I, THE KING By WAYLAND WELLS WILLIAMS.

in a direction north by west. He could fairly feel it under his feet, the restless polyps swarming at their (Continued From Saturday.) (Continued From Saterday.)

The engineers, always aggressively bilthe when the engines of the Nashua were under discussion, nosed to the top of the conversation. One of them said it was a fine thing to know where you were, especially if you weren't likely to leave there very soon. Another observed that it was the habit of the south sea islanders to blant a bit of earan iron with their they were hardly more than a mile of the south sea islanders to blant a bit of earan iron with their they were hardly more than a mile of could fairly feel it under his feet. The line showed nineteen fathoms. "It's one bell," said Masson.

Kit looked up. The sky was dull gray all over; a dark gloomy aftersoon. An hour and a half before sunset; he said as much, adding that plant a bit of scrap iron with their cocoanuts, for fertilizing purposes, and the supply was likely to be increased before long. The Captain Nashua, more than two miles distant, plant a bit of scrap iron with their cocoanuts, for fertilizing purposes, and the supply was likely to be increased before long. The Captain flushed a dull red, turned his fishy eye on the junior and asked if he would like to run this show. The junior spluttered something into a glass of water, adding that he was sorry, sir. There was a pause while the chintz curtains in the portholes gave one flop in the ship's roll; then the Captain muttered:

"Too soon. Wait till you're fifty or so."

"What for?" inquired the executive, voicing general bepuzzlement. "Being they were hardly more than a mile from their starting point. Jones looked at the smokeless stacks of the Nashua, more than two miles distant, and sighed.

A gob of rain fell on Kit's cheek. He glanced up quickly. "Sort of dark in the southwest. What's the time, "Five-eighteen."

"Five-eighteen."

"I'l like to finish this up properly. Thee more, and we'll call it a day."

He felt the lead strike for the third time. "All right, Masson, put her about and start up. What's the time?"

"Five thirty-seven."

"Five thirty-seven."

He noticed that Masson did not say

"What for?" inquired the executive, voicing general bepuzzlement, "Being

"Yes. Or laughing at the Pacific Ocean." No one had. All remained vaguely

He noticed that Masson did not say "sir." A sullen, untractable type. "Sort of late. Don't want to take chances with this tropical twilight. We're all right, though."

The engine was slow in starting, and Wit bears rewise to sain head. No one had. All remained vaguely uncomfortable. Kit, trying to lighten the situation, ventured cheerfully: "I'm not laughing at it. I'm keen on it. It's as good as a war."

He was given the fishy blue eye and the words: "As good—huh! That's good!"

The meal ended in a nervous silence. No one knew what he meant. Kit never knew.

We're all right, though."

The engine was slow in starting, and Kit began rowing to gain headway. He glanced at the southwest; it was pot-black. There was a dead calm; a few drops of rain fell tink-ling on the water, and made gray splotches on his white blouse. A faint awful moan became audible in the southern quadrant, slowly rising. After a few minutes the engine start.

After a few minutes the engine start-ed, with loud irritated snorts. Kit never knew.

Two sounding parties were sent out in motor dories. Their orders were to start close in to the surf on the reef and work north and south, respectively, sounding every two hundred feet or so for a mile to two miles and at the same time try to ascertain the width of the reef. Kit was placed in command of the dory ordered northward. Two seamen in dungarees got in with him, and off them chugged.

There was a smooth swell running ed., with loud irritated snorts. The southwest had swelled incredibly, blotting out half the horizon as if with black smoke. "Gosh," said kit, "we're in for something. Give her the gas, Masson," and he started rowing again.

A minute later it was on them. Kit took off his blouse and stowed it in the took box, to keep some things in the pockets dry, but almost bedreneth. There was a smooth swell running scraping the swells into

dungarees got in with him, and on them chugged.

There was a smooth swell running under a colorless but brilliant sheet of clouds. One of the seamen, Jones by name, a blond, gawky, pimply youth, became sick and stayed sick, the color of the sky, but less luminous. Kit ventured a word of humorous condolence, which fell flat. Jones was too sick for humor, and Masson, the other, a swart, heavy-browed creature, Ignored everything except the engine.

Tore he could get it in it was drencehd. Then came the wind, screaming, scraping the swells into wrinkles like those on an old man's face, then blotting them out in a cross chop. White crescents of foam flared up.

"We must be getting near." said Kit, raising his voice over the din. "What was our course?"

"About one-ten."

"I'll steer. Give me the compass."

