

# I, THE KING

By WAYLAND WELLS WILLIAMS.  
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(Continued from Saturday.)

The captain received them on deck; he was a jolly, plump, pink-faced man. Kit was cheered, and even saluted first, which he had no idea of doing. The captain immediately took him into his office, alone, and asked to be told all about it. Kit told him, not hesitating to describe the more important of his mental processes. The Briton, for getting for the moment that he was a captain of one of His Majesty's ships, responded like a boy to a detective story.

"I say!" he burst out after half an hour. "This is the best yarn I ever heard in my life! Simply toppling! Something new in South Sea adventures, what? I never saw any one who had such a sense of humor. Well, now, the last touch: Jolly good, jolly good! And that place up north: all quiet now?"

"Yes, but I had to kill a white man to make it so."

"Quite right, quite right. You were the government, and you had to do it, for the sake of peace. See here, I shall be glad to write a word about that, if I find your story supported by the natives, as I don't doubt it will be. You might like to show your people, what? And I say, Mr. Newell, the only reason I don't give you your twenty-one guns as you came out was because I wanted to find out more about it first. But we'll give them to you—by Jove, yes!"

"Thank you," said Kit, smiling. "I hope you'll give warning first, or the natives will think they're going to be killed."

At lunch, which he took alone with the Captain and the Executive Officer, he took his own turn at asking questions. The war, he learned, was over; the Peace Conference in session and President Wilson and Paris. It had been as he supposed about Nairava; more trouble than it was worth. For long it had not even been known that the Germans had left; now that things were being set, it was of course unthinkable to let them have it again.

"And now," said Kit at last, "will you take me away? And before you take me away, will you take possession?"

"Yes, to be sure. Under mandate."

"What's that?"

"Oh, it's the new way of doing

these things. It's the new name for a colony. Your President had something to do with it."

"I'd hoped," Kit said, "that this place would be included with the Crown Colony of the same island. That would seem the most sensible thing to do."

"Exactly; but we don't do the sensible thing any more. We do—excuse me—the democratic thing."

"Oh!" Perhaps Kit did not quite excuse him; perhaps he thought too much about mere words; perhaps he did not realize how much of a little in god even the best-hearted British captain must be on his own ship. Nothing had been said, he remembered, about taking possession till he himself mentioned it; it was a little like taking things for granted. Well, he was in a position to put on a little "side" himself.

"Very well," he said dryly. "I'll make out my act of abdication, and when you've shown me your credentials we can go before the Councils, and fix it all up."

Captain Fiske-Dunning had no idea how to be indignant, and he came rather pathetic in his attempt. His good-natured pudgy face grew red and strained, and he stammered. "What? What's all this? Credentials? Good heavens, sir, do you suppose a British cruiser goes scouring about without orders?"

"Not for a moment," said Kit, smiling.

"Well, I am ordered to put these islands under mandate for Great Britain. You're not going to object, are you?"

"I am not," said Kit. "I've wished you were here every day since I came. But these people have chosen me as their government, and there's a certain form— isn't there?—about putting one government under another. I'm treating your government in an irregular—even a somewhat disrespectful—manner if I didn't ask to see the documents? Or are you here under verbal orders?"

The Captain gave a clearing spitter, then laughed. "Right you are, old man; right you are. Jove, I said you had an eye for form!" He went to a desk and drew some fumblingly produced a piece of paper. "There you are, sir, most irregular, against all orders. But Whitehall didn't know there was a king involved, what?"

Kit in return offered to lay before him all the documents of his reign, including his own diary, as an earnest of good faith. The Captain was surprised and delighted to learn that he had kept records of everything; drew Kit out on the matter and burst out in new enthusiasm.

"I say, I should like to look over all that," he said, "tomorrow morning, if you'll allow me. And I shall tell Tucker to pay particular attention to all you've done, and carry on in the same way, as far as possible. Now, what? I haven't a particular evening for Suvaria; he would have a ruin that night for the two Councils for the next afternoon."

"D'you know," said Fiske-Dunning in a burst of confidence as they parted, "when the fellows first told me there was a Yankee running things here I was no end worried. But now, though I haven't a particle of evidence for your good intentions, beyond your bare word, I'm perfectly sure that you're one of the best, and has done as well here as any man possibly could, and a damned sight better than most. I'm proud to have met you, Mr. Newell—I would say, Your Majesty!"

## THE NEBBES

LAST WEEK MR. NEBB AND MR. SLIDER HAD A MISUNDERSTANDING AND LITTLE MR. SLIDER AGREED TO SELL OUT TO MR. NEBB. HE IS HERE BRIGHT AND EARLY TO CLOSE THE DEAL.



## THE LITTLE DOUGH BOY.



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

## Barney Google and Spark Plug



## SPARKY JUST CAN'T LEAVE HOME.



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

## New York - Day by Day -

By O. O. McINTYRE

New York, Nov. 16.—A page from the diary of a modern Samuel Pepys: Up and found my desk high with mail and fell to it with eagerness. To breakfast with Roy Howard and envious of his checked collar but held my tongue.

Afterward to an inn and met Melville Davison Post, the taylor writer, and found him agreeable but Lord, how much slier in stature than I imagined. And he talked of cattle raising and how also he is raising polo ponies at his farm at Lost Creek, W. Va.

Walked through the town in the heavy sunshine and put in for a while to see Ray Rohn, the limner, and he tells me of the new baby girl at his Philadelphia home and I fashioned a telegram to his wife.

In the evening with my wife to a Hungarian cafe where a long haired gypsy violinist played the sweetest tunes ever I heard and for three hours we sat enthralled. So home very late and to bed.

One of the best known men in New York is "Big Bill" Egan, station master at the Pennsylvania station. He has been with the road for more than 40 years and has perhaps the most penetrating, booming voice in America. For years and years he has been watching with observing and philosophic eye the ever flowing masses of humanity passing through the gates of railway stations. He has saved from despair many who found themselves broke and far from home. He says he has never lost a penny loaning money to those who needed it. "Big Bill" has been a friend of presidents and hundreds of other prominent men.

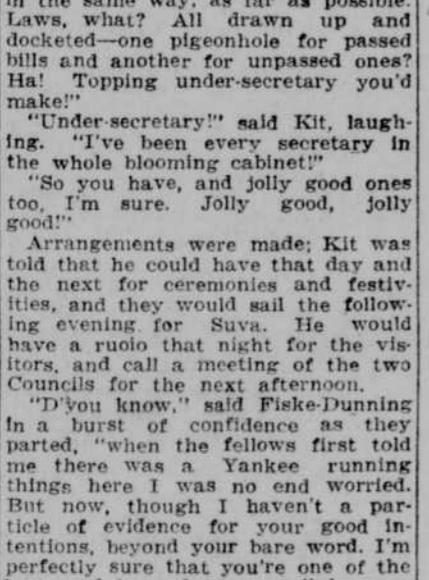
Another figure about New York railroad terminals is a red cap at the Grand Central who is known as Black Ell. He is a grinning Ethiopian who bubbles good nature. He makes it a rule to carry baggage for elderly ladies free. He has been doing it for years. His reason is sound and wholesome. "Once," he said, "my ole black mammy came to New York and lost her purse. A white man took care of her until I could come from the south. I am just trying to do as I was done by."

And where will one find more romance than about the great railroad terminals? Hours may be spent there in pleasant retrospection. Humanity is keyed to a high pitch. The thrill of travel is in the blood. One sees young married folks on their honeymoon journeys. Weeping men and women called home by tragedy. Men off on mighty missions. Immigrants starting for wheatfields with worldly possessions in bandana handkerchiefs. Stage troupers off for the kerosene circuits. New arrivals who have their first glimpse of the metropolis.

The brisk young men who so nonchalantly answer the thousand and one questions a day at the depot information bureaus are almost invariably boys from small towns. Yet they seem more like New Yorkers than any class I know. A poll during a lull revealed that eight of them came from cities of less than 4,000 population. Until they came to New York six had never been beyond the confines of their own county.

Charlie Lawler, who is now blind and more than 70 years old, wrote the song that makes all New York sing—"The Sidewalks of New York." He thought of it one night when coming home from a beef-steak dinner and the next day set it to music. Despite the fact that it is the one song sure to inspire a New York crowd, Lawler never realized more than \$300 profits from it. The song that made the greatest fortune of all, incidentally was "Alexander's Ragtime Band" by Irving Berlin.

## BRINGING UP FATHER

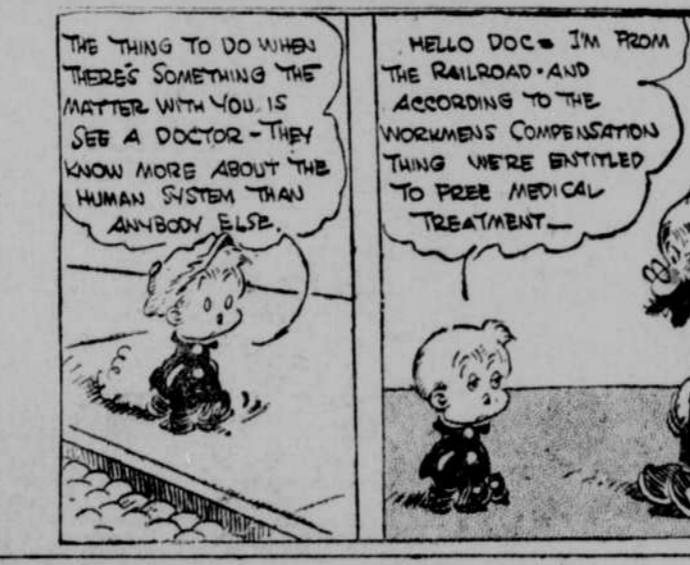


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SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus (Copyright 1924)

## JERRY ON THE JOB



## A MINOR COMPLAINT.



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban (Copyright 1924)

## The Days of Real Sport

SATURDAY MORNING—12 STICKS OF CORD WOOD TO SAW AND SPLIT BEFORE YOU CAN GO HICK'RY NUTTING WITH THE GANG—

Now Winfield there's no use of your whining and carrying on like that. You know you've got to do your chores before you can play—and if you don't behave and straighten up that face I shall report you to your father.



## ABIE THE AGENT

By Briggs

He Says a Mouthful.

WILL YOU BE OVER ABE?

RIGHT AWAY SIGMUND = BUT I WON'T STAY LONG! I'M A BUSY MAN, YOU KNOW!

NOO, WHAT COULD BE THE MATTER HERE?? = IT MUST BE SOMETHING SERIOUS!!!

CAN YOU IMAGINE, HOW CROWDS WILL STAND AROUND AND WATCH FOR HOURS!!

IF THEY EVER STOP PAINTING SIGNS, THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE WILL BE OUT OF UNEMPLOYMENT

