whose name I reverence."

And then, turning at bay, as even the rat will do, Lionel sprang upon him, with clawing hands outstretched to reach his throat. But Sakrel-Bahr caught him in a grip that bent him howling to his knees.

"You find me strong, eh?" he gibed.
"Is it matter for wonder? Consider that for six endless months I tolled at the oar of a galley, and you'll understand what it was that turned my body into iron and robbed me of a soul."

"He flung him off, and sent him heet them."

"Give him no heed, Lionel?" said Rosamund. "I shall prove him as much a boaster as he has proved himself a vallain. Never think that he will be able to work his evil will."

"T is you are the boaster there," said Sakrel-Bahr, "And for the rest, I am what you and he, between you, here made me."

"Did we make you liar and coward?—for that is what you are indeed," she answered.

"Coward?" he echoed, in genuine surprise. "It will be some lie that he has tolj you with the others. In

lattice over which it rambled.

"Do you realize the horror of the rower's bench? to sit day in day out, night in night out, chained naked to the oar, amid the reek and stench of your fellows in misfortune, unkempt, unwashed save by the rain, broiled and roasted by the sun, festering with sores, lashed and cut and scarred by the boatswain's whip as you faint under the ceaseless, endless, cruel toil?

"Do you realize it?" From a tone of suppressed fury his voice rose suddenly to a roar. "You shall. For that I orror which was mine by your contriving shall now be yours until you may tell you things I was a fool to

New York -- Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

perity. The broker who gives the hundred dollar tip is not the victim of open-pursed generosity. He knows us, none to thwart my sovereign will. the headwaiter will talk about it. Reflect then, and remember. Remem-The broker has made an investment ber what a pride you took in the change you had wrought in me. Your

ties with a front lawn and garden yet they crowd into apartments in exclusive areas. They know they can eash in on the aristocratic address. The appearance of success begets suc-

He invited the financier for din-ner and afterward over coffee in the drawing room he put over his deal. He had made an impression by the was almost entirely forgotten by hi false show of prosperity. New York thrills to petty vanity. It takes a Morgan or a Rockefeller to wear baggy trousers.

now.

"God give me patience with you!" he said at length. "I need it. For I desire you to understand many things this night. I mean you to see how this night. I mean you to see how

often pays dividends. That is why punishment that is to overtake you New York is the best dressed city in for what you have made of my life crowds and the valet.

A young lawyer on a salary for a knew me for innocent."
"They knew you for innocent?" a young lawyer on a salary for a successful legal firm came suddenly into a small fortune of \$5,000. He had been nothing more than a legal clerk but he took a slice of his fortune and paid a month's rent for the clerk but he took a slice of the quarrel betwixt you and Peter and of your eath that you would kill him?"

"They knew you for innocent?"
There was scornful amazement in her took a slice of his fortune and paid a month's rent for the finest suite in mid-town.

six months was making more in a week than he had made in a year had murdered him?" before. He did not have the back-ground of successful legal accomplish-ment. The illusion of prosperity did

"I say again," Oliver replied calm-"Y that I did not do this thing."

"And I say again that you lie."

"He considered her for a long mo-

A New York magazine editor re-A New York magazine editor recently became a proud father. On the night of the baby's arrival he The Days of Real Sport waited anxiously in the hospital anteroom. Nurses and internes visited him from time to time to tell him all was well. But his nervousness increased and finally in desperation he went to the attending doctor and demanded to know if everything was all right. "Young man," said the doctor, "your worry is useless. I have officiated at 8,000 obstetrical cases and I have never lost a

Ill luck seems to pursue one member of a theatrical team: It is rare both are successful. The Rialto points to Bert Williams' wealth and Walker's lean days. Fred Stone is one of America's richest actors but Montgomery died practically without funds. Hap Ward of Ward and Vokes, grew rich but his partner was never rated well off. When Weber and Fields split, Weber was enormously rich, but Fields was not. These are only a few instances but they are typical of the way things go financially for almost every team on the American boards.

A group of writers lunching at the Brevoort discussed the grammatical stumbling block that tripped them up most.' Seven out of eight agreed it was the use of "who" and "whom."

A woman of our acquaintance has had a dog as an almost constant compamon for 15 years. Recently the dog fell ill with what was said to an incurable malady. veterinary finally told her the only merciful thing to do was to have the pet chloroformed and so she steeled herself and carried the dog to the veterinary's office. Her nerve failed her at the door and for 10 days she went each day and finally she gave it up. The dog in the meantime showed improvement and is now well and hearty as could be expected for one of its years,

He flung him off, and sent him crashing into the rosebush and the lattice over which it rambled.

Coward: he echeed, in genuic surprise. "It will be some lie that he has toll you with the others. In what, pray, was I ever coward?" In what? In this that you do now:

were none so wild, when all is said— I abandoned when I came to love you. to lover since the world began was ever so cleansed, so purified, so sanc-tified by love as was I."

"Spare me this at least!" she cried on a note of loathing.

"Spare you?" he echoed. "What shall I spare you?"
"The shame of it all; the shame that is ever mine in the reflection that for New York, May 21.—Gotham is a season I believed I loved you."

adept at creating the illusion of prosshame, it shall overwhelm you ere I have done. For you shall hear me out. Here there are none to interrupt There are thousands who would be vanity welcomed that flattery, that happier in peaceful Jersey communi-Yet, all in a moment, upon the pal-triest grounds, you believed me the

murderer of your brother."
"The paltriest grounds?" she cried. protesting almost despite herself.
"So paltry that the justices of Truro

he appearance of success begets success.

It is told of a man who wanted to interest a big financier in a promoion interest a big financier in a big financ scheme. He was flying light finan-cially. He borrowed the luxurious that no provocation should ever drive apartment of a friend for an evening.

There were butlers and assistant brother. Because they did not realize how false and how forsworn you were."

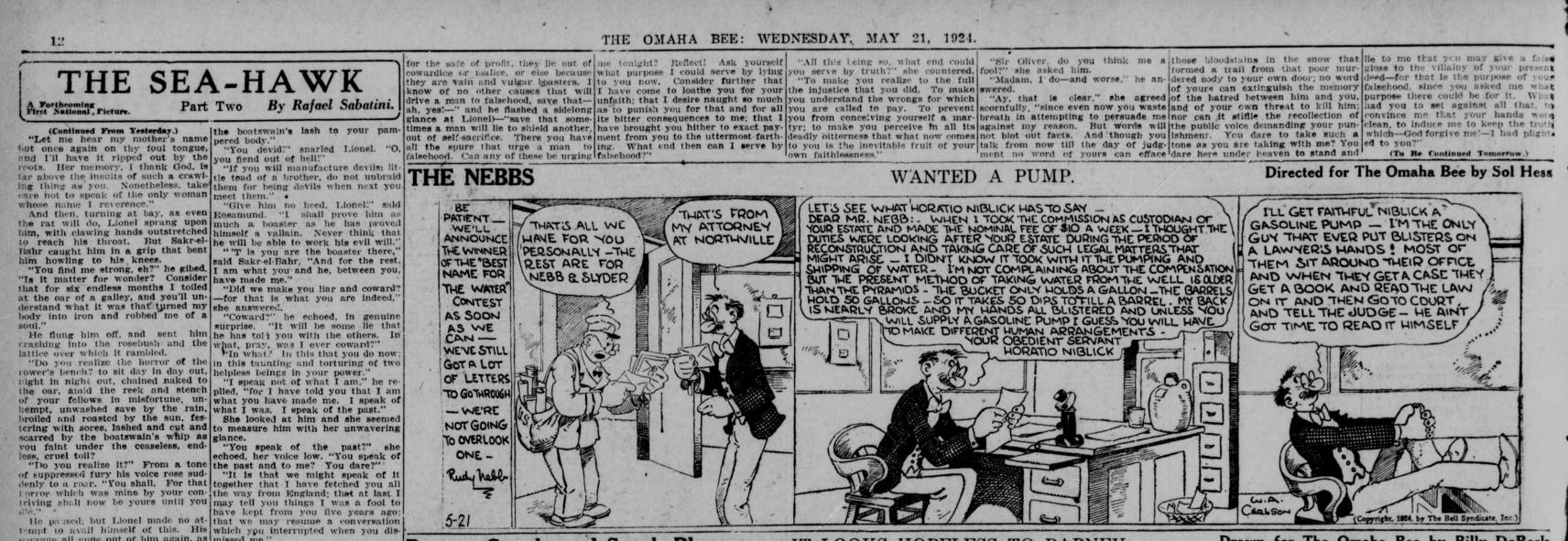
An outward show of opulence here just is my resentment; how just the the world. It accounts for the and perhaps of my hereafter. Justice Baine and another who is dead,

"That was an oath sworn in the Business boomed from the start.
He joined with two partners and in brother."

heat of anger. Afterwards I be thought me that he was your brother."

