

King Tommy

CHAPTER XI—Continued

By George A. Birmingham

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"I accept it," he said, "in recognition, not of the services I have rendered, but of those I hope to render to your native land. I think you understand me, Count Casimir."

Casimir did, or thought he did. No doubt Von Steinfeldt was of opinion that he would render valuable services to Lystria by marrying the princess and ascending the throne.

"I am also charged by his majesty," he said, "to inform your excellency that if at any time you should wish to visit the Mascotte a table will be reserved for you and a proper deduction, fifty per cent in fact, will be made to your bill."

"I shall certainly accept the invitation," said Von Steinfeldt. "I have long wished to see the Princess Calypso dance. She is still dancing there, I hope."

"She danced last night." "And tonight? No, tonight I am engaged, and the night after. Will the Princess Calypso be dancing next Monday night?"

Casimir sincerely hoped not. If his plans worked out as he wished, the princess would be well on her way to Lystria on Monday night. But he did not want to say that to Von Steinfeldt. He made an effort to get away from the subject of the Princess Calypso.

"His majesty," he said, "hopes to engage an English dancer for the Mascotte. She is, I am told, well known and greatly appreciated in London. If your excellency will come and see her when she arrives you will no doubt be pleased. Her name is Temple, Viola Temple."

"Ach," said Von Steinfeldt. "I think I know the name. Let me see. I hear a little of the gossip of the London clubs, though I should no longer be admitted as a member of one of them. Is not that the lady to whom young Lord Norheys is so deeply attached?"

Casimir felt that the time had come for getting at the real object of his mission. This chance mention of Norheys' name gave him his opportunity. "Speaking of Lord Norheys," he said, "reminds me that his majesty asked me to say to you—"

Von Steinfeldt interrupted him. "That Lord Norheys is in Berlin. But I know it already. I had a visit from him this morning. A very charming young man. Perhaps he is over here to take care of Miss Temple."

Casimir, who had been uneasy all through the interview, became actually uncomfortable. He did not understand what Von Steinfeldt meant. "Miss Temple," he said, "has not yet arrived in Berlin."

"Indeed. Then perhaps there is no truth in the rumor that he intends to marry Miss Temple. Indeed, I have heard it whispered that another and much more desirable marriage has been planned for that fortunate young man. The Princess Calypso is, I understand, a very beautiful young lady."

Casimir was not surprised to find that Von Steinfeldt knew all about the scheme for the marriage of Calypso and Norheys, but he was startled, puzzled and frightened to hear the matter spoken of in this way.

"Lord Norheys is a rich man, I believe," Von Steinfeldt went on. "He will no doubt make an excellent king of Lystria, a post which could hardly be accepted by a man without private means. And if your oil fields are developed, he will see to it that England obtains control of them. Well, England gets everything nowadays. To the victors the spoils. It is enough for us poor Germans that we are allowed to live. Please tell the king that I do not grudge Lord Norheys his good fortune. I found him a most attractive young man. I have seldom enjoyed a chat more than the one I had with him this morning."

Casimir felt perfectly certain that Von Steinfeldt would grudge the princess and the throne of Lystria to Lord Norheys or any one else except himself. He was equally sure that no German would be content to see England in control of the Lystrian oil. He felt that he was being played with, laughed at, and that some very disagreeable surprise awaited him. He began to be angry and to lose confidence in himself.

"What brought Lord Norheys here?" he asked abruptly. "There was some trifling irregularity about his passport," said Von Steinfeldt, "and he very properly brought it straight to me."

Casimir knew, or thought he knew, all about Tommy's passport and that the irregularity was anything but trifling. He also knew that Tommy had not gone to Von Steinfeldt's office of his own free will. He had been arrested and taken there. He jumped to the conclusion that Von Steinfeldt had already sent Lord Norheys back to England and was now enjoying his triumph in a disagreeable and spiteful manner.

"I was so glad to be able to set the matter right for him at once," said Von Steinfeldt.

"I suppose," said Casimir, "that you have deported him."

Von Steinfeldt raised his eyebrows in well-feltned surprise. "My dear Count Casimir," he said. "Why should I deport Lord Norheys? That excellent young man is at present enjoying the sights of Berlin, in company, perhaps, with Miss Temple. Or did you say that she had not yet

arrived? I suppose in any case he does not mean actually to marry her. It would be very awkward for you and King Wladislaw if any formal promise of marriage existed. It might be difficult to buy off Miss Temple. I imagine that you would have to pay her more than five hundred pounds. Perhaps the king might offer her the Gold Adler of Lystria."

He fingered the pink ribbon on his breast as he spoke.

"Or a table at the Mascotte and fifty per cent off her bill. But I forgot. She has already been engaged to dance there."

Casimir was by this time nervous as well as angry. Von Steinfeldt would scarcely venture to laugh at him so openly unless he were very sure that he had the best of the game.

"I suppose," he said, "that you have imprisoned Lord Norheys if you haven't deported him."

"Even if I wished to imprison him," said Von Steinfeldt, "I don't. We poor Germans lost the war, you know. The hand of the conqueror lies heavy on us. If I arrested an English nobleman in the streets of Berlin, I should probably be tried for my life by the League of Nations. My property would certainly be confiscated. But I need not talk of such things. Even if I could do so with impunity, I should not want to interfere with Lord Norheys or to curtail his liberty in any way."

Casimir has the temper of a healthy and therefore amiable child. But like most children and simple minded people, he is liable to sudden gusts of passion which he cannot control.

"You've just taken five hundred pounds of our money—" he said. "For the impoverished German aristocracy," said Von Steinfeldt, "and I assure it will be well spent."

"You have accepted the Order of the Golden Adler—" "In return for services which you hoped I would render to your country. Is not that so, Count Casimir? Well, I have rendered them before you asked me. Three hours ago your friend Lord Norheys left this room entirely free to go where he chose and do what he liked."

"I don't believe you," said Casimir. "If you will inquire at his hotel," said Von Steinfeldt, "or Miss Temple's hotel—But I keep forgetting. You said she was not in Berlin. Or perhaps he has taken the princess out to luncheon somewhere. Or he may be making arrangements for his journey to Lystria. You will find him somewhere no doubt if you look for him. He is certainly at liberty."

Casimir rose from his chair and crossed the room.

"I don't know what you expect to gain," he said angrily, "by treating the king and myself as you have; but if you think that after this the Lystrians will ever accept you as a king, you are very badly mistaken."

He opened the door as he spoke. When he had finished speaking he passed through it and slammed it violently behind him.

I have no doubt that Von Steinfeldt smiled. He probably chuckled when Casimir left him. The mistake about Tommy's identity was sure to be discovered sooner or later. When it was discovered every one concerned would feel so foolish that there would be no further talk about an English candidate for the throne of Lystria. Once Lord Norheys was out of the way, Von Steinfeldt's own chances would be greatly improved.

CHAPTER XII

Casimir spent a harassed and trying time for the rest of the day.

He was convinced, and the king agreed with him, that Von Steinfeldt meant to play a trick of some kind.

It was conceivable—indeed, likely enough—that the German would have accepted a bribe. That he had allowed Lord Norheys to go free before he was bribed was a thing which neither the king nor Casimir could believe. But they did not know and did not guess what kind of a trick Von Steinfeldt meant to play, or what trick he could play. The simplest thing to do was to send the princess and Tommy off to Lystria at once.

Unfortunately, this was not possible.

The arrangements for crossing the frontier and their reception in the Schloss Ambray were not yet complete. The plan which Casimir had made was that the patriarch and the leading notables of Lystria should be waiting at the Schloss to celebrate the wedding and the coronation immediately after the princess and Lord Norheys arrived. But the patriarch was not there, and nothing could be done without him. Only a few of the nobility were actually in the Schloss. Casimir required three days to have everything ready.

But if Von Steinfeldt had any card in his hand and meant to play it, it was plainly unwise to keep the princess and Lord Norheys in Berlin. He and the king decided to send them to Breslau. There they would be within easy reach of the frontier, and when they crossed it would at once be among the mountains of Lystria. If they stayed there quietly, Von Steinfeldt might not guess where they were, and they would, at worst, be

farther out of his reach than if they stayed in Berlin.

Casimir's original plan had been that his sister, the Countess Olga, should accompany the princess as lady-in-waiting. Neither he nor the king could go with her. They would be closely watched and stopped at the frontier. But he had every hope that, with the passports he meant to provide, the princess, Lord Norheys and the Countess Olga would be able to get into Lystria.

That part of the plan was spoiled by the unexpected appearance of Janet Church. She insisted on going to Lystria, and, when he came to think it over, Casimir was not altogether sorry. Janet Church, a wandering English spinster of a type perfectly well known all over Europe, was as safe a traveling companion as could be found for a pair of political conspirators.

Casimir and the king agreed that the party should start for Breslau next morning. Then Casimir's work began. He engaged seats in the train. He telegraphed for rooms at the best hotel in Breslau. He sent long telegrams in code to the patriarch, to his cousin Count Albert Casimir and to several other people in Lystria. He warned his sister that Colonel Heard's passports must be secured during the day. If by some unfortunate chance the Colonel had not left his keys lying about, the Countess Olga would have to cut open a suitcase or a dispatch box. If necessary she could go to prison for a while as a dishonest housemaid, but the passports must be got.

