

King Tommy

By George A. Birmingham
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TOMMY MEETS THE KING

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 Wladislaws, 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. 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. 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 pose as his aunt. Tommy and Janet visit the Mascotte that evening. When Tommy arrives at the Mascotte he is astonished at the attention given him by the head waiter and his aids. Calypso dances before the diners and at the end of her performance she throws a note to Tommy.

CHAPTER IX

Tommy picked up the note. Before he could open it he was aware that Janet Church was standing beside him. In the excitement which followed the princess' dance she had managed to leave her humble table and make her way unhindered across the room.

"You promised," she said, "to introduce me to Count Casimir."

Tommy remembered the promise, remembered also the form the introduction was to take. In the midst of the fantastic unreality of all that was happening to him there seemed nothing absurd in introducing Janet precisely as he had promised. Casimir was sitting beside him smiling gently.

"This," said Tommy, "is my aunt. Allow me to introduce her to you."

The count stood up, bowed, took Janet's hand and kissed it. He showed not the slightest sign of ever having seen her before, though he must have recollected the pink dressing gown and quilted slippers in the corridor in the morning. He did not seem to feel that Janet in her shabby frock was out of place at the Mascotte. By not so much as the tremble of an eyelid did he show his astonishment that Tommy had brought an aunt with him to Berlin.

"I'm very glad to meet you, Count Casimir," said Janet. "There's something I want you to do for me. I'm sure you can do it if you will. I am, as I dare say you know, acting as continental representative of the Federation for the Promotion of World Peace Through the Union of Christian Churches."

Casimir bowed again. Not even his knowledge of Shakespeare was sufficient for a quotation suitable to follow Janet's speech.

"The Patriarch of Lystria," said Janet, "is one of the leaders of the Christian churches whom we are most anxious to enlist in our movement. Unfortunately, our Foreign office—"

Casimir glanced appraisingly at Tommy. The sudden appearance of this spinster aunt startled him. Her intention of interesting the patriarch in a matter of which he had never heard bewildered him.

Tommy made no reply to the unspoken appeal. He turned and walked away.

The entertainment at the Mascotte was evidently over. The men and women who had dined or supped there rose from their tables and passed out of the room. Tommy edged his way through the procession of departing people and found a quiet place where there was still light enough for reading. He opened the note which the princess had flicked onto his plate, and read:

"Go back to London and marry Viola Temple, Calypso."

Tommy stared at the words. He

did not know any one called Viola Temple. He had certainly no intention of marrying any one of that name. Indeed, he did not think he ever heard the name before. Of course, it was well enough known in London, and since her friendship with Lord Norheys became notorious, the lady's picture had been in all the illustrated papers. But Tommy lived in a remote corner of Ireland. He heard no social or theatrical gossip, and seldom saw a paper except the Irish Times, which does not publish pictures of dancing girls.

Nor did he understand why the girl in the Mascotte—by far the prettiest of all he had seen—should have singled him out among the men present to be the recipient of this note and this odd command. If Viola Temple had to be married, there must surely be some one more suited for the job than he was. He remembered the scornful glances which the girl had cast at him while she danced and the mocking obeisances of her curtsies. He wondered why on earth she did those things and what she could possibly know about him.

Then slowly a little understanding, a mere glimmer, came to him.

Casimir had promised that he should meet a lady at the Mascotte, had indeed brought him there for the purpose. Well, he had met Calypso. Casimir, speaking to him just before the dance, had called her a princess, Princess Calypso. The title was no doubt a picturesque exaggeration intended as an advertisement. Tommy had heard of some one known as the "Queen of Song." Perhaps Calypso was the "Princess of Dancing," though he did not think that she deserved the title.

The whole thing was puzzling, confusing, utterly incomprehensible. Yet Tommy was glad that he had come to the Mascotte, very glad that he had seen the girl. She was—

Tommy always becomes incoherent when he tries to speak of his first feelings about Calypso. I do not wonder. He had all his life been accustomed to women like my sister Emily, some of them older than Emily, many of them of course younger. But all of them wise, sensible, respectable, like Jaeger underclothing, which though wholesome is not exciting. Calypso was utterly different. If I were to compare her to a garment—but I do not know enough about clothes to do that, and I am told that the best of these things are not exhibited in shop windows.

The fact is that Tommy, then and there, suddenly, abruptly, hopelessly, fell in love with Calypso. I do not profess to understand love at first sight. The six or seven love affairs I have experienced in life have all been gradual, a growth of feeling so slow that the lady had generally passed out of my reach—gone to Nice or Monte Carlo or somewhere for the winter before I found out that I was in love with her. But I am not a skeptic about the reality of these sudden passions. No sensible man can be. Literature gives us the cases of Romeo falling in love with Juliet, of Fanny Squeers falling in love with Nicholas Nickleby, and many others. In real life—at the moment I can only recall Garibaldi and Anita, but that is good enough. He fell in love when he was looking at her for the first time at a great distance through a telescope. Tommy had a better excuse than that.

Casimir tapped Tommy on the arm.

"His majesty," he said, "wishes to speak to you."

Tommy looked round. The room was almost clear of visitors, who had streamed off to finish a night's pleasure in the Palais de Dance next door. Waiters were busy clearing away the debris of meals from the tables. Most of the lights had been put out. Janet Church was standing by herself beside the table where she had been introduced to Casimir. Tommy saw no one whom he recognized except the little head waiter. He was seated by himself at a table in a corner of the room with a bottle of champagne in front of him. Thus, it may be supposed, head waiters relax themselves and recuperate after their toils are over.

"His majesty waits," said Casimir. He was standing very erect with his hands at his sides in a military attitude of attention. With a side glance he indicated the head waiter. Tommy felt that he was living through some confused and fantastic dream—dancing girls transformed into princesses and head waiters into kings. Or perhaps—it seemed wildly improbable—this might be part of the evening's entertainment at the Mascotte, an original kind of harlequinade.

He walked slowly over to the table at which the head waiter sat. He was greeted with friendly cordiality. "Sit down, my dear boy. Please sit down and have another glass of wine."

Tommy stared at him in amazement. Not at all in this familiar fashion had the head waiter treated him earlier in the evening. Then he glanced at Casimir who was standing stiffly to attention.

"There's such divinity doth hedge a king—"

"Explain, Casimir," said the head waiter. "Lord Norheys does not understand."

"Please," said Casimir, "you are in the presence of King Wladislaws of Lystria."

"But I don't keep up any pretense

of etiquette here," said the king, "though Casimir insists on behaving as if we were still in Lystria. Do sit down."

Up to that moment Tommy had never heard the name of the king of Lystria. It was a very small state, and although it took the wrong side in the war, nobody paid much attention to it. He sat down.

"How did you like Calypso's dancing?" said the king. "Not much, eh? Well I don't think much of it myself. In fact, she wouldn't be dancing here if she wasn't a princess. That's what makes it worth while to employ her. These nouveaux riches are amazingly fond of royalty. In fact,—he dropped his voice to a confidential whisper—"I should never have got the job of head waiter here if I hadn't agreed to Calypso's dancing. That's how it happens that she's here. Her salary isn't much. But my job as head waiter—However, we can talk of that later on. What I want to say to you now is that you'll have to be very careful with Calypso. She's got her knife into you about that other girl."

He chuckled pleasantly, and refilled his own glass and Tommy's.

"I don't mind a bit myself, of course," he said, "and Casimir doesn't mind. But Calypso! Why did you allow Miss Temple to write that letter to her? It's made things a bit difficult, you know. You'll have to re-as-n with her a little. Pitch it strong. You might tell her perhaps that Miss Temple is over forty, and squints. That would soften things down a bit."

