

King Tommy

By George A. Birmingham
Copyright by Bobbs-Merrill Co.—W. N. U. Service

WHERE'S NORHEYS?

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 Wladislaw, 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 dignity 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. Janet Church leaves for Berlin. "Uncle Bill" is again appealed to by his sister to find a certain curate (name not given) who has left his parish in Ireland for a visit to Berlin, and cannot be found.

CHAPTER V—Continued

"Viola threw his dirty money in his face," said Norheys, "and you'd have thought that would have been enough for him. But it wasn't. When he saw she wasn't going to be bribed he took a high moral tone with her, talked about ruining the prospects of a bright young life—mine, the beast meant, not hers. There'd have been some sense in talking about getting married ruining her prospects considering the way she dances. But what was the good of talking about ruining me? All the same, that's what he did. He told her all about that Calypso girl and what a scoop it would be for me to marry her. Now, what do you think of that, Uncle Bill?"

"Did she promise to give you up?"
"Of course she didn't. And what the devil good would it have been if she had? I wouldn't have given her up. What I always say is this: If a fellow won't give up a girl, there's no use the girl's trying to give up the fellow, especially if she happens to be fond of him. You see what I mean, don't you, Uncle Bill? Well, after making Viola cry, which is a thing no man would do unless he was an actual devil, that octopus took to threatening her. He said that, being a princess, the Calypso girl could marry me if she chose; only had to say the word and there we were. Viola doesn't know much about princesses, but she didn't believe that. All the same, it made her more than a bit uncomfortable."

It seems, as I heard afterward, to have roused Miss Temple to simple but effective action. I do not know whether she told Norheys what she had done. If she did, he did not confide in me.

"So you can tell Uncle Ned," he said, "to keep that disgusting Semite toad of his chained up for the future. If I catch him fooling round Viola's flat again there'll be murder done."

"I'm afraid," I said, "that this will be a disappointment to your uncle. He's rather set his heart on seeing you king of Lystria."

"I haven't the slightest objection to being king of Lystria."

"But you can't be if you won't marry the princess."

"I'm not so sure about that," said Norheys. "After all, if a thing can't be done in one way it generally can in another. Just you try and make that clear to Uncle Ned. Tell him I'm an uncommonly dutiful nephew and all that, as keen as nuts on bucking up the family and pouring oil all over the good old empire; but there's one thing I can't and won't do."

"Marry the princess?"

"No. I'll marry her if I have to, but I won't go back on Viola."

I never made all that clear to Troyte. Indeed, I never tried to. But Norheys succeeded in explaining himself, more or less, to his uncle, and I heard no more of the matter for some little time.

Another worry—a small, even a ridiculous one—came to make my life uneasy. My sister Emily wrote to me that she lost a curate. She wanted me to set the whole machinery of the British empire to work to find the creature for her. He was not, it appeared, a particularly valuable curate. Emily admitted that she did not like him. She went so far as to say that he was not the sort of man who ought to have been in Holy Orders. But he was the only curate there was in Emily's parish and they could not get on without him because the rector, Canon Pyke, had fallen suddenly ill.

The curate had gone off on a holiday, which, according to Emily, he did not deserve. Almost immediately after his departure Canon Pyke had broken down.

"All we've heard from him since he left is one postcard which came from Berlin and has a picture of a museum on it. I don't think, consider-

ing all that happened during the war, that Berlin is a place a clergyman ought to go to for a holiday, not a good clergyman. It seems to me a callous thing to do, scarcely what I should call Christian. Anyhow, he went there. At least he said he was going there, and I suppose he really did, for that is where the postcard came from. He left his address before he started, in case anything went wrong in the parish and we wanted him back. Directly the poor canon broke down Mrs. Pyke telegraphed to Berlin, but no answer came. Then I telegraphed. When I got no answer I telegraphed again to the manager of the hotel. I got a reply saying that he had left two days after he arrived and not given any address.

"Now I know that with your influence and all your London friends—I am sure Lord Edmund Troyte could do something to help us—"

Apparently I was to set our consular service to work to find a curate who was rampaging about Central Europe. I should look a nice fool if I went to the Foreign office with a request like that. I was inclined to agree with Emily. That curate of hers should never have been a clergyman. I sympathized with her, and with Canon Pyke, and with the parish. I even sympathized slightly with the curate. But I was not going to do anything.

I slipped Emily's letters into the "Unanswered" basket on top of her earlier letter about Janet Church. But



Then My Servant Brought Me in Some Letters Which Had Just Arrived by Post.

I was not allowed to dismiss the matter from my mind. I got another letter the next day.

"I'm afraid I forgot to mention," she wrote, "that the address he gave us was the Adlon hotel. He said that if anything went wrong in the parish he would come back at once."

She had not forgotten to give me that address. What Emily had forgotten to tell me was the curate's name. That rather tied my hands, or would have tied them if I had meant to do anything.

Next day I got a fourth letter from Emily. In it she enclosed twelve penny stamps.

"Please get our ambassador in Berlin to telegraph," she wrote, "as soon as he finds out where our curate is. I don't know what it costs to send a telegram to Berlin, but I send twelve stamps which ought to be enough considering the present state of the exchange. Besides, an ambassador probably gets his telegrams sent cheap."

That letter joined the others in the basket.

By the same post came one from Canon Pyke himself written in pencil from his bed. He began apologetically. He would never have dreamed of troubling me with his private affairs had not his friend Mrs. Chambers (my sister Emily) urged him to write to me on a subject very near to his heart at the moment—the lost curate.

"The dear fellow," he went on, "is not in all respects exactly what a clergyman ought to be. At the same time, he is a worthy young man, full of heartiness and energy. What makes us fear that he may have involved himself in some serious difficulty is that he is by natural disposition both daring and adventurous, more so perhaps than one of our younger clergy ought to be. If you can—"

He, too, seemed to think that I ought to get the Foreign office to send out a search party to Berlin or perhaps to get the ambassador and the head of the Inter-Allied Mission of Control to take the matter up.

His letter joined Emily's in the basket.

Then Emily took to telegraphing to me. She is a frugal woman whose spare money goes to missionary societies, but she spent a lot on telegrams. They kept getting longer and longer. There was no doubt that she was in earnest about finding that curate.

I disposed of the fourth telegram in the usual way. The pile in the

basket on my desk was becoming large.

Then my servant brought me in some letters which had just arrived by post. I glanced at the envelopes anxiously, fearing that either Emily or her dear Canon Pyke had written again. I was relieved to find that the only real letter was addressed in Edmund Troyte's writing. Along with it was a postcard. I began with Edmund Troyte.

He invited me to dine with him that very evening.

"You and I," he wrote, "nobody else. I want to talk to you about Norheys."

I was getting a little tired of being talked to about Norheys. I admit that I am that young man's god-father, but that does not make me responsible for all his actions. Lord Edmund ought to be capable of looking after his own nephew. Then it occurred to me that if Edmund Troyte went on worrying me I might as well have the satisfaction of worrying him. I would tell him the story of Emily's curate and see how he liked being consulted about business which is none of his. I telephoned my acceptance of his invitation and then went back to the postcard.

It came from Janet Church and announced that she had got as far as Berlin and meant to go farther. Janet was staying in the Adlon hotel. The address reminded me of Emily's curate and a really brilliant idea occurred to me. I would give her a little in return.

I wrote her a long letter in which I explained that a really valuable curate had disappeared, having been last heard of at the Adlon hotel in Berlin. I said that foul play was suspected, which I am sure was true. Emily evidently thought that the young man had gone off on a disreputable spree, which would have been foul play on his part. Canon Pyke feared that he had been decoyed into a den of infamy and there robbed—foul play on the part of someone else. I asked Janet to stay a few days longer in Berlin to go into the matter thoroughly. It was just the sort of thing she ought to do.

"The curate's name," I wrote, "has unfortunately not been told me. But that won't be any real obstacle. There cannot be many English curates at large in Berlin. If you find one at all, he'll probably be the one we want. He has a hearty manner, is full of energy and good spirits. In all probability his face is round and plump. My sister Emily is most anxious about him, so I'm sure you'll do your best."

Then I wrote to Emily.

"I'm delighted to help in any way I can in the good work of finding your lost curate. I am dining with Edmund Troyte this evening and intend to put the whole case before him. You can confidently count on everything possible being done. I have also written to Janet Church, who is in Berlin. She is just the kind of woman who will find a curate however carefully he is hidden—or, if your suspicion is justified, however carefully he has hidden himself. It would be a thousand pities if he were permanently lost. But we need not anticipate that. Give my kind regards to the canon."

CHAPTER VI

Troyte and I dined very comfortably and, being wise men, talked about nothing unpleasant until the business of eating was over. When I had finished my second glass of port we went into the library for our coffee. A servant put a small table before us, set coffee, cognac and cigarettes on it and then went away.

I was just about to begin the tale of Emily's lost curate when Troyte asked me an abrupt question.

"Do you know where Norheys is?"

"At this hour," I said, "he's generally in the Belvedere."

The Belvedere is the theater in which Miss Temple dances. Norheys, unless he has some important engagement elsewhere, hangs about her dressing room until her turn is over. Then he drives her home.

"He's not at the Belvedere to-night," said Troyte. "In fact, he's not in town at all."

"He didn't say anything to me about going away," I said, "but then I haven't seen him for the last two days."

