

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION IN SESSION

Hottest Factional Fight in Political History of Country Is Expected.

Hundreds of Police and Deputy Sheriffs in Convention Hall—Heavy Details Guard Every Entrance—Gamasas and Red Cross Flags Conspicuous.

Chicago, June 18.—When the gavel of Victor Rosewater, chairman of the Republican national committee, fell at noon today, calling to order the fiftieth Republican national convention, the most desperate fight in the history of American politics had reached a crisis.

The Taft men this morning flatly refused the demand of the Roosevelt forces that they agree to a proposition that no vote on the temporary organization be valid unless it received the affirmative vote of 540 delegates—a majority whose right to a seat was unquestioned. This was a novel program and arranged at a session of the Roosevelt delegates that lasted until nearly daylight today.

At 10:15 the doors of the Coliseum were all manned and the ticket-holders began to filter in. The pressure at the doors when they were opened was not great.

Great lines of uniformed policemen were scattered about the structure and massed at every entrance. Groups of 400 special deputy sheriffs, especially commissioned by the sheriff of Cook county to see that there was no disorder. Plain clothes men were distributed through the crowd of curiosity seekers that had flocked to the scene, hopeful that the Roosevelt forces would make good their threat and storm the entrance, thus making a way for all without tickets.

Twenty policemen were grouped in front of the platform and 50 in the rear.

Mammoth cameras, aimed at the stage, were perched from every balcony rail.

Red Cross flags at several doorways were a grim reminder of a prophecy.

Two huge megaphones, an ice water tank and a private telephone were the only ornaments of the speaker's stage.

By 11:10 a. m. the hall was more than half filled, and fully two-thirds of the delegates were in their seats. The aisles were jammed and the Chicago fire marshal and his aides kept officers busy clearing them.

The convention was called to order by Victor Rosewater, chairman of the Republican national committee, at 12:02.

At 12:16 request was made that crowd remain quiet while flashlight be taken. At 12:18 everyone in the convention hall was brought to their feet by the strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

At 12:20 Father Callaghan pronounced the invocation.

12:25—Reading of call concluded.

12:26—The chair recognized Governor Hadley, of Missouri, who moved to amend the temporary roll call.

The Roosevelt people and the Taft people carried out almost to the letter the programs as announced in advance. The Roosevelt people say tonight they are going to fight every inch of the way.

Cries of "bolters" were hurled at the Roosevelt delegates at times in the session, but the contingency of a bolt tonight seemed to be far distant.

California assumed a belligerent attitude almost with the start of the roll call, when the two Roosevelt delegates from the Fourth district, unseated by the national committee, were not allowed to vote. Protests were confined to eloquence. The two votes for Root were the only encroachment in that state upon the vote cast for McGovern. Pennsylvania made even a fiercer protest against the vote of an alternate.

CONTESTERS LOSING HOPE.

Washington Delegates Refuse Compromise With La Follette Men.

Chicago, June 18.—Contesting Roosevelt delegates from Washington had a conference today with La Follette leaders with a view to getting the support of La Follette delegates in their fight for seats in the convention. La Follette people were not deeply interested in seating 14 delegates pledged to Roosevelt, and said so.

They offered, however, to help the Washington contestants if the latter would agree to split their delegates, giving La Follette seven votes out of 14 if the contestants should be seated. This proposition was more than the Washington men could swallow. Four were willing to dicker on this basis, but only four, so the deal was declared off. Washington contestants delegates are fast losing hope and see little chance of being seated, in view of today's line-up.

Darrow Agent Perjured.

Los Angeles — George Behm, of Portage, Wis., an uncle of Orrie McManigal, testified at the bribery trial of Clarence S. Darrow that Darrow had brought him to Los Angeles to get Orrie McManigal to repudiate his confession. Behm testified also that he had denied before the grand jury that he had tried to influence McManigal, as Darrow had told him to do. Behm contradicted the latter statement and said Darrow had told him to refuse to answer questions regarding his relations with McManigal.

Bogus Tickets Accepted.

