

JO ELLEN

By ALEXANDER BLACK.

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loved to all assembled. "A Hoboken cabaret? Does anybody know what this is about? O God!" Mrs. Finney had to wait over half an hour to see her man; he was one of the comedians, with whom some confidential arrangement was to be made. Thereafter Jo Ellen went alone

to see Miss Farrand at the Hotel Chalmers. Miss Farrand's beautiful blonde hair was being treated intricately by a German woman. Two other women were in Miss Farrand's room. One of these, a dark-eyed, deep-voiced girl, made. Thereafter Jo Ellen went alone

happened to guess, Jo Ellen remembered to have seen in the company of Miss Farrand on some occasion at the office. At the moment she paused with a cigarette, surveyed Jo Ellen intently, then burst out with—"Look at that—and not a damned bit of make-up! Wouldn't it make you sick?"

THE NEBBES



THE STRIKE IS ON.



Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



Barney Google and Spark Plug

IT'S UP TO BARNEY TO LEARN RUSSIAN.

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

DO THE RIHT THING MR. FIGSBY

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



Movie of a Man Searching for an Important Document.

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



MUST HAVE THROWN IT IN WASTE BASKET, CAN'T FIND IT ANYWHERE DODGONIT!!

FINDS CIRCULAR FROM STOCK AND BOND CO.

FINDS CIRCULAR FROM OIL BURNER CONCERN

LETTER FROM PROMINENT PUBLISHING HOUSE ADVERTISING SET OF BOOKS ON INSTALLMENT

LETTER ADVERTISING NEW CAR

D---N IT! CAN FIND EVERYTHING BUT THE ONE THAT'S WANTED

WHAT COULD HAVE BECOME OF IT.

WELL WHAT'D YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT!!? RIGHT ON THE DESK IN PLAIN VIEW ALL THE TIME

"WHY, MR. BLECHO THE MENEGER WAS SUPPOSED TO LEAVE A TICKET HERE FOR ME!!"

SORRY BUT THERE'S NO TICKET HERE FOR YOU!!

THAT LOW FAKER-- THAT LIAR OF A CROOK!!!

YOU LOOK UPSET OVER SOMETHING ABE?

MR. BLECHO, THE MENEGER OF THE ACME THEATRE WAS TO LEAVE ME A SEAT AND HE DIDN'T DO IT, THE LOW SNEAK!!

COME BACK TO THE THEATRE WITH ME, I KNOW THEN THERE I CAN FIX IT UP FOR YOU!!

NO, NOW THAT I'M SORE, I'D RATHER HAVE MY GRIEVANCE!!

Somebody better stop kicking my hat around. In the largest movie theater in the world I sat on the aisle to the left of the house. After the close of the program I missed the lid. Three ushers, an assistant house manager and a sweeper joined the search. Three hours later they reported by telephone it had been found in an alleyway on the right side of the theater. It was returned to me by special messenger and at the moment graces a refuse can. A good hat too, or was.

Incidentally there were some interesting articles in the lost and found room of this theater. Here is the day's find of lost articles: two novels, a silver cigarette case, three fur pieces, seven lead pencils, a purse containing \$17, a railroad ticket to Chicago, seven walking sticks, a raincoat, a watch-chain, two leatherback memorandum books, a roll of sheet music, a stickpin, six yards of silk, and a pocket knife. But evidently I was the only loser of a hat.

In the same theater there is a 75-piece orchestra—I counted them while they were rendering things. Three men man a row of six kettle drums and large and small cymbals. The fellow in charge of the pair of cymbals as big as a wash boiler thrilled to his task. He only had to slap them together once but, five minutes before, he was ready with the cymbals poised. At the signal from the conductor he gave them a resounding crash and looked at the audience as Sousa does after finishing a march. One can imagine him going home to his wife and saying: "Well, dearie, your little hubby certainly slapped a mean cymbal today."

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He came back to the matter of her looking a shade thin, which hurt him acutely. He would have liked to have her tell him everything she was thinking. His peering curiosity had behind it a huge-fisted wish to soften anything that was hard. As enemy difficulties, he was ready to urge or so strangle as might be necessary. He knew that there was a space beyond which he was never likely to see. This made him the more alert for any signs of what lay beyond, of what she might be feeling when she disappeared on the other side of this veiled space. . . . of what she felt about Marty, for instance. There was no way of getting at that. She had set those pretty teeth of hers. Telling him what she was going to do wasn't telling him what she felt. Her little girls grew up to be women that was the way it had to be. You had to go on guessing. . . .

