The Man in Lower Ten

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. D. KEISER

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SYNOPSIS.

Lawrence Blakeley, lawyer, goes to Pittsburg with the foreign notes in the Brenner case to get the deposition of John Skinner, millionaire. A lady requests Blakeley to buy her a Pullman ticket. He gives her lower 11 and reclaims lower 10. He finds a drunken man in lower 10 and retires to lower 11. His awakening, later, and finds his clothes and hat missing, the man in lower 10 is found murdered. Circumstantial evidence points to both Blakeley and the man who stole his clothes. The train is wrecked and Blakeley is rescued from a burning car by a girl in blue. His arm is broken. The girl proves to be Allison West, his partner's sweetheart. Blakeley returns home and finds he is under surveillance. Moving pictures of the train taken just before the wreck reveal to Blakeley a man leaving from the train with his stolen grip. Investigation proves that the man's name is Sullivan. Mrs. Conway, the woman for whom Blakeley bought a Pullman ticket, tries to make a bargain with him for the forged notes, not knowing that they are missing. Blakeley and an amateur detective investigate the home of Sullivan's sister. From a servant Blakeley learns that Allison West had been there on a visit and Sullivan had been attentive to her. Sullivan is the husband of a daughter of the murdered man. Blakeley's house is ransacked by the police.

CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued.

He drew a chair near the lamp and lighted a cigarette, and for a time we were silent. I was in the shadow, and I sat back and watched him. It was not surprising, I thought, that she cared for him; women had always loved him, perhaps because he always loved them. There was no disloyalty in the thought; it was the lad's nature to give and crave affection. Only—I was different. I had never really cared about a girl before, and my life had been singularly loveless. I had fought a lonely battle always. Once before, in college, we had both laid ourselves and our callow devotions at the feet of the same girl. Her name was Dorothy—I had forgotten the rest—but I remembered the sequel. In a spirit of quixotic youth I had relinquished my claim in favor of Hickey, and had gone cheerfully on my way, elevated by my heroic sacrifice to a somber, white-hot martyrdom. As is often the case, McKnight's first words showed our parallel lines of thought.

"I say, Lollie," he asked, "do you remember Dorothy Browne? Brown-e! That was it!"

"Dorothy Browne?" I repeated. "Oh—why, yes, I recall her now. Why?"

"Nothing," he said. "I was thinking about her. That's all. You remember you were crazy about her, and dropped back because she preferred me."

"I got out," I said with dignity, "because you declared your would shoot yourself if she didn't go with you to something or other."

"Oh, why yes, I recall now!" he mimicked. He tossed his cigarette in the general direction of the hearth and got up. We were both a little conscious, and he stood with his back to me, fingering a Japanese vase on the mantel.

"I was thinking," he began, turning the vase around, "that, if you feel pretty well again, and—and ready to take hold, that I should like to go away for a week or so. Things are fairly well cleaned up at the office."

"Do you mean—you are going to Richmond?" I asked, after a scarcely perceptible pause. He turned and faced me, with his hands thrust in his pockets.

"No." That's off, Lollie. The Seiberts are going for a week's cruise along the coast. I—the hot weather has played bob with me and the cruise means seven days' breeze and bridge."

I lighted a cigarette and offered him the box, but he refused. He was looking haggard and suddenly tired. I could not think of anything to say, and neither could he, evidently. The matter between us lay too deep for speech.

"How's Candida?" he asked.

"Martin says a month, and she will be all right." I returned, in the same tone. He picked up his hat, but he had something more to say. He blurted it out, finally, half way to the door.

"The Seiberts are not going for a couple of days," he said, "and if you want a day or so off to go down to Richmond yourself—"

"Perhaps I shall," I returned, as indifferently as I could. "Not going yet, are you?"

"Yes. It is late." He drew in his breath as if he had something more to say, but the impulse passed. "Well, good night," he said from the doorway.

"Good night, old man."

