

JO ELLEN

By ALEXANDER BLACK.

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(Continued From Yesterday.)

But you ought to have done it. You late now to do it right. What you have to think of is what you've done to her—and what's left to be done on her account. I'm going to tell her the story to get it over with. If she'd never heard a word, you—or I—either—might have been weak enough to keep quiet. Now that she's had the worst there's nothing else for it. No matter how it hurts her, it's better than leaving her to do a lot of imagining—making it worse than it was, maybe.

"Could it be worse?"

"This came so faintly that Bogert might have doubted whether the question was more than a movement of the lips.

"Yes—yes, Jo Ellen, I think it could be worse—if you started filling things in that're not so. When your mother said you had heard something, I wanted to stop the danger of that—of your pulling up a bunch of horrors and putting Marty in the middle, like he was a monster—the chief monster. I tell you, Jo Ellen, this boy you married could have been the sex angel of the ever, and if nothing noisy had happened he might be the candy husband and grow up to pass the plate in church. Then again, not being had at all, he might make one mistake—one mistake—and, if circumstances ran against him, down comes his whole world in a mess. If you want to know what I think, that wasn't like Marty. That's a great point to think of—whether a thing's like a person. When it comes to punishments, we ought to get more for wrongness that's like us than for wrongness that isn't like us. Of course, circumstances don't consider that at all. You only have to lean too far over the edge of the roof once and gravitation does the rest. The punishments we put on ought to be different. Here's a boy sails away with his regiment—"

"Are you going to say it was the war?"

"The war?" Bogert gave apprehensive consideration to this, then went on with a heightened vehemence, holding his voice to his best imitation of a whisper: "No! That's just what I don't do. He might have gone to Schneidatz to sell gas fixtures and had the same thing happen to him. Why—his tons cut off in a fresh visitation. —I might have happened at Inwood, and the maniac might have been old Tice! We know it wouldn't have happened at Inwood for a hundred per cent good reason—right there was Jo Ellen!"

"I see. When she isn't right there—"

Jo Ellen saw the little beads of

perspiration on Bogert's lips. He was throwing himself into a great effort. He was pleading mightily. A kind of cruelty appeared in letting him do it—in forcing him to do it. If he was right, only an utterly miserable selfishness could let him go on. Yet he could be wrong. Affection was often wrong; not, perhaps, in asking charity, but in marking out ways. Bogert was sending her back to Marty—and to Marty's mother. This was what it meant. Back to the roof. No one knew whether she intended to go back to the roof. They were playing safe. Probably this was what affection always did—urged you to return to the suffering, and be noble. It wasn't merely an issue between two people. There were a lot of others to consider—others who had made a pretty diagram for you and hated to see it muddled. A separated wife imposed enormous inconveniences. Keeping people in a nice procession, two by two, preserved the peace of social traffic. The people, two people—

"And there's this," said Bogert fervently. "It isn't fair to size up this boy the way he is now. You know how he was. I always liked him. You liked him. Suppose he had had a fever, or something. Or say T. B. You'd stick to him. You'd fight it out. You wouldn't quit. You wouldn't ask whether it was his fault. What I say is, that tumble when he was with you was part of the calamity. See? His fault was all back of that. It was the misfortune of his tones, he suddenly winced at the glare in which they sat."

"Don't argue any more," protested Jo Ellen.

"In only—"

"Let me think it out."

He glared at her anxiously. "See here—we didn't order any dessert. What do you think of that?"

"I don't want dessert, thank you. You're awfully kind to me, and I know I seem like a troublesome affair."

"You'll be troublesome if you don't eat. And I've spoiled your appetite. Look at your plate."

Jo Ellen smiled upon him wearily. Bogert himself had eaten little. He had no certainty of having moved her, no certainty that there was any profound need to move her. He knew only that she had turned her head, that she had announced her intention of going there for a second night. This represented a situation of towering importance. If anything could be done, now was the time. And he felt defeated.

"What do you say?" he cried. "Let's go to a show!"

She didn't care for a show. They liked better to go home. Mother and Grandmother would be wondering.

"Don't you care how anybody wonders?" He put out the bills for the waiter. "Don't you waste any time thinking about anybody but yourself—and that boy. That's the game—you and Marty. Give everybody else the air. Mrs. Simms, too. Let her gloat around as much as she wants to."

"I wonder what you'd do with her," Jo Ellen said dully. He was glad she didn't flare. The omission seemed promising.

"Want to chloroform her, probably. For her own good. It's a blamed shame we can't chloroform some people. And yet... Well, she's his mother. You couldn't chloroform a mother. God, no!"

This was no ending to all that Bogert had wanted to say. No use keeping it up. Perhaps he had done something. The story was out—all that was rightly to be told—and that was something. When he saw her standing there, ready to go forth with him, ready to rattle toward Inwood where the others would get at her, he knew that anything might happen—anything. All the strong arms on earth couldn't forcibly lift her over the chasm of her difficulty. She must make her own leaps. She must do her own living. Once he would pick her up—how she used to wiggle and carry her anywhere. She had straddled his neck and driven him with two clutches in his wiry hair, wrenching a howl out of him with those clever little fingers. An altogether charming girl child she was. And how now that fine free stride of her must follow her own path. You could walk beside her, and feel as proud as you liked, or worry until you sweated. You could get along and be intoxicated by her listening look. But you couldn't gather her up, or tote her any place you wanted to. She wouldn't straddle your neck and pull your hair and let you do

stunts and yell joyously. She was a woman.

IV.

The mother and grandmother were quite assured of Ben Bogert's intentions; not because he had mentioned them, but because it was inevitable that he should have them, and the

circumstance established the probability that each made an estimate of the value to be placed on the intercession. Each had a way of loving Ben, and each had her own habit of discipline. They would have agreed that whatever he did would require

isolation. His mental gestures needed space. He was easily frustrated in a group. They could fancy him as saying, "If I had her alone—" He had her alone, and who could say what would be going on in her head while he talked? Both of the women felt a piercing curiosity as to Jo El-

len, a curiosity which each after her own method had sought to muffle or to justify. Again and again one and the other put herself in Jo Ellen's place, escaped, and went back. Neither had any individual experience that seemed to fit them for an altogether conscientious estimate, and

when their thoughts wandered to some tale or circumstance that threatened to present a parallel, they always ended by deciding that Jo Ellen's situation was not to be measured by any other.

Of these thoughts the two women said very little to each other. For

one thing, there was Billy at the living room table wrestling with his algebra. Even absent-minded boys often had absurdly acute ears. When Billy knew that his sister was expected, after having spent one night at the house, he looked up to ask.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

THE NEBBS

SO YOU'RE GOING DOWN TO NORTHVILLE - I WOULDN'T HAVE PUT ALL THE STYLE AND CLASS IN THESE DRESSES IF I'D KNOWN - IT WILL BE WASTED ON THOSE NORTHVILLE PEOPLE

THERE'S NO SOCIAL LIFE THERE - I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR HUSBAND IS THINKING ABOUT TO TAKE YOU THERE UNLESS IT'S TO SAVE MONEY - I DON'T WANT TO DISCOURAGE YOU - YOU MIGHT LIKE IT IF YOU HAVEN'T TRAVELED MUCH

AND HOT! AND MOSQUITOS! YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF THEM CHEWING YOU UP - THEY PAY ALL THEIR ATTENTION TO STRANGERS - THE INHABITANTS ARE SO DRIED UP THEY DON'T WASTE TIME LIGHTING ON THEM UNLESS IT'S TO REST A WHILE

MRS. SPECKLES VISITED NORTHVILLE ONCE - SHE SAYS IT'S A TERRIBLE PLACE

SHE'S RIGHT - SHE ALWAYS WAS RIGHT - THAT'S WHY SHE COULDN'T GET ALONG WITH HER HUSBAND - SHE WOULDN'T BE HAPPY IN HEAVEN PLAYING DROP THE HANDKERCHIEF



Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

Barney Google and Spark Plug

SUNSHINE A NEW LIGHT IN SPORTING WORLD

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

WHO'S THAT TELEGRAM FROM!

FROM MEMPHIS, BOSS DE WANTS ME TO CHALLENGE YOU ALL FOR A WAGE. NO SPARK PLUG AND MAH TUOTSKI!

GUARANTEED AN HEAVY MONEY BONUS FOR \$5000 FOR MAH TUOTSKI'S TRAVEL EXPENSES

500 DOLLARS - AHM I GAIN WIGHT DOWN TO DAT TELUMGWAF OFFICE AN GET DAT DOUGH!

YO WAIT FO ME MISTAH GOOGLE - AH ANIT Gwine TO LET DE HEAVY MEMPHIS WAGE FALL THOO - NO SUH!

THE LITTLE BUM - I WONDER IF HE EXPECTS ME TO FALL FOR THAT MEMPHIS HOKUM!!

NOW MISTAH GOOGLE IF YO AM QUITE WEADY I GOT A PROPOSITION TO TALK OAH WIF YO

? NEW'S BELLS

New York

--Day by Day--

By O. O. McINTIRE.

New York, Aug. 25.—In one of the muffled hums of jazz the cooler night pleasure seekers were just a bit shocked to see a correctly groomed man apply a hypodermic needle to his arm and send the plunger home.

He made no effect at evasion. He wanted a "shot" and took it. It was a striking example of the way secrecy is being shattered among drug addicts. Formerly the addict was skillfully adroit in hiding his vice from the world.

Now he doesn't seem to care. At lunch the other day I overheard two men openly discussing their slavery before a group of five. One I recognized as a playwright, who has had a number of successful plays and quite a number of vaudeville skits. Of course, they may have been jesting.

Two famous song writers make no secret of the fact that for many years they were in the clutches of drugs—one an opium smoker and the other a user of morphine. They claim now to have cast off the shackles. Chorus girls who use cocaine jest about "snow parties."

