



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 will influence of Underwood, follows a path 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 step-mother, Alicia, is apparently in prosperous circumstances. Underwood's advantage of his intimacy with Alicia, he becomes a sort of social highwayman. Discovering his true character, Alicia leaves him the house. He sends her a note threatening suicide. Alicia declines for whom he acted as commissioner, demands an accounting. He cannot make good. Howard calls at his apartments in an intoxicated condition. A sailor is announced and Underwood tries to take up a business proposition. Underwood tells him he is in debt up to his eyes. Howard declines himself into a mental condition, and goes to sleep on a sofa. A sailor is announced and Underwood draws a revolver around the drunken sleeper. Alicia enters. She demands a promise from Underwood that he will not take her life. He refuses unless she will remove her revolver. She refuses, and takes her leave. Alicia kills herself. The report of the pistol awakes Howard. He finds Underwood dead. Looking for the murderer, he goes to the sea 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, and finally gives an alibi 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 older Jeffries does not intend to stand by his son, except financially, she scorns his help. Annie appeals to Judge Brewster, attorney for Jeffries, Sr., to take Howard's case. He declines.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"Where are the women?" asked Annie, trying to keep down the lump that rose chokingly in her throat. "They're in a separate part of the prison," replied the keeper. "Isn't it dreadful?" she murmured. "Not at all," he exclaimed cheerfully. "These prisoners fare better in prison than they do outside. I wager some of them are sorry to leave." "But it's dreadful to be cooped up in those little cells, isn't it?" she said. "Not so bad as it looks," he laughed. "They are allowed to come out in the corridor to exercise twice a day for an hour and there is a splendid shower bath they can take." "Where is my husband's cell?" she whispered, almost dreading to hear the reply. "There it is," he said, pointing to a door. "No. 458." Walking rapidly ahead of her and stopping at one of the cell doors, he rapped loudly on the iron grating and cried: "Jeffries, here's a lady come to see you. Wake up there!" A white, drawn face approached the grating. Annie sprang forward. "Howard!" she sobbed. "Is it you, Annie?" came a weak voice through the bars. "Can't I go in to him?" she asked pleadingly. The keeper shook his head. "No, m'm, you must talk through the bars, but I won't disturb you." He walked away and the husband and wife were left facing each other. The tears were streaming down Annie's cheeks. It was dreadful to be standing there so close and yet not to be able to throw her arms around him. Her heart ached as she saw the distress in his wan, pale face. "Why didn't you come before?" he asked.

"I could not. They wouldn't let me. Oh, Howard," she gasped. "What a dreadful thing this is! Tell me how you got into such a scrape!" He put his hand to his head as if it hurt him, and she noticed that his eyes looked queer. For a moment the agony of a terrible suspicion crossed her mind. Was it possible that in a moment of drunken recklessness he had shot Underwood? Quickly, almost breathlessly, she whispered to him: "Tell me quickly, 'tis not true, is it? You did not kill Robert Underwood." He shook his head. "No," he said. "Thank God for that!" she exclaimed. "But your confession—what does that mean?" "I do not know. They told me I did it. They insisted I did it. He was sure I did it. He told me he knew I did it. He showed me the pistol. He was so insistent that I thought he was right—that I had done it." In a deep whisper he added earnestly: "But you know I didn't, don't you?" "Who is he?" demanded Annie. "The police captain." "Oh, Capt. Clinton told you you did it?" Howard nodded. "Yes, he told me he knew I did it. He kept me standing there six hours, questioning and questioning until I was ready to drop. I tried to sit down; he made me stand up. I did not know what I was saying or doing. He told me I killed Robert Underwood. He showed me the pistol under the strong light. The reflection from the polished metal flashed into my eyes, everything suddenly became a blank. A few moments later the officer came in and Capt. Clinton told him I confessed. But it isn't true, Annie. You know I am as innocent of that murder as you are." "Thank God, thank God!" exclaimed Annie. "I see it all now." Her hands were folded. Her brain was beginning to work rapidly. She already saw a possible line of defense.



He Felt in Singularly Good Spirits.

"Ah!" interrupted Annie. "You, too, heard a woman's voice. Capt. Clinton said there was a woman in it." Thoughtfully, as if to herself, she added: "We must find that woman." "When I woke up," continued Howard, "it was dark. Groping around for the electric light, I stumbled over something. It was Underwood's dead body. How he came by his death I have not the slightest idea. I at once realized the dangerous position I was in and I tried to leave the apartment unobserved. Just as I was going, Underwood's man servant arrived and he handed me over to the police. That's the whole story. I've been here since yesterday and I'll be devilish glad to get out." "You will get out," she cried. "I'm doing everything possible to get you free. I've been trying to get the best lawyer in the country—Richard Brewster." "Richard Brewster!" exclaimed Howard. "He's my father's lawyer." "I saw your father yesterday afternoon," she said quietly. "You did!" he exclaimed, surprised. "Was he willing to receive you?" "He had to be," she replied. "I gave him a piece of my mind." Howard looked at her in mingled amazement and admiration. That she should have dared to confront a man as proud and obstinate as his father astounded him. "What did he say?" he asked eagerly. "I asked him to come publicly to your support and to give you legal assistance. He refused, saying he could not be placed in a position of condoning such a crime and that your behavior and your marriage had made him wash his hands of you forever." "Tears filled Howard's eyes and his mouth quivered." "Then my father believes me guilty of this horrible crime?" he exclaimed. "He insisted that you must be guilty, as you had confessed. He offered, though, to give you legal assistance, but only on one condition."

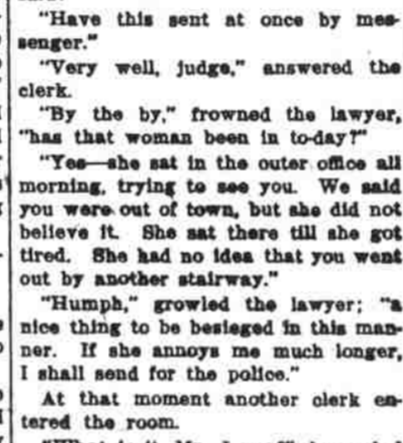
CHAPTER XIV.

Outwardly, at least, Judge Brewster's office at 83 Broadway in no way differed from the offices of ten thousand other lawyers who strive to eke out a difficult living in the most overcrowded of all the professions. They consisted of a modest suite of rooms on the sixth floor. There was a small outer office with a railed-off enclosure, behind which sat a half dozen stenographers busy copying legal documents; as many men clerks were writing at desks, and the walls were fitted with shelves filled with ponderous law books. In one corner was a room with glass doors marked "Mr. Brewster, Private." Assuredly no casual visitor could guess from the appearance of the place that this was the headquarters

of one of the most brilliant legal minds in the country, yet in this very office had been prepared some of the most sensational victories ever recorded in the law courts. Visitors to Judge Brewster's office were not many. A man of such renown was naturally expensive. Few could afford to retain his services, and in fact he was seldom called upon except to act in the interest of wealthy corporations. In these cases, of course, his fees were enormous. He had very few private clients; in fact, he declined much private practice that was offered to him. He had been the legal adviser of Howard Jeffries, Sr., for many years. The two men had known each other in their younger days and practically had won success together—the one in the banking business, the other in the service of the law. An important trust company, of which Mr. Jeffries was president, was constantly involved in all kinds of litigation of which Judge Brewster had exclusive charge. As the lawyer found this highly remunerative, it was only natural that he had no desire to lose Mr. Jeffries as a client. Secluded in his private office, the judge was busy at his desk, finishing a letter. He folded it up, addressed an envelope, then lit a cigar and looked at the time. It was three o'clock. The day's work was about over and he smiled with satisfaction as he thought of the automobile ride in the park he would enjoy before dressing and going to his club for dinner. He felt in singularly good spirits that afternoon. He had just won in the court a very complicated case which meant not only a handsome addition to his bank account, but a signal triumph over his legal opponents. Certainly, fortune smiled on him. He had no other immediate cases on hand to worry about. He could look forward to a few weeks of absolute rest. He struck a bell on his desk and a clerk entered. Handing him the note he had just written, he said: "Have this sent at once by messenger." "Very well, judge," answered the clerk. "By the by," frowned the lawyer, "has that woman been in today?" "Yes—she sat in the outer office all morning, trying to see you. We said you were out of town, but she did not believe it. She sat there till she got tired. She had no idea that you went out by another stairway." "Humph," growled the lawyer; "a nice thing to be besieged in this manner. If she annoys me much longer, I shall send for the police." At that moment another clerk entered the room. "What is it, Mr. Jones?" demanded the lawyer. "A lady to see you, judge," said the clerk, handing him a card. The lawyer glanced at the bit of pasteboard, and said immediately: "Oh, yes, show her in."

Two clerks left the room and Judge Brewster, after a glance in the mirror to re-adjust his cravat, turned to greet his visitor. The door opened and Alicia entered. She was faultlessly gowned, as usual, but her manner was flurried and agitated. Evidently something had happened to upset her, and she had come to make her husband's lawyer the confidant of her troubles. The judge advanced gallantly and pointed to a chair. "Good morning, my dear Mrs. Jeffries; how do you do?" "Is Mr. Jeffries here?" asked Alicia, hurriedly. "Not yet," he replied, smiling. "This is an unexpected pleasure. I think it is the first time you have graced my office with your presence." "How quiet it is here!" she exclaimed, looking around nervously. "It is hard to believe this is the very center of the city." Taking the seat offered to her, she went on: "Oh, judge, we are dreadfully worried."

"(TO BE CONTINUED.)"



Jimmy Doyle.

aman, as he is rapidly gaining in knowledge and experience. For the present Manager Chance has no idea of taking him off the infield when Evers returns. The Cardinals have purchased Pitcher Woodburn of the Duluth team, but the youngster will not report until next spring. Cyrus Morgan of the Athletics tried to find out whether an electric fan was moving in St. Louis, and lost the tip of his pitching finger. Kling has written some of his friends in Kansas City that he has been given the promise of the management of the Boston team next season. The Cincinnati club is to recall Pitcher Rube Benton, the \$7,500 lemm secured from Macon last fall. He has been seasoning with Chattanooga this summer. Cincinnati got Pitcher Herb Juhl from Chicago for the waiver price of \$1,500. The Cub owner sold Juhl to Louisville, but he refused to go there. Dan Howley has been sold by Utica, N. Y., to Cleveland, the player to report at the close of the State league season. Howley was for several seasons with Indianapolis. If all the players on a team cost as much money originally as O'Toole has cost the Pirates there would be very little danger of any pickers getting into the national game. Arthur Devlin has evidently lost his job as third baseman for the Giants. He has been in the last corner of the Giants' infield for eight years, but Fletcher is showing a little more life than the veteran. Rube Waddell owes President Hodges of the St. Louis Browns \$1,500, but the national commission ruled that his salary as a Minnesota pitcher cannot be applied to liquidate the obligation. The New York Americans pay \$100 City \$5,000 for Pitcher George Clarke and give two players, Klepper and Fitzgerald, to boot. Other clubs saw Clarke, but not for that amount apparently. Fred Clarke has purchased South-west Robinson of the Fort Worth (Tex.) league team. He is said to be the best twirler in the league. Clarke paid \$4,000. Brunsden had made an offer for him. Vess Gray says his ability to curve wide, sharp-breaking curves which have baffled every team in the league, is due to the powerful grip he acquires while working as a plasterer. His comments travel winding to ambitious batters. Pitcher Lou Fiese, released by the Mobile club of the Southern league as a result of the injury that ruptured his elbow, and now in the hands of the St. Louis Cardinals, has been

BROOKLYN TO LEAD SECOND DIVISION



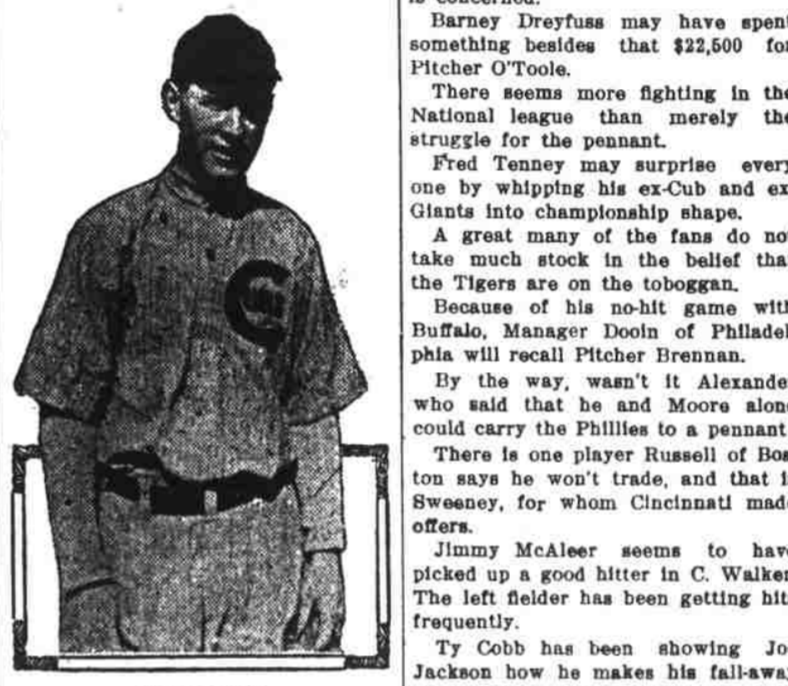
Manager Bill Dahlen.

Now that Rucker, Barger, Bell and Scanlon are pitching good ball for Brooklyn, Manager Dahlen is confident that his team will lead the second division at the close of the season. "We will do it with our pitchers," he says. "No team in the league has anything on us in the box, and if we were as strong elsewhere I would be talking pennant instead of heading the second division."

DOYLE LOOKS LIKE VETERAN

Chicago Cub's Playing at Third Base Clinches Position for Him—Made an Excellent Start.

Jimmy Doyle, as the baseball season creeps along, is steadily carving for himself into the position of permanent third baseman on the Chicago team. With every game his work improves, and he is succeeding exceedingly well in working with Tinker. Daily he is lessening Heinie Zimmerman's prospects of regaining the job at the far corner when Johnny Evers returns to the plate is taking on the aspect of a vet-



Jimmy Doyle.

erman, as he is rapidly gaining in knowledge and experience. For the present Manager Chance has no idea of taking him off the infield when Evers returns. The Cardinals have purchased Pitcher Woodburn of the Duluth team, but the youngster will not report until next spring. Cyrus Morgan of the Athletics tried to find out whether an electric fan was moving in St. Louis, and lost the tip of his pitching finger. Kling has written some of his friends in Kansas City that he has been given the promise of the management of the Boston team next season. The Cincinnati club is to recall Pitcher Rube Benton, the \$7,500 lemm secured from Macon last fall. He has been seasoning with Chattanooga this summer. Cincinnati got Pitcher Herb Juhl from Chicago for the waiver price of \$1,500. The Cub owner sold Juhl to Louisville, but he refused to go there. Dan Howley has been sold by Utica, N. Y., to Cleveland, the player to report at the close of the State league season. Howley was for several seasons with Indianapolis. If all the players on a team cost as much money originally as O'Toole has cost the Pirates there would be very little danger of any pickers getting into the national game. Arthur Devlin has evidently lost his job as third baseman for the Giants. He has been in the last corner of the Giants' infield for eight years, but Fletcher is showing a little more life than the veteran. Rube Waddell owes President Hodges of the St. Louis Browns \$1,500, but the national commission ruled that his salary as a Minnesota pitcher cannot be applied to liquidate the obligation. The New York Americans pay \$100 City \$5,000 for Pitcher George Clarke and give two players, Klepper and Fitzgerald, to boot. Other clubs saw Clarke, but not for that amount apparently. Fred Clarke has purchased Southwest Robinson of the Fort Worth (Tex.) league team. He is said to be the best twirler in the league. Clarke paid \$4,000. Brunsden had made an offer for him. Vess Gray says his ability to curve wide, sharp-breaking curves which have baffled every team in the league, is due to the powerful grip he acquires while working as a plasterer. His comments travel winding to ambitious batters. Pitcher Lou Fiese, released by the Mobile club of the Southern league as a result of the injury that ruptured his elbow, and now in the hands of the St. Louis Cardinals, has been

GANZEL FAMILY IS FAMOUS

John, Charles, Jr., and George Attend Family Reunion at Their Home in Kalamazoo, Mich.

After twenty-five years the Ganzel family held a family reunion at home in Kalamazoo recently. The Ganzel family have made their names famous in baseball. John Ganzel is manager and one-third owner of the Rochester team in the Eastern league and was at one time manager of the Cincinnati squad of the National League. He is now a bench manager. Charles, Jr., of Boston, now retired, is a well-to-do business man of that city. He was a catcher in the Detroit team of 1887, when the Tigers won the world's championship. Joe Ganzel of Grand Rapids was famous as a first baseman with various teams in Michigan while George Ganzel of Kalamazoo played with professional teams behind the bat and was a star. Both Joe and George had chances at the professional game, but preferred business life. The Ganzel family is one of the best known professional ball playing groups in the country.

Another Sprinter From the South.

Ty Cobb, Joe Jackson, Tyis Speaker and other famous American league outfielders will be forced to take to the tall timber when Long of Gadsden, Ala., reports to Washington. This young man, who is a discovery of Mike Kahn, leads his league in base running and hitting and is, according to Kahn, the fastest man ever seen. Kahn says that Cobb and Speaker will be unable to keep up with him in the field.

BIG LEAGUES' RAID

Soon Begin to Grab Up Minor Baseball Stars.

Average Life of Professional Player in Major Company is But Four Years—Game Has Advanced Along Scientific Lines.

One of the laws of organized professional baseball provides that between May 30 and August 20 of each season the 16 clubs which comprise the American and National leagues can carry but 25 players on their rosters. This means that during the three most important months of the campaign 400 players are maintained on the salary lists of the major league clubs. Of this number nearly one-sixth—65, to be exact—have been playing in the two principal organizations of the great "outdoor leagues" for eight years and more. After August 20 the big leagues will begin their annual raid on the stars in the minors.

When the rack and tear on physique and mental powers by everyday competition for six months—the actual playing season—is taken into consideration, this is a large percentage. When it is also realized that each spring some 600 odd ball players are taken south for spring training by these same 16 clubs, the percentage grows proportionately.

It has been said by those who have made a profession of baseball for years that the average life of the professional player in the two major leagues is four years. This can readily be understood when it is recalled how many athletes are drafted or purchased by these clubs, taken south and then fall to show caliber enough to outlast some seasoned veteran from his regular berth, and are sent back to the minor leagues.

There is still another point of honor to the credit of the 65 veterans who have performed for eight years and more. Baseball has advanced in a natural progression along scientific lines.

The following are the men who have remained in the American and National leagues for eight years or more:

- Giants—Christopher Mathewson, John J. McGraw, Leon Ames and George Wittee.
- Highlanders—Charles Hemphill.
- Washington—James McAleer, Norman Elberfeld, "Wild" Conroy, "Tom" Hughes and Harry Gessler.
- St. Louis Browns—"Bobby" Wallace and "Jack" Powell.
- St. Louis Cardinals—Roger Bresnahan.

Chicago Cubs—Frank Chance, James Shocker, John Evers, Joseph Tinker and Mordecai Brown.

Chicago White Sox—William Sullivan, James Callahan, Harry White and "Pat" Dougherty.

Boston Nationals—Fred Tenney, "Patsy" Flaherty, John Kling and Harry Steinfield.

Boston Red Sox—"Pat" Donovan and "Jack" Thoney.

Philadelphia Nationals—Charles Doolin, John Titus, William Bransfield, "Pat" Moran, John Lobert, "Bob" Ewing and Earle Moore.

Philadelphia Athletics—"Connie" Mack, "Danny" Murphy, "Topsy" Hartel, Harry Davis, "Eddie" Plank and "Chief" Bender.

Pittsburg—Fred Clarke, "Tommy" Leach, John Wagner and Charles Philippe.

Cincinnati—Clarke Griffith, Brooklyn—"Bill" Dahlen, Harry Smith and "Bill" Bergen.

Detroit—Hugh Jennings, George Mullin, "Bill" Donovan and "Davey" Jones.

Cleveland—"Cy" Young and Napoleon LaJoie.

UMPIRE MAKES UNIQUE RULE

Willing to Compromise on Foul Ball That He Had Declared Fair By Calling It Double.

Joe Jackson, the Cleveland star, tells this one on how an umpire decided a championship game between two rival South Carolina towns: "I was playing with Greens against Buffalo," said Joe. "We had Buffalo



Joe Jackson.

beaten 10 to 6, but they scored three runs in the last of the sixth and had three men on base with none out," says the Sporting News.

"The Buffalo catcher hit a ball that seemed to travel about a mile. It fell foul by two or three feet, but the umpire called it a fair, and four runs scored." "We kicked on the decision. The umpire said: 'Well, I don't want to see my home town boys lose, and I don't want to cheat Greens, so I'll compromise and call it a double.' That just beat our team."

Mack is Not Worrying. Connie Mack says he is not worried by a bit over the outcome of the race to be held in the fall. It is a long

Strange Freaks of Nature

Well-Authenticated Cases of Dumbness Which Scientists Are Unable to Explain.

The London Lancet recently dug up from its old files the following story: A farmer of Somersetshire made a vow in the presence of his wife never to speak to her again if she bore him another daughter. He already had three. A son was born, but, strange enough, to talk and did talk to his mother and sisters, the father said never got a word out of him, and what was more the boy would not talk to any man. This was announced in the neighborhood to be a punishment of the man for his rash vow. The reproduction of this curious case led to the appearance of another similar tale of international origin, recorded by a physician of both. In this instance a young man of 23 years had never spoken to his father nor to his mother and sisters, the father said never got a word out of him, and what was more the boy would not talk to any man. This was announced in the neighborhood to be a punishment of the man for his rash vow. The reproduction of this curious case led to the appearance of another similar tale of international origin, recorded by a physician of both. In this instance a young man of 23 years had never spoken to his father nor to his mother and sisters, the father said never got a word out of him, and what was more the boy would not talk to any man. This was announced in the neighborhood to be a punishment of the man for his rash vow.