The next moment the outer door slammed and I heard the engine of the Cannonball throbbing in the street. Then the quiet settled down around me again, and there in the lamplight I dreamed dreams. I was going to see her.

Suddenly the idea of being shut away, even temporarily, from so great and wonderful a world became intolerable. The possibility of arrest before I could get to Richmond was hideous, the night without end.

I made my escape the next morning through the stable back of the house, and then, by devious dark and winding ways, to the office. There, after a conference with Blobs, whose features fairly jerked with excitement, I double-locked the door of my private office and finished off some imperative work. By ten o'clock I was free, and for the twentieth time I consulted my train schedule. At five minutes after ten, with McKnight not yet in sight, Blobs knocked at the door, the double rap we had agreed upon, and on being admitted slipped in and quietly closed the door behind him. His eyes were glistening with excitement, and a purple dab of typewriter ink gave him a peculiarly villainous and stealthy expression.

"They're here," he said, "two of 'em, and that crazy Stuart wasn't on, and said you were somewhere in the building."

A door slammed outside, followed by steps on the uncarpeted outer office.

"This way," said Blobs, in a husky undertone, and, darting into a lavatory, threw open a door that I had always supposed locked. There was a back hall piled high with boxes, and past the presses of a bookbindery to the freight elevator.

Greatly to Blobs' disappointment, there was no pursuit. I was exhilarated, but out of breath when we emerged into an alleyway, and the sharp daylight shone on Blobs' excited face.

"Great sport, isn't it?" I panted, dropping a dollar into his palm, inked to correspond with his face. "Regular walk-away in the hundred-yard dash."

"Gimme two dollars more and I'll drop 'em down the elevator shaft," he suggested ferociously. I left him there with his blood-thirsty schemes, and started for the station. I had a tendency to look behind me now and then, but I reached the station unnoticed. The afternoon was hot, the train rolled slowly along, stopping to pant at sweltering stations, from whose roofs the heat rose in waves. But I noticed these things objectively, not subjectively, for at the end of the journey was a girl with blue eyes and dark brown hair—hair, that could—had I not seen it?—hung loose in bewitching tangles or be twisted into little coils of delight.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Sea, the Sand, the Stars.

I telephoned as soon as I reached my hotel, and I had not known how much I had hoped from seeing her until I learned that she was out of town. I hung up the receiver, almost dizzy with disappointment, and it was fully five minutes before I thought of calling up again and asking if she was within telephone reach. It seemed she was down on the bay staying with the Samuel Forbeses.

Sammy Forbes! It was a name to conjure with just then. In the old days at college I had rather flouted him, but now I was ready to take him to my heart. I remembered that he had always meant well, anyhow, and that he was explosively generous. I called him up.

"By the fumes of gasoline!" he said, when I told him who I was. "Blakeley, the Fount of Wisdom against Woman! Blakeley, the Great Unkissed! Welcome to our city!"

Whereupon he proceeded to urge me to come down to the Shack, and to say that I was an agreeable surprise, because four times in two hours youths had called up to ask if Alison West was stopping with him, and to suggest that they had a vacant day or two.

"Oh—Miss West!" I shouted politely. There was a buzzing on the line. "Is she there?"

Sam had no suspicions. Was not I in his mind always the Great Unkissed?—which sounds like the Great Unwashed and is even more of a reproach. He asked me down promptly, as I had hoped, and thrust aside my objections.

"Nonsense," he said. "Bring your best. The lady that keeps my boarding-house is calling to me to insist. You remember Dorothy, don't you, Dorothy Browne? She says unless you have lost your figure you can wear my clothes all right. All you need here is a bathing suit for daytime and a dinner coat for evening."

"It sounds cool," I temporized. "If you are sure I won't put you out—very well, Sam, since you and your wife are good enough. I have a couple of days free. Give my love to Dorothy until I can do it myself."

