



Homer Davenport



Plague Precaution Taken.

Washington, D. C.—To prevent the introduction of bubonic plague, yellow fever and other contagious diseases into the United States from Mexico, Surgeon-General Blue, of the Public Health and Marine hospital service, has detailed assistant surgeons to supervise the departure of vessels from Vera Cruz and Tampico to this country. These officers will report upon the sanitary conditions of the ports, sign bills of health with the American consul, and fumigate vessels to kill mosquitos and rats.

Loss of Gold Threatened.

Washington, D. C.—Representative Humphrey notified the house committee on appropriations that if it abolished the Seattle assay office Alaska gold would be taken to Vancouver, B. C., where the Canadian government maintains a well-equipped assay office. He denied the contention of the Treasury department that this gold would find its way to San Francisco, even though the United States should assay it there free. Humphrey believes, however, that the house will abolish all assay offices, except at New York.

Knox Will Hear Complaints.

Los Angeles—Secretary of State Knox, who will arrive here soon from New Orleans, will hear stories of cruelties inflicted upon Americans in Mexican jails when he reaches this city. Secretary Knox telegraphed that he would be glad to listen to all who had any complaints to make. C. A. Heberlein, who was recently thrown into jail at Jimenez by General Orozco, will tell Secretary Knox his story.

Four Killed in Storm.

Laredo, Tex.—A tornado that passed just north of here caused the death of three young women and a baby, according to the best information available by means of demoralized communication facilities. A special train has been sent from here with surgeons. The meager reports received here tell of the injury of many persons and destruction of farm buildings.

Montana Snowfall Deep.

Butte, Mont.—Snow covered Montana Saturday to a depth of from three to 11 inches. The storm has been called the "million dollar" storm, it being expected to benefit the agricultural interests to that extent. Traffic did not suffer. In Gallatin county, the principal wheat district, 11 inches of snow fell in 24 hours.

REBELS ADVANCE WITH 7,000

Orozco Sets Army in Motion Across Desert.

Jimenez, Mex.—The entire rebel army, numbering in the neighborhood of 7000 men, has assumed the offensive. Convinced that General Huerte, the federal leader, was determined to act on the defensive in territory selected by himself, General Pascual Orozco, the rebel commander-in-chief, set his army in motion across the desert.

Stereotypers on Strike.

Chicago—After a day of turmoil, marked by several assaults and a few arrests, resulting from attempts to distribute Chicago newspapers printed by non-union pressmen, publishers were confronted with fresh trouble when the stereotypers walked out of all the offices. The movement was made by the workmen in violation of a specific order from James J. Freely, international president of the Stereotypers' union, for the men to remain at work. Afternoon papers published only one edition Friday.

Food to Go Still Higher.

New York—The next 12 months will see some new records in high prices for meats, eggs and butter, in the belief of H. L. Preston, editor of a trade paper. The cold season has put the hens far behind in their work, the expert declares, and the supply of butter in sight is not likely to balance with the public demand. Potato prices would go to \$8 a barrel, he adds, if it were not for the Irish and Belgian importations. The cabbage crop is short and artichokes are becoming luxuries.

Great Tunnel Completed.

Yuma, Arizona—Shrieking whistles announced the practical completion of the big 956-foot tunnel under the Colorado river, which is the largest unit and most important adjunct of the Guna dam irrigation project. The 14-foot bore will carry water to irrigate 90,000 acres between the dam and the Mexican border. Engineer Sellow expressed the belief that water would be flowing through it by the middle of June.

Silk Mill Workers Strike.

Easton, Pa.—One thousand of the operatives in the silk mills of R. & H. Simon have struck for an increase of 15 per cent in pay and a reduction of working hours from 59 to 54 a week.

BOAT DRILLS NOT HELD.

English Board of Inquiry Shows Apathy of Titanic Officers.

London—The apathy of the British public, which has been one of the features thus far of the board of trade inquiry into the Titanic disaster, was again demonstrated by the thin attendance when the commissioners under the presidency of Lord Mersey, resumed their investigation.

The first witness called was George Beauchamp, a fireman of the Titanic, who testified:

"I did not know which was my boat station. I heard that a list had been put up that morning, but I did not see it. None had been put up before. I did not know where to go, so I went up to the boat deck and to lifeboat No. 13, on the starboard side, where I helped to put in the women and children. There was an officer there, and when the lifeboat was full he gave the order to lower away.

"There was between 60 and 70 in all in the boat, which was put in charge of a stoker. There was no light, compass, provisions nor water in the boat."

Beauchamp testified that he had seen no boat drill on the Titanic. Robert Hichens, quartermaster, testified that he was on duty on the bridge of the Titanic at 8 o'clock. He heard Second Officer Lightoller through the telephone give an order to the men in the crew's nest to keep a sharp lookout for ice and growlers.

Hichens went on duty at the wheel at 10 o'clock. He testified that the logbook showed the speed to have been 45 knots in two hours and that there was no change up to the time the Titanic struck the iceberg at 11:40.

"Would the lifeboats have been of any use at all if there had been a rough sea?" asked Lord Mersey. The quartermaster replied emphatically: "I am sure they would not, my lord."

ANCIENT THRONE RESTORED

New York O'Connor Revives Dynasty in Ireland.

New York—The O'Connors are to be kings in Ireland once more. Every student of Irish history knows that Roderick O'Connor was the last king of Ireland and Prince of Breffney, but future historians must record that it remained for Michael J. O'Connor, a Broadway saloonkeeper, to restore the clan to the regal grandeur which is theirs by right.

The new O'Connor dynasty is to be established on the banks of the River Shannon, where King Roderick O'Connor took his last stand and fought with his clan at his back. There it was, too, that Tom Moore sang "The Valley Lay Smiling Before Me."

The old estate of King Roderick, long since fallen into unfriendly hands, has been bought by Michael O'Connor, who restored the family fortune through the medium of two cafes in Broadway and one in One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street. The new "Prince of Breffney" has returned from Ireland and announced his purchase.

DOGGIE WAS SPRAYED.

Rich Mrs. Pullman Quits Honolulu Because Pet is Mistrusted.

San Francisco—Chagrined because the quarantine officials at Honolulu persisted in imposing hardships upon her high bred dog, Mrs. George M. Pullman, widow of the Pullman palace car magnate, cut her visit in the islands very short and returned on the Oceanic liner Sierra.

Mrs. Pullman explained that she had expected to pass another month in Honolulu and its environs, but that the quarantine officers took her pet spaniel away from her and gave it a course of spraying and disinfectants. Then the Honolulu newspapers took the matter up and gave it publicity, which was displeasing to Mrs. Pullman, and she decided to "cut" the paradise of the Pacific and hastened to leave, bag and baggage.

After many unsuccessful attempts to get her dog out of quarantine, she gave up in disgust and arranged with an agent there to send the spaniel up on the next steamer to San Francisco, and it will be forwarded by express to Chicago.

Kansas Women Confident.

Wichita, Kan.—Close to 1000 women from this and other states were in attendance at the twenty-ninth annual convention of the Kansas Equal Suffrage association here. Miss Jane Addams, of Chicago, and Rev. Olympia Brown Willis, president of the Wisconsin Equal Suffrage association, who took part with Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony and other leaders in the Kansas suffrage campaign a quarter of a century ago, are guests of honor. Speakers predicted that Kansas will grant suffrage next November.

Sulli, Soldier, Is Dead.

New Rochelle, N. Y.—Giovanni Sulli, one of Garibaldi's favorite captains, died here at the residence of his son, aged 86 years. He was one of the prominent figures in Sicily during the rebellion of 1848-60, and was a friend of Garibaldi. He distinguished himself on the field of battle and was three times captured and condemned to death, but was exchanged. Victor Emmanuel offered him a high position in the Italian government, but the offer was refused that Sulli might live in the United States.

Fish Prices Go Skyward.

