

The Railroad Raiders

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A DESPERATE DEED
By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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



HELEN TELL THE TRAIN CREW OF THE CROOKS ON THE TRAIN.

ELEVENTH EPISODE.

Leaving Helen in the sinking box car, Marshall and Masters headed for their shack, while Webb, thinking her safe, started for the hospital.

As Helen's water-logged prison drifted, a heavy tug steamed up the bay. The wheelsman, watching a game of seven-up behind him, smashed into the middle of the almost submerged car. The crew heard Helen's cry and one jumped into the bay to rescue her. When he got her aboard the tug she asked to be landed near the ferry.

At the Raiders' shack, a pawky policeman had secreted himself in waiting and as soon as Marshall and Masters returned, he arrested them. They knocked him down and ran out. Helen, on the tug, saw them board an outbound freight train and told the captain she must catch them.

He put on full speed. Reaching the drawbridge, Helen jumped from the pilot house to it. The freight train was coming. She climbed high into the steel work and as the train passed dropped on it and hurrying forward told the train crew of the crooks aboard. The two Raiders saw what was up, but the train was going too fast for a jump. Running ahead they cut the train in two and as the hind end slowed, leaped from it.

Webb now got Roy from the hospital and the two took a passenger train for headquarters.

The freight engineer, while the crew recoupled his train, consulted his watch: "The passenger train," in alarm he said to Helen, "is due right now."

"Rush a flagman back to slow the passenger," she exclaimed to the conductor. "I'll go to the switch and throw it into the passing track."

By the merest scratch, a wreck was thus averted, and Helen, finding Webb and Roy on the train, joined them.

Reaching Mountain Springs they found a wild exodus under way to Copper City—a broken down camp twenty miles from the railroad. A disgruntled prospector, it was reported, had broken camp and begun to round up his burros. Lifting a piece of rock with which to smite one stubborn animal, he was surprised as he held it poised by its weight. The next instant he realized he had picked up rich copper ore and began excitedly to search for the ledge. This he found, staked, and hurried back to town to file upon. A street crowd pitching quoits, saw and followed him. When they examined the specimens every man in Copper City began to pack for Peacock Hill—the spot where the burro had innocently located a rich ledge of copper.

Hogan, manager of the Peacock Copper company, sat in his office when the news came: "Close down the tunnel," he shouted to his foreman. "Have all our men file on Peacock Hill." While the men were starting, Hogan made further plans: "Desmond," said he to the foreman, "is K. & W. manager at Mountain Springs. For a block of stock he'll run a branch up here to handle the ore."

Desmond at headquarters, was reading a wire from the Pedro agent announcing the loss of box car S. M. 476 from the ferry. He laughed and showed the wire to Burke: "If this doesn't force Chapman to sell, I'm a boob."

Chapman, in fact, was furious when he heard the news. He hurried to Desmond and stormed. Desmond seemed indifferent: "Do you want to sell your stock?" he asked.

"Absolutely."

The deal was closed then and there and Chapman had hardly left the office when Helen, Roy and Webb arrived. Roy and Helen took Webb to Desmond and facing Burke, Roy denounced him and demanded his discharge. Desmond hesitated but Roy was in deadly earnest: "I'm president of this road. If you don't discharge him, I will."

Burke, brazenly facing his accusers, made some sneering remark about Helen. Roy jumped at him. The two clinched. Webb would have interfered but Desmond said no, and Roy, after thrashing Burke soundly, glared at Desmond: "I think," said he, readjusting his cuffs, "Burke wants to resign. And I guess," he added significantly, "you'd like to re-instate Webb."

It was so ordered and Desmond and Burke were left alone again. Burke tried to talk but hardly had Desmond silenced him when Hogan arrived with the astonishing news from the discredited copper camp. Hogan and Desmond being old acquaintances, few words were needed between them. Hogan explained what he wanted. "And there's a block of stock in it for you," he promised, "if you hurry the branch in."

Desmond sat perplexed. He realized such a move would strengthen K. & W. stock—would make it harder for him to depress the road's securities so he could complete his control. But he coveted the copper stock!

"Does it make any difference, Hogan, what road goes in there?" he asked. "The K. & W. is not exactly

in position to make construction expenditures now. Suppose I get Rosedale to build the Eastern line?"

"All the same to me," declared Hogan.

"Keep the news out of the papers," cautioned Desmond.

"They've got it already," grinned Hogan as he left.

