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A WATERY GRAVE By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

Adopted from the Western Picture Version Produced by Signal Film Corporation and Featuring Helen Holmes.

4-8

"THE BOX CAR WITH HELEN IN IT BEGAN TO FILL WITH WATER."

WATER." Northern?" he demanded after parley. The adjuster said he would and Chapman in an unpleasant frame of mind left to see Desmond. He reached headquarters at the moment Burke and Desmond were laughing over the explosion. In a stormy scene with Chapman the latter exclaimed: "I am a stockholder in your toad, and yet forced to use the Northern!" Desmond smiled: "T'll buy your "T'll sell." cried Chapman. Then a

TENTH EPISODE.Almost exhausted by her efforts,
Helen, pushing ablead of her this
wreckage on which Roy lay, reached
the beach. She dragged Roy up on
the sand and began working to re-
store consciousnes.Marshall, Masters and Burks,
chuckling over the munitions' explo-
sion, had already dispatched Burket
prort to Desmond and Chapman,
misurance adjuster called. The maid with the car and watch it cross the bay."Web agreed and started the police
for the shark. Marshall, Masters
misurance adjuster called. The maid with the car and watch it cross the bay."Web agreed and started the police
for the shark. Marshall, who had
orreath after the explosion when an
insurance adjuster called. The main's said
himself was nervous as he discussed
to hazardous."Marshall, What we've got to doubly
your rate. The K, & W, transfer
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to hazardous."Marshall was nervous as he discussed
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to hazardous."Marshall, Was nervous as he discussed
to hazardous and the discussed
to hazardous."Marshall, With twe've got to doubly
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to hazardous per the size of the sarandous per the
transfer to doubly
your rate. The K, & W, transfer to doubly
your rate. The K, & W, transfer to doubly
to hazardous per the size with the car.Marshall, Starter to have the size with the size of the sarandous per the
to hazardous per the size with the car.Marshall, Starter to have the size with the size of th

F anniversaries and its annuals are meager, ought to bring home to us one of the most valuable lessons of the whole year. The first official Flag day was observed June 4, 1897, this date being chosen because 117 years before the flag of the union was formally

The Busy Bees

being chosen because 117 years before the flag of the union was formally adopted by congress. When the bands connecting our little colonies on the sea coast were broken with the mother country, a committee with George Washington as chairman, was appointed to devise a flag. They visited Betsy Ross and ar-ranged for her to make the first flag after a pattern designed by Washington. The American flag was born in liberty since the mine who planned it were the ones who consecrated their lives and all their possessions for the preser-vation of this ideal.

who consecrated their news and all their possessions for the preservation of this ideal. Why is it that the very sight of Old Glory floating in the breeze stirs you? It is not the colored cloth that instills the love of country in your hearts, but the principles, the truths, and history which it represents. It is the emblem of civil equality and liberty under whose folds our men are now going forth to fight for eternal peace, not only for ourselves, but for all mankind. Has it ever occurred to you to ask why the flag is referred to as Old

mankind. Has it ever occurred to you to ask why the flag is referred to as Old Glory? It is because it is twenty-three years older than the flag of Great. Britain, seventeen years older than the French tri-color and 100 years older than the present flags of Germany and Italy, and eight years older than the flag of Spain. When first made, it signified the rising up of a valiant young nation struggling against tyranny. Now it symbolizes the same doctrine of demo-cracy opposed to autocracy. It represents a nation which has never stooped to despotism. The red stripes tell you to be brave, the white to be pure and the blue

to despoitsm. The red stripes tell you to be brave, the white to be pure and the blue to be just and true. Have you caught its spirit? If not, think of it when you fing out the flag Thursday and renew your pledge of loyalty and love to the best of flags and lands. Helen Crabb of the Red side won the prize book last week, Ruby Craft of the Blue side and Ann Alexander of the Red won honorable mention. A poem was received too late for publication, written by Emma Stepanek of the Red side.

Little Stories By Little Folks (Prize Story.) The Great Glacier. **Rules** for Young Writers

toward men.

flocks.

a bush.

horses.

see it in print.

you another letter.

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.

paper only and number the pages, 2. Use pen and lak, not pencil. 3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.

4. Original stories or letters only will

be used. 5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page. A prize book will be given each week for the best contribution. Address all communications to Chil-dren's Department, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

which is Christ the Lord. You

The Wagon Wheel's Tale.

By Helen Crabb, 4016 North Thirtyfourth Avenue, Aged 10, Red Side.

In my last story I told how the earth war formed. Now I want to tell how the mountains, rivers, lakes and how the mountains, rivers, lakes and plains were made. In the time of the earth's early life, a great glacier formed in the north and traveled very, very, slowly toward the south. The great weight of this ice scraped out deep hollows and in some places smoothed the earth's surface over. Besides this it eartied wast amounts of reaks that carried vast amounts of rocks that were left when the glacier melted,

making mountains. As the ice melted it ran down the ravines making river beds. The great-est of the hollow places were oceans. This study is very interesting be-cause traces of this giant glacier may

be found in our own state, Nebraska Busy Bees write to me,

(Honorable Mention.) A Young Patriot. By Ruby Crapt, David City, Neb. Blue Side. Thinking of the war prompted me to compose this story: "Phyllis, here are some valuable government papers, I have to enlist in the army and I dare not leave them with the servants, so my dusplier.

with the servants, so my daughter, I leave them to you. Now hide them some where but not in the house or

and a stockholder in your road, and into the policy gri road gri the policy gri r

BERNICE E. CHANDLER,

Here are two of the best pals in the world, Bernice Etnyre Chandler and her dog, Silk Hat Harry. "The two are inseparable. We never see one without the other," say the neighbors. Bernice likes to teach her dog tricks, and, indeed, he is a most highly educated animal on account of the interest his mistress takes in him. Sometimes Bernice wonders what poem

Sometries instress takes in him. Sometries Bernice wonders what is in her dog's thoughts. At times like this, she writes such whimsical verse as the following: Me and My Dog. find the baby wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger."

Then a great many angels praised God, saying, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward man." Me and My Dog. "My dog he looks at me and sighs Then he says." I wish there was a dog's heaven way up in the skies For when 1 dies, my pallbearers are

toward men." The angel told them where to find the child and the shepherds went to Bethlehem. The found the babe in a stable. When the shepherds saw the Christ child they looked in amaze-ment. Then the shepherds worsliped the child and went back to their flocks. Her parents she was going to take y

her parents she was going to take all her pets along. She had a baby bear, a squirrel, several birds, a dog and a cat. Her mother refused to let her take them, so she let them loose in

the forest. This was the end of the name "Lily and her pets," and her name became just plain Lily.

this it became angry and picked at the bird. They soon began to pick at each other. The black bird be-came angry and flew away to its nest. The chicken went on eating the corn. I have not written for a long time so I thought I had better write again.

Their Own Page

The Robin's Nest.

This is my first letter to the Busy Bees. We have a sleeping porch on the west side of our house. When I wake up in the morning I can see a robin's nest with a robin gitting in it. She has two haby robins. I think she is very pretty. The father robin brings her worms and freds them to her. The nest is pretty close to the sleeping porch.

A New Contributor.

Finds Stories Instructive.

Finds Stories Instructive. Dorothy Jordan, 940 North Twenty-fourth Street, Omaha, Aged 11 Years. Red Side. I have read the Busy Bee's page for a long time. I have learned many interesting things, so I decided to join the Busy Bees. Next time 1 will send you an interesting story or poem.



Forman, Rose......Lothrop Flanagan, Frances N., Holy Angels

Northrup, Marjory, Saratoga Pool, Chrystal Stewart, Miller Park Peury, Waine Central

Sacco, Tony......Train Sorensen, Noble C....Clifton Hill Stockham, Richard E. Walnut Hill

Tavenear, Michael. South Franklin

Benson, Edgar B., Monmouth Park

By Margaret Abbott, Aged 7. Genoa, Neb. Blue Side. This is my first letter to the Busy

A New Contributor. Bessie Handler, Aged 12 Years. Omaha, 2252 Pierce Street, Ma-son School. Red Side. May 1 join your page? The next time I write I shall write a story. I am in the Seventh grade, class B, at Mason school, and I really think it, is the best school in the city. Am I not right? I would like to have some of the Busy Bees write to me, and I shall answer all the letters I receive. Hoping to see my letter in print. Seven Years Old Tomorrow:

Nine Years Old Tomorrow:

McCarty, Bennie, Lincoln McCrea, Edward Monroe, Castelar Walsh, John F. Webster Wernher, Philipp Windsor

THE GREAT SECRET Novelized From the Metro Wonderplay

Serial of the Same Name, in Which Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne are Co-Stars BY J. M. LOUGHBOROUGH

r of the Novilization of Clyde Fitch's play, "Her Sister," "His Datidoor Romance," and other short stories.



"THE ARMS OF THE CHAIR SWUNG TO, HOLDING ZULPH PRISONER."

CAST. William Montgomery Strong. Beverly Clarks Francis X. Bushman Dr. Zulph France Alevard Conselly The Great Master France R. Stanton Jace Warren Helen Dunbar Rodinan Same Robert Carnen Holocated a mining claim of tremen-



Our Last Day of School, By Helen Abraham, Schuyler, Neb., R. F. D. No. 3 Aged 12 Years, Blue Side, I have not written for a long time. School was out the 15th of May. We started to school about half past 8. We were to be in school by 10 o'clock in the morning to get some ice cream. When all of the children arrived at the school, our teacher was not there, so

When all of the children arrived at the school, our teacher was not there, so we got the key, unlocked the school house and took in the things we were to have for dinner. After a while our teacher came and brought the ice cream. We played games before we ate our dinner. There were six others for dinner besides the pupils. After dinner we played out of doors for a long time and then came in to practice. After we were through practicing, we had ice cream. We played again for a while and then went home. We did our chores and then went back to the school house for our program. One day a boy came along and said, "I will have some fun with this wheel." As he started to roll me he made me go so fast that I got away from him. He could not catch me, and when I looked back I saw him in from num and when I looked back . "Well, this is all I have to tell you "Well, this is all I have to tell you today, children," said the wheel.

today, children," said the wheel.
A Runaway.
By Esther Carstens, Aged 12 Years, Route No. 2, Randolph, Neb.
Blue Side.
One Sunday morning last year my eldest brother went to Randolph to get my aunt and grandmother to come and eat dinner with us.
When they were very near home, one of the tugs unhooked and caught in the wheel. It made a noise and one of the horses, becoming fright-ened, started to run. Then all of the hooks came of the double-tree and the buggy stood still.
My younger brother saw the horses

One time as the man was riding to town he turned a corner that was very sharp. He went so fast that I fell off. The buggy fell on one side and the man went in the ditch. He was very agry, so he did not stop to pick me up, but ran after his horses, which had run away. I faid there for weeks and weeks. One day I made up my mind not to stay there any longer. I thought I would roll down the hill to some place where I would want to stop. So I rolled and rolled until I ran into a bush. As I could not get out, I rea bush. As I could not get out, I re-mained there.

charge. Helen realized she hadn't a cent of

Helen realized she hada't a cent of money, but she turned her embarrass-ment to good account: "Give the bill to the repair man," she said coolly. "Th go with him and pay." "Yery good, Eddie," smiled the cashier, and the repair man, with his volunteer assistant carrying part of the equipment, started for the shack. The Raiders were playing cards. They looked up when the two tele-phone men entered, but Helen in her queer rig-her hat pulled over her eves-was not recognized. She even flipped a silver half dollar from the table unobserved and paid her toll charge with it. The repair man sent her outside to push a wire to him. There she picked up a transmitter, attroched is red can ach we do line. There she picked up a transmitter, attached it, and found she could listen to any call. His work done, the re-pair man called central to test the line. Long distance was calling-he banded the telephone to Masters and Len

Burke was now calling on the wire telen heard him speak to Masters: Raid box car S. M. 4716 crossing the Hele

Northern ferry today." At the moment Masters hung up the repair man returned: "That kid of yours has lost a receiver from my kit," he complained.

The gang was dumfounded. "Wasn't

"Helper nothing; he came along to pay a toll ticket and handed me the 50 cents just a minute are."

"There?" should a raider. "That was my 50 cents you fellows claimed I didn't put into the pot." A loud laugh followed-and also

A loug hugg followed-and also some anxiety. The men ran outside and located the receiver, only to real-ize they had been trapped. "Somebody's blown the gaff," de-clared Marshall. "Get the gang-meet me at the ferry. "I'll stay with the box car." There was a hurried scat-

tering. The police found Roy, but Helen felt she could not leave the trail of the raiders. Hastening to the station agent, she ascertained where the box car stood and found it. She was about to climb aboard when Marshall about to crime aboard when at a hard is swing up between two cats hardly ten feet away. Helen was looking toward the docks and there she saw Webb with the detail of police. She called to them and they came over.

was taken aboard. There was hardly time to discuss what had happened. If they were to intercept the Raiders they must reach the train before it was ferried away and they pushed on. Unfortunately, in spite of all they could do, the ferry boat got out into the stream before they could come up and even as they approached, they perceived the Raiders bringing their own tug alongside the car ferry. With hardly an attempt at concealment the The Life of an Apple. By Mary French, Aged 10 Years, Honey Creek, Ia. Blue Side.

I am going to tell you about my life. The first thing I can remember I was hanging on a big tree. My home was very pretty, I thought. One day two little girls came out in the orchard with a basket. They started to pick hardly an attempt at concealment, the gang began at once to unload mer-chandise from box car S. M. 4716. But Webb's force was now within striking distance. Urging his launch, my friends off the tree and then took

me. When the basket was full they car-But Webb's force was now within striking distance. Urging his launch, he ran it alongside the car ferry and Helen, followed by Webb and the po-lice, boarded the transfer and attacked the Raiders. A pitched battle ensued —a battle with desperate men—and the fight, with Helen in the thick of it, waged back and forth. Helen was ev-When the basket was full they car-ried it down to a cave in the ground, which they called a cellar. They put my friends and me in a barrel. We were in that barrel about three weeks when a man came with a box, hammer and nails. He put us in the box. Then he placed a lid on the box and car-ried it out to a wagon. He put several other boxes containing my friends in the wagon, hitched two big horses to the wagon and then started for town. When we reached the big town he

waged back and forth. Helen was ev-erywhere helping and encouraging, dodging in and out of the mix-up-whenever chance was afforded to over-come the thieves. It was while she was making one of these sallies that Masters, seeing her, resolved to make an end of her for good. Pursuing her together they caught Helen, and unseen in the confusion, picked her up, threw her bodily into the open box car, slammed the door - the wagon, hitched two big horses to the wagon and then started for town. When we reached the big town he odrove up to a store and jumped out. He took us in and sold us to the store-tkeeper, who gave the man a lot of lit-, the round things called money. We owere in the store about a couple of weeks when a man came in and want-led some apples. The storekeeper got a sack in which he put us. The man took us home with him and when he reached his place he took us into the house. His wife came to the door picked her up, threw her bodily into the open box car, slammed the door shut and grabbing a crowbar, pinched a wheel until they started the car for the end of the boat. Too late, Webb saw the move.

antering headway the box car rolled swiftly to the length of the car forry, and with a mighty shot into the bay-Helen, half stunned from her fight, still inside it. And the car began to fill with water. reached his place he took us into the house. His wife came to the door and dumped us in a pan and she poured water over us and peeled all of our skins off. Here we are now. I do not know what will happen to me now, although I think my life is draw-ing to an end.

