JO ELLEN By ALEXANDER BLACK.

(Continued From Yesterday.) IJo Ellen at once became aware of a

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the seling for the moment. It did more: t selzed her attention. She could not have been sure what this some-thing was, whether a flicker in the corner of one of the smeared win-than herself; she had wrestled with than herself; she had wrestled with dows or an effect in the door. The Uncle Ben until he was gasping. door was in the shadow of a roofed O yes! she had preformed prodigies space between the house and the of wriggling at one time or another. summer kitchen, and she had a sense And here she was held out like a fish of an ended movement, as though it on a string by the left hand of a man might have been slightly open and who seemed to be taking no trouble then fully closed again. at all.

The boys had found a way of get-ting into the house, and Billy, for one, had been firmly forbidden to vio-late its integrity as a locked place. Io Ellen knew that at this juncture VII.

Billy was in the pirates' cave However, one could not afford to be She went to the door and tried the awed for very long.

That was a surprise, to have it swing freely. The winter kitchen, very dusty, and with the unaired "Let me go!" she said, in a whis-ing at the edge of it.

"If you'll let the door alone." He succeeded in making this sound smell, stared back at her. From the middle of the floor the dining room

middle of the floor the dining room beyond repeated a like stare. When the shadow at her feet showed the slow closing of the door behind her, Jo Ellen turned sharply and saw the man.

man. He made a strange movement with his hand. She could get this much before being able very clearly to make him out. "What do you want?" asked Jo make him out. "What do you mean by that?" Ellen steadily.

"Yes. she demanded, advancing meanwhile

He released his hold. She continued o reach the door knob He shifted his position until his back was against the door. to look at him fixedly. "Could you find a way of getting

"Let me say something to you," was his answer.

She could see him clearly now; a softening of it came ludicrously. A drink of water. If she went after it. "What's the idea?" challenged Jo

he remembered, and lips that seemed Ellen. "If I go out-how do you remembered, and hps that or coat. side of his soft collar was streak. with dust. There was rust on the offs of his shirt.

"We'll open the door first," said "But

gle, that brought her other hand close to the edge of the door.

"I wish you wouldn't do that," he said, without changing position, and

New York

-- Day by Day--

ward the taps in the kitchen. "Water turned off. Went after the connection Jo Ellen, "if you don't mind." Her hand went forward in a deterin the cellar. Rusty handle-it broke "But I do mind," he said, without noving, "you needn't be afraid of

"But who are you? Why did you ome here? Are you hiding? "Will you let the door adone?"

"Let me get this door open," com-"Hiding? Yes, that's it. Until to-morrow morning. Until to-morrow morning ought to do the trick." He manded Jo Ellen. She tugged at the knob until the door bumped his heels. "Look here, kid!" He caught her "Look here, kid!" He caught her wrist with an unequivocal grip "Listen, Don't be a little fool. I

"We'll see who's the fool," and Jo "If you're hiding," said Jo Ellen. Ellen accomplished an astonishing wiggle, an utterly unbelievable wrig-He looked at her through the blu

haze of the smoke "The bulls would use bad names. "Bulls-

"The police." you're just a burglar?" And he laughed, not altogether with

stepped closer. "See here, kid. I'm gambling on you. I haven't done anything. It wouldn't do you any harm to take my word. But the gang of

them is out to get me-for some thing I didn't do. That happens . . By O. O. M'INTYRE. York, June 28 .- Among the when you haven't been very good. See? And I'm gambling on you to ourageous workmen in Gotham "sandhogs." They are men keep quiet. After you bring the drink who daily risk their lives under the Hudson river. They are encased in "At nig

river. They are encased in "At night." said Jo Ellen, "when that worms its way through it's dark-why couldn't you . . . the the muck of the river's bottom. In case of a break in the shield He shook his head. "They'd watch

In case of a break in the sheld they are doomed to suffocate in the inflow of mud. The bravery of the "sandhogs" is really responsible for tunnels that span the river. Hun-ds have had narrow escapes and "A baye had narrow escapes and the break of the shell."

as have had narrow escapes and "And you're gambling on me." "Got to. Unless I kept you here."

'Then I'm not lying.' 'I've heard of Stan.' set. She followed the direction in wrench," she said moving to the door, back door (life had become full of call precisely how she came to that black sheep would act. She had an which he stared and saw a face at He glanoed at her intently, and her back doors), found a wrench in the other door and how she first knew interval of intensive thinking. If her "Does that mean I won't get the one of the windows. It was Emma look answered his. "Keep your eyes open," he said, tion to an idea. She had thought of that he had vanished. It had been was wishing. Well, perhaps she was

KNOW THEM

GUYS:

turn the thing."

"I can do better than bring water. She saw his eves fir themselves for themselves for the said star. You're "

To be here at the back door of a fact that remained vividly with here fact that remained vividly with here at the back door of a fact that remained vividly with here at the back door of a fact that remained vividly with here at the back door of a fact that remained vividly with here at the back door of a fact that remained vividly with here at the back door of a fact that remained vividly with here at the back door of a fact that remained vividly with here at the back door of a fact that remained vividly with here at the back door of a fact that remained vividly with here at the back door of a fact that remained vividly with here at the back door of a fact that remained vividly with here at the back door she obeyed the instruc-there a good sport," said Stan. "You're a good spo you had grabbed her and ordered her about? Yet she had been sure that (To Be Continued Monday.)



"Kept me here? You'd find that The "sandhogs" are sturdy, hairychested men with booming voices. a job.

"I'd have to hurt you." They are as husky as the toughest Jo Ellen considered this. "What do lumber jack. And they live to themhey call that," she asked him, "when selves in the water front boarding you help hide a-a crook?" He gave her a hard look. houses. Very few of the "sandhogs"

They dress in corduory trousers and flannel shirts and are -inveterate chewers of tobacco. The pay for the "sandhog" is sometimes as high as \$20 a day. Ha must account for the source last night..."

\$20 a day. He must accustom him-It was really exciting to see him self to darkness down in the subter- start at this. ranean depths.

"How did you know?" His chief physical danger outside "I just happened to notice some-of a break in the shield is what is thing from my window. I didn't think His chief physical danger outside known as "the bends." This is a about it. Now I remember. And I form of body cramp that contracts can't see how you knew—in the dark the body in the agony of terrible suffering. Unless the victim is for a moment. "I've been in it when brought hurriedly to air he dies in a it wasn't. The place seemed pretty nearly as cheerful then. A visit, and

Several years ago 22 "sandhogs" no fancy welcome. People don't wel-were seized with "the bends." In came a black sheep. Maybe you never their agony they attacked each other saw a black sheep. Maybe you haven't and for a half hour they battled in any in your family." Jo Ellen tried to grasp this. the pit, screaming, biting, kicking

and clawing. All were unconscious when they reached the fresh air. see.' The "sandhogs" are men with un-

usual taciturity. Even among them-selves they speak only in monosylla took out a soiled handkerchief and selves they speak only in monosyllamopped his neck. "You think I'm lybles. Their attitude in life seems to ing. A liar and a crook. That would he that as all are playing the most be that as all are playing the most dangerous game in a crisis it is each "You're Stan," said Jo Ellen an for himself.

scar, the famous chef of the Waldorf, eats only one meal a day. He partakes of this in the evening. He attributes his unsual health to this custdm. Almost invariably noted chefs of New York have surplus flesh and yet they are as invariably small eaters. It is told that one of the highest-priced chefs in town has a colored cook from Georgia who prepares his meals in an extremely plain fashion. A chef becomes very much like the girl at the candy counter. He may sell his wares, but he does not care to partake of them himself.

It is the fashion in New York to ballyhoo food with floss and glitter. An order of bacon and eggs is brought in on a huge silver platter with shining half circular top. There is the usless water cress decoration and other fol-de-rol. For a cup of coffee one must watch the bubbling percolator at the side of the plate wondering any moment whether or not it will explode. I think the chefs grow tired of food because they have to spend so much of their time primping

Columbus Circle is Manhattan's merry-go-round. When night comes to this upper reach of the great white way there is an incessant whirl of motor lights seemingly whirling around and around. Twenty-four traffic policemon guide the maelstrom of traffic here at night. Many motors shoot off in" the park and others up Broadway. There are fewer accidents at Columbus Circle than any other traffic point in the city.

was discovered the other day that a bellboy in a New York hotel rode to work in his car. He cuts quite a figure in the cafes at night. too. He is just one of scores that hops bells to play the larger gamethat of purveying illicit liquor patrons.

(Copynitht, 1924.)



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ME CLOTHES

110