

# I, THE KING

By WAYLAND WELLS WILLIAMS.

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(Continued from Yesterday.)  
2. He was proud, and hated to be humiliated.  
4. He was orderly, and hated disorderliness.  
The more particular considerations are:

1. He was half dead from lack of sleep, he had a bursting head and joints that fairly screamed when he moved.  
2. He had been drunk for thirty-six hours, brutally and bestially drunk, as he had never been before or dreamed of being.

3. He had disgraced himself.  
a. As a Yale graduate.  
b. As a king.  
c. As himself.

4. He had fallen drunk and asleep on a woman's doorstep, and she had kicked him off it, as he deserved to be. Moreover she had lashed him with words, and some of the words she used were the very ones he himself had flung at the most disgusting creature he had ever beheld, Mason struggling with the two women.

5. A young milkman had picked him up when he had fallen to his lowest depth, doing all that could be done for him, and that prompt spontaneous charity was the most sublime and the most awful thing he had ever known.

In short, the Secret Kingdom had fallen. There was no doubt of it this time; government, responsibility, control, honor, self-respect, all were lost. The remains had been dumped into a trolley car by a milkman and given a dime to ride home with.

The remains dumped themselves out of the car at the Green and staggered to a room on the Campus. It was unbelievable that he could ever sleep again, but as soon as he saw his bed he flung himself on it, and as soon as he was on it he was asleep.

III.  
Five hours later he woke again, and after a cold shower, his joints and his head felt better. He dressed particularly in his blue serge, and went out to get breakfast at a cafeteria. He expected to see women and children shrink from him, and was surprised when they did not.

Coffee was a remarkable institution; after two cups of it he had an idea. He went to a certain club, sat down at a desk and wrote a letter, which he addressed to Mr. Tim Gallagher, West Haven, Conn. In it, after some consideration, he enclosed a ten-dollar bill.

"I ask you to accept this, not as payment for what you did this morning, but as a reminder that Heaven rewards a good deed. You did the kindest thing that was ever done to me."

He posted the letter in front of the door and walked aimlessly along the busy street. Girls in bright dresses passed, students, perspiringly propelling families, bootblack boys, costumed graduates, just plain people. The sound of brass bands was in the air; it was the day of the baseball game with Harvard.

(And it was curious how a sudden hot breath from the street brought back the smell of Nativara. The same warmth and dampness; he closed his eyes, half expecting the clatter of traffic to turn into the Tustle of surf...)

But only the clatter went on; he had to open his eyes and face the demanding years; they stretched ahead, like the street, ineluctable; but their end, like its, was out of sight. God, they must not pass thus again, he thought, with a gasp. If some good should be the final goal of life? If the milkman's divine mercy had given him back his life and another fair start? Worth it, worth even the worst, if—

(And pain clutched at him as he thought how he had outraged even the most sacred thing; how when the class was drinking to Jack and the others he alone lighted out the liquor and flung away the glass...)

If only. But intentions were rapid. To dream and aspire was nothing; the time had come to do. And what? What?

But it was horrible; he was as much in the air as ever. In this, his rebirth, he had no more mind, no more will—Terror shook him. If this... Then all that, in a flash, was as though it had never been. With one convulsive movement he had stopped, turned, stooped and picked up a small object that lay glittering on the pavement. A ray of light came ninety-three million miles to strike that small object; hence it burned itself into Kit's eyes, into his brain and thence, from space and matter, into time, those harsh interrogatory years that Kit must pass on earth. And the thing was only a safety pin, sprung from some indifferent woman's belt.

"Why," said Kit, staring at the thing in his hand, "why..."

Then, in the midst of vision, came the panic, and he closed his eyes and swayed into a fence. It was worse than ever before, ghastly, overwhelming—only, he knew, it would not overwhelm him if he stood firm. He had to fight hard, stamp on certain thoughts—a villa at Cannes—and it would pass. It had always passed.

It passed; the years were answered. Kit shoved the pin into his pocket, smiled at the sky and stepped quickly forward up the hot street.

The new auxiliary and a steady west wind enabled him to catch the 437 out of New London. He arrived at Dimchurch soon after five, at the same hour that he and Mary had arrived last winter, but now the station was hot and sunny and full of dust. For some reason he decided not to try for a taxi, but, bag in hand, wandered through the station to the curb beyond, where the trolleys stopped.

The sidewalk was crowded with people, all walking in the same direction, and Kit automatically glanced toward the quarter from which they came. His view ended in a mass of cement and brick and colorless glass windows; the Works. He turned on the curb and faced inward, suddenly acutely alive to the mob of people, of all ages, sexes and nationalities, that went streaming by.

He saw an Italian of fifty, grizzled, paunchy, five feet high, a tin box in one hand, the other gesticulating in accompaniment to a torrent of verbiage addressed to a companion exactly like himself. A woman with averted face, a shawl over her head, a figure of mystery. Four girls abreast, tired but bright-eyed. "Honestly, May, if you think any fella alive's gonna..."

Then, an abstract platoon of men, some short, some tall, some thin, some fat, some younger, some older, but all dressed in nondescript, half-invisible dark clothes, all walking with their heads bent forward and their shoulders sagging; their eyes fixed as though in search, their feet in their heavy shoes moving up and down, up and down, like machines. A little girl clinging to the hand of a tall red-headed man; she walked without speaking, staring upward and outward at the assailing figures about her. Two clerks, in light gray suits, with straw hats, walking slowly; one had a gray mustache; the other, younger, had light blue eyes that caught Kit's for an instant; they were talking attentively together, full of

importance. A red-cheeked, bull-necked boy of sixteen or so ran haltingly, picking his way through the crowd, grinning; he held a folded newspaper and brought it down with a slap on the head of another youth whose face appeared, flashing indignation, then greetings.

