

THE SEA-HAWK

Part Two By Rafael Sabatini.

As he walked toward the entrance of the house, he saw a man in a dark suit and a woman in a light dress standing in the doorway. The man was looking at him with a stern expression, while the woman looked on with a curious gaze.

"Who are you?" the man asked, his voice cold and commanding.

"I am Lord Henry," the man replied, his eyes fixed on the man in the dark suit.

"And you are Lord Henry?" the man in the dark suit asked, his voice now more relaxed.

"Yes, I am Lord Henry," the man replied, his eyes now looking at the woman.

"What is your name?" the man in the dark suit asked, his voice now more relaxed.

"My name is Lord Henry," the man replied, his eyes now looking at the woman.

"What is your name?" the man in the dark suit asked, his voice now more relaxed.

"My name is Lord Henry," the man replied, his eyes now looking at the woman.

"What is your name?" the man in the dark suit asked, his voice now more relaxed.

"My name is Lord Henry," the man replied, his eyes now looking at the woman.

"What is your name?" the man in the dark suit asked, his voice now more relaxed.

"My name is Lord Henry," the man replied, his eyes now looking at the woman.

"What is your name?" the man in the dark suit asked, his voice now more relaxed.

"My name is Lord Henry," the man replied, his eyes now looking at the woman.

"What is your name?" the man in the dark suit asked, his voice now more relaxed.

"My name is Lord Henry," the man replied, his eyes now looking at the woman.

"What is your name?" the man in the dark suit asked, his voice now more relaxed.

"My name is Lord Henry," the man replied, his eyes now looking at the woman.

"What is your name?" the man in the dark suit asked, his voice now more relaxed.

"My name is Lord Henry," the man replied, his eyes now looking at the woman.

"What is your name?" the man in the dark suit asked, his voice now more relaxed.

"My name is Lord Henry," the man replied, his eyes now looking at the woman.

"What is your name?" the man in the dark suit asked, his voice now more relaxed.

"My name is Lord Henry," the man replied, his eyes now looking at the woman.

"What is your name?" the man in the dark suit asked, his voice now more relaxed.

"My name is Lord Henry," the man replied, his eyes now looking at the woman.

"What is your name?" the man in the dark suit asked, his voice now more relaxed.

"My name is Lord Henry," the man replied, his eyes now looking at the woman.

"What is your name?" the man in the dark suit asked, his voice now more relaxed.

"My name is Lord Henry," the man replied, his eyes now looking at the woman.

"What is your name?" the man in the dark suit asked, his voice now more relaxed.

"My name is Lord Henry," the man replied, his eyes now looking at the woman.

"What is your name?" the man in the dark suit asked, his voice now more relaxed.

"My name is Lord Henry," the man replied, his eyes now looking at the woman.

"What is your name?" the man in the dark suit asked, his voice now more relaxed.

"My name is Lord Henry," the man replied, his eyes now looking at the woman.

"What is your name?" the man in the dark suit asked, his voice now more relaxed.

"My name is Lord Henry," the man replied, his eyes now looking at the woman.

"What is your name?" the man in the dark suit asked, his voice now more relaxed.

"My name is Lord Henry," the man replied, his eyes now looking at the woman.

"What is your name?" the man in the dark suit asked, his voice now more relaxed.

"My name is Lord Henry," the man replied, his eyes now looking at the woman.

"What is your name?" the man in the dark suit asked, his voice now more relaxed.

"My name is Lord Henry," the man replied, his eyes now looking at the woman.

"What is your name?" the man in the dark suit asked, his voice now more relaxed.

"My name is Lord Henry," the man replied, his eyes now looking at the woman.

"What is your name?" the man in the dark suit asked, his voice now more relaxed.

"My name is Lord Henry," the man replied, his eyes now looking at the woman.

"What is your name?" the man in the dark suit asked, his voice now more relaxed.

"My name is Lord Henry," the man replied, his eyes now looking at the woman.

"What is your name?" the man in the dark suit asked, his voice now more relaxed.

"My name is Lord Henry," the man replied, his eyes now looking at the woman.

"What is your name?" the man in the dark suit asked, his voice now more relaxed.

"My name is Lord Henry," the man replied, his eyes now looking at the woman.

THE NEBBES

NAME OF THE WINNER OF THE NEBB HEALTH WATER CONTEST WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN ABOUT THREE WEEKS



Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

Barney Google and Spark Plug



TOO MUCH SCOTCH FOR BARNEY.



