

The MAN in LOWER TEN

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. G. KETNER
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SYNOPSIS.

Lawrence Blakely, lawyer, goes to Pittsburgh with the forged notes in the Bronson case to get the deposition of John Gilmore, millionaire. A lady requests Blakely to buy her a Pullman ticket. He gives her lower 11 and retains lower 12. He finds a drunken man in lower 10 and retires to lower 9. He awakens in lower 7 and finds his clothes and bag missing. The man in lower 10 is found murdered. Circumstantial evidence points to both Blakely and the man who stole his clothes. The train is wrecked and Blakely is rescued from a burning car by a girl in blue. His arm is broken. The girl proves to be Alison West, his partner's sweetheart. Blakely returns home and finds he is under surveillance. Moving pictures of the train taken just before the wreck reveal to Blakely a man leaping from the train with his stolen grip. Investigation proves that the man's name is Sullivan. Mrs. Conway, the woman for whom Blakely bought a Pullman ticket, tries to make a bargain with him for the forged notes, not knowing that they are Blakely's. Blakely and an amateur detective investigate the home of Sullivan's sister. From the investigation Blakely learns that Alison West had been there on a visit and Sullivan had been attentive to her. Sullivan is the husband of Blakely's housekeeper. Blakely's partner is a partner in a law firm. Alison tells Blakely about the attention paid her by Sullivan.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—Continued.

"Married!" she said finally, in a small voice. "Why, I don't think it is possible, is it? I—I was on my way to Baltimore to marry him myself, when the wreck came."

"But you said you don't care for him!" I protested, my heavy masculine mind unable to jump the gaps in her story. And then, without the slightest warning, I realized that she was crying. She shook off my hand and fumbled for her handkerchief, and falling to find it, she accepted the one I thrust into her wet fingers.

Then, little by little, she told me from the handkerchief, a sordid story of a motor trip in the mountains with Mr. Curtis, of a lost road and a broken car, and a rainy night when she and Sullivan, trapped eternally and not getting home. And of Mrs. Curtis, when they got home at dawn, suddenly grown conventional and deeply shocked. Of her own proud, half-disdainful consent to make possible the hackneyed compromising situation by marrying the rascal, and then—of his disappearance from the train. It was so terrible to her, such a Heaven-sent relief to me, in spite of my rage against Sullivan, that I laughed aloud. At which she looked at me over the handkerchief.

"I know it's funny," she said, with a catch in her breath. "When I think that I nearly married a murderer—and didn't—I cry for sheer joy." Then she buried her face and cried again.

"Please don't," I protested unsteadily. "I won't be responsible if you keep on crying like that. I may forget that I have a capital charge hanging over my head, and that I may be arrested at any moment."

That brought her out of the handkerchief at once. "I meant to be so helpful," she said, "and I've thought of nothing but myself! There were some things I meant to tell you. If Jennie was in, you say, then I understand why she came to me just before I left. She had been packing my things and she must have seen that condition I was in, for she came over to me when I was getting my wraps on, to leave, and said, 'Don't do it, Miss West, I beg you won't do it; you'll be sorry ever after.' And just then Mrs. Curtis came in and Jennie slipped out."

"That was all?"
"No. As we went through the station the telegraph operator gave Mr. Sullivan, a message. He read it on the platform, and it excited him terribly. He took his sister aside and they talked together. He was white with either fear or anger—I don't know which. Then, when we boarded the train, he came in black, with beautiful hair, who was standing at the car platform, touched him on the arm and then drew back. He looked at her and glanced away again, but she smiled as if he had struck her."

"Then what?" The situation was growing clearer.
"Mrs. Curtis and I had the drawing-room. I had a dreadful night, just sleeping a little now and then. I saw his cigarette case in your hand. I had given it to him. You wore his clothes. The murder was discovered and you were accused of it! What could I do? And then, afterward, when I saw him asleep at the farmhouse, I—I was panic-stricken. I locked him in and ran. I didn't know why he did it, but—he had killed a man."

Some one was calling Alison through a megaphone, from the veranda. It sounded like Sam. "All—ee," he called. "All—ee! I'm going to have some anchovies on toast! All—ee!" Neither of us heard.
"I wonder," I reflected, "if you would be willing to repeat a part of that story—just from the telegram on—to a couple of detectives, say on Monday. If you would tell that, and—how the end of your necktie got into the sealskin bag—"

"My necktie!" she repeated. "But it isn't mine. I picked it up in the car."
"All—ee!" Sam again. "I see you down there. I'm making a jump!"
Alison turned and called through her hands. "Coming in a moment, Sam," she said, and rose. "It must be very late. Sam is home. We would better go back to the house."
"Don't," I begged her. "Anchovies and helpings and Sam will go on for ever, and I have you such a little time. I suppose I am only one of a dozen or so, but—you are the only girl in the world. You know I love you, don't you dear?"
Sam was whistling, an irritating bird call, over and over. She pursed her lips and answered him in kind. It was more than I could endure.



