JO ELLEN

(Continued From Yesterday.)

The train that carried them homeward, starting across the flatlands, then boring into the earth with a steely clatter, was not altogether favorable to conversation. It was stuffed with swaying people, who screamed to be heard above the reverberating howl of the car trucks in the caverns. The composite smell, berating howl of the car trucks in the caverns. The composite smell, dominated by the pungence of perspiration and damp clothes, the free contact of bodies, the readjustments at each station, the bits of drama when a child fell on a contact of the course, it's nice enough in some ways." at each station, the bits of drama "Of co when a child fell or a woman dropped ways." some of her detachable belongings, all hurt the prospects of a confidence. But they created excitement, too.

Marty was bound to talk.

He wanted to talk about the state of t

He wanted to tell about his position in the cold storage company. There were many surprisingly interesting things about the business. He recit-ed some of these with great earnested some of these with great earnestness. Jo Ellen's attention wandered
from the details. There was forcefulness in Marty's way of talking, but
she wished it had been something not
quite like cold storage. Of course,
he wasn't personally occupied in putting hens on ice. He was in the
office, and there was the effect of
his having his own desk, Yet she
found the subject hard to follow in
a crowded subway car. Somewhere
else at some other time it might seem else at some other time it might seem

"Are there any girls there?" she "Three. One of them's no good.

to start trouble. A snooper. And she's always making dates on the

"What do such girls get?"

Marty would have preferred to exhibit a closer familiarity with the employing side, but he was compelled to be indefinite. "I think," he said, "Miss Callahan gets about twenty.

She's been there two years. They'll come to a row. He'll be saying, 'I want a real honest-to-God wife at home.' At home.'

"But he'll lose the money," suggested to Ellen with a shading of "Miss Callahan gets about twenty. She's been there two years. They'll have to give her more if they want to keep her. I'm not sure, but I think she's engaged."

"Has she told you?" "O no! She isn't the kind that tells "O no! She isn't the kind that tells much. Jolly, and all that. Lots of pep, but cagey about her own affairs. You see, I noticed that she has a sort of ring. Not exactly a solitaire. Suspicious though. And there's a way she looks when they talk about the boys. Maybe she'd keep her job after she's married. They're doing that a good deal."

"Are they?"

"Even saying nothing about being

New York -- Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE. New York, July 4 .- Thoughts while

strolling around New York: Three supper clubs in a row. Salaaming parasites baring their teeth for tips. her a good deal. She wanted them Midnight ladies revealing odd dewy both to slip over together. But it freshness. But how will they look was very important that he should parasites baring their teeth for tips. in the morning?

A dark-skinned prince. Wearing an Inverness. Weasel sleek young Carrion-eyed old men. And the brazen gold-diggers showing the vulcanized artlessness of their ilk. to see who should be sarrificed. That The haunting refrain of "What'll I was a thrilling point. It was a hard Do." And in the inky shadows the thing to do. They were all half unold woman selling gum and last edider the water. It was getting dark.

A boxer with a purple shadow der his left eye. shops dazzle with light. Hoslery. And cosmetics. workers taking the 12 o'clock lunch darkness the lover couldn't find the hour to visit the movies. Bookmak-raft. He swam and floated, caught a ers along the curbs receiving the spar, struggled all night, in the early whispered bets.

hispered bets.

Newsies asleep in doorways. Tor-last got to a shore." tured by the heat and flies. A long-haired reformer with an audience of four. Creaky market carts with lop-sided wheels. A woman laughs arch.

"You're always in a hurry." he sided wheels. A woman laughs archivat an old man—and flees up a pair of steps. No fool like an old fool.

Ponderous thinkers grouping at the Algonquin. A man with a chair at a pawn shop's back door. Hurrying lunchers in the alphabetical quick they were going to chuck the two lunches. Restless trumpeting of sailors, when along comes a chasen

seeking someone to engage in conversation. Slinking figures in the shady hotels. Zip! goes a man-hole covering. Hope that fellow is not following me. If he is he's silly. I have been a 100-yard dash. Cabaret the general pulls the capyon force.

Short Early morning whistlers. And the staccato rap of policemen's clubs. Cats sneaking home. And they seem just a little weary with life. Nodding firemen in their shirt sleeves. For a time they talked about the Lights blink out. Milk cans rattle. real war. Marty pointed out a head-Another day.

One of the most magnificently staged bits in a musical revue of the last year in my opinion was the "Orange Grove in California" scene in the Music Box Revue. The effect was heightened as the curtain rises by flooding the theate with an orange scent and at the climax when the orange trees and crates of oranges take on their amazing yellow glow there is a collective gasp that surpassed anything I have ever heard in the theater.

George Belcher the artist, tells of the most considerate undertaker. He opens the carriage door for the chief mourner and says: "A lovely day for a funeral, sir. Just enough breeze to stir the plumes."

Three robberies have occurred be low the famous dead line at Fulton street during the year. The order that crooks should not pass the dead line was given by Inspector Byrnes in the 80's and was rigidly observed for many years. It was a sort of unwritten law there should be no in vasion of that vast treasure trove of gold in Wall street and diamonds in Maiden Lane and woe betide the criminal who trespassed it. When Byrnes died in 1910 the law never been broken.

Ouch! Benjamin De Casseres, nov elist, favors the league that spon sors married women retaining their maiden names. Says he: "As man is the ruler of this planet, and always will be so long as he is woman's physical and financial superior-for mus cle and mammon are the princes of this world-the inferior should look on the names of men as a privilege not a gift. No man should allow his wife to take his name until she can prove she is a fit mother for his children and that she is a mental and physical complement." Somehow we imagine Ben's breakfast disagreed with him or something. (Copyright, 1924.)

By ALEXANDER BLACK.

Copyright, 1924.

They meet every night at the Times drug store. Sometimes the boss leaves her with one of the dictated-but-not-read letters and she's late.

"Waiting for her. Her with a boss. And the boss sweet on her. I don't

like it."

"It's her affair."

"And his, too."

"But more hers," insisted Jo Ellen.

gested Jo Ellen with a shading of malace. Marty left so many openings

malace. Marky left so many openings for malicious things.

"Money! That isn't everything. Besides, he'll be getting a raise."

"And she'll be home doing the dishes and can't marry the boss." Marty looked appalled.
"Say! That sounds—" he began.

huge man had lunged against Jo El-len's knees in the process of releasing a scrambling group at one of the station, and she didn't hear how it

When the train had shricked its way under the soil of Manhattan, Marty was telling of a story he had read about the war; there was one thing in it. . . Two people who loved each other magnificently had to de-cide which one of them ought to dle. They were on a raft or something with three cursing sailors, who had decided that they would all go down if some one wasn't chucked over. Naturally, the lover wanted to be the one if it had to be the girl or him-self. But there was the question of what would become of her, especially as a big, hairy beast had looked at get somewhere, or that a secret message he had in his belt should be carried through. He took off his belt and got it on her, pretending that he could hold her better. Then he suggested that the whole party draw lots They broke up some strands of rope The hairy beast got the bad one and Broadway night jumped at the lover without waiting Hoslery. to curse. They tumbled over to-Night down. In the beast finally went

lunchers in the alphabetical quick states when along comes a chaser, lunches. Restless trumpeting of sailors, when along comes a chaser, and they were saved. The girl tells the captain of the chaser she just has to see General So-and-So. 'Can't Lonely private policeman. Always be done, he says. But she got there she was that kind of a girl."

once won a 100-yard dash. Cabaret one side and there's the girl?"

There's Hassard one side and there's the girl?" "Was it true?" asked Jo Ellen.

"Maybe. It was a story. Som "Made up. The real war's a great story."
"Ah! Yes! They say .

ing in a newspaper which a bedragged man, squeezed into a corner, was gied man, squeezed into a corner, was trying to read. The crowd had it is considered the word of the realized the wonder in winter, but in summer could trace in man street, a strident world seemed to byck man street, a strident world seemed to have abandoned when they left to read that had bored its way now cluttered through the sky.

Jo Ellen felt a lassitude in the of the region of the prime of the landscape, applied the splances of the landscape, applied through the sky.

Jo Ellen felt a lassitude in the of the ridge overlooking the shoulder of the ridge, an intimate shoulder of the landscape, applied through targesture of the landscape, applied through say, for any to have abandoned when they left in winter, but in summer could trace pointed, as you would say, for any the shadows, something that had bored its way called it "the high place."

The crowd had pliy at its center. As they drew through naked branches, one saw far in winter, but in summer could trace pointed, as you would say, for any the landscape, applied to the winter of the landscape, applied to the winter, but in summer could trace pointed, as you would say, for any the landscape, applied to the winter of the landscape, applied to the landscape, applied to the landscape, applied to the winter of the landscape, applied to the lan

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess THE NEBBS SPIRIT OF '75. THEY HAD ME ON THE STAND FOR A WHOLE DAY - I HAD THE LICKED EM ! -HELLO PARTNER! LICKED EM ! __ I CLOSED TH' STORE I ANNIHILATED EM! MERRY 4TH OF JULY!
THE CONQUEROR RETURNS
TO THE BOSOM OF HIS JURY LAUGHING ALLTHE TIME AND NOW THERE'S AND BROUGHT OVER THE OTHER ATTORNEY ASKED NOTHING BETWEEN US AND GREAT RICHES! ME IF MY FACE HADN'T CHANGED ALL THE STOCK OF FIREWORKS TO CELEBRATE OUR VICTORY — SO FAMILY ! TOO SINCE I WAS A LITTLE BOY
—I TOLD HIM I'D HAVE CHANGED
IT LONG AGO ONLY IT WAS A
BIRTHDAY PRESENT AND THE NAME NEBB & SLIDER WILL BE ON EVERY BODY'S TONGUE WE LICKED EM LIKE SALIVA! EVERY BODY LAUGHED! - HEY!

SUNSHINE DOES HIS BIT, TOO.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck







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

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



THAT OFFICE BOY OF YOURS NEVER HAS ANY HERE GOOD NEWS. COMES YOUR WIFE

YES AND I'M HURRY UP PUT THINKING THIS ON - IF MY ABOUT MESELF WIFE FINDS YOU IN MY OFFICE SHE'LL KILL ME



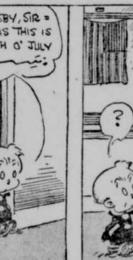
JERRY ON THE JOB

ADDITIONAL HISTORY

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban











How to Start the Day Wrong

ABIE THE AGENT Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield





