

King Tommy

By George A. Birmingham
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"LADY 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 Vladislaws, 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 "Mascoite," Berlin cabaret. Norheys refuses to entertain the idea of giving up Viola Temple, to whom he is secretly engaged. "Uncle Bill" secures 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. Lord Norheys and Viola Temple disappear from London.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

It occurred to me at once that Norheys, goaded to exasperation by Cable's conduct to Miss Temple, had gone off with her and got married somewhere.

"Did you," I asked, "find out whether Miss Temple is in London or not?"

"No, I didn't. You surely don't think he's gone off with her?"

"It might be worth while finding out whether she's in London or not."

I went over to the telephone and rang up the Belvedere theater. I asked whether Miss Temple was there and at what hour she might be expected to dance. Someone who was either in a hurry or a bad temper replied that Miss Temple was unable to dance owing to indisposition. He added that if I had taken the trouble to look at the advertisements of his entertainment I should have seen that Miss Temple had not danced for two nights. In that way, so he said quite plainly, I should have avoided wasting his time with silly questions. That was a plain hint to me to ring off and hang up the receiver; but I ventured on another question.

"Do you happen to know if Miss Temple is at home in her flat?"

"No, I don't," came the reply, "and I shouldn't tell you if I did. We don't encourage strangers to run after our ladies."

I told Troyte what I had heard.

"I suppose," I said, "that putting two and two together in the usual way we arrive at four."

"You mean that he's gone off with her?"

"I should have expressed myself more plainly," I said. "I should have said that putting one and one together we arrive at another one. 'They twain,' you know."

"Married?"

"He told me he was perfectly determined to marry her, and I expect he was."

My opinion was that Troyte had driven the boy into marrying rather sooner (as he meant to be continuously pushing the Princess Calypso at him and worrying him about the crown of Lystria. Cable, with his attempt at bribery and his ill-timed threats, had settled the matter. But there was no use making things worse for Troyte by telling him that it was largely his own fault. I tried to soften the blow to him.

"I'm told," I said, "that she's a nice, lady-like girl. He might have done worse."

Troyte sat sipping a glass of cognac without speaking. I went on:

"And, after all, it wouldn't have been all joy marrying a Balkan princess. I don't know this Calypso girl personally, but I can't help feeling that a young woman brought up among bearded brigands, with snowy mountains all round, and heavy barbaric jewels given her for birthday presents, might turn out to be what the French call farouche. I don't mean to hint that she isn't a lady; but she may be a bit lacking in serenity."

"I don't believe he's gone off with Miss Temple," said Troyte.

The thing seemed so obvious to me that I could see no reason for doubting it. But the next thing Troyte said startled me.

"The fact is," he said, "that Norheys promised me three days ago that he'd go out to Lystria. He said he'd be ready to start tomorrow."

"Did he say he'd marry the princess?"

"No. He didn't. If you want his exact words, he said, 'I'll have a go at that jolly old crown, Uncle Ned, just to please you.'"

I have never known Norheys go back on his word. If he said that he certainly meant to do it.

"And he promised to start tomorrow?" I said.

"Yes. But he may have changed his mind and started the day before

yesterday. I told him that everything was ready. As a matter of fact, Cable has had an agent from Lystria waiting in Berlin for a week, ready to make a dart across the frontier the very moment Norheys arrives. Every one in Lystria is prepared for the coup d'etat. The patriarch and most of the leading nobles are to be in the Schloss Amberg, one of the old royal palaces. Cable has poured money into the country and has got the whole thing thoroughly organized. In fact, he told me that he'd managed to bribe the President of the Megalian republic and three of his cabinet ministers, so that they won't make a fuss when Lystria declares its independence. I've settled things with the French, more or less, that is to say, they've agreed to leave it to the League of Nations."

"Which means?"

Troyte smiled slightly.

"Talk," he said, "and time."

"So you really think that if Norheys has gone there—"

"Everything will go quite smoothly," said Troyte. "But I wish he'd told me he was starting at once."

"And it might have been better," I said, "if he hadn't taken Miss Temple with him."

"I don't believe he's done that," said Troyte. "Hang it all, the boy's a gentleman. He wouldn't go off to marry the princess with that other woman in attendance."

I felt as sure as I could be about anything that Norheys had not gone off to marry the princess. But he might possibly have gone to Lystria to see if he could secure the crown without the princess. He told me he was anxious to please his uncle and to supply the empire with oil.

"What would happen," I said, "if he asked for the crown and refused to marry the princess?"

"He wouldn't get it," said Troyte. "The Lystrians are legitimists to the backbone."

"And if by any chance—I'm not saying that it is so, I'm only making a suggestion—if by any chance Miss Temple followed him there of her own accord, what would happen?"

"I should think," said Troyte, "that the patriarch would probably hang Norheys and imprison Miss Temple. But that can't have happened. The girl wouldn't be such a fool as to go there on her own."

Then a servant came in and murmured to Troyte that Mr. Cable wanted to see him on very important business.

"Show him in," said Troyte.

I had never seen Procopius Cable. With Norheys' description fresh in my mind I expected a repulsive-looking man. Norheys called him "a Semitic toad," an "octopus," and "a slimy money-lender." I was agreeably surprised. He did not look like a gentleman, but there was no doubt about his being masterful and strong. I saw that he possessed ability of an uncommon kind. I could understand how it was that Troyte believed him to be an empire-builder. Clive and Warren Hastings, in earlier days Drake and Frobenius, later on perhaps Cecil Rhodes, must have been men of essentially the same sort of character. But looking at the man, it was tolerably certain that he was not by birth an Englishman. He had become English because England is the natural home of men of his type, the only country which has ever understood how to use them. But the foreign strain was unmistakable. It was not Semitic. It was not Latin. I do not think it was Slav. It was something that made him more excitable and more liable to display excitement than a man of our blood would be.

His eyes were sparkling. His face seemed to shine and his movements were jumpy when he walked into the room. When he saw me he stopped, half way between the door and the fireplace.

Troyte introduced me formally, told him that he need not hesitate to speak in my presence and invited him to sit down. Cable still looked at me doubtfully. Troyte explained that I was Norheys' godfather and knew all about the Lystrian business. Then Cable blurted out the news.

"I came round to tell you," he said, "that I've just had a telegram from Casimir. You recollect, don't you, Count Istvan Casimir is the most influential of the Lystrian nobles. He's my agent in Berlin."

"Yes," said Troyte. "He was to receive Norheys there."

"Everything has gone capitally so far," said Cable. "Lord Norheys arrived in Berlin. Casimir met him. They crossed the Megalian frontier today."

"Today?" said Troyte. "Norheys and Casimir?"

"Lord Norheys and the princess," said Cable. "Casimir couldn't go with them. He wouldn't have been allowed to cross the frontier. The patriarch is waiting for them in the Schloss Amberg. They ought to arrive there tomorrow evening. Next morning the wedding will be celebrated in the Royal chapel. Tomorrow afternoon the coronation will take place."

Cable was excited, wildly excited. He stepped forward, took Troyte's liqueur glass, filled it with cognac and raised it high above his head.

"God save the king of Lystria," he said.

He swallowed the cognac, and, following the best precedents, threw down the glass. It ought no doubt to have emphasized the toast by being shivered to atoms. But Troyte's

Persian carpet is soft. The glass merely rolled about a little. I picked it up quite unharmed and set it on the tray.

"I suppose," I said, "that there's no possibility of a mistake about your news?"

"There can't be a mistake," said Cable. "Casimir is thoroughly reliable. The telegram is in my private code, so you couldn't read it if I showed it to you. But you may take my word for it that it comes from Casimir. No one else has the code."

"I don't see any reason to suppose there is a mistake," said Troyte. "Norheys told me he meant to go to Lystria, though I didn't know he meant to start day before yesterday."

"He started a week ago," said Cable.

That puzzled me. I was quite certain that I had seen Norheys less than a week ago. Certainly Miss Temple was dancing in the Belvedere four days before. I saw her there myself. Whatever Norheys had done, she had certainly not left London a week ago.

"Does your telegram say whether there was any one else with Norheys and the princess?" I said. "You've told us that the Count Casimir couldn't go with them. Did they go off to Lystria alone?"

"There was a lady with the princess," said Cable.

"Who?" I asked.

"I don't know," said Cable.

"Some lady-in-waiting, of course," said Troyte. I was more puzzled than ever. I felt convinced that Miss Temple was with Norheys wherever he was. Unless he had succeeded in working out his plan for marrying both of them I failed to see what could have happened.

"I think," said Troyte, "that we ought to follow Mr. Cable's example, and drink the health of the king and queen of Lystria."

He rang the bell. In a few minutes we had a bottle of champagne on the table between us. Troyte filled three glasses. He and I stood up. Cable had not sat down.

"Long life to the king and queen," said Troyte.

"The restored monarchy of Lystria," said Cable.

"Oil," I said, "and plenty of it."

Troyte drank. Cable hesitated, looking doubtfully at me. He suspected that I might be poking fun at him, and that kind of man always hates a joke. I held up my glass and smiled amiably.

Then—things occasionally happen in this dramatic way even in real life—Norheys and Viola Temple walked in.

"Hullo! Uncle Ned," said Norheys, "just ran round, don't you know, to tell you that Viola and I were married the day before yesterday. Did the trick in Dover and ran over to Paris for twenty-four hours. Excuse our not being dressed and that sort of thing. The train's only just in."

Troyte stared at him. So did Cable. Neither of them spoke. I felt it was my duty to break a silence that was becoming awkward.

"Oddly enough," I said, "we were just drinking to your health when you came in."

"Were you?" said Norheys. "Now how the devil did you know? I suppose it got into the papers somehow. What I always say is: It's no use trying to keep things out of papers. The marquis of Norheys and his beautiful bride leaving the church after the ceremony, and all that sort of thing. What? With a photograph of some other fellow and quite a different girl grinning at you. I don't know how it's done; but there it is, you know. Anyhow, I'm glad it was broken to you, Uncle Ned. I was afraid it might be a bit of a fiasco at first. Not that I'm going to back out of Lystria. I always told you I was quite on for that. So's Viola. Viola is as keen as I am and we'll start tomorrow if you like."

"Are you Lord Norheys?" gasped Cable.

"That exact man, and this is Lady Norheys."

"If you're Lord Norheys—" said Cable.

"I don't blame you for not recognizing me," said Norheys. "I expect the photographs you saw in the papers gave me a long white beard or something. But I'm the man, the actual and only original. Do tell him who I am, Uncle Bill. He doesn't seem to believe me."

"If you're Lord Norheys, some one else must have gone off to Lystria with the princess."

"Good old Calypso," said Norheys. "Done a bolt on her own, I suppose. Family chauffeur, perhaps. What I always say is this: If a girl has any spirit it's a mistake to drive her up against the ropes, telling her she's never seen. They won't stand it, and I don't altogether blame them. Jolly independent, all of them, specially since the war."

"If you're Lord Norheys," Cable said, "who has gone off to Lystria with the princess?"

He spoke in a dull flat tone. Troyte made no attempt to answer him. Norheys put his arm round his wife's waist and winked vulgarly at me. There was a long and embarrassing silence. I broke it in the end with an idiotic answer to Cable's question.

"Unless it's my sister Emily's lost curate, I don't see who it can be." Then I giggled nervously.

Well, well! If this Lord Norheys has married Viola Temple, who's the other Lord Norheys?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE BRIDE OF THE SEA

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

FROM the embracing land you leap
To meet the sea—
The land has given you to the deep,
Its bride to be—
Glistening spray your bridal veil,
Your gem the sun—
Now in the calm of life, the gale,
You two are one.

Far shall your husband bear you, far
From harbor home,
By southern cross, or eastward star,
Or icy foam,
But you will go with him content,
Content to be
All that the hands that shaped you
meant—
Bride of the sea!

Even as ships to seas, is given
Woman to man—
Go with him seeking heaven
As best you can:
Glistening dawn your bridal veil,
Or hid the sun—
Now in the calm of life, the gale,
You two are one.
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SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

By F. A. WALKER

LACK OF COURTESY

BEING in a reminiscent mood, the courtly old gentleman smiled pleasantly, gazed meditatively through his Oxford glasses upon his friends, and spoke to them in a sorrowful manner upon the general lack of courtesy.

