

King Tommy

By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

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CHAPTER XVI—Continued

"Wherever a Scot happens to be," said Janet, "is Scotland."

"The law can't really be exactly like that," said the princess. "It would be too inconvenient."

"That is the law," said Janet. "If I was to be married to him, I shall be, and there'll be no getting out of it. That would be intolerable."

"It wouldn't be particularly pleasant for me either," said Tommy.

"He ought not to have said that; but he was getting angry with Janet. A woman has a perfect right to refuse to marry any man who asks her, but she ought not to tell him to his face that he is intolerable. No man can be expected to submit tamely to that, particularly when he has not really offered himself as a husband."

"Besides," said Calypso, "if he married you, what would happen to poor Miss Temple?"

"I wish to goodness Miss Temple was here," said Tommy. "You won't listen to me. But if she were here she wouldn't want to marry me any more than either of you does. But anyhow, if we're to go on at all, one of you must step up to being my wife."

"He walked off, walked to the car and looked at it, walked a little way along the road and back again, finally sat down on a stone and looked at the river which ran turbid and yellow under a little bridge."

"But Tommy's ill temper never lasts long, and he is a man of active and resourceful mind. In a quarter of an hour he was back with a proposal to meet the difficulty."

"According to that Scotch law of yours," he said to Janet, "would you be married to a man if you said you were his wife, but he didn't say he was your husband?"

"Of course not," said Janet. "Even if there were witnesses present."

"That wouldn't matter," said Janet. "Unless we both said we were married we wouldn't be married."

"And supposing while you were saying you were his wife another man said he was your husband—quite a different man when you didn't claim to be—would that be all right?"

"I shouldn't be married to either," said Janet.

"As well as I can make out," she said, "they're saying that the photographs on the passports are not in the least like us."

"Tell them," said Tommy, "that that's a matter of opinion, and that if they know anything about the recent Quilist and Vortist developments they'll see it more than these photographs represent our subconscious selves and are exactly like them."

"I don't believe I could say all that even in German," said Calypso, "and I don't know two hundred words of Megalian, which is what they're talking."

The chauffeur, seeing that something had gone wrong, left his car and approached the Megalians with his overcoat flying wide open. They were less impressed than the Germans by his display of resources. In fact they were not impressed at all. All they did was unbutton their own coats and show that they possessed weapons of similar kind.

"This," said Tommy, "is getting quite like Ireland."

The chauffeur quaked at the Megalians in Megalian, a language which, complex principally of sounds like hisses, he quaked again, but mingled a few hisses with his quakes. They hissed in reply, but uttered a few quick, low (gradually the speakers drew together until the Megalians were quaking

which they continually perform, keep rows of rattles in their churches in sign of real reverence) and have several well authenticated miracles every year.

As soon as they realized that Janet was a priestess, deaconess or abbess, they made no difficulties about allowing her party to go on.

Calypso's spirits rose after passing the frontier posts. That corner of the Megalian territory consisted of the old kingdom of Lestrin, so that the princess was at last back in her own land. The few peasants who were herding cattle on the hillsides were Lestrinians and no doubt talked to one another in the quacking language which the chauffeur used. The cattle were Lestrin cattle, long horned, active little beasts, which looked as if they afforded little milk when alive and not much meat when dead. The cottages were Lestrin, the roads, the heather, the mountains, themselves, all were Lestrin. Calypso drew deep breaths of Lestrin air with keen delight, pointed out one thing after another to Janet, who was not deeply interested. Now and then she clapped her hands with joy.

The spirits of the brigand chauffeur rose too. He still drove carefully. Any other kind of driving would have brought swift disaster on the Lestrin roads. But he knew his horn when ever he saw a man, woman or child, however distant. He threw off his cap and let the mountain air blow freely through his thick curly hair. Once, for a short while he quipped the car's pace and pursued a hare which was foolish enough to run straight along the road. After a while he began to sing more snatches of song at first in the end whole verses. This was highly unconventional behavior in a chauffeur driving a royal car. But Calypso did not resent it. She seemed actually pleased. Soon she joined him in singing. When the man heard her high treble ring out he dropped naturally into a bass part. The Lestrinians, like most half-civilized people, are very musical, and every kind of singing is a delight to them.

Calypso started the Lestrin national anthem, a wild tune, as exciting as the Marseillaise, with something in it of the grandeur of the old Russian caesist national air. The chauffeur joined in with a kind of fierce enthusiasm. They sang the tune in the old Lestrin tongue, with the words in English. Then Calypso turned forward and laid her hand on Tommy's shoulder.

"John in," she said. "You sing, too. Let us sing."

She shook up Janet, who was doing and told her to sing.

Janet has no more ear for music than a crow has. Hymns are the only things she ever attempts to sing, and I can't say that when she does the rest of the congregation suffers acutely.

It was her attempt at the Lestrin national anthem which put a stop to the singing in the end. Janet, who is quite unconscious of her infirmity, sang loud when she began to enjoy herself. She has a very powerful voice. The chauffeur must have been actually musical, more musical than either Tommy or the princess. His face flushed when Janet's high notes reached him. His steering became very erratic and once or twice he ran the car dangerously near the edge of the road. He tried to avenge his misery by sounding his horn loudly when he knew a high note was coming in the song. I suppose this only made the driver more nervous. At last he stopped the car, turned round, and looked out an angry speech to the princess.

"I'm not saying that to the Megalians," said the princess. "They think the English never send armies anywhere or do anything except put other people down for them. But they're desperately frightened of the French."

"Tell him," said Janet, "to say I'm not."

But it was too late to tell him anything. He was making a long speech in mingled hisses and quacks.

The princess giggled again.

"He's just told them," she said, "that I'm Mrs. Heard, and that we're all French subjects."

"I won't be called French," said Janet.

"I hope he'll be careful," said Tommy. "I can't talk French any more than I can German. Why didn't he say we were English?"

"It's no use saying that to the Megalians," said the princess. "They think the English never send armies anywhere or do anything except put other people down for them. But they're desperately frightened of the French."

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Liberty, 40 Years Old, Is Washed



Miss Liberty, who has graced New York harbor for forty years since she arrived from France, celebrated her fortieth birthday on June 15. In preparation for her birthday, the authorities had John Hock, fireproof stevedock, wash her face.

Washington—Mrs. Frances H. C. Burnett, post and social leader, had a dog called Tinker Bell, but Tinker Bell is no more.

The dog was captured by the dog snatchers of the Animal Rescue League, of which Mrs. Burnett was a manager, and killed. Now the society women behind that humane institution are at war over poor Tinker Bell.

The District of Columbia has three rival dog-snatching institutions. The league is run by prominent women of various society groups. Its avowed purpose is to save cats and dogs from brutal treatment at the hands of police officers and others.

No wandering dog is safe in Washington with three energetic groups after them. Many good ones disappear annually and go the gas route to the great dog beyond.

Until a few days ago Mrs. Burnett was a member of the board of governors of the rescue league, but quit cold when she discovered that Tinker Bell had been seized and passed to death all within a few hours. She refused to remain on the board of an organization that made such quick work of a lost dog.

London—Scottish Yard officials say officers for forging money are on the decline, owing largely to the difficulty of copying the Bank of England notes.

Scotland Yard has a branch, similar to the United States secret service, to the United States, which is time almost entirely in keeping tabs on counterfeiters. Detectives of this bureau work with the aid of leaders in paper, ink, machinery and other apparatus usually required by counterfeiters, and in most instances swoop down on the offenders before they have had a chance to market their homemade money.

Washington—Amoy, China, one of the ports at which the presence of warships has been requested to protect foreigners, has a place in the history of the American Revolution, although few Americans know it, says a bulletin from the Washington headquarters of the National Geographic society.

