King Tommy

By

George A. Birmingham

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CHAPTER XVI—Continued

—22—

Casimir's preparations for the reception of the princess were complete.

The greater part of the Lystrian army was there to greet her, drawn up on each side of the road. As the car passed the men fired their rifles into the air, each one shooting off round after round, refilling his magazine when it was exhausted. There was plenty of ammunition, which showed that some of Cable's money was wisely spent. No doubt it was his money, too, which had provided new uniforms for the whole army, not dingy khaki tunics and breeches like those worn by unimaginative soldiers of western lands, but fine blue cloaks and crimson tunics and great boots with fur tops to them and wide black trousers or short pleated petticoats like Highland Scottish kilts. Some of the men wore caps with tall green feathers in them. Some had shiny metal helmets.

At the gate of the palace stood a group of the magnates of Lystria, the very least of them a count by right of four or five hundred years' descent from other counts. Perhaps half of them were Casimirs, members of one branch or other of the family of which Count Istvan was the head. They, like the soldiers, were splendidly clad. Some of Cable's money had gone in providing gold-laced coats for lined cloaks and green breeches. But their jewels were their own. Blue turquoise, red garnets and green stones like emeralds shone on the gilt metal belts which held their swords, on the broad collars round their necks, on multitudinous buttons of their clothes, on tall cap badges, even on their spurs.

In the middle of the group of nobles stood the patriarch, perhaps the tallest, certainly the broadest man there. He wore a long purple cassock and a purple cape lined with white fur. Round his neck, on a heavy gold chain hung a double-armed Greek cross, thickly studded with jewels. On his head was a shiny miter. Behind him stood four priests, white-robed, with long black silky beards. One of them held the patriarch's immense pastoral staff. Another carried a tall ebony pole with a gold star on it, a very large and splendid star with sharp pointed rays sticking out of it in all directions. The other two held aloft a kind of canopy made of embroidered silk, not unlike a huge two-handled umbrella. If they had held it, as they should, over the patriarch's head, it might have kept the dew from settling on his miter. Held crooked, a little behind him, it served no useful purpose. But it was highly striking and ornamental.

Calypso, now at last a veritable princess, stepped from the car, paced slowly forward to where the patriarch stood while the magnates cheered wildly and the army fired its guns. The patriarch raised a plump, pudgy hand in benediction. The four priests behind him wailed a loud "Amen." The nobles shouted and the guns fired. Calypso stood erect. The patriarch, a heavy man, afflicted with rheumatism in his legs, knelt slowly and stiffly. He gravely kissed Calypso's hand.

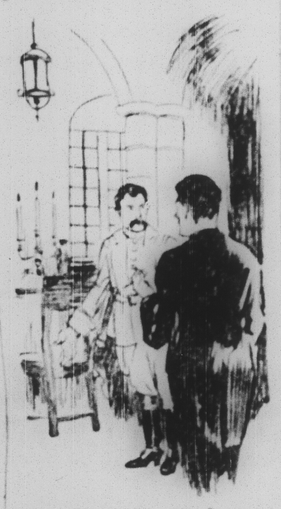
Then one by one the nobles stepped forward, headed by Count Albert Casimir. They bent until their foreheads touched the ground and then kissed the toe of one of Calypso's boots. The patriarch was, I gathered, the only man entitled by his rank to kiss her hand. Cheers and more firing of guns greeted each act of homage. When the last was accomplished a band set on the battlements above the gate of the schloss began to play the national anthem, the same tune which Calypso and the chauffeur had sung in the car earlier in the afternoon. The whole mass of men, the patriarch and his priests, the nobles and the army, down to the remotest of them, shouted the song whole-heartedly. Tommy, excited by all he had seen, joined in and sang as bravely as the best. Janet Church would no doubt have sung, too, but Sandor, the chauffeur, stood beside her with the most murderous looking of his knives in his hand. He made it clear to Janet—indeed she could scarcely have mistaken his meaning—that if she attempted to sing she would immediately be killed.

When the whole ceremony was over the princess and Janet Church were led away together to the state apartments in the schloss. Count Albert Casimir conducted Tommy to the suite of rooms which had been prepared for him. Albert's English was not nearly so good as Istvan's. Indeed, he seemed to be able to say very little except "Please." He said that every time he said anything, and he always smiled in a friendly way. But language, for the simpler affairs of life, is not really necessary. Tommy understood without difficulty that the rooms were entirely for his use, that a bearded savage, who bowed to the ground every time any one looked at him, was his servant, that there was hot water for the bath, and that as soon as he was ready he could descend to—There he would have been thankful for a few intelligible words. He had to descend somewhere and supper would be waiting for him when he did, but where the place was Tommy could not make out.

Half an hour later, washed, brushed and very hungry, Tommy was led by his servant to a large stone-paved hall. It was an immense room with a vaulted roof, high-placed tiny windows, and a raised dais at one end. On this dais a small table was spread. Four servants stood stiffly behind the chair set for a solitary dinner. They wore dark green livories decked with silver buttons nearly as big as half-crowns, and had silver epaulettes on their shoulders. The whole scene was strikingly medieval, and Tommy, who was fond of Scott's novels, appreciated it. There was just one jarring note. A stone-flagged vaulted hall in a medieval schloss ought to be lit with torches stuck into iron brackets on the walls, or—and even this would have been a concession to modernity—with tall wax candles in silver sconces. But King Wladislaws, who used to come to the schloss occasionally, had conceived the idea of making use of the water power supplied by the torrent in the valley. The whole castle, from turret to dungeon, was lit by electric light. Bright groups of bulbs hung from the vaulted roof of the hall. On Tommy's table stood a silk-shaded lamp, like those in use on the table in the Mascotte.

After supper, just as Tommy had lit his first cigarette, the patriarch entered the room. He came in some state, clad in his purple cassock, accompanied by Count Albert Casimir and two of the Lystrian clergy.

Tommy, rather uncertain how he ought to receive such company, laid down his cigarette, stood up and bowed. The patriarch bowed a little stiffly. He was a portly man and had no doubt supped somewhere else. The girdle of his cassock seemed a little



Tommy Was Led by His Servant to a Large Stone-Paved Hall.

tight for him. One of the four servants set a chair for him and he sat down. The two clergymen bowed, muttering softly as they did so. What they said may have been the Lystrian equivalent of the American "Purry, purry glad to meet you," or they may have felt it their duty to offer a short prayer. They sat down. Count Albert clicked his heels together, bowed and saluted. Tommy failed to click his heels together, though he tried, but he managed a fair imitation of a military salute. He and Count Albert sat down. The patriarch gave an order and a servant brought a fresh bottle of wine. One of the priests drew a box of cigarettes from some pocket among the folds of his cassock and handed it round.

The business of the meeting began. Count Albert acted as interpreter.

"Sprechen Sie Deutsch, please," he said.

Tommy understood that and replied emphatically that he did not.

"Franzosische?"

Tommy with an effort recognized Franzosische as the German for French.

"Nein," he said. "That is to say Non, at least nothing worth mentioning, though of course I know a few words like petit-dejeuner and bonjour, and l'etat c'est moi."

"Italianisch?" said Count Albert, but not very hopefully.

"No," said Tommy. "I don't. Nor Spanish, Portuguese, Swedish, Russian, nor modern Greek. In fact, I may as well own up at once that it's English or nothing with me."

It was evidently very difficult to communicate with Tommy. There was consultation in the course of which one of the priests made a suggestion which was regarded as hopeful. Count Albert turned to Tommy.

"Patriarch," he said, pointing to him. "Lateinisch."

"All right," said Tommy. "I'll try. I've learned Latin of course and I used to know it quite well, but not conversationally."

The patriarch was not so fluent with his Latin as he might have been. It is the ecclesiastical language of the world, but—Well, I once knew a priest who asked whether temere in the title of the famous Ne Temere Bull was a second or a third conjugation verb. Yet that man read his breviary faithfully. There was more excuse for the patriarch than for him. The services of the Lystrian church are not said in Latin.

But even if the patriarch's Latin had been much better than it was there would have been difficulties. Our English schools have of late years altered their way of pronouncing Latin. No doubt the new sounds are better than the English a's, i's, and soft c's to which I was brought up, but we have not yet achieved the true Italian ecclesiastical whine. Tommy did not understand the patriarch, nor could he make the patriarch understand him.

