

## SERIAL STORY

# When a Man Marries

By  
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### SYNOPSIS.

James Wilson or Jimmy as he is called by his friends. Jimmy was round and looked shorter than he really is. 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 Kinsella, they live together a year and are divorced. Jimmy then ranges to celebrate the first anniversary of his divorce. The party is in full swing when Jimmy receives a telegram from his Aunt Selina, who will arrive in four hours to visit him and his wife. She gives him funds from Aunt Selina and after their marriage she doubles his allowance. He neglects to tell her of his divorce. Jimmy takes Kit into his confidence, he tries to find some way so that his aunt will not learn that he has married a wife. He suggests that Kit play the hostess for one night, be Mrs. Wilson pro tem. Aunt Selina arrives and the deception works out as planned. Jim's Jan servant is taken ill. Since Jim's new wife refuses to leave 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 is in the house. Bella tells Kit it wasn't Jim. Kit goes to see Jim and finds 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 finds out nothing of the matter. He writes on slips containing various compartments of his or her duties. Kit attempts to make an omelet for Aunt Selina, but fails in the attempt and is in a very nervous state when Harbison comes to take the slip and tells her how to make it. After the lifting of the quarantine, several letters are found in the mail box undelivered, one is addressed to Henry Llewellyn, Iquique, Chile, which was written by Harbison. He describes minutely of their incarceration, also of his infatuation for Mrs. Wilson.

### CHAPTER VIII. (Continued.)

From Officer Flannigan to Mrs. Maggie Flannigan, Erin street.  
Dear Maggie:

As soon as you receive this, go down to Mac and tell him the story as I tell you hear. Tell him I was walking in my beat and I'd been after seen Jimmy Alverni about doing the right thing for Mac on Monday, at the poles, when I seen a man hanging suspicious around this house, which is Mr. Wilson's, on Ninety-fifth. And, of course, after chasin' the man a mile or more, I lose him, which was not my fault. So I go back to the Wilson house, and tell them to be careful about closin' up fer the night, and while I'm standin' in the hall, with all the swells around me, sparkin' with jewels, the board of health sends a man to lock us all in, because the Jap that been waiter has took the smallpox and gone to the hospital. I stood me ground. I sez, sez I, you can't shoo an officer in pursuit of his duty. I refuse to be shut in. Be shore to tell Mac that.

So here I am, and like to be for a month. Tell Mac there's four votes shut up here, and I can get them for him, if he can stop this monkey business.

Then go over to the Dago church on Webster avenue and put a dollar in Saint Anthony's box. He'll see me out of this scrape, right enough. Do it at once. Now remember, go to Mac first; maybe you can get the dollar from him, and mind what you tell him. Your husband,

TIM FLANNIGAN.

From me to mother—Mrs. Theodore McNair, Hotel Hamilton, Bermuda. Dearest Mother:

I hope you will get this before you read the papers, and when you do read them, you are not to get excited and worried. I am as well as can be, and a great deal safer than I ever remember to have been in my life. We are quarantined, a lot of us, in Jim Wilson's house, because his irreproachable Jap did a very irreproachable thing—took smallpox. Now read on before you get excited. His room has been fumigated, and we have been vaccinated. I am well and happy. I can't be killed in a railway wreck or smashed when the car skids. Unless I drown myself in my bath, or jump through a window, positively nothing can happen to me. So gather up all your maternal anxieties and cast them to the Bermuda sharks.

Anne Brown is here—see the papers for list—and if she can not play properly, Jimmy's Aunt Selina can. In fact, she doesn't play at it; she works. I have telephoned Lizette for some clothes—enough for a couple of weeks, although Dallas promises to get us out sooner. Now, dear, do go ahead and have a nice time, and on no account come home. You could only have the carriage to stop in front of the house, and wave to me through a window.

Mother I want you to do something

for me. You know who is down there, and—this is awfully delicate, mummy—but he's a nice boy, and I thought I liked him. I guess you know he has been rather attentive. Now, I do like him, mummy, but not the way I thought I did, and I want you to—very gently, of course—to discourage him a little. You know how I mean. He's a dear boy, but I am so tired of people who don't know anything but horses and motors.

And, oh, yes—do you remember a girl named Lucille Mellon who was at school with you in Rome? And that she married a man named Harbison? Well, her son is here! He builds railroads and bridges and things, and he even built himself an automobile down in South America, because he couldn't afford to buy one, and burned wood in it! Wood! Think of it!

I wired father in Chicago for fear he would come rushing home. The picture in the paper of the face at the basement window is supposed to be Mr. Harbison, but of course it isn't any more like him than mine is like me.

Anne Brown mislaid her pearl collar when she took it off last night, and has fussed herself into a sick headache. She declares it was stolen! Some of the people are playing bridge, Betty Mercer is doing a cake-walk to the "Rhapsody Hongroise"—Jim has no everyday music—and the telephone is ringing. We have received enough flowers for a funeral—somebody sent Lollie a Gates Ajar, only with the gates shut.

There are no servants—think of it, mummy. I wish you had made me learn to cook. Mr. Harbison has shown me a little—he was a soldier in the Spanish war—but we girls are a terribly ignorant lot, mummy, about the real things of life.

Now, don't worry. It is more sport than camping in the Adirondacks, and not nearly so damp.

Your loving daughter,  
KATHERINE.

P. S.—South America must be wonderful. Why can't we put the Gatsby in commission, and take a coasting trip this summer? It is a shame to own a yacht and never use it.

This note, evidently delivered by messenger, was found among other



She Swished to the Window and Raised the Shade.

Bitter in the vestibule after the lifting of the quarantine.

Mr. Alex. Dodds, City Editor, Mail and Star:

Dear D.—Can't get a picture. Have waited seven hours. They have closed the shutters. M'CORD.

Written on the back of the above note:

Watch the roof. DODDS.

### CHAPTER IX.

Flannigan's Find.

The most charitable thing would be to say nothing about the first day. We were baldly brutal—that's the only word for it. And Mr. Harbison, with his beautiful courtesy—the really sincere kind—tried to patch up one quarrel after another and failed. He rode superbly to the occasion, and made something that he called a South American goulash for luncheon, although it was too salty, and every one was thirsty the rest of the day.

Bella was horrid, of course. She froze Jim until he said he was going to sit in the refrigerator and cool the butter. She locked herself in the dressing-room—it had been assigned to me, but that made no difference to Bella—and did her nails, and took three different baths, and refused to come to the table. And of course Jimmy was wild, and said she would starve. But I said, "Very well, let her starve. Not a tray shall leave my kitchen." It was a comfort to have her shut up there anyhow: it postponed the time when she would come face to face with Flannigan.

Aunt Selina got sick that day, as I have said. I was not so bitter as the others; I did not say that I wished she would die. The worst I ever wished her was that she might be quite ill for some time, and yet, when she began to recover, she was dreadful to me. She said for one thing, that it was the hard-boiled eggs and the state of the house that did it. And when I said that the grippe was a germ, she retorted that I had probably brought it to her on my clothing.

You remember that Betty had drawn the nurse's slip, and how pleased she had been about it. She got up early the morning of the first day and made herself a lawn cap and telephoned out for a white nurse's uniform—that is, of course, for a white uniform for a nurse. She really looked very fetching, and she went around all the morning with a red cross on her sleeve and

a Saint Cecilia expression, gathering up bottles of medicine—most of it flesh reducer, which was pathetic, and closing windows for fear of drafts. She refused to help with the house-work, and looked quite exalted, but by afternoon it had paled on her somewhat, and she and Max shook dice.

Betty was really pleased when Aunt Selina sent for her. She took in a bottle of cologne to bathe her brow, and we all stood outside the door and listened. Betty tiptoed in her pretty cap and apron, and we heard her cautiously draw down the shades.

