

JO ELLEN

By ALEXANDER BLACK.

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(Continued From Yesterday.)

"I don't know. Anything that hasn't happened before. Maybe that's it. I'm going stale. Smoke, Miss Messenger-of-the-gods?" Cora held forward a gold case.

"Thank you, no," said Jo Ellen, who wondered when Miss Farrand was to be free.

"Do you want us to get out?" asked Cora with a make-believe scorn.

"No," Miss Farrand shook her head, to the peril of the hair process.

"In just a minute—just that so, Matilde—I'm going to look at the thing Miss Rewer would show me and O. K. it. You know how Eberly is. A lot of funny little special documentary ornaments. This is supposed to be a case of being particularly nice with me."

"Nailing you to the cross delicately."

"O no! As if I were Maud Adams or something. I think you're feeling peevish today, Cora."

"I'm glad of one thing," said Cora. "Nobody here has a brain. It seems the everybody in my company is frazzled. Enough to give you the jumps. Did you ever play with Palish?"

"No."

"Well, he thinks it's his kidneys. Maybe it is. Sort of worries my nerves. Every time he leans over that Louis Quatorze table and gasps. Have you never suspected by flaming passion? I think of his kidneys. You know what Mary Shaw said to us about never letting the other fellow in a scene get you? I can hold off Palish all right. But I can't quite forget the kidneys. I'd like to play opposite somebody I never saw off the stage, that never spoke a word to me but his lines."

"But, Cora," laughed Miss Farrand, "that isn't as bad as playing opposite an ex-husband. And think of poor Garrette slobbering over the girl who had stolen her man—patting her cheek and murmuring those lovely words when she wanted to dig her nails into her throat."

"Wouldn't mind that at all. That would steady me. It's sympathy that is you in wrong. Same with marriage. You ought to hold him off—act your part and keep on being yourself. Then comes in this horrible sympathy about something—drink, scurvy, or even a sick sister. Gus Hammond had a mother he used to pull on me. I can see now that he knew just how to do it. That was the beginning. He got the sympathy started. I might never have broken with him if I had—how was it Mary Shaw called it?—kept him objective. My dear, and Cora turned her experienced brown eyes upon Jo Ellen, "if you ever marry."

"Can that?" cried Miss Farrand. "You needn't give any cynical advice to my manager's nice secretary. Don't

you listen, Miss Rewer. All this time this Cora person is a sentimental old thing. There! I'm ready to be a business woman, and Miss Farrand gathered the lacy folds of her room robe.

"A lamb to the slaughter," murmured Cora.

Jo Ellen had been studying the three figures; especially that of Cora, because Cora was so mysteriously old and young. The room also interested her. She had seen her in a hotel room. Perhaps if she could, as Cora proposed, always keep on being yourself, it didn't matter about the place. Homes held you to things, and if you kept on being yourself you hated to be held. Nevertheless, a picture of home was always in Jo Ellen's mind; it was not the home she would go to at the end of the day, yet it seemed very real—as if it could be very real. Perhaps you never thought much about it until there was something wrong with what you had.

Coras who went down in the elevator with Jo Ellen. In the corner of the cage she looked younger than Jo Ellen had believed her to be. There he was in her eyes, which seemed astounding.

"You know," she whispered, "you make me want to cry."

"But—why?"

"Oh just to see you looking so young and fresh."

"What should I say to that?" asked Jo Ellen, as they emerged into the lobby.

"Nothing at all. Let me snivel. I tell you what you might do if you wanted to be nice. You might go to lunch with me. My breakfast."

Jo Ellen thought she had to get back to the office, but her wrist which said that Eberly would have gone out to eat. Cora saw her hesitate.

"We'll make it snappy," Cora said. "I'll do me good. And it won't do you any harm—to go to lunch with an actor, about nothing at all. I don't want anything you can give me or get me, except that—your company. If this sounds maudlin, change it up. Actually, I don't often do anything so sensible."

VIII.

They went to Gronson's. Whatever turn the incident might have taken was diverted in some degree, doubtless, by the fact that they met Cannerton in the place, and that he, in his ruthless way, contrived to maintain the trio. Perhaps it was true that Cora Vance's impulse had behind it no special intentions, and Cannerton may not have seemed so odious; if she simply wished to watch Jo Ellen, Cannerton might have been a good enough factor. But Jo Ellen was not to be counted upon to perform. These two other members of the trio belonged to a world of which she knew only the echoes. When you do not speak a language you are more awkward with two auditors than one. Cannerton's manner was diluted by the other presence, although he always gave the impression of being uninfluenced by any external considerations whatever. To nurse the two other members. But in each of them Jo Ellen always found that his impudence had for her a kind of simplicity which didn't appear so markedly in the company of Cora Vance. The two Jo Ellen told herself, did not treat her as a child. They had, indeed, a funny way of assuming (or was it pretending?) that she "belonged." Yet they managed somehow to set her apart. For one thing, Cannerton wondered, mildly, why she was with Cora; and Cannerton's knowing her so easily made Cora wonder in her way, which was quite different. On Broadway you knew everybody, at last. The point was, how did you know them? Did you know them tolerantly, gratefully, sentimentally, savagely—there were endless shadings, and people tried to read them. After all, it was just like Inwood, except that on Broadway you never set the job finished. There were too many, and the shadings were too intricate. Besides, Jo Ellen didn't really belong. She was here because she was somebody's secretary, and the others, who knew everything, would consider whose secretary she was. More make-believe. At its best, Broadway was always speaking with painted lips.

In the end Jo Ellen was sorry that Cannerton had happened. He was, as usual, amusing, even when he pretended, as he did just now, that he was miserable. But it would have been better to hear Cora talk more directly. Most of the talk would be about Broadway, about things that began or ended on Broadway. Jo Ellen was used to that, yet she came to see feeling that these things ranged tremendously, spreading out, like those diagrams on the tablecloths at the Astor grill, to farthest corners of the country.

New York

--Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, Aug. 11.—A page from the diary of a modern Samuel Pepys: Up pretty betimes and to breakfast with Rudolph Valentino and he gave me his book of poems which shows him to be a very jaunty jongleur.

Through the town and met Will Hays along Forty-second street and he was burdened with a sheaf of important papers and never have I seen one so frail appearing accomplish so much. It being his rule to admit everyone who comes to his office.

"Service," quoth Sir Will, "is the supreme commitment of life," and I doubt not he was right, but had I been disputatious I would have argued with him. Home and at my scrivener until Tom Millard came and I served tea, a custom he picked up during many years in China.

In the evening to see S. J. Kaufman's music revue and meet Proun, the critic, as an actor for the first time and not greatly impressed although I deem him a brave scrivener. So to bed.

Franklin P. Adams tells of a song in a musical revue wherein gorgeous young girls caparisoned as this or that enter to the program announcements such as "Furs from Russia" and "Fans from Timbuctoo." After the fifth of these a cynical friend turned to his neighbor and shouted: "Love from Elsie."

It was in one of the biggest banks in New York. More than a dozen armed and uniformed guards patrol the corridors. Into it came two cat-herms dressed like those on the Texas border—high-heeled boots, corduroy coats, flannel shirts and mile-wide sombreros. Business came to a sudden stop. East me west. I saw the guards manoeuvre about uneasily. Finally one of them ventured up to a window. They were seeking letters of credit preparatory to sailing for Europe. When they left the entire bank seemed to sigh a deep breath of relief. I appreciate now why spats and cane caused a flurry of excitement in a little town on the Texas border last winter. The wonder is now I ever came home alive.

There is another big bank in New York whose two highest officials have been touched by the forked tongue of scandal. I know a teller there. All his life he has admired red neckties but because of the dignity of his calling he doesn't wear them—save on gala occasions in the privacy of his home when he dons one of a vivid hue and feels quite the rascal.

There is one freedom a journalist—known to the vulgar as reporter—enjoys and that is in the matter of personal adornment. He may wear a pearl derby and a red vest, and his city editor will not hesitate to send him out to see a reigning magnate. There are people who pass them on the street, gaze at their trick raiment and exclaim: "Oh, my gosh!"

Only once have I winced under the verbal bludgeoning of passers by. It was on Madison avenue. Two beautiful young ladies were waiting under a cafe canopy for a motor car. As I passed one said: "Did you ever see anything so terrible?" I was stung to the quick and decided to turn and stare them out of countenance. When I did I saw one of the young ladies had torn a gaping hole in her skirt.

"Gee, ain't the subway terrible?" said a Bronxite. "We're packed in like sardines."

"Now," said the neighbor, "sardines are better off. They're laying down."

(Copyright, 1924.)

These stage people were very rough with one another, and at the same time full of the absurdest sentimentalisms.

"Most actors are simply morons," Cora flung out in the midst of something.

"Yes," said Cannerton with a ludicrous gentleness, "like little children. Except ye become as one of these ye cannot enter the kingdom of art."

They had a wrangle about art; and then about beef stew and dressing rooms and reumatism.

Cora powdered her nose.

"Speaking of women," said Cannerton, "it's too bad they're always looking for something to suffer over. Funny trait when you come—"

"Not so funny when you come to think of what men are," muttered Cora.

"For instance, they don't take any interest in a fashion unless it hurts. They've got to be burdened or annoyed. They have a passion for self-inflicted pains. They love to be gath-ered up by any morbid momentum. They can make even trifles an exquisite torture. Take the matter of cos-

metics. The one color a human being can't put on the face is white. This was discovered by clowns. Especially on the nose. A white nose is the supreme symbol of the comic. Yet feminine noses have been getting whiter and whiter. Nothing goes now but the corpse color. Unless a

woman's nose looks dead, or at least frostbitten, she feels deprived. There's a lovely idea for a play. "White Noses." The hero, a genial, enterprising chap, would have a normally pinkish nose, and the girl—"Is this humor?" asked Cora. (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

THE NEBBS

RUDY APPOINTS HIMSELF PRESIDENT.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

GENTLEMEN, I'M ATTORNEY FORDHAM - REPRESENTING CALEB RENROD. WE'VE JUST RECEIVED THE CORPORATION PAPERS - NOW IT IS NECESSARY TO HAVE A MEETING AND ELECT OFFICERS TO PERFECT THIS ORGANIZATION SO THAT WE CAN SELL THE STOCK

NOW WHO IS GOING TO BE PRESIDENT OF THIS COMPANY?

SILENCE

IT'S NECESSARY TO HAVE A PRESIDENT - SPEAK UP GENTLEMEN - SOMEBODY'S GOT TO TAKE THE JOB

WELL - WHY DON'T YOU SPEAK? NOMINATE YOURSELF! IT DON'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE - I'VE GOT TO DO ALL THE WORK ANYWAY

I'LL BE PRESIDENT - I'LL TAKE THE POSITION TO LEND DIGNITY TO THE ORGANIZATION SO THAT PEOPLE WILL HAVE CONFIDENCE IN IT - HOW WOULD IT LOOK IF A MAN CAME IN TO SEE THE PRESIDENT AND SAW YOU SITTING ON A COUPLE TELEPHONE BOOKS AND A DICTIONARY, SO YOU COULD SEE OVER THE TOP OF THE DESK - NICE IMPRESSION IT WOULD MAKE!

THE CORPORATION IS NOW COMPLETE - THE WATER CO. IS NEBB & SLIDER DISTRIBUTORS - PRESIDENT RUDOLPH NEBB - VICE PRESIDENT HORATIO NIBLUCK - SEC. & TREAS. OBDIAH SLIDER

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Barney Google and Spark Plug

Barney Must Have Felt Lost in That Bush of Whiskers.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

EXCLUSIVE PICTURE OF TROTSKI, THE FAMOUS RUSSIAN TWO YEAR OLD WHO ARRIVED WITH HIS OWNER, BARON SCAREMOFF, THIS MORNING

BARON SCAREMOFF, MY NAME IS BARNEY GOOGLE OWNER OF THE HORSE THAT'S GONNA RACE YOUR FAMOUS 'TROTSKI' IN MILWAUKEE ONE WEEK FROM SATURDAY. SHAKE

AHH - MR. GOOGLE WITEN HIMSELF - I KISS

I EMBRACE

HEY!

IF THAT GUY GETS FRESH WITH ME ONCE MORE I'LL CALL OFF THIS MILWAUKEE RACE

OPEN LETTER TO RUSSIAN AMERICANS CONCERNING THE GREAT SPARK-PLUG - TROTSKI RACE TO BE HELD IN MILWAUKEE AUGUST 23RD

ГЛАВНАЯ 15-го АВГУСТА В МИЛВАУКИ СОСТОЯТСЯ СКАЧКИ НАШ ЗНАМЕНИТЫЙ "ПРОУКИ" БУДЕТ СКАЧАТЬ ВМЕСТЕ С ГЛАВНАЯ ПОДДЕРЖКА НАШЕГО ТРОТКОГО ДЕНЬЖЕ ПАКИ ЗА ТРОТКОГО УОЮАГЕ ОСТРО ЖЕДУ!

КОМИТЕТ

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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

EVERY TIME I SEE MR. JIGGS HE STALLS ME - I'M GOING TO LAND HIM WITH AN INSURANCE POLICY TO DAY - I'LL CALL AT HIS HOUSE

BUT LISTEN, MAGGIE - SHUT UP! DON'T LIE TO ME YOU WERE AT DINTY MOORE'S - HOW DARE YOU DENY IT? THIS IS WHERE HE LIVES!

GET OUT YOU BIG LOAFER!!

WANT TO SEE ME? NO THANKS - OUR COMPANY WOULD NOT TAKE THE RISK!

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JERRY ON THE JOB

THE MAN NEDS ADVICE

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban

HEY - I LOST MY BAGGAGE CHECK - WHAT DO YOU DO IN A CASE LIKE THAT?

THAT'S A NEW ONE I'LL HAVE TO TAKE THAT UP WITH THE BOSS

OH SURE - LET HIM GO INTO THE BAGGAGE ROOM AND PICK IT OUT - IT'S HIS PROPERTY YOU KNOW - SURE - LET HIM HAVE IT.

ALL RIGHT MISTER - GO RIGHT IN THE BAGGAGE ROOM AND HELP YOURSELF.

GOT IT YET?

NO - I'M SORT OF UNDECIDED BETWEEN THESE TWO.

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Wonder What a Man Thinks About at the Top of His Swing.

ABIE THE AGENT

By Briggs. Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

DOG-GONE BUT I HOPE I HIT THAT BALL GOOD - I FEEL AWFUL STIFF

I THINK I CAME BACK TOO FAST, MY STANCE FEELS TERRIBLY AWKWARD

BUT MAYBE I'LL BE LUCKY ENOUGH TO SEND IT A MILE - I FORGOT WHAT HE TOLD ME ABOUT THE FOREARM

I WONDER IF THAT RIGHT LEG OF MINE IS CORRECT - MY EYE IS ON THE BALL NOW BUT CAN I KEEP IT THERE

I DON'T THINK I'LL EVER BE ABLE TO PLAY THIS GAME - THERE'S TOO MANY THINGS TO REMEMBER.

I KNOW I'VE TIMED THIS SHOT ALL WRONG - I FEEL ALL MUSCLE BOUND - IT'LL BE A MIRACLE IF I HIT THE BALL AT ALL.

THROW THE CLUB HEAD AHEAD OF THE H - - NOW -

GEE WHIZ! TOPPED IT! WONDER HOW THAT HAPPENED

I HEAR THAT PHOBY GREETER MINSK IS LOOKING FOR ME - I BET HE'S SORE AT ME OVER OUR LODGE AFFAIR, AS IF IT'S MY FAULT! HE ALWAYS TAKES THE WRONG VIEW OF THINGS!!

I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU, ABE, TO TELL YOU - YES, MINSK, WHAT???

THAT YOU ARE A LOUBDOUN SHRIMP IN THE GRASS - IS THIS THE WAY TO TALK TO A MAN WHO HAS BEEN YOUR FRIEND - A MAN WHO HAS LOANED YOU MONEY!!

HUH - LOANED ME MONEY!!! DID YOU EVER GIVE IT TO ME OF YOUR OWN FREE WILL??? - I'VE ALWAYS HAD TO ASK YOU FOR IT!!!

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