I, THE KING

eyeing him.

ber of things—"
"I'm sure we should all be as happy

as kings.—Are kings happy, I won der? Why don't they ever say?"

"Are rich men happy?" asked Jack

"They are not!-I don't know, though. I can't call myself unhappy,

come to think of it. There's some thing in it, the possibilities. . . .

wouldn't say rich men were neces

VII. was honest comfort, and

enabled Kit to face senior year secure in the choice of war, journalism or travel at the end of it. But this was in the fall of 1916, so that senior

year had no end, properly speaking.
The first alternative, swelling into
pre-emptive duty, cut it short.
Kit was as astonished as the ma-

jority of his countrymen. He had read books and heard lectures, but he

had never contemplated war as ar occupation. The days suddenly be

came feverish; they ached as the passed; the thought of action becam

the one hope of well-being. There one evening in Woolsey Hall, a great

the Air. Probably I can't pass the exams, but that's my first choice. I'm

Late in April Kit went down to the

Late in April Kit went down to the Yale boathouse, received a suit of blues which he wore only when on liberty, a suit of dungarees which he wore all the time except when washing it, and a general understanding that war was a game of pretending that war was a game of pretending the best beautiful when

iaughter over things in general. War was simply another and sillier kind

courier of the air."
"Gee, that great." said Kit. and

then it was hard to say anything.
Their study faced northward, on

the Campus. The quadrangle was nearly empty, but brightly lit as

usual, and one might easily have looked at it without noticing anything

uncustomary. The night breeze blew over it carelessly, unsentimentally. And yet as the two lolled over the window seat, the inner lights turned

of beings not far off, who keem and cared, intensely. Conscious and continuous life, such as this place had known for two centuries, could not

vanish utterly from existence. Those of '61, those of '12, those of '76-

"Well," said Jack, blowing a puff

together

"Perhaps the same may be said of

By WAYLAND WELLS WILLIAMS. (Copyright, 1924.)

(Continued from Yesterday.)

And young Mr. Caslon, after the expected delays and persifiage, measured up to expectations. Late one night he sat on his bed in his under-

clothes, puffing a short black pipe, and heard Kit out.

"What about this proposition of your uncle's?" he asked on beginning to be serious. "This factory thing,

up state somewhere?"
"That's out of the running. Always, and more than ever now. I sarily unhappy, not unless they were won't have anything to do with the born fools." conventional money-making occupa-

tion."

"I only wondered. A respectable family business like that is a blessing to a lot of men. They spend their working hours in it, feel they're earning a living and doing their share of the world's work, and work out their salvation on the side.—And it doesn't attract you as a mission? Family eall, that sort of thing?"

[See now—I'm sleepy, and you're not. That's because I'm the happy low lie down, and you're uneasy rests the head that wears a crown. Ha!—Go to bed, Nik Tewell, and don't let your gold chafe your spine. It's a good spine, at bottom.—Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't mean that, really!..."

[See now—I'm sleepy, and you're not. That's because I'm the happy low lie down, and you're uneasy rests the head that wears a crown. Ha!—Go to bed, Nik Tewell, and don't let your gold chafe your spine. It's a good spine, at bottom.—Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't mean that, really!..."

call, that sort of thing?"
"Not a bit. Uncle Jeff could sell out and move to Kamchatka tomorrow, for all me. Not but what I like

row, for all me. Not but what I like them all well enough."
"I suppose he's hardly likely to do that," said Jack ruminatively. "The Yankee temperament—The Nutmer State. New England feudalism. Why doesn't somebody write it up properly? The analogies with medieval feudalism are beautiful—except that was enlivened by an occasional that was enlivened by an occasional Crusade. . . . Kit, do you see your uncle locking his wife up in tin and barging off to rescue somebody's tomb?"

Kit shouted with laughter at the thought of Aunt Ella thus protected.

Kit shouted with laughter at the thought of Aunt Ella thus protected. "Seriously—damn you—oh, poor Uncle Jeff! Would he take Elise along disguised as a page, do you think? . . . Be serious now, will you?" "You"re so serious yourself," said Jack; but his smile faded in a yawn. "I do like my legs," he said with sudden interest, stretching them out before him. "They're that wonderful shape, both knock-kneed and bowed. Like a Tartar's bow, kind of. They go, they go, swift as an arrow from a Tartar's bow . . "Kit let this fall, knowing that it prefaced a return to the main subject. "Why, then, seriously, New Kittle, I'm not much worried about you. There's nothing alarming in not having found one's life work at twenty-one. Lots of men in our class haven't yet. And the ones that have chosen—if all consideration of the main chance were ellminated, as it is in your case, how many do you think would be sure now? Not a quarter."

"That's so. Though it doesn't help worked the one hope of well-being. There one evening in Woolsey Hall, a great seace meeting; a spectacied speake, carefully picking his wordy way over the susceptibilities of undergraduates who had come but to find fault. Then from the street outside, coming nearer and nearer, the sound of a brass band playing "The Stars and Stripes." Feet shuffling, students selzing their hats and scurrying out; then Kit scurrying with them, in torment till he was marching behind the band, his mouth wide open, yelling. It was in one; there was no gainsaying it.

The Campus became a medley of farewells. Kit himself chose easily; he enlisted in the Naval Reserve and walted only to be called out. Jack, less sure of himself, was equally hospitable to the general idea.

"I hate marching behind the band, his mouth wide open, yelling. It was in one; there was no gainsaying it.

The Campus became a medley of farewells. Kit himself chose easily; he enlisted in the Naval Reserve and walted only to be called out. Jack, less sure of himself, was equally hospitable to the general idea.

"I Not a quarter.

"That's so. Though it doesn't help me."

"Well, you've got a year still. And you can take another respectably. Go round the world, or get into the war. Go over next June and drive an ambulance. You might get interested in reconstruction work or something."

"Possibly. I'd thought of that."

exams, but that's my first choice. I'm told that any boob can fly if his reactions are normal; also that it doesn't necessarily kill you."

"The idea darned near kills me," said Kit. "Our Intrepid Birdman!"

"It's a pretty picture, isn't it?"

Jack was indifferent to "kidding" now. But there was no "kidding" now? Not a quarter."
"That's so. Though it doesn't help

"Possibly. I'd thought of that." "Or simply go into newspaper work, not as a permanency, but as a sort of waiting club. That brings you up against so many things that miliation in his voice as he went on "Though to be sure, even lowlies worms than I have sprouted wings. How doth the busy caterpillar . . . The Alembic of War. Gosh, how bored our grandchildren are going

New York -- Day by Day--

By O. O. M'INTYRE.

New York, Oct. 22.—The mask of the mime often hides tragedy. Blooch, the famous little Hippodrome clown, suffered from chronic melancholia. Silvers, whose ridiculous feet caused the contract of learning the contract of the suffered from the suffered gales of laughter, ended his career ing it. Every few days he saw Jack in a lonely hall bedroom-a suicide.

The most agile and hilariously funny eccentric dancer on the American stage is a performer without friends. He lives alone and is never seen in public except to dance. He came to Broadway from the Bowery burlesque halls.

Only his intimates know his plight. funny eccentric dancer on the Ameri-

Only his intimates know his plight.

At the age of 20 a malignant malady ate away his nose and the nose the public sees is putty. Most people perhaps would have given up a profession where personal appearance

means so much. But this man by his indomitable will and sheer artistry not only gradnated from burlesque but has been starred in his own play on Broadway. So frightful is his disfigurement that he does not even employ a dresser. Members of his company only know

him through rehearsals. When he leaves the theater he goes that there were an immense number to a cheap rooming house on the fringe of the theatrical district. He rarely leaves it save to go to the theater and it is a strict rule about the establishment that no one shall talk to him or will visitors be admitted. There is a joyous comedienne whose ribald songs and jovial commoness

have made her a public favorite in vaudeville. She seems the quintessence of superlative happiness. Yet she has been told she has only a short How to Start the Day Wrong while to live. There is a movie actor of some

standing whose comic antics have convulsed audiences everywhere. He is actually sad. There is the specter of an unavoidable accident before him at all times. When a boy he engaged in a friendly scuffle and killed his closest friend. Second avenue has a burlesque house

which has turned out many capable comedians. It is a smelly, stuffy place where toughs of the East Side gather. Peculiarly enough the popular edible to be hawked about by ushers is the cream puff.