Shortly thereafter, Burke and Desmond walked downstairs together. Marshall and Masters, having reached Mountain Springs on another train, saw the two leaving the building and hailed them. Desmond scowled. He disliked being seen with the now notorious Raiders: "Get those fellows in a room and keep them out of sight," he muttered to Burke. "And you meet at Rosedale's house tonight."

"Who's Rosedale?" demanded Burke.

"Vice president of the Eastern," replied Desmond gruffly.

Roy, after his exciting brush with Burke, has gone home with Helen and Webb for dinner. In the evening papers they found an odd item:

"Tom Jenkins' burro, 'Two Bits,' is responsible for the greatest copper discovery of recent years. Peacock Hill is twenty miles from the K. & W. and twenty-eight miles from the Eastern. Negotiations have been made for the construction of a branch line. The Hill appears to be a solid body of ore and the latest reports indicate that it is assaying better than 40 per cent."

The strange story of the stubborn burro and the disgruntled prospector caused a laugh as Helen read the remainder of the news item to her companions. Then Roy re-read the mention of the projected branch line. Webb and he were trying to figure out just what that angle of the news might mean, when Helen recalled having seen Hogan at headquarters:

"Don't you remember," she said, turning to Roy, "I'll bet that's the man that went in to see Desmond this afternoon just as we were leaving."

"He was from Copper City," said Webb. "I know that because I've seen him there."

"So have I," declared Roy. "I'll telephone Desmond and find out when we are going to begin construction."

He called Desmond up at the office, only to find that he had gone by appointment to Rosedale's home.

"Rosedale," echoed Roy, hanging up the receiver as he turned again to Helen. "Why," he asked slowly, "should Desmond have an appointment with the vice president of our enemy, the Eastern?"

"Suppose we walk down toward Rosedale's," suggested Helen. "We may pick up some information."

As soon as they finished dinner the three started for Rosedale's residence, and after some discussion resolved on reconnoitering the house to learn if possible what was going on. In a very few moments Webb discovered that Desmond, Burke and Rosedale were in close conference together within. "That," declared Roy, "means crooked work." He looked at his companions. "What shall we do?"

"Watch them," laughed Helen, "and see what they do."

Vigilance was not relaxed for a moment while the conspirators inside were planning their scheme. The watchers saw Rosedale dictating to a secretary what proved to be an agreement between the Eastern railroad and the Peacock Copper company for the construction of a branch to the Hill. When the paper had been run off on the typewriter in duplicate, Rosedale and Desmond read it over and gave it to Desmond. Desmond in turn handed the contract to Burke with instructions to deliver it in the morning to Hogan. The duplicate copy, Rosedale likewise signed and this he threw into his desk.

The plot being now well under way, the conspirators parted. Hardly had they done so when Helen and Roy made their way into the room, found and read the signed agreement and knew that their suspicions had been correct. Desmond had fraudulently and treacherously sold out the road that was supplying his bread and butter. And Rosedale in conniving with him had shown himself hardly better than Desmond himself. Roy and Helen now returned with Webb to his home.

But Helen believed she could still circumvent the betrayal of Roy's interests. She reread the agreement carefully. "We'll fight fire with fire," she declared at length. "And when Hogan gets this contract it will be with Roy Wilson and our road instead of with Rosedale and the Eastern."

(END OF ELEVENTH EPISODE.)

Telling Me to Write.

"Come back here!" yelled Mr. O'Brien. "Come back here and explain this."

The Busy Bees

UPPERMOST in the minds of Busy Bees just now, when they are packing away school books and slates for three happy, care-free months of vacation, is what shall they do to have a good time.

So much has been said about disciplining ourselves for wartime efficiency that recreation has taken a secondary place in our plans for the summer. Busy Bees have written about their gardens, which are helping to meet the food conservation problem, and numerous clubs and entertainments have been given by children's clubs for the benefit of the Red Cross hospital supply department.

Although these activities must necessarily continue in spite of the fact that our energy and ambition have a tendency to wane these warm, lazy days, we must not forget that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

Write us about your vacation parties and the games you play.

As such a large majority of the Busy Bees write us about birds, you may be interested in having a Bird Carnival at one of your summer parties. Invitations may be sent out on cards representing different varieties of birds, which may be drawn by artistic hosts or hostesses. Each guest should come dressed as the kind of bird indicated on the invitation. Two of each kind should be sent, one to the girl and one to the boy. When the guests arrive, they should be labeled with the name of the bird, so that they may easily find their mates for refreshments.

To make it more realistic, you might decorate your home with flowers and vines, or, better still, have the party in your garden.

