YOUR EXPENSE ACCOUNT FOR THE TRIP

TO AND THE TRIAL AT NORTHVILLE —
WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO - WRECK
THIS INSTITUTION? GIVING THAT AT—
TORNEY \$1000! THAT'S MORE MONEY
THAN HE'S MADE SINCE HE JUMPED
OFF HIS MOTHER'S KNEE!

JO ELLEN By ALEXANDER BLACK.

(Continued From Testerday.)

She sat casually, hands clasped over at the look of the girl. But when her knees. Beside her was a man without make-up who smoked a pipe. Jo Ellen thought she looked like a and had been cumbrously stalthy, and when Miss Rydell had without yampish sort of queen, or maybe a complaint stolen forth for the third time like the person to think she princess. time, Jo Ellen began to think she "Gawd!" muttered the queenly one, looked silly.

"Gawd!" muttered the queenly one, "did you ever know such rotten weather to work in?"

"Only in the east," said the man. "The coast is the place."

"O I've struck it hot enough on the coast!"

"But not heavy like this. Heavy. And this is a punk location, if you ask me."

"I don't ask you, dearie. You never have a decent word for a location. But I suppose it is punk. Harden picked it. What difference does it make? This company never seems registed to work in?"

I looked silly.

"Camera!"

At last the camera began to mutter and the queenly figure entered for the fourth time with the gesture of cat-like caution.

"Cut!" roared the director, as if in great pain.

What was wrong? There was a pause in which the mystification of most of the spectators remained complete.

Then Jo Ellen saw Emma Traub, halted, in that attitude of cataleptic rigidity, so characteristic of her emmake? This company never seems rigidity, so characteristic of her em-to land the goods. What's Nellie barrassed moments, not a dozen feet

beefing about?"

"Just beefing. Nothing at all. You can't satisfy her."

"She makes me tired, that smarty."

"Say, there's one of the natives here—did you see that girl with the red hair?"

"Go on. I'm listening to your ravings."

"Honest, she's a lulu."

"Are you telling her? She's right behind us."

"Miss Rydell!"

"An end of her embarrassed moments, not a dozen feet from the focal point of the scene. No explanation, early or late, ever made clear how she could have managed to effect so dramatic a blunder. Her theory as laid before Jo Ellen was that she thought they were doing the boats, and, coming by one of her short cuts through the bushes, had walked straight into the spotlight of romance. Sight of the camera and the despairing shrug of the director sent her scuttling out of range, a comic hewilden and the special services and the despairing shrug of the director sent her scuttling out of range, a comic hewilden and the special services and the despairing shrug of the director sent her scuttling out of range, a comic hewilden and the services and the special services and the services are services and the services and the

"Miss Rydell!"

"Thought I'd find you," she whispered. There's something to tell you."

"Yes. . . ."

The rehearsal of the scene moved forward. Twice the Rydell girl emerged and retired under detailed direction that seemed to be picking to pieces the very fibers of an emotion, all for Miss Rydell to put to gether again. This putting them to gether again was evidently very difficult. When Miss Rydell had done so, the director wanted her to do it again. At the first suspicion of the attache and the stealthy searching look Jo Ellen had held her breath. The sunlight, which would be moonlight on the screen, splashed the amber smoothness of the girl's neck and shoulders, and Jo Ellen thought her charming. Very likely the charm was, supposed to be rather wicked. Probably vampish. Whatever name

New York

New York

"Thought I'd find you," she whispered. "There's something to tell you."

"To tell me . . ?"

Emma Traub bent close, assuring herself, obliquely that Myrile had moved away. "I found out the dick didn't get him."

The make-believe drama was obliterated at a stroke.

"Your friend got away."

Jo Ellen gave fragmentary laugh.

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"Your friend got away."

So Cl course."

Emma Traub bent close, assuring herself, obliquely that Myrile had moved away. "I found out the didn't get him."

-- Day by Day--

By 0. 0. M'INTYRE.

