you to account."

He stood at gaze a moment, utterly dumbfounded. "My flight?" he said. the level note of one who reasons impassively "Was it.

dumbfounded. "My flight?" he said.
"What fable's that?"

"You will tell me next that you did not fiee. That that is another false charge against you?"

"So," he said slowly, "it was believed I fled!"

And then light burst upon him, to dazzle and stun him. It was so inevitably what must have been believed, and yet it had never crossed his mind. Oh the damnable simplicity of it! At another time his disappearance must have provoked comment and investigation, perhaps. But, happening when it did, the answer to it came promptly and convincingly, to it came promptly and convincingly, document, that in fact he had gone and no man troubled to question furdocument, that in fact he had gone and no man troubled to question further. Thus was Lionel's task made doubly easy, thus was his own guilt made doubly sure in the eyes of all. His head sank upon his breast. What had he done? Could he still blame had he done? Could he still blame her if she had burned unopened the letter which he had sent her by the hand of Pitt? What else indeed could any suppose, but that he had fled? And that being so, clearly such a flight must brand him irrefutably for the murderer he was alleged to be. How could he blame her if she had ultimately been convinced by the only reasonable assumption possible?

A sudden sense of the wrong he had done rose now like a tide about him.

"My God!" he groaned, like a man in real of the following the properties of the wrong he had done rose now like a tide about him.

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"My God!" he groaned, like a man in the like wears of the wrong he had one rose now like a tide about him.

"My God!" he groaned, like a man in the like wears of the wrong he had one rose now like a

him.

"My God!" he groaned, like a man in pain. "My God!"

He looked at her, and then averted his glance again, unable now to endure the haggard, strained yet fearless gaze of those brave eyes of hers.

"What else, indeed, could you believe?" he muttered brokenly, thus giving some utterance to what was passing through his mind.

"Naught else but the whole vile truth," she answered fiercely, and thereby stung him anew, whipped him out of his sudden weakening back to his mood of resentment and vindle tiveness.

She had shown herself, he thought in that moment of reviving anger, too speak out, advance my proofs, and sections him of the cast upon me. He feared lest under the strain of it I should so the destroy him. There was the result of the cast upon me. He feared lest under the strain of it I should so destroy him. There was the result of the cast upon me. He feared lest under the strain of it I should so destroy him. There was to stroke and thereby branded me a murderer and a liar in the eyes of all. Indignation swelled against me. The queen's pursuivants were on their way to do what the justices of Truro refused to do.

"So far I have given you facts. Now I give you surmise—my own conclusions—but surmise that strikes, as you shall judge, the very bull's-eye of truth. That dastard to whom I had given sancthary, to whom I had served as a cloak, measured my nature by his own and feared that I must prove unequal to the fresh burden to be cast upon me. He feared lest under the strain of it I should so destroy him the control of the control of

his death was a pitifully, shamefull sordid one at bottom."

## New York -- Day by Day--

By O. O. McINTYRE.

New York, May 22.—Dan Carey's famous old crutch store on the Bowery has closed. The closing marks another high-spot in the Bowery upshift. Carey's was the haven for beggars who faked physical deformities. night and put aboard a vessel to be

Carey also furnished bandages that were tinted blood color. In the old days the front part of his place was a saloon, but with prohibition it was a sawdust coated eatery. In the back room were crutches and a few invalid chairs for rent.

Carey charged 50 cents a day for crutch rental and a dollar a day for a sawdust were called.

Carried to Barbary and sold there as a slave. That is the truth of my disappearance. And the slayer, whom I had befriended and sheltered at my own bitter cost, profited yet further the prospect of such profit was a further temptation to him. In time he came to succeed me in my possessions, and at last to succeed me even in the affections of the faithless woman who once had been my

crutch rental and a dollar a day for a woman who once had been my wheel chair. His largest profits, how-affianced wife," ever, came from the beggar's profits. At last she started from the frozen for he generally spent all he made patience in which she had listened JERRY ON THE JOB over the bar. Carey was able to buy the building in which he held forth. It is said beggars are able to make more these days without simulating deformities. When they ask for a unright attitude.

has disappeared. He finds his feigned upon Lionel. He strode silently acros

seizures lost motion. An extended trembling hand will produce greater results for New York since prohibition knows the pang of a hangover.

The tattered old bum has given way to the rather natty seeker of temporary alms. He accosts you not as "Hey. Jack!" but by a polite touch on the arm. He is well dressed and shaved. He admits he has been overindulging in liquor. He wants to freshen up and go back to his job.

The beggar's eyes used to release a freshet of woe. He hung his head

and recited unimagined misery. Now e looks you in the eye, gives you the impression of mere temporary mis fortune and you hesitate to give him a dime. More than likely you feel eshamed at the dollar.

Two young girls who have been chasing the Broadway ignis fatus-Boy, the dictionary-have wound up as hat check girls in a cheap Tenth avenue cabaret. They tre trying to earn enough money to return to their homes in the south. They discovered Broadway generous until the youthful bloom had tarnished and then the ask of a loan was met with a snub. It is Broadway's age-old attitude toward the good fellow. First admirationthen sympathy.

Nearly every best selling novel in the past three years has been written in New York and the characters are small town folk. In the New York atmosphere all the village folk seem dull-minded clods. As a villager my self I refuse to believe we are as flat as we are painted. In fact I believe there is more stupidity and oafishness to the square inch on Manhattan island than any place else in the world. Just this morning a clerk in a hotel asked me if I knew the capital of Omaha. And a laundry collector the other day told me he was quitting. He had to go out west. His destina-tion was Buffalo.

There is one thing New York does for the country boy. It gives him a self-assurance he could not acquire on Main street. When the newness of New York wears off he begins to see that the town isn't such-a-much after all. Nearly everybody who has accomplished anything here was yanked away from the business end of a plow. The garden hoe under the Manhattan metamorphosis becomes a natty walking stick and that is about all the change there is. (Copyright, 1924.)

THE OMAHA BEE: THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1924.

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The power and because I forbore from my need of them." And he waved my spiritual life hand, while the life was meeting, and there was meeting with the meeting was meeting, and there was meeting, and there was meeting with the meeting was meeting was meeting and there was meeting a I'M GLAD YOU CALLED\_I WAS SOUND ASLEEP IN THIS CHAIR WHEN THE BELL RANG - IT GAVE ME A SHOCK - I THOUGHT IT WAS THE ALARM CLOCK - WHAT TIME WILL I MEET YOU? A LITTLE AFTER FIVE? -YES CURBS CONVERSATION ALL RIGHT GOOD-BYE CI 4:

THE LINE IS BUSY.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeReck











Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus

til tura

OF THE CO

FATHER - WHY DON'T YOU SUGGEST SOME PLACE TO GO THIS SUMMER .

"Patience, mistress," he commanded. "I malign none. I speak the truth of a dead man that the truth may be known of two living ones. Hear me out, then! I have waited long and survived a deal that I might YOU KNOW YOUR MOTHER WOULDN'T LISTEN TO ME . carried to Barbary and sold there as

For the first time she interrupted him, fiercely. "Do you malign the

more these days without simulating deformities. When they ask for a price of a drink they receive from 50 to 75 cents, whereas in the old days Bowery liquor sold for 5 and 10 cents a shot.

Even the "dummy chucker" who threw fake fits to excite sympathy has disappeared. He finds his feigned the strategy of the strong light of anger turned their blazing light of anger turned turned turned their blazing light of anger turned

U. S. Patent Office



















Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban

freshet of woe. He hung his head Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feeling

WHEN, EVER SINCE YOU WERE A LITTLE TOMBOY YOU'VE WANTER SHORT HAIR BUT



BUT FRIEND HUSBAND SAYS IF YOU OBEY THAT IMPULSE HE WILL TURN YOU OUT



AND THEN TWO YEARS LATER YOU TAKE YOUR LIFE IN YOUR HANDS AND GET THAT BOB AND EVERY ONE INCLUDING FRIEND HUSBAND IS KEEN ABOUT IT

- AND THAT SAME MOTHER

THROWS A FIT WHEN YOU

INSIST ON PUTTING

UP" THAT LONG WAD

IN HIGH SCHOOL DAYS





AND YEARS LATER WHEN

YOU'RE MARRIED AND BOBBED

HAIR IS IN STYLE YOU AGAIN

HAVE THAT CHILDISH IMPULSE



By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield







