

SYNOPSIS.

a fellowstudent at Yale, lends a life of dissipation, marries the daughter of a gambler who died in prison, and is disowned by his father. He tries to get work and fulls a A former college chum makes a subtless proposition to Howard whole. Robert 12,000 and, and Howard whole. Robert 12,000 and had once been engaged to Alicia, Howard's wife, Annie, in his college days, and had once been engaged to Alicia, Howard's stepmother, has apartments at the Astruria, Howard decides to ask Underwood for the \$2,000 he needs. Underwood, taking advantage of his intimacy with Mrs. Jeffries, Sr., becomes a sort of social highwayman. Discovering his true character she denies him the house. Alicia receives a note from Underwood, 'threatening suicide. Art dealers for whom he has been acting as commissioner, demand an accounting. He cannot make good. Howard Jeffries calls in an intoxicated condition. He asks Underwood for \$2,000 and is told by the latter that he is in debt up to his eyes. 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 him that he will not take would attach to bersely Underwood. Realising his predicament he attempts to flee and is met by Underwood's valet.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

CHAPTER VIII .- Continued.

Howard was at no time an athlete, and now, contrasted with the burly policeman, a colossus in strength, he seemed like a puny boy. His cringing, frightened attitude, as he looked up in the captain's bulldog face, was pathetic. The crowd of bystanders could hard ly contain their eagerness to take in every detail of the dramatic situation. The prisoner was sober by this time and thoroughly alarmed.

'What do you want me for?" he cried. "I haven't done anything. The man's dead, but I didn't kill him." "Shut your mouth!" growled the

Dragging Howard after him, he made his way to the elevator. Throwing his prisoner into the cage, he turned to give orders to his subord-

'Maloney, you come with me and bring Officer Delaney." Addressing the other men, he said: "You other fellers look after things down here. Don't let any of these people come upstairs." Then, turning to the elevator boy, he gave the command: "Up with her."

The elevator, with its passengers, shot upward, stopped with a jerk at the fourteenth floor, and the captain, once more laying a brutal hand on Howard, pushed him out into the cor-

If it could be said of Capt. Clinton that he had any system at all, it was to be as brutal as possible with everyhands. Instead of regarding his pris-oners as innocent until found guilty, as they are justly entitled to be regarded under the law, he took the directly opposite stand. He considered all his prisoners as guilty as hell until they had succeeded in proving them-selves innocent. Even then he had selves innocent. Even then he had his doubts. When a jury brought in a verdiet of acquittal, he shook his head and growled. He had the greatest contempt for a jury that would acquitted and male the warmest regard for a jury been at once impressed by the dramatic tableau presented—the dead there was a quiet telephone and the wearying wait between at once more. The clock soon struck two. For a whole hour he had been subjected to this gruelling process, and still the lynx-eyed captain sat there watching his quarry. treated his prisoners because he firmly believed in undermining their moral and physical resistance. When by depriving them of sleep and food, by choking them, clubbing them and frightening them he had reduced them to a state of nervous terror, to the border of physical collapse, he knew by experience that they would no longer be in condition to withstand his merciless cross-examinations. moralized, unstrung, they would blurt out the truth and so convict themselves. The ends of justice would thus

Capt. Clinton prided himself on the thorough manner in which he conducted these examinations of persons un der arrest. It was a laborious ordeal but always successful. He owed his present position on the force to the skill with which he browbeat his prisoners into "confessions." With his With his third degree" seances he arrived at better and more quickly than in any other way. All his convictions had been secured by them. The presand meddling busybodies called his time torture chamber. What did he he convicted his man? Wasn't that what he was paid for? He was there o find the murderer, and he was go-

pushed his way into the apartment, followed closely by Maloney and the other policemen, who dragged along the unhappy Howard. The dead man still lay where he had fallen. Capt. Clinton stooped down, but made no attempt to touch the corpse, mere-ly satisfying himself that Underwood of the room, he said to his sergeant:

A MARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE BY CHARLES KLEIN ARTHUR HORNBLOW ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS



The Persistence of His Stare Made Howard Squirm.

headquarters so the newspaper boys get the story."

up all his courage, he said boldly: "You are detaining me here without

While the sergeant went to the telephone to carry out these orders, Capt. Clinton turned to look at Howard, who had collapsed, white and trembling, into a chair.

"What do you want with me?" cried Howard appealingly. "I assure you I had nothing to do with this. My wife's expecting me home. Can't I go?"

