

I, THE KING
By WAYLAND WELLS WILLIAMS.
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(Continued from Yesterday.)
So this was love.
He broke off with what he had been writing and put down his thoughts as they came:
"The most striking thing about love is the complete failure of fulfillment to fulfill. I see now what expert lovers, Frenchmen chiefly, see in the game. Not the unmentioned ecstasies of the bedroom—when they can be had for five francs!—it's a thing of wits, humor, imagination, numberless and exquisitely varied combinations of character and circumstance."
"Hyperion to a satyr!" To a person with a mind what can the glugging of a sense mean? The real, the surviving things in people—their souls—don't communicate through that one animal sense. How then? By simple speech, looks, movements of a hand—things you might exchange with a clerk over a ribbon counter. "Virgins may take heart. What they miss is nothing, in mere voluptuous pleasure, to the sensations of sleeping and waking. If they miss the other thing, the soul thing, that's a different matter, but for the life of the spirit, things mental are little enough, even with that; without it, simply nothing."
"But I suppose no one can believe that without finding content by the spirit?" "Certainly I didn't. And yet I might have known. Things spiritual are of the spirit, things mental are of the mind. What is the rest but (as Jack said) mere biography?"

III.
Tenguli worried his sovereign. His relations with the island were necessarily lonelier than those with the atoll. It was not that he feared disaffection; Oongus was amenable and the people orderly. It was the lack of a sound and permanent basis of native intercourse that bothered him.
He supposed that a really clever person could have brought about a profitable trade, for the life of him he could not see how. The trouble was that the advantages were all on one side. Tenguli's. It produced many things that the atoll did not, and the atoll had nothing to offer in the way of manufactures that the

New York
-Day by Day-

By O. O. MONTYRE.
New York, Nov. 13.—Thoughts while strolling around New York: The clatter of Brooklyn bridge. A prison wagon going to the Tomb. Huge pretzels strung on sticks. Old men wanted to crack nuts—six cents an hour. The World come needs gilding.
Doc Perry's famous drug store. Newsies dozing between editions. There might be a future president among them. Soon time for the orange drink stands to close. And real winter around the corner. Pipe and good book?
The polygot shops of Park Row. A gold fish doctor. Bowery chaperones \$1 an hour. Most of them reform drunks. A school of magic. All the clerks old men in skull caps. The smell of corn pone. Warm puppy! Bowery youths in nobby colligats clot at the corner.
Noon day street preachers in Chatham Square. And slant-eyed Chinese children listening with curious expression. An ear splitting wall of grief in a funeral parlor. Breakfast John has gone back to the 20-cent dinner. Chinatown streets are empty.
Flowers blooming in the bird's nest balconies. Shuttered frame houses. Like a rabbit's warren in dark. Strange turnings, pitch dark halls and spongy fungus growths. Fan tan halls with iron spiked doors. The drone of prayer in all night missions. A hooded woman sinks into a fan shop.
Back on the Bowery again. Queer second-hand stores filled with the loot of ages—jewels, paintings, furniture. All coated with sticky layers of dust. Alcoholic snorers from opened upstairs windows. Shawled women in doorways.
A 50-cent lodging house calls itself "the Ritz." Peddlers, curb corn doctors and beggars starting out for the day. Wonder if I'll ever land on the Bowery. Business of making a new resolve to be thrifty. Skulking cats. And the loaded silence that always hangs over the street.

A newspaper refers to me as a "sage." It might be a trade-name, but I usually couple "sage" with "arse." The next thing I know someone will refer to me as "spry." Then there's nothing left but the other cone.
Only one movie theater in New York gives a midnight performance. This is atop the old New York theater. It is patronized chiefly by night workers in the Times Square district who eat their lunch and then watch the celluloid heroes and heroines do their stuff.
There is something cold, dank and shivery about the New Jersey marshes. They appear to exclude murder and malignant hate—a spray of soggy disaster dropped on the edge of the world. Even hardened Jerseyites feel the bleak and unharmed atmosphere that clings to them. Old reporters quail at a murder in the Jersey marshes. There are mosquitoes, dampness and that mephitic odor of stale woods. I was once barked from a newspaper job because I tried to cover a murder in the Jersey marshes from the pleasant confines of a telephone booth. The city editor couldn't understand my reactions. Yet it is not difficult to see. He is in prison for life for murder, himself.

In many other respects Jersey is one of the most interesting states there with their wild Jersey names are the most peaceful to be found anywhere. There are green-shaded churchyards with scarred old tombs. There are vine-clad porches and tasty little gardens. The red dust that turns to clay in wet weather speaks somehow of a citizenry. Jersey may have mosquitoes, but it also has more enraptling song-birds than any state I know. They are singing through-out the day.
(Copyright, 1924.)

was not then aware how many on thustastic explorers, missionaries and castaways had planted their national colors on Pacific islands, only to be against her and though she seemed publicly ignored and privately cursed by their governments; it was merely a God-given prudence that restrained him.
England was his next choice, then France, then Japan. He hoped it would be Japan, somehow, though he had nothing definite to offer her and she seemed to be the most probable claimant. She would doubtless come, if she came, by agreement with the other allies; he would resign in her favor, if it came to that.

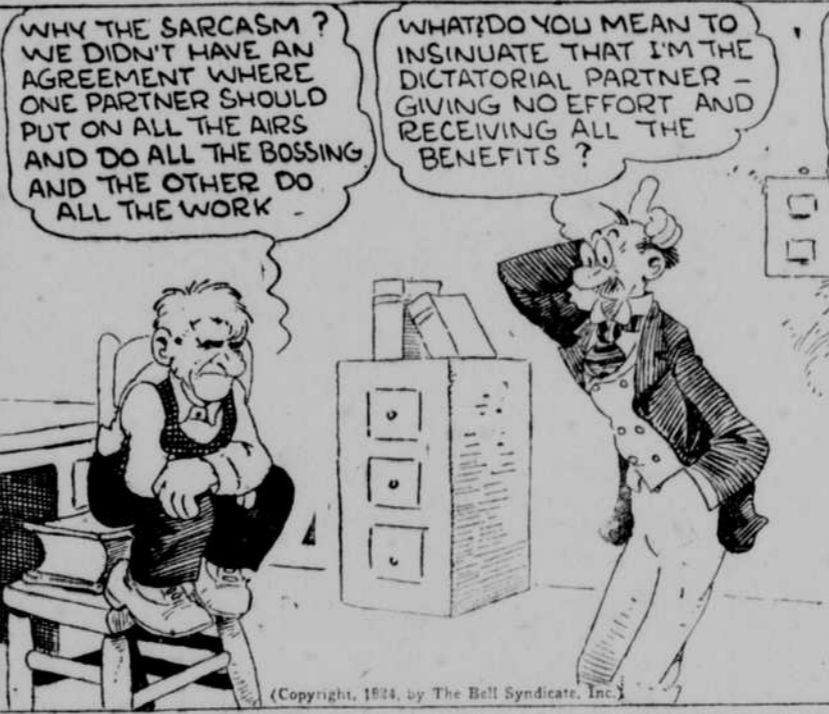
V.
The last months were vexed with both care and languor. The climate told; he found it impossible to go on working and caring as hard as at home. And things occurred that gave him mind-aches.
As Archbishop of Titipu he had occasion to read the Gospels quite dil-

gently; these were the most serious scriptural researches he had ever undertaken. Presently he could not fail to be struck by one thing: the repeated insistence on charity and marital faithfulness. Transgressions might be sins of the flesh, and perhaps more easily forgiven than sins of the spirit; but there was no doubt about their being sins.
By the time the northeast trades set in, in November, he came to the conclusion he had been a priceless fool, and that his polygamous performance constituted the chief blot on the fair escutcheon of his reign. But what then? Throw over a wife?
Which? Onaui, and outrage prior to Naoua, and the bond of parenthood? Or Naoua, and outrage love and the susceptibilities of Tengulu?
(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)
No one can deny the world is progressing; An ex-president of Nicaragua is still alive.—Detroit News.

THE NEBBES



INTERNAL DISSENSION.



Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

Barney Google and Spark Plug



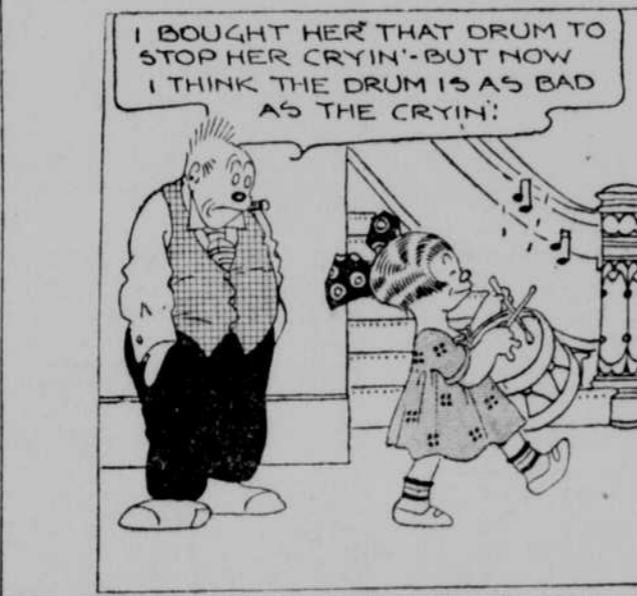
BARNEY WOKE UP JUST IN TIME.



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



BRINGING UP FATHER



SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



JERRY ON THE JOB



THE LITTLE TATTLE TALE.



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



When a Feller Needs a Friend.



By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

