SERIAL STORY

EXCUSE ME!

Novelized from the Comedy of the Same Name

By Rupert Hughes

ILLUSTRATED From Photographs of the Play as Produced by Henry W. Savage

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SYNOPSIS.

Lieut. Harry Mallory is ordered to the Philippines. He and Marjorie Newton decide to elope, but wreck of taxicab prevents their seeing minister on the way to the train. Transcontinental train is taking on passengers. Porter has a lively time with an Englishman and Ira Lathrop, a Yankee business man. The slopers have an exciting time getting to the train. "Little Jimmie," Wellington, bound for Reno to get a divorce, boards train in maudlin condition. Later Mrs. Jimmie appears. She is also bound for Reno with same object. Likewise Mrs. Sammy Whitcomb. Latter blames Mrs. Jimmie for her marital troubles. Classmates of Mallory decorate bridal berth. Rev. and Mrs. Temple start on a vacation. They decide to cut loose and Temple removes evidence of his calling. Marjorie decides to let Mallory proceed alone, but train starts while they are lost in farewell. Passengers join Mallory's classmates in giving couple wedding hazing.

CHAPTER X—(Continued).

He sank into the seat opposite Marjorie, who gave him one terrified glance, and burst into fresh sobs:

"Oh—oh—boo-hoo—I'm so unhap—hap—py."

Perhaps Mrs. Temple was a little miffed at the couple that had led her astray and opened her own honeymoon with a wanton fib. In any case, the best consolation she could offer Marjorie was a perfunctory pat, and a cynicism:

"There, there, dear! You don't know what real unhappiness is yet. Wait till you've been married a while."

And then she noted a startling lack of completeness in the bride's hand.

"Why—my dear!—where's your wedding ring?"

With what he considered great presence of mind, Mallory explained: "It—it slipped off—I—I picked it up. I have it here." And he took the little gold band from his waistcoat and tried to jam it on Marjorie's right thumb.

"Not on the thumb!" Mrs. Temple cried. "Don't you know?"

"You see, it's my first marriage."

"You poor boy—this finger!" And Mrs. Temple, raising Marjorie's limp hand, selected the proper digit, and held it forward, while Mallory pressed the fatal circlet home.

And then Mrs. Temple, having completed their installation as man and wife, utterly confounded their confusion by her final effort at comfort: "Well, my dears, I'll go back to my seat, and leave you alone with your dear husband."

"My dear what?" Marjorie mumbled inanely, and began to sniffle again. Whereupon Mrs. Temple resigned her to Mallory, and consigned her to fate with a consoling platitude:

"Cheer up, my dear, you'll be all right in the morning."

Marjorie and Mallory's eyes met in one wild clash, and then both stared into the window, and did not notice that the shades were down.

CHAPTER XI.

A Chance Encounter.

While Mrs. Temple was confiding to her husband that the agitated couple in the next seat had just come from a wedding-factory, and had got on while he was lost in tobacco land, the people in the seat on the other side of them were engaged in a little drama of their own.

Ira Lathrop, known to all who knew him as a woman-hating snapping-turtle, was so busily engaged trying to drag the farthest invading rice grains out of the back of his neck, that he was late in realising his whereabouts. When he raised his head, he found that he had crowded into a seat with an uncomfortable looking woman, who crowded against the window with oldmaidenly timidity.

He felt some apology to be necessary, and be snarled: "Disgusting things, these weddings!" After he heard this, it did not sound entirely felicitous, so he grudgingly ventured: "Excuse me—you married?"

She denied the soft impeachment so heartily that he softened a little:

"You're a sensible woman. I guess you and I are the only sensible people on this train."

"It—seems—so," she giggled. It was the first time her spinstership had been taken as material for a compliment. Something in the girlish giggle and the strangely young smile that swept twenty years from her face and belied the silver lines in her hair, seemed to catch the old bachelor's attention. He stared at her so fiercely that she looked about for a way to escape. Then a curiously anxious, almost a hungry, look softened his leonine jowls into a boyish expression, and his growl became a sort of gruff purr:

"Say, you look something like an old sweetheart of a friend of mine. Were you ever in Brattleboro, Vt.?"

A flush warmed her cheek, and a sense of home warmed her prim speech, as she stammered:

"I came from there originally."

"Oh did I," said Ira Lathrop, leaning closer, and beaming like a big sun: "I don't suppose you remember Ira Lathrop?"

The old maid stared at the bachelor as if she were trying to see the boy she had known, through the mask that time had modeled on his face. And then she was a girl again, and her voice chimed as she cried:

"Why, Ira!—Mr. Lathrop!—is it you?"

