

# SERIAL STORY

## EXCUSE ME!

Novelized from the Court of the Same Name

By Report Higdon

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Lieut. Harry Mallory is ordered to the Philippines. He and Marjorie Newton decide to elope, but work of taking presents their seeing minister on the way to the train. Transportation is so tight on passengers. Porter takes a party on a Yankee business and Mr. Lathrop has an exciting time getting to the train.

**CHAPTER III. (Continued.)**

Her nether lip trembled and her eyes were filled, but they were brave, and her voice was so tender that it wooed his mind from his wife's face. He gazed at her, and found her so dear, so devoted and so pitifully exquisite, that he was almost overcome by an impulse to gather her into his arms there and then. Indifferent to the immediate passengers or to his far-off military superiors. An hour ago they were young lovers in the ill and thrill of elopement. She had clung to him in the gloaming of their taxi, as if she were a child at their time to the place the minister would write their hands and their hearts in blessing. Thence the new husband would have carried the new wife away, his very own, soul and body, duty and beauty. Then, as they in their minds the future was an unwelcome honeymoon, the journey across the continent, a stroll along a lover's lane, the Pacific ocean a garden lake, and the Philippines a chain of Portuguese Isles decreed especially for their Eden. And then the taxi cab encountered a lamp-post. They thought they had merely wrecked a motor car—and lo, they had wrecked a Paradise.

The railroad ceased to be a lover's lane and became a lingering torment; the ocean was a wailing Sahara, and the Philippines a Dry Tortugas of exile.

Mallory realized for the first time what heavy burdens he had taken on with his shoulder straps; what a dismal life of restrictions and hardships an officer's life is; and how far above high above our heads, would have done no better than Mr. Mallory and Miss Newton. In any case, the best these two could say was:

"It's just too bad, honey."

"But I guess it can't be helped, dear."

"It's a mean old world, isn't it?"

"Awful!"

And then they must pile out into the street again so lost in woe that they did not know how to get out. They were trampled or allowed. Marjorie's despair was so complete that it paralyzed instinct. She forgot consciousness. A thoughtless passenger came out, tossed the basket into Mallory's arms even as the car moved off.

Fortune relented a moment and they found a taxi waiting where they had expected to find it. Once more they were cozy in the flying twilight, but their grief was their only baggage, and the clasp of their hands talked all the while as a witness of their anxiety tormented them and they feared another wreck. But as they swooped down upon the station, a kind, a lower class, beamed the reassurance that they had three minutes to spare.

The taxi cab drew up and halted, but they did not get out. They were kissing good-byes, fervidly and numerously, while a grinning station-porter winked at the winking chauffeur.

Marjorie simply could not have done with farewells.

"I'll go to the gate with you," she said.

He told the chauffeur to wait and take the young lady home. The lieutenant looked so honest and the girl so sad that the chauffeur simply touched his cap, though it was not his custom to allow strange fares to vanish into crowded stations, leaving behind nothing more palatable than instructions to wait.

**CHAPTER IV.**

**A Mouse and a Mountain.**

All the while the fellow sleepers were filling, the San Francisco sleeper was lit up by the glow of the receipt of assorted lots of his masterly tumbling into it from all directions, with all sorts of soups, bobbies and confusions.

The porter received such with that expert eye of his. His car was his laboratory. A railroad journey is a laboratory of the most curious and strange. The porter could never combine the elements of any two, nor their combinations, without some remarkable result.

Wedgehead of London and Mr. Ira Lathrop of Chicago, in contrast repose, than his car was invaded by a woman who fung herself into the first seat. She was flushed with running, and breathing hard, but she managed one gasp of relief:

"Thank goodness, I made it to time!"

The mere sound of a woman's voice in the seat back of him was enough to disperse Ira Lathrop. With not so much as a glance backward to see what manner of woman it might be, he jammed his contract into his pocket, seized his newspapers and retreated to the farthest end of the car, hooting down indignantly at number one, like a Bullen snapping turtle.

Miss Anne Gettelle's modest and homely valise had been brought about by a curiously situated usher, who set it down and waited with a speckling palm outstretched. She had her tickets in her hand, but transferred them to the usher, while she searched for money in a bag which was old-fashioned enough to be called a reticule.

The usher closed his fist on the pile, she dropped into it and departed without comment. The porter advanced on her with a demand for the pile.

"She began to snack her reticule with hurried haste, taking out of it a small purse, opening that, closing it, putting it back, taking it out, searching the reticule through, turning out a handkerchief, a few hairpins, a few trunk keys, a baggage check, a bottle of salts, a card or two and numerous other midday articles, restoring them to place, looking in the purse again, restoring that, closing the reticule, setting it down, shaking her head in bewilderment. She was almost overcome by the old valise, going through certain white things blushing, closing it again, shaking her skirts, and shaking her head in bewilderment.

