



The Third Degree

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

By CHARLES KLEIN AND ARTHUR HORNBLow

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS



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 stepmother, 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. Howard drinks himself into a maudlin condition, and goes to sleep. 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. Howard is turned over to the police. Capt. Clinton, notorious for his brutal treatment of prisoners, puts Howard through the throng of officers, and gets an alleged confession from the harassed man. Annie, Howard's wife, declares her belief in her husband's innocence, and calls on Jeffries, Sr. He refuses to help unless she will consent 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 accuses his help. Annie appeals to Judge Brewster, attorney for Jeffries, Sr., to take Howard's case. He declines. It is reported that Annie is going on the stage. The banker and his wife call on Judge Brewster to find some way to prove to Annie again that she is innocent. Alicia is greatly agitated when she learns that the banker has taken the case and detectives are looking for the woman who called on Underwood the night of his death.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"That's our object, isn't it, Mr. Jeffries—to find out?" he said sarcastically.

"What's the name of this mysterious witness?" exclaimed the banker testily. "If the police haven't been able to find her why should Howard's wife be able to do so? This was a report that she herself was—"

"No," said the judge dryly, "she will tell us to-night."

The banker bounded in his seat.

"You'll see," he cried. "Another flash in the pan. I don't like being mixed up in this matter—it's disagreeable—most disagreeable."

Dr. Bernstein puffed a thick cloud of smoke into the air and said quietly: "Yes, sir; it is disagreeable—but—unfortunately it is life."

Suddenly the door opened and Capt. Clinton appeared, followed by his fidus Achates, Detective Sergeant Maloney. Both men were in plain clothes. The captain's manner was condescendingly polite, the attitude of a man so sure of his own position that he had little respect for the opinion of any one else. With an effort at amiability he began:

"Got your message, Judge—came as soon as I could. Excuse my bringing the sergeant with me. Sit over there, Maloney." Half apologetically, he added "He keeps his eyes open and his mouth shut, so he won't interfere. How do, doctor?"

Maloney took a position at the far end of the room, while Dr. Bernstein introduced the captain to Mr. Jeffries.

"Yes, I know the gentleman. How do, sir?"

The banker nodded stiffly. He did not relish having to hobnob in this way with such a vulgar as a grafting police captain. Capt. Clinton turned to Judge Brewster.

"Now, Judge, explode your bomb! But I warn you I've made up my mind."

"I've made up my mind, too," retorted the judge, "so at least we start even."

"Yes," growled the other.

"As I stated in my letter, captain," went on the judge coolly, "I don't want to use your own methods in this matter. I don't want to spread reports about you, or accuse you in the papers. That's why I asked you to come over and discuss the matter informally with me. I want to give you a chance to change your attitude."

"Don't want any chance," growled the policeman.

"You mean," said the judge, peering at him via over his spectacles, "that you don't want to change your attitude?"

Capt. Clinton settled himself more firmly in his chair, as if getting ready for hostilities. Defiantly he replied: "That's about what I mean, I suppose."

"In other words," went on Judge Brewster calmly, "you have found this—this boy guilty and you refuse to consider evidence which may tend to prove otherwise."

"That's my business to consider evidence," snapped the chief. "That's up to the prosecuting attorney."

"It will be," replied the lawyer sharply, "but at present it's up to you."

"Me?" exclaimed the other in genuine surprise.

"Yes," went on Judge Brewster calmly, "you were instrumental in obtaining a confession from him. I'm raising a question as to the truth of that confession."

Capt. Clinton showed signs of impatience. Shrugging his massive shoulders deprecatingly, he said: "Are we going over all that? What's the use? A confession is a confession and that settles it. I suppose the doctor has been working his pet theory off on you and it's beginning to sprout."

"Yes," retorted the judge quickly, "it's beginning to sprout, captain!"

There was a sudden interruption

"You Have Besmirched Her Character with Stories of Scandal."

caused by the entrance of the butler, who approached his master and whispered something to him. Aloud the judge said:

"Ask her to wait till we are ready. The servant retorted and Capt. Clinton turned to the judge. With mock deference, he said:

"I don't know, Mr. Brewster, you're a great constitutional lawyer—the greatest in this country—and I take off my hat to you, but I don't think criminal law is in your line."

Judge Brewster pursed his lips and his eyes flashed as he retorted quickly:

"I don't think it's constitutional to take a man's mind away from him and substitute your own, Capt. Clinton."

"What do you mean?" demanded the chief.

"I mean that instead of bringing out of this man his own true thoughts of innocence, you have forced into his consciousness your own false thoughts of his guilt."

The judge spoke slowly and deliberately, making each word tell. The police bully squirmed uneasily on his chair.

"I don't follow you, Judge. Better stick to international law. This police court work is beneath you."

"Perhaps it is," replied the lawyer quickly without losing his temper. Then he asked: "Captain, will you answer a few questions?"

"It all depends," replied the other insolently.

"If you don't," cried the judge sharply, "I'll ask them through the medium of your own weapon—the press. Only my press will not consist of the one or two yellow journals you inspire, but the Independent, dignified press of the United States."

The captain reddened.

"I don't like the insinuation, Judge," "I don't insinuate," Capt. Clinton went on the lawyer severely, "I accuse you of giving an untruthful version of this matter to two sensational newspapers in this city. These scurrilous sheets have tried this young man in their columns and found him guilty, thus prejudicing the whole community against him before he comes to trial. In no other country in the civilized world would this be tolerated, except in a country overburdened with freedom."

Capt. Clinton laughed boisterously.

"The early bird catches the worm," he grinned. "They asked me for information and got it."

Judge Brewster went on:

"You have so prejudiced the community against him that there is scarcely a man who doesn't believe him guilty. If this matter ever comes to trial how can we pick an unprejudiced jury? Added to this foul injustice you have branded this young man's wife with every stigma that can be put on womanhood. You have hinted that she is the mysterious female who visited Underwood on the night of the shooting and openly suggested that she is the cause of the crime."

"Well, it's just possible," said the policeman with effrontery.

Judge Brewster was fast losing his temper. The man's insolent demeanor was intolerable. Half rising from his chair and pointing his finger at him, he continued:

"You have besmirched her character with stories of scandal. You have linked her name with that of Underwood. The whole country rings with falshities about her. In my opinion, Capt. Clinton, your direct object is to destroy the value of any evidence she may give in her husband's favor."

The chief looked aggrieved.

"Why, I haven't said a word." Turning to his sergeant, he asked: "Have I, Maloney?"

"But these sensation-mongers have!" cried the judge angrily. "You are the only source from whom they could obtain the information."

"But what do I gain?" demanded the captain with affected innocence.

"Advertisement—promotion," replied the judge sternly. "These same



"What difference does that make?" demanded the policeman.

"Quite a little," replied the judge quietly. "The barrel of the revolver was bright—shining steel. From the moment that Howard Jeffries' eyes rested on the shining steel barrel of that revolver he was no longer a conscientious person. As he himself said to his wife: 'They said I did it—and I didn't, but after I looked at that shining steel I don't know what I said or did—everything became a blur and a blank.' Now, I may tell you, captain, that this condition fits in every detail the clinical experiences of nerve specialists and the medical experiences of the psychologists. After five hours' constant cross-questioning while in a semi-dazed condition, you impressed on him your own ideas—you extracted from him not the thoughts that were in his own consciousness, but those that were in yours. Is that the scientific fact, doctor?"

"Yes," replied Dr. Bernstein, "the optical captivation of Howard Jeffries' attention makes the whole case complete and clear to the physician."

Capt. Clinton laughed loudly.

"Optical captivation is good!" Turning to his sergeant he asked: "What do you think of that, Maloney?"

Sgt. Maloney chuckled.

"It's a new one, eh?"

"No, captain—it's a very old one," interrupted the lawyer sternly, "but it's new to us. We're barely on the threshold of the discovery. It certainly explains these other cases, doesn't it?"

"I don't know that it does," objected the captain, shaking his head. "I don't acknowledge."

Judge Brewster sat down. Looking the policeman squarely in the face, he said slowly and deliberately:

"Capt. Clinton, whether you acknowledge it or not, I can prove that you obtained these confessions by means of hypnotic suggestion, and that is a greater crime against society than any the state punishes or pays you to prevent."

The captain laughed and shrugged his shoulders. Indifferently he said: "I guess the boys up at Albany can deal with that question."

"The boys up at Albany," retorted the lawyer, "know as little about the laws of psychology as you do. This will be dealt with at Washington!"

The captain yawned.

"I didn't come here to hear about that—I was going to produce the woman who visited Underwood the night of the murder—that was what I came here for—not to hear my methods criticized—where is she?"

"One thing at a time," replied the judge. "First, I wanted to show you that we know Howard Jeffries' confession is untrue. Now we'll take up the other question." Striking a bell on his desk, he added: "This woman can prove that Robert Underwood committed suicide."

