

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 proudly, when she had subsided to a sibilant "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 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!"

"It was not," Cordelia cried hotly. "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 breads of the night. It brought infinite relief. She would pay back all they had from Mr. Franklin!

The question came, should she tell Jerry? She decided that it would be wiser, and simpler not to tell him. They had settled upon the 15th of November for their quiet wedding, and Cordelia began to look feverishly forward to this day as the day of her release. "I'm absolutely fed up on these news hounds, with their smelling and laying, as they trail a fellow's every footstep to the altar," Jerry exclaimed. "What do you say, Cordelia? Let's put one over on the whole bunch. Let's be married tomorrow!"

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

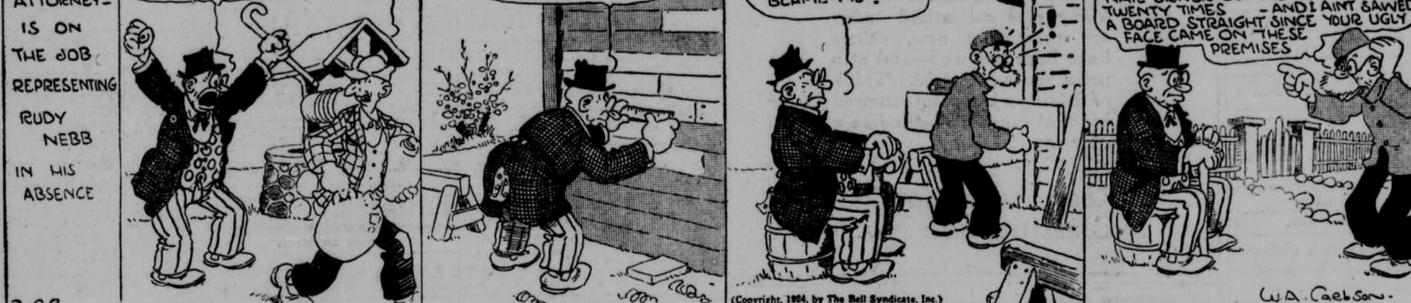
TAKE THEM JUGS AND GET OFF THE PREMISES! I'M CUSTODIAN HERE AND WITHOUT A WRITTEN ORDER FROM MR. NEBB - I WOULDN'T GIVE A JAY BIRD A DRINK

CUSTODIAN! YOU AIN'T EVEN A LAWYER - YOU'RE A WATCHMAN

I'LL HAVE AN ACCURATE ACCOUNT OF EVERY INCH OF NEW LUMBER THAT GOES IN THIS BUILDING - WHEN HORATIO NIBLICK DOES THINGS HE DOES THEM 100 PERCENT!

I'M NOT SAYING A WORD - I'M JUST HERE IN MY OFFICIAL CAPACITY REPORTING TO MY CLIENT THE HOURS OF TRUE CONSCIENTIOUS EFFORT THAT GOES INTO THIS BUILDING - IF YOU'RE NOT DOING YOUR BEST DON'T BLAME ME!

ONCE AND FOR ALL, STOO PIGEON, I TOOK THIS CONTRACT BY THE JOB - NOT THE HOUR - MINUTE OR SECOND - AND IF MR. NEBB CAN AFFORD TO HIRE YOU TO SET AROUND HERE MAKING ME NERVOUS THAT'S HIS BUSINESS! I USED TO BE A GOOD NAIL DRIVER BUT I'VE LIT MY FINGER TWENTY TIMES AND AIN'T SAWED A BOARD STRAIGHT SINCE YOUR UGLY FACE CAME ON THESE PREMISES



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 WEEBIE IN TOWN AND PLANS TO SPEND THE WEEK END

SAY, IS BARNEY GOOGLE ON THIS HERE TRAIN? I GOTTA COURT SUMMONS FOR HIM

WAIT THERE A MINUTE! A COURT SUMMONS FOR ME?? TELL HIM TO WAIT OUTSIDE - DON'T LET HIM COME IN!!

