

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

Peter Rabbit's Startling Surprise. As had been the case ever since he could remember, Peter Rabbit had

many old friends to greet that it would have broken Peter's heart to have been obliged to stay in the dear Old Briarpatch all the time. So it happened that his wanderings brought him to the fence between Farmer Brown's cornfield and the

Green Meadows. He hopped along close to the fence until he reached a corner where there was a big pile of old cornstalks. There Peter sat down to try to make up his mind where to go next. He always felt quite safe right there, because there was a place

for him to get underneath those corn stalks if an enemy should unexpectedly appear. So Peter Rabbit sat down with his back to the pile of corn stalks. "Hello, Peter Rabbit!" cried a thin, squeaky voice behind him. It made

Peter jump a little because it startled him so. But when he turned his head to see who had spoken he jumped even more. A small person in a gray coat was sitting right back of him, looking at him with twinkling black eyes. They were very small eyes, for

this was a very small person. But there was no mistaking the twinkle in those eyes. It was a good minute before Peter could find his tongue. "Who—who—who are you?" he stammered at last. "You are the living image of an old friend of mine."

Perhaps you are one of his children grown to look like him. Danny Meadow Mouse turned and poked his head in at the entrance to a little path under the pile of corn stalks. "Nanny," he called in his stammering voice. "Nanny, do you know that I am dead?" "Stop talking nonsense," replied a sharp voice, and this voice was also squeaky. "I'm not talking nonsense," retorted Danny. "Peter Rabbit is out here and he says I am dead. And Peter ought to know. Come out here and tell him what you think about it."

THE NEBBIS

THE MIRACLE MAN.

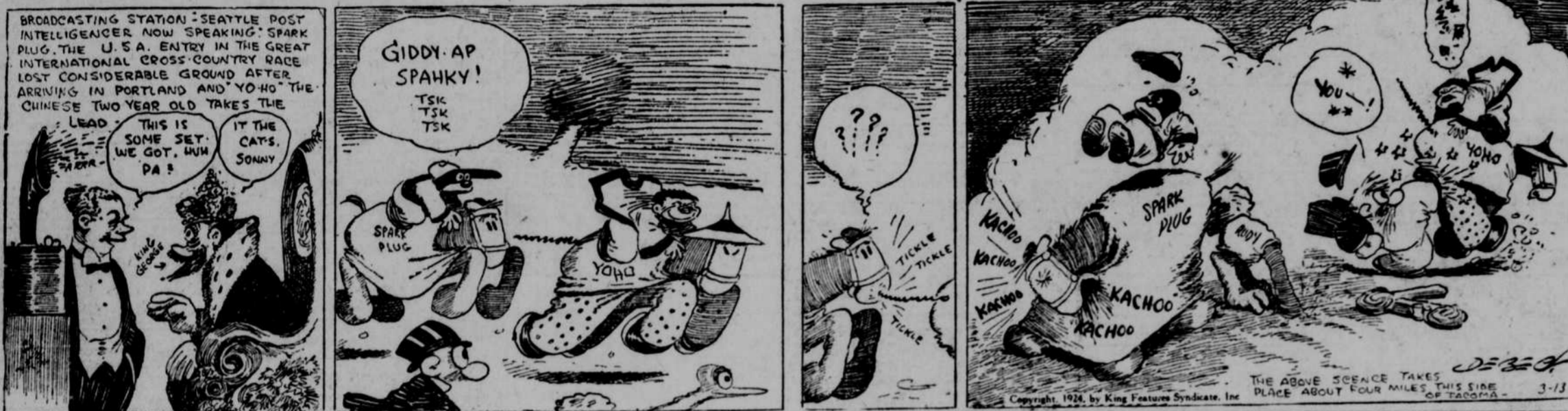
Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



Barney Google and Spark Plug

A TICKLISH SITUATION.

