JO ELLEN

By ALEXANDER BLACK.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

Myrtle carried all the elation of having arrived. "Shut your trap!"

This was a male voice, suggesting do."

Cora nodded. "Yes. That might be it. Sounds pretty deep, dearle, for a standing near Myrtle. "They're get-kid like you. But maybe that's it."

"I heard you were in a theatrical office," said Myrtle. "By now you've got drag enough to get in anywhere. Listen, I'll have to look you up. Wish I was going to see you after the show. We go on in a second."

"I believe you're bould."

Kid like you. But maybe that's it."
Suddenly Cora looked Jo Ellen intently in the eyes. "Stan Lamar's got to leave you alone."
"He isn't hurting me."
"He's got to leave you alone." Real blood showed under Cora's rouge.
"You must be advised."

"I believe you're having a good time," said Jo Ellen. Myrtle peered suspiciously through ber heavily daubed lashes. "Sure. An

This act has-" A word or gesture Jo Ellen did not catch set the group in scurrying mo-

Myrtle was waving her white arm.

XI.

And there was the incident of Cora
Vance. It had to come, perhaps. Jo
Ellen, after wishing to meet Cora
again, had begun to feet that she was
again, had begun to feet that she was again, had begun to feel that she was not eager. When Cora was simply out quite. Very likely you can't make you out quite. Very likely you can't make me out. That's the way it goes. It's a pretty dirty world, but I don't know. I can't make you out quite. Very likely you can't make me out. That's the way it goes. It's a pretty dirty world, but I don't know why I should butt in to perming with Stan Lemar's ex-wife. Sunde you of that, Looks to me as if Nothing about Cora's previous life you were getting some idea of how seemed to matter, so long as you dirty it is. That wreck at home. didn't know about it in particular. Probably Cora was feeling the same way. So long as Jo Ellen was similar to lock the way of that. Looks to me as it you were getting some idea of how dirty it is. That wreck at home. That shell of a husband—forgive me, my dear. I'm thinking about you. I'm awfully sorry I had the hard luck

and to whisper, "You vamp."

A collision between two cabs had established a blockade. The crowd was watching the entertaining spectacle involved in an effort to lift a fat woman, much disarrayed, from the cab that lay on its side. There had been much discussion as to whether it would not be better to right the cab before removing the passenger, but the fat woman settled that question as soon as she could get her head through the door. Some one shouted.

The phrases; hearing Shaffer for a necessary minute and noticing again something comic in his disenchanted wistfulness; following the strut of an old actor and the tactics of a thin girl with brick red lips; admiring and loathing the unearthly coolness of Aaron; typing, tpying, stabbing the sheets; sensing with a peculiar clear nes the filtered outdoor noises.

Thinking that Stan was likely to intercept her in the foyer or not far beyond.

BRINGING UP FATHER

through the door. Some one shouted, "Ladies first!" and the rescue pro-

They found a remote dival, and considerently, she believed him to have a sinister shrewdness that was capable of making things come about as he wanted them to come about. She gether tired of being pent, Jo Ellen wondered whether this conviction had been shaken, and if it had not been

Cora's contralto emerged from the story—

"The fool!—the damn fool!"—which was rather startling, until it became clear that she was speaking of herhelf. "Why—" she caught hold of Jo Ellen's near hand—"it was a chance in a million—that I should tell you—you, the one—think of that! What a shame! Hell! I wouldn't have—you see, don't you?—it was just that sort of a thing a person would yap about and think was funny, or dramatic or something. Good Lord! And you—sitting there! Saying nothing. Why didn't—? Of course, you were knocked clean over—clean! Talk about nerve! I'd have gone up in the air. You sat tight and took it."

"Like a stick," said Jo Ellen with a frazzled smile.

a frazzled smile.

nd that marriage crisis. Marty was an abstraction.

"You poor dear!" she muttered.
"And to think it had to be Stan." 'I suppose you mean-" began Jo

Cora pulled herself up. "Oh, it just seemed odd. Stan. It's so like him." "Maybe it's so like me," said Jo

Ellen, defiantly.
"No." Cora shook her head. "But how do I know about you? I guess I think you're a kind of freak. I don't mean anything—anything in-sulting. I'm trying to imagine how I would have felt before—before so many things happened to me. Somehow we can't get back, can we—and imagine? The funny part is, that you look as if you could be a wild one. I suppose it depends a good deal on home. Mine was a rotten imitation. Ouch!" Cora made a gesture. "Pretty soon we'll be getting to the mother

stuff. Don't you mind me."
"Perhaps we're both freaks," sug gested Jo Ellen. Her confession had worked no magic. A depressing re-

action was setting in.
"If we are, we're different kinds Sometimes I think I've always done about what everybody would expect. I'm just a plain garden variety of damn fool. You've got a way of your own. I don't say it's any better than mine would be, but it's yours. As for that, I don't know what I'd do if I were in your position. I honestly don't. I suppose I mean, if I were you, and that's foolish. If I were myself I couldn't stand it. I'd blow."

