

JO ELLEN

By ALEXANDER BLACK.

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(Continued from Yesterday.)

A muffled crash and the wall of the saxophone came through the trees as the girl turned into the shore path. Long before she reached the gang-plank it was easy to picture Mortimer Tice at the drum. It had grown cooler, but Tice, so impressive as a floorwalker in the department store, would be in his shirt-sleeves, with face up, his mouth twisting, and all of him working ecstatically at the complicated game of the little drum and the big drum, the triangle, the cymbals, and the wooden notes of the xylophone. Mrs. Tice, with her head swinging in emphasis, watched the drumming plan in the corner. And Henry Tice, fifteen and long for his age, with a look of piercing solemnity behind the horn-rimmed glasses would be blowing his soul into the vast, shining, bulbous "sax."

At closer quarters Jo Ellen caught the added treble that meant Tice's old violin. Who was playing it? Perhaps the Blakely boy's father; or Mrs. Tice's sister, who lived in Hoboken and once had a whole course of lessons at a conservatory in Jersey City. Then Jo Ellen detected a certain thin, wavering inflection that somehow meant Marty Simms.

Very likely the Marty Simms part of it had been known to Mrs. Tice. Jo Ellen halted on the bank as the fox trot ended, and a squealing laugh, that was recognizable as coming from Papa Tice, burst forth at the moment when there might have been applause. She wondered whether it wasn't duty to feel offended, whether she shouldn't simply turn about and go home. It was like a trick, the sort of thing busybodies did when they thought they knew something. Pushing people together. If it hadn't been for Mrs. Tice, Jo Ellen was sure she would have been offended.

Under the trees, it seemed to her that she should hold off a little. As soon as she came past the oak tree and the boat shed Mrs. Tice would spy her, so she seated herself on the humped turn of a root with her feet straight out.

The punishment for this fell suddenly, for Sedley Mason came loping around the turn she had just passed. His ice-cream trousers were brilliantly visible. Possibly he had seen her ahead of him and would in that case think she had seen him and was waiting, which would be disagreeable. However, he seemed surprised at sight of her.

"Hello, Ellen! Going to the Tice's?" she nodded. "There's time for plenty of it."

"O sure!"

Evidently he was about to sit beside her when she got up, as if by reflex action. Strolling in with Sedley would be just the thing. She began to feel very gay at once. They went forward, Sedley hovering for an opportunity to touch her arm at any step that might be reasonably con-

could you like and not like a person at the same time? Would it be that way with everybody? No matter how much you might like anybody, would there always be something about him that made you have annoyed, or questioning, or not-liking times? Sight of the Fleck houseboat led her to wonder whether Myrtle, for instance, would feel the same way? Probably not. Myrtle had violent ap-

precations. Evidently, these were generally annoying to Myrtle's mother, and sometimes infuriating to her father. Fleck thought dancing was a form of looseness, and on several occasions was known to have locked up his daughter when he suspected her of wicked intentions. Frightful scenes had occurred on the Fleck houseboat. The strange thing was that Myrtle never seemed to be sobered by these things. She emerged smiling and eager for fresh adventure. Her code had become simply that of not being caught, and she displayed a real gift for slipping around obstacles. The tricks in themselves pleased her, though she took them for granted. She assumed that every girl got around somebody. Jo Ellen knew that Myrtle always suspected her of being too proud to admit equivalent strategies.

strued as hazardous. Her gaiety continued while Sedley was saying something about Uncle Ben about the weather, and about a new dance—not exactly a toddle but something like it—that Tyler said was going to be the whole cheese. It continued during Mrs. Tice's shrill welcome, during Mortimer Tice's handshake (in his department store manner) and doubtless influenced even her estimate of Morris Meyer's plastered shin. Morris had been in an encounter with the Broadway Gang and some special honor, not yet made known, attached to his wounds.

Marty Smith seemed to be getting taller. He greeted Jo Ellen with an intent look, as if he might be saying to himself that she was getting taller. He had been working now for over a year, and Jo Ellen noticed that there was some slight and not altogether satisfactory change in his manner. He wasn't uphish; he even flushed as he shook hands. Perhaps it was something connected with his being taller and brushing his hair like the collar ads. Jo Ellen had noticed that people often changed when they went to work. She had made up her mind that when she went to work she would not become different in the slightest degree. People would say of her, with an effect of astonished conviction, "She hasn't changed at all!" Or perhaps, "The same old to Ellen!"

There wasn't room for all of the audience in the Tice's living room. The piano and Tice's drum made large demand on the floor space, and after Henry and Marty Simms had placed and winking room there remained a chair, a stool and the wall seat. Jo Ellen afterward wished she had chosen a place on the square of deck beyond the door, where Puss Kinney and her brother (who had come in a skiff) giggled with Myrtle and the Blakely boy.

"Remember the Tinkle Trot, Marty?" cried Tice. "I've got something on the box for that."

"I tell you, Pop," said Henry solemnly, just before the last of the first part there's two bars where you ought to stop the drum."

"Ah! Yes!" exclaimed Tice. "And the old sax chirps alone! I know Ready, Ma!"

"You bet!"

The high spot of the Tinkle Trot was where Tice, by a flip of his elbow, and with the assistance of a lever, struck a chord of bells hanging from the ceiling, though that was a tense moment in which Henry, for the two unaccompanied bars, twittered wheezily in the depths of his horn. The drums, the intermittent brass clang, and the chucking noise evoked with the drumsticks against a slab of wood, kept Tice in feverish action. His face shone, the cords in his neck stood out as the din deepened, his foot beat against the steady thud that affected the steady booming of the bass drum, he hummed a tenor in certain passages with his mouth to one side, and nodded an emphasis into Mrs. Tice's trills.

"Some trot, what?" cried Tice.

Jo Ellen did not like Marty's playing. She told herself that it wasn't the lack of dexterity or of practice—she knew that he seldom played his own violin at home. It was the flavor of it she didn't like, a kind of thin sweetness, a sentimental uncertainty reflecting the side of him that irritated her. She was glad of the piece Marty didn't know and which the Tices played with a home-practice confidence on their own account. Doubtless because the violin seemed thus to be thrust aside, Tice asked Marty to play the Nevins thing in which Mrs. Tice used to accompany him so nicely. Marty protested, but Mrs. Tice was firm and struck off the opening piano phrases. Jo Ellen watched Marty's face while he played his solo. There was a moment when she wanted to go out and push Myrtle and the Blakely boy overboard for giggling, but she had to admit that the piece was a strain on politeness. She wondered whether it was the violin she didn't care for or whether the special look of Marty's brown eyes made her nervous.

"Good work!" commented Tice, as he began adjusting his machinery for another orchestra number.

XI

Puss Kinney and her brother having crowded into the cabin, and this having necessitated rearrangement, Jo Ellen slipped out. The din was too close. And she had had enough. Presently she would go back. She leapt ashore and scurried vaguely into the darkness.

It was a dark darkness, although there were stars. The band had begun again, and it was as if the sound drowned everything, making the light dimmer. You had to know the place in order to move successfully at these crazy angles, and to be respectful to a white dress. Running away from anything made you feel free for a little while. The warm brightness of night could let you alone. The clove seemed to be walled straight up, up, to that indigo roof with the pale spangles.

Yes, she liked Marty Simms. But why did she also not like him? How

could you like and not like a person at the same time? Would it be that way with everybody? No matter how much you might like anybody, would there always be something about him that made you have annoyed, or questioning, or not-liking times? Sight of the Fleck houseboat led her to wonder whether Myrtle, for instance, would feel the same way? Probably not. Myrtle had violent ap-

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"Remember the Tinkle Trot, Marty?" cried Tice. "I've got something on the box for that."

ALAS! WHAT A SAD SIGHT IS THIS! THE UNHAPPY CREATURE HAS JUST DISCOVERED, TOO LATE, HER HUSBAND IS A SLAVE TO GOLF AND IS EVEN NOW, HERE SHE HAS REMOVED HER WEDDING GARMENTS, ON HIS WAY TO THE LINKS TO JOIN ROISTERING COMPANIONS. SUCH SCENES AS THIS MAY BE AVOIDED IF ONLY YOUNG GIRLS WOULD HEED THE COUNSEL OF THEIR ELDER AND BEWARE OF HASTY MARRIAGES.

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THE NEBB

THE MYSTERIOUS WITNESS ARRIVED THIS MORNING AND WAS CALLED TO THE STAND BY ATTORNEY NIBLICK

Q. WHAT IS YOUR NAME?
A. DOCTOR THOMAS SANDY
Q. DOCTOR, WHERE WERE YOU BORN?
A. HERE IN NORTHVILLE
Q. DID YOU EVER PRACTICE MEDICINE IN NORTHVILLE?
A. YES - FOR ABOUT TEN YEARS.

Q. DO YOU REMEMBER DURING THE TIME YOU WERE PRACTICING IN NORTHVILLE ATTENDING TO A BOY BY THE NAME OF SETH NEBB?
A. I REMEMBER IT VERY DISTINCTLY - IT WAS ONE OF MY FIRST CASES AFTER RETURNING TO NORTHVILLE FROM COLLEGE
Q. WHAT WAS THE NATURE OF HIS TROUBLE?
A. HIS LARGE TOE ON HIS RIGHT FOOT WAS NEARLY OFF - SO MUCH SO IT WAS NECESSARY TO AMPUTATE IT - IT WAS CAUSED BY JUMPING INTO THE WATER AND STRIKING A BROKEN BOTTLE WHILE BATHING
Q. WHO CARRIED HIM TO YOUR OFFICE?
A. YOU DID

I WILL ASK THE PLAINTIFF TO TEST TO THE STAND - REMOVE HIS SHOE AND STOCKING AND IF HE HAS A TOE OFF THE RIGHT FOOT I HAVE TEN MORE WITNESSES THAT WILL SWEAR HE IS THE RIGHT MAN

YOUR HONOR, I AM EMBARRASSED - I'M NOT SO SURE MY SOCK IS NOT TORN AND WOULD I ASK HIS HONOR TO ALLOW ME TO GO TO MY HOTEL AND CHANGE THEM - I WILL BE RIGHT BACK

DEAR JUDGE - I'VE GOT 5 GOOD TOES ON EACH FOOT SO I CAUGHT THE \$12 TRAIN FOR PARTS UNKNOWN - I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR YOUR KINDNESS - I KNOW YOU WERE WITH ME AND WITH ANY KIND OF A BREAK I COULD HAVE WON - LET ME KNOW WHEN YOU RUN AGAIN - I'LL COME DOWN AND VOTE FOR YOU "SETH NEBB"

I INSTRUCT THE JURY TO RETIRE AND BRING A VERDICT FOR THE DEFENSE - AND THE REST OF NORTHVILLE MAY RETURN TO THEIR USUAL VOCATIONS

GOODA-BYE FEDORA.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

ONE HOUR LATER

W. A. CARLSON

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Barney Google and Spark Plug

BARNEY'S ECONOMIZING NOW.

LAST NIGHT BARNEY HOOKED SUNSHINE'S GOLD TOOTH FOR \$25 AT 10:00 A.M. HE WAS ON DECK AS THE BANK OPENED AND MADE THE DEPOSIT WHICH GIVES OUR HERO \$105 TO HIS CREDIT - ONLY \$450 MORE IS NEEDED TO INSURE SPARKY'S ENTRY IN THE T-BONE STAKES, ONE WEEK FROM THIS COMING SATURDAY -

THAT FIVE BUCKS I PLANTED IN THE BANK THIS MORNING - I SHOULD HAVE HELD OUT A LITTLE FOR MY LUNCH TODAY -

THERE'S THE TWELVE O'CLOCK WHISTLE - I'M AS HUNGRY AS A PACK OF SOD-BUSTERS - AS MUCH AS I HATE TO TAP MY BANK ACCOUNT I GOTTA DO IT -

YEH - I WANNA DRAW A BUCK AND A HALF OUT OF MY SAVINGS

ANOTHER ORDER OF REEF STEW AND BRING ME THE CHECK -

\$1.15 - THEY CERTAINLY HAUNT IT ON YOU IN THIS CHEWING PARLOR! I'LL LEAVE THE WATER, A DIME - THAT'S ENOUGH -

PUT THIS TWO BITS BACK IN MY ACCOUNT!

