

# SERIAL STORY

## When a Man Marries

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART  
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### SYNOPSIS.

James Wilson or Jimmy as he is called by his friends. Jimmy was rotund 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. 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. 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 arrives and Kit Selma arrives and the deception works out as planned. Jimmy's Jap servant is taken ill. Bella, Jimmy's divorced wife, enters the house and asks Kit who is being taken away in the ambulance? Bella insists it is Jim. Kit tells her Jim is well and in the house. Bella tells Kit it wasn't Jim she wanted to see, but Takakira, the Jap servant. 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 "arranged" printed on it. The guests suddenly realize their predicament, the women shed tears, the men consider it a good joke. Harbison pleads with Kit to tell him the real situation of things. She finally tells him of Bella's incarceration in the basement. The all important question arises as to who is to prepare the meals and perform the other household duties. Harbison finally solves the matter. He writes out slips containing the various departments of his or her duties.

### CHAPTER VII. (Continued.)

Well, it ended by Jim's graciously permitting Bella to remain—there being nothing else to do—and by his magnanimously agreeing to keep her real identity from Aunt Selma and Mr. Harbison, and to break the news of her presence to Anne and the rest. It created a sensation beside which Anne's pearls faded away, although they came to the front again soon enough.

Jim broke the news at once, gathering everybody but Harbison and Aunt Selma in the upper hall. He was palpably nervous, but he tried to carry it off with a high hand.

"It's unfortunate," he said, looking around the circle of faces, each one frozen with amazement, and just a suspicion, perhaps, of incredulity. "It's particularly unfortunate for her. You all know how high-strung she is, and if the papers should get hold of it—well, we'll all have to make it as easy as we can for her."

With Jim's eye on them, they all swallowed the butler story without a gulp. But Anne was indignant.

"It's like Bella," she snapped. "Well, she has made her bed and she can lie on it. I'm sure I shan't make it for her. But if you want to know my opinion, Mr. Harbison may be a fool, but you can't run two Bellas, both nee Knowles, down Miss Caruthers' throat with a stick."

We had not thought of that before and every one looked blank. Finally, however, Jim said Bella's middle name was Constantia, and we decided to call her that. But it turned out afterward that nobody could remember it in a hurry, and generally when we wanted to attract her attention, we walked across the room and touched her on the shoulder. It was quicker and safer.

The name decided, we went downstairs in a lise to welcome Bella, to try to make her feel at home, and to forget her deplorable situation. Lella had worked herself into a really sympathetic frame of mind.

"Poor dear," she said, on the way down. "Now don't grin, anybody, just be cordial and glad to see her. I hope she doesn't cry; you know the spells she takes."

We stopped outside the door, and everybody tried to look cheerful and sympathetic and not grumpy—which was as hard as looking as if we had had a cup of tea—and then Jim threw the door open and we filed in.

Bella was comfortably reading by the fire. She had her feet up on a stool and a pillow behind her head. She did not even look at us for a minute; then she merely glanced up as she turned a page.

"Dear me," she said mockingly, "what a lot of frumps you all are! I had hoped it was some one with my breakfast."

Then she went on reading. As Lella said afterward, that kind of person ought to be divorced.

Aunt Selma came down just then and I left everybody trying to explain Bella's presence to her, and fled to the kitchen. The Harbison man appeared while I was sitting hopelessly in front of the gas range, and showed me about it.

"I don't know that I ever saw one," he said cheerfully, "but I know the

theory. Likewise, by the same token, this tea kettle, set on the flame, will boil. That is not theory, however. That is early knowledge. 'Polly, put the kettle on; we'll all take tea.' Look at that, Mrs. Wilson. I didn't fight bacilli with boiled water at Chickamauga for nothing."

And then he let out the policeman and brought him into the kitchen. He was a large man, and his face was a curious mixture of amazement, alarm and dignity. No doubt we did look queer, still in parts of our evening clothes and I in the white silk lace petticoat that belonged under my gown, with a yellow and black pajama coat of Jimmy's as a sort of breakfast jacket.

