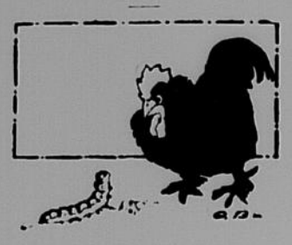
THE POLITE CHICKEN.



SAID THE ROOSTER AT 6:22,
"YOU ARE COURTLESS AWARE
THAT I CREW"
THOUGH AMAZEMENT YOU SHOW
I AM CERTAIN YOU KNOW
WHAT IT IS THAT WE EARLY
BIRDS DO ——"

In Perplexity.

"Michael Dolan, an' is it yourself?"

"Yes, sure it is."

"Well, ye know thot bletherin' spalpeen, Widdy Castigan's second husband?"

"That I do."

"He bet me a bob to a pint I couldn't swally an egg without breakin' the shell ov it."

"An' ye did it?"

"I did."

"Then phwat's ailin' ye?"

"It's doon there," laying his hand on the lower part of his waistcoat. "If I jump about I'll break it and cut me stomach wid the shell, an' if I kape quiet it'll hatch and I'll have a Shanghai rooster scratchin' me inside."

Admitted.

"Women already do a lot of governing," said Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, the brilliant suffrage leader, in an interview in New York. "Men, if they are observant and frank, admit that.

"An editor about to marry was asked by a friend:

"'What prompted you, old man, to propose to Miss Dash?'

"The editor, who was, like all editors, extremely observant and extremely frank, answered:

"'Well, to tell you the truth, I think Miss Dash prompted me more than anybody else.'"

Benny on Benevolence.

Benevolence is a great thing. When you have benevolence you cannot rest until you do something to make other people feel grateful to you. The other day my mamma went up into the attic to find a lot of old clothes to give to poor people who could not afford to buy any clothing for themselves. While she was hunting around she found a gold-headed cane worth $25 that grandpa had put up there 18 years ago, and forgot all about. Thus we see, dear friends, benevolence brings its own reward.—Benny.

The Way to Find Him.

"My wife and I are going to spend a few months with her people at Strong's Corners," said the meek little man, "and I want you to mail your paper to me—"

"Yes," said the clerk, "what's your name?"

"Well—er—to make sure, I guess you'd better address it: 'Mary Strong's Husband, Strong's Corners.'"

The MAN in LOWER TEN

by MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
AUTHOR of THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE
ILLUSTRATIONS by M. G. KETTNER

SYNOPSIS.

Lawrence Blakeley, lawyer, goes to Pittsburg with the forged notes in the Bronson case to get the deposition of John Gilmore, millionaire. In the latter's house he is attracted by the picture of a girl whom Gilmore explains is his granddaughter, Alison West. He says her father is a rascal and a friend of the forger. A lady requests Blakeley to buy her a Pullman ticket. He gives her lower eleven and retains lower ten. He finds a man in a drunken stupor in lower ten and goes to bed in lower nine. He awakens in lower seven 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. Together they go to the Carter farm for breakfast. The girl proves to be Alison West, his partner's sweetheart. Alison's peculiar actions mystify the lawyer. She drops her gold bag and Blakeley, unnoticed, puts it in his pocket. He returns home and learns from his landlady of strange happenings. Blakeley learns that a fellow victim of the wreck, is in the hospital.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

And there was no one I could talk to about it, no one to tell me how hideously absurd it was, no one to give me a slap and tell me there are tons of fine gold chains made every year, or to point out the long arm of coincidence!

With my one useful hand I fumbled the things back into the bag and thrust it deep out of sight among the pillows. Then I lay back in a cold perspiration. What connection had Alison West with this crime? Why had she stared so at the gun-metal cigarette case that morning on the train? What had alarmed her so at the farmhouse? What had she taken back to the gate? Why did she wish she had not escaped from the wreck? And last, in heaven's name, how did a part of her necklace become torn off and covered with blood?

Downstairs McKnight was still at the telephone, and amusing himself with Mrs. Klopton in the interval of waiting.

"Why did he come home in a gray suit, when he went away in a blue?" he repeated. "Well, wrecks are queer things, Mrs. Klopton. The suit may have turned gray with fright. Or perhaps wrecks do as queer stunts as lightning. Friend of mine once was struck by lightning; he and the caddy had taken refuge under a tree. After the flash, when they recovered consciousness, there was my friend in the caddy's clothes, and the caddy in his. And as my friend was a large man and the caddy a very small boy—"

McKnight's story was interrupted by the indignant slam of the dining room door. He was obliged to wait some time, and even his eternal cheerfulness was ebbing when he finally got the hospital.

"Is Dr. Van Kirk there?" he asked. "Not there? Well, can you tell me how the patient is whom Dr. Williams, from Washington, operated on last night? Well, I'm glad of that. Is she conscious? Do you happen to know her name? Yes, I'll hold the line."

There was a long pause, then McKnight's voice:

"Hello—yes. Thank you very much. Good-by."

He came upstairs, two steps at a time.

"Look here," he said, bursting into the room, "there may be something in your theory, after all. The woman's name—it may be a coincidence, but it's curious—her name is Sullivan."

"What did I tell you?" I said, sitting up suddenly in bed. "She's probably a sister of that scoundrel in lower seven and she was afraid of what he might do."

"Confound this arm," I said, paying for my energy with some excruciating throbs. "There's so much to be looked after, and here I am, bandaged, splintered, and generally useless. It's a beastly shame."

"Don't forget that I am here," said McKnight pompously. "And another thing, when you feel this way just remember there are two less desirable places were you might be. One is jail, and the other is—" He strummed on an imaginary harp, with devotional eyes.

But McKnight's light-heartedness jarred on me that morning. I lay and frowned under my helplessness. When by chance I touched the little gold bag, it seemed to scorch my fingers. Richey, finding me unresponsive, left to keep his luncheon engagement with Alison West. As he clattered down the stairs, I turned my back to the morning sunshine and abandoned myself to misery. By what strain on her frayed nerves was Alison West keeping up, I wondered?

But McKnight had not gone, after all. I heard him coming back, his voice preceding him, and I groaned with irritation.

"Wake up!" he called. "Somebody's sent you a lot of flowers. Please hold the box, Mrs. Klopton; I'm going out to be run down by an automobile."

I roused to feeble interest. My brother's wife is punctilious about such things; all the new babies in the family have silver rattles, and all the sick people flowers.

McKnight pulled up an armful of roses, and held them out to me.

"Wonder who they're from?" he said, tumbling in the box for a card. "There's no name—yes, here's one."

He held it up and read it with exasperating slowness.

"'Best wishes for an early recovery.
A COMPANION IN MISFORTUNE.'

"Well, what do you know about that!" he exclaimed. "That's something you didn't tell me, Lollie."

"It was hardly worth mentioning," I said mendaciously, with my heart beating until I could hear it. She had not forgotten, after all.

McKnight took a bud and fastened it in his buttonhole. I'm afraid I was not especially pleasant about it. They were her roses, and anyhow, they were meant for me. Richey left very soon, with an irritating final grin at the box.

"Good-by, sir woman-hater," he jeered at me from the door.

So he wore one of the roses she had sent me, to luncheon with her, and I lay back among my pillows and tried to remember that it was his game, anyhow, and that I wasn't even drawing cards. To remember that, and to forget the broken necklace under my head!

CHAPTER XIII.

Faded Roses.

I was in the house for a week. Much of that time I spent in composing and destroying letters of thanks to Miss West, and in growling at the doctor. McKnight dropped in daily, but he was less cheerful than usual. Now and then I caught him eyeing me as if he had something to say, but whatever it was he kept it to himself. Once during the week he went to Baltimore and saw the woman in the hospital there. From the description I had little difficulty in recognizing the young woman who had been with the murdered man in Pittsburg. But she was still unconscious. An elderly aunt had appeared, a gaunt person in black, who sat around like a buzzard on a fence, according to McKnight, and wept, in a mixed figure, into a damp handkerchief.

On the last day of my imprisonment he stopped in to thrash out a case that was coming up in court the next day, and to play a game of double solitaire with me.

"Who won the ball game?" I asked.

"We were licked. Ask me something pleasant. Oh, by the way, Bronson's out to-day."

"I'm glad I'm not on his bond," I said pessimistically. "He'll clear out."

