

CORDELIA THE MAGNIFICENT

By LEROY SCOTT.

SYNOPSIS. Cordelia Marlowe, most striking figure in society's youngest set, whose mother had lost her annual income of \$25,000 by bad investments, accepts a position as investigator with Redmore & Franklin, lawyers. Under agreement with her step-sister, Emily Stevens, from which she infers there had been a secret marriage and that one of the women is mother of Francis, a boy whom they represented regularly receive \$2,000 monthly. Cordelia's first assignment is to visit Rolling Meadows, the country home of Gladys Norworth, the richest young woman in her social set, and "observe" conditions and doing there. She notes that Mitchell, the butler, holds a commanding position in the household and overhears a conversation between him, Miss Norworth and her step-sister, Emily Stevens, from which she infers there had been a secret marriage and that one of the women is mother of Francis, a boy whom they represented regularly receive \$2,000 monthly. Cordelia's first assignment is to visit Rolling Meadows, the country home of Gladys Norworth, the richest young woman in her social set, and "observe" conditions and doing there. She notes that Mitchell, the butler, holds a commanding position in the household and overhears a conversation between him, Miss Norworth and her step-sister, Emily Stevens, from which she infers there had been a secret marriage and that one of the women is mother of Francis, a boy whom they represented regularly receive \$2,000 monthly.

THE NEBBES

THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



Barney Google and Spark Plug

BARNEY NEARLY LOSES HIS HEAD.

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

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feeling

ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



It seemed to me that our games had become pretty thoroughly tangled and that we should have a frank show-down. I told you about myself. Now just what is your game?"

"My game?"

"I'm willing Gladys and Esther should think your tale the truth—provided it doesn't interfere with me. But I know it is not the truth. For I know you came to Rolling Meadows to learn Gladys' story, and that you learned it in consequence of persistent, careful planning. I may again your tale was not the truth, and again I ask you what's your game?"

"Mitchell," she said haughtily.

"Mr. Mitchell, when we're in private," he corrected.

She stared at him, still trying to maintain her manner of haughty denial and indignation.

And then Mitchell openly accused her blackmailing Gladys and after her indignant denials warned her to look out for Mr. Franklin.

And after these astounding things he confessed an admiration for her that amazed her.

She reported to Mr. Franklin during an impromptu drive. He professed himself vastly pleased and insisted on accepting a \$5,000 bonus for what he called her extraordinary services. He gave her a check for half that sum and promised to mail the balance. He also suggested that she accept the invitation to visit the Thorndikes.

Gladys Alarmed.

"But Cordia, you mustn't go!" Gladys cried in dismay.

"I've said I would go and I'm going. We'll be just wasting time if we discuss it. Besides, I asked you up here on something far more important than my leaving you."

"Cordie," she gasped, "you don't mean—you're going to tell?"

"No. But you are going to tell."

"I tell!" I tell. . . . Tell—tell whom?"

"Jerry Plimpton."

"Tell Jerry Plimpton I tell Jerry Plimpton!" Till now her voice had been low-pitched; it now burst forth a defiant shriek. "I'll not tell him! And you can't make me! I'll not tell him—never!"

Just then the door softly opened, and softly closed. Cordelia felt no surprise whatever when she turned and saw that for the second time their interrupter was Mitchell.

"At it again, Miss Marlowe," he remarked in his pleasant, mocking tone.

She's asking me to tell Jerry Plimpton," Gladys angrily explained to him. She turned back to Cordelia.

"I tell you I won't do it! You can't make me lose Jerry like that!"

Their gaze locked. There was a moment of silence. Then the bland voice of Mitchell was gently raised.

"It seems that my presence was quite providential. When two parties to a conflict cannot agree, then arbitration is the modern remedy. I nominate and elect myself as the third party—the arbiter. Now let's see if we cannot find a happy solution that will satisfy the wishes of all three of us. I take it that your chief desire, Miss Marlowe, is not so much that Mr. Plimpton be told the whole truth as that he will be guaranteed protection against Gladys. I presume this latter will satisfy me—yes."

Mitchell stood up. "I'm sure you will do as I ask you, Gladys. There's a writing desk over there in the window. Come over; we're going to take our pen in hand and write a little letter. This is the letter as Gladys' rebellious pen set it down:

Dear Jerry:

You are such an old friend, and such a good friend that I want you to be one of the very first to learn of my secret. Remember it is a secret—you must not whisper it to a soul and you must burn this letter, the whole of my secret. I am not even telling you the name of my fiancé; that's the biggest part of the secret. There are circumstances which make silence for a time—but then I don't need to go into explanations to you.

Always your friend,

Faithfully,

GLADYS NORTHWORTH.

When Gladys had finished Mitchell ordered her to address an envelope to Jerry's city home, to enclose the letter, seal it, and hand it over to him.

She handed over the letter. Then she withdrew upon Cordelia all her passion blazing forth, hands clenching and unclenching in their furious desire to close on flesh.

"You've done all this, Cordelia Marlowe," she cried. "I'll not forget it! My time will come—just you see—and when it comes, oh, but I'll make you pay! I'll make you pay!"

Having eliminated Cordelia as his agent in Gladys' affairs, Franklin's mind had turned to Mitchell as his most likely instrument for furtherance of his interests.

Since Mitchell was admittedly blackmailing, Franklin reasoned that Mitchell was an experienced criminal. In reply to a skillfully worded letter, Mitchell wrote to Franklin's office. Franklin was cool, pleasant, direct.

A Cool Customer.

"Visiting at Rolling Meadows I was much struck by your obvious superiority to your position," he said.

"Yes."

"Very good. Now I can use an intelligent man of your type, and it

occurred to me that I might offer you something which you might consider an improvement upon your present situation."

"I fear I could not suit you, Mr. Franklin, for none of my training has been along legal lines. What terms did you think of offering?"

"My terms?" said Franklin, steadily, choosing his words so that their meaning could not possibly be mistaken. "Of course I do not know what you are now clearing, from salary, gratuities, and all other sources, but if you will come in with me I will guarantee to double your present receipts. Double them—whatever the amount."

"You have been most kind, Mr. Franklin," he said. "But I have no personal ability, and no connection of any kind, which could possibly warrant me in accepting so generous an offer."

"Then you do not accept?"

"No. It would not be fair to you."

Mitchell rose, and with courteous, poker faces the two men parted.

CHAPTER XV.

Franklin's only remaining course, so it now seemed to him, to make a profit out of Cordelia's information—the big profit of a great lawyer who was keeping course. I do not know—was through direct dealings with Gladys.

"I find myself in a most embarrassing, humiliating situation," Franklin said to Gladys. "Believe me, I would not touch the matter I am about to broach to you, were it not for the certainty that some other lawyer would handle the matter if I decline."

Briefly, a person has just come to me with a most unfortunate story an affair of the heart in wartime Paris, a child born out of wedlock—and everything most carefully concealed from the public. I sincerely hope you now understand, so that I will not be unpleasantly necessary for me to go into further details. Also this person has proofs, and threatens to make the story public unless—But you see what a hot attorney! It's all as plain as day—the person is Cordelia Marlowe! She has already used that story to hold me up!"

Gladys explained to Mr. Franklin: "She made me write a letter to Mr. Plimpton. Not telling him that story, but the sort of letter that would cause him to keep away from me."

"But he's reasonably decent," she said.

"(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)"

Burgess Bedtime Stories

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

The Quacks and Peter Rabbit are Started.

Wisdom knock when to stay. And when 'tis best to run away.

Old Mother Nature Peter Rabbit was interested in listening to the troubles of Mr. and Mrs. Quack, and Mr. and Mrs. Quack were so occupied in telling Peter about their troubles that all three forgot to watch out for possible danger. So it happened that they didn't suspect that any bird was near until a twig snapped. Had you heard the snap of that twig it would have seemed a very slight noise indeed. But to Peter and the Quacks it was as startling as the bang of a gun would have been. You see they knew instantly that some one had crept up very close to them.

Mr. and Mrs. Quack, who had been scuttling right out in the open at the edge of the water, instantly took to their wings and headed out straight for the middle of the Big River. They didn't even stop to see what had frightened them. Peter Rabbit simply squatted down a little closer to the ground under a shelter of brush. Peter was too wise to attempt to run away. To have run would have been to have shown himself. He knew that very likely he had not been seen, and that it was safer to freeze, that is, to keep perfectly still, than to run. To run without knowing what he was running from might be to run right straight into danger instead of away from it.

Peter's heart was going thump-thump, thump-thump as he peeped out to see right out in the open at the twig. Then his heart stopped thumping. Peter saw Farmer Brown's Boy, and he did not fear Farmer Brown's Boy. He knew that Farmer Brown's Boy was his friend.

But Peter didn't move. He watched to see what Farmer Brown's Boy was about, and as he watched he wished with all his heart that he could tell Farmer Brown's Boy the dreadful story of the Quacks. "He would try to do something for them. He would try to help them. I know he would," thought Peter.

But, of course, he couldn't talk to Farmer Brown's Boy, so he kept still and watched. Farmer Brown's Boy