

The Third Degree

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

By CHARLES KLEIN AND ARTHUR HORNBLow

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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CHAPTER IX.

Fifteen minutes passed without a word being spoken. There was deep silence in the room. It was so quiet that once could have heard a pin drop. Had a disinterested spectator been there to witness it, he would have been at once impressed by the dramatic tableau presented—the dead man on the floor, his white shirt front spotted with blood, the cringing, frightened boy crouching in the chair, the towering figure of the police captain sitting sternly eyeing his hapless prisoner, and at the far end of the room Detective Sergeant Maloney busy sending hurried messages through the telephone.

"What did you do it for?" thundered the captain suddenly.

Howard's tongue clove to his palate. He could scarcely articulate. He was innocent, of course, but there was something in this man's manner which made him fear that he might, after all, have had something to do with the tragedy. Yet he was positive that he was asleep on the bed all the time. The question is, would anybody believe him? He shook his head pathetically.

"I didn't do it. Really, I didn't."

"Shut your mouth! You're lying, and you know you're lying. Wait till the coroner comes. We'll fix you."

Again there was silence, and now began a long, tedious wait, both men retaining the same positions, the captain watching his prisoner as a cat watches a mouse.

Howard's mental anguish was almost unendurable. He thought of his poor wife who must be waiting up for him all this time, wondering what had become of him. She would imagine the worst, and there was no telling what she might do. If only he could get word to her. Perhaps she would be able to explain things. Then he thought of his father. They had quarreled, it was true, but after all it was his own flesh and blood. At such a critical situation as this, one forgets. His father could hardly refuse to come to his assistance. He must get a lawyer, too, to protect his interests. This police captain had no right to detain him like this. He must get word to Annie without delay. Summoning up all his courage, he said boldly:

"You are detaining me here without warrant in law. I know my rights. I am the son of one of the most influential men in the city."

"What's your name?" growled the captain.

"Howard Jeffries."

"Son of Howard Jeffries, the banker?"

Howard nodded.

"Yes."

The captain turned to his sergeant.

"Maloney, this feller says he's the son of Howard Jeffries, the banker."

Maloney leaned over and whispered something in the captain's ear. The captain smiled grimly.

"So you're a bad character, eh? Father turned you out of doors, eh? Where's that girl you ran away with?"

Sharply he added: "You see I know your record."

"I've done nothing I'm ashamed of," replied Howard calmly. "I married the girl. She's waiting my return now. Won't you please let me send her a message?"

The captain eyed Howard suspiciously for a moment, then he turned to his sergeant:

"Maloney, telephone this man's wife. What's the number?"

"Eighty-six Morningside."

Maloney again got busy with the telephone and the wearying wait began once more. The clock soon struck two. For a whole hour he had been subjected to this grueling process, and still the lynx-eyed captain sat there watching his quarry.

If Capt. Clinton had begun to have any doubts when Howard told him who his father was, Maloney's information immediately put him at his ease. It was all clear to him now. The youth had never been any good. His own father had kicked him out. He was in desperate financial straits. He had come to this man's rooms to make a demand for money. Underwood had refused and there was a quarrel, and he shot him. There was probably a dispute over the woman. Ah, yes, he remembered now. This girl he married was formerly a sweetheart of Underwood's. Jealousy was behind it as well. Besides, wasn't he caught red-handed, with blood on his hands, trying to escape from the apartment? Oh, they had him dead to rights, all right. Any magistrate would hold him on such evidence.

"It's the Toms for him, all right, all right," muttered the captain to himself; "and maybe promotion for me."

Suddenly there was a commotion at the door. The coroner entered, followed by the undertaker. The two men advanced quickly into the room, and took a look at the body. After making a hasty examination, the coroner turned to Capt. Clinton.

"Well, captain, I guess he's dead, all right."

"Yes, and we've got our man, too." The coroner turned to look at the prisoner.

"Caught him red-handed, eh? Who is he?"

Howard was about to blurt out a reply, when the captain thundered: "Silence!"

To the coroner, the captain explained:

"He's the scapegrace son of Howard Jeffries, the banker. No good—bad egg. His father turned him out of doors. There is no question about his guilt. Look at his hands. We caught him trying to get away."

The coroner rose. He believed in doing things promptly.

"I congratulate you, captain. Quick work like this ought to do your reputation good. The community owes a debt to the officers of the law if they succeed in apprehending criminals quickly. You've been getting some pretty hard knocks lately, but I guess you know your business."

