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. Ray 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. Mrs. Wellington bears Little Jimmie's voice. Later she meets Mrs. Whitcomb. Mallory reports to Marjorie his failure to find a preacher. They decide to pretend a quarrel and Mallory finds a vacant berth.

CHAPTER XV—(Continued).

And now he was sprawled and snoring majestically among his many luggages, like a sleeping lion. Revenge tasted good to the humble porter; it tasted like a candied yam smothered in 'possum gravy. He smacked his thick lips over this revenge. With all the insolence of a servant in brief authority, he gloated over his prey, and prodded him awake. Then murmured with hypocritical deference: "Excuse me, but could I see yo' ticket for yo' seat?"

"Certainly not! It's too much trouble," grumbled the half asleeper. "Confound you!"

The porter lured him on: "Is you sho' you got one?"

Wedgewood was wide awake now, and surly as any Englishman before breakfast: "Of cawse I'm shaw. How dare you?"

"Too bad, but I'm 'bleged to ask you to gimme a peek at it."

"This is an outrage!"

"Yassah, but I just nachelly got to see it."

Wedgewood gathered himself together, and ransacked his many pockets with increasing anger, muttering under his breath. At length he produced the ticket, and thrust it at the porter: "There, 'you idiot, are you convinced now?"

The porter gazed at the billet with ill-concealed triumph. "Yassah. I's convinced," Mr. Wedgewood settled back and closed his eyes. "I's convinced that you is in the wrong berth!"

"Impossible! I won't believe you!" the Englishman raged, getting to his feet in a fury.

"Perhaps you'll believe Mista Ticket," the porter chortled. "He says numba ten, and that's ten across the way and down the road a piece."

"This is outrageous! I decline to move."

"You may decline, but you move just the same," the porter said, reaching out for his various bags and carryalls. "The train moves and you move with it."

Wedgewood stood fast: "You had no right to put me in here in the first place."

The porter disdained to refute this slander. He stumbled down the aisle with the bundles. "It's too bad, it's sut'nly too bad, but you sholy must come along."

Wedgewood followed, gesticulating violently.

"Here—wait—how dare you! And that berth is made up. I don't want to go to bed now!"

"Mista Ticket says, 'Go to bald!'"

"Of all the disgusting countries! Hsah, don't put that thah—hsah."

The porter threw his load anywhere, and absolved himself with a curt, "I've got otha passengers to wait on now."

"I shall certainly report you to the company," the Englishman fumed.

"Yassah, I p'mise so."

"Have I got to go to bed now? Really,—" but the porter was gone, and the irate Englishman retired under his curtains, muttering, "I shall write a letter to the London Times about this."

To add to his misery, Mrs. Whitcomb came from the Women's Room, and as she passed him, she prodded him with her sharp elbow and twisted her mouth her best imitation of a smile at him. He thrust his head out with his fervent, "How dare you!" But Mrs. Whitcomb was from from a prolonged encounter with Mrs. Wellington, and she had had a vocabulary every word of which was intended to sting.

The porter paused in his victory long enough to dash out to the Ventilator to give vent to thirteen yards of laughter. Then he had rushed on to Mandy, and gloated to her how he had fooled the Englishman.

"To' berth is empty, sah. Shall I make it up?"

Mallory nodded, and turned to Marjorie, with a sad, "Good night, darling."

The porter rolled his eyes again, and turned away, only to be recalled by Marjorie's voice: "Porter, take this old handbag out of here."

The porter thought of the vanquished Lathrop, exiled to the smoking room, and he answered: "That belongs to the gemman what owns this berth."

"Put it in number one," Marjorie commanded, with a queenly gesture.

The porter obeyed meekly, wondering what would happen next. He had no sooner deposited Lathrop's valise among the incongruous white ribbons, than Marjorie recalled him to say: "And, porter, you may bring me my own baggage."

"Yo what—missus?"

"Our handbags, idiot," Mallory explained, peevishly.

"I sin't seen no handbags of you-alls," the porter protested. "You-all didn't have no hkndbags when you got on this cah."

Mallory jamped as if he had been shot. "Good Lord, I remember! We left 'em in the taxicab!"

The porter cast his hands up, and walked away from the tragedy. Marjorie stared at Mallory in horror.

"We had so little time to catch the train," Mallory stammered. Marjorie leaped to her feet: "I'm going up in the baggage car."

"For the dog?"

"For my trunk."

And now Mallory annihilated her completely, for he gasped: "Our trunks are on the train ahead!"

Marjorie fell back for one moment, then bounded to her feet with shrill commands: "Porter! Porter! I want you to stop this train this minute!"

The porter called back from the depths of a berth: "This train don't stop till tomorrow noon."

Marjorie had strength enough for only one vain protest: "Do you mean to say that I've got to go to San Francisco in this waist—a waist that has seen a whole day in Chicago?"

The best consolation Mallory could offer was companionship in misery. He pushed forward one not too immaculate cuff. "Well, this is the only linen I have."

"Don't speak to me," snapped Marjorie, beating her heels against the floor.

"But, my darling!"

"Go away and leave me. I hate you!"

Mallory rose up, and stumbling down the aisle, plounced into berth number three, an allegory of despair.

About this time, Little Jimmie Wellington, having completed more or less chaotic preparations for sleep, found that he had put on his pyjamas hindside foremost. After vain efforts to whirl round quickly and get at his own back, he put out a frowsy head, and called for help.

"Say, Porter, Porter!"

"I'm still on the train," answered the porter, coming into view.

"You'll have to hook me up."

The porter rendered what aid and correction he could in Wellington's hippopotamine toilet. Wellington was just wide enough awake to discern the undisturbed bridal-chamber. He whined:

"Say, porter, that rice-trap. Aren't they going to flop the rice-trap?"

The porter shook his head sadly. "Don't look like that flopper's a'goin to flip. That dog-on bridal couple is done divorced s'ready!"

CHAPTER XVI.

Good Night, All!

The car was settling gradually into peace. But there was still some murmur and drowsy energy. Shoes continued to drop, heads to bump against upper berths, the bell to ring now and then, and ring again and again.

The porter paid little heed to it; he was busy making up number five (Ira Lathrop's berth) for Marjorie, who was making what preparations she could for her trousseauless, husbandless, dogless first night out.

Finally the Englishman, who had almost rung the bell dry of electricity, shoved from his berth his indignant and undignified head. Once more the car resounded with the cry of "Pawtah! Pawtah!"

The porter moved up with noticeable deliberation. "Did you ring, sah?"

"Did I ring! Paw-tah, you may draw my tub at eight-thutty in the mawning."

"Draw yo'—what, sah?" the porter gasped.

"My tub."

"Ba-ath tub?"

"Bahth tuh."

"Lawdy, man. Is you allowin' to take a bo-ath in the mawnin'?"

"Of course I am."

"Didn't you have one befo' you stahted?"

"How dare you! Of cawse I did."

"Well, that's all you get."

"Do you mean to tell me that there is no tub on this beastly train?" Wedgewood almost fell out of bed with the shock of this heresy.

"We do not carry tubs—no, sah. There's a lot of tubs in San Francisco, though."

"No tub on this train for four days!" Wedgewood sighed. "But whatever dood one go to the meanwhile?"

"One just waits. Yassah, one just all waits."

"It's ghastly, that's what it is, ghastly."

"Yassah," said the porter, and mumbled as he walked away, "but the ghastlinesses is gawtty comfy."

He threw himself among Marjorie's trunk, and was just commencing that Mallory retired to the smoking room while another drew was made up, when there was a commotion in the corridor, and a man in shirred overalls dashed into the car.

His ear was slightly red, and he held at arm's length, as if it were a venomous monster, Snoozleums. And he yelled:

"Say, whose durn dog is this? He bit two men, and he makes too much noise we can't sleep in the baggage car."

Marjorie went flying down the aisle to reclaim her lost lamb in wolf's clothing, and Snoozleums, the returned prodigal, yelped and leaped, and told her all about the indignities he had been subjected to, and his valiant struggle for liberty.

Marjorie, seeing only Snoozleums, stepped into the fatal berth number one, and paid no heed to the dangling ribbons. Mallory, eager to restore himself to her love by loving her dog, crowded closer to her side, making a hypocritical ado over the pup.

Everybody was popping his or her face out to learn the cause of such clamor. Among the bodiless heads suspended along the curtains, like Dyak trophies, appeared the great mask of Little Jimmie Wellington. He had been unable to sleep for mourning the wanton waste of that lovely rice-trap.

When he peered forth, his eyes hardly believed themselves. The elusive bride and groom were actually in the trap—the hen pheasant and the chanticleer. But the net did not fall. He waited to see them sit down, and spring the infernal machine. But they would not sit.

In fact, Marjorie was muttering to Harry—tenderly, now, since he had won her back by his efforts to console Snoozleums—she was muttering tenderly:

"We must not be seen together, honey. Go away, I'll see you in the morning."

And Mallory was saying with bitterest resignation: "Good night—my friend."

And they were shaking hands! This incredible bridal couple was shaking hands with itself—disintegrating! Then Wellington determined to do at least his duty by the sacred rites.

The gaping passengers saw what was probably the largest pair of pejamas in Chicago. They saw Little Jimmie, smothering back his giggles like a schoolboy, tiptoe from his berth, enter the next berth, brushing the porter aside, climb on the seat, and clutch the ribbon that pulled the stopper from the trap.

Down upon the unsuspecting slopers came this miraculous cloudburst of ironical rice, and with it came Little Jimmie Wellington, who lost what little balance he had, and catapulted into their midst like the offspring of an iceberg.

It was at this moment that Mrs. Wellington, hearing the loud cries of the panic-stricken Marjorie, rushed from the Women's Room, absent-mindedly combing a totally detached section of her hair. She recognized familiar pyjamas waving in air, and with one faint gasp: "Jimmie! on this train!" she swooned away. She would have fallen, but seeing that no one paid any attention to her, she recovered consciousness on her own hook, and vanished into her berth, to meditate on the whys and wherefores of her husband's presence in this car.

Dr. Temple in a nightgown and trousers; Roger Ashton, in a collarless estate, and the porter, managed to extricate Mr. Wellington from his plight, and stow him away, though it was like putting a whale to bed.

Mallory, seeing that Marjorie had fled, vented his wild rage against fate in general, and rice traps in particular, by tearing the bridal bungalow to pieces, and then he stalked into the smoking room, where Ira Lathrop, homeless and dispossessed, was sound asleep, with his feet in the chair.

He was dreaming that he was a boy in Brattleboro, the worst boy in Brattleboro, trying to get up the courage to spark pretty Anne Gattle, and throwing rocks at the best boy in town, Charlie Selby, who was always at her side. The porter woke Ira, an hour later, and escorted him to the late bridal section.

Marjorie had fled with her dog, as soon as she could grope her way through the deluge of rice. She hopped into her berth, and spent an hour trying to clear her hair of the multitudinous grains. And as for Snoozleums, his thick wool was so be-rice'd that for two days, whenever he shook himself, he snew.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Discomfited Masher.

A gray-haired masher, easily over sixty years of age, was given a cold reception when he endeavored to become acquainted with the wife of a well-known newspaper man recently.

The day was cold and rainy. The newspaper man's wife was standing holding an open umbrella. She was waiting for her car. The gray-bearded individual unceremonied stepped under her umbrella, and stood beside her for an instant before he remarked:

"You seem to be waiting for some one."

He was nearly taken off his feet when the woman with a quick reply said, "I think you are mistaken, Santa Claus."

The gray-bearded individual left suddenly.

Worse Than English Sparrows.

Rabbits were originally introduced into Australia by a gentleman who believed that the sight of them would remind him of home. They did, but they cost him $200,000 before they were done with him, and that little reminiscence is costing the country $2,000,000 per annum. A pair of rabbits in five years are supposed to have a progeny of 1,000,000,000, and in Australia rabbits do have ended up to their eyelids.

CHUTNEY AT ITS BEST

MANY INGREDIENTS GO TO FORM DELICIOUS DISH.

Mixture Really Is Largely a Matter of Individual Taste, Though Some Staple Fruits Will Have to Be Included.

Delicious Sweet Chutney — Twelve apples, three bananas, three pears (slightly green), three quinces, twelve tomatoes (more green than ripe), eight small onions, four seeded raisins, one and a half pints vinegar, half a pint water, two cups brown sugar; spice a teaspoon of each, allspice, cloves, ginger, cinnamon, mace or vary the spices to suit the taste. Peel all the fruit and the tomatoes and put all except the bananas through the meat chopper; slice the bananas; add the vinegar, water, sugar and spice. Boil slowly for three or four hors until all are blended, then bottle. It is well to use an asbestos plate under the kettle, as it burns easily. Other fruits, such as peaches and grapes, may also be added. Firm peaches, cut into thin slices the peeled and the unpeeled oranges, also the grapefruit and four of the lemons, peel and all. Measure the fruit, and to each pint of fruit add a generous pint and a half of water. Set aside for 24 hours; then cook in the same water for about an hour, counting from the time it begins to boil. Set aside for another 24 hours; then boil slowly until clear. Measure, and to each quart add two and a quarter pounds of sugar. Bring to a boil and cook rapidly for about 20 minutes, stirring and skimming. Test a few drops on a cold saucer every few minutes; when it shows a tendency to jelly add the juice of the eight remaining lemons; bring to a boil and bottle. This will make firm, clear marmalade.

Candied Orange Peel—For a few days save the peel from the oranges eaten by the family. Cut in narrow strips enough to about half fill a two quart pitcher. Fill the pitcher with cold water to which has been added a teaspoon of salt. Every morning for a week drain off the water and fill with fresh water; after the first two mornings omit the salt. At the end of the week boil three cups of cane sugar with one cup of water until it strings from the spoon, then add the orange peel, already drained, and stir until it begins to sugar; turn immediately onto a large flat dish and leave to cool. It can be kept almost indefinitely in glass jars.

Jelly Advice.

Use good fruit which is a little underripe.

Use the best granulated sugar.

Do not make large quantities of jelly at one cooking.

Heat the sugar in the oven before adding it to the fruit juice.

If the juice must be boiled down, always do so before the sugar is added.

The jelly will be clearer and finer if the fruit is simmered gently and not stirred during cooking.

Do not allow the sirup to boil rapidly, or crystals may appear in jelly.

Always make jelly on a bright, clear day.

Wash the jelly glasses in hot water and set them on a folded cloth rung out of hot water.

Set the jelly in a sunny window for twenty-four hours, then cover with melted paraffin and set in a dry, cool place.

Drop Dumplings.

To have success in cooking drop dumplings in chicken pot-pie or stews, be sure the gravy is boiling when dropping them in, then cover closely at once and boil—not too hard—for ten or fifteen minutes, according to size. Do not move the kettle during the time. Set off to stop boiling before lifting the lid; serve on a warm platter and avoid piling one on top of another. This has been my experience, says a contributor to the Ladies' World, and I have had many failures before discovering what made my dumplings heavy.

White Mountain Cake.

One scant one-fourth cup of butter, one even cup of sugar. Cream till light and foamy. To two and one-half cups of flour add two level teaspoons baking powder and sift several times. Into the creamed butter and sugar put one-half cup of milk alternately, a little at a time, with the flour. Before putting in the last of the flour stir extra well, put in one teaspoon of vanilla and the stiffly beaten whites of four eggs. Mix as little as possible to stir through. Add the last of the flour. Bake in moderate oven.

Cucumber Pickles.

To one gallon of good cider or white wine vinegar, add one teacup of salt and two-thirds of a teacup of ground mustard; place in a two gallon jar. Every time you gather the cucumbers wash and wipe dry and drop into vinegar until jar is full. Do not seal ready for use at once; will keep an indefinite time.

Wire Dish Cloth.

Housekeepers have long since learned the value of the wire dish cloth, which is for the greatest help in cleaning pots and pans. A new dish cloth of this kind is made up as a basin, of mild or string dish towels and to a more delicate use.

MORAL FOR THE MONEY-MAD

Hope of Becoming Millionaires About on a Par With the Washerwoman's Delusion.

Prof. Warren H. Beidler of Bethel, Pa., in a recent address made the striking assertion that the American people, money-mad, taught their children how to earn a living, but not how to live.

"There is no ville, and there is no valner ambition," said Professor Beidler to a reporter, "than that of the American boy to become a millionaire. What percentage of our boys do become millionaires? It would take a good many decimals to work that out, believe me!

"The boy who sets his heart on a million fares likes the washerwoman who set her heart on a cross-eyed aeronaut.

"I hear you married that cross-eyed aeronaut last week?" said a friend.

"Yes, I did,' replied the washerwoman, as she rocked back and forth over her tub. 'Yes, I married him, and I gave him $500 out of my buildin' association to start an airship factory.'

"'That so?' said the friend. 'Where is he now?'.

"'I don't know,' said the washerwoman. 'I'm waitin' for him to come back from his honeymoon.'"

BOY'S FACE A MASS OF SCABBY SORES

Awful to Look At, Resinol Cured in Less Than Two Weeks.

St. Louis, Mo.—"At about 11 years of age my face was covered with a mass of scabby sores, awful to look at, and my sleep was broken up by the intense itching, and then after scratching, the sores would pain me just something awful. My mother got salves and soaps to use, but all to no purpose. A friend of mine who was Physical Director at the Y. M. C. A. at that time, told me it was a bad case, and would spread all over the body if something were not done. He gave me some Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment, and in less than two weeks I was cured, without leaving any marks or scars whatever." (Signed) Ernest La Pique, Jr., 3021 Dickson.

Resinol Soap and Ointment stop itching instantly, and quickly heal eczema, rashes, ringworm and facial eruptions, as well as sores, boils, ulcers, pimples, scalds, wounds, and itching, inflamed and bleeding piles. Your druggist recommends and sells them (Soap, 25c; Ointment, 50c, also Shaving Stick, 50c), or sent by mail, on receipt of price, by Resinol Chemical Company, Baltimore, Md. Adv.

Absorbed.

A college professor noted for his concentration of thought, returned home from a scientific meeting one night, still pondering deeply upon the subject that had been discussed. As he entered his room he heard a noise that seemed to come from under the bed.

"Is there someone there?" he asked, absently.

"No, professor," answered the intruder, who knew his peculiarities.

"That's strange," muttered the professor. "I was almost sure I heard some one under the bed."

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

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CURES BURNS AND CUTS.
Cole's Carbolsalve stops the pain instantly. Cures quick. No scar. All druggists, 25 and 50c. Adv.

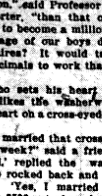
A rich man without charity is unfaithful to his duty.—Fielding.

BACKACHE NOT A DISEASE

But a Symptom, a Danger Signal Which Every Woman Should Heed.

Backache is a symptom of organic weakness or derangement. If you have backache don't neglect it. To get permanent relief you must reach the root of the trouble. Read about Mrs. Woodall's experience.

Morton's Gap, Kentucky.—"I suffered two years with female disorders, my health was very bad and I had a continual backache which was simply awful. I could not stand on my feet long enough to cook a meal's victuals without my back nearly killing me, and I would have such dragging sensations I could hardly bear it. I had soreness in each side, could not stand tight clothing, and was irregular. I was completely run down. On advice I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and am enjoying good health. It is now more than two years and I have not had an ache or pain since. I do all my own work, washing and everything, and never have backache any more. I think your medicine is grand and I praise it to all my neighbors. If you think my testimony will help others you may publish it." —Mrs. Ollie Woodall, Morton's Gap, Kentucky.



If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

Unsophisticated.

"Darling," said the fond youth, producing a ring, "which is the right finger?"

"For goodness sake, Alg?" responded the maiden, "don't you know? Nineteen years old, and never been engaged to a girl before!"

TAKE FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS For Backache Rheumatism Kidneys and Bladder

REAL ESTATE

Choice Town Lots Today's price $17.50 up. Monthly payments in reply. Big profits certain. Write today. Mr. John W. Baughman, greeter "R," Fedan, Kansas.

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