



"I Believed Howard Guilty. Why Shouldn't I?"

The Third Degree

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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 dies 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 stepmother, Alicia, is apparently in prosperous circumstances. Taking advantage of his intimacy with Alicia, he becomes a sort of social highwayman. Discovering her 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. 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 rises, and finds a note pinned to the door. It is from Alicia, who has just learned that Howard is dead. She declares her belief in her husband's innocence, and calls on Jeffries, Sr. He refuses to see her unless she consents to a divorce. To save Howard she consents, but when she finds that the elder Jeffries does not intend to stand by his son, except financially, she secures his help. Alicia appeals to Judge Brewster, attorney for Jeffries, Sr., to take Howard's case. He declines. He reported the case to the police. The banker and his wife call on Judge Brewster to find some way to prevent it. Alicia again pleads with Brewster to defend Howard.

CHAPTER XV—Continued.

"You're not afraid to help him," she said. "I know that—you just said so."
Judge Brewster raised his fist and brought it down on the desk with a bang which raised in a cloud the accumulated dust of weeks. His face set and determined, he said:
"You're quite right! I'm going to take your case!"
Annie felt herself giving way. It was more than she could stand. For victory to be hers when only a moment before defeat seemed certain was too much for her nerves. All she could gasp was:
"Oh, Judge!"
The lawyer adjusted his eyeglasses, blew his nose with suspicious energy, and took up a pen.
"Now don't pretend to be surprised—you knew I would. And please don't thank me. I hate to be thanked for doing what I want to do. If I didn't want to do it, I wouldn't."
Through her tears she murmured: "I'd like to say 'thank you.'"
"Well, please don't," he snapped. But she persisted. Tenderly, she said:
"May I say you're the dearest, kindest?"
Judge Brewster shook his head.
"No—nothing of the kind."
"Most gracious—noble-hearted—courageous," she went on.
The judge struck the table another formidable blow.
"Mrs. Jeffries!" he exclaimed.
She turned away her head to hide her feelings.
"Oh, how I'd like to have a good cry," she murmured. "If Howard only knew!"
Judge Brewster touched an electric button, and his head clerk entered.
"Mr. Jones," said the lawyer quickly, "get a stenographic report of the case of the People against Howard Jeffries, Jr.; get the coroner's inquest, the grand jury indictment, and get a copy of the Jeffries confession—get everything—right away!"
The clerk looked inquiringly, first at Annie and then at his employer. Then respectfully he asked:
"Do we, sir?"
"We do," said the lawyer laconically.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Now, my dear young woman," said Judge Brewster, when the astonished head clerk had withdrawn, "if we are going to get your husband free we must get to work, and you must help me."
His visitor looked up eagerly.
"I'll do anything in my power," she said quickly. "What can I do?"
"Well—first of all," said the lawyer with some hesitation, "I want you to see a certain lady and to be exceedingly nice to her."
"Who?" echoed Annie, surprised.
"What lady?"
"Mrs. Howard Jeffries, Sr.," he replied slowly.
"Howard's stepmother?" she ejaculated.
A clerk entered and handed his employer a card. The lawyer nodded and said in an undertone:
"Show her in." Turning round again, he went on: "Yes—Howard's stepmother. She's out there now. She wants to see you. She wishes to be of service to you. Now, you must conciliate her. She may be of great use to us."
Annie's face expressed considerable doubt.
"Perhaps so," she said, "but the door was slammed in my face when I called to see her."
"That's nothing," answered the judge. "She probably knows nothing about it. In any case, please remember that she is my client."
She bowed her head and murmured obediently:
"I'll remember."
The door of the office opened and Alicia entered. She stopped short on seeing who was there, and an awkward pause followed. Judge Brewster introduced them.
"Mrs. Jeffries, may I present Mrs. Howard, Jr.?"
Alicia bowed stiffly and somewhat haughtily. Annie remained self-possessed and on the defensive. Addressing the banker's wife, the lawyer said: "I told Mrs. Howard that you wished to speak to her." After a pause he added: "I think, perhaps, I'll leave you together. Excuse me."
He left the office and there was another embarrassing silence. Annie waited for Mrs. Jeffries to begin. Her attitude suggested that she expected something unpleasant and was fully prepared for it. At last Alicia broke the silence.
"You may think it strange that I have asked for this interview," she began, "but you know, Annie—interrupting herself, she asked: "You don't mind my calling you Annie, do you?"
The young woman smiled.
"I don't see why I should. It's my name and we're relatives—by marriage." There was an ironical ring in her voice as she went on: "Relatives! It seems funny, doesn't it, but we don't pick and choose our relatives. We must take them as they come."
Alicia made an effort to appear conciliatory.
"As we are—that we are—let's try to make the best of it."
"Make the best of it?" echoed Annie. "God knows I'm willing, but I've had mighty little encouragement, Mrs. Jeffries. When I called to see you the other day, to beg you to use your influence with Mr. Jeffries, 'not at home' was handed to me by the liveried footman and the door was slammed in my face. Ten minutes later you walked out to your carriage and were driven away."
"I knew nothing of this—believe me," murmured Alicia apologetically.
"It's what I got just the same," said the other dryly. Quickly she went on: "But I'm not complaining, understand—I'm not complaining. Only I did think that at such a time one woman might have held out a helping hand to another."
Alicia held up her hand protestingly.