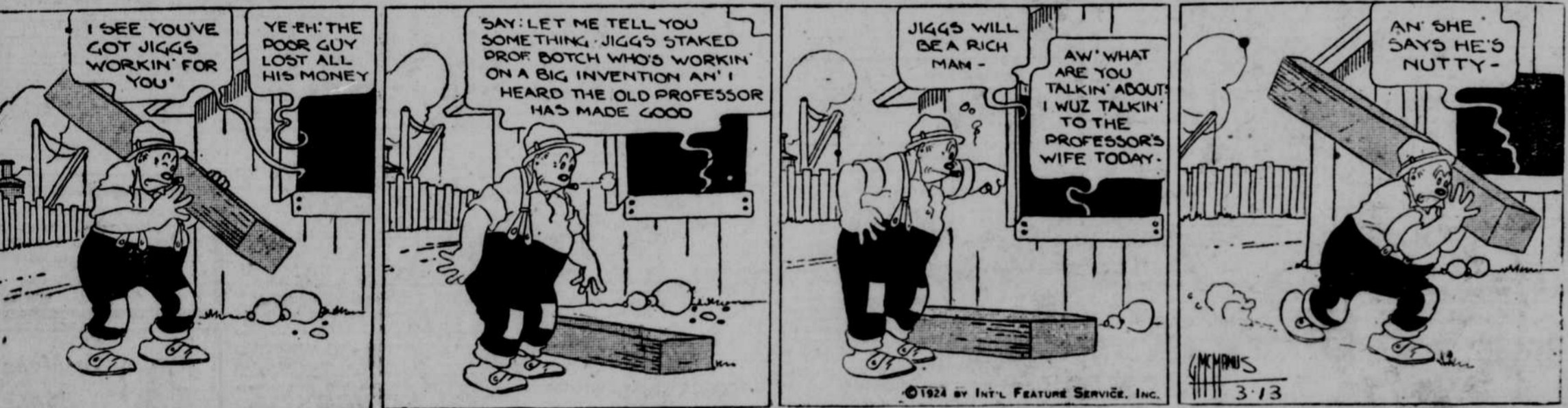
Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



BRINGING UP FATHER

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

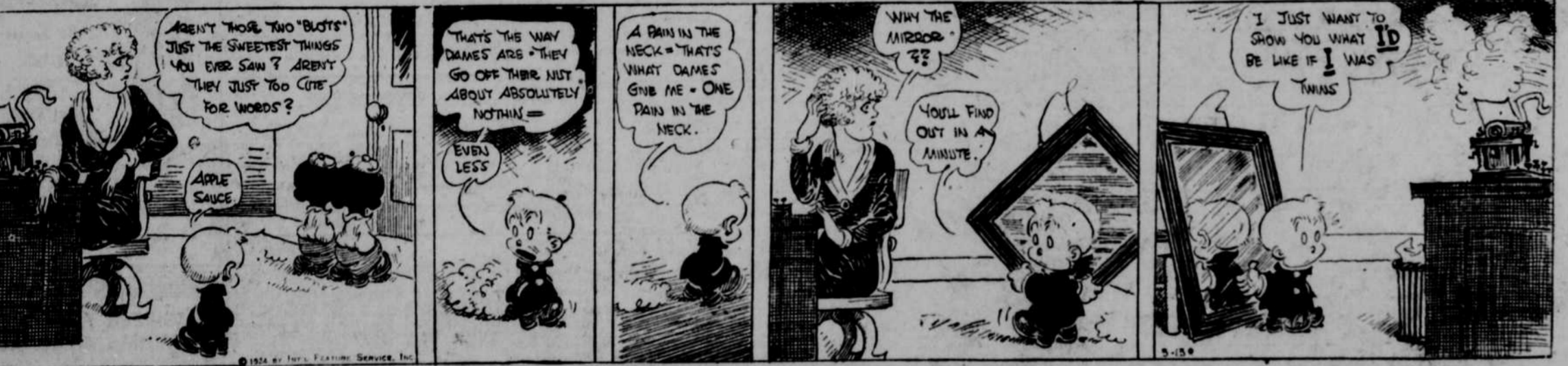
Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



JERRY ON THE JOB

THIS CAN'T BE JEALOUSY—CAN IT?

