

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By THORNTON W. BURGESS
Peter is Sorry for Mr. and Mrs. Quack.

where about. At first Peter Rabbit didn't know what to make of it. Then it came to him that of course they had heard him, and not knowing who it was, had hidden at once. Peter chuckled. "They are as smart and clever as ever," thought he. "I'll just thump once or twice to let them know who is here." So Peter thumped. Almost at once the brown head of Mrs. Quack was thrust out from a mass of dead, wild rice. She looked sharply to see that Peter was alone. Then she swam out, and behind her came Mr. Quack. "Welcome back!" cried Peter. "I'm so glad to see you safely back here! I suppose you had a wonderful winter way down in the Sunny South."

THE NEBBES

HOT DOG!

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



Barney Google and Spark Plug

BARNEY FORGOT TO MAKE ONE EXCEPTION.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



BRINGING UP FATHER

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

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



JERRY ON THE JOB

GAVE HIM AN OVERDOSE.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feeling

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



CORDELIA THE MAGNIFICENT

By LEROY SCOTT.

(Continued from Yesterday.)
"Father and Gladys were playing with Franck, as was the custom while his governess had her breakfast. There was a knock, and Mitchell stepped in. "Excuse me," he said. "I have come for Master Franck." Esther looked up from the paper she was cutting out, and regarded him coldly. "You need not bother. Franck will be here in a few minutes." "Franck wanted to look after Master Franck's laundry, and I promised her I would take him out for a walk," he said. "He turned to the boy. "Would Master Franck like to come with Mitchell?" "Yes, Mitchell!" the boy cried jumping up and running across the room. His paper magazine fluttered to the floor. "You'll tell me a story?" "A Friendly Couple. "After I've taken you for a walk and shown you the country I bought you in town yesterday. It came this morning. "Examining the details of the interview on by one, she could not find a single item which she felt she could safely regard as a fact. As an investigation, the interview had been a failure. "A bunny-oh, Mitchell! A really live bunny that can really eat!" "It can really eat, Master Franck." "Come on, Mitchell! Let's run!" "Master Franck must first say good-bye." "Good-bye, Mother Gladys-good-bye, Mother Gladys-good-bye, Mother Gladys. Now come on Mitchell!" Franck seized the man's hand and excitedly led Mitchell from the room. Cordelia caught a quick glance at Esther's cheek and a swift angry flash in Gladys' eye; and she wondered again what was Mitchell's real purpose in courting the boy's liking; to show his velvet power-to taunt and tease them-or might his impulse be a real affection for Franck?-a father's affection? But this was no time to follow up these conjectures. Here was her chance; Mitchell out on the grounds, the other servants near Mitchell, Cordelia excused herself and ran to the room, she hurried for the wing containing the servant's quarters. Mitchell's room adjoining the trunk-room; if seen in this part of the house, her explanation would be that she had come for some article she had left in a trunk. "Bale's nature. Of course his room was probably locked. Cautiously she tried the door. It was not locked and breathlessly she slipped in. Her quick glance showed her a room whose formal orderliness matched Mitchell's bitter personality. She did not expect to find a great deal here; Mitchell was too shrewd a person to be likely to leave anything of real importance about; the most she had hoped for was a clue either to his identity or to his power in the household. There were a number of books-not many. To her on her present business they were vaguely suggestive, rather than definitely informative. There was a number of volumes dealing with problems of electrical engineering, and a few novels-Tom Jones, "Vanity Fair," "The Begonia," "Meredit's 'The Egoist.'" Rapid as was her survey, she retained a dim impression that the man's actual preference was toward comedy and satire. She turned to his drawers and went swiftly through them, then through his closet, scrutinizing each garment and then replacing each article as she found it. His clothes were all of the best, even of the quality a Jerry Plimpton might have worn, but aside from the maker's names they were unmarked or bore the admittedly assumed name of Mitchell. Only two articles of any possible significance did she come upon. One was a bank-book in Mitchell's name, showing a credit of a trifle over \$300, the plausible savings of a servant; it made her think of a safe deposit box, where real savings, the tribute he had collected here, and his important documents were doubtless hidden away, and it began to set her teeth some day to learn the secret of that box. The second article was a letter which she found in the coat Mitchell had worn the day before in town. It was addressed to General Delivry, New York City, was stamped as received on the previous day, and was upon the stationery of a Cleveland hotel; and addressed, contents and signature were all typewritten, with many clumsy, amateurish erasures and corrections in the body of the letter. The letter read: "That last 2,000 you sent was a life saver. A million thanks. Perhaps I have been trying to expand the business a little too rapidly, but the profits will prove this has been the right course. Of course I could have done nothing without the help of your money, and you are going to have half the profits even if you won't take a partnership in the business. I'm still keeping my name out of the firm-but 'Excellent'-so that we can use your name if you change your mind and decide to come in. Of course I don't blame you for not wanting to come out here and buckle down to this routine drudgery when you are earning up so much coin in New York. I wish you would open up and tell me how you are making all that dough. I didn't know that an outsider had a chance against those New York business sharks. Not unless a fellow went into the bandit or bootlegging business. You are certainly the best and squarest pal a guy ever had! But say, boy, for a clever business man you are running a big risk in sending your remittances to me in the form of drafts payable to 'Cash' and 'Beaver'. Any professional mail-boater would give three silent cheers to get his hands on one of those. Better be more careful. (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)