



# The THIRD DEGREE

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

By CHARLES KLEIN AND ARTHUR HORNBLow

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

poor da-da in such an ugly place. To think that after all these years she was again to go through a similar experience.

She had nerved herself for the ordeal. Anxious as she was to see Howard and learn from his lips all that had happened, she feared that she would never be able to see him behind the bars without breaking down. Yet she must be strong so she could work to set him free. So much had happened in the last two days. It seemed a month since the police had sent her at midnight to hurry down to the Astraria, yet it was only two days ago. The morning following her trying interview with Capt. Clinton in the dead man's apartment she had tried to see Howard, but without success. The police held him a close prisoner, pretending that he might make an attempt upon his life. There was nothing for her to do but wait.

Intuitively she realized the necessity of immediately securing the ser-

ing crowd. There were fruit peddlers, sweat shop workers, sporty looking men, negroes and flashy looking women. All seemed callous and indifferent, as if quite at home amid the sinister surroundings of a prison. One or two others appeared to belong to a more respectable class, their sober manner and careworn faces reflecting the humiliation and shame they felt at their kinsman's disgrace. The small barred windows did not permit of much ventilation and, as the day was warm, the odor was sickening. Annie looked around fearfully and humbly took her place at the end of the long line which slowly worked its way to the narrow inner grating, where credentials were closely scrutinized. The horror of the place seized upon her. She wondered who all these poor people were and what the prisoners whom they came to see had done to offend the majesty of the law. The prison was filled with policemen and keepers and running in and out with messages and packages were a

only a foretaste of other humiliations which she must expect.

A keeper now took charge of her and led her to a room where she was searched by a matron for concealed weapons, a humiliating ordeal, to which even the richest and most influential visitors must submit with as good grace as possible. The matron was a hard looking woman of about 50 years, in whom every spark of human pity and sympathy had been killed during her many years of constant association with criminals. The word "prison" had lost its meaning to her. She saw nothing but the Tombs rather as a kind of boarding house in which people made short or long sojourns, according to their luck. She treated Annie unceremoniously, yet not unkindly.

"So you're the wife of Jeffries, whom they've got for murder, eh?" she said, as she rapidly ran her hands through the visitor's clothing.

"Yes," faltered Annie, "but it's all a mistake, I assure you. My husband's perfectly innocent. He wouldn't hurt a fly."

The woman grinned.

"They all say that, m'm." Lugubriously she added: "I hope you'll be more lucky than some others were."

Annie felt herself grow cold. Was this a sinister prophecy? She shuddered and, hastily taking a dollar from her purse, slipped it into the matron's hand.

"May I go now?" she said.

"Yes, my dear; I guess you've got nothing dangerous on you. We have to be very careful. I remember once when we had that Hoboken murderer here. He's the fellow that cut his wife's head off and stuffed the body in a barrel. His mother came here to see him one day and what did I find inside her stocking but an innocent looking little round pill, and if you please, it was nothing less than prussic acid. He would have swallowed it and the electric chair would have been cheated. So you see how careful we have to be."

Annie could not listen to any more. The horror of having Howard classed with fiends of that description sickened her. To the keeper she said quickly: "Please take me to my husband."

Taking another dollar from her purse, she slipped the bill into the man's hand, feeling that, here as everywhere else, one must pay for privileges and courtesies. Her guide led the way and ushered her into an elevator, which, at a signal, started slowly upward.

The cells in the Tombs are arranged in rows in the form of an ellipse in the center of each of the six floors. There is room to accommodate 900 prisoners of both sexes. The men are confined in the new prison; the women, fewer in number, in what remains of the old building. Only the center of each floor being taken up with the rows of narrow cells, there remains a broad corridor, running all the way round and flanked on the right by high walls with small barred windows. An observer from the street gazing up at the windows might conclude that they were those of the cells in which prisoners were confined. As a matter of fact, the cells have no windows, only a grating which looks directly out into the circular corridor.

At the fourth floor the elevator stopped and the heavy iron door swung back.

"This way," said the keeper, stepping out and quickly walking along the corridor. "He's in cell No. 456."

A lump rose in Annie's throat, yet she thought she would faint from a choking feeling of restraint. All along the corridor to the left were iron doors painted yellow. In the upper part of the door were half a dozen broad slits through which one could see what was going on inside.

"Those are the cells," volunteered her guide.

Annie shuddered as, mentally, she pictured Howard locked up in such a dreadful place. She peered through one of the slits and saw a narrow cell about ten feet long by six wide. The only furnishings were a folding cot with blanket, a wash bowl and lavatory. Each cell had its occupant, men and youths of all ages. Some were reading, some playing cards. Some were lying asleep on their cots, perhaps dreaming of home, but most of them leaning dejectedly against the iron bars wondering when they would regain their liberty.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## WORK OF GEN. BOOTH'S ARMY

Salvationists Give an Impressive Exhibit in London, Depicting Scenes From Life.

London.—Ten thousand people attended the demonstration given recently by the Salvation Army at the Albert hall. Old, white haired and almost blind, General Booth presided in person. "Only with my inner sight have I been able to witness these transformations and miracles that the love of God has wrought," he said after patiently sitting through the different scenes that were played before an attentive and interested audience.

First was depicted a night on the Thames embankment at one of the army's shelters. Gradually the great arena in the hall filled with hundreds of destitute and homeless men, to



Gen. William A. Booth.

whom food and encouragement were given by the officers present, in illustration of their nightly task in various cities. The same men were seen later busily sorting out great sacks of waste paper, showing how employment of some description was found for even the most unpromising material.

Work among the little ones was demonstrated by a parade of forty gray gowned, white capped nurses, carrying in their arms tiny babies, some only a week or two old and many of them prison born. A crowd of hungry, ragged children followed, dancing round an Italian hurdy-gurdy and fighting and playing with each other. Food and coffee were distributed to the boys and girls, who had been brought up from the slums that very afternoon as actual specimens of the raw material upon which the army is working.

Then came the children of "The Nest," as the girls' home at Clapton is called. As the neatly dressed brigade, consisting of about fifty little girls—all of whom have been rescued from drunken and brutal parents—trooped into the hall, where they danced and formed themselves into a zebra, loud applause resounded throughout the building. A number of woman officers followed, visiting women prisoners in jail—realistic demonstrations being given of refractory cases who refused to go back to their cells.

The industrial and land colony at Hadleigh, Essex, where more than 1,000 acres of land is being farmed and intensive garden culture is carried on, was represented by a procession of gardeners, beekeepers, shepherds, poultry and dairy farmers, carrying poultry or dairy produce, fruits or vegetables or the implements of their labor. The farm proper carries more than 1,000 head of horses, cattle, sheep and lambs and pigs, grows large quantities of grain and roots and will soon be busy haymaking and harvesting.

The work of the emigration department was also indicated by means of tableaux and statistics were given showing that the army now carries on its social agencies in fifty-six countries and preaches salvation in thirty-nine languages, while it possesses 954 social institutions, 621 day schools and twelve military and naval homes, in addition to more than 100,000 officers of all ranks.

## JAIL IS A SURE ENOUGH JUG

Bastille at Mansfield, Mo., Needs Only a Handle to Be the Real Thing.

Mansfield, Mo.—"Jug" as used to describe the city jail at Mansfield scarcely could be considered a word of slang. For the Mansfield jail, built of solid concrete in the proportions of a huge jug, needs only a handle and



The Mansfield "Jug."

the change from a door to a neck and cork to make it a jug in fact. Perhaps it doesn't matter a great deal, anyway, for the jail isn't often used, and it was just as well to put a little sense of humor in the structure.

Law O. K.'s Press Camera.

Newport, R. I.—A newspaper photographer has a right to take a picture of anyone in a public street, according to a decision by Judge Stearns in the Superior court. The judge instructed a jury to return a verdict of \$400 in favor of a Boston newspaper photographer who had alleged assault and personal injury against Harry P. Walker while the photographer was taking pictures of a Newport society wedding.

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Register at Minot, August 14 to September 2

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## CHAPTER XIII.



"So You're the Wife of Jeffries, Whom They've Got for Murder, Eh?"

In the very heart of Manhattan, right in the center of the city's most congested district, an imposing edifice of gray stone, medieval in its style of architecture, towered high above all the surrounding dingy offices and squallid tenements. Its massive construction, steep walls, pointed turrets, raised parapets and long, narrow, slit-like windows, heavily barred, gave it the aspect of a feudal fortress incongruously set down plumb in the midst of twentieth century New York. The dull tour of Broadway hummed a couple of blocks away; in the distance loomed the lofty, graceful spans of Brooklyn bridge, jammed with its opposing streams of busy interurban traffic. The adjacent streets were filled with the din of hurrying crowds, the rattle of vehicles, the cries of vendors, the clang of street cars, the ugly wail of speeding automobiles. The active, pulsating life of the metropolis surged like a rising flood about the tall gray walls, yet there was no response within. Grim, silent, sinister, the city prison, popularly known as "the Tombs," seemed to have nothing in common with the daily activities of the big town in which, notwithstanding, it unhappily played an important part.

The present prison is a vastly different place to the old jail from which it got its melancholy cognomen. To-day there is not the slightest justification for the lugubrious epithet applied to it, but in the old days, when man's inhumanity to man was less a form of speech than a cold, merciless fact, the "Tombs" described an intolerable and disgraceful condition fairly accurately. Formerly the cells in which the unfortunate prisoners were confined while awaiting trial were situated deep under ground and had neither light nor ventilation. A man might be guilty of the offense with which he was charged, yet while awaiting an opportunity to prove his innocence he was condemned to spend days, sometimes months, in what was little better than a grave. Literally, he was buried alive. A party of foreigners visiting the prison one day were startled at seeing human beings confined in such holes. "They look like tombs!" cried some one. New York was amused at the singularly appropriate appellation and it has stuck to the prison ever since.

But times change and institutions with them. As man becomes more civilized he treats the lawbreaker with more humanity. Probably society will always need its prisoners, but as we become more enlightened we insist on treating our criminals more from the physiological and psychological standpoints than in the cruel, brutal, barbarous manner of the dark ages. In other words the sociologist insists that the lawbreaker has greater need of the physician than he has of the jailer.

To-day the city prison is a tomb in name only. It is admirably constructed, commodious, well ventilated. The cells are large and well lighted, with comfortable cots and all the modern sanitary arrangements. There are roomy corridors for daily exercise and luxurious shower baths can be obtained free for the asking. There are chapels for the religiously inclined and a library for the studious. The food is wholesome and well prepared in a large, scrupulously clean kitchen situated on the top floor. Carping critics have, indeed, declared the Tombs to be too luxurious, declaring that habitual criminals enjoy a stay at the prison and actually commit crime so that they may enjoy some of its hotel-like comforts.

number of men in neat linen suits. She asked a woman who they were.

"Them's trustees — prisoners that has special privileges in return for work they do about the prison."

The credentials were passed upon slowly and Annie, being the twentieth in line, found it a tedious wait. In front of her was a bestial looking negro, behind her a woman whose cheap jewelry, rouged face and extravagant dress proclaimed her profession to be the most ancient in the world. But at last the gate was reached. As the doorkeeper examined her ticket he looked up at her with curiosity. A murderer is rare enough even in the Tombs, to excite interest, and as she passed on the attendants whispered among themselves. She knew they were talking about her, but she steeled herself not to care. It was

## BUNYIP MERELY LARGE SEAL

Scientist Sheds Light on Mysterious Animal That Terrified Australian Aborigines.

Early settlers in Australia learned from the blacks the legend of the "bunyip," a fearsome creature supposed to dwell in the swamps and to terrify beholders from time to time. Many appearances of this mysterious animal have been reported, but in no case was the evidence satisfactory or conclusive. The latest story of the "bunyip" comes from the Black Swamp near Stawell, 70 miles from Melbourne. The director of the Melbourne zoo went up and succeeded in viewing the animal through a powerful field glass. He pronounced it to be an unusually large seal. The zoo authorities have offered a reward of \$50 for its capture.

Hypnotism and Will Power.

People used to think that persons who could be hypnotized were deficient in will power, that it was something of a stigma on their mental equipment. The experts know better now. A writer in the Woman's Home Companion goes so far as to say that the more will power a person has the more readily he can be hypnotized.

Dr. Voisin, a French alienist, found that he could not hypnotize more than ten per cent of the inmates of the asylum with which he was connected. Whereas an English experimenter named Vincent hypnotized with ease 96 per cent of a large group of university men.

## Plant Breaking Up an Island.

Strength is not a thing usually connected with maidenhair fern, yet if its roots have not sufficient room they break the pot in which the plant grows. Blades of grass will force the curbstones between which they spring up out of their place, and in a single night a crop of small mushrooms have lifted a large stone. Indeed, plants have been known to break the hardest rocks.

The island of Aldabra, to the northwest of Madagascar, is becoming smaller and smaller through the action of the mangroves that grow along the foot of the cliffs. They eat their way into the rock in all directions, and into the gaps thus formed the waves force their way. In time they will probably reduce the island to pieces.

Fable of the Mice.

The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse engaged in a friendly rivalry to see which could best entertain the other.

The Town Mouse led off. He introduced the Country Mouse to a great many people of the right sort, who graciously lapped up all the champagne he cared to buy—in short, exhausted the resources of urban hospitality.

"Pretty good!" the Country Mouse admitted. "But say, you come out to my place in your car and run as fast as you like. I'm Justice of the Peace."

Thereupon the Town Mouse had to acknowledge that the rustic life held the greater possibilities.—Puck.