

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By THORNTON W. BURGESS. Danny and Nanny Become Greatly Excited. With every passing day Danny and Nanny grew more homesick. They were thought that all their feathered acquaintances were on their way back to the Green Meadows and the Green Forest up North kept in their minds the place that they had always called home. And the longing to see it again grew and grew and grew. They had become so used to flying in the great man-bird almost every day that they thought nothing about it when they went up in the air. You see, most always they came back to the same place they started from, for the aviator was simply giving exhibitions. But at last there came a day when they flew longer than usual, very much longer. When at last they came down to earth late in the afternoon they found very different country from that they had grown accustomed to, way down in the Sunny South. They were still in the Sunny South, but in another part of it all together. What could it mean? The next day they made another long flight. It seemed to Danny and Nanny that it was not quite as warm as it had been. This time they came down early in the afternoon. They were sure then that it was not as warm as it had been. And after the aviator had gone away and the great man-bird had been left alone they heard a voice. "Tut, tut, tut, tut!" Some one was scolding. At the first sound of that voice Danny Meadow Mouse scrambled up where he could look around. "Tut, tut, tut, tut!" sounded that voice again. "As sure as I live, it is Jenny Wren!" thought Danny, and looked eagerly to ward a tree not far distant. In a moment he saw a familiar little person in brown, hopping about as if she couldn't keep still and all the time scolding some one. Then he saw who it was she was scolding. It was Mr. Wren. Just then Jenny Wren's sharp eyes spied Danny and she promptly flew over to the great man-bird. "Well, well, well, if it isn't Danny Meadow Mouse!" she exclaimed. "Where under the sun did you come from? Where did you spend the winter?" "I spent the winter in the Sunny South, but just where I don't know," replied Danny. "Is Nanny still with you?" interrupted Jenny Wren. "Of course," said he. "But he didn't tell Jenny of the five children that had been born in the Sunny South in the great man-bird, and were still living in it. He knew what a gossip Jenny Wren is, and the longer such secrets can be kept the better. "Have you been living here all winter?" asked Danny. "Tut, tut, tut, tut!" replied Jenny Wren. "Of course, not! We spend the winter way down in the Sunny South." "But isn't this the Sunny South?" asked Danny. "Well, I suppose it is," replied Jenny Wren. "It is the Sunny South, but it's way down." "Then what are you doing here?" demanded Danny. "Why, Mr. Wren and I are on our way North, stupid," declared Jenny. "Danny knew then that the great man-bird must be on its way North. Perhaps it was taking them back home! He rushed away to tell Nanny, and two more excited little people never lived." (Copyright, 1924.)

THE NEBBES

THE OLD, OLD FOLKS.

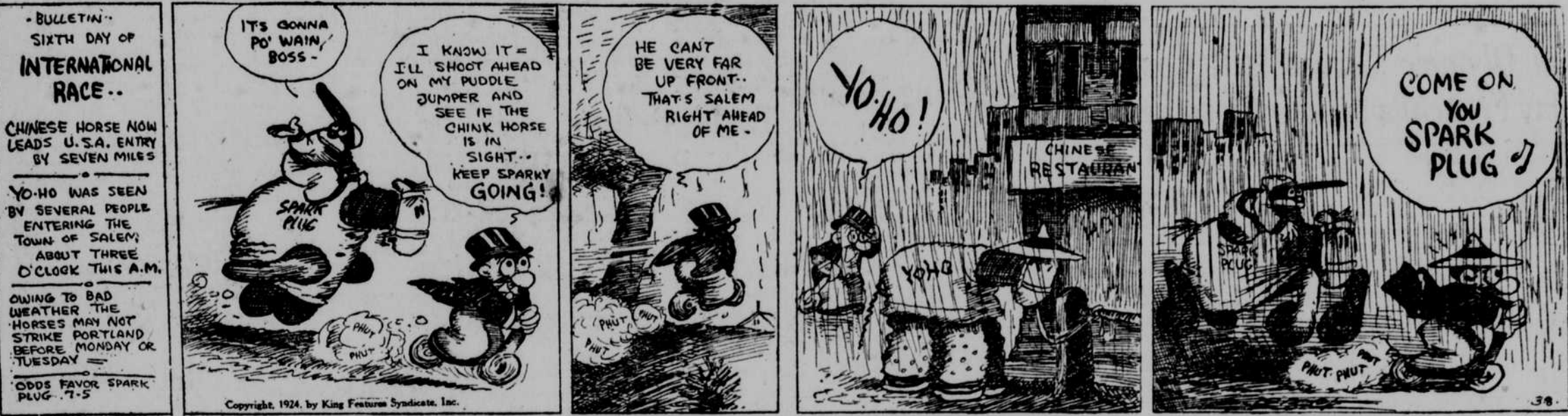
Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



Barney Google and Spark Plug

BARNEY'S HOPES AREN'T DAMPENED.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



RINGING 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

THE CURSE OF HEALTH.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



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ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



CORDELIA THE MAGNIFICENT

By LEROY SCOTT. (Copyright, 1924.)

SYNOPSIS. Cordelia Marlowe, most striking figure in society, was set and called by her friends "Cordelia the Magnificent," surprised at the first sound of that name. She had gone to work, that was settled, and she was to be an American girl, expert at swimming, riding, tennis, dancing and what else she wanted to do. She desired a position with adequate remuneration. She drove back to the Park Avenue apartment—her mother had fled the city to visit a distant cousin, taking Lily with her—and spent the rest of that day and most of the night going over and over her situation. She had to go to work, that was settled, and \$30 a week came fixed in her mind as her first economical goal. She simply had to earn at least \$30 a week! But that was going to be a finance herself until she was able to earn that much—say by learning to be a private secretary? There was only one way. That was to sell her car—her beautiful imported roadster. The next morning, more out of obedience to her implied promise to Jackie than out of any reawakened expectation, Cordelia went to the advertising office of the newspaper and presented her receipt. Here she had her first great surprise. The clerk handed her a twin-bound packet of what seemed a hundred letters or more. Her second great surprise came when, locked in her room at home, she tore open the top letter of the parcel, and read: "Dear Little R-113: Your advertisement lists mighty good to me. Let's get acquainted. You sound like just the girl I've been looking for. Call up the telephone number below, ask for me, and we'll arrange to have a nice little dinner together and size each other up. After that— "Well, if we make a hit with each other I think you'll be satisfied on the point you made about adequate remuneration. I have enough money and you'll find me no tightwad. Eagerly awaiting your ring. Greatly Astonished. Cordelia gazed in utter astoundment at this letter. Then, as its obvious meaning penetrated her numbed consciousness, she gave a gasp, went hot all over with rage, and tore the letter to bits. How dared any one so insult her! For a space she was of a mind to destroy the rest of the letters unread. But the very fascination of her horror drew her on and on and on and another she read some two dozen or more. At length she came upon the following, typed upon heavy, expensive paper, the firm's name embossed at the letter's top: "My Dear Miss R-113: If you will apply in person, show this letter, and ask for Mr. Franklin, it is possible that some work may be arranged for you with our firm. Very truly, Kedmore & Franklin. Per M. G. This letter brought her up with a start. Its impersonal formality, its brevity, its typewritten signature, were coldly refreshing after the odious familiarity of the letters which had preceded it. "Kedmore & Franklin"—the name sounded familiar. Who were they? The austere letterhead conveyed no hint of their business. Oh, yes, she remembered now. They were a firm of lawyers. Big lawyers, too, for dimly remembered newspaper accounts recounted the firm with many important cases. And, oh, yes—they were the chief counsel in helping Mrs. Henry Arnold win her sensational countersuit for divorce. An Important Call. An express elevator shot her up to the 20th floor. Here was an impressive line of doors labeled "Kedmore & Franklin," one of which was marked "Entrance." As she stepped through this door into an outer office of quiet but rich appointments, a young woman of her own age arose from a typewriter and courteously asked how she could serve her. "I wish to see Mr. Franklin. Please give him this letter." The young woman passed through a side door, and almost at once returned. "You are to come right in, please." A man at the flat-top desk in the center of the room stood up; he saw he held the letter she had sent in to him. "Will you please have a chair," he invited in a low, courteous voice motioning to a chair beside his desk. She obeyed, giving him a swift glance at the man. He was perhaps 25, clean shaven, quietly but smartly dressed, of athletic build, of easy bearing; he gave her an instant sense that here was a man of power, a man who had achieved great things if he had not already achieved them. He resumed his chair after she was seated. "And now Miss—Miss— "He gave a start as he now saw her features more clearly. "Pardon me, but I believe I already know you." "I do not recall ever having seen you before," Cordelia said with some stiffness and in surprise. "You are correct; we have never met. But I frequently glance at the photographic sections of the Sunday papers, and no one more frequently appears there than yourself. You are Miss Cordelia Marlowe." "Yes," Cordelia had to admit. She had planned to use her mother's maiden name, at least temporarily. Now with the admission of her identity, she felt with dismay that the possibility of keeping the Marlowe disaster a secret, as her mother wished, was instantly and entirely gone. "You wrote the advertisement to which this letter refers?" "Yes." "But why should Miss Cordelia Marlowe want work?" "Is my reason important to you? It seems to me that the important consideration is whether I am suitable for any work you may have in mind." "Partly correct. "That is partly correct, Miss Marlowe. But I think you will admit that it is somewhat unusual to have one of the best known young women of New York's smartest set advertising for work—any sort of work at that. "Cordelia had to admit to herself that he was right, and she gave a brief account of the family reverses. "Strange that I hadn't heard of this," mused Mr. Franklin. "No one has heard as yet." "No one?" "No one except my mother, myself and my best friend, Mrs. Murray Thorndike." "Do you object to telling me why this misfortune has been kept a secret?" "It was mother's idea. You see, rent for our apartment is paid in advance and will be charged to live there for the present. So since we were not compelled to make a change at once it occurred to my mother that there was a desperate last chance of something turning up which might save us and make it unnecessary for the public ever to know what our predicament had been. "I see. And if nothing does turn up, what will happen to your mother?" "She's a proud woman, and you know what has always been your family's position. I think you can answer your question for yourself." "I was hoping for something that would pay me \$30 a week." Mr. Franklin slowly shook his head. "At \$30 a week I fear we could not use you." Almost unconsciously, as the conversation has continued, a very real hope had been growing up in Cordelia. Consequently Mr. Franklin's quiet words had the effect of almost flattening her. "Why—why," she stammered, "I thought I would be worth at least that much. I don't see how I can live on less." Then, hesitantly: "Twenty-five?" "We could not use you at twenty-five." Cordelia stood up dully. "Then I might as well be going. I suppose I should thank you for your kindness in seeing me, wouldn't you?" "One moment, please. I am not quite through. Won't you be seated again?" That even voice had a compelling quality. Cordelia sank back into her chair. "Since you have already permitted me to be inquisitive relative to your personal affairs, I hope you will answer just one more question. How much a year has it cost you to live in the manner in which you have been living?" "I don't know exactly, but around thirty thousand." "I should say at least thirty thousand to live the way you've been living. And at that you must have found it hard. I have listened to your proposition, Miss Marlowe, and I now ask you to listen to my proposition. My offer to you is thirty thousand a year." "Thirty thousand!" gasped Cordelia. (Continued in Monday Morning Bee.)