

LOVE IN A HURRY

By GELETT BURGESS
ILLUSTRATED BY RAY WALTERS

SYNOPSIS.

Hall Bonistelle, artist-photographer, prepares for the day's work in his studio. Flodie Fisher, his assistant, reminds him of a party he is to give in the studio that night, and that his business is in bad financial shape. Mr. Bonistelle, attorney and justice of the peace, calls and informs Hall that his Uncle John's will has left him \$400,000 on condition that he marry before his twenty-eighth birthday, which begins at midnight that night. Mrs. Bea Royston calls at the studio. Hall asks her to marry him. She agrees to give him an answer at the party that night. Miss Carolyn Dallys calls. Hall proposes to her. She agrees to give him an answer at the party. Rosamund Gale, art model, calls. Hall tries to rush her into an immediate marriage. She, too, defers her answer until the evening. Flodie tries to show Hall a certain way out of the muddle, but he is obtuse. Jonas Hassingbury, heir to the millions in case Hall fails to marry on time, plots with Flodie to block Hall's marriage to any of the three women before midnight. Flodie arranges to have Hall's three intendeds meet at the studio as if by chance.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

Flodie reappeared at the doorway. She didn't appear to resent the question in the least. "Seventeen weeks." Rosamund's look had vitriol. "H'm!" Her lips lost some of their beauty. "I see one place where he could reduce expenses pretty easily!"

"Really? I'm willing. Oh, I've had plenty of offers," said Flodie. "I don't have to stay here, I only do because he wants me to so much, and I don't see how he could ever get along without me."

"Well," Rosamund turned away scornfully. "I think he'll get along all right. The next offer you get, I advise you to take it. Hall may change his plans pretty soon, and you might be in the way."

Rosamund had led traps, so Flodie followed suit. She took her time, however, biting the end of her penholder thoughtfully. "I don't know but you're right, Miss Gale," she said finally, "perhaps I had better leave. You see, Mr. Bonistelle is likely to get married any time, you never can tell with a man like him, and I would be in the way, as you say." Rosamund's chin had risen an inch. Flodie watched it, as she added, "It would be an awfully good thing for Mr. Bonistelle, too. You see, his wife could keep the books and do the office, here, and he'd save by it; of course, he wouldn't have to pay her any salary."

Rosamund's chin dropped. "Why, heavens! he wouldn't think of having his wife—"

"Oh, you don't know him," Flodie did the airy fairy mood. "Besides, he couldn't afford to marry any other way."

"Why, I thought by the way he talked that he was doing a pretty good business."

"Well," Flodie replied, with a fine frankness. "It's this way. You see, Mr. Bonistelle thinks he's doing a lot of business when he's not. He does a lot of work, I mean, but he takes so many pictures for nothing, it's worse than if he were idle."

"For nothing? How?"

"Why, the same as he did yours, exactly. And women do run after him so; you wouldn't believe how many! They're in here all the time."

Rosamund, by this time, didn't quite know where she was. Being herself a woman with a pliable conscience, she didn't altogether believe Flodie, but she was not nearly so confident and determined as when she had entered. She had come in with the intention of accepting Hall Bonistelle; these hints of Flodie's disturbed her mightily. She sat down and began to look over a pile of photographs, nervously.

Flodie read her indecision, and, behind her account book, delighted in it. She had, however, little time to watch, before the door opened and Carolyn Dallys, trig and debonair, sauntered into the room.

Now here was a chin that was lifted naturally, with none of Rosamund Gale's affectation of superiority. Carolyn Dallys was sure of herself. It was much easier to fool with her than to fool her. Her eyebrows were arched whimsically over her high-bred aquiline nose; her eyes always held a humorous spark.

"Oh, how do you do! Thank you for telephoning me, Miss Fisher. I was so anxious to see those proofs, I ran right over," she drawled amiably at Flodie, and smiled, in remembrance of their forenoon's encounter. She could hardly take anything seriously enough to bear resentment. Then she gave Rosamund a careless glance, modified only by that quality of interest which a brunette always gives her blonde-haired sister, and bowed slightly. Rosamund frankly stared.

"Mr. Bonistelle in?" Carolyn inquired carelessly.

Flodie replied that he was away on important business, but that most of Miss Dallys' proofs were ready. Would she wait till the last two had been printed? In point of fact they had been done a half-hour ago, but for Flodie's plan, Carolyn and Rosamund must be left alone together. It was her opening experiment in psychology.

Yes, Carolyn would wait, and began to roam about the office idly, hands in coat pockets, chin up, whistling softly. Rosamund, from the determined way in which she was going

through the pile of photographs, intended to wait also. She would see what some of these women were like, who came to see Hall Bonistelle! She had already appraised Carolyn—she was pretty, consequently not dangerous; still it would do no harm to watch her. So Flodie left them, but saw to it that the stockroom door was not quite closed.

The situation was tense; it held potential conflict. Flodie, listening from the stockroom, waited eagerly for the first shot. There was, however, a little preliminary skirmishing necessary; neither of the two foes had yet recognized the presence of a rival.

Rosamund, with beauty's contempt for mere brains, had returned to her inspection of the photographs, when a careless gesture sent some dozens of the prints slipping, sliding, falling to the floor. With an expression of annoyance she stooped to pick them up. Carolyn watched her. When two or three handfuls had been returned to the table, and Rosamund, listless and restless, had taken a new pose, one picture remained at her feet. Carolyn good-naturedly walked over and picked it up, then looked at it, smiling. Rosamund became intrigued at once.

"Wonder who it is. Do you know?"

"Mrs. Royston. A friend of Mr. Bonistelle." Carolyn's lip had the slightest curl, in her eyes was a subtle gleam.

"Oh!" Rosamund gave it another look, and added petulantly: "Mr. Bonistelle seems to have a good many friends!"

Carolyn was frankly amused; enough to say, "Oh, yes; in fact, I'm one, myself!" She gave a sharp woman-to-woman glance at Rosamund.

"Indeed?" Rosamund's little smile was acid. She drew herself up. "Well, then, when it comes down to it, so am I." The two women's eyes flashed like crossed rapiers.

"We certainly ought to be friends, then," said Carolyn, shrugging her shoulders. There was but the faintest trace of mirth in her tone, not enough for Rosamund to register; but the hostility underneath Rosamund perceived, oh, easily enough.

"Perhaps you think," Carolyn went on, smiling, as Rosamund was silent, "that that's a good reason for our not being friends."

This was in the modern mode; but frankness was not at all the game that Rosamund played best; wherefore she hastened to protest. "Oh, no, indeed! Why should you think that?"

Carolyn laughed; she was now thoroughly enjoying herself. "Well, then, I'm Carolyn Dallys," she volunteered. "I think you must be Miss Gale, aren't you? I've seen Hall's pictures of you, you know." "Something suspicious in Rosamund's face impelled her to add mischievously, "And he's often spoken to me about you."

Rosamund showed her irritation at the patronizing air of familiarity only by the slightest frown. "Indeed," she said, "it's queer he hasn't told me about you."

"Oh, there's very little to tell." That was what Carolyn's lips said, but her whole face told a different story. In the woman's language of smiles she was an adept and Carolyn's smile was cruel.

It was now evident that, unless Rosamund could distinguish herself from the vast horde of Hall Bonistelle's female friends, she would expire of shame. Carolyn, without knowing exactly what caused the girl to suffer, was rejoicing in her lack of ease. She watched Rosamund grope for an effectual reply. At last it came with a proud tone of the blonde head and a flash of the golden brown eyes.

"Oh, I see," she said. "I didn't know by the way you spoke first, but perhaps you know him pretty well. Of course Hall and I are quite good friends, you know."

"Yes!" Carolyn was more attentive.

Flodie's independence led to the backwoods or to Europe, and his sad case was hushed up as if it had been insanity (for insanity was hushed up too) and buried with a whisper under the vaguely terrible epithet dissipated. He probably died young; at any rate he never did anything. Whoever was unharmed was lost."

Uncle Eben.

"A well-fed boss," said Uncle Eben, "is a better recommended fob than dat owns him dan fancy horses."

Genius kept in harness.

Writer interestingly describes Condition of American Literature Just Before Civil War.

George Santayana in the New Republic writes of the stuffiness of American literature before the Civil War: "It would have been an interesting thing if a thunderclap had suddenly broken that cloudless new-world haying-weather, and if a cry of exasperation had escaped some strong

soul, surfeited by the emptiness and blandness of that prim little moral circle that thought it had overcome everything, when in fact it had touched nothing. But to the general mind of America, before Walt Whitman and the Civil war, there was no self-respecting opposition. Of course, in that boundless field of convention, prosperity and mediocrity any wild poppy might struggle up weedy here and there amid the sordid corn. But the irregular genius had no chance. He felt sincerely ashamed of himself. He

"Not that I've known him for such a long time, I don't mean, exactly; but—well, we're quite intimate."

Carolyn gave her a keen look, but did not show that she was particularly affected. "Really? Why, I rather understood he was interested in someone else."

"Oh, no," said Rosamund placidly. "Of course, you understand, I have a right to know, you know."

"Why, no, Miss Gale, I don't know that I do know, you know." She drew her chair up to Rosamund and sat down deliberately. "Would you mind telling me what particular right you have?" Carolyn, at last, had dropped her banter. This was straight from the shoulder.

"Oh, I can hardly go into that," Rosamund said softly, satisfied by her victory.

Flodie, behind the shelter of the door, hugged herself in delight.

Carolyn stared at the girl, puzzled. "Do you mean to tell me," she said

finally, "that you are engaged to Hall Bonistelle?"

Rosamund stirred uneasily, and pouted. "Well, no; not exactly, that is. But I could be, if I wanted to."

"What?" Carolyn exclaimed. "Has he proposed to you?"

Rosamund nodded sedately. "He's waiting for my answer right now."

Carolyn jumped up excitedly, and was about to speak, when Flodie, smiling like a book agent, bustled into the room. She walked up to Carolyn. "Oh, here are your proofs, Miss Dallys," she said blithely. "I'm sorry I kept you waiting so long." She turned toward Rosamund. "Oh, I see you have met Miss Gale, so I don't need to introduce you."

"No," Carolyn answered, taking the proofs without looking at them. "Miss Gale and I have made ourselves acquainted, while we were waiting, thank you."

Flodie turned to Rosamund. "Miss Dallys is a very intimate friend of Mr. Bonistelle, you know."

All the starch went out of Rosamund's pose. "She is?" She gazed at Carolyn as at a zebra.

Carolyn shrugged her shoulders and gave a casual glance at the proofs. "Oh, Miss Fisher," she said, "would you mind printing another one of each of these two? I'd like to send them to my mother, and see which one she likes better." She handed them back to Flodie. "I'll wait," she added, her eyes on Rosamund.

Rosamund added, "I think I'll wait here a little while, too, Miss Fisher. Miss Dallys is really so very interesting."

Flodie smiled. "Well, all right, Miss Gale, I knew you'd like her." And she disappeared.

Carolyn, who had been walking up and down impatiently, now approached Rosamund. "See here, Miss Gale," she said, "I'd like to know when Hall Bonistelle proposed to you."

"I fall to see how it is any of your business."

"No! Well, then, I suppose I shall have to tell you. The fact is, Hall Bonistelle has just proposed to me."

"Why, Miss Dallys, you must be joking!" Rosamund stared, dumfounded. "Why, it was only this morning he spoke to me—"

"What time?"

"Why? Does the particular minute make any difference, I'd like to know, Miss Dallys?"

"Yes, as it happens, it makes all the difference in the world, Miss Gale. Mr. Bonistelle proposed to me at about—let's see—ten-thirty, I think it was."

Rosamund met her eye to eye. "Well, he proposed to me at exactly a quarter to eleven. I noticed the clock."

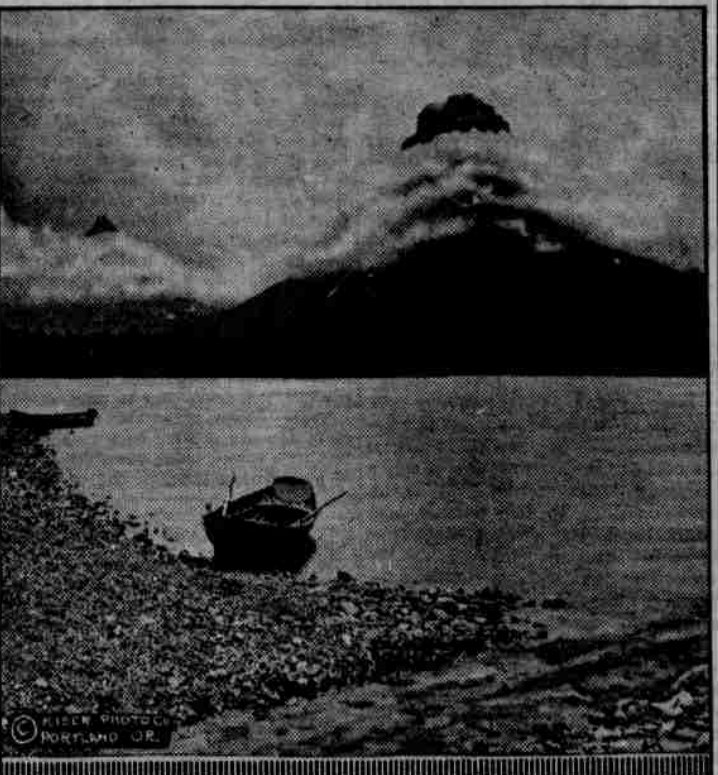
"Oh, did you! I didn't; but I'll take your word for it. Narrow escape, wasn't it?" Carolyn's laugh was hard and mirthless.

"But I never heard of such a thing in my life!" Poor Rosamund stared blankly at her rival.

"No," said Carolyn dryly, "it doesn't happen often, I hope; but there's no use in getting excited about it."

"Excited!" Do you mean to say you'd accept a man who had treated you like that?"

ALPS IN AMERICA



TWO MEDICINE LAKE

GLACIER NATIONAL PARK, like other "show" parts of America, benefited by the war during the summer of 1915 and was visited by many thousands of persons who before had scarcely heard of it. It has been a national park since 1910, but, in a period of utter public indifference to the glories of American scenery, it has passed almost unnoticed. Now that America has suddenly become aware that she possesses the most superbly accessible scenery in the world, Glacier is destined to rapid recognition as the one real Switzerland of America. It is in northwestern Montana, close to the Canadian border line. The park derives its name from its 50 glaciers; but there are more than 90, all told, if one classifies as glaciers many interesting snow patches of only a few acres each, which, nevertheless, exhibit all the characteristics of true glaciers. Its scenery is strikingly Alpine, yet it possesses individuality to a high degree. In ruggedness and sheer grandeur it probably surpasses the Alps, while geologically it is markedly different.

Region of Remarkable Beauty. To define Glacier National park, picture to yourself two approaching chains of vast tumbled mountains which pass the Continental divide

back and forth between them in worm-like twistings, which bear living glaciers in every hollow of their loftiest convolutions, and which break precipitately thousands of feet to lower mountain masses, which, in their turn, bear innumerable lakes of unbelievable calm, offering of the glaciers above, then lakes, in their turn, giving birth to roaring rivers of icy water, leaping turbulently from level to level, carving innumerable sculptured gorges of grandeur and indescribable beauty.

These parallel mountain masses form a central backbone for the National park. Their western sides slope



LOOKING FROM SUMMIT OF CASTLE MOUNTAIN

this break overlapped the eastern edge ten or fifteen miles.

Thus was formed, in the dim days before man, for the pleasure of the American people of today, the Glacier National park.

Today the visitor finds this the most wonderful combination of mountain tops in America, bounded by vertical walls sometimes 4,000 feet in height diversified by many glistening glaciers and by beautiful timbered slopes leading down by graceful curves to the bottom of deep valleys. Scores of lakes are unsurpassed in sheer beauty by any even of Italy and Switzerland. There are more than 250 lakes in all.

Pile Up Nickels and Dimes. A good plan to break oneself from the habit of spending nickels and dimes needlessly is to put the sum aside one is tempted to spend and watch it mount up. In this way one has a fund to draw upon when things really needed are to be got at a bargain, and the money will never be missed. Also, there will probably be a sum worth while, so that one can lay in a stock of the needed article instead of purchasing one or two with the small available sum. There is an economy in buying a stock. For instance, two pairs of stockings will not last nearly one-third the time six pairs will wear, and the same with linens, household linens and footwear. The service is greatly prolonged by keeping up a number of these. If the young housekeeper will try this plan of saving the pennies I am sure she will never break the habit. It will be such a pleasure to know there is a little nest egg that can be spent without being missed. If there is nothing specially to be bought, the sum could furnish the cost of a little outing or the table for a luncheon party, providing little luxuries which otherwise might have seemed extravagant.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Jimmy's Essay on Teeth. Teeth are funny things. They ain't there when you are borned and they ain't there when you die but they give you trouble all the time you alive because they hurt when they are going and when you eat candy between times. Grandpa says his teeth are the only ones in the family that don't cause trouble. And that's because he wears his in his pocket most up the time. The only teeth that don't never hurt is the top ones in a cow's mouth and they never bother her any because she ain't got none there.—Parragraphs.

When Dreams Come True. "Strange," said the first tramp, meditatingly, "how few of our youthful dreams ever come true." "Oh, I don't," said his companion. "I remember when I used to dream about wearing long pants, and now I guess I wear 'em longer than anyone else in the country."—Kansas City Star.

TO OLD FAVORITES

Man Returns From Perusal of Modern "Best Sellers."

Found His Former Pleasures Heightened by the Contrast—Suggestion Offered That Is Well Worth Consideration.

Once upon a time there was a man who decided that he was not keeping up with the times. So he took a course in "best sellers." Whenever he saw a blatant advertisement of a new book he hastened to purchase it or obtain it from a circulating library and to compare its real qualities with the assurances of its publisher. For three months he raced with the productivity of presses and binders. And then, weary of spirit, he paused to take an inventory of his mental condition and of his achievement. He found that he had been pacing a treadmill. He was where he was before, and all he had to show for his endeavor were psychological irritation and exhaustion and the sense of time wasted.

Seeking succor from his new disturbing acquaintances, he turned to an old friend, Keats' "Eve of St. Agnes," and discovered that his wanderings were not without avail, the Cincinnati Times-Star observes. The prodigal had returned to former pleasures heightened by contrast. It was as if he had passed from a parrot store into a dark wood where a lone nightingale was celebrating the spirit of the moonbeam.

An idea occurred to this old-fashioned man. Why should not relief be afforded an obsessed reading public by a revival of our more beautiful and more genial classics? The gentle reader, although by this time he may have become less gentle, as a rule follows a lead. He generally does what he is told, and if he were told rather insistently by a coterie of leaders of thought that he would derive more enjoyment and greater peace of mind from old books than from new, perhaps he would extend his hand and permit himself to be led.

We have been sailing muddily and turbulent waters these last ten years. Some of us have liked the excitement while others have been afflicted with literary seasickness. But excitement palls and perhaps the time has come when the public would appreciate books like "The Essays of Elia" and "Roundabout Papers" and again perceive the beauties of limpid and placid waters.

Result of Titanic Upheaval. At last the pressure won. The rocks first yielded upward in long irregular wavelike folds. Gradually these folds grew in size. When the rocks could stand the strain no longer, great cracks appeared and one broken edge, the western, was thrust upward and over the other. The edge that was thrust over the other was thousands of feet thick. Its crumbling formed the mountains and the precipices.

When it settled the western edge of

the periscope in trenches

Arrangement Copied From the Submarine Has Been Found of Value to the Soldier.

The periscope has been found so valuable in modern trench warfare that it is being used in every case, where, otherwise, a soldier would have to expose himself and risk being killed.

The illustration shows an ingenious form of periscope which is now being used at the front.

It consists of a "dummy" rifle butt, which is clipped or tied on to the proper rifle butt, and a periscope which is so adjusted that the firer

can look along the rifle sights without in any way showing his head above the surface of the trench.

A trigger on the dummy butt is connected by a strong wire to a catch which clips the trigger of the rifle. By means of this ingenious arrangement many hundreds of lives have been saved, for the enemy's snipers have nothing to aim at save a periscope.

Grapes From Famous Vine. The grapes on the famous vine at Hampton Court, near London, England, which is 147 years old, are now practically ripe, and within the next few days a start will be made with the cutting of the fruit. This year about two hundred bunches have been left on, to mature, after the thinning-out process early in the year, and these will in due course be forwarded to the king, who sends the fruit to various London hospitals and other institutions for the use of the patients, which now include a large number of wounded soldiers. The latter will this year participate in his majesty's gift, only a small portion of the grapes being reserved for use at the king's table. The grapes are this year of exceptionally fine quality, and many of the bunches weigh from 11 to 31 pounds each.

New Medical Discoveries. Dr. Almoth S. Wright, the Lord Lister of today, is now at work on the battlefields of Europe with even newer discoveries. These include methods whereby wounds already infected with poisons can be rendered "aseptic" or "antiseptic" without further weakening the victims.

When his researches are given to the world, it will be found possible even to save by the knife those timorous persons who now commit suicide by postponing until too late operations in cases of cancer, appendicitis, etc., where blood poisoning has already begun.

Couldn't Follow Directions. The Doctor—Have you been taking a walk on an empty stomach every morning as I told you to?

The Patient—No, doctor, I couldn't find anybody with an empty stomach that would let me walk on it.

CAP and BELLS



SMITH HAD THE WRONG IDEA

Easy to Imagine Large Volume of Music Was Made by Hands and Feet, but Not by Ear Alone.

One evening Smith jinnayed to the suburbs to call on his friend Jones, and while they were sitting on the veranda enjoying their after-dinner ragweed large volumes of music broke loose in the adjacent bungalow.

"Some music," commented Smith, glancing through the frets of the scenery beyond. "Who might the performer be?"

"It is my neighbor Green," answered Jones. "And would you believe that he plays by ear alone?"

"I would not," was the prompt rejoinder of Smith. "I can easily imagine that he might make that much noise by using both hands and feet and an ax, but you can't make me believe that he does it by banging the side of his head on the keys."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

His Trolley Twisted. He was raving to his family about the fair maid that he had selected to lead him up before the parson.

"Her golden hair, her velvet complexion, her liquid eyes—" he was saying, when his ten-year-old sister interrupted him.

"You are getting things mixed, George," she said. "It is her complexion that is liquid. I was with her when she bought it."

Wrong Impressions. "You will observe," said the professor, "the higher the altitude attained the colder the temperature becomes."

"But isn't it warmer up in the mountains?" asked the youth at the pedal extremity of the class.

"Certainly not," replied the professor. "Why do you think it would be warmer there?"

"I thought the atmosphere was heated by the mountain ranges," answered the youth.

Man's Observation. Mrs. Snooper—Man makes me tired. Mrs. Swayback—What's the matter now? Mrs. Snooper—My husband saw Mrs. Keedick yesterday, and I asked him what she had on, and he replied, "Oh, clothes."—Stray Stories.

The Element of Enjoyment. "What satisfaction did you derive from paying a fortune for that quaint old picture?" asked the woman who is not very appreciative of art.

"The satisfaction," replied Mrs. Cumrox, "of showing our old friends that we could afford to spend all that money."

GEORGE WAS OUT ONE.

George—I've fixed that kid brother so he won't watch us any more. I have paid him a dollar and he has agreed not to bother us for a year.

"She—That's too bad. I got engaged to Freddy last night."

His Patience. "If you had to work—jest nacherly had to," queried Seldom Fedd, who was a great hand to cogitate, "what kind of a job would you choose?"

"Belin' janitor in an air castle," replied Soiled Spooner, a prominent volunteer in the great army of the unemployed.—Judge.

Something Wrong. "I paint things as I see them," said Dobbster, complacently, as the critic inspected his "Moonlight on the Hudson."

"Interesting!" said the critic. "Have you ever thought of consulting an oculist, Dobbster?"—Life.

Early Indications. "What profession do you think your youngest boy will follow?"

"Well," replied Farmer Cornfessel, "judging from the way he likes to play in the dirt, I think maybe he'll be one of these land-grabbers you read so much about."

Worse Than Ghost Stories. Her Husband—Young Woderly is continually relating ghost stories. His Wife—About ghosts? Her Husband—No; about that precious infant of his.