

I, THE KING

By WAYLAND WELLS WILLIAMS.

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(Continued from Yesterday.)
There was a burst of laughter and words, but no further advance. "And now," said Kit, "does any one here speak English?"

"Ingalces!" repeated many, with vigorous nods of the head. "Ingalces!" But no one went any further.

"Tabake!" said some one, as Kit wondered why they were so backward. He understood that, and took out his tobacco pouch, toward which a score of hands were instantly reached. "Wait a bit!" he said, laughing. "It's all I've got, you know!"

(And how true that was, he thought, how fantastically true!)
He gave several people a pinch and put away his pouch, and then a boy, a bright-eyed chap perhaps four years old, became conspicuous. He kept pulling at Kit's sleeve and uttering some unintelligible speech that sounded like a travesty of English. Kit caught the word "kalkai," and remembered reading somewhere that that meant food. "Yes, kalkai!" he cried. "Go ahead, my boy! Kalkai by all means, and lots of it!"

The boy ran off among the houses that clustered under the slanting palms and in a moment came back bearing some objects wrapped in green leaves. This was food, Kit and Masson sat down where they were and fell to. Some one else brought green coconuts, closely knocking the top; the liquid within was nearly tasteless, but deliciously fresh. The food was nearly tasteless, as it was colorless, but it was food. They ate it all, with the exception of some bits of dried fish. Kit after his first bite politely placed it on the sand by him; Masson, after his, ejaculated the name of the deity and sent it spinning over the heads of the crowd, who laughed.

The boy sat close by Kit, fascinated, ever ready with food and incomprensible speech. "Moa?" he kept saying, thrusting forward his colorless bits of kalkai. "Moa?" Kit laughed and tumbled his smooth black hair. English! How beautifully everything was turning out!

A man about fifty, with a mustache

and scraggy beard, sat with his hand on the boy's shoulder, and discoursed. Kit distinguished some words apparently meant to be "Small fella" and "Belong me," and gathered that he was the child's parent. There was also something about "Long way to mout," presently followed by "Samoa."

"Hear that, Masson?" said Kit, pricking up his ears. "We must be in Samoa. Lord knows how we ever got there, but I guess we have. We'll have to go and find the boss.—I want to see the governor," he told the native. "Governor, you know—chief, big man. White man, Ingalces!" The other seemed unconvinced, but he rose and pointed inland.

Kit also got up, stretched himself and just happened to glance toward the dory. He saw a number of natives in and about it, poking all over it. "Wait a minute," he said. "Here, you, get out of that! U. S. Government property, you know." He drove them back, locked the tool box and put the key in his pocket.

They then followed the elderly man, attended by almost the entire population of the village. They walked through a settlement of thatched houses built on piles on gray gravelly soil under waving palm trees. It smelt periodically of damp sand, flowers, cooking and pigs. After a walk of perhaps three hundred yards they came within sight of the sea again and their guide turned to the left and led them into the gate of a wooden stockade. They found themselves in an enclosure about three or four hundred feet square with some native huts scattered about in it, and at the further side, toward the sea, a one-story building of concrete.

Toward this they all walked. Kit was preparing a speech: "Sorry to disturb you so early in the morning, Mr. Governor, but . . ." The door was open; he walked up the steps and entered a plain long bare room with a desk or table about three or four feet square with some native huts scattered about in it, and at the further side, toward the sea, a one-story building of concrete.

"But there's no one here," he said. "What's the meaning of this?"
He went across the hall and into two smaller rooms, both disordered like the other. There were beds in them, with the remains of some bedclothes strewn about, dark and mildewed, disgusting.

"But I don't understand—have they eaten the governor? I suppose there must be another office somewhere, and they've given up this one."
"Uh-huh," said Masson, uninterested.

Kit went back to the office room. Its windows looked out over the stockade and through a narrow fringe of palms to the sea. Half a mile or so out, from one side of the view to the other, extended the white barrier reef, almost unbroken. The sea beyond it blew pleasantly through the unshaded windows. The place had evidently been chosen for its prospect and coolness, and, in all, it was not a bad place to live in, and went in. Why should it have been given up?

He turned from a window, and his eye fell on a large map of the south Pacific hanging on the opposite wall. It was the most conspicuous object in the room, and he idly strolled up to it. All at once his eye, as it roamed over it, fell on two printed words: "Fisch-Insel." His heart quickened; his eye sprang to other names: Karolinen-Inseln, Australien, Neu-Zeeland—he knew that language. He understood.

"Good God, Masson!" he gasped, feeling his knees give under him. "It's all up! We're on a German island!"

But there were no Germans in sight. After wandering around, feverishly chattering with the Samoan man and the boy, he made it out: the Germans had gone. Simply gone. "Fim fella he go out along boat," the man said repeatedly, and others nodded vigorously and pointed seaward. Not toward the lagoon, but out, but was there to take their places? Hadn't the English come? Hadn't there been a fight? Were there no white men on the island?

No. And this wasn't Samoa, he had been mistaken about that. The man was merely a Samoan living here. He escorted Kit to the map, and after a prolonged search laid his finger on a little point of it, darkened by the prints of other fingers. Idiot! He might have noticed that before. A tiny dotted line, perhaps a sixteenth of an inch long, and by the words "Naiwawa." Naiwawa: the German W betokened a V sound. A small forgotten strand, abandoned by its owners, worthless to everyone. Well, it was a better than they should have expected, no doubt. Better than the open sea, which stood on tiptoe, pawing at them, on the barrier reef. The sea had laughed, and flung them from the oblivion of death to the oblivion of desertion. The

THE NEBBES

HERE'S A LETTER FROM ELLIOT ARMSTRONG TRYING TO SNOW-BALL ME WITH A LOT OF BIG WORDS— I'LL HAND THIS OVER TO MY SECRETARY TO ANSWER AND IF HE AIN'T GOT A SWELL BIG DICTIONARY LAYING AROUND THE HOUSE HE'S OUT OF LUCK

MR WILLIAMS, DICTATE AN ANSWER TO THIS LETTER. PUT A FEW WORDS IN THERE THAT THE TYPEWRITER WILL RING TWICE ON BEFORE THE GIRL HITS THE SPACE KEY— AND MAKE THEM FIT AS NEARLY AS POSSIBLE

— AND SOME OF THE PROPERTIES SHOWN IN THE ANALYSIS OF THIS TRANSCENDENTAL WATER ARE SALTS OF CALCIUM AND MAGNESIUM ESPECIALLY THE SULPHATES OF BICARBONATES OF THESE METALS. PARACETPHENETIDIN—NATURE PLACED—ENDOWS IT WITH THE MIRACULOUS CURATIVE POTENTIALITIES

LISTEN TO THAT BABY SPILLING OUT THOSE BIG WORDS! IF THAT WATER'S GOT ALL THOSE FANCY WORDS IN IT WE'LL HAVE TO RAISE THE PRICE— THAT GUY COULD WRITE A DICTIONARY AND STILL HAVE A LOT OF WORDS LEFT OVER



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

Barney Google and Spark Plug

THEM'S BIG WORDS, MISTER.



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

BRINGING UP FATHER

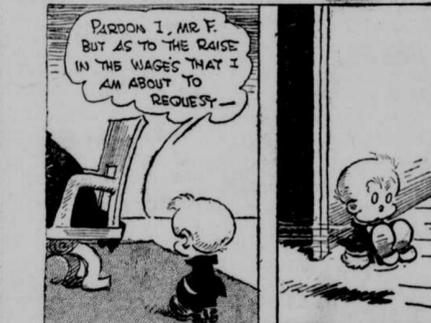
JERRY ON THE JOB



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus (Copyright 1924)

JERRY ON THE JOB

THE LOYAL EMPLOYER.



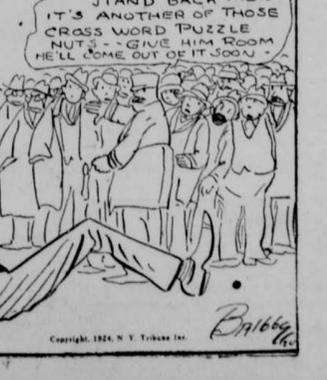
Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban (Copyright 1924)

Oh, Man!

ABIE THE AGENT



By Briggs Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield He Plays Safe



New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MCINTYRE.
New York, Oct. 28.—The so-called "Algonquin group" of young intellectuals seems to have been temporarily squelched. The round-table luncheon is no more. While the hotel is still a haven for writers and artists the close communion of yore is lacking.

The gathering were notable for titbits of mockery. They were smitten with the bright notion that because they puffed each other in their newspaper columns the world hoisted those who did not belong to the clan.

It was a quaint assortment—pale young poets, bookish youths in horn-rimmed glasses, painters in flowing ties and a soupcon of Sunday odd job men. They enjoyed being pointed out by visitors from Main street. And how they posed! One imported from Chicago as a book reviewer was recently dismissed after a year of glorifying himself and members of his family.

Not one had given an impressive tone to literature nor had one fashioned over conventional minds. Yet theirs was an attitude of superiority over conventional minds.

It is said of one hard-boiled capable reporter dropping in one day for lunch. One of the intellectuals dropped in a seat alongside. The reporter had been up all night on a tough assignment. He looked at his unblinking visitor and in a voice that boomed said: "Keep away from me, you draw flies."

The Algonquin run by Frank Case is chiefly a theatrical hotel of the better sort. Case has a wide friendship among stars. There is scarcely a stellar light of brilliancy who has not at one time or other lived at his inn.

Twice ructions arose over the intellectuals. One reached the newspapers. Case is declared to have told two of the brisk wise-crackers in no uncertain terms that there were other hotels where they might be just a little more welcome. And not to twirl the revolving door in their exit.

Satire and wit are no doubt the spice of life. But when they become savage they lose their tang. The subtle snigger may have his vogue, but not for long. The greatest comic genius New York has never puns at the expense of himself. His shafts are directed never die so long as he sticks to kidding himself.

Up near Columbus circle stands a man who sells lead pencils from a tray. He illustrates how rapidly one may descend from the heights in New York. Three years ago he had a fine apartment, two cars and an income of more than \$20,000 a year. The market caught him. In one month he was picked to the bone. He took to drink and lost all chance of a comeback. He was pointed out to me by a man who was formerly in his employ and to whom he paid a salary of \$11,000 a year.

"Don't you think it is up to you to try to help him?" I ventured. "I wouldn't give him a nickel," he replied.

No more impressive lesson on the power of thrift is possible. Had this man saved just one-tenth of his earnings, he would not be selling lead pencils on Broadway today.

My occasional ventures into saving have one drawback. Just when I seem to be making headway along pops a delusion of grandeur. I see something I want that I cannot afford. It is a struggle between thrift and extravagance. And extravagance wins hands down.

One of the shrewd money-makers of Wall street once told me: "If a man can save systematically for five years he will never quit. It will become a habit he cannot break." I believe he is right, but the first four and a half years are the hardest.