

King Tommy

By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

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THE PRINCESS

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 Troyle, head of the British foreign office, Norheys' uncle, has a scheme to make him (Norheys) king of Lystra, in central Europe, through marriage to Calypso, daughter of King Wladislaws, deposed monarch of that country. A financier, Procopius Cable, knows there is oil in profusion in Lystra, 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 dignitary in Lystra, 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 Troyle for a certain Janet Church, strong-minded female who wants to visit Lystra 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. Lord Norheys and Viola Temple disappear from London. Procopius Cable receives information that Norheys with the princess, has left there on his way to Lystra, but Norheys appears with the former Viola Temple, now his wife. The question is, "Who is the man who has gone to Lystra with the Princess Calypso?" Casimir introduces himself, and Janet Church, vainly seeking from the British consulate a passport to Lystra, becomes acquainted with the two. Tommy mistakes Casimir for a hotel thief and refuses him admission to his room. Casimir insists on Tommy dining at the Mascotte. Tommy again meets Janet in a telephone booth, where he had gone in an attempt to escape from Casimir. Janet Church, thinking Casimir can be instrumental in securing her passport, urges Tommy to introduce her. He finally agrees, she to pose as his aunt. Tommy and Janet visit the Mascotte that evening.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

A small dapper man in evening clothes came up to him and bowed. Tommy saw that thin gray hair was carefully brushed across a bald patch on top of his head. He was by no means a young man. He had small twinkling eyes and a rounded punch. But he bore himself with a certain dignity. Even when he was bowing low there was no sign of servility in his manner. This was the head waiter of the Mascotte and he did Tommy high honor by granting him this personal reception.

"Your lordship's table is reserved, one of our very best tables."

He spoke with an excellent English accent. He waved his hand in the direction in which he wanted Tommy to go and then walked in front of him. There was no mistake about the dignity of the man's bearing. It was almost kingly, just such a bearing and manner as suited the head waiter of the Mascotte.

Following the man's lead, Tommy passed between two lines of inferior waiters, all bowing low. From tables to the right and left revelers looked up and watched him pass. They whispered to each other, inquiring who it could be who was received so impressively by the head waiter and his staff. Tommy came at last to a small table set a little apart. The head waiter pulled back a large gilt chair. Tommy noticed a small card on a silver stand in the middle of the table. It bore his name, Norheys; but not the Rev. T. A. Norheys. He was described on the card as the Markgraf von Norheys. It seemed to Tommy well worth while to be a Markgraf—whatever a markgraf was—if the title secured so much consideration and respect. Tommy felt rather glad that Count Casimir had made his mistake.

The head waiter murmured confidentially in his ear:

"If your lordship will allow me to order the dinner and choose the wine—I assure you that I thoroughly understand wine."

His English was perfect, far better than Count Casimir's and he spoke it with the intonation and accent of a gentleman. Tommy felt sure that he might be trusted to order the very best food and wine obtainable in the Mascotte. But he had an uncomfortable feeling that the bill for the entertainment might be startling. His pockets were full of marks, stuffed with them. But it might very well take a trunk full of marks to pay for the dinner which the aristocratic head waiter would order. Tommy hesitated and made a grab at the menu, intending to make sure of the worst that could befall him. The head waiter, a man of quick apprehension, guessed his thoughts.

Bending low he whispered into Tommy's ear:

"I need scarcely say that your lordship will be at no expense, none whatever."

Then he turned and gave a series of orders in German to a subordinate who stood near.

Tommy leaned back in his gilt chair and looked round. He saw at once that he had been given one of the very best tables in the room. It stood at the edge of a great square carpet which covered the center of the floor. On the carpet itself there were no tables. But diners at tables of various sizes sat round it in parties of two or four or six. Behind the tables which stood on the edge of the carpet were others. Behind these still more and these were set on a sort of platform a step above the floor of the room. Farther back among pillars and under archways in what Tommy thought of as broad side aisles, were other places for still more diners.

Gazing round curiously Tommy caught sight of a woman standing up at one of the farthest tables. She was waving her hand and signaling to him. At a second glance he recognized her—Janet Church. In a severe black dress, the only evening gown she took with her when traveling, she looked much out of place in the Mascotte. Having attracted Tommy's attention, she began to cross the room toward him, evidently with the intention of sitting down at his table. But this was not allowed. The head waiter caught sight of her and gave an order to one of his men. Janet Church was stopped, turned round and conducted to the obscure and distant table which she had left.

It would interest me, though perhaps no one else, to know what Tommy had to eat and drink that night.



