

## BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

Sammy Jay Brings a Bit of News, starts out on his morning rounds. Sammy Jay is an early riser. He just as soon as he is sure that it is

light enough to put an end to the hunting of Hooty the Owl. Long ago Sammy discovered that not only does the early bird get the best things to eat with the least trouble, but he also

has a chance to learn a great deal that lazier people miss. So it happened that Sammy arrived very early one morning in the dear Old Bear Patch. Peter saw him at once. "Good morning, Sammy Jay,"

said he. "What mischief brings you over here so early?" Sammy at once pretended to be indignant. "Mischief!" he exclaimed. "Mischief! One would think I did nothing but get in mischief."

"And one wouldn't be very far wrong at that," retorted Peter. Sammy knew that Peter was only teasing. Then, too, it was too early in the morning to quarrel. He decided he would do a little teasing

himself. "I picked up a bit of news," said he. Instantly Peter's long ears stood straight up, and Peter sat up. "What is it?" he asked eagerly. "It isn't mischief," said Sammy Jay.

Peter stamped impatiently. "All right," said he. "I'll take your word for it. What is it?" "Something you'd like to know," replied Sammy, his bright eyes twinkling. "Of course," retorted Peter. "Otherwise I wouldn't ask what it is. Is it real news?"

That depends on what you call news," retorted Sammy. "What is news anyway, Peter?" "News is—well, it is something that has just happened, or what very few people know about," replied Peter.

"Then this is news," declared Sammy in a very decided way. Peter was fairly dancing with impatience. "Please stop teasing me, Sammy Jay, and tell me what it is," he begged. "Will you take back what you said about me always being in mischief?" demanded Sammy.

"Of course," replied Peter. "You know very well, Sammy Jay, that I was only fooling."

"All right," replied Sammy. "Mr. and Mrs. Quack, the Mallard Ducks, are back from the Sunny South."

Peter jumped right straight up. "Really?" he cried. "Are you sure of it? It seems to me a little early for them."

"Do you doubt my word?" demanded Sammy, pretending to be very angry. "No! Oh no!" cried Peter hurriedly. "How did you hear of it?"

"I didn't hear of it. I saw them this very morning." "My!" cried Peter. "I must hurry over and pay them my respects. I suppose they are looking as fine as usual?"

Sammy shook his head. "No," said he. "They are not. In fact, they are not looking well at all. Never have I seen them look as poorly as they do now. I don't know what the trouble is, but they don't look a big good to me. By the way, if you want to call on them I left them over in the Big River where the Laughing Brook enters it."

"Thank you, Sammy Jay," cried Peter. "I'll go at once." (Copyright, 1924.)

The next story: "Peter Discovers the Quacks."

## THE NEBBIS

## NOW YOU'RE TALKING WORDS.

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Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



