

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 a young man who looked shrewd but really was a simpleton in life. He was a very good boy, but he was not a very good man. He was a very good boy, but he was not a very good man. He was a very good boy, but he was not a very good man.

"You will tear your buttons off, and I will have to sew them on."

Jim rose wrathfully. "Don't sit, don't stand," he repeated. "Don't stand, I suppose, for fear I will wear out my pants. Very, very, very, the fool thing has got to be mended; I'll do it myself."

He went over to a corner of the parrot and turned his back to me. He was very much annoyed. In about a minute he came back, triumphant, and held out the result of his labor. I could only gasp. He had poked up the edges of the hole like the neck of a bag and had tied the thread around it. "You won't be able to get it all down," I ventured.

"Don't have any time to sit," he retorted promptly. "Anyhow, it will give some, won't it? It would if it was tied with elastic, instead of thread. Have you any elastic?"

Lella came up just then, and Jim took himself and his mending down stairs. Luckily, Aunt Selma found several hangers in his room that afternoon while she was going over his clothes, and as it took Jim some time to explain them, she forgot the task she had given me altogether.

When Lella came up to the roof, she closed the door to the stairs, and coming over, drew a chair close to mine.

"Have you seen much of Tom today?" she asked as an afterthought.

"I suppose you mean Mr. Harrison, Lella," I said. "No—not any more than I could help. Don't whisper, he couldn't possibly hear you. As if it scandalized I don't want to know it."

"Look here, Lella," she retorted. "You needn't be so superior. If I like to talk scandal, I'm not so sure you aren't making it."

"That was the way right along: I was making scandal," I brought them there to dinner. I let Lella in.

And, of course, Anne came up then, and began on me at once.

"You are a very bad girl," she began. "What do you mean by treating Tom Harrison the way you do? He is heartbroken."

"I think you exaggerate my influence over him," I retorted. "I haven't treated him badly, because I haven't paid any attention to him."

Anne threw up her hands.

"There you are!" she said. "He worked all day yesterday fixing this place for you, and you treat him like a dog!"

Just then there was a ringing, tearing sound from the street and a shattered exclamation. I looked up in time to see Mr. Harrison throw up his arms, make a futile attempt to regain his balance, and disappear over the edge of the roof. One instant he was standing there, splendid, superb; the next, the corner of the parapet was empty, all that stood there was a broken, splintered post, and a tangle of wires.

"I could not have moved at first; at least, it seemed hours before the full significance of the thing penetrated my dazed brain. When I got up I was too numb to crawl, but I staggered, lurching back my feet up."

When I got to the corner I had to catch the post for support. I knew somebody was saying, "Oh, how terrible!" over and over in my mind. I was so sure that I knew it had been myself. And then some other voice was saying: "Don't be alarmed. Please, don't be frightened. I'm all right."

I stared into the chimney finally, and instead of a crushed and unrecognizable body, there was Mr. Harrison, sitting about eight feet below me, with his feet swinging into space and his head resting on the corner of his eye across his cheek. There was a sort of manhood there, with windows, and just enough coping to keep him from rolling off.

"I thought you had fallen—all the way," I gasped, trying to keep my lips from trembling. "—Oh, don't dangle your feet like that!"

He did not seem at all glad of my concern. He sat there gloomily, peering into the gulf beneath.

"If it wasn't so—er—messy and generally unpleasant," he replied without looking up. "I would slide off and go the rest of the way."

"You are childish," I said, severely. "See if you can get through the window behind you. If you cannot, I'll come down and unfetter it." But the window was open, and I had a chance to sit down and gather up the scattered ends of my nerves. To my surprise, however, when he came back he made no effort to renew our conversation. He ignored me completely, and went to work at once to repair the damage to his wires, with his back to me.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XIII. (Continued.)

But what the cook had told about Lella and Jimmy was not divulged, for the Harrison man caught him up with a jerk and sent him flying, trampling, with his rugs to the roof.

It did not seem possible to carry on the deception much longer, but if things were to pass, what would they be when Aunt Selma knew she had been led to make ridiculous, generally deceived? And how would I be able to live in the house with her when she did know? Luckily, every time we were puzzled over the mystery in the house that numbers of Hullo things that would have been absolutely damning were never noticed at all. For instance, my asking Jimmy at luncheon that day if he had seen Lella in his coffee? And Max coming to the rescue by dropping his watch in the glass of water, and creating a diversion and giving every body an opportunity to laugh by saying not to mind, it had been in a leak before.

Just after luncheon Aunt Selma brought me some undergarments of Jim's to be patched. She explained at length that he had always worn out his undergarments because he always was squirmed around so when he was sitting. And she showed me how to lay in one of the garments over a pillow to get the patch in proper position. It was the most humiliating moment of my life, but there was no escape. I took my sewing to the roof, while she went away to find something else for me to do when that was finished, and I sat with the thing on my knee, and stared at it, while rebellious tears rolled down my cheeks. The patch was not the shape of the hole at all, and every time I took a stitch I sewed fast to the pillow beneath. It was terrible. Jim came up after a while and sat down across from me and watched, without saying anything. I suppose what he felt would not have been proper to say to me. We had both reached the point where adequate language failed us. Finally he said:

"I wish I were dead."

"So do I," I retorted, jerking the thread.

"Where is the web?"

"Looking for more of these," I indicated the garment over the pillow, and he giggled. "Please—don't say that," I said wildly. "You will wear out your—lingerie, and I will have to mend them."

He sat very still for five minutes, when I discovered that I had put the patch in reverse in the wrong of the web and that it would not fit. As I jerked it off he sneezed.

"Oh, sneeze," I added venomously.

he had known only two days—was capable of anything.

"Kit has only been a little keener than the rest of us," Lolla said. "She found him out yesterday."

"Upon my word," said Anne indignantly, preparing to go, "if I didn't know you girls so well, I would think you were crazy. And now, just to offset this, I will tell you something. Flanagan has been making me so worried; that he has my pearl collar spotted, and that young ladies will have his laces!"

"Yes, as I said before, it was a cheerful, optimistic situation."

I sat and thought it over after Anne's parting shot, when Lella had been closing in. I gave the situation 24 hours to develop. At the end of that time Flanagan would accuse me openly of knowing where the pearls were; I would explain my silly remark to him, and the mine would explode—

I was sunk in dejected reverie when some one came on the roof. When he was opposite the opening in the tent, I saw Mr. Harrison, and at that moment he was wearing, and, turning away, began to work with the wiring of the roof. He was clever with tools; one could see that. If he was a professional, and not a dilettante, he needed to be. After a bit, finding it necessary to climb to the parapet, he took off his coat, without even a glance in my direction, and fell to work vigorously.

One does not need to like a man to admire him physically, any more than one needs to like a racehorse or any other splendid animal. No one could deny that the man who was treating me was a splendid animal; he looked quite big enough and strong enough to have tossed his slender build across the gulf to the next roof, without any difficulty, and coordinate enough to have creased it with a flourish to safety.

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WARNING MEXICANS GETTING TOGETHER

ARMISTICE AND PLANS FOR PEACE MAKING ARE IN PROGRESS.

LIBERAL TERMS ARE OFFERED THE MEXICAN REBELS.

The Resignation of President Diaz Will Not Be Asked—Five-Day Armistice Will Be Extended if Necessary.

An extension of the armistice of five days will be granted by both federals and rebels if a longer time is needed to conclude peace. Liberal terms of peace are the prospect. The resignation of Diaz will be asked. The armistice was signed between Gen. Navarro, of the federal forces, and Gen. Madro, the five days only for their respective armies. Negotiations for peace had extended just far enough to put each side in possession of the outlines of the other's demands. Gen. Madro has known and secretly granted for two weeks information as to what the federal government had asked. The armistice was signed between Gen. Navarro, of the federal forces, and Gen. Madro, the five days only for their respective armies. Negotiations for peace had extended just far enough to put each side in possession of the outlines of the other's demands. Gen. Madro has known and secretly granted for two weeks information as to what the federal government had asked. The armistice was signed between Gen. Navarro, of the federal forces, and Gen. Madro, the five days only for their respective armies. Negotiations for peace had extended just far enough to put each side in possession of the outlines of the other's demands. Gen. Madro has known and secretly granted for two weeks information as to what the federal government had asked.

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ARBOR AND BIRD DAY

By the Governor.

By legislative enactment, the Governor is authorized to set apart each day of the year to be known as Arbor and Bird Day.

The importance of the proper observance of our Arbor Day is becoming more apparent every year. The problem of conservation of our natural resources is one of national proportions, and the faithful remembrance of the day is furnishing the people of our Commonwealth with a clearer understanding of the economic value of forest and bird preservation.

While the purpose of the day is to stimulate the people and interest of the people, the State should also be concerned in the adoption of a far-sighted policy of conservation and reforestation, thereby creating value, as well as adding comfort and beauty for the benefit of present and future generations.

For the first time in the history of Michigan, the Governor is requested by Senate resolution (No. 55, introduced by Senator Van Valkenburgh) to call attention to the importance of protecting and encouraging song and insectivorous birds, not only for their economic, but for their aesthetic value. This is a commendable action. It is desirable to teach our lawless and law-abiding citizens the pleasure and benefits to be derived from birds. Almost all birds do more good than harm. The balance of value is clearly in favor of every all the hawks, except two. It is much better to let a harmful bird escape than to risk the loss of killing a bird of value. Great care should be exercised that birds are not killed or molested in their nests, and that no one who kills or takes bird boxes and otherwise take an interest in our feathered friends, will be well rewarded. Every farmer should be a bird guardian. To be interested in and kind to birds is a sign of gentleness and makes one better.

Tree planting on private and public grounds is recommended, and it is requested that all public schools and places of learning throughout the State should observe the day by calling attention to the importance of saving our birds and trees. Especial attention is called to the forest service, which should endeavor to select a place for a tree and should extinguish it before leaving. Nor should trees and shrubs be needlessly mangled by lack of an axe or otherwise.

Therefore, I, Chase S. Osborn, Governor of Michigan, do hereby issue this proclamation, designating May 2, 1931, Arbor and Bird Day Throughout the Commonwealth, and earnestly urge its observance.

(CHASE S. OSBORN, GOVERNOR.)

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STATE BRIEFS.

Alvin Roper, 61 years old, the oldest citizen of Oregon, is dead.

Grass Lake is the first village of Jackson County to prohibit the use of a saloon within its limits.

The Norway Pigeon club will convene at the Hotel Commodore, New York, to hold its annual convention. It is expected that the club will fly back. Each Sunday the flight will be lengthened until San Antonio, Tex., 1,000 miles away, is reached.

Robert Helgel, aged 35, engineer, and Herbert Parker, aged 35, fireman, were instantly killed when their engine overturned as they were making a steep grade.

John Murphy was found guilty in the circuit court of the charge of holding up and robbing Charles Miller. They had been calling on a mutual sweetheart where Miller had finished his school. The car was taken to the city Murphy "blinded" him and took the roll.

Justices refused to marry Delos W. Turner, white, to Miss Nettie B. Turner, colored, at Toombridge, in the County of Lenoir, side of the River, by the late Rev. John Carey, some 60 years ago, had a romantic history. Its founder was a remarkable man, a descendant of a Cromwellian family, and had been arrested and tried for murder, but was unanimously acquitted by the jury, who upon he ordered the building in question—London Mall.

Irish Landmark Gone.

The famous Tower of Liberty, one of Ulster's best known landmarks, was burned to the ground the other morning. Erected at Toombridge, on the County Londonderry side of the River, by the late Rev. John Carey, some 60 years ago, had a romantic history. Its founder was a remarkable man, a descendant of a Cromwellian family, and had been arrested and tried for murder, but was unanimously acquitted by the jury, who upon he ordered the building in question—London Mall.

Avoid the Cheap and "Big Can" Baking Powders.

The cheap baking powders have but one recommendation: they contain the purest and best of all baking powders, but it is not all baking powder. The bulk is made up of cheap materials that have no leavening power. These powders are carelessly made from inferior materials that they will not make light, wholesome cake. Further, their cheap baking powders have a very small percentage of leavening gas; therefore it takes from two to three times as much of the cheap powder to make a cake or biscuit as it does of Calumet Baking Powder. Therefore, in the long run, the actual cost to the consumer of cheap powders is more than Calumet would be.

Buy a perfectly wholesome baking powder like Calumet, that is at the same time moderate in cost, and can be relied upon. Calumet gives the cook the least trouble.

His Limit.

Joshua had made the sun stand still.

"Fino, but bet you can't make Willie Jones do it," we cried.

Herewith he acknowledged his limitations—Harper's Bazar.

ED GEERS. "The grand old man," he is called for he is so honest handling business in years. He says "I have used SPOLIN'S DYSPEPSIA CURE for 22 years, always with best success. It is the only remedy I know to cure all forms of indigestion and prevent future trouble by having the disease." \$5.00 and \$1.00 bottles. All druggists, or manufacturers, Spohn Medical Co., Chemists, Boston, Mass.

Evidently Deeply in Love.

Chodorik Mikovitch, a Belgrade policeman, committed suicide after his sweetheart had informed him she could not leave her situation to follow him on his new boat.

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WILL LOOK TO CANADA FOR WHEAT

ONE REASON WHY AMERICANS GO TO CANADA.

In the Chicago Inter-Ocean of a few days since reference was made to the fact that in 1909 the United States raised 737,189,000 bushels of wheat, and last year grew only 695,443,000, a decrease of 41,746,000 bushels. The article went on to say: "True we raised last year more than enough wheat for our own needs, but it is apparent that if production continues to decrease in that ratio we will soon be obliged to look to other countries for wheat to supply our rapidly increasing population."

The purpose of the article was to show that reciprocity was to be desired. This is a question that I do not propose to deal with, preferring to leave it to others who have made a greater study of that economic question than I have. The point to be considered is, with the high price of wheat in the United States, and with the much lower priced lands of Canada, and their ability to produce probably more abundantly, is it not well for the United States farmer to take advantage of the opportunity Canada affords with its lower-priced lands and take a part in supplying the needs of the United States, which it is quite apparent must come sooner or later? It is not a bad thing for the United States to have 300,000 American farmers in Western Canada, cultivating large farms, and becoming rich, in the growing of 25- and 30-bushel-to-the-acre wheat, in producing large yields of corn, barley and in raising horses, and cattle cheaply on the wild prairie grasses that are there, both succulent and abundant. All these find a ready market at good prices. Amongst Americans who have made their homes in Canada are to be found colonies of Scandinavians, and all are doing well. I have before me a letter from an American Scandinavian, now a Canadian, an extract from which is interesting. Writing from Turtle Lake, Saskatchewan, he says:

"I came up here from Fergus Falls, Minn., October 2nd, 1910, and thought I would let you know how I have been getting along. We had a very mild winter up to New Year's, but since then it has been quite cold and lots of snow, but not worse than the winter we had out here every day working, even though we had 65 below zero a few times, but we do not feel the cold here the same as we did in Minnesota, as it is very still and the air is high. This is a splendid place for cattle raising and mixed farming. There is some willow brush and small poplars on part of the land, which is rolling and covered with splendid grass in the summers. Not far from here is timber for building material. There are only 5 Norwegians here, 6 Scotchmen, 2 Germans. The lake is 20 miles long and full of very fine fish.

"There is a lot of land yet that has not been taken and room for many settlers, and we wish you would send some settlers up here, as there are fine prospects here, especially for those who have a little money to start with. Send them here to Turtle Lake, and we will show them the land, if they have secured patents, showing the location of the homestead land, office in Battleford. Send us some good Scandinavian settlers this spring."

The Canadian government agents will try to meet his wishes.

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