Copyright, 1924.

Marty, his father thought, might be the first to grow impatient. Why not? The one who could go out had the better of it. Nevertheless, it was the girl who would settle the matter. What happened under that red hair of hers would really decide everything. . . Marty's father had the flicker of that red hair in the corner of hers would really decide everything. . . Marty's father had the flicker of that red hair in the corner of hers would really decide everything. . . Marty's father had the flicker of that red hair in the corner of hers would really decide everything was a damnable misfortune.

"Glad you came up," said Marty, when his father was going. "You mustn't be a stranger." (Continued From Saturday.)

going crazy and the girl from blowing up . . "I was thinking," said Marty, "that I might get something or other to do at home." "Might be an idea," said his father. "There must be a lot of things." "Now that you say it," his father remarked, "I believe there might be. We'll have to think of that."

The suggestion interested Simms very much. But he said nothing further about it. He was really wondering just what this thing had done to his son—what might be left of him; whether he would have the ambition to wish effectively toward any pos-

New York -- Day by Day--

By O. O. M'INTYRE.

New York, Aug. 4.—A page from Miss Rewer. They would go on saythe diary of a modern Samuel ing that. Why not? Like a stage repys: Early up to see A. Rost's name. Even if they knew, she might dog newly come from Germany. Then to too se to be called Miss Rewer. As to Tin Pan Alley to deliver some she had told Marty, whether anyone lyrics for a song and a group fell to discussing yodel words, the best being so and Laity, which are F. a woman, like a man, shouldn't refuse

Afterward for a walk with H. Web in a public label. Imagine coming sier, the cartoonist, in the park and into the office some morning and disrecalled the happy days when we lived in a Harlem walkup flat and the pranks we played on Bob Brink-Why should a woman be tagged by choff and Ray Rohn.

Home to labor awhih and then free of social mark? erhoff and Ray Rohn.

with my wife to the Bowery to see a man who wrote me the most pathetic letter I ever read and found what handle to use in lifting his his story to be true and left him name.

addened.

Yes, she was Miss Rewer. A In the evening to Flo Ziegfeld's though the thing was so reasonable and he showed me a match trick as and so much a matter upon which mystifying as I ever saw. And Edward Royce told me some amusing tales of the London music halls. So was the same but herself. It was what she knew that made her desk

In an old scrap-book, seared and calendar look different, that made yellow with age, I found the first article I ever wrote for a newspaper. Nothing since has given me the thrill it did when it appeared in the Gallipolis (O.) Daily Journal. Here is the little gem without change:

"Mr. Sam Rothgeb was in town things . . . even to extraordinary changes in yourself, to thoughts that, from Cheshire today.'

Another one of journalism's 18-karat thrills came to me when I tossed off my first eight-column head while reading copy on a Cincinnati newspaper. It ran: "Two Die in Vine St. Fire!" In a street car on my way home that evening a man in she fancied, carried around somethin front of me was perusing the first of the same sort, something that page and I was tempted to reach others weren't to know. over and point to my handiwork with the glad cry of "I did that!"

It was an intrepid crew of youngsters manning that Cincinnati newspaper. Many rose to great prominence-Roy Howard of the Scripps-Howard league; Ray Lang, the magazine editor; Eugene Walter, the playwright; Phil Simms, the war correspondent; Harry W. Brown, the newspaper publisher, and several

When nine of Broadway's biggest cabarets were padlocked for liquor violation, more than 200 cabaret chorus girls were suddenly "at lib-All summer productions had been cast in the theater and the outlook for the girls was far from bright. Yet it has been discovered that more than 80 per cent of them decided to take up other kinds of employment, and all say they are happler and more prosperous than be-

Birde around the New York public library have class distinction. Pigeons preen their green and magenta necks on the high cornices and hold all Fifth avenue vantage points. They also perch on the manes of the haughty stone lions. The lowly sparrows are relegated to the background. They hover above the bare places of the library's "back yard" in the neighborhood of Sixth avenue, with the tune of the elevated to ac company their chirps, and Washington Irving's bust as their highest

The old "bird man" in Union Square is still on the job. For 15 years he has appeared with his loaf of bread at dusk to feed the birds on the square. The birds know him and fly to his shoulders and hat. He talks to them but will not talk to curlous people who clot about to watch. He is said to be a very rich and eccentric bachelor who lives in one of the old homes near the square Cocyright, 1924.

were a little hard to imagine on the it. And when it was wretched it was Eberly was momentarily expected in his head at Jo Ellen's door. He little cautions, playing craps with tions! Wow! Once in a while—once the whole of this first had been drinking and seemed to your blind spots. Come seven, come in a long while—we see the fun of ships seemed to stare. There was the of Jo Ellen's return Mrs. Pinney, day, and many callers had to be so know that this would not escape Jo eleven! Something godlike about it.

Eberly sort, about which you knew nothing, but you might easily gather the impression that when temperative ment was happy its happiness wasn't complete until everybody knew about months ago," she added.

Imagine three gods chucking the seeing the fun of everything informed. Meanwhile Jo Ellen was Ellen.

Imagine three gods chucking the busy typing a number of documents forwarded for rearrangement (with retard the formation of a prohibition verses! Imagine three gods chucking the seeing the fun of everything.

Imagine three gods chucking the seeing the fun of everything informed. Meanwhile Jo Ellen was Ellen.

Imagine three gods chucking the seeing the fun of everything.

It is a duty," he said to her, "to bones!—on the roof of one of the uniforwarded for rearrangement (with retard the formation of a prohibition verses! Imagine that supernal hystometers and the seeing the fun of everything.

In the additional complete was Ellen.

Imagine three gods chucking the secing the fun of everything.

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Barney Google and Spark Plug

They Thought Barney Was One of the "Birds of a Feather."

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

YOU CAN'T BUT ME

AMERICAN

CITIZEN

LEMME OUT!

DON'T TELL ME THAT YOU HAVEN'T HEARD ABOUT THE FAMOUS RUSSIAN HORSE "TROTSKI," WHO'S ON HIS WAY TO AMERICA ! ALREADY A LOT OF CITIES, MILWAUKEE, DETROIT, BUFFALO TORONTO ATLANTA FT WORTH OAKLAND BROOKLYN AND DES MOINES ARE BIDDING AGAINST EACH OTHER FOR A RACE RETWEEN YOUR SPARK PLUG AND THIS RUSSIAN THOROUGHERED : ALREADY THE BUSINESS MEN OF ETHINGTH HAVE SUBSCRIGED \$20 000 FOR A A RUSSIAN HORSE, JIM & ITS -

BRINGING UP FATHER

IS DUE TO ARRIVE IN A FEW DAYS BARNEY . YOU BETTER PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER AND GET SOME DOPE ON RUSSIAN RACE HORSES. THERE'S A MASS MEETING OF RUSSIAN IMMIGRANTS OVER IN THE GAS HOUSE DISTRICT - WHY DON'T YOU SHEAK IN AND SEE WHATS DOING . THEY'RE PROBABLY ALL TALKING ABOUT THE FAMOUS RUSSIAN TWO YEAR OLD . THAT'S A GOOD IDEA JIM and the

IT SAYS IN THE PAPER THIS "TROTSKI"

CHEESE IT ONCE MORE I SAYS, DOWN THE POLICES WIT DE MILLIONAIRES . KILL DEM - SLADDER DEM - PUT GOWIN BOMBS UNDER DERE BEAT IT SK HOUSES AH FIERA

DEBECK SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE









JERRY ON THE JOB

GOING, GOING, GONE,

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban











The Shawnee Sixteenth.

it at all. You become accustomed to

Marty gave long consideration this. "I suppose not," he added.

PART FIVE.

Painted Lips.

When the auditor said, "Morning Miss Rewer," the thing gave her a twinge. She could not be quite sure





By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



