

# JO ELLEN

By ALEXANDER BLACK. Copyright, 1924.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

He made a sudden movement. "For everybody but you," he exclaimed, bringing his fist down.

"Me?" She shrugged and laughed—a cocktail laugh that made him search her face again. "I don't count—except 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 won't 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 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 everybody knows."

"Look here"—he faced her with an appearance of great earnestness—"I don't say you shouldn't rip it out. Damn it! You've had a real deal. Who's going to blame you for saying so?" She was looking at the outlines of the chauffeur. When she moved to look at Stan, in a moment of silence, she saw his silhouette, with his head lowered. "I'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're different. They hurt just the same. People haven't a right—"

"He'd talk that way," said Jo Ellen quickly.

"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 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 caught it and held 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."

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 it."

"A friend?" She peered at the swishing lines of the street. "I

The house was innocently quiet. What a pity to wake it up! It would not recognize you with a grunt, and turn over to go to sleep again. It would be astonished. It wouldn't know about Stan Lamar, but there was no way of avoiding confession of a crisis, and this would mean a scene. It would make you feel that you must have scenes for the rest of your life. In some ways this appeared more trying than to have faced the situation on the roof. . . . But she couldn't have gone down town she couldn't think there. She must have time to think.

There was a kind of romantic silliness about going home to your mother. Brides were reputed to have done this very often. There was a quarrel about eggs, or bath soap, or the color of wall paper, and the new wife went sobbing to mamma. People giggled over the agony of the

young thing. She would be advised tremendously. She would return to her husband drenched with precepts; or perhaps he would come contritely and bear her off. Then again, he might masterfully wait until she was fit to stop sulking. If there were cases where the bride's disillusionment had some really desperate origin, she was not less belittled by the process of quitting. A confession of failure couldn't be made comfortable. Surely not many brides reached their pang of failure more cruelly. Surely few of them ever felt cheaper or more soddily miserable before the family door bell—the door bell that was to clang the failure. . . . She was acting like a failure, standing there in the dark at the top of the steps. As she put out her hand to the bell, the door opened.

