



King Tommy

BY
GEORGE A.
BIRMINGHAM

Copyright © 1925 by George A. Birmingham
WNU Service

CHAPTER XII—Continued

"Strictly speaking," said the king, "they didn't choose you." Lord Edmund Troyte did that, he and Procopius Cable between them. There had to be a revolution, of course, and our aristocracy couldn't afford to pay for it. Nor could the patriarch. Revolutions are appallingly expensive things, far more expensive than you'd think. Cable had the money and I'm bound to say he spent it generously. He flooded Lystria with English money to such an extent that the Megalian rate of exchange went up, which of course enraged the Megalians, who had been making a very good thing out of the valuta by paying off their debts in depreciated currency. The Lystrians are becoming actually rich. But neither Cable nor the patriarch nor any of the rest of us could have managed without Lord Edmund Troyte. Without his help we couldn't have got any one to recognize the new king, and then of course we couldn't have had any monarchy."

"I suppose not," said Tommy. "But even yet I don't quite see—"

"That gave Lord Edmund Troyte a sort of right to nominate the king, and—But really they ought to have explained all this to you before you left London."

"Nobody explained anything to me," said Tommy.

"Well, I've explained it all now," said the king. "Lord Edmund Troyte nominated you."

"I'm perfectly certain he didn't. If he nominated any one, it must have been Lord Norheys, and I keep on telling you that I'm not Lord Norheys."

"And I keep on forgetting," said the king. "But that doesn't really matter when we're alone, does it?"

Tommy sat silent for a while. The king had at last made the position clear to him. He saw exactly what Casimir's original mistake had been. He realized that for some reason—very likely because of Miss Temple—the real marquis of Norheys had not arrived in Berlin. But even if he had arrived, he could not have married the princess. Miss Temple's letter had settled that point. Calypso was perfectly determined, and behind her was the terrifying figure of the puritan patriarch.

Why should he not step into Lord Norheys' empty position? Casimir was apparently quite ready to accept any one as king who would seat the princess on the throne beside him. The patriarch had no objection to a curate, so long as he was a respectable curate. And Tommy was perfectly respectable. The head waiter ex-king was delighted to accept him as a son-in-law. So long as he was perfectly straightforward and made his position plain to every one, Tommy did not see that he could be blamed afterward if he accepted a bride and a throne which were almost forced upon him. And, besides—in judging him we must always remember this—he had fallen in love with Calypso.

"The only person who doesn't seem to have been consulted," said Tommy, "is the princess herself."

"Calypso won't raise any objections," said the king, "once the Miss Temple difficulty is removed. She's a good girl, always was. Takes after her mother. You didn't know the late queen, did you?"

"No."

"A thoroughly good woman," said the king. "In fact, the only objection to her was that she was too good, certainly much too good for me. She brought up Calypso with very strict ideas, she and the patriarch between them."

"But I've no reason to suppose she'll marry me," said Tommy.

"Oh, she will," said the king. "The only down she ever had on you was that little muddle-up with Miss Temple. Until she heard of that she hadn't any objection to you at all."

"But that isn't an objection to me," said Tommy. "It's an objection to Lord Norheys."

"Exactly," said the king. "That's what I'm saying. And now that you've cleared up this Miss Temple scandal, there's nothing at all against you that I can see. And I must say that you've cleared it up thoroughly and completely. There's not the smallest vestige of a stain left on your character. I couldn't have believed beforehand that you could have cleared it up so well. I don't see how either Calypso or the patriarch can have a word left to say about it."

"All the same," said Tommy, "I'd like to ask her myself."

"So you shall," said the king. "And you needn't be a bit nervous. Once you've convinced her that you never had anything to do with Miss Temple, she'll be perfectly ready to marry you."

"But I should like to ask her before we get to Lystria. I suppose we're on our way there now."

Miss Temple's sake you ought to listen to me."

"I won't," said Calypso, "and if you're a gentleman you'll go away."

"I'll go away if you like, after you've heard what I've got to say."

"I thought all Englishmen were gentlemen," said Calypso.

"Not quite all. I've met one or two who weren't. And I'm Irish, not English."

"If you won't go away, I must," said Calypso.

She stood up as she spoke, intending to go out into the corridor. But to do that she would have been forced to pass quite close to Tommy. He was leaning forward in his eagerness to make her listen, so she might have to touch him as she passed. She hesitated.

"If you like," said Tommy, "I'll telegraph to Miss Temple and ask her to say that she doesn't know me and doesn't want to have anything to do with me."

"How can she say that, when she wrote to me that she loved you with all her heart?"

She began to push past Tommy. But he proved that he had a gentleman's consideration for her feelings. Rather than allow her to go out into a draughty and uncomfortable corridor, he got up and went there himself. He stayed there smoking unhappily until the king and Janet Church came back from the restaurant car. Then Tommy went off and had his own luncheon. Calypso contented herself with a few biscuits and an apple which Janet Church produced from her bag. Wherever Janet travels she always carries biscuits and apples with her.

The king made himself very agreeable to Janet in the restaurant car, and no monarch in Europe has better manners than he has. Perhaps he had never before exerted himself to be agreeable to a lady of Janet's age and appearance. The result was excellent. Janet was pleased and flattered.

"I am so very glad," he said, "that you are accompanying my daughter to Lystria. I feel that I can rely on you, on your kindness, your discretion, your wisdom. When all is said and done, a young girl cannot have a better companion than an English lady. My dear wife was English."

"I'm Scotch," said Janet.

"My dear wife," said the king, "was half Scotch, and if there's anything in the world to be preferred to an English lady as a companion to a young and impressionable girl, it is a Scotch lady."

A waiter flung three dishes of varied hors-d'oeuvres on the table. The king helped Janet tenderly to a sardine, an olive slice of tomato and a small salted eel. Then he ordered a bottle of Burgundy.

"At a time like this—" he said. "After all, marriage is a great occasion in a girl's life. The help and advice of a wise lady a little older than herself—you won't mind my saying a little older, will you?"

"I'm fifty-two," said Janet, "and not in the least ashamed of it."

"I knew you wouldn't be ashamed of it. I could see that at once. Your firm mouth, your clear, far-seeing eyes. Your calm strong outlook upon life, your profound idealism—"

Janet is far less sensible than she looks. She bridled with pleasure at the king's compliments. He filled her glass with Burgundy, and Janet so far forgot herself and her principles as to sip it without saying that all continental water is poison.

"A young girl," said the king, "is apt to take exaggerated views of things which you and I regard as—what shall I say?—not right, certainly not right. But inevitable."

The waiter whisked away Janet's plate, gave her another and dumped an enormous spoonful of omelette on it. She slipped her Burgundy again. The king's manner was caressing. The wine was strong. The omelette was excellent. But it takes more than wine, food and caresses to dull Janet's conscience.

"If you're alluding to that unfortunate young man's entanglement with a London actress—" she said.

"Young men," said the king, "will be young men."

"They ought not to be," said Janet firmly.

"However," said the king cheerfully. "I'm not really nervous about Calypso. She'll get over it after a while. Her poor dear mother always got over it after a while."

"Got over what?"

"Come now," said the king, "you can hardly expect me to answer that. Of course you said you were forty-two, but—"

"Fifty-two," said Janet. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Ski and Snowshoes

Owing to the thick forests of America the snowshoe has been found to be more suitable for use than the ski, which is preferred in less wooded regions. The large, flat surface of the snowshoe furnishes a larger plane of resistance to the soft snow and by distributing the weight of the wearer over a larger surface does not break the brittle crust on top of the snow, which makes progress without snowshoes impossible.

Wife Adds to His Fame

Hepplewhite was one of the eminent furniture finishers and designers who flourished under the reign of the Georges in England, and whose furniture was in vogue about the time of the American Revolution. When he died in 1786 his wife carried on his work and produced other pieces and original designs that were very popular for several decades. Much of the Hepplewhite work was done in mahoganies and in light woods,

THE CHILDREN COME

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

TRUTH moves but slowly, but it moves.

It takes a century of thought before the race a thing approves. That in a moment might be wrought. The hearts of women long ago. Know war was wrong and war a show. But men have stilled the mother's groan. With horns a little louder, blown.

But now I hear another tread. Another generation nears. Truth moves but slowly, but ahead. The world is tired of making tears. We thought us wise, yet into war. The sad world blundered as before. With grief again the world is dumb. But there is hope: The children come!

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

YOUR Last Name

IS IT WASHBURNE?

THE Washburne family, which is one of the finest in New England, traces descent to John Washburne who settled in Duxbury, Mass., in 1631. He was a member of an old English family that derived its name from Washbourne, County Worcester. Washburne gave the name to this family and was the seat of the family until 1882. The earliest mention to one of the name dates from the reign of Edward I when a Walter de Washburne was mentioned.

There was an Israel Washburne of this family who served valiantly in the Revolution, a Benjamin Washburne, born in 1816, who was secretary of state, and Israel Washburne, his brother, who was governor of Maine, Cadwallader Colden Washburne was a member of congress, major general in the Civil war and later a prominent flour manufacturer. His brother was Elihu Benjamin Washburne, member of congress, secretary of state, and minister to France. He was the only foreign representative who remained in Paris through both the siege and commune period.

BORIE—This is a name of French origin. Adolph E. Borie, born in 1890, was the son of John Borie, a Frenchman.

RUFFIN—This name is an old name in North Carolina, and was undoubtedly of French origin. In England the name Ruffine was introduced by Dr. James Ruffine, a student of Leyden in 1671. He went to England because of his Protestant beliefs after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He married Elizabeth Young and founded the Ruffine family in Suffolk county, England. The founder of the American Ruffin family may have been in this family whose name is spelled Ruffine in England.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Mother's Cook Book

From four things God preserve us—a painted woman, a concealed waist, salt beef without mustard, and a late dinner.

FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS

HERE is something that may be prepared a little at a time, making a rare treat when all the fruit is added:

Fruit Melange.

A stone crock or a large glass jar will be the best receptacle. The fruits in their season are preserved and a cupful at a time is added to the jar. Arrange in layers without stirring and keep closely covered in a cool place all the time. Begin with berries and add peaches, pears and plums and apricots, finishing with a pint jar of maraschino cherries, though the fresh cherries will be sufficient. Let stand a month or two before using.

Peaches in Raspberry Juice

To two quarts of raspberries or canned fruit with the juice drained off, add four quarts of peaches and seven pounds of sugar; this will make about eight to ten pints of this preserve. Boil the strained juice; if it is from canned fruit allow less sugar; add a few crushed peach kernels for flavor. Add the peaches cut into halves a few at a time, cooking them quickly until clear. Remove from the sirup, cool and allow them to stand until perfectly cold before canning. The juice is then boiled again and poured over the fruit which has been packed in the jars. Any fruit juice may be used—pineapple, strawberry or grape; all will make delicious preserves.

When the carrots are small in size, cold-pack a few jars of them for winter. Then when wanted all that is needed is to heat and serve them with any desired sauce. After scalding them place in jars, partly seal after adding salt—one teaspoonful to a quart—and filling the jar with boiling water; cover well with boiling water and boil one and one-half hours. Remove and seal tightly.

Neene Maxwell
(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)



In the JUNGLE

With Cheerups and the Quixies
by Grace Bliss Stewart

POLLY PARROT'S DILEMMA

"GOOD morning, good morning, good morning!" screamed Polly Parrot at the top of her voice. "It's time to get up; it's time to get up!"

"Oh, dear!" yawned Cheerups sleepily, as he stretched himself and opened one eye. "What was that noise? I didn't tell the Quixies to call me. Oh, here's a visitor already. How do you do, Polly Parrot? I have seen some of your cousins in the United States and so I recognized you right away. I hope you'll excuse me for not being dressed. I'll just slip on this bath-

me the chance to be of some help."

"Well," began Polly more pleasantly, "Mr. Parrot and I build our nest—no, we don't either; we don't really build a nest at all, we just find some nice cozy hole in the trunk of a tree and there I lay my eggs. Then the trouble begins! For I do get so tired sitting on those eggs day and night, and Mr. Parrot never offers to help me out. It really seems to me that he ought to do his share."

"Have you asked him nicely to do so, Polly?" inquired Cheerups.

"Well, I've scolded a lot about it," replied Polly sheepishly.

"That won't do," said Cheerups, with as nearly a severe look as his merry little eyes would hold. "That won't do at all. When you go home, just ask Mr. Parrot as pleasantly as you can if he won't sit on the eggs part of the time. Mention that 'turn about is fair play'—and say that you will fly off and find a juicy worm or a bit of fruit for his supper while he is sitting on the nest. And, mind you, here's another good idea which may come in handy sometime. If you ever think that danger is coming too near your precious eggs, call the rest of the Parrot flock to come and help you drive off the enemy. Mother Nature tells me that they will gladly do it."

"But the very best way, as you will find, to get your wish, is just be kind."

Poor Polly was so ashamed of herself that she hung her head for a minute, then she screamed delightedly, "I'll try it, Mr. Cheerups, I'll try being kind and pleasant; and I won't forget what you say about asking the other Parrots to help me, either. Thank you very much. Now I must go home, for no telling where Father Parrot is and those eggs may be getting cold."

"Won't you stop for a bit of breadfruit with us?" called Cheerups.

"No, thanks, too much of a hurry," chattered Polly and was gone.

From that day to this the rule in the Parrot family has been share and share alike.

(© by Little, Brown & Co.)



"Of Course I'll Excuse You," Cried Polly, Flapping Her Wings.

robe," and Cheerups wrapped a large fern snugly about him.

"Of course I'll excuse you," cried Polly, flapping her gray wings and snapping her beak, "but why people are such lazybones is more than I can tell. And that, by the way, is what I have come to see you about—lazybones and how to cure them, I mean. But as you are one yourself, I doubt if you can tell me. You wouldn't go to the fat to find out how to see, now, would you?"

"Do calm down, Polly, and tell me what's the matter," said Cheerups in a gentle voice. "At least you can give

"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

ELLEN

CROWS AND THE CROPS

VERY few people know that Ellen may be spelled Elin and still remain the same charming name which signifies a "light" or "radiance." In these days of affection when Ediths turn into Edithes overnight and Alice becomes Alys, it is interesting to discover that even the somewhat simple name of Ellen is capable of adaptation.

The name comes from the Greek root Ele which was first used in the name of the moon deity Selene. From Ele again sprang the most noted of all Greek names, Helene, from which Ellen is directly derived. The latter name made its first appearance in Scotland where the pronunciation caused the H to be dropped from Helene.

In Wales, Elin was adopted in place of Helene. It came into being through the Eglwys Ilan, the church of Helen, which was greatly revered by the insular Celts. Ellen has achieved almost as great popularity in this country as her predecessor Helen. Her vogue was greatly increased by Sir Walter Scott's charming poem, "The Lady of the Lake." Many English celebrities have borne the name, among them the greatest of English actresses, Ellen Terry.

Amber is Ellen's talismanic stone. The ancients believed that it would protect its wearers from contagion and would guard them from danger when traveling. Thursday is Ellen's lucky day and 5 her lucky number.

(© by Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)



Just Like His Landlord

Guide—This is one of the original rooms of the castle; it hasn't been touched for 400 years.

Visitor—"That's just like my landlord—he won't do a thing."

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

BLIND

I KNEW a solemnoly fellow
Who dwelt so much down in
his cellar
He never knew the light ecstatic
That glorified his dusty attic.
He lived so much in thoughts of
doom he
Deemed life a dungeon dark and
gloomy,
And in the darkness ever grop-
ing
Lost all the gifts of joyous hop-
ing
That waited for him 'mid glories
That flooded all the upper stories.
(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)