Chicago—In spite of the precautions taken by the committee on arrangements and the police to prevent any but those holding regular tickets from gaining admission to the coliseum, it was reported that scores had been passed by doorkeepers either for a money consideration, for friendship's sake, or on a ticket resembling the regular ones but not genuine. Chief Doorkeeper Hansen removed several of his aides after taking their badges from them and causing two former aides to be ejected.

Parker May Be Chairman.

Baltimore—It was said here that Alton B. Parker was a likely candidate for the temporary chairmanship of the Democratic national convention, with Representative James, of Kentucky, next strongest. Senator Gore, of Oklahoma and Representative Mitchell Palmer of Pennsylvania will second the nomination of Woodrow Wilson, it is announced, while friends of Governor Burke of North Dakota started a "dark horse" boom for him.

Woman Attacks Asquith.

London—While Premier Asquith was holding an official reception in honor of the king's birthday, a fashionably dressed suffragette tried to tear the epaulettes off the premier's coat. Mrs. Asquith tried to rescue her husband from the unwelcome attentions of the woman and then an usher literally dragged the suffragette away from the premier and ejected her from the building. Some reports say the woman beat Premier Asquith.

Farm Given To Children.

Walla Walla, Wash.—To give them a chance to manage the property while he was yet alive and could help them, Thomas Lyons, a pioneer, distributed 2500 acres of the finest farming land in the valley among his six children. The deed gave the value of each tract and the total is \$94,000, as a conservative estimate.

MANY KILLED BY CYCLONE.

Baba Carried Mile and Unhurt—Bodies Miles From Home.

Kansas City. — Twenty-six persons are known to have been killed and many injured by a storm that passed over Central West Missouri late Monday, demolishing buildings, tearing down wires and leaving the smaller towns and country homes completely wrecked. Reports indicate that the storm, after doing many thousands of dollars' worth of damage here, passed to the Southwest, wrecking all buildings in its path. In Bates county, Missouri, the Northwestern section was swept for five miles and nearly every building in a track half a mile wide was demolished. Here 13 deaths have been reported.

From Sedalia, Mo., two deaths are reported, while rumors, unverified as yet, make the total much larger. The storm struck Bates county half a mile from Merwin. There, when the home of Henry Cameron was destroyed and his three children killed, it was found uninjured a mile from home. The bodies of Gibson Groves and Fred Groves were found a mile from their home. They were in the building when the storm struck.

Telephone wires throughout Bates county are down and the reports have been brought in by messengers. In the country surrounding Sedalia the wires are down, but aid is being rushed to the outlying towns by Wrensburg, Sedalia and Windsor.

Nothing has been heard from the district lying between Windsor, Mo., and Butler.

JAPANESE IMMIGRANTS SICK WITH HOOKWORM

Seattle—Thirty immigrants from the Orient, including 20 Japanese "picture brides," are held in quarantine at the United States immigration station here because they are afflicted with hookworm.

"About 50 per cent of the Japanese women entering America are victims of hookworm," said Dr. Jolivar J. Lloyd, of the United States public health and marine hospital service. "Only 12 per cent of the male immigrants from Japan have the disease. The greater prevalence of the disease among the Japanese women than the men is because the women go barefooted while working in the rice fields, while the men have been accustomed to wearing shoes. The disease is contracted by the larvae of the hookworm entering the system through some abrasion of the skin, frequently on the feet. It has been estimated that 90 per cent of the Chinese boys who enter this country have the disease."

Christofferson In Wreck.

Vancouver, Wash. — Harry Christofferson, brother of Silas Christofferson, who made a successful flight from the roof of the Multnomah hotel during the Rose Festival, had a narrow escape from death while operating the same biplane.

About a mile up the Columbia river from the barracks, where the hangars are, Christofferson, flying at a height of 200 feet, attempted to make a turn, but failed to negotiate it and lost control. The machine headed into a tree and the driver managed to cling to a bough, from which he was later rescued unhurt.

Colorado Levee Breaks.

Needles, Cal.—That a break in the Colorado River levee had occurred at some unknown point was the belief here Tuesday, as the river suddenly began to overflow in the morning and kept it up all day. River men said this fall was due to a break at some place where communication had been cut off, but it was believed to be at some point on the Arizona side.

For several years past it has been demonstrated that the greatest damage during high water occurred after the crest of the flood had been reached and the water had begun to recede, and to combat this situation the Santa Fe is marshaling hundreds of men and a great quantity of material.

Central Ohio Storm Swept.

Columbus, O.—A rain and wind storm tornado swept the central part of Ohio, making hundreds homeless and doing damage estimated at a million dollars. At Delaware the roof of St. Mary's Catholic school was lifted and borne across the street, wrecking two cottages. In this city several houses were unroofed. Telegraph and telephone companies are the greatest sufferers. Many miles of wires are down. Plain City, 17 miles west of here, was almost demolished and several persons are injured.

Cyclone Kills Worshipers.

Zanesville, O.—Three were killed and a score injured when a tornado struck early in the morning and leveled the St. Thomas Catholic church through the roof while services were being held. The storm started in the western part of the city. It lost its force apparently after traveling 25 miles east of here and toppling over numerous barns. More than 500 families were badly homeless. Scores of narrow escapes were reported from chimneys crashing through roofs.

Rebels Force Fighting.

Chihuahua — Skirmishing between the outposts of the rebels and federals at LaCruz, 50 miles south of Bachimiba, the rebel stronghold, resulted in a loss to the government of 12, and the rebels two dead, according to reports received here. The rebels were commanded by General Del Toro. The significance of the action is that the rebels have determined to make General Uerta fight every inch of his way north toward Bachimiba.

Guanajuato, Mexico, Flooded.

Guanajuato, Mex.—A cloudburst here flooded the city to a depth of several feet. The loss of life and property was large. The Porfirio Diaz drainage tunnel saved the town from greater disaster. The rainfall was greater than in 1908, when more than 200 lives were lost. The city is in a narrow gorge in which the river runs. Many Mexican mining properties are in the surrounding hills.



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 goes to Europe and in desperate straits Underwood, who had once been engaged to Howard's stepmother Alicia, is apparently in prospect of a fortune. Taking advantage of his intimacy with Alicia, he becomes a sort of social highwayman. Discovering his true character, Alicia denounces him and he sends her a note threatening suicide. Art dealers for whom he acted as commission agent demand an account of his conduct. 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 forces 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. Underwood takes the pistol and shoots himself. He finds Underwood dead. He reports the matter to the police. Capt. Clinton, notorious for his brutal treatment of prisoners, is called in. He goes through the third degree, and finally gets an alleged confession from the harassed man. Alicia's wife, declares her belief in her husband's innocence, and calls on Jeffries. He refuses to see her 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 the district, to take Howard's case. He declines. The banker and his wife call on Judge Brewster to find some way to prevent Annie from again pleading with Brewster to defend Howard. He consents. Alicia is greatly relieved when she learns from Annie that Brewster has taken the case. She confides to Annie that she called on Underwood the night of his death, and that she has his letter in which he threatened suicide, but begs for time before giving out the information. Annie promises Brewster to look after her. Brewster agrees to meet her at his home. Brewster accuses Clinton of forcing a confession from a man to overcome without news. He refuses to give the name. Alicia writes Capt. Clinton a letter. Underwood's capt. Clinton hands him Underwood's letter. Annie tells Clinton believe Brewster was written to her. She is arrested.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Jeffries case suddenly entered in an entire new phase, and once again he was deemed of sufficient public interest to warrant column after column of spicy comment in the newspapers. The town awoke one morning to learn that the long-sought-for witness, the mysterious woman on whose testimony everything hinged, had not only been found, but proved to be the prisoner's own wife, who had been so active in his defense. This announcement was stupefying enough to overcome all other news of the day, and satisfied the most jaded palate for sensationalism.

The first question asked on all sides was: Why had not the wife come forward before? The reason, as glibly explained by an evening journal of somewhat yellow proclivities, was logical enough. The telling of her midnight visit to a single man's rooms involved a shameful admission which any woman might well hesitate to make unless forced to it, as a last extremity. Confronted, however, with the alternative of either seeing her husband suffer for a crime of which he was innocent or making public acknowledgment of her own frailty, she had chosen the latter course. Naturally, it meant divorce from the banker's son, and undoubtedly this was the solution most wished for by the family. The whole unsavory affair conveyed a good lesson to reckless young men of wealth to avoid entangling themselves in undesirable matrimonial adventures. But it was no less certain, went on this journalistic mentor, that this wife, unfaithful as she had proved herself to be, had really rendered her husband a signal service in her present scrape. The letter she had produced, written to her by Underwood the day before his death, in which he stated his determination to kill himself, was of course a complete vindication for the man awaiting trial. His liberation now depended only on how quickly the ponderous machinery of the law could take cognizance of this new and most important evidence.

The new turn of affairs was naturally most distasteful to the police. If there was one thing more than another which angered Capt. Clinton it was to take the trouble to build up a case only to have it suddenly demolished. He scoffed at the "wonder" of a safely committed to Judge Brewster's custody, and openly branded it as a forgery concocted by an immoral woman for the purpose of defeating the ends of justice. He kept Annie a prisoner and defied the counsel for the defense to do their worst. Judge Brewster, who loved the fray, accepted the challenge. He acted promptly. He secured Annie's release on habeas corpus proceedings and his civil suit against the city having already begun in the courts, he suddenly called Capt. Clinton to the stand and gave him a grilling which more than atoned for any which the police tyrant had previously made his victims suffer. In the limelight of a sensational trial, in which public servants were charged with abusing positions of trust, he showed Capt. Clinton up as a bully and a grafter, a bribe-taker, working hand in glove with dishonest politicians, not hesitating even to divide loot with thieves and dive-keepers in his greed for wealth. He proved him to be a consummate liar, a man who would stoop to nothing to gain his own ends. What jury would take the word of such a man as this? Yet this was the man who still insisted that Howard Jeffries was guilty of the shooting of Robert Underwood!

But public opinion was too intelligent to be hoodwinked for any length of time by a brutal and ignorant policeman. There was a clamor for the

The THIRD DEGREE

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

By CHARLES KLEIN AND ARTHUR HORNBLAW

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS



Placed the Rolls and Butter on the Table.

prisoner's release. The evidence was such that further delay was inexcusable. The district attorney, thus urged, took an active interest in the case, and after going over the new evidence with Judge Brewster, went before the court and made formal application for the dismissal of the complaint. A few days later Howard Jeffries led the Tombs amid the cheers of a crowd assembled outside. At his side walked his wife, now smiling through tears of joy.

It was a glad home-coming to the little flat in Harlem. To Howard, after spending so long a time in the narrow prison quarters, it seemed like paradise, and Annie walked on air, so delighted was she to have him with her again. Yet there were still anxieties to cloud their happiness. The close confinement, with its attendant worry, had seriously undermined Howard's health. He was pale and attenuated, and so weak that he had several fainting spells. Much alarmed, Annie summoned Dr. Bernstein, who administered a tonic. There was nothing to cause anxiety, he said, reassuringly. It was a natural reaction after what her husband had undergone. But it was worry as much as anything else, Howard worried about his father, with whom he was only partially reconciled; he worried about his future, which was as precarious as ever, and most of all he worried about his wife. He was not ignorant of the circumstances which had brought about his release, and while liberty was sweet to him, it had been a terrible shock when he first heard that she was the woman who had visited Underwood's rooms. He refused to believe her sworn evidence. How was it possible? Why should she go to Underwood's rooms knowing he was there? It was repulsive. Still the small voice rang in his ears—perhaps she's untrue! It haunted him, and till one day he asked point-blank for an explanation. Then she told that she had perjured herself. She was not the woman. Who she really was she could not say. He must be satisfied with the present with the assurance that it was not his wife. With that he was content. What did he care for the opinion of others? He knew—that was enough! In their conversation on the subject Annie did not even mention Alicia's name. Why should she?

Weeks passed, and Howard's health did not improve. He had tried to find a position, but without success, yet every day brought its obligations which had to be met. One morning Annie was bustling about their tiny dining room preparing the table for their frugal luncheon. She had just placed the rolls and butter on the table, and arranged the chairs, when there came a ring at the front door. Early visitors were not so infrequent as to cause surprise, so, without waiting to remove her apron, she went to the door and opened it. Dr. Bernstein entered.

"Good morning, Mrs. Jeffries," he said, cheerily. Putting down his medical bag, he asked: "How is our patient this morning?"

"All right, doctor. He had a splendid night's rest. I'll call him."

"Never mind, I want to talk to you." Seriously, he went on: "Mrs. Jeffries, your husband needs a change of scene. His worrying. That fainting spell the other day was only a symptom. I'm afraid he'll break down unless—"

"Unless what?" she demanded, anxiously.

He hesitated for a moment, as if unwilling to give utterance to words he knew must inflict pain. Then he quickly continued:

"Your husband is under a great mental strain. His inability to support you, his banishment from his proper sphere in the social world is mental torture to him. He feels his position keenly. There is nothing else to occupy his mind but thoughts of his utter and complete failure in life. I was talking to his father last night, and—"

"And what?" she demanded, drawing herself up. She suspected what was coming, and nerved herself to meet it.

"Now, don't regard me as an enemy," said the doctor in a conciliatory tone. "Mr. Jeffries inquired after his son. Believe me, he's very anxious. He knows he did the boy a great injustice, and he wants to make up for it."

"Oh, no does?" she exclaimed, sarcastically.

Dr. Bernstein hesitated for a moment before replying. Then he said, lightly: "Suppose Howard goes abroad for a few months with his father and mother?"

"Is that the proposition?" she demanded.

The doctor nodded.

"I believe Mr. Jeffries has already spoken about it to his son," he said.

Annie choked back a sob and, crossing the room to conceal her emotion, stood with her back turned, looking out of the window. Her voice was trembling as she said:

"He wants to separate us, I know. He'd give half his fortune to do it. Perhaps he's not altogether wrong. Things do look pretty black for me, don't they? Everybody believes that my going to see Underwood that night had something to do with his suicide and led to my husband being falsely accused. The police built up a fine romance about Mr. Underwood and me—and the newspapers! Every other day a reporter comes and asks us when the divorce is going to take place—and who is going to institute the proceedings, Howard or me. If everybody would only mind their own business and let us alone he might forget. Oh, I don't mean you, doctor. You're my friend. You made short work of Capt. Clinton and his confession. I mean people—outsiders—strangers—who don't know us, and don't care whether we're alive or dead; those are the people I mean. They buy a one-cent paper and they think it gives them the right to pry into every detail of our lives." She paused for a moment, and then went on: "So you think Howard is worrying? I think so, too. At first I thought it was because of the letter Mr. Underwood wrote me, but I guess it's what you say. His old friends won't have anything to do with him and—he's lonely. Well, I'll talk it over with him—"

"Yes—talk it over with him."

"Did you promise his father you'd ask me?" she demanded.

"No—not exactly," he replied, hesitatingly.

Annie looked at him frankly.

"Howard's a pretty good fellow to stand by me in the face of all that's

being said about my character, isn't he, doctor? And I'm not going to stand in his light, even if it doesn't exactly make me the happiest woman in the world, but don't let it trickle into your mind that I'm doing it for his father's sake."

At that moment Howard entered from the inner room. He was surprised to see Dr. Bernstein.

"How do you feel to-day?" asked the doctor.

"First rate! Oh, I'm all right. You see, I'm just going to eat a bite. Won't you join us?"

He sat down at the table and picked up the newspaper, while Annie busied herself with carrying in the dishes.

"No, thank you," laughed the doctor. "It's too early for me. I've only just had breakfast. I dropped in to see how you were." Taking up his bag, he said: "Good-by! Don't get up. I can let myself out."

But Annie had already opened the door for him, and smiled a farewell. When she returned to her seat at the head of the table, and began to pour out the coffee, Howard said:

"He's a pretty decent fellow, isn't he?"

"Yes," she replied, absent-mindedly, as she passed a cup of coffee.

"He made a monkey of Capt. Clinton all right," went on Howard. "What did he come for?"

"To see you—of course," she replied.

"Oh, I'm all right now," he replied. Looking anxiously at his wife across the table, he said: "You're the one that needs tuning up. I heard you crying last night. You thought I was asleep, but I wasn't. I didn't say anything because—well—I felt kind of blue myself."

Annie sighed and leaned her head on her hand. Wearily she said:

"I was thinking over all that we've been through together, and what they're saying about us—"

Howard threw down his newspaper impatiently.

"Let them say what they like. Why should we care as long as we're happy?"

His wife smiled sadly.

"Are we happy?" she asked, gently.

"Of course we are," replied Howard.

She looked up and smiled. It was good to hear him say so, but did he mean it? Was she doing right to stand in the way of his career? Would he not be happier if she left him? He was too loyal to suggest it, but perhaps in his heart he desired it. Looking at him tenderly, she went on:

"I don't question your affection for me, Howard. I believe you love me, but I'm afraid that, sooner or later, you'll ask yourself the question all your friends are asking now, the question everybody seems to be asking—'What question?'" demanded Howard.

"Yesterday the bell rang and a gentleman said he wanted to see you. I told him you were out, and he said I'd do just as well. He handed me a card. On it was the name of the newspaper he represented."

"Well?"

"He asked me if it were true that proceedings for a divorce were about to be instituted. If so, when? And could I give him any information on the subject? I asked him who wanted the information and he said the readers of his paper—the people—I believe he said over a million of them. Just think, Howard! Over a million people, not counting your father, your friends and relations, all waiting to know why you don't get rid of me, why you don't believe me to be as bad as they think I am—"

Howard raised his hand for her to desist.

"Annie—please!" he pleaded.

"That's the fact, isn't it?" she laughed.

"No."

His wife's head dropped on the table. She was crying now.

"I've made a hard fight, Howard," she sobbed, "but I'm going to give up. I'm through—I'm through!"

Howard took hold of her hand and carried it to his lips.

"Annie, old girl," he said, with some feeling, "I may be weak, I may be blind, but nobody on top of God's green earth can tell me that you're not the squarest, straightest little woman that ever lived! I don't care a damn what one million or eight million think. Supposing you had received letters from Underwood, supposing you had gone to his rooms to beg him not to kill himself—what of it? It would be for a good motive, wouldn't it? Let them talk all the bad of you they want. I don't believe a word of it—you know I don't."

She looked up and smiled through her tears.

"You're so good, dear," she exclaimed. "Yes, I know you believe in me." She stopped and continued, adly: "But you're only a boy, you know. What of the future, the years to come?" Howard's face became serious, and she went on: "You see you're thoughtful about it, too, and you're trying to hide it from me. But you can't. Your father wants you to go abroad with the family."

"Well!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



A Polytheist.

"When the late Bishop Foss was president of America seminary," said an aged Methodist of Philadelphia, "I once heard him deliver an interesting Easter address on heathenism and idolatry."

"Bishop Foss showed us, with a little story, the bad effect that the little gods of polytheism has upon the mind."

"He said a little English boy living in India was rebuked by his mother for telling a falsehood."

"God, if you tell falsehoods, will be very angry with you," said the mother.

"Very well," the youngster answered. Then I will change my god."

Recovery of Lost Standards.

"A curious experiment was once made to determine whether a lost standard could be recovered by purely personal efforts. The assumption was made that the standard of length was lost. One hundred operatives and others accustomed to dealing with measurements were asked to give by estimate their ideas of what the given standard was—in other words, to guess at length of the meter. It was found that the guesses were most accurate for lengths of about six inches—that small lengths were underestimated and larger ones were overestimated. Taking the average of the 100 subjects the result varied but a few one thousandths from the true."