

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By THORNTON W. BURGESS. Peter Discovers the Quacks. Briar Patch, Peter poked his head out...

toward the place where the Laughing Brook enters the Big River. It was a long way over there. At least it was a long way for Peter in broad daylight. It was no time for any Rabbit with the least bit of real sense to be out in the open with no place to hide.

But Peter was letting curiosity get the better of sense. He fairly ached to get over there and see Mr. and Mrs. Quack. He guessed rightly that Sammy Jay was the only one that yet knew that they had arrived from the Sunny South. Sammy had told Peter. "It is still very early," muttered Peter. "The way seems to be clear. I can hide over there somewhere until night." He hopped outside the door...

Old Briar Patch and sat up for a long look. Nowhere could he see Reddy Fox or Old Man Coyote or any of the Hawk family. Suddenly he made up his mind to go, and away he went, lipperty-lipperty-lip, as fast as these long legs of his could carry him. Peter didn't stop once until he reached the bushes near the mouth of the Laughing Brook. Then he drew a long breath. He felt safe over there. "Sammy said that Mr. and Mrs. Quack were in the Big River. I ought to be here," thought Peter. "I ought to be able to find them without any trouble."

THE NEBBS

PUT THAT IN YOUR PIPE.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



Barney Google and Spark Plug

Yes, Barney Will Continue His Investigation.

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

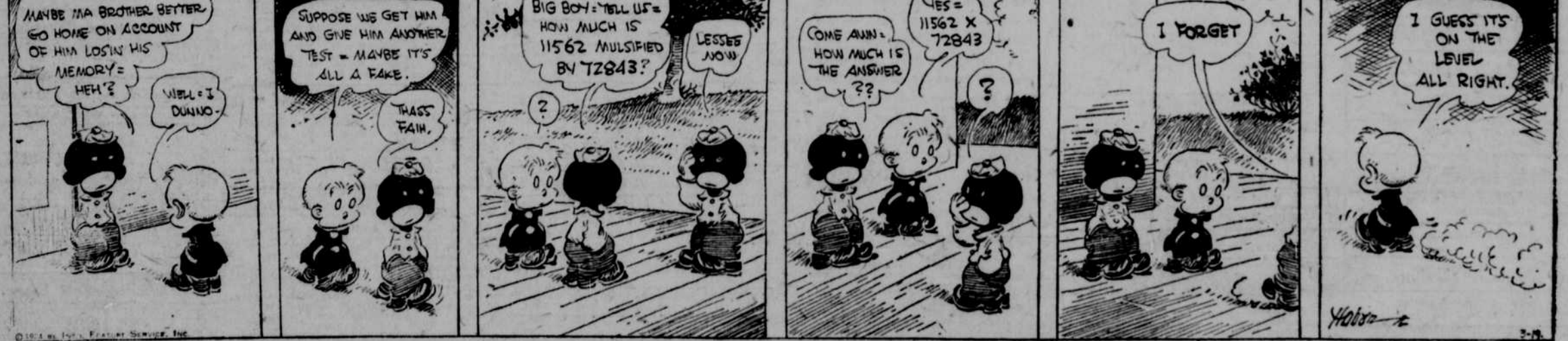
Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



JERRY ON THE JOB

ANOTHER MEMORY TEST.

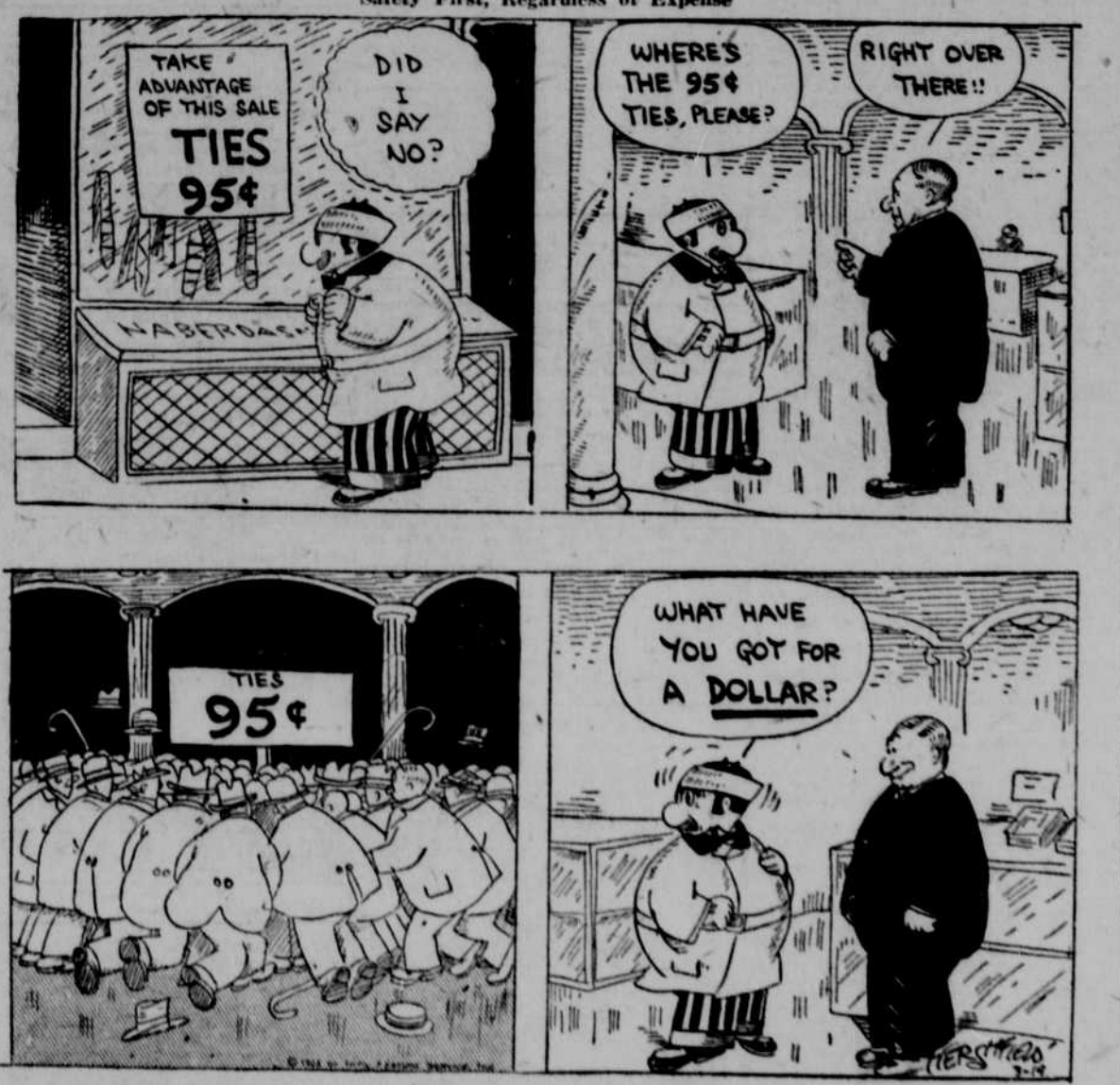
Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



The Days of Real Sport

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 social circles of the city, is a woman of unusual talents. Her friends call her "Cordelia the Magnificent." She has had an unusual amount of success in her career as a social leader. Among the answers received is one from Reddy Fox and Frankie, who, after naming the girl social leader, say that they thought she was a week for her services. Cordelia accepts the employment when assured she will receive \$2,500 monthly. Cordelia's first assignment is to visit Rolling Meadows, the country home of Gladys Marlowe, a young woman who is her social set, and "observe" conditions and doings there. She notes that Mitchell, the butler, holds a commanding position in the household and overhauls a conversation between her and her step-sister, Emily Stevens, from which she infers there had been a secret marriage and that one of the women may have been Mitchell's Frisco, a boy whom they represented as being a French orphan had adopted. Cordelia reports the circumstances to Mr. Franklin, who expresses gratification at what she had learned and arranges to visit her at Rolling Meadows.

(Continued from Yesterday.) 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 Cordelia in the lobby of the Grand. Cordelia hadn't seen Jerry since the evening before she had 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 to like, 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 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 gaily 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 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 more money than any other unmarried young woman Cordelia knew, and her public manner was very agreeable—only her intimates suspected that Gladys might have her little failings. The possession of Jerry Plimpton, and the splendid things he represented, indubitably lay between Gladys Norworth and Cordelia Marlowe. And Cordelia did not doubt...

bank of the Big River a little way, but that water looked too cold for swimming. Peter shivered when he looked at it. He isn't fond of the water, you know. For a long, long time Peter wondered back and forth without finding a sign that Mr. and Mrs. Quack were anywhere near. Finally he went back a little way and hid in a clump of tall, dead grass. He decided that he would take a nap there. He didn't think for a moment or two where he was. Then he heard a low, soft quack. Instantly he remembered where he was and what had brought him over there. He peeped out toward the Big River. In a little open place close to shore sat Mrs. Quack. While he watched, Mr. Quack with his handsome green head and white collar came swimming out from behind a clump of rushes. Joyously Peter sprang out from his hiding place. But at his first move Mr. and Mrs. Quack disappeared among the rushes and wild rice. You see they didn't know who it was, and wisely they would take no chance. (Copyright, 1924.) The next story: "Peter is Sorry for Mr. and Mrs. Quack."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)