



"How could it?" she exclaimed. "Now, be reasonable. You are held responsible for Howard's present position."

"Yes," by the police, returned Annie grimly, "and by a couple of yellow journals. I didn't think you'd believe all the gossip and scandal that's been printed about me. I didn't believe what was said about you."

Alicia started and changed color. "What do you mean?" she exclaimed haughtily. "What was said about me?"

"Well, it has been said that you married old Jeffrey for his money and his social position."

"Old Jeffrey?" protested Alicia indignantly. "Have you no respect for your husband's father?"

"Not a particle," answered the other coolly, "and I never will have till he acts like a father. I only had one interview with him and it finished him with me for all time. He isn't a father—he's a fish."

"A fish!" exclaimed Alicia, scandalized at such low majesty.

Annie went on recklessly: "But surely," interrupted Alicia, "you respect his position—his—"

"No, m'm; I respect a man because he behaves like a man, not because he lives in a marble palace on Riverside drive."

Alicia looked pained. This girl was certainly impossible.

"But surely," she said, "you realized that when you married Howard you made a mistake—to say the least?"

"Yes, that part of it has been made pretty plain. It was a mistake—his mistake—my mistake. But now it's done and it can't be undone. I don't see why you can't take it as it is and—"

She stopped short and Alicia completed the sentence for her: "—and welcome you into our family."

"Welcome me? No, m'am. I'm not welcome and nothing you or your set could say would ever make me believe that I was welcome. All I ask is that Howard's father do his duty by his son."

"I do not think—pardon my saying so," interrupted Alicia stiffly, "that you are quite in a position to judge of what constitutes Mr. Jeffrey's duty to his son."

"Perhaps not, I only know what I would do—what my father would have done—that any one would do if they had a spark of humanity in them. But they do say that after three generations of society life red blood turns blue."

Annie turned to look out of the window. Her face still averted she said: "What is there to do? Howard has acknowledged his guilt. What sacrifices we may make will be thrown away."

Annie eyed her companion with content. Her voice quivering with indignation, she burst out: "What is there to do? Try and save him, of course. Must we sit and do nothing because things look black? Ah! I wasn't brought up that way. No, m'am, I'm going to make a fight!"

"It's useless," murmured Alicia, shaking her head.

"Judge Brewster doesn't think so," replied the other calmly.

"The banker's wife gave a start of surprise. Quickly she asked: "You mean that Judge Brewster has encouraged you to—"

"He's done more than encourage me—God bless him—he's going to take up my case."

Alicia was so thunderstruck that for a moment she could find no answer.

"What!" she exclaimed, "without consulting Mr. Jeffrey?"

She put her handkerchief to her face to conceal her agitation. Could it be possible that the judge was going to act, after all, in defiance of her husband's wishes? If that were true, what would become of her? Concealment would be no longer possible. Discovery of her clandestine visit to Underwood's apartment, that fatal night must come. Howard might still be the murderer, Underwood might not have committed suicide, but her visit to his rooms at midnight would become known. Judge Brewster was not the man to be deterred by difficulties once he took up a case. He would see the importance of finding the mysterious woman who went secretly to Underwood's rooms that night of the tragedy.

"He consulted only his own feelings," went on Annie. "He believes in Howard, and he's going to defend him."

Alicia looked at her anxiously as if trying to read what might be in her mind. Indifferently she went on: "The papers say there was a quarrel about you, that you and Mr. Underwood were too friendly. They implied that Howard was jealous. Is this true?"

"As we all talk," cried Annie indignantly, "nothing but scandal—lies! There's not a word of truth in it. Howard never had a jealous thought

The Third Degree

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

By CHARLES KLEIN AND ARTHUR HORNBLow

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

INCORPORATED, 1919, BY G.W. BILLINGHAM COMPANY

Howard Jeffrey, 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 disowned by his father. He is out of work and in desperate straits. Underwood, who had once been engaged to Howard's stepmother, Alicia, is again in desperate 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 commissioner, demand an accounting. He cannot make good. Howard calls at his apartment and an interesting conversation takes place. Alicia pleads with Howard 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 his life. He refuses unless she will renew her patronage. This she refuses. Alicia turns over to the police. Howard is turned over to the police. 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. She calls on Jeffrey. He refuses to help unless she will consent to a divorce. To find that the sister Jeffrey does not intend to stand by his son, except financially, she scorns his help. Annie appeals to Judge Brewster. He declines. He reported that Annie is going on the stage. Judge Brewster finds some way to prevent it. Annie again pleads with Brewster to defend Howard.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

"You're not afraid to help him," she said. "I know that—you just said so."