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BRINGING UP FATHER

Registered U. S. Patent Office

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

WELL - WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS CLOAK-MODEL? IT'S ONE OF THE PRETTIEST IN THE STORE -

IT IS THAT

NOW I WANT TO SHOW YOU ANOTHER MODEL OF A COAT THAT IS PRETTIER THAN THIS ONE - YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU WENT IN THIS BUSINESS -

AW! I CAN'T WAIT AROUND ALL DAY -

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JERRY ON THE JOB

THREE CHEERS FOR THE BUCKET SHORTAGE

YOU TAKE THESE BOOKS UP TO MR. GUNNIBY'S HOUSE AND TELL HIM THAT IN STATE OF EMERGENCY WE CAN DO, P.R. IS LOSING A BUCKET OF DOUGH, FIGURES DON'T BE KNOWN -

THESE BOOKS ARE AS BROOKED AS AN EEL WITH A SPONGE AHEAD - TO BETTER TO PLOT TO TRIM HIM OUT OF HIS RAILROAD

LAY A LAMP ON THESE ACCOUNTS, WILL YOU SIR? PERSONNEL I THINK THEY'RE A BIT CURLY - SEE WHAT YOU THINK

THIS LOOKS ALL RIGHT - 6 X 6 = 36 + 6 = 42 - THAT'S PRETTY GOOD - IN FACT IT'S PERFECT -

SURE IT IS -

BUT WE'RE LOSIN' A BUCKET OF DOUGH EVERY DAY -

WELL - THAT CAN'T LAST LONG - WE'VE ONLY GOT THREE BUCKETS -

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THE GOLF PLAYER'S BRIDE

By Briggs

"Some one is waiting for you!" he inquired.

"We hope so," was the reply. "Pick us out some aged fibert who is ripe for cracking and tell him we are a couple of good kinds and crave food. We haven't eaten for two days -" and with this one of the girls slumped to the floor in a faint.

There are more private grudges among theatrical producers than almost any other class of men. Most of the eminent producers only grunt at fellow members of the industry - they theatrical partnerships have been lasting. It is a business that is always at high strain and what they call temperament is easily touched off.

No ferry ride is complete without a shoe shine. Just as surely as one must take a few turns about the promenade deck so must one succumb to the appeal of the industrious shoe shiners. They are a merry crew - these ragged little gamins who wield the brush so industriously on New York ferries. Horatio Alger never pictures more plucky types. They are up at dawn and often work for into the night. They are East Side urchins who in many cases support families with their earnings. Each ferry also has a strolling musician - the harpist and fiddler - who grind out the tune of long ago. "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" and "In the Good Old Summer Time" are the favorites.

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ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

Taking a Chance.

EBSOLUTEL - WHAT A CHANGE I'VE GROWN FROM LAST SEASON!!

THEY'RE THE SUITS I BOUGHT FROM YOU LAST YEAR! WILL YOU ALTER THEM FOR ME??

DID I SAY NO? SURE, BRING THEM OVER - ANYTHING FOR A REGULAR CUSTOMER!!

AND HE'S GOING TO FIX THEM OVER FOR YOU FOR NOTHING, HA?

THAT'S WHAT HE GAVE ME TO UNDERSTAND!

THAT'S SURELY NICE OF HIM, TO DO THAT FOR YOU!!

OH, I'LL OFFER HIM MONEY - BUT IF HE TAKES IT, I'LL GET AWFUL SORE!!

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