

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE—ALCOGRAVURE SECTION

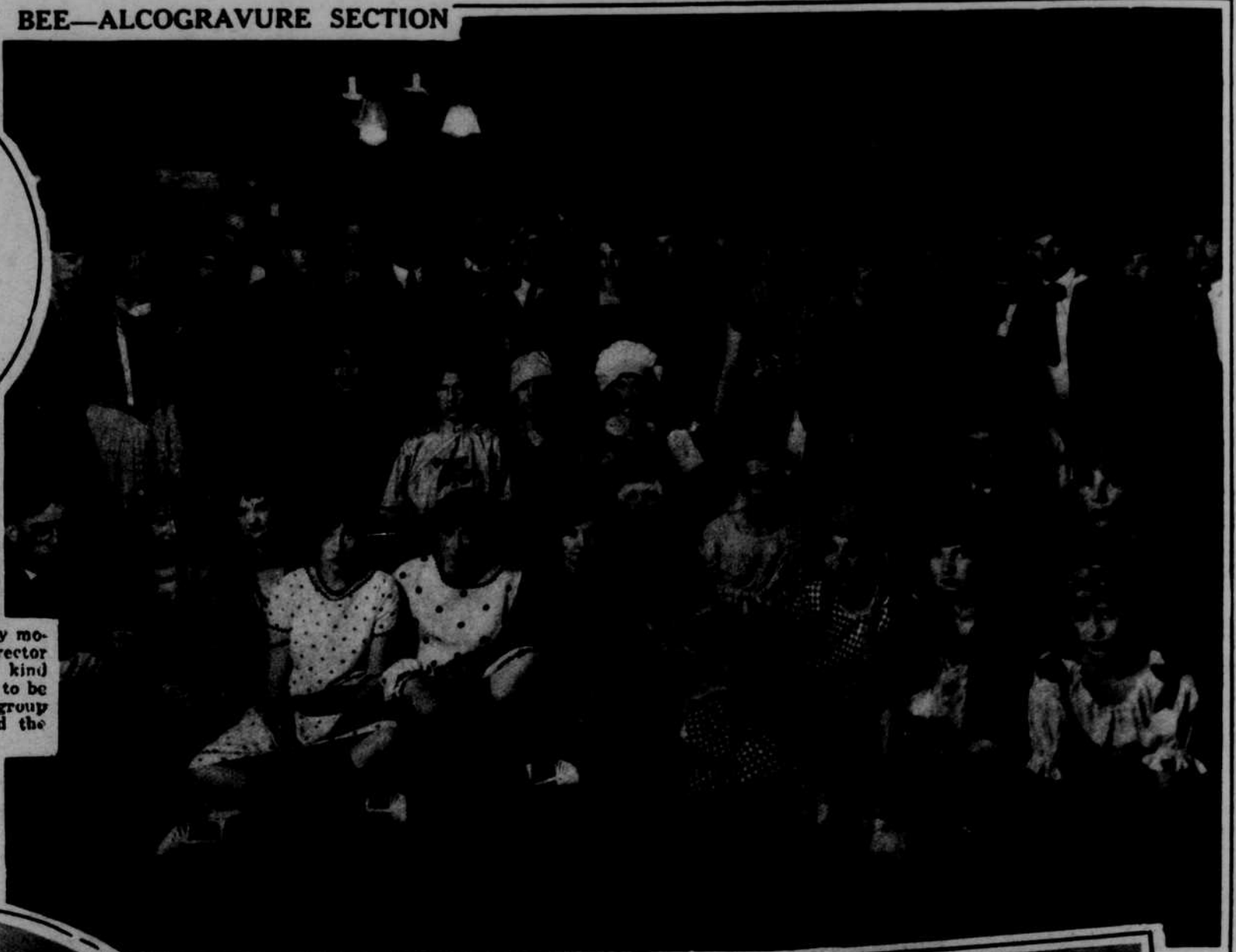


There's something alluring about the colorful costume of the pirate, which may explain why so many buccaners of the sea appeared at the Halloween costume party given by the daughters of John Flynn, 3804 South Twenty-sixth street. In addition, of course, there was the cowboy, the Hawaiian maiden, the Scotch kiltie, the rube, not to mention, his ribs, the well-known sheik. All photographs by L. R. Bostwick.

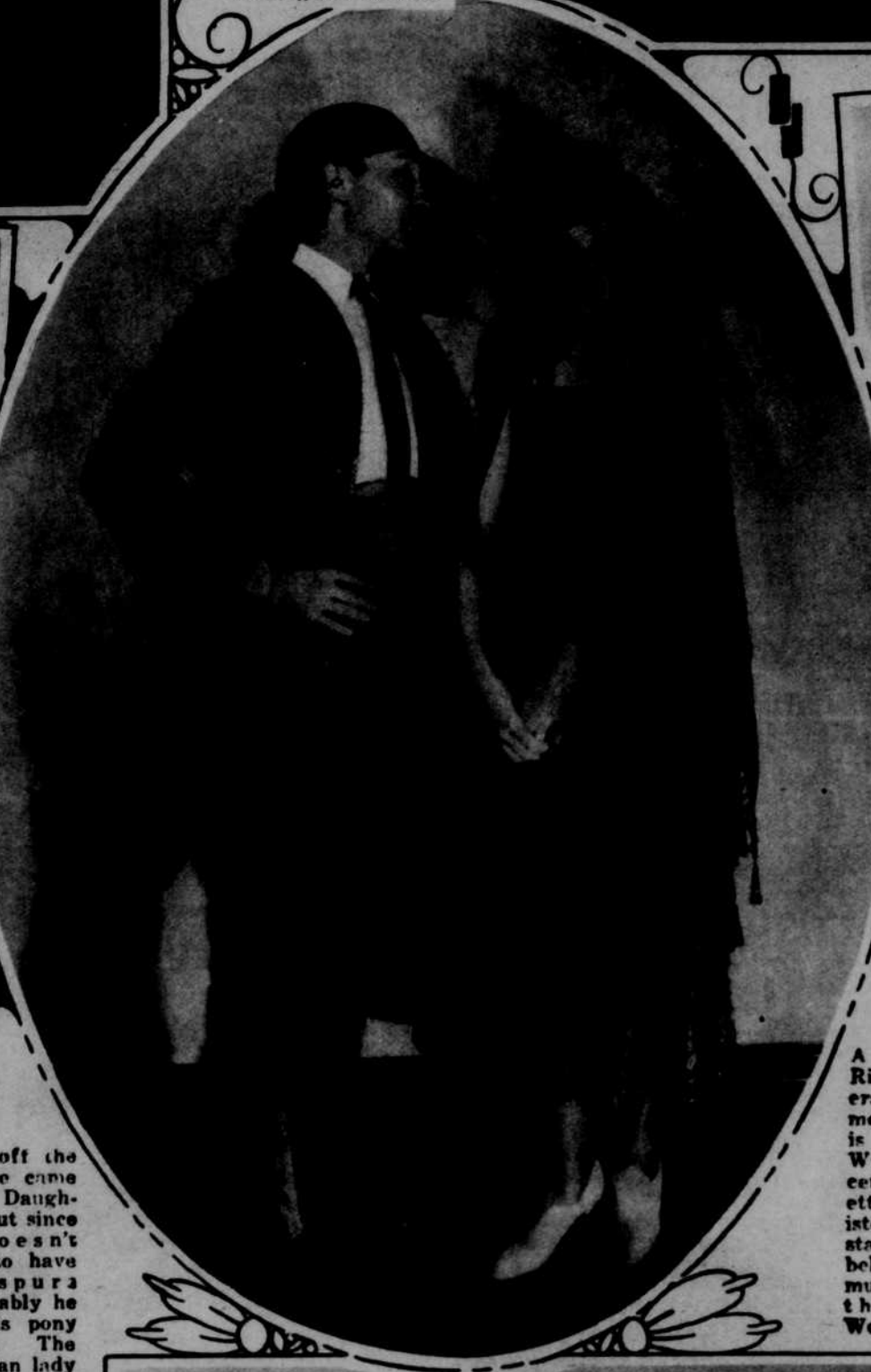
The bold, bad pirate is James Cash. The cute little pirate is Dorothy Flynn. Which is the more dangerous?

A field for any motion picture director—almost any kind of character is to be found in this group which attended the Flynn party.

The Don Juan with the romantic eyes is Lawrence Ortman. The lovely Spanish lady at whom he gazes so pensively is Margaret Bourke.



Right off the range came Geo. Daugherty, but since he doesn't seem to have any spurs—probably he left his pony behind. The Hawaiian lady is Nancy Finson.



A candidate for Rincing brothers, Dick Barretter. No, that is not Henry Walthall in the center, it's Jeanette Nolan registering a dreamy stare, and lo and behold, the demure miss from the Bowery Wendell Nolan.



A gypsy pirate this time, Ray Scheibel. The feminine member of the Romany tribe is Adelaide Cash.



From the beach at Waikiki came Gertrude Kinsler. How Charles Crowley got away from Pavlova probably always will be a mystery.



Ah, ha, the sheik! 'Tis Lee Aitchison who makes all the feminine hearts go pitty-pat. Right now he seems to have completely enraptured the beautiful Chinese maiden, Helen Flynn.