

# The MAN in LOWER TEN

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. G. KETNER  
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## SYNOPSIS.

Lawrence Blakeley, lawyer, goes to Pittsburgh with the forged notes in the Brown case to get the disbeliever of John Gilmore, millionaire. In the latter's house he is attracted by the picture of a girl whom Gilmore speaks as his granddaughter, Alison West. He says her father is a rascal and a friend of the lawyer. A lady requests Blakeley to buy her a Pullman ticket. He gives her lower ten and retains lower ten. He finds a man in a drunken stupor in lower ten and goes to bed in lower ten. He awakens in lower ten and finds that his bag and clothes are missing. The man in lower ten is found murdered. His name, it develops, is Simon Harrington. The man who disappeared with Blakeley's clothes is suspected. Blakeley becomes interested in a girl in blue. Circumstantial evidence places Blakeley under suspicion of murder. The train is wrecked. Blakeley is rescued from the burning car by the girl in blue. His arm is broken.

## CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

"Her voice and my arm were bringing me to my senses. 'I hear,' I said. 'I'll sit up in a second. Are you hurt?'"

"No, only bruised. Do you think you can walk?"

"I drew up one foot after another, gingerly."

"They seem to move all right," I remarked dubiously. "Would you mind telling me where the back of my head has gone? I can't help thinking it isn't there."

"She made a quick examination. 'It's pretty badly bumped,' she said. 'You must have fallen on it.'"

"I had got up on my uninjured elbow by that time, but the pain threw me back. 'Don't look at the wreck,' I entreated her. 'It's no sight for a woman. If—if there is any way to tie up this arm, I might be able to do something. There may be people under those cars.'"

"Then it is too late to help," she replied absently. "A little shower of feathers, each carrying its fiery lamp, blew over us from some burning pillow. A part of the wreck collapsed with a crash. In a resolute endeavor to play a man's part in the tragedy going on all around, I got to my knees. Then I realized what I had not noticed before: The hand and wrist of the broken left arm were jammed through the handle of the sealskin grip. I gasped and sat down suddenly."

"You must not do that," the girl insisted. I noticed now that she kept her back to the wreck, her eyes averted. "The weight of the traveling bag must be agony. Let me support the vase until we can get it cut off."

"Will it have to be cut off?" I asked as calmly as possible. There were red-hot stabs of agony clear to my neck, but we were moving slowly away from the track.

"Yes," she replied, with dimming eyes. "If I had a knife I could do it myself. You might sit here and lean against this fence."

"By that time my returning faculties had realized that she was going to cut off the satchel, not the arm. The dizziness was leaving and I was gradually becoming myself."

"If you pull, it might come," I suggested. "And with that weight gone, I think I will cease to be five feet eleven inches of baby."

"She tried gently to loosen the handle, but it would not move, and at last, with great drops of cold perspiration over me, I had to give up."

"I'm afraid I can't stand it," I said. "But there's a knife somewhere around those clothes, and if I can find it, perhaps you can cut the leather."

"As I gave her the knife she turned it over, examining it with a peculiar expression, bewilderment rather than surprise. But she said nothing. She set to work deftly, and in a few minutes the bag dropped free."

"That's better," I declared, sitting up. "Now, if you can pin my sleeve to my coat, it will support the arm so we can get away from here."

"The pin might give," she objected. "And the jerk would be terrible." She looked around, puzzled; then she got up, coming back in a minute with a dragged, partly scorched sheet. This she tore into a large square, and after she had folded it, she slipped it under the broken arm and tied it securely at the back of my neck.

"The relief was immediate, and, picking up the sealskin bag, I walked slowly beside her, away from the track."

"The first act was over; the curtain fallen. The scene was 'struck.'"

