

New York ---Day by Day---

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, April 15.—There is a job in New York where you are paid for being dismissed. Several big department stores have employees who are known as "O. O. M's." They are the Official Fired Men and sometimes they are fired fifteen or twenty times a day.

Their discharge is merely a sop to the feelings of ruffled customers. A justifiable complaint is made. The manager is grumped. He sends for a man whom he gives the customer the idea is responsible for the trouble. He comes in wearing a hang-dog look.

The manager thunders his seeming wrath. The O. O. M. tries to build up a justification, but his every excuse is swept away and he stands the picture of despair. They are said to be great actors. In the end he is told the firm can use him no longer.

He is given a slip of paper and told to see the cashier for what salary is coming to him. He slouches out, returns to his desk, lights a cigaret and awaits the next dismissal. Many times the customer feels that the matter has gone too far.

He pleads for his reinstatement, and if he pleads long enough the O. O. M. will be recalled and told that it is only due to the customer's magnanimity that he will be able to continue his post. He grasps the customer's hand in gratitude, waves away the suspicion of a tear and goes back to his desk.

Of course, after the O. O. M. is discharged the department store makes a thorough investigation of the complaint and seeks in every way to correct it, but in a public relation and dismissal has impressed the customer as they might not in any other way.

One customer is said to have made three complaints, and in each instance the same employee was dismissed. He became suspicious and wrote a letter, and that is how the story leaked out.

How to become a New York intellectual: Have a polite contempt for the works of Harold Bell Wright. And Hall Dreyer as greatest of them all.

"There goes the dress business." This was the wall of one of the avenue's best known makers of ladies' clothes, following the most recent drive of the officials to Sabharwal Gosh. The closing of the prominent night clubs, he said, would cause a 40 per cent falling off in the sale of evening gowns. It was further explained that most of these gowns were worn purely for public display. If entertainment is driven back to the private homes, where people meet the same old friends, they will not be so anxious for a variety of frocks.

New York ladies, by the way, are going to unusual lengths in their toilette. It started during the recent Palm Beach season. Manicurists were called upon to do the ladies' toenails. They were glossed to the pink of splendor so that they fairly shone through their sandals when they lollied about on the sands. Manicurists were not eager for the work and the price of an ordinary manicure was quadrupled.

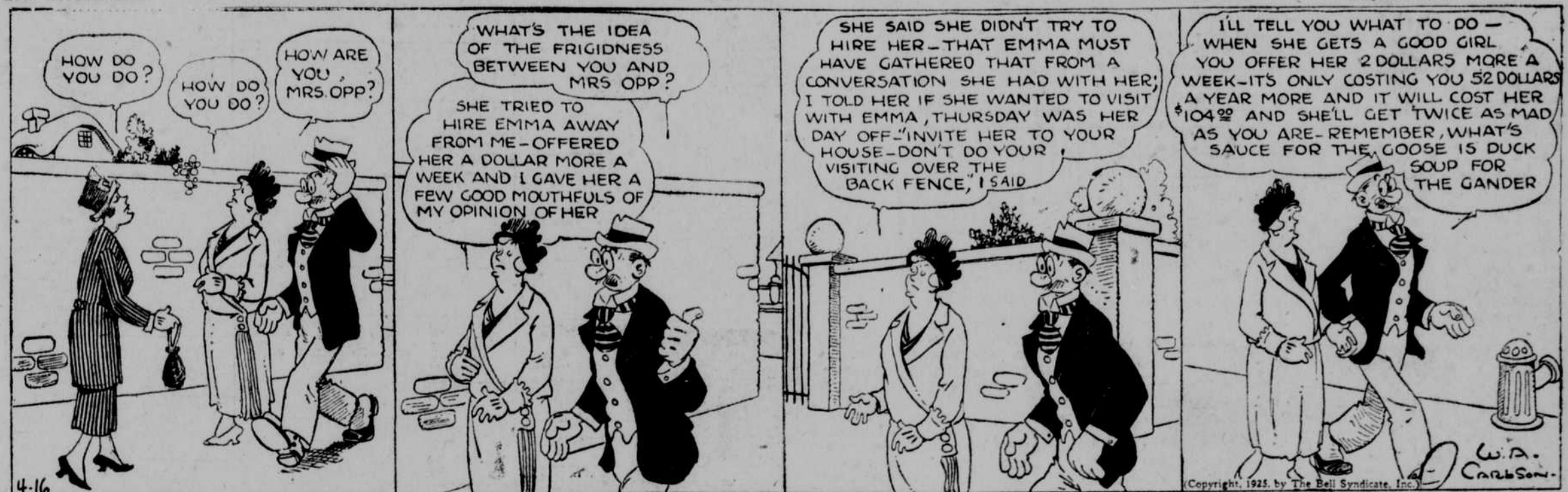
My friend, Bill Johnston, wrote a book called "These Women." Bill is happily married, but he had some cynical things to say about woman-kind. It seems significant that, after saying them and delivering his manuscript to the publisher, he embarked on a journey around the world.

That George Jean Nathan is to leave his co-editorship of the American Mercury to write a novel in Europe and leave Mencken at the helm alone is like splitting the Smith brothers and the Gold Dust Twins. Nathan will continue as a contributor and no doubt pick up a dazzling galaxy of German words to scatter from coast to coast.

Bozo Butts---They Drive Him Nuts.



THE NEBBES



Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Heas (Copyright 1925)

The Long Green Gaze

A Cross Word Puzzle Mystery
By Vincent Fuller

(Continued from Yesterday)

CHAPTER XIV. Ted Remembers.

"For heaven's sake, let me have a few words with you, Rose," Jarvis pleaded after lunch on Thursday, the day of Chalfonte's funeral.

"I don't feel much like having words with anybody, these days," she replied. "Especially after the grilling they put me through yesterday. Weariness clouded her blue eyes as she sat on the day-bed in the drawing room, where Jarvis had led her so that they would not be disturbed.

"I know it's been hard on you, dear. It has on everybody. I don't suppose I show it as much as some of them—Miss Minty, for instance—but I've learned a few things out of life that such people as Miss Minty don't get a chance to learn. He talked vaguely for a minute or two, watching Rose's face. It was indubitably a thinner and wearier face—the days and sleepless nights were telling on her as well as on the rest. "Don't you think it's rather foolish of you to stay on here, Rose. There's no way that I can keep you if you want to go. The most they can do is to shadow you, to make sure you don't get away altogether. They won't let any of us do that. I don't want to see you go, but I don't want to see you stay here either. You'd find it easier somewhere else. I'm sure they don't suspect you any more."

"You'd have thought they did yesterday—with those motion pictures."

"I know—they'll do all that can. They were going to put Soames through the same thing, but I don't know where they'll go."

"Where they'll go? I didn't know that. Of course, they wouldn't tell me. But how did you know?" Jarvis bent forward and answered in a whisper: "This is a thing just between us—they're letting me in on most of the things they find and plan. I don't quite know what to make of it. Maybe they really want me to help them and think I can't do anything but a reputation in the city. Again, maybe they just want to give me a little rope to hang myself with—as they think. They're not through watching me. I've had plenty of indications of that."

"Watching you, Jarvis? Her tone was flat, and she did not meet his eyes. Jarvis gulped a little. "Rose, you don't suspect me, too, do you?" His hands went toward her in an impulsive, pleading gesture.

"Jarvis" she cried in a low voice, which nevertheless made him look apprehensively at the door. "It's just that it's all so horrible, and I almost lose my mind under it all. I've even suspected myself at times, wondering if I didn't somehow have a vial of poison, or something, that I broke into her coffee."

"Well, if you have suspected me, you don't now, do you?"

"No, Jarvis," she said in a whisper so low as to be almost unheard. "It's a wonder we don't run into some trap or other, all of us, with them watching so carefully. They'll be ready to do anything to find a victim if something doesn't turn up soon."

"What kind of traps do you think they'll lay?"

"I don't know. One thing, they're watching the library."

"Why?"

"Because, the puzzle Chalfonte left—I worked it for them, you know. I'm almost under oath not to reveal this, Rose, but I'll tell you." Then lowering his voice to a whisper, he told her of all that Chalfonte's puzzle had revealed, and what the detectives had reconstructed of what must have happened the night before his death—the important parts of which had never reached the papers.

"The terrible. I knew that the murderer must have been in the house all the time, but that makes it worse, somehow. That would make it seem that the murderer and the thief were one. Isn't that what they think?"

"It would be the logical thing to think, wouldn't it? With the thief discovered, and the person who discovered him found murdered the next morning by the same poison used on Aunt Emily. . . . Now I tell you this, Rose, just to put you on your guard. Watch people—all the time. I believe that if two of us would work together, we might catch the guilty party, somehow. That's the reason that I've wanted to talk with you so long; and the other and most important is that I haven't been alone with you for so long that it seems hardly possible to go on living any more. I suppose most people think I'm a cold-blooded scientist, Rose. But where you're concerned, I'm not. The sight of your foot, your arm, your eyes, the gleaming of your hair at the end of the hall—I forget everything but you." He put his arm about her shoulder.

"Don't," she cried, and shivered convulsively. "Don't touch me, Jarvis. I . . . this is no time for love."

"Rose, you don't think I'm the— it isn't that that makes you want me not to touch you, is it? Is it, Rose?"

"Don't misunderstand, Jarvis, please. Be sensible. Be the scientist, not the lover. Listen. Just after I got up—just before lunch—Miss Minty had me in her room, crying on my shoulder. She'd forgotten all about that section of Emily's will that provided that in case one of the heirs died—that she was to inherit the property. And they sprang that on her yesterday, and she went to pieces, I guess, and she thinks they're going to hang her tomorrow, as near as I can make out. Then everybody is silent as lunch, and I keep remembering how they kept after me yesterday, and how utterly tired I got, and then you call me in and suspect me of suspecting you, and tell me a lot of things that would make me nervous anyway, and on top of that you begin to talk of love. Love? What I want isn't love. I want is to be out in the country, and have it spring, and lie down on the grass under a green tree, and watch the clouds grow in the sky, and after I run down a hill to a stream—and not to have a man in a hundred miles, or a newspaper, or anybody I've ever seen, I can't get that, I want to be dead—down under the ground, and have the flowers and grass waving above me in a clean wind of spring. But I don't want love."

She had spoken all this in a low, tense voice, and when she finished, with half a sob in her throat she ran to the door, flung it back, and vanished. Jarvis followed her slowly, and was still standing contemplating regarding the stained glass representation of Queen Louise at the head of the staircase when Ted came down the stairs.

"Where's Rose?" he asked. "Miss Minty's only person around here who gives her any comfort. Minty's prettily well cut up about something. "Rose has gone up to her room, I think. But let Miss Minty worry along. Rose needs rest—just as we all do, before she goes to Chalfonte's funeral."

"I know, old topper, but youth has to help bear the burdens of age. I've done my best by Miss Minty, but now she needs the genuine touch. That's plain as the nose on your face."

"Drat her—she's just another one of these people that ought to dry up and blow off."

"Better watch what you're saying, Jarvis. Ted cautioned him. "And listen to reason: I'm going up and get Rose. Miss Minty's all cut up. I tell you—this idea of her inheriting Chalfonte's money has gone to her head, with what the detectives say I made of it, and she's almost crazy."

"It looks to me like a case of one old woman ruining another old woman. It was an old woman's idea to leave nothing to Minty except in the case of the death of one of the heirs, and now it's going to cause Jarvis' death, or collapse, maybe."

"Don't be so high-hat about old women, Jarvis. Your own mother would have been an old woman by this time, you know, and it strikes me that somebody ought to take care of 'em."

"You'll be quoting 'Mother o' Mine' next if you don't watch out. Be careful."

"Be careful yourself, with all this talk of drying up and blowing off. "I know, Ted," Jarvis turned impulsively and put his hand on Ted's shoulder. "I know I shouldn't talk that way, but we're all on edge these days, and everybody suspects everybody else, and walks around thinking that everybody is suspecting him. And I know what interpretation you're putting on what I said. But you know how you feel when you stand on the top of a high building. You feel irresistibly drawn to jump. . . . Well, I'm just like that. I'm running down a pit of suspicion until sometimes I want to jump down into it myself, and I don't watch what I say, or care what I say. I just blindly slide out at people. You understand now, don't you, Ted?"

"Yes, sure. Like the coeds say when they get high, 'I'm running down a pit of suspicion until sometimes I want to jump down into it myself, and I don't watch what I say, or care what I say. I just blindly slide out at people. You understand now, don't you, Ted?'"

"Why, yes, we all are, I suppose. It would look rather bad to stay away."

As Ted climbed the stairs, dreading to face Miss Minty's hysterics alone, he mused over Jarvis' words: "Dry up and blow away." Something was stirring in his mind—a dark reviving memory of something he had overheard. Was it years ago?

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

BRINGING UP FATHER

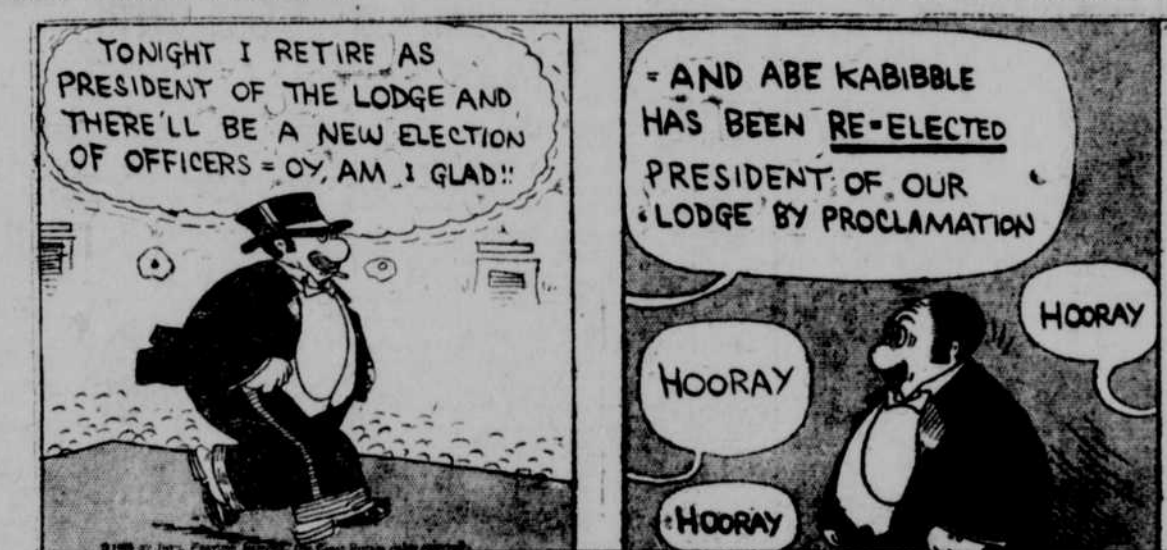


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ABIE THE AGENT



CAN'T HOCK POPULARITY.

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TILLIE, THE TOILER.



By Westover

Barney Google and Spark Plug

Sparky Thought He Was on the "Milky Way."

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