

# SERIAL STORY

## When a Man Marries

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART  
Author of *The Circular Staircase*, *The Man in Lower Ten*, Etc.

Copyright 1909, by the Dobbie Stewart Co.

### SYNOPSIS.

James Wilson or Jimmy as he is called by his friends. Jimmy was rotund and looked shorter than he really was. His position in life was to be taken seriously, but people steadily refused to do so. His art is considered a 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 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, but Mrs. Wilson pro tem. Kit refuses, but is finally prevailed upon to act the part. Aunt Selma arrives and the deception works out as planned, as she had never seen Jimmy's wife. Jim's Jap servant is taken ill, his face is covered with spots. Bella, Jimmy's divorced wife, enters the house and asks Kit why he is being taken away in the ambulance? Bella insists it is Jim. Kit tells her Jim is well and is in the house. Bella tells Kit it wasn't Jim she wanted to see, but Takahiro, the Jap servant, as she wished to secure his services. Harbison steps out on the porch and discovers a man tacking a card on the door. He demands an explanation. The man points to the placard and Harbison sees the word "Smallpox" printed on it. The man tells him he is an officer of the board of health, and tells him the house is under quarantine and that the guests will have to remain in the house until after the quarantine is lifted.

### CHAPTER V. (Continued.)

"No one would think that, Bella," I soothed her. "Everybody knows you loathe him—Jim, too." She looked at me over the edge of her cup.

"I'll run along now," she said, "since Takahiro isn't here. And if Jim has any sense at all, he will clear out every maid in the house. I never saw such a kitchen in all my life. Well, lead the way, Kit. I suppose they are deep in bridge, or roulette, or something."

She was fixing her veil, and I saw I would have to tell her. Personally, I would much rather have told her the house was on fire.

"Wait a minute, Bella," I said. "You see, something queer has happened. You know this is the anniversary—well, you know what it is—and Jim was awfully glum. So we thought we would come—"

"What are you driving at?" she demanded. "You are sea-green, Kit. What's the matter? You needn't think I mind because Jim has a jollification to celebrate his divorce."

"It—it was Takahiro—in the ambulance," I blurted. "Smallpox. We—Bella, we are shut in, quarantined."

She didn't faint. She just sat down and stared at me, and I stared back at her. Then a miserable alarm clock on the table suddenly went off like an explosion, and Bella began to laugh. I knew what that was—hysteria. She always had attacks like that when things went wrong. I was quite despairing by that time; I hoped they would all hear her and come downstairs and take her up and put her to bed like a Christian, so she could giggle her soul out. But after a bit she quieted down and began to cry softly, and I knew the worst was over. I gave her a shake, and she was so angry that she got over it altogether.

"Kit, you are horrid," she choked. "Don't you see what a position I am in? I am not going upstairs to face Anne and the rest of them. You can just put me in the coal cellar."

"Isn't there a window you could get through?" I asked desperately. "Locking the door doesn't shut up a whole house."

Bella's courage revived at that, and she said, yes, there were windows, plenty of them, only she didn't see how she could get out. And I said she would have to get out, because I was playing Bella in the performance, and I didn't care to have an understudy. Then the situation dawned on her, and she sat down and laughed herself weak in the knees. Of course she wanted to stay, then, and see the fun out. But I was firm; she would have to go, and I told her so. Things were complicated enough without her.

Well, we looked funny, no doubt. Bella in a Russian pony automobile coat over the black satin she had worn at the Cleveland's dinner, and I in cream lace, the skirt gathered up from the kitchen floor, with Bella's emine pelerine around my bare shoulders, and dishes and overturned chairs everywhere.

Bella knew more about the lower regions of her ex-home than I would have thought. She opened a door in a corner and led the way through a

narrow hall past the refrigerating room, to a huge, cemented cellar, with a furnace in the center, and a half-dozen electric lights making it really brilliant.

"Get a chair," Bella said over her shoulder, excitedly. "I can get out easily here, through the coal hole. Imagine my—"

But it was my turn to grip Bella. From behind the furnace were coming the most terrible sounds, rasping noises that fairly frayed the silk of my nerves. We stood petrified for an instant. Then Bella laughed. "They are not all gone," she said carefully. "Some one is asleep there."

We tiptoed to where we could see around the furnace, and, sure enough, some one was asleep there. Only, it was not one of the servants; it was a portly policeman, with a newspaper and an empty plate on the floor on one side, and a champagne bottle on the other. He had slid down in his chair, with his chin on his brass buttons, and his helmet had rolled a dozen feet away. Bella had to clap her mouth.

"Fairly caught!" she whispered. "Sartor Resartus, the arrestor arrested. Oh, Jim and his flawless service!"

But after we got over our surprise, we saw the situation was serious. The policeman was threatening to awaken. Once he stopped snoring to yawn noisily, and we beat a hasty retreat. Bella switched off the lights in a hurry and locked the door behind us. We hardly breathed until we were back in the kitchen again, and everything quiet. And then Jimmy called my name from above somewhere.

"I am going to call him down, Bella," I said firmly. "Let him help you out. I'm sure I don't see why I should have all this when the two of you—"

"Oh, no, no! Surely, Kit, you wouldn't be so cruel!" she whispered pleadingly. "You know what he would think. He—oh, Kit, let them all get settled for the night, and then come down, like a dear, and help me out. I know loads of ways—honestly I do."

"If I leave you here," I debated, "what about the policeman?"

"Never mind him!"—frantically. "Listen! There's Jim up in the pantry. Run, for the sake of heaven!"

So—I ran. At the top of the stairs I met Jimmy, very crumpled as to shirt-front and dejected as to face.

"I've been hunting everywhere for you," he said dimly. "I thought



We Stood Petrified for an Instant.

you had added to the general merriment by falling downstairs and breaking your neck."

I went past him with my chin up. Now that I had time to think about it, I was furiously angry with him.

"Kit!" he called after me appealingly, but I would not hear. Then he adopted different tactics. He took advantage of my catching my foot in the lace of my gown to pass me, and to stand with his back against the door.

"You're not going until you hear me, Kit," he declared miserably. "In the first place, for all you are down on me, is it my fault? Honestly, now, is it my fault?"

I refused to speak.

"I was coming home to be miserable alone," he went on, "and—oh, I know you meant well, Kit; but you asked all these crazy people here."

"Perhaps you will give me credit for some things," I said wearily. "I did not give Takahiro smallpox for instance, and—if you will permit me to mention the fact—Aunt Selma is not my Aunt Selma."

"That's what I wanted to speak to you about," Jimmy went on wretchedly, trying not to look at me. "You see, when they are rowing so about who would get the breakfast—I never saw such a lot of people; half of them never touch breakfast, but of course now they want all kinds of things—when they were talking, Aunt Selma said she knew you would get it, being the hostess, and responsible, besides knowing where things are kept." He had fixed his eyes on the orchids, and he looked shrunken, actually shrunken. "I thought," he finished, "you might give me a few pointers now, and I could come down in the morning, and—fuss up something, coffee and so on. I would say you did it! Oh, hang it all, Kit, why don't you say something?"

"What do you want me to say?" I demanded. "That I love to cook, and of course I'll fix trays and carry them up in the morning to Anne Brown and Lella Mercer and the rest; and that I will have the shaving water ready—"

"I know what I'm going to do," Jimmy said, with a sudden resolution. "Aunt Selma and her money can go to blazes. I am going right upstairs and tell her the truth, tell her who you are, what I am, and all the rest of it." He opened the door.

"You'll do nothing of the kind," I gasped, catching him in time. "Don't you dare, Jimmy Wilson! Why, what

would they think of me? After letting her call me Bella, and him—Jim, if Mr. Harbison ever learns the truth—I—I will take poison. If we are going to be shut up here together, we will have to carry it on. I couldn't stand the disgrace."

In spite of an heroic effort, Jim looked relieved. "They have been hunting for the linen closet," he said, more cheerfully, "and there will be room enough, I think. Harbison and I will hang out in the studio; there are two couches there. I'm afraid you'll have to take Aunt Selma, Kit."

"Certainly," I said coldly. That was the way it was all along. Whenever there was something to do that no one else would undertake—any unpleasant responsibility—that entire mongrel household turned with one gesture and pointed its finger at me! Well, if it is over now, and I ought not to be bitter, considering everything.

It was quite characteristic of that memorable evening (that is quite novel, I think) that my interview with Jimmy should have a sensational ending. He was terribly down, of course, and as I was trying to pass him to get to the door, he caught my hand.

"You're a girl in a thousand, Kit," he said forlornly. "If I were not so damnably, hopelessly, idiotically in love with—somebody else, I should be crazy about you."

"Don't be maudlin," I retorted. "Would you mind letting my hand go?" I felt sure Belle could hear.

"Oh, come now, Kit," he implored, "we've always got along so well. It's a shame to let a thing like this make us bad friends. Aren't you ever going to forgive me?"

"Never," I said promptly. "When I once get away, I don't want ever to see you again. I was never so humiliated in my life. I loathe you!"

Then I turned around, and, of course, there was Aunt Selma with her eyes protruding until you could have knocked them off with a stick, and beside her, very red and uncomfortable, Mr. Harbison!

"Bella!" she said in a shocked voice, "is that the way you speak to your husband! It is high time I came here, I think, and took a hand in this affair."

"Oh, never mind, Aunt Selma," Jim said, with a sheepish grin. "Kit—Bella is tired and nervous. This is a—deuce of a situation. No—er—servants, and all that."

But Aunt Selma did mind, and showed it. She pulled the unlucky Harbison man through the door and closed it, and then stood glaring at both of us.

"Every little quarrel is an apple knocked from the tree of love," she announced oratorically.

"This was a very little quarrel," Jim said, edging toward the door; "a—green apple, Aunt Selma, a colicky little green apple." But she was not to be diverted.

"Bella," she said severely, "you said you loathed him. You didn't mean that."

"But I do!" I cried hysterically. "There isn't any word to tell how I—how I detest him."

Then I swept past them all and flew to Bella's dressing room and locked myself in. Aunt Selma knocked until she was tired, then gave up and went to bed.

That was the night Anne Brown's pearl collar was stolen!  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### BAD BREAK.

"Beautiful girl!" cried the impulsive young man on the shadowy deck of the lake steamer.

"Nonsense!" laughed the pretty maid. "Beauty is but skin deep."

"Ah, would that thou wert a hippopotamus."

"Sir!"  
The lapping of the waves grew fainter. It seemed as though he was sitting on an iceberg, so frigid were the surroundings.

"That is, I mean—well, you know a hippo's skin—fudge! A hippo's skin is thick, deucedly thick, and if beauty is skin deep and you had the skin of a hippo, why—er—you'd be that much more beautiful. Do I make myself plain, Miss Evangelina?"

"Yes, sir, you make yourself out to be the plainest dunce I ever saw. I shall never speak to you again."

And the moon man wept.

They Saw the Joke.  
An inveterate punster of this city happened to be at a county fair lately in the art embroidery section, when he saw approaching a pair of acquaintances whose front names were Eliza and Ferd. As they started to come in, he barred the way.

"This is no place for you," he cried. "Go over to the plant department where they are in need of Ferd-Eliza."

And then he fled just before the joke began to glimmer upon them.—*Baltimore American.*

Compensation.  
Congressman Dan Anthony of Leavenworth, Kan., a nephew of the late Susan B. Anthony, has a ten-year-old son who looks at the practical side of things every time. Not long ago his father had to go to Washington. When the day of departure arrived Mrs. Anthony said to the boy:

"Son, aren't we going to be lonesome when papa goes away?"  
"Yes," replied the boy; "but we'll have a lot more cream for our oatmeal."

## Hats for Matrons



IN SPITE of all the jibes flung at womankind for her fickleness as to fashions in headwear, there are some sorts of hats that are always worn and always in style, or able to defy the passing fads of the moment. Among them are the small toques designed for elderly matrons and others who affect inconspicuous and good styles, the walking hat, dear to all women, and the big picture hat, with broad brim of graceful flowing lines which is the rose in the rosebud garden of hats every season. All the styles vary a little from time to time, but hardly enough to identify themselves as belonging to a certain year.

Three pretty and becoming hats for matrons are pictured here suitable to almost any season. The variation of the English walking hat, with brim faced with velvet, and turning up at the left, is finished with a very ample drapery of silk. The arrangement of this drapery gives the impression of a shape turned up at both sides, as in the regulation walking hat, but a hat needs no additional trimming, but may be adapted to young wearers by the addition of a smart feather, or it may be elaborated for anyone by a tuft of ostrich half plumes. One must look far for a more elegant hat or a model so universally becoming.

Hats of this character require the work of an experienced milliner; nothing short of perfection in draping and in finish is permissible in them. Facings must fit; trimmings must be placed by a practiced eye, otherwise the hat is a dismal failure and impossible.

The toque of silk or hair braid shown in the second figure is easier to accomplish. It is made on a light wire frame which has an ample head size. The frame is covered with chiffon and faced with maline shirred on

### PRETTY PRESENT FOR FRIEND

Embroidery Scissors Holders One of the Most Acceptable Gifts That Can Be Made.

If you can do even the simplest sort of crocheting, you must make yourself and your friends one of the little crocheted silk embroidery scissors holders. These consist simply of a cork, crocheted around in silk every where except the top surface, and with a crocheted string or handle to which the scissors are attached. Then when they are not in use the points are stuck into the cork and they are out of harm's way.

An accompaniment of this, not quite so new, but very useful, is a tiny glass medicine vial without a lid, crocheted all over very finely. Into it are dropped broken needles and bent pins, and they are far safer there than thrown carelessly on the floor or in the wastebasket. When the vial is full slip off the silk—a little drawing string at the bottom permits this—and empty it, burying the needles in the earth or throwing them into the fire.

These two little sewing contrivances, attached by a bit of ribbon in the same color, will make charming favors for the next luncheon of your sewing society.

### CREPE DE CHINE WAIST.



This attractive waist is of white crepe de chine made with tucks in different widths and trimmed with bands of cream lace or embroidery.

The gumpie is made of bands of valenciennes insertion, the collar edged with black velvet, of which the knot on the front of the waist is also made.

## SAVED FROM DANGEROUS OPERATION—NEIGHBOR ADVISED WHAT TO DO FOR BLADDER TROUBLE

I too wish to add my testimonial to the thousands you no doubt have and will tell you what your great medicine did for me.

Several months ago I was taken very sick with bladder trouble, had intense pains and suffered greatly, at times I could not stand on my feet or sit in a chair and often was forced to cry out with pain.

I consulted two doctors who gave me different kinds of medicine, which did me no good. It seemed as though the more of their medicine I took, the worse I became. The doctors seemed to be greatly puzzled over my case and after holding a consultation, I was told that I had a severe case of inflammation of the bladder and an operation was very necessary.

I was being prepared to be taken to the hospital, when a neighbor came to my house and said, "Why don't you try a bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root?" I was willing to try anything to get relief from my suffering. My wife bought a bottle of your medicine which I began taking and soon noticed a change for the better. I continued taking it and got better right along, my appetite returned and I was able to resume work.

I have used several bottles of Swamp-Root and know that if I had not taken it, I would have been operated on, and perhaps never recovered. I never fail to tell my friends about Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root as I know it will save many people from suffering and perhaps, as in my case, a dangerous operation.

Yours gratefully,  
SAMUEL WILSON,  
Minneapolis, Minn.

State of Minnesota } ss.  
County of Hennepin } ss.

Personally appeared before me this 24th day of Sept., 1909, Samuel Wilson, of the city of Minneapolis of the State of Minnesota, who subscribed the above and on oath says that same is true in substance and in fact.

M. M. KERRIDGE,  
Notary Public.

Commission expires March 26, 1914.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You  
Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. For sale at all drug stores. Price fifty cents and one-dollar.

Perhaps Mohammed went to the mountain because it was cheaper than spending his vacation at the seashore.

Take Garfield Tea! Made of Herbs, it is pure, pleasant and health-giving.

An undertaker knows a lot of "dead ones" that he is unable to bury.

## ARE YOU BILIOUS?

NO WONDER YOU "FEEL BLUE"

Make the liver "get busy," tone the digestive system, regulate the appetite and keep the bowels free from constipation by taking

## HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

IT IS REALLY THE BEST FOR YOU



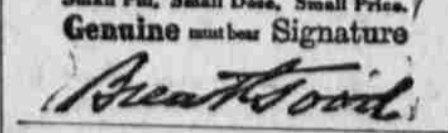
## Kow-Kure

is not a "food"—it is a medicine, and the only medicine in the world for cows only. Made for the cow and, as its name indicates, a cow cure. Barrenness, retained afterbirth, abortion, scours, eaked udder, and all similar affections positively and quickly cured. No one who keeps cows, whether many or few, can afford to be without Kow-Kure. It is made especially to keep cows healthy. Our book "What to Do When Your Cows Are Sick," sent free. Ask your local dealer for Kow-Kure, or send to the manufacturers, Dairy Association Co., Lyndonville, Vt.

## The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and indigestion. They do their duty. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature.



## TAKE A DOSE OF PISO'S

THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COUGHS & COLDS