

JO ELLEN

By ALEXANDER BLACK. Copyright, 1924.

(Continued From Saturday.)

The allusion to the movies had an echo; but it was more important to Jo Ellen that another subject introduced during that end-of-the-evening talk should strongly impress the visitor.

"When you get to wanting something," Grandmother Bogert said at dinner the next day, "it's a good notion to let them have it, unless it's explosive or poisonous. Of course, they may be sorry they got what they wanted. That happens right along. But they have to swallow their medicine and keep it down if they can. I think this child'll have to have her thing. If she wants to go to work I think she ought to be at it."

"So she's been leading you up," said Josephine Rewer, with an irritated infection. "I put her through the third degree. Didn't know what I might strike. She couldn't help herself, unless she was going to be a liar."

"I tell Jo Ellen—" began Bogert. "Of course you would, Ben," said his mother. "If you'd held me at school I might have amounted to something."

"Shucks," Ben received a sarcastic glance. "Held you? I had a sweet time trying. What could I do—hold you to school by the collar and hold you there with a gun in your back?"

"You know what I mean—" "I don't know what you mean. You were bound to chuck the books and I chucked you into a job. I was mighty glad it was a hard one."

"Well, suppose that's all so. A girl's different—I tell her that." "She isn't different. She gets to wanting just the same. Go on supporting her and she'll get the habit. She'll want to be kept. By the look of her that wouldn't amuse her at all. She might be sorry she didn't grab all the schooling that came her way. I can't say. Everybody's sorry about something. You haven't invented a way, have you, of keeping people from being sorry? I'll tell you one thing: We're maddest of all afterward about the things we were contented out of, things we wanted and didn't get—things we didn't do."

"Pretty risky preaching," remarked Josephine Rewer, without looking toward her daughter. "What I think—" began Jo Ellen. "Yes!" Her grandmother slapped the table. "What you think. It's your life we're talking about. Why shouldn't you have a foot?"

"I don't want—" Jo Ellen started in another way. "O you're not butting in. I tell you it's your game. Go to it."

The challenge was embarrassing. Moreover, Jo Ellen was conscious of her mother's irritation. Accepting the advantage of even this authori-

tative support would be pretty cheap. And it wouldn't pay. The older voice had spoken. Better to let it go at that.

"I've said it enough." "Good Lord! Some people are shrewd! Notice that, Jo? Won't be pushed. She'll get on."

"Really, I have peevish about it a great deal," Jo Ellen added. "Shrewd as the devil!" exclaimed Grandmother Bogert.

Suddenly Uncle Ben was on his feet. Inevitably he reamed this position rather violently and his sister turned with a formula of remonstrance.

Bogert, his head cocked eagerly, ignored the protest. His eyes were holding fast to something visible beyond the windows.

"Can you beat that?" "Billy scrambled to a point of vantage. An oddly dressed row of figures, including a girl in white and a tall man in dress clothes with top hat, straggled along the path.

"They're going to make movies. Down by the boats." "Who told you that?" "They were around, fixing how they're going to do it." Billy acquired a quick excitement. "Can I have my dessert, Ma?"

"Eat your dinner." "But Ma—" "You can watch them all the afternoon," said Josephine Rewer, with a poorly imitated calmness. Her glance kept wandering to the window.

Billy squeaked. It was plain that Jo Ellen and Uncle Ben lost all appetite. "We'll leave the dishes," remarked Grandmother Bogert definitely.

III. The making of movies was new to Jo Ellen. An exotic look in the painted faces, and the elaborate artifice of the game gave her a first feeling of vast fascination. To watch the familiar scene undergo transfiguration by a mere substitution in human figures, aroused a kind of awe. When you wanted to laugh you somehow didn't, but stood instead with your breath coming quickly.

The natives came as close as seemed to be permitted. Jo Ellen was well to the fore. Her mother, with Uncle Ben and grandmother, took a more cautious position. Billy wriggled on the limb of a maple with Morris Meyer. There were several groups of the actor people. The camera man, alternately mopping his shiny face and lighting a fresh cigaret, was reinforced by young men with reflectors. Others of an obscure relationship hovered beyond.

It was possible to know that the stocky man with a tall actor person beside him under a tree, was the director, and it was he who ejaculated, in something greatly less than his directing voice, "Lord! What a type!" When the taller man swung about, Jo Ellen knew that she was the subject. She glanced away, but held her ground.

