



King Tommy

BY GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

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"SIMPLY ROTTEN"

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. "Uncle Bill's" sister Emily urges him to secure a passport from Lord Troyte for a certain Janet Church, strong-minded female who wants to visit Lystria in the interests of a society for world peace.

CHAPTER IV

I found a letter from my sister Emily waiting for me when I got home. "I want you," she wrote "to use your influence with Edmund Troyte to get a passport to Megalia for Janet Church. You remember Janet, I'm sure."

I remembered Janet Church perfectly well. She is a bony lowland Scot, and when I met her at Emily's house she was touring Ireland on behalf of a temperance society. I remember her saying at dinner that she would rather put a red-hot poker into her mouth than a glass of wine. That, I am sure, was not true. However much she might dislike wine she could always spit it out again. She could not spit out a red-hot poker.

"Janet Church," Emily went on, "is going to Megalia as the representative of the Society for the Establishment of World Peace through the influence of the Union Christian churches. There seems to be a wonderful opening in Lystria, which is now part of the Republic of Megalia. The present patriarch—"

According to Emily, the present patriarch is a man of singularly plastic mind, willing to unite his church with any other in the interests of world peace.

I put Emily's letter into a nice, flat varnished basket which stands on my writing table and is meant to contain unanswered letters. Emily gave me that basket last year as a Christmas present. I was glad to be able to use it for a letter of hers. I had of course no intention whatever of asking Troyte to get a passport for Janet Church.

But I did not get rid of the business so easily as that. Next day Janet Church called on me. In appearance she was just as I remembered her, in determination rather worse. The passport to Megalia had been refused. She attributed that to the hatred which the Foreign office felt to the idea of a world peace and to Lord Edmund Troyte's dread of the influence of a union of the Christian churches.

I dare say she was right in blaming Troyte. Knowing what he did about the condition of Lystria, he cannot possibly have wanted to add to the confusion of the coming revolution by letting loose an earnest Scotchwoman in the country. Also he probably thought that the Patriarch Menelaus would be too much occupied preparing for a royal marriage and coronation to have any time to spare for planning a world union of Christian churches.

"With the peace of Europe hanging in the balance," Janet said, "and the prospect of another war within ten years, it is of vital importance that the influence of the Christian churches, of all of them—"

"All," I murmured sympathetically, "all, all."

"Should be brought to bear on our statesmen. And how is that to be done?"

"Only," I said, "by means of a union of Christian churches."

"Especially the Church of Lystria," said Janet.

I could not see why the Lystrian church, which must be quite a small body, should be so very important. But Janet Church evidently thought it was. So, dare say, did Emily.

"Couldn't you," I said, "write to the patriarch instead of going to see him?" His name is Menelaus. A letter addressed to His Beatitude

the Patriarch Menelaus, Lystria, would be sure to find him." "A personal interview is indispensable."

If the patriarch is the least like Troyte in character, or like me, Janet Church may have one personal interview with him but will certainly not have another. I suppose she realized that she was not likely to get into my flat again, for she refused to leave until I had promised to do what I could with Troyte about the passport.

I kept the promise and made an appeal to Troyte.

"I know all about that woman," he said. "She makes trouble wherever she goes. I can't have letters coming to me by every courier from all the legations in Europe asking me to keep that woman at home."

"If you set any value on your own peace and mine," I said, "you'll give her a passport to Lystria and then keep her there."

"I wish," said Troyte, "that all religious women were in Heaven."

"If you let her go to Lystria," I said, "she probably will be in Heaven soon. I don't know the patriarch personally, but he'll execute her before she's been a week there if he's half as savage as Norheys says."

Troyte asked what Norheys had been saying about the patriarch. I could only reply that I was mistaken



"If I get as far as Germany," she said, "I'll manage to go on somehow."

In saying that he thought about the patriarch at all. The person he called savage was the princess.

"He seems quite sure," I said, "that she's black."

"He knows perfectly well that she's nothing of the sort," said Troyte. That's merely an excuse to get out of marrying her."

"I suppose you know," I said, "that he's formally engaged to Miss Temple and means to marry her."

"We must get him out of the entanglement," said Troyte. "And the best way of doing it is to push on the marriage with the Princess Calypso."

"Until you've convinced him that she isn't black—"

"Don't talk nonsense," said Troyte. "She's an extremely good looking and attractive girl, far too good for him. I've given him her photograph."

"Photos are often faked," I said. "Couldn't you get a colored portrait so that he could see for himself that she isn't black. If you had her painted in an evening dress it would go some way to relieve his mind about the tattooing. He'd know that her arms and neck were clear, anyhow."

"I wish you wouldn't be flippant," said Troyte. "This is rather a serious business. There's the question of oil—a matter of imperial interest, and Cable says he's pushed things on so far that Lystria is on the verge of a revolution. I really don't know what would happen if the patriarch and Count Casimir were to bring off their coup d'etat and there was no king to put on the throne."

"I wonder," I said, "if anything in the way of a morganatic marriage could be arranged?"

"Certainly not."

"It's sometimes done," I said. "I'm sure I've heard of cases."

"Certainly not. The last king, Wladislaws, was far too fond of that sort of thing. His life was a scandal, and the patriarch was on the verge of excommunicating him several times. The patriarch holds very strong views on the sanctity of marriage and—and—all cognate subjects."

"If the patriarch is the sort of a man who would tackle a king," I said, "he'll probably be able to deal with Janet Church. Why not give her a

passport? Look here, Troyte, let's compromise. I'll say no more about Miss Temple and the morganatic marriage if you'll let Janet Church go to Lystria. She'll worry the life out of me if you don't."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Troyte. "I'll let her have a passport to Germany, but not an inch farther. She can go to Berlin if she likes and stay there."

"That's something," I replied. "She'll be out of London anyhow."

"I'm sorry for the Germans," said Troyte.

"Oh, they deserve it. After all, what's the use of our having won the war if we can't do anything afterward to make them feel uncomfortable?"

I called on Janet Church in her hotel and told her my news. I was afraid she would be furious with Troyte for limiting her wanderings. To my surprise she took it very well.

"If I get as far as Germany," she said, "I'll manage to go on somehow."

"Well," I said, "good-by and good luck. If you find yourself languishing in a Siberian dungeon, send a line to the nearest British consul."

"I'm not going anywhere near Siberia," said Janet.

"You may not mean to," I said, "but you never know where you'll fetch up when you start traveling in the Near East."

CHAPTER V

Janet Church left London next day and I congratulated myself that I had escaped one worry. I actually enjoyed several peaceful days. Then Norheys came to me again.

"Did you tell Uncle Ned," he said, "that I'm going to marry Viola and no one else?"

"No, I didn't," I said. "I told him exactly what you said I was to tell him; that you were determined to marry Miss Temple, but were quite ready to marry anybody else as well."

Norheys grinned.

"How did he take that?" he asked.

"He said just what I expected him to say, that he'd never agree to your committing bigamy."

"If that's so," said Norheys, "it puts the lid on the whole black princess scheme. What I always say is this: a fellow ought to knuckle under his family—uncles and aunts and all that lot—so long as they're asking him to do the things which don't annoy him much; but as soon as they begin chipping in in really offensive ways then he oughtn't to. That's my idea of a fellow's duty, anyhow. I don't know if it's yours."

I said that a great deal depended on his definition of the word offensive, and that so far as I could see, Calypso was anything but that.

"Anyhow," said Norheys, "whether you agree with me or not, you can tell Uncle Ned what I say."

I did; and Troyte told Procopius Cable. Norheys was back with me two days later and this time he was in a really bad temper.

"Look here, Uncle Bill," he said, "I'm getting a bit fed up with this sort of thing. I don't say it's your fault, but there it is, and I'm d—d if I stand any more of it."