## CHAPTER IX.

### The Halcyon Breakfast.

We were still dazed, I think, for we wandered like two troubled children, our one idea at first to get as far away as we could from the horror behind us. We were both bare headed, grimy, pallid through the grit. Now and then we met little groups of country folk hurrying to the track; they stared at us curiously, and some asked to question us. But we hurried past them; we had put the wreck behind us. That way lay madness.

"Only once the girl turned and looked behind her. The wreck was hidden, but the smoke cloud hung heavy and dense. For the first time I remembered that my companion had not been alone on the train."

"It is quiet here," I suggested. "If you will sit down on the bank I will go back and make some inquiries. I've been criminally thoughtless. Your traveling companion—"

"She interrupted me, and something of her splendid poise was gone. 'Please don't go back,' she said. 'I'm afraid it would be of no use. And I don't want to be left alone.'"

"Heaven knows I did not want her to be alone. I was more than content to walk along beside her aimlessly, for any length of time. Gradually, as she lost the exaltation of the moment, I was gaining my normal condition of mind. I was beginning to realize that I had lacked the morning grace of a

shave, that I looked like some lost hope of yesterday, and that my left shoe pinched outrageously. A man does not rise triumphant above such handicaps. The girl, for all her disordered hair and the crumpled linen of her waist, in spite of her missing hat and the small gold bag that hung forlornly from a broken chain, looked exceedingly lovely.

"Then I won't leave you alone," I said manfully, and we stumbled on together. Thus far we had seen no body from the wreck, but well up the lane we came across the tall dark woman who had occupied lower 11. She was half crouching beside the road, her black hair about her shoulders, and an ugly bruise over her eye. She did not seem to know us, and refused to accompany us. We left her there at last, babbling incoherently and rolling in her hands a dozen pebbles she had gathered in the road.

"The girl shuddered as we went on. Once she turned and glanced at my bandage. 'Does it hurt very much?' she asked."

"It's growing rather numb. But it might be worse," I answered mendaciously. "If anything in this world could be worse, I had never experienced it."

"And so we trudged on bareheaded under the summer sun, growing parched and dusty and weary, doggedly leaving behind us the pillar of smoke. I thought I knew of a trolley line somewhere in the direction we were going, or perhaps we could find a horse and trap to take us into Baltimore. The girl smiled when I suggested it."

"We will create a sensation, won't we?" she asked. "Isn't it queer—or perhaps it's my state of mind—but I keep wishing for a pair of gloves, when I haven't even a hat!"

"When we reached the main road we sat down for a moment, and her hair,

which had been coming loose for some time, fell over her shoulders in little waves that were most alluring. It seemed a pity to twist it up again, but when I suggested this, cautiously, she said it was troublesome and got in her eyes when it was loose. So she gathered it up, while I held a row of little shell combs and pins, and when it was done it was vastly becoming, too. Funny about hair: A man never knows he has it until he begins to lose it, but it's different with a girl. Something of the unconventional situation began to dawn on her as she put in the last hair pin and patted some stray locks to place.

"I have not told you my name," she said abruptly. "I forgot that because I know you are, you know nothing about me. I am Alison West, and my home is in Richmond."

"So that was it! This was the girl of the photograph on John Gilmore's bedside table. The girl McKnight expected to see in Richmond the next day, Sunday! She was on her way back to meet him! Well, what difference did it make, anyhow? We had been thrown together by the merest chance. In an hour or two at the most we would be back in civilization and she would recall me, if she remembered me at all, as an unshaven creature in a red cravat and tan shoes, with a soiled Pullman sheet tied around my neck. I drew a deep breath."

"Just a twinge," I said, when she glanced up quickly. "It's very good of you to let me know, Miss West. I have been hearing delightful things about you for three months."

"From Richey McKnight?" She was frankly curious.

"Yes, from Richey McKnight," I assented. Was it any wonder McKnight was crazy about her? I dug my heels into the dust.

"I have been visiting near Cresson, in the mountains," Miss West was saying. "The person you mentioned, Mrs. Curtis, was my hostess. We—were on our way to Washington together." She spoke slowly, as if she

wished to give the minimum of explanation. Across her face had come again the baffling expression of perplexity and trouble I had seen before.

"You were on your way home, I suppose? Richey—spoke about seeing you," I floundered, finding it necessary to say something. She looked at me with level, direct eyes.

"No," she returned quietly. "I did not intend to go home. I—well, it doesn't matter; I am going home now."

A woman in a calico dress, with two children, each an exact duplicate of the other, had come quickly down the road. She took in the situation at a glance, and was explosively hospitable.

"You poor things," she said. "If you'll take the first road to the left over there, and turn in at the second pigsty, you will find breakfast on the table and a coffee pot on the stove. And there's plenty of soap and water, too. Don't say one word. There isn't a soul there to see you."

We accepted the invitation and she hurried on toward the excitement and the railroad. I got up carefully and helped Miss West to her feet.

"At the second pigsty to the left," I repeated, "we will find the breakfast I promised you seven eternities ago. Forward to the pigsty!"

We said very little for the remainder of that walk. I had almost reached the limit of endurance; with every step the broken ends of the bone grated together. We found the farmhouse without difficulty, and I remember wondering if I could hold out to the end of the old stone walk that led between hedges to the door.

"Allah be praised," I said with all the voice I could muster. "Behold the cup and folded up like a jack-knife on the porch floor."

When I came around something hot was trickling down my neck, and a despairing voice was saying, "Oh, I don't seem to be able to pour it into your mouth. Please open your eyes."

"But I don't want it in my eyes," I replied dreamily. "I haven't any idea what came over me. It was the shoes, I think; the left one is a red-hot torture." I was sitting by that time and looking across into her face.

Never before or since have I fainted, but I would do it joyfully, a dozen times a day, if I could waken again to the blissful touch of soft fingers on my face, the hot ecstasy of coffee spilled by those fingers down my neck. There was a thrill in every tone of her voice that morning. Before long

So, like two children awakened from a nightmare, we chatted over our food; we hunted mutual friends, we laughed together at my feeble witticisms, but we put the horror behind us resolutely. After all, it was the hat with the green ribbons that brought back the strangeness of the situation.

All along I had had the impression that Alison West was deliberately putting out of her mind something that obtruded now and then. It brought with it a return of the puzzled expression that I had surprised early in the day, before the wreck. I caught it once, when breakfast over, she was tightening the sling that held the broken arm. I had prolonged the morning meal as much as I could, but when the wooden clock with the pink roses on the dial pointed to half after ten, and the mother with the duplicate youngsters had not come back, Miss West made the move I had dreaded.

"If we are to get into Baltimore at

Oh, sweet September, thy first breezes bring  
The dry leaf's rustle and the squirrel's laughter.  
The cool fresh air whence health and vigor spring  
And promise of exceeding joy hereafter.

"The cards were decorated with a tracery in gold, studded with blue dots, supposed to be sapphires, the birth stone for this month. The table was bare, with a wonderful set of blue dillies and centerpiece done by the Russian peasant women. Black-eyed Susans, now in their prime, were the only flowers in evidence and they fairly made the rooms blaze with gorgeous colorings—concentrated sunshine, some one has aptly called them."

"The piece de resistance was what the hostess called scrapple and was so delicious she had to give the recipe, which follows: One pound of round steak, one pound of fresh pork, put through the chopper, boiled until done and enough water left to take up cornmeal to the mush consistency. Mold in a pan over night. Slice thin, dip in cornmeal and fry in hot lard or bacon grease. The platter was garnished with parsley and deviled eggs. Then there were escalloped tomatoes and green peppers in ramskin, and individual peach shortcake was the dessert."

A novel feature was that four guests out of the eight were born in September."

Shakespeare Party.  
A club devoted to Shakespeare as well as cards issued the following invitation which was responded to with alacrity by all the members.

