

King Tommy

By George A. Birmingham
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WHERE'S NORHEYS?

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 Wladislaw, 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. Janet Church leaves for Berlin. "Uncle Bill" is again appealed to by his sister to find a certain curate (name not given) who has left his parish in Ireland for a visit to Berlin, and cannot be found.

CHAPTER V—Continued

"Viola threw his dirty money in his face," said Norheys, "and you'd have thought that would have been enough for him. But it wasn't. When he saw she wasn't going to be bribed he took a high moral tone with her, talked about ruining the prospects of a bright young life—mine, the beast meant, not hers. There'd have been some sense in talking about getting married ruining her prospects considering the way she dances. But what was the good of talking about ruining me? All the same, that's what he did. He told her all about that Calypso girl and what a scoop it would be for me to marry her. Now, what do you think of that, Uncle Bill?"

"Did she promise to give you up?" "Of course she didn't. And what the devil good would it have been if she had? I wouldn't have given her up. What I always say is this: If a fellow won't give up a girl, there's no use the girl's trying to give up the fellow, especially if she happens to be fond of him. You see what I mean, don't you, Uncle Bill? Well, after making Viola cry, which is a thing no man would do unless he was an actual devil, that octopus took to threatening her. He said that, being a princess, the Calypso girl could marry me if she chose; only had to say the word and there we were. Viola doesn't know much about princesses, but she didn't believe that. All the same, it made her more than a bit uncomfortable."

"It seems, as I heard afterward, to have roused Miss Temple to simple but effective action. I do not know whether she told Norheys what she had done. If she did, he did not confide in me."

"So you can tell Uncle Ned," he said, "to keep that disgusting Semitic toad of his chained up for the future. If I catch him fooling round Viola's flat again there'll be murder done."

"I'm afraid," I said, "that this will be a disappointment to your uncle. He's rather set his heart on seeing you king of Lystria."

"I haven't the slightest objection to being king of Lystria."

"But you can't be if you won't marry the princess."

"I'm not so sure about that," said Norheys. "After all, if a thing can't be done in one way it generally can in another. Just you try and make that clear to Uncle Ned. Tell him I'm an uncommonly dutiful nephew and all that, as keen as nuts on bucking up the family and pouring oil all over the good old empire; but there's one thing I can't and won't do."

"Marry the princess?"

"No. I'll marry her if I have to, but I won't go back on Viola."

I never made all that clear to Troyte. Indeed, I never tried to. But Norheys succeeded in explaining himself, more or less, to his uncle, and I heard no more of the matter for some little time.

Another worry—a small, even a ridiculous one—came to make my life uneasy. My sister Emily wrote to me that she lost a curate. She wanted me to set the whole machinery of the British empire to work to find the creature for her. He was not, it appeared, a particularly valuable curate. Emily admitted that she did not like him. She went so far as to say that he was not the sort of man who ought to have been in Holy Orders. But he was the only curate there was in Emily's parish and they could not get on without him because the rector, Canon Pyke, had fallen suddenly ill.

ing all that happened during the war, that Berlin is a place a clergyman ought to go to for a holiday, not a good clergyman. It seems to me a callous thing to do, scarcely what I should call Christian. Anyhow, he went there. At least he said he was going there, and I suppose he really did, for that is where the postcard came from. He left his address before he started, in case anything went wrong in the parish and we wanted him back. Directly the poor canon broke down Mrs. Pyke telegraphed to Berlin, but no answer came. Then I telegraphed. When I got no answer I telegraphed again to the manager of the hotel. I got a reply saying that he had left two days after he arrived and not given any address.

"Now I know that with your influence and all your London friends—I am sure Lord Edmund Troyte could do something to help us—"

Apparently I was to set our consular service to work to find a curate who was rampaging about Central Europe. I should look a nice fool if I went to the Foreign office with a request like that. I was inclined to agree with Emily. That curate of hers should never have been a clergyman. I sympathized with her, and with Canon Pyke, and with the parish. I even sympathized slightly with the curate. But I was not going to do anything.

I slipped Emily's letters into the "Unanswered" basket on top of her earlier letter about Janet Church. But



Then My Servant Brought Me in Some Letters Which Had Just Arrived by Post.

I was not allowed to dismiss the matter from my mind. I got another letter the next day.

"I'm afraid I forgot to mention," she wrote, "that the address he gave us was the Adlon hotel. He said that if anything went wrong in the parish he would come back at once."

She had not forgotten to give me that address. What Emily had forgotten to tell me was the curate's name. That rather tied my hands, or would have tied them if I had meant to do anything.

Next day I got a fourth letter from Emily. In it she enclosed twelve penny stamps.

"Please get our ambassador in Berlin to telegraph," she wrote, "as soon as he finds out where our curate is. I don't know what it costs to send a telegram to Berlin, but I send twelve stamps which ought to be enough considering the present state of the exchange. Besides, an ambassador probably gets his telegrams sent cheap."

That letter joined the others in the basket.

By the same post came one from Canon Pyke himself written in pencil from his bed. He began apologetically. He would never have dreamed of troubling me with his private affairs had not his friend Mrs. Chambers (my sister Emily) urged him to write to me on a subject very near to his heart at the moment—the lost curate.

"The dear fellow," he went on, "is not in all respects exactly what a clergyman ought to be. At the same time, he is a worthy young man, full of heartiness and energy. What makes us fear that he may have involved himself in some serious difficulty is that he is by natural disposition both daring and adventurous, more so perhaps than one of our younger clergy ought to be. If you can—"

He, too, seemed to think that I ought to get the Foreign office to send out a search party to Berlin or perhaps to get the ambassador and the head of the Inter-Allied Mission of Control to take the matter up.

His letter joined Emily's in the basket.

Then Emily took to telegraphing to me. She is a frugal woman whose spare money goes to missionary societies, but she spent a lot on telegrams. They kept getting longer and longer. There was no doubt that she was in earnest about finding that curate.

I disposed of the fourth telegram in the usual way. The pile in the

basket on my desk was becoming large.

Then my servant brought me in some letters which had just arrived by post. I glanced at the envelopes anxiously, fearing that either Emily or her dear Canon Pyke had written again. I was relieved to find that the only real letter was addressed in Edmund Troyte's writing. Along with it was a postcard. I began with Edmund Troyte.

He invited me to dine with him that very evening.

"You and I," he wrote, "nobody else. I want to talk to you about Norheys."

I was getting a little tired of being talked to about Norheys. I admit that I am that young man's godfather, but that does not make me responsible for all his actions. Lord Edmund ought to be capable of looking after his own nephew. Then it occurred to me that if Edmund Troyte went on worrying me I might as well have the satisfaction of worrying him. I would tell him the story of Emily's curate and see how he liked being consulted about business which is none of his. I telephoned my acceptance of his invitation and then went back to the postcard.

It came from Janet Church and announced that she had got as far as Berlin and meant to go farther. Janet was staying in the Adlon hotel. The address reminded me of Emily's curate and a really brilliant idea occurred to me. I would give her a little in return.

I wrote her a long letter in which I explained that a really valuable curate had disappeared, having been last heard of at the Adlon hotel in Berlin. I said that foul play was suspected, which I am sure was true. Emily evidently thought that the young man had gone off on a disreputable spree, which would have been foul play on his part. Canon Pyke feared that he had been deceived into a den of infamy and there robbed—foul play on the part of someone else. I asked Janet to stay a few days longer in Berlin to go into the matter thoroughly. It was just the sort of thing she ought to do.

"The curate's name," I wrote, "has unfortunately not been told me. But that won't be any real obstacle. There cannot be many English curates at large in Berlin. If you find one at all, he'll probably be the one we want. He has a hearty manner, is full of energy and good spirits. In all probability his face is round and plump. My sister Emily is most anxious about him, so I'm sure you'll do your best."

Then I wrote to Emily. "I'm delighted to help in any way I can in the good work of finding your lost curate. I am dining with Edmund Troyte this evening and intend to put the whole case before him. You can confidently count on everything possible being done. I have also written to Janet Church, who is in Berlin. She is just the kind of woman who will find a curate however carefully he is hidden—or, if your suspicion is justified, however carefully he has hidden himself. It would be a thousand pities if he were permanently lost. But we need not anticipate that. Give my kind regards to the canon."

CHAPTER VI

Troyte and I dined very comfortably and, being wise men, talked about nothing unpleasant until the business of eating was over. When I had finished my second glass of port we went into the library for our coffee. A servant put a small table before us, set coffee, cognac and cigarettes on it and then went away.

I was just about to begin the tale of Emily's lost curate when Troyte asked me an abrupt question.

"Do you know where Norheys is?"

"At this hour," I said, "he's generally in the Belvedere."

The Belvedere is the theater in which Miss Temple dances. Norheys, unless he has some important engagement elsewhere, hangs about her dressing room until her turn is over. Then he drives her home.

"He's not at the Belvedere tonight," said Troyte. "In fact, he's not in town at all."

"He didn't say anything to me about going away," I said, "but then I haven't seen him for the last two days."

"Nobody has seen him for the last two days," said Troyte. "I wanted to speak to him today and I telephoned to his rooms. His man told me that he went away the day before yesterday. He left no address, so his letters aren't being forwarded. I made inquiries at his clubs, but he left no address at any of them. All his man could tell me was that he went off with two suitcases and the taxi man was ordered to take him to Charing Cross."

Well, in the circumstances it does seem a bit important to know where is Norheys. Has he skipped out or eloped?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Silk Long Known in China
Old records indicate that silk was produced in China over 6,000 years ago.

The DAIRY

PROTEIN REQUIRED TO PRODUCE MILK

Cows will not drink rank or stale water, and the milk pail will show the results. Care should also be exercised to see that the water supply does not become contaminated by sewage, wastes, and the like, since infectious diseases, such as typhoid fever, may be passed on to the milk consumer by cows drinking such contaminated water.

The butterfat of milk is considered the most valuable component. It is upon the content of this material that cream and, to a large extent, milk are bought and sold. The percentage of fat in milk varies with the breed of cows and with the individuals of the various breeds. The Babcock test enables us to find this percentage. A cow must obtain an excess of carbohydrates and fat above that required for maintenance in order to make milk. It is questionable whether the percentage of fat in milk can be changed by the animal's feed, but at least the lack of sufficient amount of feed is a limiting factor in the milk and fat production.

The casein and albumen of milk together form its protein content. They are the essentials in making cheese. Proteins are specific in the work they will do. For example, feathers are 87 per cent protein but they wouldn't make milk. It is this fact that teaches us that a cow requires proteins of certain kinds for milk production. These proteins are found in linseed meal, gluten feed, cottonseed meal and alfalfa. The proteins of other feeds can be utilized for maintenance and milk production in the presence of proteins from the above feeds.

Milk sugar is manufactured by the cow from the carbohydrates and the fat obtained in the feed. This component will rarely be a limiting factor in milk production.

The ash content of milk indicates that a large quantity of minerals must be at hand to supply the demand. In case of insufficiency of minerals in the ration, the cow will draw upon her skeleton and show the result in a run-down condition and in falling off in milk. Salt, calcium or lime, and phosphorus are the minerals usually lacking. It is common practice to feed salt while calcium and phosphorus can be supplied by certain feeds such as cottonseed meal, wheat bran, alfalfa, or any legume.

Air Is Most Important Factor for Farm Stock

Air is one of the most important factors influencing the health of farm animals and it is therefore essential that adequate means of ventilation should be provided for buildings in which animals are kept during the winter.

There are two things which a ventilation system must do, according to Dr. C. D. Rice of the veterinary pathology department, Iowa State college. These are to supply an abundance of fresh air and remove foul air without interfering with the health of the animals through the creation of drafts or excessive cold.

The average cow actually breathes about 1,180 gallons of air per hour, but in order to keep the air fairly fresh, new air must be supplied at the rate of about 590 gallons per minute. The hog breathes 345 gallons of air per hour and should have a supply of 172 gallons per minute, while the hen breathes about 9 gallons per hour and should have 4½ gallons supplied per minute.

The economical advantages of a proper ventilating system are evident from the results of one experiment in which milk production in a herd of 80 cows was increased by 100 gallons per cow per year on similar rations, merely through the installation of a ventilation system. Farmers seeking information on the construction or installation of systems can get help from county agents, veterinarians, agricultural engineers or their state experiment stations.

Dairy Hints

Cows do not enjoy moldy silage, and it makes horses sick.

Use a good, pure-bred sire. "Breed, don't just propagate."

One minute after garlic is eaten by a cow, the disagreeable flavor and odor of this pungent plant may be detected in the milk.

Just as an outline, good cows must be fed suitable dairy rations—balanced rations made of a goodly mixture that will encourage the cow to eat heartily.

A herd should number at least 15 cows before a milking machine is a time-saving investment, says one authority.

The only practical way to prevent the appearance of garlic flavor and odor in milk in regions where the weed infests pastures is to keep the cows from eating the plant.

Milk scales are "feedometers" which every dairyman should have to tell how far his cows go in production on the feed consumed.

The SANDMAN STORY

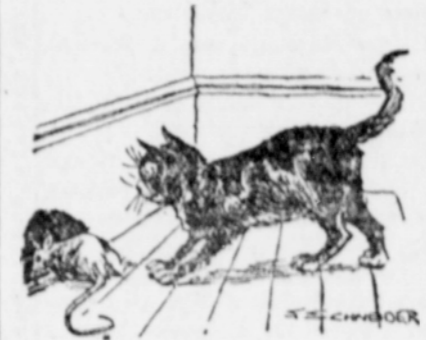
GRAYTAIL'S VOYAGE

GRAYTAIL was one of a large family of mice that lived in the walls of the pantry of the Big House. It was lucky for them that the cook was careless and left plenty of crumbs around, for Father Mouse could never have fed them all, even after a hard day's work bringing home all the scraps he could find.

So when Graytail was quite young he had many times ventured as far as the door to the kitchen by himself and learned to be quick at dodging Black Cat, which though too fat and sleek to bother much about such a small mouse as Graytail, sometimes did chase one just for fun.

But Graytail was eager for adventure and one day when the door was open he ran out into the kitchen and, seeing another open door, he ran out into what proved to be the hallway.

Against the wall stood an open trunk, though of course Graytail did not know it was a trunk. He only knew it was



He Learned to Be Quick at Dodging Black Cat.

something new for him to play in, so he ran up the sides and down into the soft fluffy things he found inside.

He was having a jolly time all by himself creeping in and out among the laces and silks when suddenly, as he peeped from the folds of something soft, he saw two men. Down went Graytail to the very bottom of the trunk to find a hole through which to escape, for he was certain they had come to catch him.

There was no hole, and before he could make one or even select a place to gnaw he heard a dreadful crash and then felt a terrible jolt which sent shivers of fear all over his little body.

With his eyes closed tightly Graytail began to think about the pantry, and he wondered if he would ever see it again. But when after awhile nothing happened but jolts and no one came to catch him, Graytail grew bold and crept toward the top of the trunk.

The cover was closed. There was no way to get out. Then, as he was thinking he must gnaw an opening and make his escape, a crash worse than any other he had felt sent him sliding

down to the very bottom of the trunk again.

Over again went the trunk, and Graytail clutched at lace and fluffy things to keep from tumbling about, for the men were not a bit gentle as they threw the trunk from one place to another. "Oh, my poor head," squealed Graytail. "It is spinning so I could not run if I had the chance. All these somersaults are too much—even for a young mouse like me."

But there was no one to hear his squeals, for the trunk was being put aboard a big ship where there was too much noise for the cries of a mouse to be heard.

