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(Continued From Yesterday.)

He was talking about the roof now.
"I haven't said a word," he went on, that you've hear a lot from a failure.

I'm not like I was. I want to prove "I haven't said a word," he went on, that you've been—yes, an inspiration, the great big idea that makes a man pening to you. But I know. That's want to be his best. I see just what pening to you. Built I know. That's a nasty part of it—it isn't any secret. It can't be covered up. Talked about—in the family. A rotten position to put you in—my aunt taking it out on you. You! It isn't fair. Why should you die on a job like that? And that's the way it would be. Pounding at you—beating you down—getting you. You've a right to live. Just because luck hit Marty hard, why should you be knocked out? It wasn't your fault. You've played square as long as anybody could. You can't do any more except—I know what I'm saying—except make things worse. Honest to God, you're in the way!"

He tightened his grip on her fin.

would you be? All hands would call you a quitter. They would. And the splendid long reach. . . . The you've got to quit or be squeezed dry —smashed altogether. If you could . . . South America . . .

to talk with his face very close.

"Jo Ellen, there's only one way. I love you. If I could prove that, I'd be proving a lot more at the same time. If I could take you away, a stood behind her a shoulder against stood behind her a shoulder against

site, and how it blurred. • to the fearful vividness of the new
He had it figured out that when meaning that burst into the sylables

and she herself was, perhaps, in some way being engulfed by it.

"They'd know you went because you had to get away." he said, with a quickened pace. "They'd see that it was the short cut—that you had the courage to break a chain that never ought to have been fastened on you—that you broke it in the and she herself was, perhaps, in some way being engulfed by it.

"Lying...?" After the silence this was amazingly obscure. He looked at her with a puzzled eagerness.

"I mean that I'm not letting you go on and—and pretending. I can't tell you what I—no, I can't. There's no use telling you what I've been feel.

never ought to have been fastened on you—that you broke it in the quick way that saves all the family argument—like a girl eloping because she was frightened about a fussy wedding. And I'd be the happiest man on the top of the earth—happier than I've ever had a chance to be. I think I when I when I was a would happy."

"Before they smash you." I know how to make you happy."

She stirred at this. He was eager

to interrupt the thought against me. I have a fallure against me. I know that. Cora and I just couldn't don't know. It seems now as if it make a go of it. I hope you won't wouldn't—as if it was Inwood I was

# New York -- Day by Day--

By O. O. MeINTYRE. Cherbourg, Sept. 6.-This town is one of the quaintest and oldest spots should be the one dominating thing in Normandy. The tender came out that would brush these away. If one of the quaintest and oldest spots comes in touch with the insolence of European tipping. The porters are "The great thingthe wildest brigands in all Europe

No matter what you give them as out speaking. The sheen of her eyes a pourboire, they greet it with a was enormously disturbing. He gatha pourboire, they greet it with a sneering gesture. Cherbourg is untouched by progress—ox carts, bicycles, horses and buggles drift through the streets. Not a motor car was to be seen.

There are homes hundreds of years old lining the water front, and the business of the town centers there business width apart.

"I'll tell you on Monday." she said. He repeated. "On Monday." I'm mean, I'll write Yes, if I decide Yes—you'll know all that would mean. If I decide No, I don't want to write it. If you don't hear, you'd better forget me."

He made a movement of protest. "I'll tell you on Monday." I'm mean, I'll write Yes, if I decide Yes—you'll know all that would mean. If I decide No, I don't want to write it. If you don't hear, you'd better forget me."

It is a clear-cut etching of simplicity against a background of lovely green hills. The customs inspection in

France is casual and done with dispatch. The train to Paris waited on the siding, and within the hour we were off to the capital. Peasant men and women were pitching hay in the fields. Little cottage walls were abloom with hollyhocks and other bright flowers.

dappled the beautiful tree-lined lanes that help make France one of the world's beauty spots. Few passengers slept last night, yet it would seem a sacrilege to nod amid such vibrant

beauty.

Each compartment holds six passengers. As I write we pass by Neully. Every home has its garden and little goat herd. And laborers as rest under trees swig white wine from brown jugs. There is a panoram of stately trees, cathedral spires \$90,000, \$50,000 being in real estate. of clouds egg-beaten white.

pleasantness it is difficult to think of the fields of France scaked with human blood such a short time ago.

The most beautiful of all winged creatures to me are the sea gulls. Their graceful sweeps and sudden darts stir the pulse. They are able to sight incoming liners farther away than the binoculars register. Fortywater two of them swung in behind 12. There will be mobilized here: the ship to dive for the kitchen refuse. One motor transport company, of 80 Each liner means a holiday feast, and the seagull is the first to welcome voyagers to land, with their grotesque and eerie cry.

French beer is palatable, but is bodies. served almost warm. The customs saloon, where thirsty Americans have afternoon and a parade in the evena throwback to the days of the brass ing of the defense units and all other rail and white-coated bartender.

Along the raffroad tracks one Rites Conducted by Elks missed the telephone and telegraph poles flashing by. Yet the fields of poppies are preferable. And there are the farm lands.

We approach Caen along a quiet mill stream. It gives the first touch metropolitan swank. A few limofisines are in the side streetsalso a cow or two. On a siding in the station is a second class train Judge Messmore of this city. with mamas and papas and young goslings starting off on a holiday to Paris. One of the train jokers-from New York certainly-cries: "We will now hear the French pheasants sing 'the mayonnaise!" These simple, riage of Miss Bertha Klipper, formerkindly folk look to me as though they are getting much more out of Copyright, 1924.7

ing; how the ship affair was already gers.

"That sounds pretty bad. I mean it. You're being trampled on. If you went back home—uptown—what world and the ship affair was already being arranged—no, not definitely, of course, but so that nothing should confuse him or introduce any awkwardness whatever—a ship stopping

—smashed altogether. If you could quit and live!——"

Te turned to grasp her arms, and to talk with his face very close.

"Le Fillen there's a live is the state of the state o

long ways off, where everything stood behind her, a shoulder against would be different, where we'd both the frame of the window, hands at see that-our being together- that would tell him he might let a She did not answer him. She was seeing the picture on the wall opposite, and how it blurred.

She was gorgeous dream go on unfolding as a reality. She abandoned her mind for a long moment to that word reality. to the fearful vividness of the new gorgeous dream go on unfolding as

He had it figured out that when they came back—in their own good time—there would be the great adjustment. Somehow they would be married. By then he would have proved himself, proved his right to stride beside her. There would be the shock when she went away. He acknowledged this. But even her people would remember what she was leaving behind. They would remember that she was shaking off something impossible and that she was away in the open, living a wonderful adventure.

When she straightened as if threat-

"And I've let you go on because I want to get.away. I could go back She stirred at this. It to Inwood. That might seem I to interrupt the thought he surmised. to Inwood. That might seem I getting away, after I had gone. That might seem like afraid of. I suppose I'm just a coward—"
"O no!"

"Another girl might stick it out without whining. Another girl might not be hated so much. That would help-or not have home people loving her so much, and that would make it simpler, too—can't you see that?"

He could see arguments racing back
and forth, and this was painful. There

he wildest brigands in all Europe.

No matter what you give them as out speaking. The met the look with-

He made a movement of protest, "I never could do that." "If—if I decide that I can't—you understand—that I can't you'll have

o let me go on thinking that." "If I don't get any word—"
"That'll be the end of it—the very
end. You'll be off to South America

end. to make your fortune."

"But you'll come in tomorrow after-noon?" This would be Saturday. "No." She was firm. "I must have A glorious sun shone brightly and a little time. That's little enough." She released herself and he drew up with her as she turned toward the

### AUBURN MILKMAN HEIR TO FORTUNE

Auburn, Sept. 5 .- Tobe Wight, a local milkman, has received word from Scranton, Pa., that his uncle, John plercing the clouds and drifting puffs and \$40,000 in cash. Mr. Wight declares he will continue to live as of The little train with its comic pear old with a few added comforts and a nut whistle races along the country- strengthening of his dairy herd. While side, and peasants look up and wave in the east, he says, he will visit some in a friendly way. In such pastoral of the noted dairy farms and get some new ideas.