Sam met me himself and drove me out to the Shack, which proved to be a substantial house overlooking the water. On the way he confided to me that lots of married men thought they were contented when they were merely resigned, but that it was the only life, and that Sam, junior, could swim like a duck. Incidentally, he said that Alison was his wife's cousin, their respective grandmothers having, at proper intervals, married the same man, and that Alison would lose her good looks if she was not careful.

"I say she's worried, and I stick to it," he said, as he threw the lines to a groom and prepared to get out. "You know her, and she's the kind of girl you think you can read like a book. But you can't; don't fool yourself. Take a good look at her at dinner, Blake, you won't lose your head like the other fellows—and then tell me what's wrong with her. We're missing food at Allie's."

He went ponderously up the steps, for Sam had put on weight since I knew him. At the door he turned around. "Do you happen to know the MacLure's at Seal Harbor?" he asked irrelevantly. But Mrs. Sam came into the hall just then, both hands out to greet me, and, whatever Forbes had meant to say, he did not pick up the subject again.

"We are having tea in here," Dorothy said gaily, indicating the door behind her. "Tea by courtesy, because I think tea is the only beverage that isn't represented. And then we must dress, for this is hop night at the club."

"Which is as great a misnomer as the tea," Sam put in, ponderously struggling out of his linen driving coat. "It's bridge night, and the only hops are in the beer."

He was still gurgling over this as he took me upstairs. He showed me my room himself, and then began the fruitless search for evening raiment that kept me home that night from the club. For I couldn't wear Sam's clothes. That was clear after a perspiring seance of a half hour six inches," he sighed. "I never got into a hansom cab any more that I don't expect to see the horse fly up in the air. Well, Allie isn't going either. She turned down Granger this afternoon, the Annapolis plebe, pigeon-breasted chap—and she always gets a headache on those occasions."

He got up heavily and went to the door. "Granger is leaving," he said. "I may be able to get his dinner coat for you. How well do you know her?" he asked, with his hand on the knob.

"If you mean Dolly—"

"Allison."

Fairly well," I said cautiously. "Not as well as I would like to. I dined with her last week in Washington. And—I knew her before that."

Forbes touched a bell instead of going out, and told the servant who answered to see if Mr. Granger's suitcase had gone. If not, to bring it across the hall. Then he came back to his former position on the bed.

"You see, we feel responsible for Allie—near relation and all that," he began pompously. "And we can't talk to the people here at the house—all the men are in love with her, and all the women are jealous. Then—there's a lot of money, too, of course."

"Confound the money!" I muttered. "That is—nothing. Razor slipped."

"I can tell you," he went on, "because you don't lose your head over every pretty face—although Allie is more than that, of course. But about a month ago she went away—to Seal Harbor, to visit Janet MacLure. Know her?"

"She came home to Richmond yesterday, and then came down here—Allie, I mean. And yesterday afternoon Dolly had a letter from Janet—something about a second man—and saying she was disappointed not to have had Allison there, that she had promised them a two-weeks' visit! What do you make of that? And that isn't the worst; Allie herself wasn't in the room, but there were eight other women, and because Dolly had put belladonna in her eyes the night before to see how it would look, and as a result couldn't see anything nearer than across the room, some one read the letter aloud to her, and the whole story is out. One of the cats told Granger and the boy proposed to Allie today, to show her he didn't care a tinker's dam where she had been."

"Good boy!" I said, with enthusiasm, I liked the Granger fellow—since he was out of the running. But Sam was looking at me with suspicion.

"Blake," he said, "if I didn't know you for what you are, I'd say you were interested there yourself."

Being so near her, under the same roof, with even the tie of a dubious secret between us, was making me heady. I pushed Forbes toward the door.

"I interested!" I retorted, holding him by the shoulders. "There isn't a word in your vocabulary to fit my condition. I am an island in a sunlit sea of emotion, Sam, a—an empty place surrounded by longing—a—"

"An empty place surrounded by longing," he retorted. "You want your dinner, that's what's the matter with you—"

I shut the door on him then. He seemed suddenly sordid. Dinner, I thought! Although, as a matter of fact, I made a very fair meal when Granger's suit-case not having gone, in his cool calculating way, he threw me his own. It was finally fit for the amenities. Alison did not come down to dinner, so it was clear she would not go over to the clubhouse dance. I piled my injured arm, and a fictitious, vaguely located sprain from the wreck, as an excuse for remaining at home. Sam regaled the table with accounts of my distrust of women, my one love affair—with Dorothy; to which I responded, as was expected, that only my failure there had kept me single all these years, and that if Sam should be mysteriously missing during the bathing hour to-morrow, and so on.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"They're Here," He Said.

Perfectly True in Theory

Impossible to Refute Arguments Made as to the Uprightness of Mankind.

"Here is a curious paradox," said George. "If a thousand soldiers are drawn up in battle array on a plane"—they understand him to mean "plain"—"only one man will stand upright."

Nobody could see why. But George explained that, according to Euclid, a plane can touch a sphere only at one point, and that person only who stands at that point, with respect to the center of the earth, will stand upright.

"In the same way," he remarked, "if a billiard table were quite level—that is, a perfect plane—the balls ought to roll to the center."

Though he tried to explain this by placing a visiting card on an orange and expounding the law of gravitation, Mrs. Allgood declined to accept the statement. She could not see that the globe of a true billiard table must, theoretically, be spherical, just like a portion of the orange peel that George cut out. Of course, the table is so small in proportion to the surface of the earth that the curvature is not appreciable, but it is nevertheless true in theory. A surface that we call level is not the same as our idea of a true geometrical plane.

Made Oliver Herford Famous.

Oliver Herford first sprang into fame as a wit so long ago as when Mrs. James Brown-Potter, whose husband was a near relative of the late Bishop Potter, created a sensation by relinquishing home and family to go upon the stage. While the sensation was at its height the bishop, who felt that disgrace had been brought upon the Potter name by the lady's choice of a career, chanced at a dinner at the Players' club in New York to challenge anyone present to make a joke about him that was not a pun based on the very "to potter." Herford's response, "Actresses will happen in the best regulated families" won him the laurel wreath of the club and it has not yet gone out of his possession.—Frank M. White, in American Magazine.

Real Estate Exchange

Of WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL

Exchange Bank, Birmingham, Mich.

The following is a partial list of Farms, City and Village Lots, and Real Estate, generally which we have for sale. As our list is constantly changing, we request that parties will write us if they do not see what they want in this list.

5

Elegant house, and lot 66 feet front by 20 rods deep (⅓ acres) on East Maple Ave. Fine barns and every modern convenience—furnace, bath, closets, etc. Can be bought for what the buildings cost. Will exchange for improved city property for portion of the purchase price.

180

Wants to trade for 50 or 100 acres on or near electric. Ninety-four acres on e. Maple Ave. Fine barns and every modern; three buildings valued at $2,000 insured for $1,500; flowing well piped to barn; farm well adapted for stock or dairy. 1½ miles from electric at Troy Corners, where there are good schools and churches. Fare 17c to Detroit. $60 per acre.

180

Farm in Avon township; 85 acres of good clay loam, all cleared; small orchard, no buildings, small amount of fruit. For sale, or exchange for small farm.

194

Fifty acres in Township of Troy, adjoining the city limits. Has buildings, good house, basement barn, plenty of small fruit, orchard; excellent fruit soil. Five miles from Dividend H. R. two wells and fine spring. Price $4,000.

195

Fifteen acres in Township of Royal Oak; no buildings; small grove of maple timber; pretty black farm land, well drained, clay bottom; black top soil; corner of the Seven Mile and Campbell roads, 2 miles east of electric road; adjoins J. L. Hudson and Duffield tracts, which are selling for $500 per acre. 2½ miles north of State Fair grounds. Price $300 an acre. will exchange for Detroit property.

198

Ten acres, 1 mile east of Royal Oak village, excellent land; no fine apple orchard; no buildings. The price of this place is well fenced, and the price will enable your to build the kind of house you may require.

201

Fine two-story residence on Maple Ave., corner of High St.; 50 feet front, 132 feet deep. Has water heater, hot and cold bath, toilet, city gas; city water—every convenience. Cement walk to house. House would cost at least $3,000 to build today. Ask anyone to build it for less and see what they say. You can buy this beautiful home for $7,000, and have your own way about payments. Ask for man at the bank.

241

Fine new house with all modern conveniences within 300 feet of the west side of Woodward Ave.; eight rooms, bath, pantry, cellar; plenty of fruit. You could not build the house for $3,000, and that's all we ask for the premises. Well worth looking at.

244

If you could buy an acre and a quarter of land with a brick house equipped with hot and cold water, bath, watercloset, furnace, and every possible convenience, and beautifully shaded lawn, with plenty of fruit and cement walks—and the house alone cost $4,000—for $3,000 cash down, would you call it a snap, or wouldn't you? Well, we can do it. Come on and we'll show you.

247

About old-fashioned house and a cozy home at a reasonable price. House cost $2,000 to build in times when labor and material were cheaper. Have been offered about one acre of good garden with a substantial barn, two blocks from electric, but have decided to live west and will sell at a sacrifice. His price is $4,000, part cash—but we really think $3,500 in spot cash will buy it. Make us the offer if it suits you, and we will do our best for the rest of it.

270

House and lot, west side of Ann St., two-story frame cottage, cement block foundation, hot and cold water, bath, closet, furnace, and every modern convenience. Price $4,000. Fare 5c to Woodward Ave., $1,500; easy terms.

280

Farm of 23 acres in Troy—thirteen acres oak and maple timber, five acres orchard, four acres apples, seven buildings valued at $1,500, insured for $1,000. No waste land. Soil rich loam; flowing wells, tank and tank house; buildings fair, one-story frame cottage, with nine-room house with good cement basement under same. Just three miles from Detroit limits. $35 per acre will buy it, and the terms are easy, at low rate of interest.

281

Two very desirable lots in the Buell Addition, on boulevard, $225 each. Discount to the owner leaving town. Bound to go soon, as same class of lots in the neighborhood are selling for twice the money.

282

Lot 14 in Block 7, Campbell's Subdivision, on good improved road, close to Detroit; price $1,500. Nice cozy little home for some one with enough cash to make a small first payment.

283

Lots 22 and 24, Buell's Addition; one of the best locations in the whole plat; can be bought for $225 each, or a discount to the owner leaving town. Only $25 and the balance on land contract with easy payments.

294

ACREAGE—22 acres high and dry, in the village of Birmingham. Just the thing for platting. Street runs alongside and through the middle. One block from Woodward Ave. Price $2,000. Fare 25c. $2,000 will handle it. R. E. Dept. Exchange Bank, Birmingham, Michigan.

296

Nice eight-room house, built last year in Village of Royal Oak. One block from both electric railways. cellar, cistern, 120 feet front by 120 feet deep. Present owner $2,600, but will sell for $2,100.

297

Without exception, the finest farm for stock raising or dairying in the county. On the line of the Rochester electric. 15 miles from the city. Flowing wells, pond of nearly an acre of pure spring water furnishing an abundance of good water. Fine new nine-room house, new silo, barn 74x40, accommodation for 50 head of cattle, with cement floor; stable, milk house with flowing well, 15 acres timber, 245 rods new wire fence, 30 acres fall wheat, 120 acres of black loam land, and not a foot of waste land; pretty little creek runs through farm. Nothing finer on our list, and less than $100 per acre will buy it, on easy terms. There.

298

House, barn, wagon shop, blacksmith shop, two lumber sheds, two acres of land, fine orchard; buildings in good repair; 1½ miles from electric in Village of Franklin, prettiest village in Michigan. An exceptional opening for blacksmith and wagonmaker to make a good living in prosperous community. Best of reasons for selling, and $2,000 cash will buy it right off the bat.

