

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By THORNTON W. BURGESS
The Rights of Feathered Folk. "Most of them are," agreed Peter. "These two-legged creatures called Rabbits. "All of them are," declared Mr. Quack.

Quack. "They seem to think that no one has any rights but themselves." "I guess you don't know Farmer Brown's Boy," said Peter. "He never forgets the rights of the rest of us."

declared Mrs. Quack in a very decided tone. "First, they try to kill us with dreadful guns. Not satisfied with that, they destroy our food supply, and do not seem to care how many of us die. We feathered folk have some rights. Yes, sir, we have some rights. We have the right to live at least. If we didn't, Mother Nature would never have put us into the Great World. But a lot of these two-legged creatures seem to think we haven't any rights at all.

"If they go on draining the marshes and lakes and swamps at the rate they have been doing it the time is coming, and coming soon, when there will be no water birds left. If we Ducks could stay up in the far north where we spend our summers it would be all right. But we can't stay there. We have to spend the winters where there is no ice, for where there is ice we cannot get food. We have to do it, but because we must do it. And now these two-legged creatures are taking away our feeding grounds by taking away all the water.

"And we Ducks and other water birds are not the only ones who are suffering. When Red Wing the Blackbird gets here ask him what kind of a winter he spent. He'll tell you the same thing. Ask Welcome Robin. The grass and bushes that used to grow in our winter home in the sunny south gave shelter to many of the feathered people of the green forest and the green meadows and the old orchard all through the winter months. This last winter they had to find other shelter, and it wasn't easy. And always there is the fear that

Nature gave them to us. I thought that when hunters stopped shooting at us on our way north in the spring that the taking away of our winter homes is many times worse than the shooting in the spring.

"I have heard that the same thing is happening in some northern places, especially in the west, where water birds have made their summer homes and nested since the beginning of things. Down there in the sunny south I heard dreadful stories of lakes and marshes where always thousands and thousands of birds have made their homes, which these two-legged creatures have drained, so that not a nesting place is left. And now that the water, which the birds needed, has been taken away, there is left nothing will grow. It serves the selfish two-legged creatures right, but that doesn't help the feathered folk any.

"Well, what's the use of talking about it? There is nothing we can do about it. I'm afraid the day is coming when there will be no more Ducks and few other water birds. We can't fight for our rights, and there's no one else to do it for us."

The right to live belongs to all—the great and strong, the weak and small. —Mrs. Quack.

The next story: "More Troubles." (Copyright, 1924.)

THE NEBBS

PLEASE GO 'WAY AND LET ME WALK.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



Barney Google and Spark Plug

BARNEY MEETS WITH A HOLDUP.

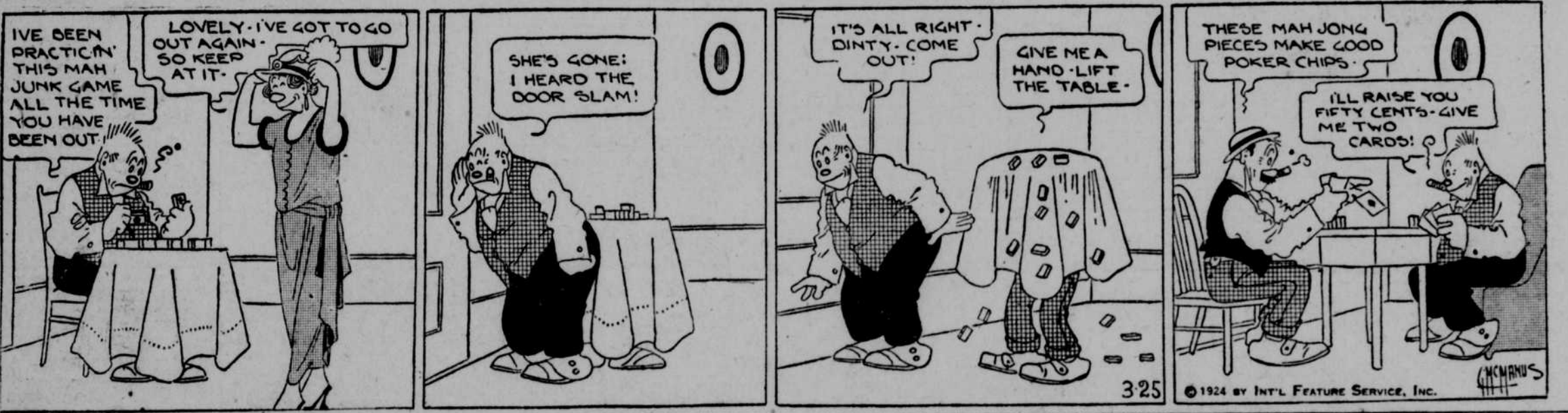
Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



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

TWO HALVES EQUAL ONE WHOLE

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



That Guiltiest Feeling

ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



Table Rock School Head

Accepts Post at Franklin Table Rock, Neb., March 24.—E. D. Trump, superintendent of the Table Rock schools, has been elected superintendent of schools at Franklin, Neb., at an increase in salary of \$250 a year. He has been connected with the schools of Table Rock for seven years, two as principal and five as superintendent.

Farmhouse Burns.

Nebraska City, Neb., March 24.—The house on the Moffat farm, north of Arbor Lodge, has burned to the ground. It was one of the landmarks of the vicinity. The present owner of the farm is W. H. Pitzer.

CORDELIA THE MAGNIFICENT

By LEROY SCOTT. (Copyright, 1924.)

SYNOPSIS. Cordelia Marlowe, most striking figure in society's youngest set, whose mother had left her annual income of \$30,000 by her will to her only daughter as an investment, with Jerome and Franklin, lawyers. Under agreement with Cordelia, Mr. Frank Mitchell, a millionaire, had been defrauded by her brother, a boy whom they represented to be a French orphan they had adopted. Gladys orders Cordelia to leave the country after seeing her kissed by Jerry Plimpton. Cordelia charges Gladys with being mother of Francis, which she finally admits is true.

(Continued from Yesterday.) "All the same," said Esther, with a grim sigh. "I wish it would all come out somehow, so we'd be through with this business. The very idea was too much for Gladys' raw nerves. She again lost herself in panic and seized Esther's arm. "Esther, if that ever happens, you'll stand my lot! Remember, you promised! You'll stand my lot, Esther! Like you said!" "On the condition we agreed upon." "You mean Francis?" "Yes."

CHAPTER XIV. Mitchell's request, or command, accorded perfectly with Cordelia's own desire. He had not half revealed his true character, she was sure of that. She changed rapidly into a suit, her thoughts racing excitedly. At last she had the full secret of Rolling Meadows which she had been commissioned to secure. Mr. Franklin would be surprised—she could imagine his surprise when she told him of the promptness of her work, as well as at the clever manner in which she had stilled all suspicion by pretending that her discovery was a pure accident precipitated by a pardonable loss of temper. "She wondered just how Mr. Franklin was going to handle the formidable yet indefinite force Mitchell was. Of course, he would somehow quickly rid Gladys of her mischievous and Mr. Franklin's business. She felt regret that she necessarily would receive no public credit for her great share in this service. When a cautious knock sounded, Cordelia opened her door and stepped into the hall. Mitchell had exchanged his butler's coat in favor of a dark sack suit. "No one will see us," he said, "there'll be nobody stirring for hours. But if we are seen, you can mention casually that you had a headache, thought a ride might cure it and asking me to go along as a sort of footman to guard against the busy ubiquitous bandit who is making New York famous. Of course, I'm so used to his mocking smile, we might have talked in your room—but a tete-a-tete in your room at 5 a. m. with a man, and a butler at that, might possibly have led to a scandal, and God knows, we're not starving for another scandal at Rolling Meadows." Five minutes later the roadster was fitting through the pearl-gray dawn. They drove inland a few miles, turned into a dirt road, then swung into a track which led into an unfenced woodland of the low scrub pine which on most of Long Island is the only excuse for forest. A hundred yards within Cordelia stilled the motor in a little spot that had been cleared by fire. Above the scrawny, ignoble trees the morning was stealthily pushing up its edge of salmon-pink. She turned to her strange passenger. His manner was courteous enough, but he was regarding her with that ironical, whimsical, challenging smile which that night she had seen for the first time break through his butler's mask. "Is this place quiet enough for your purpose?" she asked. "It is perfection," he answered. "I wish to compliment you on your courage in coming to so secluded a spot with a man of my character." "Don't talk rot!" she said shortly. "Why do you wish to see me?" "Because I know you wished to see me, and it is my instinct to gratify a lady's ever wish. No, no—excuse me—don't be angry," he said quickly, as he noted the hot blush in Cordelia's eyes. "I'm so used to chaffing Gladys—that I get started in that manner before I think. I'll be serious. No, not too serious, but I'll try to talk sense. I wanted to see you, and see you promptly, because I thought we might have some interests in common. At least, your discovery made you a possible inmate to my interests. I thought we'd better talk things out." (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)