



King Tommy

BY GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

CHAPTER IX—Continued

Janet Church, tired of standing by herself and very curious to know what was going on, edged slowly toward the table at which Tommy was sitting. The king, who has very sharp eyes, noticed her.

"By the way," he said, "why did you bring your aunt with you? Casimir tells me that she's your aunt. I suppose she is your aunt? I used to say cousin myself sometimes, and occasionally sister—not that any one ever believed me—but I never thought of aunt. I suppose now that she isn't—but she can't be, can't possibly be. But still some men have queer fancies. I suppose she isn't Miss Temple, is she?"

"No, she's not," said Tommy.

"That's almost a pity," said the king. "I don't think Calypso would have objected to her. I don't think even the patriarch would have minded. However, if she isn't—"

He had to drop his voice at the last words, for Janet had come quite close to them. The king greeted her in the most friendly manner.

"I'm just giving your nephew a little advice," he said. "I was talking about the financial position of Lystria. Low rate of exchange and all that, you know. But the worst of it is that the people simply won't pay their taxes. At least, they wouldn't in my time. Ever since I've been here I've been thinking things over and I see now that I went the wrong way about collecting taxes. All governments make the same mistake. They send round disagreeable men with large blue papers and threaten people who don't pay up. That's the wrong way to get money. As head waiter in the Mascotte I make more in a single month than I ever got out of Lystria in a year. I don't threaten any one. I don't ask any one for a tip. A good waiter can make a man feel like a worm if he orders anything cheaper than champagne, and without speaking a word can see to it that he gets a ten per cent tip at least on every bill that's paid. I take fifty per cent of what the waiters get. That's revenue, collected without the slightest difficulty. What I'm advising your nephew to do is to try the same plan in Lystria. Fire all the existing tax collectors. They're an utterly worthless lot, and their methods are antiquated. Hire a staff of waiters from some place like this. Employ them on a fifty-fifty basis, and just see what you get in. Now what do you think of that plan, Miss Temple?"

"My name isn't Temple," said Janet. "It's—"

"Of course not," said the king. "Norheys told me it wasn't."

"It's Church, Miss Janet Church." She spoke stiffly. Her impression was that the king was a very drunk head waiter.

"Church," said the king. "How very ecclesiastical! And Norheys says he's a curate. You ought to be able to handle the patriarch between you."

"I'm going to Lystria," said Janet, "to enlist the patriarch's sympathies in the cause of World Peace Through the Union of Christian Churches."

The king looked at her for a moment with a little puzzled frown on his forehead. Then he turned to Tommy.

"I must say you're managing this uncommonly well," he said. "If you can start the patriarch arguing about religion, he'll forget—it's an extraordinarily ingenious plan. I wish I'd thought of it in my time. But then I never had an aunt who could have done it. I wish I could be there, Miss Church. I'd like to hear you and the patriarch at it together. But I can't go. They'd never let me cross the frontier. Besides, I must hold on to my job here. It's all I have to live on."

Janet turned away. Drunken head waiters who babbled neither amused nor interested her. She left the room with great dignity. Half an hour later, after receiving a great deal more good advice, Tommy managed to get off and go back to his hotel.

CHAPTER X

I have had several talks with Tommy about what happened in Berlin. It was easy, or fairly easy to get at the facts. It was very much more difficult to find out what Tommy thought about it all.

"But didn't the whole thing strike you as odd?" I asked him.

"Of course it did," said Tommy. "Odd is hardly the word for it. It was simply mad."

"Still, you went on with it. I mean to say, you didn't try to clear things up," I said.

"I did nothing else except try to clear things up," said Tommy. "I

kept on trying. I told every one I met there'd been a mistake, that I wasn't the man they took me for; but they wouldn't believe me."

"So at last you made up your mind to take the goods the gods provided, a princess and a throne?"

"Well, of course, there was Calypso," said Tommy. "I didn't really think at first that I had much chance of getting her, marrying her, I mean. Well, I told you how I was feeling about her."

"Yes, I understand that. But all the same—what I'm trying to get at is this: what did you think was happening? How did you explain it all to yourself? Did you try to think it out?"

"I thought it out all that night," said Tommy, "at least as long as I stayed awake. I dare say I was awake for as much as an hour or an hour and a half after I got into bed, and I was thinking hard all the time, partly about Calypso, of course. But—"

"Mostly about Calypso, I expect."

"Well, you may say mostly," said Tommy. "Still, I did think about the others, Casimir and the king, and about the absurd way they were going on, insisting that I was some one I wasn't and all that."

"And what conclusion did you come to? How did you explain it to yourself?"

"It sounds rather absurd," said Tommy, "and I dare say you'll think me a fool. But you know the way that fellow Casimir keeps on quoting Shakespeare?"

"I have heard him do it and marvel."

"Evidently he'd read a lot of Shakespeare," said Tommy, "and admired him and all that."

"These mid-European peoples," I said, "all admire Shakespeare im-



Janet Church, Tired of Standing by Herself and Very Curious to Know What Was Going On, Edged Slowly Toward the Table at Which Tommy Was Sitting.

mensely. They know him a great deal better than we do."

"That's what I'm getting at," said Tommy. "Casimir admires Shakespeare tremendously, and I dare say the king does too. I don't profess myself to know all the plays off by heart. Still I've read them. At least, I've read most of them. Do you remember the beginning of one of the plays—I didn't remember which it was at the time, but I've looked it up since, and it's 'The Taming of the Shrew.' At the beginning of it there's a kind of little play which hasn't anything to do with the shrew, or the taming or anything else."

No more than Tommy am I a Shakespearean scholar. But I recollect that there was a kind of prologue to 'The Taming of the Shrew.'"

"It's about a sort of spoof," said Tommy, "which a lot of people played off on a ragged beggar called Christopher Sly, pretending to believe that the poor man was a king or a great lord or something until they very nearly persuaded him that he was!"

I remembered the scene when Tommy described it. A certain lord, returning from hunting with his attendants, all of them in merry mood, found a beggar in a bed in an inn. And out of sheer glee of heart set to work to persuade him that he was a wealthy nobleman.

"My idea was," said Tommy, "that they were trying that trick on with me. I don't know how the game ended in Shakespeare. In fact I don't think it did end. But I thought I might just as well go through with it and see what happened. There was Calypso, you see."

"Yes," I said. "You've told me how you felt about her. Did you believe she was a princess?"

"Of course, I didn't," said Tommy. "At least, not at first. I thought she was just a dancing girl. And I thought her father was a head waiter, and that Casimir was a silly ass who'd got Shakespeare on the brain. I'd have chucked the whole thing and kicked Casimir next time I saw him, only that I really did want to—"

"You wanted to marry Calypso?"

"Most frightfully," said Tommy, who is a very simple soul.

"Considering your position," I said, "and your profession, and—and my sister Emily, don't you think you ought to have hesitated about marrying a girl like that?"

"I suppose I ought," said Tommy. "But I didn't. A fellow doesn't, you know, when he's—I told you that Calypso laid me out, absolutely a gone man, the very moment I saw her."

That is all very well; but I still think Tommy ought to have thought what he was doing. If he married her, supposing her to be, as he thought, simply a German dancing girl, he would have had to take her home with him and she would have been the curate's wife in my sister Emily's parish. What sort of example was Calypso likely to set to members of the Girls' Friendly Society? What would the members of the Mothers' union have thought about her? What would dear old Canon Pyke, simplest, gentlest, most innocent of men, have thought of a curate's wife who kicked her legs into the air on the platform of his parochial hall at the annual entertainment of the Temperance Society?

