

JO ELLEN

By ALEXANDER BLACK.

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(Continued From Yesterday.)

Jo Ellen's first glimpses of the theatrical were not from the tinsel side. The obscurities seemed more definite than the revelations. The ground glass door between her little room and Mr. Eberly's remained closed until the buzzer sounded. Her inner door leading into the outer office remained open. There were some people who must await audience in the outer office as the boy Aaron might elect. Others felt free to wander to Jo Ellen's door to make inquiries. Some of these Jo Ellen found impressively peculiar. Amazing women, with hand on hip and shoulder against the door frame, asked, "How about him?" There were men with experienced faces who came to the door with oblique cigarettes to mutter, "No?"

Mr. Eberly had a private entrance door, as well as the doors into the outer office and into Jo Ellen's quarters. At a later time Jo Ellen heard this private entrance alluded to as "the getaway." That the chief had need of the privilege to steal in or out in avoidance of the common waiting room was soon to be admitted. Jo Ellen acquired a sympathetic participation in the machinery of protection. It became plain that he could not see them all. To watch twice at a new name was sufficient to make one understand how the premature furrows came. If Aaron was admitted, there was some chance he received from Mr. Eberly when he thrust himself into the presence.

There were callers whom Jo Ellen found acutely diverting. These were often strange looking, and they performed without encouragement. For example, there was Jarreck, who managed something, and who must do it savagely. He blazed with desires. His exuberant hostility, voiced in a whisper with an edge, his face meanwhile extraordinarily busy, was an entertainment in itself. At the beginning Jo Ellen always expected that something explosive would certainly follow his actual contact with Mr. Eberly. She listened for the detonation. When the transmitted murmur was, if at all different, softer than usual, she was reassured and permitted herself to welcome the visitor of Jarreck until such time as he should burn out the fuse.

And then there was Cannerton, who was a playwright or an actor or both, the long-faced man with the funny look of hair, who on the first afternoon came to Jo Ellen's door with an air of an habitué.

"Fair lady," he said, "hath thy mind been returned?"

"Hath not," Jo Ellen replied promptly.

"A grievous thing," he murmured, "hath thou shouldst thus be forced to become the bearer of sad tidings. Would it wound thy proud spirit to inform thine abject slave just when, or even approximately, thy master's will or might or should or perchance, hath pledged himself to return?"

"Perhaps, after three-thirty you might—"

"Curse! And I bleed! Three—"

cidence that her chief should be Eberly. She doubted whether he intended actually to do anything from Eberly. It was a trick. He would see her somehow and establish a quotable basis of acquaintance. She felt the blood in her face as she clicked through the letter.

She was with Mr. Eberly at four on Thursday when Aaron came in with the slip of paper.

"Right," said Eberly. This meant that Aaron might electrically disappear and send in the caller. She saw Stan pass, her door looking straight ahead. In five minutes she saw him pass in the other direction and heard his quick stride recede. He had not looked to right or left.

In the momentary interval before the buzzer summoned her she had attached Stan Lamar to Eberly's staff. But in another moment he became detached. Eberly started to dictate a letter, then lifted his phone for the young man who would see him on the following day.

Without knowing exactly what was happening at the telephone, Jo Ellen found herself knowing that Stan would be placed; that he would be where he could hover; that she could no longer think of him as one who might break through by adventurous chance, yet who conveniently disappeared or might be run away from. He thus became immanent, and by intent.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

THE NEBBS



HIS MASTER'S VOICE.



Barney Google and Spark Plug



New York
--Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, July 23.—The little building on lower Broadway that housed The Place—a famous bar of 30 years ago—has been torn down. To New Yorkers of that period there are many fond memories. The Place was a spot where men drank liquor like gentlemen.

The proprietor was a wit of the section. On a little shelf he had a cheese and knife and beside it a cracker bowl, but never in the memory of the oldest patron were there any crackers in it. The bar was a few blocks below Fourteenth street, then the Riata.

All the actors and managers used to drop in there after the matinee and evening performances. It was an offense for one to show his liquor. If he felt himself growing tipsy there was an unwritten code he must leave.

The most expensive drink was 30 cents—a mint julep served in a frosted silver shaker. The Place did not open until noon. It was the proprietor's conviction that men who drank in the morning were not the sort of patron he desired.

Long before prohibition business grew away from The Place but it was such a restful spot that many went from uptown down there just to talk of the other days.

On a wall hung this printed card with the proprietor's signature: "It is foolish for men to drink and everyone is better off without alcohol. Some day the nation will smite the saloon but so long as men do drink The Place wants them to have a respectable surrounding."

It was the only saloon in New York with a library. The books were carefully selected. A local editorial commenting upon the razing of the building said: "Had these been more saloons like The Place there would have been no reason for prohibition."

It has been found that 80 per cent of the girls on the New York stage have their mothers or fathers wait for them at the stage door following a performance. When daughter goes for a job mother goes along. When daughter talks salary, so does mother. When daughter goes on the road, on the road goes mother. Theatrical producers do not like the "stage mama." They know the mother is always fighting for the highest salary and for prominent parts.

In the death of E. J. Edwards journalism lost the father of "The New York letter." He began to write under his pen name "Holland" back in the 80s. He was an intimate of men like William H. Vanderbilt, J. Pierpont Morgan, Jay Gould and Chauncey M. Depew. He made it a rule never to quote big men direct, but wrote with an authority that convinced his readers he had his information from the fountain head. In his later years he lived at the Union League club and his face was familiar to thousands who strolled along Fifth avenue. Each afternoon at 5 Edwards occupied the same chair in one of the club windows.

Another face that is familiar to New York is that of a man who every day at the noon hour leans against a subway kiosk at Broadway and Forty-second street. He is middle aged and it is supposed he works in the neighborhood. Rain, snow or fair weather he is always there at the same hour and has been for about eight years.

HELLO BARNEY I'M JUST ON MY WAY TO MEET MY WIFE'S KID SISTER FROM JOPLIN - COME ON ALONG SHE'S HEARD ME SPEAK OF YOU - YOU'LL MAKE A HIT WITH HER

I CAN'T BE BOTHERED MEETIN' WEEENIE'S JOE I'M PLANNING ON A HUNTING TRIP INTO THE WOODS OF CANADA I'M JUST ON MY WAY TO BUY A ROUGHING OUTFIT I'LL SEE YOU WHEN I GET BACK

AHH - JUST WHAT I NEED - I'LL KEEP 'EM ON - SEND MY OTHER SUIT UP TO MY HOTEL

WELL I DECLARE - I DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE YOU AGAIN, BARNEY - THIS IS THE WIFE'S KID SISTER I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT!

OH! IS THIS MR. GOOGLE?

MISTAH JOE - TELL US WIFE'S SISTUH TO WAIT - BE BOSS WILL UP IN FIVE MINUTES SUH

HURRY!

BRINGING UP FATHER



JERRY ON THE JOB



Me and Mine



ABIE THE AGENT



One letter, dictated in early September, became at once the most absorbing document Jo Ellen had ever been called upon to transcribe. "Dear Mat," said Mr. Eberly with a piece of correspondence in his hand. "Will you please ask your son to call at four o'clock on Thursday? Yours," in the letter Mr. Eberly had took its place in the heap she carried with her to her desk. It was not until she reached it in the course of her typing that she noticed that the obsequious "Mat" bore the heading, "Matthew Lamar, Contractor," and that the son was Stanley.

Jo Ellen refused to regard it as one of those fantastic coincidences that get into plays and novels. There might be a sort of coincidence in the fact that Mat Lamar knew Larry Eberly well enough to ask for a job for his son just back from the west. But the request had another meaning, unknown to the father or the father's friend. It was no coincidence at all. It was a trick of Stan's. He wanted a footing. In his slouching way he had found out where she was. He would have thought it was a coin-

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

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus

JERRY ON THE JOB



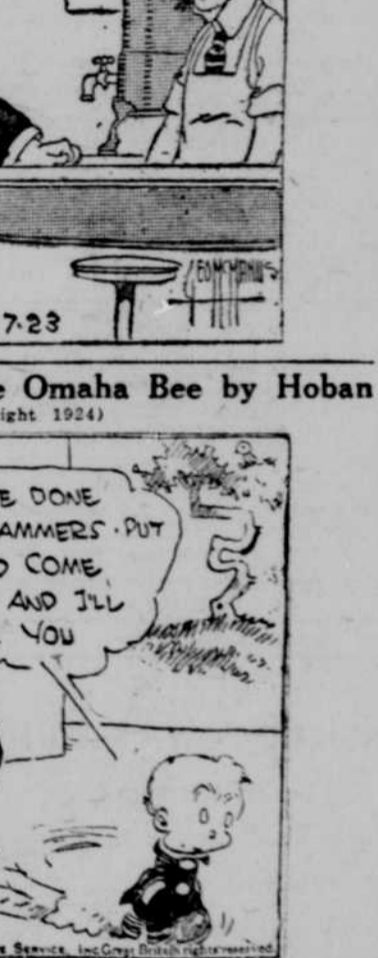
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Me and Mine



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