

JO ELLEN

By ALEXANDER BLACK.

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(Continued from Yesterday.)
 To one of her first legitimate pauses Jo Ellen recalled the resounding salutation of Uncle Ben.
 "Great snakes! Another stenographer!"
 He seemed to feel that Manhattan Island swarmed with them. "You can't get around," he said, "without stepping on one."
 It was impossible to guess the manner of business person he would have thought conceivable that she should be. He never was able to think about it connectedly. A situation would have had to be invented to fit his conception of her. She was in his opinion, smart enough for anything, but when he sought to visualize an actual setting he was frustrated. Actual settings seemed to fall into brutally arbitrary classifications. When you came to think of it, where could you put an abstractly smart girl?
 It turned out that Jo Ellen had talked with a good many girls. Her mother had thought things out. And Grandmother Bogert had been sympathetic. "Unless you put these in some sort of store, she has to be able to take letters." Uncle Ben remained completely vague to the last, and submitted the idea of the business school and the pot-holes in a bitter silence.
 At this stage there were nine pupils in the school. One of them were Jewish girls. A frank recognition of the proportion was one of the things that struck Jo Ellen as a novelty. "When some one used the expression 'four Christian girls' one of the four that were not Jewish spoke up: 'I'm not a Christian.'
 "Why—what are you? You're not Jewish, are you?" asked the little girl who had jet black hair and curiously heavy eyebrows.
 "No, but I'm not Christian either." This made a laugh.
 "Then what are you?"
 "Nothing at all."
 "Listen," said the little girl, "you can't be nothing at all."
 "A Gentile," said one of the Jewish girls.
 "My father's an agnostic."
 "A what?"
 "Agnostic."
 "Speak American," said the little girl. "Ag-what?"
 "Anyway," remarked the tall Jewish girl named Baum, "when the agnostic Christian you can answer it."
 "I might," said the agnostic's daughter.
 "It'll only mean," said Clara Dawes, the one who had a small birthmark on her chin and wore beauty patches, "that they don't want a Jewish girl."
 "Right-o," said Miss Baum. "They have to have Christian girls to keep the work going on, you know."
 This was obscure to Jo Ellen, and the little girl, who suspected the fact, undertook to make it clear.
 "You know," she said, "when they have all Jewish girls and you know comes there's no one to take dictation."
 Jo Ellen indicated that she now understood perfectly. Lessons on the typewriter were far less trying than the shorthand. Jo Ellen advanced rapidly with her typing, despite the finger exertions. With two fingers she could, she was certain, have jumped ahead toward a fine facility. To use all the necessary fingers in

the right way was like going back to that awful winter of piano lessons. Mrs. Miffing felt obliged to say (Miss Crowe had a different way of saying the same thing) that it would be better not to be in such a hurry. It took just about so long, no matter how smart you were, to get to be good.
 "You've got to have the foundation," insisted Mrs. Miffing. Foundation sounded frightfully heavy to Jo Ellen. Probably it was a proper word, but it had a weight in itself. And there would be tons of it. However, if the lightest girl could carry foundation there was nothing to be said. No amount of weight or labor could greatly diminish Jo Ellen's elation or retard an eager looking forward to the next turn, the next phase. She would rather have been running toward the point to be gained; running or climbing. Sitting at a desk doing ing and fish with a pencil or reviewing the typewriter, disc and remember the right finger for x made you feel tied. And somewhere, away beyond, were huge alluring dragons of sheet action, conflict, excitement and significant men. The murmur of vast adventure seemed to drift northward through Broadway as from an intricately distant, Broadway far below. Her visions were as vague as Ben Bogert's, but they drew her more imperatively. Every picture filled her mind with particular vividness. Sometimes these were vividly real; sometimes they were consciously whimsical, as in a game. When she saw, from the street, a woman in a long coat across the street, she wondered how it might feel to be weighing ice and carrying the chunks into the recesses of a garage; or if you were an ice wagon horse how it might feel to be eating out of a feed bag dangling from a rope that looped behind your ears.
 The school seats were arranged so that windows might offer the least possible distraction; but at noontime when you were finishing your lunch the street was often an entertainment. It was enjoyed that Jo Ellen should go out for a glass of milk. There was school precedent for chocolate soda, and Jo Ellen often yielded to the suggestion. Clara Dawes had near enough to go home for lunch. Miss Baum ate a hearty meal at a noisy little restaurant on the next street. The little girl had a passion for dill pickles and citron cake. Jo Ellen liked to use the noon-time margin for a walk on the river avenue, down past Mile. Hortense's beauty shop, Richards' fruit market, and the long row of apartment houses to the drive steps and Grant's tomb. Perhaps there would be a battleship in the river and you could think about the war.
 The agnostic's daughter had theorized about the war that made it disturbing to bring up that subject. Miss Baum, who had worked in a department store and looked at things from the mature height of twenty-four years, knew ways to get the agnostic's daughter started. When she had started, her face became curiously ugly. With feverish eyes she would shout, "It's a Christian war."
 "Onward Christian soldiers!"
 Because of some opinion Jo Ellen had ventured to voice. Miss Pascoe would not speak to her for three days. There was a moment when Jo Ellen thought the Pascoe girl might strike her in the face and there was a pencil in her hand.
 On the fourth day Jo Ellen met the savage stare of Miss Pascoe near the river.
 Jo Ellen halted abruptly.
 "If you don't believe in war," she said, "what's the use of our quarreling?"
 Miss Pascoe stopped in her tracks. "Christian stuff!" She fung this out contemptuously.
 "Seems so funny," Jo Ellen went on, "to scrap about peace."
 "Oh, does it? How clever—and Christian!" And Miss Pascoe moved on briskly.

throw out rotten hints like that." "Oh, wouldn't it? Well, don't you consider that at all. And it wasn't a hint. It was meant to be plain."
 "I guess," said Jo Ellen, her tones not quite steady, "you're just a little beast."
 She was turning away at this, but

Miss Pascoe caught her by the shoulder. Finger nails sank through the mesh of her summer tunic.
 "What do you mean, little beast? Listen..."
 Jo Ellen threw her off with a swing that sent the fast figure sharply against a corner of the nearest desk,

and moved away toward her own machine. Then came the pain at the roots of her clutched hair and she could hear Miss Pascoe trying to scream the words "You... can't..." and only a whistling sound coming through her teeth. Jo Ellen, drawn off her balance, dropped backward,

and there was a white instant in which, from the floor, the world seemed to have captured. In the next instant she was up again and had Miss Pascoe by the wrists, pressing her backward toward the wall. A kind of shrieking whipler inside her head seemed to be saying, "I'm fight-

ing" and nothing was clear but the distorted face of the girl opposite her. In the next town and the swaying motion it made a frenzied that checked Jo Ellen long enough to give swinging room for a series of extraordinarily effective blows against Jo Ellen's shirt.

rent notion of some such victory. But Miss Pascoe used the wall to her advantage by extending her arms with a fierceness that checked Jo Ellen long enough to give swinging room for a series of extraordinarily effective blows against Jo Ellen's shirt. (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

THE NEBBS



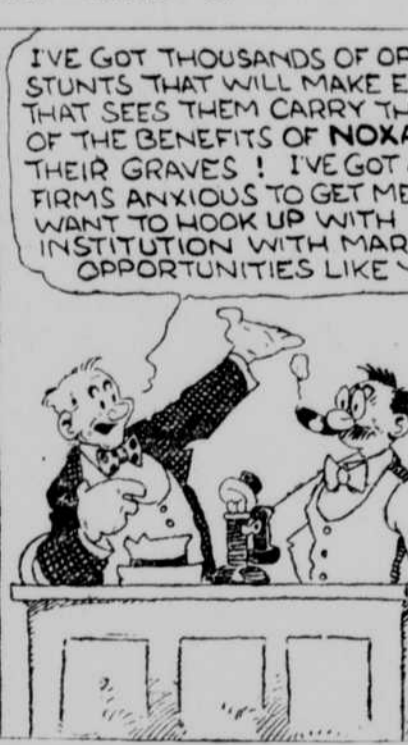
GOOD MORNING, GENTLEMEN! I'M A LITTLE LATE BUT I MET THE PRESIDENT OF ONE OF OUR BIGGEST ADVERTISING FIRMS AND I HAD TO SLIDE HIM FOR TWO BLOCKS TO GET HIM OFF MY COAT TAIL



WONT YOU GENTLEMEN HAVE A CIGAR? I'M A GREAT MIXER—FIVE MINUTES IN ANY CROWD AND I'M LIKE THE CENTER POLE IN A TENT—AND I CAN SPEND A DOLLAR AND MAKE IT ACT LIKE TEN!



I'VE GOT THOUSANDS OF ORIGINAL STUNTS THAT WILL MAKE EVERY ONE THAT SEES THEM CARRY THE MEMORY OF THE BENEFITS OF NOXAGE TO THEIR GRAVES! I'VE GOT A DOZEN FIRMS ANXIOUS TO GET ME BUT I WANT TO HOOK UP WITH AN INSTITUTION WITH MARVELOUS OPPORTUNITIES LIKE YOURS



MAY I USE YOUR PHONE A MOMENT? HELLO CENTRAL, GIVE ME CENTRAL 6014—HELLO—YES I WANT TO TALK TO SENATOR JENKINS—HELLO, SENATOR, THIS IS MUGGINS—I CAN'T KEEP THAT LUNCHEON ENGAGEMENT—NO—I CAN'T—I'M IN AN IMPORTANT CONFERENCE WITH A COUPLE OF BIG MEN ON A VERY IMPORTANT DEAL—NO—NO—I CAN'T



WE'D BETTER GRAB THIS GUY—HE'S A BOUNCING WIZ!

ME, MYSELF AND I.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

Barney Google and Spark Plug

BARNEY DOESN'T KNOW WHERE TO AIM.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



TOMORROW T-BONE STAKES PURSE TO THE WINNER \$ 2,000



OH MY!! TOMORROW'S THE BIG DAY! I CAN'T LET SPARKY GO TO THE POST WHEN HE'S GOT THE HEBBE JEBBIES—THE HUMANE SOCIETY WOULD SEND ME UP THE RIVER—WHAT AM I GONNA DO?



POOR FELLER... I GUESS THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT—THAT'S TO SHOOT HIM AND PUT HIM OUT OF HIS MISERY



SPARKY, LOOK AT PAPA



BRINGING UP FATHER

JERRY ON THE JOB

VACATION FOR ONE.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



HOW ABOUT JOINING THE NAVY-FRIEND? CRUISE TO HONOLULU STARTING NEXT WEEK!



NO-THANKS!



WHAT'S THIS? I THINK I'LL TAKE THAT IN!



HONOLULU—EH!



I WONDER WHAT TIME THEY OPEN? JOIN THE NAVY

Second Honeymoons

ABIE THE AGENT

ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



WAIT A MINUTE! YOU PROMISED YOU'D HAVE MY CLOTHES HERE TWO HOURS AGO! WHAT KIND OF A BUSINESS IS THAT?



DON'T WORRY YOUR TEMPER DEAR



IT DOESN'T PAY TO LOSE ONE'S TEMPER



I'LL MURDER THAT GUY WHEN HE BRINGS THOSE CLOTHES



HEH! THERE HE IS NOW



WHAT'S WRONG?



LISTEN, DOCTOR, THIS SHOULDER HERE BURNS LIKE FIRE!!



YES



AND THIS KNEE DON'T BEND JUST RIGHT!!



