

The THIRD DEGREE

A Narrative of Metropolitan Life

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

Howard Jeffries, banker's son, under the evil influence of Robert Underwood, a fellow-student at Yale, leads a life of dissipation, marries the daughter of a gambler who died in prison, and is disowned by his father. He tries to get work and fails. A former college chum makes a business proposition to Howard which requires \$2,000 cash, and Howard is broke. Robert Underwood, who has been repulsed by Howard's wife, Annie, in his college days, and had once been engaged to Alicia, Howard's stepmother, has apartments at the Astruria. Howard decides to ask Underwood for the \$2,000 he needs. Underwood, taking advantage of his intimacy with Mrs. Jeffries, Sr., becomes a sort of social highwayman. Discovering his true character she denies him the house. Alicia receives a note from Underwood, threatening suicide. Art dealers for whom he has been acting as commissioner, demand an accounting. He cannot make good. Howard Jeffries calls in an intoxicated condition. He asks Underwood for \$2,000 and is told by the latter that he is in debt up to his eyes. Howard drinks himself into a maudlin condition, and goes to sleep on a divan. A caller is announced and Underwood draws a screen around the drunken sleeper. Alicia enters. She demands a promise from him that he will not take his life, pointing to the disgrace that would attach to herself. Underwood refuses to promise unless she will renew her patronage. This she refuses to do. Underwood kills himself. The report of the pistol awakens Howard. He stumbles over the dead body of Underwood. Realigning his predicament he attempts to flee and is met by Underwood's valet. Howard is turned over to the police. Capt. Clinton, notorious for his brutal treatment of prisoners, puts Howard through the third degree.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

Annie sat timidly on a chair in the background and the captain turned again to the doctor.

"What's that you were saying, doctor?"

"You tell me the man confessed?" Crossing the room to where Howard sat, Dr. Bernstein looked closely at him. Apparently the prisoner was asleep. His eyes were closed and his head drooped forward on his chest. He was ghastly pale.

The captain grinned. "Yes, sir, confessed—in the presence of three witnesses. Eh, sergeant?"

"Yes, sir," replied Maloney. "You heard him, too, didn't you, Delaney?"

"Yes, captain." Squaring his huge shoulders, the captain said with a self-satisfied chuckle:

"It took us five hours to get him to own up, but we got it out of him at last."

The doctor was still busy with his examination.

"He seems to be asleep. Worn out, I guess. Five hours, yes—that's your method, captain." Shaking his head, he went on: "I don't believe in these all-night examinations and your 'third degree' mental torture. It is barbarous. When a man is nervous and frightened his brain gets so numbed at the end of two or three hours' questioning on the same subject that he's liable to say anything, or even believe anything. Of course, you know, captain, that after a certain time the law of suggestion commences to operate and—"

The captain turned to his sergeant and laughed:

"The law of suggestion? Ha, ha! That's a good one! You know, doctor, them theories of yours make a hit with college students and amateur professors, but they don't go with us. You can't make a man say 'yes' when he wants to say 'no.'"

Dr. Bernstein smiled. "I don't agree with you," he said. "You can make him say anything, or believe anything—or do anything if he is unable to resist your will."

The captain burst into a hearty peal of laughter.

"Ha, ha! What's the use of chinnin'? We've got him to rights. I tell you, doctor, no newspaper can say that my precinct ain't cleaned up. My record is a hundred convictions to one acquittal. I catch 'em with the goods when I go after 'em!"

A faint smile hovered about the doctor's face. "I know your reputation," he said sarcastically.

The captain thought the doctor was flattering him, so he rubbed his hands with satisfaction, as he replied:

"That's right. I'm after results. None of them Psyche themes for mine." Striding over to the armchair where sat Howard, he laid a rough hand on his shoulder.

"Hey, Jeffries, wake up!" Howard opened his eyes and stared stupidly about him. The captain took him by the collar of his coat.

"Come—stand up! Brace up now!" Turning to Sergeant Maloney, he added, "Take him over to the station. Write out that confession and make him sign it before breakfast. I'll be right over."

Howard struggled to his feet and Maloney helped him arrange his collar and tie. Officer Delaney clapped his hat on his head. Dr. Bernstein turned to go.

"Good-morning, captain. I'll make out my report."

"Good morning, doctor."

Dr. Bernstein disappeared and Capt. Clinton turned to look at Annie, who had been waiting patiently in the background. Her anguish on seeing Howard's condition was unspeakable. It was only with difficulty that she restrained herself from crying out and rushing to his side. But these stern, uniformed men intimidated her. It seemed to her that Howard was on trial—a prisoner—perhaps his life was in danger. What could he have done? Of course, he was innocent, whatever the charge was. He wouldn't harm a fly. She was sure of that. But every one looked so grave, and there was a big crowd gathered in front of the hotel when she came up. She thought she had heard the terrible word "murder," but surely there was some mistake. Seeing Capt. Clinton turn in her direction, she darted eagerly forward.

"May I speak to him, sir? He is my husband."

"Not just now," replied the captain, not unkindly. "It's against the rules. Wait till we get him to the Tombs. You can see him all you want there."

Annie's heart sank. Could she have heard aright? "The Tombs!" she faltered. "Is the charge so serious?"

"Murder—that's all!" replied the captain laconically.

Annie nearly swooned. Had she not caught the back of a chair she would have fallen.

The captain turned to Maloney and, in a low tone, said:

"Quick! Get him over to the station. We don't want any family scenes here."

Manacled to Officer Delaney and escorted on the other side by Maloney, Howard made his way toward the door. Just as he reached it he caught sight of his wife who, with tears streaming down her cheeks, was watching him as if in a dream. To her it seemed like some hideous nightmare from which both would soon awaken. Howard recognized her, yet seemed too dazed to wonder how she came there. He simply blurted out as he passed:

"Something's happened, Annie, dear. I—Underwood—I don't quite know—"

The policemen pushed him through the door, which closed behind him.

CHAPTER XI.

Unable to control herself any longer, Annie broke down completely and burst into tears. When the door opened and she saw her husband led away, pale and trembling, between those two burly policemen, it was as if all she cared for on earth had gone out of her life forever. Capt. Clinton laid his hand gently on her shoulder. With more sympathy in his face than was his custom to display, he said:

"Now, little woman—tain't no kind of use carrying on like that! If you want to help your husband and get him out of his trouble you want to get busy. Sitting there crying your eyes out won't do him any good."

Annie threw up her head. Her eyes were red, but they were dry now. Her face was set and determined. The captain was right. Only foolish women weep and wall when misfortune knocks at their door. The right sort of women go bravely out and make a fight for liberty and honor. Howard was innocent. She was convinced of that, no matter how black things looked against him. She would not leave a stone unturned till she had regained for him his liberty. With renewed hope in her heart and resolution in her face, she turned to confront the captain.

"What has he done?" she demanded. "Killed his friend, Robert Underwood."

He watched her face closely to see what effect his words would have on her.

"Robert Underwood dead!" exclaimed Annie with more surprise than emotion.

"Yes," said the captain sternly, "and your husband, Howard Jeffries, killed him."

"That's not true! I'd never believe that," said Annie promptly.

"He's made a full confession," went on the captain.

"A confession!" she echoed uneasily. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. Your husband has made a full confession in the presence of witnesses, that he came here to Underwood's rooms to ask for money. They quarreled. Your husband drew a pistol and shot him. He has signed a confession which will be presented to the magistrate this morning."

Annie looked staggered for a moment, but her faith in her husband was unshakable. Almost hysterically she cried:

"I don't believe it. I don't believe it. You may have tortured him into signing something. Everybody knows your methods, Capt. Clinton. But thank God there is a law in the United States which protects the innocent as well as punishes the guilty. I shall get the most able lawyers to defend him even if I have to sell myself into slavery for the rest of my life."

"Bravo, little woman!" said the captain mockingly. "That's the way to talk. I like your spunk, but before you go I'd like to ask you a few questions. Sit down."

He waved her to a chair and he sat opposite her.

"Now, Mrs. Jeffries," he began encouragingly, "tell me—did you ever hear your husband threaten Howard Underwood?"

By this time Annie had recovered her self-possession. She knew that the best way to help Howard was to keep cool and to say nothing which was likely to injure his cause. Boldly, therefore, she answered:

"You've no right to ask me that question."

The captain shifted uneasily in his seat. He knew she was within her legal right. He couldn't bully her into saying anything that would incriminate her husband.

"I merely thought you would like to assist the authorities, to—"

he stammered awkwardly. "To convict my husband," she said calmly. "Thank you, I understand my position."

"You can't do him very much harm, you know," said the captain with affected jocularity. "He has confessed to the shooting."

"I don't believe it," she said emphatically. "Trying a different tack, he asked carelessly:

"Did you know Mr. Underwood?" She hesitated before replying, then indifferently she said:

"Yes, I knew him at one time. He introduced me to my husband."

"Where was that?"

"In New Haven, Conn."

"Up at the college, eh? How long have you known Mr. Underwood?"

Annie looked at her inquisitor and said nothing. She wondered what he was driving at, what importance the question had to the case. Finally she said:

"I met him once or twice up at New Haven, but I've never seen him since my marriage to Mr. Jeffries. My husband and he were not very good friends. That is—"

She stopped, realizing that she had made a mistake. How foolish she had been! The police, of course, were anxious to show that there was ill feeling between the two men. Her heart misgave her as she saw the look of satisfaction in the captain's face.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "Not very good friends, eh? In fact, your husband didn't like him, did he?"

"He didn't like him well enough to run after him," she replied hesitatingly.

The captain now started off in another direction.

"Was your husband ever jealous of Underwood?"

By this time Annie had grown suspicious of every question. She was on her guard.

"Jealous? What do you mean? No, he was not jealous. There was never any reason. I refuse to answer any more questions."

The captain rose and began to pace the floor.

"There's one little thing more, Mrs. Jeffries, and then you can go. You



"Sitting There Crying Your Eyes Out Won't Do Him Any Good."

can help your husband by helping us. I want to put one more question to you and be careful to answer truthfully. Did you call at these rooms last night to see Mr. Underwood?"

"I!" exclaimed Annie with mingled astonishment and indignation. "Of course not."

"Sure?" demanded the captain, eyeing her narrowly. "Positive," said Annie firmly. The captain looked puzzled.

"A woman called here last night to see him," he said thoughtfully, "and I thought that perhaps—"

called to some one who was waiting in the corridor outside. A boy about 18 years of age, in the livery of an elevator attendant, entered the room. The captain pointed to Annie.

"Is that the lady?"

The boy looked carefully, and then shook his head.

"Don't think so—no, sir. The other lady was a great swell."

"You're sure, eh?" said the captain. "I think so," answered the boy.

"Do you remember the name she gave?"

"No, sir," replied the boy. "Ever since you asked me—"

Annie arose and moved toward the door. She had no time to waste there. Every moment now was precious. She must get legal assistance at once. Turning to Capt. Clinton, she said:

"If you've no further use for me, captain, I think I'll go."

"Just one moment, Mrs. Jeffries," he said.

The face of the elevator boy suddenly brightened up.

"That's it," he said eagerly. "That's it—Jeffries. I think that was the name she gave, sir."

"Who?" demanded the captain.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

STAND UP FOR CONVICTIONS

The World Has Little Respect for the Man Who Seemingly Has No Mind of His Own.

There are many men who seem to have no convictions on any subject if they have any they give no sign. They only smile and are silent. That is probably better than to be verbose and violent. Vanity of opinion is as bad as to have none at all. In a real simon-pure conviction, there are modesty and courage both. Truth is in the quiet voice, since it does not depend on vainglory or rant.

But a real man will say his say when the time comes, not for controversy—for that is not profitable, but to show his hand and what he is. A man's personal influence is stronger than his argument, and he is false to the truth that is in him if he does not show that.

We have great issues before us—moral, political, social—which every man should think about and understand, and be ready to take a stand upon, and take it. But there are many who don't do this, who are negative or cowardly and only smile or grin when one of these subjects is mentioned. They seem to think that to disagree with another is a great offense. It is an offense not to disagree if one really does, for if an error goes unchallenged, it is strengthened. When a man says such a thing is right and you think it isn't, say so, quietly and earnestly, and let it go at that.

The worst mollycoddle is the man who believes a thing is true and neglects to say so, when it is called in question. The world would go backward if all were like him.—Columbus Journal.

How Far Can You See?

