(Continued from Yesterday.)

One night he gave a dinner at his house which was followed by a long session at an imitation cafe chantant. were six, Kit, Mary, Cora Baxter, Major Boon and a married pair, asked with some vague idea of chaperonage; these, as they don't matter, and aren't going to matter, may be referred to as A (the wife) and X. Around two o'clock the conversation reached that mellow ease in which Kit now found both the fullest forgetfulness and the fullest sense of living.

Boon (returning with Cora from dancing): That waiter's taken away the end of my drink again. Tar-some. I never really enjoy a drink

Boon: The manners of most Orien-

tals are exquisite, compared to ours.

Cora: Well, what does that prove, known that. That's why I've never compel me to accept.

Had any manners, or wanted any.

Mary: I've always thought that ill
Mary: I've always thought that ill-

Mary: I've always thought that ill-obviously.

mannered people were more sincere than the others, but—

Boon: Ah, but—exactly! You lose only one.

something by not having them. You—
Cora: Nonsense. I—

Kit: We're a pionese race still Welt.

New York -- Day by Day --

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, Nov. 25,-All Broadway is trailing to the Neighborhood kit: A certain person dead who is playhouse in Grand street on the playhouse in Grand street on of the Great White Way satirized in alive.
"The Grand Street Follies." It is A: Oh—a really becoming face

In the midst of this teeming ghetto and surrounded by about \$100 worth of scenery, a group of hitherto obscure players are displaying more of the penetratingly humorous faculty than their brothers and sisters uptown.

They are making hillarious travesty of such institutions as the

esty of such institutions as the Super-Drama league, the self conscious serious thinkers of the Algonquin, the tone poem, ticket speculators, the Teapot Dome scandal, bring happiness and ver under the self course of a long and colorful life. It proves that we're a race of moles. We know that wealth doesn't necessarily bring happiness and ver under the self-course of the self-course of a long and colorful life. It proves that we're a race of moles. We know that wealth doesn't necessarily bring happiness.

It is a colorful audience. Old wo-Rialto. men and bearded Yiddish patriarchs be. who do not remove their hats. Young | Cora: Exactly-religion and ph

A four-piece orchestra renders the years or more, and still we've got no ments consist of charlotte russe and varicolored 'lollipops.' The higest priced seat is \$1,59 and to their credit no tickets are placed in the hands of speculators.

ing Ophelia and an imitation Gallagher and Shean as Grave Diggers I
do not care to see it. After all, every
man reaches the age when he doesn't
care to fall out of chairs in fits of
laughter.

pled to the race as a whole. Personally, I pin my faith to the moles. Simple animal nature seems to me a safer
thing to build on than the visions of
a few pure vague souls. I think the
only things to admire are the old
animal things—lust and strength and
animal things—lust and strength and

Grand street is more than a mere crosstown throughfare bearing that name. It is to the East Side just what Mary: Brava, in this case. Adjection of the courage and plain common sense. In short, going after what you like and avoiding what you don't like.

Kit: Bravo! You're not—
Mary: Brava, in this case. Adjection of the courage and plain common sense. In short, going after what you don't like. the name implies—'a grand street."

There is a flair to shops and stores, over each of which are tenement apartments. Sunday is the big day of the week. Wigged orthodox women sit in the doorways as an anchronistic. sit in the doorways as an anchronistic I mean the way Cora does, and yet note in the life that swirls about them I'm perfectly sure that we're not such -girls with their beaux, father with swine as that. perambulators, street bands and Boon: Easy on! Don't get to de hurdy gurdies, Kosher shop orches spising swine! tras, racing, noisy children and splashes of old world costuming. The children are trained to take care of themselves from the time they graduate from crawling.

Spising swine:

Mary (laughing): No, I won't. Swine are all very well in their way, and so are moles, and so are weevils. But—men are neither moles nor weevils!

About the neighborhood playhouse are a hundred street gamins who open doors of taxicabs bearing uptown visitors. They seek a gratuity and a half hour's watching did not gain them as much as a penny, which amount is their supremest desire. It takes insulting myrmidons with the suprementation of the trying yariety of weevil. Even the most weevily of us crave some sort of spiritual satisfaction. But where does it lie? That's the question.

And the neighborhood playhouse, does it lie? That's the question.

Cora: Nowhere. That's the answer by the way, is not an alley theater. It is well built and figures largely the life of many stars, Among late Robert Browning. others whom the four winds have think I haven't gone through allwafted to its stage are Yvette Guilbert, Ellen Terry, Emanuel Reicher, to dance, or else go home.
Ruth Draper, Rabindranath Tagore, Mary; Yes, but was he so absurd? Ruth Draper, Rabindranath Tagore, Jacob Ben-Ami, Ian Maclaren, Michio After all, we may-X. Come along, Itow, Nyota Inyoka, Edith Wynne don't have to be at an office at nine. Matthison and Percy Grainger.

Grand street is filled with little mothers-spindly-legged girls who devote all their time to taking care figures): And the brute never even of younger members of the family offered to pay his share.—Not that I while their parents toil in the factory

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Cora: I am not interested in the Arabs. (Cort was possessed of a certain primitive power. Her remark conclusively put a quietus on sociol

ogy.)
Boon (with a tolerant smile, as though to an attractive child): What are you interested in, duckie, be-sides me?

Cora (chin on hand, eyeing him sidewise): I'm not particularly interested in you. I told you that the first time I met you.

Kit: And Boon didn't believe you, and that's why he hangs round. The snake and the toad all over again— Boon and Cora (in one breath):

Cora (her bored but naught-escapcora. I never really enjoy a drink till the ice is all melted.

Cora: That's so; Englishmen hate ice. 'Ho! Funny.

Mary: I don't know; I think this talk about English people being cold is mostly fiction, and rather cheap fiction at that.

Cora (her bored but naught-escaping eyes on him): Newell, as a matter of fact I'm rather interested in you.

We all are. We don't half know about that island yet.

Mary: No one does, or ever will. He can't tell, and isn't fool enough to try.

Cora: My dear, did you ever try to bring one to the scratch?

A (with a constant)

Kit (taking a drink, highly cheer Cora; Well, what does that prove, except that manners have nothing to do with civilization? I've always whether the Archangel Gabriel would

Kit: We're a pioneer race still. Wait pose.

Kit: We're as thickly populated as Europe, and you'll see our manners What would you ask Gabriel to give

wou?

Boon: Hold up—the Arabs have the most beautiful manners, and they live about one to the square mile—

Wary: In my more exalted moods a man I I'd ask to be married to a man I could love all my life. In moments of common sense I'd ask for an assured income of a million a year.

Cora: Silly, why ask for that when with a could have also you could have with something else you could have the fun of getting it? I'd be eighteen

again, keeping my present knowledge and experience. Boon? Boon (after intending for a frac-tion of a second to say something else): A seat in the Shires, and twenty Cora: Newell?

ulators, the Teapot Dome scandal, Rarrymore's "Hamlet." the South Sea Island craze and Mother Janis and Elsie.

The skits were fashioned, of course, for the sophisticates. And yet the strange thing is that the natives of the East Side enjoy them fully as much. Each night finds its springmuch. Each night finds its springmuch in the sense to go on and find out what is worth having. We admire religion and philosophy from a distance, but, Heavens! we don't ask for them. They make me tired. Why has no one ever said that, if religion and philosophy were what they're said to be, we'd all be St. Francises and Socreteses?

Kit: Because only a few of us can

who do not remove their hats. Young men in exaggerated styles of the day who still speak in broken English. Full bosomed, red-cheeked young girls who chew gum. Men about town, Leading ladies and movie dazziers.

Cora: Exactly—religion and philosophy don't apply! Damn it, what good is differential calculus to a bunch of moles? What good are the Sermon on the Mount and the Diologues of Plato to us? Talk evolution—blah! We've had those things before our eyes for two thousand of speculators.

If there is anything more comic religion and philosophy are, as apthan an imitation Fanny Brice play-plied to the race as a whole. Person-

Mary: In merely trying, possibly. Cora: We have with us tonight the A: I'm getting so sleepy. I want

Good night. Fine party, Newell. The four others: Good night. So

long. See you soon. Cora (watching the two retreating

Boon: But you do! Aha, the joint

Mary: I will say it. We may be unhappy trying, but we're more unhappy not trying.

Cora: But this isn't metaphysics!

Cora: But this isn't metaphysics!

It's where we stand, what we are, things, and would probably disagree who've gone through hell on the war? I didn't, frankly.

Cora: Comfortable, but obvious. Also untrue.

Down: My commentary on all this is that we four, in spite of our cyniclem, are all nearer to something than the said against discussing metaphysics bite some one!

Mary (humorously, and without out ideals, and then when prosperity returns we'll gradually build up a new set of ideals. And then there'll be another great crash like that of 1914.

Kit: Oh, you don't have to have who've gone through hell for an ideal, and find the ideal bogus! Disillusioned, blind, sore—damn it, I want to bite bite some one!

Mary (humorously, and without out ideals, and then when prosperity returns we'll gradually build up a new set of ideals. And then there'll be another great crash like that of 1914.

Kit: It does that and other things that we'll mug along somehow, with us, and say: "But why didn't they Bee Want Ads Produce Results.

Boon: And the dreary part of it is that we'll mug along somehow, with us, and say: "But why didn't they Bee Want Ads Produce Results.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

THE NEBBS PRIDE GOETH BEFORE A FALL. UNANIMOUSLY REJECTED! THEY HAD TO PUT THAT IN TOO. THEY DON'T WANT SELF MADE MEN - THEY WANT PEOPLE WHO ARE BORN INTO SDCIETY - THEIR MEMBERSHIP CONSISTS OF A LOT OF MENTAL AND MORAL DERELICTS - I'LL BITY THE PROPERTY NEXT DOOR AND BUILD A LIVERY STABLE - I'LL GET THOSE JACK-ASSES ALL MIXED UP - THEY WON'T KNOW WHICH DOOR TO YOUR APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHID WAS UNANIMOUSLY REJECTED TODAY AND YOU WILL FIND ENCLOSED HERE. WITH CHECK FOR YOUR INITIATION HELLO . FANNY - YOU'D BETTER ORDER A TURKEY FOR DINNER TOMORROW - NO I'VE OH THERE'S A YOUR PERSONAL MAIL, MR. NEBB. MR. WILLIAMS ASKED ME TO LIAND IT TO YOU LETTER I'M LOOKING FOR FROM THE DECIDED NOT TO GO TO THE WHICH ACCOMPANIED YOUR CLUB - I'LL EXPLAIN THE REASON WHEN I GET HOME ARISTON CLUB APPLICATION " WELL WHATA YOU THINK OF THAT BUNCH OF HOLLOW. HEADS ! Cora: Oh, I don't mean women— tar is, I don't sera shout women— A (silkily): No, darling, you're right to good bit; India and Jamaics and Gallipoli and the survey retty away from them. Kit: Yes, most nationalistic talk is sality. People are always the same; only their manners are different. The same born with a constitution hate of all races but their own, and sepsecially the one that gave them birth): Some manners are different. Kit: The work the Nikarayans, and they were also the most ignorant and primitive. Boon: The manners of most Orien, Rich and an executate the survey and some are gust plain bad, fill as frankanners of most Orien, as of course why I left him. No, I'll say franki that it has profile. Kit: The manners are different. Some manners are different. Some manners are different. Some manners are different. Some manners are different. Kit: The wave the Nikarayans, and they were also the most ignorant and primitive. Boon: The manners of most Orien, Rich the manners of most Orien, Ric

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



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DUGAN IS ABSOLUTELY





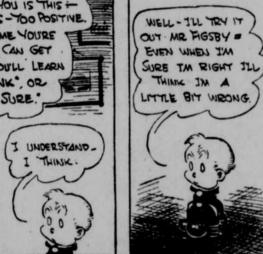
STREET

JERRY ON THE JOB

FIFTY PER CENT POSITIVE.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban











When a Feller Needs a Friend.

MAMA WOULDN'T HAVE HER LITTLE DARLING BOY GET HIS HANDIES AND FEETSES COLD FOR ANY-THING ... NOW WHEN YOU GET . TO SCHOOL YOU TELL TEACHER MAN OUT OF THE NASTY OLD DRAUGHT-



By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

The Cause of Most Trouble.







