



CHAPTER XI—Continued

"They will," said Janet. "By this time I expect they have. He went off to the police office this morning to obtain his Ausweis, taking the passport with him."

"What?" said Casimir. "He has gone to the police office?"

"That's what I'm trying to tell you," said Janet, "and I'm very much afraid there'll be trouble."

"Trouble! They will imprison him. They will deport him. They will—But not even Von Steinfeldt would dare shoot him. But—Excuse me, I must act at once or all is lost. The princess! My beloved country! But I have friends and I have money. The king has friends. Perhaps it is not yet too late."

He hurried across the hall toward the door. Janet hurried after him. Tommy was in serious trouble. Casimir was excited and frightened. She could not bear the thought of not being helpful in a crisis as desperate as this. She caught Casimir by the arm just as he reached the door.

"Shall I ring up the embassy?" she said. "The third secretary is a friend of mine. At least, I've often talked to him over the telephone. After all, your friend—I mean my nephew—is a British subject. The ambassador must do something. I shall insist on his moving in the matter."

Casimir turned on her. He must have felt extremely irritated, but his politeness did not fail him.

"Gracious lady," he said, "I can think of only one thing in the world which would make this affair worse than it is, and that is the interference of the British ambassador."

Janet says that his face was white, drawn and tragic when he spoke, and that beads of perspiration had gathered on his forehead. But Janet is inclined to exaggerate in the interests of the picturesque. I do not suppose that Casimir was in the state she described. He was upset about what had happened and foresaw a great deal of trouble. But he had no doubt that he could straighten things out even if the police had arrested Tommy.

When he left the hotel Casimir went straight to his bank and cashed a check for ten thousand marks. In Germany it takes a long time to cash a check and it was half an hour before Casimir actually got the money. Then he drove to the police office and walked into the room into which Tommy had gone that morning. There was still a long queue of Poles, Russians, Slavs, Ukrainians and other foreigners waiting to approach the police officer's desk. But Casimir did not take his place at the end of the line. He handed twenty marks to the policeman who kept watch at the door and was immediately placed at the head of the queue. In return for another twenty marks the policeman ordered all the other waiting people out of the room. They were allowed to draw a breath of fresh air in the passage until Casimir finished his business. This was good for them, but they did not like it.

For some months the German mark had been falling rapidly. Official salaries, from those of cabinet minister to those of simple policeman, had in March only about one-tenth of their supposed value and a large class of more or less deserving people found themselves starving. This, though disagreeable for them, was a great advantage to any one who controlled money in a stable currency. Casimir had Procopius Cable's English pounds to draw on. He felt confident of being able to persuade any official to do what he wanted done.

He began his interview with the police officer by laying a thousand marks on the table in front of him. Then he said he wanted an Ausweis, duly signed and in proper form, for an Englishman called Norheys. The police officer stood up and bowed respectfully to Casimir. Then he fixed his eyes, hopefully at first, sadly afterward, on the thousand marks. He began to apologize.

If he had known a little earlier that the highborn gentleman wished for an Ausweis—The young Englishman had been there, in that very office—There had been a trifling irregularity in his passport, very trifling, nothing that mattered. If he had known—Now, unfortunately, he could do nothing. The young Englishman had been passed on to his superior officer.

The poor man eyed the thousand marks hungrily. He had a wife and two children at home. They had very little food and no firing. A thousand marks would have made life a much pleasanter affair to him.

"Ach, most highborn sir," he said, "I cannot now issue the Ausweis, though how willingly I would do so if I could."

Casimir is not a man who pays for

what he does not get. He picked up the thousand marks again.

Then he laid down a note for a hundred marks, and asked to see the superior officer who had taken charge of Tommy.

This time the young man, standing behind his desk, bowed gratefully. Certainly the highborn gentleman should see the superior officer at once. Casimir was shown into the inner room. The young man at the desk pocketed the hundred-mark note. Perhaps he spent half of it on a piece of soap. His face looked as if he had none at home.

Casimir dealt with the superior officer in much the same way, except that this time he laid down two thousand marks. He was received with almost groveling civility. This officer looked at money not so much hungrily as greedily. He had neither wife nor children and was not actually hungry. But he was a man who liked enjoying himself, and in the good old days before the mark fell he was accustomed to spend his evening in pleasure resorts less sumptuous and much less respectable than the Mascotte. From these delights he had been cut off for some months. With two thousand marks a man can buy a great deal of pleasure in Berlin. For two thousand marks most government officials would have done a great deal.

Casimir said what he wanted, an Ausweis for Tommy. The officer, his eyes fixed on the money, cursed himself, his bad luck, his government, the late war, the French nation, the English nation, the Reparations commission and the International Military control. He

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to whatever charity in Berlin he thinks most worthy of support. Tell him at the same time that I want to remain anonymous and desire no receipt for the money."

The king, who had been lounging in a chair, got up, went over to his writing table and unlocked a drawer. He took from it a small case made of real morocco leather.

"You may as well offer him this at the same time," said the king.

He opened the box and displayed a small golden snake. It was curled up so that its tail was in its mouth. Its eyes, which had a fierce expression, were garnets. Casimir looked at it with reverence. It was the sign of "The Most Noble Order of the Golden Adder of Lystria," an order granted to very few people and worn by no Lystrian except the king himself.

"He may like to have it," said the king, "though I don't know why he should. It's only nine carat gold, and the creature's eyes aren't rubies. Still, he may like it. Try him, and you might say if at any time he wants a good table at the Mascotte, he has nothing to do but ring me up and I'll arrange it. What's more, I'll take fifty per cent off his bill, and he won't be expected to tip the waiters. Tell him all that, will you?"

Casimir went off to Von Steinfeldt's office in good spirits and full of confidence. He did not expect that his interview would be pleasant, but he had no doubt that he would be successful in obtaining Tommy's release. Von Steinfeldt would probably try to bully him. He usually did try to bully any one he met. He would certainly bargain and the haggling might be prolonged. Casimir expected bullying and bargaining; but he felt that no living German would resist the offer of five hundred pounds in English bank notes, a decoration to pin on his coat and the chance of supper at the Mascotte whenever he liked at half the usual price.

Never was a diplomatist, engaged in a demarche, an important kind, more surprised than Casimir was.

Von Steinfeldt made no attempt to bully him. He received him with extreme politeness and showed every kind of courtesy and consideration. This made Casimir suspicious. He knew Von Steinfeldt fairly well and had never seen him behave like a gentleman before.

"His majesty the king of Lystria—"

Casimir began.

"Ah, poor King Wladislaws," said Von Steinfeldt. "My heart bleeds for him. Such a position for one who has been a king. Tell me, how is he getting on?"

Casimir did not believe that Von Steinfeldt's heart ever bled for any one. He felt sure that he did not care whether King Wladislaws starved or not. His suspicions, already awakened by Von Steinfeldt's politeness, became acute.

"His majesty," he said, "sent me to place a small sum of money in your excellency's hands. He knows little of the needs of the poor in Berlin and he hopes that your excellency will be kind enough to spend this money in the way that you think wisest."

He drew from his pocket his packet of English bank notes and laid it on the table. Von Steinfeldt picked it up. There were fifty Bank of England notes for ten pounds each. Von Steinfeldt hated and despised almost everything English. But he had a deep respect and a genuine liking for English bank notes. He became almost genial, certainly facetious, while counting the notes. The feel of the paper between his finger and thumb gave him a sense of physical pleasure.

"King Wladislaws," he said, "seems to have been doing pretty well at the Mascotte."

"His majesty," said Casimir stiffly, "wishes his gift to be anonymous, and hopes that you will make no acknowledgment of the receipt of the money."

Von Steinfeldt pocketed the notes. "Among the German aristocracy," he said, "there are many who have suffered severely by the fall of the mark. Their pride forbids them to make any public complaint of their poverty. I think, if your king approves, that this money would be well spent, perhaps best spent, in relieving their distress."

Casimir had little doubt that the German aristocracy—at all events one member of it—would benefit by the five hundred pounds.

"It is," said Von Steinfeldt, "a most generous gift. I beg of you to convey to your king my warmest thanks." Casimir took out of his pocket the crimson case which contained the Golden Adder of Lystria.

"His majesty," he said, "is deeply conscious of your kindness in acting as his almoner, and is not unmindful of the many services which you have rendered in the past to the unfortunate kingdom of Lystria. He begs your acceptance of the Order of the Golden Adder of Lystria."

Von Steinfeldt picked the adder out of its box and held it suspended by the pink ribbon attached to it. Then, standing up and bowing deeply to Casimir, he pinned the decoration to the breast of his tunic. It hung there, the last in the second row of decorations which Von Steinfeldt wore. There were twenty-nine of them and the Golden Adder made the thirtieth.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Might in the Jungle

The lion, noted as being the noblest of the jungle's beasts, is, of course, a mighty hunter. His ferocity is proverbial. All animals as well as man become its victims. The African buffalo, however, is often its master, and elephants sometimes are able to overpower both lions and all members of the tiger family.

The Exiled God

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

HOW much may mortal dare to hope?

Well, even now there come sweet hours

When exultant and heliotrope

Are somehow something more than flowers,

Hours when some other sense than sight

Thrills with the garden's glad-delight.

How much may mortal dare to dream?

Well, I have stood beside the bars,

Beheld the moonlight on the stream

And caught the converse of the stars.

Some untranslated language heard

And understood, who knew no word.

Who has not known an hour like this,

Perhaps an instant, in the strife?—

When rose or song or moon or kiss

Lifted his spirit out of life,

Obliterating earthly things?—

Yea, for a moment felt his wings?

Some other sense, some hour of earth

Links earth and heaven, sky and sod.

Whispers the secret of his birth—

Man hears, and knows he is a god.

An exiled god who but awaits

The opening of his palace gates.

Inside those gates such gardens lie

As earthly gardens only hint,

And their reflections make our sky.

Give west its color, east its tint;

Earth has its trees, its bloom, its grass,

Till greater wonders come to pass.

How much may mortal dare to hope.

How much may mortal dare to dream?

That we shall walk who only grope,

The godlike thing we sometimes seem

In fleeting moments we shall be

Through all our importunity.

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Among the

NOTABLES

ROBERT FERGUSON

ROBERT FERGUSON was a great Scottish poet, but is best known to modern folk because of his influence on the writings of the supreme poet of Scotland, Robert Burns.

Ferguson was born in Edinburgh 1759, in Edinburgh, the son of a clerk. It was determined he should have a university education, to study for the church, and though his father died before his education was finished, he managed to complete his studies. But he found he had no taste for religion, and was too nervous to study medicine, so it seems his family rather despaired of him.

Consequently, he went off by himself, found a humble clerkship which he kept all his life, devoting his leisure to writing poetry and attending the meetings of a band of writers who called themselves "Knights of the Cape." Many famous men were members of this famous organization, all of whom acknowledged the young poet's genius. But Ferguson drank too much, and after a fall and a severe blow on the head, his mind became rather unbalanced, and he was only twenty-four when he died.

Burns speaks often of his debt to Ferguson. The Leith Races of the elder poet suggested, probably, the "Holy Fair." His "On Seeing a Butcher in the Street" corresponds much to Burns' "To a Mouse." While "The Farmer's Ingle" seems to have had a great influence on "The Cottar's Saturday Night." Indeed, Burns was the one who asked the authorities for permission to mark the grave where the earlier poet was buried.

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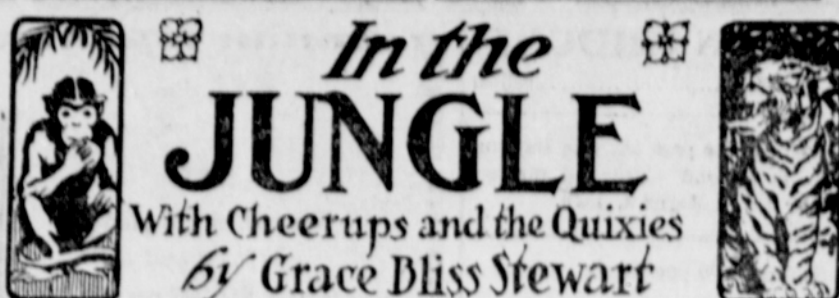
THE YOUNG LADY

ACROSS THE WAY



The young lady across the way says she believes Socrates is the most quoted of the Old Testament characters.

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LIZZIE LIZARD'S LOSS

"G ECK—geck—geck-o, geck—geck—"

—geck-o," came a plaintive little sound from right under Cheerups' toes. "I'd like to speak to you, if you please," continued the small voice.

Cheerups was sitting on the edge of a footstool, merrily swinging his feet and wondering what kind of visitor he would have next, when this tiny sound fell on his ears. He looked down and there on the ground was what seemed to be a small green lizard. It looked like a lizard and yet it didn't, for lizards have tails and this one hadn't a speck of a sign of a tail.

"No, of course you don't know me," cried this little creature. "I am Lizzie Lizard and they call me a Gecko be-



"Of Course You Don't Know Me," the Little Creature Said.

cause that is what I say when I sing. But nobody would recognize me now. I am so changed. It serves me right, I suppose, for ever leaving my good home on the ceiling. Sometimes, though, one does long for a little adventure, so this morning I went out of doors and got my tail snapped off for my pains. I was having such a nice glide along the garden path when all

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"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

ALTHEA

HEARTSEASE

ONE of the most confusing names in feminine nomenclature is Althea. Extraordinarily beautiful and belonging absolutely to the aristocracy, it is constantly jostled and confused by a host of other names. Althea, he it said, is an individual. The name means wholesome, and not true, as is generally believed. The latter significance is generally given because it is confused with the name Alathia, sometimes known as Letty.

The real Althea, which comes from the Greek word meaning healthy or wholesome, belonged in ancient times to the unfortunate mother of Meleager. It persisted as a feminine name in ancient Greece, but is now more often used to designate a genus of mallows, or rather to allude to their healing power.

It comes to us through literary channels and maintains its somewhat isolated state, never having descended to anything like common usage.

As Althea is a rare name, so is her talismanic gem, the star sapphire. It is a jewel which promises her great achievement along artistic lines and protects her from evil. Saturday is her lucky day and 5 her lucky number.

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ALL THAT GLITTERS

IS NOT A

REAL EYE



Let's Go

Slim—Will you take a walk with me?

Jim—What for?

Slim—Oh, my doctor told me to take exercise with "dumbbells."

Boys' Life.

of a sudden Mr. Secretary Bird swooped down and made his breakfast from my beautiful green tail."

"That's just a shame, Lizzie," said Cheerups, for he had a very tender heart. "I am most dreadfully sorry. Tell me something about yourself. Where do you live?"

"We Geckos live in the homes of men, in hot climates all over the world, and they like us and never do us any harm because we are so useful," replied Lizzie. "Do you see these fat swollen-looking toes of mine? They are little suckers which make me able to climb up walls or windows and even to stick to ceilings. That is where I love to stay and catch flies for a living. Two or three lizards will keep a house entirely free from insects. But, oh dear, what do I care about my useful feet if I haven't any beautiful tail? I was so proud of it! Now I might as well be going," sobbed Lizzie mournfully. "I just came to you for a bit of sympathy. I am sure no one can help me."

"Now wait a minute, Lizzie dear; don't be downhearted! Open your ears and shut your eyes. And I'll tell you something to make you wise."

Lizzie wiped her eyes on a blade of grass, shut them promptly and listened with all her might.

"If you will be patient and cheerful, forget all about your troubles and go on doing your duty at home as usual, all at once you will find that a beautiful new tail has grown in place of the old one. Mother Nature just whispered that into my ear," chirped Cheerups, "and so I know it's true!"

"Don't grieve. But just believe."

Lizzie beamed all over with gratitude.

"I will begin to forget my troubles right away, and I'll do my duty as soon as I get home. Good-by and thank you a whole heartful," cried she, with a little wiggle of joy, as she slipped off through the tall jungle grasses.

(© by Little, Brown & Co.)

THE WHY of

SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

A COMMON kind of smartweed—the polygonum persicaria of the botanists—is, in many parts of the United States, called heartsease because of the heartlike marking on its leaves and is supposed to be a cure for diseases of the heart. Also there are a considerable number of plants in this country of different species which are known popularly as rattlesnake masters and supposed to be a cure for the bite of venomous snakes.

The belief in the medical efficacy of the heartsease and the rattlesnake masters is simply a continuance of the ancient superstition of the "doctrine of signatures," which was in turn evolved from the sympathetic magic idea of primitive man—sympathetic magic of the homeopathic variety. The medical superstition of the doctrine of signatures was highly regarded by the ancients and continued unchallenged down to nearly the beginning of the Eighteenth century; though Pliny, the great Roman naturalist, does, in one place, speak of the folly of the use of catanache in love philters "because of its shrinking in drying into the shape of the claws of a kite and thus holding the patient fast."

But from Pliny to Ray, an interval of over 1,600 years—and long before Pliny—medical science gravely accepted the "doctrine of signatures." In 1694 Dr. John Ray ventured mildly to question the doctrine and though he was looked upon as a dangerous innovator the ancient superstition rapidly lost ground until it was relegated to the folk-medicine department of current superstitions. The famous "doctrine" was, in effect, that plants indicated by their shape, markings, etc., the particular disease for the cure of which nature had intended them.

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A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

A GOODLY RESOLVE

I'M GOING to hold my tongue today Unless I've something good to say, Some word or two of wholesome cheer To whisper in my neighbor's ear, And help him on his troubled way.

But if that something good comes by And has to do with purpose high, And worthy deeds by mortals done, Or some right wholesome bit of fun—

Gee! How I'll let the phrases fly!

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