

CORDELIA THE MAGNIFICENT

By LEROY SCOTT. (Copyright, 1924.)

CHAPTER XVII. "I knew you'd make a match of level where being articulate was possible." Mrs. Marlowe exclaimed. "And to think of it—Jerry Plimpton!"

"They're not married yet," was Mr. Franklin's comment over the phone to Gladys. A lot may happen before then. All these exhilarating days Cordelia's stay had been ever of deepest blue. Then she met Mitchell and greeted him pleasantly. He surprised her by seizing her arm.

But instantly he had turned sharply about and was gripping her arm. "After all I must say it," he declared in a fierce whisper. "I must see you a few minutes—where will be alone?" An Odd Ride. He hailed a taxicab, helped her in, called "Up the Avenue" to the driver, and stepped in beside her. The eyes

of his eyes stabbing her with their disdain. "In the first place, I told you once I loved you. I insulted myself. I despise you more than any woman I know." "Your Mr. Franklin has been blackmailing Gladys; I forced everything out of her. She showed me one canceled check for \$15,000; she pays him \$60,000 a year. The thing is covered

by a contract for legal services, but it is plainly blackmail, and Gladys admits it is blackmail. Your clever Mr. Franklin is blackmailing with you as his clever assistant!" "It's—it's not so!" she declared, but without her former vigor. "I'll tell you where your money came from," Mitchell went on. "From your Mr. Franklin. Part of the blackmail he has collected with your help. He laughed harshly.

"Your whole game is now as clear as day! Your whole purpose in coming out to Rolling Meadows was to carry out yours and Mr. Franklin's plan of blackmailing Gladys!" "I came to Rolling Meadows to stop your blackmailing Gladys! But I'm not going to tell on you. He stopped the cab, got out and left her.

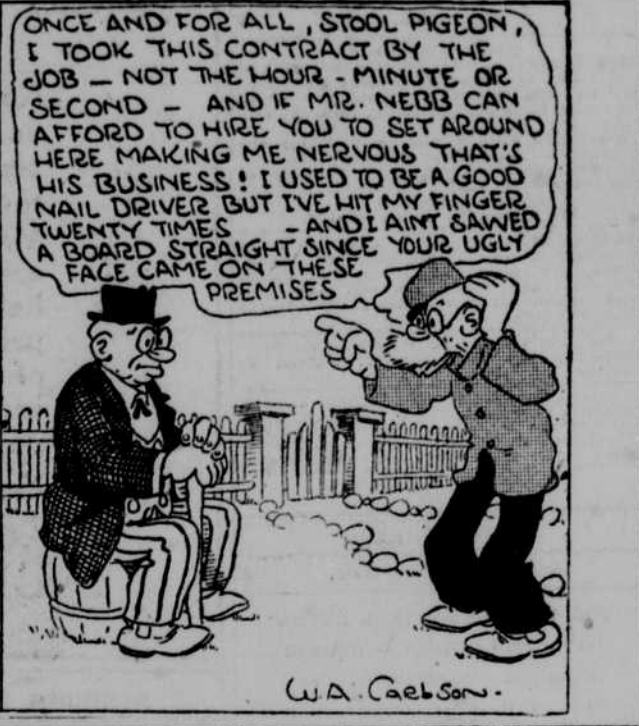
She remembered that Gladys had said she was paying more blackmail than ever; something now whispered insistently in Cordelia that Gladys had then spoken the truth. She admitted to herself she did not want to know the truth. It would be better not to know. She—she was afraid. And so long as she did not know the truth, she was innocent. One resolve she did make. It first flashed into her mind as inspiration; it came as a great light that cleared away all the black threads of the night. It brought infinite relief. She would pay back all they had from Mr. Franklin!

