When a Man Marries

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

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SYNOPSIS.

James Wilson or Jimmy as he is called by his friends. Jimmy was rotund and looked aborter than he teally was. His ambition in life was to be taken seriously, but people steadily refused to do so, his sert is considered a huge looke, except to himself, if he asked people to dinner everyone expected a frolle. 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 infull swing when Jimmy receives a telegram from his Aunt Selina, who will arrive in four hours to visit him and his wife. Jimmy gets his funds from Aunt Selina 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 seine way se that his aunt will not learn that he has no longer a wife. He suggests that Kit play the hostess for one night, be Mrs. Wilson pro tem. Kit refuses, but is finely prevailed upon to act the part. Aunt Selina arrives and the deception works out as planned, as she had never seen Jim's wife.

CHAPTER III. (Continued.)

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"It might be scarlet fever," Max broke in cheerfully. "I say, scarlet fever on a Mongolian-what color would he be, Jimmy? What do yellow and red make? Green?"

"Orange," Jim said shortly. "I wish you people would remember that we are trying to eat."

The fact was, however, that no one was really eating, except Mr. Harbison, who had given up trying to understand us, considering, no doubt, our subdued excitement as our normai condition. Ages afterward I learned that he thought my face almost tragic that night, and that be supposed, from the way I glared across the table, that I had quarreled with my husband!

I am afraid you are not well," he said at last, noticing my food unnot have come, any of us."

I am perfectly well," I replied fe-"I am never Ill. I-I ate a late luncheon."

He glanced at me keenly. "Don't let them stay and play bridge tonight," he urged. "Miss Caruthers can be an excuse, can she not? And you are really fagged. You look it."

"I think it is only ill humor," I said, looking directly at him. "I am angry at myself. I have done something silly, and I hate to be silly."

Max would have said "Impossible" or something else trite. The Harblson man looked at me with interested, serious eyes.

"Is it too late to undo it?" he asked. And then and there I determined that he should never know the truth. He could go back to South America and build bridges and make love to the Spanish girls (or are they Spanish down there?) and think of me always as a married woman, married to a dilettante artist, inclined to be stout -the artist, not I-and with an Aunt Selina Caruthers who made buttons and believed in the Cause. But never, never should he think of me as a silly little fool who pretended that she was the other man's wife and had a lump in her throat because when a really nice man came along, a man who knew something more than polo and motors, she had to carry on the deception to keep his respect, and be acdate and matronly, and see him change from perfectly open admiration at first to a bands-off-she-is-myhost's-wife attitude at last,

"It can never be undone," I said

Well, that's the picture as nearly as I can draw it; a round table with a low centerpiece of orchida in lavenders and pink, old silver candlesticks with filigree shades against the somber wainscoting; nine people, two of them unhappy-Jim and I; one of them complacent-Aunt Selina; one puzzled-Mr. Harbison; and the rest hysterically mirthful. Add one sick Japanese butler and grind in the milis of the gods.

Every one promptly forgot Takahiro in the excitement of the game we were all playing. Finally, however, Aunt Selina, who seemed to have Takahiro on her mind, looked up from

"That Jap was speckled," she asserted. "I wouldn't be surprised if it's measles. Has he been sniffling,

James?" "Has he been sniffling?" Jim threw

across at me.

"I hadn't noticed it," I said meekly, while the others choked.

Max came to the rescue. "She refused to eat it," he explained, distinctly and to everybody, apropos absolutely of nothing. "It said on the ing," I said at last, when he showed box, 'ready cooked and predigested.' no sign of breaking the silence. "The back on in case your children and She declared she didn't care who

who predigested it

As every one wanted to laugh, every one did it then, and under cover of the noise I caught Anne's eye, and we the door closed behind us, 1 knew that Dallas and Max were bringing out the bottles that Takahiro had hid- that." den. I was seething. When Aunt Selina indicated a desire to go over the house (it was natural that she should want to: It was her house, in a way) I excused myself for a minute and flew back to the dining room.

It was as I had expected. Jim hadn't cheered perceptibly, and the then—I did not know you were mar-rest were patting him on the back, ried." and pouring things out for him, and saying, "Poor old Jim" in the most maddening way. And the Harbison ried-I mean, you cannot say too man was looking more and more puzzled, and not at all hilarious.

I descended on them like a thunderbolt.

"That's it!" I cried shrewishly, with my back against the door. "Leave splendidly! Oh, I know you, every one!" Mr. Harbison got up and pulled out a chair, but I couldn't sit; I folded my arms on the back. "After a while, I suppose, you'll slip upstairs, their wives, the four of you, and have your game." They looked guilty. "But I will block that right now. I am going to stay -here. If Aunt Selina wants me, she can find me-here!"

The first indication those men had that Mr. Harbison didn't know the state of affairs was when he turned and faced them.

