

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

Mrs. Quack Begins Her Story... where it enters the Big River. He was out of sight there from the eyes of any enemies that might happen along.

...selves comfortably at the edge of the water just in front of Peter. Then Mrs. Quack began her story.

...Peter nodded. "Of course," said he, "You had as fine a family of children with you as I have seen in many a long day."

...in her voice. "We had a splendid family then, but we have none at all now."

...Mrs. Quack. "Of course, when we left here we knew that we had a long and very dangerous journey before us. We knew that all the way along, clear down to our winter home in the Sunny South, we would be in constant danger from hunters with terrible guns."

...It was as bad as we had expected. In fact, I think it was a little worse. It seems to me it gets a little worse each year. Each year there seems to be more of those terrible guns. I tell you what it is, Peter Rabbit, you haven't any idea what it is like to never feel absolutely sure of getting a meal without running the risk of being killed, or worse still, hurt by a terrible gun. If it were not for the blessed darkness of night we never would be able to make one of those long journeys because we never would be able to get food enough to keep us going.

...The next story: "The Lost Quack."

THE NEBBES

THE VILLAGE CUTUP.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

LAST MONDAY RUDY RECEIVED A LETTER FROM HOME THAT MADE HIM SORT OF LONESOME - YOU CAN EXPECT TO SEE HIM LEAVE FOR HOME MOST ANY DAY NOW

THERE'S THAT PEST DRINKING MY WATER AGAIN - WHEN I GET THIS PLACE FIXED UP IF HE GETS AT THE WELL IT WILL BE WHEN I'M IN BED ASLEEP - THIS WATER MIGHT HAVE KEPT HIM YOUNG IN BODY AND SPIRIT BUT IT TOOK HIS BRAIN BACK TO THE CRADLE

HELLO, NEIGHBOR! YOU'RE PRETTYING UP TH' PLACE A BIT - NOW DON'T WORK TOO HARD - ALL WORK AND NO PLAY WILL MAKE YOU RICH AND DISAGREEABLE

YOU DIDN'T GET AROUND TO TH' MOON BEAM GIRLS DANCE TH' OTHER NIGHT DID YA? WELL YOU MISSED A GOOD TIME! IT NEVER BROKE UP TILL AFTER TEN O'CLOCK - DIDN'T COST ME A CENT AND I NEARLY BUSTED MYSELF EATIN' FROSTING CAKE AND ICE CREAM

WELL I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE YOU NOW - I'M GOIN' DOWN TO TH' BARBER SHOP - TH' NEW GAZETTE COMES IN TODAY AND I WANT TO LOOK AT TH' PICTURES!

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W.A. Carlson

Barney Google and Spark Plug

IT'S BARNEY THAT GETS LOCATED.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

MR. GOOGLE, SOME LADY WAS HERE INQUIRING FOR YOU WHILE YOU WERE OUT - SHE LEFT NO NAME BUT SHE SAID SHE'D RETURN LATER

AND SHE'S COMING BACK ?? JULIUS H. CAESAR !! THAT MUST BE THE WONDERFUL WEAPON I'VE BEEN TRYING ALL WEEK TO LOCATE -

YES - YES - SEND UP THE BARBER TO ROOM 800 - PARLOR 'A' AND THE MANICURIST - YEH - AND THE BOOTBLACK - HURRY - GET OFF THE WIRE - I'M TALKING TO THE BARBER SHOP HELLO!

PARDON ME FOR INTERRUPTING YOU, MR. GOOGLE - A LADY IS ON HER WAY UP TO YOUR PARLOR - YES - NOW -

WHEN THE RENAISSANCE BEGAN WE CANNOT TELL - FAR BACK IN THE DARK AGES WE CAN SEE THE SPIRIT STIRRING, NOW MANIFESTING ITSELF HERE, NOW THERE - REALLY, MR. GOOGLE, YOUR LIBRARY CANNOT BE COMPLETE WITHOUT THIS BEAUTIFUL VOLUME -

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

BY GOLLY, I NEVER FELT BETTER IN MY LIFE BUT I SURE WAS A SICK MAN! JUST THINK, I WAS DELIRIOUS TWO DAYS AGO!

WHAT IS IT? IT'S FROM THE MILLINER'S MRS. JIGGS FIFTY DOLLARS COLLECT!

WAIT TILL I GO UP-STAIRS I'LL ASK MR. JIGGS TO WRITE OUT A CHECK FOR IT!

OH, SEE! OH, SEE THE LITTLE RED SCHOOL HOUSE!

JERRY ON THE JOB

HE WAS RIGHT THE FIRST TIME.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban

IMAGINE THAT ?? I WENT ALL THE WAY UP TO MR. FIGSBY'S HOUSE AND BACK AND ALL HE GIMME 'IS A NICKEL - IMAGINE THAT?

THAT'S ALL RIGHT - I HOPE YOU THANKED HIM FOR IT. YOU MARCH RIGHT IN THERE AND THANK HIM - DON'T BE SUCH A ROUNDY.

THANKS FOR THE FIVE CENTS YOUST GIMME MR. FIGSBY - THANKS.

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT - BUT MISS OSAY MADE ME DO IT ANNYWAY.

It Happens in the Best Regulated Families

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

YOU'RE SO CARELESS WITH SUCH THINGS - LOOK THROUGH YOUR POCKETS AGAIN - YOU SAVE A LOT OF TICKET STUBS I NOTICE

WELL THE TRUNK ISN'T GOING TO FLY OPEN ITSELF, IF YOU CAN'T FIND THE KEY WE'LL HAVE TO BREAK THE LOCK!! IT'S A PRETTY THING I MUST SAY!!

I'VE GOT TO HAVE SOME THINGS OUT OF THAT TRUNK AND JUST POKING AT THE LOCK WITH YOUR FINGERS ISN'T GOING TO DO A SPECK OF GOOD - CAN YOU TELL ME THAT?

WHY DON'T YOU CALL A PORTER OR SOMETHING - YOU'RE NOT ACCOMPLISHING A THING HOWARD -

IN YOUR TROUSERS POCKET ALL THE TIME WASN'T IT? YEP THERE 'TIS

I THINK YOU'RE ONE OF THE MOST CARELESS MEN I EVER KNEW - YOU SEEM TO HAVE NO SENSE OF RESPONSIBILITY

I JUST FEEL LIKE GOING IN SOME PLACE AND GET A NICE CUP OF COFFEE - NOTHING ELSE !!

FOR JUST ONLY A CUP OF COFFEE, ANY PLACE WILL DO!

WHAT'LL YOU HAVE?? A CUP OF COFFEE

BEFORE OR AFTER YOU EAT?? AFTER, OF COURSE - WHERE'S HERE THE MENU??

...I told Gladys that some one had told me. That was not true. I was angry when I said it. The fact merely is that I had not a likeness between Gladys and Francois, and a possibility had popped into my head. A while ago Gladys came here and was very insulting. I completely lost my temper, and struck back accusing her of being Francois' mother. She admitted it. With me, the whole thing was just a shot in the dark that chance to strike the target. That's all there is to it. And I'm sorry that I lost my temper. Cordelia perceived that her explanation had entirely convinced the two. Again Gladys was eagerly fawning upon her. It's not so bad as you think, Cordelia. You know only the worst; it's not fair to me to have you think the worst of me. And since you know the worst, I want you to know all of it. Then you'll see that I'm not really to blame, the luck's been unfair to me all the way through. Listen-I'll tell you the whole story. But just then soft steps were heard crossing the room. The three women whirled about, coming toward them was Mitchell. He had entered and closed the door so noiselessly that they had not guessed his presence. "What are you doing here?" Esther demanded sharply. Cordelia had long been wanting to see the butler's face when it would not be the face of the butler. She had her wish. The face was kind and smiling, with cool, easy, ironical good humor of one who feels himself the thorough master. In this unmasking smile, in this real Mitchell which Cordelia felt she was glimpsing for the first time, there was nothing brutal, nothing vulgar, nothing menacing. Mitchell was a villain and a devil undoubtedly. Cordelia thought-but a gentlemanly devil. (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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