CORDELIA THE MAGNIFICENT

By LEROY SCOTT.

kissed by Jerry Plimpton, was becoming uncomfortably per-orth girls desired to marry, sonal.

Is this why you asked me here," she finally admits is a father, she says, was a killed and who had told of blackmail?"

Cor- sation between him, Miss Norworth and mitchell that he already when he married Gladys.

mitchell that he already had a wife when he married Gladys.

(Continued from Yesterday.)
She did not know exactly why, but Cordelia had a sense that this talk was becoming uncomfortably personal.

Is this why you asked me here."
Is this why you asked me here wagging of a loose blackmail?"

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

OU OUMT TO HANE SEEN WHAT A LOOKING PLACE THAT WAS WHEN I GOT THERE — BUT WE'RE FIXING IT UP AND IT'S

"I beg your pardon! I entirely for got myself. When I get an audience games had become pretty thoroughly hocourned to me that I might offer games had become pretty thoroughly hocourned to me that I might offer games had become pretty thoroughly hou about that we should have a sider an improvement upon your present frank show-down. I've told you about myself. Now just what is your "I fear I could not suit you, agame?"

"My game?"

"My game?"

"My terms?" said Franklin, steadily. those in 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 what you are now clearing, from to learn Gladys story, and that you alery of course I do not know what you are now clearing, from to learn Gladys story, and that you alery of course I do not know what you are now clearing, from to learn Gladys story, and that you alery of the course, whatever the source, whatever the source in the course of t

your tale was not the truth, and again i ask you what's your game?"
i ask you what's your game?"
'Mitchell!" she said haughtly.
"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 of blackmailing Gladys and after."

Then you do not accept?"

maintain her manner of haughty denial and indignation.

And then Mitchell openly accused her of 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 teported to Mr. Franklin during an impromptu drive. He professed himself vastly pleased and in aisted on her 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, your mustn't go" Gladys cried in dismay.

"I've said I would go and I'm gong. 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."

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

"Jerry Plimpton."

"Tell Jerry Plimpton."

"Tell Jerry Plimpton I tell Jerry Plimpton."

"Tell Jerry Plimpton I tell him—never."

Just then the door softly opened, and softly closed. Cordella 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. She's asking me to tell Jerry Plimpton."

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Gladys angrily explained to Gladys explained to Mr. Franklin.

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Gladys explained to Mr

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 entrance was quite providential. When two parties to a conflict cannot agree, then arbi-"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 her reason for that?"
(To Be Continued Tomerrow.)

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 you?"

"That will satisfy me—yes."

Mitchell stood up. "I'm sure you will do as I ask you, Gladys. There's a writing desk over near the window. Come on over; we're going to take our pen in hand and write a little letter."

The Quacks and Peter Rabbit are Startled.

Wisdom knews just when to stay.

And when 'tis best to run away.

Old Mother Nature.

Peter Rabbit was so interested in listening to the troubles of Mr. and Mrs. Quack, away were so occupied in telling Peter about their troubles that all three forgot to watch out for possible danger. So it has they didn't sugment.

pen in hand and write a little letter."
This is the letter as Gladys' rebellious pen set it down.: Dear, Jerry:

You are such and old friend, and such a good friend that I want you 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 fiance; that's the biggest part my fiance; 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

ground under a shelter of brush. Peter

letter, seal it, and hand it over to him.

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

"You've done all this, Cordelia Marlowe" she cried. "I'll not forget 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 when it comes, oh, but I'll make you pay! I'll make you pay! I'll make you pay! Having elliminated 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 black
Since Mitchell was admittedly black-

ance of his interests.

Then his heart stopped thumping.

Since Mitchell was admittedly black- Peter saw Farmer Brown's Boy, and

mailing, Franklin reasoned that Mitchell was an experienced criminal. In reply to a skillfully worded letter, Mitchell went to Franklin's office.

Franklin was cool, pleasant, direct. to see what Farmer Brown's Boy was

A Cool Customer.

"Visiting at Rolling Meadows I was about, and as he watched he wished much struck by your obvious superiority to your position," he said.

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

Farmer Brown's Boy the dreadful story of the Quacks. 'He would try "Yes."
"Very good. Now I can use an intelligent man of your type, and it to do something for them. He would try to help them. I know he would."

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



Best Judges.





THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME.





YOU OWNT TO HAVE SEEN WHAT A
LOOKING PLACE THAT WAS WHEN I GOT
THERE - BUT WE'RE FIXING IT UP AND IT'S
GOING TO BE MICE - THERE ARE FIVE ACRES
OF GOOD LAND, A WELL OF THE FINEST WATER
YOU EVER DRANK - WHEN IT'S FIXED UP IM
GOING TO SELL IT OR RENT IT AND I'LL
GIVE YOU THE MONEY WILL YOU PUT THAT
IN WRITING? - YOU
MIGHT FIND A BUTTON
OFF YOUR UNDERSHIRT OR A HOLE IN ONE OF YOUR SOCKS AND YOU'LL CHANGE YOUR MIND

Barney Google and Spark Plug

EXTRA -

SPECIAL TRAIN

CALGARY

ON TIME -THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE ARE

DEROT TO GET

HIS FAMOUS OWNER AS

SPECIAL TRAIN PASSES THROUGH CITIZENS OF MOOSE

SPARK PLUG AND

CARRYING BARNES

OH, BOY - THIS RIDING

HOME IN A SPECIAL TRAIN

IS THE MICOY ..

ALL I DO IS EAT SIEED ...

BARNEY NEARLY LOSES HIS HEAD.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck (Copyright 1924)







BRINGING UP FATHER

U. S. Patent Office

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

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus (Copyright 1924)







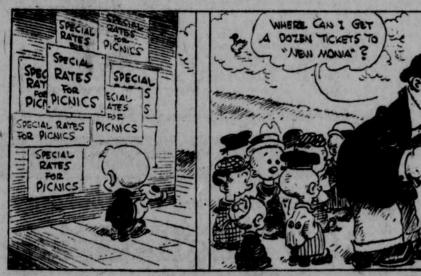
JERRY ON THE JOB

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban

(Copyright 1924)

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.









Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feeling

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

WHEN YOU'VE GOT A LARGE MOP OF GOLDEN HAIR YOU HATE TO LUSE, BUT THE ONLY HATS ARE THOSE MADE FOR BUBBED HEADS

UNTIL YOU FINALLY DECIDE TO

LOCKS AND YOU SPEND YOUR

LAST NIGHT WITH THEM

IN MOURNEUL FAREWELL

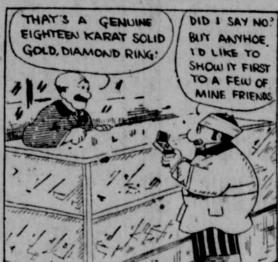
PART WITH YOUR BEAUTIFUL













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

thought Peter.

Gladys explained to Mr. Franklin

Burgess Bedtime

to watch out for possible danger. So

that any one else 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

Mr. and Mrs. Quack, who had been squatting 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

was too wise to attempt to run away.

very close to them.

it happened that they didn't suspec

Brown's Boy was about. walked down to the edge of the Rie River and stood looking off after Mr. and Mrs. Quack.

"That was a pair of Mallard Ducks as sure as I live!" exclaimed Farmer Frown's Boy. "I didn't suppose it was time for them yet. They have arrived earlier than I have ever known them to before. If I had susected that they were here I would have taken care not to snap that twig. It must be that we are going to have an early spring, or they wouldn't be up here yet. I wish I could keep them around here for a while. Perhaps if I put some cern out for them they will stay a while. I'll go straight back home and get

He saw Mr. and Mrs. Quack set heir wings and drop down on the water out in the middle of the Big River. Then widstling merrily he turned and transped back toward home. Peter watched him go. "If I could only have told him about Mr. and Mrs. Quack," thought Peter. "Oh, dear, if I only could have told him?" (Capyright, 1924.)