

# King Tommy

By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

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## CHAPTER XX

The king and Casimir left us at Breslau. There was no help for that. Neither one nor other of them would have been allowed to cross the frontier. The Megalian government was determined not to have Wladislaws on the throne of Lystria again. And they knew Casimir for a persistent plotter.

They said good-by to us with regret which was quite unfeigned. It must have been intensely annoying to Casimir to miss the last scene of the drama he had planned. It was not working out exactly as he planned it, which made the end all the more exciting for him. What should we find at the Schloss Amberg when we got there? What would Casimir have found if he could have been with us? A wedding and a coronation? The public execution of a pretender to the throne? A counter-revolution, with the Megalian troops in possession of the schloss? A patriarch prime minister under a new monarchy, or—such things have happened in Russia, which is not very far away—a martyred archbishop?

For King Wladislaws the turn of events was even more thrilling. He had developed a personal liking for Tommy, and in his own way, he was really fond of Calypso. For all he knew when he said good-by to us at Breslau, she might be a queen, a prisoner of state, a fugitive among the mountains, a widow, a bride, or an exceedingly indignant young woman anxious for vengeance on everyone concerned in the trick which had been played on her.

I felt very sorry for the king when he had to say good-by to us at Breslau. He is the only king I ever met personally and I liked him. I do not wonder that there is a strong monarchical reaction in Europe at present. If there are many kings like Wladislaws, it is natural enough that their people should want to have them back. Democratic institutions are all very well in their way, but they invariably end in elected presidents. Presidents—I have known three or four in my time—are stodgy compared to King Wladislaws, and Europe does nowadays want a little brightness.

Europe has so long been used to the pomp and pageantry of monarchy that it is hard for the people to accustom themselves to the simplicity of republics. Of course the socialistic element is perfectly satisfied, or at least that wing of the socialists that is not looking for something more radical than republics and seeking communistic forms of government, but there are but few of that class in Lystria.

The next part of our journey was accomplished in much faster time than Tommy and the princess had done it in. We crossed the frontier in a train, for we had no fear of being stopped, and did not feel, as they did, the necessity for keeping off the main traffic routes. We had only twenty-five miles to go by motor. I fancy that we had the same car and the same driver that Tommy did; though I cannot be sure about this. Men of the bearded brigand type are common enough in Lystria and many of them may be chauffeurs. If I kept a car in London—a thing which I cannot afford to do—I should try to persuade the Lystrian chauffeur to come home with me. He would give an air of aristocratic distinction to any car.

But I was not so concerned about the air of distinction just at that time. I wanted to reach the frontier, I wanted to be where I could feel that we were safe, and I was not feeling that way with that brigand-looking individual at the wheel. He would be all right in London where there was a bobby on every corner to offer protection if it were needed, but it was different on the lonely roads we were traveling.

If I had time and aptitude for the literary guidebook style of writing, I should describe our journey through that beautiful and little-known part of Europe. I am sure that people would like to read about the mountains, torrents, villages, long-horned oxen, ruined fortresses and so forth. However, the thing will be done, far more competently than I could hope to do it. Cable has conceived the idea of developing Lystria as a tourist resort as soon as he has the oil industry in working order. He intends to hire a couple of our best-known literary men—he even mentioned the names of those he had in mind—to write the country up. "Lotus Eating in Lystria," I suppose, "with Six Colored Illustrations"; and perhaps "The Beautiful Bypaths Series, Lystria, by— With ten photographs of the author." Cable is extraordinarily thorough. He is writing to an American literary paper for the name of the best-known poetess "raised on their side." He means to commission her to do some Lystrian Lyrics. It is plainly no use my entering into competition with such people by describing the scenery, manners, costumes, customs and morals of the Lystrians. They are a nice people, and they have a beautiful country, but my only interest just then was to get through

it as fast as possible. I was not specially enjoying the scenery, was not noticing the mountains, the torrents, the villages, the pastoral scenes or the ruined fortresses except to note the speed at which we passed them. The quicker we could get by it, all the better pleased I would be. At another time I might return to admire the scenery.

