

JO ELLEN

By ALEXANDER BLACK.

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(Continued From Yesterday.)
'I know, suppose I am chained. I'll have to buck up and do the best I can. I don't want to carry anything more. You know how often it happens in a play that if somebody would say some plain thing the whole situation would clear up. If well, I'd like to say a plain thing like that. I'm telling you the truth. I'm not talking goody stuff. A secret gives me a twist. I'm not good at it. Probably there are people who can get fun out of hidden things. If they really do, maybe they're lucky. Maybe I'm a freak. That doesn't matter. I know what I can't do. I haven't got time to be uncomfortable.'

'I see. You're thinking about Marty.'
'Mostly about myself. Selfishness.'
'Conscience, eh?' Stan managed not to give the word a color.
'If you want to call it that.' She made a little sound that was not quite a laugh. 'Think of the science on Seventh avenue? Maybe it used to be a conscience and now it's a contract. I'm going home to the party of the first part.'

'I've got a contract on my hands tonight,' said Stan—it was to have been part of the formula to avoid the question of the flat—but it doesn't mean breaking friends. Business isn't so rough as—
'Goodby,' said Jo Ellen.
They had reached Nineteenth street. Stan turned with her as if in defiance.

There was a tight silence as they walked. Jo Ellen wondered whether Stan had nerves.
Suddenly she stopped short. 'This is really a goodby,' she said.
'What's wrong, are we?' he asked in a dull voice. He knew—they both knew—that all they had been thinking focused at the apartment house door.
He took her hand. 'All the same,' he began—
She drew her hand away and turned quickly.

Marty in his wheel chair was directly in front of the door as she let herself into their quarters.
His look had a look of suspended distress.

'Who was it?'
The question came with a curious sharpness, as if driven out by a seizure.

'Who was it? You know, it looked like Stan Lamar. I would have taken an oath that it was—'
'It was Stan Lamar.'

'The dirty crook!' she said.
Curiosity faded and a convulsive, very ugly, distortion took its place. The shock of the challenge was so poignant that Jo Ellen was held where she stood with her back to the door.

New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. McINTYRE.

New York, Aug. 7.—Wall street offers an unusual haven for the crook to return to his rascality after serving a term in prison. Within the past few months two brokers just out of Sing Sing were found operating bucket shops again.

The only process necessary is to change the name of the firm. Most of the business is done by telephone. In these telephone rooms from 25 to 50 young men with bull dog tenacity comb their 'sucker lists' for prospects.

One might think from their talk they were seasoned veterans of the money mart. In fact most of them are in their early twenties—messengers and board chalkers who have learned early that 'one is born every minute.'

There nerve is colossal. No rebuke restrains them. One told me he had called up one of his prospects twice weekly for two years. 'For the first year he would hang up on me,' he gloated. 'But in the end I got him for 5,000 berries on a stock that isn't worth the paper it's written on.'

Over the telephone they have a way of mentioning big names casually as though they were on inside terms with them. They keep in close touch with the newspapers and courts to learn the names of those who have had a windfall of fortune.

When an effort is made to smoke them out by some patron who has been badly stung, they go to other houses where there is always room for them as they work on a commission basis. Some of them make as high as \$20,000 a year.

It is an easy come and easy go life they lead and in the White Light district they splurge with their ill-gotten gains—much of it coming from widows and hard working men who are trying to lay up a competence for old age.

The Tenderloin has a portable dice game that is patronized by those who stake small fortunes on the turn of a dice. Only those known to be 'all right' are invited. The message goes over the telephone at midnight that one night it may be in a hotel suite, the next night upstairs over a garage. Huge amounts have been lost in the past year and many have been won. The hop-skip and jump method is not to avoid the police but hold-up men who are making a good living raiding gambling games. The thugs regard a hold-up of this kind as safest. The victims will not squeal.

Tammany hall is 135 years old. It was founded in 1789 by an upholsterer of Nassau street—William Moony. It was known then as the Society of St. Tammany or Columbian Order. The titles of the leaders still exist. 'Sachem' and 'Winkleskie.' Tammany has recently lost some of its most useful men. Among them are Murphy, the leader; Cockran, its greatest orator; Tom Smith, its secretary and its powerful Harlem leader—Nagle. Tammany's great hold has been its espousal of the cause of the poor. In return it has always been able to hold a big vote in the hollow of its hand. New Yorkers prize and not dem it, but Tammany carries on.

around Cooper Union there is a little triangular square with rows of benches where old women sleep. They are mostly beggars, sellers of lead pencils, chewing gum and newspapers. They pillow their heads on shawls and old newspapers, and the police never bother them. The other day a reporter learned that 80 per cent of them were mothers whose children were able to support them, but when old age came they were deserted.