"Es ist transerlich," said Count Albert at last. "A pity, not so?"

Every one especially the stout patriarch, was extremely good-tempered, but no one knew how to say what had to be said to Tommy.

"If—" Count Albert's English came very slowly. "If—here—were—Casimir Istvan Graf—Ach!"

"I say," said Tommy. "What about getting the princess to come and interpret? She knows all the languages there are."

He must have pronounced the word "princess" very badly, for no one knew what he meant.

"Calypso," he tried.

This time the patriarch understood; but he shook his head decisively. For some reason the presence of the princess was not desirable.

"Well, then, try Miss Church," said Tommy. "She knows German though she can't talk Lystrian."

"Miss Zurz?" said Count Albert doubtfully.

"Yes," said Tommy. "Miss Church; Fraulein Kirche. That is to say, if you really speak French, Mademoiselle Eglise, or"—here he turned to the patriarch and spoke very clearly—"Ecclesia—Virgo Janetta Ecclesia."

The party of Lystrians was entirely bewildered, but Tommy was not beaten yet. He took a pencil and a piece of paper from his pocket and made a rapid sketch of Janet. Tommy was no artist, and any resemblance his picture bore to Janet must have been that of a caricature. But it was instantly recognized and greeted with applauding laughter.

"Ach so," said Count Albert. And the patriarch made sounds which are the Lystrian equivalent of "Ach so."

One of the priests was sent to fetch Janet. The patriarch ordered a fresh bottle of wine. The cigarettes were handed round and the party settled down very comfortably to wait. There was no conversation, for the Lystrians were much too well bred to talk to one another in a language which their guest did not understand. But everybody smiled amiably at everybody else.

Janet had gone to bed; but the priest who was sent to fetch her was a determined man. A quarter of an hour later he led her into the hall. She was clad in the pink dressing gown and the slippers which she had worn when Tommy first saw her in the corridor of the Adlon hotel.

Janet was not in the least embarrassed by her costume, or by the company in which she found herself; but she was very much annoyed at being roused out of her first sleep.

"I wish to goodness," she said to Tommy, "that you'd learn enough German to be able to get on without perpetually appealing to me."

The patriarch unfortunately shared the view of Sandor, the chauffeur, that Janet was the "princess" maid. He neither stood up to greet her nor invited her to sit down. This, very naturally, increased her feeling of irritation. If Tommy had not rushed off to get a chair for her the chances of the reunion of the other Christian churches with that of Lystria would have been compromised.

The patriarch spoke to her. Janet listened for a while and then cut the poor man short in the middle of a sentence.

"He says," she told Tommy, "that the marriage is fixed for tomorrow morning."

"Marriage! The princess and I?"

"I suppose so," said Janet. "It's certainly not you and I."

"But he can't do that," said Tommy. "Marriages can't be rushed in that way. It takes a fortnight to get a license. If he calls the banns it'll take three weeks."

Janet said something to the patriarch and he replied.

"He's surprised," she said to Tommy, "to hear that you are unwilling to marry the princess."

"I'm not in the least unwilling," said Tommy. "Tell him there's nothing in the world I'd like better. Make that clear to him, will you? It's a most important point, and I don't want any misunderstanding about it."

Janet translated; but Tommy did not altogether trust her. He tried an explanation of his own in Latin.

"Jucundus et laetus ero," he said, "reginam in matrimonium ducere, any time you like."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Actor Badly Rattled

A young man had to take part in some amateur theatricals. His part was quite a minor one and there was really not a great deal for him to do or say.

After the shooting scene the young man had to enter the wings and say:

"Hark! 'Tis the pistol!"

Now, during rehearsals a real pistol was never used, and the youth, on receiving his cue, walked in and performed his part quite efficiently.

On the opening night, however, a real pistol was substituted for the cue, and this apparently took the young man by surprise, for as the pistol went off he rushed on and gasped:

"Ye gods! What on earth was that?"

Spendthrifts and Envy

When we say people spend their money foolishly, we mean they spend it for the things we'd like to have.

Large amounts of fat-soluble vitamins are contained in fatty fish.

