

JO ELLEN

By ALEXANDER BLACK. Copyright, 1924.

(Continued From Yesterday.)
The door clicked, and Eberly hurried in.
"Sorry," he said to Jo Ellen. Shaffer was ignored.
It appeared presently that he was sorry because he had enforced the evening return. He really wouldn't need Miss Rewer until the morning. He would be going out in a few minutes.

Shaffer did not feel equally dismissed. Jo Ellen signaled a good night to him.
At the corner she debated between a Seventh avenue street car and walking downtown. She decided to walk, and had just begun when she found Stan Lamar beside her.

"How—?"
It was disturbing to have him spring out of the pavement like this. "I don't blame you," he said with his Panama in his hands. "I'm not trying to be startling or tricky. But I had to see you. Of course, I knew you'd been away."

"Maybe you knew why," Jo Ellen returned stiffly.
"Yes. And what happened while you were away. I'd— He was waiting for a moment. Then he decided to say it. "I'd be congratulating you if it wasn't for—the accident."

"It might as well tell you," said Jo Ellen, frowning. "That it makes me furious to have you know everything."

"I'm sorry. It isn't very good luck to be making you angry. This wasn't sleuthing. I didn't sneak it. I heard naturally. We're sort of related now, you know."

Yes, this was what came to you with new relations. You were served up in family gossip. Pitted or blamed as the crowd might feel. Especially when something happened, something that made you a case. You were like a creature in a cage, hung out on a fire escape. The way you performed would be discussed. And the wrong one would be sorry for you—you, in the cage. It was sickening. If you were just a plain person you had to have some delicacy about your ways. If you were "sort of related" you could take advantage of things you knew, and would, evidently, think the privilege quite belonged to you.

Stan Lamar might have figured out that it was better to tell what he knew. He was the kind of person, she reminded herself, that would do

figuring. Perhaps it was better that he should tell. But he was mistaken if he thought it was an advantage to be sort of related. Whatever it might mean, Jo Ellen knew that this made her uneasy. Maybe it meant that you had to be more honest. Stan Lamar was no longer a startling image of romance. As the crook in distress he had been a scarlet streak in the grayness of everythings. And here he was, a cousinly matter, walking openly with her on Seventh avenue. It was one thing to still your conscience as to an unmanaged incident to make the secret out of a peculiar crisis that flamed on its own account. It was altogether different, with mystery cut away, and everything enormously changed, to be acting as if the situation were the same. As a cold fact, walking with him on Seventh avenue was more shameless than being secretly excited by the meetings at Inwood.

There was a fresh annoyance in reality reminded that she was not really honest. Perhaps something indecent whispered inside of every human shell. If it wasn't indecent it was something not like the rest of you—not at all. The rest of you had rules and could be held together and counted on. This was a rebel—and a liar. He lied to your own self. You knew it, and would lie again. It naturally suggested secrecy. It was so used to whispering instead of speaking out that it was easy for it to play a whispered part, to hide and contrive and to make a secret out of both of you. Yet it was a part of you. If it was a part of you, why did it lie? There was something dishonest in the rest of you that forced it to lie.

For a moment she said to herself, her mind was making a fuss about something that wasn't worth it. Perhaps it wasn't really complicated. When she was just a plain person you had to have some delicacy about your ways. If you were "sort of related" you could take advantage of things you knew, and would, evidently, think the privilege quite belonged to you.

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There was an answer to this that came to her while Stan talked about things she only half heard. He was her husband's cousin, but because he was the outcast cousin he would find a way of not really trying to go home with her; he would find a way of making it easy for her to add one more to the secret meetings. It angered that other part of her to know that he was forcing her straight into the evasion. She wouldn't ask him to the house, and she wouldn't tell Marty she had met him. She would be a married woman with—well, call it an illicit acquaintance. That was the short of it, and under the circumstances this was rather cowardly. If you had a husband you might meet on the street it would be bad enough. But a crippled husband, waiting for you...

At the moment the guilty feeling felt the upper hand, and since she had had it before and it was a bit bedraggled, a special chagrin was added.

"I guess I'm a pretty cheap coward," she said to Stan.
"If you are," returned Stan, "I must have cowards wrong."
"You have me wrong. And it isn't your fault. I haven't told you—"
Stan laughed, and this was fortunate for him. "You've been pretty plain."
"And amusing," she added.
"Sometimes as amusing as a knife in the ribs."
"That's it. Words. I do things that make me hate myself. Why don't I do something that will make you hate me?"

