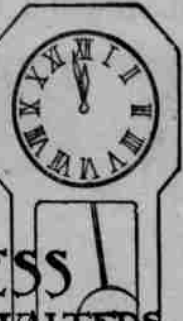


# LOVE in a HURRY

By GELETT BURGESS

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## 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. Mr. Doremus, attorney, calls and informs Hall that his Uncle John's will has left him \$10,000 on condition that he marry before his twenty-eighth birthday, which begins at midnight that night. Mrs. Rena Roylton, Flodie's aunt, tells Hall she wants 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 view out of the mixup, but he is obtuse. Jonas Hassingbury, heir to the millions in case of the three women before midnight, Flodie tries to marry on time, plots with arrangements to have the three meet at the studio as if by chance. At that meeting much feminine fencing ensues. In which Flodie uses her own wit. Flodie's ally comes in. Alfred, the janitor, brings in a newspaper with the story of the three millionaires. The ladies' alliance to humiliate Hall dissolves and they retire to plan war for the \$400,000 prize. Successive telephone messages from the three ladies inform Hall that he is accepted by all three. Desperate, he asks Flodie to save him from the three-headed dilemma by marrying him. She refuses, and goes with Alfred, who has long been a humble suitor, to get a marriage license. Jonas arrives for the party.

## CHAPTER XI—Continued.

Hall's reception of him was polite without being over-cordial. The two cousins did not often meet; they had little in common, and they disliked each other thoroughly.

"Well, Jonas, been having a good time in New York?"

"Oh, well, so-so." His eyes twinkled. "Not so good as I expect to have a little later, though." He winked elaborately at Flodie.

"Oh, I see. Meaning that money, I presume?"

"That's right! Can't blame me for taking an interest in it, can ye? Four millions don't walk into my pocket every night, my boy!" He slapped Hall cordially on the shoulder.

Hall was angry. "You seem to be pretty sure of it?"

Jonas placidly shook his head in sorrow at this exhibition of temper. "Now, Hall, ye want to take this in a Christian spirit, my boy. I can see it'll be all for the best. Remember that gold is but dross—"

Hall whirled on him. "Shut up, will ye? By jove, if ye weren't in my own house, I'd kick ye down-stairs!" And with that, he flung impetuously out of the room.

Jonas's sour glance followed him. "Peevish, ain't he? How be ye gettin' along?" he asked anxiously, in an undertone, of Flodie. "Anything happened?"

"Well, I should say!" said Flodie. "You ought to have seen the show. But we're not out of the woods, yet. Still, I think that if I have time and luck, I can put it through."

"Ye can? By whillikens, that's fine! Good for ye! Well, we ought to keep pretty soon now." He looked up at the clock. "Only, let's see—an hour and thirty—"

He stopped, staring at the clock, then, with a puzzled face, drew his own big watch from his pocket and compared it with the clock. "Say!" He turned eagerly to Flodie.

"Hush!" cried Flodie, and laid her finger on her lip.

Jonas's expression grew crafty. Then he grinned. "Oh, I see! Got a little scheme fixed up, eh?" He walked to the couch and sat down, beckoning her. "Say, jest set down, won't ye, and let me know how things stand."

Flodie demurely took a seat beside him.

"Then they ain't no danger of any o' them three women gittin' him, is they?"

"Why," said Flodie, "not if we can manage to keep them away from him. It isn't so easy as it looks. Those women are getting desperate, now, and ye've got to help me fool them."

"Me? How? What can I do?"

"Why, if one of them gets him, ye've got to just jump in, and break it up in a hurry. Don't let her get a word in edgewise, if ye can help it. Fall on the floor, smash a window—anything! It doesn't matter what they think."

"By jiminy, I'll do it, ye bet!" cried Jonas. "One thing I do know: How to handle women!"

"There's millions in it, Mr. Hassingbury!"

"And I'm the feller who's goin' to get 'em!" He seized Flodie's hand before she could protest, and shook it exuberantly. "Say, miss, you're a little wonder. Think of your don't all that just on my account—ye're a friend worth havin', d'ye know it?"

"It was nice of me, wasn't it?" Flodie replied modestly, turning away to bite her lip.

Jonas hitched his chair closer. "Why, I been a-thinkin' of it over to-day, and I get a proposition I've decided to make to ye. If I git this here money, and it looks now like I should, what d'ye say to me two hitchin' up together?"

Flodie jumped up suddenly. "Now, hold on, miss!" Jonas exclaimed, and stretched forth his long arm in exhortation. "Ye hear me out first. I've kind o' took a notion to ye, and

I'm willin' to try it, if ye be. I don't see where I could do better, and ye'd git a good man if ye got me, miss, if I do say it!"

"Thank you kindly," said Flodie, "but I don't really know what in the world I'd do with you if I got you."

Jonas stared at her as if she were raving. "Ye don't know what you're talkin' about! Don't ye realize if ye marry me ye'll get four million dollars? Lord, any other gal would just jump at the chance to have the spendin' o' that money."

"Let 'em jump!" said Flodie. "That's my advice, Mr. Hassingbury; ye take a good jumper. And I want to give ye a tip—"

She went up to him and took him confidentially by the lapel of his coat. "There will be three women here tonight, and all o' 'em can jump like grasshoppers. Once they find out ye have money, and they'll jump all over ye!"

Before the astonished Jonas could reply, Alfred opened the door to a lady gorgeously arrayed in blue. Flodie gave one look at her, then whispered: "There's the first one o' 'em now! Miss Gale." Then she stepped forward, sniffing fragrant scornfully, and welcomed Rosamund.

An elaborate, painstaking picture of feminine frippery was Rosamund Gale. She came in as if making a stage entrance. Something was to happen to-night. Rosamund was on the war-path.

She barely acknowledged Flodie's greeting, or Jonas's presence, but cast a hasty anxious glance about; then, seeing no women, seemed to breathe freer. "Where's Hall?" she asked almost immediately.

"Oh, somewhere about. In with the musicians probably." Flodie turned to Jonas. "Mr. Hassingbury, Miss Gale!"

Jonas bent over her. "Why, now, they's a lot o' Gales down to Branford, where I live. I wonder if ye—"

"Tell Hall to hurry please!" cried Rosamund to Flodie. Flodie started off, smiling, but Rosamund caught at her arm and held her. "Wait a minute, miss, though! Miss Fisher, listen! Has anything—anything important happened?"

"What d'ye mean?"

"Oh, I mean—well, nothing exciting, has it?"

Flodie reflected. "Why, I'm afraid Alfred has spilled some salad on his new dress suit, Miss Gale, if that's what ye mean?"

Rosamund did not condescend to answer. She left haughtily and passed hurriedly into the dressing room and divested herself of her wraps. Jonas had but time to remark to Flodie, "So she's one o' 'em, is she? Pretty gal, by jiminy!" when she was out again, and without noticing them, had gone to the door of the reception room, and looked in, scowling.

Here, the rugs were all up and the floor waxed for dancing. Three musicians were scraping and tuning their instruments. Hall Bonistelle was in a corner, arranging a vase of flowers. Rosamund darted in and swam up to him. No scowl now; she was a different creature, smiling, radiant, angelic, sailing on an air of gladness. She seized Hall's hand excitedly.

"Oh, Hall!" she exclaimed dramatically, "ma's perfectly delighted! It's all right, and ye needn't worry a moment longer! Aren't you glad?" She hung on him fondly as if she expected him to embrace her.

Hall had turned white. Rosamund's beauty had instantly disarmed him. He could no more have said the brutal things he had contemplated than he could have struck a child. Weakly, he prostrated, fumbling her hand.

"Really?" he managed to say. "Jove! That's fine!"

"Well, why don't you kiss me, Hall?" Rosamund's eyes were on the door, watching anxiously for interruptions. Flodie gasped in.

Hall looked over his shoulder, embarrassed. "Oh, these musicians—I don't want them to—say, wait till we can be alone!"

She stared at him in annoyed surprise, then gave another irritated glance at the door. The sound of women's voices goaded her on. "Nonsense! Why, I intend to announce our engagement immediately!"

Terror-stricken, Hall exclaimed, "Oh, no, that won't do at all, Rosamund, really. We'll have to wait a little while—no tonight, anyway!"

"Why, that's half the fun of being engaged—talkin' about it!" Then, after another quick look toward the office, she gazed up at him and pressed his hand. "We are engaged, aren't we, Hall?"

"Oh, yes—certainly! Only—"

Rosamund had an instant of triumph and relief. It was all right, then. She tossed her head as if in secret revolt; she would have her own way, see if she didn't! "Well," she said coldly, "I'll wait a while, if ye insist. Only, I should think ye might look happier about it. Ye act so funny!"

He was saved from having to reply by Jonas Hassingbury, who, glimpsing the encounter, and impelled by Flodie, had plunged boldly forward to the rescue.

"Back to the covering they lack.

In an easy attitude, with neither haste nor anxiety, he is pointing out to them the error of their ways. He is as detached in manner as though he were a professor lecturing at Leipzig on the fourth dimension of space.

Adam is somewhat dejected and declines upon 'e ground. Eve, unabashed, with nothing on but the apple she is munching, is evidently in a reckless mood. She looks like a child of fifteen, with her hair down her

back; the defiance of her attitude is that of a naughty little girl.

The world-old problem is under discussion, but with an air of good humor and cheerfulness on the part of the lecturer, as though there were still time in the world, as though there were an undiscovered human attribute, as though possibly the world would still go on even if the problem were left unsolved, and this first leafy parliament adjourned she die.—New York Telegraph.

He laughed when he saw the boys were frightened, and it shook the mountains; the boys were glad when he became serious again. But he would not let Nancy go, and told them they were so small he liked to look at them, and it made him seem so very large. The boys were quite frightened, and Hans, who had remained silent till then, said, "If you don't let us go home in a few days we will stay and work for you."

"What can you do?" said the giant.

"We can try to do anything you ask us," replied Hans.

"Well, amuse me, then. Can you dance?"

"Not very well, but we can sing," said Hans, who had been struck with a happy thought.

"Well, sing then," said the giant.

The boys sang a funny song, and the old giant laughed so hard that he rolled off the tree onto the ground. Then the boys began singing soft, low songs. The giant pulled a big stone under his head and listened. Soon his eyes began to close, and after a while he was fast asleep.



## GIANT OF THE MOUNTAIN.

He stopped singing, but told his brother to keep on while he crept over to the giant and very gently unfastened the belt he wore. Then he brought Nancy to where Oscar was still singing, and they both mounted. Hans told Oscar to hold the staff in both hands while he held the belt. Nancy trotted away with the boys, but soon she seemed to be flying so fast did they go, and almost before they knew it they were at the foot of the mountain, and there the little old man was waiting for them. They returned his staff, and thanked him very much for lending it to them. He told them to bury the belt in the ground when they reached home.

The sun was just setting when they rode into the yard, but they told their father and mother about the belt, and Father Burton said they must bury it at once, which they did and in the morning they went to the mountain and recovered all the supplies which had been lost.

That night, after Oscar and Hans were in bed, Oscar said: "I should like very much to have seen the old giant when he awoke and found he was only as large as an ordinary man."

"Yes," said Hans. "But I am glad I am at home."

One morning Farmer Burton awoke to find all his winter supplies gone, and his old horse Nancy, which his



## EASY WAY OF MAKING MONEY

One need not be a magician to make money, as the following trick will show. First pour clear water into a glass until it is half full; then throw a bright piece of money into the water and cover the glass with a plate. If the glass is now turned around rapidly, the piece of money will be seen gleaming on the plate, and a second piece will be seen swimming on the surface of the water. It is refraction of the rays of light which causes this curious illusion, for, the

Refraction of Rays of Light Causes Curious Illusion—Clever Little Trick Illustrated.



Curious Illusion.

Kindness to Sisters. A schoolmaster in the country delivered an address to the scholars, of which the following passage is an example:

"You boys ought to be kind to your little sisters. I once knew a bad boy who struck his little sister a blow over the eye. Although she didn't fade and die in the early summer time, when the June roses were blooming, with the sweet words of forgiveness on her pallid lips, she rose and hit him over the head with a rolling pin. So that he couldn't go to school for more than a month, on account of not being able to put his hat on."

Keeping Up With Peanuts. Did you eat four pounds of peanuts last year? You will have to do better than that this year, if you keep pace with the peanut industry. According to the American Peanut Corporation, more than four hundred million pounds of peanuts were consumed in the United States last year, or four pounds for every inhabitant. The production of peanuts has doubled since 1910.—The American Boy.

He Heard the Proverb. Tommy (after a thumping)—"You're awful hard on me, ma."

Mother—"That's because you've been very naughty and wicked."

Tommy—"Well, gee! I should remember that you didn't die young yourself."—Boston Transcript.

Drowning Season Is On. This is the drowning season—the time of year when the boys and girls who don't know how to swim go under in the streams and lakes and never come up again. Every boy, and girl, for that matter, ought to be taught how to swim.

Higher Aspirations. Auntie (watching artist at work)—"Don't you wish you could paint as well as that, Tommy?"

Tommy—"I can't!"—London Opinion.

Diplomatic. "Say, mamma, I'm playin' there's a little boy callin' on me, an' I'd like a piece of cake for him."

Sure. Aunt—"Was your papa mad when your mother let the picture fall on his toes?"

Willie—"Yes'm. He was hoppin'."

# DUBLIN AND BELFAST CONTRASTED

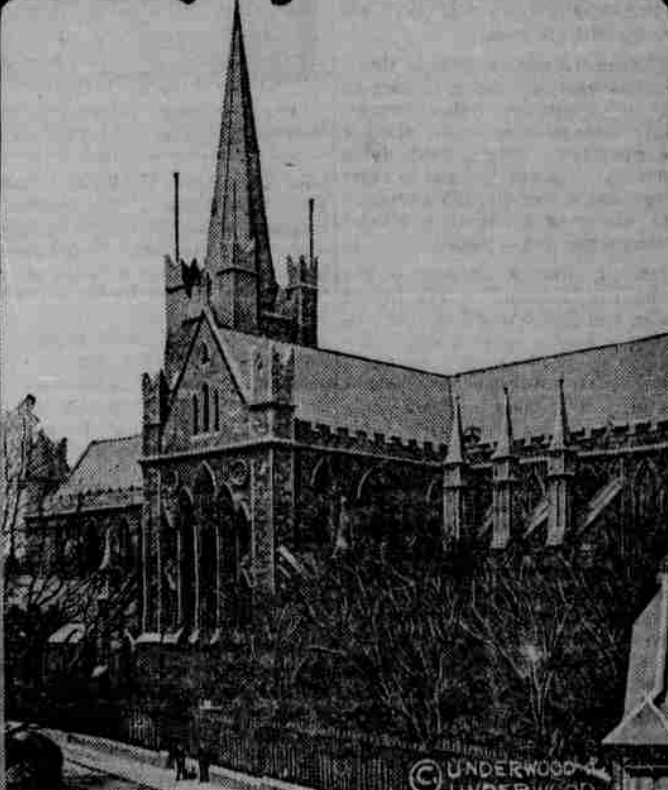
THE HUNDRED miles that separate Ireland's capital from the capital of Ulster form as wide and deep a gulf as if they separated the capitals of any two continental countries. The outward aspects of the cities, the spirit and ideals of their people, the predominant religious sects, the attainments, all are distinctly contrasting. "You won't like Dublin; it's a d-a-r-y place," was the prediction of a Belfast woman. But the warning did not prove to be justified. The fact is, I liked Dublin very much better than I liked Belfast, which, to be sure, was very little. W. F. Conant writes in the Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Outwardly, the cities are entirely dissimilar, though their natural setting is very like. Belfast is a great monotony of red brick, scarcely relieved throughout the succession of its long, unlovely streets by any artistic touches or show of architectural appreciation. Its wideness of bare-fronted houses are hardly distinguishable from the linen factories, which in many cases, occupy parts of the same block, and are designated only by a small brass plate that sets forth the firm's name.

Belfast boasts that she has no slums, she also has no conspicuously fine streets of houses that are distinguished by artistic taste or architectural excellence. Mostly, her regular blocks have the plain, bare features of barracks. On the other hand, Dub-

lin, often referred to in disparaging terms, is likely to prove an agreeable surprise to the traveler. She has slums, yes, some very squalid ones, and they force themselves upon the visitor's notice as aggressively as the slums of Edinburgh at the lower end of High Street. In one stays but a day in Dublin one is likely to go away with an unfavorable impression of the place. If he stays a-while and allows the early impressions to be effaced and their place taken by pleasant ones, he will judge the city more fairly. If one were to stay a year and make some strong and certainly delightful attachments, he is bound to be sorry at the leave-taking and will ever regard the city on the Liffey with tender affection.

## Homes of the Irish Capital.



ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN

The homes of Dublin are its glory. Go out Donnybrook way, or north in the Phoenix park neighborhood, or south to the region about Harold's cross, and you will find street after street of stately Queen Anne houses that suggest for all the world the Mayfair region of London; while the modern villas that form a wide circle about the city—charming cottages with gardens, and ample homes of pretty design and having plots of recall the pleasant suburbs of the progressive American cities of the middle West. Then the public buildings. Belfast's boast is its city hall. Once the stranger has his grip unknocked he is urged to go and see this splendid structure. It is undeniably fine. But one could almost wish that the Belfast people had spread their variegated marbles about the city rather than concentrated all this ele-

While the British house of parliament is represented by Trinity.

Scotch Walk Befuddled. Belfast is a seaford and Puritanized Lawrence or Paterson, with Scotch men and women walking its streets in their early and late tramp, tramp, to and from mill and shipyard. Dublin is a pre-revolutionary Boston—like Boston, English in street names and much like Boston, to be sure, in the character of the largest element in its population. Like, yet unlike, for the transplanting has made some radical changes in human qualities. The American visitor to Dublin will find it less Irish, as he thinks, than Boston itself, while the English stranger in Boston would find us more Irish than even Dublin. This is a cryptic remark which only those who know will understand. Dublin is a softer, quieter Boston of 1914, with General Gage in authority and red-coated British sentries stationed about her public buildings and government offices.

This, then, is the way it appeals to the sojourner—these rival, jealous cities of whose people Belfast folk say paritentially that "oil and water can never mix." Dublin represents the warm heart of a nation. Belfast is its hand—a dexterous pair of hands, if you will. One hopes this "red hand of Ulster" will not again be a bloody hand. The chill winds that sweep across Divis mountain and Cave hill, the bare, bleak eminences that rise behind the northern city, are a driving stimulus to labor and the getting of gain. The soft airs of the valley of the Liffey, environed as it is by the hazy mountains at a little distance to south and east, are relaxing and tend to moderation.

## LACK OF REAL AIM IN LIFE

Where Men of Learning Differ. Nearly all of the old philosophies and mythologies and theologies were imbued with the animistic theory of earth; and modern scientists, some of them, beginning, perhaps, with Fechner, the hard-headed German, one of the most brilliant of the children of the great University of Leipzig, have been developing the theory in no fanciful way. If the earth be a dead body how can it give birth to the living? Is one of the questions of these theorists who are more than theorists. There are about 1,500,000,000 humans on the earth. It has been calculated by an ingenious mathematician that if all of people could be flattened out and spread over our little globe they would be like a skin one-two-hundred-thousandth part of an inch thick over a globe a yard in diameter! It is inconceivable that the earth, 8,000 miles in diameter, came into its mountainous existence millions of years ago for the mere purpose of laboring and giving birth to this puny human house—the thought of both the metaphysician and the cynical philosopher.

They have many irons in the fire, and they hammer on each in turn with hopeful and fervent activity, but of long concentration they are incapable.

As a rule they are without the capacity to make money, and without the desire to do so.

If they are born with enough to live on they are often delightful characters, free of the self-interest which is so difficult to divorce from ambition, and of the frivolity which idle-

## LECTURING ADAM AND EVE

Somewhat Humorous Painting in German Church, Work of Artist of the Middle Ages.

In the Church of Saint Scharhaus at Nuremberg there is a delightful mural painting which makes one merry even to recall it. The subject is the Garden of Eden. Adam and Eve are being lectured by an elderly man in flowing robes with a long white beard. His beard alone would more than supply