Second avenue, by the way has a single tree near Thirty-eighth street that seems a grotesque touch in the bubbling tenement life. It sprouts between two old brick buildings and it is one of the sights for the children who live farther east.

Press agency has always been geared to a high pitch in New York but the ultimate word in the art is offered by a famous little milk station on Sixth avenue. It is only a hole in the wall but it pays a pro fessional puffer \$100 a week and as a result it has come to be one of the high spots of night life. It is a stool and counter place but after midnight one sees many silk hats and evening gowns. In the same way, Reuben's graduated from a sandwich place or upper Broadway to one of the biggest cafes in town. Recently an annex was opened. In front there still remains the little delicatessen which marked its beginning. Patrons must pass through this to reach the two separate dining rooms.

The little tugs that carry prisoners to the workhouse on Blackwell's island are gloomy splotches in the murky atmosphere of the East River. From the shore one may see hand cuffed prisoners drooping about on the tiny decks on their way to lonely exile. The tugs screech merrily as they stem the tide.

"But there's one thing I guess I Kit's heart swelled; here was a known." will say, just—well, so that you'll beautiful thing, simply and beautiknow I know. Whatever I've got fully done, without a trace of gush or "But i "Blah!" said Jack pleasantly.
"But it's true. I can't explain, or Do you ever have the sensation of plain."

is mere biology. And we're not that kind. There's a great deal that might be said, but we won't say it. And after all, it's not necessary."

"No," said Kit.

out of this place—and it's been a lot "but see here. Whatever I've done, But whatever I've got back, oh, so many after all, it's not necessary."

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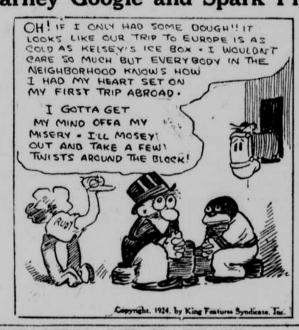
I've got from you. You've given "but see here. Whatever I've done, But whatever I've got back, oh, so many after all, it's got all it's all it's

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

you'd be almost sure to discover something. The world is so full of a num-



Barney Google and Spark Plug



WHY SHOULD I LIE TO YOU, NO KIDDING. MAC. YOU AIN'T BEEN TO EUROPE



TELL YOU WHAT



WELL . I'VE BEEN ALL OVER ENGLAND FRANCE, GERMANY - I SAW NAT BURKAN OVER THERE . MAX STUERER : LOUIS MANN. PAUL BLOCK, MORRIS GEST - YEH IN CARLSBAD - AND DID IT RAIN -MY! MY!

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

(Copyright 1921)

BRINGING UP FATHER

Registered U. S. Patent Office

MAYBE HE

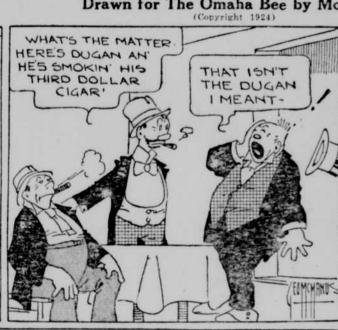
SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

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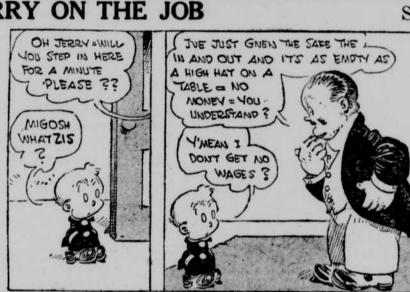




JERRY ON THE JOB

SOMETHING'S GOTTA BE DONE.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hobar











must be near, they must



ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



