

LOVE in a HURRY

By GELETT BURGESS
ILLUSTRATED BY RAY WALTERS



CHAPTER XII—Continued.

The party was now in full swing. Some twenty were in the reception room, dancing or watching the dancers. The evening grew in life and merriment. Mr. Doremus, back from his interview with Flodie, was infected by the revels. He blossomed suddenly and unexpectedly into hilarity, and encouraged and stimulated by the gayer of the young actresses, became, in spite of himself, the center of the party. The company did not let him off till Alfred Smallish, blushing furiously, appeared in the doorway.

"Supper is ready—I mean—supper is served!" he announced, and coughed into his hand.

The three soubrettes who had been pelting Mr. Doremus with pink, now surrounded him, bound him with evergreen garlands and carried him off enlaid, through the office, where Flodie was presiding over tables of salad and sandwiches, into the reception room, where they enthroned him on an old Spanish chair, and waited on him like hours. The gentlemen rushed back and forth with plates and napkins; everybody began to talk and laugh. Beer bottles popped.

Hall was now becoming desperate. It did not seem at all so easy as he had expected. If only Flodie hadn't got her back up so foolishly! Well, he must, at least, be off with his old loves before he was on with the new. And, for that, he must have the answers of the two women. He left the company and walked into the studio, now deserted, to look at the clock. Heavens! It was already half after eleven. Something would have to happen in a hurry, if—

Carolyn Dallys appeared in the doorway, smiling. She was wearing corn color, in a costume no man could have described five minutes after he had seen it. Carolyn's clothes were always not only original but characteristic of her.

She sauntered in, and dropped upon the couch, to look up at him good-naturedly. Hall's hopes rose. It was going to be easy, thank heaven. She didn't at all have the smile of a prospective owner.

"Well, Hall," she began, "you don't seem particularly anxious to see your blushing bride. I had almost begun to think you were deliberately avoiding me."

"Avoiding you! Nonsense, Carolyn!" Hall laughed easily and tossed her a box of cigarettes. "Really, I've been so confoundedly busy with all these people, and—"

She broke in placidly: "Well, you're not busy now, are you?"

Hall began to be afraid. "Oh, no, of course not. Why?" He watched her as if she were about to strike him.

"Well, then, I've made up my mind, Hall."

"What do you mean?" he asked, and assuming a carelessness he was far from feeling, he walked to the table and took up a flower, idly.

"Why, I told you over the telephone, didn't I? Look pleasant, Hall," she said; "it's 'yes.' I've decided to accept you."

Hall grew faint. It was not alone the words that alarmed him. It was the cold-blooded tone in which they were uttered. There was a deliberateness, a fixity of purpose in it that threatened his complacency. Carolyn still maintained her usual jocular manner, but there was something keen and steady beneath it that he had never before felt. He rose to meet it with all his skill at acting.

"Lord, Carolyn," he exclaimed, walking up to her impatiently, "you didn't really take me seriously, this morning, did you?" He burst out into forced laughter. "Well, that is funny; think of you—all that women—getting caught up in it! It's perfectly absurd! You can't make me believe you thought I was in earnest, you know! That's absurd!"

So the agile trout, when he first feels the hook in his mouth, thinks that by a bold struggle he can regain his freedom, and thrashes the pool with hectic energy. But Carolyn, with all her humor, was a shrewd cold fisher of men. Calmly, surely, she kept her line taut. She had struck four millions! Not for a moment had she lost her composure. Slowly she spoke; she almost drew.

"Why, yes, I did, Hall! Surely, you seemed to have a lucid interval, you know, this morning, and I believed every word you said. And what's more," she added, "I believe it now!"

Lazy, to and fro, her feather fan was sweeping.

Hall floundered again, wildly. "Oh, come on, Carolyn! Can't you take a joke?"

"Yes," she answered smilingly, "when I see the point of it. Will you kindly explain?"

"The point, Hall, well, know, was in his own mouth. He dashed up and down the room fruitfully, making fervent gestures. Poor fish! He still imagined he could get away from the hook. "Good heavens, I have explained, haven't I? Why, I only wanted to hear what you'd say!"

"Well, you've heard; I say 'yes!'"

His Specialty.

A certain man of New York, known familiarly as "P. C.," admits that his early school record was not deserving of academic reward. But he got one medal. He grew up in Louisville and there attended a small school presided over by a lady of the old regime, a tender and kind-hearted soul. Each year, when the last day of school came around, the scholars and their parents gathered for the award of prizes, and the gentle schoolmistress could not bear to let any child go dis-

appointed. When commencement day came P. C.'s name also was read out for a special medal. It was awarded "For cheerfulness during the recreation hour."

Studious Girl Neglects Her Hair.

I heard Max O'Rell once tell the story of a young lady who acquired three languages while doing her hair, said a prominent London man. Then she trotted her three languages round, and found to her surprise that no one seemed particularly anxious

to engage her. They really could not stand the look of her hair. She discovered the cause of her failure at last, when one very irritable old gentleman she called on told her that he would prefer one language to three if a brush and comb were thrown in with the one. She had sacrificed habits of tidiness to the attractions of irregular verbs.

Each year the import of opium from India into China is reduced by 5,129 chests.

unction. "I certainly have, miss. Why, I've buried three wives already! I reckon I know pretty near as much about women as anybody."

"Then you're just the man I've been looking for!" said Carolyn. "I want you to help me; will you?" She jumped up eagerly.

He rose also. "What appears to be the trouble?"

"Why, there are two women here that I'm just dying to have your opinion of. Come out with me and I'll introduce them to you, and let you talk to them; will you?"

"You bet I will. Just let me see 'em! I guess if anybody can size 'em up, Jonas Hassingbury can!"

And with that he followed her out into the other room, and Carolyn delivered him over to Rosamund Gals.

CHAPTER XIII.

Hall, meanwhile, was near the boiling point of his rage. He had been defeated by Carolyn's cleverness. He was furious at her, at himself, at everybody. Here were two women, now, who had a hold on him—and before long there would be three! Never! Hall swore it with a round oath. Mrs. Royalton, at least, would not triumph. She hadn't Carolyn's brains, she hadn't Rosamund's disarming beauty. She was, when it came right down to it, more or less of a fool. Why not ignore her, and make a last attempt to win Flodie? He looked up at the clock. Good heavens! It was already twenty minutes to twelve! And his four millions were no nearer than ever. He jumped up impulsively, and strode to the door.

The company had about finished supper. The little orchestra had started up again, and had begun on a new turkey-trot. As a proof of its insidious charm, who but Jonas Hassingbury himself had succumbed! He was dancing with the fair Rosamund. Mr. Doremus, still surrounded and petted by the three pretty actresses, was telling a funny story. There was a sharp squall of laughter as he finished. Where the devil was Flodie? Hall peered from behind the portieres, so as not to be seen himself. In a moment she emerged from the stockroom with a plate of ice cream, and smiling, passed it to Mr. Doremus. Then she looked up, and caught Hall's eye. He

beckoned and she carelessly approached the studio.

As she crossed the threshold Hall caught her by the wrist and drew in. She looked up at him, a little frightened.

"Flodie," he exclaimed wildly, "Flodie, I can't stand it any longer. Don't keep it up any longer, dear! Say, 'yes,' can't you? Flodie, for God's sake!"

She looked him up and she looked him down, and anger was in her eyes. "I gave you my answer, Mr. Bonistelle. Didn't you understand me, this afternoon?" She backed off, preparing to leave.

He seized her again. "Flodie, I won't take no for an answer. I love you too much!" He fumbled in his pocket and drew out the ring. "Here, take this, Flo; wear it, won't you? And, as soon as I can get Mr. Doremus in here, I'll put another one on your finger that'll make us man and wife!"

She took it, and tossed it across the studio. It bounded along the floor. "No, thanks, Mr. Bonistelle! You'll have to excuse me, I'm busy."

"But heavens, Flo, look at the clock! It's nearly twelve! I have only fifteen minutes more, Flo! Don't turn me down! Oh, I want you so, Flodie—won't you?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Origin of Crescent.

Professor Ridgeway, in England, advocated a new view, according to which the Mohammedans got the idea of the crescent, not from the new moon, but from the ancient and long-continued use in Asia Minor of amulets made by fitting two boars' tusks together at the base. The figure thus produced certainly bears a closer resemblance to a typical crescent, as it is represented on the Turkish flag than does a new moon. The wide distribution of these amulets, however, suggests that they may have had a common origin in some symbol pertaining to the moon. They are found as far away as New Guinea, while in Africa they are in common use, made, however, of lions' claws instead of boars' tusks.

Dinners Cooked on Public Street.

In nearly every street of the cities of Japan there is a public oven, where, for a small fee, people may have their dinners cooked.

Making Her Happy.

"I told you last Sabbath, children," said the Sunday school teacher, "that you should all try to make someone happy during the week. How many of you have?"

"I did," answered a boy, promptly.

"That's nice, Johnny. What did you do?"

"I went to see my aunt, and she's always happy when I go home again."

Keep Something in Reserve.

Don't tell all you know. Maintain some reserve. There is nothing more useless than a dry well.



TWO BRAVE BOYS.

When the firebells ring in the city and you know that a house is on fire, it does not frighten you, because you know that the brave firemen will be there soon and put out the fire.

But in the country there are no firemen or engines, and the people have cause to be alarmed when a fire breaks out.

Thomas and William lived on a farm. Thomas was fourteen and William twelve, but they were sturdy lads and knew how to work.

One morning their father and mother went to the city to be gone all day, and after the boys finished their work they went into the woods for berries.

They had filled their pails and were returning home when William said: "Father and mother must have come back early. I can see the smoke from the chimney."

Thomas did not answer for a minute, and then he said: "That smoke is not coming from the chimney; it looks as though one of the buildings is on fire."

Both boys ran as fast as they could, and then when they were nearer William said: "It's the barn, and we must get the horses out."

The poor animals were kicking about in their stalls and frantically tugging at their halters.

"We must wet our handkerchiefs and tie them over our mouths," said William, running to the pump. It takes more time to tell about it than it took the boys to do it. Then they ran into the barn and untied the two horses and led them out.

Thinking that they would look out for themselves, the boys began pumping water to pour on the flames.

They wet their heads again and went into the barn with pails of water, when the horses came running in and acting in the most frantic manner. One of them knocked William to the floor, and in the smoke Thomas did not see him, and supposing that he would catch one of the horses, Thomas caught the other, and led him out and tied him to a tree.

When William did not appear he began to be frightened, for the flames were coming up through the floor, but Thomas did not stop to think of that. He knew William was in the burning barn.

Wetting his face and head again, he ran into the barn. His feet struck something, and he felt to see what it



THE SAW ESAU SAW

"Esau sawed wood. Esau Wood would saw wood. All the wood that Esau Wood saw, Esau Wood would saw. In other words, all the wood Esau saw to saw Esau sought to saw. All the wood Wood would saw! And, oh! the woodsaw with which Wood would saw wood. But one day Wood's woodsaw would saw no wood, and thus the wood Wood saved was not the wood Wood would saw if Wood's woodsaw would saw wood. Now, Wood would saw wood with a woodsaw that would saw wood. So Esau sought a saw that would saw wood, and one day Esau saw a saw saw wood as no other woodsaw would saw wood. In fact, of all the woodsaws Wood ever saw saw wood, Wood never saw a woodsaw that would saw wood as that wood-saw Wood saw would saw wood, and so I saw Esau Wood saw wood with the woodsaw Wood saw saw wood."

"I Can See the Smoke."

It was William, who had struck his head in falling, and the smoke had made him faint.

Thomas dragged him out and laid him on the ground and went back for the other horse that happened to be near the door just then. The flames had singed his tail and mane, and he was a sorry-looking animal. Thomas tied him to a tree, and then went to William.

He wet his face, and after a while he opened his eyes. "What is the matter?" he asked.

Thomas told him. "And now we must save the house and other buildings," he said, "by putting out this fire. You get the dinner horn," he told William, "and blow loudly as you can."

The pump was near enough to the barn, so that he did not have to run far, and Thomas pumped and carried pails of water and threw on the burning floor. His poor arms ached and his hands smarted, but he did not stop, and by the time the horn was heard by the farmer down the road, Thomas had succeeded in nearly extinguishing the flames. The lower part of the barn was damaged, but by his hard work Thomas had kept the fire from spreading and saved the house. He had saved his brother, also, for if Thomas had not been brave and gone into the smoking barn William would have been burned.

When their father and mother came home that night, they saw from the road that the barn was burned, and when the boys told them all that happened, they thought they had two brave boys.

When their mother kissed them good night she said, "I am proud of my heroes, but we must not forget the One who watched over and protected you, and thank him in our prayers."

TEACH BOYS MILITARY DRILL

Australian Youths Enter Ranks of "Junior Cadets" at Age of Twelve—Must Be a Soldier.

Australian boys begin their military career at the age of twelve years, when they enter the ranks of the "Junior Cadets" and drill under the instruction of their schoolteachers. Their target practice is limited to shooting what is popularly known as the "twenty-two" rifle.

At the age of fourteen the schoolboy is graduated into the "Senior Cadets" and here his military training begins in dead earnest. He learns to care for his rifle which the government furnishes to him. The state also gives him an olive drab military uniform. He learns the movements of the squad and company formations and learns to deploy as skirmisher.

The Australian schoolboy becomes a soldier irrespective of his own wishes in the matter, or those of his parents. Truancy officers, such as in this country watch the attendance at school, in Australia hale into court the parents of boys who are absent from their military drill, and it is not an infrequent occurrence for heavy fines to be levied on parents who are indifferent to their sons' military education.—The American Boy.

The Common Practice.

"Johnson," said the teacher, "if coal is selling for \$6 a ton and you pay your dealer \$24, how many tons will he bring you?"

"A little over three tons, ma'am," returned Johnny promptly.

"Why, Johnny, that isn't right," corrected the teacher.

"No, ma'am, I know it ain't," said Johnny, "but they all do it."

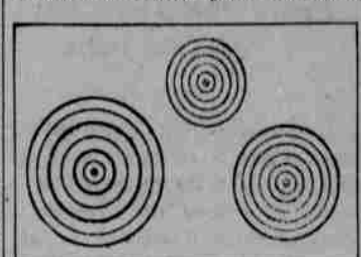
TWO ODD OPTICAL ILLUSIONS

Three Circles Seem to Chase Each Other in Same Direction—Wire Hoops Are Quite Puzzling.

There are some tricks that can be played on a person's eyes which are pure illusions. Hold this paper a foot or more from your eyes and turn it gently round to the right or left in small circles, keeping your eyes fixed on the three rings.

As you move the paper round like the hands of a watch you will find that the rings in these circles seem to chase each other in the same direction, and the longer and more intently you look at it the faster they go.

Circles can be made with spokes in them which to some persons seem to

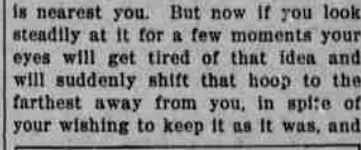


Circles Chase Each Other.

be going in the opposite direction to that in which the paper is turned, but the illusion is not so perfect unless the circles are much larger than there is space for in this column.

Here is another curious optical illusion that has puzzled a great many persons who have tried to account for it:

If we suppose these to represent wire hoops, which of them is nearest you, A or B? The answer is that it is the one you first make up your mind is nearest you. But now if you look steadily at it for a few moments your eyes will get tired of that idea and will suddenly shift that hoop to the farthest away from you, in spite of your wishing to keep it as it was, and



Wire Hoop Illusion.

after you have looked at it in its new position for a space it will go back again.

If you do not decide which is the nearest to you at first, but just look at the middle hoop steadily, you will see them one way, perhaps with A in front and toward you, and then A will suddenly go back and B will be in front.

THE DEMAND AND THE PAY.

Illness is no respecter of persons or pocketbooks, and vast is the number of comfortable homes in cities as well as in country where the family of the patient finds a \$25-a-week nurse a strain on their purses equalled only by the physical strain of doing without her. Here is the practical nurse's opportunity. Her very lack of hospital training comes as an asset, for it enables her to accept far less than her trained sister and widens her field immensely. The pay she usually commands, \$10 or \$15 weekly, as it includes board, well worth the while of a young or middle aged woman who is seeking dignified and remunerative employment. Such a woman's opportunity to raise her salary little by little lies in proving herself earnest, thorough, and reliable to every doctor with whom she comes in contact, and highly indispensable and pleasing to her patients.—Woman's Home Companion.

TURNING X-RAYS ON SOUND

Scientists Have Found They Cannot Always Depend on Laws That Are Theoretical.

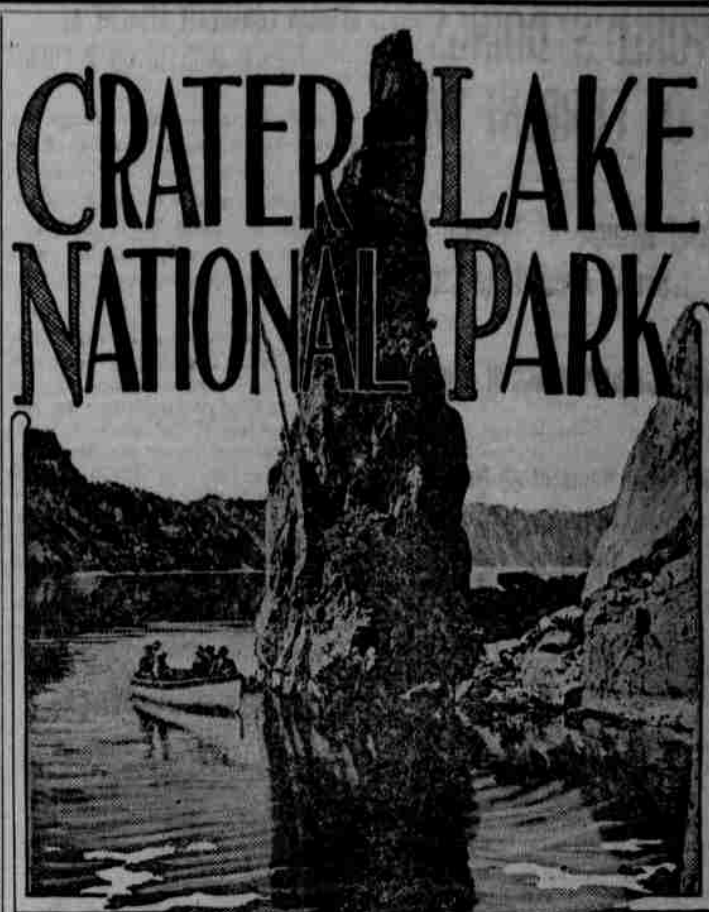
The theoretical deductions of Boltzmann and Maxwell on the constitution of gases lead to certain conclusions respecting the rate of proportion of sound waves through gases. For the most part gases obey these theoretical laws, but oxygen presents anomalies. This departure from the normal behavior of gases on the part of oxygen was attributed by Richard to the neutral ionization of the gas, and consequently a systematic study has been made by Kupper on the influence of various ionizers on the velocity of sound in various gases.

On submitting atmospheric air, oxygen and nitrogen to the action of X-rays the velocity of sound propagation through these gases is greatly increased. The ultra-violet rays from a quartz mercury vapor lamp give rise, in the case of oxygen and of mixtures containing oxygen, to the formation of ozone, and in consequence to

a reduction in the velocity of sound. In the case of nitrogen and hydrogen the velocities are increased, although not to the same extent as when X-rays are employed. The rays of radium exert no appreciable effect, and neither do the variations produced by an alternating electric field.

Size and Brilliance of Stars.

Stars are designated by astronomers as of certain magnitudes. The popular impression is that this refers to the size of the stars, which is erroneous. It applies to their brilliancy; the actual size and distance of but few stars are known—only about seventy-five. Even in the most powerful telescope a star is only a point of light. It is not magnified a particle, its brightness only being accentuated. The stars are all suns like our own great luminary, which, if viewed from a star would also appear as a mere point of light—a scintillating star, and the earth and our whole planetary system would be lost to view. So it is not improbable that these distant suns have their own planetary system that we cannot see.



CRATER LAKE NATIONAL PARK

By MARK DANIELS.
(General Superintendent and Landscape Engineer of National Parks.)

CRATER LAKE NATIONAL PARK has been termed by many the eighth wonder of the world. Nestling in the heart of a great mountain which, in ages past, was a living volcano, 6,000 feet above the sea, with its sapphire surface unfringed, reflecting the many-hued surfaces of the 1,000 feet high crater walls which surrounded it, it is undoubtedly one of the most exquisite gems of color to be found in the world. Its blue surpasses the blue of the Bay of Naples in richness and intensity and its somewhat weird surroundings, pregnant with mystery and solitude, are in perfect harmony with the placid repose of its surface.

There are glaciers in many countries, high peaks, water falls, cascades, forests and fields of wild flowers to be found in many lands, but there is only one Crater Lake. Individually it is an object of attainment in scenery as it is in persons, and in Crater Lake National Park one finds it to an extreme degree.

The people of the United States are particularly fortunate in the possession of their national parks in that almost every one of them has a marked and striking individuality and contains within its boundaries some features which will leave a lasting impression and will be a source of joy and pleasure when other things are forgotten; but of all the sights that can be had in the scenic reservations of our country, perhaps none will strike the observer with such force and will leave as lasting an impression as Crater Lake.

Crater Lake National Park is in the Cascade range of mountains in southern Oregon. The lake is circular in form and about six miles in diameter. Its surface is at an elevation of 6,177 feet above sea level and is an average of 1,000 feet below the crest of the surrounding crater rim. The great cavity in this mountain was once the crater of an active volcano which, at one time or another, collapsed, leaving a receptacle several hundred feet in depth which is now filled with sparkling blue water, clear as a diamond and of a blue that defies description.

Arranging for Tourists.

To make this unique gem of exquisite beauty available to the traveling public has been no simple problem. The park is traversed by roads from the west and from the south and the approaches are along easy gradients and through wonderful forests and alongside beautiful canyons, but upon a closer approach to the ascent to the rim of the crater, the difficulty of reaching the lake becomes more and more serious, and the problems involved in establishing proper accommodations for the tourists and maintaining them throughout the season become more and more complex.

The superintendent's house is located several miles from the rim of the crater and at an elevation of 6,000 feet above sea level. This altitude, while more than 1,000 feet below the rim of the crater from which a view of the lake can be had, is still one which, at this latitude is covered with snows for many months of the year; it is however, the most practicable place at which to locate the government headquarters and to establish a small village consisting of a few stores and supply stations. It is not, however, at the rim of the crater and therefore could never, under any circumstances, be a place where tourists would be content to stay, for there is ever the mountain top with the lake beyond beckoning the traveler to the goal of his pilgrimage.

Sailing and Fishing on the Lake.

The desire of the tourist upon arriving at Crater Lake National Park is to reach the rim of the crater at the earliest time. Once there, his all-consuming desire is to descend to the surface of the lake and to sail upon this bluest sea about the phantom island and in the shadow of the jagged rim. After he goes this far, his next consuming desire will be to hook the glorious trout which may be seen swimming in the depths beneath his boat. A trip of this sort will only fill him with a further longing to encircle the lake on land around the rim, so that he may drink in the sparkling colors and deeper shadows from all angles. The problem, therefore, which confronts the secretary of the interior in the development of roads and trails about the lake so that the tourist may receive full satisfaction, and to do this, plans have been drawn and work begun on the roads and trails and village.

Congress has appropriated money, which is being expended through the war department, for the construction of an encircling road to be built around the crater. This road is under construction and a material portion of it has been completed. The three entrance roads, one from Medford on the west, one from Klamath Falls on the south, and one along Sand creek on the east, have been completed and are now open to travel. The trail from the rim of the crater to the lake surface indicating the location of the proposed rim village has been constructed and will this year be widened and improved. A lodge or hotel has been constructed on the rim of the crater and roads connecting it with the superintendent's headquarters at Anna Spring at the lower level have been completed.

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