

"Huh," snorted Larry, "I believe you're half in love with her."

"Nothing of the kind," Frank ejaculated.

Presently, to the intense gratification and partial awe of the duo, the mummy opened her eyes, and they gazed into a face of ravishing beauty. In preparation for this event both of the men had long been studying the ancient Egyptian language, and consequently they could converse with her fluently.

"Hello, sports," said the mummy in a silvery voice and in the limpid Egyptian tongue. "Where am I at?"

Although tremendously surprised at this slangy salutation, Frank retained sufficient wit to answer her in kind.

"Why, kiddo," he replied, "you're in the mummy house, where they keep Mumm's extra dry, you know."

The mummy puzzled over this for a moment.

"I'm wise, bo," she declared, "to that extra dry bizness. Have a slave bring a quart of suds, will you?"

"Nothing doing tonight, Maggie," came Frank's answer. "The suds factory is on a strike."

"Strike me dead, bo, but this is a bum town," ejaculated the mummy.

Frank, who had been puzzling over the mummy's agitation, now came up a little closer to her.

"Say," he said, "I thought it was only princess and queens that they mummified in the olden time. Aren't you the Princess

Axuma."

"Sure, kiddo," was the answer. "Only I'm really a queen. I'm a queen of song. I was a star in a comic opera that made the Sphinx sit up and take"—

"Shut off that current, Larry!" cried Frank, suddenly. "Back to the Great White Way for me, where I can at least find a queen of song that's up to the latest kink of slangugage. No antedivulian talk for me!"

Larry obeyed him, and a moment later the two men, considerably crestfallen, stole forth from the room and the building.

Two of the "Profesh."

They started out in vaudeville,

It didn't pay; they quit.

They took a fling at Hamlet,

Folks didn't like "legit."

They landed in a comedy

And met their fate again,

Manager said, "Get out of here,

You're act gives me a pain."

Desperate they tried a role

In high class opera stuff,

But the Mgr. was an awful
grouch,

Wouldn't give them trial
enough.

Then they hit on a nifty plan,

And gathered in plenty of
"swag,"

They composed a song with a
jiggily tune,

And called it The Whirligig
Rag.