The captain grinned broadly.

"I guess I do. Don't we, Maloney?"

"Yes, cap," said Maloney, quietly. The coroner turned to go.

"Well, there's nothing more for me to do here. The man is dead. Let justice take its course." Addressing the undertaker, he said:

"You can remove the body."

The men set about the work immediately. Carrying the corpse into the inner room, they commenced the work of laying it out.

"I suppose," said the coroner, "that you'll take your prisoner immediately to the station house, and before the magistrate to-morrow morning?"

"Not just yet," grinned the captain. "I want to put a few questions to him first."

The coroner smiled.

"You're going to put him through the 'third degree,' eh? Every one's heard of your star-chamber ordeals. Are they really so dreadful?"

"Nonsense!" laughed the captain. "We wouldn't harm a baby, would we, Maloney?"

The sergeant quickly indorsed his chief's opinion.

"No, cap."

Turning to go, the coroner said: "Well, good-night, captain."

"Good-night, Mr. Coroner."

Howard listened to all this like one transfixed. They seemed to be talking about him. They were discussing some frightful ordeal of which he was to be a victim. What was this 'third degree' they were talking about? Now he remembered. He had heard of innocent men being bullied, maltreated, deprived of food and sleep for days, in order to force them to tell what the police were anxious to find out. He had heard of secret assaults, of midnight clubbings, of prisoners being choked and brutally kicked by a gang of ruffianly policemen, in order to force them into some damaging admission. A chill ran down his spine as he realized his utter helplessness. If he could only get word to a lawyer. Just as the coroner was disappearing through the door, he darted forward and laid a hand on his arm.

"Mr. Coroner, won't you listen to me?" he exclaimed.

The coroner started, drew back.

"I cannot interfere," he said coldly.

"Mr. Underwood was a friend of mine," explained Howard. "I came here to borrow money. I fell asleep on that sofa. When I woke up he was dead. I was frightened. I tried to get away. That's the truth, so help me God!"

The coroner looked at him sternly and made no reply. No one could ever reproach him with sympathizing with criminals. Waving his hand at Capt. Clinton, he said:

"Good-night, captain."

"Good-night, Mr. Coroner."

The door slammed and Capt. Clinton, with a twist of his powerful arm, yanked his prisoner back into his seat. Howard protested.

"You've got no right to treat me like this. You exceed your powers. I demand to be taken before a magistrate at once."

The captain grinned, and pointed to the clock.

"Say, young feller, see what time it is? Two-thirty a. m. Our good magistrates are all comfy in their virtuous beds. We'll have to wait till morning."

"But what's the good of sitting here in this death house?" protested Howard.

"Take me to the station if I must go. It's intolerable to sit any longer here."

The captain beckoned to Maloney.

"Not so fast, young man. Before we go to the station we want to ask you a few questions. Don't we, Maloney?"

The sergeant came over, and the captain whispered something in his ear. Howard shivered. Suddenly turning to his prisoner, the captain shouted in the stern tone of command:

"Get up!"

Howard did as he was ordered. He felt he must. There was no resisting that powerful brute's tone of authority. Pointing to the other side of the table, the captain went on:

"Stand over there where I can look at you!"

The two men now faced each other, the small table alone separating them. The powerful electric eel over-

head cast its light full on Howard's haggard face and on the captain's scowling features. Suddenly Maloney turned off every electric light except the lights in the electric roller, the glare of which was intensified by the surrounding darkness. The rest of the room was in shadow. One saw only these two figures standing vividly out in the strong light—the white-faced prisoner and his stalwart inquisitor. In the dark background stood Policeman Delaney. Close at hand was Maloney taking notes.

"You did it, and you know you did it!" thundered the captain, fixing his eyes on his trembling victim.

"I did not do it," replied Howard slowly and firmly, returning the policeman's stare.

"You're lying!" shouted the captain. "I'm not lying," replied Howard calmly.

The captain glared at him for a moment and then suddenly tried new tactics.

"Why did you come here?" he demanded.

"I came to borrow money."

"Did you get it?"

"No—he said he couldn't give it to me."

"Then you killed him."

"I did not kill him," replied Howard positively.

Thus the searching examination went on, mercilessly, tirelessly. The same questions, the same answers, the same accusations, the same denials, hour after hour. The captain was tired, but being a giant in physique, he could stand it. He knew that his victim could not. It was only a question of time when the latter's resistance would be weakened. Then he would stop lying and tell the truth. That's all he wanted—the truth.

"You shot him!"

"I did not."

"You're lying!"

"I'm not lying—it's the truth."

So it went on, hour after hour, relentlessly, pitilessly, while the patient Maloney, in the obscure background, took notes.

To Be Continued.

THE ORIGIN OF EASTER AND ITS INTENTIONS

The actual date of the Crucifixion is claimed to have been in December, about the time that is now called Christmas. Consequently, if we were chronologically accurate, we would observe the anniversary of the Resurrection on or about the 25th of December. The reason given for this is that the mock ceremonies in which the Roman soldiers indulged when made sport of the Christ were altogether typical of the kind of pranks practiced in the Roman army during the Saturnalia. Furthermore, it is said that the Crucifixion could not really have taken place during the Passover because the Jews were forbidden at that particular festival to contaminate themselves by suffering the proximity of Gentiles. Neither could they have entered the presence of Pilate at that time.

As everybody knows, Easter now is celebrated simultaneously with the Jewish passover; in other words, on the first Sunday after the full moon following the spring equinox, which is the 21st of March. The rule was laid down by the council of Nicea in 325 A. D. Thus Easter Sunday cannot fall before the 22d of March nor later than the 25th of April. It came to coincide with the Passover of the Hebrews because the earliest Christians were of Jewish origin and consequently had been brought up to keep the old Jewish festival. From the Jewish Christians the custom spread to the Hellenists. It was not until the second century A. D. that it became an official festival of the church.—Collier's Weekly.

SENATOR MARTIN MINORITY LEADER

Chosen Permanent Caucus Chairman by Vote of 21 to 16.

SHIVELY MADE VICE CHAIRMAN

Progressive Candidate, Backed by Bryan, Forced to Take Secondary Position—Chilton of West Virginia Elected Secretary of Caucus.

Washington, April 8.—Senator Martin of Virginia, at the Democratic caucus, was selected as permanent caucus chairman and minority leader during the present congress. He received 21 out of the 37 votes cast, 16 going to Senator Benjamin F. Shively of Indiana, who was then elected vice chairman.

Senator W. W. Chilton of West Virginia was elected secretary of the caucus, the two last named places having been filled by acclamation. Senator Owen declined a re-election as secretary.

The expected long contest did not develop. Prior to the session the progressive Democrats, as the followers of William Jennings Bryan prefer to be designated, met in the office of Senator Owen to canvass the situation. Several found themselves in an embarrassing position because of pledges made many weeks ago that they would support Mr. Martin.

It was decided that the progressives should vote for Senator Newlands of Nevada, as Senators Culberson of Texas and Stone of Missouri both declined to become candidates. The plan was changed in the caucus, however, when it was learned that Mr. Shively, who was the vice chairman under the leadership of Senator Money during the last congress, would not object to receiving the complimentary vote of those who would not vote for Mr. Martin.

Martin First Progressive Man.

Several of the progressives conceded that Senator Martin could not be defeated. Failure to upset his candidacy was due partly to his having been originally brought out as the candidate of the Bryan following, led by Senator Stone, to prevent the election of either Senators Bailey or Bacon. Both of these senators, generally known as the regulars, were opposed by the progressives.

It seemed for a time that Mr. Martin would be elected unanimously, but Mr. Bryan wanted an out and out progressive named and frankly told some of the new Democratic senators that they were throwing away their opportunities.

Mr. Martin was nominated by Senator Clarke of Arkansas and Senator Shively by Senator Kern of Indiana, the running mate of Mr. Bryan in the last campaign.

Senator Stone seconded the Shively nomination. The thirty-seven votes cast account for the Democratic strength except four. Senators Tillman of South Carolina, Terrell of Georgia and Shively were absent because of illness, and Senator Martin did not vote.

The roll call follows:

For Martin—Bacon, Bailey, Bankhead, Bryan (Fla.), Chilton, Clarke, Culberson, Fletcher, Foster, Johnston, Overman, Paynter, Percy, Rayner, Simmons, Smith (Md.), Swanson, Taylor, Thornton, Watson and Williams.

For Shively—Chamberlain, Davis, Gore, Hitchcock, Johnson (Me.), Kern, Lea, Martine, Myers, Newlands, O'Gorman, Owen, Pomerene, Reed, Smith (S. C.) and Stone.

