

# King Tommy

## CHAPTER XIV—Continued

In the end Tommy got out of his difficulty in a way which struck him as neat. He led Allen across the dining room at luncheon next day and brought him to the table where the princess and Janet sat.

"Allow me to introduce Mr. Allen to you," he said. Then, turning to Allen, he murmured: "My wife, and my secretary, Miss Gisborne."

That left Allen to decide for himself which was the wife and which the secretary. He was puzzled. He looked at Janet and then at Tommy. He looked at Calypso, and thought of his sister and the other unruly maidens in the canteen. At last he decided in favor of Janet.

"I want to thank you," he said to her, "for all your kindness to my sister."

Janet took that very well. She had been kind, after her own fashion, to so many different people that she could not possibly recollect them all. She inquired graciously for Miss Allen, and received an account of her marriage to a young officer she had met at the canteen.

The introduction passed off surprisingly well; but Tommy was by no means done with Allen. That evening they met again.

"Ever see any of the fellows from the old regiment nowadays?" said Allen.

Tommy would have been glad to know what the old regiment was. He wished very much that he had thought of asking Casimir and the king for a little more information before he undertook to be Colonel Heard.

"I ran into Simpson the other day," said Allen. "You remember Soapy Simpson and the old Frenchwoman in the rest billets behind Givenchy."

"Rather," said Tommy heartily, "that's how he got the name Soapy, wasn't it?"

"Was it?" he said. "But there wasn't any soap in that business, was there?"

"It may have been cheese," said Tommy. "One gets confused about these things."

"Oh," said Allen, "you're thinking of Collins. They always said it was an account of that cheese that you recommended Collins for the D. S. O."

"That," said Tommy, "is a gross slander. As a matter of fact, Collins' recommendation for the D. S. O. went in before any one heard a word about the cheese."

He felt that he owed that much to Colonel Heard's reputation. Whatever Collins had done about the cheese, whether he had eaten it, refrained from eating it, stolen it, or baited a mousetrap with it, no conscientious colonel would have recommended him for a D. S. O. on that account alone.

"Oddly enough," said Allen, "I heard from Collins the other day. I suppose you know he married that little red-haired V. A. D. who used to be at Wilmerux."

"I always expected he would," said Tommy, "though in my opinion she was a great deal too good for him. I can't imagine what any girl could see in Soapy Simpson?"

"It was Collins who married her, not Simpson. Did I say Simpson?"

"Oh, Collins," said Tommy, "That's different, of course. What's Collins doing now?"

"He and she are running a chicken farm in Monte Carlo," said Allen, "making quite a good thing out of it, I believe."

After that Tommy escaped and went to bed. But Allen came at him again the next morning. He had a passion for reminiscence, and seemed to have known every single officer in "the old regiment" except Colonel Heard himself. Young Bright had come to grief over a dud check which he cashed in a night club in London. Tommy expressed great regret for his fate. Poor Styles was still limping about and would never get back the use of his leg. Tommy regretted that, too. After a while Allen got back to the subject of his sister, and Mrs. Heard and the canteen.

"She'll be surprised when I tell her I've met Mrs. Heard out here," said Allen. "That last letter I had from her she said she'd been invited to meet Mrs. Heard at a teaparty somewhere in Kensington. Unfortunately she couldn't go."

"That must have been a long while ago," said Tommy.

"Not so long," said Allen. "I only got the letter last week."

"If your sister had gone to that teaparty," said Tommy, "she wouldn't have met my wife. She's been out here for the last six months."

That, he felt, ought to put a stop to any chance meeting in London between Mrs. Heard and Miss Allen, whose name of course was not Allen any longer, for she had married an officer whom she met in the canteen—a thing which showed that Mrs. Heard had not kept a tight enough hand over her.

Tommy went to bed very well satisfied with himself. It had proved surprisingly easy to play the part of Colonel Heard. It would, no doubt, have been equally easy to play that of Lord Norneys. He began to feel sorry that he had not done so instead of claiming his own name and position. Then he remembered Miss Temple and felt glad that he had refused to be Lord Norneys. Miss Temple would, apparently, have been a hopeless obstacle to his marriage with Calypso. He wondered a little whether

By George A. Birmingham  
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er the existence of a Mrs. Heard would be another obstacle. If Calypso objected to a man who was engaged to be married, she might very well object even more strongly to a man who had been married for at least seven years.

## CHAPTER XV

The princess, Janet Church and Tommy sat at lunch on the third day after their arrival in Breslau. Thanks to the king's influence with the manager of the hotel, they had a very pleasant table, placed in a bow window from which they had a view of the town's market place.

A large motor car drove slowly across the square and pulled up at the door of the hotel. The driver was remarkable. He wore a high cap of black fur with two long black ribbons hanging from the back of it, a brown overcoat, double-breasted and adorned with great silver buttons. The collar and cuffs of the coat were of curly black fur. Even while he sat at the steering wheel it could be seen that he was a very big man, probably tall, certainly broad and strongly built. A thick black mustache covered his mouth. He had heavy eyebrows which met across his forehead. His face was almost mahogany-colored.

Tommy stared at him with interest and pointed him out to the princess.

"A Large Motor Car Drove Slowly Across the Square and Pulled Up at the Door of the Hotel."

The moment she saw him she jumped to her feet and clapped her hands in excitement and delight.

"It's Sandor," she said. "Sandor from the schloss. He has come to take me home."

Tommy realized that they were entering a new stage of their adventure, that the journey into Lystria was to begin.

They hurried over luncheon. They spent half an hour in frenzied packing. Hotel porters dragged down bags and rugs. The little party gathered in the porch of the hotel. But the start was delayed.

An official in uniform, perhaps a policeman, perhaps a military officer, appeared from the room of the hotel manager, and walked up to Tommy. He halted, saluted and in a long speech asked to be allowed to see the passports of the party. Tommy did not understand anything the man said except the word passport. That made him uneasy. Breslau is not a frontier town. The examination of travelers' passports there is unusual, and in most cases unnecessary. Tommy turned to Janet.

"Is it our passports he wants?"

Janet, who knew she was traveling with a stolen passport, became nervous. She spoke to the officer badly-temperedly, asking him what right he had to inspect their passports. It was the worst thing she could have done. Her nervous irritation aroused the man's suspicions. Her question did not frighten him at all. His uniform gave him a right to do almost anything he chose.

"Come on," said Calypso. "We can't stand here all day."

She seized Janet Church by the arm and pulled her into the car. The officer hesitated and stepped forward to stop them. He was a shade too late, but he stood between Tommy and the car, clearly determined that he at least should not get into it.

Tommy's mind worked quickly. One of two things had happened. Perhaps Colonel Heard had discovered the loss of his passports and set the German police looking for them. In that case Tommy saw no hope at all for himself and his party. Colonel Heard's passports would be recognized at once. But perhaps it was Prince von Steinfeldt who had set the police in motion. He might have changed his mind about leaving Tommy free to go where he liked. He might not care to run the risk of allowing the princess to enter Lystria. But he would not know what passports the party held. It might be possible to persuade this troublesome officer that he was Colonel Heard and that the two ladies were his wife and secretary.

He took the passports out of his pockets and handed them over. The officer scrutinized them carefully. He appeared to read through all the visas and to examine all the official stamps. At last he fixed his eyes on the photograph. As a rule, passport photographs are totally useless for the purposes of identification and might just as well represent any one else. But Colonel Heard had a heavy mustache. Tommy was clean shaven. The officer looked at the photograph, looked at Tommy, looked at the photograph and became suspicious.

Mrs. Heard was a plump, good-natured lady of about forty-five, with round cheeks, a double chin and fuzzy hair. The officer looked at her photo and compared it with Janet's lean face and sinewy neck. Then he tried to see if it in any way resembled Calypso. It did not.

"These are not your passports," he said.

Tommy was actually uncomfortable; but he was not yet desperate. The officer was not searching for Colonel Heard's passports. He was merely looking out for suspicious travelers. It was possible that a bold attempt at bluff might cow the man.

"Here," he said, "I've had about enough of this tomfoolery. Hand over those passports at once and let us get away out of this."

The man did not understand a word that was said to him, but he was impressed by the confidence with which Tommy spoke. He might possibly have given back the passports, if the princess had not tried a plan of her own for getting away. She leaned forward and whispered to the driver of her car.

The man stepped out of the car and stood, a huge and threatening figure, in front of the officer. He deliberately unbuttoned his long overcoat, flung it open and displayed a whole row of weapons tucked into his belt. There were two large pistols, silver mounted, with very long barrels. They looked as if they might be of some value as antiques. There was also a heavy modern revolver which was certainly valuable as a weapon of offense. There were five large knives, two of them straight and pointed like daggers, the other three curved in a manner that struck Tommy as horribly murderous. These were evidently the man's favorite weapons. His fingers closed round the handle of one of them.

But the police officer was a man of courage. He had, besides, help at hand. From various parts of the market square uniformed men appeared, all of them with swords, some of them with revolvers. They gathered round the group in front of the hotel.

The swarthy driver was not at all dismayed. His heavy eyebrows were slightly raised. The eyes under them shone with a joyful anticipation of battle. He gripped his revolver with his left hand. His right hand held over the curved knife.

Tommy was frightened. A fight in the streets of Breslau might end in a victory for the German police, or it might end—that seemed almost probable—in a victory for the militant chauffeur. Either way Tommy and his party would get into serious trouble.

"Look here, he said to the officer, "if you don't believe we're the people we say we are, send in to the hotel and ask for Mr. Allen. He'll identify us."

The officer, who did not understand a word Tommy said, stared at him angrily.

"Oh, hang it," said Tommy. "Why can't the fool understand plain English? Say it to him," he turned to Janet. "In German or some language he does understand. And at the same time tell this swashbuckler to stop fiddling with his revolver and get back into the car."

Janet, who was quite as frightened as Tommy was, began with the orders to the chauffeur. She gave them in German, and the man took no notice of them at all. He understood German no better than the officer understood English.

"You tell him," said Tommy to the princess.

Calypso spoke to the man in a language which sounded as if several hungry ducks were quacked, all at the same time. The man replied with a number of deep bass quacks, which sounded threatening. Calypso quacked back at him. The man bowed low to her, kissed her hand, and stepped back into the car.

## Irish Wake

A wake is a vigil with a corpse. The word is derived from "wacan," Anglo-Saxon for watching. It is still customary in many countries for friends and neighbors of the deceased to sit up nights with the corpse until it is buried. The custom probably originated in the ancient superstition that unless carefully guarded a corpse was in danger of being carried away by spirits from Hades. The Irish wake is especially notorious. In some parts of Ireland those remaining up nights with a corpse spend the time in drinking, dancing and telling jokes and stories. It is a highly festive occasion. Grace Greenwood in her "Stories of Travel" has this to say about the Irish wake: "A wake, sure it's an entertainment a man gives after he is dead, when his disconsolate friends all assemble at his house, to discuss his virtues and drink his pooten."—Pathfinder Magazine.

## The DAIRY TO PRODUCE CLEAN MILK IN SUMMER

During summer months, many dairymen lose considerable money because of milk souring so that it cannot be sold as sweet milk but must be made into butter or used in other ways.

"Milk is nature's most perfect food," says John A. Arey, dairy extension specialist for the North Carolina State College of Agriculture, "and every person connected with its handling should be clean in his methods. There are few living germs or organisms in milk when it is freshly drawn from healthy cows and the secret of producing clean milk is to keep all dirt and bacteria from getting into it while handling and then to cool the milk immediately."

Mr. Arey states that expensive equipment is not necessary to produce clean milk. The stable should be clean and well lighted. Since most of the dirt comes from the body of the cow, she should be kept clean. So should the hands of the milkers. All containers used in handling the fluid should be of metal and the corners filled with solder so that no crevice is left for milk to lodge and sour. These containers should be first rinsed, then scrubbed with a good washing powder, after which another washing in boiling water will fill the need.

The milk should be cooled immediately after milking, states Mr. Arey. Inexpensive cooling apparatus may be rigged up by using the spring or well water to which ice has been added. Those dairymen who ship their milk to a wholesale market should use a felt jacket to keep the milk cool while in transit. If the jacket cannot be had, a good burlap bag soaked in water will fill the need.

"If such simple precautions as these are observed," says Mr. Arey, "there is no reason why clean milk, free from bacteria may not be produced and sold."

Get Best Returns From Cows in Summer Season

"Milk cows," says John Arey, extension dairy specialist for the North Carolina State college, "suffer from heat just about as much as people and they need shade during the hot part of the day. If the dairy is located near the city where there is not much natural shade, the cows ought to be stabled during the heat of the day."

Mr. Arey states also that to get the best returns from the cows during this season, flies should be kept from them. This means that the barn should be screened and a fly repellent used.

The first step, though, in getting rid of flies is to clean up about the place. All stables and manure pits need to be cleaned at least once each week and, if practical, it is best to haul the manure from the barn directly to the field. Litter and garbage should also be hauled away. Sometimes when it is impossible to get rid of the flies, poisons, traps and sprays could well be used to combat them.

High prices for hay and feedstuffs reduce the profits from dairying and the wise dairyman, Mr. Arey states, will plant some quick-growing crops to provide additional feed. Those who have silos are urged to fill them full this summer because by feeding extra amounts of silage the amount of hay needed may be reduced.

Extra Feed for Cows

Dry cows or heifers bred to calve in the fall are often left on pasture too late and they calve in poor condition. Many of the best dairymen feel that extra feed given a cow for a month or six weeks before calving will do as much or more good than the same feed given after calving. A cow should have considerable stored up food reserve in her body if she is going to be able to stand up under heavy milk production.

Dairy Facts

"Handsome is that handsome does" is a good motto for the dairy farm and laying yard.

Long warts on cow's teats may be removed by twisting or tying a silk thread tightly about the base of the growth. The warts will eventually slough off.

High-producing cows need grain even if the pasture is luxuriant, because a cow producing 50 to 60 pounds of milk a day cannot possibly consume enough feed in the form of succulent pasture to produce such quantities.

Feed the yearling heifers two to three pounds of grain per day to keep them growing.

Those farmers selling whole milk can profitably feed three to four pounds of beet pulp per cow per day, wet with four times its weight in water several hours before feeding.

Cleanliness is the one big asset in milk and cream production. The barn, cow, and all utensils used in handling milk and cream should be clean if the best cream is to be produced.

## In the JUNGLE With Cheerups and the Quixies by Grace Bliss Stewart

### MRS. OSTRICH TO MARKET

MRS. OSTRICH was troubled. Something was wrong with the children. Her fourteen beautiful eggs, like ivory globes, had hatched into fourteen lively young birds. They had eaten gravel for several days after they came out of the shell, which all ostrich mothers know is the best thing for their young stomachs, but after that they didn't seem to thrive. Father Ostrich had brought them the tenderest leaves and twigs, and even some of those wonderful watermelons which grow on the edge of the desert, but nothing agreed with them.

"What's to be done, my dear?" roared Father Ostrich in his loud, important voice.

"Well, I don't know, Father," said Mother Ostrich, "but it does seem to

me as if I could find something which would be good for the children. I don't believe you looked far and wide. I shall go a long distance away to-day. I am a faster runner than a horse, so it will be easy."

"I don't know how far you'll go," said Father Ostrich a bit peevishly, for he didn't like Mrs. Ostrich's criticism, "but I'm sure you'll go wide if you go around in circles as usual. And mind, don't get frightened and hide your head in the sand!"

"Now, Father, don't be cross," said Mrs. Ostrich. "You have the same bad habits that I have, you know. Good-by, I'll be back before dark," and she trotted away over the desert, her legs moving so fast that her toes seemed scarcely to touch the ground.

"I'll have to go toward those trees and growing things over there," thought she. "There's nothing here on the desert fit for my babies to eat." And she ran so fast that all at once

she found herself in the thick, deep jungle.

"Now, I wonder," she said aloud, looking up, "if that breadfruit would be to the children's taste."

"It looks good to me," said a small merry voice which seemed to come from right under Mrs. Ostrich's very toes. "But of course I don't know for whom you are marketing?"

"Dear me," snapped Mrs. Ostrich in surprise and alarm, "dear me, who's interfering now?"

"It's only Cheerups, Madam, and I thought perhaps I could help you pick out your fruit for breakfast, as you were a little uncertain," said the voice.

"Well, well, this is luck," cried Mrs. Ostrich, looking down at Cheerups from her eight feet of height, and winking and blinking her great eyes with their long lashes. "To think that I should run right into you, Mr. Cheerups. Why, all the Desert and Jungle Folks are talking about you and your wise words and your wonderful ways. Here I am in a terrible tangle, and you appear right in front of me to unravel it. Miraculous, I say, simply miraculous!"

"First, please tell me who you are," smiled Cheerups, "and what is your trouble. I surely don't deserve the fame you speak of, but I shall be very glad to help you if I can."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Cheerups; you are so kind. You see, I am Mrs. Ostrich and I have at home fourteen as handsome little Ostrich babies as you could see any day in a twenty-mile run."

"But I couldn't run twenty miles," cried Cheerups.

"Oh, excuse me," replied Mrs. Ostrich. "I forgot that you hadn't the long-distance apparatus," and she looked proudly at her tall, strong legs.

"Well, my babies had their gravel meals for two or three days, as was right and proper, and then they didn't seem to like the leaves and vegetables which Father Ostrich brought them. We just can't find anything they will eat. And if they don't eat, they will die. Oh, Mr. Cheerups, I'm almost distracted!"

"Don't be anxious, Mrs. Ostrich, I beg of you," said Cheerups in a tone full of kindness. "I have a plan. Just lay a few extra eggs outside the nest and feed the wee birdlings on them until they are old enough to eat other things. And when you hatch the next brood, you might lay the extra eggs first, so the babies' breakfast will be all ready and waiting for them when they come."

"That's a splendid idea," cried Mother Ostrich. "Thank you a thousand times, Mr. Cheerups; I'll do just as you say," and off she ran at top speed toward home. Ever since, Mrs. Ostrich has followed Cheerups' advice with success.

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VIOLA

THE practically unique occurrence of an old Latin word as a modern feminine name, without change of spelling or significance is evidenced in Viola. It is one of the few names which has not undergone a lengthy process of evolution from some root in a dead language. It has not even submitted to revival but has passed down through the centuries as the Latin word for "violet" and will remain a feminine proper name signifying violet to the end of time.

There are many instances of the use of Violet in England and Scotland. There is the equivalent Yolande in France and also Violetta. But in Italy, where the Viola arose, there is no record of its having been used as a proper name.

The common opinion of etymologists seems to be that it was a fanciful name imported from Italy by Shakespeare and bestowed upon one of his heroines in "Twelfth Night." But however it may be, the Viola who loved Orsino endeared the name in English hearts and it has continued with great popularity ever since the time of Shakespeare.

The amethyst is the talismanic gem assigned to Viola. It promises her success in love and freedom from vexation. Friday is her lucky day and 3 her lucky number.

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WHO SAID "Man is to man either god or a wolf."

RESIDERIUS ERASMUS, the author of the above quotation, was born at Rotterdam, Holland, in the year 1467. His real name was Gerard, but this he changed—a practice which was greatly in vogue in his day.

