

# I, THE KING

By WAYLAND WELLS WILLIAMS.

(Copyright, 1924.)

(Continued from Yesterday.)

At home he found out; it was a matter of days, perhaps hours. His father lay with closed eyes, under a white sheet, and he was a thing to be welcomed, not feared. During one of his father's conscious periods Kit was taken into the room. Mr. Newell held his hand and smiled faintly. "Goodby, dear boy," he said. "You'll be all right, I think." And that was the last Kit saw of him alive.

His mother was calm and beautiful in her black. Kit wondered where all those black clothes suddenly appeared from, but he did not like to ask. He did not have to ask questions; he merely did what he was told. Everything was very smooth, very quiet, very solemn, and when he went back to school, on the third day after the funeral, he went without tears.

VIII.  
Years of calm and happy growth ensued. Warned by his experience in the literary club—warned rather by his own subsequent uneasiness than any harm coming from it—debut—made no more revolutionary advances. Things like that were better thought than said.

At home things went much as before. After the first year of her mourning Mrs. Newell began to go about more than she had for years. She was glad to entertain Kit during vacations; she gave dinners, dances, theater parties. She went to the theater with him, almost indiscriminately in her middle age and her son's developing manhood. She sat with him through Alla Nazimova in "The Comet," inwardly laughing, wondering if he understood, hoping that he didn't, that he did Kit in his side was indifferent to quality; what he wanted was quantity. He bowed to the schoolboy's necessity of having an imposing list of plays seen during vacation.

Habitually, after being out late, Kit would awake in the morning and lie thinking, physically lazy and make a try to get up. The room was his old nursery, with all the furniture changed. Nana was gone, Polux was gone, the very wallpaper was gone, but he was still the same Kit. Was he, though? Couldn't one be as different from oneself as from other people? Some one had said something of the sort.

"Who am I? Lazy little voices in him kept wondering, and in this material peace he let them wonder on. What am I? What am I here for? What will I be fifty years hence? A hundred? . . .

A certain amount of that made him

## New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MCINTIRE.

New York, Oct. 15.—Every now and then I go to the biggest safety deposit vault in New York to clip a lonesome little bond. It rests like a drop of dew in the Atlantic. All about are rows upon rows of vaults big and small—some with combination locks.

There is a branch of romance in this huge depository. Next door to my coupon clipping room there was the monotonous clip of the scissors. Two secretarial looking men were slipping away at a huge pile of bonds. One clip and my work was done—but I clipped up an old envelope to appear important.

An attendant pointed out one old and shrunken man who comes there every afternoon at a certain hour. He calls for his box and sits there thumbing over a huge fortune in stocks and bonds. He varies the tedium by figuring on a pad.

He is one of the metropolitan misers who recycles the same thrill of the fiction misers in the lonely but counting his gold. Hundreds of men I am told go to their safety deposit vaults daily. It is their way of relaxing.

This depository is far down underground. Even the present has been taken that there shall be no tunneling underneath. There are armed guards at every turn and a hundred different mechanical traps for those who seek to pilage.

About eight years ago a fiction writer wrote a story of the robbery of one of New York's biggest banks. It was so "air tight" in its plausibility that a protest was made to the publisher by a group of bankers.

New York's population per capita uses more safety deposit boxes than any other city. It is symbolic of the city's fear. One bank vault in the theatrical district is patronized chiefly by actresses. Whether they have any jewels or not they like to be seen going in and coming out of the place.

The only serious bit of fiction Ring Lardner ever wrote was called "The Golden Honey-moon." It was incorporated in a recent book of his work and critics have proclaimed it as the best story he ever wrote. Yet that story was rejected by the editor of a leading weekly magazine. He wrote to Lardner: "Don't try to be anything but funny." And when one sees Lardner's solemnity of expression and lugubrious half grin one wonders how he ever manages to pen a line of humor.

The world's toughest job is to be a professional humorist. Kin Hubbard, the Abe Martin of Indianapolis, recently returned from a trip around the world. Everywhere he went people expected him to perpetrate the smart wheeze. He couldn't incite a single giggle. The only place he was able to fashion his mirth-provoking philosophy is at a certain desk in a certain corner of his workshop in Indiana.

