

New York ---Day by Day---

By O. O. MUNTNEY.

New York, April 17.—I find Keener amusement in the New York theaters watching the orchestras than most of the plays. I am constantly enthralled by the maestros of the bull fiddle. With so many flutes, why does a man select this enslaving instrument as a career?

The bull fiddler must stand while his fellows recline in easy chairs. He goes through life with this dog house strapped to his back. When he walks he passes the people get out of his way and cast him mean and annoyed glances.

When the play is over the pianist slams down the lid and walks away. The flute player slips his flute in his vest pocket and goes out to join the boys at Jake's. But the poor bull fiddler must jockey his dog house into a corner without assistance. He is the last man to leave.

I imagine in the night when he hears the fire wagon sirening through town he is tortured by the thought: "There goes the bull fiddle." He is never permitted to play a solo. Who wants to hear a bull fiddle solo? He is a sort of outcast among his fellows.

Bull fiddlers are of the same mold. Little men with gold rimmed spectacles and the hunched up look of the frightened rabbit. They seem in constant fear of the conductor's baton—as though anyone cared whether or not they missed a note.

I fancy the bull fiddler is the product of heredity. Uncle Gottlieb leaves a bull fiddle among his effects. Somebody has to use it and it is thrust upon the most timid member of the family. From then on he becomes a slave—a musical Moloch.

The violinist flecks the dust off his instrument with a handkerchief. The bull fiddler must take a day off now and then and with polishing rags and a bucket of polish give his daily torture a chiffonier finish.

The bull fiddler getting rid of his fiddle must be somewhat like my own experience in getting rid of a masseur. I had engaged him on a morning following a day of rather violent exercise. The next morning he came and I had to permit his soothing ministrations. He was a bovine eyed, good natured and somewhat dimwitted fellow and I wondered how I didn't have the heart to dismiss him. Finally in desperation I hung a sign on my door: "Be back in three weeks." And that night I met him in the hall. He was back the next morning with: "Well, I see you didn't go away." But he may yet rub me the wrong way.

They tell of a hard-boiled Park Row city editor of a few years ago who would now and then hum light-ly and happily to himself: "I fired six reporters today, la la!" That city editor is now a life prisoner for murder.

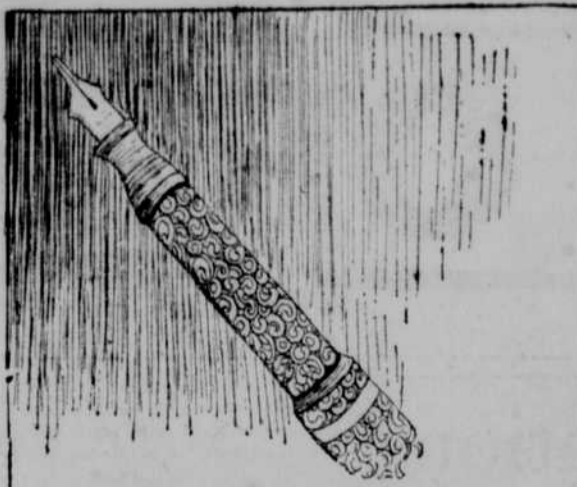
The Roaring Forties now has a place in The Seething Sixties. The theatrical critic is slowly sweeping up to Columbus Circle in its long march from Fourteenth street. Five theatrical hits are in the neighborhood and more theaters, they say, are to grace the neighborhood soon.

A New York movie director upon learning that a former flame who had several times in wrath threatened legal redress for flimsy promises of marriage took a rather mean advantage of the lady's recent marriage to another. He secured a huge and gaudy plush lined jewelry box from a smart avenue establishment and inside he placed a six-pound cobble stone. From then on she became a slave—a musical Moloch.

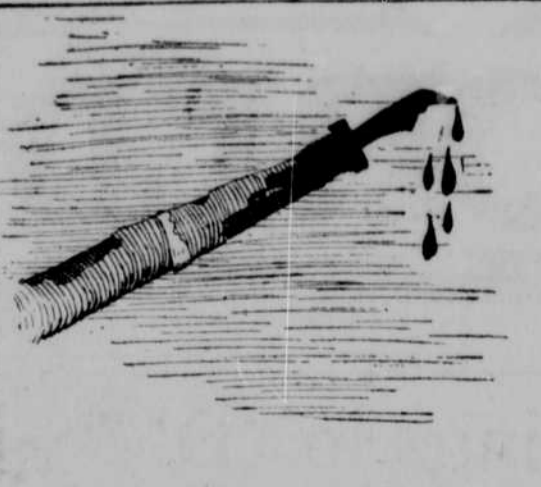
A blind beggar in the neighborhood of Grand Central warns of disaster in drink. A card around his neck reads: "I was blind drinking wood alcohol."

Life's Little Jokes---Number 691,889.

By Rube Goldberg



THIS FOUNTAIN PEN HERE IS A BEAUTIFUL THING THAT IS FIT TO BE HELD IN THE HAND OF A KING,



WHILE HERE IS A PEN THAT'S A TERRIBLE SIGHT, AND THE POOREST OF BUMS WOULDN'T USE IT TO WRITE:



BUT THE FANCY PEN'S USED BY THIS BIRD EVERY DAY, WRITING OUT I.O.U'S WHICH HE NEVER CAN PAY,



WHILE THIS GUY WIELDS THE PEN THAT YOU THOUGHT WAS A BUM'S, SIGNING CHECKS FOR QUITE LARGE AND ASTONISHING SUMS!

HE'S MY I.O.U. FOR \$100 I'VE GOT A WHOLE COLLECTION OF THEM AND THEY'RE ALL BOLONIES!

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hea. (Copyright 1925)

The Long Green Gaze

A Cross Word Puzzle Mystery By Vincent Fuller

(Continued from Yesterday).

CHAPTER XXV.

"What's the Latin Name for Parsley?"

In response to Johnson's subdued tut-tut upon the chiming the next evening a silent group was flung down the hall toward the dining room, when the strident howl of a motor horn sounded above the thunderous exhaust of a high-powered automobile. Those near the door went to it. With horn still blaring and with tires scraping on the driveway, the car came to a sliding stop under the porte-cochere.

Ed Howell, followed closely by another muffled figure, sprang up the steps, rapped nervously at the door, and pushed on through the vestibule.

Helen, who had been farther down the hall than the rest, was the first to realize what had happened. "Grant!" she cried. "Grant!"

"Helen!" a broken voice answered, and she was enveloped in big arms that did not for some minutes relax their hold. When she turned to the immobile group, her face was flushed, her hair disheveled.

"He's here, oh, he's here!" she said, repeating the words dazedly, and clinging to his arm.

"Suppose they can find any dinner for me?" Grant asked.

"Johnson is setting places for you and Mr. Howell now," Miss Minty said.

It was a strange mixture of feelings that held them as they entered the dining room. Here was one, at least, who was temporarily released from suspicion—and the cloud which had fogged the whole house was partially dissipated by this one clean thrust from the outer world. What ever affection had been given to Grant was now offered again—as wholeheartedly as possible. The excitement of Grant and Howell, too, was contagious to a certain degree; but because the others had not been cleared as Grant had been, because the net might tighten, justly or unjustly, at any one of them, the hilarity acted did not ring wholly true.

"Listen, old-timer, how did you get out?" Ted asked in the first lull of conversation; and then blushed scarlet with embarrassment. "I mean," he stammered on, "we're—in so awfully glad you did, old scout, I—"

"Can't keep a good man down—or in, Teddy," Grant responded heartily. "Not when he's got a good lawyer. Ed over there knows his stuff all right—of course, I'm only out on bail, but appearance before the grand jury is more or less perfunctory now." He looked into Helen's eyes, which seemed to be clouding again with worry.

"Now, honey," he said, and frankly caught her hand. "Howell has it all fixed. They don't have the evidence to hold me on. The district attorney agrees with me. Now let's forget it all. I'll be here, of course, until everything's settled. Ed has even swung the deal in the Fowler Addition for me. Now let's forget it all."

Then the swinging of the door revealed for an instant, to those facing it, the figure of Hardy in the butler's pantry, eyeing the group over a lifted cup of coffee. A hush fell upon them, and not even Grant or Howell could wave away the fog which again sifted gloomily down upon them as they realized that nothing was solved, that there had been only an interlude in the tragedy in which they were involved. After two or three futile attempts at lightness, Howell turned more quietly to Rose, who sat beside him.

"Have there been any more crossword puzzles, Miss Fabry?" he asked in a low voice.

"Not that I know of. Apparently they've stopped. I almost wish they'd begin again. They keep your mind occupied, don't you think?"

"I suppose so." His glance at her became a stare as he realized her cool, vivid beauty, the direct blue eyes, the auburn tints in her gold hair, her delicate white shoulders curving down into a simple blue organdy. Janet was the very opposite of Rose, he decided. She was even becoming a little bold with Ted, he thought the note of her laughter was forced; her dark eyes, strangely brilliant, rested often on her brother, who was trying to make conversation with Miss Minty, on the other side of him.

After dinner the party eddied about in the hall for a time, at last separating into two groups, one going to the drawing room, the other to the library. As Ted and Janet entered the library together, with Miss Minty following, Janet released her chummy hold on Ted's arm, and stepped quickly forward. "Damn it!" she exclaimed. "What is it?"

"Look there." She pointed toward the mantel. Placed in the center of the broad shelf hung a sheet of paper bearing Emily Dunsenath's monogram. Below it stood out the familiar squares of black and white.

"Let's get it over before Hardy comes in," Janet fumbled in the desk for pencils. Ted, bringing the dictionary with a moment later by a "Wait a minute!" from the doorway, and Hardy came striding in. "Give me that," he commanded. "I thought it best to notify him," Miss Minty explained.

Hardy, puzzle in hand, disappeared into the hall, was heard in conversation at the telephone, and shortly reappeared. "All right," he said, "go ahead and work it, but I'll have to be here with you. We want this one, and it's not going to disappear like the first one."

Ted, Janet, Rose, Minty, Jarvis and Howell worked at the puzzle, but there wasn't effective room about the table for all of them. Gradually Howell withdrew, and then Jarvis. The two of them sat talking in the corner, and Rose went to the music room, where she played, in a subdued manner, the "Valse Triste." Gopal wandered restlessly about the library, took book after book from the shelves, looked at them cursorily, at some attentively, returned them to their places carefully, and so made the room seem as though he were searching for some one poem or passage to fit his mood, and could remember not at all where he had seen it first. When Hardy occasionally took his eyes from the puzzle, it was to watch Gopal's actions or to glance at Howell and Jarvis in the corner.

"I'll let you alone, can't you?" Ted said at last, rising. "I don't seem to be much good tonight. Where did Grant and Helen go, anyway?"

"They left on their own," Janet replied curtly. "They don't want Theodore Dunsenath playing guardian angel tonight." She was hitting the end of her pencil, through the motion of writing letters in certain squares without actually filling them in. Jarvis left Howell and went into the music room.

"Miss Minty, I'll let you finish this one," Janet said, rising. "I'm not feeling very well." Her cheeks were pale under their glibness, circles of rouge, and she left the room quickly.

"I'll just take this and finish it myself," Hardy said, picking up the sheet. "It ought to go easy now, and I've learned a little about them myself the last few days." With that, he picked up the puzzle, the pencil, the dictionary, and so loaded, left the room.

Gopal renewed his interest in the books, Miss Minty looked into the firelight, watching its reflections in the mahogany columns of the mantel, and Helen and Grant came in to join the rest, followed by Rose and Janet. Janet alone was absent.

"You know," Jarvis said to them, "all this clears up for me some lines I read in Browning once, those in the 'Soliloquy of the Spanish Coler'—how did they go?"

"What's the Latin name for parsley? What's the Greek word for swine's snout?"

Of course it must have been crossword puzzles that worried the old monk at the dinner table. Wouldn't you say so, Miss Minty? Miss Minty did not answer. "Well, what was the Latin name for parsley in this puzzle, Miss Minty?"

"One that you should have stayed here to find out about," Miss Minty answered sharply. "That man Hardy has it now—he wouldn't give us a chance to finish it."

Desultory talk followed. Nobody wanted to start the movement toward bed, yet everybody wanted to go, and at last Miss Minty rose and advised them: "Personally," she said, "I think we'd all better go up to bed. I'm going now, and you'd better all come, too." But nobody followed her as she left the room. In the hall she found Janet loitering near the foot of the stairs. "I thought you had gone to bed," Miss Minty admonished her.

"Not yet. I—I began to feel better."

"Did that detective brute go?"

"I don't believe he did. He's in the kitchen," Janet answered nervously.

"You're—you're sure you're feeling all right, Janet?"

"Perfectly. You go on to bed, Miss Minty. Don't worry about me."

When Miss Minty had disappeared around the bend of the stairs, Janet slipped quietly down the back hall toward the kitchen, and as she heard the kitchen door open, stepped softly into the butler's pantry. Hardy passed her quickly, wholly unaware of her presence.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

Farache, following a "bad cold in the head," demands the immediate attention of an oculist.

THE NEBBES

EVERYTHING IS ALREADY FOR THE PARTY—LIZZIE IS GIVING EMMA A FEW INSTRUCTIONS IN THE ART OF WAITING ON THE TABLE



PROFESSOR LIZZIE.

I'LL SIT HERE AND YOU WAIT ON ME AND I'LL CORRECT YOUR MISTAKES—ALWAYS SERVE FROM THE LEFT—IF YOU DON'T KNOW WHICH IS LEFT THEY ALWAYS WEAR THEIR JEWELRY ON THE LEFT HAND AND FOR HEAVEN SAKE! DON'T THROW THINGS DOWN LIKE THE WHISTLE BLEW AND YOU WERE THROUGH WORK

THERE'S NELLIE BUTCHER IN THERE PEEKING THROUGH HER SPECS ON A STICK—IT'S NOT LONG AGO SHE THOUGHT A WRINGER WAS A HAND ORGAN

NOW SHOW A LITTLE STYLE—WALK GRACEFUL-LIKE—DON'T PUT YOUR FEET DOWN LIKE YOU NEVER EXPECTED TO PICK 'EM UP AGAIN—TRY AND ACT LIKE YOU DON'T LOOK

YOU GOT ME ALL SHAKY ALREADY

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus (Copyright 1925)

BRINGING UP FATHER



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

ABIE THE AGENT



TILLIE, THE TOILER.



Barney Google and Spark Plug



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck