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Pinkham's Vegetable  
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St. Paul, Minnesota.—"I was all run-down from overwork and worry, had no appetite, could not sleep at night, and looked like a corpse. I have six children (five boys and one girl) and did not get any strength after my last baby was born. I was getting worse and thinner every day. The doctor said I had to go to the hospital but this I could not do on account of my family. So I went to a friend of mine and told her what the doctor had told me and she said, 'Now do as I tell you. Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as I have done. It helped me.' So I started taking the Vegetable Compound and I noticed after the first few bottles that I felt considerably better. After taking 9 or 10 bottles I got over my fainting spells. Everybody who sees me now notices the great improvement in my health. I am gaining in weight and strength and am feeling fine. Eat well and sleep good nights. Any woman can write to me and I will answer her letter." — Mrs. MARY WILHELMY, 309 Duke Street, St. Paul, Minnesota.

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correct internal troubles, stimulate vital organs. Three sizes. All druggists. Insist on the original genuine GOLD MEDAL.

# King Tommy

By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

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### DEEP-LAID SCHEMES

Tommy Norreys, an Irish curate, invested in German marks and when they went down and kept on going Tommy ran over to Berlin to spend his fast-fading investment. Tommy was a modest soul, so when a gentleman with an English accent approached him in his hotel and called him "Your Lordship," Tommy blinked his bright Irish eyes. But when the head waiter repeated the accusation, as he bowed Tommy to a table, Tommy nearly collapsed.

"Who am I?" Tommy asked himself. "Is it a German jest: am I dreaming, or have I a double?" But before he had time to answer his own questions, he was deep in such a mesh of intrigue as even his Irish imagination never dreamed of.

A little later a very pretty dancer threw him a note which said: "Go back to London and marry Viola Temple." Tommy was intrigued to know who Viola Temple was, but the lovely little dancer held first claim on his attention. So he stayed, thereby greatly complicating the already complicated complications. "George A. Birmingham" is really an Irish preacher—Very Reverend James Owen Hannay, canon of St. Patrick's cathedral, Dublin—so you may be sure he's portrayed "King Tommy" to the life and made him the lovable hero of a delightful romance in a setting of light comedy.

### Part I.—London

#### CHAPTER I

I had finished breakfast and was reading the Irish news in the Morning Post. It gave me some pleasure to read the Irish news in the Morning Post in the early part of 1922. The Republicans or the Free Staters had burned my house in County Clare, and I liked being told that such people come to a bad end. The Morning Post told me that every day with emphasis.

Lord Norreys walked in and greeted me.

"Good morning," Uncle Bill. Had a good night? Sleep sound and all that? Chewed up a satisfactory breakfast? What I always say is, if a fellow sleeps and eats he's fit for anything."

I am not Norreys's uncle, and my name is not Bill, or even William; but I have known him ever since he was born, and I suppose he has a right to stick to the nickname which he first gave me when he was a child in the nursery. His father, the eighth marquis, was my best friend. He and I and Edmund Troyte, the younger brother, were at Winchester together, and afterward at Oxford. I was godfather to the present marquis.

"Thanks," I said. "I got through the night fairly well and the coffee was quite hot at breakfast."

"I thought I'd inquire," said Norreys, "because what I've got to tell you may give you a bit of a shock. And what I always say is this: unless a fellow is pretty well braced up it's better to let a shock stand over for a day or two."

"I feel as fit this morning," I said, "as I'm ever likely to be; so unless your news is really desperate—it's about Miss Temple, I suppose."

Miss Temple—Viola Temple of the advertisement holdings and the picture papers—is a very beautiful lady with a spotless reputation. At that time all London was enthusiastic about her dancing. Norreys was more enthusiastic than any one else. I hoped he did not mean to marry her, but was very much afraid he did.

"Viola doesn't come in at all so far," said Norreys. "Though of course she may later on. No fellow can possibly tell who'll come into what, can he? You might be in it yourself, Uncle Bill, before we're actually through it."

"That," I said, "is extra reason for telling me what it is."

"It's a new stunt of Uncle Ned's." His uncle Ned—this time a real uncle—is Lord Edmund Troyte, son of the seventh marquis, uncle of the ninth marquis of Norreys, one of our ablest, quite our most sincerely patriotic statesmen, at present minister for Balkan affairs. Whatever the "stunt" was, it must surely be safe and decorous if Lord Edmund invented it. So I thought; but I was wrong. I might have remembered that there is a queer vein of adventurousness and daring in the Troyte family. There was a Lord Alfred who made himself a sort of Arab sheik early in the Eighteenth century. Before him there was an Elizabethan Lord Edmund who came back from the Spanish Main with a shipful of gold plate. There was a Lady Elizabeth Troyte who married Prince Boris of Lystria in 1762, and, after a brilliant military career, had her head cut off by the Turks, who were playing about in Lystria at that time. There were others. And that kind of thing, if it is in the blood, is very hard to eradicate.

"Uncle Ned," said Norreys, "wants me to be a king."

Norreys was perfectly right to inquire about my health before he made an announcement like that. A man who had slept badly or who had had

no breakfast might have fainted through sheer astonishment.

"A king," I said. "Good gracious! But—he can't possibly have suggested your being a king. King of what? Where?"

"Does seem a bit of a facer just at first, doesn't it, Uncle Bill? But the way to look at all these things is this: Why not? Before you turn it down you ought to say to yourself, Why not? That's what I've been saying to myself ever since Uncle Ned sprang it on me."

"Well," I said, "when you put it that way I can see—I dare say you'd make a fairly good king of some very small country. But I still find it very difficult to believe that your Uncle Ned really proposed it. Did he mention the name of the country?"

"He did; but it's slipped out of my head for the minute. It was the same place where my great-aunt Elizabeth went with that mucker of hers one hundred and fifty years ago."

"Lystria," I said. "But—well, of course your Uncle Edmund knows better than I do, but I have an impression that Lystria isn't an independent state any more."

I was right about that. I looked the matter up after Norreys left me. Lystria, once an independent kingdom, was incorporated into the Republic of Megalla by the Treaty of Trianon. Megalla is one of those new republics which make the map of Europe very confusing to people like me who knew it before the war. No doubt the Lystrians deserved to lose their independence. The late king, Wladislaws VI, backed the wrong side in the war and like all who did that, lost his throne.

"Lystria is the spot Uncle Ned mentioned," said Norreys. "Potty little one-horse place; but of course a fel-



I Had Finished Breakfast and Was Reading the Irish News in the Morning Post.

low can't expect to step into a first-rate job when he first goes into the king line of life."

"But," I said, "if you really are to be a king—"

As his godfather I felt it my duty to speak seriously to Norreys about his future. I had thought of quite a nice thing to say, but he interrupted me.

"Uncle Ned wants me to," he said. "It isn't a thing I'd have thought of going in for all on my own; but when Uncle Ned has set his heart on it—well, no fellow with any sense of decency wants to start a family quarrel by going against his relations, unless he absolutely has to. I've been thinking things over since Uncle Ned spoke to me. My idea is that a king's duty is to make as few laws as possible, and to stop other fellows making them if he can. What I always say is this: Most fellows are all right if you leave them alone and don't go trying to make them do things they don't want to. Of course if they take to battling each other on the head, then you've got to send a policeman to stop them. But otherwise—Well, my idea of kings and presidents and people like that is that they've far too good an opinion of themselves. They always think they know what's best and want the other fellow to do it. Whereas the other fellow knows really just as well as they do. And my idea is: Let him. So long as it doesn't annoy anybody else much, let him."

Norreys's political principles struck me as sound. I felt that, if ever he became king of Lystria, I should like to go and live there. Taxes ought to be light; for the greater part of our national income seems to go in paying officials to compel people to do things they don't want to. There would be no expenditure of that sort in Lystria under Norreys.

"There's another fellow in this stunt," he said, "besides Uncle Ned. Ever hear of any one called Cable?"

"I've heard of Procopius Cable," I said. "Everybody has."

"I haven't," said Norreys. "At least I hadn't until yesterday. What sort of a bird is he?"

I found it a little difficult to give a clear account of Procopius Cable. Nobody knows where he came from. His Christian name sounds Greek, and I have heard it said that he was originally a Levantine Jew. I could not call him a captain of industry, for he does not manufacture, nor drive other people to manufacture, anything. I suppose he might be described as a financier. I said so to Norreys.

"Anything to do with oil?" he asked.

"Not that I know of," I said, "but he may. It wouldn't surprise me to hear that Cable had something to do with anything in the world if there's money to be made out of it."

"I mentioned it," said Norreys, "because Uncle Ned said something about oil in Lystria. I can't say I much like the idea of living in a place that stinks of paraffin, nasty stuff, always getting into your food and dripping about. However, Uncle Ned says the good old British empire wants oil, and if it does I'm all for its having as much as it can get. That's what I always say to a fellow who starts talking about the empire: The proper thing is to let the British empire get what it wants with the least possible fuss, whether it's oil, or rubber, or whatever the thing may be. Uncle Ned seemed to think that in this case it was oil."

"Is there oil in Lystria? I never heard of it."

"That fellow Cable seems to have said so," said Norreys, "and I rather gather—mind you, I'm not saying this as a certain, sure thing. My general impression is that if I was king of Lystria, Uncle Ned and the jolly old empire would collar the oil? See?"

I began to see.

### CHAPTER II

I took the first chance I got of having a chat with Edmund Troyte. He was perfectly frank with me and told me all about the scheme for making his nephew king of Lystria.

He began with the political part of the plan. The Lystrians are, so he said, an intensely patriotic people, and they very much dislike being merged in the Republic of Megalla. In fact, Edmund admitted this to me, the framers of the Treaty of Trianon made a mistake, a bad mistake, in depriving Lystria of its independence.

"They are a people," said Troyte, "with a strong feeling in favor of monarchy. They don't like the republican form of government. The aristocracy doesn't like it. The Church doesn't like it, and in Lystria the Church counts for a lot. Whatever the patriarch says the people say after him. The patriarch's name is Menelaus."

He went on to tell me that the Lystrians would like to have their old king back.

"But that's impossible. The Entente powers wouldn't stand it. Besides, that fellow Wladislaws is a bad one. He treated his wife badly, she was an Englishwoman. As a matter of fact, she was a distant cousin of my own."

Any king who treats a relative of Troyte's badly deserves to lose his throne. I saw at once that Wladislaws had irremediably lost his.

"The Patriarch Menelaus and the Lystrian aristocracy," said Troyte, "know perfectly well that they can't have Wladislaws back. So, some time ago, they asked for an Englishman. The only condition they made was that he should marry the ex-king's daughter. Of course we turned the proposal down at once and no more was heard of it."

"You seem to have turned it up again," I said. "Now, why?"

"That, it appeared, is where Procopius Cable came in. He had found out that the Lystrian mountains were full of oil. He tried to get a concession for the development of the oil fields. The Megallan government hesitated and wrangled and procrastinated until Cable got tired of trying to deal with them. They had not money enough to develop the place themselves. They had not the knowledge or enterprise or energy to do it even if they had the money. And they would not let Cable do it. So he started working up patriotic feeling in Lystria, or rather financing it, for it did not need working up. He got into touch with the aristocracy through a certain Count Istvan Casimir. He gave them all the money they wanted. According to Cable's account everything was ready for a revolution. All that was wanted was a king whom the Entente powers would recognize. The Megallan republic would be quite helpless if England or any other great power recognized the new king of Lystria.

My word! What next? With such clever and influential schemers at work, anything is possible.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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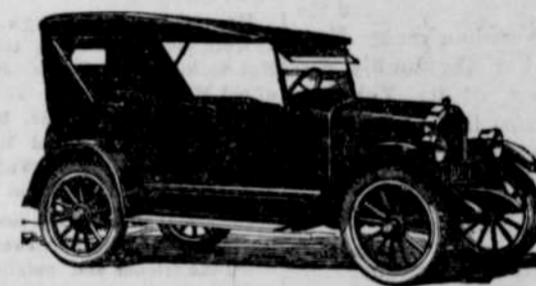
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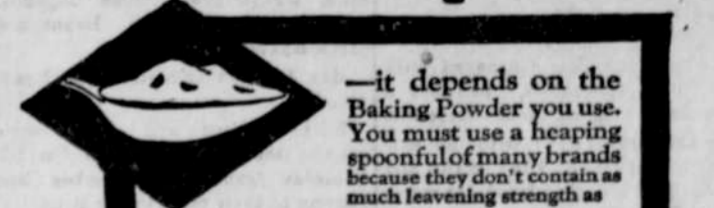
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