

New York ---Day by Day---

By O. O. MINTYRE

New York, April 16.—Thoughts while strolling around New York: Mah Jong sets at one-third price. The block on West Forty-seventh street that is always torn up. A movie cowboy with flinging spurs. A one-armed woman hawking free love pamphlets.

Percy Mackaye. Built fame building pageants. Shop windows blooming with feminine fripperies. Hurrying shoppers. Like squirrels in a cage. C. D. Gibson's fringing collar. The cabbie who continues to ring the old Delmonico corner. And rarely has a fare.

Giggling girls leaving tea rooms. Gentlemen with flasks. New York is becoming a hic town. Gloria Swanson's French husband. What price Gloria? A cigarette millionaire—from a Riga ghetto to a mansion on Park avenue. That's America! Shop advertisements: "Military brushes for women." Handsome Gene Maxwell. The Chicago critic. Madison avenue's antique district. Grand rap's bittern bottle sells for \$60. Cow cream pitchers and crockery dogs. Blue glass setting hens.

The little cafe that James Humeke used to frequent. And the gaudy mansion with glass porch pillars that a romantic Wall street swindler built. Ladies in double breasted mannish coats. And carrying canes. Where will the invasion of men's rights end? Pierre's at lunchtime. The shimmer of pearls. Blue shifts a la Prince of Wales. The gold caparisoned lacquy who serves toast. The patter of light conversation—as swift as a pelting rain. Covarrubias, the caricaturist.

Wonder if I'll have to pay the check? Or merely sign it. Why can't each dinner have just one knife and one fork? And abolish French

saucers. No American food left in New York. Roman steak. Roman biscuits. Roman punch. Business of chasing myself around the Acropolis.

Michael Arlen, the gifted Armenian novelist, was branded as an impostor by Irvin Cobb at a select dinner of the literati. "I have known Arlen an hour," said Cobb, "and he has not tried to sell me a jug."

Edna Ferber tells this one. She invited Charles Hanson Towne to accompany her on a visit to New York's most beautiful Jewish cemetery. "A Jewish cemetery?" exclaimed Towne. "I didn't know there were any dead."

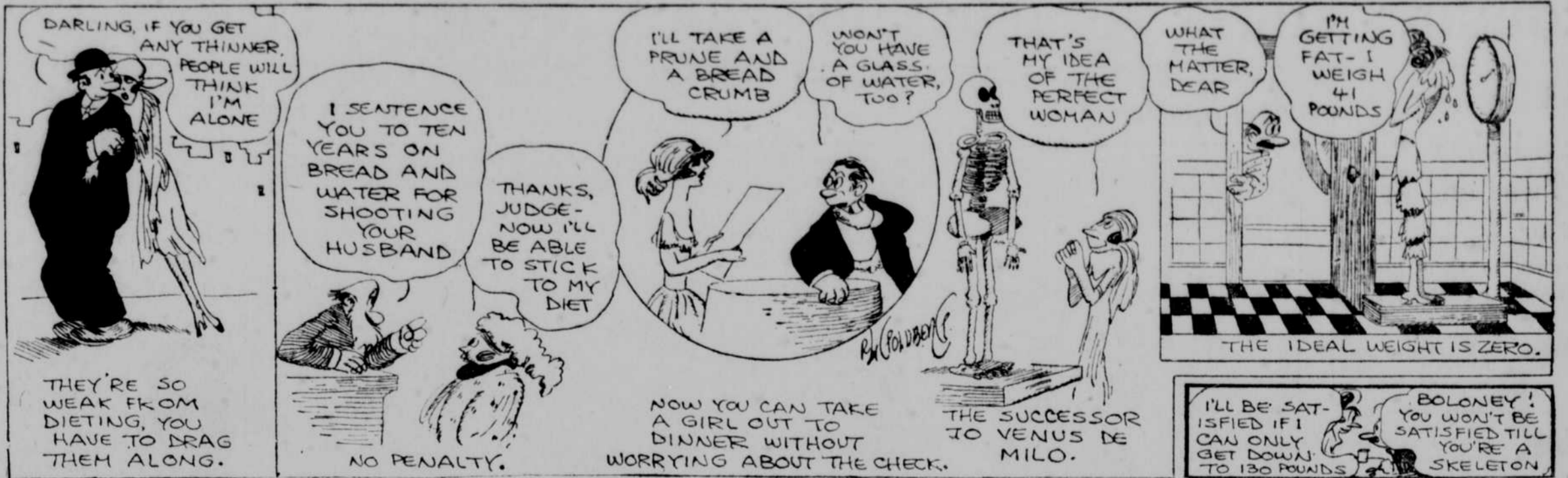
Then there is the story of the beautifully gowned lady in extremely delicate frock who sat next to one of the current wits. Three huge vaccination marks showed on her arm. He glanced at them and said, "I see you came through the plague nicely."

