JO ELLEN

By ALEXANDER BLACK.

(Continued From Testerday.)

the pretenses.
"I don't feel very well."
"Shaking her. That's what did for you." His mouth opened and a look of reminiscence fixed him. Suddenly he crouched forward. "She does hate "No, no!" She made a weary gesture.

He shot this out with a kind of insane intensity. "We'd better not go into hating,"

Jo Ellen said slowly. "She does. She's begun to hate me. He snatched up the bottle and It wasn' that way before. It's emptied the while heap of pellets into

He stopped stupidly. "Since you were hurt."
"Hurt?" His face contorted. "No

"Hurt?" His face contorted. "No.
We can say it plain. Since I was
married. What's the use of dodging
it? Since I was married. Since she
began hating you and you began hating her. Hating. Everything's hating. If you two could've got along
together. . ."

This would have to go on . . and
she would have to listen. . . She
couldn't let it go on. There was no
way of stopping the grind of the
words. But she could go away. If

words. But she could go away. If through the doorway. She could hear she stayed—stayed within the reach of it—anywhere but beyord the horiHer own sob vented an exhausted

lets. . . . Here they were. But how many should be taken? She sat beside the table looking at the bottle with the red marks. People had different sorts of headache. Perhaps there were no pellets for her kind.

He didn't know. You could see by the sound of the apartment bell. It was incredibly soon. There had been but incredibly soon. There had been but incredibly soon. There had been but incredibly soon. She shrank against the wall opposite the door when she had flung it open.

He didn't know. You could see by

New York -- Day by Day--

By O. O. McINTYRE.

Parts Sept. 8 .- We sought out one today for breakfast. And drew up in the rear yard of an old house which hears the name Cafe Coucou. It pro-

cks of dogs that rove the district. And she was free. Afterward there was a stroll through

A deep boom came from the river the quarter—viewing the tiny shop Ships. Her hand went to her breast windows abloom with their varying The letter. She took it out. Each

Paris lives to eat and drink. Snails are the piece de resistance and to see windows of the slimy, crawling things doesn't whet a ham and egg him under the dock, the dance, his appetite. Sidewalk vendors were kisses, the cautious voice, the shrewd hawking a new fangled needle that

pride in his art. When I asked for Now, suddenly, terrifically, the door a manicure it was quite a surprise to stood ajar, without his hand. Suda manicure it was quite a surprise to be attended to by a black whiskered denly she saw him as he was . . She fellow of middle age. So this is Paris! strip of fashion paradise-one notices have no one to loosen it but Stan . . that the skirts are shorter than ever Stan, with whom she had shut her before. The smartest frocks are only eyes. Now her eyes could be open. She could look straight . . . at every thing. She could see that he would see the world and the men the worst.

The Arizona. The latter place is run by a Frenchman, and the Arizona atmosphere is provided by a lone chalk drawing of a cow-

In the New York bar there is a crashing reality of this change, she knew that Stan receded. The shadtwo signs reading: "Try Our Scottlaw Cocktail" and "A Drink with a kick— How to Start the Day Wrong Try the Three Mile Limit." The usnal growd of bar flies that graced the old corner saloon is there.

I bought a Paris Times in front of Maxim's today from a newsie who used to be stationed at Brooklyn Bridge. He came over on a tramp steamer just for the trip and went broke here three months ago. Now he is going to stay. He says he is averaging \$250 a month selling newspapers to Americana

At luncheon in the Cafe de Paris were two rosy cheeked and plump Frenchmen - evidently twins and alike even to their shiny bald heads. Each bore a legion of honor ribton in the lapel. They ate exactly the same dishes in almost perfect unison and not once did they exchange a word. "Two of the richest bachelors in Paris," the headwaiter told me. And slyly: "A pair of gay dogs."

One learnes in Paris that "English Spoken Here" signs often do not mean a thing. In many casese it is a mere lure for the tourist. I have been trying out my menu French on various unsuspecting innocents with the usual result-they shrug their shoulders and walk away.

The saddest note in the world's gayest city is its army of nymphs du pave. Most of them are in their teens. When the lights come on they swarm on the principal avenues tossing engaging smirks and suggestive winks to passersby. Their direct approach is to sak for a cigaret. Paris makes no effort to suppress them, Indeed groups of them indulge in bantering conversations with gendarmes. It is not unusual for a done man to be halted by six or seven in a block The guides who show yokels the hidden wickedness are also just as plen tiful. They are sleek and well dressed and with regret one sees that half of them are young American boys. (Copyright, 1924.)

Suppes. He began to eat without drooped.

Suppes. He began to eat without drooped.

She heard him coming. She refused to move. No, she would not go on. Not a syllable. The wheels the pretenses.

"I don't feel very well."

With arms upon the table lief.

She heard him coming. She refused to move. No, she would not go on. Not a syllable. The wheels stopped at the threshold. Then the crash through.

"O my God!"

She lifted her head and saw his YOU? Refused to move head and saw his YOU? Refused to move head and saw his YOU?

"I thought-" He was gazing at the bottle, as if reading the largest red word. "My head aches-" she began.

his palm. She could reach the hand that held the bottle. The other hand eluded

her.
"I got a headache!" His voice broke

A blade of light showed the wheel to Stan Lamar.

She found paper and an envelope. There was a stamp in her purse. Marty was not in the living room when she sought the handbag.

She would go out to drop the letter in the mall chute at the very last. Delaying it seemed like an assurance that she had not hurried the step, that the thinking out had demanded the utmost of time. She slipped the setter under her blouse.

There was a numb silence through which a drip in the kitchen sounded piercingly. She went to the sink and tightened the offending tap. Only the sound of the blood in her temples remained.

A blade of light showed the wheel chair at the coping.

"Marty!"

She called as she ran. She knew while she called that the wheel chair was empty. And out of the dark arose something that was not a sound, an appalling emanation, as if those spaces below were making clamor of a thing for which they had no sound, yet which was rising, rising to the stars.

She cultehed the coping for a moment. . . No, she could not look down, even into a dimness that would show her nothing. She could run with a frantic straightness, through the rooms, overturning a chair, then freeze at the

alned.

If she could find Mrs. Simms' pel- sound of the apartment bell. It was

He uttered a cry, an unintelligible question, as he leaped past her. She stood, her back to the wall, until he

returned from the roof.

"Stay here," he commended.

She would stay, stay and listen, walking back and forth for frightful s, Sept. 8.—We sought out one cloistered nooks of Montmartre voices came, whispering that she was

vided an excellent view of Paris.

Hens were pecking in the yard and there was the constant ylpping of the sat beside her on the high place . . .

rushed through her brain with an extraordinary swiftness and clear-

pleases the ladies. Manipulating it they may close "runners' in silk hose.

Back near my hotel I sought the ministrations of a barber. It was a real solon and the lone barber took for her a dreadful imprisoning door. e attended to by a black whiskered saw herself as she was, with the ellow of middle age. So this is Paris!

On the Rue de la Paix—that short had been tight, that had seemed to Partition women are the best dressed thing. She could see that he would have meant escape rather than libthe world and the men the worst.
The hangouts for Americans at the moheon cocktail hour are the Ritz about the lure of the flesh. . . There had been the lure of the flesh. No

LLEN

| Ows that had always hovered behind him seemed to be swallowing his image. A lightning flash was help image. A lightning flash was help

THE FROFITEER.



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



"Marty . . ." She pointed. "From BRINGING UP FATHER the roof."

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PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



JERRY ON THE JOB

INSUFFICIENT QUALIFICATIONS.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield







Having a Fine Time, Etc.

