WATER

CONTEST CLOSES MAY 15T

WARNING

TO THE

PUBLIC!

MAKE NO BETS ONTHE

COMING RACE BETWEEN SPARK

PLUG" AND "HOOT MON "TILL! THE

SCOTCH HORSE

LOOKING FOR FISH KEEP YOUR

SUGAR IN THE BOAT GETS

ARRIVES MA WISE BRANNIGANS

THE SEA-HAWK

A performing returns

By Rafael Substitut.

By Rafae

of course but only as it concerns got up suddenly.

I shall tell them it was you? You'll tain," sold he counting the empable of The emplain's eyes narrowed. He "What other was to there"
"What other was to there"
"What other was to there"
thing plaguily odd about this young
the explanation brought flored rethe remains of his mack, stapped down
tief. But this relief was ephemeral, the pot and rose.

The explanation brought Lionel retief But this relief was epheroral.
Further reflection presented a new
fear to him. It came to him that
if Bir Oliver cleared himself, of neces
sity his own implication must fellow. His terrors very swikily magnified a risk that in itself was so
siender as to be entirely negligible.
In his eyes it ceased to be a risk;
It became a certain and inevitable
danger. If Sir Oliver put forward
this proof that the trail of blood
liad not proceeded from himself, it
must, thought Llonel, inevitably be
doneluded that it was his own. As
well might Sir Oliver tell them the
whole truth, for surely they could
not fall to infer it. Thus he reasoned in his terror, accounting him
self lost irrevocably.

Had he but gone with those fears of

soned in his terror, accounting himself lost irrevocably.

Had he but gone with those fears of his to his brother, or had he but been able to abate them sufficiently to allow reason to prevail, he must have been brought to understand how much further they carried him than was at all justified by probability. Oliver would have shown him this would have told him that with the collapsing of the charge against himself no fresh charge could be leveled against any there, that no scrap of suspicion had ever been attached to Lionel, or ever could. But Lionel dared not seek his brother in this matter. In his heart he was sahamed of his fears; in his heart he knew himself for a craven. He realized to the full the hidecusness of his selfishmess, and yet, as before, he was not strong enough to conquer it. In short his love of himself was greater than his love of his brother, or of twenty brothers.

The morrow—a blustering day of late March—found him again at that alchouse at Penycumwick in the company of Jasper Leigh. A course had occurred to him, as the only course fam out trial. And in that case, faith, I am lost, too. It dishonors a man's family to have a member of it hanged. The proposition of the brother had muttered something of going to pen."

now possible. Last night his brother 'T is a horrible thing to have har had muttered something of going to Killigrew with his proofs since Rosa-mund refused to receive him. Through Killigrew he would reach her, he had

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

New York -- Day by Day--

said; and he would yet see her on her knees craving his parden for the wrong she had done him, for the cruelty she had shown him.

Lionel knew that Killigrew was ab-

By O. O. M'INTYRE.

New York, April 17 .- Where galety Therefore he had little time in which to act, little time in which to execute the project that had come into his mind. He cursed himself for conceiving it, but held to it with all the strength of a weak nature.

Yet when he came to sit face to face with Jasper Leigh in that little inn-parlor with the scrubbed table of plain deal between them, he lacked the courses to set his proposal forth.

Most of them were beaten in the

of plain deal between them, he lacked the courage to set his proposal forth. They drank sherry sack stiffly laced with brandy by Lionel's suggestion, instead of the more customary mulled ale. Yet not until he had consumed best part of a pint of it did Lionel feel himself heartened to broaching his loathsome business. Through his head hummed the words his brother had said some time ago when first the name of Jasper Leigh had passed between them—"a desperate adventurer is tied she receives the family frown.

had said some time ago when first the name of Jasper Leigh had passed between them—"a desperate adventurer ripe for anything. So the price be high enough you may buy him body and soul." Money enough to buy Jasper Leigh was ready to Lionel's hand; but it was Sir Oliver's money—the money that was placed at Lionel's disposal by his half-brother's open-handed bounty. And this money he was to employ for Oliver's utter ruin! He cursed himself for a filthy—contemptible hound; he cursed the foul fiend that whispered such suggestions into his mind; he knew himself, despised himself and revited himself until he came to swear to be strong and to go through with whatever might await him sooner than be guilty of such a baseness; the next moment that same resolve would set him shuddering again as he viewed the inevitable consequences that much attend it.

Suddenly the captain set him a

Suddenly the captain set him a question, very softly, that fired the train and blew all his lingering self-resistance into shreds.

What might have been.

The other evening I saw five of these slightly tarnished beauties in one midnight supper club. Their frivolity was feigned. It was not

resistance into shreds.

"You'll ha' borne my warning to Sir Oliver?" he asked, lowering his voice so as not to be overheard by the vintner who was stirring beyond the thin wooden partition.

Master Lionel nodded, nervously fingering the jewel in his ear, his eyes shifting from their consideration of the seaman's coarse, weather tanned and hairy countenance.

"I did," he said. "But Sir Oliver is headstrong. He will not stir."

"Will he not?" The captain stroked his bushy red beard and cursed prohis bushy red beard and cursed pro- her dues. In the end the police took

> Greenwich Village has learned of the death of George Cook. Outside of the village he was little known, yet Cook, or Jiggs as he was known there, was the first to inaugurate the revolt against the so-called spines. less happy endings of American plays. When Cook talked one could feel the stars coming out in the sky. He was the first to give Eugene O'Neill and Susan Glespell a chance. He sponsored the Provincetown players, the entering wedge that split Broadway wide open and gave many dramatists a chance.

