

I, THE KING

By WAYLAND WELLS WILLIAMS.

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(Continued from Yesterday.)

"But of course I am, frightfully. I can't bear to think of myself as a young man of twenty-five, without experience or knowledge, who ought to take pretty nearly anything that's offered to him. I think of myself as King of Niagara, and I'm a crown rest-keep-er. The sacred gift of Power has lain in this little hands—blah! And yet—and yet. You don't know how it was out there, and how I worked and worried. If I hadn't taken it so seriously, and didn't remember it seriously, I'd be lacking in proper respect, seems to me. Oh, it's a mess, all round."

"Life, Kit, is an episodic thing, and you want to have it continuous." Jen was in his best analytical vein; he spoke slowly and, with shining eyes, he watched the workings of his mind as he might watch some sort of a show. "You won't recognize the brute power of circumstance over human destiny. Life is a series of incidents, you can't bear to have it throw you back on the flat. You sprawl on your belly, and cry for another pinball. I have flown—I can't grub! . . . Perfectly natural, but it won't do. We must all grub at times. Most of us grub always. Anyway, you can fly and then grub and still retain your self-respect and dignity. That fool Henley said the cap-er of my soul. That's rot, but there's something there, something. At all events, a man can't say I have been a captain of an Atlantic liner. I won't be the captain of a miserable raft. If circumstance throws him on a raft he must do what he can with it."

"I never was on a raft," said Kit petulantly. "So I can't say how I should act. But I was adrift in a fourteen-foot dory, and conducted myself fairly creditably. And the dory threw me up on an island, where I became king. Circumstance did that, and it can do it again. It damned well must do it again, if it expects much of me. . . . I've got a certain hold on circumstances, you know; I've become reasonable again. Circumstance be damned!"

"And your own soul?" said Kit softly. "Oh, well, it hasn't come that, and it won't. I'm a captain of a soul to go under. I can't help you, and I think you're silly, but I still have faith in you, at bottom. You can take that for what it's worth."

"It's worth something," said Kit, ashamed of his petulance. "Thanks."

He loved Jen and Jen loved him, but that did not appear to do any good. The same was true in the case of Mary. He tried once to confide his difficulties to her, but found her singularly baffling. "Dear boy," she said in a voice that though full of love sounded casual. "I'm so sorry. But I'm afraid I can't advise you. I don't know what's good for you."

Kit was not sure, but he thought he saw her eyes give a sudden and inappropriate snap. "I believe you do

know, and won't tell me," he said peevishly. "Do!"

"Do!" Mary's eyes, raised straight at him, were frank as a child's. "Well, possibly." And then she openly smiled.

"Kit, at a complete loss, fell back on a reproachful plainness. "I think you're mean, if you know and won't tell me."

"Well, I'm a very mean woman," said Mary with a certain cheerfulness. "But she softened slightly as she went on; "But I'll tell you one thing: I'm sure no one can help you but yourself. You're not the kind that can be helped. Thank Heaven," she finished vigorously.

"This, though encouraging, was scarcely helpful. He never tried her again. What was the use? What she said was true, and he was in a certain fineness in her withholding the pretense of assistance, when she could not give the real thing.

To keep himself occupied in the mornings he started up a book about his Nairavan experience. It was a respectable thing to do, and it was reasonable to do it now, while his memory was still fresh. It also sounded well. "Kit? Oh, writing his book, I suppose." "Yes, I'm at work on a book—about Nairava, you know." But no one knew how badly it went. No one knew the pain, the bewilderment, the sense of loss, that came to him as he tried to put the clamorous events of those days into words; as he looked over the hot, pain-wringing pages of his diary and thought: "This was I, actually, this brave, active, thinking, aspiring being. Where has it all gone? What have I done to lose it?"

VI.

Through it all he kept missing Jack. The pain lost its freshness and unconscious pleasure and became a bitter, dull ache, impossible not to feel and not to hate.

His fantastic thought came and gnawed at him of nights, when the lack of fresh air and exercise made it difficult to sleep. Suppose, he kept thinking, I had my choice of being as I am now, with Jack dead, or back in the dory with Masson, but knowing Jack was alive and well; how would I choose? It was easy to say "Choose the dory," but it would be another thing to mean it. He would wake up with a start, thinking he was pitching about in open water; in the first wrenching of the heart, as he returned to the harbor of that time, actually, that Jack was on earth again meant less than it should.

He also kept wondering. Why am I unhappy? I'm safe, at home, rich, happily married, healthy in mind and body, well liked by other people, what earthly right have I to be unhappy. I can't pretend I'm Jack; he died for his country, gloriously, and already I miss him less. Is it the loss of some self-selected ideal? Then why can't I find the ideal again, and know peace? If it is simple fate, why should I bother? It's something lacking in me, no doubt, but as I'm not responsible for the lack, or even able to see what it is, why should I suffer for it?

