

# LOVE in a HURRY

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SYNOPSIS.  
—13—

Hall Bonistelle, artist-photographer, prepares for the day's work in his studio. Floe Fisher, his assistant, reminds him of a party he is to give in the studio that night. Mr. Bonistelle, attorney, calls and informs Hall that his Uncle John's will has left him \$200,000 on condition that he marry before his twenty-fifth birthday, which begins at midnight that night. Mrs. Bena Roylton calls at the studio. Hall asks her to marry him. She agrees to give him an answer at the party that night. Miss Carolyn Dalryle calls. Hall proposes to her. She agrees to give him an answer at the party. Rosemund Gale, art model, calls. Hall tries to rush her into an immediate marriage. She, too, defers her answer until the evening. Floe tries to show Hall a certain way out of the mixup, but he is obtuse. Jonas Hainsbury, heir to the millions in case Hall fails to marry on time, plots with Floe to block Hall's marriage to any of the three women before midnight. Floe arranges to have the three meet at the studio as if by chance. At that meeting much feminine fencing ensues, in which Floe uses her own foil adroitly. Hall comes in. Alfred, the janitor, brings in a newspaper with the story of the queer legacy. The ladies' attitude is humiliated. Hall dissolves and they retire to plan a way for the \$200,000 prize. Successive telephone messages from the three ladies inform Hall that he is accepted by all three. Desperate, he asks Floe to save him from the three-horned dilemma by marrying him.

## CHAPTER X—Continued.

He went up to her, but she darted away like a cat. "Oh, no! Mr. Bonistelle! Don't!" she protested.

He stopped in amazement. "Why not? What's the matter?"

"Oh, you've proposed to three women today!" she lamented pitifully. She sat down and looked at him with a haggard face.

"Well, what if I did? They didn't accept me, did they? Haven't I a right to ask somebody else, under the circumstances—with so much at stake? Why, they may all refuse me, even now; I'm not at all certain! I can't risk a fortune on their whims, blowing hot and blowing cold! Do you think I intend to stand for this 'I-will-and-I-won't' business? Not much! I'm glad they did not accept me. It's the luckiest thing in the world! It gives me a good excuse to tell you. Why, I was so rattled, Floe, it never occurred to me I could marry you."

Floe rose; her hazel eyes snapped. "Oh, didn't I? Well, then, Mr. Bonistelle, evidently there are several other things that didn't occur to you! Do you think you can treat me this way and expect me to stand for it?"

"What? Lord, haven't I asked you to marry me, Floe?" He stared at her in surprise.

"No, you haven't asked me! No, you've insulted me! All you've done is to announce coolly that you have decided to marry me!" Floe, aroused, fairly stormed now.

"Oh, psaw—I thought you understood, Floe. Of course I'll ask you, if you want the conventional, orthodox proposal." He smiled patronizingly at her whim, as at a pouting child, then dropped gracefully upon one knee.

"Will you marry me, Floe?"

There was a new note in Floe's voice. "No!" she cried harshly. "Get up, Mr. Bonistelle! I'm afraid you've made a mistake. You've forgotten who I am, haven't you? Why, I'm only the girl with the funny face! I'm just a queer little tyke who is always happy! Ha! Ha! Ha! Why don't you laugh? I thought I always made you smile! Just a jolly good pal—that's all I am! Didn't you say so yourself?"

"But, Floe!" Hall approached her placatingly, amazed at her outburst.

She pushed him away. "No, sir! Not much! I'm not so anxious to be a lady of leisure as all that, Mr. Bonistelle! What! Marry you, with all the love left out? No, sir! I should say not!"

"But, Floe!" Hall could scarcely believe his ears. "Confound it, what's got into you? Why, hang it all, I had no idea you felt like that!" He stared at her.

She made a queer, whimsical face—at herself or Hall, who knows?—and went on.

"No, I'm only little Floe, the Egg Boiler! And you're so used to me, that when you do want to get married, you propose to one, two, three women before you give me a thought. I only come in as a last resort—Floe, the Florion Hope! Mr. Bonistelle, do you think I'm the sort of girl to marry like that?"

Floe, flustered by this long-pent-up rage, was a new and splendid creature; her eyes shot sparks, the color flamed upon her cheeks.

