

I, THE KING

By WAYLAND WELLS WILLIAMS.

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(Continued From Saturday.)

Newell gave him a casual smile over his shoulder and called for two cards. He knew that Dick was drunker than he showed.

"Newell don't care for women," said Len Thompson. "How about a little bridge? Come on, Dick, you and I'll stand anybody."

"The hell he don't!" said Dick. "Aw, not bridge, too slow. No, old man, Newell, old Post Newell. . . Say, who was it used to call you Post, Newell?"

"Jack Caslon," said Kit hurriedly. Half the room fell into silence; Len Thompson kicked Dick's shins, but he only stretched and raised a glass.

"That's so, Jack Caslon. He's dead, oh! Bless him. Here's to him, well rid of us—and we of him."

The words were audible to every one; the stillness became complete and hopeless. Kit turned in his chair and looked at Dick. "If you think that, perhaps you'd better go," he said, inclining his head slightly toward the door.

"Whoop!" said Dick inanity. "The loyal boy, More'n to those wives o' yours on the island, what? Think of it, boys!"

Kit fixed him with his eyes, motionless. "Who'd better go," he repeated. "The silence became charged. Dick leaned forward on the table. 'Huh? What's that?'"

"You're drunk, I know," said Kit, "but it makes you like that you'd better get out. Come back when you're sober."

"My God!" Dick rose; he was really far gone, but he summoned some semblance of dignity, hitched up his Sam Browne belt and threw his head back. "Hub, I will. I won't stay here to be insulted by any one, especially not by a man's throw over his oldest friend for a guy that the whole class knew for a sucker."

He was lurching toward the door, unsteadily but consecutively; Kit on him in a flash, swinging him round by the shoulder, his hand raised. "Take that back, damn you! Drunk or not, you take that back! Quick!"

"Shan't! Leigo me—"

"Zip! Kit's fist on his jaw, and Dick all over the floor."

They got him out, and some one took him home in a taxi. Kit stood tight-lipped and speechless, and a suddenly sobbing crowd talking in quick undertones.

"He brought it on himself, anyway—"

"He always was a swine when drunk," from Jen Cobb. "He deserved all you gave him. I'm behind you all the way, old boy."

New York

--Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, Nov. 23.—A page from the diary of a modern Samson: Lay late and then to breakfast with George Coburn and we fell to discussing animals and the possibility of them having souls. "There must be animals in heaven," said he, "or how do they get strings for their harps?"

And, too, we discussed the virtue of common sense and I held the greatest exponent of it. I knew was Ed. Howe, of Kansas, albeit I do not always agree with his views, but he seems to me ever to be tremendously sincere.

Home and at my stint and then cast my accounts, finding a few pounds over my indebtedness for which the Lord he praised. My wife came to me with a frock newly bought, and how pretty she looked, she being as fair as the fairest lady in all the land.

To dinner with Aubrey Eads and his mother and there came Margalo Gilmore, Gertrude Lawrance, Macky Morris, Dwight Fry and Louis Calhern and all cut up high-jinks, yet it was the most innocent fun and foolery. So to bed.

He was a commanding figure with a shock of snow-white hair. His dress is that of the middle-aged dandy, conservative, save for a bright cravat or perhaps lemon colored gloves. People usually turn their heads as they pass him. My own impression was that he was a colossal giant of the business world. By chance I stumbled across his record. He has been three times imprisoned for selling worthless stock. He is barred in every hotel lobby as a confidence man.

Most confidence games are bred in the hotel lobby. The easy familiarity among strangers gives the scheming crook the chance to open conversation without the formality of introduction. And skilled ones will tell you that if they can hold any man's interest for a half hour they are fall to land him. The Gondorf brothers used to delight in tackling "prospects" who were known for their business sagacity. They boasted they never had a prospect who would not be a victim if they could get him to lunch with them. It was their theory that only those who refused to listen failed as "suckers."

I was bated one time in an effort made by two men to swindle in a real estate deal. I'll confess I was tempted up to a certain point, but my faith was shattered when one of them kicked at a dog.

One of the high-yaller cabarets attracting downtown slummers to the uptown black belt is called "The Nest." It is in the basement, but it is as luxuriously decorated as any place in town. All colored jazz musicians furnish the music—but it is jazz with restraint and somehow suggests the for away tom toms in the African jungle. There is promiscuous dancing among the colored and white folk. All are requested to wear evening clothes or be slumped into a back room. One thing is noticeable: the service is excellent. The colored waiters are deferential, attentive and courteous. This is quite a contrast from the sullen menials who work downtown. At the entrance each patron is required to register and gain an admission card which costs a dollar. The cover charge is \$2 a person. The odor from a constant spray of perfume is wafted about the room by electric fans.

Chinatown also has a popular mid-night supper club in Pell street. It is called The Shanghai club. Chinese girls with bobbed hair and latest frocks are to be seen there with sleek American boys in collegiate clothes. An all Chinese revue with the American songs and dances is offered.

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divorced and pardoned, and now proclaimed openly that she intended to marry the first British peer she could lay hands on. As soon as he had escaped from the mother Kit caught sight of this interesting person whirling about in the arms of a man in a British major's uniform, and he

wondered if this were the peer. At the same moment she sighted him out of her extremely sophisticated brown eye; she stopped dancing and yelled: "Hi, Newell! Come here, I want to see you!"

The habit of calling men by their last names she had retained from her

patron ancestry; otherwise she was indistinguishable from the average loud-mouthed of some years' standing. She shook hands with Kit and introduced him to Major Boon (spelt, he afterwards learned, Bohun). "Well, Newell, I had to shake hands with you because I've never shaken

hands with a king before. Quite a romantic figure, aren't you. What on earth brings you here? Perfectly manicured. Well, so long. But in on me, when you see this man's about to faint."

He danced once with some one else, was cut in on, and then per-

ceived Mary Vane dancing with the same British officer. He watched her with the greatest care; her gown was of light green, rather longer and more tightly fitting than most, but entirely "there," she was dancing well, though rather exactly and smiling with perfect ease; her dark eyes were

precisely performing the conventional uses of eyes at a dance. "Well, I'll be darned," he said, and cut in.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

See Want Ads are the best business boosters.

THE NEBBS

"No one says that here," said Kit, vexed by an insane desire to cry. "No, no, damned right. Oh, he'll come round when he's sober. He'll apologize. I don't give a hang whether he does or not—"

"Oh, come, buck up, old man!" "Yes, man, it's all over now. Let's forget about it. What about a rubber of bridge, eh?"

Len Thomson left the house with Jen Cobb two hours later. "All the same," he said, "it was a bit swift, wasn't it, as against a drunken man?"

"Yes," said Jen, his eyes on the pavement. "But there's a lot behind it. I doubt if he ever comes back to Dick's food job, he isn't going to marry the sister."

"Perhaps that's one reason for this tiff?"

"No. No, it was nothing but the Jack motif, and that was the only thing that could have brought him to it. Anything else he'd have just laughed off. There's a lot of depth to friend Kit, and it's pretty scarce down here. No one's ever really seen to the bottom. I think even Jack Caslon.—But I wouldn't mind following it, straight to the very bottom."

It was a week before he talked to Kit about it. "Oh, yes, Jen, he wrote and apologized, and I accepted it. And I'm having dinner with him and some other people tonight. Funny, isn't it? how short a time one can care. I only know there's a good party on tonight, and I don't want to miss it."

"The life's getting you, in spite of everything," said Jen, swallowing the surprise he felt. "Well, no one escapes. Duchess of Richmond stuff." Kit smiled, inertly. "Yes, at times. I know Dick was damnable, utterly damnable, but I don't care. I don't mind seeing him."

Jen started to speak, paused, and said: "See here, look out. It's all very well to forgive. But you'd better be sure you are forgiving. Not just not caring."

"Oh, blast!" said Kit, turning away. "You and your metaphysics. What on earth is the difference?"

"Think of Jack, and you'll see the difference."

A long pause; then Kit: "I believe I won't go to that dinner, Jen. I'll go and get Mary Vane to play. That's better, every way."

CHAPTER XII.

Mary Vane, with her north-lit studio, and her sprawling black piano and her roommate, Ethel Stock, a gaunt girl with bobbed hair and an unsmiling and untimely (and for that reason rather convincing) devotion to Ibsen, became a fixture in Kit's weeks. She represented an unfailing response to a mood in him, a mood of thinking about Jack and the emptiness of life and the pathos of his lost youth. She also served as an antidote to the unrelenting but narcotic whirl of things in Park avenue, the cafes, hotel ballrooms and road houses.

And then, in early May, he made the discovery that Mary Vane took of that side of life also. It came about by his learning that she was going to a certain dance, to which he had also been invited. He had not intended to go, but immediately determined to do so, out of pure and rather anxious curiosity to see Mary Vane in a ball gown.

The dance was given by the Vandermylls, mother and son, relics of two semi-fabulous patron families of Westchester county. They had not very much money, their ancestors having sold their real estate too soon; but they knew people who had, their family prestige awed the more newly rich and their eccentricities amused them, and they went with the best. Bobby Vandermyll had been in the class ahead of Kit at Yale, and had failed to make any great impression on it. He was about five feet all and had developed a watery blond mustache. Much to every one's astonishment he had allowed himself to be drafted (having, of course, eye trouble that prevented his getting a commission), and had risen to the rank of sergeant major in the Quartermaster Corps.

Mrs. Vandermyll, in a voluminous skirt that swept the floor, stood in the bay window of her front drawing room and received. "How do you do, Christopher?" she said, her large loose lips making a curious whistling sound over her words. "I'm so very glad to see you. I hope you don't find us too staid and straight-laced, after that island of yours! Bobby—yes, he's dancing. I wanted him to wear his uniform, but he wouldn't. I think it's such a shame you men won't—Why, how do you do, Mrs. Fleming? Yes, the sergeant major's dancing."

Stayed and straight-laced Mrs. Vandermyll was, up to the very neck, but she had a daughter, Cora, who was quite otherwise. She had eloped with a chauffeur, been rapidly disinherited,

KING DOUGH DOUGH.

FANNY. NEVER MIND GETTING ANYTHING FOR THANKSGIVING DINNER—WE'LL DINE AT THE CLUB THAT DAY—MY APPLICATION COMES UP BEFORE THEN AND I'LL BE A MEMBER BY THAT TIME

WE'LL JUST ROLL DOWN THERE IN THE BIG CAR AND SHOW SOME OF THOSE PHONEY SOCIETY GUYS, THAT ARE SCRATCHING LIKE A COCK-ROACH TRYING TO BEAT THE WATER UP THE SIDE OF A BATH-TUB TO GET THEIR DUES TOGETHER. WHAT A FANCY MONEY SPENDER IS LIKE

THIS ISN'T A BAD WAY TO GO TO WORK—I SHOULD HAVE BOUGHT ONE WITH BIGGER WINDOWS SO PEOPLE COULD SEE ME EASIER—IT'S ABOUT TWO BLOCKS OUT OF MY WAY BUT I TOLD ROLLINS TO DRIVE BY THE ARISTON CLUB AND GIVE THE OLD WORN A COUPLE MONKS— I WANT TO GIVE THOSE BIRDS A CHANCE TO BRAG ABOUT THE NEW MEMBER

11-24

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W. A. CARLSON

Barney Google and Spark Plug

SPARKY ISN'T CRIPPLED IN THE FEET.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

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GOSH—HERE'S A CABLEGRAM FROM THE DUKE OF PICCADILLY WHO OWNS "BUCKHAM"—THE FASTEST HORSE IN ENGLAND—HE'S ON HIS WAY OVER TO AMERICA TO FIX UP A MATCH WITH SPARK PLUG—THAT MEANS I WON'T HAVE TO GO TO EUROPE—OWITCH!! THIS FOOT OF MINE IS ME

DE DOCTAH SAY YOU MUST TAKE THINGS EASY, MISTAH GOOGLE—DE GOAT IS NUFFIN' TO SNEEZ AT

SPARKY'S GOTTA BE TRAINED—IF HE FALLS DOWN ON THIS NEXT MATCH WE'RE ALL SUNK...

WE GOTTA GET BUSY RIGHT AWAY—CALL UP THAT OLD GUY I KNOW DOWNSTAIRS WHO'S GOT THE RHEUMATISM—IM GONNA KEEP HIM COMPANY THIS AFTERNOON—

OW!! THIS FOOT OF MINE IS THROBBING LIKE A CONCRETE MIXER

WELL... SPARKY MADE PRETTY GOOD TIME THAT LAST MILE—GIDDAP!

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DEBECK

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 McManus

(Copyright 1924)

DON'T SPEAK—I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE GOING TO ASK ME—ALL YOU THINK OF IS GOING OUT.

KIN I GO

YES—BUT SEE THAT YOU ARE IN THIS HOUSE BY ELEVEN O'CLOCK TONIGHT OR DON'T COME HOME AT ALL.

DO YOU MEAN THAT?

LA-TA-TE-TA!

WHAT TIME IS IT, JIM?

TWELVE O'CLOCK

THAT'S NICE—NOW I DON'T HAVE TO GO HOME.

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McMANUS

JERRY ON THE JOB

GET THE DETAILS.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban

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BUNG

SOUNDED LIKE SOMETHING GOT NUDGED BY A CHOOCHOO—I'D BETTER GRAB THE PENCIL AND DASH OUT.

RULE 28 SAYS ALL THE DOPE ON ACCIDENTS HAS TO BE WRITTEN DOWN QUICK.

ONE AUTOMOBILE

HEY—NO USE O' YOU TRYIN' TO HIDE UNDER THERE—TELL ME YOUR NAME.

11-24

HOBAN

Oh, Man!

By Briggs

ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

He Has the Bankroll.

YOU'VE BEEN BOASTING TO ME ALL SUMMER OF YOUR FINE DRIVES AND ACCURATE PUTTS, NOW DO A LITTLE FOR YOUR FAMILY—SOCK A FEW TONS OF COAL INTO THAT FURNACE

I WAS BATED ONE TIME IN AN EFFORT MADE BY TWO MEN TO SWINDLE IN A REAL ESTATE DEAL. I'LL CONFESS I WAS TEMPTED UP TO A CERTAIN POINT, BUT MY FAITH WAS SHATTERED WHEN ONE OF THEM KICKED AT A DOG.

ONE OF THE HIGH-YALLER CABARETS ATTRACTING DOWNTOWN SLUMMERS TO THE UPTOWN BLACK BELT IS CALLED "THE NEST." IT IS IN THE BASEMENT, BUT IT IS AS LUXURIOUSLY DECORATED AS ANY PLACE IN TOWN.

CHINATOWN ALSO HAS A POPULAR MID-NIGHT SUPPER CLUB IN PELL STREET. IT IS CALLED THE SHANGHAI CLUB. CHINESE GIRLS WITH BOBBED HAIR AND LATEST FROCKS ARE TO BE SEEN THERE WITH SLEEK AMERICAN BOYS IN COLLEGIATE CLOTHES.

AND THOUGH I'VE DONE BUSINESS WITH YOU FOR YEARS, WE'VE NEVER MET PERSONALLY AND WHEN I GET TO YOUR CITY I SHALL CALL ON YOU! YOURS TRULY I. N. GREGORY

IS MISTER KABIBBLE IN?

I'M MISTER KABIBBLE

YOU'RE MISTER KABIBBLE?

DID I SAY NO? CERTAINLY I'M MISTER KABIBBLE—AND WHO ARE YOU, PLEASE??

GREGORY—I HAD AN IMPRESSION THAT YOU WERE ONE OF THOSE BIG, HANDSOME SIX FOOTED FELLOWS!!

NO, BUT I GOT LOTS OF THEM KIND WORKING FOR ME

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BRIGGS

HERSHFIELD