SERIAL STORY

EXCUSE ME!

Novelized from the Comedy of the Same Name

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

By Rupert Hughes

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SYNOPSIS.

Harry Mallory is ordered to the ...ock. He and Marjorie Newton ...to elope, but wreck of taxicab pre...their seeing minister on the way to ...ion. Transcontinental train is tak...n passengers. Porter has a lively ...with an Englishman and Ira Lath...Yankee business man. The elopers ...an exciting time getting to the ...Little Jimmie" Wellington, bound ...to get a divorce, boards train ...coffin condition. Later Mrs. Jimmie ...n. She is also bound for Reno with ...object. Likewise Mrs. Sammy Whit...Latter blames Mrs. Jimmie for ...marital troubles. Classmates of Mal...decorate bridal berth. Rev. and Mrs. ...start on a vacation. They decide ...lose and Temple removes evidence ...calling. Marjorie decides to let ...proceed alone, but train starts ...they are lost in farewell. Passen...Mallory's classmates in giving ...wedding hazing. Marjorie is dis...Ira Lathrop, woman-hating ...discovers an old sweetheart, ...Gattle, a fellow passenger. Mal...vainly hunts for a preacher among ...passengers. Mrs. Wellington hears ...Jimmie's voice. Later she meets ...Whitcomb. Mallory reports to Mar...his failure to find a preacher. They ...to pretend a quarrel and Mallory ...a vacant berth. Mrs. Jimmie discov...Wellington on the train. Mallory ...makes an unsuccessful hunt for a ...Dr. Temple poses as a physi...Mrs. Temple is induced by Mrs. ...Wellington to smoke a cigar. Sight of ...her on a station platform raises ...Mallory's hopes, but he takes another ...Missing hand baggage compels the ...to borrow from passengers. Jim...gets a cinder in his eye and Mrs. ...gives first-aid. Coolness is then ...broken. Still no clergyman. More bor...

CHAPTER XXII—(Continued).

...felt that he was the greatest sin...on earth, but worst of all was the ...that when he had fallen, the for...brew was not sweet. He was ...perienced enough to sip it and it ...like foaming quinine on his pal... But he kept at it from sheer ...e, and his luxurious transgres...was its own punishment.

...doleful Mallory was on his way ...the "club." Crossing the ves...he had met the conductor, and ...ventured to quiz him along the ...lines:

"...cuse he, haven't you taken any ...men on board this train yet?"

"...ail a one."

"...n't you ever carry any preachers ...the road?"

"...ually we get one or two. Last ...we carried a whole Methodist ...ention."

"...whole convention last trip! Just ...luck!"

...unenlightened conductor turned ...back: "Say, up in the forward ...we got a couple of undertakers. ...be of any use to you?"

"...not yet."

...Mallory dawdled on into the ...ing room, where he found his ...porter, who explained that he ...been "promoted to the bottlery."

"...we come to a station stop ...?" Mallory asked.

"...Well, not for a considerable inter... Do you want to get out and walk ...and down?"

"...don't," said Mallory, taking from ...his coat Snoozleums, whom he ...smuggled past the new conductor. ...nwhile, Porter, could you give ...something to eat to distract ...?"

...porter grinned, and picking up ...bill of fare held it out. "I got a ...nnel. It ain't written in dog, but ...can explain it to him. What would ...canine deslah, sah?"

...Snoozleums put out a paw and Mal...read what it indicated: "He says ...like a filet Chateaubriand, but if ...have any old bones, he'll take ...." The porter gathered Snoozle...in and disappeared with him into ...bullet, Mallory calling after him: ...let the conductor see him."

...Dr. Temple advanced on the dis...late youth with an effort at ...: "How is our bridegroom this ...ful afternoon?"

...Mallory glanced at his costume: "I ...like a rainbow gone wrong. Just ...luck to have to borrow from ...body. Look at me! This collar ...Mr. Wellington's makes me feel like ...peanut in a rubber tire." He turned ...Fosdick.

"...say, Mr. Fosdick, what size col...do you wear?"

"...Fourteen and a half," said Fosdick. "...Fourteen and a half!—why don't ...get a neck? You haven't got a ...white shirt, have you? Our ...lish friend lent me this, but it's ...ple, and Mr. Ashton's socks are ...room, and this peacock blue tie is ...unhappy."

"...think I can fit you out," said Fos...

"...And if you had an extra pair of ...," Mallory pleaded—"just one ...of unemotional socks."

"...'ll show you my repertoire."

"...All right, I'll see you later." Then ...went up to Wellington, with much ...ance of manner. "By the way, ...Wellington, do you suppose Mrs. ...ington could lend Miss—Mrs.— ...lend Marjorie some—some—" ...Wellington waved him aside with magnificent scorn: "I am no longer in Mrs. Wellington's confidence."

"Oh, excuse me," said Mallory. He had noted that the Wellingtons occupied separate compartments, but for all he knew their reason was as romantic as his own.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Through a Tunnel.

Mrs. Jimmie Wellington, who had traveled much abroad and learned in England the habit of smoking in the corridors of expensive hotels, had acquired also the habit, as travelers do, of calling England freer than America. She determined to do her share toward the education of her native country, and chose, for her topic, tobacco as a feminine accomplishment.

She had grown indifferent to stares and audible comment and she could fight a protesting head waiter to a standstill. If monuments and tablets are ever erected to the first woman who smoked publicly in this place or that, Mrs. Jimmie Wellington will be variously remembered and occupy a large place in historical record.

The narrow confines of the women's room on the sleeping car soon palled on her, and she objected to smoking there except when she felt the added luxury of keeping some other woman outside—fuming, but not smoking. And now Mrs. Jimmie had staked out a claim on the observation platform. She sat there, puffing like a major-general, and in one portion of Nebraska two farmers fell off their agricultural vehicles at the sight of her cigar-smoke trailing after the train. In Wyoming three cowboys followed her for a mile, yipping and howling their compliments.

Feeling the smoke mood coming on, Mrs. Wellington invited Mrs. Temple to smoke with her, but Mrs. Temple felt a reminiscent qualm at the very thought, so Mrs. Jimmie sauntered out alone, to the great surprise of Ira Lathrop, whose motto was, "Two heads are better than one," and who was apparently willing to wait till Anne Gattle's head grew on his shoulder.

"I trust I don't intrude," Mrs. Wellington said.

"Oh, no. Oh, yes." Anne gasped in fiery confusion as she fled into the car, followed by the purple-faced Ira, who slammed the door with a growl: "That Wellington woman would break up anything."

The prim little missionary toppled into the nearest chair: "Oh, Ira, what will she think?"

"She can't think!" Ira grumbled. "In a little while she'll know."

"Don't you think we'd better tell everybody before they begin to talk?"

Ira glowed with pride at the thought and murmured with all the ardor of a senile Romeo: "I suppose so, ducky darling. I'll break it—I mean I'll tell it to the men, and you tell the women."

"All right, dear, I'll obey you," she answered, meekly.

"Obey me!" Ira laughed with boyish swagger. "And you a missionary!"

"Well, I've converted one heathen, anyway," said Anne as she darted down the corridor, followed by Ira, who announced his intention to "go to the baggage car and dig up his old Prince Albert."

In their flight forward they passed the mysterious woman in the stateroom. They were too full of their own mystery to give thought to hers. Mrs. Fosdick went timidly prowling toward the observation car, suspecting everybody to be a spy, as Mallory suspected everybody to be a clergyman in disguise.

As she stole along the corridor past the men's clubroom she saw her husband—her here-and-there husband—wearily counting the telegraph posts and summing them up into miles. She tapped on the glass and signalled to him, then passed on.

He answered with a look, then pretended not to have noticed, and waited a few moments before he rose with an elaborate air of carelessness. He beckoned the porter and said:

"Let me know the moment we enter Utah, will you?"

"Yassah. We'll be comin' along right soon now. We got to pass through the big Aspen tunnel, after that, befo' long, we splounce into old Utah."

"Don't forget," said Fosdick, as he sauntered out. Ashton perked up his ears at the promise of a tunnel and kept his eye on his watch.

Fosdick entered the observation room with a hungry look in his luscious eyes. His now-and-then wife put up a warning finger to indicate Mrs. Whitcomb's presence at the writing desk.

Fosdick's smile froze into a smirk of formality and he tried to chill his tone as if he were speaking to a total stranger.

"Good afternoon."

Mrs. Fosdick answered with equal ice: "Good afternoon. Won't you sit down?"

"Thanks. Very picturesque scenery, isn't it?"

"Isn't it?" Fosdick seated himself, looked about cautiously, noted that Mrs. Whitcomb was apparently absorbed in her letter, then lowered his voice confidentially. His face kept up a strained pretense of indifference, but his whisper was passionate with longing:

"Has my poor little wifey missed her poor old hubby?"

"Oh, so much!" she whispered. "Has poor little hubby missed his poor old wife?"

"Horribly. Was she lonesome in that dismal stateroom all by herself?"

"Oh, so miserable! I can't stand it much longer."

Fosdick's face blazed with good news: "In just a little while we come to the Utah line—then we're safe."

"God bless Utah!"

The rapture died from her face as she caught sight of Dr. Temple, who happened to stroll in and go to the bookshelves, and taking out a book happened to glance near-sightedly her way.

"Be careful of that man, dearie," Mrs. Fosdick hissed out of one side of her mouth. "He's a very strange character."

Her husband was infected with her own terror. He asked, huskily: "What do you think he is?"

"A detective! I'm sure he's watching us. He followed you right in here."

"We'll be very cautious—till we get to Utah."

The old clergyman, a little fuzzy in brain from his debut in beer, continued innocently to confirm the appearance of a detective by drifting aimlessly about. He was looking for his wife, but he kept glancing at the uneasy Fosdicks. He went to the door, opened it, saw Mrs. Wellington finishing a cigar, and retreated precipitately. Seeing Mrs. Temple wandering in the corridor, he motioned her to a chair near the Fosdicks and she sat by his side, wondering at his filmy eyes.

The Fosdicks, glancing uncomfortably at Dr. Temple, rose and selected other chairs further away. Then Roger Ashton sauntered in, his eyes searching for a proper companion through the tunnel.

He saw Mrs. Wellington returning from the platform, just tossing away her cigar and blowing out the last of its grateful vapor.

With an effort at sarcasm, he went to her and offered her one of his own cigars, smiling: "Have another."

She took it, looked it over, and parried his irony with a formula she had heard men use when they hate to refuse a gift-cigar: "Thanks. I'll smoke it after dinner, if you don't mind."

"Oh, I don't mind," he laughed, then bending closer he murmured: "They tell me we are coming to a tunnel, a nice, long, dark, dismal tunnel."

Mrs. Wellington would not take a dare. She felt herself already emancipated from Jimmie. So she answered Ashton's hint with a laughing challenge:

"How nice of the conductor to arrange it."

Ashton smacked his lips over the prospect.

And now the porter, having noted Ashton's impatience to reach the tunnel, thought to curry favor and a quarter by announcing its approach. He bustled in and made straight for Ashton just as the tunnel announced itself with a sudden swoop of gloom, a great increase of the train-noises and a far-off clang of the locomotive bell.

Out of the Egyptian darkness came the unmistakable sounds of osculation in various parts of the room. Doubtless, it was repeated in other parts of the train. There were numerous cooing sounds, too, but nobody spoke except Mrs. Temple, who was heard to murmur:

"Oh, Walter, dear, what makes your breath so funny!"

Next came a little yowl of pain in Mrs. Fosdick's voice, and then daylight flooded the car with a rush, as if time had made an instant leap from midnight to noon. There were interesting disclosures.

Mrs. Temple was caught with her arms round the doctor's neck, and she blushed like a spoony girl. Mrs. Fosdick was trying to disengage her hair from Mr. Fosdick's scarf-pin. Mrs. Whitcomb alone was deserted. Mr. Ashton was gazing devotion at Mrs. Wellington and trying to tell her with his eyes how velvet he had found her cheek.

But she was looking reproachfully at him from a chair, and saying, not without regret:

"I heard everybody kissing everybody, but I was cruelly neglected."

Ashton's eyes widened with unbelief, he heard a snicker at his elbow, and whirled to find the porter rubbing his black velvet cheek and writhing with pent-up laughter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

No Occasion for Surprise.

This story is told of Forrest, the great tragedian:

Forrest was playing in "Richard III.," and the part of Catesby had to be taken by a low comedian, who sauntered on the stage at the wrong moment and uttered the famous words, "My lord, the duke of Buckingham is taken," in the wrong place.

Forrest clenched his fists in rage, but otherwise took no notice of the remark.

Later on the comedian repeated the words in the right place, and when the king expressed surprise at the news Catesby folded his arms, walked boldly down the stage, and remarked to the great actor in loud tones:

"I told you so before, Mr. Forrest, but you wouldn't believe me."

Unexpected Testimonial.

Little Bilderson prided himself upon his good appetite and his capacity for amusing. He was dining with a friend a few nights ago, and did his best to keep his host and hostess with their six-year-old daughter amused, and at the same time managed to do ample justice to the good things provided. "Oh, dear, Mr. Bilderson," remarked the little one, after the guest's wittiest sally, "I wish you'd come here to dinner every day." Bilderson positively beamed satisfaction. "Do you, dear?" he smiled. "Why?" "'Cause," came the reply, as the observant maiden glanced round the table, "'cause there wouldn't be anything cold to eat the next day."

NEWS OF ALL LOUISIANA

Stop Oil and Gas Waste.

New Orleans.—The Louisiana conservation commission is determined to stop the tremendous waste of gas and oil in the Caddo field near Shreveport. The matter was brought forcibly to the attention of the commission at its meeting by M. L. Alexander, president, who has just returned from an inspection of the Caddo field. His report was one that stirred the entire commission to a realization of the enormous waste of the state's resources, a waste that is greatly interfering with the investment of foreign capital in this territory, the fear being expressed by investors that with such exhaustion constantly going on the future supply of the field is endangered.

Lockport Welcomed Farmers.

Lockport.—It was a tired and hungry bunch of farmers who stepped off the farmers' special Wednesday. The farmers were met at the depot by a number of the business men of the town and escorted to a barge, on which they were carried up the company canal to the Smithport plantation, where a dinner of barbecued meats and home-made bread was waiting them. The dinner was served in regular picnic fashion by a number of the married ladies of the town and the guests did full justice to the repast. After dinner was finished the farmers were served with oranges grown in this section.

Spider Bite Poisoned Farmer.

Lake Charles.—Prompt medical attention saved the life of Joseph Pujol, a farmer near Chloe, who, while at work in his garden, was bitten on the arm by a small black spider with a red head. In five minutes his arm began to swell and he was in a state of nervous collapse when the physician reached him. Mrs. William Tillman was bitten by a similar insect two months ago. The spider is of a variety new to local entomologists.

Man Found Unconscious.

New Orleans.—A well dressed man was found unconscious on the embankment at Amesville, opposite the Penick Ford plant, Friday, and taken to the Charity hospital, where a bank book was found in his pocket on the Union National bank of Houston, Texas, bearing the name of Patrick Murphy, showing deposits of $300 in June and $60 in September. He appeared to be a well-to-do stranger, about 60 years of age, weighing 175 pounds and is 5 feet 9 inches in height.

New Orleans Sugar.

New Orleans—The market for sugar held strong on such light lines as were offering, and Saturday's arrivals, together with the carryover, were absorbed, the market closing firm at quoted figures. Some new-crop seconds were offering and brought 3⅝c. Crop reports continue very pesimistic, and about the limit of estimates now seems to run between 50 and 55 per cent of last year's output. In other words, the outside limit of 180,000 tons.

The Baptist State Convention.

Ruston.—The Baptist State convention opened business sessions Wednesday with 200 delegates in attendance, and W. H. Managan of West Lake was selected president; B. F. Thompson of Alexandria and F. H. McGregor of Rayville, vice presidents; Rev. C. P. Rooney, Leesville, secretary; Rev. L. W. Sloan of Slidell, statistical secretary.

Texans Awarded Damage.

New Orleans.—Judge King Friday handed down two more dicisions in damage suits growing out of the breaking down of a van of the New Orleans transfer company on December 21, 1910. Judge King awarded Mrs. Osborne $2,500 and Sam B. Jones $250 damages. Both plaintiffs are from Texas.

Decision on a Foul.

Shreveport. — The Tarver-Morris fight at the Grand Athletic Club Friday lacked two minutes of going two rounds, Morris getting the decision on a foul. Morris had the best of the bout in the first round. In the second round he knocked Tarver down and in a clinch which followed Tarver struck Morris three times below the belt.

Parish Fight Continues.

Lake Charles.—The parish seat fight that was waged in the new parish of Jefferson Davis, ending three weeks ago in the selection of Jennings, is to be carried into the election of parish officers, which will be held December 17.

Eighty-Five True Bills Returned.

Alexandria.—The grand jury came into the district court Friday and reported eighty-five true bills and forty-six no true bills. The true bills were docketed and bench warrants issued on same.

Woman Acquitted of Killing Husband.

Lake Charles.—Ella Terrell, a negress, was acquitted in the district court Friday of the murder of her husband. The testimony developed he was attacking her with a knife when the shot him.

Big Lumber Co. Closed Down.

Merryville.—The large plant of the American Lumber Company here, employing 1,300 men, was closed Wednesday as a result of friction with the Brotherhood of Timber Workers. The company declined work to several employes who were connected with the Grabow labor riot case. It was announced that an effort would be made to reopen within a few weeks with nonunion labor.

The American Lumber Company was the only company which has employed union labor exclusively.

The closing of this plant means that the Brotherhood of Timber Workers is practically shut out from the big lumber plants of Southwest Louisiana.

Ramsey Saw Mill to Reopen.

St. Benedict.—Over 200 men will find employment at the Ramsey saw mill when it resumes work January 1. Within a week the St. Tammany Lumber Manufacturing Company, with M. M. Hull as president, will commence thorough repairs on the local plant. Some 150,000,000 feet of lumber are at the disposal of the plant. President Hull is from Ovett, Miss., but practically all the stockholders are St. Tammany men.

Appointments Announced.

Baton Rouge.—Governor Hall has made the following appointments: Charles P. Johnston of New Orleans, State live stock inspector, vice Bartholomew Moran, term expired; Chas. DeB. Claiborne, member of the Orleans levee board, vice R. H. Downman, resigned; William Benton, attorney to assist tax collector of East Baton Rouge, and John T. Laycock, a notary public for East Baton Rouge.

New Orleans Rice.

New Orleans—Rough Honduras rice firm, rough Japan quiet, clean Honduras strong and clean Japan quiet and steady. Receipts: Rough, 15,037 sacks; millers, 11,810. Sales: Rough, 1,258 sacks Honduras at $3.06@4.15 and 300 Japan at $4.31@3.41; clean, 5,127 pockets Honduras at 3¼@5⅛c and 2,150 Japan at 2¾@3 9-16c. Quotations: Clean, Honduras 4@5⅛c, Japan 3¼@3¾c.

Crowley Trade Is Good.

Crowley.—Due to the consummation of the rice harvest and the advanced season, trade conditions in Crowley are unusually good. The high price which rough rice has brought the farmer this year, coupled with the excellent yield, has resulted in making this the banner year of the past ten years for Acadia parish, according to the statements of old residents and farmers.

Commission Form Advocates.

Alexandria.—The matter of a commission form of government for Alexandria will come up at the next meeting of the city board of aldermen, at which time a numerously signed petition will be presented asking the mayor to call an election on the subject. The election will be called within sixty days and be disposed of before the time for the next municipal election in the spring.

The Four Amendments Approved.

Amite City.—The official figures show that out of the nineteen amendments submitted to the voters for ratification or rejection, only four of them were given a majority in Tangipahoa parish. Amendment No. 1, having for its purpose the remodeling and reorganizing of the State's system of taxation, which was the most important amendment, was beaten in the parish by 222 votes.

Bullet in Head; Pistol on Floor.

Shreveport.—A stranger, aged about 50 years, bleeding from a bullet wound in the head, dropped dead on the floor of the lavatory in the Rendall building Friday, immediately after the sound of a pistol shot. There was a bullet in his right temple, and a pistol was found on the floor.

Boy Falls Out of Window.

Lake Charles.—While he was sitting in an open window in the Viterbo building, where he was employed, Leo Robichaux, age 13, lost his balance and fell two stories, alighting on the cement sidewalk. He sustained a compound fracture of the hip and internal injuries which may prove fatal.

Levee Work Progressing Rapidly.

Batchelor.—Owing to the excellent weather the work of rebuilding and reinforcing the levees on the Mississippi river in this vicinity is progressing rapidly and the Bella Vista levee which encircles Old river, which is around Raccourci island, with the Mississippi just on the other side, is nearing completion.

Many Arrested on Serious Charge.

Abbeville. — Joseph Comeaux, a young white man living near Kaplan, was arrested Friday and incarcerated in the parish jail upon a serious charge, that of criminal assault upon the person of his little 9-year-old niece.

School Tax Voted.

Norwood.—At a special election for voting on a four-mill tax for four years for school purposes the tax was carried by a large majority. This will insure a nine-month school term for each of the next four years.

Oil Operations Near Jennings.

Estherwood.—The Crowley Oil and Mineral Company is drilling a new well in the Jennings field. One dollar and twenty-five cents a barrel is the price now paid for crude oil.

NEWS OF LOUISIANA

State Conservation Commission Will Endeavor to Stop Waste of Natural Resources.

CAPITAL BEING DETERRED

Manufacturers Would Settle in State, Only Needless Waste Causes Fear of Exhaustion of Gas.

Western Newspaper Union News Service.

New Orleans.—The Louisiana Conservation Commission is determined to stop the tremendous waste of gas and oil in the Caddo fields, near Shreveport. The matter was brought forcibly to the attention of the commision at its meeting last week by Hon. M. L. Alexander, president, who had just returned from an inspection of north Louisiana forest and mineral wealth, paying particular attention to the Caddo fields.

His report was such that stirred the entire commission to a realization of the enormous waste of the state's resources, and one that is greatly interfering with investment of foreign capital in the territory, the fear being expressed by investors that with such exhaustion constantly going on the future supply of the field is endangered.

"It is known," declared the commission as a body, "that capital that desires to invest in north Louisiana and to establish manufacturing industries of various kinds here are deterred from doing so through fear of the natural gas and oil fields becoming exhausted through careless waste of these valuable commercial assets. The commission proposes to use its utmost authority in correcting this needless and useless waste."

A thorough investigation of the Caddo fields will be made by the entire commission immediately, and prompt steps will be taken to stop this drain upon the state's natural resources, and which should be worth a large revenue to the treasury. It is understood that the commission has secured legal advice as to its rights and powers in the premises and will act judiciously.

Commissioners J. A. Dayries and Edgar T. Leche were present and sat with President Alexander. It was a regular semi-monthly meeting.

The report of Mr. Frank T. Payne, surveyor and head of the oyster department, showed that this important branch of the state's resources is developing rapidly and bids fair to eventually increase to such proportions as to yield great profit to the state and to its people.

The state of Louisiana has about 400,000 acres of valuable oyster bottoms, but at present there are only about 21,000 acres in actual cultivation, but by the systematic work of this department this acreage will be increased from year to year.

Franklin Building Good Roads.

Franklin.—Mayor Charles Lauve is having the streets covered with oyster shells. It is the intention of the authorities to put all the streets in a first-class condition. Ex-Governor Sanders appeared before the council at an informal session and offered to make a model road out of Iberia street, and allow four years for payment, payments to commence in 1914. The council took the offer under advisement.

Three Assessment Rolls Out.

Baton Rouge.—The assessment rolls of only three parishes are out, according to statement from the office of the state auditor. The three parishes that have not had their 1912 assessment rolls filed with the auditor by the parish assessors are: Lafourche, St. James and Franklin.

Searching for Kidnaped Child.

Philadelphia.—The Philadelphia police have been asked to make a house-to-house search for Robert Dunbar Jr., four years of age, who is said to have been kidnaped from a summer camp at Swazie Lake, La., near Opelousas, La. The Burns Detective Agency has asked the Philadelphia police to cooperate with them. A reward of $6,000 has been offered for the recovery of the child.

Report of Death False.

Natchitoches.—A report was published in New Orleans papers that Zoyata Scalf had died at Homer on November 9 of typhoid fever contracted at the State Normal School. President Roy states that this has been contradicted by a letter from Miss Scalf's sister to Mrs. Hawkins, the matron of the school, under date of November 10, which states that Miss Scalf is improving, and a telephone message from Homer stated that Miss Scalf is still improving.

Reclamation Work Impressive.

New Orleans.—More than 300 delegates to the thirty-second annual session of the Farmers' National Congress were members of an excursion party which visited Riceland, Paradis and other points along the Mississippi river, where reclamation work has demonstrated what can be done with the alluvial lands of Louisiana. Every member of the party expressed delight and surprise at what has been done, and the things possible to the man farming in Louisiana.