

JO ELLEN

By ALEXANDER BLACK.

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(Continued From Yesterday.)

The calamity to the shins rather finished Jo Ellen's thinking. She now ceased to have any intention save to conquer, as violently as need be, the writhing creature who was inflicting this torture. Unfortunately, loosening her hold on Miss Pascoe's wrists for the purpose of a blow, or whatever other impulse, Miss Pascoe leaped into her hands, offered her opponent another advantage and it was seized promptly. One set of horny fingers caught Jo Ellen's neck, the other sank into her neck, and the catlike strategy had its sure results. As she reached for Miss Pascoe's throat Jo Ellen had an impression of Miss Pascoe at a great distance, shouting something and of the little girl absurdly trying to separate the combatants. . . . From a vastly greater distance was another voice, an authoritative voice, evidently Mrs. Miffling's. . . . But nothing of this sort mattered. Miss Pascoe went down . . . down for a crushing red diston and Jo Ellen's knees were on her chest. "You brats!"

This was from Miss Miffling. . . . as she had found the dirty kids mauling each other in a gutter. Her anger needed some form of outlet and this occurred to her. In view of her habitual allusion to the ladies of her school, the character of her outburst measured as an expression of outrage for which she would afterward be particularly regretful. As it happened, her humiliation was deepened beyond all measure by the presence of a stranger behind her, a fat man, with a handkerchief tucked over his collar, who stood fascinated, his lips parted, and his eyebrows lifted in a fantastic astonishment. It is quite doubtful whether he heard Mrs. Miffling's inelegant expression. He was held in a breathless concentration that shut out everything but the very efficient casting down of Miss Pascoe and the picture of the blood-streaked Jo Ellen crouching over her. It was Miss Baum's head that struck the scene for him. He saw that Jo Ellen stood up, without noticing that Miss Pascoe remained on the floor.

The fat man said to himself—at least he afterward insisted that he said to himself—"There's a girl!" He was not interested in Mrs. Miffling's putters over Miss Pascoe, who hadn't fattened, but was only utterly limp, a sobbing sound coming from her twisted lips. He ignored Mrs. Miffling's tirade about tenement-house conduct and ordering offenders out of the school, he could make nothing of the shrill comments of the little girl; but something in the look of Jo Ellen made him notice that Miss Baum was saying, "Miss Pascoe started it," and led him to know that Miss Pascoe was the one who was being lifted from the floor. Ah, yes! The fat man's face now relaxed into an admiring grin. One on the floor started it, but the red-headed one finished it. And so neatly!

New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. M'INTYRE.

New York, July 12.—A big liner coming in offers all the romance of the zippy drama. The expectant crowd presses against the pier rail several hours before the steamer is nosed into the slip and warped.

It is a restless, surging crowd—fathers, mothers and sweethearts. The handkerchiefs begin to wave ashore and on board as soon as the steamer is sighted down the river. Many rent napkins to call out their greetings to returning voyagers.

It is a herculean feat of marine maneuvering to swing the boat about in the narrow river and guide it into port, especially when the tides is against it. The margin of inches is calculated and the slightest mistake would cause incalculable loss.

The grim and relentless little river tugs skillfully follow the instructions of the river pilot who is picked up at quarantine. They seem like ants moving mountains and their staccato putt-pulling is really comic. When their work is done they dart away shrilly sirening victory.

As the liner edges into the slip thousands of foreign born clot at the stowage port holes. They must remain on board for hours after the first and second class passengers depart to be inspected. There is always the quota to be turned back.

When the gangplank goes down the mighty rush begins. There are screams of joy and oftentimes hysteria. A corps of doctors are on the pier to offer first aid. News and movie cameras click, for every liner brings its list of notables.

All passengers must collect for custom inspection in alphabetical line. The baggage is shot from the holds on greased runways and is quickly assembled. Outside are hundreds of taxis handled by pier starters with great efficiency.

The builders of the paragon ad joining the famous Little Church Around the Corner evidently did not believe cleanliness was next to Godliness. The paragon was recently discovered to be without a bathroom. The fault is now being remedied.

It was the noon hour on Fourteenth street and a crowd had collected in Rosenblat's Penny Arcade. A player piano was thumping out a waltz and shop clerks were pumping bullets at clay rabbits and pigeons. An oldish little man in a frayed coat walked up to the shooting gallery attendant and asked for a loaded revolver. It was given to him and before he could be restrained he sent a bullet into his temple and slumped to the floor. He was an inventor whose invention failed. In 10 minutes the ambulance removed the body and in five minutes the crowd was back to the peep-shows and clay pigeons.

