

# SERIAL STORY

## When a Man Marries

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

### 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. He neglects to tell her of his divorce. Jimmy takes Kit into his confidence. He suggests that Kit play the hostess for one night, he Mrs. Wilson pretends. Aunt Selma arrives and the deception works out as planned. Jimmy's jag 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 Jimmy. Kit tells her Jim is well and is in the house. 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. He tells him the guests cannot leave the house until the quarantine is lifted. After the lifting of the quarantine several letters are found in the mail box undelivered, one is addressed to Henry Lewellyn, Igitique, Chile, which was written by Harbison. He describes minutely of their incarceration, also of his infatuation for Mrs. Wilson. Aunt Selma is taken ill with a gripe. Betty acts as nurse. Harbison finds Kit sulking on the roof. She tells him that Jim has been treating her outrageously. Kit starts downstairs, when suddenly she is grasped in the arms of a man who kisses her several times. She believes that Harbison did it and is humiliated. Aunt Selma tells Jimmy that her cameo broochpin and other articles of jewelry have been stolen. She accuses Betty of the theft. Jimmy tells Aunt Selma all about the strange happenings, but she persists in suspecting Betty of the theft of her valuables. Harbison demands an explanation from Kit as to her conduct towards him, she tells him of the incident on the roof, he does not deny nor confirm her accusation. One of the guests devises a way to escape from the house. They set fire to the reception room and attempt to leave the house from the rear. The guards discover the ruse and prevent them from escaping.

### CHAPTER XV. (Continued.)

Every one went up on the roof and left him to his mystery. Anne drank her tea in a preoccupied silence, with half-closed eyes, an attitude that bodied ill to somebody. The rest were feverishly gay, and Aunt Selma, with a pair of arctics on her feet and a hot-water bottle at her back, sat in the middle of the tent and told me familiar anecdotes of Jimmy's early youth (had he known, he would have slain her.) Betty and Mr. Harbison had found a medicine ball, and were running around like a pair of children. It was quite certain that neither his escape from death nor my accusation weighed heavily on him.

While Aunt Selma was busy with the time Jim had swallowed an open safety pin, and just as the pin had been coughed up, or taken out of his nose—I forget which—Jim himself appeared and sulkily demanded the privacy of the roof for his training hour. Yes, he was training. Flannigan claimed to know the system that had reduced the president to what he is, and he and Jim had a seance every day which left Jim feeling himself bruised all evening. He claimed to be losing flesh; he said he could actually feel it going, and he and Flannigan had spent an entire afternoon in the cellar three days before with a potato barrel, a cane-seated chair and a lamp.

The whole thing had been shrouded in mystery. They sanderped the inside of the barrel and took out all the nails, and when they had finished they carried it to the roof and put it in a corner behind the tent. Everybody was curious, but Flannigan refused any information about it, and merely said it was part of his system. Dal said that if he had anything like that in his system he certainly would be glad to get rid of it.

At a quarter to six Jim appeared, still sullen from the events of the afternoon and wearing a dressing-gown and a pair of slippers, Flannigan following him with a sponge, a bucket of water and an armful of bath towels. Everybody protested at having to move, but he was firm, and they all filed down the stairs. I was the last, with Aunt Selma just ahead of me. At the top of the stairs she turned around suddenly to me.

"That policeman looks cruel," she said. "What's more, he's been in a bad humor all day. More than likely he'll put James flat on the roof and tramp on him, under pretense of training him. All policemen are inhuman."

and Flannigan muttered mutiny. But it was easier to obey Aunt Selma than to clash with her, and anyhow I wanted to see the barrel in use. I never saw any one train before. Flannigan made Jim run, around and around the roof. He said it stirred up his food and brought it in contact with his liver, to be digested.

Flannigan, from meekness and submission, of a sort, became an autocrat on the roof. "Once more," he would say. "Pick up your feet, sir! Pick up your feet!" And Jim would stagger doggedly past me, where I sat on the parapet, his poor cheeks shaking and the tail of his bath robe wrapping itself around his legs. Yes, he ran in the bath robe in deference to me. It seems there isn't much to a running suit.

"Head up," Flannigan would say. "Lift your knees, sir. Didn't you ever see a horse with string halt?" He let him stop finally, and gave him a moment to get his breath. Then he set him to turning somersaults. They spread the cushions from the couch in the tent on the roof, and Jim would poke his head down and say a prayer, and then curve over as gracefully as a sausage and come up gasping, as if he had been pushed off a boat.

"Five pounds a day; not less, sir," Flannigan said, encouragingly. "You'll drop it in chunks." Jim looked at the tin as if he expected to see the chunks lying at his feet. "Yes," he said, wiping the back of his neck. "If we're in here 30 days that will be 150 pounds. Don't forget to stop in time, Flannigan. I don't want to melt away like a candle." He was cheered, however, by the promise of reduction.

"What do you think of that, Kit?" he called to me. "Your uncle is going to look as angular as a problem in geometry. I'll—I'll be the original reductio ad absurdum. Do you want me to stand on my head, Flannigan? Wouldn't that reduce something?"

"Your brains, sir," Flannigan retorted, gravely, and presented a pair of boxing gloves. Jim visibly quailed, but he put them on. "Do you know, Flannigan," he remarked, as he fastened them, "I'm thinking of wearing these all the time. They hide my character." Flannigan looked puzzled, but he



Came Back and Called Through to Us.

did not ask an explanation. He demanded that Jim shed the bath robe, which he finally did, on my promise to watch the sunset. Then for fully a minute there was no sound save of feet running rapidly around the roof and an occasional soft thud. Each thud was accompanied by a grunt or two from Jim. Flannigan was grinning silent. Once there was a smart rap, an oath from the policeman, and a mirthless chuckle from Jim. The chuckle ended in a crash, however, and I turned. Jim was lying on his back on the roof, and Flannigan was wiping his ear with a towel. Jim sat up and ran his hand down his ribs.

"They're all here," he observed after a minute. "I thought I missed one." "The only way to take a man's weight down," Flannigan said dryly. Jim got up dizzily.

"Down on the roof, I suppose you mean," he said. The next proceedings were mysterious. Flannigan rolled the barrel into the tent, and carried a small glass lamp. With the material at hand he seemed to be effecting a combination, no new one, to judge by his facility. Then he called Jim.

At the door of the tent Jim turned to me, his bath-robe toga fashion around his shoulders. "This is a very essential part of the treatment," he said, solemnly. "The exercise, according to Flannigan, loosens up the adipose tissue. The next step is to boil it out. I hope, unless your instructions compel you, that you will at least have the decency to stay out of the tent."

"I am going at once," I said, outraged. "I'm not here because I'm mad about it, and you know it. And don't pose with that bath robe. If you think you're a character out of Roman history, look at your legs." "I didn't mean to offend you," he said sulkily. "Only I'm tired of having you choked down my throat every time I open my mouth, Kit. And don't go just yet. Flannigan is going for my clothes as soon as he lights the lamp, and—somebody ought to watch the stairs."

That was all there was to it. I said I would guard the steps, and Flannigan, having ignited the combination, whatever it was, went downstairs. How was I to know that Bella would come up when she did? Was it my fault that the lamp got too high, and that Flannigan couldn't hear Jim calling? or that just as Bella reached the top of the steps Jim should come to the door of the tent wearing the bar-

rel part of his hot-air cabinet, and yelling for a doctor? Bella came to a dead stop on the upper step, with her mouth open. She looked at Jim, at the inadequate barrel, and from them she looked at me. Then she began to laugh, one of her hysterical giggles, and she turned and went down again. As Jim and I stared at each other we could hear her gurgling down the hall below.

She had violent hysterics for an hour, with Anne rubbing her forehead and Aunt Selma burning a feather out of the feather duster under her nose. Only Jim and I understood, and we did not tell. Luckily, the next thing that occurred drove Bella and her nerves from everybody's mind. At seven o'clock, when Bella had dropped asleep and everybody else was dressed for dinner, Aunt Selma discovered that the house was cold, and ordered Dal to the furnace.

It was Dal's day at the furnace; Flannigan had been relieved of that part of the work after twice setting fire to a chimney. In five minutes Dal came back and spoke a few words to Max, who followed him to the basement and in ten minutes more Flannigan puffed up the steps and called Mr. Harbison.

I am not curious, but I knew that something had happened. While Aunt Selma was talking suffrage to Anne—who said she had always been tremendously interested in the subject, and if women got the suffrage would they be allowed to vote?—I slipped back to the dining-room. The table was laid for dinner, but Flannigan was not in sight. I could hear voices from somewhere, faint voices that talked rapidly, and after a while I located the sounds under my feet. The men were all in the basement, and something must have happened. I flew to the basement stairs, to meet Mr. Harbison at the foot. He was grimy and dusty, with streaks of coal dust over his face, and he had been examining his revolver. I was just in time to see him slip it into his pocket.

"What is the matter?" I demanded. "Is any one hurt?" "No one," he said coolly. "We've been cleaning out the furnace."

"With a revolver? How interesting—and unusual!" I said dryly, and slipped past him as he barred the way. He was not pleased; I heard him mutter something and come rapidly after me, but I had the voices as a guide, and I was not going to be turned back like a child. The men had gathered around a low stone arch in the furnace room, and were looking down a short flight of steps, into a sort of vault, under the pavement. A faint light came from a small grating above, and there was a close, musty smell in the air.

"I tell you it must have been last night," Dallas was saying. "Wilson and I were here before we went to bed, and I'll swear that hole was not there then." "It was not there this morning, sir," Flannigan insisted. "It has been made during the day."

"And it could not have been done this afternoon," Mr. Harbison said, quietly. "I was fusing with the telephone wire down here. I would have heard the noise." Something in his voice made me look at him, and certainly his expression was unusual. He was watching us all intently while Dallas pointed out to me the cause of the excitement. From the main floor of the furnace room, a flight of stone steps surmounted by an arch led into the coal cellar, beneath the street. The coal cellar was of brick, with a cement cellar, and in the left wall there gaped an opening about three feet by three, leading into a cavernous void, perfectly black—evidently a similar vault belonging to the next house.

The whole place was ghostly, full of shadows, shivery with possibilities. It was Mr. Harbison finally who took Jim's candle and crawled through the aperture. We waited in dead silence, listening to his feet crunching over the coal beyond, watching the faint yellow light that came through the ragged opening in the wall. Then he called through to us.

"Place is locked, over here," he said. "Heavy oak door at the head of the steps. Whoever made that opening has done a prodigious amount of labor for nothing." The weapon, a crowbar, lay on the ground beside the bricks, and he picked it up and balanced it on his hand. Dallas' florid face was almost comical in his bewilderment; as for Jimmy—he slammed a piece of slag at the furnace and walked away. At the door he turned around.

"Why don't you accuse me of it?" he asked, bitterly. "Maybe you could find a lump of coal in my pockets if you searched me." He stalked up the stairs then and left us. Dallas and I went up together, but we did not talk. There seemed to be nothing to say. Not until I had closed and locked the door of my room did I venture to look at something that I carried in the palm of my hand. It was a watch, not running—a gentleman's flat gold watch, and it had been hanging by its fob to a nail in the bricks beside the aperture. In the back of the watch were the initials T. H. H. and the picture of a girl, cut from a newspaper. It was my picture.

(TO BE CONTINUED.) Lesson From the Past. The blarsted Yankees of the early '40s had adopted as their slogan in the boundary dispute: "Fifty-four forty or fight!" "We're hitting the line hard," they explained. At a later stage, however, being in a more conciliatory mood, they agreed to a compromise; but that is another story.

# TALES OF GOTHAM AND OTHER CITIES

## ARMY OF 250,000 TOILS AT NIGHT



NEW YORK.—With an army, conservatively estimated at a quarter of a million of workers who are employed partly or wholly at night, New York city is fast becoming as busy industrially and economically between the hours of 7:00 p. m. and 7:00 a. m. as are other cities during the hours that from time immemorial have been dedicated to labor. The glitter, the glimmer and the glamor of the "Gay White Way" and its environs must, from their very noise and brilliancy, attract attention to the exclusion of all other considerations, after the sun goes down and the myriad imitation suns come up. But that quarter million of workers is there—not so accessible, not so easily stumbled upon, and far less noisy. It is hard to complete an accurate list of all those occupations which are carried on at night. But here is a list,

which gives an idea of the enormous number of people who earn their bread in a manner that our staid forefathers would have considered "outlandish." Milkmen, postoffice employees, policemen, firemen, railway employees, employees on the surface, elevated and subway lines, night watchmen, waiters and cashiers in the all-night "hash houses;" then comes that other class of waiters and attendants in the fashionable restaurants, who only begin to bustle about at night; newspaper men, printers, telegraph operators, bar tenders, hotel clerks, bell boys and the "raft" of other hotel employees; hackmen, chauffeurs, all night dentists, physicians, surgeons, barbers, cigar store clerks, drug store employees, telephone girls, newsboys, news dealers, actors and actresses, crews of the ferry boats, certain sorts of structural workers, tunnel workers, musicians, nurses; there is a small army of men and women who enter the big department stores after they have closed for the night, and work the night long cleaning and fixing them up ship-shape for the next day's trade.

## TO TOUR EUROPE ON CAFE TIPS

ETIQUETTE ON TIPPING. When dining alone 10 cents. When dining with a woman 25 cents. When entertaining a party, 50 cents or more. When in doubt 10 per cent. of bill. Add 5 per cent. when the music is inspiring. Deduct accordingly when the waiter refuses to smile. Never offer a tip until after service is over. Be liberal, but don't overdo it.



water can get as much as \$10 a day, but other times it runs nearer \$5. But it isn't so much getting the tips as saving them that counts." Rehm did not disclose the amount of his savings, but he admitted he had three summer cottages in Michigan, another cottage in Edgewater besides the one in which he lives, and some city bonds. "I am forty-six years old now," he said, "and when I reach fifty I expect to be in a position to retire. I put my money in bonds because they pay better interest than a savings account. We can live on about \$1,000 a year because we own our own home. I figure it will take about \$1,500 for the European trip, but I won't estimate it too closely; we will enjoy it whatever it costs. I will tip on my trip across according to the way in which I believe tips should be given.

CHICAGO.—John Henry William Rehm, who, with Henry von Hanson, another Chicago waiter, will pass the summer in Europe, traveling on the proceeds of tips paid him, gave the foregoing precepts, and plans to follow them in giving his own money away. Rehm will take his wife and two daughters, Adeline and Elinor, on the trip. They will sail on the Lusitania, in the best quarters available, and for three months will "do" Europe in style. "A waiter should receive \$50 a week in tips," said Rehm in telling of his experience as a Chicago waiter. "Sometimes, when politics are on, a

## GIVEN RIGHT TO SPANK HIS WIFE



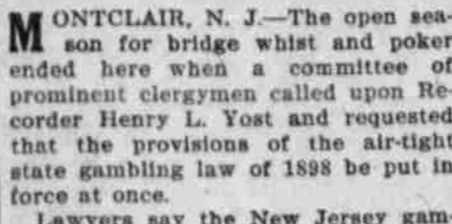
ST. LOUIS.—On Fourth of July, at harvest home dinners, when a new railroad is completed, or a canal is dug, or a new mayor inaugurated, florid-faced men get up and talk eloquently of the nation's great progress. "We are living in an age of marvelous deeds," they exclaim, and we truly are, for in St. Louis a jury found that a man had the right to spank his wife. Rebecca Yowell, the mother of six children, sued Jacob Yowell for a divorce, charging that he spanked her. He confessed to the crime, but claimed as a mitigating circumstance that she talked from ten one night till two the next morning, and he couldn't sleep. Mr. Yowell did not tell the court what she talked about and the court

didn't ask. Had there been a woman judge and jury at the trial Mrs. Yowell's reasons for talking four hours at a stretch would have been made known. But this is sure: Those four hours were not devoted to singing Mr. Yowell's praise.

Time flies rapidly when one is hearing compliments; in no other circumstance does time fly so fast, and had Mrs. Yowell been praising her husband there would have been no spanking.

She talked four hours. That wasn't long if she had chosen the right subject. But she talked of the six children, the house, the hard work, the growing needs of a growing family, and in that particular she did wrong. For the more she talked, the angrier he grew. Had she spent those four hours in a lullaby of his praise he would have dropped off to a sweet sleep and handed her his pocketbook next morning. Every man who complains that his wife talks too much makes the admission that her soliloquy isn't a song of praise.

## WILL ENFORCE DRASTIC GAMING LAW

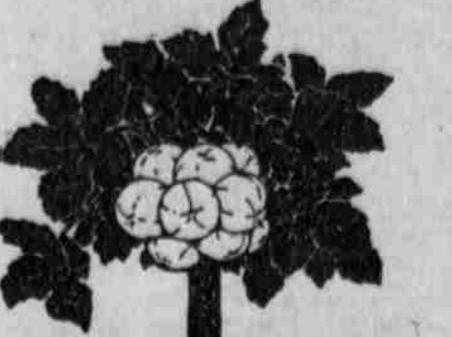


MONTCLAIR, N. J.—The open season for bridge whist and poker ended here when a committee of prominent clergymen called upon Recorder Henry L. Yost and requested that the provisions of the air-tight state gambling law of 1898 be put in force at once. Lawyers say the New Jersey gambling law is one of the most sweeping ever put on a statute book. Its three sections include every form of dallying with chance. Poker players, euchre players or shakers of dice for drinks may be sent to prison. "What's this I hear about putting an end to bridge?" a lawyer asked the police chief. "My wife has arranged for a bridge whist party to-night, but I'll call it off if there's any danger of a raid." The chief's proxy hurriedly consulted a copy of the gambling law and then advised that the bridge party be called off. Bridge has taken a strong hold on Montclair, with high play as a result. A young Montclair woman, prominent socially, was invited recently to an

afternoon tea. Bridge was proposed, almost as a matter of course. No money was staked, counters being used. The girl plunged. When play was ended the girl was informed calmly by her hostess, "I find by the counters that you owe me \$40."

"Why! I didn't know we were playing for money," gasped the amazed and then deeply mortified girl. But the hostess persisted in her claim, and the girl handed over a brooch as security. At home she confided in her father, a New York lawyer. He called up the winner on the phone. "Kindly return my daughter's brooch within 24 hours," he said. The brooch was sent back within an hour, without bill or comment.

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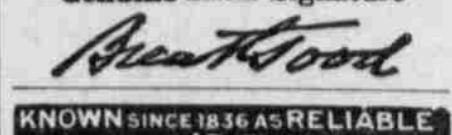
and be compelled to pay to your landlord most of your hard-earned profits? Own your own farm. Secure a Free Homestead in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta, or purchase land in one of these provinces and bank a profit of \$10.00 or \$12.00 an acre every year. Land purchased 3 years ago at \$10.00 an acre has recently changed hands at \$25.00 an acre. The crops grown on these lands warrant the advance. You can

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