

JO ELLEN

By ALEXANDER BLACK.

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"My dear! You're not a pacifist, are you?"

Jo Ellen wasn't sure she knew what a pacifist was. Eventually Mrs. Trupp seemed to be faintly reassured. She indicated that Mr. Trupp's attitude was satisfactory. Incidentally, she hoped the war wouldn't hurt his business.

The debates at home were frequently complicated for Jo Ellen. Her mother and Uncle Ben had more than one open quarrel, in which Uncle Ben had used the word pacifist with an ugly emphasis. Mrs. Rewer was inarguable. She could win the war as well as about that. The best man won. But this dirty war thing...

"But the dirtier it is," cried Uncle Ben, "the more reason to go and stop it!"

"That's the way they start it!" retorted Mrs. Rewer. "In any fight you hit first to stop it. Then you're off!"

Grandmother Egertrud rebuked all argument. She saw the war as a job, one of those things that keep coming along and that you have to attend to. Jo Ellen wasn't sure that she wholly sided with her like Uncle Ben, but she looked at her, sometimes over his shoulder when he walked up and down the room, swinging his arms, she knew that she was disappointed.

No other comment could match the bitterness of Mona Pascoe. Miss Pascoe's face contorted when her hot sarcasms were flung at the patriots who yowled and objected. It was pathetic and startling to hear her voice soften in the cry, "It's all so damned cruel!"

The conflict in Jo Ellen herself often made her miserable. There were times, then and later, when the need to get her hands into the mess to push in some direction, appeared to have a hot impetus, she would sit in the office and look at the apartment house windows made her feel like Wilton. If she sat there long enough it was possible that she would get to be like Wilton, to look like him, like him and all. Meanwhile, all outdoors flared with war colors and sounds.

Jo Ellen knew that something was wrong. It might be all this out-door show was wrong, as Mona Pascoe believed. Or it might be that the wrongness was in herself. Then again, it might be that maddening split between the buildings, which on certain days seemed narrower than others, as if the buildings might finally crush her between them. On these days she was sure that the trouble was the office, and she could stride rapidly from one end of it to the other, to and fro, swinging like a

look of fascination in the presence of adventure that appeared in Jo Ellen's eyes, she was completely dazed when Jo Ellen turned to her to remark, "If I took that, you could have Mr. Trupp."

Mona's pale face grew paler, as if she sat at the feet of supreme deities.

"Eberly'll be there from two o'clock. Why not give him the once-over? There'd be nothing disorderly about that. Plain business. It doesn't matter about my being fresh, or anything you might think I am. The great thing is getting people together. Ask anybody about Eberly. Even his enemies'll say he's square. My name's Shaffer."

"I'll go to see him," said Jo Ellen. "If you'll tell me one thing."

"It's a bargain," and Shaffer's eyes brows went up again.

"Do I look like a stenographer?"

"O well!" Shaffer's tired grin flickered for a moment. "In any of these restaurants at noon there's an 80 per cent chance that you are. That's all there was to it. If you ever really knew me I might take the risk of telling you what I thought you looked like. I won't say it now. I've admitted I'm desperate. And

choosing when you're desperate isn't any compliment. I know that. But you'll hate to do that when you know him. A. K. C. B. says, I thank you. And my apologies to you also," added Shaffer, glancing toward Mona as he got up.

VIII. That Shaffer's connubial anxieties had been deeply distracting was confirmed by the gray-haired woman whom Jo Ellen found in the office of the Eberly Productions.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.

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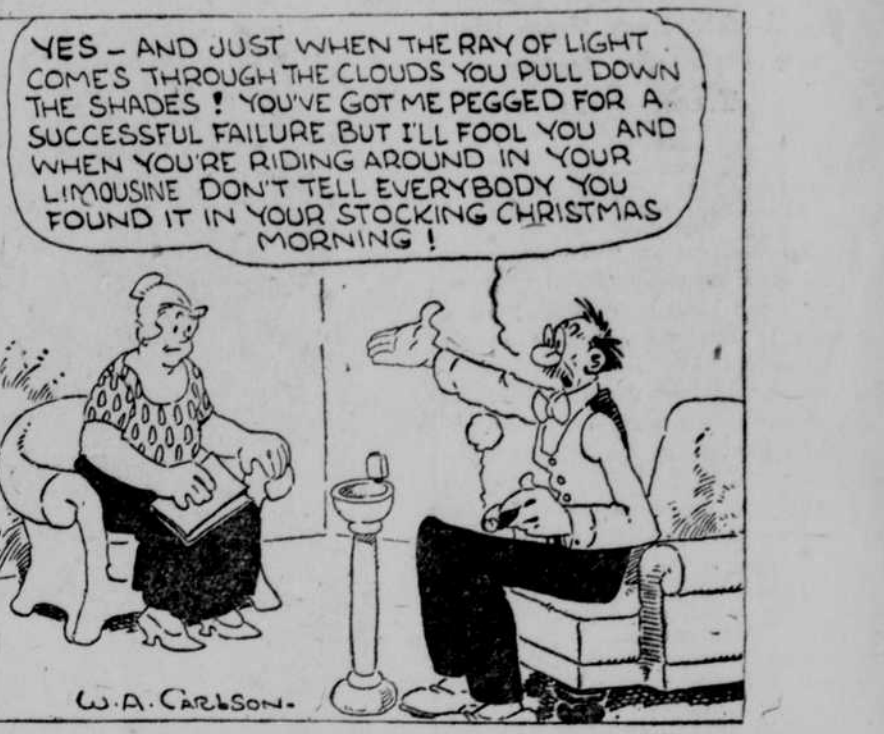
THE NEBBS



TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.



TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.



Barney Google and Spark Plug

It May Be the North Pole for All Barney Knows.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, July 21.—A page from the diary of a modern Samuel Pepys: Up betimes and find myself lately awake earlier than my wont and so come Arthur West, the comedian, and sang me an amusing lyric called "Chilly B. V. D.'s" and jokingly invited me to a dress rehearsal of his hanging.

To breakfast, my wife and I, with John Dorrance and Maybelle Manning and said farewell to John against his going to Europe and then back to my stint and labored two hours.

In the afternoon with Amos Carter to Frank Phillips' home for tea and a lively crowd there including Earl Carroll, Will Edgington, a hand-kissing count, and some extremely fair ladies and some of us remained for dinner and danced.

Later to Ray's where we found Tom Kinsey, Will Johnston and Hatie Bell, Lillian Young and some others and fell to discussing dreams and their significance. So home and to bed.

A few years ago he was an eccentric dancer whose popularity was amazing. He toured America, South America and Europe with increasing success and suddenly his vogue waned. He found chilly indifference everywhere. After six months of seeking an engagement he has become a feature in a second-rate cabaret. He has really improved his dancing and is better than ever yet he is in the discard. "I made myself too conspicuous," he told me. "I played too many benefits and the public grew tired of me."

A reporter for an afternoon newspaper was sent to interview a woman novelist from Europe. He was to question her at length on some extremely abstruse problems. Through error on part of the hotel clerk he was told to go up to her room unannounced. He opened the door and found her stretched out in a comfortable chair smoking a big black cigar. She was so flustered she declined to be interviewed.

"Before sailing parties" in New York are rather hectic affairs. Two newly married couples began with an afternoon reception on the day before their sailing. The party lasted until 8 the next morning and the brides and grooms became involved in a quarrel and decided not to sail. The disagreement reached the separation stage and divorce is around the corner.

Lasting quarrels are an enigma to me. It seems such a waste of effort to pout and quit speaking to folk or to continue disliking them. There are only two people in the world for whom I hold a perpetual grudge. One is a butcher who poisoned a dog of mine when I was a boy, and the other is a fellow who used to call me on the telephone and begin conversation with, "Guess who this is?"

And about the only man I know who shows a great and keen dislike for me is a fellow who borrowed a sum of money and to whom I wrote a note three years later asking if he considered my little investment permanent.

New York thinks the great American boob is the fellow who is contented to live in Horseshoe, Ariz., own his own home, drive a flivver, work in his garden, attend his lodge and sit on the front porch in the evening. We wonder what the man from Horseshoe would think of the fellow who strolls along Fifth avenue wearing a pearl derby, a monocle, bow ribbon cuff links and lavender spats. He lives in a hall bedroom in a West Fifty-seventh street boarding house and is a floor walker in a candy store.

(Copyright, 1924.)

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

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WELL - IT'S SIX A.M. AND I'M UP. IT'LL SURPRISE MAGGIE TO SEE THAT I'M UP IN TIME.

Z-Z!

Z-Z!

Z-Z!

JERRY ON THE JOB



THE UNAPPRECIATIVE BOSS



THE UNAPPRECIATIVE BOSS



THE UNAPPRECIATIVE BOSS



THE UNAPPRECIATIVE BOSS



On and Off—the Green.

By Briggs

HAVE A SLANT AT MY PILL HARRY - RIGHT UP TO THE PIN - LOOK -

I'M ONLY 30 FEET FROM THE HOLE HARRY - A PEACH OF A SHOT

IF I MAKE THIS PUTT IT'LL BE A BIRDIE THREE - SOME SHOOTIN' 'EM? SARAZEN COULDN'T DO BETTER -

BY HECK HAVE A LOOK AT IT - ONLY TWO FEET FROM THE HOLE -

HONESTLY IT'S ONLY ABOUT THAT FAR - THAT'S PUTTIN' THEM UP

JUST THE SAME, HE'S ONE OF THE BEST ENGRAVERS IN TOWN!!

YEH - BUT PERSONALLY I DON'T THINK HE'S SO SMART!!

IT'S A GOOD THING HE'S HONEST - BOY, WHAT A COUNTERFEITER HE'D MAKE!!

THEY'D CATCH THAT DUMMER THE FIRST DAY - HE'D TRY TO PASS A FIFTEEN DOLLAR BILL THAT HE'D RAISED FROM A FIVE!!!

ABIE THE AGENT

By Briggs

I HATE TO GO BY MINE CLUB ON ACCOUNT OF THAT BLECHD FELLER - ALL HE TALKS ABOUT, IS HIS NEPHEW SIEGFRIED

HERE'S A LETTER FROM MY NEPHEW, SIEGFRIED - GEE, IS HE A CLEVER PENMAN!!

YEH - BUT AN AWFUL DUMB FELLER!!

JUST THE SAME, HE'S ONE OF THE BEST ENGRAVERS IN TOWN!!

YEH - BUT PERSONALLY I DON'T THINK HE'S SO SMART!!

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