(Copyright, 1924.) (Continued From Saturday.)

"Newell don't care for women," sald
Len Thompson, "How about a little
bridge? Come on, Dick, you and I'll
"Oh, come,

Kit fixed him with his eyes, motion-less. "You'd better go." he repeated.
The silence became charged. Dick leaned forward on the table. "Huh?

He was lurching toward the door, unsteadily but consecutively; Kit was on him in a flash, swinging him round by the shoulder, his hand raised. "Take that back, damn you! Drunk or not, you take that back! Quick!"

"Shan't! Le'go me—"

mind seeing him."

Jen started to speak, paused, and said: "See here, look out. It's all very well to forgive. But you'd better be sure you are forgiving. Not just not caring."

"Oh, blat!" said Kit turn!

"Shan't! Le'go me—"

Zip! Kit's fist on his jaw, and Dick all over the floor. They got him out, and some one took him home in a taxi. Kit stood tight-lipped and speechless amid a suddenly sobered crowd talking in quick undertones.
"He brought it on himself, any

"He always was a swine when drunk," from Jen Cobb. "He deserved all you gave him. I'm behind you all the way, old boy."

New York -- Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

the diary of a modern Samuel Pepys:
Lay late and then to breakfast with

George Calcar

which the Lord he praised. My wife rich and their eccentricities amuse

Morris, Dwight Fry and Louis Calhern and all cut up high-jinks, yet it was the most innocent fun and feelery. So to hed.

ment he had anowed himself to drafted (having, of course, eye trouble that prevented his getting a commission), and had risen to the rank of sergeant major in the Quartermas-

He was a commanding figure with a shock of snow-white hair. His dress is than of the middle-aged dandy. conserative, save for a bright cravat or perhaps lemon colored gloves. People usually turn their heads as they sound over her words. "I'm so very pass him. My own impression was glad to see you. I hope you don't that he was a colossal giant of the find us too staid and straight-laced, business world. By chance I stum- after that island of yours! bled across his record. He has been yes, he's dancing. I wanted him to three times imprisoned for selling worthless stock. He is barred in every hotel lobby as a confidence

Most confidence games are bred in dermyll was, up to the very neck, but the hotel lobby. The easy familiarity she had a daughter, Cora, who was among strangers gives the scheming quite otherwise. She had eloped with crook the chance to open conversation without the formality of introduction. And skilled ones will tell you that if they can hold any man's interest for a half hour they never fail to land tim. The Gondorf brothers used to delight in tackling "prospects" who were known for their business sagacity. They boasted they never had a prospect who would not be a victim if they could get him to lunch with them. It was their theory that only those who refused to listen falled as "suckers."

I was bated one time in an ef fort made by two men to swindle in a real estate deal. I'll confess I was tempted up to a certain point, but my faith was shattered when one of them kicked at a dog.

One of the high-yaller cabarets at tracting down-town slummers to the uptown black belt is called "The Nest." It is in the basement, but is as luxuriously decorated as any place in town, All colored jazz musicians furnish the music-but it is jazz with restraint and somehow suggests the for away tom toms in the African jungle. There is promiscuous dancing among the colored and white folk. All are requested to wear evening clothes or be shunted into a back room. One thing is noticeable the service is excellent. The colored walters are deferential, attentive and courteous. This is quite a contrast from the sullen menials who work downtown. At the entrance each patron is required to register and gain an admission, card which costs a dollar. The cover charge is \$2 a person. The odor from a con stant spray of perfume is wafted about the room by electric fans.

Chinatown also has a popular mid night supper club in Pell street. It is called The Shanghai club. Chines girls with bobbed hair and latest frocks are to be seen there with sleek American boys in collegiate clothes An all Chinese revue with the American songs and dances is offered. (Copyright, 1924.)

"No one says that here," said Kit, THE NEBBS Newell gave him a casual smile over his shoulder and called for two cards.

He knew that Dick was drunker than he shawed.

"Newell don't care for women," said

"I don't give a hang whether he does or not."

"Newell don't care for women," said Len Thompson, "How about a little bridge? Come on, Dick, you and I'll stand anybody."

"The hell he don't," said Dick. "Aw, not bridge, too slow. No, old man Newell, old Post Newell. . . Say, who was it used to call you Post, Newell?"

"Jack Caslon," said Kit hurriedly. Haff the room fell into silence; Len Thompson kicked Dick's shins, but he only stretched and raised a glass. "That's so, Jack Caslon. He's dead. Go' bless him. Here's to him, well rid of us—and we of him."

The words were audible to every one; the stillness became complete and hopeless. Kit turned in his chair and looked at Dick. "If you think that, perhaps you'd better go," he said, inclining his head slightly toward the door.

"I don't give a hang whether he does or not—"

"Yes, man, it's all over now. Let's forget about it. What about a rub-beer' of bridge, eh?"

Len Thomson left the house with Jen Cobb two hours later. "All the same," he said, "it was a bit swift, wasn't it, as against à drunken man?"

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door.

"Whoof!" said Dick inanely. "The loyal boy. More'n to those wives o' yours on the island, what? Think of it, boys!"

liaughed off. There's a lot of depth to friend Kit, and it's pretty obscure down there. No one's ever really seen to the bottom, I think, even Jack Caslon.—But I wouldn't mind following it, straight to the

."You and your metaphysics.
on earth's the difference?" "Think of Jack, and you'll see the

better, every way.' CHAPTER XII.

Mary Vane, with her north-lit studio, and her sprawling black piano and her roommate, Ethel Stock, a gaunt girl with bobbed hair and an unsmiling and untimely (and for that reason rather convincing) devotion to libsen, became a fixture in Kit's BRINGING UP FATHER response to a mood in him, a moo of thinking about Jack and the ness of life and the pathos of his lost youth. She also served as an antidote to the unsatisfying but narcoti-New York, Nov. 23.—A page from whirl of things in Park avenue, the

Lay late and then to breakfast with George Cohan and we fell to discussing animals and the possibility of them having souls. "There must be animals in heaven," said he, "or how do they get strings for their harps?"

And, too, we discussed the virtue of common sense and I held the greatest exponent of it I knew was Ed. Howe, of Kansas, albeit I do not always agree with his views, but he seems to me ever to be tremendously sincere.

Home and at my stint and then cast my accounts, finding a few pounds over my indebtedness for which the Lord he praised. My wife with the Lord he praised. My wife rich and their eccentricities amused houses.

And then, in early May, he made the discovery that Mary Vane took of that side of life also. It came about by his learning that she was going to a certain dance, to which he had also been invited. He had not intended to go, but immediately determined to do so, out of pure and rather anxious curiosity to see Mary Vane in a ball gown.

The dance was given by the Vandermylls, mother and son, relics of two semi-fabulous patroon families of Westchester county. They had not very much money, their ancestors having sold their real estate too soon; but they knew people who had. Their family prestige awed the more newly rich and their eccentricities amused

came to me with a frock, newly bought, and how pretty she looked. Bobby Vandermyll had been in the she being as fair if not the fairest class ahead of Kit at Yale, and had failed to make any great impression and their eccentrication and their eccentractions are their eccentractions and their eccentractions are their eccentractions and their eccentractions are their eccentractions. To dinner with Aubrey Eads and his mother and there came Margalo Gilmore, Gertrude Lawerance, Macky Market Davis and Louis Cal.

Mrs. Vandermyll, in a voluminou skirt that swept the floor, stood in the bay window of her front draw-ing room and received. "How do you do. Christopher!" she said, her large loose lips making a curious whishin

dancing Stayed and straight-laced Mrs. Van a chauffeur, been rapidly disinherited, KING DOUGH DOUGH.

divorced and pardoned, and now proclaimed openly that she intended to
marry the first British peer she could
lay hands on. As soon as he had
escaped from the mother Kit caught
sight of this interesting person whirling about in the arms of a man in
a British major's uniform, and he

divorced and pardoned, and now proclaimed openly that she intended to
the same moment she sighted him
indistinguishable from the average
indiction figure. Average
indistinguishable f

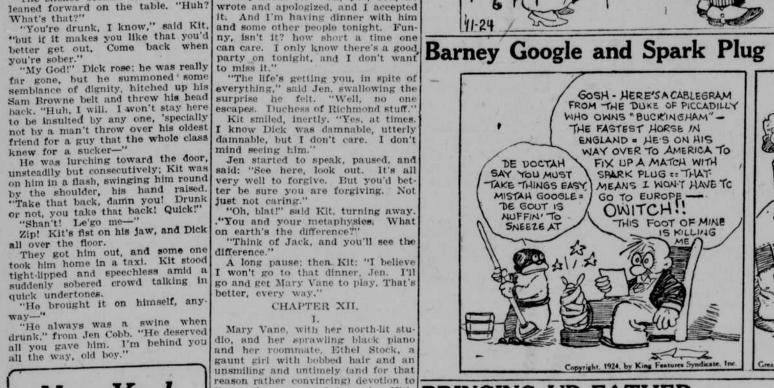
Bee Want Ads are the best busi-

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



SPARKY ISN'T CRIPPLED IN THE FEET.

Drawn for The Ontaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



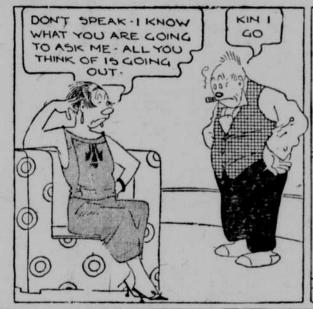
SPARKY'S GOTTA BE TRAINED --- IF HE FALLS DOWN ON THIS NEXT MATCH WE'RE ALL SUNK ...





Registered U. S. Patent Office SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus





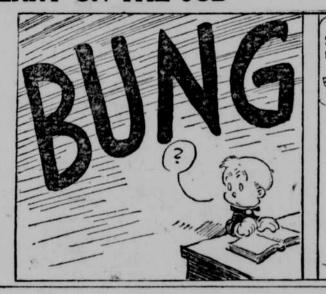


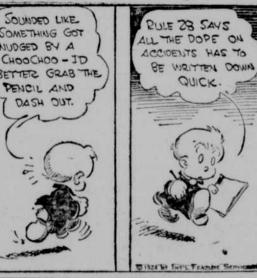


JERRY ON THE JOB

GET THE DETAILS.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban









Oh, Man!

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield He Has the Bankroll.



