

THE SEA-HAWK

By Rafael Sabatini.

Not to the endurance of every man... (Introduction from yesterday)

...of course. The tale he could then have told... (Continuation of the story)

...the more incoherently. If Oliver had... (Continuation of the story)

...was recalled to it on the table by... (Continuation of the story)

THE NEBBS

OUR READERS - WE WILL GIVE TO THE BOY OR GIRL - MAN OR WOMAN - WHO SENDS IN THE BEST NAME FOR THIS WONDERFUL WATER FROM THE WELL THAT MAKES YOU WELL AND KEEPS YOU WELL A \$150.00 WATCH ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO RUDY NEBB IN CARE OF THIS PAPER CONTEST CLOSES MAY 1ST.



THE LITTLE TIGRESS

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



Barney Google and Spark Plug

A HIGHLAND FLING

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



BRINGING UP FATHER

Registered U. S. Patent Office

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

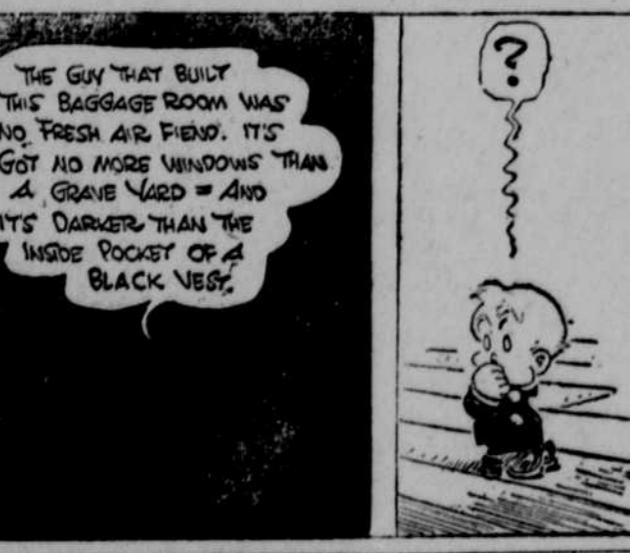
Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



JERRY ON THE JOB

LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



The Days of Real Sport

By Briggs

ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

He Knows When He's Licked



New York - Day by Day -

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, April 16.—Two of the most successful plays of the season on Broadway deal with commonplace incidents among commonplace people. In one the hero is a young man whose mind blots out all the cheap catch phrases of advertising slogans. In the other there is a dull-minded husband and his equally dull-minded wife who live the drab life of thousands who live in complete content. One surmises the theater is going through considerable purging of the unregenerate themes that have characterized it of late. The play that portrays ordinary lives has always been popular from the days of "The Old Homestead." People have grown rather tired of popularizing the jaunty Magdalenes and their castigating languages of the brothel. Rich old pious and gaudy girls may hold the theater for a time but the bulk of the theatrical going public enjoy most the ordinary person with whom they rub elbows every day. The success of these two plays convinces one that censorship is not necessary. Public taste will purge the theater just as it will literature. Vandeville has deleted the smutty joke and the suggestive gesture and never in its history has it received so much patronage. Burlesques too has cleaned house and found profits growing. There was a time when bedroom farces were the rage. But when they grew too vulgar six that were presented lingered only a few days. The scabrous spectacle of a performance being played in the confines of a bachelorette resulted in an entire cast being indicted. The theater does not need equalizer of language to make it interesting. The two excellent plays that are such successes haven't a line or situation that could not be heard or seen by Aunt Prue from Boston. There is a Paris perfumer who has opened up a perfume salon on Madison avenue. His specialty is blending perfumes to personality. One studies the patron carefully, and claims to be exact in his science. His products are only for the rich. A small vial of his personality blend costs \$30. He has been here only a few months, but he does a big volume of business. The perfumer's idea shows how easily New York will be gouged for swank. He permitted me to inhale the fragrance of one of his blends concocted for a rich dowager. It might have been a high-grade blend but it smelled to me like the mixture of a horse collar and the inside sole of a sick shoe. Another importation is a Frenchman who has opened up a "soul control institute" where young girls become masters of themselves. He is the type that wears a flowing robe and chases the butterfly over the dewy lawn at dawn. He has about 40 students and one of their stunts is to hold hands about a table laden with roses and recite some flowery phrase to their inner consciousness. One of the best ways for a modern young girl to get a strangle hold on her soul these days, I believe, is to tackle the dinner dishes or wrestle with a mop in the kitchen. A man alone at a matinee feels quite conspicuous for some reason or other. Also he feels a guilty slagger. I was at one the other day—two rheumatic old men made up the rest of the male section of the audience. I felt like going out and borrowing a linotype's card, displaying it in a hat to show them I labored at night. There is a New York business man who has received about 15 new books from friends recently. He has replied to each that he enjoyed perusing them. He did peruse them but did not read them. Gladstone had the best formula. He always wrote: "I lost no time in reading your book." (Copyright, 1924.)