"Shut up!" thundered the captain. His arms folded, his eyes sternly fixed upon him, Capt. Clinton stood confronting the unfortunate youth, staring at him without saying a word.
The persistence of his stare made
Howard squirm. It was decidedly unpleasant. He did not mind the detention so much as this man's overbearing, bullying manner. He knew he was innocent, therefore he had nothing to fear. But why was this police captain staring at him so? Whichever way he sat, whichever way his eyes turned, he saw this bulldog-faced policeman staring silently at him. Unknown to him, Capt. Clinton had already begun the dreaded police ordeal known as the "third degree."

CHAPTER IX.

Fifteen minutes passed without a word being spoken. There was deep silence in the room. It was so quiet matic tableau presented—the dead there watching his quarry.
man on the floor, his white shirt front If Capt. Clinton had beg spattered with blood, the cringing, frightened boy crouching in the chair, the towering figure of the police cap tain sitting sternly eyeing his hapless prisoner, and at the far end of the com Detective Sergeant Maloney busy sending hurried messages busy

the captain suddenly. Howard's tongue clove to his palate He could scarcely articulate. He was course, but there was innocent, of omething in this man's manner which nade him fear that he might, after all, have had something to do with tragedy. Yet he was positive that he vas asleep on the bed all the time. The question is, would anybody believe He shook his head pathetically "I didn't do it. Really, I didn't.

"Shut your mouth! You're lying nd you know you're lying. Wait till the coroner comes. We'll fix you."
Again there was silence, and now began a long, tedious wait, both men re-taining the same positions, the capain watching his prisoner as a cat

Howard's mental anguish was all ost unendurable. He thought of his oor wife who must be waiting up for im all this time, wondering what had ecome of him. She would imagine the worst, and there was no telling what she might do. If only he could et word to her. Perhaps she would e able to explain things. Then h thought of his father. They had quar-reled, it was true, but after all it was his own flesh and blood. At such a critical situation as this, one forgets. Then, after a casual survey His father could hardly refuse to com-We won't touch a thing, Maioney, lawyer, too, to protect his interests till the coroner arrives. He'll be here

for the undertaker. You can call up to Annie without delay. Summoning

warrant in law. I know my rights. I am the son of one of the most in-

fluential men in the city."
"What's your name?" growled the captain.

"Howard Jeffries." 'Son of Howard Jeffries, the bank-

Howard nodded.

"Yes."
The captain turned to his sergeant. "Maloney, this feller says he's the on of Howard Jeffries, the banker." Maloney leaned over and whispered something in the captain's ear. The captain smiled grimly.

"So you're a bad character, eh? Fa-

ther turned you out of doors, eh? Where's that girl you ran away with?" Sharply he added: "You see I know your record."

"I've done nothing I'm ashamed of," replied Howard calmly. "I married the girl. She's waiting my return now. Won't you please let me send her a message?"

captain eyed Howard suspiciously for a moment, then he turned to his sergeant: "Maloney, telephone this man's wife.

What's the number?

"Eighty-six Morningside."

Maloney again got busy with the

If Capt, Clinton had begun to have any doubts when Howard told him who his father was, Maloney's information immediately put him at his ease. It was all clear to him now The youth had never been any good His own father had kicked him out. He was in desperate financial straits. He had come to this man's rooms to "What did you do it for?" thundered wood had refused and there was a quarrel, and he shot him. There was probably a dispute over the woman. Ah, yes, he remembered now. This girl he married was formerly a sweetheart of Underwood's. Jealousy was behind it as well. Besides, wasn't he caught red-handed, with blood on his hands, trying to escape from apartment? Oh, they had him dead to rights, all right. Any magistrate

would hold him on such evidence.
"It's the Tombs for him, all right, all right," muttered the captain himself; "and maybe promotion for

Suddenly there was a commotion took a look at the body. making a hasty examination, the cor-

'Well, captain, I guess he's dead,

Yes, and we've got our man, too. "Caught him red-handed, eh? Who

Howard was about to blurt out a re ply, when the captain thundered

To the coroner, the captain ex- know.

"He's the scapegrace son of How-more like a raffle. One man gets the ard Jeffries, the banker. No good-prize and the others get the shake.-any minute, and he'll give the order tain him like this. He must get word bad egg. His father turned him out Smart Sat.



of doors. There is no question about his guilt. Look at his hands. We Look at his hands. We caught him trying to get away.

The coroner rose. He believed in

doing things promptly.
"I congratulate you, captain. Quick work like this ought to do your reputation good. The community owes a debt to the officers of the law if they succeed in apprehending criminals quickly. You've been getting some pretty hard knocks lately, but I guess you know your business."

The captain grinned broadly.

"I guess I do. Don't we, Maloney?"
"Yes, cap.," said Maloney, quietly.

The coroner turned to go.
"Well, there's nothing more for me to do here. The man is dead. Let justice take its course." Addressing the undertaker, he said:
"You can remove the body."

The men set about the work immediately. Carrying the corpse into the inner room, they commenced the work of laying it out.

"I suppose," said the coroner, "that you'll take your prisoner immediately to the station house, and before the magistrate to-morrow morning?"

"Not just yet," grinned the captain. I want to put a few questions to him

The coroner smiled.

"You're going to put him through the 'third degree,' eh? Every one's heard of your star-chamber ordeals Are they really so dreadful?"

"Nonsense!" laughed the captain. 'We wouldn't harm a baby, would we, Maloney?" The sergeant quickly indorsed his

chief's opinion. "No, cap."

Turning to go, the coroner said: "Well, good-night, captain." "Good-night, Mr. Coroner."

Howard listened to all this like one transfixed. They seemed to be talk-ing about him. They were discussing some frightful ordeal of which he was to be a victim. What was this 'third degree' they were talking about? Now he remembered. He had heard of innocent men being bullied, maltreated, deprived of food and sleep for days, in order to force them to tell what the police were anxious to find out. He had heard of secret assaults, of midnight clubbings, of prisoners being choked and brutally kicked by a gang of ruffianly policemen, in order to force them into some damaging admission. A chill ran down his spine as he realized his utter helplessness. If he could only get word to a lawyer. Just as the coroner was disappearing through the door, he darted forward and laid a hand on his arm.

"Mr. Coroner, won't you listen to e?" he exclaimed.

The coroner startled, drew back.
"I cannot interfere," he said coldly.

"Mr. Underwood was a friend of mine," explained Howard. "I came here to borrow money. I fell asleep on that sofa. When I woke up he was dead. I was frightened. I tried to get away. That's the truth, so help me God!"

Capt. Clinton, he said:

'Good-night, captain." "Good-night, Mr. Coroner.

The door slammed and Capt. Clinton, with a twist of his powerful arm, yanked his prisoner back into his eat. Howard protested.

You've got no right to treat me ike this. You exceed your powers. demand to be taken before a magislike this. trate at once. The captain grinned, and pointed to

the clock. "Say, young feller, see what time it is? Two-thirty a. m. Our good mag-istrates are all comfy in their virtu-

We'll have to wait till ous beds. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Profitable Glass Eye.

"Nebody is going to poke out a good eye just for the sake of getting a glass eye," said the city salesman, "but I know a man who makes money on his glass eye. He goes to Europe there he does a little trading in jew-Suddenly there was a commotion at the door. The coroner entered, followed by the undertaker. The two men advanced quickly into the room, and took a look at the body. After the does a look at the body. After valuable diamonds. Half the duty saved is his commission on these stones alone. The customs inspectors they can't go around jabbing their fingers into people's eyes."-New York

A Chance in Any Case.

Muriel (letting him down easy)—I should advise you not to take it to heart. I might prove a most undesirable wife. Marriage is a lottery, ou

Malcolm (bitterly)-It strikes me as



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Doubting His Word.

Two Irishmen occupied beds in the same room. By and by one of them

woke up.

"Mike," said he, "did you put out
the cat?"

"I did," said Mike.

An hour later Patrick woke up

"Mike," said he, "Mike, did you put

out the cat?"
"Sure I did," said Mike, sleeplly.

"On me word of honor."

Some time later Patrick again

waked up.
"Mike," said he, "Mike, ye divvle; ye did not put out the cat."
"Well," said Mike angrily, "if ye

will not take the word of honor of a gintleman get up and put her out yerself."

Maloney again got busy with the telephone and the wearying wait began once more. The clock soon struck two. For a whole hour he had been two. For a whole hour he had been ever reproach him with sympathizing with criminals. Waving his hand at Encourage the Boys.
When a boy presents an idea that years and will love the homes and the farms that you have worked so hard to pay for.

If farming has not paid in your case by all means give the boy a chance to begin without your handicap.
"What was good enough for me is good enough for the boy," is a maxim unworthy of a New England farmer. Give the boy a chance at an agricultural education and he will help you to stop the leaks and turn the past and present into a brighter future

A FOOD STORY Makes a Woman of 70 "One in 10,000."

The widow of one of Ohio's most distinguished newspaper editors and a famous leader in politics in his day, says she is 70 years old and a "stron ger woman than you will find in ten ousand," and she credits her physical condition to the use of Grape

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