"She can," exclaimed the captain. "She can't. Maybe she did it herself. Some one did it, that's sure!"

The library door opened and the butler entered.

"Yes, some one did it!" retorted the judge; "we agree there!" To the servant he said: "Ask Mrs. Jeffries, Jr., to come here."

The servant left the room and the captain turned to the judge with a laugh:

"Is she the one? Ha! ha!—that's easy!"

The judge nodded.

"She has promised to produce the missing witness to-night."

"She has, eh?" exclaimed the captain.

Rising quickly from his chair, he crossed the room and talked in an undertone with his sergeant. This new turn in the case seemed to interest him. Meantime Mr. Jeffries, who had followed every phase of the questioning with close attention, left his seat and went over to Judge Brewster.

"Is it possible," he exclaimed, "if it possible that Underwood shot himself? I never dreamed of doubting Howard's confession!" More cordially he went on: "Brewster, if this is true, I owe you a debt of gratitude—you've done splendid work—I'm afraid I've been just a trifle obstinate."

"Just a trifle," said the judge dryly. Sergeant Maloney took his hat.

"Hurry up!" said the captain, "you can telephone from the corner drug store."

"All right, cap."

Dr. Bernstein also rose to depart.

"I must go, Mr. Brewster; I have an appointment at the hospital."

The judge grasped his hand warmly.

"Thank you, doctor!" he exclaimed; "I don't know what I should have done without you."

"Thank you, sir!" chimed in the banker; "I am greatly indebted to you."

"Don't mention it," replied the psychologist almost ironically.

He went out and the banker impatiently took out his watch.

"It's getting late!" he exclaimed; "where is this girl. I have no faith in her promises!"

As he spoke the library door opened and Annie appeared.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NORTHWEST CROPS IMMENSE

Year's Products of Oregon, Washington and Idaho Half Billion.

Crop Value Forecast for Pacific Northwest.	
Wheat.....	\$ 52,500,000
Oats.....	18,675,000
Barley.....	9,900,000
Hay.....	35,350,000
Fruit.....	16,000,000
Wood.....	6,000,000
Hops.....	4,650,000
Total value.....	\$142,715,000

If the Pacific Northwest does not this year have the most prosperous times it has ever known, it will be because of some circumstance that cannot now be foreseen.

If huge crops and high prices mean anything to a community, the states of Oregon, Washington and Idaho should this year roll in wealth.

Nature has been prodigal with all her gifts in every section of the North Pacific coast. The crops came through the winter as well as ever before, the spring weather has been ideal for vegetation, and the area planted to the various crops is, with a few exceptions, the largest on record.

On top of this is the assurance that the farmers will receive good prices for most of their products and very high prices for some of them.

The value to the producers of a few of the staple crops can be estimated at this time, and it reaches, in the three states, the immense amount of nearly \$150,000,000. No account is taken in this calculation of many of the industries, the livestock, dairying, lumber, small fruit and kindred lines, which, in the aggregate, would produce a total probably as great as that here enumerated.

The wheat crop of the Pacific Northwest will bring to the growers more than \$52,500,000, basing the average price on the farms at 75 cents a bushel, as the crop will probably amount to 70,000,000 bushels.

The oats yield in Oregon, Washington and Idaho is estimated at 41,500,000 bushels, which will mean more than \$18,675,000 to the growers.

Barley may not sell as high as last year, for the Eastern crop in 1911 was almost a failure, but placing the yield at 16,500,000 bushels, it will be worth nearly \$10,000,000.

Hay, which is one of the great staple crops, will produce an income of over \$35,350,000 in the Northwest.

Estimating the orchard fruit crop of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and the Bitter Root valley in Montana, at 16,500 cars, the total value will probably be close to \$15,000,000. The small fruit and the cured fruit crops will also bring great sums to the farmers.

The total wool clip of Oregon, Washington and Idaho amounts to about 44,000,000 pounds and is valued at \$6,000,000.

The hop crop of Oregon and Washington is larger than for several years, and, what is unusual with a large crop, the price is good. Buyers are making contracts with growers for delivery of the new crop at 25 cents a pound, and on this basis the output of the two states will be worth about \$4,650,000.

The other resources of the Northwest, those of the farm, range, forest and rivers, will bring in as much money as the staple crops.

When to these are added the valuation of the manufactured products, it will be found that a total income of close to half a billion dollars will be the portion of the great Northwest this year.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATE

SUMMER SESSION AT O. A. C.

One and One-Third Fare Granted on All Roads to Corvallis.

