

King Tommy

By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

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DEEP-LAID SCHEMES

Tommy Norneys, an Irish curate, invested in German marks and when they went down and kept on going Tommy ran over to Berlin to spend his fast-fading investment. Tommy was a modest soul, so when a gentleman with an English accent approached him in his hotel and called him "Your Lordship," Tommy blinked his bright Irish eyes. But when the head waiter repeated the accusation, as he bowed Tommy to a table, Tommy nearly collapsed.

"Who am I?" Tommy asked himself. "Is it a German jest; am I dreaming, or have I a double?" But before he had time to answer his own questions, he was deep in such a mesh of intrigue as even his Irish imagination never dreamed of.

A little later a very pretty dancer threw him a note which said: "Go back to London and marry Viola Temple." Tommy was intrigued to know who Viola Temple was, but the lovely little dancer held first claim on his attention. So he stayed, thereby greatly complicating the already complicated complications.

"George A. Birmingham" is really an Irish preacher—Very Reverend James Owen Hannay, canon of St. Patrick's cathedral, Dublin—so you may be sure he's portrayed "King Tommy" to the life and made him the lovable hero of a delightful romance in a setting of light comedy.

Part I.—London

CHAPTER I

I had finished breakfast and was reading the Irish news in the Morning Post. It gave me some pleasure to read the Irish news in the Morning Post in the early part of 1922. The Republicans or the Free Staters had burned my house in County Clare, and I liked being told that such people come to a bad end. The Morning Post told me that every day with emphasis.

Lord Norneys walked in and greeted me.

"Good morning," Uncle Bill. Had a good night? Sleep sound and all that? Chewed up a satisfactory breakfast? What I always say is, if a fellow sleeps and eats he's fit for anything."

I am not Norneys' uncle, and my name is not Bill, or even William; but I have known him ever since he was born, and I suppose he has a right to stick to the nickname which he first gave me when he was a child in the nursery. His father, the eighth marquis, was my best friend. He and I and Edmond Troyte, the younger brother, were at Winchester together, and afterward at Oxford. I was godfather to the present marquis.

"Thanks," I said. "I got through the night fairly well and the coffee was quite hot at breakfast."

"I thought I'd inquire," said Norneys, "because what I've got to tell you may give you a bit of a shock. And what I always say is this: unless a fellow is pretty well braced up it's better to let a shock stand over for a day or two."

"I feel as fit this morning," I said, "as I'm ever likely to; so unless your news is really desperate—it's about Miss Temple, I suppose."

Miss Temple—Viola Temple of the advertisement holdings and the picture papers—is a very beautiful lady with a spotless reputation. At that time all London was enthusiastic about her dancing. Norneys was more enthusiastic than any one else. I hoped he did not mean to marry her, but was very much afraid he did.

"Viola doesn't come in at all so far," said Norneys. "Though of course she may later on. No fellow can possibly tell who'll come into what, can he? You might be in it yourself, Uncle Bill, before we're actually through it."

"That," I said, "is extra reason for telling me what it is."

"It's a new stunt of Uncle Ned's." His uncle Ned—this time a real uncle—is Lord Edmond Troyte, son of the seventh marquis, uncle of the ninth marquis of Norneys, one of our ablest, quite our most sincerely patriotic statesman, at present minister for Balkan affairs. Whatever the "stunt" was, it must surely be safe and decorous if Lord Edmond invented it. So I thought; but I was wrong. I might have remembered that there is a queer vein of adventurousness and daring in the Troyte family. There was a Lord Alfred who made himself a sort of Arab sheik early in the eighteenth century. Before him there was an Elizabethan Lord Edmund who came back from the Spanish Main with a shipful of gold plate. There was a Lady Elizabeth Troyte who married Prince Boris of Lystria in 1702, and, after a brilliant military career, had her head cut off by the Turks, who were playing about in Lystria at that time. There were others. And that kind of thing, if it is in the blood, is very hard to eradicate.

"Uncle Ned," said Norneys, "wants me to be a king."

Norneys was perfectly right to inquire about my health before he made an announcement like that. A man who had slept badly or who had had

no breakfast might have fainted through sheer astonishment.

"A king," I said. "Good gracious! But—he can't possibly have suggested your being a king. King of what? Where?"

"Does seem a bit of a facer just at first, doesn't it, Uncle Bill? But the way to look at all these things is this: Why not? Before you turn it down you ought to say to yourself, Why not? That's what I've been saying to myself ever since Uncle Ned sprang it on me."

"Well," I said, "when you put it that way I can see—I dare say you'd make a fairly good king of some very small country. But I still find it very difficult to believe that your Uncle Ned really proposed it. Did he mention the name of the country?"

"He did; but it's slipped out of my head for the minute. It was the same place where my great-aunt Elizabeth went with that nucker of hers one hundred and fifty years ago."

"Lystria," I said. "But—well, of course your Uncle Edmond knows better than I do, but I have an impression that Lystria isn't an independent state any more."

I was right about that. I looked the matter up after Norneys left me. Lystria, once an independent kingdom, was incorporated into the Republic of Megalia by the Treaty of Trianon. Megalia is one of those new republics which make the map of Europe very confusing to people like me who knew it before the war. No doubt the Lystrians deserved to lose their independence. The late king, Wladislaws VI, backed the wrong side in the war and like all who did that, lost his throne.

"Lystria is the spot Uncle Ned mentioned," said Norneys. "Potty little one-horse place; but of course a fel-



I Had Finished Breakfast and Was Reading the Irish News in the Morning Post.

low can't expect to step into a first-rate job when he first goes into the king line of life."

"But," I said, "if you really are to be a king—"

As his godfather I felt it my duty to speak seriously to Norneys about his future. I had thought of quite a nice thing to say, but he interrupted me.

"Uncle Ned wants me to," he said. "It isn't a thing I'd have thought of going in for all on my own; but when Uncle Ned has set his heart on it—well, no fellow with any sense of decency wants to start a family quarrel by going against his relations, unless he absolutely has to. I've been thinking things over since Uncle Ned spoke to me. My idea is that a king's duty is to make as few laws as possible, and to stop other fellows making them if he can. What I always say is this: Most fellows are all right if you leave them alone and don't go trying to make them do things they don't want to. Of course if they take to battling each other on the head, then you've got to send a policeman to stop them. But otherwise—Well, my idea of kings and presidents and people like that is that they're far too good an opinion of themselves. They always think they know what's best and want the other fellow to do it. Whereas the other fellow knows really just as well as they do. And my idea is: Let him. So long as it doesn't annoy anybody else much, let him."

Norneys' political principles struck me as sound. I felt that, if ever he became king of Lystria, I should like to go and live there. Taxes ought to be light; for the greater part of our national income seems to go in paying officials to compel people to do things they don't want to. There would be no expenditure of that sort in Lystria under Norneys.

"There's another fellow in this stunt," he said, "besides Uncle Ned. Ever hear of any one called Cable?"

"I've heard of Procopius Cable," I said. "Everybody has."

"I haven't," said Norneys. "At least I hadn't until yesterday. What sort of a bird is he?"

I found it a little difficult to give a clear account of Procopius Cable. Nobody knows where he came from. His Christian name sounds Greek, and I have heard it said that he was originally a Levantine Jew. I could not call him a captain of industry, for he does not manufacture, nor drive other people to manufacture, anything. I suppose he might be described as a financier. I said so to Norneys.

"Anything to do with oil?" he asked.

"Not that I know of," I said, "but he may. It wouldn't surprise me to hear that Cable had something to do with anything in the world if there's money to be made out of it."

"I mentioned it," said Norneys, "because Uncle Ned said something about oil in Lystria. I can't say I much like the idea of living in a place that stinks of paraffin, nasty stuff, always getting into your food and dripping about. However, Uncle Ned says the good old British empire wants oil, and if it does I'm all for its having as much as it can get. That's what I always say to a fellow who starts talking about the empire: The proper thing is to let the British empire get what it wants with the least possible fuss, whether it's oil, or rubber, or whatever the thing may be. Uncle Ned seemed to think that in this case it was oil."

"Is there oil in Lystria? I never heard of it."

"That fellow Cable seems to have said so," said Norneys, "and I rather gather—mind you, I'm not saying this as a certain, sure thing. My general impression is that if I was king of Lystria, Uncle Ned and the jolly old empire would collar the oil? See?"

I began to see.

CHAPTER II

I took the first chance I got of having a chat with Edmond Troyte. He was perfectly frank with me and told me all about the scheme for making his nephew king of Lystria.

He began with the political part of the plan. The Lystrians are, so he said, an intensely patriotic people, and they very much dislike being merged in the Republic of Megalia. In fact, Edmond admitted this to me, the framers of the Treaty of Trianon made a mistake, a bad mistake, in depriving Lystria of its independence.

"They are a people," said Troyte, "with a strong feeling in favor of monarchy. They don't like the republican form of government. The aristocracy doesn't like it. The Church doesn't like it, and in Lystria the Church counts for a lot. Whatever the patriarch says the people say after him. The patriarch's name is Menelaus."

He went on to tell me that the Lystrians would like to have their old king back.

"But that's impossible. The Entente powers wouldn't stand it. Besides, that fellow Wladislaws is a bad one. He treated his wife badly, she was an Englishwoman. As a matter of fact, she was a distant cousin of my own."

Any king who treats a relative of Troyte's badly deserves to lose his throne. I saw at once that Wladislaws had irrevocably lost his.

"The Patriarch Menelaus and the Lystrian aristocracy," said Troyte, "know perfectly well that they can't have Wladislaws back. So, some time ago, they asked for an Englishman. The only condition they made was that he should marry the ex-king's daughter. Of course we turned the proposal down at once and no more was heard of it."

"You seem to have turned it up again," I said. "Now, why?"

That, it appeared, is where Procopius Cable came in. He had found out that the Lystrian mountains were full of oil. He tried to get a concession for the development of the oil fields. The Megalian government hesitated and wrangled and procrastinated until Cable got tired of trying to deal with them. They had not money enough to develop the place themselves. They had not the knowledge or enterprise or energy to do it even if they had the money. And they would not let Cable do it. So he started working up patriotic feeling in Lystria, or rather financing it, for it did not need working up. He got into touch with the patriarch and he got into touch with the aristocracy through a certain Count Istvan Casimir. He gave them all the money they wanted. According to Cable's account everything was ready for a revolution. All that was wanted was a king whom the Entente powers would recognize. The Megalian Republic would be quite helpless if England or any other great power recognized the new king of Lystria.

My word! What next? With such clever and influential schemers at work, anything is possible.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

OFF DAYS

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

EVER have it happen, too? On days ever come to you When you say the foolish thing, Specialize in blundering? That's the day I have today; Ev'rything I do and say In some weak and foolish way.

There are days a fellow's head Acts like ivory or lead— When the things you say, by far, Make you worse out than you are, When the things you tell the rest Make you look your foolishness, When you want to look your best.

It's the day you make mistakes, Blunders, fumbles, silly breaks, It's the day that often comes When your fingers all are thumbs, Dropping ev'ry throw to first— For a man is often cursed With a day he's at his worst.

Well, if such days come to you, Just remember others, too, Have an off day now and then; Just remember other men. Like yourself, get off their game— Be a little slow to blame, Knowing you are much the same, (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

YOUR Last Name

IS IT SEWALL?

THE New England Sewalls and Sewells have the satisfaction of knowing that they were descended from Henry Sewall, mayor of Coventry, England, in 1600. His son, Henry Sewall, came to New England and settled in Newbury, Massachusetts, in 1634. By his wife Jane Drummer he had a son named Samuel Sewall who was one of the most interesting of the Massachusetts colonists of his day. He gives an excellent chance to know him in his famous diary which recounts with quaintness, humor and rare truthfulness the details of his courtship in later life.

His first wife was Judith Quincy Hall and when he was married to her Governor Bradstreet performed the ceremony. It was on this occasion that the bride's father presented the young bridegroom with a chest full of pine tree shillings equaling the bride in weight.

At his second marriage Samuel's own son officiated. Samuel Sewall was one of the judges who took an active part in condemning the witches. Later he saw the error of his ways and did not hesitate to confess his error and lament over the action he had taken. It was his custom to spend frequent days in prayer and fasting by way of repenting for his action in the witchcraft trials, although he undoubtedly acted according to his best judgment at the time.

Samuel Sewall made large bequests to Harvard. Joseph Sewall, one of his descendants, declined the presidency of Harvard in 1724, and Joseph's grandson, named Samuel, was member of congress from Massachusetts.

Jonathan Sewall, born in 1760, chief justice of Lower Canada, was a member of this family; born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, he spent his boyhood in England and from thence went to Canada.

The name is usually spelled here Sewall although it is said that at the time of the Revolution members of the family who remained loyal took the spelling Sewell. Apparently most of them were revolutionists for the spelling Sewell is very rare here.

One of the earliest of the name in England was Sewall de Sovill, archbishop of York.

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THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY



The young lady across the way says it makes her tired the way they say a woman can't keep a secret and she never told one yet without making everybody promise not to tell a soul.

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THE SANDMAN STORY

MR. FOX AND HIS RIVAL

ONCE there lived in some deep woods a fox who had gathered during his years of roaming about the country a great deal of wisdom. As he was now getting rather old he decided to turn his knowledge to good account.

"Surely all the things I know are worth something," he reasoned. "I have learned many things through experience. Some I paid for by suffering and other things I learned by keeping my ears and eyes alert."

"Therefore I should be paid by those who care to profit by my teachings and I shall today post a sign on my door telling the woodfolk where they can listen each night to words of wisdom."

Mr. Fox was busy all one morning painting a sign and that evening as

Mr. Turtle left Mr. Fox wallowing about in the mud.



Mr. Turtle Left Mr. Fox Wallowing About in the Mud.

the woodfolk wandered along they stopped and read, "Words of wisdom spoken each and every night, rain or moonlight to those who wish to hear them, for a small fee."

Those who first saw the sign ran to tell others and pretty soon a crowd had gathered around the door of Mr. Fox, which made his eyes twinkle, for the larger the crowd the more he would get in fees.

Old Mr. Turtle was stretching his neck, but he could not see well enough to read, so he asked Mr. Rabbit, who was nearest to him, to read what was printed on the sign.

The next day the woodfolk saw on Mr. Turtle's door this sign: "Mr. Turtle, who for over a hundred years has been gathering wisdom, will lecture each night to those who care to improve their minds. A collection will be taken to meet expenses."

"A new broom sweeps clean," quoted Mr. Fox when he heard about Mr. Turtle's sign, and then he added "but 'too many cooks spoil the broth,' so I must use my wits to get ahead of my rival, Mr. Turtle."

Mr. Fox knew that his rival would reach home in time to give his lecture, and he knew, too, that he would be the laughing stock of all the wood folk by morning; so, when he did at last get out of the mud he ran for home and pulled down his sign, and then out of the woods he went, to make a home so far away that Mr. Turtle would have to crawl years and years before he found him.

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"What's in a Name?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name; its history, meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day, lucky jewel

FAITH

FROM a Biblical source comes the charming Faith, which sprang into popular usage during the vogue of Puritanical names. The prevalence of appellatives which denoted abstract virtues marked the beginning of Puritanism in England, and many such names came under the ban from other classes because of the widespread dislike of the "Round Heads."

But the simple beauty of Faith, as well as the divine virtue for which the name was symbol, kept her popularity undimmed. For was she not one of the trio whom St. Paul commends to the Corinthians, saying: "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

The Puritans brought Faith to New England when they migrated from their native land, and the name has been universally popular there, at the same time spreading to other sections of the country. It is one of the few feminine appellatives which cannot be contracted.

The pearl is Faith's talismanic gem. It is a fitting symbol of purity for its wearer who will possess enviable charm and affability and have many friends. Wednesday is her lucky day and 5 her lucky number.

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Mr. Fox was running along when he happened to see a bed of nice mushrooms; and knowing that Mr. Turtle liked mushrooms, Mr. Fox had an idea.

He turned right about and ran back to the woods, but he did not stop at his own home. Oh, no; he kept right on until he reached the home of Mr. Turtle.

Mr. Fox said: "Mr. Turtle, I saw a bed of fine mushrooms over the hill; thought you might like to know, as you are fond of them."

Mr. Turtle thanked him and said he would go right over and look at them.

Mr. Turtle had stayed late in the mushroom bed, and when he started for home he knew he would never be able to reach there in time for his lecture unless some one gave him a lift and when he saw Mr. Fox trotting along he remembered his ancestor who had won that famous race hundreds of years before from Mr. Hare.

Mr. Fox ran over to the farm, got his supper and was running back at a pretty fast rate of speed; so he did not know when Mr. Turtle reached out his hand and grasped the tip of his tail and held fast to it.

Mr. Fox was thinking of getting home, and how Mr. Turtle must be waddling along somewhere far from home, for he was very certain he went to the mushroom bed. So he was not as careful as he usually was to look where he was going.

Over a stone wall leaped Mr. Fox, and the next thing he knew he was deep in a pond of—mostly mud.

A mud bath to Mr. Turtle was fun, and if he had not been in a hurry to reach home he would have liked nothing better than to stay there; but he crawled out and left Mr. Fox wallowing about in the mud.

Before Mr. Fox had come along Mr. Turtle had had time to think, and it had entered his wise old head that Mr. Fox had reasons for being so kind in telling him about the bed of mushrooms, so he called to him as he waddled away: "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," Mr. Fox. I shall remember to explain that saying to my audience tonight and tell them, too, how you are unavoidably detained."

Mr. Fox knew that his rival would reach home in time to give his lecture, and he knew, too, that he would be the laughing stock of all the wood folk by morning; so, when he did at last get out of the mud he ran for home and pulled down his sign, and then out of the woods he went, to make a home so far away that Mr. Turtle would have to crawl years and years before he found him.

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THE WHY of SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

THE THRESHOLD

IN a much-talked-about recent novel the doctor of Gopher Prairie says to his bride, "There! I meant to have you lifted over the threshold." Which shows that the old custom of lifting brides over the threshold when they first enter their new home still lingers among us, as it is, also, a feature of rural weddings in England and Scotland. The mixing up in the minds of our remote ancestors of spiritual and material things caused the threshold to be regarded in a peculiarly mystic manner.

As its name implies, it prevented the grain, the body of the corn-spirit, from sliding out when the chaff flew away at the threshing time. It was that part of the entrance to the house over which all must pass that entered it. Consequently there was a constant struggle to facilitate the entrance of good influences and keep out the spirits of evil by "doctoring" the threshold. Cauls were buried under their neighbor's thresholds, personal relics calculated to facilitate the entrance of malign influences. A large nail was driven into the threshold to keep death from entering.

On Walpurgis night the German peasant still lays flowers and branches upon his threshold to keep out the witches; and chips from a threshold used to be thought a valuable ingredient in making smoke for the fumigation of cattle. So as no one knows what witches or evil spirits may have done to the threshold it is better that a bride, at the critical moment of her entrance to her new home, should be lifted over it to avoid contagion from the malign influences from touching the possibly-infected door-sill.

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EASILY AC-COUNTED FOR.

Do Bore (at 11:30 P. M.)—I love that dreamy look in your eyes. I have never seen it in any other girl's.

Miss Sweet—Perhaps you don't stay as late with them as you do here.

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