Tenguians were not able to make

Tenguiu's most important natura

or themselves.

nain thing was to try.

Late in November a ship put into the lagoon, a New Bedford schooner. Commerce had not quite abandoned these islands, though politics had, and this was not the first ship that

"Clarissa ahoy!" he called, reading

"Hello!" said a tall raw-boned Yar

ee in his thirties. "What t'hell. Eng-

ishman, hey? Got any copra?"
"No," said Kit, "Yankee. Yes,

we've got copra, some. Say, are you the skipper? I'd like to talk with

'Yep. Come aboard. Swig o' some

He climbed aboard and sat drink

ing gin and water over the cabin table with the captain who, with his

lean-shaven face and boyish man-

suggested that government and ship's

crew unite in some sort of a formal

won't even sell guns or liquor to the

here? Hell of a place. Everything

"That's in the Marshalls, isn't it?"

condition of war and neglect.

quences. I feel that my responsi-

er them to some higher authority

The skipper took the letter and sailed cheerily into the blue. Not a word

The experience made him wretched,

No, they were merely busy on

(Continued from Yesterday.)

So this was love. He broke off with what he had

been writing and put down his thoughts as they came:

"The most striking thing about love is the complete failure of fulfillment to fulfill. I see now what expert love is the striking the striking thing about love is the complete failure of fulfillment to fulfill. I see now what expert love is the striking the strik to fulfill. I see now what expert lovers. Frenchmen chiefly, see in the game. Not the unmentloned ecstasies of the bedroom—when they can be had for five francs! It's a thing of wits, humor, imagination, numerical services and constructions. Well. And they had nothing to offer in return, nothing. The neat mind ached over this. berless and exquisitely varied combinations of character and circumstance.

"Hyperion to a satyr! To a person with a mind what can the glutting of guians coveted these he executed them."

a sense mean? The real, the sur-viving things in people—their souls— canoe loads of babat and bananas don't communicate through that one and other things, which he distributed among the Nairavans. That ple speech, looks, movements of a hand—things you might exchange had to effect, and it wasn't very near, because in most cases he had to give

with a clerk over a ribbon counter. because in most cases he had to give "Virgins may take heart. What they miss is nothing, in mere voluppay them for the trouble of bringing tney miss is nothing, in mere voided tuous pleasure, to the sensations of sleeping and waking. If they miss the other thing, the soul thing, that's a different matter, but fulfillment can never give it to them. Fulfillment is tilization, the latter by importing soil from Tenguiu, but only the most enterprising landowners, took the tree. it, simply nothing.

terprising landowners took the trou-ble to do so. This industry Nucl But I suppose no one can believe that without finding it out by experi-ence. Certainly I didn't. And yet babai pits on the royal domain and I might have known. Things spiritual laboring mightily in themself, by way are of the spirit, things mental are of example. He found that the example of the mind. What is the rest but (as Jack said) mere biology?" amusement, and racked his brains Pictures would become worthless i

Tengulu worried its sovereign. His made too common: he must think of something else. Presently he discovrelations with the island were necessarily looser than those with the atoll.

It was not that he feared disaffection; Ongong was amenable and the people orderly. It was the lack of a sound and permanent basis of native intercourse that bothered him.

He supposed that a really clever person could have brought about a profitable trade, but for the life of him he could not see how. The trouble was that the advantages were all on one side. Tenguiu's. It produced many things that the atoll did not, many things that the atoll did not, represented his best endeavor to per-and the atoll had nothing to offer in the way of manufactures that the Board of Trade and Secretary of Agriculture. After all, it was not given to every man to succeed; the

New York -- Day by Day--

By O. O. McINTYRE.

New York, Nov. 13.—Thoughts had turned up since the Germans left while strolling around New York: In an immense state of excitement The clatter of Brooklyn bridge. A Kit paddled out to it, thinking this prison wagon going to the Tombs. was the end. Huge pretzels strung on sticks. Old the name on the bow. The half men wanted to crack nuts-six dozen heads visible on deck turned cents an an hour. The World dome to him suddenly aware of kindred

Doc Perry's famous drug store. Newsis dozing between editions. There might be a future president among them. Soon time for the orang drink stands to close. And real winter around the corner. What after all beats a log fire,

pipe and good book? The polyglot shops of Park Row. A gold fish doctor. Bowery chaperons \$1 an hour. Most of them reformed drunks. A school of magic. ners, was about as unlike the tradi-tional sailing master as could be. He formed drunks. A school of magic. The smell of corn pone. Warm was agreeable and most interested in Bowery youths in nobby Kit's story, but when it was tactfully collegiate clothes.

Noon day street preachers in Noon day street preachers in Chatham Square. And slant-eyed the name of their country, he was Chinese children listening with prompt and definite in refusal. wail of grief in a funeral parlor. rows with anyone, native or white. I Beefsteak John has gene back to the 20-cent dinner. Chinatown streets are empty.

you'd think. You, you're a Navy man, 's well's a King, and mebbe you Flowers blooming in the bird's got some right to say. But my line's nest balconies. Shuttered frame business, straight and simple. Damn houses. Like a rabbit's warren in-side. Strange turnings, pitch dark Jaluit was my last port. Ever been halls and spongy fungus growths. twenty miles from everything else. Traipse around a whole week to get Fan tan halls with fron spiked doors. The drone of prayer in all night five cents' worth of copra, missions. A hooded woman slinks "That's in the Marshalls

Back on the Bowery again. said Kit. "Did you hear anything about this place there? Do the Japainto a fan shop. Queer second-hand stores filled nese intend to come and take posseswith the loot of ages—jewels, paintings, funiture. All coated with
sticky layers of dust. Alcoholic "Now!—they all laughed when I sticky layers of dust. Alcoholic snores from opened upstairs windows. Shawled women in doorways.

A 50 cent lodging house calls

itself "The Ritz." Peddlers, curb work down to the Phoenixes after corn doctors and beggars starting I leave here. Hell of a place, again, out for the day. Wonder if I'll ever no one there; still, I'd like to see lend on the Bowery. Business of 'em. Then I'll work down through making a new resolve to be thrifty, method making a new resolve to be thrifty, method make the Zone by summer. Skulking cats. And the loaded want to come?"

Silence that always hangs over the street

The next thing I know someone will cept for a few blessings in the way refer to me as "spry." Then there's of cloth, hardware and tobacco this nothing left but the ether cone.

ork gives a midnight performance.

Only one movie theater in New Cork gives a midnight performance. York gives a midnight performance. This is atop the old New York theater. It is patronized chiefly by night workers in the Times Square district who eat their lunch and then watch the celluloid heroes and herotines do their stuff.

Collection of war and neglect.

He wrote a letter to the Navy Department, explaining matters, touching lightly on the fate of Jones and still more lightly on that of Masson. It ended: "If this amounts to desertion, I must take the consequence."

There is something cold, dank and shivery about the New Jersey must not resign them till I can trans marshes. They appear to exude murder and malevolent hate-a spray of soggy disaster dropped on did Kit ever hear of ship or letter the edge of the world. Even hardened Jerseyltes feel the bleak and unharnessed atmosphere that bringing civilization within reach and clings to them. Old reporters snatching it away again. He tramped quail at a murder in the Jersey marshes. There are mosquitoes, dampness and that mephetic odor that never fouled them. How long, ef stale weeds. I was once debarked how long? Was the whole world from a newspaper job because I dead? England, with her octopus from a newspaper job because I dead? England, with her octopus tried to cover a murder in the Jersey marshes from the pleasant confines of a telephone booth. The city editor couldn't understand my reactions. Yet it is not difficult to see. He is in prison for life for murches the country of the captain that seized Guam, the country that cleaned the stink-hole of the Philippings.

