

### JO ELLEN

By ALEXANDER BLACK.

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(Continued From Yesterday.)

"Ah! Miss Reever. Won't you sit here a moment, please?" Mr. Trupp indicated an office chair. "This is business. I wish a new stenographer—though I'd say more a secretary than a stenographer in the ordinary sense. I don't say it to flatter you—that would be unbusinesslike and dangerous—but you seem to me the sort of girl I would like to take the place of my present secretary, who is getting married. You're not engaged to be married, are you?"

"No," returned Jo Ellen in a complete bewilderment.

"That's isn't impertinence. Just caution. You see I'm both impulsive and cautious. I'm impulsive about deciding that I prefer you, and cautious about assuring myself that you're not going to step off, Lord knows how soon. Anyway, I'd like to offer you a position beginning on Monday week. Say, fifteen dollars to start with. My name is J. J. Trupp. Office in the Van Veeder building, Sixty-fifth street."

"It didn't sound real to Jo Ellen. This was not the way she had expected her first job to happen. Mr. Trupp was so large, so full of words, and Mrs. Miffing had acted so queerly that she listened in stupefaction.

"What would you say?" suggested Mr. Trupp.

"I'd say it was sudden," replied Jo Ellen.

Mr. Trupp laughed voluminously and winked at Mrs. Miffing.

"I knew it," he said. "I knew it. She's just as I expected."

"What I don't see," ventured Jo Ellen, "is how you came to choose me. I haven't—"

"I've explained all that to the lady here," and Mr. Trupp waved a fat hand toward Mrs. Miffing. "I'm sure that this is my way. Call it impulsive, if you like. I had a glimpse of you and decided, first crack out of the box, that you were it. Why wouldn't it be most sensible for you to call and see me at my office—any morning at ten—and we can talk it over. You can ask my present secretary—she gets married. Sunday week—what sort of a monster I am. If I haven't prejudiced you too much at the beginning you might want to talk over with me the possible advantage of practice in actual position. Of course, you could learn a lot more here. But you'll learn a lot more with me, and be paid for it. What do you say?"

"I'll come and see you," said Jo Ellen.

Mr. J. J. Trupp was moistly radiant as he went away, after concealingly repeating about the Van Veeder building.

### New York

--Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, July 15.—The most typical of all first night audiences is that attending the premieres of the Follies. They do not come to see the show, but to see each other. New Yorkers come down in their yachts and stage stars are supplanted by understudies to attend.

The block in front of the theater is crowded with curiosity seekers from 5 o'clock until the curtain falls. They want to see close-ups of favorites of the screen and stage. And see society leaders aglow with jewels.

The same crowd is there, Hearst, Munsey and Brisbane. Ben All Haggin, the painter, with his stage villain mustache. Billy Burke with her new boy bob. Ziegfeld himself and the lavender tinted collar. Judge Gary, the lawyer and his brother. Sails "ig, who parts his hair in the back. Morris Paul, who as Cholly Knickerbocker, chronicles the doings of the social whirl. Tony Moreno, Dick Barthelme and his wife, Mary Hay, Fred Stone and his daughter, Dorothy, who is his constant companion. A sprinkling of hand-kissing princes. Vincent Astor, who has grown from a physical weakness to a strapping six-footer and is as tanned as the autumn leaf. Swope of the World, Morris Gest and his flowing black tie. Conde Nast of Vanity Fair, Gum Tex Rickard and the beaming Paul Whiteman.

This year the first-nighters missed Victor Herbert, who each year wielded the baton on opening night. He was a figure as familiar as that of Diamond Jim Brady a few years ago. As Gene Buck, Ziegfeld's man Friday, says: "The toughest audience in the world."

He means by that they are not given to applause. At the intermission the house empties. The buzz of conversation is like the roar of Niagara. As the show resumes a comedian calls on celebrities to stand. The baby spot is thrown on them and they are cheered. It is the audience's night.

Speaking of the Follies' first night there is one celebrated comedian who is not a first nighter. He is Will Rogers. Invariably Rogers is at his worst at a premiere. He knows it and says so. He is not frightened and he knows the crowd is with him, but he usually fumbles his lines. The second night he swings into his usual groove.

New York's most famous lady—Diana, atop Madison Square Garden—is to pass to the limbo of lost things. She of the taupe hair and unspiced array is shortly to be removed. Diana is the New York of O. Henry. She is the New York of George M. Cohan and the New York—as incongruous as it appears—of the old Tenderloin. Diana in real life is the replica of "Dudle" Baird, a famous model, who posed for the St. Gaudens statue. The Diana for which she posed was made directly from a plaster cast which had been fitted to her body. The plaster was so cold and wet, she said. "It made her shiver." It took six workmen three-quarters of a day to get the cast. It was enlarged from five feet, six inches to its present size of 13 feet. And what has become of "Dudle"? Reporters have tried to find her. Some say she is in Switzerland. Others in far away Japan and still others that she lives in an obscure rooming house in the middle of town.

Midnight. A torrent of rain was falling. A blind man stood on a Broadway corner holding his sheet of evening papers. His clothing was soaked. His guide had failed to arrive to take him to his home in Brooklyn. A forlorn creature the night came out of a side street hotel. She saw him and took him by the hand to the subway and together they traveled to his home. The other day they were married. He does not know. And she is radiantly happy.

ed at the office on Thursday. Although Mrs. Miffing indicated her disapproval of the brigandage that was to rob her of a prompt-paying pupil, Jo Ellen (who had paid her October fees) returned to the business school for the intervening days.

She made ardent use of every school hour, despite the indifference of Mrs. Miffing and Miss Crowe. It was all like the funeral of her foundation. Miss Baum said, "You're lucky. The littlest girl said, 'Gee, I wish I was going straight into a job.'"

Miss Pascoe found a private moment to take Jo Ellen's hand. Her own was cold and weak. "I'm sorry you're going," she said. "I hope I'll see you again." "We must see each other," returned Jo Ellen. The look of Miss Pascoe made her feel like crying.

The bride-to-be had set the hour of 9:30, but Jo Ellen found Mr. Trupp's door still locked when she arrived in scrupulous accord with the appointment. The office was near the elevator when you got off at the sixth floor. GIH letters on the door appeared.

nounced, "J. J. Trupp. Real Estate and Insurance." Below these lines were: "The Orion Parker Corporation, The Hinkler Heights Co." Jo Ellen had read these lines, and all the other door announcements of the sixth-floor landing before Trupp's Miss Rosen appeared.

"My! But you're punctual!" exclaimed Miss Rosen. "I always was when I came to a new job." Finding the key in her handbag reminded her that she was to surrender it. "Here it goes right into your hand now while I think of it."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

### THE NEBBES



GOOD MORNING, MEN — I'M READY TO START — SHOW ME THE PEG TO HANG MY COAT AND HAT ON!

I'M RARING TO GO FOLKS! I'VE GOT A FLOCK OF ADVERTISING STUNTS THAT WILL PLANT "NOXAGE" IN THE MINDS OF THE PEOPLE SO STRONGLY THAT THEY WOULD HAVE TO LOSE THEIR MINDS TO FORGET IT

MY PARTNER AND I HAVE BEEN TALKING THIS PROPOSITION OVER — WE GAVE IT A GOOD DEAL OF THOUGHT AND CAME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT YOUR METHOD OF ADVERTISING IS NOT DIGNIFIED ENOUGH FOR US

DIGNIFIED! WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO — SPEND A FORTUNE ON DIGNIFIED ADVERTISING THAT ONLY THE HIGH-BROWS WILL GET? I'M FOR THE MASSES — I PLAY THE BIG AUDIENCE! WHY YOUR TALKING ADVERTISING TO ME IS LIKE A JACK-ASS TRYING TO TEACH AN ORIOLE TO SING!

TO BE FRANK WITH YOU, MR. MUGGINS I DON'T THINK IT FAIR TO YOU AND THE REST OF THE WORLD TO BIND YOU TO A LITTLE INSTITUTION LIKE THIS — STEEL OR OIL IS YOUR DISH — OR MAYBE A COMMITTEE MIGHT CALL ON YOU AND ASK YOU TO RUN FOR PRESIDENT AND IF WE HAD A CONTRACT WITH YOU WE MIGHT BE TOO SELFISH TO GIVE YOU UP

### A BIG GUY IN A LITTLE WORLD.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



W.A. CARLSON

### Barney Google and Spark Plug

### IT'S OATLESS DAY FOR SPARKY.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

(Copyright 1924)



MY NAME'S BARNEY GOOGLE I'VE GOT CLOSE TO \$2,000 HERE THAT I WANT YOU TO KEEP LOCKED UP IN YOUR BANK UNDER NO CONSIDERATION ALLOW ME TO DRAW OUT ANY MORE \$25 AT A TIME — I'LL SIGN ANY PAPER YOU FIX UP — I WANNA GET CURED O' GAMBLING

SPARKY, WE NEEDS SOME OATS. BOSS

ALL RIGHT — I'LL HOP OVER TO THE BANK AND DRAW OUT SOME MONEY

BACK ALREADY?

YEH — SLIP ME TWO BUCKS

DIDJA GIT DEM OATS FO' SPARKY, BOSS?

NO! I MET CHARLES WALINGER ON THE WAY TO THE FEED STORE — WE MATCHED QUARTERS AND I LOST MY TWO BUCKS — I'LL GO BACK TO THE BANK AGAIN

DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT, BROWN EYES — IS IT PAPAS FAULT THE BANK'S CLOSED — ?



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DEBECK

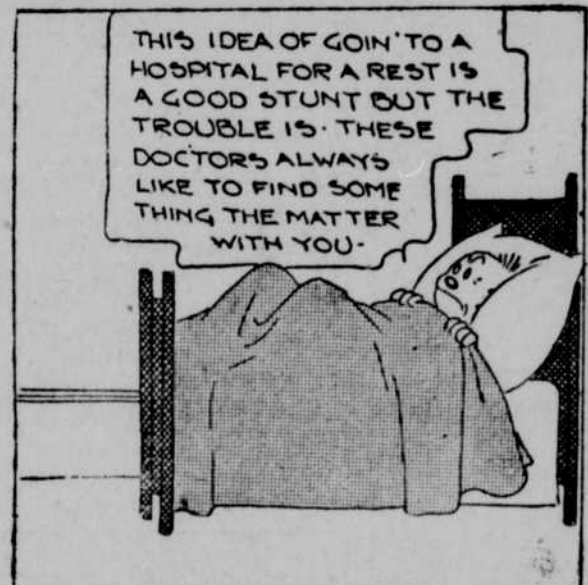
### BRINGING UP FATHER

Registered U. S. Patent Office

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

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus

(Copyright 1924)



THIS IDEA OF GOIN' TO A HOSPITAL FOR A REST IS A GOOD STUNT BUT THE TROUBLE IS THESE DOCTORS ALWAYS LIKE TO FIND SOME THING THE MATTER WITH YOU.

"We haven't agreed about it," said Jo Ellen.

"You will. He'll persuade you. He told me he wanted you. He said you some time ago."

"How did he say he saw me?"

"This left the secretary no escape, and she blinked.

"Let me see—there was some sort of a—row. He—"

"I think that's horrid!" exclaimed Jo Ellen.

"Dearie—excuse me—I didn't—"

"To think he'd go around telling—"

"Listen, dearie, he wouldn't go around telling. He tells me every-thing. He was very respectful about you. Honest, he was. It was just that he admired you. See? Admired you. I wouldn't care. Once I talked up to a man who came in here and he said afterward he admired me for it."

"I don't admire him," said Jo Ellen.

"O but you will, dearie. Some day I'm going to drop in when I'm down town—our flat's in the Bronx—and you'll say he's—"

The door clicked and J. J. Trupp began to all the office.

"Well, well! The conspirators! Talking me over! That settles me!"

When Jo Ellen lay in bed that night tracing the images of the dark and listening to the reverberations of the things that had been said, she found only a confusion. She was going to work. But it was not as she had imagined it would be.



HEY! WHO ARE YOU?

I'M A CARPENTER. I WON'T BE IN HERE A MINUTE I JUST CAME IN TO FIX—

OH! THAT'S ALL RIGHT—I THOUGHT YOU WUZ A DOCTOR!

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### JERRY ON THE JOB

### THE BUSINESS MUST BE SAVED.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban

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BILLS! BILLS! BILLS! BILLS! ONLY! ONLY! ONLY! ONLY!

THEM BILLS GOT THE BOSS DIZZY. IT'S A DARN SHAME

THAT BABY'LL BE A NERVOUS WRECK IF SOMETHING AIN'T DONE ABOUT THEM EXPENSES.

ON ACCOUNT OF THE DOUGH SHORTAGE IT WOULD BE A NOBLE TRICK IF YOU 'BILLS' WAS TO VOLUNTEER, JUST TO TAKE AN VAGES THIS WEEK.

OK, WELL TELL HIM NOW.

AIN'T YOU ALL GOING TO DO LIKENISE?

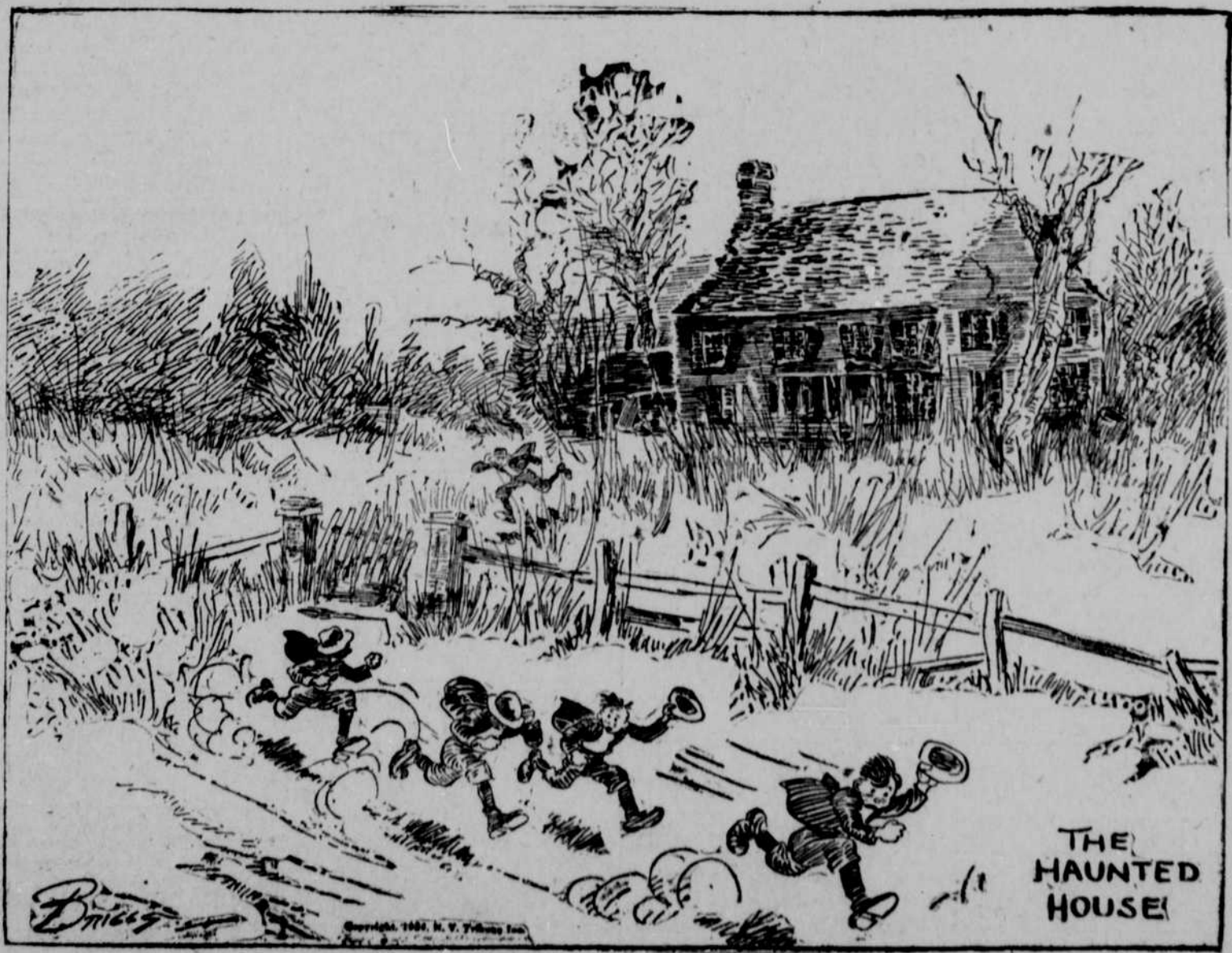
WELL — UM — YES — PRACTICALLY

IF HE OFFERS ME A RAISE I WON'T TAKE IT.



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### The Days of Real Sport



THE HAUNTED HOUSE

### By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

He Carries His Evidence With Him.



OUTSIDE

I'LL SUE YOU IN COURT!

RITZMORE CAFE

HOW DARE YOU—HOW DARE YOU COME BEFORE THIS COURT WITHOUT YOUR COAT ON = WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE = IN AN ALLEY??



NOW = YOU SAY YOU WERE THROUGH OUT OF THE RITZMORE RESTAURANT = FOR WHAT REASON?

I SAID = FOR WHAT REASON?

FOR SITTING AT THE TABLE WITH MY COAT OFF!!