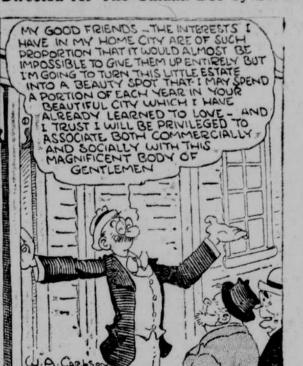
told you why, but they were pos Late in the afternoon the great Qanny Meadow Mouse leap. It was see. Farmer Brown's boy and the their home. "Nanny!" he little cupboard and scrambled BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

Sessed of a feeling that something was going to happen. What it was going to happen. There was an answering shout from was going to happen. What it was going to happen. What it was going to happen. What it was going to happen. There was an answering shout from was going to happen. There was an answering shout from was going to happen. There was an answering shout from was going to happen. There was an answering shout from was going to happen. There was an answering shout from was going to happen. There was an answering shout from was going to happen. There was an answering shout from was going







Barney Google and Spark Plug

PASTURE AND HANG IT ON SPARKY "
IF HE GETS SEPARATED FROM US IN
THIS NEEK OF THE WOODS THAT

CHINESE NIAG. YOHO" WILL COP THE PRIZE BALE OF HAY IN

WE GOTTA WORK FAST IF WE'RE GONNA REACH PORTLAND BY TOMORROW - AND ITS GETTING

FOGGY - YOU BETTER SWIPE

ONE OF THOSE BELLS OFFA

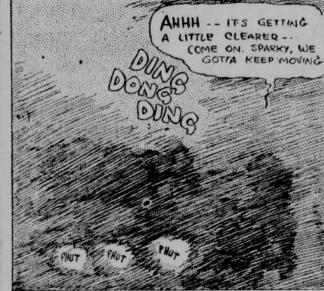
SPARKY'S GOT A NEW RIVAL.

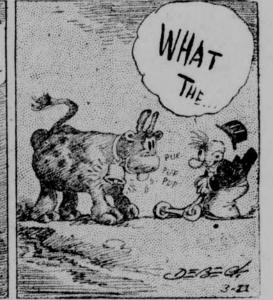
OH BOY . T'S GETTING RIGHT BEHIN

ME. SPARK

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck







**BRINGING UP FATHER** 

CHIGGS DINTY SIX MONTHS

17 15 NOW GOMPLETED

COME MIT ME VE 195

MILLIONAIRES T

AGO YOU GIF ME A TOUSAND

DOLLARS FOR MY INVENTION

Registered U. S. Patent Office

WERE

LOOKIN

THE BEST

HEWS I'VE

HEARD IN

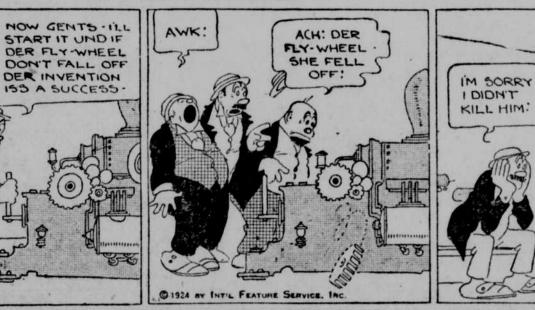
SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus

WHEN WE

GIT OUT.

WE WILL!



JERRY ON THE JOB

OF COURSE THEY HAVE TO STICK BECAUSE THEY'VE ONLY

ADVANTAGE FOR THE BLOTS.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban (Copyright 1924)





Oh. Man!

· 作品的是一种企业的发展的

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

YOU'RE

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

The More the Merrier





Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess were crazy. He was whirling around the cornfield was no longer there and and around as if trying to catch that the ground had been plowed. But funny stub of a tail of his. "No, I'm she knew it was the same field. not crazy." he squeaked. "I'm not Farmer Brown's Boy and the avia-

crazy! It's true! Oh, Nanny, were tor, who was his cousin, as you may you ever so glad in all your life?" remember, were so busy talking that Nanny Meadow Mouse was losing they paid no attention to the aeropatience. She grabbed hold of Danny plane. So they didn't see seven little roughly and shook him. "Now tell me gray forms climb up and out on the what all this nonsense is about," she farther side of the great man-bird. They were Danny and Nanny Mead-

"Why, we're home?" squeaked Dan ow Mouse and their five nearly grown ny. "We're back on the Green Mead children, who had been born in the ows right at the edge of Farmer great man-bird way down in the Sun-Brown's cornfield. We are-" But Nanny didn't wait to hear any-

ny South. (Copyright, 1924.) thing more. She darted out of that! The next story: "Getting Settled."

## CORDELIA THE MAGNIFICENT

By LEROY SCOTT.

Cordelia Marlowe, most striking figure in society's youngest set and called by her friends "Cordelia the Marnificent," surprises a party of former schoolmates at inncheon by announcing cancellation of all engagements, and after the others have gone discloses to her closest friend, Mrs. Jacqueline Thoradike, the reason for her action. Her mother, she explains, has lost her fortune in an oil speculation and it is necessary for her to go to work. Together the two young women write an advertisement which they insert in a newspaper, announcing that an American girl, "expert at swimming, riding, tenus, dirl, "expert at swimming, riding, tenus, dirl, "expert at swimming, riding, tenus, dirl, "expert at swimming, riding, tenus, firl, "expert at swimming, riding, tenus, dirl, "expert at swimming, riding, tenus, firl, "expert

## (Continued from Yesterday.)

"By that time I figured she won't need any handling. She'll be willing to come in with her eyes wide open, provided we keep on covering up her CHAPTER IV.

Fortune's Other Face.

Cordella would have wondered even more had it been possible for her to have remained invisible in Mr. Franklin's office, and thus been able to see and overhear. The moment Mr. Franklin was back in his chair, after seeing Cordella out, he remarked in a slightly raised voice:

"Come in. Kedmore."

provided we keep on covering up her work. Don't I know that sout of works. Don't I know that sout of the work. Don't I know that sout of the work. Don't I know that sout of the works. Don't I know

"Come in, Kedmore."

A door at the side of the office opened, and from a little private corridor that led to the adjoining office there steemed for the control of the cont

opened, and from a little private corridor that led to the adjoining office there stepped forth a stockily built man of perhaps 55 with a pinkish bald head.

Clever Partners.

Seen in repose he looked a very unimportant figure; but those acquainted with the higher courts of New York knew that, given a case with a woman in it, no matter what its other ingredients, Josiah Kedmore could win that case before the most callous jury ever impaneled.

"You got my signal?" Mr. Franklin queried when his partner was in the chair which had so recently held Cordelia.

"Sure!"

"Then you saw her and heard her. What do you think?"

"That she's a peach! Lord, man, and that she is involved when he provided for. If she refuses, she will find herself so involved, without knowing beforehand that she is involved that she will not dare do anything except go shead."

Kedmore raised a hand. "Say no more. Never tell me what you're up to. I'm only the vocal chords of this organization."

After his partner had departed through which he had entered. Franklin swung around and gazed down on the far reaches of the city, his brain feverishly exultant, eagerly darting into the future. Robert Franklin was a type of lawyer that has existed ever since law has been practiced as a business but wheth he college.

"Then you saw ner and heard ner.
What do you think?"
"That she's a peach! Lord, man.
I almost passed out when I learned to the peak of its success with the who she was. Cordella Marlowe! To development of modern wealth, of think of Cordella Marlowe writing an ad like that—Lord."

and the rich opportunities these have

think of Cordelia Marlowe writing an ad like that—Lord!"

"She's just the kind that would do it. Worldly-wise and self-confident, and because of that as ignorant and easy as they come."

Kedmore nodded his big pink head. "She'll be a wonder—if you can manage her."

"You saw this afternoon's performance. I was as much surprised formance. I was as much surprised as you were when I learned who she was. I never guessed a real society person was behind that ad. Considering my surprise, I think you'll admit I handled her pretty well."

"Yes, that was clever work, Franklin. Damned clever. Lord, yes, But for a minute I thought your foot had slipped."

