

I, THE KING

By WAYLAND WELLS WILLIAMS.

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(Continued from Yesterday.)

One night he gave a dinner at his house which was followed by a long session at an imitation cafe chantant. They were six, Kit, Mary, Cora Baxter, Major Boon and a married pair, asked with some vague idea of champagne, these, as they don't matter, and aren't going to matter, may be referred to as A (the wife) and X. Around two o'clock the conversation reached that mellow case in which Kit now found both the fullest forgetfulness and the fullest sense of living.

Boon (returning with Cora from dancing): That waiter's taken away the end of my drink against. Taste some. I never really enjoy a drink till the ice is all melted.

Cora: That's so; Englishmen hate ice. 'Ho! Funny.

Mary: I don't know; I think this talk about English people being cold is mostly fiction, and rather cheap fiction at that.

Cora: My dear, did you ever try to bring one to a scratch?

A (with a gurgle): Scratch is right! Treat 'em rough, Cora!

Boon: Most of this talk about people of different races being different strikes me as tosh. I've trotted round a good bit; India and Jamaica, and Gallipoli and the Front, and I've found the same old gas work pretty much everywhere. Love and money, ambition and vanity—you never get away from them.

Kit: Yes, most nationalistic talk is silly. People are always the same, only their manners are different. The best—

X (one of those red-blooded Americans born with a constitution that all races but our own, and especially the one that gave them birth): Some manners are different. Some are just plain bad.

Kit: The best mannered people I ever saw were the Nixaravans, and they were also the most ignorant and primitive.

Boon: The manners of most Orientals are exquisite, compared to ours. Cora: Well, what does that prove, except that manners have nothing to do with civilization? I've always known that. That's why I've never had any manners, or wanted any.

Mary: I've always thought that ill-mannered people were more sincere than the others, but—

Boon: Ah, but—exactly! You lose something by not having them. You—

Cora: Nonsense. I—

Kit: We're a pioneer race still. Wait till we're as thickly populated as Europe, and you'll see our manners take a brace.

Boon: Hold up—the Arabs have the most beautiful manners, and they live about one to the square mile—

New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, Nov. 25.—All Broadway is trailing to the Neighborhood playhouse in Grand street on the East Side to see the foibles and fads of the Great White Way satirized in "The Grand Street Follies." It is all good, keen stuff.

In the midst of this seeming zephyr and surrounded by about \$100 worth of scenery, a group of hitherto obscure players are displaying more of the penetratingly humorous faculty than their brothers and sisters uptown.

They are making hilarious travesty of such institutions as the Super-Drama League, the self-conscious serious thinkers of the Algonquin, the tone poem, ticket speculators, the Teapot Dome scandal, Barrymore's "Hamlet," the South Sea Island craze and Mother Janis and Elsie.

The skits were fashioned, of course, for the sophisticates. And yet the strange thing is that the natives of the East Side enjoy them fully as much. Each night finds its sprinkling of stage celebrities of the Rialto.

It is a colorful audience. Old women and bearded Yiddish patriarchs who do not remove their hats. Young men in exaggerated styles of the day who still speak in broken English. Full bodied, red-checked young girls who chew gum. Men about town, leading ladies and movie dazlers.

A four-piece orchestra renders the music. Between acts the refreshments consist of charlotte russe and vinticolored billiups. The highest priced seat is \$1.50 and to their credit no tickets are placed in the hands of speculators.

If there is anything more comic than an imitation Fanny Brice playing Ophelia and an imitation Gallagher and Shean as Grave Diggers I do not care to see it. After all, every man reaches the age when he doesn't care to fall out of chairs in fits of laughter.

Grand street is more than a mere cross-town thoroughfare bearing that name. It is the East Side just what the name implies—a grand street. There is a fair to shops and stores, over each of which are tenement apartment Sunday is the big day of the week. Wigged orthodox women sit in the doorways as an anachronistic note in the life that swirls about them—girls with their beaux, father with perambulators, street bands and burly gurdies, Kosher shop orchestras, racing noisy children and splashes of old world costumery. The children are trained to take care of themselves from the time they graduate from crawling.

About the neighborhood playhouse are a hundred street gamins who open doors of taxicabs bearing uptown visitors. They seek a gratuity and a half hour's watching did not gain them as much as a penny, which amount is their supremest desire. It takes insulting myrmidons and gold braids to make New York tip.

And the neighborhood playhouse, by the way, is not an alley theater. It is well built and figures largely in the life of many stars. Among others whom the four winds have wafted to its stage are Yvette Guilbert, Ellen Terry, Emanuel Reicher, Ruth Draper, Rabindranath Tagore, Jacob Ben-Ami, Ian MacLaren, Michio Ito, Nyota Inyoka, Edith Wynne Matthison and Percy Grainger.

Grand street is filled with little mothers—spindly-legged girls who devote all their time to taking care of younger members of the family while their parents toil in the factory lofts.

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Mary: I will say it. We may be unhappy trying, but we're more happy not trying.

Cora: Comfortable, but obvious. Also untrue.

Boon: My commentary on all this is that we four, in spite of our cynicism, are all nearer to something than

those two that went out. Cora says awful things, but at heart she doesn't mean them. They don't say awful things, and would probably disagree with Cora, if put to it, but they do mean them.

Kit: Well, there's something to be said against discussing metaphysics

on an evening of pleasure.

Cora: But this isn't metaphysics! It's where we stand, what we are, now, us! Lost children! People who've gone through hell for an ideal, and find the ideal bogus! Disillusioned, blind, sore—damn it, I want to bite some one!

Mary (humorously, and without offense): Cora, did you go through hell in the war? I didn't, frankly.

