

I, THE KING

By WAYLAND WELLS WILLIAMS.
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(Continued from Yesterday.)

But there was one document, the Murder Law, his first legislative achievement, whose signature he hated to alter. He had signed it, "I, the King," reminiscent of the Spanish mode. There was to him a curiously haunting quality to that. It was the sort of thing that only a very grand person could write, yet oddly enough it also seemed the sort of thing that every one could, even should, sign himself on occasion. A human being was monarch of his own secret kingdom; he was responsible, inalienably, regardless of outward circumstance. If every man, in making the major decisions of his life, were to face this power and responsibility frankly, he could not but increase in strength and clear-sightedness. If every woman about to take the fatal step were to make out a mental order of self-exile and sign it "I, the Queen," the adulterous front of the door would hang less often. It would be a death-blow to modern English drama, but the world might be a better place. . . . So that signature stood.

The matter of dress suggested another swanky act of self-recognition. He soon discarded his uniform and went about in a native be and pig-skin slippers, with the addition of a native hat, broad and floppy, to wear to the door. There was nothing else to do. But one day as he walked down to the manila for a Council, full of the cares and holy gride of state and indistinguishable, save for the lightness of his skin, from the poorest of his subjects, he suddenly decided it wouldn't do. He should wear some distinguishing dress on formal occasions.

"I ought to have a Crown," he reflected, "and not only a Crown, but a Robe. By George, I will, too!" The Nairavans wore no head dress except flower and straw hats, so he could take no model from them. After long cogitation he bethought himself of the white shiny tapa cloth which the natives of Tenuqu beat out of the fiber of the mulberry. He had a cap made of the finest of this material obtainable, and surrounded it with a row of spikes cut from pearly oyster shell that the islanders were wont to use for fish hooks. From the tapa he also had a robe made, loose-sleeved, reaching to midway between knee and ankle. He also discovered that the natives could make a pur-

New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. McINTYRE

New York, Nov. 11.—Gotham now has three tabloid newspapers—the Daily News owned by the Chicago Tribune, the Daily Mirror owned by W. R. Hearst and the Daily Graphic owned by Bernard McFadden. Each is patterned after the London Daily Mirror which made a fortune for Lord Northcliffe.

Three newspapers have started since Munsey began his merging campaign. The Daily Mirror, The Graphic and The Bulletin, a full-sized journal. The tabloid newspaper is particularly adaptable to New York. Its success elsewhere has not been marked.

It offers hurrying straphangers a fleeting glance at the news. The greatest sale is among the foreign-born on the East Side who are able to digest the news without the laborious process of reading. The captions are simple and direct.

The picture newspaper has been a boon to photographers. Skilled camera clickers are making as high as \$300 a week, a much higher wage than is paid the reporter. They must be daring and risk their lives in many instances to snap the unusual scene.

Some unusual beats have been scored by cameramen who happened to be on the ground. One snapped a wife plunging a knife into her husband's breast. Another snapped the body of a suicide hurtling from a tall building.

Still another was tipped off on a prohibition raid in a cabaret. With the connivance of an employe he had his camera hid behind a curtain. When the officers descended he touched off the flashlight and the excited group was first-paged the next morning.

Especially enough the popularity of the tabloid has not cut into the circulation of the regular sized newspapers. Buyers take the favorite newspaper—and the tabloid extra. Along Broadway the tabloid idea is popular with chorus girls and the sporting fraternity.

Reginald Vanderbilt, round faced, pink checked and habited in a dazzling striped shirt, stepped into a barber shop I frequent. Of all the waiting patrons he needed a barber's ministrations most. I assume this is one of the joys of great wealth. You just don't have to care.

There was a fellow next to me that must have felt silly although he didn't look it. His barber was curling up a long forelock in curling papers and then applying blasts of hot air. There were a few amused smiles but no doubt a searcher for truth would find he kills wild boars in Africa with his bare hands. One of the most intrepid of Arctic explorers has his hair frizzed.

My barber, by the way, lives 5-miles from Coney Island and his leisure hours are spent in surf bathing. His complexion is seared the tan of the autumn leaf. Somehow he gives one the impression of one of the glamorous pirates in the paces of a Mayor or Stevenson. His shoulders are wide and his hair raven black. He suggests swift forays in the dark, hand-to-hand struggles, with parrots shouting, "Pieces of eight," and hoarse seadogs sinking violent chanteys. Yet he is the mildest mannered of men. He has confided that some day he wants to quit barbering and become an aesthetic dancer. If I ever see him clad in a cheese cloth Grecian robe leaping for imaginary butterflies I'm going to bust right out crying. Too many of my illusions have cracked already.

This barber told me a good story—although it may be an old one. Most of those I tell are. But don't stop me if you've heard it. A little girl awakened in the early hours of the morning and said: "Tell me a story, please."

"Hush! dear," said the mother. "Daddy will be home and he'll tell us both."

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plish dye out of a certain shellfish (Tyrian purple, who fished the murex up, that porridge had John Keats?); it was a light, rather dull color, but not unpleasant, and he had a border of this put round the robe. While he about it he had a flag made and had two purple stripes put on it, running lengthwise. In about the position of the yellow stripes on the Spanish flag. This was hoisted in front of manila during Council sessions, and the King presided robed and crowned.

When he brought him the completed garments he put them on and stood regarding himself in the one cracked mirror in the Residenz, patriotically anxious not to find the effect ridiculous. It could not be called wholly majestic; he had a scruffy beard and the hair grew long over his ears. And the garments—well, they did not remind him of King George's coronation regalia.

"I look like nothing so much as the White Queen on a chessboard," he told himself, rather broken and dirty and in imminent danger of being taken by a black pawn. I'm glad Jack can't see me now—gosh, how he'd laugh! I'm afraid it's carrying the thing a bit too far. If I can't do better than this perhaps it would be more dignified to do nothing at all. . . .

"No, the crown fits the kingdom—and the king, I'll wear it."

One thing Altaki had tried to be particularly firm about with particular lack of success, and that was the wrongness of ruolos. He had been taught by missionaries in Samoa that all dancing was wicked, per se, and it worried him incessantly that the Nairavans had indulged in the practice unchecked since the Germans' departure. Kit heard him in pained amazement; he did not blame the man so much as his teachers. It was all very well to stop obscene performances, but he had seen none that were in the least so. That this original and exquisite art, the highest product of South Sea civilization, should be killed by the puritan snobbery of an "enlightened" race was a little too much.

"No," he told Altaki, "the ruolos will go on. If I see anything of color I'll stop it, I promise you that much. But they'll go on as before, while I'm here—and if I have anything to do with it they'll go on after I leave, too."

And they went on, regularly during full moons and at times of fete. Kit was attending; he went over to see these on Pengu, which was slightly different; he suggested new stories and sagas. He actually saw the rude Nairavans act out, after their manner, the story of "Hamlet," and his amazement found it a popular here as elsewhere. The eternal discrepancy between human aim and human accomplishment—no human being could be dead to the poignancy of that tragedy. Many of the natives wept over it, and Kit's own eyes were moist.—But he thought, on reflection, that he might justly claim to have been a little more effective than Hamlet.

He thought a great deal about the nature and state of a king, and wrote interminally of it in his diary. "There is something," he set down in September, "about this king business. The words occur in every language I know anything of, and its meaning is always the same and unmistakable. If an absolute and hereditary office begins with another title, that title takes on the meaning of king—e.g., emperor, czar. In its essence it's simply a business arrangement; people want a leader in war, and executive in peace. And yet essentially there would seem to be something divine in the idea, too."

"I suppose it's because it's so deucedly hard for a man to rule even himself. When he rules, or undertakes to rule, others as well, he takes on the nature of a superhero. And sometimes I feel some such uncanny suggestion in myself. Not that I feel myself better than any one else—but I sometimes get a sort of belief in divine guidance. I mean so much and so well; the human machinery is so miserably insufficient; there must be something beyond to direct and sustain me. Even if the incumbent is unworthy, the office deserves and demands it."

"There's something awful, erased awe-inspiring in responsibility over other people. The greatness of the need; the paucity of the power. . . . I really believe the guiding motive is service. All great rulers have served. I get along best by fixing my mind on that and forgetting everything else. That sounds like Y. M. C. A. meeting—I can't help it—the language is poor."

Under another date: "These people can't get it into their heads why the President of the U. S. is not king. If he isn't 'keens' he can't amount to much, they think. Isn't he a good

man? He is, I allow. But in our country they elect the ruler for four years only, and—Then, why isn't he king for four years? Their idea of him is a sort of faintest, without power or even the name, a pitiable creature. And this although the idea of electing a ruler is perfectly familiar to them, and although they in-

vest their king with no special shtenia. I don't understand this. Their notion of government is a sort of hazy tangle between monarchy and democracy. . . .

"But are the two so unreconcilable? There's England. There, as in Nairava, the king reigns and in a sense rules, but the Old Men govern."

Under another date: "The Council pass my Abortion and Infanticide Bill today; at least, after three weeks' bickering. It's a big change for them, to declare things illegal that always have been legal, and I wonder if I ought to have done it. We haven't decided on the penalties yet—it's hard to fix up anything less than capital

punishment. But I've been walking on air all the afternoon. . . .

"It's right, I know it's right, and I've put it over. It's a matter of taste, I suppose, the pleasure such things give me. If I had another type of mind I suppose I'd be keen on manufactures or trade or natural history or something. My line is

something else—establishing right thinking and acting, one might call it. And the feeling it gives me, to put something over in that line—it's like nothing else. It's so extraordinary. What is a person of my age and experience expected to know—what can he know, about such things as abortion? Why, at home it would

be thought not quite nice for me to know much about it. And yet I've come to grips with it, I've made a law about it, and the law goes. It's grotesque—but the feeling it gives me. . . .