"Why should you?"
"Because I don't like hating myself."
"That's a hard one." He was silent for a moment. "If you want to know what I think, I don't believe anybody really wanted to be hated. What's the good?"
"Suppose it was the only way to stop hating yourself?"
"I think you're wrong about its being the only way."
"What other way is there?"
"Well," he said, touching her arm as a warning when a motor truck lumbered out of a side street, "why not try being—natural?"
"If I'd been natural just then," said Jo Ellen, "I'd have been run over."
"This time his laugh did not offend. "I think I like to be natural," she added. "But I wouldn't like to be squashed. I suppose it's natural to be a coward, too."
"You're no coward. You're only—when you feel that way—being like Inwood."
"I see," she retorted. "Not like Broadway. They're very natural on Broadway."

An anonymous and irate reader in Texas writes: "It is such wooden-headed writers as you who give the impression that New York is the only city in the world." I admit to the "wooden-headed" charge. That's the reason I never take my hat off. I'm afraid the wood peckers will get to me. But mark you—and when I say "mark you" it doesn't mean a thing—if I have ever given the idea New York is anything but a sappy town made for saps I have expressed myself clumsily. In fact that's why I'm here.

In fact I'm such a clod that when I came to New York they had to run me down to put shoes on me. And after I had worn them three days I used to sneak into dark hallways to take them off for relief. Some time after that I became suddenly ill. I went to a doctor and he told me it was a touch of ptomaine. I supposed it was the shoes again and went to a chiropodist.

But years living in the million-footed city had had their effect. I've broadened. Even my natural Scotch thrift has mellowed. I have become one of the open pursed and generous. As Broadway has it: "I'm a 50-50 guy." If somebody will furnish the piano I'll always furnish the stool.

Speaking of lion taming and other forms of bravery, the bravest fellow I know wouldn't weigh more than 90 pounds all wet and with a rock in his hand. He was at a midnight supper club the other evening and after the waiter brought a check for \$15 he presented him as a tip a lead pencil advertising the paint concern for which he worked. When a fellow who is just about tall enough to look a turtle in the eye can get away with that there is some hope for us six-footers.

A Broadway comedian says the meanest man in the world is the warden who would put a tack in an electric chair.

"I mean—"
"O it must be great to do things— to do anything—without blaming yourself."
"Yes," he admitted, guardedly. He was suspicious of an improvised trap. "If you can do it, I suppose there are people... But I guess it gets to

them some time or other. If I didn't have to blame myself... it would make a difference."
She knew he wanted to establish a confession, to get something said which she had never let him reach. Stan prostrate had not appealed to her. He had begun as an upstanding

figure. Any symptom of groveling always made her nervous. There might be a fine point in it somewhere. But fine points didn't matter now. It didn't pay to have your wires crossed by trying to think two different ways. "If you don't want to blame yourself any more," she said, "you'll count

me out."
He shook his head. "No. It can't be done."
"It must. You see, I'm no longer a free, irresponsible person."
"You don't mean, do you, that all friends are chucked—that being married—"
"You know exactly what I mean."—well, they sort of chain you. You have to keep remembering the chains. "Good. Good. Chains? You're chained, all right!"
"And you pity me, of course."
"Wait a moment—I only wanted to say—"
(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

THE NEBBS

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! THEY'RE OFF!
THE \$100,000 ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN IS ON

CALEB RENROD, THE WEALTHY BROKER WHO WAS JILTED BY NEBB'S DAUGHTER BETSY, HAS ADVANCED NEBB AND SLIDER \$20,000 TO START THE ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN. THEY ARE INCORPORATING FOR A HALF MILLION DOLLARS. RENROD'S FIRM IS HANDLING THE SALE OF THE STOCK - WE'RE HOPING EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT



ALL ABOARD.

NOXAGE
THE WONDER WATER
IT WILL CURE ALL ILLS
KNOCKS AGE INTO YOUTH - YOUTH INTO CHILDHOOD
HAS FATHER TIME RUNNING BACKWARDS
GUARANTEE

