

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

Danny and Nanny Become Homesick, told Nanny of having seen Hummer Of course Danny Meadow Mouse the Hummingbird, and how Hummer

said that many of the birds were already on their way back north or were getting ready to go. Because they had known no real winter weather down there in the Sunny South Danny and Nanny had almost

forgotten that there were such things as seasons of the year. But Hummer's statement that Sweet Mistress Spring was already on her way North set them to thinking. Danny noticed what he hadn't no-

ticed before, and this was that there were now many more flowers than he had seen at any time since they had come down to the Sunny South. He noticed, too, that such of the little people of the Sunny South as he

saw were busy with household affairs. All that he saw he told Nanny, for they talked over everything together. So it was that gradually they became homesick. Each day they grew more home-

sick. They remembered how always they had looked for the coming of sweet Mistress Spring and the return of all their feathered friends. They remembered with what joy they had discovered the first green grass each year. They remembered with what a thrill they had heard the voices of the first Spring Peeper coming from the Smiling Pool. The more they thought about these things the more homesick they grew, and the more they thought about these things.

"I don't know," replied Danny. "We've had a wonderful winter, and we've seen some wonderful things. But I—I—well, I wish I were back home. Do you suppose all our private little paths have grown up to grass again?" "What a silly question!" said Nanny. "There hasn't been any grass growing up there. It has been winter up there." Danny looked sheepish. "That's so," said he. "We haven't had any winter. That is, we haven't had any cold weather or snow or ice for so long that I have forgotten there could be such a thing. You know, Nanny, I wouldn't like to live where it is summer all the time. No, sir, I wouldn't." "You may leave to," retorted Nanny. "If this great man-bird doesn't go back we'll have to spend the rest of our lives down here. Boo-hoo! I want to go home, I do!" The next story, "Danny and Nanny Become Greatly Excited."

THE NEBBES

THE FINANCIER.

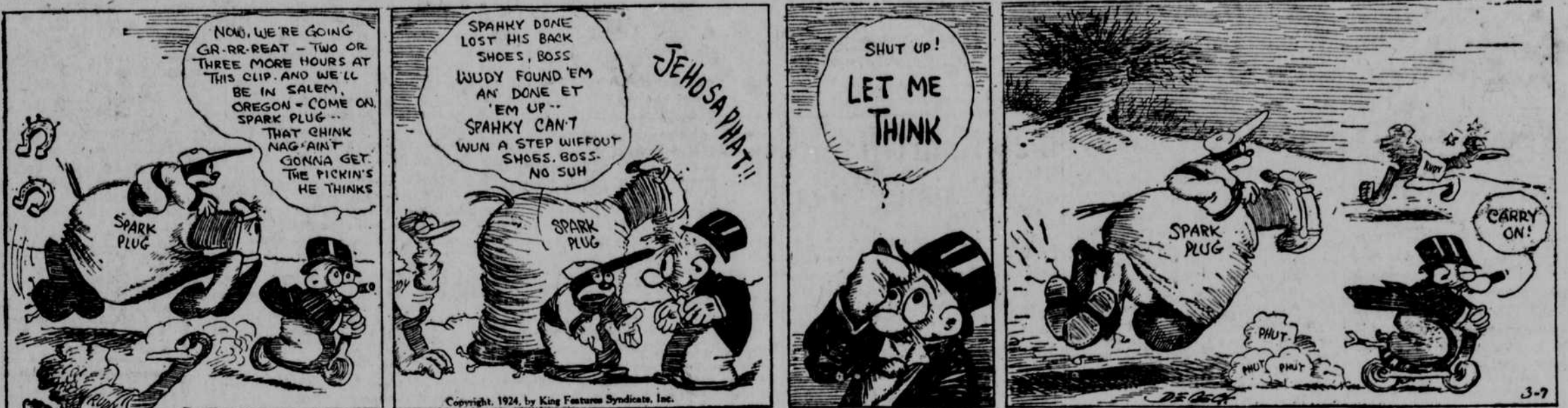
Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



Barney Google and Spark Plug

Well, Anyhow, Barney Isn't Getting Cold Feet.

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

BOUND TO RISE.

