

SERIAL STORY

When a Man Marries

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
Author of The Circular Staircase,
The Man in Leather
Ties, etc.

SYNOPSIS.

James Wilson or Jimmy as he is called by his friends, Jimmy was a young man of about thirty years, and his ambition in life was to be taken seriously. But people usually refused to do so. He was considered a joke, except to himself. If he asked people to dinner everyone expected a frolic. Jimmy married Della because they lived together a year and were divorced. Jimmy's friends arranged to celebrate the first anniversary of the divorce in the party in the house where Jimmy received a telegram from his father, who was in the hospital, to visit him and his wife. He hesitated to tell of his divorce. Jimmy told his friends that he was in the hospital. He suggested that Kit Wilson, who was a friend of his, should come to the party. When the party was over, the deception was out. Jimmy was a young man of about thirty years, and his ambition in life was to be taken seriously. But people usually refused to do so. He was considered a joke, except to himself. If he asked people to dinner everyone expected a frolic. Jimmy married Della because they lived together a year and were divorced. Jimmy's friends arranged to celebrate the first anniversary of the divorce in the party in the house where Jimmy received a telegram from his father, who was in the hospital, to visit him and his wife. He hesitated to tell of his divorce. Jimmy told his friends that he was in the hospital. He suggested that Kit Wilson, who was a friend of his, should come to the party. When the party was over, the deception was out. Jimmy was a young man of about thirty years, and his ambition in life was to be taken seriously. But people usually refused to do so. He was considered a joke, except to himself. If he asked people to dinner everyone expected a frolic. Jimmy married Della because they lived together a year and were divorced. Jimmy's friends arranged to celebrate the first anniversary of the divorce in the party in the house where Jimmy received a telegram from his father, who was in the hospital, to visit him and his wife. He hesitated to tell of his divorce. Jimmy told his friends that he was in the hospital. He suggested that Kit Wilson, who was a friend of his, should come to the party. When the party was over, the deception was out.

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

"I think you are very rude," I said at last. "You fell over there and I thought you were killed. The nervous shock I experienced is just as bad as if you had gone—all the way."

"Je t'ai down the hammer and came over to me without speaking. Then, when he was quite close, he said: "I am very sorry I startled you. I did not flatter myself that you would be profoundly affected, in any way."

"Oh, as to that," I said lightly, "it makes me ill for days if my car runs over a dog." He looked at me in surprise. "You are his going to get up on that parapet again?"

"Mrs. Wilson," he said, without paying the slightest attention to my question, "will you tell me what I have done?"

"Done?"

"Or have not done? I have racked my brains—stayed awake all last night. At first I hoped it was impersonal, that womanlike, you were merely venting general disapproval on one particular individual. But—your hostility is to me, personally."

I raised my eyebrows, coldly interrogative.

"Perhaps," he went on, calmly—"perhaps I was a fool here on the roof—the night before last. If I said anything that I should not, I ask your pardon. If it is not that, I think you ought to ask mine."

I was angry enough then.

"There can be only one opinion about your conduct," I retorted, warmly. "It was worse than brutal. It was unbecomingly, I have no words for it except that I loathe it—and you."

He was very grim by this time. "I have heard you say something like that to my wife. It was not the unfortunate in that case."

"Oh!" I was choking.

"Under different circumstances I should be the last person to recall anything so personal. But under the circumstances are unusual." He took an angry step toward me. "Will you tell me what I have done? Or shall I go down and ask the others?"

"You wouldn't dare," I cried, "or I will tell them what you did. How you waylaid me on those stairs there, and forced your carresses, your kisses, on me! Oh, I could die with shame!"

The silence that followed was as unexpected as it was ominous. I knew he was staring at me, and I was furious to find myself so emotional, so much more excited of the tone. Finally, I looked up.

"You cannot deny it," I said, in a sort of anticlimax.

"No," he was very quiet, very grim, quite composed. "No," he repeated, judiciously. "I do not deny it."

He did not? He would not? Which?

CHAPTER XIV.

Almost, But Not Quite.

Dal had been acting strangely all day. Once, early in the evening, when I had doubled no trip, he led me

to the pans, to the windows, to the terrace-pans on the mantel, and back to me.

"I sat stonily silent. Why should I explain? Whenever I got into a foolish position, and tried to explain, and tell how it happened, and who was really to blame, they always brought it back to me somehow. So I sat there on the floor and let them stare. And finally Lottie Mercer gasped her lovely: 'It's a charade!'"

And Anne guessed "Kitchen" at once. "Kit, you know, and the pans and—all that," she said, vaguely.

"That they all go back to guessing!" Anne said, until Mr. Harbison saw the storm in my eyes and came over to me.

"Have you hurt your ankle?" he said in an undertone. "Let me help you."

"I do not think you are calculated for a domestic finish," I said, coldly, as I turned away. "In any case I disclaim any such responsibility. But—there is something on Dal's mind."

Max came after me. "Don't be cross, Kit. You haven't said a word to me today, and you go about bustling with your chin up and two red spots on your cheeks—like what-her-name-was with the snakes instead of hair. I don't know why I'm so crazy about you. I always meant to love a girl with a nice disposition."

I left him then. Dal had gone into the recreation room and closed the doors. Ad because he had been acting so strangely, and partly to escape from Max, whose eyes looked threatening, I followed him. Just as I opened the door quietly and looked in, Dallas switched off the lights, and I could hear him grinding his way across the room. Then somebody—not Dal—spoke from the corner, cautiously.

"Is that you, Mr. Brown, sir?" It was Lottie.

"Yes, is everything here?"

"All but the powder, sir. Don't step too close. They're spread all over the place."

"Have you taken the curtains down?"

"Yes, sir."

"Matches?"

"Here, sir."

"Light one, will you, Flannigan?" I want to see the time."

The flare showed Dallas and Flannigan bent over the timepiece. And

to the pans, to the windows, to the terrace-pans on the mantel, and back to me.

SATISFACTORY METHOD OF PROPAGATING WOODY PLANTS

Layering May Be Considered Connecting Link Between Natural and Artificial Generation—Many Varieties Increase Naturally.

(By D. J. CROSBY.)

Layering may be considered the connecting link between natural and artificial propagation. Many plants, such as black raspberries, grapes and others, increase naturally in this way but man has lent his aid in so many ways to this process of propagation that it may be considered to a certain extent artificial.

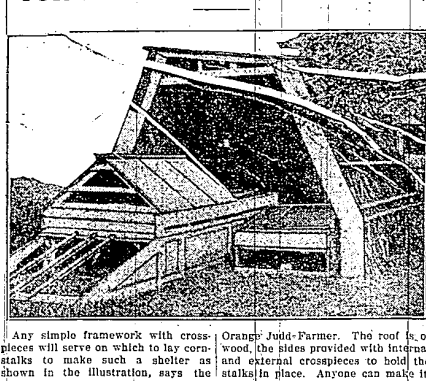
A layer is a branch so placed in contact with the earth as to induce it to throw out roots and shoots, thus producing one or more independent plants, the branch meanwhile remaining attached to the parent plant. Layering frequently proves a satisfactory method of multiplying woody plants which do not readily take root from cuttings. There are several methods of layering.

Tip Layering.—The tip of a branch or cane is bent down to the ground and

and slightly covered with soil when it will throw out roots and develop a new plant. Many plants may be propagated in this way.

Vine Layering.—A vine is stretched along the ground and buried throughout its entire length in a shallow trench, or it may be covered in certain places, leaving the remaining portions exposed. Roots will be put forth at intervals and branches thrown up. Later the vine may be cut between these, leaving a number of independent plants.

CORNSTALK BROODER SHELTER



Any simple framework with cross-pieces will serve on which to lay corn stalks to make such a shelter as shown in the illustration, says the

FIT POULTRY FOR MARKETING

Comparative Rate of Decomposition in Drawn and Undrawn Poultry in the Storage of Government.

The results of the investigations in the comparative rate of decomposition of drawn and undrawn market poultry made by the United States department of agriculture during the years 1909-1910 have just been published in Chemistry Circular 76. The conditions of the experiment were strictly commercial, as the fowls were killed and dressed by the regular employees of a poultry packing house, were shipped in the usual one-dozen-to-the-box package in a car-load of dressed poultry, were received by a wholesaler and handled with his stock, and went to the retailer when he purchased fowls from the same carload, remaining in his shop for the period which the market happened to require for their sale.

The shipments were dressed according to methods known respectively as "full drawn," "wire drawn," "Boston drawn," and "smeared."

\$3.50 RECIPES CURES WEAK KIDNEYS, FREE

RELIEVES URINARY AND KIDNEY TROUBLES, BACKACHE, STRAINING, SWELLING, ETC.

Stops Pain in the Bladder, Kidneys and Back.

"Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say goodbye forever to the troubling, dribbling, straining, or too frequent passage of urine; the forehead and back-of-the-neck aches; the stiffness and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness; spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels; swollen legs or ankles; leg cramps; unnatural short breath; sleeplessness and the depression?"

ROOTS SERVE TWO PURPOSES

They Not Only Drink Up Dissolved Food, but Also Serve to Hold Plant in Fixed Position—Strong in a Way.

(By T. H. SHEPARD.)

Roots serve two purposes for the plant. They not only drink up dissolved food, but also serve to hold the plant in a fixed position.

The older and larger the plant grows the more roots it needs to securely hold it in place and to fully satisfy its thirst and hunger.

All of the roots of a plant help to hold it in place, but the youngest and finest roots do the drinking.

These young, fine roots are called feeding roots. They are so called because the function of this little root cap is to protect the tender root as it pushes its way through hard bits of soil.

Although young and apparently tender, these feeding roots are very strong in a way.

Through the power of expansive growth, they are able to push slowly through the very hard soil, and even penetrate some rocks, bursting them into pieces.

With large plants, such as trees, they penetrate very deep down into the ground where the soil is always moist, but always as hard as rock.

What to Plant.

As to what to plant, that depends upon climate and soil. The garden is for all the year round, or merely for summer and autumn, says Frances Duncan in the Century.

If the place be lived in during the winter, then a hedgehog plant, with its egg-shaped berries, a few evergreen marking important points, and edgings of dwarf evergreens or box will give no small amount of cheer and emphasize the fact that the garden is not dead, but sleeping.

Good Score.

"What's boozey at your suburb?" "Foxy cooks a year. Last year we had only 41."—Exchange.

Facts About Motherhood

The experience of Motherhood is a trying one to most women and marks distinctly an epoch in their lives. Not one woman in a hundred is prepared to understand how to properly care for herself. Of course nearly every woman needs a doctor, but many a woman who has had medical treatment at the time of childbirth, but many a woman who has had the experience with an organism untrained for the trial of strength, and when the strain is over her system has received a shock from which it is hard to recover. Following right upon this comes the nervous strain of caring for the child, and a distinct change in the mother results. There is nothing more charming than a happy and healthy mother of children, and indeed child-birth under right conditions need be no hazard to health or beauty. The unspeakable thing is that, with all the evidence of shattered nerves and broken health resulting from an unprepared condition, women will persist in going blindly to the trial.

It isn't as though the experience came upon them unawares. They have ample time in which to prepare, but they, for the most part, trust to chance and pay the penalty.

In many homes once childless there are now children because of the fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound makes women normal, healthy, and strong.

Any woman who would like special advice in regard to this matter is cordially invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. Her letter will be held in strict confidence.

Good Fellowship

occasionally leads to over-indulgence in the good things of the table. Be good to your stomach. Right at once with

Beecham's Pills

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 10c. and 25c.