



# The Third Degree

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

By CHARLES KLEIN AND ARTHUR HORNBLow

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS



## SYNOPSIS

Howard Jeffries' business was under the influence of Robert Underwood, who was a Yale graduate and a member of the Yale Athletic Union. Underwood was a man of great energy and initiative. He had a large fortune and was a member of the Yale Athletic Union. He had a large fortune and was a member of the Yale Athletic Union. He had a large fortune and was a member of the Yale Athletic Union.



## CHAPTER XII—Continued.

He halted, looking as if he would like to escape, but there was no way of egress. This determined-looking young woman had him at a disadvantage.

"I do not think," he said coldly, "that there is any subject which can be of mutual interest."

"Oh, yes, there is," she replied eagerly. She was quick to take advantage of this entering wedge into the man's mantle of cold reserve.

"Flesh and blood," she went on earnestly, "is of mutual interest. Your son is yours whether you cast him off or not. You've got to hear me. I am not asking anything for myself. It's for him, your son. He's in trouble. Don't desert him at a moment like this. Whatever he may have done to deserve your anger—don't—don't deal him such a blow. You cannot realize what it means in such a critical situation. Even if you only pretend to be friendly with him—you don't need to really be friends with him. But don't you see what the effect will be if you, his father, publicly withdraw from his support? Everybody will say he's no good, that he can't be any good or his father wouldn't go back on him. You know what the world is. People will condemn him because you condemn him. They won't even give him a hearing. For God's sake, don't go back on him now!"

Mr. Jeffries turned and walked toward the window, and stood there gazing on the trees on the lawn. She did not see his face, but by the nervous twitching of his hands behind his back she saw that her words had not been without effect. She wanted in silence for him to say something. Presently he turned around, and she saw that his face had changed. The look of haughty pride had gone. She had touched the chords of the father's heart. Gravely he said:

"Of course you realize that you, above all others, are responsible for his present position."

She was about to demur, but she checked herself. What did she care what they thought of her? She was fighting to save her husband, not to make the Jeffries family think better of her. Quickly she answered:

"Well, all right—I'm responsible—but don't punish him because of me." Mr. Jeffries looked at her.

Who was this young woman who championed so warmly his own son? She was his wife, of course. But wives of a certain kind are quick to desert their husbands when they are in trouble. There must be some good in the girl, after all, he thought. Hesitatingly, he said:

"You will leave America never to return—"

His lawyer is the man. We want Judge Brewster."

Mr. Jeffries shrugged his shoulders. "I repeat—my son's marriage with the daughter of a man who died in prison—"

She interrupted him. "That was hard luck—nothing but hard luck. You're not going to make me responsible for that, are you? Why, I was only eight years old when that happened. Could I have prevented it? Recklessly she went on: 'Well, blame it on me if you want to, but don't hold it up against Howard. He didn't know it when he married me. He never would have known it but for the detectives employed by you to dig up my family history, and the newspapers did the rest. God! what they didn't say! I never realized I was of so much importance. They printed it in scare-head lines. It made a fine sensation for the public, but it destroyed my peace of mind.'"

"A convict's daughter!" said Mr. Jeffries contemptuously. "He was a good man at that!" she answered hotly. "He kept the squarest poolroom in Manhattan, but he refused to pay police blackmail, and he was railroaded to prison. Indignantly she went on: 'If my father's shingle had been up in Wall street, and he'd made 50 dishonest millions, you'd forget it next morning, and you'd welcome me with open arms. But he was unfortunate. Why, Billy Delmore was the best man in the world. He'd give away the last dollar he had to a friend. I wish to God he was alive now! He'd help to save your son. I wouldn't have to come here to ask you.'"

Mr. Jeffries shifted uneasily on his feet and looked away. "You don't seem to understand," he said impatiently. "I've completely cut him off from the family. It's as if he were dead."

She approached nearer and laid her hand gently on the banker's arm. "Don't say that, Mr. Jeffries. It's wicked to say that about your own son. He's a good boy at heart, and he's been so good to me. Ah, if you only knew how hard he's tried to get work I'm sure you'd change your opinion of him. Lately he's been drinking a little because he was disappointed in not getting anything to do. But he tried so hard. He walked the streets night and day. Once he even took a position as guard on the elevated road. Just think of it, Mr. Jeffries, your son—to such straits were we reduced—but he caught cold and had to give it up. I wanted to go to work and help him out. I always earned my living before I married him, but he wouldn't let me. You don't know what a good heart he's got. He's been weak and foolish, but you know he's only a boy."

She watched his face to see if her words were having any effect, but Mr. Jeffries showed no sign of relenting. Sarcastically, he said: "And you took advantage of the fact and married him?"

For a moment she made no reply. She felt the reproach was not unmerited, but why should they blame her for seeking happiness? Was she not entitled to it as much as any other woman? She had not married Howard for his social position or his money. In fact, she had been worse off since her marriage than she was before. She married him because she loved him, and because she thought she could redeem him, and she was ready to go through any amount of suffering to prove her disinterested devotion. Quietly, she said:

"Yes, I know—I did wrong. But I love him, Mr. Jeffries. Believe me or not—I love him. It's my only excuse. I thought I could take care of him. He needed some one to look after him, he's too easily influenced. You know his character is not so strong as it might be. He told me that his fellow students at college used to hypnotize him and make him do all kinds of things to amuse the other boys. He

wife—with your picture on the front page."

She was not listening to his sarcasm. "Not even to say good-by?" she sobbed.

"No," replied Mr. Jeffries firmly. "Not even to say good-by."

"But what will he say? What will he think?" she cried.

"He will see it is for the best," answered the banker. "He himself will thank you for your action."

There was a long silence, broken only by the sound of the girl's sobbing. Finally she said:

"Very well, sir. I'll do as you say." She looked up. Her eyes were dry, the lines about her mouth set and determined. "Now," she said, "what are you going to do for him?"

The banker made a gesture of impatience, as if such considerations were not important.

"I don't know yet," he said, haughtily. "I shall think the matter over carefully."

Annie was fast losing patience. She was willing to sacrifice herself and give up everything she held dear in life to save the man she loved, but the cold, deliberate, calculating attitude of this unnatural father exasperated her.

"But I want to know," she said, boldly. "I want to consider the matter carefully, too."

"You sneered Mr. Jeffries. 'Yes, sir,' she retorted. 'I'm paying dearly for it—with my—with all I have. I want to know just what you're going to give him for it.'"

## MORE EXCELLENT REPORTS FROM WESTERN CANADA

### Grains Are Heading Out Rapidly and Harvest Is Now Approaching With a Great Demand for Harvest Help.

Last week it was pointed out in these columns that there would be a yield of about 200,000,000 bushels of wheat throughout Western Canada, an increase of about 100,000,000 over the previous year, and that the demand for farm help was very great. Confirmation of this news is to hand and the cry still is for more help. The Canadian authorities are hopeful that the friends of the 400,000 or 500,000 Americans who have gone to Canada during the last few years will come to the help of these people and induce as many able-bodied men as they possibly can to take advantage of the low rate which is being offered from all points on the Canadian Boundary, and particulars of which can be had from any of the following Agents of the Canadian Government: M. V. McInnes, 176 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.; C. A. Laurier, Marquette, Mich.; J. S. Crawford, Syracuse, N. Y.; Thos. Hetherington, Room 202, 73 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.; H. M. Williams, 413 Gardner Bldg., Toledo, Ohio; Geo. Aird, 216 Traction Terminal Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana; C. J. Broughton, Room 412, M. L. & T. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.; Geo. A. Hall, 2nd Floor, 125 Second Street, Milwaukee, Wis.; E. T. Holmes, 315 Jackson Street, St. Paul, Minn.; Chas. Pilling, Clifford Block, Grand Forks, N. D.; J. B. Carboneau, Jr., 217 Main Street, Biddford, Me.; J. M. MacLachlan, Box 197, Watertown, S. D.; W. V. Bennett, Room 4, Bee Bldg., Omaha, Neb.; W. H. Rogers, 125 West 9th Street, Kansas City, Mo.; Benj. Davies, Room 6, Dunn Block, Great Falls, Montana; J. N. Grieve, Auditorium Building, Spokane, Wash.

Every facility will be afforded men of the right stamp to secure advantage of these low rates. To those who propose to go, it may be said that they will have this splendid opportunity of securing first hand information as to the excellent producing character of the lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. They will have the opportunity of seeing some of the greatest wheat fields in the world and probably the largest yield of wheat, oats and barley that has ever been grown on the Continent. And all this on land some of which cost the settler only the \$10.00 necessary to enter for his homestead, or if he purchased, in some cases, costing him from \$7.00 to \$10.00 per acre, but which is now worth from \$15.00 to \$20.00 per acre. Even at these prices the land is remarkably cheap as will be realized when the statement is made that from 20 to 25 bushels per acre and over of wheat are grown, netting the farmer from \$8.00 to \$10.00 per acre; and this on land that he got for nothing or paid merely a nominal price. In fact the production shows that \$18.00 to \$20.00 per acre would be a nominal price for land that would produce as these lands produce.

### Rifle for Under Water Action.

When he is working in water infested by sharks and other sea monsters likely to do him harm, the diver has at present to rely for his safety on the use of the knife, or, failing that, on a quick return to the surface. Now comes the invention of Captain Grobl, a German diving instructor, who has constructed a rifle which can be fired under water, and is designed for the better arming of the diver. The most remarkable thing about this is that it fires, not bullets, but water, which is propelled with such force that it has an extraordinary power of penetration. Indeed, the inventor himself has pierced armor plate of medium thickness with the water jet from his weapon. The rifle has a stout barrel and is loaded with a cartridge cased in India rubber.

### The Quaker Scored.

An old Quaker went into a book-seller's shop, and an impertinent shopman, wishing to have some sport at his expense, said to him: "You are from the country, are you not?" "Yes," replied the Quaker. "Then here is just the thing for you," responded the man, holding out the book. "It is an 'Essay on Rearing Donkeys.'"

### The Retort Courteous.

Manager—You prima donnas want so much for your services. Prima Donna—And you managers want our services for a song.

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### HOW IT HAPPENED.

Tom—Was it case of love at first sight? Harry—No—first call. She was a telephone girl, and he was taken with her voice when he first heard it.

### Seventy-One Years in a Shoe Store.

Charles H. Wilson of Troy, N. Y., occupies the unique position of having been in business in one building for 71 years; at least he will have completed 71 years in the shoe business at 242-244 River street August 12 next. This record, it is believed, can be equaled by few if any shoe retailers in this country. Mr. Wilson has also been in business for himself for more than 60 years. Mr. Wilson is today just as much in active business as he was almost three-quarters of a century ago, when as a thirteen-year-old lad he entered the employ of John Leonard Williams of Troy. To be exact, that was August 12, 1840. Mr. Williams kept a shoe store at 242-244 River street in a building which had been now occupied by Mr. Wilson for his erected in 1803, and so the building retail shoe business is one of the oldest buildings in Troy.

### NOT A "FULL-LENGTH" PAPA

Child Wanted Original of Portrait That Has Been Made So Familiar to Her.

An amusing incident is related of a young service matron who had relinquished her husband for two years and who, having before his departure insisted on a good photograph, applied herself assiduously to the upbringing of her two-year-old baby with a view to the child's familiarity with her distinguished father. Each day she would call the baby girl to her and, kneeling beside her, would hold up the photograph, pointing out each feature to the child.

One day the officer came home, and the baby girl, then four years old, was summoned. "Come, dear," said the mother in glee, "papa has come home at last!" The child surveyed the officer in perplexity and finally shook her head.

"What is the matter, dear?" asked her mother. "Well," replied the child, "he looks something like my papa, but my papa hasn't any legs!"

### 50,000 Men Wanted in Western Canada

200 Million Bushels Wheat to be Harvested

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Reports from the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta (Western Canada) indicate one of the best crops ever raised on the continent. To harvest this crop will require at least 50,000 harvesters.

Low Rates Will be Given on All Canadian Roads

Excursions are run daily and full particulars will be given on application to the following authorized Canadian Government Agent. The rates are made to apply to all who wish to take advantage of them for the purpose of inspecting the grain fields of Western Canada, and the wonderful opportunities there offered for those who wish to invest, and also those who wish to take up actual farm life. Apply at once to

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## Foes Only During Debate

And That Ended, Recriminating Senators Speedily Forget Their Differences.

The late John J. Ingalls, senator from Kansas, let loose in the senate one day about Conkling, Hancock and several other distinguished people. His remarks were particularly severe.

Joe Blackburn, then senator from Kentucky, was chosen to answer Ingalls, and he took a good deal of hide out of the brilliant Kansan. In one paragraph Blackburn said: "And this man has the temerity to assail Hancock—Hancock the Superb—who was giving of his life's blood on the heights of Gettysburg while the senator from Kansas was skulking along behind a regiment of Kansas Jay-

## Foes Only During Debate

hawkers, trying those jayhawkers in the capacity of judge advocate for robbing her roosts."

There was more of the same kind, and everybody thought there would be trouble, inasmuch as Ingalls was high spirited and Blackburn unafraid.

After the senate adjourned Blackburn and Ingalls met, face to face, in the corridor in front of the marble room. A dozen spectators looked for carnage.

