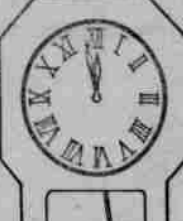


LOVE in a HURRY

By GELETT BURGESS
ILLUSTRATED by RAY WALTERS



CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

Flodie laid an affectionate hand on poor Alfred's shoulder. "It simply means that Alfred's true blue," she replied soberly. "He has the loyalty of a dog. It was awful of me to do it, though. I don't know what you'll think of me, Hall. But you haven't told him, yet, Alfred. Go on! And do hurry, please!"

"Well, she asked me to go down to the city hall with her, for to get a marriage license. This afternoon, it was, and you know what I thought. Well, we went up to the desk and we got a application—a printed paper it was tellin' all about what we was and how old, like, and we sat down to a table and Miss Fisher, here, she took a pen and ink."

"Hurry, Alfred, hurry!" cried Flodie impatiently.

"Well she went to work and wrote 'yesses' and 'noes' on the lines. And then she signed her name, Miss Fisher did, and she handed me the pen." Suddenly Alfred turned his head, and busied himself for a moment with his handkerchief. He returned to his narrative almost choking. "I was just a-goin' to sign Alfred J. Smallish; that's my name and what I always sign it, when she says to me, Miss Fisher did, 'You write down this here name what I tell you.' Hall Cutler Bonistelle she says. 'You asked me to ask you to do something hard for me, for to prove your love for me,' she says, and indeed I did, Mr. Bonistelle—and so I signed the paper, and she had it sworn to."

"Well, give me the paper, Alfred! Do hurry!" Flodie cried anxiously.

Alfred drew from his pocket the document, and handed it over to Hall.

Flodie bent over it. "You see, Alfred had to pretend he was you, that's all. He's the same color, you know—"

Hall looked up at Alfred, and smiled. "Well, I mean he's white," Flodie explained anxiously.

"Yes, he certainly is rather white," Hall remarked and turned again to look at the document.

"Of course we did have to lie a little, that is, Alfred did—about your father and mother, you know. I didn't know what their names were, so we had to call them John and Mary—you don't mind, do you?"

"Not at all."

"And you haven't any former wives, have you, living or dead?"

"Not one!" Hall was emphatic.

"Then it's a perfectly good license, and it fits you and there's your name and everything, and mine, too. You don't mind, do you, Hall, dear?" Flodie began to blush violently, and was very confused. "You see, I kind of thought you were going to ask me, I sort of felt it coming, and I knew you'd be too stupid to get one yourself!"

"Flodie—Fisher—Bonistelle!" he exclaimed, and threw up his hands. "You certainly are a business woman! I don't see what chance I'll have after we're married! But I'm perfectly willing to let you manage me, Flo. I certainly have botched things when ever I've tried to run them myself."

He turned to Alfred, who stood looking at his shoes. "And you committed perjury, Alfred, just for my sake?"

Alfred drew himself up proudly. "Not at all, Mr. Bonistelle. It was for Miss Fisher I done it!"

"Then you did it for me. By jove, Alfred, let me shake your hand. A man can't be thanked for a service like that, and he can't be rewarded; but if there's anything I can do for you, you name it!"

"There's only the one thing I want now, Mr. Bonistelle. Would you leave me be your best man at the wedding? There was once when I hoped I could be bridegroom myself, Mr. Bonistelle, but I see now that was foolish. But it would be a satisfaction to see the last of Miss Fisher, if you don't mind."

Hall, laughing, slapped him on the back. "Sure, Alfred! You can be the chief mourner, Alfred—that is, if this license is all right. Let's call in Mr. Doremus; he'll tell us." He started for the door, but Flodie had already beckoned to the attorney, who now came in with her.

"Well, we're going to have a ceremony, after all!" said Hall. "I'm going to take you at your word and let you marry me."

Flodie interrupted his reply. "What is the shortest possible way you can do it, and have it legal, Mr. Doremus?" she asked, nudging him anxiously.

"Oh, I'll fix that," said the lawyer. "It won't take two minutes."

"What's goin' on?" came a harsh voice at the door. Jonas Hassingbury was looking in.

"Come in, Jonas, come in and be 'among those present.' It's my merry marriage morn!" cried Hall gayly.

Flodie whispered to Alfred. "Run, Alfred, bring everybody in, quick!"

Alfred disappeared into the office and could be heard announcing the invitation.

Jonas, however, had begun to bristle. He strode up to his cousin belligerently. "Why, it ain't no use to get married now, Hall, you know that! Don't be foolish!"

OLD GREEK HAD RIGHT IDEA

Xenophon's Conception of the Dignity and Value of Agriculture is Beyond Criticism.

Xenophon's work on agriculture lacks the divine afflatus of the Georgics and the patient, comprehensive research of Varro's "De Re Rustica"; its more modest scope is shown by the name he gave it: "Oeconomicus," or, as Etienne de La Boetie rendered it, "La Menagerie"—a capital word,

"I told you what time to set it!" Flodie fairly yelled now. "And I told you half an hour ahead on purpose!"

Mr. Doremus held up his hand. "Sister!" he thundered. "Mr. Hassingbury," he declared solemnly, "there are witnesses enough present to prove that Mr. Bonistelle was married before midnight. As you are aware, I seldom take sides in any controversy, but in this case, my little friend here, Flodie—Bonistelle—completely won me over. There's no possible doubt that Mr. Bonistelle will inherit his uncle's fortune."

Hall burst out of his trance with a whoop. "Hurrah!" he screamed. "I've won four millions of dollars!"

Flodie stretched up on tiptoe and pulled down his dramatically extended hand. "No, sir," she announced. "I won it myself!"

THE END.

MOST PERFECT OF PLANTS

Working of the Human Body Makes Any Invention of Man Seem Like Plaything.

The most complicated manufacturing plant that ever existed is the human body as controlled under the scientific management of the brain and nervous system. No factory ever boasted a more efficient producer plant for converting fuel into energy. No plant ever had so well-designed a pumping system, nor one so perfect for the disposal of waste and sewage. Talk of up-to-date heating and ventilating, or interdepartment telephone! The best that our modern science can put into our shops is crude indeed as compared with that furnished by the Great Designer. Suppose that you went to a pump manufacturer with the following specifications:

"Wanted, a pump with capacity of one-quarter gallon a minute, to handle warm salty fluid, to work for seventy years night and day without a shut-down, at the rate of seventy strokes per minute. Must be guaranteed to operate for the full period of time without repairs or adjustments, to require no attention; must have automatic control and contain its own motive power, and must have a duty per million foot-pounds superior to the best triple-expansion high-duty unit ever made."

Do you think the manufacturer would bid for the job? If he were a timid man he would probably agree with you and tell you to come around next week, meanwhile edging you toward the door before your insanity took a violent form. Or if he were not afraid of lunatics he would say: "You poor bug, such a pump as you speak of never existed nor ever will exist in the brain of a perpetual-motion freak such as I see before me!" Which shows how much he knows about it, for both you and he carry just such a pump around with you, and each of you thinks too much of your possession to let it for any money.—John H. Van Deventer, in the Engineering Magazine.

SAVED MASTER FROM DEATH

Small Dog Is Patted as a Hero in the Paris Hospitals, as Reward for Faithfulness.

In one of the Paris hospitals lives a dog, a brown-and-white setter, named Fend l'Air (cleave the air), who is a real hero of the war. His master, a sergeant of zouaves, is a patient in the hospital, and he owes his frail hold on life to the devotion and intelligence of Fend l'Air. When the regiment left Algeria for France the little creature leaped into the water and swam along behind the ship until the captain, taking pity on him, had him taken on board. From that time he has never left his master.

During the fighting at Rochencourt, near Arras, an exploding bomb buried the sergeant and seven other men with earth. They were badly injured, and so deeply covered that no man had the strength to fight his way out. But, luckily, Fend l'Air escaped the bomb. He at once began to scratch, and he scratched and scratched until he had reached his master and dragged him out to safety. The seven other men died.

The wounded sergeant and his dog were sent from one relief station to another until they found permanent care in this Paris hospital. Good nursing has saved the man, but too much attention almost killed the dog; for the nurses and orderlies fed him so lavishly that promiscuous feeding had to be forbidden.

Now Fend l'Air lives in the hospital kitchen, where he has assumed the duty of guard, and growls savagely at anyone who enters the kitchen—unless they belong there. Every day a nurse takes him to the wards to visit his master, and Fend l'Air puts his nose on the sergeant's shoulder and stands contented as long as he is permitted to remain. The great affection that exists between the sergeant and his dog is very charming.—Youth's Companion.

A Strenuous Finale.

"When Professor Scrapezo plays the violin his very soul seems on the concert," exclaimed Mrs. Prebson after the first.

"Umph!" replied Mr. Prebson, whose favorite amusement is baseball. "I don't know about his soul, but when he was finishing up that last piece I expected at any moment to see his fiddle strings smoking."

Would Be a Boon.

Any guy who would invent something effective to take the cut out of the cutworm would be sure of everlasting fame.—Boston Globe.

Remarkable Dental Work.

A dental achievement of a most remarkable nature was recently described at a lecture in London. It was stated that during the battle of Neuve Chapelle a young officer, a lieutenant in a Highland regiment, had his face half-turned upward, when a piece of shell struck the left side of his face and blew away most of the lower jaw. Incredible though it may seem, the doctor put a new floor to the man's mouth, actually induced two inches of bone to grow on the lower jaw, fixed complete artificial teeth, and healed the remains of the lips, with the result that now the man is as normal as ever, and the only result of his mishap is a slight scar on the mouth.

Malicious Insultation.

"Miss Primmer tells me that her hair turned gray in a single night."

"That must have been the night she forgot to put the bleach on."

CHANGED HER VIEWS

Aunt Emily Saw Things in a Different Light.

Ready to Kill Driver Who Had Almost Run Her Down, But Had No Mercy When She Was in the Auto.

In a street in Richmond stood Aunt Emily, with her hat askew upon her woolly old white head, and a large and vicious-looking cobblerstone in one hand. She had every appearance of a staid colored mammy of the antebellum strain, who had determined to break somebody's jaw and was about to begin the assault. Amid wagons, taxicabs, traffic of all sorts dashing madly at auntie from all sides, she held her ground valiantly, evidently determined not to fire that rock until she saw the whites of her enemies' eyes.

While thus engaged, and while the fire shot from her outraged eyes, a gentleman drew up to the curb in a finely-equipped roadster and called out to her:

"What in the name of common sense are you doing there, auntie?"

To which the belligerent one replied:

"Lawdie, Mistah John, one o' these yer autovillains come 'long jes' now and lak to knock me down. An' Ah jes' gwine stay heah till he come back, and Ah spects to break he half wid dis yer rock."

"Look here," said the man. "Miss Lou is waiting for you to come home."



A Large and Vicious-Looking Cobblestone in One Hand.

and get luncheon ready. Step into this car and I'll drive you home."

Auntie pondered for a moment before replying:

"Ah nevah road in one dose contraptions."

"I'll take care of you. Hurry up now."

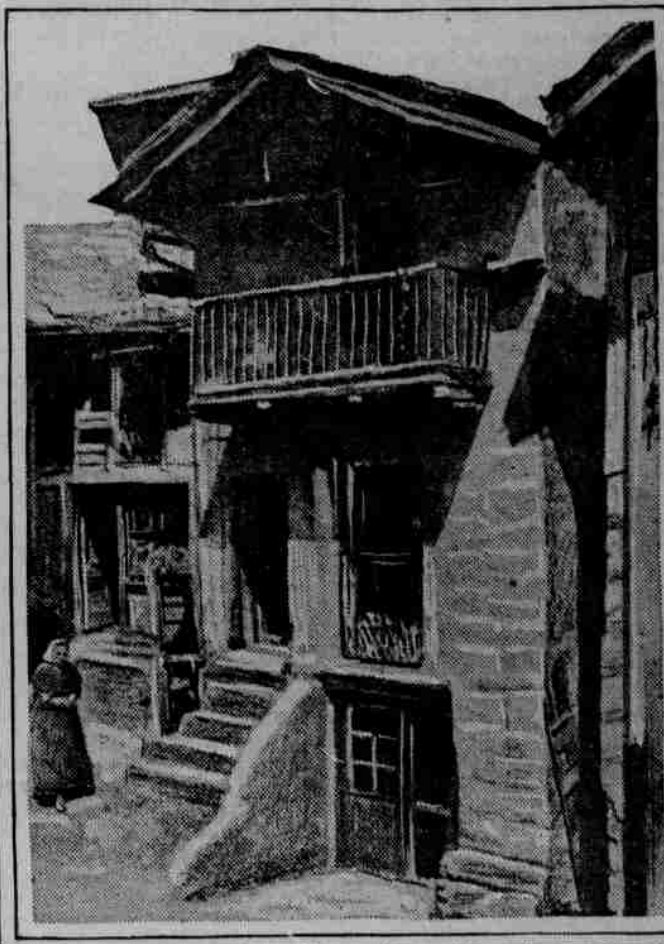
So auntie gathered her voluminous skirts, and with many evident misgivings took her seat in a racing road car that could touch ninety miles an hour and never feel the strain. She clung to the seat tightly as the car started off, and hung on for dear life as it swung a corner. She grabbed "Mistah John" by the arm in her fright and begged him to let her out as they threaded neatly through the crowded Richmond thoroughfares.

WOULD EXTEND GOATKEEPING

English Head of Club Advocates Expansion in the Raising of These Useful Animals.

Goatkeeping by the small holder has increased considerably since the war, and suburban residents, too, have found the ownership of a goat or two less troublesome and more profitable than pigeons, rabbits, or even poultry, remarks the London Times. In view, however, of Rev. A. C. Atkins, founder of the new National Utility Goat club, the keeping of goats for utility purposes should be more largely extended, and with this aim he is taking a census of all the goats in the country. "There are thousands of goats kept for utility purposes in the country," he says, "and everybody who has had one knows their value. They are little trouble; they all have to do is to keep them clean and provide them with a shelter, as they do not like wet. For a trifling expense and a little attention you can grow your own milk, which is delicious for all culinary

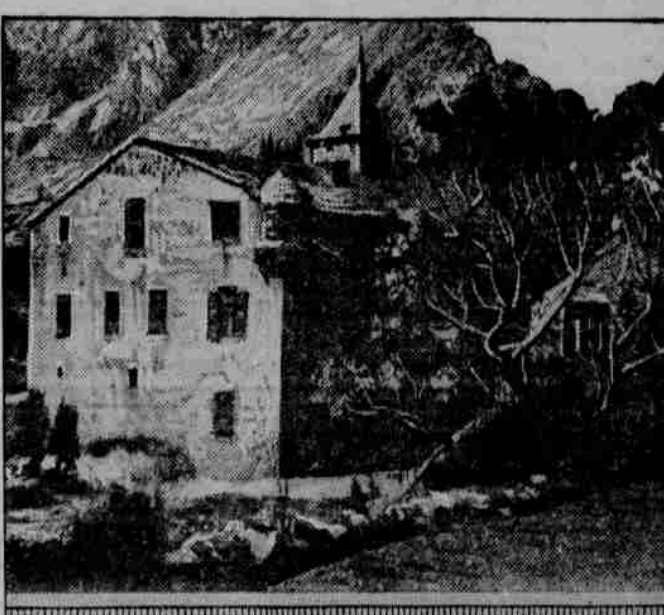
IN LITTLE ANDORRA



STREET SCENE IN ANDORRA LA VIELLA.

WHEN the president of Andorra sent a message to President Wilson, many an American was compelled to hunt up on the map the location of the tiny republic in the Pyrenees. "Who has ever been in Andorra?" asked the Chicago Evening Post, and in reply Marion H. Drake wrote:

"In the summer of 1913 I tried to reach this quaint, ancient and hidden republic from the Spanish side, but could gain no assurance from any tourist office in Madrid that it was accessible, so I went the long way around, via Barcelona, Perpignan, Carcassonne, Toulouse, Foix and Ax-les-Thermes, in France. Here I was warned that the trip was dangerous, that there were smugglers and brigands and terrible mountain storms, and that a woman who took this trip might not return alive. This only whetted my traveler's spirit, and I bought a pair of hump-soled shoes, packed a knapsack, strapped a camera over my shoulder and went by post-chaise to L'Hospitallet, where I encountered as guide an Andorran boy, handsome, respectful and neatly dressed in brown corduroy, who was working at the dirty little inn, hired



"THE CASA DE LA VALL."

a mountain horse, and with suppressed excitement started over the rocky pathway back of the rude little church of this far-north town of France.

"I walked and rode over loose stones, on narrow and fearsome ledges, at times above and often below cascades, over hard, sharp, cutting, slippery slates, past quaint stone shrines with iron crosses, tiny terraced fields of vegetables and tobacco, perpendicular hayfields amid the wonderful stillness of the lofty Pyrenees and the noisy, rushing torrents. I waded through trickling, cool brooks, where rivers were born, and stopped the first night at Soldeu, where I found good food, white tablecloth and napkins and slept in a room with a rough stone floor, on a good bed, with

dozen towns and some five thousand inhabitants.

The capital, Andorra la Vella, has a population of 500 and contains the Casa de la Vall, or house of representatives. This is a large sixteenth-century building at the extremity of the town, overlooking the valley toward Spain. It is parliament house, town hall, school, palace of justice and hotel for the councilors all in one. It is also used as a temporary prison in the rare cases when a prison is necessary. Crime in Andorra is practically unknown. The only Andorrans suffering imprisonment are the smugglers of tobacco caught by the French or Spanish customs officers, and these are not looked upon as malefactors by their fellow citizens. Smuggling is regarded as a legitimate trade.

Attached to the exterior of the suit is a long tube curled back and forth until the entire person of the wearer is protected by a cushion of air. The latter is pumped into the tube in the same manner as a tire is inflated, and when it is desired to pack the suit the air may be allowed to escape so that the outfit will take up as little space as possible. The inflation and deflation is done through the means of the check valves at the sleeves and at the trousers' top.

Perpetual Restraint.

"When I was a boy," said Mr. Cumrox, "my father used to reprove me for reading dime novels."

"It was meant for the best."

"But a person ought to get beyond that sort of discipline sometime. Now my daughters reprove me for wanting to see all the moving pictures."

The Masculine View.

His Wife—Isn't my new gown quite becoming to me, dear?

Her Husband—Sure thing. And I suppose the bill for it will soon be coming to me.

Sympathetic.

"I'm sorry you don't admire Mr. Gumpins," said the tactful woman. "His ancestors were very distinguished and estimable people."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenna. "What a misfortune for his family that so many of them died."

NO ANIMOSITY NOW

Century Has Wrought Change in Feelings.

French Soldiers View Mementoes of the Downfall of Napoleon, Exhibited in British Capital, Without Expression of Emotion.

Every American visitor to London, probably, makes a call at the three-story building opposite the Horse Guard, the former banqueting hall of the palace of Whitehall, from a window on the second floor of which King Charles I stepped onto the execution platform and, after addressing the gathered throng, bravely met his tragic fate, remarks the London Times.

The building is now called the Royal United Service Museum, and in the main hall, contrasting strangely with the richly figured ceilings by Peter Paul Rubens, are thousands of relics recalling the almost numberless wars in which the manhood of this country has engaged.

Yesterday the writer followed through the turnstile of the museum two French infantry soldiers, on leave from the front, fresh from months of fighting, side by side with Tommy Atkins, against a common foe. In the great hall, in enormous show cases, are models setting out the exact positions at the battles of Trafalgar and Waterloo, those historic combats on land and on sea which did so much to mar the fortunes of Napoleon and to shatter the predominant position of France.

In one case, little patches of make-believe smoke trace the two lines, the allies and the French, while clusters of tiny red brick houses mark the positions of villages of Belgium familiar even to every follower of the present world struggle.

In the second case the fleet of Nelson is shown at the critical moment when, led by the Victory and the Fighting Temeraire, it pierced the lines of the French and Spanish fleets. Indeed, it seemed to the writer as he hung over the showcases and studied the positions, that Nelson used the "phalanx" as effectively as did Von Mackensen in Galicia, and as French and Joffre are trying to do in France and Belgium now.

But, beside these two cases, there are more immediate links with the French and English past. Nearby is the skeleton of Napoleon's favorite charger. In another case is the curved sword worn by Wellington at most of his famous engagements. Many are the relics of the peninsula campaign.

Here is the uniform, cape and hat worn by Wellington during the whole peninsula campaign, and "deposited" in the museum by his valet. On every side are guns taken from the French, while overhead are battle flags bearing the scars of honorable warfare.

And the two French soldiers viewed it all without enmity or unpleasant comment.

PROTECTION FOR THE RACER

Novel Armored Suit That It Is Thought Would Save Life in Event of Accident.

A pneumatic armor has been patented for the purpose of saving the lives of motor-cycle riders, and particularly racers, who, with this pro-



ductive garb, may smash into each other or dive into a fence without the least regard for the consequences. The armor consists of a one-piece suit of stout material into which the wearer is laced.

Attached to the exterior of the suit is a long tube curled back and forth until the entire person of the wearer is protected by a cushion of air. The latter is pumped into the tube in the same manner as a tire is inflated, and when it is desired to pack the suit the air may be allowed to escape so that the outfit will take up as little space as possible. The inflation and deflation is done through the means of the check valves at the sleeves and at the trousers' top.

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