"Nobody has seen him for the last two days," said Troyte. "I wanted to speak to him today and I telephoned to his rooms. His man told me that he went away the day before yesterday. He left no address, so his letters aren't being forwarded. I made inquiries at his clubs, but he left no address at any of them. All his man could tell me was that he went off with two suitcases and the taxi man was ordered to take him to Charing Cross."

Well, in the circumstances it does seem a bit important to know where is Norheys. Has he skipped out or eloped?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Silk Long Known in China
Old records indicate that silk was produced in China over 6,000 years ago.

Doubly Delightful—
these rooms
that are truly clean

The walls of a room may look good to the eye, but you can't enjoy them to the utmost unless you know they're really clean and sanitary beneath the surface.

That's the reason so many women are turning to KING WALL FINISH for practically all interior finishing. This unusual wall finish is easy to apply, even by one without experience. The cost is less than \$1.00 a room for room of average size. And best of all KING WALL FINISH is the last word in cleanliness and sanitation. Applied directly to the plaster, there's no chance for hidden dirt—no chance for lurking germs in cracks or crevices.

Low cost—easy to apply—the most attractive color combinations—and the last word in sanitation. These are the things you get when you decorate with KING WALL FINISH. Isn't it worth investigating? Write today for name of nearest dealer and FREE Color Chart, showing 12 beautiful colors to choose from.

THE CHICAGO WHITE LEAD & OIL CO.
15th St. & S. Western Ave., Chicago, Ill.

KING Wall Finish
Distributor
Salt Lake Glass & Paint Co.
Salt Lake City, Utah

Just for Curiosity
If you are curious about the results of using Calumet—bake a cake and use some other baking powder, then use the same recipe and employ CALUMET THE WORLD'S GREATEST BAKING POWDER

Compare the texture of the two cakes—the way they look—the way they taste. The difference will make you join the millions who use Calumet daily.

Sales 2 1/2 Times Those of Any Other Brand

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR CALUMET

If there is "a divinity that shapes our ends," what's the use?

Important to All Women Readers of This Paper

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney or bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

You may suffer pain in the back, headache and loss of ambition.

Poor health makes you nervous, irritable and may be "despondent"; it makes any one so.

But hundreds of women claim that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, by restoring health to the kidneys, proved to be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Many send for a sample bottle to see what Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine will do for them. By inclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., you may receive sample size bottle by Parcel Post. You can purchase medium and large size bottles at all drug stores.

Truth never was indebted to a lie.

Cuticura for Sore Hands.
Soak hands on retiring in the hot sudsy Cuticura Soap, dry and rub in Cuticura Ointment. Remove surplus ointment with tissue paper. This is only one of the things Cuticura will do for all toilet purposes.—Advertisement.

New university buildings costing \$5,000,000 are being built at Johannesburg, South Africa.

CORNS
Lift Off—No Pain!

Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers.

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

CHILDREN CRY FOR

Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve infants in arms and children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*. Absolutely Harmless—No Opium. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

A Sweet Breath at all times!
THE FLAVOR LASTS

After eating or smoking Wrigley's freshens the mouth and sweetens the breath. Nerves are soothed, throat is refreshed and digestion aided. So easy to carry the little packet!

WRIGLEY'S
-after every meal!

It may be true that one who is shocked at profanity will prevaricate without compunction.

Walk with Spring and Comfort in Every Step

"U.S." SPRING-STEP Rubber Heels
A Better Heel to Walk On
And for the best shoe sole you ever had—
USKIDE
—the Wonder Sole for Wear
United States Rubber Company

Men have a touchstone whereby to try gold, but gold is the touchstone whereby to try men.—Fuller.

Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN
Say "Bayer Aspirin"

INSIST! Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 24 years.

Safe Accept only a Bayer package

which contains proven directions
Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists
Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacturing of Monocetate of Salicylic Acid

Serious operation avoided
Resinol healed stubborn sore

Elyria, Ohio, March 1:—"I feel it my duty and pleasure to thank you for the wonderful cure your Resinol salve has wrought for my husband, who suffered from an open sore on the back of his neck for four years. Several doctors said that it was a cancer and advised its removal, but it was so near the base of the brain that we feared an operation. I had found Resinol Ointment so effective for cuts, burns and similar things that I induced my husband to try that. After using only two jars of Resinol, the sore entirely healed—every trace of it has disappeared. Resinol certainly was a God-send to us!" (Signed) Mrs. E. E. Kennedy, 243 E. 8th St.

FOR OVER 200 YEARS

haarlem oil has been a world-wide remedy for kidney, liver and bladder disorders, rheumatism, lumbago and uric acid conditions.

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

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

W. N. U., Salt Lake City, No. 20-1925