"What are you doing that for?" Aunt Selina demanded. "I like the light."

"It's bad for your poor eyes," Betty's tone was exactly the proper bedside pitch, low and sugary.

"Sweet and low, sweet and low, wind of the western sea!" "Dad hummed outside.

"Put up those window-shades!" Aunt Selina's voice was strong enough. "What's that in that bottle?"

Betty was still mild. She swished to the window and raised the shade.

"I'm so sorry you are ill," she said sympathetically. "This is for your poor aching head. Now close your eyes and lie perfectly still, and I will cool your forehead."

"There's nothing the matter with my head," Aunt Selina retorted. "And I have not lost my faculties; I am not a child, or a sick cow. If that's perfunctory, take it out."

We heard Betty coming to the door, but there was no time to get away. She had dropped her mask for a minute and was biting her lip, but when we saw her we forced a smile.

"She's ill, poor dear," she said. "If you people will go away, I can bring her around all right. In two hours she will eat out of my hand."

"Eat a piece out of your hand," Max scoffed in a whisper.

We waited a little longer, but it was too painful. Aunt Selina demanded a mustard foot bath and hot lemonade and her back rubbed with liniment and some strong black tea. And in the intervals she wanted to be read to out of the prayer-book. And when we had all gone away, there came the most terrible noise from Aunt Selina's room, and every one ran. We found Betty in the hall outside the door, crying, with her fingers in her ears and her cap over her eye. She said she had been putting the hot-water bottle to Aunt Selina's back, and it had been too hot. Just then something hit against the door with a soft thud, fell to the floor and burst, for a trickle of hot water came over the sill.

"She won't let me hold her hand," Betty wailed, "or bathe her brow, or smooth her pillow. She thinks of nothing but her stomach or her back!"

And when I try to make her bed look decent, she spits at me like a cat. Everything I do is wrong. She spilled the foot-bath into her shoes, and blamed me for it."

It took the united efforts of all of us—except Bella, who stood back and smiled nastily—to get Betty back into the sick-room again. I was supremely thankful by that time that I had not drawn the nurse's slip. With dinner ordered in from one of the clubs, and the omelet ten hours behind me, my position did not seem so unbearable. But a new development was coming.

While Betty was fussing with Aunt Selina, Max led a search of the house.

He said the necklace and the bracelet must be hidden somewhere, and that no crevice was too small to neglect.

We made a formal search all together, except Betty and Aunt Selina, and we found a lot of things in different places that Jim said had been missing since the year one. But no jewels—nothing even suggesting a jewel was found. We had explored the entire house, every cupboard, every chest, even the insides of the couches and the pockets of Jim's clothes—which he resented bitterly—and found nothing, and I must say the situation was growing rather strained. Some one had taken the jewels; they hadn't walked away.

It was Flannigan who suggested the roof, and as we had tried every place else, we climbed there. Of course we didn't find anything, but after all day in the house with the shutters closed on account of reporters, the air was glorious. It was February, but quite mild and sunny, and we could look down over Riverside Drive and the Hudson, and even recognize people we knew on horseback and in cars. It was a pathetic joy, and we lined up along the parapet and watched the motor-boats racing on the river, and tried to feel that we were in the world as well as of it, but it was very hard.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What a Woman Knows.

"So Erma is engaged," said Elleanor, with a curl of her lip. "Well, I'm sorry for the man, that's all. She doesn't know the first thing about keeping house."

"Oh, yes, she does, though," was Fannie's assuring reply.

"Well, I'd like to know what it is," was the doubting response.

"The very first thing, which is to get a man to keep house for—" Judge.

Wise Tramp.

She brought him out a wedge of pumpkin pie and a cup of coffee.

"And you only visit this section of the country during golden-rod time?" she interrogated innocently. "How poetical!"

"Well, you see, mum, it isn't exact poesy," replied Dusty Dan, with a smile, "but when de golden-rod blooms it is too late to cut grass an' too early to shovel snow."

Good Tip.

"How did you manage to keep that last cook so long?"

"She got interested in a serial story in one of the magazines I take."

## THE KITCHEN CABINET



G AND toll within life's vineyard;

Do not fear to do or dare—

If you want a field of labor

You can find it anywhere.

The Servant Problem.

The fact that housekeeping is being taught in our rural schools in up-to-date communities, and is being put into the curriculum on par with other studies, leads us to hope that before another generation we may have the servant problem near its solution.

There is no danger that the office or store will be robbed, for there will be plenty of girls more adapted to such work than to housekeeping; but in that good time coming the business world will not be overrun with poor clerks, poor stenographers, poor teachers, who might have been excellent home keepers, for many of our housewives are not strong enough to bear the work of their own households.

The business world is overflowing with mediocre workers who are earning the barest kind of a living when they might be well clothed, well fed and earning a good wage doing something they are fitted for.

What we need more than any other quality in womanhood is an increase of patriotism, more of the fighting blood of our ancestors.

The truest patriot lives for his country and dies if necessary, for it. We need more of the kind that live for it, who will sacrifice for it, give time, thought, money and energy to making the world better; and we may each have a share in the great work.

Some one has so well said "that the weakest among us has a gift, however seemingly trivial, which if rightly used may be a benefit to our race forever." Let us find the thing we can do best, and use that power for the betterment of the world, and be done with the old prayer:

"The Lord bless me and my wife, My son John and his wife, Us four and no more."

For, after all, the most successful life is the unselfish one which leaves the world better than he found it.



A GUST of birdson, a sparkle of dew,

A cloud and a rainbow's warning,

Sudden sunshine and bits of blue,

An April day in the morning."

Croquette Making.

The two kinds of croquette mixtures need different heat in frying. For those that are uncooked a slower heat.

In testing the fat for them use a cube of bread. It should be brown in 60 seconds, a golden brown. The croquettes that are prepared of cooked mixtures a hotter fat is required.

Weal Croquettes.—Mix two cups of chopped, cooked cold veal, a teaspoonful of salt, a few drops onion juice, a dash of cayenne, a yolk of egg and a cup of white sauce made by using the veal stock instead of the milk. Cool, shake and fry in fat of the 40-second test.

Veal Croquettes.—Mix two cups of chopped, cooked cold veal, a teaspoonful of salt, a few drops onion juice, a dash of cayenne to taste and spread in a shallow buttered pan to cool. Turn out when set and serve with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored. Gelatine is easy of digestion, but not valuable as a food. It has been called the protein saver. It acts like oil on machinery, makes it run easier.

A delicious little croquette may be served with a sauce as a dessert is prepared of cooked rice. Make a small nest of the rice and add a teaspoonful of any desired jelly or preserves, then roll into a ball and dip in egg and crumbs and fry in deep fat. Serve any sauce which appeals to the taste, such as chocolate or a lemon sauce.

Cheese Croquettes.—Melt three tablespoonsfuls of butter, add a fourth of a cup of flour and when well mixed add two-thirds of a cup of milk and the yolks of two unbeaten eggs. Add a cup of grated cheese, and as soon as it is melted, remove from the heat, add salt, cayenne to taste and spread in a shallow buttered pan to cool. When cold turn on a board, cut in strips, dip in crumbs, egg and crumbs again and fry in deep fat. Drain on brown paper. Serve for the cheese course. Salmon, lobster, lamb, chicken, and in fact any kind of meat may be used to prepare croquettes.

Bits of left-over meats with different seasonings may thus be utilized in making attractive dishes, without waste. Vegetables also make acceptable material for croquettes.

Distinguished Visitor.

While a minister was preaching in a western village a stranger with a big ear trumpet entered the church, sat down on the pulpit steps and turned the big end of his trumpet upward. The minister's four-year-old daughter who was present kept her eyes on the stranger until the congregation was dismissed. On the way home she said