

SERIAL STORY

When a Man Marries

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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, but Mrs. Wilson protests. 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 to 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 "finalists" 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 Lewishyn, Ignatius 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 grippe. 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 breastpin and other articles of jewelry have been stolen. She accuses Bella of the theft. Jimmy tells Aunt Selma all about the strange happenings, but she persists in suspecting Bella 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 Jesuit. Bella tells Jim to reveal the true situation to Harbison. Jimmy is taken ill. Bella tells the guests that spots have broken out on his body. They are convinced that Jim has the dreaded disease. Bella tells the guests that Jim is delicious, she said he saw a man crawl out from under his bed. He said the house was haunted.

CHAPTER XXI. (Continued.)

Aunt Selma put her clothes in a tub in the laundry and proceeded to dress them like a vegetable. She threw in a handful of salt, some heron's oil and a little ammonia. The result was villainous, but after she tasted it—snuffed it—she said it needed a bar of soap up to give it strength—or flavor—and I went into the store-room for it.

The laundry soap was in a box. I took a silver fork, for I hated to touch the stuff, and jabbed a bar successfully in the semi-darkeens. Then I carried it back to the laundry and dropped it on the table. Aunt Selma looked at the fork with disgust, then we both looked at the soap. One side of it was covered with round holes that curved around on each other like a coiled snake.

I ran back to the store-room, and there, a little bit sticky and smelling terribly of rosin, lay Anne's pearl necklace!

I was so excited that I seized Aunt Selma by the hands and danced her all over the place. Then I left her, trying to find her hairpins on the floor, and ran up to tell the others. I met Betty in the hall, and waved the pearls at her. But she did not notice them.

"Is Mr. Harbison down there?" she asked breathlessly. "I left him on the roof and went down to my room for my scarf, and when I went back he had disappeared. He—he doesn't seem to be in the house." She tried to laugh, but her voice was shaky. "He couldn't have got down without passing me, anyhow," she supplemented. "I suppose I'm silly, but so many queer things have happened, Kit."

"I wouldn't worry, Betty," I soothed her. "He is big enough to take care of himself. And with the best intentions in the world, you can't have him all the time, you know."

She was too much startled to be indignant. She followed me into the library, where the sight of the pearls produced a tremendous excitement, and then every one had to go down to the store-room, and see where the necklace had been hidden, and Max examined all the bars of soap for thumb prints.

Mr. Harbison did not appear. Max commented on the fact caustically, but Dal hushed him up.

I was almost ready for bed when Jim tapped at my door. I had been very cool to him since the night in the library when I was publicly staked and martyred, and he was almost cringing when I opened the door.

"What is it now?" I asked cruelly. "Has Bella tired of it already, or has somebody else a rash?"

"Don't be a shrew, Kit," he said. "I

don't want you to do anything. I only—when did you see Harbison last?"

"If you mean 'last,' I retorted, "I'm afraid I haven't seen the last of him yet." Then I saw that he was really worried. "Betty was leading him to the roof," I added. "Why? Is he missing?"

"He isn't anywhere in the house. Dal and I have been over every inch of it." Max had come up, in a dressing gown, and was watching me insolently.

"I think we have seen the last of him," he said. "I'm sorry, Kit, to nip the little romance in the bud. The fellow was crazy about you—there's no doubt of it. But I've been watching him from the beginning, and I think I'm upheld. Whether he went down the water-spout, or across a board to the next house—"

"I—I dislike him intensely," I said angrily, "but you would not dare to say that to his face. He could strangle you with one hand."

Max laughed disagreeably. "Well, I only hope he is gone," he threw at me over his shoulder. "I wouldn't want to be responsible to your father if he had stayed." I was speechless with wrath.

They went away then, and I could hear them going over the house. At one o'clock Jim went up to bed, the last, and Mr. Harbison had not been found. I did not see how they could go to bed at all. If he had escaped, then Max was right and the whole thing was heart-breaking. And if he had not, then he might be lying—

I got up and dressed. The early part of the night had been cloudy, but when I got to the roof it was clear starlight. The wind blew through the electric wires strung across and set them singing. The occasional beat of a belated automobile on the drive below came up to me raucously.

And there in the starlight, I went over the whole serio-comedy, and I loathed my part in it. He had been perfectly right to be angry with me and with all of us. And I had been a hypocrite and a Pharisee, and had thanked God that I was not as other people, when the fact was that I was worse than the worst. And although it wasn't dignified to think of him going down the drain pipe—still—no one could blame him for wanting to get away from us, and he was quite muscular enough to do it.

I was in the depths of self-abasement when I heard a sound behind me. It was a long breath, quite audible, that ended in a groan. I gripped



Just Then Dallas Had to Open the Door and Step into the Room.

the parapet and listened, while my heart pounded, and in a minute it came again.

I was terribly frightened. Then—I don't know how I did it, but I was across the roof, kneeling beside the tent, where it stood against the chimney. And there, lying prone among the flower-pots, and almost entirely hidden, lay the man we had been looking for.

His head was toward me, and I reached out shakingly and touched his face. It was cold, and my hand, when I drew it back, was covered with blood.

CHAPTER XXII.

It Was Delirium.

I was sure he was dead. He did not move, and when I caught his hands and called him frantically, he did not hear me. And so, with the horror over me, I half fell down the stairs and roused Jim in the studio.

They all came with lights and blankets, and they carried him into the tent and put him on the couch and tried to put whisky in his mouth. But he could not swallow. And the silence became more and more ominous until finally Anne got hysterical and cried, "He is dead! dead!" and collapsed on the roof.

But he was not. Just as the lights in the tent began to have red rings around them and Jim's voice came from away across the river, somebody said, "There, he swallowed that," and soon after, he opened his eyes. He muttered something that sounded like "Andean pinnacle" and lapsed into unconsciousness again. But he was not dead! He was not dead!

When the doctor came they made a stretcher out of one of Jim's six-foot canvases—it had a picture on it, and Jim was angry enough the next day—and took him down to the studio. We made it as much like a sick room as we could, and we tried to make him comfortable. But he lay without opening his eyes, and at dawn the doctor brought a consultant and a trained nurse.

The nurse was an offensively capable person. She put us all out, and scolded Anne for lighting Japanese incense in the room.

The consultant came, stayed an hour, and left. Aunt Selma, who proved herself a trump in that trying time, waylaid him in the hall, and he

said it might be a fractured skull, although it was possibly only concussion.

The men spent most of the morning together.

Max came down from the roof alone, and I cornered him in the upper hall.

"I'm going crazy, Max," I said. "Nobody will tell me anything, and I can't stand it. How was he hurt? Who hurt him?"

Max looked at me quite a long time. "I'm darned if I understand you, Kit," he said gravely. "You said you disliked Harbison."

"So I do—I did," I supplemented. "But whether I like him or not has nothing to do with it. He has been injured—perhaps murdered—I choked a little. "Which—which of you did it?"

Max took my hand and held it, looking down at me.

"I wish you could have cared for me like that," he said gently. "Dear little girl, we don't know who hurt him. I didn't, if that's what you mean. Perhaps a flower-pot—"

I began to cry then, and he drew me to him and let me cry on his arm. He stood very quietly, patting my head in a brotherly way and behaving very well, save that once he said: "Don't cry too long, Kit; I can stand only a certain amount."

And just then the nurse opened the door to the studio, and with Max's arms still around me, I raised my head and looked in.

Mr. Harbison was conscious. His eyes were open, and he was staring at us both as we stood framed by the doorway.

He lay back at once and closed his eyes, and the nurse shut the door. There was no use, even if I had been allowed in, in trying to explain to him. To attempt such a thing would have been to presume that he was interested in an explanation. I thought bitterly to myself as I brought the nurse cracked ice and struggled to make beef tea in the kitchen, that lives had been wrecked on less.

Dal was allowed ten minutes in the sick room during the afternoon, and he came out looking puzzled and excited. He refused to tell us what he had learned, however, and the rest of the afternoon he and Jim spent in the cellar.

The day dragged on. Downstairs people ate and read and wrote letters, and outside newspaper men talked together and gazed over at the house and photographed the doctors coming in and the doctors going out. As for me, in the intervals of bringing things, I sat in Bella's chair in the upper hall, and listened to the crackle of the nurse's starched skirts.

At midnight that night the doctors made a thorough examination. When they came out they were smiling.

"He is doing very well," the younger one said—he was hairy and dark, but he was beautiful to me. "He is entirely conscious now, and in about an hour you can send the nurse off for a little sleep. Don't let him talk."

And so at last I went through the familiar door into an unfamiliar room, with basins and towels and bottles around, and a screen made of Jim's largest canvases. And some one on the improvised bed turned and looked at me. He did not speak, and I sat down beside him. After a while he put his hand over mine as it lay on the bed.

"You are much better to me than I deserve," he said softly. And because his eyes were disconcerting, I put an ice cloth over them.

"Much better than you deserve," I said, and patted the ice cloth to place gently. He fumbled around until he found my hand again, and we were quiet for a long time. I think he dozed, for he roused suddenly and pulled the cloth from his eyes.

"The—the day is all confused," he said, turning to look at me, "but—one thing seems to stand out from everything else. Perhaps it was delirium, but I seemed to see that door over there open, and you, outside, with— with Max. His arms were around you."

"It was delirium," I said softly. It was my final lie in that house of mendacity.

He drew a satisfied breath, and lifting my hand, held it to his lips and kissed it.

"I can hardly believe it is you," he said. "I have to hold firmly to your hand or you will disappear. Can't you move your chair closer? You are miles away." So I did it, for he was not to be excited.

After a little— "It's awfully good of you to do this. I have been desperately sorry, Kit, about the other night. It was a ruffianly thing to do—to kiss you, when I thought—"

"You are to keep very still," I reminded him. He kissed my hand again, but he persisted.

"I was mad—crazy," I tried to give him some medicine, but he pushed the spoon aside. "You will have to listen," he said. "I am in the depths of self-disgust. I—I can't think of anything else. You see, you seemed so convinced that I was the blackguard that somehow nothing seemed to matter."

"I have forgotten it all," I declared generously, "and I would be quite willing to be friends, only, you remember you said—"

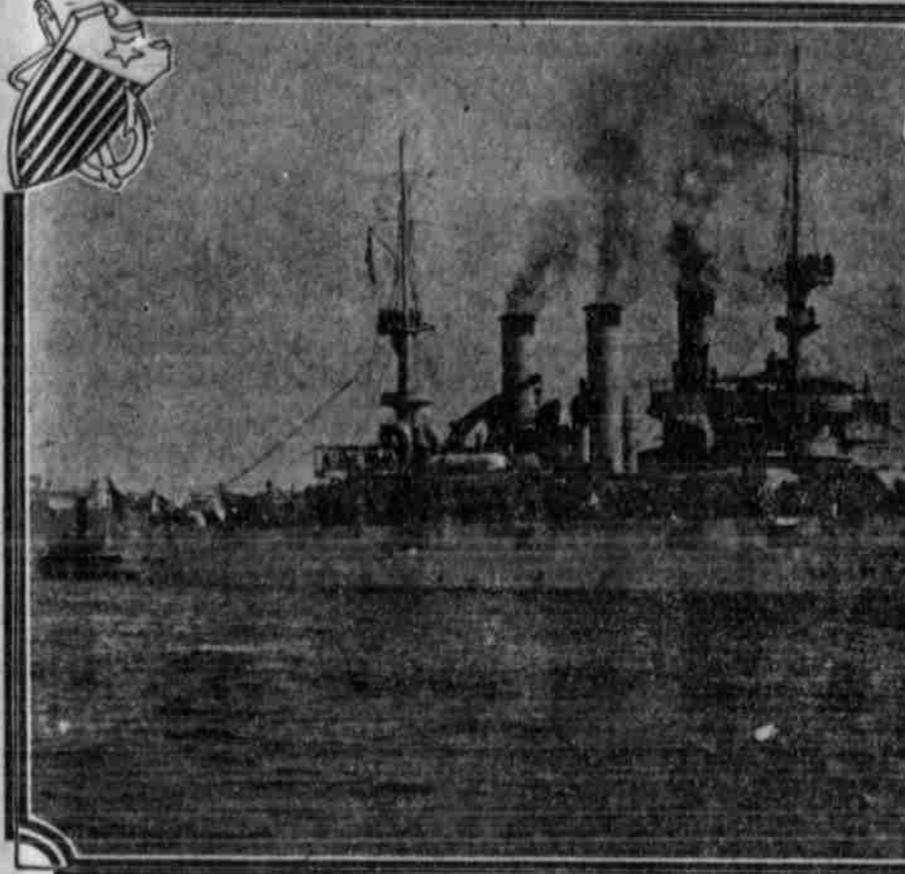
"Friends!" his voice was suddenly reckless, and he raised on his elbow. "Friends. Who wants to be friends? Kit, I was almost delirious that night. The instant I held you in my arms it was all over. I loved you the first time I saw you. I—I suppose I'm a fool to talk like this."

And, of course, just then Dallas had to open the door and step into the room. He was covered with dirt and he had a hatchet in his hand.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CZAR WILL VISIT AMERICAN BATTLESHIPS

S. T. PETERSBURG.—The American battleship fleet under command of Rear-Admiral C. J. Badger arrived at Cronstadt, and remained several days. Emperor Nicholas did the United States the unusual honor of visiting the vessels, and also received Admiral Badger and the fleet officers in the palace in this city. The fleet comprises the battleships Louisiana, South Carolina, Kansas and New Hampshire.



U.S. BATTLESHIP LOUISIANA



REAR-ADMIRAL C. J. BADGER

PREVENT MINE FIRES ARE WED IN SPEEDING AUTO

Many Lives Lost in Recent Years From Accidents.

Installation of Comparatively Inexpensive Fighting Appliances, Regulations and Drills Would Help Materially.

New York.—Herbert M. Wilson, chief engineer of the bureau of mines, in an address delivered at the annual meeting of the National Fire association in this city the other day, said that failure to appreciate the seriousness of mine fires and a lack of adequate fire protection have resulted in the loss of hundreds of lives and the destruction of millions of dollars worth of property in the last few years. He declared that two of the most serious disasters in coal mines in the last two years, one at Cherry, Ill., in which 262 lives were lost and the other at the Pancoast mine, near Scranton, Pa., in which 74 lives were lost, originated from trivial causes and ought to have been quickly extinguished without the sacrifice of human life.

"The contact of several bales of hay with a blazing torch or an open miners' lamp," said Mr. Wilson, "caused the Cherry mine disaster with its great loss of life and a total cost of one million dollars, of which \$50,000 a day was spent in direct fire fighting for several days.

"The fire in the Pancoast mine killed 74 miners, left 45 widows and 137 dependent orphans. This fire is known to have started in an underground room, presumably from some oil-soaked waste. The fire was not thought serious until it had been burning two hours. This delay was, in large measure, responsible for the great loss of life.

"Besides the loss of life, fires have cost much in money. At Deadwood, S. D., \$1,000,000 has been spent in fighting fire in a metal mine. Today fires are raging in coal and metal mines in various parts of the country. Some of them have got beyond control, and have been burning for many years, devouring hundreds of thousands of tons of coal and miles of mine galleries. One mine fire near Carbondale, Pa., has burned out such a vast area of anthracite coal in the last ten years as to result in a subsidence of the surface and destruction of surface property. Near Summit, Pa., a fire which has been burning 51 years is estimated to have destroyed \$25,000,000 worth of coal. Near John, O., a tract of coal valued at several million dollars has been burning since 1884. In some of the deeper metal mines at Butte, Mont., fires have been burning in the old timbers since 1859. In the Comstock vein in Nevada thousands of feet of tunnels which had been opened and timbered at great expense are being burned out.

"The mining engineers of the bureau of mines have made a careful study of fires in mines, and have reached the conclusion that the introduction of comparatively inexpensive fire fighting appliances, the adoption of proper regulations and the institution of a reasonable system of fire drills may minimize fires and confine others to a brief period of time with little damage to life and property. The engineers of this bureau have had much success in combating mine fires through the use of the oxygen helmet. This is an apparatus that entirely protects the head, and through which air is furnished artificially, thus enabling the wearer to explore the vicinity of a fire under conditions of smoke and gas that would render his approach otherwise impossible. By the use of such an apparatus a number of fires have been promptly extinguished which would doubtless have spread and perhaps extended beyond control.

"Chemistry, through the quick analysis of gases at frequent intervals

in the neighborhood of the fire, has proved a most successful adjunct in fighting fires. It seems almost unnecessary to call attention to the necessity of providing at each mine ample storage of water properly conveyed in protected pipes to possible danger points, the desirability of using larger amounts of fireproof material in place of wooden mine timbering or wooden doors, the proper disposal of waste, fireproof manways and air shafts and the use of fireproof material as far as possible in all surface structures within fifty to one hundred feet of the main opening to the mine."

PAPA GANDER ATTACKS BOY

Defends Goslings Which Mrs. Goose Has Just Matched Out When Youngster Gets Inquisitive.

San Antonio, Tex.—Shaughnessy, five years old and adventuresome, got too well acquainted with a wild gander near the deer range in the Bronx zoo, and as a result he will have a sore chin for a few days.

Harry and his brother William went to the zoo and spied the gander and his mate. The mate has just hatched out some goslings.

The boys admired the goslings and tried to pick up one. While Mrs. Goose chased William through the fence her indignant husband grabbed Harry by the chin and had worried him along ten feet when an attendant rescued him.

The lad's face was lacerated and he was taken to the zoo office, where the wound was dressed.

City Builds Sidewalks.

New London, Conn.—This city will be the first in New England to undertake a uniform system of sidewalks at the municipal expense. The project will cost nearly \$150,000 and work is to begin at once.

SCHOOL FARM A MODEL

Walla Walla's Unique Institution Has Space for Playground.

Chief Feature of Building is Its Flood of Sunlight, There Being as Many Large Windows as Could Be Put in Four Walls.

Walla Walla, Wash.—Flanked by converging roads which lead past fields and orchards and homes to the city, and facing miles of rolling prairie mottled with gardens and groves and farm houses, stands a building unique in the development of the land of Marcus Whitman—Walla Walla's first model "country-life" school backed by the enthusiasm of a united school board. Among Walla Walla's dozens of substantial schoolhouses which everywhere mark the interest taken in educational matters the Prospect Point school, soon to close its term, is one of the best.

Larger plans are being entertained for the development of Prospect Point school and it is semi-officially in charge of the State Country Life Commission, of which J. L. Dumas is a resident member.

The building is of red brick, two stories in height, surmounted by a tower. It contains four large study rooms, basement lunch rooms for both boys and girls, library, auditorium, spacious halls open to the sunlight, and storage room for fuel as well as furnaces and lavatories.

Couple Married While Being Whirled Under Palm Trees in Westlake Park, Los Angeles.

Los Angeles, Cal.—A novel wedding occurred the other day when Max Botefuhr and Miss Avis C. Doebler, daughter of William Doebler, a retired capitalist, were married in an automobile as the car glided under the palm trees in Westlake park.

The ceremonies began at the Seventh street entrance and when the car arrived at the Sixth street entrance the happy young couple were man and wife. When the automobile entered the park Rev. Cassius Morton Carter, pastor of the First Baptist church, arose with book in hand. "We are standing here together in the sight of God and man—"

"Go a little slower," said the bridegroom-to-be. "We want it all to happen in the park."

The minister continued: "To join together in the holy bonds of matrimony this man and this—"

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Miss Doebler, as the palm leaf became entangled in a ribbon.

The minister continued: "If anyone can show just cause why they should not be joined together, let him now stand forward or forever—"

"Don't stop the car!" said Botefuhr. "I want it to keep moving."

"Hold his peace," the minister was looking pretty serious.

"Do you, Max Botefuhr, take Avis Doebler to be your beloved—?"

"I wish papa was here," said Miss Doebler, "he would enjoy this!"

"Wife to honor and cherish until death do you part?"

"I do," said Botefuhr.

"Do you, Avis Doebler, take Max Botefuhr to be your beloved husband, to honor and cherish until death do you part?"

"I do," said Miss Doebler.

The car was within ten feet of the Sixth street entrance when the minister said: "Then I pronounce you man and wife."

doors which throws two large class rooms into communication with a small centrally located room where is a storage.

The cloakroom feature of the open halls is improved by the situation of the doors, which make it possible for the pupils to come into the building, pass through the halls and enter the schoolroom without confusion.

The school is supplied with a library of 200 volumes which is to be soon increased, with maps, charts and a globe, and facilities for instructing the eight grades assembled there under the direction of three teachers.

Playgrounds, gardens, lawns will be laid out on the five-acre tract. With plenty of land for a rough-and-tumble playground, the board has felt justified in making a lawn around the building, and this will be done next year and preserved as a beauty spot. Back of the lawns will be an ample playgrounds and the teachers' cottage. The cottage will be surrounded by a lawn and flower beds.

One of the finest features of the site is a water right which the district obtained with the five acres. Out of it is to be developed a water system for the schoolhouse and teachers' cottage which will supply drinking water from a spring not more than two miles away, and irrigation for lawns, gardens and flower beds without any expense except installation.

Roosevelt, Jr., Wins Prize. Cambridge, Mass.—Quentin Roosevelt has won a prize for being the second highest in standing in his class at the Groton school.

However, he does not feel the weight of his honor.

"That is nothing," he said. "I had much rather be good at baseball and football."