

JO ELLEN

By ALEXANDER BLACK.

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(Continued From Page One.)
 swinging stride. Over a shoulder she saw the girl flying like a brown leaf across the wedge of field, leaping. . . There was some animal that leaped like that. Emma Traub always said that nobody between Tubby Hook and the Harlem could run so fast as Jo Ellen Rewer.

III.
 Ben Bogert, lying abed in broad daylight, looked fantastic. His big head had the effect of being magnified. There was something of astonishment mixed with the knocked-down expression of his face.
 "A damned shame," he muttered to his sister, Josephine Rewer. "Couldn't hold myself up."
 "You'll be all right," said Mrs. Rewer from the closet where she was hanging the man's trousers.
 "Said to Oesterberg, I don't know what's the matter with me. Maybe a sunstroke," he says. "You're crazy, I told him. Heat never bothered me in my life. I can stand any amount of it." "You ain't a young man any longer, Bogert," he says. "Uncle to big children." "Big children?" I told him. "You'd think I was an old man." "Well, it's something, ain't it?" he says. "You ought to—"
 "You better be quiet," said Mrs. Rewer, waving at the door. "The doctor'll be here. He'll say what it is."
 "You'd think I was an old man," persisted Rewer. "That fool Oesterberg—"
 There was a footstep in the outer room.

"I thought it was Morris," said Mrs. Rewer to Joe Ellen. "Of course I couldn't find Billy, and sent Morris for the doctor. Your uncle isn't feeling well."
 Joe Ellen was about to dash into the bedroom.
 "Lord's sake!" cried Mrs. Rewer. "Why don't you wear your stockings like a civilized human being? You look like a tenement house."
 "Like a house?" Joe Ellen found a place for her cap on the rack near the door.
 "You know well enough what I mean. I'm ashamed."
 "O Ma! it's summer. Nobody wears anything in summer. Who's to see me?"
 "I see you."
 "But you don't count, Ma!" Joe Ellen patted her mother's tanned cheek, and made a leap toward the bedroom.
 "You're dripping," remarked Mrs. Rewer, as her daughter receded.

IV.
 Ben Bogert had typhoid fever. In his delirium he repeated an endless story about a chicken incubator, a new and invincible kind. The story

was made particularly pitiful by the fact of the repeated failures following a chicken mania that came upon him two years before. He used to rush home from the office to putter with the trays. He was always turning the eggs. Mrs. Rewer insisted that he turn the life out of them. But the incubator story was not the worst thing. The worst thing was the endless song. He roared "The Girl I Left Behind Me" whenever he was diverted from the incubator. In the middle of the night the raucous wall of his baritone, sliding into various keys and cracking at the joints, arose fearfully. They could hear it over at the S. P. It boomed with a wret, hysterical persistence into far recesses of Inwood Hill. Old Lot Mallin, huddled at the doorway of her shack, declared that it was the noisiest typhoid she ever heard.
 In his most unmanageable moments Bogert could be subdued by Joe Ellen. If he belted, "Where's that red head?" and Joe Ellen slipped into the room, there was silence. He did not look at her. He knew when she was there, and would lie with glittering eyes peering straight at the ceiling. At such times his face seemed quite amazing. With the growth of sandy stubble on his chin and the tufty wriggling eyebrows, there was a ferocity about him that filled Jo Ellen with awe. She suffered acutely while she sat there, doing nothing but watch him.
 She had but a vague memory of the time when her father died, but the coming of Uncle Ben, though it was less than a year afterward, remained a vivid matter. Uncle Ben's noisy bragging, the mystery of his relation to bathtubs somewhere on Ninth avenue, his ingenuity in building things like bill steps—there were two long flights leading to the house porch—the thrilling stories of when he had been in Idaho, and his passionate interest in baseball, stood out strongly. There was a clearing in the house where you hatted a little up hill, with a blighted elm for second base. Jo Ellen's mother could bat better than anyone except Uncle Ben and Morris Meyer. There was a tradition that if Jo Ellen ever hit the ball she made a home run. "She just streaks around," said Uncle Ben. Jo Ellen's proposal to do the running for her mother was never accepted. "There's nothing to it," declared the biggest player after his shout of derision. "You get me rattled enough as it is." Mrs. Rewer remarked that her daughter's suggestion was a piece of impudence. "I'll do my own running," she said. In the course of a game there was likely to be vigorous controversy between Ben Bogert and his sister. When Bogert shouted, "I tell you that's a strike! Used to be just a foul when you were young. Now it's a strike—a strike!" Jo Ellen's mother would retort, "O riddle! You make me tired with that new rule talk. I guess I know when a strike is. Play ball!" At the bat, Bogert was tremendous. The fearful violence of his swing predisposed the enemy to let him run.
 Moreover, the run was worth seeing. Panting in the grass thereafter, he would manage to roar, "Home run Bogert!"
 Whenever Dr. Parker appeared, Bogert, with a jerk of his big head, exclaimed, "Well, Doc, what can I do for you?" He had known a doctor in Boise City who looked like him. He announced this each time Parker appeared. "And he was a hell of a good doctor," ejaculated Bogert, on one or two occasions in little better than a whisper.
 "A trifle too energetic for his own good," was the doctor's way of putting it. "He'll wear you all out!" Parker was speaking like a man after Mrs. Rewer, Jo Ellen and Mrs. Kling, who used to be a nurse, and came over from Dyckman street for many of the night vigils.
 On the day when Dr. Parker appeared twice, Jo Ellen noticed that her mother, as well as the man caller from her uncle's office looked very gloomy. Mrs. Kling, arriving after dark, shivered when she heard "The Girl I Left Behind Me" and glanced toward Jo Ellen's mother with a special grimace.
 "Very likely," said Jo Ellen to herself, "this is the night when Uncle Ben is supposed to die. But I don't believe he will." She felt like staying up to watch him live, but crawled at last into her bed. In the morning she was awakened by "The Girl I Left Behind Me." As it turned out, that was the last day on which he sang the dreadful thing. The incubator lasted almost a week longer.
 In his convalescence Bogert was, if possible, more difficult than during the acute stage of his fever. He was not irritable. He was simply in exhausted. Deprived of the privilege of doing anything himself, he was fertile in devices for the activity of others. Only to Jo Ellen ventured daily to oppose him.
 "You're not sick now," she said, "and I don't have to perform any more."
 Bogert groaned. "Think of that from my favorite niece."
 "Your only niece," corrected Jo Ellen.
 "Which is worse yet." When it

pleased him to do so, Bogert overlooked his father's relation.
 "You know," said Jo Ellen. "You've been a frightful trouble."
 "The idea!" exclaimed her mother. "What do you think you're saying?"
 "And who does she think she's saying it to?" cried Bogert.
 "It's true," claimed Jo Ellen.
 "That's just what it isn't," Uncle Ben protested. "I was no trouble at all. Quite the other way. Why, Mrs.

Kling told me only yesterday that I had been a real entertainment. I think that was it—a real entertainment of the day I sang, 'The Girl I Left Behind Me.'"
 "The day?" Jo Ellen hugged her laugh. "The day? You sang it for nine days—all the time. If you ever sing it again I'll leave home."
 "You can't," said Uncle Ben. "Not at sixteen. Not for a year, anyway."

Your mother"—with a voluminous wink—"will tell you that."
 "Ben!" Mrs. Rewer stood over her burly brother, huddled at the top of the steps he had built. "You must be getting pretty well. But it wouldn't hurt you to show some sense."
 "You always said I hadn't any," Bogert protested. "I'm only getting back to my usual."
 "Just about."
 "But you ought to be improved by

suffering," remarked Jo Ellen, dodging a long reach by the heavy arm.
 "If I could've caught that red head of yours," grunted Bogert, "one hand full, I'd make you talk sweet. It only shows, Jo, that you made a mistake having a red-headed daughter. They're always unmanageable."
 "Not very respectful," suggested Mrs. Rewer drily.
 Jo Ellen cocked her head. "Uncle

Ben, wouldn't you hate to have me respect you?"
 He grinned at his niece with a puzzled glint in his deep-set eyes. If he had been her father he might have been quite as much puzzled. He told himself this at times. Yet he was in the habit of ascribing much of his mystification to the fact that he was only her uncle. He thought he understood his sister. His sister's daughter was naturally more compli-

cated. Girls couldn't be diagrams in a blue print. For one thing, they were so quick. And whatever you might figure, there was always something you didn't know about. No use trying to get at that—whatever it was. Father or uncle would be in the same boat. As for any husband, poor devil, what chance would he have—beginning so late in the game?
 (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

THE NEBBES

COURT OPENED THIS MORNING WITH MILLARD FILLMORE SMITHERS ON THE STAND



ATTORNEY NEHOC FOR THE PLAINTIFF
 Q. WHAT IS YOUR NAME?
 A. MILLARD FILLMORE SMITHERS
 Q. WHERE WERE YOU BORN?
 A. IN THIS TOWN, THIS STATE, AND U. S. A.
 Q. WHAT IS YOUR BUSINESS?
 A. NOTARY PUBLIC, REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AND AM AN UNDERTAKER WHEN THE OPPORTUNITY PRESENTS

