

# LOVE in a HURRY

By GELETT BURGESS  
ILLUSTRATED BY RAY WALTERS

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

Now she turned on him with scorn. "Oh, that's why you're in such a hurry, is it? I thought so. Take one of those three women you have proposed to—they'll help you out, any one of them. You have only to say the word. Whistle and they'll come to you. There's Mrs. Royaltan, now! Marry her! You've got ten minutes left—go ahead, I don't care!" She paused on the threshold. "I'll send her in. She'll make you a good wife—she's had a lot more experience than I have! Good luck!"

Hall, left alone, walked up and down the studio angrily. He was so engrossed with his thoughts that he did not see Mrs. Royaltan, who had entered a moment after Fludd left, until, turning suddenly, he all but ran into her. Rena, beaming, effusive, held out both her hands, caught his and laid her dark head against his shoulder.

"Oh, Hall!" she breathed. Hall tried unsuccessfully to free himself. "What's the matter now?" he asked.

She looked fondly up into his face. "Oh, Hall, didn't you understand what I said over the phone?"

A sudden thought came to him, a desperate expedient. Any stick to beat a dog with; any excuse, however ridiculous, would do for a quarrel with this clinging sickening female. He must get rid of her. So, quick as a flash, he took up her words and plunged into a histrionic rage.

"Oh, I understand it right enough. That's the trouble, I understand it too well. Well, you've put me out of my misery, all right. Thank God, you did it while there was time for me to escape worse!"

"But I don't mean that, Hall, really—"

"No, you mean you only wanted to lure me on—get me to propose, and then throw me down! I know! All a woman cares for is to fool some man—any man will do, I suppose, so long as his vanity is satisfied, and she can have his scalp to wear at her belt! Isn't it shameful what a woman will do, just for the moment's cruel pleasure? You have no sympathy, no tenderness, no heart—you're nothing but a mass of insane female conceit, that's what you are! Thank God I found it out in time, I say! Oh, I did think I loved you, Rena, I admit; but I was a fool to believe in you. Now, it's all over!"

He stood before her, shaking his finger savagely. "It's all over, and I'm glad of it! I'm well rid of you, Rena Royaltan, and it will teach me a lesson! I'd just like to tell you what I think of you, but you're my guest in my house, and unfortunately I'm a gentleman, and so I can't do it. But there's one thing I can say, and that's 'Good evening!' Mrs. Royaltan, and you'll have to excuse me, for I have my guests to attend to!"

Almost winded with this extravagant fury, he turned to make his exit as speedily as possible, but she was too quick for him. Seizing his arm, she looked him straight in the face, her eyes filled with tears.

"Why, Hall Bonistelle!" she exclaimed. "You're crazy! Why, I'm going to accept you!"

He dropped like a log upon a chair, in amazement. She had demolished his whole towering pose at a word. For a moment he was unable to speak.

Then she looked at him very archly. "Hall," she said, "don't you think I'm prettier than usual tonight? Or do I imagine it because I'm so awfully happy?"

The question pricked him into life. He looked at her coldly, and in desperation made another attempt to goad her into anger.

"By love, I didn't think a woman could—well, a woman will do anything to get what she wants, then, won't she? She'll pay any price, and suffer any indignity! Good Lord, haven't you any pride, Rena, for heaven's sake! Haven't you any sense of shame? Tell me; is there anything you wouldn't do for money, Rena Royaltan? Let's have it!"

"Why, Hall, dear!" she replied, with big innocent eyes, "I don't know what in the world you're talking about; but I'll tell you one thing that I wouldn't do—I wouldn't give you up for all the money in the world!"

"Well, can you beat it!" he gasped, addressing a Spanish chair.

"Ah, Hall," she continued, "when I once consent, I go fast. Really, I'd like to be married to you this very night, if you only had a marriage license."

"A what?" he cried, thunderstruck. "A marriage license, you know. Of course that's always necessary before—"

"By Jimmy Christmas!" he thundered, staring in front of him. Rena was forgotten, everything was forgotten except that, through his stupidity all, now, was lost. A marriage license! Not once had it occurred to him—the whole sublime comedy had been played out in vain. The four millions—Jonas Hassingbury had won, after all!

## Value of Mother's Stories.

Sarah Louise Arnold says: "Life shows us that the stories which are heart at the mother's knees are an essential part of our heritage. The child who is deprived of this possession will miss the charm of literature, the joy of poetry, the swift imagination which enables us to share in that which is foreign to our intimate experience. Except as this appreciation is assured, in childhood, it is never won."

Aside from the literary and artistic

He gave another look at the clock. It was four minutes to twelve. Without another word he stalked impetuously out of the room.

Mrs. Royaltan, smiling, self-satisfied, stood for a moment in triumph. Her eyes were suddenly attracted by a shining object upon the rug, and crossing toward it, she saw a ruby ring. Puzzled at its presence there, she stooped and picked it up, examined it carefully, frowning, and then slowly placed it upon her finger. As she did so, Carolyn Dallya burst into the room. Mrs. Royaltan hastily turned the ruby inside and dropped her hand carelessly.

Carolyn came up to her, very eager. "Well, did you see Hall?" Mrs. Royaltan nodded, smiling.

"Why! Didn't I say I would?"

"For a moment Carolyn gazed at her, as if trying to penetrate her mind. She seemed as yet unconvinced. "You refused him, Rena?"

"Certainly!" Mrs. Royaltan tossed her head.

Still Carolyn seemed incredulous. "Well, how did he take it?"

"Oh, I said I liked him, of course, but I couldn't think of marrying him, and all that—be took on awfully, really, Carolyn; he begged me to have him, and said his life would be ruined and all that rubbish—you know, the way they always do."

"Said his life would be ruined, eh? What nonsense! You didn't say anything about—about me, or Rosamund Gale, did you? I mean about your refused him, really?"

"Oh, no!" Mrs. Royaltan's tone was, for the first time, clear and honest and she now took her turn. "What did you say to him, Carolyn?"

Carolyn smiled. "Oh, we had a nice little time—no fuss, no hysterics at all. It was really very amusing."

"Did he seem—well, how did he take it, Carolyn?"

"Oh, of course we pretended it was all a joke, you know. I wouldn't permit him to make a scene, but all the same I could see that underneath it all he was pretty badly broken up."

"Well, he didn't show it much when he came to me, then. He seemed quite hopeful."

At this moment there was a peal of laughter outside the door, and a gay voice ending a passage of affected persiflage. Rosamund sailed swishing into the room. She held her head up proudly, she seemed immensely superior as she gazed about, triumphant.

The two women sprang at her. "What did you say to Hall Bonistelle?" exclaimed Carolyn.

Rosamund waited a moment, proudly superior. Then she answered calmly. "No, I accepted him."

"You accepted him!" the two broke out.

"Do you mean to say you went back on your promise?" Carolyn demanded, furious.

Mrs. Royaltan caught her by the arm. "Are you fooling, Miss Gale, or what do you mean? You promised—"

"Oh, please!" Rosamund answered. "What's a promise? Why, I found out that Hall felt a good deal different from what I had ever thought. Why, he's a dear, really, and he never cared a snap for you two—"

"Oh, didn't he?" cried Carolyn.

"Why, the fact is, I didn't have the heart to reject him, really I didn't. I saw that there was some misunderstanding somewhere, and we had got it all wrong. Hall's simply crazy about me, and it was perfectly absurd to let our talk stand in the way of my happiness—and his, that's all!"

"And do you mean to say you said yes?" cried Mrs. Royaltan.

"Certainly I did. Hall Bonistelle and I are formally engaged, now, and we're going to be married—"

"That's about all you know," cried Carolyn, now beside herself. "Hall Bonistelle is engaged to me!"

Mrs. Royaltan gasped. Rosamund raved: "No such a thing! It can't be!"

"Then you lied to me, Carolyn?" Mrs. Royaltan asked frigidly.

"Well, I couldn't violate a confidence, could I?"

"It's a lie, that's all there is about that!" Rosamund exclaimed. "It's perfectly absurd on the face of it. I guess I ought to know!"

"Oh, you don't have to believe it, but it's a fact, nevertheless," said Carolyn to Rosamund; and then turning to Mrs. Royaltan, she added: "You see, Rena, Hall explained it all to me, and I couldn't really blame him for the way he's acted. He was in an awful mess, and had led you and Miss Gale to imagine things that he couldn't get out of, very well. So, as long as I was the one he really wanted, you know, I thought—"

"You were the one he wanted!" Mrs. Royaltan exclaimed. "Well, then, I'd like to know what you think of that!" And she thrust her hand with the ruby ring into Carolyn's face.

Rosamund turned white. "What is it?" she stammered.

"It's an engagement ring, of course," said Mrs. Royaltan.

"Rena Royaltan," cried Carolyn, "do you mean to say that you have gone

behind my back and broken your promised word?"

Rosamund took it up. "You know you said you'd refuse him!"

"Well," said Mrs. Royaltan, "I can't help it, but I am engaged to Hall Bonistelle. You two girls must have made some big mistake, in some way; I don't understand it at all. But you can see for yourself—there's the ring!"

Carolyn looked at her coldly. "Rena Royaltan, you have lied to me! Well, what can you expect from a woman, anyway?"

"Yes," Rosamund added, "the minute your back is turned, and they'll stab you in the back, every time!"

"Why, I had no idea of breaking my word, Carolyn, you know I would never do such a thing as that. It would be utterly unlike me. I've always prided myself on my loyalty. But you see, when it's a case of a man's happiness at stake, his whole life—why, I simply had to sacrifice myself. I'm too generous, I suppose, but I simply had to do it!"

Carolyn gave a harsh laugh. "Well, then we are all three of us engaged to him, it seems. We'll have to draw lots for him. Or else stand in a row and let him choose."

"Well, I know one thing," said Rosamund, "I don't intend to release him!"

"Neither do I," agreed Mrs. Royaltan.

"Well, I don't mind a fight myself," Carolyn acknowledged, "when it's a question of four millions of dollars!"

"Hush!" cried Mrs. Royaltan suddenly, "here comes somebody!"

## CHAPTER XIV.

The three grew immediately silent, watching the door. Mr. Doremus was walking in with Jonas Hassingbury, talking, both were in high good humor, the attorney because of his pleasant social success, the Branford farmer because of the growing probability of his good fortune. They stood for a moment, looking about the studio, and then Mr. Doremus pointed to the clock.

"My word, Hassingbury, look at that! It's after twelve o'clock already!" He extended his hand ceremoniously. "Permit me to congratulate you, sir, upon your accession to the Bonistelle fortune! It is my practice, as you know, never to take sides. Er—that is, I seldom permit myself such partiality. So long, however, as fate has decided in your favor, I take pleasure in knowing that you are now the possessor of four million dollars!"

"What's he talking about?" Rosamund whispered wildly.

"Why, it can't be—" Carolyn began, but she was interrupted by the close of the lawyer's speech.

"It is, of course, to be regretted that one of you must inevitably lose, according to Bonistelle's will, and I am profoundly sorry for Mr. Hall Bonistelle, our host, who naturally will be disappointed."

Jonas Hassingbury, meanwhile, had taken out his watch, and was comparing it with the clock. "Er—of course—what's that you're saying?" he asked, a little confused. "Oh, Hall! Yes, yes, of course it is hard on Hall if I get the money—but then, and he

reached a place of safety she was drenched.

While she was standing in a doorway waiting for the rain to cease a red drop fell on her dress. "Oh, dear," thought Bessie, "I ran so fast that my nose is bleeding!" but when another drop fell, and it was not from her nose, she looked at the rim of her hat and found it was the color from the little red roses. Then she looked at her parasol. It was wet and there were red spots on it where it had rubbed against the roses as she held it over her head in the rain. Her feet were wet and she looked like a little kitten who had been dipped into a pail of water.

"I cannot get any wetter," she said at last; "I will run as fast as I can for home." Her mother took off the wet clothes and gave her a hot bath, but she did not mention the spoiled articles, and Bessie thought they were forgotten.

The next day when she came from school her mother was ripping the trimming from her hat. Then she told Bessie to take it to Jane and ask her to press it. Bessie did as when was told and brought it back, but when her mother began trimming the hat with the pressed ribbon she asked: "Are you going to give it to the cook's little girl?"

"No," answered her mother, "this is the only hat you have."

"But, mother, you do not expect me to wear that hat," exclaimed Bessie; "it is stained and the ribbon looks faded."

"I have fixed it as well as I could," said her mother. "You will have to wear it until it is time for a white hat."

"I shall have to have a new parasol," said Bessie; "that one is covered with red marks."

"You will have to go without one this summer," her mother replied.

Bessie began to cry.

"Go to your room," said her mother, "until you can stop crying and think about what I told you Sunday."

After a while she came out.

"I should have listened to you and not worn the hat or carried the parasol. I am sorry I am so willful," she said.

"I hope you will remember this," her mother told her, "for as you grow

older you will learn that no one has their own way in this world, and it is easier for you to learn that now than when you are a woman."

The hat caused Bessie many uncomfortable hours, but she wore it bravely through the season without complaining.



## BESSIE'S LESSON.

Bessie Carrol was a good little girl most of the time, but she had every reason to be, for her father and mother gave her everything she could wish for, and as she was never really bad they seldom had to cross her.

But her mother discovered that when she could not do just as she wished she looked very sober and sulky.

Her mother, of course, loved her very dearly, and she wanted everyone to love her little girl, so she made up her mind that when the opportunity presented itself she would teach Bessie a lesson that she would understand and bring before her, if possible, the fact that to have her own way was not always best for her happiness.

Bessie had very pretty dresses and hats, and one day in the early spring she wanted to wear a new hat and carry a new parasol which had been sent home the day before.

"I am sure it will rain before you return from Sunday school," her mother said; "you had better wear your other hat and wait until the weather is more settled. It is early and you will have plenty of times to wear the new one."

Bessie began to cry: "I want to wear my new hat," she said, "and carry my parasol. I do not believe it will rain at all today."

"Stop crying," said the mother, "and listen to me. I do not think it best you should wear the new hat, but you can do as you like, and whatever happens you must take the consequences."

Bessie put on her new hat and took the parasol, and she was all smiles when she went out of the door. At the gate she met her father. "You better not wear that pretty hat," he said; "I think it will rain, and an umbrella will be of more use than that little parasol."

"Mother said I might," said Bessie. "No, dear," said her mother, who was standing on the steps, "I said you could do as you wished, but I advised you not to wear them today; you are doing so because you wish to have your own way."

Bessie went to Sunday school feeling sure that her mother was mistaken about the rain, but when she came out it was pouring. She waited until the shower was over and then ran for home, but she had only gone a short distance when the rain came down again, and before she could

reach a place of safety she was drenched.

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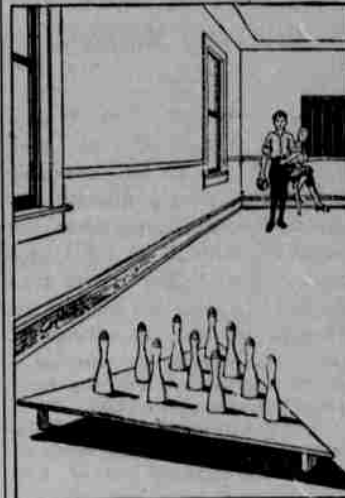
older you will learn that no one has their own way in this world, and it is easier for you to learn that now than when you are a woman."

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## CONVENIENCE OF PIN SETTER

Chief Drawback to Very Interesting Home Game Removed by Invention of Wooden Rack.

Bowling with a set of small tenpins, which can be purchased at a department store, is a very interesting game, writes F. K. Howard of Los Angeles in Popular Mechanics. The chief drawback, however, is the setting of



Device for Setting Pins.

the pins. With a little rack like the one shown in the illustration, the interest in the game may be increased considerably. It not only helps in setting the pins rapidly, but insures a good setting with the proper spacing between the pins. It is very simple to make, as it consists of a triangular piece of wood with ten holes bored into it at the proper places, the dimensions of which will be governed by the size of the pins, and three supports. The pins are dropped in the holes and the rack lifted from them.

## AMUSING GAME OF MEMORY

Players Sitting in Circle Pay Forfeits for Mistakes and Also When Caught Laughing.

This is a game of memory, in which you pay forfeits for mistakes and also for laughing.

The players sit in a circle, explains the Philadelphia Record. One begins by saying, solemnly, "One old ox opening oysters." Everybody repeats this in turn. Then she begins again, "One old ox opening oysters; two tired turtles trotting to Trenton." This goes round the circle. The next repetition is, "One old ox opening oysters; two tired turtles trotting to Trenton; three tame tigers taking tea." This is repeated by each one, always beginning at "One old ox," adding a new example each time. Some examples are given, but it is more fun to make them up as you go along.

"Four fat friars fishing for frogs."  
"Five faeries fighting furious frolics."  
"Six soldiers shooting snipe."  
"Seven salmon sailing southward."  
"Eight elegant engineers eating eggs."  
"Nine nimble noblemen nibbling nuts."  
"Ten tall tinkers tentatively tolling."  
"Eleven earnest emigrants eating early eggplants."  
"Twelve terrible tablebearers telling truths."

Blind Swimmers. It has been found that blind swimmers always swim in a straight line, and this gives them a decided advantage, for many experts have been beaten in races because they deviated from the shortest distance between two points. Doctor Campbell of the College for the Blind at Upper Norwood, England, who has made observations proving the statement just made, says that those who compete as fast swimmers ought to practice swimming with a bandage over their eyes, so that they may learn to take a straight course instinctively.

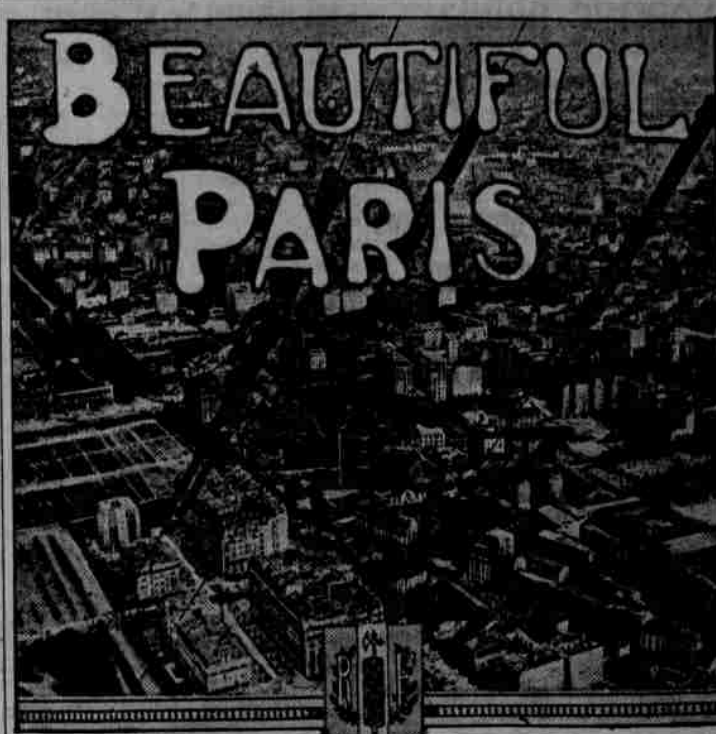
A Sprouting Acorn. Run a stout piece of thread through the middle of an acorn and suspend it by the thread halfway in a bottle. Drop in a few pieces of charcoal and fill the bottle with water until the water almost touches the acorn. Cover the mouth of the bottle with paper and stand it in a warm room. In time the acorn will sprout producing roots that will feed upon the water and finally a stem and leaves will appear. Replenish the water from time to time and change it occasionally.

Weather Wise Birds. The seagull makes a splendid living barometer. If a covey of seagulls fly seaward early in the morning, sailors and fishermen know that the day will be fine and the wind fair, but if the birds keep inland—though there be no haze hanging out toward the sea to denote unpleasant weather—interested folk know that the elements will be unfavorable.

Hardly. "Pop!" "Yes, my son." "Were there two of every kind in the ark?" "Yes, my son." "Then Noah had two wives, did he?"

A Misapprehension. "Pop, did the tournament you read about always take place in the daytime?" "Of course, my son." "Then why did they call them knight affairs?"

Hopeful. The New Parson—Well, I'm glad to hear you come to church twice every Sunday. Tommy—Yes, I'm not old enough to stay away yet.—London Opinion.



PARIS FROM THE EIFFEL TOWER

ONCE the gay capital of all the world of frivolity and fashion, Paris has been tremendously sobered by the great war. But it will still retain its place in the affections of lovers of the beautiful and the artistic.

Situated at the crossroads of southwestern Europe, at the meeting place of the great natural highways leading from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic through the Rhone valley, and from the Iberian peninsula to the heart of Europe through western France, Paris became a toll-taker from the world before

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