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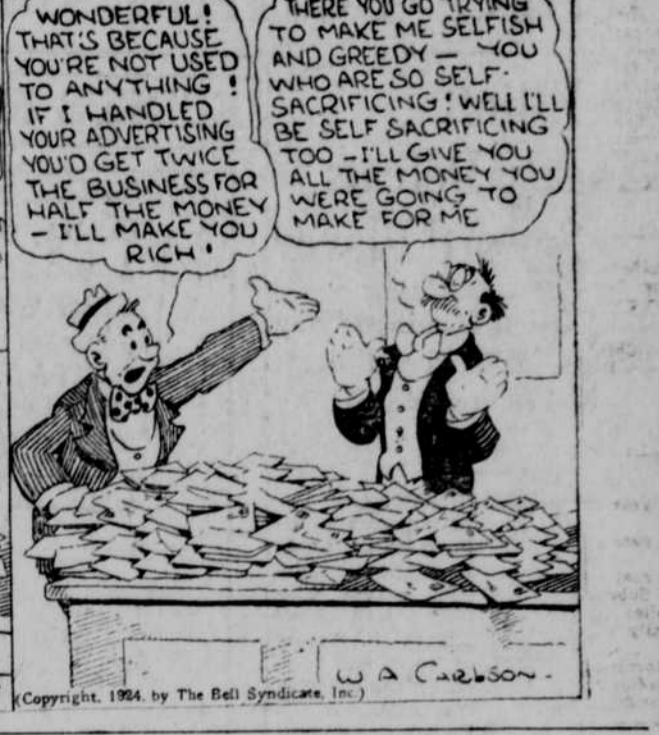
Marty in his wheel chair was directly in front of the door as she let herself into their quarters.

Jo Ellen, her face safely averted. 'Ah! No! He wouldn't be mentioning wives. Of course not. And he'd be through with her now.'
'If you don't mind,' Jo Ellen tossed over her shoulder, 'we'll drop him.'
'Right-o. Drop him. Let him get that—when he comes sneaking around. You know the more I think of it—'
'Marty!' Jo Ellen produced a detonation among the dishes. 'I meant that. Please don't go on with it!'
'Oh well...' He shut himself off rather sullenly. 'I know what I get when you're tired you're not good at it.'

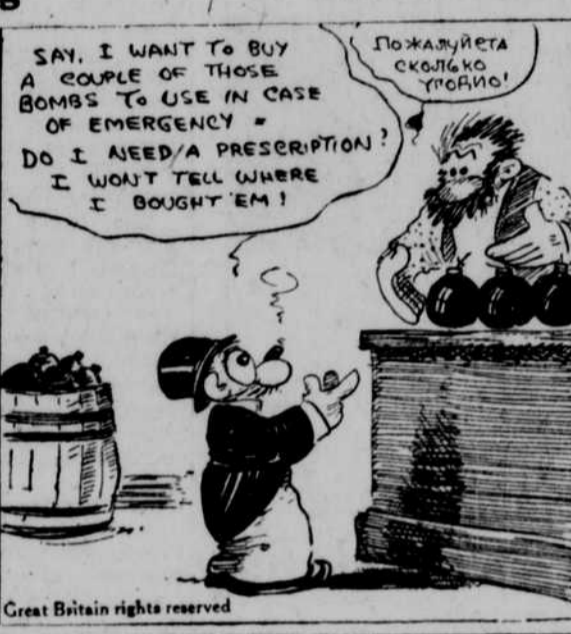
'But dropping him means dropping him. And you—'
'I see. The whole thing's made you nervous. If you weren't tired or something you wouldn't—'
'Perhaps I am tired. There's nothing sinful about being tired. And He wanted to drone on with explanations, with reminiscence, peering at Jo Ellen meanwhile as if the sight of her at close quarters were intensely provocative—as if he might under such inspiration go on chattering for the rest of the night. At last Jo Ellen swung round. 'I wish you'd get out of the kitchen!'

Out of his own kitchen. When he hadn't seen her all day, and most of the evening. When he was expecting to see her. She heard the backing of the chair, the click at the turns, remoter creaking and shuffling.
(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

THE NEBBES



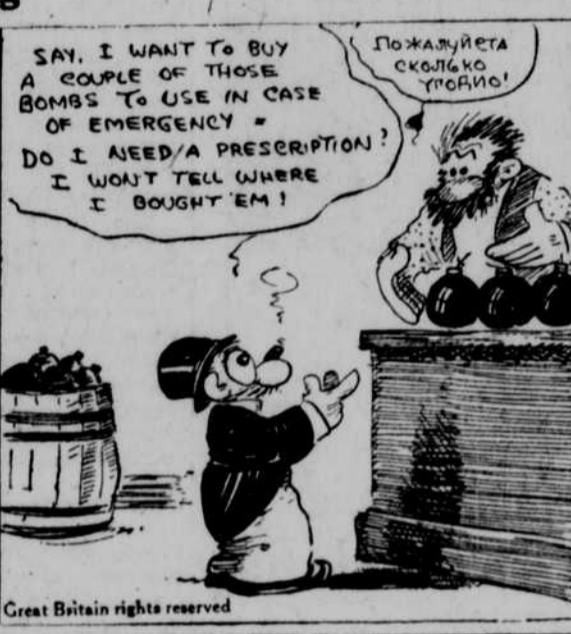
Barney Google and Spark Plug



THE DELUGE



A PREMATURE EXPLOSION



BRINGING UP FATHER



JERRY ON THE JOB



SOMETHING INEXPERIENCED



Second Honeymoons



ABIE THE AGENT