"Not he," McKnight pouncéd on my ace. "He's no fool. Don't you suppose he knows you took those notes to Pittsburg? The papers were full of it. And he knows you escaped with your life and a broken arm from the wreck. What do we do next? The commonwealth continues the case. A deaf man on a dark night would know those notes were missing."

"Don't play so fast," I remonstrated. "I have only one arm to your two. Who is trailing Bronson? Did you try to get Johnson?"

"I asked for him, but he had some work on hand."

"The murder's evidently a dead issue," I reflected. "No, I'm not joking. The wreck destroyed all the evidence. But I'm firmly convinced those notes will be offered, either to us or to Bronson very soon. Johnson's a blackguard, but he's a good detective. He could make his fortune as a game dog. What's he doing?"

McKnight put down his cards, and rising, went to the window. As he held the curtain back his customary grin looked a little forced.

"To tell you the truth, Lollie," he said, "for the last two days he has been watching a well-known Washington attorney named Lawrence Blakeley. He's across the street now."

It took a moment for me to grasp what he meant.

"Why, it's ridiculous," I asserted. "What would they trail me for? Go over and tell Johnson to get out of there, or I'll pot at him with my revolver."

"You can tell him that yourself," McKnight paused and bent forward. "Hello, here's a visitor; a little man with string halt."

"I won't see him," I said firmly. "I've been bothered enough by reporters."

We listened together to Mrs. Klopton's expostulating tones in the lower hall and the creak of the boards as she came heavily up the stairs. She had a piece of paper in her hand torn from a pocket account-book, and on it was the name, "Mr. Wilson Budd Hotchkiss. Important business."

"Oh, well, show him up," I said resignedly. "You'd better put those cards away, Richey. I fancy it's the rector of the church around the corner."

But when the door opened to admit a curiously alert little man, adjusting his glasses with nervous fingers, my face must have shown my dismay.

It was the amateur detective of the Ontario!

I shook hands without enthusiasm. Here was the one survivor of the wrecked car who could do me any amount of harm. There was no hope that he had forgotten any of the incriminating details. In fact, he held in his hand the very note-book which contained them.

His manner was restrained, but it was evident he was highly excited. I introduced him to McKnight, who has the imagination I lack, and who placed him at once, mentally.

"I only learned yesterday that you had been—er—saved," he said rapidly. "Terrible accident—unspeakable. Dream about it all night and think about it all day. Broken arm?"

"No. He just wears the splint to be different from other people," McKnight drawled lazily. I glared at him; there was nothing to be gained by antagonizing the little man.

"Yes, a fractured humerus, which isn't as funny as it sounds."

"Humerus—humorous! Pretty good," he cackled. "I must say you keep up your spirits pretty well, considering everything."

"You seem to have escaped injury," I parried. He was fumbling for something in his pockets.

"Yes, I escaped," he replied abstractedly. "Remarkable thing, too. I haven't a doubt I would have broken my neck, but I landed on—you'll never guess what! I landed head first on the very pillow which was under inspection at the time of the wreck. You remember, don't you? Where did I put that package?"

He found it finally and opened it on a table, displaying with some theatricalism a rectangular piece of muslin and a similar patch of striped ticking.

"You recognize it?" he said. "The stains, you see, and the hole made by the dirk. I tried to bring away the entire pillow, but they thought I was stealing it, and made me give it up."

Richey touched the pieces gingerly. "By George," he said, "and you carry that around in your pocket! What if you should mistake it for your handkerchief?"

But Mr. Hotchkiss was not listening. He stood bent somewhat forward, leaning over the table, and fixed me with his ferret-like eyes.

"The Stains You See and the Hole Left by the Dirk."

"Have you seen the evening papers, Mr. Blakeley?" he inquired.

I glanced to where they lay unopened, and shook my head.

"Then I have a disagreeable task," he said with evident relish. "Of course, you had considered the matter of the man Harrington's death closed after the wreck. I did myself. As far as I was concerned, I meant to let it remain so. There were no other survivors, at least none that I knew of, and in spite of circumstances, there were a number of points in your favor.

"I verified your identity, for instance, as soon as I recovered from the shock. Also—I found on inquiring of your tailor that you invariably wore dark clothing."