To Mr. and Mrs. Richard Smith—  
Greetings.  
Lend thy serious hearing to what I shall unfold.—Hamlet.

"Sir (and lady), you are very welcome to our house.  
It must appear in other ways than words. Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy."  
—Merchant of Venice.

"Say, what abridgement  
Have you for this evening?  
—Midsummer Night's Dream.  
"What will be the pastime—passing excellent."  
—Taming of the Shrew.

"If your love do not persuade you to come  
Let not my letter."  
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Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Brown.  
April twenty-first, at eight o'clock.  
The prizes were all suggestive of

Clearly the lack of head covering had troubled her, for she was elated at her find. She left me, scrawling a note of thanks and pinning it with a bill to the tablecloth, and ran upstairs to the mirror and the promised soap and water.

I did not see her when she came down. I had discovered a bench with a tin basin outside the kitchen door, and was washing, in a helpless, one-sided way. I felt rather than saw that she was standing in the doorway, and I made a final plunge into the basin.

"How is it possible for a man with only a right hand to wash his left ear?" I asked from the roller towel. I was distinctly uncomfortable: Men are more rigidly creatures of convention than women, whether they admit it or not. "There is so much soap on me still that if I laugh I will blow bubbles. Washing with rain water and home-made soap is like motoring on a slippery road. I only struck the high places."

Then, having achieved a brilliant polish with the towel, I looked at the girl.

She was leaning against the frame of the door, her face perfectly colorless, her breath coming in slow, difficult respirations. The erratic hat was pinned to place, but it had slid rakishly to one side. When I realized that she was staring, not at me, but past me to the road along which we had come, I turned and followed her gaze. There was no one in sight; the lane stretched dust white in the sun—no moving figure on it, no sign of life.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Cold and Alike.

"Lord Curzon, during the visit that ended in his marriage to Miss Lettice, proved very interesting in his cold, proud way."

The speaker, a Chicagoan, smiled and resumed:  
"Cold and proud as young George Curzon was, he regarded the house of lords as colder and prouder. He told me once that when he asked his father if his first speech in the house of lords had been difficult the old gentleman replied:  
"Difficult! It was like addressing sheeted tombstones by torchlight!"

A Mother's Anxiety.

Willie—Ma, can't I go out on the street for a little while? Tommy Jones says there's a comet to be seen.

Mother—Well, yes; but don't you go too near.—Boston Transcript.

my loyalty to McKnight would step between me and the girl he loved; life would develop new complexities. In those early hours after the wreck, full of pain as they were, there was nothing of the suspicion and distrust that came later. Shorn of our gauds and baubles, we were primitive man and woman, together; our world for the hour was the deserted farmhouse, the slope of wheatfield that led to the road, the woodland lot, the pasture.

We breakfasted together across the homely table. Our cheerfulness, at first shy reaction, became less forced as we ate great slices of bread from the grumpy oven back of the house, and drank hot fluid that smelled like coffee and tasted like nothing that I have ever swallowed. We found cream in stone jars, sunk deep in the chill water of the springhouse. And there were eggs, great yellow-brown ones—a basket of them.

It Went Too Fast.  
Mrs. Wabayeck (whose husband has just returned from his first visit to the city)—Did yer go into Kashner's department store, Abner?

Abner—Yes, Susan. I went inter the store, but I didn't buy nothin'.

Mrs. Wabayeck—war'n't ther' no bargains?

Abner—Wall, I didn't see none. I seen one man buyin' a pair of socks, an' he give the gal behind the counter a \$10 bill for 'em.

Mrs. Wabayeck—Fer the lan's sake, Abner! A \$10 bill?

Abner—Yes; an' the gal put the bill inter a lit'lur box, an' pulled a string, an' the next thing I seen war that box an' the \$10 bill in it whizzin' through the store like 'Towser chasin' a rabbit. Then I says to my-

self, 'Abner Wabayeck, you'd be a plumb, big fool to buy anything in a store war money goes as fas' as that.' An' then I gits out.—The Housekeeper.

The Child Problem.  
The problem of the child is the problem of the race. If we would look forward to a mighty nation in the future, a nation to conserve the heritage of the past and prove worthy of the proud traditions of its history, we must emancipate the children, free them from slavery, from ignorance, from neglect, take them out of the shadows of disease and the clutch of death and place them on the surly path of health, along which they can joyfully march to the goal of usefulness and victory.

# Hints For Hostess

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS  
for Those Planning Seasonable  
Entertainments

## A September Luncheon.

This is such a glorious month! One feels that it is just good to be alive, and to be permitted to help others plan for happy times is certainly a delight and privilege much appreciated by the editor of this department. I am asked to give again this lovely luncheon and put it in early so that all those who may entertain soon may have it. I quote entire:

"A hostess who returned from a summer abroad gave this pretty affair, the place cards bearing this appropriate verse:

Oh, sweet September, thy first breezes bring  
The dry leaf's rustle and the squirrel's laughter.  
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the immortal bard consisting of a framed sepia print of Shakespeare, a stein with a picture of Falstaff and cup of sack; framed photographs of Stratford-on-Avon scenes, and a charming print of Romeo and Juliet. The hostess called the roll and each member responded by giving a Shakespeare quotation.

A Motley Musical Party.  
A young hostess gave this very original party, which was such a success that it has been the talk of the town ever since. She invited her guests to come, each bringing a musical instrument and dressed in a costume to match. She wore a Grecian costume of pure white, with her hair in Psyche knot with gold bands and she carried a zither. The other young girl in the family dressed as a darkey with the gayest kind of a costume; she was accompanied by her best boy, who was a giddy young colored swain, and they carried a banjo and guitar. Then there was an Italian beggar girl with accordion, a Spanish gypsy with tambourine, a Scotch lad and lassie with bagpipes, a dear little Dutch couple in real wooden shoes with futes, and three chums went as Italian street players with harp, violin, etc. The best of all was when a man with a hand organ and monkey appeared. One of the men had hired him for the occasion. Of course he only stayed a few moments, but went away with the monkey's pockets filled with coppers and a good lunch in a basket. The lads were served in shape of musical instruments and the favors were all candy boxes in the same shape, filled with delicious small bon-bons. The hostess awarded prizes for the different costumes, which were judged by older members of the family who surveyed the guests as they passed in a line before them. The father of the house remarked that he had never enjoyed a musical medley more.

MADAME MERRIL

When the digestion is bad you need something that will not only relieve but will strengthen the digestive organs and assist them back to their normal condition. This calls for the Bitters first of all. Try it.



Trump—Help me, kind sir. I have seen better days than this.  
Mr. Jinks—So have I. This weather is awful.

THE KEYSTONE TO HEALTH IS HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

When the digestion is bad you need something that will not only relieve but will strengthen the digestive organs and assist them back to their normal condition. This calls for the Bitters first of all. Try it.

## STUNG BY BASE INGRATITUDE

Bowery Dentist Seemingly Had Right to Be Indignant at Old Friend's Attitude.

"You remember that guy, Jim Burko?" asked an irate Bowery dentist. "He's that stiff old 'dobe' that used to der river—Sing Sing—hollyery—ten years. Well, you know all I done for dat stiff. When he was stunged didn't I put up der coin for der lawyers? Didn't I pay der witness? Sure I did. De oder day I 'tinks I'll just go an' see dat mutt just 't leave, him know his frien's ain't tied de can on 'im. So I drives out to 't jail and goes into 't warden's office and he says I gottor send me card in. Me card! D'ye get dat? Well, anyway, I writes my name on a piece of paper, an' a guy takes it into Jim Burko, an' what 't you 'tink dat stiff tells dat guy to tell me?"

