JO ELLEN

Ironically, Saturday was a blank-ness. It provoked no decisions. Mar-sis, like a thought idly picked up by a ty was anything you chose to think.

Mrs. Simms had the effect of refusing to fortify any impulse. There was almost a softness in her manner at certain times and in Mrs.

Simms anything that might be construed as centle was sensationally not growed as centle was allowed to stop Mrs. Simms' sharply. Her heavy eyebrows drew together in an astounded stare.

"What do you mean, hate her? Simms anything that might be construed as gentle was sensationally noticeable. Jo Ellen had an interval in which she asked herself whether she had invented a crisis, whether her misery was not imagined, whether all of her obstacles were not built by an ugly wish to give herself to Stan Lamar.

When she was alone with Marty in their room she saw that his blight

When she was alone with Marty in their room she saw that his blight had left a new mark. He was restless. Doing nothing was complicated for him by an effect of being freshly shut in; as if there were fewer directions in which he could look. His look toward Jo Ellen was less challenging. The glance, when it rested, was not pleasant, she fancied even. At the moment when she feared the was not pleasant; she fancied even a kind of malignance. But it was too tired to be aggressive. He no longer seemed willing to stir up. In finding an excuse for touching her, he ap-

else could want to do that. . . .

The bells of Trinity on Sunday morning brought this back into her mind. It was a huge and bewildering thought, hard to get hold of. While the bells clanged, word cam

that Mrs. Simms' sister, who had been ill. was very much worse. Mrs. Simms was to go up to the Bronx in the afternoon. Marty's father would join her there, after meeting some obligation that carried him im-

gether . . . alone on the roof, alone for the first time, as it happened, on the other high place.

Mrs. Simms appeared to be much annoyed by having to go to her sister. They had never been friends. There was something unexplained in the matter of the man the sister had married. Mrs. Simms' face at the dinner table bore signs of a freshly aroused bitterness. Jo Ellen ascribed this to solicitude for the sister. It was after Simms had gone that Jo Ellen's effort to express sympathy was met by an acrid rebuff. Marty wheeled himself to a window and was wind was raw. . . "Beloved wife."

A raw wind. . . A last resting place. Still "sacred" after so many years. Strange stones, the flesh of them peeling as if to leave only their bones; broken, so that sometimes you knew when he departed this life but not who he was; a sunken fragment that seemed to threaten the burying of the record with the body. . . Here lyes the body—here lyeth—here lies . . John Sharde, Commander of this Elliza, Widow of Alexander Hamilton. . . . It made no difference to any of them that the sun shone or that the wind was raw. . . "Beloved wife."

MIDD DE TOUR

INNITED US TO GO

THE ONE was met by an acrid rebuff. Marty wheeled himself to a window and was silent for a time. He could hear his mother's voice in the kitchen and some low-toned remark by Jo Ellen. When the clicking of the dishes had ceased, Jo Ellen came into the living room. He turned to her blankly. It occurred to her that his features looked peculiarly senseless. Some thing behind them appeared to be loosened when he saw his mother moving toward her room in prepara-

Magician, Friend

Claimed to Have Seen Shoot-

ing of War Presi-

dent.

Los Angeles, Sept. 7. - Another

of the frail links connecting the

claimed to have witnessed the assas-

of Lincoln, Dies

tion for going out.

By ALEXANDER BLACK. Copyright, 1924 "Why do you hate Aunt Abbie?"

Simms' arm. "Please don't—"
"You red-headed brat!" and Jo El-

ness coming under her hands.
She drew away.
"You're not my mother. Maybe you forgot that." "You devil!" muttered Mrs. Simms Jo Ellen went for her hat. "I'll be back," she said to Marty

XV.

On Broadway. She turned first toward the Battery. To be anywhere until the angry woman had time to leave. No, she did not want the Battery and the ships. She retraced mediately away after the noon meal. These plans impired that Jo Ellen and Marty would have supper together . . . alone on the roof, alone Still "sacred" after so many years.

moving toward her room in prepara- nor stir while he said thickly, "She's

RADIO

Program for September 8. Courtesy of Radio Digest.) By Associated Press.

(Silent Night Chicago)
WGR, Buffalo (319), 4:30, music; 5:30
ews; 6:45-9, concert; 9:30, dance. wMAQ, Chicago News (447.5), 5, or-gan; 5:30, orchestra, WSAI, Cincinnati (309), 9-11, music.

WBAV, Columbus (423), 11 s. m., plano present generation with the stirring days of the civil war was broken here | NEAO, Columbus (360), 12:30, educadeath of Horatio G. Cooke, but the death of Horatio G. Cooke, of President Lincoln and who WTAM, Cleveland (283), 4:30, musical, baseball, news. WTAM, Cleveland (290), 5, concert, friend of President Lincoln and who basehall; 7, concert.

