

# 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. He neglects 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. Selma, Jimmy's divorced wife, enters the house and asks Kit who is being taken away in the ambulance? Selma insists it is Jim. Kit tells her the truth. Selma, who 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 Jewell, Chicago. Another is written by Harbison. He describes minutely of their incarceration, also of his infatuation for Mrs. Wilson. Aunt Selma is taken ill with her 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 leaves 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 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 or 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 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 has been clipped from a newspaper. Kit shows Harbison the watch. He explains that he had been looking for it and believed it had been stolen.

### CHAPTER XVII. (Continued.)

"It seems that the gentle Bella has been unusually beastly today to Jim, and—I believe she's jealous of you, Kit. Jim followed her up to the roof before dinner with a box of flowers, and she tossed them over the parapet. She said, I believe, that she didn't want his flowers; he could buy them for you, and be damned to him, or some lady-like equivalent."

"Jim is a jellyfish," I said contemptuously. "What did he say?"

"He said he only cared for one woman, and that was Bella. That he never had really cared for you and never would, and that divorce courts were not unmitigated evils if they showed people the way to real happiness. Which wouldn't amount to anything if Harbison had not been in the tent, trying to sleep!"

Dal did not know all the particulars, but it seems that relations between Jim and Mr. Harbison were rather strained. Bella had left the roof and Jim and the Harbison man came face to face in the door of the tent. According to Dal, little had been said, but Jim, bound by his promise to me, could not explain, and could only stammer something about being an old friend of Miss Knowles. And Tom had replied shortly that it was none of his business, but that there were some things friendship hardly justified, and tried to pass Jim. Jim was instantly enraged: He blocked the door to the roof and demanded to know what the other man meant. There were two or three versions of the answer he got. The general purport was that Mr. Harbison had no desire to explain further, and that the situation was forced on him. But if he insisted—when a man systematically ignored and neglected his wife for some one else, there were communities where he would be tarred and flogged.

"Meaning me?" Jim demanded, apologetic.

"The remark was a general one," Mr. Harbison retorted, "but if you wish to make a concrete application—"

Dal had gone up just then, and found them glaring at each other, Jim with his hands clenched at his sides and Mr. Harbison with his arms folded and very erect. Dal took Jim by the elbow and led him downstairs, muttering, and the situation was saved for the time. But Dal was not optimistic.

"You can do a bit yourself, Kit," he finished. "Look more cheerful, flirt a little. You can do that without trying. Take Max on for a day or so; it would be charity anyhow. But

don't let Tom Harbison take it into his head that you are grieving over Jim's neglect, or he's likely to toss him off the roof."

"I have no reason to think that Mr. Harbison cares one way or the other about me," I said primly. "You don't think he's—he's in love with me, do you, Dal?" I watched him out of the corner of my eye, but he only looked amused.

"In love with you!" he repeated. "Why, bless your wicked little heart, no! He thinks you're a married woman! It's the principle of the thing he's fighting for. If I had as much principle as he has I'd put it out at interest."

Max interrupted us just then, and asked if we knew where Mr. Harbison was.

"Can't find him," he said. "I've got the telephone together and have enough left over to make another. Where do you suppose Harbison hides the tools? I'm working with a corkscrew and two palette knives."

I heard nothing more of the trouble that night. Max went to Jim about it, and Jim said angrily that only a fool would interfere between a man and his wife—wives. Whereupon Max retorted that a fool and his wives were soon parted, and left him. The two principals were coldly civil to each other, and smaller issues were lost as the famine grew more and more insistent. For famine it was.

They worked the rest of the evening, but the telephone refused to revive and every one was starving. Individually our pride was at low ebb, but collectively it was still formidable. So we sat around and Jim played Grieg with the soft stops on, and Aunt Selma went to bed. The weather had changed, and it was sleeting, but anything was better than the drawing room. I was in a mood to battle with the elements or to cry—or both—so I slipped out, while Dal was reciting "Give me three grains of corn, mother," three measures overcoat over my shoulders, put on a man's soft hat—Jim's I think—and went up to the roof.

It was dark in the third floor hall, and I had to feel my way to the foot of the stairs. I went up quietly and turned the knob of the door to the roof. At first it would not open, and I could hear the wind howling outside. Finally, however, I got the door open a little and wormed my way



"Bella Has Been Unusually Beastly Today to Jim."

through. It was not entirely dark out there, in spite of the storm. A faint reflection of the street lights made it possible to distinguish the outlines of the boxwood plants, swaying in the wind, and the chimney and the tent. And then—a dark figure disentangled itself from the nearest chimney and seemed to hurl itself at me. I remember putting out my hands and trying to say something, but the figure caught me roughly by the shoulders and knocked me back against the door-frame. From miles away a heavy voice was saying, "So I've got you!" and then the roof gave from under me, and I was floating out on the storm, and sleet was beating in my face, and the wind was whispering over and over, "Open your eyes, for God's sake!"

I did open them after a while, and finally I made out that I was lying on the floor in the tent. The lights were on, and I had a cold and damp feeling, and something wet was trickling down my neck.

I seemed to be alone, but in a second somebody came into the tent, and I saw it was Mr. Harbison, and that he had a double handful of half melted snow. He looked frantic and determined, and only my sitting up quickly prevented my getting another snow bath. My neck felt queer and stiff, and I was very dizzy. When he saw that I was conscious he dropped the snow and stood looking down at me.

"Do you know," he said grimly, "that I very nearly choked you to death a little while ago?"

"It wouldn't surprise me to be told so," I said. "Do I know too much, or what is it, Mr. Harbison?" I felt terribly ill, but I would not let him see it. "It is queer, isn't it—how we always select the roof for our little differences?" He seemed to relax somewhat at my gibe.

"I didn't know it was you," he explained shortly. "I was waiting for some one, and in the hat you wore, and the coat, I mistook you. That's all. Can you stand?"

"No," I retorted. I could, but his summary manner displeased me. The sequel, however, was rather amazing, for he stooped suddenly and picked me up, and the next instant we were out in the storm together. At the door he stooped and felt for the knob.

"Turn it," he commanded. "I can't reach it."

"I'll do nothing of the kind," I said shrewdly. "Let me down; I can walk perfectly well."

He hesitated. Then he slid me slowly to my feet, but he did not open the door at once. "Are you afraid to let me carry you down those stairs, after—Tuesday night?" he asked, very low. "You still think I did that?"

I had never been less sure of it than at that moment, but an imp of perversity made me retort, "Yes."

He hardly seemed to hear me. He stood looking down at me as I leaned against the door-frame.

"Good Lord!" he groaned. "To think that I might have killed you!" And then—he stooped and suddenly kissed me.

The next moment the door was open, and he was leading me down into the house. At the foot of the staircase he paused, still holding my hand, and faced me in the darkness.

"I'm not sorry," he said steadily. "I suppose I ought to be, but I'm not. Only—I wanted you to know that I was not guilty—before. I didn't intend to now. I am—almost as much surprised as you are."

I was quite unable to speak, but I wrenched my hand loose. He stepped back to let me pass, and I went down the hall alone.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

It's All My Fault.

I didn't go to the drawing room again. I went into my own room and sat in the dark, and tried to be furiously angry, and only succeeded in feeling queer and tingly. One thing was absolutely certain: Not the same man, but two different men had kissed me on the stairs to the roof. It sounds rather horrid and discriminating, but there was all the difference in the world.

But then—who had? And for whom had Mr. Harbison been waiting on the roof? "Did you know that I nearly choked you to death a few minutes ago?" Then he rather expected to finish somebody in that way! Who? Jim, probably. It was strange, too, but suddenly I realized that no matter how many suspicious things I mustered up against him—and there were plenty—down in my heart I didn't believe him guilty of anything, except this last and unforgivable offense. Whoever was trying to leave the house had taken the necklace, that seemed clear, unless Max was still foolishly trying to break quarantine and create one of the sensations he so dearly loves. This was a new idea, and some things upheld it, but Max had been playing bridge when I was kissed on the stairs, and there was still left that ridiculous incident of the comfort.

Bella came up after I had gone to bed, and turned on the light to brush her hair.

"If I don't leave this mausoleum soon, I'll be carried out," she declared. "You in bed, Lollie Mercer and Dal flirting, Anne hysterical, and Jim making his will in the den! You will have to take Aunt Selma tonight, Kit; I'm all in."

"If you'll put her to bed, I'll keep her there," I conceded, after some parley.

"You're a dear," Bella came back from the door. "Look here, Kit, you know Jim pretty well? Thinner?"

"He's a wreck," I said soberly. "You have a lot to answer for, Bella."

Bella went over to the cheval glass and looked in it. "I avoid him all I can," she said, posing. "He's awfully funny; he's so afraid I'll think he's serious about you. He can't realize that for me he simply doesn't exist."

Well, I took Aunt Selma, and about two o'clock, while I was in my first sleep, I woke to find her standing beside me, tugging at my arm.

"There's somebody in the house," she whispered. "Thevez!"

"If they're in they'll not get out tonight," I said.

"I tell you, I saw a man skulking on the stairs," she insisted.

I got up ungraciously enough, and put on my dressing gown. Aunt Selma, who had her hair in curls, tied a veil over her head, and together we went to the head of the stairs. Aunt Selma leaned far over and peered down.

"He's in the library," she whispered. "I can see a light."

The last of battle was in Aunt Selma's eye. She girded her robe about her and began to descend the stairs cautiously. We went through the hall ways empty, but from the den beyond came a hum of voices and the cheerful glow of frelight. I realized the situation then, but it was too late.

"Then why did you kiss her in the dining room?" Bella was saying in her clear, high tones. "You did, didn't you?"

"It was only her hand," Jim, desperately explaining. "I've got to pay her some attention, under the circumstances. And I give you my word, I was thinking of you when I did it." The wretch!

Aunt Selma drew her breath in suddenly.

"I am thinking of marrying Reggie Wolfe." This was Bella, of course. "He wants me to. He's a dear boy."

"If you do, I will kill him."

"I am so very lonely," Bella sighed. We could hear the creak of Jim's shirt bosom that showed that he had sighed also. Aunt Selma had gripped me by the arm, and I could hear her breathing hard beside me.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### A Stinging Answer.

New Method Parent—So you believe still in the rod by way of developing children?

Old-fashioned Teacher—I believe it is the natural way to make them smart.

# THE KITCHEN CABINET

**B**ECAUSE you cannot pluck the flower. You pass the sweet scent by; because you cannot have the stars. You will not see the sky.

### FIRELESS COOKER RECIPES.

An ideal way of cooking ham is to let it come to a boil in the kettle, then put it into the cooker and let it stand six hours. If yours is a home-made cooker you may have to take it out and reheat once during the time. Then remove from the water, cut off the rind, stick a few dozen cloves in it, and bake an hour in a moderate oven. If a cup of sweet cider is added to the water just before putting into the cooker it will add greatly to the flavor.

Chicken Soup—Save the water in which the chicken has been stewed. The next day crack the bones of the fowl, add any of the bits of meat left, a slice of onion and four tablespoonfuls of sage. Bring to the boiling point and place in the cooker three or four hours. Strain and reheat, adding a well-beaten egg and the seasoning just before serving.

There is no manner of cooking cereal so perfectly as in a fireless cooker. As a rule, the directions on the package of cereal gives too short a time for cooking. The fireless cooker cooks every grain, rendering them soft and digestible. In cooking grains and cereals it is better to set the dish into another, double boiler fashion, baving the heat in the water in the two dishes. This hastens the cooking.

Old-Fashioned Oatmeal—Take one cup of oatmeal and three and a half cups of water. Drop the oatmeal into the boiling salted water and boil for ten minutes, then put into the cooker for four or five hours, or this may be put to cook at night and reheated for breakfast. One has always to bear in mind that there is no evaporation in the cooker, so less water is needed to cook any food.

Rice is a cereal that is beautifully cooked in a cooker. Heat a quart of milk to the boiling point, add a cup of rice, salt, cinnamon and sugar to taste and boil for ten minutes, then place in the cooker for three hours. Every grain will be distinct and thoroughly soft.

**L**IGHT supper, a good night's rest and a fine morning have often made a hero of the same man who, by indigestion, a restless night and a rainy morning would have proved a coward.

—Lord Chesterfield.

### USES FOR SOUR CREAM.

Sour cream may take the place of sweet cream in many cases, in making salad dressings, using less of vinegar and lemon juice in the salad.

Graham Gems.—Two tablespoonfuls of sour cream is added to one tablespoonful of sugar; add one cup of sweet milk, one cupful of sour milk, one cupful of white flour, sifted with one teaspoonful of soda, salt and baking powder. Add a well-beaten egg. Bake in hot gem pans.

Cream Sausages.—Take one quart of flour with one teaspoonful each of soda, salt and baking powder sifted several times; then add two large tablespoonfuls of thick sour cream and milk enough to roll out very soft. Mix lightly and bake in a hot oven.

Horseradish Sauce.—This sauce is usually made using the sweet cream, but the sour cream, a half cup beaten with a little salt and sugar, added to half a cup of freshly grated horseradish makes a sauce equally as good.

Hermits.—Take a cupful of thick sour cream, two cupfuls of brown sugar, one cupful of chopped raisins, two-thirds of a cup of butter, two beaten eggs, one teaspoonful each of soda, cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg. Add flour enough to make as stiff as can be stirred, then drop by teaspoonfuls on a well-buttered pan. Bake in a medium oven.

Carrot Pie.—This is not a common recipe, but one that is highly satisfactory. Take a cup of sour cream, one cup of sugar, a cup of grated carrot, the yolks of two eggs, salt, cinnamon and nutmeg to taste. Bake in one crust and cover with a meringue, using the whites of the eggs and four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar.

**B**BETTER a cheap coffin and a plain funeral, after a useful, unselfish life, than a grand procession and a marble mausoleum after a loveless, selfish life.

The things I would not, those I do.

### DON'TS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER.

Don't use a good broom to scrub with when a poor one will do as well. Don't open half a dozen cans of fruit and leave parts of each to spoil. Don't forget to pick up the clothespins that have fallen to the ground. Don't leave corks and stoppers out of bottles. Don't forget to wipe the boiler before hanging it away, or put any uten-

### HADN'T MUCH BRAIN.



He—That fellow has got more money than brains.  
She—That so?  
He—Yes; I lent him a ten spot this morning.

### Clean Sanitary Floors.

Varnish, which is commonly regarded only as a beautifier, is an efficient sanitary agent. Varnished surfaces can be cleaned by wiping and the microbe-laden dust is thus kept out of the air. A varnished floor is therefore not only up to date, beautiful and easily cleaned, but is wholesome. The National Association of Varnish Manufacturers, 636 The Bourse, Philadelphia, Penn., are distributing free a booklet entitled "Modern Floors," which tells how floors may be made and kept wholesome and attractive. Send for one. Varnish is cheaper than carpet and far more satisfactory.

Like the Other Chicks.

Charles T. Rose, equally well known in Masonic work and banking circles of Cleveland, is a great chicken fancier. Rhode Island Reds being his favorite breed. Walking through his incubator house he discovered that Helen, the three-year-old daughter, had followed him.

"Come here, little chickabiddy," he called to her. And when she ran up to him to be tossed up and down, she asked: "Papa, which was my incubator?"

Give Defiance Starch a fair trial—try it for both hot and cold starching, and if you don't think you do better work, in less time and at smaller cost, return it and your grocer will give you back your money.

Certainly.

Teacher—What happened when the army fell into the ambush?  
Little Willie—Why, they were all scratched up.

Garfield Tea will regulate the liver, giving freedom from sick-headache and bilious attacks. It overcomes constipation.

Anyway, there is nothing monotonous about the weather.

Lewis' Single Binder, the famous straight 5c cigar—annual sale 11,500,000.

Lots of people who have brains don't know how to use them.

# DOCTORS FAILED TO HELP HER

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Pound, Wis.—"I am glad to announce that I have been cured of dyspepsia and female troubles by your medicine. I had been troubled with both for fourteen years and consulted different doctors, but failed to get any relief. After using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier I can say I am a well woman. I can't find words to express my thanks for the good your medicine has done me. You may publish this if you wish."

—Mrs. HERMAN SIETZ, Pound, Wis.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills, and suffering women owe it to themselves to at least give this medicine a trial. Proof is abundant that it has cured thousands of others, and why should it not cure you?

If you want special advice write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it. It is free and always helpful.

### KIDNEY TROUBLE

Is a deceptive disease—thousands have it and don't know it. If you can make no minko by using Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy. At druggists in fifty cent and dollar sizes. Sample bottle by mail free, also pamphlet telling you how to find out if you have kidney trouble.

Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

### DAISY FLY KILLER

Shed anywhere, at once, and kills all flies. Not only kills them, but prevents them from coming back. Keeps all flies out of your eyes, will not hurt or injure anything. Guaranteed. Address: Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.