His fastidiousness also played its part; a mean kind of devil to be damned by. It was largely his inability to lose himself in anything greater than himself that made him wretched. And yet the under-head, parvenu little devil was an obnoxious in its absence as in its presence. He found a certain relief in parties, and at a certain hour of the night fastidiousness would desert him. Deadened by liquor though never respectably drunk, he allowed himself to do and think things that were unspeakably hateful next morning. Thank Heaven, he thought the squabs; it is the VI Fieldes was not here! What fastidiousness denying him even its capable, leaving him when it became capable of doing him any good. VI Fieldes would drive him mad. Frigid, bending little thing. Crisp, too just enough resistance to be interesting—like celery. . . .

New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, Dec. 1.—Broadway with its quick bluffs, tin horns, sports, men-about-town, wise guys, and pudgy paps play havoc with innocence. The young girl who is caught in its cross currents finds the descent is swift.

It was just eight months ago that there came to a producer's office a shy, auburn haired girl who had won a beauty prize in her home town in the south. This achievement blazed the ambition of a Broadway career. Her beauty and naivete struck a responsive chord and she was given a small bit in the chorus. Her life up to this time had been circumscribed to small town gaieties—strawberry suppers, once a week movies and literary societies.

A song writer fell in love with her. He moved in a fast, sporty set and it was among their paths that the girl strayed. She had never had a cocktail or breakfasted at Child's in Columbus circle at dawn. It was new stuff and she was seeing life.

A friend of her family is a friend of mine. Now and then he invited her to his apartment for a home cooked dinner, asked a substantial friend to dine as a friend of the family to keep in touch with her.

Once she came tipsy from too many cocktails. He tried to reason with her and point out the pitfalls. There were tears, remorse and many promises. Next came a hurriedly scribbled note for a small loan. She had lost her job.

The other day I was in his apartment and he told me of the girl. She had arrived at his place long after midnight in a drizzling rain. She seemed befuddled and finally fell asleep in a chair. Her purse fell open and from it fell a half empty vial of cocaine.

St. Gaudens' famous Diana that has posed for so many years on old Madison Square Garden is to be preserved. Arthur Brisbane, the editor, is to place it atop the tower of the 30-story apartment house he is building on Park avenue and Fifty-seventh street. Mr. Brisbane's new building is to be the largest of its kind in town and he will occupy an 18-room apartment on the 19th floor.

Montreal is becoming a great week-end spot for New Yorkers. They go in groups and when they arrive in New York and are restored to consciousness they are usually a bit abashed at having invited all the Northwest Mounted police to visit them a month or so.

At one of those white and sanitary arcophagi that add to the glitter of Broadway they have installed a massive pipe organ and one may order corn beef and cabbage and devour it to the tune of some heavy Wagnerian bit.

One of the gayest of coon shouters is now being billed with the prefix "Miss". She did it more as a publicity stunt. She is large, buxom and thick skinned and has always been known for her rather jovial commonness. But since she took on the prefix her friends say she has become very much changed. Her voice has modulated. She has some good manners. The other day she appeared in a restaurant carrying a longie. Of course, it is all publicity but somehow most of us like people who are genuine even when they are in the unreal world of the stage.

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tantly amused. In the car she sat staring at the advertisements, quietly remarking on them.

"How fascinating all those things do look. If I could have syrup and cakes like that at this moment I'd die happy. I suppose we use a lot of those things and don't know it. When

I kept house down in the Mews I knew all their names and prices, but they didn't seem fascinating then either. Art is a wonderful thing."

They had a walk of two long blocks from the car line. It was the sort of thing that most people did all the time and all people a few times, but

it was none the less hateful. The numerous and heavy bags wrung Kit's shoulders. What an idea Mary must be getting of his relatives—but how wonderfully she was showing up! She was a great lady, pure and simple, taking the had with the good. Surprise and admiration burned

beneath his anger.

Aunt Ella opened the door on them. "Why?" she said accusingly. "Where's Henry?"

"I don't know Henry," replied Kit, dumping his bags on the floor. "I never saw Henry. I never heard of Henry. I don't know Henry, damn

Henry! Aunt Ella, this is Mary." "But I can't understand," went on Aunt Ella, absently clasping Mary to her bosom. "I told him to look out for you, and explain that Elise had the Junior Endeavor and I had a cold and

The weight of each of the Sphinx shown in the avenue of Sphinx in the Bible part of "The Ten Commandments" coming to the Brandeis soon, is five tons, while the height of each of Pharaoh's stone Colossi, is 35 feet and the weight 20 tons.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

THE NEBBS

OH, THAT'S MY MISTAKE.

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Barney Google and Spark Plug

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BRINGING UP FATHER

Registered U. S. Patent Office SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

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JERRY ON THE JOB

PAYMENT POSTPONED.

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When a Feller Needs a Friend.

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

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