Earthquake a Day Keeps Kilauea Gay

Count 82 Shocks in Twenty-four Hours.

Honolulu.—The temperamental nature of Kilauea, on the island of Hawaii, which maintains a fire pit filled with constantly sparkling lava, is shown in a report by L. W. de Vis Norton of the Hawaiian Volcano Research association, concerning the activities of the volcano in 1924.

"The Kilauea observatory on April 7 issued a warning of possible earthquakes and shortly after this date heavy shocks were felt in the Futu district along the seacoast three miles away. During the 24 hours ending at 11 a. m. on April 22, the observers counted 82 earthquakes, and during the following night the shocks were practically continuous. At this time the ground cracked open in many places, trending roughly parallel to a line of cones and old fissures. About 200 main shocks were felt in all. Landsubsidences took place in many sections, automobile roads were blocked by yawning crevices, and in one place a new salt-water lagoon was formed.

Heavy Avalanches

"Meanwhile a great subsidence was taking place in the Halemaumau fire pit of Kilauea. By May 9 the bottom of the pit was more than 900 feet below the rim and heavy avalanches were in progress. The observatory instruments indicated increase of local earthquakes, and this fact suggested underground lava surgings, with a possible subterranean flow.

"The Kilauea volcano entered upon an explosive phase on May 11, which steadily increased until the maximum was reached on May 18. Heavy explosions took place from May 11 to 24, immense clouds of dust and ash rose to great heights, bowlders were ejected in quantities and there were heavy electrical storms accompanied by mud rains. Many strange features were noted, among them a roar like roaring, preceding explosions, a marked air concussion being felt before the larger explosions. The seismographic records of these earthquakes are peculiar in that many of them, instead of starting suddenly as in ordinary earthquakes, rose gradually to a maximum and then receded gradually.

"The force of this great explosive eruption shows great changes at the Halemaumau pit, which, as June opened, appeared as a vast cauldron oval in shape, about 3,400 feet in its two diameters and 1,300 feet deep. There was a rapid increase of small earthquakes from June 8 to 10, accompanied by puffs of dust-laden clouds, and on the 8th there was a mud-rain, producing dust balls. On the night of June 12 a glowing area 400 feet long by 200 feet high was seen on the north wall of the pit, 600 feet below the rim.

"Early in July blowing noises in Halemaumau heralded the coming back of the lava on the 19th. It spread out across the pit and built up a new cone and floor. The active flooding ceased on July 31 and the entire month of August was exceptionally quiet. A sharp earthquake, felt generally throughout the island of Hawaii, took place on August 20, its center being apparently in the Kau district.

"Throughout September earthquakes were frequent, the report related, and there was almost incessant avalanching within the walls of the Halemaumau pit. Strong windstorms swept up immense clouds of volcanic dust from the Kau district to the south. During the first week of October 21 earthquakes were recorded, and in the last, 46. One of these, on October 28, was strong enough to be alarming, although its effects were only local. During the remainder of the year avalanching continued and earthquakes decreased.

The only fatality in recent years in the neighborhood of the fire pit occurred on May 17, when an eruption of red-hot lava spread the molten rock for nearly a mile in all directions. A Hawaiian who was watching the eruption 1,500 feet from the pit was knocked down by rocks and his legs were broken. He was not found until hours afterward. He died soon after being taken to a hospital at Hilo.

Bandit Plies Trade While Studying to Become Cop

Los Angeles, Cal.—Before receiving his diploma from the Los Angeles police training school, George A. Moll, of twenty-four, was a gat-toll bandit, detectives said when they arrested the man as he walked his patrolman's beat in the Hollywood district.

After acquiring his diploma and police uniform, Moller is alleged to have spent his spare evenings robbing romantic couples who parked their automobiles beside a shaded highway in the Hollywood hills.

He was booked at the city jail as a robbery suspect.

LETTER ON WAY FOR 37 YEARS

Eventually Reaches Addressee at Tacoma, Wash.

Tacoma, Wash.—Hankon Bader, who left Norway in 1888, recently received a letter mailed from his birthplace shortly afterward. During its 37 years' wanderings, the missive had been handled by the postal services in five different nations.

