Hook and the Harlem could run so fast as Joe Ellen Rewer.

III.

Ben Bogert, lying abed in broad daylight, looked fantastic. His big head had the effect of being magnified. There was something of astonishment mixed with the knocked-down expression of his face.

"A damned shame," he muttered to his sister, Josephine Rewer.

"Couldn't hold myself up."

"You'll be all right." said Mrs.
Rewer from the closet where she was hanging the man's trousers.

"Said to Oesterberg, 'I don't know what's the matter with me.' 'Maybe a sunstroke,' he says. 'You're crazy,' I told him. 'Heat never bothered me in my life. I can stand any amount of it.' 'You ain't a young man any longer, Bogert,' he says. 'Uncle to big children.' 'Big children?' I told him. 'You'd think I was an old man.' 'Well, it's something, ain't it.' 'You better be quiet," said Mrs.

"You better be quiet," said Mrs.

"You'd better be quiet," said Mrs.

"You better be quiet," said Mrs.

"Lord's sake!" cried Mrs. Rewer.
"Why don't you wear your stockings
like a civilized human being? You
look like a tenement house."

"Like a house?" Joe Ellen found
a place for her cap on the rack near
the door.

"You know well enough what I
"You know well enough what I
"I'm ashamed."

when he had been in Idaho, and his
passionate interest in baseball, stood
out strongly. There was a clearing
near the house."

for second base. Jo Ellen's mother
could bat better than anyone except
Uncle Ben and Morris Meyer. There

"You know well enough what I mean. I'm ashamed."
"O Ma! it's summer. Nobody wears anything in summer. Who's to see me?"
"I see you."
"But you don't count, Ma!" Jo Ellen's proposal to do the running for her mother was never accepted. "There'd be nothing to it." declared the biggest player after his shout of derision. "You get me rattled cnough as it is." Mrs. Rewer remarked that her daughter's suggestion was a piece of impudence. "I'll do my own running." she said. In the

IV. my own running," she said. Ben Bogert had typhold fever. In his delirium he repeated an endless story about a chicken incubator, a new and invincible kind. The story Used to be just a foul when you were vound. Now it a strike story of a game there was likely to be vigorous controversy between Ben Bogert and his sister. When Bogert shouted, "I tell you that's a strike! Used to be just a foul when you were

## New York -- Day by Day--

By O. O. McINTYRE.

Panting in the grass thereafter, he New York, June 26 .- Vincent As tor's mansion on Fifth avenue is beting torn down and a de luxe apartment building is to occupy the site.

Whenever Dr. Parker appeared, Bo-

whenever Dr. Parker appeared. Bogert. Whenever Dr. Parker appeared. Bogert, with a jerk of his big head, exclaimed. "Well, Doc, what can I do for you?" He had known a doctor in Boise City who looked like Parker. The "Row" has become too expensive even for millionaires. The ground covered by mansions of New York society is appraised so high by the city that taxes make the cost of living in one-faily houses too extravagant.

Scores of society people have, during the last two years, gone from Rewer, Jo Ellen and Mrs. Kling, who

ing the last two years, gone from Rewer, Jo Ellen and Mrs. Kling, who private avenue homes to nearby apartused to be a nurse, and came over ments. Sutton Square-the new Pomander Walk—has a brilliant group the night vigils.

On the day when Dr. Parker ap of social leaders. It is over amid the squalor of the East river. Black-her mother, as well as the man caller

well's prison is at the doorsteps. from her uncle's office looked very On either side of the Astor home gloomy. Mrs. Kling, arriving after well's prison is at the doorsteps. are such well known names as Ham-ilton Fish. William Guggenheim, Girl I Left Behind Me,"and glanced Frederick Lewisohn, Elbert H. Gary, toward Jo Ellen to her special grimace "Very likely," said Jo Ellen to her Very likely," said toward Jo Ellen to her special grimace toward Jo Ellen's mother Whitney. They, too, are shortly to self, "this is the night when Uncle move, so the rumor goes.

Ben is supposed to die. But I don't

For years there has been an air believe he will." of aristocracy along the row that fairly crackled. During the most of the
year the homes are boarded up and
the only ripple of life has been where
the caretakers live in the basement.
But when the opera season is on which less that the opera season is on which less that the last day on which But when the opera season is on the "Row" takes on its aura of wealth. Wigged butlers in knicker-bockers unlatch the grilled doors. When a resident of the "Row" entertains there are canopied tunnels leading to the limousines to keep off the vulgar gaze.

he sang the dreadful thing. The includance in the sang the dreadful thing. The includance is the sang the dreadful thing. The includance in the sang the dreadful thing. The includance is the sang the dreadful thing. The sang the sang the sang the sang the dreadful thing. The sang the s

of others. Only Jo Ellen venture At 8 in the morning the young flatly to oppose him. ladies in dashing riding habits walk to the park to mount chargers for a "and I don't have to perform any gallop along the bridle path. Tea more.' time at 5 brings out the men in high from my favorite niece!" top hat and walking coats.

the vulgar gaze.

The other morning I sat up until nearly dawn in my apartment talking to William S. Hart, the screen How to Start the Day Wrong player. Our mutual love for animals drew us together. Dogs and horses are an abiding passion with Hart. Most of us think of Hart spending his early days as a two-gun rider of the purple sage. At 21 he was a Broadway actor appearing in Shakespearian and other heavy roles He once played in Macbeth with Modjeska. Hart was particularly dis traught. He was late to keep a theater engagement with some friends and on his way to the theater saw ; lost dog on the street. He could not forgive himself for not attempting to restore the animal to its master. Hart leves chaps and the blue flannel shirt but he is also at home in correct dinner clothes which he wears with the grace of a Beau Brummel. He wants to leave the screen some day so he can devote his time to horses and dogs on his western ranch.

There is an effort among New York dramatic critics politely to sneer at vaudeville. Yet the most satisfying shows of the past season were elab orated vaudeville sketches and 80 per cent of the individual hits were among players recruited from the two-a-day The pretentious bunk of the drama is lacking in vaudeville. It gains in popularity daily and the tone of it grows richer more quickly than that of the drama.

Speaking of vaudeville there is small time vaudeville agent who I think has the most unusual name in town. It it Uptown Block.

And some of the greatest gag lines in vaudeville are written by a fellow who for years has been tortured by chronic headaches-the backfire of a South American fever. He is only free from pain for short intervals, but during that time he fashions lines that in vaudeville parlance "rocks their seats." (Copyright, 1924.)

ATT. NEHOC :- THAT'S ALL

JO ELLEN

By ALEXANDER BLACK.

Copyright, 134.

Was made particularly pitful by the day? You sang it for the steps he had blink: "The day?" Jo Ellen Rever Study of field, peap. "The day?" To sang it for field, peap. "The day?" To sang it for field, peap. "Not very respectful," suggested him to office to putter find that it isn't." Uncle sand that nodely deviewen Tubby Hook and the Harlem could run so fast as Joe Ellen Rever.

Be Bogert, lying abed in broad the endies a song. He worst thing. The vorst thing are like manner. The same and the turned the life out of them.

THE OMAHA BEE: THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1924.

Surface and the view of the steps he had built. "You much a miss of the day I sang. The Girl I Left of the steps he had built. "You much a miss of the day? To sang it for the steps he had built. "You much a miss of the day? To sang it for "You sang it for

A-NO SIR ! YOUR MEMORY ?

ATT. NIBLICK: - I DON'T KNOW - YOU SERVED ONE TERM IN THE LEGIS-LATURE AND THEN PAID OFF YOUR MORTGAGE AND PAINTED YOUR BARN — I SUPPOSE YOU

The state of the second second second

COURT OPENED THIS

MILLARD FILLMORE

SMITHERS ON THE

STAND

MORNING WITH

Q-DIDYOU EVER SEE THE
PLAINTIFF, MR. SETH NEBB!
A. YES\_MANY TIMES WHEN HE
WAS A BOY HERE -I KNEW
HIM WELL!
Q. ARE YOU SURE THIS PERSON
IS SETH NEBB - NEPHEW
OF THE LATE OPHELIA NEBB!
E A. THAT'S HIM - ONCE I SEEA
PERSON! NEVER FORGET HIM
- I'D 'A KNOWN HIM IF.
I MET HIM IN AFRICA.
ATT. NEHOC: \_ THAT'S ALI ATTORNEY NEHOC FOR
THE PLAINTIFF
Q-WHAT IS YOUR NAME?
A. MILLARD FILLMORE SMITHERS
Q-WHERE WEREYOU BORN?
A. IN THIS TOWN THIS STATE MR. SMITHERS, YOU TESTIFIED THAT YOU ARE SURE THIS IS MR. SETH NEBB?
SURE AS SHOOTIN!!
AS A MATTER OF FACT DIDN'T YOU MEET HIM IN JUNAS CHALMERSONS DRUG STORE AND DIDN'T JONAS INTRODUCE YOU

A-I DIDN'T HAVE MY GLASSES ON BUT

WHEN I PUT EMON I KNEW SETH
IMMEDIATELY.
Q-HAVE YOU BEEN SPEAKING TO ATTORNEY
NEHOC ABOUT THIS CASE?
A-OHYES - I TALKED TO HIM SOME

WON THAT MONEY PLAYING JACKS! Q- DID HETELLYOU WHAT TO TESTIFY TO?

