

EXCUSE ME!

Novelized from
the Comedy of
the Same Name

By
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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.

CHAPTER II. (Continued.)

He resigned himself to the despot, and began to transfer his burdens to the seat. But he did nothing to the satisfaction of the Englishman. Everything must be placed otherwise; the catch-all here, the portmanteau there, the Gladstone there, the golfsticks there, the greatcoat there, the raincoat there. The porter was puffing like a donkey-engine, and mutiny was growing in his heart. His last commission was the hanging up of the bowler hat.

He stood on the arm of the seat to reach the high hook. From here he paused to glare down with an attempt at irony.

"Is it anything else?"

"No. You may get down."

The magnificent patronage of this witted porter completely. He returned to the lower level, and shuffled along the aisle in a trance. He was quickly recalled by a sharp:

"Pawtah!"

"Yassah!"

"What time does this dally train start?"

"Ten-thirty, sah."

"But it's only ten now."

"Yassah. It'll be ten-thirty a little later."

"Do you mean to tell me that I've got to sit hyah for half an hour—just waitin'?"

The porter essayed another bit of irony:

"Well," he drawled, "I might tell the conducta you're ready. And mebbe he'd start the train. But the timetable says ten-thirty."

He watched the effect of his satire, but it fell back unheeded from the granite dome of the Englishman, whose only comment was:

"Oh, never mind. I'll wait."

The porter cast his eyes up in despair, and turned away, once more to be recalled.

"Oh, pawtah!"

"Yassah!"

"I think we'll put on my slippahs."

"Will we?"

"You might hand me that large bag. No, stupid, the othah one. You might open it. No, it's in the othah one. Ah, that's it. You may set it down."

Mr. Wedgewood brought forth a soft cap and a pair of red slippers. The porter made another effort to escape, his thoughts as black as his face. Again the relentless recall:

"Oh, pawtah, I think we'll unbutton my boots."

He was too weak to murmur "Yassah." He simply fell on one knee and got to work.

There was a witness to his helpless rage—a newcomer, the American counterpart of the Englishman in all that makes travel difficult for the fellow travelers. Ira Lathrop was zealous to resent anything short of perfection, quick and loud of complaint, apparently impossible to please.

In everything else he was the opposite of the Englishman. He was burly, middle-aged, rough, careless in attire, careless of speech—as uncouth and savage as one can well be who is plainly a man of means.

It was not enough that a freeborn Afro-American should be caught kneeling to an Englishman. But when he had escaped this penance, and advanced hospitably to the newcomer, he must be greeted with a snarl.

"Say, are you the porter of this car, or that man's nurse?"

"I can't tell yet. What's yo' numba, please?"

The answer was the ticket.

"Numba se'm. Hev she is, boss."

"Right next to a lot of women, I'll bet. Couldn't you put me in the men's end of the car?"

"Not vey well, sah. I reckon the sah is done sold out."

With a growl of rage, Ira Lathrop slammed into the seat his entire hand baggage, one ancient and rusty valise.

The porter gazed upon him with increased depression. The passenger list had opened inauspiciously with two of the worst types of travelers the Anglo-Saxon race has developed.

But their anger was not their worst trait in the porter's eyes. He was, in a limited way, an expert in human character.

When you meet a stranger you reveal your own character in what you ask about him. With some, the first question is, "Who are his people?" With others, "What has he achieved?" With others, "How much is he worth?" Each gauges his cordiality according to his estimate.

The porter was not curious on any

of these points. He showed a democratic indifference to them. His one vital inquiry was:

"How much will he tip?"

His inspection of his first two charges promised small returns. He buttoned up his cordiality, and determined to waste upon them the irreducible minimum of attention.

It would take, at least a bridal couple to restore the balance. But bridal couples in their first bloom rarely fell to the lot of that porter, for what bridal couple wants to lock itself in with a crowd of passengers for the first seventy-two hours of wedded bliss?

The porter banished the hope as a vanity. Little he knew how eagerly the young castaways from that wrecked taxicab desired to be a bridal couple, and to catch this train.

But the Englishman was restive again:

"Pawtah! I say, pawtah!"

"Yassah!"

"What time are we due in San Francisco?"

"San Francisco? San Francisco? We are doo thah the evenin' of the fo'th day. This bein' Monday, that ought to bring us in abote Thuzday evenin'."

The Yankee felt called upon to check the foreign usurper.

"Portter!"

"Yassah!"

"Don't let that fellow monopolize you. He probably won't tip you at all."

The porter grew confidential:

"Oh, I know his kind, sah. They don't tip you for what you do do, but they're ready letter writers to the Scooperintendent for what you don't do."

"Pawtah! I say, pawtah!"

"Here, portter."

The porter tried to imitate the Irish bird, and be in two places at once. The American had a coin in his hand. The porter caught the gleam of it, and fitted thither. The Yankee growled:

"Don't forget that I'm on the train, and when we get to Frisco there may be something more."

The porter held the coin in his hand. Its left was light. He sighed: "I hope so."

The Englishman was craning his head around owlishly to ask:

"I say, pawtah, does this train ever get wrecked?"

"Well, it hasn't yet," and he murmured to the Yankee, "but I has hopes."

The Englishman's voice was querulous again.

"I say, pawtah, open a window, will you? The air is ghastly, abso-ripping-lutely ghastly."

The Yankee growled:

"No wonder we had the Revolutionary war!"

Then he took from his pocket an envelope addressed to Ira Lathrop & Co., and from the envelope he took a contract, and studied it grimly. The envelope bore a Chinese stamp.

The porter, as he struggled with an obstinate window, wondered what sort of passenger fate would send him next.

CHAPTER III.

In Darkest Chicago.

The castaways from the wrecked taxicab hurried along the doleful street. Both of them knew their Chicago, but this part of it was not their Chicago.

They halted a pedestrian, to ask where the nearest street car line might be, and whither it might run. He answered indistinctly from a discreet distance, as he hastened away. Perhaps he thought their question merely a footpad's introduction to a sandbagging episode. In Chicago at night one never knows.

"As near as I can make out what he said, Marjorie," the lieutenant pondered aloud, "we walk straight ahead till we come to Umptyump street, and there we find a Rarara car that will take us to Bloptybop avenue. I never heard of any such streets, did you?"

"Never," she panted, as she jog-trotted alongside his military pace. "Let's take the first car we meet, and perhaps the conductor can put us off at the street where the minister lives."

"Perhaps." There was not much confidence in that "perhaps."

When they reached the street-carred street, they found two tracks, but nothing occupying them, as far as they could peer either way. A small shopkeeper in a tiny shop proved to be a delicatessen merchant so busily selling foreign horrors to aliens, that they learned nothing from him.

At length, in the far-away, they made out a headlight, and heard the grind and squeal of a car. Lieutenant Mallory waited for it, watch in hand. He boosted Marjorie's elbow aboard and bombarded the conductor with questions. But the conductor had no more heard of their street than they had of his. Their agitation did not disturb his stolid calm, but he invited them to come along to the next crossing, where they could find another car and more learned conductors; or, what promised better, perhaps a cab.

He threw Marjorie into a panic by ordering her to jettison Snoozieums, but the lieutenant bought his soul for a small price, and overlooked the fact that he did not ring up their fares.

The young couple squeezed into a seat and talked anxiously in sharp whispers.

"Wouldn't it be terrible, Harry, if, just as we got to the minister's, we should find papa there ahead of us, waiting to forbid the bands, or whatever it is? Wouldn't it be just terrible?"

"Yes, it would, honey, but it doesn't seem probable. There are thousands of ministers in Chicago. He could never find ours. Fact is, I

doubt if we find him ourselves."

Her clutch tightened till he would have winced, if he had not been a soldier.

"What do you mean, Harry?"

"Well, in the first place, honey, look what time it is. Hardly more than time to get the train, to say nothing of hunting for that preacher and standing up through a long rigmarole."

"Why, Harry Mallory, are you getting ready to jilt me?"

"Indeed I'm not—not for worlds, honey, but I've got to get that train, haven't I?"

"Couldn't you wait over one train—just one tiny little train?"

"My own, own honey love, you know it's impossible! You must remember that I've already waited over three trains while you tried to make up your mind."

"And you must remember, darling, that it's no easy matter for a girl to decide to sneak away from home and be married secretly, and go all the way out to that hideous Manila with no trousseau and no wedding presents and no anything."

"I know it isn't, and I waited patiently while you got up the courage. But now there are no more trains. I shudder to think of this train being late. We're not due in San Francisco till Thursday evening, and my transport sails at sunrise Friday morning. Oh, Lord, what if I should miss that transport! What if I should!"

"What if we should miss the minister?"

"It begins to look a great deal like it."

"But, Harry, you wouldn't desert me now—abandon me to my fate?"

"Well, it isn't exactly like abandonment, seeing that you could go home to your father and mother in a taxicab."

She stared at him in horror.

"So you don't want me for your wife! You've changed your mind! You're tired of me already! Only an hour together, and you're sick of your bargain! You're anxious to get rid of me! You—"

"Oh, honey, I want you more than anything else on earth, but I'm a soldier, dearie, a mere lieutenant in the regular army, and I'm the slave of the government. I've gone through West Point, and they won't let me resign respectably and if I did, we'd starve. They wouldn't accept my resignation, but they'd be willing to court-martial me and dismiss me from the service in disgrace. Then you wouldn't want to marry me—and I shouldn't have any way of supporting you if you did. I only know one trade, and that's soldiering."

"Don't call it a trade, beloved, it's the noblest profession in all the world, and you're the noblest soldier that ever was, and in a year or two you'll be the biggest general in the army."

He could not afford to shatter such a devout illusion or quench the light of faith in those beloved and loving eyes. He tacitly admitted his ability

to be promoted commander-in-chief in a year or two. He allowed that glittering possibility to remain, used it as a basis for argument.

"Then, dearest, you must help me to do my duty."

She clasped his upper arm as if it were an altar and she an Iphigenia about to be sacrificed to save the army. And she murmured with utter heroism:

"I will! Do what you like with me!"

He squeezed her hand between his biceps and his ribs and accepted the offering in a look drenched with gratitude. Then he said, matter-of-factly:

"We'll see how much time we have when we get to—whatever the name of that street is."

The car jolted and walled on its way like an old drifting rocking chair. The motorman was in no hurry. The passengers seemed to have no occasion for haste. Somebody got on or got off at almost every corner, and paused for conversation while the car waited patiently.

Mallory looked at his watch, and Marjorie's hopes dropped like a wrecked aeroplane, for he grimly asked how long it would take them to reach the railroad station.

"Good Lord, the train starts in twenty minutes!"

During this tense journey the girl perfected her soul with graceful martyrdom.

"I'll go to the train with you, Harry, and then you can send me home in a taxicab."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



The Porter.

CHORUS GIRLS HONOR CHAMPION SHOT PUTTER



POLICEMAN PAT McDONALD of New York, who won the shot putting championship at the Olympic games, was presented with a fine cup by the chorus girls of a musical play. The members of the girls' committee are shown above "Pat" and the cup given him.

GOAT IS HIGH JUMPER

Leap of Thirty Feet Is But Sport for Swiss Chamois.

Capricornus From Switzerland Keeps St. Louis Neighborhood Amused by Acrobatic Feats—Hurdles Barnes and Coal Sheds.

St. Louis, Mo.—Frank B. Mestmacher of the Thirty-six engine house has at his residence a chamois (Rupicapra tragus), or Swiss mountain goat, that is at once the wonder, delight and mystery of the neighborhood.

Born and bred in the Swiss Alps, this goat amazes the neighbors by most astounding leaps. It is nothing for him to jump on a shed or "addition" roof twelve or fifteen feet high. Often he will jump on to the porches which ornament the second story, thence to the roofs of the houses.

A jump off the highest roof, about twenty to thirty feet, is nothing for him. He can walk right up to a fence twelve to fourteen feet high and fly over it like a bird. The grace with which this chamois makes these amazing leaps attracts and delights all who see him.

Dwellers in the vicinity of Mestmacher's home, who in hot weather sleep on their porches, have been visited by the chamois in the morning. He has all the impudence and curiosity of the common goat and is attracted to make his jumps by anything that may excite his interest. In this way he has jumped on every roof that has attracted him save that of Christian Brothers' college, which is some distance away.

Those who have seen him perform are sure that he can leap to the roof of the Third National bank building if he cared to do so, and say that the only jump he has not taken is into a second-story window. They would not be surprised to see him do this at any time.

When the chamois gets going across the back yards he takes fences in his stride and hits the ground but once in each yard. He hurdles coal sheds and stables as if they were a foot

high. He is a wise old goat and takes life easy, except when molested by children, who love to see him perform. He is very fond of salt and will jump anywhere to get it.

He is immense in size, being about three feet six inches at the shoulders, and looks more like an antelope than a goat.

DOG SAVES DROWNING WOMAN

Canine Pulls Her From New Jersey River When Her Canoe Is Overturned.

New Brunswick, N. J.—A homeless Newfoundland dog limped forlornly through South Boundbrook a few days ago, and lingered under the boathouse on the Raritan river. The dog was lying on the pier when Miss Bertha Thompson put out in her canoe.

When she was 50 feet from the pier she dropped her paddle, and in trying to recover it upset the canoe. The next instant the dog had plunged off the pier and was swimming swiftly toward her. As she came up the second time, the animal fastened his teeth in her clothes and in a few minutes had her safely on shore.

The dog no longer is homeless.

SEES PROMISED LAND; DIES

Baby of Immigrant Expires in Father's Arms on Liner After a Glimpse of America.

New York.—Baby Franz Schea, aboard an Atlantic liner, was due to arrive recently in the United States, land of promise. To steerage companions his parents had told of their ambitions, centered in the boy and the wonderful future planned for him.

Two days after birth from sight of the statue of liberty the boy became ill. The ship's surgeon carefully examined the baby and gave a hopeless negative to the mother's entreaty.

"But he must live to see America!" cried the father. "It is for the boy that we came."

Again the surgeon shook his head. Just then a light twinkled like a

SENDS WIFE \$2, ENDS LIFE

Felix Oury, Cincinnati Salesman. Says He Prefers Death to Living Without Money.

Chicago.—"To My Wife: Here is \$2—all the money I have left. I don't want to live longer without money, so good-by. I hate to do it, but I cannot bear to live longer under these conditions—Felix."

After writing this note Felix Oury, a traveling salesman from Cincinnati, committed suicide by inhaling gas in a hotel at 205 South Halsted street. His body was found by Louis Glick, another roomer. Letters showed Oury lived at 228 South Atkinson street, Cincinnati. He came to Chicago five days ago.

BULLET IN BRAIN; LIVES

Portland Policeman Recovers After Being Shot Through Head by His Wife.

Portland, Ore.—Police Sergt. Everett S. Peachin, after lying two months in a hospital from the effects of a bullet passing through his brain, appeared at the police station and announced that he would resume his duties. In a fit of hysteria last June his wife fired two shots into his head and then took her own life.

SHELLS CAUSE A ROMANCE

Kansas Girl Writes Name on Two Eggs and Young Men Seek Her Hand.

Hackensack, N. J.—A girl on a farm near Topeka, Kan., whence eggs are shipped as far east as Hackensack, has a fondness for the romance of egg-shell acquaintances. Her name and address on two eggs fell into the hands of Theodore Sidore and George Zile, who room and board together. Neither told of the discovery, but quietly started a correspondence which resulted in each receiving the girl's photograph. Two proposals were sent westward and each brought a letter of acceptance.

One evening each accused the other of being lovesick, whereupon confessions were made that each was the victim of the same eggshell romance. Both are making preparations to go west to see the girl. The loser is to be the best man.

GAIN SHOWN IN GEM OUTPUT

Sapphire Leads in Tabulation for 1911, With the Turquoise Second and Emerald Third.

Washington.—American output of precious gems, though small, is increasing every year, and the total for 1911 showed a goodly increase over that of 1910, according to a bulletin just issued by the United States geological survey. The yield in 1911 showed \$2,750 worth of diamonds, \$9,500 worth of emeralds, \$215,313 worth of sapphires and \$44,715 worth of turquoise. Promising finds of emeralds have been made in North Carolina, some of the gems running as high as \$100 to \$200 a carat. The largest emerald found has been about one inch by three-quarters by one-half. Most American diamonds come from California and Arkansas.

UTENSILS COST \$25,000,000

Committee of Government Experts Makes Inventory of Persian Cooking Utensils.

Teheran.—The shah's cutlery and kitchen utensils are worth \$25,000,000, according to a committee of government experts appointed to make an inventory.

The committee's report shows that no other court, not even that of Spain, has such elaborate pots and pans at the Persians. They are all gold plated on the inside, and the plainest are of silver only.

The kitchen salt and sugar canisters are of massive silver, but the spoons and forks, plates and dishes are of solid gold, while most of the knives have handles incrustated with precious stones.

COLLEGE MEN IN HARVEST

Many of Them Help to Gather Connecticut Tobacco Crop and Receive Good Wages.

Springfield, Mass.—Undergraduate students from Yale, Harvard, Princeton and Dartmouth are providing invaluable help on the big Connecticut Valley tobacco plantations during the harvest season which is now at its height. College men who are working their way find that harvesting tobacco is more congenial than collecting fares or guiding trolley cars. The wages paid vary from \$2.25 to \$3 a day.

PROVES LOYAL TO COMRADE

Convict Abandons Chance to Escape When Friend Falls and Sprains His Ankle.

Leavenworth, Kan.—Richard Osborn's loyalty to his comrade, Thomas Johnson, prevented his escape from the federal penitentiary here. Osborn had reached the top of the thirty-foot wall which surrounds the prison, when Johnson, who was half the way up, fell and sprained his ankle. Osborn returned. The two men were discovered in an areaway and returned to their cells.

TOO ERUDITE; IS DEPORTED

Vienna Professor, Who Speaks Only Latin and Greek Sent Back by Authorities.

New York.—Dr. Carl Mantur, formerly professor of astronomy at the University of Vienna, who came to New York on the liner Potsdam, was deported by order of the Ellis Island authorities. When he arrived he had a ticket to Morton Grove, near Chicago. But he said he was going to Mars and insisted on it. Moreover, he insisted on speaking only in Latin and Attic Greek.

Man 62 Weds Girl 28.

New York.—Frederick Herby, aged 62, of Philadelphia, has been married in Long Island city, to Miss Emilie Fleming, who is only 28.