

The greatest happiness of all is that which comes from making others happy.

If you happen to be from Wisconsin this is one of the finest football years on record.

A Seattle boy of twelve has a crop of whiskers. A precocious little shaver, as it were.

Rabbits experimented upon with coffee died. Now try oysters and ham and eggs.

Science has yet to devise a way to close the railroad switch that ought not to be left open.

The ancient Egyptians used parasols. But that had nothing to do with their complexions.

We suspected a long time ago that those Turkish cigarettes would get the Turks, sooner or later.

Emperor William of Germany has a clock that speaks the time. Time is money, and money talks.

Another aviator killed shows that the lure of the air is as potent as before its tragedies began.

"Be a Bulgarian," said a housewife, as she sent her husband out in the yard to beat a Turkish rug.

A New York physician says there are several varieties of death. Most people are satisfied with one.

Physicians are aiding an anti-noise crusade in Baltimore. And Baltimore is the home of the oyster.

With irreproachable eggs selling at six cents each in New York it might be cheaper to buy the whole hen.

A New York man, whose salary is \$5 a week, has been sued for \$100,000 by an actress. He must be her husband.

Beef, evidently, is soaring in England. An aviator has been fined there for running into a cow and killing it.

Angels may fly but they cannot fly unless their wings are 15 feet long. We have the word of a great aviator for this.

Aeronauts are known in China as the "sons of Heaven." In the sense, probably, that they may be angels before long.

A Brooklyn man of eighty-two married again a week after being left a widower. Evidently figured he had no time to lose.

Germany reports that the stork is fast disappearing. Perhaps that accounts for the reason why Berlin leads in race suicide.

A Chicago judge has decided that \$1 a day is not enough for a man to give to his wife. Probably 99 cents would look better to her.

A Mississippi editor, when he put on his winter suit found a roll of bills amounting to \$50. Wonder if any of them had been paid.

In Tidahom, Sweden, 3,800 people are employed in making matches. A matrimonial agency would stand no show at all in Tidahom.

A Louisiana farmer killed a cow last week and found a darned needle in its stomach. Evidently, the cow found the needle in the hay stack.

Unmarried men are more prone to insanity than married men, according to a government report. And they haven't half the worry, at that.

Chafing dishes have been found in the ruins of Pompeii. Now we know why the people of that city failed to be alarmed by volcanic upheavals.

"The finest fur coat in the world, worth \$35,000, is owned by the wife of a tobacco magnate." And perhaps this isn't a pipe dream, either.

An East Orange divine got the brides mixed when performing a double wedding and caused no end of a row. A case of being double crossed.

"A St. Paul man became intoxicated on \$2." The odor and appearance of some \$2 bills are enough to indicate that they can do worse than that.

Speaking of military aviation there can be no doubt that the unexpected success of the allies put the whole concert of Europe up in the air for a time.

That elector who proposes to establish a precedent by voting for a woman as the Republican candidate for vice-president may be paying her a dubious compliment. Does he know that to be eligible she must confess she is thirty-five years of age?

A man arrested in New York for theft claimed to be a grandson of Commodore Perry. Men who plead for clemency on the ground of belonging to families of heroes should be punished all the more for disgracing illustrious names.

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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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 elopers 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. Later 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, Annie Gattie, a fellow passenger. Mallory vainly hunts for a preacher among the passengers. Mrs. Wellington hears 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 Mrs. Jimmie discovers Wellington on the train. Mallory again makes an unsuccessful hunt for a preacher. Dr. Temple poses as a physician. Mrs. Temple is induced by Mrs. Wellington to smoke a cigar. Sight of preacher on a station platform raises Mallory's hopes, but he takes another train. Missing hand baggage compels the couple to borrow from passengers. Jimmie gets a cinder in his eye and Mrs. Jimmie gives first aid. Coolness is then resumed. Still no clergyman. More borrowing. Dr. Temple puzzled by behavior of different couples. Marjorie's jealousy aroused by Mallory's baseball jarcon. Marjorie suggests wrecking the train in hopes that accident will produce a preacher. Also tries to induce the conductor to hold the train so she can shop. Marjorie's dog is missing. She pulls the cord, stopping the train. Conductor restores dog and lovers quarrel. Lathrop wires for a preacher to marry him and Miss Gattie. Mallory tells Lathrop of his predicament and arranges to borrow the preacher.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—Continued.

Marjorie was overwhelmed, but she felt it becoming in her to be a trifle coy. So she pouted: "But you won't want me for a bride now. I'm such a fright."

He took the bait, hook and all: "I never saw you looking so adorable." "Honestly? Oh, but it will be glorious to be Mrs. First Lieutenant Mallory."

"Glorious!" "I must telegraph home—and sign my new name. Won't mamma be pleased?"

"Won't she?" said Mallory, with just a trace of dubiety. Then Marjorie grew serious with a new idea: "I wonder if mamma and papa have missed me yet?"

Mallory laughed: "After three days' disappearance, I shouldn't be surprised." "Perhaps they are worrying about me."

"I shouldn't be surprised." "The poor dears! I'd better write them a telegram at once." "An excellent idea."

She ran to the desk, found blank forms and then pouted with knitted brow: "It will be very hard to say all I've got to say in ten words."

"Hang the expense," Mallory smiled magnificently, "I'm paying your bills now." But Marjorie tried to look very matronly: "Send a night letter in the day time! No, indeed, we must begin to economize."

Mallory was touched by this new revelation of her future housewifely thrift. He hugged her hard and reminded her that she could send a day-letter by wire.

"An excellent idea," she said. "Now, don't bother me. You go on and read your paper, read about Mattie. I'll never be jealous of her—him—of anybody—again."

"You shall never have cause for jealousy, my own." But fate was not finished with the titillation of the unfortunate pair, and already new trouble was stroiling in their direction.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Jealousy Comes Aboard.

There was an air of domestic peace in the observation room, where Mallory and Marjorie had been left to themselves for some time. But the peace was like the ominous hush that precedes a tempest.

And now there was a small commotion in the smoking room. Through the glass along the corridor the men caught sight of the girl who had got on at Green River. Ashton saw her first and she saw him.

"There she goes," Ashton hissed to the others, "look quick! There's the nectarine."

"My word! She's a little bit of all right, isn't she?"

Even Dr. Temple stared at her with approval: "Dear little thing, isn't she?"

The girl, very consciously unconscious of the admiration, moved demurely along, with eyes downcast, but at such an angle that she could take in the sensation she was creating; she went along picking up stares as if they were bouquets.

Her demeanor was a remarkable compromise between outrageous flirtation and perfect respectability. But she was looking back so intently that when she moved into the observation room she walked right into the newspaper Mallory was holding out before him.

Both said: "I beg your pardon." When Mallory lowered the paper, both stared till their eyes almost popped. Her amazement was one of immediate rapture. He looked as if he would have been much obliged for a volcanic crater to sink into.

"Harry!" she gasped, and let fall her handbag. "Kitty!" he gasped, and let fall his newspaper. Both bent, he handed her the newspaper and tossed the handbag into a chair; saw his mistake, withdrew the newspaper and proffered her Snoozeleums. Marjorie stopped writing, pen poised in air, as if she had suddenly been petrified.

The newcomer was the first to speak. She fairly gushed: "Harry Mallory—of all people." "Kitty! Kathleen! Miss Lewellyn!" "Just to think of meeting you again."

"Just to think of it." "And on this train of all places." "On this train of all places!" "Oh, Harry, Harry!" "Oh, Kitty, Kitty, Kitty!" "You dear fellow, it's so long since I saw you last."

"So long." "It was at that last hop at West Point, remember?—why, it seems only yesterday, and how well you are looking. You are well, aren't you?" "Not very." He was mopping his brow in anguish, and yet the room seemed strangely cold.

"Of course you look much better in your uniform. You aren't wearing your uniform, are you?" "No, this is not my uniform." "You haven't left the army, have you?"

"I don't know yet." "Don't ever do that. You are just beautiful in brass buttons." "Thanks." "Harry!" "What's the matter now?" "This tie, this green tie, isn't this the one I knitted you?"

"I am sure I don't know, I borrowed it from the conductor." "Don't you remember? I did knit you one." "Did you? I believe you did! I think I wore it out."

"Oh, you fickle boy. But see what I have. What's this?" He stared through the glassy eyes of complete helplessness. "It looks like a bracelet."

"Don't tell me you don't remember this!—the little bangle bracelet you gave me." "Did I give you a bayged brang-let?"

"Of course you did. And the inscription. Don't you remember it?" She held her wrist in front of his aching eyes and he perused as if it were his own epitaph, what she read aloud for him. "From Harry to Kitty, the Only Girl I Ever Loved."

"Good night!" he sighed to himself, and began to mop his brow with Snoozeleums. "You put it on my arm," said Kathleen, with a moonlight sigh, "and I've always worn it."

"Always?" "Always! no matter whom I was engaged to." The desperate wretch, who had not dared even to glance in Marjorie's direction, somehow thought he saw a straw of self-defense. "You were engaged to three or four others when I was at West Point."

"I may have been engaged to the others," said Kathleen, moon-eyeling him, "but I always liked you best, Clifford—er, Tommy—I mean Harry."

"You got me at last." Kathleen fenced back at this: "Well, I've no doubt you have had a dozen affairs since."

"Oh, no! My heart has only known one real love." He threw this over her head at Marjorie, but Kathleen seized it, to his greater confusion: "Oh, Harry, how sweet of you to say it. It makes me feel positively faint," and she swooned his way, but he shoved a chair forward and let her collapse into that. Thinking and hoping that she was unconscious, he made ready to escape, but she caught him by the coat, and moaned: "Where am I?" and he growled back: "In the Observation Car!"

Kathleen's life and enthusiasm returned without delay: "Fancy meeting you again! I could just scream." "So could I." "You must come up in our car and see mamma."

"Is Ma-mamma with you?" Mallory stammered, on the verge of imbecility. "Oh, yes, indeed, we're going around the world." "Don't let me detain you." "Papa is going round the world also."

"Is papa on this train, too?" At last something seemed to am-

barrass her a trifle: "No, papa went on ahead. Mamma hopes to overtake him. But papa is a very good traveler."

Then she changed the subject. "Do come and meet mamma. It would cheer her up so. She is so fond of you. Only this morning she was saying, 'Of all the boys you were ever engaged to, Kathleen, the one I like most of all was Edgar—I mean Clarence—er—Harry Mallory.'"

"Awfully kind of her." "You must come and see her—she's some stouter now!" "Oh, is she? Well, that's good."

Mallory was too angry to be sane, and too helpless to take advantage of his anger. He wondered how he could ever have cared for this molasses and mucllage girl. He remembered now that she had always had these same cloying ways. She had always pawed him and, like everybody but the powers, he hated pawing.

It would have been bad enough at any time to have Kathleen hanging on his coat, straightening his tie, leaning close, smiling up in his eyes, losing him his balance, recapturing him every time he edged away. But with Marjorie as the grim witness it was maddening.

He loathed and abominated Kathleen Llewellyn, and if she had only been a man, he could cheerfully have beaten her to a pulp and chucked her out of the window. But because she was a helpless little baggage he had to be as polite as he could while she sat and tore his plans to pieces, embittered Marjorie's heart against him, and either ended all hopes of their marriage, or furnished an everlasting rancor to be recalled in every quarrel to their dying day. Oh, etiquette, what injustices are endured in thy name!

So there he sat, sweating his soul's blood, and able only to spar for time and wonder when the gong would ring. And now she was off on a new tack:

"And where are you bound for, Harry, dear?" "The Philippines," he said, and for the first time there was something beautiful in their remoteness. "Perhaps we shall cross the Pacific on the same boat."

The first sincere smile he had experienced came to him: "I go on an army transport, fortu—unfortunately." "Oh, I just love soldiers. Couldn't mamma and I go on the transport? Mamma is very fond of soldiers, too."

"I'm afraid it couldn't be arranged." "Too bad, but perhaps we can stop off and pay you a visit. I just love army posts. So does mamma."

"Oh, do!" "What will be your address?" "Just the Philippines—just the Philippines."

"But aren't there quite a few of them?" "Only about two thousand." "Which one will you be on?" "I'll be on the third from the left," said Mallory, who neither knew nor cared what he was saying. Marjorie had endured all that she could stand. She rose in a tightly leashed fury.

"I'm afraid I'm in the way." Kathleen turned in surprise. She had not noticed that anyone was near. Mallory went out of his head completely. "Oh, don't go—for heaven's sake don't go," he appealed to Marjorie.

"A friend of yours?" said Kathleen, bristling. "No, not a friend," in a chaotic tangle, "Mrs. — Miss—Miss—Er—er—"

Kathleen smiled: "Delighted to meet you, Miss Ererer." "The pleasure is all mine," Marjorie said, with an acid smile. "Have you known Harry long?" said Kathleen, jealously, "or are you just acquaintances on the train?"

"We're just acquaintances on the train!" "I used to know Harry very well—very well indeed." "So I should judge. You won't mind if I leave you to talk over old times together?"

"How very sweet of you." "Oh, don't mention it." "But, Marjorie," Mallory cried, as she turned away. Kathleen started at the ardor of his tone, and gasped: "Marjorie! Then he—you—"

"Not at all—not in the least," said Marjorie. At this crisis the room was suddenly inundated with people. Mrs. Whitcomb, Mrs. Wellington, Mrs. Temple and Mrs. Fosdick, all trying to look like bridesmaids, danced in, shouting:

"Here they come! Make way for the bride and groom!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Boxing, Ancient and Modern. Although boxing and pugilism, occupying much attention at the present time, were popular in classic Greece, they seem to have died out in the middle ages, and it is not until the end of the seventeenth century that we find references to boxing as a regular English sport. Boxing, as distinguished from pugilism, may be said to date from 1866, when the Amateur Athletic club was formed, and the Queensberry rules drawn up. The boxing glove, however, had been invented about a century before by Broughton, "the father of English pugilism," who used them in his practice bouts. But you will remember that the boxing glove, as described by Virgil, was a terrible instrument of offense.

Money in Growing Willows. A Chicago merchant advertised for 1,000,000 willow clothes baskets which indicates that the willow-growing industry is very much neglected. The government is encouraging it by teaching farmers how to grow willows. They require a soil that will grow wheat.

NEWS OF ALL LOUISIANA

To Vote Tax for Interurban.

Lafayette.—The city council met Thursday and the petition of one-third of the property owners and qualified electors of the city praying that the council call an election to take the sense of the voters on the proposition to vote a 1½-mill tax for ten years in aid of the Southwestern Power and Traction Company, was granted, the election being called for January 23. The company proposes to build a road from Jeannette via New Iberia, St. Martinville, Parks and Breaux Bridge, and from there the road will be extended to Abbeville. That part of the road between Jeannette and New Iberia is completed and in operation and the towns of St. Martinville and Breaux Bridge already have voted a tax in aid of the project, as also has Abbeville.

Indian Girl Sobs for Coins.

New Orleans.—Detective Henry Sheffler went to Beaumont, Texas, to return to New Orleans John B. Lewis, aged 18, and Walter Gibbs, alias Oliver Jones, aged 22, who are under arrest at that place in connection with the theft of \$2,000 from the room of Mary Lehan, the beautiful Cherokee Indian woman, Sunday night. The woman sobbed when she spoke of the robbery. "I don't care for the money; all I want is the gold coins," she would say. The coins were relics to her, and have been in her family, so she said, for more than five hundred years. One of the gold coins has been found in a barber shop in Morgan City.

Charged With Murder.

Lake Charles.—As a result of an inquest into the killing of Sosthene Ortego three miles east of Kinder, Simon Ardoin, at whose home the shooting occurred, is in jail charged with murder. The testimony taken before the coroner's jury is confined to two witnesses, the only persons who have any direct knowledge of what transpired, so far as known. These witnesses are Ardoin himself and his sister, Dora Ardoin. They both claim that Ortego was an intruder in the home, and that the sister had been obliged to fly from her room to avoid Ortego before the latter was killed.

Want Holiday.

Crowley.—On account of the announcement made by the teachers' institute that school would be held New Year's Day, pupils of the Crowley schools have declared, it is said, that they will not attend school on that day, and are circulating a petition among themselves and their parents asking that the board of education reconsider its action and observe New Year's Day as heretofore. The pupils seem thoroughly aroused over the action of the board, and many of them claim to have the support of their parents on their side of the question.

An Attempt to Wreck Train.

Plaquemine.—An attempt was made to wreck the Texas and Pacific flyer known as the Texas-Colorado No. 53, from New Orleans, at the crossing on St. Louis plantation, a short distance below Plaquemine. Several pieces of iron were piled on the track, and only by a miracle did the engineer spy the obstructions in time to halt his train. It was impossible to stop, however, and the engine was derailed, blocking and delaying traffic for one hour. No one was injured. A negro boy was jailed, charged with the crime.

Asks Police to Hold Boys.

Baton Rouge.—Porter and Michael McLaughlin, "Jimmie" Hannie and Vince Michell, boys in their teens, ran away from their homes recently. They told several of their associates that they intended to "beat" their way to Natchez on the blind baggage of a Yazoo and Mississippi Valley passenger train. Their parents think they are in Natchez, and have asked the police of that city to take them in custody.

College Play Is Given.

Ruston.—The college play, "The End of the Rainbow," was given in the auditorium of Louisiana Industrial Institute Thursday by members of the senior class. A large crowd was present and enjoyed the production. Claud Davis made the opening address to the audience, in which he gave a short synopsis of the work of the class and the aims of the members in life, and also of the play about to be presented. The characters were well taken.

Badly Hurt in Fall.

Thibodaux.—While engaged in remodeling the residence of Norbert Roth, Jr., in St. Philip street, Edward Brand fell from a scaffold and was hurt so badly that he was unconscious half an hour.

Widow of Slain Doctor Moves.

Mount Herman.—Mrs. Ella Smith and her two little children are moving to McComb, Miss. Mrs. Smith is the widow of Dr. M. A. Smith, who was shot from ambush last June.

Board of Health... New Orleans.—The board of health, organized by Governor... almost a clean sweep of its final session of... new staff of oil inspectors... Louisiana, as follows: Max... Wilfred Landry; Paul... T. Burns; George A... M. J. Blanco; James... vice Ferdinand Stash... Orleans; William G... vice A. H. Verret, Jefferson... E. Nichols, vice... W. Prince, vice V. J. P... ville; H. C. Rogers, v... meigs, Shreveport; W... vice H. W. Palmyre... Wylie Gauthier, vice... Lake Charles; Thoma... vice himself, Bayou... ery, Jr., vice himself... rence J. Sanchez, a... Baton Rouge.

Dr. Oscar Dowling... was made president;... den of Monroe, vice... W. M. Perkins, New... W. Y.

Hookworm Commission... Porter, director; Dr... Wright, inspector; Dr... Adams, inspector; Dr... inspector; Dr. C. Mc... tor; porter, Joe H. Ma...

\$190,000 Canal Through Lake Charles.

Locke of the Inland Waterway Association has received from Congressman A. P. that the rivers and harbors have agreed to the appropriation of the \$190,000 for the improvement of the intercrossed... \$197,000 appropriated and \$27,450 donated by... This not only... pletion of that section... a waterway from the... through the state of Louisiana to Sabine.

Texas Man Secretary.

Monroe.—The meeting of the Chamber of Commerce largely attended and... The action of the... pointed some time ago... retary was ratified and... of Longview, Texas, was... secretary of Monroe's... cial organization. The... called to order by T. B. George A. Petrie was... secretary.

Part of Face Blown.

Sulphur.—The little boy of James Ellis was... and very seriously wounded the child's face was... one eye entirely gone. He also badly injured. The... showed remarkable... and insisted upon taking... placed upon the operating... another small brother... was playing with a gun... mines.

School Board Organized.

Napoleonville.—The... of the school board... parish organized at a... Thursday. The follow... ed: George DeLoach... Ohlmeyer, Paul Red... pin, R. A. Achee, R. J... Robert E. LeBlanc and... gue. A. A. Achee was... dent and R. J. LeBlanc... dent of the board.

Two Texans Wound.

New Orleans.—Two... East Twelfth street... have written Mayor... him to help them secure... them in correspondence... Orleans girls. They... are 24 and 21 years of... tively, are plasterers... of \$6 per day, which... think is ample to last... fortably. Mayor Beau... will try.

Appropriations for Alexandria.

Alexandria.—The... of the Louisiana Bay... met to make appropriat... in carrying on the... sion fields which are... taining. There were... members in attendance... Dodd of Shreveport... R. Lawhon of the same... secretary. Dr. G. H... Jackson, Tenn., who... position of corresponding... January 1, attended the...

Theater Building.

Donaldsonville.—The... ater building, owned... Condran, one of the... ney generals of Louisiana... have been sold to... former president of the... Mercantile Company.

Chief of Police Killed.

Morgan City.—Chief... Blakeman killed Zeke... while the latter was... The negro had been... from the railroad com...

Suit Against Railroad.

Lake Charles.—Mrs... has brought suit ag... Orleans, Texas, and... for \$15,000 damages... death of her husband... by a freight train...

Five Years for... Shreveport.—Mrs... ley, convicted of att... her husband, C. C. Bl... fore he was murder... son, now waiting... tenced to five years...