

King Tommy

CHAPTER X—Continued

By George A. Birmingham
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Janet Church was watching about the central hall looking out for some one in whose business she could interfere, helpfully of course. Janet always wants to be helpful. When she saw Tommy at the desk of the reception office she walked over and joined him. She agreed with the head clerk that an Ausweis was necessary, and showed the one which the Berlin police had granted to her. Then she offered to take a look at Tommy's passport just to see that it was in order. It was. Tommy's mouth, nose, eyes and hair were described in the usual official style. His photograph, not in the least like him, was stuck in the proper place and duly stamped by the Foreign office. All the visas were there, as legible as usual. But Janet raised her eyebrows in surprise. Taking Tommy by the arm she led him away from the desk.

"You'd better be careful with that passport," she said. "The German police know more than you'd think."

"But it's all right, isn't it?"

"Oh, it's all right, of course, for the Rev. T. A. Norreys, an Irish clergyman."

"And that's who I am."

"I don't see what good you expect to do by keeping up that pretense with me," said Janet.

"I assure you—"

"And I assure you," said Janet, "that no ordinary Irish clergyman—that's what you profess to be, isn't it?"

"Quite ordinary," said Tommy, "not even an archdeacon."

"No ordinary clergyman, English, Scotch or Irish, would have Count Casimir calling on him the moment he arrived in Berlin. Everybody knows that Casimir is up to his neck in international plots. What would he want with an ordinary clergyman? And if you're nothing but a curate, how do you account for the way you were received at the Mascotte last night? I was there when you bowed down to you and you were given the best table in the room. Everybody turned round and stared at you when you came in. The head waiter, who was drunk later on, served you himself. And that's a thing head waiters don't do in the case of ordinary curates."

"I know it looks odd," said Tommy, "but, all the same, I really am—"

"I hope for your sake," said Janet, "that the police will believe you. I don't know who you really are, and it isn't my business to find out; but if the police believe that curate story I shall be surprised. Don't you be under any mistake about the Berlin police. They'll know exactly what happened last night at the Mascotte, and in all probability they know, what I don't, exactly who you are and what you're doing in Berlin."

This made Tommy a little uneasy, but he was not seriously anxious. His passport was in perfect order. He had papers in his pocket, a check book and some letters, which ought to be enough to establish his identity. He took a cab to the police office.

He found his way after some trouble into a small, grimy, badly overheated room. It was filled with shabby-looking people, men and women of various nationalities who stood in an irregular ill-formed queue. Tommy took his place behind a smelly Polish Jew and waited. After about half an hour he found himself standing opposite a desk at which a young man in plain clothes was writing. This man was smoking a bedraggled cigarette, which looked as if he had licked it all over before lighting it. He was very badly shaved and nearly as grimy as his office. His temper, like the atmosphere of his room, was overheated.

He asked Tommy a number of questions rapidly. Tommy did not understand a word that was said to him and shook his head amiably. The young man asked his questions over again more loudly. Tommy did not understand any better than before, but he tried the experiment of saying "Ja" in an agreeable tone to each question. This merely irritated the young man, so Tommy, who was beginning to learn a little German, said, "Ja, bitte schoen." Even this appeared to be unsatisfactory, and the young man was getting seriously annoyed. Tommy tried "nein," and then, aiming at politeness, "nein, danke." The young man repeated his questions in a very loud and threatening tone.

Tommy, still confident that everything must go well in the end, got out his passport and handed it across the table. It contained all the information which even the most inquisitive policeman could desire, his name, his profession, the date and place of his birth were all there. His height was stated, and the color of his eyes and the shape of his mouth and a large number of other things. It certainly seemed as if every possible question was answered.

The police officer opened the passport with a jerk of his cigarette to fall on the paper in order to show his disdain of everything English. There was really very little of it he could read or understand, for he knew no English; but he pretended to study it with a sort of contemptuous attention. Suddenly he became really alert. His eyes had lit on Tommy's

name, which happened to be written very legibly. He stared at it, looked at Tommy, and then began searching through a pile of documents at the side of his desk. He came on the one he wanted, opened it out beside Tommy's passport and compared the two. He took the cigarette out of his mouth and looked at Tommy with a smile of malicious triumph. He made a remark in a tone which was evidently meant to be insulting. Then he gave an order to a couple of men in uniform who stood at the door of the room. The men stepped forward, touched Tommy on the arm and motioned him to follow.

Tommy, puzzled and rather suspicious, followed the constable into an inner office. There he found himself in the presence of another police officer, evidently a man of superior rank, for he was smoking a cigar. The constable made a short report and handed over Tommy's passport. The superior officer stared curiously, then he, too, began to ask questions, a large number of questions. Tommy could neither understand nor answer. All he could do was to point to his passport. But it was evidently in some way unsatisfactory. The officer the police officer looked at it the more insistently he repeated his questions. At last, thoroughly dissatisfied both with Tommy and the passport, he rang the office bell sharply.