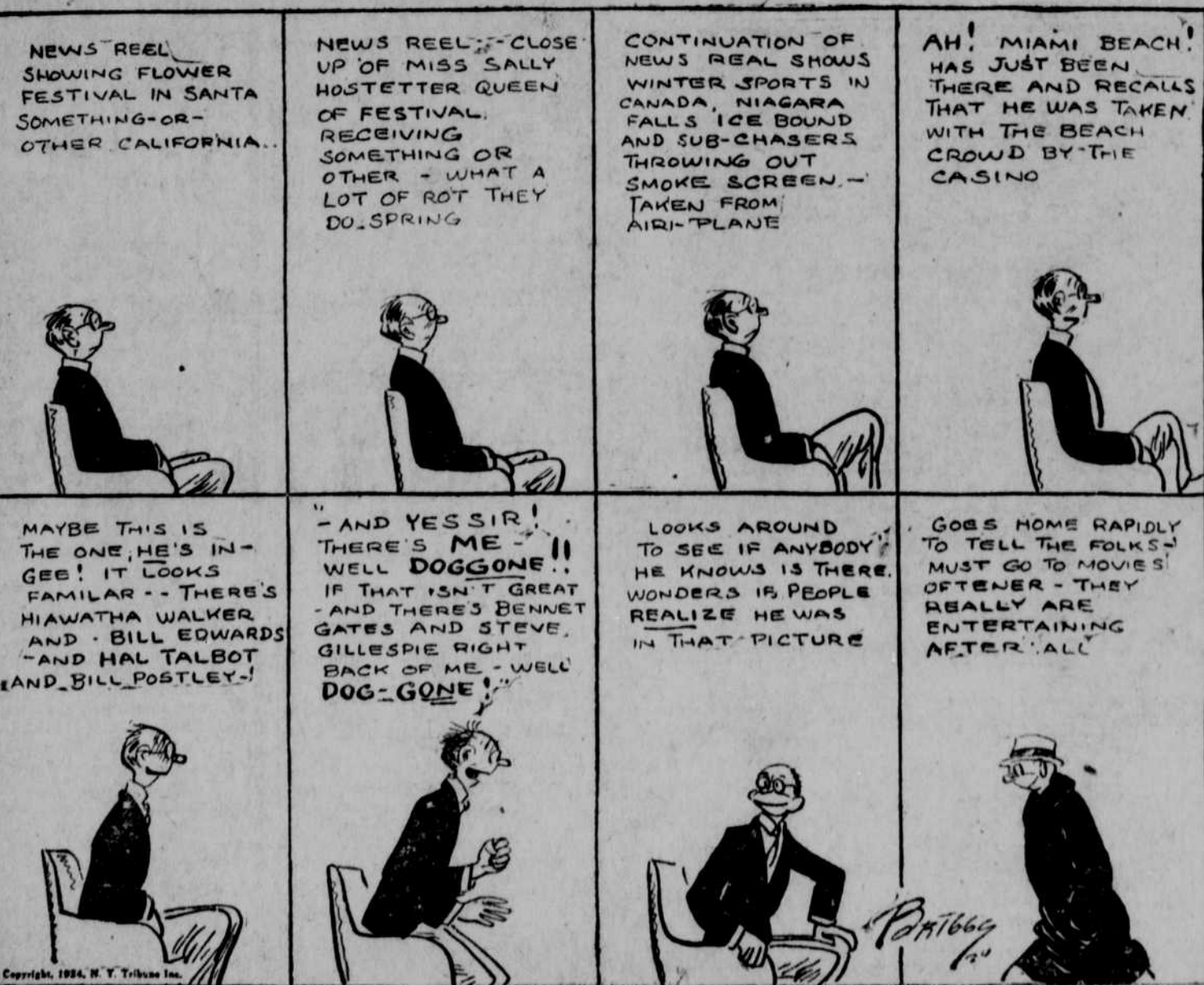
Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



Movie of a Man Who Sees Himself in a Movie for the First Time

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



CORDELIA THE MAGNIFICENT

By LEROY SCOTT.

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SYNOPSIS. Cordelia Marlowe, most striking figure in social circles, is called by her friends "Cordelia the Magnificent." She is a party of former schoolmates at lunch by a museum. After elaboration, condemnation, revision and frequent reference to the newspaper for the proper form, the completed card is handed to the menu card room. American girl, 23, strong, considered good looking. Best social standing. Expert at swimming, riding, tennis, dancing and can drive racing car. Has one serious complaint, but no useful training. Desires position with adequate remuneration. What have you to offer her? Jackie summoned the waiter and paid the bill. "Just so you won't have a chance to renege, Cordie, I'm going to take this right over to the newspaper office, and pay for it."

