



"My God! Why Are They Hounding Me Like This?"

The HARD DEGREE

By CHARLES KLEIN AND ARTHUR HORNBLAW
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

Howard Jeffries, banker's son, under the evil 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 tries to get work and fails. A former college chum makes a business proposition to Howard which requires \$200 cash, and Howard is broke. Robert Underwood, who has been in his college days, and had once been engaged to Alicia, Howard's former fiancée, has apartments at the Astoria, and is apparently in possession of a large sum of money. Howard recalls a \$500 loan to Underwood, that remains unpaid, and decides to ask him for the \$200 he needs. Underwood, who has been married to a woman named Mrs. Jeffries, Sr., becomes a sort of social highwayman. Discovering his true character she denies him the money, and resolves a note from Underwood, threatening suicide. She decides to go and see him. He is in desperate financial straits.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

Underwood laughed nervously. Affecting to misinterpret the other's meaning, he said: "Yes, you're right. The art and antique business is a delicate business. God knows it's a precarious one!" Reaching for the decanter, he added: "Have a drink."

But Mr. Bennington refused to unbend. The proffer of refreshment did not tempt him to swerve from the object of his mission. While Underwood was talking, trying to gain time, his eyes were taking in the contents of the apartment.

"Come, take a drink," urged Underwood again.

"No, thanks," replied Mr. Bennington curtly.

Suddenly he turned square around. "Let's get down to business, Mr. Underwood," he exclaimed. "My firm insists on the immediate return of your property." Pointing around the room, he added: "Everything, do you understand?"

Underwood was standing in the shadow of the lamp so his visitor did not notice that he had grown suddenly very white, and that his mouth twitched painfully.

"Why that's the trouble?" he stammered. "Haven't I got prices for your people that they would never have gotten?"

"Yes—we know all that," replied Mr. Bennington impatiently. "To be frank, Mr. Underwood, we've received information that you've sold many of the valuable articles entrusted to you for what you've made no accounting at all."

"That's not true," exclaimed Underwood hotly. "I have accounted for almost everything. The rest of the things are here. Of course, there may be a few things—"

Taking a box of cigars from the desk, he offered it to his visitor.

"No, thanks," replied Bennington coldly, pushing back the proffered box.

Underwood was fast losing his self-control. Throwing away his cigar with an angry exclamation, he began to walk up and down.

"I can account for everything if you give me time. You must give me time. I'm hard pressed by my creditors. My expenses are enormous and collections exceedingly difficult. I have a large amount of money outstanding. After our pleasant business relations it seems absurd and most unfair that you should take this stand with me." He halted suddenly and faced Bennington. "Of course, I'm much obliged to you, personally, for this friendly tip."

Bennington shrugged his shoulders. "The warning may give you time either to raise the money or to get the things back."

Underwood's dark eyes flashed with suppressed wrath, as he retorted: "Of course, I can get them all back in time. Damn it, you fellow don't know what it costs to run this kind of business successfully! One has to spend a small fortune to keep up appearances. These society people won't buy if they think you really need 'em."

time he reached the Astoria his courage failed him. He rather than Underwood, and he felt the need of a stimulant to brace him up for the "strike" he was about to make. The back door of a saloon was conveniently open and while he was refreshing himself two other men had dropped in. Before he knew it, half a dozen drinks had been absorbed, and he had spent the whole of \$5 which his wife had intrusted to him out of her carefully hoarded savings. When he sobered up he would realize that he had acted like a coward and a cur, but just now he was feeling rather jolly. Addressing Underwood with impudent familiarity, he went on:

"—and you didn't seem to know if you were in or not, so come anyhow." Glancing at Bennington, he added: "Sorry, I'm butting in."

Underwood was not in the humor to be very gracious. Long ago young Howard Jeffries had outgrown his usefulness as far as he was concerned. He was at a loss to guess why he had come to see him uninvited, on this particular Sunday night, too. It was with studied coldness, therefore, that he sat down.

"Sit down—I'm glad to see you."

"You don't look it," grinned Howard, as he advanced further into the room with shambling, uncertain steps. Concealing his ill humor and promising himself to get rid of his unwelcome visitor at the first opportunity, Underwood introduced the man to Mr. Bennington—Mr. Howard Jeffries, Jr.

Mr. Bennington had heard of the older Jeffries' trouble with his scapegrace son, and eyed, with some interest, this young man who had made such a fiasco of his career.

"Oh, I know Bennington," exclaimed Howard jovially. "I bought an elephant's tusk at his place in the days when he was somebody." With mock sadness he added: "It's a pity—couldn't even buy a collar button."

"Won't you sit down and stay awhile?" said Underwood sarcastically.

"If you don't mind, I'll have a drink first," replied Howard, making his way to the desk and taking up the whisky decanter.

Underwood did not conceal his annoyance, but his angry glances were entirely lost on his new visitor, who was calmly getting into a maudlin condition. Addressing Bennington with familiarity, Howard went on:

"Say, do you remember that wonderful set of ivory chessmen my old man bought?"

Bennington smiled and nodded.

"Yes, sir; I do, indeed. Ah, your father is a fine art critic!"

Howard burst into boisterous laughter.

"Art critic?" he exclaimed. "I should say he can write a bit on that score. He can criticize any old thing—every old thing. I don't care what it is, he can criticize it. When in doubt—criticize, is malled on father's esthetic. Bowing with mock courtesy to each he raised the glass to his lips and said: 'Here's bow!'"

Bennington laughed good humoredly, and turned to go.

"Well, good night, Mr. Jeffries. Good night, Mr. Underwood."

Underwood followed the manager to the door.

"Good night!" he said gloomily.

CHAPTER VI.

The door slammed, and Underwood returned to the sitting room. Taking no notice of Howard, he walked over to the desk, slowly selected a cigar and lit it. Howard looked up at him foolishly, not knowing what to say. His frequent libations had so befuddled him that he had almost forgotten the object of his visit.

"Excuse my butting in, old chap," he stammered, "but—"

Underwood made no answer. How and stared at him in comic surprise. He was not so drunk as not to be able to notice that something was wrong.

"Say, old fellow," he gurgled; "you're a regular Jim Dumps. Why do you chopfallen, say? What a long face! Is that the way you greet your classmate, a fellow frat? Wait till you hear my hard-luck story. That'll cheer you up. Who was it said: 'There's nothing cheers us up so much as first I'll pour out another drink. You see, I need courage, old man. I've got a favor to ask. I want some money. I not only want it—I need it.'"

Underwood laughed, a hollow, mocking, and derisive. His old classmate had certainly chosen a good time to come and ask him for money. Howard mistook the cynical gayer for a good humor.

"I said I'd cheer you up," he went on, "but—"

Underwood rose to his feet and abruptly turned his back.

"I'd rather you wouldn't get personal," he said curtly. "Sitting down at a table, he began to rummage with some papers and, turning impatiently to Howard, he said:

"Say, old man, I'm very busy now. You'll have to excuse me."

If Howard had been sober, he would have understood that this was a pretty strong hint for him to go, but in his besotted condition, he did not propose to be disposed of so easily. Turning to Underwood, he burst out with an air of offended dignity:

"Underwood, you wouldn't go back on me now. I'm an outcast, a pariah, a derelict on the ocean of life, as one of my highly respectable uncles wrote me. His grandfather was an iron puffer. With a drunken laugh he went on: 'Doesn't it make you sick? I'm sorry, but I can't help it. I'm a derelict member of society.'"

THE SWEETS THAT LIE IN WOMEN'S LIPS



YOU begin, usually, by gazing into her eyes and feeling, all at once, that some corona of glory has illumined her whole face and is drawing you toward her as inevitably as the helpless little comets tumble into the blinding glory of the sun. You begin to burn up with a feverish longing.

Just about then you notice that her lips promise the sweetest kisses that mortal ever dreamed of. And it is just then, too, that she seems to have made up her mind that those lips are the very things that you shall never approach nearer than about a yard and a half, and then with her dear motherly safe observation distance, to guard against any sudden vertigo which her alluring eyes may inspire.

After that you can't think of anything but the delicious sweetness that is lingering on those lips of hers, waiting to be garnered; and you wonder how that impetuous person, Byron, must have felt when he wrote the lines about the women in the world having a single mouth, so that he could kiss them all at once.

He seems a pretty effective one to mention; so you mention him, and from him you range through the impassioned poets, beginning with Sappho and probably using Omar as a way station into the list of the modern decadents.

And then? Well, then the earth trembles and the heavens roll up as a scroll, and you realize you've kissed her.

It may have cost you nothing more than a few expressions of distinguished consideration—and, by the way, they make the most kisses—it may cost you millions, if you have them. It may cost you a kingdom, and it may cost your life; and it may cost both.

Kisses never came higher than now.

HAT is, for the population at large. Nor need the mass of the world's population be called on to indorse the sentiment. The national percentages of impulsive examples are too impressive to call for a census of the crowds, although what with the diamond trust whooping up the price of engagement rings and the hens organized to elevate their yearly output, the price market has gone up even in France, where it was supposed to let happiness radiate, free as air, without costing more than a compliment.

The conspicuous examples that stand out in history as expensive kisses—like those Antony obtained from Cleopatra—have earned from Lagan's attractive daughter—a being paralleled nowadays on the wholesale scale, with women figuring pretty prominently among the buyers, although the men, as usual, are the more daring raters.

Very often the price that is actually paid reaches a level far above the original valuation. Adonis may be persuaded, after long youthful timidity, to let Venus have a lock of his hair as a souvenir of their meeting, and it turns out that he has sacrificed his immortal soul.

Whether the soul of the latest and most romantic Adonis, Manuel of Portugal, went into limbo with his neat little throne, must be settled between Manuel and the recording angel in heaven; but Paris and Portugal had very decided opinions, at the time of the one-night revolution, that it was the kiss of Mile. Gaby Deslys that cost him the throne.

Just a Boy King.

To look at Mile. Gaby the average man might confess to a willingness to sacrifice a bouquet or two or the front seat in the motor car for a few kisses; but he would think several times before he would take a chance on swapping a gold-plated ancestral throne for her, luminous eyes included.

The trouble about being a boy king, is that he has to be a boy king.

THE BAR of the City of New York, 75-722 volumes; New York Law Institute, 67,398 volumes; and Law Association of Philadelphia, 50,223 volumes. (1908 figures).

In volumes the law libraries of the country are large enough to contain untold treasures, and for the most part their treasures are literally untold. Many catalogues have been issued, and it would be possible to bring these together and compile something like a union list of legal literature. But the result would be unsatisfactory, because printed catalogues are out of date in growing libraries almost before they are printed.

A union list of books in the whole field of law would, however, be an unnecessary compilation, since it may be taken for granted that each law library duplicates every other. The volume of New York State Law Library, 85,564 volumes; Association of

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WESTERN CANADA COUNTING ITS GOLD

THE GRAIN CROP OF 1910 WAS A GOOD PAYING ONE.

Crop conditions throughout the west of Canada were not ideal, but notwithstanding the fact that there were excellent crops. Reports come from different parts to the agents of the Canadian government, whose literature tells a good part of the story, that the crops in most places were splendid.

At Castor, Alberta, F. Galloway's oat crop threshed 57 bushels to the acre, machine measure, and 44 bushels by weight. Alex Robertson of Dellele, Alta., had 20 bushels to the acre on 875 acres. W. H. Clark, 17 bushels to the acre on 77 acres. Sheldon Ramsey, 23 bushels on 150 acres. J. Lane threshed 3,500 bushels of 2000 acres. J. Hamilton, 5,200 bushels of 284 acres. Mrs. Headley had an average of 25 bushels per acre on 160 acres. Chambers Bros. got 13,270 bushels of 520 acres.

