



King Tommy BY GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

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CHAPTER XV—Continued

Then Janet talked to the police officer in German. He was evidently relieved by the withdrawal of the threatening chauffeur and was quite ready to send for Allen.

There was an awkward silence for five minutes. Then Allen appeared and took command of things at once. He began by taking the passports out of the officer's hands and giving them back to Tommy. Then he made a speech. It began mildly. It increased in speed as it went on. It became domineering and even threatening toward the end. The police officer was visibly uneasy while Allen spoke. Before the speech finished he was completely cowed. Allen had vouched for Tommy's identity with Colonel Heard and had spoken with an assurance which carried conviction.

"I told him," he explained to Tommy, "who you were, and that you were in search for the graves of British soldiers. I said to him that if he interfered with you in any way I'd see to it that Germany's bill for reparations was double and that he wouldn't be particularly popular with his own people when that happened and it came out that it was his fault. I said that the way he was behaving looked uncommonly as if he had something in this neighborhood to conceal and that if you found a single British soldier in an unsuitable grave, I'd put a fine of a million and a half marks on the city. I couldn't have done it, of course, any more than I could have doubled the reparations, but he didn't know that."

Tommy felt deeply thankful that Mrs. Heard had been kind to Allen's sister in her canteen in 1915. He was glad that he had not shrunk from discussing Soapy Simpson and Collins, who married the red-haired V. A. D., and the other members of "the old regiment." Allen could not have spoken as he did unless he had felt that Colonel Heard was a familiar friend of his.

"I say," said Allen cheerfully, "what a funny-looking bird your chauffeur is. Where did you get him?"

"Oh, just picked him up," said Tommy. "Fancy he's a Pole or a Russian." "Looks to me like a brigand," said Allen. "The sort of fellow I shouldn't care to be left alone with on a dark night if I had any money in my pocket. Well, good-by, and good luck."

Tommy shook hands with him gratefully and stepped forward toward the car.

Then an odd thing happened. The tall chauffeur left his place, opened the door of the tonneau of the car, took Janet Church by the wrist, and, quite gently, pulled her out. For the moment Janet was too much astonished to protest or resist. The man, bowing low, motioned Tommy to enter the car and take the seat beside the princess.

"I thought he was an odd-looking bird," said Allen, "and he is. Fancy his dragging Mrs. Heard about like that."

Janet, furious at being treated with a total want of respect, forgot that the man knew no German. She told him angrily that she was a representative of the League for Establishing World Peace Through the Unity of Christian Churches, and that she would sit where she chose in the car. The only effect of this speech was to astonish Allen, who understood it, and to make Tommy uncomfortable because he did not.

Fortunately Calypso kept her presence of mind and quacked out a series of orders to the chauffeur.

"It's all right," she said, "he's mistaken you for my maid. That's all." Janet took her seat again sulkily. Tommy sat down beside the chauffeur. Allen, really bewildered, waved a feeble farewell. He found it difficult to believe that any chauffeur, even a Pole, could mistake his master's wife for the maid or a secretary typist.

Two days later he wrote a letter to Collins, at the Monte Carlo chicken farm, and told him that Heard was running a regular rig about Europe with a d-d good-looking girl, who certainly wasn't Mrs. Heard, but must be pretty well off because she traveled about in a big motor with her own maid, Colonel Heard, a most respectable man, spent months contradicting that story.

CHAPTER XVI

The chauffeur, who was a Lystrian, looked like a brigand and no doubt was far from being completely civilized. But he was a good driver and competent mechanic. The car threaded its way through the traffic of the Breslau streets smoothly and evenly. When it reached the open country the speed increased to thirty-five miles an hour along a good road. Once, at about eleven a. m. something went

wrong with the engine. The tall chauffeur understood what the trouble was and set it right in two minutes.

Shortly after five o'clock, the car turned off the broad main road on which it had been traveling. The chauffeur, who seemed to know exactly where he was, drove confidently along a number of byroads which were often little better than muddy lanes. At about seven o'clock they entered a thickly wooded district. The last glimmerings of daylight faded away among the trees. The car's headlights were switched on and for a while they traveled along a moving patch of white light between two walls of impenetrable darkness. Soon after eight o'clock they reached a little village. At one end of the street stood an inn with brightly lighted windows. The party was received by a fat and obsequious innkeeper, who treated them as guests whom he had been expecting. Whether it was Count Casimir or the Lystrian chauffeur who made the arrangements for the journey, the thing was well done. An excellent warm supper was ready. On the table were set jugs of hot Tisch Wein pleasantly spiced. Tommy, at least, probably the princess, slept soundly in marvelously soft feather beds. Perhaps Janet Church slept well, too; but she ought to have lain awake tormented by her conscience. For the third time since she came to Germany she had been false to her temperance principles. But hot spiced Tisch Wein is a sleeping drink. It may have overpowered even Janet's conscience.

Next morning the party started early and drove along roads which were even worse than those of the evening before, roads with vile surfaces,



The Chauffeur Took the Rugs and Curtains From the Car and Spread Them on the Wiry Grass Which Grew Beside the Road.

sharp corners and sudden steep gradients. The chauffeur was forced to drive cautiously, but he kept up at a good pace. After a while they emerged from the woodland and Tommy saw that they were among the foothills of a range of mountains.

Stunted trees grew on the hill slopes. Now and then there were glimpses of tall mountains in front. Streams gurgled and splashed over stony courses. Houses and cottages were few and far between. The cattle which grazed in the open spaces were small and lean. At rare intervals the car slowed down to allow a peasant to coax a frightened mule past it. This plainly was a country in which motor cars were few.

Shortly after one o'clock the car stopped and the chauffeur got out. He said something to the princess and held open the door of the car.

"He wants us to get out and have lunch," said Calypso.

"Good," said Tommy. "I feel nearly starved. This sort of driving makes one furiously hungry and the Germans, though they have an excellent idea of dinner, simply don't understand breakfast at all."

"I always make it a point," said Janet, "of carrying some malted milk lozenges in my pocket."

That is the sort of thing I should expect of Janet. I have never to my knowledge seen a malted milk lozenge. I have certainly never tasted one. But I have a feeling they are insipid and slightly sickening.

The chauffeur took the rugs and cushions from the car and spread them on the wiry grass which grew upon the rocks beside the road. He made a kind of throne for Calypso, much, I suppose, as the Israelitish captains did for Jehu with their garments. Then, when she sat down, he bowed before her three times, so low that

his forehead touched the ground. After that he kissed the toes of each of her shoes. Calypso received the homage with dignity.

Tommy was invited to sit down on an inferior throne and was only given one bow. Janet was left to settle herself as best she could on a single rug laid flat on the ground. The chauffeur did not bow to her at all, and though her feet stuck out when she sat down, he made no attempt to kiss them.

The chauffeur brought luncheon baskets from the car. The meal was excellent. The wine, there were two bottles of a red wine new to Tommy, was very good. There were knives, silver forks beautifully polished, fine china plates and napkins. At last came coffee, hot from a large thermos flask. The chauffeur was evidently by no means such a savage as he looked. Tommy enjoyed his luncheon thoroughly, all the more because Calypso talked to him amiably and pleasantly while they were eating it. She was by that time exceedingly tired of Janet, who had been discussing the plans of the society for establishing world peace ever since they left Breslau. Tommy might be—she only half believed he was—an unscrupulous betrayer of innocent maidens, like Miss Temple and herself. But even a Lystrian is a pleasant change after hours of Janet Church.

After luncheon the chauffeur made a long speech to the princess. He spoke earnestly and pointed forward along the road with outstretched hand. "He tells me," said Calypso, "that we are quite near the German frontier post. We'll reach it in another twenty minutes and of course there'll be an examination of our passports." "I hope it'll be all right," said Tommy. "We passed the man at Breslau, thanks to Allen. I dare say these people won't stop us."

"A few yards beyond the German post," said the princess, "we'll come to the Megalian frontier guards. They'll want our passports, too."

"Well," said Tommy, "the passports are all right in themselves, properly fixed up with diplomatic visas and all that. No one ought to object to them."

"Let me look at them," said Janet. Tommy took them from his pocket and Janet examined them carefully.

"We don't any of us look much like the photos," she said. "You," she looked at Tommy, "ought to have a mustache."

"A man might shave off his mustache," said Tommy. "Lots of fellows do, quite suddenly, without telling the Foreign office or asking for new passports."

"And Miss—looks a great many years younger than I am," said Janet. "Let me look," said Calypso. She studied the photographs of the two ladies. "It seems to me," she said at last, "that I'd better be Miss Gisborne."

"But then," said Janet, "I should have to be Mrs. Heard. That is to say," she looked fiercely at Tommy as she spoke, "your wife."

"Only quite temporarily," said Calypso.

"Well, I won't," said Janet. "One of you has got to be," said Tommy, "and we'd better decide which before we get there, in case we're asked, and very likely we shall be asked."

"I can't possibly say I'm his wife," said Calypso to Janet.

"Why not?" said Janet. "He's going to marry you, isn't he?"

"He's going to marry Miss Temple," said Calypso.

"No, I'm not," said Tommy. "If you'd only allow me to explain—"

But Calypso having remembered Miss Temple's pathetic appeal to her, was not going to listen to anything Tommy had to say.

"You must," she said to Janet.

"No, I won't," said Janet.

"One of you will have to," said Tommy, "or else we'll certainly be stopped and probably be arrested."

"I won't," said Janet doggedly.

"I promise faithfully," said Tommy, "that I won't take any advantage of the position."

Calypso, I am sorry to say, giggled. It was a vulgar thing to do and she checked herself immediately. Janet became very angry. Tommy got red and stumbled on.

"I mean, that I won't hold your hand or—kiss you, or anything like that."

The princess went beyond giggling. She laughed aloud.

"You appear to forget," said Janet, "that I am a Scotswoman."

"I don't see how that can make any difference," said Tommy.

"According to the Scotch law," said Janet, "if I say that you're my husband, and you say that I am your wife in the presence of witnesses, then we are married."

"Is that really the law?" said Calypso. "How dreadful it must be for actors and actresses on the stage with lots and lots of witnesses listening." "It's Scotch law," said Janet.

"But we're not in Scotland," said Tommy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

In Ancient Oxford

There is, perhaps, no more interesting place in the whole world than Oxford, the ancient English university town. Any one who likes quaint old things can agreeably spend weeks there. Oxford university is not a single institution like practically all American schools, but a group of 26 separate colleges, all linked together in a sort of league. The oldest one, Balliol, was founded away back about 1260. The buildings of Christ Church college are the largest and most imposing of the lot. Many of the stone steps of these old Oxford buildings have been worn nearly through by the footsteps of succeeding generations of students and have had to be replaced.

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Mrs. Ackerman and Mrs. Mayer Tell Women How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Them at This Trying Period



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it, and before she had taken one bottle she said to me, 'You won't have to pay for it! It is helping me wonderfully!' And she took three bottles of it. You can use my testimony if you wish."—Mrs. ELSIE ACKERMAN, Convey, Ohio.

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Evidently Had Not Absorbed "Business"

A story is being told of the engagement of an additional chorus man for the musical production, "Rose Marie," at Drury Lane theater.

The male chorus in the show are mainly mounted police and frontiersmen, for the action of "Rose Marie" takes place in northwest Canada.

Out of the two hundred applicants for the position one was selected because of his excellent voice. He was duly brought before the "powers that be," and promptly turned down as looking "nothing like the part."

The producer was keen to have him and made inquiries as to his previous stage experience. Imagine his surprise when the man replied, "I haven't done much acting lately—I've spent my last five years in the Canadian Northwest Mounted police!"—Vancouver Province.

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Spanish Grandee Well Loaded With Titles

The duke of Alba is a duke by four other titles than Alba. He is a marquis by ten titles attached to as many landed estates. He is the twenty-fourth count of Lemos—that title goes back beyond the year 1000—and he is count 13 times elsewhere. And he is hereditary constable of Navarre, once a kingdom not to be sneezed at. The duke's father, from whom he inherited all this nobility, died in New York 24 years ago.

This does not end the mixed and marvelous blood boiling in the veins of this grandee who turns to the people. His family name is Fitz-James and he is tenth duke of Berwick in Scotland, which means he is descended straight from James the Second, the last of the Stuart kings of England. And it also means he is a descendant of Mary Queen of Scots.

A Vanishing Art

With the death of Horatio Amos, one of the last survivors of the old Pequot Indians at Mashpee, the art of making the Cape Cod type of aboriginal "back basket" from white oak splints is another step nearer vanishing.

Marriage soon cures a man of the flattery habit.

Might Be Construed as "Gentle Hint"

Little Francis Irwin, film prodigy, is very partial to ice cream cones and discovered that the way to get them was to speak up on any and all occasions.

His parents often reproved him and finally, with the threat of a spanking hanging over his head, little Francis lapsed into silence.

A few days later the company went on location. Francis said not a word and when the car hesitated while the driver tried to ascertain which street to take, one of the party asked the child if he were getting sleepy. "Oh, no," said Francis, "I was just wondering if you were looking for a drug store."

Quick Safe Relief CORNS Dr Scholl's Zino-pads Put one on—the pain is gone

Reckless Motorists Practically every day last year a Long Island railroad crossing gate was broken by a motorist, who crashed through after the gates had been lowered, according to the statistics of the railroad company. The same average of one broken gate a day is continuing this year.

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OUR Kibby Sleeper Emits Noises That Annoy writer in the weekly bulletin of Chicago department of health, that snoring seems to be particularly a human attribute, and says there is little in medical literature relating to it. He says snoring is to vibration of the soft palate uvula, produced by deep inspiration and expiration through the nose open mouth. he sleeper, if normal, sleeps with mouth closed, breathing naturally through the nostrils, which prevents vibration of the loose tissues of throat. Snoring, as a rule, indicates a disturbance of the breath apparatus, especially obstruction of the nose, that prevents the sleeper in keeping the mouth closed. children, the writer says, snoring is commonly an indication of enlarged adenoids and tonsils.

Why Burroughs Was Happy am in love with this world; by constitution I have nestled lovingly in it. It has been home. It has been my point of outlook into the future. I have not bruised myself that it, nor tried to use it ignobly. I have filled its soil, I have gathered harvests, I have waited upon its gods, and always have I reaped that I have sown. While I delved I not lose sight of the sky overhead. While I gathered its bread and meat for my body, I did not neglect to gather its bread and meat for my throat. I have climbed its mountains, I have sailed its waters, I have crossed its deserts, felt the sting of frosts, the oppression of its heats, always have beauty and joy lit upon my goings and comings. John Burroughs, Naturalist.

Why Rosin in Paper Rosin is used in the manufacture of paper to make it "water resistant" so that it will be resistant to writing ink. This purpose common rosin is mixed with soda, a rosin soap being used which is a combination of sodium rosinate and free rosin and which is soluble in water. This material is added to the paper stock in the form of a dilute solution in water. Aluminum sulphate is then added to the paper stock, this precipitating the rosin very finely divided form, the precipitate consisting of a mixture of aluminum rosinate and free rosin which, when the paper sheet is dried, forms a water-proof film over the paper.

Why Sounds Vary Syllables ending in "ng" are the most difficult for human ears to grasp. Those with "a," "w," and "y" are the easiest. These conclusions have been reached through scientific investigations, says Popular Science Monthly. In tests that a large audience in an acoustical auditorium, only 48 per cent could distinguish sounds such as "tng" and "ng," while from 90 to 100 per cent are right on sounds like "wis" and "oz." The sounds "d," "b" and "th" made a poor score.

Why Shadows Form A shadow is formed when rays of light are obstructed by an opaque body. Rays of light radiate in straight lines in all directions. As a man approaches a street lamp the light shines on his face, and therefore his body casts a shadow behind. In passing the lamp the shadow naturally moves with the man, so that when he is in front of a lamp the rays of light strike his back, and therefore cause the shadow to fall before him.

Hone Collection During a recent rainy Sunday a devoted member of the Motor club, who was attending church over his radio, inadvertently leaned forward and dropped a coin in his hat when the minister broadcast "Let Your Light Shine."—The Road.

Justice Great Virtue As to be perfectly just is an attribute of the divine nature, to be so to utmost of our abilities is the glory of man.—Addison.

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