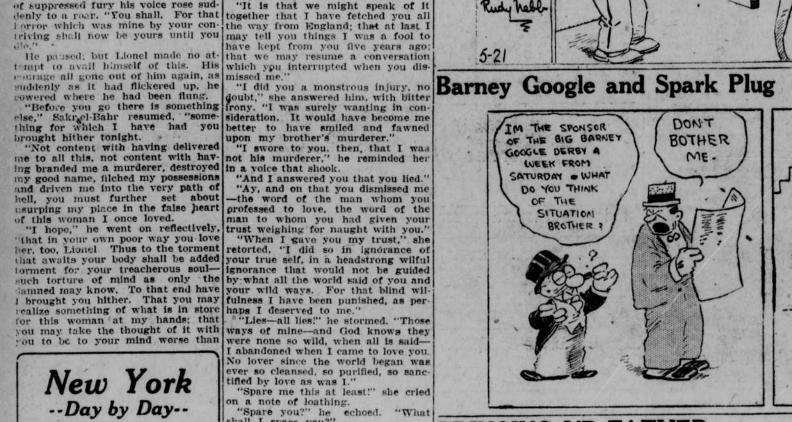
"Afterwards?" said she. "After you

ment; then he laughed. "Have you ever," he asked, "known a man to



IT LOOKS HOPELESS TO BARNEY.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



EVERYONE GIVES ME RUN - AROUND . TEDDY HAYES. NILS GRANLUND BEN FRANK ALFRED BLOCK . . JOSEPH GINSBERG . THE WHOLE GANG . IF THE BARNEY GOOGLE DERBY IS A FLOP MY REPUTATION IS ight. 1924, by King Fenfures Syndicate, Inc

Registered U. S. Patent Office

WHEN ARE



PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



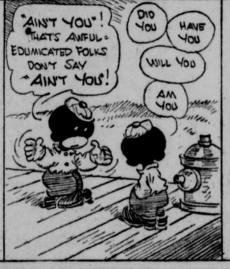


TODAY - I'M GOING

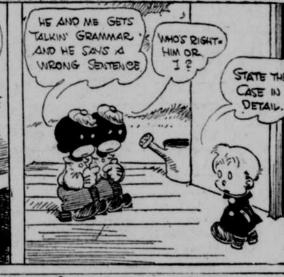




BOY = YOU AND GRAMMAR WAS NEVER INTRODUCED! YOU TALK COMMON HOURE AND YOU TALK T SO SMART MEONE !





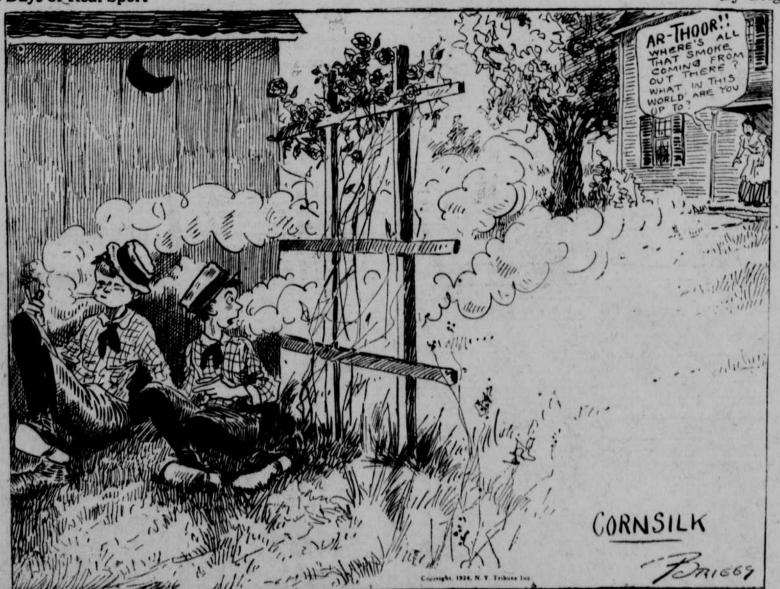


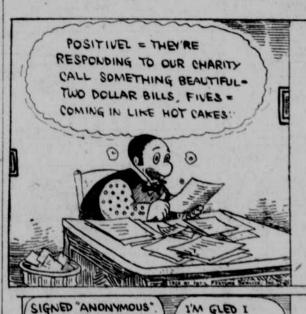


By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE.





HA? THIS IS FROM

GINSBERG - I

KNOW HIS WRITING



NOO, WHO COULD THIS BE FROM - A DONATION OF A FIFTY DOLLAR BILL AND A LETTER SIGNED "ANONYMOUS"

MEMBERS WHO CONTRIBUTED George Holland - - \$2 Nathan Sachs - - -' -Simon Swerling - - - \$5 Max Lippman - - - - \$5 Sam H. Harris - - - \$25 Anonymous (M. Ginsberg) \$50