



SYNOPSIS.

Lawrence Blakeley, lawyer, goes to Pittsburgh with the forged notes in the Brown case to take the deposition of the chief witness for the prosecution, John Gilmore, a millionaire. In the latter's home the lawyer is attracted by the picture of a girl whom Gilmore explains is his granddaughter, Alison West. He says her father is a rival and a friend of the lawyer. Standing in line to buy a Pullman ticket Blakeley is requested by a lady to buy her one. He gives her lower ten and retains lower ten. He finds a man in a drunken stupor in lower ten and retires in lower nine.

CHAPTER III.

Across the Aisle.

No solution offering itself, I went back to my berth. The snorer across had apparently strangled, or turned over, and so after a time I dropped asleep, to be awakened by the morning sunlight across my face.

I felt for my watch, yawning prodigiously. I reached under the pillow and failed to find it, but something scratched the back of my hand. I sat up irritably and nursed the wound, which was bleeding a little. Still drowsy, I felt more cautiously for what I supposed had been my scarf pin, but there was nothing there. Wide awake now, I reached for my traveling bag, on the chance that I had put my watch in there. I had drawn the satchel to me and had my hand on the lock before I realized that it was not my own!

Mine was of alligator hide. I had killed the beast in Florida, after the expenditure of enough money to have bought a house and enough energy to have built one. The bag I held in my hand was a black one, sealskin, I think. The staggering thought of what the loss of my bag meant to me put my finger on the bell and kept it there until the porter came.

"Did you ring, sir?" he asked, peering his head through the curtains obsequiously. McKnight objects that nobody can poke his head through a curtain and be obsequious. But Pullman porters can do so.

"No," I snapped. "It rang itself. What in thunder do you mean by exchanging my valise for this one? You'll have to find it if you waken the entire car to do it. There are important papers in that grip."

"Porter," called a feminine voice from an upper berth near by. "Porter, am I to dangle here all day?" "Let her dangle," I said savagely. "You find that bag of mine."

The porter frowned. Then he looked at me with injured dignity. "I brought in your overcoat, sir. You carried your own valise."

The fellow was right! In an excess of caution I had refused to relinquish my alligator bag, and had turned over my other traps to the porter. It was clear enough then. I was simply a victim of the usual sleeping car robbery. I was in a lather of perspiration by that time. The lady down the car was still drowsing and talking about it; still nearer a feminine voice was giving quick orders in French, presumably to a maid. The porter was on his knees, looking under the berth.

"No, there, sir," he said, dusting his knees. He was visibly more cheerful, having been absolved of responsibility. "Reckon it was taken while you was wanderin' around the car last night."

"I'll give you \$50 if you find it," I said. "A hundred. Reach up my shoes and I'll—"

I stopped abruptly. My eyes were fixed in stupefied amazement on a coat that hung from a hook at the foot of my berth. From the coat they traveled, dazed, to the soft-bosomed shirt beside it, and from there to the collar and cravat in the net hammock across the windows.

"A hundred!" the porter repeated, showing his teeth. But I caught him by the arm and pointed to the foot of the berth.

"What—what color's that coat?" I asked unsteadily.

"Gray, sir." His tone was one of gentle reproof.

"And—the trousers?"

He reached over and held up one creased leg. "Gray, too," he grinned.

"Gray!" I could not believe even his corroboration of my own eyes. "But my clothes were blue!" The porter was amused; he dived under the curtains and brought up a pair of shoes.

"Your shoes, sir," he said with a flourish. "Reckon you've been dreamin', sir."

# The Man in Lower Ten

by MARY ROBERTS RINEHART  
AUTHOR OF THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. G. KETTNER  
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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 inaudible 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 swaying. 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



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 sardoniously.

"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. He 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.

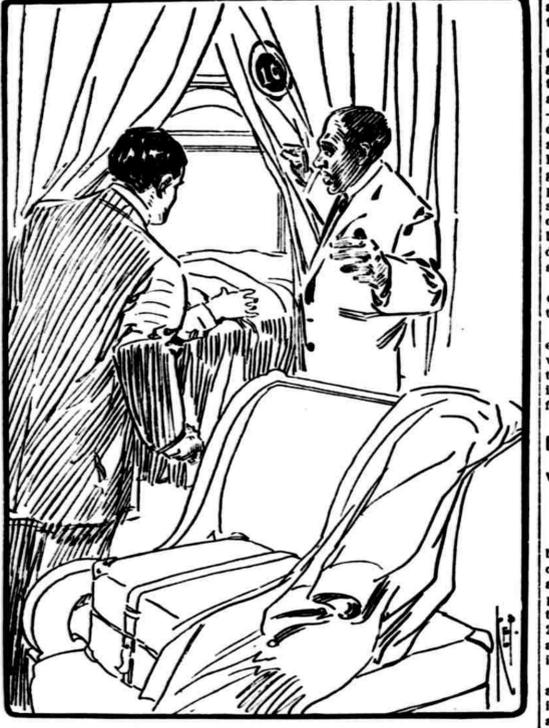
"Porter," she began, in the voice of the lady who had "dangled," "is there a rule of this company that will allow a woman to occupy the dressing-room for one hour and curl her hair with an alcohol lamp while respectable people haven't a place where they can hook their—"

She stopped suddenly and stared in 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 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.)



"The Man's Been Murdered!"

other steady 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!"

horror-struck face, his own excitement and the slightly gapping curtains of lower ten. He reached for the darky's pulse and pulled out an old-fashioned gold watch.

"Hm! Only fifty! What's the matter? Had a shock?" he asked shrewdly.

"Yes," I answered for the porter. "We've both had one. If you are a doctor, I wish you would look at the man in the berth across, lower ten. I'm afraid it's too late, but I'm not experienced in such matters."

Together we opened the curtains, and the doctor, bending down, gave a comprehensive glance that took in the rolling head, the relaxed jaw, the ugly stain on the sheet. The examination needed only a moment. Death was written in the clear white of the nostrils, the colorless lips, the smoothing away of the sinister lines of the night before. With its new dignity the face was not unhandsome; the gray hair was still plentiful, the features strong and well cut.

The doctor straightened himself and turned to me. "Dead for some time," he said, running a professional finger over the stains. "These are dry and darkened, you see, and rigor mortis is well established. A friend of yours?"

"I don't know him at all," I replied. "Never saw him but once before."

"Then you don't know if he is traveling alone?"

"No, he was not—that is, I don't know anything about him," I corrected myself. It was my first blunder; the doctor glanced up at me quickly and then turned his attention again to the body. Like a flash there had come

### 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, and her three nieces, aged 19, 21 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 narrowest parts of that dangerous waterway known as "The Inside Route" to Alaska there 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.

## DOINGS AT THE CAPITAL

### Vast Sum Which We Spend on Peanuts



THE person who buys a nickel's worth of peanuts to munch at the ball game, to feed the squirrels in 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

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 felds. 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 73.6, 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 a third more, averages but 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 nightly as an article of food during the last decade, and the entire family now forms a most important part of the diet of the physical culturist and vegetarian.

### 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

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.

### How Old Mother Earth Hides Her Age



OLD MOTHER EARTH, like femininity through all time, but with her far greater success than most of her sex, has defied man to learn her age. Scientists still admit their defeat. Their latest estimate credits her with "not above 70,000,000 years, or below 55,000,000 years." This estimate, given official sanction through publication by the Smithsonian institution in Washington, is the result of studies by Frank Wigglesworth Clarke and George F. Becker of the United States geological survey, who have followed the subject with considerable interest.

Prof. Clarke, in a paper entitled "A Preliminary Study of Chemical Denudation," presents a review of all the available data not only for the United States, but for the world of the proposition from a chemical point of view. Mr. Becker, on the other hand, discusses the question in a paper on "The

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.

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

Lord Kelvin, in 1862, 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 1892, 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 1895, 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



THE army is on the anxious seat. With a new boss on the job it is expected Major Gen. Leonard Wood, chief of staff, will make things hum until his own ideas are put into operation. Although he was appointed to succeed Major Gen. Franklin J. Bell last October, since that time he has been on a trip to Argentina to represent the United States at the centennial celebration, and has only lately returned to Washington.

In the meantime many important questions have been piling up awaiting his decision. Just what effect the personality of the new chief of staff will have on the army is a matter of much moment to the officers who know something of his strenuous ca-

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 Blinn, whom he succeeds, will go to San Francisco to relieve General Barry, who takes command of West Point.

## MUNYON'S DYSPEPSIA CURE

LIKE HOGS.



"What have you to say to this charge of bigamy; why did you have so many wives?"

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

Casey at the Bat. This famous poem is contained in the Coca-Cola Baseball Record Book for 1910, 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 fatigue 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 say 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?" "Yep," 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."