Many of them gathered on the curb to wait for a car, lounging about in groups. Kit saw one tall man in dark blue overalls offer another a newspaper; he heard the other, a black-haired man with a long upper lip, answering: "Naw not now. I can't read the paper only when I'm home. It

bed, with the light fixed right—push the old woman over to the wall—ha, that's the ting to read..."

Another, a muscular, light-mustached man of forty, pure Yankee, was regaling a crowd of friends with an anecdote: "Yeah, I was at the picture the other night, and say, it

was kinda dark, you know, and I just pushed my way in and sat down without looking. Pretty soon the women next to me says: 'What time is it, please?' I pulled out me watch and says, 'Half past seven.' 'Huh,' she says, kinda short like, 'Huh, you're a great fella, you are,' she

says. 'Why?' I says, and then I turns and looks at her, and damn me if it wasn't me wife's sister! She laughed like hell and says: 'You're a great fella, you are, to sit down next your own wife's sister and not even know her...'

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## THE NEBBS

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IT WAS JUST YESTERDAY THAT RUDY MET THE SLIDERS ON THE STREET AND INVITED THEM TO CALL—HERE THEY ARE

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## THAT OLD PAL OF MINE.

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## Barney Google and Spark Plug

Yes, Sunshine's Still Working for Barney. Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck (Copyright 1924)



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## New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. M'INTYRE.

New York, Dec. 11.—Thoughts while strolling around New York: A gay supper club at midnight. Irving Berlin in a corner. As glum as an owl. Noisy irresponsible throngs overflowing the tiny dance floor. A poet dances with one arm in a sling. Pegasus with a broken wing.

Bandit waiters who insist on tips that rustle instead of tinkle. With "bouncers" in waiting. A stern British moralist looking on a bit contemptuously. Florence Walton and Leon Letrim dance. The odd acute glitter of colored lights.

Bacon and eggs—\$1.50 an order. And a \$3 cover charge. The jolting and rumbling of milk wagons outside. A group of chorus girls with a venerable high flying bachelor. Long Island ladies who have not lost their summer tan.

And they'll soon be off to Palm Beach to renew it. In my day they wore sunbonnets to keep it off. A millionaire's son who recently fell heir to millions. Looking bored. I got more of a kick than he out of my first pair of bicycle pants holders.

College boys with small rolls and big courage. And they must get back to New Haven in time for chapel. A few corks pop. Gingerale no doubt. They don't, by any chance, serve drinks in New York, do they? A woman with a peacock headress shot with jewels.

The last waltz. But the crowd stays on. The noisy roar at the entrance. Hat check girls exacting the final tribute. Old women selling frayed morning editions, chewing gum and flowers. First pink of early dawn.

Early workers throwing off sleep. A slight fog blows up from the harbor. Shuffling men with turned up collars and pulled down caps. The first group at the Help Wanted bulletin board in Times Square. Wish I'd gone to bed early.

New York's three tabloid newspapers—the Daily News, the Mirror and lately the Graphic, which is published by Bernarr MacFadden, the physical culture expert, have provided jobs for many jobless newspaper men. Probably more work for Mr. Munsey in the office.

One of the leading theatrical hits of the season is "What Price Glory?" written by Laurence Stallings, who lost a leg in Belleau Woods. He returned to New York and became a copy reader on the World. The play is said to be his own reaction to his adjustment to civil life after his return.

Newspaper men this season have led in writing the leading theatrical hits. Marc Connelly and George S. Kaufman, both newspaper men, are now on their fourth decisive hit. Twelve other productions that give promise of long runs are by Park Row scribes.

A rich New Yorker is said to have offered \$1,000,000 to be relieved of gout. But health is one thing you cannot buy. It is a matter of history that the late J. Pierpont Morgan offered \$1,000,000 to the doctor who could partially arrest the affliction that disfigured his nose.

There is a bachelor on Madison avenue who has an 18-room apartment. He has been living in it for more than two years, but not once has anyone set their feet inside the place save the bachelor and his retinue of servants. To a reporter who interviewed him, he said: "I gave up one apartment because my hospitality resulted in many fine treasures being ruined. My new apartment is going to be my home and when I want to entertain I will do it in public places. It is used to be men and women could drink a few cocktails and behave themselves, but not any more."

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## BRINGING UP FATHER

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## SOMEBODY'S BEEN OFFENDED

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## Movie of a Man and a Hot Mince Pie

By Briggs



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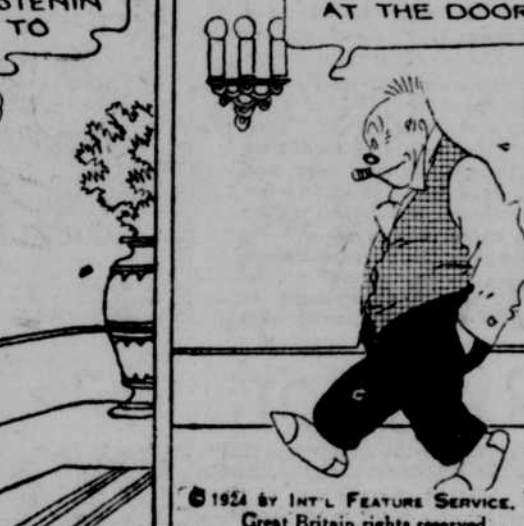
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