

King Tommy

By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

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CHAPTER XVI—Continued

"Wherever a Scot happens to be," said Janet, "is Scotland."

"The law can't really be exactly like that," said the princess. "It would be too inconvenient."

"That is the law," said Janet. "If I say that I'm married to him, I shall be, and there'll be no getting out of it. That would be intolerable."

"It wouldn't be particularly pleasant for me, either," said Tommy.

He ought not to have said that; but he was getting angry with Janet. A woman has a perfect right to refuse to marry any man who asks her; but she ought not to tell him so in his face that he is intolerable. No man can be expected to submit tamely to that, particularly when he has not really offered himself as a husband.

"Besides," said Calypso, "if he married you, what would happen to poor Miss Temple?"

"I wish to goodness Miss Temple was here," said Tommy; "you won't listen to me. But if she were here she wouldn't want to marry me any more than either of you does. But anyhow, if we're to go on at all, one of you must own up to being my wife. 'I'll leave you settle it between yourselves.'"

He walked off, walked to the car and looked at it, walked a little way along the road and back again, finally sat down on a stone and looked at the river, which ran, turbid and yellow, under a little bridge.

But Tommy's ill temper never lasts long, and he is a man of active and resourceful mind. In a quarter of an hour he was back with a proposal to meet the difficulty.

"According to that Scotch law of yours," he said to Janet, "would you be married to a man if you said you were his wife, but he didn't say he was your husband?"

"Of course not," said Janet.

"Even if there were witnesses present?"

"That wouldn't matter," said Janet. "Unless we both said we were married we wouldn't be married."

"And supposing while you were saying you were his wife another man said he was your husband—quite a different man whom you didn't claim at all—which of them would you be married to?"

"I shouldn't be married to either," said Janet.

"Even according to the Scotch law?"

"Of course I shouldn't."

"Very well," said Tommy, "when we get to that frontier post you say that Colonel Heard is your husband. He can't say that you're his wife because he won't be there. Therefore you won't be married to him. I shall say that you're my wife, but if you don't claim me as a husband, which you won't, having already claimed Colonel Heard, then you won't be married to me and I shan't be married to you. In fact, we shan't either of us be married to any one, even by Scotch law. That will be all right, won't it?"

"Besides," said Calypso, "Colonel Heard seems to be married already, and nothing you could say would make any difference to that, would it?"

"Exactly," said Tommy. "That's another point. Even Scotch law can't let a man in for bigamy, in that casual way, especially against his will, and I don't suppose Heard particularly wants to marry you."

"So that's settled," said Calypso. Janet did not seem satisfied, and I can scarcely wonder. A woman as intimately connected as she is with the movement for reuniting the Christian churches of the world has to be very careful of her reputation. It would be a terrible thing for her if it were to become generally known that she claimed a married man as her husband. That is the sort of thing a woman never quite succeeds in living down, and the world is censorious.

The men at the German frontier post turned out to be peaceful and quiet. They looked at the passports they inquired whether the travelers were taking any new clothes, gramophones, photographic apparatus, surgical instruments, telescopes or dyes out of Germany. The princess said that their dresses were years old, that they all hated gramophones and never took photographs. Janet added solemnly that the party did not possess a single lancet or a telescope. Tommy, when he understood what was happening, said "Nein" four or five times emphatically. Then there were some inquiries about the car. The princess asked the bearded chauffeur to produce his papers. In getting at an inside pocket he displayed his pistols and knives to great advantage. The Germans asked no more questions about the car, did not look at the papers and permitted the travelers to go on. Very likely, like Dogberry's watch, they thanked God they were well rid of a knave.

The Megallians when the car reached their post, turned out to be men of quite a different kind. They looked as savage and were quite as well armed as the chauffeur. They spoke a tongue which was neither German nor the quacking language of the Lystrians. Tommy and Janet did not understand a word of it. Even the princess seemed

"As well as I can make out," she said, "they're saying that the photographs on the passports are not in the least like us."

"Tell them," said Tommy, "that that's a matter of opinion, and that if they know anything about the recent Cubist and Vorticist developments they'll see at once that these photographs represent our subconscious selves and are exactly like them."

"I don't believe I could say all that even in German," said Calypso, "and I don't know two hundred words of Megallian, which is what they're talking."

The chauffeur, seeing that something had gone wrong, left his car and approached the Megallians with his overcoat flying wide open. They were less impressed than the Germans by his display of weapons. In fact they were not impressed at all. All they did was unbutton their own coats and show that they possessed weapons of similar kinds.

"This," said Tommy, "is getting quite like Ireland."

The chauffeur quacked at the Megallians in Lystrian. They replied in Megallian, a language which consists principally of sounds like hisses. He quacked again, but mingled a few hisses with his quacks. They hissed in reply, but uttered a few quacks too. Gradually the speakers drew together until the Megallians were quacking

which they continually perform, keep rows of spittoons in their churches (a sign of real reverence) and have several well authenticated miracles every year.

As soon as they realized that Janet was a priestess, deaconess or abbess, they made no difficulties about allowing the party to go on.

Calypso's spirits rose after passing the frontier posts. That corner of the Megallian territory consisted of the old kingdom of Lystria, so that the princess was at last back in her own land. The few peasants who were herding cattle on the hillsides were Lystrians and no doubt talked to one another in the quacking language which the chauffeur used. The cattle were Lystrian cattle, long-horned, active little beasts, which looked as if they afforded little milk when alive and not much meat when dead. The cottages were Lystrian, the roads, the heather, the mountains themselves, all were Lystrian. Calypso drew deep breaths of Lystrian air with keen delight, pointed out one thing after another to Janet, who was not deeply interested. Now and then she clapped her hands with joy.

The spirits of the brigand chauffeur rose too. He still drove carefully. Any other kind of driving would have brought swift disaster on the Lystrian roads. But he blew his horn whenever he saw a man, woman or child, however distant. He threw off his cap and let the mountain air blow freely through his thick curly hair. Once, for a short while, he quickened the car's pace and pursued a hare which was foolish enough to run straight along the road. After a while he began to sing, mere snatches of song at first, in the end whole verses. This was highly unconventional behavior in a chauffeur driving a royal car. But Calypso did not resent it. She seemed actually pleased. Soon she joined him in singing. When the man heard her high treble ring out he dropped naturally into a bass part. The Lystrians, like most half-civilized people, are very musical, and every kind of singing is a delight to them.

Calypso started the Lystrian national anthem, a wild tune, as exciting as the Marseillaise, with something in it of the grandeur of the old Russian czarist national air. The chauffeur joined in with a kind of fierce enthusiasm. They sang the tune through to gether three or four times. Then Calypso leaned forward and laid her hand on Tommy's shoulder.

"Join in," she said. "You sing, too. Let's all sing."

She shook up Janet, who was dozing, and told her to sing.

Janet has no more ear for music than a crow has. Hymns are the only things she ever attempts to sing, and I am told that when she does the rest of the congregation suffers acutely.

It was her attempt at the Lystrian national anthem which put a stop to the singing in the end. Janet, who is quite unconscious of her infirmity, sang loud when she began to enjoy herself. She has a very powerful voice. The chauffeur must have been actually musical, more musical than either Tommy or the princess. His face twitched when Janet's high notes reached him. His steering became very erratic and once or twice he ran the car dangerously near the edge of the road. He tried to assuage his misery by sounding his horn fiercely when he knew a high note was coming in the song. I suppose this only made the discord more intolerable. At last he stopped the car, turned round, and quacked out an angry speech to the princess.

Calypso understood what he said well enough. She would probably have understood his feelings even if he had not spoken, for she was sitting beside Janet. But she was very tactful.

"Sandor says that we had better stop singing. The mountain air is bad for the voice and we shall have sore throats tomorrow if we go on."

What Sandor really said was that unless the English household stopped squalling he would be forced by uncontrollable emotion to stab her and throw her out of the car.

They drove on without singing for the rest of the afternoon, steadily climbing into the mountains by twisting and sometimes perilous roads. At about six o'clock they reached the highest point of a lofty pass. On each side the mountains rose to snow-capped peaks. In front the road dipped steeply into a narrow valley. Beyond the valley stood, steep and frowning, another mountain. On its side, perched on a plateau—Sandor gripped Tommy's arm and pointed forward—there, a gray pile of masonry, stood the schloss, oldest, most impressive and least comfortable of the palaces of the Lystrian kings.

The car plunged into the valley, out of the sunshine into deep shadow. Above them the schloss, with the light still bright on it, looked like a fairy palace. They crawled over a narrow bridge which crossed a foaming torrent. They began a winding ascent along a singularly stony road.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Airplanes capable of carrying 25 men and of traveling 900 miles without a stop have been developed in Italy.

"What's in a Name?"

By MELINDA

THESE are the words of the man who is known to history as the author of the great religious allegory, "Pilgrim's Progress"—John Bunyan.

Bunyan was born near Bedford, England, in the year 1628. His father was a tinker by trade, and, as a young man, John Bunyan followed the same vocation. During his youth he served in the great civil war that engulfed his native country and his change of mind which led to deep religious ponderings may be attributed to his experiences as a soldier.

Bunyan returned from the war with a much more serious regard for life than when he had entered in upon the struggle as a carefree young man. He was greatly impressed with the truth and importance of religion, and he shortly joined the Society of Anabaptists at Bedford, where he was soon made a teacher among the sect and achieved considerable reputation as a preacher.

There were, at this time, severe laws against any one who dissented from the established church but these statutes held no terrors for Bunyan. He continued to preach in defiance of them and eventually was apprehended by the authorities and sentenced to serve 12 years in prison. During these years, from 1660 to 1672, he devoted himself almost entirely to religious meditation and to writing. The first part of his celebrated "Pilgrim's Progress" was written in the Bedford jail.

Upon the expiration of his sentence Bunyan was released and became pastor of the community in which his former preachings had resulted in his jailing. As has so often been the case, his jail confinement only served to make him more popular and his preaching services were attended by great numbers and many new converts were secured.

John Bunyan died in the year 1688, while on a visit to London.

(By George Matthew Adams.)

Old Faithful Geyser

The eruption period of Old Faithful geyser, commonly stated to be exactly one hour, fluctuates between 55 and 75 minutes, with an average of about 63 minutes.

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Curiosity carries you far

And teaches you much, I hear,
But caution tells you not to stray
Where danger is lurking near.

"I'll try to remember all you have told me, Mr. Cheerups," cried the Nervous Gnu, kicking his heels joyfully in the air, and with a final switch of his tail he made off at top speed in the direction of his friends on the Broad Plain.

(By Little, Brown & Co.)

THE FRATERNITY OF GRIEF

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

YOU have had grief—but so have I; I, too, have watched the closing tomb,

My house has had the empty room,
My heart the ache. Our loved ones die,

But, oh, the company they meet
Upon that far, celestial street,
Where throngs of angels intertwine—
My beloved and yours, your loved and mine.

I have had grief—but so have you;
And, in my hour of deepest loss,
I do not see the single cross—
Thank God, I see the other two.

Yes, my own loss has this much gain:
I feel the brotherhood of pain.
And, kneeling here beside my own,
I know the loss that you have known.

We have our grief—but so have all.
In all our grieving all our grief
Must not be selfish. Pluck one leaf
And gently let one petal fall

Upon some spot where someone sleeps
For whom some other woman weeps,
For whom some man will mourn to-day;

We have had grief—but so have they.
(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

By F. A. WALKER

THE SUBTLE SPIDER

HIDDEN in some dark corner, or perhaps right before your eyes the spider spins his silken web in which to entangle and destroy his unwary victim.

Whether you believe it or not, you are watched every hour of your earthly existence by some sort of vicious spider planning to entrap you.

If you are less watchful than he, if you do not take account of your words and actions and make a mental note of the trifling web-like things which are happening all about you, the spider will eventually outwit you.

And when once you become entangled in his invisible web a great sense of fear will descend upon you with the weight and swiftness of a raging deluge, of whose existence you did not before believe to be possible.

Falling into the spider's web is one of the deplorable misfortunes of the human kind. Everybody in life, from the rosy-cheeked schoolgirl to her mature parents, is liable to become entangled, for the spider is no respecter of youth or age.

A bewitching smile, a glance of the eye, a musical voice, a beaming countenance, an uncontrollable greed for wealth, may, in some way or another, prove to be the flowing thread of the terrible web flung out by a passing breeze to entrap you.

"Now," says the spider, as he spins another thread to make your captivity more certain, "now I am in position to continue our discussion."

Up to this moment you have succeeded in eluding him.

And in your fancied security, as likely as not you have taunted and derided him, so now he is bent on mocking you, quite ready to resume the discussion.

But the manhood in you is going to outwit him.

You are going to wean from him his subtle power, by warning the world from your housetop to beware of his silken web which has through the ages strangled out love and hope, washed out eyes with tears and poisoned hearts until they have festered and died.

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"What's in a Name?"

By MELINDA

FACTS about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day, lucky jewel

MELINDA

TOUGH not generally listed in English nomenclature and regarded rather as a product of the South in this country, Melinda has in reality an interesting history dating back to Spanish ballad lore. In that remote era, she was undoubtedly Melisenda and first appeared as the name of the wife of Don Gayferos who was taken captive by the Moors, on the occasion of the feats that were represented by the puppet shows in which Don Quixote took an unfortunately lively interest.

Another Melisenda was Princess Melisenda who carried the uneasy crown of Jerusalem to the House of Anjou. It was a most natural step to eliminate the overabundance of syllables and contract the name to our present-day euphonious Melinda. For some inexplicable reason it caught the fancy of the South and its popularity there is still unquestioned.

The opal is Melinda's talisman's stone. It is the most mysterious and fascinating of all gems and is believed to bestow upon its wearer the charm which comes from brilliancy, restlessness and ever-changing moods.

It will prove for Melinda a talisman against sorrow. Monday is her lucky day and 1 her lucky number.

(By Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)



In the JUNGLE

With Cheerups and the Quixies
By Grace Bliss Stewart

THE NERVOUS GNU

IT WAS a very trying moment for Mr. Gnu. He had just begun to wonder what kind of an animal he really was. All his friends were quite sure which family they belonged to. There was Mrs. Ostrich, Raffy Giraffe, Swift the Antelope, Springy Gazelle and Zippy Zebra, his jolly neighbors on the Great Plain. Each knew without a doubt where he belonged in the Animal World.

"But here am I," grumbled Mr. Gnu, "with the head and horns of a bull, the mane and tail of a horse and the body and legs of an antelope; just a mixture like patchwork. It's most embarrassing."

He took a sudden leap into the air, alighted on the ground and began to paw and wheel about like a frisky horse, which is a funny way Gnu's have of doing when they are excited about my family tree."

"What is your name?" asked Cheerups kindly.

"They call me the Nervous Gnu, Mr. Cheerups, because I am so easily flustered. But who wouldn't be if he had the head and horns of a bull, the mane and tail of a horse and the body and legs of an antelope, and didn't know at all what he is and who are his relations? It's confusing, I say."

"Now don't be disturbed, Mr. Gnu," said Cheerups, smiling and nodding his topknot merrily. "There isn't a bit of doubt in my mind what you are. You are an antelope. Don't you see that your body and legs—the greater part of you—are like those of the antelope family? So there you are! The question is settled as neatly as can be."

"Oh, I hadn't thought of that," gasped the Gnu. "It's funny how you don't think of things, isn't it? I see now that you are perfectly right, Mr. Cheerups. That's really a wonderful idea. How you have relieved my mind! Thank you, thank you!"

"Now you can go back to your happy little neighborhood on the Broad Plain and know just where you stand. Swift the Antelope and Springy Gazelle are your cousins, remember! But please do be careful about being curious, Mr. Gnu," called Cheerups.

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(By Little, Brown & Co.)

"Don't Be Alarmed," Called a Voice From the Palm Leaf Roof.

and disturbed. Then, kicking up his heels and flourishing his long tail, the Nervous Gnu scampered across the Broad Sunny Plain at top speed.

Soon the Great Trees and Twisty Vines of the edge of the Jungle loomed before him. Their cool shade lovingly invited to Mr. Gnu.

"I haven't been in there for a long time," thought he. "I wonder what's going on in the Jungle these days. The same old Lions and Leopards are there, I suppose, and they would like a nice juicy something-or-other like me for supper. But I can't help that; I've just got to go in and look around for myself, it's so mysterious and exciting."

Now the Nervous Gnu is about the most curious animal in the world, so he lost no time in trotting down the Winding Way into the heart of the Jungle. He was timid and suspicious, of course, but his curiosity quite got the better of him.

WHO SAID

"Every tub must stand up on its own bottom."

YOUR Last Name

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