

CORDELIA THE MAGNIFICENT

By LEROY SCOTT. (Copyright 1924.)

(Continued From Yesterday.)

Another Point. Here's another point, Mrs. Grayson, now that Billy's had the humiliation of having had publicly to recognize you as his wife, you are

going to have the humiliation of remaining publicly his wife. You are probably already thinking of a divorce. Well, you'll never get it—not if I have my way! As for Billy Grayson, I'll say he's not interested in another woman; his one marriage has cured him of women; he's satisfied to let the cards rest exactly as they've fallen. You can't get a divorce in the state of New York; you haven't grounds for action, and you won't be given grounds." Mitchell turned to the two newspaper men. "On that other occasion to which I have referred, some one remarked to the reporter that he believed they had a rather interesting story. Cordelia was aware that the next moment the two newspaper men had gone. She was utterly dazed by what had happened; by what might be its

each other, several moments passed. Then Gladys' eyes wavered; she turned away and without another word to him or any of them, her body drooping forward, she unsteadily crossed the room, fumbled at the door and passed out. Cordelia was aware that the next moment the two newspaper men had gone. She was utterly dazed by what had happened; by what might be its meaning to her. Just then she wanted nothing else quite so much as to be alone—to clear her brain—to think. Sincere Thanks. She stood up and spoke to Mitchell. "I want to thank you—for all you've done for me—and that's all I can say now." She shook the hand he offered her, and she gripped Esther's hand, and Grayson's, neither of whom spoke. "If you don't mind, please," she went on, "I'd like to be alone—for a while." She passed into her little cubby-hole of an office, closed the door, sank into her chair and dropped her head in her folded arms upon the desk beside her typewriter. She sat there soundless, tremors running through her. She had not a single thought; just then thought was beyond her. An hour, perhaps several hours, may have passed. She pulled herself out of her swirling emotional anesthesia and looked at the paper Mitchell had brought her. It was an afternoon paper, and it was a hasty, preliminary account of that morning's happenings. But there, printed in full, was Gladys' affidavit. Her brain leaped at that affidavit—Mitchell's work—clearing her. She was cleared!

Gratitude, humility, joy inexpressible, swelled within her. Presently Mitchell came in again and quietly sat down, the room's tiny size forcing him to sit within a foot of her. Hours must have passed. His quiet voice went on; but there was that look in those fine eyes that required no words. "You will remember you once said, if you were ever cleared, I might again ask—" "You needn't ask!" she cried. She flung her arms about his neck and held him tightly, as one clutches joy and salvation; and her words went on, broken and choked with thrilled ecstatic sobs. "Oh, I'm so happy! So happy! . . . I haven't deserved it!" And now one year has passed and Mr. Franklin, as Mitchell predicted, is not a happy gentleman these days. Mr. Keenors, his partner at once decided it would be wiser to dissolve their partnership. Proceedings looking toward Franklin's disbarment are now pending before the Bar association. Criminal suits on several counts are being pressed against him in the courts. He may escape them all, for he is a man of shrewd wit; but the dizzy place he once looked up to as his future estate will be the property of some other gentleman. The day after the scene in Mitchell's office Jerry Pilpington started on a trip around the world. He is still on that trip. The End of the Story. Gladys is in California, living pleasantly at Santa Barbara, while her suit for divorce progresses through the courts. Notwithstanding Mitchell's declaring to Gladys that any action for divorce she started would be fought by Grayson her suit is not being contested. This is due to one of the tangles that human affection sometimes involves. In Esther, Grayson may not be sure that she loves Grayson, and Grayson may not be sure that he loves Esther; but Esther loves Franklin and is determined to keep him; and Franklin loves them both and is determined to keep them both; and so, as the only compromise by which this difficulty can be arbitrated to suit all these unchangeable determinations, Esther and Grayson are going to be married as soon as Gladys gets her decree, and all three are going to keep each other. They are going to live in Cleveland. But this necessary loss of Franklin to Lily does not mean that Lily's banishment abruptly ceases to function. Its direction will be changed—has already been changed—that is all. Cordelia still has a job—rather a new job. It is over this new job that Lily is so busy and bossy and strutting. This job is three weeks old and is of the feminine gender. The parents have not yet decided upon a name. Both parents have decided most enthusiastically that the daughter is magnificent—simply magnificent. Down in her heart, however, where her stouter resolutions are made, Cordelia has secretly decided that her daughter's magnificence is not to be trained toward a social career. And that, as Mr. Franklin once remarked—that, I believe, is all. (Copyright, 1924.) THE END.

Burgess Bedtime Stories

By THORNTON W. BURGESS. The truth sometimes is rightly guessed by those of certain facts possessed. —Old Mother Nature. Peter Makes a Good Guess. Of course, Peter Rabbit couldn't spend all his time watching Mr. and Mrs. Quack. Spring is a busy season with all the little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows. Peter did his best to keep up with all that was going on. Of course, he missed a great deal. He couldn't be everywhere at once. Now, the pond of Paddy the Beaver over in the Green Forest was one place Peter had neglected. In the first place it was quite a journey to get there. In the second place he had been so busy trying to learn all the news in other places that he had hardly given Paddy and his pond a thought. But one night he stayed in the Green Forest longer than he meant to. Broad daylight found him still there. Peeping out from the edge of it and looking across the Green Meadows toward the dear Old Briar Patch, Peter discovered that sailing his head over was Redtail the Hawk. "That settles it," said Peter. "I would be foolish to try to reach the dear Old Briar Patch. I know what I'll do. I'll go over to the pond of Paddy the Beaver and see how Paddy is getting along." Peter wasted no time. Away he went. Ipperty-ipperty-lip, through the Green Forest. Every once in a while he would stop to rest to get his breath. Then away he went again, Ipperty-ipperty-lip. So, at last he came to the pond of Paddy the Beaver. The first person he saw was Lightfoot the Deer. Lightfoot was getting a drink. Then he caught sight of the round head of Little Joe Otter. Little Joe was swimming toward Paddy's dam. He climbed over it and went on down the Laughing Brook. "I wonder who I'll see next," thought Peter. "Why, as sure as my ears are long there is Mr. Quack!" It was true. There was no question about it. There was no mistaking Mr. Quack's beautiful green head. He was swimming about at the farther end of Paddy's pond. "I wonder if Mrs. Quack is over here, too," thought Peter. "I'll wait awhile and watch." So Peter remained hidden and watched for Mrs. Quack. He watched a long, long time. By and by his curiosity would stand it no longer. He hopped around the pond until he was near where Mr. Quack was swimming

THE NEBBES

THE NEBB FAMILY PAYS A VISIT TO DAUGHTER BETSY NEBB HEY WHO HAS JUST GONE TO HOUSEKEEPING



THE LOVE NEST.

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EASY MONEY FOR BARNEY.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



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JERRY ON THE JOB

PASSING THE BUCK.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban

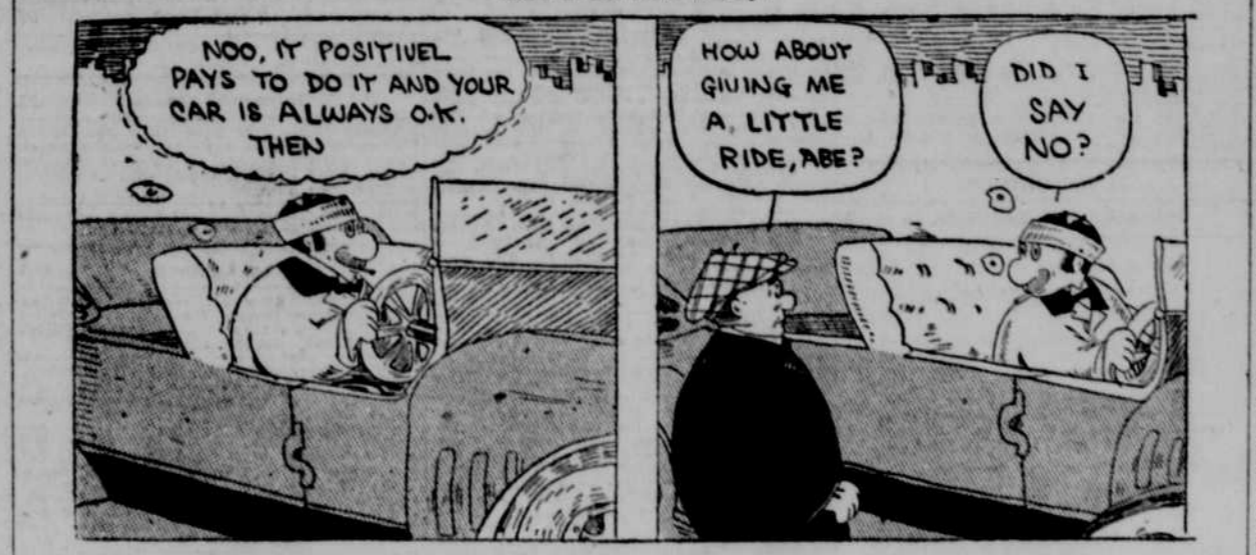


"The Sea Hawk" By RAFAEL SABATINI Read it in The Omaha Bee STARTING THURSDAY

The Days of Real Sport

ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



Injunction Sought to Stop Pollution of Blue River

Special Dispatch to The Omaha Bee. Beatrice, Neb., April 1.—City of Beatrice has filed a petition asking an injunction against the Nebraska Gas and Electric company, enjoining it from dumping poison gases or waste material from the gas plant into the Blue river. It is alleged that the waste material is killing fish and making the water unfit for other uses. The filing of the petition follows a written notice served on the company.

Pair May Be Brought Back.

Lincoln, April 1.—Governor Bryan has received from DeSoto county, Texas, that Gaquira Cragolia and Mike Chabiz have been found by the courts of Texas to be the persons wanted in Nebraska and that they may be extradited upon requisition from the governor. The two are charged in Dodge county, Nebraska, with taking money from the son of Gaquira Cragolia and escaping to Texas, where they were married.

Students Give Comic Opera.

Holdrege, Neb., April 1.—"The First Prince," comic opera, was presented here Monday evening by 40 young people from the Hastings college conservatory of music, under the personal direction of Hayes M. Fisher. A special seven-piece orchestra, complete scenic settings and beautiful and elaborate costumes were features of the show.

Enlarge Colome School.

Colome, S. D., April 1.—The school board has contracted for the construction of the second unit section of the school here, completing the building. The auditorium will take care of 125 high school pupils. The plant, one of the most complete in the Rosebud country, will cost \$50,000.