

LOVE in a HURRY

By GLETT BURGESS
ILLUSTRATED by RAY WALTERS
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SYNOPSIS.
Hall Bonistelle, artist-photographer, prepares for the day's work in his studio. Floide Fisher, his assistant, reminds him of a party he is to give in the studio that night. Mr. Doremus, attorney, calls and informs Hall that his Uncle John's will has left him \$4,000,000 on condition that he marry before his twenty-eighth birthday, which begins at midnight that night. Mrs. Rona Royaltion calls at the studio. Hall asks her to marry him. She agrees to give him an answer at the party that night. Miss Carolyn Daily 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. Floide tries to show Hall a certain way out of the mix-up, but he is obtuse. Jonas Hasingsbury, heir to the millions in case Hall fails to marry on time, plots with Floide to block Hall's marriage to any of the three women before midnight. Floide arranges to have the three meet at the studio as if by chance. Carolyn, Rosamund and Mrs. Royaltion come in at much feminine fencing ensues, in which Floide used her own foil adroitly. Hall comes in and the ladies retire for conference. Alfred, the janitor, brings in a newspaper with the story of the queer legacy.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.
"On or before," said Carolyn, frowning. She looked over Rosamund's shoulder.
Floide looked up with a quick fling of her head. Her eyes snapped.
"Four millions!" Rosamund put down the paper.
For a moment the three women looked at one another in silence. A wave of bitterest animosity seemed to sweep around the circle. Each face was set and hard, as each guarded her secret thought. Then, each stirred, restless and nervous, in fear of betraying herself.
Carolyn spoke, almost in a whisper. "So that's why Hall proposed to us all today!"
"Yes," said Mrs. Royaltion. "He evidently wants to be sure of getting at least one of us." Her lips curled in a sneer.
"No wonder he was in a hurry," said Rosamund. "Four millions!"
There was another tense pause, while Floide watched, fascinated, taking gasping breaths. Then the three spoke almost simultaneously, one to another.
"You promised!" It was a threat, question, entreaty, all in one.
Carolyn and Mrs. Royaltion stared at Rosamund. Rosamund faced the three defiantly. In that crisis the three women were swept millions of miles apart, then clashed fiercely together. Little Floide was forgotten; she turned from one to the other in alarm. Then came the forced confession, with a sigh from each of the three. "Yes, we did promise! Yes, we did! Yes!"
Carolyn again took command. "This is a serious thing, girls. We must keep our word, every one of us. Rosamund, you can't go back on us, now!"
"Go back on you? Why do you pick me out. How about you and Mrs. Royaltion. I'd like to know? Are you going to stand by me?"
"Yes, you proposed it in the first place, you know, Carolyn!" Mrs. Royaltion broke in. "I think you had better speak for yourself, before you accuse us!"
"Well," said Carolyn, hesitatingly. "I don't intend to back out of it." She suddenly turned suspiciously to Floide and forced a laugh. "Oh, Miss Fisher, she said, suavely, 'don't think we're insane or anything, but this is a little joke we had planned for the party tonight. A sort of surprise, you know—'"
"Oh, yes, I didn't quite understand what you were saying. I was so busy," said Floide. "About the costumes, isn't it?"
"Yes, about the costumes," Mrs. Royaltion interrupted sweetly. "You see we're all going to wear—"
"Oh, don't give it all away!" Rosamund exclaimed.
Mrs. Royaltion took a step toward the door. "Well, Carolyn, I've got to go," she said. "I've been here an awful while."
"Well, I've got to leave myself; mercy, it's awfully late! I think I'll go with you!" said Carolyn, moving nervously. "You've got your car here, haven't you?" Mrs. Royaltion nodded. "All right, then; come on!"
"Say, I think I'll go along, too," Rosamund was now conscious of her equality with these society ladies, and proposed to display it—in her own way. "I'd just as lief go uptown. I have an errand on Nineteenth street, anyway."
Mrs. Royaltion resigned herself to the inevitable. Truth to tell, she was no little afraid of this picturesque blonde. "Oh, then, vary well—I'll be delighted to give you a lift in my car. I'm sure!"
Carolyn gave her a glance, and smiled graciously. "Oh, yes, do come, Miss Gale. We'll be so glad to see more of you! That'll be charming."
"No," said Rosamund, bluntly. "I think I'll walk, after all." The three went out with over-polite "good afternoons" to Miss Fisher.

CHAPTER X.
Floide's account book slammed shut. Her head fell on her arms, face down upon the table. She gave way to a burning torrent of tears. It was all up.

SURELY A MEAN REJOINER
Seems to Prove Truth of Assertion That "We Keep for Our Own the Sharpest Tone."
The talk topic in the lobby of a hotel the other evening turned to the mean thing occasionally remarked by hubby, when this incident was recalled by Winston Churchill, the author.
Sometime ago a party named Brown sat in the living room of his bananal

pulling away on a Kentucky meerschaum and reading the evening paper. Near by little wifey was juggling an embroidery needle.
"Here is another evidence of it, Mary," remarked the old man, glancing up from his paper. "If a man steals, no matter what it is, he will regret it."
"During our courtship, John," reflectively rejoined little wifey, "you used to steal kisses from me quite often."
"Well," was the banal rejoinder of

the mean husband, "you heard what I said."—Philadelphia Telegraph.
Inducing Hypnotic State.
According to Mangold, the hypnotic condition is induced in man by suggestion or psychological inhibition, but in both cases sensory stimuli may assist. These stimuli may be optical (fixing the gaze on some object), tactile (stroking the skin), or otherwise. Sometimes an absence of willed stimuli may induce the state, as in the case of absolute silence.

THE SUN GOD

By H. M. EGBERT.
(Novelized from the Motion Picture Drama produced by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company.)

A blazing sun, and a human figure that stood naked beneath it, staring down at the dry river bed! The body of the man was a chocolate red; nevertheless once it had been white.
The thing that had awakened memory and mind was gold. Gold, on an uninhabited island, where the man had been cast months before.
With a rush recollection came back to the man. The face of Alice, his sweetheart, seemed etched against the background of the hills. Alice, of the little fishing town where they had lived since childhood; Old Ben, her father—and then Captain Harding, the retired sea shark, rich with his insurance collected from the rotten hulks that he had sent with their living freight beneath the waves.
Harding had all that his ill-temper had ever held out as a substitute for an unstained soul; but that had not been enough. The old man wanted Alice, who filled the young fisherman's life entirely. The lovers had sensed it dimly, but they were too happy to care, and neither suspected the designs that Harding held in his heart.

Harding's mate, Anderson, had lured Herbert aboard his ship and struck him down treacherously from behind. Herbert awakened to find the ship far at sea and himself one of the crew. A drunken crew, a floating hell, shipwreck—the panorama of the past unfolded itself before Herbert's vision. Then the escape of Anderson and himself, the treacherous seizure of the boat by the mate, who put out alone to sea. . . . months of semiconsciousness. . . . the oyster beds. . . . wild fruit and water. . . . shelter. . . . gold, on an uninhabited island!
Lifting his eyes, Herbert perceived at that moment, a fleet of native canoes debouching round the point of the island. They were manned by brown-skinned savages, whose paddles swept rhythmically through the water.
Without thinking, he ran toward the sandy beach, but halted within twenty yards of the party that had assem-

bled within a little grove of palms. Noiselessly he crept nearer, and, flat on his stomach, surveyed with wonder some score of natives who had grouped themselves about a curious flat stone in the center of a small open space. Tied to the stone was a girl, perhaps twenty years of age. Her long, black hair fell heavily about her bare arms. Upon her face was an expression of resignation.
From among the savage group stepped forward an aged man, with long white locks that hung over his shoulders. He strained his throat and shouted an impassioned cry. The shout was taken up by the group of natives. The elder began to dance. Frenzied seized on the spectators. The brown limbs heaved, the yells that burst from the throats of the swaying natives rang like the sound of tom-toms.
Suddenly silence—so swift a transition that the effect was more stunning than the sound. From his loincloth the old man drew a sharpened stone which he poised on high. And at that moment the watcher understood. He had heard tales of the Polynesian customs from many seafaring men. This was the annual journey of the Sun Worshipers to the sacred stone of sacrifice. And the girl upon the stone was their destined victim.
Herbert sprang to his feet and rushed among the natives just as the priest poised the stone knife above the head of the girl. He struck up the old man's arm and stood before her. His life seemed not worth a moment's purchase at that instant. But the dramatic action had stupefied the savages. The old priest stared at the stranger. Burned as he was, Herbert, lighter than any man the natives had known, seemed to them a visitor from some supernatural place. And the same inspiration struck them at the same moment.
The god! The god of the stone! With one accord they broke away in terror and fled to their canoes. Herbert picked up the knife which the priest had let fall and with it severed the hemp ropes that bound the girl. She rose from the stone and fell flat at his feet in adoration. The sun god had come to claim his bride in life instead of death.

Herbert walked in the bed of the river, amassing a fortune in gold dust. Life had suddenly become fairer. Alice had grown to be a distant memory. The love of Aloona was grateful to the starved heart of the man. Gradually, however, as his store increased, Herbert began to become conscious of an inextinguishable desire to see once more the world of the past. Even Aloona cloyed.
He ceased his washing and, instead, spent every day upon the highest point of the isle, scanning the horizon for passing ships. He had been fortunate enough to find a large frag-

"I Have Come Back to You."
"You've No Idea What a Relief It is—Sure!"
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Was Officially Dead.
A queer case occurred in the state of Louisiana. A man disappeared. He was thought to be dead, and his effects were distributed. He came back after 20 years and went into the court issuing the decree and asked an order to give him his property. The judge said: "In the eye of this court you are dead. This is not the place for you to get mistakes rectified. Get a lawyer and he will tell you what to do." The man persisted and said he "wanted his property and it was an outrage to deprive him of it another day." The judge said: "I tell you that in the eye of this court you are dead. Sheriff, take this application out of court."
Cobbler Turned Doctor.
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SOUTH ISLAND NEW ZEALAND

ON MILFORD SOUND

TOUGH not generally known as a field for tourists and entered upon voyages into unknown seas. In the earlier days Bluff was the headquarters for many whaling expeditions. This industry gradually decreased, until it is now conducted only on a small scale. Living there today are a number of the sea-hardened men who belonged to whaling outfits. Some of them still have enough strength left to bring in their daily catch of fish, and others of their comrades spend their time idling about the wharf, watching the steamships and sailing crafts go to and fro, and regaling any listener that they may find with stirring tales of their ocean-going experiences. It is from Bluff also that most of the sea-elephants and penguin oil expeditions set forth. Some distance to the south of here lies the Macquarie group of islands, where most of these expeditions operate during a certain season of the year.
Tasman Sea is Rough.
It is 931 miles across the Tasman sea from Bluff to Hobart, Tasmania. The most popular route of travel between New Zealand and Australia is that which runs from Auckland to Sydney, Auckland is about 1,100 miles north of Bluff. While the distance between Bluff and Hobart is some less than that between Auckland and Sydney, the former route is usually much rougher. There are few days in the year that the Tasman sea is not in a rage. A rough area of water extends far to the south and even borders the ice-locked land that surrounds the south pole.
So far as the town of Bluff is concerned, it presents few attributes of beauty. It occupies a site on the beach and running up into the hills a short distance and bordering it on all sides, except that which fronts the ocean, are rugged and desolate-looking rocks that give the spot a forbidding aspect. The country extending towards the interior of the island is well adapted to sheep-raising, and is taken up by large ranches or "runs," as they are called. In the town itself, the vocation of the male inhabitants is chiefly fishing, although a considerable number of men find regular employment on the wharves. The business through this port is brisk at all times. Connecting Bluff with interior points of the South Island are the Lyttelton and other ports. Much traffic from the interior of the island passes through Bluff.

Lessons Taught by Enemies.
Men of sense often learn from their enemies. Prudence is the best safeguard. This principle cannot be learned from a friend, but an enemy extorts it immediately. It is from their foes, not their friends, that cities learn the lesson of building high walls and ships of war. And this lesson saves their children, their homes and their properties.—Aristophanes.
Correct Definition.
The everlastingly busy man, who never got anywhere and stayed, went rushing by. "There goes Ringer," said Old Man Smiles; "he's always at it to get to it and when he gets to it he ain't at it."—Judge.
Daily Thought.
Be of good course; that is the main thing.—Thoreau.

Generally Find It Circumlocution.
"Just what is meant by circumlocution?" asked the seeker after knowledge. "I haven't a definition on the tip of my tongue," replied the busy man, "but if you will look in the paper I dare say you will find a very good example of it under the general heading of 'Diplomatic Correspondence.'"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Bluff Most Southern City.
Situated upon the sea-tossed shore of the South Island is the town of Bluff, which has the distinction of being what might be called the jumping-off place of the southern hemisphere. Its citizens claim that it is the most southern municipality in the world. Whether this claim is true or not, it is made to appear so by the way different objects of interest about the town are pointed out to visitors. One is that the railroad station there is the most southern in the world, and that is doubtless true. The same thing is said of the little hotel and other public buildings. Occasionally an automobile touring party visits the remote town in order to enjoy the distinction of having been to the most southern point of land that a motor car is capable of being driven on regular laid-out roads.
There is an element of romance in the very atmosphere of the community. It was there that several Antarctic expeditions paid their adieu

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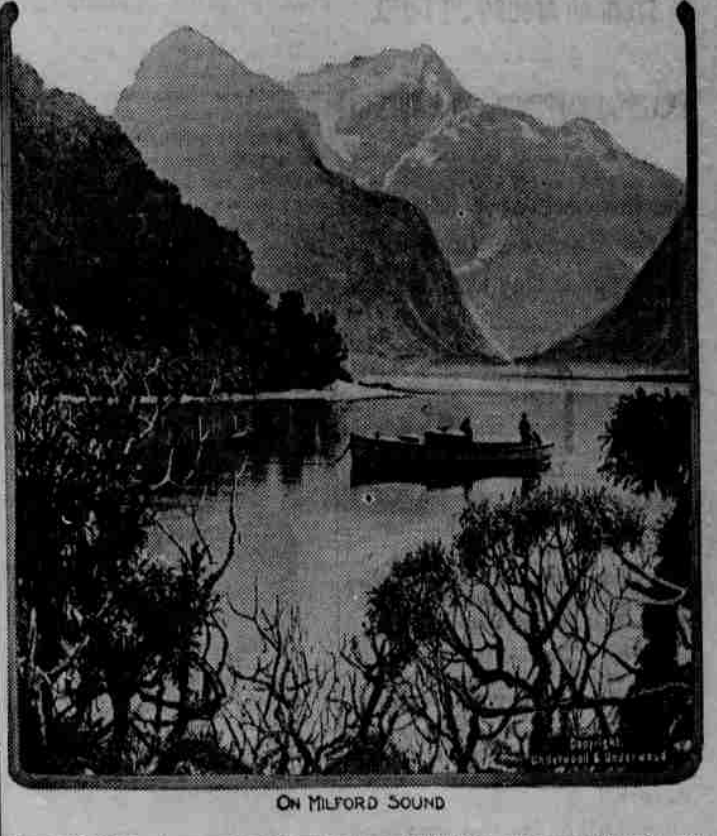
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