## I, THE KING

"All right. Who's it?"
"Let me see your watch, Maudie."
"No, not now. I've got to exa-

stopped.
"Do it again, Maudie!" She did it. Do it again!"
After the third time Kit was aftre

New York

-- Day by Day--

By O. O. McINTYRE.

New York, Oct. 9 .- Thoughts while

strolling around New York: Bugs

Curb comedians. As dull as ditch

Another wave of dementia. Shops

The old hackman who cries: "Ker

Some people are thrilled in an un-

sual way. A man came from Honoulu to New York the other day to be the first to register at a new hotel.

He inscribed his name, had lunch and started back home again in the evening. There's the ultimate in excite-

John Golden specializes in well laundered plays. He has had four big successes without a suggestive situation or a line that could not be repeated at a Sunday school convention. Yet most of the intellectual critics will tell you he is a patron of 'hokum." Golden began life as a

A prominent New York actress has

been married for three years. The

news of it leaked out the other day.

No effort was made for secrecy. She merely was married under her real

name which was such a startling

change from the flowery pseudonym she adopted that not a reporter rec

I know a small-time vaudeville acor whose real name is Mike Kraut. He has taken the name of Carol Randolph. He has a feminine partner

ment for you!

bricklayer.

ognized it.

By WAYLAND WELLS WILLIAMS. «(Copyright, 1914.)

verbosely.

"But you haven't got my bath ready yet, Nana." He pronounced it "bahth," as she did.

"I shall have, by the time you're ready. You've got to have your teeth brushed first, and so forth."

"You can brush my teeth after wards. What's so forth?"

At that point the door opened again and an ethereal figure in loose blue silk stood over Kit. "Who's my lazy boy? Lazy, lazy boy! You're coming down to breakfast with papa and me. Mr. Newell feels better this morning, Nana, and he wants Master Kit to come down. Can you have Kit to come down. Can you have him ready in half an hour? I'll get him ready, while you get the bath

him ready, while you get the bath ready."

Nana fussed among water pots at a higher tempo. Mrs. Newell let down the brass rail of the crib, placed her hands in Kit's armpits and pulled him to his feet. She undid the buttons of his flannel night dress, which fell off him. Kit flopped forward on his mother's breast. Her soft hand passed up and down his back and legs.

"I don't want to get up, mummy."

"I'd don't want to get up, mummy."

"No, not now. I've got to exactise, Nursie says, so's to get warm."

"Will you let me see it when you've exactsed?"

"Yes. Come on!"

When they were tired of Come Away, Kit returned to Maudie. With bated breath she drew from her muff a little gold watch a dangle on a short chain. "It winds," she said triumphantly, "and ticks!"

"Let me have it!"

"No, not now. I've got to exactise, Nursie says, so's to get warm."

Will you let me see it when you've exactsed?"

"Yes. Come on!"

Away, Kit returned to Maudie. With bated breath she drew from her muff a little gold watch a dangle on a short chain. "It winds," she said triumphantly, "and ticks!"

"Let me have it!"

"No, you'll break it. I'll show you."

She carefully turned the corrugated

She carefully turned the corrugated button and held the watch to the ear of the fascinated Kit. An angelic ticking sound issued forth, then "What? Don't you want to have breakfast with papa and me?"

"No."
"You don't? Why not?"
Kit was tired of that. "Pollux woke ne up, mummy. He licked my eye."
"Naughty Pollux! There, your come along!"

bath's ready. Come along!"
Half an hour later Kit sat strapped in a high chair by the dining room table and disgraced himself. He was given a boiled egg mashed up in a glass, which he promptly upset. When that damage was repaired he amused himself by kicking spoons off the ta-ble. Nevins picked them up, silently, and replaced them beyond his reach den behind newspapers. If they would have him down, they might at least have him down, they hight at least strolling around New Lord amuse him. He reached a predatory toe far across the table at a distant knife. Mr. Newell jerked his paper down.

Strolling around New Lord touseled hair. And owlish expression. A hunknife. Mr. Newell jerked his paper down.

stop that! Put that foot ing sparrows. A Chinese weighted down with strands of linked sausage. "Darling," said A cafe where waiters wear scarlet

mama, "if you can't behave at table blouses and rings in their ears. A you'll have to eat in the nursery."

"Want to eat in the nursery!"

"That." said Mr. Newell, invisible to the clouds. An old man with a grain "is where he has you." again, "is where he has you."

| Mrs. Newell, disturbed, was standing over Kit, arranging his bib and job. And nobody wants me." Poor the things on his tray, and talking. He could feel her breath on his hair. "Darling, you must be a little genhour. Chattering stenographers. You must learn to behave Whistling clerks. Will Rogers help

at table—we must learn to behave whistling clerks. Will Rogers neipting an old man on a street car. Wonoftener. You can't eat in the nursery all your life. Here you are 4 years old and—"

In an access of irritation Kit raised his egg spoon and slapped his mother smartly on the face. She draw back.

There's class. A perfume shop with smartly on the face. She drew back, hurt and astounded. Crisis was in gold cloth awning. Cake eaters are the air; Kit felt it, and cringed. But removing the tiny smudge mustaches. suddenly he saw his mother's face with a great smear of yellow egg on it, and laughed.

A hiccoughing old woman muttering and zig-zagging. The bleak dawn of it, and laughed.

"Oh, mummy, you look so funny! to leave your hats free.

my . ."

civilization—a new hotel permits you to leave your hats free.

Curb cornedians

Mr. Newell was over him now, removing the tray and taking him from the chair. "This has gone about far cannot bear the dark. Subway track-Come here. You've behaved men come up for air. And smoke abominably. You upset your egg. corncob pipes. you put your foot on the table, and Another way you threw egg at your mother—"
are advertising a new Chinese game.
"I didn't! I slapped her with the Cloche hats pulled over worried eye

"Yes. he did, George. It hurts, duite badly."

Clocke hat planed over woll led brows. There's Grantland Rice. And Tad who gives the nation its slang. "You slapped your mother with the And a lot of giggles. Wish I could

poon. I won't have such things. watch a big bonfire.

He took a knife off the table. Kit thought he was going to be killed. But it was only a dull fruit knife; with it Mr. Newell struck Kit in the open palm, several times. His eyes closed, his mouth opened.

The old hackman who cries; "Kerridge, leddy; very exclusive!" And Old Dan, the telescope man. Who shows you Sirius the dog star for 10 cents. Whatever became of the napkin ring? W. J. Burns. And one of the napkin ring? W. J. Burns. And one of the napkin ring? W. J. Burns. And one of the napkin ring? W. J. Burns. And one of He was back in his chair, still bel- his sons. Still another fog. Toodle-oo:

lowing. He could not think of food.

Life was all hate, misunderstanding and an aching hand. "Be quiet!" ordered his father, but he yelled on, dered his father, but he yelled on, fearless in despair. Silently his mothplace. He has been following the place. er took him out of his chair again and led him toward the door. "I'm sorry you can't learn to be a good little boy. Nevins, call Nana, will his hunches and happens to be lucky his hunches and happens to be lucky

That's the way it always is," but he says all the men who bet when grunted Mr. Newell, returning to his he began are broke or learned it

doesn't pay and quit. The broom was ordered for 2:30, and Kit was quite satisfied with the

Abe Martin



ne folks are mighty lavish who was born Lizzle Yates and she Qu'it comes t' givin' advice, or has become Ulrica Derr Smythe. Phom cheers, or spendin' a week, They tell me that under the team din' an ear, but they never se o' any money. "Let me used t' know that when I vaudville but as Smythe and Ranschool," says most any hen his little boy asks him stopher Columbus wug.

with envy. "Let me have it, Maudie, just a little while! I won't hurt it!" off pushing the watch into her muff. "No, you can't. You'll break it. Boys always break things."

"No, I won't! Really!"

"No, I won't!"

"No, I wo

WHERE THERE'S LIFE THERE'S HOPE.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

Copyright 1924)

CHAPTER I.

The nursery door opened with a soft swishing sound. Kit felt something warm on his face and opened one eye to see the alert head and Fink tongue of a collie reaching through the brass bars of the crib. The tongue made another lunge, landing in his open ear.

"Go way." Kit meaned. "Naughty. Go way."

Nana, who was fussing over the washstand, turned on the scene. "Now you stop that, Pollux! You get out, now: Out. Tou know you don't come in till after your master's bath. . . . Now then, Master Christopher, time to get up."

She raised a window shade and a great splotch of yellow light fell on the carpet. Brilliant motes swirled in the beam above it. Kit watched them, lasciviously comfortable and procrastinative.

"From the sun. Come along, now."

"The sun comes from the sun, the produced in the sun comes from the sun, the sun comes from the sun the sun comes from the sun that the sun comes from the sun t WHY HE OWNS THREE OIL STATIONS

— HAS A BIG CAR AND EVERYTHING.

MY SWEETHEART'S BEEN PESTERING

FOR YEARS TO SET THE DATE AND

WHEN I THOUGHT THE SHERIFT WAS

GOING TO POT YOU OUT OF BUSINESS I

UP AND ACCEPTED HIM. THE REASON

I DIDN'T SAY YES" BEFORE IS BECAUSE

HE'S SO HANDSOME AND I DON'T

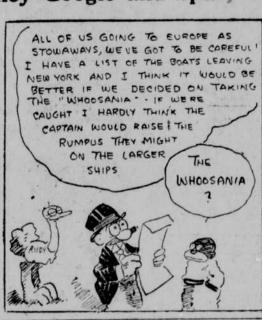
PUT MUCH STOCK IN HANDSOME

MEN AND SHE SAID "RICH AND HANDSOME" IM RATHER SURPRISED,
MISS GLUMM, \_ IT WAS
JUST THE OTHER DAY YOU
TOLD ME YOU DIDN'T MR. NEBB. YOU'LL HAVE TO GET A NEW GIRL IN MY PLACE \_ I'M WELL I'LL BELIEVE ANYTHING FROM NOW ON - IF A GUY TOLD ME HE OWNED A BANANA RANCH IN ICELAND I WOULDN'T GIVE HIM AN ARGUMENT GOING TO LEAVE IN TWO WEEKS - I'M WANT TO BE OUT OF A POSITION - ISHE
IN A POSITION TO SUPPORT
YOU IN THE MANNER IN
WHICH YOU HAVE BEEN
WHICH YOU HAVE BEEN - FAND HE HAD TO TEASE HER I'LL SAY LOVE IS BLIND ! MARRIED WEN . LIVING HIGH A. CARLSON

Barney Google and Spark Plug

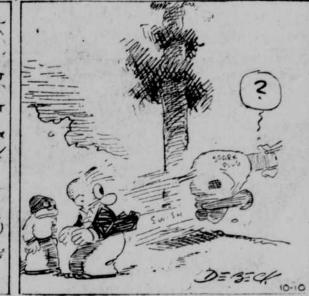
SPARKY CANCELS HIS "RESERVATIONS."

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck









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JERRY ON THE JOB

A FAIR COMPLAINT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban

















Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield





