



SYNOPSIS.

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 died in prison, and is disowned by his father. He is out of work and in desperate straits. Underwood, who had once been engaged to Howard's step-mother, Alicia, is apparently in prosperous circumstances. Taking advantage of his intimacy with Alicia, he becomes a sort of social highwayman. Discovering his true character, Alicia denies him the house. He sends her a note threatening suicide. Art dealers for whom he acted as commissioner, demand an accounting. He cannot make good. Howard calls at his apartments in an intoxicated condition to request a loan of \$2,000 to enable him to take up a business proposition. Underwood tells him 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. Alicia enters. She demands a promise from Underwood that he will not take his life. He refuses unless she will renew her patronage. This she refuses, and takes her leave. Underwood kills himself. The report of the pistol awakens Howard. He finds Underwood dead. Realizing his predicament he attempts to flee and is met by Underwood's valet. Howard is turned over to the police. Capt. Clinton, notorious for his brutal treatment of prisoners, pits 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 says she will clear him. She calls on Jeffries, Sr.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

He halted, looking as if he would like to escape, but there was no way of egress. This determined-looking young woman had him at a disadvantage.

"I do not think," he said feebly, "that there is any subject which can be of mutual interest—"

"Oh, yes, there is," she replied eagerly. She was quick to take advantage of this entering wedge into the man's mantle of cold reserve.

"Flesh and blood," she went on earnestly, "is of mutual interest. Your son is yours whether you cast him off or not. You've got to hear me. I am not asking anything for myself. It's for him, your son. He's in trouble. Don't desert him at a moment like this. Whatever he may have done to deserve your anger—don't—don't deal him such a blow. You cannot realize what it means in such a critical situation. Even if you only pretend to be friendly with him—you don't need to really be friends with him. But don't you see what the effect will be if you, his father, publicly withdraw from his support? Everybody will say he's no good, that he can't be any good or his father wouldn't go back on him. You know what the world is. People will condemn him because you condemn him. They won't even give him a hearing. For God's sake, don't go back on him now!"

Mr. Jeffries turned and walked toward the window, and stood there gazing on the trees on the lawn. She did not see his face, but by the nervous twitching of his hands behind his back, she saw that her words had not been without effect. She waited in silence for him to say something. Presently he turned around, and she saw that his face had changed. The look of haughty pride had gone. She had touched the chords of the father's heart. Gravely he said:

"Of course you realize that you, above all others, are responsible for his present position."

She was about to demur, but she checked herself. What did she care what they thought of her? She was fighting to save her husband, not to make the Jeffries family think better of her. Quickly she answered:

"Well, all right—I'm responsible—but don't punish him because of me."

Mr. Jeffries looked at her. Who was this young woman who championed so warmly his own son? She was his wife, of course. But wives of a certain kind are quick to desert their husbands when they are in trouble. There must be some good in the girl, after all, he thought. Hesitatingly, he said:

"I could have forgiven him everything, everything but—"

"But me," she said promptly. "I know it. Don't you suppose I feel it, too, and don't you suppose it hurts?"

Mr. Jeffries stiffened up. This woman was evidently trying to excite his sympathies. The hard, proud expression came back into his face, as he answered curtly:

"Forgive me for speaking plainly, but my son's marriage with such a woman as you has made it impossible to even consider the question of reconciliation."

With all her efforts at self-control, Annie would have been more than human had she not resented the insinuation in this cruel speech. For a moment she forgot the importance of preserving amicable relations, and she retorted:

"Such a woman as me? That's pretty plain. But you'll have to speak even more plainly. What do you mean when you say such a woman as me? What have I done?"

Mr. Jeffries looked out of the window without answering, and she went on:

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



"You Will Leave America Never to Return—"

"I worked in a factory when I was nine years old, and I've earned my living ever since. There's no disgrace in that, is there? There's nothing against me personally—nothing disgraceful, I mean. I know I'm not educated. I'm not a lady in your sense of the word, but I've led a decent life. There isn't a breath of scandal against me—not a breath. But what's the good of talking about me? Never mind me. I'm not asking for anything. What are you going to do for him? He must have the best lawyer that money can procure—none of those barroom orators. Judge Brewster, your lawyer, is the man. We want Judge Brewster."

Mr. Jeffries shrugged his shoulders. "I repeat—my son's marriage with the daughter of a man who died in prison—"

She interrupted him. "That was hard luck—nothing but hard luck. You're not going to make me responsible for that, are you? Why, I was only eight years old when that happened. Could I have prevented it?" Recklessly she went on: "Well, blame it on me if you want to, but don't hold it up against Howard. He didn't know it when he married me. He never would have known it but for the detectives employed by you to dig up my family history, and the newspapers did the rest. God! what they didn't say! I never realized I was of so much importance. They printed it in scare-head lines. It made a fine sensation for the public, but it destroyed my peace of mind."

