



# King Tommy

BY GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

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## CHAPTER XV—Continued

Then Janet talked to the police officer in German. He was evidently relieved by the withdrawal of the threatening chauffeur and was quite ready to send for Allen.

There was an awkward silence for five minutes. Then Allen appeared and took command of things at once. He began by taking the passports out of the officer's hands and giving them back to Tommy. Then he made a speech. It began mildly. It increased in speed as it went on. It became domineering and even threatening toward the end. The police officer was visibly uneasy while Allen spoke. Before the speech finished he was completely cowed. Allen had vouched for Tommy's identity with Colonel Heard and had spoken with an assurance which carried conviction.

"I told him," he explained to Tommy, "who you were, and that you were in search for the graves of British soldiers. I said to him that if he interfered with you in any way I'd see to it that Germany's bill for reparations was double and that he wouldn't be particularly popular with his own people when that happened and it came out that it was his fault. I said that the way he was behaving looked uncommonly as if he had something in this neighborhood to conceal and that if you found a single British soldier in an unsuitable grave, I'd put a fine of a million and a half marks on the city. I couldn't have done it, of course, any more than I could have doubled the reparations, but he didn't know that."

Tommy felt deeply thankful that Mrs. Heard had been kind to Allen's sister in her canteen in 1915. He was glad that he had not shrunk from discussing Soapy Simpson and Collins, who married the red-haired V. A. D., and the other members of "the old regiment." Allen could not have spoken as he did unless he had felt that Colonel Heard was a familiar friend of his.

"I say," said Allen cheerfully, "what a funny-looking bird your chauffeur is. Where did you get him?"

"Oh, just picked him up," said Tommy. "Fancy he's a Pole or a Russian."

"Looks to me like a brigand," said Allen. "The sort of fellow I shouldn't care to be left alone with on a dark night if I had any money in my pocket. Well, good-by, and good luck."

Tommy shook hands with him gratefully and stepped forward toward the car.

Then an odd thing happened. The tall chauffeur left his place, opened the door of the tonneau of the car, took Janet Church by the wrist, and, quite gently, pulled her out. For the moment Janet was too much astonished to protest or resist. The man, bowing low, motioned Tommy to enter the car and take the seat beside the princess.

"I thought he was an odd-looking bird," said Allen, "and he is. Fancy his dragging Mrs. Heard about like that."

Janet, furious at being treated with a total want of respect, forgot that the man knew no German. She told him angrily that she was a representative of the League for Establishing World Peace Through the Unity of Christian Churches, and that she would sit where she chose in the car. The only effect of this speech was to astonish Allen, who understood it, and to make Tommy uncomfortable because he did not.

Fortunately Calypso kept her presence of mind and quailed out a series of orders to the chauffeur.

"It's all right," she said, "he's mistaken you for my maid. That's all."

Janet took her seat again sulkily. Tommy sat down beside the chauffeur. Allen, really bewildered, waved a feeble farewell. He found it difficult to believe that any chauffeur, even a Pole, could mistake his master's wife for the maid or a secretary typist.

Two days later he wrote a letter to Collins, at the Monte Carlo chicken farm, and told him that Heard was running a regular rig about Europe with a d-d good-looking girl, who certainly wasn't Mrs. Heard, but who'd be pretty well off because she traveled about in a big motor with her own maid. Colonel Heard, a most respectable man, spent months contradicting that story.

## CHAPTER XVI

The chauffeur, who was a Lyrtrian, looked like a brigand and no doubt was far from being completely civilized. But he was a good driver and competent mechanic. The car threaded its way through the traffic of the Breslau streets smoothly and evenly. When it reached the open country the speed increased to thirty-five miles an hour along a good road. Once, at about eleven a. m., something went

wrong with the engine. The tall chauffeur understood what the trouble was and set it right in two minutes.

Shortly after five o'clock, the car turned off the broad main road on which it had been traveling. The chauffeur, who seemed to know exactly where he was, drove confidently along a number of byroads which were often little better than muddy lanes. At about seven o'clock they entered a thickly wooded district. The last glimmerings of daylight faded away among the trees. The car's headlights were switched on and for a while they traveled along a moving patch of white light between two walls of impenetrable darkness. Soon after eight o'clock they reached a little village. At one end of the street stood an inn with brightly lighted windows. The party was received by a fat and obsequious innkeeper, who treated them as guests whom he had been expecting. Whether it was Count Casimir or the Lyrtrian chauffeur who made the arrangements for the journey, the thing was well done. An excellent warm supper was ready. On the table were set jugs of hot Tisch Wein pleasantly spiced. Tommy, at least, probably the princess, slept soundly in marvelously soft feather beds. Perhaps Janet Church slept well, too; but she ought to have lain awake tormented by her conscience. For the third time since she came to Germany she had been false to her temperance principles. But hot spiced Tisch Wein is a sleeping drink. It may have overpowered even Janet's conscience.

Next morning the party started early and drove along roads which were even worse than those of the evening before, roads with vile surfaces,



The Chauffeur Took the Rugs and Curtains From the Car and Spread Them on the Wiry Grass Which Grew Beside the Road.

sharp corners and sudden steep gradients. The chauffeur was forced to drive cautiously, but he kept up at a good pace. After a while they emerged from the woodland and Tommy saw that they were among the foothills of a range of mountains.

Stunted trees grew on the hill slopes. Now and then there were glimpses of tall mountains in front. Streams gurgled and splashed over stony courses. Houses and cottages were few and far between. The cattle which grazed in the open spaces were small and lean. At rare intervals the car slowed down to allow a peasant to coax a frightened mule past it. This plainly was a country in which motor cars were few.

Shortly after one o'clock the car stopped and the chauffeur got out. He said something to the princess and held open the door of the car.

"He wants us to get out and have lunch," said Calypso.

"Good," said Tommy. "I feel nearly starved. This sort of driving makes one furiously hungry and the Germans, though they have an excellent idea of dinner, simply don't understand breakfast at all."

"I always make it a point," said Janet, "of carrying some malted milk lozenges in my pocket."

That is the sort of thing I should expect of Janet. I have never to my knowledge seen a malted milk lozenge. I have certainly never tasted one. But I have a feeling they are insipid and slightly sickening.

The chauffeur took the rugs and cushions from the car and spread them on the wiry grass which grew upon the rocks beside the road. He made a kind of throne for Calypso, much, I suppose, as the Israelitish captains did for Jehu with their garments. Then, when she sat down, he bowed before her three times, so low that

his forehead touched the ground. After that he kissed the toes of each of her shoes. Calypso received the homage with dignity.

Tommy was invited to sit down on an inferior throne and was only given one bow. Janet was left to settle herself as best she could on a single rug laid flat on the ground. The chauffeur did not bow to her at all, and though her feet stuck out when she sat down, he made no attempt to kiss them.

The chauffeur brought luncheon baskets from the car. The meal was excellent. The wine, there were two bottles of a red wine new to Tommy, was very good. There were knives, silver forks beautifully polished, fine china plates and napkins. At last came coffee, hot from a large thermos flask. The chauffeur was evidently by no means such a savage as he looked. Tommy enjoyed his luncheon thoroughly, all the more because Calypso talked to him amiably and pleasantly while they were eating it. She was by that time exceedingly tired of Janet, who had been discussing the plans of the society for establishing world peace ever since they left Breslau. Tommy might be—she only half believed he was—an unscrupulous betrayer of innocent maidens, like Miss Temple and herself. But even a Lyrtrian is a pleasant change after hours of Janet Church.

After luncheon the chauffeur made a long speech to the princess. He spoke earnestly and pointed forward along the road with outstretched hand. "He tells me," said Calypso, "that we are quite near the German frontier post. We'll reach it in another twenty minutes and of course there'll be an examination of our passports."

"I hope it'll be all right," said Tommy. "We passed the man at Breslau, thanks to Allen. I dare say these people won't stop us."

"A few yards beyond the German post," said the princess, "we'll come to the Megalian frontier guards. They'll want our passports, too."

"Well," said Tommy, "the passports are all right in themselves, properly fixed up with diplomatic visas and all that. No one ought to object to them."

"Let me look at them," said Janet.

Tommy took them from his pocket and Janet examined them carefully. "We don't any of us look much like the photos," she said. "You," she looked at Tommy, "ought to have a mustache."

"A man might shave off his mustache," said Tommy. "Lots of fellows do, quite suddenly, without telling the Foreign office or asking for new passports."

