

King Tommy

"TOMMY'S AUNT"

SYNOPSIS.—In London the teller of the story of the adventures of "King Tommy," and known hereafter as "Uncle Bill," is informed by Lord Norneys, son of an old friend, that Lord Troite, head of the British foreign office, Norneys' uncle, has a scheme to make him (Norneys) king of Lystra, in central Europe, through marriage to Calypso, daughter of King Wladislaw, a deposed monarch of that country. A financier, Procopius Cable, knows there is oil in profusion in Lystra, and with an English king on the throne the output could be secured for England. Norneys, in love with a stage dancer, Viola Temple, is not enthusiastic over the proposition. The patriarch, Menelaus, highest ecclesiastical dignitary in Lystra, 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. Norneys 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 Troite for a certain Janet Church, strong-minded female who wants to visit Lystra 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 Norneys and Viola Temple disappear from London. Procopius Cable receives information that Norneys, with the princess, has left there on his way to Lystra, but Norneys appears with the former Viola Temple, now his wife. The question, "Who is the man who has gone to Lystra with the Princess Calypso?" Casimir introduces himself, and Janet Church, vainly seeking from the British consulate a passport to Lystra, becomes acquainted with the two men in the Adlon hotel. Tommy mistakes Casimir for a hotel thief and refuses him admission to his room. Casimir insists on Tommy dining at the Mascotte. Tommy again meets Janet in a telephone booth, where he had gone in an attempt to escape from Casimir.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

The door of the telephone box opened and Janet Church came out. Casimir, like Tommy, recognized her at once, though he had only seen her once before and then in a dressing gown and boudoir cap. He was not particularly pleased. Perhaps she had talked to him in the morning as she had been talking to the third secretary at the embassy. He bowed to her, but he moved away.

"Please," he said to Tommy, "half ten at the Mascotte. Till then—" He pulled himself together and produced another quotation. "Now, good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both."

With another bow he turned, crossed the hall and passed the whirling glass door, narrowly escaping a determined effort of the guardian boy to hit him in the back.

Janet Church watched him till he vanished. Then she turned to Tommy.

"I've been asking questions about that young man," she said, "and I find he's in Berlin on some kind of secret mission connected with the ex-king of Lystra."

"Oh, is he?" said Tommy. "I thought he was a tout for a night club."

"That's what he pretends to be perhaps," said Janet, "but he is strongly suspected of being engaged in some royalist plot. The third secretary at our embassy told me so this morning."

If the third secretary had been indiscreet enough to tell Janet Church anything about anybody it must have been before she began talking to him about her passports. No young man, unless he was reduced to terror by threats of violence would have spoken to her at all afterward. But I do not think it at all likely that any diplomatist, even a third secretary, would have shouted confidential information into a telephone. It seemed to me much more likely that Janet Church had been making inquiries about Casimir from the head waiter or the hall porter. All porters of hotels like the Adlon know a great many things, both true and untrue.

"I suppose he's a friend of yours," said Janet.

"No, he isn't," said Tommy. "I mean neither of them is."

He was uncertain at the moment whether she was speaking of Count Casimir or the third secretary.

"Just come over with me to a quiet place," said Janet. "I want to talk to you."

Tommy followed her, unwillingly, to a retired corner of the hall, and sat down beside her on a deep sofa. A waiter hovered round them and asked whether they wanted cocktails. Janet drove him away at once.

"I'm not asking you to tell me who you are," she said, "or what you're doing here."

"I don't in the least mind telling you. I'm a curate and I'm in Berlin for a holiday."

"Very well," said Janet grimly, "and Count Casimir is a restaurant tout, and I'm the prima ballerina of the Royal opera house in Vienna."

Janet prides herself on the power of sarcasm.

"Surely," said Tommy, "you can't be—"

By George A. Birmingham

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He was an innocent and inexperienced young man. But even to him Janet Church did not look like a prima ballerina.

"I'm just as much a dancer as you're a curate. But, as I said to begin with, I don't want to ask questions. It's quite enough for me to know that you're an intimate friend of Count Casimir's."

"I'm not," said Tommy, "but I suppose it's no use my saying so."

"And I want you to introduce me to him."

"I'll do that with the greatest pleasure," said Tommy, "if I ever see him again. But I don't expect I shall."

"You'll see him tonight at the Mascotte," said Janet.

"I'm not going to the Mascotte."

"Oh, yes, you are," said Janet. "I heard you making an appointment to meet Count Casimir there. I shall be there too and you can introduce us."

"Very well," said Tommy, helplessly. "Be there at half past ten."

A feeling of recklessness born of bewilderment was beginning to lay hold on Tommy. He did not in the least want to introduce Janet Church to any one. He did not at that moment even know her name. He did not want to see any more of Count Casimir. He did not want—

But a curate is only a man, and though Tommy had no intention of entangling himself with an unknown lady at the Mascotte, he thought it might be interesting to see her, speak to her, perhaps to offer her a glass of wine. Tommy was inexperienced in such matters, but he thought that any lady to be met at the Mascotte would probably expect to be offered a glass of wine.

"Of course," said Janet. "I have more or less made Count Casimir's acquaintance already." She was thinking of her interview with him in the corridor outside Tommy's bedroom. "But it's always better to have a formal introduction," she added.

Tommy was not paying much attention to what she said. He was thinking of the lady at the Mascotte and wondering whether his phrase book provided the German for "May

Troyte was the head of the conspiracy. They knew that if Janet once got into personal touch with the patriarch of Lystra the Union of Christian churches would be accomplished and a great world peace established.

"They are afraid of that," she said grimly, "afraid of it because they know that a world peace would put an end to their trade of secret diplomacy. That is why I want to be introduced to Count Casimir."

It was a little difficult for Tommy to follow the working of her mind. I do not know that any one at that time could have guessed exactly what she meant. Looking back over the whole thing now it seems plain that with the help of Casimir she hoped to get into Lystra without a passport. He was, as she had somehow managed to discover, a conspirator and a secret agent. He would therefore have no objection to breaking the law and would almost certainly be in a position to do so successfully. With his help she would get into touch with the patriarch, unite the churches, establish peace, and so—

"The Foreign office won't be pleased when they hear of it," she said vindictively, "and Lord Edmund Troyte will be furious. But the first thing is to get to Lystra. And Count Casimir can do that for me if he will."

"I've no doubt that he will," said Tommy politely.

"I'm very glad to hear you say that, for, of course, you know."

"I don't know in the least," said Tommy. "I don't really know anything. Indeed, if you asked me this minute, I could not tell you where Lystra is."

Tommy finished the last sip of his cocktail. He felt elated and extremely cheerful.

"In introducing you this evening," he said, "shall I tell Casimir all about the world peace and the Christian churches, or shall I simply say that you're my aunt?"

"I am averse to any form of deceit," said Janet. "But—"

"There are times—"

"He might not grasp the full significance of my mission to Lystra."

"Then I'd better tell him you're my aunt," said Tommy, "unless you'd rather I said sister."

Janet looked at Tommy. He is only twenty-six and looks younger, owing no doubt to the virtuous life he has had to lead under the eye of my sister Emily. Janet is superior to the desire to appear younger than she is, which is supposed to be a weakness of her sex.

"You'd better say aunt," she said.

"Very well," said Tommy. "My aunt, who is looking after me."

"A young man," said Janet, "is the better off having an aunt to look after him in a city like Berlin. I feel sure that the Mascotte is a dangerous and undesirable place."

At half past nine Tommy drove up to the door of the Mascotte. He was received by a stately man in a handsome uniform and led up a flight of thickly carpeted marble stairs. At the top he was handed over to a supercilious young lady with startlingly red lips and very pallid cheeks, who took his overcoat and hat from him. Under the guidance of another splendidly clad retainer he passed into a very large and most impressive room. The lights were dim and faintly pink. The air was heavily scented.

Tommy looked round him a little nervously. He hoped that he might see Janet Church. Her companionship would have sustained and helped him. But she was not there. Except for six servants in gold and purple clothes, there was no one in the room.

Two of these men took charge of Tommy. They walked one on each side of him, both a little in front of him. They conducted him across the room. At the far side of it they halted in front of a pair of heavy curtains which hung over an archway. With a solemn and dignified sweep of their arms they pulled the curtains apart to right and left. Then, bowing low, they motioned Tommy to pass on.

He entered a still larger room, very brilliantly lighted, so brilliantly lighted that for a minute he stood blinking, unable to see distinctly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Authority on Cards

The expression "according to Hoyle" refers to Edmond Hoyle, a writer on games, who was born in England in 1672. Little is known about Hoyle's life. Tradition says he was educated for the bar. At any rate, he went to London, where he spent much of his time writing on games and giving lessons in card playing, especially whist. He published a book in which he systematized the laws and rules of whist, a game on which he was considered an authority. His name became proverbial as an authority on games.

Playing a game "according to Hoyle" came to mean playing it fair and according to the recognized rules. Hoyle died in London in 1769.—Kansas City Star.

Church to Be Home

In Belgravia street, in London, there is a church building that for many years has been in disuse. Recently it was bought by a woman resident of the community and she is converting it into a residence. She obtained possession at a public auction.

HOW IT WAS DECIDED

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

DAD meant him for a merchant, and his brother for a bank; Sister thought that acting was the very thing for Hank.

Grandma thought that preaching was the thing he should be at. And all the while insisted that she meant the boy for that.

Mother—well, a lawyer mother meant her boy to be.

Granddad was a sailor, so he meant him for the sea. Some pulled for the ocean, some pulled for the shore—

There were so many matters that so many meant him for.

Now, of all his mentors only one, of course, could win.

Maybe you may wonder whom he followed of his kind? Well, he met a maiden, as will frequently occur.

And the maid at once decided that the boy was meant for her.

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YOUR Last Name

IS IT BYRD?

BYRD differs not at all from Bird in the matter of derivation and the matter is usually settled by saying that the name is from the commonly accepted meaning of bird, and was probably first used as a surname as a nickname. The original bearers of the name, in other words, doubtless possessed some birdlike qualities that made the name seem appropriate.

But there really seems to be more to it than this. In early times, byrd or bird meant only a young bird, while fowl was the word used for birds in general. In the Bible fowl is used in this way, as "the fowls of the air." Later for a time bird was used to indicate the young of other living things and sometimes meant children.

In this country the name Byrd has especial significance because it was borne by the founder of Richmond, Va. This was William Byrd who was born in western Virginia in 1674. His father was William Byrd, the colonist, who had come to Virginia a few months before the birth of his son and namesake.

William Byrd, second, was a man of great benevolence and showed the greatest kindness to the colonists who settled on his land. At one time he received 300 destitute French Huguenots on his place and made it possible for them to establish themselves in their new home. William Byrd was a man of literary taste and had a library of 3,500 volumes, which was the largest library at the time in the colonies. William Byrd's wife was a daughter of Col. Dan Parke, an aide de camp of Marlborough at Blenheim, and sent as a messenger to Queen Anne to bear the tidings of the victory of Blenheim. By this wife William Byrd had two daughters, and by his second wife, Marion, daughter of Thomas Taylor, he had a son, known as Col. William Byrd, from whom all of the name and family are descended.

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Mother's Cook Book

The turnpike road to people's hearts lies through their mouths, or I mistake mankind.

SUMMER DRINKS

DURING the warm weather cool, sparkling drinks are always welcome.

Wedding Punch.

Grate the yellow rind of two oranges and three lemons into one quart of water; add two pounds of sugar and stir until the sugar is dissolved and boil ten minutes; after it begins to boil take from the fire and strain. Return to the fire, add a tumbler of each of the following: Currant, raspberry and blackberry. Mix and strain through a colander, and when cold add a grated pineapple and a pint of grape juice. Cover and let stand over night. At serving time add 12 ripe peaches mashed, or a can of peaches, a fourth of a pound of conserved cherries cut into quarters, and a quart of strawberries, mashed. Stir and put a pint of the mixture into a punch bowl, add a pint of ginger ale, a pint of shaved ice and a quart of plain or effervescent water.

Grape Granito.

Put a pound of sugar into a pint of water, boil for five minutes. Take from the fire, add the juice of a lemon and an orange. When cool add a pint of grape juice and shaved ice to chill.

Indiana Punch.

Boil a pound of sugar, a quart of water and the grated rind of a lemon for five minutes; strain, add a teaspoonful of bitter almond extract, the juice of three lemons, a teaspoonful of vanilla and two cupfuls of strong tea. When very cold add ice and a pint of effervescent water.

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WISE MR. GANDER

OLD MR. GANDER had suffered many things in the barnyard from Handsome Mr. Rooster and his family. They called Mr. Gander a goose and all his family silly geese who were all very stupid.

Mr. Rooster always crowed louder when the geese were around and strutted about showing his beautiful tail feathers for them to admire.

He even went so far as to say in the hearing of Mr. Gander, to some of his family, "Don't be a goose, Mrs. Jenny," when she ran over in the field and was chased by Mr. Fox.

"Don't you know any better than to leave the barnyard unless I go with



Called All of His Family to Follow Him.

you? You belong to my family. Please remember that, and do not be a silly goose again."

Mr. Gander bore it all meekly, but he did not forget all he was made to bear, and one morning when the farmer threw out a larger supply of corn than usual Mr. Gander stretched his neck and called all of his family to follow him down the road.

"Look at those foolish geese," he heard Mr. Rooster telling his family as he walked away with all the geese following him.

"I can't understand why you called us away from the biggest breakfast we have had this year," said old Granny Goose, who always spoke her

mind because she was the oldest of the family.

"I will tell you why," said Mr. Gander when he had them all behind a big rock where no one could hear what he said. "Don't you know the farmer is trying to fatten all the barnyard fowl?"

"If those silly hens and their brilliant Mr. Rooster want to get fat, let them, and off will go their heads, but we will keep away from that corn, eat only a little, and not grow fat and plump."

"They will not pick out the lean geese. Now be wise and follow my example and keep your heads."

"Pretty soon all the hens and Mr. Rooster were so fat they looked as if they had been blown up with an air pump and Mr. Rooster did not miss a chance when he saw Mr. Gander to tell him how poor his family were looking. "I heard the farmer telling his wife the other day," said Mr. Rooster, holding his head very high, "that those geese were as thin and lean as a bone and they would not be worth a thing. I thought I would tell you, Mr. Gander."

"Thank you," replied Mr. Gander. "I'll tell you something in a short time that will interest you. Good morning."

One day Mr. Gander called his family and told them that they could eat all they liked. "There will be fewer hens in the barnyard and you will get a big feast."

Poor Mr. Rooster did not strut on that day. All the best-looking hens in his family were missing and he had heard the farmer say, "That rooster is too old and tough, so I guess we better not take him."

Mr. Rooster sorrowfully picked up a few bits of corn. The geese were busy eating their fill, but Mr. Gander stopped long enough to remark, "You do not seem to be enjoying your dinner, Mr. Rooster, and your family seems small."

"I told my family it was better to be a lean goose with a head than a plump hen without one."

"Now, I wonder what that silly fellow means," thought Mr. Rooster. "He is a goose, that's what he is, and he is always talking nonsense."

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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

MONA

MONA has the unusual distinction of being a diminutive of a name whose original form is not in use. It means "little nun" and at first glance it would seem that Monacella, the original form, should be the diminutive rather than Mona herself.

Monacella is a Welsh name, meaning honey-colored, or yellow. It was first made famous by Saint Monacella, a little nun who saved a hare hunted by Brocmael, prince of Powys.

Mona is a distinctly modern appellation. The original name was never transported from Wales but Mona proved extremely popular with the English and is also much in vogue in this country. For some curious reasons it is considered rather affected and is much used by romantic young ladies.

The opal is Mona's talismanic gem. Contrary to superstition it will bring her good luck for the machinations of the wicked fairy said to be imprisoned in the stone will be directed toward her good fortune. Tuesday is her lucky day and her lucky number.

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THE WHY of SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

CEDAR CURE

MANY people in this country and Canada are accustomed to carry pieces of cedar wood in their pockets to cure or to prevent rheumatism. This is a very common custom among the lumbermen of Michigan and, perhaps, among the "lumberjacks" of other regions. The lumbermen prefer for their pocket amulet pieces of cedar wood with double knots in them.

This superstition is a survival of the ancient veneration in which the cedar tree was held. It is a remnant of tree worship—of the worship of the cedar-tree god which some have identified with Osiris. One myth is that the cedar sprang from the body of Osiris, another that the tree is a visible representation of that god. But aside from any Egyptian connection we find that the cedar tree was worshipped as a god for itself ages ago among the Aryan races and today in some parts of northern India the cedar tree is regarded as the god of fecundation for the crops; and, when the first wheat is planted, there are elaborate ceremonies into which the bark of the tree and invocations to the tree-god enter. Even the plowman who draws the first furrow is given first to eat of a cake made of wheat and cedar shavings.

In the Punjab, in the days before the influence of British rule had penetrated to that region, a young girl was annually sacrificed to the cedar-tree god in order that crops might be plentiful and pestilence kept away from the land. The cedar-tree god appears at all times, and in many places, to have been considered as a proper god to appeal to for protection against disease and the superstition under consideration is an inheritance of that idea. The carrying about of a piece of the protective tree god in one's pocket is, in effect, an invocation of his powers. The writer has only known of the cedar being carried as a charm against rheumatism, but perhaps in some sections the cedar is carried to ward off other diseases as well.

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A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

THE CLOUDS

CLOUDS are gathering overhead, shadowing the smiling sky. But despite their threatenings dread

Not a care have I— They are filled with stores of rain.

And refreshing showers, Come to help the ripening grain For the harvest hours.

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Nellie Maxwell
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