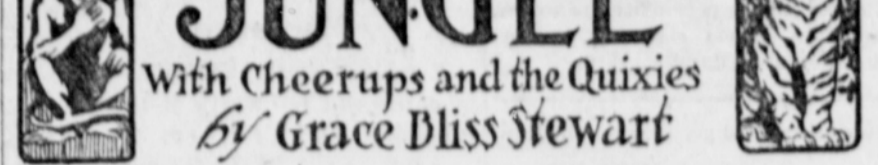
Erasmus had been left an orphan at an early age, and the efforts of his guardians were largely responsible for his entering a monastery and swearing he would become a priest. This determination he later relinquished, and by special dispensation from the pope at Rome was relieved from his monastic vows.

In the year 1492—the year that Columbus first set foot on the shores of the new world—Erasmus left his home in Holland and, with the permission of the bishop of Chambery, who was in charge of the monastery where the lad was living, traveled to Paris. There he studied theology and literature and there he formed acquaintance with many wealthy Englishmen whose instructor he became. One of these—Lord Mountjoy—was so impressed with the monk, and became so great an admirer of him, that he settled on him a life-long pension.

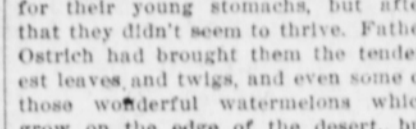
In 1497 Erasmus accompanied Lord Mountjoy to England, where he was graciously received by the king and where his learning secured him considerable attention from the men of letters of that country. Soon after Erasmus returned to the continent and secured the dispensation from the pope relieving him of his monastic vows. Upon obtaining this release, he published several of his works. In 1510 he again returned to England where he was given a professorship at Cambridge. In 1514 he returned to the continent where he lived until death overtook him in 1536.

Erasmus was easily one of the most notable scholars of his day and to him can be given much credit for the reviving of scholarship in that age. He attacked the disorders of monasticism and superstition and was active in the reformation, although he was scored by Luther for lukewarmness. The "Praise of Folly" is, perhaps, his best work.—Wayne D. McMurray.

(© by George Matthew Adams)



"Now, Father, Don't Be Cross," Said Mrs. Ostrich.



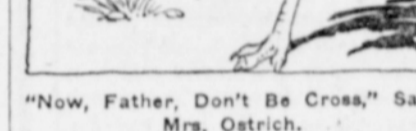
"What's in a Name?" By MILDRED MARSHALL



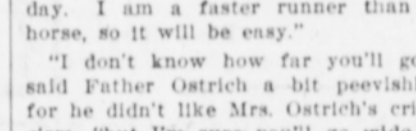
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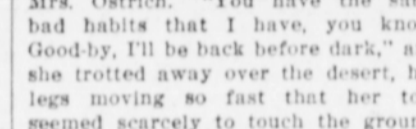
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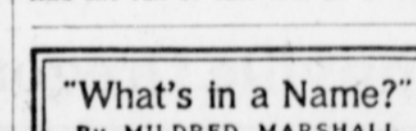
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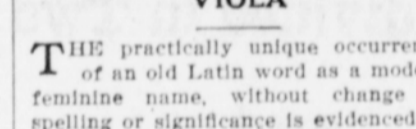
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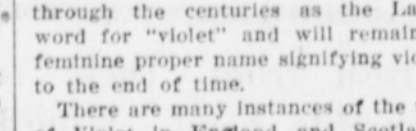
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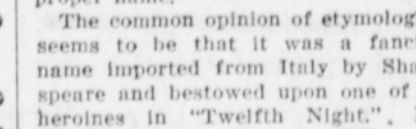
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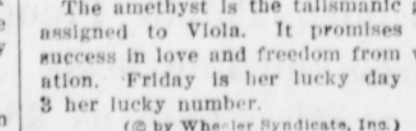
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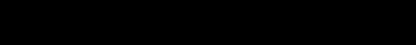
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