

JO ELLEN

By ALEXANDER BLACK. Copyright, 1924.

(Continued From Saturday.)

"I've telephoned home," he said, "that we're going to bat around. This part of it's our affair. I don't want either your mother or mine in it just now. Until we get an angle. We'll find a nice quiet table at Mallory's."

Bogert had a New Yorker's feeling that anything could be done at a restaurant table. Jo Ellen was less assured. She was glad to have Uncle Ben to herself for the period of his report. That was quite practical, perhaps. Yet she wished it might not have been a restaurant.

"What I was thinking," he said as they walked, "is that it's a mighty good thing you have a job. Ain't that so? A job that keeps you going. You'd be crazy, sitting around. And you'd go dippy down on that roof—all day of it. Fine view, too. Wonderful view. I didn't realize what a swing there was to it. I didn't look at it much this morning. You'll guess that. But I saw it, because Marty was outside. He was my man. I went straight for him. Mrs. Gloom looked at me as if I did in a nice enough way. I even asked how she was. And how Simms was. She didn't ask how anybody was. Naturally. She was just putting the fear of God into me. Anyway, that's the way I felt at the beginning. I don't say a person could get used to her. That would be going pretty far. But she's a human being. We've got to remember that."

"It's rather hard to remember," remarked Jo Ellen.

"O well—but, say, let's get something to eat before we start chitchatting. Yet Bogert permitted few pauses after they had reached his chosen corner in Mallory's. He had astonishing suggestions about food. He would have liked to build a food trench in which they might hide from the missiles of misfortune. The fact that this was not a lunch, and need not be hurried, became something to consider and point out.

Jo Ellen's announcement that she was not hungry, disappointed him. He had preferred to see her eat a fortifying meal. The fact that she ordered little and ate less gave her an effect of fragility. She was not fragile and he hated any such suggestion.

"My notion is," he held forth to her, "when things are going wrong, stop up. When in doubt, eat. People without enough food inside don't think right."

Jo Ellen smiled at him with a fair imitation of patience. "I'm trying not to think," she said.

"Maybe that isn't bad, either. A

all that. When the father broke in to where they were... it was frightful. I think the maniac must have thought he killed him. He used something like a butcher's cleaver, but nobody seems to know just what it was. Arnold Pearson—he saw the father running, with his face working horribly—they never did find him, poor devil. Good funners in that family—the girl ran, too—out of a back door. And there was Marty, with an old woman bending over him, when the boys arrived. The surgeon thought he was done for—Bogert closed his fist, and looked at it as if it were an exhibit.

"I'm telling it, Jo Ellen, because you wouldn't want to hear him tell it—not now. I don't know that he ought to have told me. He might have said, 'Damn you, look at me. I got it all. I'm paying. Why should I have to go through the thing again for anybody?' Of course, that wouldn't be having it quite straight. He isn't getting it all. You come in. I told him that was why I was there. 'You might figure it out,' I said, 'that you didn't have to tell her married. Of course, it isn't washed clean, but we men have been able to put that over. Most women don't

ask a thing. They're satisfied to open new books and start even. When you broke down, all that was changed. You couldn't wipe that off the slate, hell, no. It was a different thing being cut again to have to tell her. (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

THE NEBBES



BEAUTIFUL NORTHFIELD



Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



Barney Google and Spark Plug

BARNEY MAKES SUNSHINE A PRESENT

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



New York

--Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, Aug. 25.—A page from the diary of a modern Samuel Pepys: Up to breakfast with Houdini and looked through his library as brave as ever I saw and he gave me an autographed copy of his book "A Magician Among the Spirits."

Back to my chambers and worked awhile and then with my wife, poor wretch, to the dressmaking places and enjoyed it too, seeking all the fine ladies in their fine feathered frocks. But, Lord, the prices!

Then to Will Hogg's and talked awhile, but he fell asleep in the midst of an adventure I was relating so away to play bottle pool with some roysters and won almost a pound. In evening to see Eva Tanguay, whom I had not seen in 10 years and still enjoyed her screeching and muscular fibbergibbets, but do not for the life of me know why, unless because it is such jovial vulgarity. So home and to bed.

A keen woman reviewer recently went by appointing me to talk to one of the glorified movie queens. The movie star failed to keep not only this appointment but another. The third was finally made and the interviewer waited for two hours and finally sent in a caustic note. The star came out with profuse apologies:

"You know, my dear," she cooed, "I'm just a temperamental actress."

"You are neither temperamental nor an actress," said the interviewer and departed.

It seems to me less ability is required in movie acting than almost anything I know save perhaps washing dishes, or writing newspaper columns. Yet around no class of people do more false assumptions cluster than movie folks. The director pulls the string and they become mere automatons. All that is needed to expose the hollowiness of the ancient delusion that movie players show originality is to visit a few motion picture studios while films are being made.

Not that I believe all movie players are morose and cringing. Quite a number of them are good friends of mine. I have found any number unusually bright, witty and well educated. Yet I have never found one who didn't somehow or other acquire an exaggerated idea of his or her acting value. In the end it becomes a sort of immaculate aloofness toward ordinary people—the people who really make up their audiences and pay the high salaries. The player doesn't believe there is any other art but his—the female of the species suffers the same delusions of grandeur. She pities the rabble from on high.

"Cameo" McWorthy for years made a good living as a singing jewelry salesman in the installment plan to burlesque girls. Later he expanded his business to girls of musical comedy and vaudeville and in the past 10 years has amassed a fortune. Ground is now being broken on Seventh avenue for the McWorthy building which is a monument to the honesty of stage girls. McWorthy is building it on the profits accruing from trusting them. He says he has rarely been defrauded. Sometimes there would be lapses of payments for five years, but in most instances the girls would hunt him up and settle the score. McWorthy, is a dapper fellow about 60. He wears the smartest clothes of Broadway pattern and is given to wearing canoes, a custom which gave him his nickname. He has married three women of the stage but divorced each. "They are fine friends, but poor wives I found," he said.

JERRY ON THE JOB

HONOR WHERE HONOR IS DUE.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



Movie of a Golfer and a Heel Print

ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

LETS GO OF A PRETTY ONE STRAIGHT FOR THE GREEN



"HEH - HEH - HEH - THAT WAS A PEACH - IT OUGHT TO BE NEXT TO THE PIN"



DISCOVERS BALL IN TRAP HEEL PRINT IN TRAP JUST SHORT OF GREEN



"TALK OF YOUR HARD LUCK! SOME ELEPHANT HAS BEEN IN THIS TRAP - BRING ME MY SCOPING IRON"



FIGURES OUT PLAN OF ACTION



"I HAD A GOOD CHANCE TO BUST EIGHTY - NOW I HAVE TO GET IN THE ONLY HEEL PRINT ON THE COURSE"



ABOUT FIVE MINUTES OF THIS



PICKS UP



POSITIVEL - I GOT TO PUT AN ENDING TO FELLERS TOUCHING ME - SOME FENCY WORKERS, THEM GREFFERS!!



YOU LOOK LIKE A TWO YEAR OLD TODAY, ABE



WHERE THERE'S A SHARP KNIFE, THERE'S A TOUGH STEAK COMING - NOO, HOW MUCH?



CAN YOU LEND ME FIVE DOLLARS - I'VE GOT TO GET TO CENTERVILLE AT ONCE!



IS THAT YOUR HOME??



NO - I KNOW A FELLOW THERE I CAN BORROW FIFTY DOLLARS FROM!!

