way looked on with fearful eyes.

Sakr-el-Bahr was seen to reel under the blow, and instantly there was a commotion on board. Biskaine leaped to his feet with a half cry of astonishment; even Asad's eyes kindled with interest at so unusual a sight as that of a galley slave attacking a correct. Then with a snarl of anger, the moving object that was Lionel's corsair. Then with a snarl of anger, the moving object that was Lionel's the snarl of an enraged beast almost, head and the faintly visible swirl of Skr-el-Bahr's great arm was swung water about it while the swirl of Skr-el-Bahr's great arm was swung water about it which indicated that aloft and his fist descended like a he swam.

"Out to sea!" cried Sakr-el-Bahr.

## New York -- Day by Day--

By O. O. M'INTYRE.

New York, June 12.—The Rialto dubs it Chorine Court. It is a block on West Forty-seventh street between Broadway and Sixth avenue, that houses hundreds of New York chorus girls. The block is the comb of a monstrous beehlve riddled with tiny cells and filled with paint, powder—test. A hundred philips, Marzak, that thou!"

the "Come now," cried Sakr-el-Bahr. "Take up thy bow!"

"If thou delay much longer," put in Asad, "he will be beyond thine aim. Already he is scarcely visible."

"The more difficult a butt, then." answered Sakr-el-Bahr. who was but delaying to gain time. "The keener test. A hundred philips, Marzak, that thou!" not hit me that head in three."

and honey.

The street is dotted with about 15 small hotels—most of them shabby, dim-lit and not inclined to question-forth from thee," was Marzak's digquick lunch emporiums, upstairs mil-linery shops and down stairs modiste "Make haste, man!" salons. It is attuned to vanity.

Just now the Rialto is in the throes of a summer slump. And Chorine Court arouses from sluggish sleep at 3 in the afternoon instead of noon. The pavements fill with the hastily dressed airing white kiyoodles. Mazie, Daisy and Pearl are greeting life with a yawn.

Around 3 o'clock faces are unpowdered and unroughed. It is not until around 4 that curis glisten from the iron of heavity shops and cheeks and court of heavity shops and cheeks and court of heavity shops and cheeks and court of the summer's head. "A hit!" he cried brazenly. "He's gone!"

"I think I see him still," said one with the said one court of the summer's head. "I think I see him still," said one cried brazenly these are deceive these in this Just now the Rialto is in the throes

around 4 that curis glisten from the iron of beauty shops and cheeks and lips acquire the artificial scarlet. light. No man was ever known to They are preparing for the evening swim with an arrow through his and Chorine Court takes on a bird-like brain." swiftness.

of Gotham's merry merry. They have put their hearts to the hurdles vessel's side. "Well. well—shot or and if they fail to make them they drowned, he's gone." he said, and are not inclined to moan and fold their hands. They face genteel starvation gracefully and with a laugh.

Chorine Court is a world of youth

buige with desire to be cuddled in some dark corner of the tea room.

There are approximately \$,000 bade Abiad bring lights.

That Guiltiest Feeling

unhappily. The remaining percent age are those who expected big careers on the stage but found they could not make the grade.

Talent oozes from odd places. An ad in a New York theatrical paper reads: "A-1 baritone, double Trombone, desires permanent location. A 1 furniture man; Kansas Licensed embalmer and professional plane tuner. A. F. & A. M. Eric N. Petersen, Sylvan Grove, Kan.

There is another specialist also who modestly heralds himself as follows: "Trap drummer, joke maker, cornet and zither. Can fill in as buck and wing or female impersonations. Only season engagement will be considered."

The woman of the future is going to be hald. Eighteen coiffure specialists agree on this. They declare bobbed hair has resulted in a tight style of millinery that is fatal to the roots of the hair. All ready they say thousands of New York women are taking scalp treatments for falling hair. Still nearly all continue to bob the hair-young and old.

Great wealth's nonchalance leaves me quite flabbergasted. I was in a club the other day when a member received a sudden summons to sail for Europe in a week. He went to the telephone and called up his tailor. "I want a dozen suits in a week-six business suits, two evening suits, three golf suits and a cutaway," ne ordered. He left the entire selection to his tailor. He then called up his valet and told him to arrange for A royal suite on a line; and to attend to his packing and returned to his bridge. It was all as simple as though he had received a message bim out to lnnch. (Copyright, 1924.)

"Out to sea!" cried Sakr-el-Bahr 'He'll not swim far in any case. But it and took aim.
On the point of loosing the bolt he

paused.
"Marzak!" he called. "Here, thou prince of marksmen, is a butt for

All about bloom beauty parlors, nifted reply. "Games of chance are

"Already I can scarce discern him Loose thy quarrel."
"Pooh," was the disdainful answer

wiftness.

It is a jaunty crew—these blithe hind Sakr-el-Bahr. "He has vanished."

young ladies who form the hoop-la tello. "T is too dark to see," said Vigitello.

unchaperoned. Yet at times they seem more honest toward life than their more fortunate flapper sisters who chase new fox trot steps and build with the seem that the seem

THE SEA HAWK

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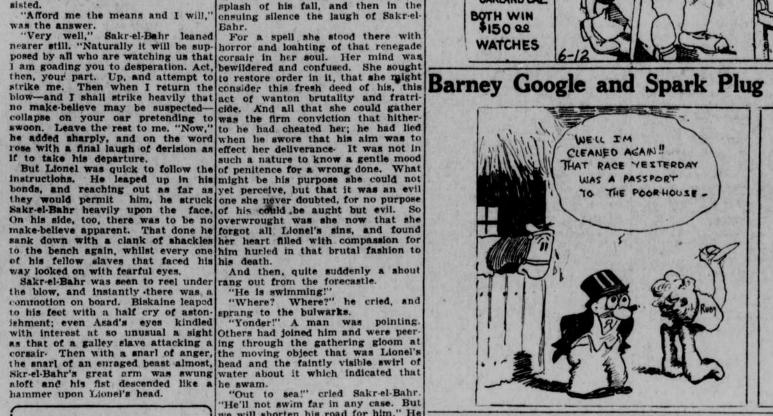
THE SEA HAWK

THE SEA HAWK

THE OBJECT THE BOTH WIN \$150 00

THIS IS NOTHING TO MAKE LIGHT OF.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



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I GOTTA HOCK SOMETHING 333333



we will shorten his road for him." He snatched a cross-bow from the rack about the mainmast, fitted a shaft to

SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus (Copyright 1924)



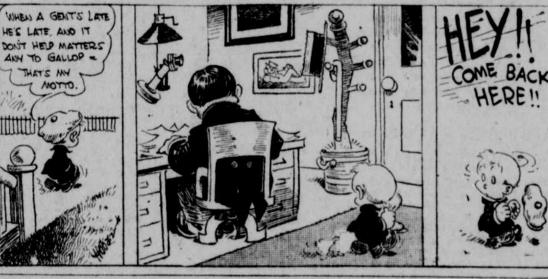






QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban





By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT



SEE THAT BIG STOUT MAN OVER THEREIN A CHECK SUIT - WITH A BEARD-GASSY -- HE'S PROBLY I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MY FRIEND MR. BOZO-WELL HOW'S EVERY-OF THE CONVENTION -- ! RED FACE - . 7 KNOW HIM AS WELLIAS THING SENATOR ? I'D LIKE YES - WHO TO MEET IS IT ?

WHY THAT'S SENATOR







HOWDY DU SENATOR -





Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