What is the farthest limit to which the human vision can reach? Power in his book, "The Eye and Sight," gives the ability to see the star, Alcor, situated at the tail of the Great Bear, as the test. Indeed, the Arabs call it the Test star. It is most exceptional to be able to see Jupiter's satellites with the naked eye, though one or two cases are recorded, the third satellite being the most distinct. Peruvians are said to be the longest sighted race on earth. Humboldt records a case where these Indians perceived a human figure 18 miles away, being able to recognize that it was human and clad in white. This is probably the record for far sight.

British House of Lords.

The house of lords is almost as old as the British people. Away back in the days of the Heptarchy we find the assembly known as the "Witenagemot," or "Council of Wise Men," composed of the leading men in church and state, which assisted the king in the making of the laws of the realm. Naturally, under the circumstances, these big men became the "whole thing," so to speak, and in the course of time they became the "Lords," temporal and spiritual," making up the present "house of lords."—London Standard.

A Free Translation.

"Gentlemen of the jury," continued the earnest young lawyer, "the case before you hangs upon that old Latin maxim—'Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus.' Now, gentlemen, what does that mean? It means, gentlemen, that if a man will tell one lie, he'll tell a whole omnibusful of lies."

Why He Hurried.

First Boy—Where yer goin' in such a rush?
Second Boy (on the run)—Fire alarm!
F. B.—Where?
S. F.—Boss said he'd fire me if I wasn't back from his errand in ten minutes.

Uncle Ezra Says:

"A good many people hev the courage uv their convictions, while a good many more hev the courage of their assumptions."

Loss of Appetite

Which is so common in the spring or upon the return of warm weather, is loss of vitality, vigor or tone, and is often a forerunner of prostrating disease.

It is serious and especially so to people that must keep up and doing or get behindhand.

The best medicine to take for it is the great constitutional remedy

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Which purifies and enriches the blood and builds up the whole system.

Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolate tablets known as Sarsatabs.

FASHION HINTS



This Dainty collarless waist is carried out on lines that make it good style to wear with the summer coat suit. It is dressy, yet not too elaborate.

Divorced 30 Years, Re-Wed.

La Grande, Ore.—After being divorced 30 years, David McCurry and Mrs. Alma McCurry have married again. After the separation, McCurry went to Washington and married again.

A short time ago his wife died, and he returned to Union county to visit his son, who lives near Cove, saw his wife, fell in love the second time with her, and they are now living happily near Cove.

Guggenheim Will Filed.

New York.—The will of Benjamin Guggenheim, who perished in the Titanic disaster, has been filed. After disposing of more than \$10,000 to various charities the will disposes of the residue—one-third to the widow, Mrs. Florence Guggenheim, and the other two-thirds equally divided among his children.

The Beulah Orchard company of North Yakima, with a capital stock of \$100,000, has filed articles of incorporation with Secretary of State I. M. Howell. Other corporations formed are: The American Motor Car company of Washington, Seattle, capital stock \$20,000; the Hall Mill company of Mount Vernon, capital stock \$25,000, and Cascade Irrigation and Power company of Tacoma, capital stock \$20,000.

Howard E. Burton, Assayer and Chemist, Leadville, Colorado. Specimen prices: Gold, Silver, Lead, \$1.00; Gold, Silver, 75c; Gold, 50c; Zinc or Copper, \$1.00. Mailing envelopes and full price list sent on application. Control and Empire work solicited. Reference: Carbonate National Bank.

Senator Swanson, of Virginia, tells a good story on himself about the first political speech he ever made. He says: "I jumped up and began, Gentlemen, Herodotus tells us—'Which ticket's he on?' " yelled the man with the red shirt.

"Herodotus tells us," I resumed, with a gulp, 'of a whole army that was put to flight by the braying of an ass.' The crowd applauded, and I felt fine. Then the man's voice rose above the din.

"'Young feller,' he called, you need not be afraid for this crowd. It's been tested.'"—Buffalo Commercial.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

"Brown's wife is a beautiful woman, isn't she?"

"She surely is."

"If I had a wife as beautiful as that she could buy me all the neckties she wanted to, and I'd wear 'em, by gum!"

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

"He discovered that his wife had two detectives trailing him for six months."

"How did he discover it?"

"She sent him the bill."

Don't buy water for bluing. Liquid blue is almost all water. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue.

And the man who fails in a good cause is better than two men who did not try.

Many a man is willing to pocket his pride if by so doing he can pocket your money.