



King Tommy

BY GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

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CHAPTER XVI—Continued

Either Janet had translated faithfully, or the patriarch understood this Latin. He smiled benignly.

"But," said Tommy, "or rather sed nolo—Oh, look here, Miss Church, tell him that I won't have Calypso driven into marrying me, if she doesn't want to. She said in Berlin that she wouldn't marry me, and if she feels the same way still, she mustn't be bullied into it."

The patriarch explained at some length that the princess's feelings did not matter in the least. He had brought her up himself and taught her the duties of a princess. She would marry the man she was told to marry. This did not satisfy Tommy.

"Tell the patriarch," he said to Janet, "that unless the princess agrees of her own free will, I won't stir a foot in the matter."

But Janet thought the conference had lasted long enough and she was getting chilly about the legs. A stone-floored hall is apt to be draughty at night and she had no stockings on. She said good night to the patriarch and walked off to bed. Tommy was left to his own resources.

He got out his notebook and pencil again. He could not draw a picture of himself refusing the hand of an unwilling princess in the Lystrian Chapel Royal; so he wrote down a Latin sentence. The patriarch did not understand the language as Tommy spoke it, but he must surely be able to read it.

"Nisi regina ne amat," he wrote, "nihil faciam in re."

That, if not in Ciceronian style, was a plain statement of his meaning. The patriarch understood it, smiled and waved his pudgy hand. Then he patted Tommy on the shoulder in a most friendly and confidential manner. Count Albert attempted an explanation in English.

"That is good," he said. "Sehr gut, right. Not true? Please?"

The patriarch ordered more wine. There was much drinking of healths. Tommy's health, the patriarch's, Count Albert's, the health of each attendant priest, Calypso's (all standing), and finally Janet's. The patriarch held up Tommy's sketch of her while he drank.

The party broke up, all sober, but as Tommy said afterward, "Another bottle would have finished us."

The Patriarch Menelaus would not be happy in America. His strict views about marriage might get him into trouble with the people who appreciate the advantages of divorce.

CHAPTER XVII

Tommy slept soundly. At six o'clock in the morning he was half wakened by the sound of a motorcycle passing close under the window of his room. He felt slightly surprised that there should be such things as motor-bicycles in Lystria. But the subject was not interesting enough to rouse him thoroughly. He slept again.

At half past eight he was wakened again, this time thoroughly, and saw Count Albert standing at his bedside. Tommy looked up and bade him a cheerful good morning. The count bowed stiffly. He held two large, leather-covered books, one under each arm. It would have been difficult for him to bow otherwise than stiffly. Behind the count, standing rigidly at attention at the door of the room, were two soldiers with long rifles on which the bayonets were fixed. This surprised Tommy a little, but he bade the soldiers a friendly good morning. He supposed that it must be the custom in Lystria to send part of the army to waken an honored guest in the morning.

Count Albert laid one of his books on Tommy's bed and began turning over the pages of the other. It was a Lystrian-English dictionary. Its compilation had been the life work of the tutor who had taught Count Istvan to read Shakespeare. It had been printed at the expense of King Wladislaws, and was that monarch's solitary contribution to the cause of literature. Ten copies in all had been published. Six of them were lost. One lay on a shelf in the palace of Count Istvan. One was in the cathedral library under the charge of the patriarch. One was kept by the head clerk of the Lystrian house of lords. The remaining one, which Count Albert was using, was in the royal Schloss.

Count Albert found the word he wanted, marked it by digging his thumbnail into the paper, and then handed the book to Tommy. Like most Lystrian words, it was thickly covered with accents, and the letter X was in it several times. The English translation was given as: "Impostor—pretender (historical). One who assumes an identity other than his own. Deceiver."

Count Albert frowned severely to show that he meant everything the

dictionary said. The two soldiers held their rifles at the present to show that they meant it all too.

Count Albert took up the second volume of the dictionary and looked up another word. This time the English translation was: "Arrested." To prevent any possibility of mistake, he pointed first to Tommy, then the two soldiers, and then once more, to the word. Tommy had no excuse for not understanding what his position was.

Count Albert looked out a third word, and once more handed the book to Tommy. This was a short word, consisting of three letters, one of which was an X, and three accents. It meant: "Place of execution," and, according to Count Istvan's Shakespearean tutor, might also be translated: "Gallows, scaffold or guillotine." Count Albert nodded grimly and pointed to the soldiers. Then he said, "Please."

"But not at this hour," said Tommy firmly. "It's simply never done as late as this. The regular time for shooting a man is dawn and that's passed for today. There won't be another till tomorrow. Besides, you're bound to give me some sort of a trial."

He took the dictionary with the intention of looking out "shoot," "down," "tomorrow" and "trial," believing in that way to make his meaning clear. Unfortunately, there was no English-Lystrian part of the dictionary, so the book was useless to him. Count Albert, with the air of a great nation which delivers an ultimatum to a troublesome little tribe, turned to leave the room. Tommy jumped out of bed and stopped him. He could not speak Lystrian and he could not use the dictionary. But he was not quite at the end of his resources. He tore out a blank sheet from the end of the dictionary and wrote a letter.

"Ad Reverendissimum beatissimum, excellentissimum Patriarchum, Lystriae, Archiepiscopum, cum Janetta Ecclesia (Miss Church) conversari volo."

Then he remembered that both Count Istvan and Count Albert used the word "Please" with extraordinary frequency in the most unlikely connections. It was evidently a word to which the Lystrians attached great importance. The ancient Romans apparently did not, for he could not remember a Latin equivalent for it. He added "Si vis" to the end of his letter, and then, in order to make it quite plain that he wanted to be polite, wrote, "Bitte. S'il vous plait, please." He handed the note to Count Albert.

"Patriarch," he said. "Beatitudo, Archbishop, please."

Count Albert scowled, but he took the note. He walked over to the door, opened it, turned, said a farewell "Please," to Tommy, and then went out, leaving the two soldiers on guard.

Tommy got up and dressed. That took him nearly half an hour. Then he smoked a pipe. Then he looked out of the window for a while. The view was entirely uninteresting, for his room looked out on a small courtyard, but it cheered him to observe that there were no signs of the erection of a scaffold. In all the romances he had ever read the scaffolds for the execution of the heroes are put up under the windows of their cells, and they are obliged to listen to the sounds of hammering and sawing even if they have enough strength of mind not to look out.

At ten o'clock the door of his room was opened and a soldier came in bringing some breakfast. The Lys-

trians, alone among central, southern and eastern Europeans, have a good idea of what breakfast ought to be. Except that there was no marmalade, Tommy could not have done better in a first rate London hotel.

At half past ten, before he had finished eating, Janet Church was shown in. Tommy greeted her with an eager flood of questions.

"What's happened?" he asked. "Why am I shut up? Why did that ass, Albert Casimir, wake me up this morning by scowling at me. Why did he shove the great dictionary with the word 'impostor' in it—an enormous dictionary in two volumes? Why did he threaten to hang me or shoot me or guillotine me? I don't know which he meant; but he certainly intends to execute me in some way. And what's the Lystrian for marmalade? I'd like some just to finish off a really good breakfast."

"Who are you?" said Janet.

"I'm the Reverend Thomas A. Norreys, M. A., said Tommy. "You saw my passport in Berlin, so you ought to know."

"Not Lord Norreys?"

"I've told you, I've told the other Casimir, I've told the king, I would have told the princess if she'd have listened to me—I've told every one I've met that I am not Lord Norreys. It would be just as sensible, in fact more sensible, to insist that I'm Colonel Heard. But no matter what I said, nobody ever believed me, except that pompous ass, Von Steinfeldt. I think he did. If necessary I'll swear I'm not Lord Norreys. I'll swear it on Casimir's dictionary if you like, and that's the most impressive looking book I ever saw."

"What convinced them? I'd like to know; for I never could manage to do it myself."

"Two telegrams arrived this morning early," said Janet, "one from Count Istvan Casimir, sent from Berlin, and one from Lord Edmund Troyte, from London. A motorcycle brought them. They said that you're an impostor, and that the real Lord Norreys is in London. Lord Edmund Troyte is Lord Norreys's uncle, so he's certain to know."

"I expect he'll be Miss Temple's aunt soon. I mean to say, she'll be his niece, if half I've heard about her is true. I never was so plagued about anything in my life as I have been about that woman. How did the princess take the news?"

"The patriarch wakened her about seven o'clock to tell her. She came into my room about two minutes later and I never saw a girl so pleased."

