

"The Neglected Wife"

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

By JOSEPH DUNN.

The characters:

- The Man.....Horace Kennedy
- The Wife.....Mary Kennedy
- The Woman Above.....Margaret Warner

CHAPTER VII. "The Veiled Menace."

The open window now framed only the black emptiness of the lawn. Yet the shattered vase was evidence that the veiled figure had not been an apparition.

With a gritted oath, Kennedy, freeing himself from Mary's hold, leaped through the low French casement. The lawn and street were deserted—the stillness unbroken save for the purr of a receding motor.

Baffled, he turned back into the library, where the broken vase and wall



KENNEDY'S JEALOUSY FLARES UP AT THE SIGHT OF NORWOOD'S INTEREST IN MARGARET.

embedded bullet were still proof of the assailant's intention.

"Oh, dear, I'm afraid for you," quivered Mary. "You've made some bitter enemies! Couldn't you have a detective guard the house—at least for a few days?"

"A detective?" scoffed Kennedy. "You're just unstrung. The woman was crazy, I tell you. No woman has any cause to injure me."

In the excitement even Mary had forgotten her new gown. But at the belated dinner she faced herself in the sideboard mirror.

Was Kennedy too absorbed to notice? His glance was carelessly unseeing and her pride kept her from directing his attention. They were leaving the table when a fold of the filmy gown caught on her chair.

"I'm afraid it's torn," as he stooped to release it.

"It doesn't matter," bitterly. "My clothes are of no consequence. You never notice what I wear."

With puzzled contrition he looked after her, as with a hysterical laugh that suggested tears she rushed from the room and up the stairs.

Tearing off the gown as if its very touch was hateful, Mary bowed her head on her silver-strewn toilet table in despairing hopeless sobbing.

The incentive of a series in Stanford's magazine spurred Margaret to her greatest industry. She was busily rewriting a first rough copy when there came an interrupting ring of the door bell.

It was a box of long-stemmed roses—with Norwood's card. The admiration of the editor of Stanford's magazine was not unpleasing, but her consuming love for Kennedy made her shrink from other attentions.

Her mind still distracted, she was striving vainly to again concentrate on her work when Kennedy himself was announced.

Instantly his keen glance appraised the flowers.

"Is it necessary for an editor to send his contributors \$10-a-dozen roses?" with scathing sarcasm.

Flamingly resentful Margaret drew back.

"I'm sorry, Margaret. But it's hard to see other men pay you attention, men who are free and have everything to give, while I—I am bound. Whatever our friendship may mean—we must always think of her."

"I know," admitted Margaret gently. "And I want to help you shield her. Above everything else our happiness must never mean her unhappiness." Then startled, "What was that?"

"I heard nothing," he reassured her. "You're nervous, dear."

Unconvinced, Margaret ran to the door—but the hall was empty. Had she looked beyond the turn, where the stairway wound around the elevator, she would have seen the cause of her disquietude.

These shrinking back against the wall stood Mary Kennedy—her lips colorless and her gloved hands clenched.

To call on Miss Warner after her heroism of the house boat fire, had seemed to Mary a necessary courtesy. Expecting a cheap boarding house, she had been surprised at the pretentiousness of the building. A new elevator boy unused to his duties, had taken her up unannounced.

At Margaret's door, as in the semi-darkness of the hall she fumbled for the bell, she had heard the murmur of voices. For an age-long second she stood petrified. That low deep note—it was Horace!

Dizzily she groped her way back to the elevator. Everything was clear now. Proof after proof swept pitilessly through her brain. How blind—how credulously blind she had been!

She reached home with but one thought beating clearly through the chaos. They must not know that she knew! If there was still a chance of regaining her husband, it would not be through recriminations.

Not until the next day did Mary's tortured mind finally evolve a plan of action—a desperate plan. The first step was a written invitation to Miss Warner to a dinner dance a week from Thursday.

For Margaret the next few days were filled with dread. Kennedy had induced her to accept the invitation—insisting that their well acted indifference

at the dinner would help divert future suspicion.

It was with a throbbing excitement that amounted almost to fear that Margaret the night of the dinner stepped from the cab as it drew up before Kennedy's residence.

Ushered upstairs to lay off her wraps, she lingered in the dressing room as long as she dared. Then summoning her courage, with slow reluctance she descended the broad stairway to the drawing room.

For a moment she stood awkwardly in the doorway, then her heart leaped relievingly as she saw Norwood coming towards her. She was glad of his protecting presence in the ordeal of meeting Mary.

Then Kennedy approached, greeting her with exactly the right shade of impersonal cordiality. Although Margaret had schooled herself for this moment, the self-conscious color tinged her face.

Norwood took her into dinner. In spite of her nervousness, his unconcealed admiration helped put her at ease. Later, when the dancing began, he appropriated the first three numbers.

"You dance as I thought you would," when finally he led her out to the restful dimness of the veranda. "I've danced very little," wistfully.

"There have been very few parties in my work-a-day life."

"It needn't be a work-a-day life any longer," with startling directness. "As Mrs. Norwood, there would be no need for any work you did not choose to do," he finished, dispelling her first scorching thought.

With averted eyes she stripped the leaves from a flower at her waist. What could she say to this man who had paid her the highest tribute in his power?

From the library Mary seeing Norwood's engrossment in Margaret, was thrilled with a swift elation. This was part of her plan.

"Oh, Mrs. Kennedy! Nora, pale and agitated, had made her way through the guests to her mistress. "Come quick—upstairs!"

Alarmed, Mary followed her through the hall and up the stairs. Leading her to the dressing table excitedly Nora pointed to the mirror. Across the polished glass was written in sprawling, crudely chalked letters:

"Your husband ruined my life. I'll not let him ruin yours."
"The Veiled Woman."
(To Be Continued.)

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The Busy Bees

:- Their Own Page

INDEPENDENCE DAY, or the Fourth of July, which all loyal Americans observe in every state of the union Wednesday of this week, is distinctly an American holiday, and the event which it celebrates is by far the most important in the history of our country.

This eventful day is anticipated by American boys and girls secondary only to Christmas.

For more than a century the day has been heralded with the boom of cannon, the crackling of torpedoes, and has been generally considered a day of joyous confusion. Recently the attitude of patriotic citizens has undergone a revolution as to the appropriate manner of celebrating the sacred birth of our national existence. It is thought that the celebration of American liberty should be of a constructive rather than destructive nature.

This year, when the cry of the world is "conservation and elimination of waste," true citizenship and beautiful patriotism, rather than meaningless noise and hospitals filled with dying or wounded boys and girls, should be the spirit of the day.

President Wilson has asked that we conserve powder this year for the war by decreasing fireworks. For this reason they will be forbidden in the celebration at the Omaha playgrounds, and folk dancing, playlets, a flag parade, music, patriotic pageants and contests will feature the programs. The United States is said to be the only country with a known birthday.

Do you love the old Liberty Bell story? One hundred and forty years ago Wednesday, when the representatives of the thirteen colonies met in the state house in Philadelphia to take action on the Declaration of Independence, the boy sentinel waited expectantly for hours for the news. Finally, when it came, he flew into the street and cried up to the old bell ringer, "Ring! Ring! Ring!" The Liberty Bell clanged forth its notes of freedom with all its force. This has been called the most dramatic incident in our history.

What are our little readers planning to do the glorious Fourth? Do write us about the different ways you observed the day. You are so lucky enough to be going on a vacation trip must not forget us "stay-at-homes," for we are anxiously waiting your letters in the hope of sharing your happy experiences.

One little reader asked about the Busy Bee badges. We do not have badges, but give a prize book each week for the best story. Each is asked to join either the Red or Blue side when he writes to the page.

Will the little writers please be more careful about stating their age? A letter was received with no name attached. Please follow the rules closely. Viola Bell of Fort Crook, Neb., of the Blue side won the prize book last week and Dorothy Mary Jordan and Hazel Monson, both of the Red side, won honorable mention.

Little Stories By Little Folks

Prize Story.
By Viola Bell, Age 9 Years, Fort Crook, Neb. Blue Side.

"Oh, mummy, it's so hot today, and I can't find anything to do," sighed little Zaidie, throwing her book down and going over to her mother, who was busily embroidering.

"Well, dear, let me think," and she folded her work carefully, laying it on the little table by her side.