A New Yorker recently returned from a trip to Jerusalem. He brought back a bottle of holy water for his son, who in turn wished to present it to his Sunday school teacher. The night of his return some guests came and he decided to mix them a cooling drink. The bottle of holy water was in the ice chest and by mistake it was used for a table water.

I had thought up what I thought was a rip-roaring bon mot about the incident above and I rehearsed it in the floor maid at my hotel. "Don't be after jokin' about holy water," she said. "It's bad luck and you'll come to no good end." I'm not superstitious, but there isn't enough room in the space today to tell it. Anyway it perhaps wasn't much of a joke. You can always laugh off a joke, but you can't always laugh off bad luck. Still I'm not superstitious. (Copyright, 1924.)

hair oil on the bed and otherwise invested the place with the stamp of his individuality, he returned to the study. "We will now devote a quiet hour to work," he announced. "Livy, you've read some. Well, you may go over what you've translated, slowly and elegantly, explaining the more obscure points of syntax as you go."

For an hour they read Livy. When they reached the point where Kit had left off Jack went blithely ahead, hampered by grammar, but always approximating the sense of the passage. At the end of the assignment Jack threw his arms behind his head, the book on the floor, and whistled.

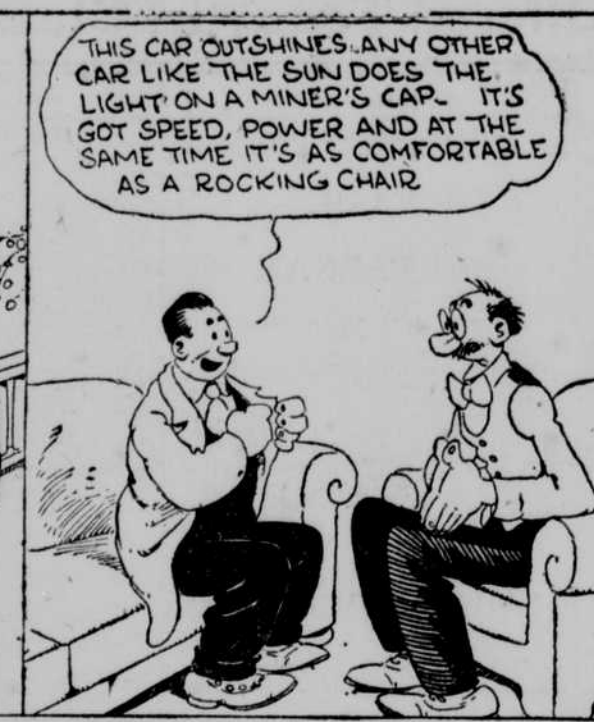
"Kit Newell. A neat and suggestive name. New Kittle, Nit Kewell, Kew Nittle. Two Nickel, Tin Wekell—how many are there, I wonder? Well, New Kittle, we're here because we're here because we're here because we're here. I wonder what will come of it." "Nothing very alarming," said Kit. "I don't know. I don't know."

Have you any idea of the devastating effect of perpetual companionship? What possibilities for hatred lie in a favorite tune whistled indiscriminately, or a certain manner of chewing cornflakes?" "Oh," said Kit. "I'm not afraid. No doubt I shall be damnably irritated with you, often, and you with me."

But . . . I don't think it will matter. Be normal about things, and things'll be no mal about you." Jack smiled, but without comfort. "That's a strong and pleasant philosophy, and it fits you well. But it doesn't fit a guy like me, who's never in control of the incidental. I have a badly-ordered type of mind. You

have a well-ordered one, and—" Kit got up and lightly mused Jack's hair. "You're an ass," he said, sitting down on the arm of Jack's chair. "But go on. Tell me some more about yourself—Gosh, what a silly thing to say! I never said it before." (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## THE NEBBIS



## YES AND PAINT IT RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

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

## Barney Google and Spark Plug

## Barney Got Some "Info" But It Doesn't Help Any.

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



## BRINGING UP FATHER

## VERY LIMITED EDUCATION.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus (Copyright 1924)



## JERRY ON THE JOB

## ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban (Copyright 1924)



## Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feeling

## ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Herschfeld (Copyright 1924)

