

**SERIAL STORY**

**EXCUSE ME!**

Novelized from the Comedy of the Same Name

By **Report Hughes**

ILLUSTRATED From Photographs of the Play as Staged at the University of Chicago

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**SYNOPSIS.**

Least Harry Mallory is ordered to the Philippines. He and Marjorie Newton decide to elope, but wreck of taxiab wreck their meeting business on the way to the train. Transcontinental train is taken on passengers. Porter has a little time with an Englishman and Ira Lathrop, a Yankee. Porter has a little time with an Englishman and Ira Lathrop, a Yankee. Porter has a little time with an Englishman and Ira Lathrop, a Yankee.

**CHAPTER VIII.**

**A Mixed Pickle.**

Mrs. Whitcomb had almost blushed when she had murmured to Lieutenant Hudson: "I should think the young couple would have preferred a stateroom."

"Yes, of course," he tried to get it, but it was gone.

It was during the excitement over the decoration of the bridal section, that the stateroom-tenants slipped in unobserved.

First came a fluttering woman whose youthful beauty had a certain air of experience, a certain winking and winking. The porter brought her to the stateroom's concave door and passed it with her luggage.

"Oh, porter, are you sure there's nobody else in there?"

The porter chuckled, but humored her panic.

"I ain't seen nobody. Shall I look under the seat?"

To his dismay, she nodded her head violently. He rolled his eyes in wonderment, but returned to the stateroom, making a pretense of examination, and came back with a face full of reassurance.

"No'm, they's nobody there. Take a mighty small-size burglar to squeeze under that hold—berthy. No'm, nobody there."

"Oh!"

The gap was so equivocal that he made bold to ask: "Is you pleased or disappointed?"

The mysterious young woman was too much agitated to rebuke the impudence. She merely sighed: "Oh, porter, I'm so anxious on boddy."

"I'm not—now," he muttered, for she handed him a coin.

"Porter, have you seen anybody on board that looks suspicious?"

"Everybody looks suspicious to me, Misay. But what was you expecting—special?"

"Oh, porter, have you seen anybody that looks like a detective in disguise?"

"Well, they's one man looks 't I don't believe he's no stoob-hound."

"Well, if you see anybody that looks like a detective and he asks for Mrs. Fosdick—"

"Mrs. Fosdick? You tell him I'm not on board. And she gave me another coin."

"Tassum," said the porter, lingering willingly on such fertile soil. "I'll tell him Mrs. Fosdick done give me, her word she wasn't on boddy."

"Yes!—and if a woman should ask you."

If your present husband's about you, you'll be glad to see a handsome, big-browed woman I'm to throw him out of the house and let her—him—come in—oh, yassum, you may rely on me. He bowed and held out his hand. But she was gone. He shuffled on into the car.

He had hardly left the little space before the stateroom when a handsome man with a mustache, gray hair, but without any smile at all, came attacking along the corridor and tapped cautiously on the door. Silence alone answered him at first, but when he had rapped again, he heard a muffled: "Go away, I'm not in."

"He's just my husband."

"That's just why you mustn't come in." The door opened a little wider to give him a view of a down-cast beauty moaning: "Oh, Arthur, I'm so afraid."

"That's the trouble, Arthur. What if your former wife should find us together?"

"But she and I are divorced."

"In some states, yes—but other states don't acknowledge the divorce. That former wife of yours is a fend to pursue us that way."

"She's no worse than your former husband. He's pursuing us, too. My divorce was as good as yours, my dear."

"Yes, and no better."

The angels looking on might have judged from the ready tempers of the newly married and not entirely unmarriageable pair that their next alliance promised to be as exciting as their previous estates. Perhaps the man subtly felt the presence of those stern-eyed couple for he tried to end the love-duel in the corridor with an appealing carousal and a tender appeal: "But let's not start our honey-moon with a quarrel."

His partial wife returned the caress and tried to explain: "I'm not quarreling with you, dear heart, but with the horrid divorce laws. Why, oh, why did we ever interfere with them?"

He made a brave effort with: "We ended two unhappy marriages, Edith, to make one happy one."

"But I'm so unhappy, Arthur, and so afraid."

He seemed a trifle afraid himself and his gaze was askance as he urged: "But the train will start soon, Edith—and then she'll be gone."

Mrs. Fosdick had a genius for inventing unpleasant possibilities. "But what if your former wife or my former husband should have a detective on board?"

"A detective!—poof!" He snapped his fingers in bravado. "You are with your husband, aren't you?"

"Yes, but she's admitted, very dutifully. "But when we come to Iowa, I'm a bigamist, and when we come to Nebraska, you're a bigamist, and when we come to Wyoming, we're not married at all."

It was certainly a tangled web they had woven, but a ray of light shot through it into his bewildered soul: "But we're all right in Utah. Come, dearest."

He took her by the elbow to escort her into their sanctuary, but still she hung back.

"On one condition, Arthur—that you leave me as soon as we cross the Iowa state line, and not come back till we get to Utah. Remember, the Iowa state line!"

"Oh, all right," he smiled. And seeing the porter, beckoned him close and asked with careless indifference: "Oh, porter, what time do we reach the Iowa state line?"

"Two fifty-five in the morning, sah."

"Two fifty-five a. m.," the wretch exclaimed.

"Two fifty-five a. m., yassah," the porter repeated, and wondered why he except from the timetable should expect such a dramatic effect on the luscious-eyed Fosdick.

Her unfortunate to an infernal tune. Out of the anguish of her loneliness, she wept a little complaint: "If you had really wanted me, you'd have had two taxiab."

"Oh, how can you say that? I had the license bought and the minister waiting."

"He's waiting yet."

"Like a sort of benefactor's ring." He fished it out of his waistcoat pocket and held it before her as a golden amulet.

"A lot of good it does now," said Marjorie. "You won't even wait over till the next train."

"I've told you a thousand times, my love," he protested, desperately, "I don't catch the train, I'll be court-martialed. If this train is late, I'm lost. If you really loved me you'd come along with me."

"Her very eyes gasped at this astounding proposal."

"Why, Harry Mallory, you know it's impossible."

"The sort of benefactor Satan, he laid the ground for his abduction: 'You'll leave me, then, to spend three years without you—out among those Masiah women.'"

"She shook her head in terror at this vision. "It would be too horrible for words to have you marry one of those mahogany sirens."

He held out the apple. "Better come along, then."

"But how can I? We're not married."

He answered alrily: "Oh, I'm sure there's a minister on board."

"But it would be too awful to be married with all the passengers gawking. No, I couldn't face it. Good-bye, honey."

She turned away, but he caught her arm: "Don't you love me?"

"To distraction. I'll wait for you, too."

"Three years is a long wait."

"But I'll wait, if you will."

With such devotion he could not tangle. It was too beautiful to risk or endanger or besmirch with any danger of scandal. He gave up his fantastic project and gathered her in to his arms, crowded her into his very soul, as he vowed: "I'll wait for you forever and ever and ever."

Her arms swept around his neck, and she gave herself up as an exile from happiness, a prisoner of a far-off love.

"Good-bye, my husband-to-be."

"Good-bye, my wife-that-was-to-be-and-will-be-maybe."

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

**ILLINOIS NEWS TERSELY TOLD**

Springfield—Learning that her husband and another wife is the reason given by Mrs. Mary E. Moore for leaving him June 12, 1911, according to a bill for divorce filed in the Sangamon circuit court here. Her name is given by her lawyer, support. She was married to Mr. Moore July 24, 1903, in Quincy.

Poniac—Earl Gray was arrested and locked up in jail at Lewiston following the death of Mrs. A. Windson, a neighbor, who died from a blow on the head inflicted. It is alleged that Gray was the murderer. She was married to Mr. Moore July 24, 1903, in Quincy.

Rockford—Bragging of his prowess as a swimmer, Edward Holland, aged forty-eight, a Rockford banker, who went to Rockport, camp, jumped from a boat into Rock river and was drowned before he could take a stroke. His companion in the boat was intoxicated and he rowed to shore and went to sleep.

Centralia—Democrats of Centralia have organized a Wilson club. The organization was perfected as follows: President, Dr. H. W. Bran; first vice-president, Scott C. Wolley; second vice-president, W. L. DeWolf; third vice-president, Charles S. Glason; secretary, Hal Kelly; treasurer, A. H. Young.

Bloomington—A child of Clem Rank of near Saybrook died, making the third death from infantile paralysis. There are thirteen serious cases and many parents are taking their children to outside points. There is a theory that the fruit shipped in carried contagion.

Springfield—Governor Deneen issued a requisition on the governor of New Mexico for the return of Monticello, Platt county, of Harry McKinley, under arrest in Santa Fe, and wanted on this state on a charge of selling a horse out his own for \$200.

Decatur—The Illinois conference of the Methodist Episcopal church is in session here. Dr. Joseph Harkert, president of the Illinois Woman's college at Jacksonville, announced this state as a charge of selling a horse out his own for \$200.

Springfield—Governor Deneen appointed these delegates from Illinois to attend the fourth national conservation congress, at Indianapolis, October 1 to 4, inclusive: R. R. McCormick, P. C. Chamberlain, Itham Randolph, G. W. Traer, William Hill and Edmund T. Perkins, all of Chicago; Cyril W. Hopkins, W. W. DeWolf, E. J. James, all of Urbana; John H. Walker, Springfield; Lafayette Funk, Bloomington; A. W. Harris, Northwestern university, Evanston.

Springfield—Commercial possibilities of the Illinois and Michigan canal were shown to a party of guests who were invited by the canal commissioners for a trip along the ancient waterway. The inspection tour, which is to occupy two days, is being made on a barge and a tug and extends from Joliet to LaSalle, the head of Illinois river navigation. The trip is planned to prove to the guests that the canal has potential value and that commerce thereon may again be made profitable by suitable alteration in the dimensions of the ditch.

Caston—Struck by wooden billets thrown while she was trying to protect her thirteen-year-old son from the coroner's jury, Mrs. Mary E. Moore, twenty-one years, and his brother, Roy, aged sixteen, Mrs. Albert Windsor, wife of a farm laborer seven miles west of Caston, was killed by a fracture of the skull. On the verdict of the coroner's jury Earl Gray was held without bail.

Hammer—Members of the threshing crew quit work at the farm of John Pierce after a skank had been fed through the machine. The local grain dealer would not receive the work.

Poniac—Alleging that her husband was a drunkard and that he had threatened to kill her, Mrs. Ida Pratt asks a divorce from William Pratt.

Hammer—A girl born to Mrs. Joseph Bala on the station Terrace, will be named after the best.

**Electric Bitters**

Keeps drinking unwholesome—hot and sour water—so it's a good idea to get this Electric Bitters—containing Asafoetida, which has been shown to be the best medicine ever sold over a druggist's counter.

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**YOUR FALL PAINTING**

Now is the time to paint the things around the house. 'Twill soon be long nights of rest, and its nice to have everything "spic and span." Its wonderful how a little paint will cover up scuffed places on the furniture and make it look new.

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BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS



Rev. Walter Temple.

vestibles shut. They did not feel the floor sliding out with them.

And so the porter found them, engulfed in one embrace, swaying and swaying, and no more aware of the increasing rush of the train than of other passengers on the earth-express are aware of its speed through the ether-routes on its ancient schedule.

The porter stood with his ho-stetp in his hand, and blinked and wondered. And they did not even know they were observed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Celebrated Armorer.

In olden times the armorer's workshop was not of a rough and ready description, but generally bore the signs of highly wrought workmanship. The various pieces of a suit fit into their positions to a nicety, there are no rough edges, and as a rule very little that is merely careless or hasty work. Fashion and reputation have left their mark on the armor of each period, and like most other industries it had its distinguished masters. The name of Jack Toof is familiar, still famous in England, and such names as those of Lorenzo Colman of Augsburg, a German armorer of the sixteenth century; Lewis, the cloth, a Milanese, and the Wain of Leicestershire, a family of armorers that are supposed to have worked for Philip II. of Spain, are celebrated in their own country.