BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

THE NEBBS

NEBB 15

STICKING

A LOT OF

DOUGH IN

THE OLD

HOMESTEAD

GOT TO GIVE

HIM .CREDIT

FOR TAKING

CHANCE

YOU'VE

Brook enters the Big River. It was a But Peter was letting curiosity get Sunny South. Sammy had told Peter. look. Nowhere could be see Reedy long way over there. At least it was the better of sense. He fairly ached "It is still very early," muttered Fox or Old Man Coyote or any of the

toward the place where the Laughing out in the open with no place to hide. knew that they had arrived from the Old Briar Patch and sat up for a long legs of his could carry him, bank of the Big River a little way. By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

a long way for Peter in broad dayto get over there and see Mr. and
Peter. "The way seems to be clear.

Briar Patch. Peter poked his head out light. It was no time for any Rabbit
Sammy Jay had left the dear Old and looked across the Green Meadows with the least bit of real sense to be
Sammy Jay was the only one that yet til night." He hopped outside the dear lipperty-lipperty-lip, as fast as those

long breath. He felt safe over there, ter, you know. "Sammy said that Mr. and Mrs. For a long, long time Peter wan-Quack were in the Big River near dered back and forth without finding

carefully along the Laughting Brook take a nap there. He did take a nap. toward the place where it enters the When he awoke he couldn't think for Big River. There it is wide. For quite a moment or two where he was. Then a distance out from shore wild rice he heard a low, soft quack. Instantly and rushes grow in the shallow water he remembered where he was and of the Big River. Of course, these what had brought him over there. He were now brown and dead and all peeped out toward the Big River. In broken down. They made a wonder- a little open place close to shore sat ful place for Ducks to hide.

River and sat up to look this way and white collar came swimming out and that way. He saw nothing of Mr. from behind a clump of rushes. stopping every other hop to sit up and wisely they would take no chance. look. There wasn't a sign of life. He returned to the mouth of the Laughing Brook. He wished he could get across it so that he might go up the Mr. and Mrs. Quack."

reached the bushes near the mouth of swimming. Peter shivered when he the Laughing Brook. Then he drew a looked at it. He isn't fond of the wa-

a little way and hid in a clump of tall, So Peter began to make his way dead grass. He decided that he would Mrs. Quack. While he watched, Mr. Peter reached the edge of the Big Quack with his handsome green head

and Mrs. Quack. If theye were any-where about there they probably were hidden under some of that bent and Mr. and Mrs. Quack disappeared broken wild rice. Peter hopped along among the rushes and wild rice. You down the shore of the Big River, see they didn't know who it was, and (Copyright, 1924.)

The next story: "Peter is Sorry for

CORDELIA THE MAGNIFICENT

By LEROY SCOTT.

SYNOPSIS.

Cordelia Marlowe, most striking figure in society's youngest set and called by her friends "Cordelia the Magnificent," whose mother has had an annual income of lation, advertises for a position. Among the answers for a dealer of the among that the girl serking employment where the girl serking employment when she asked but \$30 a week for her serices. Cordelia sceepts with Cordelia Mr. Franklin, cordelia for the complex control of the control of the country her brokers and he had effect a settlement under the terms of which as ettlement under the terms of which had provered as ettlement under the terms of which had provered as ettlement under the terms of which had provered as ettlement under the terms of which had provered as ettlement under the terms of which had provered as ettlement under the terms of which had provered as ettlement under the terms of which had provered as ettlement under the terms of which had provered as ettlement under the terms of which had provered as ettlement under the terms of which had provered as ettlement under the terms of which had provered as ettlement under the terms of which had provered as ettlement under the terms of which had provered as ettlement under the terms of which had provered

But then, Lily was young; perhaps her manners and practices were no more than a pose; perhaps she was merely passing through some brief phase of adolescence; perhaps in a few years she might outgrow it all—or something might happen to her that would tear her loose from or lift her out of all such things.

Jerry Plimpton was waiting for line. She smiled brightly back. Indeed she lin.

Jerry Plimpton was waiting for Cordelia in the lobby of the Grantham. Cordelia hadn't seen Jerry since the evening before about since the evening before she had gone out to Rolling Meadows. Her

a decision. Some day she was going to marry Jerry Plimpton. He was personally delightful; he had all those splendid accessories which she knew how to use so well and which would make all the years to come years of unbroken happiness and triumph; and she knew that no woman could fill the place of wife to him—a high place that of his wife, successor to his great mother's glories and traditions—with so much grace and distinction as herself.

She knew that Jerry admired Gladys. That was not to be wondered at, for Gladys had real looks; she had real position; she had mere money than any other unmarried young woman Cordella knew, and

(Copyright, 1924.)

Yes-this was simply a wonderful

CHAPTER X.

gone out to Rolling Meadows. Her heart pumped warm pride through all her arteries as he came eagerly, smilingly, toward her; he was so handsome, so easy of manner, so distinguished, such a splendid figure of the kind the world just naturally bows to.

As Cordelia and Jerry moved through the dining room to the table he had reserved, she had an even stronger consciousness than on Fifth avenue that eyes were following her admiringly and enviously; that people were whispering that there went that famous social beauty. Cordelia Marlowe, and that terribly rich Jerry Plimpton—and what a handsome CHAPTER X.

Mitchell Is Investigated.

Cordelia drove back to Rolling Meadows in soaring spirits after her synthyling day in town. Her thoughts were inclined to play about Jerry Plimpton, and that brilliant future whose brilliance was to be jointly hers and Jerry's. But the practical aspects of her situation intruded upon these pleasant prospects, and regreturely to turn these dreams, which included Jerry, into a permanent reality, she had to clear up this situation at Rolling Meadows; and as her roadster sped on she considered what

Plimpton—and what a handsome couple they made!

Just being with Jerry, though she knew nothing important was going to be said or done, seemed the proper culmination of an expansive, glorious day.

While the luncheon progressed, and they talked gayly of nothing in particular, Cordelia definitely came to a decision. Some day she was going to marry Jerry Plimpton. He was personally delightful; he had all those properly and the porch.

"Shall I serve you tea, Miss Marlowe?"

"I thought you saw me."
"Yes, Miss Marlowe."

"But you refused to meet my eye to speak to me."

"A butler who knows his place. Miss Marlowe, does not expect to be recognized in public by the guests of his employer."

He stood respectfully before her, with the air of being entirely at her command. Never before had he seemed more the perfect butler; never more bounded by the rigid conventions of bis provides the second s tions of his position. "But you do not seem like the aver-

age butler, Mitchell. You seem to be —well, something very different."
"I once hoped and intended to be something different."

"Then how did it happen that you became a butler?"

"It started in college when I—"

"Then you're a college man?"

"Yes, Miss Marlowe."

"I see. You're trying to hide your identity?" "Yes, Miss Marlowe. So long as

I remain a butler. Telling you my college might somehow betray my identity. Not His Real Name.

"Yes, I see. Then I suppose Mit-chell is not your real name?"
"No. Miss Marlowe."

"I understand. You started to tell me how you became a butler. Won't you please go on?"

"It's really a commonplace experience, Miss Marlowe. My people were poor and I had to work my way through college. For four years I worked in, then managed, a college enting club. My first two summers, I was a waiter in a big resort hotel. That was the best parker work. That was the best paying work I could get during summers. Then one summer I was chief steward on board a private yacht. The owner liked me, seemed to have confidence in me, and the next summer he put me in charge

(To Be Continued Tomorrew.)

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess able to find them without any trou-



Barney Google and Spark Plug

BAD MY PAL. STURDEE, DOESN'T

REMEMBER HER LAST NAME

OH MMM -- I

MIGHT AS WELL GO BACK TO

IKE THEY WEIGH A

MY INVESTIGATIONS TOMORROW --

HELLO-

HURSE . I

FEEL FINE:

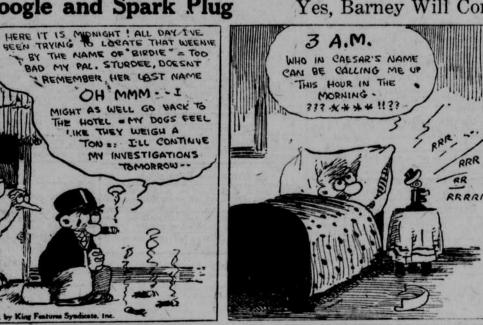
SUPPOSE WE GET HIM

AND GIVE HIM AND THE

ALL A FAKE

Yes, Barney Will Continue His Investigation.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck (Copyright 1924)







BRINGING UP FATHER

HOW EES MISTAIRE

JEEGS TONIGHT?

right. 1924. by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

Registered U. S. Patent Office

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



JERRY ON THE JOB

MAYBE MA BROTHER BETTER

SO HOME ON ACCOUNT

DUNNO.

OF HIM LOSIN HIS

MEMORY =

HEH ?

ANOTHER MEMORY TEST.

AH- H- SHUCKS!

CAN HOLD YOU

IP EASIER'N

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



The Days of Real Sport

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

TAKE " OF THIS SALE SAY





DON'T YOU

ME / FALL HOLD ME TIGHT

