JO ELLEN

By ALEXANDER BLACK. Copyright, 1924.

might not say. Such an allegiance could not be divided. He was Marty's

would depend upon what Marty told him about the roof, and upon what he guessed. Maybe his wishing look had in it the hope that she would stick. There was an enormous sor-

riness there, too. Of this she could be sure.

When it came his time to leave her, he bent closer.

sounded silly as she recalled it.

"How's friend husband?"

"About the same, thank you." It

He gripped her hand, "We must stand by him."

of him as one more to whom sh

She imagined Arnold Pearson as

hearing that she had run away-how those eyes of his would wince. And Mrs. Pinney would say . . . O yes! Her philosophy about temptations

would be stokingly confirmed. It would be almost as horrible to sup-

an accounting watching for signs. It was a frightful thing to feel fenced

in by expectations. You couldn't live that way. You could crawl about

You could be going again to the roof

But you couldn't live. You couldn't even die decently. Boys died hide

give an accounting. Women . .

be whitened slowly.

ously in wars because they had to

they were supposed to know how to

She looked over the huddle of faces

in the car. There was a woman standing whom she hadn't noticed-

the sort of woman nobody notices. Jo Ellen got up to make a place for

her. Not an old woman, but beaten looking. Perhaps she had been

through many horrors, many sorts

it might be, and make your accounting as bravely as you could to the

way because of some horrible theory

you to stick something out, because

some Mrs. Simms had finished he

job with you, you would feel, when

stolen from you, the life that be

of when you lay in the grass looking up through the trees, or that showed through some home window when you were outside and the lights were

She remembered a woman holding

ut a gaping handbag and screaming hat her life savings had been stolen

aybe the old sometimes felt like

hat about their dreams. Robbed

You had to have dreams. Anyway they came. You held them. They were yours: dreams of splendidly rea

hining. . . .

must give an accounting.

(Continued From Yesterday.) What she knew was that she wasn't moment he appeared to be particular-going to begin any dinner game, even ly buoyant. He had not before seen going to begin any dinner game, even if paying for meals or anything else wasn't quite easy for her at that particular time. And there were nice home folks out west who were hoping hard that she would soon be able to pay back some of what she'd borrowed. Well, she got a letter from by the difference of situation. He Big Barney inclosing the corner of was always simply Arnold, and not a thousand-dollar bill and telling her that if she was at all interested in from all that belonged to other meetthe rest of the bill he would be happy to supply it at a little dinner the sis; and to be detached with him in following night. A thousand dollars for going to dinner at the St. Regis." An old tale, new to the one who felt free to say anything to him. It listened; and the face of the one occurred to her that he was the sort

who listened took on an expression—anybody would trust. Yet the quality particularly after that word "temptation"—which Mrs. Pinney had no gift natural loyalty, told her all that she "Did she go?" asked Jo Ellen.

"Of course, she went. That's how she came to be Clark Sancher's girl."

The point was, according to Mrs.

Pinney, that you never could tell.
"I've heard stories," said Jo Ellen,
"that were just the other way."
"that were just the other way."

Mrs. Pinney would have taken the all odds. He might not know what position that stories that were just the odds were—not altogether. It the other way weren't news. A specialist in scandal has responsibilities. Moreover, not only are stories about straightness likely to be rather mushy, but you have to watch your step when you talk about the respectable. What she said to Jo Ellen was, "The other way. Yes. I know. But I'm telling you what girls are Eighth street. They rode on the ele-up against. I'm telling you what the girl who fights her way straight in the profession is up against—seeing that might be said so publicly. a millionaire's sweetle headlined in front of her."

Jo Ellen was not interested in Mrs. Pinney's money philosophy. She was not fighting her way in the profession. It might be selfish not to be worried about the wicked millionaires. She didn't want a headline. She wanted... What was it she wanted? If some millionaire had said, "I'll buy it for you," what could she have named? Liberty? She could get the make-believe of that by running away. You couldn't get liberty by turning your back on things. And yet, even if you knew this, you might have to rush out, anywhere, blindly the affect. turning your back on things. And yet, even if you knew this, you might have to rush out, anywhere, blindly at the last. There was something uncomfortable in Mrs. Pinney's notion about temptation—about the She could not thrust away the image. final thing that was too much. was this that made visions of South America both ugly and beautiful.

She was feeling stifled in a home-going evening crowd, when she met Arnold Pearson-Arnold, who seemed to occupy a place entirely his own, who was always simply Arnold, with the frank, friendly eyes that had a way of gathering intentness and com-

New York -- Day by Day--

By O. O. McINTYRE. On the Atlantic, Sept. 3.-The in-

genuity of passengers was shown last night at the costume ball. It was a colorful pageant when one considers no one came aboard for the event. Costumes were fashioned from odds and ends.

A Scottish Highlander in kilties and bare knees led the grand march with a southern "mammy." There with a southern "mammy." There of suffering. You could read miser were impersonations of Rudolph ies in her face. You could ask your Valentino, Al Jolson, a Spanish tore- self whether what you had to endure ador. Madam Butterfly, a Chinese really counted against all that, wh mandarin. a mining camp gambler er you weren't lucky . . . And you

and a rube.

The captain of the ship seemed to have a bad run of luck tripping the well known fantastic. Out of six starts he was able to dance with only one partner but he gamely carried on. A few old-fashioned square dances served to yet the grown to like that, it might be and pake your account. dances served to get the crowd together.

In an ungarded moment a lady about. But if you came to be that with a sense of humor lured men into the swirl of a tango. On a dance of enduring, because there were a floor that hasn't an ocean roll I certain number of people expecting would be terrible. But I tried and for my daring suffered the only humiliation of the evening.

On a certain note we were supposed to dip and twirl. I think the flute player got his lip caught in the flute for it seemed to me there was a sour note-followed by two more that completely clabbered. Anyway I fell down flat and I might as well blame the flute player.

Outside of two ladies on the sidelines lorgnetting me I escaped serious damage. From now on I stick to deck walking and leave tangoing to the lounge lizards. After all, the ship captain is a poor dancer too. And he has more initials after his name than a painless dentist.

It was heartening to see the number or grey-haired couples in evening clothes enjoying themselves. They remained for "lights out." I waltzed with one lady from Chicago who is past 70 and we had more fun than the flappers and cake eaters.

A sudden squall came up shortly after sunup. I had looked forward to a hearty breakfast but so far as I am concerned at this writing the cooks can bank the fires and declare

A liner about the third day has all the gossip of the small town. Today they were talking of a newly-married couple on board. Among the passengers is a woman traveling incognito whose amours with the groom have blazed forth in many New York gossiping society journals. He passed her twice on deck with his bride today but there wasn't the slightest glint of recognition.

There is one passenger on the list who has a name that could be used on any French menu for a dessert. It is Norbeto Figello.

There is much high stake auction pool gambling. The intricatcies of it are too much for me. There are small hat pools and then the bets on the day's run of the steamer which is announced each noon. If there is a fog the low field wins. In clear sailing the average run is 600 miles a day. An Englishman has won about \$5,000 so far. A confiding stewart tells me he is a member of the "aristocracy." He has all the ear marks of the ocean greyhound-the term for professional gamblers. A bright young Jewish fur merchant from New York auctions off the pool nightly. He has a line of bright and engaging patter and his quips and quirts are worthy of a spot in vaudeville.

A wheeze from the Ocean Times: "How far is it to the station?" Twenty miles' walk if you can. (Copyright, 1934.)

ing to the burning point. At this

tracks, and without walls, or crossing coppers, or hot, jerky cars that
held you like poultry packed for market. And there would be love, love
that took your hand and ran, ran
into the wild glory of some unspoiled
place, honestly, beautifully, fearfully
green and golden, with vistas that

gave your eyes room, and that had
ing about. She was glad that Eberly
sent her or there on foolish ambassadorships. He had other people,
plenty of them, but his commissions
were of many shades, and it was to
be supposed that he had, occasionally, sane reasons for delegating her.

Often she detected these reasons in

The paint made it hard to identify Myrtle Fleck, and Myrtle giggled in enjoyment of the interval in
which Jo Ellen stared.

"Some surprise, ch?"

Myrtle
sent her for there or there on foolish ambassadorships. He had other people,
plenty of them, but his commissions
were of many shades, and it was to
be supposed that he had, occasionally, sane reasons for delegating her.

Often she detected these reasons in

It was back stage at one of the

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

THE NEBBS

JUST A GOOD CAR, THAT'S ALL.



Eighth street. They rode on the elevated together. He found a seat for Barney Google and Spark Plug A TRIM MAY HELP TROTSKI'S SPEED.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

THE MEMPHIS COMMERCIAL APPEAL SPARK PLUG IS DOWN TO NORMAL WEIGHT . RARING EXPERTS EVENLY MATCHED FOR MEMPHIS CLASSIC NEXT SATURDAY -LATEST NEWS FROM

THE TROTSKI QUARTERS SUMSHINE, MR. GOOGLE'S EX JOEKEY LEGAL OWNER OF THE RUSSIAN TWO YEAR OLD CLAIMS THAT TROTSKI" IS IN PERFECT CONDITION AND
ADVISES ALL HIS FRIENDS
DOUN IN JAMSONVILLE
TO TAKE A PLUNGE
ON WIM.



WHOA! WHASSA MATTAH WIF YOU -- KEEP YO' TAIL AWAY FOM YO' HIND LAIGS ... YO GWINE TO GET YOSEU ALL TWIPPED UP -GIDDY-AP





Arnold Pearson. . . To disappoint. To have the people who held you to an accounting watching for the second to the

Registered U. S. Patent Office

SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



JERRY ON THE JOB

YESSUH - PAIN ME

SHOULDA SEEN

THE BLEED -

OWY

RRIBLE - AND BLEED

A POSSIBLE SOLUTION HEY . COME IN WELL - WE GOTTA HERE AND GIMME MAKE OUT A REPORT. THE DETAILS = THAT'S THE LAW WHEN HOW'D YOU CUT AM EMPLOYEES YOUR DOME GETS DAMAGED. 5 HAWMA





Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban

ABIE THE AGENT By Briggs

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield There in Spirit Only.