"You mean, you couldn't hate it "I couldn't. I can't do anything complicated. I don't have to hate. But I either love or I don't. When I loving, the Jig's up. I'm

Yes, I know, there's home coming again. But I'd have to chuck ome if it hurt. That's what I did do. And all this time I'm envying you because you can face something and ocld steady. I suppose that's char-leter. I haven't any character."

This drew an unmerry laugh from the Ellen. "That sounds as if you

"You had me for a moment," Jo
Ellen confessed. "I'd say you were
looking well if I could really see your
face. How did this happen?"
"Happen? Hear her. I just got
there, that's all."

thought character might be a nuis
ance."
Cora mused. "Trying to feel two
ways at once might be a nuisance. I
can't do anything deep. I guess I
think with my skin—nothing inside."
"I want to live—to live" cried Jo Ellen with a color in her voice that caught Cora sharply. "But—maybe it's that I want a lot more than you

"All I know is, I won't have it. won't stand around and see-God! It makes me sick. Here you areher heavily daubed lashes. "Sure. An "Please don't worry about me," Jo awful workout, but the show's going Ellen cut in. "I'm sick of being worried over. That seems to be my big rouble. I didn't mean to start you

Cora stood up. "I don't blame you I don't blame you at all. It's your

the red-haired secretary who to land on you the way I did at Amy med so different, Cora's imagina- Lenning's. That was a ghastly

seemed so different, Cora's imagination could be enticed. But as some body who had been picked up by Stan Lamar, who was not so absurdy innocent as she pretended—who ras married, like anybody else, and satting around—she might easily appear as another consideration. If Jo Ellen had been told beforehand of the moment when the encounter was to happen, she would have had a dread. The incident would have stood out as one more example of twisted behavior in a world with St. Vitus dance.

Cora should, indeed, have been in Chicago, but here she was in New York again, coming up behind Jo Ellen to slip an arm around her waist, and to whisper, "You vamp!"

A collision between two cabs had estable of the phrases; hearing Shaffer for a necessary minute and noticing again something comic in his disenchanted

But he did not intercept her. She "Tadies first!" and the rescue proceeded.

Then came Cora, looking charming in a tawny French frock.

"Vamp" was an allusion of unmistakable origin. Jo Ellen deduced from the flippancy that Cora was still in embarrassing ignorance of any history. She flushed, quite as usual, and found herself grasping Cora's hand with a cordial quickness.

"There's something I want to tell you," she said abruptly.

Cora's eyes opened wide. "Let's slip into the hotel."

They found a remote divan, and Cora lighted a cigaret. had imagined so vividly the meeting gether tired of being pent. Jo Ellen told everything—everything that did not include South America. There might be reasons why telling Cora everything was a little crazier than telling anyone else. She was through with reasons. She wanted to tell. She told with a fervent relief that could not have been greater if she had been confessing the awful truth about a crime—if the Stan part of the story had been a guilty part. She did not accuse herself. She did not feel accused. This made the relief seem out of all proportion. Circumstances had retarded something that had to come out. And everything led up to Amy Lenning's.

Cora's contralto emerged from the story—

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Childish precaution of counting ten before retorting in anger. Yet even if it meant that she was deficient in a glass of water Marty bicked un thought character might be a nuis ance."

Copyright, 1924.

Copyrig "Mind your own affairs," admonimplying that Jo Ellen was a guest.
Jo Ellen felt the kindliness, though last to mother and son, and this was last to mother and son, and this was shed his mother.
Silence followed. The dinner was

NIBLICK

HAVING LOANED

THE NEBBS

TOURING CAR HTIW QUA

A GOOD WILLING

THERE IS

NOTHING

TO . DO

BUT YOUNJ

FOR FANNY

HERSELT

MAID 1

HIS



I'M TELLING YOU, JAKE, THAT

A FRIENDLY TIP, BUT NOT FOR BARNEY.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

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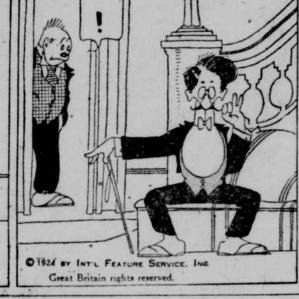


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JERRY ON THE JOB

SOFT INSTRUCTIONS

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



you you just FOLLOW ME AND J'LL EXPLAIN MATTERS AS CLEAR AS A BELL.

SO HE SHOWED HIM THERE THE LOCOMOTIVE S KEPT AND HOW TO CHECK A TRUNK. THEN CAME LESSONS IN BROOMING A FLOOR AND RABBING . WOOMIN A AFTER THAT THERE WE EXPLANATIONS OF VARIOUS OTHER DUTIES SUCH AS THE SELLING, PUNCHING AND COLLECTING OF TICKETS.





"Like a sport. I tell you, I'd have screamed. I sure would."
But Cora's mind was traveling be-

APTER THE WIFE LEAVES FOR A SUMMER OUTING AND YOU RELISH THE IDEA OF EATING OUT AT YOUR VARIOUS PAVORITE RESTAURANTS FOR A WHILE -

THE FOURTH WEEK YOU BEGIN TO SICKEN













By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield He's for Efficiency.



