



The Third Degree

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE
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AND
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"The disgrace!—the disgrace!—It's ruin—degradation! It's the end of everything!—the end of everything!" Annie regarded with contempt this poor, weak, walling creature who lacked the moral courage to do what was merely right. Her voice was not unkind as she said:

"I don't want to disgrace you—or ruin you. But what am I to do—tell me, what am I to do?"

"I don't know," moaned her companion helplessly.

"Howard must be saved."

"Yes."

"Will you tell Judge Brewster or shall I?"

"Judge Brewster! Why should he know?" cried Alicia, startled. More composedly and as if resigned to the inevitable, she went on: "Yes, I suppose he must know sooner or later, but I—"

She broke down again and burst into tears. Annie watched her in silence.

"It's tough—ain't it?" she said sympathetically.

"Yes," sobbed Alicia through her tears. "It's—it's tough!" Rising, she dried her eyes and said hastily: "Don't say anything now. Give me a few hours. Then I can think what is best to be done."

Annie was about to reply when the office door suddenly opened and Judge Brewster entered. Addressing Alicia, he said:

"Pardon me, Mrs. Jeffries, I hope I

"Pray don't trouble. Good morning, sir."

As Alicia followed her husband out, she turned and whispered to Annie: "Come and see me at my home."

When she had disappeared the judge came back into the room and sat down at his desk.

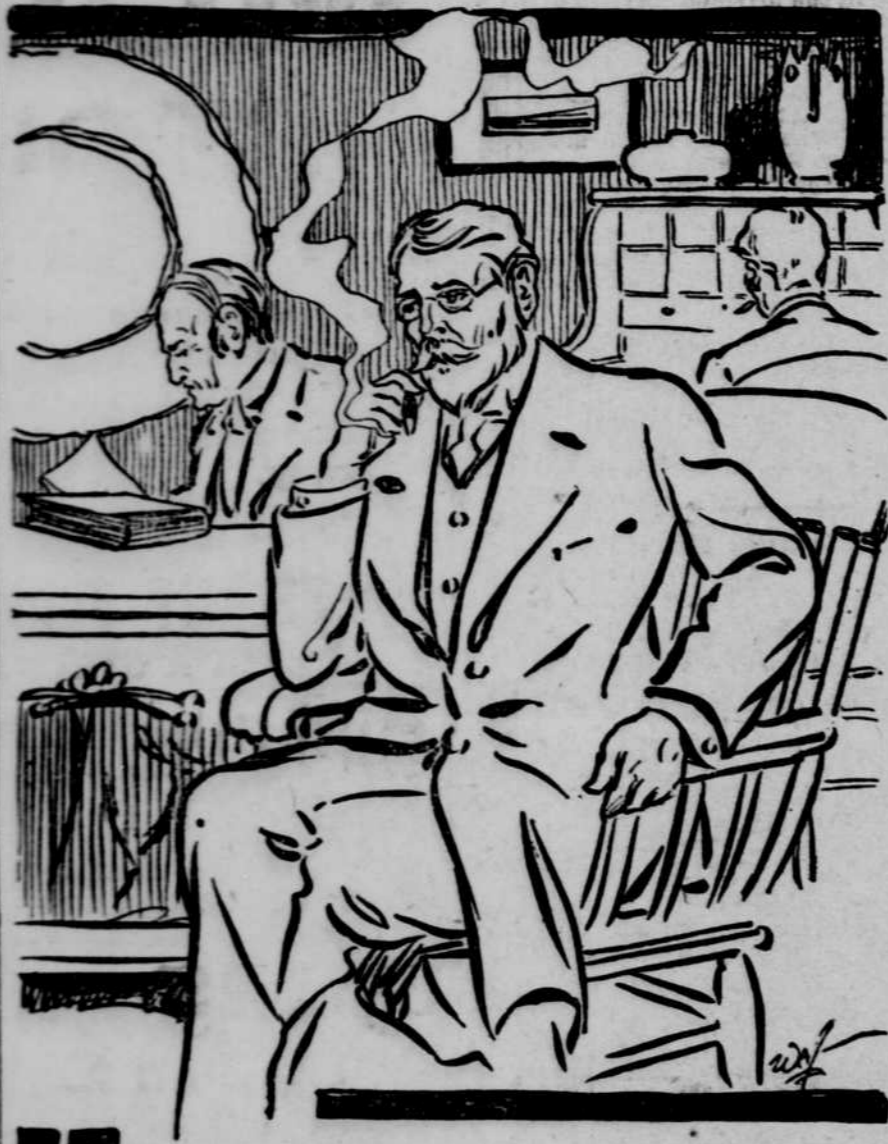
"Well, that's done!" he exclaimed with a sigh of relief. Rummaging for a moment among his papers, he looked up and said with an encouraging smile:

"Now, if you please, we will go over that evidence—bit by bit."

CHAPTER XVII.

The news that Judge Brewster would appear for the defendant at the approaching trial of Howard Jeffries went through the town like wildfire, and caused an immediate revival in the public interest, which was beginning to slacken for want of hourly stimulation. Rumor said that there had been a complete reconciliation in the Jeffries family, that the banker was now convinced of his son's innocence, and was determined to spend a fortune, if necessary, to save him. This and other reports of similar nature were all untrue, but the judge let them pass without contradiction. They were harmless, he chuckled, and if anything, helped Howard's cause.

Meantime he himself had not been idle. When once he made up his mind to do a thing he was not con-



Each Was Absorbed in His Own Thoughts.

hadn't kept you waiting." Noticing her agitation and traces of tears, he looked surprised. He made no comment but turned to Annie:

"I have been talking to Dr. Bernstein over the phone."

Annie approached him softly and said in a whisper:

"I've told Mrs. Jeffries that you have undertaken Howard's defense."

Judge Brewster smiled at his wealthy client, almost apologetically, Annie thought. Then addressing her, he said:

"Yes, I've been quite busy since I saw you. I have put three of the best detectives we have on the trail of the woman who visited Underwood that night. I don't think the police have been trying very hard to find her. They're satisfied with Howard's confession. But we want her and we'll get her—"

"Oh!" gasped Alicia.

The judge was proceeding to tell of other steps he had taken when the door opened and the head clerk entered, followed by Mr. Jeffries.

"I told Mr. Jeffries that Mrs. Jeffries was here," said the clerk.

"You might have told him that there were two Mrs. Jeffries here," laughed the judge.

The clerk retired and the banker, completely ignoring the presence of his daughter-in-law, turned to his wife and said:

"I regret, my dear, that you should be subjected to these family annoyances."

Judge Brewster came forward and cleared his throat as if preliminary to something important he had to say. Addressing the banker, he said boldly:

"Mr. Jeffries, I have decided to undertake Howard's defense."

His aristocratic client was taken completely by surprise. For a moment he could say nothing, but finally stared at the lawyer as if unable to believe his ears. With an effort, he at last exclaimed:

"Indeed!—then you will please consider our business relations to have ceased from this moment."

The lawyer bowed.

"As you please," he said suavely. The banker turned to his wife.

"Alicia—come."

He offered his arm and turned toward the door. Alicia, in distress, looked back at Annie, who nodded reassuringly to her. Judge Brewster rose and, going to the door, opened it. The banker bowed stiffly and said:

tal was a foregone conclusion. pleased was the judge at Annie's plea that he did not insist on knowing the woman's name. He saw that Annie preferred, for some reason, not to give it—even to her legal adviser—and he let her have her way, exacting only that the woman should be produced the instant he needed her. The young woman readily assented. Of course, there remained the "confession," but that had been obtained unfairly, it was illegal, fraudulently. The next important step was to arrange a meeting at the judge's house at which... Bernstein, the hypnotic expert, would be present and to which should be invited both Capt. Clinton and Howard's father. In front of all these witnesses the judge would accuse the police captain of broaching his prisoner into making an untrue confession. Perhaps the captain could be argued into admitting the possibility of a mistake having been made. If, further, he could be convinced of the existence of documentary evidence showing that Underwood really committed suicide he might be willing to recede from his position in order to protect himself. At any rate it was worth trying. The judge insisted, also, that to this meeting the mysterious woman witness should also come, to be produced at such a moment as the lawyer might consider opportune. Annie merely demanded a few hours' time so she could make the appointment and soon returned with a solemn promise that the woman would attend the meeting and come forward at whatever moment called upon.