"I've no idee," said the listener. "He tells him," concluded the angry one, "I tell me dat he ain't 't!—From Success Magazine."

The Stylish Fisherman.  
One of the guests at a fashionable summer resort in West Virginia got himself up in his best "fishing togs" and started along a certain mountain stream.

Meeting a native, he asked: "There, my good man! Kindly tell me whether it would be worth my while to try fishing in this vicinity."

"The native regarded him scornfully. 'The fishin' ain't good,' he finally said, 'but I ain't informed as to how you values your time.'—Lippincott's."

The discovery that he has invested in a salted mine is apt to make a man peppery.

## LANCIES OF FASHION

Beaded belts and bags are to be worn.  
Satin is predicted as the favorite fall fabric.

Chains are superseding leather straps for handbag handles.  
Young girls are wearing great numbers of frills and jabots.

Many foulard and pongee suits are made in Russian blouse style.  
Paris declares that transparent sleeves are to be a ruling feature.

Lingerie and tailored waists of white seem about equally in favor.  
Tailor made suits of silk and satin are the fad of the hour in Paris.

Embroidered nets are fashionable, and colored net waists have been seen for some time.

## Two Simple Blouses



THE first is a sailor blouse, cut in the Magyar style. It is in navy blue delaine, with white spots, and has cuffs and collar of striped silk. The single is of plain white silk bound with navy blue, and a delicate embroidered lily silk. A blue sailor's knot is tied below collar in front. Materials required: 1 yard 46 inches wide, 1/2 yard striped silk.

The second would look well in almost any blouse material. It has the sleeves cut in with sides of blouse; the join is hidden under the wide tuck that is taken from shoulder to waist both back and front. A wide box-pleat is made down center of front, and is edged with buttons. Three tucks are made on each sleeve, which are finished with frills to match that at neck.

Materials required: 1 1/2 yard 44 inches wide, 1 dozen buttons.

## SACHET OF SWEET CLOVER

Easily Gathered, and Equal in Attractive Scent to Any Flower That is Grown.

With the fields full of flowers that give most delicate scents when properly dried, there is no reason why every woman should not have sachets to use in chests of drawers, etc., to give a delicate perfume to clothing.

In gathering clover enormous quantities should be picked, because it shrinks when dried, and it is impossible to have too much when the supply to draw from is endless.

There is no difficulty for a novice in growing things to distinguish sweet clover, for it grows tall and rank, with thick stems, on which are small leaves.

At the top are the flowers, very tiny white blossoms grouped together in a long spike.

The leaves as well as the flowers are sweet when dried, but the thick stems should be rejected. The best way to gather it is to cut down great

stalks, using for the purpose a sharp knife rather than a pair of scissors.

Care should be taken not to uproot the plant, for there is no need of exterminating it.

There is never any difficulty in locating a clover camp, for the grass grows always close together in great profusion, and it is to be found all over the country.

Curtain Shrinkage.  
In making curtains of Swiss or any other material that will shrink, buy a half yard more than the desired length. When making the heading to put the rod through turn the extra length over on the front of the curtain, hem with a narrow hem. When gathered on the rod it makes a valance ruffle which is attractive. When the curtains are washed let out the heading, and if there is any shrinkage the extra length may be used to lengthen the curtain.

New gumpies are of the simplest order, sheer, untrimmed, unobtrusive and shallow.

## There Are Reasons

Why so many people have ready-at-hand a package of

## Post Toasties

The DISTINCTIVE FLAVOUR delights the palate.

The quick, easy serving right from the package—requiring only the addition of cream or good milk is an important consideration when breakfast must be ready "on time."

The sweet, crisp food is universally liked by children, and is a great help to Mothers who must give to the youngsters something wholesome that they relish.

The economical feature appeals to everyone—particularly those who wish to keep living expenses within a limit.

Post Toasties are especially pleasing served with fresh sliced peaches.