He took his seat in the stern, tiller in right hand, compass in left. The

"I'll steer. Give me the compass."
He took his seat in the stern, tiller in right hand, compass in left. The wind had risen to a continuous roar: They reached the appointed place, They reached the appointed place, shut off the engine and began casting the lead. Masson took the oars and rowed between casting places; kit handled the lead and made notations as well, Jones being useless for the day. Kit was quickly absorbed in his work, casting and noting: two fathoms, three and a half fathoms, five, seven, five and a half, eight, ten, nine. The reef was slowly sinking the waves from the southwest had piled up so that it was impossible to keep the dory from yawing. He wondered how much she had yawed while Masson had the tiller, after the horizon was lost.

New York -- Day by Day--

By O. O. M'INTYRE.

New York, Oct. 26.—A page from the diary of a modern Samuel Pepys: Early up and as fair a day as ever I saw. So to breakfast at a neighboring inn and Willie Lewis, the puglist, there and told me of his hard fight there and told me of his hard fight there and told me of his hard fight there are the same of New York, Oct. 26 .- A page from with Carpentier years ago.

steered dead astern. Twenty minutes, in the teeth of the gale, up and down the hissing waves; half an hour; forty minutes. He could not bear to stop. Back home to do my stint, but the day too glorious with sunshine, and so away again, but could find no one No light anywhere; only the green in the mood for pleasure, which is a phosphorus on Masson's wrist watch, And further convinced the and on the hideous waves. world is in need of more play boys. orld is in need of more play boys.

In the evening to a dinner and off the gas.

"It'll lift," said Masson. "We'll be Karl Hoblitzelle there and his wife, able to see."

It did not lift. Adrift—he wa Esther Walker, whose crooning songs

Esther Walker, whose crooming songs have so delighted me on the phonograph. Home and to bed, where I read Mark Twain's autobiography until near dawn.

One of the amusing skits in a recent musical revue was one called "Justifiable Homicides." Each incident was slowly into the trough.

fable Homicides." Each incident was slowly into the trough.

Jones, the slient means the slowly into the trough. pistol. Among those slain were the crew, was sick no longer, but became woman who crowds ahead at the articulate. Above the roar of the gale woman who crowds ahead at the they could hear him moaning as he theater box office, the clerk who tries to sell you a cap when you want a straw hat, the man who slaps your sunburned back and the fellow who will be the theory of the box of the straw hat the straw hat the fellow who will be the theory of the box of the

inquires if it is hot enough for you. Kit felt for him, and for Jones as well. "Jones," he said, "it's all right. They'll send out for us. They'll know The idea has great possibilities. I suggest the man who has never been any place but New York and Jersey we've got to go with the wind, and follow us. All we've got to do is to sit tight. Cheer up, now."

He was glad he said it. He certainly felt better for it, and he thought the two others did. Jones blisters his hands. He no doubt wants to give the idea he knows her. Isn't

that cunning?

The other night I sat behind one of huge seas sending the dory up and those. He ran to the molar type of down, slapping jets of cool spray into humming bird. He couldn't be stopped after the obscure French music hall chantress did one of those oo-lala eye rolling ditties. Even the head usher came down to give him a withering look. A day or so later I saw him again. He was not the boulevardier he would have liked us all to think. He was demonstrating a new fangled chafing dish in a drug store window.

And that reminds me that mos window demonstrators have stage ambitions. There is an employment agency on West Thirty-third street that furnishes them to proprietors of stores giving special window displays. The manager tells me all he knows are listed at theatrical agencies for jobs. He says they get a special kick out of appearing before crowds even though they appear in a window demonstrating a patented pie knife or what not. A window demonstrator is paid \$24 a week.

The language of the Long Island movie lots is rather gory, yet when explained is quite simple. A player may turn up to be told: "You'll be killed today." That means his part in the picture is finished. When the director cries: "Smack your spots!" that means the spotlights must be thrown on the players. "Hit queenie in the head" means the spot on the female star. Every female star is a "queenie." The yell of "chocker" is reduce the size of the spot. "Clinch" is for the hero and heroine to embrace. And "Take it" is for you to blink your eyes and fall on your face. Of course, each director has his own few choice bits of jargon, but as a general thing the movie patois is about the same in New York as it is in California.

The legitimate stage also has som odd phrases. Such as "Dim the gilms," "Upstage," "Downstage" and thousand more that are meaningless only to the initiated. (Copyright, 1924.)

it. And somewhere amid these furies of mind and water were electric lights, dry bunks, chintz curtains and safety.

VI.

At ten-thirty or so the rain let up, though the gale continued. Every time they reached the cruiser, and she, with one boiler or more still empty, might be intothough the gale continued. Every time they reached the crest of a wave Masson and Kit would stand up, peer-work up wind. But that proved im
Nothing.

possible, in the sea that was running now. They must lay to, or be swamped.

He glanced wildly around; there was only one over the hole in such a way that the taken them far to the northeast of the cruiser, and she, with one boiler or more still empty, might be intothough the gale continued. Every time nothing.

At ten-thirty or so the rain let up, though the gale continued. Every time nothing.

At ten-thirty or so the rain let up, though the gale continued. Every time nothing.

He reasoned. The gale must have taken them far to the northeast of the dory; found a water cask and made the others do over the hole in such a way that the taken them far to the northeast of the same; then he arranged his blouse over the hole in such a way that the lead and sleeping. Kit did sleep, the cruiser, and she, with one boiler or ment of the dory; found a water cask and made the others do over the hole in such a way that the same; then he arranged his blouse over the hole in such a way that the lead and sleeping. Kit did sleep, the cruiser, and she, with one boiler or ment of the dory; found a water cask and made the others do over the hole in such a way that the same; then he arranged his blouse over the hole in such a way that the same; then he arranged his blouse. He same; then he arranged his blouse.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess THE NEBBS THAT'S WHO I AM. TO WRITE YOU HIRED THAT GUY DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS PART OF THIS BUSINESS WAS BUILT UP IN JUST?
A FEW MONTHS THROUGHMY ABILITY
TO ORGANIZE AND NERVE TO ADVERTISE
AND I ONLY HAD A COMMON SCHOOL
EDUCATION - BUT I'M A DEEP READER
AND GREAT STUDENT OF HUMAN MR. WILLIAMS, I WANT
YOU TO THOROUGHLY ACQUAINT
YOURSELF WITH THIS INSTITUTION
SO THAT YOU CAN INTELLIGENTLY
ANSWER ALL IMPORTANT COMMUNICATIONS. NOW THIS
IS OUR ORDER DEPARTMENT HERE IS OUR RECEIVING AND DELIVERY STATION - WE ARE JUST FIGURING NOW ON A NUMBER OF TANK CARS TO BRING THE WATER INTO HIS JOB TO LISTEN TO YOU BOOST YOURSELF - YOU'RE WASTING

TIME - HE'S GOT YOU "PEGGED"

ALREADY - IT WAS DARN DECENT

OF YOU THOUGH TELLING HIM THAT

YOU'RE A SELF MADE MAN AND

NOT BLAMING IT ON ANY ONE ELSE YOU'RE WASTING THE MARKET NATURE - I'M JUST A SELF 弱

Barney Google and Spark Plug

Well, Ayway, Barney's Got the Ship's "Log."

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



ALL OFF NOTHING !! . I'M GOING IF I GOTTA BUILD MY OWN



icht, 1924 by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)



Six o'clock; it was almost totally black. The storm—it was not a squall but a steady rising gale—filled the world. A horrible sickness, not seasickness, but something a thousand times worse, gnawed at Kit's stormach. His templa, the black her **BRINGING UP FATHER**

SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL U. S. Patent Office

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus (Copyright 1924)



AH! THE RADIO - 1 HAD FORGOTTEN ABOUT IT . THIS WILL KEED ME MIND OFF SMOKIN 00000

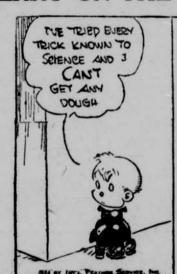




JERRY ON THE JOB

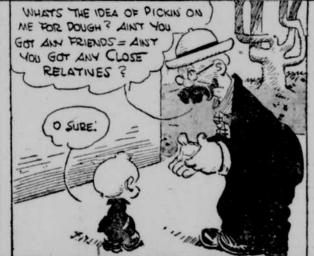
ALWAYS COMPLAINING

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban











beauty and had a profile like a young How to Start the Evening Wrong.

uttered no more words, but continued sniveling and moaning, uncontrolla-

bly. Darkness, emptiness; wet wind roaring and roading; stinging rain;

sand times worse, gnawed at Kits stomach. His temples throbbed beneath his dripping hair. His cap was drenched; he threw it off.

"We must be about there. See anything, Masson?"

"Not a thing."

"She'd have all her lights burning

"We've lost her," he said, and shut

'Sure.'

snarl

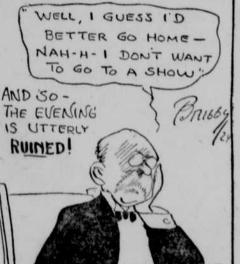
OY! WHAT A MEAL! CHARLIE I DON'T KNOW WHEN I'VE ENJOYED A DINNER AS MUCH- "











By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

A Good Time Was Had by All.