For at Half After Five Johnson and I Were on Our Way Through the Dust to the Station, Three Miles Away.

"Sam or no Sam," I said firmly. "I am going to kiss you!"
But Sam's voice came strident through the megaphone. "The good, you two," he bellowed. "I've got the binoculars!" And so, under fire, we walked sedately back to the house. My pulses were throbbing—the little swish of her dress beside me on the grass was pain and ecstasy. I had but to put out my hand to touch her, and I dared not.
Sam, armed with a megaphone and field glasses, bent over the rail and watched us with gleeful malignity.
"Home early, aren't you?" Alison called, when we reached the steps.
"Led a club when my partner had double no-trumps, and she fainted. Damn the heart convention!" he said cheerfully. "The others are not here yet."

Three hours later I went up to bed. I had not seen Alison alone again. The noise was at its height below, and I glanced down into the garden, still bright in the moonlight. Leaning against a tree, and staring interestedly into the billiard room, was Johnson.

CHAPTER XXIX.

In the Dining Room.
That was Saturday night, two weeks after the wreck. The previous five days had been full of swift-following events—the woman in the house next door, the picture in the theater of a man about to leap from the doomed train, the dinner at the Dalles, and Richey's discovery that Alison was the girl in the case. In quick succession had come our visit to the Carter place, the finding of the rest of the telegram, my seeing Alison there, and the strange interview with Mrs. Conway. The Cresson trip stood out in my memory for its seriocomic horrors, and its one real thrill. Then—the discovery by the police of the sealskin bag and the bit of chain; Hotchkiss producing triumphantly Stuart for Sullivan and his subsequent disfigurement; McKnight at the station with Alison, and later the confession that he was out of the running.

And yet, when I thought it all over, the entire week and its events were two sides of a triangle that was narrowing rapidly to an apex. A point. And the said apex was at that moment in the drive below my window, resting his long legs by sitting on a carriage block, and smoking a pipe that made the night hideous. The sense of the ridiculous is very close to the sense of tragedy. I opened my screen and whistled, and Johnson looked up and grinned. We said nothing. I held up a handful of cigars, he extended his hat, and when I finally went to sleep, it was to a soothing breeze that wafted in salt air and a faint aroma of good tobacco. I was thoroughly tired, but I slept restlessly, dreaming of two detectives with Pittsburgh warrants being held up by Hotchkiss at the point of a splint, while Alison fastened their hands with a chain that was broken and much too short. I was roused about dawn by a light rap at the door, and, opening it, I found Forbes, in a pair of trousers and a rajama coat. He was as pleasant as most fleshly people are when they have to get up at night, and he said the telephone had been ringing for an hour, and he didn't know why somebody else in the blank-city-blank house couldn't have heard it. He wouldn't get to sleep until noon.

As he was palpably asleep on his feet, I left him grumbling and went to the telephone. It proved to be Richey, who had found me by the simple expedient of tracing Alison, and he was jubilant.
"You'll have to come back," he said. "Got a railroad schedule there?"
"I don't sleep with one in my pocket," I retorted, "but if you'll hold the line I'll call out the window to Johnson. He's probably got one."
"Johnson!" I could hear the laugh with which McKnight comprehended

the situation. He was still chuckling when I came back.
"Train to Richmond at 6:30 a. m.," I said. "What time is it now?"
"Four. Listen, Lollie. We've got 'em. Do you hear? Through the woman at Baltimore. Then—the other woman, the lady of the restaurant—she is obviously avoiding names—she is playing our cards for us—No—I don't know why, and I don't care. But you be at the incubator to-night at eight o'clock. If you can't shake Johnson, bring him, bless him!"
To this day I believe the Sam Forbes have not recovered from the surprise of my unexpected arrival, my appearance at dinner in Granger's clothes, and the note on my dresser which informed them the next morning that I had folded my tents like the Arabs and silently stolen away. For at half after five Johnson and I, the former as uninquisitive as ever, were on our way through the dust to the station, three miles away, and by four that afternoon we were in Washington. The journey had been uneventful. Johnson relaxed under the influence of my tobacco, and spoke at some length on the latest improvements in galleys, dilating on the absurdity of cutting out the former free passes to see the affair in operation. I remember, too, that he mentioned the curious anomaly that permits a man about to be hanged to eat a hearty meal. I did not enjoy my dinner that night.

Before we got into Washington I had made an arrangement with Johnson to surrender myself at two the following afternoon. Also, I had wired to Alison, asking her if she would carry out the contract she had made. The detective saw me home, and left me there.
Mrs. Klopston received me with dignified reserve. The very tone in which she asked me when I would dine told me that something was wrong.
"Now—what is it, Mrs. Klopston? I demanded finally, when she had informed me, in a patient and long-suffering tone, that she felt worn out and thought she needed a rest.
"When I lived with Mr. Justice Springer," she began acidly, her mending basket in her hands. "It was an orderly, well-conducted household. You can ask any of the neighbors. Meals were cooked and, what's more, they were eaten; there was none of this 'here one day and gone the next' business."
"Nonsense," I observed. "You're tired, that's all, Mrs. Klopston. And I wish you would go out; I want to bathe."
"That's not all," she said with dig-

ity, from the doorway. "Women coming and going here, women whose shoes I am not fit to touch my shoes—coming here as insolent as you please, and asking for you."
"Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "What did you tell them—her, whichever it was?"
"Told her you were sick in a hospital and wouldn't be out for a year!" she said triumphantly. "And when she said she thought she'd come in and wait for you, I slammed the door on her."
"What time was she here?"
"Late last night. And she had a light-haired man across the street. If she thought I didn't see him she don't know me." Then she closed the door and left me to my bath and my reflections.
At five minutes before eight I was at the incubator, where I found Hotchkiss and McKnight. They were bending over a table, on which lay McKnight's total armament—a pair of pistols, an elephant gun and an old cavalry sabre.
"Draw up a chair and help yourself to pie," he said, pointing to the arsenal. "This is for the benefit of our friend Hotchkiss here, who says he is small and fond of life."
Hotchkiss, who had been trying to get the wrong end of a cartridge into the barrel of one of the revolvers, straightened himself and mopped his face.
"We have desperate people to handle," he said pompously, "and we may need desperate means."
"Hotchkiss is like the small boy whose one ambition was to have people grow ashen and tremble at the mention of his name," McKnight jibed. But they were serious enough, both of them, under it all, and when they had told me what they planned, I was serious, too.
"You're compounding a felony," I remonstrated, when they had explained. "I'm not eager to be locked away, but by Jove, to offer her the stolen notes in exchange for Sullivan!"
"We haven't got either of them, you know," McKnight remonstrated, "and we won't have, if we don't start. Come along, Fido, to Hotchkiss."
The plan was simplicity itself. According to Hotchkiss, Sullivan was to meet Bronson at Mrs. Conway's apartment at 8:30 that night with the notes. He was to be paid there, and the papers destroyed. But just before that interesting finale," McKnight ended, "we will walk in, take the notes, grab Sullivan, and give the police a jolt that will put them out of the count."
I suppose not one of us, slewing around corners in the machine that night, had the faintest doubt that we were on the right track, or that Fate, scurvy enough before, was playing into our hands at last. Little Hotchkiss was in a state of fever; he alternately twitched and examined the revolver, and a fear that the two moments might be synchronous kept me uneasy. He produced and dilated on the scrap of pillow slip from the wreck, and showed me the stiletto, with its point in cotton batting for safekeeping. And in the intervals he implored Richey not to make such fine calculations at the corners.
We were all grave enough and very quiet, however, when we reached the large building where Mrs. Conway had her apartment. McKnight left the power on, in case we might want to make a quick get-away, and Hotchkiss gave a final look at the revolver. I had no weapon. Somehow it all seemed melodramatic to the verge of farce. In the doorway Hotchkiss was a half dozen feet ahead; Richey fell back beside me. He dropped his affection of gayety, and I thought he looked tired. "Same old Sam, I suppose," he asked.
"Same, only more of him." How is she?" he inquired irrelevantly.
"Very well. I did not see her this morning." Hotchkiss was waiting near the elevator. McKnight put his hand on my arm. "Now, look here, old man," he said. "I've got two arms and a revolver, and you've got one arm and a splint. If Hotchkiss is right, and there is a row, you crawl under a table."
"The deuce I will!" I declared scornfully.
(TO BE CONTINUED)



Story of Halley's Comet

Crested Consternation in the Court of French King as Far Back as 840 A. D.
At a meeting of the savants in Paris lately one of the philosophers present told an interesting story of Halley's comet.
"Do you know," he asked, "that Louis le Debonnaire was one of the first Europeans to notice the comet?"
"During the Easter festival," he writes, "a phenomenon, always a sad presage, appeared in the heaven. As soon as the king, who was much interested in these matters, beheld it, he sent for me and demanded what I thought of such a sign."
"On the astronomer begging for service to consider the matter Louis observed, 'Go upon the terrace of the palace and return quickly and tell me what you have seen, for I know that it is a sign which will announce to



The Physical Bigness of Uncle Sam

cars of the largest size. That means about 25 long trains.
The physical bigness of Uncle Sam is impressive if viewed from any direction or calculated upon any basis. If the average consumption of solid food—bread, meat, potatoes and other vegetables, cake, pie, fruits, etc.—is only a pound and a half a day that means 135,000,000 pounds, or 57,500 tons, every 24 hours.
On the strength gained by such inroads upon the food stores of the world the people of the United States can easily lift 4,500,000 tons at a mile apiece in a day, which is certainly too low an estimate, the total is equal to walking three times around the earth at the equator, and more than half way around the fourth time.
There are about 50,000,000 hogs in the country, but they do not more than balance the human inhabitants of the United States in weight. The men, women and children outweigh the sheep, and they weigh fully half as much as the 20,000,000 horses, more or less. The people of this country weigh about as much as the apple crop, in an average year.
If the clothing worn by the people of this country averages five pounds weight, shoes and hats included, of course, it follows that when everybody is ready to go outdoors the nation is about 225,000 tons heavier than it is when ready for bed. When Uncle Sam puts on his collar he uses more than 5,000 miles of cloth bands, without taking Mrs. Sam into account at all.
Truly we are a big nation. We bulk tremendously on the scales and under the tape measure. American quantity will evidently care for itself. Quality requires more attention in all countries.

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

The Physical Bigness of Uncle Sam



WASHINGTON.—How many Americans realize the huge bulk of the population of their country, in the same sense that coal is heavy or the bay crop is immense in cubic feet? Just as a matter of physical bigness, this is a great nation, not in possessions but in people.
If all of the inhabitants of the United States, grownups and children, were to lie down in a long line, one person's head touching the feet of the one in front, there would be about 75,000 miles of such a human chain.
If every American stood up to be counted, in a long row of men, women and children, even if they stood so close together that they occupied only a foot and a half apiece, the line would be more than 25,000 miles long. It would girdle the earth at the equator.
Averaging the 93,000,000 people in the United States, young and old, adults and babies, at 100 pounds apiece, the American nation weighs 4,500,000 tons. That is enough to load 1,000 good-sized steamships with human freight, if it were piled in like coal or grain, with no regard whatever for space or air.
If the 93,000,000 Americans, babies included, drink, on the average, a pint of some liquid every day, which is an extremely modest estimate, the people of the United States consume about 45,000 tons of water, beer, milk, coffee, tea, etc., daily. The quantity may be twice as great, or even more. But 45,000 tons would load 900 freight

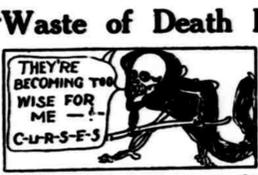
lished years ago and small towns have grown up around them.
"These posts also are one of the principal causes of desertion. A recruit enlists because of visions about how grand it is to be a soldier. On arriving at some post, however, he finds he must be a carpenter, a gardener, or a telephone operator. At some stations half of the men are employed in this way rather than occupying their time in learning to be soldiers.
"Instead of useless military posts, the army should be divided into large divisions, located at large central points. There are only 3,000 infantry men along the Pacific coast, where the present situation demands that a strong force be concentrated.
"At the Golden Gate there are enough coast defense guns to blow all the warships of the world out of the water. Yet, Japan, if she wanted to, could capture every town along the coast, without a shot being fired, from Seattle to San Diego. All she would have to do would be to land her troops at some unprotected point and march.
"If the trouble in Mexico, on our own frontier, had necessitated our men getting into action, we could not mobilize a full division there within a month. Even Mexico could teach us a severe lesson.
"The war department, however—has recognized the inefficiency of the army, and is taking steps to make it the institution our navy is getting to be."
"There are 30 regiments of Infantry in the army," he says, "but hardly any one of them has been mobilized together in order to give the men the proper training. They are scattered all over the country at various needless military posts. Consequently, both officers and men suffer for lack of adequate drill, and would be absolutely unprepared to fight an army of real soldiers."
"There are a great many needless military posts. Of course, it is necessary to keep men in the Philippines and Alaska, but not in small towns. The latter type—known to military men as 'bitching posts'—were estab-

Expert Offers Criticism of the Army



Waste of Death Is Greatly Lessened
LAST year the death rate in the United States was probably the lowest ever known. It certainly was less than the mortality of any other year since vital statistics have been collected in a sufficiently large part of the country to indicate clearly the general state of the public health.
In 1929 the death rate in states and cities which contain more than half of the population of the United States was almost exactly 15 to every thousand persons living. It was not quite one in the thousand below the average mortality rate of the preceding five years. The fraction was nine-tenths. That means nine lives in every 10,000 of the population. It is 900 in every million inhabitants, or 81,000 in 30,000,000.
The cutting down of the death rate enough to save 81,000 lives in a year

is like stopping the waste of life in a great war. It is equivalent to warding off death 6,750 times every month, 1,687 every week, 241 times a day. It averts ten deaths every hour, one every six minutes day and night, from one year's end to the next.
If the economic value of the lives saved by lowering the death rate in the United States—the results of better and more careful living—is placed at no more than an average of \$1,000 apiece, the effect of cutting down the mortality 81,000 in a year is much the same as preventing the waste of \$81,000,000 dealing with this great economy in human life on the hardest and narrowest industrial and commercial basis.
The gradual change, for the better in respect to saving life and warding off death is not confined to the United States. It is going on in other countries, also. Throughout the civilized world, there is a general change for the better in the conditions of living and in the chances for life itself. The conservation of human life is one of the great interests and one of the best signs of the times.



Soldier Serves His Country 56 Years
GOVERNOR'S ISLAND is to lose its oldest soldier. He is Sgt. David Robertson of the Hospital corps of the service, who has spent 56 years in the service and now, at the mature age of seventy-eight, has been recommended for retirement upon full pay and allowances. It will take a special bill, of course, to thus recognize the services of Robertson and major generals and brigadier generals have recommended to the secretary of war that he present to congress such a bill.
An interesting thing about the long and faithful service of Sergeant Robertson is that it has been almost continually spent on Governor's Island. He has seen generals and colonels come and go. He was a veteran when "Hancock's Superb" came to take command of the department of the east and the military division of the

WONDERED WHY.
Found the Answer Was "Coffee."
Many pale, sickly persons wonder for years why they have to suffer so, and eventually discover that the drug—caffeine—in coffee is the main cause of the trouble.
"I was always very fond of coffee and drank it every day. I never had much flesh and often wondered why I was always so pale, thin and weak."
"About five years ago my health completely broke down and I was confined to my bed. My stomach was so soft and flabby that I could hardly take sufficient nourishment to sustain life."
"During this time I was drinking coffee, didn't think I could do without it."
"After awhile I came to the conclusion that coffee was hurting me, and decided to give it up and try Praxin. I didn't like the taste of it at first, but when it was made rich—billed until dark and rich—I soon became fond of it."
"In one week I began to feel better. I could eat more and sleep better. My sick headaches were less frequent, and within five months I looked and felt like a new being, headache spells entirely gone."
"My health continued to improve and today I am well and strong, weigh 148 pounds. I attribute my present health to the life-giving qualities of Postum."
Read "The Road to Wellville" in Pigeons. There's a Reason.
Ever read the above letter? A new one appears every time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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Omaha Commercial College
The donkey is unable to talk. Therefore man has indisputably proclaimed himself lord of creation.

Would Avoid Him.
Slopay—Here comes a man I don't care to meet. Let's cross over.
DeLong—Why don't you care to meet him?
Slopay—He has a mania for collecting bills.

Of Course She Must.
"What time does the dance begin?"
"Nine o'clock."
"Then we must be there at 8:30."
"What for?"
"I must have at least an hour in the dressing room to rearrange my hair."

A Willing Witness.
"Did his actions have an air of verisimilitude?" the lawyer asked the witness.
"What was that, sir?"
"I say, did his conduct wear an air of verisimilitude?"
"Oh," replied the witness. "Sure! He was verisimilitudin' all around the place."—Saturday Evening Post

The Modern Way.
A couple of young men on the Marlow street crossing the other evening offered a new version of an old saw. After they had passed a couple of auburn-haired damsel one of the young men took his stand at the curb and gazed up and down the bridge.
"What are you looking for?" inquired his companion.
Pointing to the red-headed girl, the young man answered: "I'm trying to see a white automobile."—Youngstown Telegram.