Narcotic squad scouts claim that one out of every four Broadway habitués uses drugs in some form. Heroin, the most deadly of all, is the most popular among them. These scouts can spot the addict on sight. The peculiar sparkle of the eye and the pallor gives them away. Few drink.

There are a hundred dope runners in the Times Square district. They supply what is not supplied by illicit druggists and doctors attached to the staffs of shady hotels, the Broadway drug addicts run in a pack. Where there is one there are usually several cronies.

It is said there are more drug addicts living on 45th, 46th and 47th streets, between Broadway and Sixth avenue than any other given area of the town. There is also a dope belt on 125th street in Harlem. The Bowery hasn't as many drug addicts as it has rum sots.

Gotham has the "bromide" phobia. A casual remark that smacks of the commonplace is a bromide. It is a term Gelett Burgess coined many years ago and has not lost caste in the Shantytown.

To pull a "bromide" brands one as a yokel. One must not discuss the weather and kindred everyday topics. One must achieve the brilliant epigram or wise-crack. The hackneyed phrase brands you as a conversational dud.

As a result few talk about the subject that interest them most. That is why I long for the comfortable chair on the country hotel porch. Here we discussed the dog fight, the roan mare that broke out of the pasture and the measles epidemia in Shantytown.

Do cats reason? There is a woman in Greenwich Village who, one night a week, makes it a custom to provide meals for stray cats in her tiny little back yard. She has been doing this for four years. About 50 cats come there regularly on that particular night. Other nights they do not appear. She does not place the food out in the yard until the cats arrive and thus proves that the cats are not attracted by the odor of the food.

And, by the way, Eloise, a little kitten with a mangled paw that I picked up in front of a village cafe a year ago and transported to the home of a friend in Park avenue is now a mother of six kittens. Eloise came from the gutter and now sleeps on a silk cushion—a true Cinderella.

The tea hounds with waspish waists and Ritzy looks are to be dramatized in a play shortly to open.

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BRINGING UP FATHER

Registered U. S. Patent Office. SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus

GIVE ME THAT CIGAR - YOU KNOW MR. DE TOUR WILL BE HERE AND I DON'T WANT ANY OF THAT HORRID SMOKE IN THE HOUSE.

BUT MAGGIE - IT'S THE ONLY ONE IVE GOT.

MRS. JIGGS YOU DONT MIND ME SMOKING DO YOU?

CERTAINLY - NOT - MR. DE TOUR - I LOVE THE OODOR OF A GOOD CIGAR!

A CIGAR IS A GREAT COMFORT TO A MAN.

YES - INDEED - WE WERE JUST TALKING ABOUT IT BEFORE YOU CAME IN.

I WONDER WHERE MAGGIE THREW THAT CIGAR OF MINE.

JERRY ON THE JOB

'IT'S ALL SO SIMPLE.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban

WELL - ME AND THE BOSS WAS JUST IN CONFERENCE REGARDING YOU TWO 'BABES.

ONLY - MAMBE WERE GETTIN' IMPORTANT - TELL US MORE.

OH - MY NESTING TO GET SWELLED UP ABOUT - VIE WAGNY BOOSTIN' YOU.

STARTER IS FACT HE WAS KICKIN' BECAUSE HE CANT TELL YOU BABIES AGRY.

THEN WHAT DID YOU SAY?

TELL US MORE.

OH - I EXPLAINED THE MATTER TO HIM.

I SAYS - 'THE 'BLOT' THAT LOOKS LIKE HE MIGHT BE 'THE OTHER ONE'S BROTHER IS THE ONE THAT THE OTHER ONE SINT.

Second Honeymoons

By Briggs

ABIE THE AGENT

He's No Fool.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

MORTIMER ARE YOU ALL READY TO GO? I HAVE THE HAMPER ALL PACKED -

WE'RE GOING WITH THE MOLLOCKS IN THEIR CAR - I JUST KNOW WE'LL HAVE A LOVELY TIME

WE HAVEN'T BEEN ON A GOOD OLD FASHIONED PICNIC SINCE I DON'T KNOW WHEN - I THINK THEY'RE JUST PECKS OF FUN -

OY - HERE COMES MEYER! IT'S A GOOD THING I SEEN HIM BEFORE HE SEEN ME!!

HE'S GOING AROUND TO BORROW TEN DOLLARS, I UNDERSTEND - BUT NOT ME!!

AREN'T YOU GOING? NO

WHEN WE WERE FIRST MARRIED YOU WERE CRAZY TO GO PICKNICKING JUST TO BE OUT OF DOORS WITH ME AND THE BIG OPEN SPACES YOU SAID - AND NOW - COME AND HELP ME CARRY THIS BASKET

SOCIETY ITEMS MR. AND MRS. MORTIMER H. FILBERT RETURNED FROM THE EAST YESTERDAY... THEY REPORT A WONDERFUL HOLIDAY IN THE LAKES AND MOUNTAIN RESORTS

OY!!

NOO, WHAT A FOOL I AM - BETTER I SHOULD LEND HIM THE TEN DOLLARS AND LET HIM DO THE RUNNING AWAY FROM NOW ON!!

