SERIAL STORY

EXCUSE ME!

Novelized from the Comedy of the Same Name

By Rupert Hughes

ILLUSTRATED by Photographs of the Production 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 his chaperon, a Yankee business man. The others 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. Marjorie is distracted. Ira Lathrop, woman-hating bachelor, discovers an old sweetheart, Anne Gattle, a fellow passenger. Mallory vainly hunts for a preacher among the passengers.

CHAPTER XIII.

Hostilities Begin.

During Mallory's absence, Marjorie had met with a little adventure of her own. Ira Lathrop finished his reencounter with Anne Gattle shortly after Mallory set out stalking clergymen. In the mingled confusion of finding his one romantic flame still glowing on a vestal altar, and of shocking her with an escape of profanity, he backed away from her presence, and sank into his own berth.

He realized that he was not alone. Somebody was alongside. He turned to find the great tear-spent eyes of Marjorie staring at him. He rose with a recrudescence of his woman-hating wrath, and dashing up the aisle, found the porter just returning from the baggage car. He seized the black factotum and growled:

"Say, porter, there's a woman in my berth."

The porter chuckled, incredulous:

"Woman in yo' berth!"

"Yes—get her out."

"Yassah," the porter nodded, and advanced on Marjorie with a gentle, "Scuse me, missus—yo' berth is numba one."

"I don't care," snapped Marjorie. "I won't take it."

"But this un belongs to that gentleman."

"He can have mine—ours—Mr. Mallory's," cried Marjorie, pointing to the white-ribboned tent in the farther end of the car. Then she gripped the arms of the seat, as if defying eviction. The porter stared at her in helpless chagrin. Then he shuffled back and murmured: "I reckon you'd betta put her out."

Lathrop withered the coward with one contemptuous look, and strode down the aisle with a determined grimness. He took his tinkes from his pocket as a clinching proof of his title, and thrust it out at Marjorie. She gave it one indifferent glance, and then her eyes and mouth puckered, as if she had munched a green persimmon, and a long low wail like a distant engine-whistle, stole from her lips. Ira Lathrop stared at her in blank wrath, doddered irresolutely, and roared:

"Agh, let her have it!"

The porter smiled triumphantly, and said: "She says you kin have her berth." He pointed at the bridal arbor. Lathrop almost exploded at the idea.

Now he felt a hand on his shoulder, and turned to see Little Jimmie Wellington emerging from his berth with an enormous smile:

"Say, Pop, have you seen lovely rice-trap? Stick around till she flops."

But Lathrop flung away to the smoking room. Little Jimmie turned to the jovial negro:

"Porter, porter."

"I'm right by you."

"What time d'you say we get to Reno?"

"Mawnin' of the fo'th day, sah."

"Well, call me just before we roll in."

And he rolled in. His last words floated down the aisle and met Mrs. Little Jimmie Wellington just returning from the Women's Room, where she had sought sepulture in more than one of her exquisite little cigars. The familiar voice, familiarly libulous, smote her with amazement. She beckoned the porter to her anxiously.

"Porter! Porter! Do you know the name of the man who just married me?"

"No'm," said the porter. "I reckon he's so broken up he ain't got any name left."

"It couldn't be," Mrs. Jimmie moaned. "You can't be serious," said the porter.

"You may make up my berth now," said Mrs. Wellington, forgetting that Anne Gattle was still there. Mrs. Wellington hastened to apologize, and assured her in any, but the outraged spinster to be far away from the disturbing atmosphere of divorce. She was dreaming already with her eyes open, and she sank into number six in a lotus-eater's reverie.

Mrs. Wellington gathered certain things together and took up her handbag, to return to the Women's Room, just as Mrs. Whitcomb came forth from the curtains of her own berth, where she had made certain preliminaries to disrobing, and put on a light, decidedly negligee negligee.

The two women collided in the aisle, whirled on one another, as women do when they jostle, recognized each other with wild stares of amazement, set their teeth, and made a simultaneous dash along the corridor, shoulder wrestling with shoulder. They reached the door marked "Women" at the same instant, and as neither would have dreamed of offering the other a courtesy, they squeezed through together in a Kilkenny jumble.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Dormitory on Wheels.

Of all the shocking institutions in human history, the sleeping car is the most shocking—or would be, if we were not so used to it. There can be no doubt that we are the most moral nation on earth, for we admit it ourselves. Perhaps we prove it, too, by the Arcadian prosperity of these two-story hotels on wheels, where promiscuous travelers dwell in complete promiscuity, and sleep almost side by side, in apartments, or compartments, separated only by a plank and a curtain, and guarded only by one sleepy negro.

After the fashion of the famous country whose inhabitants earned a meager sustenance by taking in each other's washing, so in Sleeping Carpathia we attain a meager respectability by everybody's chaperoning everybody else.

So topsy-turvied, indeed, are our notions, once we are aboard a train, that the staterooms alone are regarded with suspicion; we question the motives of those who must have a room to themselves!—a room with a real door! that locks! !

And, now, on this sleeping car, pretidly named "Snowdrop," scenes were enacting that would have thrown our great-grandmothers into fits—scenes which, if we found them in France, or Japan, we should view with alarm as almost unmentionable evidence of the moral obliquity of those nations.

But this was our own country—the part of it which admits that it is the best part—the moralest part, the staunch middle west. This was Illinois. Yet dozens of cars were beholding similar immodgeties in chastest Illinois, and all over the map, thousands of people, in hundreds of cars, were permitting total strangers to view preparations which have always, hitherto, been reserved for the most intimate and legalized relations.

The porter was deftly transforming the day-coach into a narrow lane entirely surrounded by draperies. Behind most of the portieres, fluttering in the lightest breeze, and perilously following the hasty passer-by, homely offices were being enacted. The population of this little town was going to bed. The porter was putting them to sleep as if they were children in a nursery, and he a black mammy.

The frail walls of little sanctums were bulging with the bodies of people disrobing in the aisle, with nothing between them and the beholder's eye but a clinging curtain that explained what it did not reveal. From apertures here and there disembodied feet were protruding and mysterious hands were removing shoes and other things.

Women in risky attire were scooting to one end of the car, and men in shirt sleeves, or less, were hastening to the other.

When Mallory returned to the "Snowdrop," his ear was greeted by the thud of dropping shoes. He found Marjorie being rapidly immured, like Poe's prisoner, in a jail of closing walls.

She was unspeakably ill at ease, and by the irony of custom, the one person on whom she depended for protection was the one person whose contiguity was most alarming—and all for lack of a brief trialogue, with a clergyman, as the tertium quid.

When Mallory's careworn face appeared round the edge of the partition now erected between her and the abode of Dr. and Mrs. Temple, Marjorie shivered anew, and asked with all anxiety:

"Did you find a minister?"

Perhaps the Recording Angel overlooked Mallory's answer: "Not a damn minister."

When he dropped at Marjorie's side she edged away from him, pleading: "Oh, what shall we do?"

He answered dismally and ineffectively: "We'll have to go on pretending to be—just friends."

"But everybody thinks we're married."

"That's so!" he admitted, with the timbecility of fatigued hope. They sat a while listening to the porter slipping sheets into place and thumping pillows into cases, a few doors down the street. He would be ready for them at any moment. Something must be done, but what? what?

CHAPTER XV.

A Premature Divorce.

Suddenly Marjorie's heart gave a leap of joy. She was having another idea. "I'll tell you, Harry. We'll pretend to quarrel, and then—"

"And then you can leave me in high dudgeon."

The tone struck him as a trifle unconvincing. "Don't you think it looks a little of improbable on—on such an occasion?"

Marjorie blushed, and lowered her eyes and her voice: "Can you suggest anything better?"

"No, but—"

"Then, we'll have to quarrel, darling."

He yielded for lack of a better idea: "All right, beloved. How shall we begin?"

On close approach, the idea did seem rather impossible to her. "How could I ever quarrel with you, my love?" she cooed.

He gazed at her with a rush of lovely tenderness: "And how could I ever speak crossly to you?"

"We never shall have a harsh word, shall we?" she resolved.

"Never!" he seconded. So that resolution passed the house unanimously.

They held hands in luxury a while, then she began again: "Still, we must pretend. You start it, love."

"No, you start it," he pleaded.

"You ought to," she beamed. "You got me into this mess."

The word slipped out. Mallory started: "Mess! How is it my fault? Good Lord, are you going to begin chucking it up?"

"Well, you must admit, darling," Marjorie urged, "that you've bungled everything pretty badly."

It was so undeniable that he could only groan: "And I suppose I'll hear of this till my dying day, dearest."

Marjorie had a little temper all her own. So she defended it: "If you are so afraid of my temper, love, perhaps you'd better call it all off before it's too late."

"I didn't say anything about your temper, sweetheart," Mallory insisted.

"You did, too, honey. You said I'd chuck this up till your dying day. As if I had such a disposition! You can stay here." She rose to her feet. He pressed her back with a decisive motion, and demanded: "Where are you going?"

"Up in the baggage car with Snoozleums," she sniffled. "He's the only one that doesn't find fault with me."

Mallory was stung to action by this crisis: "Wait," he said. He leaned out and motioned down the alley. "Porter! Wait a moment, darling. Porter!"

The porter arrived with a half-folded blanket in his hands, and his usual "Yassah!"

Beckoning him closer, Mallory mumbled in a low tone: "Is there an extra berth on this car?"

The porter's eyes seemed to rebuke his ears. "Does you want this upper made up?"

"No—of course not."

"Ex-excuse me, I thought—"

"Don't you dare to think!" Mallory thundered. "Isn't there another lower berth?"

The porter breathed hard, and gave this bridal couple up as a riddle that followed no known rules. He went to find the sleeping car conductor, and returned with the information that the diagram showed nobody assigned to number three.

"Then I'll take number three," said Mallory, poking money at the porter. And still the porter could not understand.

"Now, lemme onderstan' you-all," he stammered. "Does you both move over to numba three, or does yo'—yo' lady remain heah, while jest you pre-ambulates?"

"Just I preambulate, you black bound!" Mallory answered, in a threatening tone. The porter could understand that, at least, and he bristled away with a meek: "Yessah. Numba three is yours, sah."

The troubled gestures of the baffled porter cleared up as by magic when he arrived at number three, for there he found his tyrant and tormentor, the English invader.

He remembered how indignantly Mr. Wedgewood had refused to show his ticket, how coldly he was of his number, how he had issued the porter's services as a sort of private nurse, and had paid no advance royalties.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Palace Where Wagner Died.

Apropos of the return from her chateau in Styria of the Duchesse della Grazia to her palace in Venice, a Paris contemporary gives an interesting account of Vendramin, which is not only one of the most beautiful residences on the canal, but it is closely associated with the history of the city of the doges.

It was built in 1641. German princes occupied it at first. Then it passed into the possession of the duke of Mantua, who purchased it for 50,000 ducats of gold. It was the scene of great social events under the Archduke Charles Ferdinand of Austria and his wife, Anne de Medicis, in 1652, and through them the palace has come into the possession of the present owners through marriage. It was here that Richard Wagner died in 1883. The desk at which he wrote "Tristan und Isolde" is carefully preserved. Some years ago a plaque was affixed to the palace showing its connection with the great composer.

Speaking Consistentiously.

Senator La Follette during his recent visit to Philadelphia said to a reporter, apropos of a flagrant piece of hypocrisy:

"Why, the man's as bad as a Newport groom I heard of the other day.

"This groom stood beside his master while a veterinary examined a costly colt. The veterinary, at the end of his examination, pronounced the colt incurable and took leave. Then the master, sighing heavily, turned to the groom and said:

"'Well, James, what am I to do with the poor beast now?'

"'Conscientiously speakin', sir,' the groom replied, 'I think you'd better part with him now to another gentleman, sir.'"

NEWS OF ILLINOIS

Peoria.—Gen. Grenville M. Dodge of Council Bluffs, Ia., was re-elected president of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee at the session of the forty-second annual reunion of the order here. The following were elected vice-presidents: Gen. John C. Black, Chicago; Gen. Maxwell Van Zandt Woodhall, Washington; Gen. John H Stibbs, Chicago; Mrs. Charles H. Smith, Cleveland; P. Tecumseh Sherman, New York city; Mrs. James A. Sexton, Chicago; Col. O. D. Kinsman, Washington; Gen. J. W. Marlow, Connecticut; Maj. A. V. Bohn, Colorado; Maj. T. J. Cochrane, California; Mrs. Grenville Parker, New York city; Maj. H. V. Osborn, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Capt. W. M. Scott, Georgia; Maj. D. W. Reed, Tennessee; Mrs. O. C. Towns, Rockford, Ill.; Maj. J. S. Lothrop, Chicago.

Freeport.—The thirty-fifth annual convention of the English Lutheran Home and Foreign Missionary society of the synod of northern Illinois opened here. There are about 125 delegates in attendance. Mrs. David Davey, Chicago, is the presiding officer.

Bloomington.—S. R. Hills of this city boasts of an apple tree in full bloom, although the tree carries apples of the first crop this year. The mixture of apples and blossoms at the same time is considered a remarkable freak of nature.

Champaign. — Resolutions were adopted by the Pan-Hellenic council of the National Sororities and Fraternities at the University of Illinois that are intended to put a stop to hazing and the intimidation of freshmen. It is the intention of the Greek letter council to cause this form of activity to be looked upon as something below the level of a gentleman. The resolution follows: "Whereas certain acts of hazing and unwarranted intimidation of freshmen are likely to happen at the beginning of the college year and whereas such practices are injurious to the name and reputation of the University of Illinois, and whereas as hazing is wholly uncoming to any loyal student who is sincere and looking for the best interests of his university advanced and her reputation unsullied by such acts be it resolved that the Pan-Hellenic counsel representing the national fraternities and organization at this university does hereby put itself on record as strongly condemning any such acts and will do all it is able to stop their continuance."

Joliet.—Governor Deneen, speaking at Joliet on the question of state regulation of the insurance business, said that after an expert he employed had attended all the great insurance conferences and conventions in the country for over a year and had reported remedial legislation, fourteen bills were submitted to the general assembly and became laws. The governor said that as a result of this work Illinois insurance legislation now ranks with that of such states as New York and Massachusetts and other old and important insurance states.

Nashville.—Mr. Wesley Lemen was arrested by Sheriff Henry Vogelpohl at Addieville, brought here and placed under a peace bond. The arrest was a sequel to marital troubles between Lemen and his wife, which began right after their marriage, May 25, 1912.

Kewanee.—Rt. Rev. E. M. Dunne, bishop of the Peoria diocese of the Catholic church, and fifty priests of the diocese came here and celebrated solemn pontifical mass in memory of Rev. D. L. Crowe, pastor of the church here, who died recently in Rome.

Springfield.—President Walker of the United Mine Workers of Illinois may accept a position as commissioner for the Illinois operators. It is said that Walker, who recently returned from Europe, is considering an offer which will transfer him from the ranks of the miners to the operators.

Bloomington.—Leaving a farewell note in the family Bible stating that he was in love with two girls and unable to make a choice, Bert Eve, a clerk in the clothing store at Minonk, crawled under the porch at his home and shot himself through the stomach, narrowly missing his heart. He may recover.

Peoria. — The thirteenth annual Illinois Retail Implement and Vehicle Dealers' convention was brought to a close by an executive session which included an address on "salesmanship," by W. R. Hall of Jacksonville. The convention next year will be held in December.

Freeburg—Mental agony, caused by the belief that his son, Joe, 9, who was drowned in a mill pond at Freeburg, several miles south of Yelkvill, July 25, last, had been buried alive, caused Joseph Dambacher, Sr., to have the boy's body exhumed. No evidence was found that the child was alive when buried.

Gillespie.—James Kier Hardie, member of the British parliament, Socialist and labor leader, spent several hours in Gillespie visiting miners who were formerly his friends in England.

LIVE STOCK AS HOME GRAIN MARKET MAKERS.

In talking with Professor Hunsher, Chief of the Department of Dairy Husbandry at Purdue, on the subject of "Live Stock on the Farm, as profitable market makers for the farm grain products, the Professor gave the following interesting table on possible corn consumption by dairy cattle alone in Indiana.

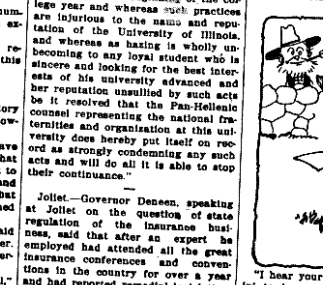
He said: "I have not the necessary statistics within reach to estimate what portion of the corn crop of our state is consumed by dairy cattle or that by beef cattle, but take for instance, as an estimate, according to the United States census report for 1910, the corn crop in Indiana averaged 59.3 bushels per acre. It is estimated that with this yield, that the acre will produce about ten tons of corn silage. The average cow eats during the year (about eight months) six tons of corn silage, containing about twenty-three and one-half bushels of corn. The average cow possible receives four pounds of corn meal daily eight months of the year, amounting to fourteen bushels of corn. Thus the total corn consumed per cow in the State would average thirty-seven and one-half bushels; as we have 656,000 dairy cows in Indiana, the dairy consumption would amount to about 24,375,000 bushels annually.

The man on the farm who is figuring like any man who is engaged in commercial pursuits must, is no doubt winning success as a result, and the man who takes advantage of such a splendid education as that afforded by the National Dairy Show at Chicago each year, will have laid before him the latest result of the work of his fellow men in every department of dairying that will make for an increase in profit from his operations.

The National Dairy Show at Chicago affords a Ten Days' Short Course in everything of value to the man who is trying to win. The show begins October 24th and lasts until including, November 2nd.

Cattle, Machinery, Instructors, Practical Demonstrations, Everything down to date, and worth inestimable value to the man who wants results from his work. Adv.

HAD ALREADY LEARNED.



"I hear your son's at college learnin' to be a author. Do you expect he'll soon learn to write for money?"

"Humph! He don't do nothin' else now."

BREAKING OUT ON LEG

Hilltop, Kan.—"About two years ago I began to notice a breaking out on my leg. At first it was very small but soon it began to spread until it formed large blotches. The itching was terrible and almost constant. Many nights I could not sleep at all. After scratching it to relieve the itching it would burn so dreadfully that I thought I could not stand it. For nearly a year I tried all kinds of salves and ointment, but found no relief. Some salves seemed to make it worse until there were ugly sores, which would break open and run.

"One day I saw an advertisement of Cuticura Remedies. I got a sample of the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment and began by washing the sores with the Cuticura Soap, then applying the Cuticura Ointment twice a day. I noticed a change and got more Cuticura Soap and Ointment and in a few weeks I was cured. It has healed so nicely that no scar remains." (Signed) Mrs. Anna A. Lew, Dec. 17, 1911.

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

Getting Along Fine at School.

Now that school has been "going" several weeks parents are beginning to inquire of their young hopefuls as to their progress. The other day a mother out on Harrison boulevard, while eating luncheon with her six-year-old, asked:

"And how are you getting along in school, Dorothy?"

"Oh," replied Dorothy between mouthfuls of bread and milk, "just fine! I and Frances Smith are the smartest and best dressed girls in the school."—Kansas City Star.

Bunkoed.

Griggs—How about that piece of land you bought down on the cape? Anything come up on it?

Briggs—Yes, the tides.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle. Adv.

Hold him a friend who kindly points a fault.—Punahou.

YOU CAN CURE CATARRH
By using Cuticura Ointment. It is a most effective remedy. All druggists, 25 and 50c. Adv.

What human nature wants is somebody to pay the freight.

ALREADY ACCOMPANIED.

He—I wouldn't mind having a wife like you.

She—But your wife does like me.

More Schoolboy "Howlers."

"The Salic law is that you must take everything with a grain of salt."

"Julius Caesar was renowned for his great strength. He threw a bridge across the Rhine."

"The zodiac is the soo of the sky, where lions, goats and other animals go after they are dead."

"The Pharisees were people who liked to show off their goodness by praying to synonyms."

"An abstract noun is something you can't see when you are looking at it."

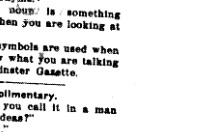
"Algebraical symbols are used when you do not know what you are talking about."—Westminster Gazette.

Complimentary.

"What would you call it in a man to steal all my ideas?"

"Petty larceny."

Richest in Healing Qualities FOR BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEYS AND BLADDER
FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS



Resinol stops itching instantly

THE moment Resinol Ointment touches any itching skin, the itching stops and healing begins. With the aid of Resinol Soap, it quickly removes all traces of eczema, rash, tetter, ringworm, pimples or other tormenting, unsightly eruption, leaving the skin clear and healthy.

Your druggist sells Resinol Soap (25c) and Resinol Ointment (50c), by mail on receipt of price. Resinol Chem. Co., Baltimore, Md.

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FINEST QUALITY LARGEST VARIETY
They meet every requirement in shoe cleaning and polishing shoes of all kinds and colors.

GILT EDGE, the only ladies' shoe dressing that positively contains OIL. Blacks and Polishes and restores, preserves and beautifies. Prevents rubbing. 25c. "Finest Polish in the World." Contains medicine for preserving leather.

BABY SIZE, a combination for cleaning, polishing and dressing tiny shoes and slippers. Just the thing to keep all baby shoes looking nice. Polishes with a brush and cloth. 10 cents. "Elite" size 15 cents. If your dealer does not have them, send us his name and the price in stamps for a full size package, charges prepaid.

WHITTEMORE BROS. & CO., 29-35 Albion St., Cambridge, Mass.
The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Shoe Polishes in the World.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cure Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, and Disease After Eating.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

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STRAIGHT 5c CIGAR
ALWAYS DELIVERS

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