"It appears to me," he said, "that the fine, considerate deportment of other days is gradually disappearing, particularly among the rising generation. Whether this is due to our present mode of living, our feverish chase of the golden age, our disregard of the feelings of others, or a voluntary willingness to forego those niceties of manners which mark the difference between the wellbred and the boer, I do not know. However, be that as it may, if you will look around you, you will observe that we are becoming vastly more selfish and absorbed in our own comforts and affairs than we were, even ten or fifteen years ago.

"As we move along the streets, or pass through the aisles of crowded places of amusement and bump into others, few of us, indeed, take the trouble to make apology, or even notice the deplorable breach of common etiquette.

"We go about with sternly-set faces as if we were carrying a chip on our shoulders, ready to fight at the drop of a hat, struggling all the while to crowd others out of line at the ticket offices or to get a seat in the public conveyances, irrespective of mothers with children, or elderly persons who stir slowly because of the natural infirmities of age.

"The tired workman, the worn-out shop girl, the lame and the half-blind, all pushed aside ruthlessly in our habitual haste and forgetfulness of the Golden Rule, as we scurry pell-mell in pursuit of our own temporary comfort, or the attainment of our selfish purposes.

"We rise no more to the hoary head, but continue to enjoy our book or paper, while he or she of the hoary locks is frequently scowled upon, as though we wished to make it plain that he or she should stay at home.

"Perhaps all these gross discourtesies are the aftermath of the World War, or perchance we are changing and reverting to the brute type," said the old gentleman, as he discontinued his talk and drummed dreamily with his slim fingers on the library table.
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THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY

By MILDRED MARSHALL

What's in a Name?

LUCILLE is a poetic name which has come into everyday usage in this country. It used to be considered a diminutive of Lucy, but as a matter of fact, it is a completely separate name which merely happened to spring to fame simultaneously with the shorter and more serviceable appellation.

It signifies light, coming from the Latin word lux.

Lucille comes to us through the masculine form evolved from lux. Ancient Britain is said to have had a king called Lueifer Mawr who was Latinized into Lucius. Viscount Falkland brought fame to the name in England and Ireland and in the meantime Lucius was growing in popularity in Rome.

The Lucilian gens of the plebeian order was formed from Lucius and from it arose the name Lucilla. Several Roman empresses bore this name and a saint at Florence was so called. Lucille is the French version which was immediately accepted by England. Owen Meredith made the name famous by his poem of that name.

The diamond is Lucille's talismanic gem. It will bring her courage and physical and mental strength. Wednesday is her lucky day and three her lucky number.
(© by Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

Vain Self-Denial

A bishop was eating dinner with his host before the afternoon service at which he was to speak. He ate little or nothing, explaining that it was not good for a preacher to eat heavily before a sermon. The housewife could not attend the service, as she had to stay at home and prepare supper. When her husband came home, she said, "Well, how was he?" The husband, drawing a sigh, replied, "He might just as well of 'et."—Christian-Evangelist.

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

UNDAUNTED

I'll crack a joke if possibly I can
To bring a laugh unto the heart of man,
But best of all the specimens of mirth
That you and I can work down here on earth
Lies in some quiet service of the style
That seen above will make the angels smile.
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THE SANDMAN STORY

BRUIN'S RED MITTENS

OF COURSE Granny Bear knew that her little Grandson Bruin would not need mittens, for in the cold weather he would be soundly sleeping inside a warm cave house; but being a grandmother, she just had to knit.

"I'll knit him some red mittens," said Granny Bear to herself as she sat in the rocking chair by the window. "Red is such a lovely color. All boys like red."

Little Bruin teased to wear the red mittens and, being a grandmother, Granny Bear said at last, "Well, run along with you and wear the red mittens if you like, you little tease."

Little Bruin sat down under the tree. First he looked at the red mittens all over and then he turned them inside out, then he pulled them on.

He jumped up and ran for home, still looking at the red wristbands, but as he ran the bands grew narrower, for the scrapping Mrs. Birdies had tangled the yarn about a bush which held it fast, and when little Bruin reached home not a sign of the red mittens did he have. It had all unravelled.

"Sakes alive!" exclaimed Granny Bear when little Bruin came tumbling into the room where she sat knitting. "What has happened?"

Between his sobs little Bruin managed to tell his sad story. "It just flew away," he said. "The faster I ran the faster it went away."

Little Bruin wiped the tears from his eyes and, taking Granny's hand, he led her along the path through the woods. He did not have to go far before they came upon the red yarn trailing on the ground.

Granny Bear followed the red line, and pretty soon she saw the bush where the Mrs. Birdies were still pulling at the yarn.

"You say you were asleep and when you woke up the mittens were all gone but the wrists?" inquired Granny Bear.

Little Bruin nodded his head. "I turned them inside out," he explained. And then Granny Bear remembered the unfastened end of yarn and, being a wood dweller, she knew what had happened. But she did not see two bright eyes looking down at her from a nearby tree, or she might have thought some one beside a little bird could tell what happened to little Bruin's red mittens.
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When He Woke Up the Mittens Were Gone.

and looked at them again, and then he dropped his paws and began to nod his head. Little Bruin was tired and he fell asleep.

Timmy Coon was watching all the time and he noticed that on the tip of the red mitten was a bit of red yarn. Timmy had an idea perhaps he could get the red mittens after all.

Old Mrs. Birdie had asked him only that morning if he had seen in his travels a bit of yarn or soft twine she could use in repairing her nest. He decided he would run and tell her. Mrs. Birdie could pull at the yarn that hung from little Bruin's red mittens.

tens and perhaps she would pull them off Bruin's paws. She could pluck the bit that hung from the mittens and use it for her nest, and then, of course, she would leave the mittens on the ground.

So off ran Timmy Coon to tell her. He did not have to go far because Mrs. Birdie lived in a tree close by.

"I'll come right along," said Mrs. Birdie when she heard the news.

By and by the other Mrs. Birdies made such a noise quarreling over the red yarn that little Bruin awoke and his eyes nearly popped from his head when he saw only a band of red around his wrists—all that was left of his beautiful red mittens.

He jumped up and ran for home, still looking at the red wristbands, but as he ran the bands grew narrower, for the scrapping Mrs. Birdies had tangled the yarn about a bush which held it fast, and when little Bruin reached home not a sign of the red mittens did he have. It had all unravelled.

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Your Health

By ANDREW F. CURRIER, M.D.

ACID INDIGESTION

OF THE innumerable glands with which the mucous membrane lining the stomach is provided, one set secretes mucus and another pepsin. Water and mineral substances in solution are squeezed out of the blood-vessels in the upper part of the mucous membrane, and the proper chemical action between them produces hydrochloric acid.

This acid combines with pepsin and mucus to form the gastric juice which digests the albuminoids or proteids received into the stomach and which include meat, fish, milk, eggs, etc.

This gastric juice is made or secreted principally from one to three hours after a meal.

If there is more hydrochloric acid than is needed, the excess becomes a cause of trouble in the form of discomfort, pain, and a sourness sometimes called water brash or heartburn, which may be so irritating that it will come up to the mouth in the form of intensely sour fluid which sets the teeth on edge and leaves a very bad taste.

This constitutes acid indigestion, or super-acidity, or hyperchlorhydria.

There are many kinds of indigestion or dyspepsia; this is the commonest of all.

It is most frequent in middle life, may last a few days or persist for months and years, and not seldom ends in cancer or ulcer.

Now, cancer of the stomach occurs more frequently than any other form of that dreadful disease, hence the importance of avoiding indigestion or keeping it under control if it persists in appearing.

Super-acidity may come from many causes, some preventable, and others non-preventable; from disease of the teeth, mouth, throat, liver, lungs, and heart; and also from improper food, irregular eating, over-eating (especially when fatigued), defective chewing, insufficiency of saliva, too much alcohol, or too much fluid of any kind.

It often comes from fatigue, nervousness, exhaustion and worry.

People who speculate or take big chances on things or are constantly fretting, are almost sure to acquire it.

Washing out the stomach is often very beneficial, and the bowels and skin must be carefully looked after.

Chewing gum is useful in some cases, though the habit as ordinarily practiced does not seem to me either elegant or desirable.

No amount of medicine will cure the disease unless one is careful about his food and drink, and uses only such substances as experience may teach him his digestive apparatus will properly dispose of.
(© by George Matthew Adams.)

"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

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