

NATCHITOCHES

I DONT

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GET IT-COME AGAIN

New York -- Day by Day--

Mrs. Bogert, "and I want you to be an honest-to-God girl." be an honest-to-God girl. "I know!" cried Bogert, "you want her to be red-headed, and she—" Mrs. Bogert grunted sharply. "I don't want her to get her wires crossed. This Simms crowd has a strangle hold on her—" To Filen laughed again. Her moth-

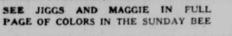
Jo Ellen laughed again. Her moth

By 0. 0. McINTYRE. New York, Aug. 15.—Thoughts While strolling around New York: Noon. And here I am just up. Once an Egyptian always a late sleepers. I love to be lazy. Too many frostbit-ten souls living by time clocks. Hot dog' A marade. Wish Sousa would

dog! A parade. Wish Sousa would getting his good resolutions. "Mrs. write another march. Ex-Ambassador Simms doesn't belong to your share. I'll say that.' Gerard.

Gerard. An elfish chip of a girl between two stout men in checks and derbles. "Well," said Jo Ellen, "she's a

two stout men in checks and derbles. the famous gambler who wears a slik patch over his eye. Herb Roth, the caricaturist. A button and a waggish look. Street hawkers doing their stuff along the library wall. A bluecoat-and they vanish. An Oriental rug sale. Keshons. Sarooks, Inspahans and Arakshahs. At least that's what the sign says. Means nothing to me. Rag carpets are my speed. More padlocked cafes. No bootlegger is a hero to his waiter. Gilda Gray's mauve limousine in a show window. Wonder if I've got enought money for a hair cut. A begger hurls his crutch at a policeman. And runs like



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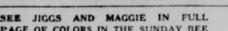
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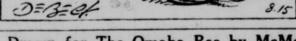
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BARNEY CAN'T BELIEVE HIS EARS.



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crutch at a policeman. And runs like Jo Ellen stood up with a menacing

a rabbit. As I live and breath! A "This is funny. You'd think they drug store selling drugs. Old blue velned clubmen tottering to their beat me every morning before break bridge. What's the name of Eddie fast." Mrs. Rewer had been watching.

Foy's fifth child? An organ grinder and his monk. Didn't know there were any left. Hope there's bean soup for dinner. Wish Tiffany's would put up a sign. It seems downright snobby without it Kindly gatherers from east side. And they have more fun than the saw that the three women Rollos rolling hoops.

Rollos rolling hoops. " He left his ejaculation "Say! . Two Frenchmen with spade shap-ed beards. And quizzical little eyes. Trousered to grotesqueness and boot-tured awe at the tears of all the peo-Two Frenchmen with spade shaped to misery. Why would anyone leave Cafe de la Paix for this sim-mering city, Charlie Tomne, the poet. And a famous bachelor. Overcrowded buses. An obsequious waiter in the Waldorf making out a leave and begin the descent of his long flight of steps. This amazing turn completed his dismay. He made a

leaping motion, then checked himself waiter in the Waldorf making out a bill. And a tired looking man waiting when he became aware that Emma

for the bad news. A cat on an iron Traub was standing at the foot of picket fence. I tried it once. And the lower flight. Well, this was a lost the northeastern section of my good a way as any to break up the Sunday pants. And grandma licked me to boot. In a promenade of 10 streets a

GOOD MORNING

found 62 new resreporter taurants. Restaurants in New York fail in greater proportion than any How to Start the Day Wrong sort of business. Every waiter, after he saves a few dollars, opens a restaurant and 90 per cent of them

Speaking of restaurants I noticed George Rector among the avenue throngs the other afternoon. It recalls the old days when Broadway was a hell-roaring street Rector, dapper and debonair could be seen each evening at 6 standing resplendent in his dinner jacket in the entrance to old Rector's. He had a way of separating the chaff from the wheat wihtout offending. He knew his New York as few knew it. Nowadays the head walter knows few of his patrons. He flits from place to place.

The musical saw craze threatens the same horror as the ukulels craze. The old-fashioned saw is played with a fiddle bow and the various tones are produced by bending the blade of the saw at different angles. A small shop has opened on West 37th street where only musical saws are sold. Two instructors are there and promise to teach the novice in 10 lessons at \$5 a lesson. The saw craze was brought to New York by an Arkansas lumberman who is said to have discovered the music that could be brought from the tool, He appeared several years ago in a midnight musical revue.

They dragged me out to one of those interpretive dances again. This one was where the ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics came to life in the dance of the solar gods. I didn't catch any of it not even on the second bounce but I was entranced by a fellow in front of me who went to sleep. His toups slipped as he slumped in his seat and for half an hour it threatened to fall to the floor. But didn't get to see exactly what happened for I nodded too and he fixed it before I came back to conscious ness.

(Copyright, 1N'

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Business Troubles.

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HAD A LUIFE HAD A WIFE THREE TIMES THREE TIMES HIS SIZE HIS SIZE STILL WHISTLE NO! I GOT SICK AND THINGS AINT AND SING LIKE TIRED STARTING SONGS YOU USED TO LIKE IT USED FOR MEYER TO JOIN TO BE IN ON = NEVER ONCE DID HE START ONE !! 00 124