

King Tommy

By George A. Birmingham

CHAPTER XVI—Continued

Casimir's preparations for the reception of the princess were complete. The greater part of the Lystrian army was there to greet her, drawn up on each side of the road. As the car passed the men fired their rifles into the air, each one shooting off round after round, refilling his magazine when it was exhausted. There was plenty of ammunition, which showed that some of Cable's money was wisely spent. No doubt it was his money, too, which had provided new uniforms for the whole army, not dingy khaki tunics and breeches like those worn by unimaginative soldiers of western lands, but fine blue cloaks and crimson tunics and great boots with fur tops to them and wide black trousers or short pleated petticoats like Highland Scottish kilts. Some of the men wore caps with tall green feathers in them. Some had shiny metal helmets.

At the gate of the palace stood a group of the magnates of Lystria, the very least of them a count by right of four or five hundred years' descent from other counts. Perhaps half of them were Casimirs, members of one branch or other of the family of which Count Istvan was the head. They, like the soldiers, were splendidly clad. Some of Cable's money had gone in providing gold-laced coats, fur-lined cloaks and green breeches. But their jewels were their own. Blue turquoise, red garnets and green stones like emeralds shone on the gilt metal belts which held their swords, on the broad collars round their necks, on multitudinous buttons of their clothes, on tall cap badges, even on their spurs.

In the middle of the group of nobles stood the patriarch, perhaps the tallest, certainly the broadest man there. He wore a long purple cassock and a purple cape lined with white fur. Round his neck, on a heavy gold chain hung a double-armed Greek cross, thickly studded with jewels. On his head was a shiny mitre. Behind him stood four priests, white-robed, with long black silky beards. One of them held the patriarch's immense pastoral staff. Another carried a tall ebony pole with a gold star on it, a very large and splendid star with sharp pointed rays sticking out of it in all directions. The other two held aloft a kind of canopy made of embroidered silk, not unlike a huge two-handled umbrella. If they had held it, as they should, over the patriarch's head, it might have kept the dew from settling on his mitre. Held crooked, a little behind him, it served no useful purpose. But it was highly striking and ornamental.

Calypso, now at last a veritable princess, stepped from the car, paced slowly forward to where the patriarch stood while the magnates cheered, wildly and the army fired its guns. The patriarch raised a plump, pudgy hand in benediction. The four priests behind him wailed a loud "Amen." The nobles shouted and the guns fired. Calypso stood erect. The patriarch, a heavy man, afflicted with rheumatism in his legs, knelt slowly and stiffly. He gravely kissed Calypso's hand.

Then one by one the nobles stepped forward, headed by Count Albert Casimir. They bent until their foreheads touched the ground and then kissed the toe of one of Calypso's boots. The patriarch was, I gathered, the only man entitled by his rank to kiss her hand. Cheers and more firing of guns greeted each act of homage. When the last was accomplished a band, set on the battlements above the gate of the schloss, began to play the national anthem, the same tune which Calypso and the chauffeur had sung in the car earlier in the afternoon. The whole mass of men, the patriarch and his priests, the nobles and the army, down to the remotest of them, shouted the song wholeheartedly. Tommy, excited by all he had seen, joined in and sang as bravely as the best. Janet Church would no doubt have sung, too, but Sandor, the chauffeur, stood beside her with the most murderous looking of his knives in his hand. He made it clear to Janet—indeed she could scarcely have mistaken his meaning—that if she attempted to sing she would immediately be killed.

When the whole ceremony was over the princess and Janet Church were led away together to the state apartments in the schloss. Count Albert Casimir conducted Tommy to the suite of rooms which had been prepared for him. Albert's English was not nearly so good as Istvan's. Indeed, he seemed to be able to say very little except "Please." He said that every time he said anything, and he always smiled in a friendly way. But language, for the simpler affairs of life, is not really necessary. Tommy understood without difficulty that the rooms were entirely for his use, that a bearded savage, who bowed to the ground every time any one looked at him, was his

servant, that there was hot water for the bath, and that as soon as he was ready he could descend to—There he would have been thankful for a few intelligible words. He had to descend somewhere and supper would be waiting for him when he did, but where the place was Tommy could not make out.