A bird guessing game would be most appropriate. Pass around cards to your guests bearing rhymes about certain birds, and have your friends guess from the verses the type of bird intended. Supply the name you think is suggested, and your hostess, who holds the "keys" to the rhymes will read the correct answers for you to correct later. For example, "A flash of sky on the wing" suggests at once the bluebird, while "Red-breasted harbinger of spring, we wait to hear you sing," means the robin.

If you wish to make a "bird pie" it would furnish considerable merriment for your party. This is made of piecrust and tissue paper and is filled with miniature birds and birds' eggs. When cut, each guest receives some trifling article to take home as a memento of the occasion.

Faye Hubbert of the Red side won last week's prize story, Hazel Ryan of the Red and Lella Pierce of the Blue sides received honorable mention. A picture which cannot be printed for lack of space was sent to illustrate Marguerite Smith's story, "Doing Her Bit."

Little Stories By Little Folks

(Prize Story.)

The Wren House.

By Faye Hubbert, Aged 11 Years.

Stromsburg, Neb. Red Side.

This spring I decided to make a bird house with the help of my grandfather.

I selected several large pieces of suitable wood for it.

My tools were small-sized nails, a hammer, square and a saw.

First I sawed two pieces of wood 8x10 inches, then nailed them together to make the roof. Next I sawed two pieces of wood 7x7, sawing them off one inch below the top corners.

This was a difficult task and I spoiled three pieces of wood.

Then I nailed the point to meet the point of the roof, one at the front and back I had a tomato can which I had cleaned very well and placed on the roof by means of a piece of wood which my grandfather carved in the shape of a U. My bird house was then complete, all but the hole, which my father bored, making it the size of a quarter, or seven-eighths of an inch.

In two weeks I painted the wren house a mahogany color, which is reddish brown, as I thought the wren would like it.

In our front yard are three huge maple trees. I hung my bird house in the middle one on a high limb by means of a wire. When my grandfather knew this he felt proud of me.

(Honorable Mention.)

Nests Among the Leaves.

By Hazel Ryan, Aged 10 Years, Herman, Neb. Red Side.

I have not written a story to the page for a long time. I have written three stories and the last time I received a prize. It was a book and I liked it very much. Its name was "The Fairy Housekeepers."

One day my sister was invited to a party and as I had nothing to do I decided to hunt for birds' nests. There were some plum trees not far from the house and I thought there might be some nests among the leaves.

I went to see and found five. Two had green eggs in them. One nest had four green eggs in it and was in a little tree. The other had two light blue eggs in it and was on the ground by the side of a weed. I discovered the nest with the blue eggs first.

When my sister came home I told her about the nests and she told me if I bothered them the birds would go away. The next morning I went down to where the plum trees were. In one of the other nests a bird was sitting. When I saw her I flew away. There were two eggs in the nest. One was light blue and the other was white with brown specks on it. I think the one that was white with brown specks was a sparrow egg, but I do not know who the other one belonged to.

When I went to the nest that had the green eggs in it a gray bird flew off it. The bird was about as big as a robin and was gray, but I do not know its name.

My story is getting long, so I will close. I will answer any letter that the Busy Bees write to me.

(Honorable Mention.)

A Funny Squirrel.

By Lella Pierce, Aged 11 Years. Oakland, Ia. Box 483. Red Side.

I used to live in the country where we had a cobhouse in which had a large window in it reaching just about up to the ceiling. When the cobhouse was filled you could get up in it and touch the roof.

One time when my sister and I were out doors playing, we saw a squirrel by the edge of the roof with its little tail just above the window. My sister told me not to make any noise. I said I would not. She went in the cobhouse and soon I saw her get up in the window. The squirrel's tail was still hanging over the edge of the roof. My sister took a hold of its tail, but it jumped so that she let loose. The squirrel ran along the roof to the other side of the cobhouse.

My sister got down from the window and came out where I was. The squirrel stayed on the other side quite a while and then came back to look down at us. We saw what it was doing. It was touching his tail. At once it saw my sister and me. It looked at us a while and then turned around and scampered up a tree by the cobhouse.

This is a true story and is the first time I have ever written.

A False Alarm.

By Maude Walrath, Age 12 Years, Atkinson, Neb. Red Side.

I would like to join your club. I am sending you a story to put with your other stories. I have read some of your stories and I like them.

I am going to tell you about a day when I was visiting my cousin, Blanche Calhoun, at Van Tassel, Wyo. We were planning to spend a day at the rocks, where we had built a cave. We started about 9 o'clock in the morning and reached them about 9:30.

We went to the cave and ate a lunch and then played for a while. We soon became tired of that, so started on a trip to explore the rocks.