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## JERRY ON THE JOB

## A SEVERE TEST.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban

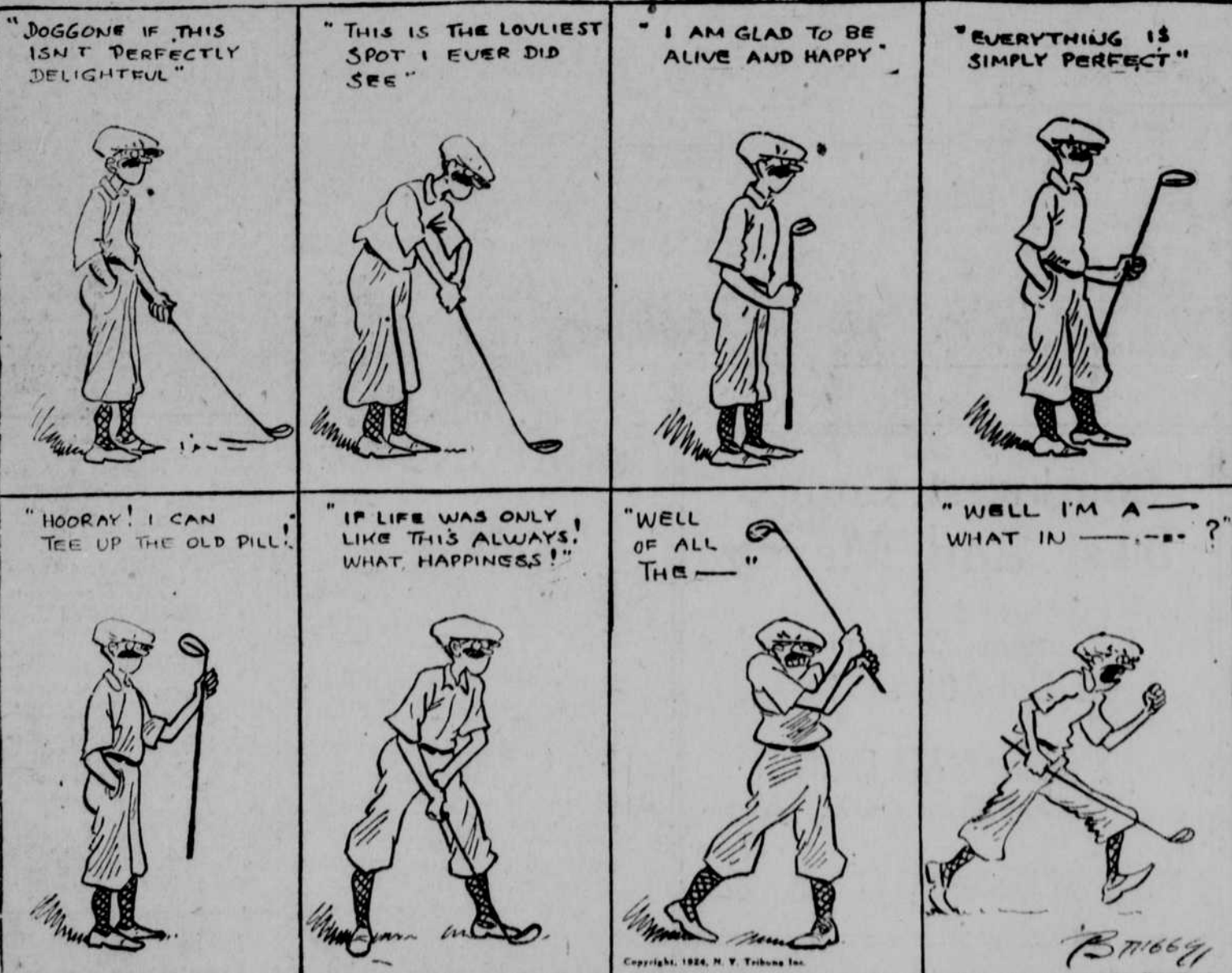


## Movie of a Man on a Southern Tee

## ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

An Enjoyable Evening For Able



"I can stop bluffing if I want to," Lily continued. "Can't you mind without anybody's help. Can't you tap off on one of these infant's what-d'you-call-em—rubber pacifiers. So there's nothing for you to worry your old bean about. Let's change the subject. I've got a new beau. Now what'd you think of that?"

Even to Cordelia this newest generation was at times breath-taking. "Who is he?"

A New Admirer.

"Can't claim yet that he's all mine. You may marry him, or mother may beat me out. But I rather think he'll prefer little Lily. He's been mighty nice to me. He's our brand-new good angel—Mr. Franklin."

Cordelia swooped upon Lily, seizing her by either ear. "Why, you brazen little imp!" she cried. "I'll put some sense into you!"

"Ouch! You leave me alone!" Lily squealed. "I know what's the matter with you. Jealous! You want Mr. Franklin yourself!"

At this last Cordelia loosed her hold in consequence of the outcry, came in and wanted to know what was the trouble. Lily winked and grinned in an aside at Cordelia, and spoke of having half murdered herself with a damned old pin.

Five minutes later they were down in the street. All were lurching at the Granthams, but Lily refused Cordelia's invitation to ride in the roadster; she wasn't going to make a mess of her fresh dress by crowding three in that dinky, damned little seat; and besides, she was going to look at hats before they met Mr. Franklin. So away Lily and Mrs. Marlowe went in a taxicab, and Cordelia rode off alone.

She would certainly have to do something about Lily's precocious interest in men and drink! Was Lily really serious, or merely trying to be glibly teasing and trying to give herself airs in what she had said about Mr. Franklin?

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)