

JO ELLEN

By ALEXANDER BLACK.

Copyright, 1924.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

"He must have been excited," remarked this personage. "He picked me that you were coming, but couldn't tell me your name. Just like him."

There was an exchange of names, by which Jo Ellen learned that this was Mrs. Finney. "It being a girl," Mrs. Finney remarked, "you mean the baby?"

"Yes. He was betting five to one that it would be a boy. Imagine Shaffer a father! The man acted nutty over the phone. You'd think he'd had the baby himself. Sit down, Miss Rorer. The chief isn't here yet."

Mrs. Finney's desk was in the outer office. There were a number of open doors, through one of which Jo Ellen saw a man with a bookkeeper's look. Near the entrance was a table at which sat a man with horn-rimmed glasses whose elbows spanned an afternoon paper. A typewriter pattered jerkily beyond one of the partitions. The faint monotone of his hands twitching in his pockets. "This is one way! May I ask where you have worked?"

"Only in one place—for nearly a year. In there now."

Mr. Eberly wrote down Trupp's name and telephone number, also Jo Ellen's home address, and, at her suggestion, Benjamin Bogert and his office number on Seventh avenue.

"When could you come?" he asked when this was done. "Tomorrow?"

"I'll have to give notice."

"Do you think I might be able to make it appear that this is urgent?"

"Perhaps next Monday."

Mr. Eberly withdrew. "Perhaps?"

"I'll telephone to Mrs. Pinney the first thing in the morning."

"Thank you," concluded Mr. Eberly with an inflection that was like shutting a door.

Jo Ellen felt that she had closed one door and opened another. It was quick work—the more so of leaving over things by reason of the loafing intervals behind her—this finding Mr. Trupp mystified at his office, appealing for an outward application of his own theory about Opportunity, and bringing in Mona Pascoe for a complimentary three-minute interview.

There was an awkwardness she hadn't thought of, for the telephone rang as this last bit of action was about concluded. When she knew by the first of Mr. Trupp's words that the other office was connected, she started out with Monar but soon enough to avoid hearing the first of Mr. Trupp's speeches.

"Tell your man Eberly," rumbled Mr. Trupp, "that he's a robber."

Yet Mr. Trupp decided to make her comfortable as to the other things he said, once she was back at the end of a reasonable interval. Incidentally, it appeared that the opening challenge to the woman there had been some talk with Eberly himself.

"You didn't," said Mr. Trupp, "they were hiring a car for a bank. You really would. I remember the day my father sent me..."

IX.

Forty-second street was a glittering change. To come out of the hole in the ground into the tumult of Broadway at this spectacular intersection was sufficient to obliterate even the apprehensive discussions of home. The family council did not object to change in itself, but the manner in which it happened was regarded as eccentric; and Eberly Productions inspired misgivings. The gravity of comment brought Jo Ellen an evening of defensive explanation. Even the man-of-the-world liberality of Grandmother Bogert was a bit quelled. "That theatrical bunch," she said, "is tough. You know what they call Broadway down there—Triangle Alley. The Other Woman parades the place. She's scooped up and shoveled into choruses. A decent girl can be decent anywhere, but she can't have dirty going." Jo Ellen went to bed smarting from the criticism of her impulsive plan. She felt as if she had been convicted of turning off a path that was quite sufficiently picturesque into a jungle notoriously infested with beasts. It was conceded that she would go armed, and that her weapon was good, but why prove it alone?

Yet here were girls getting ready to go over into the war. If she had felt differently, she might have done that. Family ties—nothing stopped when you thought you had to do that. And you would be a heroine. She had spoken of this, and how her own city was her place in which to go and come and look out for herself. Uncle Ben had said something about shows as being not mentionable with the life and death matters of war, and it was not until she got into bed that she thought of an answer. She was ready to say it in the morning, with much more, but when Uncle Ben put his arm around her shoulders at breakfast time he said, "Size them up. You'll know when the game isn't right." It appeared that the trial of the new job still awaited testimony.

The truth was that Broadway, even

New York

--Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, July 22.—Word has drifted back from far-off Shanghai that Silver Dollar McKenna has turned the last card. He slumped down lifeless over the gaming table. Silver Dollar was known 20 years ago as Broadway's squarest gambler. He won the sobriquet Silver Dollar because of his custom of giving silver dollars to waiters, messengers and other members of night services. McKenna, it was said, in his early days had studied for the priesthood. He had a great shock of iron gray hair, wore a wide hat, boiled shirt and black sheering tie. Once he made an effort to go into business. He had saved \$20,000 out of his winnings. Three months later he went to a friend and said: "I'm cleaned."

He borrowed \$50 and boarded an ocean liner for Monte Carlo. Sixty three days later the friend received a money order for \$500. "Here is the loan with interest," he wrote. In a few months he came back again glittering with diamonds and carrying a well filled purse.

There was another time when McKenna was playing poker in a room in the old Fifth Avenue hotel. The stakes were high and he was winning. The son of a prominent New Yorker was dealing. McKenna saw him slip some cards off the bottom of the deck.

He stopped the deal, pushed his pile of chips over to the cheater and said: "Son, you need this worse than I. Remember your place in the world. I am just a gambler but I play fair." The story goes the sermon went home. The youth quit the gaming table and is today a man of big affairs. He always kept in touch with McKenna.

Another story concerns an outcast moth scorched in the Broadway flame. She said she had been the toast of the town—but died a crumb on Tenth Avenue. McKenna had never met her but he ordered the most expensive coffin to be had, heaped the bier with flowers and in a solitary carriage followed the coffin to the grave.

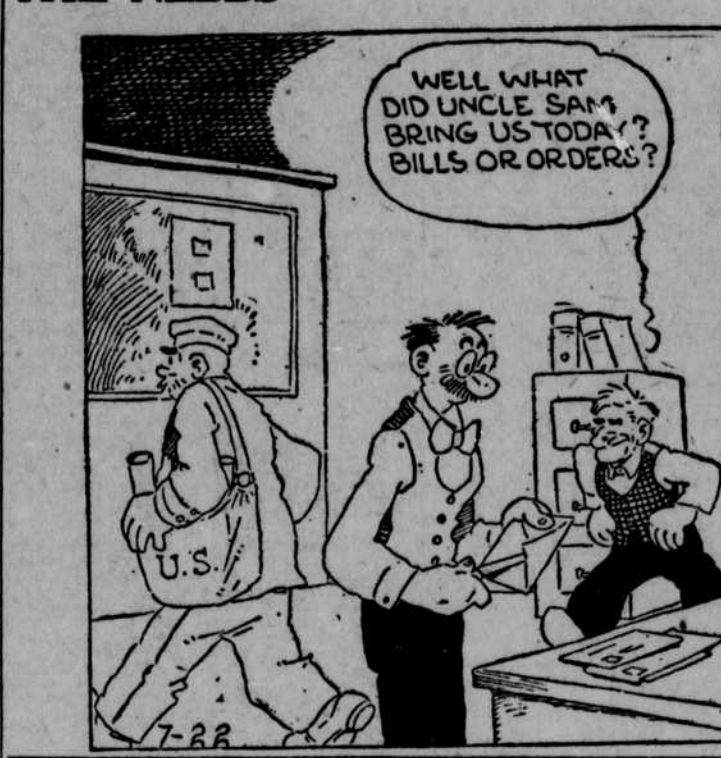
Louis Wolheim deserted a professorship of mathematics at an eastern university to capitalize his ugliness on the stage. As the glowing and battered star in "The Hairy Ape" he gave stark realism to the part of a liner stoker. On the street or wherever he goes Wolheim's expression of primitive brutality causes heads to turn. He has a pugnacious jaw, a twisted nose, beetle brow and a gorilla swing to his bulky figure. Yet Wolheim is the most polished of men. His idle hours are spent among his collection of books. He loves to roam the galleries and attend scientific lectures.

An obese and knock-kneed woman in a dashing riding habit was strolling down the avenue from the park bridge path. As she passed a carriage one of the horses gave a loud neigh. "Madam," shouted a newboy, "she's giving you the horse laugh."

(Copyright, 1924.)

THE NEBBIS

at Forty-second street, looked quite matter-of-fact on that Monday morning. To a seasoned person like Jo Ellen, the Citimax building was as prosaic as the Van Velder. There was simply a little more of everything in the landscape. There was more of clang and scuffle until you got to the appointed quiet of your office, and you found yourself there with many, instead of being alone. Certainly Mrs. Finney didn't look like a menace; and Shaffer, who had a desk in the same room with Mrs. Pinney, carried an effect of sophisticated meekness that never seemed like a hazard. Jo Ellen wondered whether any of them grew up on a farm. She soon decided that if they had, the circumstance was not likely to become a subject of conversation. Everything was fearfully of Broadway and the moment New shows were opening with dashes of war emotion in them. Last rehearsal on later shows were in progress. Younger actors, removed by draft or enlistment, were leaving parts to be filled. There was a question as to what a war winner would mean for the stage, as for other interests; as to how humanity was going to behave, and how its behavior would affect the rituals. Somebody remarked that when the Bastille fell a matinee on the next street was not interrupted. There were people who wanted to hold the war as an occupation for the left hand. There were others who appeared to think that unless the war wrecked every-

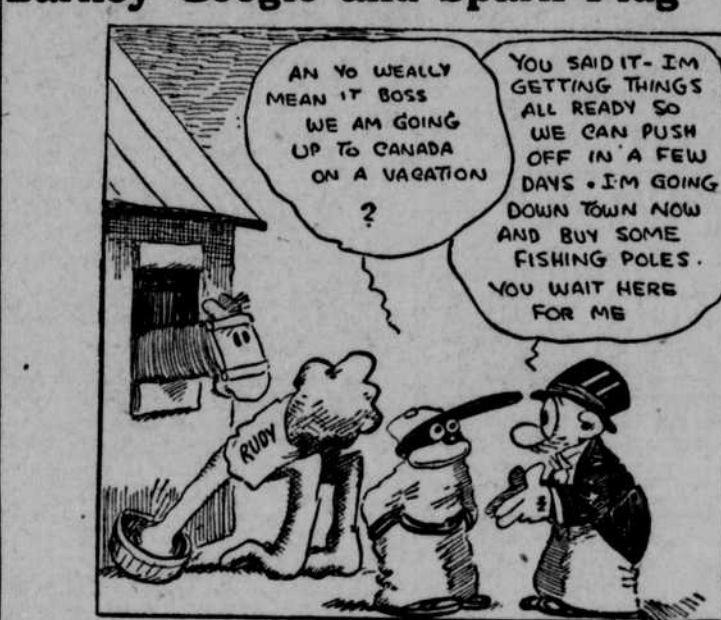


Barney Google and Spark Plug

DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

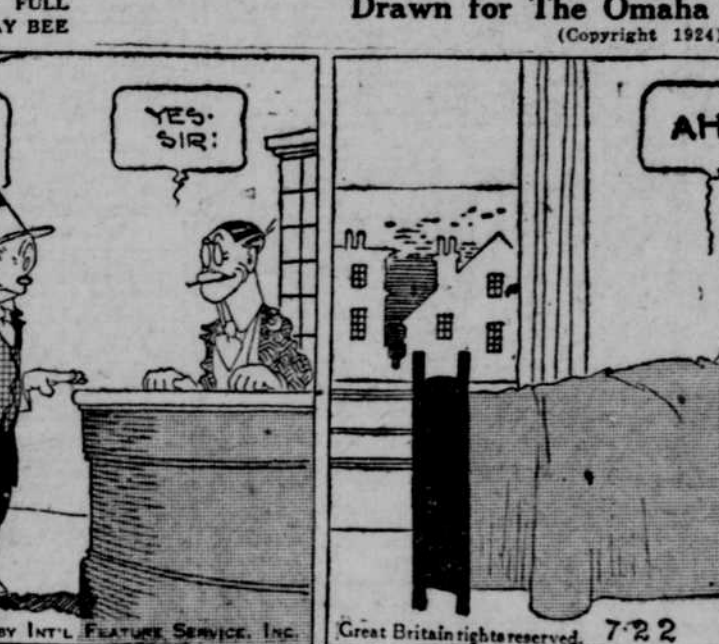


BRINGING UP FATHER

THE BUSINESS DEPRESSION

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



JERRY ON THE JOB

ABIE THE AGENT

By Briggs

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



The Days of Real Sport

THE DAY AFTER THE CIRCUS

Safety in Numbers.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

