



The Third Degree

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

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SYNOPSIS.

Howard Jeffries, banker's son, under the evil influence of Robert Underwood, follows a life of dissipation, marries the daughter of a gambler who dies in prison, and is abandoned by his father. He is out of work and in desperate straits. Underwood, who had once engaged to Howard's step-mother, Alicia, is apparently in prosperous circumstances. Taking advantage of the intimacy with Alicia, he becomes a sort of social highwayman. Discovering her true character, Alicia denounces him to the police. He is arrested and confined in a lunatic asylum. Art Goulard for whom he acted as commissioner, demand an account. He cannot make good. Howard calls at his apartments in an intoxicated condition to request a loan of \$200 to enable him to take up a business proposition. Howard drinks himself into a maudlin condition, and goes to sleep on a divan. A caber is announced and Underwood drives a screen around the drunken sleeper. Alicia enters. She demands a promise from Underwood that he will never take his life. He refuses unless she will never let marriage. This she refuses, and leaves her leave. Underwood kills himself. The report of the fatal accident reaches Howard. He is shocked and is turned over to the police. Capt. Clinton, notorious for his brutal treatment of prisoners, puts Howard through the third degree, and finally gets an alleged confession from the harassed man. Annie, Howard's wife, declares her belief in her husband's innocence, and calls on Jeffries. He refuses to help unless she will consent to a divorce. To save Howard she consents, but when she finds that the elder Jeffries does not intend to stand by his son, except financially, she withdraws her consent. Annie appeals to Judge Brewster, attorney for Jeffries. He is reported that Annie is going on the stage. The banker and his wife call on Judge Brewster to find some way to prevent it. Annie again pleads with Brewster to defend Howard. He consents. Alicia is greatly satisfied when she learns that Brewster has taken the case and declares she is looking for the woman who called on Underwood the night of his death. Alicia confesses to Annie that she has a letter from Underwood threatening suicide.

banker had come out accompanied by a richly-dressed woman whom she guessed to be his wife. She looked with much interest at Howard's stepmother. She had heard so much about her that it seemed to her that she knew her personally. As Alicia swept proudly by, the eyes of the two women met, and Annie was surprised to see in the banker's wife's face, instead of the cold, haughty stare she expected, a wistful, longing look, as if she would like to stop and talk with her, but dare not. In another instant she was gone, and, obeying a clerk, who beckoned her to follow him, she entered Judge Brewster's office.

The lawyer looked up as she came in, but did not move from his seat. Gruffly he said:

"How long do you intend to keep up this system of warfare? How long are you going to continue forcing your way into this office?"

"I didn't force my way in," she said, quietly. "I did not expect to come in. The clerk said you wanted to see me."

The lawyer frowned and scrutinized her closely. After a pause, he said:

"I want to tell you for the fiftieth time I can do nothing for you."

"Fifty?" she echoed. "Fifty did you say? Really, it doesn't seem that much."

Judge Brewster looked at her quickly to see if she was laughing at him. Almost peevishly, he said:

"For the last time, I repeat I can do nothing for you."

"Not the last time, Judge," she replied, shaking her head. "I shall come again to-morrow."

The lawyer swung around in his chair with indignation.

"You will—"

Annie nodded.

"Yes, sir," she said, quietly.

"You're determined to force your way in here?" exclaimed the lawyer.

"Yes, sir."

The judge banged the desk with his fist.

"But I won't allow it! I have something to say, you know! I can't permit this to go on. I represent my client, Mr. Howard Jeffries, Sr., and he won't consent to my taking up your husband's case."

There was a shade of sarcasm in Annie's voice as she asked calmly:

"Can't you do it without his consent?"

The lawyer looked at her grimly.

"I can," he blurted out, "but—I won't."

Her eyes flashed as she replied quickly.

"Well, you ought to—"

The lawyer looked up in amazement.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"It's your duty to do it," she said, quietly. "Your duty to his son, to me, and to Mr. Jeffries himself. Why, he's so eaten up with his family pride and false principles that he can't see the difference between right and wrong. You're his lawyer. It's your duty to put him right. It's downright wicked of you to refuse—you're hurting him. Why, when I was hunting around for a lawyer one of them actually refused to take up the case because he said old Brewster must think Howard was guilty or he'd have taken it up himself. You and his father are putting the whole world against him, and you know it."

The judge was staggered. No one in his recollection had ever dared to speak to him like that. He was so astonished that he forgot to resent it, and he hid his confusion by taking out his handkerchief and mopping his forehead.

"I do know it," he admitted.

"Then why do you do it?" she snapped.

The lawyer hesitated, and then he said:

"I—that's not the question."

Annie leaped quickly forward, and she replied:

"It's my question—and as you say, I've asked it 50 times."

The lawyer sat back in his chair and looked at her for a moment without speaking. He surveyed her critically from head to foot, and then, as if satisfied with his examination, said:

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"And you know what mine are!" exclaimed the banker, hotly. "I refuse to be engaged in this way of hysterical sympathy with criminals. I will not be stamped with the same hall mark as the man who takes the life of his fellow being—though the man be my own son. I will not set the seal of approval on crime by defending it."

The lawyer bowed and said calmly:

"Then, sir, you must expect exactly what is happening. This girl, whatever she may be, is devoted to your son. She is his wife. She'll go to any extreme to help him—even to selling her name for money to pay for his defense."

The banker threw up his hands with impatience.

"It's a matter of principle with me. Her devotion is not the question." With a mocking laugh he went on:

"Sentimentality doesn't appeal to me. The whole thing is distasteful and hideous to me. My instructions to you are to prevent her using the family name on the stage, to bay her off on her own terms, to get rid of her at any price."

"Except the price she asks," interposed the lawyer, dryly. Shaking his head, he went on:

"You'll find that a wife's devotion is a very strong motive power. Jeffries, at will move fearlessly forward in spite of all the barriers you and I can erect to stay its progress. That may sound like a platitude, but it's a fact nevertheless."

Alicia, who had been listening with varied emotions to the conversation, now interrupted timidly:

"Perhaps Judge Brewster is right, dear. After all, the girl is working to save your son. Public opinion may think it unusual—"

The banker turned on his wife. Sternly he said:

"Alicia, I cannot permit you to interfere. That young man is a self-confessed murderer and therefore no son of mine. I've done with him long ago. I cannot be moved by maudlin sentimentality. Please let that be final." Turning to the lawyer, he said, coldly:

"So, in the matter of this stage business, you can take no steps to restrain her?"

The lawyer shook his head.

"No, there is nothing I can do." Quickly he added: "Of course, you don't doubt my loyalty to you?"

Mr. Jeffries shook his head.

"No, no, Brewster."

The lawyer laughed as he said:

"Right or wrong, you know—my country—that is, my client—'tis of thee." Turning to Alicia, he added, laughingly: "That's the painful part of a lawyer's profession, Mrs. Jeffries. The client's weakness is the lawyer's strength. When men hate each other and rob each other we lawyers don't pacify them. We dare not, because that is our profession. We encourage them. We pit them against each other for profit. If we didn't they'd go to some lawyer who would."

Alicia gave a feeble smile.

"Yes," she replied; "I'm afraid we all love to be advised to do what we want to do."

Mr. Jeffries made an impatient gesture of dissent. Scoldingly, he remarked:

"That may apply to the great generality of people, but not to me."

Judge Brewster looked skeptical, but made no further comment. The banker rose and Alicia followed suit. As he moved toward the door, he turned and said:

"Drop in and see me this evening, Brewster. Mrs. Jeffries will be delighted if you will dine with us."

Alicia smiled graciously. "Do come, Judge; we shall be all alone."

The lawyer bent over her hand as he said good-by. Mr. Jeffries had already reached the door, when he turned again and said:

"Are you sure a very liberal offer wouldn't induce her to drop the name?"

The lawyer shook his head doubtfully.

"Well, see what you can do," cried the banker. To his wife he said: "Are you coming, Alicia?"

"Just a moment, dear," she replied. "I want to say a word to the judge."

"All right," replied the banker. "I'll be outside." He opened the door, and as he did so he turned to the lawyer:

"If there are any new developments let me know at once."

He left the office and Alicia breathed a sigh of relief. She did not love her husband, but she feared him. He was not only 20 years her senior, but his cold, aristocratic manner intimidated her. Her first impulse had been to tell him everything, but she dare not. His manner discouraged her. She would begin to ask questions, questions which she could not answer without seriously incriminating herself. But her conscience would not allow her to stand entirely aloof from the tragedy in which her husband's scapegrace son was involved. She felt a strange, unaccountable desire to meet this girl Howard had married. In a quick undertone to the lawyer, she said:

"I must see that woman, Judge. I think I can persuade her to change her course of action. In any case I must see her, I must—"

Looking at him questioningly, she said: "You don't think it inadvisable, do you?"

The judge smiled grimly.

"I think I'd better see her first," he said. "Suppose you come back a little later. It's more than probable that she'll be here this afternoon. I'll see her and arrange for an interview."

There was a knock at the door, and Alicia started guiltily, thinking her husband might have overheard their conversation. The head clerk entered and whispered something to the judge, after which he retired. The lawyer turned to Alicia with a smile.

"It's just as I thought," he said, pleasantly, "she's out there now. You'd better go and leave her to me."

The door opened again unceremoniously, and Mr. Jeffries, in his head.

"Aren't you coming, Alicia?" he demanded, impatiently. In a lower voice to the lawyer, he added: "Say, Brewster, that woman is outside in your office. Now is your opportunity to come to some arrangement with her."

Again Mrs. Jeffries held out her hand.

"Good-by, Judge; you're so kind! It needs a lot of patience to be a lawyer, doesn't it?"

Judge Brewster laughed, and added in an undertone:

"Come back by and by."

The door closed, and the lawyer went back to his desk. For a few moments he sat still plunged in deep thought. Suddenly, he touched a bell. The head clerk entered.

"Show Mrs. Howard Jeffries, Jr., in."

The clerk looked surprised. Strict orders hitherto had been to show the unwelcome visitor out. He believed that he had not heard right.

"Did you say Mrs. Jeffries, Jr., Judge?"

"I said Mrs. Jeffries, Jr.," replied the lawyer, grimly.

"Very well, Judge," said the clerk, as he left the room.

Presently there was a timid knock at the door.

"Come in!" called out the lawyer.

Annie entered the presence of the famous lawyer pale and ill at ease. This sudden summons to Judge Brewster's private office was so unexpected that it came like a shock. For days she had haunted the premises, sitting in the outer office for hours at a time exposed to the stare and covert smiles of thoughtless clerks and office boys. Her requests for an interview had been met with curt refusals. They either said the judge

was out of town or else that he was too busy to be seen. At last, evidently acting upon orders, they flatly refused to even send in her name, and she had about abandoned hope when, all at once, a clerk approached her, and addressing her more politely than usual, said that the judge would see her in a few minutes.

Her heart gave a great throb. Almost speechless from surprise, she stammered a faint thanks and braced herself for the interview on which so much depended. For the first time since the terrible affair had happened, there was a faint glimmer of hope ahead. If only she could rush over to the Tombs and tell Howard the joyful news so he might keep up courage! It was eight days now since Howard's arrest, and the trial would take place in six weeks. There was still time to prepare a strong defense if the judge would only consent to take the case. She was more sure than ever that a clever lawyer would have no difficulty in convincing a jury that Howard's alleged "confession" was untrue and improperly obtained.

In the intervals of waiting to see the lawyer, she had consulted every one she knew, and among others she had talked with Dr. Bernstein, the noted psychologist, whom she had seen once at Yale. He received her kindly and listened attentively to her story. When she had finished he had evinced the greatest interest. He told her that he happened to be the physician called in on the night of the tragedy, and at that time he had grave doubts as to it being a case of murder. He believed it was suicide, and he had told Capt. Clinton so, but the police captain had made up his mind, and that was the end of it. Howard's "confession," he went on, really meant nothing. If called to the stand he could show the jury that a hypnotic subject can be made to "confess" to anything. In the interest of truth, justice, and science, he said, he would gladly come to her aid.

