

King Tommy

By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

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CHAPTER X—Continued

"For entering Germany with a false passport," said Von Steinfeldt, "you shall in prison forthwith enclosed be."

"Do try not to be quite so cocksure that you're always right," said Tommy. "As a matter of fact, my passport isn't false, as you call it, in any single particular. My face is oval, my nose is of normal shape, and my mouth is more or less round when open, which is just what the passport says. If you don't believe me and can't bear to look me in the face—which I can understand you don't care to do after sticking me with your marks in the way you did—just take a glance at the photo on the passport."

This apparently struck Von Steinfeldt as a thing which he ought to do. He took a long look at the photograph, which indeed bore very little resemblance to Tommy. Then, instead of comparing it with Tommy's face, he rapidly turned over the pile of papers on the desk in front of him. From among them he drew out another photograph and looked carefully at it. He placed both photographs side by side and stared at them. Then, suddenly, he looked up at Tommy.

"Of what height are you?" he asked. "Five foot, ten and a half inches, see passport," said Tommy, "forehead broad, eyes blue, nose normal, face oval. Mouth round when opened. It's all there."

For the first time during the interview Von Steinfeldt smiled. It was a grim smile, with more than a suggestion of malice in it; but Tommy was glad to see a smile of any kind.

"I think," said Von Steinfeldt, "that there has a mistake been."

"I've thought so all along," said Tommy.

"That d-d fool Count Casimir has this time himself a mistake made."

"I don't know that Casimir is more of a fool than any one else," said Tommy. "You made the same mistake yourself. I don't even now profess to understand what it is. But you made it. So did two of your police officers."

"But I," said Von Steinfeldt, "the mistake discovered have."

"You can't take much credit for that," said Tommy. "You'd have discovered it long ago, in fact, you'd never have made it if you'd listened to me and believed what I said."

"Soon," said Von Steinfeldt, "the d-d Casimir will the mistake also discover. Then you can say to him and your Lord Troyte, and to Herr Cable that another bridegroom for the fair Calypso arranged has been."

He sat up straight in his chair, pulled his bristly white mustache and looked so pleased that Tommy began to think that he must himself be the "arranged" bridegroom. The thought of Calypso being married against her will—Tommy felt certain it would be against her will—to this bristly-headed German made Tommy seriously angry.

"Do you mean to tell me," he said, "that you have the nerve to think of marrying her yourself?"

"So," said Von Steinfeldt, "Her equal in birth I certainly am."

"Well just listen to me for a minute," said Tommy. "You've swindled me with these beastly marks of yours in a way that a third-rate money-lender would have been ashamed of. You've set on nasty, silly police officers to arrest me. You've dragged me about Berlin in a taxicab. You've kept me standing here for half an hour with nothing but your face to look at. Very well. I'm not going to ask for compensation, though I ought to get it. I'm not even going to demand an apology, though if you had as much decent feeling as a Hottentot you'd apologize without being asked. But I'll just tell you one thing before I go. I mean to marry Calypso myself."

Von Steinfeldt was genuinely astonished. He had been brought up to regard royal persons of all kinds and members of aristocracies as sacred. A pastor—he now quite believed that Tommy was a curate—belongs to the rank of the bourgeoisie, is burgerlich. For such a one to marry—

"But she is a princess," he said.

"I don't know anything about that," said Tommy, "but whether she is or not, I mean to marry her if she will have me. And I may say that if it's a choice between you and me, I expect to have the better chance."

"So, Herr Pastor," said Von Steinfeldt.

He had sufficiently recovered from his first surprise to realize that Tommy's threat was absurd. No princess could possibly marry a curate. Such a thing would be worse than a wave of Bolshevism. Central European society would be shaken to its foundations. Wladislaws, as Von Steinfeldt knew, was a disreputable wreck of a king. Calypso was highly unconventional in her manner of life. But even they could not contemplate an alliance with a curate. The sneer on Von Steinfeldt's face became quite unmistakable.

"Ach so, Herr English pastor," he

"And even if she won't marry me," said Tommy, "and I mean to have a pretty good try at persuading her, I feel pretty certain she won't marry you. No girl would. Good-by. Or perhaps I ought to say, 'Ach so, Herr Bridegroom arranged.'"

CHAPTER XI

It was at half past ten that Casimir entered the Adlon hotel the morning after the party at the Mascotte. He did not find Tommy, who by that time had gone off to the police office. He did find Janet Church, whom he rather wished to avoid. She at once attached herself to Casimir and reminded him of his promise to arrange for her visit to Lystria.

Casimir was quite civil to her. He is the kind of man who is civil to any woman anywhere and at any time. He had a reason for treating Janet with special politeness. He believed her to be Tommy's or rather Norhey's, aunt.

"Certainly," he said. "Everything will be settled about your journey. There will be no difficulty at all. I shall get you a passport."

In talking to Janet he spoke German and was therefore able to express himself without quoting Shakespeare.

"I don't see how you can get me a passport," said Janet. "The consul here, and the passport officer, and the people at the embassy refuse to allow me to have one. If I travel at all, it must be without a passport. That's what I expect you to manage for me."

"You shall have an excellent passport," said Casimir, "a British passport, which no one will question."

"You can't get me that," said Janet. "It's impossible."

Casimir smiled indulgently. They were sitting together near the door of the hall. A lady, middle-aged,



"No," said Casimir, "I shall steal it."

very neatly dressed, unmistakably English, passed them, going toward the swinging door.

"That," said Casimir, "is Miss Gisborne. Miss May Gisborne. She is the secretary of Colonel Heard, who is the head of the British Graves Registration commission."

Janet looked without particular interest at Miss May Gisborne.

"In seeking for British graves," said Casimir, "Colonel Heard, who is sometimes accompanied by his wife, goes through various parts of Germany, and beyond Germany into all the countries of eastern Europe. Miss Gisborne often goes with him, in order, I suppose, to register the graves which are found. Colonel Heard has a diplomatic passport. So has Miss Gisborne. I propose that you should use Miss Gisborne's passport."

I do not suppose that Janet Church has any particular scruples about traveling with a false passport. For the sake of a noble excuse—and what could be nobler than world peace?—she would willingly do far worse things than that. But she was startled at the cool way in which Casimir assumed that Miss Gisborne's passport would be at her disposal.

"But she isn't in the least likely to lend it to me," said Janet.

"No," said Casimir. "I shall steal it."

Even Janet shied a little at that. The word "steal" used in that way has a very nasty sound, and I suppose, as a worker in the cause of Christian unity, Janet felt herself more or less committed to the Ten Commandments.

"Steal!" said Janet. "But I couldn't agree—"

"Even Shakespeare," said Casimir, "is occasionally wrong. You recollect—?" He gave his quotation in English. "Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing; 'twas mine, 'twas his, and has been slave to thousands, but he that filches from me my good name robs me of that which no enriches him and makes me poor indeed." There Shakespeare was mistaken. If I took the purse of Miss

Gisborne I should make her poorer. But if I take her name, that is to say, the passport of the gracious fraulein, I do her no harm, for she gets another one at once—another passport, you understand, not another name. Whereas I make you rich in what you want. With the passport of Miss Gisborne you can travel anywhere."

I do not know whether that line of reasoning quieted Janet's scruples, or whether the joy of being able to go to Lystria smothered the cries of her conscience. She ceased to object to the stealing of the passport, and became exceedingly curious to know how it was to be done.

"That," said Casimir, "is easy. The English seldom lock up anything. In England, I suppose, it is not necessary to lock things up. No doubt all the English are so rich that they do not want to take what is not theirs. Why should they when they have all they want? So here in Berlin Colonel Heard does not lock up his own passport or Miss Gisborne's. If sometimes, by chance, he does lock them up, he always leaves the key in the pocket of the trousers he wore the day before, for the English are a truly great nation, and the English gentleman is so noble he suspects no one. He would not himself steal anything, ever. Therefore he leaves his keys in the pockets of his yesterday's trousers."

"All the same," said Janet, "he'll lock the door of his bedroom. We all do that."

"That," said Casimir, "is nothing." Then he went on to explain to Janet how the theft was to be effected, and the explanation left her gasping.

The Countess Olga, Casimir's only sister, was at that time a housemaid in the Adlon hotel. As a housemaid she had, of course, a master key which opened all the doors on the floor on which she served. The room occupied by Colonel and Mrs. Heard and that of Miss Gisborne were under her care. She could enter them at any time she chose, stay in them as long as she chose and not excite the smallest suspicion. She was familiar with Colonel Heard's habit of leaving his keys in his trousers pockets.

The first feeling which this frank confession aroused in Janet's mind was pity for the countess. It must be a dreadful thing for a highborn lady, no doubt a delicately nurtured lady, to be reduced to earning her living as a housemaid in a hotel. Casimir explained that her pity was wasted.

"It is not for the sake of wages that Olga is a housemaid," he said. "She has money enough to live otherwise, and if she had not, I would give it to her. We Lystrian nobles are not rich, but we would not allow our sisters to earn wages as servants. No. Olga is a patriot. She is a housemaid just as I was a soldier in the war for the sake of our beloved land, ours for fifteen hundred years, now taken from us. I fought, but it was no use. Olga collects information, letters, documents, telegrams—"

"From people who leave their keys about," said Janet.

"And, if necessary, passports," said Casimir, smiling.

Janet is not, I suppose, an entirely unscrupulous woman. There are few things she would not do, though very few, for the sake of a cause she had at heart. She made no further protest against the theft of Miss Gisborne's passport; but she did not want to go on talking about it. She changed the subject.

"By the way," she said, "talking of passports. That young friend of yours who was with you last night in the Mascotte—"

"Your nephew," said Casimir. Janet recollected herself.

"My nephew, yes. I am afraid he is likely to get into trouble with his passport."

"But how?" said Casimir. "Surely in London they gave him a correct passport."

"On his passport he is described as the Reverend Thomas A. Norreys. Now, he's not that."

"He is certainly not that," said Casimir.

"I thought not."

"It was foolish," said Casimir, "to put that on his passport, and quite unnecessary."

"If the police suspect anything wrong—"

"The police will not see that passport."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Early Adding Machines
That the ancient Inca civilization in Peru possessed an adding and calculating machine has been revealed in the recent discovery by excavators of a knotted cord, or "quipu," in the ruins of a prehistoric tomb. The cord is sixteen yards long and contains 100 knots. Divided into ten unequal sections these knots represent the odd numbers from one to nineteen. The sections are of different colors, including red, brown, yellow, blue and green, and are separated by silver beads, which represent the even numbers from two to twenty. By using this simple way of counting, based on the decimal system, rapid calculations can be made.—Montreal Star.

MY FAVORITE STORIES

By IRVIN S. COBB

Nothing Doing in the Fish Line

Some people insist that measuring, class by class, the lowest order of human intelligence in America is found among Key West sponge fishermen. Others hold that the group placed at the foot of the column properly belongs to a certain order of theatrical producers. As proof of the value of their contention they point to the story of the theatrical manager, who, on being told that a play brought him by a certain dramatist was based upon one of Charles Dickens' novels, said:

"Well, you get hold of this fellow Dickens and bring him around to lunch tomorrow and we'll get his ideas and fix up a contract."

In the same connection there frequently is cited a remark by Wilton Lackaye who once expressed a desire, which he said he feared would never be gratified, to play the part of Jean Valjean in a stage adaptation of Hugo's Les Miserables. A friend spoke up:

"Isn't there a manager in town who can produce it?"

"There isn't a manager in town who can even pronounce it," said Lackaye.

Without any desire to take part in the controversy over the respective merits of the theatrical managers and the Key West sponge-fishers, I herewith submit, for what it may be worth, an incident which happened a few months ago in the office of a prominent producing manager, whose name is a household word in every actor's home. To him there came an experienced playwright bearing the script of a new piece which he had just finished.

"I don't want you should read it to me, now," said the manager. "Just tell me what it's like."

"Well," said the playwright, "it's a historical drama in five acts. I call it 'The Dauphin.'"

"For why do you call it that?"

"Because it's based on the story of the Lost Dauphin."

"I don't want it," said the manager emphatically. "It wouldn't go. The public wouldn't never stand for a play about a fish."

The Leaning Tower of Baltimore
In Baltimore, years ago, there was a shot tower that stood up in the air to a considerable height. Almost at the base of the shot tower a serious-minded German ran a saloon.

Eugene Havez, afterwards a New York theatrical man and now in the moving picture business in California, lived in Baltimore when the shot tower stood there. One day Havez and a friend of his found themselves in the vicinity of the shotworks. Both were thirsty and both, as it happened, without funds. Havez had an idea.

He outlined it to his companion and then they entered the saloon in a violent argument with each other. "I'll bet you anything I'm right," Havez declared.

"You're wrong," stated his friend stubbornly, "you're just naturally bound to be wrong."

They lined up at the bar still debating. The German waiting patiently to serve them became interested.

"I'll show you how game I am," said Havez. "I'll bet you the drinks I'm right and leave it to our friend here to decide it."

"That's a go," said the other man. "Set out the drinks," commanded Havez.

The German served them and they drank. "Now, boys," inquired the saloon man, "vat is dis bet?"

"It's like this," said Havez edging toward the door, "my friend here bets that when the shot tower falls down it will fall to the north. I say it will fall to the south."

Providing a Clean Bill of Health
On a voyage back from France after hostilities had ended, one of the transports had aboard a negro labor battalion. Included among the returning veterans of the Brest docks was a crag shooter of mighty powers, originally from Memphis.

Off the banks the ship ran into nasty weather, and the gamesteer, frightfully seasick, lay in his bunk too miserable and too weak to move, and expecting each succeeding moment to be his last, as the craft stood first on end and then wallowed deep in the trough of the sea. As a matter of fact, the peril was real. The laboring steamer had blundered off her course and was dangerously near the shores of Newfoundland. Suddenly in the middle of the night a siren steam whistle at a lighthouse station on the mainland blared out, the sound rising above the roar of the wind. To the sufferer in bed down below, that appalling blast could mean but one thing—the trumpet call of judgment day.

He got down on his knees and prepared to uplift his voice in prayer for salvation. Then he remembered what he carried in his trousers pockets. He reached in his pocket and as he fung into space his educated ivories he cried out:

"Ght away, evidences! Come on, Angel Gabriel!"

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Leverhulme Built Up Big Industry

The passing of Lord Leverhulme, the great soap magnate, has focused widespread attention on the tremendous daily output of that commodity from the works he founded at Port Sunlight.

In 1886, when the firm's first boiling of soap was made at the original factory at Warrington, the output was 20 tons a week. Now it is over 4,000 tons a week, necessitating the employment of 10,000 workers and the use of 10,000,000 packing cases a year. The latter requires the consumption of 20,000,000 tons of wood.

Port Sunlight was founded in 1880, the site having been selected by Lord Leverhulme himself in his search for suitable riverside factory premises. In 16 years the business had grown so large that the site of the factories was extended to 800 acres. The trains employed annually in carrying goods from the factories would, if placed end to end, reach from Liverpool to London!—London Tit-Bits.

Gold Tooth Little Aid as Clew to Her Barber

Mrs. X—, a young and comely North side matron, is the possessor of a good-looking shingle which is the envy of some of her friends and she has had frequent inquiries as to the identity of the barber. She directed inquiries to a North side shop, and while she was unable to give the name of the barber who had accomplished such wonders with her hair, she identified him by saying that he had a gold tooth in front.

Two of the women thus informed chanced to arrive at the shop about the same time, and each identified a barber by a gold tooth in front, and each recognized the other after getting in the chair. They compared notes later and found that neither of them had been under the ministrations of Mrs. X—'s barber. Further investigation showed that each of the three barbers in the shop wore a gold tooth in front.—Indianapolis News.

Classified

"The Communists promise that, if we put the reins of government in their hands, the millennium will come; but we are all selfish egotists, and the millennium will never be ours."

The speaker was Mayor Shouse of Danville. He went on:

"Selfish egotism—that's our rock-bottom fault. We measure all things by it. What's a dude? A chap who dresses better than we do. What's a slob? A chap who dresses worse. A spendthrift? One who spends more than we do. A miser? One who saves more."

"What's a snob? A snob is a man whose social position is worse than our own. And a smart guy is one who thinks as we do, while a bonehead is one who doesn't think as we do, and so forth and so on to infinity."—Los Angeles Times.

Well Educated

"How can you possibly go to sleep sitting in a chair?" "You forget I spent four years in college."

Faults are easier seen than virtues.

Children Cry for



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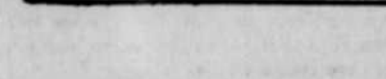
Before he makes a name for himself many a young man has to unmake the one he has already made.

Silence is the better part of discretion, but silence is so unsatisfying.

Men can become civilized in their relations with each other much more rapidly than nations.

No, Maude dear; quite naturally a metal clock never has wood ticks.

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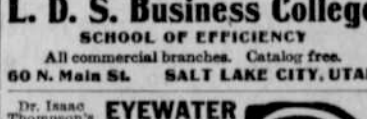
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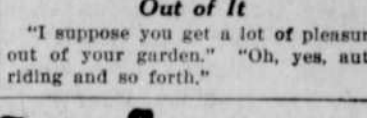
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