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis—Prof. E. D. Ressler, director of the summer session at the Oregon Agricultural college, has secured a special rate of a fare and a third over the O.-W. R. & N., the S. P., and the C. & E. railroads to Corvallis for the summer session, which continues from June 18 to July 26. The rates are good from June 14 to July 29, that is, on all going tickets purchased from June 14 to July 26 inclusive, except on the O.-W. R. & N., which grants a selling date only to June 20. All certificates for return will be honored to July 29.

There are no examinations for admission to the summer session. All who believe they can profit by the instruction offered are admitted, since it is presupposed that they come with a serious purpose. College credit is granted those desiring it insofar as the work accomplished is equivalent to that which is standard in the school year.

The absolutely necessary expenses, aside from the railway fare, are estimated at something less than \$40, though the sum naturally will vary for the different courses, laboratory work, and for the length of time spent at the college. The regular college registration fee of \$5 required of all is the only tuition charge, and will admit students to as many courses as they desire to enter. The cost of the entire six weeks may be brought within \$30, allowing \$21 for board and room at the dormitory, Waldo Hall, \$3.50 for laundry and incidentals, 50 cents for baggage transfer, and \$5 for registration. There is no charge for the rooms at the dormitory, but all must furnish their own pillow, pillow slip, sheets, coverings, towels and soap. A small number of furnished rooms at low cost are available.

The 1912 summer session bulletin just issued from the O. A. C. press is the best thing of the sort the college has issued to date. It is larger than any previous summer school announcement, and is profusely illustrated, containing 48 pages with 21 cuts showing two dozen different views of college activities.

There will also be a series of general lectures of wide interest, and entertainments. Those who wish advice as to routes, train connections, and baggage, or any other details not covered in the bulletin, may receive information by writing to Prof. E. D. Ressler, director of the summer session.

REX BERRIES BRING \$6.

Sixty Acres Averages \$150 an Acre for Five Years.

Portland—L. S. Otis, the strawberry king of Oregon, was in the city looking after the marketing of his crop. With his son Mr. Otis, who is a retired railroad man, conducts the Spring Lake farm at Rex, in Yamhill county. He has the largest strawberry patch in the state, 60 acres in extent, and is putting out new acreage every year.

"We will ship 4000 crates of strawberries this season," said Mr. Otis. "Next week will be our big week, and we will get out 200 crates daily, all for the Portland market."

"Last week we had the first Yamhill county berries on this market; which the Pearson-Page company sold at \$6 a crate. Other Oregon berries at the same time were selling here at \$4.50 a crate."

"The Rex section in Yamhill county is the coming premier berry section of Oregon. It is earlier than any other part of the state, except Southern Oregon, and this enables us to get our berries on the market at a time when we can get the best price. By the time local strawberries become plentiful and cheap, we have finished marketing our product."

"Our strawberries have netted us \$150 an acre for the past five years, and we are more than satisfied with the venture."

Rains Saver of Forests.

Salem—The rains of the last few days, which have been general throughout the state, have extinguished what forest fires were burning, according to a statement issued from the State Forester's office. The State Forester's office has assisted in formation and permanent organization of forest patrol associations in Douglas, Linn, Marion and Clackamas (a joint association) counties, for protection against forest fires. The service this season is more efficient than ever before, according to the Forester's office.

Amity Milk Plant Will Start.

Amity—At a meeting of the directors of the Holly Condensed Milk company, a reorganization was effected and arrangements made to start the plant at its full capacity. This company was organized four years ago and the stock is held by local people, but, on account of the depression in the milk market last fall the Amity condenser suspended operations in November. Dr. C. R. Matthis, president and general manager of the company, was instructed to take active charge of the business.

Gold Hill Chicken Rich.

Medford—They feed chickens pure gold in Gold Hill, Or., at least that is the conclusion reached by W. H. Kenworthy, of the Medford Fish market, who found a gold nugget in the craw of a hen imported from that city. The nugget was about the size of a pea and was perfect in every way. It assayed \$1 pure gold. It is expected that Gold Hill chickens will be in great demand hereafter.

Oregon Wool Sells High.

Pendleton—Half a million pounds of wool were sold at Pilot Rock at prices ranging from 15 1/2 to 16 1/2 a pound. The largest clip sold was the 91,000 pounds of the Cunningham Sheep and Land company at 16 cents. This is the first public wool sale to be held in Eastern Oregon this year.

STOCKMEN VIE AT SALE.

