

I, THE KING

By WAYLAND WELLS WILLIAMS.
(Copyright, 1924.)

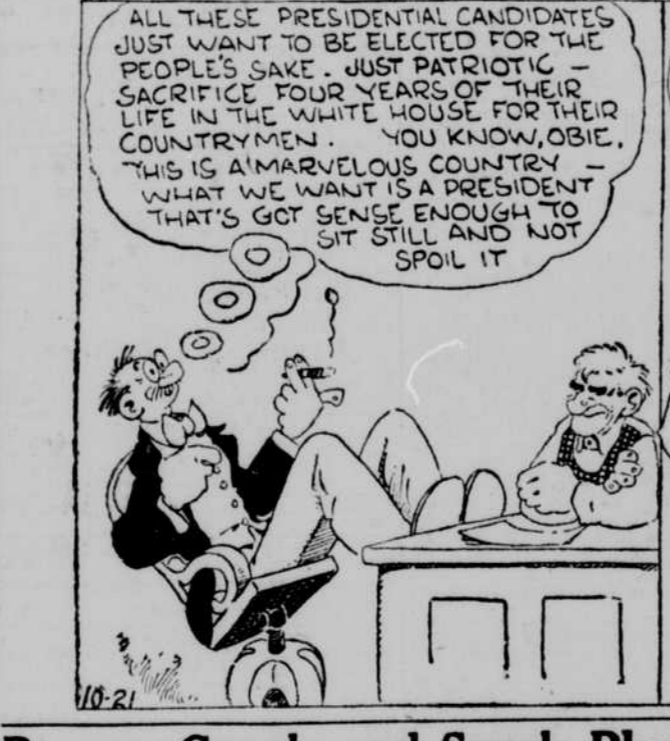
(Continued from Yesterday.)
"Isn't efficiency a good thing to learn?"
"A man," said Jack with scorn, "who puts his laundry away the minute it comes home has all the efficiency it's healthy for him to have at twenty. His mind should be on higher things."
"A man," retorted Kit, "who leaves his laundry lying round his bedroom till he's ready to wear it, and actually sleeps under it because he's too lazy to take it off the bed, is a menace to society, and should be legally estopped—Look here, what's college for, if not to teach us how to do things?"
"That," said Jack, blowing a cloud of cigarette smoke at the ceiling, "what might be called the Aristotelian view of college. Well, it turns out good business men. And if this country didn't produce its business men it wouldn't produce a single first-class thing of its kind."
"Oh, my poor country! . . . I take it you're—the opposite of Aristotle!"
"A Platonist? I am. I think the main mission of college is to show us what to do. The how can wait. Lord, how can you devise a method of dealing with life until you've established your attitude toward it?"
Kit sighed. "Something in that, I suppose you're right; I could be reasonably certain of doing almost anything methodically and neatly. As for the what, I can't say. I've thought of the law. Lately I've been thinking of newspaper work. And . . ."
"Well, go on. What's not?"
"Good heavens, you're not thinking of Christian endeavor?"
"Teaching, I was going to say."
Jack laughed. "It would be like you to think of teaching before you'd decided what to teach, or began to learn. What made you think of teaching?"
Kit paused, grinning. "A nobility."
"If you're out for nobility, what about the Church?"
"It's just a bit too noble, I suspect. A few hundred years ago, I suppose I would have chosen that. Now—I don't know. The churches go in for being so alive and up-to-date. You hear so much about 'moral purpose' and 'practical Christianity' and 'religious education.' It's all right, I suppose. . . . No, I shan't be a parson."
"You'll be that noblest work of God, an American business man," said Jack, flinging his cigarette stub into the fireplace. "All this, I suppose, is just the Weitschmerz of adolescence."
"Well, go ahead. There are worse things."
II.
Jack was not much concerned, believing that this was Kit's probable destiny. But he was wrong; even at this time Kit had no idea of entering business. He had read "The Research Magnificent" which came out about this time, and had been profoundly impressed by it. There was something, something to do which had never been done, to fall in which was better than succeeding in other

