



# The Third Degree

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

By CHARLES KLEIN AND ARTHUR HORNBLow

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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## SYNOPSIS.

Howard Jeffrey, banker's son, under the will influence of Robert Underwood, who is a gambler, marries the daughter of a gambler who died in the confidence of his father. He is out of work and in desperate straits. Underwood, who has been victim of Howard's stepmother, Alicia, is apparently in prosperous circumstances. Taking advantage of his intimacy with Alicia, he becomes a sort of social highwayman. Discovering the true character of Underwood, Howard sends her a note threatening suicide. Art dealers for whom he acted as a confidential source, and knowing he cannot make good, Howard calls at his apartment in an attempt to obtain a loan of \$2,000 to enable him to take up a business proposition. Howard drinks himself into a maudlin condition, and goes to sleep on a divan. A caller is announced and Underwood answers a screen around the divan. Alicia enters. She demands a promise from Underwood that he will not take her life. He refuses unless she will renew her patronage. This she refuses, and takes her leave. Underwood kills himself. The report of the pistol awakes Howard. He finds Underwood dead. Howard is taken to the police. Capt. Clinton, notorious for his brutal treatment of prisoners, puts Howard through the third degree. Underwood's alleged confession from the harassed man, Annie, Howard's wife, declares her belief in her husband and his wife. Alicia, meantime, was once more on the verge of collapse. The long threatened exposure was now at hand. In another moment the judge and perhaps her husband would come in, and Annie would hand them the letter which exculpated her husband. There was a moment of terrible suspense.

morning—that's what I should have done—gone at once. Now it's too late, unless you help me—"

"I'll help you all I can," replied the other doggedly, "but I've promised Judge Brewster to clear up this matter to-night."

Suddenly there was a commotion at the door. Capt. Clinton entered, followed by Detective Sergeant Maloney. Alicia shrank back in alarm.

"I thought Judge Brewster was here," said the captain, glancing suspiciously round the room.

"I'll send for him," said Annie, touching a bell.

"Well, here's your mysterious witness!" demanded the captain sarcastically.

He looked curiously at Alicia.

"This is Mrs. Howard Jeffrey, Sr.," said Annie, "my husband's stepmother."

The captain made a deferential salute. Bully as he was, he knew how to be courteous when it suited his purpose. He had heard enough of the wealthy banker's aristocratic wife to treat her with respect.

"Beg pardon, m'm. I wanted to tell the judge I was going."

The servant entered.

"Tell Judge Brewster that Capt. Clinton is going," said Annie.

Alicia, meantime, was once more on the verge of collapse. The long threatened exposure was now at hand. In another moment the judge and perhaps her husband would come in, and Annie would hand them the letter which exculpated her husband. There was a moment of terrible suspense.

Underwood who introduced you to your husband. He was Underwood who aroused your husband's jealousy. You went to his rooms that night. Your husband followed you there, and the shooting took place!" Turning to Judge Brewster, he added, with a sarcastic grin: "False confession, eh? Hypnotism, eh? I guess it's international and constitutional law for yours after this."

"You don't say so?" exclaimed Annie, irritated at the man's intolerable insolence.

Judge Brewster held up a restraining hand.

"Please say nothing," he said with dignity.

"No, I guess I'll let him talk. Go on, captain," she said with a smile, as if thoroughly enjoying the situation.

Alicia came forward, her face pale, but on it a look of determination, as if she had quite made up her mind as to what course to pursue. In her hand was Underwood's letter. Addressing Annie, she said, with emotion:

"The truth must come out sooner or later."

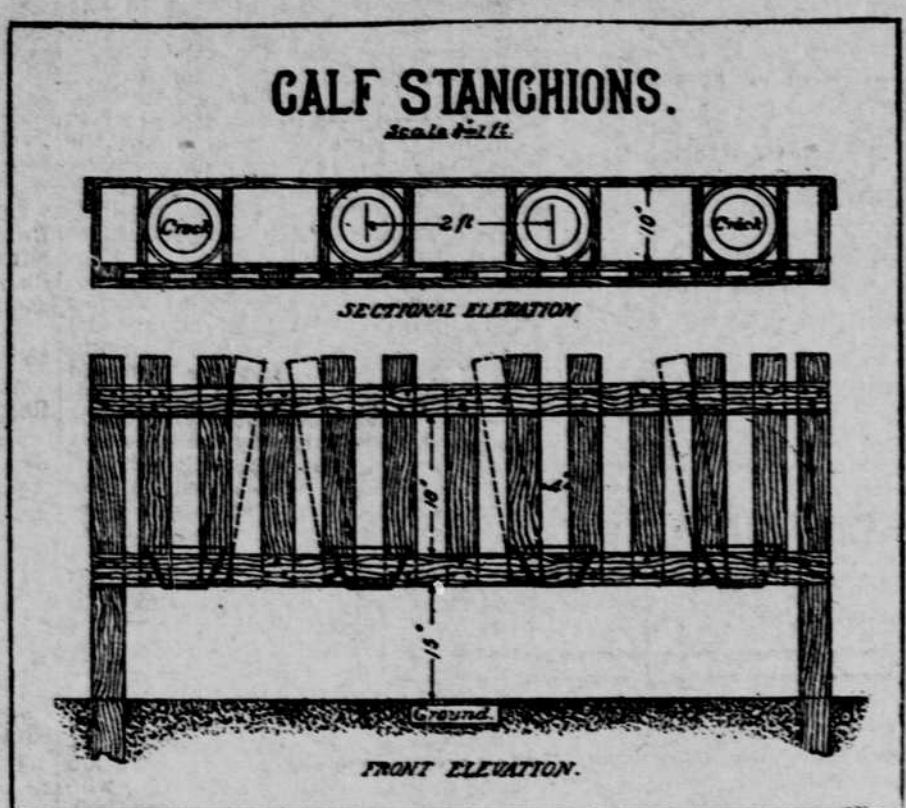
Seeing what she was about to do, Annie quickly put out her hand to stop her. She expected the banker's wife to do her duty, but she insisted that she must, but now she was ready to do it, she realized what it was costing her. Her position, her future happiness were at stake. It was too great a sacrifice. Perhaps there was some other way.

"No, no, not yet," she whispered.



## DEVELOPMENT OF CALVES BY HAND FEEDING IS PROFITABLE

One of Most Desirable Conveniences in Connection With This Work is Handy Stanchion Shown in Illustration Herewith—Built Into the Fence Surrounding the Pasture.



There is money in calves raised by hand. If one is equipped for it or will equip himself, it is believed to be more profitable in every way to raise calves by hand than to let them run with the dams. This has been demonstrated over and over, but because of the slightly additional amount of work necessary it is not practiced so often as would really be profitable, says the Kansas Farmer. There are many cases, of course, where emergencies demand that the calf be raised by hand. There are more cases where this could be done profitably if it were undertaken in the right way.

One of the conveniences which is desirable in the development of calves by hand feeding is the stanchion shown in the accompanying cut. It does not require long to train the calves so that they will go of their own accord to their proper places and the stanchion is so easily and so cheaply built that it does not pay to do without it.

As shown in the cut, it is intended to be built into and as a part of the fence surrounding the calf pasture. The materials necessary are some 2 by 4s for the frame work, and some barrel staves for the upright pieces which enclose the calves' heads. These barrel staves are placed in such a manner that one of them which fits about the calf's neck is movable at the upper end. The lower end is held in place by a 20-penny nail driven through the center of the stave, so that it may act as a hinge and allow the upper end to move freely for the insertion and removal of the calf's head.

On the outside of the stanchion, which is a part of the calf's pasture fence, is placed a rack as shown in

## IGNORANCE IS BLISS.



Miss Oldgirl—What do you think of Fred proposing to me when he hasn't known me a week?

Miss Frank—I think that's the reason.

## "ECZEMA ITCHED SO BADLY I COULDN'T STAND IT."

"I suffered with eczema on my neck for about six months, beginning by little pimples breaking out. I kept scratching till the blood came. It kept getting worse, I couldn't sleep nights any more. It kept itching for about a month, then I went to a doctor and got some liquid to take. It seemed as if I was going to get better. The itching stopped for about three days, but when it started again, was even worse than before. The eczema itched so badly I couldn't stand it any more.

"I went to a doctor and he gave me some medicine, but didn't do any good. We have been having Cuticura Remedies in the house, so I decided to try them. I had been using Cuticura Soap, so I got me a box of Cuticura Ointment, and washed off the affected part with Cuticura Soap three times a day, and then put the Cuticura Ointment on. The first day I put it on, it relieved me of itching so I could sleep all that night. It took about a week, then I could see the scab come off. I kept the treatment up for three weeks, and my eczema was cured.

"My brother got his face burned with gun-powder, and he used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. The people all thought he would have scars, but you can't see that he ever had his face burned. It was simply awful to look at before the Cuticura Remedies (Soap and Ointment) cured it." (Signed) Miss Elizabeth Gehlrich, Forest City, Ark., Oct. 16, 1910. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 17 L, Boston.

## CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

"It does stun one, doesn't it?" went on Annie. "You can't think when it comes all of a sudden like this. It's just the way I felt the morning they showed me Howard's confession."

"Prison! Prison!" wailed Alicia. Annie tried to console her.

"Not for long," she said soothingly; "you can get bail. It's only a matter of favor—Judge Brewster would get you out right away."

"Get me out!" cried Alicia distractedly. "My God! I can't go to prison! I can't! That's too much. I've done nothing! Look—read this!" Handing over Underwood's letter, she went on: "You can see for yourself. The wretch frightened me into such a state of mind that I hardly knew what I was doing—I went to his rooms to save him. That's the truth, I swear to God! But do you suppose anybody will believe me on oath? They'll—they'll—"



"Howard's Life Comes Before You—Me—or Anybody."

Almost hysterical, she no longer knew what she was saying or doing. She collapsed utterly, and sinking down in a chair, gave way to a passionate fit of sobbing. Annie tried to quiet her.

"Hush!" she said gently, "don't go on like that. Be brave. Perhaps it won't be as bad as you think." She unfolded the letter Alicia had given her and carefully read it through. When she had finished her face lit up with joy. Enthusiastically she cried: "This is great for Howard! What a blessing you didn't destroy it! What a wretch, what a bound to write you like that! Poor soul, of course, you went and begged him not to do it! I'd have gone myself, but I think I'd have broken an umbrella over his head or something—God! those kind of fellows breed trouble, don't they? Alive or dead, they breed trouble! What can we do?"

Alicia rose. Her tears had disappeared. There was a look of fixed resolve in her eyes.

"Howard must be cleared," she said, "and I must face it—alone!"

"You'll be alone all right," said Annie thoughtfully. "Mr. Jeffries will do as much for you as he did for his son."

Annie stood aloof, her eyes fixed on the floor. Suddenly, without uttering a word, she drew Underwood's letter from her bosom, and quickly approaching Alicia, placed it unnoticed in her hand. The banker's wife flushed and then turned pale. She understood. Annie would spare her. Her lips parted to protest. Even she was taken back by such an exhibition of unselfishness as this. She began to stammer thanks.

"No, no," whispered Annie quickly, "don't thank me; keep it."

Capt. Clinton turned round with a leer. Insolently, he said to Annie: "You might as well own up—you've played a trick on us all."

"No, Capt. Clinton," she replied with quiet dignity. "I told you the simple truth. Naturally you don't believe it."

"The simple truth may do for Judge Brewster," grinned the policeman, "but it won't do for me. I never expected this mysterious witness, who was going to prove that Underwood committed suicide, to make an appearance. Did I, Maloney. Why not? Because, begging your pardon for doubting your word, there's no such person."

"Begging your pardon for disputing your word, captain," she retorted, mimicking him, "there is such a person."

"Then where is she?" he demanded angrily. Annie made no answer, but looked for advice to Judge Brewster, who at that instant entered the room. The captain glared at her viciously, and unable to longer contain his wrath, he belittled:

"I'll tell you where she is! She's right here in this room!" Pointing his finger at Annie in theatrical fashion, he went on furiously: "Annie Jeffries, you're the woman who visited Underwood the night of his death! I don't hesitate to say so. I've said so all along, haven't I, Maloney?"

"Yes, you told the newspapers so," retorted Annie dryly.

Taking no notice of her remark, the captain blustered:

"I've got your record, young woman. I know all about you and your folks. You knew the two men when they were at college. You knew Underwood before you made the acquaintance of young Jeffries. It was

But Alicia brushed her aside and, thrusting the letter into the hand of the astonished police captain, she said:

"Yes, now! Read that, captain!"

Capt. Clinton slowly unfolded the letter. Alicia collapsed in a chair. Annie stood by helpless, but trying to collect her wits. The judge watched the scene with amazement, not understanding. The captain read from the letter:

"Dear Mrs. Jeffries. He stopped, and glancing at the signature, exclaimed: "Robert Underwood!" Looking significantly at Annie, he exclaimed: "Dear Mrs. Jeffries! Is that con-

clusive enough? What did I tell you?" Continuing to peruse the letter, he read on: "Shall be found dead to-morrow—suicide—!" He stopped short and frowned. "What's this? Why, this is a barefaced forgery!"

Judge Brewster quickly snatched the letter from his hand and, glancing over it quickly, said:

"Permit me. This belongs to my client."

Capt. Clinton's prognathous jaw snapped to with a click, and he squared his massive shoulders, as he usually did when preparing for hostilities:

"Now, Mrs. Jeffries," he said sharply, "I'll trouble you to go with me to headquarters."

Annie and Alicia both stood up. Judge Brewster quickly objected.

"Mrs. Jeffries will not go with you," he said quietly. "She has made no attempt to leave the state."

"She's wanted at police headquarters," said the captain doggedly.

"She'll be there to-morrow morning."

"She'll be there to-night."

He looked steadily at the judge, and the latter calmly returned his stare. There followed an awkward pause, and then the captain turned on his heel to depart.

"The moment she attempts to leave the house," he growled, "I shall arrest her. Good-night, judge."

"Good-night, captain!" cried Annie mockingly.

"I'll see you later," he muttered.

"Come on, Maloney."

The door banged to. They were alone.

"What a sweet disposition!" laughed Annie.

Judge Brewster looked sternly at her. Holding up the letter, he said:

"What is the meaning of this? You are not the woman to whom this letter is addressed."

"No," stammered Annie, "that is—"

The judge interrupted her. Sternly he asked:

"Is it your intention to go on the witness stand and commit perjury?"

"I don't know. I never thought of that," she faltered.

The judge turned to Alicia.

"Are you going to allow her to do so, Mrs. Jeffries?"

"No, no," cried Alicia, quickly; "I never thought of such a thing."

"Then I repeat—is it your intention to perjure yourself?" Annie was silent, and he went on: "I assume it is, but let me ask you: Do you expect me, as your counsel, to become participants criminals to this tissue of lies? Am I expected to build up a false structure for you to swear to? Am I?"

"I don't know; I haven't thought of it," replied Annie. "If it can be done, why not? I'm glad you suggested it."

"I suggest it!" exclaimed the lawyer, scandalized.

"Yes," cried Annie with growing exaltation; "it never occurred to me till you spoke. Everybody says I'm the woman who called on Robert Underwood that night. Well, that's all right. Let them continue to think so. What difference does it make so long as Howard is set free?" Going toward the door, she said: "Good-night, Mrs. Jeffries!"

The judge tried to bar her way.

"Don't go," he said; "Capt. Clinton's men are waiting outside."

"That doesn't matter!" she cried.

"But you must not go!" exclaimed the lawyer in a tone of command. "I won't allow it. They'll arrest you! Mrs. Jeffries, you'll please remain here."

But Annie was already at the door.

"I wouldn't keep Capt. Clinton waiting for the world," she cried.

"Good-night, Judge Brewster, and God bless you!"

The door slammed, and she was gone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## TRUE FRIEND OF GARDENER

Toad Consumes Angle Worms, Snails, Sowbugs, Spiders, Ants and Various Caterpillars.

(By H. A. GOSSARD.)

The toad is a very valuable friend to the gardener. Toads live for several years and by preference remain on the same feeding grounds from year to year. About 98 per cent of the toad's food consists of animal matter.

Among the forms regularly eaten are angle worms, snails, sowbugs, thousand-legged worms, spiders, ants, grasshoppers, crickets, cutworms, beetles and various caterpillars. From 60 to 80 per cent of injurious insects and a small per cent of beneficial insects go in with its customary ration.

The stomach is filled and emptied about four times in each 24 hours. Upon the basis of stomach examinations, it has been estimated that during the 90 day period extending over May, June and July, a grown toad will consume 2,160 cutworms, 1,800 thousand-legged worms, 2,160 sowbugs, 3,240 ants, 250 weevils, and 360 ground beetles, the last being beneficial insects. The total sum therefore, for the 90 days is 360 beneficial insects and 9,720 injurious ones destroyed.

English and French gardeners appreciate the value of toads and as high as \$25 per hundred is said to be often paid for them.

Owing to the dislike of the creatures for new and unfamiliar surroundings, it is advisable in many cases to



The Garden Toad.

provide a breeding pool for them in order that the young may establish themselves where they are wanted. A shallow pool of cement, having a small but constant water supply is sufficient. Stagnant water is better than running water from the standpoint of the toad raiser.

The young toads will leave the water by midsummer or before mosquitoes become abundant, and the pool should then be drained to prevent mosquito breeding. A small indoor aquarium protected from mosquitoes is especially valuable to greenhouse men, keeping down slugs, snails, sow bugs, plant lice and such destructive insects.

Degenerated.

Kid McCoy, the hero of 125 battles, is to open a sanitarium at Stamford. He said the other day to a New York reporter:

"I hope in my sanitarium to restore lots of grumpy middle-aged people to perfect health, and if I give them back perfect health I'll give them back youth and gladness and romance. If middle age is stupid, if middle age is prosaic, it is only because the health of middle age is poor.

"The woman," he continued, "who sends her grumpy mate to my establishment will no longer have the bitter complaint of Mrs. Blank."

"My husband, 15 years ago," said Mrs. Blank, "used to kiss me every time we passed through a tunnel. But now—"

"She gave a bitter laugh.

"Now," she said, "he takes a long pull at his traveling flask."

A Student of Humanity.

Mrs. Carter and her cook, says the Brooklyn Citizen, were discussing the murder which had harrowed the dusky citizens of the countryside.

"Will dey hang him fer killin' of his wife, Miss Cyarter?"

"We can't tell yet, Aunt Jinny. The court will decide. Of course, if they prove he did it on purpose—"

"Dene it a purpose?" Law, Miss Cyarter, in course he kilt him wife a purpose! Honey, ain't I done been married? Don't I know men?"

## SOUND SLEEP Can Easily Be Secured.

"Up to 2 years ago," a woman writes, "I was in the habit of using both tea and coffee regularly.

"I found that my health was beginning to fail, strange nervous attacks would come suddenly upon me, making me tremble so excessively that I could not do my work while they lasted; my sleep left me and I passed long nights in restless discomfort. I was filled with a nervous dread as to the future.

"A friend suggested that possibly tea and coffee were to blame, and I decided to give them up, and in casting about for a hot beverage, which I felt was an absolute necessity, I was led by good fortune to try Postum.

"For more than a year I have used it three times a day and expect, so much good it has done me, to continue its use during the rest of my life.

"Soon after beginning the use of Postum, I found, to my surprise, that instead of tossing on a sleepless bed through the long, dreary night, I dropped into a sound, dreamless sleep the moment my head touched the pillow.

"Then I suddenly realized that all my nervousness had left me, and my appetite, which had fallen off before, had all at once been restored so that I ate my food with a keen relish.

"All the nervous dread has gone. I walk a mile and a half each way to my work every day and enjoy it. I find an interest in everything that goes on about me that makes life a pleasure. All this I owe to leaving off tea and coffee and the use of Postum. For I have taken no medicine." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

## Delicate Works of Art

Wonderful Ingenuity Displayed in Turning Out Microscopic Articles of Great Value.

In 1878 a London locksmith constructed a lock made up of 11 different pieces of metal, and when it was finished and the key attached the whole weighed but one grain. Furthermore, he made a chain of gold, consisting of 43 links, and when he had fastened this to the lock and key he put one end of the chain round the neck of a flea, and found that the insect was able to draw with ease both chain and lock.

Sixteen hundred ivory dishes were made by one Oswald Northangerus, and exhibited before Pope Paul V. These dishes were perfect in every respect, but were so small as to be scarcely visible to the naked eye, and were all inclosed in a basket of the size of an ordinary peppercorn.

The art of delicate microscopic workmanship has not, however, been confined to other times. It is not yet dead, as is evidenced by the marvelous, production a few years ago by a jeweler of Turin of a palanquin, tug-boat.

This little craft is fashioned out of a single pearl. The sail of the boat is of beaten gold, studded with diamonds, and the binnacle light at the prow is a perfect ruby. An emerald forms the rudder, and the stand upon which the boat is mounted is a slab of the whitest ivory.

The entire weight is less than half an ounce, but when we come to the question of value we find we have got beyond the microscopic. The maker values his work at \$5,000.

Virtue of the Playground.

Children are better in playgrounds than in prison. It is better for the community to have children exercising on ladders and horizontal bars and swings than to have them haunting the doors of poolrooms or smoking cigarettes in the hidden shadows. Children with plenty of life have a better chance with life than children without. And most children are without unless the community provides them. It is cheaper to amuse them than to arrest. It is cheaper to develop than to dwarf. It is cheaper to save than to sink them.—Salt Lake Herald.

## EXCELLENCE OF WINTER GRASS

Stock Should be in Fields Every Good Day to Eat Good Foods That Otherwise are Wasted.

On almost every farm there is some land that can be devoted to winter pasture. The grass and other forage in the fence rows is good feed most years till the last of the year or longer, and the stock ought to be in the fields every good day to eat these feeds that would otherwise waste.

By gathering the corn as early as it will do to crib much good winter pasture can be derived from the stalk field. Cattle and horses will do better in the field eating stalks than they will in the stall eating fodder when the weather is not wet or rainy. Let the stock turn the refuse cornfield into money early in the winter and save the feed in storage for later winter use.

A few acres of blue grass pasture

for winter is a splendid thing on the farm in growing live stock cheaply. The field in blue grass can be pastured early in the spring and then allowed to grow up without pasturing during the summer and fall for winter use. One using such a blue grass pasture will find that colts and other young stock will be healthier and do better in every way than when stalled for weeks and months at a time. Horses and colts will secure the grass even when it is covered with a slight amount of snow.

Although it is a good thing to turn the stock out to pasture in winter, where there is something for them to eat outside, yet they should have good shelter on cold, wet and stormy days and nights. When the animal is resting, animal heat is required to keep it warm, and if it is allowed to remain out in the wet and cold the feed eaten during the day will be transferred into animal heat, and the animal will make no gains.

Red top may be sown with timothy or alone; it is best suited to moist land.