

The king had rescued his suspender by this time.

"But how are we going to save Isola from her tragedy?" he asked. "There is no time to be lost."

"Proclaim a republic!" declared Jimmy triumphantly. "That's what you want, anyhow. Believe me, Thanks Old Scout, I've watched this king business all over the world with a keen commercial eye, and believe me, Thanks Old Scout, it's a dying industry. The only way I see for a king to earn the love of his people is to fool them, by passing them his throne before they take it away from him."

"Proclaim a republic," repeated the king, dazed.

"How can we do it?" asked Teddy, for whom that idea had an instant fascination.

"Call up the nobles, and tell them that's the only way to save their bacon," explained Jimmy. "They'll consent to anything to-night, and the council will meet here in the morning to ratify it. In the meantime, tell them to spread the news to any mob which happens their way. We'll telephone Dymp Haplee to get out an immediate extra, and have the Hello Company telephone to all its subscribers to inform the neighbors. By morning all Isola will know that it is a republic, and has a say in every important and unimportant matter. They'll have a constitution, a legislature, a senate, laws, lawyers and lawsuits, and the people will enter upon a new zest of life. We'll put this nation on a good, solid, substantial commer-