Three evenings later there was an impressive gathering at Judge Brewster's residence. In the handsomely appointed library on the second floor were seated Dr. Bernstein, Mr. Jeffries and the judge. Each was absorbed in his own thoughts. Dr. Bernstein was puffing at a big black cigar; the banker stared vacantly into space. The judge, at his desk, examined some legal papers. Not a word was spoken. They seemed to be waiting for a fourth man who had not yet arrived. Presently Judge Brewster looked up and said:

"Gentlemen, I expect Capt. Clinton in a few minutes, and the matter will be placed before you."

"Yes," Mr. Jeffries frowned. It was greatly against his wish that he had been dragged to this conference. Peevishly, he said:

"I've no wish to be present at the meeting. You know that and yet you sent for me."

Judge Brewster looked up at him quickly and said quietly yet decisively:

"Mr. Jeffries, it is absolutely necessary that you be present when I tell Capt. Clinton that he has either willfully or ignorantly forced your son to confess to having committed a crime of which I am persuaded he is absolutely innocent."

The banker shrugged his shoulders. "If I can be of service, of course, I—I am only too glad—but what can I say—what can I do?"

"Nothing," replied the judge curtly. "But the moral effect of your presence is invaluable." More amiably he went on: "Believe me, Jeffries, I wouldn't have taken this step unless I was absolutely sure of my position. I have been informed that Underwood committed suicide, and to-night evidence confirming this statement is to be placed in my hands. The woman who paid him that mysterious visit just before his death has promised to come here and tell us what she knows. Now, if Capt. Clinton can be got to admit the possibility of his being mistaken it means that your son will be free in a few days."

"Who has given you this information?" demanded the banker skeptically.

"Howard's wife," answered the judge quietly. The banker started and the lawyer went on: "She knows who the woman is, and has promised to bring her here to-night with documentary proof of Underwood's suicide."

"You are depending on her?" he sneered.

"Why not?" demanded the judge. "She has more at stake than any of us. She has worked day and night on this case. It was she who aroused Dr. Bernstein's interest and persuaded him to collect the evidence against Capt. Clinton."

The banker frowned.

"She is the cause of the whole miserable business," he growled.

The door opened and the butler, entering, handed his master a card.

"Ah!" ejaculated the judge. "Here's our man! Show him up."

When the servant had disappeared Mr. Jeffries turned to his host. With a show of irritation he said:

"I think you put too much faith in that woman, but you'll find out—you'll find out."

Judge Brewster smiled.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Art at \$600 a Square Inch

That Price Has Been Demanded for Drawing by the Famous Leonardo da Vinci.

Let no one say that art does not pay, when right in Fifth avenue it is offered at \$600 the square inch, which is considerably more than the lots that front in that exclusive thoroughfare would bring.

Stroll into the new galleries at 636, and in a dingy little frame, with several other patches, you will see a drawing by Leonardo da Vinci in red chalk. It is only 3 1/2 inches square, and, taking out the trimming of its upper corners, it contains ten square inches.

The price is \$6,000. It is entitled "The Head of a Young Man," and, small as it is, the skill of the Italian painter inspires every line of the tiny masterpiece.

There is not far away a small drawing by Rembrandt, which is there

CONVENIENCE OF DIVIDING FALL AND SPRING HOG HERDS

By This Method Farmer Will be Able to Distribute His Time Equally, Economize in Room, Sell When Markets Suit Him and Furnish Customers Kind of Pork Desired.

(By C. C. BOWSFIELD, Illinois.)

Every farmer, who raises as many as 100 hogs in a year, ought to divide them into spring and fall herds. By this means he will be able to distribute the labor to suit his convenience, economize in room, sell when the market suits him, and furnish his customers on short notice, any kind of pork desired, from suckling-roast to prime bacon.

The thoroughly practical man can turn hogs into money very rapidly, but the business needs to be on a scale extensive enough to enable him to properly divide his fields and buildings, and to make thorough experiments, with different types, and different kinds of food.

I have observed two or three bad failures recently, which were caused primarily, by the old and erroneous idea that hogs do not require much ground room or forage.

In raising pork for the market, the farmer ought to keep in mind these vital points: Cost of feeding, danger of disease or sickness, and range of market prices.

Starting the season with 50 to 100 pigs just weaned, the owner should provide pasturage of some kind. I would give this lot of young animals one mess per day, of brain and shorts moistened with slops, skimmed milk or whey. This is ample in a grass-plot of five or ten acres.

Clover is excellent for forage, but artichokes and rape are better. A



Berkshire Gilts.

little corn soaked in water is good when the pigs begin to show growth.

What they need above all else, however, is the range, with just about such a line of food as would be required to give young cattle a steady and rapid growth. Field-peas ought to be available toward the end of summer. The hogs can be allowed to do the harvesting themselves.

This will give firmness and sweetness to the flesh, and could be used right through the fall, instead of corn. My preference would be to give the final month to a dressing up with corn. This crop being ready in October, the fattening process can be

ALFALFA PEST WORKS INJURY

Weevil Is Not Native to America, But Introduced From Europe, Asia and Africa.

(By F. M. WEBSTER.)

The alfalfa weevil is not native to America, but has been accidentally introduced from Europe, western Asia, or northern Africa, where it is very common, and where, while more or less destructive to alfalfa, it is probably prevented by its natural enemies from working serious and widespread ravages.

The insect winters entirely in the beetle stage, seeking shelter, before the frosts of autumn commence, either in the crowns of alfalfa plants, close to the surface of the ground in the



The Alfalfa Weevil: Adults Clustering on and Attacking Sprigs of Alfalfa.

field or under leaves, matted grass, weeds, and rubbish along ditch banks, hay stacks and straw stacks. Indeed it is oftentimes found in barns where hay is kept over winter.

It has been estimated that fully 80 per cent of the beetles that go into winter quarters in the fall live through until spring. With the coming of spring the beetles make their way forth from their hiding places and

AIDS FOR THE HOG BREEDER

Two Pastures Better Than One—Vicious Animal Should be Killed—Provide Shelter.

The breed of white hogs is rapidly disappearing from this country.

Free range for hogs does not mean that they should be allowed to run over our neighbor's farm.

With good fence wire as cheap as it is today it is an easy matter to divide up the hog pasture into convenient lots.

Two pastures are better than one, because while the hogs are feeding in one field the other will be recovering and later furnish much more attractive feed than as if both pastures are used as one.

The vicious hog that is forever breaking out and causing trouble for one's neighbor cannot be killed too quickly.

It is a good plan to provide summer shelter for the hogs on a high

spot where the wind will have a full sweep.

Feeding the Pig.
A little salt sprinkled with coal ashes is as much relished by the hog as "Cracker Jack" is relished by the boys.

The pig is merely a meat-producing machine and the more he is fed—with good judgment, of course—the more meat he will turn over.

Pure-Bred Cows.
We cannot expect even the best pure-bred to produce animals without a blemish every time. It is always a case of the survival of the fittest.

Remember the cow has a hard time keeping up her usual milk flow and fight fits, to say nothing of the effect the terrific heat has upon her.

Money in Cherries.
A Pennsylvania orchardist cultivated about eight acres of cherries, mainly Early Richmond, Marillo and May Duke. The crop last year brought about \$265 per acre, gross.

GARDEN OF THE GODS

Great Scenic Feature of the Pike's Peak Regio.

"Sentinel of the Plains" Stands Guard Over Section Where Titanic Forces Have Wondrously Wrought.

