



The THIRD DEGREE

A NARRATIVE OF
METROPOLITAN LIFE

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The Persistence of His Stare Made Howard Squirm.

SYNOPSIS.
Howard Jeffries, banker's son, under the evil influence of Robert Underwood, a fellow-student at Yale, marries the daughter of a gambler who died in prison, and is discovered by his father. He tries to get work and fails. A former college classmate makes a business proposition to Howard which involves \$200 cash, and Howard is broker. Robert Underwood, who has been rejected by Howard's wife, Annie, in his college days, and had since been engaged to Alicia, Howard's stepmother, has apartments at the Astoria. Howard decides to ask Underwood for the \$200 he needs. Underwood, taking advantage of his intimacy with Mrs. Jeffries, describes to her a sort of social business. Discouraging his true character, she declines his offer. Alicia, however, comes from Underwood, threatening suicide. Art dealers for whom he has been acting as a commissionaire, demand an accounting. He cannot make good. Howard Jeffries falls in an intoxicated condition. He asks Underwood for \$200 and is told by the latter that he is in debt up to his eyes. Howard drinks himself into a morose condition, and goes to sleep on a divan. A caller is announced and Underwood draws a screen around the drunken sleeper. Alicia enters. She demands a promise from him that he will not take his life, pointing to the dagger that would attack to herself. Underwood refuses to promise unless she will renew her patronage. This she refuses to do. Underwood kills himself. The report of the pistol awakens Howard. He stumbles over the dead body of Underwood, recognizing his predicament he attempts to flee and is met by Underwood's valet.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

Howard was at no time an athlete, and now, contrasted with the burly policeman, a colossus in strength, he seemed like a puny boy. His cringing, frightened attitude, as he looked up in the captain's bulldog face, was pathetic. The crowd of bystanders could hardly contain their eagerness to take in every detail of the dramatic situation. The prisoner was sober by this time, and thoroughly alarmed.

"What do you want me for?" he cried. "I haven't done anything. The man's dead, but I didn't kill him."

"Shut your mouth!" growled the captain.

Dragging Howard after him, he made his way to the elevator. Throwing his prisoner into the cage, he turned to give orders to his subordinates.

"Maloney, you come with me and bring Officer Deane," addressing the other men, he said. "You other fellows look after things down here. Don't let any of these people come upstairs." Then, turning to the elevator boy, he gave the command: "Up with her."

The elevator, with its passengers, shot upward, stopped with a jerk at the fourteenth floor, and the captain, once more laying a brutal hand on Howard, pushed him out into the corridor.

If it could be said of Capt. Clinton that he had any system at all, it was to be as brutal as possible with everybody unlucky enough to fall into his hands. Instead of regarding his prisoners as innocent until found guilty, as they are justly entitled to be regarded under the law, he took the directly opposite stand. He considered all his prisoners as guilty as hell until they had succeeded in proving themselves innocent. Even then he had his doubts.

When a jury brought in a verdict of acquittal, he shook his head and growled. He had the greatest contempt for a jury that would acquit and the warmest regard for a jury which convicted. He bullied and maltreated his prisoners because he firmly believed in undermining their moral and physical resistance. When by depriving them of sleep and food, by choking them, clubbing them and frightening them, he had reduced them to a state of nervous terror, to the border of physical collapse, he knew by experience that they would no longer be in condition to withstand his merciless cross-examinations. Demoralized, unstrung, they would blurt out the truth and so convict themselves. The ends of justice would thus be served.

Capt. Clinton prided himself on the thorough manner in which he conducted these examinations of persons under arrest. It was a laborious ordeal, but always successful. He owed his present position on the force to the skill with which he browbeat his prisoners into "confessions." With his "third degree" séances he arrived at results better and more quickly than in any other way. All his convictions had been secured by them. The press and meddling busybodies called his system barbarous, a revival of the old time torture chamber. What did he care what the people said as long as he convicted his man? Wasn't that what he was paid for? He was there to find the murderer, and he was going to do it.

He pushed his way into the apartment, followed closely by Maloney and the other policemen, who dragged along the unhappy Howard. The dead man still lay where he had fallen. Capt. Clinton stooped down, but made no attempt to touch the corpse, merely satisfying himself that Underwood was dead. Then, after a casual survey of the room, he said to his sergeant:

"We won't touch a thing, Maloney, till the coroner arrives. He'll be here any minute, and he'll give the order for the undertaker. You can call up headquarters as the newspaper boys get the story."

While the sergeant went to the telephone to carry out these orders, Capt. Clinton turned to look at Howard, who had collapsed, white and trembling, into a chair.

"What do you want with me?" cried Howard appealingly. "I assure you I had nothing to do with this. My wife's expecting me home. Can't I go?"

"Shut up!" thundered the captain.

His arms folded, his eyes sternly fixed upon him, Capt. Clinton stood confronting the unfortunate youth.

staring at him without saying a word. The persistence of his stare made Howard squirm. It was decidedly unpleasant. He did not mind the detention so much as this man's overbearing, bullying manner. He knew he was innocent, therefore he had nothing to fear. But why was this police captain staring at him so? Whichever way he sat, whichever way his eyes turned, he saw this bulldog-faced policeman staring silently at him. Unknown to him, Capt. Clinton had already begun the dreaded police ordeal known as the "third degree."

"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 Tombs 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."

"(TO BE CONTINUED.)"

Profitable Glass Eye.
"Nobody is going to poke out a good eye just for the sake of getting a glass eye," said the city salesman. "but I know a man who makes money on his glass eye. He goes to Europe three times a year on business. While there he does a little trading in jewels as a side line. It is on the homeward trip that he turns his glass eye to good account. In the cavity back of it he carries two or three small but valuable diamonds. Half the duty saved is his commission on these stones alone. The customs inspectors have never got on him. Naturally they can't go around jabbing their fingers into people's eyes."—New York Sun.

A Chance in Any Case.
Muriel (letting him down easy)—I should advise you not to take it to heart. I might prove a most undesirable wife. Marriage is a lottery, you know.

Men and Kings.
The people may be able to follow; they cannot be made to understand. The king's mind is the wind, and grass are the middle of the people; whether the wind blows, thither the grass bends.—Confucius.

Fateful Premonition.
A little English girl named Frances Cole wrote in her book at school: "This is my last sum." The next day she died.

Aid to the Hearing.
It is said by anatomists that people bear better with their mouths open.



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 fellow, 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."

Coronation Coiffure



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THE "crowning glory of a woman is her hair" and it therefore is in order to remark that one of the phases of such glory is very much in evidence in connection with the coronation coiffure in which the hair is dressed somewhat in the fashion of a crown.

The new coiffure has taken such a hold on the up-to-the-moment fashionable women, that the fat-to-the-head way of wearing the hair is now somewhat passe.

As will be seen by the picture the hair is puffed high and toward the back of the head in crown-fashion. Fine ribbon, used as a fillet, is wound in and about the puffs. Pearled bands or ropes of pearl or of coral may be worn instead of the ribbon if the fair one is fortunate enough to possess these costly adornments.

STATIONERY IN THE BOUDOIR

French Dimity This season Seems to Have Been Set Apart for Use of the Young Girl.

For a young girl's use there is no stationery more suitable than the fabric finished surfaced French dimity which comes in white, gray and blue square sheets of correspondence and hasty note size, with envelopes of matching dimensions. Of an equally refined and dainty character are the linen lawn papers in solid tints of aeroplane, dawn pink, Baltic blue, willow green, orchid and cream—the hemstitched fabric crossbar in white bordered with a pale shade of color, and the diagonally striped fabric in two tones of mauve, blue or buff.

A fad of the hour, and one permissible only as a joke when a note passes between two very intimate young girls, is the red-edged, tan-colored "Chanticleer" paper, which has a crowing rooster, embossed at the top of each sheet.

Lawnette correspondence cards for acceptance and regrets are accompanied by envelopes having semi-elliptical or triangular flaps on which a monogram or initial may be engraved. This stationery comes in a variety of pale tints, of which buff, pale gray, gray-blue or white are prettiest.

Luncheon place cards matching the shades and patterns of the French dimity and crossbar lawn fabric finished stationery are exceedingly smart and in eminently good taste, as are also cards of umbrella shape bearing hand painted violets, daisies and crocuses and in cut out flower and figure designs.

The Waist Line.

Though the waist line is less versatile than it used to be, and is more and more inclined to assume the conventional position, the empire effect is still to be seen. For reception and dancing gowns it is graceful, and the soft outline it gives to the figure is delightfully picturesque. But for the street all this is out of place; it gives the wearer a silhouette that is untidy, and suggests a looseness that is altogether objectionable. In regard also to evening gowns the same fault may be found. So long as a toilette is to be worn chiefly while walking or standing, the short waist is permissible—even desirable—but for a dinner, concert or theater it is no longer so. The bust unconfinely falls out of shape, and the figure cut is most unattractive—and it is the realization of this fact that has led to so many of the newest evening bodices being made with swathed draperies and close fitting lines.

For the Coat Hanger.

What a bother those fragments of tissue paper, used for padding shoulders and sleeves, are when the garments are in use! One can hardly find enough of them afterward to half a yard of cheese-cloth, folded crosswise, with edges sewed together, then stuffed with the paper, is a capital contrivance. I leave open one end, and insert a wire or wooden hanger, pulling the hook up through an opening in the seam at the center, then stuff in the paper, and sew up the end. I hook the waist over the pad, pulling the ends down into the sleeves, and my waists never look mussed. When wooden hangers are used they may be left in the garments while traveling, as the hooks are removable and can be packed separately.—Good House-keeping.

Do You Wear Mayonnaise Yellow?

The names of the new colors, or more correctly speaking, the few names of old colors fashionable this year, are so many that to attempt to learn them all wears one. Every fish, flower and fruit has its fashionable namesake this year, and now fashion is starting on the vegetables and foodstuffs. The difference between butter color and mayonnaise yellow must be at once distinguishable by those who pretend to know aught of the fine shadings of gowns. This is to be a season of bright colors. It must be said that there is a more marked difference than usual between the gowns of young people and their mothers and that this difference is noticeable chiefly in the colors which they adopt.—Harper's Bazar.

To Make the Shoes Waterproof.

Warm the soles of new shoes. While they are warm paint them with copal varnish. When it dries paint them again. Three such coats will not only make the soles waterproof, but will make them last twice as long.—National Magazine.

A Use for Old Shirts.

Men's old white shirts make good interlining for cuffs, collars and neckbands on shirtwaists. The material will not shrink when washed, and takes starch better than when new.

WESTERN CANADA'S GOOD CROP PROSPECTS

YIELDS OF WHEAT WILL LIKELY BE 25 TO 30 BUSHELS PER ACRE.

In an interview with Mr. W. J. White, who has charge of the Canadian government immigration offices in the United States, and who has recently made an extended trip through the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta in Western Canada. He said that every point he visited he was met with the one report, universally good crops of wheat, oats and barley. There will this year be a much increased acreage over last year. Many farmers, who had but one hundred acres last year, have increased their cultivated and seeded acreage as much as fifty per cent. With the prospects as they are at present, this will mean from \$12 to \$15 additional wealth to each. He saw many large fields running from 300 to 1,000 acres in extent and it appeared to him that there was not an acre of this but would yield from 20 to 25 or 30 bushels of wheat per acre, while the oat prospects might safely be estimated at from 40 to 70 bushels per acre. In all parts of the west, whether it be Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta, north and south, east and west, and in the districts where last year there was a partial failure of crops, the condition of all grain is universally good and claimed by most of the farmers to be from one to two weeks in advance of any year for the past ten or twelve years. It does not seem that there was a single foot of the ground that was properly seeded that would not produce.

There are those throughout western Canada who predict that there will be 200,000,000 bushels of wheat raised there this year, and if the present favorable conditions continue, there does not seem any reason why these prophecies should not come true. There is yet a possibility of hot winds reducing the quantity in some parts, but with the strongly rooted crops and the sufficiency of precipitation that the country has already been favored with, this probability is reduced to a minimum.

The prices of farm lands at the present time are holding steady and lands can probably still be purchased at the price set this spring, ranging from \$15 to \$20 per acre, but with a harvested crop, such as is expected, there is no reason why these same lands should not be worth from \$20 to \$25 per acre, with an almost absolute assurance that by next spring there will still be a further advance in prices.

Mr. White says that these lands are as cheap at today's figures with the country's proven worth as they were a few years ago at half the price when the general public had but a vague idea of the producing quality of western Canada lands.

The land agents at the different towns along the line of railway are very active. A large number of acres are turned over weekly to buyers from the different states in the south, where lands that produce no better are sold at from \$150 to \$200 per acre.

The homestead lands are becoming scarcer day by day and those who are unable to purchase, preferring to homestead, are directing their attention to the park acres lying in the northerly part of the central districts. It has been found that while these are somewhat more difficult to bring under the subjugation of the plow, the soil is fully as productive as in the districts farther south. They possess the advantage that the more open prairie areas do not possess; that there is on these lands an open acreage of from fifty to seventy per cent of the whole and the balance is made up of groves of poplar of fair size, which offer shelter for cattle, while the grasses are of splendid strength and plentiful, bringing about a more active stage of mixed farming than can be carried on in the more open districts to the south.

The emigration for the past year has been the greatest in the history of Canada and it is keeping up in record shape. The larger number of those who will go this year will be those who will buy lands nearer the line of railways, preferring to pay a little higher price for good location than to go back from the line of railways some 40 or 50 miles to homestead.

Mr. White has visited the different agencies throughout the United States and he found that the correspondence at the various offices has largely increased, the number of callers is greater than ever.

Any one desiring information regarding western Canada should apply at once to the Canadian Government Agent nearest him for a copy of the "Last Best West."

Awful!
Mrs. Willis—Isn't it awful the way people pay over goods in a store?

Mrs. Gillis—Shocking. I went over to the waist counter this morning and picked up every single garment and there wasn't one that didn't have the marks where somebody had been handling it.

Real Optimist.
Bull Dog—Gee, but you look fierce with that can on your tail.
Cheerful Dog—Ah, get out! That's jewelry.

Beautiful Post Cards Free.
Send 25 stamps for five samples of our very best Gold Embossed Birthday, Flower and Motto Post Cards; beautiful colors and jewel-like designs. Art Post Card Club, 211 Jackson St., Topeka, Kan.

'Tis well for men to learn self-conquest in the school of suffering.—George Eliot.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. a bottle.

A lot of the money people marry for is counterfeit.

Lewis' Single Binder 5c cigar equals in quality most 10c cigars.

Two may be company—unless they are husband and wife.