The Princess' Turn Was Evidently the Chief Performance of the Evening.

Unfortunately, he can give me no account at all of his meal and does not know the name of the champagne he drank.

Shortly after eleven o'clock Tommy discovered what the stretch of carpet in the middle of the room was for. The band, which had been playing some of the music of Tosca suddenly struck up a dance tune. Two girls appeared from a curtained recess at the far end of the room, ran down among the tables, prousetted in the middle of the carpet, and began to dance.

Tommy had seen dancing before, on the stage at the Gayety theater in Dublin at the time of the Christmas pantomime. But this was a very different thing. There he viewed the dancers from a distance, with an orchestra and a row of footlights between him and them. They were remote creatures, unreal, scarcely flesh and blood. Here they came close to him, so close that the whirling of their skirts as they passed him fanned the air against his face. He could smell the scent from their clothes and see the heaving of their throats as they caught their breath. And the music was far more exciting than any he had ever heard.

The waiter who attended him filled his glass with champagne. Tommy sipped it as he watched the dancers. Others took the places of the first two, dancing wildly, sometimes dancing well. The music grew louder. The whole scene began to grow dim before Tommy's eyes, as a man might watch the figures in a dream.

He was awakened to the reality of his surroundings by the sound of Casimir's voice in his ear. The count had slipped over quietly from some other part of the room and had sat down at Tommy's table.

"Please," he said, "the Princess Calypso now."

Tommy was scarcely surprised at the announcement. A princess, a queen, an empress, any kind of exalted lady, except perhaps one of Fra Angelico's angels, might have danced before him there on the Persian car-

pet without surprising him very much.

The princess' turn was evidently the chief performance of the evening. Conversation ceased. Men sat down their glasses and leaned forward in their chairs. The music of the band sank to a soft rhythmic throbbing. A drum muttered softly. A girl in a dress shining with sequins stepped daintily down among the tables, stood in the middle of the carpet and curtsied low to Tommy. He could have sworn that it was to him alone that she curtsied, that she took no notice of any one else in the room. He also had an unpleasant impression that she disliked, or perhaps despised him, and only curtsied to him because she was forced to do it.

The managers of the Mascotte, having secured the services of a real princess, made the most of her, and gave her every chance of making the most of herself. The higher lights were extinguished all over the room. Only the small shaded lamps on the diners' tables still burned. A bright beam from some hidden lamp fell on the princess and followed her wherever she moved. The twitching of the violin strings grew faster. The players drew their bows across the strings and the music came loud and tempestuous. The girl on the carpet with the light on her looked younger, fresher, more beautiful than any of the others who had danced before her.

Unfortunately she could not dance. Her performance would scarcely have won applause in a second-rate theater. Her steps and attitudes were graceful enough but were easy of accomplishment. There was no kind of spirit or any delight in her dancing. Even Tommy, who knew nothing about the art, realized that this girl was greatly the inferior of those who had gone before her. Her dancing meant nothing, conveyed nothing except a feeling that she disliked doing it and despised the people she was doing it for. It seemed to Tommy that she was dancing specially for him and that she disliked and despised him more than she did the others.

The music rose to a climax of sound. The dance came suddenly to an end. The lights blazed out again. The girl sank to the ground in a low curtsy with her skirts spread out round her, right in front of Tommy's table, within a couple of feet from him. There was a burst of applause. Men stood up and shouted. It was not the dancing they approved. Not a Jewess among them, not a slant-eyed Russian lady, not a profiteer, or even an American but knew perfectly well that the girl could not dance. Their applause was for themselves, not for her. It was the new rich proclaiming their triumph over the old aristocracy, over royalty itself. Risen from the slime of the war period, they acclaimed themselves masters of the old order which was there, like Samson among the Philistines, to make sport for them.

The band blared into a noisy march. The girl remained crouched at Tommy's feet, flushed and panting, the fingers of her right hand twitching at the bodice of her dress. Suddenly she rose. With a quick nod and a little motion of her hand she flicked a note across to Tommy. It fell on the plate in front of him. The girl, without glancing at him again, looking neither to the right nor to the left, walked through the applauding people and disappeared.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Snake Does Not "Sting"

The stinging snake is a myth. Although thousands of people apparently believe there is such a thing as a stinging snake, and many of them insist that they have seen such snakes, no competent scientist or observer has ever had the privilege of seeing one. Rewards for stinging snakes are occasionally offered, but no such snakes are ever produced. The nearest approach to the supposed stinging snake is the "Farancia abacura," a small, harmless snake with a needle-like spine on its tail. In different parts of the South this snake, along with kindred species, is known "seriously as the hoop snake, the rainbow snake, the mud snake and the stinging snake. But the notion that these snakes sting with their tails is all poppycock.—Exchange.

