



The Man in Lower Ten

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DOINGS AT THE CAPITAL

Vast Sum Which We Spend on Peanuts



roots of the plant, which furnishes nitrogen to it from the air.

The result of all this is that scientists claim that the peanut, which in the past was not very highly regarded, is the only food staple that will at once nourish man, beast, bird and field. It is the most nutritious of the entire nut family, rich in tissue building properties, containing glucose and carbohydrates—and is the cheapest. Beyond the shadow of a doubt it is first from both a dietary and economic standpoint.

The fact of the matter is the peanut in about every way is in a class by itself as regards price, average number in pound, edible part, waste and fat. They average about 350 to a pound at a cost of ten cents, the edible portion is 73.5, waste 26.4, and the amount of fat is placed at 80 per cent. These are remarkable figures when one stops to consider them, and brought out more clearly when compared with the small Texas pecan, its nearest competitor, which sells for 216 to a pound, has a waste of 61.9 per cent, edible part of 38.2, and contains 68 per cent of fat.

The farming of peanuts during the past five years—not longer than this—has become an established industry of this country. At present about five-sixths of the crop comes from Virginia and most of the balance from Tennessee, Georgia, West Virginia and the Carolinas, although most of the southern states contribute some. As the peanut industry has increased so has the use of all nuts grown in this country, and the entire family now forms a most important part of the diet of the physical culturist and vegetarian.

MUNYON'S DYSPEPSIA CURE

LIKE HOCH.



"What have you to say to this charge of bigness; why did you have so many warts?"

"Well, Judge, I expected to weed out a few of them later."

Casey at the Bat.
This famous poem is contained in the Coca-Cola Baseball Record Book for 1916, together with records, schedules for both leagues and other valuable baseball information compiled by authorities. This interesting book sent by the Coca-Cola Co. of Atlanta, Ga., on receipt of 2c stamp for postage. Also copy of their booklet "The Truth About Coca-Cola" which tells all about this delicious beverage and why it is so pure, wholesome and refreshing. Are you ever hot—tired—thirsty? Drink Coca-Cola—it is cooling, revives fatigued and quenches the thirst. At soda fountains and can be bought in bottles—5c everywhere.

His Soft Answer.
And this is the sort of excuse you put up for coming home two hours late for dinner and in such a condition—that you and that disreputable Augustus Jones were out hunting mushrooms, you wretch? And where pray, are the mushrooms?
"Here are, m' dear, in m' vest pocket, and w'ile say ain't so many of 'em, m' dear, we had lots of fun—GUS an' I—huntin' 'em."

The Nurse's Opinion.
A nurse had been called as a witness to prove the correctness of the bill of a physician.
"Let us get at the facts in the case," said the lawyer, who was doing a cross-examination stunt. "Didn't the doctor make several visits after the patient was out of danger?"
"No, sir," answered the nurse. "I considered the patient in danger as long as the doctor continued his visits."

An Unnecessary System.
"You ought to have a burglar alarm system in your house," said the electrical supply agent, "so that you will be awakened if a burglar raises one of the windows or opens a door at night."
"No burglar can get in here while we are peacefully sleeping," replied Mr. Newpop. "We are wearing our baby."

Reformation.
"You say you are a reformer?"
"Yes," replied the local boss; "of the deepest dye."
"But you were not always so."
"No. The reformers reformed our town last year and I want to reform it back again."

Playing the Market.
"Curbroke never pays for his meat until a month afterward."
"So I hear. Prices in the meantime go up, and he feels as though he's made something"—Puck.

Young girls ought to make the most of their birthdays, for in after years they cease to have them.

You have got to know a business before you can make a success of it.

A COOL PROPOSITION

And a Sure One.

The Body Does Not Feel Heat Unpleasantly if it has Proper Food—

Grape-Nuts

People can live in a temperature which feels from ten to twenty degrees cooler than their neighbors enjoy, by regulating the diet.
The plan is to avoid meat entirely for breakfast; use a goodly allowance of fruit, either fresh or cooked. Then follow with a saucer containing about four heaping teaspoonsful of Grape-Nuts, treated with a little rich cream. Add to this about two slices of crisp toast with a meager amount of butter, and one cup of well-made Postum.
By this selection of food the bodily energy is preserved, while the hot, carbonaceous foods have been left out. The result is a very marked difference in the temperature of the body, and to the certainty of ease and perfect digestion, for the food being partially digested is quickly assimilated by the digestive machinery.
Experience and experiment in food and its application to the human body has brought out these facts. They can be made use of and added materially to the comfort of the user.
Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in page "There's a Reason."

night. That's all, sir." It was clear that he thought I had been drinking. I drew a long breath. Of course, that was the explanation. This was number seven's berth, that was his soft hat, this his umbrella, his coat, his bag. My rage turned to irritation at myself.

The porter went to the next berth and I could hear his softly inquiring voice. "Time to get up, sir. Are you awake? Time to get up."

There was no response from number nine. I guessed that he had opened the curtains and was looking in. Then he came back.

"Number nine's empty," he said. "Empty? Do you mean my clothes aren't there?" I demanded. "My valise? Why don't you answer me?" "You doan' give me time," he retorted. "There ain't nothin' there. But it's been slept in."

The disappointment was the greater for my few moments of hope. I sat up in a white fury and put on the clothes that had been left me. Then, still raging, I sat on the edge of the berth and put on the obnoxious tan shoes. The porter, called to his duties, made little excursions back to me, to offer assistance and to chuckle at my discomfort. He stood by, outwardly decorous, but with little irritating grins of amusement around his mouth, when I finally emerged with the red tie in my hand.

"Bet the owner of those clothes did not become them any more than you do," he said, as he plied the ubiquitous whisk broom.

"When I get the owner of these clothes," I retorted grimly, "he will need a shroud. Where's the conductor?"

The conductor was coming, he assured me; also that there was no bag answering the description of mine on the car. I slammed my way to the dressing room, washed, choked my fifteen and a half neck into a fifteen collar, and was back again in less than five minutes. The car, as well as its occupants, was gradually taking on a daylight appearance. I hobbled in, for one of the shoes was abominably tight, and found myself facing a young woman in blue with an unfortunate face. ("Three women already," McKnight says: "That's going some, even if you don't count the Gilmore nurse.") She stood, half-turned toward me, one hand idly drooping, the

others stared down to where the train imparted to the body a grisly suggestion of motion. "Good Lord," I gasped, "the man's been murdered!"

CHAPTER IV.

Numbers Seven and Nine.

Afterward, when I tried to recall our discovery of the body in lower ten, I found that my most vivid impression was not that made by the revelation of the opened curtain. I had an instantaneous picture of a slender blue-gowned girl who seemed to sense my words rather than hear them, of two small hands that clutched desperately at the seat beside them. The girl in the aisle stood, bent toward us, perplexity and alarm fighting in her face. With twitching hands the porter attempted to draw the curtains together. Then in a paralysis of shock, he collapsed on the edge of my berth and sat there awfully. In my excitement I shook him.

"For heaven's sake, keep your nerve, man," I said brusquely. "You'll have every woman in the car in hysterics. And if you do, you'll wish you could change places with the man in there." He rolled his eyes.

A man near, who had been reading last night's paper, dropped it quickly and tiptoed toward us. He peered between the partly open curtains, closed them quietly and went back, ostentatiously solemn, to his seat. The very crackle with which he opened his paper added to the bursting curiosity of the car. For the passengers knew that something was amiss: I was conscious of a sudden tension.

With the curtains closed the porter was more himself; he wiped his lips with a handkerchief and stood erect.

"It's my last trip in this car," he remarked heavily. "There's something wrong with that berth. Last trip the woman in it took an overdose of some sleeping stuff, and we found her, just like that, dead! And it ain't more'n three months now since there was a twin born in that very spot. No, sir, it ain't natural."

At that moment a thin man with prominent eyes and a spare grayish goatee creaked up the aisle and gazed beside me.

"Porter sick?" he inquired, taking in with a professional eye the porter's



"The Man's Been Murdered!"

other steadying her as she gazed out at the flying landscape. I had an instant impression that I had met her somewhere, under different circumstances, more cheerful ones, I thought, for the girl's dejection now was evident. Beside her, sitting down, a small dark woman, considerably older, was talking in a rapid undertone. The girl nodded indifferently now and then, I fancied, although I was not sure, that my appearance brought a startled look into the young woman's face. I sat down, and, hands thrust deep into the other man's pockets, stared ruefully at the other man's shoes.

The stage was set. In a moment the curtain was going up on the first act of the play. And for a while we would all say our little speeches and sing our little songs, and I, the villain, would hold center stage while the gallery hissed.

The porter was standing beside lower ten. He had reached in and was knocking valiantly. But his efforts met with no response. He winked at me over his shoulder; then he unfastened the curtains and bent forward. Behind him, I saw him stiffen, heard his muttered exclamation, saw the bluish pallor that spread over his face and neck. As he retreated a step the interior of lower ten lay open to the day.

The man in it was on his back, the early morning sun striking full on his upturned face. But the light did not disturb him. A small stain of red dyed the front of his night clothes and trailed across the sheet; his half-open eyes were fixed, without seeing, on the shining wood above.

I grasped the porter's shaking shoulder and stared down to where the train imparted to the body a grisly suggestion of motion. "Good Lord," I gasped, "the man's been murdered!"

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to me the vision of the woman with the bronze hair and the tragic face, whom I had surprised in the vestibule between the cars, somewhere in the small hours of the morning. I had acted on my first impulse—the masculine one of shielding a woman.

The doctor had unfastened the coat of the striped pajamas and exposed the dead man's chest. On the left side was a small punctured wound of insignificant size.

"Very neatly done," the doctor said with appreciation. "Couldn't have done it better myself. Right through the intercostal space; no time even to grunt."

"Isn't the heart around there somewhere?" I asked. The medical man turned toward me and smiled sardonically.

"That's where it belongs, just under that puncture, when it isn't gadding around in a man's throat or his boots."

I had a new respect for the doctor, for any one indeed who could crack even a feeble joke under such circumstances, or who could run an impersonal finger over that wound and those stains. Odd how a healthy, normal man holds the medical profession in half contemptuous regard until he gets sick, or an emergency like this arises, and then turns meekly to the man who knows the ins and outs of his mortal tenement, takes his pills or his patronage, ties to him like a rudderless ship in a gale.

"Suicide, is it, doctor?" I asked.

"It stood erect, after drawing the bed-clothing over the face, and, taking off his glasses, he wiped them slowly.

"No, it is not suicide," he announced decisively. "It is murder."

Of course, I had expected that, but the word itself brought a shiver. I was just a bit dizzy. Curious faces through the car were turned toward us, and I could hear the porter behind me breathing audibly. A stout woman in negligee came down the aisle and querulously confronted the porter. She wore a pink dressing-jacket and carried portions of her clothing.

"Porter," she began, in the voice of the lady who had "dangled," "is there a rule of this company that will allow a woman to occupy the dressing-room for one hour and curl her hair with an alcohol lamp while respectable people haven't a place where they can look their—"

She stopped suddenly and stared in to lower ten. Her shining pink cheeks grew pasty, her jaw fell. I remember trying to think of something to say, and of saying nothing at all. Then—she had buried her eyes in the nondescript garments that hung from her arm and tottered back the way she had come. Slowly a little knot of men gathered around us, silent for the most part. The doctor was making a search of the berth when the conductor or elbowed his way through, followed by the inquisitive man, who had evidently summoned him. I had lost sight, for a time, of the girl in blue.

"Do it himself?" the conductor queried after a business-like glance at the body.

"No, he didn't," the doctor asserted. "There's no weapon here, and the window is closed. He couldn't have thrown it out, and he didn't swallow it. What on earth are you looking for, man?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Neat Scheme of Revenge

Will Made by Maiden Lady Will Cause Her to Be Long If Not Gratefully Remembered.

An extraordinary will has been left by an elderly unmarried lady who recently died in Vienna. Her property, amounting to about \$250,000, is appointed to be divided between her three nephews, now aged 24, 27 and 22, in equal parts on the following conditions:

The six nephews and nieces must all live in the house formerly inhabited by their aunt, with the executor, a lawyer, whose business it will be to see that the conditions of the will are strictly observed. None of the nephews is to marry before reaching his fortieth year, nor the nieces before their thirtieth, under the penalty that the share of the one so marrying will be divided among the others.

Further, the six legatees are admonished never to quarrel among themselves. If one should do so persistently the executor is empowered to turn him or her out of the house and divide the share as in the case of marriage.

The executor is himself forbidden to marry or to reside elsewhere than in the house with the legatees as long as he holds his office, to which a handsome remuneration is attached.

The old maid is said to have made this peculiar will because her nephews and nieces continually worried her during her life by asking her to give them money to enable them to marry—requests she always refused.

Teetotaler Had Last Word.

On the shore at one of the narrow parts of that dangerous waterway known as "The Inside Route" to Alaska rests the hull of a wrecked ship. It is an object that immediately attracts the eyes of all who voyage that way. A whisky manufacturer decided that there was an excellent opportunity to advertise his bottled goods. So he had painted in huge letters on the side of the wrecked ship:

USE REDNOSE WHISKY.

And it was here that a teetotaler saw his opportunity for a short but vivid sermon. A few weeks later the side of the wrecked ship blossomed forth with these two additional words in equally big letters:

I DID.

THE person who buys a nickel's worth of peanuts to munch at the park or to gladden the hearts of children at home, scarcely realizes that he has contributed to an industry that last year formed a million-dollar crop, and which placed on the market in various forms, reached the enormous sum of \$36,000,000. But it is a fact, according to Washington statisticians.

This little seductive nut—a resolution to "eat just one" is soon forgotten—whose birthplace is America, was, until comparatively recently, unappreciated either as to the "money in them" or as a really nutritious product. Today the peanut plays an important part in pleasure, from the swell dinner party to the ever-present democracy of the circus, ball game or picnic. After all, what is a ball game, picnic or a circus without the peanut accompaniment?

By far the largest part of the crop is consumed from the peanut stand, the little whistle sign of the roaster being the signal for the average youngster to suggest to dad or ma that some of them would be very acceptable, and the paternal or maternal parent's willingness—nine times out of ten—to invest. Yet there are millions of bushels that go to the fattening of hogs throughout the south, the feeding of poultry, while the vines, often cured as hay, feed thousands of head of cattle, and even Old Mother Earth is nourished by the

insect might be repelled or destroyed, they did not see how they could prevent an insect or mitigate him.

The law is specific in declaring against misbranding insecticides. If a well-meaning citizen of the United States puts up a compound that he says will rid a house of, say, bugs, within a specified length of time, there seems no way to determine whether the compound is misbranded, unless the secretary of agriculture goes to the premises and holds a stop-watch on the roaches, to see whether they mitigate or vacate within the time limit.

The biological survey has issued an informal statement already, saying that the law is remiss in that it does not include rats among the insects to be prevented. An effort is being made to see whether the law officers are willing to consider rats as insects.

Dr. Henshaw of the biological survey and Prof. Crittenden of the bureau of entomology are going to call to their aid the legal advice of Judge Pugh of the police court. Judge Pugh, while assistant district attorney some years ago, established a reputation in the police court by arguing that, legally, a lop-eared rabbit was a chicken within the meaning of the act. If anybody can prove a sewer rat to be a centipede Judge Pugh is the man, it is believed.

When congress passed the law it omitted one rather essential point. It did not make any appropriation for enforcing it. This hampers the enforcement of any law somewhat.

Secretary Wilson Now the Bug Man

WASHINGTON.—Added to his already manifold duties, James Wilson, the secretary of agriculture, is now made by congress the chief bug inspector of the United States. It came about with the passage of a law identical with the pure food and drug act, but covering all insecticides and fungicides. The enforcement of the law, as in the pure food law, is vested in a commission consisting of the secretary of the treasury, the secretary of commerce and labor and the secretary of agriculture. But the two cabinet officers first named are sort of commissioners emeritus. The real work comes down to the secretary of agriculture.

The bug commission has appointed the legal officers of the three departments, R. E. Cabell, commissioner of internal revenue; Charles Early, solicitor of the department of commerce and labor, and George P. McCabe, solicitor of the department of agriculture, as a subcommittee to look after the legal enforcement of the law. This subcommittee is up against a hard problem already. The law defines an insecticide as a compound for "repelling, destroying, mitigating or preventing" any insect. The law officers, after due consultation, admitted that while they understood how an

How Old Mother Earth Hides Her Age

of the Earth" from a more philosophical point of view.

The age of the earth always has been a subject for discussion among men of science and largely without any definite agreement among the representatives of the different branches of studies on account of the different points of attack.

Briefly, the more recent discussions as to the earth's age have placed the time as follows:

Lord Kelvin, in 1863, estimated the earth's age at 20,000,000 to 40,000,000 and perhaps 28,000,000 years.

Clarence King and Carl Barus, in 1873, placed the age at 24,000,000 years.

Lord Kelvin in 1897 revised his figures from 20,000,000 to 40,000,000 years.

De Lapparent, in 1890, said it was 67,000,000 to 90,000,000 years.

Charles D. Walcott, secretary of the Smithsonian institution, in 1893, placed the maximum age at 70,000,000 years.

J. Joly, in 1899, estimated the age of the ocean at 80,000,000 to 90,000,000 years.

W. J. Sollas, in 1905, placed the age of the ocean at 80,000,000 to 150,000,000 years.

General Wood May Stir Up the Army

reer. It is expected he will undertake most actively a number of reforms which might meet with the approval of the army at large.

One of the questions which will be taken up by General Wood is the physical test of officers. Since President Roosevelt inaugurated this system, many officers have been hoping that it would be modified. General Wood is one of the foremost of physical culture enthusiasts.

Instead of being made milder, it is not unlikely that the tests will be made harder than ever. The detail of troops to the Philippines is another matter that will be disposed of by General Wood very soon. He has also a number of ideas regarding cooperation between the regular army and the militia which he will probably attempt to put into practice.

General Carter, who has been acting chief of staff, will take his place as assistant chief. General Blum, whom he succeeds, will go to San Francisco to relieve General Barry, who takes command of West Point.

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