302

Nice little farm of 63 acres, about a mile from the electric. And 1½ miles from Birmingham. Good buildings, beautiful view, four acres orchard, fine maples, pretty little brook, excellent gravel State road, twelve-room house just finished, fine new barn with accommodation for twenty cows, cement floor, ample hay room, good new stables; forty acres plow land, seventy acres timber—and a little over $100 per acre will buy it. Glad to show you any time, and if you don't love it you will not be out a little bit. Worth looking at, anyhow.

303

One of the nicest lots on the Buell Addition, facing on Woodward Ave., 50 feet frontage and 120 feet deep. Corner lot, and one of the most desirable building lots in the village. Can be bought for cash at a price that will surely appeal to any one—either for building purposes or at investment.

306

Two-story cottage on Campbell Addition, two blocks from electric, city water, cement walk, all modern conveniences; two-story, up-to-date residence, nine rooms, strictly modern, finest location in village. $2,700 above little mortgage will buy it. Ask us about it.

316

New brick house, two blocks from electric; bath, closet, furnace, city water, fine location, all modern conveniences; two-story, up-to-date residence, nine rooms, strictly modern, finest location in village. $2,700 above little mortgage will buy it. Ask us about it.

318

A cozy, convenient home which cost $2,000 to build and which we will sell in one of the best residence localities in Birmingham, and would not be sold but for the condition of health. But that's your good fortune and no fault of the owner, and you'll get $1,600 and no grumbling. Terms easy and long time to the right kind of a purchaser.

320

Excellent business chances in a small village. Store and dwelling, 1½ acres, no buildings. A fine chance for some one with small means, unable to do hard labor, to get a good living and something besides. Wealthy farming community, and a good chance to secure local trade in the same locality. The price is $1,600, and the terms can be made easy for any one who will give us cash to secure loan. Ice house, barn, wood-shed, seven-room house, shed cellar, well, and good brick cistern. Particulars for the asking.

321

Fine farm of 76 acres in the midst of the Bloomfield Hills, a little over a mile from the electric; nearly all tillable; eight-room stone house, two basement barns, woodshed, ice house, hog house, two hen houses, tool house; wind mill supplies best water, never failing; piped to house and barns; rich, grassy, loamy soil; about five acres pretty little grove and hickory. No waste land. Price $100 per acre. Terms easy.

323

If quality in farming lands be what you are looking for, here it is. One mile from the electric, on excellent gravel road, 66 acres, well fenced; and has fine new brick house with furnace; two best flowing wells in the country; basement barn 30x60, nearly new; hen house with cement floor, corn crib, horse barn, hay shed, tool house. Not a foot of waste land, and well known for the productiveness. fully one-half of the Farms in the immediate neighborhood (adjoining) have sold for $150 per acre, but we will sell this for less.

324

Ninety-two acres a mile east of the electric in Royal Oak; ten-room house, five other buildings; two acres apple and peach orchard; sandy loam. And listen here: $2,500 will buy it, and the balance of the purchase price can run one long time at low rate of interest. Let's look it over.

326

Eight and one-half acres just outside of the corporate limits of Royal Oak village. An acre of fine fruit, seven-room house—bath, toilet, cellar, hot-water heater, gully conveyance. Price $4,750, or would trade for Birmingham, good improved.

329

Wait a minute! Here it is. Five acres of excellent land, good house—seven rooms, cellar, cistern, pixie shade, new barn 16x24, chicken house 10x18; fifty apples, one cherries, four peaches—all in good bearing; taxes $25, year. 80 rods from electric hourly service to Detroit; fare 18 cents to City Hall. Good roads, fine soil; no waste land. Price $2,500, or will trade for a country home of more value. Ask your heart.

330

Fine farm of 330 acres, three miles from Birmingham; seven-room house, six buildings; twenty acres orchard—apple, pear, and peach; fifteen acres timber; soil a gravelly loam and very productive. Price considerably less than $100 per acre, and land in the immediate neighborhood has sold for double the price within the year.

331

House, barn, lot 60 feet front and 320 feet deep, on one of the most desirable locations in the village. Fronts on two streets, and can be adapted to the building of two more houses without crowding. At $3,000 you can't lose any money on this offer; keep with real estate going up, all the time.

332

Twenty acres with good buildings; two acres fine orchard; eight-room two-story house, barn 24x36, and other buildings; two miles from steam and electric cars; fine location in best farming community on earth. Best reasons for selling at $4,000. Will trade for house and lot; the buildings alone are worth $3,000—couldn't be replaced for that money. Ask your best friend. Well talk about it, write about it or take you to see it if you will only let us.

335

Will exchange for small farm, near Birmingham, building lots or cottage in the best part of Birmingham; twelve rooms, bath, water-closet, hot and cold water, fine barn. Two blocks from the electric. Price $5,000. Terms easy. Plenty of fruit. One of the best equipped homes in the village. Hurry up before he plants his garden.

336

Twenty-five acres, 1½ miles from Rochester; fine new nine-room house, two sheds, excellent land in high state of cultivation; easy terms. Price $2,500.

339

Five desirable lots on Woodward Ave., running back to frontage on street one block from Woodward Ave., nine-room house, bath, closet, hot and cold water, good barn 20x40. Plenty of room for garden and chickens. Fine location, good trade, and the price so low we are ashamed to tell it. Come and see us and make us an offer. Terms easy.

341

Built little farm of sixty-four acres, three-quarters of a mile from the electric at Birmingham; six acres of raspberries, new wire fence, excellent drainage; house seven rooms; all buildings in excellent repair; barn 30x40, stanchions for ten cows, cement floor; another barn 24x30 for horses and hay, with carriage house, corn crib, chicken houses, pig pens, etc., to your heart's content. One-quarter acre new strawberry patch, just in its prime. On new State road. Take you to see it? Won't cost you anything, whether you buy or not.

343

Good little farm of 38 acres in the Township of Southfield. Old-fashioned ten-room house, with cellar under whole house. Barn 35x60, and stable for four horses and ten cows. Cement floor to granary. Corn crib, poultry house, tool shed. Land well drained, and all good tillable land; well fenced, fine fruit farming. Price $2,800, and terms easy—but no trade at this price.

344

New modern house—two-story and attic—with lot 66x180 on Maple Ave., city water, bath, toilet, electric light, hot-air furnace, fireplace, laundry, bath, closets, hot and cold water—every possible convenience, and owing to the owner being compelled to change his residence, we will sell at greatly below cost. Will cost you nothing to investigate—and the price is right.

346

Cheapest farm on our list—160 acres in Township of Southfield, 2½ miles from electric, six Birmingham, twelve Detroit. Seventy acres fall wheat, one half heavier soil, eight acres orchard; house, barn and other buildings, rolling land, fine shade, beautiful location, well fenced. But wait! The price is only $40 per acre, and will exchange for Detroit improved on west side.

347

Forty acres just outside of the village of Birmingham in the Township of Southfield; 2½ miles from electric, six Birmingham, twelve Detroit. Seventy acres fall wheat, one half heavier soil, eight acres orchard; house, barn and other buildings, rolling land, fine shade, beautiful location, well fenced. But wait! The price is only $40 per acre, and will exchange for Detroit improved on west side.

348

House and two lots, two blocks from electric, Woodward Ave.; 132 feet front and 188 feet deep. City water, eight-room house, bath and all modern conveniences; barn. Would exchange for almost anything. Let us take you to the owner and you can see it for yourself. Don't that sound honest and square?

349

Three vacant lots in the Castle Addition. Ethelocation for residence building and now zoned for same. Will sell at $300 each, but just for fun we will sell the three in a bunch for $1,000.

350

A classic among the farms! 160 acres half a mile from Birmingham and ten rods from the electric; just on the edge of the Bloomfield Hills district. Pretty little streams, no waste land, and plenty of wood; well watered, beautiful shade and ample barns; well fenced and the most productive land in the country. Will sell in parcels if necessary. The price is right, and when we take you to see it you will say the price is right, too.

352

Forty-two acre farm about half a mile from the village of Royal Oak on the pretty little branch of the River Rouge, with overhanging elms, no waste land, good, new, comfortable buildings, land under high state of cultivation. Couldn't improve on it. Ideal place for an ideal country residence. Land in the immediate vicinity has sold this season for $200 an acre, and this is the best tile this can be bought for $7,500. That's different, too. But there's a reason. Ask us.

353

Ideal little place for a country house and fine grounds. A mile and a half by line road to the electric. Mile and a half from the village limits. No buildings—they wouldn't suit you if they were any. Well fenced, no waste land, on four corners in excellent neighborhood. Five acres—half acre, nearly, and can be bought right.

354

One of the best equipped and loveliest little farms on our list. Forty-two acres, all under cultivation—ten rooms, furnace, bath, toilet, hot and cold water, city water, what a view! Beautiful grove of native trees, sixteen acres of best kind of fruit, and nothing into keeping splendid new barns and carriage house, just outside the village limits. Also under the finest high state of the vicinity about twenty rods from the electric, and it can be bought for less than the buildings cost. Let's you and I go and look at it at our expense.

355

A fine farm of two hundred and twenty-six acres only a mile and a half from the corporate limits of Birmingham and one of the very finest farms in this county of fine farms. Six good buildings in very good shape, five acres of excellent orchard, seventy acres of timber, two sets of buildings, and the farm can be divided so that each one would be a farm in this respect. Rich, loamy soil, well watered, and no waste land. For one good hay meadow in the immediate neighborhood for fifty per cent more than this farm is held. Pull your pocket book for the asking, and if you prefer we will take you to see the farm and let you make your own bargain.

356

One of the best of Bloomfield farms. Sixty-six acres, with good buildings, all in excellent repair; some of the buildings rebuilt, good fences, finest little creek you ever saw runs through the farm, about three acres of fine orchard, plenty of shade, and the price is right. Take you to see it any time at all.

357

Three vacant lots on the Buell Addition in Birmingham, 60x120 each; one block from electric, high, dry and sandy, and we will sell them together or separately as you wish.

358

Fine new cement house on Woodward Ave., Birmingham; only $2,500. Has hot and cold water, furnace, porch, screens, storm house, fine location; 250 feet deep. House cost $3,500 to build, and a very little more would buy the whole business.

359

Eight-room, two-story house on Middle St.; bath, closet, hot and cold water, Peninsular furnace, one block from the electric, fine shade, high, dry building hood, quiet and clean. Walk over with us and look the place over some afternoon or these fine mornings. Come on!

360

New house on Merrill St., one block from postoffice and electric; eight rooms, bath, closet, hot and cold water, furnace, hardwood finish, cement walks, fine shade, Peninsular stove, and the price is $2,400. Well, look it over, and if you think you can build the house for that you can collect for all the houses we build hereafter.

Nothing Can Replace Love.

Who cares for germs that lurk in kisses when the trees cast shadows over benches, and the moon, sympathetic creature, hides her beams among friendly clouds?

Man may invent a flying machine which will sweep the now populous and ubiquitous automobile to the junk heap. Statesmen may be able to arrange a tariff which will reduce the cost of living to a normal scale. Physicians and surgeons may eliminate certain diseases and substitute good feelings for the present bodily infirmities. Inventors may utilize electricity in such practical fashion that all other motive forces will be discarded and forgotten. Tablets of rich, nutritive qualities and rare flavor may eventually solve the servant girl problem. But what can take the place of love, real, all-woolband-a-yard-wide love, the sort our grandmothers used to make?