



"It's No Use Talking About Her Any More."

# The THIRD DEGREE

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

By CHARLES KLEIN AND ARTHUR HORNBLow

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

## 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. 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 a sort of social highwayman. Discovering her true character, Alicia denounces him to the police. 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 apartments in an intoxicated condition to request a loan of \$2,000 to enable him to take up a business proposition. Underwood tells him he is in debt up to his eyes. Howard drinks himself into a maudlin condition, and goes to sleep on a divan. A neighbor announces that 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, 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, notorious for his brutal treatment of prisoners, puts Howard through the third degree, but when she finds an alleged confession from the harassed man, Annie, Howard's wife, declares her belief in her husband's innocence, and says she will clear him. She 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 financially, she scorns his help. Annie appeals to Judge Brewster for Jeffries, Sr., to take Howard's case. He declines. Annie haunts Brewster's office.

## CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"You mean about the Underwood case?" Alicia nodded.

"Yes, Mr. Jeffries is terribly upset. As if the coming trial and all the rest of the scandal were not enough. But now we have to face something even worse, something that affects me even more than my husband. Really, I'm frantic about it."

"What's happened now?" asked the lawyer, calmly.

"That woman is going on the stage, that's all!" she snapped.

"H'm," said the lawyer, calmly.

"Just think!" she cried, "the name, 'Mrs. Howard Jeffries'—my name—paraded before the public! At a time when everything should be done to keep it out of the papers this woman is going to flaunt herself on the stage!"

She fanned herself indignantly, while the lawyer rapped his desk absent-mindedly with a paper cutter. Alicia went on:

"You know I have never met the woman. What is she like? I understand she's been bothering you to take the case of that worthless husband of hers. Do you know she had the impertinence to come to our house and ask Mr. Jeffries to help them? I asked my husband to describe her, but all I could get from him was that she was impertinent and impossible." She hesitated a moment, then she added: "Is she as pretty as her pictures in the paper? You've seen her, of course?"

Judge Brewster frowned.

"Yes," he replied. "She comes here every day regularly. She literally outpaces me to see her and refuses to go till I've told her I haven't changed my decision about taking her case."

"What insolence!" exclaimed Alicia. "I should think that you would have her put out of the office."

The lawyer was silent and toyed somewhat nervously with the paper cutter, as if not quite decided as to what response to make. He coughed and fussed with the papers on the desk.

"Why don't you have her put out of the office?" she repeated.

The judge looked up. There was an expression in his face that might have been interpreted as one of annoyance, as if he rather resented this intrusion into his business affairs, but Mrs. Jeffries, Sr., was too important a client to quarrel with, so he merely said:

"Frankly, Mrs. Jeffries, if it were not for the fact that Mr. Jeffries has exacted from me a promise not to take up this case, I should be tempted to consider the matter. In the first place, you know I always liked Howard. I saw a good deal of him before your marriage to Mr. Jeffries. He was always a wild, unmanageable boy, weak in character, but he had many lovable traits. I am very sorry, indeed, to see him in such a terrible position. It was hard for me to realize it and I should never have believed him guilty had he not confessed to the crime."

"Yes," she assented. "It is an awful thing and a terrible blow to his father. Of course, he has had nothing to do with Howard for months. As you know, he turned him out of doors long ago, but the disgrace is none the less overwhelming."

The lawyer looked out of the window and drummed his fingers on the arm of his chair. Suddenly wheeling round, and facing his client, he said:

"You know this girl he married is no ordinary woman."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, sarcastically. "She has succeeded in arousing your sympathy."

The judge bowed coldly.

"No," he replied. "I would hardly say that. But she has aroused my curiosity. She is a very peculiar girl, evidently a creature of impulse and determination. I certainly feel sorry for her. Her position is a very painful one. She has been married only a few months, and now her husband has to face the most awful accusation that can be brought against a man. She is plucky in spite of it all, and is moving heaven and earth in Howard's defense. She believes herself to be in some measure responsible for his misfortune. Apart from that, the case interests me from a purely professional point of view. There are several strange features connected with the case. Sometimes, in spite of Howard's confession, I don't believe he committed that crime."

Alicia changed color and, shifting uneasily on her chair, scrutinized the lawyer's face. What was behind that calm, inscrutable mask? What theory had he formed? One newspaper had suggested suicide. She might herself come forward and declare that Robert Underwood had threatened to take his own life, but how could she face the scandal which such a course would involve? She would have to admit visiting Underwood's rooms at midnight alone. That surely would ruin her in the eyes not only of her husband, but of the whole world. If this sacrifice of her good name were necessary to save an innocent man's life, perhaps she might summon up

enough courage to make it. But, after all, she was by no means sure herself that Underwood had committed suicide. Howard had confessed, so why should she jeopardize her good name uselessly?

"No," repeated the judge, shaking his head, "there's something strange in the whole affair. I don't believe Howard had any hand in it."

"But he confessed!" exclaimed Alicia.

The judge shook his head.

"That's nothing," he said. "There have been many instances of untrue confessions. A famous affair of the kind was the Boorn case in Vermont. Two brothers confessed having killed their brother-in-law and described how they destroyed the body, yet some time afterward the murdered man turned up alive and well. The object of the confession, of course, was to turn the verdict from murder to manslaughter, the circumstantial evidence against them having been so strong. In the days of witchcraft the unfortunate women accused of being witches were often urged by relatives to confess as being the only way of escape open to them. Ann Foster, at Salem, in 1692, confessed that she was a witch. She said the devil appeared to her in the shape of a bird, and that she attended a meeting of witches at Salem village. She was not insane, but the horror of the accusation brought against her had been too much for a weak mind. Howard's confession may possibly be due to some such influence."

"I hope for his poor father's sake," said Alicia, "that you may be right and that he may be proved innocent, but everything is overwhelmingly against him. I think you are the only one in New York to express such a doubt."

"Don't forget his wife," remarked the judge, dryly.

"No," she replied. "I really feel sorry for the girl myself. Will you give her some money if I—"

The lawyer shook his head.

"She won't take it. I tried it. She wants me to defend her husband—I tried to bribe her to go to some other lawyer, but it wouldn't work."

"Well, something ought to be done to stop her annoying us!" exclaimed Alicia, indignantly. "Mr. Jeffries suffers terribly. I can hear him pacing up and down the library till three or four in the morning. Poor man, he suffers so keenly and he won't let any one sympathize with him. He won't let me mention his son's name. I feel we ought to do something. Try and persuade him to let me see this girl—and you are his friend as well as his legal adviser."

Judge Brewster bowed.

"Your husband is a very old friend, Mrs. Jeffries. I can't disregard his wishes entirely."

There was a knock at the door of the private office.

"Come in," called the judge.

The door opened and the head clerk entered, ushering in Howard Jeffries, Sr. The banker, still aristocratic and dignified, but looking tired and careworn, advanced into the room and shook hands with the judge, who greeted him with a cordial smile. There was no response on the banker's face. Querulously he demanded:

"Brewster, what's that woman doing out there again? It's not the first time I've met her in this office."

Alicia looked up eagerly. "Is she out there now?" she cried.

"What right has she to come here? What's her object?" went on the banker irritably.

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders.

"The same old thing," he replied. "She wants me to take her case."

The banker frowned.

"Didn't you tell her it was impossible?"

"That makes no difference," laughed the judge. "She comes just the same. I've sent her away a dozen times. What am I to do if she insists on coming? We can't have her arrested. She doesn't break the furniture or beat the office boy. She simply sits and waits."

"Have you told her that I object to her coming here?" demanded the banker, haughtily.

"I have," replied the judge, calmly, "but she has overruled your objection." With a covert smile he added, "You know we can't use force."

Mr. Jeffries shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"You can certainly use moral force," he said.

"What do you mean by moral force?" demanded the lawyer.

Mr. Jeffries threw up his hands as if utterly disgusted with the whole business. Almost angrily he answered:

"Moral force is moral force. I mean persuasion, of course. Good God, why can't people understand these things as I do?"

The judge said nothing, but turned to examine some papers on his desk. He hardly liked the inference that he could not see things as plainly as other people, but what was the use of getting irritated? He couldn't afford to quarrel with one of his best clients.

Alicia looked at her husband anxiously. Laying her hand on his arm, she said soothingly:

"Perhaps if I were to see her—"

Mr. Jeffries turned angrily.

"How can you think of such a thing? I can't permit my wife to come in contact with a woman of that character."

Judge Brewster, who was listening in spite of the fact that he was seemingly engrossed in his papers, pursed his lips.

"Oh, come," he said with a forced laugh, "she's not as bad as all that!"

"I'm sure she isn't," said Alicia, emphatically. "She must be amenable to reason."

The banker's wife was not altogether bad. Excessive vanity and ambi-

tion had steeled her heart and stifled impulses that were naturally good, but otherwise she was not wholly devoid of feeling. She was really sorry for this poor little woman who was fighting so bravely to save her husband. No doubt she had inveigled Howard into marrying her, but she—Alicia—had no right to sit in judgment on her for that. If the girl had been ambitious to marry above her, in what way was she more guilty than she herself had been in marrying a man she did not love, simply for his wealth and social position? Besides, Alicia was herself sorely troubled. Her conscience told her that a word from her might set the whole matter right. She might be able to prove that Underwood committed suicide. She knew she was a coward and worse than a coward because she dare not speak that word. The more she saw her husband's anger—the less courage she had to do it. In any case, she argued to herself, Howard had confessed. If he shot Underwood there was no suicide, so why should she incriminate herself needlessly? But there was no reason why she should not show some sympathy for the poor girl who, after all, was only doing what any good wife should do. Aloud she repeated:

"I'll see the girl and talk to her. She must listen to reason."

"Reason!" exploded the banker, angrily. "How can you expect reason from a woman who bounds us, dogs our footsteps, tries to compel us to take her up?"

Judge Brewster, who had apparently paid no attention to the banker's remarks, now turned around. Heastatingly he said:

"I think you do her an injustice, Jeffries. She comes every day in the hope that your feelings toward your son have changed. She wishes to give color to the belief that his father's lawyers are championing his cause. She was honest enough to tell me so. You know her movements are closely watched by the newspapers and she takes good care to let the reporters think that she comes here to discuss with me the details of her husband's defense."

The banker shifted impatiently on his chair. Contemptuously he said:

"The newspapers which I read don't give her the slightest attention. If they did I should refuse to read them." With growing irritation he went on:

"It's no use talking about her any more. What are we going to do about this latest scandal? This woman is going on the stage and she exhibits all over the country and she proposes to use the family name."

"There is nothing to prevent her," said the lawyer, dryly.

The banker jumped to his feet and exclaimed angrily:

"There must be! Good God, Brewster, surely you can obtain an injunction restraining her from using the family name! You must do something. What do you advise?"

"I advise patience," replied the judge, calmly.

But Mr. Jeffries had no patience. He was a man who was not accustomed to have his wishes thwarted. He did not understand why there should be the slightest difficulty in carrying out his instructions.

"Any one can advise patience!" he exclaimed, hotly, "but that's not doing anything." Banging the desk angrily with his fist, he exclaimed: "I want something done!"

Judge Brewster looked up at his client with surprise. The judge never lost his temper. Even in the most acrimonious wrangles in the courtroom he was always the suave, polished gentleman. There was a shade of reproach in his tone as he replied: "Come, come, don't lose your temper! I'll do what I can, but there is nothing to be done in the way you suggest. The most I can do is to remain loyal to you, although—to be quite candid—I confess it goes against the grain to keep my hands off this case. As I told you wife, there are certain features about it which interest me keenly. I feel that you are wrong to—"

"No, Brewster!" interrupted Mr. Jeffries, explosively. "I'm right! I'm right! You know it, but you won't admit it!"

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders and turned to his desk again. Laconically, he said:

"Well, I won't argue the matter with you. You refuse to be advised by me and—"

The banker looked up impatiently.

"What is your advice?"

The lawyer, without looking up from his papers, said quietly:

"You know what my feelings in the matter are."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Literary Vaudeville.

A New England admirer of Longfellow proposes that the afternoon of February 27 of each year be set aside in the public schools as a time to give special attention to the poet's life and works. Longfellow was doubtless a great American poet, but he already has sufficient place in the schools by being represented in every reader put forth since he lived and wrought. And there is already too much foolishness in the schools, and too little reading, writing and arithmetic. Unless this tendency toward holidays and special days in schools comes to an end soon, it will be necessary for teachers to take a course in vaudeville to provide the needed variety, and about all the children will take is a vacation.—Atchison Globe.

## Daniel in the Lion's Den

Sunday School Lesson for Sept. 24, 1911  
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT—Daniel 6.  
MEMORY VERSES—21-23.  
GOLDEN TEXT—"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him and delivereth them."—Psa. 34:7.  
TIME—Probably B. C. 533, very near the close of the seventy years' captivity, soon after Cyrus had conquered Babylon in B. C. 539.  
PLACE—Probably in Babylon, as is shown by the close connection of Daniel 5 and 6.  
PERSONS—Daniel was probably 50 years old; as this event was 65 years after his going to Babylon, in 604, and he must have been at least 14 years old at that time.  
CYRUS the Persian had just conquered the Babylonians.  
Darius the Mede, a viceroy of Cyrus, temporary king of the new province, but not in the line of emperor kings.

In our last lesson we stood by the golden image on the plains near Babylon. We saw the crowds bowing down before it while the heroic three stood up alone. We saw them cast into the fiery furnace and wonderfully delivered. This was just after the destruction of Jerusalem and greatest deportation of exiles and treasures to Babylon. They had reached Babylon. They were in the fiery furnace of affliction.

At this point the three Jews, Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego, were preaching a sermon to the captives, heard all over the empire—"Be true to your God, and your religion at any cost; yield to no seductions of idolatry, and God will deliver you from your burning fiery furnace, as he has delivered us." It was preached at the psychological moment.

It was heard by the Jews in Palestine four centuries later when they were persecuted by Antiochus; but it was needed even more by the exiles in Babylon; and would be worth an hundred times more to the Jews in the fires of Antiochus, because it was true in the time of Nebuchadnezzar, and was lived out by the deliverance of these captives a few years later.

The end of the exile was drawing nigh, as foretold by Jeremiah. The seventy years had nearly elapsed. The king who was to bring their deliverance was on the throne. The captives scattered all over the empire needed to know this and to be prepared. They had felt the horrors of the wars and rumors of wars, they had seen as it were the stars falling from the political sky, as Babylon and Nebuchadnezzar. They needed to know that the time of their redemption was drawing nigh, and to be prepared for it.

Here comes in the event of our lesson. Darius, Cyrus, Daniel, known all over the empire, were to present a resplendent light that would shine into every corner of the realm. Multitudes of the exiles must have suffered for their religion, and they might feel that God was not their friend and helper if Daniel's experience always resulted favorably while theirs did not. And they needed a visible object lesson of the delivering power of God to encourage their hope and faith for the deliverance of their nation from the "den of lions" in which they had been living for almost seventy years.

Daniel must have been between eighty and ninety years old at this time. He had had many trials of his character and faithfulness. He was an exile from home and native land, among enemies to his race and to his God. His native land was desolate, his relatives scattered; his people were exiles amid many difficulties that must have tested their faith to the utmost. But on the whole Daniel had been eminently successful, as he was worthy of success. He had maintained his high character. His course had been one of almost unbroken prosperity. The severe trials to which he had been subjected had hitherto resulted only in raising him to higher honors and success.

Under Darius, Daniel was recognized as a man of great ability and integrity, and one who could be trusted implicitly. Accordingly, he made him one of the three presidents over the 120 governors of as many provinces into which the kingdom was subdivided. It was not long before the other officers determined that in some way or other, by fair means or foul, they would get rid of Daniel.

They brought Daniel, and cast him into the den of lions. This was according to the Oriental custom on the evening of the same day. The story of the den of lions is strictly in keeping with Babylonian usages. Assurbanipal says in his annals, "The rest of the people I threw alive into the midst of the bulls and lions, as Sennacherib, my grandfather, used to do."

Daniel from the den of lions said, "My God hath sent his angel." He does not say whether the angel was visible or not. The winds and the lightning are God's angels according to the psalmist. But it is probable that he was visible to Daniel, as a manifest token of the favor and protection of God.

Daniel declares that he had been faithful to God and hence God had seen fit to deliver him. It was God's endorsement of his character. His faithfulness would have shown God's power and commended him to men, even if Daniel had died as a martyr. But the deliverance was an open declaration that God was on Daniel's side. Daniel had been as true to his king as he had been to his God. Faithfulness to God made him faithful to man. There are faithful Daniels in every town, crucified on unsewn crosses, burned with invisible flames, shut up in spiritual dens of lions.

## The Sum and Substance

of being a subscriber to this paper is that you and your family become attached to it. The paper becomes a member of the family and its coming each week will be as welcome as the arrival of anyone that's dear. It will keep you informed on the doings of the community and the bargains of the merchants regularly advertised will enable you to save many times the cost of the subscription.

## We're Opposed to Mail Order Concerns Because—

They have never contributed a cent to furthering the interests of our town—  
Every cent received by them from this community is a direct loss to our merchants—  
In almost every case their prices can be met right here, without delay in receiving goods and the possibility of mistakes in filling orders.  
But—  
The natural human trait is to buy where goods are cheapest. Local pride is usually secondary in the game of life as played today.  
Therefore  
Mr. Merchant and Business Man, meet your competitors with their own weapons—advertising.  
Advertise!  
The local field is yours. All you need do is to avail yourself of the opportunities offered. An advertisement in this paper will carry your message into hundreds of homes in this community. It is the surest medium of killing your greatest competitor. A space this size won't cost much. Come in and see us about it.

## PATENTS

PROCEDED AND DEFENDED. Send model, drawing or photo. for expert advice and free report. Free advice how to obtain patents, trade marks, copyrights, etc., in all countries. Business direct with Washington saves time, money and often the patent.  
Patent and Infringement Practice Exclusively. Write or come to us at  
525 Ninth Street, opp. United States Patent Office, WASHINGTON, D. C.

## GASNOW

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS  
WITH Dr. King's New Discovery  
FOR COUGHS, COLDS AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES.  
GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

## LOOK OUT FOR THE CARS

DO YOU know of anyone who is old enough to read, who has not seen that sign at a railroad crossing?

If everyone has seen it at some time or other, then why doesn't the railroad let the sign rot away? Why does the railroad company continue to keep those signs at every crossing?

Maybe you think, Mr. Merchant, "Most everybody knows my store, I don't have to advertise."

Your store and your goods need more advertising than the railroads need do to warn people to "Look Out for the Cars."

Nothing is ever completed in the advertising world.

The Department Stores are a very good example—they are continually advertising—and they are continually doing a good business.

If it pays to run a few ads round about Christmas time, it certainly will pay you to run advertisements about all the time.

It's just business, that's all, so ADVERTISE IN THIS PAPER