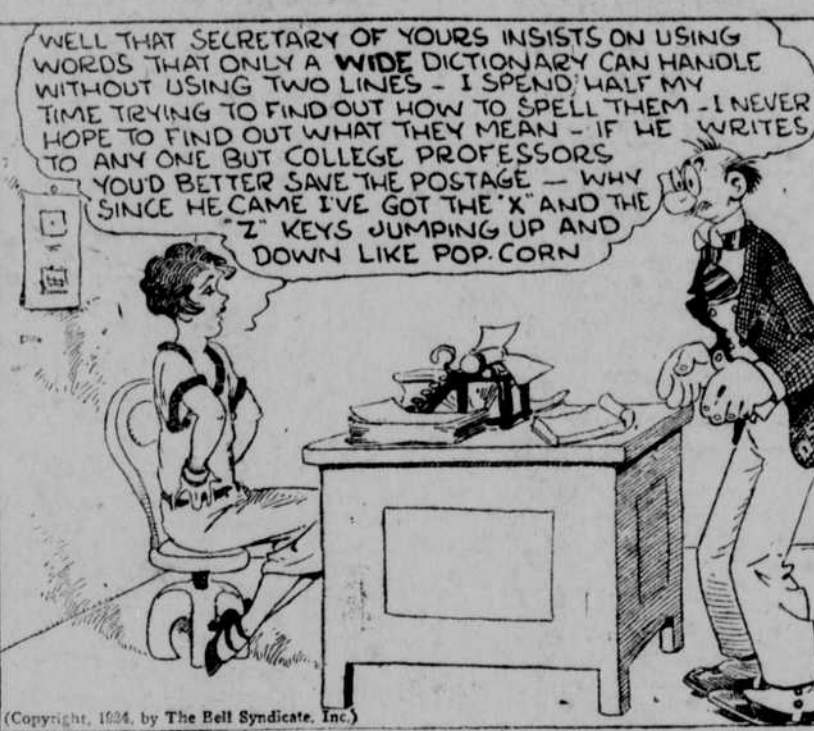
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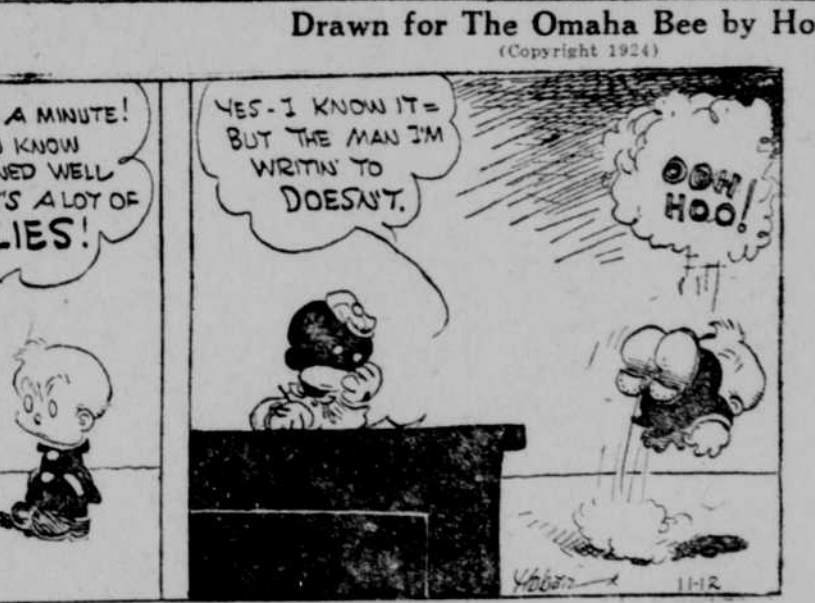
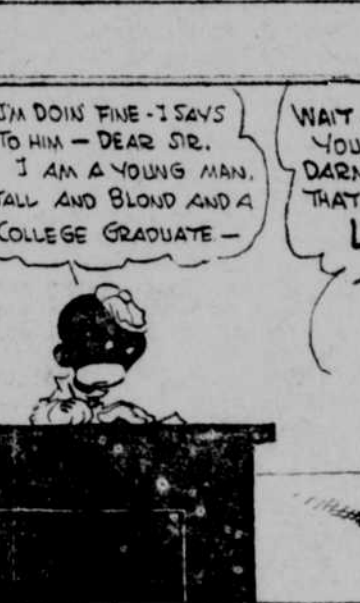
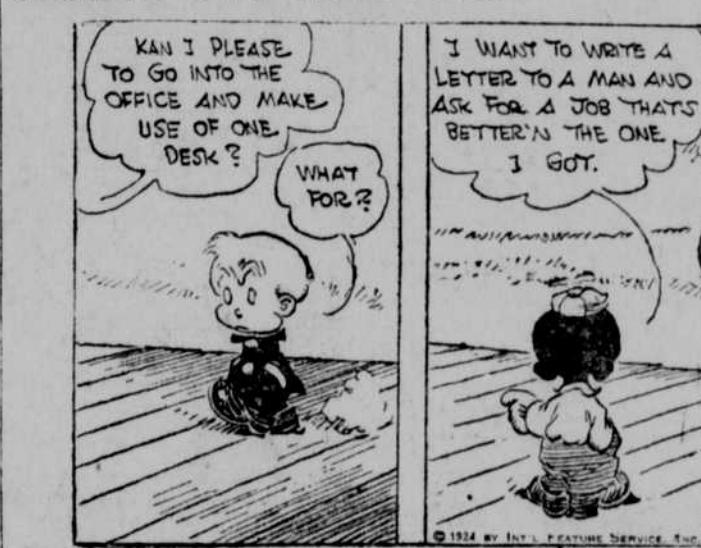
BRINGING UP FATHER

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



Second Honeymoons

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