

STRANGE ROMANCE of an ILLINOIS BOY WHO BECAME FIJI KING

NE of the strangest stories that ever came out of the tropic seas is that of Edward Thompson, the only American who ever became a king in his own right. Nothing more romantic exists in poetry or legend than the tale of the lad from southern Illinois, who founded a kingdom in the far-off Isle of Nalkeva. For a quarter of a century he ruled in his savage realm, forgetful of the world that had forgotten him. While he sat in judgment over the affairs of his tribesmen or led his warriors to battle the map of the world was being changed. Only the faintest echoes from civilization ever reached the island kingdom of Nalkeva, where ruled



its affairs. He came armed with letters of introduction that opened the most exclusive homes of the aristocratic English families to him. Among the many young girls that he met was the village belle, the affianced of the young Scotch-American. It was another variation of that old triangle, the woman and two men. From the first the friends of young Thompson could see that his cause was hopeless. His affianced wife and the young stranger spent more and more of their time together. Little rumors began to find their way about the village. The gossips, ever ready in a small town, were soon busy. Thompson, moody and hurt by her systematic neglect, was the last to hear and the last to countenance the whispered talk that was going the round of the village loafing places.

There was a great hue and cry along the quiet old streets one summer morning. Thompson's bride to be had disappeared. Her mother had gone to her room to awaken her and found her gone. She had gone with the young manager of Albion's latest business house, and from that day to this neither of them have been heard from.

Young Thompson changed in a day from a cheerful, happy lad to a grim-faced man. He became moody and silent. He neglected his work and never went near the home to which he had expected to lead his bride. Less than a month after the flight of the elopers there was more excitement in Albion. It was reported that Edward Thompson had disappeared. The strain and the shame of living in a town where every man, woman and child knew the story of his jilting had proven too much for his sensitive, high-strung nature.

While life flowed on in the same uneven current in the village of his nativity he was wandering here and there among the emerald islands, the lagoons and the coral reefs of the seas that beheld the Southern Cross.

All the islands that lie off the familiar track of the steamers knew his first and last in the three or four years that he spent with the traders and copra buyers. The Philippines, the Ladrones, the Solomons and a dozen other island groups of the southern Pacific were visited by him in the epic years of his odyssey. Finally he and his trading companions touched at the island of Nalkeva in the Fijis. One of the eternal civil wars that are always disrupting the peace of the little island kingdoms was brewing in Nalkeva when the tramp schooner dropped anchor inside the reef of coral that formed the harbor breakwater. A new claimant had risen for the throne and he and his followers were demanding the scepter and the head of the old king.

Thompson had left Illinois, had put the states behind him to escape the constant reminder of his lost love that he saw in every woman. The wandering life of three or four years had cleansed his heart of little bitterness against woman-kind. He had put the old life behind him and dreamed only of adventure and never of bright eyes and loving lips. It was a mixed crew of Kanakas, Malaysians and half-castes aboard the little trading schooner. They cared but little for the kings and chieftains of the islands, but it was a part of their policy to be polite to the native rulers. An audience was arranged with the native sovereign and a part of the ship's company attended laden with calicoes, mirrors and brass rods as gifts. It was in the royal hut that Thompson first saw the Princess Lakanita. She stood at the side of her father's throne when the white men entered the palm hut for their talk with the old king.

Some indefinite attraction seemed to draw the white adventurer and the brown-skinned princess to each other. They met many times while the schooner was taking on its load of native products. There was more than a little Spanish blood in the veins of the old king's daughter. Her mother was a half-caste, Spanish woman and much of the languorous beauty of the maid of old Castile was the heritage of this barbaric princess of the remote Isle of Nalkeva. In the half twilight of the cocoanut groves he heard her

story of danger and distress. The rival claimant of the throne had demanded her hand in marriage, and had promised to spare the life of her father if she would consent to become his queen. It was but a matter of weeks, possibly of days, till his force would be strong enough to back his arrogant demands. In the end the white man knew that the island beauty had fallen in love with him. She pleaded with him to stay and help her escape from the clutches of the oppressor.

It is possible that Thompson would have lingered for a time if his companions had not been eager to get away from the island before the civil war began. They were traders, and as such they did not care to take sides in the dispute. It might hurt their business chances in case they ever made another trip to the island. The anchor was lifted, the brown sails spread and the ugly little schooner slipped out of the harbor of Nalkeva while Thompson stood on her deck and waved a farewell to the imperious little island beauty. At the very last she had reminded him of his promise to return to Nalkeva.

It was weeks after the departure of the ship from Nalkeva that Thompson was dramatically reminded of his promise to the Princess Lakanita. The sun had just set one night and Thompson was lying on deck smoking and watching the swift tropic dark come up out of the east. A native canoe scraped against the schooner's side and a native was heard calling for "the white man with the blue eyes." He was brought aboard and proved to be the faithful messenger of the distressed princess. He had followed the schooner across leagues of unknown seas in his open canoe searching for the only man upon whom she could rely for aid.

The end was at hand in Nalkeva, and Lakanita and her father were about to be put to death. Help must come quickly, and it was more than possible that it was now too late. That night the staunch little trading vessel pointed her prow toward Nalkeva. In the final melee along the sands the old king and his rival were both slain and Thompson was stunned by a blow from a war club in the hands of a savage fighting man. When he revived he and his men began a hunt of extermination for all the revolvers. They were wiped out and their villages fired before the party returned to the king's village, where the schooner lay anchored. Then the white hero was stricken by one of the malignant island fevers, brought on by his injury on the beach.

It was many days before he was able to recognize his free-trading companions. The princess had been his devoted nurse through his dangerous attack of tropical fever. Now that he was about to leave the island forever she grew sorrowful and listless. She drooped like a dying flower as the ship's preparations for sailing were being made. All his promises to return brought on fits of passionate weeping on the part of the little princess. She wanted him to stay.

"I fought that fever when it tried to take you away from me, and it was all for nothing," was her constant reply, "and now that you are well the white men are taking you away where Lakanita can never hope to see you again."

In the end her pleading won. After all there was nothing in the outer world to which he cared to go back. The good news spread quickly over the little kingdom. "The Child of the Sun" was to wed their princess and rule them in the wise ways of the white man.

After twenty-five years of idyllic happiness, Thompson, the love-lorn youth who fled from the covert jeers of the town of his birth, died a king in far-off Nalkeva. The princess still lives and his two sons will reign in his place. The silence of twenty-five years has been broken by the news of his passing away surrounded to the last by his dusky retainers.



Walla Nambuka, "the Child of the Sun." To the simple-minded Islanders he was always looked upon as a supernatural being. His recent death has plunged his people in gloom. The mourning robes of his subjects have been brought out of the napa huts and worn in the dead king's honor. His two little sons, the princelings of Nalkeva, will reign in his stead and King Walla sleeps at the crest of a gentle slope overlooking a coral reef, where the league-long breakers thunder hour after hour. His bones lie far from those of Scotch-American forbears, who settled in southern Illinois nearly a century ago.

A disappointment in love started him out upon the long road of adventure when he was a youth of nineteen or twenty years. One of these unfortunate who run to extremes in matters of sentiment, he fell in love with one of the pretty village girls of old Albion. Things move slowly in this, one of the oldest and proudest towns of Illinois. In the natural course of events it was to be expected that the two would marry in the fullness of time. There was a home to be built and preparations made for a start in life. Something of the methodical slowness of their English ancestors clung then, and still clings, to the everyday life of the citizens of Albion. The town has changed but little in the years that have flown since Thompson left under cover of nightfall. The same houses line the spacious public square. The same homesteads that sheltered the pioneers now shelter their descendants of the third and fourth generations. Red brick homes, low-eaved and with wide doorsteps, still line the older streets of the little southern Illinois town.

