



The Captain Rose and Drew Himself Up to His Full Height.

The THIRD DEGREE A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE BY CHARLES KLEIN AND ARTHUR HORN BLOW ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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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 is in prison and is abandoned by his father. He is out of work and in desperate straits. Underwood, who has 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 highman. Discovering her true character, Alicia denounces him. He sends her a note threatening to take her to court. Underwood kills his stepmother. He is arrested and his apartments in an inviolated condition to request a fine of \$2,000 to enable him to take up a business proposition. Howard drinks himself into a maudlin condition, and goes to bed on a divan. A caller is announced and Underwood draws a revolver. Underwood dead. Alicia enters. She demands a promise from Underwood that he will renew her patronage. She refuses, and takes her leave. Underwood kills himself. The report of the pistol awakens Howard. He is arrested. 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. She asks him to help unless she will consent to a divorce. To save Howard she consents, but she finds that the elder Jeffries does not intend to stand by his son, except financially. She writes a letter to Judge Brewster, attorney for Jeffries, to take Howard's case. He consents. It is reported that Annie is going on the stage. The letter Annie writes to Judge Brewster to find some way to prevent it. Annie again pleads with Brewster to take Howard's case. He consents. Alicia is greatly alarmed when Annie tells her that she has taken the divorce. She confesses to Annie that she called on Underwood the night of his death and that she has written a letter in which she threatened suicide, but begs for time before giving out the information. Annie promises Brewster to produce the missing woman at a meeting at his home. Brewster accuses Clinton of forcing a confession from Howard.

CHAPTER XVIII. As Annie entered the room and caught sight of Mr. Jeffries, she instinctively drew back. Just at that moment the banker was, perhaps, the one man in the world whom she was most anxious to avoid. Capt. Clinton no longer had any terror for her. Now that the missing witness had been found and the precious "suicide letter" was as good as in their possession there was nothing more to fear. It was only a question of time when Howard would be set free. But it was not in this girl's nature to be concerned only with herself. If she possessed a single womanly virtue, it was supreme selfishness. There was some one beside herself to take into consideration—a poor, vacillating, weak, miserable woman who wished to do what was right and had agreed to do so, but who, in the privacy of her own apartments, had gone down on her knees and begged Annie to protect her from the consequences of her own folly. Her husband must not know. Annie had promised that if there was any way possible the knowledge of that clandestine midnight visit to Underwood's rooms should be kept from him. Yet there stood the banker! She was afraid that if they began questioning her in his presence she might be betrayed into saying something that would instantly arouse his suspicions. Judge Brewster went quickly forward as she came in and led her to a chair. Capt. Clinton and Mr. Jeffries eyed her in stolid silence. Looking around in a nervous kind of way, Annie said quietly to the judge: "May I speak to you alone, judge?" "Certainly," replied the lawyer. He was about to draw her aside when Capt. Clinton interposed. "One moment!" he said gruffly; "if this is all open and above board, as you say it is, judge—I'd like to ask the young lady a few questions." "Certainly, by all means," said the judge quietly. The captain turned and confronted Annie. Addressing her in his customary aggressive manner, he said: "You promised Judge Brewster that you'd produce the woman who called

worry. She has probably forgotten her appointment. Some people are very careless in that respect." Moving toward the door, he added: "Well, if it's all the same to you, I'll wait downstairs. Good-night." He went out, his hat impudently tilted back on his head, a sneer on his lips. The banker turned to the judge. "I told you how it would be," he said scornfully. "A flash in the pan!" The lawyer looked askance at Annie. "You are sure she will come?" he asked. "Yes, I am sure!" With concern she added: "But the disgrace of arrest! It will kill her! Oh, judge, don't let them arrest her!" "Tell me who she is!" commanded the lawyer sternly. "It was the first time he had spoken to her harshly and Annie, to her dismay, thought she detected a note of doubt in his voice. Looking toward the banker, she replied: "I can't tell you just now—she'll be here soon." "Tell me now—I insist," said the lawyer with growing impatience. "Please—please don't ask me!" she pleaded. Mr. Jeffries made an angry gesture. "As I told you, Brewster, her whole story is a fabrication trumped up for some purpose—God knows what object she has in deciding us! I only know that I warned you what you always may expect from people of her class." The judge said nothing for a moment. Then quietly he whispered to the banker: "Go into my study for a few moments, will you, Jeffries?" "Do you want me to lose all faith in you?" he asked sternly. "No, indeed," she answered contritely. "Then tell me," he demanded, "why do you conceal this woman's name from me?" "Because I don't want to be the one to expose her. She shall tell you herself." "That's all very well," he replied, "but meantime you are directing suspicion against yourself. Your father-in-law believes you are the woman; so does Capt. Clinton." "The captain suspects everybody," she laughed. "It's his business to suspect. As long as you don't believe that I visited Underwood that night—" The judge shook his head as if puzzled. "Candidly, I don't know what to think. Seriously, he added: 'I want to think the very best of you, Annie, but you won't let a moment and then, quickly, she said: "I suppose I'd better tell you and have done with it—but I don't like to—" At that moment a servant entered and handed the lawyer a card. "The lady wants to see you at once, sir." "To see me," asked the lawyer in surprise: "are you sure she hasn't come for Mr. Jeffries?" "No, sir," she asked for you." Annie sprang forward. "Is it Mrs. Jeffries?" she asked. "Yes," he replied. "Do you really want to see her, judge," she exclaimed eagerly; "I'll tell her who it is and she can tell you—she's a woman—and I'd rather let me speak to her, please!" Addressing the servant, the lawyer said: "Ask Mrs. Jeffries to come up." Turning to his client, he went on: "I see no objection to your speaking to Mrs. Jeffries. After all, she is your husband's stepmother. But I am free to confess that I don't understand you. I am more than disappointed in your failure to keep your word. You promised definitely that you would bring the witness here to-night. On the strength of that promise I made statements to Capt. Clinton which I have not been able to substantiate. The whole story looks like an invention on your part." She held out her hands entreatingly. "It's not an invention! Really, judge! Just a little while longer! You've been so kind, so patient!" There was a trace of anger in the lawyer's voice as he went on: "I believed you implicitly. You were so positive this woman would come forward."

"She will—she will. Give me only a few minutes more!" she cried. The lawyer looked at her as if puzzled. "A few minutes?" he said. Again he looked at her and then shook his head resignedly. "Well, it's certainly infectious!" he exclaimed. "I believe you again." The door opened and Alicia appeared. The lawyer advanced politely to greet her. "Good evening, Mrs. Jeffries." Alicia shook hands with him, at the same time looking inquiringly at Annie, who, by a quick gesture, told her that the judge knew nothing of her secret. The lawyer went on: "Mrs. Jeffries, Jr. wishes to speak to you. I said I thought there'd be no objection; you don't mind, may she?" "Yes," murmured Alicia. "Your husband was here," said the judge. "My husband!" she cried, started. Again she glanced inquiringly at Annie and tried to force a smile. "Yes," said the lawyer; "he'll be glad to know you're here. I'll tell him." Turning to Annie, he said: "When you're ready, please send and—" "Very well, judge." The lawyer went out and Alicia turned round breathlessly. "My husband was here?" she exclaimed. "Yes." "You've told Mr. Brewster nothing?" "I couldn't!" she said. "I tried to, but I couldn't. It seems so hard, doesn't it?" Annie laughed bitterly and Annie went on: "I was afraid you weren't coming!" "The train was late!" exclaimed Alicia evasively. "I went up to Stamford to say good-by to my mother." "To say good-by?" echoed her companion in surprise. "Yes," said the other tearfully. "I have said good-by to her—I have said good-by to everybody—to everything—to myself—I must give them all up!" "Oh, it isn't as bad as that, surely?" Alicia shook her head sadly. "Yes," she said; "I've reckoned it all up. It's a total loss. Nothing will be saved—husband, home, position, good name—all will go. You'll see, I shall be torn into little bits of shreds. They won't leave anything unsaid. But it's not that I care for so much. It's the injustice of it all. The injustice of the power of evil. This man Underwood never did a good action in all his life. And now even after he is dead he has the power to go on destroying—destroying!" "That's true," said Annie; "he was no good." The banker's wife drew from her bosom the letter Underwood wrote her before he killed himself. "When he sent me this letter," she went on, "I tried to think myself into his condition of mind, so that I could decide whether he intended to keep his word and kill himself or not. I tried to reason out just how he felt and how he thought. Now I know. It's hopeless, dull, sodden desperation. I haven't even the ambition to defend myself from Mr. Jeffries." Annie shrugged her shoulders. "I wouldn't lose any sleep on his account," she said with a laugh. More seriously she added: "Surely he won't believe—" "He may not believe anything himself," said Alicia. "It's what other people are thinking that will make him suffer. If the circumstances were only a little less disgraceful—a suicide's last letter to the woman he loved. They'll say I drove him to it. They won't think of his miserable, dishonest career. They'll only think of my share in his death—" Annie shook her head sympathetically. "Yes, it is said; it's tough! The worst of it is they are going to arrest you." Alicia turned ashen pale. "That's what Capt. Clinton says," replied the other gravely. "He was here—he is here now—with two men, waiting for you." Apologetically she went on: "It wasn't my fault, Mrs. Jeffries—I didn't mean to. What could I do? When I told Judge Brewster, he sent for Capt. Clinton. The police are afraid you'll run away or something—" "And my husband!" gasped Alicia; "he doesn't know, does he?" "No, I didn't tell them. I said you'd tell them yourself, but they won't trust you when they know who you are. Let's tell the judge—he may think of a plan. Suppose you go away until—" Puzzled herself to find a way out of the dilemma, Annie paced the floor nervously. "Oh, this is awful!" she exclaimed. "What are we to do?" She looked toward Alicia, as if expecting some suggestion from her, but her companion was too much overwhelmed to take any initiative. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

SAN FRANCISCO SWELTERING Heat Wave Extends All Over State—Beaches Too Sultry for Bathers. San Francisco—All California above the Tehachapi, as well as Nevada and Arizona, sweltered Sunday under the fiercest heat recorded for eight years. San Francisco at this season usually has sea fogs rolling by 5 o'clock in the afternoon, so thick your car almost cut them with a knife. Sunday the city would have given a good deal for a fog, as the mercury rose from 80 degrees at early morning to 96 degrees in the shade at 1 o'clock. This was the hottest day for eight years, or since September 8, 1914, when the mercury rose to 101 degrees. Visiting Knights Templars, who were drilling for prizes, fancied they had struck the Eastern dog days. The valleys of the state were torrid; the San Joaquin valley was like a great oven; Fresno reported 106 degrees; the Santa Clara valley was nearly as sultry, San Jose recording 98 degrees. The Sacramento valley kept up its reputation for heat, the Capital City having a temperature of 98 degrees, while at Red Bluff the mercury climbed to the 100 mark. Phoenix, Ariz., reported 106 degrees and Yuma led the list with 110 degrees. THREE-YEAR HOMESTEAD BILL UP TO PRESIDENT Washington, D. C.—Without a word of debate, without a dissenting vote, the house of representatives agreed to the conference report on the Borah-Jones three-year homestead bill and it was signed by Speaker Clark. As soon as it is signed by the vice president, it will go to the White House for President Taft's approval and the general expectation is that the bill will become a law before the end of the week. It is customary for the president to refer all public land bills to the secretary of the interior before signing, and this course may be taken with the three-year bill, but that is not likely. The action of the house was accomplished without any friction, those in charge of the bill waiting until its opponents were out of the hall before calling it up. Five minutes after the conference report was read, it had been approved by the house without rollcall. Half an hour later some who opposed the bill were called to the conference report found it too late. If the session of congress lasts long enough Senator Borah will endeavor to get through the house his correlated bill directing the patenting of homesteads as soon as entries comply with the homestead law. This bill has passed the senate, but has not been reported by the house committee. If it is enacted, homesteaders on government projects can get patent in three years, instead of waiting ten, as at present required. BATHERS WILL WEAR FURS. Preparations Made for Cold Summer Along Lake Beaches. Chicago—Fur-lined and fur-trimmed bathing suits are to be the style for Chicago beaches during the summer of 1912. Designers for fashionable dressmaking shops and tailors for women are already completing garments that will be ready for the first fair day for swimming. Furs for the new style water garments are taken from water animals. Seal skins, muskrat, otter, mink and beaver will be used. The unusually cold weather is said to have influenced the departure in bathing suits. It is also asserted that in this part of the country the water is always a little too cool for perfect comfort. Fur trimmings are said by dressmakers to have an effect in maintaining an even temperature that is surprising to one who has never worn such a garment in water. "The snug yoke of a seal or mink over the chest will prevent cold shivers from chasing up and down over one's body," said Mme. Hoac, president of the Chicago Dressmakers' club. Meat Prices Cause Stir. Washington, D. C.—Congress is about to investigate another "trust," and some of the big men in the packing industry, who recently were acquitted in criminal proceedings in Chicago, probably will be summoned to Washington to testify about the price of beef and other meats has gone up. After a conference between Representative Henry, of Texas, and Representative Clayton, of Alabama, a joint statement was made indicating that such an investigation would be instituted. Monoplane Drops; Two Die. Bremen—Albert Buchagetter, one of the best known German aviators, and his passenger, Lieutenant Stille, of the German army, were killed Sunday when their monoplane plunged to the ground just after starting on the Northwest aviation circuit of 425 miles. Apparently the aviator over-banked his machine. The monoplane dropped so heavily that it was half buried in the earth and had to be taken apart before the bodies could be extricated. The calamity was witnessed by a distinguished gathering. Castaways Beg for Aid. Punta Arenas, Cal.—The government has sent a warship to search for a party of American castaways. This action is in response to a note found in a bottle on the beach which said that an American steamer, the name of which was badly blurred, had been wrecked off Cape Horn. "There are seven of us on an islet," says the note, "with provisions for one month. We have a boat, but are afraid of cannibals. Send help." Great Oil Well Blazing. Taft, Cal.—A 7000-barrel gusher near here caught fire Sunday night and the flames spread rapidly throughout the district. Night has been turned into day by the illumination from the blazing columns of oil.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE STATE SUMMER SESSION AT O. A. C. Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis—Prof. E. D. Ressler, director of the summer session at the Oregon Agricultural college, has secured a special rate of a fare and a third over the O.-W. R. & N., the S. P., and the C. & E. railroads to Corvallis for the summer session, which continues from June 18 to July 26. The rates are good from June 14 to July 29; that is, on all going tickets purchased from June 14 to July 26 inclusive, except on the O.-W. R. & N., which grants a selling date only to June 20. All certificates for return will be honored to July 29. There are no examinations for admission to the summer session. All who believe they can profit by the instruction offered are admitted, since it is presupposed that they come with a serious purpose. College credit is granted those desiring it insofar as the work accomplished is equivalent to that which is standard in the school year. The absolutely necessary expenses, aside from the railway fare, are estimated at something less than \$40, though the sum naturally will vary for the different courses. Laboratory work and for the length of time spent at the college. The regular college registration fee of \$5 required of all is the only tuition charge, and will admit students to as many courses as they desire to enter. The cost of the entire six weeks may be brought within \$30, allowing \$21 for board and room at the dormitory, Waldo Hall, \$3.50 for laundry and incidentals, 50 cents for baggage transfer, and \$5 for registration. There is no charge for the rooms at the dormitory, but all must furnish their own pillow, pillow slip, sheets, coverings, towels and soap. A small number of furnished rooms at low cost are available. The 1912 summer session bulletin just issued from the O. A. C. press is the best thing of the sort the college has issued to date. It is larger than any previous summer school announcement, and is profusely illustrated, containing 48 pages with 21 cuts showing two dozen different views of college activities. There will also be a series of general lectures of wide interest, and entertainments. Those who wish advice as to routes, train connections, and baggage, or any other details not covered in the bulletin, may receive information by writing to Prof. E. D. Ressler, director of the summer session. REX BERRIES BRING \$6. Sixty Acres Averages \$150 an Acre for Five Years. Portland—L. S. Otis, the strawberry king of Oregon, was in the city looking after the marketing of his crop. With his son Mr. Otis, who is a retired railroad man, conducts the Spring Lake farm at Rec, in Yamhill county. He has the largest strawberry patch in the state, 60 acres in extent, and is putting out new acreage every year. "We will ship 4000 crates of strawberries this season," said Mr. Otis. "Next week will be our big week, and we will get out 200 crates daily, all for the Portland market. "Last week we had the first Yamhill county berries on this market, which the Pearson-Page company sold at \$6 a crate. Other Oregon berries at the same time were selling here for \$4.50 a crate. "The Rex section in Yamhill county is the coming premier berry section of Oregon. It is earlier than any other part of the state, except Southern Oregon, and this enables us to get our berries on the market at a time when we can get the best price. By the time local strawberries become plentiful and cheap, we have finished marketing our product. "Our strawberries have netted us \$150 an acre for the past five years, and we are more than satisfied with the venture." Uniform Mileage is Topic. Salem—The Railroad commission has two important matters which will be taken up in June. One is the question of a uniform mileage system. A conference will be held early in June with the passenger agents of all the railroads in the state, at the state house, and a system of interchangeable mileage books will be discussed. The other matter relates to log rates and is of much importance to the state at large. A hearing is scheduled to be held at Baker on June 19. Central Oregon Road Improves. Salem—A shipper in Union county has written to the Railroad commission that the Central Oregon railroad is providing better facilities for shippers at this time than at any previous time. The question was referred to the Railroad commission several weeks ago, the complaint being that while the company had plenty of switches and cars, it nevertheless crowded the sidings with full cars and neglected to give the shippers all the empties they required. The shippers are now apparently satisfied. Creswell is Objective. Eugene—Extension of the Portland, Eugene & Eastern railway southward 13 miles to Creswell is considered by officers of the company, according to the statement of President Welch. Right-of-way for the proposed line has been secured, except franchises for use of a street in Eugene and of a county road out of Creswell. The deeds for this right of way were made out to P. E. Snodgrass, cashier of the First National bank of Eugene. Thousand in Farm Dividends. Helix—One thousand dollars in dividend checks was distributed among the stockholders of the Farmers' Mutual Warehouse company during the last week. The company during the year earned 28 1/2 per cent, or \$2860 net, on \$10,000 capitalization, but voted \$1800 to the building fund.