A new bit of business has been injected into a musical revue. There is a fellow planted in the audience who has a rumble-like-thunder laugh. As a certain wheeze is pulled on the stage he begins to chuckle. At first it is just a giggle, but ends in a mountainous roar that is so contagious the audience takes it up and at every performance there is almost a convulsion of laughter. Afterward the actor leaves the audience and goes to the stage making the former feel just a bit foolish.

For years Old Harry Bloom has been the friend of children in Harlem. He goes about from apartment to apartment telling them stories. Bloom is a Russian and when he migrated to America his five children died on shipboard.

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Being assured that Miss Pascoe was not mortally hurt, and that the man was not to be probed at the man, Mrs. Miffling came back to the fat man with the air of one who would hurry a parting, adroitly indicating that the way out was through the second room beyond. "Girls will be girls!" said the fat man. "Of course it's just sex—a boy in it somewhere."

"Sex?" sputtered Mrs. Miffling. "I'd say the heat and bad tempers." "The heat, yes. Makes it worse. Just sex. We must take it for granted."

"Sex?" It was a squabble about a typewriter. "So?" The fat man did not press the point. "I like the looks of that red-headed girl. What's her name?" "She's only had about five weeks here," declared Mrs. Miffling. "Out of the question. She's not ready. She couldn't."

"Yes, but in another month—say early in October. That's when my girl marries. I'd take a chance. Some how she looks like the sort. Eh—what did you say her name was?" "I didn't say. It's Rewer—Ellen Rewer. But where do you think I would come in? This isn't an employment agency. If I let girls go before they're trained—right in the middle of a course—"

"I get you. Naturally. Sure thing. Bad business for you. I get you. It would be up to me to square myself. I would. Just my way, you know, to pick it out. I always do that. I sort of get an impression—you know how it is—an impression."

"You can't get dictation with an impression, believe me."

"I do it very slowly. My girl says she could take me in longhand. Anyway, I'll be in again. I live very near. My wife says, 'Don't leave the house in the last minute and then have a fit.' I saw this 'business school.' 'here you are,' I says. 'Get in and pick one of the bush.'"

"All right," said Mrs. Miffling in disgust. The fat man found the stairs.

IX. Miss Baum had insisted that Jo Ellen go with her to the corner drug store, wearing her strip of fur to cover the only scratch that bled troublesomely. When they came back Miss Pascoe had gone home and Mrs. Miffling had the air of sitting amid wreckage. Fortunately for her feelings, the day brought three accessions to the school. Whatever may have been her later reaction, she said nothing whatever to Jo Ellen, who made a poor showing with her work during the remaining period and was quakingly glad when 3 o'clock came.

The awkwardness of the situation for Jo Ellen was progressive. If it had been a twelfth matter at the school, it was worse to meet her mother; and worst to have Uncle Ben come home at 6 o'clock. . . .

"A fight?" Uncle Ben walked up and down the living room, swinging his arms. He stopped in front of Jo Ellen to study the marks.

"Business?" He laughed unpleasantly, clenching his fists, then took Jo Ellen very softly by the shoulders. "Say—you landed, didn't you. You didn't get it all?"

"I'm hungry," said Jo Ellen. "Yes—but, see here—how was it? You handed her a lotta looks? Just tell me that."

"She was crazy. I had to put her down."

"For the count. That's it. Down and out for Miss Cat. That's the stuff. And here's you, hungry?"

"Don't make it a joke," said Mrs. Rewer. "Joke nothing!" cried Bogert. "Jo Ellen scored. That's the stuff. What's a scratch? Suppose. . . . Bogert went outdoors. He could be heard pacing the porch. He was still there when his mother came spryly up the steps, her keen eyes missing nothing.

"What's the matter?" she asked crisply.

"Matter?" Bogert snatched a blank look. "Mother, you Sherlock are at ways suspicious. Do I look as if anything was wrong?"

"You're restless about something."

have been about right." Mrs. Rewer said: "I think I would have done that. But I'm glad you did just as you did—that you didn't mark her up—that you downed her and finished it in a clean sort of way."

Mrs. Bogert summed up: "Every woman should have one fight. It gives her an understanding of some- thing. Mine was postponed for a long time. I had a run-in three years ago—no, it was four years ago. "Mother" Bogert threw out his hands. "I'll bet that was a hum-dinger? And you never—"

