

JO ELLEN

By ALEXANDER BLACK.

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(Continued From Yesterday.)

Marty was sturdy enough, though some inches short of Stan's height, with no point of cousinly likeness that she could discover. Perhaps there was no weak line in his face. He was a good looking. His deep, olive brown eyes were wide and steady. His chin was all right. But in the lips, where you looked for resolute ness . . . Well, it might be that there was a cruel possibility in Stan's lips, something that waited nearer than in Marty's. And was she only imagin ing the cousin? She couldn't be sure. He was vivid in her feeling; extraordi narily vivid. But very likely he didn't look quite as she thought. And what else it matter? One of the weeds beside her and threw it into the whispering cavern.

If Stan had been caught in the house he would have thought she had told the man—the dick. By now he knew better, even if she hadn't found a way in the boat to explain the truth. The boat had been the best explainer. And now he was free though you couldn't be sure. He might have. . . Yes, he might have run straight into handcuffs. At this moment he might be in some jail or other. And he hadn't done the thing they were after him for.

. . . the way they pile up there out of the dark.

Marty was saying something pretty about the trees. She was stirred out of a dream and drew closer to her, reaching for her hand. She let him take it and had a qualm of exquisite guilt that she should compare that too—the touch. If it had been Stan Lamar a kind of thin fire would have raced up her arm . . . spreading like one of those nerve diagrams in the physiology. . .

She set herself to begin forgetting about Stan Lamar, and began at the same time to feel restless.

Marty's hand was warm and tense. "I wish we lived here again," he said.

"I'm tired of it," returned Jo Ellen. "I guess I've had enough of it. It's no place to live—in a live city."

"But think of downtown. Crowds and flats and noise. This is like the country."

"Exactly," cried Jo Ellen. "And I'm sick of the country. Sick of it. It's all right for you. You're a city man."

"Where would you like to live?"

"Anywhere—I mean anywhere else. I guess it's to get away, mostly."

"I see," cried Marty. He had no wish to argue then. He felt ardently in agreement with all she might wish. Something that came to him in the feel of her hand gave him a poignant compassion. He was sure that he knew, acutely, just what she meant, just what she felt. Her need seemed to be aching and asking in the vast stillness. He peered into the cavern, at the fantastic silhouettes that multiplied endlessly, as if to mirror the immensity of the constellations overhead. The great beauty that flowed

about them reached sharp contact in the lovely softness of her fingers. He did not notice that in her restlessness she had reached downward with her other hand. Her face was lifted to the stars.

"Aren't they terrible?" she ex claimed.

This turned him quickly.

"Terrible. . .? What . . .?"

"The mosquitoes," said Jo Ellen. "My legs are all bitten up."

"Oh! I didn't—I didn't notice them," he fumbled.

She drew away the fingers he had been holding.

"Let's go," she said.

He assisted her to the level of the ledge. When they came to the turn, the moon caught them and sent long shadows of their figures wriggling like gnomes that led the way.

THE NEBBS

Mr. Nebb, welcome home—we have your desk decorated with beautiful and costly flowers—a token of appreciation of a great service rendered Nebb and Slider.

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JUST A SMART GUY.

Now that by my superior intellect and fighting spirit I have established a clear title to my late grandaunt's estate I hope that it gives you unquestioned confidence in my ability, and from now on you can listen to my sage advice without a murmur of comment.

If you'll just act according to my dictation and don't let that wasp brain dominate your elephant ego, I'll make you rich!

Go ahead—you couldn't get an argument if you stuck a pin in me. I like you so well right now that it will take at least two days of that treatment before I back you into your stall where you belong.

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BARNEY FILLS THE EMERGENCY.

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you people gassing here at this rate?"

"As usual," retorted the grand mother, "it's Ben Bogert's noise. I wish you'd go to bed, Ben."

"That's it, put it on me."

Grandmother Bogert had her way. She wanted to talk with Jo Ellen, and before the moon had left them completely in shadow much had been said, in suitably modulated tones. Jo Ellen liked to hear her talk, but she

grandmother's steady, listening look when Jo Ellen's turn came, some times made the grandmother a bit nervous. At the time the maternal grandfather died he was foreman of a foundry in San Francisco. When his wife went east in the period of Jo Ellen's babyhood, he had com ing toward the next thing to be done, accepted a friend's intercession and became manager of a millinery shop in Seattle.

"I never thought I'd go east again," she told Jo Ellen. "I guess I never really wanted to very much. After you get used to the coast—anyway, I haven't had the kind of a job that lets you gallivant any. I've had to stick to it and put off and put off getting on to see you people. When your mother wrote that Ben was down with typhoid it was about the worst time for me. Just a rotten time, it

Then, after a little, I got to thinking it over and told the outfit I was off for a month or so. Loud cries of distress. The old girl was firm. Packed my grip and lit out. Had the luck to strike an awfully good summer excursion rate. And here's dear old grandpa."

"You're so young for a grand mother," said Jo Ellen. She meant

"Fifty-five isn't so thundering young," returned Grandmother Bogert. And this appeared to suggest an idea. She leaned forward to point it out. "Did you ever see a mother in the movies? She's always seventy-four. Grandmothers are ninety-six. Seems when they breed for the camera they start late."

(To Be Continued Monday.)

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

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Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus

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Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban

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By Briggs

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



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New York

--Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, July 5.—It was the reopening of Gotham's smartest supper club. The reservations included the creme de la creme of the social whirl. They came with their arms loaded with mysterious packages—bottle shaped. It was reminiscent of an old fashioned box party.

By 1 o'clock the patrons were so tightly wedged in at their tables that it was impossible to reach the postage stamp dance floor. Only those who paid the enormous high tariff for ringside seats were able to dance.

The crowd at the roped entrance ran down to flights of stairs and around the corner in the street. All the old subtleties to gain admittance were used. Those who said they were members of the Astor and Vanderbilt parties and such.

The attraction was the debut of a young dancer currently reported to be the inamorata of one of New York's richest men. There are many stories of her 14-room apartment in a Park avenue hotel and a flock of limousines and ropes of pearl.

She came out of a revue and has nothing but a property smile and a wistful look. There were thunderous applause and "bravos." It is the Manhattan manner of glorifying scandal. Flowers costing a fortune were heaped upon her.

One of the noticeable features among the ladies was that every head was bobbed. The ubiquitous strings of pearls were caught at the shoulders with orchids—a new fad. Every phase of life was represented—the underworld and upper.

Social queens, stage and movie stars, playwrights, novelists, million- aire idlers and those swartly and sleek gigolos who live off women. At 3 a. m. the most of them were floating about in an alcoholic maze. It was the 20th century dance Mleaire.

She was of a foreign importation known by a single name. Her fame was trumpeted from Paris and New York came to sit at her feet in a musical revue. In four months one man alone recognized her. He sought her out. She shrugged her shoulders. He was mistaken. She had never lived in the little Ohio town from whence he sprang. He was certain and in the end she confessed. She swore him to secrecy, but a few weeks later she left the revue and returned to Paris. She felt discovery would mean her professional death.

The man of big affairs in New York usually develops "telegraphitis" after crossing the Hudson. Alone in his drawing room he begins to worry about trivial things that would not bother him in his office and so he begins firing telegrams back. There is a theatrical producer and a big publisher whose telegraph tolls average more than \$100 a day when they are on a tour.

Only three cabarets now have hostesses. In old days the hostess was supposed to infuse life into a place by a personal following. They came and disappeared as quickly as a breath on a window pane—going from cafe to cafe. Now the chief attraction in any cabaret is the orchestra. A tip-top orchestra will bring crowds. It is sure fire.

My young friend Tony came to tell me goodby today. For three years he has flicked imaginary bits of dust off coats in a barber shop. He is returning to Italy to bring his parents to America. He has saved enough out of his tip to do this and he has a flat in Cherry street await ing for them. Tony also expects to be a barber when he returns and eventually own his own shop.

(Copyright 1924.)

GET OUT, MY OLD CLOTHES—GOING ON A FISHING TRIP.

WE'RE GOING UP THE RIVER—SIX OF US—OH BOY!

YOU MUST BE BACK BY SIX THIRTY

HA HA—I WON'T BE BACK FOR TWO DAYS!!

TWO DAYS! ARE YOU CRAZY?

ABSOLUTELY!!

CALM YOURSELF ABE—WHAT'S WRONG?

I WANT TO SUE IRVING—IN FRONT OF PEOPLE HE CALLED ME A HIPPOPOTAMUS

WHEN DID THIS HAPPEN?

SIX YEARS AGO

SIX YEARS AGO HE CALLED YOU A HIPPOPOTAMUS AND YOU'RE ONLY GOING TO SUE NOW??

YES—I NEVER SAW ONE TILL THIS MORNING

SOCIETY ITEMS—MR. AND MRS. PETER PENNY RETURNED YESTERDAY FROM THE NORTH. MR. PENNY REPORTS A FINE SEASON FOR FISHING HE HAVING SPENT SEVERAL DAYS AMONG NORTHERN LAKES AND STREAMS