

SERIAL STORY

When a Man Marries

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The Man in Lower Ten, Etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

James Wilson of Jimmy as he is called by his friends. Jimmy was a young man and looked shorter than he really was. His ambition in life was to be taken seriously, but people steadily refused to do so. His art is considered a huge joke, except to himself. If he asked people to dinner everyone expected a frolic. Jimmy marries Bella Knowles; they live together a year and are divorced. Jimmy's friends arrange to celebrate the first anniversary of his divorce. Those who attend the party are Miss Katherine McNair, who every one calls Kit, Mr. and Mrs. Dallas Brown, the Misses Mercer, Maxwell Reed and a Mr. Thomas Harbison, a South American civil engineer. The party is in full swing when Jimmy receives a telegram from his Aunt Selma, who will arrive in four hours to visit him and his wife. Jimmy gets his funds from Aunt Selma and after he marries she doubles his allowance. He neglects to tell her of his divorce, as she is opposed to it. Jimmy takes Kit into his confidence, he tries to devise some way so that his aunt will not learn that he has no longer a wife. He suggests that Kit play the hostess for one night, he Mrs. Wilson pro tem. Kit refuses, but is finally prevailed upon to act the part.

CHAPTER III.

I Might Have Known It.

The minute I had consented I regretted it. After all, what were Jimmy's troubles to me? Why should I help him impose on an unsuspecting elderly woman? And it was only putting off discovery anyhow. Sooner or later, she would learn of the divorce, and—just at that instant my eyes fell on Mr. Harbison—Tom Harbison, as Anne called him. He was looking on with an amused, half-puzzled smile, while people were rushing around hiding the roulette wheel and things of which Miss Caruthers might disapprove, and Betty Mercer was on her knees winding up a toy bear that Max had brought her. What would he think? It was evident that he thought badly of us already—that he was contemptuously amused, and then to have to ask him to lend himself to the deception!

With a gasp I hurried myself after Jimmy, only to hear a strange voice in the hall and to know that I was too late. I was in for it, whatever was coming. It was Aunt Selma who was coming—along the hall, followed by Jim, who was mopping his face and trying not to notice the paralyzed silence in the library.

Aunt Selma met me in the doorway. To my frantic eyes she seemed to tower above us by at least a foot, and beside her Jimmy was a red, perspiring cherub.

"Here she is," Jimmy said, from behind a temporary eclipse of black cloak and traveling bag. He was on top of the situation now, and he was mendaciously cheerful. He had not said, "Here is my wife." That would have been a lie. No, Jimmy merely said, "Here she is." If Aunt Selma chose to think me Bella, was it not her responsibility? And if I chose to accept the situation, was it not mine? Dallas Brown came forward gravely as Aunt Selma folded over and kissed me, and surreptitiously patted me with one hand while he held out the other to Miss Caruthers. I loathed him!

"We always expect something unusual from James, Miss Caruthers," he said, with his best manner, "but this—this is beyond our wildest dreams."

Well, it's too awful to linger over. Anne took her upstairs and into Bella's bedroom. It was a fancy of Jim's to leave that room just as Bella had left it, dusty dance cards and favors hanging around and a pair of discarded slippers under the bed. I don't think it had been swept since Bella left it. I believe in sentiment, but I like it brushed and dusted and the cobwebs off of it, and when Aunt Selma put down her bonnet, it stirred up a gray white cloud that made her cough. She did not say anything, but she looked around the room grimly, and I saw her run her finger over the back of a chair before she let Hannah, the maid, put her cloak on it.

Anne looked frightened. She ran into Bella's bath and wet the end of a towel and when Hannah was changing Aunt Selma's collar—her concession to evening dress—Anne wiped off the obvious places on the furniture.

"What's that young woman's name?" she asked me sharply, when Anne had taken the towel out to hide it.

"Anne Brown, Mrs. Dallas Brown," I replied meekly. Every one replied meekly to Aunt Selma.

"Does she live here?"

"Oh, no," I said airily. "They are here to dinner, she and her husband. They are old friends of Jim's—and mine."

"Seems to have a good eye for dirt," said Aunt Selma and went on fastening her brooch. When she was

finally ready, she took a bead purse from somewhere about her waist and took out a half-dollar. She held it up before Hannah's eyes.

"Tomorrow morning," she said sternly, "you take off that white cap and that foie-rol apron and that black henrietta cloth, and put on a calico wrapper. And when you've got this room aired and swept, Mrs. Wilson will give you this."

Hannah took two steps back and caught hold of a chair; she stared helplessly from Aunt Selma to the half-dollar, and then at me. Anne was trying not to catch my eye.

"And another thing," Aunt Selma said, from the head of the stairs, "I sent those towels over from Ireland. Tell her to wash and bleach the one Mrs. What's-her-name Brown used as a duster."

Anne was quite crushed as we went down the stairs. I turned once, half-way down, and her face was a curious mixture of guilt and hopeless wrath. Over her shoulder I could see Hannah, wide-eyed and puzzled, staring after us.

Jim presented everybody, and then he went into the den and closed the door and we heard him unlock the cellarette. Aunt Selma looked at Lella's bare shoulders and said she guessed she didn't take cold easily, and conversation rather languished. Max Reed was looking like a thundercloud, and he came over to me with a lowering expression that I had learned to dread in him.

"What fool nonsense is this?" he demanded. "What in the world possessed you, Kit, to put yourself in such an equivocal position? Unless"—he stopped and turned a little white—"unless you are going to marry Jim."

I am sorry for Max. He is such a nice boy, and good looking, too, if only he were not so fierce, and did not want to make love to me. No matter what I do, Max always disapproves of it. I have always had a deeply rooted conviction that if I should ever in a weak moment marry Max, he would disapprove of that, too, before I had done it very long.

"Are you?" he demanded, narrowing his eyes—a sign of unusually bad humor.

"Am I what?"

"Going to marry him?"

"If you mean Jim," I said with dignity, "I haven't made up my mind yet. Besides, he hasn't asked me."

Aunt Selma had been talking wom-



Guessed She Didn't Take Cold Easily.

an's suffrage in front of the fireplace, but now she turned to me.

"Is this the vase Cousin Jane Whitcomb sent you as a wedding present?" she demanded, indicating a hideous urn-shaped affair on the mantel. It came to me as an inspiration that Jim had once said it was an ancestral urn, so I said without hesitation that it was. And because there was a pause and every one was looking at us, I added that it was a beautiful thing.

Aunt Selma sniffed.

"Hideous!" she said. "It looks like Cousin Jane, shape and coloring."

Then she looked at it more closely, pounced on it, turned it upside down and shook it. A card fell out, which Dallas picked up and gave her with a bow. Jim had come out of the den and was dancing wildly around and beckoning to me. By the time I had made out that that was not the vase Cousin Jane had sent us as a wedding present, Aunt Selma had examined the card. Then she glared across at me, and stooping, put the card in the fire. I did not understand at all, but I knew I had in some way done the unforgivable thing. Later, Dal told me it was her card, and that she had sent the vase to Jim at Christmas, with a generous check inside. When she straightened from the fireplace, it was to a new theme, which she attacked with her usual vigor. The vase incident was over, but she never forgot it. She proved that she never did when she sent me two urn-shaped vases with Paul and Virginia on them, when I—that is, later on.

"The cause in England has made great strides," she announced from the fire place. "Soon the hand that rocks the cradle will be the hand that actually rules the world." Here she looked at me.

"I'm not up on such things," Max said blandly, having recovered some of his good humor, "but— isn't it usually a foot that rocks the cradle?"

Aunt Selma turned on him and Mr. Harbison, who were standing together, with a snort.

"What have you, or you, ever done for the independence of woman?" she demanded.

Mr. Harbison smiled. He had been looking rather grave until then. "We have at least remained unmarried," he retorted. And then dinner was again announced.

He was to take me out, and he came across the room to where I sat

collapsed in a chair, and bent over me.

"Do you know," he said, looking down at me with his clear, disconcerting gaze, "do you know that I have just grasped the situation? There was such a noise that I did not hear your name, and I am only realizing now that you are my hostess! I don't know why I got the impression that this was a bachelor establishment, but I did. Odd, wasn't it?"

I positively couldn't look away from him. My features seemed frozen, and my eyes were glued to his. As for telling him the truth—well, my tongue refused to move. I intended to tell him during dinner if I had an opportunity: I honestly did. But the more I looked at him and saw how candid his eyes were, and how stern his mouth might be, the more I shivered at the plunge. And, of course, as everybody knows now, I didn't tell him at all. And every moment I expected that awful old woman to ask me what I paid my cook, and when I had changed the color of my hair—Bella's being black.

Dinner was a half-hour late when we finally went out, Jimmy leading off with Aunt Selma, and I, as hostess, trailing behind the procession with Mr. Harbison. Dallas took in the two Mercer girls, for we were one man short, and Max took Anne. Lella Mercer was so excited that she wriggled, and as for me, the candles and the orchids—everything—danced around in a circle, and I just seemed to catch the back of my chair as it flew past. Jim had ordered away the wines and brought out some weak and cheap Chianti. Dallas looked gloomy at the change, but Jim explained in an undertone that Aunt Selma didn't approve of expensive vintages. Naturally, the meal was glum enough.

Aunt Selma had had her dinner on the train, so she spent her time in asking me questions the length of the table, and in getting acquainted with me. She had brought a bottle of some sort of medicine downstairs with her, and she took a claret glassful, while she talked. The stuff was called Pomona: Shall I ever forget it?

It was Mr. Harbison who first noticed Takahiro. Jimmy's Jpp had been the only thing in the menage that Bella declared she had hated to leave. But he was doing the strangest things: His little black eyes shifted nervously, and he looked queer.

"What's wrong with him?" Mr. Harbison asked me finally, when he saw that I noticed. "Is he ill?"

Then Aunt Selma's voice from the other end of the table:

"Bella," she called, in a high shrill tone, "do you let James eat cucumbers?"

"I think he must be," I said hurriedly aside to Mr. Harbison. "See how his hands shake!" But Aunt Selma would not be ignored.

"Cucumbers and strawberries," she repeated impressively. "I was saying, Bella, that cucumbers have always given James the most fearful indigestion. And yet I see you serve them at your table. Do you remember what I wrote you to give him when he has his dreadful spells?"

I was quite speechless; every one was looking, and no one could help. It was clear Jim was racking his brain, and we sat staring desperately at each other across the candles. Everything I had ever known faded into me; eight pairs of eyes bored into me, Mr. Harbison's politely amused.

"I don't remember," I said at last. "Really, I don't remember—" Aunt Selma smiled in a superior way.

"Now, don't you recall it?" she insisted. "I said: 'Baking soda in water taken internally for cucumbers; baking soda in water externally, rubbed on, when he gets that dreadful, itching strawberry rash.'"

I believe the dinner went on. Somebody asked Aunt Selma how much overcharge she had paid in foreign hotels, and after that she was as harmless as a dove.

Then halfway through the dinner we heard a crash in Takahiro's pantry, and when he did not appear again, Jim got up and went out to investigate. He was gone quite a little while, and when he came back he looked worried.

"Sick," he replied to our inquiring glances. "One of the maids will come in. They have sent for a doctor."

Aunt Selma was for going out at once and "fixing him up," as she put it, but Dallas gently interfered.

"I wouldn't, Miss Caruthers," he said, in the deferential manner he had adopted toward her. "You don't know what it may be. He's been looking spotty all evening."
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Of Such Is Fame.

"You remember when Tupper was a tow-headed, freckle-faced boy at school?"

"Sure."

"You didn't think then that you would ever see his name blazoned from one end of the country to the other?"

"I certainly did not."

"And yet today thousands of billboards extol the virtues of Tupper's peerless soap."

A Tragic Victory.

"Jim was informed that he won the beautiful Angora cat offered as a prize in the bazaar. He was delighted."

"I don't see why he was delighted at what was a literal disaster."

"Disaster to win such a valuable pet?"

"Well, you must admit it was a cat as trophy."

Impossible.

The car conductor wears a frown
He daily sees
He cannot make the hobble gown
Step lively, please.

RECORD OF RAINFALL

Value Increases as Facts Thus Gathered Accumulate.

After Growth Has Begun Development of Plant Is Largely a Matter of Adequate Water Supply, and Heat.

(By D. A. SEELEY.)

From seed time to harvest the tiller of the soil is continually dependent upon the weather. There is little use of sowing the seed unless the soil is in the right state as regards warmth and moisture to start the process of germination, as the germ in the seed will decay if the ground is too wet and cold, or will dry up and die under the effects of a parching sun.

After growth has begun, the development of the plant is largely a matter of adequate water supply and heat, granted that the soil is fertile and properly cultivated. Careful experiments have shown that a water supply of about 300 pounds is required for the production of one pound of corn. This amount of water must be carried up through the roots of the corn plant, distributed through its cell structure, and evaporated through its surface of stalk and leaves, in order that one pound of corn may grow and ripen.

With but half the required water supply needed for complete development, the plant will reach only half its normal size and weight. If the weather is cold and cloudy, a plant cannot grow normally. It is true that some forms of vegetation survive the temperature of the frigid zone, but it is equally well known that the growth here is stunted and sickly, compared with that found in temperate and tropical regions.

Decided benefits may be derived at times if, through the aid of proper instruments, weather changes can be foreseen, and a properly exposed rain gauge is the best indicator of the amount of rain that falls at any time.

Keeping a rainfall record is one of the most interesting tasks that a farmer or gardener can undertake. By adding the depth of each rainfall to the combined depths of those preceding, he may find exactly what the season's supply has been, and by noting the condition of a given crop from time to time he may be able to form an idea as to how it has been affected by the moisture received. Furthermore, the preservation of these records will enable him to compare the rainfall and crop conditions for any season with those of other seasons.

An cylindrical vessel exposed in an open space, where surrounding trees or buildings are far enough away not to stop the rain, will indicate the amount of rainfall. An ordinary tin can with straight sides will serve the purpose, if the top be entirely removed.

It is obvious that the depth of water collected in a vessel having flaring sides would not represent the actual rainfall; and it is also evident that the correct catch would not be obtained, even with a good gauge, if it were placed under the eaves of a building or near a wall or tree which would shelter it.

The rainfall is measured regularly, morning and evening, by inserting a rule and observing how high the rule is wetted. The ordinary rule, marked off in eighths and sixteenths of an inch, may be used; but in order to compare the results with the records of the weather bureau, it is well to use a rule marked off in tenths of an inch.

Such a simple rain gauge has this objection: that the rainfall in any one day is frequently so small that it cannot be measured with much accuracy. To obviate this difficulty, the receiving vessel may be made with a funnel-shaped bottom, to which is attached, below, a tube with an opening whose area is one-tenth of the receiving vessel. A rainfall which would measure one inch in the upper vessel will then measure ten inches in the measuring tube; the readings therefore can be more accurately made. The readings taken from the measuring tube must, of course, be divided by 10, in order to get the actual rainfall.

The Diving Rod.

