Produced as a Paramount Picture by Cecile B. DeMille From a Screen Adaptation by Jeanie Macpherson.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

But upon the last high resolution bother. I can call a taxi at the Hamilton. And you've been so kind—"

"Inness Street ain't a block out of a little, and as the street lamps grew brighter, opened her eyes and looked ly on.

"Oh, it's lovely," she murmured, then blinked under the street lights and sat up. "I've had a splendid I ain't much of a pillar, I reckon,"

"You would. I know you would," she said softly, and laid her hand on his arm.

Just then they swung into Grand Avenue whose on and off electric signs, gong-banging trolleys and unformed traffic policemen awoke the dreamer from his wanderings under the moon. The lady by his side was sitting straight and prim now, and her attitude so quelled him that he scarcely dared look around, even though the traffic had permitted it. As they rolled past the Red Front Store he was tempted to point it out to her and boast a little, but a glimpse through the lighted window revealed Jo in his shirt sleeves playing with one of his children—the dirtiest one. So he bent silently to his wheel, pointing the car downtown toward the residence section where he felt sure she belonged.

"Where shall I take you, ma'am?" he asked, looking at her in the full light, and feeling sure now of the resemblance that he had suspected.

"Oh, on Inness Street," she said

New York

-Day by Day-
BY O. O. M'INTYRE

The stood bare-headed on the sand-stone block, a figure of chivalry. He stood bare-headed on the sand-stone block, a figure of chivalry. He would do anything for her, and she had believed him.

Finally, because she had gone in and shut the formidable door, he climbed into his Ford and drove slow-ly out to the Maxwell Addition. Not until he had turned on the light in the sheetiron garage and backed his car in did he discover a souvenir of an angelic visitation. Brightly black on a shabby leather cushion it lay, a flat, silky square that might have been a purse. Reverently he picked it up and saw her initials, F. L. P., in tiny diamonds. Its clasp was a little shield with a crown over it and a wavy ribbon engrayed with foreign words.

Awkwardly he opened it. A downy puff felt to the greasy floor. The little case was full of queer gold containers for powder and lip sticks and pencils, and there was a mirror so inset that you stared at your own face the instant the flap was raised. It carried a ghost of her perfume, faintly as though the little

genuine as the virgin soil of his Jimmy Wilder offered his car to native state and as free of affecta-

She has become frightfully bored "I'll hang around, if you think I'm needed." second syllable. When his old friends

honest and energetic miller. onest and energetic finite.

She wants her husband to become morning."

She wants her husband to associate "Good night, Peg." master of hounds and to associate only with those of noble lineage. Due to his popularity, friends have been considerate of her. They have permit-

unusual. A divorce lawyer tells of Marquis into the big, dark-browed three husbands, suddenly elevated to affluence, who were forced for their own peace of mind to separate from their wives because they could not stand the annoyance of their precipi-

attendant in a dentist's office. The minute prosperity struck them they the department of their old friends as lightly as a lightly as a lightly as a lightly as a lightly and find yourself a book."

"Beauty and find yourself a book."

"Beauty and find yourself a book."

"Beauty and sense combined—how rare in a woman!" he said with unusual earnestness as he touched by minute prosperity struck them they shed their old friends as lightly as a tin roof sheds rain water and went in for the la-de-dah pose.

and the only thing worth while is a and the only thing worth while is a home in Grosvenor Square, London, Never in a Thousand Years or along the Bois in Paris, Of course these wives fho develop the grimace of distate for friends of other days wind up in pathetic solitude. The veneer is too shallow for new friends as well as old.

A short while ago there was the patter of soft bare feet in the room where I work. My visitor was a 5year-old boy from down the hall. He was lonely. His mother is one typical of New York-a slinky creature, with a drawling voice, musky with heavy perfume and the kind who smokes cigarets in the lobby waiting for the chauffeur. This boy knows her as some strange creature who pats him indifferently now and then and leaves him in charge of a governess. The husband is a brisk business man intent on piling up a fortune. Father and mother are never seen together. When the governess came I was in ridiculous posture with the boy riding on my back. She sniffed and snatched him away. I looked foolish and the child began to whimper. I don't think he had really ever romped before.

George Jean Nathan is leading group of the literati out of the thicket of restaurants and midnight supper clubs of the roaring forties into the wilderness of Second avenue. A group of the ultra Bohemians are opening their own little hide a way where a gypsy violinist will play real music and where the cover charge is to be just a dime. Only those who are really desired will be admitted.

Fannie Hurst, the writer, dresses in dazzling red frocks for evening. They are much the part of her as Louis Mann's wide-winged collars Miss Hurst, contrary to those who accepted the separate apartment mar riage literally, is seen often with her husband. He is a tall, handsome fellow with wavy black hair and one of those apparently born to comfort in full evening dress. (Copyright, 1925.)

By WALLACE IRWIN. THE NEBBS

my way," he lied, and pressed grim-

up at him.

He had seen her before.
"Comfortable all right?" he asked thickly.

The rest of their drive was through lighted, busy streets, past motion picture theaters, past illuminated bill-boards, past gleaming automobile showrooms.

"We're gettin' to be right smart of a town," he ventured as they were turning the Inness Street corner. "Isn't it dreadful?" she cried.

"I ain't much of a pillar, I reckon," he blurted.

"Who told you that?" she asked. Through his rough coat she had raised bare arms to arrange her hair, and she showed her dimples in a smile.

"Well, nobody—"

"You've been so sweet," she told him. "I don't know what on earth I should have done. And I was so cold and tired. I've had a horrid evening."

Her mouth dropped so deliciously that he had the courage to grow!:

"Look here. I don't suppose it's any of my business, but if there's anything I can do—"
"Oh, you're so good!" she thanked

"Isn't it dreadful?" she cried.

Two blocks further on she pressed his arm and pointed to the curb,
He slowed his car by the fine old horse-block and helped her out. Behind her the Corinthian pillars and famous bayed verandah of the Peake House loomed to the stars.

"You needn't take me to the door," she told him sweetly, putting her hand in his. It rested there a full minute. So she was the little one ... and the hand he was now holding had once closed on his peppermints ... the day the nigger had scolded him for giving candy to Jedge Peake's sacred grandchildren.

"Good night," he said finally, and to make it more complete, "Pleased to meet you. I'm sure."

any of my business, but it there's anything I can do—"
"Oh, you're so good!" she thanked him.
"No. I ain't good," he blundered on.
"But I'm pretty strong. And I'll lick any livin' man that even so much as dares—"
"Good night," he said finally, and to make it more complete, "Pleased to meet you, I'm sure."
"You've been so good!" She admired him with her soft eyes. "And don't forget your overcoat. I left it on the seat. I can't tell you how I appreciate—"

Because he was almost sure who she was, he was checked by his own audacity. Who was he to fight for her?"

"You would. I know you would," she said softly, and laid her hand on his arm.

on the seat. I can't tell you how I appreciate—"

"I'd do anything for you," he said, for she had made him quite insane.

"I bet you would," she called gay-ly back over her shoulder, "and you could, too. Well, good night—Candy Holtz."

return it right away.

New York, Jan. 9.—Sudden success does not always spoil the man but it sometimes makes his wife a ridiculous figure. New York literary circles have been particularly amused of late at the lorgnette attitude of the wife of a best selling novelist.

He is a square-toed country boy as senuine as the virgin soil of his

native state and as free of already tion as any successful human being to town. When they stopped at the might possibly be. But his wife has grown dizzy with superiority. She grown dizzy with superiority. She has taken on a triple ply British-acwalk. Wilder followed with Margaret

"It's all right, Jimmy, dear," said largaret, giving him her hand. second syllable. When his old friends call on him she takes on the air of remote but amused tolerance. She is not at all conscious of her middle class ancestry. Her father was an honest and energetic miller.

The air right, Jaminy, dear, sand Margaret, giving him her hand.

"You're just as sweet as you can be. But I'm sure she's home—and if she isn't we can get Daddy's car in a minute. Now you go to bed and sleep, old Jim, and I'll see you in the morning."

"Good night, Jim."
That was all their parting on this.

the first night of their betrothal. considerate of her. They have permit-ted her to get away with it in the hope it was a mere passing cranial hope it was a mere passing cranial nflation.

This case while conspicuous is not with a latchkey and showed the

"She'll be in her room," said the older sister, "and if she isn't sound asleep I'll make her come down and

apologize. their wives because they country their wives because they country apologize.

"May I smoke?" he asked, bringing out his case and bowing as though to beg indulgence of Victorian ghosts, lurking under the pompous attendant in a dentist's office. The attendant in a dentist's office.

THERE HE GOES __ AND HIS SISTER, MY WIFE, SAYS HE'S NOT

A FORTUNE HUNTER - IT'S OPEN-SEASON FOR HIM RIGHT NOW

fingers to his lips. "What a wife you'll make for somebody!"

She laughed a little inanely and went rapidly up the stairs. At the Oval Chamber's door she knocked softly the two-three cipher-knock which the girls had practiced since childhood. She was regarded by a drawling, "Come in, Peg."

Between panels of yellow brocade under candelabra that dripped crys ing the trouble to turn, but smiling at first you'd been crazy enough to walk. How in the world did you get happy when I go to bed on time."

"You home?" she crooned, not taking the trouble to turn, but smiling at first you'd been crazy enough to walk. How in the world did you get home?"

"You went away like a spoiled it, of course, and Carlos was in a dreadful state."

"I see you are." Margaret replied, at first you'd been crazy enough to walk. How in the world did you get home?"

"You went away like a spoiled it, of course, and Carlos was in a dreadful state."

"I see you are." Margaret replied, hew he walk. How in the world did you get home?"

"You went away like a spoiled of turn."

"Oh, that wasn't hard," drawled course, and Carlos was in a dreadful state."

"Heally?" The girl turned suddenty want. Thus sat the Lorelei, combing her long golden hair, bditing sharp rocks so cross about my staying up late. I long golden hair, bditing sharp rocks so cross about my staying up late. I

should think you'd all be gloriously happy when I go to bed on time."

"You went away like a spoiled child. Everybody noticed it, of course, and Carlos was in a dreadful state."

"I description of the peppermine did you get home?"

"Oh, that wasn't hard." drawled round you know. I couldn't listen to all he course, and Carlos was in a dreadful state."

"Oh, that wasn't hard." drawled you know. I couldn't listen to all he said—my drinks sort of died on me and I went to sleep. But he didn't mind the talked right on. He's and I went to sleep. But he didn't mind. He talked right on. He's

> W.A CARLSON

> > RACING RESULTS

SPARK

SCRATCHEL

-

REASON

UNKNOW

OH YES.

KELLY!

WINS BY A NOSE

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

THE SUGAR BABY.

HELLO -YES - IS THAT YOU MISS KLOTZMEYER?

I'LL BET YOU DON'T KNOW WHO THIS IS - IT'S

ERNIE - ERNIE DUMPTY - I THOUGHT YOU'D

FORGET ALL ABOUT ME . HOW HAVE YOU

BEEN HOPE ? LONESOME ? HOW

WOULD YOU LIKE COMPANY TONIGHT?

FINE ! ABOUT EIGHT

AND IN THE MEANTIME TAKE CARE

OF YOUR SWEET LITTLE SELF AND

OF YOUR SWEET LITTLE SELF AND

OF SWEET THINKING A WORLD

TOO BASHFUL TO TELL THEM TO YOU.

WELL GOOD-BYE - I'M THINKING

"SWEET-HEART" NOW BASHFUL! THAT GUY'S BASHFUL LIKE A TRAMP IN A PIE FACTORY! AND IS HE A FAST WORKER! AND FOR A SMALL TOWN GUY HIS LINE OF TALK IS NOT BAD:
IF THAT GUY ONLY HAD A SET OF BRAINS TO FIT HIS GAB AND NERVE HE'D BE KING OF THE WORLD!

Barney Google and Spark Plug



BARNEY -THIS IS KLIP! I'M IN JAIL -. I NEED \$10000 TO BAIL ME

SO THEY FINALLY NABBED HIM SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

THANKS TO YOU. YOU DEBECK

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck









JERRY ON THE JOB

La solding at

A FAIR QUESTION

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban











By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

IT'S EXPENSIVE

BUT I'LL TAKE

THEM !!







