

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 \$40,000 on condition that he marry before his twenty-eighth birthday, which begins at midnight that night. Mrs. Rens Royaltown calls at the studio. Hall asks her to marry him. She agrees to give him an answer at the party that night. Mrs. Rens Royaltown calls at the studio. Hall asks her to marry him. She agrees to give him an answer at the party that night. Mrs. Rens Royaltown calls at the studio. Hall asks her to marry him. She agrees to give him an answer at the party that night.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

Rosamund flinched, but recovered to sneer. "Well, then, what answer did you give him, I'd like to know!"

Carolyn was, for a moment, nonplussed. "Oh," she replied, finally, "I didn't want to throw him down too hard, you know. I said I'd let him know later, so that I could break it to him gently."

"Exactly. So did I!" Rosamund, triumphant, scrambled upon Carolyn's lifeboat. "But I don't intend to break it to him very gently, after this!"

"No," Carolyn reflected grimly. "We ought to make it just a little hard for him, don't you think? We might even torture him a bit—if it possible. The question is, how to do it." She contemplated Rosamund, musing on revenge.

"I don't understand it at all!" Rosamund complained. "Why in the world should a man act like that?"

"My dear Miss Gale, I don't know. But I do know that it's just like men. You never can tell what they'll do. You think you know them—you think you're perfectly safe—years go by and they seem perfectly human and rational—and then—piff! They explode. No woman yet has ever solved the mystery."

Rosamund's suavity was perfect as she looked Carolyn over pragmatically. "Funny you let Hall Bonistelle go so far with you, wasn't it? Say, he must have shocked you awfully!"

"Now, see here!" said Carolyn firmly, putting her hand on Rosamund's arm. "There's no use in our bickering like this. Don't you realize that we're in the same boat? Now, you say you don't want to marry Hall. I'd like to be sure, though, before I go any further."

"Oh, you needn't worry," cried Rosamund. "You can have him, so far as I'm concerned!"

Carolyn couldn't keep from smiling now; Rosamund was too much for her. "Oh, thank you very much; but I have other plans for him. And we ought to try to find out what in the world he's up to."

"Do you suppose it could possibly be a joke?" Rosamund asked anxiously.

"It looks to me," said Carolyn, reflecting, "as if somebody had slipped a powder or something into his coffee. Or, it may be a disease. Incipient insanity, perhaps. No doubt he's going about proposing to everyone today, and—"

Carolyn paused. The door was opening. Mrs. Royaltown entered.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mrs. Royaltown, in an almost too-vivid shade of purple, was, in contrast to the two rather excited women already there, calm, cool and confident. Things were going very well with Rens Royaltown; she had a man in her pocket. Rens was getting on; thirty-five had struck its warning bell; if she were going to be married again, why not now? Wasn't Hall Bonistelle handsome? Wasn't he well born and bred? Rens had thought him over, and decided to accept him. She entered, therefore, in a most becomingly amiable state of mind, lofty and somewhat detached.

To Carolyn she gave a smiling but suspicious, "Why, hello, Carolyn! You here?" and to Rosamund the quick, unconscious tribute due the natural blonde. Her eyes returned to Carolyn, a little troubled. "I didn't expect to see you again so soon, my dear!" she said.

Rosamund, meanwhile, was staring at the prototype of the portrait which had started the discussion of Hall's intimacies. Carolyn, noticing, introduced her. Rosamund, however, did not interest Rens Royaltown so much as did Carolyn herself.

"Where is Mr. Bonistelle?" she asked.

"Oh, he's out—as usual," said Carolyn. "I expect Miss Fisher will attend to you, though."

Mrs. Royaltown shrugged her shoulders. "Miss Fisher will hardly do for what I want," she said. "I'm afraid I'll have to see Mr. Bonistelle myself."

IMPROVING THE CAMP MEAL

Various Condiments That Should Never Be Forgotten When Party Goes on an Outing.

A well-filled box of spices will be thankfully remembered at every camp meal, if somebody is thoughtful enough to pack it and see that it reaches its destination, for even the plainest food can be rendered appetizing by judicious seasoning, and the most appetizing dainties of camp fare

Rosamund frowned, but Carolyn only raised her eyebrows.

"Oh, well, I expect Hall will be back before long," said Carolyn.

Mrs. Royaltown, placid as a cow, eyed her for a moment, then remarked slowly, meditatively, "You call him Hall, don't you? I hadn't known you were so intimate."

"Oh, Lord, yes. I always call him Hall," Carolyn was beginning to be amused.

Rosamund tossed her head and crossed her feet, watching the newcomer sharply.

"Well," said Mrs. Royaltown, primly, "I'm delighted that you know him so well, my dear!"

"Well, now I come to think of it, Rens, I don't know that I do know him quite so well as I thought, after all."

She exchanged a smile with Rosamund, who laughed aloud, harshly, causing Mrs. Royaltown to turn and stare at her.

"I'm afraid I fall to see the joke," she said laughingly. "But of course Hall Bonistelle isn't at all the sort of man one sees through at a glance, you know. He's deep; a very subtle person, in fact. However," she smiled complacently, "I flatter myself that I understand him a little better than I did."

Carolyn shot her a suspicious glance. "Why?" she demanded. "Made any recent discoveries?"

Mrs. Royaltown deliberately nodded up and down, and smiled cryptically.

"Oh, I don't know—I fancy he has something on his mind—in fact, I know he has—there's a—well, a sort of crisis—yes, I suppose he would appear a little excited—but of course I really have no business discussing it."

"What in the world are you talking about, Rens?" Carolyn exclaimed.

"Why, I'm talking about Hall Bonistelle, of course!"

"Well, you're not saying much."

"Never mind, Carolyn, dear, it isn't because I haven't anything to say! You don't expect me to go about repeating things he has said to me in confidence, do you?"

"Oh!" said Carolyn, narrowing her eyes, "then Hall has been confiding in you, too, has he?"

By this time Rosamund was hard on the point, having almost caught up to Carolyn's suspicions. She said nothing, but her eyes were hot and shining, as she scrutinized Mrs. Royaltown's face.

"See here," said Carolyn, now thoroughly interested, "I don't see why I haven't a right to know. I'm a pretty good friend of Hall's—you know that—and I think you ought to be able to trust me."

"Well, it isn't only trusting you—" Mrs. Royaltown looked significantly at Rosamund, sulkily listening.

"Well, I declare!" said Carolyn calmly, "Rens Royaltown, either you're making an awful fool of yourself, or else Hall Bonistelle has actually—"

She got no further. Flodie, head up, with a busy air, bustled into the room, carrying a handful of prints. She stopped suddenly, with a fine imitation of surprise, and gazed at Mrs. Royaltown.

"Oh, Mrs. Royaltown!" she exclaimed. "Why didn't you let me know you were here? I've got your proofs all ready for you. I think they are splendid!"

She handed them over, and approached Carolyn with another proof. "Here are yours, Miss Dallys. I'm sorry I have kept you waiting so long." She returned to Mrs. Royaltown.

"Oh, how I dread to look at them!" that lady was saying. She was, nevertheless, perusing them hungrily.

Carolyn meanwhile had stridden across the room to Rosamund, and the two girls conspired as Mrs. Royaltown lost herself in her portraits.

"Oh, I don't like that one—"

Really? . . . Why, I look a hundred years old! . . . There! That's more like me. . . . Which one do you like best, Miss Fisher? . . . No, do you? Why, I think it's awful. My eyes are so hard to take right; you don't get the soul in them, somehow. . . . Oh, I think I ought to try another sitting, don't you? . . . Say, where is Mr. Bonistelle, anyway?"

There came a ring at the telephone. Flodie jumped to snatch up the receiver.

"Hello! . . . Yes . . . Why, what's the matter? . . . Oh, naturally . . . Wait just a minute, please!"

Flodie stopped and held her hand over the transmitter. "Oh, Miss Dallys, would you and Miss Gale mind not talking quite so loud for a minute? I can't hear very well."

There was a long pause, and the three women, all studying Flodie's face, saw a dozen different expressions pass over it in quick succession. Then she spoke again: "Really? Oh, you know, Mr. Bonistelle—well, personally, I loathe them. . . . Oh, I don't know, but a big diamond is so funny, somehow. . . . What? . . . Then: 'Oh, yes, well, I know. . . . Oh, it's awful to pawn that! Why, it was your father's, wasn't it? . . . Well, of course you know best. . . . Oh, didn't you? Well, I might send it by the janitor. . . . where did you leave it? . . ."

ry, which is more bulky to carry.

Tomatoes always live up to a canned soup, and so also a shaving of garlic and a squeeze of lemon juice. When using the sauce remember that it must be cooked with the soup. A raw egg, beaten into the soup after it has been taken from the fire, or milk cooked with it, is a splendid reviver.

Shocking.

"Speaking of electrifying modern dances, have you seen the induction coil?"—Cornell Widow.

When will you be here? . . . All right, good-bye!"

Mrs. Royaltown and Rosamund still sat as if entranced, but Carolyn Dallys rose impatiently now, and glanced about, as if in search of an excuse. The room was tensely charged with electricity. It was evident that in another minute the explosion must come. But, first, how to get rid of this important, busy little Miss Fisher?

Flodie herself answered the unvoiced question. Wasn't she as desirous as any of them to bring the thing to a head? Yes; so she must fly and leave the field of battle clear. Still smiling, she disappeared into the stockroom. She left the door ajar.

Mrs. Royaltown rose, with a self-conscious smile. "Well, Carolyn," she said, "I suppose I'll have to tell you, now."

It was most unfortunate that Miss Fisher wasn't more discreet in her conversation. But so long as she has let the cat out of the bag, I might as well inform you that the ring she was talking to Hall about is for this finger!"

She held up her left hand, her thumb pointing to her third finger.

Carolyn, with a whoop, fell into Rosamund's arms, and the two laughed until they cried.

Mrs. Royaltown stared as if they had suddenly gone mad. Then she exclaimed angrily, "I'd like to know what there is to laugh at! I don't see anything particularly amusing in the fact that I'm going to marry Hall Bonistelle!"

"Oh, don't you?" Carolyn gurgled. "Miss Gale, do you see anything funny in it?"

"Funny? It's a scream!" Rosamund laughed with mirth. "Who'll be the next one?"

"Oh, the more the merrier!" cried Carolyn.

Rens Royaltown drew herself up proudly. "I think you're exceedingly impudent!" she replied.

Carolyn dried her eyes on a lace handkerchief. "Rens," she said, still giggling, "I don't know whether it's true to be funny, or too funny to be true. But you ought to be in on this joke, really, my dear. It will interest you strangely!"

"Well, I don't call it a joke. It's an outrage!" cried Rosamund.

"Say, Miss Gale," Carolyn turned confidentially, "if you know, we ought really to form a society of the survivors, you know. Rens's the oldest, and we'll elect her president!"

Mrs. Royaltown stared from one to the other, her temper rising. Finally she remarked cuttingly, "I must say,

but I cannot let Alice starve," he said, "and I will go while she is asleep."

He could not keep back the tears when he handed the ring to the pawnbroker.

"What's the matter, kid?" asked the man, good-naturedly.

Jamie told him as well as he could, for he was crying now.

The man looked around, to be sure that no one saw him, for it would never do to let anyone think he had a kind heart; then he took a quarter from his pocket and gave it to Jamie.

"Here's the ring," he said; "keep it."

Jamie was too surprised to say anything but "Thank you," and he ran to the store and home as fast as he could.

Alice was awake and crying for "brover," he gave her some bread and milk, and then he washed her face and combed her hair. Then he put on another dress, which was not quite so ragged as the one he took off.

"Alice go out," she said. But Jamie did not answer; he was thinking.

Alice went to sleep when it was dark, and Jamie put on his coat and cap. He then wrapped a shawl around Alice, and taking her in his arms, opened the door and went out.

He walked a long distance, and when he came to the part of the city where the rich people lived he turned into one of the streets. He looked at the houses as he went along; one was more brilliantly lighted than the others, and Jamie went up the steps.

He kissed Alice, who was still sleeping, and then laid her carefully in the vestibule; then he rang the bell and hurried down the steps. He went across the street and watched. He saw the maid open the door; then several people came, and a lady took Alice, who was crying by this time, and carried her into the house.

It took all of Jamie's willpower to keep from running across the street when he heard Alice cry; but when the door was closed he walked down the street.

Then he stopped. "Suppose they do not keep her," he said, "and put her out in the cold again or send her to the orphan's home." He went back and walked up and down in front of the house, but the door did not open again, and he felt sure Alice had found a home and he went back to his lonely room. Poor little Jamie! He cried himself to sleep and then awoke with a start, thinking he heard Alice cry.

The next morning he took the few things that belonged to him and made a bundle of them and started out. He knew that the landlord would take the furniture for rent, and he also knew that he must find work or starve. But he could not go away without knowing if the people with whom he had left Alice were going to keep her. He went to the house and rang the bell.

"Are you going to keep her?" he asked the maid who opened the door.

"What do you want?" she asked, thinking he was a beggar.

"I just wanted to make sure you would let Alice stay here before I went away," he said.

"You young scamp," said the maid, pulling him into the hall; "did you leave that poor little thing on the steps in the cold? You ought to be beaten."

Jamie did not answer. He knew that she was angry, but he did not understand.

"Here's the villain that left the baby," she said as a lady came down the stairs.

"Are you going to keep her?"



HOW JAMIE FOUND A HOME.

Jamie was a little boy eight years old, but he felt the weight of years upon his shoulders as he looked at little Alice sleeping and saw a tear still wet upon her little chin. She had cried herself to sleep from hunger, and Jamie felt that something must be done at once. His mother had been dead four weeks now. At first his father kept sober and worked, and they managed to get along very well. Jamie took care of Alice and the house, but one night his father did not come home, and then Jamie was told that the judge had sent him away for six months. The fuel was nearly gone and the food had given out the day before. Jamie had not eaten anything but crusts of bread for two days. He had managed to get milk for Alice until today, but the last of the money he had received for a locket of his mother's was gone now.

"I shall have to sell her ring," said Jamie, taking it from a corner of a drawer, and she told me to keep it for Alice and tell her when she was old enough that she left it for her.



He Looked at the Houses as He Went Along.

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"Are you going to keep her?"

Jamie asked again. But Alice had heard his voice. "Brover, brover," she called, running as fast as her little legs would carry her.

Jamie dropped his bundle and took her in his arms, the tears streaming down his cheeks, while Alice covered his face with kisses.

The maid wiped her eyes, and the lady told Jamie to sit down and tell her why he had left Alice on her steps. Jamie told her that his mother was dead and that the judge had sent his father away; that he had tried to take care of Alice, but he was too small to get work that would support both of them. He wanted Alice to have a good home, and he thought as they were rich they might want a little girl, and so he brought her there. The lady was crying when Jamie finished his story.

"We do want a little girl," she said. "We have lost our little girl and our little boy, too, and we are very lonely. You and Alice must stay here until your father returns and then we will see what can be done."

And so Jamie found a home for himself as well as Alice, for when their father came home he was soon sent away again by the judge, who also decided that their father was not the sort of a man to have the care of two such good children as Jamie and Alice.

CLUBS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Objects and Methods of Movement to Make Rural Life Fuller and More Appealing to Youth.

The primary object of the boys' and girls' clubs which are being organized throughout the country with the assistance of the United States department of agriculture, but in co-operation with the state colleges of agriculture, is to aid young people to become more efficient and more contented farmers and home-builders. By cultivating in boys and girls habits of industry and thrift, the possibilities of farm and country life are revealed not only to them but to their elders. The best methods of handling farm products and preventing waste are demonstrated, the spirit of co-operation in family and community is developed, and the dignity of the farmer's vocation enhanced by presenting it as a skilled occupation, capable of returning adequate rewards to the competent. Finally, the school life and the home life of boys and girls are brought into closer relationship, and the rural school teacher aided in the task of making agricultural instruction a vital thing.

The clubs may be organized under the leadership of the county superintendent of schools or any of the teachers under him. If the educational authorities of the county are not yet alive to the possibilities of these clubs, the county demonstration agent may take charge of the movement, or if there is no demonstration

agent in the county such organizations as local chambers of commerce, the grange, woman's clubs, etc., may assume the leadership. The names and addresses of the boys and girls included in the clubs are collected and sent to the state agent, who will furnish organization and cultural instructions upon request.

Experience has shown, however, that the difficulty is not in organizing a club with a large enrollment of members, but in inducing these members to complete their work and to report on the results. The test of efficiency is not so much the organization of new clubs as continuing interest in those already formed. The leader's duty therefore is to keep in touch with the members of the club, encourage those who need encouragement, and to see that once a project has been started it is carried on to completion.

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