I GET CHA. BOSS. I TOLD HIM - HE SAID TO WAIT JUST WHERE YOU ARE



BRINGING UP FATHER

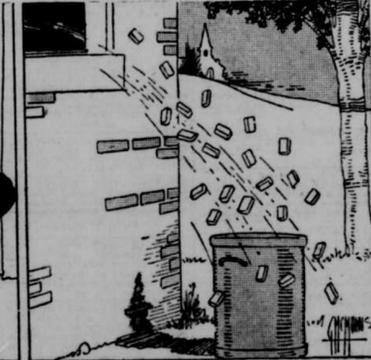
Registered U. S. Patent Office SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus

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

NOW THIS IS THE EAST WIND - HERE IS THE WEST WIND. ARE YOU GIVIN OUT THE WEATHER REPORTS?

NOW TOMORROW - I'LL GIVE YOU ANOTHER LESSON - YOU CAN PUT THE MAH JONG SET AWAY - DON'T WORRY - I WILL.



JERRY ON THE JOB

TOO MANY QUESTIONS

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban

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

NO

YOU TELL HIM WHAT VIGILANT MEANS. ON IT MEANS - IT MEANS - UM - IT MEANS 'ALERT'

THAT'S PRETTY GOOD, BUT WHAT DOES THAT MEAN? ALERT? ALERT? AH DON'T KNOW.

He made no move to obey. "If I love you, he said, his voice now quiet. "But if you will not marry me for love, there is still another reason why you will marry me. You're a blackmailer. You've been making a social show entirely on blackmail money." "So? All this while you've been lying to me—leading me into a trap!" "Exactly: if you wish to put it in unpleasant language." "To think!" he breathed slowly—"to think that any man in all the world could do such a thing!" "Jerry," she cried, "Jerry!" She broke off her remarks, taken aback. For instead of the solitary Jerry that she expected, waiting in the library were Jerry, Gladys, Esther and Mitchell. Jerry crossed the room in three strides, his face black, his hands clenched. "Damn you, Franklin, I'm going—" "Don't strike me just yet," Frank-

Me and Mine

By Briggs 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

NOW WATCH - PRESTO - DISAPPEARED - THERE SHE GOES - HOW'S THAT?

NOW - PRESTO, COME BACKO - THERE 'TIS - PRETTY GOOD EH? IT TOOK ME TEN YEARS TO LEARN THAT TRICK - IT PUZZLES YOU, DOESN'T IT?

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

MY STARS, IF I'VE SEEN HIM DO THAT ONCE - I'VE SEEN IT A THOUSAND TIMES! TAKING UP MY VALUABLE TIME

GOSH! HE MUST THINK THAT COIN TRICK IS A HARD STUNT... HE CAN WASTE MORE OF MY GOOD TIME DOING NOTHING

LISTEN ABE - MEYER BLECHO IS DEAD!! WHAT???

SO MEYER BLECHO AIN'T NO MORE - IT'S A FUNNEH, FUNNEH WORLD!!

MEYER BLECHO - THAT'S YOU?? OY - YOU WAS REPORTED DEAD!! WELL, HERE I AM - WHO WAS THE GINK THAT SAID SO???

THE MAN WHO TOLD ME AIN'T NO LIAR - I'D TAKE HIS WORD AS GOOD AS YOURS!!



For a few minutes Farmer Brown's Boy heard them talking. Now, Farmer Brown's Boy had seen Ducks feed before, but never in his life had he seen any feed as greedily as Mr. and Mrs. Quack were feeding. It was a question which was greediest. "They are half starved. Yes, sir, they are half starved. They act as if they hadn't had a full meal for a long time," muttered Farmer Brown's Boy. "I've seen hungry Ducks before, but never any as hungry as these two. If they have been as hungry as this for very long it is no wonder they are so thin. I must see to it they get plenty while they are here. My goodness, I thought I put out corn enough for half a dozen Ducks. But it began to look as if these two will find and eat every grain of it." But there is a limit to what very hungry folks can eat. At last the crops of Mr. and Mrs. Quack were so stuffed that they swelled right out. There wasn't room for another grain. Mrs. Quack tried to swallow one and couldn't. Then she side by side Mr. and Mrs. Quack swam away among the broken down rushes and rice until they found a place where they would be well hidden. For a few minutes Farmer Brown's Boy heard them talking. Of course, he couldn't understand what they were saying, but there was happiness and contentment in every sound. 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."