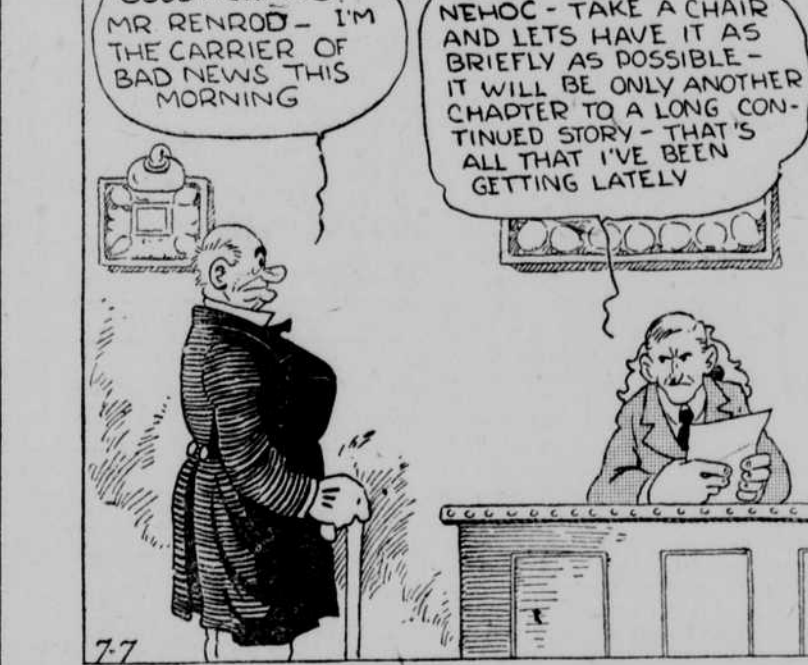
"Don't get to be like Mullen," said the actor, "always discovering wonders outside the cast." "Did you ever see green eyes that carried like that?" persisted the director.

"If you say so, you're a marvel. As for me, I'm through with eyes." A voice piped from somewhere. It seemed to imply a re-established readiness.

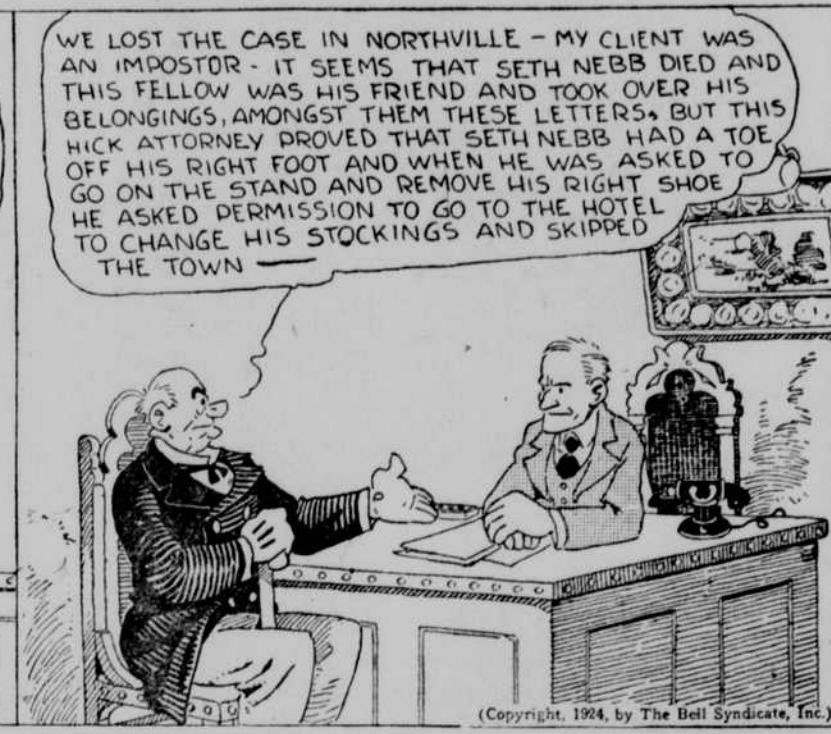
as a towboat whistle—that wouldn't have pleased her at all. She would have felt foolish. Evidently Miss Tammil didn't feel that way about it. Jo Ellen winced when things were repeated and the realism was spoiled. She always had an intensely relieved feeling whenever the director shouted "Camera!" and the man at the machine actually began to grind, his face shining, the eyebrows screwed tight.

"Wouldn't you love to be in it?" exclaimed Myrtle.

THE NEBBES



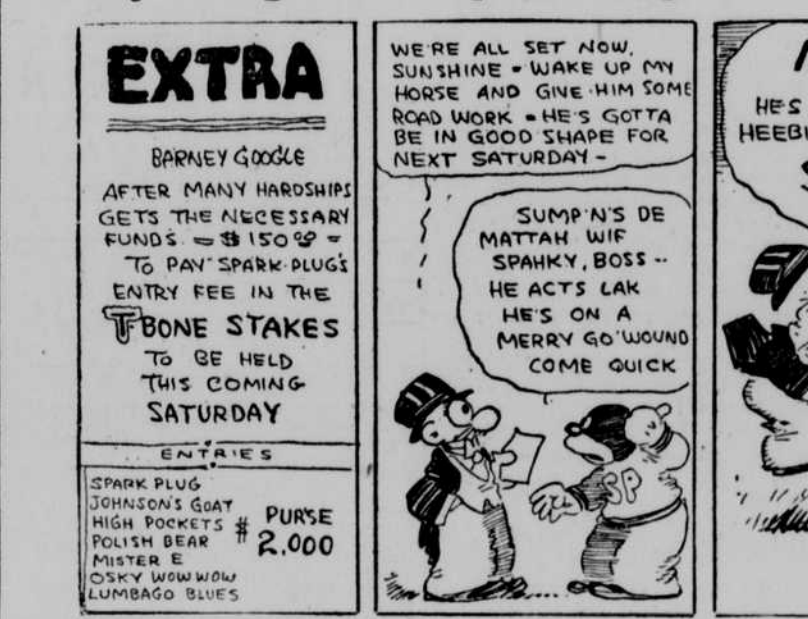
WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.



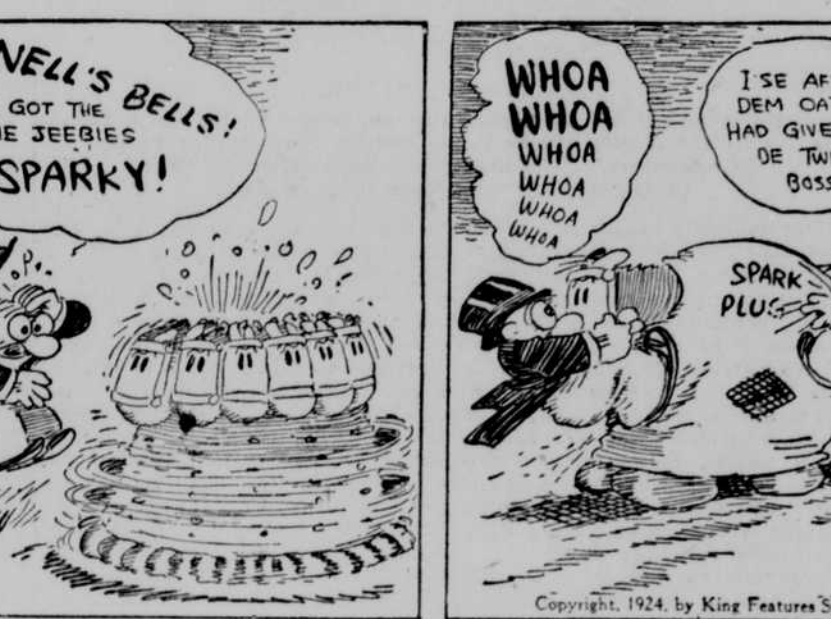
Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



Barney Google and Spark Plug



SPARKY'S VERY MUCH "BALLED UP."



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, July 7.—A page from the diary of a modern Samuel Pepys: Lay late and so up to talk with Inspector Joseph Faurot about this crime and that came Jack Lait and we recalled the gone days of the stately cotillion and frock coat with antiquarian delight.

This day with insolent complacency I cast my accounts and find myself in better estate than is my wont. To a club and played crazy pool with Ring Lardner and some others and I, the best player there I'll be bound, albeit it was all luck and no skill.

My wife, poor wretch, being away I lunched on raw onions, gorging myself in such a fashion I was ashamed to near my fellows so sat at my typewriter all the afternoon.

In the evening came Ray and Lucy Virginia and all of us to a variety hall to see a fellow juggle feathers, sofas and what not and then to the Club Lido where when the check came I feigned sleep and thus saved a sizeable sum. So home and to bed.

Nut comedians of the cuckoo school of humor are receiving most of the applause in New York theatres. Ridiculous exaggeration is their metier—the more absurd and out of proportion the better. Gallagher and Shean were among the first of the school, but their efforts seem sane compared to those now running.

Nothing could be more absurd than Lewis and Dody's monotonous "Hello Hello Hello" songs. Each stanza ends with such as this: "Worms have no expression, or fishes don't perspire; Hello, Hello, Hello." All this irresponsible madness is accidental dadasim and while the vogue will soon pass it seems to me to be a welcome relief from the "wonder kiddies" who have been so conspicuous in vaudeville and revues.

The first skyscraper in New York was 17 stories high. It was designed some 25 years ago and was to house a bank. It created so much anxiety in the minds of the board of directors that it was necessary to elect another board, only the late William Vanderbilt remaining on the new board. The board resigned rather than appear ridiculous before the world by expecting a building 17 stories high to stand.

