



What Was the Good of Regrets?

The Third Degree

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE
By CHARLES KLEIN AND ARTHUR HORNBLAW
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

Howard Jeffrey, banker's son under the influence of Robert Underwood, a fellow student at Yale, leads a life of dissipation, makes the acquaintance of a member who died in prison, and is discovered by his father. He tries to get work and fails. A former college chum makes a business proposition to Howard which requires \$2,000 cash, and Howard is broke. Robert Underwood, who had been repulsed by Howard's wife, Annie, in his college days, and had once been engaged to Annie, Howard's stepmother, has apartments at the Astoria, and is apparently in prosperous circumstances. Howard recalls a \$100 loan to Underwood, that remains unpaid, and decides to ask him for the \$2,000 he needs. Underwood, taking advantage of the intimacy with Mrs. Jeffrey, Sr., becomes a sort of social highwayman. Discovering his true character she denounces him, and Annie, who receives a note from Underwood, threatening suicide, she decides to go and see him. He is in desperate financial straits. Art dealers for whom he has been acting as a commissionaire, demand an accounting. He cannot make good. Howard Jeffrey calls in an indebted condition. He asks Underwood for \$2,000 and is told by the latter that he is in debt up to his eyes. Howard drinks himself into a maudlin condition, and goes to sleep on a divan. A caller is announced and Underwood draws a screen around the drunken sleeper. Annie enters, and demands a promise from him that he will not take her life, pointing to the divorce that would attach to her. Underwood refuses to promise unless she will renew her affection.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.
"I don't believe you intend to carry out your threat. I should have known from the first that your object was to frighten me. The pistol display was highly theatrical, but it was only a bluff. You've no more idea of taking your life than I have of taking mine. I was foolish to come here. I might have spared myself the humiliation of this clandestine interview. Good-night!"

She went toward the door. Underwood made no attempt to follow her. In a hard, strange voice, which he scarcely recognized as his own, he merely said:
"Is that all you have to say?"
"Yes," replied Annie, as she turned at the door. "Let it be thoroughly understood that your presence at my house is not desired. If you force yourself upon me in any way, you must take the consequences."

Underwood bowed, and was silent. She did not see the deathly pallor of his face. Opening the door of the apartment which led to the hall, she again turned.
"Tell me, before I go—you didn't mean what you said in your letter, did you?"
"I'll tell you nothing," replied Underwood doggedly.
She tossed her head scornfully.
"I don't believe that a man who is coward enough to write a letter like this has the courage to carry out his threat." Stuffing the letter back into her bag, she added: "I should have thrown it in the waste-paper basket, but on second thoughts, I think I'll keep it. Good-night."

"Good-night," echoed Underwood mechanically.
He watched her go down the long hallway and disappear in the elevator. Then, shutting the door, he came slowly back into the room and sat down at his desk. For ten minutes he sat there motionless, his head bent forward, every limb relaxed. There was deep silence, broken only by Howard's regular breathing and the loud ticking of the clock.
"It's all up," he muttered to himself. "It's no use battling against the tide. The strongest swimmer must go under some time. I've played my last card and I've lost. Death is better than going to jail. What good is life any way without money? Just a moment's nerve and it will all be over."
Opening the drawer in the desk, he took out the revolver again. He turned it over in his hand and regarded fearfully the polished surface of the instrument that bridged life and death. He had completely forgotten Howard's presence in the room. On the threshold of a terrible deed, his thoughts were leagues away. Like a man who is drowning, and close to death, he

was asleep, yet considered it strange that he should have selected so uncomfortable a place. Then it occurred to him that he might be ill. Shaking him by the shoulder, he cried:
"Hey, Underwood, what's the matter?"
No response came from the prostrate figure. Howard stooped lower, to see better, and accidentally touching Underwood's face, found it clammy and wet. He held his hand up in the moonlight and saw that it was covered with blood. Horror-stricken, he cried:
"My God! He's bleeding—he's hurt!"
What had happened? An accident—or worse? Quickly he felt the man's pulse. It had ceased to beat. Underwood was dead.
For a moment Howard was too much overcome by his discovery to know what to think or do. What dreadful tragedy could have happened? Carefully groping along the mantelpiece, he at last found the electric button and turned on the light. There, stretched out on the floor, lay Underwood, with a bullet hole in his left temple, from which blood had flowed freely down on his full-dress shirt. It was a ghastly sight. The man's white, set face, covered with a crimson stream, made a repulsive spectacle. On the floor near the body was a highly polished revolver, still smoking.