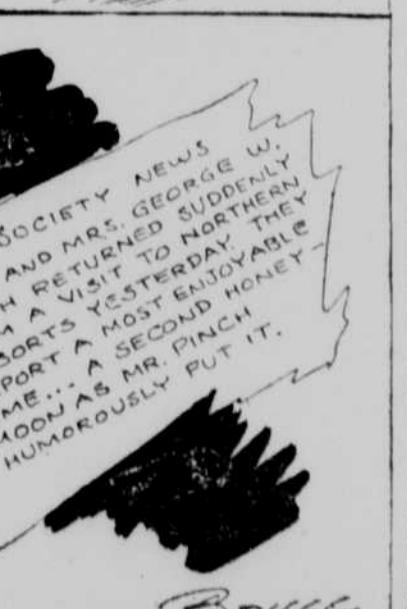
YES AND—



WE ARE SO SORRY TO HAVE KEPT YOU WAITING



AH—IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW



MY GOODNESS YOU DID MAKE A QUICK CHANGE OF MIND! A PRETTY GIRL CERTAINLY CAN WORK ON YOU MOST BEAUTIFULLY!



AND THIS BACK FEELS LIKE A TREE HAMMER HITTING IT!!



AND BESIDES, I PERSONALLY DON'T FEEL SO GOOD!!

New York

—Day by Day—

By O. O. MINTVRE.

New York, July 11—Thoughts while strolling around New York: Girls with little tight hats. Slinky frocks. Aswish wits silk. A good modiste can always sanctify a saint, so men couldn't tell the paste jewels from the real.
 A Greek meets a Greek. A new fruit stand in the making. That famous wit—Oliver Herford. The life of the Players. Gambler studying caskets in a show window. The clomp of a million feet. Bachelor club windows filled with expressionless faces.
 Summer madness. Women with colored feather neckpieces. There's Big Bill Edwards. And his triple deck chin. Wish I could get fat. Impertinent rubber wagon barbers. Haranguing timid sight-seers. The old site of the Metropole—where the gambler Rosenthal was killed.
 The Coffee House Club—the noon-day rendezvous of the literati. And Vanity Fair dilettantes. Wonder what a turtle thinks about? Every musical show has a midgeet. A dollar pants sale. Pale faces ravaged by dissipation.
 The whirl about the public library. Every stratum of life—the plutocrat and pander. And always the old men with their wilted flowers. Two taxis smash together. The drivers fight. And policemen rush up. A great old corner—a magic cauldron boiling with activity.
 The nearest human tide flowing down the Grand Central river. And around the corner in Lexington Avenue the cheap hotel district. Butcher shop. Drug store windows filled with trusses and crutches. Four story flats. Taffy colored bedroom sets. And walk up clothing shops.
 Chinese laundries, slip-slapping along with huge bundles. Strange playbills and placards. Yiddish, Hungarian and German. Gypsy musicians playing in courtyards. Donkey rides for five cents. And lemonade two cents a glass.
 It is interesting to watch the changing character of the crowds on Fifth avenue around sundown. When all the home-goers have passed, the real avenue comes out to stroll. Almost any block has its handful of millionaires—names that boom first pages. There is a sort of restricted area when they walk. It begins at the Plaza fountain and ends at Forty-second street. Forty-second street seems to be the social dead-line.
 And visitors who expect to see the real New York in the dining room of the glided hotels are usually out of luck. Most of the patrons are like themselves, visitors. One of the most New York crowds I have seen in many moons was in a tea room in West Fifty-first street that serves a \$10 dinner. Among those I saw there were Irving Berlin, Brooks John, Edgar Selwyn, Elsie Janis and her mother, James Montgomery Flagg, Gilbert Miller, Conde Nast, Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, and the six Morgan dancers.
 The Bowery underworld is really a world of down and outers. They are not criminals—merely drifters who live only for the day. Murderers, garroters, Jack-the-Rippers, and worse, do not run in a park. Neither does the lesser breed of pickpockets and petty thieves.

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SOCIETY NEWS
 MR. AND MRS. GEORGE W. PINCH RETURNED SUDDENLY FROM A VISIT TO NORTH HAVEN REPORTS A MOST ENJOYABLE TIME... A SECOND HONEYMOON AS MR. PINCH HUMOROUSLY PUT IT.