

I, THE KING

By WAYLAND WELLS WILLIAMS.

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(Continued from Yesterday.)

"Now p'raps next time you won't knock my sista down," finished Dickie in a beautifully bland, cheerful tone. Perhaps he wouldn't, Kit reflected as he walked back to the Broom. Nana could be routed in safety, but boys were another matter.

III. In summer the Newells went to a place called Narragansett. Here they lived in a long gray shingled house overlooking the water. The nursery was on the side of the house, and from the windows on that side you could see part of the water. Another window, at the back, was directly over the kitchen door. There was a little porch there, with Virginia creeper climbing over it, where the servants sat and talked in the evening. Kit lay in bed at night and listened to them.

As he lay there in the morning he could hear the milkman talking with Annie, the cook. He would open his eyes and see in front of him the fireplace with the nature of the milkman's "Speak!" over it and on his right the two windows you could see the water from. The blinds were closed now, but the sun filtered through them and tripped each one shading from bright yellow to dull green. Then pretty soon there would be a sound of crunching wheels from the other window, and the milkman's voice, rich and masculine, saying: "Well, and how's my best girl this morning?" or something like that. Kit had never seen the milkman, but he liked his voice. And after some exchanges with Annie's lighter voice the wheels would crunch away and leave him again to the nature of the dim light. The Virginia creeper would rustle against the porch; a fly would buzz angrily and then stop; a bird would fly by outside with a sudden twitter.

And it was not the sea or the beach or the bathing that the word Narragansett brought to Kit's mind in later years, but the languor and delicate light of those early mornings. After breakfast he would play on the beach, mostly in his bathing suit. Then would come the bath, and after that, dinner. Then the rest. Then a walk and a play in some woods that lay behind the house, or possibly he would go with his mother for a drive. Sometimes she would pay calls and Kit would sit by William asking questions and watching the horses swish the flies from their flanks. Then supper, with the sun streaming flat into the back window of the nursery and illuminating "Speak!" with a rich golden glow. Then bed, with his mother coming in to kiss him. Sometimes he was already asleep.

"Papa had a boat. She was moored directly opposite the house, some two hundred yards out. Often in the afternoon Papa and Mama and other people, lovely-smellin' ladies in veils and immaculate gentlemen in white fannel trousers, would get into rowboats and go out to her and sail all the afternoon, coming back when the time Kit had his supper. Occasionally they would not return till he was in bed and asleep.

Once he was allowed to go sailing, too. He was rowed out to the boat with Mama and Papa and another lady and gentleman. The boat was quite large; you could have a good day out of the thing they called the deck. When the boat started the great white sails were spread out and the floor and everything rocked in the blue waves and it became hard to run straight. Over the edge the water flowed by, fast and white, with a hissing sound. Kit loved it.

His mother sat with the other lady on the deck by the steps leading down into the cabin. His mother was nervous, and kept calling to him to do this or that. There was no railing to the boat, only a little ridge of wood (called scupper), and Mama was afraid, she said, that Kit would fall over.

"I ought never to have let you bring him, George," he heard her say. "I knew it would be like this."

The boat rolled and rocked, and Kit had great fun. Once he was running along he lost his balance in a sudden dip and fell backwards. He simply sat down and slid till his feet touched the scupper; he knew he wasn't going to fall over. He heard his mother scream. The other gentleman, who was nearest him at the time, took him by the hand and led him to the two ladies. He sat down on his mother's knee, which felt weak and wobbly under him.

"Oh," she said, "I feel positively sick. You needn't laugh, George."

But both the gentlemen and even the other woman smiling. "Here, Marjorie, I'll take him," she said, and Kit was transferred to her lap. "I boat without a rail on a windy day isn't much fun for a lively young man, is it? Shall I tell you a story, Kit?"

His mother got up, unsteadily, and went down the stairway. "Well, George," she said as she went, "I hope you're satisfied."

"Bully excuse," murmured Kit's father. After that Kit did not go sailing for some years. But the time came when he would go out with his father in all kinds of weather, and he learned from his father and the skipper how to steer and come about and handle the main sheets—ropes really, but you called them sheets. He was never in the least sick, and came away with a love of sailing and the sea which had an import effect in 1917.