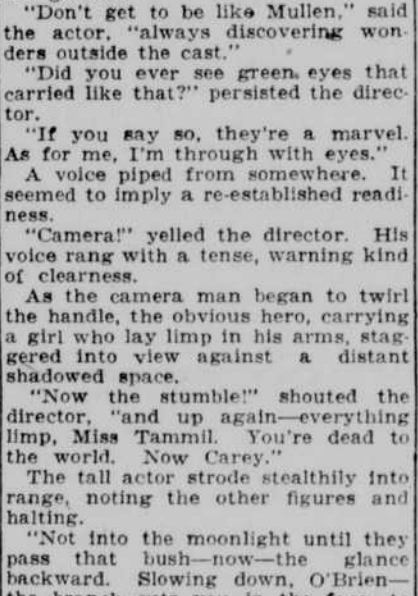
It must have been pleasant to have lived in those quaint and charming days of scepticism. Nowadays New Yorkers do not believe anything impossible. That is why 20 per cent oil stock still finds a ready market.

She is an imperious beauty of the kind that in those dead days might have inspired gay blades in high collars surrounded by black stocks to duel to the death. She was waiting along Fifth Avenue and a handkerchief fluttered from her sleeve. One can imagine a hundred men rushing to the rescue. Instead a beefy pedestrian pointed to it with, "There's your handkerchief, lady"—and passed on.

Those skylight attic rooms in Greenwich Village with paper screens suggesting rooms are going up in rentals. It used to be possible to rent one for \$40 a month, but now the average rental monthly is \$150. The attic studio gives a halo of genius and there are just any number of New Yorkers who leap to the opportunity to have that halo.

West 57th street is the home of the leading magazine illustrators. The block between Central Park and Columbus Avenue is filled with studio apartments. It is not the unwashed, painty set. It is composed of men and women who have found they can cut their hair, dress for the evening meal and still be artistic.

BRINGING UP FATHER



JERRY ON THE JOB



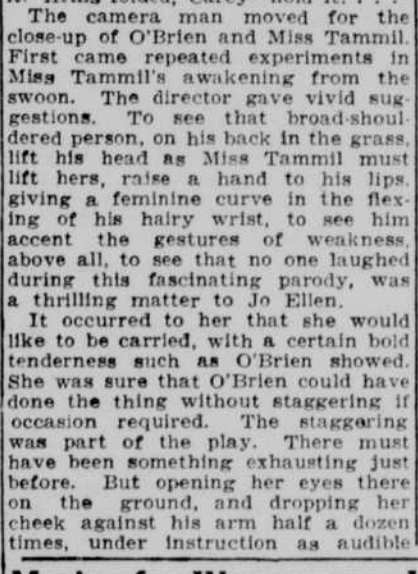
IMPERSONAL INTEREST.



Movie of a Woman on a Hot Day



Movie of a Woman on a Hot Day



ABIE THE AGENT



ABIE THE AGENT



ABIE THE AGENT



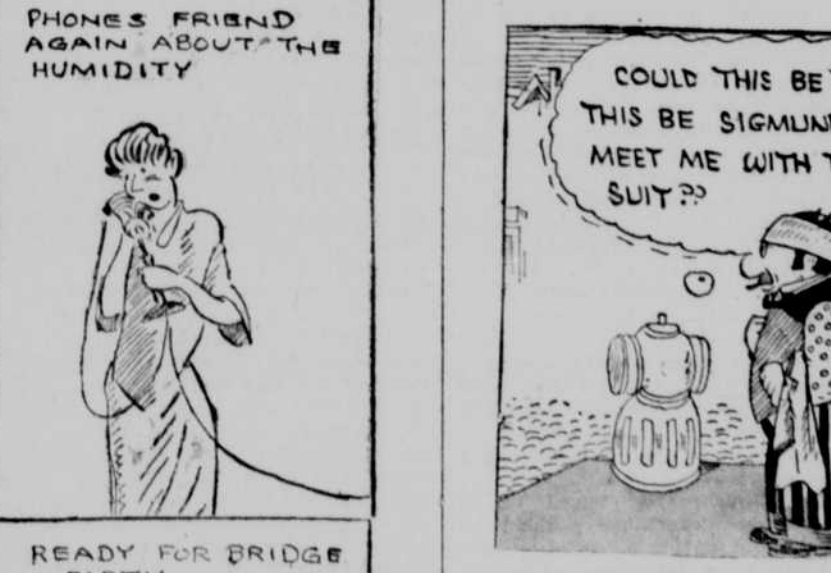
ABIE THE AGENT



ABIE THE AGENT



ABIE THE AGENT



ABIE THE AGENT



ABIE THE AGENT



ABIE THE AGENT



ABIE THE AGENT



ABIE THE AGENT