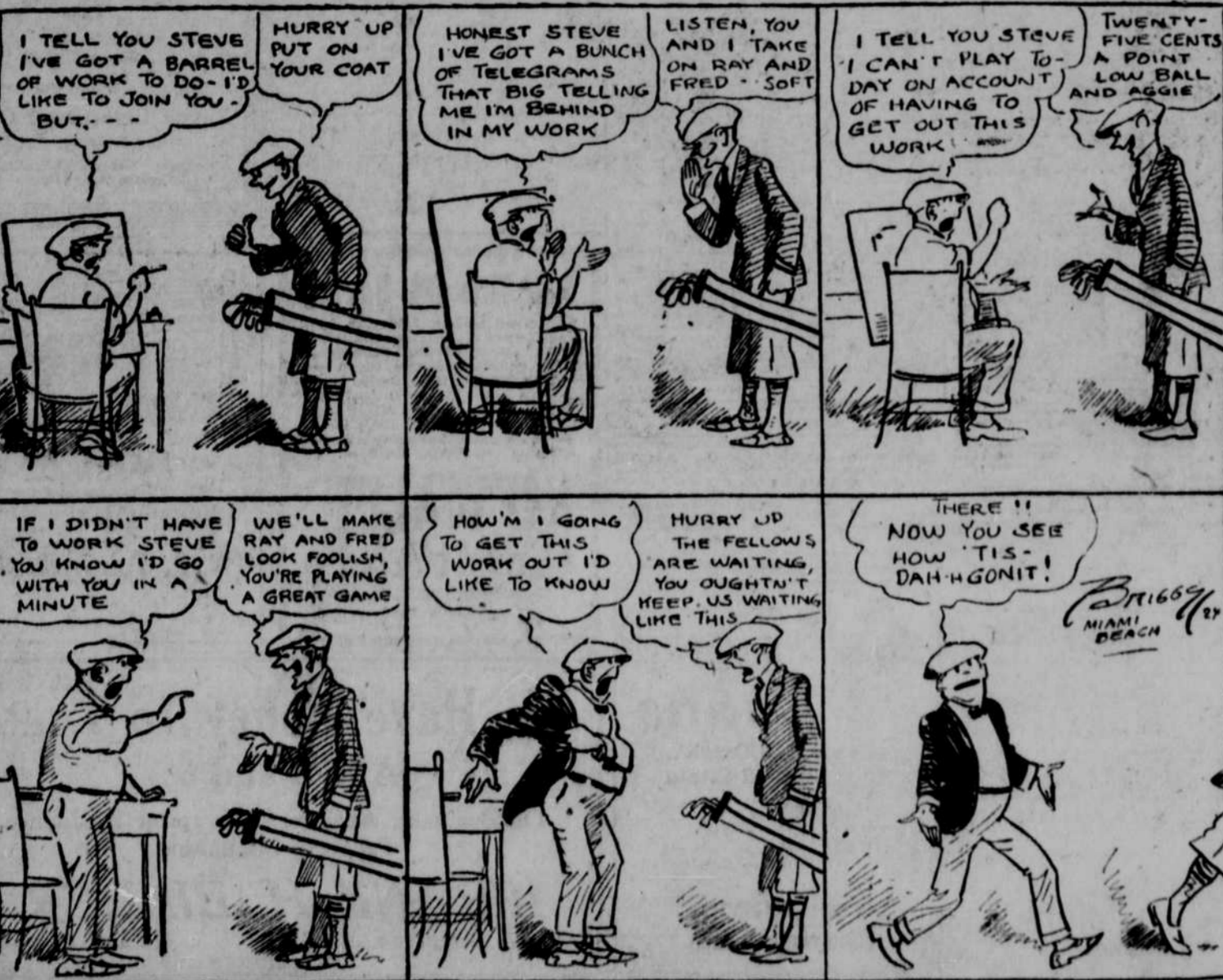
Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



The Difficulty of Working on a Play Ground

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



CORDELIA THE MAGNIFICENT

By LEROY SCOTT.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

He had never touched a penny of the great fortune of Gladys's mother—which included the large fortune left by her father—and on her mother's death, when Gladys was 17, in school at Harcourt Hall, the fortune had passed on intact to Gladys under a will (its character due largely to the suggestions of Mr. Stevens) which provided that the entire estate should be in the hands of trustees, save only the income, until Gladys had married or reached 25, in either of which events the principal was to come into her unimpeded possession. The trustees were also named as guardians of Gladys's personal well-being.

Time and her father's death had softened Esther's resentment, and out of sense of duty to her father she had resigned in a Los Angeles high school to become mother, aunt, older sister, chaperon, what-not, to the 17-year-old princess, the socially ambitious mother and of Miss Harcourt's widely admired institution. When, after her graduation in 1916, Gladys became captivated with the idea of being a nurse in the very smart hospital of the very chic Countess de Crecy (then in America campaigning for funds and volunteers, Esther had also gone as a nurse and had remained in France with Gladys for three years.

While there she had co-jointly with Gladys legally adopted the infant Francois, whom they had taken from one of the many Paris institutions that the war was constantly overcrowding with parentless children. Gladys had made her work as his tutor of her step-sister as brief as possible. She was eager to get to her own affairs.

"Cordie, as I told you, I've been herding by myself too much these last two or three years, and I feel I've been all wrong. Oh, of course, I had good reasons," she justified herself. This last came out with a tense suddenness, but she did not enlarge upon her reasons. "But I can't stand things that way any longer. I've got a new program scheduled. I'm going out a lot, and there's going to be a party in this place. Lots and lots of people. That's what I want you to help do—put life into this place."

"Making Plans. To do just this had long been Cordelia's business as a guest. "You can count on me to do what I can. And I think you are right in deciding to have your friends about you. "I've spoken to a few already." She hesitated. "Jerry Plimpton has promised to come. But when he promised, he, of course, knew you were to be here."

"What I said about him that night out at Jackie Thorndike's still goes with me, Gladys. You and I are not going to have any difficulty about a man." Until almost midnight they discussed plans for the social revolution at Rolling Meadows. Long after she was in bed Cordelia lay thinking about this household which for its own good, so she believed, she had been set to study and to watch—Esther Stevens—the unobtrusive, every-presence Mitchell—the child, Francois—and, yes, Gladys. Some puzzling questions emerged from her patient thinking.

Why should Esther Stevens, good looking enough, by nature independent, competent, any real or sentimental obligation she may have owed Gladys now fully paid off, remain here in what was practically a position of dependence—for Gladys had again made plain that Esther had not a cent of her own. And Gladys herself, now that she was concentrating upon the matter, wasn't it

Did she slip its strings? "A Great Mystery. This increased interest was due partly to her sense that, from the first day, Mitchell had several times been watching her. She could feel his eyes intent upon her. She thought his eyes were suspiciously bright. She suspected that she suspected him. But when she quickly turned toward him, he was busy about some butler's task and not even facing toward her, his face its usual butler's mask, with the offer of some trifling butler's service.

There was another item that added to her curiosity. On that first night when Francois had gone off so gladly with Mitchell, Gladys explained this willingness by saying that Francois took to everybody. Cordelia noted that this was not true. The boy got on well with all the servants, but Mitchell was his preference over them all, even over his governess. He would even slip away from Gladys and Esther to be with Mitchell.

To this study there came a brief interruption, the reunion of the class of '16 of Harcourt Hall. It was all so splendid to Cordelia; it flashed her with warm affection for her friends, and with confidence in her own powers. She felt that she could do anything—anything. "I'm so glad you were with us today, Miss Cordelia," Miss Harcourt said in her model of drawing room graciousness. "I have designs on you. You know I did come to see you to meet some of my younger girls informally. They have heard much about you, they are very eager, and will be highly complimentary. It was such a very highly complicated. "I'm very sorry, Miss Harcourt, but my engagements won't permit my coming." Miss Harcourt was also deeply disappointed. "I'd like to see you—there was no time for it. Cordelia congratulated Miss Harcourt on the success of the school during the year now ending and wished it an endless succession of successful years."

CORDELIA THE MAGNIFICENT

more and more odd that Gladys had maintained a rather distant attitude toward her friends all these years. At length, wearied with self-questioning, Cordelia fell asleep, only to find herself after a time sitting up in bed, suddenly awake, with the sense that she had just heard the sharp cry of a woman. This was followed instantly by her definitely hearing the commanding voice of a man. The words she could not make out. She sat for a long moment straining her ears, but after that dominant male voice there was only silence.

A Night Adventure. Obeying an impulse, she got quickly out of bed and into a dressing gown and slippers. She crossed to the door and cautiously peered forth. The hall was lighted but empty. She stepped through the door, silently closed it, and remained in a moment's indecision as to which direction her eyes should take her. As she stood, around a corner toward her came the noiseless Mitchell dressed in the formal clothes he had worn at dinner. Startled, she shrunk back against the door, but she showed no slightest surprise as he approached her.

"Is there something I can get for you, Miss Harlowe?" he asked in his even voice. She had recovered enough to have ready a fib explaining her presence abroad. "No, thank you, I couldn't sleep, so I thought I'd go out for a little air."

"Francois has been having a restless night; I was just going to see if I was needed," he said, and with a low bow he passed on. To turn her fit into the semblance of truth, Cordelia went down and stood on the porch for several minutes; then she slipped back into bed and fell asleep. The man's voice she had heard had undoubtedly been Mitchell's. But the woman's voice—had it been Gladys's or Esther's? More open with her and given her more of his knowledge of the situation in the household of his client, and it would be difficult to help Mr. Franklin straighten out this situation, starting as she was in utter ignorance. But Mr. Franklin was right in the main fact he had told her; there certainly was something strange here.

She thought and thought. Morning was beginning to break before her three breath slipped into a swoon of weariness and she slept again. And when she woke her mind instantly returned to that outcry of a woman—the man's commanding voice—Mitchell prowling about fully dressed. And again she considered the attitude of each toward their partner—son—the boy's ready acceptance of the care of the neutral-tinted butler.

Eager to Report. Cordelia made a careful survey of the other servants at Rolling Meadows. They all seemed no more than just the better class of servants that are to be found in rich families; they respected Mitchell and gave him prompt obedience; they recognized him as an able, experienced domestic commander; none of them, Cordelia judged, had any part in the mystery she suspected. The same conclusion she reached concerning Jeanne; Jeanne was just a high type of the well-trained French governess—nothing more. So all of them, Cordelia dismissed from her consideration.

Mitchell, of the servants, was in this mystery alone—if mystery there really was. And every day her interest was more and more intrigued by the butler. Was that butler's face of his nifty mask? Did the mask ever slip off? What sort of person would be revealed if ever that mask did slip its strings?

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