"I shall say," said Tommy, "that I never heard of Miss Temple in my life until this evening."

"If you can get her to believe that—"

"I don't know," said Tommy, "but I don't know. I never could get her mother to believe that. And Calypso is very like her in some ways. But perhaps you'll be more successful than I was. By the way, I suppose Miss Temple can dance. Do you think—it might help to do away with any feeling of grievance that she may have—Do you think that she'd care for an engagement here, in Calypso's place? We couldn't say she was a princess; but we might advertise her as the 'Marchioness of Norheys. Do you think she'd care for it?"

"I don't know her," said Tommy, "so I can't tell."

The king looked at him with twinkling eyes.

"You do it very well," he said, "far better than ever I did."

"Before you say anything more," said Tommy, "I want to tell you that you're mistaken about who I am. I'm not Lord Norheys, or Lord anything else. I'm Reverend Thomas A. Norreys, a curate."

"That's good," said the king, "distinctly original. I never thought of it. But you'll have to be very careful. It's not only Calypso. There's the patriarch too. You don't know him yet. But you will. He used to worry the life out of me about—well, about any Miss Temple I happened to be interested in at the time. And Calypso says she'll tell him directly she sees him. But perhaps you know how to manage the clergy. I never could."

"I've just told you that I am a clergyman myself."

"Well," said the king, "that may be all right. In fact, the patriarch will be pleased about it, if he hears nothing about Miss Temple. But if Calypso tells him, then I am afraid your being a clergyman will only make it worse, from his point of view. Simply from his point of view, of course. I don't mind a bit myself. In fact, I prefer clergymen with some little human failings. I'd have liked the patriarch better and got on better with him if there'd ever been—well, a Hagar, or some one of that sort. But there wasn't."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wasteful Men

"Why, Jeremiah Jones!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones when her husband came in safe and sound from a railroad journey, "is this you?"

"Why, of course," said her husband, "this is the time I expected to come home, isn't it?"

"And you haven't had an accident nor lost your arms and legs or been killed?"

"How many times must I tell you that nothing has happened!" said the irritated man.

"Well," declared the good lady, "you do beat all. There you went and paid good money for an insurance ticket just before you left, and you haven't done a thing to get the reward. That's money just wasted. Nice manager you are, Jeremiah Jones!"

Her Appetite Triumphed

Max Maretzek, the impresario, had a large repertoire of stories. Henry T. Finck, the music critic, repeats one of them in his new book, "Musical Laughs." Maretzek on a trip from Cincinnati to Baltimore, feeling hungry, bought a big sausage and a loaf of rye bread. Presently Christine Nilsson, in a seat ahead, made fun of him for eating such awful stuff. Max was really humiliated, but he slyly crowded the remnants of his feast into his pocket and, feeling quite comfortable, went to sleep. About two o'clock in the morning he felt a touch on his elbow. "Hush," said Nilsson. "Don't wake anybody, but do give me that bread and sausage you put in your pocket."

Worth Copying

A. T. Stewart, the merchant prince of his day, had one rule that he expected all clerks to follow. That rule was: "Correct any mistake on the spot." Such policy would be a good one for all of us to follow whatever the occasion.—Grit.

Hope Hampton



Born in Houston, Texas, in 1901, Hope Hampton, the "movie" star, received her education in Philadelphia, and later attended a finishing school in New Orleans. Miss Hampton was the winner in a "beauty contest" which resulted in her going into the pictures.

Your Health

By ANDREW F. CURRIER, M.D.

NEURITIS

IT IS often difficult to draw an accurate line between neuritis and neuralgia.

Take, for instance, the atrocious pain in the back of the thigh and leg called sciatica; it may show, in the ordinary bed-side examination, clear evidences of inflammation of the sciatic nerve except sensitiveness and pain; but if a portion of the nerve were removed and examined with the microscope, very clear evidence of inflammation, that is of neuritis, would probably be found.