THE NEBBS

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

HORATIO NIBLICK - THE POOR BUT HONEST ATTORNEY - IS ON THE JOB REPRESENTING RUDY NEBB IN HIS ABSENCE

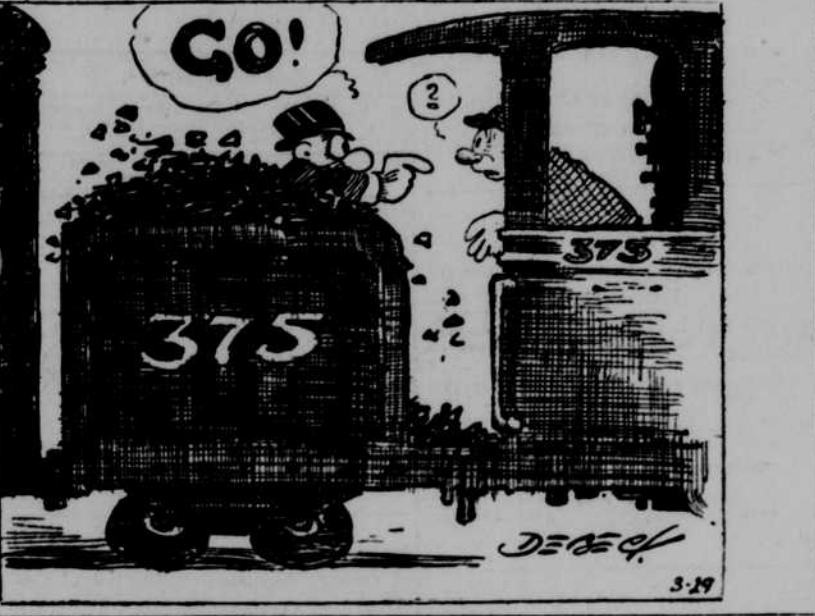
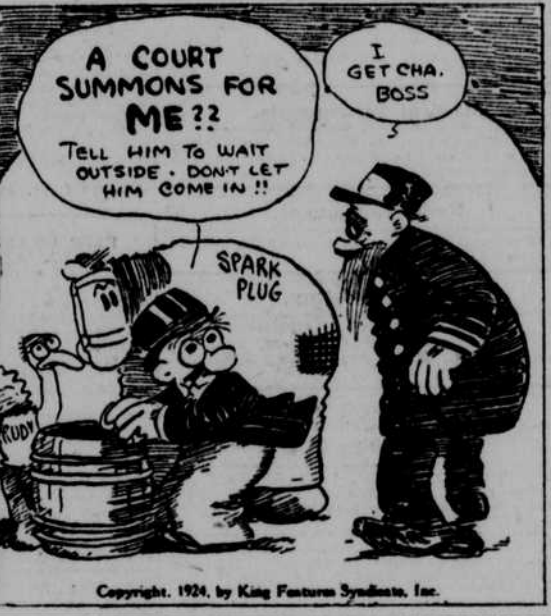


Barney Google and Spark Plug

It's a No-Stop Schedule for Barney Now.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

BULLETIN - SPARK PLUG SPECIAL TRAIN DELAYED AT MOOSE JAW, CANADA. RUMOR AFOAT THAT BARNEY GOOGLE HAS MET SOME BEAUTIFUL WEEHIE IN TOWN AND PLANS TO SPEND THE WEEK END

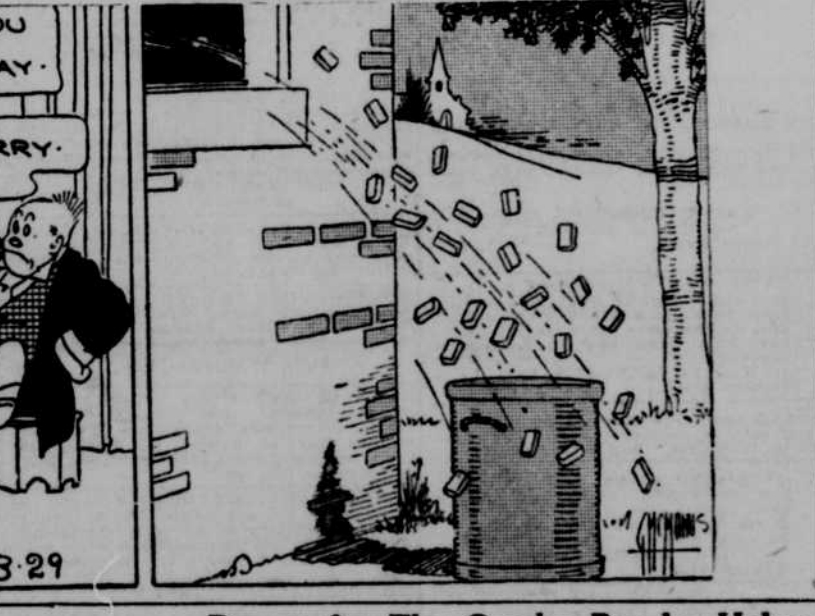
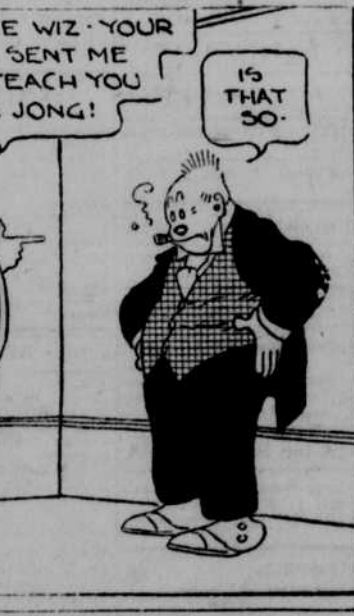


BRINGING UP FATHER

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

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus

I'M PROOF JEE WIZ YOUR GOOD WIFE SENT ME HERE TO TEACH YOU MAH JONG!



JERRY ON THE JOB

TOO MANY QUESTIONS

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban

NOW THAT YOU 'BLOTS' HAVE BEEN APPOINTED NIGHT WATCHMEN YOU'VE GOT TO BE VIGILANT - DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?



Me and Mine

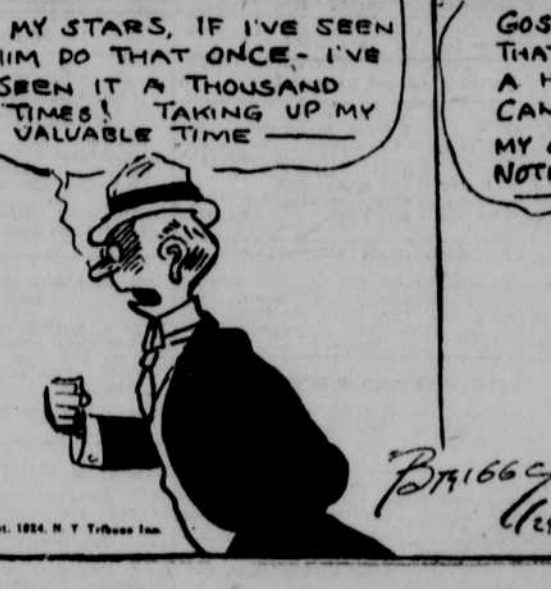
ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

LOOK HERE BILL - NOW WATCH THIS CAREFULLY - SEE IF YOU CAN FOLLOW IT WITH YOUR EYE



WELL HERE'S A GOOD TRICK FRED - THIS IS REALLY GOOD



in spoke up quickly, in his composed tone. "I'll tell you everything about this man! Yes, and I'll tell all the world when—"

"What's—what infernal lies!" gasped Cordelia. "Of course you would say so, Miss Marlowe. Miss Norworth, you have personal knowledge of some of these statements. Have I lied in any statement that concerns you?" "You have told only the truth," Gladys said emphatically. "And I know that she was all the time scheming to get Jerry Plimpton to marry her."

"Gladys—you—you—" But Cordelia's words could not come out. "Go on in a harsh voice. As Frank had piled swift lie upon swift lie, Cordelia's growing rage had been apocalyptic when she had finally speak by the unbelievable audacity of it all.

"The Real Truth. "At last the world is going to know the exact secret you have been paying blackmail to. I'll tell you I tell you it's a lie—it's a lie—it's a lie!" And then Esther Stevens, for one who had no gifts as an actress, performed a most excellent bit of acting. She caught Gladys in her arms, as if to shield her, and eyed them all defiantly.

Quietly and carefully so as not to frighten Mr. and Mrs. Quack, Farmer Brown's Boy stole away from his blind and started for home. (Copyright, 1924.) The next story: "The Quacks Regain Faith."