

I, THE KING

By WAYLAND WELLS WILLIAMS.
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(Continued from Yesterday.)
There was only one thing to think, and he thought it for two hours. But he had known, and he had no right to expect anything better. The day was not far off when she would see him for what he was, and cast him from her utterly.

But Mary was not asleep, not till long after he was, though she measured her breathing long after he was, though she measured her breathing to deceive him. Not much, with her heart pounding away as it was. Hope! heart, at last, one solid hope. Ah, but the risk! The hideousness of waiting, pretending, standing by the heart-breaking aloofness that it was ruin to break!

Still, there was hope now, and she finally went to sleep in its arms, a smile on her lips. When she woke up she smiled again, remembering: "Or am I really a rather clever person? I've always wondered. I've never known, but I'm going to, soon!"

At breakfast a letter from Elise Newell: "The Elms," Dimchester, Conn.
Dear Kit:
I feel I ought to write you about Father. Things have not gone well here this spring, and the Company has had a hard time meeting its obligations. Any day now, I expect to have shut down, flat, till it had time to recoup, but Father would go on half time. He said the money bank to come out of some of my pocket, and he didn't see why some of the shouldn't come out of the stockholders'.

On Tuesday afternoon he had a slight stroke, coming while he was in the car. He thought so little of it that he didn't call the doctor till after dinner, but that was what it was. He went straight to bed and was gone for ever since, though he is to sit there tomorrow. The doctor says he will recover completely—from this one.

He and Mama both send their love. When we are to see you and Mary again? Your affectionate cousin, ELISE.

P. S. Papa is out of the Presidency, and the Board of Directors have elected a chairman, Mr. Vickers, for the time being. But Papa doesn't feel that that lets him out. He owns 52 per cent of the stock, and won't sell out because he feels sure it's going to fall even lower.

New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE
New York, Dec. 8.—Most men go to great lengths to make themselves ridiculous. I have always been able to achieve the same results with only one slight effort. Today has been one of the red letter days in this direction.

It began while shaving. I decided to grow a mustache. What silly vagary prompted this I am unable to determine. In most cases, no doubt, the desire for a mustache is inspired by vanity. Mine came purely from laziness. Or perhaps reading about Valentino.

Later I accompanied the one-day growth to a small luncheon. It was an informal affair but suddenly each of us found ourselves called upon to speak. As I rather warmed to the subject I made a sudden gesture and plopped into the lap of a lady next to me went an upset dish of salad dressing.

While I looked sillier than usual, she tried to be brave. All the attention, if any, I had was centered upon her while I turned lobster red. And then some one uttered and that titter brushed along like fire in a burning brush to a decided roar.

So I sat down in confusion. That would seem enough for one day but it wasn't. I stepped into a telephone booth and a cigar store, the door swung open easily as I entered but refused to budge when I started to leave.

I knocked gently on the glass and smiled at the clerk. I don't know what his idea was but he merely smiled and went back and on selling cigars. Knocked louder and finally gave the door a first-rate kick. It still would not budge.

It became necessary to call a carpenter to remove the hinges while a gaping crowd stood about, no doubt making wise remarks. I know how it feels to be a goal fish. And I thought the best thing I could do was to go home and to bed—which I did.

It was one of those prize fights where the contestants resembled two old ladies killing bees. One spectator who sat with an alcoholic list was aroused by a fellow back of him yelling: Duffy finally hit him!

He straightened up and said rather thickly: "Who hit who?" "Duffy hit Murphy," was the reply.

"I don't blame him," said the bored spectator and lapsed back into his doze.

An indication of prosperity along Broadway is the closing recently of five dress suit renting parlors.

Abe Martin

Stop Now! Your Future is FINE
Satisfying
Satisfying
Satisfying

Once in a long while somebody gets an office, but blamed few people ever filled one. We wonder what's become of "Jack, the Clipper," who used to bob up now and then?

Interested in the yacht, which had not been in commission for fifteen years. She was a fairly commodious craft, some seventy feet on the water line, schooner-rigged. She had been given a new auxiliary and a new mahogany launch, and presented a smart and attractive appearance in her fresh paint and polish. She reminded Kit of his early youth, and he felt somehow sure that nothing unpleasant or unpleasant could occur on her. He also liked her name: Arsinoe.

He sailed up to New Haven alone on the Sunday, his idea being to entertain parties of classmates on her during the week and then sail on to New London for the boat race, there meeting Mary and Vi and two or three others. She could put up six comfortably. He had himself landed at dusk, took a taxi uptown, and found his class headquarters, garish with blue flags and electric lights, but empty with familiar faces. He signed his name in a book, was given one of a row of three mustache pallets and strolled out on the Campus again, wondering why he had come.

Wright Hall loomed before him, and automatically his eye sought a certain window. A light was burn-

ing in it, and he conceived a sudden desire to go up and look at the place. He had on a blue serge suit and a straw hat; he carried a light cane and more a stiff collar. He looked very much like a man of the world, he reflected. Not thus had he roamed these haunts years ago, either in mind or appearance.

The door was wide open, the room empty. He walked into the familiar space. All the furniture was different, yet it gave precisely the same effect that he had. Youth and innocence still dwelt here.

He leaned against the window seat, his stick clasped in his two hands, and closed his eyes. Jack; the place breathed Jack. Sure now, if ever, Jack must be with him.

THE NEBBES



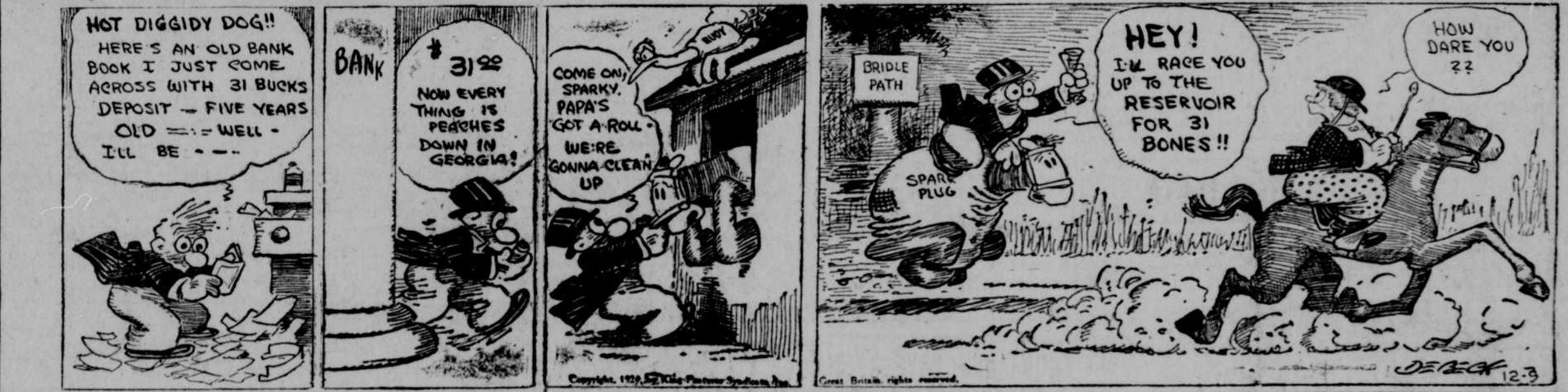
"IT'S ALL JAKE."



Barney Google and Spark Plug

IT WAS BARNEY'S GREAT CHANCE.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy 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



JERRY ON THE JOB

ALWAYS HUMOR THE BOSS.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



ABIE THE AGENT

A SUSPICIOUS EVENING HEAD.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

