The THIRD DEGREE

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

By CHARLES KLEIN AND ARTHUR HORNBLOW

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY G.W. DILLINGHAM COMPANY

SYNOPSIS.

Howard Jeffries, banker's son, under the evil influence of Robert Underwood, a 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 tries to get work and fails. A former college chum makes a business proposition to Howard which requires $2,000 cash, and Howard is broke. Robert Underwood, who had been repulsed by Howard's wife, Annie, in his college days, and had once been engaged to Alicia, Howard's stepmother, has apartments at the Astruria, and is apparently in prosperous circumstances. Howard recalls a $250 loan to Underwood, that remains unpaid, and decides to ask him for the $2,000 he needs. Underwood, taking advantage of the intimacy which Mrs. Jeffries, Sr., becomes a sort of social highwayman. Discovering his true character denies him the house. Underwood's absence from a function causes comment among Mrs. Jeffries' guests.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"In a word," laughed the judge, "you mean that any one trained to read my mind can tell just what's passing in my brain?"

"Precisely," replied the doctor with a smile "the psychologist can tell with almost mathematical accuracy just how your mental mechanism is working. I admit it sounds uncanny, but it can be proved. In fact, it has been proved, time and time again."

Alicia came up and took the doctor's arm.

"Oh, Dr. Bernstein," she protested, "I can't allow the judge to monopolize you in this way. Come with me. I want to introduce you to a most charming woman who is dying to meet you. She is perfectly crazy on psychology."

"Don't introduce me to her," laughed the judge. "I see enough crazy people in the law courts."

Dr. Bernstein smiled and followed his hostess. Judge Brewster turned to chat with the banker. From the distant music room came the sound of a piano and a beautiful soprano voice. The rooms were now crowded and newcomers were arriving each minute. Servants passed in and out serving iced delicacies and champagne.

Suddenly the butler entered the salon and, quietly approaching Alicia, handed her a letter. In a low tone he said:

"This letter has just come, m'm. The messenger said it was very important and I should deliver it at once."

Alicia turned pale. She instantly recognized the handwriting. It was from Robert Underwood. Was not her last message enough? How dare he address her again and at such a time? Retiring to an inner room she tore open the envelope and read as follows:

Dear Mrs. Jeffries: This is the last time I shall ever bore you with my letters. You have forbidden me to see you again. Practically you have sentenced me to a living death, but as I prefer death shall not be partial, but full and complete oblivion, I take this means of letting you know that unless you revoke your cruel sentence of banishment, I shall make an end of it all. I shall be found dead, Monday morning, and you will know who is responsible.

Yours devotedly,
ROBERT UNDERWOOD.

An angry exclamation escaped Alicia's lips, and crushing the note up in her hand, she bit her lips till the blood came. It was just as she feared. The man was desperate. He was not to be got rid of so easily. How dare he—how dare he? The coward—to think that she could be frightened by such a threat. What did she care if he killed himself? It would be good riddance. Yet suppose he was in earnest, suppose he did carry out his threat? There would be a terrible scandal, an investigation, people would talk, her name would be mentioned. No—no—that must be prevented at all costs.

Distracted, not knowing what course to pursue, she paced the floor of the room. Through the closed door she could hear the music and the chatter of her guests. She must go to see Underwood at once, that was certain, and her visit must be a secret one. There was already enough talk.

If her enemies could hear of her visiting him alone in his apartments that would be the end.

"Yes—I must see him at once. Tomorrow is Sunday. He's sure to be home in the evening. He mentions Monday morning. There will still be time to go and see him to-morrow."

"Alicia! Alicia!"

The door opened and Mr. Jeffries put his head in.

"What are you doing here, my dear?" he asked. "I was looking everywhere for you. Judge Brewster wishes to say good-night."

"I was fixing my hair, that's all," replied Alicia with perfect composure.

CHAPTER V.

Among the many huge caravanaries that of recent years have sprung up in New York to provide luxurious quarters regardless of cost for those who can afford to pay for the best, none could rival the Astruria in size and magnificence. Occupying an entire block in the very heart of the residential district, it took precedence over all the other apartment hotels of the metropolis as the biggest and most splendidly appointed hostelry of its kind in the world. It was, indeed, a small city in itself. It was not necessary for its fortunate tenants to leave it unless they were so minded. Everything for their comfort and pleasure was to be had without taking the trouble to go out of doors. On the ground floor were shops of all kinds, which catered only to the Astruria's patrons. There were also on the premises a bank, a broker's office, a hairdresser, and a postal telegraph office. A special feature was the garden court, containing over 30,000 square feet of open space, and tastefully laid out with palms and flowers. Here fountains splashed and an orchestra played while the patrons lounged on comfortable rattan chairs or gossiped with their friends. Up on the sixteenth floor was the cool roof garden, an exquisite bower of palms and roses artificially painted by a famous French artist, with its rechercherestaurant, its picturesque tziganes, and its superb view of all Manhattan Island.

The Astruria was the last word in expensive apartment hotel building. Architects declared that it was as far as modern lavishness and extravagance could go. Its interior arrangements were in keeping with its external splendor. Its apartments were of noble dimensions, richly decorated, and equipped with every device, new and old, that modern science and builders' ingenuity could suggest. That the rents were on a scale with the grandeur of the establishment goes without saying. Only long purses could stand the strain. It was a favorite headquarters for Westerners who had "struck it rich," wealthy bachelors, and successful actors and opera singers who loved the limelight on and off the stage.

Sunday evening was usually exceedingly quiet at the Astruria. Most of the tenants were out of town over the week-end, and as the restaurant and roof garden were only slimly patronized, the elevators ran less frequently, making less chatter and bustle in corridors and stairways. Stillness reigned everywhere as if the sobering influence of the Sabbath had invaded even this exclusive domain of the unholy rich. The uniformed attendants, having nothing to do, yawned lazily in the deserted halls. Some even indulged in surreptitious naps in corners, confident that they would not be disturbed. Callers were so rare that when some one did enter from the street, he was looked upon with suspicion.

"Yes, I Must See Him at Once."

It was shortly after seven o'clock the day following Mrs. Jeffries' reception when a man came in by the main entrance from Broadway, and approaching one of the hall boys, inquired for Mr. Robert Underwood.

The boy gave his interlocutor an impudent stare. There was something about the caller's dress and manner which told him instinctively that he was not dealing with a visitor whom he must treat respectfully. No one divines a man's or woman's social status quicker or more unerringly than a servant. The attendant saw at once that the man did not belong to the class which paid social visits to tenants in the Astruria. He was rather seedy looking, his collar was not immaculate, his boots were thick and clumsy, his clothes cheap and ill-fitting.

"Is Mr. Underwood in?" he demanded.

"Not home," replied the attendant insolently, after a pause. Like most hall boys, he took a savage pleasure in saying that the tenants were out.

The caller looked annoyed.

"He must be in," he said with a frown. "I have an appointment with him."

This was not strictly true, but the bluff had the desired effect.

"Got an appointment! Why didn't you say so at once?"

Reaching lazily over the telephone switchboard, and without rising from his seat, he asked surlily:

"What's the name?"

"Mr. Bennington."

The boy took the transmitter and spoke into it:

"A party called to see Mr. Underwood."

There was a brief pause, as if the person upstairs was in doubt whether to admit that he was home or not. Then came the answer. The boy looked up.

"He says you should go up. Apartment 165. Take the elevator."

In his luxurious appointed rooms on the fourteenth floor, Robert Underwood sat before the fire puffing nervously at a strong cigar. All around him was a litter of objets d'art, such as would have filled the heart of any connoisseur with joy. Oil paintings in heavy gilt frames, of every period and school, Rembrandts, Cuyps, Ruysdaels, Reynoldses, Corots, Henners, some on easels, some resting on the floor; handsome French bronzes, dainty china on Japanese teakwood tables, antique furniture, gold embroidered clerical vestments, hand-painted screens, costly oriental rugs, rare ceramics—all were confusedly huddled together. On a grand piano in a corner of the room stood two tall Cloisonne vases, of almost inestimable value. On a desk close by were piled miniatures and rare ivories. The walls were covered with tapestries, armor, and trophies of arms. More like a museum than a sitting room, it was the home of a man who made a business of art or made of art a business.

Underwood stared moodily at the glowing logs in the open chimney-place. His face was pale and determined. After coming in from the restaurant he had changed his tuxedo for the more comfortable house coat. Nothing called him away that particular Sunday evening, and no one was likely to disturb him. Ferris, moment. Crushed in his left hand was a copy of the New York Herald containing an elaborate account of the brilliant reception and musicale given the previous evening at her home. With an exclamation of impatience he rose from his seat, threw the paper from him, and began to pace the floor.

Was this the end of everything? Had he reached the end of his rope? He must pay the reckoning, if not today, to-morrow. As his eyes wandered around the room and he took mental inventory of each costly object, he experienced a sudden shock as he recalled the things that were missing. How could he explain their absence? The art dealers were already suspicious. They were not to be put off any longer with excuses. Any moment they might insist either on the immediate return of their property or on payment in full. He was in the position to do neither. The articles had been sold and the money lost gambling. Curse the luck! Everything had gone against him of late. The dealers would begin criminal proceedings, disgrace and prison stripes would follow. There was no way out of it. He had no one to whom he could turn in this crisis.

And now even Alicia had deserted him. This was the last straw. While he was still able to boast of the friendship and patronage of the aristocratic Mrs. Howard Jeffries he could still hold his head high in the world. No one would dare question his integrity, but now she had abandoned him to his fate, people would begin to talk. There was no use keeping up a hopeless fight—suicide was the only way out!

He stopped in front of a mirror, startled at what he saw there. It was the face of a man not yet 30, but apparently much older. The features were drawn and haggard, and his dark hair was plentifully streaked with gray. He looked like a man who had lived two lives in one. To-night his face frightened him. His eyes had a fixed stare like those of a man he had once seen in a madhouse. He wondered if men looked like that when they were about to be executed. Was not his own hour close at hand? He wondered why the clock was so noisy; it seemed to him that the ticks were louder than usual. He started suddenly and looked around fearfully. He thought he had heard a sound outside. He shuddered as he glared toward the little drawer on the right-hand side of his desk, in which he knew there was a loaded revolver.

If Alicia would only relent escape might yet be possible. If he did not hear from her it must be for to-night. One slight little pressure on the trigger and all would be over.

Suddenly the bell of the telephone connecting the apartment with the main hall downstairs rang violently. Interrupted thus abruptly in the midst of his reflections, Underwood jumped forward, startled. His nerves were so unstrung that he was ever apprehensive of danger. With a tremulous hand, he took hold of the receiver and placed it to his ear. As he listened, his already pallid face turned whiter and the lines about his mouth tightened. He hesitated a moment before replying. Then, with an effort, he said:

"Send him up."

Dropping the receiver, he began to walk nervously up and down the room. The crisis had come sooner than he expected—exposure was at hand. This man Bennington was the manager of the firm of dealers whose goods he disposed of. He could not make restitution. Prosecution was inevitable. Disgrace and prison would follow. He could not stand it; he would rather kill himself. Trouble was very close at hand, that was certain. How could he get out of it? Pacing the floor, he bit his lips till the blood came.

There was a sharp ring at the front door. Underwood opened it. As he recognized his visitor on the threshold, he exclaimed:

"Why, Bennington, this is a surprise!"

The manager entered awkwardly. He had the constrained air of a man who has come on an unpleasant errand, but wants to be as amiable as the circumstances will permit.

"You didn't expect me, did you?" he began.

Shutting the front door, Underwood led the way back into the sitting room, and making an effort to control his nerves, said:

"Sit down, won't you?"

But Mr. Bennington merely bowed stiffly. It was evident that he did not wish his call to be mistaken for a social visit.

"I haven't time, thank you. To be frank, my mission is rather a delicate one, Mr. Underwood."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Price of Fame.

It was in the office of one of the big theaters. A lot of actors were hanging around, a couple of journalists and a secretary or two. A young woman dropped in for a hasty greeting, and then paused a moment to speak to a very well-known actor whom she evidently met for the first time. The press agent's desk was open, and in a corner fas a package of pictures of the celebrated actor. The latter looked them over, and as the young woman exclaimed that he should give her one, he said, with an insinuating smile to the press agent:

"Alas, they are not mine. They belong to Mr. Dash!"

"I can't give any away," said the latter. "Each one costs me 20 cents."

"Surely that is cheap!" the young lady suggested.

The press agent ignored her and turned to the actor.

"Cheap? Do you think anybody would pay that much for you?"

And the young lady laughed and went without her picture.

Cost of Living Increasing.

The price of diamonds has been increased ten per cent. It appears impossible for the poor man to get in on the ground floor anywhere.

Martha Washington, Housekeeper.

