

I, THE KING

By WAYLAND WELLS WILLIAMS.

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(Continued from yesterday.)

VIII.

The hot summer wore on; the harbor stank; the boathouse life became a dead routine of humor and purpose. Then in September things brightened: he was sent to Pelham to take a course. A few weeks later he became a reserve ensign, a gentleman—may, a very person again, after five months' obliteration as personnel. Even a certain amount of attention was paid to him; he was chosen among others to take a three-months' cruise for the regular Navy commission at Annapolis.

In February he wore his uncleaned star. Teeming with knowledge and ideas he went to New York for a fortnight's leave before receiving orders that would finally take him into the war. At last, the real thing! Small craft or capital ship, that was the only question. He wove a web of come anything, but he dreamed of a destroyer and the wet cold air of the Irish Sea.

He frequented the Yale Club, and saw several of his friends who dropped in, uniformed, on leave or on their way between places. Dick Hoffington, who was a captain of infantry at Dpton, and Jen Cobb, on his way overseas with an artillery regiment, were among them. But the face he longed most to see was not there. Jack had in December gone to England to complete his training. Kit treasured his infrequent though fairly regular letters; they were like a rising barometer of vision and experience. First came the bewilderment at Cornell, then reflections from the bright air of Texas.

"New Kittle," he had written in October, "there's something in this flying. It gets you. You go up in the early morning a great deal, and you see effects of light and shadow and color and space to make the angels weep. Perhaps this is because it's a new thing to mankind; one feels a cosmic surprise. Then you return to barracks, and see nothing but selfishness, selfishness, petty lust and petty ambition such as you'd never believe existed. Is it like that in the Navy? I'm beginning to realize what an astonishingly clean place Yale was."

Then in January, from England: "Portmeadow, my boy, is near Oxford, and every time I go up—or out, even—I see the stonied spires. They add a historical touch to the expanding scene. Do you realize that in the last few months I've traveled, lived among foreigners, joined the military and earned my living, all for the first time? To say nothing of flying, which means being in daily contact with death and with what I believe I dare call Absolute Beauty. You must expect to find me quite the same when you see me again. On the other hand, don't expect to find me different. Particularly don't expect to find me noble. I can greet the dawn at 15,000 and play the army game all

the time.

When the lights went up he turned around. "I'm sorry, Maudie. I didn't realize it was like this. It—it's too broad."

"Yes, it is," said Maud. Pink suffused all her shell color, and she pulled at the edges of the cloak on which she sat. "I don't like it. Would you mind taking me home, now?"

He got promptly up, not sorry. Maudie was perfectly right, and had done it unexceptionally. There were things to attend to, a taxi to be got, a message left for the Hoffington's chauffeur. Yet even as he spoke to the carriage man it flashed across the back of his mind that a certain kind of woman, disliking it equally, might have laughed. It would have shown a certain strength.

In the taxi he apologized again. "That's all right," said Maudie, and immediately talked of something else. Kit suddenly and inconspicuously wondered why he had not thought of marrying Maudie now, before going away. There had been time. There still was, for that matter.

"Well, I'm not going to," he discovered. And then he could not help wondering if he ever would.

IX.

The next morning he went downtown to get his orders. They directed him to report for duty to the Commanding Officer of the Asiatic Fleet, Manila, P. I.

New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, Oct. 23.—Thoughts while strolling around New York: Prussian pompadours are coming back. The Eve Costume Shop. Pass the fig leaves. Lloyd Hamilton. He's comic looking off the screen. One of the noted spenders of Orangeade Gulch—a chiroplast.

Why do most chiroplastists wear Van Dykes? The only New Yorkers who imitate me are the Barrymores. Whatever became of the women's skirt that laced up the back like a football. A flood of new stucco movie houses. There's Theodore Dreiser.

The self-conscious aloofness of Belasco. His head seems to be knocking the stars. A half dozen flappers in half stockings. No wonder boys are leaving the pews. Echo of the past—a Prince Albert coat and a white lawn tie. Must be a congressman or a lecturer.

Soap box contents yapping for devilish doctrines. A 50 cents a meal restaurant offers. The site of a famous brothel is now a religious book shop. The world grows better. A hunchbacked man gazing at a gargyle.

A man's shampoo parlor conducted by women. Wonder if there are still female barbers. Corinne Griffith. Broadway ringing with rehearsals for winter. Julia Mitchell, the old Roman of the stage directors. And he's stone deaf.

It must be tough for an actor to be hard of hearing. The bantering crew in front of the Palace. Wish Frank Shuttles would send me some more mangoes. Lupino who wears a monocle. There's a feat for you.

The Times building is getting scrubbed again. The Central office men who hang about the paper-from-your-home-town newstands. Subway gratings throwing off their blasts of heat. But tra-la—winter is here.

It was a cold reception that met a first night performance last week. The star sat dejectedly in his dressing room.

"What's the matter with that hunch out there?" he asked the press agent. "They seem to be applauding with their knees," said the p. a.

Here is a striking and ugly contrast. In a cafe I had just left there was one of the richest young men in America. At his table sat his wife and two men friends. Three bottles of chilled wine in a silver bucket were at their feet. They drank and grew merry. It was indeed a rather hilarious party. Four blocks away a policeman was dragging a whinny, unkempt figure to a patrol box. He had been caught selling a half pint of whisky.

It was a rainy afternoon. Two bachelors lounged in deep leather chairs trying to think of some way to shake off a fit of ennui. The club was deserted and telephone calls failed to reach their friends. They couldn't play golf and there wasn't enough for a rubber of bridge. So they decided to play a practical joke on someone. They began to recall in their lives among their male friends led the pursuit of lives. They recalled one fellow who went to college with them. He never smoked, drank or indulged in any of the college vices. After graduation he retired to a peaceful community, where he led a spotless life. As a joke they sent him the following telegram: "All is discovered. Fly at once." That was six weeks ago and their friend has never been seen in his community since the arrival of the telegram. At least that is the story they tell.

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There's at Least One in Every Office

By Briggs

HELLO SWEETIE—HOW'S MY SWEETHEART THIS MORNING? EH?

HELLO DEAR—I'M MAD AT YOU—GIVE US A BIG KISS—

How's CUTIE THIS MORNING—GOT A KISS FOR ME—DON'T YOU LOVE ME ANY MORE?

HELLO SWEETNESS—GETTING PRETTIER EVERY DAY—ATTA BABY DOLL—

SAY LISTEN—I'VE A NOTION TO SLAP YOU ONE RIGHT IN THE JAW—YOU'RE THE MOST TIRESOME SAPHEAD THAT EVER MADE HIMSELF A PEST IN THIS OFFICE—YOU RUNT

ISN'T SHE A SKETCH—SMACK HIM ONE FOR ME DAISE

GO TO IT DAISEY GIRL

SLAP HIS MOUTH DAISE

LOOKS O.K. TO ME

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT WIG, ABE?

IT'S VERY NICE BUT DON'T YOU THINK IT'S A LITTLE TOO LIGHT FOR WINTER?

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of anger. The past fell off him. The war and Maud Hoffington were almost completely submerged as Park avenue and Yale in the newness and largeness of the Pacific.

Manila, lying dry and hot in the April sun at the head of its vast shallow bay, hit him hard. What he had expected he was not quite sure; probably a thin veneer of Americans in white duck superimposed on a colorful crowd of savages. What he found was a mellow, world-weary, cosmopolitan town about the size of Washington, with European-looking churches and American-looking office buildings, fashionable cafes and a turbulent history, run by a small, unsuspected and important race of Spanish or half-Spanish people, the Filipinos. He immediately took boat to Cavite, talked with various bored warrant and junior officers and was told that his assignment orders would come "in a day or two." Knowing that this meant at least a week or two he mopped his dripping brow, went back to his hotel and began to look around. He shopped on the Escalante, strolled at eve on the Malecon and sight-saw in Intramuros, the old walled city. He presented letters of introduction in the new bright plaster districts of Ermita and Malate to Americans in business or government employed; dined there; heard for the first time about the Jones Act and learned that the Islands were, in a quite real manner of speaking, self-governing. He responded, as to something irresistible by new and important. His undergraduate imperviousness to the introduction of knowledge on new subjects fell from him, and he absorbed like a grown man.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

THE NEBBES

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

(Copyright 1924)

THE MONEY IS JUST ROLLING IN

THE BUSINESS OF NEBB & SLIDER IS GROWING BEYOND THEIR FINEST DREAMS DUE TO THEIR EXTENSIVE ADVERTISING

WELL, MISS GLUM, I SUPPOSE YOU'LL BE LEAVING SOON TO ENTER THE LIFE OF BLISSFUL MATRIMONY

NO, MR. NEBB—I WANTED TO SPEAK TO YOU ABOUT THAT—I'VE DECIDED TO STAY—I HOPE YOU HAVEN'T HIRED ANY ONE FOR MY PLACE

YOU'RE GOING TO STAY? AREN'T YOU GOING TO GET MARRIED?

NO—WE HAD A MISUNDERSTANDING HE WANTED ME TO QUIT A WEEK FROM THURSDAY AND I WANTED TO WORK THE FULL WEEK AND WE SAID THAT I THOUGHT MORE OF THE OLD JOB THAN I DID OF HIM—I TOLD HIM THAT I NEVER HAD AN ARGUMENT WITH THE JOB AND ONE WORD BROUGHT ON ANOTHER AND WE'RE MAD AT EACH OTHER NOW

CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT ONE? AFTER ALL THESE YEARS—AND SHE LOOKS LIKE SHE LIVED A MILE THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LAST CHANCE—AND SHE SHOT TWO DAYS—AGAINST HER ENTIRE FUTURE—SHOW ME ANOTHER ONE LIKE THAT AND I'LL SHOW YOU A TAME WILD CAT!

10-24

SWEET LOLLY-POPS.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

(Copyright 1924)

THE WONDROUS HEALTH WATER A JIG IN EVERY SWIG

HO! HO! HO! HO! HO! HO!

IS THE MAN LOSING HIS MIND?

10-24

Barney Google and Spark Plug

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

(Copyright 1924)

I'M SORRY I EVER PLANNED ON A TRIP TO EUROPE BELIEVE ME—I'M GETTING THE SHAKES WHEN I PICTURE MYSELF AS A STOWAWAY—OH IF I ONLY HAD THE DOUGH I SHOT AWAY WHEN MY BROWN-EYED SPARKY WAS COPPING THE GOLDEN CUPS!! A THOUSAND BUCKS WAS NO MORE TO ME THAN THE ADMISSION PRICE TO A PENNY ARCADE—LOOK AT ME NOW! ONE SUIT TO MY BACK AND MY POCKETS AS EMPTY AS A BABY'S TOOL CHEST. I'M GOING OUT AND EAT RAILROAD TIES...

HELLO, BARNEY, I HEAR YOU'RE GETTING READY FOR A TRIP ACROSS THE BIG BOND—THAT'S GREAT—SPARKY WILL MOP UP OVER THERE—I JUST GOT BACK A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO—LET ME GIVE YOU A TIP—

WELL?

WHEN YOU PASS THE ENGLISH CUSTOM OFFICERS THEY'RE GONNA OPEN UP EVERY TRUNK YOU'VE GOT—

YOU DON'T SAY!

HO! HO! HO! HO! HO! HO!

IS THE MAN LOSING HIS MIND?

10-24

BRINGING UP FATHER

Directed for The Omaha Bee by McManus

(Copyright 1924)

I WISH THERE WUZ SOME WAY OF GITTING OUT OF THE BET I MADE WITH DUGAN—I'M DYIN' TO TAKE A SMOKE BUT I CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE

JIGGS—I'VE GOT GOOD NEWS FER YOU—DUGAN IS WILLIN' TO CALL OFF THE BET IF YOU ARE—YOU BOTH LIGHT A CIGAR AT THE SAME TIME—HE'S LOOKIN FER YOU NOW!

WHERE?

I COULDN'T TELL YOU—THE LAST I SAW OF HIM HE WUZ ASKIN FER YOU AT DINTY'S!

I'LL FIND HIM—BUT IF HE COMES BACK HERE HOLD HIM!

I'VE PHONED EVERYWHERE FER DUGAN AN' CAN'T LOCATE HIM—I WONDER IF HE IS EVER COMIN HOME—IT'S ONE A.M. NOW!

10-24

JERRY ON THE JOB

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Hoban

(Copyright 1924)

I WISH I COULD GET SOME BETTER WORK TO DO AND GRAB OFF A LITTLE EXTRA JACKS BY ME DOUGH IS SKEWER THAN FEATHERS ON A SNAKE—TURT'S OFFICIAL

HEY—WANT TO EARN A DOLLAR?

YES

WHAT DO I HARTA DO TO GET THIS BERRY?

WELL—I'M GOING TO CHINA AND I WATE TO GO ALONE—I'M AFRAID I'LL GET LONESOME—

AND YOU WANT ME TO GO WITH YOU FOR \$1.00?

NOTHIN' DOIN'—BUT FOR A QUARTER I'LL WALK AS FAR AS THE TROLLEY WITH YOU.

10-24

A COUNTER PROPOSITION

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

(Copyright 1924)

IF YOU'LL MEET ME I'VE GOT A SURPRISE TO HAND YOU—AND BESIDES YOU'LL BE A HELP TO ME ABE!!

I'M DISGUSTED WITH BEING BALDHEADED AND I'VE DECIDED TO BUY A WIG!!

IT'S TIME SIGMUND—SURE I'LL HELP YOU PICK ONE OUT!!

LOOKS O.K. TO ME

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