Los Angeles—Because of a shortage of all kinds of deep-sea fish along the Southern California coast, wholesale prices have taken a jump of nearly 100 per cent within the past few days, and may go still higher. Fishermen who have been in the channel for 30 years say the only reason they can give for the shortage is that tugs fishing with seines a mile long have destroyed many small fish and much spawm.

People Give Warship.

Stockholm, Sweden—The sum of \$3,360,000, subscribed by the public for construction of a battleship for the Swedish navy, was brought to the king by a deputation representing the donors. King Gustaf expressed profound gratitude for the magnificent gift.



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 the world in desperate straits. Underwood, who had once been engaged to Howard's stepmother, is apparently this his prosperous circumstances. Taking advantage of his intimacy with Alicia, he becomes a sort of social highwayman. Discovering her true character, Alicia denies him the use of her name. 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. 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. He refuses unless she will renew her promise to him, but when she finds that the elder Jeffries does not intend to stand by his son, except financially, she concedes anything unless you agree to defend Howard. The lawyer shook his head. "I can't—it's impossible." "Then neither can I," she exclaimed, defiantly. Judge Brewster could not refrain from smiling. This young woman had actually enveiled him into an argument. Almost mockingly, he said: "So you're determined to have me."

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

"You're going on the stage?" She nodded. "I've had a very big offer." The judge leaned forward, and in a low voice, so that no one in the outer office might hear, he said: "Well, I'll give you twice as much if you refuse the engagement." She laughed ironically. "You mean that my father-in-law will give it," she said, lightly. Then she went on: "You know it's no use your asking me to concede anything unless you agree to defend Howard."

The lawyer shook his head. "I can't—it's impossible." "Then neither can I," she exclaimed, defiantly. Judge Brewster could not refrain from smiling. This young woman had actually enveiled him into an argument. Almost mockingly, he said: "So you're determined to have me."

"But I don't argue criminal cases," she said, simply. "That's just it," she exclaimed, eagerly. "My husband is not a criminal. He is innocent. I don't want a lawyer who is always defending criminals. I want one who defends a man because he isn't a criminal."

Judge Brewster waved his hand contemptuously. "Go and see some other lawyer—there are plenty of 'em." She leaned eagerly forward. Her face was flushed from excitement, her eyes flashed. "There's only one Judge Brewster," she exclaimed. "He's the greatest lawyer in the world, and he's going to help us. He is going to save Howard's life."

The judge shifted uneasily on his chair. He didn't like this forceful, persistent young woman. Almost fretfully, he said: "You always say that. Upon my word, I shall begin to believe it soon."

"I shall say it again," she exclaimed, "and again every time I see you." There was a comic look of despair in his face which would have amused his visitor had her errand not been so serious. "How often do you intend that shall be?" "Every day," she replied, calmly. "I shall say it and think it until—until it comes true."

Judge Brewster tried to feel angry, although inwardly he had hard work to keep from smiling. With pretended indignation, he said: "You mean that you intend to keep me until I give way—through sheer exhaustion?" She nodded. "That's it exactly," she said. The lawyer gasped. "Well, I must say you—you're very brave."

Annie shook her head. "No, I'm not," she said, earnestly. "I'm an awful coward, but I'm fighting for him. Howard Jeffries lifted me up when I was way down in the world. He gave me his name. He gave me all he had, to make me a better woman, and I'm grateful. Why, even a dog has gratitude, even a dog will lick the hand that feeds him. Why should I hesitate to express my gratitude? That's all I'm doing—just paying him back a bit of the debt I owe him, and I'm going to move Heaven and earth to bring his father around to my way of thinking. I've got you already—"

The judge bounded to his feet. Could his ears have heard aright? "Got me already?" he exclaimed. "What do you mean by that?" Annie returned his angry look with the utmost calm. She was playing her cards well, and she knew it. She had hit the old man in a sensitive place. Quietly, she went on: "You'd say 'yes' in a minute if it wasn't for Mr. Jeffries."

"Oh, you think so, do you?" he gasped. "I'm sure of it," she replied, confidently. Boldly she went on: "You're afraid of him."

Judge Brewster frowned. He did not like the insinuation that he was afraid to do the right thing because it might interfere with his emolument. Yet, secretly, he had to admit...

The THIRD DEGREE BY CHARLES KLEIN AND ARTHUR HORNBLow ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

Copyright, 1909, by G.W. Dillingham Company.

He stared at her in a strange, absent-minded kind of way, until finally she lost patience. Boldly she said: "Well, you sent for me. What do you want to see me about, Judge?" "I want to tell you that you mustn't come here again," he answered. "Anything else?" she exclaimed. The judge began to fuss with the papers on his desk, as he usually did when embarrassed for words. "Of course," he stammered, "you will be amply compensated."

"Of course," she cried. Rising from her chair, she shrugged her shoulders, and said: "Oh, well, this is not my lucky day. They wouldn't let me into the prison to see Howard to-day. Capt. Clinton doesn't like me. He has always tried to prevent my seeing Howard, but I'll see him to-morrow, captain or no captain. He can make up his mind to that!"

The lawyer looked up at her. "Poor girl—you are having a hard time, aren't you?" "Things have been better," she replied, with tremor in her voice. "Howard and I were very happy when we first—" A sob choked her utterance, and she forced a laugh, saying: "Here, I must keep off that subject—"

"Why do you laugh?" demanded the lawyer. "Already hysterical, Annie had added difficulty in keeping back her tears. "Well, if I don't laugh," she sobbed, "I'll cry, and as I don't want to cry—why—I just laugh. It's got to be one or the other—see—"

He said nothing, and she continued: "Well, I guess I'll go home—home—that's the worst part of it—home—"

She stopped short, she could go no further. Her bosom was heaving, the hot tears were rolling down her cheeks. The old lawyer turned away his head so that she might not see the suspicious redness in his eyes. Moving toward the door, she turned around. "Well, you have your own troubles, Judge. I'll go now, but I'll come again to-morrow. Perhaps you'll have better news for me."

The lawyer waved her back to her seat with a commanding gesture she could not resist. There was determination around his mouth; in his face was an expression she had not seen there before. "Sit down again for a moment," he said, sharply. "I want to ask you a question. How do you account for Howard's confessing to the shooting?"

"I don't account for it," she replied, as she resumed her seat. "He says he didn't confess. I don't believe he did."

"But three witnesses—" "Who are the witnesses?" she interrupted, contemptuously. "Policemen!" "That makes no difference," he said. "He made a confession and signed it."

Annie leaned forward. "What did this question mean? Was the judge becoming interested after all? Her heart gave a leap as she answered eagerly: "He confessed against his will. I mean—he didn't know what he was doing at the time. I've had a talk with the physician who was called in—Dr. Bernstein. He says that Capt. Clinton is a hypnotist, that he can compel people to say what he wants them to say. Well, Howard is what they call a subject—they told him he did it till he believed he did."

"Oh, well, what's the use—?" "The judge quickly put out his hand and partly pushed her back in the chair. "Don't go," he said. Then he added: "Who told you he was a hypnotic subject?" Her hopes revived once more. Quickly she said: "Dr. Bernstein. Besides, Howard told me so himself. A friend of his at college used to make him cut all sorts of capers."

"A friend at college, eh? Do you remember his name?" "Howard knows it."

"Um!" ejaculated the lawyer. He took up a pad and wrote a memorandum on it. Then aloud he said: "I'd like to have a little talk with Dr. Bernstein. I think I'll ask him to come and see me. Let me see. His address is—"

"342 Madison avenue," she exclaimed, eagerly. The lawyer jotted the address down, and then he looked up. "So you think I'm afraid of Mr. Jeffries, do you?" She smiled. "Oh, no, not really afraid," she answered, "but just—scared. I didn't mean—"

stared at her in a strange, absent-minded kind of way, until finally she lost patience. Boldly she said: "Well, you sent for me. What do you want to see me about, Judge?" "I want to tell you that you mustn't come here again," he answered. "Anything else?" she exclaimed. The judge began to fuss with the papers on his desk, as he usually did when embarrassed for words. "Of course," he stammered, "you will be amply compensated."

"Of course," she cried. Rising from her chair, she shrugged her shoulders, and said: "Oh, well, this is not my lucky day. They wouldn't let me into the prison to see Howard to-day. Capt. Clinton doesn't like me. He has always tried to prevent my seeing Howard, but I'll see him to-morrow, captain or no captain. He can make up his mind to that!"

The lawyer looked up at her. "Poor girl—you are having a hard time, aren't you?" "Things have been better," she replied, with tremor in her voice. "Howard and I were very happy when we first—" A sob choked her utterance, and she forced a laugh, saying: "Here, I must keep off that subject—"

"Why do you laugh?" demanded the lawyer. "Already hysterical, Annie had added difficulty in keeping back her tears. "Well, if I don't laugh," she sobbed, "I'll cry, and as I don't want to cry—why—I just laugh. It's got to be one or the other—see—"

He said nothing, and she continued: "Well, I guess I'll go home—home—that's the worst part of it—home—"

She stopped short, she could go no further. Her bosom was heaving, the hot tears were rolling down her cheeks. The old lawyer turned away his head so that she might not see the suspicious redness in his eyes. Moving toward the door, she turned around. "Well, you have your own troubles, Judge. I'll go now, but I'll come again to-morrow. Perhaps you'll have better news for me."

The lawyer waved her back to her seat with a commanding gesture she could not resist. There was determination around his mouth; in his face was an expression she had not seen there before. "Sit down again for a moment," he said, sharply. "I want to ask you a question. How do you account for Howard's confessing to the shooting?"

"I don't account for it," she replied, as she resumed her seat. "He says he didn't confess. I don't believe he did."

"But three witnesses—" "Who are the witnesses?" she interrupted, contemptuously. "Policemen!" "That makes no difference," he said. "He made a confession and signed it."

Annie leaned forward. "What did this question mean? Was the judge becoming interested after all? Her heart gave a leap as she answered eagerly: "He confessed against his will. I mean—he didn't know what he was doing at the time. I've had a talk with the physician who was called in—Dr. Bernstein. He says that Capt. Clinton is a hypnotist, that he can compel people to say what he wants them to say. Well, Howard is what they call a subject—they told him he did it till he believed he did."

"Oh, well, what's the use—?" "The judge quickly put out his hand and partly pushed her back in the chair. "Don't go," he said. Then he added: "Who told you he was a hypnotic subject?" Her hopes revived once more. Quickly she said: "Dr. Bernstein. Besides, Howard told me so himself. A friend of his at college used to make him cut all sorts of capers."

"A friend at college, eh? Do you remember his name?" "Howard knows it."

"Um!" ejaculated the lawyer. He took up a pad and wrote a memorandum on it. Then aloud he said: "I'd like to have a little talk with Dr. Bernstein. I think I'll ask him to come and see me. Let me see. His address is—"

"342 Madison avenue," she exclaimed, eagerly. The lawyer jotted the address down, and then he looked up. "So you think I'm afraid of Mr. Jeffries, do you?" She smiled. "Oh, no, not really afraid," she answered, "but just—scared. I didn't mean—"

"And what?" demanded the judge, amused. Half hysterical, now laughing, now crying, she went on: "And—and take the names and addresses of witnesses for the defense—and—think out how you're going to defend Howard—and—and all that—"



question. How do you account for Howard's confessing to the shooting?" "I don't account for it," she replied, as she resumed her seat. "He says he didn't confess. I don't believe he did."

"But three witnesses—" "Who are the witnesses?" she interrupted, contemptuously. "Policemen!" "That makes no difference," he said. "He made a confession and signed it."

Annie leaned forward. "What did this question mean? Was the judge becoming interested after all? Her heart gave a leap as she answered eagerly: "He confessed against his will. I mean—he didn't know what he was doing at the time. I've had a talk with the physician who was called in—Dr. Bernstein. He says that Capt. Clinton is a hypnotist, that he can compel people to say what he wants them to say. Well, Howard is what they call a subject—they told him he did it till he believed he did."

