



SYNOPSIS.

Howard Jeffrey, banker's son, under the evil influence of Robert Underwood, a fellow-student at Yale, leads a life of dissipation, marries the daughter of a gambler who died in prison, and is disowned by his father. He tries to get work and fails. A former college chum makes a business proposition to Howard which requires \$2,000 cash, and Howard is broke.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"You know I wouldn't, Annie," he said earnestly. "Not one second have I ever regretted marrying you—that's honest to God!"

A faint flush of pleasure lit up the young wife's face. For all her assumed lightheartedness she was badly in need of this reassurance. If she thought Howard nourished secret regrets it would break her heart. She could stand anything, any hardship, but not that. She would leave him at once.

In a way she held herself responsible for his present predicament. She had felt a deep sense of guilt ever since that afternoon in New Haven when, listening to Howard's importunities and obeying an impulse she was powerless to resist, she had flung aside her waitress' apron, furtively left the restaurant and hurried with him to the minister who declared them man and wife.

Their marriage was a mistake, of course. Howard was in no position to marry. They should have waited. They both realized their folly now. But what was done could not be undone. She realized, too, that it was worse for Howard than it was for her. It had ruined his prospects at the outset of his career and threatened to be an irreparable blight on his entire life. She realized that she was largely to blame. She had done wrong to marry him and at times she reproached herself bitterly. There were days when their union assumed in her eyes the enormity of a crime. She should have seen what a social gulf lay between them. All these faults and insults from his family which she now endured she had foolishly brought upon her own head. But she had not been able to resist the temptation. Howard came into her life when the outlook was dreary and hopeless. He had offered to her what seemed a haven against the cruelty and selfishness of the world. Happiness for the first time in her life seemed within reach and she had not the moral courage to say "No."

If Annie had no education she was not without brains. She had sense enough to realize that her bringing up or the lack of it was an unsurmountable barrier to her ever being admitted to the inner circle of Howard's family. If her husband's father had not married again the breach might have been crossed in time, but his new wife was a prominent member of the smart set, a woman full of aristocratic notions, who recoiled with horror at having anything to do with a girl guilty of the enormity of earning her own living. Individual merit, inherent nobility of character, amiability of disposition, and a personal reputation untouched by scandal—all this went for nothing—because unaccompanied by wealth or social position, Annie had neither wealth nor position. She had not even education. They considered her common, impossible. They were ever ready to lend an ear to certain ugly stories regarding her past, none of which were true. After their marriage, Mr. Jeffrey, Sr., and his wife absolutely refused to receive her or have any communication with her whatsoever. As long, therefore, as Howard remained faithful to her, she breath, with his family could never be healed.

"Have some more stew, dear," she said, extending her hand for her husband's plate.

Howard shook his head and threw down his knife and fork.

"I've had enough," he said despondently. "I haven't much appetite."

She looked at him with concern.

"Poor boy, you're tired out!"

As she noted how pale and dejected he appeared, her eyes filled with sympathetic tears. She forgot the appalling number of cigarettes he smoked a day, nor did she realize how abuse of alcohol had spoiled his stomach for solid food.

"I wish I knew where to go and get that \$2,000," muttered Howard, his mind still preoccupied with Cox's proposition. Lighting another cigarette, he leaned back in his chair and lapsed into silence.

Annie sat and watched him, wishing she could suggest some way to solve the problem that troubled him. She loved her husband with all her heart and soul. His very weakness of character endeared him the more to her. She was not blind to his faults, but she excused them. His vices, his drinking, cigarette smoking and general shiftlessness were, she assumed, the result of bad associates

The THIRD DEGREE

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE
By CHARLES KLEIN
AND
ARTHUR HORNBLow
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS
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He was self-indulgent. He made many good resolutions and broke them. But he was not really vicious. He had a good heart. With some one to watch him and keep him in the straight path he would still give a good account of himself to the world. She was confident of that. She recognized many excellent qualities in him. They only wanted fostering and bringing out. That was why she married him. She was a few years his senior; she felt that she was the stronger mentally. She considered it was her duty to devote her life to him, to protect him from himself and make a man of him.

It was not her fault, she mused, if she was not a lady. Literally brought up in the gutter, what advantages had she had? Her mother died in childbirth and her father, a professional gambler, abandoned the little girl to the tender mercies of an indifferent neighbor. When she was about eight years old her father was arrested. He refused to pay police blackmail, was indicted, railroaded to prison and died soon after in convict stripes. There was no provision for Annie's maintenance, so at the age of nine she found herself toiling in a factory, a helpless victim of the brutalizing system of child slavery, which in spite of prohibiting laws still disgraces the United States. Ever since that time she had earned her own living. The road had often been hard, there were times when she thought she would have to give up the fight; other girls she had met had hinted at an easier way of earning one's living, but she had kept her courage, refused to listen to evil counsel and always managed to keep her name unsullied. She left the factory to work behind the counter in a New York dry goods store. Then about a year ago she drifted to New Haven and took the position of waitress at the restaurant which the college boys patronized.

Robert Underwood was among the students who came almost every day. He made love to her from the start, and one day attempted liberties which she was prompt to resent in a way he did not relish. After that he let her alone. She never liked the man. She knew him to be unprincipled as well as vicious. One night he brought Howard Jeffrey to the restaurant. They seemed the closest of cronies and she was sorry to see what bad influence the elder sophomore had over the young freshman, to whom she was at once attracted. Every time they came she watched them and she noticed how under his mentor Howard became more hardened. He drank more and more and became a reckless gambler. Underwood seemed to exercise a baneful spell over him. She saw that he would soon be ruined with such a man as Underwood for a constant companion. Her interest in the young student grew. They became acquainted and Howard, not realizing that she was older than he, was immediately captivated by her vivacious charm and her common-sense views. They saw each other more frequently and their friendship grew until one day Howard asked her to marry him.

While she sometimes blamed herself for having listened too willingly to Howard's pleadings, she did not altogether regret the step she had taken. It was most unfortunate that

there must be this rupture with his family, yet something within told her that she was doing God's work—saving a man's soul. Without her, Howard would have gone swiftly to ruin, there was little doubt of that. His affection for her had partly, if not wholly, redeemed him and was keeping him straight. He had been good to her ever since their marriage and done everything to make her comfortable. Once he took a position as guard on the elevated road, but she caught cold and was forced to give it up. She wanted to go to work again, but he angrily refused. That alone showed that he was not entirely devoid of character. He was unfortunate at present and they were poor, but by dint of perseverance he would win out and make a position for himself without his father's help. These were their darkest days, but light was ahead. As long as they loved each other and had their health what more was necessary?

"Say, Annie, I have an idea," suddenly blurted out Howard.

"What is it, dear?" she asked, her reveries thus abruptly interrupted.

"I mean regarding that \$2,000. You know all about that \$250 which I once lent Underwood. I never got it back, although I've been after him many times for it. He's a slippery customer. But under the circumstances I think it's worth another determined effort. He seems to be better fixed now than he ever was. He's living at the Astoria, making a social spurge and all that sort of thing. He must have money. I'll try to borrow the \$2,000 from him."

"He certainly appears to be prosperous," replied Annie. "I see his name in the newspapers all the time. There is hardly an affair at which he is not present."

"Yes," growled Howard; "I don't see how he does it. He travels on his check, principally, I guess. His name was among those present at my stepmother's musicale the other night." Bitterly he added: "That's how the world goes. There is no place for me under my father's roof, but that blackguard is welcomed with open arms."

"I thought your father was such a proud man," interrupted Annie. "How does he come to associate with people like Underwood?"

"Oh, pater's an old dolt!" exclaimed Howard impatiently. "There's no fool like an old fool. Of course, he's sensible enough in business matters. He wouldn't be where he is to-day if he weren't. But when it comes to the woman question he's as blind as a bat. What right had a man of his age to go and marry a woman 20 years his junior? Of course she only married him for his money. Everybody knows that except he. People laugh at him behind his back. Instead of enjoying a quiet, peaceful home in the declining years of his life, he is compelled to keep open house and entertain people who are personally obnoxious to him, simply because that sort of life pleases his young wife."

"Who was she, anyway, before their marriage?" interrupted Annie.

"Oh, a nobody," he replied. "She was very attractive looking, dressed well and was clever enough to get introductions to good people. She man-

aged to make herself popular in the smart set and she needed money to carry out her social ambitions. Dad—wealthy widower—came along and she caught him in her net, that's all!"

Annie listened with interest. She was human enough to feel a certain sense of satisfaction in hearing that the woman who treated her with such contempt was herself something of an intriguer.

"How did your stepmother come to know Robert Underwood?" she asked. "He was never in society."

"No," replied Howard with a grin. "It was my stepmother who gave him the entrée. You know she was once engaged to him, but broke it off so she could marry dad. He felt very sore over it at the time, but after her marriage he was seemingly as friendly with her as ever—to serve his own ends, of course. It is simply wonderful what influence he has with her. He exercises over her the same fascination that he did over me at college. He has sort of hypnotized her. I don't think it's a case of love or anything like that, but he simply holds her under his thumb and gets her to do anything he wants. She invites him to her house, introduces him right and left, got people to take him up. Everybody laughs about it in society. Underwood is known as Mrs. Howard Jeffrey's pet. Such a thing soon gets talked about. That is the secret of his successful career in New York. As far as I know, she's as much infatuated with him as ever."

A look of surprise came into Annie's face. To this young woman, whose one idea of matrimony was steadfast loyalty to the man whose life she shared and whose name she bore, there was something repellent and nauseating in a woman permitting herself to be talked about in that way.

"Doesn't your father object?" she asked.

"Pshaw!" laughed Howard. "He doesn't see what's going on under his very nose. He's too proud a man, too sure of his own good judgment, to believe for a moment that the woman to whom he gave his name would be guilty of the slightest indiscretion of that kind."

Annie was silent for a minute. Then she said:

"What makes you think that Underwood would let you have the money?"

"Because I think he's got it. I obliged him once in the same way myself. I would explain to him what I want it for. He will see at once that it is a good thing. I'll offer him a good rate of interest, and he might be very glad to let me have it. Anyhow, there's no harm trying."

Annie said nothing. She did not entirely approve this idea of her husband trying to borrow money of a man in whom his stepmother was so much interested. On the other hand starvation stared them in the face. If Howard could get hold of this \$2,000 and start in the brokerage business it might be the beginning of a new life for them.

"Well, do as you like, dear," she said. "When will you go to him?"

"The best time to catch him would be in the evening," replied Howard.

"Well, then, go to-night," she suggested.

Howard shook his head.

"No, not to-night. I don't think I should find him in. He's out every night somewhere. To-night there's another big reception at my father's house. He'll probably be there. I think I'll wait till to-morrow night. I'm nearly sure to catch him at home then."

Annie rose and began to remove the dishes from the table. Howard nonchalantly lighted another cigarette and, leaving the table, took up the evening newspaper. Sitting down comfortably in a rocker by the window, he blew a cloud of blue smoke up in the air and said:

"Yes, that's it—I'll go to-morrow night to the Astoria and strike Bob Underwood for that \$2,000."
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Smugglers' Ruse.
An ingenious method of smuggling saccharin has been detected at Breznitz, Austria, where seven men were arrested for importing large quantities of contraband. When the Geneva-Munich express arrived at Breznitz the station master had a coach containing seven travelers uncoupled from the express and detained for examination. He had been warned by telegraph from Zurich that seven smugglers of Geneva were in the train with a large quantity of saccharin. After an exhaustive search the officials failed to find any contraband and were about to apologize to the seven travelers for their detention when one customs inspector accidentally kicked a hot water pipe in a first class compartment and the secret was revealed. All the hot water pipes in the carriage were in duplicate, differing in no detail as to length, breadth and color, but one set was of metal and the other set made of paper mache containing saccharin, which is about nine times as expensive in Austria as in Switzerland.

For the Scandalmonger.
The Orleans museum has just been enriched with a curious relic of the past which some workmen in making excavations in the city came across. It is a stone representing a grinning figure, showing the teeth, the countenance being repellent enough. In this way the loquacious woman, the scandalmonger, was brought to her senses. The stone, suspended by a chain, was placed round her neck, and so accoutred she was compelled to walk round the town in which she lived. The stone is supposed to date about the sixteenth century.

SNOWBALL BATTLE.



See the soldiers all in line! Now the battle's on! Every man will have to test His mettle and his brawn.

Ammunition's piled up high To use throughout the fray. Which just begins when school is out And ends at close of day.

The Big Snow Fort is near at hand, And soldiers great and small. Will strive to win the victory With the powerful snowball.

HOME-MADE MOTOR ICEBOAT

One Constructed to Take Place of Regular Sail Iceboat and Used With Success Last Winter.

This motor-driven iceboat was constructed to take the place of the regular sail iceboat, and the one from which the accompanying illustration was made was used with success all last winter.

The boat is 4 1/2 feet wide at the widest part and ten feet long. The



Iceboat Propelled by Engine.

runners are about ten inches high, shod with steel ground concave the same as a skate runner. The motor is a three-horsepower air-cooled engine which was taken from an old motorcycle. The power is transmitted by a belt to a spiked driving wheel, giving a reduction of about 7/8 to 1, says a writer in the Popular Mechanics. The rear wheel of the motorcycle was also taken and an iron band shrunken on for a tire, and steel horse-shoe calks attached at four-inch intervals for the spokes. The two pieces that support the spiked driving wheel are hinged so as to allow the wheel to rise and fall over any bumps on the ice and to let the engine run free when desired. The entire boat with its propelling equipment weighs 120 pounds.

The boat is operated from the rear with one lever for controlling the spark, another for the throttle and the third for directing the course of the boat.

EDUCATIONAL TOY IS QUEER

Wheel Rolls Round Ends of Magnet, but Doesn't Fall Off—Amusing Play-thing Patented by Ohioan.

A toy that is both amusing and of educational value has been patented by an Ohio man. A horseshoe magnet with unusually long poles has the ends of these poles rounded. A single wheel, with a round steel bar running through it for an axle, rests upon this axle on the poles of the magnet, which form an endless track for it. The wheel, of



An Educational Toy.

course, is made light enough that the attraction of the magnet keeps it from falling off, yet the wheel can roll about easily on what is practically an endless track. To a child this toy brings home more forcibly than any lecture by his school teacher the power and principle of magnetism and he will delight in "fooling" his friends with it. The uninitiated will naturally expect the wheel to roll off the arms of the horseshoe and will be amazed to see it merely roll down the ends and back on the upper side.

Served Two Purposes.
"George, my son, don't you think it is rather extravagant of you to eat butter with that delicious jam?"
"No, mother; it is economical. The same piece of bread does for both."

Every Letter in Sentence.
This sentence contains every letter in the alphabet:
"A quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog."

SAVING THE SUNSHINE.

Most true conservationists will agree with the secretary of the interior in his condemnation of those loud talkers who spend their energies in discussing the wickedness of waste, without at the same time being willing to assist in any practicable plan to stop the evils they so greatly deplore. We suspect, however, that few, even of those good citizens who believe in the wisest use of natural resources and who are sincerely eager to safeguard the public good both now and hereafter, realize how easy it is to neglect opportunities for conservation which lie at our door. The coal and forests in Alaska are of vast importance, but the discharge of our duty with regard to them will not occupy much of our time. A nearer need is to see that we make the best use of natural resources in our own back yards. How about making "two blades of grass grow where one grew before?" Why isn't that just as important as keeping the coal or saving the streams or doing any of the thousand and one things that we individually can only talk about? Our truest conservationists are those gardeners and farmers who catch the sunshine and husband the rain and strive intelligently to keep pace in production with the increase of the non-agricultural population.

The need of conservation of food-supplying resources is obvious. There are more people in America every year, and every year the soil, if un-replenished, is impoverished. The area of rich land decreases and the cost of living rises. Conservation of the potential power of sun and soil is the only reasonable solution of the problem of nation-feeding and just here is our opportunity. What is for the nation's good is also for our individual profit. The wise use of the soil means money in our pockets.

The very greatest product of land is derived from "intensive gardening." Through generations of intelligent selection and breeding thoroughbred seeds have been developed whose yield far surpasses in quality and quantity that of the ordinary strains. You can be a true conservationist if you have a successful garden. Be sure, however, to start right by planting thoroughbred seeds. These can be bought of seedsmen having sufficient capital and experience to know what they are about and a reputation to maintain.

Porcelain Not of Persia.

True porcelain was never produced in Persia, but hard paste porcelain in Persian forms and styles of decoration was made in China for the Persian market. Wine ewers with powder blue glaze and gold overglaze decoration, small vases, and bowls with bronze luster glaze and designs reserved in white are found in collections of Persian ware, but these are unquestionably of Chinese origin.

First Aid To a Weak Stomach

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters

At the first sign of any weakness of the Stomach, Liver or Bowels take the Bitters. It renews health and strength. A trial will convince you. Don't experiment—Get

HOSTETTER'S AT ALL DRUG STORES

Not for Her.

The vorger of a large church, seeing an old woman in one of the seats reserved for some important persons, beckoned her to come out. But just at that moment the organ started playing. The old woman, never having been in a church containing an organ, started him and the congregation by calling: "Ha, man, get somebody younger; my dancing days are past."

70 Years with Coughs

We have had seventy years of experience with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This makes us have great confidence in it for coughs, colds, bronchitis, weak throats, and weak lungs. We want you to have confidence in it, as well. Ask your own doctor what experience he has had with it. He knows. Keep in close touch with him.

One of Ayer's Pills at bedtime will cause an increased flow of bile and produce a gentle laxative effect the day following. Formulas on each box. Show it to your doctor. He will understand at a glance. Dose, one pill at bedtime, just one. Made by the J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.



Not One Second Have I Regretted Marrying You--That's Honest to God!