JO ELLEN By ALEXANDER BLACK.

"If all of Inwood has to know, go

"You ask a lot of questions," de clared Jo Ellen, standing very

clared Jo Ellen, standing very straight. The movie director was now

using a megaphone, and the voice rolled up from behind these two with a peculiar booming intensity. The echo of the sounds seemed to quiver in Jo Ellen.

"Haven't you asked it?"

"What do you think now?" "You're foolish to ask me that."

"Maybe you'd better," said Jo El-

len, "if you came up here to do it."
"What started me was wanting to

know whether you were going to keep

"I don't know what I'm going to

"Because I think very likely there's something wrong about you." "Will you give me a chance to prove

(Continued From Testerday.)

the bark of a tree beside him. "A fel-He did not break into the path as if might." He faced her again. "Supto intercept her. He seemed to know pose you had been in my fix. Wouldn't to intercept her. He seemed to know that she would pause and he drew up beside her, hat in hand, with a look that rather repeated her own way of verifying an earlier impression, save that his look was more than curious. There was a glint in it.

"Seems like trailing you," he said. "I did see you go."

"Why should you trail me?" she asked. She was still in the heat of the resentment aroused by Emma Traub, and there was a fresh resentment in which she felt accused of a complicity. He could think she had rushed off to meet him.

"I wanted . . ."

Was it a pretended embarrassment? She had built up a picture of him that had no possible diffidence in it. Yet here he was, fumbling.

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"I wanted to thank you," he said.
"No harm in that."

The movement she remembered

"I didn't do much."
"O yes, you did. You sure were a sign of his being checked, as if there

might be more than one answer. In "I didn't tell." She wanted to get the end his annoyance was not hid this out, whatever happened. She might run away in a moment and it

might run away in a moment and it must be said first.

He nodded. "Of course not. I guess we know who did blab. Poor devil, she was frightened."

"No," protested Jo Ellen. "She didn't tell. I saw her afterward."

"Same thing, though. After seeing her he thought he knew. He wouldn't have been so sure later on. Anyway, I saw him coming—strolling along. The other chance looked better than that. Never thought of the luck of you and the boat. But that ign't what I wanted to tell you."

Jo Ellen was silent.

"I wanted to tell you that I wasn't lying to you in a tight place. The police crowd had me wrong."

"You mean, you hadn't done—"

"If all of Inwood has to know, go to it."

Jo Ellen's instant gesture of turning away from him had equally quick effect in his half-extended hand.

"Excuse that, won't you?" He moved a step. "You caught me there, and I was rough. Do anything you think's fair."

"Fair . .?"

"To me. Is it the fun of telling it, or what?"

"A secret's a kind of a nuisance when there's no use for it. I don't think you'd care now . . when no-body's chasing you."

He had a hard awile for this.

"I see," he said. "You think I have no feelings when the police are out of it."

police crowd had me wrong."

"You mean, you hadn't done—"

"It was another man. I knew it would come out. When the time was right I went straight to them and laid my cards down. They're a dirty bunch. It might not have gone. But I was clean on the thing. It was a little spite higher up. Do you believe me?"

"What difference does that make?"

He turned his eyes away from her for a moment and thrust a fist against

"You ask a lot of questions," de-

New York -- Day by Day--

By O. O. M'INTYRE.

college days Ring Lardner and Riley question. Wilson, another famous wit, hired out with Dr. Casper's Kurako Medicine show. Lardner was a sort of advance man and Wilson did a black face thing that threatened; and she knew that she would never forget the way her levels.

Dr. Casper was a picturesque fig. he looked: handsomer than the pic-ture that came whenever she had ure in wide chamois colored hat, ratwe in wide chamois colored hat, ratwho in the interesting in the
we ". . . to ask you a question," he repeated. kidneys, heart, rheumatism fits and fistula, and also removed

He had a great forensic flair in extolling its virtues. The medicine was a product of nature—the herbs and roots that abounded along the purling streams and country hill-crook." side. Nature had provided its wonders for her children, but it was think."
Dr. Casper who brought it to them. "Wha One evening Dr. Casper was in the

midst of his panegyric. "Ladees and gentlemen," he was saying. "Out yonder under the clustered stars

yonder under the clustered stars caught in the silken web of night rests the fruitful marvels of Mother Earth. They have lain dormant until Dr. Casper furrowed the peaceful hills and valleys.

"I have taken from the roots of trees the universal panacea—the crowning catholicon—and brought it to you. I am not here to sell it, nor am I here to give it away. I am here to advertise one of nature's most powerful remedies for the ills of mankind. It grows in yonder forest—"

At this juncture a heavy pall of smoke swept down from a hill and selected with the silker crooked or crazy. I've done a lot of things, but this is the craziest. It didn't seem so crazy when I first thought about it—about coming to find you. And you stand there blocking me. That's it. I never met a live it didn't seem so crazy when I first thought about it—about coming to find you. And you stand there blocking me. That's it. I never met a lot of things, but this is the craziest. It didn't seem so crazy when I first thought about it—about coming to find you. And you stand there blocking me. That's it. I never met a chance to prove that I'm not a crook, if that's what you mean?"

"I know. You must think I'm either crooked or crazy. I've done a lot of things, but this is the craziest. It didn't seem so crazy when I first thought about it—about coming to find you. And you stand there blocking me. That's it. I never met a chance to prove that I'm not a crook, if that's what you mean?"

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smoke swept down from a hill and He stepped into the path with a permeated the medicine tent show. gesture that implied a controlled wish The audience was plunged into a fit "Damn you!" he flung out. "How of coughing. There was a forest fire did you do it? How did you—"

Jo Ellen belt a burning at her tem-

Wilson came out of his dressing ples. "You're talking like a crook room and accosted Lardner. "What's now." all this smoke about?" he inquired. them all. A crook—who came around crying like a kid—wanting—you'll be "O," said Lardner with nonchalance, "it's just one of Dr. Casper's drug stores burning up."

Les Copeland, the vaudeville planist, who has been in Paris running an American cabaret, was in a theatrical club recently when he came across Corse Payton, self-styled the world's worst actor, and former entrepenuer of the old style ten, twent and thirt melodrama. "How are you, Corse?" asked Cope

"Fine, Les, fine," was the reply "I am going back in the show bust

ness very shortly." "Good," said Copeland, "I haven't heard a shot fired since you quit."

There is another actor who had been toying with the grape longer than was good for him. He had made a nuisance of himself around several theatrical clubs and finally his friends carted him away to Turkish bath. After they had put him in the steam room they conceived the idea of putting a little ball of tar on each cheek. While

an hour the actor in the throes of a mighty perspiration awakened and naturally felt of his cheeks. He rushed to a looking glass and inspected himself. "Whew!" he exclaimed. "In hell

he was sleeping they got some feath ers and stuck in the tar. In about

and a bird!" Spooning in New York is difficult The parks are too well policed and the bus tops are open to public gaze. Some spooners have found the only place left is the Grand Central station. The beaux may begin at Track 1 (trains to Bucyrus, Yellow Springs and Akron, O.) and proceed to say goodbye to her all the way to the 20th Century (Albany, Cleveland and Chicago). If that is not enough to satisfy the fond lovers they can procoed to the lower level and line up in front of the locals to Poughkeepsie, Harmon, Hartsdale and where-not Also if one feels too promiscuous at the Grand Central there is the Pennsylvania station, which has heaven knows how many different

(Copyright, 1984.)

She slipped past him. He swung about and stood tightly, watching her leaping pace. She did not look back.

V.

If he could have seen her on the porch, peering, for the length of a leaping, some of the mystery would leaping, some of the mystery would leaping pace. She slipped past him. He swung about and stood tightly, watching her leaping pace. She did not look back.

V.

If he could have seen her on the porch, peering, for the length of a leaping pace. She did not look back.

If he could have seen her on the porch, peering, for the length of a look and hands wandering, some of the mystery would leaping pace. She did not look back.

If he could have seen her behind winthough perhaps a deeper mystery the mirror, to remind herself of what the mirror, to remind herself of was the way that happened. If it was he looked at when he stood there aguirming and fumbling. When he could take hold of her, he knew with her—fallen in love with her on a few minutes acquaintance, or when he couldn't take hold of her, he was he came to think about it, which like a trick.

If he could have seen her on the length of a look pack was short in minutes, but long wanted to think, but feelings came, be couldn't take hold of her, he was he could take hold of her, he was he could take hold of her, he was he looked at when he stood where in a story the short of it would have seen ther way that happened. If it was he looked at when he stood where in a story the short of it would have been that he had fallen in love with her on a few minutes' acquaintance, or when he could have been that he had fallen in love with her on a few minutes' acquaintance, or when he came to think about it, which leaping have been that he had fallen in love with her on a few minutes' acquaintance, or when he

THE SAME OLD STORY.



THIS LOOKS LIKE A SENTENCE TO THE POOR-HOUSE - BUT IT'S FLATTERING.
THE CONFIDENCE THESE STOREKEEPERS HAVE IN ME - TWO
"GOWNS" - DRESS" DON'T SOUND SO SWELL _ CALL IT A GOWN AND YOU CAN CHARGE MORE FOR IT



MRS. NEBB, WHAT'S THE IDEA OF ALL THE WARDROBE? YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LEAVE ME AND GO ON THE STAGE? OR DID SOMEBODY TELL YOU THAT I WAS GOING TO BE APPOINTED AMBASSADOR TO ENGLAND AND YOU WERE GOING TO TROT AROUND WITH THE QUEEN?



NO_I JUST HAD TO GET SOME NEW
CLOTHES TO KEEP PEOPLE FROM HANDING
ME PENNIES WHEN I COME ALONG THE
STREET AND DID NT YOU TELL YOUR
PARTNER SLIDER THERE WAS NOTHING
BETWEEN YOU AND GREAT RICHES? IF YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO PROLL IN WEALTH AND HAVE ME WRAPPED IN GINGHAM YOU'RE ALL MIXED UP!

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



Barney Google and Spark Plug

DID BARNEY SMELL SPARKY'S BREATH?

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck (Copyright 1924)



MEBBE HE'LL STOP THIS REVOLUTION BUSINESS IF YOU GET ON, HIS BACK AND RUNE HIM DOWN THE





New York, July 9.—During their about. I came up here to ask you a BRINGING UP FATHER

U. S. Patent Office

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

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus









JERRY ON THE JOB

THE SAFEY FIRST ENGINEER.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban









what he did want. A crook. Give The Days of Real Sport

"That's the way. A crook. Tell

square up against it trying to figure

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield







