

# The Third Degree

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

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## SYNOPSIS.

Howard Jeffries, banker's son, under the influence of Robert Underwood, fellow-student at Yale, leads a life of dissipation, marries the daughter of a gambler who died in prison and is discovered by his father. He is out of work and in desperate straits. Underwood, who had once been engaged to Howard's stepmother, Alicia, is apparently in prosperous circumstances. Taking advantage of his intimacy with Alicia, he becomes the sort of social highwayman. Discovering his true character, Alicia denies him the house. He sends her a note threatening suicide. Art dealers for whom he acted as an emissary, demand an accounting. He cannot make good. Howard calls to his apartments in an intoxicated condition to request 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 draws a screen around the drunken sleeper. 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. 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, Sr. 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 to annoy her, she accuses his help. Annie appeals to Judge Brewster, attorney for Jeffries, Sr., to take Howard's case. He declines. It 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 pleads with Brewster to defend Howard. He consents. Alicia is greatly alarmed. Brewster has taken the case. She confesses to Annie that she called on Underwood the night of his death, and that she has his letter in which he threatened suicide, but begs for time before giving out the information. Annie promises Brewster to produce the missing woman at a meeting at his home. Brewster accuses Clinton of forcing a confession from Howard. Annie appears without the witness and refuses to give the name. Alicia arrives. Capt. Clinton declares Annie tricked them. Alicia hands him Underwood's letter. Annie lets Clinton believe the letter was written to her. She is arrested. The Underwood letter and Annie's perjured testimony clear Howard. The elder Jeffries offers to take Howard abroad.

## CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

He waited and looked at her curiously as if wondering what her answer would be. He waited some time, and then slowly she said: "I think you had better go!" "You don't mean that!" he exclaimed, in genuine surprise. She shook her head affirmatively. "Yes, I do," she said; "your father wants you to take your position in the world, the position you are entitled to, the position your association with me prevents you from taking."

Howard drummed his fingers on the tablecloth and looked out of the window. It seemed to her that his voice no longer had the same candid ring as he replied: "Yes, father has spoken to me about it. He wants to be friends, and I— He paused awkwardly, and then added: "I admit I've— I've promised to consider it, but—"

Annie finished his sentence for him: "You're going to accept his offer, Howard. You owe it to yourself, to your family, and to— She laughed as she added: "I was going to say to millions of anxious readers."

Howard looked at her curiously. He did not know if she was jesting or in earnest. Almost impatiently he exclaimed: "Why do you talk in this way against your own interests? You know I'd like to be friendly with my family, and all that. But it wouldn't be fair to you."

"I'm not talking against myself, Howard. I want you to be happy, and you're not happy. You can't be happy under these conditions. Now be honest with me—can you?"

"Can you?" he demanded. "No," she answered, frankly, "not unless you are." Slowly she went on: "Whatever happiness I've had in life I owe to you, and God knows you've had nothing but trouble from me. I did wrong to marry you, and I'm willing to pay the penalty. I've evened matters up with your family; now let me try and square up with you."

"Evened up matters with my family?" he exclaimed in surprise. "What do you mean?"

With a smile she replied ambiguously: "Oh, that's a little private matter of my own!" He stared at her, unable to comprehend, and she went on, gravely: "Howard, you must do what's best for yourself. I'll pack your things. You can go when you please—"

He stared gloomily out of the window without replying. After all, he thought to himself, it was perhaps for the best. Shackled as he was now, he would never be able to accomplish anything. If they separated, his father would take him into his business. Life would begin for him all over again. It would be better for her, too. Of course, he would never forget her. He would provide for her comfort. His father would help him arrange for that. Lighting a cigarette, he said, carelessly: "Well—perhaps you're right. Maybe a little trip through Europe won't do me any harm."

"Of course not," she said, simply. Busy with an obstinate match, he did not hear the sigh that accompanied her words or see the look of agony that crossed her face. "But what are you going to do?" he inquired, after a silence. With an effort, she controlled her voice. Not for all the world would she betray the fact that her heart was breaking. With affected indifference, she replied: "Oh, I shall be all right. I shall go and live somewhere in the country for a few months. I'm tired of the city."

need." Looking up at him, she added: "Your face has brightened up already!" He stared at her, unable to understand. "I wish you could go with me."

She smiled. "Your father's society doesn't make quite such an appeal to me as it does to you." Carelessly, she added: "Where are you going—Paris or London?"

He sent a thick cloud of smoke curling to the ceiling. A European trip was something he had long looked forward to.

"London—Vienna—Paris," he replied, gaily. With a laugh, he went on: "No, I think I'll cut out Paris. I'm a married man. I mustn't forget that!"

Annie looked up at him quickly. "You've forgotten it already," she said, quietly. There was reproach in her voice as she continued: "Ah, Howard, you're such a boy! A little pleasure trip and the past is forgotten!"

A look of perplexity came over his face. Being only a man, he did not grasp quickly the finer shades of her meaning. With some irritation, he demanded: "Didn't you say you wanted me to go and forget?"

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"Then Why Do You Leave Her Here to Fight the Battle Alone?"

"and yet you're happy because I'm going away. I don't follow that line of reasoning."

"It isn't reason," she said with a smile, "it's what I feel. I guess a man wants to have what he loves and a woman is satisfied to love just what she wants. Anyway, I'm glad. I'm glad you're going. Go and tell your father."

Taking his hat, she said: "I'll telephone him." "Yes, that's right," she replied. "Where's my cane?" he asked, looking round the room. She found it for him, and as he opened the door, she said: "Don't be long, will you?" He laughed.

"I'll come right back. By George!" he exclaimed, "I feel quite excited at the prospect of this trip!" Regarding her fondly, he went on: "It's awfully good of you, old girl, to let me go. I don't think there are many women like you."

Annie averted her head. "Now, don't spoil me," she said, lifting the tray as if to go into the kitchen. "Wait till I kiss you good-by," he said, effusively. Taking the tray from her, he placed it on the table, and folding her in his arms, he pressed his lips to hers. "Good-by," he murmured; "I won't be long."

As soon as he disappeared she gave way completely, and sinking into a chair, leaned her head on the table and sobbed as if her heart would break. This, then, was the end! He would go away and soon forget her. She would never see him again! But what was the use of crying? It was the way of the world. She couldn't blame him. He loved her—she was sure of that. But the call of his family and friends was too strong to resist. Alternately laughing and crying hysterically, she picked up the tray, and carrying it into the kitchen, began washing the dishes. Suddenly there was a ring at the bell. Hastily putting on a clean apron, she opened the door. Judge Brewster stood smiling on the threshold. Annie uttered a cry of pleasure. Greeting the old lawyer affectionately, she invited him in. As he entered, he looked questioning at her red eyes, but made no remark.

"I'm delighted to see you, judge," she stammered. As he took a seat in the little parlor, he said: "Your husband passed me on the stairs and didn't know me."

"The passage is so dark!" she explained, apologetically. He looked at her for a moment without speaking, and for a moment there was awkward pause. Then he said: "When does Howard leave you?" Annie stared in surprise. "How do you know that?" she exclaimed.

"We lawyers know everything," he smiled. Gravely he went on: "His father's attorneys have asked me for all the evidence I have. They want to use it against you. The idea is that he shall go abroad with his father, and that the proceedings will be begun during his absence."

"Howard knows nothing about it," said Annie, confidently. "Are you sure?" demanded the lawyer, skeptically. "Quite sure," she answered, positively. "But he is going away?" persisted the judge.

"Yes, I want him to go—I am sending him away," she replied. The lawyer was silent. He sat and looked at her as if trying to read her thoughts. Then quietly he said: "Do you know they intend to make Robert Underwood the ground for the application for divorce, and to use your own perjured testimony as a weapon against you? You see what a lie leads to. There's no end to it, and you are compelled to go on lying to support the original lie, and that's precisely what I won't permit."

Annie nodded acquiescence. "I knew you were going to scold me," she smiled. "Scold you?" he said, kindly. "No—it's myself I'm scolding. You did what you thought was right, and I allowed you to do what I knew was wrong."

"You made two miserable women happy," she said, quietly. The lawyer tried to suppress a smile. "I try to excuse myself on that ground," he said, "but it won't work. I violated my oath as a lawyer, my integrity as a man, my honor, my self-respect, all upset, all gone. I've been a very unpleasant companion for my-

self lately." Rising impatiently, he strode up and down the room. Then turning on her, he said, angrily: "But I'll have no more lies. That's what brings me here this morning. The first move they make against you and I'll tell the whole truth!"

Annie gazed pensively out of the window without making reply. "Did you hear?" he said, raising his voice. "I shall let the world know that you sacrificed yourself for that woman."

She turned and shook her head. "No, judge," she said, "I do not wish it. If they do succeed in influencing Howard to bring suit against me I shall not defend it."

Judge Brewster was not a patient man, and if there was anything that angered him it was rank injustice. He had no patience with this young woman who allowed herself to be trampled on in this outrageous way. Yet he could not be angry with her. She had qualities which compelled his admiration and respect, and not the least of these was her willingness to shield others at her own expense.

"Perhaps not," he retorted, "but I will. It's unjust, it's unrighteous, it's impossible!"

"But you don't understand," she said, gently; "I am to blame."

"You're too ready to blame yourself," he said, testily. Annie went up to him and laid her hand affectionately on his shoulder. With tears in her eyes, she said: "Let me tell you something, judge. His father was right when he said I

took advantage of him. I did. I saw that he was sentimental and self-willed, and all that. I started out to attract him. I was tired of the life I was living, the hard work, the loneliness, and all the rest of it, and I made up my mind to catch him if I could. I didn't think it was wrong then, but I do now. Besides," she went on, "I'm older than he is—five years older. He thinks I'm three years younger, and that he's protecting me from the world. I took advantage of his ignorance of life."

Judge Brewster shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "If boys of 25 are not men they never will be." Looking down at her kindly, he went on: "Pon my word! if I was 25, I'd let this divorce go through and marry you myself."

"Oh, judge!" That was all she could say, but there was gratitude in the girl's eyes. These were the first kind words any one had yet spoken to her. It was nice to know that some one saw some good in her. She was trying to think of something to say, when suddenly there was the click of a key being inserted in a Yale lock. The front door opened, and Howard appeared.

"Well, judge!" he exclaimed, "this is a surprise!" The lawyer looked at him gravely. "How do you do, young man?" he said. Quizzingly he added: "You look very pleased with yourself!"

"This is the first opportunity I've had to thank you for your kindness," said Howard, cordially. "You can thank your wife, my boy, not me!" Changing the topic, he said: "So you're going abroad, eh?" "Yes, did Annie tell you? It's only for a few months."

The lawyer frowned. Tapping the floor impatiently with his cane, he said: "Why are you going away?" Taken aback at the question, Howard stammered: "Because—because—"

"Because I want him to go," interrupted Annie quickly. The lawyer shook his head, and looking steadily at Howard, he said sternly: "I'll tell you, Howard, my boy. You're going to escape from the scab dalmongers and the gossiping busybodies. Forgive me for speaking plainly, but you're going away because your wife's conduct is a topic of conversation among your friends—"

Howard interrupted him. "You're mistaken, judge; I don't care a hang what people say."

"Then why do you leave her here to fight the battle alone?" demanded the judge, angrily. Annie advanced, and raised her hand deprecatingly. Howard looked at her as if now for the first time he realized the truth. "To fight the battle alone?" he echoed.

"Yes," said the judge, "you are giving the world a weapon with which to strike at your wife!" Howard was silent. The lawyer's words had struck home. Slowly he said: "I never thought of that. You're right! I wanted to get away from it all. Father offered me the chance and Annie told me to go—"

Annie turned to the judge. "Please, judge," she said, "don't say any more." Addressing her husband, she went on: "He didn't mean what he said, Howard."

Howard hung his head. "He's quite right, Annie," he said, shamefacedly. "I never should have consented to go; I was wrong."

Judge Brewster advanced and patted him kindly on the back. "Good boy!" he said. "Now, Mrs. Jeffries, I'll tell your husband the truth."

"No!" she cried. "Then I'll tell him, without your permission," he retorted. Turning to the young man, he went on: "Howard, your wife is an angel! She's too good a woman for this world. She has not hesitated to sacrifice her good name, her happiness, to shield another woman. And that woman—the woman who called at Underwood's room that night—was Mrs. Jeffries, your stepmother!"

Howard stared back in amazement. "It's true, then, I did recognize her voice!" he cried. "Turning to his wife, he said: 'Oh, Annie, why didn't you tell me? You saved my stepmother from disgrace, you spared my father! Oh, that was noble of you!' In a low tone he whispered: 'Don't send me away from you, Annie! Let me stay and prove that I'm worthy of you!'"

To the young wife it all seemed like a dream, almost too good to be real. The dark, troubled days were ended. A long life, bright with its promise of happiness, was before them. "But what of the future, Howard?" she demanded, gently. Judge Brewster answered the question. "I've thought of that," he said. "Howard, will you come into my office and study law? You can show your father what you can do with a good wife to second your efforts."

Howard grasped his outstretched hand. "Thanks, judge, I accept," he replied, heartily. Turning to his wife, he took her in his arms. Her head fell on his shoulder. Looking up at him shyly and smiling through her tears, she murmured, softly: "I am happy now—at last!"

## NEWS OF SOUTH CAROLINA

The Latest General News That Has Been Gotten Together For the People of the State.

Greenville.—P. D. Gilreath, one of the most prominent and best known citizens of Greenville county died after an illness of several days brought on by an attack of acute indigestion on January 18. He was in his 76th year, and for 24 years was sheriff of Greenville county.

Marion.—The committee which is traversing South Carolina with a view to interesting the boys of the counties in the organization of corn clubs was in Marion. Notwithstanding very bad roads and the very inclement weather, a number of those most interested met at the county court house.

Rock Hill.—Dr. J. Miller Moore, who was found dead in a New York hotel was a native of this city, where the funeral was held on a "lival of the remains. He was 43 years old. Man of exceptional ability, for 18 years he was a surgeon in the United States navy, holding the rank of lieutenant commander.

Lexington.—Roscoe Gooden, a negro, escaped from the Lexington county jail by prying out the large iron bars to one of the windows. Sheriff Miller was absent in Columbia at the time on matters of business, and no one saw the negro escape, except an other prisoner, who failed to give the alarm.

Campobello.—Three children of Walter J. Gibson perished in the flames, and a fourth was fatally burned when his home, three miles from Campobello was burned down in his absence. A fourth child was saved through the courage of a neighbor, but received burns which caused his death.

Saluda.—The officers of the board of trade of this town addressed a letter to the postoffice department at Washington asking that mail service be installed on the Augusta Northern at the earliest date practicable. Copies of this letter were mailed to Congressman Byrnes and Senator Tillman and their assistance in the matter earnestly solicited.

Charleston.—After staying out over half an hour, a jury brought in a verdict of not guilty in the case of M. G. Walton, proprietor of the Hampton Park Dairy, charged with violating the section of the city ordinances pertaining to the adulteration of milk. The trial occupied about an hour and a half and the matter was gone into thoroughly.

Camden.—Jno. Hinson, Jr., was fined \$50 or 30 days at hard labor, in the recorder's court for shooting Vanderbilt Kendrick in the leg at the Seaboard depot. The case will be appealed. John Hinson, Sr., was found not guilty. The trial lasted nearly all day. The two Kendrick negroes will be tried later for shooting at the two Hinsons.

Estill.—Enraged at what is said to have been jealousy, Charlie Moore, a negro, killed his wife, Emma Moore, by striking her in the head with an axe. After killing her Moore made his escape, but returned later and surrendered to the town marshal. Magistrate M. F. Long held an inquest and Moore was committed to jail on a charge of murder.

Charleston.—According to Superintendent J. C. Murchison, of the Atlantic Coast Line Railway, with headquarters in this city, Train No. 82, the Florida Special, which ran into an open switch and crashed into a waiting freight train at White Hall, was deliberately switched from the main track by malicious parties bent on wrecking the train. It is understood that the switches near White Hall have been tampered with on several different occasions during the recent past.

Abbeville.—The organization of Abbeville's paid fire department is progressing. The building has been remodeled and fitted up with sleeping quarters upstairs for the men, while the horses and apparatus are kept on the lower floors. The location is just off the public square. For a time the department will use only one pair of horses and employ two regular men—besides 20 call men, many of whom will sleep at headquarters. Mr. Gaffney, an expert driver and experienced fireman of Columbia, is here training the horses and men.

Newberry.—With every prospect for a successful year the Boys' Corn Club of Newberry county, was officially organized and there was a very good enrolment of boys for the start. Johnston.—Gary Temple, a young man of about 18 years of age, accidentally shot and killed himself a few days ago. He was repairing a pistol, and not knowing that it was loaded, snapped the trigger. As he was looking into the pistol the contents entered his head, and death resulted instantly. He was the son of R. A. Temple and leaves several brothers and sisters.

St. Matthews.—In the final wind-up of the financial end of the new graded school building there is every prospect of a neat little tangle involving \$100 which may necessitate a nice distinction between moral and legal law.

Columbia.—The annual convention of the South Carolina Live Stock Association will be held in Columbia February 7, 8 and 9 in conjunction with the South Carolina Berkshire Association. Several hundred delegates from all sections of the state will attend. An interesting program has been prepared and some well known experts will deliver addresses.

Whitemire.—One dozen defendants were convicted before the mayor here on charges of selling whiskey. The cases were worked up by a detective from Columbia.

Cheraw.—The new city council, elected to office in the recent Democratic primary election, met in regular session in the council chamber. H. A. Rouse was elected chief of police and D. L. Tillman, city clerk. Both of these newly elected officers have been residents of Cheraw for many years and their friends predict a successful management of affairs under the new regime.

# BURNING DAYLIGHT



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BURNING DAYLIGHT is the best work yet produced by this masterful writer who has roughed it in many fields of adventure. Burning Daylight is a character fashioned out of the frozen North; how he comes out of the Klondike with wealth won from the obdurate earth, is vanquished and stripped of his millions in Wall Street, regains them, and returning to the West from whence he came, is conquered anew by love, then to renounce his riches, is told in the powerful style of this author who has achieved world-wide popularity.

WATCH FOR IT! READ IT!

## Wisdom, Religion And Health Are Adjusted

By FRANK CRANE

The best wisdom and the best religion come, like the best health, by the way. In the highest realms of endeavor the adage that "you get what you go after" is not true. Your greatest reward is something you did not go after at all; it falls in with you as you sleep; in other words, the supremest things in mind and character just come, and you cannot get them. When boys play football what they want is to win, to get the pigskin into the other fellow's goal. But winning means nothing to wise old nature, and the universe does not care where the pigskin goes to. These things are, mere bait. Mark the boy's splendid physique, his emphatic spirits and radiating health. Ask him where he got these. He doesn't know. They just come. Now, if he had quit playing and gone in pursuit of health he would have missed it. Only sickly folks are everlastingly seeking health. Beans and side meat and forgetfulness make better blood and bones than predigested food and special diets and care. Dr. Holmes spoke of how ideas come to one, as if a bullet had struck one, shot out of the nowhere. The highest form of intellectual product, the kind that smacks of genius, the sort of writing and painting or music that haunts men, emerges similarly out of the infinite and finds the producer. It is the "divine afflatus;" an ounce of it is worth a ton of study. In character, likewise, those souls are the noblest who are not "trying" to be noble; and the purest are not they who struggle against impurity. The finest moral texture is woven by those souls who, like the lilies of the field, "toil not, neither do they spin." They have that which is better than effort; they are adjusted.



Should Take the Tip. "Yes, John," remarked Mrs. Stubb, who was glancing over the sporting page out of curiosity, "when the baseball players start to practice they go hundreds of miles from home."

Two-Headed Snake. We saw with our own sober eye on Wednesday of last week the double-headed young rattlesnake caught a couple of weeks ago on an island in Buck Creek swamp by Messrs. Hair and Hartzog. It was a sure-enough rattlesnake, some six or seven inches long, about the size of the largest part of the body of a pteropod and beautifully marked. One head was a little larger than the other, but both were fully developed. There was a little button on the tail, showing that its age was about a year. For a sight of this great curiosity we thank W. R. Lard.—Branwell People.

Points of View. "Does your wife object to late dinners?" "It all depends," said Mr. Meekton, "on whether the cause is a baseball game or a matinee."

THE END.