## JO ELLEN By ALEXANDER BLACK.

bringing his fist down.
"Me?" She shrugged and laughed a cocktail laugh that made him search her face again. "I don't count-ex-cept to make a bit of scandal talk.

there. It isn't. It's just the few words. And I had words enough downtown. Funny about words, isn't

The taxi lurched at a curve and she put out a balancing hand. He caught it and bent close. "Let me say it. This isn't one place or the other. Somewhere in between. A friend can be a friend, can't he? Without knocking anybody."

Chroat and your ears humming, that you could know and let him go on because you didn't care, and because he was helping you not to care.

The hand on her shoulder tight ened. She felt his breath very close to her face.

ing anybody. She drew her hand away, "You'll be advising me in a minute."
"But you can't chuck friends. You were a friend when I was up against

"A friend?" She peered at the

## New York -- Day by Day--

Columbia students. Cap-a-ple in flan-nels and serge. Boarding houses with images of the streets rushed through

ways filled with laughing children. float forever, or sink forever. You And fire escapees with middle-aged couldn't forever not care. There women. Big hipped and sullen, A always the place where you had to

poisonous valleys for rare orchids. I'd to everything, to the dark rocks at rather walk a mile for a soandso. Broadway, to the misty heaping of Wish I hadn't worn new shoes, the trees and the solemn midnight Street gamins rushing to the call of the hokey pokey peddlers.

There's something cool and calm about upper Broadway. Another world from the lower section. People have time for neighborliness. Police the other side and had closed the door again with the sound that they do in the comic weeklies. Benny Leonard in his roadster.

The Ansonia-where the ball players stop. And stand out front in the evening. A tea room called The Whale's Jaw. Derelict drowsing in tiny Sherman Square. A patrol wagon backs at a fine apartment house. The shimmer of submerged sensation on the sidewalk.

Elusive gadflies of Times Square. There's Millicent, who married the enveloping dimness snatched her up count. Matinee girls. Penny horn —and had her dangling. The inner sports. All in the kaleidioscopic whirl. tumult went on. John V. A. Weaver, the boy poet. The old Empire, where John Drew cast off survive that. There was a way of

Herald Square grows more remote. Herald Square grows more remote. you. They could change the color of Once the high spot of the town. The darkness. They could make you blind brothers who sell newspapers. afraid, as when you looked back and Harried shoppers rushing to trains. wondered. Wonder what they'll have for dinalong. The stroll ends.

They tell of a former Broadway bartender who has decided to become a sheep-herder in Arizona after prohibition. One of his patrons offered him a job on his ranch. Three weeks later the boss turned up at the ranch. "Well I guess you've come to fire me," said the ex-bartender.

"No. Don't you like your job?" "Yes, I like it, but are you sure you want me to stay?'

"Certainly." "Well, if you want me to stay on you'll have to get some new sheep. All the old ones has lit out on you..

The most tragic thing in the world to me is to attend the first night of a play written by a close friend and see it fizzle. This happened the other night. The play opened fairly well and then began to slide until it became a hopeless thing. Many in the audience waited for dark moments to slip away. Those who remained did so out of sheer loyalty to the playwright. And going out I saw him in the box office with his head in his handsa continual round of rehearsals and "flop" had completely untrussed

There are quite a few hardened playwrights who never attend a "first night." Avery Hopwood is one of them. Gene Walter always stands out in front of the theater and paces up and down. Channing Pollock stands in the back of the balcony. The late Rennold Wolf used to sit and tal to the stage doorkeeper.

I am planning to sail to Europe just three days before my play is given its premiere. If it "flops" I can blame the director and the producer and even write to the London Times about them. But if it is a success I am going to say I was so worn out making it a success that I needed a sea voyage to tone me up Copyright, 1924.)

He made a sudden movement. "For Don't talk a everybody but you," he exclaimed, think—Lord!"

Lamar had an inspiration for a THE NEBBS few moments.

Then he swung the question: "Are you sorry you took those drinks?"
"No!" She threw this loudy, as if

cept to make a bit of scandal talk. I'm only the fool bride. It's none of her business what the man does before she marries him. She would be busy if she went into that, wouldn't she? Of course, if the results are nasty—"
"Don't talk that way. It isn't like you."
"You think it's the stuff I had in there. It isn't. It's just the few words. And I had words enough you run! You weren't built to be You weren't built to be you run!

"All the same—I'm not pounding him. You're the one he has to square himself with. Isn't that so? You—not all the knifers."

"I wish nobody would try to square anything. I wish I could be let alone. I can't have that. Uptown I have advice, tons of it. Downtown I have plain hell."

The taxi lurched at a curve and she put out a balancing hand. He thought. "And I wish I didn't know why you say it."

Yes, she knew—she had known from the moment he stood at the door, that he was saying "they" that he was not openly attacking Marty, that he was remembering everything. It was amazing that you could know this with the hot feeling in your throat and your ears humming, that you could know and let him go on

"No matter what you say, I love

The passionate reach of his fingers, the swift coming of his lips, a fear-ful warm thrill—and she was not fighting. She was letting her head fall back and a kind of crimson thun der was booming above the world It was as if she sat in a quivering boat that sank steadily into a great black pool that was the night, and as black pool that was the night, and as if she were so tired that she didn't care whether the pool might presently close over her head. . . .

Her cheek was against his shoul

By O. O. McINTYRE.

New York, Aug. 22.—Thoughts while strolling around New York:

New York around New York: prism-hung chandeliers. Marquetry the narrowed slit of her lashes. She was alone. Not caring was being floors and old-fashioned foot scrapers. alone. It was being alone to forget A drained cocktail glass in a window-Bun and milk shops. Grimy court-was always an end. You couldn't

brisk, white-mustached man leading a goat. The former home of P. T. Barnum. Now a private hospital.

And the home of a famous naturalist. Who invades deadly swamps and it was true. Suddenly she was awake it was true. Suddenly she was awake it was true. Suddenly she was awake it was true.

Lamar put his hand on the doo "No," she said firmly, "You're no

get out." seemed to say "No!" once more.
"Good night!" she cried to him. He

> PART SIX. The Other High Place.

w her running.

From a turn in the dark road she lanced backward. She had an in stant's fear that he might have isked defiance of that peremptory refusal. But she was alone. she reached the door it was as if the

A kiss in a cab. The world would the Daly shackles and appeared as a frohman star. What a night! taking such things. They could be like a fearful drink, like pouring fire into

The house was innocently quiet. What a pity to wake it up! It would make you feel that you must have scenes for the rest sillness about going home to your life. In some ways this not recognize you with a grunt, and turn over to go to sleep again. It wouldn't law as the straight of your life. In some ways this would be astonished. It wouldn't wouldn't law about Stan Lamar, but there was look about Stan Lamar, but there was no way of avoiding confession town! she couldn't there was a look going home to your life. In some ways this is like a failure, standing of turn over to go to sleep again. It wouldn't wouldn't law about Stan Lamar, but there was look about Stan Lamar, but there was no way of avoiding confession town! she couldn't there was a look going home to your life. In some ways this is like a failure, standing of turn over to go to sleep again. It wouldn't law about Stan Lamar, but there was no way of avoiding confession town! she couldn't have gone down town! she couldn't think there. She wife went sobbing to mamma. People fit to stop sulking. If there were felt cheaper or ple giggled over the agony of the cases where the bride's disillusion-more soddenly miserable before the continued Tomorrow.)

The house was innocently quiet. What a pity to wake it up! It would done that you must have scenes for the rest sillness about going home to your termendously. She would return to gin, she was not less belittled by the was to clang the failure. She was not less belittled by the was to clang the failure. She was not less belittled by the was to clang the failure. She was not less belittled by the was to clang the failure. She was not less belittled by the was to clang the failure. She was not less belittled by the was to clang the failure. She was not less belittled by the was to clang the failure. She was not less belittled by the was to clang the failure. She was not less belittled by the was to clang the failure. She was not less belittled by the was to clang the failure. She was not less belittled by the wa

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hes DOG DAYS. IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO NORTHVILLE AND STAND IN A SWEET-HEART - I'M ALL WORN OUT-THIS HOT WEATHER IS KILLING GOSH IT'S HOT TODAY ! THIS FOR YOUR VACATION! HOW WEATHER TAKES ALL THE STARCH OUT OF ME \_ I WISH SOME GUY WITH AN ICE CREAM WAGON WOULD RUN OVER ME NORTHVILLE AND STAND IN A SUMMER KITCHEN, WHERE THE SUM SAYS "GOOD MORNING" AT 5 O'CLOCK AND GIVES IT A GOOD WIGHT KISS AT 9:30, AND COOK.

YOU'RE ALL MIXED UP - GET YOUR DICTIONARY. AND LOOK UP THE MEANING OF THE WORD

VACATION AND YOU WONT FIND ANY TUNING ABOUT HOUSEWOOD ABOUT MINE ? IF YOU NEED A VACATION SITTING AROUND ME . I'M GOING ALL DAY WITH YOUR FEET ON TO TAKE YOU AND THE DESK WITH AN ELECTRIC FOR A VACATION FAN BLOWING ON YOU E SHOULD BE PENSIONED FOR LIFE ! NOXAGE FIND ANYTHING ABOUT HOUSEWORK WORLD'S GREATEST words. And I had words enough downtown. Funny about words, isn't it? You think this isn't like me. It is like me. Exactly. I'm not the same person. That's it. When you keep on being hammered—"
"No. You're sitting there being sorry for the innocent fool. There'll be a lot of sorry talk when everyby bdy knows."
"Look here!"—he faced her with an appearance of great earnestness—I'd not say you shouldn't rip it out. Damn it! You've had a raw deal. Who're going to blame you for saying so?" She was looking at the outlines to the chanffeur. When she moved to look at Stan, in a moment of silence, she saw his silhouette, with his head lowered. "T've had a few raw deals of my own." he was saying.

The taxi was swinging through the park.

"You'll think that's different." he continued. "Things you bring on yourself. Suppose they are different." he continued. "Things you bring on yourself. Suppose they are different." he continued. "Things you bring on yourself. Suppose they are different." he continued. "Things you bring on yourself. Suppose they are different." he continued. "Things you bring on yourself. Suppose they are different." he continued. "Things you bring on yourself. Suppose they are different." he continued. "Things you bring on yourself. Suppose they are different." he continued. "Things you bring on yourself. Suppose they are different." he continued. "Things you bring on yourself. Suppose they are different." he continued. "Things you bring on yourself. Suppose they are different." he continued. "Things you bring on yourself. Suppose they are different." he continued. "Things you bring on yourself. Suppose they are different." he continued. "Things you bring on yourself. Suppose they are different." he continued. "The hat won't make it so."

The 'All the same—I'm not pounding him 'Voil's the one he has to square he had to you say it." "All the same—I'm not pounding him 'Voil's the one he has to square he had to you say it." "And I wish I didn't know why you say it." "All the same—I'm not pounding him 'Voil's HEALTH WATER

If Sparky Doesn't Go Ahead, He's Going Up.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

TROTSKI VS. SPARK PLUG \$ 20.000 PURSE RUSSIAN'S FROM ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY ARE POURING INTO MILWAUKEE TO WITNESS TURF CLASSIC OF THE SEASON -POLICE ON LOOKOUT

FOR SUSPICIOUS LOOKING RUSSIANS

WHO MAY BE CARRYING CONCEALED BOMBS.

I SHOULD WORRY ABOUT HAVE A FEW OF EM MISELE TO TOSS AROUND IF THEY GET GAY . AHHH - A LITTLE MORE T.N.T. AND THIS ONE IS FINISHED FO IM SOME CHEF

NOW SPARKY, WHEN YOU GO TO THE POST TOMORROW DON'T GET SCARED .. IF YOU HEAR AN EXPLOSION DON'T PAY ANY THINK ABOUT IS TO BEAT "TROTSKI NOW, I'LL DEMONSTRATE ONE OF THESE BOMBS I JUST COOKED UP - SEE THAT SHACK OVER THERE





Registered U. S. Patent Office

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

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



ON THE JOB

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban











ner. A pigtailed Chinese slip-slopping Somebody Is Always Taking the Joy Out of Life

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield









