

I, THE KING

By WAYLAND WELLS WILLIAMS.

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(Continued from Yesterday.)

He was out of the house, walking through the steely streets. And then, as if the thing had not been cruel and bitter enough already, his tears began to flow again. He wiped them away; they recurred; he walked down Fifth Avenue with his face streaming. Near Forty-second street there were people, and he felt he had to try to appear nonchalant about it. He pretended it was the wind. Below that there were fewer people to notice, and he let the senseless stream on.

111.

He slept ten hours, but awoke tired and purposeless, unable to fix his mind on anything, even the ordering of clothes. He stayed in the house till lunch time, then went out and met Jen at a restaurant. He wanted to talk about Jack, but it was difficult, at noonday, in cold blood, and Jen was interested in a job in an exporting firm that he hoped to get. He was in civilian clothes today, and had the air of having put the war behind him. Kit, finding little comfort in him, returned listlessly to Eighth street.

He found his aunt about to get into the antiquated but somehow vaguely smart victoria that she still kept. She asked him to do with her and he went, diverting himself with the vacuity of it, sitting with hands crossed on the laprobe, observing the Victory Arch, the green grass in the park, passing acquaintances. He told his aunt that he was more upset than he had been in his life, and she must be merciful. He talked about getting into a job in an exporting firm that he hoped to get. He was in civilian clothes today, and had the air of having put the war behind him. Kit, finding little comfort in him, returned listlessly to Eighth street.

Living the idea, he went; found the place, a reclaimed stable; knocked at a door on the second story. A voice said, "Come in," he opened the door and found a large room with Mary Vane writing under one harsh metal-shaded light. "Hello," she said, looking up.

Kit made his request and she assented with scarcely two words, slammed a hat on her head and went out with him. Aunt Emmy composed herself for slumber in her wing chair; Mary Vane sat down at the piano and fumbled at a piece of dusty music.

"I remember hearing you play here before, year ago," said Kit. "Something of Schumann, wasn't it?"

"Oh, yes, the Fantasia! I played the last two movements."

"I don't know. I liked it."

"You like Schumann? Do you know the Davids-bundlertanz?"

"Heavens—I'm not musical. You mustn't get that idea into your head."

"Well, I'll play them anyway, if you don't mind. I've just discovered them, and I'm crazy about them. Apparently the Davidsbundler were a sort of imaginary club against the Philistines, and these were their dances. They have lots of pep and variety."

Kit drew up a chair and watched her. He liked the things; some of them had a fine idea of tune, quite within his comprehension. "That's nice," he said when she finished. "I like that last one. What's that printing at the top?"

"I bent over the page and read: 'Ganz zum Ueberflusse melnte Eusebius nach folgendes; dabei aber sprach der Seltsame mit seinen Augen.'"

"What does that mean?" asked the girl. "I've always wondered. Do you know German?"

"At the very last, Eusebius thought also the following; and the same great blessedness spoke from his eyes." Kit translated slowly.

"They looked at each other, baffled. 'What on earth does that mean?'"

"Search me."

"Oh, well, Schumann probably wasn't too sure himself. He was mad half the time."

"Possibly," said Kit. "But you played it as if you knew."

"At half past ten or so he walked back with her. He passed by the reached her door, and she turned on the step."

"I want to thank you," said Kit. "For what you did last night. It was just the thing. I went up and saw a fellow, and got the worst of it over."

"I'm glad," said Mary Vane gravely. "I lost a friend myself once, when I was sixteen. I know what it can be."

"It was—well, it isn't over yet, of course. Our friendship was rather unusual one. It takes the meaning out of so much in life. Out there, on the island, things were continually coming up that I was going to talk over with him, and laugh about. It seems as though they couldn't properly have happened, now. It's—it's just flattening."

"There was a brief iron railing on the steps; Mary Vane leaned on this and looked at him through the dim daylight, motionless. 'Exactly,' she said.

"And this was to have been—ought to have been—such a wonderful time. Coming back, taking up the old life, starting out on the new. And remembering Niarava, the adventure, the picturesqueness of it. It's all gone. I can't look ahead. I can't even remember."

"I know," said the girl.

"And there's no one, simply no one, that can grow into the same place. I suppose I was wrong, putting so much into one friendship. But how could I help it? It just came."

"Maud Hoffington told me something of it," said Mary Vane. "We thing of it," said Kit. "We thing of it," said Mary Vane. "We thing of it," said Kit. "We thing of it," said Mary Vane.

sponge . . . However, that's dull. Good night!"

"Good night, Mary. You'll play again, some time?"

"Yes, indeed. Glad you liked it."

IV.

The days frittered themselves away. Gradually he bestirred himself, or dered clothes, went about and saw

people, had his house opened and cleaned. He determined to put it in order throughout and live there, with a full staff of servants, "for the present." For the future, who could ever say? He could not even think. At the end of a fortnight he in stalled himself. He was never alone, and took trips into the quickening

friends in town, either looking for jobs or taking a fling of pleasure after their months of durance, who were more than glad to spend a few days or even weeks with him. He laid in a large supply of liquor against prohibition and "entertained." He bought a car, a low gray runabout, and took trips into the quickening

country. These sometimes had definite goals in the shape of friends' houses, or road houses, and led to much drinking and dancing.

He had never known anything like the state of mind people were in, the feverish search for gaiety, the general sense of abandon. People who had never stumbled before the war,

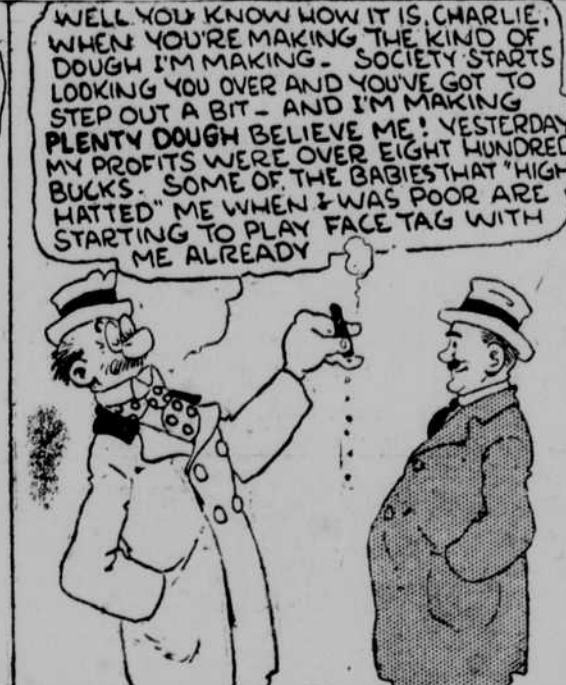
even people whose virtue had survived months in the A. E. F., succumbed without a scruple. Jennings Cobb, formerly as straight-laced a young person as one could find, had yielded, and took little pains to conceal the fact; at the same time he retained an essence of mental clarity, or at least of orthodoxy, thoroughly

characteristic though hard to justify. Others, unsupported by religious training, fell more indiscriminately, deviously, incredibly. The wreckage of virtue cluttered the air.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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THE NEBBIS



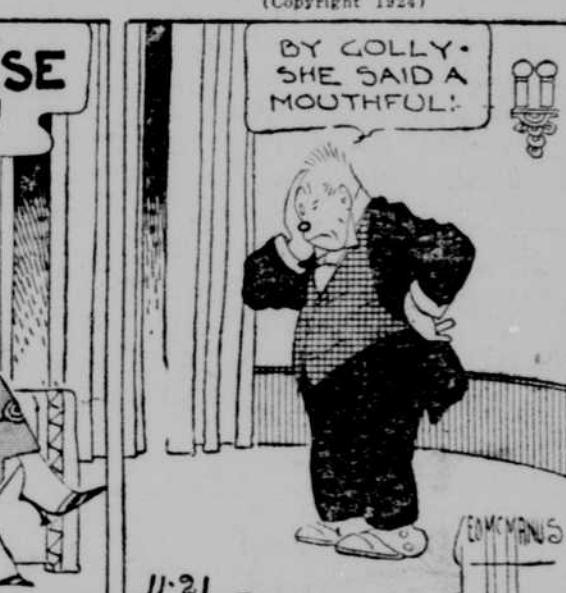
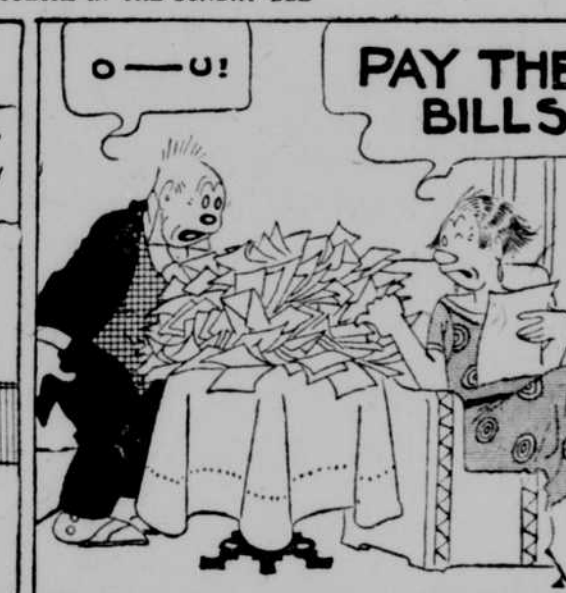
Barney Google and Spark Plug

BARNEY'LL WORRY NOW!



BRINGING UP FATHER

PAY THESE BILLS!



