



The THIRD DEGREE

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

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SYNOPSIS.

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 disowned by his father. Underwood, who had once been engaged to Howard's stepmother, Alice, is apparently in prosperous circumstances. Taking advantage of his intimacy with Alice, he becomes a sort of social highwayman. Discovering his true character, Alice denounces him. He sends her a note threatening suicide. Art dealers for whom he acted as a commissioner, demand an accounting. He cannot make good. Howard calls at his apartment in an intoxicated condition to request a loan of \$1,000 to enable him to take up a business proposition. Underwood tells him he is not up to the job. Howard drinks himself into a precarious condition, and goes to sleep on a sofa. A caller to announce and Underwood draws a screen around the drunken sleeper. Alice enters. She demands a promise from Underwood that he will not take his life. He refuses unless she will remove her patronage. This she refuses, and takes her leave. Underwood kills himself. The report of the pistol awakens Howard. He finds Underwood dead. Realizing his predicament, he attempts to flee and is met by Underwood's valet. Howard is turned over to the police. Capt. Clinton, solicitor for his arrest, treatment of prisoners, puts Howard through the third degree, and finally gets an alleged confession from the harassed man. Alice, Howard's wife, declares her belief in her husband's innocence, and vows she will clear him. She calls on Jeffries, Sr.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

He halted, looking as if he would like to escape, but there was no way of egress. This determined-looking young woman had him at a disadvantage.

"I do not think," he said icily, "that there is any subject which can be of mutual interest."

"Oh, yes, there is," she replied eagerly. She was quick to take advantage of this entering wedge into the man's mantle of cold reserve.

"Flesh and blood," she went on earnestly, "is of mutual interest. Your son is yours whether you cast him off or not. You've got to hear me. I am not asking anything for myself. It's for him, your son. He's in trouble. Don't desert him at a moment like this. Whatever he may have done to deserve your anger—don't—don't deal him such a blow. You cannot realize what it means in such a critical situation. Even if you only pretend to be friendly with him—you don't need to really be friends with him. But don't you see what the effect will be if you, his father, publicly withdraw from his support? Everybody will say he's no good, that he can't be any good or his father wouldn't go back on him. You know what the world is. People will condemn him because you condemn him. They won't even give him a hearing. For God's sake, don't go back on him now!"

Mr. Jeffries turned and walked toward the window, and stood there gazing on the trees on the lawn. She did not see his face, but by the nervous twitching of his hands behind his back, she saw that her words had not been without effect. She waited in silence for him to say something. Presently he turned around, and she saw that his face had changed. The look of haughty pride had gone. She had touched the chords of the father's heart. Gravely he said:

"Of course you realize that you, above all others, are responsible for his present position."

She was about to demur, but she checked herself. What did she care what they thought of her? She was fighting to save her husband, not to make the Jeffries family think better of her. Quickly she answered:

"Well, all right—I'm responsible—but don't punish him because of me."

Mr. Jeffries looked at her. Who was this young woman who championed so warmly his own son? She was his wife, of course. But wives of a certain kind are quick to desert their husbands when they are in trouble. There must be some good in the girl, after all, he thought. Hesitatingly, he said:

"I could have forgiven him everything, everything but—"

"But me," she said promptly. "I know it. Don't you suppose I feel it, too, and don't you suppose it hurts?"

Mr. Jeffries stiffened up. This woman was evidently trying to excite his sympathies. The hard, proud expression came back into his face, as he answered curtly:

"Forgive me for speaking plainly, but my son's marriage with such a woman as you has made it impossible to even consider the question of reconciliation."

With all her efforts at self-control, Annie would have been more than human had she not resented the insinuation in this cruel speech. For a moment she forgot the importance of preserving amicable relations, and she retorted:

"Such a woman as me? That's pretty plain— But you'll have to speak even more plainly. What do you mean when you say such a woman as me? What have I done?"

Mr. Jeffries looked out of the window without answering, and she went out.



"You Will Leave America Never to Return."

"I worked in a factory when I was nine years old, and I've earned my living ever since. There's no disgrace in that, is there? There's nothing against me personally—nothing disgraceful, I mean. I know I'm not educated. I'm not a lady in your sense of the word, but I've led a decent life. There isn't a breath of scandal against me—not a breath. But—what's the good of talking about me? Never mind me. I'm not asking for anything. What are you going to do for him? He must have the best lawyer that money can procure—none of those barroom orators. Judge Brewster, your lawyer, is the man. We want Judge Brewster."

Mr. Jeffries shrugged his shoulders. "I repeat—my son's marriage with the daughter of a man who died in prison—"

She interrupted him. "That was hard luck—nothing but hard luck. You're not going to make me responsible for that, are you? Why, I was only eight years old when that happened. Could I have prevented it? Recklessly she went on: 'Well, blame it on me if you want to, but don't hold it up against Howard. He didn't know it when he married me. He never would have known it but for the detectives employed by you to dig up my family history, and the newspapers did the rest. God! what they didn't say! I never realized I was of so much importance. They printed it in scare-head lines. It made a fine sensation for the public, but it destroyed my peace of mind.'"

"A convict's daughter!" said Mr. Jeffries contemptuously.

"He was a good man at that!" she answered hotly. "He kept the squashiest poolroom in Manhattan, but he refused to pay police blackmail, and he was railroaded to prison." Indignantly she went on: "If my father's shingle had been up in Wall street, and he'd made 50 dishonest millions, you'd forget it next morning, and you'd welcome me with open arms. But he was unfortunate. Why, Billy Delmore was the best man in the world. He'd give away the last dollar he had to a friend. I wish to God he was alive now! He'd help to save your son. I wouldn't have to come here to ask you."

Mr. Jeffries shifted uneasily on his feet and looked away.

"You don't seem to understand," he said impatiently. "I've completely cut him off from the family. It's as if he were dead."

She approached nearer and laid her hand gently on the banker's arm.

"Don't say that, Mr. Jeffries. It's wicked to say that about your own son. He's a good boy at heart, and he's been so good to me. Ah, if you only knew how hard he's tried to get work! I'm sure you'd change your opinion of him. Lately he's been drinking a little because he was disappointed in not getting anything to do. But he tried so hard. He walked the streets night and day. Once he even took a position as guard on the elevated road. Just think of it, Mr. Jeffries, your son—to such straits were we reduced—but he caught cold and had to give it up. I wanted to go to work and help him out. I always earned my living before I married him, but he wouldn't let me. You don't know what a good heart he's got. He's been weak and foolish, but you know he's only a boy."

She watched his face to see if her words were having any effect, but Mr. Jeffries showed no sign of relenting. Sarcastically, he said:

"And you took advantage of the fact and married him?"

For a moment she made no reply. She felt the reproach was not undeserved, but why should she blame her for seeking happiness? Was she not entitled to it as much as any other woman? She had not married Howard for his social position or his money. In fact, she had been worse off since her marriage than she was before. She married him because she loved him, and because she thought she could redeem him, and she was ready to go through any amount of suffering to prove her disinterested devotion. Quietly, she said:

"Yes, I know—I did wrong. But I love him, Mr. Jeffries. Believe me or not—I love him. It's my only excuse. I thought I could take care of him. He needed some one to look after him, he's too easily influenced. You know his character is not so strong as it might be. He told me that his fellow students at college used to hypnotize him and make him do all kinds of things to amuse the other boys. He says that somehow he's never been the same since. I—I just loved him because I was strong and he was weak. I thought I could protect him. But now this terrible thing has happened, and I find I am powerless. It's too much for me. I can't fight this battle alone. Won't you help me, Mr. Jeffries?" she added pleadingly. "Won't you help me?"

The banker was thoughtful a minute, then suddenly he turned on her. "Will you consent to a divorce if I agree to help him?"

She looked at him with dismay. There was tragic tenderness in this dramatic situation—a father fighting for his son, a woman fighting for her husband.

"A divorce?" she stammered. "Why, I never thought of such a thing as that."

"It's the only way to save him," said the banker coldly.

"The only way?" said Mr. Jeffries firmly. "Do you consent?" he asked.

Annie threw up her head. Her pale face was full of determination, as she replied resignedly, catching her breath as she spoke:

"Yes, if it must be. I will consent to a divorce—to save him!"

"You will leave the country and go abroad to live?" continued the banker coldly.

She listened as in a dream. That she would be confronted by such an alternative as this had never entered her mind. She wondered why the world was so cruel and heartless. Yet if the sacrifice must be made to save Howard she was ready to make it.

"You will leave America and never return—is that understood?" repeated the banker.

"Yes, sir," she replied, falteringly.

Mr. Jeffries paced nervously up and down the room. For the first time he seemed to take an interest in the interview. Patronizingly he said:

"You will receive a yearly allowance through my lawyer."

Annie tossed up her chin defiantly. She would show the aristocrat that she could be as proud as he was.

"Thanks," she exclaimed. "I don't



accept charity. I'm used to earning my own living."

"Oh, very well," replied the banker quickly. "That's as you please. But I have your promise—you will not attempt to see him again."

"What! Not see him once more? To say good-by?" she exclaimed. A broken sob half checked her utterance. "Surely you can't mean that, Mr. Jeffries."

The banker shrugged his shoulders. "I don't want the newspapers filled with sensational articles about the heartrending farewell interview between Howard Jeffries, Jr., and his wife—with your picture on the front page."

She was not listening to his sarcasm.

"Not even to say good-by?" she sobbed.

"No," replied Mr. Jeffries firmly. "Not even to say good-by."

"But what will he say? What will he think?" she cried.

"He will see it is for the best," answered the banker. "He himself will thank you for your action."

There was a long silence, broken only by the sound of the girl's sobbing. Finally she said:

"Very well, sir. I'll do as you say." She looked up. Her eyes were dry, the lines about her mouth set and determined. "Now," she said, "what are you going to do for him?"

The banker made a gesture of impatience, as if such considerations were not important.

"I don't know yet," he said, haughtily. "I shall think the matter over carefully."

Annie was fast losing patience. She was willing to sacrifice herself and give up everything she held dear in life to save the man she loved, but the cold, deliberate, calculating attitude of this unnatural father exasperated her.

"But I want to know," she said, boldly. "I want to consider the matter carefully, too."

"You?" sneered Mr. Jeffries.

"Yes, sir," she retorted. "I'm paying dearly for it—with my life—with all I have. I want to know just what you're going to give him for it."

He was lost in reflection for a moment, then he said, pompously: "I shall furnish the money for the employment of such legal talent as may be necessary. That's as far as I wish to go in the case. It must not be known—I cannot allow it to be known that I am helping him."

"Must not be known?" cried Annie, in astonishment. "You mean you won't stand by him? You'll only just pay for the lawyer?"

The banker nodded.

"That is all I can promise."

She laughed hysterically.

"Why," she exclaimed, "I—I could do that myself if I—I tried hard enough."

"I can promise nothing more," replied Mr. Jeffries, coldly.

"But that is not enough," she protested. "I want you to come forward and publicly declare your belief in your son's innocence. I want you to put your arms around him and say to the world: 'My boy is innocent! I know it and I'm going to stand by him! You won't do that!'"

Mr. Jeffries shook his head. "It is impossible."

The wife's pent-up feelings now gave way. The utter indifference of this aristocratic father aroused her indignation to such a pitch that she became reckless of the consequences. They wanted her to desert him, just as they deserted him, but she wouldn't. She would show them the kind of woman she was.

"But!" she cried in an outburst of mingled anger and grief. "So his family must desert him and his wife must leave him! The poor boy must stand absolutely alone in the world, and face a trial for his life! Is that the idea?"

The banker made no reply. Snapping her fingers, she went on:

"Well, it isn't mine, Mr. Jeffries! I won't consent to a divorce! I won't leave America! And I'll see him just as often as I can, even if I have to sit in the Tombs prison all day. As for his defense, I'll find some one. I'll go to Judge Brewster again and if he still refuses, I'll go to some one else. There must be some good, big-hearted lawyer in this great city who'll take up his case."

Trembling with emotion, she readjusted her veil and with her handkerchief dried her tear-stained face. Going toward the door, she said:

"You needn't trouble yourself any more, Mr. Jeffries. We shan't need your help. Thank you very much for the interview. It was very kind of you to listen so patiently. Good afternoon, sir."

Before the astonished banker could stop her, she had thrown back the tapestry and disappeared through the door.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

REVIEW

Sunday School Lesson for June 22, 1911
Specially Arranged for This Paper

GOLDEN TEXT—"What Both the Lord Require of Thee, but to Do Justly, and to Love Mercy, and to Walk Humbly With Thy God."—Micah 6:8.

Different forms of review are suited to classes of different ages and different degrees of development, so that a variety of methods is suggested below. Some of these plans may need to be united with others to fill out the session, and any other changes and adaptations of them may be made that seem best to the teacher.

The quarter's lessons have taken up six books of the Old Testament. There have been five lessons in Second Kings, two in Second Chronicles, two in Isaiah, and one each in Jonah, Micah and Hosea. Select six members of the class and have each write a three-minute essay on one of these books, telling about the general course of the lessons or lesson from that book, and the teachings brought out therein. Let the class listen carefully to each essay, and at the close dictate a set of questions, which you have written beforehand, on the quarter's lessons as a whole, having the class write answers to the questions as they are read.

The teacher will write on slips of cardboard or heavy manila paper a series of questions on the lessons of the quarter, about five questions on each lesson. These questions will cover the principal facts of the lessons, and will be so framed that the answers can be very brief, yet adequate. Lay the slips of paper, face down, on the class table or on a large book held in the lap, mix them up, and have the class draw them one at a time, in turn. The scholar that draws a question will read it aloud, and then answer it if he can, retaining the slip. If he does not answer correctly, or at all, the next on his left will try to answer it, and so on around the class. The scholar that answers it will hold the slip, and the scholar that holds the largest number at the end of the recitation is declared the victor in the little contest. Announce this plan a week in advance, that the class may study for it.

Take a series of lesson pictures. Obliterate the titles of the pictures, and fasten a bit of ribbon to each. Place the pictures in a box open at the end, and let the ribbons extend outside. The scholars will draw these pictures out one after the other, each scholar telling the class about the lesson to which his picture belongs, holding up the picture as he does so. After the pictures have been used once, if there is time they may be returned to the box and the exercise may be repeated. This form of review is especially adapted to the primary department.

The class will be divided, at least a week in advance, into two sides, each side with a leader. The sides will meet by themselves and each prepare a series of questions on all the lessons of the quarter. The teacher will meet with each side and make sure that the questions are fair ones, and clearly expressed. On review day the two sides will sit facing each other. One side, through its leader, will propose a question to the other side, which will answer it if it can, speaking always through its leader, but always after consultation with the rest of the side. Then the second side will propose a question to the first side, and so on, alternating. If the answer is wrong, the side that proposed the question scores a point; if partly wrong, half a point. The side that is defeated may be required to give a social, at the teacher's home, to the other side.

This review, which is especially suited to adult classes, consists of a series of essays or talks on the principal topics of the various lessons. As far as possible, the speakers will choose their topics or lessons, but the teacher will have a list ready for suggestion. The following list will be an aid:

- I.—The Healing Side of Religion.
- II.—Our Unseen Defenders.
- III.—Starting the Young in Their Lives.
- IV.—Our Care for God's House.
- V.—The Universality of Christianity.
- VI.—The Perils of Pride.
- VII.—Our Work for Our Country.
- VIII.—Temperance Work Needed Today.
- IX.—The Madness of Militarism.
- X.—God's Forgiveness, and How to Obtain It.
- XI.—Reform Methods That Succeed.
- XII.—The Final Results of Sin.

The Same Lord. The Lord we have known as laying down his life for us is the same Lord we have to do with every day of our life, and all his dealings with us are on the same principles of grace. The great secret of growth is looking up to the Lord as gracious. How precious, how strengthening it is to know that Jesus is at this moment feeling and exerting the same love towards us as when he died on the cross for us.

