

# LOVE in a HURRY

By GELETT BURGESS  
ILLUSTRATED by RAY WALTERS  
COPYRIGHT BY GELETT BURGESS

## SYNOPSIS.

Hall Bonstelle, artist-photographer, prepares for the day in his studio. He is reminded by Floida Fisher, his assistant, of a party he is to give in the studio that night, and wonders that his business is in bad financial shape. Mr. Doremus, attorney and justice of the peace, calls and informs Hall that his Uncle John's will has left him \$10,000 on condition that he marry before his twenty-fifth birthday, which begins at midnight that night. Mrs. Rena Royall calls at the studio and Hall asks her to marry him at once. She agrees for time, but finally agrees to give him an answer to the party that night. Miss Carolyn Dally calls.

## CHAPTER IV—Continued.

Hall had gone into a momentary reverie. In that day-dream he had already lived three years with Carolyn, traveled abroad, even to Constantinople, had seen her entertain grand dukes on his yacht, had fought two or three duels with offensive Italian officers on her account. They had ridden horseback up California canyons. Just now they were back in New York. There was even a little Hall Bonstelle—

"Here! Wake up!" He was suddenly jerked back into the present, with Carolyn now seated on a couch, impatiently staring at him. He smiled self-consciously.

"What's the matter with you, Hall?" she asked, looking at him queerly. "You haven't got a hang-over or anything, have you? I didn't think you doped."

He laughed nervously. "I suppose you fascinate me, Carolyn."

She gave a whoop of joy. "Me, indeed?" She pointed inquiringly at her breast. "Say, Hall, old chap, pass the molasses. We women just eat it up, you know! Makes us fat. I need a lot of it. Exit headache!"

This was hopeless for Hall. He must get serious, or there would be no managing a proposal. Or, perhaps—her manner gave him the cue—wouldn't she be more amenable to a humorous offer? "Try it!" said his intuition. He walked up to her.

"Carolyn, see here, how would you like it if you thought I'd lain awake all last night thinking about you—yes, and the night before, and all last week!"

"Fine! I feel better already. Too good to be true, though. Did you, really?" She ruffled his hair affectionately.

"How much do I get?" "Till—can you make up your mind by tonight!"

"Oh, I say, you are in a hurry! If I can't, then I suppose my option expires?"

"Oh, don't take it that way—only hang it, I just can't wait." Carolyn rose and smoothed down her dress. "At midnight, then—as the clock in the old belfry strikes the fatal hour?" She struck an attitude.

"Oh, not midnight—no, let's see—earlier than that—I can't possibly wait."

"See here, Hall, don't be silly. Let me get my breath, won't you? Give me a little time to decide. Really, you know, you are forcing it horribly."

"How much time do you want?" "How much do I get?" "Till—can you make up your mind by tonight!"

"Oh, I say, you are in a hurry! If I can't, then I suppose my option expires?"

"Oh, don't take it that way—only hang it, I just can't wait." Carolyn rose and smoothed down her dress. "At midnight, then—as the clock in the old belfry strikes the fatal hour?" She struck an attitude.

"Oh, not midnight—no, let's see—earlier than that—I can't possibly wait."

"He dropped the mock-heroic pose and took up the blunt-sincere. He walked over to her and took her hand. She had no objections whatever, apparently. "Carolyn, it's an honest fact, I want you!"

"Mr. Bonstelle, am I really to understand that you are proposing to me?" Carolyn smilingly looked him in the eye.

"Oh, I suppose you think it's a joke, just because I don't speak in blank verse."

"Well, I'll be darned! I believe the man's serious!"

She said nothing for a moment, narrowing her eyes and looking at him with the same amused tolerant expression. Then she smiled. "Well, Hall, it strikes me you must be pretty sure of me to do it in a two-step, like this. Why, usually they crawl all over the carpet."

Hall interrupted her: "Oh, don't Carolyn! Please don't!"

Carolyn's face changed. "You don't actually mean it, honey?" she asked anxiously, putting a hand on his arm.

"Mean it! Why, Carolyn, of course I mean it! It's no use, I can't make it theatrical. You have a sense of humor; so have I. Perhaps a girl ought to be entitled to a little fireworks on such an occasion—or even poetry—I'll try it if you insist, you know—but, somehow, I can't take myself so seriously." She withdrew her hand srowning. "Oh, that doesn't mean that I don't take you seriously, Carolyn, or rather that I don't want to—I mean—confound it, I'm not reconciled enough to convince myself that I'm even a little bit worth your while."

"Well, then, try to convince me, why don't you?"

"That's what I'm trying to do, girl! Lord, Carolyn, there's no use in your not believing; you must believe it! I want you something fierce, really! I don't want you the way a little kid wants ice cream—the way a girl wants a new Easter hat!"

"Heavens, is it really as bad as that?" She turned away. "Oh, Hall, really, you know, you're too ridiculous!"

"Oh, I'm the clown with the dying

baby, all right. I laugh and joke while my heart is breaking. Lord, I'm as merry as a man with a broken leg. I just plain want to marry you, Carolyn, that's all. Is that so hard to understand? Try and get it through your head, will you? I want to so bad that I'm making a fool of myself. Why the deuce don't you laugh?"

But Carolyn's smile had died. She only nodded and shook hands with him. "Say, Hall, you're all right!" she said, blushing slightly. "Heavens, I never thought you could do it like that and get away with it. Come over here and sit down. We'll talk it over." She led him to the couch. He followed her with docility, and sat down beside her.

"Now," she announced, "let's begin over again. I'm not sure I got you. I had no idea you were really in earnest, honest! If you have anything important to say to me, Hall Bonstelle, I'll give you just five minutes of my valuable time."

"Don't tease me any more, Carolyn," he implored. "Give me my answer!"

"Answer to what?" She stared at him wide-eyed.

"Oh, I suppose you are so accustomed to being proposed to that you forget about it the moment it's over; but really, Carolyn, I'm in earnest. I want you. This is the most important thing that has ever happened to me. If you don't accept me—I don't know what I'll do. It will ruin me. Carolyn, will you say yes?"

She shook her head. No, Hall, I won't."

"Carolyn, don't play with me, please. I won't take no for an answer, I tell you. I've got to have you. Don't you care for me at all, Carolyn?"

Carolyn looked him over again and said, "Oh, yes," with a drawl. "Why shouldn't I? You're good-looking—and clever—and—oh, all sorts of things. Yes, I like you all right."

"Oh, don't gully me, Carolyn. I've got to know—immediately. Don't say no!"

"Trying to take me by storm, eh? No use, Hall, old chap!"

Hall jumped up scowling. "Then it's no?"

"See here, Hall, don't be silly. Let me get my breath, won't you? Give me a little time to decide. Really, you know, you are forcing it horribly."

"How much time do you want?" "How much do I get?" "Till—can you make up your mind by tonight!"

"Oh, I say, you are in a hurry! If I can't, then I suppose my option expires?"

"Oh, don't take it that way—only hang it, I just can't wait." Carolyn rose and smoothed down her dress. "At midnight, then—as the clock in the old belfry strikes the fatal hour?" She struck an attitude.

"Oh, not midnight—no, let's see—earlier than that—I can't possibly wait."

"See here, Hall, don't be silly. Let me get my breath, won't you? Give me a little time to decide. Really, you know, you are forcing it horribly."

"How much time do you want?" "How much do I get?" "Till—can you make up your mind by tonight!"

"Oh, I say, you are in a hurry! If I can't, then I suppose my option expires?"

"Oh, don't take it that way—only hang it, I just can't wait." Carolyn rose and smoothed down her dress. "At midnight, then—as the clock in the old belfry strikes the fatal hour?" She struck an attitude.

"Oh, not midnight—no, let's see—earlier than that—I can't possibly wait."

"See here, Hall, don't be silly. Let me get my breath, won't you? Give me a little time to decide. Really, you know, you are forcing it horribly."

"How much time do you want?" "How much do I get?" "Till—can you make up your mind by tonight!"

"Oh, I say, you are in a hurry! If I can't, then I suppose my option expires?"

"Oh, don't take it that way—only hang it, I just can't wait." Carolyn rose and smoothed down her dress. "At midnight, then—as the clock in the old belfry strikes the fatal hour?" She struck an attitude.

"Oh, not midnight—no, let's see—earlier than that—I can't possibly wait."

"See here, Hall, don't be silly. Let me get my breath, won't you? Give me a little time to decide. Really, you know, you are forcing it horribly."

"How much time do you want?" "How much do I get?" "Till—can you make up your mind by tonight!"

"Oh, I say, you are in a hurry! If I can't, then I suppose my option expires?"

"Oh, don't take it that way—only hang it, I just can't wait." Carolyn rose and smoothed down her dress. "At midnight, then—as the clock in the old belfry strikes the fatal hour?" She struck an attitude.

"Oh, not midnight—no, let's see—earlier than that—I can't possibly wait."

Carolyn laid her hand on his arm. "Wait a minute, please!" she said. "I've always known I was an awfully nice girl and all that sort of thing, of course; but I didn't realize I was such a mighty influence in your life. Do you really think that if you marry me it's going to make all that difference to you?"

"Why, I'll be another person! We'll have a glorious time, Carolyn! We'll travel and we'll go—"

Again she interrupted him. "See here, Hall, I haven't any money; you know that, don't you?"

He was properly indignant. "By jove, you don't think I'm that kind of a man, do you? I don't care whether you have or not!" He waxed properly heroic. "Good Lord, Carolyn, do you think I would marry for money?"

"Well, then, I don't see—"

He looked about the studio fatuously. "Oh, I'll—I'll work hard, you know. I'm sure I can earn enough. In fact I have splendid prospects, Carolyn, really splendid!"

She gave him another of her long curious glances through half-closed lids. "You certainly are attractive this morning, Hall. Too darned attractive! I almost believe I'll say yes, after all! But no, I must think it over. I don't want to be hypnotized, you know, Good-by, Hall, I'm going."

For a scant moment she paused, hesitating, self-conscious, as she looked at him with an expression that was seldom seen on her face. Then she took his hand impulsively. "Oh, Hall, dear—I thought it was all a joke at first—just your fooling—that's why I was so horrid. But now—"

Then, as Hall attempted to draw her nearer she sprang away, once more proud and cynical. "Don't you be too sure of me, though! I may see the funny side of it again, tonight!"

"By jove, I don't see how I can wait till then," he replied bravely, encircling her waist. "Say, Carolyn—"

His lips were almost upon hers—not quite. She burst into laughter as she sprang away. "Oh, no, Hall, nothing like that! I've got a long way to go, my dear, before I'm ready for the bunny-hug! You go to work, and let me ponder. Fare-thee-well!" Then, without waiting for an answer, she floated out of the studio.

In the office she came face to face with Floida. Carolyn stopped and looked at her keenly.

"Why, Miss Fisher," she said, "you ought to get some fresh air, d'you know it? You need a change. You're so pale." Her intent was kind, but to poor Floida, who had waited in agony for her to leave, it was infuriating. She looked up, with her white face still whiter.

"I'm so sorry I frightened you!" Floida gave a sarcastic smile.

Carolyn stopped, surprised as if a woolly lamb had bitten her. She looked Floida up, she looked Floida down. Then merrily she laughed. "Good for you! Always speak up, little one! Be bright and pleasant. It makes customers like you!"

Floida met her smile for smile. "Thank you so much! And now, would you mind telling me how to like customers?"

Carolyn laughed again. "Well," she said, "I may not be a customer very long. And then perhaps you'll like me!"

Floida bounced her fountain pen down on the desk and jumped up, eyes snapping. Into the studio she walked. Hall was heading for the dark room; she stopped him with a tragic "Well!"

"What d'you think?" he answered. "She wants to think it over, too!"

"She didn't accept you, really?" Floida gasped.

"No, took it as a joke. Liked it, though. What the purple deuce am I going to do?" He looked at his watch. "Here it is nearly eleven o'clock already, and nothing decided yet! Why, I darn't even buy a ring!"

At the word, Floida gave a sudden rasp, and her hand flew to her heart. "Oh, I wish I could help you!" she sighed.

He smiled patronizingly and nodded. "Yes, I wish you could!" He started for the door of the dark room and paused. "You can't recommend any one else, can you, Floida? If I could only find someone who would say 'yes' and have it over, I could go right ahead!"

She gave him such a look! But the hopelessness of it kept her dumb. Down went her eyes to shut the tears out; Floida turned away, pretending that it was absolutely necessary that the Spanish chair be moved two inches to the right.

"Say, Flo, you think up some way to beat this game, will you?" With that, Hall shut himself into the dark room.

Into the chair Floida sank, staring at space, deep in thought. Her fingers worked together nervously, her nose was puckered. How blind men were! Deaf and dumb and blind and half-witted! She could not offer herself, she loved him too well. Oh, never until today did she realize how much Hall meant to her! Now to lose him—Oh, if he were really in love she might bear it—but to have him to go like this—look at everyone and not see her—it was insulting—she felt numb at the cheapness, the degradation of it. No, she was helpless—the greater the opportunity the less could she avail herself of it. But wasn't there any way of showing him, she wondered; couldn't she make him feel her? Surely she couldn't amount to much, after all, if she had so little magnetism, but she felt dragged and helpless. Her wits were going.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Chicago's Charity.

Chicago yearly spends on its county poor relief fund over \$270,000.

When the old lady died the lawyer came smilingly forward with six quilts and his sister, to claim the sum of \$150. But he was tricked in turn, as the old lady had neatly cut the codicil from the will!

A girl always tells a young man she can cook—and she always tells other girls that she can't.

# THE SANDMAN'S STORY

By Mrs. F. A. WALKER  
Copyright, 1907, by F. A. WALKER  
HOW JEROME FOUND HIS SISTER.

Jerome and Melissa lived in Germany. Their father died and they had to help their mother earn money to support the home. Melissa was to be married as soon as Eustace, who had gone to America, should send the ticket, and he had been gone three years. He wrote in his last letter that the next time he wrote the letter would contain the ticket for Melissa to come to him, and now in the little cottage, where Melissa and Jerome lived with their mother great preparations were being made for the voyage. There was a good business for Jerome and his mother, and they would be able to support themselves when Melissa had gone, for Jerome carried to the village each morning in his little cart bread and cake made by his mother and Melissa, and besides liking the good things that he brought the customers were always glad to see Jerome and hear his cheery "Gut Morgen!"

Then one day Melissa called away on the big ship. There were tears in Melissa's eyes as she said good-by to her mother and Jerome. "As soon as Eustace and I have a good business," she said, "there will be a letter with tickets for you, and we shall be together again."

There is another member of the family of which I have not told you—Fritzle, Jerome's dog, a dachshund. He was Jerome's constant companion, and when the ship sailed away with Melissa, and Fritzle saw the tears rolling down Jerome's cheeks, he tried in all the ways that a dog can to show his sympathy, and when the tears kept on falling, he tried to win his smiles by doing all the tricks that Jerome had taught him, and they were many.

By and by a letter came from Melissa, and each week they heard from her how the grocery store which Eustace and she had bought was paying and that soon they would have a home ready for her mother and Jerome. And suddenly the letters stopped, and weeks went by, and then it was months, and no money came.

"We will take our money and go to America," said Jerome one day after his mother had cried all night.

Every young girl looks forward to a summer of rest, but after the first few weeks of vacation over she begins to find time hanging heavily on her hands. There are many interesting ways in which this time may be profitably spent. Here are a few things some girls are doing: Collecting art copies and writing a short history of each; collecting authors' photographs and learning their life histories, and prominent books they have written; making a scrapbook and forming a history with cartoons from the leading magazines; making scrapbooks with pictures from magazines for little children in the winter. If any girl is so fortunate as to have access to an attic full of old magazines she may make an interesting collection of pictures of women and dating each, which will show the extremely varied and rapid style-changes of years. Some girls are busy on their fair work, making jellies or canning fruits, and labeling them attractively. Others are busy with fancy work.

These girls will probably suggest others to anyone interested, and every girl who will try some means of passing her summer will find she has a feeling of satisfaction when school time comes again.

Many Ways to Abuse Ailing Youngster Besides Buying Toys—She Enjoys Cutting Out Dolls.

There are many ways to amuse a sick child, besides buying games and toys at the shops. The child enjoys the toys she makes herself better than any other kind. A paper tablet, pencil, crayons and scissors are all that are necessary.

One particular maid of ten years amused herself through the work of the mumps by making a "Store Game." There are many things to do for this purpose. First, she manufactured money by drawing small circles, the size of a penny, writing in the disk the amount which the coin was to represent, and coloring it yellow for gold and brown for copper. These circles she cut out, and with them filled her purse. Then she began to make the articles that were to be purchased with the money. Paper dolls came first. With mother's aid she drew a full figure of a doll, with dresses, hats and furs complete; and then she colored to suit her girlish fancy. The cutting out was a part of the pleasure.

Time to Get Started.

Little Frank had just returned from church one Sunday morning.

"Grandma," he queried, "are you a Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian or what?"

"I am not a member of any denomination, my dear," she replied.

"Well," continued Frank, "don't you think it's about time you were catching on somewhere?"

Because It Repeats.

"Harry," said the teacher to a pupil in the junior grammar class, "What gender is 'phonograph'?"

"Feminine gender," was the answer.

"No, no," said the teacher. "It is neuter gender."

"Well, it ought to be feminine," replied Harry, "because it repeats everything it is told."

Fractions vs. Facts.

Teacher (explaining fractions)—Suppose now, Willie, you had eight little boys visiting you, and you had only one apple, how much would each little boy get?

Willie—Wouldn't get any. I'd wait till they'd all gone home and eat it myself.

Beautiful Flag.

A little girl once told us that she never saw a banner half as sweet and beautiful as the United States flag. She did not realize that she looked with her soul as well as with her eyes, and that the thrill made the flag beautiful. Let us all try to see it as she saw it.

Got Used to Him.

"Your father is a very funny man, isn't he?" queried the sister of the little four-year-old daughter of a professional humorist.

"Well, I guess strangers think he is," replied the little miss, "but we are used to him and don't worry about it any more."

# OPERATE BICYCLE ON WATER

Long Bar Has Winglike Floats at Two Sections to Support It—Propeller Placed at Rear.

Decidedly unique is the water bicycle patented by an Illinois man and shown in the illustration. A long bar has winglike floats at two sections to support it, and at the rear end is a propeller. This propeller is operated by pedals, that drive a small wheel depending from the bar, and by a gear in front, that is turned by the hands. This gives double impetus to the revolutions of the shaft. The "rider" lies on his stomach along the top of the bar, and his chin rests in a pivoted support that turns the rudder, which is in front. By turning his head one way or the other the operator can steer easily and well. While

the apparatus is made buoyant, it is probably just as well that the user should know how to swim as well as how to ride a bicycle.

Water Bicycle.

Summer Vacation for Girls

Time Hanging Heavily on Her Hands May Be Profitably Spent in Many Interesting Ways.

(Mona V. Laec, Colorado Experiment Station.)

Every young girl looks forward to a summer of rest, but after the first few weeks of vacation over she begins to find time hanging heavily on her hands. There are many interesting ways in which this time may be profitably spent. Here are a few things some girls are doing: Collecting art copies and writing a short history of each; collecting authors' photographs and learning their life histories, and prominent books they have written; making a scrapbook and forming a history with cartoons from the leading magazines; making scrapbooks with pictures from magazines for little children in the winter. If any girl is so fortunate as to have access to an attic full of old magazines she may make an interesting collection of pictures of women and dating each, which will show the extremely varied and rapid style-changes of years. Some girls are busy on their fair work, making jellies or canning fruits, and labeling them attractively. Others are busy with fancy work.

These girls will probably suggest others to anyone interested, and every girl who will try some means of passing her summer will find she has a feeling of satisfaction when school time comes again.

Many Ways to Abuse Ailing Youngster Besides Buying Toys—She Enjoys Cutting Out Dolls.

There are many ways to amuse a sick child, besides buying games and toys at the shops. The child enjoys the toys she makes herself better than any other kind. A paper tablet, pencil, crayons and scissors are all that are necessary.

One particular maid of ten years amused herself through the work of the mumps by making a "Store Game." There are many things to do for this purpose. First, she manufactured money by drawing small circles, the size of a penny, writing in the disk the amount which the coin was to represent, and coloring it yellow for gold and brown for copper. These circles she cut out, and with them filled her purse. Then she began to make the articles that were to be purchased with the money. Paper dolls came first. With mother's aid she drew a full figure of a doll, with dresses, hats and furs complete; and then she colored to suit her girlish fancy. The cutting out was a part of the pleasure.

Time to Get Started.

Little Frank had just returned from church one Sunday morning.

"Grandma," he queried, "are you a Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian or what?"

"I am not a member of any denomination, my dear," she replied.

"Well," continued Frank, "don't you think it's about time you were catching on somewhere?"

Because It Repeats.

"Harry," said the teacher to a pupil in the junior grammar class, "What gender is 'phonograph'?"

"Feminine gender," was the answer.

"No, no," said the teacher. "It is neuter gender."

"Well, it ought to be feminine," replied Harry, "because it repeats everything it is told."

Fractions vs. Facts.

Teacher (explaining fractions)—Suppose now, Willie, you had eight little boys visiting you, and you had only one apple, how much would each little boy get?

Willie—Wouldn't get any. I'd wait till they'd all gone home and eat it myself.

Beautiful Flag.

A little girl once told us that she never saw a banner half as sweet and beautiful as the United States flag. She did not realize that she looked with her soul as well as with her eyes, and that the thrill made the flag beautiful. Let us all try to see it as she saw it.

Got Used to Him.

"Your father is a very funny man, isn't he?" queried the sister of the little four-year-old daughter of a professional humorist.

"Well, I guess strangers think he is," replied the little miss, "but we are used to him and don't worry about it any more."

# MOUNT RAINIER, ICY OCTOPUS



MOUNT RAINIER, FROM GOD'S ROOF GARDEN

FROZEN octopus of enormous bulk whose glittering armored body rises three miles into the sky, with teeny or more huge wrinkled arms reaching down among thousands of acres of the most gorgeous and luxuriant wild flowers, to squirt, from each finger tip, a river of ice water into the valley below!

Surely a quotation from the "Arabian Nights!" Or a ghost tale to frighten children on Halloween!

But no, however figurative, this is a true statement of an actual fact. There really exists such an ice-armed octopus in these United States. It is a justifiable description of the most interesting mountain in Uncle Sam's dominions, and perhaps in the world.

Mount Rainier is in the state of Washington, 56 miles southwest of Tacoma. It is one of that celebrated range of volcanoes which were supposed to be extinct until, within the year, Lassen peak broke forth again. Rainier, though supporting one of the most remarkable single-peak glacial systems in the world, emits steam from certain crevices, evidence of continued internal heat.

Seen from Tacoma or Seattle, the vast mountain appears to rise directly from sea level, so insignificant seem the ridges about its base. Yet these ridges themselves are of no mean height. They rise 3,000 to 4,000 feet above the valleys that cut through them, and their crests average 6,000 feet in altitude. Thus at the southwest entrance to the Mount Rainier National park, which congress created to protect this natural marvel from private encroachment, the elevation above sea level is 2,900 feet, while Goat mountain, close by, rises to an altitude of 6,945 feet.

Is a Veritable Colossus.

But so colossal are the proportions of the great volcano that they dwarf even mountains of this size and give them the appearance of mere foothills. In height Rainier is second in the United States only to Mount Whitney.

Mount Rainier stands, in round numbers, 10,996 feet high above its base. It has many of the characteristics of rivers of water, roaring at times over precipices like waterfalls; rippling and tumbling down rocky slopes—veritable noisy cascades; rising smoothly up on hidden rocks to foam, brooklike, over its lower edges.

Each glacier, whether originating at the bright summit or in vast springlike cirques, begins in even, immaculate snow. A thousand feet or so below it attains sufficient density and weight to acquire movement. Here, looking down into a crevasse, one sees nothing but clean snow, piled in layers; slightly compacted and loosely granular snow, called neve in the Swiss Alps. Gradually, as the current sweeps along, it compacts, under the pressure and the surface melting, into hard, dense, blue ice.

In glowing contrast to this marvellous spectacle of ice are the gardens of wild flowers surrounding the glaciers, pushing, wherever the rock and ice will permit, up the giant slopes. These flowery spots are called parks—Spray park, St. Andrews park, Henry's hunting ground, Paradise, Summerland and many others.

The lower altitudes of the park are densely timbered with fir, cedar, hemlock, maple, alder, cottonwood and spruce. The forested area, extending to an altitude of about 6,500 feet, gradually decreases in density of growth after an altitude of 4,000 feet is reached.

Remarkable Glaciers.

More than twenty