

King Tommy

By George A. Birmingham
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TOMMY MEETS THE KING

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 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 dignitary 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 Troyle 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. Lord Norheys and Viola Temple disappear from London. Procopius Cable receives information that Norheys, with the princess, has left there on his way to Lystria, but Norheys appears with the former Viola Temple, now his wife. The question is, "Who is the man who has gone to Lystria with the Princess Calypso?" Casimir introduces himself, and Janet Church, vainly seeking from the British consulate a passport to Lystria, becomes acquainted with the two men in the Adlon hotel. 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. When Tommy arrives at the Mascotte he is astonished at the attention given him by the head waiter and his aids. Calypso dances before the diners and at the end of her performance she throws a note to Tommy.

CHAPTER IX

Tommy picked up the note. Before he could open it he was aware that Janet Church was standing beside him. In the excitement which followed the princess' dance she had managed to leave her humble table and make her way unhindered across the room.

"You promised," she said, "to introduce me to Count Casimir."

Tommy remembered the promise, remembered also the form the introduction was to take. In the midst of the fantastic unreality of all that was happening to him there seemed nothing absurd in introducing Janet precisely as he had promised. Casimir was sitting beside him smiling gently.

"This," said Tommy, "is my aunt. Allow me to introduce her to you."

The count stood up, bowed, took Janet's hand and kissed it. He showed not the slightest sign of ever having seen her before, though he must have recollected the pink dressing gown and quilted slippers in the corridor in the morning. He did not seem to feel that Janet in her shabby frock was out of place at the Mascotte. By not so much as the tremble of an eyelid did he show his astonishment that Tommy had brought an aunt with him to Berlin.

"I'm very glad to meet you, Count Casimir," said Janet. "There's something I want you to do for me. I'm sure you can do it if you will. I am, as I dare say you know, acting as continental representative of the Federation for the Promotion of World Peace Through the Union of Christian Churches."

Casimir bowed again. Not even his knowledge of Shakespeare was sufficient for a quotation suitable to follow Janet's speech.

"The Patriarch of Lystria," said Janet, "is one of the leaders of the Christian churches whom we are most anxious to enlist in our movement. Unfortunately, our Foreign office—"

Casimir glanced appealingly at Tommy. The sudden appearance of this spinster aunt startled him. Her intention of interesting the patriarch in a matter of which he had never heard bewildered him.

Tommy made no reply to the unspoken appeal. He turned and walked away.

The entertainment at the Mascotte was evidently over. The men and women who had dined or supped there rose from their tables and passed out of the room. Tommy edged his way through the procession of departing people and found a quiet place where there was still light enough for reading. He opened the note which the princess had flicked onto his plate, and read:

"Go back to London and marry Viola Temple, Calypso."

Tommy stared at the words. He

did not know any one called Viola Temple. He had certainly no intention of marrying any one of that name. Indeed, I do not think he ever heard the name before. Of course, it was well enough known in London, and since her friendship with Lord Norheys became notorious, the lady's picture had been in all the illustrated papers. But Tommy lived in a remote corner of Ireland. He heard no social or theatrical gossip, and seldom saw a paper except the Irish Times, which does not publish pictures of dancing girls.

Nor did he understand why the girl in the Mascotte—by far the prettiest of all he had seen—should have singled him out among the men present to be the recipient of this note and this odd command. If Viola Temple had to be married, there must surely be some one more suited for the job than he was. He remembered the scornful glances which the girl had cast at him while she danced and the mocking obsequies of her curtseys. He wondered why on earth she did these things and what she could possibly know about him.

Then slowly a little understanding, a mere glimmer, came to him.

Casimir had promised that he should meet a lady at the Mascotte, had indeed brought him there for the purpose. Well, he had met Calypso. Casimir, speaking to him just before the dance, had called her a princess, Princess Calypso. The title was no doubt a picturesque exaggeration intended as an advertisement. Tommy had heard of some one known as the "Queen of Song." Perhaps Calypso was the "Princess of Dancing," though he did not think that she deserved the title.

The whole thing was puzzling, confusing, utterly incomprehensible. Yet Tommy was glad that he had come to the Mascotte, very glad that he had seen the girl. She was—

Tommy always becomes incoherent when he tries to speak of his first feelings about Calypso. I do not wonder. He had all his life been accustomed to women like my sister Emily, some of them older than Emily, many of them of course younger. But all of them wise, sensible, respectable, like Jaeger underclothing, which though wholesome is not exciting. Calypso was utterly different. If I were to compare her to a garment—but I do not know enough about clothes to do that, and I am told that the best of these things are not exhibited in shop windows.

The fact is that Tommy, then and there, suddenly, abruptly, hopelessly, fell in love with Calypso. I do not profess to understand love at first sight. The six or seven love affairs I have experienced in life have all been gradual, a growth of feeling so slow that the lady had generally passed out of my reach—gone to Nice or Monte Carlo or somewhere for the winter before I found out that I was in love with her. But I am not a skeptic about the reality of these sudden passions. No sensible man can be. Literature gives us the cases of Romeo falling in love with Juliet, of Fanny Squeers falling in love with Nicholas Nickleby, and many others. In real life—at the moment I can only recall Garibaldi and Anita, but that is good enough. He fell in love when he was looking at her for the first time at a great distance through a telescope. Tommy had a better excuse than that.

Casimir tapped Tommy on the arm.

"His majesty," he said, "wishes to speak to you."

Tommy looked round. The room was almost clear of visitors, who had streamed off to finish a night's pleasure in the Palais de Danse next door.

Waiters were busy clearing away the debris of meals from the tables. Most of the lights had been put out. Janet Church was standing by herself beside the table where she had been introduced to Casimir. Tommy saw no one whom he recognized except the little head waiter. He was seated by himself at a table in a corner of the room with a bottle of champagne in front of him. Thus, it may be supposed, head waiters relax themselves and recuperate after their toils are over.

"His majesty waits," said Casimir. He was standing very erect with his hands at his sides in a military attitude of attention. With a side glance he indicated the head waiter. Tommy felt that he was living through some confused and fantastic dream—dancing girls transformed into princesses and head waiters into kings. Or perhaps—it seemed wildly improbable—this might be part of the evening's entertainment at the Mascotte, an original kind of harlequinade.

He walked slowly over to the table at which the head waiter sat. He was greeted with friendly cordiality. "Sit down, my dear boy. Please sit down and have another glass of wine."

Tommy stared at him in amazement. Not at all in this familiar fashion had the head waiter treated him earlier in the evening. Then he glanced at Casimir who was standing stiffly to attention.

"There's such divinity doth hedge a king—"

"Explain, Casimir," said the head waiter. "Lord Norheys does not understand."

"Please," said Casimir, "you are in the presence of King Wladislaw of Lystria."

"But I don't keep up any pretense

of etiquette here," said the king, "though Casimir insists on behaving as if we were still in Lystria. Do sit down."

Up to that moment Tommy had never heard the name of the king of Lystria. It was a very small state, and although it took the wrong side in the war, nobody paid much attention to it. He sat down.

"How did you like Calypso's dancing?" said the king. "Not much, eh? Well I don't think much of it myself. In fact, she wouldn't be dancing here if she wasn't a princess. That's what makes it worth while to employ her. These nouveaux riches are amazingly fond of royalty. In fact,"—he dropped his voice to a confidential whisper—"I should never have got the job of head waiter here if I hadn't agreed to Calypso's dancing. That's how it happens that she's here. Her salary isn't much. But my job as head waiter—However, we can talk of that later on. What I want to say to you now is that you'll have to be very careful with Calypso. She's got her knife into you about that other girl."

He chuckled pleasantly, and refilled his own glass and Tommy's.

"I don't mind a bit myself, of course," he said, "and Casimir doesn't mind. But Calypso! Why did you allow Miss Temple to write that letter to her? It's made things a bit difficult, you know. You'll have to reason with her a little. Pitch it strong. You might tell her perhaps that Miss Temple is over forty, and squints. That would soften things down a bit."

"I shall say," said Tommy, "that I never heard of Miss Temple in my life until this evening."

"If you can get her to believe that—"

"But I don't know. I never could get her mother to believe that. And Calypso is very like her in some ways. But perhaps you'll be more successful than I was. By the way, I suppose Miss Temple can dance. Do you think—It might help to do away with any feeling of grievance that she may have—Do you think that she'd care for an engagement here, in Calypso's place? We couldn't say she was a princess; but we might advertise her as the Marchioness of Norheys. Do you think she'd care for it?"

"I don't know her," said Tommy, "so I can't tell."

The king looked at him with twinkling eyes.

"You do it very well," he said, "far better than ever I did."

"Before you say anything more," said Tommy, "I want to tell you that you're mistaken about who I am. I'm not Lord Norheys, or Lord anything else. I'm Reverend Thomas A. Norheys, a curate."

"That's good," said the king, "distinctly original. I never thought of it. But you'll have to be very careful. It's not only Calypso. There's the patriarch too. You don't know him yet. But you will. He used to worry the life out of me about—well, about any Miss Temple I happened to be interested in at the time. And Calypso says she'll tell him directly she sees him. But perhaps you know how to manage the clergy. I never could."

"Well," said the king, "that may be all right. In fact, the patriarch will be pleased about it, if he hears nothing about Miss Temple. But if Calypso tells him, then I am afraid your being a clergyman will only make it worse, from his point of view. Simply from his point of view, of course. I don't mind a bit myself. In fact, I prefer clergymen with some little human failings. I'd have liked the patriarch better and got on better with him if there'd ever been—well, a Hagar, or some one of that sort. But there wasn't."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wasteful Men

"Why, Jeremiah Jones!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones when her husband came in safe and sound from a railroad journey, "is this you?"

"Why, of course," said her husband. "This is the time I expected to come home, isn't it?"

"And you haven't had an accident nor lost your arms and legs or been killed?"

"How many times must I tell you that nothing has happened?" said the irritated man.

"Well," declared the good lady, "you do beat all. There you went and paid good money for an insurance ticket just before you left, and you haven't done a thing to get the reward. That's money just wasted. Nice manager you are, Jeremiah Jones!"

Her Appetite Triumphed

Max Maretzek, the impresario, had a large repertoire of stories. Henry T. Finck, the music critic, repeats one of them in his new book, "Musical Laughs." Maretzek on a trip from Cincinnati to Baltimore, feeling hungry, bought a big sausage and a loaf of rye bread. Presently Christine Nilsson, in a seat ahead, made fun of him for eating such awful stuff. Max was really humiliated, but he stily crowded the remnants of his feast into his pocket and, feeling quite comfortable, went to sleep. About two o'clock in the morning he felt a touch on his elbow. "Hush," said Nilsson. "Don't wake anybody, but do give me that bread and sausage you put in your pocket."

Worth Copying

A. T. Stewart, the merchant prince of his day, had one rule that he expected all clerks to follow. That rule was: "Correct any mistake on the spot." Such policy would be a good one for all of us to follow whatever the occasion.—Grit.

Barberry Plants Menace to Grain

Harmful Native Species Has Been Found in Southeast Sections.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The common barberry, which has merited and received so much public condemnation because of its reputation as an accomplice in spreading the black stem rust of small grain, has several relatives of the same family name scattered here and there in the United States. There are some forty or fifty of these barberry relatives cultivated as ornamentals in this country, and they are all to be regarded with suspicion, says the United States Department of Agriculture, until definitely proved harmless.

Common European Variety.

Heretofore but little attention has been paid to any barberry except the common European variety, now widely naturalized in this country. During the last few years, however, a harmful native barberry species has been found abundant in the Appalachian mountains of southwestern Virginia, southern West Virginia, and western North Carolina. This species is naturally susceptible and spreads stem rust to grains and certain wild grasses. In some localities, at least, it is as much a menace to grain production as is the common barberry. Numerous clumps of bushes of this species have been found also in Indiana along the Tippecanoe river, but not in the woodlands or fence rows of nearby farms.

Put in Rogue's Gallery.

Most of the species of barberry now present in the United States have come in during the last ten years, as a result of the impetus given the barberry as an ornamental by the explorers in China. It is not known definitely whether all of these species are harmful, although it is reasonable to assume that most of them are. In order to give the public the benefit of any of them which may be harmless, so that they may be safely used as ornamentals, the United States Department of Agriculture is gathering into one "rogue's gallery," for future conviction or acquittal, representatives of all of these suspicious members of the barberry family, as well as the Mahonia, a closely related genus. All species will be grown in a special "barberry garden," recently established at Bell, Md., propagated, interbred, and hybridized, and the resultant plants sent to the testing station at St. Paul, Minn., where they will be inoculated with stem rust in order to determine their susceptibility and resistance or immunity.

This information about the disease-carrying powers of all species of the barberry family is sought in order that the propagation and dissemination of undesirable foreign importations may be prevented in this country. Some of these barberries are very desirable ornamentals. They will be given a hasty "pardon" as soon as possible if their innocence is fairly established.

Overfeeding Calf Will Impair Its Digestion

It is quite customary to feed whole milk to a calf for a period of three or four weeks. If the calf is not in a good physical condition at that time, whole milk may be continued for a week or two longer. Care should be exercised at the beginning to not feed the calf too much, especially milk testing high in fat. Two or three pounds at a feeding twice a day is enough to start with. Even with this small quantity, which is inadequate to nourish the calf properly, it is well to dilute it a little with warm water if it is from a cow testing 4 1/2 to 5%. It is better to start with too little and gradually increase the calf's allowance than to overfeed and produce scours, for whenever a calf's digestion is impaired it requires considerable time before it becomes normal. More calves are overfed at the beginning than are underfed.

After the calf has reached the age of three to four weeks and is making good normal growth, a little skim milk may be added to the whole milk. This process can be continued for a week, increasing the skim milk and reducing the whole milk until the calf is placed entirely upon skim milk. At that time a good normal calf would be taking from six to nine pounds of milk night and morning. If milking is done at noon, it is a good practice to feed the calf three times per day.

Calf Raising Involves Many Different Factors

There are a good many factors involved in calf raising. In the first place the cows should be healthy. They should be free from tuberculosis. Fortunately this is now recognized as a fact by the great majority of progressive farmers, although such has been the case for only a comparatively few years. Contagious abortion is another disease that must be carefully guarded against. This disease has perhaps done more harm to the dairy farmer, so far as the production of his herd is concerned, than tuberculosis, and every possible precaution should be practiced to keep it out of the herd. Then, too, the cows must be kept in good condition. By this we do not mean that dairy cows should be kept fat. In fact, it is impossible to keep a dairy cow fat. If she is of the dairy type, she will convert excess feed into milk fat and not body fat.

Practicable Method of Destroying Sheep Tick

The only practicable method of destroying the sheep tick is by dipping the sheep. This consists of immersing the animals in a liquid that will kill the parasites. Since the liquids used do not destroy the eggs a second dipping is necessary and should be done about 24 days after the first. Because some of the ticks have probably dropped from the sheep, it is best not to put the dipped sheep back into ticky quarters. In warm weather eggs that have been dislodged may hatch out and reinfest the flock. If all the litter is cleaned up around the sheds and lots and the ground sprayed with the solution about double the strength of that used in dipping, the sheep may be safely put back in their old quarters.

Determine Sex of Calf

The common belief that male offspring is the rule when a female carries her young longer than normal is not well founded, according to a recent study at the Iowa State college.

The gestation periods of 300 cows in the experiment station herd were examined. No periods were considered where twins or premature calves were born. There were 180 male and 180 female calves produced. Bulls and heifers were carried the same length of time.

Moldy Butter Loss Always Avoidable

Creamery Operator Must Apply Most Diligent Effort.

"Moldiness in butter is absolutely preventable by any creamery operator who is willing to apply diligent effort," says Harold Mack, bacteriologist for the division of dairy husbandry of the University of Minnesota.

"Molds are living plants and must be present and alive to do any damage," Mr. Mack adds. "If they are excluded or destroyed there will be no moldiness of the butter."

Molds grow luxuriantly in sour cream or buttermilk. If the buttermilk tank in the creamery is emptied every few days for cleansing and sterilizing, and if farmer patrons of the creamery would use two sets of cans, one for carrying their cream to the plant and the other for transporting buttermilk back home, the university bacteriologist says a tremendous forward step would be taken against moldy butter. Coupled with these precautions the vats of cream should be pasteurized, and the pipes and pumps through which the cream passes should be washed and sterilized daily. Tubs in which the butter is packed should be cleaned with steam and paraffin and lined with treated liners and circles. By "treating" is meant boiling them in saturated salt brine solution or soaking in a formalin solution.

Moldy butter is costing creameries of the country many thousands of dollars. One small Minnesota creamery which ships about 35 tubs a week was responsible for a loss of more than \$1,000 because its butter was extremely moldy when it reached the market.

Potato Growers Making War on Colorado Beetle

The Colorado potato beetle, like a bad penny, never fails to come back. Potato growers have become so used to fighting this pest that control measures are now a routine procedure. Sometimes small growers or backyard gardeners neglect the application of arsenic to their plants, and the usual result is loss of the crop.

As a liquid spray, four pounds of arsenate of lead to 500 gallons of water may be used. As a dust, a mixture of equal parts of arsenate of lead and hydrated lime has given good results. Growers have found that a mixture of one part of calcium arsenate to two parts of hydrated lime may be safely used with satisfactory results.—Dr. Frank H. Lathrop, South Carolina Agricultural College Entomologist.

Farm Hints

- Acid soil eats away profits.
- Barium carbonate mixed with fresh hamburger makes the best bait to kill rats.
- Logged-off lands can be made to produce satisfactory crops under proper management.
- It is good practice to feed the pigs liberally for several weeks just before and after weaning them.
- The best dust to keep off striped cucumber beetles is composed of calcium arsenate mixed with land plaster.
- General control measures are more important than medical treatment for avoiding poultry losses due to intestinal parasites.
- In one year New York city uses, at the estimated wholesale value, more than \$154,000,000 worth of milk and dairy products.
- Most of the early lambs should be on the market before they are troubled with worms. It is the late lambs, those which go on the market during the last part of June and in July and August, which need to be treated for worms.

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Business Tender Hearted

Officials of the Birch Valley Lumber company at Toga, W. Va., demonstrated that "big business" has a tender heart sometimes. This company refused to fill a Philadelphia lumber yard's order for white oak until a robin, which was discovered rearing a young brood on top of the pile, had time to teach the fledglings how to fly. The officials declined to allow the workmen to remove the timbers, though it meant waiting some days for the brood to grow up, and there were no other seasoned white oak planks in the yard.

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What Seemed Humorous

Mother was entertaining a caller, when suddenly Dorothy, who had been playing on the floor, yawned prodigiously. "My, what a big yawn for such a little girl!" exclaimed the caller. "Yes," agreed Dorothy, "and the funny part is that I wasn't listening at all to what you were saying!"

Poisoned by Hair Dyes

Hair-dye blindness in England has resulted in a general alarm against poisonous hair dyes.

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