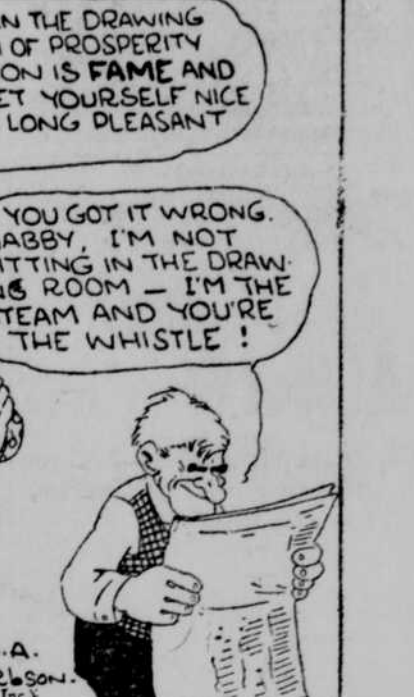
ME
OWN SERVICE
of the
Paris in
Lombards
they may
reports
Europe
eo Club
& garden
Olympic
the entire
map in the



KID YOU'RE SITTING IN THE DRAWING ROOM OF THE COACH OF PROSPERITY AND YOUR DESTINATION IS FAME AND FORTUNE - SO GET YOURSELF NICE AND COMFY FOR A LONG PLEASANT RIDE!

YOU GOT IT WRONG, GABBY I'M NOT SITTING IN THE DRAWING ROOM - I'M THE STEAM AND YOU'RE THE WHISTLE!

W.A. CARLSON



Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

Barney Google and Spark Plug

CITY OF MILWAUKEE - SUBSCRIBES \$21,000.00 FOR PURSE - SPARK PLUG PRIDE OF U.S.A. VS TROTSKI THE FAMOUS HORSE FROM FAR OFF RUSSIA ODDS FAVOR SPARKY 8-5

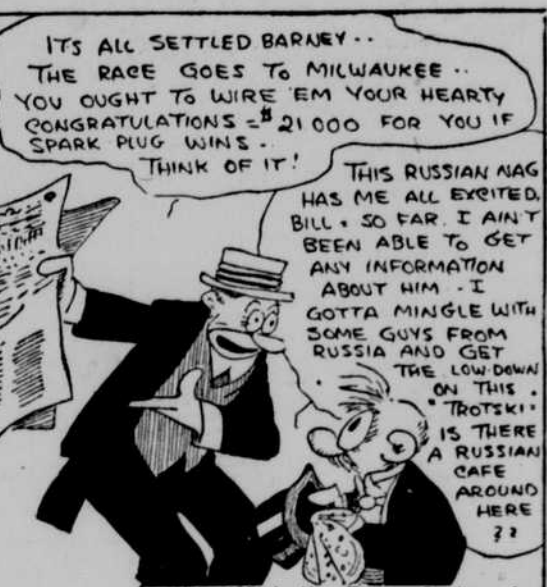
THOSE BIRDS IN MILWAUKEE ARE LIVE WIRE - \$21,000.00!!!

THEY OUTBID DETROIT, FT WORTH, BUFFALO, TORONTO AN ALL THE OTHER TOWNS FOR THE SPARK PLUG TROTSKI RACE

I DON'T BET ON THAT RACE TILL I SEE WHAT THIS RUSSIAN NAG LOOKS LIKE.

IT'S ALL SETTLED BARNEY - THE RACE GOES TO MILWAUKEE - YOU OUGHT TO WIRE EM YOUR HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS - \$21,000 FOR YOU IF YOU THINK OF IT!

THIS RUSSIAN NAG HAS ME ALL EXCITED, BILL - SO FAR I AIN'T BEEN ABLE TO GET ANY INFORMATION ABOUT HIM - I GOTTA MINGLE WITH SOME GUY FROM RUSSIA AND GET THE LOWDOWN ON THIS "TROTSKI" IS THERE A RUSSIAN SAFE AROUND HERE??



Barney Acquires the Whiskers, but Not the Tongue.

I'VE GOT THE RIGHT IDEA - I'LL CAMP IN A RUSSIAN RESTAURANT DURING THE MOON HOUR AND HEAR WHAT THEY'RE SAYING ABOUT "TROTSKI" - I'LL HIRE A DISGUISE SO NOBODY'LL GET WISE TO ME

COSTUMERS

HAM AN EGGSKI

10 ГО АРБУСТА В МИЛВОКИ СУСТОПЕТСЯ СКАЖИ НАШ ЗНАМЕНИТЫЙ СКАЖИ "ТРОТКИ" БУДЕТ ИМЕТЬ СВОИМ СЕРДЦЕМ СПИДКИ ЛЮДА. ВАШ ДОЛГ ПРАВДУ ДАТЬ НАШЕМУ ТРОТКОМУ ДАРИТЕ ПАРИ ЗА ТРОТКИ...



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck (Copyright 1924)

BRINGING UP FATHER

YOU ARE GOING TO TAKE DANCING LESSONS AND I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU TO A TEACHER RIGHT NOW - GIVE ME THAT FIFTY DOLLAR BILL YOU HAVE AS YOU HAVE TO PAY FOR THESE LESSONS IN THESE LESSONS.

THIS IS ALL THE MONEY I HAVE.

WHERE IS THIS DANCING SCHOOL?

JUST A MINUTE - I WANT TO SEE THIS SHAWL!

I GUESS MAGGIE IS RIGHT - EVERYBODY WHO IS ANY BODY KNOWS HOW TO DANCE

NEVER MIND ABOUT THE DANCING LESSONS - YOU CAN TAKE THEM SOME OTHER TIME!



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus (Copyright 1924)

JERRY ON THE JOB

HERE WADE, BIG BOY - SCAMPER OVER TO THE ARROW DRUG AND PHIL CO. AND GET ME 75¢ WORTH OF POTASSIUM BROMIDE WITH A DASH OF SALIS EFFERESCENTS - AND YOU CAN KEEP THE CHANGE

SOMETIMES I THINK MR FIGSBY AIN'T HALF AS BAD AS I THINK.

HOLD EVERYTHING! WAIT A MINUTE!! MIGHOSH! I FORGET WHAT I'M SUPPOSED TO GET!

I'M IN A NICE FIX - MR FIGSBY GAVE ME \$1.00 TO BUY SOMETHING AT THE DRUG STORE - AND HE TOLD ME I COULD KEEP THE CHANGE. NOW I FORGET WHAT HE WANTED!

GET A NICKEL'S WORTH OF COUGH DROPS.



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban (Copyright 1924)

Somebody Is Always Taking the Joy Out of Life

YOU DON'T MEAN TO TELL ME YOU ARE 49 YEARS OLD TODAY!! YOU DON'T LOOK A DAY OVER 40

YES THIS IS MY BIRTHDAY

49 YEARS OLD TODAY!! SAY BOY, YOU COULD PASS FOR 35 EASILY! HOW DO YOU DO IT!!

49 YEARS OLD!! WHY YOU LOOK LIKE A KID! YOU'RE A MARVEL I'LL TELL THE WORLD

49 TODAY! WHY YOU LOOK AS FRESH AND YOUNG AS A TWELVE YEAR OLD.

49 EH? WELL - ANOTHER YEAR YOU'LL BE HALF A CENTURY - YOU'RE GETTING ALONG IN YEARS - AN OLD MAN - IN ANOTHER 20 YOU WILL HAVE REACHED YOUR THREE SCORE AND TEN AND THE CHANCES ARE AGAINST YOUR HANGING ON THAT LONG - YOU SHOW WRINKLES

SOMEBODY IS ALWAYS TAKING THE JOY OUT OF LIFE!



ABIE THE AGENT

MISTER ABE KABBIBLE TO THE STAND!!

OY, WHAT A MOB OF PEOPLE IN THE COURT ROOM TO LISTEN

IT SAYS "DEAR SIGMUND, I JUST REMEMBER THAT I OWE YOU \$25 - I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU WEDNESDAY YOURS TRULY ABE"

IS THIS YOUR HANDWRITING??

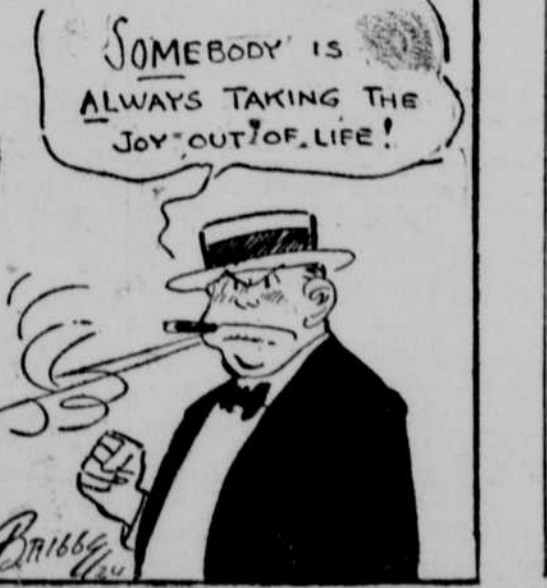
YES

I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T WRITE HIM ANY LETTERS?

I DIDN'T - BUT WHY SHOULD FOUR HUNDRED PEOPLE IN COURT KNOW I CAN'T WRITE?



By Briggs Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield (Copyright 1924)



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