

JO ELLEN.

By ALEXANDER BLACK. Copyright, 1924.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

"But there was a good deal happening," added Marty. "The whole crowd rushed at us—doctors and everything. We're just sort of taking stock now."

"The doctors—" Arnold wanted to ask what the doctors had said.

"If you'll excuse the bride," said Jo Ellen, "she'll get busy on the supper."

She could hear, from the kitchen, the two voices, chiefly Marty's. Arnold's was low and very earnest. When she came nearer, to arrange the table, Arnold seemed to have emerged from the stupefied stage; and when they were seated before Jo Ellen's summery supper that was almost a dinner, he was so far reassured as to be talking comfortably.

Jo Ellen always expected them to talk about war times, perhaps even to hear them going back to the hour when Arnold carried Marty. . . . But there was nothing of this.

She suspected them of thinking that the subject would be disagreeable to her.

"Very likely," she said to Arnold, "you thought he was done for—when that slice of shell got him."

"Done?" Yes, I thought—" nodded over his plate—"Yes, I thought—" "Don't let's rake that up," muttered Marty, with a peremptory sound, "it's sort of—"

"I'm sorry," said Jo Ellen.

Marty reached across to pat her hand. "That's all right, girlie. Don't you mind your fussy husband. It's only that I feel—"

"I guess I'd feel the same way," added Jo Ellen.

"You'd be a better sport," said Marty. "A lot better."

"I'd growl more than you do," declared Jo Ellen.

"No, you wouldn't. Of course, you'd flare up some time or other and have it over. Anybody would. Get a good mad and finish it off. Say, damn war, and be through."

"I do say, damn war!" cried Jo Ellen.

Arnold, with his fork poised, looked scared.

"Well," said Marty, giving it a dismissing infection, "we'll all say, damn war. That makes it unanimous. Here we are. Beginning again. Two legs charged up to profit and loss. (Arnold winced.) A fresh start. Jo Ellen leaning—"

"Doesn't anybody like this salad?" asked Jo Ellen. "Mr. Pearson, you—" "Lord! Don't call him Mister."

"Pearson," said Jo Ellen, "you're—" "Arnold—that's his name here."

"I'll think about it, if he acts properly about the salad. Perhaps the next time you come, Arnold Pearson, I'll—"

"That's as good as an invitation," exclaimed Marty. "You see, Arnold, you're making a bit."

It was quite evident that Arnold relished the levity. When the strain

you children must understand—somebody's got to tell you—that you can't do these things on talk. . . .

"We're going to try it," said Marty. His saying this from the chair had an effect of its own. His mother's look blended annoyance and caution, held by a thin, hard wedge of affection. Perhaps he had from his father's way of saving the peremptory to the last. After all, he was in the position of an invalid. You couldn't fight him in quite the usual way. He would find out. The pair of them would find out.

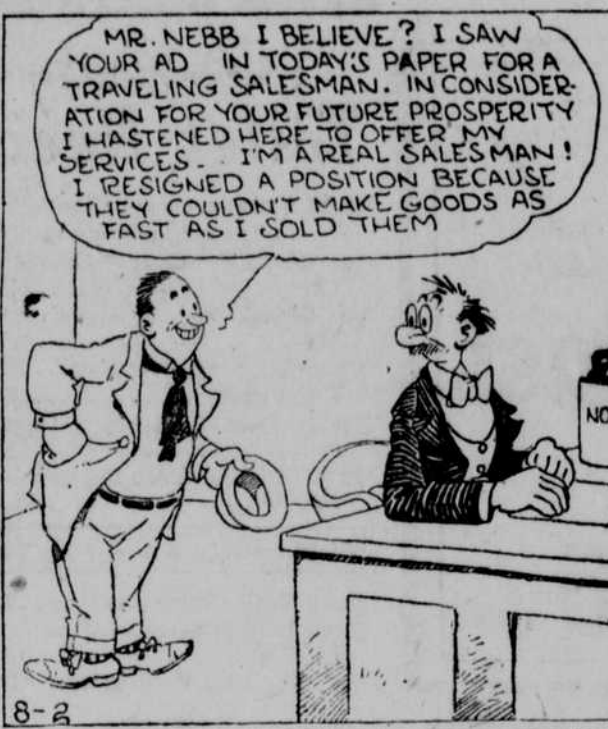
There was an evening when Marty's father sat with him, smoking and talking quietly. The talk of Simms the senior showed the influence of his peculiar attitude, but he pressed nothing. He listened to the pair. He suspected them of whistling to keep up their courage, and he knew that he would have been sorry to find them

