

LOVE in a HURRY

By GLETT BURGESS

ILLUSTRATED by RAY WALTERS

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CHAPTER I.

At nine o'clock in the morning, punctual to the second, Flodie Fisher unlocked the door marked "Hall Bonistelle, Artist-Photographer," and walked into the office.

The large light room was vacant. Flodie shook her head in sorrowful disappointment at her employer's tardiness, and shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, dear!" she muttered impatiently, "just what I expected." Then, with a shake of her head as one who says, "It must be done!" she walked in and listened outside Hall Bonistelle's bedroom door. For a moment she stood poised, awkwardly graceful—or rather gracefully awkward, perhaps, so quaint, so original was her attitude. She knocked with firmness. The summons was peremptory, yet it had the secret indulgence of a doting mother for her only child. The only answer was a not unmusical baritone growl.

She banged on the door again. This time she really meant it. "Mr. Bonistelle! You must get up immediately—come on now!"

A wait—then the unwilling reply, "All right!"

Flodie walked back to the office, frowning, and sat down at her desk. A leaf from the calendar pad was ripped off, the desk top was dusted with a cloth; then she stopped suddenly. The elevator door had banged.

Almost immediately there entered to her the sad young janitor, Mr. Alfred Smallish. He gave a pathetic hopeless look at Flodie and hung at anchor in the doorway, meekly.

"Morning, Miss Fisher," he said, and grinned.

Flodie gave a glance at him, casually, then gazed with more interest. Pale blue eyes, a large Roman nose, wideopen ears and a quivering mouth had Alfred. His chin was that of a lizard, sloping back weakly to a prominent Adam's apple.

She fumbled over the photographs on the table behind her.

"Alfred," she said in the voice of a school ma'am, "did you see a picture of me I had here on the table the other day?"

He turned fire-red. "You—you didn't want that picture, did you, Miss Fisher?" His eyes implored her wildly, vainly. "Well, I'll bring it back, if you say so; only, I thought, maybe—"

"Well, Alfred Smallish! I like that!" Flodie ejaculated.

"Oh, Miss Fisher—you see, well, I didn't quite dare to ask you, and—well, you know, I thought—it's just grand of you, Miss Fisher—I'd think the world of it, and—couldn't you possibly—"

"That's enough, Alfred! I don't dare to discuss it. You just walk that picture back immediately!" Flodie's voice was sharp, but—well, Flodie couldn't help pitying him. She, weakened. "Perhaps, I'll give you one, sometime. I'll see."

Mr. Smallish beamed with pleasure, but he had a talent for blunders. "Some folks mightn't think you was pretty, Miss Fisher, but I think—"

Flodie whipped out her watch. "Gracious sakes!" she cried, "where's Mr. Bonistelle's eggs?"

"I'll go down and see if they're ready, Miss Fisher." He turned heavily.

"Well, hurry up, then! If his breakfast isn't here when he comes, he's liable to eat the tablecloth and go right back to bed. Quick now!"

"Yes!" Mr. Smallish left in dejection. Flodie walked swiftly into the studio and knocked again at her employer's door. "Mr. Bonistelle! Are you ready for breakfast?" she called. Flodie's tone had changed; decided as it was, it had softened; it was almost musical. Her face had changed, also. She stood as if awaiting a vision.

Footsteps were heard in Hall's bedroom. Now, there are two kinds of men: those who are shocked even unto mortification by being discovered in the act of shaving, and those who take a malicious delight in their outrageous condition. Hall Bonistelle opened the door and protruded his belated face shamelessly, grinning.

Even disheveled as he was at present, scandalously tousled and bedaubed with soapuds, his smile was disarming.

Flodie's adoration of him, though of the maternal order, did not lessen her firmness. "Do you realize how much you've got to do today, Mr. Bonistelle?"

"Nothing to do but work," he chanted gaily.

"You have an appointment at ten o'clock—and you know how you always poke over that old breakfast?"

Opening the letter box on the door, she took out a dozen or so envelopes. One set she inspected critically—they were all in feminine handwriting—and then rather unwillingly laid them aside. The others she tore briskly open, each received a keen, shrewd look. They were filed or thrown away. Little and whimsical and odd, Flodie's appearance had something of the humor of a puppy, the sad wisdom of a monkey. The combination made her face pathetic. Crinkly, colorless hair and hazel eyes had Flodie. Her fine, regular teeth were her best asset, and when she smiled, her main relief from plainness. From her costume, which was careless, to her gestures, which were queer, Flodie Fisher was an original. She had charm and magnetism. Whether she made one laugh or weep, eccentric little Flodie was distinctly lovable.

Mr. Smallish now reappeared with a loaded breakfast tray.

"Put him on that table in the studio," Flodie commanded.

"Have those giddy green garlands come for tonight?" she asked.

"Why, yes, they're out in the hall, Miss Fisher. What time does the party begin?"

"One minute past ten."

"Will there be many here, Miss Fisher?"

"Oh, I don't know, Alfred, about twenty, I suppose—men, ladies and women. Especially women! They don't usually refuse Mr. Bonistelle's studio invitations, I notice! There'll be too many anyway. There won't be half of 'em come till the theaters are over, though. We've invited a squad of actresses."

Alfred stopped, his arms loaded with garlands. "What, real ones?"

"No, only half-ripe, I guess. Not nearly so real as the other women who'll be here, anyway. There are more good actresses off the stage than on, Alfred! It'll be good as a play for me!"

Alfred gazed longingly from the threshold, his eyes afloat. "Say, Miss Fisher, are you going to be dressed up like you was the last time?"

She dropped a fantastic courtesy. "Precisely the same, Alfred; our good old friend Crepe de Chine. Now you gallop along with those evergreens before your eyes drop out, Mr. Smallish!"

Alfred left, with the love light unextinguished.

Flodie went into the studio and pounded at the chamber door again. "Mr. Bonistelle! Hurry up! Your breakfast is awfully impatient. Come along! That old coffee is swearing already!"

Hall opened the door, grinning. "And I suppose those eggs are feeling rotten about it," he offered jauntily.

Flodie giggled delightedly and hovered over the table, giving it a few final touches.

Hall Bonistelle was attired in a purple dressing-gown, too evidently the gift of a loving, tasteless female. He showed himself, now, as really handsome, even to that chert chin which women seem to fancy, and most right-minded men to loathe. On his face was the touch of humor, carelessly joyous, rather than intellectual, and with his "artistic" temperament, it was easy enough to account for his popularity with women, popularity that gave him a spoiled air, was not offensive, and enabled him to do much forbidden to other men. Always excepting poor Flodie, who hugged a precious secret to her breast, women, it might be added, liked rather than loved him. The obvious proof might lie in the fact that, at twenty-seven, Hall had not yet been entangled in a serious affair of the heart. He considered that he knew too much about women to be seduced from his amu-

sally lie along it, and at one side is a cupboard where umbrellas and foot-gear are deposited. A big drop octagon clock on the wall, a low desk, a hibachi and a pile of cushions generally complete the office equipment.

The traveler's linrki customarily deposits him in the vestibule, at the edge of the platform, beneath the overhang of the roof. Shouts of "O Kvaaku san" (honorable visitors) apprise the masters and the maids that a guest is arriving, and all hurry forward to receive him, uttering cries of welcome

and bowing glossy black heads to the floor.

As the traveler sits on the platform a servant removes his shoes and others divest him of his wraps. Shoes are seldom cleaned, and if they be wet or muddy they are left untouched. Habitual frequenters of inns often provide themselves with foot coverings to slip over shoes and thus be able to wear them to the apartment. Without them one must don the heeless slippers furnished or go to one's room unshod.—Kansas City Times.

ing occupation of merely studying them.

As to that, if one had asked Flodie, she would have smiled and changed the subject. Least of all, perhaps, if the truth were told, did he know the fond adorer who had voluntarily made herself his slave. He saw and took advantage of her cleverness and zeal; her attractive oddity refreshed him, but to her deep seriousness and the reserves of her temperament he was totally blind.

Flodie sat watching his long, slender hands engaged gracefully with fork and spoon. But, much as she loved to watch him, her conscience made her too uncomfortable. Reluctantly she withdrew her eager eyes.

"Well," she sighed, "now for business!"

She read aloud from the book. "At ten o'clock Mrs. Rena Royaltion—" She looked up. "And you won't be half ready! I'll have to entertain her—and you know how I hate that woman!"

"Can you name one woman, Flodie Fisher, whom you do not hate?"

"No, I can't. They're all cats. Cats and rats and hens and snakes and parrots! But that's no reason for keeping them waiting." Flodie ran her finger down the page. "Let's see—ten-thirty—Miss Dallys. Oh, no, I forgot! You took her yesterday."

"Carolyn's certain a fine girl," Hall murmured dreamily, lighting a cigarette and watching his assistant amusefully.

"Carolyn?" Flodie fairly spit it out. "Ever since I neglected to pay my dinner call on her, Flodie, I had to do something to soothe her ruffled feelings—so I began to call her Carolyn. What's the inevitable result? She's invited me for next Wednesday again. People always invite you again if you are rude enough, Flodie."

"You must have been pretty rude to Mrs. Royaltion, then, by the way she runs after you! Why, she fairly clucks like a hen!"

"Oh, Mrs. Royaltion! Ah, there I have another method! She's one of those women you can't possibly insult." Hall smiled with superiority. "Rena's got to the age, you know, when she prefers to be flattered."

"Don't all women like it?" Flodie demanded.

"No! You're too young, Flodie. You want compliments. Hall was triumphant. "It depends upon how you do it, you know. Rena wants it laid on thick. A woman doesn't demand subtlety, Flodie, after she gets to the thirty-five."

"Thirty-five! Mrs. Royaltion is thirty-eight, if she's a day!"

"By the way, how old are you, Flodie? I forget."

"Me? Why, I'm only twenty-one!" Hall laughed. "Plus five, makes twenty-six."

"I'm not!" she protested—but it was no use. He laughed at her till she flushed red and sought refuge in a bundle of bills. "There's a 'Please remit' from the Photo-Supply company," she announced, looking up. "What shall I do?"

"Oh, answer 'Necessity forbids!'" Hall shrugged his shoulders.

"Why, Mr. Bonistelle, don't you realize that we've simply got to pay that bill pretty soon, or they won't send us any more stuff? Oh, it's all very well for you to sit there in a red silk dressing gown and laugh and make aristocratic jokes! But I have to take all the kicks, and stand off the collectors!"

Hall applauded gracefully. "Say, Flodie, you've got your war boots on today, haven't you! What's the particular matter?"

"The matter!" Flodie looked down on him as from a mountain. "Where's the rent coming from, I'd like to know! Out of your cigarette smoke? Yes, you can smile and twist that silly mustache all you want, but that won't pay for hypo! Do you imagine you can run this business on epigrams and funny gestures? No, sir! Mr. Bonistelle."—Flodie shook his shoulder—"you've simply got to wake up and make a whole load of money, quick!"

He rose and yawned artistically. "Lord, I know it! Think of a Bonistelle having to work for his living! Isn't that grotesque? Why, for all I know, I may be a millionaire this very minute. Fancy, Flodie—a millionaire!"

"Say"—Flodie grew serious. "When are they ever going to find out about that old 'willyway'?"

"I wish to heaven I knew! If John B. Bonistelle had been anyone else's uncle, he would have filed his will with his attorneys, and his nephew would be driving a sixty-horsepower car by this time. But being mine, of course he has to hide the confounded document where it won't be found till the estate is settled. I've been on pins and needles ever since he died."

"Well, of course he'll leave you something. You'll get a booby consolation prize, anyway. He can't cut you out entirely!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Huguenot Relics.

Henry M. Lester, president of the Huguenot association of New Rochelle, N. Y., is having the estate of Miss Eliza Moulton dug up in a search for the foundation of the first Huguenot church, which the women of the Huguenot settlement there helped to build in 1588.

HAWAII'S MIXED POPULATION



In the Hawaiian islands all races meet on a basis of near social equality, education is developed to a high degree and hospitality finds its best expression, according to Senator Cummins, says the Des Moines Register and Leader. The senator gave some impressions he received from his visit in the islands with the congressional investigating party.

"The first thing that impresses one is the unique condition socially and politically of the people," Senator Cummins said. "The total population is about 250,000. Of these 15,000 are Japanese, who came there when it was legal for them to do so or have been born on the islands. They are preserving the purity of their blood. They do not intermarry. The young men when they get ready to marry send for their 'picture brides' from Japan. An agency makes the matches by use of pictures. When the contract is made the girls come over to Hawaii, are met at the docks by their intended husbands and are married there according to the American law."

See Japanese in Control.

"The Japanese are a prolific people and their numbers are increasing very rapidly without immigration. In fifteen or twenty years, if everything goes as now, the Japanese will absolutely control the islands. They are a clean and competent lot of people. They take an education more readily

smaller stores. The prevailing sentiment of Hawaii is that the bar against Chinese immigration ought to be removed so far as it affects the islands at least. Several delegations waited upon me during my stay to urge that this be done."

Natives Decrease in Numbers.

"The number of Portuguese is large. They make excellent American citizens. There is also a considerable colony of Filipinos. But the Filipinos have not proved valuable as workers, and their immigration has practically ceased."

"The native Hawaiians are rapidly diminishing. They are not strongly addicted to work. But they are splendid entertainers. Most of them are highly educated. Indeed, it is quite remarkable to note how this race has been transformed from savagery to culture in 100 years. There are numbers of Koreans, Jamaicans, Spaniards, Italians and various other peoples."

Americans are comparatively few. They do the big business of the country. The descendants of the American missionaries are the richest class of the islands and stand the highest socially."

Industry of the Islands.

"There are two main industries—the raising of sugar cane and manufacture of sugar, and the raising of pineapples. Practically all of the tillable land is now devoted to these in-



IRRIGATED BANANA PLANTATION

than any people I have ever seen. All of them take advantage of the public schools, of which there are plenty of high standards.

"The schools are mainly patriotic. It seems that love of American institutions and the flag is encouraged particularly. The Japanese people there will remain Japanese. While I believe they will be good American citizens, there will arise the same kind of racial problem that we have here with the negro, for the white people in the island will not be dominated by the Japanese."

"There are many Chinese. They do intermarry and assimilate very rapidly with the Hawaiians and the Portuguese. The Chinese are much esteemed. They furnish much of the lower labor and have many of the

Learning the Potato.

In Germany the people are being taught the difference between a potato with jacket on and with jacket off. How much bread sustains a man, how much meat, how the humber and neglected foods outweigh in nutritive power the more fashionable—all these are being taught, and the lesson of them will continue into the individual. If Americans can learn the lesson of use instead of waste, if they can learn how to buy and to know what they are buying, it will cause remarkable changes in individual welfare in this country.

"All in the Lodge."

Two Manhattan physicians were enjoying the breeze from the front seat on the "hurricane deck" of a Riverside drive bus one bright afternoon, when part of their conversation was overheard.

It ran like this:

"I performed an operation for appendicitis on the wife of a millionaire yesterday," said the stouter of the pair.

There is someone to make them stand around. Old White Rooster let them rule him, and he pecked at a hen that was in his path.

"Isn't he disagreeable?" said Speckled Hen. "Did you see him push Yellow Hen?"

"Yes," said Black Hen, "but everybody is picking at him 'tust because he is a newcomer."

"The new rooster cannot crow as loudly as White Rooster," said Speckled Hen the next morning. "Did you notice the sun this morning? He did not show his face for a long time after the new rooster crowed."

"Well, for one thing, he is just sphindid," said Black Hen; "he makes everybody stand around; and I do not blame him. I think the old hens are very rude to him."

Just then there was a great clucking and confusion among the hens and a hawk was seen just over them, but as it came near a brood of chickens the new rooster quick as a flash flew at him.

Whether the suddenness of the attack surprised the hawk so much that he forgot to swoop a chicken in his flight, or whether he was really frightened, no one knew, but the new rooster was a hero in a minute. He walked away as though nothing had happened and went into the barn, the frightened hens running after him, but he did not look at one of them.

"Somebody must tell him," said Black Hen, "we never had such a protector before. He should be told that we think he is brave."

So Speckled Hen stepped up to the new rooster.

"We wish to thank you," she said, "for saving the chickens, and we are glad to have among us a rooster who is so brave." The new rooster stretched his neck and held his head very high.

"I thank you," he said, "one and all, but I only did my duty. A rooster should be a protector of his flock as well as cock of the walk," and he turned and walked away. "I'll keep them in their place," he said. "It will never do to be friendly with those you wish to rule." And the hens and the chickens gazed after him with admiration. They understood that he intended to be the ruler of the yard.

A Telephone Quirk.

Did you ever notice that if you place the transmitter of the telephone against your chest, instead of before your mouth, it makes no apparent difference to your auditor? If you are talking over a desk instrument, it is often easier to hold it against the chest than to the mouth. Simply hold the transmitter to your chest and talk into the open air. The entire chest wall vibrates in unison with the voice and will transmit the sound vibrations over the telephone as well as your voice.—The American Boy.

Regular.

"I don't see why you always call Doctor Pomp, especially when the case isn't serious." "Isn't serious? Every case is serious, and Doctor Pomp has buried our family as far back as I can remember.—Judge.

Pure Luck.

If there's no such thing as luck, how is it that now and then a man really gets a good piece of cantaloupe?

THE SANDMAN STORY

By Mrs. F.A. WALKER

THE NEW ROOSTER

"The old White Rooster is dead," said Black Hen, putting her head through the bars of the pigpen.

"You don't say so," replied Madam Pig. "Did he die a natural death?" she inquired.

"No," said Black Hen, "he was too old and tough to eat. This morning when the hens opened their eyes he was on the floor of the henhouse with his toes in the air."

"Where will they bury him?" asked Madam Pig.

"I do not know," replied the Black Hen, as she ran to a group of hens she saw not far away.

"The master took him away," said one, "and now I wonder who will take his place."

"He was here a long time and he crowed beautifully," said Speckled Hen. "It will be hard to find his equal."

That afternoon the farmer came into the yard and from under his arm flew a rooster. He was black, with red and yellow mixed in his feathers, and he was young. As the hens gazed at him he seemed to feel the importance of his position, and he strutted through the yard without turning his head. When he reached the pigpen, he flew to the top of the fence and, spreading out his wings, turned around that the sun might fall upon his gorgeous colors.

"Isn't he handsome?" said Black Hen.

"He isn't so large as White Rooster," said Speckled Hen. Then the rooster crowed three times. Madam Pig looked up at him.

"He crows well," she remarked to her mate, "but I am afraid he is too young."

The rooster spread his wings again and flew to the ground.

"Too young, am I?" he said. "Well, I will show them that I am old enough to run this yard. What they need

here is someone to make them stand around. Old White Rooster let them rule him, and he pecked at a hen that was in his path.

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REWARD OF DISHONESTY

"Once upon a time," began the teacher, "two little brothers started to Sunday school one Sunday morning. They way led past a fine orchard where the trees were bending down with ripe, luscious apples. One of the brothers proposed going into the orchard and getting some fruit, but the other refused and sped away, leaving his companion greedily devouring the apples."

"Now, it happened that the owner of the orchard saw them, and the next day rewarded the good boy who refused to steal his apples by giving him a shilling. He got a prize for his honesty, and what do you suppose the other boy got for his dishonesty?"

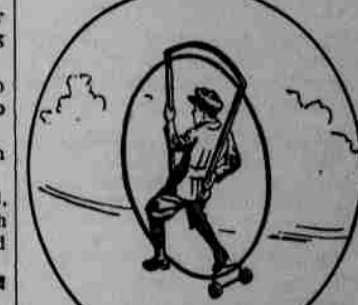
"He got the apples," yelled every member of the class.—Anaconda Standard.

NEW SPORT FOR SMALL BOYS

Recently Devised Type of Vehicle Known as "Unicycle" Affords Much Amusement for Youths.

What promises to be a most popular sport for boys is offered by a recently devised type of vehicle known as the "unicycle." In reality, this vehicle consists of a large hoop on which is mounted a framework carrying the seat and provided with two smaller wheels, says World's Advance. The hoop is made of one-half-inch gas pipe welded into a ring, while the framework is of durable wood.

The unicycle affords much fun to the boys and is a sport that is entirely unique and incomparable to existing ones. Its main use is for coasting, in which it is possible to attain



New Sport for Boys.

high speeds. The rider rests on the seat and keeps his feet on the ground. The small wheels are also raised off the ground so that the rider is actually being carried by the hoop alone. The device is so light that it can be immediately controlled by placing the feet on the ground, either to steer it or slacken the speed, as well as to bring it to a stop.

The unicycle is made in three sizes, the smallest having a 48-inch hoop, the next a 54-inch hoop, and the largest a 60-inch hoop. The respective weights of these various-sized machines are 22, 23 and 25 pounds. There is nothing fragile in the construction of the unicycle, and anyone weighing even in excess of 150 pounds can safely ride on any of the models.

MORAL TONIC FOR THE BOYS

Scientist MacDonald Praises Baseball Game—Directs Surplus Energy into Right Channel.

Arthur MacDonald, a well-known scientist of Washington, said the other day:

"I consider baseball one of the greatest moral tonics for boys and young men that exists. It directs the surplus physical energy of youth into the right channel, for otherwise this energy might be employed in wrong ways which are detrimental to moral and physical life. Baseball is one of those fundamental educational forces of prevention whose power and utility are not realized until it is taken away."

"Our national and many games has so permeated the mind and nervous system of the boys and young men that there are very few who could not pass a better examination on baseball than on any of the studies in school."

This being perfectly true there is no chance for the game to die out, no matter how much it may be abused by grasping and thoughtless magnates and players. There are some people who see a permanent lessening of interest in the national sport on account of the activities of the Federal league, which has caused some lack of confidence in the professional end of the game. But there are plenty of signs that this disgust is only temporary. Crowds are thronging back to the parks as it becomes evident that major league ball is being conducted strictly on the level and for the interest of the spectators.

Dangerous.

"Now, suppose children, one of your schoolmates should strike you, and next day