IV. Mrs. Newell sat in front of her dressing table while Marcelline did her hair. Marcelline was not young; she was plain and stout, but she had a slim shapely waist. Kit leaned on the dressing table and played with a silver brush with long white bristles which it amused him to comb with the button hook. The bristles flowed smoothly through the hook, concentrating themselves to its shape and then spreading out again.

His mother inspected one. "J'ai casse cet ongle," she said. Marcelline was sympathetic. "Ts, ts, quel dommage! Est-ce que ca fait mal, madame?"

"Non. Mais c'est laid, vous savez. C'est embetant."

"Oui, mais Madame aura ses gants. Ca ne se verra pas."

"Et maintenant pour la coiffure!" said Marcelline. "Est-ce que madame se fera coiffer a gauche ce soir, ou a droite?"

"A gauche, je crois.—Non, attendez. Je ne sais pas si le Hoffingtons' loge se trouve a droite ou a gauche. Vraiment, j'ai oublie."

"Mais... Que faire, alors?" "Je ne sais pas. C'est embetant."

They talked on at some length. Kit understood in a general way, he had never been taught a word of French, but Marcelline was a great friend of his and he had absorbed a certain amount from her.

"Si madame mettait sa grande tete!" suggested Marcelline at last. "Avez une tete on est bien n'importe ou!"

"Oui, mais... I didn't want to really dress up tonight. I couldn't wear the blue in that case. I'd have to wear the white satin."

"Eh bien, pourquoi pas le satin blanc? C'est l'opera!"

"Oh! Tres bien, je le mettrai. Je ne voulais pas, puisque monsieur ne va pas avec moi, et je ne vais nulle part apres l'opera, mais enfin..."

"Mummy," said Kit, "don't Marcer's Mama's cook's got a cat with three kittens?"

"Really, darling? What color are they? Marcelline, donnez-moi cette epingle!"

"Gray and white. Why isn't Papa going tonight, Mummy?"

"He doesn't feel well enough."

"Is Papa sick?"

"Mrs. Newell did not answer for a moment. "He doesn't feel very well. Will you go down and kiss him before you go to bed, and be nice to him?"

"Yes, Mummy, I want a cat with kittens!"

"We'll see about it. Attendez, Marcelline, je vous donnerai la clef."

Marcelline went across the room, opened a small door in the wall and presently came back with a black leather box. This when open revealed a high-circled, a veritable crown of diamonds. Kit had never

seen anything so magnificent. He held his breath while Marcelline lifted the glittering thing and placed it on his mother's soft brown hair. "Ma-ma!" he gasped. "You're so beautiful!" Marcelline and his mother laughed.

His mother stood on a sheet which

Marcelline placed on the floor. She slipped off her peignoir. Marcelline brought up a mass of shiny white stuff which presently, as she adjusted it to Mama's form, became recognizable as a gown. It was narrow at the waist, so narrow that it seemed impossible there could be any Mama

there. Above, it flared into a brief bodice which left Mama's white arms and neck entirely bare. Below the waist it flared much more widely into the skirt; this at the back was expanded into a train. His mother as she stood there, fully dressed, pulling

on her long white gloves, looked inex- pressibly regal and beautiful. (To Be Continued Monday.)

THE NEBBS



JUST HIS LITTLE JOKE.



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



Barney Google and Spark Plug BARNEY WANTS TO GO VERY MUCH "INCOG."

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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

COMPLETE INFORMATION WANTED

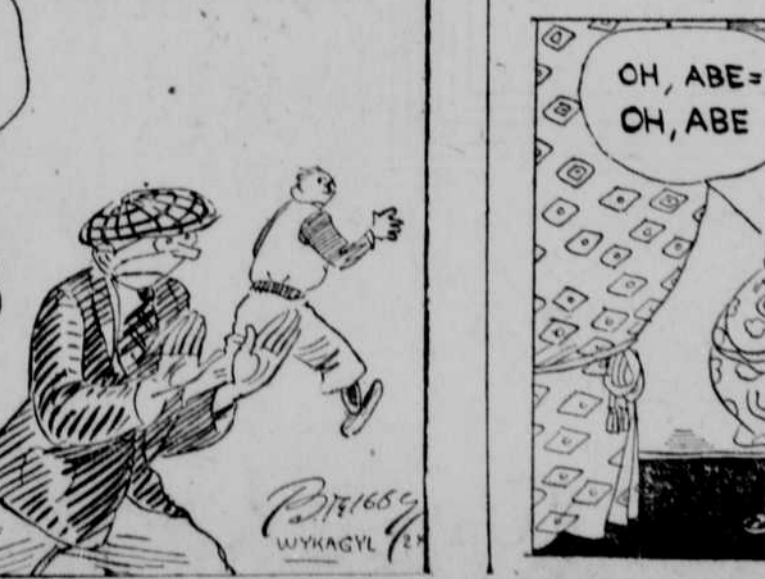
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And Then He Won a Golf Cup

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield Business Is Business.



New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. McINTYRE.

New York, Oct. 10.—The sophistication of New York youngsters is amazing to those of us who in our youth sat like "little gentlemen" on a parlor chair—seen but not heard—when company came. We don't know how to act in their presence these days.

Shyness among them is extinct. Youngsters of 8 and 10 discuss grown-up topics as casually as a fish takes to water. A nurse in Central park pointed out a little shelter house along one of the bypaths. "Is it not beautiful?" she asked.

Her young charge immediately replied: "It is a bum reproduction of the 'Petit Trianon' at Versailles." And he went back to sucking his lollipop. It is one of the social graces to have a 12 or 14-year-old daughter receive at afternoon tea.

They greet elders with the nonchalance of an experienced hostess. There are no abashed giggles or awkward pauses. Some of them seem able to pick out the stupid and label the clever. And they make those ill at ease feel perfectly at home.

One finds boys in short pants who have roamed the world. They can discuss Rome, London, Cairo and Paris intelligently. They have seen the latest plays and read the most talked about books of the day. There is a glibly pertinence about them.

Perhaps the New Age is better. Yet many of us cannot help feeling sorry for youngsters who have been denied the pleasure of going barefoot, skinning the cat, playing in musty haymows, building bonfires and exploring the topmost branches of trees.

The other day a neighbor's boy of 13 departed alone for San Francisco to meet his parents returning from the orient. He engaged his drawing room and attended to all the details. At the same age I traveled from St. Louis to Kansas City. I was tagged and put in charge of the conductor and never moved in my seat. Had it not been for the train butcher's glass revolver filled with peppermint drops I think I would have died of loneliness.

It is told of two New York street sweepers who were discussing a co-worker who had gone the way of all flesh.

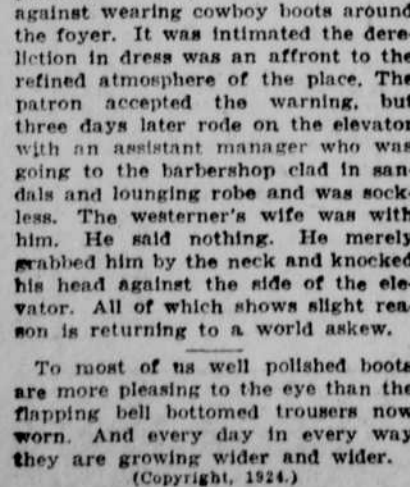
"He swept a clean street," declared one.

"Yes," replied the other, "but between you and me he was a little weak around the fire plugs."

New York street sweepers, by the way, are the only men who adhere to the comic paper tradition of smoking a pipe upside down. Nearly all who smoke pipes follow this custom. Also they are the only people who pay no attention to traffic dangers. They wield brushes in perfect oblivion to darting motors. They put the burden of safety on the drivers and as a consequence the casualties among them is nil.

One of those impeccable hotels on the avenue attempted as adroitly as possible to caution a western patron against wearing cowboy boots around the foyer. It was intimated the dereliction in dress was an affront to the refined atmosphere of the place. The patron accepted the warning, but three days later rode on the elevator with an assistant manager who was going to the barbershop clad in sandals and lounging robe and was sockless. The westerner's wife was with him. He said nothing. He merely grabbed him by the neck and knocked his head against the side of the elevator. All of which shows a valid reason is returning to a world askew.

To most of us well polished boots are more pleasing to the eye than the flapping bell bottomed trousers now worn. And every day in every way they are growing wider and wider.



BUT - THEN HE WON A GOLF CUP



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