

# I, THE KING

By WAYLAND WELLS WILLIAMS.

(Copyright, 1924.)

(Continued from Yesterday.)

For eleven years the Resident and the agent had lived here, supreme. There had been no other white men on the islands, not a missionary, not even a servant. A Lutheran missionary had christianized the place in one feverish half-year and then, as was the custom in the obscure islands, installed a Samoan pastor over the flock, the man Aitaki. Fortunately for the islanders, the temper of the two white men were tolerably good, for their rule was essentially the rule of the Luger. They summarily shot those who irritated them, but left the others, with their land and their laws and their customs, alone. They also prevented traffic in liquor, and kept the natives from quarreling too much among themselves. The Resident sat in his concrete office, dispensed a casual justice in legal affairs, and drank rum. The trader sat in his own little compound nearby, distributed cheap printed calico, fish hooks and tobacco to return for copra, and drank rum. In the evening they would meet in one of the other of their houses, play cards, drink rum and generally part with their hands on the high-steps, but the next evening would find them together again.

It was in Kit, when he learned something of the life of these two, to feel a certain sympathy for them. Not only were they alone, as isolated as himself and Masson, but they were responsible for order. Order is a thing the Micronesian has little desire for, and the white men must have lived in the perpetual knowledge that it was, in the last instance, a matter of two Lugers against a whole population. But from the moment the war came Kit ceased to pity them. It seems that they knew nothing of it for nearly a year; the semi-annual copra boat simply did not arrive. Doubtless they guessed, doubtless they cursed the vaunted German Navy; at all events, when in June, 1915, a Dutch barque put into the lagoon, they packed up and left. They were not going to wait and be captured by Japanese or "schweinfisch Engländer," a safe passage home, via Java and Rotterdam, for them. They were the last Germans to remain free in the Pacific, as it was.

But it would have been glorious to stay. Kit did not see what he could possibly have done, in their places, but stay. The enemy might never come, and if they did, it was all in the day's work. An arming of the natives, a brave hopeless fight, or at least some honorable resistance; at the very worst a splendid death for King and country. No, they were quitters, those two, quitters pure and simple. But he thanked the Providence that had made them so.

## New York

--Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, Oct. 30.—Thoughts while strolling around New York: An undertaking parlor advertises "A Gold Room." Jazz went to funerals. A famous perfumer in a gray silk suit. And pink tie. He would. Why will people eat watercress?

Cats foraging for swell. That wins the giant gooseberry—a girl wearing sandals and a fur neckpiece. Roy Caruthers who guides the destinies of the Waldorf. Soon be time for bonfires. And walks through drifting autumn leaves.

No more Russian shows on Broadway. A little art center that swirls near Times Square. Oriental looking girls with red lips. Lemon yellow smocks. Tilted tails. Pale young men with drooping cigarettes. And heads bobbed like mediaeval heralds.

And that famous little cafe where they serve stone bowls of bubbling onion soup. Swiss cheese on toasted buns. A tang to life here. But New York is too rushed to appreciate it. All the ladies are putting that brilliant red stain on their nails.

Who started that fad? A cafe called the Three Aces and another the Three Kings. French, Bohemian, Irish and American. A tipsy rowdy haranguing a cop. Girls in white breeches astride galloping horses. On their way to the bride path.

New shows in rehearsals. Fall dullness is dying. And there's a new sparkle to the town. A famous gambler from Tijuana. Once a Forty-second street newsboy. And lumbering hills of New Jersey. And the brilliant ripple of the Hudson.

Avery Hopwood. And Berton Braley with his always too small hat. Tourists trying to take kodaks. A pawnshop without a sign—and a marble front. Youngsters trudging to school.

New York's Riato is getting ready for another foreign invasion. Inspired by welcome of the Moscow Art Players, the Grand Guignol, Yiddish Art theater, Eleonora Duse and Swedish ballets, Japan is sending its Imperial theater from Tokio to Broadway. Jaded New Yorkers may get a thrill out of the classical Kabuki drama. It has been highly touted. Actors will be clad in the garments of old Japan, strangely coiffed and painted in the manner of their ancestors. The sound of drums and the staccato cries of musicians punctuate the passionate of the players and heighten the dramatic effect. Japan does not conceal its stage mechanics. Black cloaked stage hands creep about removing properties and placing them. Men actors take women's parts. Training for the Kabuki drama begins in early childhood. The actor sometimes receives \$5,000 a month. He in many ways represents the flowery kingdom's highest culture.

Ten magazine writers who left New York during the past five years to live in California have returned to become cliff dwellers again. All claim they tired of the monotony of sunshine. But the real truth is they were too far away from their editorial markets. Editors like to discuss stories with writers in personal talks.

A theatrical producer who pays notoriously poor salaries wired George M. Cohan recently: "Will you come with me next season, George?" "Why certainly, old man," Cohan replied. "Where are you going?"

A little dime museum has opened on Tenth avenue. It has a crystal maze and some interesting wax figures. Also a 16-cent vaudeville show. It is run by a former policeman and is doing a brisk business.

V.

As he sat reading Masson lounged in and slumped into a chair. He wore his dungarees, which were filthy; he had a six-day beard on his face (he was no worse than Kit in that respect); his hair was unbrushed and contained bits of vegetable matter. He also, according to his own announcement, had a head. "Nigger hooch," he explained. "God, what stuff!"

"Who gave it to you?" inquired Kit.

"Sadie, and her gang."

"Sadie?"

"My girl. Call her that 'cause I can't say her damis name. Yep, they pe-seed round the old coco shells, filled with That Stuff. You'd oughta try it. They was all singin' and dancin', and in about five minutes I was too with the best of 'em. 'Crimes! I don't know where I sleep, except that Sadie was there. . . . Lord, I'd give a million dollars for a Camel." He spat on the floor, uninterested in life.

Kit eyed him, without favor. "Don't spit in here, Masson. We've got to live here. And you'd better see about washing those dungarees."

Masson pushed his head sideways and looked at him hatefully from under his heavy brows, but said nothing. Presently he spat again.

"Don't do that," said Kit. "You can spit in your own room, if you like."

"Oh, all right!" He got up and lumbered to the door, then turned quickly, scowling. "See here, what's the idea of this?"

"What's what idea?"

"Oh, this orderin' round. Hell, one of us is as good as another here, ain't he?"

"I wasn't orderin' you round," said Kit, lowering his book. "I was telling you not to spit in the sitting room, exactly as I'd tell any one not to, if he did."

"Oh, all right," growled Masson, turning again.

"Wait a minute. We may as well get this straight, while we're about it. As you say, we're equals as long as we're on this island. We can forget the Navy. On the other hand, we're not going to forget common decency. I shall treat you exactly as I'd treat any one else under these conditions, and I expect you to treat me the same way."

"Then what to hell's the idea of your orderin' me round like you did now—yes, you did, order?"

"Kit smiled, and wiggled one foot. "I'm sorry if I seemed to order you. I only meant it as a suggestion. I'm going to wash my clothes, and I advise you to do the same."

Masson paused. He spat once more, but at the last moment directed the missile into the hallway. "Sadie'll do it," he said, and went out.

After lunch, punctually extracted by Elera from nowhere (or more exactly, from the maternal cook-house), Masson's temper and head improved. "Say," he vouchsafed, after some vain expressions of desire for a cigar, "there's a war on this island. Or has been. The niggers is quite het up about it."

"War?" said Kit, interested. "Who with?"

"Why, there's another island near here somewhere. They hate these fellas. They come over and burn their houses."

"Why do they hate them?"

"Search me. There's a guy called Kak—something, was tellin' me about it. He speaks English, almost. Say, ain't it hell the way they talk English on a German island?"

Kit agreed, having wondered about it himself. "Well, what did Kak say?"

"He ast me what I thought you'd think about it. I says, 'Go and ask Kak—something, was tellin' me about it. You see, they think we may be of some use to 'em. I don't know; as far as I can make out there's some German guns and ammunition somewhere round, hidden. They think it would be nice if we could lead 'em to it, and help 'em shoot them other guys up.'"

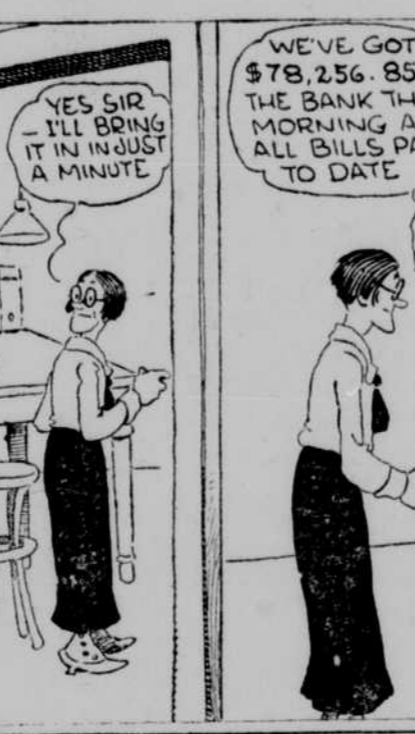
"Search me. They're a wild gang. Well, guess I'll turn in for a bit. Too damned hot to do anything. If Sadie comes, tell her to wait till I wake up, will you?"

Kit sat in the silent heat of the noon hour, thinking hard. Behind the Resident, in a corner of the stockade, he had noticed what Masson probably had not, a smaller stockade surrounding a little erection of concrete. This was shaped like a stair-entrance into a cellar, and had an iron door fastened with two padlocks on hinges. He had examined these latter; they were intact, but bore marks as of pounding with heavy stones. "This must be the arsenal," he had thought, "and had tried to get in, but failed. A file would have done the trick for them. Then there must be no file on the island."

Yes, there was, just one. In the tool box of the dory.

He rose and tiptoed out, with one

## THE NEBB



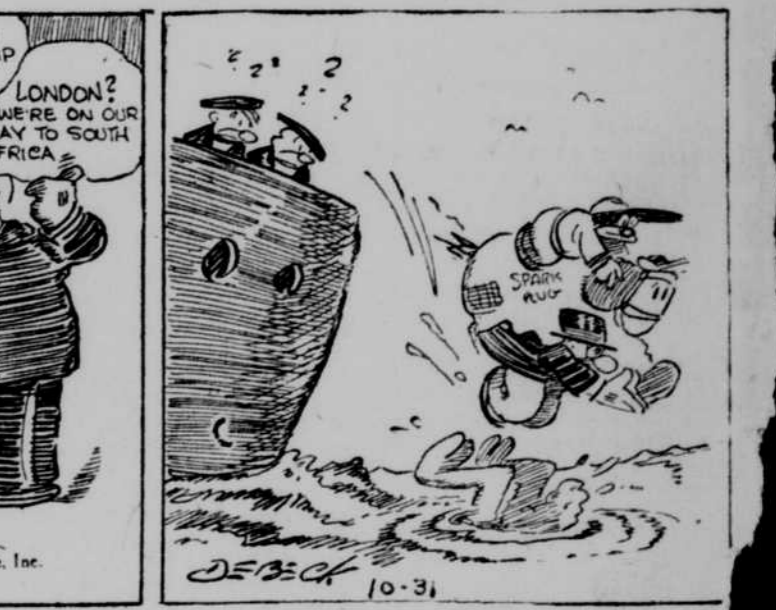
## GRATITUDE, THY NAME IS NEBB.

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

## Barney Google and Spark Plug

They'll Have to Be Rescued All Over Again.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBe (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 McI (Copyright 1924)



## JERRY ON THE JOB

A BAD, BAD LOT.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by I (Copyright 1924)



## That Guiltiest Feeling

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha



JUST AS YOU ARE ABOUT TO LIFT THE OLD GATE YOU SEE THE OWNER BACK OF A TREE - JUST IN TIME

