



King Tommy

BY GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

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CHAPTER XII—Continued

Casimir was tired, worried, over-excited and was drinking too much champagne. In his soberest senses he does not understand English very well. He certainly did not understand what was said to him then. But he readily promised that Tommy should have every opportunity of explaining himself to the king and Calypso. The king, so he said, meant to travel with the party as far as Breslau. Tommy could talk to him in the train. He would have several hours in which to say all he wanted. Afterward he could talk to the princess, all day long if he chose, for three whole days. It would be at least three days before they could leave Breslau.

Next morning Tommy and Janet Church went to the Friedrich Strasse station in good time for the train to Breslau. They found the king and Calypso waiting for them. Casimir arrived a few minutes later and saw them off.

The princess and Janet Church traveled together. The king and Tommy took their places in a smoking compartment. Fortunately they had it to themselves. As soon as the train started Tommy braced himself in an effort. He wanted to get an explanation of what was happening, and he was quite determined to make his own position clear.

It was the king who began the conversation.

"I'm glad," he said, "that we have this carriage to ourselves. I want to have a little talk with you."

"And I want to talk to you," said Tommy.

By way of showing that this talk was going to be of a very serious kind he stood up and set his back against the door of the compartment. The king settled down in a corner and lit a cigar.

"Are you, or are you not really a king?"

The king turned his cigar over between his fingers thoughtfully.

"That," he said, "is rather a hard question to answer. I certainly was a king once. If you asked Casimir he'd say I am king still, since I haven't abdicated. On the other hand, the statesmen of the Entente powers, if you ask them, would say that I am not a king, because they have definitely turned me out. However—here he smiled pleasantly—"It doesn't really matter, does it? As I told you last night, I don't keep up any kind of state now. You needn't remain standing up. I'd much rather you sat down and were comfortable. Have a cigar."

Tommy sat down and took a cigar.

"Now," said the king, "let's talk about this unlucky Miss Temple business. I'm sorry to tell you that Calypso feels very strongly about it, absurdly strongly. In fact, I had the



The Princess and Janet Church Traveled Together.

greatest difficulty in getting her to start this morning. If I hadn't come with her myself, which I didn't particularly want to do, I shouldn't have been able to get her into the train."

Tommy felt that his opportunity had come. He stood up again. He felt firmer and more determined when he was standing up.

"I want to make it perfectly clear to you," he said, "that I am not Lord Norheys. I know that you've somehow mixed me up with him, you and Count Casimir. But it's a mistake. It really is. I AM NOT LORD NORHEYS."

"That," said the king, "is exactly what I told Calypso. You said as much to me last night, and I've been repeating it to her all day. I told her that you knew nothing about Miss Temple, that you'd never seen the girl, that you'd never even heard of

her, that, in fact, YOU ARE NOT LORD NORHEYS."

The king gave a pleasant and smiling imitation of Tommy's emphatic assertion.

"I don't think you quite understand me even now. I really am not Lord Norheys."

The king waved his hand airily. "That's a tremendous comfort to me," he said. "It gets us out of the Miss Temple difficulty, and, to tell the truth, that affair was becoming serious."

"Who on earth is Miss Temple?" asked Tommy, desperately.

"Oh, an actress, I believe," said the king, smiling. "Or a dancer. But it doesn't matter, does it? Lord Norheys, it seems, has foolishly promised to marry her. Even that wouldn't really have mattered. You could have kept her in the background—"

"Don't say 'you,'" said Tommy. "I've told you over and over again that I am not Lord Norheys."

"Of course you're not. I know that and I'm very glad of it. It simplifies things immensely, for though Lord Norheys might have married Calypso in spite of Miss Temple, I'm afraid Calypso wouldn't have married him. Miss Temple wrote a letter to my daughter, a most pathetic letter, begging her not to take Lord Norheys away from her. It affected Calypso greatly. There was something in it about a 'one ewe lamb,' and Calypso, having lots of flocks and herds, it seemed to me rather an odd description of a young man. The patriarch used to quote that parable to me, but then it always was—well, a 'ewe' lamb. That stuff never made much impression on me, but Calypso wept when she read it. She said that if you'd promised to marry Miss Temple—"

"But I haven't."

"So I told Calypso. I told her that she must not mix you up with Lord Norheys. She said that even if you hadn't actually promised to marry her, you had certainly stolen away her young affections."

"I haven't," said Tommy.

"Of course not. Their affections are seldom as young as all that. At least, that's my experience. Those ewe lambs are generally pretty well able to take care of themselves. But, of course, it would have been no good saying that to Calypso, or for the matter of that, to the patriarch. The patriarch is a very simple-minded old man. He believes in young affections and broken hearts and all that sort of thing. However, fortunately, we haven't got to argue with him and Calypso along those lines. All we've got to do is make them believe that you are not Lord Norheys. Once they believe that, all our difficulties vanish. The marriage can go on."

"Do you mean to say," said Tommy, "that you're still willing to allow me to marry your daughter?"

"Of course I am," said the king. "I always was. I never took that Miss Temple business in the least seriously. These things will happen. Everybody except Calypso and the patriarch knows that."

"But it hasn't happened," said Tommy. "At least, it hasn't happened to me. It may possibly have happened to Lord Norheys. I don't know anything about that."

"Just what I said to Calypso, and just what you will have to say to the patriarch. Then the only obstacle to the marriage vanishes."

"No, it doesn't," said Tommy. "At least, that one may. But there's another obstacle, a much worse one."

"If there's another," said the king, "for heaven's sake don't let her write to Calypso. Who is she? Don't say it's Miss Church. If it is, we're done."

"I never saw Miss Church in my life till yesterday," said Tommy.

"I thought it could hardly be her. She really is rather too old for that sort of thing. But if it had been her, it would have been awkward, very awkward indeed. She'd have gone in person to the patriarch, and nothing you could have said would have straightened things out. However, if it isn't her, it doesn't really matter, so long as the other one doesn't telegraph or write."

"There isn't another one."

"You've just told me there is," said the king. "You said, 'another and a much worse one.'"

"I said another obstacle," said Tommy, "not another girl. As a matter of fact, there's no girl at all and never was. The obstacle I mean is far worse than any girl."

"Couldn't possibly be worse," said the king, "from the point of view of the patriarch."

"The obstacle is this," said Tommy. "I'm only a curate."

"I don't regard that as an obstacle at all," said the king. "Our patriarch doesn't believe in the celibacy of the clergy. He isn't married himself, but lots of our priests are, and the pa-

triarh hasn't the slightest objection to it."

"That's not my point at all. As a matter of fact, I'm not a Roman Catholic curate and I'm perfectly free to marry if I like."

"That wouldn't have mattered, anyhow," said the king. "The patriarch would have absolved you from any vow you might have made. He's terrifically powerful in that sort of way and can give you absolution for practically anything. The trouble about him isn't that he can't give absolution; but that sometimes he won't."

"How can a curate marry a princess?" said Tommy. "That's my point. If she really is a princess—"

"She is," said the king. "From the point of view of any one who accepts legitimate theories, she's most certainly a royal princess. But I hope I needn't say that I don't attach any importance to the fact. We are living in a world that has been made safe for democracy and nobody cares a pin for those old-fashioned ideas. There's nothing to prevent any princess from marrying an English marquis."

"But I'm not an English marquis," said Tommy. "I keep on telling you that and you won't believe me."

"It isn't that I don't believe you," said the king. "It's simply that I find it very hard to remember. However, the main thing is not to let any old-



"Are You, or Are You Not Really a King?"

fashioned ideas about disparity of rank trouble you. The whole matter has been arranged."

"I wish I knew who arranged that I am to marry a princess."

"Well," said the king. "There were several people in it. I was one."

"Why?" said Tommy. "Why did you make such an extraordinary arrangement?"

"There were a good many reasons," said the king. "I couldn't go back to Lysiria myself. The League of Nations wouldn't let me. I'm not sure that I want to even if they would. I'm earning much more in the Mascotte than you'll ever get out of Lysiria. But I'd be glad to see Calypso back on her ancestral throne. It'll be some sort of provision for her, poor girl, and she hates dancing in the Mascotte. You may think I ought to provide for her; but I can't. At least, I'd much rather not. I'm earning a good enough salary, but the cost of living's terrific. My middle-class professional men—that's the class I belong to now—are being squeezed out of existence everywhere in Europe. That's the reason I want to see Calypso safely married and on a throne."

"But why did you choose me?"

"I didn't choose you. The fact is that the Lysirians knew very well that they couldn't get a king at all unless he was an Englishman. The Entente powers would have turned down any one else. And the Lysirians wanted a king, all of them. There's the patriarch, for instance. He hates playing second fiddle to a Megallian man who's merely an archimandrite, but has taken to wearing a gold chain round his neck much thicker than our patriarch's. Of course, as soon as Lysiria gets back into the position of an independent kingdom, our patriarch will be top dog of the two. Then there are the Casimirs. There are eight or ten Casimirs, all counts, and there's the rest of the aristocracy. They're nobodies in a large republic like Megalla, but they're very important people in Lysiria. Besides, they like having a court to hang about. You can't imagine how those fellows love dressing up in uniforms, putting on swords and attending state balls. And the way they eat! I assure you that a bullock roasted whole and a couple of pigs go no distance at a supper table in Lysiria. It used to be a frightful expense to me. I needn't tell you the Megallian President doesn't do that kind of thing. He can't, poor fellow. His salary won't run to it. That's another example of the straitened circumstances of the middle classes."

"I still don't see why the Lysirians chose me," said Tommy. "If they did."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Piscatorially Appraised

Applying for a divorce, an old Georgia negro said to the judge: "Hit only cost me a string or fish ter git married, Jedge; but Lawdy, Jedge, I'd give a whole ter git rid er her."—Boston Transcript.

Or Think They Have

There are no fools so troublesome as those that have wit.—Benjamin Franklin.

THE FAITH AT HOME

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

I WANT the folks at home to know, Whatever others say about me, That, what I do or where I go, The home-folks have no cause to doubt me.

I want the folks at home to feel Tonight, when down to pray they kneel, Though father may be far away There is no stain upon this day.

I want the folks at home to trust; I want it not for my sake only: For some stay home, for some folks must, And children want, and wives are lonely.

I want the folks at home to keep One joy when they lie down to sleep, The peace of knowing that the name They bear has not a mark of shame.

I want the folks at home to say, Whatever others say about me, That here or there or far away There is no need for them to doubt me.

However separations grieve, Or slander hurt, if they believe, A fellow still can do his best And not care much about the rest.

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Mother's Cook Book

And this for comfort you must know Times that are ill won't still be so: Clouds will not ever pour down rain A sullen day will clear again.

SOMETHING TO EAT

SOMETHING new is hard to find; something different will depend largely upon the ingenuity of the cook. When we are thinking about foods new combinations will suggest themselves.

Pineapple Salad.

Arrange slices of pineapple in nests of head lettuce, sprinkle with cream cheese which has been put through a ricer, fill the centers of the pineapple slices with large yellow cherries and serve with:

Golden Dressing.

Take one-fourth of a cupful each of pineapple juice, orange or cherry juice, heat in a double boiler, beat two eggs lightly, add one-half cupful of sugar, pour over the hot juice and cook until smooth; remove to a dish to cool.

Virginia Baked Ham.

Soak six or eight pounds of smoked ham over night, drain and bring to the boiling point. Remove the skin, dot over with peanut butter and stick in a dozen cloves. Place the fat side up in a roasting pan. Put a little peanut butter with some celery or celery seed in the pan with four bay leaves, add a little water, baste occasionally, and roast three hours. Use half a pound of peanut butter; this gives the flavor so well liked in peanut-fied hogs.

Cymlings or Summer Squash.

Cook, mash and season them generously with butter, salt and pepper. Place in a baking dish, cover with buttered crumbs and slices of bacon. Bake until the crumbs and bacon are brown. Serve from the baking dish.

Nellie Maxwell
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Among the NOTABLES

ANTOINE LAVOISIER

ANTOINE LAVOISIER was one of the greatest of the French scientists, a man who aided the rapidly progressing civilization of his time in a hundred small but important ways. He was born in Paris August 26, 1743, and, like most unusually brilliant men, showed his genius at an early age. The trend his early thoughts took is shown by the school essay for which he won a prize, the subject being the best lighting system for a large town. There was a belief then that by repeated distillation water could be converted into earth, and in his early experiments Lavoisier showed this belief to be false.

He made several improvements in the manufacture of gunpowder, then started a model farm along the lines followed now by our most up-to-date farmers—and which was a revelation to the peasant farmers of his time. Holding one public office after another, he used his genius in building canals, organizing insurance companies, savings banks, starting a new and better system of accounts for the nation and perfecting the weights and measures systems. He discovered, with Laplace, that gases could be reduced to liquids and solids. But political troubles were brewing, which finally culminated in the revolution in 1792. At first it seemed that Lavoisier would not be touched, but in 1794 some fanatics, the Bolsheviks of the French revolution, declared the new republic had no need of savants, and Lavoisier, too, was beheaded on the guillotine.

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In the JUNGLE

With Cheerups and the Quixies
By Grace Bliss Stewart

MR. LION'S VISIT

"MY DEAR," growled Mr. Lion softly to Mrs. Lion, one warm evening just before dark. "I have something on my mind. I am worried."

"I've noticed that you weren't quite yourself lately," purred Mrs. Lion kindly, "and if it's a problem you can't solve, why don't you go to this famous Cheerups that Gray Ears the Elephant is so excited about?"

"Now, Mother Lion, have you been talking to Gray Ears?" said Mr. Lion with his most severe frown. "Didn't I tell you never to do that? He's about the only animal in the Jungle that we have reason to fear, and then you run



When He Saw Mr. Lion's Shiny Eyes, He Was Astonished.

right into danger. I am really vexed with you."

"Goodness, no, Father, I'm not so foolish as that," replied Mrs. Lion. "I was safely hidden in the tall grasses and overheard what Gray Ears was saying to Lizzie Lizard. He talks so loud that nobody can help hearing, and we have very good ears in the Lion family, you know. They talked a long time about this Cheerups person, and both agreed that he had told them some wonderful things. Maybe he could help you, too."

"It's worth trying, my dear," said Mr. Lion. "Your advice is often good. I'll set out now to find this wise one."

"Good luck," called Mother Lion, as she turned back to the cave and gave her sleepy little babies, Tawny and Fuzzy, a pat with her big soft paw.

Down the Winding Way went Mr.

Lion, along by the Yellow River and through the Twisty Vines, until he came to the little clear place where Cheerups lived. Mr. Lion's eyes are made so that he can see as well at night as in the daytime, and he discovered the little palmleaf house which the Quixies had built for Cheerups, even though it had grown quite dark and the first Twinkly Star was out.

But Cheerups couldn't see so clearly as that, and Brighteyes was sound asleep on his spiderweb. So when he saw only Mr. Lion's two shiny eyes, like balls of fire coming toward him, he was most astonished. "Had the moon dropped out of the sky and broken in two from the fall?" thought he. "Maybe there was going to be a garden party in the Jungle, and the lanterns were just being lighted. Or could it be possible that the animals had automobiles, and these two bright spots were headlights?"

"Goodness, but they are getting close! I guess I'd better play policeman and stop the traffic. That will be fun," said Cheerups to himself. "Stop!" he shouted as loud as he could. "You are running into some one!"

"And begging your pardon, sir, that's just what I want to do," came a low rumble purr. "I don't mean exactly run into you, of course," the voice went on, for Mr. Lion is the politest animal in the world, "but just up to your front door, so to speak. Are you by any chance a very famous and kind person named Cheerups?"

"That is what I am called," replied Cheerups, who was rather bewildered by this voice out of the dark. "But I should like very much to know who is my visitor. Oh, Brighteyes, did you happen to bring the Magic Spectacles with you? There, that's better," sighed Cheerups, as he put on the spectacles which sleepy Brighteyes took from his pocket. They made him look so wise that Mr. Lion's confidence grew.

"Now I see that it's Mr. Lion with whom I have the honor to speak. I have always wanted to meet His Majesty, the King of the Beasts. If I weren't too small, I should like to shake your paw, sir. Being small is a great drawback, Mr. Lion, unless you are in a tight place," said Cheerups.

"And speaking of tight places," cried Mr. Lion, "now that you have started the subject, that's the very thing I came to see you about."

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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

THE WHY of SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

TILLIE

TILLIE, which has long been regarded as one of the contractions formed from Mathilda, has really the right to independent existence, so frequently does it occur in nomenclature since the time of Henry the Fowler. It signifies "mighty battle maid" and is one of the old Teutonic names indicative of power. By rights it should be spelled Tillie.

It comes, of course, from the old German word for main or might. Its first form was Maginild, which very naturally became Mathild, meaning "main heroine" or "might heroine." The name was first borne by the wife of Emperor Henry the Fowler, who afterward became the abbess of Quedlinburg. As Mechtild it appeared as the title of the abbess of Adlstaten and straightway received great vogue at the hands of all French maidens.

In Italy there appears the Countess Matilda, the friend of Gregory VII, and it is from this name, which was adopted by the English, that the contraction Tilly was formed. For the sake of endearment Tilda came to be adopted as a separate name from the stately Mathilda and Tilly was the natural outgrowth of the evolution.

The turquoise is Tillie's talismanic stone. It is said to protect its wearer from accidents and evil influence. To see the reflection of the new moon in its surface is a sign of great good fortune. Wednesday is Tillie's lucky day and 6 her lucky number.

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A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

TO A TIME-KILLER

IF IN this world so full of scenes of rue You're killing time because you've naught to do, Rise up at once from off your squalid bed And seek the cemetery, for you're dead.

And are but slaying minutes full of worth So sorely needed on our hurried earth, And possibly are using space and That others need in overcoming care.

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THE MAGIC ELDER

THE elder figures prominently in Europe and this country in folklore. In Canada and the United States its use in folk-medicine is universal. Elder wood carried in the pocket wards off certain physical afflictions; "frumity" made of elderberry pulp worn in a little bag hung round the neck keeps off rheumatism; the inner bark, boiled to a far-like consistency, is recommended for plasters; the elder blooms allay inflammation; the virtues of elder blow tea are known to everybody and a tea made from the bark acts in one way when the bark is scraped down and in the opposite manner when the bark is scraped up. When New England housewives have trouble with their soft-soap they set matters right by stirring it with a stick of elder and the elder leaves keep flies out of the house. To beat a boy with an elder rod stunts his growth. Formerly the elder was considered as a protection against witches though, strange to say, witches used to gather at night under elders and in some sections, even now, it is considered unlucky to touch the elder after dark.

All these and many more superstitions regarding the elder are but a survival of the tree worship of our barbarian ancestors; as is evident from the fact that to this day when a Saxon or Danish peasant is about to cut elder he prays with folded arms three times as follows: "Oh, Frau Elder, give me of your wood and I will give you of mine when it grows in the woods."

In Germany wreaths of elder are hung up as protection against lightning.

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Oldtime Stamps

Curious revenue stamps which had their origin in Civil war time were the private proprietary stamps affixed by manufacturers to their product and bearing advertisement of that product. In that class were patent medicines, matches, perfumes, playing cards and so on. Thus was paid the tax on "parlor matches," on such preparations as "galvanic horse salve," on "magic pain extractors," and on hair restorers with trade-marks showing girls of the pre-bob period. At that time was engraved the plate of a stamp of a denomination of \$5,000, but it was never issued. Of highest value today is the \$1,000 stamp for documentary purposes.—Exchange.