

# King Tommy

BY GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

Copyright © 1924 by WNU Service.

## AN UNKNOWN VISITOR

**SYNOPSIS.**— In London the teller of the story, 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?" Casimir introduces himself, and Janet Church, vainly seeking from the British consulate a passport to Lystria, becomes acquainted with the two men in the Adlon hotel.

## CHAPTER VII—Continued

That seemed a small feat of so much conversation, and gave Tommy very little fresh information. The Casimir and the Istvan he had read on the visiting card, though in reversed order. Graf he took to be the German for count.

"Tell him," he said, "that there's a mistake. He can't possibly want to see me. Ask him who he does want, and then get him to go down again and find the number of his friend's room."

Janet started again. So did Casimir. This time they talked for a quarter of an hour, fast and emphatically. There is nothing in the world so irritating as hearing two people talk to each other in an unknown language when you know they are talking about your affairs. Tommy is the best tempered of men, but even he began to feel impatient.

"He says," said Janet, turning to Tommy at last, "that he's sure your name is Norheys."

"Is that all he said?"

"That's all," said Janet.

"Well, then, all I can say is that I don't wonder the Germans lost the war. If it takes them half an hour to say 'What's your name?' they can't expect to get on at war or anything else. It must be an utterly rotten language."

Janet, who hated all Germans with a passionate intensity during the war, has been developing a strong affection for them since the peace was signed. She cannot bear, now, to hear a word said against them and has transferred her dislike to the French. When Tommy insulted the German language she turned away and stalked down the corridor toward the bath.

Casimir has an amazing facility in quotation.

"And the Imperial votaress passed on," he said, "in maiden meditation, fancy free." Please."

Casimir's English accent was by no means perfect. Tommy, though he ought to have recognized Shakespeare's compliment to Queen Elizabeth, seemed to have thought that the count was still talking German. He darted into his room and picked up his phrase book. He distinctly remembered that he had somewhere seen the sentence "Please go away." That was, as I have said, a very good phrase book. "Please go away" is a thing which the traveler in a foreign land constantly wants to say to beggars, extortionate cabmen, guides, touts, and officials who want to look at passports. Tommy grabbed the book, turned over the pages quickly, and came to the sentence he wanted.

Unfortunately, the next sentence in the book was "Please sit down." Tommy, running his eyes hurriedly from the English to the German column, picked up the wrong phrase.

"Bitte setzen sie sich," he said. Casimir could not vary with

down on the carpet in the corridor. So took Tommy's words to be an invitation to enter the bedroom. Tommy stood exactly in the middle of the doorway. Casimir, bowing very politely, tried to pass him. Tommy suddenly recollected that all his money, his piles of German marks, lay on the table in the middle of the room. A horrible explanation of Casimir's presence suggested itself. The man had made no mistake. He had not been sent to the wrong room by the clerk in the hotel office. He was a hotel thief. Tommy had heard of such people. They are immensely daring, immensely clever, and they adopt all sorts of ruses. They are often well dressed. They are always plausible.

Tommy winked knowingly at Casimir to show that he understood the situation and cherished no ill-feeling. Then he firmly shut the door in his visitor's face.

## CHAPTER VIII

An hour later Tommy stepped from the elevator into the great central hall of the hotel. He had discarded his clerical stock. He wore a light blue tie instead. He was still a young man, only a little more than twenty-six, not long enough in Holy Orders to have his profession recognizably written on his face. A by-stander, interested in his appearance, might have guessed him to be a young barrister, or perhaps a clerk in one of the higher branches of the civil service. But no one appeared to be the least interested in Tommy's appearance, or to care what he was or what he did.

The large hall was full of people. Hotel porters in red jackets wheeled barrows of luggage in and out. Page-boys, as thickly decorated with buttons as any of their kind anywhere in the world, went to and fro walling the numbers of the rooms of the guests whom they sought—guests whom visitors had come to see or for whom telephone calls had been made. Fussy travelers, newly arrived and filled with a sense of their own importance, crowded round the desk of the reception clerk and demanded rooms. Self-possessed elderly men, mostly fat and often Jewish, lounged in deep chairs with cigars in their mouths and surveyed the scene through half-closed eyes. American tourists eddied round the newspaper stalls in the corner of the hall and clamored for the New York Herald. It was in their eyes a sign of the well high inconceivable stupidity and incompetence of all European peoples that the supply of New York Heralds was insufficient to meet their demands. The desk of a harassed woman who sold concert and theater tickets was besieged by ladies who did not know exactly what they wanted but hoped to secure seats at some agreeable entertainment by asking questions in bad German. A boy, rather older than the pages, stood at the swinging glass door and drove it round on its pivot with vigorous pushes. He drove it faster and faster as more and more people passed in and out. His hope was that some time in the course of the morning he would succeed in hitting a slowly moving passer with the following wing of the door. Those who entered and left the hotel approached the whirling door very much in the spirit of medieval sportsmen who rode at the quintain.

All this delighted Tommy. He had hitherto led a quiet and uneventful life, seldom disturbed by anything more exciting than a Sunday school treat. He watched the moving figures, gazed at the strange faces, listened to a babel of different languages, and felt that this was exactly what he had come to Berlin to enjoy. For some time he was content simply to stand watching and listening. Then he began to wonder what he had better do next. He had the whole day before him. His breast pocket was stuffed with money. He had a great city to explore.

Before leaving home he had read up Baedeker's Guide to Berlin, an old copy borrowed from my sister Emily. He knew that there was a street called Unter den Linden which he ought to see, a park called the Tier Garten, an avenue called the Sieges Allee, several churches and museums. There were theaters, picture galleries and restaurants, all duly named and the nature indicated by the worthy Baedeker. At the moment he felt more attracted toward a restaurant. His breakfast had been very light, and though it was only ten o'clock, he felt hungry. He wondered whether it would be possible to demand luncheon in a Berlin restaurant at that hour without exciting the derision of the waiters.

He felt a light touch on his arm and looked round. Count Casimir stood beside him.

"Just you clear off, like a good man," said Tommy. "I've had enough of you for one morning."

His mind was still full of his hotel theory, and he was quite determined not to be robbed by any plausible stranger. He turned away and walked across the hall toward the row of telephone boxes. He had no intention of telephoning to any one. Indeed, he knew no one in Berlin to whom he could telephone, nor could he have given a number in German. He merely wished to escape from Casimir.

But Casimir was not an easy man to shake off. He followed Tommy.

"You wish to go to the Mascotte tonight," he said. "Please?"

The word "Please" was evidently in constant use in Casimir's language. His repetition of it in English gave a curious effect of extreme politeness to his conversation.

Tommy had heard of the Mascotte. My nephew, Emily's eldest boy, was in Berlin for some time as a subordinate member of the inter-allied mission of control. He knew all there was to know about the night life of the city. It is a supper place, "d-d expensive," but the dancing was "top hole." It was not the sort of dancing which the censors of the London county council would approve, but it was "top hole" and "not too, you know, only rather more so than you'd see at home."

"Please, you will visit the Mascotte."

Casimir nodded and smiled in a very confidential manner, as if he and Tommy shared a secret which no one else in the world knew anything about. Tommy revised his opinion of the man. He was not a hotel thief. He was a tout, engaged in securing customers for the Mascotte supper room. Tommy had heard of such people. He had no intention of putting himself into the hands of one of them.

"She will be there, naturally," said Casimir, "and"—another quotation, this time disagreeably suggestive to Tommy's mind—

"Journeys end in lovers meeting. Every wise man's son doth know."

This was going too far. Tommy meant to enjoy himself on his holiday. He had discarded his clerical collar in order to do so more freely, but he had no wish to pursue unknown ladies into night clubs. In order to get rid of Casimir finally he stepped into the nearest telephone box.

It was already occupied, and, since a telephone box is always a very small thing, he bumped into a lady who held the receiver to her ear. She was so intent on what she was doing that she took no notice of Tommy. He most unwillingly heard what she was saying.

"Then let me tell you, young man, that there'll be trouble. Lord Edmund Troyte distinctly promised that my passport would be ready for me. Yes? What's that? I've been to the consulate three times and I'm going again. The consul is totally incompetent and his clerks are rude. It's your business. What? Yes, I say it's your business. You're the third secretary, you say. That makes no difference. It's your business to see about that passport."

"What on earth are you doing there and who are you?"

Janet Church turned at last to Tommy, who had bumped into her again. She was fully dressed this time and the light in the telephone box was dim. But he recognized her at once as the lady who had stood talking German in the corridor. He also realized that she was in an exceedingly bad temper. Casimir, with his suggestion of strange lady-loves at the Mascotte, was bad enough. Janet Church, thirsting for the blood of the third secretary, was worse. Tommy left the telephone box hurriedly.

Casimir was waiting for him outside.

"Please," he said, "I have engaged a table for you at the Mascotte. It is catalogued—no, registered, no, I remember, you say booked, for the Graf von Norheys, please."

"I don't exactly know what a Graf is," said Tommy, "but whatever it is, I'm not one."

"Please?" said Casimir. "Ah, I see. If it were possible—in France, yes, M. le Marquis. There is no difficulty. But here, Excellenz perhaps, Or Prinz. Otherwise there is only Graf. It will not be understood if I catalogue the table for Herr Marquis. As your poet Shakespeare says, 'As you like it.'"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

And He Never Came Back

Poor and sad, a tired-looking individual entered the shanty where the workmen were eating their dinners. He was carrying a red tin can.

"Hey, comrades," he sighed, holding out a hand by way of salutation. "Look at this tin of powder I picked up this morning. I guess I'll blow myself up with it and so end my troubles here and now."

"Cut that sort of talk and clear out," ordered the foreman.

But the man addressed paid no attention. He cast one glance around the shanty, then walked deliberately to the stove, opened the door and thrust the can inside.

A shriek of dismay followed this action and a moment later the place was empty.

Ten minutes later, when the run-aways returned, they found the can reposing peacefully on the fire. The tired-looking individual had gone. So had their dinners and other of their possessions.

It is 150 years since the first bottle glass factory in America was established at Glassboro, N. J.



Alma Rubens  
Charming Alma Rubens, of "movie" fame, is a native of San Francisco. She is 5 feet 7 inches tall, weighs 130 pounds and has black hair and dark eyes. She has been seen in leads in numerous prominent productions.

Your Health

By ANDREW F. CURRIER, M. D.

## TYPHOID FEVER

AS ALMOST everybody knows, this is one of the commonest of diseases, more or fewer cases being present almost constantly.

Wherever insufficient attention is given to drainage, water supply and general sanitation, there typhoid fever is apt to be prevalent.

It most frequently attacks young adults or those who are mature, but no period of life and neither sex is immune to it.

Essentially it is inflammation of certain groups of small glands in the intestine and its supporting band, the mesentery, and of the spleen. The germ which causes it is known as the bacillus typhosus and it may be found in the evacuations from the bowel.

It lives in water and grows with great rapidity unless it is destroyed by suitable antiseptics.

It gets into water that is used for washing, drinking or cooking and finally gets back into the human body.

Possibly it is carried by the air and may be taken in by the nose or mouth and it is very frequently introduced by milk or other food, solid or liquid, which may have been contaminated by it.

Typhoid carriers are people who carry the germs about with them, perhaps for years, and do not themselves seem to be injured by them, but by infecting materials, particularly food with which they come in contact, they may transmit the disease to any number of people who happen to be sensitive to it.

When these germs reach the intestine of those who are sensitive, they attack the glands which were mentioned as the essential seat of the disease and, during the subsequent ten days to three weeks, the disease is incubating or developing.

The patient may feel rather miserable, but may be able to keep about and frequently promises himself he will be all right tomorrow.

But now his temperature begins to mount up, he has a chill, and every day during the following week his temperature rises steadily.

After this it may drop a little, mounting up again toward the close of the second week.

Then it begins to go down very gradually and in two weeks more has reached normal again.

During all this period inflammatory changes in the glands are progressing, the spleen gets very large and soft, the glands in the intestine swell and break and sores or ulcers are formed, from which, when formed, decomposed and putrid materials proceed.

This is very poisonous and more or less of it is usually absorbed and carried by the blood to all parts of the body.

On the surface of the abdomen there is usually a rash of small red spots, the bowels become distended with gas, perhaps to an enormous extent.

The patient suffers from loss of appetite, heart weakness, rapid pulse and frequently with great disturbance of the brain.

The diagnosis is often made by subjecting a drop of the blood to a test known as Widal's test.

Vaccination with a suitable vaccine furnishes an excellent means of protection from the disease, and is practiced as a routine measure.

Protection by vaccination lasts three years and is therefore of the greatest value to all who may be exposed to this disease by out-of-door life.

(© by George Matthew Adams.)

Don't you believe that it's hard to be poor. It's the easiest thing in the world.

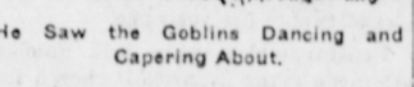
# The SANDMAN STORY

## YESON DAN

ONCE there was a little brown elf or gnome named Yeson Dan. And when you have read this story, see if you can tell why he had this name—for before he ran away one night long ago his comrades called him Just Dan.

The brown elves live deeper in the earth than the goblins. They take care of the seedlings and the roots and, if they attend to their work, in the spring up come the vegetables and flowers to the top of the ground.

But if these gnomes all had done as Yeson Dan did, run away to look for something on the top of the earth, very soon there would be nothing at all but brown soil, for even the grass roots



He Saw the Goblins Dancing and Capering About.

must be cared for by the brown men if we are to have a carpet of green each year.

The goblins, too, have much to do with all this, for after the gnomes get things started right below, the goblins have to see that they get through the top of the ground safely. And that, of course, causes trouble sometimes between these little magic people.

But I am getting away from the story of Yeson Dan that I started to tell. He was sent to the top of the ground one year to see if things were looking as they should.

The gnomes' doorways are the dark rocks, smaller than those of the goblins and hidden among the leaves. Sometimes they are quite out of sight, of the eyes of a mortal at least, because the gnomes so seldom use them.

Yeson Dan had never been above ground before, and when this night he opened the rocky door he stood blinking for a minute at the sight that met his small bright eyes.

Goblins were dancing and capering about and the moonlight made the trees and bushes shine in their fresh green gowns.

THE WHY of SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

## THE COWS IN THE CORN

"TWICE within the last eighteen months," writes a contributor to one of the popular weeklies, "the superstitious members of my family have been thrown into alarm by cows breaking into the garden. This for generations has been considered an infallible sign of death to an inhabitant of the house but so far there have been no deaths."

"The Murder of the Bull." It took place when the threshing was nearly over in Attica. Barley and wheat were laid upon the bronze altar of Zeus on the Acropolis and oxen were driven around the altar. The ox which approached the altar and ate the wheat and barley was selected for the sacrifice. An ax and knife, wet with water brought by maidens called "water carriers," were handy. With the ax one butcher killed the ox and another butcher cut its throat with a knife. Then both the butchers fled. But they and the water carriers were apprehended and brought to trial for their lives for having "murdered the ox." Each participant in the "murder" blaming the other it was finally decided that the ax and the knife were the guilty parties and they were "executed" by being cast into the sea.

This is the ritual as Frazer gives it and he considers the "murdered" ox an embodiment of the corn-spirit. It is easy to see that the "execution" of the ax and knife instead of one of the slayers of the ox is a change introduced into the ritual when human sacrifice was replaced by substitution. The whole history of mythology is filled with parallel cases. Now when a cow breaks into the garden and eats the crops it is the ox eating the crops represented by the grain on the altar of Zeus on the Acropolis. The cow is not killed, it is true, but it is driven out and not before it has elected itself the animal fit for murdering. Then, with weary wings faintly fluttering down the dim ages, comes the tradition of what used to happen after the "murder of the ox" upon the Acropolis—a victim must be furnished in explanation—a death must follow. And so you have your popular superstition of today.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Yeson Dan squatted on the ground under a bush and, holding a foot in each tiny hand, he watched the goblins at their play.

"It is more fun being here than under the ground where we gnomes live," mused Yeson Dan. "I wonder if they would let me join them in their sports if I stay above ground until tomorrow night. I wish I had a red cap. Nobody ever would notice this dull looking brown suit I am wearing." Just then it occurred to him that he had been sent to look at the flowers and vegetables and the meadows. "It will take me a long time to do all that," thought Yeson Dan. "Now how can I go back tonight?"

"Besides, I want to find out where the goblins get their red caps, and I can't do everything in one night."

"Come with me," whispered Frisky Breeze, who had lingered a minute beside Yeson Dan and heard the wish; "I know a lot of things that no one else knows."

"Do you know where the goblins get their red caps?" inquired Yeson Dan. Frisky Breeze fluttered the leaves on the bushes and replied, "I can find out anything. Come along and let us frolic."

Taking Yeson Dan by the hand Frisky scurried away, brushing the tops of the goblins' heads so that they almost lost their caps.

"You said you could find out anything, but it seems to me you don't know where to go," said Yeson Dan. "I am tired, and besides I must go to the garden and look about. I have to go back and report to the chief gnome."

"Oh, dear, what shall I do," said Yeson. "I can see the daylight running along the sky, and I have not done my work and I can't get home."

Yeson Dan curled himself up and went to sleep, but when he awoke he found Frisky Breeze had gone. He was quite alone on the mountainside. It was growing dark and now he could not get back to his home.

If he had minded his own affairs, instead of trying to find out something which did not concern him, he would not have been lost nor would he have neglected his work.

"He shall be named Yeson Dan from now on," said one gnome, and all the others took up the cry, "Yeson Dan, Yeson Dan."

In vain did he plead that Frisky Breeze had taken him from his work, but it was no use. Yeson Dan must be his name, the Chief replied, because he had tried to find out where the goblins got their red hats, a secret which they did not wish known. And now have you guessed why he was named Yeson Dan?

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"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

## LUELLA

LUELLA is not the simple combination of Louise and Ella, nor yet Lulu and Ella, as many people suppose. It has a distinct history of its own. It appears early in Welsh genealogies where it is spelled Llew.

The first Llew was the king of the Orkneys who married King Arthur's sister and was the father of Gwalchmai. From this name was formed the masculine Llewelyn of romance. Another Llewelyn came over to Ireland with Richard Strongbow.

History does not record when and where the feminine Luella was formed. It seems merely to have sprung up in England when the need arose for a feminine counterpart to the popular Llewelyn, who rapidly became Lluella under the magic touch of romance and poetry. Luella has had much more vogue in this country than in her native Wales. It is considered rather quaint and old-fashioned nowadays, but it is still in common usage.

The ruby is Luella's talismanic stone. It will keep her strong and healthy and will bring her material wealth. Friday is her lucky day and 6 her lucky number.

(© by Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)



Did the same girl ever win a dancing prize and a cooking contest?