"What's happened to you now?"

"This way of going on is simply rotten," said Norheys. "As long as it was merely a matter of Uncle Ned persecuting me day and night and pelting me with oil paintings of Indian squaws, I didn't mind. But it's a bit too thick when he sets on a slimy Jewish money-lender to try bribing Viola to give me up. I didn't think Uncle Ned would have played it as low as that."

"I'm perfectly certain," I said, "that he never did any such thing."

Lord Edmund was extremely anxious to rescue the head of his family from an undesirable entanglement and he wanted to see Norheys established as a European sovereign. But he would not hire a Jew to offer bribes to Miss Temple.

"Anyhow," said Norheys, "the brute came, a fat flabby animal, and tried to persuade Viola to take a check for ten thousand pounds. If Uncle Ned didn't send him, who did?"

"Did you hear his name?"

"Yes, I did. He sent in his card to Viola and she kept it. Here it is."

He handed me a visiting card. I half expected the name I saw on it—Procopius Cable.

"That's the same swine," said Norheys, "who's doing the deal with Uncle Ned about the oil."

"Exactly. But I'm sure your uncle didn't send him to bribe Miss Temple."

Procopius Cable, eager to get at the Lystrian oil, had tired of Troyte's cautious diplomacy and begun to act for himself. He had made a mess of it, a far worse mess than I knew or guessed then.

It does look as if Procopius Cable had made a mess of things. And the result?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Queen Lover of Cherries

The rich and ruddy cherries for which England is famous, were introduced into that country from Flanders in the year 1540. The establishment of their popularity was due in no small measure to Queen Elizabeth who had a great liking for cherries ripe. Whereby hangs the tale of Sir Francis Carew, who delayed the ripening of his cherry tree until a month after the end of the season in order that the cherries might attain maturity when her majesty stayed with him. This he accomplished by erecting a tent over the tree, and on the queen's arrival the fruit was at perfection.

POULTRY

CHECK BLACKHEAD IN TURKEY FLOCK

Every year blackhead in turkey flocks becomes a little more common, and every year the losses from the dread disease are a little larger. And while no positive treatment has ever been discovered, a remedy is being used by hundreds of successful turkey growers that proves very satisfactory if used before the fowls are in the last stages of the disease, says a writer in Successful Farming.

A slight lameness is usually discernible in a turkey coming down with blackhead. The bird gradually grows weaker, refuses to eat, but drinks an unusual amount. Diarrhea is usually present, and when the disease is in an advanced stage, the droppings are usually a bright yellow. The wings and tail are not held up. The head is drawn close to the body.

Sometimes the flesh parts of the head turn a bluish-black. If you are not sure whether it is blackhead or some other ailment that is affecting the bird, it will be wise to make a post-mortem examination. If the liver is covered with black or gangrene spots it will not be necessary to look further for the trouble. You may be sure blackhead is the trouble, and begin treatment accordingly.

Powdered Ipecac may be used either as a remedy for blackhead or as a preventive. We prefer to use it as a preventive, as any disease is better prevented than cured. When blackhead enters our flock it usually causes the greatest losses before the poulters are six weeks of age. For this reason we begin feeding the Ipecac to the poulters as soon as we begin feeding mash. It is fed in a wet mash—one teaspoonful of powdered Ipecac to enough mash for 20 turkeys—twice a week. The same amount is given to the young birds and the mature fowls. This treatment will prevent blackhead entering your flock, though the youngsters are allowed to range with the older birds, and on infected ground.

If blackhead has entered your flock before treatment is begun, the sick birds should be fed half a teaspoonful of powdered Ipecac in wet mash (for each bird) for three successive days. If the disease is not in the advanced stage it will not be difficult to remedy, but if the fowls are nearly dead when the treatment is begun, you cannot expect a large percentage of cures.

Heretofore, the only cure for blackhead has been to move to new, uninfected land, and this is usually only effective for the first season.

Do You Remember?

The following questions which are put to the record flock keepers of Iowa by the Iowa State college are pertinent suggestions to all poultry keepers. "Do You Remember?" they say:

When milk ever spoiled the fertility or hatchability of an egg?

When a chick didn't make good growth when it has milk in its ration?

What a time you used to have getting a lot of early chicks hatched with hens?

When you had a mongrel flock and wished some one would come along and get you started with a good breed?

The time you had raising chicks on the old ground that had been used for 25 years without a change?

How your chicks acted when they were affected by worms and coccidiosis?

How you tried to fight internal parasites without new ground?

Poultry Facts

Milk in some form should be kept before chicks during the first month.

One of the things that our culling should do is to weed out the persistent sitters. The heavy layers do not waste time in broodiness.

Many chicks are not getting enough green feed. If they are not on range carry sod to them or fix up a feeder and give them cut alfalfa or clover hay. You'll be surprised how they will eat it.

Wheat treated with copper carbonate to prevent stinking smut is not harmful to chickens, at least if fed for only a short time. Neither is it harmful to hogs, when fed in small amounts.

Sunlight and cod liver oil are said to prevent leg weakness. So will getting the chicks onto the ground, either outside the brooder house or on chunks of sod placed on the brooder floor.

Remember that heavy, sudden rains and floods do great damage to young poultry which are not given brooder housing under the right conditions. A house set low and open to rats and vermin is a menace to the profits of the flock.

THE SANDMAN STORY

PRINCESS PEARL

IN THE olden time, long before you or I were born, there lived under the sea a beautiful mermaid named Pearl. She had long silky hair as fine as spun gold and a beautiful tail as glistening and glinting as her hair.

Wherever she swam, she carried in her hand a long-handled mirror made of pink and white coral, and many times a day she would sit down on the ocean floor of white sand and comb her shining locks.

Princess Pearl had many sisters but she was not content to swim about under the water as her sisters were and often swam far away from the palace of her father, King Neptune, without telling anyone about it.

Mermaids never grow tired swimming but they sometimes are afraid and that was what happened one day to Princess Pearl when she was swimming about alone.

Suddenly she came upon something on the ocean floor very big and black and still. It was not beautiful as was



Princess Pearl Began to Comb Out Her Long, Bright Hair.

everything else in her father's kingdom.

That night she asked her father what it could be that she had seen and he replied that once it had been a mighty thing called a ship and belonged to Man.

"He lives above us," said King Neptune, "and if he had stayed on the land as he should have done and left to me the waters he would not have come to grief. Never speak of it again, my child, for Man's ways are not the same as ours."

But instead of being satisfied with this reply Princess Pearl was now all the more curious. She wanted to know what this Man her father had told her of was like and she resolved to swim to the surface of the sea and find out for herself.

Finding a nice sunny rock by the side of the ocean, Princess Pearl sat down upon it and began to comb her long, bright hair, singing as she worked.

"Oh, beautiful maiden," said a voice close beside her, "never have I beheld such beauty as yours. Be my wife

and live with me in my palace and you shall never want for anything that will make you happy."

Princess Pearl dropped her comb, but not her coral mirror that she still held in her hand, while she stared at the stranger who had come upon her so suddenly.

He was very handsome, much handsomer than her father, King Neptune, the Princess thought. His hair and eyes were dark and bright and when he smiled he won the heart of the little mermaid completely.

"Are you a man?" she said. "I think I shall like you and I will marry you and go with you to your palace."

All this time the Princess had been looking at the stranger's feet and wondering how he could swim without a long tail, for she thought the only way to get about on land or in the water must be to swim.

Princess Pearl sat so close to the water that her beautiful glistening tail was still in the water and quite hidden from the stranger's eyes, so when he reached out his hand to help her to rise he no sooner grasped it than he dropped it and stood looking at her in astonishment.

"Have you no feet?" he asked. "How do you get about without feet like mine?"

"Feet?" questioned the Princess, "are those feet?" she asked, pointing to the feet of the stranger. "I think my tail much handsomer than your feet and I am sure I can swim much faster with it than you can with those queer things you call feet."

But it was too late to save her beautiful glistening tail, for the stranger, who was a Prince, had been given a gift from a fairy at his birth, the power to have all he wished come true, and he was so in love with the beautiful Princess that he wished she had feet instead of her beautiful tail.

"Oh," she cried looking at two pretty pink feet in place of her tail. "Oh, I like these queer things, I can jump and run."

The Prince caught her in his arms and kissed her, telling her she was the most beautiful creature in the world and they would be married and have a big merry-making at his palace.

That night when the Palace was still and everyone slept, the Princess with her mirror crept out of the door and found her way to the Ocean again; it was a long way, but just as the sun showed its head over the tip of the hills Princess Pearl slipped into the Ocean with a splash and a cry of joy, for her feet had disappeared and again she wore a beautiful shining tail.

Never again would she leave her beautiful Ocean home, where mermaids never grew old or wrinkled.

The power to have his wishes granted could not reach her in the kingdom of her father, King Neptune, and though the Prince wished many times for the return of his beautiful wife, he never saw her again.

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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

BECKY

THE saucily piquant name of Becky is too generally in use to pass over as a mere contraction of Rebecca. Becky is given in baptism quite as frequently as Rebecca, and it is not usually regarded as a Jewish name. It comes, however, from the old Hebrew word Rabak which means "to bind."

The Bible tells us that Isaac's wife, who is supposed to represent the ideal of noble wifehood, was named from this word with the idea of signifying the firmness of the marriage bond, but Rebecca was by no means confined to biblical history. She has named the heroines of literature down through the ages.

Sir Walter Scott in his "Ivanhoe" calls the real heroine of his story the gentle and lovable Jewess, Rebecca. But Thackeray in his never-to-be-forgotten "Vanity Fair" gives us the equally memorable Becky Sharp. It is probably safe to assume that all Beckys dated from this period. Their number is legend and quaintness of the name, aside from its literary distinction, insures its perpetuation.

Becky has a curious talismanic gem. It is the loadstone which is said to bring her great happiness and many friends. Saturday is her lucky day and 6 her lucky number.

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A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs

WHAT'S THE USE?

WHAT'S the use of moping, When by cheery hoping You can clear the shadowy way To another brighter day? (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Substitute

"No, I never allow anyone to embrace me." "You don't? Let's dance then." "All right."

THE WHY of SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

BRIARS

A young woman, unmarried, in walking through the fields or along a country road has a briar stick to her dress. It is a common thing for anyone who happens to be with her to say: "Oh, you've got a beau." And the common superstition is that the briar should be named by the young lady after the young man whom she desires for her sweetheart. Then if the briar remains attached the young lady's affections are returned. If it drops off they are not.

Here again we have our old friend sympathetic magic, and also that magic which, by the ancients, was supposed to reside in a name. This latter idea pops in the magic of peoples who are today living in a primitive state. The name is supposed to partake so intimately of the person to whom it belongs that in some savage tribes the real name of a man is never spoken lest some conjurer might, by getting possession of it, work him mischief. He is given another name for everyday use or else spoken of in a symbolic or roundabout manner.

So the young lady in naming the briar endues it with the personality of the young man whose name she utters. If the briar sticks to her dress after that it is as if it had been fastened by a knot or by being sewed there, bringing in the "doctrine of knots" which doctrine has been elucidated already in this series. The briar is endued by being named with the personality of the lover; the briar is attached to the girl's dress and therefore to her. The physical union suggests a spiritual union, accomplished by sympathetic magic. If the briar falls off then the charm is broken, the sympathetic current destroyed.

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