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WHEN A MAN MARRIES

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART



Author of "The Circular Staircase" and "The Man In Lower Ten"

CHAPTER XII The Roof Garden.

I was quite ill the next morning— from excitement, I suppose. Anyhow, I did not get up, and there wasn't any breakfast. Jim said he roused Flannigan at eight o'clock, to go down and get the fire started, and then went back to bed. But Flannigan did not get up. He appeared, sheepishly, at half-past ten, and by that time Bella was down, in a towering rage, and had burned her hand and got the fire started, and had taken up a tray for Aunt Selma and herself.

As the others struggled down they belted themselves across or ate fruit, and nobody put anything away. Lottie Mercer made me some tea and scorching toast, and brought it, about eleven o'clock.

"I never saw such a house," she declared. "A dozen housemaids couldn't put it in order. Why should every man that smokes drop ashes wherever he happens to be?"

"That's the question of the ages," I replied languidly. "What was Max talking so horribly about a little while ago?" Lottie looked up aggrieved.

"About nothing at all," she declared. "Anne told me to clean the bath tubs with oil, and I did it, that's all. Now Max says he couldn't get it off, and his clothes stick to him, and if he should forget and strike a match in the— the usual way, he would explode. He can clean his own tub tomorrow," she finished vindictively.

At noon Jim came in to see me, bringing Anne as a concession to Bella. He was in a rage, and he carried the morning paper like a club in his hand.

"What sort of a newspaper lie would you call this?" he demanded irritably. "It makes me crazy; everybody with a mental image of me leaning over the parapet of the roof, waving a board, with the rest of you sitting on my legs to keep me from overbalancing!"

"Maybe there's a picture!" Anne said hopefully.

Jim looked.

"No picture," he announced. "I wonder why they restrained themselves! I wish Bella would keep off the roof," he added, with fresh access of rage, "or wear a mask or veil. One of those fellows is going to recognize her, and there'll be the deuce to pay."

"When you are all through discussing this thing, perhaps you will tell me what is the matter," I remarked, from my couch. "Why did you lean over the parapet, Jim, and who sat on your legs?"

"I didn't; nobody did," he retorted, waving the newspaper. "It's a lie out of the whole cloth, that's what it is. I asked you girls to be decent to those reporters; it never pays to offend a newspaper man. Listen to this, Kit!"

He read the article rapidly, furiously, pausing every now and then to make an exasperated comment.

Attempt at Escape Frustrated—Members of the Four Hundred Defy the Law.

"Special Officer McCloud, on duty at the quarantined house of James Wilson, artist and clubman, on Ninety-fifth Street, reported this morning a

daring attempt at escape, made at 3 a. m. It is in this house that some eight or nine members of the smart set were imprisoned during the course of a dinner party, when the Japanese butler developed smallpox. The party shut in the house includes Miss Katherine McNair, the daughter of Theodore McNair, of the Inter-Ocean system; Mr. and Mrs. Dallas Brown, the Misses Mercer, Maxwell Reed, the well known clubman and whip, and a Mr. Thomas Harrison, guest of the Dallas Browns and a South American.

"Officer McCloud's story, told to a Chronicle reporter this morning, is as follows: The occupants of the house had been uneasy all day. From the air of subdued bustle, and from a careful inspection of the roof, made by the entire party during the afternoon, his suspicion had been aroused. Nothing unusual, however, occurred during the early part of the night. From eight o'clock to twelve McCloud was relieved from duty, his place being taken by Michael Shane, of the Eighty-sixth Street Station.

"When McCloud came on duty at midnight, Shane reported that about eleven o'clock the searchlight of a steamer on the river, flashing over the house, had shown a man crouching on the parapet, evidently surveying the roof across, which at this point is only twelve feet distant, with a view of making his escape. On seeing Shane below, however, he had bent a retreat, but not before the officer had seen him distinctly. He was dressed in evening clothes and wore a light tan overcoat.

"Officer McCloud relieved Shane at midnight, and sent for a plain-clothes man from the stationhouse. This man was stationed on the roof of the Bevington residence next door, with strict injunctions to prevent an escape from the quarantined mansion. Nothing suspicious having occurred, the man on the roof left about 3 a. m., reporting to McCloud below that everything was quiet. At that moment, glancing skyward, one of the officers was astounded to see a long narrow board project itself from the coping of the Wilson house, wave uncertainly for a moment, and then advance stealthily toward the parapet across. When it was within a foot or two of a resting place, and ending with the attempt to span a twelve-foot gulf with a board, over which to cross to freedom, those shut-in society folk have shown characteristic disregard of the laws of the state. It is quite time to extend to the millionaire the same strictness that keeps the commuter at home for three weeks with the measles; that makes him get the milk bottles and groceries from the gate-post and smell like dog-soup for a month afterward, as a result of disinfection."

"We sat in dead silence for a minute. Then:

"Perhaps it is true," I said. "Not of you, Jim—but some one may have tried to get out that way. In fact, I think it extremely likely."

"Who? Flannigan? You couldn't drive him out. He's having the time of his life. Do you suspect me?"

"Come away and don't fight," Anne broke in pacifically. "You will have to have luncheon sent in, Jimmy; nobody has ordered anything from the shops, and I feel like old Mother Hubbard."

"I wish you would all go out," I said wearily. "If every man in the house says he didn't try to get over to the next roof last night, well and good. But you might look and see if the board is still lying where it fell."

"There was an instantaneous rush for the window, and a second's pause. Then Jimmy's voice, incredulous, averted:

"Well, I'll be—blessed! There's the board!"

"I stayed in my room all that day. My head really ached and then, too, I did not care to meet Mr. Harrison. It would have to come; I realized that a meeting was inevitable, but I wanted time to think how I would meet him. It would be impossible to cut him without rousing the curiosity of the others; coming just after, pointed out impossible to ignore the disgraceful episode of the stairs. As it happened, however, I need not have worried. I went down to dinner, languidly, when every one was seated, and found Max at my right, and Mr. Harrison moved over beside Bella. Every one was talking at once, for Flannigan, ambling around the table as airily as he walked his beat, had presented Bella with her bracelet on a salad plate, garnished with remoulade. He had found it in the furnace-room he said, where she must have dropped it. And he looked at me stealthily, to approve my monodality!"

"Every one was fished, and as they ate they dismissed the board in the area-way, and pretended to deride it as a clever bit of press work, to revive a dying sensation. No one was deceived: Anne's pearls and the attempt at escape, coming just after, pointed only to one thing. I looked around the table, dazed. Flannigan, almost the only unknown quantity, might have tried to escape the night before, but he would not have been in dress clothes. Besides, he must be eliminated as far as the pearls were concerned, having been locked in the furnace-room the night they were stolen. There was no one among the girls to suspect. The one among the girls to suspect. The one among the girls to suspect."

"The Wilson roof garden!" he said. "To Kit, who inspired; to the creators, who perspired; and to Takahiro—may he not have expired?"

Every one was very gay; I think the knowledge that tomorrow Aunt Selma might be with them urged them to make the most of this last night of freedom. I felt to be jolly, and sure enough, when being feverish. Mr. Harrison did not come up to enjoy what he had wrought. Jim brought up his guitar and sang love songs in a beautiful tenor, looking at Bella all the time. And Bella sat in a steamer chair, with a rug over her and a spanned veil on her head, looking at the boats on the river—about as soft and as chastened as an eye-glass headlight.

And after Max had told the most impenetrable tale, which Lela advised him to sprinkle salt on, and Dallas had done a eulog dangle, Bella said it was time for her complexion sleep and went down stairs, and broke up the party.

"If she only gave half as much care to her immortal soul," Anne said when she had gone, "as she does to her skin, she would let that new Harrison boy alone. She must have been brutal to him tonight, for he went to bed at nine o'clock. At least, I suppose he went to bed, for he shut himself in the studio, and when I knocked he advised me not to come in."

I had pleaded my headache as an excuse for avoiding Aunt Selma all day, and she had not sent for me. Bella was really quite extraordinary. She was never in the habit of putting herself out for any one, and she always declared that the very odor of a sick-room drove her to Scotch and soda. But here she was, rubbing Aunt Selma's back with chloroform liniment—and you know how that smells—getting her up in a chair, dressed in one of Bella's wadded silk robes, with pillows under her feet, and then doing her hair in elaborate puffs—braiding her fray switch and bringing it, coronet fashion, around the top of her head. She even put rice powder on Aunt Selma's nose, and dabbed violet water behind her ears, and said she couldn't understand why she (Aunt Selma) had never married, but, of course, she probably would some day!

The result was, naturally, that the old lady wouldn't let Bella out of sight, except to go to the kitchen for something to eat for her. That very day Bella got the doctor to order all for her, and she even put rice powder on Aunt Selma's nose, and dabbed violet water behind her ears, and said she couldn't understand why she (Aunt Selma) had never married, but, of course, she probably would some day!

Well, we went to bed fairly early. Bella had massaged Aunt Selma's face and rubbed in cold cream, Anne and Dallas had compromised on which window should be open in their bedroom, and the men had matched to see who should look at the furnace all for the board of health and playing solitaire. He was a pathetic figure.

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Glenn H. Curtiss Enters New York-Chicago Aeroplane Race After Daring Flights Over Ocean.



Photos by American Press Association.

"The vigilance of the board of health has been most commendable in this case. Beginning with a waver over the telephone that they would break quarantine in twenty-four hours, and ending with the attempt to span a twelve-foot gulf with a board, over which to cross to freedom, those shut-in society folk have shown characteristic disregard of the laws of the state. It is quite time to extend to the millionaire the same strictness that keeps the commuter at home for three weeks with the measles; that makes him get the milk bottles and groceries from the gate-post and smell like dog-soup for a month afterward, as a result of disinfection."

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Miscellaneous Reading.

MEDICINE MYSTERY.

What Secret Remedies Cost and Contain.

An incredibly large number of otherwise intelligent human beings have the most profound and unshakable faith in the power of medicine to effect a cure, and, usually, they swallow the greater with. There are those who find delight in the discovery of a new author, others whose joy is intense upon hearing a fresh musical composition of great merit, but the satisfaction of him who has found a new and untried medicine, potent for good, surpasses that of all others. At last his patient prospecting in the inexhaustible mine of drugs is about to be rewarded, and until he has tried the new remedy and discarded it for something still newer, he is in a state of feverish happiness.

For such trustful souls, the druggist's shop with its rows of bottles bearing cabalistic labels, its drawers full of pills and plasters, its showcases stocked with ready-made cures and its pungent odor compounded of exhalations from roots, herbs, oils and essences, has no unsurpassed by any other establishment. It is indeed the vast possibility. Here, to the mind of the votary of medicine, may surely be found relief from every ache and pain, and certain specifics which may be relied upon to check instantly the insidious attack of disease. Without a druggist's glittering sanctuary to flee to life would be a desert of lurking danger to a very large proportion of the human family which now finds its stay and comfort in physic.

Physicians themselves are well aware of the comparatively limited curative power of medicines. They know how little reliance may be placed upon the prescription alone and how much nature, the slow, recuperative force of right living and the observance of the simple rules of diet, with fresh air and exercise, contribute toward curing people and keeping them in good health. The best doctors are slow to administer medicine of any great strength, except in serious emergency. They earn their fees, and well earn them, not by dosing their patients with strong drugs, but rather by advising them as to their habits of living, insisting upon pure air, good water, proper diet and reasonable exercise.

Most of them would give even less medicine if they dared, and many of the more successful practitioners would gladly throw a large part of the physic to the dogs, relying more upon natural agencies for cure, were it not that the average patient would rebel. He demands something more tangible than good advice—something to take that will make him well; a specific, a panacea, and the physician would be bold indeed who had the courage to tell his patient to lose himself entirely in recovery by observing certain rules of living. The prescription

therefore ordinarily accompanies the good advice, but doubtless it is frequently innocuous, and the cure, if effected, is due far more to observing the advice than taking the medicine.

It is the mystery of medicine that appeals to the believer in it. The amateur knows has a charm which the familiar knowledge lies in the secrecy which attends their manufacture. The gullibility of the public in this regard is undoubtedly a survival of ancient barbaric faith in the potency of the witch's brew for evil and the power of the love philtre for bringing happiness. Civilization and enlightenment spread from age to age, but always there is a large proportion of the world's population, outwardly, perhaps, above the influence of superstition, yet nevertheless invariably clinging with stubborn tenacity to fragmentary instincts inherited from ancestors, ages back, who attached great importance to medicinal concoctions brewed in remote caves or hidden dens by mysterious wizards and witches reputed wiser than their

follow beings in the secrets of root and herb. "Double, double, toil and trouble; fire burn and caldron bubble," chanted Macbeth's witches, the patent medicine manufacturers of their time, and then, as now, there were not lacking those willing to accept their noxious compounds.

One ingredient has been added by modern progress to the mixtures of the ancients which has greatly stimulated this interesting survival of primitive faith in mysterious medicines. Printers' ink, not in itself of any known curative value, has brought the wizards and witches from their hiding places and has enabled them to acquire world-wide fame and enormous fortunes by the practice of their art of medicine brewing. The mystery of manufacture remains, but printers' ink has made a vast number of people willing subscribers to the income of the compounders. Were it not for the mysterious nature of these widely advertised remedies they would not be so popular, and therefore those who enlighten the public as to their real character are dealing a severe blow to the very ancient profession of quackery.

Such an attack has been made by the British Medical Association, which not long ago published a book entitled "Secret Remedies: What They Cost and What They Contain." It contains analyses of a large number of the patent medicines so extensively advertised in the daily papers of Great Britain. Although many of these are also sold in America, the vast number of patent nostrums advertised in this country escape exposure in this book.

If a service similar to that could be rendered the people of the United States by some equally reliable agency, it would go far in persuading the public that when it purchases mysterious medicines advertised to cure diseases it is being unceremoniously humbugged.

Generally speaking, the analyses in this book show that those who consume patent medicines are not exposed to any serious danger; they are left free and he buys.

Some of the analyses given in "Secret Remedies" are enlightening, even amusing. A certain "One Night Cold Cure," sold for 25 cents a box, advertised to break up any cold overnight or money refunded, and to cure influenza in three days, was alleged to be composed chiefly of "quinine, cascara, camphor and other ingredients" adopted by the leading medical authorities for colds in the head, throat and lungs.

The analysis showed that the tablets contained in the box were coated with sugar and colored with ferric oxide (so-called chocolate coating), contained no bromide, no quinine, no camphor and no cascara. The estimated cost of the ingredients used was one-half a cent.

A very famous pill advertised the world around and sold at 30 cents a box, was found to contain ingredients the prime cost of which was a quarter of a cent. Analysis showed these pills

to be composed of aloes, powdered ginger and powdered soap. A "curative syrup," sold at 60 cents a bottle, cost for ingredients less than one cent. Its label advertised it to be "a highly concentrated, purely vegetable compound," but analysis showed the presence of free hydrochloric acid, not usually classified as a vegetable compound; tincture of capsicum and sugar "in the form of extract."

Perhaps it is permissible or excusable to smile over the ordinary patent-medicine victim who is so foolish as to allow himself to be swindled into buying worthless trash and paying an exorbitant price for it. He may be dismissed with a contemptuous thought that it served him right for being so gullible, but when the worthless patent medicine depends for its success upon encouraging the hopes of the really desperate person suffering from an incurable disease, the matter is quite different and far more serious. The cowardly cruelty of trading upon such sufferers cannot be denounced with sufficient emphasis and should be pun-

ished by some means more severe than mere exposure.

A "cancer remedy" analyzed in this book is thus described:

"It is a colorless liquid, containing a trace of sediment; the odor is that of alcohol, though very slightly vinous. Fractional distillation showed the presence of about 40 per cent of alcohol; on complete evaporation, a trace of dry residue was left. This residue was free from any alkaloid, and its behavior with reagents gave no indication of any other active principle; it agreed in character with the 'extractive' found in spirit that has been kept in a wine cask. After removing the alcohol, the liquid was perfectly tasteless. This 'remedy' is thus very simple in nature, consisting merely of diluted and slightly impure alcohol."

In issuing this volume the British Medical Association has rendered a public service in a perfectly proper and legitimate manner. If an American authority of equal standing would follow its example, it would be a most praiseworthy action.—Bellman.

HIS BELOVED WIVES.

Useful Tombstones In The Front Yard of a North Carolina Home.

"Every hour of Bucklesberry" said a man from North Carolina the other day. "Well, it is a district in Lenoir county about twenty miles from Goldsboro. Twenty years ago it used to abound in curious characters.

"Almost everybody in the neighborhood was named Sutton. At the time of which I speak about the most representative citizen of the community was Ben Sutton. Ben had one of the nicest, neatest little one story houses you ever saw and when one day I met him on the road and was invited to partake of his hospitality at midday dinner I accepted with alacrity.

"We entered the house from the rear and almost immediately sat down at a table that literally groaned under the weight of ham and sweet potatoes, collards, corn pone, turnips and huckleberry pie. Ben's hospitality made him see that I got away with the whole of an enormous second helping.

"I strolled out upon the front porch after the meal and to my horror there stood in the yard, just in front of the house, a row of four handsome tombstones, each with a grave attached. My host had lingered inside, so I went out and inspected the stones. One bore the inscription, 'To my beloved wife, Annie.' The second was, 'To my beloved wife, Kate.' The third read, 'To my beloved wife, Maggie,' and the fourth, 'To my beloved wife, Jennie.'"

"Good heavens, have I struck a Bluebird?" I exclaimed.

"Then I looked at the dates of decease. They were from two to five years apart. I turned around, and there was the present Mrs. Sutton looking at me with a smile on her face.

"Look pretty, don't they?" she said. "You see, Ben likes to sit out here on the porch and look at the tombstones and tell me what a good wife Annie or Kate or Maggie or Jennie was to him. It doesn't hurt me, and he gets lots of fun out of it.

"But you can bet your sweet life there is no place there for me. The first place I made him promise me before we were married that he wouldn't put me there if I died before him. In the second, I mean to outlive him. You see, Ben looks pretty husky, but he is nearly 60, and I am not yet 30.

"Oh, no, I don't mind the tombstones or the graves. For one thing, they keep negroes away from our place. You see there is the chicken coop on one side of the yard and the watermelon patch on the other, and you couldn't get a ducky to go into either after sun-

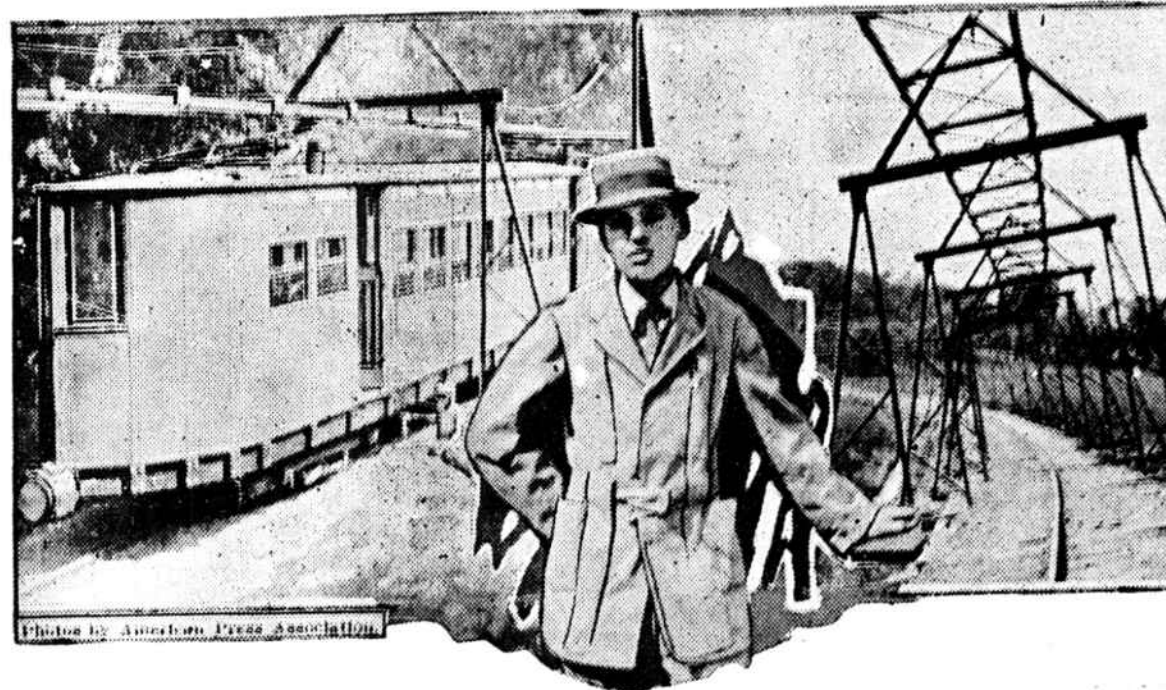
Walter Wellman Declares He Will Cross the Atlantic In an Airship.



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Walter Wellman, explorer and journalist, unsatisfied with being blown around the region of the north pole in a balloon, has declared he will try to cross the Atlantic ocean from New York to London in the motor balloon America. Mr. Wellman is about ready to try a number of land trips around Atlantic City. He will take his big balloon to New York city next month and by the last of August hopes to be well under way for the long ocean trip. Mr. Wellman will carry a wireless outfit with him and report his progress as he sails along. London, New York and Chicago papers are to pay Mr. Wellman for his efforts. He is to be accompanied by Melvin Vaniman and an engineer and a fourth companion, yet to be selected.

Monorail Now Being Used In New York City For Passenger Service.



[H. H. Tunis, style of car and track of monorail system.] While Germany has had a short monorail system in use for some time, the first practical road in the United States has just been completed in New York City. The first public trial resulted in a failure, much to the disappointment of August Belmont and other millionaire backers. But the failure was due to a break in the power house. Students of transportation problems declare that within the next five years monorail roads will be started in all parts of the United States for both passenger and freight service.

therefore ordinarily accompanies the good advice, but doubtless it is frequently innocuous, and the cure, if effected, is due far more to observing the advice than taking the medicine.

It is the mystery of medicine that appeals to the believer in it. The amateur knows has a charm which the familiar knowledge lies in the secrecy which attends their manufacture. The gullibility of the public in this regard is undoubtedly a survival of ancient barbaric faith in the potency of the witch's brew for evil and the power of the love philtre for bringing happiness. Civilization and enlightenment spread from age to age, but always there is a large proportion of the world's population, outwardly, perhaps, above the influence of superstition, yet nevertheless invariably clinging with stubborn tenacity to fragmentary instincts inherited from ancestors, ages back, who attached great importance to medicinal concoctions brewed in remote caves or hidden dens by mysterious wizards and witches reputed wiser than their

to be composed of aloes, powdered ginger and powdered soap. A "curative syrup," sold at 60 cents a bottle, cost for ingredients less than one cent. Its label advertised it to be "a highly concentrated, purely vegetable compound," but analysis showed the presence of free hydrochloric acid, not usually classified as a vegetable compound; tincture of capsicum and sugar "in the form of extract."

Perhaps it is permissible or excusable to smile over the ordinary patent-medicine victim who is so foolish as to allow himself to be swindled into buying worthless trash and paying an exorbitant price for it. He may be dismissed with a contemptuous thought that it served him right for being so gullible, but when the worthless patent medicine depends for its success upon encouraging the hopes of the really desperate person suffering from an incurable disease, the matter is quite different and far more serious. The cowardly cruelty of trading upon such sufferers cannot be denounced with sufficient emphasis and should be pun-

ished by some means more severe than mere exposure.

A "cancer remedy" analyzed in this book is thus described:

"It is a colorless liquid, containing a trace of sediment; the