McKnight came forward threateningly. "Who are you, anyhow?" he demanded. "And how is this any business of yours?" Mr. Hotchkiss was entirely unruffled.

"I have a minor position here," he said, reaching for a visiting card. "I am a very small patch on the seat of government, sir."

McKnight muttered something about certain offensive designs against the said patch and retired grumbling to the window. Our visitor was opening the paper with a tremendous expenditure of energy.

"Here it is. Listen." He read rapidly aloud:

"The Pittsburg police have sent to Baltimore two detectives who are looking up the survivors of the ill-fated Washington Flier. It has transpired that Simon Harrington, the Wood street merchant of that city, was not killed in the wreck, but was murdered in his berth the night preceding the accident. Shortly before the collision, John Flanders, the conductor of the Flier, sent this telegram to the chief of police:

"'Body of Simon Harrington found stabbed in his berth, lower ten, Ontario, at 6:30 this morning.

"'JOHN FLANDERS, Conductor.'

"It is hoped that the survivors of the wrecked car Ontario will be found, to tell what they know of the discovery of the crime.

"Mr. John Gilmore, head of the steel company for which Mr. Harrington was purchasing agent, has signified his intention of sifting the matter to the bottom."

"So you see," Hotchkiss concluded, "there's trouble brewing. You and I are the only survivors of that unfortunate car."

I did not contradict him, but I knew of two others, at least: Alison West, and the woman we had left beside the road that morning, babbling incoherently, her black hair tumbling over her white face.

"Unless we can find the man who occupied lower seven," I suggested.

"I have already tried and failed. To find him would not clear you, of course, unless we could establish some connection between him and the murdered man. It is the only thing I see, however. I have learned this much," Hotchkiss concluded: "Lower seven was reserved from Cresson."

Cresson! Where Alison West and Mrs. Curtis had taken the train!

McKnight came forward and suddenly held out his hand. "Mr. Hotchkiss," he said, "I—I'm sorry if I have been offensive. I thought when you came in, that, like the Irishman and the government, you were 'forninst' us. If you will put those cheerful relics out of sight somewhere, I should be glad to have you dine with me at the Incubator." (His name for his bachelor apartment.) "Compared with Johnson, you are the great original protoplasm."

The strength of this was lost on Hotchkiss, but the invitation was clear. They went out together, and from my window I watched them get into McKnight's car. It was raining, and at the corner the Cannonball skidded. Across the street my detective, Johnson, looked after them with his crooked smile. As he turned up his collar he saw me, and lifted his hat.

I left the window and sat down in the growing dusk. So the occupant of lower seven had got on the car at Cresson, probably with Alison West and her companion. There was some one she cared about enough to shield. I went irritably to the door and summoned Mrs. Klopton.

"You may throw out those roses," I said, without looking at her. "They are quite dead."

"They have been quite dead for three days," she retorted spitefully. "Euphemia said you threatened to dismiss her if she touched them."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Position Long in Family

Members Have Been Organist in English Church for More Than a Century.

A remarkable record has been commemorated at Teignmouth, England, by the presentation to Miss Linter, organist of the parish church of St. Michael, East Teignmouth, of an illuminated address and a purse of 130 sovereigns, subscribed by parishioners and others. The post of organist in the church has remained uninterruptedly in the Linter family since the year 1809, when Miss Linter's father, William Linter, became organist of the church.

The pet dog show at the Royal Horticultural hall, in London, drew a great crowd, chiefly of women, and the old familiar scenes of luxury were witnessed in every avenue of the nearly 1,000 pens. But all records in this direction were surpassed by the miniature iron bedstead, with mattress, sheets, blanket, quilt, hangings and all complete, in which a four-month-old Pekinese spaniel reposed. The smallest dog in the show was Messrs. Willson's miniature black-and-tan terrier. It weighed only two pounds two ounces, and was brought to the exhibition in a man's coat pocket. The lightest dog, however, was a Yorkshire terrier of one pound 14 ounces, with a delightfully groomed coat of silken fleece.

Consolation.

"That candidate insists that he was defeated by the trusts."

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum, "whenever a man gets the worst of it he likes to console himself with the idea that he had a mighty big antagonist."

The Church—Its Danger and Security

By REV. W. G. CURRY

TEXT—Awake, awake, put on thy strength; O Zion.—Isaiah LII. 1.

Jehovah spoke this when Judaism had fallen into great weakness. Enemies beset on every side. The church has often had its times of moral weakness. Deliverance always came. The slumbering giant not only awoke but exerted himself. A deep slumber prevailed when Christ came. Great systems of idolatry prevailed. The true God was nigh forgotten. The Saviour gathered a little band around him and sent them forth. With matchless strength they attacked the the powers and Satan's kingdom was shaken. Another crisis came—papal corruption. Pure Christianity slept beneath gaudy trappings of Catholicism, movements for freedom were watched, and dungeons were filled with those who dared look up. "Awake awake!" was sounded. Martin Luther arose to restore spirituality. Since then the truth has been gaining power. When we consider the facilities we have, the outlook is now hopeful.

There is another side.

I. The church is threatened with danger.

1. Danger from peculiar activity and excitability of the times in which we live—entirely an earnest age. New discoveries, new forces appearing. Law of change is everywhere. Wonderful schemes claim public attention. Science, art are ever presenting new questions. Our minds and hands are full; never was there more activity. It is not an unfortunate condition. We would not lock the wheels of progress, and remand the age back to the darkness of the past. In the midst of the excitement we are in danger of infection, unless there be a corresponding earnestness in Christian character. Our danger is inability to control these forces. We are too much controlled by them. We are being permeated by the spirit of the world, instead of permeating it with our spirit. We must show a religion full of life and energy—not a cold, sleepy religion.

2. The tendency to innovation. We believe all essentials are clearly revealed in the Scriptures. Yet we think more light and improved methods may be emipoyed. But from Germany comes a spirit that would say our foundations. It has found its way into our theological schools, and is poisoning the minds of the rising ministry. They tell us that reason and not faith must be the guide. They have discovered the Bible is an antiquated book, and the gospel too cold. They would take away the Bible as a perfect rule of faith and practise. The danger lies in having our minds alienated from the simplicity of the gospel, and a desire to seek the novelties. We need now more than ever before to cry for the old paths.

3. In danger from the increasing boldness and energy of the enemies of Christianity. We are no longer attacked by a few, but the ranks are strong and the infidelity declares its truths to be the only truths. It has never displayed so much determination. It is widespread and is with men in daily walks; is in politics, taints legislation, and has taken hold upon the public press. The world is flooded with its literature. Vast multitudes listen to infidelity's modern apostle.

In the light of all these facts have we not cause for alarm? Are we in a condition to successfully contend with these forces? The church is not putting forth her strength. She has had smooth sailing a long time, and sleeps.

II. What are the elements of strength.

1. Sound doctrine. In these days of laxness and insidiousness we need to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints. The doctrines of depravity, atonement and salvation by grace must be emphasized. Let this be done, and infidelity will not affect the religion of personal experience.

2. Spiritual life. We need a higher-toned spirituality, a religion that enters into all our social and business relations, giving color and shape to the daily life.

How shall this strength, which God calls on us to exert, be put on? It is not physical, but spiritual strength that we need. It must be put on upon our knees.

The Life of All Our Joys.

If there be one name sweeter than another in a believer's ear, it is the name of Jesus. Jesus! it is the name which moves the harps of heaven to melody. Jesus! the life of all our joys. If there be one name more charming, more precious than another, it is this name. It is woven into the very warp and woof of our psalody. Many of our hymns begin with it, and scarcely any that are good for anything end without. It is the sum total of all delights. It is the music with which the bells of heaven ring; a song in a word; an ocean for comprehension, although a drop for brevity; a matchless oratorio in two syllables; a gathering up of the hallelujahs of eternity in five letters.—C. A. Spurgeon.

His Saving Power.

Jesus said: "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth; go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen."

He displayed His wonderful power while here upon earth. His miracles were a definite attestation to His mission. He claims and exercises that saving, helping power—a power not now limited by physical conditions, as might have been charged in His earthly life, but a power which flows with authority from the mediatorial throne on which He reigns.

As Time Passes.

"Before you were married you used to send your wife flowers."

"Yes," replied Mr. Meekton. "Now it takes a diamond necklace to make her as enthusiastic as she used to be over a five-dollar bunch of roses."