

# I, THE KING

By WAYLAND WELLS WILLIAMS.

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(Continued from Yesterday.)

"I like it," he informed himself. "I like the China shops and the musty churches and the department-store houses and the naked kids and the Filipino laborers with their funny peaked hats. But gee! I really believe I like my own life. It's not so bad here. It may be the idealism of youth, but really it would seem that we'd achieved something beneficial and unselfish. That honest sea and the naval base and cooling stations and trade can't be said to outbalance what we've given in peace, health, education and prosperity, or what we've spent in men and cash to give these. If this is imperialism, you can call me an imperialist."

He took trips down the Bay, to Los Banos, to Pagsanjan, to the Taal volcano, and wished he were free to go further afield, to the Mountain Province or the Southern Islands, and see for himself the Moros, those Orange-men of the Philippines, to cut his way with a bolo through primeval jungle and shoot exotic animals. But it wasn't to be. Just as the moon-son rains broke and the heat became clammy he was assigned for duty to the Nashua, a superannuated cruiser of some 3,000 tons burden. Two days after he joined she steamed down the bay one night in the teeth of a hot wet wind, and Manila was a memory.

II.

He had rather hoped to be sent on gunboat duty in China, to poke his nose a thousand miles up an ancient river and see at close quarters the most numerous of the world's families. But this would show him something equally interesting, a European society and industrial activity. A German island, German for thirty years and an object of interest to the owners for hardly more than can a treasure of phosphates, the latest and most astonishing prize of the Pacific, it had been wrested from German control in the first year of the war by the British. The Germans had put up a strong and not ungallant resistance; they had, when the warship left, hauled down the Union Jack and packed the British garrison off to Ocean Island. Now the Germans were interned in Australia, and the British were quarrying and shipping their precious phosphates unhampered.

It was odd to see such a well-developed and obviously profitable business flourishing in the dreary South. Chinese coolies cut the phosphate slabs in the quarries and carried them out on their backs; they were loaded on narrow-gauge railways, carried to the shore and transferred to the steamers by the most primitive means. There was no harbor, but a landing for persons coming on or off the island had to run the gauntlet of the eternal surf on the reef in open boats. These were manned by continually shouting Kanakas of some thirty shades and yellows, others brown and negro-looking. Kit loved to watch them; they were so boisterous, so cheery, so willing and in the long run so effective. And all the time on the green plateau above the Englishmen lived with families exactly as they might live in Winkleson Common, entertaining each other at dinner, playing bridge and getting up Red Cross festivities.

Of all this he had only one short tantalizing glimpse, for they stayed less than thirty-six hours. He wanted to join the bridge parties in the neat coral houses in the neat coral-patched gardens, to learn the Nauruan lingo, to talk with the Resident about imperialism, that queer spontaneous game of Getting Together in odd corners of the world. But juniors did not do that sort of thing. Besides, the Captain was busy with the Resident. He had called, for coal. The accounts one heard of the interview were diverting; the most popular was that the Resident had said that there was no coal to spare, but he would wireless for a collier from Sydney, if desired. To which, it was reported, the Captain replied: "Oh no, don't bother; I just thought I might pick up some. I don't really need it, you know," and the Resident replied: "What did you think this was, Pittsburgh?"—almost certain fiction, but entertaining.

And it caused the junior officers, Kit with the rest, to turn questioning eyes on the Captain. He was a Commander by rank and Hubert C. Both by name; a man in his early fifties with iron-colored hair, a taciturn disposition and a roving eye. It began to be wondered if he were "quite all there." They might or might not be pursuing a mythical German raider, and it was quite in order that junior officers should not know what was on foot; but the impression most of them got was that he was using the Nashua a good deal like a yacht. No one really knew him; no one knew if he were playing a little game with them or not; one was quite sure that he was the man to conduct whatever little game the ruling spirits of the Asiatic Fleet had in mind.

Kit, for one, never knew.

On and on they plowed, facing the sunrise, amid daisy spouts of rain and the ubiquitous odor of the open sea, so different from the familiar "salt" air of tidal marshes and the same here as anywhere, except that

## New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, Oct. 24.—For five years he has lived in the shadow of the death house at Sing Sing. The other day he walked out free. What little is left of his crumpled life is to be centered on his wife, who stood steadily by him during the desolate travail.

I never realized before how gray prison walls break a man's spirit. In other days our paths crossed. Then he was a gay carefree fellow whose career stretched before him promisingly. He was vibrant and alive with the flush of youth. There was a spring to his step.

And I called on him in a shabby rooming house on St. Nicholas avenue. It seemed to me only the ashes remained. He spoke in a voice a shade above a whisper. His attitude was one of pathetic serenity. His fingers had shrunk to bird-like claws.

There is a quotation from Burns which reads: "In durance vile here must I wake and weep, And all my frowny couch in sorrow steep."

His occasional efforts to smile were wisps of lugubrious grins. Free, he feared to go out on the streets. At dusk I persuaded him to take a stroll. A full moon was flooding the streets. Not once did he look up.

I tried to tell him he must get a grip on himself. He owed much to his wife. "I'm completely beaten," he said. And with a shudder: "I'm afraid." This man in an impulsive burst of anger had struck a friend and killed him. Drink was largely responsible.

Society had exacted its price. Yet somehow I could not help but feel that this fellow might have been spared the bitterness that is his. At his door, he said: "You've been kind, but it's no use. My life is as much over as though I were dead."

Next to the skyline the most colorful picture New York presents is Fifth avenue shop windows. Not another street presents such kaleidoscopic contrasts—painting, sculpture, jewelry, bronzes, antiques, pet dogs of 40 varieties, pop-eyed goldfish with tails three times as long as their bodies, the styles of famous designers, fine bindings, first editions, old silver, stamps, coins, hour glasses, and even the jinkle jumble of the five and 10.

Old Dan the Telescope Man, a bit of professional gold turned to dross, had the surprise of his life while showing the stars at 5 cents per peep in Bryan park the other night. A man came up to behold the heavenly wonders. He presented a bill. Old Dan fumbled for change. "Keep it, Pop," said the patron. It was a brand new hundred dollar bill. And Dan had not been seen at his stand since. But the patron is there nightly looking for him. He thought it was a dollar.

Harry Kemp, the tramp poet, calls his home in the village "The Oaks" because there is not an oak within a mile of it. In his neighborhood is Frank Shay's bookshop. Mary Vorse, the writer, lives nearby; so does Susan Glaspell, the playwright. It is a quiet section with a poet at every door, writing, and an artist at every spot left in New York with a general store and it is around the corner from Kemp's menage. There are cracker barrels where the Bohemians sit and spin tales of hopes and ambitions. Kemp's wife, a slight red-haired girl, is writing her first novel. Whatever may be said of the village, it is rich and deep with color.

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Instead of calling at Ocean Island for coal, as was generally expected, they sailed on southeastward. Intelligent juniors glanced at the chart and said "Samoa, of course—Pago-pago." Some said Suva. It mattered not in the least what they said, either as regarded Captain Roth or the progress of the ship. Presently they veered east northeast, and the ward-room had it that they were going to Honolulu—to be scrapped, most likely. Kit did not mind. He liked Honolulu, and it would certainly be pleasanter to be scrapped neatly, in port, than by the wild sea waves.

IV.

One morning he came on deck after a nap following a night watch and found they were at anchor in a glittering gray sea, with a bright permanent gleam a mile or so off the port bow. A reef. The possibility of target practice was suggested, but they had laid to, it appeared, in order to do something technical to the engines. Only the engineers understood and they were intentionally elusive about it. The morning was idled away. At noon Kit saw two of the senior officers vainly trying to make an observation through the cloud film.

At lunch the Captain—all the officers messed in the wardroom—announced that sounding parties would be sent out. Again target practice occurred to every one, soundings for a raft mooring. But, no; the Captain merely wanted to find out where they were. Cloudy weather had forced them to run on dead reckoning for a week past; they were near a reef, but it was not clear which of two or three. Soundings, giving the configuration, would establish their whereabouts exactly.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

Bee Want Ads Produce Results.

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THE NEBB'S

EMMA, MR. NEBB AND I ARE GOING OUT TONIGHT - SEE THAT JUNIOR GETS TO BED BY NINE O'CLOCK

I'LL PUT HIM TO BED AND TELL HIM STORIES

JUST A MINUTE, RUDY, DON'T TAKE OFF YOUR SHOES - ERNIE WOOD HAS INVITED US TO THE AMALFI GARDENS TO DANCE AND A MIDNIGHT LUNCHEON - THIS IS GOING TO BE A LOVELY AFFAIR AND IT GIVES US A PEEP INTO NICE SOCIETY

WHAT DO YOU MEAN "PEEP"? I WANT TO SLEEP AT NIGHT AND LOOK IN THE DAY TIME! WHO'S LOOKING FOR PEEPS?

I WAS SATISFIED TO STAY HOME WHILE WE WERE STRUGGLING ALONG BUT NOW THAT WE ARE GOING TO LIVE - DANCE - LISTEN TO MUSIC - THE ONLY MUSIC I'VE HEARD FOR THE LAST 20 YEARS AFTER TEN O'CLOCK IS YOUR SNORING

WHEN SHE WAS DOING HER OWN HOUSEWORK SHE WAS SO TIRED AT NIGHT THAT WHEN SHE WENT TO A PICTURE SHOW SHE FELT ASLEEP - NOW THAT SHE HAVEN'T ANYTHING TO DO I SUPPOSE SHE'LL SIT AROUND FOR TEN HOURS A DAY - WHILE I'M WORKING - PLANNING WHERE TO DRAG ME TO AFTER SUPPER - I CAN SEE RIGHT NOW THOSE SLIPPERS SHE BOUGHT FOR MY BIRTHDAY ARE GOING TO LAST FOREVER

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THE PENALTY OF RICHES.

AND THAT YOUNGSTER OF HIS - SAY THE THREE OF YOU WILL HAVE THE TIME OF YOUR LIVES - NOW DON'T FORGET TO WRITE AND TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK OF "SPIKE"

I WANT TO SEND A CABLEGRAM TO "SPIKE" HUNT IN LONDON - TELL HIM TO SHOOT ME PASSAGE MONEY OVER TO EUROPE AND GIVE MY REGARDS TO HIS KID - SEND IT COLLECT - I'LL STICK AROUND FOR AN ANSWER

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck (Copyright 1924)

## Barney Google and Spark Plug

YEH, I HAD PLANNED ON GOING TO EUROPE WITH SPARKY BUT I GOTTA GET THE PASSAGE DOUGH FIRST - I'VE BEEN HAVING SOME TOUGH BREAKS LATELY. PHIL

OH, DON'T WORRY, YOU'LL GET OVER AND WHEN YOU DO I WANT YOU TO LOOK UP MY OLD PAL "SPIKE" HUNT

"SPIKE" IS ONE IN A MILLION, BARNEY, HE'LL SHOW YOU THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE - HE'S AS LOOSE WITH HIS DOUGH AS A 1914 FLIVVER - WON'T LET YOU SPEND A DIME! SAY, YOU AND HE ARE GOING TO GET ALONG LIKE TWO BIRDS ON A BRANCH - GOSH, HE'S GONNA BE GLAD TO SEE YOU.

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## BRINGING UP FATHER

BY GOLLY - I WAITED IN FRONT OF DUGAN'S HOUSE ALL NIGHT BUT HE NEVER CAME HOME

GEE! I WISH I COULD FIND HIM SO AS TO CALL THE DET OFF

IT'S A GOOD THING MAGGIE IS OUT OF TOWN, I KIN SLEEP ALL DAY, THAT WILL HELP ME FORGIT ABOUT SMOKIN'

DEG PARDON SIR, BUT IT'S FOUR IN THE AFTERNOON SIR, ARE YOU GOING TO GET UP SIR?

UH-HUH, ANY THING NEW, JAMES?

YES SIR, THERE WAS A MAN HERE THREE TIMES TO SEE YOU HE SAID HIS NAME WAS DUGAN I TOLD HIM YOU WERE OUT OF TOWN

Registered U. S. Patent Office SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

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## JERRY ON THE JOB

IS THAT YOUR AD? SLIGHTLY USED CAR FOR SALE - OWNER LEAVING TOWN? ???

YES - BUT I CAN'T LEAVE TOWN UNTIL I GET SOME DOUGH - I WISH YOU'D SHOW THE OLD CAB TO ANNOUVE THAT ANSWERS THE AD

I'LL SHOW EM SOME SALESMANSHIP THAT'LL MAKE HENRY FORD LOOK LIKE A NEWSBOY WITH A SORE THROAT

AH - HERE IS COMING THE FIRST CUSTOMER

THERE SHE IS SIR - AS FINE A PLEASURE CAR AS EVER WAS PRONED

WHAT WOULD I DO WITH A PLEASURE CAR IF I WANTED TO TAKE THE WIFE OUT RIDING?

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## WE SALESMAN IS STOPPED

WILL EVERYBODY KINDLY SIT STILL AND LOOK PLEASANT, WHILE WE TAKE A FLASHLIGHT OF THIS AFFAIR!!

GOSH, THE WAY YOU RUSHED TO THE FRONT HERE, YOU WOULD IMAGINE YOU WERE GOING TO BUY A HUNDRED OF THESE PICTURES!!

I'M NOT GOING TO EVEN BUY ONE OF THEM - I'M THROUGH BUYING THESE THINGS!!

SO YOU'RE THROUGH BUYING THEM, HA?

YES, BUT NOT POSING - WHY SHOULDN'T I STILL LOOK GOOD ON SOME BODY ELSE'S PICTURE??

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hobar (Copyright 1924)

## The Golf Conversation as It Never Will Be

I PLAYED A GOOD GAME OF GOLF TODAY FRED - LIKE TO HEAR ABOUT IT?

YES INDEED TELL ME SOME OF THE FEATURES OF IT WONT YOU?

WELL SIR - I GOT A THREE ON THE EIGHTH

YOU DON'T MEAN IT HORACE!

I HAD A WHALE OF A DRIVE CLEAR DOWN TO THAT BIG TREE

GEE - E - E WHIZ! HORACE!

YEP - THEN I TOOK A NIBKLA SEE AND I WHALED BANG RIGHT INTO IT SEE

YES YES GO ON

AND IT PLOPPED RIGHT ON THAT NEW GREEN THAT BOB WHITE HAS JUST FINISHED SEE -

GOSH! THIS IS INTERESTING - PROCEED HORACE

THE BALL STOPPED THAT FAR FROM THE CUP - AND YOU KNOW THE REST

WOW! I'D LIKE TO HAVE SEEN THAT! YOU MUST RELATE IT TO ME AGAIN SOME DAY

Drawn by Briggs

## ABIE THE AGENT

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

Appearances Is Appearances.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

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