

I, THE KING
By WAYLAND WELLS WILLIAMS.

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(Continued from Saturday.)

The pink in front of him vanished, leaving cloud streaks of cold blue-gray. The sea gave a gleam of white steel and retreated into the gloom. A crab scuttled; a tern bleated; out of the suddenly withdrawn spaces of the heavens, soft and opaque and colorless, sprang the stars.

CHAPTER VII.

Next morning, as he wandered about the palm groves with his dictionary in one hand and his eyes raised to the palm fronds in the general style of little Johnny Healdin, he came on one of the muddy pools he had noticed before. By the side of it squatted Masson, entirely naked, and a native girl (Sadie, no doubt) was washing his clothes in the filthy water. Kit reddened and started to walk away; then turned again.

"Masson, look here! That's no place to wash clothes."

"Ain't it?" said Masson.

"No, and I'll tell you why. Have you noticed how many of the natives have got skin diseases? It's awful. And they wash their clothes in that pool all the time and themselves, too. I've seen them do it. You'll get that disease yourself if you wash your clothes there."

"Hell of a lot I care," growled Masson.

"You'll care when you begin to itch. Do you see that scum on the water there? That's the dry skin they scrape off themselves. ... God, I don't see how you can do it!"

He started to move away, but the sudden scorn in his voice roused Masson. "It's better'n not washing 'em at all, I guess. I notice you ain't washed your things yet. Now, and there was a lot of talk about how you was goin' to, yesterday afternoon." He winked at Sadie, who giggled; it was the most odious kind of showing off.

"Shut up!" said Kit, in spite of himself.

"Ho!" pursued Masson. "That's equality, ain't it? I can go any place on this island without you. You come along and tell me to shut up, eh?"

"I didn't, till you asked for it. Masson, can't you ever behave decently?"

"Decent, huh? If you think it's decent to come follerin' round after me and my girl, and me naked, huh! Yeah, Mister Newell, there ain't a job in the Navy don't know enough to keep off of a guy when he's got his girl out. Decency! Christ!"

This time Kit simply walked away. He went to the ocean side of the island and washed his uniform as well as he could. It was nasty and sticky afterward, but even that was better than ringworm and yaws. It was also better than being less clean than Masson.

Masson was going to be a problem and a pest, clearly. There was nothing to be done.

New York
--Day by Day--

By O. O. McINTYRE.

New York, Nov. 2.—A page from the diary of a modern Samuel Pepys: Early up and thither to breakfast at a charity bazaar where came some great lords and lovely ladies and a pair of long-eared read some verse which was very sad.

Thence to a projection room with Julian Johnson and saw a film run off and talked awhile with Bebe D'neels, a wistful cinema lady. Afterward to walk through the town with my wife, poor wretch, and heard a man cry he had been bitten by a tarantula.

In the afternoon with Tex Austin to the garden to see his roses and came also Maybelle Manning, Paul Reinhardt, Mrs. Burton and some others and then to Texas Guinan's party, all very merry.

To a club in the evening to join some hearty tosspots in a game of pool, but irked as so much bantering and so joined Gene Buck in a grave discussion of the theater. Late home and to bed.

Thorley's Famous "House of Flowers" is to become a Child's restaurant. The house was once owned by Russell Sage. When it was sold the late Charles T. Clegg paid \$141,000 for it and making it over into a florist shop amassed a huge fortune. When he died he left the business to his employees. This makes the third Child's restaurant to invade the avenue. There are also two 5 and 10 cent stores on the street.

Mother Bertlotti's cafe in the village now bears a prohibition padlock. It was the haunt of the short-haired ladies and long-haired gentlemen of Bohemia. There were many velvet jackets and flowing ties. On the little tables many ephemeral verses were polished and many short stories begun. At the dinner hour the place was filled with amiable and careless egotists who suffered the ups and downs of existence with philosophic equanimity. Mother Bertlotti was a buxom, apple cheeked woman with gray hair. She calmed the dissenting hot gospellers as a mother quietens so many children. She saw that many of her patrons were merely going through a stage of incubation for larger efforts. For indeed many who later achieved in the arts sprouted their pin feathers in the atmosphere of the cafe.

New Yorkers have an idea that most people who do not eventually come here to live are the same people who never make a step in love without questioning the love lorn editor; whose literature consists of mail-order pamphlets; who hang dead snakes on the fence to conjure the rain god and who saucer their coffee and eat pie with their knives. But they overlook entirely the fact that when these people from Hog Hollow do come here they are the people who occupy big executive jobs, live in the \$20,000 a year apartments and have a well packed garage.

One of the roystering blades of the Lambs was importuned by telephone to join in an uptown apartment revel at 1 o'clock in the morning.

"I'm sorry old man," he said, "but I'm here in my room with a case of neuritis."

"Bring it along," said the voice. "This crowd will drink anything."

An upper Broadway cafe has a lighted sign over the door which reads:
Soft Shelled Crabs
AND LOBSTERS.
DANCING.
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by the fraction of a second; never did a voice depart from the exact pitch; never did either hand or voice make the bewildering suddenness of the finish.

There was one tale enacted of two heroes, represented by Kakaiwila and another man. They were twins, and they excelled all other men in sport

and war, equally. One saw them sparring fish, fighting sharks, slaughtering enemies. Presently the inevitable happened; they quarreled over a woman. The tribe gathered to see them fight for her in a duel which only the other could give, the chorus went mad with despair, and the bride hurled herself on their interlocked bodies in suicidal frenzy. When Kakai

returned to his place his face was streaming with tears.

After a number of alternating act the two sides of the atoll abandoned their competitive efforts and joined together. Suddenly Kit's heart bounded; he realized that he was seeing enacted the story of his own land fall on that island.

"Two men alone in a little boat; two men alone in a little boat" chanted the chorus, as two swarthy natives squatting in the middle protracted their idea of the sensations of shipwreck, hunger and thirst. Days pass no land, no sail. They resign themselves to death; they commend their souls to the great spirit of the deep. And then—land! And so on their landing, their welcome, food and drink and entertainment given them by the friendly people. "We joke Nudi and Mattoni!" shouted the enthusiastic hosts. "Long may they live with us, in peace and brotherhood!"

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

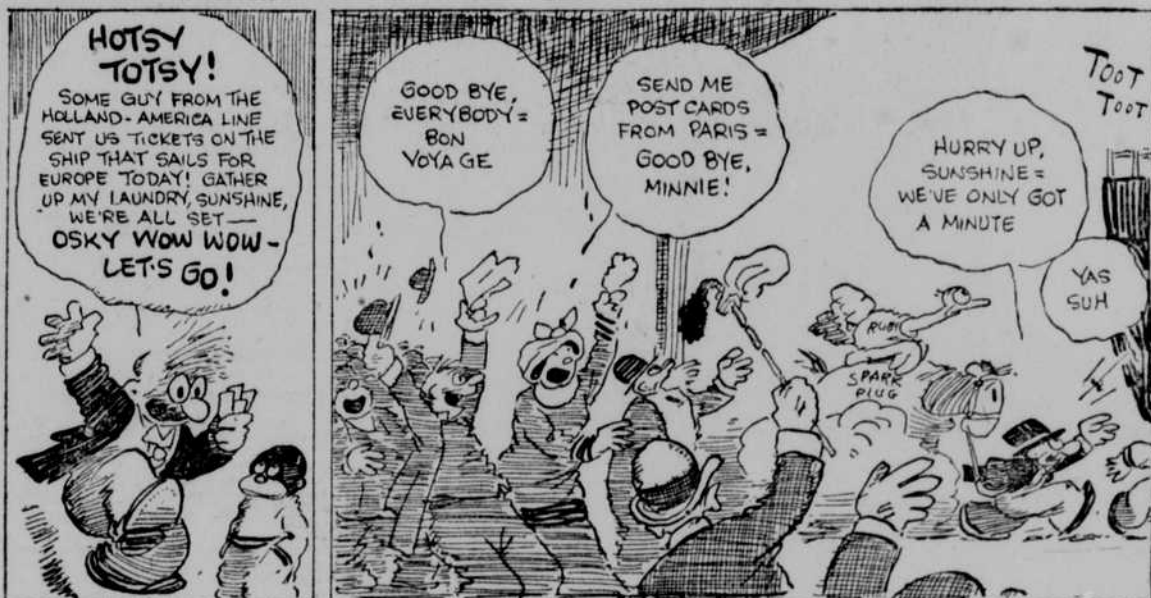
THE NEBBES



LITTLE BOY BLUE



Barney Google and Spark Plug



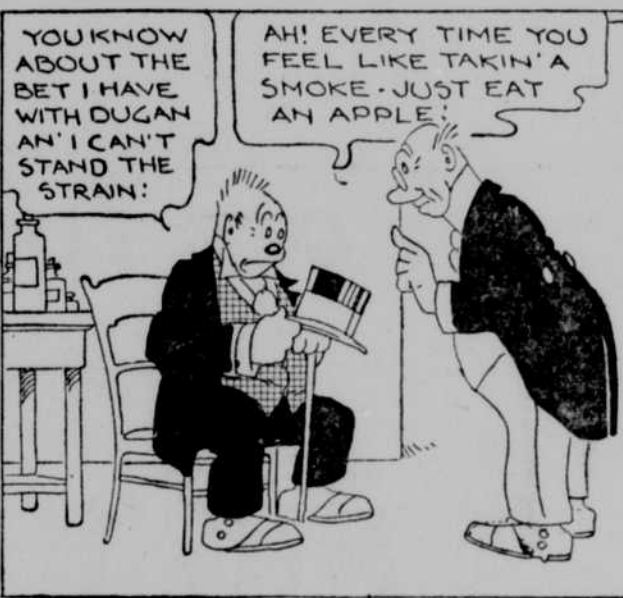
Barney Might as Well Be on a Desert Island.



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



BRINGING UP FATHER



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



JERRY ON THE JOB



HOW LONG IS A PIECE OF ROPE?



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



The Days of Real Sport

THE TAIL END OF THE MAMMOTH TORCH LIGHT PARADE IN THE FINAL RALLY OF THE CAMPAIGN

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By Birney ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

