

King Tommy

By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

Copyright by Bobbs-Merrill Co.—W. N. U. Service

CHAPTER XVIII—Continued

"All Asia Minor is more or less Persian," said Norheys, "and, anyway, I don't want to take an action against her. I don't believe I could even if I wanted to, on account of having got married myself before she did. So that's that; and there's no use worrying."

Troyte was talking fast to someone in the foreign office.

"There'll be the devil of a fuss," said Norheys, "if Uncle Ned stirs up all those ambassadors and people. And they won't like it. Nobody would like it. I say, Uncle Ned!"

Troyte, working steadily through Cable's telegrams, waved an impatient hand at Norheys.

"It's all very fine," said Norheys to me. "Uncle Ned may say what he likes, but they won't like it. No ambassador would like being pulled out of his bed at this hour of the night and set on to chase a princess up and down the Himalaya mountains, as if she was a goat or a chamois or something of that kind. And what I always say is: If nobody wants a thing done, why do it? There are lots of unpleasant things every fellow has to do. Why chip in with unnecessary ones and make everyone uncomfortable?"

"Notify the legations at Sophia," said Troyte into the telephone, "and Prague and Bukarest and Warsaw, and Budapest, and Belgrade—"

"Just listen to him," said Norheys. "Jolly glad I didn't go into the diplomatic service. They wanted me to. You remember that, Uncle Bill? But I was firm about that. 'Not my line at all,' I said. 'Hate complications and always did.' Now I see I was quite right. I simply couldn't stand being set on to persecute some poor girl who'd run off with the chauffeur. And I expect that's what's happened. Looks like it anyhow. What I always say is: If a girl wants to marry a chauffeur, let her, and be jolly thankful it's no worse."

Cable had edged over to the table at which Troyte was sitting at the telephone.

"Tell them," he said, "to engage places for us in the Warsaw express. We must go tomorrow."

"I suppose we must," said Troyte with a sigh.

"Of course we must," said Cable. "Heaven knows what muddle there'll be if we're not there. It's a complicated business and you and I are the only two people who understand the whole of it. Tell them to book two sleepers for us."

"I say," said Norheys. "I say, Uncle Ned, are you really going off to this what-you-call-em place to see the princess?"

Troyte took no notice of this, so I answered for him.

"He must," I said. "As minister for Balkan affairs, it's his duty to have his hand on the helm when the ship is in the rapids."

Norheys turned to his wife, who had been sitting quietly and very comfortably near Troyte left her.

"I say, Vi, old thing, what about it?" She understood him at once, though I confess that I did not.

"I should simply love it," she said, "and you promised that we should have a honeymoon."

"Righto," said Norheys. "I say, Uncle Ned, tell him to book four sleepers, will you. Vi and I are going to trot along with you."

Troyte very nearly dropped the receiver in his astonishment. I was a clever in his astonishment. I was a place a man ought to take his wife for a honeymoon is into the middle of a Balkan war, and that, if I could trust Troyte's judgment, was just what there was going to be.

"You can't go with us," said Troyte. "I'm d-d if you do," said Cable.

"You ought to be pleased to have us," said Norheys. "Wed cheer you up and all that when you're feeling a bit down and out."

"You've done mischief enough already," said Cable. "You shan't go near Lystria if I can stop you."

"I don't suppose you can stop us," said Norheys. "I say, Uncle Ned, do book those sleepers. I promised Vi that she should see the black princess, and she wants to, don't you, Vi?"

"I should like to see Lystria," she said.

"So there you are, Uncle Ned," said Norheys. "You can't go back on Vi when she comes rushing home all the way from Paris just to tell you that she'd married me. Very few girls would have done that."

"I protest strongly," said Cable. "That's no use," said Norheys. "If Uncle Ned won't book the sleepers for us we'll have to go without them. I've got my passport all right. You gave it to me yourself, Uncle Ned, and I'll manage to slip Viola through somehow. You generally can, you know, if you tip the right man. Besides, I might come in useful. You never know. That princess has run off with the chauffeur and the Lystrians may not want him for a king. It's a bit awkward for them. A fellow who's touching his hat to you one day and you have to take yours off to him the next day. Nobody likes to be let in

for that sort of thing. Well, you know, if the worst comes to the worst and they still want a king, I'll be there."

Cable, who had been drumming impatiently with his fingers on the table, moved over suddenly and looked at Norheys. I do not know whether he actually thought that it might still be possible to make Norheys king of Lystria. If the thing were possible, it would certainly be a way out of a nasty situation. Even the Balkan war might be averted.

"I always said," said Norheys, "that I'd no objection to being a king, so long as I didn't have to marry that princess. Well, that part of the program is off now. But if the Lystrians don't care for the chauffeur, why not pop me and Viola on to a couple of thrones? Not that we want to hoof out the princess. We don't. Only just if she happens to have done herself in by skipping off with the chauffeur. And that's the sort of thing it takes a girl a long time to get over—specially if she happens to be a princess—why, in that case what I say is: Why not us?"

Cable is an adventurer with no sense of responsibility and little regard for convention. He may have seriously contemplated financing another revolution in Lystria and setting up Norheys as a king at the end of it. But Troyte is a serious statesman. He could not possibly have regarded Norheys' plan as worthy of consideration. Nevertheless, he agreed to take the young couple to Lystria. It was Viola who persuaded him.

She left her seat, went over to him in the prettiest possible manner, put one arm round his neck and set her



"Do Take Us," She Said. "We Want to Go Most Awfully, and I Ought to Have a Honeymoon, Oughtn't I?"

cheek quite close to his. "Do take us," she said. "We want to go most awfully, and I ought to have a honeymoon, oughtn't I?"

Troyte picked up the telephone receiver again.

"Hello," he said. "Yes, Foreign office. Lord Edmund Troyte speaking again. Did I say two sleepers on the Warsaw express? Well, four will be wanted. Engage four."

"Say five," I said; "I'd rather like to go, too."

Troyte took no notice of me. He laid down the receiver, crossed the room holding Viola's hand, and sat down.

"Why on earth do you want to go?" said Cable.

"Well," I said, "I'm thinking of applying for shares in the oil company of yours, so, of course, I'd like to look into things for myself. And Lord Norheys is my godson, so if you're going to make him a king, I ought to be there to help to crown him. Godparents have duties as well as rights. And, besides, I want to find out who that princess has run away with. I believe myself that my sister Emily's curate has got her, and that Janet Church has gone along with them to be bridesmaid."

I picked up the telephone receiver, and asked for the Foreign office. Cable growled. Troyte lit a cigarette and poured himself out a glass of brandy. Norheys clapped me on the back.

"Good old Uncle Bill!" he said. "I always knew you were a sport. Tell us all about that curate, won't you?"

"That the Foreign office?" I shouted down the telephone. "Yes, I'm speaking for Lord Edmund Troyte. Please engage five sleepers in the Warsaw express tomorrow instead of four. If they haven't that number vacant tell them to put on another coach. Yes. A whole coach. Never mind about the expense. Mr. Cable will settle that whatever it is."

CHAPTER XIX

I did not enjoy the first part of the journey to Lystria, for I was left almost entirely alone. That is always

disagreeable to me, for I am a man of sociable disposition with a very strongly formed habit of conversation. I could not blame Norheys and his wife for deserting us. They were on a honeymoon and it was natural enough that they should shut themselves up together in their own compartment. I did not see them, except at meals in the restaurant car. Troyte and Cable ignored me. Cable resented my being with the party at all and kept Troyte to himself in another compartment on pretense of talking business. They could not talk business in any useful way because they did not know what had happened in Lystria. All they could do was to speculate, and I might have been useful to them there. In fact, my guess about Emily's curate was the only good guess any of them made.

Casimir, Count Istvan, who lives somewhere in that neighborhood, got into the train at Charlottenberg station, just outside Berlin. King Wladislaw joined us at the Friedrichstrasse station farther on. There is not enough room for four people to be comfortable in a wagon-lit's compartment, so Cable, who does not care what he spends, engaged an ordinary first-class compartment farther down the train. There the four, Troyte, Cable, Casimir and the king, settled down. I was not invited to join the party.

Neither the king nor Casimir could cross the frontier into Megalia, but they were willing to go as far as Breslau and tell all they knew about what had happened. Unfortunately, they did not know very much.

Casimir explained that he had all along believed Tommy to be the Lord Norheys. He had regarded the "Reverend Thomas A. Norreys'" passport as a clever trick intended to deceive Von Steineveldt and the Germans while conveying to him the news that Lord Norheys had arrived in Berlin. That would have been an ingenious plan, much more ingenious than anything Troyte or Cable had thought of. It did make Casimir certain that Lord Norheys had arrived. It would, apparently, have deceived Von Steineveldt and his police if their suspicions had not been awakened by what happened in the Mascotte the night after Tommy's arrival. Von Steineveldt heard all about that from one of his spy waiters.

The king also believed that Tommy was Lord Norheys; but he understood the passport differently. His view was that Norheys pretended to be a curate in order to clear himself of the charge of being entangled with Miss Temple. Here he expressed the greatest desire to see Viola, and it was with the utmost difficulty that Troyte kept him from wandering along the train to look for Norheys' compartment. He said that he had particularly admired the way in which Lord Norheys had kept up his pretense, even acting the part of a curate when there was no real need for it.

Then came the question of who Rev. Thomas A. Norreys really was. The king did not know. Nor did Casimir. Casimir could tell exactly what was on the passport, and the king repeated all that Tommy had said about himself. But that got them no further. They had to send for me. Cable was unwilling to do so; but Troyte insisted. Cable remembered that I had said something about a curate.

When I heard the story told by the king and Casimir, I saw at once that my guess was very likely to be right.

"My sister Emily lost a curate early last week," I said. "He was last heard of at the Adlon Hotel in Berlin, where he stayed two nights and then disappeared. The dates—"

We discussed the dates and they fitted in with each other very well. I could not help looking at Cable with an expression of satisfaction. The man had been abominably rude to me since we left London and had snubbed me pitilessly. I did not actually say "I told you so." But I looked as if I thought it.

"Anyhow," said Cable, "no curate would dare to marry the princess."

Like many successful business men, Cable underestimates the courage and ability of the clergy. In all probability he never speaks to a clergyman at all and only sees one once in two years or so clad in a surplice, at some wedding or funeral which he's obliged to attend. A curate in a surplice looks innocent and mild, not at all the kind of a man who would seize a vacant European throne. The same curate on the golf links is a very different person. Besides, Tommy was an exceptional curate. I told them what Emily and Canon Pyke had said about him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Facts About Compass

The angle between the true north and the magnetic north is called the "magnetic variation," and has to be allowed for in navigation. Thus, when the song says "True as the compass to the star," it is talking nonsense because, although the star is fixed, the compass is not. Nevertheless, its variations are well known, so that the compass remains the seaman's most valuable possession.

Pauline Starke



This petite "movie" star was born in Joplin, Mo. She was educated in Kansas City, and lived there until several years ago when her family moved to Los Angeles. Miss Starke has been seen in many pictures that have met general approval. This is one of her latest pictures.

"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

SELMA

IF FAIR names should be given to fair women, Selma is a favorite in feminine nomenclature. It is an old Celtic name, meaning "fair," and named the beautiful daughters of Ireland and Scotland for generation after generation. Finally it spread over the border into England and was straightway adopted as a national favorite.

The Bible records a Selmal, which may be taken as identical with Selma, and the name is thus given a religious significance. The Dutch also have a Selmal which is generally regarded as the equivalent of Selma. Otherwise, there is little history connected with the name, which persisted because its sound, as well as its significance, was fair.

In this country, the South adopted Selma, probably because of its association with feminine beauty and equally because its vowels are well suited to the soft, slurring pronunciation of Dixie. Many lovely Southerners, toasts of Virginia and Carolina counties, have borne the name and more than one state has bestowed the name on one of its towns or smaller cities.

It is fitting that the pearl, symbol of beauty and charm, should be Selma's talismanic gem. It promises her great fascination and the power of attracting admirers. Monday is her lucky day and 5 her lucky number.

Red Oak a Beauty

The red oak, found throughout the eastern half of our country, turns later than most of its hardwood neighbors, says the American Tree association. From a deep green the leaves become a rich red of striking beauty against a yellow background. Even more striking, however, are the autumn colors of the scarlet oak.



(© 1925, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs

THE KINDLY PHILOSOPHER

IF I CAN'T say some good about a feller I'm goin' to keep my mouth shut good and tight. And if I know for certain that he's yeller I'm goin' to try with all my main and might to dig down deep into the inner Him. To see if there ain't somethin' to unfold to show that all his yellerness is so grim. Is but the sign of streaks of hidden gold.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)



In the JUNGLE

With Cheerups and the Quixies
By Grace Bliss Stewart

MRS. TRAPDOOR SPIDER

CHEERUPS gave a gasp of surprise when he discovered that the ground was rising under him. He was standing right in his own front yard, not a step from his little palm-leaf house; and where could any one be safer than in his own front yard? Yet there was no mistake about it, the ground under Cheerups was moving.

With a little spring he jumped to one side and then what do you suppose happened? A small piece of earth like a tiny lid popped right up just where he had been standing and out poked a little head.

"Good morning, Mr. Cheerups," said a small voice from under the lid. "I'm Mrs. Spider, Mrs. Trapdoor Spider, and your nearest neighbor, I guess, so I



"I Am Glad to Know You," Replied Cheerups.

thought I would be friendly and make the first call." With that out climbed Mrs. Spider onto the ground and stood eying Cheerups, as if a little doubtful of her welcome.

"I am glad to know you," replied Cheerups, as cordially as he could for his surprise, "but I never dreamed—"

"No, of course you didn't," cried Mrs. Spider with a merry twinkle in at least six of her eight round eyes. "Nobody would be expected to dream of a neighbor's house right under his nose, or his toes rather. But that's the best part of it, you see, sir! My house is tucked

away so snugly under your yard that you would hardly notice that I'm there. Do you think you'll mind?"

"Not at all, not at all," chuckled Cheerups, beginning to be amused. "But I would like to know something about this curious house of yours. How do you build it?"

"I don't; I just dig it," hummed Mrs. Spider. "I dig with my fangs way down deep into the earth—oh, about two feet—then I carry away all the dirt I've dug out and hide it, so no one will know I have been digging. Now I call that clever, don't you?"

"I should say so," gasped Cheerups, growing more and more astonished every minute.

"And now you are wondering why my house doesn't get wet in a heavy shower," continued Mrs. Spider. "But you see, I always choose a location where the water will run off—the side of a bank, for instance—and I make my tunnel turn a little to one side at the bottom."

"Then it's just the shape of a stocking, isn't it?" cried Cheerups, clapping his hands.

"Well, whatever a stocking may be I don't know," sniffed Mrs. Spider, "but I find that a comfortable way to build, anyway."

"Why, don't you know about stockings, Mrs. Spider?" said Cheerups. "They are what boys and girls hang up on Christmas Eve and find full of sweetmeats and nuts and lovely presents in the morning."

"Bless me, but you do say funny things, Mr. Cheerups!" sputtered Mrs. Spider, growing a little cross. "These above-earth folks, with their queer ways and big words, are beyond my understanding. The sensible ones all live below ground, I guess."

"Oh, please do excuse me, Mrs. Spider," pleaded Cheerups. "I was only teasing a little, and honestly, I wouldn't miss the rest of your story for anything. I just can't wait to hear more about that wonderful house."

"Well, it isn't very polite to interrupt, I must say, Mr. Cheerups," said Mrs. Spider with a gentle little hum. "But if you be good, I'll go on, and maybe I will tell you how I furnish my house, too."

(© by Little Brown & Co.)

THE WHY OF SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

THE MOON AND INSANITY

HOW universal was formerly the belief there was a direct connection between the moon and insanity is shown by the fact that our words, lunacy and lunatic, are derived directly from Luna, the Latin name of the Roman moon goddess corresponding with the Greek Selene. Luna was the various personifications of the moon which existed in all mythologies and of which Isis of the Egyptians appears to have been the original. It used to be a common belief, among sailors especially, that if a person slept in the moonlight he was liable to go mad. That superstition is still in existence as is also the more common one that lunatics are more violent when the moon is at the full. Even Thackeray, in his story of "Catherine," appears to credit this mistaken belief; and it is not so very long ago that responsible physicians began to doubt the theory.

It is very common superstition today that to sleep in the moonlight is dangerous—that "something will happen" to one who does so, a belief surviving from the insanity superstition.

This idea of the connection between the moon and insanity is derived from the belief of the ancients that inspiration and madness were closely connected. The prophetess of the Delphic shrine worked herself into a frenzy before she uttered her oracles and the priests of the moon goddess bathed themselves in her refulgent beams to obtain inspiration and declined from her altars after the manner of madmen.

Modern medical science declares that there is not the slightest connection between the moon and insanity and modern research shows that the whole idea is a superstition surviving from the days when the priests of Isis by the banks of the Nile waved their wild arms toward their shining goddess and with "eyes in fine frenzy rolling" declaimed her oracles to an awe-struck people.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Wit Saved Situation

The wastrel son had come to the end of his resources, and sent a piteous appeal to his father for funds, saying that if they were not forthcoming he would starve to death. He received this crushing reply in the form of a telegram: "As you have made your bed, so must you lie on it." The quick-witted scape-grace was equal to the occasion, and wired back: "Haven't a bed. The sheriff took it yesterday." A substantial check was the reward for his wit.

Among the NOTABLES

NELSON MILES

NELSON A. MILES, one of our greatest soldiers, was born in Massachusetts August 8, 1839, and lived through some of the most wonderful events the country has ever seen.

When he was in his teens, he went to Boston and found employment in a crockery store—a tame enough occupation. But he had studied military science and, when the Civil war broke out, he raised a company of volunteers and enlisted with them as their commander. That ended his mercantile career and began an extremely illustrious military one. He fought through the war, though wounded a couple of times, and steadily rose in rank, being decorated for services at Chancellorsville and at Fair Oaks. By the end of the war, he was in command of an army corps.

But there was more work left for a man of his abilities. He was sent out to subdue the Indians—indeed, he got the nick name of "Indian Fighter Miles." He brought the Cheyenne and the Comanche Indians to terms, chased the famous Sitting Bull over the border into Canada, and conquered the terrible Apaches. He was sent abroad as the country's representative to attend Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee, and, a year later, was nominally in charge of the military operations in the Spanish-American war. Actually, though, he directed the almost unopposed Porto Rico expedition, doing some very wonderful sanitation work in the islands afterwards.

(© George Matthew Adams.)

Time's Heavy Hand Had Made Changes

Two brothers, who thirty-nine years ago in their home in Germany looked so much alike that their friends sometimes confused them, met recently in Massillon and failed to recognize each other until they were introduced, says the Canton (Ohio) Repository.

They were Henry Laschinske, of Canton, and his brother Carl, who had just come to this country with his family. When the former came to America thirty-nine years ago he was twenty-two years old and left his nineteen-year-old brother, Carl, at home in Germany. The arrival of the latter and his family in this country was unannounced. When the two met at the home of Miss Mary Kutrib, of Massillon, neither knew that he was face to face with his brother.

They chatted for some time before Miss Kutrib introduced them to each other as brothers. Then they lost no time in calling up boyhood memories.

fill the
the
vo
K
Nu
men
one
out b
If p
be a
to the
Hendon
On s
paper,
ably fo
Transcr
Mrs. I
Emma's
to go in
it.—Bost
In
Driv
in close
thus form
wide.
You W
Very well
Business M
al, Calcula
phic, Penn
ery Course
Behr
The forem
Northwest
Awards and
school in An
Catalog. Fo
Portland, Or