JO ELLEN By ALEXANDER BLACK.

"Myrtle Fleck?" Jo Ellen felt eyes behind her, and her glance up the road operated as a suggestion to Em-

road operated as a suggestion to Emma. They moved along the path, sauntering closely.

"She got away," said Emma.

The story was ready. It was clear that Emma had wanted to tell it. At the end was something that had not been planned. Jo Ellen was sure of that. The beginning had all the effect of a narrative eagerly resumed after an interruption. It was of the night Emma was coming up the lower road from the ferry region, in the first of the dark—along about nine. When she came to the Wayward she didn't think of Myrtle. Not this time. She was thinking about her father; whether he would die quickly, when his time came, or make a lot of trouble, so that she'd have a lot of trouble, so that she'd have to quit her work for McAuley until know them—see?—the way you get he was through. She was thinking to know them if you stop being deof the night when he flung her out of the house, and of the finger marks on her neck. Tis was a year before ly, and Jo Ellen felt suddenly cold.

of the house, and of the finger marks on her neck. Tis was a year before her mother died.

"I wasn't any older than you," said Emma, significantly.

Then came the little swish and thud in the dark, and there was Myrtle, crouched against the high wall. Could you beat that? Escaping. Out of the Wayward. But all accounts nobody had been able to do that for a long time. "And there I was thinking about the night I was chucked out." This seemed to Emma to have a mighty meaning, a meaning that took hold of you. She often thought about the night she was chucked out, but—well, there was Myrtle, scuttling like some common cat right into a neighbor's arms, you might say, and pretty well scared while she was doing it. Trembling. She knew Emma Traub before Emma Traub knew her, and it was funny to see her swinging, ready to run, and wanting to know just whether Emma was for her or against her—whether she would tell.

"Where do you think you're go
Emma's funny lips twisted savage"I got mine," Emma went on. "I began flinging around like Myrtle. Mse if I could look out for myself. When you're a girl. Jo Ellen Rewer thinks she's different. And she ain't kicked out. But she's up against it. anyhow. She may want to take a fling. . . A little one. Down there with the crowd. I know that beat."

The blood came back into Jo Ellen's face.

"Lord!" she cried, "you're not really warning me, are you?"

"I'm telling you. Right now—with your people sitting over there—because it's in my head to tell it to you."

"Drop it off your mind," Jo Ellen retorted. "Drop it clear off. I'm a very busy married woman. I haven't you don't need time to be dug out."

"Whor's going to dig me out?"

"You don't need time to be dug out."

"That Lamar might know how. I

"Where do you think you're going?' I says. 'I don't care,' she says.
'T'm out.' I took hold of her. 'What him over. 'He'll never stop,' I says. whether she would tell.

New York -- Day by Day--

By O. O. McINTYRE.

of evening pleasures. The cry of the newsboys, the jangle of surface cars and the shriek of motors seem stilled.

It is at this period that the march of Broadway's army of painted ladies climb over like Myrtle Fleck. She begins the nightly forage for con- wanted to scream, to take Emms

with cheap millinery, cheap jewlery and reeking with the order of cheap go back to the porch and tell every body that at the first symptom of

struggle is for the halo in the night everything.

save for their sole companions in misery, the white fluffy poodle. Their chief fear is contact with the Great White Way Nemesis—the plain clothers man. would be feeling as she test about Myrtle Fleck, that she hadn't made a dent; that Jo Ellen's curt turning away meant nothing very different from the shallow effusiveness of the other one; that the Moloch could after the house.

are picked men, handsome and sprightly dressed and are skilled in the art of flirtatious advances. Some have a record of 20 arrests in a night. The Narcotic squad declares more than 50 per cent of the women who walk the streets are drug addicts. Their earnings go to the dope peddlers who infest the Longacre Square district. The finish for most of them The Radio Bug's Bride

is the potter field. Others seek the solace of the river or the poison potion. And always the Broadway laughing waters mock the lips of those who die. Broadway bestows with one hand and takes away with another. It is the heaven of a million frozen dreams.

A New York actor not so long ago sued a dramatic critic for libel. The critic charged in his review that the actor was "the world's worst player." A few weeks ago the actor appeared in another performance which the critic had to review. He said of him: "Joe Eppis was not up to his usual

Two acrobats were leaving the stage entrance of the Palace following their opening act of the bill. The stage doorman said: "Well boys how

did you get over?" "We've panicked 'em," was the

In the Tombs the other day I saw a dapper young man, posing as a rich Englishman, had lured many women to hotel suites and robbed them of jewlery and money. Not yet 30 he had served many prison terms here and in Europe. He had a crooked nose, shifting eye, uneven teeth and a sallow complexion. Yet he was able to interest many charming and beautiful women. Most of his victims admitted they were lonely and accepted his advances for this reason. The man admitted he had never been to school in his life and learned to read and write in prison.

I rather warm to the naive effrontery of a man in Rio de Janero who addresses me concerning a magazine article written sometime ago He writes: "I have read your trashy artificial. Unless you give me the proof concerning one statement you are a proven liar, I am, my dear sir, your esteemed friend." (Copyright, 1924.)

Copyright, 1924.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

This was what happened to you. You become "a case." People thought of you that way . . All sorts of people. . . . Wondering, prying, gaping at the windows of you, until you felt like shuttering all the windows of you, until you felt like shuttering all the windows of you, so that no one could see in . . . No one.

". . and off she goes. Had to. No ene held on to her. A good girl, too. If she hadn't been a good girl she'd have known how to trick it out. But the boob of a man—a man's always thinking about himself. Himself. What did he care? When I made a dent in her. D'you see?—she wanted to laugh because she was out. As if there was nobody to get her. Not Marty Simms. Unless somebody holds her, I says, she'dd be over the wall, like Myrtle Fleck, and hell to pay."

"Myrtle Fleck?" Io Filen felt ever.

"But—"

Mer in. Knew the old man would be shrick out to Circumstan win!"

THE NEBBS

THE NEBBS

THE NEBBS

"Her father Like out to Circumstan win!"

"Her father in stant toward Jo Ellen. "Getting a crook a drink of water was nothing to it. And we sat there was nothing to it. And we sat there in the dark. I talked to her . . in the dark. I talked to her . . in the dark. What I thought was, somebody ought to be able to stop her."

"Her father might have stopped her, if he'd been the right kind."

"Her father. Yes. Or a mother either. I ain't sure. Maybe nothing can stop her. I couldn't see that I made a dent in her. D'you see?—she wanted to laugh because she was out. As if there was nobody to get her. Not Marty Simms. Unless somebody holds her, I says, she'dd be over the went at two in the morning. I had to."

"Myrtle Fleck?" Io Filen felt ever. "But—"

"Myrtle Fleck?" Io Filen felt ever. "But—"

"But—"
"I had to. To frighten her."
Jo Ellen saw the fanatic look that

do you think you're going to do?' she says. 'I'm fool enough to hide you,' 1 says. And I took her along. Slipped "O I think! Suppose you'd seen the girl you had watched grow, dropping

off the wall, like a common cat—"
"But me. I'm not a common cat Why must I be lectured?"
"You got very red hair," said Emma. "And you ain't really got a hus-

Diagramed in a sentence-very red By O. O. McINTYRE.

New York, Aug. 16.—Dusk brings a mysterious hush to Broadway. It is the hour when the great city pauses—the ghostly gap between the end of the work day and the start of the work day and the start of the work day and the start of the work day are the start of the work day and the start of the work day are the hair and no real husband. Jo Ellen quests. It is an army comparisoned Traub by her skinny arms and rat Define.

Lips that will frame the illicit question are slits of vivid red. Pale cheeks are brightened. Cosmetics attempt a mask of indifference. The thing at all . . unless she smashed

If Emma Traub had stared after struggle is for the halo in the hight setting sails for the Broadway seas and as jaunty as a pirate's brig.

During the day they bivouac in the hallrooms of the fading brownsone fronts. Most of them are friendless would be feeling as she felt about that red halves about the fall of the seasons of the seas

More than one hundred nightly roam Broadway seeking chance "pickups" to land up in prison cells. They

If you were strapped into a torture machine there would be the last well, then you would look like Emma ed that you could see it shining like ished every function and indulgence thing, happening slowly or surpristing you, that would do the business and philosophies, . . the last thing that would make you give up, that would make you give up, that would make you shriek out to Circumstances, "You give up, there was Eilly, scouting to shriek out to Circumstances, "You were up to. And back same reason Simms senior varied his same reason Simms senior varied his ceivable things, the one that came will, then you would look like Emma ed that you could see it shining like ished every function and indulgence that you could see it shining like ished every function and indulgence that you could see it shining like ished every function and indulgence that you could see it shining like ished every function and indulgence that you could see it shining like ished every function and indulgence that you could see it shining like ished every function and indulgence that you werl is ing Jo Ellen tell about Inwood. And labout Inwood, was possible to the day save that of hear-look ing Jo Ellen tell about Inwood, was of all constances, "You see what you were up to. And back same reason Simms senior varied his ceivable things, the one that came will."

Wing Jo Ellen tell about Inwood, was, of all constances, "You see what you were up to. And back same reason Simms senior varied his ceivable things, the one that came will be well, then you could see it shining like exit. The three seemed to have fin-look in the you well in every comment.

Wrou needn't be." "You needn't be." "You needn't be." "You needn't be." ing Jo Ellen tell about Inwood, was, of all constances, "You be the day save that of hear-look in the you have a said; "We'll see with you alone was possible to the day save that of hear-look ing Jo Files in the you have a said; "We'll see with you alone was beautifully complet."

Wrou needn't be." "You needn't be." "You needn't b

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

AH! THE REAL MANAGER ON THE JOB.



Barney Google and Spark Plug BARNEY IS VERY MUCH FOR "GOING WEST."

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck









BRINGING UP FATHER

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Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus







JERRY ON THE JOB

THE GENEROUS UNCLE JAKE.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



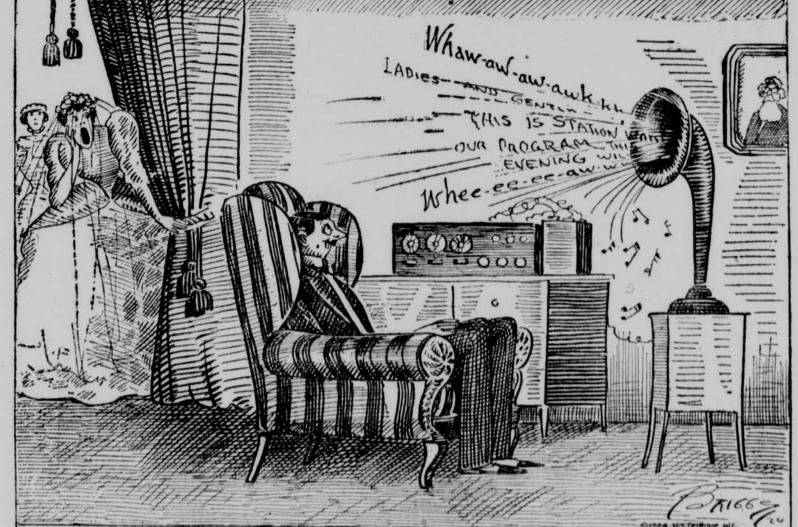






By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield That's Going Some,



A PIERCING SHRIEK RANG THROUGH THE MANSION AS MADELINE DISCOVERED TO HER HORROR THAT HER HUSBAND WITH WHOM SHE HAS JUST BEEN UNITED IN WEDLOCK HAS AN APPETITE FOR THE RADIO ... ALAS: IT IS TOO LATE FOR SHE IS FETTERED TO THE HOUND FOR LIFE





Lower was the same and the same