Howard's first supposition was that burglars had entered the place and that Underwood had been killed while defending his property. He remembered now that in his drunken sleep he had heard voices in angry altercation. Yet why hadn't he called for assistance? Perhaps he had and he hadn't heard him.
He looked at the clock, and was surprised to find it was not yet midnight. He believed it was at least five o'clock in the morning. It was evident that Underwood had never gone to bed. The shooting had occurred either while the angry dispute was going on or after the unknown visitor had departed. The barrel of the revolver was still warm, showing that it could only have been discharged a few moments before. Suddenly it flashed upon him that Underwood might have committed suicide.
But it was useless to stand there theorizing. Something must be done. He must alarm the hotel people or call the police. He felt himself turn hot and cold by turn as he realized the serious predicament in which he himself was placed. If he aroused the hotel people they would find him here alone with a dead man. Suspicion would at once be directed at him, and it might be very difficult for him to establish his innocence. Who would believe that he could have fallen asleep in a bed while a man killed himself in the same room? It sounded preposterous. The wisest course for him would be to get away before anybody came.
Quickly he picked up his hat and made for the door. Just as he was about to lay hand on the handle there was the click of a latchkey. Thus headed off, and not knowing what to do, he halted in painful suspense. The door opened and a man entered.
He looked as surprised to see Howard as the latter was to see him. He was clean-shaven and neatly dressed, yet did not look the gentleman. His appearance was rather that of a servant. All these details flashed before Howard's mind before he blurted out:
"Who the devil are you?"
The man looked astonished at the question and eyed his interlocutor closely, as if in doubt as to his identity. In a cockney accent he said loftily:
"I am Ferris, Mr. Underwood's man, sir." Suspectively, he added: "Are you a friend of Mr. Underwood's, sir?" He might well ask the question, for Howard's disheveled appearance and ghastly face, still distorted by terror, was anything but reassuring. Taken by surprise, Howard did not know what to say, and like most people questioned at a disadvantage, he answered foolishly:
"Matter? No. What makes you think anything is the matter?"
Brushing past the man, he added:
"It's late. I'm going."
"Stop a minute!" cried the man servant. There was something in Howard's manner that he did not like. Passing quickly into the sitting room, he called out: "Stop a minute!" But Howard did not stop. Terror gave him wings and, without waiting for the elevator, he was already half way down the first staircase when he heard shouts behind him.
"Murder! Stop thief! Stop that man! Stop that man!"
There was a rush of feet and hum of voices, which made Howard run all the faster. He leaped down four steps at a time in his anxiety to get away. But it was no easy matter descending so many flights of stairs. It took him several minutes to reach the main floor.
By this time the whole hotel was aroused. Telephone calls had quickly warned the attendants, who had

promptly sent for the police. By the time Howard reached the main entrance he was intercepted by a mob too numerous to resist.
Things certainly looked black for him. As he sat, white and trembling, under guard in a corner of the entrance hall, waiting for the arrival of the police, the valet breathlessly gave the sensational particulars to the rapidly growing crowd of curious onlookers. He had taken his usual Sunday out and on returning home at midnight, as was his custom, he had let himself in with his latchkey. To his astonishment he had found this man, the prisoner, about to leave the premises. His manner and remarks were so peculiar that they at once aroused his suspicion. He hurried into the apartment and found his master lying dead on the floor in a pool of blood. In his hurry the assassin had dropped his revolver, which was lying near the corpse. As far as he could see, nothing had been taken from the apartment. Evidently the man was disturbed at his work and, when suddenly surprised, had made the bluff that he was calling on Mr. Underwood. They had got the right man, that was certain. He was caught red-handed, and in proof of what he said, the valet pointed to Howard's right hand, which was still covered with blood.
"How terrible!" exclaimed a woman bystander, averting her face. "So young, too!"
"It's all a mistake, I tell you. It's all a mistake," cried Howard, almost panic-stricken. "I'm a friend of Mr. Underwood's."
"Nice friend!" sneered an onlooker.
"Tell that to the police," laughed another.
"Or to the marines!" cried a third.
"It's the chair for his'n!" opined a fourth.
By this time the main entrance hall was crowded with people, tenants and passersby attracted by the unwonted commotion. A scandal in high life is always a matter to the sensation seeker. Everybody excitedly inquired of his neighbor:
"What is it? What's the matter?"
Presently the rattle of wheels was heard and a heavy vehicle driven furiously, drew up at the sidewalk with a jerk. It was the police patrol wagon, and in it were the captain of the precinct and a half dozen policemen and detectives. The crowd pushed forward to get a better view of the burly representatives of the law, as full of authority, they elbowed their way unceremoniously through the throng. Pointing to the leader, a big man in plain clothes, with a square, determined jaw and a bulldog face, they whispered one to another:
"That's Capt. Clinton, chief of the precinct. He's a terror. It'll go hard with any prisoner he gets in his clutches!"
Followed by his uniformed myrmidons, the police official pushed his way to the corner where sat Howard, dazed and trembling, and still guarded by the valet and elevator boys.
"What's the matter here?" demanded the captain gruffly, and looking from Ferris to the white-faced Howard. The valet eagerly told his story:
"I came home at midnight, sir, and found my master, Mr. Robert Underwood, lying dead in the apartment, shot through the head." Pointing to Howard, he added: "This man was in the apartment trying to get away. You see his hand is still covered with blood."
Capt. Clinton chuckled, and expanding his mighty chest to its fullest, licked his chops with satisfaction. This was the opportunity he had been looking for—a sensational murder in a big apartment hotel, right in the very heart of his precinct! Nothing could be more to his liking. It was a rich man's murder, the best kind to attract attention to himself. The sensational newspapers would be full of the case. They would print columns of stuff every day, together with his portrait. That was just the kind of publicity he needed now that he was wire-pulling for an inspectorship. They had caught the man "with the goods"—that was very clear. He promised himself to attend to the rest. Conviction was what he was after. He'd see that no tricky lawyer got the best of him. Conceiving, as well as he could, his satisfaction, he drew himself up and, with blustering show of authority, immediately took command of the situation. Turning to a police sergeant at his side, he said:
"Maloney, this fellow may have had an accomplice. Take four officers and watch every exit from the hotel. Arrest anybody attempting to leave the building. Put two officers to watch the fire escapes. Send one man on the roof. Go!"
"Yes, sir," replied the sergeant, as he turned away to execute the order.
Capt. Clinton gave two strides forward, and catching Howard by the collar, jerked him to his feet.
"Now, young feller, you come with me! We'll go upstairs and have a look at the dead man."
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Hospitals.
The only hospitals in antiquity were for slaves and soldiers. The rise of hospitals is wrapped in mystery, but beyond a doubt they are the product of Christian teaching. It is pretty certain that hospitals arose out of the early homes for travelers and the poor. The institution is clearly of eastern origin. About 270 A. D. Basilian founded the famous hospital Caesarea. St. Augustine speaks of hospitals as being quite new in his day. In 498-514 Pope Symmachus built three in Rome. In the sixth century there was a very large one in Lyons. In fact, about this time they appear all over the pale of Christendom.—Chicago Examiner.

Leaves It to Her Judgment.
"Am I the first girl you ever kissed?" asks the fair young thing from the refuge of his shoulder.
"Well," he replies, "after the way my arm just naturally slipped around your waist as you unconsciously leaned toward me, and my fingers tilted your chin as you unconsciously lifted your head, and I bent forward where your lips were waiting, and didn't get the kiss either on your nose or your chin, but where it belonged—after that, and with the knowledge of the subject which you have displayed, I shall say nothing, except that I leave the question to your own judgment."—Life.

Slightly Misquoted.
She—"Did I understand you to say that your friend, Mr. Needs, was thrifting for glory?" He—"Well, not exactly. I said he had a glorious thrift."—Tit-Bits.

An Odious Falsification.
"A girl gets mad if a young man tries to kiss her," says the Chicago News. It is an infamous lie.—Los Angeles Times.

