

# 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—er—supper is served!" he announced, and coughed into his hand.

The three scubettes who had been pelting Mr. Doremus with pinks, 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 steely 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—of all women—getting caught like that! 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 thrash 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 drawled.

"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!" Lastly, 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 knew, was in his own mouth. He dashed up and down the room fretfully, 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!'"

Now what?" She took a cigarette from the table and gracefully lit it. She puffed out the smoke, and yawned.

As she drew in her line thus, his frenzied struggles were getting shorter, but more violent. "Oh, hang it all, Carolyn, you know I was only fooling, of course! Why, we were laughing all the time, you know that! I had no idea you'd ever accept me! Do you mean to tell me that you are in love with me?" he asked bitingly.

"Not at all! I see no need of lying about it, whatever. But you certainly do amuse me." Her eyes danced.

"Well, I should say it was hardly enough to accept a man simply because he amused you!" This was the best Hall could do, now; he was getting winded.

"Oh, yes," she replied jauntily, "on the contrary, I'm quite sure that I shall want to be amused all my life—especially when I'm married."

"Heavens! Do you consider that we are engaged?"

She looked at him with surprised eyes. Her fishing was approaching a climax. She began to wind in her line to short length, speaking incisively. "See here, Hall, you're not trying to get out of it, or anything, are you?"

Hall gasped, wearied with the duel. "Now, Carolyn, let me explain just how it is—I'll have to tell you something—I want to—hang it—you make it so damned hard for me—what I mean is—"

Carolyn rose and looked him in the eye. She laid her hand on him; and, soft as was its touch, he felt as if it were gripping him like a handcuff. "Hall, see here! Are you trying to get out of it, or aren't you? Just tell me that!"

"Why—why, I think you're carrying the joke a little too far, Carolyn, that's all—honestly I do!"

Carolyn now had him at the edge of the boat. She jerked him in with a laugh. "My dear old Hall," she said, and her voice was honey-sweet. "I'm carrying it only far enough to want to wear that ring you bought today for me. Where is it?" She actually began to feel in his waistcoat pocket.

He backed off in terror. "I haven't any ring!"

Carolyn smiled. "Well, never mind. We don't want anyone to know just yet, anyway, do we? Kings can wait. Now come over here and sit down, and I'll tell you exactly what we're going to do." She proceeded to lead him, too dazed to resist, toward the couch where they sat down together.

"Now be brave," she said, smiling. "I'll let you hold my hand. You do just what I say, and you'll never regret it. I hate engagements; they have neither the excitement of courtship, nor the satisfaction of matrimony. So, at just nine o'clock tomorrow morning, you are going to call on me and we'll toddle down to a justice of the peace. We'll just cut out the white veil and downcast eyes and everything. All you'll have to do is to put a gold band on my finger; and my share will be to say 'I will' and become Mrs. Hall Bonistelle. What's the matter?"

Hall was staring toward the door. "My cousin Jonas," he said.

"Oh, bother!" Carolyn's eyes shot fire. "Just as we want to arrange everything."

Jonas Hassingbury, tall and gaunt, eating a lettuce sandwich, strolled in, as cool and self-possessed as the most experienced cotillion leader in town. He was perfectly sure of himself; without wealth, or power or social training, he was blessed with an egoism that a king might have envied. Jonas had never been embarrassed in his life.

Hall looked at him, for the first time with relief, and rose.

"Miss Dallys," he said, "let me present my cousin, Mr. Hassingbury."

Jonas put the sandwich behind his back, and bowed. Carolyn looked up at him, annoyed.

"Dallys?" Jonas queried, "never heard of that name before, to my knowledge. What be ye, Portuguese?" With the grace of a veteran, he dropped down beside her on the couch.

At any other time Carolyn would have welcomed his quaint charm. But her eyes were now for Hall, and she was anxious. Her answer was vague.

Jonas, however, did not appear to notice it. His work was plain. He had to make himself attractive, and get rid of Hall. He launched forth, therefore, on a description of the town of Branford while Carolyn yawned behind her fan.

At the first pause Hall broke in. "By jove, Carolyn, I've got to get some photographs in my room I promised to show Mr. Doremus! Cousin Jonas will take care of you all right, Carolyn. He's a great man for the ladies!" and with this slid out of range of her protest.

Carolyn pulled herself together to make the best of it. This yoke must be got rid of at once. She leaned toward him with ardor.

"Oh, Mr. Hassingbury, do you really think I'm pretty? You must have known so many beautiful women—in Branford!"

"Yes, that's right!" said Jonas, with

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 Gale.

## 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. Roylston, 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 succeeded! 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



It Was Already Twenty Minutes to Twelve.

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, Flodie; 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, Flodie, look at the clock! It's nearly twelve! I have only fifteen minutes more, Flodie! 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.

Protect Against Cholera.

The only means of protecting the hog against cholera is by inoculation with hog cholera serum, or with hog cholera serum and virus.

The serum alone confers an immunity lasting from six to eight weeks, while the double treatment (inoculation of the hog on one side with serum and on the other side with virus) shows a lasting or permanent immunity to hog cholera.

Retain Moisture in Soil.

The moisture that falls from the sky is likely to be sucked up again unless prevented. Frequent shallow cultivation means that it will be retained in the soil.

Establishing Alfalfa.

The sowing of alfalfa in wide rows and giving cultivation between the rows has proved to be the most certain way of establishing this great crop in all the different areas.

## WATER USED BY MANY CROPS

Alfalfa, When Once Started, Can Withstand Almost Any Degree of Drought for Long Periods.

Drought resistance in crops does not seem to be so much a matter of using a small amount of water as of ability to go after water in the soil or to wait until moisture comes. This conclusion may be drawn from investigations being made by the United States department of agriculture in Colorado, to determine the water requirements of different kinds of plants.

Alfalfa is generally considered a very drought-resistant crop; when once started it can withstand almost any degree of drought for long periods. But to produce the same quantity of dry matter alfalfa requires more than twice as much water as does corn. Alfalfa requires 831 pounds of water for each pound of dry matter it produces. On the other hand, corn, which is not considered very drought-resistant, requires only 368 pounds of water to produce a pound of dry matter.

All of the leguminous crops, including peas, beans, vetches, alfalfa, sweet clover, and other clovers, require large amounts of water in proportion to the dry matter they produce. Some of the most common weeds, such as tumble weeds, purslane and Russian thistles, require a very small amount of water in proportion to dry matter. The cereal crops come between the legumes and the weeds named. Wheat uses 513 pounds of water for each pound of dry matter, and oats uses 597 pounds. Buffalo grass is one of the most economical of all plants in its use of water; it requires only 308 pounds of water to produce a pound of dry matter.

In the Colorado experiments it was necessary to protect the plants from birds, winds and hailstorms by means of wire-covered inclosures. The screen reduced solar radiation to about 80 per cent of the normal. Under the conditions of the experiment the average amount of water required to produce one pound of dry matter with each kind of plant was as follows:

Millet, 319 pounds; sorghum, 322 pounds; corn, 368 pounds; wheat, 513 pounds; barley, 534 pounds; buckwheat, 578 pounds; oats, 597 pounds; rye, 685 pounds; flax, 905 pounds; soy beans, 744 pounds; sweet clover, 770 pounds; vetches, 794 pounds; clovers, 797 pounds, and alfalfa, 831 pounds.

## TO CULTIVATE SUDAN GRASS

Good Stirring of Soil After First Crop Is Removed Will Greatly Help Plants in Starting.

(By R. E. KARPEN, Oklahoma Experiment Station.)

"Would like to know if it is advisable or necessary to cultivate after cutting first crop of sudan grass for seed."—M. B. BILAS, Okla.

Sudan grass should be cultivated as soon as possible after the first crop of hay is removed. A good stirring of the soil at this time will be a great help to the plants in making a good, strong start toward the second crop. If the ground has been kept clean and free from weeds during the early part of the growth of the first crop it will not be necessary to cultivate frequently during the growth of the second crop. Just enough cultivation to maintain the desired soil mulch will be needed in this case. By the time the first crop has matured the plants have stooled and spread out in the row to such an extent that it makes any cultivation a much less tedious operation for the second crop than is the case with the young plants during the early growth of the first crop. Since the first crop is to be allowed to stand for seed purposes the growing period of the second crop will be shortened several weeks at best, and good cultivation will help considerably toward increasing the yield of the second cutting.

## MOISTURE CAPACITY OF SOIL

Improved by Application of Manure—Also Cheapest Means of Returning Vegetable Matter.

The application of manure is the cheapest means of returning organic or vegetable matter to the soil and the maintenance of a good supply of decaying organic matter is the first and most important step in the maintenance of the productive capacity of the soil. It gives the soil better tilth, increases the availability of the mineral elements of plant food and improves the water-holding capacity of the soil, in addition to being a source of nitrogen as a plant food.—North Dakota Experiment Station.

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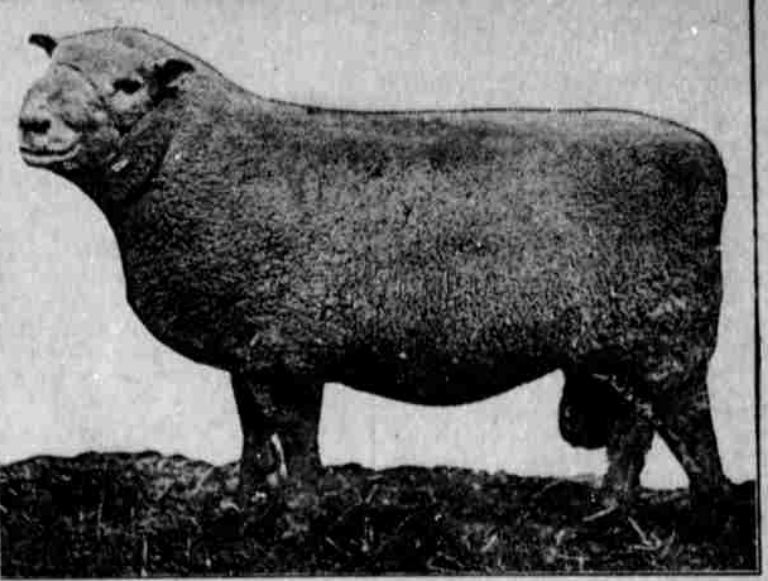
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## SHEEP GROWING MADE QUITE PROFITABLE



Southdown Ram, Two Years Old—First Prize Winner and Champion.

(By H. H. SHEPARD, Missouri.)

We live on a hilly, brushy farm in the Ozark region of Missouri. For several years we have been clearing up and fencing our farm, but we have had a terrible time fighting brush and sprouts on the newly cleared land. Some cattle, hogs and horses have been an aid in eating and killing the sprouts in the permanent pastures, which have been fenced with high and tight-woven wire.

One of our neighbors has been keeping sheep for several years, and has had splendid success with them. Last year he had some ewe lambs for sale and we purchased eight of them, and a buck from another farmer to mate



Choice Lot of Lambs.

with them. For the eight lambs we paid \$36 and \$19 for the ram, making a total cost of \$46 for the little flock. Since we had the pastures already fenced with woven wire for hogs, cattle and horses, there was no extra expense in providing pasture for the sheep.

In our brushy and sprouty pastures the small flock of sheep ate and grew splendidly, refusing feed in the lot or barn till the middle of January this year. They made practically all their living on the waste of the farm and pastures, and the actual cost of feeding them outside of what they secured outside was not more than five dollars.

## HANDY BAG HOLDER SAVES MUCH TIME

Light Materials May Be Used in Construction of Device for Granary or Barn.

Every farmer should have some kind of a bag holder, so that grain, chop or bran can be sacked without requiring the services of a second person. A square or round hopper, stationary in some corner of the granary or a movable one supported by three spreading legs is easy to make and handy to use. Light material may be employed in making such a holder.

The height of the hopper from the floor is regulated by the length of the bags used, as the bottom of the bag should not rest on the ground while being filled.

Dull hooks or nails of such length and position as judgment dictates will hold the bag while it is being filled. Such conveniences as these are simple, but they save not only time but much needed energy.

## ALWAYS KEEP MILK COLD AS POSSIBLE

Bacteria Increase Very Slowly at Low Temperatures—Put Liquid Against the Ice.

(By WALTER B. LEUTZ.)

The colder milk is kept, the longer it will remain sweet. Bacteria are responsible for the changes which take place, and bacteria increase in numbers very slowly at low temperatures. Therefore, do not leave milk where it will get warm. If possible, put it directly against the ice.

If this cannot be done, put it in the compartment of the ice box directly beneath the ice, for the air circulating through the ice chest is coldest directly after it passes over the ice.

If no ice box is used, keep the milk as cool as possible by putting it in the cellar, or by wrapping the bottle in a damp cloth and setting it out of the direct sunlight in a current of air.

## FEEDING CHICKENS GRASS FROM LAWN

In Case Fowls Are Not Accustomed to Green Food They Will Engorge Themselves.

(By H. S. EAKINS, Colorado Agricultural College.)

In cities where chickens are kept in back yards, it is sometimes a common practice, after mowing the lawn, to throw the cut grass into the chicken lot to supply green food for the fowls. In case the chickens are not accustomed to green food they will engorge themselves and frequently become crop bound. The grass will become impacted in a large mass in the crop which becomes distended. The bird straightens its neck and yawns, shows signs of distress, and if not properly attended to, may die.

Prevention of course should be practiced, and it may be stated that fewer cases of impaction occur, if instead of feeding the cut grass, the chickens are allowed the freedom of the grass plot. Treatment should be sought in consulting the local veterinarian.

## MANURE PILES ARE DANGEROUS PLACES

Favorite Breeding Spot for Stable Fly—Animal Refuse Should Be Spread at Once.

Although straw is the principal breeding place for the stable fly in the grain belt, thousands of them develop in manure piles. The house fly and horn fly also breed extensively here and therefore the greatest care should be used in dealing with this animal refuse.

Manure should be hauled out and scattered at regular intervals and any accumulations of straw or hay, especially adjacent to stables, should be disposed of. Stable manure being usually in close proximity to human habitations, the flies from it have freer access to man than do disseminate human diseases.