We caught our first glimpse of the Schloss Amberg just as Tommy did, from the top of the hill on the other side of the valley. It was decked with flags. They hung out of every window, fluttered from every flagstaff—and were festooned along the walls. "I wonder what that means," said Troyte.

"Looks like a king's birthday show," said Norheys. "Wladislaws might have told us what to expect." "Much more likely to be the princess' wedding," said Cable.

"Perhaps," I said, "it may be a public rejoicing at the death of Emily's curate. I shall be sorry if they've executed him."

The car slid down toward the valley and the stream that ran through it. It was going at a comfortable pace—comfortable because it was rapid. The chauffeur was missing the bumps, and the speed at which we were traveling did not seem to be as fast as it actually was, because of the quality of his driving.

The car crossed the bridge and began to climb up the twisty road to the gate of the schloss. Suddenly a salute was fired by the guns on the walls. They did not all go off at once, and they were not very big guns, but they made quite an impressive amount of noise. Every rifle about the place was shot off at or about the same time, adding a clatter to the din. Our bearded chauffeur, who had been getting more and more excited since we saw the flags, lost control of himself altogether when he heard the guns. He stood up, waved his arms wildly and shouted. There are nasty steep banks on each side of the road. If Norheys, who was sitting in front of the car, had not grabbed the steering wheel, we should certainly have left the road and gone rolling over and over till we reached the river in the valley. In that case we should none of us have heard what had happened about the princess and Tommy. I should have been sorry, for I was full of curiosity.

We left the car at the gate of the schloss and passed into the courtyard. It was half full of soldiers. I fancy that the whole Lystrian army was drawn up there in a square. Many of them were still firing off their rifles. The officers were waving their swords.

Something unusual was happening, but what? All the excitement portended some great event, something in which the entire populace of Lystria was intensely interested. In what way did it concern us, if at all?

We were just in time. Through the door of the chapel at the opposite side of the courtyard came the sound of the wedding march, played on the organ. Tommy, with the princess on his arm, walked out amid deafening cheers. Immediately behind them came Janet Church, a solitary and most unattractive-looking bridesmaid. Behind her thronged the Lystrian nobility. All the Count Casimirs were there, except Istvan. The half-dozen or so nobles with other names were also there. Janet, in an old gray tweed dress, and our party in our traveling clothes were the only commonplace people. The princess was splendid in a dress much finer, also much longer, than the one she had worn when she danced at the Mascotte. Tommy had been fitted out by Count Albert Casimir in a very handsome crimson silk suit with a jacket laced, hussar fashion, with gold. I noticed that he wore one of his own clerical collars round his neck. Perhaps that was his idea of full dress for a ceremonial occasion. Perhaps he did it to please the patriarch. The nobles were gorgeous. No one who has not seen the Lystrian nobility in their best clothes has any idea how magnificent clothes can be. People who understand dressing-up as the Lystrians do ought to have a king of their own. They would be wasted in the drab monotony of a republic. I think Troyte felt this as he looked at the magnificent scene before us. Fortunately, the sun shone brightly. Every color had its full value. Everything that could glitter glittered brilliantly.

Last of all, attended by an amazing number of clergy, the patriarch came from the chapel choir. He wore—but I am not well up in the language of ecclesiastical millinery. His garments may have been copes, chasubles, dalmatics or albs. Whatever they were, they seemed to me to be made of shimmering gold. If they ever disestablish and disendow the church in Lystria, the sale of the patriarch's vestments will go a long way toward paying off the national debt.

The procession moved slowly across the square until Tommy caught sight of us. The moment he did he stopped, and of course everyone else stopped too. He had never seen any of us be-

fore, and though we knew who he must be, he could only guess who we were. He turned to Janet Church for help.

Janet knew me and introduced me. I presented the rest of the party. At least, I began the presentation. I had only got as far as Norheys when the princess interrupted me. She rushed forward, threw her arms around Viola's neck and kissed her heartily on both cheeks.

"I know you're Miss Temple," she said.

"Lady Norheys," I corrected. "You may call her Viola Temple if you like," said Norheys. "What I always say is: When anybody has a name which everybody else knows them by, why not call them it? That's what I said when fellows began to stop calling me Bunny, after I became Norheys, don't you know? I dare say now," he said to Tommy, "that you've often heard of me as Bunny Troyte, and scarcely know me as Norheys. It's just the same with Viola, only, of course, more so, on account of her being much more famous than any of the rest of us."

He was undoubtedly right concerning the "fame" which Miss Viola Temple, as one of the most popular stage dancers of the British metropolis, had enjoyed. That fact had been at the bottom of Lord Troyte's scheme of the Lystrian marriage. With the cool, far-seeing wisdom for which he was noted he had seen in the union a double purpose, the saving of his nephew from an undesirable alliance with a dancer who did not happen to be a princess, and the exploitation of the Lystrian oil fields in the interests of England. He had once remarked to me, when we both felt that we must "save" Norheys from Viola Temple:

"If England is to hold her place in the van of the world's progress she must control an adequate supply of oil. With an English king on the throne of Lystria and an English company at work in the oil fields—"

Troyte is a great statesman. Only a great statesman could or would say a thing like that. Only a sincerely patriotic man could have conceived such a scheme.

The princess, one arm still around Viola's neck, cooed into her ear: "I'm so glad you've got him safe. I wouldn't have taken him from you for anything. And now I'm married, too. Isn't it splendid? And only for your beautiful letter perhaps neither ever would have been."

"I should like," said Troyte with dignity, "to have some conversation with the patriarch."

The patriarch, it seemed, wanted to have some conversation with Troyte. He had been pushing his way through the excited nobles while the princess was kissing Viola. As soon as he had secured a place for himself in the front row, he made a speech.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Beauty at Least Had Her Interest Aroused

They were dancing lightly and he held her tightly in his manly arms. He closed his eyes for a time and danced here and there in ecstasy. She looked up into his face and suddenly his eyes opened. The music stopped.

"Come, let's go out on the porch," he muttered thickly. He stole a glance at his partner. Never had he seen so ravishing a beauty. He could resist no longer. He took her in his arms.

"Oh, darling, I love you so. Say you will be mine." She looked again into his eyes.

"I'm not rich like Jawn Brown, and I haven't a car, or home, or cellar like his, but I do love you and want you terribly."

Two soft, snow-white arms reached around his neck, and two ruby lips whispered in his ear: "Where is this man Brown?"—Boston Beanpot.

## Where Wives Are Boss

What a visiting sea captain calls "the harems" are to be found among the Marquesas Islands of the South seas. The bulky, brown Amazonian women are unspoil by association with oriental ideas, and collect half a dozen husbands or more. The collection is done by the simple expedient of driving the man with a bamboo pole into the harem, thrashing him well to make him thoroughly understand who is in command—and setting him to work on the coconut plantation or at the housework. These conditions only obtain in the islands that are unvisited by steamships. The windjammer trader is the only white man who finds the natives in their primitive condition.

## Remarkable Doctor

Casey—O! can. Faith, he's a mighty foina docter. Last Siptimber when little Katie wor prostrated wid diftharia an' braythin her last brith, O! said: "Doctor, will she live till marnin'?" He said: "Dinnis, don't worry. She will live," he said, "till many years after ye're dead an' under the sod."

Murphy—An' did she?  
Casey—She did.—Boston Transcript.  
Murphy—An' can ye ricomind him?

## Dorothy Devore



Popular Dorothy Devore, "movie" star, in her most recent picture, is wearing jewelry which she advises is fashionable for evening occasions. She says, "Jewelry itself is always beautiful, but it is an asset only when it helps bring out your good points."

## Among the NOTABLES

### DU BARRY

BORN August 19, 1746, of a poor woman, in the little French town of Vancoeurs, and rising to be mistress of Louis V, and really ruler of France—such is the career of Marie Jeanne Du Barry.

She was placed in a convent in Paris, and at sixteen entered a milliner's shop. Here her beauty began to bring her notice, and her frank, sweet manners brought all the young dandies and titled men flocking round her. Morality was a cheap thing, then, it seems. At all events, the girl willingly went to live in the house of an adventurer, Jean du Barry, where her presence drew a big circle of men whose money he won by gambling. The brother of Jean was persuaded to become her nominal husband—so the girl became the Comtesse Jeanne Du Barry, and was duly presented at court.

From that time, she ruled Louis XV absolutely, up to the very day of his death. Courtiers and ministers existed by her favor alone. Louis lavished jewels on her and built her a wonderful palace at Luciennes. After his death, she was banished, but the queen interceded and Du Barry was given a pension and permission to live on at her palace. Benjamin Franklin, and all the other celebrities of the time, visited her here, and were charmed by her gracious ways and quick wit. She was one of the victims of the Revolution and was beheaded in Paris in 1793.

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## AN ABBREVIATED STORY

### BLOTTER PADDOCK

BLOTTER PADDOCK gulped with a miserable glooping sound.

"Is there—is there someone else?" he husked.

She nodded perpendicularly.

"Yes," she admitted, and added defiantly, "Frivol Sassoon."

"Frivol Sassoon!" he repeated scornfully. "Gladys, you must be mad! Frivol Sassoon is a cad, a boonder, a mutt, an unscrupulous rascal, an unmitigated boob, a dolt and a jackass. He snores, scrapes his feet when he walks, tells terrible falsehoods and doesn't pay his bills. You must be mad, mad!"

Her rather short but fascinating upper lip curled sneeringly.

"Do you think it is very sportsmanlike," she asked coldly, "to run down a rival, no matter how successful?"

He bit his lip, then let it go again. For it was his lip, he realized, after all.

"I accept the rebuke," he said meekly. "I—I apologize, Gladys, not only to you, but to that unspeakable poltroon Frivol Sassoon. And—and—Gladys, if ever he fails to pay you your wages (as he surely will, the indescribable crook) say you will come and cook for me and Mrs. Paddock!"

Moved more than she cared to say by his emotion, she nodded gently and swept away Sassoonward.

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### Electrified Country

Schoharie valley, one of the most fertile sections of New York state, is rapidly becoming an electrified countryside. A network of electric distribution lines covering approximately 50 miles provides the farmers of this section with water-power produced electricity and additional electric service lines are being erected all the time.

# In the JUNGLE

With Cheerups and the Quixies  
By Grace Bliss Stewart

## JERRY JERBOA'S JOKE

"TEE hee hee, tee hee hee," chuckled a very small voice right at Cheerup's elbow. "I've just thought of the funniest thing!"

"I think you might tell a fellow, so he could laugh too," said Cheerups, catching sight of a small sand-colored animal on the ground close beside him. "It isn't fair to keep good jokes to one's self."

"Merely, no; I didn't mean to," said the small animal. "I'm Jerry Jerboa, sir, and I ask you, as man to man, don't I look like a bird? Just watch



"Now, Tell Me, Wouldn't You Take Me for a Bird?"

me hopping around here on my long hind legs and look at my two fore feet, so short and tucked up against my breast that you would hardly notice them. Now, tell me, wouldn't you take me for a bird, Mr. Cheerups?"

"Well," said Cheerups doubtfully, "maybe I would at a little distance, maybe I would. You do look something like one."

"There!" cried Jerry gleefully. "I told you I looked like a bird, and the joke is that I'm not one! No, sir, not at all, as you would know if you noticed my long tail with its jolly tuft of hair on the end. A great blessing, that tail, I can tell you. When I am leaping about, I just stretch it out and keep my balance beautifully."

"You are very lucky to have such a good rudder, Mr. Jerboa," said Cheerups, "and I see that you are just the color of sand, too. Do you live in the Great Desert?"

"Yes, sir, you've guessed it the very first thing. My, but you are clever, Mr. Cheerups," cried Jerry Jerboa. "I

live in a burrow in the sand, and you are right about my being lucky, of course, because my color almost matches the Desert and I can hardly be seen; but there is one thing which troubles me a little: the sand is so slippery that I find it hard to get a good hold with my two usable feet, and you have to have a good hold when you are jumping."

"Maybe my Quixie Softfoot can help you, Jerry, if he hasn't run away today," said Cheerups.

"Here I am, sir—did I hear my name, sir? And you wouldn't be wanting the Magic Slippers by any chance, would you, sir?" piped Softfoot, running up and tugging at a large pair of slippers as he came.

"Just in time, Softfoot," shouted Cheerups. "Now, Jerry, put on these Magic Slippers and I think your troubles will be over."

"Over! Well, I guess they would," laughed Jerry, looking up at the great slippers, which towered above him. "Everything would be over with me if I once got lost in those slippers. But if you are really serious, Mr. Cheerups, I'll try them—here goes!" and with one bound Jerry Jerboa jumped into the slippers and was lost to view. Only a faint chuckle was heard, and a voice from their depths said: "Well, this is the greatest joke of all. The whole of me is in one slipper."

"Now come out, quick," called Softfoot, and out leaped Jerry, smiling but still doubtful about this strange performance.

"If you will take a look at your feet now, Jerry, you will find that your jolly good tail isn't the only thing which has long hairs on it. Your feet are covered with them, and there will be no more slipping on the sand," said Cheerups kindly.

"Well, I must say that's nice," cried Jerry, "and I am most grateful to you both, and the slipper as well. I managed to get into only one."

"Remember, too, that the hairs on your feet will keep the hot sands from burning them," said Cheerups.

"Well, I don't go out very often in the daytime, Mr. Cheerups, for the darkness seems safer. I made a special exception of this, so as not to disturb your sleep. But I don't know when I've had such a good time. I wish you would come out to the Great Desert some evening. I would invite in a few friends and we'd have a lovely time," chirped merry little Jerry Jerboa, as he hopped away through the Jungle.

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## THE WHY OF SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

### YOUR EARS

THE researches of the American Folk-Lore society show that it is a general superstition in this country that small ears indicate that a person is stingy; large ears that he is generous. This is one of the many superstitions—some of them traceable to very remote periods—which may be classed under the general head of physical characteristics. Some of the superstitions with regard to the significance of physical characteristics "have been expanded into pseudo-sciences and fill whole libraries of learned misinformation," as Professor Newell has remarked.

In many cases the significance assigned to certain physical characteristics would appear at first glance to be purely arbitrary in its designation. This, however, is in all probability not the fact. It is merely that the link which connects them with their origin has been lost and cannot be recovered; when the significance was first assigned to the characteristic there was a reason for that assignment which has been forgotten by the ages.

The other class of physical characteristic superstitions are those which are founded upon analogies—the physical quality suggests a spiritual one which it is, therefore, taken to indicate. In this latter class is the superstition with regard to ears. Generous sized ears, a generous disposition; small-sized "stingy" ears, a stingy disposition.

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## A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs

### AN APPRECIATIVE VISITOR

DON'T know where I come from. Don't know where I'm goin'. Lots of things in this world we've no way of knowin'. But I'll tell you one thing—tis a world of beauty, Full o' glad surprises, mighty rich and fruity, And if e'er I leave it for some other track, If the Fates'll let me I'm a-comin' back!

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## "What's in a Name?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

### VALERIE

OF ENVIABLE portent is Valerie, the charming and aristocratic name which has usage only among the highest classes in this country, but is a common favorite abroad. It signifies "healthy" and comes from the old Latin word "valeo," meaning "to be healthy." Since among the Romans sound health was believed to make a man valiant, the name was applied to the old Sabine Valerian gens, one of the most notable and oldest in Rome, who had a little throne to themselves and were allowed to bury their dead within the walls of the city.

The first Valeria at Rome was the public-spirited lady who took the lead in persuading the mother of Coriolanus to intercede with her son to lay his vengeance aside and spare his mother-city. Valerie rose to fame in France but quickly spread throughout Europe and crossed the channel into England. Another form of the name, Valentina, was also popular. Valentina Visconti was the wife of the duke of Orleans, brother of Charles VI of France. She was one of the brightest lights in that corrupt court.

The ruby is Valerie's talismanic gem. It is believed to insure her courage and the ability to acquire wealth.

It is also a charm to ward off danger and evil influence. Tuesday is her lucky day and 5 her lucky number.

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