"Mrs. Wilson is quite right," said gravely. "We're a seifish lot. If Miss Caruthers is a responsibility, let us share ber."

"To arms!" Jim said, with an affectation of lightness, as they put their glasses down, and threw open the door. Dal's retort, "Whose?" was lost in the confusion, and we went into the library. On the way Dallas managed to speak to me.

"If Harbison doesn't know, don't tell him," he said in an undertone. 'He's a queer duck, in some ways; he mightn't think it funny."

"Funny," I choked. "It's the least funny thing I ever experienced. Deceiving that Harbison man isn't so bad-he thinks me crazy, anyhow. He's been staring his eyes out at

"I don't wonder. You're levely tonight, Kit, and you look like a vixen." "But to deceive that harmless old lady-well, thank goodness, it's nine, and she leaves in an hour or so. But she didn't. And that's the story.

CHAPTER IV.

The Door Was Closed.

It was infuriating to see how much enjoyment every one but Jim and myself got out of the situation. They howled with mirth over the feeblest



"That's It!" I Cried Shrewishly.

jokes, and when Max told a story without any point whatever, they all had bysteria. Immediately after dinner Aunt Selina had begun on the family connection again, and after two bad breaks on my part, Jim offered to show her the house. The Mercer girls trailed along, unwilling to lose any of the possibilities. They said afterward that it was terrible: She went into all the closets, and ran her hand over the tops of doors and kept getting grimmer and grimmer. In the studio they came across a life study Jim was doing and she shut her eyes and made the girls go out while he covered it with a drapery. Lollie! Who did the Bacchante dance at three benefits last winter and was learning a new one called "Eve!"

When they heard Aunt Selina on the second floor, Anne, Dal and Max speaked up to the studio for cigarettes. which left Mr. Harbison to me. I was in the den, sitting in a low chair by the wood fire when he came in. He

hesitated in the doorway. "Would you prefer being alone, or may I come in?" he asked. "Don't mind being frank. I know you are tired."

"I have a headache, and I am sulking." I said unpleasantly, "but at least I am not actively venomous. Come in."

So he came and sat down across the hearth from me, and neither of us said anything. The firelight flickered over the room, bringing out the faded hues of the old Japanese prints on the walls, gleaming in the mother-of-pearl eyes of the dragon on the screen, setting a grotesque god on a cabinet to nodding. And it threw into relief the strong, clear profile of the man across

from me, as he stared at the fire. "I am afraid I am not very interest-

cooked it, but she wanted to know Caruthers' arrival, have been upset-

He suddenly roused with a start from a brown reverie.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "Ileft the dining room. The men stayed, oh, of course not! I was wondering and by the very firmness with which if I-if you were offended at what I said earlier in the evening; the-Brushwood Boy, you know, and all

"Offended?" I repeated, puzzled. "You see, I have been living out of the world so long, and never seeing any women but Indian squaws"-so there were no Spanish girls!-"that I'm afraid I say what comes into my mind without circumlocution. And

"No, oh, no," I said hastily. "But, of course, the more a woman is marmany nice things to married women. They-need them, you know."

I had floundered miserably, with his eyes on me, and I half expected him to be shocked, or to say that married women should be satisfied with the her to me, all of you, and pat each nice things their husbands say to other on the back, and say it's gone them. But he merely remarked apropos of nothing, or following a line of thought he had not voiced, that it was trite but true that a good many men owed their success in life to

"And a good many owe their-wives to their success in life," I retorted cynically. At which he stared at me again.

It was then that the real complexity of the situation began to develop. Some one had rung the bell and been admitted to the library and a maid came to the door of the den. When she saw us she stopped uncertainly. Even then it struck me that she looked odd, and she was not in uniform. However, I was not informed at that time about bachelor establishments, and the first thing she said, when she had asked to speak to me in the hall, knocked her and her clothes clear out of my head. Evidently she knew.

"Miss McNair," she said in a low tone, "there is a lady in the drawing room, a veiled person, and she is asking for Mr. Wilson.'

"Can you not find him?" I asked. He is in the house, probably in the studio.

The girl hesitated. "Excuse me, miss, but Miss Caruth-

Then I saw the situation. "Never mind," I said. "Close the door into the drawing room, and I will tell Mr. Wilson."

But as the girl turned toward the doorway, the person in question appeared in it, and raised her vell. I was perfectly paralyzed. It was Bella! Bella in a fur coat and a veil, with the most tragic eyes I ever saw and entirely white except for a dab of rouge in the middle of each cheek. We stared at each other without speech. The maid turned and went down the hall, and with that Bella came over to me and clutched ma by the arm.

"Who was being carried out into that ambulance?" she demanded, glaring at me with the most awful intensity.

"I'm sure I don't know, Bella," I said, wriggling away from her fingers. What in the world are you doing here? I thought you were in Europe."

"You are hiding something from be made to slide easily." me!" she accused. "It is Jim! I see it in your face."

"Well, it isn't," I snapped. "It seems to me, really, Bella, that you and Jim ought to be able to manage your own affairs, without dragging me in." It was not pleasant, but if she was suffering, so was I. "Jim is as well as he ever was. He's upstairs somewhere. I'll send for him.'

She gripped me again, and held on while her color came back.

"You'll do nothing of the kind," she sald, and she had quite got hold of herself again. "I do not want to see him: I hope you don't think, Kit, that I came here to see James Wilson. Why, I have forgotten that there is such a person, and you know it."

Somebody upstairs laughed, and I was growing nervous. What if Aunt Selina should come down, or Mr. Harbison come out of the den?

"Why did you come, then, Bella?"

I inquired, "He may come in." "I was passing in the motor," she said, and I honestly think she hoped I would believe her, "and I saw that am-" She stopped and began again. "I thought Jim was out of town, and I came to see Takahiro," she said brazenly. "He was devoted to me, and Evans is going to leave. I'll tell you what to do, Kit. I'll go back to the dining room, and you send Taka there. If any one comes, I can slip into the pantry."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ALL SHE WANTED.

"Darling," said the happy old gentleman to the beautiful girl who was permitting him to hold her hand, "you are not going to marry me just for my

money, are you?" "Of course not," she replied. "Whatever caused you to think I might do such a thing?"

"I don't know. It was foolish of me to permit such a thought to come into my mind, wasn't it?"

"Of course." "Forgive me, won't you?" "Yes-this time."

"I will never think it again." "Are you sure you won't?" "Certainly. Why shouldn't I be sure ?" "There's no reason why you

shouldn't be sure; but I want you to do something for me." "What is it, sweetheart?" "Write me a lot of silly letters so that I shall have something to fall

-the illness of the butler and-Miss grandchildren make trouble for us."





that he knows, is asleep-He that knows and knows that he knows, -Arabian Proverb.

Dainties for Saint Valentine's Day. In preparing sandwiches for a Valentine party, the appropriate shape is of course, a heart. It is a good plan when serving sandwiches to have several kinds. The following are a few suggestions which may be new to

Sardines shredded and seasoned with chili sauce between slices of white bread. Yellow tomato preserved with ginger or lemon between white bread sandwiches. Gingerbread spread with cream cheese and thin slices of preserved ginger. Neufchatel cheese seasoned with salt, cream, paprika, Worcestershire sauce and a half cup of chopped nuts, put between slices of graham or rye bread. A delicious sweet sandwich may be made by baking a plain sponge cake in sheets, then cut with the heart cutter and put together with flavored, sweetened whipped cream.

Peaches and Oranges.

Drain the juice from a can of peaches, peel three oranges to a pint of peaches. Arrange the sections of orange alternately with the peaches, sprinkle with sugar and pour over the sweetened juice of the peaches. Serve very cold.

Delicious Salad.

Cut squares of cream cheese, lay in the bleached cup of head lettuce. Roll the cheese in chopped nuts, garoish with half a walnut meat and a few seeded white grapes. Just before serving add mayonnaise dressing.

Another nice way of serving cheese is to season cream cheese, add chopped nuts and use this mixture to stuff dates.

Nut Cookles.

Beat the yolks of two eggs until thick, add a cup of brown sugar, one cup of chopped nut meats and the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs; add six tablespoonfuls of flour and a pinch of salt. Spread on a buttered sheet and bake in a moderate oven. Cut in squares when removing from the baking sheet.



Things Worth Remembering. to move may, by waxing the rockers,

Never throw away popcorn that refuses to pop, because it is too dry, Sprinkle it with water about five minutes before using and usually every kernel will pop.

When the clock refuses to run, try putting a small dish of coal oil in the clock. The oil will evaporate and loosen up the works.

Powdered alum mixed with a third as much talcum and applied with a fiannel will polish gold braid. A cup of sweet milk added to the

water in which oatmeal is cooking makes it richer and better flavor. To remove the grease quickly from soup, lay on squares of tissue paper on the surface of the soup and remove lightly when well saturated.

Household Hints. During the cold months, when hanging out clothes on wash day, it may be well to remember that there are ways of making that task pleasanter.

For one way, hang the small things like handkerchiefs and napkins on the clothes horse and set them out on the back porch out of the wind, to freeze and dry.

Anotherk help is to warm the clothes pins in the oven until quite hot. It is surprising how long they will keep warm and how much it helps in quickly placing the clothes, to have warm fingers.

A custard ple may pose as several varieties: by adding a few tablespoonfuls of cocoanut, it is a cocoanut pie. A little chocolate makes it another, while carmelizing the sugar before adding it to the custard gives another flavor decidedly pleasant.

Dried peas are much cheaper than the canned variety, and can be used just as many ways. Try them with a stew of mutton, putting the peas in with the meat and cook slowly for several hours. The peas season the meat and the meat adds to the flavor of the peas.



House-Cleaning Time, The up-to-date bousekeeper does not make house cleaning a burden to her family or a torture to herself. She begins early enough to do things

that may be done early, and when time is not so pressing. An hour or so a day to go over drawers, desks and boxes will accom-

poor people who love the things that are denied them.

Where there is an accumulation of papers and magazines, they may be sold or given where they will be sent to those who will use them.

By starting early with this work of looking over the household treasures, one has leisure to sort and arrange things in good order. When the cleaning time comes things are not then in a hurly-burly.

Have a large drawer in which are kept nice pieces of paper, both tissue and wrapping paper, string, ribbon and boxes of all sizes. Such a drawer will be a source of comfort, as it will always be in demand.

Keep in this drawer nice little gifts that have been enjoyed and are ready to be passed on. One thrifty woman has a few little gifts all ready to give on occasions that are constantly arising.

One who has such a well-furnished drawer is always ready when called on for donations for the children's ward or the charity bazar.

Have a tray for the soap fastened with rivets to the side of the scrub pail; it will pay for itself in soap in a short time.



For Valentine Parties.

A very dainty way of serving cranberry with chicken for any function is to prepare the cranberry jelly and mold it by pouring the jelly into a cup and setting a smaller one inside; when cool fill the cup with chicken or any meat desired.

An appropriate cake to serve for a Valentine party is one frosted with white frosting and decorated with pink candy hearts around the edge and a rose laid on the center of the

A Lady Baltimore cake is a good one to serve on such an occasion. Kisses are another dainty cake which are great favorites for children's parties. To the whites of nine eggs add a pound of granulated sugar with as little stirring as possible. Flavor with any desired flavor, drop on buttered sheets and bake a golden brown. Put together in pairs with

whipped cream, sweetened and fla-Maple Biscuit.

vored.

Cut baking powder biscuit with a small-sized cutter, have the dough a quarter of an inch in thickness, lay two together with a bit of butter between and as much grated maple sugar as will stay on the halves. Bake in a hot oven. Chopped nuts added to the maple sugar makes a richer and nicer biscuit.

It is so easy nowadays to find appropriate favors, boxes or molds for serving bon bons, ices or creams for this festive day.

Ginger Nuggets.
Boil together one-half cup of water. and a cupful each of brown and white sugar. Cook to the soft ball stuge, add a quarter of a teaspoon of goda, half a teaspoonful of vanilla pour over the well-beaten white of ap egg, beat well and add a half cup of chopped Canton ginger. Drp by teaspoonfuls on buttered sheets.

One may serve ice cream, the brick variety, in slices, then use a heart cutter to cut a heart-shaped serving. The hits that are left may be re-frozen or used as a dessert the next day.

Nellie Maxwell.

Fragrance of St. Sophia.,

Visitors to the mosque of St. Sophia in Constantinople notice immediately they enter a beautiful fragrance pervades the entire building The solution lies in the fact that when it was built 1,000 years ago the stones and bricks were laid in mortar mixed with a solution of musk. Those who laid these stones have been long forgotten, but the influence and fragrance of their work remains .- Sunday at Home.

Green Foods for Pussy.

A woman who raises pedigree cats for market declares that green foods in the winter are necessary to the health of the animals. For this she provides the so-called umbrella plant, belonging to the grass family, and easily grown, to which she allows the cats free access. This, of course, ruins the plant for decorative purposes, but to many of us Miss Angora's health is more to be desired than many umbrella plants.-Designer.

Doctors Said He Would Die

A Friend's Advice Saves Life

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There is so much that must of necessity be thrown away, but it seems a pity that good magazines and papers which would be a pleasure to many, should be burned.

Many good women are getting the addresses of women who live out on our prairies out of touch with so much that makes life worth living, and are sending them old magazines to read; this is true missionary work which costs so little, yet means much to poor people who love the things that mer's Swamp-Root is the best medicine on

All persons doubting this statement can write to me and I will answer them di-Yours very truly, CLYDE F. CAMERER, rectly,

Rosalie, Wash. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 23rd day of July, 1909. VERNE TOWNE, Notary Public.

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Enlightenment. "A burlesque," said the occasional theater-goer, "is a sort of take-off,

isn't it?' "It is," replied Miss Cayenne, "If you judge it by the costuming."

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Drawing the Line. "What do you think of the new problem play?"

"Nothing," replied Miss Cayenne, "It was bad enough to see it, without thinking about it." BEAUTIFUL CALENDAR FREE

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