in any other mood. He could see that Marty was affected by a sense of the man going out to work—it might be all right as a desperate necessity, but there was no other way, but it was crazy enough as something a couple of kids were insisting upon trying. Better to let them have their

fling, such as it might be. When they were sick of it, they would have the luck to know where to turn. When he had been up against it at their age, there was nothing to turn to. He had to plug on. It had been plain hell for a time.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

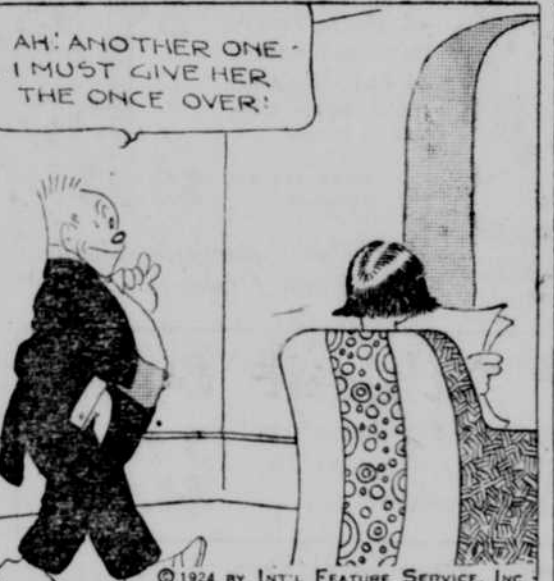
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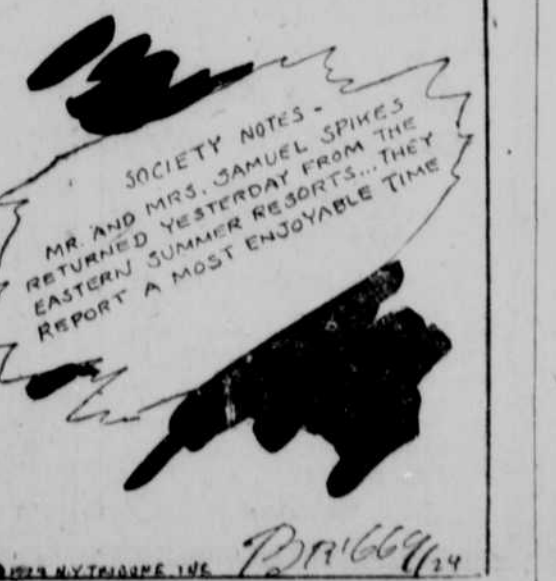
BRINGING UP FATHER



JERRY ON THE JOB



Second Honeymoons



ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



New York

--Day by Day--

By O. O. MCINTYRE.

New York, Aug. 2.—The modern Manhattan mother smokes cigarettes, uses daytime and nighttime rouge, carries a cane and quaffs a cocktail with her flapper daughter and her young cake eating friend. She meets the onrushing years with a frivolous abandon.

Her protagonists will tell you she is merely nesting conditions as they are. That she is a closer chum of her children than the old-fashioned mothers. They tell you also that when she drinks with her offspring she is merely trying to avoid the pitfalls of secret drinking.

When she joins the Bacchanalian revel of the midnight supper clubs she does it to give an air of dignity; they might otherwise not achieve. New York accepts the modern mother with a rousing cheer.

Perhaps my complex is antiquarian, but I have never been able to keep in stride with the spirit of the modern mothers. Serving spiked punch instead of lemonade and cookies does not inspire my huzzah. To be matrimonized in one of womanhood's greatest assets.

Mother and daughter go to tea together and the stranger cannot tell one from the other on account of cosmetics and dress. The other night in an adjoining telephone booth of a hotel I heard a young girl ask for her mother.

This was her conversation verbatim: "Hello, old thing. Don't sit up for me. I'm having a perfectly priceless time. We are going on from here to the Club Lido. We are all getting giddy and may stop for breakfast at Reubens. Cherio!" And she hung up.

Here was a daughter of not more than 20—fair haired, beautiful and alive with the vibrancy of youth. I had a vision of the sweet faced mothers in my home town—noble women who toiled and sacrificed to raise their children and give them a place in the world. How much happier they are!

And speaking of my home town, I am wondering if mothers there are still using coffee grinders, pounding the round steak with a hammer, using turkey wing stove dusters, scrubbing the kitchen table snow white, keeping the parlor dark except for company, cracking walnuts on a worn old stone in the backyard and having the minister once a month for dinner.

When I see young boys of New York hitting it up for a roadhouse in a stumpy roadster for a dinner where the cover charge alone is \$2 I cannot help but think of my 15th birthday party. The guests came at 7 o'clock and by a special concession were permitted to remain until 10. As the piece de resistance there was a magic lantern show presenting views of Yosemite valley. Everything has changed since those days—even the pronunciation of Yosemite.

I took the lady who is now my wife home from this party. I had been brushing up on etiquette—a 10-cent course purchased from Dept. B. Joliet, Ill.—and offered her my arm. Timidly she permitted her finger tips lightly to rest upon it. But as we passed the street lights she discreetly withdrew them. People were out on their front porches and she did not want to appear brazen.

Today the girls of the same age spoon openly in motor cars and on dance floors. At this point Luther Reed, looking over my shoulder remarks:

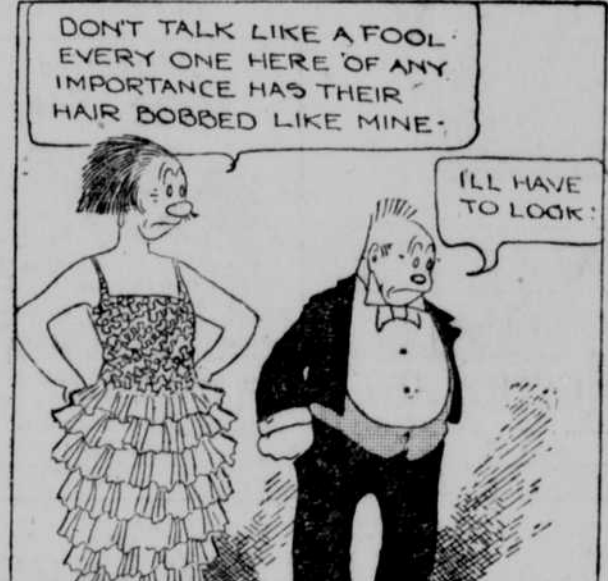
"What a magnificent old fossil you've turned out to be!"

BARNEY GOES ON THE WARPATH.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



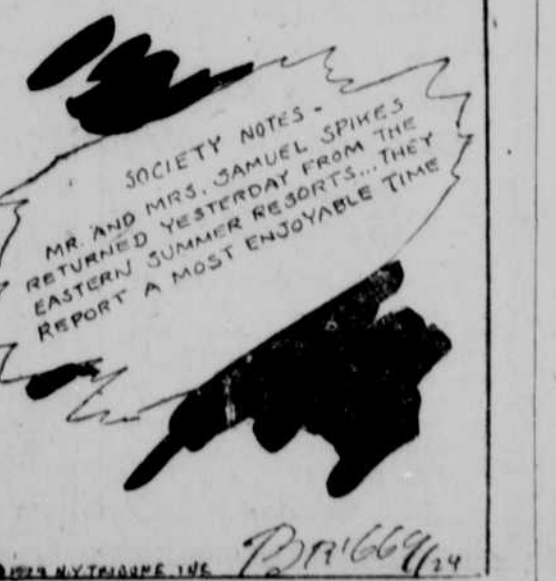
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