Cholly Knickerbocker, the chubby society editor, tells me of a new champagne arrangement for debutantes. They are escorted to social affairs by prim ladies who are known as "maid chaperones." It is their duty to wait for their charges in ante-rooms and see that they arrive home in good shape. He also tells me that many society women often go to parties without knowing who the hostess will be until they arrive. Social secretaries attend to the acceptances and as there are sometimes three or four affairs in an evening, the secretary merely gives the list and instructions to the chauffeur.

When I used to go to dancing school our hired girl, Alice Bunch, escorted me and so thin were social restrictions in those days that Alice danced with the little boys.

They Can't Get Thin Enough.

By Rube Goldberg



THE NEBBES

HERE IS LIZZIE THE CATRESS—THE OLD STANDBY AT THE NEBB HOME—WITH THE AID OF EMMA PREPARING THE DINNER FOR THE PARTY MRS. NEBB IS GIVING TOMORROW—SATURDAY



THE ARTIST.



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

The Long Green Gaze

A Cross Word Puzzle Mystery

By Vincent Fuller

(Continued from Yesterday).

No, it had been before Emily's death, the night before. He had been lying on his bed, dressed for dinner, and there had been voices in the hall. Suddenly he realized that the voices had been those of Rose and Jarvis.

"Look at them out there!" Miss Minty exclaimed when he joined her at the window. "The whole morbid town is crawling around out there." Ted looked out and then drew back behind the curtain. He peeped around the opposite side of the road, boys had climbed into trees, more people were coming. "It's that account in the morning paper," Miss Minty said. "They're all out to see us. The murder party, they call us. Ugh! It's horrible. Trying to pick out which one of us did it," she went on. "Thank heaven they're having Poor Homer's funeral at the undertaker's chapel. It would be too much to have it out here. . . . And won't you talk when they find I'm not out there! But I can't go. I can't! The doctor told me I couldn't. And there'll be just hospital and me while he's staying away from it."

"Don't let 'em worry you, Miss Minty. Come away from the window. Nobody suspects you—no one." "Yes, they do. Those detective men do. You could tell it in every word they said to me yesterday. You just don't know, Teddy. And I think it was that heathen bronze idol Homer gave me that brought all the bad luck."

Ted led her back to a comfortable rocker. "We'll give the town something else to think about. I'll stay home from the funeral, too. That'll keep 'em busy thinking for a good long time. I'm not going to go, anyway. And poor old Ghopal, he's pretty well shot even now. He couldn't go if he wanted to, I suppose. That hunger strike of his, and the time he was in jail, have been pretty hard on him."

"You don't suppose they'll put me in like that, do you, Teddy, the way they have Soames, too?" "You'll be the last one they'll take, Miss Minty. Depend on that. They've just treated you like they have the rest."

"That's what Rose said, too. . . . I wish she could come. . . . See if that's them going out now. There'll be Helen, and Janet, and Jarvis, and Rose. They'll certainly notice that we're not there, Theodore. I'm going to call you Theodore. It's so much more substantial sounding than Teddy. . . . I wish Rose wouldn't go. . . . I don't believe she's fit to go, really. She's a comfort, but at the same time, she's worried."

"Have you noticed that, too? . . . What do you suppose it is, anyway? . . . I've just been talking to Jarvis. . . . We're thinking the same thing, Theodore." She looked at him slantwise. As she looked, she seemed frailer to him than ever, drier, with less life. She was very old, really. He had never noticed it before. A strong wind and she'd dry up and blow away. . . . The words re-echoed giganticly through his brain. He could recall now—it was all very clear. He had been lying on his bed, utterly dozed, almost asleep. Voices had spoken in the narrow passageway just outside his room, which was the old nursery. Rose's voice, and then Jarvis', and all the words were coming back now. It was Jarvis who had said: "She's outlived her usefulness. She ought to be anesthetized. Some day she'll dry up and blow away, and nobody'll know just where." The words were very clear now. And then the sound of a sob and a choked word from Rose: "You mustn't talk that way, Jarvis"—and then another sob, and a light hysterical laugh. They moved on, and he was still lying on his bed. . . . It was all very clear now. The dusk had been driven from his memory. . . . "What is it, Theodore?" "Nothing. . . . I was just thinking something, nothing important. . . . Funny you'd think that about Jarvis and Rose, too. Have you thought she avoided him, or he her?" "I've thought she avoided him, that it made her shudder to be near him." "Yes—but we mustn't let suspicions run away with us, Miss Minty. We don't have anything much to go on, and neither do the detectives. I fancy, it takes evidence to convict a person, you know. And that's the trouble, there's no evidence. Of course, if we worked toward the detectives, and they worked toward us, then we might meet, somewhere. The engineers boring a tunnel through a mountain."

"Tigh! But suppose we just met each other? Oh, the whole thing makes me ill, Ted—Theodore. I think I'll lie down a while. Just fix me a bromide tablet for my nerves, won't you, dear, in a glass of water." When he had given her the bro-

midle and had securely tucked a comforter about her small shrunken form, he closed the door of her room softly behind him and started down stairs. "Hello," he said, "where did you come from?"

"Hardy, Burke's assistant, was sitting on the semi-circular seat beneath the stained glass window on the landing. "I was left on duty," Hardy explained, "and I just wandered up here to look at the statue of a little, and was resting. Any objection?" "None whatever. I don't know that you boys have any legal right to stand over me the way you do, but you're not interfering with any of my pleasures—so watch away." Ted snapped open his cigarette case and lit a cigarette. "Smoke?" he asked Hardy, extending the case.

Hardy's eyes widened, and a sneering grin crossed his face. "Say, what do you take me for, anyway? . . . The last guy that smoked in this house—well, you know what's happening this afternoon." Ted put his cigarette back in the case. "Now I suppose you'll think I've been trying to do away with you. You make me afraid of my own cigarette. But the devil! I'd rather be pinched for murder than not smoke these days." Quickly he scratched a match, and walked back to his room puffing large clouds of smoke into the air.

When Ted had disappeared, Hardy made a memorandum in his notebook, took out a crumpled yellow package of cigarettes and then returned them to his pocket carefully. "Devil of a job, this is," he mused. "Can't even smoke in comfort. And I'm probably alone in the house with the murderer, and maybe just saw him; and if I did blow my whistle, I don't suppose the bulls in the road would hear me."

Just then he heard a faint tap, tap, somewhere in the front part of the house. "I might, he listened. Tap, tap—followed by silence. Then a loud crash resounding through the lower hall. With one shrieking blast on his whistle, Hardy rushed down the stairs and paused before the library door, and pointed three revolvers at—Ghopal Bose. Ghopal smiled at them benignly.

"What you doing in there?" Hardy demanded. "And how did you get in without my seeing you?" "I was looking for a book to read, and I had climbed up on the bookcase to look at those on the top," he pointed—but I was so clumsy that I knocked over a whole pile of them. You may see for yourself."

"One on you, Hardy," the policeman laughed, looking at the scattered book. "You'd better take your book up stairs and read it." Hardy snapped at Ghopal irritably. "Certainly, if you desire me to do so. . . . And if I come down again, I shall notify you in advance." Smiling again, Ghopal departed.

Hardy returned to his seat under the stained glass and examined again the crumpled yellow package of cigarettes in his pocket. Carefully, he tore off part of each end, examined a match with care, and began to smoke. After all, he had bought the package only this morning. (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Elmer Moon is over 39 years old and he's so trim! he hasn't made a dollar since he used to get paid for takin' castor oil. Nothin' upsets a woman like somebody gittin' married she didn't ever know had a beau.

BRINGING UP FATHER

Registered U. S. Patent Office

SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

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ABIE THE AGENT

SOME DOCTOR.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



TILLIE, THE TOILER.

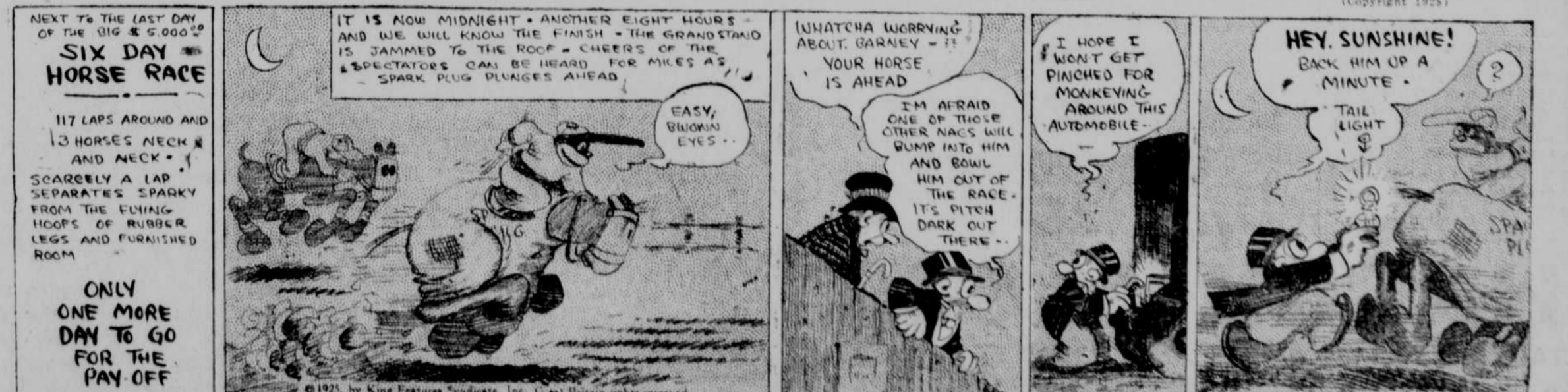
By Westover



Barney Google and Spark Plug

BARNEY SHOWS REMARKABLE "FORESIGHT"

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