

# King Tommy

By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

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## THE PRINCESS

**SYNOPSIS.**—In London the teller of the story of the adventures of "King Tommy" and known hereafter as "Uncle Bill," is informed by Lord Norreys, son of an old friend, that Lord Troys, head of the British foreign office, Norreys' uncle, has a scheme to make him (Norreys) king of Lystria, in central Europe, through marriage to Calypso, daughter of King Wladislaws, deposed monarch of that country. A financier, Procopius Cables, knows there is oil in profusion in Lystria, and with an English king on the throne the output could be secured for England. Norreys, 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 Cables has generously financed the sentiment. Calypso is making a living dancing in the "Mascotte," Berlin cabaret. Norreys 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 Troys 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 and is in London, and cannot be found. Lord Norreys and Viola Temple disappear from London. Procopius Cables receives information that Norreys, with the princess, has left there on his way to Lystria, but Norreys 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?" "Uncle Bill" 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. 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. Janet Church, thinking Casimir can be instrumental in securing her passport, urges Tommy to introduce her. He finally agrees, she to pass to his aunt. Tommy and Janet visit the Mascotte that evening.

## CHAPTER VIII—Continued

A small dapper man in evening clothes came up to him and bowed. Tommy saw that thin gray hair was carefully brushed across a bald patch on top of his head. He was by no means a young man. He had small twinkling eyes and a rounded paunch. But he bore himself with a certain dignity. Even when he was bowing low there was no sign of servility in his manner. This was the head waiter of the Mascotte and he did Tommy high honor by granting him this personal reception.

"Your lordship's table is reserved, one of our very best tables."

He spoke with an excellent English accent. He waved his hand in the direction in which he wanted Tommy to go and then walked in front of him. There was no mistake about the dignity of the man's bearing. It was almost kingly, just such a bearing and manner as suited the head waiter of the Mascotte.

Following the man's lead, Tommy passed between two lines of inferior waiters, all bowing low. From tables to the right and left revellers looked up and watched him pass. They whispered to each other, inquiring who it could be who was received so impressively by the head waiter and his staff. Tommy came at last to a small table set a little apart. The head waiter pulled back a large gilt chair. Tommy noticed a small card on a silver stand in the middle of the table. It bore his name, Norreys; but not the Rev. T. A. Norreys. He was described on the card as the Markgraf von Norreys. It seemed to Tommy well worth while to be a Markgraf—whatever a markgraf was—if the title secured so much consideration and respect. Tommy felt rather glad that Count Casimir had made his mistake.

The head waiter murmured confidentially in his ear:

"If your lordship will allow me to order the dinner and choose the wine—I assure you that I thoroughly understand wine."

His English was perfect, far better than Count Casimir's and he spoke it with the intonation and accent of a gentleman. Tommy felt sure that he might be trusted to order the very best food and wine obtainable in the Mascotte. But he had an uncomfortable feeling that the bill for the entertainment might be startling. His pockets were full of marks, stuffed with them. But it might very well take a trunk full of marks to pay for the dinner which the aristocratic head waiter would order. Tommy hesitated and made a grab at the menu, intending to make sure of the worst that could befall him. The head waiter, a man of quick apprehension, guessed his thoughts.

Bending low he whispered into Tommy's ear.

"I need scarcely say that your lordship will be at no expense, none whatever."

Then he turned and gave a series of orders in German to a subordinate who stood near.

Tommy leaned back in his gilt chair and looked round. He saw at once that he had been given one of the very best tables in the room. It stood at the edge of a great square carpet which covered the center of the floor. On the carpet itself there were no tables. But diners at tables of various sizes sat round it in parties of two or four or six. Behind the tables which stood on the edge of the carpet were others. Behind these still more and these were set on a sort of platform a step above the floor of the room. Farther back among pillars and under archways in what Tommy thought of as broad side aisles, were other places for still more diners.

Gazing round curiously Tommy caught sight of a woman standing up at one of the farthest tables. She was waving her hand and signaling to him. At a second glance he recognized her—Janet Church. In a severe black dress, the only evening gown she took with her when traveling, she looked much out of place in the Mascotte. Having attracted Tommy's attention, she began to cross the room toward him, evidently with the intention of sitting down at his table. But this was not allowed. The head waiter caught sight of her and gave an order to one of his men. Janet Church was stopped, turned round and conducted to the obscure and distant table which she had left.

It would interest me, though perhaps no one else, to know what Tommy had to eat and drink that night.



The Princess' Turn Was Evidently the Chief Performance of the Evening.

Unfortunately, he can give me no account at all of his meal and does not know the name of the champagne he drank.

Shortly after eleven o'clock Tommy discovered what the stretch of carpet in the middle of the room was for. The band, which had been playing some of the music of Tosca suddenly struck up a dance tune. Two girls appeared from a curtained recess at the far end of the room, ran down among the tables, pirouetted in the middle of the carpet, and began to dance.

Tommy had seen dancing before, on the stage at the Gayety theater in Dublin at the time of the Christmas pantomime. But this was a very different thing. There he viewed the dancers from a distance, with an orchestra and a row of footlights between him and them. They were remote creatures, unreal, scarcely flesh and blood. Here they came close to him, so close that the whirling of their skirts as they passed him fanned the air against his face. He could smell the scent from their clothes and see the heaving of their throats as they caught their breath. And the music was far more exciting than any he had ever heard.

The waiter who attended him filled his glass with champagne. Tommy sipped it as he watched the dancers. Others took the places of the first two, dancing wildly, sometimes dancing well. The music grew louder. The whole scene began to grow dim before Tommy's eyes, as a man might watch the figures in a dream.

He was awakened to the reality of his surroundings by the sound of Casimir's voice in his ear. The count had slipped over quietly from some other part of the room and had sat down at Tommy's table.

"Please," he said, "the Princess Calypso now."

Tommy was scarcely surprised at the announcement. A princess, a queen, an empress, any kind of exalted lady, except perhaps one of Fra Angelico's angels, might have danced before him there on the Persian car-

pet without surprising him very much.

The princess' turn was evidently the chief performance of the evening. Conversation ceased. Men sat down their glasses and leaned forward in their chairs. The music of the band sank to a soft rhythmic throbbing. A drum muttered softly. A girl in a dress shining with sequins stepped daintily down among the tables, stood in the middle of the carpet and curtsied low to Tommy.

He could have sworn that it was to him alone that she curtsied, that she took no notice of any one else in the room. He also had an unpleasant impression that she disliked, or perhaps despised him, and only curtsied to him because she was forced to do it.

The managers of the Mascotte, having secured the services of a real princess, made the most of her, and gave her every chance of making the most of herself. The higher lights were extinguished all over the room. Only the small shaded lamps on the diners' tables still burned. A bright beam from some hidden lamp fell on the princess and followed her wherever she moved. The twitching of the violin strings grew faster. The players drew their bows across the strings and the music came loud and tempestuous. The girl on the carpet with the light on her looked younger, fresher, more beautiful than any of the others who had danced before her.

Unfortunately she could not dance. Her performance would scarcely have won applause in a second-rate theater. Her steps and attitudes were graceful enough but were easy of accomplishment. There was no kind of spirit or any delight in her dancing. Even Tommy, who knew nothing about the art, realized that this girl was greatly the inferior of those who had gone before her. Her dancing meant nothing, conveyed nothing except a feeling that she disliked doing it and despised the people she was doing it for. It seemed to Tommy that she was dancing specially for him and that she disliked and despised him more than she did the others.

The music rose to a climax of sound. The dance came suddenly to an end. The lights blazed out again. The girl sank to the ground in a low curtsy with her skirts spread out round her, right in front of Tommy's table, within a couple of feet from him. There was a burst of applause. Men stood up and shouted. It was not the dancing they approved. Not a Jewess among them, not a slant-eyed Russian lady, not a profiteer, or even an American but knew perfectly well that the girl could not dance. Their applause was for themselves, not for her. It was the new rich proclaiming their triumph over the old aristocracy, over royalty itself. Risen from the slime of the war period, they acclaimed themselves masters of the old order which was then, like Samson among the Philistines, to make sport for them.

The band blared into a noisy march. The girl remained crouched at Tommy's feet, flushed and panting, the fingers of her right hand twitching at the bodice of her dress. Suddenly she rose. With a quick nod and a little motion of her hand she flicked a note across to Tommy. It fell on the plate in front of him. The girl, without glancing at him again, looking neither to the right nor to the left, walked through the applauding people and disappeared.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Snake Does Not "Sting"

The stinging snake is a myth. Although thousands of people apparently believe there is such a thing as a stinging snake, and many of them insist that they have seen such snakes, no competent scientist or observer has ever had the privilege of seeing one. Rewards for stinging snakes are occasionally offered, but no such snakes are ever produced. The nearest approach to the supposed stinging snake is the "Farancia abacura," a small, harmless snake with a needle-like spine on its tail. In different parts of the South this snake, along with kindred species, is known variously as the hoop snake, the rainbow snake, the mud snake and the stinging snake. But the notion that these snakes sting with their tails is all poppycock.—Exchange.

## Miracles of St. Leonard

If there were such a personage, St. Leonard would certainly have been the patron saint of prisoners. He was originally a French nobleman at the court of Clovis I, and became a monk and founded a monastery which, after his death, about 590, was known as St. Leonard le Noblat. He was famed for his charity toward prisoners, and is reputed to have worked many miracles on their behalf. These miracles in releasing unhappy captives continued after his death, according to tradition, which was very convenient, as his festival happened to be the first day of the Michaelmas term, when writs were made returnable.—Family Herald.

## YOUR FRIEND YOURSELF

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

GOOD friends in life are life's most lovely thing;

Two things I wish you all along the way:

That you will have them, wintry day or spring.

But never need them, spring or wintry day.

Good friends are good, but happiest is he

Who, having friends, needs not to friends to turn—

Who never needs to ask for charity, But has his food, his coat, his wood to burn.

Because, the older that we grow, we learn

That, after all, man needs a friend to be

To him himself—to save as well as earn.

In joy providing for adversity.

Good friends in life are life's most lovely thing;

But, friends to keep, remember here's the way:

They always have them, wintry day or spring.

Who never need them, spring or wintry day.

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## Mother's Cook Book

"To dwell happily with each other, people should be versed in the niceties of the heart and born with a faculty for willing comprehension."

## MEATLESS DINNERS

FOR those who must and those who wish to leave meat out of the diet, the following recipes and suggestions may prove helpful:

**Vegetarian Main Dish.**  
Take equal parts of fresh green peas and sweet corn pressed from the kernels, chopped raisins, and dates mixed with honey and olive oil to moisten. Press into cups to mold and serve with a rich cream sauce made with cream, adding honey or maple syrup and nut meal made from the brazil nuts.

**Mock Sausages.**  
Soak one-half cupful of lima beans overnight in water to cover. Drain and soak in salted water until soft. Put through a puree strainer, add one-third of a cupful of dry bread crumbs, three tablespoonfuls of butter, one-half teaspoonful of sage, one beaten egg and salt and pepper to season. Shape in the form of sausage, dip into beaten egg and bread crumbs and fry in deep fat. Serve with rings of fried apple, overlapping around the platter.

A nut roast may be prepared, using the coarsely chopped nuts in place of the meat, with the other ingredients of a veal loaf. Baste during the baking and serve with a highly seasoned tomato sauce.

In the same oven with the roast bake peeled potatoes with two onions sliced and six tablespoonfuls of any good oil, basting often during the baking. Add parsley well sprinkled over the vegetable and season well with salt and pepper.

Winnie Maxwell  
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## YOUR Last Name

IS IT WYCLIFFE?

THIS name, either spelled Wycliffe, Wyclif or Wycliffe, is from the name of a parish in the North Riding of Yorkshire, England. It was here that the famous reformer, John de Wycliffe, was born in 1324.

David Wycliffe was the first male white child born in the state of Maryland of Protestant parents. His father reached Maryland in the year 1638, where he died in 1642. He left a wife, Jane, who married a Mr. Brook, for a second husband. He left, also, a son David, who migrated to Virginia, where he married Mary Nicholas and made a contract to bring up her children by two former husbands, "so far as at school as to write and read." These sons were Nathaniel Pope and Lewis Nicholls.

David had a brother Robert, who married Margaret, stepdaughter of Col. William Pierce, son of Capt. William Pierce of Virginia Council, whose daughter Jane was the third wife of John Rolfe.

MERRITT—This name Merritt is from the parish of Merriott, in Somersetshire.

The name is from Pierre or Peter. Prince Edward used to call the favorite, Pierre or Peter de Gaveston, Perot.

LUMLEY—This is an old Anglo-Saxon name. The family have lived in England in the county of Durham from the time of the Conquest. In 1093 King James I visited Lumley castle, and the bishop of Durham, talking to the king there, wanted to do honor to his friend Lord Lumley, so he gave a long account of the family. "Oh, mon," said the bored king, "zang no further. Let me digest what I have. I did na ken Adam was named Lumley!"

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## THE SANDMAN STORY

### MR. CHIRP AND MR. HOP

MR. CHIRP and Mr. Hop met one rainy morning by the side of a dusty country road.

They were cousins, though one was a little cricket and the other a big grasshopper. Their dispositions weren't the least bit the same and they did not dress alike, either. Chirp was always cheerful and tried to make others so, but his cousin Hop was inclined to be quarrelsome.



"Mr. Chirp and Mr. Hop Met One Rainy Morning."

"Good morning, Cousin Hop," said Chirp cheerily, although he had been singing nearly all night.

"Morning," answered Hop. "I don't see much good about it. Cold and wet! Makes my legs stiff."

"But the sun will soon be out warm and bright and dry things, cousin," replied Chirp.

"Huh," answered Hop harshly, "wait, wait! That's it! Why should I have to wait? It ought to be shining now so I can get about. Suppose you have been singing your silly song all night long?" he twitted Chirp.

"Yes," replied Chirp good naturedly, "trying to make people happy."

"Wasting your time singing silly songs," grump Hop answered. "You will get stepped on some day and that will be the end of you."

"Oh, no, I won't," said Chirp cheerfully. "Folks are always careful not

to harm me. They like to have me around. Why, only last night I had the nicest sort of time singing to a young couple who were envying their neighbor.

"I sang and sang until they forgot to look across the street at the big handsome house of their rich neighbor. 'Hark,' said the young wife suddenly 'there is our cricket again.'"

"Pretty soon they had forgotten to be envious and were sitting by the fire listening to my song."

"Well, goodness me!" exclaimed Hop, "if that isn't the most senseless talk I ever listened to—just listen to some of the things I do."

"Yesterday morning," Hop began, "I got into Farmer Jones' potato patch and you should have seen that place when I left; my, but the farmer was angry!"

"Then I hopped over to the lawn of the farmhouse where the farmer's wife was whitening some clothes on the grass. I just hopped all over those clothes and left brownish marks wherever I traveled. That will teach her, I guess, not to cover up my grass."

"There were some berry bushes near the house, and those I nibbled until the leaves looked quite pretty. I thought, 'But the farmer's wife didn't. She said she wished the hens and turkeys would gobble every one of us.'"

"Maybe if you did not do so much harm, cousin," said Chirp timidly, "the farmer's wife would not feel that way towards your family."

"Well, if you think I am going about singing a silly little chirping song as you do and never do a thing to make a show in the world, you are quite mistaken, Cousin Chirp," replied Hop.

Chirp watched his cousin out of sight, and then he crept far under a bush and fixed himself for a comfortable rest. "I can't see how Cousin Hop can get any pleasure at all out of life," thought Chirp. "I guess I do lead a rather quiet sort of life, but it seems to me I get more pleasure out of living than he does. I must go to sleep now or I shan't be up in time to sing for my nice young couple after their supper tonight, and they might get to thinking about their rich neighbor again and be unhappy."

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## THE WHY OF SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

GEESE AND WEATHER

THAT tame ducks and geese flying about in a marked manner foretell rain is a common saying in the United States and Canada. This is an extremely ancient superstition which has become somewhat "twisted" as it has descended down the ages. In some sections, however, we find variations which clearly indicate the line of descent of the superstition and approximate the modern to the ancient version more closely than does the commoner saying. Thus in some sections they say that tame geese always fly toward the point of the compass from which the wind is going to blow; and in others that ducks or geese, swimming, when they dip their heads under water and raise them again very quickly, indicate that it is going to rain. In the South they are said to be "pleading for rain."

This shows that the widespread superstition regarding the connection between ducks and geese and the weather is but an echo of the old Greek superstition as recorded by Theophrastus who, writing about three hundred years B. C., said, "Divers and ducks, both wild and tame, indicate rain by diving; but wind by fluttering their wings." And the superstition was old even in the days of the Greek philosopher. It is based on sympathetic magic. The duck dipping her head and shaking the water from it imitates rain and, therefore, produces rain. By fluttering her wings she sets air in motion, imitating a blowing of wind, and by sympathy creates a breeze—like produces like; primitive man's firm conviction with regard to cause and effect.

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## A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

LUXURIES

I DO not know, as turning page on page,  
Which hath the sweeter cast,  
Fresh youth or age.  
The dreams of youth are fair, all running full  
Of golden promises delectable,  
And yet somehow the notion comes to me  
That as the years pass on reality  
Holds riches worth, and in the harbor's calm  
After the storm there lies a rarer  
balm  
To soothe the troubled soul than  
in the strife  
Attendant on our battlings with  
life.

Whichever the sweeter be I'm  
nothing loth  
To thank my stars that I have  
tasted both.  
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to harm me. They like to have me around. Why, only last night I had the nicest sort of time singing to a young couple who were envying their neighbor.

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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

CONSUELLA

A NAME that belongs almost outright to literature is Consuella. It is generally regarded as French, though in popular usage it has a distinctive English flavor. Very few etymologists list it among feminine names, and it is not possible to trace its evolution.

Consuella first gained fame in the time of George Sands (Madame Budevant). In her novels "Consuella" and "La Comtesse de Rudolstadt," the heroine was a Spanish singer whose noble purity was sustained amidst temptations and disillusion. Consuella was swept along on the wave of popularity which accompanied literary names in England.

In this country it achieved no great vogue until the time of the lovely Consuella Vanderbilt, who married the duke of Marlborough, and became chateaine of one of the noblest houses of Great Britain. The widespread use of Consuella was apparent immediately throughout the country.

The pearl is Consuella's talismanic gem and is said to preserve her charm and bring her friends and admirers. Monday is her lucky day, and 7 her lucky number.

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OPHELIA

BEZEL AND A TACK  
ZOTIN  
DUCAL  
BY WALKER  
FEATE

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

A new type of farm tractor has been invented for plowing at night. A single automobile headlight at the front supplies sufficient illumination for the driver.