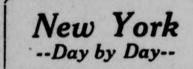
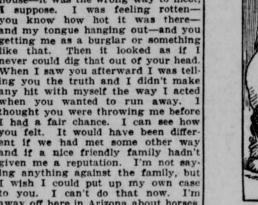
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"Yes," answered Jo Ellen blankly. "This is for you," said the strang-



room for wooden shoes.

F. Scott Fitzgerald. And his col-F. Scott Fitzgerald. And his col-legiate look. Waffle wagons and their enticing aroma. Youthful idlers. Nothing in their pockets but



Horses have made trouble for me be-fore this. But what I know about them is worth something now. It's for the war. Some day I'll be back in New York and then I'll try to

square myself with you. I'm not asking you to write. I'm not giving

-Day by Day--By 0. 0. M'INTYRE. New York, July 18.—Thoughts while strolling around New York: The aftrenoon parade along the Rialto. Spruce old boys of 73 and liable to go to par. A clog dancer's club. Wonder if they have a check club. Wonder if they have a check cause I haven't the right yet. But I'll fight for it. Always yours, Stan Lamar.

idlers. Nothing in their pockets but idlers. Nothing in their pockets but their hands. Sidewalk cafe tables. Just like Paris. O, boy! What a spot English liner cabin boys with short jackets and funny caps. Short haired girls with rasping voices and cigaret coughs. How tough the men have to be these days to be effeminate. There's the humming bird's sleeve garters—a movie hero with a pink sport jacket. Very Piping Rock. O, very! Whatever became of Mike Donlin7 Almost every ham and eggery called the St. Regis. Wilton Lackaye and De Wolf Hopper in hunting togs.









(Copyright 1924) SAY - I THOUGHT I WUZ SICK - 5



the St. Regis. Wilton Lackaye and De Wolf Hopper in hunting togs. Now we are in for some hunting stories. Hotel porters packing Pekes. Brides and grooms off for Niagara. Seance parlors. Filled with seekers of light from the Hither and Beyond. Dismal side street rabbit holes—coal, would be able to understand, and that couldn't be told without.... To ex-

Dismal side street rabbit holes—coal, ice, kindling and junk. A silk hat in an ash can. How the mighty do fall. Girls in bloomers seeking a bit of fresh air after a winter garden re-hearsal. Ned Wayburn. And his old faded we would be able to understand, and that couldn't be told without. . . To ex-plain you would be showing the let-ter. Tearing it up would even look suspicious. Yet she was glad he hadn't sent the letter to the house. It would have been humiliating to have been forced.

sweater. There goes New York's perhaps with no choice, to revea most famous gambler-a pale aesthete like a naughty child, the foolish stor whose head seems to be knocking the stars. A cosmetic relief stationwhere girls may freshen up their complexion for so much per fresh and go on their way.

The beginning of automobile row. Known to the vulgarians as gasoline The windlest corner in New alley. York-Fifty-seventh and Broadway. And never without its curb loungers. The splash of Central park's fountain. Now for a bench.

There are at least 50 shops in midtown devoted to the merchandising of bird cages. It used to be a bird cage was for a bird but lately they are the grand motif of the interior decorator. Where they used to put a what-not they now put a bird cage.

He came from one of those towns where the leading citizen fell dead in the postoffice and wasn't found for three days. He has been in New York three years. Today he wears a monocle and scarves and shirts to match his clothes. He sat next to me in a restaurant the other day and complained bitterly to the head waiter because the petite marmite was too well seasoned. It sometimes takes these boys suddenly yanked away from a plow to show Manhattan deft touches in city slicking.

The very same lads may be found at tea time casually mentioning they are dining tonight on Morgan's yacht-and at the same time stifling a yawn. It goes over in New York, but let them try to pull it around the boys on the cracker barrel in front of the village store back home! I recall going back home from school one Xmas holiday in peg top trousers, sawed off coat and mountainous toed shoes. I casually mentioned to some of the boys Della Fox had waved to me from the stage. It was a half truth. I was in the gallery and she waved at all who sat there. I remember one of the boys saying: "So Della Fox waved at you did she? Now I'll tell one." My ego burst with a bang. Before going home I had that faeling of "Bring on the world, one I'll show it," but herers I loft I feit the common clod I was. 1 1924.)

that had managed not to be told. She put the letter back into her handbag. At 5 o'clock she took it out, read the last lines again, and

TO CANADA ON

A BUSINESS TRIP

I'M LEAVING

FRIDAY FOR

CANADA ON

A BUSINESS

TRIPA

and the same a second second

NOW GEORGE -

DON'T TRY TO PUT THAT OVER ON ME - I'M NOT

SO GREEN AS YOU

TES- I HEAR

THING TO HAVE

BUSINESS IN

ANADA

THNK!

Oh, Man! I'VE GOT TO GO



MAKE A

TANADA

RALPH

JUST DROPPED IN

TO SAY "HELLO" AND

LOOK ADOUT THE

HOSPITAL S



Registered U. S. Patent Office

UM!

GLAD TO SEE

YOU . DOCTOR

ROUND

YOU KNOW

YOUR WAY



@ 1924 av INTL FEATURE SERVICE, INC. Great Britain rightareserv

IN 5 DAYS TO J.P. MORGAN

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

7.18

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Comfort Enough.

