

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By THORNTON W. BURGESS
Danny Is Reminded of Home. and Nanny Meadow Mouse, was As I have told you before, Danny down in the Sunny South, knew nothing...

ing of the cold weather and the hard times of their old friends back on the Green Meadows and in the Green Forest up north. They had quite forgotten that there could be such a thing as winter. They continued to live in comfort in the great man-bird, as they called the airplane...

board. The aviator had discovered those babies and called them the airplane babies. He saw to it that there was plenty of food for Danny and Nanny and the babies. The man-bird traveled from place to place, and there were always new sights to be seen. At last one morning, when Danny had ventured to sit for a while on one of the wings, there was a sudden humming sound, and there darted in front of him an old friend, Hummer the Hummingbird...

there unless the great man-bird dream. "That's so," squeaked Hummer. "I'd forgotten all about that. Well, here's hoping that you do get back there safely. I must be on my way." "Wait a minute!" cried Danny. "Tell me about the other feathered folk. Are many of them leaving yet?" "Goodness, yes," replied Hummer. "A lot of them have gone already. Honker the Goose and his friends and Mr. and Mrs. Quack and their friends started two weeks ago. Welcome Robin, Redwing the Blackbird, Winsome Bluebird and a lot of others are already on their way. They'll take it easy and keep right along with Mamma Spring, so as to get there as soon as she does. That is a little sooner than I want to get there. But I'll get there just as soon as I am sure the weather has settled and is warm enough. Of course, I can't keep ahead of the flowers. A fellow must live, and I need flowers. Mrs. Hummer is anxious to get to nest building again. So long, Danny, and take good care of yourself. Remember me to Nanny." With this Hummer darted away, leaving Danny staring after him rather dully.

THE NEBBIS

MY JEWELS.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



Barney Google and Spark Plug

BARNEY'S WISER NOW.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



BRINGING UP FATHER

SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

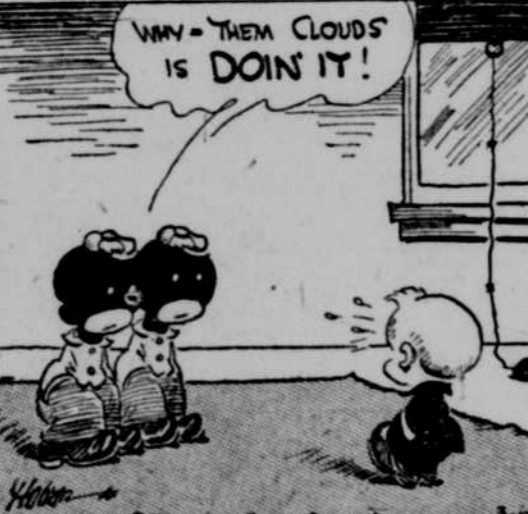
Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



JERRY ON THE JOB

OBEDIENT CLOUDS.

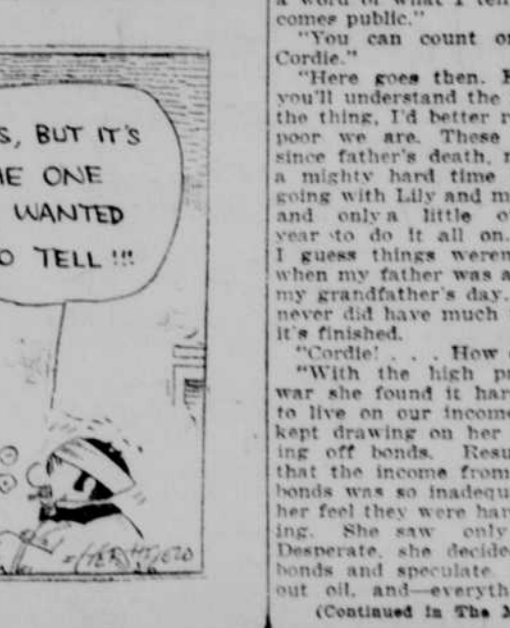
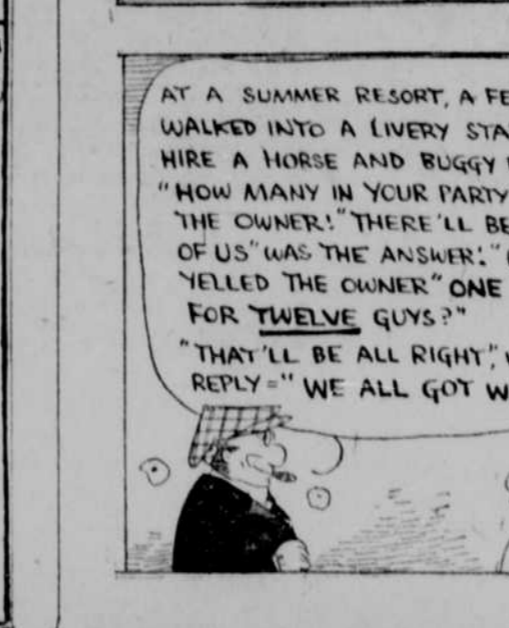
Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



Me and Mine

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



CORDELIA THE MAGNIFICENT

By LEROY SCOTT. (Copyright, 1924.)

CHAPTER I. Cordelia Faces a Problem. The four young women at the table in their secluded corner, all about 22 or 23, made a striking group. Small wonder that the people at the other tables in the big restaurant of the Gramham hotel strolled glances at those four favorites of fortune, pointed them out to friends less well informed and gave gossip facts in eager, subdued whispers. They had known each other all their lives had these four, said the gossip whispers; had gone to the same school; had been debutantes in the same season; had always done everything together. A Vivid Beauty. That one there, the vivid, sparkling beauty with glinting, reddish-brown hair and with that pleasant, confident smile which showed that she was equal to anything—that was Miss Cordelia Marlowe, best known of the four, the most striking figure in society's younger set. Jackie Thorndike, and that vivacious little blond was Mrs. Aline Harkness, whose husband was just now making a sensational plunge down in Wall Street. And that pretty-looking girl was Miss Gladys Norworth, an orphan these many years, and in her own right the richest girl of the group, and one of the richest heiresses in America. "That morning, when the thing was fresh up had been all for breaking this luncheon engagement," Jackie, Gladys and Aline, even though they had long looked upon her as their leader, could easily have handled all matters relating to the fifth member of the class of 16 of fashionable Harcourt Hall. "Of course the biggest thing we've got to do is to pick the chairman for the class reunion," said Jackie Thorndike. "We know the person we want, and the person the whole class will want Cordie Marlowe. And she's practically promised to serve. We're all agreed on that—yes?" "I'm afraid it's not settled," drawlingly interrupted Cordelia. "I suppose I should have told you before, but I didn't know the thing myself much before this. The fact is, I'm not going to be at the reunion." "Not be there?" the three chorused in dismay. Then Jackie demanded: "What's the matter, Cordie? Why not?" "I'm not telling just now," said Cordelia still smiling. "You'll all know all about my plans in a few days. Wait till then." "Something Big. "You must have something big on," breathed Jacqueline. "But I say, Cordie," Gladys Norworth burst out in sudden concern, "you promised to come out to my place right after the class reunion and stay for the summer! Your new plan isn't going to interfere with that?" "I'm sorry, Gladys. But I'll have to call that visit off altogether." There was a moment of surprised silence on the part of Jackie and Aline. Gladys having asked Cordelia to leave her place, and Cordelia having accepted! Here was something else to wonder about! Gladys and Aline then departed on shopping expeditions, and at last Cordelia's gaze fixed on Cordelia. "That sounds to me like an order to hurry along. All right, Cordelia. But I'll be seeing you tonight out at the Grastons." "I'm sorry, Jerry, but I won't be able to make it. I was going to phone you." "She had promised him several dances for that night, and his face showed keen disappointment. "Well—if you can't you can't. Then I'm bound to see you at that little party we've arranged for Friday night?" "I'll not be able to make that either, Jerry. I've just changed all my plans." Plans Are Changed. "Changed your plans?" he exclaimed. "In what way?" She regarded him with her same easy, unperturbed smile. "I can't tell you just yet, Jerry. But you'll know all in a few days." Puzzled, Jerry went on his way. Despite the privacy of their corner table Jackie leaned far across and gazed breathlessly at her old room mate. "Yes?" she whispered. "You must promise not to repeat a word of what I tell until it all becomes public." "You can count on my promise, Cordie." "Here goes then. First of all, so you'll understand the full meaning of the thing, I'd better remind you how poor we are. These last 10 years, since father's death, mother has had a mighty hard time to keep things going with Lily and me on her hands, and only a little over \$50,000 a year to do it all on. As for that, I guess things weren't a hot better when my father was alive, or even in my grandfather's day. We Marlowes never did have much money and now it's finished. "Cordie!" "How did it happen?" "With the high prices since the war she found it harder and harder to live on our income. Results, she kept drawing on our capital, selling off bonds. Result of this was that the income from her remaining bonds was so inadequate as to make her feel they were hardly worth holding. She saw only one chance. Desperate, she decided to sell the bonds and speculate. Mother picked out oil, and everything else, and (Continued in The Morning Bee)