Hall, dumfounded, stared at her speechless. If a baby had suddenly attacked him he could not have been more amazed. He didn't know her in this aspect; she took his breath away like a strong wind. His impulse was to defend himself, resist, but he was overcome by her emotion. He struck out any way—blindly, like a swimmer in rapids; he tried to placate her.

"But, Floe—dear! I know—but I want you!"

"Oh, yes, I know you want me—and why? So that you can win four millions of dollars. That's all you want. You'll have to get married, so you'd better take me! I make you laugh! Oh, it's as simple as daylight, is it? Well, I'm not so simple as I look. When I marry a man, Hall Bonistelle,

early, spent nearly an hour reconstructing his decorative scheme, patting and pulling it into something more careless, and more agreeable to her own sense of beauty.

For the occasion Mr. Smallish had also decorated himself. In his hired evening suit he looked, if possible, a bit more pathetic than usual.

Floe had arrayed herself for the evening with simplicity and artful grace. She wore white mulle, which, happily escaping the schoolgirl touch, daintily showed her neck to admirable advantage. Floe's hair disclosed, perhaps, more of her attentive care. She had caught that charm of careless luxuriance for which clever women, happily escaping the schoolgirl touch, daintily showed her neck to admirable advantage. Floe's hair disclosed, perhaps, more of her attentive care. She had caught that charm of careless luxuriance for which clever women,

It'll be because he loves me, remember that; and not just to help catch a fortune!"

Hall watched her, fascinated, as she strode up and down, her eyes flashing, her body lithe and eager, accenting her anger with free, unconscious gestures. "By Jove!" he exclaimed, "I wouldn't know you! Why, I never saw you like this before! What's happened to you? I didn't know it was in you!"

She turned scornfully. "Oh, I've got a lot in me that you'll never know, Hall Bonistelle. I've got a little pride, for one thing."

He seized her hand, in spite of herself, she let it rest in his, while he asked, soothingly: "And haven't you a little love, too, Floe?"

She snatched her hand away. "Love! What do you know about love!" she exclaimed scornfully, and walked away from him. "Why, your janitor knows more about real love than you do—a thousand times!"

Still he stood and looked at her as at a marvel. "Floe Fisher," he declared, "you may believe it or not, but I am in love with you, I swear I am! Why, you're magnificent! By Jove, I never saw such spirit! Why in the world haven't you ever shown me what you were, before? I'd have proposed to you six months ago!"

"Well, you're too late, now!" She was trembling. Suddenly her strength left her. She burst into tears.

He went up to her appealingly. "See here, Floe, I do want you, don't you understand that, little girl? And I'm going to have you, too, no matter what happens! Don't that money, anyway! I wish it never had been left me! See here, Floe, let's begin all over again! Come on out right now and marry me, will you—will you?"

"No!" she sobbed.

Now there are two 'no's' a woman can say. One comes through clenched teeth; it has a rising inflection; the other is an out-and-out bark and has the downward fling. Few men know what different things they mean. Hall stood silent for a moment, watching her. Then his tone changed. "Well, I don't know that I blame you," he said finally. "I've been all kinds of a cad today, but I guess this is the limit. Of course I've been blind. You're right. I've been so close to you I haven't really seen you. And now that I do, it's too late. Say, Floe, did you mean that? Is it really too late? Won't you let me prove that I am in earnest, at last?"

"Oh, how can I believe you? You're not honest! You've been lying all day! You've lied to Mrs. Roylton, and you've lied to Miss Dalryle and Rosemund. And now you're lying to me! No!" she said, "I'll never believe you." Then she dropped her head on her hands over the table. "Go away!" she sobbed.

Hall walked toward the door, wretched and ashamed.

"Isn't there any chance for me?" he pleaded. "Don't you love me enough to forgive me, dear? Don't say no—Floe!"

She looked up with tears in her eyes. She had a strange, exalted look on her face as she spoke through clenched teeth. "Hall Bonistelle," she said, "I will not marry you! There!" She turned away.

Hall suddenly caught fire. He shook his fist at her. "Floe Fisher, you shall marry me!" The door slammed.

As soon as he had gone, Floe jumped up, and stood for a moment thinking. She glanced at the clock, scowled, then walked stealthily to the door and listened. Opening it, she looked out into the hall.

"Oh, Alfred!" she called, and then she waited.

In a moment the janitor appeared, pale and sad as a specter. "Yes, Miss Fisher?"

She regarded him eagerly. "Alfred, you said you'd do anything for me, didn't you?"

"Yes, Miss Fisher, that's what I did!"

"You will do anything, no matter what I ask?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Fisher! Indeed I will!"

"Then go and get your hat and coat—hurry!"

"Yes, Miss Fisher."

He left hastily, and Floe went to her closet and drew forth her own hat and coat and put them on, still absorbed in thought. She was drawing on her last glove when Alfred reappeared.

"What is it you want me to do, Miss Fisher?"

"Alfred," she replied, smiling slightly on him, "I want you to go down to the city hall with me. We're going to get a marriage license!"

And before he could reply she had hurried with him out of the door.

## CHAPTER XI.

Floe's mind, having been, in the afternoon, thus somewhat diverted from preparations for the party, the decorations of the studio had devolved on the untutored taste of Alfred Smallish. Poor Alfred! Floe, arriving

cause explosions—and hence on the workmen's clothes the buttons must all be of bone.

The workmen's clothes must be pocketless, so that they may not carry matches or knives, and a workman, no matter how dandified his tastes, must not wear turned-up trousers, since in turn-ups grit is harbored, and grit in a gunpowder mill is as dangerous almost as fire.

In all the buildings of these plants not a nailhead or any sort of iron material is exposed. The roofs, too, are



SNOWBALL'S RETURN.

Kit and Puff sat in the barn doorway when their master drove home with Snowball. You remember he went to sea and was gone three weeks.

"Who is that on the seat with master?" asked Kit. "I do believe he got another white cat."

"It's poor Snowball's ghost," said Puff, staring; "it looks just like him, too."

Snowball jumped from the wagon and ran toward the barn.

"It is Snowball," said Kit. "Aren't you dead?" he asked.

"I was sure a dog had you this time," said Puff. "Where have you been?"

"No, a dog did not get me," said Snowball, "and I am not dead, as you can see; I have been to sea," he said, proudly swinging his tail and holding his head very high to show his new ribbon.

"To see what?" asked Puff.

"To see whales and water and flying fish and all the things you see from a

big ship on the ocean. I have been on the Golden Caribbean."

Puff and Kit stared at him; they did not understand one word.

"You have been gone a long time," said Kit.

"Of course I have; it takes three weeks to make the trip."

"Were you on the water all the time?" asked Puff, "and didn't you get wet?"

"Of course I didn't get wet," said Snowball. "I was on a big ship; it is just like a house, and you sail right along on the top of the water."

"Did you see any fish?" asked Kit.

"Yes," said Snowball, "they flew on the deck of the steamer."

"Flew?" asked both kittens.

"Yes," said Snowball, "and I saw a whale, too. You have to travel if you want to see things; you cannot stay around the farm all your life and know what there is in the world."

"He gets all the attention," said Kit as Snowball walked away. "I wish we could do something so people would notice us, but it is always Snowball, and I do not suppose he ever mentions us to anyone on his travels."

"He is being spoiled," said Puff, "and I think we are as smart as he is, only, if you will help me, and I am sure that we can become as famous as Snowball."

"What is it?" asked Kit. "I'll help you if I can."

"It is this," said Puff. "We can get Snowball to tell us all about his sea trip again, the flying whale and the fish and the gold sea and all the other things, and after we have heard it enough to remember all of it we'll give a lecture."

"Who will come to it?" asked Kit.

"All the cats and kittens in the neighborhood," said Puff, "and we'll have moving pictures, too."

"Where will you get them?" asked Kit.

"Don't you remember the moving picture machine that master's little boy had Christmas? He is tired of it and it is in the closet. We'll get it, and there is a picture of a white kitten rolling a ball; we'll say it is Snowball on the ship."

"Yes," said Kit; "he said he rolled."

"I am sure we will be as famous as Snowball after we give this lecture. We will write a notice and nail it on the fence on the road:

LECTURE ON THE GOLDEN SEA, BY KIT AND PUFF WITH MOVING PICTURES.



Nailed the Poster on the Fence.

"No, You Haven't Asked Me!"

At a half-hour ahead and shut the door. Then he went up to Floe impulsively. "Floe, for God's sake, say yes! We'll settle everything. Won't you, Floe, dear?"

She answered with sarcasm. "Partner wanted for a well-established business. Must have four millions capital. Answer immediately." No, I won't! There!"

Hall, thus discomfited, tried a new line. "You haven't asked to see the ring yet!" he said, smiling.

"No, and I don't want to!" Floe was cool, very.

He took a box from his pocket, opened the lid and set it down temptingly in front of her. Floe could not resist one look at the ruby, then he returned it to him without a word.

"See if it fits, Floe!" he said, coaxingly.

"I can't tell," she said. "Rosemund's hands are rather—well, they're not exactly small, are they?"

"You'll be wearing this ring before midnight, Miss Fisher!" He put it back into its case, adding, "I'm going to use an old ring of my mother's for the wedding. I'll come pretty soon after the other, though. It won't be a long engagement."

At the rattle of the elevator door in the hall outside Alfred Smallish sprang to the door of the office and opened it ceremoniously.

"Lord, there's the specter at the feast!" said Hall under his breath.

It was Jonas Hainsbury, dressed in a long black frock coat, not unlike an undertaker, with his black gloves and string tie. His long face kept up the illusion; it was dark and solemn, bettling a serious occasion. He bowed low to Floe and held out a thin hand to his host.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bibulous Monkey.

The latest addition to the New York Central Park zoo, a monkey named Sally, was placed in the primate house this week, having been taken there for imprisonment, according to Head Keeper Snyder, because of an appetite for alcoholic drinks which made her dangerous to the business of her mistress's husband—operating a beer garden in North Bergen, N. J.

Sally fell into evil ways about a year ago. Since then she has on frequent occasions broken into the bar and refreshed herself. The night before Memorial day, when all was ready for the holiday rush, Sally went too far. The preparations of her owner's husband were sadly disarranged and there was a large bill for broken glass. Then the husband put his foot down firmly. Hence the gift to the zoo.

Only Himself to Blame.

"I'm a self-made man, I want you to know." "Old chap, you should have hollered for help."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Bees for Fighting.

German troops fighting on the East African coast are not provided with poisonous chlorine gas to drive their enemies from the trenches. As a novel makeshift, they have confined swarms of wild bees, which they fire when the British and native forces attack them.—The American Boy.

Explained.

Caller—What a tiny little chap your brother is.

Elsie—I guess that's 'cause he's only my half brother.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Juvenile Logic.

"How do you account for the fact that George Washington never told a lie?" asked the teacher.

"I guess he never went fishing," replied the small urchin at the pedal extremity of the class.

He Knew Her.

Mrs. Benton Holme—I'm writing an important letter, Willie, and I want you to be as quiet as a mouse.

Willie (aged seven)—Say, if I was a mouse you'd jump up on the table and holler blue murder.

Could Be Better.

School Visitor—Well, Willie, how are you getting on?

Willie—Pretty good; but I can't curra a ball like some of the boys can.

"It was perfectly lovely," said one kitten.

"Yes," said another, "it was just like a trip on the ocean."

When Snowball rode into the yard the cats were crowded about Kit and Puff, telling them how wonderful the lecture was and how much they enjoyed it.

Snowball walked toward them to see what was going on, but no one noticed him; they were too much interested in Puff and Kit.

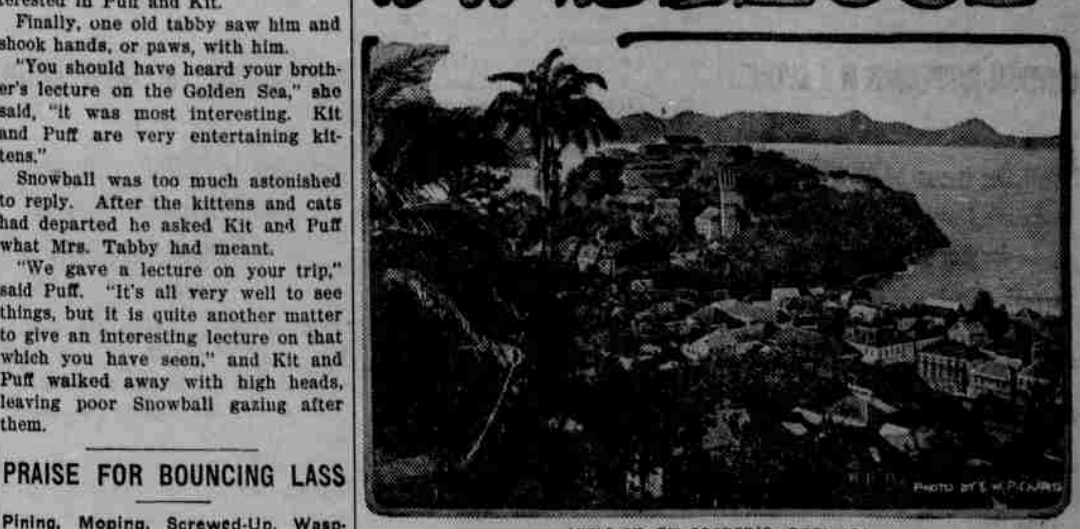
Finally, one old tabby saw him and shook hands, or paws, with him.

"You should have heard your brother's lecture on the Golden Sea," she said, "it was most interesting. Kit and Puff are very entertaining kittens."

Snowball was too much astonished to reply. After the kittens and cats had departed he asked Kit and Puff what Mrs. Tabby had meant.

"We gave a lecture on your trip," said Puff. "It's all very well to see things, but it is quite another matter to give an interesting lecture on that which you have seen," and Kit and Puff walked away with high heads, leaving poor Snowball gazing after them.

# Voyage of the DIABLESSE



VIEW OF ST. GEORGE'S, GRENADA.

ABOUT ten years ago James Gordon Bennett made a trip in his steam yacht through the West Indies, and when he reached La Guayra he called orders to the New York Herald to publish a series of articles describing that part of the Caribbean as a cruising ground for yacht owners. Since then a good many yachtsmen have followed Mr. Bennett's lead, but few have got as much out of the trip in the way of excitement and varied experience as did Frederick Fenger of Boston.

Accompanied by his wife and a one-man crew, Skipper Fenger made a cruise of more than 6,000 miles in the specially designed schooner Diablosse. Storms along the gulf waters, dangers of starvation and hardships of long hours at the wheel were safely surmounted; suspicions of being German spies were finally routed; mutiny on board was quelled, when for a few days added help was taken on board, and at last, in June, 1915, the little 21-ton schooner returned home.

Nothing very exciting happened in the first part of the trip except the desertion of the "crew," who feared to cross the gulf stream. Captain and Mrs. Fenger managed to reach Bimini, and continued to Nassau, where a new crew, in the person of one "Jamaica Fred," was shipped, and he stuck to the end.

"I ran against a Revolution.

"I hoped to reach St. Thomas in ten days," said Captain Fenger, "but first we ran into head winds and then a calm. We were in a dead beat for three and one-half weeks, except for two nights. Off the coast of Haiti we ran into a hard blow, in which our jibs were torn off while we were taking in sail. We have to under a foresail, and the next morning ran in under the island at Port de Paix.

"There we found a revolution going on. Officers boarded us, headed by the harbor master.

"We anchored with all our chains out, and the officers took all our papers ashore. I was considerably worried, fearing that they would seize the schooner. An American 80-foot schooner yacht a year before had been fired on in the same locality."

They got away from Port de Paix all right, however, and made their way, in heavy weather, along the coast of Haiti and San Domingo and across to Maraguez, Porto Rico. Then they beat their way to St. Thomas, but before reaching that island they ran entirely out of food and water.

Sails Blown to Shreds.

"From St. Thomas we sailed to the Virgin Islands," continued Captain Fenger, "and ran across to St. Eustatius, where the harbor master, whom I knew, warned us that the weather was growing suspicious and that the early season had come when hurricanes might be expected in the northern islands. We stayed two hours, and then set out for Dominica, and thence to St. Lucia. Just as we were under the lee of Martinique, the weather suddenly became extremely heavy, and our mainsail was ripped along the foot. We put in a reef and kept on, from seven o'clock till about 10 p. m.

"Then, without any warning, the mainsail suddenly blew itself all to shreds. There wasn't enough left to make a patch. We set our storm-trial sail and kept on running. I had just turned in from my watch, when Fred yelled: 'Now de for'ard done gone!' It, too, was almost a complete wreck, and we were beating about in considerable distress. There wasn't any fear about it, just excitement.

"All quieted finally, however, and we got along somehow to Chateau Belaire, and from there to St. George's, Grenada, which we reached on July 6, 1914.

"We lay there for five months, and a new set of sails was sent down to us from the states.

Dodging a Waterspout.

"Our course was then made to St. Lucia, on the sailing route to Barbados. As we were sailing in the outside harbor a waterspout suddenly appeared off our bow, and we sported for several minutes trying to dodge it. A schooner of twice our tonnage, which we had passed during the night, lost all her headsails in a blow which followed, but we managed to hold.

"We docked at Barbados, and got in some Christmas nuts and raisins, then cleared for Tobago, from which the name 'tobacco' comes. We spent Christmas in Scarborough. We had a bamboo tree for a Christmas tree.

"From Dominica we continued to Guadalupe, and anchored one moonlight night off the shore, about two miles from Point a Pitre. The next morning we sailed into the harbor, and as we were entering we noticed a signal at the customs office. It consisted of a black ball over an American flag upside down, and, though we couldn't find any meaning in international code, we knew it was a warning to keep away. We kept on ashore, however, and the harbor master immediately came out with a number of army officers, to make things look powerful. They demanded our passports. But we had left the United States before the war, and had thought nothing of getting passports. I had a letter to the British consul, which they took. They would not give us clearance, but I sailed without it for Antigua.

"Thence to Barbuda we went, an island recently taken over by the British government. It was stocked by the Coddington family of England about two centuries ago with wild deer, and the deer abound there now. Four hundred natives still live in a walled town under a sort of feudal system, and the island is governed by two white men, an overseer and his assistant. About 150 wrecks are scattered along its shores."

From Barbuda the Diablosse sailed to St. Kitts and Nevis, then to St. Eustatius again, and from there home, without further remarkable incident.

Gave the Child to Mother.

The supreme court of New Mexico in Focka vs. Menger heard habeas corpus proceedings instituted by a mother to recover her child from the foster mother. It appeared that the child was stolen from the mother when two or three years old and placed in custody of the foster mother, who, however, was without knowledge of the theft of the child or the whereabouts of the mother and that the foster mother had given the child tender care. The court held that on the evidence that the mother was a worthy person who was able to care for the child she was entitled to the custody, since she had spent all the money she could spare in a ceaseless search. The court held:

"In this case the burden was upon the appellee to show that the natural mother, because of some vice or some other lawful reason, was not the proper person to have the care and custody of her child. This she failed to do."

At the Reception.

"Who is that attractive lady?"

"My late wife."

"I didn't know you were divorced!"

"I'm not; but just look at the clock!"—Judge.

No Choice.

Jim—John, why is it that all you fat fellows are so good natured?

John—We have to be good natured. You see, we can't either fight or run.—Type Tattle.

KEEP GLASS OFF ROADWAYS

German School Children Aid Government in Prevention of Mishaps to Automobiles.

The acknowledged scarcity of rubber products in Germany at the present time has resulted in a new order of the German government, issued through the medium of its school teachers. Every teacher has been instructed to tell his pupils to look carefully over the roadways which they have to pass, and to pick up every bit of broken glass, or sharp pieces of metal, which might be injurious to automobiles. The importance of the automobile in the war operations has been put before the school children in so graphic a manner that they are enthusiastic over the prospect of being able to help its efficiency. German pupils who are seen to drop glass or bottles upon the highways are subjected to severe reprimand on the first occasion and to a fine on the second. Motorists who in former years have been suffering from the broken glass and sharp tacks on roads and streets

Motorcycle Watch Holder.

The cover is put on and soldered in place, and a piece of metal is bent as shown and soldered to the back of the case. The holder is clamped to the handlebar. An inexpensive watch will serve the purpose.—Popular Mechanics.

Absent-Minded Duke.

The grand duke of Saxe-Weimar had in Germany a reputation for perpetrating "bulls." Once he came across two schoolboys who looked remarkably alike.

"The lads must surely be twins," he said.

"Yes, your highness," replied the father.

"Ah," said the grand duke, placing his hand on the head of one of them. "And how old are you?"

"Six," answered the boy.

"And you?" he said, turning to the other lad.—Boston Evening Transcript.

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## LOOK TO WORKERS' SAFETY

Elaborate Precautions Taken to Prevent Accidents in Plants Where Gunpowder is Made.

Workers in gunpowder plants, whenever a storm comes up, adjourn to the watchhouse surrounding the plant proper and enjoy themselves till the storm is over.

Lightning is not the only danger dreaded in gunpowder plants; however, metal is dreaded—its hard surface may