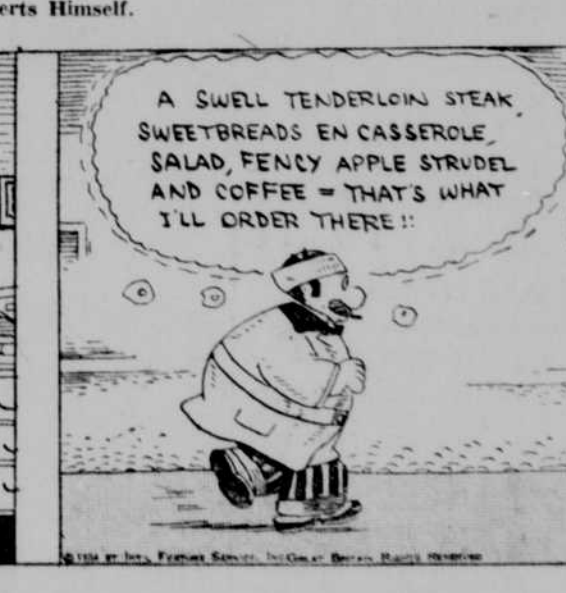
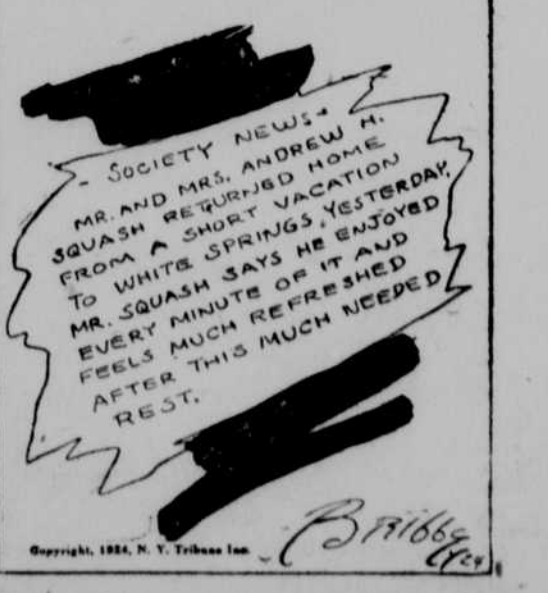
JERRY ON THE JOB

PAY THE MAN.



Second Honeymoons

ABIE THE AGENT



New York

--Day by Day--

By O. O. McINTYRE.

New York, Nov. 20.—Thoughts while strolling around New York: An actor who formerly preached in the Kentucky mountains. A law office "Open at Night." Rooming houses with signs reading, "Saturday night rackets barred." A little girl trying to imitate a billboard high kicker.

A revolt among poets. There's one with a hair cut. Subway track cleaners. Spotted, warped and twisted with roll. Human cobwebs of a city strung along the benches in chilly Bryant park. Slumped down, smoking and staring for hours. At nothing.

Sixth avenue now has coffee stalls. Like London, Samuel Hoffenstein, the highbrow press agent. Sandwich men matching pennies on a fire plug. The president of a dime savings bank eating in a quick lunch. Three fire sales in a row.

A moth-eaten stuffed bear surrounded by a pack of barking dogs. Wonder what a Yiddish luncheon is like. Three omeared men walking together. There's a sign: "Wanted—Montakative typist." Bon Voyage signs—with bright jacketed books and baskets of fruit.

A sale of gilded white linen riding breeches. Greek barber shops where patrons play games. Trucking kindling women. A dog clipping shop. A pigeon flies out of a sewer. A butcher's market—bare arms and fat necks. Portable penny carousel run by a blind man.

Gray-haired lunch cashiers. A lingerie shop called Pretty Polly. The Harold Square street sweeper who speaks five languages. Curbstone sock salesmen. And all of them wearing silk shirts. The crew of men who fill the subway slot machines with gum and candy.

The noonday lull in Thirty-fourth street. A sidewalk soap demonstrator shampooing a boy. Bridge stoops. Hotel runners. An offer for luncheon. And here I go. Protesting weakly.

It is the custom of banquet waiters to place a dollar bill on a tip plate and pass it around at the table they serve. In most instances it brings a dollar tip. But a group of the other night fooled the wily waiter. Each solemnly viewed the dollar and placed a penny each on top. The waiter berated them so viciously that one diner gave him a buff on the jaw that knocked him flat.

One of the picturesque boarding houses of New York is located on Central Park West. It is known as Miss Mary's. It was opened in 1896 by three sisters who came here from Georgia. It is a gray house with wide white stone steps and all borders are southern. The halls ring with Carolinian, Virginian and Tennessee accents. It is a transplanted bit of Dixie with food that comes nearest to being home cooked that New York offers. It was the first New York home of Jacques Futrell, the southern writer.

Speaking of tips, there used to be a little cafe back of the Metropolitan frequented by the literati. The main beverage was beer. Nobody tipped. The waiters took their pay in listening. All were young men going to various New York colleges. One is now the president of a western railroad. Nearly all others have gone high.

Southampton was considered the smartest watering place around New York last summer. It has been going in exclusiveness for several seasons. Real estate values doubled and trebled. A poor gardener who owned a small plot of ground on the fringe of the town sold it for enough money to take himself and wife and his boy in Ireland and live the rest of his days in plenty.

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