

THE SEA-HAWK

By Rafael Sabatini.

(Continued From Yesterday.)
"Indeed, indeed!" the sailor agreed encouragingly.
"I would abstract him from this..."

THE NEBBS

JUST A WISE GUY

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



Barney Google and Spark Plug

IN THIS CASE CLOTHES MAKE THE SCOT

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

ALTERNATING SLUMBER

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



Second Honeymoons

By Briggs

ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, April 15--Thoughts while strolling around New York. Millinery girls carrying their boxes and reading paper-backed editions. A slight shower. Almost as good as a breeze could be. The sun pops out again. The old woman near the Plaza who cries: "Violets for your sweetheart!" A movie star in an electric brougham. She gazes at gapers with a slight tinge of insolence. After all, they made her. Handsome W. H. Courtenay. Rich as the Beau Brummell. Whatever became of Robert Hilliard? The gaudy and glittering splendor of the jewelry shops. The girls have stopped wearing flapping galoshes. Goody! A "Lecture on Color." There's Rodman Wanamaker. The sleek influence in coffee. There's one called "The Desert." What next? What next? Soon Coney will open again. How desolate and white it is in the winter. That line haunts me: "It is the little children, running up the road before us, who hide death from our eyes!" A famous lawyer who resembles Lincoln. A never brown fronted mansion where a gambler lives. And has a hall of fine paintings. Since the Knickerbocker bar closed one never sees a professional southerner. And one wonders who gazes now at Maxfield Parrish's Old King Cole. Frank A. Munsey. Lean as a sapling. And a steady fire rafter. Wonder what paper he's going to shoot out from under the boys next? The old Garrick theater. Musty with age old romance. Apples 30 cents each. I used to go buggy riding for 20 cents more. And everybody cries save, save, save. Just try to do it. Sandwich men bearing their crosses with a martyred air. Sam Harris, the theatrical man. Another shower. And no rubbers or anything. The silver gleam of the Hudson. Factory girls sneezing pale cheeks with dabs of red. A side-wheeler churning to Albany. Jersey--ra-la-la is peeping through Spring hills. The tragedy of a play that dies a boring is a disheartening spectacle. The other evening I watched a play about October 16 for 20 cents. The notice had gone up on the bulletin board: "We close following this performance." Here were stage people miscast who had rehearsed for many weeks--hoping against hope. Tomorrow meant the dreary round of the agencies. Long waits and perhaps another failure yet tonight they must be light-hearted and gay. The old Barnegat Light, which for almost a century has stood guard over the shoals of the Jersey coast and sent warning signals against treacherous seas, is soon to be a tradition of the Atlantic. The sea has gradually washed away the base. Barnegat Light was first erected in 1835 on the north end of Long Beach. A question bureau has opened in a Fifth avenue building. It seeks to supply information on any subject about New York. The fee is \$10 a year. High optimism seems to have inspired the backers for the truth is that nearly every big hotel and all the big terminals have information bureaus that dispense all information free. Fifteen years ago at the old Astor House lunch counter down town one could have a filling lunch of chicken pot pie, creamy mashed potatoes, brown bread and a foaming tankard of nut brown October ale for 25 cents. The same lunch at a smart uptown hotel--sans ale--is exactly \$1.35. In those days New York was without a rival for its cuisine. Today its cuisine is mostly indigestible French pastry and ice water.

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