Then he tried to find Tommy in order to warn him to be ready. He came on Janet Church having her afternoon tea in the hall of the Adlon hotel, but she knew nothing about Tommy. She had not seen him since he left the hotel in the morning to go to the police office. She very willingly agreed to help Casimir to find him. They went out and searched Berlin. Janet made a round of all the picture galleries, museums and churches, a long business, and entirely futile. All public buildings in Berlin are shut in the afternoon and by six o'clock it is not possible to enter even a church. Casimir, who knew Berlin better than Janet did, rushed round the chief picture palaces and a number of likely restaurants. He failed to find Tommy.

I asked Tommy afterward how he spent that afternoon. He told me that after lunching comfortably in a restaurant, he determined to see the city in a simple and inexpensive way. He got into the first street car he saw, went in it till it stopped and came back again to the place from which he started. Then took another car and did the same thing. Altogether he seems to have worked over the course of fourteen different cars. I cannot imagine a better way of eluding a pursuer. I shall certainly try it if I ever want to keep out of the clutches of the police for a few hours.

At nine o'clock Tommy went back to the hotel, changed his clothes and took a taxi to the Mascotte. He was determined to see Calypso again, and that was the only place he could think of where he was likely to meet her. He did not meet her there, for she was at home packing her clothes. He did not even meet the king, who had taken an evening's holiday, no doubt in order to give some final advice to his daughter. Tommy, seated by himself at a table in a corner of the great room, was glad to see Casimir when he came in. Casimir was tired after his long search through Berlin, and was so pleased at finding Tommy that he ordered two bottles of champagne.

I dare say he drank too much of it. Tommy did not. He remained perfectly clear-headed and the thoroughly understood what Casimir said to him. He agreed to go to Breslau and from there to Lystria. He would have promised quite as readily to go to Timbuctoo and thence to the Fiji Islands in company with Calypso. But he insisted that he must explain to Calypso, to the king, and, at once, to Casimir, that he was not Lord Norheys. On that point he was absolutely determined. He refused to go adventuring under another man's name. If he was to marry Calypso, which he very much wanted to do, it must be as Rev. T. A. Norreys; not as a marquis or any one else.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Story of Elgin

We might use the glamorous words of childhood's fairy tales, "Long ago and far away," to tell the tale of Elgin cathedral, whose seven hundredth birthday was celebrated last August 5 and 6. So long ago as the twilight time of the early Middle Ages, so far away as Rome, must we go for the beginnings of the story of this hoary old pile, whose influence has been casting its spell upon the lives of the dwellers in the old province of Moray from that far-off time to the present. There is an old tradition that the Culdees founded the church to begin with, just as they did that of Birnie. In any case, the site was already hallowed by many sacred associations, when Bishop Andrew Moray, scion of the powerful house of De Moravia, moved the Cathedral of Spynie to the Church of Holy Trinity in Elgin.

Earth Nature's Tomb

The earth, that is nature's mother, is her tomb.—Shakespeare.

SUCCESS OR FAILURE?

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

IF YOU have made the weary smile, If you have made the lonely glad, If someone's load that someone had Seemed lighter for a little while, If someone walked a easier mile, Or someone better bore a grief For words of comfort and relief That you have said to help the sad— Although you never found the gold Of which you dreamed in dreams of old, Will you the gods of luck assail And call it failure when you fail?

Or, if the dreams you dreamed come true, The dreams of wealth, the thoughts of power,

Your name the subject of the hour, Your house the privilege of the few, Whatever greatness comes to you, If none a kindness can recall, The ones who need it most of all, If you have brought no grave a flow'r, No attic fire, no table food,

If your goal alone pursued Along a path of selfishness, And then you won, is that success? (© 1925, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Mother's Cook Book

What we call luck, Is simply pluck, And doing things over and over; Courage and will, Perseverance and skill Are the four leaves of luck's clover.

EVERYDAY GOOD THINGS

IN SMALL families a roast of any size lasts for several meals and becomes rather monotonous, for no one likes to throw away good food. The best plan is invite one's friends to help eat the large roast. A few ways of serving appetizing roast beef may be helpful. There is no meat more enjoyed than thinly sliced roast beef, so one may serve it one day for luncheon or supper. A nice well-seasoned tomato sauce may be served with thinly sliced meat heated well in the sauce; then to finish up the rougher portions, put it through the meat grinder and prepare croquettes, or stuff green peppers and bake them.

Buttered Turnips. Wash and pare turnips and cut into half-inch slices, then into half-inch cubes; there should be three cupsful. Cook in boiling salted water until soft. Drain and add one-third of a cupful of butter. Season with salt, pepper, turn into a hot vegetable dish, sprinkle with a half tablespoonful of parsley and serve.

Emergency Dessert. Take pieces of stale cake and let them soak in any fruit juice like cherry, strawberry, plum or pineapple. If none of these is at hand use orange juice with a little of the grated rind. Arrange the soaked cake in a pretty dish and pour over a custard using a pint of milk, two beaten eggs, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, a pinch of salt and any flavoring which combines with the fruit juice used. Serve with whipped cream or better with a meringue and brown lightly.

Prune Ice Cream. Cover a cupful of well-washed prunes with cold water and let stand overnight. Cook in the same water until soft, remove the stones and put the pulp through a sieve. Add a cupful of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, a pinch of salt and one and one-fourth cupsful of heavy cream beaten stiff. Freeze as usual.

Neely Maxwell
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Among the NOTABLES

SILAS CLARKE HERRING

IF A modern burglar or "safe cracker" could see some of the safes invented by Silas Herring, he would probably have a good laugh. For a "modern" safe blower must be a bit of a scientist with a large knowledge of explosives; an old-fashioned safe would be easy for him to get into.

Herring was born September 7, 1803, in Shrewsbury, Vt., and began his career as a grocery clerk. Tiring of this after some six years, he went into the lottery business, saved \$10,000 and started a wholesale grocery concern in New York city. A fire and a panic ruined his business, so he obtained the agency for safes. He got the right to manufacture them later, and kept on improving them each year. He once put a thousand dollars in the drawer of one, sent it to the World's fair and offered the money to anyone who could get into the safe and get it. No one got it.

But nowadays big banks and trust companies would laugh at these old square safes. The "burglar-proof" safe today is round like a ball, and has a door that screws in, leaving no cracks for explosives. Even if any were poured into the hinges, the explosion would only drive the door more firmly into the casing of the safe.

Herring died in 1881.
(© by George Matthew Adams.)



In the JUNGLE

With Cheerups and the Quixies
By Grace Bliss Stewart



HER SWEET TOOTH

"I BELIEVE there is a traveling circus coming, boys," cried Cheerups one lazy afternoon. "Here are the acrobats, as sure as I live! Look, Brighteyes; don't you see them?" "Oh, yes, sir," piped Brighteyes; "and aren't they funny? If they didn't tumble about so, I'd say they were old ladies wearing gray waists and black skirts."

Just at that time two small gray and black animals trotted up in single file, stopped right in front of Cheerups and turned head over heels one after the other. Then they picked themselves up and said coolly, as if nothing unusual had happened, "Good afternoon, Mr. Ratel."



"Oh, yes; Mrs. Ratel and I are feeling splendidly."

Cheerups; we rolled over to see you for a few minutes and inquire after your health."

"Now that was nice of you, to be sure," replied Cheerups. "I am quite well, thank you; and you are, too, I should judge, from the exercise you have been taking today."

"Oh, yes; Mrs. Ratel and I are feeling splendidly," said one of the little black and gray visitors. "We did enjoy our tumble through the jungle. It would have been quite perfect if it hadn't been for one thing which upset Mrs. Ratel a little. I won't go so far as to say it spoiled our day, but it was upsetting."

"So these are the Ratels I have heard about," thought Cheerups to himself. "What was it which bothered you on your way over, Mr. Ratel? Do please tell us," then said he cordially. "If it's any kind of adventure, we are just ready, aren't we, Quixie Boys? These are my friends—Brighteyes, Quixie, Softfoot and Sniffles."

"Well, you see, sir, Mrs. Ratel is very fond of sweets which those busy creatures called bees have a way of storing up in their nests. Isn't that true, Honey? I call her Honey just as a joke, sir."

"Yes, I must admit my failing," murmured Mrs. Ratel shyly. "But you know that honey is very good, and you like it, too."

"So I do, so I do, my dear," said Mr. Ratel good-naturedly. "Well, as we were coming along, Mrs. Ratel spied a bees' nest and she could hardly get by, she did want that honey so much; but it was a very large nest and I was afraid to have her tear it open. She was sure to be stung and have a swollen nose, and really, sir, a swollen nose when you are going to make a first call isn't the thing at all. I'm sure you will agree with that. A swollen nose, indeed!" spluttered Mr. Ratel indignantly. "So I persuaded her not to touch the bees' nest."

"You just said that I mustn't," replied Honey in a small voice, "if that's what you call persuading."

"So here we are, sir," cried Mr. Ratel, paying no attention to what Honey had said. "But I know that neither of us will be able to resist that nest if we take the same way home. You see what a problem it is, sir."

"But I don't know why you should be afraid of bees," said Cheerups. "You belong to the Badger family, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," chimed the two Ratels in chorus. "We are Badgers and proud of it. There are just two branches of Ratels; one lives in India and the other here in Africa."

"As I was saying, then," resumed Cheerups, "you don't need to be afraid of those bees. There isn't a bee in the world that could sting through three such heavy coats as you have on. First comes your thick coat of fur, then one of loose skin and then a layer of fat. You are really wearing your overcoat, raincoat and sweater all at once."

"Haden't we better be going, my dear?" gurgled Mrs. Ratel gleefully. "I can hardly wait to be off," and she squirmed with delight at the thought of the sweets that were awaiting her on the way home.

"Good-by, Mr. Cheerups," called Mr. Ratel. "We'll bring you some honey one of these days," and with a parting somersault the two little visitors started down the Winding Way.

"Remember not to hurt the bees, and don't take all the honey," called Cheerups after them.

"We'll try not to," came two faint voices through the warm afternoon air. (© by Little, Brown & Co.)

Your Health

By ANDREW F. CURRIER, M.D.

THE WHY of SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

DIGESTION

DIGESTIVE ferments are often combined with alcohol for preservative purposes, but this may also destroy the living, vital power of the ferment.

The taste or odor of staleness, or decomposition, in digestive preparations is an indication that they are unfit for use.

Attempts are often made to mask this condition of decomposition by combination with aromatic substances. To test the quality of a pepsin preparation, it may be put into a test tube with milk.

If the cheese curd in the milk is not digested and promptly liquefied, the conclusion to be drawn from the test is that the pepsin is not a good specimen.

To test a preparation of pancreatin, put some of it in a tube with starch and if this is not promptly digested the specimen may be discarded as not being a good one.

Digestive ferments are also to be obtained from plants, among them being the pineapple, the paw-paw and certain bacteria.

The ferment from the pineapple and paw-paw digests proteins, and hence is suitable for indigestion in the stomach.

The pineapple ferment is not extensively used, but that from the paw-paw is, and many preparations of it are on the market.

They are not of uniform value, though they frequently do good service.

The bacteria used in treating indigestion are the lactic acid bacilli, particularly the *Bacillus Bulgaricus*.

They are prepared in various forms, liquid and solid, and are frequently added to milk to ferment it.

When the milk which is thus fermented is properly prepared, it is an excellent means for treating some forms of indigestion.

Proprietary preparations of mineral salts, acids and alkalis are also used to assist digestion, but do not prepare foods for absorption as ferments do.

The first essential, in any case of indigestion, is to find out what causes it, or what kind of indigestion it is; and then the question will arise as to the proper form of medicine to be used in treating it. (© by George Matthew Adams.)

THE HOG AND WINTER

IN MANY parts of New England when hogs are killed the intestines are carefully examined to find out what sort of a winter it is going to be. The whole intestines represent the coming winter. If the middle portion is thickly covered with fat the middle of the winter will be severe. The same is true of the other parts; a little fat indicating warm weather and much fat cold weather. This superstition in modified forms is general all over the United States and Canada, in some places the divination not being confined to the intestines but extended to other interior parts of the slaughtered animal.

This superstition is a survival of haruspication—the form of divination by which, in ancient times, the future was foretold by the inspection of the entrails of animals offered in sacrifice. The haruspices of ancient Rome were a caste of subordinate priests of lower status than the augurs who, however, performed like duties in this respect. Haruspication is said to have been derived by the Romans from the more ancient Etruscans; but it is evidently of primitive origin primarily, for in various forms it exists today among many savage tribes not yet emerged from a primitive condition.

We inherit the superstition in question directly from the Romans. The Roman haruspex anxiously examining the entrails of a hog sacrificed to Bacchus to ascertain the outcome of war and the New England farmer just as carefully examining the entrails of a like animal to find out what sort of winter it is going to be, are one and the same though nearly two thousand years extend between them. (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Planets and Fixed Stars

Fixed stars are heavenly bodies similar to the sun; they are hot and shine by their own light. The planets are similar to the earth; they do not shine, for the most part at least, by their own light, but by reflected sunlight. If you watch the planets from night to night you will see that they move in the sky; the fixed stars do not move noticeably. Of course, strictly speaking, no heavenly body is stationary; they are all moving through space—Exchange.