

# JO ELLEN

By ALEXANDER BLACK. Copyright, 1924.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

Cora Vance's animation dulled the pang of the scene on the roof—of Marj's sulky stare as he saw her going out, wearing her best gown and the linselled toques. By the time they came to Miss Lenning's door she began to hope there would be something to eat, before it was time for her to go home. She hadn't tasted supper.

The negroes who opened the door—she was a great brown Brunhilde of a woman with a flashing grin—seemed to promise amiability. Miss Lenning herself had the manner of a mature child who happened to be present. Her wistful way gave the stroke of paradox to the statuesque robe of black and gold in which she swished. Her tiny, small blonde head seemed to emphasize and to be emphasized by the dark grace of Cora Vance, and Jo Ellen, watching them meet, felt like a peasant, which made it all the more embarrassing that Miss Lenning should exclaim, "You lovely thing!" and thrust those beautiful white fingers into her hair. Miss Lenning was so glad they came early and hoped they would forgive the disorder of everything, since there had been a fall-down in the matter of certain preparatory grooming of the rooming. If what she saw was disorder, Jo Ellen found it very picturesque. A sense of the rooms, three deep on the parlor floor, came confusedly through the char of intricate locations. There were three men to meet at once: a comedian named Cornell, Morrowby, the critic, and a fat person with an unrememberable name who had something to do with book-

Everybody seemed to know the house, to know where the cigars were, to know the appointments of the basement, where the walls were covered with photographs, posters, cartoons and hideous war trophies. A comic artist whose name Cora Vance said was a household word, but whose identity Jo Ellen missed because Miss Vance quite busily forgot to mention what the word was pointed out to Jo Ellen some of the curiosities of the basement.

"But the collar is the bit of this show," said the comic artist. "Have you seen it? O well, down we go!"

Jo Ellen followed the Household Word down the cellar steps into a whitewashed space fitted up grotesquely as a parlor, with sport-line prints, sanded floor, an enormous spittoon, a mirror set between the shelves full of bottles and glasses, and other realisms of which Jo Ellen acquired but a blurred impression.

"Makes me think of Meinie Gabuller's in Chicago," said the Household Word. "But they've left out, in case of fire, writing the towels, and he swept the barricade rising from the brass foot rail.

It was then that Jo Ellen recognized Cannerton behind the bars with a apron fastened under his armpits. "Ah!" exclaimed Cannerton, wiping his fingers on the apron and thrusting forward a hand toward Jo Ellen, "this is indeed a surprise and pleasure. Name your pizen, gent."

"They tell me—" began the Household Word.

"And they're right," declared Cannerton generally. "No better rye left on earth." He pushed forward the dark bottle. "What particularly choice nectar can I produce for the Eberly productions? Might I suggest—"

"Try suggesting ginger ale," Jo Ellen returned with a defiant laugh.

"Excellent for the early evening," said Cannerton with a professional flip of the tall glass, and a less successful movement of the opener. He rang a gong in caricature of the cash register, and because the sign said, "a ring with every drink." "You have to be sober to take your turn at this," he added, "or you'll miss the real bottle and hand out one of the pictures. Think of that hanging in the paper: 'Comic Artist Killed by Croton Water.'"

It appeared that the bar was in operation for half an hour only. "You see," remarked the Household Word, "there's a limit to every joke."

"Right!" piped Cannerton. "You're the limit!"

The whitewashed place filled up before closing time. Sharp gusts of laughter followed Jo Ellen up the stairs, and Cora Vance, finding Jo Ellen, took her by the route of the hallway into a recess where there was a divan.

cause he bustled. You know, I can see his good points, better than I Davitt helped cool me off. You think you're an actress," she said, "but are you a good enough actress to kill a man and act your way to an acquittal? Her drawing way of putting it made me think, somehow. After-

ward, I didn't want to hurt him—only to be rid of him. At first you feel queer—meeting them, when you're divorced.

"I should think you would," murmured Jo Ellen. There was more to it. Suppose a woman had to feel like—forever and ever. Tied, hard

and fast. That reminds me of what somebody was telling me about a cousin of Stan's—I guess it was Gertrude Lawler, told it—ah! here come cocktails—born by the magnificent Marone, himself—it must be that the ants are ready."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Ricardo Cortez has been added to the cast of "A Drama of the Night," the latest James Cruze production. He will play one of the featured roles, others in the cast including Louise Dresser, Kathleen Williams, Virginia Lee Corbin and Pierre Conrad.