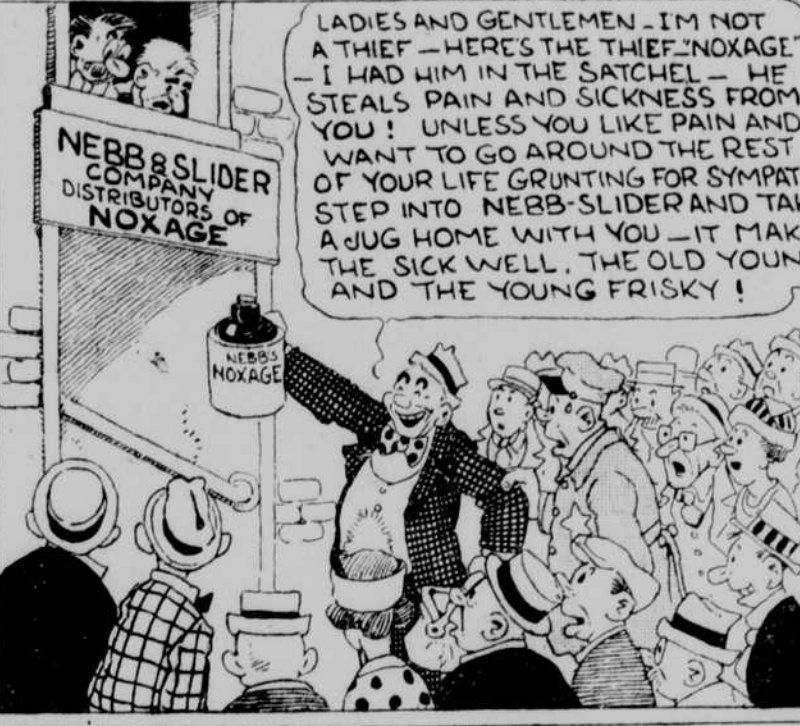
put something over on me at a steam boat landing. There was a sick boy and I was watching out for him in a crowd. Well, the Swede undertook to shove me out of her way and I gave her—maybe it was something like yours, Jo Ellen. A quick one it took all the push out of her, any- way. I'll never forget the fishy look of her eyes as she sprawled there, breathing up at me. Of course, I was trembling a little for an hour after- ward."

"I'd have given fifty dollars to see that!" cried Bogert. "I sure would have given fifty dollars to see that!"

have been something to put in a let- ter!" X. Bogert's levities never quite concealed the fact of a profound disturb- ance. The scarlet streak in Jo Ellen's neck galled him for many days. Even when it had disappeared, there was an echo of the hurt in his way of watching her. The incident, though it might have happened in any door- yard (he had seen her more threaten- ingly scathed in at least one game of ball), stood forth for him as represent- ing the hazards of the outer world.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

THE NEBBES



Barney Google and Spark Plug

THE LAST IS FIRST.

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

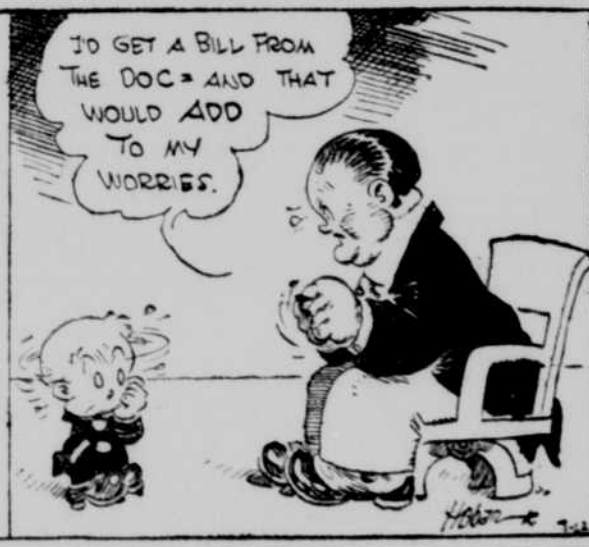
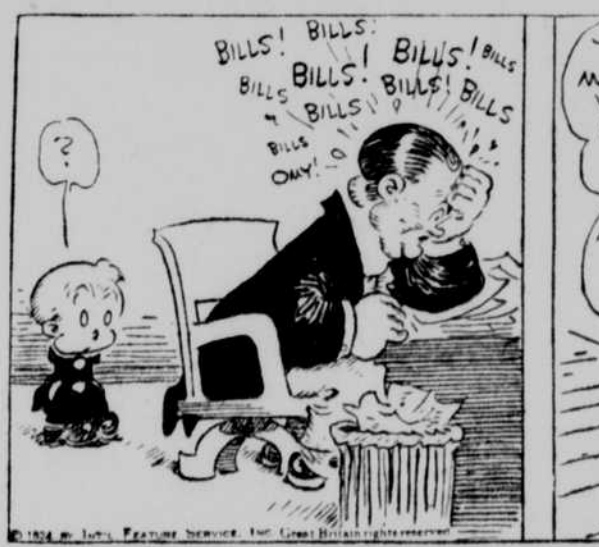
Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



JERRY ON THE JOB

INCURABLE.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



Somebody is Always Taking the Joy Out of Life

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

Reason Enough.