Judge Brewster raised his hat and brought it down on the desk with a bang which raised in a cloud the accumulated dust of weeks. His face set and determined, he said: "You're quite right! I'm going to take your case!"

Annie felt herself giving way. It was more than she could stand. For victory to be hers when only a moment before defeat seemed certain was too much for her nerves. All she could gasp was:

"Oh, judge!"

The lawyer adjusted his eyeglasses, blew his nose with suspicious energy, and took up a pen.

"Now don't pretend to be surprised—you knew I would. And please don't thank me. I hate to be thanked for doing what I want to do. If I didn't want to do it, I wouldn't."

Through her tears she murmured: "I'd like to say thank you."

"Well, please don't," he snapped. But she persisted. Tenderly, she said: "May I say you're the dearest, kind—"

"Judge Brewster shook his head. "No—no—nothing of the kind."

"Most gracious—noble-hearted—courageous," she went on.

The judge struck the table another formidable blow.

"Mrs. Jeffrey!" he exclaimed. "She turned away her head to hide her feelings.

"Oh, how I'd like to have a good cry," she murmured. "If Howard only knew!"

Judge Brewster touched an electric button, and his head clerk entered.

"Mr. Jones," said the lawyer quickly, "get a stenographic report of the case of the People against Howard Jeffrey, Jr., get the borers' inquest, the grand jury indictment, and get a copy of the Jeffrey confession—get everything—right away!"

The clerk looked inquiringly, first at Annie and then at his employer. "Do you, sir?"

"We do," said the lawyer laconically.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Now, my dear young woman," said Judge Brewster, when the astonished

How Hearing is Affected

Two Theories as to the Effect of Artillery Practice on Auditory Apparatus.

A writer in a recent number of La Nature, M. Ghastang, gives some interesting facts with regard to artillery practice in the French navy, and shows an inclination to favor the supposition, which we do not remember

amount of gas generated by the combustion of the powder is produced, and this (in some way that does not appear clear to us) leads to such rarefaction of the air of the deck that it is suction instead of impact that injures the ear. The author finds support for this supposition in the fact that plugs of cotton inserted into the auditory canal are often found to have been wholly or in part withdrawn by the firing.

He admits, however, that persons injured by concussion, as has commonly been supposed.

New Yorkers Fond of Candy.

Father Knickerbocker has a remarkably sweet tooth. Candy-makers say that more of their product is eaten in New York than in any other city in the world and more than in any other three cities on this continent. Men show almost as great fondness for it as women do, and many shops in the business sections are patronized almost exclusively by them.

Of Much Value to Surgeons

"Stomach Telescope" Has Been Found Useful in Almost Endless Variety of Ways.

The "stomach telescope," or gastro-scope, invented at the London hospital, has proved to be of the greatest value in the diagnosis of stomach disorders. An eminent surgeon recently referred in the latest terms to the advances lately made at that hospital in the early detection of diseases of the stomach by means of this instrument, which will in the immediate future probably come to be part of the equipment of every up-to-date hospital. The gastro-scope now enables the physician or surgeon to actually see for himself the exact condition of the whole of the interior of the stomach, the slightest ulceration, growth or other abnormality in the lining membrane being thus readily observed. To be able to do this is of the very greatest importance in suspected cancer

of the stomach, where the only hope of cure lies in the eradication of the cancerous growth at the very earliest moment. This means that the increased use of the gastro-scope will in the future save many lives that would otherwise inevitably be lost through that disease.

Proclaims His Feelings.

Without the doctor and my better half I have my doubts whether there would have been an opportunity to write this, and this reminds me to say that, against protestations, I'm prepared to say, there is no easement to the afflicted and no satisfaction so intensely intense as when you are sick and pain seems unbearable to let your voice proclaim the feeling. Stomach is very noble, to be sure, but when nature demands the tribute of a hearty groan or grunt from a sufferer she is apt to receive herself if it is suppressed.—Ocala Star.

Such Is Life.

A colored philosopher is reported to have said: "Life, my brethren, ain't nothin' but a pain in the ass, and then waddin' it would 'lar' out."

Best Old Folks' Town.

On an average there are nearly ten thousand people more than 65 years old dying in New York every year. This is the highest proportion of old folk ever recorded by any city in the world. New York is the best old folks' town in the world.

Deserve No Pity.

I've never had any pity for conceited people, because I think they carry their comfort about with them.—George Elliot.

Angora Goat as Land Cleaner.

The Angora goat is making considerable progress in Queensland. Apart from the value of mohair, the Angora is a splendid cleaner of land. Forty goats will clear as much land as a man with a mattock, and do it much better.

IN THE LIMELIGHT

NEW LEADER OF THE MINERS



John P. White of Okaloosa, Iowa, has become president of the United Mine Workers of America. The attainment of this high position is a tribute to perseverance and integrity, for John White, at the age of 20, was an orphan and at the age of thirteen was a mule boy in the mines of Lucas county, helping support a mother and brothers and sisters.

White was born a stone's throw from the mouth of a coal mine in Coal Valley, Rock Island county, Ill., February 28, 1870. He was the youngest son of Joseph and Catherine White. After his father died the family, in 1883, moved to Lucas county, where John entered the mines.

He has been actively identified with the United Mine Workers since 1899, when the movement was fragmentary. He was chosen secretary-treasurer of District No. 13, a position he held until April 1, 1904, when he was chosen president of the district. He served as such until 1908, when he was unanimously elected vice-president of the international union, and, at the earnest request of the miners, he again accepted the district presidency, which he has just relinquished to assume the duties of the higher office. In 1890 White was married to Miss Ida Bethold of Burlington, and they are the parents of four children.

The coal mines of Iowa made John White, and it may be said with equal veracity that John White has made the coal mines of Iowa, so far as the miners are concerned. Until White took charge, District No. 13 organization was little better than nothing. Under his leadership it has prospered and thrived until the miners of this district now have more than \$1,000,000 for the rainy day.

White will remove with his family to Indianapolis, where his new duties make it necessary for him to reside.

NOW AMBASSADOR TO RUSSIA

The post of ambassador to Russia is one of the most important in our diplomatic service, owing to the interplay of Russian and American interests in the far East and to the grave questions affecting trade and politics which are constantly arising in that far-off region of the Orient.

Our new ambassador to Russia, former Governor Curtis Guild of Massachusetts, was selected for this difficult post because of his recognized ability and his broad comprehension of American interests.

Mr. Guild is a native of Boston, a graduate of Harvard and of Geneva university and is the wearer of several university degrees. As a young man he entered the office of the Boston Commercial Bulletin, founded by his father, worked himself upward into the editorial chair and in 1902 became sole owner of the paper.

Through his newspaper experiences he became interested in politics and in several campaigns toured the country in the interests of the Republican party. In 1908 he was the companion of Roosevelt in a stumping tour of the west. Two years later he was elected lieutenant governor of Massachusetts and served three years, which were followed by his election as governor, in which post he served three terms.

Since 1909 his time has largely been taken up with business. During the Spanish-American war he served as lieutenant colonel and as inspector general on the staff of the Seventh corps, under General Fitzhugh Lee, until the break-up of the corps in Cuba. His work was praised in the report of the inspector general of the army.

WOMAN WHO OWNS BALL CLUB

While not alighting the men fans, "ladies first" is practically to be the motto and slogan of baseball's newest and most novel figure, the "lady owner," who is personified by Mrs. Helen Hathaway Britton of Cleveland, owner of the St. Louis National League.

Mrs. Britton has taken charge of the affairs of the club. She is not entirely a novice in baseball, as she comes of a remarkable baseball family. Her father was the late Frank DeHaas Robinson, owner of the Cleveland Spiders and later the St. Louis club, and now she succeeds her uncle, the late M. Stanley Robinson, owner of the club, in assuming control of its destinies.

