

JO ELLEN

By ALEXANDER BLACK.

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(Continued From Yesterday.)

Whenever you looked at the thing it was astonishing, astonishing enough to keep your face hot and quivery. Anybody coming home and seeing you would know that something astonishing had happened, and expect you to tell all about it, and that would be as hard as rehearsing in the movies. You couldn't make anybody understand how you could listen to him at all if you even thought he might be a crook. And they wouldn't know how he looked, and about the eyes, or the voice, or the other things. Really there were two of them in other ways.

There was only one of Marty. Did the two of Stan Lamar mean that one of them was not real?

Jo Ellen wondered if there were two of herself. Did Stan Lamar go away thinking there were two of her? If it was the one of her he met in the Simms house and afterward in the boat who "got" him, how different was he from the other? Was it really the same on both days? Was the difference in what happened to you?

The way that Emma Traub's remark—about a crook's woman. Was a man only one kind to his woman? There was another thing. Emma evidently didn't mean wife. Woman and wife. Why was a good deal easier to understand. Woman was a lot more complicated. There was a simple way you got to be wife. "His woman." That was rather hard to see how that could happen.

Imagine what Uncle Ben, for instance, would say about "his woman." People didn't talk about such things at all—unless they were like Emma Traub. Anyway, there was a sadness in it. When you thought about it, there was a gray color, with fiery flashes, as well as a sound that made you shrink and wonder.

All this time something was shining through. She had felt it when she got out of bed in the morning. She saw it when she was watching the actors. It came to her when Lamar was there, and it made a difference now when she knew that presently the family would be back and everything would seem to be as it was before.

She felt a lot older.

The feeling began when her mother accepted without comment the joke about adventure, and suddenly there was a wide horizon. It was a strange, stronger feeling now. Of course, it was bound to come to you. It came not because of what happened to you, but because of what you saw when you looked out.

New York

--Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, July 10.—It is in that purplish gray hour when New York sleeps sluggishly in the last throes of sleep that the underworld peeps through. The first flush of dawn brings out the world of aliases and the great army—drug addicts and those with prison pallor.

Around Times Square you see them shuffling hurriedly along in the shadows, hats pulled down and coat collars turned up. Some are seeking dope runners for the daily supply and others strong black coffee in the white enameled all-night lunches.

It is a polyglot crew. They know that the hour when the great shift of police and detectives is in the making they are safer—the stern eyes of the law is a bit foggy. And so they creep out to begin just another day.

There are yegmen whose ability is centralized in sensitized fingers. There are men who call detectives "dicks, sneakers and flatties," and the women "molls" and "ribbs." Their wit is either one of suspicious slowness or nervous haste.

No camaraderie exists among them. Each man is for himself. Criminality has stamped them either with eyes that twinkle with cunning or mouths with a cruel droop. It is a ghostly outline of the metropolis at its worst.

Criminal hunters say the old adage proves true among criminals. Birds of a feather flock together, although they may not fraternize. Times Square is fringed on either side by slinky hotels and that is where they congregate.

Large stores in the neighborhood do a heavy business in brocade concoctions for the troubled conscience of the underworld makes sleep difficult. Satisfying slumber is moribund and veronal is the popular panacea.

I am led to believe that next to criminals writers have the greatest difficulty in sleeping. I only know two who are not sleepless supplicants of Morpheus. The criminals say it is his conscience and the writer usually points to the fact that every man who has achieved in literature and art has been more or less neurotic. He will point to Tolstoy, Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, Musset, Verlaine, Wagner, Beethoven and infinitum. My own experience has been different. Sleep comes easily and there are never in somnolent moments except twice a year when I awaken with a scream. It is always the same nightmare. I am walking up Second street in Galipolis, O. It is Easter Sunday and I am the mott of a sartorial drama. But I glance into drawn curtained window of Harry Frank's clothing store and discover I have neglected my trousers and underthings. Across in the park are the members of the ladies' guild holding a basket picnic.

I know a man also who condescends sleep by counting sheep and riding a fence. He achieves his desire invariably as the last sheep goes over he decides to follow and trips—and lands kerplump out of bed on the floor.

Two of the friends have the gift of sleep in a remarkable manner. They are Joseph A. Moore, financial manager for W. R. Hearst, and Will Hogz, the Texas oil man. Each is a big executive and works at top speed, but at any time they feel so disposed they can bury themselves in sleep for 10 or 15 minutes and awaken refreshed.

Incidentally I long to read the account of an electrocution that does not contain "the prisoner slept well and ate a hearty breakfast." This may be true, but I doubt it. If I were going to the electric chair—cries of "Speed the day!"—I think I would spend the last hours trying to get the knocks out of my knees for the final march. Fright invariably gives my knees a gelatine effect.

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throughfare to the Hudson, and where you have the escalator to mitigate the height of the airway that becomes the subway.

The business school was managed by a Mrs. Milling. There was a shadowy Mr. Milling, a meager man with a husky voice who had the effect of belonging elsewhere, and who only appeared long enough to be admonished not to forget something. Mrs. Milling was assisted in the teaching by a young woman named Crowe. Miss Crowe usually had a cold. At the beginning she acknowledged one of those summer colds that hold on

at times was almost beautiful, but which could make you feel inferior. She was neat enough, but it was painful to see her trim her finger nails with a large pair of shears.

Jo Ellen was sure she would never like shorthand. Its precisions were perplexing. The little strokes had

a pattering tightness that made her feel the need to climb over the desk and do a cartwheel. Too—dee—chay—day. It was maddening. And they had to learn just so. It was as if your hand were put in a vise. When you thought they leaned right, Miss Crowe said they didn't. The way they should lean, as illustrated by the hand of Miss Crowe that was not engaged with the handkerchief, was really no different at all, but you had to pretend that it was and go on. Too—dee—chay—day—day—day—day. Months of this, perhaps, with not a word yet about business. (To be continued tomorrow.)

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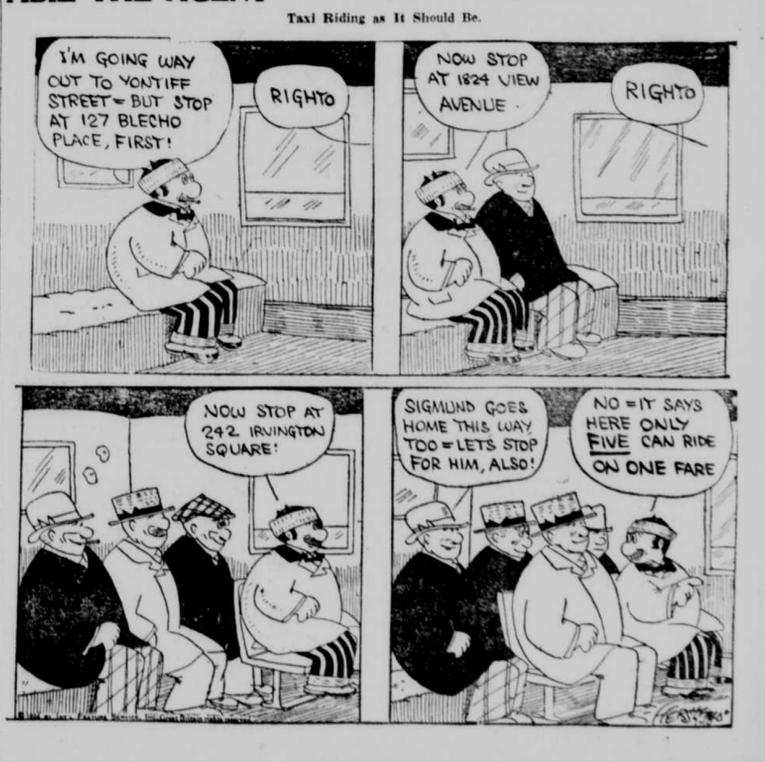
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