Outwardly the town has changed but little, and in spirit not at all since the days when young Thompson waited for his girlish sweetheart at the half-lighted corner of the court house square. The Albion of the Flowers, the Thompsons, the Hulmes, the Birkbecks, of "Park House" and "Wanborough Place" still remains. Had the white monarch of the savage Isle of Nalkeva come back to the place of his birth in the last year of his life he would have found "Little Britain," as the region is known, much as he left it. It is the same little city of schools and churches, of quiet homes and quieter streets that it was when he was a barefoot lad straining away to fish and loaf along Bonpas creek. The future ruler of Nalkeva spent many an idle hour with hook and line along the shallows of old Banpas. If the traditions of the folk of "Little Britain" are true. He was fond of making long trips to the shores of the Wabash with his chums, but he seemed to lack the ambition dear to every boyish heart, the hope of getting out and seeing the big, round world. There was nothing to set him apart from his fellows as one who would taste of strange adventures before his death in the antipodes. The prosy, uneventful life of a farmer, a storekeeper or at the most a humdrum professional man in a country town was all to which he could look forward.

There came an interruption, an awakening to his love's young dream that drove him out of his home town between sundown and sunrise one summer's night. This spur to his pride, this wound to his self-love sent him adventuring among the spicy isles of the south seas and made him a king in his own right before he was twenty-five. He was of that shy, retiring, loyal type of the Scotch who love deeply when they love at all. He had become engaged to the village beauty. The day had been set for the ceremony and the unmarried youth of the town looked upon him as one already lost to the fun and frolics of the single state.

About this time a new business house was opened in the little town and a youthful eastern manager was sent on by the owners to look after

tour of the bird, with its long neck and stout gallinaceous feet, is by no means unlike that of a peacock, and the wonderful tail, possessed only by the male bird, fulfills a corresponding role of vain display. The bird executes antics for a train of female admirers on a raised earthen mound. For a short period of the year, after January, the lyre bird loses its characteristic plumes and has to con-

tent with the sober plumage of its mate. The fully-developed male lyre bird is one of the most handsome and notable of the forms of bird life of Queensland.

New Fireproof Construction.
A new method of fireproof construction for small buildings has been invented in response to the growing demand. Steel tubing filled with concrete is used for the frame and a network of wire for the basis of walls, floor and roof. On this skeleton a concrete house of such strength can be built that, it is claimed, it will be practically earthquake proof. Six inch pipe, steel wire and expanded metal, malleable iron fittings and cement are the materials used. The wires are strung to a tension of 1,000 pounds and bind the whole together with enormous solidity. On them the concrete is spread three inches thick in spans not exceeding 16 feet. Construction is so simple that unskilled labor can be largely used.—Youth's Companion.

Protecting the Lyre Bird

So great has been the destruction wrought upon the beautiful lyre bird of Queensland (Hemura superba) that the state has absolutely protected the bird till the middle of 1915; a £5 penalty is attached to its capture, or injury, or taking its eggs. Still the bird is getting scarcer and scarcer. It is the extraordinary lyre form development of the tall feathers which tempt the sordid vandals. The con-

For the Hostess

Chat on Interesting Topics of Many Kinds, by a Recognized Authority

A Chrysanthemum Luncheon.
Judging from the numerous letters from brides-elect, Cupid must have been unusually busy with his little bow and arrow. There are so many requests for pre-nuptial functions, I am sure the description of this chrysanthemum luncheon will be very acceptable.

It was gorgeously brilliant, the color scheme being yellow; especially fitting for this month as November claims the topaz and the chrysanthemum; in this instance it was also the bride's birthday month as well as her wedding day season. For a centerpiece there was a mound of yellow "mums," kept in place by embedding the stems in sand. At each place there was a little yellow jardiniere containing one stiff, straight little yellow "mum" to which the name card was attached with a yellow ribbon. The grape fruit cocktail had a wee "mum" in the center of the fruit; around the stem of the glass there was a fluffy bow of white tulle. The plates on which the frappe glasses stood had a wreath of yellow "mums" around them and the ice-cream was in boxes concealed by petals of yellow crepe paper "mums." The candle sticks were of silver and had yellow shades. At each place were yellow slippers filled with saffron nuts. Just the bridal party were included in the guests, I mean the girls in the party and two matrons of honor.

A Box Shower.
A jolly crowd wishing to "shower" one of their number who was about to leave the state of single blessedness, conceived the bright idea of giving a box shower. The boys were in on it too, and they had loads of fun. All the gifts were in boxes, which in turn were put in a huge dry goods box covered with white paper cambric on which hearts of red, large and small were pasted. When all had arrived, the bell rang and the village expressman appeared and said he had a small parcel for Miss B.—and imagine the surprise when he entered with the assistance of several of the masculine guests bearing the immense box. The honored couple were told they could unpack, but each package was to be shown, the card read and speech made before the next box was opened.

