merits the friends she has won. If you like Guernseys better than Jerseys, that may be a reason why you may succeed better with them. I am frank to ad-

mit that my personal preference for Jerseys doubtless has been a factor in my success with Jerseys. But setting aside personal likes and dislikes, it is far easier for the beginner to start with Jerseys, because so many more bulls of that breed are kept than of Guernseys. Consequently, there is far less excuse for inbreeding, and the breeder easily can find the bloodlines that he needs in his herd without the expense of frequently buying a bull.

Another point in favor of the Jersey cow is her medium-small size. Experiments have proved that it requires about 2 pounds of balanced ration per day to sustain each 100 pounds of an animal's live weight; the dairy products and gain in live weight are made from what feed can be assimilated in excess of the sustaining ration. Then if the 900-pound cow will produce as much dairy product in 10 years as will the 1,400-pound cow, we can afford to carry this extra 500 pounds of live weight for a term of 10 years at a cost of 35,500 pounds of feed, just for the extra 500 pounds of poor beef we would have at the end of that time? Just the item of extra cost of barn room for the larger animal for the 10 years would overbalance the value of the extra amount of beef. However, if there is such a thing as a practical dual-purpose cow it is to be found in some of the families of large Jerseys.

The popular demand for large cows made it necessary for me to carry a family of large Jerseys during the last 20 years. This family of cows weighed from 1,200 to 1,300 pounds each, but in our families of smaller cows we had a far greater proportion that would make 2 pounds of butter per day, and they would do it on less feed.

## Farms of United States.

It is estimated that the farms of the United States with all their contain in the way of livestock and improvements are worth about \$30,000,000.

# Libby's

## Sliced Dried Beef

Old Hickory Smoked  
Highest Quality  
Finest Flavor

Try This Recipe  
To the contents of one medium size jar of Libby's Sliced Dried Beef, add one tablespoonful of butter, then sprinkle with one tablespoonful of flour and add one-half cup of cream. Cook 5 minutes and serve on toast.

Ask for Libby's in the sealed glass jars.  
At All Grocers  
Libby, McNeill & Libby  
Chicago



A halting speech may be the result of a lame excuse.

Garfield Tea corrects constipation by arousing the digestive organs to their intended activity. Composed of Herbs.

But few novels are written for thinking people; most of them are written for the entertainment of women.

Important to Mothers  
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*.  
In Use For Over 30 Years.  
Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

So Familiar.  
"Yes," said Nagget, "a woman usually treats her husband as the average servant treats bric-a-brac."  
"Go ahead," said the wise Mrs. Nagget. "What's the answer?"  
"Why, the more he's worth the more she tries to break him."

Australia Rich in Libraries.  
Victoria's (Australia) five hundredth free library was opened lately. One and all of the older libraries are well patronized. The gross revenue received by them in the aggregate from halls, members' subscriptions, and grants is about \$340,000. There are about a million books in these libraries, and it was claimed that something like 3,500,000 visits are paid to them in the year. While works of fiction are read to the greatest extent, general literature and history receive a good deal of attention.

Properly Thankful.  
Clark Howell of Atlanta tells of the sad case of an elderly dorky in Georgia, charged with the theft of some chickens. The negro had the misfortune to be defended by a young and inexperienced attorney, although it is doubtful whether any one could have secured his acquittal, the commission of the crime having been proved beyond all doubt. The dorky received a pretty severe sentence. "Thank you, sah," said he cheerfully, addressing the judge when the sentence had been pronounced. "Dat's mighty hard, sah, but it ain't anything what I expected. I thought, sah, dat when my character and dat speech of my lawyer dat you hang me, shore!"

## Breakfast A Pleasure

when you have

# Post Toasties

with cream

A food with snap and zest that wakes up the appetite.  
Sprinkle crisp Post Toasties over a saucer of fresh strawberries, add some cream and a little sugar—  
Appetizing  
Nourishing  
Convenient  
"The Memory Lingers"  
Sold by Grocers  
POSTUM CERIAL CO., Ltd.  
Battle Creek, Mich.

The door slammed, and Underwood returned to the sitting room. Taking no notice of Howard, he walked over to the desk, slowly selected a cigar and lighted it. Howard looked up at him foolishly, not knowing what to say. His frequent libations had so befuddled him that he had almost forgotten the object of his visit.

"Excuse my butting in, old chap," he stammered, "but—"

Underwood made no answer. Howard stared at him in comic surprise. He was not so drunk as not to be able to notice that something was wrong.

"Say, old fellow," he gurgled; "you're a regular Jim Dumps. Why so chopfallen, so—? My! what a long face! Is that the way you greet a classmate, a fellow frat? Wait till you hear my hard-luck story. That'll cheer you up. Who was it said: 'There's nothing cheers us up so much as other people's money?'" Reaching for the whisky bottle, he went on: "First I'll pour out another drink. You see, I need courage, old man. I've got a favor to ask. I want some money. I don't only want it—I need it."

Underwood laughed, a hollow, mocking laugh of derision. His old classmate had certainly chosen a good time to come and ask him for money. Howard mistook the cynical gaiety for good humor.

"I said I'd cheer you up," he went



## Have School for Brides

English Institution That Really Has a Great Deal to Be Said in Its Favor.

A school for brides is the latest English educational enterprise and as the brides are taught domestic economy and housewifery there ought to be rejoicing in that country of unskilled cooks and incompetent housekeepers. The new school calls itself the College of Housecraft, and though it is founded in the hope that newly married young women and girls about to enter matrimony will patronize it, it is open to other women. At present besides prospective brides there are ordinary middle class girls who have been well educated and are trained in sports and accomplishments but are lacking in rudimentary knowledge of home making. In many cases they are planning to go to the colonies or to take some position in domestic service after they have gained a knowledge of housewifery.

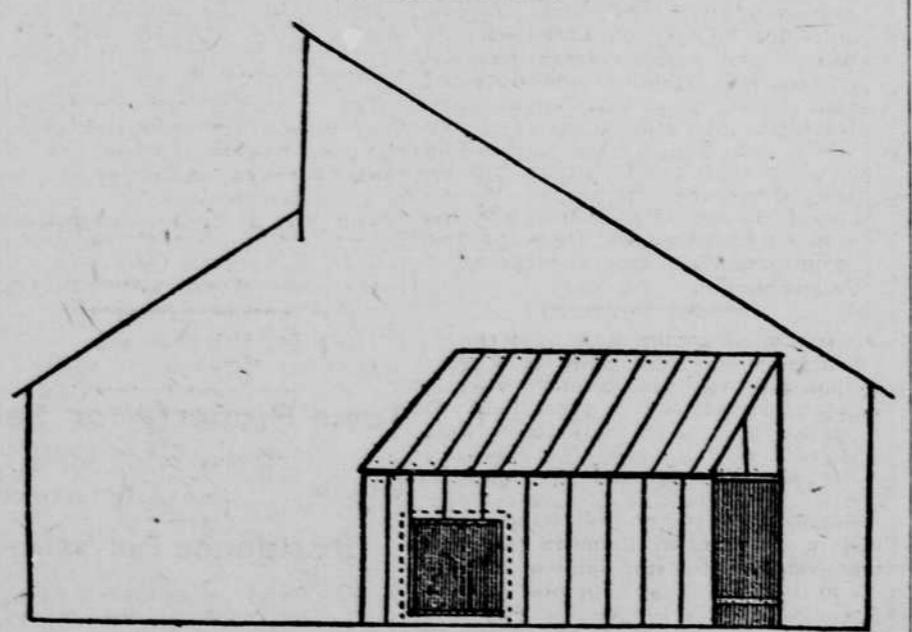
The college is arranged like a regular house and run without any servants. The pupils do all the work. Six months is the full course, but shorter terms are arranged as in the case of

the society women, while some students are allowed to come as day workers or can attend special classes.

The students wear a plain uniform of brown linen with mob cap and apron in the morning and of brown cashmere with muslin cap and apron in the afternoon. They sleep in little curtained "cubicles, but those who wish it can have separate bedrooms at an additional charge of \$1.25 a week.

Grub Street's Pawnshop.  
If the Avant is not the oldest and best known pawnshop in the world it deserves to be. It has been in existence ever since the days of Shakespeare and Ben Johnson. It is in Fleet street—Grub street—and has been the poor writer's uncle for all these centuries and years. It has an old legend something like this: "Old Literary Friends Never Forgotten." There are many souvenirs, sayings and traditions of the greatest men on earth, who, going broke, had to patronize it. Outside of its own name it is well known as the "Grub Street Pawnshop."—London Mail.

## VESTIBULE IN THE HOG HOUSE



An Iowa subscriber, Mr. Horace Carter, sends the following suggestion to the Homestead, which involves the use of a vestibule in a hog house in cold weather. "Many hog houses are made very cold in winter through having a door left open for the hogs to go in and out and even in case a swing door is used the wind will blow through. All draft is shut off by means of a vestibule constructed as follows: Place a small shed 3x5 feet in front of the door to the hog house. This can easily be removed in warm

weather and used for several winters. The doors are made of old carpets or burlap or any old cloth hand with a strip of wood on the bottom to keep it straight. Hogs will very readily learn to pass through them. In teaching them pin one side of the curtain up, leaving a small hole, and after awhile the curtain can be let down entirely and they will go through just the same. The curtains may be made to serve two purposes by keeping them saturated with coal oil or some dip for lice.

## NEW HILL ONION IS BIG FAVORITE

Particularly Adapted to Severe Cold of Northern Winters and Free From Ravages of "Onion Maggot."

(By F. L. ROBINSON.)  
The potato, or hill, onion is becoming more and more a general favorite because it will stand the severe cold of northern winters, and also because of its freedom from the ravages of the "onion maggot." Besides, of its very tender and delicate flavor.

Sets planted in the fall will produce marketable bulbs the next June or early in July, and will bring a desirable price.

The large bulbs planted in the spring make sets by the fall, so making it necessary for the onion-grower to save mature bulbs for spring planting, in order to keep up his supply of sets.

The mature bulbs should be stored in layers in a dry and well-ventilated place.

## The Care of Lambs.

At eight to ten days of age lambs will begin to eat. At that time a creep should be built which will give them access to a feed box containing grain and a trough with hay. Box, trough and feed should always be kept sweet and clean.

A good grain ration for lambs is made as follows: Mix one-third part of oilmeal with one part each of bran, oats and fine cornmeal. Red alfalfa hay or the second cutting of alfalfa hay are the most desirable form of roughage. The two alfalfa is to be much preferred.

It is a good idea to keep up the grain feed right along until the lambs are sent to market. By so doing the lambs are kept fat all the time and are ready to be turned into cash on short notice should the market take a sudden rise.

Navel Oranges.  
It is said that navel oranges sprung from a single tree that was found growing on the northern shore of the Mediterranean sea, nearly 350 years ago.