When we were on the top of one about ten feet high we thought we saw something coming over the top

VALLEY, NEB., BUSY BEE
WITH LITTLE SISTER.



Ethel and Katherine Jensen.

of the one just opposite. Of course it frightened us and we wanted to get away in a hurry. I think we did, for just as we were going to step from one rock to another we slipped and fell.

It did not hurt us much, because the rocks below caught us.

When we reached home my cousin, Fred Calhoun, began to laugh at us and said: "Shame on you for being afraid of your own dog."

We afterwards found out he had taken Sport, the dog, up the rocks just to tease us.

Pocahontas.

By Anna Engle, Aged 12 Years, McClelland, Ia. Red Side.

Pocahontas was a very beautiful Indian girl loved by all the tribe over which her father, Powhatan, ruled. Her home was in Virginia and she was very happy in the sunny wood with the birds and squirrels for her companions.

When Pocahontas was 12 years old and Indian came into the village and told the people a story about a wonderful white man who had been captured. He had an instrument with which he talked to the stars and told the Indians that the earth was round. They had never heard of such queer things before and thought the white man was going to bring evil upon them.

The Indian priests and magicians took the prisoner to Powhatan and it was decided that he should be put to death. The white man's hands and feet were bound with chains and he lay stretched out upon the ground.

Children Delight to Visit the Peony Farm



CLIFFORD JOHNSON, GLADYS SCHONFELD, KATHERINE REPINE, GRACE JOHNSON

The most beautiful sight about Omaha in the month of June is the Rosenfeld peony farm on the west Dodge road, so allayer who have seen the acres of peonies in bloom.

Children especially are attracted by

Lambs Supplant Lawn Mowers And Add to Nation's Meat Supply



Virginia Lee Long and Robert J. Long with their lambs

The youngest conservationists in the city are Robert J. and Virginia Lee Long, 2611 South Thirty-first street. They are here shown with their lambs. Not only is there a nice garden in the back yard, but the children have these lambs which thrive and fatten on the lawn.

Virginia and Robert are the children of A. E. Long, of the staff of The Omaha Bee. Their daddy says there is grass enough cut by lawn mowers and wasted in Omaha to fatten trainloads of sheep during the summer, that sheep are not disagreeable, but on the contrary are excellent pets for

the children. He bought young lambs, and is confident, they will weigh three times as much by November as they weighed when the kiddies got them. Then they will go to the packing house, the children's bank accounts will be swelled, and next year another pair will be provided.

The lawn mower at this home will not come out for duty this summer, but the nation's meat supply will be increased by some eighty pounds, for these lambs were snatched from the very jaws of the packer's ax, when they were too small to make even a good Sunday dinner.

Rules for Young Writers

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, 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 Children's Department, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

with his head resting on a flat stone. An Indian stood beside him with a heavy iron lifted in the air when Pocahontas rushed out, laid her head on the white man's head and begged her father to spare his life. Her father was touched by her pleading and ordered that the white man be set free. This white man was John Smith, who had sailed from England to Virginia with a company of men and founded Jamestown.

Peter Rabbit.

By Inez Cross, Aged 7 Years, Trenton, Neb. Blue Side.

Once there was an old mamma who had four little rabbits that lived at the end of a big fig tree. The little rabbits names were Flopsy, Mopsy, Cotton Tail and Peter. One day the old mamma rabbit said, "Now my dears, you may go out and play, but don't go into Mr. McGregor's garden. Your father had an accident there." Then old Mrs. Rabbit took her basket and her umbrella.

They all did what their mamma told them, but Peter, who was very naughty, and went over to Mr. McGregor's garden. First he ate some lettuce, French beans and radishes, and then feeling rather sick went to look for some parsley. But he met Mr. McGregor.

Springtime.

By Lora Meier, Aged 14, Herman, Neb. Route 2. Blue Side.

As soon as the sun turns more to the northern world, the snow and ice begins to melt away. Tiny buds appear on the trees and begin to swell. Then they burst forth into delicate green leaves and cover all the trees, plants and vines.

Birds return from the south and build cozy homes in the blossoming tree tops. They also sing many beautiful songs which are enjoyed by all people.

Tiny grasses appear from the bare earth and make a delicate green carpet for it.

Soon comes balmy May, with its

beautiful plants and sweet-scented flowers, which have proved to be so nice that on May 30 we have Memorial, or Decoration day, the day on which we decorate and visit the graves of our beloved dead.

This is the first time I have written to you. I would like to have some of you to write to me soon.

Living on the Farm.