HAD BEEN SILENT SUFFERER
Subordinate Officer the Recipient of Hints Intended for His Superior.
A sea captain's wife tells this story of a maiden woman, sister of one of the owners of the ship on which she once made a long voyage. She had very decided opinions on most matters, and she and the captain had many spirited arguments at the dinner table.
The captain's wife, a meek, submissive little soul, fearing that in the heat of argument her husband might say something to offend their august passenger, was in the habit of kicking him on the shins to hint at moderation. Nevertheless, all these reminders passed unheeded.
One day she administered a more vigorous kick than usual, and noticed an expression of pain flit across the face of the mate, who sat opposite her.
"Oh, Mr. Brown, was that your shin?" she asked.
"Yes, Mrs. Blackie," said the mate, meekly, "it's been my shin hall the voyage, ma'am."—Youth's Companion.

DEAF BEGGAR COULD HEAR
Incident That Struck Householder as Being Along Slightly Humorous Lines.
"Many funny things happen in a flat during the course of a few months," said a Milwaukee flat dweller, "but one of the best things I ever saw happened yesterday.
"I was suddenly roused from my slumber by three loud knocks on the door. Jumping to my feet and into a bathrobe, I hastened to see what was wanted. I opened the door in time to see a young fellow half way up the flight to the next floor.
"Hello, there!" yelled at him.
"He turned around, hastened back and handed out a small envelope, pointing to the inscription. I glanced at it. It was an appeal for aid because the applicant was deaf and dumb.
"Say, I was mad enough to kick him down stairs. Then the joke struck me and I slammed the door in his face and went back to bed laughing."

EXTENUATING.
Parson—Boys, don't you know that you shouldn't play ball on Sunday?
Jimmy—Oh! that's all right, Parson. We ain't playing; we're practicing for tomorrow's game.

He Got the Pass.
"I want a pass."
"Pass? You're not entitled to a pass. You are not an employe. Sorry."
"No; but here the antipass law says free transportation can be granted to necessary caretakers of live stock, poultry and fruit." Well, I'm going on this trip with an aunt that's a hen—there's your poultry; a girl that's a peach—there's your fruit; and a nephew that's a mule—there's your live stock. Gimme a pass.—The Way-Bill.

The Old Gag.
Miss Lillian B. Rowe, at an advertisement writers' dinner in Denver, said of the harem skirt:
"It will soon be so widely worn that the old gag, perpetrated in the '40s on men, may profitably be revived for women victims.
"Some sharper, you know, will revive the gag by advertising in the Ladies' Own—
"Send \$1 and learn how to keep your harem skirt from becoming fringed at the bottom."
"Thousands of dollars will pour in, and to each victim the sharper will reply:
"Wear knickers."

Historic Event Celebrated.
Australia recently commemorated the one hundred and forty-first anniversary of Captain Cook's first landing. It was in 1770 that H. M. S. Endeavour, a barque of 370 tons, entered the inlet first called Sting Rays Harbor, but afterwards Botany Bay, from the beauty and variety of the plants growing about its shore. The vessel remained eight days, and before she left the British flag was hoisted. As is the custom on each recurring anniversary, the flag was again unfurled upon the spot where it was first displayed, and was saluted by the guns of the warships in the harbor.

The Worth of the Voice.
How wonderful is the human voice! It is indeed the organ of the soul! The intellect of man sits enthroned visibly upon his forehead and in his eye, and the heart of man is written upon his countenance. But the soul reveals itself in the voice only; as God revealed himself to the prophet of old in the still, small voice, and in the voice from the burning bush. The soul of man is audible, not visible. A sound alone betrays the flowing of the eternal fountain, invisible to man.—Longfellow: Hyperion.

To tell you the curious story of how the mind affects the digestion of food.
I refer to the condition the mind is in, just before, at the time, or just following the taking of food.
If he has been properly educated (the majority have) he will help you understand the curious machinery of digestion.
To start you thinking on this interesting subject, I will try to lay out the plan in a general way and you can then follow into more minute details.

Pawlow (pronounce Pavloff), a famous Russian Physician and Chemist, experimenting on some dogs, cut into the tube leading from the throat to the stomach.
They were first put under chloroform or some other anaesthetic and the operation was painless. They were kept for months in the very good condition.
When quite hungry some unappetizing food was placed before them and, although hunger forced them to eat, it was shown by analysis of the contents of the stomach that little if any of the digestive juices were found.
Then, in contrast, some raw meat was put where they couldn't reach it at once, and a little time allowed for the minds of the dogs to "anticipate" and create an appetite. When the food was finally given them, they devoured it ravenously and with every evidence of satisfaction. The food was passed out into a dish through the opening before it reached the stomach. It was found to be mixed with "Ptyalin" the alkaline juice of the mouth, which is important for the first step in digestion. Then an analysis was made of the contents of

the stomach, into which no food had entered. It was shown that the digestive fluids of stomach were flowing freely, exactly as if the desirable food had entered.
This proved that it was not the presence of food which caused the digestive juices to flow, but the flow was caused entirely and alone as a result of the action of the mind, from "anticipation."
One dog continued to eat the food he liked for over an hour believing he was getting it into his stomach, whereas, not an ounce went there; every particle went out through the opening and yet all this time the digestive juices flowed to the stomach, prepared to quickly digest food, in response to the curious orders of the mind.
Do you pick up the lesson?
Unappetizing food, that which fails to create mental anticipation, does not cause the necessary digestive juices to flow, whereas, food that is pleasing to the sight, and hence to the mind, will cause the complicated machinery of the body to prepare in a wonderful way for its digestion.
How natural, then, to reason that one should sit down to a meal in a peaceful, happy state of mind and start off the breakfast, say with some ripe delicious fruit, then follow with a bowl of crisp, lightly browned, thin bits of corn like Post Toasties, add a sprinkle of sugar and some good yellow cream and the attractive, appetizing picture cannot escape your eye and will produce the condition of mind which causes the digestive juices nature has hidden in mouth and stomach, to come forth and do their work.
These digestive juices can be driven back by a mind oppressed with worry, hate, anger or dislike of the disagreeable appearance of food placed before one.
Solid facts that are worthy the attention of anyone who esteems prime health and human happiness as a valuable asset in the game of life.

"There's a Reason" for saying "The Memory Lingers" when breakfast is started with POST TOASTIES.

Everywhere

For Your Enjoyment

Here's an individual among drinks—a beverage that fairly snaps with delicious goodness and refreshing wholesomeness.

Coca-Cola

has more to it than mere wetness or sweetness—it's vigorous, full of life. You'll enjoy it from the first sip to the last drop and afterwards.

DELICIOUS — REFRESHING
THIRST-QUENCHING

THE COCA-COLA CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Whenever you see an Arrow think of Coca-Cola

SPHON'S

For DISTEMPER

Pink Eye, Epizootic Shipping Fever & Catarrhal Fever

SPHON MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Dispensers, 115 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAF BEGGAR COULD HEAR

Friendship is one soul in two bodies.

DEAF BEGGAR COULD HEAR

Friendship is one soul in two bodies.

DEAF BEGGAR COULD HEAR

Friendship is one soul in two bodies.

DEAF BEGGAR COULD HEAR

Friendship is one soul in two bodies.

DEAF BEGGAR COULD HEAR

Friendship is one soul in two bodies.

DEAF BEGGAR COULD HEAR

Friendship is one soul in two bodies.

DEAF BEGGAR COULD HEAR

Friendship is one soul in two bodies.

DEAF BEGGAR COULD HEAR

Friendship is one soul in two bodies.

DEAF BEGGAR COULD HEAR

Friendship is one soul in two bodies.

DEAF BEGGAR COULD HEAR

Friendship is one soul in two bodies.

DEAF BEGGAR COULD HEAR

Friendship is one soul in two bodies.

DEAF BEGGAR COULD HEAR

Friendship is one soul in two bodies.

DEAF BEGGAR COULD HEAR

Friendship is one soul in two bodies.

DEAF BEGGAR COULD HEAR

Friendship is one soul in two bodies.

DEAF BEGGAR COULD HEAR

Friendship is one soul in two bodies.

DEAF BEGGAR COULD HEAR

Friendship is one soul in two bodies.

DEAF BEGGAR COULD HEAR

Friendship is one soul in two bodies.

DEAF BEGGAR COULD HEAR

Friendship is one soul in two bodies.

DEAF BEGGAR COULD HEAR

Friendship is one soul in two bodies.

DEAF BEGGAR COULD HEAR

Friendship is one soul in two bodies.

DEAF BEGGAR COULD HEAR

Friendship is one soul in two bodies.