

JO ELLEN

By ALEXANDER BLACK.

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(Continued From Yesterday.)

IV.

The autumn seemed to rush by very quickly; which was odd in view of the slowness of effect in Mr. Trupp's office. There might be great excitement in print; there might be submarine sensations and all sorts of emotional upheavals, with prophetic gesticulating at the brink; but Mr. Trupp could tell stories while Rome burned.

In the moments when he permitted himself to comment on the war, he indicated an assurance as to the United States which had the established flavor of a religion. It was simply a question as to whether the United States should take the time to go over and stop the thing.

Jo Ellen learned to suspect that, despite its casualness as she saw it, Mr. Trupp had a comfortable business. Evidently most of it happened where it was invisible to her. She would like to have gone with him and watch it happen since this was impossible she settled into a toleration of conditions as they were, carried her book and newspaper, found ways to endure blank spaces, and even to endure Wilton when that apparition appeared.

A man at the other end of the sixth floor asked her, one morning when he met her at the mail chute, whether she knew a stenographer who could be had. Miss Pascoe came into her mind and she sent her a letter, with the result that Miss Pascoe took her first place as a neighbor worker. The man at the other end of the floor was not at all like Mr. Trupp, and had a business that was quite as different as the man. Miss Pascoe worked very hard. Her boss had a way of dictating long letters at the end of the day to be typed and signed "per M. P." after he had gone, so that she often was in the office until 10 o'clock. It was all wrong, Jo Ellen thought. Miss Pascoe should have had Mr. Trupp. Jo Ellen would have known what to do with the man who left legacy letters.

Miss Pascoe, although she had had longer study and practice than Jo Ellen, was nervous for weeks. She really well. She lacked the confidence to make definite work plans, and Jo Ellen's call that took her out of the school was the occasion for a fervent gratefulness. The words were few but the gratefulness was made plain. The two formed the habit of going out to lunch together.

One noon time when they were leaving the building a young man standing within the doorway took a step forward, halted at seeing that Jo Ellen was not alone, then decided to ask:

"Miss Revere?"

"Yes," answered Jo Ellen blankly.

"This is for you," said the stranger,

er, holding out an envelope. As Jo Ellen took the envelope and read her name, the young man vanished.

"What do you suppose . . . ?" Jo Ellen opened the envelope as they walked, and turned to the signature. The name of Stan Lamar leaped from the sheet.

Miss Pascoe looked straight ahead while Jo Ellen put the letter in her handbag.

"Some people have funny ways," remarked Jo Ellen. There was no occasion to go further in comment, particularly as Miss Pascoe did not intrude.

When the office was reached Mr. Trupp was there. Something, perhaps the elevator, made him think of the famous incident of that tumble in the barn and how hard it is to get a doctor quick, so that your head is pretty nearly blood itself empty before the right way is found to stop it. Then there was a very long letter about a contract, with passages to be quoted from the dictionary. It was really nearly blood itself empty before the right way is found to stop it. Then there was a very long letter about a contract, with passages to be quoted from the dictionary. It was really nearly blood itself empty before the right way is found to stop it.

As she settled to the reading of the letter, Wilton came in. He seldom came in the afternoon; but there he was. She felt as if he were listening to what she read. Anyhow, his silence seemed to become noisy and his shadowy figure to crowd the place. It was a simple letter.

"You may not like this," Lamar wrote, "because you have an idea about this that's all wrong. In that house—it was the wrong way to meet, I suppose. I was feeling rotten—you know how hot it was there—and my tongue hanging out—and you called me a burglar or something like that. Then it looked as if I never could dig that out of your head. When I saw you afterward I was telling you the truth and didn't make any hit with myself the way I acted when you wanted to run away. I thought you were throwing me before I had a fair chance. I can see how you felt. It would have been different if we had met some other way and if a nice friendly family hadn't given me a reputation. I'm not saying anything against the family, but I wish I could put up my own case to you. I can't do that now. I'm away off here in Arizona about horses. Horses have made trouble for me before this, but what I know about them is worth something now. It's for the war. Some day I'll be back in New York and then I'll try to square myself with you. I'm not asking you to write. Am not giving you any address. I know you wouldn't write. The way this goes to you is the only way I could think out. The friend that gets it through is all right. If he does what I tell him, it won't mean anything more I have to square myself for. Perhaps I can start even. I'm asking you to forget some things and let me do that—start with a note too much of a handicap, anyway. There's no your friend at the end of this because I haven't the right yet. But I'll fight for it. Always yours, Stan Lamar."

Wilton decided to go away and Jo Ellen reread the letter when quite alone. There was a tingle in it. It had much that wasn't said. Very likely Mr. Stan Lamar thought he was being very shrewd. It was to sound sincere. Maybe it was sincere. But the cautions only looked crafty. No, she liked him best when he wasn't being careful. And his carefullest trick was not so clever as he thought—sending a friend with the letter. Implying a secret. There was nothing to him himself, but the whole theory of secrecy, as if he stood apart and could continue to be considered on such terms. The letter was an accusation of the secret. There shouldn't have been any secret—not if it was to mean anything. It had been exciting when it didn't seem that it had to mean anything. She had a right to a secret. But it was frightfully awkward to have it grow. Going back over the whole thing to explain—that could look silly. He was making a little affair that didn't matter look like a big one that nobody would be able to understand, and that couldn't be told without. . . . To explain you would be showing the letter. Tearing it up would even look suspicious.

Yet she was glad he hadn't sent the letter to the house. It would have been humiliating to have been forced, perhaps with no choice, to reveal like a naughty child, the foolish story that had managed not to be told.

She put the letter back into her handbag. At 5 o'clock she took it out, read the last lines again, and

watched the pieces drop into her paper basket. Stan Lamar became annoyingly vivid when the letter had gone.

In snow time she caught herself wondering whether there was snow where Stan was and what gathering

horses for a war might mean as an occupation. Also, what trouble horses might have made for him. Very likely the trouble had been mixed up with racing or something of that sort. . . . Perhaps something crooked. Presumably gathering horses for a war was entirely straight.

Then suddenly it was April and the United States was in the war, and everybody stared and talked, and Marty had enlisted. His father knew a colonel and he was to join a national guard regiment then in the south. Suddenly it was a Saturday, and Marty, after all the talk, was

really going away. They were having lunch together where there was music, and Marty was persuading her to dance. His fingers against her back had an excited way of fidgeting. Because it was Saturday and her afternoon was free they went up to Inwood together and swished through

the foam of left-over leaves, talking about camps, submarines, fox trots, birthdays, and Mr. Trupp. Marty saw to it that they came at last to the high place. Here he talked about letters. Would Jo Ellen pay attention to them if they came once in a while? Her promise had

not the heartiness he seemed to be wishing for. Yet he knew that she had never been stirred much by letters. Once he had copied a poem into a letter and she never mentioned it, although there was a special meaning in the lines.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

THE NEBBES



BUY, BUY, FANNIE.



Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

Barney Google and Spark Plug



Barney Has the Dough, But Can't Raise It.



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

BRINGING UP FATHER



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



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus

JERRY ON THE JOB



A SHORT TERM LOAN



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban

Oh, Man!



By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, July 18.—Thoughts while strolling around New York: The afternoon parade along the Rialto. Spruce old boys of 73 and liable to go to par. A clog dancer's club. Wonder if they have a check room for wooden shoes.

F. Scott Fitzgerald. And his collegiate look. Waffle wagons and their enticing aroma. Youthful idlers. Nothing in their pockets but their hands. Sidewalk cafe tables. Just like Paris. O boy! What a spot. English liner cabin boys with short jackets and funny caps.

Short haired girls with rasping voices and cigar coughs. How tough the men have to be these days to be effeminate. There's the humming bird's sleeve garters—a movie here with a pink sport jacket. Very Pink Rock. O very!

Whatever became of Mike Donlin? Almost every ham and eggery called the St. Regis. Wilton Lackaye and De Wolf Hopper in hunting togs. Now we are in for some hunting stories. Hotel porters packing Pekes. Brides and grooms off for Niagara.

Seance parlors. Filled with seekers of light from the Hither and Beyond. Dismal side street rabbit holes—coal, ice, kindling and junk. A silk hat in an ash can. How the mighty do fall. Girls in bloomers seeking a bit of fresh air after a winter garden rehearsal.

Ned Wayburn. And his old faded sweater. There goes New York's most famous gambler—a pale aesthete whose head seems to be knocking the stars. A cosmetic relief station—where girls may freshen up their complexion for so much per fresh and go on their way.

The beginning of automobile row. Known to the vulgar as gasoline alley. The windiest corner in New York—Fifty-seventh and Broadway—never without its curb loungers. The splash of Central park's fountain. Now for a bench.

There are at least 50 shops in midtown devoted to the merchandising of bird cages. It used to be a bird cage was for a bird but lately they are the grand motif of the interior decorator. Where they used to put a what-not they now put a bird cage.

He came from one of those towns where the leading citizen fell dead for three days. He has been in New York three years. Today he wears a monocle and scarves and shirts to match his clothes. He sat next to me in a restaurant the other day and complained bitterly to the head waiter because the petite marmite was too well seasoned. It sometimes takes these boys suddenly yanked away from a plow to show Manhattan deft touches in city slicking.

The very same lady may be found at tea time casually mentioning that they are dining tonight on Morgan's yacht—and at the same time stifling a yawn. It goes over in New York, but let them try to pull it around the boys on the cracker barrel in front of the village store back home!

I recall going back home from school one Xmas holiday in pea top trousers, suwed off coat and mountainous toed shoes. I casually mentioned to some of the boys Della Fox had waved to me from the stage. It was a half truth. I was in the gallery and she waved at all who sat there. I remember one of the boys saying: "So Della Fox waved at you did she? Now I'll tell one." My ego burst with a bang. Before going home I had that feeling of "being on the world, and I'll show it" but before I got I felt the common cold I was.

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