

# King Tommy

By George A. Birmingham  
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## "I'M ENGAGED"

SYNOPSIS.—In London the teller of the story of the adventures of "King Tommy," and known hereafter as "Uncle Bill," is informed by Lord Norheys, son of an old friend, that Lord Troyte, head of the British foreign office, Norheys' uncle, has a scheme to make him (Norheys) king of Lystria, in central Europe, through marriage to Calypso, daughter of King Wladislaws, deposed monarch of that country. A financier, Procopius Cable, knows there is oil in profusion in Lystria, and with an English king on the throne the output could be secured for England. Norheys, in love with a stage dancer, Viola Temple, is not enthusiastic over the proposition. The patriarch, Menelaus, highest ecclesiastical dignitary in Lystria, is heartily in favor of the restoration of the monarchy, and Cable has generously financed the sentiment. Calypso is making a living dancing in the "Mascotte," Berlin cabaret. Norheys refuses to entertain the idea of giving up Viola Temple, to whom he is secretly engaged.

## CHAPTER II—Continued

Having got all that settled, Cable approached Lord Edmund Troyte with a proposal that the marquis of Norheys, my godson, should be king of Lystria. He would have to marry the princess, of course. The Lystrians, being strong legitimists, insisted on that. But the princess, so Cable said, was a beautiful girl, with charming manners and far more respectable than her father had ever been.

"As a matter of fact," said Troyte, "she's a dancer in Berlin. Wladislaws did not succeed in carrying off a penny from Lystria, so both he and the girl have to work for their living. But that is not an insuperable objection to her."

"Have you," I said, "laid that part of the scheme before Norheys, asked him whether he was willing to marry the princess?"

"Not yet," said Troyte. "I would," I said. "If I were you I'd mention that to Norheys before going any further. Indeed, it might be as well to find out what the princess thinks about it, too."

"She'll be all right," said Troyte. "Her name is Calypso."

Calypso is a pretty name, but I did not see that it gave us any guarantee that the girl would marry Norheys.

"Girls are dreadfully independent nowadays," I said. "You can't be sure."

"She's dancing in a cabaret in Berlin. So Cable says."

"She ought to prefer being married, to that," I said. "Still if I were you I'd consult her. I should certainly consult Norheys."

Troyte took my advice about consulting Norheys; but he did not give me the satisfaction of telling me he meant to. He went on to discuss another side of the affair.

"The main thing," he said, "is that England should obtain control of the Lystrian oil. The civilization of the Twentieth century rests on oil precisely as that of the Nineteenth century rested on coal."

"Is that fellow Cable an Englishman?"

"He's a British subject," said Troyte, "naturalized before the war."

After that I had to listen to an account of the uses of oil in peace and war which bored me; to a description of the distribution of the present oil supply of the world and the small quantity of it controlled by England.

There, I think, lay the real motive of Troyte's action, the explanation of his consent to the plan of setting Norheys on the throne of Lystria. No doubt it pleased him—Troyte has a great deal of family pride—to think of his nephew being a king. And the Troytes had some slight connection with the Lystrian royal family. No doubt he thought that marriage to the Princess Calypso would save Norheys from an undesirable entanglement with Viola Temple. Troyte hated the idea of having to welcome that young lady as the next marchioness of Norheys. No doubt also Cable's remarkable personality had some influence with him. Procopius Cable is accustomed to getting his own way with all sorts of people, and has persuaded several clever men to do foolish things. Troyte likes and admires men of the Cable kind. He has a theory that the British empire has been built up by buccaners; in the Elizabethan days by buccaners who went forth in ships and looted, flying the British flag for their own protection, leaving it still fluttering in the places which they sacked after they sailed away. In the Eighteenth century the empire-building buccaners called themselves merchants, or merchant adventurers, but they acted exactly as their predecessors did, looting, and then leaving the care of the conquered provinces to embarrassed statesmen at home. At the end of the Nineteenth century the buccaners became financiers. But their methods and the results of them were the same as before. Procopius Cable was the latest and ablest of these filibustering empire-builders. That was Troyte's theory about him. And it influenced him in favor of any scheme suggested by Cable.

But the main thing was England's need of oil, and the possibility of obtaining an enormous supply of it in

Lystria. For the sake of England's greatness he was ready to sacrifice Norheys, if sacrifice had been necessary.

There was also another consideration which weighed with Troyte. He came to it when he had finished with the oil.