In the oldest wealthy families of Virginia all the women knew all about cooking and housekeeping, and had to in order to run the establishment of many slaves, and an ignorant mistress would not have commanded the respect of her cunning negroes, but would have been a laughing stock. Martha Washington owned 15,000 acres of land and hundreds of negroes, yet she knew all about cooking and housekeeping and made the rounds of her household every day, just as did the general his plantation. Martha was neither a slaven nor churl, but true aristocrat of the right sort. Girls should be taught housekeeping ladies who have sprightliness, vivacity, eloquence and fine manners, so as to correct the miserable false notions besetting the modern Anglo-Saxon mind about "menialism."—New York Press.

Proof of Remembrance.

She (after elopement)—"I received a letter from papa to-day. He writes that he had just finished making his will." He—"Did he remember us?" She—"Yes, indeed. He has left all his money to an asylum for hopeless idiots."

NO TROOPS WILL BE SENT INTO MEXICO

U. S. ARMY IS PREPARED TO LEAVE FORT SAM HOUSTON, HOWEVER, ON AN HOUR'S NOTICE.

SECRETARY OF WAR DICKINSON HAS ABANDONED HIS TRIP TO PANAMA CANAL FOR THE PRESENT.

Americans Witness Battle and Help to Carry Wounded From the Field of Battle in Automobiles.

It is evident that the movement of troops towards the Mexican border will be started in the next two or three days. The officers of the ninth and eleventh regiments of cavalry have received orders to be ready to move their regiments at an hour's notice.

The troops of these two regiments will be distributed along more than 500 miles of the frontier and will materially augment the third cavalry patrolling force now doing field service. The object of the maneuver division express the opinion that the proposed wide distribution of the troops shows that no concentration of movement for an invasion of Mexico is contemplated at this time.

All the railroads leading from San Antonio to the border points are accumulating and holding in readiness equipment to transport the troops and accoutrements immediately on receipt of such orders. The preparation is being made by the railroads on instructions direct from the war department. According to one report it is planned to mobilize not less than 15,000 troops on the bank of the Rio Grande in the next few days.

The quartermaster's department has ordered large quantities of supplies to be delivered on the cars at Fort Sam Houston, the specific date of delivery to be ascertained later. Major General W. H. Wood and his divisional staff are rapidly mapping out the program of the war game.

With Gen. Carter at headquarters are Col. Steven Mills, chief of staff; Capt. Henry G. Leonard, aide-de-camp to Gen. Carter; Capt. Malin Craig, of the divisional staff; Lieut.-Col. Eugene F. Ladd, adjutant-general; Lieut.-Col. Harry P. Birmingham, chief surgeon; Lieut.-Col. Daniel E. McCarthy, chief quartermaster; Maj. George Bell, Jr., inspector-general; Maj. Blanton Winship, judge advocate-general; Maj. Harry E. Wilkins, chief commissary; Maj. Paul Straub, sanitary inspector. Lieut. E. B. Garry, Fifteenth infantry, who is in charge of transportation, guard and mess for headquarters, will provide for mess of 20.

Most of the divisional staff will draw mounts from the mounting stations scattered throughout the country. The chief quartermaster has word that several hundred high-class mounts for officers are en route to San Antonio.

Gen. Carter's famous mount, Tom Bass, it is understood, was left in Washington. A veterinary advised against shipping his mount from the post.

Americans Care for Wounded Soldiers.

Americans in automobiles rushed to the aid of the Mexican soldiers wounded in the battle fought near Agua Prieta between a force of 500 rebels under General Blanco and a federal force of 300 men.

Some of the most daring of the Americans arrived on the battle field while the engagement was still in progress. When they reached the scene wounded soldiers and officers were lying about and the federals could not remove them because they had no stretchers. One soldier lay dead and with the permission of the Mexican officers the body was taken to Agua Prieta in one of the automobiles.

Other Americans also in automobiles who arrived later had difficulty in securing permission from the Mexican officers to act in similar capacity, but permission was finally granted. The wounded were taken to Agua Prieta. One soldier, who was shot through the breast, died on the way.

When the Americans attempted to relieve the wounded of their guns and heavy cartridge belts to lessen the burden, the soldiers refused to give them up. They clung to them to their breasts as they lay on the cushioned seats of the automobiles.

Eleven federals were wounded, but the number of rebels wounded is not known, as they took their injured with them on their retreat to the mountains.

Except for a few prisoners taken by the federals, the rebels retreated in good order.

It is understood that Blanco's entire force did not participate in the engagement.

Blanco's first move was to throw out a skirmish line to draw the federals into action to ascertain their strength.

The battle lasted an hour and it is believed that the retreat that followed was to draw the federals into the canyon, where the main body of Blanco's force was stationed. The federals, however, after a spirited pursuit, rallied and returned to Agua Prieta, refusing to be entrapped.

Because she would be bridegroom is a cripple, no Battle Creek minister or justice of the peace will marry Arthur Thorp and Miss Julia Saterlee. Miss Saterlee is 18 years old and attractive.

John Griffin started mandamus proceedings against the election board of Lake Odessa to compel its members to place on the official ballot the names of the candidates on the labor ticket. Members of the board declare that the party neglected to give the required five days' notice and that they were within their legal rights in leaving the ticket off.

Nineteen steamers, composing this year's Newfoundland sealing fleet, steamed out of port and headed towards the great north in the annual quest of seals. The sturdy craft carried approximately 4,000 men.

The fate of the famous old frigate Portsmouth, lying at the navy yard, New York, will be decided within a few days, after the secretary of the navy has weighed the report of department experts who have just completed an inspection of the vessel. If she is pronounced unfit for further service as a training ship for naval reserves, she probably will be used for target practice.

25,000 Face Famine In Chihuahua.

Stories of suffering throughout northern Mexico continued to reach El Paso.

A courier who walked from a point north of the city of Chihuahua reported that famine faced the 25,000 inhabitants there.

Fearing siege of the city, hundreds of women have deserted their homes.

Accompanied by their children, they are roaming around the country.

Diaz is a Busy Man.

The health of President Diaz, which appears to have been made a factor in the situation in some quarters, seemingly has not been impaired in the slightest degree by the business of the last few months. Instead of being the sick man that he has been painted, he is said not to have been in better health in a long time.

As evidence of the fact that the executive is in ordinarily good health, to say the least, he is at his office in the national palace at 9 o'clock every morning, giving personal attention to the affairs of the nation. Frequently his duties keep him engaged until eight or nine at night at the winter residence in the city.

It has been but a few days since he traveled out to to the field where the maneuvers were in progress and sat for hours watching the flight with evident interest.

Troops to Cover 1,000 Miles.

Maj.-Gen. William H. Carter, commanding the division, Sunday morning will take charge of the big war game.

The scene of field operations will be chiefly in the territory to the south and west adjacent to Mexico. The preliminary plans call for maneuvers ranging over a border territory for more than 1,000 miles.

There will be a series of mimic engagements between the combined sea and land forces at Galveston, and several thousand men from the maneuvers camp at Fort Sam Houston. It is claimed by the federal authorities of this district that mobilizing of these 20,000 soldiers in Texas and distributing them along the border will serve as an effective barrier against the sending into Mexico of stores of contraband goods for use of the revolutionists. It is well known that a well organized plan of sending arms and ammunition across the border from isolated Texas points has been in effect for several weeks. It is expected that this practice will now be quickly broken up.

Madero Promises Protection.

Francisco Madero, provisional president of the Mexican revolutionists, has addressed a note to each of the foreign powers guaranteeing the persona and property of foreigners in Mexico. This information was received by the confidential agency of the revolutionists with instructions to deliver the notes, when they arrive, to the diplomatic representatives of foreign countries accredited to the United States at Washington. Juan Sanchez Azcona, secretary of the confidential agency, gave out the following explanation:

"Agents of the revolutionists in El Paso, Texas, telegraph that there has arrived there from Francisco Madero, provisional president, communications addressed to all foreign governments, in which are explained the causes of the insurrection, giving guarantees for the persons and property of foreigners. These communications will be delivered to the diplomatic representatives of all the countries accredited to the United States through the confidential agency in Washington.

"Agents of the revolutionary party in San Antonio, Texas, also telegraphed the confidential agency in Washington that they have just received letters dated March 8, in which sympathizers in Mexico City with the revolutionary movement attribute the mobilization of the American troops to the secret intrigues of the government of Diaz. It is said in Mexico City that the threat of intervention by the United States was influenced by Wall street and that Diaz had hopes that he would be able, by the threat of the possibility of a foreign war, to unify national sentiment in favor of his government. The contrary has been the result and the people now are accusing Diaz of treason and an uprising in the capital seems imminent."

No Tinkering With Tariff.

That he expects the special session of the sixty-second congress, called for April 4, to restrict itself to considering the proposed Canadian reciprocity agreement, was intimated by President Taft in an address before 5,000 persons at the Southern Commercial Congress at Atlanta, Ga.

Mr. Taft believes a majority of the new congress will favor reciprocity, and he thinks it will be passed regardless of party lines.

If the special session attempts to undertake a general revision of the tariff, or if tries to revise schedules of the Payne-Aldrich law without sufficient scientific data, the president will exercise his power of veto.

The saw mill and plant of the Red Deer Lumber Company at Barrows, Sask., was destroyed by fire. The loss is $100,000.

Mrs. Cora Wood, of Branford, Conn., who it is alleged shot and killed her husband, Christopher C. Wood, her 11-year-old son, Vardemond, and who then fired a bullet into her own breast near the heart, has died from the effects of the wound.

Watts Parker, one of the best known jurists in the south, is dead. He was for 20 years judge of the twenty-second judicial district of Kentucky and was probably the oldest circuit jurist in point of service in the country.

The United States government is the first claimant for damages outside of Kenosha county as a result of the explosion at the plant of the E. L. Du Bont-De Nemours Powder Co., at Pleasant Prairie, Wis., and a claim for $2,000 damages was filed by the naval training station at Lake Bluff. Lake Bluff is 25 miles from the scene of the explosion.

The state Senate of Utah adopted a memorial to congress protesting against certain features of the Canadian reciprocity agreement. It had been adopted previously by the House.

Chief Forester Henry S. Graves will leave Washington for Salt Lake City, Utah, where he will attend the conference of district foresters, which begins there March 20. Plans for the administration of the national forests for the coming season will be discussed at the conference. Some little time will be given to the formation of plans for the protection of the forests against the spread of fire during the coming summer.

Yours for uniformity.
Yours for greatest leavening power.
Yours for never failing results.
Yours for purity.
Yours for economy.
Yours for everything that goes to make up a strictly high grade, ever dependable baking powder.

That is Calumet. Try it once and note the improvement in your baking. See how much more economical even than the low priced trust brands, how much better than the cheap and big-can kinds.

Calumet is highest in quality—moderate in cost.

Received Highest Award—World's Pure Food Exposition.

THIRST.

"Of all the tortures I should think the most terrible would be to be woefully thirsty where no water could be secured."

"Why water?"

WOULD LIE AWAKE ALL NIGHT WITH ITCHING ECZEMA

"Ever since I can remember I was a terrible sufferer of eczema and other irritating skin diseases. I would lie awake all night, and my suffering was intolerable. A scaly humor settled on my back, and being but a child, I naturally scratched it. It was a burning, itching sensation, and utterly intolerable, in fact, it was so that I could not possibly forget about it. It did not take long before it spread to my shoulders and arms, and I was almost covered with a mass of raw flesh on account of my scratching it. I was in such a condition that my hands were tied.

"A number of physicians were called, but it seemed beyond their medical power and knowledge to cure me. Having tried numerous treatments without deriving any benefit from them, I had given myself up to the mercy of my dreadful malady, but I thought I would take the Cuticura treatment as a last resort. Words cannot express my gratitude to the one who created 'The Cuticura Miracles,' as I have named them, for now I feel as if I never suffered from even a pimple. My disease was routed by Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and I shall never cease praising the wonderful merits they contain. I will never be without them; in fact, I can almost dare any skin diseases to attack me so long as I have Cuticura remedies in the house. I hope that this letter will give other sufferers an idea of how I suffered, and also hope that they will not pass the Cuticura Life Saving Station." (Signed) C. Louis Green, 920 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 29, 1910.

Warned.

A serious-minded New Yorker, who, because of his dignified outlook on life, has seen his own seed sowed in a particularly strict and proper boarding school in New England, unexpectedly visited the school recently. Ascertaining the location of his young hopeful's room, he climbed the many flights of stairs necessary to reach it—and entered. On a mammoth placard suspended from a steel engraving of "Washington and Generals" (presented to the youth as a Christmas token by his admiring parent) was the cheerful sentiment:

"Don't spit on the ceiling. We have lost our ladder."

The Discoverer.

Of faults a seeker he would be
Or recompenses he found a hearer,
Save in the fruitful claim that he
Had picked the easiest joy on earth.

Constipation causes and aggravates many serious diseases. It is promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. The favorite family laxative.

Modern application is likely to extract the teeth of an old law.