

King Tommy

By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

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"SOME MISTAKE!"

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. Lord Norheys and Viola Temple disappear from London. Procopius Cable receives information that Norheys, with the princess, has left there on his way to Lystria, but Norheys appears with the former Viola Temple, now his wife. The question is, "Who is the man who has gone to Lystria with the Princess Calypso?"

Part II.—Berlin

CHAPTER VII

It is easy to understand how the mistake was made.

Count Istvan Casimir does not know English very well. He has never been in England and at that time had never talked to any Englishman except the tutor who educated him as a boy and taught him to read Shakespeare. The tutor must have been a Shakespearean enthusiast, for Casimir has more quotations ready for use than most of us. Unfortunately, his knowledge of Shakespeare did not help much in his correspondence with Procopius Cable. The English which Cable uses is of a modern and commercial kind. I can fancy his writing to Casimir: "Yours of even date"; or "of the 12th ult. to hand"; or "re Lystrian monarchy, we regret—" Shakespeare did not write in that style and I do not suppose that Casimir understood half Cable wrote. Nor did Cable quite understand Casimir. He was inclined to skip the quotations of the count's letters, not realizing that they conveyed the most important kinds of information. Casimir, for instance, might write: "Now, is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer." Cable would take that for mere ornament, the exuberance of a man not trained to business. He would fail to realize that Casimir meant that the restoration of the monarchy was a gloriously accomplished fact, or would be gloriously accomplished as soon as the monarch put in an appearance.

Of course the similarity of the two names deceived Casimir. He was in Berlin waiting and watching for the arrival of Lord Norheys. It was natural enough that he should think his man had come when he saw Norheys in the register of the Adlon hotel. There is only the difference of one letter between the two names. He was further misled by the "Reverend." Tommy, in those days, was most particular about his "Reverend" and set himself down as Reverend T. A. Norheys. Casimir was not familiar with the title. It was not, apparently, accorded to the clergy in Shakespearean days. The parson in "As You Like It" was styled "Sir"—"Sir Oliver," as if he had been a knight. On the other hand, "Reverend" was used of Venetian seigniors and such people. Casimir took it for an English version of "Hoch Wohlgeborne." It left him in no doubt that Tommy was the man he wanted.

Tommy, of course, had never heard of Count Casimir. I do not suppose he had ever heard of Lord Norheys either, or of Procopius Cable, or indeed of Lystria. He had not the slightest intention of going farther east than Berlin. Indeed, he did not mean to leave Berlin during his holidays, unless perhaps for a little trip to Potsdam.

Tommy has explained to me exactly why he went to Berlin and what he meant to do there. A year or so earlier he had bought a number of German marks on the advice of a friend who professed to be a financial expert. At that time he got three hundred and forty marks for a pound and they seemed cheap enough. Tommy's friend said that very soon they would stand at twenty-five or

thirty to a pound. Tommy believed him and invested every penny he possessed in German marks. I do not know how many he actually bought, but the number was considerable, and the sum he stood to gain would have been a nice little fortune. An investment which promises to multiply your capital by eleven or twelve is very attractive, even if it pays no interest for a while.

As everybody knows, the financial experts, Tommy's friend among them, were disastrously wrong, even more hopelessly wrong than experts usually are. The marks depreciated rapidly and in the spring of 1922 it took one thousand four hundred of them to buy a pound. Tommy realized he was the victim, one of many victims, of a gigantic swindle. But being a man of cheerful and buoyant disposition, he did not wring his hands or curse fate. He thought that though marks were of little use in England, they probably had some value in their native land; that is to say, that he would be able to buy a good many dinners, bottles of wine, theater tickets and such things with his marks in Germany. He asked for a holiday, packed his entire store of marks in a dispatch box and went to Berlin. He meant to stay there as long as the marks lasted and to have as good a time as he could. Tommy was a fool to buy the marks originally. He was wise in his plan for getting rid of them. Things of the sort he wanted really were very cheap in Berlin in the early part of 1922.

He had never been abroad before and he did not know a word of German. He started with a return ticket, a Baedeker's Guide to Berlin and a German-English phrase book, which professed to give him, spelled phonetically, all that a traveler could possibly want to say.

It must have been a good phrase book, much better than most of its kind. Tommy, on the morning after his arrival, was able to ask a chambermaid for hot water, a waiter for breakfast and another man to clean his boots. Most phrase books are no use for that sort of thing. They only tell you how to say "Good morning, honored sir. Will you give me the pleasure of dining at my house today, bringing your gracious lady with you?" and things like that which the tourist seldom wants.

While he drank his coffee and ate the wretched little roll which the German hotel-keepers give to guests



At This Moment Janet Church Came Along the Corridor, Wearing a Pink Dressing Gown, a Pair of Blue Slippers and a Very Ribbon Cap.

who breakfast in their bedrooms, he opened his dispatch box and counted his money.

"It was the first time in my life," he told her, "that I'd been a millionaire, and I liked the feeling. In fact, I gloated."

I do not wonder, the German notes are most opulent looking and impressive things, far superior in size and texture to the flimsy little scraps of paper which England has to be contented with. There are large gray notes, as big as half sheets of note paper, worth a thousand marks each. There are beautiful thick notes for one hundred marks. Even the little "fun" markers are impressive. All Tommy's notes were perfectly new and spotlessly clean. Nobody could have helped fingering them lovingly and reverently. It was a delight to count them.

But it is poor fun feeling that you are a millionaire all by yourself in a hotel bedroom. Tommy realized that he ought to be out-of-doors enjoying himself and getting some solid good for his money. He finished his coffee, swallowed the last morsel of bread, and began to shave.

Then came a knock at the door. Tommy said "Herein." His face was covered with thick lather of soap, and he did not care for opening his mouth very wide; but he spoke quite distinctly. And he was sure that "Herein" was the German for "come

in." He had said it six times already, twice for each of the three servants, and it had been understood. This time the man outside simply went on knocking. Tommy went to the door and opened it.

He saw Count Casimir, beautifully dressed, smiling and bowing politely. Casimir is always beautifully and appropriately dressed. I have seen him at the start of a bear hunt in Lystria with a tall red feather sticking up in the front of his cap and boots that would have suited one of Prince Rupert's cavalier troopers. I have seen him in evening clothes, and nothing more perfect could be found in a drawing room comedy on the London stage. I did not see him that morning in the Adlon hotel. But Janet Church has given me a description of his clothes. He wore a pale gray suit with a faint blue line in it, and creases in all the right places, a mauve tie harmonized with the blue line, a waistcoat—I must leave a blank here and get Janet to tell me about the waistcoat again. Tommy was in crumpled gray pajamas and his face was soapy.

Count Casimir presented his card. Tommy read the name on it—Casimir Istvan Graf—but was not much enlightened. He would if he could have read what was printed under the name. It was a large card, much larger than the visiting cards used by ladies in England, and there were four lines of small print on it, no doubt a description of Count Casimir's position in society. Unfortunately, these were in a language which Tommy had never seen before. It seemed a very queer language. There were curious curly accents over the consonants. The letter X appeared with unusual frequency. There were several R's with their faces turned the wrong way, looking very much as if some one had lifted them up, turned them over and set them down the wrong way. The same thing had happened to a couple of N's and there was a B with a curious little horn attached to it. Tommy could read Greek. He had a nodding acquaintance with the Hebrew alphabet and could distinguish between German capital B's and V's. Count Casimir's language was none of these.

"I bid you welcome," said Count Casimir. "In the words of your great Shakespeare, I say, 'All's well that ends well.'"

"I'm afraid," said Tommy politely, "that there is some mistake." At this moment Janet Church came along the corridor, wearing a pink dressing gown, a pair of blue quilted slippers and a very ribbon cap. She was on her way to a distant bath. She saw Casimir, erect and beautiful—he is a very good looking man—in front of Tommy's door. She also saw Tommy, with the lather beginning to dry on his face.

Janet had been three days in Berlin, worrying the consul and the secretaries in the embassy for permission to go on to Megalia. She had not received my letter about Emily's lost curate. Indeed, she never did receive it. It reached Berlin after she had gone away and was finally returned to me.

Some women would have hurried on, turning their heads the other way. Tommy was in his pajamas. She herself was most imperfectly clothed. But Janet does not suffer from modesty and she loves interfering in other people's business. She calls this being helpful, and believes it to be virtuous.

"Can I," she said, "be of any assistance to you? I speak German fluently."

Casimir turned, put his heels together and bowed to her. Then he kissed her hand. Janet, in a red dressing gown and boudoir cap, must have been a surprising and rather a disgusting sight. But Casimir's manners are as perfect as his clothes. He would have bowed as politely and kissed her hand with the same elegant devotion if she had stepped straight out of her bath to be helpful.

"Thanks," said Tommy, "just tell this gentleman, will you, that there's some mistake. Most likely they've sent him up to the wrong room. I'm not the man he wants to see."

Janet made a long speech in German. Casimir answered her with a still longer speech. Janet replied to that, and Casimir, with an immense flow of language, answered her. Tommy declares that they talked to each other for ten minutes. Then Janet turned to him.

"He says his name is Count Istvan Casimir."

Tommy is the victim of a mistake which appears to have immense possibilities. Are they pleasant?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Reaching for the Mirage

The cloud's silver lining, however, is apparent only to those who stand a great way off.—Duluth Herald.

Life is a long lesson in humility.

GREATNESS

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

NOT only in attaining
The soul of man is great,
For he who, uncomplaining,
Fights on, whatever fate,
Shall win, although he loses,
Shall live, although he dies—
Who, dying, rather chooses
Defeat than compromise.

No goal is vain we try for,
The goal if missed or won;
No cause is lost we die for,
That cause is but begun—
For, as we fall, some other
Shall catch a glint of dawn,
The falling flag some brother
Shall seize and carry on!

Defeat is not surrender—
Surrender is defeat;
The flag may keep its splendor,
Whatever fate it meet;
However torn and shattered
Our banner trails the dust,
The thing that really mattered
Was how we kept the trust!
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Mother's Cook Book

We are on a perilous margin when we begin to look passively at our future selves, and see our own figures led with dull consent into insipid malingering and shabby achievement.—George Eliot.

MISCELLANEOUS DESSERTS

CORNSTARCH pudding, boiled rice with custard or chocolate sauce, makes a good dessert and not much work to prepare. Another which makes a good emergency dessert is prepared by beating the yolks of two eggs until thick, add one-half cupful of maple sirup, or a brown sugar sirup flavored with maple flavor will do; a pinch of salt and one cupful of milk. Dip slices of bread into this mixture and brown in butter in a hot pan. Serve with or without a maple sauce.

Delicious Dessert.

Cut a layer cake into halves if the family is small, or split a sheet cake. Put together with vanilla or chocolate ice cream and serve with a hot chocolate sauce poured over it.

Frozen Apricots.

Take one quart can of apricots, adding enough water to the juice to make one quart. Take two cupfuls of juice, add two cupfuls of sugar and boil five minutes. Cool, add the apricots and the juice, put through a sieve, then freeze.

Maple Mousse.

Take one pint of whipping cream, beat until thick, add one and one-half cupfuls of maple sirup and a pinch of salt. Pack in a mold in equal parts of ice and salt and let stand three to four hours. Small baking powder cans make nice molds. Slice and serve with a maple sauce to which pecans have been added.

A delicious sauce to serve with baked custard, cornstarch or rice puddings is—

Maple Sauce.

Cook together one cupful of maple sirup, one teaspoonful of cornstarch and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Serve hot or cold.

Nellie Maxwell
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YOUR Last Name

IS IT SLATER?

THE founder of the distinguished Slater family in this country was Samuel Slater, who was born at Holly-house Farm, Derbyshire, England, in 1790. He was fifth son of William and Elizabeth Slater, members of the landed gentry. His father was a timber merchant of wealth, but he died when Samuel was fourteen years old.

So, at the age of fourteen he apprenticed himself for six and a half years to Jedediah Strutt, a cotton spinner in Derbyshire. Then followed six and a half years of arduous labor, but Samuel turned it all to good account, and by the time he had served his full time he was a master of everything connected with spinning as it was practiced in those days, and he was still but a few months over twenty.

One day he saw in an English paper the offer of a reward of 100 pounds for a machine that would make cotton rollers in America. At that time it was against the law for any expert machinist to leave England, probably because England herself was in such desperate need of skilled men. But Samuel was bent upon coming to the new world with the information that was needed to carry on cotton manufacture here. In order not to be apprehended, however, he had to leave all his papers on which he had made notes and drawings of cotton machinery in England. He left Derbyshire, England, and came to this country, depending entirely on his memory for the information needed. Eventually he became one of the foremost cotton manufacturers of Pennsylvania.

The name is an occupational one, and means a man engaged in slating.
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The SANDMAN STORY

MR. HUNGER WOLF

MR. FOX and two of his neighbors were sitting around the place one night in Mr. Fox's kitchen.

Mr. Fox had been sitting quietly listening. Not a word had he spoken for Mr. Fox was lost in thought and you may be certain he was not thinking about anyone else but Mr. Fox.

It had suddenly occurred to him that he had heard his grandfather tell a story about old Mr. Hunger Wolf that always appeared to the wood folk when the winter had been long and cold.

"Yes," spoke up Mr. Fox, "it does seem mighty hard on us folks here in the woods these long cold winters and of course that is the very time that old Mr. Hunger Wolf gets in his work."

"Who?" inquired Mr. Possum and Mr. Coon, their eyes growing large with fright.

"Mr. Hunger Wolf," replied Mr. Fox, gazing into the fire as if he had no



Were Sitting Around in Mr. Fox's Kitchen.

Idea they were scared. "Did you never hear about him?"

Mr. Coon and Mr. Possum shook their heads and looked around to make sure the window and the door to Mr. Fox's house were securely fastened.

"He is a pretty bad creature to meet," replied Mr. Fox, "worse than any I have ever heard of, but as he never comes around only in the winter time when there has been a long cold spell we have nothing to fear at present."

"We can hide somewhere, where he cannot find us," suggested Mr. Possum.

"That is the worst of old Hunger Wolf," said Mr. Fox. "My grandfather said he could get in anywhere, did not have to go through a doorway; the only way to keep him out is to have plenty of food on hand."

"To feed him?" inquired Mr. Possum.

"No, to feed yourself," answered Mr. Fox. "He never comes near those who eat plenty and keep plump."

The next night as soon as it was dark enough for hunting Mr. Coon and Mr. Possum started out with big bags over their shoulders while Mr. Fox stayed at home to dig a place in his cellar for the winter stores.

When the hunters returned the next morning and looked at the hole Mr. Fox had made Mr. Possum remarked that it was deep enough to hold all three of them and a few others their size.

"That is about what will happen unless you bring in enough food to fill it," said Mr. Fox in a solemn tone of voice. "A full storeroom is all that will keep old Hunger Wolf from the door. But of course you do not have to stay here, Mr. Possum. I am certain that your own soft bed will be far more comfortable than my poor house."

Mr. Possum hastened to say that he was just joking. He knew perfectly well it would take a whole lot of food to keep away Hunger Wolf, and he was willing to do his share of the hunting.

For many nights Mr. Coon and Mr. Possum worked and every morning they returned with full bags and added to their supplies.

At last the deep hole in the cellar was filled with food. "Now we must finish storing wood," said Mr. Fox. "I have a bad spell of rheumatism, I am sorry to say, so you fellows will have to finish bringing it in, but I can manage to hobble about and cook our dinner."

When spring came Mr. Coon and Mr. Possum ran off to their own homes but before they parted at the end of the path in the woods, Mr. Possum said: "It strikes me that Mr. Fox got the best of our winter arrangement and he is by far the fattest of the three."

"Yes," replied Mr. Coon, "he always cooked the meals which he said was the hardest part of the work, but I noticed that he was never hungry when he came to the table. Next winter I shall watch for old Hunger Wolf from a tall tree and not from a home on the ground."

Mr. Fox was laughing to himself as he stretched out in the sun by his door. "Well, I shall have to work all summer, I suppose," he said, "but I lived by my wits this past winter and I am a pretty slick looking animal, which goes to prove that I am a very clever creature, very clever, indeed."

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THE WHY of SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

BUBBLES AND MONEY

IN THIS country and Canada a common superstition is that bubbles floating on a cup of tea or coffee signifies that money is coming to you. In some sections it is considered necessary to try and take up the bubbles in a spoon; you will have as many dollars as you can catch bubbles. This is a remnant of the ancient magic art of hydromancy, divination by a cup of water as practiced by Joseph in Egypt. See Genesis 44:5. Water was used for divination by the Egyptians because Isis was sometimes regarded as the earth when fecundated by the waters of the Nile and a vessel of water was therefore carried in her processions. In ancient times any troubling of the waters, in a pool or in a cup, was considered of significance. In modern necromancy the coffee cup has succeeded to the divining cup of Joseph and ten and coffee to the fecundating waters borne before Isis. But as of old, the bubbles rising in our divining cup mean something.

But why money? Because the influence of Egyptian mythology upon Roman mythology was strong and though the cult of Isis was but slightly identified with the cult of Juno; yet Isis was the chief of the Egyptian goddesses as Juno was the chief of the Roman goddesses.

So it is the breath of Juno that rises in bubbles in our coffee cups and Juno, under her name of Moneta, means money. Doubtless when the ancient Romans practiced this rite with a cup of water they invoked the goddess.

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A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

SMILES

I ASK not luxuries to please
My taste for social vanities,
Although I frankly do confess
I like them rather more than less,
But luxury of time and space
To do the little deeds of grace
Wherewith to make a brighter day

For fellow traveler on the way,
That is the sort of pliancy
I deem to hold the greater good.
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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

MYRA

TAKEN from an evolutionary standpoint, Myra represents the eternal etymological question. It is said to mean "she who weeps," but where it comes from and how it reached its present form is clouded in mystery.

The consensus of opinion seems to be that it comes from the word marah, meaning bitterness, which was then supplied to the bitter gum, myrrh. The same term was used to designate the brackish springs in the desert to which the desolate widow of Bethlehem referred when she cried "Call me not Naomi (pleasant), call me Marah (bitter)."

This is, on the whole, the most satisfactory derivation of Myra, sometimes referred to in the Middle Ages as Myrrh of the Sea. Myra was frequently used in the early days of Biblical history and the heritage of sorrow which the name suggests seems generally to have accompanied its progress. It has been a great English favorite and has likewise had widespread vogue in this country, its popularity, curiously enough, being confined largely to the South.

Jet, the emblem of sorrow, is Myra's talisman gem, but by wearing it the ancients believed that she could escape her legacy of tears. It should be worn, however, against the flesh to insure its potency. Tuesday is Myra's lucky day and 7 her lucky number.

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