WWJ, Detroit News (\$17), 7:30, News
orchestra,

WCX, Detroit Free Press (\$17), \$, con-Known professionally as Maj, Harry Cooke, "the American wizard," Cooke (484), Davenport (484), 5, musical; 10, Davenport (484), 5, musical; 10,

knowledge of his faculty in the tricks which subsequently made Houdin! famous had gone broadcast. Cooke enlisted in the union army, at the age of 18, in the second year of

himself. Cooke thus learned that

WLW, Cincinnati (423), 7, theatrical re-ew. 7:30-9, music.

WMH, Cincinnati (309), 9-11, music

WOAW Program

the age of 18, in the second year of the civil war, leaving the Iowa country school he had been teaching and taking eight of his former pupils into the army with hm. He was born in Norwich. Conn., February 1, 1844.

MEN ARE BIGGER

AND BETTER LIARS

Berlin, Sept. 7.—Men are much bigger, but also better, liars than women.

A man lies from habit, or to further his interests. A woman lies for the most part merely to extricate herself out of an embarrassing to the country school of the country of the most part merely to extricate herself out of an embarrassing to the country school of the country of the

for the most part merely to extricate herself out of an embarrassing situation.

These sage observations come from Professor Ehlers, a well-known Danish physician, who was among the contributors to a symposium with which a Danish newspaper tried to answer the question as to who is the better liar, man or woman.

Men, however, they also agreed, are more orignal in their lies. Professor Ehlers believes that is because they have more practice, and "practice makes perfect."

Women, he says, usually fall back on the same threadbare lies, which bear the stamp of lies on their face.

MacDowell Lillian Chudacoff.

Reading, "Southern Girl at a Dance."

Ukulele Quartet—Selected.

Kate Goldstein, Bess Greenberg.

Vocal soios:

(a) "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair."

(b) "The Newlyweds"...... Van Trail Vioalin Solo.—Selected.

Dorothy Lustgarten.

Banjo and Mandolin Duet—Selected.

Harry and Hyman Gerstein.

Piano solo. "Witches" Dance."

Wealing, "Southern Girl at a Dance."

Ukulele Quartet—Selected.

Kate Goldstein, Mo. Greenberg.

Vocal soios:

(a) "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair."

(b) "The Newlyweds"..... Van Trail Vioalin Solo.—Selected.

Banjo and Mandolin Duet—Selected.

Harry and Hyman Gerstein.

Piano solo. "Witches" Dance."

Worden, Harry Green. first bases: Ben Ellis, second bass.

Reading, "Southern Girl at a Dance."

Ukulele Quartet—Selected.

Kate Goldstein, Mo. Greenberg.

Vocal soios:

(a) "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair."

(b) "The Newlyweds".... Van Trail Vioalin Solo—Selected.

Banjo and Mandolin Duet—Selected.

Piano solo. "Witches" Dance."

Worden here we preserve.

Warsh Warsh

As Jo Ellen came out of the bedhoom she saw that he was leaning
forward in the chair.

"You stood up for me," he said in
the same thick way, "stood up for me,"
but you were—you were disgusted,
isn't that so?"

"I was sorry."

"Disgusted with me, I know. She's
disgusted with me, I know. She's
leaf of a lot of thinking. I can—yes, I can—feel the
names you don't, Jo Ellen.
But you do a hell of a lot of thinking. I can—yes, I can—feel the
open sooner than was necesdently this dull pain was a headache.
Learning new pains was part of the
names about."

"Don't let us talk about names."

"Don't let us stop thinking for a little
game of living. If she could get to
sleep perhaps the ache would leave

"But I didn't call you names."

"To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

"To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

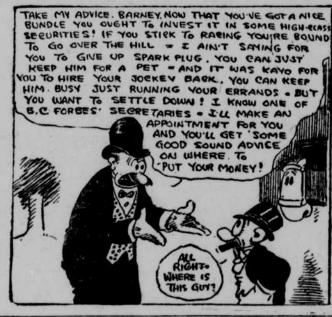
Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

THE IDLE RICH.



BARNEY DECIDES ON FACE VALUE.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



TO MUEST - HOW ABOUT A FEW GOLD BONDS AND PERHAPS SOME SHARES OF A GOOD PREFERRED STOCK 11 SUPPOSE WE GO TALK THINGS OVER! THE SNEAK DOWN AND BE BACK IN





Registered U. S. Patent Office

SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus





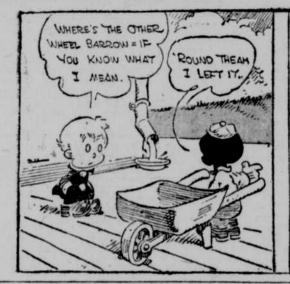




JERRY ON THE JOB

LITTLE LABOR SAVER

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban











By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

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MAPLE

VERY, VERY QUIET



A FEW DAYS AGO WILLIAM TOLD THE PICORELLI GIRL THAT HE'D TELL THE OLD GENT WHERE HE GOT OFF AND THAT HE'D QUIT SCHOOL AND THEN THEY'D MARRY TO EARN A LIVING THEY'D DO PROFESSIONAL DANCING AT THEIR FAVORITE CABARET, AND LIFE WOULD BE ONE LONG BEAUTIFUL DREAM.







