

Long Live The King

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

The bare little room appened to the boy. "It's very nice, isn't it?" he said. "There's nothing to full over."

"And but little to sit on," old Adelbert added dryly. "However, two people require but two chairs. Here is one."

But the boy would not sit down. He ranged the room, frankly curious, exclaimed at the pair of ring doves who lived in a box tied to the window sill, and asked for crumbs for them. Adelbert brought bread from his small store.

The boy cheered him. His interest in the old saber, the intencness with which he listened to its history, the politeness with which he ignored his host's infirmity, all won the old man's heart.

These Americans downstairs were not all bad, then. They were too rich, of course. No one should have ment three times a day, as the meat seffer reported they did. And they were paying double rent for the apartment below. But that, of course, they could not avoid, not knowing the real charge.

The boy was frankly delighted. And when old Adelbert brought forth from his basket a sausage and, boiling it lightly, served him a slice between two pieces of bread, an odd friendship was begun that was to have unforeseen consequences. They had broken bread together.

Gradually, over the meal, and the pigeons, and what not, old Adelbert unbudened his heart. He told of his years at the opera, where he had kept his glasses clean and listened to the music until he knew by heart even the most difficult passages. He told of the crown prince, who always wished opera glasses, not because he needed them, but because he liked to turn them wrong end before, and thus make the audience appear at a great distance. And then he told of the loss of his position.

The American had listened politely, but his mind was on the crown prince. "Does he wear a crown?" he demanded. "I saw him once in a carriage, but I think he had a hat. When will he be a king?"

"When the old king dies. He is very old now. I was in a hospital once, after a battle. And he came in. He put his hand on my shoulder, like this"—he illustrated it on the child's small one—"and said—"Considering that old Adelbert no longer loved his king, it is strange to record that his voice broke.

"Will he die soon?" Bobby put in. He found kings as much of a novelty as to Prince Ferdinand William Otto they were the usual thing.

"Who knows? But when he dies, the city will learn at once. The great bell of the cathedral, which never rings save at such times, will toll. They say it is a sound never to be forgotten. I, of course, have never heard it. When it tolls, all in the city will fall on their knees and pray. It is the custom."

Bobby, reared to strict Presbyterianism and accustomed to kneeling but once a day, and that at night beside his bed, in the strict privacy of his own apartment, looked rather startled. "What will they pray for?" he said.

And old Adelbert, with a new bitterness, replied that the sons of kings needed much prayer. Sometimes they were hard and did cruel things.

"And then the crown prince will be a king," Bobby reflected. "If I were a

Bobby's eyes opened wide. "Who did it?"

"Terrorists," said old Adelbert. And would not be persuaded to say more. That night at dinner Bobby Thorpe delivered himself of quite a speech. He sat at the table, and now and then, when the sour-faced governess looked at her plate, he slipped a bit of food to his dog, which waited beside him.

"There's a very nice old man upstairs," he said. "He has a fine sword, and ring doves, and a wooden leg. And he used to rent opera glasses to the crown prince, only he turned them around. I'm going to try that with yours, mother. We had sausage together, and he has lost his position, and he's never been on the scenic railway, father. I'd like some tickets for him. He would like riding, I'm sure, because walking must be pretty hard. And what I want to know is this: Why can't you give him a job, father?"

"What sort of a job, son? A man with one leg!"

"He doesn't need legs to chop tickets with."

The governess listened. She did not like Americans. Barbarians they were, and these were of the middle class, being in trade. For a scenic railway is trade, naturally. Except that they paid a fat salary, with an extra month at Christmas, she would not be there.

"He means the old soldier upstairs," said Bobby's mother softly. She was a gentle person. Her eyes were wide and childlike, and it was a sort of religion of the family to keep them full of happiness.

This also the governess could not understand. "So the old soldier is out of work," mused the head of the family. Head, thought the governess! When they would him about their fingers! She liked men of sterner stuff. In her mountain country the men did as they wished, and sometimes bent their wives by way of showing their authority. Under no circumstances, she felt, would this young man ever beat his wife. He was a weakling.

The weakling smiled across the table at the wife with the soft eyes. "How about it, mother?" he asked. "Shall the firm of Bobby and I offer him a job?"

"I would like it very much," said the weakling's wife, dropping her eyes to hide the pride in them.

"Suppose," said the weakling, "that you run up after dinner, Bob, and bring him down. Now sit still, young man, and finish. There's no such hurry as that."

And in this fashion did old Adelbert become ticket chopper of the American Scenic Railway.

And in this fashion, too, commenced that odd friendship between him and the American lad that was to have so vital an effect on the very life itself of the Crown Prince Ferdinand William Otto of Livonia.

Late that evening, old Adelbert's problem having been solved, Peppy the maid and Bobby had a long talk. Peppy sat in a low chair by the tiled stove in the kitchen, and knitted a stocking with a very large foot.

"What I want to know is this," said Bobby, swinging his legs on the table: "What are the terrorists?"

Peppy dropped her knitting, and stared with open mouth. "What know you of such things?" she demanded.

"Well, terrorists killed the crown prince's father, and—"

Quite suddenly Peppy leaped from her chair, and covered Bobby's mouth with her hand. "Hush!" she said, and stared about her with frightened eyes. Then, in a whisper: "They are everywhere. No one knows who they are, nor where they meet. I myself," she went on impressively, "crossing the place one night late, after spending the evening with a friend, saw a line of cats moving in the shadows. One of them stopped and looked at me." Peppy crossed herself. "It had a face like the Franklin in there."

Bobby stared with interest through the doorway. The governess did look like a cat. "Maybe she's one of them," he reflected aloud.

"Oh, for God's sake, hush!" cried Peppy, and fell to knitting rapidly. Nor could Bobby elicit anything further from her. But that night, in his sleep, he saw a crown prince, dressed in velvet and ermine, being surrounded and attacked by an army of cats, and went, shivering, to crawl into his mother's bed.

CHAPTER X.

The Committee of Ten.

On the evening of the annual day of mourning, the party returned from the fortress. The archduchess slept. The crown prince talked, mostly to Hedwig, and even she said little. After a time the silence affected the boy's high spirits. He leaned back in his chair on the deck of the launch, and watched the flying landscape.

It was almost dark when the launch arrived at the quay. The red carpet was still there, and another crowd,

Had Prince Ferdinand William Otto been less taken up with finding one of his kid gloves, which he had lost, he would have noticed that there was a scuffle going on at the very edge of the red carpet, and that the beggar of the morning was being led away, between two policemen, while a third, running up the river bank, gingerly deposited a small round object in the water, and stood back. It was merely one of the small incidents of a royal outing, and was never published in the papers. But Father Gregory, whose old eyes were far sighted, had seen it all. His hand—the hand of the church—was on the shoulder of the crown prince as they landed.

The boy looked around for the little girl of the bouquet. He took an immense interest in little girls, partly because he seldom saw any. But she was gone.

When the motor which had taken them from the quay reached the palace, Hedwig roused the archduchess, whose head had dropped forward on her chest. "Here we are, mother," she said. "You have had a nice sleep."

But Annunciata muttered something about being glad the wretched day was over, and every one save Prince Ferdinand William Otto seemed glad to get back. The boy was depressed. He felt, somehow, that they should have enjoyed it, and that, having merely endured it, they had failed him again.

The countess, having left her royal mistress in the hands of her maids, went to her own apartment. She was not surprised, on looking into her mirror, to find herself haggard and worn. It had been a terrible day. Only a second had separated that gaping lens in her bag from the eyes of the officers about. Never, in an adventurous life, had she felt so near to death. Even now its cold breath chilled her.

However, that was over, well over. She had done well, too. A dozen pictures of the fortress, of its guns, of even its mine chart as it hung on a wall, were in the bag. Its secrets, so securely held, were hers, and would be Kari's.

It was a cunningly devised scheme. Two bags, exactly alike as to appearance, had been made. One, which she carried daily, was what it appeared to be. The other contained a camera, tiny but accurate, with a fine lens. When a knob of the fastening was pressed, the watch slid aside and the shutter snapped. The pictures when enlarged had proved themselves perfect.

Pleading fatigue, she dismissed her maid and locked the doors. Then she opened the sliding panel, and unfastened the safe. The roll of film was in her hand, ready to be deposited under the false bottom of her jewel case.

Within the security of her room, the countess felt at ease. She even sang a little, a bit of a ballad from her native mountains.

Still singing, she carried the jewel case to her table, and sat down before it. Then she put a hand to her throat.

The lock had been forced.

A glance about showed her that her code book was gone. In the tray above, her jewels remained untouched; her pearl collar, the diamond knickknacks the archduchess had given her on successive Christmases, even a handful of gold coins, all were safe enough. But the code book was gone.

Then indeed did the countess look death in the face—and found it terrible. For a moment she could not so much as stand without support. It was then that she saw a paper folded under her jewels and took it out with shaking fingers. In fine, copperplate script she read:

Madame—Tonight at one o'clock a closed sacre will await you in the Street of the Wise Virgins, near the church. You will go in it, without fail, to wherever it takes you.

(Signed) The Committee of Ten.

The committee of ten! This thing had happened to her. Then it was true that the half mythical committee of ten existed, that this terror of Livonia was a real terror, which had her by the throat. For there was no escape. None. Now indeed she knew that rumor spoke the truth, and that the terrorists were everywhere.

In daylight they had entered her room. They had known of the safe, known of the code. Known how much else? Wild ideas of flight crossed her mind, to be as instantly abandoned for their futility. Where could she go that they would not follow her? When she had reacted from her first shock she fell to pondering the matter, pro and con. What could they want of her? If she was an enemy to the country, so were they. But even that led nowhere, for after all, the terrorists were not enemies to Livonia. They claimed indeed to be its friends, to hold in their hands its future and its betterment. Enemies of the royal house they were, of course.

She was nearly distracted by that time. She was a brave woman, physically and mentally of hard fiber, but the very name signed to the paper set her nerves to twitching. It was the committee of ten which had murdered Prince Hubert and his young wife; the committee of ten which had exploded a bomb in the very palace itself, and killed old Breidau, of the king's council; the committee of ten which had burned the government house, and had led the mob in the student riots a year or so before.

(To be continued)

Switzerland reports that her neutrality has been violated 586 times since the war began. Which is patience and then some, the good Book itself only enjoying the practice of that virtue "seventy times soven" times.

PEOPLE ASKED FOR FLOUR DONATIONS

Freewill Offering of Excess Stocks Is Requested.

MEN OVERSEAS NEED GRAIN

Plan Devised to Save Transportation and Time—Local Donations to Be Resold Locally But Release Equal Amount at Atlantic Seaboard For Immediate Shipment to Allies and Troops.

Opportunity is now offered, through Federal Food Administrator W. B. Ayer, for Oregon families and manufacturing firms using wheat flour, to make a voluntary personal sacrifice for the benefit of Uncle Sam's boys in the Army and Navy. Mr. Ayer has announced that any family, public eating place, or factory using wheat flour, such as bakeries and cracker factories, now has the privilege of directly contributing to the flour bins of the Army and Navy by turning back to the government, at the market price, such portion of their wheat flour allowance as they will patriotically refrain from consuming themselves.

Such gifts of wheat flour, while not going directly to France for the boys overseas, will be turned into the government commissary at the nearest point, and will release an equal quantity of wheat flour on the Atlantic sea-board for immediate shipment "over there." Under this novel plan which a patriotic Oregon family goes on a wheatless diet for a week or a month, or longer period, the wheat flour they save and turn back to the government actually represents an equivalent of wheat flour three thousand miles away, which immediately starts to move forward to the fighting forces. This arrangement has been made in order to save transportation across the continent.

"I am hoping for a splendid wheat-saving record in Oregon," said Mr. Ayer the other day. "For I believe when Oregon families and public eating places in the state know that the flour they save will go direct to the boys of the Army and Navy they will not hesitate to respond in the usual patriotic Oregon way. I had a telegram from Mr. Hoover today in which he asked me for an estimate on what I thought Oregon could be relied upon to save under the new plan. I wished to be conservative, and I replied that my estimate would be 30 to 35 per cent of the normal wheat flour consumption. This is a much lower estimate than other states had made, and I realize that it will probably be unsatisfactory at Washington. I am hoping that the people of the state will exceed this estimate by a generous margin. The county administrators have in hand the full details of the plan for saving wheat in this way for the needs of our fighting men, and any one wishing to personally contribute wheat flour should get in touch at once with the Food Administrator of the county in which he or she lives."

The wheat-saving plan announced by Mr. Ayer is a national one, and it is now operative in all the states. The states of Washington, Idaho and Oregon are now co-operating in an effort to make a big wheat-saving record for the Northwest. Federal Food Administrators R. F. Bicknell of Idaho and Charles Heibrod of Washington join with Federal Food Administrator W. B. Ayer for Oregon in the following announcement, which gives in detail the plan of handling the returned wheat:

"Mr. Hoover has wired all Federal Food Administrators that the excess stocks of flour held by public eating places, bakers, dealers and consumers may be voluntarily surrendered for the use of the Army and Navy and the Allies. This action has been prompted by the many voluntary offerings from different parts of the country.

"The practical method of handling such returned flour will be through the local merchant, who is hereby requested to receive all such flour and pay the holding consumer the actual cost of same, and then re-distribute it without any additional charge to the ultimate consumer. Where merchants accumulate more than their thirty days' supply and all hotels, bakers, etc., that have an excess amount that cannot be disposed of locally, they should immediately communicate with Mr. M. H. Houser, Grain Commissioner of the Food Administration, Board of Trade Building, Portland, and he will arrange for the transportation to the seaboard. All flour returned to the merchant that is resold to the consumer should be reported to Mr. Houser, in order that an equal amount may be released for shipment to the Allies.

"The whole object of the above arrangement is to provide a channel through which all excess quantities of flour may reach the Army and Navy or the Allied armies as a voluntary offering of the people of this country."

If you have a food conservation plan or recipe pass it on to your neighbors and your friends—be "in the service."

FOOD WILL WIN THE WAR

WE CURE CRIPPLES

We Are Specialists—WE CURE CRIPPLES

We take that broken down, crippled Car and restore it to health and strength and usefulness.

These days you just can't afford to lose the service that your car should give, and which it will give if you keep it in health.

If your Car lacks efficiency, is weak or faulty in any action, bring it in and let us give it the once over.

We never fail to diagnose the ailment, and then we apply the proper remedy to the seat of the trouble.

Let us help you to help your Government by keeping your car in PERFECT CONDITION.

Lee Thornburg's Steam Vulcanizing Plant is a part of the equipment.

Universal Garage Co.

Farming for Profit!

The year 1918, more than any previous year, mark's the progressive farmer's harvest season from his soil. The world is clamoring for his products.

If you would reach the top notch in production, you should provide your force with

The Latest and Best in Labor-Saving Machinery

We have the implements to easily DOUBLE your producing capacity.

Why be content with scant profit when you can have the opportunity to clean up a large one, and at the same time help your country in the big drive?

Come In and See Our Splendid Line

Get into the class of moderns and move on with the procession. You can't afford to be left behind, as you will surely be if you cling to the old methods.

I. S. GEER & CO.

Our Specialty Plumbing, Sheet Metal Work, Repairing

Call and see us of PUMPS, WINDMILLS, GAS ENGINES, PAINTS, OILS GUNS, AMMUNITION, CUTLERY, ETC.

Commission Orders on

MACHINERY, IMPLEMENTS, STOVES

or anything in the Hardware line

THE NEW DE LAVAL

A Bigger and Better Cream Separator For The Same Money

WORLD'S STANDARD

Efficiency, Durability, Simplicity

We are Agents

THE BURNS HARDWARE COMPANY

Temporary quarters in warehouse at rear of old stand—Phone

Eastern Oregon Auto Co.

VALE, OREGON

H. E. YOUNG, Proprietor

Agencies in Harney County for the following well known, reliable, and, value received lines of

Automobiles and Trucks

Hudson Super Six

Velie

Franklin

Oakland

Republic and Service Trucks

Headquarters at VALE, — Branch at ONTARIO



"If I Were a King I'd Make People Stand Around."

king, I'd make people stand around. But has the crown prince only a grandfather, and no father?"

"He died—the boy's father. He was murdered, and the princess his mother