It was from Amoy, then, that the world's premier tea port, that the ship sailed in 1775, which figured some months later in the famous Boston Tea Party.

Amoy was one of the earliest Chinese cities to have contracts with the West. The Portuguese established themselves there in 1544 but were expelled before long. The British then began operations in Amoy and soon turned trading posts there. They were converted into a station. For a long time Amoy was the world's leading port in tea exportation, but in a century this trade has been declining.

The greatest link to Amoy trade came in 1844 when Formosa, just off the Chinese coast from Amoy, was taken from China by Japan. For a long time Amoy and other products had reached the world through Amoy. Since Japan took over the island its own ports have been developed and trade worth millions of dollars annually has been lost to Amoy.

Amoy is still a big city, however, with a population of about 150,000. And nothing can take from it the distinction of being one of the best harbors in the Pacific. Like Hongkong, the town is situated on an island, Amoy island, which has a circumference of 37 miles. The harbor area of the island is three miles wide. The area of the island and the mainland between a large bay, whose mountainsides slope and steep into this body of water, one of the picturesque spots of the Chinese coast, outside Amoy island a string of islands stretching north and south, forms an excellent natural breakwater which adds to the value of Amoy's great deep harbor.

Amoy Known as Great Tea Port

Trade Hard Hit When Japan Grabbed Formosa.

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The native city of Amoy has two ports, the old and new cities, divided by a low range of hills topped by old battlements. The site of both is itself the steep slope of a larger hill which rises to barren, bowlder-capped summits behind the town. The streets are narrow, steep affairs in which no rickshaws but sedan chairs can be used. One of the grandly named "Chin-chow Highway" is little more than a footpath, over which an occasional donkey picks his way.

Amoy is popularly accorded a world's record, but it is not one to be doubted about by proud citizens. Many travelers who have seen the unassuming fifth and seventh, the Indonesian odors of certain oriental centers, assert that in freshness and incensey conditions Amoy is the Amoy beat. Amoy is frequently visited by cholera and plague.

There is a great gulf in the matter of conditions—and half a mile of salt water—between Amoy and its foreign settlement. This is on a long, thin, small island which lies between Amoy and the mainland. With its cottages and residences built among shady groves, its schools, hospitals, churches and hotels, and above all with its sanitation along western lines, this little oasis is known as the Paradise of South China.

Open Door for Emigrants.

Amoy is a great gateway for coolie emigration, especially to Singapore and East India. About 75,000 natives embark at Amoy each year, and only a small part of this number returns. Nearly every family in Amoy has one or more members abroad, and since the decline of the ports' trade, economic distress is stayed off largely by the remittances sent home by these expatriates. This tribute to Amoy amounts to more than \$12,000,000 annually.

The largest and deepest draft vessels in the world can be accommodated easily in Amoy's commodious harbor. Because of its excellent harbor facilities, Amoy was selected by the Chinese government in 1918 as the port at which to receive and fire a section of the United States fleet then on its famous trip around the world.

Society Woman Quits League; Killed Her Pet

Washington—Mrs. Frances H. C. Burnett, post and social leader, had a dog called Tinker Bell, but Tinker Bell is no more.

The dog was captured by the dog snatchers of the Animal Rescue League, of which Mrs. Burnett was a manager, and killed. Now the society women behind that humane institution are at war over poor Tinker Bell.

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Forecast by Fish Delights Bathers

Anglers Say It Is to Be Warm-Water Year.

New York—Veteran fishermen cheer us bathers this season with word that this is apparently to be a warm-water year, inshore.

The rate at which cold water mackerel have been passing this coast will not make the usual stop and warm water blues have been looking in advanced as the basis for the forecast.

The recent present heated fringe along the coast, as indicated by the production of these fish, may weather some the one for cold, the other for moderate temperatures, is still farther borne out. In the fishermen's mind by conditions at sea. They cite the recent conflict, between northeast weather reported, in manner by returning anglers and the fishing men, very found an approaching front.

Lay Effect to Gulf Stream.

While the migration of fish and the "water" of the deep are largely a matter of theory, practical anglers admit they nevertheless explain the present atmospheric condition by the gulf stream.

The signs of hunt show they say, that the gulf stream mixed this spring in sufficient quantity with the cold currents coming down from the Arctic to moderate the water as they flowed down their northern grooves.

The condition is therefore regarded as fundamental and correspondingly permanent, in so far as Atlantic beaches are concerned this summer.

The fishing smack ships first became convinced of this when mackerel striking in off Cape May obviously felt the heat and kept on going.

Instead of idling up the Long Island shore until about June 1, as is their wont, it was found they continued without pausing for breath to gain more congenial deep-sea chills off Nova Scotia. Conversely, bluefish and weak-

fish began to move landward in response to the more attractive summer time.

Opposite Condition Last Year.

Last year it was just the opposite fishermen report. The gulf stream, as varying to their theory, did not mix sufficiently with the Greenland water. The result was that mackerel abounded in local fishing grounds all summer, something never known before. Bluefish and weakfish were commoner, scarce and were only to be found, in fact, well out at sea.

The gulf stream explanation of the periodic disappearance of various varieties of fish apparently goes just so far. Anglers say complete mystery surrounds some of the varieties of "sea life" in its moods and actions.

Some years ago mackerel were "lost" so completely for several years that the government established a closed season to tempt them back. Now they are available in abundance.

Bluefish have been "lost" off and on since 1914, so much so that their certain appearance disrupted a flourishing industry and largely caused the present dispersal of bluefish fleets.

Old fishing dories treasured in Flatton market record that bluefish disappeared in 1821 for forty years. When they returned they suffered the fate of Rip Van Winkle after his two decades of slumber. Long Island natives no longer recognized them and went for a long time in ignorance that they were merely the same sea food of their fathers' back home again.

German Dairies

A Lady of Distinction

A good market in Germany for American Holstein dairy stock of good milk-production ancestry is reported by the United States Department of Agriculture. There were 18,000,000 cows in Germany before the war, but only 17,200,000 in 1924. This reduction, coincident with an increased demand for dairy products, resulted in imports of 118,000 pounds of butter and 55,000,000 pounds of cheese in 1924, as compared with pre-war imports of 111,000,000 pounds of butter and 47,000,000 pounds of cheese.

Is recognized by the delicate, fascinating influence of the perfume she uses. A bath with Cuticura Soap, and hot water to thoroughly cleanse the pores followed by a dusting with Cuticura Talcum powder usually means a clear, sweet, healthy skin.—Advertisement.

Colombia's Air Service

The Colombian government has granted a subsidy of \$50,000 for the establishment of the passenger air service between Barranquilla and Girardot, to be started at once.

Irritating

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Man, 99, Gets Fortune

Spokane, Wash.—John Hackett, aged ninety-nine, a pioneer of the Coast d'Alene mine district, has received word of an inheritance of an estate of \$3,000,000 from a brother in Venezuela. Information received here recently from Kellogg, Idaho, said the brother, Pat Hackett, died recently at the age of one hundred and forty.

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Scientists Plan to Study Whales

"Are whales polygamists?" and "What is their birth rate?" are among the questions a British scientific expedition to the whaling districts of the Falkland Islands and southern Argentina and Chile will seek to answer. The expedition is under the auspices of the British colonial office. It will make an exhaustive study of whales, their habits, their food and, if possible, will locate their breeding grounds. The British government has regulations controlling the whaling industry in the South sea waters about South Georgia and the Falkland Islands and this expedition was sent out in the interest of preserving the industry. More than 20,000 whales were captured in the vicinity of the Falkland Islands and South Georgia last year. If the expedition can establish the theory that the whales of the Antarctic regions migrate to African waters during the breeding season, it is expected the British government will enact legislation considered necessary for the protection of whales in both regions, during the breeding season.

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