The description to Marty of the lunch with Uncle Ben was peculiarly affected by the details of the talk. What had been said was, inevitably, the important part of the narrative. Getting out anything became one more bit of shuffling, and not greatly different from not mentioning the lunch at all. Marty's hunger for details, his transparent measuring of anything he had to do on Marty's account. When she went to lunch with Shaffer, she had to remember that the incident must be translated like all of Shaffer was quite all right; but Cameron did not stand so well. And when it occurred to Marty to ask, "Did you lunch with anybody today?" she found that a concealment must imply more than a mere omission. Sooner or later she would be flatly lying to him. She could see this coming. She hated the conditions that were tricking her into subtlety. She admitted to herself that it wasn't merely a matter of decency; there were ways of proving that what might be told was determined by the one who listened. The stalling accompaniment was in the sheer trouble of avoiding and inventing. A needless misery seemed to be attached to the whole game of being a partner.

She had days when she resolved to walk straight through the middle of life without making a single concession. If Marty wanted to, he could watch all of her wheels go round. She would refuse to see him, and would ignore his comments, or would, at least, set herself against being hurt by them. If she let herself feel forced continually to trim and shuffle, she would get to be unbearable. She must shake herself free, walk straight, and tell all intruders to go hang.

VII. When it came to applying the theory, there were complications. And things that happened—even simple things—often had a peculiar effect upon herself, quite aside from any matter of translation to Marty. It was as if one with a skin made raw were mingling in a rough crowd. Yet she told herself that she had not begun to be morbid, that she was cool and level as to all that had to be done. Perhaps she expected too much of the coolness. It could not seem to prevent piercing contacts. The office, for example, which didn't know she was married, didn't know how certain allusions could sting. . . . Of course not. Life didn't want any time safeguarding personal raw spots. Yet all of these creatures must be going about with something that hurt. . . . sent her with Mrs. Finney to a place where there was a rehearsal. It was a stormy rehearsal, not merely by reason of a fight between two chorus girls, and a wrangle that was almost a fight between a little dancing comedian and the stage manager. There seemed to be an extraordinary number of accidents, forgotten obligations, differences of opinion, and hurry that was producing a heated exhaustion. The dancing girls were supposed to have been driven to the limit. Ed Stykes had a habit of rehearsing them until there were one or two hospital cases. Now they were working with the principals, and Stykes with his two hairy paws in the air was roaring, "Rotten! Rotten!" He rushed forward as if to do violence to some offender, then mimicked the thing that offended him. "What do you think this is?" he bel-

DUGAN WAS SHORT WITH HIS LEFT AND BIMBO WENT IN CLOSE FOR SOME BODY PUNCHES-

LEAD YOUR RIGHT, DUGAN!

BIMBO HOOKED LEFT TO JAW AND CROSSED A HARD RIGHT TO RIBS FORCING DUGAN TO ROPES-DUGAN COMES BACK AN CLIP BIMBO ON THE CHIN-

ATTA BOY!

FINISH HIM, DUGAN!

HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU NOT TO LISTEN TO THOSE HORRID VULGAR FIGHTS?

I'D RATHER LISTEN TO 'EM THAN ALWAYS BE IN 'EM.

IT'S THIS LETTER I JUST GOT.

LOOK LIKE YOU DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO LAUGH OR BUST OUT CRYING, MR. FIGSBY—WHAT'S UP?

I HOPE IT'S NO BAD NEWS LIKE SOME BANK REFUSING TO LEND US THE LOAN OF SOME JACK

MAYBE IT'S FROM MR. GINNEY AND SAYS FOR YOU TO RAISE MY WAGES—?

IT'S FROM MRS. FIGSBY'S DRESSMAKERS—SHE WONT MAKE HER ANY MORE DRESSES UNTIL HER ACCOUNT IS SETTLED.

OH.

GONNA SEND 'EM A LETTER OF THANKS.

NEW YORK --Day by Day--

By O. O. McINTYRE.

New York, Aug. 9.—The beautiful young ladies who embellish the la-dash dressmaking establishments with their loveliness are asking for more money. They have not organized for strike but several beauteous creatures have walked out in a pet.

The dressmaking salons are the scouting grounds for theatrical producers. Mannikins must be tall, graceful and have the gift of knowing how to wear the fine creations that are ripped over to New York from the Rpe de la Paix.

They must don dress after dress for Mrs. Newlyrich and slink across the raised platform, turn this way and that, stand on their feet for hour after hour while a 20-pound prospective customer wonders if she will really look like the model.

Their hours are from 9 until 6 in the evening. Of course, they do not have to buy their luncheons unless they desire, for there are dressmaking Johnnies just as eager as those on the stage to carry them away to best sidewalk cafes.

Some of the most famous beauties of the New York stage began their careers as strutting mannikins. Several, too, have married millionaires and now live in marble palaces along the Hudson. In the salons they are known by single names such as Diana, Hildegard, Dolores and Gwendolyn.

They must pay attention to style aside from the gorgeous frocks they wear. Their coiffure must be true to the mode, their complexion the peachiest and their manicuring done in the latest fashion. It is their job to be up to the minute in every detail.

Some of the mannikins make \$100 a week, but they have had much experience. The average salary is about \$50 a week. The girls think they deserve \$75 and point to the first row chorus girls who are making that amount and working about four hours a day.

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