(Copyright, 1924)

(Continued from Yesterday.) sort of thought I'd find your sister He wasn't to be outdone in man- at home, so I called." ners. Yet he had an uneasy sensa-Margaret drew in a corner of he mouth and said with one of her dr tion in the back of his dinner jacket smiles: "Many call, but few are as if all the eyes in the room were burning glasses. Still talking, the He didn't like that in her; it showed

His eyes missed no detail, having be too darned superior or people

plenty of leisure to observe. He took in the coarse portieres and wondered "I heard you were on the Evening about the scratched sliding doors, half closed at his elbow. Through half closed at his elbow. Through the aperture he got a glimpse of imitation Wedgewood platters on a greasily varnished plate rail. A shadow moved against the edge of a dining room table; then he saw Margaret Peake, a drawing board propped against her knees, sketching under the ugly overhead light. Her chestnut hair gleamed red, and in that unsuspecting moment her face held the severe beauty of a Sybil. An instant later she reached out toward a bottle of India ink on the table and in looking up her eyes met Admah's.

Democrat, 'he said.

"Who told you?" She gave him a quick, keen glance.

"Mr. Wilder, I think it was."

"Oh!" She resumed her drawing said, presently said, "I was mighty glad to read about your success."

"It ain't that, yet," he replied, but was pleased.

"I think it will be. I haven't forgotten what you said about the duck on the edge of the ditch. I'm on the edge of the ditch now, and I really love to paddle. Only it's queer, rather.

of India ink on the table and in looking up her eyes met Admah's.

"It's lovely to see you again," she cried, giving him her hand as he came in. "I was so up to my ears that I didn't know where I was."

She showed a confusion at odds with her usual calm.

"I—I just dropped in." he began lamely, catching embarrassment from embarrassment as bashful men usually do.

"Me? I've never made a plaw 'n

"Me? I've never made a plaw 'n my life." she laughed. ' "I reckon you could," said Admah full of cool admiration for this admiration. "Sit down, won't you? You'll have

time to talk to me?"
"I reckon I will," he confessed. "I waited until she had brushed in a long, affected shadow before resum ing—"this is what I'd like to say Don't fool with the rainbows. If you

New York -- Day by Day--

By O. O. McINTYRE.

Houston, Tex., Jan. 23.—Last night Houston, Tex., Jan. 23.—Last night derous racket, and Flora Lee stood we had a chicken barbecue at "Tall on the sill. Timbers." From the porch in a clearing we could see the white-jacketed negroes "barbecuing" the fowls over the first ball saying the first ball saying the solution of the sill.

"Oh. Peg!" she cried, confronting the fowls over the sill saying the solution of the sill say the sill say the solution of the sill say the sill say the solution of the sill say the silll a roaring log blaze. The barbecue was a roaring log blaze. The barbecue was "You've stolen him right under my brought in steaming hot and eaten before a fireplace at least 10 feet "Yes." Margaret smiled at he

drawing, "He was going home."
"You weren't so, were you, Mr The log fire is something we miss where living is more cramped-where Holtz?" and then to Margaret, as la kitchen is a kitchenette and a living though he were not here, "He prome room is a combination dining and bedpleasantly weave our thoughts to the dancing flames as a spider might attach its gossamer web total spray of Refore a log fire we some

To break the revery is like receiving her sister. a dash of cold water. I think Rodin to run away like this," Flora Lee Wa must have gathered substance for his saying to the Ballingers, who had present the "Thinker" before a log fire. The barbecue was chiefly for the younger around and get revenge. I'll coax Me barbecue was chiefly for the younger folk—boys home from eastern universities and girls from boarding schools. "Sometimes." Admah never felt un As a rule I am lost for conversa- fortunate when Flora Lee smiled on tion among youngsters, but these him. seemed just a little different. You drifted naturally into conversation with them. The only one who seemed diffident and detached was like my-

self from the east. On our way home we passed a little candle lit cabin on wheels. A colored woman and seven pickaninnies were doin'?" Flora Lee made a pretty play moving across the spaces to new at taking off his overcoat. fields. Their progress had been "Just lemme be," commanded Hunt stopped by the "norther." She was stopped by the "norther." She was gesture. Ballinger and his wife ex rocking away crooning a lullaby—per-changed swift glances.

I could not help but think of the pursy and fussy people of my world explained Ballinger gallantly.

who fret all day if their commutation "One excuse good as a who fret all day if their commutation "One excuse good as another," train is a few moments late. We O'Neill's swollen eyelids came to knecked at the door just to see if gether like bags and his mouth was there was any help we might offer. She waddled to the door grinning-an In Adman the look aroused old blood adipose creature of amiability.

would be clearer, the earth dryer and they could go on in their prosaic adventure. The shy little pickaninnes peeped at us from under the hed and behind chairs.

As one who lives somewhat from day to day on the products of a pen I find myself just a little jealous of the great fortunes made here in the southwest. A man buys a stretch of land and in a few years it has more than trebled in value. Down here a man may find an oil gusher in his back yard and be as rich as Croesus over night.

Sinister magic lurks in a dark country road. Now and then a cotton tail hypnotized by the auto searchlights would stop in the road, then bound away into the brush. An old man whose face was full of gnarled lines passed us on a mule. A huge sack of provisions hung from either side of his saddle. Near a ravine groups of vagabonds were hovering about the charred embers of a fire. Now and then the moon tried to show its face through dull clouds. Far away was the blood cutdling cry of the coyote. Silence-and the screech of an owl. 1 was glad to get back to the comforting coverlets of the sleeping porch.

I have always fooled myself with the idea that I could live anywhere I happened to be. But it is a petticoat mirage. I find more that I am always anxious at the end of a visit to get back to New York. My happiest years have been cast there. And while I never feel it is really home, It is the nearest to home I know. And that, as someone has said, is something.

This evening I attended a dinner at a club. I was introduced as "a typical New Yorker from Hannibal, Mo." I wonder if the toastmaster could have been thinking of Mark Twain? Plattsburg, Mo., should not be so neglected.

thirsts; he recalled a night when the

"D'you know," said Admah, look must be that gin he makes at home. thirsts; he recalled a night when the circus was in town and he had thrown ing sheepishly around to see that the adrunken tent man down a flight of stairs.

"We'll all see the radio," chirped Hebe. She took O'Neili by an arm. "Oh, would you?" Flora Lee Explained to her guest, siffly.

"We'll, good night, Flora Lee. Nice party."

"Oh, would you?" Flora Lee explained to her guest, siffly.

"We'll good night, Flora Lee. Nice brought her little hands together and worshipped him. "Poor Huntle! He's has to work because her no-count granddaughter wants to give music "For goodness sake, stop calling me was overcome.

"But you told me to-"Lknow. I say a lot of things. But everybody calls me Flora Lee, and 'All right, Miss-"Oh, do you, Miss Flora Lee?" He

(To Be Continued Monday.) When gas heaters are connected with flues, to carry off the poisonous products of combustion, they become a source of comfort rather than a

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

"You mustn't think I've forgotten,

THE NEBBS

OH, LET IT BE SOON. WELL THIS LOOKS LIKE MY NEST FOR ANOTHER MONTH BUT THERE'S ONE SATIS-FACTION - I AT LEAST KNOW WHEN HE'S GOING AND THROUGH THOSE DARK AND DREARY THIRTY WE'RE GOING TO BE MARRIED IN ABOUT A MONTH- WE DIDN'T SET THE EXACT DATE - WE WANTED THE DATE TO BE SATISFACTORY TO YOU. I'M GOING TO REMAIN WITH YOU UNTIL AFTER THE WEDDING AND WITH YOUR PERMISSION WE SHOULD LIKE TO GET HOW A MARRIED HERE CONGRATULATE ME FOLKS.
I'M ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED
TO HOPE KLOTZMEYER.
SHE'S NOT THE HANDSOMEST
GIRL IN THE WORLD BUT
SHE'S SO SWEET AND
WOMANLY DAYS I'LL BE LOOKING FORWARD TO THAT BRIGHT AND SHINY ONE - THE DAY OF HIS DEPARTURE -THE DAY AFTER
TOMORROW? I'VE
GOT NOTHING TO
DO THAT DAY AND WHEN THAT DAY COMES L'IL FEEL LIKE
FEET THAT WERE RELEASED FROM A
PAIR OF TIGHT SHOES ON A HOT DAY nothing for the simple reason that they were French.

Linda brought in a drink in a tall glass. It had the turpentine flavor of home-made gin. He gulped feverishis, appraising the Peakes in their changed estate. Quite a difference, he thought, from the spacious interior of the Innes Street house. The wallpaper was of a poisonous green and the woodwork a silly, glassy yellow like badly pulled taffy. The chairs and sofa, covered with faded machine-made tapestry, had the impertinent look which cheap counterfeits usually wear.

Atall having

MAYBE SPARKY'S TONGUE-TIED.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

W. A. CARLSON



WHO'S GOING TO WIN THE \$1000 HANDICAP ? ENTRIES 4 () SPARK PLUS

JUST A KICK IN THE DARK BYE BYE BUHLA" THREE FINBERED IKE" A BONE AND A HANK CHAIR RIP VAN WINKLE S ALARM BARBER'S ITCH" .

ALL BULL - A YARD WIDE TWO ROOMS AND A SINK EDDIE DOWLING'S COOLEY TOLEDO TODDLE"



AND "JUST A KICK IN THE DARK" IN DEAD HEAT MOST SPECTACULAR FINISH MARK EISNER = JOE RITCHIE = NAT BURKAN = MARTY FORKINS = COL HAM + HARRY HOUDINI = TOE BANNON = BILLY SEEMAN = JOE HILLER = AL BLOCK

"SPARK PLUG". "NELLIE'S BONES"

YOU BUM! WHY DIDN'T YOU STICK OUT YOUR TONGUE AT THE D=3=06

ole woman.
"If you want my advice-" sae BRINGING UP FATHER

Registered

SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus







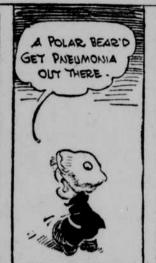


JERRY ON THE JOB

MILITARY OBEDIENCE.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban











tipose creature of amiability.

We could do nothing. Soon skies There's at Least One in Every Office

want to conquer, keep your mind or

your army. Caesar was ell right, you know, till he went to Egypt and got

to playing round with—"
The sliding door came back, a thun-

out of the room, obediently following

mated Dan, his kindly brown eyes

swimming.
"And, Huntie! What are yo

"We've promised to take Huntie home and show him the new radio,"

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

JUST FOR FUN.

GUY HOW HIS

ESK THAT CONCEITED

COMEDY IS GOING :

HE KNOWS I SEEN