Miracles of St. Leonard

If there were such a personage, St. Leonard would certainly have been the patron saint of prisoners. He was originally a French nobleman at the court of Clovis I. and became a monk and founded a monastery which, after his death, about 509, was known as St. Leonard le Noblat. He was famed for his charity toward prisoners, and is reputed to have worked many miracles on their behalf. These miracles in releasing unhappy captives continued after his death, according to tradition, which was very convenient, as his festival happened to be the first day of the Michaelmas term, when writs were made returnable.—Family Herald.

FARM STOCK

Shearing Sheep IS NOT HARD TASK

Brief suggestions on shearing sheep are given below by the animal husbandry division for the benefit of those farmers who are growing sheep for the first time and are inexperienced in the method of shearing.

The first mistake commonly made in shearing sheep is the method of catching and holding. There are three ways by which the sheep may be satisfactorily caught. The first is to throw the hand in front of the neck, the second is to grasp them in the rear flank, and the third is to catch the left hind leg just above the hock in the right hand and then gradually pull the sheep backward and throw the left hand around under the chin. The next thing to do is to lift the sheep entirely clear of its feet and place it on its rump, inclining it back somewhat so that the hind legs cannot get a foothold. Sheep placed in such a position will struggle very little—the beginner, however, will have considerable difficulty in preventing the sheep from struggling violently.

In shearing, the wool should be cut smoothly and close to the body. A very common mistake is to clip them the first time not very close to the body and then go over the surface again and recclip. This method results in a lot of short fibers which are practically worthless, so far as the manufacturer is concerned. The fleece should be kept intact and should not be taken off in bunches or patches. After it is taken from the body it should be carefully rolled with the inside (side which was next to the body) out. When thus rolled it gives the fleece a splendid appearance and it will sell better on the market.

Probably the worst mistake made in shearing sheep is that all sorts of twine are used in tying the fleeces. One should select twine which has a very hard finish and which will not shed its fibers in the wool. Good three-ply No. 4 1/2 twine is very satisfactory. There is a so-called wool twine on the market which is very soft and sheds its fibers readily, which is very objectionable. Ordinary binder twine, which is used in harvesting small grain is also objectionable. There is a paper wool for the purpose of tying fleeces and which is thoroughly satisfactory.

After tying, the fleeces should be stored in a clean, dry place where they will not accumulate moisture or dust. When placed in bags for shipment or storage care should be taken to select bags which are closely woven, so that they will not shed their fibers on the fleeces. When placed in ordinary burlap sacks the fibers from these sacks will get in the fleeces, and when woven into cloth or blankets they will not dye readily and consequently the buyer cannot afford to pay as much for fleeces stored and shipped in such bags as he could if the proper type of bag were used.

Better Demand for Pure-Bred Horses in Kansas

Unusually large numbers of licenses issued to owners of stallions, and the good demand for breeding stock of the Kansas State Agricultural college herd indicate an increased interest over Kansas in pure-bred horses in the opinion of Prof. D. L. Mackintosh of the department of animal husbandry. Licenses issued so far this year to stallion owners number 150 more than those given out at the same time in 1924.

Within the past ten months the college has sold 17 stallions and mares to Kansas breeders. The outstanding individuals sold from the college herd were the Belgian stallions Colgar and Hazelton Lad. Colgar, winner at the Kansas free fair in Topeka, and at the American Royal last year, was sold to W. F. Swafford, Concordia. Hazelton Lad, winner at the free fair, and reserve grand champion at the Kansas state fair, was sold to J. F. Schovner of Miltonvale.

Prices for pure bred stock are fair, and the demand is fairly steady over the state, Professor Mackintosh reports.

Market for Clean Hogs

Hogs fed on properly pasteurized whey, skim milk, or buttermilk are coming to slaughter clean and free from disease even though some of the cattle herds supplying milk to the factory are badly infected. Every hog infected with tuberculosis means a loss to every farmer who raises a hog, for this loss is charged back on the purchase price of all hogs sold on the various markets.

"Shoddy"

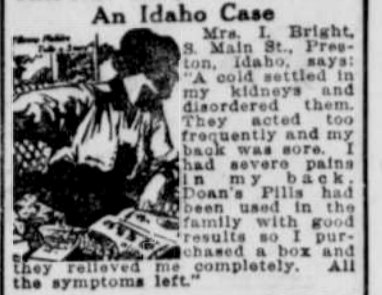
The shoddy trade was begun at Eately, Yorkshire, England, in 1813, by Benjamin Law. It also was among the earliest products of American woolen mills. In 1909 there were 83 shoddy establishments in the United States.

Facial Surgery Old

Facial surgery, including the remodeling of injured noses, ears and lips, was known in Italy as long ago as 1546.

Help That Achy Back!

Is backache making you miserable? Are you tired, nervous, "blue"—utterly played out? Have you suspected your kidneys? Your kidneys are the blood filters. Once they fall behind in their work, there's slow poisoning of blood and nerves. Then is apt to come backache, headaches, dizziness, and other annoying kidney irregularities. Don't wait! If your kidneys are sluggish, help them with a stimulant diuretic. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are recommended the world over. Ask your neighbor!



DOAN'S PILLS

STIMULANT DIURETIC TO THE KIDNEYS
Foster-Milburn Co., Mfg. Chem., Buffalo, N. Y.

Odd Fishing

Several hundred Indians, including women and children, assembled at Fisher Bay, at the mouth of the Naas river, in early spring, awaiting the arrival of the oolichans, according to word from Prince Rupert, British Columbia. The annual run of the fish usually lasts a month. The Indians come from great distances to fish for them through the ice, and out of the catch they make oolichan grease, which they use in place of butter. In previous years as many as 1,000 of the Indians have assembled at the mouth of the river, but this year there were not more than 300.

In proportion to population, Norway has furnished more immigrants to this country than any other land except Ireland.—Science Service.

Write or call for an appointment to have your photograph made

WILCOX STUDIO
122 1/2 So. Main St. Salt Lake City

Funds raised by a one centavo domestic postage stamp in Mexico to fight the locust pest have already proved sufficient to start the campaign.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION



BELLANS

6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief

25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

Hours of Sleep

A man's daily output of nerve energy is the measure of the period required for its restoration during sleep. Hence the great diversity in the hours required for slumber by different individuals. As illustrations of this diversity it is usual to quote the hours of sleep required by men like Napoleon, John Wesley, and others who lived in days when the stress and strain on the nervous system was nothing compared with what it is today.

Zambesi Makes Record

Zambesi river in flood recently exceeded all previous height records by eight feet. Clouds of spray completely enveloped the bridge which spans the canyon below the Victoria falls. The Victoria falls, a mile wide and 420 feet high, are double the width and more than twice the height of the Niagara falls. During the wet season the spray has been measured to reach a height of 3,000 feet.

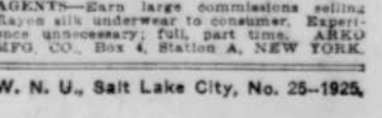
Torch Fights Forest Fires

A new apparatus for fighting forest fires consists of a kerosene blowtorch, useful for beating back fires, says Popular Science Monthly. By its use all the firing, it is claimed, can be done by one experienced man, thus reducing the attendant danger to a minimum.

The stronger the butter is in the tub the weaker it is in the market.

RESINOL

Soothing and Healing For Baby's Tender Skin



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Removes Dandruff Stops Hair Falling Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair

W. N. U., Salt Lake City, No. 25-1925

Champion is better because of its gas-tight, two-piece construction, which allows it to be taken apart for cleaning.

Champion Spark Plug Co. Toledo, Ohio Windsor, Ont., London, Paris

Postal Toll Fights Locusts
Funds raised by a one centavo domestic postage stamp in Mexico to fight the locust pest have already proved sufficient to start the campaign

Double the Life of Your Shoes with USKIDE SOLES

The Wonder Sole for Wear Wears twice as long as best leather! —and for a Better Heel "U.S." SPRING-STEP Heels

United States Rubber Company

Done Barber—What shall I put on your head, sir? Customer—My hat!

MonaMotor Oil

Do your friends laugh at you?
Your friends notice how your car runs. If the motor knocks and rattles and fails to work smoothly, they may enjoy your predicament and laugh. MonaMotor Oil will keep your motor in tip-top shape. It will put pep, power, and zest into your car and give it a new grip on mileage. Enjoy driving to the fullest. Buy only MonaMotor Oil.

MonaMotor Oils & Greases

It isn't how hard you work or how long—it is what you accomplish that counts.

Never Failed Her in 60 Years

"Beecham's Pills have been a blessing in my home for over 60 years, and were in my mother's home in England. Now I am 89 years old. I have never known Beecham's Pills to fail to relieve the worst headaches and constipation."

Beecham's Pills

Baby Loves A Bath With Cuticura Soap
Blends and Soothes to Tender Skin.