



The Third Degree

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

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CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

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 mother, Alicia, is apparently in prosperous circumstances. Taking advantage of his intimacy with Alicia, he becomes a sort of social highwayman. Discovering his true character, Alicia denies him the house. He sends her a note threatening suicide. Art deniers 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. 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, and takes her leave. Underwood kills himself. The report of the pistol awakens Howard. He finds Underwood dead. 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, and calls on Jeffries, Sr. He refuses to help unless she will consent to a divorce. To save Howard she consents, but when she finds that the elder Jeffries does not intend to stand by his son, except financially, she seeks his help. Annie appeals to Judge Brewster, attorney for Jeffries, Sr., to take Howard's case. He declines. It is reported that Annie is going on the stage. The banker and his wife call on Judge Brewster to find some way to prevent it. Annie again pleads with Brewster to defend Howard. He consents. Alicia is greatly agitated when she learns that Brewster has taken the case and detectives are looking for the woman who called on Underwood the night of his death.

SYNOPSIS.

"That's our object, isn't it, Mr. Jeffries—to find out?" he said sarcastically.

"What's the name of this mysterious witness?" exclaimed the banker testily. "If the police haven't been able to find her why should Howard's wife be able to do so? There was a report that she herself was—" He paused and added, "Did she tell you who it was?"

"No," said the judge dryly, "she will tell us to-night."

The banker bounded in his seat. "You'll see," he cried. "Another flash in the pan. I don't like being mixed up in this matter—it's disagreeable—most disagreeable."

Dr. Bernstein puffed a thick cloud of smoke into the air and said quietly: "Yes, sir; it is disagreeable—but unfortunately it is life."

Suddenly the door opened and Capt. Clinton appeared, followed by his fidus Achates, Detective Sergeant Maloney. Both men were in plain clothes. The captain's manner was condescendingly polite, the attitude of a man so sure of his own position that he had little respect for the opinion of any one else. With an effort at amiability he began:

"Got your message, judge—came as soon as I could. Excuse my bringing the sergeant with me. Sit over there, Maloney." Half apologetically, he added "He keeps his eyes open and his mouth shut, so he won't interfere. How do, doctor?"

Maloney took a position at the far end of the room, while Dr. Bernstein introduced the captain to Mr. Jeffries.

"Yes, I know the gentleman. How do, sir?"

The banker nodded stiffly. He did not relish having to hobnob in this way with such a vulgar as a grafting police captain. Capt. Clinton turned to Judge Brewster.

"Now, judge, explode your bomb! But I warn you I've made up my mind."

"I've made up my mind, too," retorted the judge, "so at least we start even."

"Yes," growled the other.

"As I stated in my letter, captain," went on the judge coolly, "I don't want to use your own methods in this matter. I don't want to spread reports about you, or accuse you in the papers. That's why I asked you to come over and discuss the matter informally with me. I want to give you a chance to change your attitude."

"Don't want any chance," growled the policeman.

"You mean," said the judge, peering at his vis a vis over his spectacles, "that you don't want to change your attitude?"

Capt. Clinton settled himself more firmly in his chair, as if getting ready for hostilities. Defiantly he replied:

"That's about what I mean, I suppose."

"In other words," went on Judge Brewster calmly, "you have found this—this boy guilty and you refuse to consider evidence which may tend to prove otherwise."

"Tain't my business to consider evidence," snapped the chief. "That's up to the prosecuting attorney."

"It will be," replied the lawyer sharply, "but at present it's up to you."

"Me?" exclaimed the other in genuine surprise.

"You Have Blemished Her Character with Stories of Scandal."

"Yes," went on Judge Brewster calmly, "you were instrumental in obtaining a confession from him. I'm raising a question as to the truth of that confession."

There was a sudden interruption caused by the entrance of the butler, who approached his master and whispered something to him. Aloud the judge said:

"Ask her to wait till we are ready." The servant retired and Capt. Clinton turned to the judge. With mock deference, he said:

"Say, Mr. Brewster, you're a great constitutional lawyer—the greatest in this country—and I take off my hat to you, but I don't think criminal law is in your line."

Judge Brewster pursed his lips and his eyes flashed as he retorted quickly:

"I don't think it's constitutional to take a man's mind away from him and substitute your own, Capt. Clinton."

"What do you mean?" demanded the chief.

"I mean that instead of bringing out of this man his own true thoughts of innocence, you have forced into his consciousness your own false thoughts of his guilt."

The judge spoke slowly and deliberately, making each word tell. The police bully squirmed uneasily on his chair.

"I don't follow you, judge. Better stick to international law. This police court work is beneath you."

"Perhaps it is," replied the lawyer quickly without losing his temper. Then he asked: "Captain, will you answer a few questions?"

"It all depends," replied the other insolently.

"If you don't," cried the judge sharply, "I'll ask them through the medium of your own weapon—the press. Only my press will not consist of the one or two yellow journals you inspire, but the independent, dignified press of the United States."

The captain reddened.

"I don't like the insinuation, judge."

"I don't insinuate, Capt. Clinton," went on the lawyer severely, "I accuse you of giving an untruthful version of this matter to two sensational newspapers in this city. These scurrilous sheets have tried this young man in their columns and found him guilty, thus prejudicing the whole community against him before he comes to trial. In no other country in the civilized world would this be tolerated, except in a country overburdened with freedom."

Capt. Clinton laughed boisterously. "The early bird catches the worm," he grinned. "They asked me for information and got it."

Judge Brewster went on:

"You have so prejudiced the community against him that there is scarcely a man who doesn't believe him guilty. If this matter ever comes to trial how can we pick an unprejudiced jury? Added to this foul injustice you have branded this young man's wife with every stigma that can be put on womanhood. You have hinted that she is the mysterious female who visited Underwood on the night of the shooting and openly suggested that she is the cause of the crime."

"Well, it's just possible," said the policeman with effrontery.

Judge Brewster was fast losing his temper. The man's insolent demeanor was intolerable. Half rising from

his chair and pointing his finger at him, he continued:

"You have blemished her character with stories of scandal. You have linked her name with that of Underwood. The whole country rings with falshities about her. In my opinion, Capt. Clinton, your direct object is to destroy the value of any evidence she may give in her husband's favor."

The chief looked aggrieved.

"Why, I haven't said a word."

"Turning to his sergeant, he asked: 'Have I, Maloney?'"

"But these sensation-mongers have!" cried the judge angrily. "You are the only source from whom they could obtain the information."

"But what do I gain?" demanded the captain with affected innocence.

"Advertisement—promotion," replied the judge sternly. "These same papers speak of you as the greatest living chief—the greatest public official—oh, you know the political value of that sort of thing as well as I do."

Judge Brewster picked up some papers from his desk and read from one of them.

"Captain, in the case of the People against Creedon—after plying the defendant with questions for six hours you obtained a confession from him."

"Yes, he told me he set the place on fire."

"Exactly—but it afterward developed that he was never near the place."

"Well, he told me."

"Yes, he told you, but it turned out that he was mistaken."

"Yes," admitted the captain reluctantly.

Judge Brewster again consulted the papers in his hand.

"You're quite right, captain—my mistake—it was homicide, but—it was an untrue confession."

"Yes."

"It was the same thing in the Callahan case," went on the judge, picking up another document. "In the case of the People against Tuthill—and Cosgrove—Tuthill confessed and died in prison, and Cosgrove afterward acknowledged that he and not Tuthill was the guilty man."

"Well," growled the captain, "mistakes sometimes happen."

Judge Brewster stopped and laid down his eyeglasses.

"Ah, that is precisely the point of view we take in this matter! Now, captain, in the present case, on the night of the confession did you show young Mr. Jeffries the pistol with which he was supposed to have shot Robert Underwood?"

Capt. Clinton screwed up his eyes as if thinking hard. Then, turning to his sergeant, he said:

"Yes, I think I did. Didn't I, Maloney?"

"Your word is sufficient," said the judge quickly. "Did you hold it up?"

"Think I did."

"Do you know if there was a light shining on it?" asked the judge quickly.

"Don't know—might have been," replied the chief carelessly.

"Were there electric lights on the wall?"

"Yes."

"What difference does that make?" demanded the policeman.

"Quite a little," replied the judge quietly. "The barrel of the revolver was bright—shining steel. From the moment that Howard Jeffries' eyes rested on the shining steel barrel of



that revolver he was no longer a conscious personality. As he himself said to his wife: 'They said I did it—and I knew I didn't, but after I looked at that shining pistol I don't know what I said or did—everything became a blur and a blank.' Now, I may tell you, captain, that this condition fits in every detail the clinical experiences of nerve specialists and the medical experiences of the psychologists. After five hours' constant cross-questioning while in a semi-dazed condition, you impressed on him your own ideas—you extracted from him not the thoughts that were in his own consciousness, but those that were in yours. Is that the scientific fact, doctor?"

"Yes," replied Dr. Bernstein, "the optical captivation of Howard Jeffries' attention makes the whole case complete and clear to the physician."

Capt. Clinton laughed loudly.

"Optical captivation is good!" Turning to his sergeant he asked: "What do you think of that, Maloney?"

Serg. Maloney chuckled.

"It's a new one, eh?"

"No, captain—it's a very old one," interrupted the lawyer sternly, "but it's new to us. We're barely on the threshold of the discovery. It certainly explains these other cases, doesn't it?"

"I don't know that it does," objected the captain, shaking his head. "I don't acknowledge—"

Judge Brewster sat down. Looking the policeman squarely in the face, he said slowly and deliberately:

"Capt. Clinton, whether you acknowledge it or not, I can prove that you obtained these confessions by means of hypnotic suggestion, and that is a greater crime against society than any the state punishes or pays you to prevent."

The captain laughed and shrugged his shoulders. Indifferently he said: "I guess the boys up at Albany can deal with that question."

"The boys up at Albany," retorted the lawyer, "know as little about the laws of psychology as you do. This will be dealt with at Washington!"

The captain yawned.

"I didn't come here to hear about that—you were going to produce the woman who called on Underwood the night of the murder—that was what I came here for—not to hear my methods criticised—where is she?"

"One thing at a time," replied the judge. "First, I wanted to show you that we know Howard Jeffries' confession is untrue. Now we'll take up the other question." Striking a bell on his desk, he added: "This woman can prove that Robert Underwood committed suicide."

"She can, eh?" exclaimed the captain sarcastically. "Maybe she did it herself. Some one did it, that's sure!"

The library door opened and the butler entered.

"Yes, some one did it!" retorted the judge; "we agree there!" To the servant he said: "Ask Mrs. Jeffries, Jr., to come here."

The servant left the room and the captain turned to the judge with a laugh:

"Is she the one? Ha! ha!—that's easy—"

The judge nodded.

"She has promised to produce the missing witness to-night."

"She has, eh?" exclaimed the captain.

Rising quickly from his chair, he crossed the room and talked in an undertone with his sergeant. This new turn in the case seemed to interest him. Meantime Mr. Jeffries, who had followed every phase of the questioning with close attention, left his seat and went over to Judge Brewster.

"Is it possible," he exclaimed, "is it possible that Underwood shot himself? I never dreamed of doubting Howard's confession!" More cordially he went on: "Brewster, if this is true, I owe you a debt of gratitude—you've done splendid work—I'm afraid I've been just a trifle obstinate."

"Just a trifle," said the judge dryly. Sergeant Maloney took his hat.

"Hurry up!" said the captain, "you can telephone from the corner drug store."

"All right, cap."

Dr. Bernstein also rose to depart.

"I must go, Mr. Brewster; I have an appointment at the hospital."

The judge grasped his hand warmly.

"Thank you, doctor!" he exclaimed; "I don't know what I should have done without you."

"Thank you, sir!" chimed in the banker; "I am greatly indebted to you."

"Don't mention it," replied the psychologist almost ironically.

He went out and the banker impatiently took out his watch.

"It's getting late!" he exclaimed; "where is this girl. I have no faith in her promises!"

As he spoke the library door opened and Annie appeared.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SOUTHERN RAILWAY WORKS FOR SOUTH

BROAD CONCEPTION OF ITS MISSION SHOWN IN SOUTHERN'S ANNUAL REPORT.

REVIEW OF WORK BEING DONE

Importance To The South of Maintaining Its Monopoly of Cotton Production Is Pointed Out—Company Encouraging Live Stock Raising.

Washington, D. C.—A most encouraging view of the conditions in the Southeast is presented in the annual report of Southern Railway Company which states that one of the most important factors in the strength of the Company's position is the industrial and agricultural development of the territory traversed by its lines. The marked agricultural progress is due to the general adoption of approved methods by the farmers of the Southeast, particularly the increase of diversified farming, and the diversification of industries are noted.

The management of the Company, with a broad conception of its relations to the public, is making the railway not merely a carrier of the people and products of the South, but also a helpful factor in Southern development. The report sets out the efforts being put forward to increase the prosperity of the people already in the Southeast, and, to attract investors and desirable settlers to the territory served by the lines of the Southern Railway. A review is given of the work being done by the Cotton Culture Department which is teaching farmers, in localities where it is possible the boll weevil may spread, to successfully combat the insect should it ever appear in their fields, and thus maintain their production instead of having to learn how to deal with it after it appears. The work of this department will be extended to cover all the territory along the Company's lines to which there is even a remote danger that the weevil may spread. The importance to the South of maintaining its monopoly of cotton production is pointed out in connection with the vigorous efforts being made to raise cotton in other parts of the world. The report shows that the Company is also encouraging live stock raising and dairying in its territory. Recognition is given the newspapers of the Southeast for their valuable assistance and also to commercial organizations, banks, and individuals who have aided the Company in all its efforts to advance the agricultural prosperity of the Southeast.

The more important additions and betterments completed and undertaken during the year are shown, among them the double track lines through Lynchburg, Va., and into Chattanooga, Tenn., 38 miles of double track between Atlanta and Gainesville, Ga., modern lap-sidings on the line between Atlanta and Macon, Ga., Knoxville and Chattanooga, Tenn., and Morristown, Tenn., and Asheville, N. C., new freight station and office building at Atlanta, additional freight station and yard facilities at Macon, and additional wharf facilities at Mobile, Ala. To provide adequate facilities to take care of the increasing traffic of the South, the report shows that the Company has in the last two years purchased the following additional equipment: 198 locomotives, 203 passenger-train cars, and 5,207 freight-train cars.

In closing, the report emphasizes the loyalty which has characterized the services and employes in all departments during the year and it is stated that the standard of efficiency throughout the service justifies the management in pursuing a consistent policy of filling by promotion vacancies that may occur, thus preserving a wide field of opportunity for advancement of all loyal and efficient employes.

Americanizing the Navy.
Washington.—The movement toward Americanizing the United Navy through the weeding out of aliens is a step in the right direction. The statement is now made that more than 95 per cent of the 47,000 sailors who make up the American navy are Americans. In former years the majority of foreigners was almost as great. There was a time in our history when the navy offered little in the way of inducement to an American boy. At present, life upon a battleship is helpful to young men.

Tribute to American School.
Richmond.—The Count de Bussieret, formerly the Belgian minister to this country, has sent his 8-year-old son to Washington to enter him in the public schools of that city. The boy made the trip from his native land unaccompanied. The school in which the boy will matriculate has had as pupils the children of many distinguished men. President Roosevelt, President Taft and many diplomats and high officials have been patrons of the Force public school on Massachusetts avenue.

FRIGHTFUL SUFFERING OF A WOMAN

Mrs. Garrett, of Vandervoort, Describes How She Suffered and How She Got Relief.

Vandervoort, Ark.—Mrs. Dora Garrett, of this place, says: "I suffered every month, for a year, and got weaker every day. My head and back would ache so bad, I could not sit up. I tried all kinds of medicines, and they all failed to cure me. Then my mother told me to take Cardui. When I had taken one bottle, I was able to do all of my work. I can recommend Cardui to be the greatest woman's remedy in the world. I have used it and know what it will do."

When a woman is ill, the real trouble is generally some derangement of her constitution, and the headache, and backache, etc., are merely symptoms of her womanly weakness. The proper treatment, therefore, is Cardui, the woman's tonic. No other medicine, or tonic, has exactly the same results as Cardui. No other has the record of so many years of successful use in cases of womanly ailments.

If Mrs. Garrett had taken Cardui sooner, she might have been spared the long sickness and much suffering. A few doses of Cardui at the right time will often save serious suffering and prevent a long sickness. Don't delay. Begin to take Cardui at once.

N. E.—Write to Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper, on request.

FAILED TO WIN.



"Scribb told me that he once wrote a \$20,000 prize story."

"And did he get the \$20,000?"

"No. The girl wrote and told him she had accepted his rival."

Too Late to Change.
"A man can no more change his reputation than he can change his face or his arms," said Senator La Follette at a banquet in Madison.

There was once a wicked old Madison millionaire who took his pastor aside and said:

"I am going to devote the remainder of my life to doing good."

"Dr. Thirdly, outspoken man, retorted:

"Do you mean John H. Good, the wealthy farmer, or young Sam Good, the Socialist millionaire?"

Would Arrest Him Anyway.
Sergeant—"All! Take Murphy's name for talkin' in the ranks."

Corporal—"W'y, sergeant, 'e weren't talkin'."

Sergeant—"Wasn't he? Well, cross it out an' put 'im in the guardroom for deceivin' me.—Tatler.

Overlooked.
Knicker—We can't carry revolvers any longer.

Bocker—But they didn't take away the girls' hatpins.

SHIFT
If Your Food Falls to Sustain You, Change.

One sort of diet may make a person despondent, depressed and blue and a change to the kind of food the body demands will change the whole thing. A young woman from Phila. says:

"For several years I kept in a run-down, miserable sort of condition, was depressed and apprehensive of trouble. I lost flesh in a distressing way and seemed in a perpetual sort of dreary nightmare. No one serious disease showed, but the 'all-over' sickness was enough.

"Finally, between the doctor and father, I was put on Grape-Nuts and cream, as it was decided I must have a nourishing food that the body could make use of.

"The wonderful change that came over me was not, like Jonah's gourd, the growth of a single night, yet it came with a rapidity that astonished me.

"During the first week I gained in weight, my spirits improved, and the world began to look brighter and more worth while.

"And this has continued steadily, till now, after the use of Grape-Nuts for only a few weeks, I am perfectly well, feel splendidly, take a lively interest in everything, and am a changed person in every way." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "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.