In speaking of the diving rod Professor Fuller of National State Agricultural Department of Geology, says: "No appliance, either mechanical or electrical, has yet been devised that will detect water in places where plain common sense will not show its presence just as well. The uselessness of the diving rod is indicated by the fact that it may be worked at will by the operator, but he fails to detect strong water currents in tunnels and other free courses that afford no surface indications of water, and that his locations in regions where water flows in well-defined channels are no more successful than mere guesses. In fact, its operators are successful only in regions where ground water occurs in a definite sheet in porous material. In such regions few failures to find water can occur, for wells can get water almost anywhere."

Treatment for Azoturia.

Horses that have a tendency to kidney trouble, often manifest in azoturia, may be helped quite a bit by giving them a dose of saltpeter now and then. In severe cases, where the limbs are affected with the overflow of albumen, an excellent medicine is Fowler's solution put on the oats or ground feed. The dose should be increased from a teaspoonful at first to a tablespoonful given twice a day.

GETTING USE OF UNDERFLOW

Man Who Has Subterranean Supply of Water in Easy Pumping Reach Has Many Advantages.

The more one examines into the irrigation problems of the west the more deeply he becomes impressed with the advantages possessed by the man who has a subterranean supply in easy pumping reach. He need not envy the possessor of a flowing artesian well for the first cost of the latter is heavy and there is no certainty as to when the pressure will ease up and it becomes necessary to attach a pump to the receding flow. The paramount advantage is that water secured by pumping is applied direct to the farmer's own system of distribution and there is little loss by evaporation or seepage.

The flow is benefiting the land from the mouth of the well to the end of the smallest lateral, writes R. B. Rose in the Field and Farm. The next important advantage is that he controls the supply absolutely and can start his pump at the hour the water is most needed—not waiting his turn at the canal supply source. If this farmer will cultivate thoroughly and apply the water with intelligence his soil will produce such crops that a comparatively small acreage will satisfy his ambitions. You could not get him to set a price on his acres unless he had made a fortune and had in mind permanent relinquishment of farming as a business.

One of the most practical demonstrations of the benefits of the pumping system is to be found in this country in the rice fields of Louisiana and Texas. In addition to the great canal systems that furnish a supply for thousands upon thousands of acres, there are more than 2,000 pumping wells, each capable of irrigating from forty to one hundred and twenty acres of rice. It takes a great deal of water to raise a rice crop and these growers pump the water from a depth of seventy feet on the average. How many thousands of acres of our rich arid soil are underlaid with an abundant water supply at similar depths? Look into the matter and you will be astounded. If it pays to pump water on a rice crop that returns growers from twenty-five to forty dollars an acre, how about our fruit, vegetable and alfalfa lands that can annually produce crops worth from \$50 to \$500 an acre?

But it is not necessary to go so far for object lessons and positive proof of the profit in pumping irrigation water. We have a good many installations all around us in successful operation. The lands in these sections will grow any crop desired. A few dollars an acre for a reliable water supply applied while you wait is a secondary consideration. In the eastern, southern and many northern states the agriculturist and fruit grower thinks nothing of spending twenty to thirty dollars an acre for fertilizers to boost his crop. It pays handsomely, and that is all he cares to know. It is just the same with irrigation. Whatever the water costs it pays in the long run. The farmer whose land does not come under some ditch supply, or who cannot obtain an artesian flow, has still this resource—if his land is in the right place. If all the acres that come within the range of these various sources of water supply were tilled the remainder could be relegated to range purposes or left barren.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

Wheat bran will keep the bowels in good condition.

The sunshine should come into every stable through large windows.

Irregularity in time of feeding and quantity will cause indigestion.

Every window should have shutters to close tightly at night to keep the cold out.

An ignorant, ill-tempered, loud-voiced man should never be tolerated in any stable.

Young animals require a certain amount of warmth, but this must not be at the expense of fresh air.

Do not neglect to give each horse a chance to drink the last thing at night, even if the weather is cool.

Unless a man is especially adapted by nature to handle horses, he should raise only draft breeds and sell them unhandled.

A horse that is thirsty all night will lose in condition, as compared with one watered frequently, and the last thing at night.

A little shelled corn mixed in with the ground feed you give your horses will help to keep them from swallowing their food too fast.

Don't leave the ice and mud freeze on the horses' ankles when you come home from town, unless you want them to have rheumatism.

A juicy wether hung up in a cold, dry place will provide choice dinners for the family until it is used up. Don't forget to have mashed turnips and butter with it.

Wean gradually by giving the colt a little grain ration while it is yet suckling; give it plenty of exercise and good muscle-forming feeds later, and it will make a horse.

The mare is the most successful dual-purpose animal on the farm, performing almost a season's work and raising practically as good a colt as though she spent the entire year in idleness.

When horses are idle, feed them less corn and more of fodder and other bulky and less nutritious feeds. Give the horses daily exercise in an open lot or pasture every day when the weather is fit.

TEN MILLION PEOPLE IN THE CANADIAN WEST BY 1920

"Toronto Star," Dec. 16th, 1910.

The prediction is made that before 1920 Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia will have ten million people. It is made not by a sanguine Western journal but by that very sober business newspaper, the New York Commercial. It is based upon actual observation, upon the wheat-growing capacity of the Canadian West, and upon the prospects of development following the building of railways. The writer shows how the position of leading wheat market of the world passed from Milwaukee to Minneapolis and thence to Winnipeg. Canada's wheat-growing belt is four times greater than that of the United States, and only five per cent of Canada's western agricultural area is under cultivation. There are 170,000,000 acres of wheat lands which will make these Western Provinces richer, more populous, more dependable for food supplies than the Western States can ever become. The center of food supremacy will change to Canada, and 25 years more will give this country 40,000,000 population west of Ontario.

All these estimates of population are in the nature of guesses, and must not be read too literally. But the enormous area of wheat-growing land, the rapid construction of railways, and the large volume of immigration are facts which must be recognized. They point to the production of an ever-increasing surplus of wheat and other cereals. However rapidly the urban, the industrial and commercial population of Canada may increase, the increase of home consumption is hardly likely to keep pace with that of the production of wheat; for a single acre of wheat will provide for the average annual consumption of four people.

While production in Canada is thus running ahead of consumption at a prodigious rate, consumption in the United States is overtaking production, and the surplus for export is growing smaller year by year. It is true that the limit of actual power to produce wheat is as yet far away. By methods of intensive cultivation, such as prevail in France, the production could be greatly increased. But with the overflowing granary of Canada so close at hand, it seems likely that our neighbors will begin to import from us, turning their own energies more largely to other forms of agriculture.

It must be remembered that while the Northern States resemble Canada in climate and products, the resemblance diminishes as you go southward. The wheat belt gives place to a corn belt, and this again to semi-tropical regions producing cotton, tobacco, cane-sugar, oranges and other tropical fruits.

The man who secures a farm in Western Canada at the present time secures an investment better than the best of bond of any government or bank. It is no unusual thing for a farmer in Western Canada to realize a profit of from \$5 to \$10 per acre. There are thousands of free homesteads of 160 acres each still to be had, and particulars can be obtained by writing your nearest Canadian government agent.

Art in the Nudes.

The photographer's lady was very preoccupied showing some samples of work to prospective sitters, when a tall and raw-boned individual, apparently from "the land," stalked solemnly into the studio, and intimated that he would like to know what the "picters" were worth.

"Like that, \$3 a dozen," said the photographer's lady, handing him one.

The farmer gazed long and earnestly at the photograph of a very small baby sitting in a wash basin.

"And what would it cost with my clothes on?" he finally asked.

Of Course.

"I see that the inmates of a New York lunatic asylum are going to issue a weekly paper."

"Yes, and I'll bet every fool outside will think he could edit it better than it is edited by the lunatic inside."

Avoiding the Executioner.

"Why does a hen cross the road?"
"So as to avoid getting into the chicken pie."—Judge.

RHEUMATISM



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