"The Germans," he said, "are scheming to put up a king of their own in Lystria. The man they have in mind is the Prinz von Steinfeldt."

"I used to know him," I said. "He was in the foreign office in Berlin. He must be a bit too old for the princess. Do you think she'd marry him?"

"The princess," said Troyte, "will marry the man she's told to."

I was not so sure about that. The spirit of revolt against that doctrine of a girl's duty laid firm hold upon the middle classes years ago. Since then it has been spreading upward, and I dare say, downward. It would not surprise me to hear that rebellion is now openly advocated in the schoolrooms of palaces. Besides, Calypso appeared to be an emancipated woman. If she dances in a cabaret in Berlin she must have shed most of the garments of conventionality in which most princesses are wrapped.

"By the way," I said, "where's King Wladislaws now? As the girl's father he may want to have a say about her marriage."

"Wladislaws has gone under utterly," said Troyte. "I don't know where he is or what he's doing. We need not consider him."

## CHAPTER III

Two or three days later, Norheys came to me in the club where I was lurching.

"Look here, Uncle Bill," he said, "you remember my telling you the other day about my going in for being a king and that sort of thing?"

"Yes."

"Well, Uncle Ned's been at me again and he's rather surprised me. Now, I'm a fellow who isn't at all easy to surprise; for what I always say is: Whatever happens—even if the jolly old sun doesn't turn up in the morning at the proper hour—take it calmly. And that's what I do, make a regular rule of it; but I'm bound to say Uncle Ned made me jump this time."

"If there's anything more surprising than being asked suddenly to be a



"My Dear Norheys," I said, "She's a Princess, the Daughter of a Man Who Was a European Sovereign Until a Few Years Ago."

king," I said, "it must be something which would make an ancient Roman stoic jump."

"You'd never think," said Norheys, "that Uncle Ned would turn out to be a giddy matchmaker."

I knew what he was at then. Troyte must have taken my advice and mentioned the proposed marriage.

"He wants me to marry a black princess," said Norheys. "Now I'm not a prejudiced sort of fellow at all. Any girl may be a lady, don't you know; and a fellow ought to marry her, supposing he wants to, like the king that the poem's about who went round pretending to be a landscape painter and then married a beggar. I always say he was quite right there, if he really fancied the girl. But—well, hang it all, Uncle Bill, however unprejudiced a fellow is, he must draw the line somewhere, and I do think it's a bit thick asking me to marry a black princess."

"But," I said, "the Princess Calypso isn't black. What makes you think she is?"

"Sure to be. All those desert island places are governed by black princesses. I dare say she's good looking enough in her way. Uncle Ned seemed to think so. But I don't like them black. And—well, hang it all, no fellow can possibly be expected to be pleased when he finds his wife is tattooed all over; and they all are. Quite right of her, of course, if it's the thing to do in her own country. I'm not blaming her in the least. Only just I don't like it."

"My dear boy," I said, "I'm not advising you to be a king, or to marry the lady. But I think I ought to tell you that Lystria isn't an island. It's miles, perhaps hundreds of miles, from the sea, and I don't think that the Princess Calypso can possibly be black. I met her father once. He's

certainly white. The daughter wasn't born at that time, but her mother was an Englishwoman and a cousin of your own. It's most unlikely that the girl is black."

"Even so," said Norheys, "she'll be more or less savage, and I don't care for savages. It's not that I'm particularly keen on civilization. What I always say about that is that a lot of it is rather rot. Still, that's a different thing from marrying a savage. A girl ought to wear corsets, you know, and go to a decent dress-maker."

"You're wrong about that," I said. "The Central European aristocracy—and that's the class she belongs to—are quite civilized. She probably speaks half a dozen languages and gets her frocks from Paris—or used to. She can't now, poor thing, for her father is stony broke. That's the reason she's had to take to dancing. And I'm told that she's quite a good looking girl."

"She may be," said Norheys, "but my point is—that is to say, what I really feel is—"

There he stopped.

"If she isn't black," I said, "and isn't tattooed, and has ordinary manners, and wears corsets, which I'm perfectly certain she does, I don't see what your objection is."

"The fact is," said Norheys, "that I'm engaged to be married to Miss Temple."

"Did you tell your Uncle that?" I asked.

"No, I didn't. I didn't want to ruffle the old boy, and that would have ruffled him. My idea is that you might break it to him, gently, don't you know, so as not to give him a shock. What I always say is this—"

If there's a jarring kind of thing which has to be said, it's better for a fellow to get some one else to say it."

"You realize of course," I said, "that if you refuse to marry Princess Calypso you can't be king of Lystria."

"I'd be sorry for that. I don't mind saying that I'd rather like to be king of that country. If Viola and I could go there together—"

"Viola?"

"That's Miss Temple. If she and I could set up there as king and queen, we could have a high old time and really make things hum. Viola would make a splendid queen, absolutely top hole."

"You may put that idea out of your head at once," I said.

"Uncle Ned and that stockbroker friend of his could have all the oil. We shouldn't want a drop for ourselves, and I'd make the good old Lystrians dig like the devil. You might try to get Uncle Ned to look at it from that point of view."

"It won't do," I said. "It really won't."

"I don't see why not. I mean to say I think it might be worked if we went the right way about it. I'm not much of a whale on court etiquette and ecclesiastical law but I've always had a notion that there's some sort of recognized dodge by which you can be married on the double if you're a king, both marriages being perfectly O. K."

"There are morganatic marriages," I said. "It's a left-handed and unsatisfactory arrangement. I don't think you ought to ask Miss Temple to agree to it."

"I wasn't thinking of asking her. The very last thing I want to do is to put Viola into an awkward position. In fact, I wouldn't do it, not even to please Uncle Ned. My idea is to marry her in St. George's, Hanover square, with a bishop and bridesmaids and all complete. The other one, this Calypso girl, that Uncle Ned is so keen on, could be the morganatic—what-do-you-call-it? I don't suppose she'd mind."

"My dear Norheys," I said, "she's a princess, the daughter of a man who was a European sovereign until a few years ago."

"I don't believe a black princess would be as particular as all that. Look here, Uncle Bill, you've always been jolly good to me and all that. Just you put the morganatic scheme up to Uncle Ned. Be as persuasive as you can. I expect he'll see his way to work it somehow. But you must make it quite clear that there's to be no hanky-panky about Viola's position. She may or may not be queen of Lystria, but she's jolly well going to be marchioness of Norheys."

"I'll speak to your uncle about it," I said, "but it won't be the slightest use. The thing's impossible."

"I don't see why. Lots of these sultans and pashas and people have whole harems full of wives. I don't want to go as far as that. At the same time, if they can do it, why can't I?"

"Nobody's proposing to set you up on the throne of a Moslem state," I said. "Lystria is a Christian country."

"Oh, come now, Christian. You can't call those countries Christian. Hang it all, Uncle Bill, it was only last week I gave a fellow a subscription to a missionary society especially to convert the heathen. He wouldn't want to convert them if they were Christians already, would he?"

"There's an archbishop there," I said. "A patriarch, which is a superior kind of archbishop. His name is Menelaus."

"Sounds to me like Greek grammar," said Norheys, "for the matter of that, so does Calypso, and I've always barred learning Greek grammar."

Norheys evidently is not strong on geography but his heart seems to be all right. What's the next development?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

By F. A. WALKER

### FINDING FAULT

IT IS a lamentable evidence of weakness in mortals when they deliberately shift the blame for their own shortcomings upon the shoulders of others.

This not uncommon infirmity exhibits what is smallest and worst in character with ugly, repulsive colors such as strong, honorable men studiously avoid.

The human who is always making flimsy excuses, shunning responsibility, seeking consolation for his delinquencies by shifting his faults to where they do not belong, is not destined to sit in the high places or take prominent parts in making a brighter and better world.

He disbelieves in the doctrine of excellence and accepts without any qualm of conscience the dogma of Luck, and then in his sublime foolishness sits in his easy chair and grumbles because Luck fails to bring him the exalted position in society to which he imagines himself justly entitled.

Instead of taking off his coat, rolling up his sleeves, and doing his best, he folds his puny, insufficient arms and thus, without realizing it, openly admits his impotence to cope with the essential things of life, intended by the wise Creator to develop his character and take him to pleasant pastures.

To deal openly, to accept defeat and admit that no one else is to blame for the miscarriage of his cherished plans, is the manly thing to do, even though he may experience a shameful sense of humiliation.

Behavior of this kind makes better men and women. It gives all of us a clearer insight into our frailties, and if we have within us the right spirit, we can soon pull ourselves from the shadows and step with assurance into the glorious sunshine.

The man or woman who habitually blames others, misses the lovable and beautiful in life, and loses the lofty, soul-stirring inspiration which comes and carries him or her to certain victory.

To be honest, successful, good-hearted, steer your ship far away from the treacherous shoals of fault-finding, upon which are wrecked every year thousands of lives.

It is the fault-finder that fills the divorce courts with sobs and tears, crushes loving hearts by robbing them of their sweetest joys and intimacies, while going up and down the world like a roaring lion.

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## Mother's Cook Book

The road to laughter beckons me,  
The road to all that's best;  
The home road where I nightly see  
The castle of my rest;  
The path where all is fine and fair,  
And little children run,  
For love and joy are waiting there  
As soon as day is done.  
—Edgar Guest.

### SUMMER PIES

A GOOD rich pastry is much easier digested than one which lacks shortening and is tough. Pastry should be quickly made, handled as little as possible, and baked in a hot oven. Take one cupful of shortening to three cupfuls of flour, a half teaspoonful of salt, and just enough ice water to hold the mixture together. Cut the fat into the flour using two knives; when it is like meal, add the water, roll out and line the pastry tin. The one-crust pie is the most wholesome and popular for warm weather.

#### Currant Pie.

Take two cupfuls of ripe currants, crush them and add one cupful of sugar, the yolks of two eggs slightly beaten, and a tablespoonful of flour mixed with four tablespoonfuls of water. Bake the shell and fill with the above mixture which has been cooked five minutes. Cover with a meringue, using the egg whites, a fourth of a teaspoonful of baking powder and four tablespoonfuls of sugar, the two last ingredients stirred in at the last. Brown slightly in a moderate oven.

#### Blueberry Meringue Pie.

Take one cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of flour and the yolks of two eggs. Beat together and add three cupfuls of blueberries. Bake with one crust and cover with a meringue after the pie is baked, using the whites of the eggs, four tablespoonfuls of sugar and any flavoring liked. Less sugar may be used and half a dozen marshmallows, cut into halves placed about on the top of the meringue before baking.

#### Strawberry Pie.

Bake a deep shell and cool, fill with crushed berries well sweetened. Top with whipped cream and garnish with halves of fine ripe berries. Bananas may be served in the same way, adding a bit of lemon juice to them, with the sugar. Cover with a meringue or with whipped cream.

Nellie Maxwell  
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A new "comb type" of moving stairway is to be placed in London at stations of the Underground Railway company.

## THE SANDMAN STORY

### WAYNE IN DWARFLAND

IN A far-off land, inside a high mountain, there once was a country of the dwarfs. There they had a big diamond-like stone fixed in a big rocky sky for their sun and a pearl for their moon.

Little twinkly jewels were their stars, which were scattered all over the rocky sky. You see, this land of the dwarfs was so hidden from the big sky outside that they had to make a sky of the overhanging rocks.

But one night a dwarf crept out from this rocky country and happened to look up and see our moon, and he told the other dwarfs about it and they all came out to look, and right away they wanted it.

They stayed so long looking at the moon that the first thing they knew



Wayne, a Poor Shepherd Boy, Watching His Goats.

there was a beautiful big golden sun in the sky, handsomer than theirs, and they wanted that, too.

Now there lived not far away from the home of the dwarfs a lovely little princess named Alfrida, and one day she wanted a butterfly that flew through the palace garden, and ran away from her nurse trying to catch it.

She ran so far away that she reached the land of the dwarfs, and because they had never seen so beautiful a creature as the princess they wanted to have her live with them.

It was such a strange place that Princess Alfrida soon forgot her own home and began to amuse herself looking at the big stone they called the sun and all the other queer sights.

After a while she told the dwarfs that she wanted the sun to play with,

just as they had wanted the real sun they had seen, and because they did not give it to her she began to cry.

At the foot of the mountain was a poor shepherd boy watching his goats. His name was Wayne, and he was very poor. A little hut and his goats were the only things he owned.

The little men quickly surrounded Wayne and began to pull his clothes, trying to drag him with them; but though there were many of the dwarfs Wayne was big and strong.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Listen," answered the dwarfs. Wayne listened and heard the screams of the runaway princess who was crying for the sun of dwarfland.

Inside the rocky home of the dwarfs he found the princess still screaming.

The princess was so surprised that she stopped crying.

"Are you the king's daughter?" asked Wayne. "Your father's servants are looking everywhere for you. Come, I will take you home at once." And before the princess could say any more Wayne picked her up and placed her on his shoulder and ran down the mountain.

When he arrived at the palace the king and queen ran to meet him.

"What shall we give you to reward you for finding our child?" asked the king. "You shall be made rich and given a palace if you wish it."

But Wayne said no, he did not wish for a palace. "I will ask for the mountain yonder where I found the princess as my reward. It belongs to your kingdom and if you care to reward me give me the mountain and the land around it a mile in width."

It did not take the king long to write the deed of gift and Wayne thanked him and departed.

The dwarfs were willing to do anything for Wayne that he asked, and when he told them they could live there and have the big sun and moon they had seen in the big sky outside their land, they willingly let Wayne take out all the gold he found and precious stones.

Of course Wayne became a rich man and he took care of the dwarfs as long as they lived, but he was never able to learn where they came from.

To the king and queen Wayne gave the largest of the jewels for their crowns and to Princess Alfrida he gave the very moon she had cried for. Which goes to show that sometimes those who cry for things do get them in the end; but it would not be a good plan to cry too long so you had better not try it.

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### THE WHY of SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

#### THE EVIL EYE

A GREAT many people believe, or half believe, that to watch a friend out of sight when he departs on a journey brings him bad luck. This is merely a phase of the superstition of the evil eye—a precautionary measure. For you may have the evil eye and not be aware of it, and so cast a malign spell upon your friend without wishing to.

Plutarch, writing in the first century, says that relatives and fathers sometimes cast a spell on their own children without knowing it.

In fact this appears to be the opinion of all the old writers on the evil eye. And starting out upon a journey, or any sort of an expedition, has always been looked upon as a time when the evil eye was particularly liable to get in its malevolent work. Also there is no knowing how far the influence of the evil eye will carry. Nicolo Valletta of Naples, a firm believer in the evil eye, offered, in 1787, a reward of ten scudi for a satisfactory answer to this question—and twelve others—concerning the "jettatura," as the Italians call it. So you will see that you can't be too careful. If, perchance, you have the evil eye let your friend get away from its influence before he is fairly set out on his journey—don't follow him up with your glance. As to the superstition of the evil eye in general it has a whole literature of its own—ancient and modern.

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Italy Lays Claim to World's Largest Tree

"The largest tree in the world," says Jean Henri Fabre in "The Wonder Book of Plant Life," "is the chestnut tree that grows on the slopes of Etna in Sicily. It is known as the Chestnut Tree of One Hundred Horses, because Joan, queen of Aragon, having come to see the volcano was surprised by a sudden storm, and took shelter beneath the tree with the hundred horsemen who formed her escort.

"Beneath its foliage, a forest in itself, both men and horses found abundant shelter. Thirty men, holding hands, would not quite succeed in surrounding this giant; the circumference of its trunk is more than 160 feet. In the matter of bulk, the trunk of this mighty tree is something more than a trunk; it is a tower, a veritable fortress."

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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

#### JACQUELINE

THE most piquant name in the lexicon of feminine appellatives is Jacqueline. Her origin dates far back in Biblical days when one of the twin sons of Isaac and Rebecca was called Jacob and the mother predicted that he would supplant the other. Thus his name came to signify "the supplanter" and Jacqueline, which is derived from this source, has same significance.

As the derivatives of Jacob spread throughout Europe, France adopted Jacques. The great church of St. Jacques at Liege spread the love of the name in Flanders and it was when the English and French were mingled together in the camps of the Black Prince and Henry V that the name spread into England.

The feminine Jacqueline had already arisen. Henry V called the wild Jacqueline of Hainault, Dame Jack. She, like his Flemish sister-in-law, Jacqueline of Luxembourg, was named in honor of the saint of Liege.

The nurse of Edward VI, whom Holbein drew by the soubriquet of Mother Jack, was called Jacqueline. Jacqueline in France are very numerous and the name is extremely popular in this country where its ready diminutive, Jack, sounds good to Yankee ears.

Jade is Jacqueline's talismanic stone. It is said to bring her all-around good luck and wearing it she will find her heart's desire. Friday is her lucky day and 3 her lucky number.

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OPHELIA

THE WEEDS THAT STRAY FROM THE FLOWERS ARE THE WEEDS OF LIFE. IN LIFE'S GARDEN ARE FOUND THE SEEDS OF GENIUS AND OF IDIOTRY.

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