"The women, girls and children are to be catered to in League park," says Mrs. Britton, "and for that reason the elimination of the liquor bar from the park remains perpetual. My uncle established that rule for this reason, and it is my wish as strongly as all to do with the game itself. In the absence of the bar we expect to have the presence of more women and children, a result we earnestly desire, and which we will do our utmost to maintain to the pleasure of all our patrons."

"Dispose of the club?" exclaimed Mrs. Britton. "I've never entertained such an idea. My uncle willed it to me or at least 997 of the 1,000 shares of stock, and it will remain in the family. I do love baseball. My heart is in it. I was born and brought up on it."

SENATOR TILLMAN NEAR END

Senator Ben Tillman, his pitchfork at rest, is back on his asparagus farm near Trenton, S. C. "I look in the glass and see the old Ben," he said the other day to one who had inquired about his health; "then I find I am not worth a d—."

The senator is not far astray. The rugged form and face are apparently the same as ever. There is still a flickering of the old fire in his single eye. But his physique is a hollow shell. None of his family refers to his failing health, nor do visitors mention it.

Senator Tillman hates the idea of death. "Just when I'm getting ready to live I've got to die," he complained to a friend recently. And yet while apparently the hand of death is close to him he is planning for the future. The other day he directed the setting out of a new vineyard. It adjoins the kitchen garden, in which Mrs. Tillman, in sunbonnet and apron, was at work with a weeding hoe. She is a fine, motherly woman, and the plain truth is that she'd a good deal rather work among her flowers and vegetables than be holding up her social end in Washington. The big house sets back behind a perfect jungle of japonicas, palmettos, purple and yellow azaleas of iris and daffodils, all of her setting out.

"What a blanked fool I am, just ready to die and planting a vineyard," said the senator.

Considerable Counting.

A report recently issued by the treasury department shows that there are 150,000,000 \$1 bills in circulation. We assume that they are counted every night by the wives of the men who happen to have possession of them.

Ambition.

Ambition can creep as well as soar. The pride of no person in a flourishing condition is more justly to be dreaded than that of him who is mean and cringing under a doubtful and unprosperous fortune.—Burke: "Letters on a Regicide Peace."

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Snicker Doodles.

Two cups of sugar, two eggs, cup sweet milk, six tablespoons melted flour, cup chopped raisins, one quart flour, tablespoonful of cream tartar, half teaspoonful of soda; flavor to taste. Bake in hot oven.

Cutting Butter.

To cut brick butter for table use, tear strip of oiled paper wrapping, place on butter the desired thickness, and cut through. Butter in squares does not break or stick to the knife.

HINTS FOR THE COOK

RIGHT AND WRONG WAYS OF PREPARING MEAT.

"Simmering" and "Boiling" Are Different Things—Steaming Excellent for Cooking Large Joints—Braising Pan Useful.

The ordinary housewife rarely understands the meaning of the words "boil" and "simmer." Water boils at sea level at 212 degrees Fahrenheit; at high altitudes it boils at lower temperature. We find by experience that meat becomes tender more quickly at simmering point—a temperature of 180 degrees—than when it is boiled at 212 degrees. Simmering is when the bubbles form on the bottom of the vessel, safely pass through the water and rupture at the top, says the Christian Science Monitor. This is not the boiling point. To have a piece of boiled meat rare, juicy and tasty the outside must be thoroughly sealed, the meat into boiling water, bring quickly to the boiling point, boil for 20 minutes, then push the kettle back where the meat will simmer 15 minutes to each pound. If the meat is to be served rare 12 minutes will be long enough on the other hand, if it is to be well done, cook it 20 minutes to the pound. Even when well done it should be juicy, tender and palatable.

Boiled meats are more easily digested than baked meats, even when baked meats are carefully cooked. Baked meats are preferable to those cooked in a dry pan, and dry-panned meats are far superior to those fried; in fact, fried meats have no place at a well-regulated table.