Among the articles were boxes of paper, box of matches, box of tacks,

box of soap, of thread, of pins, work box, glove and handkerchief box, stamp box, tool box and a nest of boxes ending with a wee pill box which contained a collar button; box of tin kitchen utensils, box of paper napkins, box of labels, etc. When it came to serving refreshments the hostess had a dainty luncheon put up in pasteboard boxes covered with rose wall paper, a box for each couple, coffee and ice cream completed the repast. There were salted almonds and bon-bons in pretty heart shaped boxes bearing the monogram of the bride and groom elect, which the guests retained as souvenirs.

A Neck-Tie and Apron Party.
This really is an old time stunt, but like many other old things has been rejuvenated. The hostess prepares as many cheese cloth aprons as there are men and as many pieces of silk or ribbon as there are girls. When all arrive the men are given spools of thread and told to find the girl who has an apron to match it. In this way partners are chosen and the girls put on the aprons after the men have sewed the hems and sewed on the strings. Allow half or three-quarters of an hour for this. Next the girls are given the necktie pieces and they are gathered together and put through a door, each girl having hold of an end, the door is closed and the men are to come in and take hold of an end. When each man has an end, the door is opened and the girl who has hold of the other end must fashion a necktie for her swain. The latter puts it on and the girl puts on her apron, and thus partners are selected for supper or refreshments. This is a very jolly party, adapted to private parties or for a church social.

To Clean a Black Skirt.
To clean a black skirt, lay the skirt as flat as possible on a clean table. Remove all grease spots with brown paper and a hot iron, then with a sponge dipped in strong coffee rub over the whole of the dress, paying special attention to the front and edge of the skirt. When the whole of the skirt has been sponged and is still damp, iron on the wrong side until perfectly dry.

For Thanksgiving



VERY housekeeper does herself proud in getting up the Thanksgiving dinner. Besides the snowy linen, sparkling silver and glass, and savory dishes, some decoration is needed to make the festive occasion quite complete.

These decorations are no small item of expense if purchased in the art shops where hand work brings its price. Any woman or girl may, however, make her own decorations at very small expense and in a short time.

We are giving today several designs which work out attractively in color. The candle shade, representing the horn of plenty, always in evidence in Thanksgiving decorations, is to be traced on thin water-color paper by means of carbon paper, and tinted in water-color. The horn is to be purple—not too dark—the ribbons green, and the fruit of the gay richness of the natural color. The inside of the horn may be tinted dark green.

To add to the effect when lighted, put a bright bit of color on the wrong side of the shade under any gay colored fruit, such as orange or apples. Leave a little seam on each end of the shade and fasten with brass broods. The edge is cut out irregularly around the fruit. When the painting is done go over all lines with waterproof black ink, and do the work carefully.

Four place cards are given, one a demure Puritan maiden to be colored in light gray gown, darker gray cape with bright red lining, cap to match the cape with a white facing and tie and kerchief—which just shows a little in front.

Paint the face and hands in the natural color. Red and yellow, if properly mixed, will give a satisfactory flesh color for beginners.

The lines in all the cards should be gone over with a pen and ink outline.

The turkey is to be painted brown, light and dark shades, with a bit of red on the head, and outlined. The pumpkin is a brilliant orange color with dark green leaves, and the apples shaded in light and dark red and green leaves, with brown stems.

The water-color cards may be bought by the dozen, or very stiff and heavy water-color paper may be used. Those who do not already possess a box of water-color paints may secure a very excellent little box of a new make with all the necessary colors, for 50 cents. A five-cent Japanese brush, which comes to a very fine point, will answer all purposes for doing this work

to the very deep rich coral shade. And a girl may choose the shade which is most becoming to her particular type—the shade which best shows up or brings out the color in her cheeks.

One may have the queer, irregularly shaped bits of coral, or the round or oval beads, whichever is preferred.

Some strings are quite inexpensive, and one may obtain the real coral beads for a very reasonable sum.

Hat and Cap Combined.
The fancy cap or beguin worn by Parisian fashionables at the opera and theater is adapted to street use by wearing it under the picture hat. Being of gold or silver or of soft cream lace, with perhaps a silk rosebud or two entwined, it falls over the hair like a pretty fringe; in fact, it gave rise to the fad of wearing these fringe veils under picture and cloche shapes in millinery.

In this case, however, when the hat is removed the beguin is seen, and my lady is "coiffed" for the play.

Popularity of Coral.
With her Pierrot Frill Millie, Parisienne wears a little string of coral beads around her pretty throat.

There are all shades of coral, from the palest pink, that is almost white,

AFTER SUFFERING ONE YEAR

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Milwaukee, Wis.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has made me a well woman, and I would like to tell the whole world of it. I suffered from female trouble and fearful pain in my back. I had the best doctors and they all decided that I had a tumor in addition to my female trouble, and advised an operation. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me a well woman and I have no more backache. I hope I can help others by telling them what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—Mrs. Emma Davis, 633 First St., Milwaukee, Wis.

The above is only one of the thousands of grateful letters which are constantly being received by the Pinkham Medicine Company of Lynn, Mass., which prove beyond a doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, actually does cure these obstinate diseases of women after all other means have failed, and that every such suffering woman owes it to herself to at least give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial before submitting to an operation, or giving up hope of recovery.

Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health and her advice is free.

SWELLING THE HOTEL BILL

Hotel Keeper's Method of Taxing Traveler Had at Least the Method of Novelty.

One of the things which help swell the traveler's expense, both in this country and abroad, is the "extra." It may or may not be charged in the bill, but it is sure to be paid for. Probably even the most generous traveler, however, will have some sympathy for the gentleman in the following story who was made to pay liberally for a certain annoying privilege.

During his stay at the hotel the weather had been very hot. "Charles," said the landlord to the clerk who was making out the bill to be presented to the departing guest, "have you noticed that the gentleman in number seven has consulted the thermometer on the piazza at least ten times every morning during his stay. Charles replied that he had.

"Well," said the landlord, "charge him the price of one dinner a day for the use of the thermometer."—Youth's Companion.

"Kin by Marriage."
A caller was talking to a small Harlem girl who is extravagantly fond of her mother. She likes her father well enough, but he is far from being first in her affections. The caller, knowing the situation, asked the child why she didn't love her father as she did her mother.

"Oh, you see," she explained, loftily, "he is only kin to us by marriage."

The Exception.
"Doesn't your husband like cats, Mrs. Binks?"
"No, indeed. He hates all cats except a little kitty they have at his club."

His Luck.
"I know a man who is always up against it."
"Who is he?"
"The paper hanger when he has to fix a new wall."

A Hot Time.
"That fellow cooked his reports."
"I suppose that is how he happened to get into a stew."

When the pupil gets into poetic clouds it misses the man on the pavement.

THE FIRST TASTE
Learned to Drink Coffee When a Baby.

If parents realized the fact that coffee contains a drug—*caffein*—which is especially harmful to children, they would doubtless hesitate before giving the babies coffee to drink.

"When I was a child in my mother's arms and first began to nibble things at the table, mother used to give me sips of coffee. As my parents used coffee exclusively at meals I never knew there was anything to drink but coffee and water.

"And so I contracted the coffee habit early. I remember when quite young the continual use of coffee so affected my parents that they tried roasting wheat and barley, then ground it in the coffee-mill, as a substitute for coffee.

"But it did not taste right and they went back to coffee again. That was long before Postum was ever heard of. I continued to use coffee until I was 27, and when I got into office work, I began to have nervous spells. Especially after breakfast I was so nervous I could scarcely attend to my correspondence.

"At night, after having coffee for supper, I could hardly sleep, and on rising in the morning would feel weak and nervous.

"A friend persuaded me to try Postum. My wife and I did not like it at first, but later when boiled good and strong it was fine. Now we would not give up Postum for the best coffee we ever tasted.

"I can now get good sleep, am free from nervousness and headaches; I recommend Postum to all coffee drinkers."