

## "The Neglected Wife"

(Novelized from the Pathé Serial of the Same Name, Based on Famous Novels of Mabel Herbert Urner.)

By JOSEPH DUNN.

**CHAPTER VI.**

"On the Precipice."

**THE CHARACTERS:**

The Man ..... Horace Kennedy  
The Wife ..... Mary Kennedy  
"The Woman Alone" ..... Margaret Warner

With dawning consciousness Margaret listened to the lowered voices—the cautious, subdued whispering of a sick room.

"She'll be all right now," the fingers on her pulse relaxed. "I'll see to the others."

Mrs. Kennedy's across the hall,

the note, and to reassure her he said he could come over at once.

At that moment Mary, on the stairs, heard his voice. She paused, started at the unaccustomed note of solicitude.

"You're not going out?" tensely, when a second later he appeared in the hall. "Dear, you promised to stay with me this evening."

"I'm sorry, Mary, but it's a client," the untruth came reluctantly.

As the door closed after him, she sank on the steps, her head on her arm. A client! Always the lying excuse of a client! How much longer



AFTER THE FIRE MARGARET THANKS HER SAVIOR.

doctor." It was a woman's voice. Mrs. Kennedy! Margaret's chaotic thoughts beat about the name. Then from the blurred confusion came a connected trend of events. The explosion at the houseboat, her frantic efforts to drag Kennedy's unconscious wife to safety, and then—oblivion.

"First-hand material for a real melodrama," Norwood was standing by the bed smiling down at her whimsically. "How soon can you write it?"

"What happened?" she faltered, her mind clearing, for Norwood's brisk wholesomeness was like a tonic.

Briefly he detailed the accident. He had been on shore with Kennedy when the explosion occurred. Had she not dragged Mrs. Kennedy to the deck it would have been impossible to have saved her.

Of his own bandaged hand he would not speak, but Margaret knew he had been the first to meet them as she lost consciousness.

"It wasn't an accident," he went on grimly. "It was a disastrous attack on Kennedy's life. Boyle, a man he had arrested for swindling, is out on bail—that was his revenge. But we must not talk now—you've been through enough for one evening," as reluctantly, with a warm, lingering hand clasp he rose to go.

Mrs. Carter, the hotel housekeeper, prepared Margaret for the night, and a little later she lay alone in the darkened room, staring out at the moonlit trees.

If she had failed to save Mrs. Kennedy? If she had tried—but failed! Her mind leaped on to visions of her life with Kennedy. Then with a sharp self-loathing she checked such thoughts.

The next morning Margaret's first consideration was to get back to the city—to avoid the awkwardness of a meeting with either Kennedy or Mrs. Kennedy. Dressing quickly she hurried down for a timetable.

But Norwood, meeting her on the stairs, solicitous as to her complete recovery, insisted that she breakfast with him. Margaret was not insensitive to his deepening interest, but absorbed in her thoughts of Kennedy she shrank from any personal note.

Breakfast under way, they were talking of her series for his magazine, when Kennedy strode into the dining room. Instantly thrilled and confused by his presence, Margaret's color deepened betrayingly.

"Oh, Miss Warner's an incorrigible patient," laughed Norwood, as Kennedy reproached her for having left her room.

When later they strolled out to the veranda, Mrs. Kennedy was there. Margaret had hoped to avoid this meeting. It was an awkward moment. Her face flamed at Mary's warm praise of her heroism.

"Why we'll take you in the car! We're starting right away," as Margaret spoke of going back to town on the first train.

With helpless dismay she glanced at Kennedy. This long drive with Mrs. Kennedy would be constrained and painful for them both.

In half an hour they were ready to start. Kennedy sat in front with the chauffeur. The speed of the car made talking difficult, and Margaret was glad of the excuse to be silent.

Refusing Mrs. Kennedy's invitation to lunch, Margaret was driven to her apartment. There she found, thrust under her door, a plain envelope addressed in a heavily inked scrawl.

Inside on a slip of paper was the unsigned pernicious message,

I'll get him yet!

It meant Kennedy, of course! What further dangers threatened? Margaret's first impulse was to call up to warn him.

If Mrs. Kennedy should answer and recognize her voice! Yet impelled by the fear that delay might be fatal—she returned to the telephone.

Fortunately it was Kennedy himself who answered. Excitedly she told of

## Summer Amusements for the Multitude in Omaha

### Vaudeville, Cabarets and Parks Have Attractive Numbers on Bills

#### Getting "Chinks" for Movies Easy to Do in Los Angeles

Any one visiting the Triangle-Fine Arts studio during the filming of certain scenes in "Her Official Father," starring Dorothy Gish, which shows at the Brandeis today, would have thought a long war had broken out or that California actually streaked with the yellow peril.

Los Angeles has one of the most densely populated Chinatowns in the United States and the director declares that half the residents responded to the ad which he inserted in a newspaper. The next day an army of all-odd-eyed men, women and children were scuffling along in heeling slippers toward the big studio, where they expected to earn enough in a single day to keep them all summer.

From the volunteers Clifton selected thirty or forty of the most picturesque and incorporated them in the scenery of the production. Among various duties relative to the action that were assigned the Chinese were the preparation and consumption of their native food.

#### Jack Mulhall Needs to Know How to Swim in This One

"No excuse for any boy brought up around New York City not being a good swimmer and diver," says Jack Mulhall, starred in the Butterfield picture.

"The Flame of Youth," which comes to the Hippo theater on Friday and Saturday. As the hero Jack goes to an island off the coast of California to investigate a shortage in shipments from the fire opal mine there, owned by his father. There he has a series of wild adventures, which culminate in an eighty-foot dive from a cliff into the ocean. As he is on his way to the island he is knocked on the head and thrown into the sea, and he gives a fine exhibition of "water stuff" when he proceeds to get rid of his shoes, coat and collar in the water. Then he swims to the island, landing in the surf of the rocky shore, more dead than alive. Later, after lots of other exciting happenings, he makes his eighty-foot dive as the quickest way of reaching the heroine, attacked by the villain on the beach below. The camera caught the jump in mid-air, and the tremendous splash he made when he hit the water, and the incident makes one of the best thrills seen in recent pictures.

Other devices that will appeal to all



Ida Carter  
AT THE EMPRESS

sexes and ages include the roller rink, carousels, old mill, miniature railway, bowling alleys and a number of others. Lakeview, while only working in its preliminary season, will have its grand opening soon. The date will be announced this week.

Owing to the real success they have made in Omaha, Mlle. Marion, the classical dancer, assisted by Mr. Randal, will be held over for another week at the Empress Garden. The usual dances will be given Wednesday and Saturday this week between 3:30 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon, with free instructions in latest dancing by Mr. Randal. Starting Sunday, Miss Agnes von Bracht, soprano, will appear at the Empress Garden. The management is assured that she will be a welcomed addition to the already popular place of recreation. Several new improvements have been introduced in the ventilation and they will add to its popularity. The temperature is kept several degrees cooler than the outside and it makes it an ideal place for summer recreation.

day at 1 o'clock. The meeting, which was first scheduled for Monday, was postponed. Reports of the state convention at Fremont will be given.

The Convalescent Aid society will meet Monday morning at 10 o'clock at the city hall.

That was why Horace was turning from her? Because she had lost something of her youth and beauty? Then with keen self-reproach she realized that for the last few years she had not tried to make herself attractive. She had cared more for comfort than looks.

A long time she gazed into the mirror—studying her possibilities. From now on she would spend most of her time and money in a carefully planned campaign to make herself attractive. Massage, exercise, diet, beauty parlors—she would start on a rigid regime. She would use every allure to win back her husband.

Two weeks from that night, Mary again stood before her mirror. The result of her efforts had been transforming. Instead of the plain unbecoming gowned woman—a very different vision was reflected.

Her hair, her complexion, the slenderness of her figure, all had responded to her faithful, youthifying treatment.

Instead of the former fifteen minutes spent in dressing, that evening she had taken an hour. Over an expensive made-to-order corset, her exquisite new dinner gown incased her still slender figure to its most graceful lines.

A last exultant glance and Mary swept downstairs, her heart beating fast. Knowing that Kennedy was in the library she was picturing his surprise at her transformation. With the dramatic instinct innate to all women, she planned the most effective entrance.

At the foot of the stairs she paused, through the archway she could see him sitting with his back towards her. There was a magazine in his hand, but he was staring moodily before him.

With a sudden wistful shyness she advanced, flushed and self-conscious in the unaccustomed low-cut gown.

As she hesitated her glance was drawn to the open window. A faint breeze fluttered out the curtain. The room was expectantly still.

Then like an apparition, a black gloved hand flamed back the curtain, revealing the head and shoulders of a woman, heavily veiled—and the paralyzing glint of a leveled revolver!

(To Be Continued.)

Mrs. Carter, the hotel housekeeper, prepared Margaret for the night, and a little later she lay alone in the darkened room, staring out at the moonlit trees.

What Womn Are Doing in the World

could she endure the daily humiliation?

In her own room stood before a photograph of herself taken ten years ago. Mercilessly she compared the pictured face with the one in the mirror.

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(Continued from Page Seven.)

Walter Lipe. A special program will be given.

The Frances Willard Chapter of the Women's Christian Temperance Union will meet for a picnic Wednesday at the home of Mrs. J. C. Roberts at 11 a. m. An informal program will be given in the afternoon. Mrs. A. P. Johnston will give a talk and Mrs. A. P. Johnston will sing several selections.

The Belles-Lettres club will have a picnic luncheon at the summer home of its president, Miss Terra Tierney, at Carter Lake club Tuesday. The regular hour of current topics will be followed as usual by the study of Hawthorne's "The Faun."

The Woman's Club of the Railway Mail Service held its annual meeting Wednesday afternoon. The officers elected were Mrs. R. L. Frantz, president; Mrs. N. H. Blackwell, vice president; Mrs. A. J. Anderson, recording secretary; Miss Nora Fritchett, treasurer; Mrs. C. T. Leigh, corresponding secretary.

The Woman's Club of the Railway Mail Service will be hostess to the Benson Chapter of the P. E. O. Sisterhood at a luncheon Tues-

day.

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day.

Chapter E of the P. E. O. Sisterhood will give a picnic at Miller park Thursday evening for their families. Mrs. Charles Thatcher will act as

hostess.

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### Filmland Favorites



George Beban  
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watermelons is promised. A jazz band will provide music for the "gambol on the green." Wives and families of members will be guests.

Persistent Advertising is the Road to Success.

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The Beauty Spot of Omaha.

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Starting Today

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### PRELIMINARY SEASON

## Lakeview Park

THE JOY SPOT OF OMAHA

NOW OPEN

Offers a Variety of Attractions.

With the Season's Sensation, the

**Jack Rabbit Coaster**

CAROUSEL, FERRIS WHEEL

ROLLER RINK, PENNY ARCADE

OLD MILL, BOWLING

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### Rome Vineyard

Five Melody Kings

and a