"A convict's daughter!" said Mr. Jeffries contemptuously.

"He was a good man at that!" she answered hotly. "He kept the squarest poolroom in Manhattan, but he refused to pay police blackmail, and he was railroaded to prison." Indignantly she went on: "If my father's shingle had been up in Wall street, and he'd made 50 dishonest millions, you'd forget it next morning, and you'd welcome me with open arms. But he was unfortunate. Why, Billy Delmore was the best man in the world. He'd give away the last dollar he had to a friend. I wish to God he was alive now! He'd help to save your son. I wouldn't have to come here to ask you."

Mr. Jeffries shifted uneasily on his feet and looked away.

"You don't seem to understand," he said impatiently. "I've completely cut him off from the family. It's as if he were dead."

She approached nearer and laid her hand gently on the banker's arm.

"Don't say that, Mr. Jeffries. It's wicked to say that about your own son. He's a good boy at heart, and he's been so good to me. Ah, if you only knew how hard he's tried to get work! I'm sure you'd change your opinion of him. Lately he's been drinking a little because he was disappointed in not getting anything to do. But he tried so hard. He walked the streets night and day. Once he even took a position as guard on the elevated road. Just think of it, Mr. Jeffries, your son—to such straits were we reduced—but he caught cold and had to give it up. I wanted to go to work and help him out. I always earned my living before I married him, but he wouldn't let me. You don't know what a good heart he's got. He's been weak and foolish, but you know he's only a boy."

She watched his face to see if her words were having any effect, but Mr. Jeffries showed no sign of relenting. Sarcastically, he said:

"And you took advantage of the fact and married him?"

For a moment she made no reply. She felt the reproach was not unwarranted, but why should they blame her for seeking happiness? Was she not entitled to it as much as any other woman? She had not married Howard for his social position or his money. In fact, she had been worse off since her marriage than she was before. She married him because she loved him, and because she thought she could redeem him, and she was ready to go through any amount of suffering to prove her disinterested devotion. Quietly, she said:

"Yes, I know—I did wrong. But I love him, Mr. Jeffries. Believe me or not—I love him. It's my only excuse. I thought I could take care of him. He needed some one to look after him, he's too easily influenced. You know his character is not so strong as it might be. He told me that his fellow students at college used to hypnotize him and make him do all kinds of things to amuse the other boys. He says that somehow he's never been the same since. I—I just loved him because I was strong and he was weak. I thought I could protect him. But now this terrible thing has happened, and I find I am powerless. It's too much for me. I can't fight this battle alone. Won't you help me, Mr. Jeffries?" she added pleadingly. "Won't you help me?"

The banker was thoughtful a minute, then suddenly he turned on her.

"Will you consent to a divorce if I agree to help him?"

She looked at him with dismay. There was tragic tenseness in this dramatic situation—a father fighting for his son, a woman fighting for her husband.

"A divorce?" she stammered. "Why, I never thought of such a thing as that."

"It's the only way to save him," said the banker coldly.

"The only way?" she faltered.

"The only way," said Mr. Jeffries firmly. "Do you consent?" he asked.

Annie threw up her head. Her pale face was full of determination, as she replied resignedly, catching her breath as she spoke:

"Yes, if it must be. I will consent to a divorce—to save him!"

"You will leave the country and go abroad to live?" continued the banker coldly.

"She listened as in a dream. That she would be confronted by such an alternative as this had never entered her mind. She wondered why the world was so cruel and heartless. Yet if the sacrifice must be made to save Howard she was ready to make it.

"You will leave America and never return—is that understood?" repeated the banker.

"Yes, sir," she replied falteringly.

Mr. Jeffries paced nervously up and down the room. For the first time he seemed to take an interest in the interview. Patronizingly he said:

"You will receive a yearly allowance through my lawyer."

Annie tossed up her chin defiantly. She would show the aristocrat that she could be as proud as he was.

"Thanks," she exclaimed. "I don't



accept charity. I'm used to earning my own living."

"Oh, very well," replied the banker quickly. "That's as you please. But I have your promise—you will not attempt to see him again?"

"What! Not see him once more? To say good-by?" she exclaimed. A broken sob half checked her utterance.

"Surely you can't mean that, Mr. Jeffries."

The banker shrugged his shoulders. "I don't want the newspapers filled with sensational articles about the heartrending farewell interview between Howard Jeffries, Jr., and his wife—with your picture on the front page."

She was not listening to his sarcasm.

"Not even to say good-by?" she sobbed.

"No," replied Mr. Jeffries firmly. "Not even to say good-by."

"But what will he say? What will he think?" she cried.

"He will see it is for the best," answered the banker. "He himself will thank you for your action."

There was a long silence, broken only by the sound of the girl's sobbing. Finally she said:

"Very well, sir. I'll do as you say." She looked up. Her eyes were dry, the lines about her mouth set and determined. "Now," she said, "what are you going to do for him?"

The banker made a gesture of impatience, as if such considerations were not important.

"I don't know yet," he said, haughtily. "I shall think the matter over carefully."

Annie was fast losing patience. She was willing to sacrifice herself and give up everything she held dear in life to save the man she loved, but the cold, deliberate, calculating attitude of this unnatural father exasperated her.

"But I want to know," she said, boldly. "I want to consider the matter carefully, too."

"You?" sneered Mr. Jeffries.

"Yes, sir," she retorted. "I'm paying dearly for it—with my—with all I have. I want to know just what you're going to give him for it."

He was lost in reflection for a moment, then he said, pompously:

"I shall furnish the money for the employment of such legal talent as may be necessary. That's as far as I wish to go in the case. It must not be known—I cannot allow it to be known that I am helping him."

"Must not be known?" cried Annie, in astonishment. "You mean you won't stand by him? You'll only just pay for the lawyer?"

The banker nodded.

"That is all I can promise."

She laughed hysterically.

"Why," she exclaimed, "I—I could do that myself if I—I tried hard enough."

"I can promise nothing more," replied Mr. Jeffries, coldly.

"But that is not enough," she protested. "I want you to come forward and publicly declare your belief in your son's innocence. I want you to put your arms around him and say to the world: 'My boy is innocent! I know it and I'm going to stand by him.' You won't do that?"

Mr. Jeffries shook his head. "It is impossible."

The wife's pent-up feelings now gave way. The utter indifference of this aristocratic father aroused her indignation to such a pitch that she became reckless of the consequences. They wanted her to desert him, just as they deserted him, but she wouldn't. She would show them the kind of woman she was.

"So!" she cried in an outburst of mingled anger and grief. "So his family must desert him and his wife must leave him! The poor boy must stand absolutely alone in the world, and face a trial for his life! Is that the idea?"

The banker made no reply. Snapping her fingers, she went on:

"Well, it isn't mine, Mr. Jeffries! I won't consent to a divorce! I won't leave America! And I'll see him just as often as I can, even if I have to sit in the Tombs prison all day. As for his defense, I'll find some one. I'll go to Judge Brewster again and if he still refuses, I'll go to some one else. There must be some good, big-hearted lawyer in this great city who'll take up his case."

Trembling with emotion, she readjusted her veil and with her handkerchief dried her tear-stained face. Going toward the door, she said:

"You needn't trouble yourself any more, Mr. Jeffries. We shan't need your help. Thank you very much for the interview. It was very kind of you to listen so patiently. Good afternoon, sir."

Before the astonished banker could stop her, she had thrown back the tapestry and disappeared through the door.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

J. L. HILL Pacific Avenue Buys and Sells Second Hand Goods Telephone 743 Dealer in Flour and Feed

J. C. Kuratli E. I. Kuratli General Auctioneer Notarial Work Kuratli Bros. REAL ESTATE, COLLECTIONS MONEY TO LOAN German spoken in the office BELL, MAIN 346 HILLSBORO OREGON

C. W. MERTZ J. C. LATTA

MERTZ & LATTA Forest Grove Steam Laundry Ice, Cold Storage, Wood and Coal Both Phones Corner Fifth Avenue and Second Street

The Bankers & Merchants Mutual Fire Ass'n of Forest Grove, Oregon Writes the Most Conservative Line of Commercial and Dwelling Insurance of Any Mutual Company in the State. It will Pay You to Protect Your Property with One of Our Policies

Central Livery Barns Mc Namer & Wirtz, Proprietors General Livery and Tillamook Stage Lines.

PEERLESS CAFETERIA 124 FIFTH STREET Between Wash. and Stark 84 and 86 FIFTH STREET Between Stark and Oak PORTLAND, OREGON The Best Place in Portland to Eat and at Most Reasonable Prices

Ed Williams J. W. Buckley WILLIAMS & BUCKLEY Manufacturers and Dealers in Rough and Dressed LUMBER We are able to supply everything necessary for the complete construction of house, barn or shed. Prices and Estimates Furnished Phone Gales 453, Gales Creek, Oregon

Commercial Printing W E are in a better position than ever to do all kinds of Fine Commercial Printing on short notice, having just recently installed new machinery and a complete line of the latest styles of type faces

BILL HEADS, LETTER HEADS, STATEMENTS, LEGAL BLANKS, POSTERS, BRIEFS, ENVELOPES, CALLING CARDS, ETC. Up-to-date work on short notice.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Press Job Rooms THE QUALITY SHOP