One or many nerves may be involved in a neuritis, the destruction of tissue may be slight or extensive, and the trouble may last a few days or many years.

The pain of it may be bearable or unbearable—an ache, or a stab, or just sensitiveness.

The skin may be swollen and glossy, with sweating and a crop of blisters following the track of the nerve.

The joints may be swollen, permanently stiffened, and contain fluid. If the nerves are badly injured, the muscles to which they are distributed will shrivel and wither.

If the nerve system in general is involved, the patient may get hysterical or excited or even crazy.

The skin may not only be painful; it may have a sensation of burning or tingling or of insects crawling over it.

Instead of being excessively sensitive, the skin may be without feeling, not responding to what would ordinarily give pain.

In those forms of the disease in which many nerves are involved, there is not only withering of the muscles, but twitching; bending of the fingers and toes; possibly falling of the nails; gray hair; and other symptoms of bad nutrition.

Causes of neuritis are draughts of air, dampness, heat or cold, cuts and bruises, poisons like lead, arsenic, mercury, opium and alcohol.

It may also result from tuberculosis, syphilis, inflammation of the bones, bacterial poisoning in typhoid fever, diphtheria, and malaria.

It may come as an epidemic, like beri-beri, or with an eruption on the skin like shingles.

It may be due to pressure—for instance the pressure of crutches in the arm-pits.

It may begin with a chill and fever, develop slowly or rapidly, may paralyze the muscles of speech, swallowing, and respiration and be quickly fatal; or it may be long drawn-out and finally cause death from pneumonia or tuberculosis.

Its treatment involves many agencies, some helpful, others questionable or useless.

Rest is always an important measure of treatment. Other measures are moist and dry heat, cold, massage, electricity, vibration, irritants, blisters, light, etc.

Drug treatment is sometimes of great importance, especially in relieving pain.

Cathartics are often required and must be changed as their efficiency seems to diminish.

Nourishing food in abundance must be taken, but indigestion is to be rigorously guarded against.

Sleep is so often irregular, that hypnotic drugs may be imperative.

The more sleep and food one gets, the better, as a rule, will he be able to fight this disease.

(By George Matthew Adams.)

Microphone in Cathedral

A microphone has been installed in the pulpit of the famous cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris, and loud speakers in the distant corners of the vast edifice and in each of the three galleries.

THE SANDMAN STORY

WITH THE FAIRIES

ONE day a little girl named Lislette was walking along a road in a far-off country wondering where she would go; for her father was dead and her stepmother had turned her out of doors because she was too poor to keep her.

Lislette was so deep in thought that she did not notice she was in a place she had never seen before until something moved by the side of the road which made her lift her eyes from the ground.

At a big gate stood a little man dressed in a suit of deep red. He bowed low to Lislette and with a backward sweep of one hand he invited her to enter, though he did not speak a word.

Lislette stepped inside the gate, but instead of the palace she had expected to see she saw only a big tree with an opening like a door.

The little man in red nodded toward the tree and waved his hand toward it. "Shall I go in?" asked Lislette.

The little man nodded his head again though he did not speak, but he smiled so invitingly that Lislette went to the tree and looked in.

She had heard of the fairies, but this queer little creature, she knew, was not one of them and he could not be a goblin, for they wore clothes of red and green, not a bit like the red of which this strange little creature's suit was made.

But she did not feel afraid, and she stepped into the opening and walked down a flight of steps.

As she walked she noticed that she seemed to carry with her a bright yellow light like sunshine, and by the time she reached the last step, which brought her to a big lake in a cave, the whole place was filled with sunshine.

The cave was yellow and so was the lake and even the little men in the red clothes took on a yellow cast.

Lislette had a bundle of clothes under her arm and this she noticed looked like a lump of gold, but she knew it was only the light, for it was not a bit heavier than when she came in.

Just then across the yellow lake Lislette saw a flock of yellow birds flying above the water and tied around the leg of each bird was a slender gold chain. These were guided by a page standing in the bow of a gold boat.

The page was dressed in red of the same color as the little man who had brought Lislette into the cave.

Behind the page in the boat there was resting on a bed of roses a beautiful lady dressed in a gown of gold-colored satin, and on each side of her stood a page dressed the same as the page who held the golden chains.

These pages held over their mistress beautiful big red roses, which they swung back and forth, filling the air with sweet perfume.

"Ho, slaves, our queen!" called the little man in red, who now spoke for the first time, and from all around the cave came dozens of little men dressed in red who, when they saw the boat, fell on their knees by the lake, crying out, "Queen Red Rose, your slaves await you."

Lislette knew now this was some sort of an enchanted place and she wondered what the queen would say when she found a mortal in the kingdom.

The queen did not seem to notice her or her bundle. She motioned for Lislette to be seated beside her on the red roses.

Lislette noticed that she no longer wore the patched dress and shoes and that the bundle she brought with her was now a gold box set with red stones.

And the fairies say that the happiest little fairy in the queen's kingdom is the sunshine fairy who was once little Lislette.

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)



"A Little Man Dressed in a Suit of Deep Red."

"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

THE WHY of SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

PENELOPE

FOREMOST among the names which literature has made immortal is Penelope. It means weaver and its history is one of the most interesting in feminine nomenclature.

There are numerous explanations of its origin. Some etymologists claim that it came originally from the Irish Finnguala (white shoulders) which, though softened to Fenella, was later translated into Penelope. It is to this that we owe the numerous Penelopes of England, beginning with the Irish Penelope Devereux with whom is connected the one shade on Sidney's character.

The more common explanation of Penelope connects her with Ulysses' faithful queen who sat day after day before her loom while the hero of the "Odyssey" wandered the seven seas. This explanation makes Penelope a weaver in truth; another account claims that she had been exposed as an infant and owed her life to a kind of duck whom the Greeks called penelops.

The carnelian is Penelope's talismanic stone. It is the gem of faithfulness and of a trusting, loving heart. It is said that no love doubts will come to her when she wears this stone. Tuesday is her lucky day and 5 her lucky number.

(By Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

THE GOLDENROD

IN NEW ENGLAND, and perhaps in other parts of the country, a gall from the stem of a goldenrod (caused by the sting of an insect) is called a "rheumaty-bud." Each gall contains a small white grub and the belief is that as long as the grub remains alive one who carries the gall in his pocket will be free from rheumatism.

The efficacy of this cure—or rather preventive—is based upon the fact that the flower of the plant from which the gall is picked is of a bright golden color—the color of the sun and therefore connected with the sun-god, Apollo. Apollo did not exactly represent the sun itself but rather the light and life-giving influences of the sun. And also he was a great "protector."

The part which the grub in the gall plays in this piece of folk-medicine is based upon an idea of primitive man concerning the grubs and maggots which appeared in the galls of trees and plants and in decaying animal matter. They were supposed to be in a peculiar manner an embodiment of the spirit of the substance in which they were engendered—to have sprung from and been created by the vital essence of that substance. In the customs of many savage tribes today this primitive idea is found surviving in full force with regard to the worms found in dead bodies and gives rise to disgusting rites by which the living seek to acquire the courage, or other desirable qualities of the dead.

Thus it will be seen that a grub engendered in the golden plant of Apollo might well be supposed to be efficacious in warding off disease. As long as it lives it lives with the life of the sun-god.

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

OPHELIA

CHEER UP! LOTS OF LIGHTS ONLY WISH THEY HAD A BUSHEL TO GET UNDER.

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

THE POINT OF VIEW

THE man who gets a cinder in his eye
Thinks all the world is cinder
But as for me, I see but loveliness on high,
My world becomes a thing of endless beauty.
The moral? There is none, unless it be
That life is merely what you think you see,
And it were well to view it smilingly.

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)