

I, THE KING

By WAYLAND WELLS WILLIAMS. (Copyright, 1924.)

(Continued from Yesterday.)

And young Mr. Caslon, after the expected delays and portage, measured up to expectations. Late one night he sat on his bed in his underclothes, 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 means in fact, they're earning a living and doing their share of the world's work, and work out their salvation on the side.

Kit shouted with laughter at the thought of Aunt Ella thus protected. Seriously—damn you—oh, poor Uncle Jeff! I should be like Ellen along disguised as a page, do you think? Be serious now, will you?

You're so serious yourself, said Jack; but his eyes faded in 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.

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 the boathouse was a ship.

When he leaves the theater he goes 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 commonness 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 while to live.

This 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.

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.

THE NEBBS

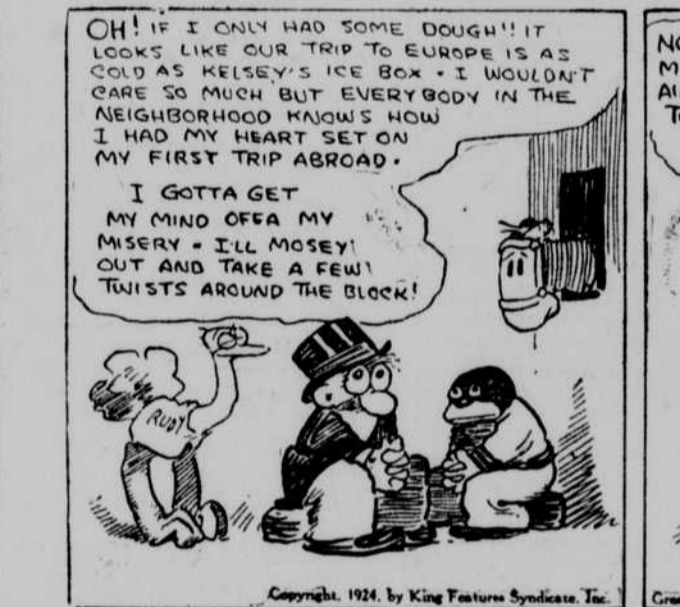


HOT DIGGOTY DOG!



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

Barney Google and Spark Plug



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

BRINGING UP FATHER



Registered U. S. Patent Office SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus (Copyright 1924)

JERRY ON THE JOB



SOMETHING'S GOTTA BE DONE. Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hobart (Copyright 1924)



How to Start the Day Wrong



By Briggs ABIE THOMAS' AGENT Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



He's an Observing Fellow. Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