New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. McINTYRE.
New York, Oct. 20.—There are a dozen street mayors in New York. All save two are Jews. The locality mayor is typical of New York, and emblematic of the soul of the East Side where the foreign born rather enjoy idolizing a celebrity.
Papa Burger is Mayor of Avenue D. Other are Frank Dostal of Avenue B; Morris Eisenstein of First avenue; Abe Fagin of Hunter's Point; Joe Levy of Essex street; Hughie Masterson of Eighth avenue; Stitch McCarthy of Grand street; George McKeeny of Harlem; Karlonick Phillips of Delancey street; Edward Rosenstein of Broome and Uncle Nathan Vlodinger of Eldridge street.
The first locality mayor of New York was Patrick Conroy of Poverty Hollow. He was so named by Charlie Lynch one of the bright reporters of Dana's Sun. They were companions in the old Essex Market court 30 odd years ago.
The locality mayor is what they call a "fix-it-bird" far the neighborhood. He goes after landlords who do not repair leaky pipes or furnish plenty of steam heat. He helps tenants who are short in their rent and settles neighborhood quarrels.
He lends money without interest and he patches up domestic quarrels. In return he carries the votes of the neighborhood in his vest pocket. Nobody knows exactly just how he makes his money but they have their suspicions.
They have plenty of money. The duke of Essex street wears a \$500 diamond in his shirt and gave his daughter a \$20,000 necklace as a wedding present. He is said to be worth \$500,000 and there is no question about the authenticity of his Rolls Royce, Riverside Drive apartment and Jan valet.
The locality mayors battered their way up from obscurity. Most of them were newsboys in the days when to "hold a corner" meant prowess with a fist.
All the world at some time or other drifts through the Waldorf's Peacock Alley. During a half hour's loaf there I saw Irvin Cobb, Irving Berlin, Leo Schubert, Harry Kemp, George McManus, Charles Dana Gibson, Will Irwin and Frank A. Munsey.
Padlocking has little effect on Broadway's supper club ambitions. For the next month 10 new clubs are scheduled to open. Decorators are all ready to work on them. They are to be sumptuous, and the new plan is to admit only those absolutely known to the head waiter to be "right." New York has been fed up on Russian cellars and Szecho-Slovak roofs and the new note in decoration is toward simplicity. Several head waiters who went to Europe when their cafes were shot out from under them have been cabled to return and take their stands behind the silver ropes.
Old customs are not easily thrown off. Each morning a man leaves his home with a jug, shuffles along in slippers to a hydrant near Jefferson market. He fills the jug with water and returns home. He is a Frenchman who has lived many years in Algiers, where he formed this habit of going to the community well.
There is a prize fight authority in New York who always sickens at the sight of blood. He has attended hundreds of fights but whenever the "claret" flows he is nauseated.
(Copyright, 1924.)

things. Something which, he was quite sure, had nothing to do with commercial enterprise.
This refusal became articulate the following September when, at his mother's suggestion, he visited his relatives in Dimchurch. He had not been there for several years, and was now for the first time received as a man and an equal.
He took long walks through the yellowing country, with Elise. Elise had passed forty and become constitutionally grim, but she could talk, and even had things to talk about.
"You're really a great business woman," Kit told her on one of these walks. "I didn't realize you did so much."
"Well, it's there to be done. Mother isn't strong enough, and she never did take to it much. Not that I take to it, either, but I can do it, with an effort."
"Why make the effort, if you'd rather do something else?"
"I wouldn't.—You must realize that in a position like ours, in a town like this, something is expected of you. And rightly, too. I mean, here's a town of six thousand inhabitants, and the Works gives a livelihood to about fifteen hundred of them. No other one thing employs a fraction as many. You can call it industrial feudalism, if you like; there's nothing better found. And at least we're alive to our responsibility."
"I see," said Kit, interested. "Tell me how you work it out."
"In several ways. In the first place, socially. We've got to set a standard. I don't mean snobbishness, but not receiving people who've misbehaved themselves, been remarried after divorce, and things like that. Then there's charity. We've got to give more than other people, simply because we have more. We've got to let them see that the money earned by the Works doesn't go into selfish luxury. Then in organization of the charities, and that's what takes the time. And then lastly, in the Works themselves."
"Good old Uncle Jeff. People must like him."
"They do. And he's pretty liberal about wages. You know we haven't had a strike here in ten years."
"Really. And business must be booming, with all these war orders?"
"Yes, it is. We've put up a new wing; you must go down and take a look. Yes, it's as good a proposition for its size as you can find anywhere. And . . . Father's getting old."
Kit felt his flesh begin to creep. He stared at the road, pushing his hands deep into his pockets. Elise went on lightly, intent on the landscape.
"He's over sixty, so of course we must expect him to fail. The incident of the machine shows that. Oh, he can go on for another ten years. But who's to take it up after that? It's a thousand pities I wasn't a boy. What are you thinking of doing after college, Kit?"
Kit shook his head. "Nothing doing, I'm afraid, Elise. Manufacturing's not my line."
"How can you tell, till you've tried? Why, any one of average intelligence can make it his line. Especially with an ideal—family and responsibility, and that sort of thing."
"You mean, I belong here, really. I see your point. But—"
"Of course, I'm saying nothing of the attractiveness of the thing, from a financial point of view. Mother and I would have the house, and enough to live on in it comfortably, but the controlling interest in the Works would go to you."
"Gee, that's handsome enough. But—"
"But of course the main thing for you would be keeping up the old Newell tradition here. That does appeal to you, doesn't it?"
Kit wondered if Elise were acting as plenipotentiary for her father. "Yes, Elise, but the personal element from here, with other ideas and traditions. Very likely I'd let the whole thing down in no time. And then, I haven't got a business head. I've no desire to connect myself with a money-making concern. There's something else I want to do—I can't tell you what. But it's there."
"You must talk with Father," finished Elise, undiscouraged. "He'll put it a great deal better than I have." And Kit understood then that the

THE NEBBS



I'M BUSY NOW.



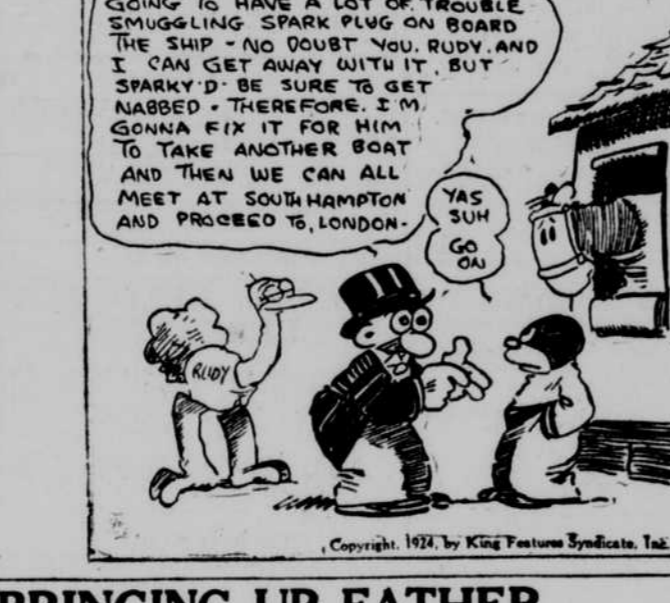
Barney Google and Spark Plug



Directed For The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



BRINGING UP FATHER



JERRY ON THE JOB



ABIE THE AGENT



It Happens in the Best Regulated Cross-Word Puzzle Families



By Briggs



By Briggs



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