"I call that heartless of her," said Tommy. "Worse than heartless, malicious. I never did her any harm. Why on earth should she be pleased at my being hanged?"

"She's not pleased at that. She doesn't think you will be hanged. Nor do I. What delighted her was the thought that you really had nothing to do with Miss Temple."

"If she would have listened to me," said Tommy, "she'd have known that long ago. However, I'm glad she doesn't want to hang me. Perhaps she'll let me out of prison. Why have they shut me up?"

"I've just told you that," said Janet. "They believed you were Lord Norreys and when it turned out you weren't, they imprisoned you, of course."

"I don't see any 'of course' about it. They can't mean to imprison everyone who turned out not to be Lord Norreys. If they did that the prisons would be horribly overcrowded. Don't you think that you could explain that to the patriarch?"

Janet looked doubtful.

"It's a complex idea," said Tommy, "and probably quite new to him. Still, with your knowledge of German—"

Janet had no doubt at all about her ability to explain anything in German.

"I'm afraid," she said "that the patriarch isn't as good at German as he thinks he is. He can understand simple things all right, but when anything unexpected is said to him he doesn't take it in. After the princess and I were dressed this morning he came in and had a long consultation with her. They were still at it when I left. They began in German, but the princess had to give up and talk Lystrian after half an hour or so."

"Were they talking about anything very abstruse? Metaphysics, for instance?"

"They were talking about you," said Janet. "The princess said that she was extremely glad to hear that you were not Lord Norreys, because nothing on earth would have induced her to marry him. She told the patriarch all about Miss Temple and showed him some letter or other."

"I know all about that letter," said Tommy. "How did the patriarch take it?"

"He said the princess was perfectly right, and that no man who behaved as Lord Norreys did could possibly be allowed to be king of Lystria. I gathered that he thought there'd been enough of that sort of thing when the late king was here. I hadn't heard it before, but from what the patriarch said I understand that King Wladislaws was a thoroughly immoral man."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Past Tense
The hill was icy and the big colored woman could not control her footing. "Help! Help! Ah'm slipping!" she screamed, as she began her involuntary journey downward. "Ah'm slipping! Ah'm slipping!" she yelled again.

A few seconds later a man who had heard her cry found her comfortably couched in a snow bank. "Ah'm slipping!" she remarked as she looked up into his face with a grin.—Boston Transcript.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

By F. A. WALKER

VALUE OF MEDITATION

WHETHER among the captains, or in the lowly ranks of the struggling masses, set apart a little bit of time every day for your private use and give every moment of it to serious reflection.

Consider what you are, toward where you are heading and just what part you are playing in the great drama of life.

Be not afraid to grope in the dark, nor ashamed to face the light, for it is only by courage, by repeated approval of self, that you can hope to improve and fit your hand and brain for greater usefulness.

To decide that such a course is of no avail is to admit defeat before you test your prowess in making an effort.

The great men and women of America, whose memories and names are everywhere revered, found their way to the glorious heights through trials, temptations and opposing currents by serious contemplation of their failings and human frailties, the common heritage of mankind.

They found in their silent hours of meditation the ever-burning lamp of hope. After weary months and years they learned how to hold this light above their heads and follow its kindly rays to pleasant places, stumbling now and then, but always regaining their foothold and making sure of their path.

The fault with most people is that they will not take time for searching deliberation of their own condition. They prefer fickle amusement and harmful companionship rather than the substantial essence which builds good character and ennobles the soul.

They unconsciously become so entangled in emotions, and in emotional thoughts, that they gradually stray from the common sod and soar aimlessly among the clouds, dreaming of wealth and influence which they imagine are waiting for them at every turn of the road, over which they go sailing like butterflies, thoughtless of the approaching winter.

In short, they are quite sure that they are going upward, when in truth they are drifting downward to failure, disappointment and tears, all depicted in the final chapter of the book of their inconsiderate lives.

There is nothing wholly impossible to the man or woman who will deliberately penetrate his or her own heart-sanctuary and wrest from it the poisonous thoughts and wanton habits which are ever seeking to incapacitate and destroy.

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WHO SAID

"If grief is to be mitigated, it must either wear itself out or be shared."

THESE words are attributed to Madame Anne Sophie Soymanov Swetchine, the authoress whose works are claimed by both France and Russia.

Madame Swetchine came naturally by her literary ability. Her father was a Soymanov, the founder of the famous academy at Moscow, and it was in such an atmosphere that Madame Swetchine was reared.

In the year 1790 this talented woman married General Swetchine. After her marriage she took up her residence in St. Petersburg and established a salon there which soon became famous for the celebrated personages which visited it. This was about the time of the French Revolution and there were great numbers of the French nobility pouring out of France in order to escape the fury of the mob. Many of these people found their way into Russia, and because of this Madame Swetchine's salon was frequented by some of the best French people.

It was to here that Joseph de Maistre looked for an asylum during the Revolutionary period in France, when any person to whom even the faintest suspicion of royal sympathies attached was in danger. Joseph de Maistre was well known in his own country as a writer on philosophy and religion and he was a statesman as well. He was a devout Roman Catholic and finally persuaded Madame Swetchine to renounce her allegiance to the Greek church and become a communicant of the Roman church.

Madame Swetchine's conversion took place in the year 1815. The year following she moved to Paris where she opened another salon and soon attracted to herself a group of students and literary men and women such as had been her intimates in Russia. There was one difference, however. Since her conversion Madame had become very devoutly religious and her Paris salon partook of an extremely religious atmosphere.

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Continental Currency

The Treasury department says that the various issues of Continental currency were never redeemable by the United States as reorganized under the Constitution. By act of August 4, 1790, it was receivable at the treasury in subscriptions to a loan at the rate of \$100 in Continental money for \$1 in specie. By the act of March 3, 1797, it was declared that said money should be receivable as above until December 31, 1797, and no longer.

In the JUNGLE

With Cheerups and the Quixies
By Grace Bliss Stewart

THE MAGIC EAR MUFFS

"DON'T go any farther, Ranny," screamed Polly Parrot, "or you'll step on it! Goodness, Mr. Cheerups, I was so frightened! Please excuse me for not saying good morning, but my friend Ranny Rhino nearly kicked over your house a minute ago. He really couldn't help it, though. You see, his eyesight is very bad."

"I'm glad to see you both," cried Cheerups, looking out of his door and waving his hand in greeting. "It's a fine morning, Ranny."

"Yes, it is, sir, thank you, sir," stammered Ranny, who was a little confused by Polly's screams. "It really

wasn't my fault that I almost crushed your house. That's just what I came to see you about."

"Well, I'll admit that it is a bit upsetting to be nearly stepped on," said Cheerups, smiling, "but I am sure you didn't do it on purpose, Ranny."

"Oh, no indeed, sir, really I didn't," exclaimed Ranny. "I am not ill-natured if I am not hurt, and I am quite shy, though you might not believe it."

"Something ought to be done for such a good boy, it seems to me," said Cheerups, nodding his topknot merrily. "Now if your hearing were very sharp, it wouldn't matter so much about your eyesight, would it? Quick-ear, Quick-ear! Where is that young scamp, I wonder? Oh, there you are!"

"I want to try my ears right away," he cried. "I believe I could hear the rustle of a butterfly's wing. Oh, thank you, thank you, Mr. Cheerups; I'm so grateful! I'll take you to the finest sugar-cane plantation in Africa any time you want to go. It's just delicious! Or maybe you would like bamboo better."

"Not today, thank you, Ranny," laughed Cheerups. "But come and see us again soon!"

"All right, sir, I will. Good-by, everybody!" and Ranny Rhino trudged away into the jungle, pricking up his ears and listening as he went.

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Ranny Rhino Began to Dance and Frisk About With Joy.

Among the NOTABLES

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

TO STUDY the life of Joseph Rodman Drake, born August 7, 1795, is to study the life of his bosom friend and collaborator, FitzGreen Halleck.

Drake and Halleck belong to the very early period of American literature; they formed part of a set of men who made New York in those days the artistic center of the country. Drake lived on the Bowery (then a very fashionable residence section) and began his real work in life as a physician. But his talent for writing and his love of it were so strong as to cause him to give that up.

With Halleck, he ran a column or department in the New York Evening Post signed "Croaker & Co.," full of clever jests and comment on local celebrities and occasional poems on general matters, which caused much amusement in the little city—for, at that time, everyone knew almost everyone else. Drake's greatest poem was the "Culprit Fay," the first attempt to treat the New World from a romantic standpoint—neither the "Sketch Book" of Irving nor Cooper's "Spy" had yet come out—and was the result of a discussion at a literary club as to whether there were any romantic associations in connection with the rivers of America.

Had Drake lived, there is no telling how great his reputation would have grown. He was, they said, "the handsomest man in New York."

He was much loved, happily married and well off. His fame was growing rapidly when, at the age of twenty-five, he became ill and died.

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A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs

CHILDREN

WHILE there are children round about, With singing romp, and playful rout, Their cheeks aglow with all the wealth Of endless stores of joyous health, And laughter sounding on the air, As though the world were free from care, No matter in what clouds I grope, I'll find the earth a sphere of hope. And go ahead and do my bit (rejoicing that I live in it.)

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that's good! Hurry with the Magic Ear Muffs!" and Quixie Quick-ear struggled up, dragging a pair of ear muffs almost as large as himself.

"Now fit the ear muffs on our friend, Mr. Rhino," said Cheerups.

Quick-ear looked at Softfoot, who had come along to see who the callers were, and Softfoot looked at Quick-ear. How to do it,—that was the question. Suddenly Softfoot whispered something to Quick-ear and up the tree they both scrambled, quick as a flash, pulling the great ear muffs after them. Then from an overhanging bough they dropped the Magic Ear Muffs right down on Ranny Rhino's ears.

Ranny was startled, most dreadfully startled, but he wanted to be polite, because he knew Cheerups was trying to help him. So he tried to look pleasant and his smile grew and grew until it was so wide and alarming that the Quixies thought he was splitting in two. Even Cheerups drew a little nearer to the shelter of his house.

"Now, shake them off, Mr. Rhino!" called Quick-ear and Softfoot from the tree top. And Ranny, with a mighty toss of his head, sent the Magic Ear Muffs flying into the bushes.

"After this," said Cheerups gleefully, "you will have no trouble with your hearing and it won't make so much difference about your eyes."

Ranny Rhino began to dance and frisk about with joy. He looked so like a brown barrel trying to be lively that the Quixies giggled. But his heart was light if his footsteps weren't.

"I want to try my ears right away," he cried. "I believe I could hear the rustle of a butterfly's wing. Oh, thank you, thank you, Mr. Cheerups; I'm so grateful! I'll take you to the finest sugar-cane plantation in Africa any time you want to go. It's just delicious! Or maybe you would like bamboo better."

"Not today, thank you, Ranny," laughed Cheerups. "But come and see us again soon!"

"All right, sir, I will. Good-by, everybody!" and Ranny Rhino trudged away into the jungle, pricking up his ears and listening as he went.

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THE WHY of SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

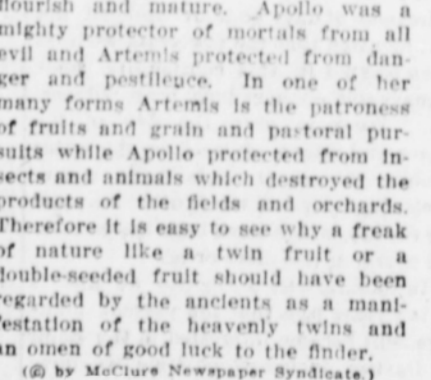
TWIN FRUIT

TO FIND a twin fruit—that is, apples, pears, etc., grown together so as to form one mass—or to run across a fruit which has two stones when it should have but one, is held to be an omen of good luck by the superstitious both in this country and in Europe. This superstition would appear to be an echo of the cult of Apollo and his twin sister, Artemis.

The twin fruit, or the twin stones, are representative of the twin god and goddess. Apollo represented the beneficent and life-giving powers of the sun—that which ripens fruit—and his twin was also a deity of light, but connected with the moon, the source of all moisture, which caused fruit to flourish and mature. Apollo was a mighty protector of mortals from all evil and Artemis protected from danger and pestilence. In one of her many forms Artemis is the patroness of fruits and grain and pastoral pursuits while Apollo protected from insects and animals which destroyed the products of the fields and orchards. Therefore it is easy to see why a freak of nature like a twin fruit or a double-seeded fruit should have been regarded by the ancients as a manifestation of the heavenly twins and an omen of good luck to the finder.

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OPHELIA



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