"Oh, well, what's the use—?" "The judge quickly put out his hand and partly pushed her back in the chair. "Don't go," he said. Then he added: "Who told you he was a hypnotic subject?" Her hopes revived once more. Quickly she said: "Dr. Bernstein. Besides, Howard told me so himself. A friend of his at college used to make him cut all sorts of capers."

"A friend at college, eh? Do you remember his name?" "Howard knows it."

"Um!" ejaculated the lawyer. He took up a pad and wrote a memorandum on it. Then aloud he said: "I'd like to have a little talk with Dr. Bernstein. I think I'll ask him to come and see me. Let me see. His address is—"

"342 Madison avenue," she exclaimed, eagerly. The lawyer jotted the address down, and then he looked up. "So you think I'm afraid of Mr. Jeffries, do you?" She smiled. "Oh, no, not really afraid," she answered, "but just—scared. I didn't mean—"

"And what?" demanded the judge, amused. Half hysterical, now laughing, now crying, she went on: "And—and take the names and addresses of witnesses for the defense—and—think out how you're going to defend Howard—and—and all that—"

The lawyer looked at her and laughed. "So you think I'm going to help Howard?" he said. "You take too much for granted."

"You take too much for granted," he said, sharply. "I want to ask you a question. How do you account for Howard's confessing to the shooting?"

"I don't account for it," she replied, as she resumed her seat. "He says he didn't confess. I don't believe he did."

"But three witnesses—" "Who are the witnesses?" she interrupted, contemptuously. "Policemen!" "That makes no difference," he said. "He made a confession and signed it."

Annie leaned forward. "What did this question mean? Was the judge becoming interested after all? Her heart gave a leap as she answered eagerly: "He confessed against his will. I mean—he didn't know what he was doing at the time. I've had a talk with the physician who was called in—Dr. Bernstein. He says that Capt. Clinton is a hypnotist, that he can compel people to say what he wants them to say. Well, Howard is what they call a subject—they told him he did it till he believed he did."

"Oh, well, what's the use—?" "The judge quickly put out his hand and partly pushed her back in the chair. "Don't go," he said. Then he added: "Who told you he was a hypnotic subject?" Her hopes revived once more. Quickly she said: "Dr. Bernstein. Besides, Howard told me so himself. A friend of his at college used to make him cut all sorts of capers."

"A friend at college, eh? Do you remember his name?" "Howard knows it."



"You Take Too Much for Granted."



Forgot His Own Dinner Party.

There was a surprise for a couple of men in the Hotel Knickerbocker at New York recently when one found the other eating a five-course dinner alone in the cafe. The latter man had asked 20 friends to join him at an elaborate dinner in a private dining room there and in an absent-minded moment had walked into the cafe as usual. He was half way through his repast when he was seen by one of his guests.

"What are you doing here?" asked the guest. "Why shouldn't I be here?" asked the host. "But what about us?" Then the fact that his own dinner party was to take place in half an hour came to the host.

The Woman in the Moon.

About nine days after the new moon a pretty unmistakably feminine face appears on the western half of the disk. This lunar lady, who is worth watching for, is formed by the mountains and tablelands embraced by the Seas of Tranquility, Vapors and Serenity, and is best seen through an ordinary opera glass.

Photography by Phosphorescence.

There is sometimes employed abroad an ingenious method of making photographic copies of plates and engravings in books which cannot be removed from the libraries, and where the use of the camera is prohibited. A cardboard is coated with a phosphorescent substance, exposed to sunlight or electric light, and then placed at the back of the engraving, while a dry photographic plate is placed on the face of the engraving. The book is closed, and after a period varying from 18 to 60 minutes, depending largely on the thickness of the paper, a satisfactory negative is produced. The book is enclosed in a black cloth during the manipulation.

See Culture in Switzerland.

The flora of Switzerland possesses qualities that produce delicious honey, and thousands of colonies of bees may be seen in the country, being utilized by the people to increase the food supply and commercial products; in fact, the production of honey and wax constitutes an industry of considerable importance to the confederation, as is shown by statistics furnished by the Swiss Society of Apiculturists.