## THE NEBB



## THE TESTIMONIAL



## Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sel Hess

## Barney Google and Spark Plug



## JUST THE DISH SPARKY NEEDS.



## Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

## New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. McINTYRE.

New York, Aug. 20.—Harlem's Black Belt lost its biggest high flyer in the death of Barron D. Wilkins. He was loved and despised by the people of that section. He was pistol-club from his famous Exclusive club by "Yellow" Charleston, who runs a 25-cent cellar craps game.

To Barron Wilkins' place came the flow and wash of a Manhattan's raciest night life, ultimately, "Barron" was always there to nod and bow and boom with pleasure to see the blacks come. Other "blacks and tans" were closed after prohibition but Wilkins seemed immune from arrest.

When Jack Johnson, his black face shining, came back from the west with a white girl after knocking Jefferson out at Reno, he went to the "Barron" place. Here black men and white girls mingled after midnight. Johnson was given the "rose and gold room" upstairs.

All Harlem flocked to bask in Jack Johnson's gold-tooth smile. To Barron Wilkins was accredited great political influence. He could swing votes. He was reputed to be worth more than \$200,000. He carried both distinctions with quite suavity.

His name gleamed in heavy electric lights over his resort. It catered especially to white actors and actresses from Broadway. Here in the smoked filled basement they might see a little of another color. He was the first to introduce the Ethiopian-Caucasian melting pot idea into cabarets north of the Mason-Dixie line.

The black and mulatto bloods that frequented the Exclusive club had high flown names. Among them were Prince Pinkney, Curley Diamond, The Hambone Rajah, and Tar Baby Ed.

It is a place that should have been closed long ago. I have seen beautiful white girls sitting at tables and fox trotting with negroes. The Barron insisted all his patrons, black and white, be barred if they did not wear evening clothes.

They could see the groups scattered throughout the rooms; significant faces etched by the ambient lights, and odd flashes of color through the blue haze.

Miss Vance lighted a cigaret. "Until some bore gets us," she said, "which means that I don't get mixed."

A tall girl who didn't want a seat but was simply looking for a light, glanced down at Cora Vance to remark: "I tell Maude that virgins have gone out of fashion. Was it the war, I say it's horrible. Why, the business girls make stage women seem stodgy. Absolutely."

"Not that you mean to be personal," Cora Vance sent out sharply.

The tall girl veered to Jo Ellen, "of course not," she added. "I hate to be personal. I'm worshipping the exceptional." Her laugh was accompanied by a look of exaggerated shrewdness.

"She's better," said Cora Vance as the tall girl moved away, "in lines that are written for her. The only thing that's really happened," she added, as if the tall girl's remark had started a thought, "is that the profession has got to be more morbidly talky than it used to be. First it got self-conscious, by all the print. Now it moralizes. Makes you sick except when it's addressed to everybody. But you don't seem to be that way."

"Which way?" asked Jo Ellen.

"Moralizing. Figuring out that everything's rotten. Especially girls. I suppose bunching business girls is about as sensible as bunching stage women. I know stage girls that are hell cats. And I know others that are like honest-to-God nuns. It wouldn't make much difference what their job was, either kind; they'd 'O I don't know what he is. He's vague, Stan is, when it comes to occupation. He's fixed rather for occupation. He's a sort of soldier of fortune. Not quite a crook, but with a leaning to crookedness. I don't say that be-

## BRINGING UP FATHER



## JERRY ON THE JOB



## ABIE THE AGENT



## Second Honeymoons

Far up on the Grand Duke Concourse is one of the most unique porches for ex-trick men. It is stripped of every suspicion of charity and is known as the Andrew Freedman Home. It is the gift of Andrew Freedman, capitalist and baseball magnate.

It is non-sectarian and is operated solely for the care and maintenance of gentle folk of advanced age who were once wealthy and now in penury. As far as possible these folk will have an opportunity to enjoy the same mode of life which they led in days of affluence.

The structure is of gray limestone and is four stories high. It contains 48 bedrooms. There is a large community library, a stately living room and an inviting card room.

Second Avenue is the White Way of the East Side. There are a dozen theaters there. There are French, Italian, Russian, Chinese, Japanese and vegetarian cafes—with bills-of-fare ranging from borsch to chop suey, to make to knock-out or fattening.

There are book shops full of the gay bindings of Russia and old women who sell potato chips hot from a cauldron of boiling grease, just as they do all night long at the Fontaine des Innocents in Paris.

Second avenue is exotic, isolated and self contained.

There are Chinese, Tartars, Slavs and Armenians whose faces are still brown with the winds of Araby. Stores sell Riga Sporties, lychee nuts, caviar and escargots and the windows dazzle with the twentieth century mazda. Electric lights glow with cabalistic letters.

There are a dozen races living 50 to a floor in tenement. All are descended of shepherds, kings and Roman emperors cut alike to the New York pattern.

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