



The THIRD DEGREE

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

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AND
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ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS



Placed the Rolls and Butter on the Table.

SYNOPSIS.

Howard Jeffrey Underwood, under the pseudonym of Robert Underwood, followed at Yale, leads a life of dissipation, swears the daughter of a senator who dies in prison, and is discovered by his father. He is sent to work and to discontinue his dissipation. Underwood, who had once been engaged to Howard's stepmother, Anna, is suddenly in possession of a large fortune. Taking advantage of his father's illness, he becomes a part of what is known as the "Underwood case." He is sent to work and to discontinue his dissipation. Underwood, who had once been engaged to Howard's stepmother, Anna, is suddenly in possession of a large fortune. Taking advantage of his father's illness, he becomes a part of what is known as the "Underwood case." He is sent to work and to discontinue his dissipation.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Jeffries case suddenly entered into an entirely new phase, and once more was deemed of sufficient public interest to warrant column after column of space comment in the newspapers. The town awoke one morning to learn that the long-sought-for witness, the mysterious woman on whose testimony everything hinged, had not only been found, but proved to be the prisoner's own wife, who had been so active in his defense. This announcement was stupefying enough to overshadow all other news of the day, and satisfied the most jaded palate for sensation.

The first question asked on all sides was: Why had not the wife come forward before? The reason, as gibberingly explained by an evening journal of somewhat yellow proclivities, was logical enough. The telling of her mid-night visit to a single man's rooms involved a admission which any woman might well hesitate to make unless forced to it as a last extremity. Confronted, however, with the alternative of either seeing her husband suffer for a crime of which he was innocent or making public acknowledgment of her own frailty, she had chosen the latter course. Naturally, it meant divorce for the banker's son, and undoubtedly this was the solution most wished for by the family. The whole unhappy affair conveyed a good lesson to reckless young men of wealth to avoid entangling themselves in undesirable matrimonial adventures. But it was no less certain, went on this journalistic mentor, that this wife, unfaithful as she had proved herself to be, had really rendered her husband a signal service in her present scrape. The letter she had produced, written to her by Underwood the day before his death, in which he stated his determination to kill himself was, of course, a complete vindication for the man awaiting trial. His liberation now depended only on how quickly the ponderous machinery of the law could take cognizance of this new and most important evidence.

The new turn of affairs was naturally most distasteful to the police. If there was one thing more than another which angered Capt. Clinton it was to take the trouble to build up a case only to have it suddenly demolished. He scoffed at the "suicide letter," safely committed to Judge Brewster's custody, and openly branded it as a forgery concocted by an immoral woman for the purpose of defeating the ends of justice. He kept Annie a prisoner and defied the counsel for the defense to do their worst. Judge Brewster, who loved the fray, accepted the challenge. He acted promptly. He secured Annie's release on habeas corpus proceedings, and his civil suit against the city having already begun in the courts, he suddenly called Capt. Clinton to the stand and gave him a grilling which more than atoned for any which the police tyrant had previously made his victims suffer. In the limelight of a sensational trial, in which public servants were charged with abusing positions of trust, he showed Capt. Clinton up as a bully and a grafter, a bribe-taker, working hand and glove with dishonest politicians, not hesitating even to divide loot with thieves and dive-keepers in his greed for wealth. He proved him to be a consummate liar, a man who would stop at nothing to gain his own ends. What jury would take the word of such a man as this? Yet this was the man who still insisted that Howard Jeffrey was guilty of the shooting of Robert Underwood.

But public opinion was too intelligent to be hoodwinked for any length of time by a brutal and ignorant policeman. There was a clamor for the

prisoner's release. The evidence was such that further delay was inexcusable. The district attorney, thus urged, took an active interest in the case, and after going over the new evidence with Judge Brewster, went before the court and made formal application for the dismissal of the complaint. A few days later Howard Jeffrey left the Tombs amid the cheers of a crowd assembled outside. At his side walked his wife, now smiling through tears of joy.

It was a glad home-coming to the little flat in Harlem. To Howard, after spending so long a time in the narrow prison quarters, it seemed like paradise, and Annie walked on air, so delighted was she to have him with her again. Yet there were still anxieties to cloud their happiness. The close confinement, with its attendant worry, had seriously undermined Howard's health. He was pale and attenuated, and so weak that he had several fainting spells. Much alarmed, Annie summoned Dr. Bernstein, who administered a tonic. There was nothing to cause anxiety, he said, reassuringly. It was a natural reaction after what her husband had undergone. But it was worry as much as anything else. Howard worried about his father, with whom he was only partially reconciled; he worried about his future, which was as precarious as ever, and most of all he worried about his wife. He was not ignorant of the circumstances which had brought about his release, and while liberty was sweet to him, it had been a terrible shock when he first heard that she was the woman who had visited Underwood's rooms. He refused to believe her sworn evidence. How was it possible? Why should she go to Underwood's rooms knowing he was there? It was preposterous. Still the small voice in his ears—perhaps she's untrue! It haunted him till one day he asked point-blank for an explanation. Then she told that she had perjured herself. She was not the woman who she really was she could not say. He must be satisfied for the present with the assurance that it was not his wife. With that he was content. What did he care for the opinion of others? He knew—that was enough! In their conversation on the subject Annie did not even mention Underwood's name. Why should she?

Weeks passed, and Howard's health did not improve. He had tried to find a position, but without success, yet every day brought its obligations which had to be met. One morning Annie was bustling about their tiny dining room preparing the table for their frugal luncheon. She had just placed the rolls and butter on the table, and arranged the chairs, when there came a ring at the front doorbell. Early visitors were not so infrequent as to cause surprise, so, without waiting to remove her apron, she went to the door and opened it. Dr. Bernstein entered.

"Good morning, Mrs. Jeffries," he said, cheerily. Putting down his medical bag, he asked: "How is our patient this morning?"

"All right, doctor. He had a splendid night's rest. I'll call him."

"Never mind, I want to talk to you." Seriously, he went on: "Mrs. Jeffries, your husband needs a change of scene. He's worrying. That fainting spell the other day was only a symptom. I'm afraid he'll break down unless—"

"Unless what?" she demanded, anxiously.

He hesitated for a moment, as if unwilling to give utterance to words he knew must inflict pain. Then he quickly continued:

"Your husband is under a great mental strain. His inability to support you, his banishment from his proper sphere in the social world, his mental torture to him. He feels his position keenly. There is nothing else to occupy his mind but thoughts of his utter and complete failure in life. I was talking to his father last night, and—"

being said about my character, isn't he, doctor? And I'm not going to stand in his light, even if it doesn't exactly make me the happiest woman in the world, but don't let it trickle into your mind that I'm doing it for his father's sake."

At that moment Howard entered from the inner room. He was surprised to see Dr. Bernstein.

"How do you feel to-day?" asked the doctor.

"First rate! Oh, I'm all right. You see, I'm just going to eat a bite. Won't you join us?"

He sat down at the table and picked up the newspaper, while Annie busied herself with carrying in the dishes.

"No, thank you," laughed the doctor. "It's too early for me. I've only just had breakfast. I dropped in to see how you were." Taking up his bag, he said: "Good-by! Don't get up. I can let myself out."

But Annie had already opened the door for him, and smiled a farewell. When she returned to her seat at the head of the table, and began to pour out the coffee, Howard said:

"He's a pretty decent fellow, isn't he?"

"Yes," she replied, absent-mindedly, as she passed a cup of coffee.

"He made a monkey of Capt. Clinton all right," went on Howard. "What did he come for?"

"To see you—of course," she replied.

"Oh, I'm all right now," he replied. Looking anxiously at his wife across the table, he said: "You're the one that needs tuning up. I heard you crying last night. You thought I was asleep, but I wasn't. I didn't say anything because—well—I felt kind of blue myself."

Annie sighed and leaned her head on her hand. Wearily she said:

"I was thinking over all that we've been through together, and what they're saying about us—"

Howard threw down his newspaper impatiently.

"Let them say what they like. Why should we care as long as we're happy?"

His wife smiled sadly.

"Are you happy?" she asked, gently.

"Of course we are," replied Howard.

She looked up and smiled. It was good to hear him say so, but did he mean it? Was she doing right to stand in the way of his career? Would he not be happier if she left him? He was too loyal to suggest it, but perhaps in his heart he desired it. Looking at him tenderly, she went on:

"I don't question your affection for me, Howard. I believe you love me, but I'm afraid that, sooner or later, you'll ask yourself the question all your friends are asking now, the question everybody seems to be asking."

"What question?" demanded Howard.

"Yesterday the bell rang and a gentleman said he wanted to see you. I told him you were out, and he said I'd do just as well. He handed me a card. On it was the name of the newspaper he represented."

"Well?"

"He asked me if it were true that proceedings for a divorce were about to be instituted. If so, when? And could I give him any information on the subject? I asked him who wanted the information and he said the readers of his paper—the people—I believe he said over a million of them. Just think, Howard! Over a million people, not counting your father, your friends and relations, all waiting to know why you don't get rid of me, why you don't believe me to be as bad as they think I am—"

Howard raised his hand for her to desist.

"Annie—please!" he pleaded.

"That's the fact, isn't it?" she laughed.

"No."

His wife's head dropped on the table. She was crying now.

"I've made a hard fight, Howard," she sobbed, "but I'm going to give up. I'm through—I'm through!"

Howard took hold of her hand and carried it to his lips.

"Annie, old girl," he said, with some feeling, "I may be weak, I may be blind, but nobody on top of God's green earth can tell me that you're not the squarest, straightest little woman that ever lived! I don't care a damn what one million or eight million think. Supposing you had received letters from Underwood, supposing you had gone to his rooms to beg him not to kill himself—what of it? It would be for a good motive, wouldn't it? Let them talk all the bad of you they want. I don't believe a word of it—you know I don't."

She looked up and smiled through her tears.

"You're so good, dear," she exclaimed. "Yes, I know you believe in me." She stopped and continued, sadly: "But you're only a boy, you know. What of the future, the years to come?" Howard's face became serious, and she went on: "You see you're thought about it, too, and you're trying to hide it from me. But you can't. Your father wants you to go abroad with the family."

"Well?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOG RAISER SHOULD CONSIDER WALLOW AS REAL NECESSITY

Concrete Affair Proves Practical Scheme for Killing Vermin and Does Away With Expense of Dipping Tank—Crude Oil on Water Keeps Animal's Skin in Good Condition.

The hog has been imposed upon more or less by the expression "as dirty as a pig," for, if given an opportunity, no other animal about the farm is more cleanly within his abode than is the porker. Being unable to perspire, the hog naturally suffers from warm weather more than other animals, and because of the lack of a cleaner place in which to cool his body he takes to the mud.

The concrete hog wallow is an improvement which every hog raiser should consider an absolute necessity. The hogs find great satisfaction in the concrete wallow, lying down in the water, excepting in quite cold weather.

crude oil remains on the surface of the water, and therefore does not escape into the outlet.

The wallow should be located near the water supply, whether this consists of a tank or spring. If the water is received from a tank, the wallow may be emptied and refilled at intervals, the intake and outlet ordinarily being kept closed. If the supply is not limited the water may be allowed to flow through the pool continuously. Where necessary, provision should be made for draining the outlet into the nearest line of tile.

The sectional view shown in figure 16 gives a good idea of the general shape and construction of the wallow. It will be found convenient to make the pool rectangular, with the rounded corners, giving it a depth of not over 18 inches. For the ordinary pigery the pool should be 15 to 20 feet long and 100 feet wide. A concrete floor 4 feet wide should be laid around it to prevent the hogs from burrowing or carrying in mud.

Partial Sectional View of a Concrete Hog Wallow. The Wallow is Simply a Big Concrete Bowl With a Floor 4 Feet Wide Around the Edge.

The wallow proves a very practical scheme for killing vermin when a quantity of kerosene or other disinfectant is put in and the intake and outlet stopped. This does away with the expense of a dipping tank and the trouble of dipping. Many farmers keep a small amount of oil in the wallow at all times, which keeps the skin of the animals in good condition. The

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44 Bu. to the Acre

60 ACRE WESTERN CANADA

The Silver Cup

At the recent Spokane Exhibition was awarded to the Alberta Government for the best exhibit of grain, grasses and vegetables, reports of excellent yields for 1918 come also from Saskatchewan and Manitoba in Western Canada.

Free homesteads of 160 acres, and adjoining possessions of 100 acres for \$3 per acre are to be had in the choicest districts. Schools, convenient climate, excellent, soil the very best, easy to get at, building lumber cheap, fuel easy to get and reasonable in price, water abundant, and the best farming success.

Write for description of "Last Best West" (sent free on application) and other information, to Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or the Canadian Government Agent.

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Please write to the agent nearest you.

Petit's Eye Salve

RELIEVES SORE EYES

PATENT APPLICATION \$15

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WANTED TO BE AN AVIATOR

Missouri Girl Evidently Very Much in Earnest in Her Desire to Navigate the Air.

Mr. Claude Grahame-White, the famous English aviator, is constantly besought by young women to teach them to become aviators. Many make application by letter. One of these letters reached him the other day from a point in Missouri. Cleared of its errors in grammar, spelling and capitalization, it read something like this:

"Oh, Mr. Grahame-White, teach me to be a 'planer.' I saw one of them at Kansas City, and I think it is just heavenly. I would like to run a Wright monoplane or a Blériot biplane, but if you have a better flyer I would try that. I think I would look cute running a baby flyer. Pa says he wouldn't mind my having a baby one. Couldn't you bring one out here for a week or so and show me how to run it? I assure you a good time!"

Mr. Grahame-White was compelled to decline the young woman's kind invitation.

Some Mosquitoes.

"Yes," said the traveler who had just returned from South Africa. "I was one day so annoyed by mosquitoes that I was compelled to take refuge in an old iron safe which lay discarded on the verandah."

"My first emotions of joy at my happy deliverance were hardly over when the mosquitoes, scenting me, began to drive their stingers through the safe. Fortunately, I had a hammer in my pocket, and as fast as their stingers came through the iron I clinched them, until at length such a host of them was fastened down in this way that, when they started to fly away, they carried me and that safe miles."

"Then, one by one, they died with the exertion, and I was able to come out with safety. Yes, wonderful things happen in foreign parts!"

Idea.

Overhead in Venice.

"Isn't it romantic, John, dear," said she, as they sat in the little Venetian garden, "to sit here and listen to these Italian troubadours singing their ballads bathed in the moonlight?"

"Yes, dear," replied John, with a deep-drawn sigh. "But I sometimes wish they'd bathe in something besides moonlight, don't you. It might be romantic, but it would be a darn sight more hygienic!"—Harper's Weekly.

Let me fall in trying to do something rather than sit still and do nothing.—Cyrus Hamlin.

Saves Worry Time and Trouble Post Toasties

Can be served instantly with cream or milk.

It makes a breakfast or lunch so superior to the ordinary, that it has become a welcome pantry necessity in thousands of homes, and adds to the comfort and pleasure of life.

"The Memory Lingers"

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BALANCED FEED FOR LIVE STOCK

Few Farmers Understand Feeding and Medicinal Value of Either Blood or Linseed Meal.

(By E. C. GLITZKE.)

Few farmers understand the feeding and medicinal value of either blood meal or linseed meal. Perhaps no other food contains the necessary food element in such concentrated form.

In order to be successful in their use one must thoroughly understand their composition, for the one is exactly opposite, both in medicinal and food value, from the other.

Blood meal is a highly concentrated form of protein, that most valuable of food elements—the part from which animals receive their muscles.

Where much corn is fed some blood meal should be added in order to balance up the ration, for corn is very rich in fat.

Such young stock as pigs, calves and colts very often get the scours from overfeeding, but a few doses of blood meal will correct the bowels at once and carry the animal safely through this dangerous disease.

In the case of very young stock that follow their mother it should be given to the dam and the young will get the benefit of it through the milk. In all other cases give it directly to the young stock in such quantities as may be needed to suit the size of the animal and severity of the case.

Linseed meal is exactly opposite in all its properties. It has a tendency to loosen the bowels, therefore it is Linseed meal is very rich in fat—the very valuable in cases of constipation, food element that gives heat and energy to the stock.

Where any food deficient in fat is fed to the stock a quantity of linseed meal should be added to balance up the ration.

Hand-fed calves are usually fed on skimmed milk. Now the fat of the milk has been taken out by the separator and therefore the protein remains in excess of all other elements. A small quantity of linseed meal fed in the milk will balance up the ration and make it practically as good as the whole milk.

In cases of constipation in very young stock that follow their mother it should be given to the dam, as the young will get the benefit of it through the milk.

Where these two articles are kept on hand the farmer need have no fear of either constipation or scours in his stock, for these two articles act exactly as described and no evil results need be feared from their constant use.

New Cockerels.

If your young chicks do not show the quality you expected, make up your mind to spend from \$10 to \$25 on new cockerels next winter.

WHEAT DUMP WORKS ITSELF

Device Has Weight on Small Bar, Which Can Be Set so Box Will Dump With 30 Pounds in the End.

The device shown in the illustration is intended for the same purpose as the automatic scale, says the American Miller. The dump has a weight on a small bar, which can be set so that the box will dump with 30 pounds in either end. This will make 60 pounds when both ends are dumped. As the register works on every dump, it registers 60 pounds or one bushel of wheat.

Lice and Mites.

For some years we have known of the use of moth balls for prevention of the ravages of lice and mites on poultry and now are able to speak from experience, says a writer in an exchange. We have used them in the nests of setting hens, as high as three balls in a nest, and find them a cheap, effective and easily applied remedy. No harm results from their use to either hen or chicks. We used them in settings of high-priced eggs to test our faith. We also keep them in and about the roosts tied in rags and have neither lice nor mites on our place. One neighbor lost 400 chicks from lice because he feared to use moth balls.

Vitality of Weed Seeds.

Thirty years ago Dr. W. J. Beale, professor of botany at the Michigan agricultural college, buried in a box in the ground 20 varieties of weed seeds to test their vitality. Of these more than five varieties were found to be alive and quick to grow at the end of the thirty-year dormant period.

Green Food for Turkeys.

Although the turkeys can pick up as much green food as they like when at liberty, this is not enough, neither is it of the right sort, and it is decidedly advantageous to provide them with green food.

Proper Feed for Fowls.

The most successful poultry raisers realize the importance of feeding their fowls properly balanced rations, and it is safe to say that no one can attain the highest success with poultry unless the right kind and the right quantity of foods are supplied.

COW MUST BE KEPT CONTENTED

Dairy Animal Must be Cared to if Best Results Are to Be Secured—Three Essentials.

Among the factors that the countryman who feeds animals, whether for growth or for product, finds of basic importance, are the following:

Individual preference on the part of the animal must be catered to if the best returns are secured. The animals must be satisfied, and their likes and dislikes are almost as pronounced as in the human family. Early stockmen, and particularly those handling large numbers of animals, ignored this factor; but, under modern high pressure conditions, it is profitable practice to take the question of individuality into consideration. In the successful dairy each cow must be fed according to her individual needs and humor, because only a contented, satisfied animal gives the maximum milk flow. The second fundamental is palatability.

Recovery of Lost Standards.

A curious experiment was once made to determine whether a lost standard could be recovered by purely personal efforts. The assumption was made that the standard of length was lost. One hundred operatives and others accustomed to dealing with measurements were asked to give by estimate their ideas of what the given standard was—in other words, to guess at length of the meter. It was found that the guesses were most accurate for lengths of about six inches—that small lengths were underestimated and larger ones were overestimated. Taking the average of the 100 subjects the result varied but a few one thousandths from the truth.



A Polytheist.

"When the late Bishop Foss was president of Amenia Seminary," said an aged Methodist of Philadelphia, "I once heard him deliver an interesting Master address on heathenism and idolatry."

"Bishop Foss showed us, with a little story, the bad effect that the many gods of polytheism has upon the mind. He said a little English-boy living in India was rebuked by his mother for telling a falsehood."

"God, if you tell falsehood, will be very angry with you," said the mother.

"Very well," the youngster answered, "then I will change my god."