Fertile valley district, G. Rollo, had an average of 25 bushels to the acre on a total crop of 10,000 bushels. E. Brown of Pincher Creek had a yield of 33 bushels on his winter wheat; W. Walker, Miss Walker and John Roberts all had an average yield of 25 bushels; Mr. Fitzpatrick, 23, and Mr. Freebairn, 20. Charles Nelson of Bon Accord, Alberta, had threshed his crop of 5,000 bushels of grain, wheat, oats and barley, on 210 acres of old ground.

Wm. Logan of Bon Accord is reported to have threshed 400 bushels of wheat from 9 acres of new breaking. His oats it is said yielding over 100 bushels to the acre. Robert Martin of Belbeek, Sask., from 100 acres got 3,740 bushels of wheat. Geo. A. Campbell of Caron, Sask., from 130 acres summer fallow got 40 bushels per acre, and from 60 acres stubble got 24 bushels per acre. One of the farmers of Colonsay threshed out 36 bushels of wheat per acre from 150 acres; also summer fallow, and another 33 bushels per acre. James Glen of Drinkwater, Sask., had 36 1/2 bushels per acre; 40 acres summer fallow, 31 bushels per acre; 40 acres stubble, 27 bushels per acre; total, 6,880 bushels of 200 acres. Abe Winters of Fleming has 39 bushels of wheat per acre. At Govan, Benjamin Armstrong had 33 bushels to the acre. John Gilmiln, 34 bushels. Charles Latta, 35 bushels. J. K. Taylor, 35 bushels. W. Small, 2,000 bushels on 90 acres. J. P. MacLean, 1,500 bushels on 215 acres. J. MacLean, 1,500 bushels on 63 acres. W. Hopwood, 1,750 bushels on 60 acres. W. Gray, 950 bushels on 30 acres. John Murray, 850 bushels on 30 acres. Wm. Curtis, 800 bushels to the acre. P. F. Epp of Langham, Sask., has 35 1/2 bushels per acre. J. J. Thieszen, 31 bushels per acre. Chris Dear, 25 bushels per acre from 80 acres. Wm. Thieszen, 18 1/2 bushels from 100 acres. P. F. Schultz, 18 bushels from 100 acres. Robt. H. Wiggins of Manor, Sask., had 39 bushels wheat and 75 bushels of oats per acre. Fred Cobb, 30 bushels of wheat and 75 bushels of oats per acre. Jack Robinson, 39 bushels of wheat per acre. Wm. Kin- dahl, 18 bushels from 100 acres. J. M. Flaggler of the Florida magnate, whose first wife became insane, and who wanted to wed Miss Mary Lily Kennan, of Wilmington, N. C., spent \$4,100,000, first and last, before he could place the bridal kiss on the new Mrs. Flaggler's lips.

James B. Duke's first bridal occasion for his second wife cost him \$1,600,000, in the form of the magnificent residence he had built to content her with her lot.

The king and queen of earlier times may have paid as much; but the market value of kisses has certainly risen for the proletariat of the present. The two sexes offer different explanations, each equally creditable to the husband.

The women think it is because the men have more to give for them; the men believe the kisses are worth more than they used to be.

Perhaps both are right.

Seal's Marvelous Instinct.

The instinct of the seal is marvelous. It will leave its young on the ice in the morning, and going down through a hole, remain away all day swimming in search of food. Returning in the evening it will locate its offspring in the same "patch" among hundreds of thousands of other baby seals, notwithstanding that the ice may have wheeled or drifted 50 or 60 miles during the day from wind and tide, and notwithstanding that the patch may extend 80 or 40 miles from the hole. The seal's sense of direction is in the nature of the class that enables the bird, without any mark or chart, in a forest with millions of trees alike, to find its way back with ease and precision to its nest. I do not know, but it is the wonder of its nature before which human ingenuity is brought to a full stop.—Sir Edward Morris, in Wide World Magazine.

Origin of Familiar Terms.

Much history is written in the ordinary words of the language. "Tabby," for example, this word is derived from a word for the Arabian designation of a quarter of Baghdad famous for its manufacture of diverse colored silks and cottons—a quarter named after 'Attab, the great-grandson of the prophet. 'Tabby' appears in English literature in the first half of the seventeenth century as the general term for striped taffeta silks. In the same century 'tabby' is applied to a striped or brindled cat. In the eighteenth century, to an 'elderly maiden lady.' The sense development of this word is in striking contrast with that of another old Arab, 'tariff,' which came in the sixteenth century, meaning a 'multiplication table,' and has remained essentially unchanged to the present day.

acquiring a literature of their own. In honor of the development of the United States bureau of education is compiling the statistics of special collections in libraries in the United States. This publication will cover all special collections, no matter what classification they belong, and prominent among them should be special collections of law.

Accidental Omission.

The cynic was discoursing on matrimony.

"You say that no man ought to marry a woman who is fat or thin, tall or short, large or small," we said. "Then in your opinion the only sort of woman one ought to marry is one who is of medium size?"

"Mercy! said the cynic. "How for gosh I am. I forgot her!"—Lippincott's.

Discouragement.

"So you have quit laughing at your wife's hats?" "Yes," replied Mr. Groucher. "The funnier they seem to me the more convinced she is that they must be correct in style."

That Awful Mrs. Jones.

Mrs. Smith—She is so unobscuring! Mrs. Brown—And always complaining. The other day, while ballooning near a storm center, she collided with a rail chisel and reported to the authorities that the driver of an aeroplane sprinker had splashed water all over her best gown!—Widow.

It's Your Eye Use Pettit's Eye Salve for its action, stye, itching lids, eye aches, defects of vision and sensitivity to strong lights. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Important to Mothers.

Examined carefully over a bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Williams. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny, granules, easy to take. Do not grip.

Some men will do anything for the sake of a little newspaper notoriety.

Levis' Single Binder gives the smoker a rich, mellow-tasting 50 cigar.

Intervention in love is equivalent to a declaration of war.

Have School for Brides

English Institution That Really Has a Great Deal to Be Said in Its Favor.

A school for brides is the latest English educational enterprise and as the brides are taught domestic economy and housewifery there ought to be a rejoicing in that country of unskilled cooks and incompetent housekeepers.

The new school calls itself the College of Housecraft, and though it is founded in the hope that newly married young women and girls about to enter matrimony will patronize it, it is open to other women. At present besides prospective brides there are ordinary middle class girls who have been well educated and are trained in manual and accomplishments, but are lacking in rudimentary knowledge of home making. In many cases they are planning to go to the colonies or to take some position in domestic service after they have gained a knowledge of housewifery.

The college is arranged like a regular house and run without any servants. The pupils do all the work. Six months is the full course, but shorter terms are arranged as in the case of

the society women, while some students are allowed to come as day workers or can attend special classes.

The students wear a plain uniform of broad brimmed hat, white blouse and linen apron in the morning and of brown cashmere with muslin cap and apron in the afternoon. They sleep in little curtained cubicles, but those who wish it can have separate bedrooms at an additional charge of \$1.25 a week.

Grub Street's Pawnshop.

If the Avant is not the oldest and best known pawnshop in the world it deserves to be. It has been in existence ever since the days of Shakespeare and Ben Johnson. It is in Fleet street with a front that has been the poor wretches' uncle for all these centuries and years. It has an old legend something like this: "Old Literary Friends Never Forgotten" and additions of the greatest name on earth, who, going broke, had to patronize it. Outside of its own name it is well known as the "Grub Street Pawnshop."—London Mail.

Apple Trees in Tubs.

The Difference in Rank

Policeman on Foot Did the Work While Mounted Patriot Looked On.

On the other afternoon a horse and truck became stuck in the soft earth thrown aside by the workmen repaving the street, says the Philadelphia Ledger. The truckman swore at the horse and the policeman swore at the truckman.

A mounted policeman of the traffic squad rode up and sat on his well-groomed horse—himself a well-groomed rider—while he leisurely took in the situation. When the policeman on foot had exhausted his vocabulary and had also failed to coax the horse by the rein, he turned an appealing eye to the brother of the more distinguished service on the horse.

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