Q. DID YOU EVER SEE THE PLAINTIFF, MR. SETH NEBB?
 A. YES—MANY TIMES WHEN HE WAS A BOY HERE—I KNEW HIM WELL!
 Q. ARE YOU SURE THIS PERSON IS SETH NEBB—NEPHEW OF THE LATE OPHELIA NEBB?
 A. THAT'S HIM—ONCE I SEE A PERSON I NEVER FORGET HIM—I'D KNOW HIM IF I MET HIM IN AFRICA.
 ATT. NEHOC.: THAT'S ALL

ATTORNEY NIBLICK NOW CROSS EXAMINING
 Q. MR. SMITHERS, YOU TESTIFIED THAT YOU ARE SURE THIS IS MR. SETH NEBB?
 A. SURE AS SHOOTIN'!
 Q. AS A MATTER OF FACT DIDN'T YOU MEET HIM IN JONAS CHALMERS'S DRUG STORE AND DIDN'T JONAS INTRODUCE YOU TO HIM?
 A. I DIDN'T HAVE MY GLASSES ON BUT WHEN I PUT 'EM ON I KNEW SETH IMMEDIATELY.
 Q. HAVE YOU BEEN SPEAKING TO ATTORNEY NEHOC ABOUT THIS CASE?
 A. OH YES—I TALKED TO HIM SOME.
 Q. DID HE TELL YOU WHAT TO TESTIFY TO?

A. NO SIR—JUST ASKED ME IF I KNEW SETH AND THINGS LIKE THAT.
 Q. DID HE GIVE YOU ANY MONEY TO REFRESH YOUR MEMORY?
 A. NO SIR! YOU CAN'T BRIBE ME!
 ATT. NIBLICK.: I DON'T KNOW—YOU SERVED ONE TERM IN THE LEGISLATURE AND THEN PAID OFF YOUR MORTGAGE AND PAINTED YOUR BARN—I SUPPOSE YOU WON'T TALK MONEY PLAYING JACKS!

MR. SMITHERS PROVED A GOOD WITNESS FOR THE PLAINTIFF AND ACCUSING REMARKS, FOR WHICH THE JUDGE CENSURED HIM, NIBLICK MADE NO PROGRESS

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

SPOTLESS SMITHERS.

Barney Google and Spark Plug



"\$1.20 IN THE BANK, JIM! YOU SEE I'M GETTING THERE! WHEN THIS COLUMN HITS THE 150 MARK—WATCH OUT! MY BROWN EYED BABY WILL BE ALL SET FOR THE T-BONE STAKES"

BARNEY! YOU'RE CRAZY TO KEEP ALL THAT DOUGH IN THE BANK—WHAT IF THE BANK SHOULD FAIL WHERE'D YOU BE—I TAKE MY ADVICE—DRAW IT OUT AND PUT IT IN A MONEY BELT—IT BIGHT HURT TO YOUR SKIN."

"YOU DON'T THINK THIS BANK IS SAFE?"

"NOTHING IS SAFE NOWADAYS—I WANT MY MONEY FROM NOW ON I CARRY IT IN A MONEY BELT—RIGHT WITH ME ALL THE TIME!!"

BARNEY CHANGES HIS MIND.



BANK

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QUICK! I'VE CHANGED MY MIND—PUT IT B-BACK

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

BRINGING UP FATHER



BUSINESS ISN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE.

SAY, DINTY, WHY DON'T YOU GIT A GUY TO CARRY A SIGN AROUND NEAR THE DELEGATES—I'LL BET YOU GIT A LOT OF TRADE.

JUST HANG AROUND IN FRONT OF THE CONVENTION HALL.

HURRY UP.

CORNBEEF AND CABBAGE AT DINTY MOORE'S

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



WRITING LETTERS TO YOUR DARLIN' AINT NO CINCH—I'VE RUINED 82 HUNKS O' PAPER ALREADY.

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I GUESS I'LL DO IT BY DICTATION.

HELP WANTED.



ABOUT THIS HERE DICTATION, MISS O'SAY, HOW ABOUT YOU AND ME GETTING TOGETHER ON A LETTER TO MY BABE?

SURE—GO AHEAD AND DICTATE.