"She was about to open the reticule again, when the porter exclaimed: "I see it! Don't look no more, I see it!"

When she cast up her eyes in despair, her hairpin had been elevated enough to disclose the whereabouts of the tickets. With a murmured apology, he removed them from her teeth and held them under the light.

After a time he said:

"As near as I can make out from the ticket, yo' numba is six."

"That's it—six!"

"What's right up this way?"

"Let me sit here till I get my breath," she pleaded. "I ran so hard to catch the train."

"Well, you caught it good and strong."

"I'm so glad. How soon do we start?"

"In about half a hour."

"Really? Well, better half an hour."

"Chaufeur! chaufeur! don't go so fast 'round these corners."

He collided with a small train-boy snatching his nasal air, but it was the behemoth and not the train-boy that collapsed into a seat, sprawling as helplessly as a mammoth oyster on a table-cloth.

The porter rushed to his aid and hoisted him to his feet with an uneasy sense of impending trouble. He felt as if someone had let a monstrous baby on his doorstep, but all he said was:

"Ticket, please."

There ensued a long search, fat, flabby hands fopping and fumbling from pocket to pocket. Once more the porter was the discoverer.

"I see it. Don't look no more. Here it is—up in yo' handbag." He lifted it out and chuckled. "Had it right next his brains and couldn't remember 'em!" He took up the appropriately huge luggage of the blubious wanderer and led him to the other end of the car.

"Numba two is yours, sah. Right head—all nice and cosy, and already made up."

The big man looked through the curtains into the cabbed confinement, and groaned:

"That! Haven't you got a man's size berth?"

"Sorry, sah. That's as big a bunk as we got on the same way."

"Have I got to be locked up in that pigeon-hole for—for how many days is it to Reno?"

"None," the porter greeted that, and meaningful name with a snarl. "We doo in Reno the—the mawwin' of the fo'th day, sah. Yasah." He put the baggage down and started away, but the fat man seized his hand, with great emotion:

"Don't leave me all alone in there, porter, for I'm a broken-hearted man."

"I see. You said."

"Were you ever a broken-hearted man, porter?"

"Always, sah."

"Did you ever put your trust in a false-hearted woman?"

"Often, sah."

"Was she ever true to you, porter?"

"Never, sah."

"Porter, we are partners in misery."

"And he wrung the rough, black head with a solemnity that embarrassed the porter almost as much as it would have embarrassed the passenger himself if he could have understood what he was saying. The porter directed himself with a patient but hasty: "I'm afraid you'll have to tussle me, but let 'em the other passengers on."

"Don't let me keep you from your duty. Duty is the—the—"

But he could not remember what duty was, and he would have dropped off to sleep, if he had not been started by a familiar voice which the porter had luckily escaped.

"Pawwah! Pawwah! Can't you raise this light, or rather can't you lower it? Pawwah! This light is so infernally dim I can't read."

To the Englishman's intense amazement his call brought to him not the porter, but a rising moon with the profound query:

"Whassa I'll thing like dim light, when the light of your life has gone out?"

"I beg your pardon?"

Without further invitation, the mammoth descended on the Englishman's cot.

"I'm a broken-hearted man, Mr. Mr.—I didn't get your name."

"It—ah—darn say."

"That's all right, sah. He lifted a great carry-all and airily tossed it into the aisle, set the Gladstone on the lap of the infuriated Englishman, and scowled into the seat opposite, making a sad mien of it.

"My name's Wellington. Ever hear of 'im Jimmie Wellington? That's me."

"Any relation to the Duke?"

"Nagh!"

He no longer interested Mr. Wedgehead. But Mr. Wellington was not done, and he was being snubbed. He went right on getting acquainted:

"Are you married, Mr. Mr.—?"

"No!"

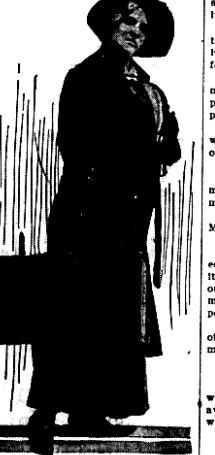
"Any heartful congratulations. Hang on to your luck, my boy. Don't let any female take it away from you." He slapped the Englishman on the head amiably, and his prisoner was too astirred with wrath to emit more than one feeble "Pawwah!"

Mr. Wellington mused on aloud:

"Oh, if I had only remained single. But she was so beautiful and she swore to love, honor and obey. Mrs. Wellington is a queen among women, mind you, and I have nothing to say against her except that she has the temper of a tarantula." He stammered the word with a light flipp of his left hand along the back of the seat.

But he was not done, and he filled the angry head of Mr. Ira Lathrop in the next seat. He went on with his portrait of his wife. "She has the most beautiful eyes I ever saw. Another flipp for Mr. Lathrop—"the abelousy of a cobra, the flirtatiousness of a humming bird." Mr. Lathrop was glaring round at a man sitting tight, but Wellington talked on. "She drinks, she swears and smokes cigars, otherwise she's fine—a queen among women."

Then as Mr. Wellington shook with joy at the prospect of "Dear old Reno!" he began unconsciously to draw Mr. Lathrop's head after his hair across the seat. The rest of it went, the bare hair Lathrop's eyes, and as he writhed and twisted he was too full of wrath to get any one word out.



too soon than half a minute too late."

She said it with such a copy-book primness that the porter set her down as a school-teacher. It was a bad guess. She was a missionary. With a pupil-like shyness she volunteered: "To berth is all ready whenever you wishes to go to bed." He caught her swift blush and amended it to—"to retain."

"Retain—before all the car?" said Miss Anne Gettelle, with prim timidity. "No, thank you! I intend to sit up till everybody else has retired."

The porter retired. Miss Gettelle took out a bit of more or less useful fabric stitching and set to work like another Dorcas. Her needle had not done its emergency many times before she was holding it up as a shield on defense against a sudden human mountain that threatened to crush her.

"A vague round face, huge and red as a rising moon, dawned before her eyes and from it came an uncertain voice:

"Excuse me, mad'm, no Tensh intended."

The words and the breath that carried them gave the startled spinster an instant proof that her rise in the did not share her prohibition principles or practices. She regarded the elephant with morose terror, and the elephant regarded the woman with elephantine fright, then he removed himself from her landscape as quickly as he could and lurched after the aisle, calling out merrily to the porter:

**HINTS ON THE FORMATION OF FARMER'S LIBRARY AND BOOKS IT SHOULD CONTAIN**

In the Library of Frank I. Mann.

By E. P. HERMANN.

Student at University of Illinois.

The modern minister, doctor or lawyer would not think of trying to practice his profession without the text books and professional periodicals that his library affords, nor could the engineer, the manufacturer or the merchant do as good work without the help of the previous experience of others, largely found in books. But just as valuable as law books to the lawyer are the works on agriculture to the modern farmer.

It is easy with a little work and a very little expense to start a library, especially on the professional side. The federal government, the state, and numerous educational and other societies, and private corporations, issue publications of great value to those who will gather and use them. These are the great agricultural press, whose publications are very moderate in price. Good books can be purchased in plain but substantial bindings at a fractional part of their cost some years ago, and a few more expensive volumes, purchased from time to time and added to the collection, soon surmise up with the extent and variety of his library.

A few practical suggestions as to the start may be in order. Write to your congressman asking for the agricultural year book which has numbers if he can supply them, and for a list of the bulletins and circulars of the department of agriculture. When you wish and send him the list. Also ask for such reports of the other departments as would be of advantage to a farmer's library. Ask to be put

on the permanent mailing list for announcements of new publications.

Write to your state experiment station for reports and for a list of circulars and reports in the same way. Write to the secretary of your farmers' institute for its report and other publications. Ask your state superintendent of public instruction for such documents as would be of value to you. Write to the extension department of your state university for information as to the extension work that they are carrying on. The similar departments of other states publish other material and will usually send you to get your library started on the professional side. The matter should not be allowed to rest here, however, but some of the more thoughtful and connected discussions on the various phases of agriculture should be purchased to help out. Neither is the farmer's library complete if it contains nothing but professional material. There should be some good general, children's and household magazines; there should be story books and cultural books—in short, there should be a "well-rounded" collection of books that will grow more valuable every day.

**PRINCIPLES OF DIET AND VARIETY OF FOOD**

At Work in Household Science Department Kitchen, University of Illinois.

By SUSANNAH USHER, Assistant Professor of Household Science, University of Illinois.

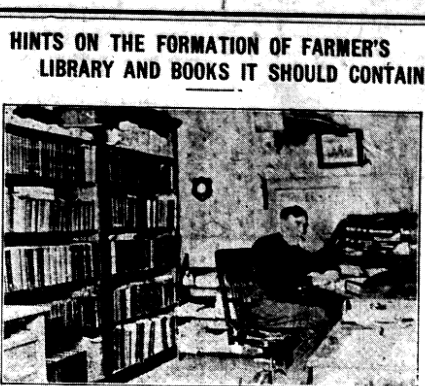
The rise in the cost of living has made the cost of food of vital concern to most of us, and the numerous dietetic cults have set us to thinking along the line of diet in relation to health. Horace Fletcher tells us that our problem will be solved if we chew our food thoroughly; Professor Chittenden of Yale believes that we overload the system with protein, and Professor Atwater of the United States department of agriculture thinks the efficient cultivator has set us the example of his diet, and that is healthful.

We may be somewhat bewildered by the contentions of the most eaters, the non-meat eaters, the chewers and the raw food advocates, but fortunately we have some landmarks in the wilderness. Until authorities can agree it may be wise to take a middle course. By careful observation, each one can decide to some extent how much and what kind of food keeps him in good condition for his particular work. We know that we need food in proportion to the amount of muscular work of the body, internal, such as digestion, assimilation, circulation of the blood and respiration, and external. This has been worked out by scientific experiment.

The question of variety is often a matter of one to the housekeeper, especially if the market is poor; in this case she is thrown back on variety in the preparation of a few food materials rather than variety in the materials themselves. Different methods of preparing a few simple foods are

well illustrated by some work done by a class at the University of Illinois. These students were given four simple foods, beef, potatoes, cabbage and apples, from which to serve 12 meals without twice preparing the same food in the same manner. The following were prepared and served:

- 1—Porterhouse steak, mashed potatoes, cabbage salad with nuts, baking powder biscuit, apple pie, coffee.
- 2—Roast rib of beef, baked potatoes, plain bread, baked apples with cream, coffee.
- 3—Baked shoyers, apple creamed cabbage, white muffins, apple sauce with whipped cream, cocoa.
- 4—Short ribs, French fried potatoes, baked cabbage, graham bread, apple dumplings and cream, coffee.
- 5—Hamburg steak, fried potatoes, escalloped cabbage, graham bread, apple tapioca, coffee.
- 6—Beef creamed potatoes, cold slaw, nut bread, Dutch apple cake with cream, coffee.
- 7—Tongue, cabbage and potato salad, popcorn, apple turnovers with cream, tea.
- 8—Creamed dried beef, stuffed potatoes, creamed cabbage with peppers, brown bread with cream, coffee.
- 9—Corned beef, boiled potatoes, boiled cabbage, butter rolls, apple pudding, coffee.
- 10—Boiled stuffed steak, browned potatoes, hot slaw, baked apples, cream, jelly, nut, coffee.
- 11—Corned beef hash, potatoes with butter and parsley, cabbage as gratin, entire wheat rolls, Dutch apple cake, lemon sauce, tea.
- 12—Pan broiled flank steak, scalloped potatoes, fried cabbage, French rolls, apple short cake and cream, cocoa.



**UNKNING COMMENT.**

Madge—George says he always loses his best when he goes in the water.

Maude—I should think that would be the only part of him that would keep him afloat.

**HANDS CRACKED AND BLED**

Bl. Clair, Mo.—"My trouble began about fifteen years ago. It was what some claimed was eczema. The form the disease would under was a breaking out with watery blisters on my hands which would then dry and scale, and then would follow the trouble of cracking and bleeding, also itching and burning. My hands were disfigured at the time, and sore. The trouble was very annoying, and disturbed my sleep. This last February it was ever so much worse than before. I did not do all my work on account of the condition of my hands, could not put them in water without making them worse. I tried a lot of home remedies, also salves and liniments which would be a cure for the trouble, but I did not obtain a cure. "At last I saw the advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I sent for a sample. I thought they would cure, so I sent for a different box of Cuticura Ointment and some Cuticura Soap. A doctor advised me to keep about the Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I cured me completely. No trace of the trouble remains." (Signed) Mrs. Mary Taylor, Mar. 23, 1913.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32 p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."

**Sparrow Sets House Ablaze.**

An English sparrow was the cause of three houses catching fire at Lawrenceburg, Ind., recently, and had it not been for the prompt work of the neighbors and friends all would have been destroyed. The sparrow was building a nest under the eaves of the home of Mrs. Mary Webber, and it picked up a long cotton string from a pile of rubbish that had just been burned. With the burning string in its beak, the sparrow flew to the roof of Mrs. Sophia Wharter's house, then to Otto Wright's house and then to the roof of Emanuel West's home, where dropped the burning string. A fire started in the shingles at each building. Each was extinguished by neighbors before much damage was done.

**Barber Shines in China.**

Since the Chinese revolution a great many Chinese have had their cues cut off, and this has led to the opening of a large number of barber shops throughout the far east wherever Chinese are located, says an exchange. Several progressive business men of Singapore, anticipating this, imported a large number of American hair clippers, and they are now unable to get supplies quickly enough. It has also been learned that the Chinese insist on having American hair clippers, and refuse all other makes offered them.

It would seem that American manufacturers of barber's supplies should experience a large increase in their official trade.

**Appropriate Trimmings.**

"What was that ice palace trimmed with?"

"I suppose it had a handsome frieze."

**A Large Package Of Enjoyment—Post Toasties**

Served with cream, milk or fruit—fresh or cooked.

Crisp, golden-brown bits of white corn—delicious and wholesome—

A favour that appeals to young and old.

"The Memory Lingers"

Sold by Grocers.

Prepared by Post-Cereal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

**PROBLY BE CONTINUED.**