All this she would tell Judge Brewster. It would be of great help to him, no doubt. Suddenly, a cold shiver ran through her. How did she know he would take the case? Perhaps this summons to his office was only to tell her once more that he would have nothing to do with her and her husband. She wondered why he had decided so suddenly to see her and, like a flash, an idea came to her. She had seen Mr. Jeffries, Sr., enter the inner sanctum and, instinctively, she felt that she had something to do with his visit. The

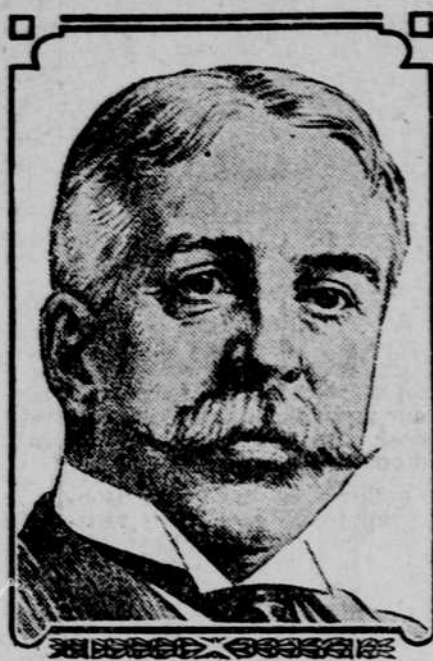
Fine Fox Hunt Without Witnesses

The East Essex hounds had a remarkable run recently. A fox which they had hunted through the village of Bradwell swam the Blackwater, and the pack followed, but the depth of water and the dangerous banks prevented the field from crossing. They had to go for two miles along the bank until they reached a bridge, and by the time they had crossed for a search of three hours the hounds were found ten miles from the place where they had crossed the river whimper round a barn at Chaxley Wood, beneath which the fox had gone to earth.

Mr. R. D. Hill, the master, called the hounds off and gave the fox a respite for the splendid run he had given. "The best 50 minutes the East Essex have had this season," was the description of Cookayne, the

PROMINENT PEOPLE

LEISHMAN TO SUCCEED HILL

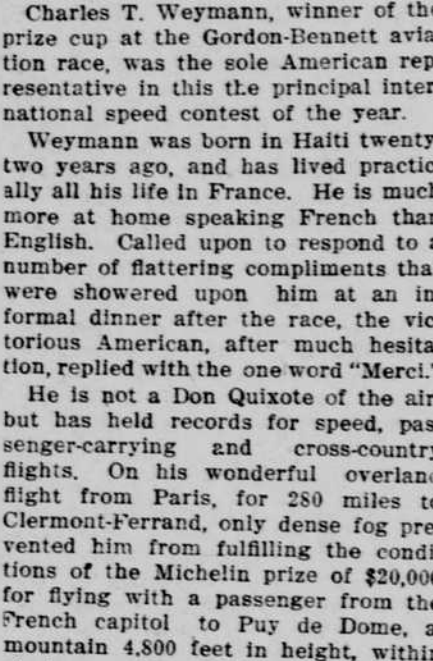


John G. A. Leishman was proposed to the German government by Washington as American ambassador, to succeed Dr. David Jayne Hill, who resigned last spring.

The United States asked whether the appointment of Mr. Leishman, who at present is American ambassador at Rome, would be acceptable to the Kaiser's government, through Count Von Bernstorff, the German ambassador at Washington. Mr. Leishman's name was submitted by telegraph to Emperor William, who was touring in the grand duchy of Mecklenberg. Emperor William, immediately on receiving the proposal of Washington, telegraphed his reply to the foreign office. The action taken is almost unprecedented in promptness.

Mr. Leishman's long service as a diplomat qualifies him particularly in the eyes of the emperor, who several times has spoken of the need of an experienced ambassador for the Berlin post and to his desire that no vice be sent there. It has been stated that Major von Kiderlen Waechter, the German secretary of foreign affairs, who has a personal acquaintance with Mr. Leishman, is much pleased with his appointment. The selection also is very acceptable to German society, in which Mr. Leishman and his family have many friends. Mr. Leishman's transfer was necessarily followed by other changes in the diplomatic service.

GORDON-BENNETT CUP WINNER



Charles T. Weymann, winner of the prize cup at the Gordon-Bennett aviation race, was the sole American representative in this the principal international speed contest of the year.

Weymann was born in Haiti twenty-two years ago, and has lived practically all his life in France. He is much more at home speaking French than English. Called upon to respond to a number of flattering compliments that were showered upon him at an informal dinner after the race, the victorious American, after much hesitation, replied with the one word "Merci."

