

JO ELLEN

By ALEXANDER BLACK.

Copyright, 1924.

(Continued From Saturday.)

IV. They were married in the odd little church a few yards from Broadway when June was very young.

The time fell as it did, first, because Jo Ellen, as the price of marrying so soon, had renounced the privilege of not breaking with Eberly (or making confession) for a few months at least; second, because Eberly was to be away for three weeks in June and had suggested this as a vacation period.

They could not have a honeymoon trip just then, because Marty was to make sacrifice to a great business opportunity, an opportunity over which he was exultant. He was to be head of a department in a manufacturing plant owned by a lieutenant he knew—the close friend of his buddy Pearson. This important new adventure began in April, and although friendship could have accomplished a leave of absence, much would accrue from the strategy of deferring the absence until certain important developments had been worked out in the plant. These might make it an immense business advantage not to interrupt the work until the following year.

"I tell you," he said, "it takes here to give up a wedding trip." But he held that the romantic substitute had much to be said for it.

They fitted up a three-room flat on West Nineteenth street from which he had but a ten minutes' walk to the plant. To this enterprise the two mothers made contributions of various kinds. Uncle Ben contributed a great deal of advice and five cracking new one-dollar bills. When Grandmother Bogert learned of this detail she snapped out: "I'll match you!" It appeared that Marty had actually saved a hundred on the other side of the head drawn a sergeant's pay for five of the months and with his savings bank money of three hundred odd and another three hundred his father gave as a wedding gift, he seemed to feel rich. "But it isn't how rich I am. It's how rich I'm going to be!" he said. His salary was fifty dollars a week. Since Jo Ellen was now drawing forty, the combined income loomed as a bulwark against any disaster until the assured progress of Marty should hasten, if it still remained to be hastened, Jo Ellen's resignation—and the loss of the theater tickets," added Mrs. Bogert, when this chance was mentioned.

Discussion as to the program of the wedding day produced activity in Uncle Ben's hairy fist.

"There's got to be a ball game!" But he thought of Marty's limp almost as soon as he had said it, and passed to other picturesque suggestions. When it came to pass that wedding supper, served behind a special screen, feverishly constructed by Bogerts on the verandah, was the crowning feature; and this would be in disparagement of the Rice family.

lly's jazz band, whose performance was admitted to be a real triumph; Marty's father, with his cropped iron-gray head, was very jocular. Mrs. Simms appeared to make an effort to appear gracious.

"Tiddles" buttered Jo Ellen's grandmother. Mrs. Bogert tried to recall the saying about a skeleton at the feast. It was something like that. But she mustn't say it, even to Jo Ellen's mother.

Uncle Ben had wanted Marty to wear his uniform, Jo Ellen said no. "He's made it honorable," she said. He remembered, long afterward, how he flushed, "but we're through with the war."

As for clothes, it is to be remarked that Mrs. Bogert was the smartest figure at the church. Her hat had a strong French accent. It was indeed a bit startling, and occasioned the remark from her son, "Mother, the millinery business doesn't pay you wages or nothing." Yet the grandmother secretly exulted in the lovely flopping white hat she achieved for Jo Ellen.

One of Jo Ellen's school chums, who now made her garage, presented the service of the cat that was given the "go!" effect and carry bride and groom to the door of their new home. It was a distinguished looking limousine. Just as it drew away out of the laughter and shouting and the tinkle of the rice, Jo Ellen saw Lot Mallin, her mouth open standing with her stick beside the road.

Marty held her hand with an ecstatic tightness.

"Alone at last!" he said, and leaned over to kiss her cheek.

It was like him to say such a thing, but in the rush of the moment she simply was conscious of this fact. She couldn't think connectedly of anything until the world stopped spinning. Yet Marty had thought her the coolest one of the party. He told her so. "You kept your head all right on this little nervous occasion. I'm proud that accented his glowing look. They floated down Broadway.

"Did you hear what Dr. Parker said . . . ?" The ceremony they did a lot better than the rehearsal. The way Uncle Ben danced, that silver at the last minute from Marty's Missouri aunt, the way Pearson circumvented the jokers who were to do something on the back of the card—they were soon gathered up by the while melody of interesting circumstances that belonged to the whirl of the day. Jo Ellen laughed about Emma Traub's solemnity, and Tiddles' drumming, and the way Billy dropped the ice cream, and how her high school crony, Pauline, who had been bridesmaid, slipped backward on the steps with the bouquet. Marty watched her face while she chattered, and put an arm about her.

The blur that was Broadway became another streaking star.

"I wouldn't change it!" exclaimed Marty. "I wouldn't be going to any train or boat! No! Think of it! To our own little nest."

"Please don't call it a 'nest,'" returned Jo Ellen.

"Well, anything you like so long as you admit that it's great. Great! Did you notice that they're fixing up the garden in the yard over toward the left? The flat's a little wonder. It's a regular place! Right-o, here's the nineteenth. Seems like three minutes."

Marty had a dollar ready for the chauffeur, and the key ready for the house door. He led the way to the "nest" on the second floor, regretting that he couldn't have his arm about her as they went up the stairs for the first time as man and wife.

Perhaps he had turned to express this regret; perhaps he had been attempting to leap the last steps. His stumble always seemed unaccountably violent. He lay prone on the landing a few feet from their door, and a sharp cry, partly by his closed teeth, told the story of the twinge.

He tried to speak as she bent over him with her solicitor's questions, but it was not for an appalling number of seconds that he rolled over and braced himself with his hands.

"Something's happened to that old leg of mine."

"We'll get at it," said Jo Ellen encouragingly. "Don't strain it. I can help you."

He handed her the key which he had been about to use. She ran into their rooms to turn on the light.

When she came out he was sitting with a dazed look, his back against the wall of the passage.

"Something wrong with . . . my legs . . . both of them. What do you . . . ?"

"Just the shock of tumbling," Jo Ellen assured him. "Imagine you're a soldier man and I'm a nurse. Do they ever drag you like this . . . ?"

She did drag him, by the shoulders into the living room. Here in the stronger light she saw that his face, which first had gone white, was crimsoning.

"My God!"

He looked up at her with a kind

of glittering terror. While she stammered words that were meant to cheer him, she saw his face sag in misery. No, it was not pain, he said. That was better. It was just that . . . something . . . "My God," he repeated, reaching out to clutch her wrist. "Our wedding night!"

"What of it?" she jeered defiantly. "The night you're hurt's the night you must be looked after. I'll get a doctor in a minute. First . . ." She went about the business of getting him upon the green sofa, which was of a shortness that made it necessary to place him at a slight angle, so that

his feet might rest on a hurriedly summoned chair.

" . . . Now. Will you be patient till I can find a doctor person?" She saw now that his face was wet with tears. He was sobbing.

"Thank you, Jo Ellen dear. I'm . . . sorry. God knows I'm . . ."

She had thrown aside her hat. She put it on again and went out. She raced eastward, for she had remembered a doctor's sign near the corner. This doctor was not in. The door belonging to the sign on the next block was opened by the doctor himself, a scowling man with a sallow

face.

"My husband," Jo Ellen faltered on being assured that he was the doctor, "who was wounded in the war, has fallen and hurt himself terribly. I wish you could come right away."

"Right away?"

The scowl seemed to debate this. "Please come right away," urged Jo Ellen. "His legs . . ."

"Where do you live?"

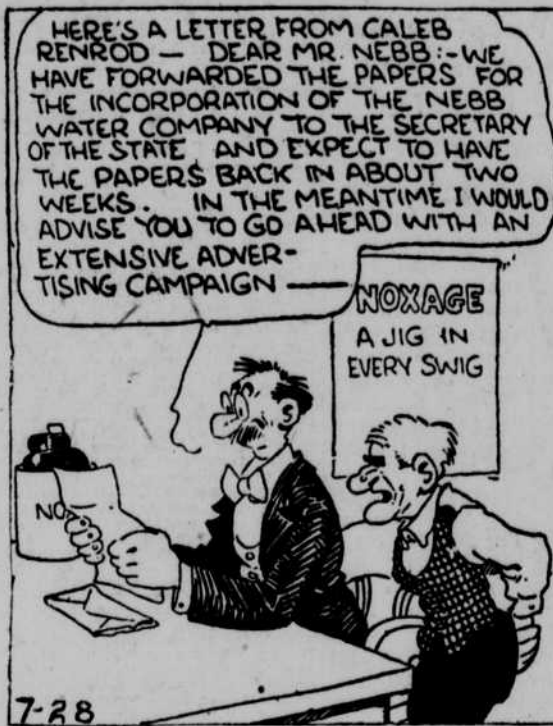
"Just on the next block—"at the back," she added.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

THE NEBBES

TELL IT TO HIM OBIE.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



Barney Google and Spark Plug

Yes, There Is More Game Than Barney Bargains for.

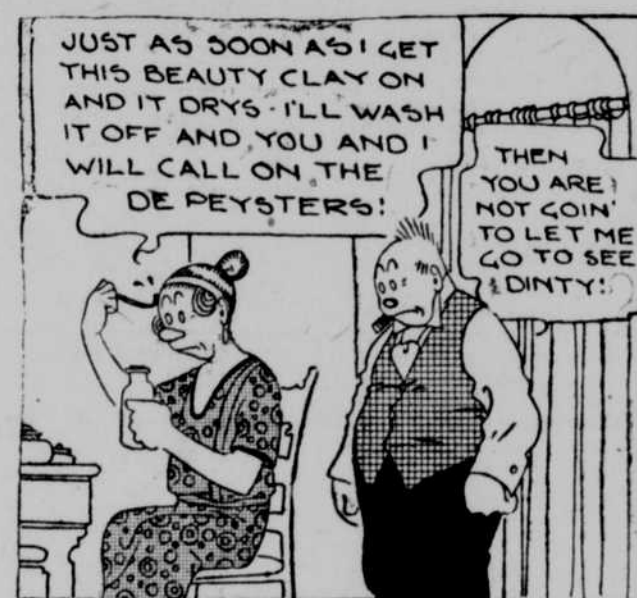
Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



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



JERRY ON THE JOB

NEWS TO THEM.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. McINTYRE.

New York, July 25.—A page from the diary of a modern Samuel Pepys: Up and dressed in a sleeping cap and left my hair brushes there and so with my wife to breakfast finishing just as the train thundered in.

To my inn and reading my mail of a few days accumulation and then at my scrivener, and found it a dull business after a period of holidaying. Put out through the town and was struck with the hurried expressions of city toilers. Poor souls!

It is coming to me more and more that those who dream and laze through life get as much out of it as those who sacrifice all to hurry, albeit I will be censured for my heresy.

In the evening to a dinner given by C. T. Brainard at Sherry's in honor of Monta Bell, the Cinema director, and he told of the days when he was an actor pilloping milk and doughnuts from neighboring houses in theatrical boarding houses. So home to bed.

Since the bobbed-hair craze, about the only place in New York one can find a hairpin is in an antique shop. The other day I started out to purchase a packet of hairpins for a member of my family. (I'm that kind of a husband—match sticks, thread or what-have-you.) Anyway I went to ten different shops without finding hairpins, but I haven't lost hope. Some place in the big city there must be at least one.

Speaking about old Monta Bell reminds me of the time he chased Charlie Chaplin across the country for material for a book which he wrote and which Chaplin signed. Chaplin was returning from Europe. Bell met him down the bay in a tug, stuck to him like a leech, occupied the same drawing room with him on a start across the continent and when he had reached Ogden, Utah, the book was completed. There were 100,000 words. The whole thing was done in five days. Chaplin was so impressed he made Bell his manager—and journalists lost a bright star.

Broadway calls the stranger from out of town who may show an inclination to do a little spending "a big butter and egg merchant from upstate." The implication being he is a yokel and will soon be parted from his roll.

There is a certain writer who has signed a contract with a magazine that has the stipulation he must not visit New York during the two-year run of his contract. He is a victim of the white lights. When he remains in the west he is a model of sobriety, but when he comes to New York for three or four months a year he falls by the wayside and falls to produce.

I am one of those timid souls who is completely awed by telephone girls. They seem so masterful—getting Chicago, Los Angeles and where-not while swapping light patter with a house detective. The other day in a booth I complained I had waited for 10 minutes without getting the number.

"What was that crack?" snapped the fluffy-haired guardian of the switchboard.

"Nothing," I replied, "I mumble to myself." And I paid her and walked out.

Single girls have a habit of knocking a letter out of their names. They have a particular aversion for L. Lillian always changes to Lilyan. But the best yet is a male juvenile who has changed the name of Tom to Tommie.

Movie of a Man With a Patent Tee.

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