Edith Pearce, Aged 12 Years, Washington, Neb. Red Side.

I live on a farm about two and one-half miles from a town. We have a very large house with twelve rooms and a basement. We have a lot of corn this spring, a large orchard and garden. I hoe the garden for my mother.

We had a lot of chickens but the pigs are some of them.

There is a creek close to our house and my sisters and I often fish and swim in it.

I had another sister but she died so now have only three sisters. My little sister who died was only four days old. Her name was June. This is the first time I have written.

Little Fishermen.

By Sawyer Abbott, Aged 9, Genoa, Neb. Blue Side.

Today some boys and I went on a fishing trip. We went up the Beaver creek to Umbarger's pond. I baited my line, threw it into the water, and after a while got a snag. Then John Spear caught a snag, and I was about to say that I had another when I pulled up a sunfish.

Allan Alfreds and John went to town to get something to eat. They brought back crackers and wienies. I never ate such a good lunch. We got home at supper time. I hope I can go on a fishing trip tomorrow afternoon.

New Busy Bee Writes.

By Josephine Bounger, Age 10 Years, David City, Neb. Blue Side.

This is the first time I have written to the Busy Bees' page. Five of us children go to school. I like my teacher and am in the third grade at school. We had a picnic dinner and a program at our school May 24.

I live on a farm and have only a little ways to go to school.

The Balloon.

By Mabel Kenner, Aged 12 Years, Yutan, Neb. Red Side.

This is the second time I have written to the Busy Bee page and this time I will tell you about the balloon.

The 1st of June at 9 o'clock in the morning our neighbor's children were

Little Tots' Birthday Book

Six Years Old Tomorrow (June 18):

Nancy, School Hill
Bovee, Ruth.....Clifton Hill
Christensen, Marion Blanche, Cass
Dohse, Richard E., Edw. Rosewater
Dunn, Marnin D.....Columbian
Goldware, Esther.....Saratoga
Lee, Floyd Ernest.....Castelar
Logan, Byron S., Edw. Rosewater
Springborg, George.....H. Kennedy
Woodbury, Howard P.....Saratoga

Seven Years Old Tomorrow:

Cenk, Lillian.....Jungmann
Davis, Dorothy Lucile.....Park
Dolan, Harold Francis.....Central
Twin, May Lenora.....Saunders
Morrissey, William, Sacred Heart
Schoessler, Dorothy F.....Castelar
Terry, Dorothy.....Holy Family
Wallen, Lillian.....Clifton Hill
Windberg, Edith.....Ninton

Eight Years Old Tomorrow:

Baber, Mary Alice.....Sacred Heart
Garrett, John Burgess.....Farnum
Hrdlicka, George.....Bancroft
Kurzawa, Leona D.....St. Agnes
McMahon, Vivian M.....Holy Angels
Ray, Garnett.....Druid Hill
Swoboda, Irma.....Comenius

Nine Years Old Tomorrow:

Beck, Willie.....Central
Clark, Evelyn.....Brals
Forsstrom, Carl T.....Walnut Hill
Howland, John.....Brals
Kozak, Frank.....Bancroft
Paletta, Emelia.....Mason
Shenefield, Trent.....So. Franklin

playing by the roadside when they saw a balloon. They came down to tell us. When we first saw it, it was like a little round ball, but when it came closer it was a big balloon. It came right over our house and frightened me a little. I hope there were more children that saw this balloon.

Do Your Bit, Says Busy Bee.

By Marguerite Smith, Aged 11 Years, Pilger, Neb. Red Side.

Busy Bees, you who are so careful and who are not "doing your bit" to save the United States, would you enjoy being like the children of France? They are homeless, fatherless and starving! Think of the children of Belgium, scantily clad, starving on the meager rations! And most of this is caused by lack of preparedness. Plant gardens and do something for Uncle Sam.

I like the Busy Bee page and read it every Monday. I hope my story will be printed.

A Lesson in Obedience.

By Martin Lane, Aged 10 Years, Genoa, Neb. Blue Side.

Once there was a little girl who would not mind her mother and father.

One day her mother told her to get the cows. Instead of getting them she went to play. When she came in at night, her mother and father were in bed, so she got into bed with them. The next day her mother shut her in a clothes closet and went to the neighbors. When her mother returned she let her out. She always minded her mother and father after that.

Likes Prize Book.

By Wilma Pipal, Aged 11 Years, Thurston, Neb. Red Side.

I received my prize book and wish to thank you for it. The name of it is "Isabel Carleton's Year." I received it before my story was in print.

Our class was out May 11 and we had a picnic.