

# JO ELLEN

By ALEXANDER BLACK.

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(Continued from Saturday.)  
She looked at the wrist on which his hand had closed so masterfully. It was an outrage to do that. An amazing thing had gone through her when he did it. Down to her toes.

Presently, somewhere, she hoped he would get a drink of water. Even a crook...  
Bulls. That was a new word to Jo Ellen. There was something vivid about it with a vigorous, angry, and pursuing sound. Probably a crook was like a real bull. Not a bull as if a flash of thrilling reality had slanted into the dull foreground. It was the sort of occurrence you could describe with a certainty of attention.

But she must not describe it. She supposed she was pledged to say nothing. This began to seem difficult, as an undertaking in itself. If you promised a crook... or course she didn't really promise him. Not definitely. Moreover, it was, in a way, a breaking of the bargain for him to go away. She said she would come back and she does so. His part of it had broken down.

Beyond all that, there was the question of Emma Traub. What was Emma Traub thinking? This came to appear very important. There would have to be an accounting between them in an empty house with a man. Emma had seemed to get that quickly—instantly, as if it were enough to know at one time. What would her mind do with it? Jo Ellen must not promise or no promise. Emma belonged to the situation. There was no way of leaving her out of it now.

She decided to find Emma Traub, which turned out to be an easy matter. The woman stood at the bend of the house path, her hands at her sides, her face fixed peeringly. Jo Ellen coming quickly, leaving her and there, might have been but a fragment in a spectacle that held her rapt and stony. The gray stupidity of her face did not change as Jo Ellen drew near.

"What was it?"  
"Emma brought this forth huskily as if her throat trembled."  
"In the house...?"  
"A man asked me," and Emma grasped Jo Ellen by the shoulder. "A man asked me—my God! how did I know anything? Asked me if I'd seen a guy with a gray suit, russet shoes and a Panama hat—that way—if I had seen him anywhere around. 'I haven't seen anybody.' But 'Anybody at all.' But I had seen him, d'you understand? I had seen him. You know, I was just coming from there—when I looked in. I didn't see any Panama hat. But it was the one! Had I seen him, he says, 'No,' I says, 'I haven't.' Nobody. What could I do? Suppose I'd said... I was down off the road when I saw you go in the

barriers were grotesquely mended. Wood, wire, sheet iron overlapped at impulsive angles. Signs said, "Private, Keep Out. The stroller who didn't belong was forced to look down from the inner path upon the quaint clutter of moorings, landings, gangplanks, and houseboats. Starting at the sheds where they built launches, the huddle of skiffs and floating homes stretched in a curve to the bay-

ginnings of the Point. In the 30 miles or more of Manhattan water front this, in its way, was one of the oddest spots. The tide rises and falls without sign. To the west is the little forest of the Point; to the north the slopes of the mainland behind the shuttle of the trains as they enter of leave the long reach of the Hudson; to the east the jump-across of Broadway and the windings of the Harlem;

to the south the wooded Clove, sloping darkly from the rocky places. This clutter was a much out of the current of things as the old turn in the creek. Like floss in a swale, the jumble of raw or painted wood, stopwheels, ropes, awnings, drying clothes, strange single-car craft, anchor chains, flower boxes, had a haphazard detachment. You might have said that the place symbolized the leftover and forgotten aloofness of Inwood Hill itself. There was the smell of an old wetness. And, as throughout the Hill, there was always the chance of living surprise. In a day of windless heat the scene might resemble so much abandoned wreck, age-the litter of a past. Then a sudden reared head, the clatter of a kitchen pan, or the sound of a saw could make the scene faintly alive.

On a Saturday afternoon or Sunday there was, indeed, a special stir. Me boats wrinkled this listless bypath the river. There might be canoe Visitors shuffled over the gangplank and interplaying bridges. In the middle of the week the sun could scorch the region into quiet. Life withdrew under its shell. Tonight there was the band.  
(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Jo Ellen blushed. "I suppose he caught him," said Jo Ellen blankly.  
"Do you care? What was it?"  
"He said he didn't do the thing they were after him for..." The story had to come then Emma gulped and went at last. All I know was that he'd go straight as he could to the place he thought I came from. And then—

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## THE NEBBES



I THOUGHT SURE HE'D BE HERE THIS MORNING - IT'S A WONDER HE DIDN'T TELEGRAPH IF HE COULDN'T COME - WELL I GUESS I'VE GOT TO PUT YOU ON THE STAND AND SPAR FOR TIME

YOU KNOW MEN LIKE YOU MAKE MISERY EASIER TO ENDURE - AFTER IM THROUGH WITH THIS TRIAL - LIKE THE LION AND THE LAMB, MISFORTUNE AND I CAN LIE DOWN IN PEACEFUL HARMONY

LET'S PROCEED WITH THIS CASE AND REMEMBER THAT THIS IS A COURT OF JUSTICE AND NOT A WAITING ROOM - IF YOU WANT TO LOAF GO DOWN TO THE DEPOT!

MR. NIBLICK: - Q. WHAT IS YOUR NAME? A. RUDOLPH NEBB. Q. STATE TO THE JURY JUST HOW YOU CAME INTO POSSESSION OF THIS ESTATE. A. I BEING THE ONLY LIVING RELATIVE THAT THE EXECUTOR COULD FIND THE ESTATE WAS TURNED OVER TO ME BY DUE PROCESS OF LAW AND I NOW HOLD CLEAR TITLE TO IT. Q. WAS THERE A MORTGAGE AGAINST THE ESTATE AND DID YOU TAKE IT UP?

A. I'LL SAY I DID AND IT TOOK EVERYTHING BUT MY HEALTH AND AMBITION. Q. AT THE TIME YOU TOOK OVER THE ESTATE COULD IT HAVE BEEN SOLD FOR THE AMOUNT OF THE MORTGAGE? A. IF IT COULD I'D NEVER HAVE GOTTEN IT. Q. WHEN DID YOU FIRST HEAR OF THIS ALLEGED SECOND COUSIN SETH NEBB? A. A WEEK OR SO AGO. Q. BEFORE THAT YOU NEVER HEARD OF HIM? A. NEVER HEARD OF HIM AND HOPE I NEVER HEAR FROM HIM AGAIN!

IM ALL IN! I WOULDN'T SPEND ANOTHER DAY LIKE THIS FOR THE GARDEN OF EDEN, AND IF I DIDN'T ANSWER MORE FOOL QUESTIONS I'VE GOT TO THINK I WAS BEING TRIED FOR INSANITY!

YES - AND IF THE WITNESS DON'T SHOW UP TO-MORROW YOU'LL GO ON AGAIN - I'LL WIN THIS CASE IF IT TAKES EVERY BREATH YOU HAVE IN YOUR BODY!

## Barney Google and Spark Plug



SUNSHINE, WE NEED \$50.00 MORE TO ENTER SPARKY IN THE T-BONE STAKES - EVEN A FINE DOLLAR DEPOSIT TODAY WOULD HELP SOME!! I HATE TO LET A DAY GO BY WITHOUT MAKING A DEPOSIT - NO MATTER HOW SMALL IT IS - AH WISH I'D HAD FIVE DOLLARS IN MY HANDS RIGHT NOW, BOSS

WHY, WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITH FIVE DOLLARS? IF AH HAD FIVE DOLLARS, MISTAH GOOGLE AH'D GIT SOME MO' GOLD PUT IN MAH BACK TOOP - LAST WEEK AH WUZ EATIN' SOME GUM DWOPS AN' AH LOST HALF O' DE FILLIN' - AH DON'T WANT NO MORE GUM DWOPS - NO SUH

TAKE YOUR FINGER OUT OF THE WAY - NOW I SEE IT! MY GOODNESS - THAT'S QUITE A LARGE GOLD FILLING - YES, SUH. DAPS WOTH MONEY, BOSS

## BRINGING UP FATHER

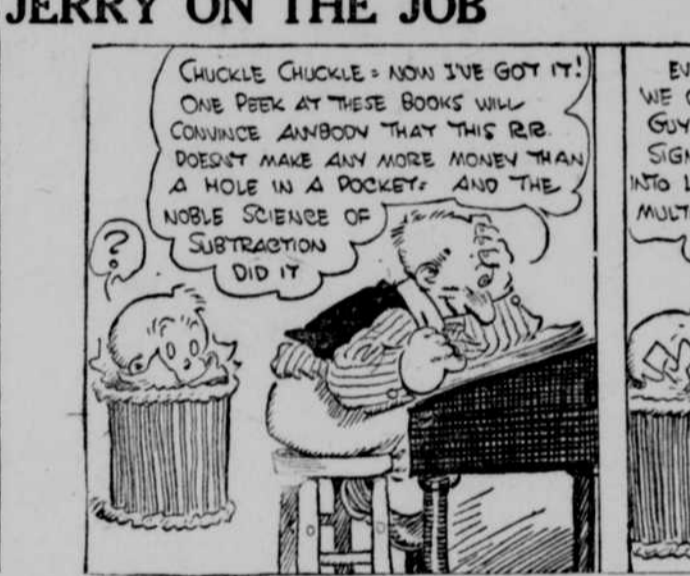


IM GETTING SICK AND TIRED OF SEEING YOU LOAFING - YOU'VE GOT TO GO INTO SOME BUSINESS. OH, VERY WELL

AW, MAGGIE WANTS ME TO GO INTO BUSINESS. WHY NOT TRY THE CLOAK AND SUIT BUSINESS - MR. TRIMMERS HERE IS LOOKIN' FOR A PARTNER. YES, INDEED