"This is Officer Flannigan," Mr. Harbison said. "I explained our unfortunate position earlier in the morning, and he is prepared to accept our hospitality. Flannigan, every person in this house has got to work, as I also explained to you. You are appointed dish-washer and scullery maid."

The policeman looked dazed. Then, slowly, like dawn over a sleeping lake, a light of comprehension grew in his face.

"Sure," he said, laying his helmet on the table. "I'll be glad to be doing anything I can to help. Me and Mrs. Wilson—we used to be friends. It's many the time I've opened the carriage door for her, and she with her head in the air, and for all that, the pleasant smile. When any one around here was having a party and wanted a special officer, it was Mrs. Wilson that always said, 'Get Flannigan, Officer Timothy Flannigan. He's your man.'"

My heart had been going lower and lower. So he knew Bella, and he knew I was not Bella, although he had not grasped the fact that I was usurping her place. And the odious Harbison man sat on the table and swung his feet.

"I wonder if you know," he said, looking around him, "how good it is to see a white woman so perfectly at home in a civilized kitchen again, after two years of food cooked by a filthy Indian squaw over a portable sheet-iron stove?"

So perfectly at home! I stood in the middle of the room and stared around at the copper things hanging up and the rows of blue and white crockery, and the dozens and hundreds of complicated-looking utensils, whose names I had never even heard, and I was dazed. I tried with some show of authority to instruct Flannigan about gathering up the soiled things, and, after listening in puzzled silence for a minute, he stripped off his blue coat with a tolerant snarl.



"Me and Mrs. Wilson—we used to be friends."

"Lave 'em to me, miss," he said. The "miss" passed unnoticed. "I mayn't give 'em a Turkish bath, which is what you are describin', but I'll get the grease off all right. I always clean up while the missus is in bed with a young 'un."

He rolled up his sleeves, found a brown checked gingham apron behind the door, and tied it around his neck with the ease of practice. Then he cleared off the plates, eating what appealed to him as he did so, and stopping now and again for a deep-throated chuckle.

"I'm thinkin'," he said once, stopping with a dish in the air, "what a deuce of a noise there'll be when the vaccination doctor comes around this mornin'. In a week every one of us will be nursin' a sore arm or walkin' on one leg, beggin' your pardon, miss. The last time the force was vaccinated, I asked to be done behind me ear; I needed me legs and I needed me arms, but didn't need me head much!"

He threw his head back and laughed. Mr. Harbison laughed too. Oh, we were very cheerful! And that awful stove stared at me, and the kettle began to hum, and Aunt Selma sent down word that she was not well, and would like some omelet on her tray.

I knew that it was made of eggs, but that was the extent of my knowledge. I muttered an excuse and ran up-stairs to Anne, but she was still sniffing over her necklace, and said she didn't know anything about omelets and didn't care. Food would choke her. Neither of the Mercer girls knew either, and Bella, who was still reading in the den, absolutely declined to help.

"I don't know, and I wouldn't tell you if I did. You can get yourself out, as you got yourself in," she said nastily. "The simplest thing, if you don't mind my suggesting it, is to poison the coffee and kill the lot of us. Only, if you decide to do it, let me know; I want to live just long enough to see Jimmy Wilson writhe!"

Bella is the kind of person who gets on one's nerves. She finds a grievance and hugs it; she does ridiculous things and blames other people, and she flirts.

I went down-stairs despondently, and found that Mr. Harbison had discovered some eggs and was standing helplessly staring at them.

"Omelet—eggs. Eggs—omelet. That's the extent of my knowledge," he said, when I entered. "You'll have to come to my assistance."

It was then that I saw the cook book. It was lying on a shelf beside the clock, and while Mr. Harbison had his back turned I got it down. It was quite clear that the domestic type of woman was his ideal, and I did not care to outrage his belief in me. So I took the cook book into the pantry and read the recipe over three times. When I came back I knew it by heart, although I did not understand it.

"I will tell you how," I said with a great deal of dignity, "and since you want to help, you may make it yourself."

He was delighted. "Fine!" he said. "Suppose you give me the idea first. Then we'll go over it slowly, bit by bit. We'll make a big fluffy omelet, and if the others aren't around, we'll eat it ourselves."

"Well," I said, trying to remember exactly, "you take two eggs—"

"Two!" he repeated. "Two eggs for ten people!"

"Don't interrupt me," I said irritably. "If—If two isn't enough we can make several omelets, one after the other."

He looked at me with admiration. "Who else but you would have thought of that!" he remarked. "Well, here are two eggs. What next?"

"Separate them," I said easily. No, I didn't know what it meant. I hoped he would; I said it as casually as I could, and I did not look at him. I knew he was staring at me, puzzled.

"Separate them!" he said. "Why, they aren't fastened together!" Then he laughed. "Oh, yes, of course!" When I looked he had put one at each end of the table. "Afraid they'll quarrel, I suppose," he said. "Well, now they're separated."

"Then beat."

"First separate, then beat!" he repeated. "The author of that cook book must have had a mean disposition. What's next?—Hang them?" He looked up at me with his boyish smile.

"Separate and beat," I repeated. If I lost a word of that recipe I was gone. It was like saying the alphabet. I had to go to the beginning every time, mentally.

"Well," he reflected, "you can't beat an egg, no matter how cruel you may be, unless you break it first." He picked up an egg and looked at it. "Separate!" he reflected. "Ah—the white from the—whatever you cooking experts call it—the yellow part."

"Exactly!" I exclaimed, light breaking on me. "Of course, I knew you would find out." Then back to the recipe—"beat until well mixed; then fold in the whites."

"Fold?" he questioned. "It looks pretty thin to fold, doesn't it? I—upon my word, I never heard of folding an egg. Are you—but of course you know. Please come and show me how."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Dog and a Sum.  
In a vacant lot at the corner of Eleventh and Larimer streets was an old white dog that wasn't well. He crawled over near a billboard and lay down. Lots of people saw him, but nobody paid any attention to him until a trampish-looking fellow came along. He was "Hard Times" personified. He went over and petted the dog.

"What's the matter, old boy?" he asked. "Sick?"  
The dog seemed to appreciate the uncouth one's attentions. The man petted him a little more.  
"Wait, I'll get you a drink," he said. He went to a saloon near by and returned with a tin basin full of water. The dog lapped up some of the water and the man poured the rest on the animal's head. In a couple of minutes more the dog arose and slowly walked away, wagging his tail. He was much better.  
Just an old dog—just an old bum—that's all—Denver Times.

Girl Messengers for Postoffices.  
Arrangements for the employment of girls instead of boys as indoor messengers in the general postoffice and in some of the principal provincial postoffices are being completed, and it is anticipated that the experiment will be made on January 1 at the latest. At St. Martin's-le-Grand it is hoped to employ the girls mainly in the telephone and telegraph departments, where women form a considerable proportion of the staff. The wage to be paid to the girl messengers will be one shilling less than that of the boys.—London Times.

A Hard Job.  
"So that's the baby, eh?"  
"That's the baby."  
"Well, I hope you will bring it up to be a conscientious, God-fearing man."  
"I am afraid that will be rather difficult."  
"Pshaw! As the twig is bent the tree's inclined."  
"I know, but this twig is bent on being a girl, and we are inclined to let it go that way."

Things He Had Missed.  
"I never spent money as freely as you do," said the young man's father. "Neither did I play football nor engage in other hazardous amusements."  
"It's too bad," was the thoughtless reply, "but I don't see why you should tell me your troubles."

Couldn't.  
"Go home with your wife and settle your troubles out of court."  
"No, your honor, I refuse to strike a woman!"

# HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

## Match-Making a Dangerous Business



NEW YORK.—Phosphorus matches kill and maim the men and girls who make them. The working men and girls who are engaged in the manufacture and the packing of the ordinary match run a heavy risk of contracting phosphorus necrosis, and those who get this disease generally die a horrible and lingering death. These facts are brought out in the report of the United States bureau of labor, which recently investigated the match industry.

Phosphorus necrosis, or match poisoning, attacks the teeth and jaws. The teeth become loose and fall out and the bone of the jaw becomes porous and decays. It is necessary then to remove large parts of the bone, and frequently the entire jaw. One man who worked in a match factory in Wisconsin had to have his whole upper and lower jaws removed, so badly had the disease attacked him. Then he lived for months, taking occasional nourishment through a tube.

Another case reported by the bureau of labor was that of a girl of 14 who went to work packing matches. The poisonous atmosphere of the place

affected her teeth, and when she went to a dentist he found her whole lower jaw honeycombed by the phosphorus poisoning. Abscesses followed and the child was unable to eat. She slowly starved to death.

Many other cases are cited in the report. No one who works in these factories apparently is immune from the disease, and sanitary precautions which have been taken in some of the larger factories have been ineffectual. The atmosphere must of necessity contain the fumes of phosphorus, and they are deadly.

Not all the men and girls who are poisoned die, of course. Some of them check the disease early by a radical operation, having their lower jaws removed. Those who are not willing to be maimed in this way generally die as a result of absorbing the poisons generated by their own decaying teeth and bones.

The man who made the investigations for the bureau of labor was John B. Andrews, and so strongly was President Taft impressed by his report that he recommended the passage of a bill to discourage the manufacture of phosphorus matches by a heavy federal tax. Such a bill was introduced early in the session. The match trust, however, forestalled the passage of the bill by withdrawing the patent on the harmless substitute it uses in place of the deadly phosphorus.

## Death Comes to 'Dress Suit' Burglar



PASSAIC, N. J.—Death has ended the career of Thomas Wandlass, the "white front" burglar, who was shot and fatally wounded while breaking into the home of Thomas Tapley, a contractor in this city. Wandlass preferred the underworld to a life of luxury in the home of a fond and wealthy mother. He developed from a sort of "angel child" to a desperate criminal. Paralysis of his vocal organs shortly after his capture kept the police from obtaining any corrected account of his amazing career.

Jean Mitchell, aged seventeen years, who called herself his "chicken stall" and assisted him in 22 burglaries, has pleaded guilty and will receive sentence. She declares she is eager to get back to her home in the New England states as she has had enough of travel and nice dresses, the bait offered by Wandlass when she consented to become his accomplice.

The police call Wandlass a "supper worker" and a "dress-suit burglar." He called himself a "white front" burglar and was fascinated by the

danger of robbing a house while there were many persons about. Often he would stop to listen to the dinner clatter before making his escape. Generally he selected a dark or dimly lighted parlor, flinched the window and climbed in. During the months that the girl worked with him he relied upon her to "spoil a faint" as she called it, and draw the crowd while he made his escape.

Wandlass was about thirty years old. His mother, Mrs. Augustus F. Berner, is a woman of wealth and refinement in Brooklyn, N. Y. Her first husband, Wandlass, was a hotel proprietor and well to do. He left a comfortable fortune, and when he died his son, Tom, was a model youngster and a great church worker. He was precocious, high strung and had a vivid imagination.

Just when he became transformed into a "bad man" no one seems to know, but he ran away from boarding school at seventeen and the next his mother heard of him was that he was a member of a gang of thieves. He was never what might be called a Raffles, except that he dressed well and committed most of his burglaries while clad in evening clothes. He was known to the police at Kid Howard and Thomas Hanley and had served time in several penal institutions in the state of New York.

## Theatrical Censors in Kansas Towns



TOPEKA, KAN.—There are 800 or organized cities in Kansas, and every one of these cities and towns has a theatrical censor, especially named to watch the moving picture shows. The legislature has passed a law naming the mayor of each city, or some person appointed by him or by the council or commissioners, a moving picture censor.

The law provides that the showing of any moving or stationary pictures displaying actions which would constitute a crime if actually committed, the infidelity or unfaithfulness of a husband or wife or suggestive of indecency, is a misdemeanor in itself, and the moving picture show man may be fined from \$100 to \$500 for showing such pictures.

When the bill came up there was a question as to how it should be determined whether or not a picture came under this classification and who was to determine the question.

It was suggested that the mayor and two ministers should be a censor board in each city, but a number of ministers protested that they did not care to attend moving picture shows for any purpose and had no interest in seeing whether or not the pictures were proper. Then a committee of the mayor and one layman and one minister was suggested, but this, too, was unsatisfactory, and it was finally decided that the mayor of each incorporated city or town should be the censor unless he named another for the work.

The censor's word is law. If he says a picture is calculated to be injurious to the morals of the citizens or to offer evil suggestions to children, the pictures must be stopped. It is provided that the moving picture man may collect damages from the film exchange that sent him the pictures if his show is stopped.

## Girls Make Good in Managing Sports



COLUMBIA, MO.—The girls of the Columbia high school have taken charge of the school's athletics and will run them for the remainder of the school year. They took the reins into their own hands only after the boys had made a failure, and have achieved a marked success to date.

At the beginning of the school year the boys assumed the management of the athletics, inasmuch as they did the playing on the football team. They were very unbusinesslike, however, and, although a number of football games were played and in spite of the fact that the football season is usually a financial success, there was a deficit of \$35 at the close of the season.

J. L. Colonius, instructor in physical culture, was disappointed with the management of the boys.

"They think too much of taking a few trips away from home in order to have a good time, and too little of where the expense money is to come from," he said.

At the beginning of the basket ball season Colonius initiated the plan which put the girls in control, and now the treasury has enough money in it to wipe up the football deficit and leave \$75 on deposit. At his suggestion, a new athletic association was formed, to which girls were admitted upon payment of the "two-bits" initiation fee. Neat badges were given to the members and the girls of the basket ball squad conducted an enthusiastic canvass with the result that there are as many girls in the association as there are boys.

The girls are now managing both the boys' and girls' basket ball teams and will arrange the schedule for the boys' track and baseball teams.

## Particularly the Ladies.

Not only pleasant and refreshing to the taste, but gently cleansing and sweetening to the system, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is particularly adapted to ladies and children, and beneficial in all cases in which a wholesome, strengthening and effective laxative should be used. It is perfectly safe at all times and dispels colds, headaches and the pains caused by indigestion and constipation so promptly and effectively that it is the one perfect family laxative which gives satisfaction to all and is recommended by millions of families who have used it and who have personal knowledge of its excellence.

Its wonderful popularity, however, has led unscrupulous dealers to offer imitations which act unsatisfactorily. Therefore, when buying, to get its beneficial effects, always note the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—plainly printed on the front of every package of the genuine Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna.

For sale by all leading druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle.



"Ticket Collector—We don't stop here, sir."

Montague Swank (who has just given up a ticket)—Stop where?

"Ticket Collector—At the pawnbroker's."

## HEAD SOLID MASS OF HUMOR

"I think the Cuticura Remedies are the best remedies for eczema I have ever heard of. My mother had a child who had a rash on its head when it was real young. Doctor called it baby rash. He gave us medicine, but it did no good. In a few days the head was a solid mass; a running sore. It was awful, the child cried continually. We had to hold him and watch him to keep him from scratching the sore. His suffering was dreadful. At last we remembered Cuticura Remedies. We got a dollar bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, a box of Cuticura Ointment, and a bar of Cuticura Soap. We gave the Resolvent as directed, washed the head with the Cuticura Soap, and applied the Cuticura Ointment. We had not used half before the child's head was clear and free from eczema, and it has never come back again. His head was healthy and he had a beautiful head of hair. I think the Cuticura Ointment very good for the hair. It makes the hair grow and prevents falling hair." (Signed) Mrs. Francis Lund, Plain City, Utah, Sept. 19, 1910. Send to the Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston, Mass., for free Cuticura Book on the treatment of skin and scalp troubles.

The Easier Way.  
"Your wife and you seem to get along so beautifully together. Don't you ever have any differences of opinion?"  
"Oh, yes, every day, but I don't let her find it out."

Users of Trask's Ointment for Piles should read Dr. Wm. T. Marr's new "Practical Study of Piles," sent free by D. Ransom, Son & Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

The test of whether you are educated is, can you do what you ought, when you ought, whether you want to do it or not?—Herbert Spencer.

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Froggies refund money if it fails to cure. K.W. GLOBE'S signs are on each box. 25c.

When the fight begins within himself, a man's worth something.—Browning.

Lewis' Single Binder 5c cigar equals in quality most 10c cigars.

Many a man who swears at a big monopoly is nourishing a little one.

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