

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION IN SESSION

Hottest Factional Fight in Political History of Country Is Expected.

Hundreds of Police and Deputy Sheriffs in Convention Hall—Heavy Details Guard Every Entrance—Gamasas and Red Cross Flags Conspicuous.

Chicago, June 18.—When the gravel of Victor Rosewater, chairman of the Republican national committee, fell at noon today, calling to order the fifteenth Republican national convention, the most desperate fight in the history of American politics had reached a crisis.

The Taft men this morning flatly refused the demand of the Roosevelt forces that they agree to a proposition that no vote on the temporary organization be valid unless it received the affirmative vote of 540 delegates—a majority whose right to a seat was unquestioned. This was a novel program and arranged at a session of the Roosevelt delegates that lasted until nearly daylight today.

At 10:15 the doors of the Coliseum were all manned and the ticket-holders began to filter in. The pressure at the doors when they were opened was not great.

Great lines of uniformed policemen were scattered about the structure and massed at every entrance. Grouped with them were 400 special deputy sheriffs, especially commissioned by the sheriff of Cook county to see that there was no disorder. Plain clothes men were distributed through the crowd of curiosity seekers that had flocked to the scene, hopeful that the Roosevelt forces would make good their threat and storm the entrance, thus making a way for all without tickets. Twenty policemen were grouped in front of the platform and 50 in the rear.

Mammoth cameras, aimed at the stage, were perched from every balcony rail.

Red Cross flags at several doorways were a grim reminder possible of a prophecy.

Two huge megaphones, an ice water tank and a private telephone were the only ornaments of the speaker's stage.

By 11:10 a. m. the hall was more than half filled, and fully two-thirds of the delegates were in their seats. The aisles were jammed and the Chicago fire marshal and his aides kept officers busy clearing them.

The convention was called to order by Victor Rosewater, chairman of the Republican national committee, at 12:02.

At 12:16 request was made that crowd remain quiet while flashlight be taken. At 12:18 everyone in the convention hall was brought to their feet by the strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

At 12:20 Father Callaghan pronounced the invocation.

12:25—Reading of call concluded.

12:26—The chair recognized Governor Hatley, of Missouri, who moved to amend the temporary roll call.

The Roosevelt people have decided on Governor McGovern, of Wisconsin, instead of Senator Borah, as his candidate for temporary chairman, according to a statement just made by Senator Borah to the newspaper men.

McGovern is a Follette disciple for chairman and this is taken to mean that the Roosevelt men may swing to the Wisconsin senator in case of a deadlock.

The Wisconsin delegation announced that it will vote unanimously for McGovern for temporary chairman.

Central Ohio Storm Swept.
Columbus, O.—A rain and wind storm tornado swept the central part of Ohio, making hundreds homeless and doing damage estimated at a million dollars. At Delaware the roof of St. Mary's Catholic school was lifted and borne across the street, wrecking two cottages. In this city several houses were unroofed. Telegraph and telephone companies are the greatest sufferers. Many miles of wires are down. Plain City, 17 miles west of here, was almost demolished and several persons are injured.

Cyclone Kills Worshipers.
Zanesville, O.—Three were killed and a score injured when a tornado struck here, toppling the steeple of the St. Thomas Catholic church through the roof while services were being held. The storm started in the western part of the city. It lost its force apparently after traveling 25 miles east of here and toppling over numerous barns. More than 500 houses were badly damaged and 50 families were made homeless. Scores of narrow escapes were reported from chimneys crashing through roofs.

Rebels Force Fighting.
Chihuahua — Skirmishing between the outposts of the rebels and federals at LaCruz, 50 miles south of Bachimba, the rebel stronghold, resulted in a loss to the government of 12, and the rebels two dead, according to reports received here. The rebels were commanded by General Del Toro. The significance of the action is that the rebels have determined to make General Uerba fight every inch of his way north toward Bachimba.

Guanaquato, Mexico, Flooded.
Guanaquato, Mex.—A cloudburst here flooded the city to a depth of several feet. The loss of life and property was large. The Porfirio Diaz drainage tunnel saved the town from greater disaster. The rainfall was greater than in 1905, when more than 200 lives were lost. The city is in a narrow gorge in which the river runs. Many American mining properties are in the surrounding hills.

LOOKS LIKE CONTEST.

Roosevelt and Taft Factions Ready for Hot Fight in Chicago.
Chicago.—The Roosevelt delegates in caucus preparatory for the Republican national convention have voted that nothing less than 540 unopposed delegates could be regarded as a binding majority of the Republican convention.

This was construed by the delegates present as meaning, as one of them put it, "a bolt at the go-off."

The resolution in full, which was unanimously supported by delegations from nearly every state which was carried for Roosevelt, follows:

"Resolved, That no election of temporary or other officers of this convention or resolution or other proceeding shall be taken as the act of this convention or have any effect unless it shall receive on roll call the affirmative vote of 540 delegates whose seats are uncontested, and this resolution shall govern and be in force during the temporary organization of this convention and until the permanent organization thereof shall have been effected."

The resolution was first proposed by Matthew Hale, of Massachusetts. R. R. McCormick, of Chicago, one of the Illinois delegates and a leader in the fight to nominate Roosevelt, was asked if the resolution did not forecast a certain bolt of the Roosevelt forces.

"This resolution would prevent a bolt," he said. "It was designed for that purpose, because if the 540 delegates vote on temporary organization you then have a convention and there could be no bolt."

The resolution, it was said, will be introduced in the convention immediately after the convention is called to order.

The meeting adopted the text of a long telegram to President Taft appealing to him to disavow the action of the national convention committee in its defeat of the Roosevelt contest. The telegram, after it was given out was held up to get the approval of Senator Dixon.

A resolution was adopted at the suggestion of the Illinois delegation reading as follows:

"No vote on the temporary organization or any question concerned therewith shall be valid unless it receives the affirmative vote of 540 uncontested delegates."

It would be a majority of the 1078 delegates constituting the full convention. This resolution was first adopted by the Illinois delegation by a vote of 57 to 1.

JAPANESE IMMIGRANTS SICK WITH HOOKWORM

Seattle—Thirty immigrants from the Orient, including 20 Japanese "picture brides," are held in quarantine here because they are afflicted with hookworm.

"About 50 per cent of the Japanese women entering America are victims of hookworm," said Dr. Jolivar J. Lloyd, of the United States public health and marine hospital service. "Only 12 per cent of the male immigrants from Japan have the disease. The greater prevalence of the disease among the Japanese women than the men is because the women go barefoot while working in the rice fields, while the men have been accustomed to wearing shoes. The disease is contracted by the larvae of the hookworm entering the system through some abrasion of the skin, frequently on the feet. It has been estimated that 90 per cent of the Chinese boys who enter this country have the disease."

Marines Are Entrenched.
Havana.—The United States marines stationed at El Cobre, 10 miles west of Santiago, have thrown up entrenchments and are well prepared to resist any attack. The Cuban gunboat Baire has arrived, bringing as prisoners Gregorio Surin, a noted revolutionary leader, and 10 others. The mayor of Palma Soriana reports that the conditions there are most serious. More than 4000 persons have taken refuge in the town, where they are sleeping in the streets and are absolutely destitute.

Morris Working on Road.
Hood River, Or.—W. Cooper Morris, the convicted bank-wrecker, of Portland, began work on an honor man and was put to work with a gang on the scenic boulevard around Shell Rock mountain.

"I may put Morris on my crew of surveyors," said Murray Kay, county engineer, who has supervision of the work, "for he ought to be good at figures and thus be of assistance."

Woman Attacks Asquith.
London.—While Premier Asquith was holding an official reception in honor of the king's birthday, a fashionably dressed suffragette tried to tear the epaulettes off the premier's coat. Mrs. Asquith tried to rescue her husband from the unwelcome attention of the woman and then an usher literally dragged the suffragette away from the premier and ejected her from the building. Some reports say the woman beat Premier Asquith.

BILL IS THREATENED.

House Dislikes Senate Amendments to River Measure.
Washington, D. C.—The conference committee on the river and harbor bill is tightly deadlocked and after a spirited row adjourned for a week. Threats are being made by house members that the whole bill will be defeated unless the senate recedes on some of its larger amendments.

One amendment which brought about a serious disagreement was the senate's increase in the appropriation for the Cello canal from \$600,000 to \$800,000.

The house conferees are insisting that they will not stand for this increase, but senate members of the conference insist that this and all other increases are justified by the recommendations of the army engineers and that no increases have been made that were not recommended by the War department.