"How could I?" she exclaimed. "Now, be reasonable. You are held responsible for Howard's present position."
"Yes—by the police," retorted Annie grimly, "and by a couple of yellow journals. I didn't think you'd believe all the gossip and scandal that's been printed about me. I didn't believe what was said about you."
Alicia started and changed color.
"What do you mean?" she exclaimed haughtily. "What was said about me?"
"Well, it has been said that you married old Jeffries for his money and his social position."
"Old Jeffries!" protested Alicia indignantly. "Have you no respect for your husband's father?"
"Not a particle," answered the other coolly, "and I never will have till he acts like a father. I only had one interview with him and it finished him with me for all time. He ain't a father—he's a fish."
"A fish!" exclaimed Alicia, scandalized at such lese majeste.
Annie went on recklessly:
"Yes—a cold-blooded—"
"But surely," interrupted Alicia, "you respect his position—his—"
"No, m'm; I respect a man because he behaves like a man, not because he lives in a marble palace on Riverside drive."
Alicia looked pained. This girl was certainly impossible.
"But surely," she said, "you realized that when you married Howard you—you made a mistake—to say the least?"
"Yes, that part of it has been made pretty plain. It was a mistake—his mistake—my mistake. But now it's done and it can't be undone. I don't see why you can't take it as it is and—"
She stopped short and Alicia completed the sentence for her:
"—and welcome you into our family."
"Welcome me? No, m'am. I'm not welcome and nothing you or your set could say would ever make me believe that I was welcome. All I ask is that Howard's father do his duty by his son."
"I do not think—pardon my saying so," interrupted Alicia stiffly, "that you are quite in a position to judge of what constitutes Mr. Jeffries' duty to his son."
"Perhaps not. I only know what I would do—what my father would have done—what any one would do if they had a spark of humanity in them. But they do say that after three generations of society life red blood turns into blue."
Alicia turned to look out of the window. Her face still averted she said:
"What is there to do? Howard has acknowledged his guilt. What sacrifices we may make will be thrown away."
Annie eyed her companion with contempt. Her voice quivering with indignation, she burst out:
"What is there to do? Try and save him, of course. Must we sit and do nothing because things look black? Ah! I was brought up that way. No, m'am, I'm going to make a fight!"
"It's useless," murmured Alicia, shaking her head.
"Judge Brewster doesn't think so," replied the other calmly.
The banker's wife gave a start of surprise. Quickly she demanded:
"You mean that Judge Brewster has encouraged you to—?"
"He's done more than to encourage me—God bless him!—he's going to take up the case."
Alicia was so thunderstruck for a moment she could find no answer.
"What!" she exclaimed, "without consulting Mr. Jeffries?"
She put her handkerchief to her face to conceal her agitation. Could it be possible that the judge was going to act, after all, in defiance of her husband's wishes? If that were true, what would become of her? Concealment would be no longer possible. Discovery of her clandestine visit to Underwood's apartment that fatal night must come Howard might still be the murderer, Underwood might not have committed suicide, but her visit to his rooms at midnight would become known. Judge Brewster was not the man to be deterred by difficulties once he took up a case. He would see the importance of finding the mysterious woman who went secretly to Underwood's rooms that night of the tragedy.
"I've consulted only his own feelings," went on Annie. "He believes in Howard, and he's going to defend him."
Alicia looked at her anxiously as if trying to read what might be in her mind. Indifferently she went on:
"The papers say there was a quarrel about you, that you and Mr. Underwood were too friendly. They implied that Howard was jealous. Is this true?"
"It's all talk," cried Annie indignantly—"nothing but scandal—lies! There's not a word of truth in it. Howard never had a jealous thought

of me—and as for me—why—I've always worshiped the ground he walked on. Didn't he sacrifice everything for my sake? Didn't he quarrel with his father for me? Didn't he marry me? Didn't he try to educate and make a lady of me? My God!—do you suppose I'd give a man like that cause for jealousy? What do the newspapers care? They print cruel statements that cut into a woman's heart, without giving it a thought, without knowing or caring whether it's true or not, as long as it interests and amuses their readers. You—you don't really believe I'm the cause of his misfortunes, do you?"
Alicia shook her head as she answered kindly:
"No, I don't. Believe me, I don't say a time as this one woman should stand by another. I'm going to stand by you. Let me be your friend, let me help you." Extending her hand she said: "Will you?"
Annie grasped the proffered hand it was the first that had been held out to her in her present trouble. A lump rose in her throat. Much affected, she said:
"It's the first kind word that—she stopped and looked closely for a moment at Alicia. Then she went on:
"It's the queerest thing, Mrs. Jeffries, but it keeps coming into my mind. Howard told me that while he was at Underwood's that dreadful night he thought he heard your voice. It must have been a dream, of course, yet he thought he was sure of it. Your voice—that's queer, isn't it? Why—what's the matter?"
Alicia had grown deathly pale and staggered against a chair. Annie ran to her aid, thinking she was ill.
"It's nothing—nothing!" stammered Alicia, recovering herself.
Fearing she had said something to hurt her feelings, Annie said sympathetically:
"I haven't said anything—anything out of the way—have I? If I have I'm sorry—awfully sorry. I'm afraid—I've been very rude and you've been so kind!"
"No, no!" interrupted Alicia quickly—"you've had a great deal to bear—a great deal to bear. I understand that perfectly." Taking her companion's hand in hers, she went on: "Tell me, what do they say about the woman who went to see Robert Underwood the night of the tragedy?"
"The police can't find her—we don't know who she is." Confidently she went on: "But Judge Brewster will find her. We have a dozen detectives searching for her. Capt. Clinton accused me of being the woman—you know he doesn't like me."
The banker's wife was far too busy thinking of the number of detectives employed to find the missing witness to pay attention to the concluding sentence. Anxiously she demanded:
"Supposing the woman is found, what can she prove? What difference will it make?"
"All the difference in the world," replied Annie. "She is a most important witness." Firmly she went on: "She must be found. If she didn't shoot Robert Underwood, she knows who did."
"But how can she know?" argued Alicia. "Howard confessed that he did it himself. If he had not confessed it would be different."
"He did not confess," replied the other calmly. "Mrs. Jeffries—he never confessed. If he did, he didn't know what he was saying."
Alicia was rapidly losing her self-possession.
"Did he tell you that?" she gasped.
"Yes," Bernsteln said the police forced it out of his tired brain. I made Howard go over every second of his life that night from the time he left me to the moment he was arrested. There wasn't a harsh word between them." She stopped short and looked with alarm at Alicia, who had turned ashen white. "Why, what's the matter? You're pale as death—"
Alicia could contain herself no longer. Her nerves were on the point of giving way. She felt that if she could not confide her secret to some one she must go mad. Pacing the floor, she cried:
"What am I to do? What am I to do? I believed Howard guilty. Why shouldn't I? I had no reason to doubt his own confession! Every one believed it—his own father included. Why should I doubt it? But I see it all now! Underwood must have shot himself as he said he would. Mrs. Jeffries meant? Did she realize the tremendous significance of the words she was uttering?"
"As he said he would?" she repeated slowly.
"Yes," said Alicia weakly.
Annie bounded forward and grasped her companion's arm. Her face flushed, almost unable to speak from suppressed emotion, she cried:
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ROOSEVELT WINS CALIFORNIA
Champ Clark Democratic Choice—Returns Incomplete.
San Francisco, May 15.—Approximately two-thirds of California, 2169 precincts out of 3700, give Roosevelt 93,109; Taft, 51,793; La Follette, 31,196; Clark, 26,964; Wilson, 11,997.
Roosevelt's plurality on the face of the returns is 46,406. His indicated plurality is between 60,000 and 65,000.
San Francisco, May 15.—At the first presidential preference primary in which the women of California ever voted the state went overwhelmingly for Roosevelt on the Republican ticket and Clark on the Democratic ticket.
Taft ran a poor second and La Follette a good third.
With not quite half the state heard from at 1 o'clock this morning, 1719 California precincts out of 3700 gave Roosevelt 76,451 votes, Taft 43,741; La Follette, 26,672; Clark, 22,957 and Wilson 10,797.
The precincts reported, however, are the more populous ones, and on the face of the returns Roosevelt's indicated plurality was in excess of 50,000.
In the state at large the Democratic vote ran in the proportion of about one to four and in San Francisco one to five.
The San Francisco complete final returns are:
Roosevelt, 19,843; Taft, 16,408; La Follette, 8507; Clark, 6817; Wilson, 2963.

KING OF DENMARK DIES
SUDDENLY AT HAMBURG
Hamburg, May 15.—King Frederick VIII of Denmark arrived at the Hamburger Hof Hotel yesterday and died suddenly during the night.
Christian Frederick was proclaimed King of Denmark as Frederick VIII on January 30, 1909, after the death of Christian IX, the aged king, who was dean of the crowned heads of Europe, father of King George of Greece, of the Queen Mother Alexandra, of Great Britain, the Empress Dowager of Russia and grandfather of King Haakon VII of Norway.
Several months ago King Frederick suffered a serious illness. While taking his customary walk he had a sudden seizure and was compelled to return to the palace. Later it was announced that he had suffered a chill, but the nature of his malady was not disclosed.

PARIS BANDITS SLAIN.
Last of Notorious Gang Blown Up With Dynamite.
Paris.—The career of the last of France's notorious bandit gang was dramatically ended when, after eight hours' battle with police and troops, its leader, Octave Garnier, and his confederate, Vallet, were blown up by explosives in a small villa at Nogent-sur-Marne, where they had taken refuge.
Shattered by shots of dynamite, their house fell in ruins when melinite was exploded under the walls.
The police found Garnier dead and Vallet dying. Five policemen were wounded in the battle.
All the forces for the protection of society had failed to dislodge them. Several thousand police, gendarmes and zouaves tried for hours to shoot the bandits or blow up the building with explosives. Three policemen had fallen from the desperadoes' bullets but though the villa was damaged by dynamite the bandits held their own and showed no signs of surrendering.
Unlike Bonnet, whose refuge was dynamited at Choisy-le-Roi, Garnier made his last stand in a house hidden by foliage and surrounded closely by other buildings, making an assault difficult and dangerous. Bonnet and Dubis fought in a garage, which could be approached from all sides.
Garnier's specialty was disguise. He went so far as to mutilate his eyelids to change his appearance, and he succeeded in evading the police dragnet which had been spread over Paris and the suburbs.

War on Beetles Resumes.
Sampter—Government officials of the Entomological bureau are here to cruise the territory cut over last year by their department in the war waged upon the pine beetles that have been damaging to the forests of Eastern Oregon. A year ago the government spent \$15,000 in the forests near this place in the fight upon these little insects. The method used was to cut down and burn all the infected trees found in the area the beetles were working over, and about 100,000 trees were treated in this manner.

Boy Scouts Save Comrade.
Hood River—Forming a life line, reaching from the bank of the swimming pool to the deep water where one of their companions was drowning and pulling down with him the lad who had gone to his rescue, the members of the Hood River Boy Scouts, with a coolness that veteran life-savers might have been proud of, saved the lives of the two boys. The scouts were swimming in the slough north of the O.-W. R. & N. passenger depot, when one of their number was seized with cramps.

Mississippi Levee Breaks.
New Orleans—Approximately 60,000 persons and ten square miles of territory will be affected by a break in the Mississippi River levee on the west bank 25 miles north of here. The crevasse is 200 feet wide. This, the Hy-wella levee, was the scene of the worst break of the flood of 1903. A boat with laborers has gone to try to make repairs. The revenue cutter Windom probably will be rushed to the scene with supplies.

Train Robbed of \$140,000.
New Orleans—Two masked men held up the New Orleans-New York limited train No. 2, north-bound, on the New Orleans & Northeastern railroad, eight miles from Hattiesburg, Miss., and, after dynamiting the safe in the express car, escaped on horses with one bundle containing \$140,000.

Of Much Value to Surgeons
"Stomach Telescope" Has Been Found Useful in Almost Endless Variety of Ways.
The "stomach telescope," or gastro-scope, invented at the London hospital, has proved to be of the greatest value in the diagnosis of stomach disorders. An eminent surgeon recently referred in the highest terms to the advances lately made at that hospital in the early detection of diseases of the stomach by means of this instrument, which will in the immediate future probably come to be part of the equipment of every up-to-date hospital. The gastro-scope now enables the physician or surgeon to actually see for himself the exact condition of the whole of the interior of the stomach, the slightest ulceration, growth or other abnormality in the lining membrane being thus readily observed. To be able to do this is of the very greatest importance in suspected cancer of the stomach, where the only hope of cure lies in the eradication of the cancerous growth at the very earliest moment. This means that the increased use of the gastro-scope will in the future save many lives that would otherwise inevitably be lost through that disease.
Proclaims His Feelings.
Without the doctor and my better half I have my doubts whether there would have been an opportunity to write this, and this reminds me to say that, against protestations, I'm prepared to say, there is no easement to the moment. This means that the increased use of the gastro-scope when you are sick and pain seems unbearable to let your voice proclaim the feeling. Stomach is very noble, to be sure, but when nature demands the tribute of a hearty groan or grunt from a sufferer she is apt to revent herself if it is suppressed.—Ocala Star.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATE

OREGON GETS HONOR. TO FIGHT FOREST FIRES.

Government Makes Inquiry Here for Bids on Big Timbers.
Portland—Oregon was unintentionally complimented by the government when mill operators and lumber exporters received telegrams recently from Washington, D. C., asking for bids on two dredge "spuds," 70 feet in length and 36 inches in diameter. The "spuds" are wanted to complete the equipment of a big dredge at the Panama canal.
The order was issued hurriedly, so time was not allowed for the usual circulation of specifications, but on such timbers there would be no competition outside of the Northwest. It is not believed the government will be swamped with proposals for the "spuds," owing to the fact that time of delivery is uncertain and exporters say there is little profit for them after paying for getting such special logs out of the woods.
It is said that to cut the sizes asked for, two trees, each with a diameter of about six feet, would be necessary, and it is no longer easy to find such giant fir close to transportation facilities.