WELL—HIM—I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban

New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. McINTYRE.
 New York, June 26.—Vincent Astor's mansion on Fifth avenue is being torn down and a de luxe apartment building is to occupy the site. This means the passing of that upper stretch of avenue known as "Millionaire's Row."
 The "Row" has become too expensive even for millionaires. The ground covered by mansions of New York society is appraised so high by the city that taxes make the cost of living in one-familly houses too extravagant.
 Scores of society people have, during the last two years, gone from private avenue homes to nearby apartments. Sutton Square—the new Pomeroy Walk—has a brilliant group of social leaders. It is over amid the squalor of the East river. Blackwell's prison is at the doorsteps.
 On either side of the Astor home are such well known names as Hamilton Fish, William Gutzwiller, Frederick Lewisohn, Elbert H. Gary, Thomas F. Ryan and Harry Payne Whitney. They, too, are shortly to move, so the rumor goes.
 For years there has been an air of aristocracy along the row that fairly crackled. During the most of the year the houses are boarded up and the only ripple of life has been where the caretakers live in the basement.
 But when the opera season is on the "Row" takes on its aura of wealth. Wicked butlers in knickerbockers unlatch the grilled doors. When a resident of the "Row" entertains there are canopied tunnels leading to the limousines to keep off the vulgar gaze.
 At 8 in the morning the young ladies in dashing riding habits walk to the park to mount chargers for a gallop along the bridge path. Tea time at 5 brings out the men in high top hat and walking coats.
 The other morning I sat up until nearly dawn in my apartment talking to William S. Hart, the screen player. Our mutual love for animals drew us together. Dogs and horses are an abiding passion with Hart. Most of the time, Hart spends his early days as a two-groomer of the purple sage. At 21 he was a Broadway actor appearing in Shakespearean and other heavy roles. He once played in Macbeth with Modjeska. Hart was particularly distraught. He was late to keep a theater engagement with some friends and on his way to the theater saw a lost dog on the street. He could not forgive himself for not attempting to restore the animal to its master. Hart loves chaps and the blue flannel shirt but he is also at home in correct dinner clothes which he wears with the grace of a Beau Brummel. He wants to leave the screen some day so he can devote his time to horses and dogs on his western ranch.
 There is an effort among New York dramatic critics politely to sneer at vaudeville. Yet the most satisfying shows of the past season were elaborated vaudeville sketches and 80 per cent of the individual hits were among players recruited from the two-a-day. The pretentious bunk of the drama is lacking in vaudeville. It gains in popularity daily and the tone of it grows richer more quickly than that of the drama.
 Speaking of vaudeville there is a small time vaudeville agent who I think has the most unusual name in town. It is Uptown Block.
 And some of the greatest gag lines in vaudeville are written by a fellow who for years has been tortured by chronic headaches—the backbone of a South American fever. He is only free from pain for short intervals but during that time he fashions lines that in vaudeville parlance "rocks 'em in their seats."
 (Copyright, 1924.)

How to Start the Day Wrong



YOU WALK DOWN THE STREET FEELING LIGHT AS A FEATHER, CAREFREE AND ON TOP OF THE WORLD.

AND YOU LAUGH HEARTILY AND GENEROUSLY AT THE STALE STORIES OF A BORE SOME FRIEND.

ABIE THE AGENT



AS YOU WALK THROUGH THE PARK YOU SPEAK GAILY TO YOUR FRIENDS

HERE ARE SOME OF OUR CUSTOMERS, MR. SMUDGE TO WHOM WE PROMISED TICKETS TO THE CONVENTION DURING THE PAST YEAR—

I'D LIKE AN ENTRY ONE OR TWO FOR THE WIFE

BUT—AS YOU STEP INTO YOUR OFFICE—THE DAY IS UTTERLY RUINED

POSITIVE!—IF YOU AIN'T GOT NERVE, YOU DON'T GET NO PLACE: I'LL GET IN TO SEE THE PRESIDENT OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE AND HAVE HIM HELP ME OUT!

WHO ARE YOU AND HOW DID YOU GET INTO MY PRIVATE OFFICE??

I SNEAKED BY YOUR GUARDS—MY NAME IS ABE KABIBBLE

I ADMIRE YOUR NERVE—WHAT DO YOU WISH??

I'M TRYING TO ESTABLISH A CREDIT—COULD YOU LOAN ME \$10,000??

NO—I CAN'T DO THAT!!

IF YOU CAN'T DO THAT WOULD YOU MIND LETTING PEOPLE SEE YOU AND ME WALKING ARM IN ARM ACROSS THE EXCHANGE

By Briggs

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

The Effect Is the Same.