In regard to the Cello canal, the engineers specifically said that if they could have \$800,000 this year and a like amount of even \$1,000,000 annually thereafter, they could hasten the completion of this project and effect a substantial saving in cost. It was on this report that the senate increased its appropriation to the figure named.

Senators on the conference committee declared that they will not recede from their more important amendments and the house members threatened to defeat the entire bill rather than permit it to pass with the senate amendments attached. It is understood that none of the other North-western amendments is attacked by the house, Cello being the largest increase made in that section.

POWDER TRUST DIVIDED.

Court Gives Directions How Property Shall Be Disposed of.
Wilmington, Del.—The final decree was entered in the United States Circuit court by Judges Gray, Buffington and McPherson in the government suit against E. I. Du Pont de Nemours & Co., et al., providing for the dissolution of the alleged "powder trust."

The decree directs that the following concerns be dissolved and the property distributed among their stockholders: E. I. Du Pont de Nemours & Co., 1902 Delaware; Hazard Powder company, Delaware Securities company, Delaware Investment company, Eastern Dynamite company, California Investment company, and Judson Dynamite & Powder company.

The order of the court directs the organization of two corporations, in addition to the E. I. Du Pont de Nemours Powder company, 1902, which shall be capitalized according to a schedule given, or reorganized; the Lafin & Rand Powder company and the Eastern Dynamite company, or either of them, to be used instead of one or both of the two corporations, and in case the Eastern Dynamite company is selected, then it need not be dissolved.

In case the Lafin & Rand Powder company is not used, the company is directed to be dissolved and the property distributed among the stockholders.

ARMY INTRIGUE CHARGED.
Major General Leonard Wood Alleged Victim of Plot.

Washington, D. C.—Startling charges of an intrigue against Major General Leonard Wood, chief of staff of the army, begun by the late Marcus A. Hanna and kept alive by his friends, were part of a series of sensational incidents which attended the adoption by the house of the army appropriation bill, which was reported by the Senate, and which was signed by President Taft on March 4, 1913, and the future of many army posts which the War department has characterized as useless will be left to a commission.

In spite of a vain fight led by Representatives Prince, Cooper and Martin, the house adopted the report which had been approved by its conferees and sent to the Senate. If President Taft signs the bill, as it is said he will, General Wood will be removed from his office on March 4, 1913, and the future of many army posts which the War department has characterized as useless will be left to a commission.

Supplies to Be Dispatched.
Washington, D. C.—Secretary Stimson has ordered 30,000 army rations sent to Seward, Alaska, 24 hours distant from Kodiak. They will be distributed by the cutter, the cutter McCulloch, according to calculations there, should have arrived at Kodiak Saturday to assist the Manning in extending relief. The Cutters Thetis and Tahoma also are steaming to the assistance of the suffering people. The revenue cutter Rush at Fort Townsend, is taking on 3 months' rations and will join the relief squadron.

Hasty Strikes Decried.
Little Rock, Ark.—Hasty strikes were condemned and a better education of workmen in general, that they might more intelligently study the problems of both capital and labor was urged by President Wilson, of the Patternmakers' league in an address delivered before the International brotherhood of boiler-makers and iron shodubblers, meeting here in biennial convention. The two organizations are allied. The greater part of the day's session was routine.

House Begins Probs.
Washington, D. C.—By unanimous vote the house has directed a subcommittee of the judiciary committee to go to Seattle, Wash., and other places to investigate charges against Judge Hanford, of the federal bench, which have arisen through his decision in the Olson Socialist citizenship case. Chairman Clayton named the following sub-committee to go to Seattle: Representatives Graham, Illinois; chairman; Higgins, and McCoy.



HOWARD JEFFREY.

Howard Jeffrey, banker's son, under the evil influence of Robert Underwood, 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 despair to require a loan of \$2,000 to enable him to get on his feet. He is once engaged to Howard's step-sister, but she is apparently a prostitute. Taking advantage of his intimacy with Alicia, he becomes a secret and highway robber. Discovering his true character, Alicia denies him the \$2,000, and he is forced to turn to the underworld. Art dealers for whom he acted as commissioner, demand an accounting. He cannot make good, and is forced to sell his apartments in an intoxicated condition and goes to sleep on a divan. A caller is announced and Underwood awakes. Alicia enters. She demands a promise from Underwood that she will renew her patronage. This she refuses, and Underwood kills her. He turns over to the police, Capt. Clinton, notorious for his brutal treatment of prisoners, a letter which, through the third degree, and finally gets the information. Underwood is arrested. Annie, Howard's wife, declares her belief in her husband's innocence, and she is released. He refuses to help unless she will consent to a divorce. To secure the \$2,000, Underwood who finds that the elder Jeffrey does not intend to stand by his son, except financially, secures his help. She consents to a divorce, and Underwood is released. It is reported that Annie is going on the stage. The banker and his wife call on Judge Brewster to request a divorce. Annie again pleads with Brewster to refrain from consenting. He consents. Alicia is greatly alarmed when she learns from Annie that Brewster has taken the case. She confesses to Annie that she called on Underwood, and that she had threatened to produce the missing woman at the trial. Annie lets Clinton believe the letter was written to her. She is arrested.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Jeffrey case suddenly entered into an entirely new phase and once more was deemed of sufficient public interest to warrant column after column of sly comment in the newspapers. The town awoke one morning to learn that the long-sought-for witness, the mysterious woman on whose testimony everything hinged, had not only been found, but proved to be the prisoner's own wife, who had been so active in his defense. This announcement was stupefying enough to overshadow all other news of the day, and satisfied the most jaded palate for sensationalism.

The first question asked on all sides was: Why had not the wife come forward before? The reason, as gibberingly explained by an evening journal of somewhat yellow proclivities, was logical enough. The telling of her mid-night visit to a single man's rooms involved a shameful admission which any woman might well hesitate to make unless forced to it as a last extremity. Confronted, however, with the alternative of making public her husband's infidelity, or of admitting her own guilt, she had chosen the latter course. Naturally, it meant divorce from the banker's son, and undoubtedly this was the solution most wished for by the family.

The whole unsavory affair conveyed a good reason for the divorce, and she was able to avoid entangling themselves in undesirable matrimonial adventures. But it was no less certain, went on this journalistic mentor, that this wife, unfaithful as she had proved herself to be, had really rendered her husband a signal service in her present escape. The letter she had produced, written to her by Underwood the day before his death, in which he stated his determination to kill himself, was, of course, a complete vindication for the man awaiting trial. His liberation now depended only on how quickly the ponderous machinery of the law could take cognizance of this new and most important evidence.

The next turn of affairs was naturally most distasteful to the police. If there was one thing more than another which angered Capt. Clinton it was to take the trouble to build up a case only to have it suddenly demolished. He scoffed at the "suicide letter," safely committed to Judge Brewster's custody, and openly branded it as a forgery connected by an immoral woman for the purpose of defeating the ends of justice. He kept Annie a prisoner and defied the counsel for the defense to do their worst. Judge Brewster, who loved the fray, accepted the challenge. He acted promptly. He secured Annie's release on habeas corpus proceedings, and his civil suit against the city having already begun in the courts, he suddenly called Capt. Clinton to the stand and gave him a grilling which more than atoned for any which the police tyrant had previously made his victims suffer. In the limelight of a sensational trial, in which public servants were charged with abusing positions of trust, he showed Capt. Clinton up as a bully and a grafter, a bribe-taker, working hand and glove with dishonest politicians, not hesitating even to divide loot with thieves and dive-keepers in his greed for wealth. He proved him to be a consummate liar, a man who would do anything to gain his own ends. What jury would take the word of such a man as this? Yet this was the man who still insisted that Howard Jeffrey was guilty of the shooting of Robert Underwood!

But public opinion was too intelligent to be hoodwinked for any length of time by a brutal and ignorant policeman. There was a clamor for the

The THIRD DEGREE

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



Placed the Rolls and Butter on the Table.

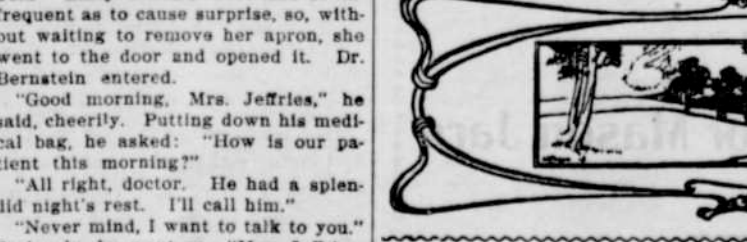
prisoner's release. The evidence was such that further delay was inexcusable. The district attorney, thus urged, took an active interest in the case, and after going over the new evidence with Judge Brewster, went before the court and made formal application for the dismissal of the complaint. A few days later Howard Jeffrey left the Tombs amid the cheers of a crowd assembled outside. At his side walked his wife, now smiling through tears of joy.

It was a glad home-coming to the little flat in Harlem. To Howard, after spending so long a time in the narrow prison quarters, it seemed like paradise, and Annie walked on air, so delighted was she to have her husband again. Yet there were still anxieties to cloud their happiness. The close confinement, with its attendant worry, had seriously undermined Howard's health. He was pale and attenuated, and so weak that he had several fainting spells. Much alarmed, Annie summoned Dr. Bernstein, who administered a tonic. There was nothing to cause anxiety, he said, reassuringly. It was a natural reaction after what her husband had undergone. But it was worry as much as anything else, Howard worried about his father, with whom he was only partially reconciled; he worried about his future, which was as precarious as ever, and most of all he worried about his wife. He was ignorant of the circumstances which had brought about his release, and while liberty was sweet to him, it had been a terrible shock when he first heard that she was the woman who had visited Underwood's rooms. He had refused to believe her sworn evidence. How was it possible? Why should she go to Underwood's rooms knowing he was there? It was preposterous. Still the small voice rang in his ears—perhaps she's untrue! It haunted him till one day he asked point-blank for an explanation. Then she told that she had perjured herself. She was not the woman. Who she really was she could not say. He must be satisfied for the present with the assurance that it was not his wife. With that he was content. What did he care for the opinion of others? He knew—that was enough: In their conversation on the subject Annie did not even mention the newspapers! Every other day a reporter comes and asks us when the divorce is going to take place—and who is going to institute the proceedings, Howard or me. If everybody would only mind their own business and let us alone he might forget. Oh, I don't mean you, doctor. You're my friend. You made short work of Capt. Clinton and his confession. I mean people—outsiders—strangers—who don't know us, and don't care whether we're alive or dead; those are the people I mean. They buy a one-cent paper and they think it gives them the right to pry into every detail of our lives." She paused for a moment, and then went on: "So you think Howard is worrying? I think, so, too. At first I thought it was because of the letter Mr. Underwood wrote me, but I guess it's what you say. His old friends won't have anything to do with him and—he's lonely. Well, I'll talk it over with him."

"Yes—talk it over with him."
"Did you promise his father you'd ask me?" she demanded.
"No—not exactly," he replied, hesitatingly.
Annie looked at him frankly.
"Howard's a pretty good fellow to stand by me in the face of all that's

"And what?" she demanded, drawing herself up. She suspected what was coming, and nerved herself to meet it.
"Now, don't regard me as an enemy," said the doctor in a conciliatory tone. "Mr. Jeffrey inquired after his son. Believe me, he's very anxious. He knows he did the boy a great injustice, and he wants to make up for it."
"Oh, he does?" she exclaimed, sarcastically.
Dr. Bernstein hesitated for a moment before replying. Then he said, lightly: "Suppose Howard goes abroad for a few months with his father and mother?"
"Is that the proposition?" she demanded.
The doctor nodded.
"I believe Mr. Jeffrey has already spoken about it to his son," he said.
Annie choked back a sob and, crossed the room to conceal her emotion, stood with her back turned, looking out of the window. Her voice was trembling as she said:
"He wants to separate us, I know. He'd give half his fortune to do it. Perhaps he's not altogether wrong. Things do look pretty black for me, don't they? Everybody believes that my going to see Underwood that night had something to do with his suicide and led to my husband being falsely accused. The police built up a fine romance about Mr. Underwood and me—and the newspapers! Every other day a reporter comes and asks us when the divorce is going to take place—and who is going to institute the proceedings, Howard or me. If everybody would only mind their own business and let us alone he might forget. Oh, I don't mean you, doctor. You're my friend. You made short work of Capt. Clinton and his confession. I mean people—outsiders—strangers—who don't know us, and don't care whether we're alive or dead; those are the people I mean. They buy a one-cent paper and they think it gives them the right to pry into every detail of our lives." She paused for a moment, and then went on: "So you think Howard is worrying? I think, so, too. At first I thought it was because of the letter Mr. Underwood wrote me, but I guess it's what you say. His old friends won't have anything to do with him and—he's lonely. Well, I'll talk it over with him."

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A Polytheist.

"When the late Bishop Foss was president of Ansenia Seminary," said an aged Methodist of Philadelphia, "I once heard him deliver an interesting Easter address on heathenism and idolatry.
"Bishop Foss showed us, with a little story, the bad effect that the many gods of polytheism has upon the mind. He said a little English boy living in India was rebuked by his mother for telling a falsehood.
"God, if you tell falsehoods, will be very angry with you," said the mother.
"Very well," the youngster answered. "Then I will change my god."
A curious experiment was once made to determine whether a lost standard could be recovered by purely personal efforts. The assumption was made that the standard of length was lost. One hundred operators with others accustomed to dealing with measurements were asked to give by estimate their ideas of what the given standard was—in other words, to guess at length of the meter. It was found that the guesses were most accurate for lengths of about six inches—that small lengths were overestimated and larger ones were underestimated. Taking the average of the 100 subjects the result varied but a few one thousandths from the truth.

being said about my character, isn't he, doctor? And I'm not going to stand in his light, even if it doesn't exactly make me the happiest woman in the world, but don't let it trickle into your mind that I'm doing it for his father's sake."

At that moment Howard entered from the inner room. He was surprised to see Dr. Bernstein.
"How do you feel to-day?" asked the doctor.

"First rate! Oh, I'm all right. You see, I'm just going to eat a bite. Won't you join us?"

He sat down at the table and picked up the newspaper, while Annie busied herself with carrying in the dishes. "No, thank you," laughed the doctor. "It's too early for me. I've only just had breakfast. I dropped in to see how you were." Taking up his bag, he said: "Good-by! Don't get up. I can let myself out."

But Annie had already opened the door for him, and smiled a farewell. When she returned to her seat at the head of the table, and began to pour out the coffee, Howard said: "What did he come for?"

"To see you—of course," she replied.

"Oh, I'm all right now," he replied. Looking anxiously at his wife across the table, he said: "You're the one that needs tuning up. I heard you crying last night. You thought I was asleep, but I wasn't. I didn't say anything because—well—I felt kind of blue myself."

Annie sighed and leaned her head on her hand. Wearily she said: "I was thinking over all that we've been through together, and what they're saying about us—"

Howard threw down his newspaper impatiently.

"Let them say what they like. Why should we care as long as we're happy?"

His wife smiled sadly.

"Are we happy?" she asked, gently.

"Of course we are," replied Howard.

She looked up and smiled. It was good to hear him say so, but did he mean it? Was she doing right to stand in the way of his career? Would it not be happier if she left him? He was too loyal to suggest it, but perhaps in his heart he desired it. Looking at him tenderly, she went on:

"I don't question your affection for me, Howard. I believe you love me, but I'm afraid that, sooner or later, you'll ask yourself the question all your friends are asking now, the question everybody seems to be asking—"

"What question?" demanded Howard.

"Yesterday the bell rang and a gentleman said he wanted to see you. I told him you were out, and he said 'I'd do just as well. He handed me a card. On it was the name of the newspaper he represented.'"

"Well?"

"He asked me if it were true that proceedings for a divorce were about to be instituted. If so, when? And could I give him any information on the subject? I asked him who wanted the information and he said the readers of his paper—the people—I believe he said over a million of them. Just think, Howard! Over a million people, not counting your father, your friends and relations, all waiting to know why you don't get rid of me, why you don't believe me to be as bad as they think I am—"

Howard raised his hand for her to desist.

"Annie—please!" he pleaded.

"That's the fact, isn't it?" she laughed.

"No."

His wife's head dropped on the table. She was crying now.

"I've made a hard fight, Howard," she sobbed, "but I'm going to give up. I'm through—I'm through!"

Howard took hold of her hand and carried it to his lips.

"Annie, old girl," he said, with some feeling, "I may be weak, I may be blind, but nobody on top of God's green earth can tell me that you're not the squarest, straightest little woman that ever lived! I don't care a damn what one million or eight million think. Supposing you had received letters from Underwood, supposing you had gone to his rooms to beg him not to kill himself—what of it? It would be for a good motive, wouldn't it? Let them talk all the bad of you they want. I don't believe a word of it—you know I don't."

She looked up and smiled through her tears.

"You're so good, dear," she exclaimed. "Yes, I know you believe in me." She stopped and continued, sadly: "But you're only a boy, you know. What of the future, the years to come?" Howard's face became serious, and she went on: "You see you've thought about it, too, and you're trying to hide it from me. But you can't. Your father wants you to go abroad with the family."

"Well?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)