By and by all was quiet. At least the trunk was tumbled about no more and Graytail began to feel very queer. "What is the matter?" he thought. "I cannot breathe. Oh dear, if some one does not let me out I am sure I will die."

As if in answer to his wish, Graytail heard a "click" and then in came the light, for Graytail was quite near the top of the trunk. For a minute he lay still, panting for breath, and then the covering of his hiding place was brushed aside and he leaped for freedom.

It was a nice, cozy little space where the ship mice lived and soon Graytail had met the rest of the family and learned something about them.

Graytail told his story in his best company manner, all about his home in the wall of the pantry of the Big House, about the trunk he was shut up in and jolts he felt until he landed on the ship.

"Do you have to look out for Puss?" inquired Graytail.

"No, there is no Puss aboard this ship," said Grandfather Shipmouse. "You see, the cook thinks he has cleared his ship of mice and we are never careless, but very careful not to be seen by anyone. A trap once in a while is all we have to look out for."

"I think I should like very much to live in a house and run about a garden," said Creepy Shipmouse, looking at Graytail with bright little eyes as they sat looking out of the hole that led to the kitchen. They were waiting for the cook and his helpers to go to bed.

"I am sure you would like it very much," answered Graytail. "Then you can have two homes. We can live a while in the Big House. In the pantry wall and then we can take a trip on the ship. Don't you think that would be a nice way to live the rest of your life?"

And that was the way Graytail asked Creepy Shipmouse to become his wife, and I would not be a bit surprised if some day you saw Graytail or Creepy when you take a trip on a big ship sailing on the ocean.

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THE WHY OF SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

EYEBRIGHT

THAT lowly plant, the eyebright, which learned people call the euphrasia, was formerly very popular in this country as a cure for weak eyes, styes, etc., and in the rural districts it will be found still to occupy a place of consideration in folk medicine. In Europe it is a popular remedy for all diseases of the eye, even as it is here.

Its reputation is an inheritance from past ages and originated in the "doctrine of signatures"—that form of primitive, sympathetic magic which, as man advanced in civilization, became a medical theory—the theory that every plant had a "signature" which indicated for what medical purpose it was intended to be used.

The eyebright has in its corolla a black, pupil-like spot suggesting the pupil of the eye. Therefore it is good for diseases of the eye. In olden times the eyebright was supposed not only to be "good for sore eyes," but to confer, also, upon both the mental and the physical eye greatly increased powers of perception. Milton represents the eyes of Adam as being "purged with euphrasia" for he had much to see, and Spencer speaks of the plant as giving dim eyes power to "wander leagues around," while Thompson asks Urania to purge away with eyebright "the mists which dim the mirror of the mind."

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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

MADGE

THE numerous names which come from the Persian word for pearl, Murvarid (child of light), include the charming Madge. It made its first appearance as Margarete and named the virgin mixer who became, before the Fifth century, the recipient of the allegory of feminine innocence and faith, overcoming the dragon. Though the legend was Greek, it did not flourish in the Eastern church, but Cremona laid claim to the maiden's relics, and Hungary, in its first Christianity, eagerly adopted the name.

Curiously enough it reached Scotland almost at once and from there it went to Norway with the daughter of Alexander III, whose marriage cost the life of Sir Patrick Spens. It nearly came back from Scandinavia with her child, the Maid of Norway, but the maid died on the voyage and her name reached England through France and Germany.

There were many English forms of this "pearl name." Margarete was the general favorite, though Margery ran it a close second. It is from the latter that Madge is descended. It found great popularity in England, but it remained for its appearance here to mark the zenith of its vogue.

The pearl is, of course, Madge's talismanic gem. The Persian notion that a pearl is formed from a drop of dew on which the moon's rays shine, imbues this gem with the power to bestow its charm and its exquisite purity on its wearer. Monday is her lucky day and 5 her lucky number.

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A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

YOUTH OR AGE?

IF ALL my wealth were gold
Made up of dollars cold,
To give away my pelf
Would not enrich myself.

But if that wealth were cheer,
In giving it 'tis clear
The more I give the more
Is added to my store.

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