Scappoose—Stockbreeders and dairymen from all parts of the Northwest participated in spirited bidding for thoroughbred imported Jersey stock at H. West's farm near here, when 93 head of cattle were sold at auction, bringing a total of \$17,540. The average price was a little better than \$188 a head, which, considering the number of young calves in the lot, is regarded as a fair valuation.

Of the 250 persons present probably one-half took part in the bidding. Buyers were present from Oregon, Washington and Idaho.

C. E. Griffith, of the Glen Tana farm, Spokane, Wash., was the biggest individual buyer. He bid in nine head, at a total of \$1855. A. A. Newberry, of Spokane, bought six head for \$1205, and W. O. Morrow, of Independence, Or., purchased three head for \$1430, among the lot being a fancy bull, Oxford You'll Do, Jr., which brought \$850. This animal is 2 1/2 years old and is considered by stock fanciers as one of the finest ever imported to Oregon.

The highest price paid for a Jersey cow was \$600, bid in by F. E. Lynn, of Independence, Or. This cow, known as Lady's Pet, of Kilburn, is 8 years old. The animal was the grand champion of the fair circuit last year, winning firsts at Salem, North Yakima and Spokane. The 7-year-old cow, Pretty Rose, of Kilburn, was bought for \$450 by W. O. Morrow, of Independence.

That the herd was one of the finest ever imported from the Isle of Jersey to the United States is the opinion of Colonel D. L. Perry, of Columbus, O., chief auctioneer at the sale.

"It is impossible to assemble a finer or higher-strained herd," said Mr. Perry. "I have sold Jersey cattle for much higher prices, but they were no better than the West herd. They are not only absolutely thoroughbred cattle, but they are as sound and healthy as I have ever seen."

HEPPNER SEES BIG CROP.

Recent Rainfall Came at Most Opportune Time for Farmers.

Heppner—That there will be a bumper wheat crop in Morrow county is now assured, as over an inch of rain fell in the past week, and coming at the most opportune time makes even the doubters sure.

"Never in the history of the country has there been so big an acreage in wheat and never did it look as well at this time of the season."

Shearing has been delayed a few days, owing to the rain. To date there have been but two small clips sold and these were at private sale.

The growers are asking from 1 to 2 cents above what the buyers will pay. It is thought that most of the wool will be held for sales day.

Salem Bills Cherry Fair.

Salem—The board of trade has set July 11, 12 and 13 as the dates for the annual Cherry Fair. These days were chosen because of the fact that the Elks' reunion will be held in Portland during that week and it is hoped that the attraction here will bring many visitors from the Rose City.

The Marion County Manufacturers' exhibit will be held in conjunction with the Cherry Fair, and it is probable that the Horse Show will also be held one day of the three.

Farrell Inspects Brogan Branch.

Ontario—J. D. Farrell, president of the O.-W. R. & N.; C. P. Chamberlain, his assistant, and Sam Hill, first vice president of the American Road Builders' association, were here this week. This was the first trip made by President Farrell over the branch line from Ontario to Brogan. They were taken in automobiles and shown over the orchard sections around Ontario and were surprised at the extent of the territory and the large production of apples. Mr. Chamberlain purchased some suburban property here.

Scott Farm May Be Sold.

Milwaukie—It is announced here that a syndicate is negotiating with the heirs for the purchase of the Richard Scott farm on the north side of Milwaukie. The farm is a tract of more than 100 acres of fine land which extends from Milwaukie to the Portland boundary line, or the embankment of the Oregon Water Power road and if acquired will be platted. The land is on either side of Johnson Creek. If sold, it will mean the settlement of the land and will bring Milwaukie up to Portland's south boundary line.

Condon Wheat Crop Safe.

Condon—A heavy fall of rain Sunday and Sunday night all over Gilliam county about cinches matters so far as the fall wheat crop is concerned and has helped the spring crop to a considerable extent. A couple of hot days gave rise to a rumor that some wheat was damaged, but there is no foundation for the report and this last rain and the cool days which followed have put the fall grain beyond all danger from hot winds.

Ontario Farmers Happy.

Ontario—A general rain over this section for three days assures bumper crops on all the dry farms. Crop conditions are the most favorable ever known here and there is the largest acreage ever planted. Four thousand acres will be used to produce alfalfa seed. This is a crop that has proven very profitable in this section, owing to the large yield and high grade of the product.

Much Honey From South.

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis—Prof. H. F. Wilson, in charge of the apiculture work at the Oregon Agricultural college, has just returned from a trip to Southern Oregon. He reports that there is to be a big crop of honey there this year, as all conditions have been excellent this year for the best results and the bee men are looking for a big year.