After a few minutes she said: "Get your sewing set and phone the Arnold twins to come over, while I am getting some material for dresses for dolly, Beth."

Beth was a large wax doll, which was bought in Paris by Zaidie's father a few weeks before. Zaidie had not yet had time to complete Beth's wardrobe.

She scampered into the house, got her sewing set and doll, called up the twins, and then went into the cool rear arbor. There she sat down, arranging her sewing set neatly on the little table before her.

Meanwhile her mother was in the house making a cool drink. She took this out to the arbor, gave a glass of it to Zaidie, drank one herself and then hurried into the house, looking for bits of silk and other material. When she came back to the arbor again the twins were there already talking happily.

Zaidie's mother showed them how to make dainty dresses, bonnets and aprons and then left them alone.

Zaidie never wanted for something to do after this.

(Honorable Mention.)
Wartime Don'ts.
By Dorothy Mary Jordan, Age 11 Years, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

Dear children, do you know how to help in this way? If you do not I will tell you. Some children like tea, rice and other things. This is one thing they should not do: Do not use too much sugar. Some children use more than is needed and that is not right. They should put on enough to sweeten the food and that is all.

I will tell you how to save flour. Do not take flour to make paste. When you play house, don't slip in and get your mother's flour to make cakes and pies, for after a while you will need it.

When you sit down to breakfast, dinner or supper, do not ask for more than you can eat, for it will be thrown out and that is a very great waste.

Learn while you are young and it will not go hard with you when you are older.

ten in sprawling, crudely chalked letters:

"Your husband ruined my life. I'll not let him ruin yours."
"The Veiled Woman."
(To Be Continued.)

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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.

(Honorable Mention.)
Busy Bees Churn.
By Hazel Monson, Craig, Neb., Route No. 2, Red Side.

I have not written to the Busy Bee page for some time and I am going to tell you about our churn.

One time mamma was going to churn. We said we would do it for her and she said alright. She went out to help with the chores and we started to churn. My sister and I had lots of fun. We put our feet on the churn and took turn about. All at once the churn turned over and all the cream spilled on the floor.

The children got a spoon and pan and began to scrape the cream up. In about a minute or two mamma and papa came in and they did not scold, as we thought the would. They only laughed at us. It took all night to clean it up. We never did it again.

My letter is getting long so will close for this time. I hope to see my letter in print.

(Honorable Mention.)
Busy Bee Cleans House.
By Eunice Stanley, Aged 12 Years, Fulcrum, Neb. Blue Side.

When house cleaning time comes you first move all the furniture out and then sweep the floors. Then you mop the floor. Do not wring your mop the first time, but mop a space and then wring your mop out. When you are through, you have nice, clean floors. Set your furniture in place again.

Elmer Finds Contentment.
By Mary Jane Green, Aged 8 Years, Ewing, Neb. Red Side.

"I just wish I could be let alone for a while," said Elmer Green. "I am tired and I don't want to do anything for anybody."

What should he do? He wanted to be amused and did not know how to amuse himself. Presently he came into the room where his mother was and stood around, hoping she would ask him to do something for her, but she did not. She had a great deal to do and needed help, but would not ask Elmer to help her.

It made him feel that he was of no use to anyone.

"Mother," he said at last, "what can I do for you?"

"Please yourself," was the quick reply.

This was what Elmer had been trying to do, but with little success. He

Here's That July Fourth Hat!

How It Will Brighten Up the Kiddies' Parade!



It's made of paper in patriotic colors and is The Bee's way of giving the youngsters safe and sane joy. We're distributing them at cost at all our offices.

To Get a Fourth-of-July Hat

Present This Coupon and **3 cts**

MAIN Office.....Bee Building
Ames Office.....4110 North 24th
Lake Office.....2516 North 24th
Vinton Office.....1715 Vinton
Park Office.....2615 Leavenworth
Walnut Office.....819 North 40th
South Side.....2318 N St.
Council Bluffs.....14 North Main

bing his head and was as cross as a bear and sat in a corner. His mother took up the nail to go out to the well.

Elmer seized it out of her hand and drew the water. He began to feel better. Then he looked around to see what else he could do.

He did not wait to be asked after that. The more he did the more he felt like doing.

I like to read the Busy Bee page. I hope to see my letter in print.

Our Fishing Excursion.
By Marguerite Smith, Aged 11 Years, Pilger, Neb. Blue Side.

One day mother said, "Tomorrow we are going fishing on the lake." So we called up my aunt and asked her to go. She roasted a chicken and so did mother and prepared other good eatables.

We were up early in the morning ready to have a good time. We packed our lunch and started. We arrived about 10:30.

We fished until 1:30, then stopped and prepared the dinner. Oh, such a dinner as that was! Roast chicken, salad dressing, oranges, fresh vegetables, fish and so many things I could not name them all.

At 2 o'clock we drove over to my cousin's home, there we made ice cream and had a good time.

At last we went home and were all tired, but happy.

The School Picnic.
By Fay Bernice Ury, Aged 13 Years, Chapman, Neb. Red Side.

Friday was the day we were to have our school picnic. We had been preparing for it the day before, making cakes, pies, sandwiches and other good things which make up a picnic.

We met at the school house at 9 o'clock and waited there until 10 for some of the pupils who were late.

Two of my chums and I rode in a spring wagon which carried the food.

We sang and joked on the way down and reached the place first. Going in there was a steep hill, so we girls got out while the boys drove down it.

As soon as we reached there we went down to look at the river and to water the horses. The water was warm, so after dinner we went in wading. Then we girls took a tramp through the grove to find violets.

About 4 o'clock we started for home. Everyone declared they had had a good time.

Bird House Contest.
By Grace Stevens, Aged 9 Years, Route 2, Polk, Neb. Red Side.

This spring our school made bird houses for the birds.

The teachers were going to give prizes to the ones who made the prettiest houses.

Frank Young got the first prize. I do not know who got the other prizes. They put houses up in the park. I only knew about it the day the teachers were going to give the prizes.

Our school closed May 25. My teacher's name was Miss Draper. She was married at Columbus, Neb., May 30.

I am a new Busy Bee.

The Red Cross.
By Helen-Crabb, Aged 10 Years, 4016 North Thirty-fourth Avenue, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

The Red Cross society executes the teaching of our Lord during the war. The Red Cross will help even the enemies when they are lying wounded or dying on the battlefield.

This society is for the purpose of eliminating suffering. You know a wounded soldier cannot fight any more, and it is not right that he should suffer after he is out of the battle. After a battle the Red Cross workers pick up the wounded ene-

Little Tot's Birthday Book

Six Years Old Tomorrow (July 2):

- Name.....School
- Campinya, Grace.....Train
- Clay, Marjorie E.....Miller Park
- Cutler, Nathan.....Kellom
- Ernst, Gertrude.....Franklin
- Kresl, Frank.....Edward Rosewater
- Levinson, Harry.....Kellom
- Levinson, Eddie.....Kellom
- McNeill, Lois Violet.....So. Lincoln
- Murphy, Paul Ernest.....Saratoga
- Perce, Joseph.....Castelar
- Perrone, Lena.....St. Philomena
- Russell, Kenneth R.....Columbian

Seven Years Old Tomorrow:

- Boyce, Ruby.....Lothrop
- Caselin, James.....Lake
- Dick, Louie.....Columbian
- Dijacomo, Nettie.....Train
- Hodges, John Dor.....Winslow
- McCann, Alfred.....Brown Park
- Peterson, Evelyn E.....Saratoga
- Tuko, Annie.....Pacific
- Vileck, Margaret.....St. Bridget's

Eight Years Old Tomorrow:

- Bass, Louis.....Farnam
- Coffey, Helen J.....Holy Angels
- Kronholm, June.....Castelar
- Marrow, Willard.....Saunders
- Moulton, Edward.....H. Kennedy
- Van Eaton, Milo.....Central
- Wille, Louis.....St. Patrick

Nine Years Old Tomorrow:

- Bellen, Zella.....Saratoga
- Brightwell, Orland.....Saratoga
- Emigh, John Donald.....So. Lincoln
- Hyde, Marie.....Central
- Leonard, Freddie.....West Side
- Nelson, Mildred.....Farnam
- Road, Laura K.....Franklin

mies and friends, dress their wounds and carry them out of danger.

