



The THIRD DEGREE

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

By CHARLES KLEIN AND ARTHUR HORNBLow

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

poor da-da in such an ugly place. To think that after all these years she was again to go through a similar experience.

She had nerved herself for the ordeal. Anxious as she was to see Howard and learn from his lips all that had happened, she feared that she would never be able to see him behind the bars without breaking down. Yet she must be strong so she could work to set him free. So much had happened in the last two days. It seemed a month since the police had sent her to her apartment to wait for Howard. At midnight to hurry down to the Austria, yet it was only two days ago. The morning following her trying interview with Capt. Clinton in the dead man's apartment she had tried to see Howard, but without success. The police held him a close prisoner, pretending that he might make an attempt upon his life. There was nothing for her to do but wait.

Intuitively she realized the necessity of immediately securing the services of an able lawyer. There was no doubt of Howard's innocence, but she recalled with a shiver that even innocent persons have suffered capital punishment because they were unable to establish their innocence, so overwhelming were the appearances against them. He must have the best lawyer to be had, regardless of expense. Only one name occurred to her, the name of a man of international reputation, the mere mention of whose name in a courtroom filled the hearts of the innocent with hope and the guilty with dread. That man was Judge Brewster. She hurried downtown to his office and waited an hour before he could see her. Then he told her, politely but coldly, that he must decline to take her case. He knew well who she was and he eyed her with some curiosity, but his manner was frigid and discouraging. There were plenty of lawyers in New York, he said. She must go elsewhere. Politely he bowed her out. Half of a precious day was already lost. Judge Brewster refused the case. To whom could she turn now? In despair, almost desperate, she drove uptown to Riverside drive and forced an entrance into the Jeffries home. Here, again, she was met with a rebuff. Still not discouraged, she returned to Judge Brewster's office. He was out and she sat there an hour waiting to see him. Night came and he did not return. Almost prostrated with nervous exhaustion, she returned to their deserted little flat in Harlem.

It was going to be a hard fight, she saw that. But she would keep right on, no matter at what cost. Howard could not be left alone to perish without a hand to save him. Judge Brewster must come to his rescue. He could not refuse. She would return again to his office this afternoon and sit there all day long. If necessary, until he promised to take the case. He alone could save him. She would go to the lawyer and beg him on her knees if necessary, but first she must see Howard and bid him take courage.

A low doorway from Center street gave access to the gray fortresses. At the heavy steel gate stood a portly policeman armed with a big key. Each time before letting people in or out he inserted this key in a ponderous lock. The gate would not open merely by turning the handle. This was to prevent the escape of prisoners, who might possibly succeed in reaching so far as the door, but could not open the steel gate without the big key. When once any one entered the prison he was not permitted to go out again except on a signal from a keeper.

When Annie entered she found the reception room filled with visitors, men and women of all ages and nationalities, who, like herself, had come to see some relative or friend in trouble. It was a motley and interest-

ing crowd. There were fruit peddlers, sweat shop workers, sporty looking men, negroes and flashy looking women. All seemed callous and indifferent, as if quite at home amid the sinister surroundings of a prison. One or two others appeared to belong to a more respectable class, their sober manner and careworn faces reflecting silently the humiliation and shame they felt at their kinsman's disgrace.

The small barred windows did not permit of much ventilation and, as the day was warm, the odor was sickening. Annie looked around fearfully and humbly took her place at the end of the long line which slowly worked its way to the narrow inner grating, where credentials were closely scrutinized. The horror of the place seized upon her. She wondered who all these poor people were and what the prisoners whom they came to see had done to offend the majesty of the law. The prison was filled with policemen and keepers and running in and out with messages and packages were a

number of men in neat linen suits. She asked a woman who they were. "Them's trustees - prisoners that has special privileges in return for work they does about the prison."

The credentials were passed upon slowly and Annie, being the twentieth in line, found it a tedious wait. In front of her was a woman whose cheap jewelry, rouged face and extravagant dress proclaimed her profession to be the most ancient in the world. But at last the gate was reached. As the doorkeeper examined her ticket he looked up at her with curiosity. A murderer is rare enough even in the Tombs, to excite interest, and as she passed on the attendants whispered among themselves. She knew they were talking about her, but she steered herself not to care. It was

Plant Breaking Up an Island. Strength is not a thing usually connected with maidenhair fern, yet if its roots have not sufficient room they break the pot in which the plant grows. Blades of grass will force the curbstones between which they spring up out of their place, and in a single night a crop of small mushrooms have lifted a large stone. Indeed, plants have been known to break the hardest rocks.

The islands of Aldabra, to the northwest of Madagascar, is becoming smaller and smaller through the action of the mangroves that grow along the foot of the cliffs. They eat their way into the rock in all directions, and into the gaps thus formed the waves force their way. In time they will probably reduce the island to pieces.

Fable of the Mice. The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse engaged in a friendly rivalry to see which could best entertain the other.

The Town Mouse led off. He introduced the Country Mouse to a great number of people of the right sort who graciously lapped up all the champagne he cared to buy—in short, exhausted the resources of urban hospitality.

"Pretty good!" the Country Mouse admitted. "But say, you come out to my place in your car and run as fast as you like. I'm Justice of the Peace."

Whereas an English experimenter named Vincent hypnotized with ease 98 per cent of a large group of university men.

Hypnotism and Will Power. People used to think that persons who could be hypnotized were deficient in will power, that it was something of a stigma on their mental equipment. The experts know better now. A writer in the Woman's Home Companion goes so far as to say that the more readily he can be hypnotized, the more he can be hypnotized.

Dr. Volain, a French alienist, found that he could not hypnotize more than ten per cent of the inmates of the asylum with which he was connected. Whereas an English experimenter named Vincent hypnotized with ease 98 per cent of a large group of university men.

only a foretaste of other humiliations which she must expect. A keeper now took charge of her and led her to a room where she was searched by a matron for concealed weapons, a humiliating ordeal, to which even the richest and most influential visitors must submit with as good a grace as possible. The matron was a hard looking woman of about 50 years, in whom every spark of human pity and sympathy had been killed during her many years of constant association with criminals. The word "prison" had lost its meaning to her. She saw nothing undesirable in jail life, but looked upon the Tombs rather as a kind of boarding house in which people made short or long sojourns, according to their luck. She treated Annie unceremoniously, yet not unkindly.

"So you're the wife of Jeffries, whom they've got for murder, eh?" she said, as she rapidly ran her hands through the visitor's clothing. "Yes," faltered Annie, "but it's all a mistake, I assure you. My husband's perfectly innocent. He wouldn't hurt a fly."

The woman grinned. "They all say that, m'm." Lugubriously she added: "I hope you'll be more lucky than some others were." Annie felt herself grow cold. Was this a sinister prophecy? She shuddered and, hastily taking a dollar from her purse, slipped it into the matron's hand.

"May I go now?" she said. "My dear, I guess you've got nothing dangerous on you. We have to be very careful. I remember once when we had that Hoboken murderer here. He's the fellow that cut his wife's head off and stuffed the body in a barrel. His mother came here to see him one day and what did I find inside her stocking but an innocent looking little round pill, and if you please, it was nothing less than prussic acid. He would have swallowed it and the electric chair would have been cheated. So you see how careful we has to be."

Annie could not listen to any more. The horror of having Howard classed with fiends of that description sickened her. To the keeper she said quickly: "Please take me to my husband."

Taking another dollar from her purse, she slipped the bill into the man's hand, feeling that, here as everywhere else, one must pay for privileges and courtesies. Her guide led the way and ushered her into an elevator, which, at a signal, started slowly upwards.

The cells in the Tombs are arranged in rows in the form of an ellipse in the center of each of the six floors. There is room to accommodate 900 prisoners of both sexes. The men are confined in the new prison; the women, fewer in number, in what remains of the old building. Only the center of each floor being taken up with the rows of narrow cells, there remains a broad corridor, running all the way round and flanked on the right by high walls with small barred windows. An observer from the street glancing up at the windows might conclude that they were those of the cells in which prisoners were confined. As a matter of fact, the cells have no windows, only a grating which looks directly out into the circular corridor.

At the fourth floor the elevator stopped and the heavy iron door swung back.

"This way," said the keeper, stepping out and quickly walking along the corridor. "He's in cell No. 456."

A lump rose in Annie's throat. The place was well ventilated, yet she thought she would faint from a choking feeling of restraint. All along the corridor to the left were iron doors painted yellow. In the upper part of the door were half a dozen broad slits through which one could see what was going on inside.

"Those are the cells," volunteered her guide.

Annie shuddered, as, mentally, she pictured Howard locked up in such a dreadful place. She peered through one of the slits and saw a narrow cell about ten feet long by six wide. The only furnishings were a folding cot with blanket, a wash bowl and lavatory. Each cell had its occupant, men and youths of all ages. Some were reading, some playing cards. Some were lying asleep on their cots, perhaps dreaming of home, but most of them leaning dejectedly against the iron bars wondering when they would regain their liberty.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ILLINOIS FAVORS ROOSEVELT. Primary Vote Also Goes for Champ Clark, Democrat.

Chicago—Winners in the Illinois preferential, advisory and direct primary elections, as indicated by sufficient returns to warrant a prediction, are as follows: For president—Theodore Roosevelt, Republican; Champ Clark, Democrat. For United States senator—L. Y. Sherman, Republican; James Hamilton Lewis, Democrat (uncontested).

For governor—Charles S. Deneen, Republican; Edward F. Dunne, Democrat. Colonel Roosevelt's state managers claimed his majority over President Taft as from 100,000 to 150,000. Returns indicate his vote was nearly five to two for Taft.

Returns received late at night from down-state precincts indicate that President Taft had carried several counties there by small majorities. Presidential delegates were not named on the ballots, and will be elected by congressional districts and at large, the effect of the first vote being only to serve as a guide to party officials as indicating party feeling.

WHEAT HITS DOLLAR MARK AT SEATTLE. Seattle—For the first time in two years, the price of wheat in Seattle reached the dollar mark Tuesday. Seattle millers were paying \$1 a bushel for No. 1. bluestem, and as high as 97 cents was asked for No. 1 club wheat. Only three times in the last eight years has wheat passed the dollar mark in the Seattle market. The other times were in 1909, when wheat brought \$1.18, and in 1910, when it sold for 93 cents to \$1.

The high price of wheat in the Pacific Northwest is said to be the result of the record-breaking demand for flour in the Orient. Although a crop estimated at 65,000,000 bushels was harvested in the Northwest last year, it is said that less than 10,000,000 bushels remained at home.

Barley and oats are also soaring. Barley was quoted at \$34.50 a ton, the highest it has ever been in the local market, and oats sold for \$36.50, the highest since 1909, when the price was \$39 to \$39.50.

KILL 500 MEXICAN REBELS. Federals Retake City of Jotulla With Small Loss.

Mexico City—Rebel forces were routed from the city of Jotulla, Morelos, an important commercial center, and 500 of their number were killed in the battle, according to dispatches made public at the department of the interior.

Jotulla fell into the hands of a Zapata band several days ago. The federals surrounded the town and stormed the little place from all sides. Artillery was used with deadly effect. The federal loss is placed at three officers and 40 men killed and wounded.

Alfonso Barrera Zambrano, nephew of the President, who was in command of a corps of rurales, is among the dead. Early reports that Emilio Zapata was in personal command of the rebels are denied.

Excursionists Die in Nile. Cairo, Egypt—Many passengers were drowned by the sinking of a Nile excursion steambot after a collision with another steambot near the great dam on the river, about 15 miles to the northwest of Cairo, and a few miles from Kalyub.

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