

Vacationers have no ambition to "come back."

Girls in tight skirts—well, the less said about them the better.

Dealers in evaporated eggs do not always succeed in evaporating the smell.

Golf a rich man's game? Non-sense! Just look at the number of poor players!

No matter what may be said about the weather man, it can not be denied that he is hot stuff.

It's a heap easier to denounce the bad habits of the other fellow than it is to renounce our own!

A man never enjoys his summer vacation so much as when he returns home to get a square meal.

Speaking of refreshing subjects, a motoring party in the Alps was lost the other day in a snow drift.

The gondoliers of Venice have gone out on a strike, leaving the public to paddle its own canoe, so to speak.

According to reports the ballot this fall in Oregon will be nine feet long, and yet women insist that they want it.

Since a telephone girl is said to have won a prince, lots of girls will practice saying "Number, please?" in dulcet tones.

A statistician tells us that the women of Paris outnumber the men by 200,000. Now we know why rich Americans like Paris.

What brings the blush of shame to the Chicagoan's cheeks is the fact that the largest fish in Lake Michigan can be caught on a pinhook!

Since a correspondent has retaliated with some heat, saying that man's garb is idiotic, we shall have to concede that at least it is slightly inartistic.

Some men are born enemies of mankind, and some develop the habit of getting their hair cut on Saturday afternoon.

Observing the oddly unbecoming costumes affected by aviatrixes, one marvels that any girl ever cherishes aspirations to fly.

Every time we hear that a pleasure boat has knocked a hole in a battleship we are led to wonder why the government doesn't build a fleet of pleasure boats.

One thing which Berlin is certain to do in 1916 is to dwarf Stockholm in Olympic crowds. The ten-to-one advantage in population settles that point far in advance.

Over four thousand killed themselves in the United States last year. But, still, that left a fairly reassuring proportion of the population that yet believed life is worth living.

It is interesting to read that a Housatonic woman dug twenty good-sized potatoes and three small ones from one hill a few days ago, but what was her husband doing meanwhile?

Our army has adopted a new form of sword which is said to be highly effective. We can picture a gallant officer, sword in hand, battling with a gatling gun at a distance of a mile and a half.

A young woman in a New York waterside resort came near being drowned by her hobble skirt. Still, style is not worth being a cause if it is not to have its martyrs, as well as its votaries.

A New Jersey man claims that he has perfected an invention whereby peas can be made to grow by electricity. That may help some, but wouldn't it be more effective if he could induce electricity to kill the weeds?

The saw fly is cutting the leaves off New England's maples and the spruce bud moth is attacking the balsams, which are needed for pillows and for Christmas trees. Still nobody is doing anything to increase the number of the birds.

A man arrested in Chicago for being drunk confessed that his wife, a milliner, had sent him out to buy thread and he had spent the money for drink. His wife pleaded to save him from jail, on the ground that she needed him home to do the housework.

Great excitement has been caused in London because the king and queen went to a vaudeville show. What they want now is to get up a convention on the American plan if they wish to be up to date in their amusements and want some excitement which is really worth while.

Shoemakers are proverbially ill shod, but it would seem as if the men in the Pittsburgh factory who struck because while they turned out 600 bathtubs a day they had none to use themselves had something to complain of.

SERIAL
STORYEXCUSE
ME!Novelized from
the Comedy of
the Same NameBy
Rupert
HughesILLUSTRATED
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, who is his fiancée, 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 an American. She is also bound for Reno with same object. Likewise Mrs. Sammy Whitcomb. Latter blames Mrs. Jimmie for her marital troubles. Classmates of Mallory decorate bridal berth. Rev. and Mrs. Temple start on a vacation. They decide to cut loose and Temple removes evidence of his calling. Marjorie decides to let Mallory proceed alone, but train starts while they are lost in farwell. Passengers join Mallory's classmates in giving couple wedding lading. Marjorie is distracted. Ira Lathrop, woman-hating bachelor, discovers an old sweetheart, Anne 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.