Two minutes later Tommy found himself under arrest. He was not actually handcuffed, but it was made quite clear to him that he was under the charge of two policemen who stood one on each side of him.

The police officer laid his cigar down carefully and took up a telephone receiver which stood on his desk. Then followed a long conversation, or rather a series of conversations. Tommy, listening and watch-

ing carefully, realized that the officer was repeating his story several times over, with long pauses between each telling, during which it seemed to Tommy that he was being switched off from one listener to another. Tommy did not understand a word he said, but he caught his name occasionally, very badly pronounced. After a while he began to recognize the words "Junger Engländer." Tommy, who was still in quite a friendly mood, turned to one of the policemen beside him.

"It's a pity," he said, "that he doesn't try broadcasting. That must be the fifth time he's told his story."

After the police officer had talked into his telephone for half an hour, he gave an order to his two men and Tommy was led off. They shut him up in a small inner room and left him there. Tommy began to feel slightly annoyed, but was not in the least frightened. It was evident that the hotel clerk had been wrong in saying that the police proceedings are merely formal, and Janet Church right when she warned him that he was likely to have a great deal of trouble before he got permission to stay in Berlin.

When Tommy had been incarcerated for about an hour he was taken out and put in a taxi. His two guards went with him. They were perfectly civil, but they never took their eyes off him for an instant.

The cab stopped opposite an immense, floridly decorated doorway. Tommy was led through it, into what seemed to be a public office. He was conducted along a corridor, taken up an elevator, led along two other corridors and finally with immense ceremony, ushered into a very handsomely furnished office.

A tall, fierce-looking man, elderly, grizzled and most imperfectly shaved, sat at a large table covered with papers. He was evidently a person of great importance and Tommy took a good look at him. His short gray hair stood upright on his head like the bristles of a brush. There were large rolls of fat on his neck. Tom-

my did not know it till afterward, but he was in the presence of the Prince von Steinveldt, head of the German ministry for the control of aliens.

"You speak not German good," said Von Steinveldt stiffly.

"I don't speak it at all," said Tommy, "except 'Ja,' 'nein,' 'bitte wasser' and 'bitte schoen.' I don't believe I know a single word. It's a great relief to me to hear you talk English. You can't imagine how I've been worried all the morning by people asking me questions which I couldn't understand. If there's anything you really want to know, I'll be delighted to tell you provided you ask in English."

"Your name?"

"Norreys," said Tommy. "Rev. Thomas A. Norreys, M. A. T. C. D."

"Ach, so?"

"Yes," said Tommy pleasantly. "Just so. I see you've got my passport there. If you look at it you'll see my photograph. My nose is of normal size, my face oval, my eyes of a bluish color—"

"So?"

"Exactly so," said Tommy, and then waited.

The German referred to some papers which lay before him and then took another look at Tommy's passport.

"Your name," he said, "is Norreys, but it is here in the passport not altogether rightly spelled."

"N-o-r-r-e-y-s," said Tommy.

"Here," said the German, tapping one of his own papers, "is your name N-o-r-r-e-y-s spelled find. Not true?"

"Not in the least true," said Tommy.

"Herr Marquis," said the German, "we are of your coming to this country and of your plan for the restoration of the monarchy of Lystria and of the so-deep-gripping plots of your minister of Balkan affairs good informed. The police Ausweis permitting you longer to remain in Berlin will not go-granted be."

"I suppose you know," said Tommy, "that all that rigmarole about plots and monarchies and marquis has nothing whatever to do with me, and my name is spelled exactly as it is on my passport."

"The in English so-called bluff do I most perfectly understand," said the German. "Within the borders of the German state may you no longer remain."

"That," said Tommy, "is a bit rough on me. I came over here simply to get rid of a lot of your money which I happened to have. I don't want to say anything insulting to Germany or to hurt your feelings—in any way, but you must know that your money isn't very highly thought of anywhere else in the world. I don't suppose the most unsophisticated South Sea Islander would give you a coconut for a whole sackful of marks. If you turn me out of Germany I don't see how I am to get rid of that money at all."

"In Germany," said Von Steinveldt, "for you to remain is strongly forbidden."

Tommy had begun to feel irritated with the ridiculously pompous old man who sat before him. He had tried to annoy him by speaking of the worthlessness of German marks. But the attempt had not been a success. He tried again. This time a different taunt.

"Very well," he said, "if you expel me from Germany, I shall go to Strasburg and make a tour of Alsace and Lorraine. They're not in Germany any longer, you know."

"To cross the frontier," said Von Steinveldt, "is without the police Ausweis entirely impossible."

Tommy thought this over carefully for a minute and then realized the absurdity of the position.

"You say I can't stay in Berlin?" he said.

"Anywhere in Germany," said Von Steinveldt, "is for you strongly forbidden."

"And at the same time you say I can't go."

"To cross the frontier without the police Ausweis impossible is."

"So far as I can see," said Tommy, "the only thing left for me to do is to fade away gradually like the Cheshire cat in 'Alice in Wonderland,' and I can't do that. The only kind of man I ever heard of who could do that is a Mahatma, with an astral body, and I'm not one. But I dare say you're simply making what you believe to be a joke. I always heard that German jokes are a bit difficult to see."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Made Lonely Journey
A woman farmer in a lonely part of South Africa, Mrs. Ida Francis, has just shown that in luck and endurance British women settlers are not behind the men.

About two months ago a cyclone devastated her farm, which lies beyond the western fringe of the desolate Kalahari desert; and then came floods which destroyed the food and shelter for her cattle. The only way to save her animals was to drive them 400 miles across the desert to her son's farm, and this she did, unaided.

She found that many of the water-holes in the desert had dried up, and sometimes she had to ward off attacks by lions with her rifle; but she kept steadily on, and in the end brought nearly all her charges through safely.—Family Herald.

Marine Knight



This popular "movie" star is known in Hollywood as the "most perfect woman." When her measurements were taken some time ago they were found to be exactly those of the Greek ideal of feminine perfection. She appeared in a prominent picture at the request of a producer who sought a perfect woman to represent a living statue adorning the wall of King David's palace.

Your Health

By ANDREW F. CURRIER, M. D.

HABIT-FORMING DRUGS

ANY substance used in any way to treat disease is a drug, even though it may be used for other purposes.

Tea, coffee, alcohol, mustard, prunes, soap, bicarbonate of soda, and many other things in daily use in the household, have a medicinal as well as their ordinary economic value.

Habit-forming drugs may be perfectly good and useful and legitimate for medical purposes, but they often tempt people to use them unnecessarily and poison them.

People who are thus enslaved think they cannot get along without their drug; their will power and self-control are lost, and, sooner or later, if not cut off in other ways, they get fatal disease from use of the drug.

Frequently an overpowering dose of the drug carries them off suddenly.

People are differently affected by the same drug at different times. A dose of morphine has more effect on an empty stomach than when the stomach is busy digesting food, and will take effect more quickly when you are tired and sleepy, than when you are full of life and activity; moreover, if it is taken to relieve pain, more will be necessary if the pain is severe than if it is not.

People are also differently affected by different samples of the same drug.

A quarter of a grain of morphine made by one chemist may produce the utmost effect desired by the doctor who gives it, while half a grain made by another chemist may fail in producing that effect, the first specimen being a pure drug, the second adulterated or unsuccessfully made.

Drugs are taken to influence disease or produce sleep or relieve pain.

It is because they make you comfortable or produce certain agreeable sensations that they allure you when they are not required medicinally.

Drugs ordinarily harmless, like tea, coffee, or tobacco, may be taken in such quantities as to be injurious.

Doctors have often been accused of laying the foundation of drug habits; this may be true in some cases, but in many years of experience I have seen few such cases.

They usually come about because people prescribe for themselves, and particularly because, until within the last few years, it has been so easy to get a drug or a medicine which would satisfy the craving of the drug fiend.

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A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

A COODLY TASK

THE world may be all dark and glum,
But none the less I'm glad I've come,
For after all it seems to me
The greatest task of all there be
Is to spread light where gloom holds sway.
To warm a bleak and chillsome way
With little gleams of cheer, and all
With peace some frowning coln of ill,
And if the world is black with rue
It gives us so much more to do
To dissipate the clouds of care
And raise hope's gleaming beacon there.
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SCHOOL DAYS



Mother's Cook Book

The Hummingbird.
A flash of harmless lightning,
A mist of rainbow dyes,
The burnished sunbeam brightening,
From flower to flower he flies.

While wakes the nodding blossom,
But just too late to see,
That lip hath touched her bosom
And drained her nectary.
—John Tabb.

PICKLES AND RELISHES

A NICE crisp cucumber pickle is liked by most people. It is not necessary to use alum, which is injurious used even in small quantities. For a good pickle that is easy to put up, try these: Take three quarts of vinegar and one cupful of water, one cupful each of sugar and dry mustard, and salt; stir until well mixed, then drop in small fresh cucumbers, the smaller the better if of uniform size.

Mustard Pickles.
Take equal quantities of small cucumbers, the largest sliced, green tomatoes, cauliflower picked into flowerets, and button onions. Cover with a strong brine for twenty-four hours, using one cupful of salt to a gallon of water. In the morning scald the brine and pour it while boiling hot over the pickles. When cold drain thoroughly and prepare as much vinegar as is needed to cover them. To one quart of vinegar use one cupful of brown sugar, one-half cupful of flour, one-fourth of a pound of dry mustard. Boil the sugar and vinegar, then mix the flour and mustard with a little cold vinegar and pour into the hot vinegar. Cook for a few minutes, then when smooth pour over the pickles.

Tomato Catsup.
Put a bushel of tomatoes, skins and all, into a kettle, boil until tender, then put through a colander to remove the skins. Mix one cupful of salt, two pounds of brown sugar, half an ounce of cayenne, three ounces of allspice, the same of mace and celery seed, two ounces of cinnamon. Add two quarts of vinegar, cook until thick, strain, reheat and bottle.

Nellie Maxwell
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YOUR Last Name

IS IT LAMBORN?

JOSIAH LAMBORN of East Hempstead was born in England in 1659.

He had many children—Thomas, Maria, Robert, John, William, Sarah.

In 1713 Robert migrated to America and settled near London Grove, Pa. Nine years later, on August 5, 1722, he married Sarah, a daughter of Francis Swaney of Philadelphia.

Their son, Thomas of Lamborn, Pa., was a member of the Society of Friends and as an advocate of peace in the Revolution was once arrested by the sheriff.

The name is a pure English one, coming from an estate in Cornwall, England, which has been in the same family since the days of Edward II.

WAKEMAN—This name comes from the Anglo-Saxon words waceman, meaning watchman. The waceman's duty was to blow a cow's horn in his village every night at nine o'clock. If between this time and sunrise the next morning any thievery took place, it was made good at the public expense.

LAVENDER—This is an old English name, from an obsolete French word, lavender, meaning a washerman. Lavanderie, which meant the place where clothes are washed, has given rise to our word laundry, and so lavender, one who washes, has given rise to our name Lavender. Launder and Lander are from the same source.
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WHO SAID

"Time will unveil all things to posterity."

THE author of this truth was Euripides, the celebrated Greek writer of plays. Euripides was a thinker and, like all thinkers, was inclined to think of things that were ahead of his time. It may well be that the above quotation was his reply to criticism directed at him for some of his advanced beliefs. "You may believe it or not," we can imagine this Greek man of letters saying, "but the future will prove me right. Time will unveil all things to posterity!"

The first published play of this great tragedian was "Pelides," which appeared in 455 B. C. The play was well received, but did not win the first prize which the Greeks were in the habit of bestowing on the writer of the most meritorious play.

Like every man of prominence, Euripides had his enemies and these men determined upon his downfall. They charged the poet with impiety and unbelief in the gods. Whether or not the charges were true, they were believed by the people, and their admiration for Euripides turned to enmity and he was forced to flee from Greece. At the court of Archelaus, the king of Macedonia, the poet was warmly received and was accorded the highest honors by the sovereign and his courtiers.

Euripides is entitled to be called the master of the Greek tragedy and one of the greatest playwrights of all time. He is said to have composed between 75 and 90 tragedies.—Wayne D. Murray.

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SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

By F. A. WALKER

BIASED MINDS

TWO AN incredible degree, our beliefs are greatly influenced by our feelings and wishes. By bringing together ideas and dwelling on them under the sway of strong feelings, the mind tends naturally to believe in the corresponding realities.

This is seen in the strength of belief associated with the wild dreams of youth. To keep these airy visions constantly before the mind without testing them in practice, sooner or later is sure to cause a bias or prejudice which in turn brings about dangerous likings or dislikings to the detriment of the intellectual forces.

To exercise the senses and let them have undisturbed freedom is the best way to accumulate the richest store of clear impressions, without which no man or woman in his or her calling or profession can hope to attain any degree of distinction.

To become biased and "set" in ideas is to become warped and imprisoned in a vicious circle from which, as the years advance, there is but little likelihood of escaping.

The simple process of thinking clearly, accepting facts as they present themselves and weighing the accumulated evidence thus gathered on scales whose weights are true, is the only method by which the young or the old can expect to achieve and attain.

If you will study the bright intellects of the past, the minds which have left their shining monuments in the world, you will find that they reached their exalted places by clear reasoning, and a cheerful willingness to listen to words of counsel from others.

There was in them no desire to declare their superiority, for they were ever anxious to avoid the ruts and drive steadily up the hills with free reins and open minds untrammelled by prejudice and bias, those terrible destroyers of success, lying in wait at the cross roads for the foolish, the obdurate and the self-conceited.
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