New York, July 8.—It seems quite something down deep. Jo Ellen condifficult for the newcomer to New York not to attune his eye to the Broadway glitter and explosion. Glenn Hunter, a capable young actor, received a salary of \$35,000 a year, the shedding of her bit of news did received a salary of \$35,000 a year, the shedding of her bit of news did went into bankruptcy the other day. not dismiss the matter?

Jo Ellen resented being held. The Hunter was a country boy lifted to sudden popularity and before he partnership of secrecy might remain, knew it was swept into a sea of debt. really involved, that the Traub woman should have the privilege or obliga-tion of haunting her.

"Well," she said, with a sound of A few years of thrift and he would have been on easy street. The gleaners and wastrels are waiting to pluck those to whom success comes easily. brushing it all away, "that's that."
The bleached bones of thousands Emma Traub's loose lips tightened.

strew the way that is white. Daily in front of the Astor one may see Kid Griffo, the boxer, who made thousands and spent it lavishly, shuffling along, collar turned up and cap to let anything either mysterious or pulled down, hunting a friendly face.

He was a good fellow when he had it. Too, there is Kid Broad, who used to make \$25,000 in a single night. To-day he welcomes the chance to make was Jo Ellen's left-over question.
"Asked him. \$7 a day working as an extra on the moving picture lots. A waiter in Fifty-ninth street, Child's was three years ago a high flying spender.

The warning pathetic figures of Broadway broadcast is, however, rarely heeded. It takes an inexhaustible bankroll to play the dangerous game of Broadway. Those who fall

Aruthur West has discovered the original of the slow motion picture. Two Scotchmen, after a round of If you get mixed up, no matter how drinks, reached for the check.

But the Scot is rarely trapped by Broadway bunk. He may not pay \$10 to sit at the ringside table or slip a twenty to the head waiter. Also he may be called a tightwad, which is more often better than the doleful line, "He was a good fellow when he had it."

In Greenwich Village tea rooms she was known as "Elaine the Esoteric." She was one of the meteors that periodically brighten the routine lives of the village regulars. She had money, bright conversation and a knowledge of art-a triple combination rare to the village. Then one day she vanished. The next day she had killed a man in a western city and the following day was found self slain in a Detroit hotel. It was the old story-told in a word-Drugs.

This is one of those days when I would like to have the slap-stick ready for someone who blandly inquires: "How do you manage to think of all the things you write about?" I have been sitting at the typewriter two hours without the feeblest flicker of a brain throb. My time, however, has not been altogether wasted. have amputated two hang nails, sharpened three lead pencils, filled the back of an envelope with strange bieroglyphics, penciled a mustache on the face of a beautiful lady of the magazine cover, adjusted a rubber band between two desk knobs so it would give forth a musical zing, cleaned the crystal of a wrist watch, cut a calling card into tiny snow-like bits, rubbed a penny on my trousers leg until it shone and set fire to s box of matches and received one of the world's worst burns.

And just to top off a barren day a friend telephoned me my engagement with him to dinner is off. And he planned to have gravy! No wonder so many people worry about what is happening to the old world. It seems to me today to be a terrible

(Copyright 1924.)

ood you are-see?-no matter, you'll be sorry. Sorry."

Jo Ellen laughed. "Don't worry y about me. I sha'n't see him."

"He'll see you. He'll find the way. And you want to see him."

Jo Ellen flushed. "How do you dare to see that?" to say that?"

worry want to se him, but—but I know—" the way.

"You go right on knowing," cried Jo Ellen and turned abruptly away.

To the way.

To the scene of the movies, she lever met him anywhere. She didn't thinking. Emma might be under the she had ever way of seeming to know sinister things had to be not know sinister things had to know sinister thi

BUT NO - YOU STILL THINK THE ONLY KIND OF SERVICE A MAN CAN RENDER IS MANUAL AND

HIS COMPENSATION MEASURED BY HOURS - WELL THE TIME MAY

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

THE NEBBS

Copyright, 1924.

her scuttling out of range, a comic bewilderment distorting her face.

had the oddity of everything that belonged to Emma Traub. It was not

"That's what?"
"That's the end of it." said Jo

It was so like Emma Traub not

"You think so?

"Asked Stan Lamar?" Emma nodded. Seemingly she

sullen admission.

trying to astonish.

JUST A 5 AND 10-CENT GUY. SPEND-THRIFT! I LOOKED OVER

HE DIDN'T ASK FOR A CENT _ I GAVE HIM THE \$1000 OUT OF GRACIOUS GRATITUDE , FEELING THAT YOU WOULD BE IN HEARTY ACCORD KNOW. ING THAT IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR HIM WITH HIS KNOWLEDGE OF THIS CASE WE WOULD HAVE LOST THE ESTATE

AND AN INDEPENDENT FORTUNE FOR BOTH OF US



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

\$1000 FOR ATTORNEY'S FEE ALONE ! THE WATER ALL ILLS "Miss Rydell!"

This was the director, and the girl in the blue robe arose briskly.

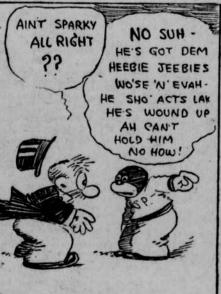
"You've just come over from the casino," the director was saying.
"You've missed the attache. You suspect him. You come—right there—looking toward the boats and back pered. "There's something to tell pered."

EXPENSE FOR RUDOLPH

NEBB'S TRIP TO NORTHVILLE COST OF TRIAL, ATTORNEY'S

FEE ETC. \$1178.40

An Earthquake's Got Nothing on Sparky.









BRINGING UP FATHER

U. S. Patent Office

ALONE:

BY GOLLY! I HAVE

IT - I'LL JOIN THE

HAS TO LET MEGO

THE !

MAVY . THEN SHE

SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE



I SAID YOU'LL NOT 40 AWAY ON A VACATION WITHOUT ME:

JERRY ON THE JOB

"How could . . . ?"
"He's around." This was like

DRAWN AT THE REQUEST OF HUNDREDS OF THE INFURIATED FANS WHO HAVE HAD HAPPY LITTLE FOURSOMES, BROKEN UP BY REASON OF UNREASONING

BM1669

"I saw him. I could see he knew me. "They didn't get you," I said. 'No, game of Broadway. Those who fall for the tinseled tantara have to be backed by millions. Then they usually fail.

Harry Thaw tried it. And so have numerous other millionaires, and nearly all met diseaster. Hundreds of men on Broadway live well through ability to spot the "live one" and separate him from his cash. It is a coldly calculated business.

The oldfashioned melodrama used to picture the pitfalls of Broadway and the lure of the bright lights.

Most of us regarded it as emotional hysteria. Yet it has never been overdrawn. There's a sap for every dazzling light.

"I saw him. I could see he knew me. "They didn't get you,' I said. 'No,' he said. I says, 'You're pretty nervy to come, in the daytime, showing yourself." That's squared,' he says. They're off that. How did you know they wanted me?' O I knew what he wanted to know! Did you tell me. That's what he was after. "The dick asked me if I say you.' I said. 'And I lied to 'im good.' 'Obliged to you,' he said. 'Yes,' I says, 'and you're obliged to her, too. See? But you leave her alone. Get that straight. Leave her alone. He with three stiffened fingers. "He'll find you some way. Understand? He'll see you. That's what he's here for. I know.

That's what he's here for. I know

SHE SAID TO TELL

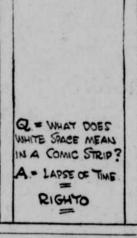
ev INT'L FEATURE SERVICE. IN TIME HANGS HEAVY.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban RIGHT AFTER I



STEVE, YOUR









That Guiltiest Feeling

YUH TO COME RIGHT PASTED AWAY ... YOU GOTTA THAT ONE TAKE ER HOME GEORGE RIGHT AWAY SHE SAID

ZOWIE .





Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

