

# 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 reticent and looked shorter than he really was. His ambition in life was to be taken seriously, but people usually 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 regrets to tell her of his divorce. Jimmy takes Kit into his confidence. He suggests that Kit play the hostess for one night. Mrs. Wilson pro tem. Aunt Selma arrives and the deception works out as planned. Jim'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 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. She believes that Harbison, who writes for Harbison. He describes minutely of their incarceration, also of his infatuation for Mrs. Wilson. Aunt Selma is taken ill with la grippe. 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 brooch 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 valuable brooch. 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. Max finds Anne's pearl clasp pin in Jimmy's studio in a discarded coat. Jimmy is suspected of the theft, but denies the accusation. Kit finds a watch hanging to a pillar in the basement and with initials T. H. H. engraved upon it. She opens the case and finds a picture of herself that had been clipped from a newspaper.

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### I Face Flannigan.

Dinner had waited that night while everybody went to the coal cellar and stared at the hole in the wall, and watched while Max took a tracing of it and of some footprints in the coal dust on the other side.

I did not go. I went into the library with the guilty watch in a fold of my gown, and found Mr. Harbison there, staring through the February gloom at the blank wall of the next house, and quite unconscious of the reporter with a drawing pad just below him in the area-way. I went over and closed the shutters before his very eyes, but even then he did not move.

"Will you be good enough to turn around?" I demanded at last.

"Oh!" he said, wheezing. "Are you here?"

There wasn't any reply to that, so I took the watch and placed it on the library table between us. The effect was all that I had hoped. He stared at it for an instant, then at me, with his hand outstretched for it, stopped.

"Where did you find it?" he asked. I couldn't understand his expression. He looked embarrassed, but not at all afraid.

"I think you know, Mr. Harbison," I retorted.

"I wish I did. You opened it?"

"Yes."

We stood looking at each other across the table. It was his glance that wavered.

"About the picture—of you," he said at last. "You see, down there in South America, a fellow hasn't much to do evenings, and a—chum of mine and I—we were awfully down on what we called the plutocrats, the—the leisure classes. And when that picture of yours came in the paper, we had—we had an argument. He said—" He stopped.

"What did he say?"

"Well, he said it was the picture of an empty-faced society girl."

"Oh!" I exclaimed.

"I—I maintained there were possibilities in the face." He put both hands on the table, and bending forward, looked down at me. "Well, I was a fool, I admit. I said your eyes were kind and candid, in spite of that haughty mouth. You see, I said I was a fool."

"I think you are exceedingly rude," I managed finally. "If you want to know where I found your watch, it was down in the coal cellar. And if you admit you are an idiot, I am not. I—I know all about Bella's bracelet—and the board on the roof, and—oh, if you would only leave—Anne's necklace on the coal, or somewhere—and get away—"

My voice got beyond me then, and I dropped into a chair and covered my face. I could feel him staring at the back of my head.

"Well, I'll be—" something or other, he said finally, and then turned on his heel and went out. By the time I got my eyes dry (yes, I was crying; I always do when I am angry) I heard Jim coming downstairs, and I tucked the watch out of sight. Would any one have foreseen the trouble that watch would make!

Jim was sulky. He dropped into a chair and stretched out his legs, looking gloomily at nothing. Then he got up and ambled into his den, closing the door behind him without having spoken a word. It was more than human nature could stand.

When I went into the den he was stretched on the davenport with his face buried in the cushion. He looked absolutely wilted, and every line of him was drooping.

"Go on out, Kit," he said, in a smothered voice. "Be a good girl and don't follow me around."

"You are shameless!" I gasped. "Follow you! When you are hung around my neck like a—like a—" Millstone was what I wanted to say, but I couldn't think of it.

He turned over and looked up from his cushions like an ill-treated and suffering cherub.

"I'm done for, Kit," he groaned. "Bella went up to the studio after we left, and investigated that corner."

"What did she find? The necklace?" I asked eagerly. He was too wretched to notice this.

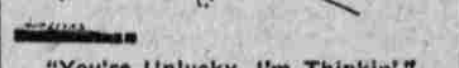
"No, that picture of you that I did last winter. She is crazy—she says she is going upstairs and sit in Takshiro's room and take smallpox and die."

"Fiddlesticks!" I said rudely, and somebody hammered on the door and opened it.

"Pardon me for disturbing you," Bella said, in her best dear-me-I'm-glad-I-knocked manner. "But—Flannigan says the dinner has not come."

"Good Lord!" Jim exclaimed. "I forgot to order the confounded dinner!"

It was eight o'clock by that time, and as it took an hour at least after telephoning the order, everybody looked blank when they heard. The entire family, except Mr. Harbison, who had not appeared again, escorted



"You're Unlucky, I'm Thinkin'."

Jim to the telephone and hung around hungrily, suggesting new dishes every minute. And then—he couldn't raise Central. It was 15 minutes before we gave up, and stood staring at one another despairingly.

"Call out of a window and get one of those infernal reporters to do something useful for once," Max suggested. But he was indignantly hushed. We would have starved first. Jim was peering into the transmitter and knocking the receiver against his hand, like a watch that had stopped. But nothing happened. Flannigan reported a box of breakfast food, two lemons and a pineapple cheese, a combination that didn't seem to lend itself to anything.

We went back to the dining room from sheer force of habit and sat around the table and looked at the lemonade Flannigan had made. Anne would talk about the salad her last cook had concocted, and Max told about a little town in Connecticut where the restaurant keeper smokes a corn-cob pipe while he cooks the most luscious fried clams in America. And Aunt Selma related that in her family they had a recipe for chicken smothered in cream. And then we sipped the weak lemonade and nibbled at the cheese.

"To change this gridiron martyrdom," Dallas said finally, "where's Harbison? Still looking for his watch?"

"Watch!" Everybody said it in a different tone.

"Sure," he responded. "Says his watch was taken last night from the studio. Better get him down to take a squint at the telephone. Likely he can fix it."

Flannigan was beside me with the cheese. And at that moment I felt Mr. Harbison's stolen watch slip out of my girdle, slide greasily across my lap, and clatter to the floor. Flannigan stooped, but luckily it had gone under the table. To have had it picked up, to have had to explain how I got it, to see them try to ignore my picture pasted in it—oh, it was impossible! I put my foot over it.

"Drop something?" Dallas asked perfunctorily, rising. Flannigan was still half kneeling.

"A fork," I said, as easily as I could, and the conversation went on. But Flannigan knew, and I knew he knew. He watched my every movement like a hawk after that, standing just behind my chair. I dropped my useless napkin, to have it whirled up before it reached the floor. I said to Betty that my shoe buckle was loose, and actually got the watch in my hand, only to let it slip at the critical mo-

ment. Then they all got up and went sadly back to the library, and Flannigan and I faced each other.

Flannigan was not a handsome man at any time, though up to then he had at least looked amiable. But now as I stood with my hand on the back of my chair, his face grew suddenly menacing. The silence was absolute: I was the guiltiest wretch alive, and opposite me the law towered and glowered, and held the yellow remnant of a pineapple cheese! And in the silence that wretched watch lay and ticked and ticked and ticked. Then Flannigan creaked over and closed the door to the hall, came back, picked up the watch, and looked at it.

"You're unlucky, I'm thinkin'," he said finally. "You've got the nerve all right, but you ain't cute enough."

"I don't know what you mean," I quavered. "Give me that watch to return to Mr. Harbison."

"Not on your life," he retorted easily. "I give it back myself, like I'm going to give back the necklace, if you act like a sensible little girl."

I could only choke.

"It's foolish, any way you look at it," he persisted. "Here you are, lots of friends, folks that think you're all right. Why, I reckon there isn't one of them that wouldn't lend you money if you needed it so bad."

"Will you be still?" I said furiously. "Mr. Harbison left that watch—with me—an hour ago. Get him, and he will tell you so himself!"

"Of course he would," Flannigan conceded, looking at me with grudging approval. "He wouldn't be what I think he is, if he didn't lie up and down for you." There were voices in the hall. Flannigan came closer. "An hour ago, you say. And he told me it was gone this morning! It's a losing game, miss. I'll give you 24 hours and then—the necklace, if you please, miss."

### CHAPTER XVII.

#### A Clash and a Kiss.

The clash that came that evening had been threatening for some time. Take an immovable body, represented by Mr. Harbison and his square jaw, and an irresistible force, Jimmy and his weight, and there is bound to be trouble.

The real fault was Jim's. He had gone entirely mad again over Bella, and thrown prudence to the winds. He mooned at her across the dinner-table, and wailed her on the stairs or in the back halls, just to hear her voice when she ordered him out of the way. He telephoned for flowers and candy for her quite shamelessly, and he got out a book of photographs that they had taken on their wedding journey, and kept it on the library table. The sole concession he made to our presumptive relationship was to bring me the responsibility for everything that went wrong, and his shirts for buttons.

The first I heard of the trouble was from Dal. He wailed me in the hall after dinner that night, and his face was serious.

"I'm afraid we can't keep it up very long, Kit," he said. "With Jim trailing Bella all over the house, and the old lady keener every day, it's bound to come out somehow. And that isn't all. Jim and Harbison had a set-to today—about you."

"About me!" I repeated. "Oh, I dare say I have been falling short again. What was Jim doing? Abusing me?"

Dal looked cautiously over his shoulder, but no one was near.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### NOT OVERESTIMATED.

"Let me tell you, gentlemen," said the earnest vegetarian, who was lecturing before the Butchers' association, "that there is more energy contained in a single banana than there is in five pounds of the best beef-steak."

Instantly a storm of protesting and derisive hisses broke forth from the indignant audience. But above the noisy rasp could be heard the stentorian voice of a husky-looking individual shouting: "The man is right! The man is right! But he fails to allow enough energy for the fruit. I know from my own personal experience that a mere fraction of the outside of a banana contains sufficient energy to take the best wrestler in the world off his feet."

Consistent.

"Senator," said the reporter, "may I ask how you made your first thousand?"

"Yes, sir," responded Senator Grapher; "I made it in the same way that I made all my subsequent thousands. Awed by the arrogance of his manner, the reporter refrained from heading the story of the interview 'A Confession!'"

Comparing Notes.

The motorist and the aviator met for a confidential chat.

"That's a fine machine you have," said the admiring aviator.

"Yes, it is the greatest farm wagon buster in the country. And how about your aeroplane?"

"Sh! Best chimney buster in the world, old chap."

The Reason.

"I always do the marketing for my wife."

"The last time I did the marketing I got cold feet."

"Why should you do that?"

"Because she told me to; she said people always had pigs' feet at a Dutch lunch."

Shouldn't Blame Him.

"It was a poet that accepted the first presidency of Portugal."

"Well, he had to make a living, didn't he?"

# NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

## Lawmakers Are Besieged by Women



WASHINGTON.—That a member of congress spends his days in working for or against such momentous projects as tariff reduction, Canadian reciprocity, appropriations for this or that and other kindred subjects, is, to the popular mind, precisely what he is sent there to do. But that he also consumes a goodly portion of his working day in receiving or avoiding women, will be, perhaps, a more or less surprising statement to the average voter.

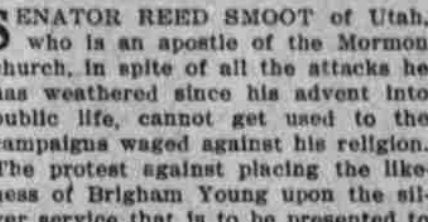
And yet—don't censure the congressman for doing so. Nine out of ten times he's more eager to dodge his feminine callers than to see them. This business of basking in feminine smiles and being sought after by Mildred Fair may be all right in story books, but it doesn't go in congress. If he could do so the average member would turn over the job of receiving Phyllis and Cousin Mary from the country and Mrs. Home Stater to any one who wants it—in a jiffy!

They can be found either in the reception room of the house of representatives or in the marble room of the senate, chiefly, however, on the house side. From the opening day of a session until its close they—these "women in waiting," as one congressman facetiously calls them—are to be seen.

There are young girls, slender and fair, who come in groups, properly chaperoned, from boarding schools just to say "good-day" to the member from their home state. They are frankly curious and vastly excited over the novel experience.

There are women with the battle-scarred faces of the unhappy aged. Some of them are in rusty black and make no attempt to conceal the poverty that drives them to this lost hope of winning the sympathy of a man who can get them a government position or aid the passage of a certain bill. They are "on duty" each day, from noon to adjournment, in the stifling little room on the house side, which is merely a columned niche to the left of stately hall.

## Can't Fathom Fight on Mormons



SENATOR REED SMOOT of Utah, who is an apostle of the Mormon church, in spite of all the attacks he has weathered since his advent into public life, cannot get used to the campaign waged against his religion. The protest against placing the likeness of Brigham Young upon the silver service that is to be presented to the battleship Utah by the citizens of the state caused Senator Smoot to make a call upon the secretary of the navy recently and explain to him the facts in the case.

The proposition is to have engraved upon the silver service a likeness of the pioneer monument that stands at the head of Main street, Salt Lake City. This monument was erected at the very spot where the pioneers of that state, 142 in number, camped when they went into that wilderness to carve out a new empire. All of them were Mormons and Brigham Young, the prophet, was their leader, so that in addition to having the names of all of them carved upon the stone a statue of Young stands, life size, at the top of the monument.



NO MATTER WHAT THEY ENGRAVE ON THE SILVER SERVICE IT WILL BE A PRETTY GOOD FIGHTER.

There is no religious significance to the statue or to the proposition to engrave the likeness upon the silver service, Senator Smoot explained to Secretary Meyer, although it happens that the pioneers were Mormons.

The senator also stated that the committee having in charge the selection of the silver for the battleship and the designation of the design, is composed of Mormons and non-Mormons and they are unanimously in favor of engraving a picture of the monument upon the service. The result of the senator's talk was that Secretary Meyer will stand pat and not interfere. To all who protest he says that the silver service is a voluntary gift from the people of Utah and the department has no right to stipulate as to the design.

## New Statesmen Are Economical



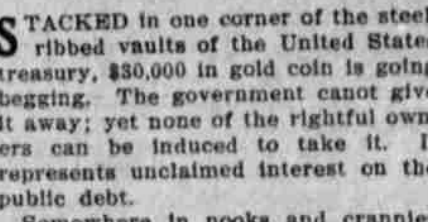
IN this new house of representatives there are a number of members who have come here with a full realization of the fact that they are one-termers. They know that according to all human probabilities they will not be returned, and so they propose to make all they can out of two years in office. No expensive hotels for them; on the contrary, they are figuring how they can live on their mileage and clerk hire, and save their salaries.

The result is that the superintendent of the house office building has had hard work to keep members from putting cots in their offices for sleeping there. It is said to be a fact that some of these "close" congressmen have insisted that they be given the right to move their trunks into the house office building and sleep there, though they have not yet proposed doing light housekeeping.

Speaking of committee rooms, the shift caused by the change in the political complexion of the house has resulted in embarrassment to some of the members who have been in the habit of taking their naps regularly during the day.

"Gosh, but I'm dry, and tired, and need a drink," remarked a statesman as he stood in the corridor the other day. "But blamed if I know where to get it. Last session I had lots of friends who kept bottles in their committee rooms, and I suppose there are just as many now, or more, but I don't know where to locate them."

## \$300,000 In Gold Awaits Claimants



STACKED in one corner of the steel-ribbed vaults of the United States treasury, \$300,000 in gold coin is going begging. The government cannot give it away; yet none of the rightful owners can be induced to take it. It represents unclaimed interest on the public debt.

Somewhere in nooks and crannies and out of the way places are the government's interest checks for the money, which never have been cashed. From time to time the treasury attempts to call in the checks and the vagaries of human nature are shown. One citizen has more than \$200,000 waiting for him and holds the checks for it. He was recently invited to cash in and made a trip to Washington to tell treasury officials the checks were his property, he would cash them when he pleased, or burn them up if he wished. If he does the latter, his money will be held in the vaults until congress, perhaps, might dispose of it. The treasury can do nothing but keep it.



The contractor who laid the first pavement upon Pennsylvania avenue from the capitol to the White House has \$21,000 waiting for him. It has been there many years, but the treasury has never been able to find the rightful payee, as the contractor failed and his affairs became involved in litigation which has never been settled.

The amounts of this seemingly ownerless fund range from thousands of dollars down to a few cents. The smaller amounts are all held for those who owned government securities at some time or other and probably have forgotten to collect their latest interest.

Cecil Rhodes' Good Sense.

Although Cecil Rhodes was a busy man he found time for a certain amount of reading. He made it a rule, although very fond of good pictures, never to buy any for fear of developing a craze for collecting works of art, for with all his wealth he felt that he could not afford to spend so much money on a fad. The only famous painting that he owned was one by Sir Joshua Reynolds, supposed to represent a young married woman, which hung in the dining room over the fireplace. As a boy he had taken a great fancy to the picture and when he grew up and became rich he bought it.

Hard to Obtain Radium.

London's radium institute is finding it hard to obtain the five and one-half grams of radium needed in its equipment for therapeutic work. The firm which undertook to supply that amount is unable to live up to its contract. The institute is to open in October.

# Libby's

## Evaporated Milk

is the handiest thing in the pantry. It is pure and always ready to use.

There is no waste—use as much or as little as you need, and the rest keeps longer than fresh milk.

Gives fine results in all cooking

Tell your grocer to send Libby's Milk



### PLEDGE POLICIES FOR LOANS

Imprudent Act That Really Means Man is Borrowing From His Widow.

Many men, pressed for money, go to the life insurance company, deposit their policy as security and borrow as much as the company is willing to lend. That the practice is common is proved by the fact that most companies have loaned from a fourth to a third of the aggregate face value of their policies in this way. "Very few of these loans," says the annual report of the Connecticut Mutual—and this company's experience is typical—"are ever repaid to the company. The moneys are swallowed up in business enterprises, in speculations and the total result means embarrassment and distress in a great many cases, and poverty in the place of competence, when the claims mature, and there is nothing left above the loans but a mere margin in cash on the policies for the protection of families or estates." Men who borrow on their policies are taking away protection from their families. It ought not to be done.—Collier's.

He Got It.

"Won't you give me an order?" pleaded the too-persistent traveling salesman.

"Certainly. Get out!"

Their Time.

Foolish Fred—Do you like lobsters? Pert Polly—Yes, both human and crustacean, in their salad days.

## One Cook

May make a cake "fit for the Queen," while another only succeeds in making a "pretty good cake" from the same materials.

It's a matter of skill! People appreciate, who have once tasted.

## Post Toasties

A delicious food made of White Corn—flaked and toasted to a delicate, crisp brown—to the "Queen's taste."

Post Toasties are served direct from the package with cream or milk, and sugar if desired—

A breakfast favorite! "The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd. Battle Creek, Mich.