

King Tommy

By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

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CHAPTER X—Continued

"For entering Germany with a false passport," said Von Steinfeldt, "you shall in prison forthwith be enclosed."

"Do try not to be quite so cocksure that you're always right," said Tommy. "As a matter of fact, my passport isn't false, as you call it, in any single particular. My face is oval, my nose is of normal shape, and my mouth is more or less round when open, which is just what the passport says. If you don't believe me and can't bear to look me in the face—which I can understand you don't care to do after sticking me with your marks in the way you did—just take a glance at the photo on the passport."

This apparently struck Von Steinfeldt as a thing which he ought to do. He took a long look at the photograph, which indeed bore very little resemblance to Tommy. Then, instead of comparing it with Tommy's face, he rapidly turned over the pile of papers on the desk in front of him. From among them he drew out another photograph and looked carefully at it. He placed both photographs side by side and stared at them. Then, suddenly, he looked up at Tommy.

"Of what height are you?" he asked. "Five foot, ten and a half inches, see passport," said Tommy, "forehead broad, eyes blue, nose normal, face oval. Mouth round when opened. It's all there."

For the first time during the interview Von Steinfeldt smiled. It was a grim smile, with more than a suggestion of malice in it; but Tommy was glad to see a smile of any kind. "I think," said Von Steinfeldt, "that there has a mistake been."

"I've thought so all along," said Tommy.

"That d—d fool Count Casimir has this time himself a mistake made."

"I don't know that Casimir is more of a fool than any one else," said Tommy. "You made the same mistake yourself. I don't even now profess to understand what it is. But you made it. So did two of your police officers."

"But I," said Von Steinfeldt, "the mistake discovered have."

"You can't take much credit for that," said Tommy. "You'd have discovered it long ago, in fact, you'd never have made it if you'd listened to me and believed what I said."

"Soon," said Von Steinfeldt, "the d—d Casimir will the mistake also discover. Then you can say to him and your Lord Troyle, and to Herr Cable that another bridegroom for the fair Calypso arranged has been."

He sat up straight in his chair, pulled his bristly white mustache and looked so pleased that Tommy began to think that he must himself be the "arranged" bridegroom. The thought of Calypso being married against her will—Tommy felt certain it would be against her will—to this bristly-headed German made Tommy seriously angry.

"Do you mean to tell me," he said, "that you have the nerve to think of marrying her yourself?"

"So," said Von Steinfeldt, "Her equal in birth I certainly am."

"Well, just listen to me for a minute," said Tommy. "You've swindled me with these beastly marks of yours in a way that a third-rate money-lender would have been ashamed of. You've set on nasty, slimy police officers to arrest me. You've dragged me about Berlin in a taxicab. You've kept me standing here for half an hour with nothing but your face to look at. Very well, I'm not going to ask for compensation, though I ought to get it. I'm not even going to demand an apology, though if you had as much decent feeling as a Hottentot you'd apologize without being asked. But I'll just tell you one thing before I go. I mean to marry Calypso myself."

Von Steinfeldt was genuinely astonished. He had been brought up to regard royal persons of all kinds and members of aristocracies as sacred. A pastor—he now quite believed that Tommy was a curate—belongs to the rank of the bourgeoisie; is burgerlich. For such a one to marry—

"But she is a princess," he said.

"I don't know anything about that," said Tommy. "But whether she is or not, I mean to marry her if she will have me. And I may say that if it's a choice between you and me, I expect to have the better chance."

"So, Herr Pastor," said Von Steinfeldt.

He had sufficiently recovered from his first surprise to realize that Tommy's threat was absurd. No princess could possibly marry a curate. Such a thing would be worse than a wave of Bolshevism. Central European society would be shaken to its foundations. Windslaves, as Von Steinfeldt knew, was a disreputable wreck of a king. Calypso was highly unconventional in her manner of life. But even they could not contemplate an alliance with a curate. The sneer on Von Steinfeldt's face became quite unmistakable.

"Ach so, Herr English pastor," he said.

"And even if she won't marry me," said Tommy, "and I mean to have a pretty good try at persuading her, I feel pretty certain she won't marry you. No girl would. Good-by. Or perhaps I ought to say, 'Ach so, Herr Bridegroom arranged.'"

CHAPTER XI

It was at half past ten that Casimir entered the Adlon hotel the morning after the party at the Mascotte. He did not find Tommy, who by that time had gone off to the police office. He did find Janet Church, whom he rather wished to avoid. She at once attached herself to Casimir and reminded him of his promise to arrange for her visit to Lystra.

Casimir was quite civil to her. He is the kind of man who is civil to any woman anywhere and at any time. He had a reason for treating Janet with special politeness. He believed her to be Tommy's or rather Norhey's, aunt.

"Certainly," he said. "Everything will be settled about your journey. There will be no difficulty at all. I shall get you a passport."

In talking to Janet he spoke German and was therefore able to express himself without quoting Shakespeare.

"I don't see how you can get me a passport," said Janet. "The consul here, and the passport officer, and the people at the embassy refuse to allow me to have one. If I travel at all, it must be without a passport. That's what I expect you to manage for me."

"You shall have an excellent passport," said Casimir, "a British passport, which no one will question."

"You can't get me that," said Janet. "It's impossible."

Casimir smiled indulgently.

They were sitting together near the door of the hall. A lady, middle-aged,

Gisborne I should make her poorer. But if I take her name, that is to say, the passport of the gracious fraulein, I do her no harm, for she gets another one at once—another passport, you understand, not another name. Whereas I make you rich in what you want. With the passport of Miss Gisborne you can travel anywhere."

I do not know whether that line of reasoning quieted Janet's scruples, or whether the joy of being able to go to Lystra smothered the cries of her conscience. She ceased to object to the stealing of the passport, and became exceedingly curious to know how it was to be done.

"That," said Casimir, "is easy. The English seldom lock up anything. In England, I suppose, it is not necessary to lock things up. No doubt all the English are so rich that they do not want to take what is not theirs. Why should they when they have all they want? So here in Berlin Colonel Heard does not lock up his own passport or Miss Gisborne's. If sometimes, by chance, he does lock them up, he always leaves the key in the pocket of the trousers he wore the day before, for the English are a truly great nation, and the English gentleman is so noble he suspects no one. He would not himself steal anything, ever. Therefore he leaves his keys in the pockets of his yesterday's trousers."

"All the same," said Janet, "he'll lock the door of his bedroom. We all do that."

"That," said Casimir, "is nothing." Then he went on to explain to Janet how the theft was to be effected, and the explanation left her gasping.

The Countess Olga, Casimir's only sister, was at that time a housemaid in the Adlon hotel. As a housemaid she had, of course, a master key which opened all the doors on the floor on which she served. The room occupied by Colonel and Mrs. Heard and that of Miss Gisborne were under her care. She could enter them at any time she chose, stay in them as long as she chose and not excite the smallest suspicion. She was familiar with Colonel Heard's habit of leaving his keys in his trousers pockets.

The first feeling which this frank confession aroused in Janet's mind was pity for the countess. It must be a dreadful thing for a highborn lady, no doubt a delicately nurtured lady, to be reduced to earning her living as a housemaid in a hotel. Casimir explained that her pity was wasted.

"It is not for the sake of wages that Olga is a housemaid," he said. "She has money enough to live otherwise, and if she had not, I would give it to her. We Lystrian nobles are not rich, but we would not allow our sisters to earn wages as servants. No. Olga is a patriot. She is a housemaid just as I was a soldier in the war for the sake of our beloved land, ours for fifteen hundred years, now taken from us. I fought, but it was no use. Olga collects information, letters, documents, telegrams—"

"From people who leave their keys about," said Janet.

"And, if necessary, passports," said Casimir, smiling.

Janet is not, I suppose, an entirely unscrupulous woman. There are things she would not do, though very few, for the sake of a cause she had at heart. She made no further protest against the theft of Miss Gisborne's passport; but she did not want to go on talking about it. She changed the subject.

"By the way," she said, "talking of passports. That young friend of yours who was with you last night in the Mascotte—"

"Your nephew," said Casimir. Janet recollected herself.

"My nephew, yes. I am afraid he is likely to get into trouble with his passport."

"But how?" said Casimir. "Surely in London they gave him a correct passport."

"On his passport he is described as the Reverend Thomas A. Norreys. Now, he's not that."

"He is certainly not that," said Casimir.

"I thought not."

"It was foolish," said Casimir, "to put that on his passport, and quite unnecessary."

"If the police suspect anything wrong—"

"The police will not see that passport."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Early Adding Machines

That the ancient Inca civilization in Peru possessed an adding and calculating machine has been revealed in the recent discovery by excavators of a knotted cord, or "quipu," in the ruins of a prehistoric tomb. The cord is sixteen yards long and contains 100 knots. Divided into ten unequal sections these knots represent the odd numbers from one to nineteen. The sections are of different colors, including red, brown, yellow, blue and green, and are separated by silver beads, which represent the even numbers from two to twenty. By using this simple way of counting, based on the decimal system, rapid calculations can be made.—Montreal Star.

HUSBANDS

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

I THINK no woman really knows The things her husband undergoes— The constant struggle day and night, The good and bad, the wrong and right, The endless battle he must fight.

While hers the lot of husbands' wives, He leads a multitude of lives— The club, the office, and the street, The journey, victory, defeat— Temptation ev'rywhere to meet.

One tempts with pleasure, one with gold; Each day around him souls are sold. Are sold for riches, sold for ease, Or sold some baser sense to please— He meets all day such things as these.

While you, the sheltered and the warm, Know little gale or little storm, Or hidden sting, or thorny rose, Or shining stream that darkly flows, That meet him ev'rywhere he goes.

Oh, keep the cottage windows bright! That man may find his way tonight. Such golden love your heart should hold

That none may lure with love or gold In that mad world where souls are sold.

The loose of tongue and low of mind, The business sharper he will find, The painted woman, gambler, cheat, Who set their traps in ev'ry street, Your love and kindness can defeat.

Home's not a table; home is more; A lighthouse on a stormy shore, An altar and an inner shrine That God has blessed and made divine, And you its priestess, love its sign.

Keep then the lamp of love ablaze To guide him up from darker ways, Till ev'ry tempter he has passed— Your strength so strong, your love so vast,

You lead him home to God at last. (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Among the NOTABLES

EUGENE DE BEAUHARNIAS

EUGENE DE BEAUHARNIAS was the stepson of the great Napoleon—a fact alone that would make him world famous. He was born in Paris September 3, 1781, (he was a child during the French Revolution) and when a very young man, entered upon a military career. He met Napoleon, one day, by going to him with a request for a favor, and made such an impression on the great man—who was not the world conqueror then—that a friendship grew up between them. Napoleon met the boy's mother, Josephine de Beauharnias, and married her.

Leaving, shortly after, for an expedition in Egypt, he took Eugene with him. As Napoleon conquered, so did the boy rise in rank; he was only about twenty-four when Napoleon made him viceroy of Italy. In Italy, de Beauharnias' talent for military affairs showed itself; he built up the army. There was war between Austria and Italy then, and the battles were fought along the Piave. Except for a period of command with the Russian army, de Beauharnias stayed in Italy defending it against Austria.

When Napoleon was deposed, his stepson retired with his wife, a Bavarian princess. The king of Bavaria gave him a duchy, and he lived in Munich until his death, in 1824.