BETTER GAME LAWS URGED.
State Warden's Office Receives Suggestions by Letter.
Portland—In the past few months the State Game warden's office has received numerous letters offering suggestions for improvement of the game laws. Mr. Finley said that the commission invites suggestions and will act upon them at its next meeting.
Among the letters is one from Luke Conners, of Wallowa, Or., who suggests that black and brown bear be protected during May, June, July and August. Mr. Conners points out that these animals are harmless and that their flesh and fur is worthless during the time specified. He also observes that bear hunting is frequently done to conceal other hunting during closed seasons.
John C. Zoller, of Duncan, Umatilla county, suggests that it might be advisable to grant a bounty on crows. These birds, he says, are a menace to other birds, particularly young game birds.

YEAR BUMPER FOR CROPS.
Pioneers Declare Season Greatest Gilliam County Ever Saw.
Condon—Men who have had 30 years' experience in this county and remember it when bunch grass was the only vegetation for miles around, say this is going to be the banner year for crops of all kinds in Gilliam county.
From the Columbia river to the Wheeler county line, and from Morrow county to the John Day river there is not a poor-looking crop.
Owing to favorable conditions last September there was a large acreage of fall wheat sown and that now stands from 10 inches to a foot high. Spring grain sown in March is all up and promises to be as good a crop as the winter wheat. Not only is this so, but it is going to be a great fruit year. The trees along the creeks are loaded with blossoms and promise a grand crop. With an unusual amount of rain all vegetables will be plentiful.

After Green Peach Aphid Now.
Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis—The green peach aphid, which works on the tips of shoots, is doing great damage in the Freewater-Milton district and elsewhere, and Prof. H. F. Wilson of the O. A. C. entomology department has started the following treatment which will destroy the pest if applied in time.
"Black Leaf 40" should be diluted with 1000 parts of water, with a bar of laundry soap added for every barrel of the spray. The soap not only makes the emulsion more effective, but causes it to spread more thoroughly.

Voters Will Have Big Task.
Oregon voters in November election this year will be called upon to pass on at least 40 measures, submitted under the initiative or the referendum, in addition to electing president, vice president, United States senator, representatives in congress and various state and county officers. The number will surpass those in the general election two years ago, when the total was only 32. Of the 40 measures already in sight, six have been referred to the people by the 1911 session of the legislature.

Autoists Favor Clatsop.
Seaside—Clatsop Beach is rapidly becoming a favorite objective point for automobile tourists. The rainy weather has not prevented travel over the roads, and each Sunday there have been a number of motorists from Astoria. Portland tourists also have fallen into the habit of making occasional trips here. The ride from Portland will be made daily this summer, and some of the Portland machines will be kept here until fall, fully a dozen owners having made arrangements for the care of their machines.

Salem Backs Road Bills.
Salem—The six compromise road bills which will go before the people next November received the unanimous endorsement of the Salem board of trade and steps will be taken immediately to cement at the Astoria Marion county where it is expected thousands of signatures will be attached. In addition resolutions were adopted urging the Marion County court to purchase auto trucks to use in hauling rock for road work.

Great Drama for Rose Festival.
Portland—Preparations are now being made for the production on a gigantic scale of "The Bridge of the Gods," the spectacular story of the early history of Oregon, which created country-wide comment at the Astoria Centennial. June 5 and 10, the Saturday prior to and the Monday of Rose Festival week, are the dates that have been chosen for the performance in Multnomah Field, and the cast is now being gathered together.

Bend Depot Too Small.
Bend—Built with the expectation that it would be large enough to care for the business here for several years, the Bend union passenger depot already is proving too small to meet the requirements of the rapidly increasing volume of traffic. An addition of 30 feet is to be erected on the north end to be used for baggage and express handling.

High-Line Ditch Wanted.
Medford—Medford has decided to hold a big irrigation meeting in the near future, when efforts will be made to secure enough property owners to assure the construction of the high line ditch around the valley and make Southern Oregon one of the best irrigated regions in the state.
The Hopkins ditch, north of Medford, is already indorsed by ranchers and will be constructed.