

# I, THE KING

By WAYLAND WELLS WILLIAMS.

(Copyright, 1924.)

(Continued from Yesterday.)

When he next waked Mason it was light. Mason did not seem to notice the empty bow. Neither mentioned it.

Dawn deepened into day, gray and merciless. The sea was still high, but the gale was falling. Occasionally a ray of sunlight would pierce the clouds and inflame a speck of roving water with gold. Every few hours came a spurt of rain. No sail, no steam, no land, however often they stood up and looked; nothing but sky and sea. By noon it became unnecessary to head the boat any longer, and they let her drift, half hoping she would capsize in each trough. She never did. The two sat at opposite ends of the boat, Kit generally leaning against the bow seat staring at Mason; Mason sitting in the stern with his hands on the tiller, staring from under his heavy brows at the horizon.

Kit gave some sporadic attention to Mason. He was a coarse, sullen, stupid type, neither attractive nor distinguished in any way. Kit had noticed him on the cruiser, and disliked his manner. Also, yet now he was behaving well. Probably he was one of that race whom prosperity makes idle and predatory, but the pinch of need or the prick of danger renders respectable, even strong. On the Nashta, doubtless, there was no dirt he would be unwilling to do an officer, if he could satisfy; but he trusted him. All that presently occurred to him (as it did afterward) that he had perhaps assisted Jones overboard.

They said very little. The empty sea sailed it all. They presently stepped on our in the engine and tied Kit's undershirt to it, as a signal. There was no one, there would be one, to notice a flick of permanent white amid the swarm of changing ones, but it was a thing to be done.

One thing, just one, was in their favor; they had water. It was the rainy season, and they could catch all the water they needed to drink daily—all they absolutely needed. But what did that mean? Only delay. Was a month or two weeks of this better than a few days?

Yes—thirst was the worst torture. They were spared that.

The day died in a sunset of needless and cruel splendor. The first cycle of twenty-four hours was completed; how many more? Oh, God, how many?

Night, vast and somber. Sleep, merciful, relieving, though broken by dreams, showers and sudden wakings. Dawn, blatantly and brutally cheerful.

The sea was quite calm now, only ruffled by a steady southeast trade. Kit, who never in his life had gone without his three square meals a day, began to grow light-headed; by afternoon he was afraid of what he might

proclaimed. "Whatever happens later, I've known it. I've been happy once." He saw a break in the land, with a break in the surf nearly in front of it, and told Mason to make for that. "Looks like an island," said Mason—his first purely conversational allusion since he had entered the

strait and entered what Kit knew must be a lagoon. The land on the right was longer and higher than that on the left, and he directed Mason toward it. By straining his eyes he presently made out some brown roofs gathered into a village. Nearer they sped, the putting of the

motor ringing harshly over the quiet water. He could see figures on the beach, knee-deep in the water; also a short white line jutting out, evidently a small pier. He jumped out. A brown figure took the painter from his hand and bent to make it fast. With Mason close behind him he walked slowly up the pier and stood on the beach facing the crowd, all laughing, all excited, all jabbering in jerks. "Well, my good people," he said, doffing his hat with a wave, "we're here!" (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## THE NEBBES



## FLAMING YOUTH.

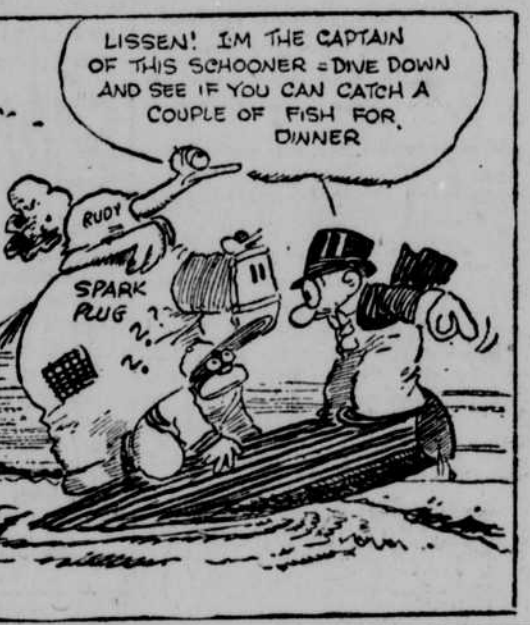


Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess (Copyright 1924)

## Barney Google and Spark Plug

## THIS WILL RAISE BARNEY'S SPIRITS.

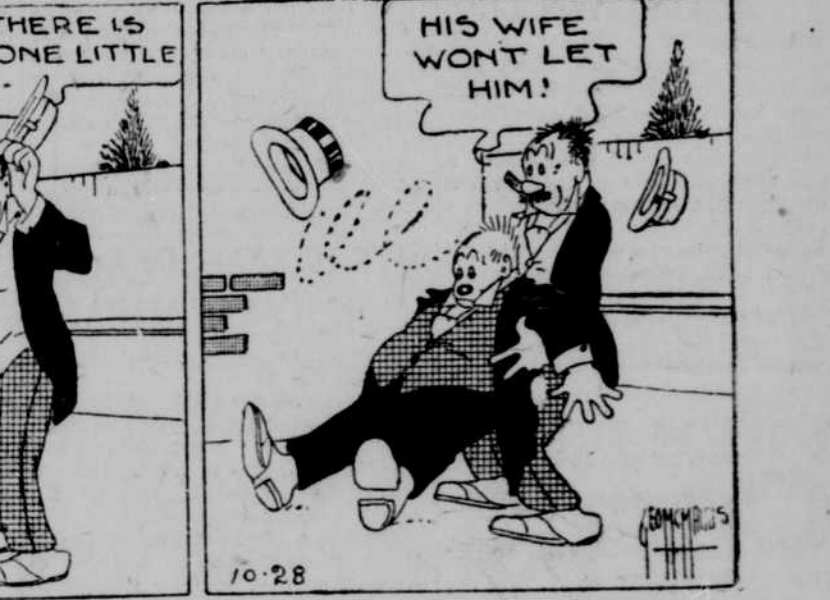
Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck (Copyright 1924)



## BRINGING UP FATHER

## A DESERVED SMACK.

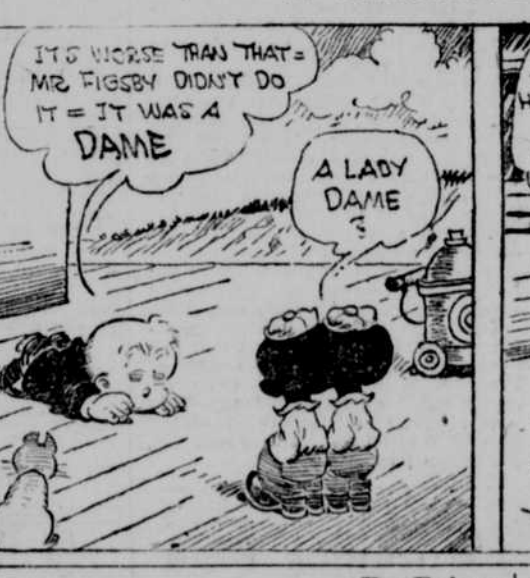
Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban (Copyright 1924)



## JERRY ON THE JOB

## ABIE THE AGENT

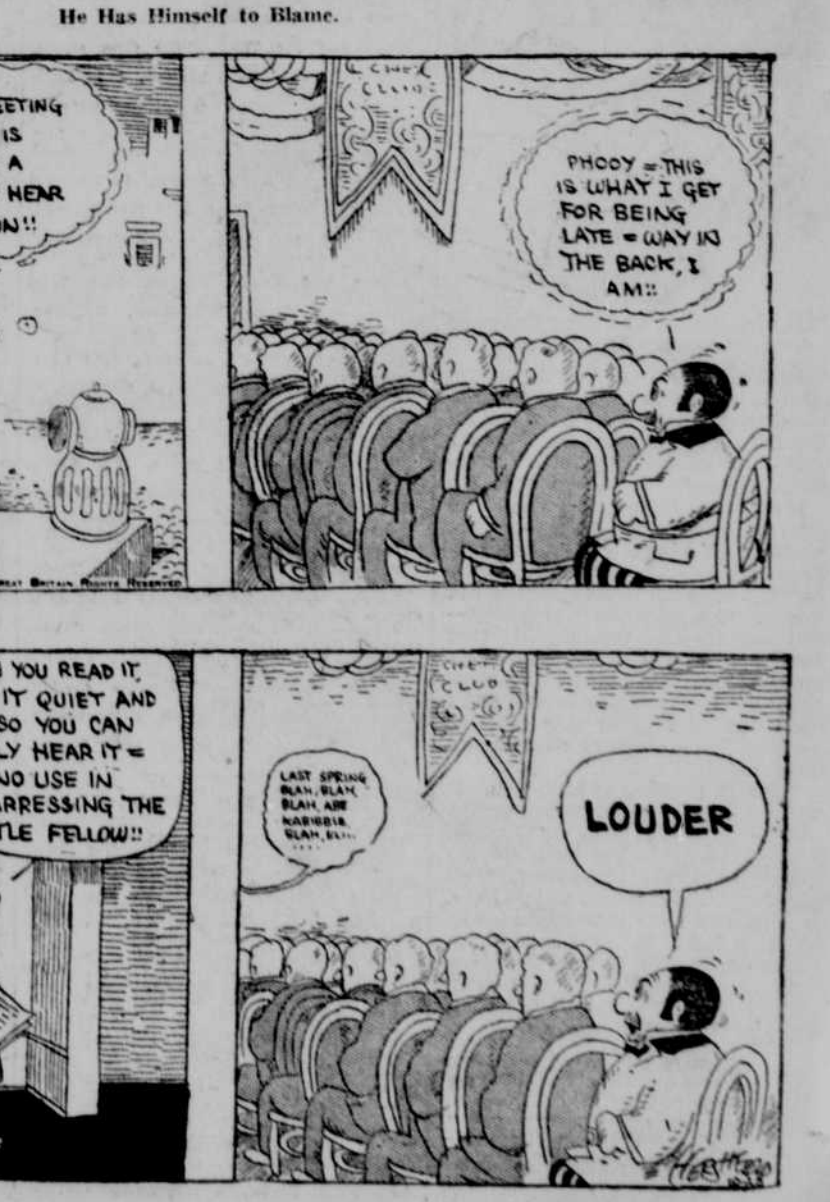
Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield (Copyright 1924)



## When a Feller Needs a Friend

## ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield (Copyright 1924)



## New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, Oct. 27.—Most all society reporters in New York are men. Some write under feminine pseudonyms and a few write for more than one paper. Thus Cholly Knickerbocker of a morning paper was the Dolly Madison of an afternoon sheet until it was scrapped.

In Manhattan they are the highest paid of all special writers and they must be on easy footing with the thousand or more who make up the Four Hundred. Consequently most society reporters come from aristocratic families.

One is the son of a woman who was high in the councils of Mrs. Alva William Astor before she left American society to crash into the big set in London. Since then she has captured a lord and is to marry a daughter off to a prince.

This reporter is a guest at all big functions here and at Newport. Due to his position he is not expected to entertain. He tells me no young man can hold up his part in society on an income less than \$50,000 a year. His salary is \$18,000.

Also he told me he did not know a young man in society who was not at heart a super snob. All feel superior to ordinary folk. He does not blame them. He blames their early training, which is inflexible among old Knickerbocker families in clearing to class distinction.

The reporters for those weekly papers that purvey the satirical gossip and rattle the skeletons are skillful in disguising their identity. There is little question that several of them are actually members of society.

They reveal incidents that could not be relayed by servants or back stairs whisperings. Peculiarly, these weeklies have nearly all of the circulation among society folk. They are bought by servants and carried to the boudoirs.

The good fellowship of Broadway pays no dividends. The best of the good fellow gets in adversity is a pat on the back and a "he was a good fellow when he had it." The former manager of John L. Sullivan was one of the Broadway spenders in the old days. His nickname was "Free and Easy." He died with a collection of IOU's representing \$200,000. He loaned it when he had it, but when he needed it the IOU's proved just so much trash. Most of the talk of the good sportsmanship of "sports" is unvarnished bunk.

I think Broadway's greatest enigma is to call one a "lightwad." That means he doesn't fall for the gentle guile of the biggest bunch of endagers ever collected in one street. There is a prominent Broadwayite who admits he has been dining out every night for eight years and not once in that time has he ever paid a check. He believes this to be about the cleverest thing in the world.

Joel, whose cafe bearing his name back of the Metropolitan, is to retire soon. Joel at night serves friole colorados and hot tamales to his patrons and by day he writes ponderous tomes on the polygenetic theory. For many years he has been the banker for theatrical troupers. They send their earnings to him and he puts it away in the safe so that when summer comes they will not have to worry. Carlo Fornaro, they caricaturist, is a nightly visitor and there is a sprinkling of artists and writers who go there for that indefinable thing known as "atmosphere." Joel has amassed a fair sized fortune and is now anxious to retire to a country place and take up the business of writing more seriously.

## Abe Martin

