

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By THORNTON W. BURGESS
At Last. Mouse and their family had been in the air. Strangely excited were Danny and Nanny Meadow...

told you why, but they were possessed of a feeling that something was going to happen. What it was they didn't know, but they were sure that something was going to happen. And something did. It was one of the greatest happenings in their lives.

Late in the afternoon the great man-bird began to go down. At length the noise of the engine stopped. Down, down, down the great man-bird glided, and presently it came to rest gently. There was a shout from outside. It made the heart of

Ganny Meadow Mouse leap. It was strangely familiar, was that voice. There was an answering shout from the aviator, and then the latter happily climbed out of the aeroplane. Danny could wait no longer. He scrambled out and up where he could

see. Farmer Brown's boy and the aviator were shaking hands! They were back on the Green Meadows where they had started from! Danny took one good long look, then he scurried back to the little cupboard, which had so long been

their home. "Nanny! Nanny!" he squeaked. "Oh, Nanny! It's true, it's true!" "What is true?" squeaked Nanny rather sharply. "For goodness sake, Danny Meadow Mouse, what is the matter with you? Are you crazy?"

little cupboard and scrambled up where she could see for herself. It was true. There was the familiar old cornfield on one side and the beautiful Green Meadows on the other side. The latter had been brown when she saw them last, but now they were already green. The old scarecrow in the cornfield was no longer there and the ground had been plowed. But she knew it was the same field. A Farmer Brown's Boy and the aviator, who was his cousin, as you may remember, were so busy talking that they paid no attention to the aeroplane. So they didn't see seven little gray forms climb up and out on the farther side of the great man-bird. They were Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse and their five nearly grown children, who had been born in the great man-bird way down in the Sun-ny South. (Copyright, 1924.)

THE NEBBS

WELCOME STRANGER.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



SPARKY'S GOT A NEW RIVAL.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



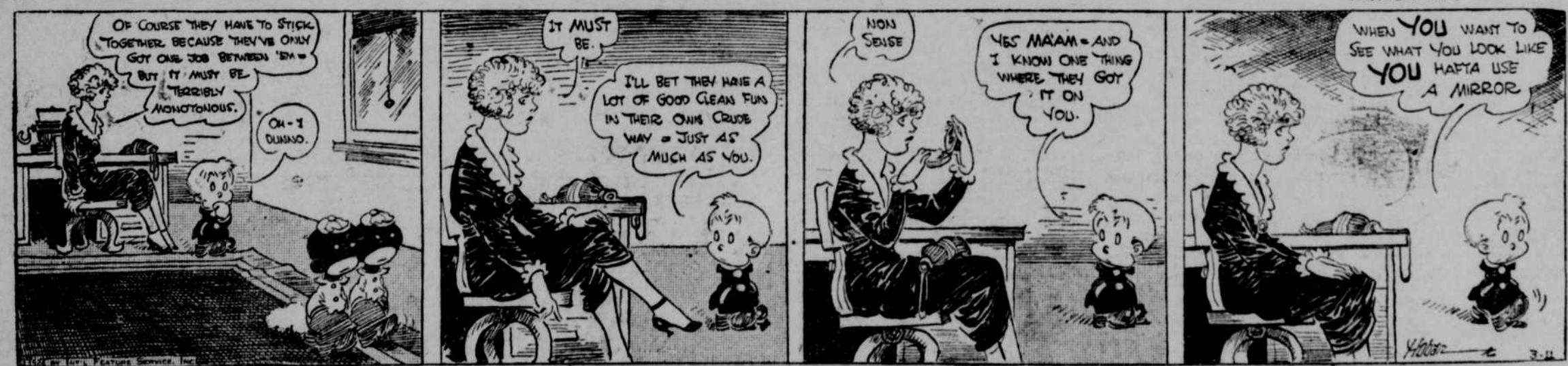
Registered U. S. Patent Office. SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



ADVANTAGE FOR THE BLOTS.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



By Briggs

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, is a young girl who has friends "Cordelia the Magnificent," a party of admirers at all engagements, and after the others have gone she is left alone. Mrs. Jacqueline Thorndike, 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, tennis, dancing and who can drive racing cars, desires a position with "adequate remuneration." Many answers to the advertisement are received, among them being one from Kedmore & Franklin, lawyers, who, after learning that she asked but one week for her services, Cordelia accepts the employment when assured she will not be asked to "go on friends or do anything dishonorable."

(Continued from Yesterday.) CHAPTER IV. Fortune's Other Face. Cordelia 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 Cordelia out, he remarked in a slightly raised voice: "Come in, Kedmore."

A door at the side of the office opened, and from a little private corridor there stepped forth a stockily built man of perhaps 55 with a pinkish bald head. "I know, but we've never handled a woman that had the real class of this Marlowe girl. Suppose when her waking-up time comes the girl refuses to go ahead?" "Franklin's mouth tightened. "That event will be provided for. If she refuses, she will find herself so involved without knowing it, that she will not dare do anything except go ahead."

Such, then, was Cordelia's savior at the age of 35: a perfection of his type; respected in his profession, and suspected by no one to what she was not care to give his confidence; prosperous; a finished man of the world; he wore, and knew how to wear, the best of clothes; he was a member of good clubs, and he was today far more ambitious than in his fiery early years.

CHAPTER V. On Monday afternoon of the following week Cordelia sat in the wheel of her resplendent maroon roadster. A large black suit case strapped upon its after deck (her trunk) had been sent in advance by express and was skimming easily over Long Island road at a third her engine's speed, but many miles over the speed permitted by the state law. "Behold, 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, and she had looked down, as from a watch-tower, upon the far-flung city and its tolling, scheming, idling, suffering, loving millions. Mrs. Marlowe had prevailed upon to come to this office and leave with Mr. Franklin her unfortunate 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 fraudulent practices, and that he had succeeded in getting a settlement out of her brokers and the companies in which she held stock, under the terms of which she was to receive 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 a extreme tact had been required in handling her indignant demand for criminal action against those conscienceless brokers, and she 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 a carefully prepared bit of private theatricals.

Of course Cordelia had promptly sent off the ordered note to Jackie Thorndike telling that her mother had been premature in her fears of financial reverses, and letting Jackie know that their affairs were as sound as ever and that therefore she, Cordelia, would not have to undertake any of those foolish schemes she had so often discussed. Jackie had replied with enthusiastic congratulations and had promised silence. It had hurt Cordelia, but she told this fib to a good old friend like Jackie. And of course there had been payments made upon those awful bills. As she drew nearer her destination her excitement grew. Her intention. 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 contained a mystery, possibly a romance, a mystery that she, always 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 kissed her arms around Cordelia and kissed her. That was only Cordelia's second kiss from her old school friend, and it seemed uncomfortably strange. (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)