Steaming is an admirable method of cooking tough meats, or large joints like a leg of mutton or a ham. This may be done in a common boiler, using sufficient water to create a good volume of steam. Place the meat in the boiler, on a rack, above the water. As the water evaporates and replaces with boiling water. Do not check the boiling or you reduce the heat and soften the surface of the meat.

Braising is a cross between baking and boiling. This method is largely used for roasts. A braising pan is a baking pan with a tight-fitting cover. These pans are sold under the astonishing name of "roasting pans"; roasting means to cook before a fire; you cannot roast in a covered pan. These pans are, notwithstanding their ill-favored name, admirable utensils in which to cook fricandeau of veal, beef a la mode, leg of mutton, braised beef, or an old turkey or fowl. Place the meat in the pan and partly fill the pan with boiling stock water. If you have a little chopped onion, a bay leaf and a little chopped celery, cover the pan, stand in a hot oven and bake for three or four hours, according to the size and the kind of meat. A leg of mutton will require two; beef a la mode four, and fricandeau of veal three hours. Veal, to be at all edible, must be very well cooked.

Nut Bread.

Beat up one egg and beat into it one-quarter of a cupful of sugar; add one teaspoonful of salt and two cups of flour. Mix thoroughly. Add one cupful of baking powder with four cupfuls of flour and sift this into the other ingredients, adding at the same time one cupful of chopped nuts. Stir these all together until smooth and then add two more cups of flour. Bake in pans for 20 minutes and then bake for 20 minutes in a hot oven.—Harper's Bazar.

Second Serving.

Instead of serving roast beef on its second appearance cold, prepare it as follows: Lay the slices of cold beef in a dressing made of a saltspoonful of white pepper, twice as much salt, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and three tablespoonfuls of olive oil. Mix well and pour over the beef. Leave for an hour, then drain each slice, dip into a thick flour batter and fry in deep fat to a golden brown. Serve very hot.

Little Economy.

There is nothing so small that you cannot save money on it. Make your pillow cases, for instance, of tubing. Then when they begin to get thin in the middle, you can rip the closest end and sew them again so that the creased edge of the pillow case will be on the inside. Leave for an hour, then drain each slice, dip into a thick flour batter and fry in deep fat to a golden brown. Serve very hot.

DOCTORS FAILED TO HELP HER

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Pound, Wis.—"I am glad to announce that I have been cured of dyspepsia and female weakness by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I had been troubled with both for fourteen years and consulted different doctors, but failed to get any relief. After using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier I am a well woman. I can't find words to express my thanks for the good your medicine has done for me. You may publish this if you wish. —Mrs. HERMAN SIXTY, Pound, Wis."

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is attested by the fact that it may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pain, indigestion, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills, and suffering women owe it to themselves to get at least one trial. It may be said, "Proof is abundant that it has cured thousands of others, and why should it not cure you?"

If you want special advice write to the publisher, give this medicine a trial. It is free and advice is white.

44 Bu. to the Acre

is a heavy yield, but that's what John Kennedy of Spring Wheat in 1918. Reports of the highest yields in the world are being made by farmers in Western Canada. The exhibit of grain, grass seed, vegetables, reports of excellent crops for 1919 come from Saskatchewan and Manitoba in the West.

Free home-made of 100 acres and peddling, preparation of 100 acres for 1919. The exhibit of grain, grass seed, vegetables, reports of excellent crops for 1919 come from Saskatchewan and Manitoba in the West.

Write to the best place for getting rates, descriptive literature, application and other information to the Canadian Government, Ottawa, Ont., or the Canadian Government, Ottawa, Ont.

REAL ESTATE.

OKLAHOMA LANDS allotted prior to opening to be put on market. Millions of acres and corn lands sold through United States land office. Only \$1000 down, \$1000 per acre. One dollar for full description of lands June and July. Our country is settled with excellent farmers. Merchants & Auctioneers, Muskogee, Oklahoma.

A GREAT BARGAIN and Home in Va. 500 A. acres good land with good buildings, new and old. Only \$2500 in cash on terms. W. B. Brockman, West Point, Virginia.

A FEW SNAPS in well improved farms for sale immediately. Located in portions of Oklahoma, Kansas, Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland.