

Love in a Hurry

By GELETT BURGESS
Illustrated by Ray Walters

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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, and that his business is in bad financial shape. Mr. Doremus, attorney and justice of the peace, calls and informs Hall that his Uncle John's will has left him \$4,000.00 on condition that he marry before his twenty-eighth birthday, which begins at midnight that night. Mrs. Rena Royaltan calls at the studio. Hall asks her to marry him. She agrees to give him an answer at the party that night. Miss Carolyn Daillys 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 way out of the mixup, but he is obtuse. Jonas Hassingbury, heir to the millions in case Hall fails to marry on time, calls.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

Flodie stared at him fascinated, as a bird by a snake. Try as she could, it was impossible to deny his accusation.

"Hold on a minute, now!" He shook his finger impressively. "I'd give a good deal if I was satisfied he wouldn't be married before midnight."

Flodie could stand it no longer. It was useless to attempt to hide her feelings from this man. Her heart was bursting. "Oh, so would I, if I had the money!" she cried, weebegone.

Jonas leaned back, with a smile of victory on his face. "Wall, I guess I got to the woman of it at last," he gloated. "All women is just alike, when you come right down to it. 'One man among a thousand have I found; but a woman among all those have I not found'—that is, different. But that's neither here nor there. I suspected you was sweet on Hall; your face give you dead away. Wall, then, miss," he brought it out deliberately, "seems to me our interests ought to be identical."

"What'd you mean?" Something in Flodie's subconsciousness was awakened.

"You, bein' a woman, don't want him to marry anybody else. Wall, neither do I." He watched her closely, heartlessly.

"I see," said Flodie frigidly, "because you'd lose a fortune."

"Oh, it ain't the money, miss, don't you misinterpret my motives. I don't want a cent of it for myself. It's what I can do with it. See here; if Hall gets that money, he's bound to throw it away on all sorts of foolishness. If he marries tonight, some sheep-headed, extravagant woman will have the spendin' of it." He watched the shaft strike Flodie, and went on. "Whereas, if I inherit it—why, I got my plans all laid out a'ready." He leaned forward earnestly. "Why, do you know, miss, they's heathen in the tropics what don't know what clothes be, let alone the Bible. They tell me they ain't a toothbrush nor a pair o' corsets in all Polynesia. And all of them miserable niggers got to be damned everlasting. Then they's hospitals I intend to endow, and tracts ought to be printed." But Flodie's eyes were cast down. He saw that he had lost his audience, and came back to his best argument. "Think o' Hall's wife throwin' that cash round on parties, and low-necked dresses—to say nothin' o' balls and concerts and theaters!"

"Well," Flodie said, with a pathetic look in her face, "I don't see what we can do about it. He's made up his

mind to marry tonight, and he's already proposed to three women."

Jonas whistled long and low. "Looks like we got to get to work in a hurry, don't it? See here, miss," he spoke slowly and emphatically. "You can do it. Why, women is born for tricks like this. What's that Jeremiah says? 'A woman shall compass a man.' That's right, too. You'll find a way and depend on me to help all I can. What'd ye say?"

Flodie's mind had already jumped to the task. Why not try to save Hall?—that was the excuse she gave herself. To be disloyal to him was unthinkable, but to prevent a lifelong unhappiness due to his marrying any one of the three women he had proposed to—ah, that was another thing! What if she could accomplish it, and get the best of this scheming hypocrite into the bargain? There was a magnificent chance for a woman's strategy! Suddenly the thought came, beautiful, complete. She jumped up excitedly. "I know!" she cried.

"What? Got an idee a'ready?" Jonas grinned.

"Yes! I'll tell you. I'm going to get those three women together in this room—and then—I'll just let nature take its course! If something doesn't happen, then I don't know anything about women."

Jonas chuckled, delighted. "Wall, that will be a picnic, won't it! By jiminy, I'd like to see the fun!"

"No," said Flodie, "you'll have to leave. I've got lots to do, if I'm to manage this thing, and I've got to do it alone. Now, let's see! Wait a minute—Hall's giving a party tonight. Suppose I tell him that I invited you, and you come round at about eleven o'clock. Then I'll tell you how matters are going."

"Eleven o'clock! Lord, I generally git to bed by ten."

"You won't tonight, then. Better drink some coffee if you're sleepy. And I guess it'll be worth sitting up for. Good afternoon, Mr. Hassingbury!" Flodie did not offer to shake hands.

Jonas gazed at her in ever-growing admiration. "Say, miss," he ventured, "it ain't often I get loony over a woman. I don't trust 'em enough. But I've took considerable fancy to you, somehow. You got a good head on your shoulders, you have!"

Flodie evaded his hand. "Well, it's likely to stay there, I'm afraid. At any rate, it'll never be on yours, Mr. Hassingbury."

With which Flodie went, without honoring him with another glance, into the stockroom, leaving him to take his departure alone.

CHAPTER VII.

After Jonas Hassingbury had left, Flodie went to the telephone and called up a number.

"Mrs. Royaltan. . . . Yes, this is Miss Fisher—at Mr. Bonistelle's, you know. . . . about your pictures. . . . Could you drop in this afternoon and see some proofs? . . . Oh, yes, lovely, I think. . . . About three o'clock, if you will. . . . Good-by!"

Next she called up Miss Daillys, and said nearly the same thing; both ladies agreed to call. But how about Rosamund? She wandered from studio to studio. Well, Flodie must risk it. Perhaps she could be found later. Meanwhile she had much to do. She flew back to the printing room, and went to work on the negatives. They must all be finished before the ladies arrived, that they might suspect nothing. Quickly her fingers flew. Suddenly she looked up. Who was that in the office? Flodie went in and found Alfred the Pale, with a big bunch of evergreen garlands. He pulled off his hat and grinned.

"Will I fix up the studio now?" he asked.

"Yes," said Flodie, "right away." She held up a proof of Carolyn Daillys and inspected it critically. Alfred, meanwhile, was regarding his idol

"Well, why don't you go ahead about it?" Flodie inquired severely.

"Say, Miss Fisher," Alfred set down his bundle and approached her. "It's so hard to ketch you alone, you know—"

"No, I don't. We must have those decorations up in a hurry." Flodie, however, did see something in the poor janitor's face which made her start hastily for the stockroom.

"Oh, I know it ain't no use, Miss Fisher, but it'll be a satisfaction even to be thrown down. It'll be something, anyway. I can't stand it any longer."

Flodie stared at the hopeless janitor. Faint heart ne'er won fair lady, but still, his look was flattering. There was a mild balm in his devotion, as he fawned on her. It softened her heart. "Now, Alfred," she began, "don't you be silly!"

"I just can't help it, Miss Fisher!" he exclaimed. "I got to be silly! If I didn't see you every day, here—oh, dear, ain't they any hope for me? Not never?"

He waited a moment, wistfully. Flodie watched him with a curious far-away interest, as at an injured animal. Then she said gently, "It's not use, Alfred. You know I couldn't possibly. I don't want you to say another word about it." Flodie, as she spoke, fingered a thin gold chain about her neck. Dangling, warm on her breast, was a tiny golden locket, one of Hall Bonistelle's few gifts, treasured jealously by Flodie, worn night and day.

Alfred Smallish had already given up all hope. "Oh, I know," he said



"It's Hard to Ketch You Alone, You Know—"

apathetically. "Of course I'm nothin' but a janitor—now—but Miss Fisher, if I only had you I'd show 'em. And—say, don't go yet, please, Miss Fisher—wait till I get rid of it for once and for all—it'll do me good—you wouldn't ever have the likes of me, I know—that ain't all of it—it's only I want to do something for you, just to prove how I feel! If I could only help you some way!—don't you understand how it is, Miss Fisher? Won't you give me a try sometime? That's all I want now!"

Flodie, leaning against the table, watched him with tears in her eyes. Ah, Flodie understood! How well she knew! She could no longer laugh at him. Kindly she stretched forth her hand; and the janitor who, in all his life had never known gallantry, reached for it, and kissed it as naturally as might a courtier. He touched Flodie's little hand as if it were a holy relic; and on it there fell a soft rain of tears.

Flodie bit her lip; she slowly shook her head. "I'm awfully sorry, Alfred, really; but I don't see what I can do."

Alfred's lips quivered, and his hands writhed as he replied: "Why, all I

want you to do is to promise, Miss Fisher—ask me to do something for you. Something hard to do. The very hardest thing you know. Why, I'd do anything, Miss Fisher, anything!"

Alfred meant literally what he said. She put her soft hand in his. "I know what you mean, Alfred," she said soberly. "You're so good! I'll call on you if ever I need you. I'll promise." She turned a little sadly back to her desk.

"All right." Alfred's look feasted on her. He paused by the door. "It's really more than I ever hoped for, Miss Fisher, what you just said! Thank you!" He left, almost with dignity.

Flodie turned to her work. From the telephone to her printing she vibrated, and from that to her accounts, occasional inspection of Alfred's progress, and arrangements for the evening's refreshments. Meanwhile her busy mind was going over the problem of managing her trio of rivals. If she could only find Rosamund! Rosamund she had, from the first, disliked; she had always resented her appearance. Now she fairly longed for her to open the door. She thought and thought of some possible way to reach her.

In a half hour, miraculously, as if summoned by Flodie's mental demand, who but Rosamund did open the door!—Rosamund Gale, more patronizing, more assured and nonchalant than ever.

"Hello," she said coolly; "Hall here?" She sauntered up to the mirror and poked at her golden ringlets. "Why, no. Mr. Bonistelle has just left," said Flodie, suspiciously cordial, stopping her writing. "But I'm expecting him any minute. Won't you wait?"

Rosamund craned her neck, trying to catch a glimpse of her barrette. "Those pictures of mine developed?"

"No, Miss Gale. Mr. Bonistelle had to work on some of his customers. I'm sorry."

"Well, I should think he might get mine done first. I was in an awful hurry to see 'em."

"Well, he has to attend to business part of the time, you know, Miss Gale," said Flodie.

"Oh, indeed!" Rosamund gave her a long, cruel stare. "I don't see why he bothers about his old business so much. He can afford to take it easy, well enough."

"Well, of course I wouldn't say anything about it to a customer, you know, but so long as you and Hall are such great friends, why,—well, the fact is, I'm rather worried."

Flodie noted with glee that Rosamund was losing color.

"Do you mean to say that Hall Bonistelle isn't doing as well as—well, as well as he says?" Rosamund demanded.

Flodie smiled with secret satisfaction. "Oh, I wouldn't exactly say that, you know, but then—well, it costs a lot to run this place. Here, look at those bills! I don't think he'd mind, so long as it's your!" She handed Rosamund a neatly folded parcel. "I don't know how in the world we're ever going to pay them!"

Rosamund turned them over curiously, frowning. "H'm!" she said to herself, through tightened lips. "Quite a bunch of 'em, isn't there? Why, I don't see how he can expect to—"

Flodie, seeing her advantage, artfully receded. "Oh, Mr. Bonistelle is optimistic, you know. He always thinks he's going to come out all right. Just a wee bit reckless, perhaps, but then,—well, I guess it'll be all right."

Leaving this to sink into Rosamund's alarmed mind, Flodie walked into the stockroom and proceeded with her printing and washing.

"Say, Miss Fisher!" Rosamund called out, "how much salary do you get, anyway?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The salary of captains of the transatlantic liners of the larger class runs from £800 to £1,200 a year—or from \$4,000 to \$6,000 in American money.

WOMEN WHO ARE ALWAYS TIRED

May Find Help in This Letter.

Swan Creek, Mich.—"I cannot speak too highly of your medicine. When



through neglect or overwork I get run down and my appetite is poor and I have that weak, languid, always tired feeling, I get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it builds me up, gives me strength, and restores me to perfect health again. It is truly a great blessing to women, and I cannot speak too highly of it. I take pleasure in recommending it to others."—Mrs. ANNIE CAMERON, R.F.D., No. 1, Swan Creek, Michigan.

Another Sufferer Relieved. Hebron, Me.—"Before taking your remedies I was all run down, discouraged and had female weakness. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used the Sanative Wash, and find today that I am an entirely new woman, ready and willing to do my housework now, where before taking your medicine it was a dread. I try to impress upon the minds of all ailing women I meet the benefits they can derive from your medicines."—Mrs. CHARLES ROWE, Kennebeco, Maine.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Don't Persecute Your Bowels
Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal, harsh, unnecessary. Try CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate bile, and soothe the delicate membrane of the bowels. Cures Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache and indigestion, as millions know. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

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Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J.C. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Unpreparedness.
"Was that speech you delivered extemporaneous?"
"No," replied Senator Sorghum. "I had to read it from notes. I didn't have time to commit an extemporaneous speech to memory."
Beautiful, clear white clothes delights the laundress who uses Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers. Adv.
The old toper frequently gets away with more than he can carry.

MADE A MATTER OF BARTER

John Wanted Contract to Be Explicit as to the Ownership of Those Trousers.

A village clergyman in England, walking round his parish, met an old parishioner. "Well, John," he said, "how is it I have not seen you at church for several Sundays?" "Hain't got no Sunday trousers," answered John. "Well," said the clergyman, "I think we can remedy that. I have a pair at home which will just about fit you, and I will have them sent to you today. Thank'ee!" said John. The trousers were duly sent, and the following three Sundays John was seen at church. Then, after being absent for some time, the clergyman again met him. "Well, John," he said, "you have no excuse for not coming to church lately. How is it I have not seen you there?" "Look here, parson!" said John. "I like a man to speak plain. I know what you mean; you're a-thinking about them trousers. I come to church three Sundays, an', if you don't think I earned

them trousers, just tell me how many more Sundays I shall ha' to come afore they're mine altogether!"

The Vanishing Road.

We are all treading the vanishing road of a song in the air, the vanishing road of the spring flowers and the winter snows, the vanishing roads of the winds and the streams, the vanishing road of beloved faces. But in this great company of vanishing things we feel that there is a reassuring comradeship. We feel that we are the units in a vast ever-moving army, the vanguard of which is in eternity. The road still stretches ahead of us. For a little while yet we shall experience all the zest and bustle of marching feet. The swift running seasons, like couriers bound for the front, shall still find us on the road, and shower on us in passing their blossoms and their snows. For a while the murmur of the running stream of Time shall be our fellow wayfarer—till, at last, up there against the skyline, we too turn and wave our hands, and know for ourselves where the road wends as it

goes to meet the stars. And others will stand as we today and watch us as we disappear, and wonder how it seemed to us to turn that radiant corner and vanish with the rest along the vanishing road.—From "Vanishing Roads," by Richard Le Gallienne.

Case of Forgetfulness.

Mrs. Sherburne Hopkins, who recently left society for the stage, smiled the other evening when the conversation at a social affair turned to forgetfulness. She said she was reminded of an incident along that line. Some days ago Brown was rambling along the boulevard when he met Green. Cordial handshake, a donation of cigars, and then some talk. "By the way, old man," wonderingly queried Brown, glancing at the other's hand, "what have you got a string tied around that finger for?" "My wife put it there," replied Green. "It was to remind me to mail a letter for her." "I see," laughingly returned Brown. "Did you mail it?" "No," was the smiling response of Green, "she forgot to give it to me."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Honesty of Millers.

The revelations as to the huge profits made by certain millers recall the belief prevalent so far back as the days of Chaucer that this trade lends itself to sharp practices. This belief is illustrated by an epitaph in the churchyard of Great Gaddesden, Hertfordshire, England, commemorating "Mr. Thomas Cook, late of Noak mill, in this parish, who departed this life December 8, 1830, aged seventy-seven years. He was a good husband and tender father, and an honest man, although a miller." Even more pointed is an inscription copied by an eighteenth century diarist from a tombstone at Calne:

God works wonders now and then; Here lies a miller—an honest man.

Sizing Up Baby.

"Which side of the house do you think the baby resembles most?" proudly asked young Popjoy. "Well—h'm!" answered Smith. "I can't see that he looks so very much like the side of a house."—Woman's Home Companion.

Be Warned in Time

Do you have backache? Are you tired and worn out? Feel dizzy, nervous and depressed? Are the kidney secretions irregular? Highly colored; contain sediment? Likely your kidneys are at fault. Weak kidneys give warning of distress. Heed the warning; don't delay—Use a tested kidney remedy. None so well-recommended as Doan's Kidney Pills. None so universally successful.

An Ohio Case

"Every Five Years Tell a Story"
Mrs. John Campbell, 308 S. R. & C. Ave., Van Wert, Ohio, says: "For years I had depressing pains in my back and hips with many other symptoms of kidney trouble. My back was weak and I couldn't rest well, getting up in the morning tired and discouraged. I kept getting worse until I used Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured the backache, made my kidneys normal and strengthened me greatly."

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