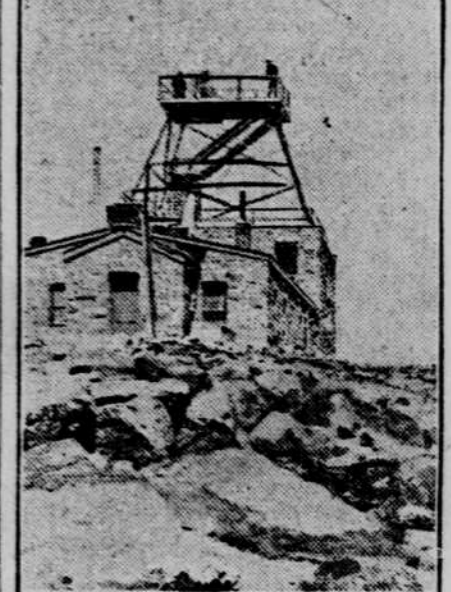
Denver, Colo.—No scenic feature of the Pike's Peak region of Colorado has such a world-wide fame as the Garden of the Gods. Passing through its gigantic rock-ports, 330 feet in height, one enters a region where Titanic forces have been at play. Here are cathedral spires, and balanced rocks weighing a thousand tons; strange grotesque shapes, mammoth caricatures of animals crouch or spring from vantage points hundreds of feet in air or gleam oddly from the pines.

The gateway to the Garden rises to twice the height of Niagara's mighty fall, framing in terra cotta a superb picture of azure and tawny peaks. Eagles nest in the rocky crags. Purpling brooks alive with mountain trout. Against the turquoise sky a flight of birds soars almost out of sight, we bits of life amid the grandeur of mountain tops and lofty minarets.

Pike's Peak in a way stands sentinel over the Garden of the Gods. Pike's Peak is the historic beacon summit which guided the early explorers across the great plains, and it rears its snowy crest in the midst of a veritable wonderland. Here Nature is seen in her grandest as well as in some of her most fantastic moods. Great mountain peaks are here—massive, gigantic—lifting themselves into the regions of perpetual snow. Here are a half dozen stupendous canyons, each miles in length, where the granite mountains have been cleft audaciously and rock walls rise perpendicularly a thousand feet. Here medicinal springs gush forth for healing and refreshment. Here, too, was the playground of Titanic forces when the world was young—rock forms of every size, shape and color; rising in airy pinnacles like the spires of a Milan, or in solid shafts against which all the forces of modern machinery might

beat in vain, or in lofty spires so slender that one almost fears to lean his puny weight against them.

From the summit of Pike's Peak the view is sublime. To the east is a boundless plain. Against the western horizon stretches an unbroken snowy range, lying sometimes in a sapphire haze and again silhouetted against the clear Colorado sky. A great, rock-strewn region lies at the base, out of which gleam the wind-swept obelisks of the Garden of the Gods.



Summit of Pike's Peak.

Steamboat Rock stands about the center of the Garden of the Gods and on top of it is a number of powerful telescopes. This rock is about 30 feet high and has the appearance of the deck of a steamboat.

A large rock about 25 feet high, standing in the Garden of the Gods, is called the Chinese temple because of its round shape and its temple-like appearance.

Hermitage, Ark.—W. C. Pierson of this place had two short rows of corn in his garden that developed more ears to the stalk than ever heard of before in this country.

The corn was planted February 15, and at first the usual number of ears developed. Then came an extra supply, until some of the stalks looked like banana trees. The small ears were pulled off when partly developed and fed to the stock. As fast as the stalks were trimmed of their crop of small ears another lot came on. Some of the small ears grew in clusters like bananas.

EARS LIKE BANANAS ON CORN

Freak Crop of Maize Grows in the Garden of an Arkansas Farmer.

A New York Delicacy.
New York.—Swordfish is, as generally conceded to be, a New England dish, as are Boston baked beans. The demand for it is so great in New England that the wholesalers often pay as high as 20 cents a pound for it, which has never been offered for it here. Few hotels serve it, because they are never sure when they can have it on their menu. At rare intervals the Waldorf has made a specialty of a swordfish dinner. Some large wholesale dealers predict that, as more swordfish have been sold here in the last two years than ever before, New York will some day have a steady market for swordfish.

San Francisco.—The turn of a woman's head may cost Daniel Mack his eyesight. Mack attempted to make his way through a dense crowd. A woman beside him turned her head. The long steel pin projecting from her hat passed through Mack's right eyelid, through his nose and into his left eye hat! The woman cried as she felt the tug on her headgear.