NOW THIS IS THE SALES DEPARTMENT - MR. JIGGS THE DETAILS OF THE BUSINESS WOULDN'T BE HARD FOR YOU TO LEARN. IT LOOKS VERY INTERESTIN' - MAGGIE - IM IN THE CLOAK AN' SUIT BUSINESS

## JERRY ON THE JOB



CHUCKLE CHUCKLE - NOW I'VE GOT IT! ONE PECK AT THESE BOOKS WILL CONVINCED ANBODY THAT THIS REB DOESNT MAKE ANY MORE MONEY THAN A HOLE IN A POCKET, AND THE NOBLE SCIENCE OF SUBTRACTION DID IT

EVERYTHING IS VERY CORRECTIVE - WE OUGHT TO GIVE A BANQUET TO THE GUY THAT INVENTED THE MINUS SIGN - I'VE CHANGED THE PROFITS INTO LOSSES AND MULTIPLIED EM BY T24. ADD IN THE DATE

THOSE BABIES ARE SO CROOKED THEY DO RUN UP A SPIRAL STAIRWAY WITHOUT TURNING AROUND. ITS ALL A TRICK TO GYP MR. GAINEN OUT OF HIS RAILROAD - AND IM THE LITTLE FELDER THAT'S GOING TO TIP HIM OFF. IM GLAD YOU CAME - CRAWL UNDER THE SOFA AND SEE IF YOU CAN FIND A DIME I JUST LOST.

## The Days of Real Sport



OH SKIN NAY MY SECOND PIECE

HUCKLEBERRY PIE

By Briggs

## ON THE ROPES.



Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

## BARNEY TURNS GOLD-DIGGER.



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

## LOSSES ARE PILING UP.



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban

## ABIE THE AGENT



He Knows From Experience.

## ABIE THE AGENT



By Briggs

## New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. McINTYRE.

New York, June 30.—A page from the diary of a modern Samuel Pepys: Up and to breakfast with Grant Clarke, the song writer, and Joe Well, the prize fighter, and much gay talk, and so to the rehearsal of the Green Room club's revel, W. A. Brady fine in a Shakespearean role.

Going through the town, I chanced to see a dog ill of a poison, and a kind-hearted fellow driving a delivery wagon helped me with it to a veterinary and after two hours it responded to treatment, and save for a stiffness in the limbs was as well as ever, for which the Lord be thanked.

Home, where I found my wife in a gale of laughter over a manuscript. Irvin Cobb had sent her, and I greatly cast down I could not so amuse the world and fell to my scribbling with no zest soever.

In the evening to a dinner to J. Y. McPeake, the London editor, and Paul Davis in rare forensic form, and Bob Whiteman, the bandman, did a travesty as merry as ever I saw. And McPeake told some rare tales of Barrie and Wells. So home and to bed.

Somewhere in the genealogical line I fear some of my ancestors were given to pranking excursions in arson. As far back as I remember in my home town I never missed a fire. The only fellow who ever beat me was Harry Maddy, head nozzelman. New Yorkers pay as much attention to a steaming fire wagon speeding through the streets as they might to a buzzing fly. When they see this chronicler breathlessly hurrying along in its wake their lips curl in amused and tolerant smiles. There is no pitch of excitement so high as that at a fire. I have seen more comedy at a fire than in a musical revue. And I have seen drama almost as breath-taking as that super dramatic moment when Firpo whanged Dempsey through the ropes.

After all I wonder what is the most exciting moment in most of our lives. Ofttimes it is not attended with anticipation. It comes unexpectedly and placidly out of the nowhere. It seems to me the greatest whirl I ever received was in a western city at a theater when Raymond Hitchcock said to W. C. Fields: "I wonder who paid Odd McIntyre's way in here to-night."

Then there was another time when I opened a letter from a magazine and found a check for \$1,000. My happiness was short lived. A clerical mistake had returned my manuscript to another and sent his check to me.

There are about 200 stage dressers in New York. Their job is to valet stars in dressing room, attend to the wardrobe and packing. Most of them have been on the stage, but were shunted to obscurity by lack of ambition or ability. They reverse the dictum that no man is a hero to his valet. For the stage dresser is invariably an ardent admirer of his employer. He perceives in him something he might have been. Incidentally one stage valet's name is Lee High.

The four most prolific writers of mystery shockers are Edgar Wallace, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Arthur Somers Roche and J. S. Fletcher. Mr. Roche is the only American in the quartet. His method is complicated. He begins a novel with a situation and he never knows how it is going to end. He has a way of gratifying himself which is no doubt the reason he is continually mystifying his reader.

My wife, breaking in over my shoulder, inquires with something a trifle tinged with sarcasm: "Why don't you mention yourself in your article today?"  
(Copyright, 1924.)