Kit: Oh, you don't have to have been through it to feel what Cora feels. We all feel it. It's in the air.

Boon: And the dreary part of it is that we'll mug along somehow, with

out ideals, and then when prosperity returns we'll gradually build up a new set of ideals. And then there'll be another great crash like that of 1914, and the whole structure will come tumbling down about our grandchildren's heads. And they'll want to bite us, and say: "But why didn't they

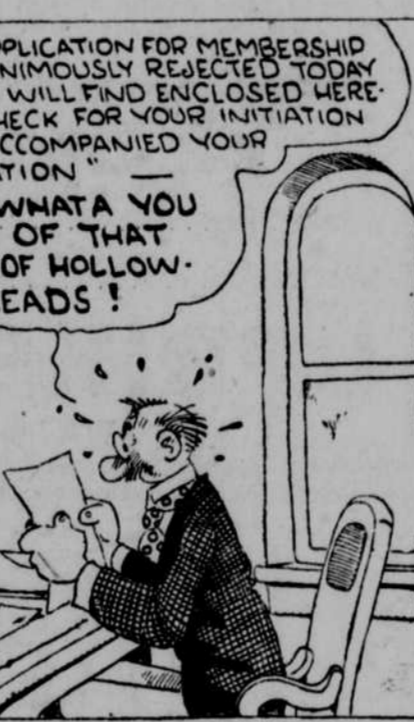
tell us, why didn't they make us see?" By Jove, it does make us sick of the game.

Kit: It does that and other things. Cora: Cat-sick.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Bee Want Ads Produce Results.

THE NEBBS



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W.A. CARLSON

Barney Google and Spark Plug

BARNEY COULD STRANGLE RUDY FOR THIS.

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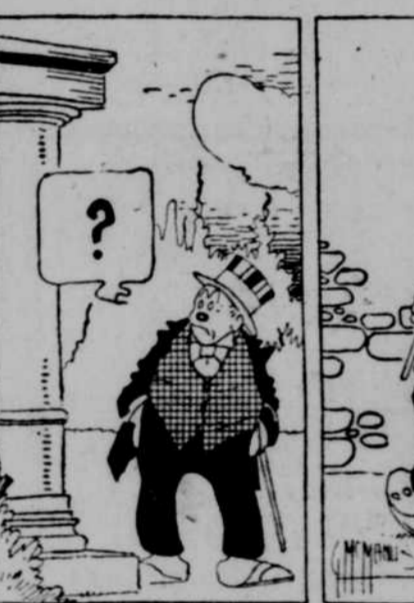
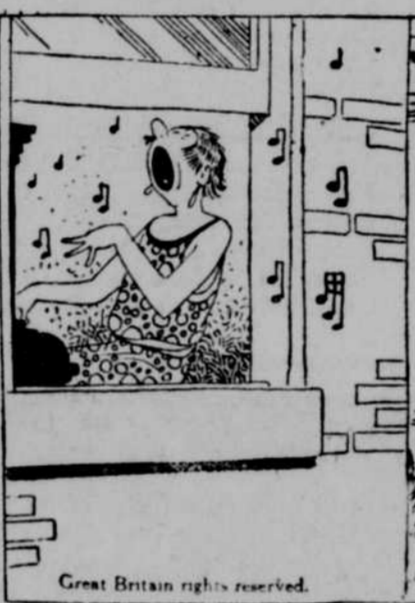


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BRINGING UP FATHER

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

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JERRY ON THE JOB

FIFTY PER CENT POSITIVE.

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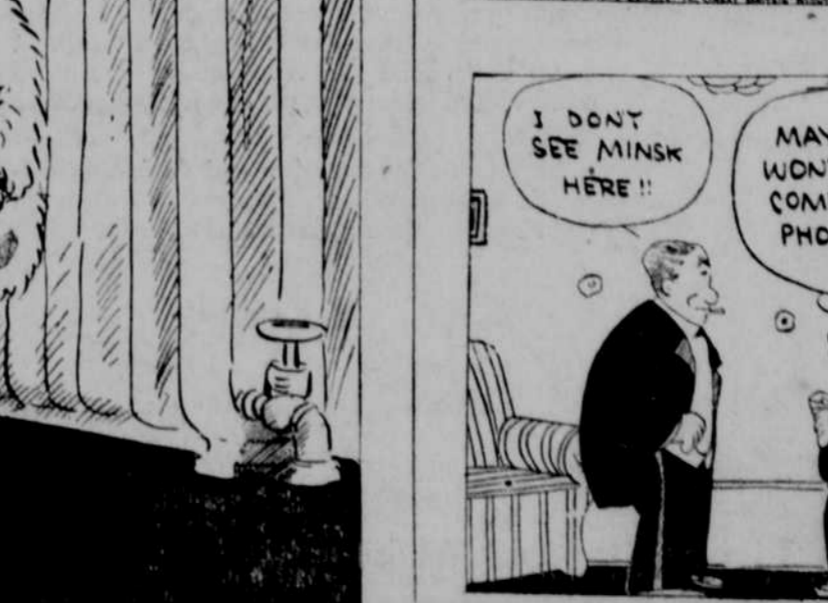
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When a Feller Needs a Friend.

ABIE THE AGENT

By Briggs The Cause of Most Trouble. Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

MAMA WOULDN'T HAVE HER LITTLE DARLING BOY GET HIS HANDIES AND FEETSE COLD FOR ANYTHING—NOW WHEN YOU GET TO SCHOOL YOU TELL TEACHER, MAMA SAID TO KEEP HER LITTLE MAN OUT OF THE NASTY OLD DRAUGHT—



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield