JO ELLEN

By ALEXANDER BLACK.

(Continued From Saturday.) "Y didn't have a chance."

tures of curious and rather remote making the same journey. That interest. He was disposed to let her would be a terror. To be carried

bed ritual. room suddenly seemed horribly small. stoniness of her face. . Like a cell. But in a cell you were alone. . . . No, there were cell-mates sometimes. Two in a cell. They vould get to know each other frightfully. Locked in together. For better or for worse. They could plan an escape if they wanted to. When they

New York -- Day by Day--

By O. O. McINTYRE.

On the Atlantic, Sept. 1 .- Prepar-

throes of sleep. The valiant little tugs like so many tumblebugs nosed her out into the North river and then putt-putted away sirening their glee.

They are the clowns of the ocean. At the pier and deck rails a 1.000 timent to remark that anxiety does

On my pillow was a placcard readhas been called to the fact that certain persons, belived to be profes sional gamblers, are in the habit of traveling to and fro in Atlantic steam ships." I couldn't help but wonder it they had me under suspicion. It looks rather personal.

For an hour I sat looking out the port hole gloomily theorizing as to what would happen if the glass broke. It seems thin stuff to combat a mountainous wave. There isn't much fun in the prospect of being slapped in the face by an ocean in the dead of night.

Back on the promenade deck quartette. slightly inebriated, attempted "Many brave hearts are asleep in the deep!" with a mock solemnity. New York and its wilting heat was supplanted by the invigor ating brackish tang of the sea. Four turns around the deck is a mile. I did two miles to gain my sea legs but my gain was a loss I'll not mention This ocean seems to have a perma

The stateroom of a modern liner has myriad interesting push-buttons, gadgets and mechanical doodads. I tried them all to relieve the tedium of insomnia. Once as the boat lurched I got my hand caught in a projecting what-not or other and awakened my

nent wave.

"What in the world are you doing?" she inquired. "Why don't you

relax and enjoy yourself?' "That's just it," I replied, attempting as is my wont to be always merry and bright, "I have to relax too much end if I get what is left from a per fectly good head out of this thingumbob I'm going to be off the ma chinery for the rest of this trip."

So as dawn was brushing the sky I fell to reading Dreiser's "Twelve Men," but I don't remember a word

(Copyright, 1924.)

"I didn't have a chance." This was with a relaxed bitterness, a mere whine. "You know I didn't Cards stacked against me."

"Chance?" She wanted to hold his mind, perhaps to drag it free, to make him look squarely at all that might be salvaged. It was like asking him to walk again. "You could do a lot with your life. . ." He listened with his soiled brown tie in his hand, while she pleaded. What she said might have seemed to offer features of curious and rather remote when the was staring, his lips loose. . . Staring at what? If he noticed that deep voice of the ship, what did it make him think of? He had been away and had come back. His dreams would carry him again through the Narrows, over the squirming water, straight to the place where everything was sharpened into the one thing that crashed . . . you could not dream your way out of that very well. You would keep on making the same journey. That This his freedom in a bottle.

go on. She was wonderful. But he again to the one unspeakable place... ouldn't think of the right answer. No use making her flare up.

Presently he resumed his going to those little roulette outfits." And he resumed his stare, this Jo Ellen loosened her hair. The time at the utterly incomprehensible

> VIII. Morning at the office. Aaron coming in very late. Mrs. Pinney, angry trying the transfixing power of the human eye. He was an irritating

boy.
"I wonder what you were doing

scape if they wanted to. When they got out they could plan an escape if they wanted to. When they got out they could run in opposite directions, for safety, and so that each would have his freedom alone. To be free. That would be the ultimate thrill. . . . But they would have to plan together. They must both have a strong, conquering hunger for freedom. If only one of them had this hunger it would be very hard to do anything.

Suppose that each night the room got to seem smaller and smaller, as in the gruesome story. The cellmate might not notice this at all. It would be a thing you might not tell him. To admit it, even to yourself, would make you sure that something was happening in your brain. If the thing kept up, you would be compelled . . . Oyes! If you could get out you would run away at last.

She heard a ship's whistle, deep, as from the chest of a sea glant, booming through the treble yelpings of the little boats like a voice that knew it did not have to be raised. This would be a great liner. It did not shout or ask. It simply said, "I come!" On such a ship you could travel to a farthest freedom. If you should, and to an office and back again to . . . to a cell, scurrying stupidly, like an ant who had been your came to the screaming point, the point where you saw white and red, and the pain of not saying and not doing cut into the marrow of youwhat then?

"I wonder what you were doing last night."

Aaron refused to the fight page of the morning paper. "Only a little petting party."

"You snipe!" hissed Mrs. Pinney.

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Aaron refused to be withered. As turned out, this became one of his busy days. There were a great many callers.

"You snipe!" hissed M ing) of friendliness for her, and then saw the man who had been your husband standing close, and the two slipping away late at night. Until she told Cora Vance something more than she had told her, Jo Ellen knew that she would herself feel unfair.

The notion of not telling that you were married was rather foolish. Nobody cared a whoop whether you were married or not. Yet telling Cora that she was the pitiable creature of that she was the pitiable creature of the control of t on the Atlantic, Sept. 1.—Preparing to cross the ocean is in toxicatingly joyful up to a certain point. When the cry "All Visitors Ashore" is sounded there is a sudden hush. Laughter comes to a full stop. Faces become grave. become grave.

Only the seasoned voyageur watches the gang planks being pulled away without longing to be at the other end—at least for a moment or so. The ocean seems fearfully wide, And there's something eerie about the lifeboats with their two casks of water.

Sill if I am lost at sea it upsets the predictions of a lot of elderly ladies back home. They predicted the end would be by hanging.

The Olympic slipped out of her berth as New York was in the first

They are the clowns of the ocean. At the pier and deck rails a 1,000 handkerchiefs fluttered.

Megaphones boomed final goodbyes. We were off. A slight crescent of a moon lighted a tiny trail to deeper waters. And passengers drifted to their staterooms—just a few all ready with slightly pea green expressions indicative of faint nausea.

Our steward is named Light and the stewardess White. Light and White sounds like a vaudeville team. Mr. Light is one of those superior

White sounds like a vaudeville team.

Mr. Light is one of those superior trained British servants of whom I always stand in awe. People who call a bath "bawth" and half "hawf" stir my inferiority complex.

And when they drawl "Really. How extraw-di-nary" I want to join the boys in the steerage. My wife was born during a raging flood on the Ohio and evidently left its impress. She is a good sailor. I am up to a certain point, then, "Whoops, my dear!"

It occurred to Jo Ellen, while Eberly was droning, that the look Cannerton pretended to see might really was droning, that the look Cannerton pretended to see might really was droning, that the look Cannerton pretended to see might really was droning, that the look Cannerton pretended to see might really was droning, that the look Cannerton pretended to see might really was droning, that the look Cannerton pretended to see might really was droning, that the look Cannerton pretended to see might really was droning, that the look Cannerton pretended to see might really was droning, that the look Cannerton pretended to see might really was droning, that the look Cannerton pretended to see might really was droning, that the look Cannerton pretended to see might really was droning, that the look Cannerton pretended to see might really was droning, that the look Cannerton pretended to see might really was droning, that the look Cannerton pretended to see might really was droning, that the look Cannerton pretended to see might really was droning, that the look Cannerton pretended to see might really was droning, that the look Cannerton pretended to see might really was droning, that the look Cannerton pretended to see might really was droning, that the look Cannerton pretended to see might really was droning, that the look Cannerton pretended to see might really was droning, that the look Cannerton pretended to see might really was droning, that the look Cannerton pretended to see might really was droning, that the look Cannerton pretended to see might really was droning, be the thing you put off, that came into your head when you had one

of those staring dreams—in the dark or in some uproar? Were you to be dogged indefinitely by thoughts like their being contented, but why condide the condition. Especially people days have to keep on stabbing you with dangling legs, found his freedom in a bottle.

Of those staring dreams—in the dark or in some uproar? Were you to be done the dark or in some uproar? Were you to be days later at a rehearsal. The restricted, but why condition. Especially people with an effort that whitened his gills their being contented, but why condide the condition. Especially people with an effort that whitened his gills their being contented, but why condide the condition. Especially people with an effort that whitened his gills their being contented, but why condide the condition. Especially people with an opinion it wouldn't do any good.

And then you knew that all of the condition. Especially people with a company, the sound of such thoughts? Was pour type machine to keep on stabbing you with a company, be who were absolutely contented by worself. You were alone. They never really got out. You didn't tell anybody. You couldn't. This information was dropped by Miss like Shaffer say if he knew every. You didn't tell anybody. You couldn't. This information was dropped by Miss like Shaffer say if he knew every. You didn't tell anybody. You didn't tell anybody. You couldn't. Farrand whom Jo Ellen saw some (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



Barney Google and Spark Plug

Barney Certainly Makes It Hot for Sparky.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

SARNEY GOOGLE, FAMOUS TURFMAN, OWNER OF SPARK PLUE AND EX JOCK SUNSHINE DWINER OF THO YEAR OLD. ARRNE W WHOLE TOWN IN UPROAR AS DAY OF THE RACE APPROACHES WISE BRANNIGAMS DOWN

TO THE DUMB WEENIES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY ARE OFFERING BIG ODDS THAT THE GOOGLE ENTRY WILL WIN THE \$ 5.000 9 MEMPHIS CLASSIC NEXT SATURDAY. STATION W.M.C.

WILL BROAD GAST

FURTHER DETAILS IF THE ANNOUNCER ISN'T

WHAT'S RUBBING IM UP IN THE AIR.
YOU & THIS IS YOUR PETE . I GOTTA
FIRST VISIT TO SLANT AT SPARKY
MEMPHIS IN A LONG AS HE ROLLED OUT OF THE BAGGAGE TIME AND YOU DON'T WANT HE LOOKS CHER WEIGH ITS GOT ME WORRIED - IF E SHOULD LOSE THIS RACE NEXT SATURDAY ILL BE RUN OUT OF TOWN - I WON'T BE MYSELF TILL I KNOW SPARKY'S WEIGHT.

STEADY. SWEETHEART. ONE HALF OF YOUR BODY 175 POUNDS -- JUST RIGHT - NOW TURN AROUND AND WE'LL SEE WHAT YOUR OTHER HALF WEIGHS --

361 / !! NELL'S BELLS! 15 POUNDS OVER WEIGHT - THIS IS ENOUGH TO GIMME THE HEEBIE JEEBIES

SAY DOC -WHATLL I DO ABOUT SPARKY ! HE'S IS POUNDS EXCESS! YES - YES - APPLY HOT WATER - MUSTAR SALT -YES - YES -



BRINGING UP FATHER

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



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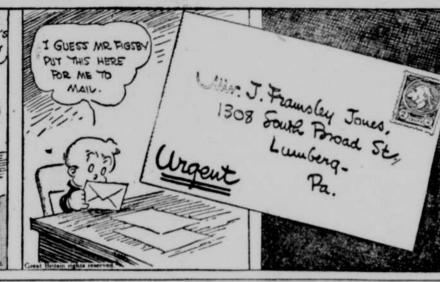


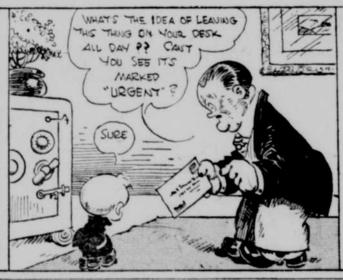
JERRY ON THE JOB

DENY THIS, IF YOU CAN

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban









ing: "The attention of the managers It Happens in the Best Regulated Families

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield He Knows Restaurant Strategy.



YOU FOR THE

PRINCE