And Emily herself? My imagination utterly failed when I tried to imagine Emily's reception of Calypso. She had not a very high opinion of Tommy before he went to Berlin. In her original letter to me about his disappearance she had said that he was not altogether suited to be a clergyman. She would have been confirmed in that opinion when he came back with Calypso for a wife. There was no real harm in the girl. She was as thoroughly respectable as Viola Temple was. But Edmund Troyte, who was a man of the world, shied at the idea of his nephew marrying her. Emily, who is a lady not of this world but of the next, would have been outraged and scandalized, if Canon Pyke's curate, a man who preached to her on Sundays, brought home Calypso as a wife. How would Calypso have taught a class in Sunday school? Emily would regard it as part of the duty of a curate's wife to teach a class in Sunday school.

There are things which Tommy certainly ought to have thought about; but did not. As he said, "a fellow doesn't" when he has fallen suddenly and violently in love. And, of course, there were other considerations. Calypso really was a princess. Tommy did not know that, at the time. Perhaps no one in the parish would have known it at first; but in the end it would have leaked out. What would have happened? My sister is no more a snob than the rest of us; but, like all decent people, she has a respect for royalty. She might severely condemn the manners, customs and morals of a Berlin cabaret dancer; but she is not the woman to do more than whisper nasty things about a princess. Her position would be really awkward. A curate's wife occupies a definite, quite humble place in a parish. But a princess in any well regulated church is received at the door by the clergy in full canonicals, has a gilt and crimson chair to sit on, instead of being herded into a pew like other people, and is often prayed for by name in the course of the service. What could be done about a princess who is also the curate's wife?

But these complicated problems did not trouble Tommy. He was able to go to sleep after little more than an hour's wakefulness, rest quietly and awake next morning prepared to play out to the end what he supposed to be Casimir's game.

When he came down next morning he went to the head clerk in the reception office and asked whether Count Casimir had called or sent any message. Casimir had done neither. But the head clerk, who felt it his duty to watch over his guests, told Tommy that he ought to go to the police office at once to show his passport and obtain permission to remain in Berlin. This, he said, was necessary in the case of all foreigners who wished to stay more than two days. The whole business, so he assured Tommy, was "purely formal," tiresome, but nothing worse. Tommy had nothing to do except display his passport. He would immediately receive the necessary written permit. It was called—Tommy wrote down the word to make sure of remembering it—an Ausweis.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Conscience Ruled Him

One of the witnesses at a royal commission appointed to inquire into a case of alleged bribery in an election stated that he had received \$25 to vote Conservative, and in cross-examination it was elicited that he had also received \$25 to vote Liberal.

Mr. Justice Matthew, in amazement, repeated:

"You say you received \$25 to vote Conservative?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And you also received \$25 to vote Liberal?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And for whom did you vote at the finish?" asked the astonished judge, throwing himself back in the chair.

And the witness, with injured dignity in every line of his face, answered with great earnestness:

"I voted, my lord, according to my conscience!"—Vancouver Province.

Norma Talmadge



Known as "everybody's favorite," Norma Talmadge was born at Niagara Falls, N. Y. She entered pictures at the age of fourteen. She is a recognized leader in modest robes, but she is better known as a great emotional actress.

Your Health

By ANDREW F. CURRIER, M.D.

THE "COOTY"

PARASITES are present everywhere in vegetable life, like the mistletoe upon the oak and the beautiful orchid, but not all are so attractive as these.

They are equally prevalent in animal life—in fact it seems to be nature's plan to give every animal and plant some kind of an enemy to furnish a good excuse for the struggle for existence and the maintenance of the species.

In man there are twice as many varieties of parasites as in any other animal.

Of the parasites in human beings there are more than fifty varieties, some living on the outside of the body, others in the intestines, muscles, eyes, liver and elsewhere.

Three-quarters of the human parasites are on the skin or in the intestines.

The "cooty," or body louse, is of very great importance, not only because of the annoyance he gives his hosts, but because he may carry the germ of spotted or typhus fever.

This disease was widespread and deadly in the early part of the war; and when Serbian soldiers were captured by Germans, the first thing done for them was to round them up and entlaussen, that is, unlice, them.

Lice live and propagate in the hairy parts of the skin—particularly on the hair of the scalp, but also on the eyebrows, eyelashes, beard, armpits and elsewhere.

They seem to prefer the hair on the back of the head. One variety makes its home in the seams of the clothing, but migrates to the skin when hungry.

The eggs, or nits, attach themselves to hairs, and it is very difficult to dislodge them.

They are small, white, globular bodies near the root of the hair or at any point along its shaft.

In the careless and neglected, they are found in the midst of dirty and matted hair, mingled with pus, scabs and other evidences of inflammation. The sexes of lice are distinct, and there are separate varieties for different parts of the body.

They fasten themselves to the skin with their hooklets, and when feeding thrust their nose into the skin, like the mosquito, and withdraw blood.

The female lays 50 to 60 eggs which she glues to the hair with a very tenacious secretion from her body.

The itching and scratching they excite cause inflammation and suppuration, and the pus in the neglected cases produces the matting of the hair and general filthiness.

An eruption like eczema may be produced and there may be swelling and soreness in the glands of the armpit, groin and neck.

The parasites and their eggs may be destroyed by a soap, or lotion, or bath containing sulphur, tobacco or mercury. Crude petroleum or kerosene, alone or mixed with sweet oil or balsam of Peru (to destroy the odor), is effective, as also is an infusion of the flowers of larkspur or the fluid extract of the seeds.

Unless these preparations are used thoroughly, and both lice and eggs destroyed, the result will be disappointing.

It is often desirable to destroy the eggs by themselves after the lice have been destroyed; and for this purpose strong preparations of soda, vinegar, borax or alcohol may be used.

They must be applied liberally and thoroughly, in order to dissolve the material which fastens the egg to the hair.

As the clothing of those who have vermin upon the body is also infested, in very many cases, it is well to submit it for a sufficient length of time to the vapor of formaldehyde, or to live steam.

In the JUNGLE

With Cheerups and the Quixies
By Grace Bliss Stewart

PATH TO CHEERUPS' DOOR

"NOW just look at that path, Brighteyes," called Cheerups to a little brown Quixie who was peeping out of a bush near by.

"You couldn't really call it a path, could you, sir?" asked Brighteyes. "Hardly a blade of grass is worn off."

"No, that's just the trouble, Brighteyes; there's no one to wear it off," replied Cheerups. "Nobody comes to see us. Maybe they can't find the way.



"I Have an Idea," Called Cheerups to His Companion.

It must be that, for I'm sure they would like us if they could get here."

"I'll go once more and look," cried Brighteyes. "I'll climb the very tallest tree on the tipmost top of the mountain and look as far as I can to see if anyone is coming," and he jumped aboard a passing breeze and flew away through the air.

There sat Cheerups in the doorway of his little house. It was only a hole in the side of an old hollow stump, but this jolly little fairy liked his home and was so happy that it would have made you laugh just to look at him.

But even if the rest of the world hadn't come to Cheerups, he had friends. Anyone so jolly and kind couldn't help it. There were four little Quixies who were his faithful companions, and they were called Brighteyes, Quickear, Softfoot and Sniffsniff.

These Quixies lived up in the Great Pine Tree which waved its whispering branches over Cheerups' hollow stump, and they were so much alike that you couldn't tell them apart unless you knew them very well. They were as slender and brown as Cheerups was plump and green, and being so slender and brown, they looked like brothers to the pine needles which fall from the great pine trees and feel so soft under your feet in the woods.

Brighteyes could see very well indeed. His eyesight was so wonderful that he could almost see around a corner. Quickear said that he could hear the grass grow. Softfoot stepped so lightly that even Quickear couldn't hear him, and Sniffsniff could smell a violet a mile away.

Of course, with such good friends near him, Cheerups couldn't be very sad about the lack of visitors. It was really because he was so glad that fine morning that he wanted to share his good spirits with every one.

"Yes, I'm sure they would like us if they could only get here," murmured Cheerups to himself. "I would so love to broaden my acquaintance. They say travel does it. That's it, we'll travel! Oh, Brighteyes, Quickear, Softfoot, Sniffsniff; I have an idea!"

"Yes, sir, here I am, sir; I couldn't see anyone from the top of the mountain coming this way, sir," cried Brighteyes, as he fluttered to the ground.

"Never mind that now," shouted Cheerups excitedly. "I have a wonderful idea. We'll go to them!"

"To them?" piped Quickear.

"To whom?" chirped Softfoot.

"To where?" sputtered Sniffsniff.

For they had all dropped down from the Great Pine Tree at Cheerups' first call.

"We are going to travel," chuckled Cheerups. "Isn't it exciting?"

"But please, sir, when do we start?" chimed the Quixies in chorus.

"We begin here and we start now," cried Cheerups gleefully. "All aboard for Somewhere," and he hopped on a passing leaf and rose into the air. The four little Quixies were most astonished to move but they didn't want to be left behind, so each grabbed a bit of thistle-down and followed Cheerups on his voyage of discovery.

(© by Little, Brown & Co.)

"What's in a Name?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name, its history, meaning, whence it was derived, significance, your lucky day, lucky jewel

THE WHY OF SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

GEORGIANA

GEORGIANA is a modernism which has quite a bit of interesting history behind it. It means "husband-man" and dates back to the allegorical saints of the Greek church, one of whom was called by a Greek name which meant "worker of the earth."

The fame of St. George and the dragon carried the masculine name to extraordinary heights of popularity. From it various feminines were formed with a distinct idea of honoring the saint. It was not a slow growth, but a deliberate manufacture. The first English lady bearing a name akin to George was a god-child of Anne of Denmark, who had her christened Georgia Anna in commemoration of herself and the popular saint. Later the two names were run together and Georgiana is the result.

Georgia is now regarded as a contraction of Georgiana, although it has the right to separate existence. Georgine and Georgette are French versions which have also acquired popularity in this country.

The emerald is Georgiana's talismanic gem. It is believed to guard her from unfortunate love affairs by giving her extraordinary keenness in judgment. Wednesday is her lucky day and 3 her lucky number.

(© by Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

SPIDERS

TO SEE a spider spin down before you is an omen of good luck. That is the broadest form of the spider superstition which extends to all parts of the world. The more restricted form says that the spider sometimes called the "Book Spider" and sometimes the "Money Spider"—that little fellow who drops down on his slender thread from ceilings and window ledges—is the bringer of good luck. His appearance, spinning down before you, is a sure sign of money coming to you. Some say that it is almost as sure a sign of good luck to find one of these spiders on your clothing.

The origin of the spider superstition has been seen by some in the old Hebrew tradition telling how David, being pursued by Saul, took refuge in a cave across the mouth of which a spider at once wove a web. Saul, coming along and seeing the unbroken web, said: "Nobody in there," and went on. Therefore, the spider, having saved David, was revered ever after. Others cite the story of Robert Bruce, who was inspired, when his fortunes were at their lowest, to make another attempt to restore the independence of his country by watching the persistence with which a spider, after repeated failures, hauled himself up by his slender thread.

But the spider superstition prevails in countries which never heard of Bruce and where the legend of David's spider is unknown. It is an ancient superstition of psychological origin—a cognate idea arising from a fact.

Old Fuller mentioned the spider superstition 300 years ago and gave as the explanation of it the fact that "such as imitate the industry and perseverance of this contemptible insect may, by God's grace, weave for themselves wealth and the purchase of a large estate."

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)



Desert Arduentes

The journey across the Libyan desert from Cairo to the oasis of Siwa and back, a distance of 1,200 miles, has been accomplished on motorcycles by T. M. Moore and A. Whitaker in 14 days. Their arms were badly swollen from the strain of holding up their machines in the sand.