

JO ELLEN

By ALEXANDER BLACK.

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(Continued From Saturday.)

"I didn't have a chance." This was with a relaxed bitterness, a mere whim. "You know I didn't." Cards stacked against her. "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 interest. He was disposed to let her go on. She was wonderful. But he couldn't think of the right answer. Presently he resumed his going-to-bed ritual.

Jo Ellen loosened her hair. The room suddenly seemed horribly small. Like a cell. . . . No, there were cell-mates sometimes. Two in a cell. They would 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 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 on you would be compelled. . . . O yes! 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 giant, 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 might not be a ship you could travel to a farthest freedom. If you ran to inboard, and to an office and back again to. . . . to a cell, scurrying under a tight place, and you came to the screaming point, the point where you saw white and red, and the pain of not seeing and not doing cut into the marrow of you—what then?

New York

--Day by Day--

By O. O. MCINTYRE.

On the Atlantic, Sept. 1.—Preparing to cross the ocean is in torturingly 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.

Only the seasoned voyageur watches as the gang planks being pulled away without longing to be at the other end—at least for a moment or so. And there's something eerie about the life boats with their two casks of water. Still 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 throes of sleep. The valiant little tug like so many tumblebugs nosed her out into the North river and then put-putted away steering their glee. They are the clowns of the ocean. At the pier and deck rattles 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 trained British servants of whom I always stand in awe. People who call a bath "bawth" and half "hawth" stir my inferiority complex.

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

On my pillow was a placard reading: "The attention of the managers has been called to the fact that certain persons, believed to be professional gamblers, are in the habit of traveling to and fro in Atlantic steamships." I couldn't help but wonder if 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 this 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 a 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 invigorating brackish tng 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 permanent wave.

The stateroom of a modern liner has myriad interesting push-buttons, gadgets and mechanism. 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 wife.

"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 in my wont to be always merry and bright. "I have to relax too much and if I get what is left from a perfectly good head out of this thing, I'm going to be off the machinery 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 of it.

Marty, with dangling legs, found his freedom in a bottle. At this moment he 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 swirling 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 would be a terror. To be carried again to the one unspeakable place. . . . "I was thinking," he said, "we might get Arnold to buy one of those little roulette outfits."

And he resumed his stare, this time at the utterly incomprehensible stoniness of her face.

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 last night."

Aaron turned to the light page of the morning paper. "Only a little petting party."

"You sniped," hissed Mrs. Pinney. Aaron refused to be withered. As it turned out, this became one of his busy days. There were a great many callers. Mrs. Pinney had a magnificent admiration for Aaron's efficiency in such crises.

Cannerton was among the many who did not reach Eberly. He found an opportunity to say to Mrs. Pinney, "You know, Cora Vance, is a shade anxious about you."

"Sorry," said Jo Ellen. She wished to see Cora Vance. It was not a comfortable thing to say to Mrs. Pinney by Cannerton as an anxiety was likely to be complicated. Cora Vance might be anxious, but she was certain to be something else also. Something else that would be in her voice when she said Stan was a fast worker. Something else looked out of her eyes, too. How would you feel to see a man who had been your friend or going away with another? You might have stopped loving him, and might have decided that you no longer cared at all what he did, whom he knew, or what he was to them. 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 story—the wife who didn't know—that would be pretty rough. Anybody might know quite easily—Emma Traub or any other. The awkward thing was that Cora's blunder—if you wanted to call it that—made telling her now something quite unlike any other way of telling. They would both feel the lastness of that thing that happened when the cocktail tray was coming. Of course, Cora might set the connecting link at any moment. Suppose Cora had any words with Stan. But it would look silly that Jo Ellen had sat there without sense enough to do anything more than swallow cocktails. There was a reason for not crying out, "I'm the wife!" You had to hold on to yourself. If you'd begun admitting you'd have some to pieces, right there at the party. Being impulsive was all right for people who didn't have terrific impulses. . . .

"Why, you almost look anxious yourself," said Cannerton. "And if you may not be considered impudent to remark that anxiety does not fit you. If I saw you really look like a flapper, you wouldn't do me a mischief, you're for something with a devilish dash in it, superbly young, but nothing flapperish—nothing like a flapper. You wouldn't do me a mischief, I could do it—I could write a part that would fit you like a ten-dollar silk stocking, a part that—"

The buzzer terminated the intrusion.

It occurred to Jo Ellen, while Eberly was droning, that the look Cannerton pretended to see might really be there. Probably there were people who could examine your face and pile up the evidence. Could such people read everything. Could they see that you had stared into the dark of a cell?—that you went out, except on awful Sundays, to take exercise in the Place of the White Lights, and then dragged yourself back again into the cell to dream furiously? Could they read what it was that made you stek? Was it cowardly to stek, or would the cowardly thing 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 these, wherever you went, whatever you were doing? Was your type machine to keep on stabbing you with the sound of such thoughts? Was Eberly to keep on looking as if he knew, and as if he withheld his rage with an effort that whitened his gills and gave his voice the refined attraction of a file? Was Shaffer to keep on seeming sarcastic when he talked about the wonder of his wife? People who were absolutely contented should have the decency to be quiet about it. Nothing objectionable in their being contented, but why confide the condition. Especially people like Shaffer. Was it a sign that you were wrong that Shaffer should be so irritating? What would a person like Shaffer say if he knew everything? For that matter, what would Eberly say? Eberly—that would be stupendous, listening to Eberly. And then you knew that all of these thoughts came tearing back to yourself. They never really got outside of yourself. You were alone. You didn't tell anybody. You couldn't. It wouldn't do any good. If they had an opinion it wouldn't do any good. You had heard opinions already. These changed nothing. You might have told Cora Vance, for heaven knows what reason, but Cora Vance had gone to Chicago with a company. This information was dropped by Miss Farrand whom Jo Ellen saw some days later at a rehearsal. The rehearsal was in an unrented loft with dirty gray walls in which the voices echoed fantastically. The lines of the play—or of one scene in one act of a play, hammered over and over—were like some insane make-believe. (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

THE NEBB

"I'M SYLVIA APPLEBEE, MRS. NEBB—WELL—COME TO NORTHVILLE!"

"GLAD TO MEET YOU, MISS APPLEBEE— I'VE HEARD OF YOU"

"I'M NOT SURPRISED THAT YOU HAVE HEARD OF ME—I'M THE SOCIETY LEADER IN THIS TOWN—I'M VERY ACTIVE IN ALL OUR SOCIAL EVENTS"

"HELLO, SYLVIA! I LOST A BET ON WEBER THAT YOU'D BE HERE THE FIRST DAY AND YOU'RE A DAY LATE— I'VE BEEN SICK."

"THE VERY IDEA, EMMA GRUNTLEY! KNOW YOUR PLACE— DON'T IMFLICT YOUR PRESENCE ON YOUR SUPERIORS WITHOUT AN INVITATION"

"SUPERIORS! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT! IF IT'S GOSSIPING OR SCANDAL PEDDLING— YES— BUT NO OTHER WAY"

"YES IN EDUCATION AND REFINEMENT TOO! JUST WHO ARE YOU AND YOUR PEOPLE? I'LL SPARE YOU, THE PAIN BY NOT TELLING MRS. NEBB"

"IF YOU DON'T TELL HER ALL YOU KNOW BEFORE YOU LEAVE, IT'S BECAUSE YOU FORGOT SOMETHING! TELL HER ABOUT YOUR BROTHER JOSEPH WHO TOOK UP THE CHURCH CONTRIBUTION— THEY DIDN'T EVEN GET THE BOX BACK— MY TALKS ARE HONEST HARD WORKING PEOPLE— THEY MAY BUILD JAILS, BUT THEY DON'T LIVE IN THEM"



9-1

MEOW-MEOW-SPT-S-SPT!

"SAY, DOC— WHAT'LL I DO ABOUT SPARKY! HE'S 15 POUNDS EXCESS!!"

"YES— YES— APPLY HOT WATER— MUSTARD— SALT— YES— YES—"

"FOR MY SAKE, BABY—"



9-1

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

Barney Google and Spark Plug

BARNEY GOOGLE, FAMOUS TOYMAN, OWNER OF SPARK PLUG AND EX-TOYER OF SPARKPLUG, OWNER OF "TROTSKI," THE CELEBRATED TWO YEAR OLD, ARRIVE IN MEMPHIS

WHAT'S RUBBING YOU? THIS IS YOUR FIRST VISIT TO MEMPHIS IN A LONG TIME AND YOU DON'T WANT TO BREEZE OUT AND SEE THE SIGHTS

I'M UP IN THE AIR PETE— I GOTTA SLANT AT SPARKY AS HE ROLLED OUT OF THE BAGGAGE CAR THIS A.M. AND HE LOOKS OVERWEIGHT

IT'S GOT ME WORRIED— I SHOULD LOSE THIS RACE NEXT SATURDAY! I'VE RUN OUT OF TOWN— I WON'T BE MYSELF TILL I KNOW SPARKY'S WEIGHT. I'M JUST ON MY WAY TO BUY SOME SCALES

WHOLE TOWN 'N' UPROR AS MY OF THE RARE APPROACHES

WISE BRANNIGANS DOWN TO THE DUMB LUGGERS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY ARE OFFERING BIG ODDS THAT THE GOOGLE ENTRY WILL WIN THE \$5,000

MEMPHIS CLASSIC NEXT SATURDAY.

STATION W.M.C. WILL BROADCAST FURTHER DETAILS IF THE ANNOUNCER ISN'T TOO DULY



Barney Certainly Makes It Hot for Sparky.

STEADY SWEETHEART, ONE HALF OF YOUR BODY AT A TIME— AHH

36 1/2 !! NELL'S BELLS!!

IS POUNDS OVER WEIGHT— THIS IS ENOUGH TO GIMME THE HEEBIE JEEBIES.



9-1

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

BRINGING UP FATHER

IT'S A SHAME THE WAY THESE WOMEN WALK AROUND IN MEN'S CLOTHES— I UNDERSTAND THAT IF YOU SAY SO— THE POLICE WILL ARREST THEM

THE IDEA OF ME HAVIN' GIRLS IN THOSE PRETTY HIKIN' SUITS ARRESTED— I'M FOR THEM

MAGGIE: HOW DO I LOOK?

HELLO— IS THIS THE MAYOR— WELL ARREST ALL WOMEN IN HIKIN' SUITS AM SEND A POLICE MAN NEAR MY HOUSE—



JERRY ON THE JOB

WELL— HERE'S THE STORY OF ANOTHER DAY— THAT'S THE WAY LIFE IS— JUST ONE DAY AFTER ANOTHER—

I GUESS MR. PIGSBY PUT THIS HERE FOR ME TO MAIL.

Mr. J. Fransley Jones, 1308 South Broad St., Lumburg, Pa.

Urgent

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF LEAVING THIS THING ON YOUR DESK ALL DAY?? CAUT YOU SEE IT'S MARKED "URGENT"

SURE

THE LONGER I LEAVE IT LAY, THE MORE URGENT IT GETS.

ANY THAT RIGHT?



9-1

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus

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DENY THIS, IF YOU CAN

OH HERE IS A CHARMING PICTURE OF THE PRINCE—

OH LAY OFF! THE PRINCE! I'LL BE GLAD WHEN HE GOES. I'M SICK'N TIRED HEARING YOU RAVE ABOUT HIM!

HE IS SO GOOD LOOKING!— I THINK HE HAS EYES LIKE YOURS DEAR

SUCH A FASCINATING SMILE— REMINDS ME SO MUCH OF YOU— HIS TEETH AND CHIN JUST LIKE YOURS TOO

IT GOES TO SHOW THAT NOBILITY IS SOMETHING ELSE BESIDES JUST ROYAL BLOOD AND ACCIDENT OF BIRTH— YOU HAVE ALL THE QUALIFICATIONS BUT— WELL I WOULDN'T TRADE YOU FOR THE PRINCE

HOW ABOUT A LITTLE THEATRE AND A SUPPER DANCE SOME NIGHT THIS WEEK? LITTLE GIRL— HEY! YOU LITTLE PHILOSOPHER!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH IT?

THIS OUTLET IS ABSOLUTELY TOO TERRIBLE TO EAT!!!

SHALL I GET YOU A PIECE OF ROAST BEEF INSTEAD?

YES, PLEASE— BUT DON'T TELL HIM IT'S FOR THE SAME FELLER!!!



9-1

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban

It Happens in the Best Regulated Families

OH HERE IS A CHARMING PICTURE OF THE PRINCE—

OH LAY OFF! THE PRINCE! I'LL BE GLAD WHEN HE GOES. I'M SICK'N TIRED HEARING YOU RAVE ABOUT HIM!

HE IS SO GOOD LOOKING!— I THINK HE HAS EYES LIKE YOURS DEAR

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YES, PLEASE— BUT DON'T TELL HIM IT'S FOR THE SAME FELLER!!!



ABIE THE AGENT

IT'S ONE OF THEM "FINE" RESTAURANTS— EVERY TIME THE KITCHEN DOOR OPENS, I CAN SEE A NICE TOUGH GUERRILLA OF A CHEF!

HOW ABOUT A VEAL CUTLET?

YES— AND SEE THAT IT'S NICE PLEASE

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH IT?

THIS OUTLET IS ABSOLUTELY TOO TERRIBLE TO EAT!!!

SHALL I GET YOU A PIECE OF ROAST BEEF INSTEAD?

YES, PLEASE— BUT DON'T TELL HIM IT'S FOR THE SAME FELLER!!!



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

He Knows Restaurant Strategy.