In many other respects Jersey is more important matters. And these one of the most interesting states islands were worthless. The prizes of in the union. The little villages the Pacific were by now all known and distributed, and no one was going out of his way by 1,000 miles to are the most peaceful to be found anywhere. There are yew-shaded churchyards with scarred old ter the war the Germans might come churchyards with scarred old tombs. There are vine-clad porches and tasty little gardens. The red dust that turns to clay in wet weather speaks comehow of a clitzenry. Jersey may have mosquitoes, but it also has more spiraling song-birds than any state I know. They are singing throughout the day. ing. Governments knew best. He

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was not then aware how many enthusiastic explorers, missionaries and thusiastic explorers, missionaries and thusiastic explorers, missionaries and though she seemed colors on Pacific islands, only to be publicly ignored and privately cursed by their governments; it was merely a God-given prudence that restrained a finance.

England was his next choice, then the many enthusiastic explorers, missionaries and thusiastic explorers, missionaries and the bond of parenthood) to dertaken. Presently he could not fail seriptural researches he had ever undertaken. Presently he could not fail to be struck by one thing: the result of the most probable claimant. She would doubtless come, if she came, by their governments; it was merely a God-given prudence that restrained him.

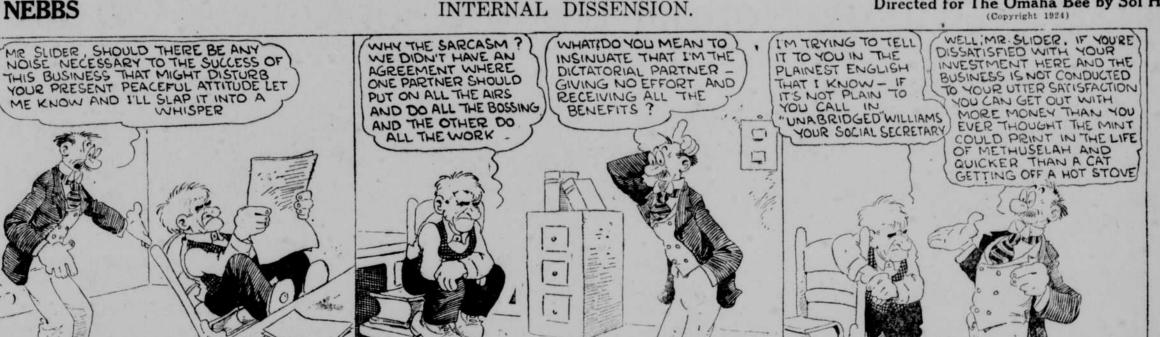
England was his next choice, then to that.

France, then Japan. He hoped it though the had ever undertaken. Presently he could not fail to be struck by one thing: the result in the northeast trades of the spirit; but there was no nout development to the scriptural researches he had ever undertaken. Presently he could not fail to be struck by one thing: the reconclusion he had been a pricess of the flesh, and perhaps more easily forgiven than sinsi what then? Throw over a wife? gua is still alive.—Detroit News.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hessen

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

THE NEBBS



Barney Google and Spark Plug

BARNEY WOKE UP JUST IN TIME.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



MAH GOODNESS' DE FUST TEN DOLLAHS AH'S SEEN FO' A







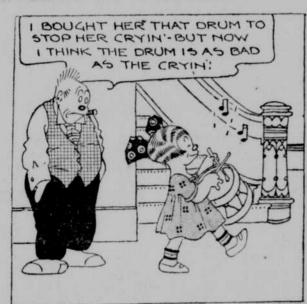
W.A. CARLSON.

BRINGING UP FATHER

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

THE LITTLE TATTLE TALE.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



ONE THING ILL SAY FOR HIM -HE MINT WASTED ANY DOUGH GNIN ME A BOOST IN THE ·WAGES.







The man was, for all his business talk, a prey to Wanderlust; an odd

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

Competition is Great.







