

JO ELLEN

By ALEXANDER BLACK.

(Continued from Saturday.)

Mrs. Simms twitched and gave her sympathy for people you can do something with.

"She's a tart, all right," said Marty. "Her father—Jo Ellen began, then pushed the subject from her.

"Yes," Mrs. Simms nodded. "That lets them out, when you can blame the parents. I'll bet your folks don't defend her."

"Let's not get to comparing folks," suggested Daniel Simms.

Jo Ellen learned that you should defend not only the sins of those whom you defended, but the sins for which you were sorry. Even your own. Her success in business needed apology.

"I should think," observed Mrs. Simms, "she'd want to rest at her age."

"The hustle and excitement of it makes her very happy," Jo Ellen said. "Excitement," Mrs. Simms pounced on the word. "She'll pay for that with a smash."

Daniel Simms chuckled.

"A great girl, that grandmother." "You couldn't fool her about Myrtle," Marty remarked with a sullen persistence.

She had the awkwardness, when you first heard it, of promising to force praise or defense of one or the other. But Mrs. Simms found a way of doing neither.

"If she hadn't watched the hat grow up she couldn't do any more than guess."

"I watched her grow up—" cried Jo Ellen.

Daniel Simms extended his hand. "Mother doesn't mean to be insulting."

"Insulting?" Mrs. Simms stiffened. Her eyes ascribed the implication to Jo Ellen. "Is it so you must step carefully around here?"

If all three had been against her Jo Ellen would have found the situation simpler. The fairness of the easy-going elder Simms laid a hand on her irritations.

Mrs. Simms took a deep breath. "I'm to keep my mouth shut."

Marty, crouched forward in his chair, shifted the gaze from the mother to Jo Ellen, and without warning shrieked, as in a spasm.

"She never acted this way till she mixed with that Broadway bunch!"

"Say, look here—" the father began.

Mrs. Simms, turning to her son, was transfixed by what she saw. Her stare seemed to be reading of an astounding and pitiful revelation, to be grasping, in an angry horror, as for the first time, that all she saw had been inflicted by the intruder.

With the bedroom door closed behind her, Jo Ellen could hear the mutter of voices; a whining note from Marty cutting through the boom of the boom.

his father's protests. There was no longer a reservation. Marty had chosen his ally.

Jo Ellen crawled into her marriage bed and turned her face to the wall.

XVI.

Arnold Pearson came on Monday night and managed the adventure of getting Marty to the movies. Mrs. Simms disliked pictures, but acknowledged the desirability of giving Marty this pleasure. Pearson, pushing the chair, sitting with Marty, cajoling the people at the movie theater into permitting a favored place for the vehicle, so that Jo Ellen and himself might have the proportion of seats in high spirits. It appeared that he had been promoted impressively in his business. He told them of the thrill and how needful it was that in some way he should work it off. Marty's glance was not envious. It had more the raptness one would have expected in an adoring dog.

Sometimes Jo Ellen thought that Pearson's notice accounted for an accentuated effort to be cheerful, though being cheerful, in his big way, seemed so natural a matter. An understanding look that passed between the young men often struck Jo Ellen as expressing one of the legacies of a companionship. She and Marty had a history, too. But Marty gave her no such glance. There was a wistful stare that was not at all like it. . . . Certainly Pearson understood Marty. Jo Ellen wondered how close he came to understanding her. Sometimes when Pearson looked at her, with his eyes merry or simply cordial, with a kind of reaching-out friendship, there came a change, perhaps a yearning for a change in her, she thought that was not like pity. She couldn't quite make out what it was, but it did not offend her. If it was not understanding it was an eagerness to understand, some sense of realization, or maybe simply a distress that could not be spoken. So many things were not said. There was a leaden effect in the thought that the proportion of unspoken things had increased, that she and Marty so frequently spoke in a translation rather than in an original, as if their souls walked in permitted city to be waiting. When she felt the divided obligation, the roof confirmed the sentence.

Sometimes the roof suddenly revived flashed impressions of the day, gave a burning emphasis to feelings that had been shut off by a dimension of things; feelings that were perhaps stirred by the summer, that could blaze up when she saw girls in going-somewhere dresses, laughing expectantly, or heard certain musics, or became aware, by a sound and slight melody, of a life that was not like her life—at the seaside, on pleasure barges, in the dancing parks, in romantic mountain inns, in meadows spattered with color. . . .

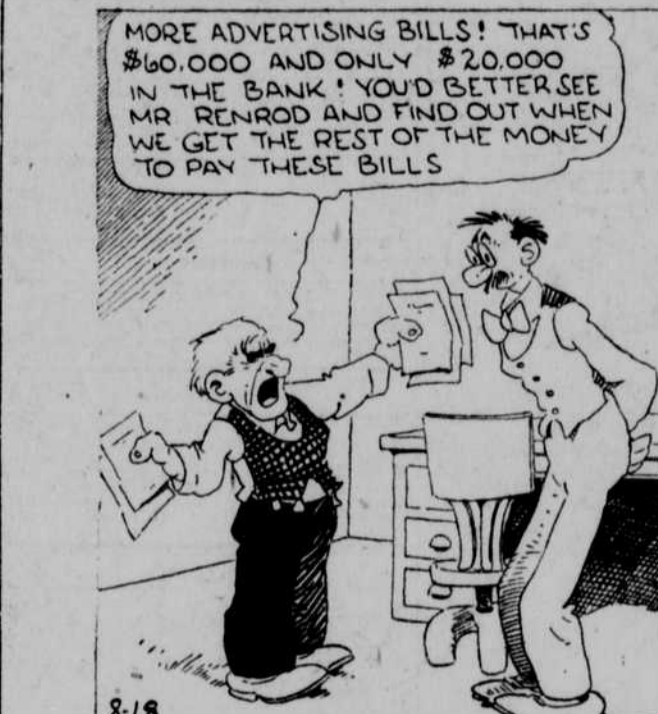
There was one evening that stood out because the day had stood out, and that held on its own account a kind of painful vividness. The sky had been opalescent. A softness in the air carried a wishing warmth. At sundown the sky seemed full of questions, and the spangled lanes of the city to be waiting. The highlands hung out beckoning lights. Something drawn in with her breath kindled a clamor she could not answer. Astonishingly clear pictures came leaping out of the past days, without reason or order. . . . of the tall grass on the Hudson side when the sun was hot; of the time she slapped the Blandly boy for pulling open her stocking; the incident in the school yard when one of the girls told an extraordinary story; of the afternoon when Myrtle Fleck was getting ready for a swim, and shouting, "What a pity we can't be natural!" had pranced naked for a moment in the cabin of the house-boat. . . .

Natural. That was a mocking idea inside the coping of a roof. And yet here, under the new stars, withdrawn from the scuffle, high in the languorous dark. . . . with the right lover. . . .

XVII.

On one of the turbulent days at the office, when there was much of going and coming in the outer room, enormous complexities at the telephones, and indications of an irritated coolness in Eberly, Cora Vance appeared with Miss Farrand and found a moment in which to unfold the allurement of a choice little party set for the following Saturday night. "I've just taken a notion," Cora said to Jo Ellen, "that I want you to come along. Amy Lenning has an

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New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, Aug. 18.—A page from the diary of a modern Samuel Pepys: Lay late and felt a great weariness. So tried to simulate buoyancy by springing from the bed and touching fingers to the floor 10 times but done very creakily.

Out into town for late breakfast with Luther Reed and matched for the tariff, he winning. Thence to my tailor to be fitted to a new suit, very brave, and then to the park to sit on a bench reflecting on the futurity of things in general.

Home where came Hurry Maxon, for whom I hold a great affection, and we talked of other days when we built pirate dens in haymows and were regarded the worst scamps in our town, and deservedly so. And we laughed a little and cried a little.

With V. V. McNitt and our wives to a dinner at the Astor and many notables there including George M. Cohan, Will Rogers, William Collier, Marcus Loew, Daniel Frohman and Irvin Cobb. So home and to bed at 2 in the morning.

It was a bad break an East Side laundryman got in his initial venture on a professional musical career. He was to appear in a musical comedy. On the night of his big chance he reached the theater to find it dark. A comedian of the show, listening as a mummy, stood in front of "I was to sing here tonight," said the singer. The comedian cracked a wry smile and pointed to the sheriff's notice on the door. "You sing and I'll clap," said the comedian. "The show's bust."

Almost every cafe or cabaret this summer in New York has taken the term Jardin. There are Jardin de Danse, Jardin de Babylon, etc. etc. The French term gives patrons the feeling of being socially significant.

In one of the Jardin places is this sign: "All men must keep their hats at tables but keep on your coats."

There is another interesting sign in one of the cafes on Fourteenth street. It reads: "Keep your talk on a high plane."

He is an old waiter in service for 37 years. Like many in his calling he was forced to retire on account of fallen arches. He made it an invariable rule at the outset of his career to save every penny he made in tips. He lived in a \$2 room on the west side and most of his meals were free. He has \$52,000 saved in excellent securities.

One of the most unusual homes in New York is on West End avenue. It is owned by a rather gay bachelor who gives hectic parties now and then. In an inside courtyard is a miniature garden of Versailles. There are tables about on the terrace and four waiters are on hand from 6 o'clock in the evening until after midnight to serve guests with drink or food. The bachelor expects his friends to visit him any time they choose whether he is home or not. There is also a dance floor off the dining room which has an electric orchestra that plays jazz tunes at the touch of a push button. On the fourth or top floor is a small stage, fully equipped, and once a month he gives a private performance with recruits from the musical comedy stage. Thirty years ago the bachelor was a fruit dealer near Brooklyn bridge. He began speculating in real estate and later in Wall street and amassed a fortune. He has now retired from business and devoted his time to entertaining his friends. Two years ago after a rather riotous party he took 12 of his guests to Europe the next day on a big liner, where they remained for three weeks at his expense.