The letter written by Bader's father, long since dead, expressed his love and good wishes for his sailor son and contained photographs of Bader's parents.

When Bader, a lad of eighteen, went to sea from his native village of Kongero, Norway, the letter followed him to Cardiff, Wales, but arrived shortly after he had sailed for Buenos Aires. He had also left Buenos Aires when it reached that city, and it was turned over to the Danish consul there.

There it lay in the consular files, while Bader pursued his seafaring life over most of the world, including a visit to his home village. Later he joined the gold rush to Alaska and then came to Tacoma, where he opened a cigar store.

Some two months ago someone discovered the ancient letter in the consular files at Buenos Aires, and it was returned to its place of origin. There friends gave postal authorities Bader's last known address in Tacoma.

War Vet, Picture Bride, Must Wed in Bermuda

New York.—Red tape was so tightly bound around John Alexiakes, war veteran, of Billings, Mont., and his picture bride, Theodora Giataganas, recently arrived from Greece, that they had to leave the United States to marry.

The two sailed on a steamer for Hamilton, Bermuda, where government officials have arranged for their marriage. Then they will go to Mr. Alexiakes' home in Billings.

Theodora came to Canada to become John's bride. John had fallen in love with Theodora's picture, sent from his old home in Greece. A marriage.

The bride-to-be inadvertently informed Canadian officials that the two were planning to make their home in the States. So she was sent to Ellis island for deportation.

The government wouldn't allow the two to be married on American soil. In order to overcome the technicalities of the law, the government informed Alexiakes and his picture bride that they could wed in Bermuda, and the

Back Giving Out

Weak, tired—utterly miserable that summer days? Morning, noon, night that throbbing backache, those stabbing pains? Feel years older than you are? Too often sluggish kidneys are to blame. Once they fail behind in filtering off impurities, blood and nerves are upset. It's little wonder, then, you have constant backache, dizziness, rheumatic pains. Don't risk neglect. If your kidneys are sluggish, use *Doan's Pills*. Doan's have helped thousands—are used the world over. *Ask your neighbor!*

A West Virginia Case

Charles Lease, farmer, Stout St., Harrisville, W. Va., says: "My back was lame and weak and when I got down I could hardly straighten up. My back was stiff and achy. I had to get up at night because my kidneys acted too often. I used Doan's Pills and a few boxes cured me. The cure has been lasting."

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Guinea Pig's History

When the Spaniards first invaded the Andean region of South America the guinea pig was found domesticated and living in large numbers in the houses of the Indians by whom it was used for food. The cavy was carried to Europe by Dutch traders during the Sixteenth century. Since then it has been kept in the Old world and in North America chiefly as a pet, and until recently has been generally regarded as an animal of little practical utility. The name pig is readily suggested by its form, but the origin of "guinea" as applied to it is unknown, but may be a corruption of "Guiana pig."

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Her Interest

Dora—There goes Flossie. They say she's engaged to young Nelson. I wonder what the outcome will be?

Daphne—It's not the outcome she's interested in; it's the income!—London Tit-Bits.

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News From School

Alice had learned the story of Columbus at school, and was telling it to her mother.

"An' his ships were named the Nina, the Pinta and—and—"

"Santa Maria," prompted her mother.

"Yes, and the queen's name was—was—"

"Isabella," suggested the mother.

"Mother," demanded Alice, with sudden suspicion, "have you ever heard this story before?"—Western Christian Advocate.

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Vanity Ruling Passion of Noted German Crook

Berlin.—Pride in his personal attire so dominated Bernard Pulkowsky, a convict, that when a new charge was discovered against him before the expiration of his sentence, he escaped from prison to replenish his wardrobe and then later voluntarily returned to court clad with sartorial excellence and carrying himself with jaunty pride.

Before the date fixed for his appearance on the new charge, Pulkowsky asked the warden for leave of absence to purchase the proper clothes, saying: "It is quite out of the question for me to appear before the high court in this squalid prison dress."

When his request was refused, he simply made his getaway, leaving behind a courteous note to the warden in which he wrote: "My sense of decency simply won't allow me to appear before the court in prison clothes. But don't fear. I shall not fail to be there at the proper time." And he was.

Ancient Sumerians' Version of Creation

Six Tablets Give Their 4,000-Year-Old Story.

Philadelphia.—Man in his early stages propelled himself along the ground with all four limbs, "ate grass with his mouth, like a sheep," and drank from the ditches, according to a translation of six Sumerian tablets written about 2000 B. C.

A story of the early history of the human race has been pieced together by Dr. Edward Chiera, assistant professor of Assyriology at the University of Pennsylvania.

The presence of the six tablets bearing different copies of the same text proves that the story they tell was considered quite important by the ancient Sumerians, according to Doctor Chiera, who believes that a wide difference of opinion regarding the origin of mankind existed as early as 4,000 years ago.

Story Staged in Seat of the Gods.

The story told by the tablets is staged in the Mountain of Heaven and Earth, the seat of the gods and close parallel to the Olympus of Greek mythology. In fact, the Sumerian mountain and Olympus might prove to be one and the same because of the likelihood of finding Sumerian influence in Greek religion, according to Doctor Chiera.

Geographically the Mountain of Heaven and Earth cannot be placed, although the old Babylonians may have thought it was somewhere to the north near Kurdistan or even on the Caucasus range. Close to the mountain may be placed the Garden of Eden.

The Sumerian tale begins with a description of conditions following the creation by the great god Anu of a lower order of deities called the Anunna. At that time there had not yet come into existence the god representing cereals, the story declares. Hence there were no grains to eat. Likewise the god representing the flocks and herds had not yet been made, and so there were no animals and meat to eat. Even the semi-divine being more or less corresponding to the Biblical Eve had not yet appeared, according to the Sumerian chroniclers, who apparently summed up their conception of conditions on earth with the following six lines:

Mankind, in the day of their appearance,
Bread for eating they knew not,
Garments for wearing they knew not,
The people walked with the (four) limbs upon the ground,
They ate grass with their mouth like sheep,
They drank water from the ditches.

Patrons of Foods Provided.

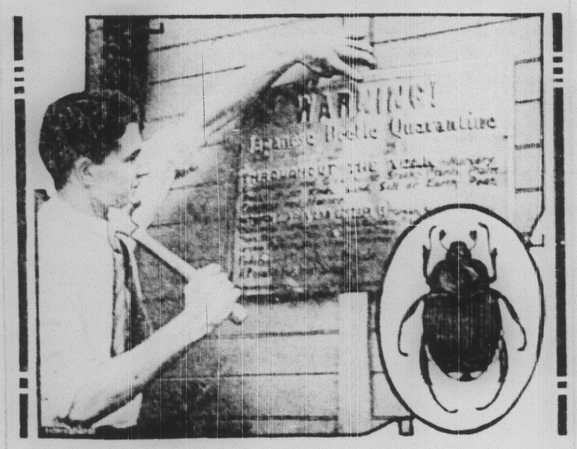
Then followed the creation by the gods of the two patrons of cereals and flocks, interesting figures because they resemble the Ceres and Pan of the Roman and Greek religions. With the creation of these two patrons, conditions changed, and the Anunna had plenty of food.

Next there appears in the story the god Enki, who is always represented as being a good friend of mankind, and who intercedes with the god Enlil in behalf of his friends by pointing out that the flocks and grains had multiplied in the Mountain of Heaven and Earth and suggesting that they now be permitted to leave the mountain and spread over the rest of the earth.

The desired permission is granted and the cereals and flocks then replenish the earth for the benefit of mankind. With their coming, the land experiences abundance, and mankind, according to the version on the Sumerian tablets, gets its first start toward civilization.

Irrigation machines and the yoke appear, granaries are built and filled with food, living creatures come into existence, laws are established, and wherever the cereals and flocks, as exemplified by the two patrons, appear prosperity reigns.

This Jap Immigrant Isn't Wanted



The United States Department of Agriculture has declared war on the Japanese beetle and has established a quarantine in parts of Pennsylvania, Delaware and New Jersey affecting shipments of fruits, vegetables and plants. Half a million parasites that destroy the beetle have just been received from Japan. In the illustration is seen an agent of the department posting a quarantine notice, and a picture of the offending beetle.