

# JO ELLEN

By ALEXANDER BLACK.

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(Continued From Yesterday.)

"I love you, Jo Ellen!" Her eyes were fixed toward the hollow. She didn't see the trees, she saw Stan Lamar. She felt his hands, strong and warm, and the quiver, the deep, wicked sort of quiver, that came with their touch. She recalled the flash of fear about herself that ran with the tremor. And now Marty, who was not a secret, who need not be explained or justified, who had the benediction of home, who was as convenient and comfortable as a porch rocker, was repeating the great word and invoking the magic of the supreme adventure. Had she really been afraid of Stan? Had her fear of herself only been lulled when she was last with him? Would the day come when she would again be afraid? Would she be able to say to Stan the utterly final No that she had said to herself, and stop drifting in the mist of a shameless kind of dream? It wasn't like anything else about her, she was sure that she should again and again have found herself groping for a way to shut out Stan for good and all. Perhaps promising Marty would be the way. She didn't want to promise Marty, much as she cared for him. But a promise—"I feel," said Marty fervently, "as if it was all meant to be like this. That this high place was chiseled out thousands of years ago so that we could sit here and look down into our old playground while you say yes. Do you know, Jo Ellen, I found that the high place is in the Bible. Our chaplain told me. It would be a thing you could tell a chaplain, if you were on the other side, that on our high place..."

"Marty," Jo Ellen said quietly, "I ought to have a long time to get used to it, Jo Ellen. Scotty! Think how long it may be! But you know what I want now—before I go to live on—so that I can say to myself, when I get back, 'I'll say it a million times, Jo Ellen!'"

When he caught her, and held her close, she did not resist him. A warm shiver came when she felt his lips pressed hard against her own. She closed her eyes, but she could see, faintly—very far away—the always astonishing blue eyes of Stan Lamar.

**PART FOUR.**  
**The Bolt.**

The pledge to Marty had a first effect of simplifying somewhat a world otherwise in great confusion; and, by a consequence Jo Ellen had hoped for, Stan resumed at a greater distance. Actually he had come very close, but the theory that the promise was to be a protection dulled, and at times even quite silenced, those

# New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. McINTYRE.  
New York, July 25.—Thoughts while strolling about New York: The Sixth Avenue restaurants where show midgets go. Job hunting actresses greeted by "No Casting" signs. A woman interne on a Bellevue ambulance. The home of a former mayor—with two lighted lamps in old Dutch fashion in the doorway.

How many "ras's" in "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay"? The flat, emphatic heat of a gas house district. Housewives who live in pathetic doggedness. Husband who are a prop and a habit. Pipe layers. Muck shovellers and odd job toilers.

Times Square at its calmest—4 p. m. Stage dressers going to dressing rooms. And the blind newsdealer at 47th street who knows all the actors. Futuristic ticket speculators. Beatrice Lillie of Charlott's Revue. One of the new toasts of the town.

Commissioner Enright flashes by in his car. Perhaps dirty work at the cross-roads. Or maybe in a hurry for a dinner. My head is turned—that woman dropped something or other. An English actor with his checkered trousers and seal brown vest—the old tin of fruit.

A woman swoons in a telephone booth. Perhaps got the right number. The wholesale millinery district in the Thirties. That fellow has had something besides near beer. Mumbling to myself again. Wonder what ever became of the little mushroom shop run by a Sicilian with rings in his ears.

Cheerless rug stores. Always empty. A shirt shop with a sign: "We receive patrons only by appointment." That's putting the sixteen pound bunk. Blowy and unkempt women clinging to the shadows. An expressionless as their passions.

Fifth Avenue's drying color and flash. Yellow blobs of light shimmering on the gray asphalt. A rabbi in priestly vestment gazing at a fragile glory in oils. And another day is gone.

At 110th street and Manhattan Avenue the elevated rises to its highest point. Headline writers are calling it suicide Point. In the past two years five soul-sick people jumped from the elevated to the street below. Three women and two men decided on this spectacular method of ending worldly worries.

Eavesdropped in the Ritz lobby. A beautiful young girl is speaking to her companion as they enter the elevator. "I certainly pick the citizens. Here I've been lunching with him and the poor sap tells me today he's on the wrong side of the market."

It is a subterranean rabbit hutch leading down from a street in Greenwich Village. A dim lit sign away from the lintel of the door. A brace of cowbells sound the warning approach of the visitor. It is the nearest to the worst side of Paris one may find in New York. It is the haunt of those strange lolling lollipops—the psychopathic hybrids that migrate to Broadway. My guide was a private detective who knows of a world rarely mentioned even in whispers. It was a relief to reach the clean tang of night air on the sidewalk.

It is difficult to imagine Washington Square where New Yorkers once went duck hunting. It seems so very far down town now even to those living in the Forties and what it must seem at 272d Street! Many old homes around the Square are now being made over into apartment houses. The Brevoort—the last of the old hotels—is installing a new elevator. Only a few homes have a tiny patch of lawn in front. Almost any time of day one finds a modern jostling crowd on the lower stris of the avenue.

speculations about fear which had whispered so disturbingly in Jo Ellen's mind. There might be some doubt as to whether it was the promise or a change in Stan that brought the difference in her feeling. If there were two reasons instead of merely one, it was the easiest to forgive the approximate wisdom. The situation was affected somewhat by the fact that Stan was called upon to make trips to other cities, one as far as San Francisco. He had not expected this feature of his work. On the first occasion he spoke of it with impatience, but Jo Ellen came to believe that he liked the diversities of his travels. Although she had told herself that she was not interested in his likes and dislikes, she found the mystery of him poignantly interesting. For he was still mysterious. In some ways he seemed more mysterious than before. As a kind of person he had a fascinating obscurity, as belonging to regions not to be fathomed unless one was comfortably understandable like Marty. If Marty knew a thing you soon saw how he came to know it. She met a good many people who had something of this effect, who, in the twist of their talk, in the things they laughed at or were silent about, suggested abysses of experience lying some where beyond the shell of common sight. But these people were not thrust upon her as lives to be translated.

