

yourselves to some other great power, and have an already existing government under that power, you're out of trouble."

"I see," replied the king, assimilating the idea. "That is why we become a territorial government."

"A territory of the United States of America!" repeated Jimmy firmly. "When any other nation walks in here, and sees the American flag flying over the court-house, it will apologize for the intrusion, borrow a light for its cigarette, back out, bowing, and go home and kick the dog off the doorstep."

"We might take that big American flag of yours from the workshop down into the city and hoist it to-morrow," mused the king. "I like this idea, Jimmy—I believe that a hundred and fifty thousand people can govern themselves better than one man can, no matter how wise and good he is."

"Ninety millions of people have proved it," declared Jimmy solemnly. "Gee, I've done a lot for Isola!" he added with vast pride; "I've made her a part of America!"

The telephone bell rang. Jimmy answered it, covered the transmitter with his hand, and turned to the king with a grin.

"It's Huppylac, Onalyon's right bower," he chuckled. "He's crazy. There's a mob of his own people coming up his drive with torches. I guess you'd better talk to him."