Half an hour later, washed, brushed and very hungry, Tommy was led by his servant to a large stone-paved hall. It was an immense room with a vaulted roof, high-placed tiny windows, and a raised dais at one end. On this dais a small table was spread. Four servants stood stiffly behind the chair set for a solitary dinner. They wore dark green liveries decked with silver buttons nearly as big as half-crowns, and had silver epaulettes on their shoulders. The whole scene was strikingly medieval, and Tommy, who was fond of Scott's novels, appreciated it. There was just one jarring note. A stone-flagged vaulted hall in a medieval schloss ought to be lit with torches stuck into iron brackets on the walls, or—even this would have been a concession to modernity—with tall wax candles in silver sconces. But King Wladislaws, who used to come to the schloss occasionally, had conceived the idea of making use of the water power supplied by the torrent in the valley. The whole castle, from turret to dungeon, was lit by electric light. Bright groups of bulbs hung from the vaulted roof of the hall. On Tommy's table stood a silk-shaded lamp, like those in use on the table in the Mascotte.

After supper, just as Tommy had lit his first cigarette, the patriarch entered the room. He came in some state, clad in his purple cassock, accompanied by Count Albert Casimir and two of the Lystrian clergy.

Tommy, rather uncertain how he ought to receive such company, laid down his cigarette, stood up and bowed. The patriarch bowed, a little stiffly. He was a portly man and had no doubt supped somewhere else. The girl of his cassock seemed a little



Tommy Was Led by His Servant to a Large Stone-Paved Hall.

tight for him. One of the four servants set a chair for him and he sat down. The two clergymen bowed, muttering softly as they did so. What they said may have been the Lystrian equivalent of the American "Vurry, vurry glad to meet you," or they may have felt it their duty to offer a short prayer. They sat down. Count Albert clicked his heels together, bowed and saluted. Tommy failed to click his heels together, though he tried; but he managed a fair imitation of a military salute. He and Count Albert sat down. The patriarch gave an order and a servant brought a fresh bottle of wine. One of the priests drew a box of cigarettes from some pocket among the folds of his cassock and handed it round.

The business of the meeting began. Count Albert acted as interpreter.

"Sprechen Sie Deutsch, please," he said.

Tommy understood that and replied emphatically that he did not.

"Französisch?"

Tommy with an effort recognized Französisch as the German for French.

"Nein," he said. "That is to say Non, at least nothing worth mentioning, though of course I know a few words like petit-dejeuner, and bon-jour, and 'etait c'est mol'."

"Italianisch?" said Count Albert, but not very hopefully.

"No," said Tommy. "I don't. Nor Spanish, Portuguese, Swedish, Russian, nor modern Greek. In fact, I may as well own up at once, that it's English or nothing with me."

It was evidently very difficult to communicate with Tommy. There was consultation in the course of which one of the priests made a suggestion which was regarded as hopeful. Count Albert turned to Tommy.

"Patriarch," he said, pointing to him. "Lateinisch."

"All right," said Tommy. "I'll try. I've learned Latin of course and I used to know it quite well, but not conversationally."

The patriarch was not so fluent with his Latin as he might have been. It is the ecclesiastical language of the world, but—Well, I once knew a priest who asked whether temere in the title of the famous Ne Temere Bull was a second or a third conjugation verb. Yet that man read his breviary faithfully. There was more excuse for the patriarch than for him. The services of the Lystrian church are not said in Latin.

But even if the patriarch's Latin

had been much better than it was, there would have been difficulties. Our English schools have, of late years, altered their way of pronouncing Latin. No doubt the new sounds are better than the English a's, p's, and soft c's, to which I was brought up, but we have not yet achieved the true Italian ecclesiastical whine. Tommy did not understand the patriarch, nor could he make the patriarch understand him.

"Es ist trauerlich," said Count Albert at last. "A pity, not so?"

Every one, especially the stout patriarch, was extremely good-humored, but no one knew how to say what had to be said to Tommy.

"If—" Count Albert's English came very slowly. "If—here—were—Castmir Istvan Graf—Ach!"

"I say," said Tommy. "What about getting the princess to come and interpret? She knows all the languages there are."

He must have pronounced the word "princess" very badly, for no one knew what he meant.

"Calypso," he tried.

This time the patriarch understood; but he shook his head decisively. For some reason the presence of the princess was not desirable.

"Well, then, try Miss Church," said Tommy. "She knows German though she can't talk Lystrian."

"Mees Zurz?" said Count Albert doubtfully.

"Yes," said Tommy. "Miss Church; Fraulein Kirche. That is to say, if you really speak French, Mademoiselle Eglise, or—here he turned to the patriarch and spoke very clearly—"Ecclesia—Virgo Janetta Ecclesia."

The party of Lystrians was entirely bewildered; but Tommy was not beaten yet. He took a pencil and a piece of paper from his pocket and made a rapid sketch of Janet. Tommy was no artist, and any resemblance his picture bore to Janet must have been that of a caricature. But it was instantly recognized and greeted with applauding laughter.

"Ach so," said Count Albert. And the patriarch made sounds which are the Lystrian equivalent of "Ach so."

One of the priests was sent to fetch Janet. The patriarch ordered a fresh bottle of wine. The cigarettes were handed round and the party settled down very comfortably to wait. There was no conversation, for the Lystrians were much too well bred to talk to one another in a language which their guest did not understand. But everybody smiled amiably at everybody else.

Janet had gone to bed; but the priest who was sent to fetch her was a determined man. A quarter of an hour later he led her into the hall. She was clad in the pink dressing gown and the slippers, which she had worn when Tommy first saw her in the corridor of the Adlon hotel.

Janet was not in the least embarrassed by her costume, or by the company in which she found herself; but she was very much annoyed at being roused out of her first sleep.

"I wish to goodness," she said to Tommy, "that you'd learn enough German to be able to get on without perpetually appealing to me."

The patriarch unfortunately shared the view of Sandor, the chauffeur, that Janet was the princess's maid. He neither stood up to greet her nor invited her to sit down. This, very naturally, increased her feeling of irritation. If Tommy had not rushed off to get a chair for her, the chances of the reunion of the other Christian churches with that of Lystria would have been compromised.

The patriarch spoke to her. Janet listened for a while and then cut the poor man short in the middle of a sentence.

"He says," she told Tommy, "that the marriage is fixed for tomorrow morning."

"Marriage! The princess and I?"

"I suppose so," said Janet. "It's certainly not you and I."

"But he can't do that," said Tommy. "Marriages can't be rushed in that way. It takes a fortnight to get a license. If he calls the banns it'll take three weeks."

Janet said something to the patriarch and he replied.

"He's surprised," she said to Tommy, "to hear that you are unwilling to marry the princess."

"I'm not in the least unwilling," said Tommy. "Tell him there's nothing in the world I'd like better. Make that clear to him, will you? It's a most important point, and I don't want any misunderstanding about it."

Janet translated; but Tommy did not altogether trust her. He tried an explanation of his own in Latin.

"Jucundus et laetus ero," he said, "regnum in matrimonium ducere, any time you like."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Actor Badly Rattled

A young man had to take part in some amateur theatricals. His part was quite a minor one and there was really not a great deal for him to do or say.

After the shooting scene the young man had to enter the wings and say: "Hark! 'Tis the pistol!"

Now, during rehearsals a real pistol was never used, and the youth, on receiving his cue, walked in and performed his part quite efficiently.

On the opening night, however, a real pistol was substituted for the cue, and this apparently took the young man by surprise, for as the pistol went off he rushed on and gasped:

"Ye gods! What on earth was that?"

Spendthrifts and Envy

When we say people spend their money foolishly, we mean they spend it for the things we'd like to have.

Large amounts of fat-soluble vitamins are contained in fatty fish.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

By F. A. WALKER

KNOCK AT THE DOOR

YOU cannot hope to gain entrance to friendship except by knocking at her door with the courage and courtesy which invariably insure admittance.

And this is equally true of everything of worth in life, quite regardless of the opinions of those who are prone to think otherwise.

If you would be on intimate terms with Wisdom, you must knock at her golden door every day.

You may rail at the idea, but if you miss a day or two a week you will find when you go to call again that some one more persistent has been ahead of you, and picked the choicest flowers in the front garden.

In all that concerns life, especially the vital things, if you would sit with those who occupy the front pews, wear the best clothes, lock arms with high society, know how to entertain a prince or a pauper without lofty affectation or mongrel condescension, you must first knock at the door and gain proficiency by frequent knockings and regular visits.

You may daub a canvas with color, sail a boat on an unruffled stream, sing a commonplace song which the boys of the street whistle without missing a note, play the piano, do exquisite embroidery work in imitation of the piece before you, but if you wish to excel beyond the mere copyist and become a master in every sense of the word, you must keep knocking.

In matters of art and intellect, there is no other way to improve or advance except by going often to the door of Wisdom and picking up knowledge first hand.

You may be tempted to hint that this requires too much work, too many long hours of studious application to things with which you feel you are already intimately acquainted, but if you will march out your productions on dress parade and line them up side by side with others, you will not be long in discovering defects which may sicken your heart.

But if you are made of the right material, and have within your breast an inflexible determination to go to the top, such comparisons will not be odious.

It is only by hearing superior music, or by seeing a masterpiece in painting or sculpture, that we learn to know the inferior and thus gain an eminence where we find an inexpressible pleasure in imparting our hard-earned knowledge to others.

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Mother's Cook Book

Failure is often the turning point, the pivot of circumstances that swings us to a higher level. Life is not really what comes to us, but what we get out of it.—Jordan.

GOOD THINGS TO EAT

WHEN you have exhausted all ways of cooking the delicious Hubbard squash try:

Souffled Squash.

Take a medium-sized squash, remove the seeds and stringy portion, then peel off the rind. Place in a steamer and cook over boiling water until tender, then mash and season to taste with salt, pepper and butter. To two cups of mashed squash add gradually one cupful of cream and when well mixed, the yolks of two well beaten eggs. Mix well, then fold in the whites of the eggs beaten stiff. Pour into a buttered baking dish and bake in a moderate oven until firm. Serve at once.

Bread Sponge Cake.

Take one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, three-fourths of a cupful of lard and butter mixed, two well beaten eggs, one-fourth of a cupful of sweet milk, two cupfuls of bread sponge, three cupfuls of flour and one teaspoonful of soda. Add spices, raisins, and a few nuts, mix well and let rise then bake.

Stuffed Onions.

Parboil large-sized onions, take out the centers, leaving a cavity to hold the filling. Chop the onion removed from the center, mix with cold sausage meat or bacon and crumbs with seasoning. Fill the centers, pour around good beef broth or add butter and water. Bake until the onions are tender, basting occasionally. Cover each with a spoonful of buttered crumbs and brown before serving.

Hamburg Steak.

Buy a piece of beef cut from the round with a little suet or pork. Put through the meat grinder, season with pepper and salt and a bit of clove and form into flat cakes. Broil or pan-broil until well cooked. Serve with baked potatoes and creamed onions.

Golden Fleece.

To one cupful of cream in a frying pan add one-half pound of cheese broken up into bits, adding a dash of cayenne. When smooth break over this mixture five or six eggs, cover two minutes; when the white is set, remove the cover, add salt and beat the mass briskly for a few minutes. Serve on buttered crackers.

Nellie Maxwell
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In the JUNGLE

With Cheerups and the Quixies
by Grace Bliss Stewart

RHINO HAS THE BLUES

"H O, HUM!" grunted Ranny Rhino, as he rolled over in the muddy water of the Yellow River and turned one tiny shiny eye toward Big Bright Mr. Sun who was just going down behind the tall Palm Tree.

"I suppose I might as well get up and look for my supper. It's a long way to the nearest plantation, but that sugar cane is well worth it. Maybe I'll find some bamboo, too. Nothing is much fun, though, when you can't see well, now is it?" he grumbled, as he caught sight of Polly Parrot in the tree above him.

"Well, that depends on what you are trying to see," cried Polly saucily. "If it's a joke or your duty, then I say it's



"Oh, Polly, Please Do Be Sensible," Wailed Ranny.

all very well to have good eyesight, but—"

"Oh, Polly, please do be sensible," wailed Ranny. "I'm serious about this, really I am. I go ploughing around with these dull little eyes of mine, charging at things and generally missing them. Even if I don't get into much trouble because I am big and folks are afraid of the two fierce

horns on my nose, still I never feel comfortable because I am so in doubt about danger being near."

"Big Ranny Rhino! Why, I should think you were. There's nobody in the whole Jungle larger, except Gray Ears the Elephant. And what you are grumbling about I don't know, when you are so swift that you can outrun a horse. Then there's your keen scent and your two fine horns. Your cousin in India has but one. You've a nose to be proud of, I say."

"Yes, I know all that, Polly, but I can't help it; I'm blue," complained Ranny. "You seem jolly this morning; I wish you could make me feel so."

"Well, I am happy, Ranny Rhino. It doesn't take good eyesight to find that out, does it? And I'll just take you to the person who made me so, if you would like to go. Maybe he can help you, too. His name is Cheerups, and he came all the way from America to broaden his acquaintance. I should think he would like you, Ranny; goodness knows, you are broad enough."

"How lovely that is of you, Polly!" said Ranny, opening his mouth in a wide smile and showing so many teeth that Polly gave a little shiver and moved away. It didn't look to her like a good place for an accidental fall.

"Yes, Cheerups showed me how to make Mr. Parrot do his share of sitting on our nest. And what do you suppose he told me? Why, just to be kind and polite. It sounds simple, but it worked. So that's the reason I can be away this morning. I don't have to worry any more about my fine eggs getting cold. Come on now, Ranny, let's be off to find Cheerups," chuckled Polly.

Ranny was so pleased and happy that he came right out of the water and frisked along by the Yellow River, down the Winding Way and through the Twisty Vines, with Polly Parrot flying overhead, until they came to the little clear place in the Jungle where Cheerups lived.

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Among the NOTABLES

HERBERT C. HOOVER

WHEN a man's name is incorporated as a part of the language, he is truly great. Nowadays, we never say we are eliminating waste or practicing economy; we simply say we are "Hooverizing." And it's quite likely the word will become a permanent part of the language.

Herbert Hoover is undoubtedly one of the greatest men the World has brought out. He was born in Iowa, August 10, 1874, studied mining engineering, was graduated from Leland Stanford, and, after various experiences in mining in this country, went to Australia as a mining chief. This led him into China, where he did a lot of exploration work through the interior, and where he took part in the defense of Tientsin during the Boxer trouble.

That was about twenty-five years ago, and after these exciting happenings, he settled in London, holding several important positions with mining concerns. Then Germany went through Belgium in 1914, and one of the great problems to be met while the armies fought, was—who was to feed Belgium and how? Herbert Hoover was appointed head of the Belgian relief, and did work so remarkable that no one could appreciate it until after the war was over and there was time to view events in proper perspective. He procured food, distributed it, fixed it so starving communities should have their share, made sure that the hungry people, and not the German army, got the food.

Naturally he was appointed food administrator in the United States when we went into the war. Among other things, he curtailed profiteering; encouraged home production and canning; keeping food properly distributed; preventing waste; and shipping supplies to our allies.

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AN ABBREVIATED STORY

SOME OF EACH

DINWEEVIE DOGGS, president of the Sootytown chamber of commerce, was showing the wonders of the town to the distinguished visitor, Jazzbo, the man from Mars.

"And last but not least, Mr. Jazzbo," beamed Doggs, "I must show you that great American institution, the five and ten-cent store. There's nothing there over ten cents or under five or in between, and there's nothing that's not on sale there."

"Well, well!" wellwilled Jazzbo—"even obsolete whisky glasses and things to fix whiteacallums with?"

"Even those," smiled Doggs.

"Well, well," wellwilled Jazzbo. And they went to the five and ten-cent store, and Dinweevie Doggs radiated.

"Here we are! Did you ever see such variety in your life. Look at that stack of hair straighteners! Here's a handful for souvenirs. Look at all the patent monkey wrenches for training monkeys! Stick a couple in your pocket for souvenirs! I'll pay for them! Observe the counterful of cork dishes that float if water or gray is spilled on them! Do have a half dozen as souvenirs."

An hour later, at the corner of Might and Main streets, Jazzbo was dug out from under a pile of miscellaneous articles including transferable cigar bands, noodle slicers, Javanese angle scratchers, pocket squirt guns for flavoring overexercised chewing gum, rubber shoetings, spark plugs, pin wheels, umbrellas, Ivory-handled barrel openers, deml tasse forks, dandelion wine, boiler buttons, baby banks, floor lamps, curtain poles and cobweb finders.

"Well, well!" wellwilled the semi-conscious Jazzbo. "Such a planet!"

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A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

SHADOWS

NO SHADOW'er can bother me.

And on my way I walk straight past it.

Unless unhappily I see That I unwittingly have cast it.

And if it be that mine's the fault That brings that shadow there on my way

I step aside, and from the vault Let golden Light stream on the highway.

And when I face that Light I find, E'en though its radiant luster blind me,

The shadow that hath vexed my mind Is left forevermore behind me.

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