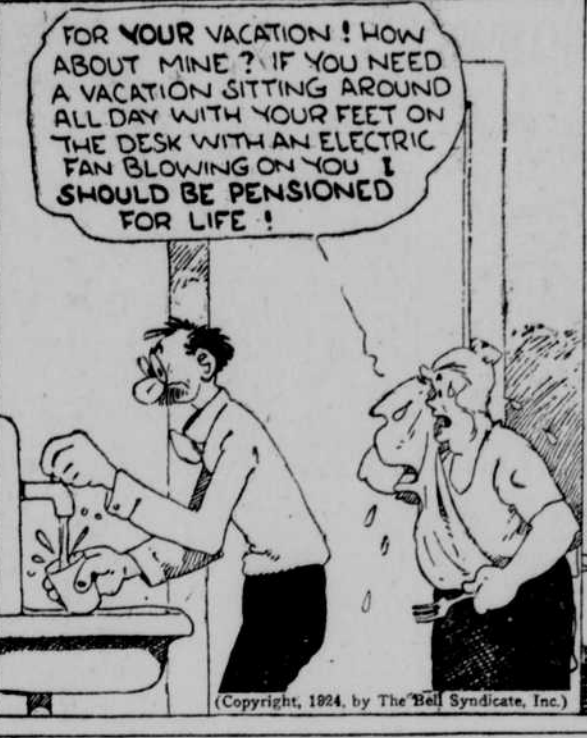
## THE NEBBS



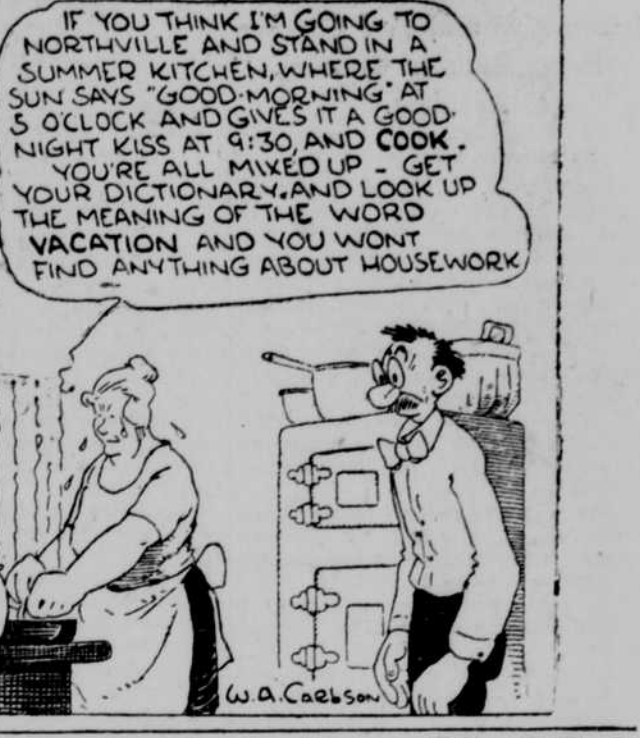
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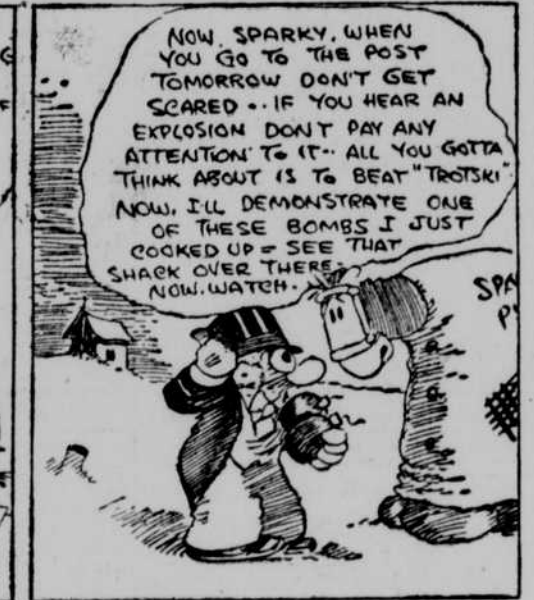
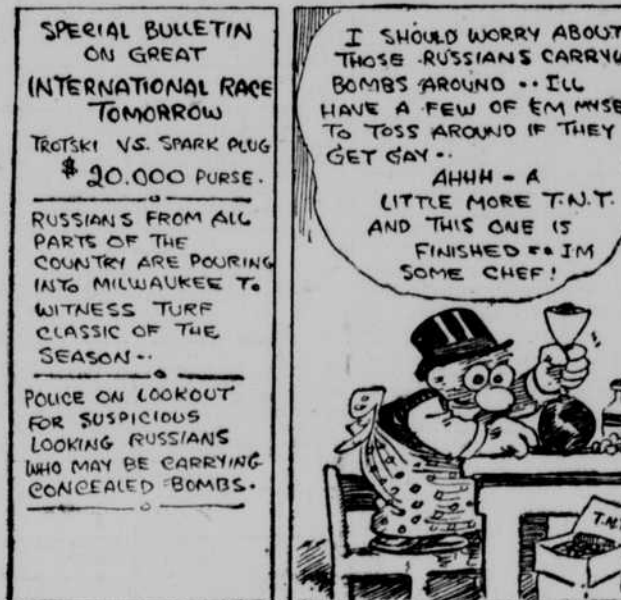
## Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



## Barney Google and Spark Plug

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

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



## New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. McINTYRE.

New York, Aug. 22.—Thoughts while strolling around New York: Columbia students. Cap-a-pie in flannels and serge. Boarding houses with prism-hung chandeliers. Marquetry floors and old-fashioned top scrapers. A drained cocktail glass in a window. Bun and milk shops. Grimy courtways filled with laughing children. And fire escapes with middle-aged women. Big hipped and sullen. A 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 poisonous valleys for rare orchids. I'd rather walk a mile for a soandso. Wish I hadn't worn new shoes. 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. Policemen mingle with nursemaids just as they do in the comic weeklies. Benny Leonard in his rooster. The Ansonia—where the ball players stop. And stand out front in the evening. A tea room called The Whale's Jaw. Derelict growing in tiny Sherman Square. A patrol wagon backs at a fine apartment house. The shimmer of submerged sensation on the sidewalk.

Elusive gaddies of Times Square. There's Millicent, who marches the count. Matinee girls. Penny horn sports. All in the kaleidoscopic whirl. John V. A. Weaver, the boy poet. The old Empire, where John Drew cast off the Daily shakles and appeared as a Frohman star. What a night!

Herald Square grows more remote. Once the high spot of the town. The blind brothers who sell newspapers. Harried shoppers rushing to trains. Wonder what they'll have for dinner. A pigtailed Chinese slip-slapping along. 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 hands—a continual round of rebores and a "flop" had completely untrussed him.

There are quite a few hardened playwrights who never attend a "first night." Avery Hopwood 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

## BRINGING UP FATHER

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

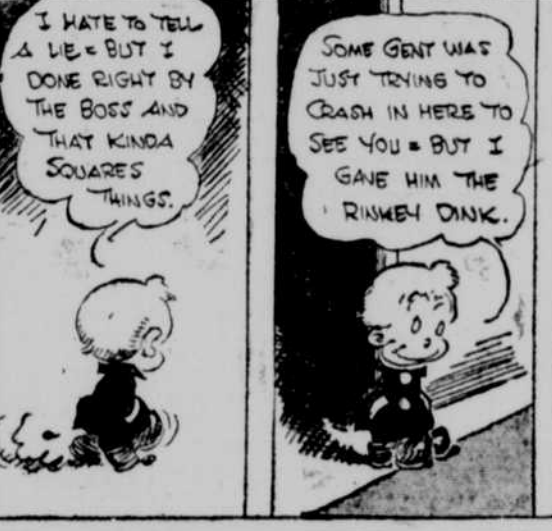
Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



## JERRY ON THE JOB

## THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



## Somebody Is Always Taking the Joy Out of Life

## By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