"And Miss—looks a great many years younger than I am," said Janet. "Let me look," said Calypso. She studied the photographs of the two ladies. "It seems to me," she said at last, "that I'd better be Miss Glsborne."

"But then," said Janet, "I should have to be Mrs. Heard. That is to say," she looked fiercely at Tommy as she spoke, "your wife."

"Only quite temporarily," said Calypso.

"Well, I won't," said Janet.

"One of you has got to be," said Tommy, "and we'd better decide which before we get there, in case we're asked, and very likely we shall be asked."

"I can't possibly say I'm his wife," said Calypso to Janet.

"Why not?" said Janet. "He's going to marry you, isn't he?"

"He's going to marry Miss Temple," said Calypso.

"No, I'm not," said Tommy. "If you'd only allow me to explain—"

But Calypso having remembered Miss Temple's pathetic appeal to her, was not going to listen to anything Tommy had to say.

"You must," she said to Janet.

"No, I won't," said Janet.

"One of you will have to," said Tommy, "or else we'll certainly be stopped and probably be arrested."

"I won't," said Janet doggedly.

"I promise faithfully," said Tommy, "that I won't take any advantage of the position."

Calypso, I am sorry to say, giggled. It was a vulgar thing to do and she checked herself immediately. Janet became very angry. Tommy got red and stumbled on.

"I mean, that I won't hold your hand or—kiss you, or anything like that."

The princess went beyond giggling. She laughed aloud.

"You appear to forget," said Janet, "that I am a Scotswoman."

"I don't see how that can make any difference," said Tommy.

"According to the Scotch law," said Janet, "if I say that you're my husband, and you say that I am your wife in the presence of witnesses, then we are married."

"Is that really the law?" said Calypso.

"How dreadful it must be for actors and actresses on the stage with lots and lots of witnesses listening."

"It's Scotch law," said Janet. "But we're not in Scotland," said Tommy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### In Ancient Oxford

There is, perhaps, no more interesting place in the whole world than Oxford, the ancient English university town. Any one who likes quaint old things can agreeably spend weeks there. Oxford university is not a single institution like practically all American schools, but a group of 20 separate colleges, all linked together in a sort of league. The oldest one, Balliol, was founded away back about 1200. The buildings of Christ Church college are the largest and most imposing of the lot. Many of the stone steps of these old Oxford buildings have been worn nearly through by the footsteps of succeeding generations of students and have had to be replaced.

## TAKE OFF YOUR "MISTER"

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

I CALL him "Mister" when we meet Who never met before. About the third time on the street, Or the second in the store. If he's the sort of man I like, I drop the "Mister"—now it's "Mike" Or "Bill" or "Bob" or "Jake" or "Jim" Or anything they christened him.

There's some folks who are "Mister" when You meet and when you part. And "Mister" when you meet again— You never seem to start To get acquainted, or to kid, Or act familiar—if you did You very soon would likely find That they're the—well, the "Mister" kind.

This "Mister"—here's what "Mister" is: It's like the hat you wear. Who ever wore that hat of his Inside and up the stair And at the dining table, too? What would you think of folks who do? Yet there are people full of style Who wear their "Misters" all the while.

Take off your "Mister" when you call "At any house of mine!"— And hang your "Mister" in the hall When you come here to dine. You're "Mister" maybe on the street But here you're "Frank" or "John" or "Pete." So, when your overcoat you doff, Please also take your "Mister" off. (© 1925, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

## SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

By F. A. WALKER

### FALSE NOTIONS

AS WE advance along the highways and byways of life and gather a little knowledge on our journey toward the sunset, we become more appreciative of the mute things all about us, seemingly trying to tell us in which direction we should go.

There are signs everywhere along the way telling us how to avoid the crooked paths and to abstain from base capitulations.

The wild flowers, the sunlight, the silver streams, the golden fields of grain, all whisper a story of patience and content which we may learn by close observation and deep reflection. We tire of the accumulation of material toys and golden baubles with which we play a little while and throw away in disappointment; we become weary of songs and shows and deceits as the scales fall from our eyes and long for quietude which is always elusive.

But what has been done over and over again since the beginning of time will continue to be done with few variations until the end of the world, quite regardless of the friendly call of nature, or the teachings of the sages and philosophers.

Youth is slow to learn except by hard experience.

It marches out "great ideas," and puts them through strict drills, until it is shocked and shaken to the heart-core to find that millions of people in the years dead and buried, have been led astray by similar delusions.

The young are creatures of dreams; the old are victims of stern realities.

The commanding emotions of the young man and woman, like impulsively formed preferences, their easy likes and dislikes, are but the warp and woof of a fabric, which the experienced worldly travelers have thrown aside in disgust.

After all that is said and done, life in a large measure is a horrible nightmare, whose dawns and evenings produce nothing but sorrow and regret, or a beautiful existence, if we so make it, which we may enjoy every hour to the end of our brief earthly journey.

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## YOUR Last Name

### IS IT REYNOLDS?

THIS is one of the most interesting names in the history of name formation. It comes from an old Teutonic personal name, signifying, strength in counsel. It is the word from which the French Reynard or fox was derived and it is the word from which the names Reynolds, Reynard, Reynell, Reynoldson and corresponding names in German and French are derived.

In the Sixteenth century there lived a Biblical scholar in England, called Rainolds, and sometimes Reynolds. He is interesting, not only because of the work that he did, but because his name shows the transition from one of the older forms to the modern and accepted form of today.

In this country the name has been distinguished by soldiers; of course its distinguished bearer in any country was Sir Joshua Reynolds, usually considered the most celebrated of any English portrait painter.

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## In the JUNGLE

With Cheerups and the Quixies  
By Grace Bliss Stewart



### DROMEDARY'S TEMPER

NOT in all the Great Desert is there a worse disposition than Don Dromedary's. He just can't help snarling and scolding. He is the most valuable beast of burden in the world, because he can travel across the hot dry desert for days without anything to eat or drink. There are no trains in the Desert and even horses can't go very far, because there is no water except at the small spots called Oases, and they are many miles apart. The Dromedary, who is a very fast traveler, and his slower



The Jungle Was Many Miles Away; Don Dromedary Knew It.

cousin, the Camel, are useful in other ways also to the Arab who lives in the Desert. He drinks their milk, makes tents and rugs of their skins and weaves clothes of their fine silky hair.

Oh, yes, Don Dromedary knew he was useful, but it didn't make him happy.

"I am going to break loose if I can," said he to himself one warm starry night, when the caravan had stopped to rest. "I'm going to talk that wise Cheerups everyone is talking about, and ask him if he doesn't think mine is a very hard lot. I guess I can do it now without being noticed; Master's asleep."

The Jungle was many miles away, and Don Dromedary knew it. "But miles are nothing to the Ship of the Desert," muttered he to himself, as he ran with long swinging strides.

"Well, here's for it," said Don, as he plunged down the winding way. "I'm not so well acquainted here though, as out in the open. Maybe I'd better stop and get my bearings. Let me see, there's the tall palm tree and the Great Breadfruit tree, but what in the world is that?"

"That's what I say, too," cried a small jolly voice out of the darkness. "I was just having my first forty winks, and I'd like to know who comes calling on Cheerups at this time of night."

"Oh, Mr. Cheerups, is that really you?" cried Don Dromedary. "I have broken away from the caravan, asleep under the stars, and come many miles to see you. For once in my life I am lucky."

"Once in your life, you say?" mumbled Cheerups sleepily. "Well, aren't you ashamed, Don Dromedary? You

are one of the luckiest in all the Great Desert."

"But I am not satisfied," snarled Don, with a sneer on his curly curly lips. "I'm not satisfied."

"What is the trouble?" asked Cheerups kindly.

"Everything is the trouble, sir," grumbled Don. "Nothing is right. In the first place, when I am on a long journey across the Desert, I rarely get anything to eat. Sometimes my master gives me a few dates, but I'm lucky if I find a thorn bush to nibble on."

"But there's your splendid fat hump from which your body gets its food all through the trip," cried Cheerups. "A very handy way of carrying your lunch when you are traveling. I should say. To be sure, your hump is flat when you reach your destination because it has all been used, but a few weeks of hearty eating fills it up again."

"Of course, that's true," admitted Don, "but I seldom have a drink of water on the journey."

"Now, Don Dromedary, how can you complain, with all those deep cells full of water in your stomach. You can carry over a gallon, enough to quench your thirst for five or six days."

"You are right about the water, Mr. Cheerups," said Don; "but how would you like to tramp along, day in and day out, in soft heavy sand?"

"Just look at your feet," cried Cheerups, who was beginning to be a little impatient with this fussy complainer. "They are made with broad spreading cushions so you don't sink into the sand at all. A horse with his small hard hoofs would be tired in two hours' travel over the Desert. I should think Softfoot had been fitting the magic slippers on you, your feet are so beautifully padded."

"I don't care," granted the fretful Don. "I have to stand while terrible standstorms rage about me and my master lies face downward on the ground and avoids most of it."

"Yes, most of it, most of it, sir, but not all of it, as you do. If you weren't such a naughty, spoiled boy, Don Dromedary, I'd have to laugh," said Cheerups, smiling. "You are really too absurd! Why, you can close your nostrils to keep the sand out, and your long thick eyelashes protect your eyes. I'm ashamed of you!"

"Well, anyway, I'm cross and unhappy," snapped the great black Dromedary.

"That's the whole truth," cried Cheerups gleefully. "It's a new disposition you need! Your bad temper is all that makes you miserable. No one can make you kind, good-natured and contented but yourself, Don Dromedary. Now go back to the caravan and try to be cheerful and look on the best side of things. You will find that not only yourself will be happier, but every one who knows you."

Poor Don was really ashamed by this time. He knew so well that all Cheerups had said was true that he couldn't look him in the eye. In a very small voice, with his head hanging almost to the ground, he said, "Really, I will try to be good, Mr. Cheerups. Thank you." Then he turned about and dashed back into the Desert.

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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

## AN ABBREVIATED STORY

### RUBY

THERE seems to be no reference of the first appearance of jewels as feminine names. Neither the Bible nor early history shows evidence of this tendency to name women after gems. Indeed etymologists do not recognize Ruby and her sister names as names at all and they are not listed in the lists of cognomen.

Ruby has many equivalents in Sanskrit and among the Hindus, who regarded the gem as the king of precious stones, but none of them are capable of usage as a proper name. Undoubtedly, Ruby was first bestowed upon a child with the idea of likening it to the pulsing, glowing, flame-hearted gem. It may even be that some superstitious mother believed that she would confer upon her wee babe the heritage of the ruby, which is wealth, power and the adulation of fellowmen.

The name made its first appearance in England, where it was a favorite with must-hall actresses. Its advent in this country was less spectacular but it has never ceased to be a popular stage name. The regal gem, for which it stands, must have given it popularity, for there is nothing striking in either its history or its prevalence.

Ruby's talismanic stone is, of course, the one which she personifies. If old legend be correct, she will be blessed among women in possessing all the material benefits of this world and will, furthermore, be protected from disease and accidents. Thursday is her lucky day and 1 her lucky number.

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John Whitman pushed a freight car, stated to weigh 35,000 pounds, without artificial aid, about 30 feet, at New York city, May 20, 1891.

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### QUININE SPONSON

"WHY so moody, Peroxide?" Quinine Sponson asked his wife as he looked up from the morning paper. "You haven't addressed so much as a comma to me all during breakfast. You're not mad, are you?"

"Yes," snapped Peroxide flimsily. "Is it because I put that block of ice cream between your sheets before you went to bed last night?"

"No, I didn't mind that so much." "Are you angry because I brought those six chorus girls home for dinner yesterday?"

"No. Men will be men." "Can it be that you resent my cutting your allowance in half because of the increase in the cost of cigars?"

"No, I regarded that as a mere whim."

"Well, then, what can it be?" "With one puff of the tablecloth, Mrs. Sponson sent all the breakfast things flying to the four walls."

"It's your miserable habit of sticking your wet spoon in the sugar bowl, that's what it is! You've done it five times in five minutes, and now I'm through with you!—through! through!"

Soon afterwards the divorce was granted and they lived happily ever after.

(© by George Matthew Adams.)

### Energetic Centenarian

Miss Mary Waterhouse of Scarborough, Maine, whose age has passed the century mark, picked six quarts of blueberries in one day. She used two quarts for pies and sold the remaining four to her family physician, who had promised to buy her first day's pickings.