"When you suggested to her that Maggie the Blackmail Queen thing, and she flared up."

"I had to sound her out, didn't I, to find whether she was already of a mind to go in for something of the sort? And when I learned she wasn't, I guess I made a quick recovery."

"Chapter a simple something, money paid by clients for helping them hide something, money paid by clients for helping them hide something, money paid by clients for helping them hide something, money paid by clients for doing something in such a way that the law, even if awakened, cannot touch client or lawyer, money paid for a closed mouth; and it is all so very safe, if only one is clever and careful enough. Such, then, was Cordelia's saviour at the age of 35; a perfection of his suspected by no one to whom he did not care to give his confidence; prosperous; a finished man of the world; he wore, and knew how to wear, the best of clorhes; he was a member of good clubs, and he was today far more ambitious than in his fiery early years.

Looking Ahead.

"Yes. your mind is quick on its feet. Lightning quick. I'll say."

"If you listened carefully, you will recall that Miss Marlowe was the first to mention Gladys Norworth. I'd not even thought of Miss Norworth until Miss Marlowe spoke of her invitation to visit Miss Norworth. So I decided to send Miss Marlowe where she already had an invitation.

"Almost every rich family has a closet with a skeleton or two in it, and I thought Miss Marlowe might as well start with these Norworth people, where she has an opening, as with anybody ese. It's all the same to us. Of course I did recall vaguely a few things thout the Norworth situation, and that helped. If Miss Marlowe doesn't find the key to the Omaha Bee by Hershfield

CHAPTER V.

On Monday afternoon of the following week Cordelia at the wheel of her respirited maroon roadster, a large clack (her trunk had been sent in advance by express), was skimming easily over a Long Island road at a third her engine's speed, but many miles over the speed permitted by the state law.

Behind her she had left business affairs settled upon much the basis Mr. Franklin had first outlined to her. There had been many interviews with him in his office from which one looked down, as from a watch-tower, upon the far-flung city and its toiling, scheming, idling, suffering, loving millions. Mrs. Marlowe had been prevailed upon to come to this office and leave with Mr. Franklin her unfortunate securities.

She had been greatly inversed by

fortunate securities.

She had been greatly impressed by Mr. Franklin on her first visit; and her respect had grown a hundredfold when three days later he announced to her that she had been the victim of transluter profiles. to her that she had been the vic-tim of fraudulent practices, and that he had succeeded in getting a settle-ment out of her brokers and the com-panies in which she held stock, under the terms of which settlement she was regularly to receive \$2,500 monthly. He had handed her a cashier's check for the amount of the first payment. She had been most grateful, but ex-treme tact had been required in hand-ling her indignant demand for crim-inal action against those conscienceinal action against those conscience-less brokers who find tried to ruin her and who so nearly had succeeded, and she had driven away, the saving check triumphantly clutched in her handbag, with never a suspicion that she had been an unconscious actor in carefully prepared bit of private theatricals.

Of course Cordella had promptly sent off the ordered note to Jackie Thorndike telling that her mother had been premature in her fears of financial reverses and telling Jackie that their affairs were as sound as ever and that therefore she, Cordelia, would not have to undertake any of hose foolish schemes they had dis-ussed. Jackie had replied with enhusiastic congratulations and had promised silence. It had hurt Cor-delia a bit to tell this fib to a good

delia a bit to fell this Ho to a good old friend like Jackle.

And of course there had been payments made upon those awful bills.

As she drew nearer her destination her excitement grew more intense. She did not know Rolling Meadows: she did not know the step-sister or the other persons who might comprise the household; she knew only Gladys, She was about to enter a new world—a world that she now believed con-tained a mystery, possibly a menare a mystery that she, always un-suspected, was to help discover and

clear away.
"I'm so glad you were able to come after all!" Gladys cried, and after cordelia had lightly sprung from the car, Gladys threw her arms around Cordelia and kissed her. That was only Cordelia's second kiss from her old school friend, and it seemed un comfortably strange.

The Be Commond Pennews? lear away.