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

BRINGING UP FATHER

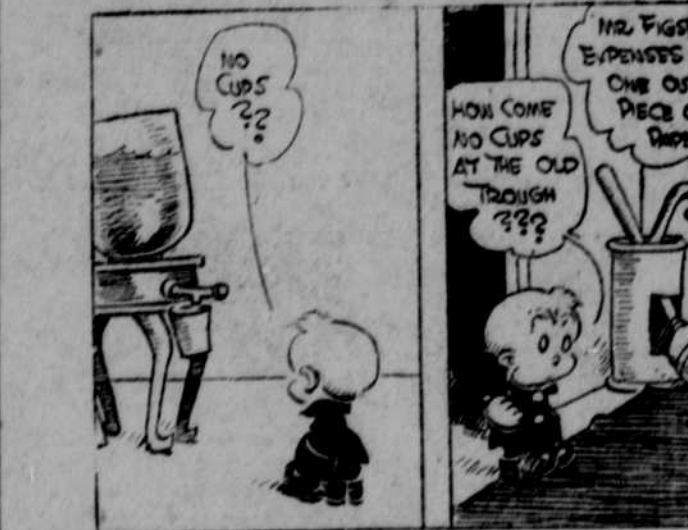


JERRY ON THE JOB

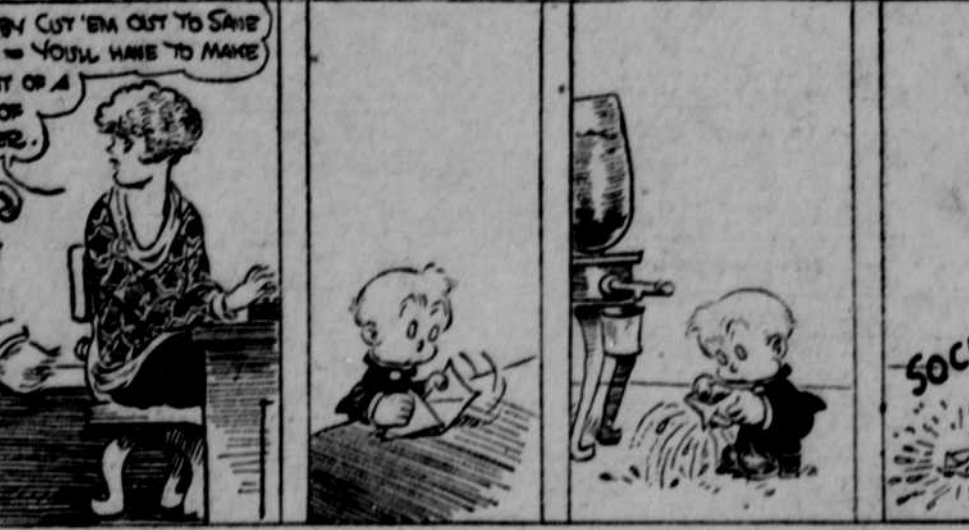


Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus

ABIE THE AGENT



ABIE THE AGENT



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

New York

Day by Day

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, May 2.—Thoughts while strolling around New York: Antique shops. Thick with silence. And tall boys. Worm-eaten chairs. Cracked vases and parlor wnatons. A restaurant called "The Forty-Five's." They must employ many waiters. Even the name-day landrises.

A priest clipping his rose bushes. Three radios broadcasting "Mama Loves Papa!" And Marconi labored for this. A Jap valet agency. Run by a red-headed Irishman. There's George Creel. Laborers wanted in Brazil. Boys flying wires in narrow streets.

Aloft Murray Hill. Where even greaves are sightless. The only section in midtown with front yards. A few lion deer. The Morgan home. Overtones of frigidity. Butlers whose saze at the no-polloi is tinged with insolence.

Circulating libraries for the classics only. Door scrapers and huge knockers. Side yard wistaria bowers. Like the forgotten perfume of a sonata. Decayed mansions that once blazed with social brilliance. Sic transit gloria mundi—and a cup of coffee.

An East Side parish in satrahkan cap and frayed shawl caps. Hunting for stray cigar stumps. Wonder if I'll have to face old age poverty. The swilling outskirts of the slopping district. A new tempo to life. A rush and push.

Fred Stone in a furniture shop. The forgettable din of a hundred trip hammers. Holding, bulking—always building. Or, for top high prices. A husband dazed and nights. Intellectuals going to hear a reading by Edna St. Vincent Millay. Even her name is poetical.

Thin-lipped art dealers. Who always seem preoccupied. The old Astor stables—now a cafe where patrons eat in the stalls. For top high prices. A window filled with bright yellow canvas. And a cat looks hungrily on. Now for home.

The radio has put a heavy crimp in the sale of phonograph records. A Fifth Avenue dealer tells me the most popular record of the season has had a sale of slightly more than 150,000. Before the radio the best seller often reached 300,000.

"Abie's Irish Rose" is approaching its third year on Forty-second street. When it opened it was "Broadway's best laugh." All the critics chorled and wice theatrical owls stood in the lobby making smart cracks. They even grinned at the silk hat of the play's press agent. The play has the same smashing appeal as the comic strip and it is in the same low comedy order. The biggest laugh in the show is gained from the ancient quib:

"Where was Abie shot?"

"He was shot in the Argonne."

Five companies are now touring in the play and Ann Nichols who wrote it has an income from this source alone of more than \$3,000 a week. It is a play that the wise-acres cannot laugh off.

The best hotels are trying to discourage promiscuous drinking in their rooms. The wear and tear on carpets and furniture has proved tremendous and to put a stumbling block in the way they are exacting a high service charge for the use of cocktail glasses, shakers and cracked ice. Orange juice is now a dollar a very small glass and a charge of 50 cents each is made for cocktail glasses. The shaker is also rated at a dollar. One hotel announces that since prohibiting the damage by drinks spotting carpets has amounted to more than \$100,000.

(Copyright, 1924.)