The first play he produced he hadn't a nickel. It was presented on a pier that jutted into the sea. The next was given in a tiny walk up apartment house flat. This was O'Neill's "Bound East for Cardiff"

Cook died in Greece-the Greece whose culture he loved. He was not living in a city. Instead he went half way up Parnassus and lived in a tent -- along with the muses. For a time before his death he lived with the native shepherds in Delphi.

No wonder New York's nerves are eternally frazzled. Here's what happened in a four-block walk. A milk bottle fell from a fourth floor hotel window, crashed through a glass portice and missed a 'man's head by an inch. A fire wagon side-swiped a lamp post and careened against a taxicab. A subway excavating blast broke two plate glass windows. And in front of a cathedral a beggar fell with an epileptic seizure. If someone had cried "mad dog" I could have made the dome of the Woolworth

of thing-this is the town, boys, this is the town. Sign in a drug store window on Madison avenue: "Combs for minia-ture mustaches." Sweet heliotropel (Copyright, 1924.)

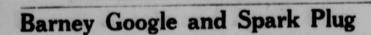
building at a bound. Still, for those who like excitement and all that sort

MR SWARTS', THERE IS A FELLOW BY THE NAME OF RUDOLPH' TO OUR READERS A WELL OF WONDERFUL WATER . I WANT TO BUY THIS PLACE WE WILL GIVE IF THEY KNOW I WANT IT THEY WILL ASK A LOT MORE FOR TO THE BOY OR

- I WILL GIVE YOU THE ADDRESS OF A LITTLE STORE KEEPER GIRL, MAN OR WHO CAN GIVE YOU ALL THE INFORMATION - FIND OUT WHERE WOMAN WHO THE PLACE IS - GO AND SEE IT AND FIND OUT WHAT IS THE SENDS IN THE LOWEST PRICE THEY'LL BEST NAME FOR TAKE FOR IT BUT DON'T THE WONDERFUL APPEAR ANXIOUS A\$15000 WATCH ADDRESS LETTER TO RUDY NEBB CARE OF THIS PAPER

ANXIOUS! ILL PRICE EVERY PLACE IN THE TOWN BEFORE I LOOK AT HIS ... I'LL HAVE THEM STANDING IN LINE TO SELL ME - MY NAMES SWARTS - IF THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN'T DO I HAVENT MET IT YET - ILL BRING BACK INFORMATIO SO COMPLETE AND CONCISE THAT YOU'LL YOUR LIFE ON THAT

(I'LL OWN THAT PLACE AND BUILD A RESORT THAT WILL MAKE THE NAME RENROD FAMOUS THE WORLD OVER AND AT THE SAME TIME SHOW BETSY NEBB HEIT WHAT A TERRIBLE MISTAKE SHE MADE BY JILTING ME ON THE EVE OF OUR WEDDING FOR A YOUNG NOBODY FROM NO PLACE Carlson.



HOOT MON!

HOOT MON!

AND CALL YOUR

YES AN I'LL

LET YOU KNOW

IF THEY ARE

HOT ALL

OWN SHOTS

SPARKY'S ALL "SCOTCHED" UP NOW

DON'T LOOK FRIGHTENED .
PAPA WILL TAKE CARE OF
HIS ANGEL CAKE . THIS

ABOUT WON'T MEAN A THING .

WHEN THE BOAT DOCK S YOU AND I WILL BE THERE TO MEET THIS HOOT MON AND I WANT YOU TO LOOK HIM RIGHT IN THE

EYE .- GOSH -- 7

HE'S GOT

SCOTCH HORSE THEY RE CHIRPING

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck





BRINGING UP FATHER

ARE ALL RIGHT.

LET ME KHOW:

HERE ARE THE

VOUCHERS IF THEY

U. S. Patent Office

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

ment from home just then; but he was expected to return by Easter, and to Easter there was but a week. Therefore he had little time in which Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus (Copyright 1924)



JERRY ON THE JOB

A TRIP WASTED

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban

Y'CAN'T BEAT

THAT FOR A

1 COME ALL THE

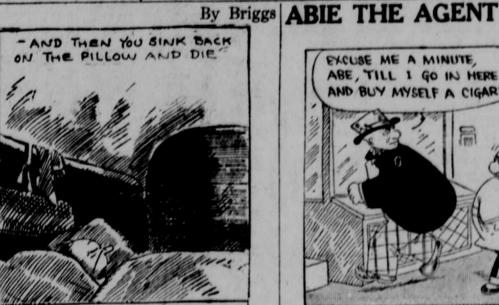
AND HE'S FINE

Every Man for Himself











EXCUSE ME A MINUTE, ABE, TILL I GO IN HERE AND BUY MYSELF A CIGAR





I NEVER BUY A PAN TO PHOOY CIGAR - DID YOU EVER SMELL A FINER AROMA!

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feeling

YOUR LOWER BERTH ALL TIRED OUT AND HNOW YOUR TRAIN GETS TO YOUR DESTINATION AT 4.30 A.M.

- AND WHEN YOU AWAKE YOU DISCOVER TO YOUR HORROR NATURALLY SURMISE THE PORTER FORGOT TO CALL YOU