One of his sons married Donna Maria, queen of Portugal, some eleven years after his father's death. (© by George Matthew Adams)

THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY



The young lady across the way says the scientists say some of the coal now on the market is a million years old, but she has every confidence in their dealer and feels sure they get theirs strictly fresh. (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)



In the JUNGLE

With Cheerups and the Quixies
by Grace Bliss Stewart



ELEPHANT GOES CALLING

ONE morning Cheerups opened his round twinkly eyes sooner than usual. "Folks have to be up bright and early to get ahead of men," thought he. "I feel just as if something were going to happen today." He was really too excited to sleep. All the lovely Jungle was so much more wonderful than any dream he had ever dreamed that he opened his eyes very wide to make sure of staying awake. Above Cheerups' head the palm trees waved their giant leaves in the breeze like so many palm-leaf fans. Big Bright Mr. Sun, as he peeped over the tops of the Little



"Hop Onto My Trunk and Run Up Nearer My Ear."

Hills, made diamonds of the dewdrops and turned the flowers into flame.

"One of those flowers would make a whole suit for me," thought Cheerups. "If I could only find a tailor, I would exchange my green coat for a purple one. But what in the world is that rumbling noise? I believe we are going to have a shower. Quick, do you hear thunder?"

"I certainly hear something very loud and alarming, sir," cried Quick-ear, jumping up from the comfortable cobweb where he was sitting. "It doesn't sound a bit like the thunder we hear on the Great Mountain at home, though. It's so rumbling-rolly, and it's coming nearer all the time."

"Bless me, what's that?" shouted Cheerups, as a great gray monster broke through the underbrush and stood still a minute, as if dazed. Fully ten feet tall was this fellow, with the biggest ears and the longest nose and the most surprising teeth which stretched away, way out in front of him.

"Thank you ever so much for your kindness, Mr. Cheerups. I'll be going now, but I'll come back later to let you know about those teeth." Then Gray Ears the Elephant ambled and ambled slowly away through the trees. (© 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

ANNIE

THIS quaint but charming and undeniably popular name has no etymological right to existence. Though it signifies grace and is of course closely related to Anne and Anna, it has no scientific excuse for being. It seems rather to be the natural endearment rising out of the chill dignity of Anne.

It is barely possible that Annie may have come to us by a more direct route than colloquialism. A favorite name in early Gaelic times was Anni, signifying joy. The pronunciation of this name is very similar to Annie. In England, however, there has arisen a fashion of christening Annie, probably from some confusion as to the spelling of Ann or Anne.

With the exception of Anna, the quaint name of Annie is the most popular of all forms in this country. Anna is piquant and Anna slightly forbidding, but Annie appeals to the popular taste and Yankee love of endearment.

Annie is Annie's talismanic stone. It will bring her health and guard her from disease. Tuesday is her lucky day and 4 her lucky number. (© by Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

GOLD AND CHEER

THE thorns he found upon his way, All fit to pierce mere bubbles with, He plucked and on each passing day He used to prick his troubles with.

And every stone he found thereon, Stones rough beyond the telling of, He seized and shaped, and then anon He built a cheery dwelling of.

Indeed, the obstacles he met, The very ones I'm rhyming on, He turned into a ladder, set For him to keep on climbing on!

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THE WHY OF SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

CRICKETS

WHEN we consider the presence of a cricket singing in the house as an omen of good luck we are continuing a superstition of unknown antiquity. In general the superstition is that the cricket "on the hearth" brings good luck; the sudden departure of crickets from the family and the especial liveliness of a cricket in its chirping foretells the coming of a loved one.

Most of the writer's regard the superstition as originating in the magic of association. The cricket makes a cheerful sound, and is frequently heard about the hearth becoming, as it were, a part of the family or a god of the household—a Lares.

Pliny, writing nearly two thousand years ago, says that "crickets were much esteemed by ancient magicians," which arouses a suspicion that the cricket superstition has behind it something besides so ancient that it was unknown even in its associations in Pliny's time; that the superstition is so ancient, an inheritance from days so remote, that its real origin has been lost—a vestige from primitive times and a striking example of the persistence of a superstition long after everything relating to it has been gathered into the impenetrable gloom of lost centuries. (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)



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