

I, THE KING

By WAYLAND WELLS WILLIAMS.

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(Continued from Yesterday.)

Mary: Well, I can't say that I am wholly sick of it yet, though it does surprise me to find myself the little ray of sunshine of the party. Ordinarily I feel as sore and sick and disillusioned as any one, but when I hear any one going on as Cora does, I feel perfectly sure there's something more, and better, in it.

... I don't know. It's just there. I know I sound like Robert Browning, not to mention Pollyanna, but there it is!

Boon: Hang on to it, dear child, even if it's only an illusion. An illusion that's never destroyed is as good as a reality.

Presently another "show" began. They had not seen the beginning of the first one, and turned in their seats to watch. At least Mary and Kit did; the two others already sat facing the middle of the room. In their new positions the diameter of the table stretched between Kit and Mary.

There was a song about a sewing machine and a dance about my gum gum go-go girl. Then there was a dance about some lobsters, the chorus being decorated in bright red claws, though the action was presumed to take place in the sea, with the lobster in a raw condition. Then five tall ladies in cloth of gold and cloth of silver swished about for a while emitting faint meowing sounds. There was a comedian, a simple Jew in a dinner coat.

He was very funny, and one could not help listening to him. In the course of some patter about domestic difficulties he became still funnier, and less nice. It wasn't nice at all, when you came to think of it. He stalled for a moment, as expert comedians do, to let the jokes sink in; heads were turned toward heads and throats let forth low delighted gurgles. It was an insult to the joke to enjoy it entirely alone. Boon and Cora turned toward each other, Kit and Mary similarly.

She was flushing, she was angry and shocked, but as she met Kit's eye her face broke into a smile of horrified understanding. Just an instant; then she looked away again.

A scene from the past, the very distant, absurd old past, came to Kit's mind. He was outside a theater, talking to some one in uniform about a

taxi. And this, so different, was what he had missed then.

The comedian retired, the chorus of Bareback Beauties scampered on. Kit sat breathing heavily, his eyes fixed on a triangle of Mary's clear brown forehead, visible above the tablecloth.

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A few nights later he called on her and suggested a bus ride. The idea had come to him at the corner of Eighth street; it seemed a nice thing to do on a warm May evening. Mary agreed, monosyllabically, slumped a small hat on her head with a deft, petulant gesture, and went out with him.

"Of course, we could take a taxi, if you'd rather," he said as she approached the avenue. Mary gave a curious little backward twist to her head and said: "Would you very much rather I didn't rather?" The evening was entirely altered; he had gone to her for music and ministration, and here he was showing her a Time. He was not particularly fond of driving, but he thought on the whole he liked it this way.

Mary said almost nothing, but she held her head in a way that denoted elation, and when at last she spoke her voice was no longer tired.

"Oh, I do like this, Kit. This is so exactly what I like."

"What, motoring?"

"Not so much just motoring, as doing it expensively. Having everything as nice as it could be."

"There are lots more expensive cars than this."

"Technically, perhaps. I don't look beyond paint and upholstery.—why?"

"What?"

"Oh," said Mary dearly, "I was just thinking how true that was of me, all through. Paint and upholstery—I'm like that! I mean something unpleasant, but I don't think I agree with it. I won't—he raised his voice above the wind—"take your word for it, anyway."

"You're very kind," said Mary.

"Kind he hangs," retorted Kit.

He said it quite low, but Mary did not seem to care for it. "You'd better stop," she said, "when you come to a good place. I want to talk, without having the words blown out of my mouth." Her voice was tired again.

He pulled up in a shady street in Riverdale, and half turned in his seat, waiting. The boss sleeve of Mary's light wrap, which during the drive had blown back and laid bare her arms to the elbow, now covered all but her hands, lying quietly on her lap. After a pause she turned her head toward him and began talking.

"Because I understood about your friend Jack, and because you're an idealistic person temperamentally, you've got the notion that I'm something between Saint Cecilia and—and a bottle of headache cologne. It won't do, you know. I hoped you'd see when we began going about together, but you haven't seemed to."

"Oh, your Florestan side?"

"No," said Mary impatiently. "There you are, idealizing again. Schumann's Florestan was a pretty good fellow. Mine isn't. He's cheap and common—and he's Me. You think of me as an artist, perhaps. Well, I'm not, not at all. An artist can put up with anything for his art. I can't. I can't stand Greenwich Village and psychoanalysis and bobbed hair and cockroaches and genius in a garret. I hate all that! And what I do like is going about having a good time, restaurants and dancing and spending money with cheap, brainless, Philistine people."

"If you're thinking of Cora—"

"I'm not thinking of Cora. She's got brains and sincerity. I'm thinking of those two that went out the other night, that Boon blamed for not even being interested in talking about their own position. Why, I'd go about all the time with people no better than that, if they'd show me the sort of time I like. How do you suppose art goes with a nature like that? Why, my art's dead as a doornail. Old Mazuchel cries over it. He says I'm behind where I was two years ago, and he's right. I never play well except when I've just received an invitation to spend a week-end with rich friends in the country. When I come back I play like the devil, and go on doing so till I get another invitation. See? The thing simply isn't in me."

"Isn't it? I don't believe much of this, you know."

THE NEBB

BY THE OLD FIRESIDE.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess (Copyright 1924)



Barney Google and Spark Plug

Sunshine Forgot All About Barney's Bandage.

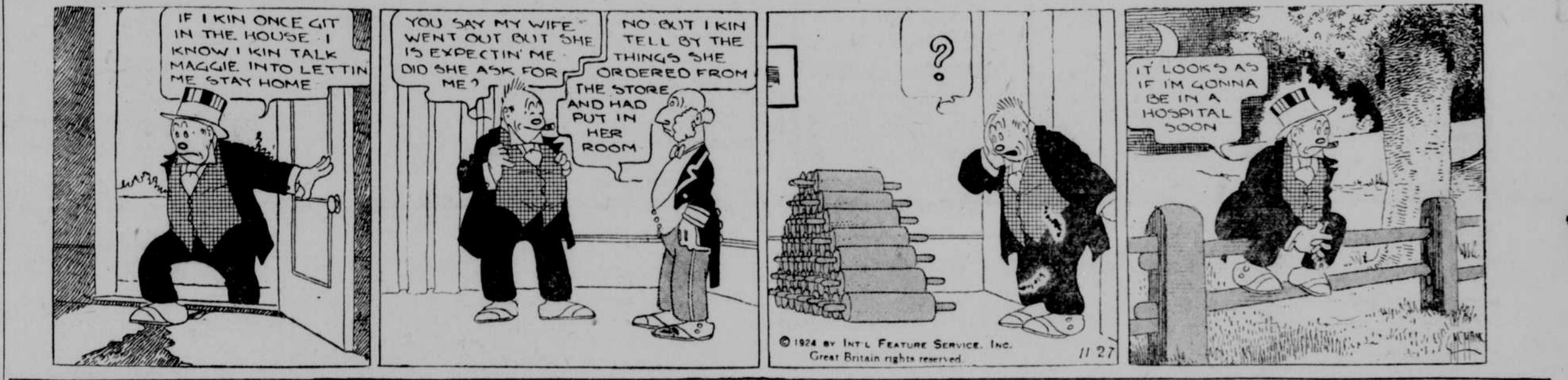
Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck (Copyright 1924)



BRINGING UP FATHER

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

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus (Copyright 1924)



JERRY ON THE JOB

NO TIME TO LOSE.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban (Copyright 1924)



New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York Nov. 25.—Manhattan's replica of the "village smart alec" is a sleekly polished young capper for a jewelry firm. It is his job to steer patronage to his establishment.

The reckless buyers of jewelry are the gentlemen friends of ladies with crepe de chine souls who live languorously and luxuriously in Riverside Drive and West End avenue apartment houses. They are the epitome of feminine types.

The capper has an ultra Bohemian apartment with sound proof walls where he entertains with a wanton disregard for expense. There is a marvelous cache of rare vintage wine and it is dispensed with a lavishness that is startling.

At all times the capper has jewels worth a king's ransom in his pockets or apartment safe. At the auspicious moment he shows them to his guests. What gentleman, under the stimulating flow of wine, could refuse a lady a lavalliere or a strand of pearls?

It is said that in this manner the salesman's sales for the year equal the entire output over the counter at the shop he represents. So the high upkeep of his rendezvous is a small matter comparatively.

It is the young man's job to ingratiate himself with reigning stage stars and other celebrities. His sportively inclined friends, of course, look on a bit enviously as he squares them about the high spots of the town.

To those of generous purse he arranges introductions. The rest he leaves in the lap of the gods. And the gods are usually kindly. One Wall Street plunger for instance is said to have spent more than a half million on capricious cuties through the capper.

Down in the financial marts the young men who go in for the flaring hell-bottomed trousers are known as "Wall Street sailors."

A movie star had the habit of reclining on a sea wall at Great Neck watching the fire-flies against the velvet plush of night.

"Why do you come here night after night?" some one asked.

"I'm hoping some night the fire flies will all come out and spell my name."

Two loud laughs sat in front of two prim ladies at a musical revue. At an uproarious moment they burst into ear splitting guffaws.

"It is evident," said one of the prim old ladies to her companion "that the age of good manners is past."

"You should know," said one of the gigglers.

New Yorkers are rather hardened to supping taxi drivers. I have myself many times been on the short end of their scheming. Yet I would like to offer a word in their behalf. The other night I lost a \$10 bill in one. Two days later it was returned to me. It had fluttered into a seat crevice and the driver had at a great loss of time interviewed those he remembered of his fares. He is a colored fellow.

It is tragic to lose faith in humanity. The unhappiest people I know are those who have curdled beliefs about the human race. I believe the most suspicious of all people are those who deal with criminals—penitentiary wardens, policemen and detectives. There was a police lieutenant in New York who once said he didn't believe there was an honest man in the world. He died in the electric chair. A little more faith might have saved him from such an inglorious end.

Me and Mine

OH SUCH A SWELL DINNER WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TODAY! HERMAN ORDERED A 22 POUND TURKEY AND IT'S A BEAUTY! WE SHALL HAVE FIFTEEN PEOPLE AT THE TABLE

MY GOODNESS WHY DO YOU DO IT-- MY HUSBAND AND I GO DOWN TOWN AND HAVE A BIG FEED JUST BY OURSELVES-- WE KNOW HOW TO GET IT

AH-- BUT WE DO SO ENJOY HOME DINNERS-- HERMAN HAS SOME FINE WINES TOO-- THE DAY IS SO MUCH NICER AT HOME-- EVERY YEAR AND THE KIDS HOME FROM SCHOOL-- WE LIKE KIDS

IT'S THANKSGIVING TODAY, ABE-- HOW ABOUT GOING IN A RESTAURANT AND HAVING TURKEY?

DID I SAY NO?

AND DO YOU WANT TURKEY ALSO?

YES-- BUT HAVE THE GRAVY SEPARATE

LAST YEAR WE HAD A LOVELY HOME DINNER-- 25 PEOPLE-- THEY ALL SAID IT WAS THE BEST THEY EVER ATE-- BUT I TOLD GEORGE NOT FOR US AGAIN THIS YEAR-- NO DISHES TO DO-- NO MUSS--

POOR THING! SHE THINKS SHE'S ENJOYING HERSELF BY EATING THAT RESTAURANT STUFF-- PHOOEY!!

SHE CAN HAVE THAT HOME STUFF-- I'M OFF IT FOR LIFE-- WHAT A FOOL SHE TURNED OUT TO BE

I THINK YOU'RE COOKOO, ABE! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF ORDERING THE GRAVY SEPARATE AND THE MINUTE YOU GET IT YOU POUR IT ALL OVER THE TURKEY!

BECAUSE I FIRST WANTED TO SEE IF IT WAS TURKEY!!

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ABIE THE AGENT



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