No army will shoot at a Red Cross ambulance if they know what it is.

Just think how much good they do!

Many thanks for the prize book, it is a grand story.

Coney Island (Continued).
1634 Victor Avenue, Omaha, Neb.

We started going up slowly. We could see the great city far below. When we got to the top the cars stopped a minute. Then, whizz down we went, around a curve, and then on again. We kept going up steep hills, around curves, up, down, over and across. We flew like birds. I grew frightened when we darted so fast around a curve.

After a twenty-minute ride we started to go slow again down a hill. Finally we came to a standstill. A man helped us out of the car.

We then got in a little basket, like a box in a theater, with seats all around. We climbed in and soon it started. We went a little ways, when, jerk! we struck a peg and bounded in an opposite direction. Then we struck another peg and went another way. I was glad when we got off of this. I was glad when I got home that night, for I was awful sleepy.

I have something more to tell you. Thank you for your prize book. It is a very nice one.

The Pet Squirrel.
By Whilamet Gibson, Aged 12 Years, South Side, Omaha, Neb., Route 3, Box 73. Red Side.

Last summer a squirrel came up on our porch. I was just going out to feed the chickens when the squirrel saw me and scampered away. When the chickens were fed, I saw the squirrel again and got some crumbs for it. When I went in the house he ate them.

The next day the squirrel came again and I gave it some more crumbs. He kept on coming until finally he became quite a pet. One day the cat frightened it away. I had just got the cat and it was the first time it was let out. I did not see the squirrel any more. I think he had been somebody's else pet before he came here, because he was so tame.

We Weed Onions.
By Inez Dodson, Aged 10 Years, Stratton, Neb. Red Side.

This is the first time I have written to the Busy Bees. I will tell you how I weed o. ns.

One morning we started weeding onions, my sister, brother and I. Papa helped and gave us 5 cents a row. We played the weeds were Germans and the onions Americans because the latter were strong.

Papa had the wheel hoe, which was the cannon. We children had weedeas. Papa drove them in the trenches and we kept them there. That was the last of the onions.

I read the Busy Bee page every week. I think it is very interesting.

The Baby Orioles.
By Grace Stevens, Aged 9 Years, Polk, Neb. Route 2, Red Side.

Out in our trees by my playhouse, I saw a bird making a nest. I watched it every day till one day it had four eggs in it. Then I did not watch it for a long time.

One day I thought I would look and see if the eggs had hatched. I looked and found four little birds. The name of the birds was oriole. The birds are quite large now.

Miss May Rhode is my teacher at school next year.

I would like to have some of the Busy Bees write to me.

Busy Bee Money Maker.
By Muriel McNeff, Aged 11 Years, Smithwick, Neb. Red Side.

A am going to tell you how I got my first pig. I raised ducks last year and bought a sixty-pound pig, then sold my pig when it weighed 175 pounds and bought two others. I am going to sell them and buy a piano some day.

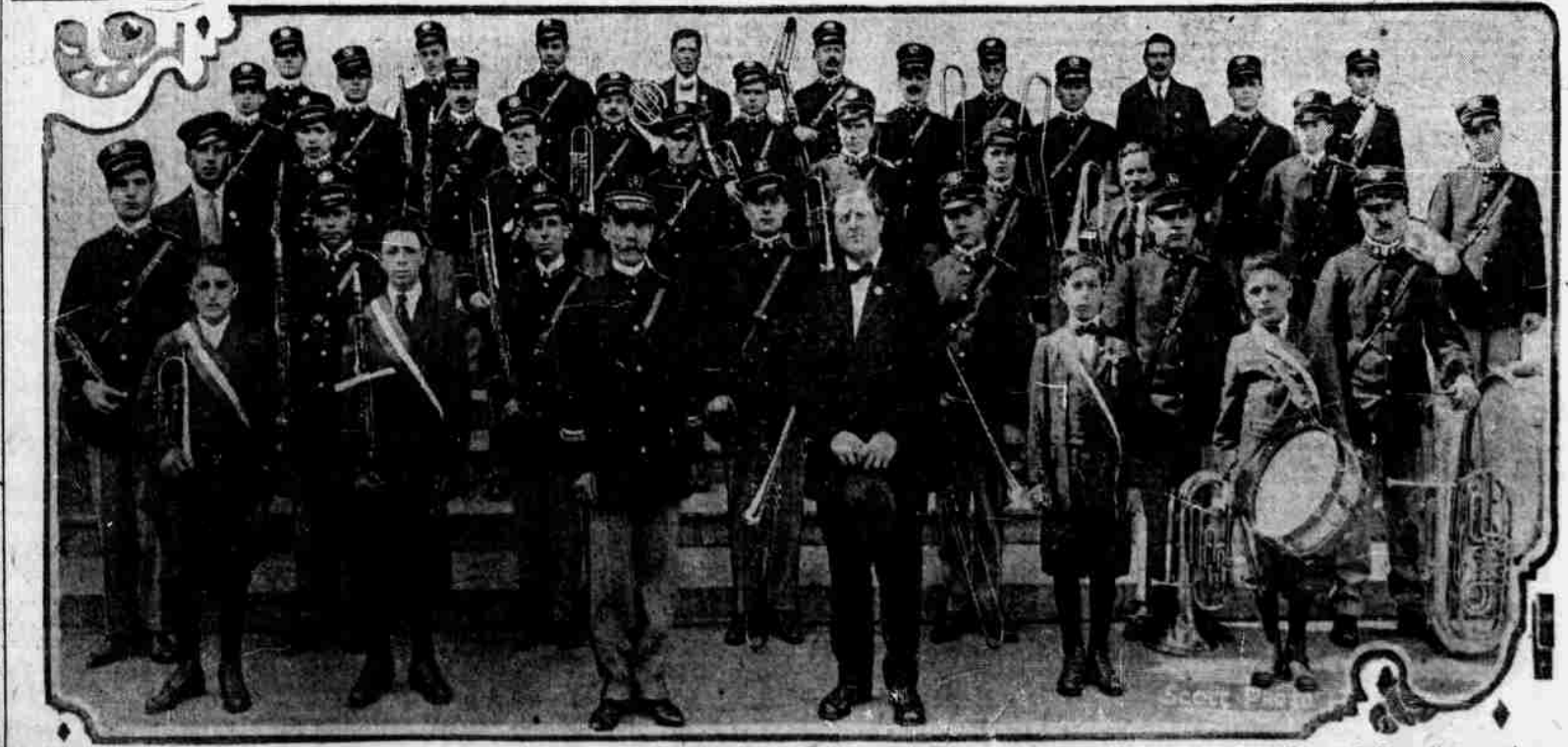
I wish some of the Busy Bees would write to me. I will be very glad to answer their letters.

Never Misses Busy Bee Page.
By Lois Black, Aged 10 Years, Auburn, Neb. Red Side.

This is the first time I have written to the Busy Bees. I don't expect to win the prize this time, but hope to win it soon in other stories I shall write.

I love the Busy Bee page and read it every Sunday. This is print Sunday I hope to see my Busy Bee page.

Juvenile Italian Band is Ready for the Fourth



The Italian Juvenile band is a new organization which gives promise of winning laurels in the realms of music. P. Consentino is the leader. The band appeared at the Auditorium

last Sunday during the Italian Red Cross bazaar and it will offer a program next Wednesday in connection with the Fourth of July celebration at Fontenelle park.

The names of those appearing in the picture, left to right, beginning with the back row, are Tony Molone, Joe Garro, John Rotolo, Antonio Alicato, M. Battaglia, Fred Cava, L. Franco, Sam Cantone; fourth row,

J. Gibilterra, Tony Ricceri, Sam Sartinio, F. Ferraro, J. Caruso, F. Gibilisco, F. Pino, S. Cimino; third row, T. Cangelosi, F. Monaco, S. Monaco, Mariana Iaja, S. Commendatore, Sam Cimino, J. Salerno, S. Dimartino, S.

Salerno, S. Battaglia; second row, S. Piccolo, Joe Distefano, S. Pomedoro, L. Milone, J. Salanirro, L. Vigneri; front row, J. Montalbano, C. Laroso, P. Consentino, Joe St. Lucas, manager; J. Emanuele, T. Sofia.

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