CHAPTER XVI—(Continued).

Eventually, the car quieted, and nothing was heard but the rumble and click of the wheels on the rails, the creak of timbers, and the frog-like chorus of a few well-trained snorers. As the porter was turning down the last of the lights, a rumpled pate was thrust from the stateroom, and the luscious-eyed man whispered:

"Porter, what time did you say we crossed the Iowa state line?"

"Two fifty-five a. m."

From within the stateroom came a deep sigh, then with a dismal groan:

"Call me at two fifty-five a. m.," the door was closed.

Poor Mallory, pyjamaless and night-shirtless, lay propped up on his pillows, staring out of the window at the swiftly shifting night scene. The state of Illinois was being pulled out from under the train like a dark rug.

Farmhouses gleamed or dreamed lamplight. The moonlight rippled on endless seas of wheat and Indian corn. Little towns slid up and away. Large towns rolled forward, and were left behind. Ponds, marshes, brooks, pastures, thickets and great gloomy groves flowed past as on a river. But the same stars and the moon seemed to accompany the train. If the flying witness had been less heavy of heart, he would have found the reeling scene full of grace and night beauty. But he could not see any charm in all the world, except his tantalizing other self, from whom a great chasm seemed to divide him, though she was only two windows away.

He had not yet fallen asleep, and he was still pondering how to attain his unmarried, unmarriageable bride, when the train rolled out in air above a great wide river, very noble under the stars. He knew it for the Mississippi. He heard a faint knocking on a door at the other end of the car. He heard sounds as of kisses, and then somebody tiptoed along the aisle stealthily. He did not know that another bridegroom was being separated from his bride because they were too much married.

Somewhere in Iowa he fell asleep.

CHAPTER XVII.

Last Call for Breakfast.

It was still Iowa when Mallory awoke. Into his last moments of heavy sleep intruded a voice like a town-crier's voice, crying:

"Lass call for breakfast in the Ringing Rar," and then, again louder,

"Lass call for breakfast in the Ringing Rar," and, finally and faintly, "Lass call breakfast rirrar."

Mallory pushed up his window shade. The day was broad on rolling prairies like billows established in the green soil. He peered through his curtains. Most of the other passengers were up and about, their beds hidden and beddings stowed away behind the bellying veneer of the upperworks of the car. All the berths were made up except his own and number two, in the corner, where Little Jimmie Wellington's nose still played a bagpipe melody, and one other berth, which he recognized as Marjorie's.

His belated sleep and hers had spared them both the stares and laughing chatter of the passengers. But this bridal couple's two berths, standing like towers among the seats, had provided conversation for everybody, had already united the casual group of strangers into an organized gossip-bee.

Mallory got into his shoes and as much of his clothes as was necessary for the dash to the washroom, and took on his arm the rest of his wardrobe. Just as he issued from his lonely chamber, Marjorie appeared from hers, much disheveled and heavy-eyed. The bride and groom exchanged glances of mutual terror, and hurried in opposite directions.

The spickest and spannest of Lieutenant's soon realized that he was reduced to wearing yesterday's linen as well as yesterday's beard. This was intolerable. A brave man can endure heartbreaks; loss of love, honor and place, but a neat man cannot abide the traces of time in his toilet. Lieutenant Mallory had seen rough service in camp and on long hikes, when he gloried in mud and disorder, and he was to see campaigns in the Philippines, when he should not take off his shoes or his uniform for three days at a time. But that was the field, and this car was a drawing room.

In this crisis in his affairs, Little Jimmie Wellington waddled into the men's room, floundering about with every bunch of the train, like a cannon loose in the hold of a ship. He tumbled with the handles on a basin, and made a crazy toilet, trying to find some abatement of his fever by filling a glass at the ice-water tank and emptying it over his head.

These drastic measures restored him to some sort of coherence, and Mallory appealed to him for help in the matter of linen. Wellington enthusiastically offered him everything he had, and Mallory selected from his store half a dozen collars, any one of which would have gone round his neck nearly twice.

Wellington also proffered his safety razor, and made him a present of a virgin wafer of steel for his very own.

With this assistance, Mallory was enabled to make himself fairly presentable. When he returned to his seat, the three curtained rooms had been whisked away by the porter. There was no place now to hide from the passengers.

He sat down facing the feminine end of the car, watching for Marjorie. The passengers were watching for her, too, hoping to learn what unprovoked incident could have provoked the quarrel that separated a bride and groom at this time, of all times.

To the general bewilderment, when Marjorie appeared, Mallory and she rushed together and clasped hands with an ardor that suggested a desire for even more ardent greeting. The passengers almost sprained their ears to hear how they would make up such a dreadful feud. But all they heard was: "We'll have to hurry, Marjorie, if we want to get any breakfast."

"All right, honey. Come along."

Then the inscrutable couple scurried up the aisle, and disappeared in the corridor, leaving behind them a mighty riddle. They kissed in the vestibule, kissed in the two corridors of the next car, and were caught kissing in the next vestibule by the new conductor.

The dining car conductor, who flattered himself that he knew a bride and groom when he saw them, escorted them grandly to a table for two; and the waiter fluttered about them with extraordinary consideration.

They had a plenty to talk of in prospect and retrospect. They both felt sure that a minister lurked among the cars somewhere, and they ate with a zest to prepare for the ceremony, arguing the best place for it, and quarreling amorously over details. Mallory was for one of the vestibules as the scene of their union, but Marjorie was for the baggage car, till she realized that Snoozeums might be unwilling to attend. Then she swung round to the vestibule, but Mallory shifted to the observation platform.

Marjorie had left Snoozeums with Mrs. Temple, who promised to hide him when the new conductor passed through the car, and she reminded Harry to get the waiter to bring them a package of bones for their only "child," so far.

On the way back from the dining car they kissed each other good-bye again at all the trying places they had sanctified before. The sun was radiant, the world good, and the very train ran with jubilant rejoicing. They could not doubt that a few more hours would see them legally man and wife.

Mallory restored Marjorie to her place in their car, and with smiles of assurance, left her for another parson-hunt through the train. She waited for him in a bridal agitation. He ransacked the train forward in vain, and returned, passing Marjorie with a shake of the head, and a sour countenance. He went out to the observation platform where he stumbled on Ira Lathrop and Anne Gattie, engaged in a conversation of evident intimacy, for they jumped when he opened the door, as if they were guilty of some plot.

Mallory mumbled his usual, "Excuse me," whirled on his heel, and dragged his discouraged steps back through the Observation Room, where various women and a few men of evident underclericality were draped across arm chairs and absorbed in lazy conversation or bobbing their heads over magazines that trembled with the motion of the train.

Mrs. Wellington was busily writing at the desk, but he did not know who she was, and he did not care whom she was writing to. He did not observe the baleful glare of Mrs. Whitcomb, who sat watching Mrs. Wellington, knowing all too well who she was, and suspecting the correspondent—Mrs. Whitcomb was tempted to spell the word with one "r."

Mallory stumbled into the men's portion of the composite car. Here he nodded with a sickly cheer to the sole occupant, Dr. Temple, who was looking less ministerial than ever in an embroidered skull cap. The old rascal was sitting far back on his lumbar vertebrae. One of his hands clasped a long glass filled with a liquid of a hue that resembled something stronger than what it was—mere ginger ale. The other hand toyed with a long black cigar. The smoke curled round the old man's

head like the fumes of a sultan's narghile, and through the wisps his face was one of Oriental luxury.

Mallory's eyes were caught from this picture of beatitude by the entrance, at the other door, of a man who had evidently swung aboard at the most recent stop—for Mallory had not seen him. His gray hair was crowned with a soft black hat, and his spare frame was swathed in a frock coat that had seen better days. His soft gray eyes seemed to search timidly the smoke-clouded atmosphere and he had a bashful air which Mallory translated as one of diffidence in a place where liquors and cigars were dispensed.

With equal diffidence Mallory advanced and in a low tone accosted the newcomer cautiously:

"Excuse me—you look like a clergyman."

"The hell you say!"

Mallory pursued the question no further.

CHAPTER XVIII.

In the Composite Car.

It was the gentle stranger's turn to miss his guess. He bent over the chair into which Mallory had flopped, and said in a tense, low tone: "You look like a thoroughbred sport. I'm trying to make up a game of stud poker. Will you join me?"

Mallory shook his heavy head in refusal, and with dull eyes watched the man, whose profession he no longer misunderstood, saunter up to the Missus Doctor from Ypsilanti, and murmur again:

"Will you join me?"

"Join you in what, sir?" said Dr. Temple, with alert courtesy.

"A little game."

"I don't mind," the doctor smiled, rising with amiable readiness. "The checkers are in the next room."

"Quit your kiddin'," the stranger coughed. "How about a little freeze-out?"

"Freeze-out?" said Dr. Temple. "It sounds interesting. Is it something like authors?"

The newcomer shot a quick glance at this man, whose innocent air he suspected. But he merely drawled: "Well, you play it with cards."

"Would you mind teaching me the rules?" said the old sport from Ypsilanti.

The gambler was growing suspicious of this too, too childlike innocence. He whined: "Say, what's your little game, eh?" but decided to risk the venture. He sat down at a table, and Dr. Temple, bringing along his glass, drew up a chair. The gambler took a pack of cards from his pocket, and shuffled them with a snap that startled Dr. Temple and a dexterity that delighted him.

"Go on, it's beautiful to see," he explained. The gambler set the pack down with the one word "Cut!" but since the old man made no effort to comply, the gambler did not insist. He took up the pack again and ran off five cards to each place with a grace that staggered the doctor.

Mallory was about to intervene for the protection of the guileless physician when the conductor chanced to saunter in.

The gambler, seeing him, snatched Dr. Temple's cards from his hand and slipped the pack into his pocket.

"What's the matter now?" Dr. Temple asked, but the newcomer huskily answered: "Wait a minute. Wait a minute."

The conductor took in the scene at a glance and, stalking up to the table, spoke with the grimness of a sea-captain: "Say, I've got my eye on you. Don't start nothin'!"

The stranger stared at him wonderingly and demanded: "Why, what you drivin' at?"

"You know all right," the conductor growled, and then turned on the befuddled old clergyman, "and you, too."

"Me, too?" the preacher gasped.

"Yes, you, too," the conductor repeated, shaking an accusing forefinger under his nose. "Your actions have been suspicious from the beginning. We've all been watching you."

Dr. Temple was so agitated that he nearly let fall his secret. "Why, do you realize that I'm a—"

"Ah, don't start that," sneered the conductor, "I can spot a gambler as far as I can see one. You and your side partner here want to look out, that's all, or I'll drop you at the next tank." Then he walked out, his very shoulder blades uttering threats.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Minute Men.

The so-called organization of Minute Men came into existence shortly before the outbreak of the Revolution. The patriots of Massachusetts and other New England colonies banded themselves together, obtained arms and pledged themselves to the defense of the colonies "at a minute's notice." From this pledge to take up arms "at a minute's notice" they got their name.

The Minute Men were enrolled in pursuance of the act of the Provincial congress, which was passed on November 23, 1774. Many names that were destined to become famous in the Revolution appeared in this roster of patriots. In the beginning they were expected to serve only in the New England colonies; but when the conflict came no thought was taken of this. The Massachusetts Historical society has a list of the patriots who were enrolled as Minute Men.

Must Be So.

"Sadie," said a mother to her small daughter, "why is it that you and your little brother are always quarreling?"

"I don't know," replied Sadie, "unless I take after you and he takes after papa."

In a list of the twenty greatest women the cook should come first.

TEXAS DRY FARMING CONGRESS

ADOPT RESOLUTIONS AND END A PROGRESSIVE SESSION.

Recognizes Necessity for Co-operation Among Producers for Better Methods of Handling Products.

Uvalde, Tex.—The following resolutions were adopted at the Texas Dry Farming Congress during the session just closed:

Hon. Benjamin F. Berkley, President of Texas Dry Farming Congress.

Dear Sir: Your committee on resolutions begs leave to report the following resolutions and recommends their adoption:

1. We desire specially that the thanks of this congress be extended the ladies of Uvalde for the splendid reception rendered the delegates of this congress, and that a vote of thanks be extended Miss Dorothy Harris for the exquisite rendering of the piano solo.

2. The citizens of Uvalde have done everything within their power to make our stay in Uvalde pleasant and we commend them for their courtesies and hospitality.

3. The Uvalde Concert Band has been prompt in providing music for the entertainment of the convention, and we desire to express our appreciation of the splendid manner in which they rendered their services for our pleasure.

4. We are under obligations to the railroads of Texas for the low rate fixed for this convention, and especially do we commend the Southern Pacific Railway Company for its untiring efforts in behalf of the success of the Texas Dry Farming Congress.

5. We desire to express our appreciation of the splendid services of our president and secretary and other officials of this congress. These public benefactors have served this congress faithfully and efficiently, without compensation, but with the expenditure of both money and time, and the Dry Farming Congress commends them for the zeal and faithfulness in which they have performed their duties.

6. We desire to express our thanks to the speakers who have made a sacrifice of their time to attend this convention and give us the benefit of their information, and we desire to commend the patriotism of these speakers, who have made this sacrifice that they may render services to the cause of a better system of agriculture under dry land conditions.

7. The thanks of this congress are extended to the United States department of agriculture and our state department of agriculture, for the co-operation they have given this congress in extending the usefulness and influence in securing the adoption of advanced dry farming methods throughout the semi-arid belt of this State.

8. We recognize the beneficial work being done in this State in behalf of Texas agriculture by the Texas Commercial Congress, under the leadership of Hon. Henry Exall, and urge the citizens of the State to co-operate with him in enlarging its sphere of usefulness.

9. We desire to express the approval of this congress of the boys' corn clubs, boys' and girls' hog clubs and baby beef clubs, being organized throughout the State to encourage our boys and girls to adopt up-to-date methods of farm operations.

10. We recognize the necessity of co-operation among the producers of the State in adopting a better and saner method of selling and distributing the products grown on the farm, and to the end that the producers may receive reasonable compensation for their labor we endorse the movement of the Texas Farmers' Congress looking to the organization of all the producers into one general distributing association.

11. Resolved further, That it is the sense of the Texas Dry Farming Congress that we are opposed to an unrestricted immigration from European countries. We view with alarm the threatened destruction of civil and religious institutions and the happiness and prosperity of our agricultural citizenship.

The continuous prosperity of this country depends upon a continuous development of our agriculture, and to insure its advancement we favor more rigid restrictions as to the class and number of immigrants permitted to land on our soil.

12. Whereas, There are a number of agricultural experts in charge of government demonstration farms in our State who, by delivering lectures at our farmers' meetings, disseminate useful information to our farmers; and

Whereas, These experts are required by the government to not only pay their own expenses to attend these meetings, but to also lose their time; be it, therefore,

Resolved, That we request our congressmen to aid in the passage of such remedial legislation as will remove this burden from these men.

Breaks World's Record.

Cleveland, Ohio.—Don Clark of Columbus Sunday in races held by the Cleveland Motorcycle Club at North Randall, on the mile dirt track, broke the world's record by covering 100 miles in 95 minutes and 10 seconds.

\$40,000 for Good Roads.

Devine, Tex.—At a recent meeting of the voters in this precinct it was decided to petition the commissioners court for an election to vote on good roads bonds to the amount of \$40,000.

ENROSE MEETS WITH SETBACK

ON RESOLUTION TO BRING THE INVESTIGATION

As to Inquire Into All the Cases He Made in Speech Against Roosevelt.

Washington.—The attempt of Senator Penrose to broaden the scope of the Clapp investigation, and so as to inquire into all of the cases which Senator Penrose made in his sensational speech against Roosevelt and William Flinn on the floor of the senate on August 1, a serious setback Saturday at hands of Senator McCumber, who objected to granting unanimous consent for a vote.

This disastrous ending of the rose resolution did not come, however, until after Senator Penrose's resolution so that the probe into political financial activities of Standard Oil and steel magnates should extend to the members of senate and house of representatives, as well as to Colonel Roosevelt.

The Penrose amendment provided for the insertion of the following words:

Amendment Gives Broad Scope.

"And all correspondence and official transactions between John D. Rockefeller, George W. Perkins and Colonel Theodore Roosevelt and members of congress and the United States senate from 1900 to the date of the investigation provided herein," after the following words in the original rose resolution, "The committee on privileges and elections or any committee thereof is hereby directed to investigate fully into the statements the questions of the fact made by the senator from Pennsylvania, Mr. Penrose, on the 1st of the senate, August 21, 1912."

Senators Poindexter of Washington and Williams of Mississippi opposed support of the resolution, as amended by Poindexter, and Senator Bailey of Idaho and Bailey of Texas opposed its adoption.

Finally Senator Poindexter called for the resolution, but Senator McCumber objected, and President Pro Temlinger sent it to the calendar under the rules, which puts it over to the December session of congress.

In Nature of a "Drag Net."

The Poindexter resolution is in nature of a considerable drag net reaching out for events dating as far back as 1900. The amendment was also an amendment authorizing the pointment of reputable lawyers to conduct the inquiry.

Senator Heyburn at once raised his voice in protest against the ending of making charges.

Senator Bailey opposed the motion on the broad ground that the question of regulation of elections is a matter that should be attended to by the state and not by the federal government. He made a general point, but his remarks in the main were directed at the question of corrupt practices of legislation.

"I want to say to my friends on this side who are eager to prevent the wrongful use of money in elections," he said, "that if I had my way I would pass a law in every state prohibiting a candidate from spending for a campaign of traveling expenses while conducting a campaign. That would give the poor man equal chance with the rich man. As things now stand, campaign fund, if it is large enough, counts for more than a long and honorable career."

Colonel Roosevelt announced today that he wanted to appear in Washington before the senate committee investigating campaign contributions, to refute the testimony of John D. Rockefeller Saturday concerning his pledge of \$100,000 given by Mr. Rockefeller to the republican campaign fund of 1904.

"I have wired Senator Clapp, chairman of the committee," Colonel Roosevelt said, "that I should, like to appear before the committee."

Nominations for Postmaster.

Washington.—The president today sent to the senate the following nominations for postmasters in Texas and Oklahoma:

Texas—Louis Elmer Will, Abilene; Anna J. Roach, Atlanta; John Doyle, Jr., Brady; Oscar Hunt, Canyon; John M. Hill, Coolidge; Nick Smith, Dublin; John J. Burke, John O. Ross, Garrison; John A. Lett, Hughes Springs; Belle Bridges, Mason; Leland S. Brown, Roscoe. All are reappointments.

Man Burned to a Cisp.

City of Mexico.—Ixtapalapa burned to death a rural mail carrier in the mountains north of Oaxaca today, according to a report sent to the Imparcial by its Oaxaca correspondent. The man was bringing the mail from Ixtapalapa to Oaxaca, when he was caught in the hands of the Indians, who caused him of being a government agent.

Tobacco Investigators Appointed.

Washington.—Representatives of Virginia, Steadman of North Carolina and McKinley of Illinois have been appointed the house members to investigate the conditions under which foreign governments purchase American grown tobacco.

Big Slide in Panama Canal.

Panama.—Thursday there occurred a big slide in the canal. The water was in the cut between Casaca and Empire. No lives were lost.