



The THIRD DEGREE

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

By CHARLES KLEIN AND ARTHUR HORNBLow

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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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 died in prison, and is discovered by his father. He is one of many and is separate Alicia, Underwood, who had 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 denounces him to the house, and sends her a note threatening suicide. Art dealers for whom he acted as a commissioner, demand an accounting. He cannot make good. Howard calls at his apartments in an intoxicated condition, and sends her a note threatening suicide. Art dealers for whom he acted as a commissioner, demand an accounting. He cannot make good. Howard calls at his apartments in an intoxicated condition, and sends her a note threatening suicide.

morning—that's what I should have done—gone at once. Now it's too late, unless you help me—

"I'll help you all I can," replied the other doggedly, "but I've promised Judge Brewster to clear up this matter to-night."

Suddenly there was a commotion at the door. Capt. Clinton entered, followed by Detective Sergeant Maloney. Alicia shrank back in alarm.

"I thought Judge Brewster was here," said the captain, glancing suspiciously round the room.

"I'll send for him," said Annie, touching a bell.

"Well, where's your mysterious witness?" demanded the captain sarcastically.

He looked curiously at Alicia.

"This is Mrs. Howard Jeffries, Sr.," said Annie, "my husband's stepmother."

The captain made a deferential salute. Bully as he was, he knew how to be courteous when it suited his purpose. He had heard enough of the wealthy banker's aristocratic wife to treat her with respect.

"Beg pardon, m'm; I wanted to tell the judge I was going."

The servant entered.

"Tell Judge Brewster that Capt. Clinton is going," said Annie.

Alicia, meantime, was once more on the verge of collapse. The long threatened exposure was now at hand. In another moment the judge and perhaps her husband would come in, and Annie would hand them the letter which excupated her husband. There was a moment of terrible suspense.

Underwood who introduced you to your husband. It was Underwood who aroused your husband's jealousy. You went to his rooms that night. Your husband followed you there, and the shooting took place!" Turning to Judge Brewster, he added, with a sarcastic grin: "False confession, eh? Hypnotism, eh? I guess it's international and constitutional law for yours after this."

"You don't say so?" exclaimed Annie, irritated at the man's intolerable insolence.

"Now, Mrs. Jeffries," he said sharply, "I'll trouble you to go with me to headquarters."

Annie and Alicia both stood up. Judge Brewster quickly objected.

"Mrs. Jeffries will not go with you," he said quietly. "She has made no attempt to leave the state."

"She's wanted at police headquarters," said the captain doggedly.

"She'll be there to-morrow morning."

"She'll be there to-night."

He looked steadily at the judge, and the latter calmly returned his stare. There followed an awkward pause, and then the captain turned on his heel to depart.

"The moment she attempts to leave the house," he growled, "I shall arrest her. Good-night, Judge."

"Good-night, captain!" cried Annie mockingly.

"I'll see you later," he muttered.

"Come on, Maloney."

The door banged to. They were alone.

"What a sweet disposition!" laughed Annie.

Judge Brewster looked sternly at her. Holding up the letter, he said: "What is the meaning of this? You are not the woman to whom this letter is addressed?"

"No," stammered Annie, "that is—"

The judge interrupted her. Sternly he asked:

"Is it your intention to go on the witness stand and commit perjury?"

"I don't know. I never thought of that," she faltered.

The judge turned to Alicia.

"Are you going to allow her to do so, Mrs. Jeffries?"

"No, no," cried Alicia, quickly; "I never thought of such a thing."

"Then I repeat—is it your intention to perjure yourself?" Annie was silent, and he went on: "I assume it is, but let me ask you: Do you expect me, as your counsel, to become a particeps criminis to this tissue of lies? Am I expected to build up a false structure for you to swear to? Am I?"

"I don't know; I haven't thought of it," replied Annie. "If it can be done, why not? I'm glad you suggested it."

"I suggest it!" exclaimed the lawyer, scandalized.

"Yes," cried Annie with growing exaltation; "it never occurred to me till you spoke. Everybody says I'm the woman who called on Robert Underwood that night. Well, that's all right. Let them continue to think so. What difference does it make so long as Howard is set free?" Going toward the door, she said: "Good-night, Mrs. Jeffries!"

The judge tried to bar her way.

"Don't go," he said; "Capt. Clinton's men are waiting outside."

"That doesn't matter!" she exclaimed.

"But you must not go!" cried the lawyer in a tone of command. "I won't allow it. They'll arrest you! Mrs. Jeffries, you'll please remain here."

But Annie was already at the door. "I wouldn't keep Capt. Clinton waiting for the world," she cried. "Good-night, Judge Brewster, and God bless you!"

The door slammed, and she was gone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

"It does stun one, doesn't it?" went on Annie. "You can't think when it comes all of a sudden like this. It's just the way I felt the morning they showed me Howard's confession."

"Prison! Prison!" wailed Alicia.

Annie tried to console her.

"Not for long," she said soothingly; "you can get bail. It's only a matter of favor—Judge Brewster would get you out right away."

"Get me out!" cried Alicia distractedly. "My God! I can't go to prison! I can't! That's too much. I've done nothing! Look—read this!" Handing over Underwood's letter, she went on: "You can see for yourself. The wretch frightened me into such a state of mind that I hardly knew what I was doing—I went to his rooms to save him. That's the truth, I swear to God! But do you suppose anybody will believe me on oath? They'll—they'll—"

Almost hysterical, she no longer knew what she was saying or doing. She collapsed utterly, and stinking down in a chair, gave way to a passionate fit of sobbing. Annie tried to quiet her:

"Hush!" she said gently, "don't go on like that. Be brave. Perhaps it won't be as bad as you think." She unfolded the letter, and read it through and carefully read it through. When she had finished her face lit up with joy. Enthusiastically she cried: "This is great for Howard! What a blessing you didn't destroy it! What a wretch, what a bound to write you like that! Poor soul, of course, you'd have gone myself, but I think I'd have broken an umbrella over his head or something—Gee! these kind of fellows breed trouble, don't they? Alive or dead, they breed trouble! What can we do?"

Alicia rose. Her tears had disappeared. There was a look of fixed resolve in her eyes.

"Howard must be cleared," she said, "and I must face it—alone!"

"You'll be alone all right," said Annie thoughtfully. "Mr. Jeffries will do as much for you as he did for his son."

Noticing that her companion seemed hurt by her frankness, she changed the topic.

"Honest to God!" she exclaimed good-naturedly, "I'm broken-hearted—I'll do anything to save you from this—this public disgrace. I know what it means—I've had my dose of it. But this thing has got to come out, hasn't it?"

The banker's wife wearily nodded assent.

"Yes, I realize that," she said, "but the disgrace of arrest—I can't stand it. Annie! I can't go to prison even if it's only for a minute." Holding out a trembling hand, she went on: "Give me back the letter. I'll leave Europe—I'll send it to Judge Brewster from Paris." Looking anxiously into her companion's face, she pleaded: "You'll trust me to do that, won't you? Give it to me, please—you can trust me."

Her hand was still extended, but Annie ignored it.

"No—no," she said, shaking her head, "I can't give it to you—how can I? Do you understand what the letter means to me?"

"Have pity!" cried the banker's wife, almost beside herself. "You can tell them when I'm out of the country. Don't ask me to make this sacrifice now—don't ask me—don't!"

Annie was beginning to lose patience. The woman's selfishness angered her. With irritation, she said: "You've lost your nerve, and you don't know what you're saying. Howard's life comes before you—me—or anybody. You know that!"

"Yes—yes," cried Alicia desperately. "I know that. I'm only asking you to wait. I—ought to have left this



"Howard's Life Comes Before You—Me—or Anybody."

Annie stood aloof, her eyes fixed on the floor. Suddenly, without uttering a word, she drew Underwood's letter from her bosom, and quickly approaching Alicia, placed it unnoticed in her hand. The banker's wife flushed and then turned pale. She understood. Annie would spare her. Her lips parted to protest. Even she was taken back by such an exhibition of unselfishness as this. She began to stammer thanks.

"No, no," whispered Annie quickly, "don't thank me; keep it."

Capt. Clinton turned round with a jeer. Insolently, he said to Annie: "You might as well own up—you've played a trick on us all."

"No, Capt. Clinton," she replied with quiet dignity; "I told you the simple truth. Naturally you don't believe it."

"The simple truth may do for Judge Brewster," grinned the policeman, "but it won't do for me. I never expected this mysterious witness, who was going to prove that Underwood committed suicide, to make an appearance, did I, Maloney. Why not? Because, begging your pardon for doubting your word, there's no such person."

"Begging your pardon for disputing your word, captain," she retorted, mimicking him, "there is such a person."

"Then where is she?" he demanded angrily. Annie made no answer, but looked for advice to Judge Brewster, who at that instant entered the room. The captain glared at her viciously, and unable to longer contain his wrath, he bellowed:

"I'll tell you where she is! She's right here in this room!" Pointing his finger at Annie in theatrical fashion, he went on furiously: "Annie Jeffries, you're the woman who visited Underwood the night of his death! I don't hesitate to say so. I've said it all along, haven't I, Maloney?"

"Yes, you have," the newspapers so," retorted Annie dryly.

Taking no notice of her remark, the captain blustered:

"I've got your record, young woman! I know all about you and your folks. You knew the two men whom they were at college. You knew Underwood before you made the acquaintance of young Jeffries. It was

But Alicia brushed her aside and, thrusting the letter into the hand of the astonished police captain, she said:

"Yes, now! Read that, captain!"

Capt. Clinton slowly unfolded the letter. Alicia collapsed in a chair. Annie stood by helplessly, but trying to collect her wits. The judge watched the scene with amazement, not understanding. The captain read from the letter:

"Dear Mrs. Jeffries. He stopped, and glancing at the signature, exclaimed, "Robert Underwood!" Looking significantly at Annie, he exclaimed: "Dear Mrs. Jeffries! Is that con-



Delicate Works of Art

Wonderful Ingenuity Displayed in Turning Out Microscopic Articles of Great Value.

In 1578 a London locksmith constructed a lock made up of 11 different pieces of metal, and when it was finished and the key attached the whole weighed but one grain. Furthermore, he made a chain of gold, consisting of 43 links, and when he had fastened this to the lock and key he put one end of the chain round the neck of a flea, and found that the insect was able to draw with ease both chain and lock.

Sixteen hundred ivory dishes were made by one Oswald Northanger, and exhibited before Pope Paul V. These dishes were perfect in every respect, but were so small as to be scarcely visible to the naked eye, and were all included in a basket of the size of an ordinary pepper-corn.

The art of delicate microscopic workmanship has not, however, been confined to other times. It is not yet dead, as is evidenced by the marvelous production a few years ago by a jeweler of Turin of a miniature tug-boat.

This little craft is fashioned out of a single pearl. The hull of the boat is of beaten gold, studded with diamonds, and the binnacle light at the prow is a perfect ruby. An emerald forms the rudder, and the stand upon which the boat is mounted is a slab of the whitest ivory.

The entire weight is less than half an ounce, but when we come to the question of value we find we have got beyond the microscopic. The maker values his work at \$5,000.

Virtue of the Playground.

Children are better in playgrounds than in prisons. It is better for the community to have children exercising on ladders and horizontal bars and swings than to have them haunting the doors of poolrooms or smoking cigarettes in the hidden shadows. Children with plenty of playground have a better chance with life than children without. And most children are without unless the community provides them. It is cheaper to amuse them than to arrest. It is cheaper to develop than to dwarf. It is cheaper to save than to sink them.—St. Lake Herald.

ASHES DESTROY ALL LIFE

Portions of Kadiak Island Buried 20 Feet by Volcanic Outburst.

Juneau, Alaska—Governor Walter E. Clark has received the following dispatch from Kadiak:

"Kadiak island is covered with 12 inches of ashes. Ashes have stopped falling, but conditions here are terrible. The people were taken aboard the revenue cutter Manning, which is leaving for other stations to obtain food."

"On some parts of the island the ashes are 20 feet deep. Vegetation and animal life have been killed and the wireless station at the town of Kadiak destroyed. Conditions at Karluk must be terrible."

Governor Clark cabled to Washington asking \$100,000 from congress for relief purposes in the stricken district. The volcano has resumed its normal state and the atmosphere is clearing, so that boats will be able to get into the stricken district with relief.

At Uyak the fall of ashes amounted to four inches. The people there are not suffering. This was one of the places on Kadiak island where it was feared the greatest damage was done, and the news from there gives hope that all persons on Kadiak island are safe.

No word has been received from Afognak island, which lies only a few miles north of Kadiak island, and fears for the inhabitants' fate are expressed. Afognak, which is included in the Chugach national forest and fish culture reserve, has a population of 600. The island is in a direct line with the course taken by the ashes and sand from Katmai.

A light rain fell at Seward. The water was charged with sulphuric acid, which is killing all vegetation and eating into the metal work of buildings.

The tug Printer left with relief for the town of Kadiak.

AVIATOR MAKES RECORD.

Flies from Portland Skyscraper and Lands at Vancouver, Wash.

Portland—Aviation science took another stride toward perfection when Silas Christofferson, the youthful Portland bird-man, successfully piloted his biplane from the top of the Multnomah Hotel building to Vancouver, Wash. He flew the eight miles, crossing the Willamette and Columbia rivers, in 12 minutes.

Other aviators have made speedier journeys, but it remained for the unlicensed ex-automobile racer to be the pioneer in trusting his heavier-than-air machine in a start from the midst of the business section of a city.

Only once from the time the aeroplane glided from the roof into the air until it loomed in the distance as a small bird, did the machine display signs of uncertainty, and that came when it crossed the Willamette at a height of approximately 900 feet. Then it was only a slight tremble. It soon recovered perfect equilibrium and soared majestically on its way.

The landing was made at Vancouver exactly 12 minutes after the start, a crowd gathering in the Washington city to witness the end of the spectacular voyage.

TREASURE CABIN LOCATED.

Search Made Near Medford for Loot of Failed California Bank.

Medford, Or.—J. M. Howard, pioneer prospector, after a weary search of six years, has located the cabin on the banks of a mountain stream, which is said to have been the home of the men burying a vast treasure looted from the Adams Express company bank when it failed in San Francisco in the early '50s. Now he needs only to find one Charles H. Owens, of Michigan, who came to Medford six years ago and started him on his long search for the hidden cabin.

It was six years ago that Owens first appeared on the scene in Medford and enlisted the aid of Howard, who knows every canyon in Southern Oregon. Owens knew the exact location of the treasure, but this information he did not divulge. The man who told it to Owens died shortly after.

Woman Gives No Speech.

San Diego, Cal.—The Industrial Workers tried to hold a street meeting Wednesday afternoon, but when Mrs. Laura P. Emerson, who has been active in the agitation, attempted to address the crowd, a police sergeant induced her to desist. The sergeant was very polite. He touched his helmet and informed her that for the present, at least, street oratory could not be permitted. Taking her arm, he escorted her from her improvised rostrum. Meanwhile other policemen kept the crowd moving.

Rain and Ashes Form Lye.

Cordova, Alaska—Although five days have passed since Katmai volcano burst forth in eruption, there has been little relief here from the volcanic smoke and ash which hang low over the mountains. The first real danger here from the volcanic action was made apparent when a heavy rain began to fall, the water mixing with the ash in forming sulphuric acid, which burned painfully whenever it came in contact with the unprotected parts of the bodies of people on the street.

Suffragettes Win Mercy.

London—The sentences of the militant suffragettes, Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst and Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, joint editors of Votes for Women, have been modified by Reginald McKenna, home secretary. The prisoners will finish as first-class misdemeanants the term of nine months' imprisonment to which they were condemned at the Old Bailey sessions on May 22, instead of serving as ordinary criminals.

200 Persons May Be Dead.

Seward, Alaska—A cannery tender from Uyak, on the Shelikof strait shore of Kadiak island, brought word that the people there are safe, but it is thought that seven fishing villages, with a total population of 200, on the Alaska peninsula, in the immediate vicinity of Katmai volcano, were destroyed by the recent volcanic eruption.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATE

WORLD'S HOP CROP BIG.

Prices Will Still Be Profitable to Growers This Year.

Salem—That the hop crop of the world, while being materially larger than that of last year, will, nevertheless, not result in bearing down the price so that it will be unremunerative to the grower, is the opinion of Topham Richardson, of London, England, who is here looking after extensive Willamette valley properties of Wigan, Richardson & Company. This company last year took over the great Krebs hop ranch near Independence, reported to be one of the largest hop ranches in the world, and Mr. Richardson is here to look over these properties, as well as to visit John Carmichael, the company's representative in Oregon.

Mr. Richardson is on the last lap of a trip which included practically every important hop center in the world. His reports indicate that the crop will be much more extensive this year than last.

"Never have I seen conditions in the hop-world so favorable as they are today," he said. "While there will be no immense boost of prices, there will be a good, strong remunerative price for the grower. There will be many hops and in every respect the condition is the most healthy that I have seen for years, both for the growers, the dealers and the purchasers."

The company of which Mr. Richardson is a member is probably the largest and the most strongly rated hop firm in the world. When it purchased the Krebs yards it cabled more money than has ever been received in Oregon in a single cable, and it is understood that there will be more heavy holdings taken over by the company in Willamette valley hop lands, possibly as a result of Mr. Richardson's visit.

OFF YEAR FOR PETITIONS.

Surfeit of Initiative Measures Brings About Reaction.

Salem—That this year is one that augurs ill for the fate of the majority of the measures which will be put before the people by the initiative in particular is the burden of statements of those who have been circulating petitions for various measures out of Salem.

Not only has signature-getting been proving difficult for many of the measures, according to the reports, but on top of that those who have been doing the circulating state that they have found practically universal expressions that people will have a tendency to slaughter measures this year.

"They say many so with the statements that they intended to vote against the particular measure in question and all other measures unless they have a pertinent interest in it or some extensive knowledge of the other measures."

This condition has been brought about, declare those who have been watching the situation, by a surfeit of measures in past years, and in many cases the passage of legislation which has proved detrimental or promises to bring about dire results if followed out to conclusion.

Those who have been putting afoot the measures for the proposed rational tax reform movement have found on every hand declarations against numerous bills on the ballot, and this has been true in numerous other instances.

BERRY PICKING SEASON ON.

Hood River Folk Busily Engaged in Gathering Products.

Salem—Discovery has been made that the aphid this season is not only attacking the gardens and orchards at the asylum farm, but also the grain fields, and the prediction is made that unless hot weather stays the operations of the pest, the damage to the grain will be great. During past years considerable trouble has been experienced with relation to the pest attacking the gardens and orchards, but this is the first time in the history of the valley, as near as can be learned, when it has attacked grain. The pest is particularly prevalent in the air crop, and it is feared it has also extended its operations to the clover and other fields. The operations of the pest may be stayed in the orchards and gardens by spraying, but this is impracticable when it comes to grain fields, and the only thing that will stay its operations on this crop is real hot weather.

POTATO BUGS DO HAVOC.

Agricultural College Instructor Says Many Reports Come In.

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis—Reports coming to the Oregon Agricultural college indicate that the Western potato flea beetle is attacking the potato vines in various parts of the state and doing considerable damage.

"Probably the most serious pest of the tomato and potato plants, at this time of the year, is the Western potato flea beetle, scientifically known as *epitrix subsericina*," said Professor Lovett, assistant entomologist at the college, in discussing some letters received on the subject. "The sprout to be used for this flea beetle is a combination Bordeaux and lead arsenate spray. Only wooden vessels should be used in handling Bordeaux mixture. If only lead arsenate is used, apply at the rate of two pounds to 50 gallons of water."

APHIS ATTACKS GRAIN, TOO.

Hood River—The berry-picking season is approaching its height, and the growers are lined up at the receiving station in the city until midnight.

During the past week the prices have held well, according to C. W. Hooker, who is managing the strawberry sales of the Apple Growers' union. The fruit has been billed out at from \$3 to \$3.50 per crate. Fruit from Missouri and Arkansas, in the Middle West, and from Kennebec, Milton, Freewater and the Willamette valley have been a considerable factor in the market and their prices having been quoted lower than Hood River's has made it difficult to maintain good quotations, according to Mr. Hooker.

Drain Expects Railroad.

Drain—A party of railroad surveyors passed through here recently. From the best information obtainable they were Oregon Electric men. They looked over South Drain carefully, evidently looking for room for yards for a terminal. They have a man here now contracting for a lot of supplies for the party and evidently they expect to be in the vicinity some time. A well known local capitalist has been talking electric railroad from Drain to Marshfield. He claims to have sold stock and negotiated for right of way.

Strawberry Rush Starts.

Portland—The time for canning strawberries has arrived. The crop grown in the vicinity of Portland is coming on with a rush, and prices are about as low as they usually go. At the Italian gardeners' market Saturday morning most of the sales were at 75 to 80 cents and these prices prevailed in the wholesale produce district. The warm weather is ripening the fruit fast, and if the temperature does not drop, the bulk of the supply will be in the market by the end of next week.

Lumber Firm is Formed.

Salem—The Tidewater Mill company, of Portland, which incorporated here with a capitalization of \$360,000, proposes in its articles to conduct a general lumber business and reserves the right to construct railroads and operate navigation companies. In this connection it states that its terminal for navigation purposes will be Florence at Portland, Or., and San Francisco, Cal.

Health Certificate Must Accompany Plants Sent by Postage.

Admirers of world-famed Oregon roses cannot send a cutting from one of these plants through the United States mails without first obtaining a certificate from a horticultural officer certifying that the plant is pest-free. If the cutting is procured from a nursery, the certificate must stipulate that the nursery has been inspected under the direction of the state's horticultural department and found to be free from pests. If the plant is grown by an individual rose fancier the certificate must show that it is immune from vermin of any kind.

This is the effect of an order made by the Postoffice department. The order applies to all field-grown plants.

"Many Portland people have been in the habit of annually mailing cuttings from a choice rose plant to friends in the East and elsewhere," said Assistant Postmaster Williamson. "With the enforcement of the new order enunciated by the department, mail packages containing these cuttings as well as those of all field-grown plants, must be accompanied by the required certificate, showing that they have passed inspection by an officer of the horticultural department and are entirely free from pests."

BIG CONTRACT SECURED.

L. G. Westfall to Saw 3,000,000 Feet of Timber for Electric Co.

Hood River—L. G. Westfall, who was in the city securing supplies and contracting for a cook to board his crew, states that he has secured the contract from the Northwest Electric company, which has begun the construction of a huge dam on the White Salmon river just opposite this city, to saw the 3,000,000 feet of timber to be used in the building of the dam.

The Northwestern company, which has purchased the holdings of the Wind River Lumber company and which plans to furnish electrical energy to the City of Portland, now owns an enormous quantity of pine and fir timber along the White Salmon. Mr. Westfall will continue his mills, after the dam contract is fulfilled. He says he has made a contract with the electric company to saw 40,000,000 feet of its timber.

Potato Growers to Organize.

Falls City—A meeting of potato growers will be held here Wednesday for the purpose of organizing a potato growers' association. Growers from the surrounding country as far away as King's Valley are expected to attend the meeting. The objects of the association are to learn the best methods of growing, handling and selling this staple crop. This section is becoming noted for its excellent potatoes, but heretofore the marketing problem has been a difficult one.

Sheridan Grows Berries.

Sheridan—Sheridan is soon to be a gooseberry center, as evidenced by the splendid crop here this year. The Cameron farm has probably the largest and best crop. On this three-quarter-acre patch there are 870 plants, from which were picked two gallons to the plant, or a net yield of 1740 gallons. A gallon of berries weighs five pounds. So 8700 pounds of berries have been taken from three-quarters of an acre. These berries find a ready market at 20 cents a gallon, netting \$500 per acre.

Will Judge Washington Bees.

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis—H. F. Wilson, in charge of the O. A. C. apiary, will act as judge at two Washington fairs in the fall. In September he will judge the exhibits at the Washington State fair, at North Yakima, and he will also judge apiary exhibits at the Interstate Fair at Spokane the last week of September and the first week of October.

Building to Cost \$50,000.

Ontario—A contract has been signed here for the erection of a \$50,000 business block.