The fact that the battle had been fought in advance of the caucus enabled the Democrats to keep in the background all of the Bryan and anti-Bryan sentiment manifested during the preliminary scurrillages.

ROGUS COINS IN KANSAS CITY

Plot to Flood West With Counterfeit Eagles and Double Eagles Uneearthed.

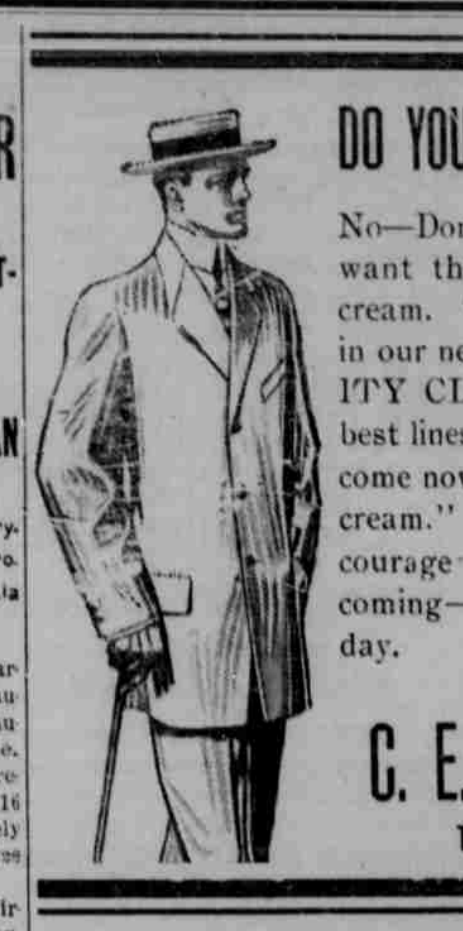
Washington, April 8.—What secret service men believe was an extended plan to flood the middle west with counterfeit gold coin has been discovered in Kansas City. M. R. Little and Charles De Vaul have been arrested, charged with passing counterfeit eagles and double eagles. Reports to Acting Chief Moran of the secret service bureau say that fifty-nine eagles and thirty-two double eagles, probably gross metal plated with gold, were found on the two men.

Two Society Women Ride in Aeroplanes

Washington, April 8.—Two young society women of Washington—Miss Laura Merriam and Miss Dorothy Williams—enjoyed the distinction of being the first two women in the United States to make a flight in an aeroplane at the same time. Anthony Jannus was the aviator and the flight was made in a Rex Smith biplane. The distance covered was about two miles.

Millinery Jobbers Win Fight

Washington, April 8.—Some of the regulations of express companies relating to the transportation of millinery were held by the interstate commerce commission to be unreasonable and proper regulations were prescribed. The opinion was rendered in the case of the Millinery Jobbers' association against the American Express company and others.



GOOD ATTENDANCE LAST EVENING

Evangelist Lewis Delivers a Splendid Sermon, and the Song Service Vigorously Applauded.

From Saturday's Daily.

As a part of the song service at the revival meeting last night a duet was sung by Mr. Sutherland and Farmer Lewis entitled "Jordan's Waves." The song was applauded so vigorously that the singers returned and sang "There is Glory."

The evangelist spoke on "Heaven," saying at the opening that he had been preaching about hell a good deal because there was a good deal about hell in the bible. The text was, "And God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes and there shall be no death, neither sorrow, or crying, neither pain for the former things that have passed away." Rev. 21. The speaker said that he had spoken last evening on the second birth; that tonight he wanted to speak to them of heaven and tell them something of its beauties and show his audience what a desirable place it is in which to dwell. Rev. Lewis said that men ought not to be Christians from selfish motives, but from duty to God and because it is right.

The speaker dwelt on the architecture, the massive walls and gates, its steets paved with gold and the clear water flowing like crystal down from the throne, the city lighted by the Son of God; the city was guarded by the gates so that nothing impure nor unclean could enter there. He dwelt on the light of the city, which was neither sun, nor star, nor moon, but the Lord God giveth it light, and compared a poorly lighted town to one which is lighted with arc lights.

He also called attention to the beautiful gold paved streets and their smooth surface, stating that he thought if any citizen would appreciate a smooth, level surface and well paved streets he thought the people of Plattsburgh would be among them. Once an infidel had asked the speaker where God would get the gold to pave all the streets of heaven, and that he could not accept the bible statement, as it was not reasonable. The speaker had answered the unbeliever by referring him to the wheat that fed the millions of people each year, and asked the man where it came from. The water that supplied the earth and washed its thousands of miles of shores? Where did God get the air that supplied the breath for the millions upon millions of creatures that required air to breathe?

The evangelist did not question but that God, who had created the millions of worlds already discovered and doubtless millions of others not contemplated in the thought of man, could find the gold to pave the streets of heaven.

He pictured the place where heaven is as a place of happiness. There would be no distinctions of rank, no kings, no millionaires, no serf, no servant, everyone would be on an equality in that blest abode, and we should know even as we are known. Our friends would be recognized by us and we by them. And the real joy of the place would be the absence of evil things, absence of bad company, the language which one had to listen to so often against their will would not be heard there. There will be joy because of absence of sorrow; there will be no tears, for God will wipe them away.

"There will be no Sunday baseball there," said the preacher, and here he took occasion to commend the governor of Nebraska for vetoing the

In the District Court of Cass County, Nebraska.

Adolphus F. Linton, trustee; Adolphus F. Linton, Phoebe Rebecca E. Linton, Charles S. Linton and Fryda S. Blessing, Plaintiffs,

—vs—

John H. Painter, trustee, and the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and next of kin of Grier C. Orr, deceased, and the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and next of kin of James E. Brown, deceased,

NOTICE.

To John H. Painter, trustee, and the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and next of kin of Grier C. Orr, deceased, and the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and next of kin of James E. Brown, deceased:

You and each of you are hereby notified that on the 27th day of March, 1911, the above named plaintiffs filed their petition in the District Court of Cass County, Nebraska, against you and each of you, the object and prayer of which is to quiet title in said plaintiffs as against said defendants and each of them, to the following described real estate, to-wit: The East half (E. 1/2) of the Southeast quarter (S. E. 1/4) of Section twenty-seven (27), Township ten (10), Range twelve (12), in Cass County, Nebraska, as surveyed, platted and recorded, and to further enjoin you and each of you from having or claiming any right, title or interest therein, and for costs of suit.

You and each of you are required to answer said petition on or before the 22d day of May, 1911, or the prayer of said petition and the facts therein stated will be taken as true, and judgment rendered accordingly against you and each of you.

Adolphus F. Linton,
Adolphus F. Linton, Trustee,
Phoebe Rebecca E. Linton,
Charles S. Linton,
Fryda S. Blessing.

Injured but Not Off Duty.

John Claus, foreman at the B. & M. shops, who was injured a few days ago by having a heavy iron bar fall upon one of his feet, is still compelled to get around by the aid of a cane. While the injury was quite painful, Mr. Claus has not lost one day's work.

Miss Helen Dovey, accompanied by her friend, Miss Lucetta Patterson, of Omaha, came down from the metropolis last evening to spend Sunday with Miss Dovey's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Dovey.

DO YOU LIKE SKIMMED MILK?

No—Don't blame you a bit. You want the cream—the rich golden cream. That's what we invite you to in our new Spring showing of QUALITY CLOTHES—the cream of the best lines in the country and if you come now you get the "cream of the cream." Don't let the weather discourage you—there's a bright day coming—be ready for it. Come in today.

C. E. WESCOTT'S SONS

THE HOME OF SATISFACTION

MISS GLADYS STEINHAEUER RECEIVES THE GROCERIES

Miss Gladys Steinhauer, who held the lucky number which called for the wagon load of groceries given away at the Rex theater, received the goods this morning, and she is warm in her words of praise as to the quality and quantity of the prize. Here is a list of the goods received: Flour, cornmeal, sugar, coffee, tomatoes, corn, peas, butter, beans, wax beans, honey, oysters, canned apples, canned apricots, berries, salmon, sardines, chocolate, coconuts, matches, jello, cocoa, baking powder, cornstarch, blackberries, crackers, washing powder, soap, rice, soda, salt, pepper, nutmeg, cinnamon, ginger, vanilla, lemon, salad dressing, pickles, peanut butter, oranges, syrup, yeast, raisins, currants, peaches, lima beans, tapioca, macaroni, pancake flour, cheese, vinegar, oil, starch, canned pumpkin, Dutch cleaner, gingersnaps, lemons, bacon, eggs, lard and butter. Total value, \$8.35.

To Be Continued.

Card of Thanks.

I desire to express my appreciation to Mrs. Myrtle Campbell of the Rex theater for the wagon load of groceries given away at her theater, and for which I held the lucky number.

Miss Gladys Steinhauer.

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