(End of Tenth Episode.)

Not Satisfied.

Net satisfied. The lady had heard a stranger in a mine seriase say that if any man could be added again and having a bit way do into a secondum and also plenty of money, she thought of experimenting. The same set satisfies and the series a money she thought out for an opporty way not kept waiting long for an opporty has not kept waiting long for an opporty for a second second second second second second second second second for a second second second second for a second sec

appending the second

house came on the double-tree and the buggy stood still. My younger brother saw the horses running and called us. He ran out and saw my aunt and brother coming down the hill. It was a very foggy morning and we could barely see the horses. I wish some of the Busy Bees would write to me. I would glady answer every letter.

Alice's Star.

By Ann Alexander, 140 North Forty-first Street, Omaha. Red Side. Little Alice asked her usual ques-tion. "Mamma, why can't I have a star?"

I went up the hill to meet my grandmother, who is old and feeble and could not walk very well. The horses ran to a neighbors' and when we saw them they were standstar ing by the barn. They were just go-ing to run when a man caught one of the horses. "Why, Alice," said her mother, Nobody was hurt.

"Why, Alice," said her mother, "How would you be able to climb up to the sky and get one?" "I do not know, Mamma," Alice con-tinued to ask until her mother thought she might satisfy her by giv-I read your children's page every Sunday and I think the Busy Bees write very good stories. This is my first letter and I hope to see it in print. If I do, I will write

ing her a starfish. So she went up in the attic and got a starfish out of a trunk. When Alice saw the star she was delighted, and said "mother, this star is white and

Lily and Her Pets. y Martha Johnson, Aged 13 Years. 717 East Fourth Street, Fremont, Neb. Red Side. the stars up in the sky are gold." "That is right," said her mo "Maybe the stars in the sky w mother Neb. Red Side. Lily was a girl 10 years old. Her disposition was a pleasant one. Her hair was of a brilliant hue and her eye of the brightest blue. She had a loving nature and cared for all ani-mals that were wounded or home-lase are so far away are white but they look gold," said Alice.

She did not know until a long time afterward that she had a starfish.

Likes Busy Bee Stories.

By Fay Bernice Ury, Aged 13 Years, Box 4, Chapman, Neb. Red Side. I have been reading many of your letters and stories and think some very good. They vary, of course, to the writer's area vary. One day as she was wandering terry good. They vary, of course, to the writer's age. 1 am in the Seventh grade at school,

but I passed into the Eighth in out final examinations. Our school was It soon became large enough to re for itself. So one day she let it It flew to the nearest tree, but

y's gen

CHAPTER XVIII

his trap. He learned of the Secret Seven, conferred with the government secret service, obtained authority to watch the band, joined it, became the

The Great Secret. Several days after The Great Mas-ter has been brought back to life Zulph, having taken possession of the headquarters of The Secret Seven, calls a meeting of the organ. Several days after The Great Mas-The Great Mas-Several days after The Great Mas-The Great Mas-Several days after The Gre

Seven, calls a meeting of the organization of the organization?" Strong ization to announce his election as leader. The East Indian servant in the headquarters enters and excitedly announces that The Great Master has called. Zulph, believing the servant is suffering from hallucinations pro-duced by some drug, shrugs his shoulders and orders that the caller be shown in. To his horror, the man he believed dead appears. He orders Zulph to believed men appear.

The Arrival of the Shepherds.
By Dulca Rogert. Aged 10 Years, The Marrival of the Shepherds.
By Dulca Rogert. Aged 10 Years, The Marrival of the Shepherds.
The Arrival of the Shepherds.
The

through the woods she came upon a small bird which had fallen out of its nest. She tried to find the mother hird, but her hunt was in vain. She hird, but her hunt was in vain. She carried the bird home and cared for