

SERIAL STORY

When a Man Marries

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Author of *The Circular Staircase*, *The Man in Lower Ten*, etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

James Wilson or Jimmy as he is called by his friends, 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 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 knocking on the door. The man points to the placard and Harbison sees the word "Smallpox" printed in 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 Llewellyn, Igoules, 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 snoring 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 camera breaks 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 accusing 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. Aunt Selma is awakened during the night; she finds Jim making love to Bella; she demands an explanation from Jim. Bella reveals the whole plot to Aunt Selma. She forgives both of them, but calls Kit a Jezebel. She tells Jim to reveal the true situation to Harbison.

CHAPTER XIX. (Continued.)

"Playing the part of Mrs. Wilson!" he repeated. "Do you mean—?"

"Exactly. Playing the part. She is not Mrs. Wilson. It seems that that honor belonged at one time to Miss Knowles. I believe such things are not unknown in New York, only why in the name of sense does a man want to divorce a woman and then meet her at two o'clock in the morning to kiss the place where his own wedding ring used to rest?"

Jim fidgeted. Bella was having spasms of mirth to herself, but the Harbison man did not smile. He stood for a moment looking at the fire. Then he thrust his hands deep into the pockets of his dressing-gown and stalked over to me. He did not care that the others were watching and listening.

"Is it true?" he demanded, staring down at me. "You are not Mrs. Wilson? You are not married at all? All that about being neglected—and loathing him, and all that on the roof—there was no foundation of truth?"

I could only shake my head without looking up. There was no defense to make. Oh, I deserved the scorn in his voice.

"They—they persuaded you, I suppose, and it was to help somebody? It was not a practical joke?"

"No." I rallied a little spirit at that. It had been anything but a joke.

He drew a long breath.

"I think I understand," he said slowly, "but—you could have saved me something. I must have given you all a great deal of amusement."

"Oh, no," I protested. "I want to tell you—"

But he deliberately left me and went over to the door. There he turned and looked down at Aunt Selma. He was a little white, but there was no passion in his face.

"Thank you for telling me all this, Miss Caruthers," he said calmly. "Now that you and I know, I'm afraid the others will miss their little diversion. Good night."

Oh, it was all right for Jim to laugh and say that he was only huffed a little and would be over it by morning. I knew better. There was something queer in his face as he went out. He did not even glance in my direction. He had said very little, but he had put me as effectually in the wrong as if he had not kissed me—deliberately kissed me—that very evening, on the roof.

I did not go to sleep again. I lay wretchedly thinking things over and trying to remember who Jezebel was, and toward morning I distinctly heard the knob of the door turn. I mistrusted my ears, however, and so I got up quietly and went over in the darkness. There was no sound outside, but when I put my hand on the

knob I felt it move under my fingers. The counter pressure evidently alarmed whoever it was, for the knob was released and nothing more happened. But by this time anything so uncomplicated as the fumbling of a knob at night had no power to disturb me. I went back to bed.

CHAPTER XX.

Breaking Out in a New Place. Hunger roused everybody early the next morning, Friday. Lella Mercer had discovered a box of bonbons that she had forgotten, and we divided them around. Aunt Selma asked for the candied fruit and got it—quite a third of the box. We gathered in the lower hall and on the stairs and nibbled nauseating sweets while Mr. Harbison examined the telephone.

He did not glance in my direction. Betty and Dal were helping him, and he seemed very cheerful. Max sat with me on the stairs. Mr. Harbison had just unscrewed the telephone box from the wall and was squinting into it, when Bella came downstairs. It was her first appearance, but as she was always late, nobody noticed. When she stopped, just above us on the stairs, however, we looked up, and she was holding to the rail and trembling perceptibly.

"Mr. Harbison, will you—can you come upstairs?" she asked. Her voice was strained, almost reedy, and her lips were white.

Mr. Harbison stared up at her, with the telephone box in his hands.

"Why—er—certainly," he said, "but unless it's very important, I'd like to fix this talking machine. We want to make a food record."

"I'd like to break a food record," Max put in, but Bella created a diversion by sitting down suddenly on the stair just above us, and burying her face in her handkerchief.

"Jim is sick," she said, with a sob. "He—he doesn't want anything to eat, and his head aches. He—said for me—to go away and let him die!"

Dal dropped the hammer immediately, and Lollie Mercer sat petrified, with a bonbon half-way to her mouth. For, of course, it was unexpected, finding sentiment of any kind in Bella, and none of them knew about the scene in the den in the small hours of the morning.

"Sick!" Aunt Selma said, from a hall chair. "Sick! Where?"

"All over," Bella quavered. "His



"Do you mean—?"

Paternalism with a vengeance is practised in certain New York groceries. It is benevolent paternalism though.

"Ma wants two pounds of sugar," said a child to a patriarch in the trade.

He consulted a calendar on the wall.

"I guess you'd better take only a pound today," he said, "and go kind of slow on that. The week is only half gone, but you have already eaten up three-fourths of your allowance. Tell your mother so."

The child promised to deliver the report on financial depression.

"That is the only way on earth to keep those people from running into debt," said the grocer. "The system is common in this neighborhood. I do it at the customers' request. Every pay day women with spendthrift husbands and an extravagant disposition of their own deposit enough money with the grocer and butcher to see the family through the week. They instruct us to let no one overdraw the amount and except in cases where extra food is actually needed we stick to our end of the bargain."

Care of Screens. Window and door screens usually get very dusty during the latter part of the summer, and it is poor economy to put them away in that condition; neither is it a good idea to wash them just before storing unless they are most carefully dried to prevent rusting. Kerosene applied with a paint brush cleans the wires better than water, and also prevents rusting.

His Intelligence. Negley—You seem to have a poor opinion of Poldier's intelligence. Gaymer—You would, too, if you knew he had been looking in the city directory three days for Ziegler's address and had got only as far as the D's.

Good Scheme. "Out at my uncle's the people go to bed with the chickens." "Well, at the price chickens sell at now they are certainly worth watching."

Still Smoking. "In the other life," said the new life faddist, "we simply develop what have been our tastes in this." "Humph!" ejaculated a listener.

The New Version. Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of your heirs.—Life.

mad when she is left a widow, or gets a divorce.

And just when I had decided that I hated him, and that there was one man I knew who would never make love to a woman whom he thought married and then he very dignified and aloof when he found she wasn't. I heard what was wrong with the telephone wire.

It had been cut! Cut through with a pair of silver manicure scissors from the dressing table in Bella's room, where Aunt Selma slept! The wire had been clipped where it came into the house, just under a window, and the scissors still lay on the sill.

It was mysterious enough, but no one was interested in the mystery just then. We wanted food, and wanted it at once. Mr. Harbison fixed the wire, and the first thing we did, of course, was to order something to eat. Aunt Selma went to bed just after luncheon with indigestion, to the relief of every one in the house. She had been most unpleasant all morning.

When she found herself ill, however, she insisted on having Bella, and that made trouble at once. We found Bella with her cheek against the door into Jim's room, looking maudlin while he shouted love messages to her from the other side. At first she refused to stir, but after Anne and Max had tried and failed, the rest of us went to her in a body and implored her. We said Aunt Selma was in awful shape—which she was, as to temper—and that she had thrown a mustard plaster at Anne, which was true.

So Bella went, grumbling, and Jim was a maniac. We had not thought it would be so bad for Bella, but Aunt Selma fell asleep soon after she took charge, holding Bella's hand, and slept for three hours and never let go!

About two that afternoon the sun came out, and the rest of us went up to the roof.

I stayed on the roof after the others had gone, and for some time I thought I was alone. After a while, I got a whiff of smoke, and then I saw Mr. Harbison far over in the corner, one foot on the parapet, moodily smoking a pipe. He was gazing out over the river, and paying no attention to me. This was natural, considering that I had hardly spoken to him all day.

I would not let him drive me away, so I sat still, and it grew darker and colder. He filled his pipe now and then, but he never looked in my direction. Finally, however, as it grew very dusk, he knocked the ashes out and came toward me.

"I am going to make a request, Miss McNair," he said evenly. "Please keep off the roof after sunset. There are reasons." I had risen and was preparing to go downstairs.

"Unless I know the reasons, I refuse to do anything of the kind," I retorted. He bowed.

"Then the door will be kept locked," he rejoined, and opened it for me. He did not follow me, but stood watching until I was down, and I heard him close the roof door firmly behind me.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Washington Gossip

Officers Named for Imaginary Army

WASHINGTON.—An army that does not exist is being officered by the war department in obedience to the mandate of congress. Fifty and more men versed in the profession of arms are already on the eligible list for commissions in this army. Three new boards of army officers, composed of seasoned colonels, experienced majors, captains and first and second lieutenants, were recently named to pass upon the qualifications of other candidates ambitious to direct imaginary military forces.

Artemus Ward's shoulder strap company of warriors, assembled to take part in the big family feud of 1861-5, had at least one private—the humorist himself, who was in command; but the army of the United States volunteers is to have none. Don Quixote armed with a big stick, his head protected by a "Malbrino helmet," mounted on his charger, "Rosinante," and followed by the faithful Sancho Panza

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was a more real, more tangible and more formidable force than the ghostly army of United States volunteers. It's a joker in the Dick militia bill, enacted into law by congress on May 27, 1908.

The Dick bill originally provided for an actual army of United States volunteers similar to the volunteers who enlisted for the Spanish-American war after state organizations were found to be troublesome.

The bill also provided for a separate section for an eligible list from which officers were to be commissioned when the army of United States volunteers, subject only to the will of the commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States, might be called into being in a condition of war.

The section providing for the volunteer army was stricken from the bill in the course of a legislative wrangle over the privilege of the states to organize volunteers. The authority creating the army was thus destroyed, but the contingent section bringing into existence the list of eligibles for the army's commissioned officers was not disturbed. The bill thus passed congress, disembodying the army but providing officers for it. That is why the war department is now qualifying men as eligibles.

Postal Clerks Ask Right to Organize

EMPLOYEES of the postal service, particularly the men employed in the railway mail branch, are making a determined fight for legislation under which they may organize and affiliate with the American Federation of Labor. Samuel Gompers, president of the federation, is supporting the movement.

Many men formerly in the postal service, but who were let out because they were active in encouraging employees of the service to organize, have told the committee of the wrongs which they assert are done the employees. In a general way, the grievance of the employees is that men are frequently dismissed for purely political reasons, men let out of the service have no recourse.

It is pointed out that the postoffice department now forbids the individual employee from laying any complaint he may have before his senator or member of congress. The civil service commission has come in for much criticism because it has not taken more interest in cases of dismissed employees. Witnesses have pointed out to the committee that the commission will not act in the case of a dismissed employee unless it has prima facie evi-



dence that the dismissal was because of politics. It is next to impossible, say the dismissed employees who have testified, to prove that men were removed from the service through political influence.

Some of the new members of the house who have become much interested in the grievances of the postal employees believe a remedy of some sort will be found in the committee on civil service.

The whole subject is likely to hold the attention of congress throughout this special session and perhaps throughout the regular session. The committee on expenditures in the post office department has been authorized by the house to make an investigation of the post-office department, and it, too, will go into this question as to whether the employees of the different branches of the service are being properly treated.

Would Label the Unspoken "Speeches"



REPRESENTATIVES VICTOR MURDOCK, insurgent Republican, of Kansas; Swager Sherley of Kentucky and Frank Clark of Florida, both Democrats, have been fighting to have every unspoken "speech" printed in the Congressional Record labeled something like this: "Not delivered in the house of representatives."

These men believe that the Record, as it now leaves the press, perpetrates a fraud on the reader every time it declares that Congressman ——— delivered the following speech on such a date, when all Congressman ——— did was to get permission to insert in its columns a carefully prepared manuscript intended for the consumption of his constituents, at the expense of the United States government.

"It is the only honest way," declared Murdock to the correspondent.

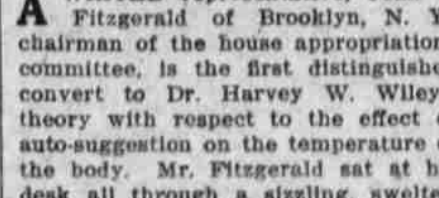
"The Record, under the present system, is not a true report of the proceedings of the house. It may well be that an article of value, prepared by a member of congress, should be printed in the Record, but it should be so designated.

"But to my mind the greatest end that would be attained under this system would be the shortening of speeches in congress and the restoration of debate to a plane it once occupied.

"The first result of labeling things in the record by their right names would be the abandoning of the present abuse by individual representatives. When a man's constituents begin to ask him, 'Did you really deliver this speech, or did you just have it printed?' he will quit the practice.

"Congress could not possibly afford the time that would be necessary for the delivery of all the speeches that appear in the Record. Therefore, speeches will have to be shortened, and they ought to be. No man needs an hour in congress to explain an idea. Half an hour, and usually less, ought to be enough for any man."

Auto-Suggestion Way of Keeping Cool



A WILTED representative, John J. Fitzgerald of Brooklyn, N. Y., chairman of the house appropriations committee, is the first distinguished convert to Dr. Harvey W. Wiley's theory with respect to the effect of auto-suggestion on the temperature of the body. Mr. Fitzgerald sat at his desk all through a sizzling, sweltering day, wearing a smile of perfect peace. His coat was buttoned tightly, the collar of it turned up around his neck, and every now and then he shivered with unseasonable delight.

Right in front of Mr. Fitzgerald a large person with bushy black whiskers lay on his stomach on a snow-bank squinting through a transit or some other funny looking instrument of that sort. To his right another large person, clad in furs, sat on a cake of ice and scribbled busily in a notebook. In the middle distance three Eskimo dogs fought over a dead fish. In the background dozens of stately ice barges floated round casually.

"I'm certainly happy that I found this painting of the 'Farthest North' of the Greely expedition," said Mr. Fitzgerald, referring to the enormous canvas in front of him, which, nar-



sively framed, covered most of the west wall of the big appropriations committee's room. "Dr. Wiley is right when he says this worrying about the heat is largely the result of one's mental attitude. I've been sitting here looking at this picture for an hour and I am thinking of resuming my winter flannels. I wish I could carry it around with me."

Chairman Fitzgerald found the painting in the house "discard" room. The illusion is helped along by a battery of electric fans arranged on either side of the picture, which makes it appear as if cooling breezes from the very pole itself were sweeping through the room.

"This auto-suggesting business is fine," Mr. Fitzgerald remarked to a visitor. "I'm going to install a picture of the burning of Rome in my home next winter and see how much I can save on coal bills."

STONE IN BLADDER REMOVED IN REMARKABLE WAY

A year and a half ago I was taken with a severe attack of kidney trouble that pained me to such an extent that morphine had to be given me. Was attended by a doctor who pronounced it as stone in the bladder and prescribed Lithia Water. I took Lithia Water and tablets for some time and received no relief from them. I stopped taking medicines for some time and having some Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root in the house, I decided to try it and felt much relieved; while taking the second bottle commenced to pass gravel in urine until I had passed in all at least a half a dozen or more and have not suffered the slightest since and in all have taken one bottle and a half and feel very grateful to Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. Yours very truly,

H. W. SPINKS, Camp Hill, Ala.

Personally appeared before me this 16th of August, 1909, H. W. Spinks, who subscribed the above statement and made oath that same is true in substance and in fact.

A. B. LEE, Notary Public.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You. Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. For sale at all drug stores. Price fifty cents and one-dollar.

The Unattainable. Young Bachelor—I often wonder if I am making enough money to get married on.

Old Benedict—Well, I don't know how much you're making; but you ain't!—Pack.

Before taking the bull by the horns you should complete satisfactory arrangements for letting go at the psychological moment.

The husband of a nagging woman is apt to furnish most of the because.

Garfield Tea overcomes constipation, sick-headache and bilious attacks.

It's difficult for people to generate advice that is foolproof.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 50 cigars is made to satisfy the smoker.

Many a man has discovered that popularity is not worth the price.

WOMEN MAY AVOID OPERATIONS

By taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

The following letter from Mrs. Orville Rock will prove how untrue it is for women to submit to the dangers of a surgical operation when it may be avoided by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She was four weeks in the hospital and came home suffering worse than before.

Here is her own statement. * Paw Paw, Mich.—"Two years ago I suffered very severely with a displacement. I could not be on my feet for a long time. My physician treated me for seven months without much relief, and at last sent me to Ann Arbor for an operation. I was there four weeks and came home suffering worse than before. My mother advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I did. Today I am well and strong and do all my own housework. I owe my health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and advise my friends who are afflicted with any female complaint to try it."—Mrs. ORVILLE ROCK, R. R. No. 5, Paw Paw, Michigan.

If you are ill do not drag along until an operation is necessary, but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for women's ills, and has positively restored the health of thousands of women. Why don't you try it?

Why Rent a Farm

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 districts and bank a year's salary. \$10.00 per acre has recently changed hands at \$25.00 an acre. The crops grown on these lands warrant the advance. You can

Become Rich

by cattle raising, dairy farming, mixed farming and grain growing in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Free homestead and pre-emption areas, as well as land held by railway and land companies, will provide homes for millions.

Adaptible soil, healthful climate, splendid schools and churches, good railroads. For settlers' lists, descriptive literature, "Last Best West," how to reach the country and other particulars, write to Dept. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to the Canadian Government Agent.

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Room 4 Box 516, Seattle, Wash.
Please write to the agent nearest you.