# Defense Day Mobilization

Plans Made at Holdrege Holdrege, Sept. 5 .- At a meeting of Phelps County Officers association and American Legion plans were made for the coming National Defense Day mobilization on September men; one motor repair section of 80 men; one hospital and replacement company, and two reserves companies, made up of civilians. Committees were appointed to handle all of these

Arrangements will be made for an station is a sort of "First Chance" address on "National Defense" in the civil organizations is planned.

at Burial of H. A. Messmore Beatrice, Sept. 5 .- Funeral services no unsightly advertising billboards in for H. A. Messmore, who died suddenly at Omaha of pneumonia, were held at the Scott-Harman chapel, being conducted by Rev. C. B. Hankins. Burial was in Evergreen Home cemetery. Elks lodge of this city was in charge at the grave. Mr. Messmore was the father of County

## Miss Klipper Weds.

Beatrice, Sept. 5 .- Announcement has been received here of the marly of Plymouth, to Martin Honke of Kansas City, at Council Bluffs Ia. than your average New Yorker. The bridegroom is connected with the Kansas City street car company.

door.

"Til be counting the hours, and loving you all the time. Send me a little note—the hour, you know—I'll be here at the stroke of the clock you set."

He though to kiss her again. He felt surest about her when their lips

With her back toward him, she might have been addressing the door in that murmured last speech.

"Til know, when I can think it out."

The she swung round with a starting effect of defiance, as if she were felt surest about her when their lips

With her back toward him, she might have been addressing the door in that murmured last speech.

"Til know, when I can think it out."

The she swung round with a starting effect of defiance, as if she were felt surest about her when their lips

With her back toward him, she might have been addressing the door in that murmured last speech.

"Til know, when I can think it out."

The she swung round with a starting effect of defiance, as if she were together. But her way of moving nothing—end with the door in that murmured last speech.

"Til know, when I can think it out."

The she swung round with a starting in her bosom. Defining appeared to be simplest of tile worded up his hat.

"XIV.

To Jo Ellen the question was a reputching in her bosom. Defining in her bosom. Defining appeared to be simpled to be simpled to the closed door, decided, quite native and picked up his hat.

"XIV.

To Jo Ellen the question was a reputching in her bosom. Defining appeared to be simpled to the closed door, decided, quite native and picked up his hat.

"XIV.

To Jo Ellen the question was a reputching in her bosom. Defining and picked up his hat.

"The she stroke of the clock you that for once in might have been addressing the door in that murmured last speech.

"The she swung round with a starting in the bosom. Defining the power the door in the door."

The she swung round with a starting in the bosom. Defining the power the door.

"The she swung round with a starting in the bosom. Defining the power the door in the door."

The she swung round with a starting in the bo

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

THE NEBBS YOU FLATTER ME.



have a chance to get started right—I her waist, and pleaded for a word that would tell him be might let a Barney Google and Spark Plug Maybe Barney's Willing to Ride Behind Trotski Now.

SPARK PLUG WINS \$ 5,0000

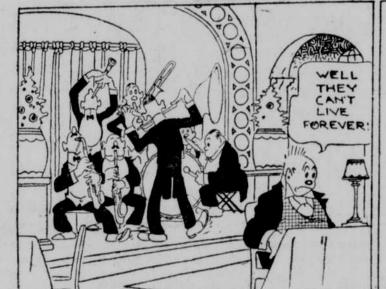
MEMPHIS CLASSIC

JUDGES , LOGAN PAINE . JIMMIE DOYLE.
BILL DEWEY . BIERRE MUYTTENS
CHARLE WEGENTAN
JAKE RUPPERT

CHEIRIAL STARTER - BOS COOMNE



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









Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus

JERRY ON THE JOB

ENJOYABLE VACATIONING

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban (Copyright 1924)









By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

TWENTY

YEARS







Decisions Take Time.