I, THE KING

By WAYLAND WELLS WILLIAMS.

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(Continued from Yesterday.)

His days became things of heavy schedule and little leisure. His mornings were spent at school, and in the afternoon he either went back to Miss Carmichael's for play hour on the roof or had his dancing lesson or music lesson or what not. Only Wednesday and Sunday afternoons remained free.

When he first went to Miss Carmichael's he had no intimate friends there except Dickie Hoffington, the blond, the bland, the unruffled. Dickie was nearly a year older than Kit and already an old boy, so he did not see much of him. The boys in his own class were at first a flock of harpies who ran up and swiped your hat as you were going out of the building, and you ran after them and tried to swipe theirs. This ritual of amusement, inexpressibly tiresome after a while even to the participants, was punctiliously gone through every day. Kit soon hated it, but he joined in it as lustily as the others, not knowing how to do otherwise.

There was a red-haired little boy with freckles, by name Jimmie Haynes, who was particularly aggressive toward Kit in this respect, so naturally Kit was particularly aggressive to him. At last one day Jimmie came up to him as they left the building saying: "Fins a minute! Fins! Look here, Newell. I won't swipe your dip any more if you won't swipe mine. How about it? Shall we?"

"For always?" asked Kit, "Or only today?"

"Always, if you like."

"All right."

"All right! We'll swipe other kids', but not each other's. Say, I've got a peachy mechanical train, with two tunnels. I'd like to have you see it."

From this alliance grew a friendship. Jimmie was at the Newells' at all odd hours, except when Kit was at Jimmie's. Fraulein and Mama grew rather tired of the affair, especially Fraulein, but Mr. Newell, as Kit soon became aware, deliberately encouraged it. He was that sad thing, often mentioned among nurses, "an only child."

So Jimmie and he played and fought and giggled together and spent Saturday nights at each other's houses without stint. Other friendships cropped up, but none ever equaled this intensity or endurance. Dickie Hoffington, eyeing the affair from aloft, once spoke scathingly to Kit of his intimacy with "that fellow Haynes."

"What's the matter with him?" Kit inquired.

"Oh, he's sort of . . ."

"Sort of what?"

"Oh . . . Look here, Newell. My mother and father don't know his. Neither do yours."

"Well, what of it?"

"Gee, Newell, you're a kid. Why, when I said something about asking Haynes to our party last month, my Dad said, 'What, has the Tammany Haynes got a brat in your outfit?' and my mother said—"

Kit simply walked away, leaving Dickie talking to vacant air. There was no resentment, no quarrel; Dickie remained bland as ever. But their early intimacy cooled into a tolerance that lasted their lifetime. Kit on his side always felt that he had chosen well between the two, though he lost sight of Haynes when they left Carmichael's and he was thrown with Dickie, on and off, for many years.

II.

One day at recess a number of them were lounging about the schoolroom, talking. The conversation ran to fathers.

"Mine's a lawyer," said Jimmie Haynes.

"Mine's a banker," said Dick Hoffington. "He runs the Third National."

"Mine's an engineer," contributed another, and at last some one inevitably asked: "What's yours, Newell?"

"Why . . ." Kit actually did not know. It was most embarrassing. "That would be telling," he parried.

"Ho!" said some one. "Don't you know?"

"Sure I do."

"Well, what?"

"Is he a robber?" asked one of the smaller boys, with wide eyes. The episode ended in laughter, but that evening Kit asked his mother if his father did not have any profession.

"Why, not at present, dear; he isn't well enough." Her face, her beautiful smooth face that he loved so much, grew thin and grave.

"Is Papa sick?"

"He doesn't have to stay in bed, but he's not able to work. When you were very little he had typhoid fever and nearly died, and his heart was affected. And now—now there's something new."

"What?"

"Arthritis, I'm afraid."

"Pains in the joints. I don't want to talk much about it. You must just be as sweet to him as you can."

"Well, didn't he ever do any work?"

"Yes, indeed; he was a lawyer, and a very fine one. He became a junior partner of Closson J Phillpotts when he was only twenty-eight." A soft note of pride came into her voice. "That was before I knew him, even. He'd have had a great career, poor Papa. Every one said there wasn't a more brilliant young corporation lawyer in New York."

So Papa had a secret trial; he was not the imperturbable Olympian he always seemed. Kit felt for him, but of course there was nothing to be done about it. In school he let it be known that his father was a lawyer.

III.

Among other things, Kit joined the Blues. Once a week he went to the Armory, put on a blue uniform and drilled with some two hundred other boys. He liked the drilling, and never had much difficulty with it.

When he had been in the Blues about a year the Commander (who when not so engaged was a real live Lieutenant in the National Guard) read out a list of promotions, and among the corporals the name of Newell rang out rich and clear. Kit trembled and perspired with pride. The honor was wholly unexpected.

The new officers were ordered to take charge of their commands at once. In the drill all went smoothly for Kit, for every boy acted as corporal once in a while and he had led his squad before. But when the drill was over the corporals were supposed to see that their men put their rifles in the racks, each in its assigned place, before they went to the dressing room. And here danger lay.

A sergeant pointed out to Kit that one of his squad's rifles was missing from its place, just as he thought his responsibility was ended and he was rushing off to change. His soul groaned, for he knew the rifle must belong to one Loman, a horrid little boy who shared with that unfortunite young man of Thermopylae the inability to do anything properly.

The sergeant strolled away, leaving Kit to act. Instantly he was seized with a sort of panicky temptation, a goading, terrifying thing such as he had never known. Why not say nothing about it, let Loman put his rifle away when it pleased him, or do it for him, if he left it in the dressing room? Sensible, easy . . . only it wouldn't do. A corporal was a corporal. He was given the power to see that the right thing was done, and must use it.

Swallowing hard, miserable but determined, he hurried into the dressing room and found Loman taking off his uniform. "Loman, did you put your rifle up?"

"No," said Loman, glancing furtively at the thing beside him.

"Well, put it up now."

"All right, my boy, after I'm dressed."

"No, now. Right now. Loman, do you hear? You're not supposed to go back on the floor after you've taken off your uniform."

"Well, mine's off now. Want me to go out in my underclothes?"

"Put it on again."

"Well, of all the nerve! Say, who do you think—"

"Go on. It's an order, Loman."

Here Loman became whiny. "Aw, say, Newell. I've gone on the floor a hundred times—"

"Loman, I'll give you five, and then I'll report you to the captain. One, two, three . . ."

Oh, the joy of seeing Loman take up the blue trousers, grumbling but conquered! Kit felt no resentment toward him, only a general contempt as for a person who never did things right. What thrilled him was the sense of power, the worthiness of a trust placed in him. Discipline was behind him, but he had actually made discipline function. The thing gave him joy, a sweeter and sharper joy than any thing or sensation had ever done; more than candy, or going to the theater, or Pollux, even, or a lovely little head-eyed brown bear he had worshiped when he was three.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Concerts Planned at York.

York, Neb., Oct. 13.—York Symphonic orchestra is planning a series of concerts this winter. The directors of the orchestra and of the Commercial club are arranging to have the concerts free.

Parent-Teacher National Organizer Visits Atlantic

Atlantic, Ia., Oct. 13.—Mrs. C. E. Rowe, national organizer and lecturer for the Parent-Teacher association, delivered two addresses here last week.

New York

--Day by Day--

By O. O. McINTYRE

New York, Oct. 13.—New York now exceeds London in population by more than a 1,000,000. Yet it has never struck me that the stranger gets so much of an idea of bigness in either city as he does in Chicago or Boston.

If the streets of New York were linked in a continuous highway they would reach to Los Angeles, with 600 miles over. I believe the bigness of the metropolis is emphasized in inconsequential things more than in the towering sky-scrapers.

For instance it was necessary recently for a man to inspect every hotel room in town. It took him 14 days working eight hours a day. There are 150 hotels in the white light district alone and 275,000 visitors are daily housed in the 1,500 hotels.

New York gives one the idea of crowds but never of space. The average population per acre is 545. London is second with 268. The combined population of Delaware, Nevada, Wyoming and Arizona could be seated in New York theaters daily and there would be 100,000 vacant chairs.

The food supply staggers imagination. The meat provisions daily amount to 289,519 pounds and 720,000 eggs are eaten. The city's meals empty 1,800 freight cars every day. The milk consumption daily totals 3,807,061 quarts.

Eight hundred million gallons of water are used in 24 hours and there are 267,307,000,000 gallons of water contained in the storage reservoirs. Seventeen persons are born every hour. Eighteen persons are married and eight die every hour.

Columbus circle is the busiest center of vehicle traffic in the world. Fifty thousand vehicles pass every day. In Picadilly, London, the record is 30,000. Broadway and Fulton street is the busiest point of pedestrian traffic with 113,000 walking past in 10 hours of a business day.

I do not believe we who have come to New York from smaller cities ever feel New York is our home. I have been here a great number of years and will no doubt spend the rest of my days here, but the city always seems alien. Most of us, no matter how long we remain, feel as though we were visitors. This is not true of London or Paris. Americans in both cities who have lived there for a number of years tell me they feel at home although they are foreigners.

In the New York slums the other day I talked to a heart-broken mother who had written me a letter. She was a small-town girl who, after being bertayed, came to New York and devoted her life to her son. He wound up in jail and she is now a drudge in a candy factory. Her story was full of the rough stuff of the slums. She was almost savage in her love for her boy. She wanted to go back to her little home town and prepare a home for him after his release three years hence. "But I can't go," she said. "New York is the only place where you can hide disgrace."

That New York is the only city where one may hide disgrace seems to me specious reasoning. I have the memory of a released convict coming to a small town in Ohio where I once lived. His first job was washing buggies in a livery stable. He came from a good family and was intelligent and people of the town saw he was superior to his lowly job. He was taken up by some of the best people in town and also became an executive in a little industry there. Everybody knew his past. He was respected and liked. That is more, I believe, than New York would do. In fact no city is so cruel and embarassing to released convicts as Manhattain. If they get work their employers are often told of their past.

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THE NEBBS — OH WELL, THAT'S DIFFERENT.

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Barney Google and Spark Plug — NO CLASS AT ALL.

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BRINGING UP FATHER

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

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus

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JERRY ON THE JOB — WHAT ELSE BUT?

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban

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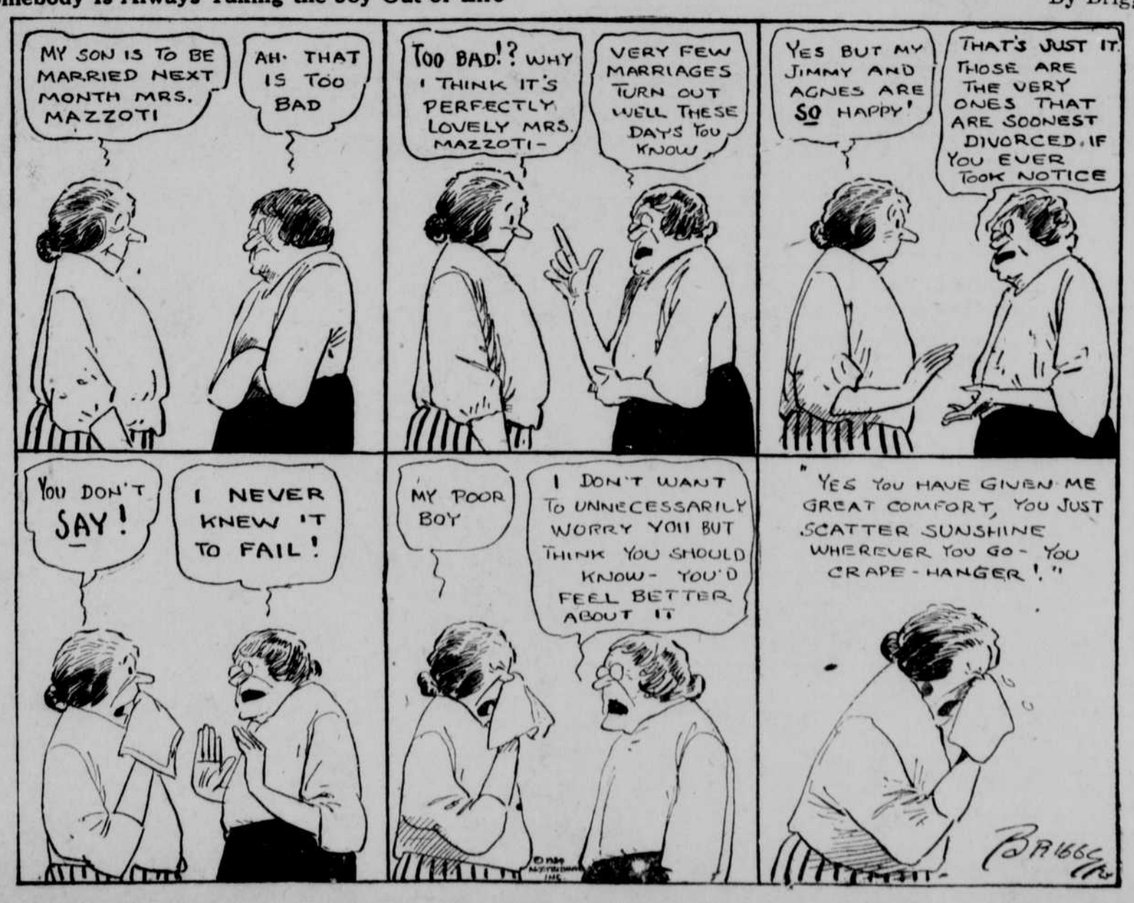
Somebody Is Always Taking the Joy Out of Life

By Briggs



ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

And a Good Time Was Had By All.