

# JO ELLEN

By ALEXANDER BLACK.

Copyright, 1924.

(Continued from yesterday.)

There was much lively talk during the early part of the meal. Marty became especially voluble. His highball vanished and the two men entered upon another indulgence.

Mrs. Simms made a remark about "you guzzlers."

"Well, it's a birthday, isn't it?" cried Marty.

Toward the end of the dinner there was less talk. In the clearing-away period Mrs. Simms became taciturn again. Before he had finished his cigar in the big chair, the father was asleep. Marty lit his pipe. Jo Ellen thought she liked the smell of a cigar. Marty's pipe had a peculiarly rank emanation. The after-dinner period brought a meaningless suspense for Jo Ellen. Mrs. Simms knitted or sewed silently. At nine o'clock the father would make up, as if by some alert interloper signal, and go away to his political club. Marty, tired of reading after a day of it, wanted to be near Jo Ellen. If she picked up anything to read he had a question or comment. He preferred to have her sit in the midst of his chat. What had happened? It was not an interchange. It was an inquisition—Mrs. Simms senior sitting like a prosecuting judge with a sinister faculty for catching phrases. There was less oppression when they sat on the open roof, and could have the splendor of sunset.

A night or two later Eberly kept Jo Ellen until seven. When she reached the roof, dinner had been cleared away.

"Thought you had found other company," said Mrs. Simms.

Marty waited for Jo Ellen's response.

"It was just work," said Jo Ellen. She did not feel particularly tired, but the delay had made her nervous. If there was to be anything unpleasant, she would have preferred not to eat.

"I see," remarked Mrs. Simms, moving toward the kitchen. "You're welcome, no matter when you come home."

Mrs. Simms turned at the kitchen door.

"That's all very well, but you can't keep a dinner."

"O I guess she'll make out a dinner."

## New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. McINTYRE.

New York, Aug. 14.—Fifty years ago there was a scandal in high society in New York. A pretty young girl of excellent parents was seen driving a spanking pair of ponies up Fifth avenue. The "old boys" in the Union club dubbed her as "rather fast."

The other afternoon three young girls whose families are of the Four Hundred left Sherry's smoking cigarettes along the street. They were giggling with glee and their hair was bobbed and cheeks spotted with carmine. They didn't shock anybody—not even the carriage starters.

Fifty years ago society considered the walls indecent and no nice girl was seen below Canal street without an escort. Only three people of high rank were divorced and a hostess on the then fashionable Fourteenth street petticoated her marble Aphrodite without any nightie on party nights.

But in those so-called good old days New York had its baby vamp. She was 15-year-old Margaret Moncrieffe, who charmed old General Israel Putnam and young Aaron Burr and nearly succeeded in her plans to deliver Washington himself to the British and perhaps change America's history.

Insignificant things in those days had great hearings on Manhattan of today. The purchase of a Fifth avenue site for the Church of the Ascension diverted the city from making Second avenue—now one of the tawdriest streets—the most fashionable thoroughfare.

In 1850 Peter Stuyvesant posted a notice near Bowling Green that from henceforth the game of golf would not be permitted on the streets. A great golfer was Jack Spratt, who was no mere Mother Goose invention but an aristocrat of high standing.

Florence Burns is soon to be released again from prison. She was the sensational figure of the day in New York in 1902. She was accused of shooting her sweetheart, Walter Brooks, in a room in the old Glen Island hotel on West street. Women wept at her story and when she was freed there was a riotous night of celebrating all over the city. She was later arrested for working the "ladder game" on a prominent attorney and was sent to prison for seven years but in 1919, two years after she was paroled, she was arrested with a negro musician charged with being drunk and disorderly. She was placed on probation.

Her next arrest came in a raid on a disorderly house in East Thirty-first and Florence Burns met the officers waving a revolver. She was sent to Auburn for three years for violation of the Sullivan law. It is this prison term that is soon to expire.

There are 9,500,000 telephone calls in New York in a day. There are 800 central offices in the metropolitan area and the operator must recognize the names of these offices, spoken in any accent of the 25 nationalities represented in the city population. With the telephone operator the voice is the chief asset. Every operator must go to the voice school. She takes courses in tone, enunciation and voice placement.

Weldie, the caretaker of Patchin Place, has passed away. Patchin Place in the village is less than a block long with six three-story brick houses on one side and four on the other. It is a hidden nook for painters, poets, novelists and sculptors. For 25 years Weldie, like a good French concierge, sat at the window of No. 2 watching the goings and comings of her large family. Unlike Washington Mews, Pomander Walk, Turtle Bay and other secluded but fashionable spots in New York, Patchin Place is much as it was 20 years ago. On rainy days there is a mud puddle in the middle of the street. Old-fashioned letter boxes adorn all the doorways and down the front of each dwelling straggles an unsightly fire escape.

appeared to have come into his lips. This changed his smile and gave his look, when his eyes were following her, something suggesting a leer. She noticed this first on the night he took the two drinks of liquor. There was another night when the effect was more marked. The realization made her wince when he touched her. The shrinking might have seemed wholly an inner sign, but he caught it. Nothing, apparently, could escape him. "What's the matter?" he demanded. "Perhaps I'm a little nervous." "Nervous? Is that it? Nervous?"

thought maybe—I suppose a husband's affection might get to be a nuisance. A nuisance. Especially if he got to thinking he was a pretty poor imitation. As if he—

"Don't!" she cried, in a low tone she learned to adopt in their room. "Don't touch you?"

"Don't invent quarrelsome things and talk as if I had said them."

"Invent? Have I invented quarrelsome things? You're inventing that I'm only saying—I can say some things, can't I? If it worries you to be petted, it isn't so I can't speak, is it? My Lord! If a man can't—"

plenty of other men seem to be able to talk to you."

Jo Ellen clenched her hands as the anger burned in her. Married people sometimes struck each other. It would be when such a blazing moment came, and everything blurred. That must be horrible, when

one who had taken an oath, before God, to love, honor and cherish... ingly, it didn't always mean the very end. It was hard to see how this could be, how it could possibly happen again.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## THE NEBB



## WAIT UNTIL RUDY GETS THE BILLS!



## Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

## Barney Google and Spark Plug

Well, There's One Off of Barney's List, Anyhow.

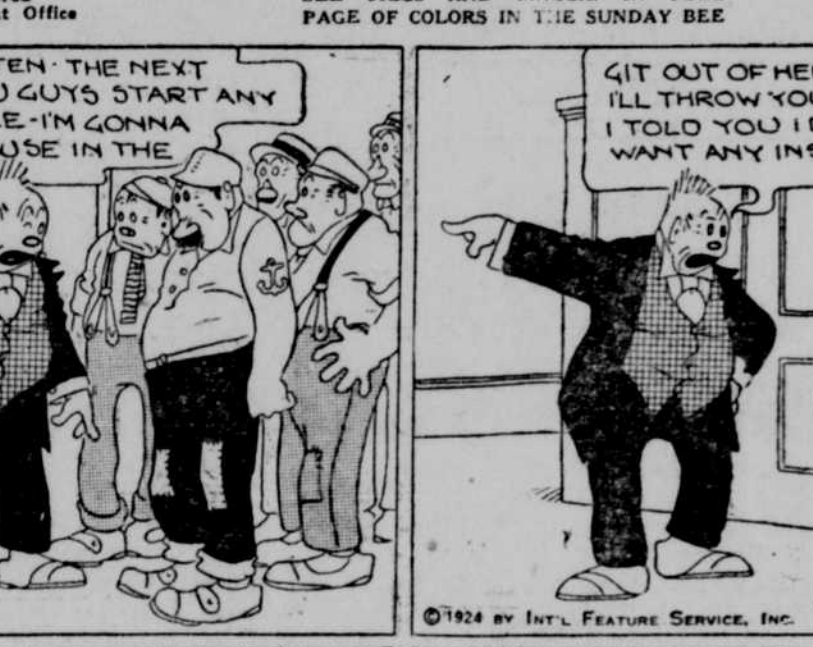
Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



## BRINGING UP FATHER

Registered U. S. Patent Office

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



## JERRY ON THE JOB

A BIG-HEARTED YOUNG MAN.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



## Me and Mine

By Briggs

ABIE THE AGENT



## ABIE THE AGENT

A Decided Improvement.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Herschfeld

