

CORDELIA THE MAGNIFICENT

By LEROY SCOTT. (Copyright, 1924.)

(Continued From Saturday.) "Perhaps it may be just as well to announce now," he said, "that there will be no marriage. My engagement to Miss Marlowe no longer exists."

It was Mitchell who was now the first to speak. He crossed the room in three swift strides and caught Jerry Plimpton by the shoulder and shook him furiously. "You unspicable cad!" he cried, his tone half snarl, half roar. "You skunk! You could have saved Miss Marlowe if you'd stood by her like even half a man, and not been thinking only of yourself!"

Glady and Franklin were in the midst of a scene of enthusiastic congratulations when word was brought that Esther wished to see her in Esther's sitting room. When Glady entered, Esther was standing, hat and coat on, over one arm Francois' cat and overcoat, and on the floor near her were two big traveling bags. Esther's usually gentle face was hard, her eyes were flashing.

"Why, what's this all about, Esther?" exclaimed Glady. "Do you think, after what's happened this morning, I'd stay a minute longer than I had to in this house?" Esther whispered intensely. "You're sneaking little beast, you!" "I'm taking Francois away with me—forever! I don't want to see you again—forever! I don't intend Francois to see you again—forever!"

There, is that plain enough for you?" It was Mitchell who drove with Cordelia through the great arched entrance to the estate of Rolling Meadows, Esther and the boy who was now all hers also drove through the entrance for the last time. "I want to apologize," Mitchell began, "for the things I said to you today in the taxicab. Not till today did I realize how terrible unjust I

had been, and how terribly mistaken. "Don't apologize," Cordelia replied. "What you said then was all true. Only—I didn't know it." From that time Mitchell took charge of the Marlowe affairs. His first stroke was forcing Miss Harcourt to return the \$2,000 fee paid in advance for Lily's schooling.

Burgess Bedtime Stories

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

No greater joy may be attained than lost faith that has been regained. —Old Mother Nature.

The Quacks Regain Faith.

Unknown to Farmer Brown's Boy Peter Rabbit had watched all that had happened over there at the mouth of the Laughing Brook where it enters the Big river. He had watched Farmer Brown's Boy scatter the corn there, build the blind and hide in it. He had watched Mr. and Mrs. Quack find that corn and greedily stuff themselves. He had watched Farmer Brown's Boy leave the blind and start for home.

Then Peter came from his hiding place. He was in high spirits, with Peter Rabbit. He fairly ached to tell Mr. and Mrs. Quack where that corn had come from. But Mr. and Mrs. Quack had hidden in the broken-down bushes, and though Peter waited and waited, they did not come out. Finally Peter went home to the dear Old Briar Patch.

"I knew it would be all right if Farmer Brown's Boy found Mr. and Mrs. Quack," said he to himself. "I knew it would be all right." The next day Peter was back to visit the Quacks. So was Farmer Brown's Boy. As before, he brought corn and scattered it. This time the Quacks from their hiding place saw him do it, but they didn't see him hide in his blind. They thought he had gone away. They waited only long enough to feel quite sure that he had gone, and then they ate that corn almost as greedily as they had done the day before.

The next day they watched for the coming of Farmer Brown's Boy, and they were not disappointed. This time they were so eager for that corn that they did not remain hidden. A few days later they actually began to pick up and scatter it. This time Farmer Brown's Boy standing in plain sight. It wasn't long after this before they would come to meet him as soon as they saw him on the bank. So it was that little by little the Quacks regained faith and no longer doubted all of the two-legged creatures called men.

It was surprising how fast they regained their good looks. They began to grow plump. Mr. Quack's beautiful feathers regained their brightness, and he spent a great deal of time dressing them and caring for them, as had been his habit in other years.

"What did I tell you about Farmer Brown's Boy?" demanded Peter of the Quacks one day after Farmer Brown's Boy had gone away. "Didn't I tell you that he is a friend to be trusted?" "He is, Peter. He certainly is," said Mrs. Quack. Then she sighed. "I wish that there were more of those two-legged creatures like him. I do so. I wish Mr. Quack and I could stay here all next winter. But I suppose the ice and snow will drive us South as usual, and we will have another just such terrible winter. I can't bear to think of it."

"Don't," said Peter. "Next winter is a long way off. Be thankful for what you have now and don't borrow trouble from the future. I suppose that before long you and Mr. Quack will be starting for your summer home in the Far North. You look as if you were strong enough now."

"We are," said Mrs. Quack. "But"—She looked at Mr. Quack, and Mr. Quack looked at her. Neither said anything further.

The next story: "Mr. and Mrs. Quack Linger."

Special Elections Pass \$32,000 Bond Proposition. Tecumseh, Neb., March 30.—At special elections just held in the town of Crab Orchard in Johnson county, Piley and Virginia in Gage county, and Lewiston in Pawnee county, the proposition to vote bonds in the sum of \$32,000 for a transmission line from Adams in Gage county, to the four towns named, was accepted in each, with little opposition.

Work to Stop at Armour Plant for W. H. McGuigan Funeral. Funeral services for William H. McGuigan, 59, former superintendent of the Armour packing plant, who died recently in Chicago following an operation, will be held today at 8:30 a. m. at the home, 2113 Leavenworth street, and from St. Peter church at 9. At 9 all work in the Armour plant will cease in respect to McGuigan.

THE NEBBS

HORATIO NIBLICK WHO WAS LEFT IN CHARGE OF THE NEBB ESTATE IS WATCHING IT WITH A VENGEANCE—NOTHING ESCAPES HIS WATCHFUL EYES



OLD FAITHFUL

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

Barney Google and Spark Plug

BARNEY'S REQUEST IS A RIOT.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG ARRIVE IN DENVER. ENTIRE POPULATION AT DEPOT AS "SPARK PLUG SPECIAL" PULLS IN. MAYOR AND ACTING GOVERNOR HEAD RECEPTION COMMITTEE. FAMOUS HORSE OWNER WILL ADDRESS CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BANQUET 7.00 O'CLOCK THIS EVENING. MR. GOOGLE PLANS EARLY GETAWAY—SAYS HE HAS DATE ON WEDNESDAY WITH BLONDE WENIE IN OMAHA.



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

WORTH WHILE WORRY

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



Movie of a Modest Man Buying a Naughty Book

By Briggs ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

