

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE STATE

4700 ACRES WITHDRAWN.

Land Under Columbia Southern Project Acted On.

Salem—Withdrawal of 4,700 acres under the defunct Columbia Southern project was agreed to by the Desert Land board, expiration on this being due shortly.

The board took this step to protect the land against being thrown open for entry and to give the Oregon-Washington Finance company, which is attempting to place the old project on its feet, a better chance.

Representatives of the Oregon-Washington Finance company report that they are making excellent progress toward financing the plan, and while they may not complete their efforts successfully before the time limit expires, they believe they can do the work within a reasonable time and place the project on its feet.

This segregation embraces 27,000 acres in Crook county on the West side of the Deschutes river near Laird. The segregation was originally made on behalf of the Three Sisters Irrigation company, which proposed to reclaim the lands from the regular flow of Tumalo creek.

This company subsequently assigned its interests to the Columbia Southern Irrigation company, which in turn transferred them to the Columbia Southern Irrigating company.

The company sold water rights for 17,929 acres inside the segregation and 1,360 acres outside. It was soon discovered, however, that the regular flow of Tumalo creek was sufficient for only about 2,000 acres, and as a result the board endeavored to have the company complete a storage plan for the reclamation of lands, but the company refused, a receiver was appointed and a suit was commenced to cancel the company's contract, but in this the state lost.

OREGON HEN ENROUTE.

Poultry Demonstration Car to Be Sent Out April 1.

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis—A new activity of the extension division of the Oregon Agricultural college is about to be launched, when a poultry demonstration car is sent out, to travel over the Southern Pacific lines.

In consultation with Assistant General Freight Agent Lounsbury, and State Superintendent of Schools Alexander, Prof. Hetzel, director of extension at the college will make out the itinerary of the car, and arrange to have the school children in each town where the car stops dismissed for that day, that they may attend the lectures and demonstrations.

The car will arrive in Corvallis about March 15, and Prof. James Dryden, of the college, will equip it, probably using much of the material shown in the egg production exhibit at the close of farmers' week. During the trip, C. C. Lamb, foreman of the college poultry plant, with an assistant, will be in charge, and will deliver the lectures. The Southern Pacific railroad has agreed to carry the car without expense to the college over all its lines, attaching it to regular trains, and leaving it at the stations scheduled.

BREWERS REJECT PLAN.

Doubt Practicability of Scheme to Grow Own Hops.

Portland—The brewers of the United States have declined not to go into the hop-growing business. The scheme favored by E. Clemens Horst to unite the brewers and Pacific Coast hopmen into a great hop-producing monopoly has fallen by the wayside, like so many other schemes designed to put the humble hopgrower out of business.

At a meeting of the United States Brewers' association, held in New York City recently, the Horst project was turned down, as not practical from a brewer's standpoint. It is said there was much unfavorable comment at the meeting on the manner in which the names of leading brewers were used without authority in trying to further the movement.

Road Asks Grant From Eugene.

Eugene—Application was made by the Portland, Eugene & Eastern railway for permission to construct an electric road along the side of the county road, which is a continuation of West Eleventh street in Eugene. This follows a like application made for a franchise along the "river road" to Santa Clara, six miles northwest of Eugene. The electric company is planning construction on both sides of these lines at an early date, and in asking for use of the county roads agrees to put the tracks to one side.

Lakeview to Get Depot.

Lakeview—The Nevada-California-Oregon railroad will soon commence erection of a large passenger station at the foot of Center street. Pressed brick and stone materials will be used. General Manager Dunaway says this will be one of the finest stations on the line, the cost will be about \$15,000. In addition to the trackage of the line, the upstairs offices will be used by the district superintendent. This will be a terminal point for many years and always will be a division point, the railroad men say.

Oil Company Will Search.

Albany—Having leased 2,941 acres in Southern Linn county, the California Oil company will make extensive operations in searching for oil. The land is situated seven miles east of Harrisburg. The company in its lease agrees to pay the owners of the land a royalty of one-eighth of all oil or other mineral products discovered.

Single Tax is Big Loser.

New Era—At one of the most enthusiastic meetings ever held by the Warner Grange, over 100 members present unanimously indicated their opposition to the single-tax idea.

HOOD RIVER ROAD TO HUM.

Big Meeting Held—Plans Made to Begin Work at Once.

Hood River—At a meeting of 250 good roads enthusiasts here in the Commercial club, addressed by Governor West and Attorney Covert, of Portland, who acted as the personal representative of S. S. Benson, millionaire lumberman, Hood River county was assured of the immediate beginning and early completion of the proposed Columbia River highway from this city to Portland.

A few days ago Mr. Benson offered to give \$10,000 to be used in the construction of this road, provided the assistance of Multnomah and Hood River counties was assured for the completion of the project. Work already in progress in Multnomah county shows the intention of that county to build to the Hood River line. A plan was outlined to spend the Benson fund at Shelburne, Mountain, in this county, at which point is the greatest obstacle on the route. Governor West promised to furnish convict labor, which will increase the work which can be accomplished with the money available.

Special road taxes levied this year in the districts of this county through which the road has been surveyed will make available about \$15,000, which, added to the Benson gift, is said to be enough to open the road through this county.

STATE WANTS CASH.

Will Ask Government to Repay Canal Contribution.

Salem—That an effort will be made by the state to collect \$200,000 of the \$300,000 appropriated by the legislature for its share in the purchase of the Oregon City locks is evidenced from communications which passed between Attorney General Crawford and Governor West, the latter writing as a representative of the State Board of Canal Commissioners.

Under an option of the State Supreme court it was inferred that the state would have an equity of \$200,000 in the locks at such time as the locks were disposed of, but whether this construction would hold is disputed in connection with the sale to the United States government, as the act provides for this amount of money to be turned into the school fund in event the state ever wished to purchase the locks.

The argument is made that this sale is to the United States government and not to the state, and consequently the state would be unable to collect its equity.

LAND SALES NET \$150,000.

Three Deals at Eugene Show Activity Over Railroad Development.

Eugene—Three land sales were made here aggregating more than \$150,000 in value. T. J. Ryan, of Portland, who has held considerable property in this county, purchased the Fox farm of 112 acres, six miles north of Eugene for \$14,000.

The Eugene & Great Western Land company bought from S. H. Friendly, L. S. Logan and Edward Bailey, living between Eugene and Junction City, farms aggregating 1,000 acres, the price being over \$100,000. The land is to be subdivided and the owners will maintain a 40-acre demonstration farm under direction of competent persons from Oregon Agricultural College.

The third deal was an agreement of sale of 1,071 acres south of Eugene, formerly owned by Mr. Ryan, but now sold by Hans T. Christianson to R. L. Edwards, a right-of-way man for the Southern Pacific. A tract of 135 acres on the Siuslaw is also included at the price of \$38,500.

Wool Men to Be Aided.

Salem—In order to give assurance to the producer rather than the broker may be benefited in the question of wool rates, Chairman Atchison, of the Railroad commission, has taken up the work of expediting the inquiry into the wool rate cases, so that information may come in time to be of value to producers this year.

The Oregon price is based on the Boston secured price, with estimated shrinkage, less the freight rate. Consequently the freight rate is an important factor to the grower. Word has been received that the Interstate Commerce commission is working diligently on the question.

Road to Ashland to Be Built.

Klamath Falls—It is expected that the much talked of and badly needed good road between Ashland and this city will become a reality next summer. Work on the Klamath portion of the road will be commenced as soon as the weather is favorable. Jackson county will improve the highway from the Klamath county line to Ashland. Much work was done last year on the road between Keno and the county line, and a wagon bridge has been built across the Klamath river near the old ford.

Oil Used to Stop Sand.

Oil is being used by the O., W. & N. company to prevent the sand along the Columbia river banks between Deschutes and Bialocks from covering the rails and interfering with traffic. This is a new move in the battle that the railroad has waged with the elements from the time the line first was built. Many methods of settling the sand have been tried, but none has been successful. Thousands of dollars were spent in maintaining wooden windbreaks, but these only afforded temporary relief.

Children to Beautify City.

Marshfield—A civic improvement campaign to be conducted by the school children is one of the latest ideas which is to be carried out at Marshfield. On the suggestion of the superintendent of schools, the Progress club, an organization of Marshfield women, has taken up the plan. The idea is to beautify the city and to have much of the work done by the school children.

KANSAS IS CALLING.

Women Fettered By State Laws May Find Freedom There.

Topeka—If there are women anywhere in this broad land who feel that their sphere of activity is curtailed by the laws of the states in which they live, Kansas will extend a welcoming hand to them. Kansas prides itself in being just to women, and there are few restrictive laws in this state, as compared with other states. In only a few of the Eastern states can women practice law, but there are more than 60 women in the active practice of law in Kansas today. There are more than 100 women physicians, not counting the numerous osteopaths and chiropractors.

It is asserted by no less an authority than the attorney general of Kansas, John S. Dawson, that no state has more liberal provisions than Kansas has for the women.

Just notice the things that women can do in Kansas:

She may retain her maiden name when she is married.

She may persuade her husband to give up his own name and take her maiden name.

She may retain her maiden name and her husband retain his name.

She may retain her maiden name for business and take her husband's name for social intercourse.

She can hold property that her husband cannot touch and may sell it without asking him anything about it.

She can hold any elective office, county office or district office. There are 80 women holding county elective offices and more than 200 announced candidates for different county elective offices.

She can hold any elective office, school district or municipal office. There is a woman mayor in Kansas, Mrs. Ella Wilson, of Hunnewell, and many school boards are managed by women.

She can wear men's trousers if she desires, but she must not pretend to be a man. As long as she wears trousers as a woman, she cannot be arrested. Men are prohibited from wearing dresses in public.

Kansas men fully appreciate the women of the state. This is shown by the fact that a majority of the county superintendents of public instruction are women and that a number of other positions in the county offices heretofore held entirely by men are being filled successfully by women.

STRIKE IS ORDERLY.

English Leaders See Entering Wedge for Minimum Wage Scale.

London—The coal strike, the greatest in the history of the British Isles, is marking time. One satisfactory feature is the complete absence of disorder.

All negotiations looking to a settlement have ceased, as the leaders who recently gathered in London have scattered to attend the local matters in connection with the strike. Labor leaders in recent speeches have insisted that the public support the miners because now that the government has decided to institute a minimum wage in connection with the miners, it will be impossible longer to withhold establishing a minimum wage in all industries. Thus, the strike will become a general triumph for the cause of labor.

The next word is with the government and Premier Asquith's promised statement is awaited with interest. However, no arrangement has been made for the introduction of a minimum wage bill.

At a mass meeting of dock workers of Bristol a resolution was adopted providing that the cause of foreign coal should not be handled.

Most of the railways announce a further curtailment of their services. Fourteen stations in London will be closed until the strike ends.

Fireplace Yields \$13,000.

Asbury Park, N. J.—Behind a brick fireplace in the old White homestead on Deal Lake border, A. Jeffries, who acquired the property from his mother, who was one of the original White family descendants, recently found a small fortune in silver and gold coins that had evidently been concealed for more than a century. Jeffries lifted a loose brick from its place and the coins began to drop out. He declines to tell the amount of his find, but neighbors say the sum aggregates \$13,000.

Dr. Sun Has Faith in Yuan.

Nanking—Dr. Sun Yat Sen is greatly disturbed by the news from the North. He says the Nanking government is prepared to accept full responsibility. "I have absolute confidence and good faith in Yuan Shi Kai," said the acting president. "I believe in his ability to control the situation. The republicans will restore order and protect the lives and property of foreigners. Effective measures are under way and a vast majority of the people and soldiers of the North and South are loyal republicans."

Japs to Send Freighters.

San Francisco—Shipping men of this city profess to have authoritative information that the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, which operates a line of freight and passenger steamers from Puget Sound to Japan and China, will establish soon a line of freighters from the Columbia River to the Orient. The report is that the Japanese line will be put on in advance of the announced increase in the fleet of the Weir line, operating from Portland and Seattle.

'Pekin Missionaries Safe.

Boston—Assurance of the safety of the foreign missionaries stationed at Pekin came here in a cable message to the headquarters of the American board of commissioners of foreign missions. The cable message read: "All Pekin missionaries and mission buildings safe."



SYNOPSIS.

Howard Jeffries, banker's son, under the evil influence of Robert Underwood, a disreputable man, marries the daughter of a gambler who dies in prison, and is driven to suicide. A former college chum makes a fortune in the stock market, and requires \$500,000, and Howard is broke. Robert Underwood, who has been ruined by Howard's wife, Annie, in her apartments at the Astoria, Howard decides to ask Underwood for the \$500,000 he needs. Underwood, taking advantage of his intimacy with Mrs. Jeffries, Sr., becomes a sort of social bagman, covering his true character and denies him the house. Alida receives a note from Underwood, threatening suicide. Art dealers for whom he has been acting as a commission agent, demand he cannot make good. Howard Jeffries calls in an intoxicated condition. He asks Underwood for \$200,000, and is told by the latter that he is in debt up to his eyes. 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. Alida enters. She demands a promise from him that he will take his life, pointing to the dagger that Underwood keeps in his pocket. Underwood refuses to give the promise. He will renew her patronage. This she refuses to do. Underwood drinks himself into a maudlin condition, and goes to sleep on a divan. Alida enters. She demands a promise from him that he will take his life, pointing to the dagger that Underwood keeps in his pocket. Underwood refuses to give the promise. He will renew her patronage. This she refuses to do. Underwood drinks himself into a maudlin condition, and goes to sleep on a divan. Alida enters. She demands a promise from him that he will take his life, pointing to the dagger that Underwood keeps in his pocket. Underwood refuses to give the promise. He will renew her patronage. This she refuses to do.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

Howard was at no time an athlete, and now, contrasted with the burly policeman, a colossus in strength, he seemed like a puny boy. His cringing, frightened attitude, as he looked up in the captain's bulldog face, was pathetic. The crowd of bystanders could hardly contain their eagerness to take in every detail of the dramatic situation. The prisoner was sober by this time, and thoroughly alarmed.

"What do you want me for?" he cried. "I haven't done anything. The man's dead, but I didn't kill him."

"Shut your mouth!" growled the captain.

Dragging Howard after him, he made his way to the elevator. Throwing him in the prison cage, he turned to give orders to his subordinate.

"Maloney, you come with me and bring Officer Delaney." Addressing the other men, he said: "You other fellows look after things down here. Don't let any of these people come upstairs." Then, turning to the elevator boy, he gave the command: "Up with her."

The elevator, with its passengers, shot upward, stopped with a jerk at the fourth floor, and the captain, once more laying a brutal hand on Howard, pushed him out into the corridor.

If it could be said of Capt. Clinton that he had any system at all, it was to be as brutal as possible with everybody unyielding enough to fall into his hands. Instead of regarding his prisoners as innocents, he found guilty, as they are justly entitled to be regarded under the law, he took the directly opposite stand. He considered all his prisoners as guilty as hell until they had succeeded in proving themselves innocent. Even then he had his doubts. When a jury brought in a verdict of acquittal, he shook his head and growled. He had the great contempt for a jury that would acquit a man on a charge of murder, and he was not alone in his opinion. He believed in undermining their moral and physical resistance. When by depriving them of sleep and food, by choking them, clubbing them and frightening them he had reduced them to a state of nervous terror, to the border of physical collapse, he considered them no longer in a condition to withstand his merciless cross-examinations. Demoralized, unstrung, they would blurt out the truth and so convict themselves. The ends of justice would thus be served.

Capt. Clinton prided himself on the thorough manner in which he conducted these examinations of persons unacquainted with a laboratory trial, but always successful. He owed his present position on the force to the skill with which he browbeat his prisoners into "confessions." With his "third degree" seances he arrived at results better and more quickly than in any other way. All his convictions had been secured by them. The press and meddling busybodies called his system barbarous, a revival of the old times torture chamber. What did he care what the people said as long as he convicted his man? Wasn't that what he was paid for? He was there to find the murderer, and he was going to do it.

He pushed his way into the apartment, followed closely by Maloney and the other policemen, who dragged along the unhappy Howard. The dead man upward, where he had fallen. Capt. Clinton stopped down, but made no attempt to touch the corpse, merely satisfying himself that Underwood was dead. Then, after a casual survey of the room, he said to his sergeant:

"We won't touch a thing, Maloney, till the coroner arrives. He'll be here any minute, and he'll give the order for the undertaker. You can call up headquarters so the newspaper boys get the story."

While the sergeant went to the telephone to carry out those orders, Capt. Clinton turned to look at Howard, who had collapsed, white and trembling, in to a chair.

"What do you want with me?" cried Howard appealingly. "I assure you I had nothing to do with this. My wife's expecting me home. Can't I go?"

"Shut up!" thundered the captain. His arms folded, his eyes sternly fixed upon him, Capt. Clinton stood confronting the unfortunate youth,

The Third Degree

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE
BY CHARLES KLEIN AND ARTHUR HORNBLow
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS



The Persistence of His Stare Made Howard Squirm.

staring at him without saying a word. The persistence of his stare made Howard squirm. It was decidedly unpleasant. He did not mind the detention so much as this man's overbearing, bullying manner. He knew he was innocent, therefore he had nothing to fear. But why was this police captain staring at him so? Whichever way he sat, whichever way his eyes turned, he saw this bulldog-faced policeman staring slyly at him. Unknown to him, Capt. Clinton had already begun the dreaded police ordeal known as the "third degree."

CHAPTER IX.

Fifteen minutes passed without a word being spoken. There was deep silence in the room. It was so quiet that once could have heard a pin drop. Had a disinterested spectator been there to witness it, he would have been at once impressed by the dramatic tableau presented—the dead man on the floor, his white shirt front spattered with blood, the cringing, frightened boy crouching in the chair, the towering figure of the police captain sitting sternly eyeing his hapless prisoner, and at the far end of the room Detective Sergeant Maloney busy sending hurried messages through the telephone.

"What did you do it for?" thundered the captain suddenly.

Howard's tongue clove to his palate. He could scarcely articulate. He was innocent, of course, but there was something in this man's manner which made him fear that he might, after all, have had something to do with the tragedy. Yet he was positive that he was asleep on the bed all the time. The question is, would anybody believe him? He shook his head pathetically. "I didn't do it. Really, I didn't."

"Shut your mouth! You're lying, and you know you're lying. Wait till the coroner comes. We'll fix you." As there was silence, and now began a long, tedious wait, both men retaining the same positions, the captain watching his prisoner as a cat watches a mouse.

Howard's mental anguish was almost unendurable. He thought of his poor wife who must be waiting for him all this time, wondering what had become of him. She would imagine the worst, and there was no telling what she might do. If only he could get word to her. Perhaps she would be able to explain things. Then he thought of his father. They had quarreled, it was true, but after all he was his own flesh and blood. At such a critical situation as this, one forgets. His father could hardly refuse to come to his assistance. He must get a lawyer, too, to protect his interests. This police captain had no right to detain him like this. He must get word to Annie without delay. Summoning up all his courage, he said boldly: "You are detaining me here without warrant in law. I know my rights. I am the son of one of the most influential men in the city."

"What's your name?" growled the captain.

"Howard Jeffries."

"Son of Howard Jeffries, the banker?"

Howard nodded.

"Yes."

The captain turned to his sergeant. "Maloney, this fellow says he's the son of Howard Jeffries, the banker." Maloney leaned over and whispered something in the captain's ear. The captain smiled grimly.

"So you're a bad character, eh? Father turned you out of doors, eh? Where's that girl you ran away with?" Sharply he added: "You see I know your record."

"I've done nothing. I'm ashamed of," replied Howard calmly. "I married the girl. She's waiting my return now. Won't you please let me send her a message?"

Maloney, telephone this man's wife. What's the number?"

"Eighty-six Morringside."

Maloney again got busy with the telephone and the wearying wait began once more. The clock soon struck two. For a whole hour he had been subjected to this grueling process, and still the lynx-eyed captain sat there watching his quarry.

If Capt. Clinton had begun to have any doubts when Howard told him who his father was, Maloney's information immediately put him at his ease. It was all clear to him now. The youth had never been any good. His own father had kicked him out. He was in desperate financial straits. He had come to this man's rooms to make a demand for money. Underwood had refused and there was a quarrel, and he shot him. There was probably a dispute over the woman. Ah, yes, he remembered now. This girl he married was formerly a sweet-heart of Underwood's. Jealousy was behind it as well. Besides, wasn't he caught red-handed, with blood on his hands, trying to escape from the apartment? Oh, they had him dead to rights, all right. Any magistrate would hold him on such evidence.

"It's the Toms for him, all right, all right," muttered the captain to himself; "and maybe promotion for me."

Suddenly there was a commotion at the door. The coroner entered, followed by the undertaker. The two men advanced quickly into the room, and took a look at the body. After making a hasty examination, the coroner turned to Capt. Clinton.

"Well, captain, is guess he's dead, all right."

"Yes, and we've got our man, too." The coroner turned to look at the prisoner.

"Caught him red-handed, eh? Who is he?"

Howard was about to blurt out a reply, when the captain thundered: "Silence!"

To the coroner, the captain explained: "He's the scapegrace son of Howard Jeffries, the banker. No good—bad egg. His father turned him out."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Profitable Glass Eye.

"Nobody is going to poke out a good eye just for the sake of getting a glass eye," said the city salesman. "but I know a man who makes money on his glass eye. He goes to Europe three times a year on business. While there he does a little trading in jewels as a side line. It is on the home-ward trip that he turns his glass eye to good account. In the cavity back of it he carries two or three small but valuable diamonds. Half the duty saved is his commission on these stones alone. The customs inspectors have never got on to him. Naturally they can't go around jabbing their fingers into people's eyes.—New York Sun.

A Chance in Any Case.

Muriel (letting him down easy)—I should advise you not to take it to heart. I might prove a most undesirable wife. Marriage is a lottery, you know.

Malcolm (bitterly)—It strikes me as more like a raffle. One man gets the prize and the others get the shake.—Smart Set.

Men and Kings.

The people may be able to follow; they cannot be made to understand. The king's mind is the wind, and grass are the middle of the people; whither the wind blows, thither the grass heads.—Confucius.



of doors. There is no question about his guilt. Look at his hands. We caught him trying to get away."

The coroner rose. He believed in doing things promptly.

"I congratulate you, captain. Quick work like this ought to do your reputation good. The community owes a debt to the officers of the law if they succeed in apprehending criminals quickly. You've been getting some pretty hard knocks lately, but I guess you know your business."

The captain grinned broadly.

"I guess I do. Don't we, Maloney?"

"Yes, cap.," said Maloney, quietly.

The coroner turned to go.

"Well, there's nothing more for me to do here. The man is dead. Let justice take its course." Addressing the undertaker, he said:

"You can remove the body."

The men set about the work immediately. Carrying the corpse into the inner room, they commenced the work of laying it out.

"I suppose," said the coroner, "that you'll take your prisoner immediately to the station house, and before the magistrate to-morrow morning?"

"Not just yet," grinned the captain. "I want to put a few questions to him first."

The coroner smiled.

"You're going to put him through the 'third degree,' eh? Every one's heard of your star-chamber ordeals. Are they really so dreadful?"

"Nonsense!" laughed the captain. "We wouldn't harm a baby, would we, Maloney?"

The sergeant quickly indorsed his chief's opinion.

"No, cap."

Turning to go, the coroner said: "Well, good-night, captain."

"Good-night, Mr. Coroner."

Howard listened to all this like one transfixed. They seemed to be talking about him. They were discussing some frightful ordeal of which he was to be a victim. What was this 'third degree' they were talking about? Now he remembered. He had heard of innocent men being bullied, maltreated, deprived of food and sleep for days, in order to force them to tell what the police were anxious to find out. He had heard of secret assaults, of midnight clubbings, of prisoners being choked and brutally kicked by a gang of ruffianly policemen, in order to force them into some damaging admission. A chill ran down his spine as he realized his utter helplessness. If he could only get word to a lawyer.

Just as the coroner was disappearing through the door, he darted forward and laid a hand on his arm.

"Mr. Coroner, won't you listen to me?" he exclaimed.

The coroner started, drew back.

"I cannot interfere," he said coldly. "Mr. Underwood was a friend of mine," explained Howard. "I came here to borrow money. I fell asleep on that sofa. When I woke up he was dead. I was frightened. I tried to get away. That's the truth, so help me God!"

The coroner looked at him sternly and made no reply. No one could ever reproach him with sympathizing with criminals. Waving his hand at Capt. Clinton, he said:

"Good-night, captain."

"Good-night, Mr. Coroner."

The door slammed and Capt. Clinton, yanked his prisoner back into his seat. Howard protested.

"You've got no right to treat me like this. You exceed your powers. I demand to be taken before a magistrate at once."

The captain grinned, and pointed to the clock.

"Say, young fellow, see what time it is? Two-thirty a. m. Our good magistrates are all comfy in their virtuous beds. We'll have to wait till morning."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)