He is not a Don Quixote of the air, but has held records for speed, passenger-carrying and cross-country flights. On his wonderful overland flight from Paris, for 280 miles to Clermont-Ferrand, only dense fog prevented him from fulfilling the conditions of the Michelin prize of \$20,000 for flying with a passenger from the French capitol to Puy de Dome, a mountain 4,800 feet in height, within six hours. He was the only airman to start with the ill-fated Chavez for the flight across the Alps last autumn.

Weymann is the Good Samaritan of aviation. In several of the big country flights in France he stopped by the wayside to give first aid to feggings with crippled wings and lacerated heads. On one occasion he halted in his breathless race across the country to carry a luckless competitor in his aeroplane ambulance to the nearest town. After losing his chances in the contest, Weymann philosophically resumed his flight. Because of his surplus of good nature, Weymann is a favorite with the flyers of all nations.

The Gordon-Bennett cup was won at Rheims, in 1909, by Glenn H. Curtiss, who averaged a speed of 47 miles an hour. In 1910 the cup was taken to England by Claude Grahame-White, who won it with a speed of 60 1/2 miles an hour. This year, over a course of 94 miles, at Eastchurch, Isle of Sheppey, England, the cup was won back for America by Weymann, with a speed of 78 miles an hour.

COMMISSIONER OF PATENTS



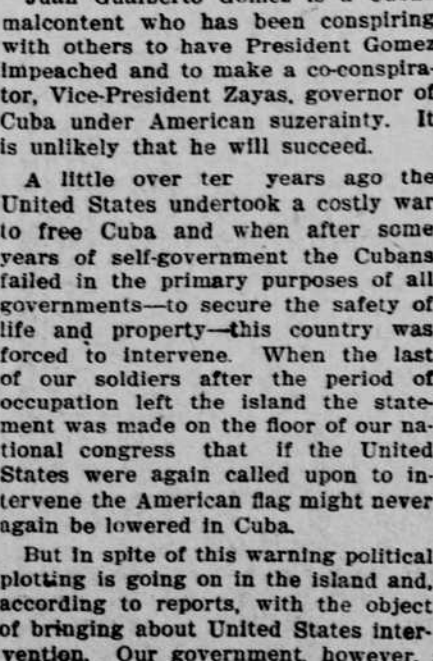
Edward Bruce Moore, commissioner of patents in Washington, came prominently into the public eye the other day when the one millionth United States patent was issued.

Mr. Moore has worked his way up from the ranks. He entered the patent office as assistant examiner in 1883, and from that time served in various capacities until he was made commissioner, in June, 1907. He has spent twenty-eight years in the government service.

Edward Bruce Moore has had a wide and varied experience while serving Uncle Sam. Before he was appointed commissioner of patents he was assigned as special commissioner to the Paris exposition, in 1900. In the summer of 1908 he was appointed United States delegate to the International Conference for the Protection of Industrial Property, which was held in Stockholm, Sweden.

Later, in the fall of 1909, he acted as special commissioner of the state department to nine principal capitals of Europe on International reciprocal patent protection. Then he served as delegate to the Fourth International Conference of American States at Buenos Ayres, Argentina, in the summer of 1910, in charge of matters relating to patents, trade marks and copyrights.

GOMEZ A CUBAN MALCONTENT



Juan Gualberto Gomez is a Cuban malcontent who has been conspiring with others to have President Gomez impeached and to make a co-conspirator, Vice-President Zayas, governor of Cuba under American suzerainty. It is unlikely that he will succeed.

A little over ten years ago the United States undertook a costly war to free Cuba and when after some years of self-government the Cubans failed in the primary purposes of all governments—to secure the safety of life and property—this country was forced to intervene. When the last of our soldiers after the period of occupation left the island the statement was made on the floor of our national congress that if the United States were again called upon to intervene the American flag might never again be lowered in Cuba.

But in spite of this warning political plotting is going on in the island and, according to reports, with the object of bringing about United States intervention. Our government, however, gave assurances that it had no immediate intention of interfering in the affairs of Cuba, but the criminality of Juan Gomez is no less pronounced on that account.

The poison of political discontent and revolutionary plotting seems to pervade Latin America. Central America today is in a turmoil. Venezuela, in South America, after a respite from the years of bloody despotism under the iron rule of Castro, is facing another revolution. Mexico is in a transition stage from bloody conflict to uncertain peace.

Cuba should find a quick way of ending the pernicious activities of such malcontents as Gomez and thus save itself from internal disorders, which are prejudicial to its own interests and offensive to this country.

The Open Air.

Get out of the house whenever you are able, and if you only have a little leisure time to spend out in the open make the surroundings indoors as nearly as possible like the outdoors by keeping the air fresh and the windows open.

A Spartan.

The negro hackman had driven them over a long and dusty road when they reached the village hotel one of the party asked the negro if they couldn't send him out a drink.

"No, sah. Ah don't drink. It's agin mah principles."

LAUGHTER PLEASING TO GOD

Nowhere in Biblical Lore Can There Be Found Intimation of Any Other Idea.

We misjudge and distort the normally human nature of the Saviour when we picture him going through life, as Dante did after he had written his "Inferno," with the shadow of perdition on his brow. We may gravenly question when it was that the cross began to darken our Lord's pathway; there is no hint of such a foreboding until we reach the middle of his ministry. From that on there are occasional tokens that he saw Calvary ahead of him, and was at times pressed down with a dreadful sense of the inevitable agony which awaited him at the end. But all this is very far from affording any reasonable ground for the conclusion that he smiled sometimes, but never laughed.

If God did not intend us to laugh, on occasion why did he endow us with the capacity to laugh, with a sense of the humorous, with the faculty to see and enjoy wit, fun and the absurd side of life; and, furthermore, why did he produce so many things and people to laugh at?—Zion's Herald.

OR SAYS HE IS.



De Quiz—Why is a good actor like a set of brains?

De Witt—Because he is a head liner.

In Strict Obscenity.

Master Gregory Graham, aged three, had been having an ocean bath, and breaking away from his older sister he ran all dripping wet to the door of the living room, where Mrs. Graham was entertaining a caller from the fashionable hotel.

"Why, Greg," his mother greeted him, "you mustn't come in here like that, dear. Go straight upstairs and take off your bathing suit first."

A few minutes later Mrs. Graham turned toward the door in curiosity as to what sight there had sent her visitor's eyebrows up so high, and in the same moment her son's cheerful voice rang out:

"I tooted it off, mother, like you told me to. I'm coming in now for some cake."

Tuberculosis Patients Neglected.

Out of more than 225 public hospitals for the insane, with a population of fully 150,000, only 70, or less than one-third, make any provision for their tuberculous inmates, and this, too, in spite of the fact that the percentage of deaths from this disease is very high among this class of people. Such is the substance of a statement made recently by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. Seventy hospitals in 28 states, providing all told about 3,350 beds for tuberculous insane patients, sums up the provision made for this class of sufferers, although the percentage of deaths from tuberculosis among the insane ranges from 50 to 200 per cent. higher than among the general population.

Character in the Eye.

Beware of the man who does not look you clearly in the eye. He has possibilities of evil in his nature. There are eyes which are luminous, others which seem to be veiled behind a curtain.

Men and women of the world are accustomed to judge human nature by the expression of the eye. Many people read character by the eyes, and can thus distinguish the false from the loyal, the frank from the deceitful, the hard from the tender, the energetic from the indolent, the sympathetic from the indifferent.

GET POWER. The Supply Comes From Food.

If we get power from food why not strive to get all the power we can. That is only possible by use of skillfully selected food that exactly fits the requirements of the body.

Poor fuel makes a poor fire and a poor fire is not a good steam producer. "From not knowing how to select the right food to fit my needs, I suffered grievously for a long time from stomach troubles," writes a lady from a little town in Missouri.

"It seemed as if I would never be able to find out the sort of food that was best for me hardly anything that I could eat would stay on my stomach. Every attempt gave me heartburn and filled my stomach with gas. I got thinner and thinner until I literally became a living skeleton, and in time was compelled to keep to my bed."

A few months ago I was persuaded to try Grape-Nuts food, and it had such good effect from the very beginning that I have kept up its use ever since. I was surprised at the ease with which I digested it. It proved to be just what I needed.

"All my unpleasant symptoms, the heartburn, the inflated feeling which gave me so much pain disappeared. My weight gradually increased from 98 to 116 pounds, my figure rounded out, my strength came back, and I am now able to do my housework and enjoy it. Grape-Nuts food did it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

A ten days' trial will show anyone some facts about food.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason." Ever read the above letter? A new use appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.