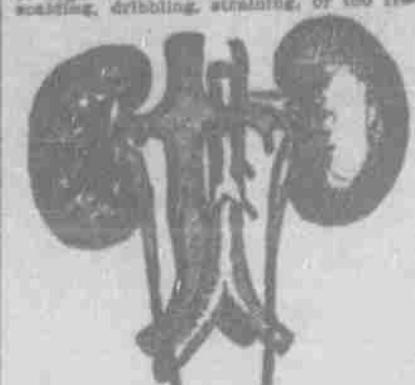
Have a Purpose. Live for something. Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year; you will never be forgotten.

Trick of the Devil. The devil is putting the butter on the right side of his bread when he gets a big sinner to count the hypocrites in the church.

\$3.50 RECIPE FREE, FOR WEAK KIDNEYS.

RELIEVES URINARY AND KIDNEY TROUBLES: BACKACHE, STRAINING, SWELLING, ETC. Stings Pain in the Bladder, Kidneys and Back.

Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say good bye forever to the aching, dribbling, straining, or too frequent passage of the urine; the forehead and the back-of-the-head aches; the stitches and pains in the back; the growling, muscle weakness, spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels; swelling of ankles or ankles; leg cramps; unnatural short breath; sleeplessness and the despondency?



I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on. It is a recipe that has been used for over 100 years, and is a recipe that has been used by the most famous physicians of the world. It is a recipe that has been used by the most famous physicians of the world. It is a recipe that has been used by the most famous physicians of the world.

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IT DOES ON HOUSES.



Wise—Do you see that striking looking woman with the veil?

How—Yes.

Wise—Do you know why she wears the veil?

How—No. Homely?

Wise—No; she's afraid the sun might blister the paint.

Properly Thankful.

Clark Howell of Atlanta tells of the sad case of an elderly dandy in Georgia, charged with the theft of some chickens. The negro had the misfortune to be defended by a young and inexperienced attorney, although it is doubtful whether any one could have secured his acquittal, the commission of the crime having been proved beyond all doubt. The dandy received a pretty severe sentence. "Thank you," said he cheerfully, addressing the judge when the sentence had been pronounced. "Dat's mighty hard, sah, but it ain't anything what I expected. I thought, sah, dat between my character and dat speech of my lawyer dat yo'd hang me, shore!"

Out of the Mare.

"Here's a halp in the soup, waiter," said the mad diner. "Yes, sir. It's all right. It's hare soup, sir."

BUSINESS WOMEN

A Lunch Fit for a King.

An active and successful young lady tells her food experience:

"Some years ago I suffered from nervous prostration, induced by continuous brain strain and improper food, added to a great grief."

"I was ordered to give up my work, as there was great danger of my mind falling me altogether. My stomach was in bad condition (nervous dyspepsia, I think now) and when Grape-Nuts food was recommended to me, I had no faith in it. However, I tried it, and soon there was a marked improvement in my condition."

"I had been troubled with faint spells, and had used a stimulant to revive me. I found that by eating Grape-Nuts at such times I was relieved and suffered no bad effects, which was a great gain. As to my other troubles—nervous prostration, dyspepsia, etc.—on the Grape-Nuts diet they soon disappeared."

"I wish especially to call the attention of office girls to the great benefit I derived from the use of Grape-Nuts as a noon luncheon. I was thoroughly tired of cheap restaurants and ordinary lunches, and so made the experiment of taking a package of Grape-Nuts food with me, and then slipping out at noon and getting a nickel's worth of sweet cream to add to it."

"I found that this simple diet, flannelled off with an apple, peach, orange, or a bunch of grapes made a lunch fit for a king, and one that agreed with me perfectly."

"I threw so on my Grape-Nuts diet that I did not have to give up my work at all, and in the two years have had only four lost days charged up against me."

"Let me add that your suggestions in the little book, 'Road to Wellville,' are, in my opinion, invaluable, especially to women." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read "The Road to Wellville" in plucks.

"There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.