

THE KING

By WAYLAND WELLS WILLIAMS.
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(Continued from Yesterday.)

And Kit himself, with his baseball and his News editorship, was arriving in a much larger way. It became perfectly clear that he was "going" Keys. He was surprised to learn it, but was scornfully informed by the class authorities that the thing had been certain since the first term of freshman year. Best of all, Jack was not going to mind; he said as much, first in oblique terms, then in direct ones. The days sped along in anticlimax, contentment and triviality, through the football season, the Christmas holidays, the Prom. It was good to be alive.

And then in mid-March, with paralyzing suddenness, the terrific thing happened. He had been home over a week-end, and on Sunday night left her mother with a rather nasty cold. On Tuesday came a brief note from her, saying that she had gone to bed; the next day came one from Aunt Emmy, saying that pneumonia had developed, and not to be alarmed. But on the Thursday evening he was wired for, and on the Sunday his mother died.

It was unbelievably cruel and unnecessary. She was only fifty-one, a joy to all who knew her and an adorable mother. But almost from the first he summoned his powers to fight his grief and loneliness. His mother, he told himself, had lost nothing. It was right that he should miss her, but there must be no screaming to heaven. Jack helped enormously; his hand on Kit's shoulder gave reason to the world.

He returned to college with all possible speed, and not for two weeks did he return to talk with the lawyers. He wouldn't have done so then but that they became insistent. The gist of it was that Mrs. Newell had had only a life interest in her husband's money; on her death it was all to go to Kit. Most of the principal was held in trust for him if he were under twenty-five; but the entire income was to be his when he reached the age of twenty-one. His mother's own fortune, amounting to some \$300,000, went to him direct.

He had been twenty-one in December. He stood master of an income of, roughly speaking, eighty thousand a year.

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He began by giving Jack, in a quiet, falsely casual way, sets of books and pearl shirt studs. But these were mere drops in the bucket, and it was clear that after a certain point Jack would refuse to accept any more. He would look to accept any large checks to then took to charitable institutions, anything he knew the name of. The word got round; appeals came in till he had no difficulty in keeping his bank balance down to a reasonable figure. But he was not that kind of a man. He was toying with tremendous possibilities with the sacred fire of his youth. He must form some definite plan.

Tap Day came; he was absorbed.

He did not think of it by any means spoiled his pleasure in life. But it got so that he could not think of it long without feeling bewildered, and he hated to confess that. He also feared that college, with its preoccupation over the immediate, was not going to help him much.

On the very first Sunday of the term he wandered off for a walk after lunch, alone. Jack had been delayed in returning, and would not be back till the morrow. Kit walked vaguely westward, bored, seeking the unfamiliar, into a dingy but not unattractive region of little old wooden houses and larger new brick affairs, cheaply built. The street was intermittently shaded by elm trees, whose desiccated leaves made brown crackly litter on the pavement.

He heard a sound of singing, and presently came to a small wooden church. The door was open to the street, and Kit stopped to look in. The backs of the congregation were turned toward him, and the interior of the church was bathed in half-gloom, but he could see that they were all negroes.

"The hymn which had been ringing in his ears for blocks held him; a simple, jerky tune, strictly diatonic. The naive words of the refrain he came after several repetitions, perfectly distinguishable:

New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, Oct. 21.—There is in New York a social clan known as the "Long Island set."

The men have ambitions to be master of hounds and expert cross country riders. They also go in for polo.

The women are tanned and masculine appearing. The older men are the horsey Scotch whisky types, with beefy jaws, heavy eyes, and given to cologne. Most of the younger fellows hold medicine-making jobs down town that do not interfere with their pleasures.

It is a crowd that goes the pace. They can stand it better because of their outdoor life. The older women are the imperious types who have at some time or other secured wealth in Paris divorces and prefer the company of young men with crinkling brown hair and white flannels.

There have been several nasty scandal shootings among them. The girls are the kind from whom the men can borrow cigarettes and who substitute the highball for afternoon tea. All of them are silk stockinged aristocrats living hard and dangerously.

Many of the young men are social pick-thanks who on account of their good looks are accepted. They play polo on borrowed mounts and flatter the older women. In this fashion they are able to flit from Narragansett to Del Monte.

All of them provide salacious material for the gossip weeklies and seem to enjoy it. At the dazzling ocean-side cafes they are flawless dancers. Yachts who should be seeking a career become the thin, whippy types with tightly waxed mustaches. The week ends are hectic. The festivities begin on Friday evening with a lot of cocktails and then a number of roasters make the rounds of other summer porches. Some of them never think of sleeping until early Sunday morning.

A strange mood now and then dominates the Bowery. There will be a day when the Bowery remains in doors. The street seems to be sulking. Not even the children come out. It may be a sunshiny day, but when the Bowery is in a mood nothing tempts it. Even shopkeepers are sullen when trade comes. It wants to be left alone with its sorrow.

One of the amazing things about the Bowery is the way children defy death in the streets. They race in front of street cars, trucks and automobiles after balls with no fear whatever and their parents look on as though unmindful of the fate that may be theirs. Of course the street is the only place they have to play. Long experience has made them agile and while they take greater hazards there are fewer street accidents there than in other sections.

A magazine editor who had an apartment in town moved to Greenwich for the summer, taking his servants, a man and wife, who acted as butler and cook. Two weeks afterward he was forced to discharge the servants. He returned to his city apartment the other day for some wearing apparel and found the servants had been living there for two months, and, not only that, they had been entertaining some friends.

My obedience toward servants is greater than theirs toward employers. I always want to shake hands with a butler and if I had found them occupying my apartment, no matter how angry they had made me I think I would have invited them to stay awhile longer.

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stopped a minute to hear the singing. I must be getting on."

"De blessing of Gawd Almighty go with you," said the other. Then, feeling that the time and place, as well as his official position, demanded further reference to Holy Writ, he added: "Every valley shall be exalted, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain."

Kit shuffled on through the dead leaves and the heavy air, on which the song still floated like oil on stagnant water. It was all true. There was no mercy like His. The crooked straight, and the rough places plain;—

eternal comfort, eternal hope. But where did that take him? Oh, better far to shut one's eyes, like those black people in there, and believe one was seeing than to wander with a hawk's gaze through impenetrable darkness!

The crooked straight. But how, O

Lord, how? If one could only have a long talk about things with Jesus Christ—or Socrates or Marcus Aurelius or Abraham Lincoln, for that matter. There was something wrong with religion. You asked for guidance, and it, with copious protestations of infallibility, fed you a Trinity.

Well, there was Jack. He would confess failure and go to Jack. He would report with pleasure on the trials of extreme wealth, in his puppy-like way; but press him far enough and he would respond. Yes, there was still Jack.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Traveler—Oh, this heat is nothing much. In India I've known the temperature to be over a hundred at midnight.

The Girl—Really? How dreadful! Now would that be in the shade?—Boston Transcript.

THE NEBBS

into Keys along with Dick Hoffington and Jen Cobb and other congenial people. He became the first string third baseman on the "Varsity nine. The spring flew by in a golden haze, with the figure of his mother growing steadily dimmer, though no less dear in the background. He made plans for his summer; he was going west with Jack, to inspect the Pacific coast from San Diego to Vancouver. He would think heavily the while, and make up his mind.

And the summer passed in golden sunshine and white mountains, while still the flame burned idle, unattended.

He shrank from speaking of it to Jack; he envied Jack's intellectual superiority as a last resource, a thing to be evoked only with a working hypothesis in mind. A man must evolve for himself the basic principle of his life.

On one thing he was adamant; he would not go into anything with the mere idea of keeping himself busy, or of making money. Here was a unique opportunity—a human machine without encumbrances, either of circumstance or construction. Not to put it to its best use would be a scruple. It was possible—there were as many uses in the world as there were people.

But this gave him no light. There was no absence of attractive prospects; newspaper work, teaching and archeology were now the chief ones. Probably he could succeed, in a reasonable measure, in any of them. That was just the trouble; lack of all trades, master of none. He wished fervently that he had been given the recognized type of mind.

He came back across the continent alone, preceding Jack by a few weeks. On the train he thought a great deal, and one day in the smoking car his thoughts overflowed into speech. The recipient was a gray, mustached elderly gentleman with whom formed an acquaintance of the common traveling type. He adopted the time-honored device of putting his own case as that of "a friend." He briefly sketched his own situation and character, and asked what the probable solution of that man's life would be.

"Eighty thousand a year," the elderly gentleman repeated, looking askance at his cigar. "That's roughly two million—I should say a villa at some place like Cannes for half the year, and the rest distributed between London, Paris and the Union Club."

Kit eyed him sidelong. "You don't understand, quite. This fellow's got—well, he's got what you might call 'ideas.' He's interested in a lot of things."

"Add a collection of Whistler etchings," broke in the E. G. "Or Sherraton furniture, or Egyptian mummies of course, if he's the bookworm type, you can make those the chief items. But if he's at all festive in character, the villa at Cannes about hits it."

"He's festive, in a certain extent yes. But I don't think he cares much for—the delights of the flesh."

"Has he tried them yet?" inquired the E. G., and Kit shut up.

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"The hymn which had been ringing in his ears for blocks held him; a simple, jerky tune, strictly diatonic. The naive words of the refrain he came after several repetitions, perfectly distinguishable:

Oh, there is no power like Thine, Man's Earthly dress to refine; Oh, there is no power, There is no love, There is no mercy like Thine.

As he stood listening a black-coated dandy, evidently the sexton or some thing, appeared in the vestibule, mopping his brow.

"Come in, come right in, sah," he said graciously. "De Lawd is in His holy temple. Let de whole uth stand in awe of Him." "Thank you," said Kit. "I just

Barney Google and Spark Plug

BARNEY DON'T ATTEMPT TO GO TO EUROPE AS A STOWAWAY—I HAPPEN TO KNOW A GENTLEMAN WHO'S GOT A FIRST CLASS TICKET ON A SHIP SAILING TOMORROW AND HE CAN'T GO AND HE CAN'T GET HIS PASSAGE MONEY REFUNDED—HE'S TRIED TO SELL THE TICKET AND CAN'T TAKE MY TIP AND LOCK HIM UP!

I AIN'T GOT A DIME GUS, BUT I'LL TRY TO HIM—

MR. MACKINTOSH MY FRIEND TELLS ME YOU CAN'T USE YOUR TICKET ON THE BOAT TOMORROW! I'M PLANNING ON A TRIP TO EUROPE BUT, I'M BROKE.

WHY DON'T YOU GIVE ME YOUR TICKET?

GIVE IT TO YOU?

YOU NERVY UPSTART! I'LL THROW IT IN THE ASH CAN BEFORE I GIVE IT AWAY! GET OUT!

JUST A SELF-MADE GUY.

JUST BECAUSE A GUY SENDS HIS CARD IN—WHO IS LONG ON CONVERSATION AND SHORT ON IDEAS, DO YOU THINK I HAVE TO LET HIM INTO MY OFFICE, SET HIM ON MY LAP AND FEED HIM LOLLYPOPS? NEXT TIME CONCENTRATE ALL YOUR CONVERSATION AND IDEAS—WRITE IT ON A WHITE POKER CHIP—SEND IT IN AND IT WILL GET PROMPT ATTENTION!

A FLOCK OF IGNORANCE PLUS A LITTLE MONEY PLUS A LITTLE AUTHORITY EQUALS ALL THE CONCEIT IN THE WORLD!

WHAT YOU SAY MAY BE TRUE BUT BE THAT AS IT MAY ALL I RECEIVED FROM MY FAMILY WAS BRAINS, A GOOD NAME AND A LARGE WORLD TO GET ALONG IN—EVERYTHING ELSE GIVE ME CREDIT FOR AND WATCH ME FROM NOW ON!

BRINGING UP FATHER

THE NEXT GUY THAT COMES IN MY OFFICE AN OFFER'S ME A CIGARETTE I'LL CHOKER HIM AM I GETTIN' TIRED OF EXPLAININ' MY BET WITH DOUGAN?

I'LL GO UP ON THE ROOF WHERE I WON'T SEE OR HEAR ANYTHING ABOUT SMOKIN'.

JERRY ON THE JOB

GOING WITHOUT FOOD IS ONE OF THE FAVORITE THINGS I HATE—BUT TODAY—OBBY! SOME LUNCH I HAD!

JUST NOW I ET HEAVY—JIM AS FULL AS A BALLOON, WHY I HAD FOR LUNCH WAS PLENTY.

DON'T WANT NO MORE—EH?

COULDN'T PARK IN ANOTHER THING—I'M STUFFED.

NOT EVEN IF IT WAS FREE?

NO SIR—CAN'T EAT NOTHIN'—NOT ME.

NICE HUNK O' MINCE DIE—HOW ABOUT THAT?

UMM—I MIGHT CHEW IT, BUT I NEVER COULD SWALLOW IT.

Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feeling

AFTER YOU'VE INTERVIEWED A DOZEN AND HIRED TWO OR THREE MAIDS (TO ARRIVE AT DIFFERENT TIMES AND NONE OF THEM EVER SHOW UP)

AND FINALLY YOU INTERVIEW ONE WHO FAITHFULLY PROMISES TO COME NEXT DAY AT NINE AND YOU'RE SURE SHE MEANS IT AS SHE LOOKS HIGHER CLASS THAN THE REST.

AND NINE O'CLOCK ARRIVES—NO MAID—

TEN O'CLOCK ARRIVES AND STILL NO MAID AND YOUR FAITH IN HUMAN NATURE IS ENTIRELY GONE

—AND THEN—JUST AS YOU ARE LEAVING THE HOUSE TO GO TO A LUNCHEON—

—SHE ARRIVES! OH-H-H—GIRLS! AIN'T IT A—GRA-A-A—AND GLOR-R-RIOUS FEELIN'?

SWEET BABY!

ABIE THE AGENT

LISTEN, ABE, CAN I BORROW FIFTY DOLLARS TILL THE 25TH OF NEXT MONTH?

THE 25TH OF NEXT MONTH—ALL RIGHT

JUST AS SURE AS MY NAME IS CHARLEY GROLL—IT'S THE 25TH AND HERE'S THE FIFTY I OWE YOU!

ABE, CAN I BORROW ANOTHER FIFTY DOLLARS TILL NEXT MONDAY AFTERNOON?

NO, GROLL, NO

DIDN'T I RETURN THE FIFTY DOLLARS TO THE SECOND LIKE I PROMISED?

YES, BUT YOU CAN'T DISAPPOINT ME TWICE

THE NEBBS

I'LL WAIT FOR THAT NEBB GUY TO COME OUT IF IT TAKES ALL DAY AND NIGHT—I TRIED TO SEE HIM YESTERDAY AND AGAIN TODAY BUT HE SENT WORD THAT HE WAS "IN CONFERENCE".

WHEN A GUY GETS A LITTLE DOUGH HE STARTS HAVING "CONFERENCES"

WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA OF ME NOT BEING ABLE TO GET INTO YOUR OFFICE TO SEE YOU? A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO, WHEN YOU DIDN'T HAVE TWO DIMES TO BACK UP TO EACH OTHER AND THE SHERIFF WAS PLAYING PEEKA-BOO WITH YOU, YOU WERE SO TAME THAT YOU FELT FLATTERED

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YOU NERVY UPSTART! I'LL THROW IT IN THE ASH CAN BEFORE I GIVE IT AWAY! GET OUT!

BRINGING UP FATHER

THE NEXT GUY THAT COMES IN MY OFFICE AN OFFER'S ME A CIGARETTE I'LL CHOKER HIM AM I GETTIN' TIRED OF EXPLAININ' MY BET WITH DOUGAN?

I'LL GO UP ON THE ROOF WHERE I WON'T SEE OR HEAR ANYTHING ABOUT SMOKIN'.

JERRY ON THE JOB

GOING WITHOUT FOOD IS ONE OF THE FAVORITE THINGS I HATE—BUT TODAY—OBBY! SOME LUNCH I HAD!

JUST NOW I ET HEAVY—JIM AS FULL AS A BALLOON, WHY I HAD FOR LUNCH WAS PLENTY.

DON'T WANT NO MORE—EH?

COULDN'T PARK IN ANOTHER THING—I'M STUFFED.

NOT EVEN IF IT WAS FREE?

NO SIR—CAN'T EAT NOTHIN'—NOT ME.

NICE HUNK O' MINCE DIE—HOW ABOUT THAT?

UMM—I MIGHT CHEW IT, BUT I NEVER COULD SWALLOW IT.

ABIE THE AGENT

LISTEN, ABE, CAN I BORROW FIFTY DOLLARS TILL THE 25TH OF NEXT MONTH?

THE 25TH OF NEXT MONTH—ALL RIGHT

JUST AS SURE AS MY NAME IS CHARLEY GROLL—IT'S THE 25TH AND HERE'S THE FIFTY I OWE YOU!

ABE, CAN I BORROW ANOTHER FIFTY DOLLARS TILL NEXT MONDAY AFTERNOON?

NO, GROLL, NO

DIDN'T I RETURN THE FIFTY DOLLARS TO THE SECOND LIKE I PROMISED?

YES, BUT YOU CAN'T DISAPPOINT ME TWICE