Soon came to see that in this particular region of activity nothing was really surprising, that you were not subject to certain sorts of question, that you could do anything you chose to do without having to explain. You could, for instance, go to lunch under any circumstances that amused you. Evidently it would not have been considered discreet to lunch with anyone where Eberly might be an observer. To be seen sitting with his secretary might naturally provoke dangerous speculation. However, Eberly always lunched at a grill that was monastically male. When he had been seen at dinner with a woman it was always in the company of a third person. The assumption appeared to be that such an incident was inevitably related to the crisis of a contract.

She finally accepted an invitation to lunch which Shaffer advanced with the skillful innocence she came to expect of him. He made no allusions to the office. His talk about the theatrical business was discreetly vague. Jo Ellen asked about many things, and he appeared to be deeply concerned to avoid showing how astonishing he thought some of her questions were. He preferred to tell about the baby and the sheer wonder of Mrs. Shaffer. Both the doctor and the nurse had assured him that not only in weight but in brightness the baby was one of those real events that sometimes startle obstetrical science. In fact her size was embarrassing. When they said three weeks old people thought they were joking or putting over something. She looked more like six months.

Shaffer told Jo Ellen she could, of course, have tickets for any show she wanted to see. He made it clear that attending to such things would always be one of the easiest things he did. Jo Ellen had been to the theater very seldom and the new privilege had many excitements. These excitements were communicated to the home group. It was unavoidable that they should reverberate. Myrtle acquired a fresh interest in the Rewers. Jo Ellen had found many reasons to distrust Myrtle, who had made unsuccessful attempts to tolerate different forms of work and was always quarreling with her mother. For neighbor reasons it was necessary to make pretenses in explanation of the relaxed ties. Certain school friends, and even persons of the dignity of Mr. Sedley Mason, gave an enlivened attention to Jo Ellen's goings and comings. One who could evoke theater tickets was made to feel the pressure of a peculiar and unmistakably popularity.

To play themselves Jo Ellen was fully responsive, though a play as a play soon lost any unvarying glamor. She began to like one more than another in a more critical way. She found herself gathering up the patois of the professionals. But the philosophy of the theater as an institution seemed to be more obscure than if she had been somewhere else. She heard much about the art of the stage and about the business of the theater. Occasionally these seemed to have a close relationship, but just what the relationship was she never was able to make out. Often the art and the business appeared as enemies, which was funny. Again they were sobbing on each other's necks, which could be uproariously funny, too. Every body agreed about a full house and an S.R.O. sign. Beyond this point there was bitter and unending confusion. If a play was good it had a run. If it was enough better, it was shut down in a week or two. Evidently there was a certain kind of bad play that was sure of big houses

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for an interval that had to be covered somehow. And there was a certain kind of good play that wouldn't be big houses at first, but might run for years. The sun-fire bad play thus became a factor in the business of the theater as a sort of dirty fellow who was sent out to hold the crowd

until the good play got its clothes on. There were theories, with paths in them, about managers who put on nine poor plays to earn money enough to afford the sacrificial idealism of putting on one good play that the theater as a sort of dirty fellow who was sent out to hold the crowd

idealistic managers. Every appeal was directed at last to the public, the kind of public that came to Broadway shows. For this public there was both cordiality and contempt. To both the artists who were cynics and the managers who were moralists it was the common enemy. It belittled

the best plans. It loved to surprise by approval and to kill gaily by turning its thumbs down. If it could be appeased for a given number of weeks, the play could go to the rest of the country and make money. Jo Ellen liked to wonder about Eberly's point of view. She never

succeeded in piecing together any thing like an answer to her query. She knew he must wish to give "them" what they wanted. She knew, too, that he had a fathomless contempt for "them." It was plain that he believed profoundly in the potency of approval meant that there was approval, approval meant trimming and sacrifice. (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

actors as if they were babes in the wood. He went further and exhorting them as driving fools, as grasping upstarts, or as pitiful hangers-on. Money—there had to be money; money meant that there was approval; approval meant trimming and sacrifice. (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## THE NEBBES

BUDY IS JUST RETURNING FROM THE OFFICE OF CALEB RENROD WHERE HE RETURNED THE SIGNED PAPERS OF AGREEMENT TO INCORPORATE THE NEBBES & SLIDER CO. FOR A HALF MILLION DOLLARS AND RECEIVED A CHECK FOR \$20,000 IN ADVANCE 7-25



## LOOK AND LEARN.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

## Barney Google and Spark Plug



## SPARKY GETS FOREWARNING.



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



## BRINGING UP FATHER



## JERRY ON THE JOB



## NO NEW EXPENSES



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



## JERRY ON THE JOB



## NO NEW EXPENSES



## ABIE THE AGENT



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



## Oh, Man!



## ABIE THE AGENT



## ABIE THE AGENT



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