CHAPTER II. The Making of Cordelia. Since this history is primarily a record of a brief period in the life of Cordelia Marlowe, then to understand the striking, gay, impulsive, confident creature that Cordelia was at 23, one must be equipped with some further knowledge of her family and of Cordelia's history. The Marlowes were for generations one of the bluest families in that unnumbered group which tradition has baptized under the numerical name of the Four Hundred. The family had once upon a time been wealthy, though the Marlowes had never been wealthy upon the scale by which present fortunes are considered. The later males of the Marlowe family, however, had lacked the ability to retain what the earlier Marlowes had acquired, though there had always been sufficient to maintain the family name as one of the best in New York City. But Cordelia's thoroughly likeable father, that almost famous polo player, had in an even greater degree than any of his forefathers the gift of letting money slip through his hands; so that when a galloping pony stumbled with him, and he was picked up dying—this was when Cordelia was 12, the lawyer had to report to his widow that the estate had almost passed out of existence with his last proprietor. There was something left, however, and Bernice Marlowe, who had always

had everything, saw no reason why she should not still have everything, or at least the appearance of everything. So the "Cordelia the Magnificent" was kept on at her very exclusive private school (Lily, eight years younger, was as yet no such economic problem), after which, as parents who are somewhat old with their daughters and as also do parents of recent wealth who want to be somebody, Cordelia was sent at 14 to one of the hundreds of girls' finishing schools which find the vicinage of New York a rich soil for their growth and prosperity. Cordelia spent a year afterwards at Sherry's (then an institution, and not as now a memory), though modest as to cost, was everything it should have been as to its appointments, and the best people of the town. Her mother had carefully seen to these matters. After her debut Cordelia's mother patiently and in silence waited for her to marry any one of the hundreds of girls' finishing schools which find the vicinage of New York a rich soil for their growth and prosperity. Mrs. Marlowe, with affectionate, deprecating insistence, demanded that Cordelia marry one of the several desirable suitors, and backed up this demand by revealing something of the Marlowe financial circumstances, which until then she had protectively withheld. Thirty thousand a year—they'd be reduced to that, and the strain of making ends meet on that figure—well, Mrs. Marlowe simply could not stand it any longer! Cordelia was sorry about the finances; she would do her best to keep down her expenses; but she was not ready to marry. Perhaps a little after she might come along the right fellow. "Magnificent" became attached to Cordelia's name in much the way that most of the nicknames of everyday life and the more formal so-called history become attached to their owners; through some minor incident—through the color of the hair, size of body, a limp, a crooked back, a terrible temper, a splendid manner.

A Splendid Tribute. In Cordelia's case it had been her manner. Her very handsome and very popular father noted she had the "Cordelia" air, the air which had made him so popular, made him accepted as a leader among his fellows; an air composed of genuine good nature, pleasantly imperious self-confidence, an implicit belief that of course she was going to have her own way was the best way. "A true Marlowe!" he ejaculated proudly. "God—but she's a magnificent child! magnificent!"

CHAPTER III. When Cordelia and Jackie parted, Cordelia drove her grand roadster to the Marlowe apartment on Park avenue, still humorously regarding her want advertisement as an absurd adventure. However, the following morning her mood was to discount entirely the humor and the expectation of her advertisement. The thing was just a bit of folly of two extremely foolish girls. Her eyes fell upon a stack of unopened envelopes on her writing desk and in Cordelia's mood those envelopes seemed the concrete symbol of her present situation—indeed, the chief and bitter fact of the Marlowe's existence. They were bills. The first of every month saw just such a stack. Bills—forever bills. Cordelia was 12, the lawyer had to report to his widow that the estate had almost passed out of existence with his last proprietor. There was something left, however, and Bernice Marlowe, who had always

She considered many kinds of possible work, and out of the great number of undesirable possibilities, she tentatively decided that a private secretaryship might be the least undesirable. But she had to have information. Information was something Jerry Plimpton might be able to get. "I've just had a letter from an empty-seventh cousin, Jerry," she was presently saying over the telephone. "The girl wants to come to New York to be a private secretary. How much is a private secretary paid?" "From nothing up to fifteen or twenty thousand a year. How good is she?" "I don't know. Suppose she's just fair." "Thirty Dollars a Week. A girl has got to be mighty skillful and reliable to get as much as thirty a week." "Perhaps she doesn't know anything. What's the best way to start in?" "Tell her to go to a good business school, and then get experience with any decent concern that will give her a chance. But how about this evening?" "Cordie! Won't you let me—" Cordelia evaded the invitation. Thirty dollars a week! But \$30 a week, considered merely as \$30, had no meaning had to be expressed in terms of what it would buy. Board and lodging, for instance. She had to know about this. Half an hour later Cordelia was in a house over in the West Seventies, the address of which she had found in a newspaper under the heading "Boarders Wanted." "One of my best rooms. Very private. The bath only two doors down the hall." "How much—how much?" Cordelia managed to get out through her muffling handkerchief. "Only \$13 a week, and the accommodations cannot be equalled at the price in the city." "Thanks—I'll tell my cousin," murmured Cordelia and hurried out to her roadster and back across Central Park. Half of her salary for such accommodations! And she wasn't even earning that salary yet!

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)