She gave him her hand—both her hands, and he smothered them in one big paw and laid the other on for extra warmth, as he nodded his savage head and roared as gentle as a sucking dove:

"Well, well! Annie—Anne—Miss Gattle! What do you think of that?"

They gossiped across the chasm of of years about people and things, and knew nothing of the excitement so close to them, saw nothing of Chicago slipping back into the distance, with its many lights shooting across the windows like hurled torches.

Suddenly a twinge of ancient jealousy shot through the man's heart, recurring to old emotions.

"So you're not married, Annie. Whatever became of that fellow who used to hang round you all the time?"

"Charlie Selby!" She blushed at the name, and thrilled at the luxury of meeting jealousy. "Oh, he entered the church. He's a minister out in Ogden, Utah."

"I always knew he'd never amount to much," was Lathrop's epitaph on his old rival. Then he started with a new twinge: "You bound for Ogden, too?"

"Oh, no," she smiled, enraptured at the new sensation of making a man anxious, and understanding all in a flash the motives that make coquettes. Then she told him her destination. "I'm on my way to China."

"China!" he exclaimed. "So'm I!"

She stared at him with a new thought, and gushed: "Oh, Ira—are you a missionary, too?"

"Missionary? Hell, no!" he roared. "Excuse me—I'm an importer—Annie, I—I—"

But the sonorous swear reverberated in their ears like a smitten bell, and he blushed for it, but could not recall it.

CHAPTER XII.

The Needle in the Haystack.

The almost-married couple sat long in mutual terror and a common paralysis of ingenuity. Marjorie, for lack of anything better to do, was absentmindedly twisting Snoozleum's ears, while he, that pocket abridgment of a dog, in a well meaning effort to divert her from her evident grief, made a great pretense of ferocity, growling and threatening to bite her fingers off. The new ring attracted his special jealousy. He was growing discouraged at the ill-success of his impersonation of a wolf, and dejected at being so crassly ignored, when he suddenly became, in his turn, a center of interest.

Marjorie was awakened from her trance of inanition by the porter's voice. His plantation voice was ordinarily as thick and sweet as his own New Orleans sorghum, but now it had a bitterness that curdled the blood:

"'Scuse me, but how did you-all git that thesh dog in this hesh cah?"

"Snoozleums is always with me," said Marjorie briskly, as if that settled it, and turned for confirmation to the dog himself, "aren't you, Snoozleums?"

"Well," the porter drawled, trying to be gracious with his great power, "the rules don't 'low no live stock in the sleepin' cars, 'cepin' humans."

Marjorie rewarded his condescension with a blunt: "Snoozleums is more human than you are."

"I p'sume he is," the porter admitted, "but he can't make up berths. Anyway, the rules says dogs goes with the baggage."

Marjorie swept rules aside with a defiant: "I don't care. I won't by separated from my Snoozleums."

She looked to Mallory for support, but he was too sorely troubled with greater anxieties to be capable of any action.

The porter tried persuasion: "You betta lemme take him, the conducta is wuss'n what I am. He tho'wed a couple of dogs out the window trip befo' last."

"The brute!"

"Oh, yassum, he is a regulah brute. He just loves to hear 'm sploish when they light."

Noting the shiver that shook the girl, the porter offered a bit of consolation:

"Better lemme have the pore little thing up in the baggage cah. He'll be in charge of a lovely baggage-smasher."

"Are you sure he's a nice man?"

"Oh, yassum, he's death on trunks, but he's a natural born angel to dogs."

"Well, if I must, I must," she sobbed. "Poor little Snoozleums! Can he come back and see me tomorrow?" Marjorie's tears were splashing on the puzzled dog, who nestled close, with a foreboding of disaster.

"I reckon p'haps you'd better visit him."

"Poor dear little Snoozleums—good night, my little darling. Poor little child—it's the first night he's slept all by his little lonesome, and—"

The porter was growing desperate. He clapped his hands together impatiently and urged: "I think I hear that conducta comin'."

The ruse succeeded. Marjorie fairly forced the dog on him. "Quick—hide him—hurry!" she gasped, and sank on the seat completely crushed. "I'll be so lonesome without Snoozleums."

Mallory felt called upon to remind her of his presence. "I—I'm here, Marjorie." She looked at him just once—at him, the source of all her troubles—buried her head in her arms, and resumed her grief. Mallory stared at her helplessly, then rose and bent over to whisper:

"I'm going to look through the train."

"Oh, don't leave me," she pleaded, clinging to him with a dependence that restored his respect.

"I must find a clergyman," he whispered. "I'll be back the minute I find one, and I'll bring him with me."

The porter thought he wanted the dog back, and quickened his pace till he reached the corridor, where Mallory overtook him and asked, in an effort at casual indifference, if he had seen anything of a clergyman on board.

"Ain't seen nothin' that even looks like one," said the porter. Then he hastened ahead to the baggage car with the squirming Snoozleums, while Mallory followed slowly, going from seat to seat and car to car, subjecting all the males to an inspection that rendered some of them indignant, others of them uneasy.

If dear old Doctor Temple could only have known what Mallory was hunting, he would have snatched off the mask, and thrown aside the secular scarlet tie at all costs. But poor Mallory, unable to recognize a clergyman so dyed-in-the-wool as Doctor Temple, sitting in the very next seat—how could he be expected to pick out another in the long and crowded train?

All clergymen look alike when they are in convention assembled, but sprinkled through a crowd they are not so easily distinguished.

In the sleeping car bound for Portland, Mallory picked one man as a clergyman. He had a lean, ascetic face, solemn eyes, and he was talking to his seat-mate in an oratorical manner. Mallory bent down and tapped the man's shoulder.

The effect was surprising. The man jumped as if he were stabbed, and turned a pale, frightened face on Mallory, who murmured:

"Excuse me, do you happen to be a clergyman?"

A look of relief stole over the man's features, followed closely by a scowl of wounded vanity:

"No, damn you, I don't happen to be a parson. I have chosen to be—well, if you had watched the billboards in Chicago during our run, you would not need to ask who I am!"

Mallory mumbled an apology and hurried on, just overhearing his victim's sigh:

"Such is fame!"

He saw two or three other clerical persons in that car, but feared to touch their shoulders. One man in the last seat held him specially, and he hid in the turn of the corridor, in the hope of eavesdropping some clue. This man was bent and scholastic of appearance, and wore heavy spectacles and a heavy beard, which Mallory took for a guaranty that he was not another actor. And he was reading what appeared to be printer's proofs. Mallory felt certain that they were a volume of sermons. He lingered timorously in the environs for some time before the man spoke at all to the dreary-looking woman at his side. Then the stranger spoke. And this is what he said and read:

"I fancy this will make the bigots sit up and take notice, mother: 'If there ever was a person named Moses, it is certain, from the writings ascribed to him, that he disbelieved the Egyptian theory of a life after death, and combated it as a heathenish superstition. The Judaic idea of a future existence was undoubtedly acquired from the Assyrians, during the captivity.'"

He doubtless read much more, but Mallory fled to the next car. There he found a man in a frock coat talking solemnly to another of equal solemnity. The seat next them was unoccupied, and Mallory dropped into it, perking his ears backward for news.

"Was you ever in Moline?" one voice asked.

"Was I?" the other muttered. "Wasn't I run out of there by one of my audiences. I was givin' hypnotic demonstrations, and I had a run-in with one of my 'horses,' and he done me dirt. Right in the midst of one of his cataleptic trances, he got down from the chairs where I had stretched him out and hollered: 'He's a bum taker, gents, and owes me two weeks' pay.' Thank Gawd, there was a back door openin' on a dark alley leadin' to the switch yard. I caught a caboose just as a freight train was pulin' out."

Mallory could hardly get strength to rise and continue his search. On his way forward he met the conductor, crossing a vestibule between cars. A happy thought occurred to Mallory. He said:

"Excuse me, but have you any preachers on board?"

"None so far."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive."

"How can you tell?"

"Well, if a grown man offers me a half-fare ticket, I guess that's a pretty good sign, ain't it?"

Mallory guessed that it was, and turned back, hopeless and helpless.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Unhurt by Long Fall.

A fall from a second-story window of her house in Philadelphia did little more than jar an aged lady the other day. When members of the family reached her side they found that she had sustained only a few bruises. A dozen odd jar bones were broken, and that she could shout again in a day or so. She was leaning from the bathroom window when she lost her balance and fell to the yard.

NOTES from MEADOWBROOK FARM

By William Pitt

Caponizing is profitable.

—

Range for the chicks is best.

—

Sheep must have some shelter.

—

Separate the pullets and cockerels.

—

Good feed, good care, good breed, good stock.

—

Some cows are better bred than their owners.

—

Do not put the colts in a pasture fenced by barbed wire.

—

Do you have a lot of young roosters? Sell them for frys.

—

It's a mighty easy matter to overcrowd the chick coops now.

—

It may be wise to protect the colts from the flies during the day.

—

You cannot fatten your cattle while ticks are sucking their blood.

—

Hill culture produces earlier strawberries than matted row culture.

—

Unless a man has a great love for a horse he should not handle colts.

—

A sheep or calf staked in the front yard is a splendid lawn mower.

—

Warm skim milk for feeding purposes soon pays the cost of a farm separator.

—

Most of the fly dopes are fairly good but for results they have to be applied every day.

—

Sheep have just as important a place upon the average farm as any other live stock.

—

Drink is all right for the hogs, but they need some grain and vegetables to go with their milk.

—

There is plenty of farm talk in the air, but it is farm work that counts in the bank balance.

—

A good plan is to make the lots long and narrow and sow them to pasture, plowing up alternately.

—

Remember, chick coops are very apt to become foul and unhealthy while the weather is so sultry.

—

It will only take about half as much grain and other feed to raise a litter of pigs if they be given pasture.

—

There is nothing about green fodder that would have a depressing influence upon the milk flow of the cow.

—

There are about a dozen different breeds of dairy cattle and the best of them all is the kind that suits you best.

—

The best flavored butter is obtained by ripening or souring cream until from 5 to 6 per cent. of acid has been developed.

—

Roughness cannot be made to entirely take the place of grain, but a heavy crop of roughness is not to be despised.

—

Ground limestone is preferable to burnt lime unless two tons of the former cost considerably more than one ton of the latter.

—

There are very few farms on which additional labor expended in preparing the seed bed would not yield handsome returns.

—

A wide range and frequent exchange of pasture will reduce the ravages of the stomach worm, that fearful enemy of the sheep.

—

An enterprising farmer living near a town of 5,000 or more can sell every pound of his butter at full retail prices or little above the year round.

—

The man who is trying to raise hogs without pasture and forage crops is like a puppy chasing his tail. He gets plenty of exercise, but nothing else.

—

Sore shoulders on a horse are nothing less than shameful, and no man should consider himself worthy who permits them to appear upon his work animals.

—

If horses are inclined to nab at each other between the stalls, put up some tight wire as a partition. They can see through this all right and still not reach each other.

—

The first incubators used in the United States were tested in 1878. Now thousands are in use in every state in the Union and wonderful progress has been made. In fact, without the use of incubators and brooders, the big commercial plants of today would be impossible.

Clover silage is excellent.

—

Never whip a shying horse.

—

Keep all young stock growing.

—

Making baby beef is a high feeding art.

—

Clean coops mean healthy, profitable chicks.

—

Young turkeys and dampness do not get along together.

—

Any soil that turns blue litmus paper pink needs lime.

—

If you haven't a hog house, prepare to build one next fall.

—

Experts say that topping corn materially reduces the yield.

—

Plenty of good loose dirt should be allowed the molting hens.

—

The manners of the horse usually reveal the temper of his owner.

—

Turkeys need a wide range. They do not do well confined to yards.

—

Every day you keep the lambs after they are big enough to go is a loss.

—

Caponizing is another job the farmer neglects—and thereby loses money.

—

Water the horse before you give him hay. Hay before grain, concentrates last.

—

Good feed will put life into a horse a hundred times better than an 8-foot whip.

—

Pasture and exercise develops a strong frame in all kinds of young stock.

—

Rye may be sown in the fall and used as a late fall and early spring pasture.

—

Stubble that cannot be stirred this fall should be disked to conserve the moisture.

—

Don't be in any hurry about weaning the heifers you will add to the dairy herd.

—

It is well to remember that ducks need plenty of cool shade during the hot months.

—

Live stock furnishes manure and converts forage crops into marketable products.

—

The green straw pile is not infrequently the sign of a green hand managing the separator.

—

Keep up the supply of oyster shell. The lime in it is an essential article in the production of eggs.

—

It pays to grade melons, and it pays to market them in the large baskets now growing in popularity.

—

No land is so rich that its owner can afford to waste the manure that is made by his farm stock.

—

In this hunt for the profit dollar, keep an eye on the combination of ensilage and clover or alfalfa hay.

—

The foundation for a silo made of concrete and properly reinforced need not be more than twelve inches thick.

—

A half-blood Holstein cow bred to a registered Holstein bull will produce a three-quarters Holstein animal.

—

Sheep must play an important part in the restoration of fertility to the wornout grain-raising areas of the country.

—

Rotation of crops is one of the simple, practical methods of increasing the productivity of the farm and distributing labor.

—

Illinois milk producers found they had to organize to get living prices for their product. This is needed in all lines of farming.

—

The most profitable way of marketing grain and fodder is through stock. They produce manure, which is very necessary to the soil.

—

As a rule, sons of great producing cows are more liable to beget large producing daughters than are great producing cows themselves.

—

The cow that comes in fresh next month is just about the most profitable one of the whole year and dairymen are beginning to find it out.

—

A common error of the experienced feeder is failure to provide good shelter. Lambs can not make good gains with wet feet, or soggy fleeces.

—

It is advisable to place a box of grit or coarse sand where the turkeys can find it, as not all farms have sufficient quantity for the purpose of good digestion.

—

The failures in poultry culture are no more common than any other commercial activities, and are usually traceable to a want of proper knowledge of its requirements.

—

Be sure that the roosting quarters are well ventilated at this time of the year. Pure air is free and inexpensive and will enter every nook and corner of the poultry house, if it is permitted. It is one of the very essential things. Close, stuffy quarters are very injurious.

BACKACHE A SIGNAL OF DISTRESS

Pain in the backache the kidney's call of distress. If the secretions are scanty, scanty, burning, gravel, uric poisoning, danger of Dropsy or Bright's disease.

When you have reason to suspect your kidneys use a special kidney medicine.

Then's Kidney Pills relieve weak, overworked kidneys—secure backache—regulate the urine. Proof proof in the following testimonial.

CONVINCING TESTIMONY

James S. Forney, Thompson Ave., Roseville, Ill., says: "My back laid up with kidney trouble. The pain in my back was so bad that I could hardly walk. The kidney secretions were in a terrible condition. At an acquaintance's advice I took Doan's Kidney Pills and I did so. They made me well and during the four years I have had no further trouble."

Get Doan's at Any Drug Store, 50c a Box

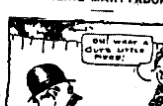
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, New York

Milk-crust all over tiny baby's face

Mothers, if your little ones are suffering from torturing, unsightly skin or scalp eruptions, how can you fail to profit by the experience of this mother, who writes: "I do not know what caused the milk-crust on my baby's face, all over it except the eyeballs. It started as a rash, of an itching nature; though only three weeks old it tried to scratch it. Then in about a week or ten days it had formed into crust that was very sore, whitish, and came off in scales. For about two weeks I used different washes, but it did no good. From the first application of the Resinol Soap and Ointment, it is a few hours, seemingly, we could see the change. I can safely say I cured the baby with Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment. Anyone who will try them will sure get results that are lasting." (Signed) Mrs. Lavenia H. Ruffin, Cauthornville, Va., May 13, 1912.

Your druggist sells Resinol Soap (25c) and Ointment (50c), or mailed on receipt of price. Resinol Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md. They are invaluable household remedies for skin troubles, pimples, sores, wounds, burns and piles.



SMILING MARTYRDOM.

Although the iceman brings to you
A lump exceedingly small,
You don't complain, for if you do
He may not come at all.

Potteries Prospering.

The output of the pottery industries of the United States had a value of $34,518,560 in 1911, according to the United States geological survey chart of clay products production, by states, compiled by Jefferson Middletown, the pottery production for 1911 was greater than for 1910, when the output was valued at $32,784,678, the increase being $733,882. Of the total production, Ohio was first, with an output valued at $14,774,256; New Jersey second, with $8,401,941; West Virginia third, with $2,880,202; New York fourth, with $2,178,364; Pennsylvania fifth, with $2,156,817, and Indiana sixth, with $1,004,737. The output of no other state had a value in excess of a million dollars.

HARD TO SEE.

Even When the Facts About Coffee are Plain.

It is curious how people will refuse to believe what one can clearly see. Tell the average man or woman that the slow but cumulative poisonous effect of caffeine—the alkaloid in tea and coffee—tends to weaken the heart, upset the nervous system and cause indigestion, and they may laugh at you if they don't know the facts.

Prove it by science or by practical demonstration in the recovery of coffee drinkers from the above conditions, and a large per cent of the human family will shrug their shoulders, take some drugs and—keep on drinking coffee or tea.

"Coffee never agreed with me nor with several members of our household," writes a lady. "It enervates, depresses and creates a feeling of languor and heaviness. It was only by leaving off coffee and using Postum that we discovered the cause and stay out of those ills.

"The only reason, I am sure, why Postum is not used altogether to the exclusion of ordinary coffee is, many persons do not know and do not seem willing to learn the facts and how to prepare this nutritious beverage. There's only one way—according to directions—boil it fully 15 minutes. Then it is delicious." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.