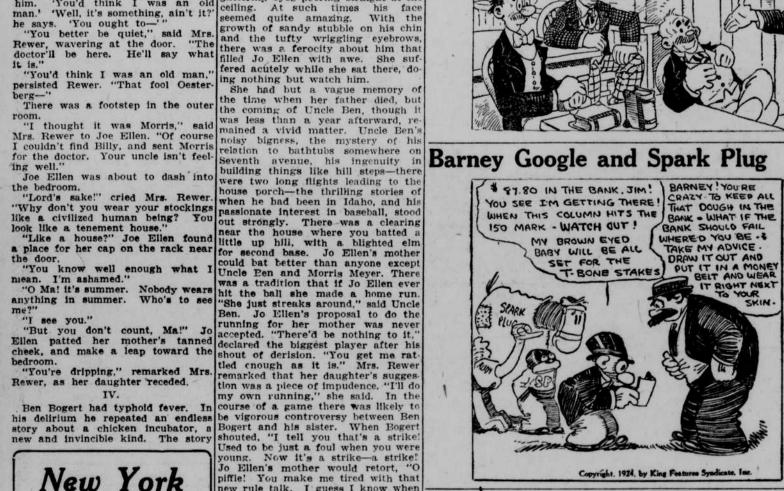
MR. SETH AND THINGS LIKE THAT. Q-DID HE GIVE YOU ANY MONEY

SMITHERS PROVED A G000 WITHESS FOR THE PLAINTIFF OUTSIDE OF SOME SARCASTIC AND ACCUSING REMARKS, FOR WHICH THE JUDGE CENSURED HIM, MADE NO PROGRESS

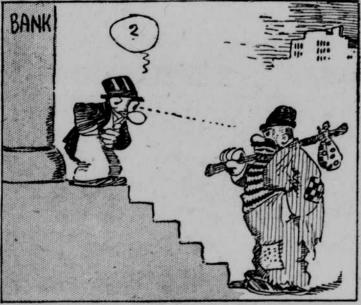
W. D. Carebson

BARNEY CHANGES HIS MIND.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck (Copyright 1924)



NOTHING IS SAFE NOWADAYS - I YOU DON'T WANT MY MONEY BANK' IS FROM NOW ON SAFE ?? CARRY IT IN MONEY BELT. RIGHT WITH ME ALL THE TIME !!





piffle! You make me tired with that new rule talk. I guess I know when a strike is. Play ball!" At the bat Bogert was tremendous. The fearful violence of his swing predisposed the enemy to let him have his run

Registered U. S. Patent Office

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



AROUND IN FRONT OF THE CONVENTION UP-CORNED BEEF CABBAGE DOMAN MOORES @ 1924 BY INT'L FEATURE SERVICE. INC Great Britain rights reserved

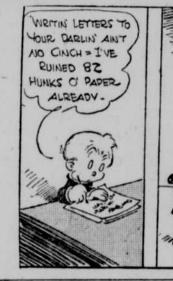
CORNED BEEF CABBAGE



JERRY ON THE JOB

HELP WANTED.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban













"Which is worse yet." When it

"You're not sick now." she said

Bogert groaned. "Think of that

"Your only niece," corrected Je

She felt like stay

young. Now it's a strike-a strike! Ellen's mother would retort,

Moreover, the run was worth seeing



AND YOU LAUGH HEARTILY AND GENEROUSLY AT THE STALE STORIES OF A BORESOME FRIEND





By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

POSITIVEL = IF YOU AIN'T GOT I SNEAKED BY WHO ARE YOU NERVE, YOU DON'T GET NO PLACE! YOUR GUARDS = AND HOW DID I'LL GET IN TO SEE THE PRESIDENT MY NAME IS YOU GET INTO OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE AND ABE KABIBBLE MY PRIVATE HAVE HIM HELP ME OUT !! OFFICE ? I ADMIRE YOUR I'M TRYING TO I = 0N



