

The Railroad Raiders

Copyright, 1917.
By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

THE TRAP

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

FOURTEENTH EPISODE.

Making their way undetected across the roofs, the Raiders secreted themselves behind trees near Desmond's home and the police captain returned with Helen to the station.

A group of eastern security forces, disgusted with the Mountain Springs situation, arrived that day on a special. Roy and Webb met them and Desmond came over to headquarters to learn what he could. His reception was a chilly one. Lorimer, who headed the eastern visitors, openly upbraided him: "You are responsible for all the trouble the Kay has been having." Nor would the angry easterner listen to any defense, and he finally ordered Roy to order Desmond off the right-of-way.

Turning then to the yardmaster, Lorimer told him the special car would leave on No. 20. Desmond overheard this, and he was already in an ugly humor. Going home, he heard the Raiders calling from the trees and, leaving his machine, he

the engine, he went to work in the fireman's place.

Desmond and Burke, rounding a corner, were watching the engineer. "That's old Jake," muttered Desmond. "He can't run a mile without coffee and pick."

It was, in truth, not long before Jake did head for the lunch room. Burke following him, fell to talking with him and when Jake ordered coffee, Burke did likewise. Then, emptying part of the small bottle into his own coffee, he asked Jake to pass the sugar. As the engineer turned to reach it, Burke switched cups and Jake, drinking the drugged beverage, began before long to show its effects.

Meanwhile Roy left the stockholders at their car and started along the train. "Don't forget Bulletin 321," he cautioned the conductor. The latter tapped his pocket. "I've got it right here." Walking on, the two reached the drugged engineer, now half staggering. Roy was suspicious. "But



HELEN AND WEBB NOTE THE CAPTURE OF THE DESPERADOES.

Joined them: "I want to handle No. 20 this afternoon at Pico's," he said to Marshall. "Pick up two men at Bullock's and go to Bullock's shack near Pico."

Desmond then dispatched his driver for a second machine and directed his gang to wait in the shrubbery.

At headquarters, Helen, after a change of clothing, joined Webb and Roy, who had explained, satisfactorily, to the stockholders about the Raiders. Roy handed Helen Bulletin 321.

Until further notice, semaphores will be disregarded. Trains approaching station will be governed by hand signals.

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT.

Helen put the notice in her pocket and went to lunch.

At Desmond's, Marshall, leaving in the second machine with a driver, started for Bullock's. Desmond, Burke and Masters drove off in the other machine. Shortly afterward Helen, detained in a street car at a crossing, saw the Desmond machine waiting beside her for the crossing gates to life, and at once recognized the occupants. Slipping quickly off the street car, she hid herself, unobserved, in the tire on the back of Desmond's machine.

Marshall having found Bullock, the two left his shack and started for the Raiders' headquarters. At a fork in the road, however, Marshall caught sight of Desmond's car, not far ahead, with Helen riding securely at the back in the tire. He spurred forward. Helen saw him coming, and to escape, dropped off; but she was too late. Marshall's driver ran alongside and Marshall, standing on the running board, caught her up as he swept past, and dragged her into his machine. Attracting Desmond's attention, he explained, "Good," cried Desmond. "Bring her along."

Reaching the quarters, Masters was for throttling Helen. "She got me once," he muttered, "but she won't do it again."

"Just what do you mean, Masters?" demanded Desmond. Masters only grinned and intimidated with his hands what he meant to do to his prisoner. "Nothing doing," declared Desmond curtly. "I said no once, and that goes."

Even then Masters made a spring for her. Desmond jumped between Helen and his angry gangster, threw Helen into a sort of a closet, slammed the door and locked it, pocketing the key. Masters started for him, and Desmond, snatching a club, stood at bay. But once more he proved himself master: "She stays in there," said he, pointing, "until the job on No. 20 is done." The gang, to console themselves, turned to the contents of Helen's pockets, which they had rifled. They found Bulletin 321. Burke made a face. "That spills the beans," he observed.

For a moment Desmond feared so, too. But he was not to be balked. "Marshall," he asked, "can you fire an engine?"

"I can," was the answer.

"Get a pair of overalls," directed Desmond, and when Marshall returned with a rig Desmond gave orders to Burke: "You look after No. 20's engineer. Marshall will play fireman."

With the words he took up a small bottle containing a drug and handing it to Burke, told him what he wanted. To Bullock he only said: "Have the rest of the gang at Pico trestle to get Marshall when No. 20 passes."

They left the room, with Helen still a prisoner. She had heard all, and was helpless. Desmond, Burke and Marshall drove away in one machine, while the others returned to the shack.

When Desmond reached Mountain Springs the special was being made up. Marshall reconnoitering the engine, found the fireman oiling. He attacked him from behind and the next moment was rolling him unconscious over an embankment. Returning to

Jake never took a drink in his life," declared the conductor. Something, however, was evidently wrong and to get out on time, Roy resolved to take Jake's place himself. "Wire for relief to meet the train at Fielding" was all he said as he climbed into the engine.

The Raiders had meant to get the drugged engineer started in the cab so Marshall could run the train. Seeing Roy, Marshall was at a loss for a moment. Then he picked up the fireman's goggles, put them on, and determined to bluff the situation through.

At the Raiders' headquarters a light was flashed on the table. One of the men noticed it. It was their telegraph system, tapped in on the Kay's wires. One of them read aloud and Helen heard: "No. 20 is on time. We'd better get down to the trestle."

When they left, Helen tried to break out. She failed. But a sweater hung on the wall. From this she unraveled a cord and, climbing up the door, threw the cord through the transom, trying to reach the telegraph key. She finally took a weight, tied this to the string and succeeded in catching the key. By pulling carefully she could spell out words. The dispatcher heard her calling and took her message.

Crooked fireman on No. 20. The Raiders will send Nos. 19 and 20 together at Pico trestle. Stop.

The dispatcher, stunned, called Pico: it was too late to reach No. 19. Helen again tried to break out. In the pocket of a coat on the wall she found matches, started a fire and, wrapping the coat over her head, crouched on the farther side of the closet till the door should weaken enough for her to break through. Watching her chance, she ran out through the flames, and up the track she saw the two trains approaching. On a passing track stood a box car. Running to this, she released the brake and it started down hill parallel to No. 20, and, climbing to the top, waited for the train to overtake her.

Nearing the trestle, Marshall stripped off his goggles and Roy recognized him. Helen came opposite the cab just as the two men grappled. Marshall struck Roy down as Helen, with a leap, landed in the cab.

But Marshall picked Roy up, threw him bodily through the gangway and as the engine was crossing the creek Roy plunged headlong into the water. The ruffian turned back Helen, catching up an iron bar, struck him heavily across the head. As he dropped she shut off the throttle and threw on the emergency air. Then, swinging to the side of the cab, she leaped over the trestle into the creek. Roy almost dead, felt an encircling arm and Helen started to swim with him for shore.

In spite of everything, the two trains came together. So much had their speed been checked that no lives were lost, but the engines were badly smashed and the crews, rushing out, saw the Raiders at the edge of the water. They started after them, firing as they ran on. The Raiders took to their heels, returning the gunfire over their shoulders while they retreated. Helen, reaching shore and dropping to the ground, held Roy out of range. Two of the Raiders, wounded, were caught, but the others got away. The railroad men hurried toward Roy and Helen. She had prevented a fatal wreck and saved Roy's life, but most of all she rejoiced in the capture of the murderous Marshall.

(End of the Fourteenth Episode.)

He Got "Good-Night."

"How is that efficient expert making out over in the place where you work?"

"He got the gate the very first day he was there."

"What was the matter? Was he incompetent?"

"No, he was too darned competent. He discovered that the boss was wasting half a ton telling us things that we knew better than he did."—Philadelphia Tribune

The Busy Bees

:- Their Own Page

HAVE you ever heard of the Webster Street Gazette? Possibly not, unless you happen to live near a group of eight little Busy Bees near Thirty-third and Webster streets. These enterprising children were at a loss to know what to do with their time when school closed. Although they played base ball and all had gardens and lemonade stands, they yearned of the same old amusements and determined to find an original form of diversion for vacation time. Finally one of the most loyal contributors to the Busy Bee page hit upon a plan of having a neighborhood newspaper.

Volney Hampton, who is 13 years old, the oldest of the staff, was chosen editor-in-chief, because he was the most legible writer. The paper is published every day and costs a penny a month. The first edition came out June 26, at the business office, on the editor's front porch.

Besides local gossip of the children and even grownups in the neighborhood and movie news, the paper contains a sporting section, telling of the results of ball games and notes of interest about school athletics. There is also a puzzle section. Names of well known buildings in Omaha are spelled in roundabout ways and those guessing the answers have their names published.

For example, Brandeis is spelled Darsenib, the Rose building Osre and Lyric Lrcly.

One of the duties of the staff is to keep children off the grass, so that it may grow.

The members of the Gazette staff, all of whom attend Webster school, are as follows: Volney Hampton, editor-in-chief; Calvin and Virginia Hampton, Luther Hamilton, Almedia Hamilton, Bert Baumgardner and Everett Hale, who act as reporters and paper carriers.

Perhaps this will suggest to our other Busy Bee writers ideas of what to do to utilize their spare time this summer. Do write us what you are doing. Even the most commonplace things can be made interesting. Try it and see for yourselves.

Inez Logan of the Red side won the prize book last week and Henrietta Newman of the Red and Leila Benedict of the Blue sides won honorable mention. The Busy Bee boys must hustle if they want to win the prizes, for the girls seem to have been winning all of them lately.

Little Stories By Little Folks

(Prize Book.)

Sweet Briar Bush Rabbits.

Inez Logan, Logan, Ia. Red side. I will tell you a true story about Peter Rabbit, not the one of Green Meadow Fame, but another one who lives under the sweet briar bush in our backyard. His home is a large wire cage, and his nest is a lot of straw in a large box, with a tin roof. The Virginia creeper vine clings to the wire netting, keeping out the sun rays on hot afternoons and the pink petals of the briar rose fall into the cage to be eagerly eaten by Peter's babies. For Peter Rabbit has some babies, in fact quite a number of them, mother rabbit has eleven of them, all with snowy white fur and the brightest pink eyes.

At present Peter Senior is living alone in an empty coal shed, and his lovely white fur is stained a dirty gray from the coal dust. He is sometimes a very naughty rabbit, and kills his babies when very young, consequently he has to be penned up alone, until his babies are grown up.

Meanwhile, Mother Rabbit is very busy rearing her young, and many good times they have eating dandelion cabbage leaves, turnips, etc., provided by their owners, Inez and Agnes. Happy they would be if they could run loose and explore the neighboring gardens, but alas, Mother Rabbit has an appetite for peony sprouts, tulip and gladioli bulbs, which abound in the yards about. To keep at peace with the neighbors, all rabbits have to be securely fastened in their cages, for they would ruin a garden in a single night.

So this is my story of Peter Rabbit and his family. Perhaps in the weeks to come when the baby rabbits grow up, they will be taken away to gladden the heart's of other little children, and they will find homes of their own, far away from the sweet briar rose and the Virginia creeper.

(Honorable Mention.)

How Jack Saved the Train.

Henrietta Newman, Aged 14 Years. Columbus, Neb. Red Side.

Jack was a poor boy who lived two miles east of Merryville. His father did truck farming and Jack helped all he could. Being so small he could not do much.

He was never allowed the privilege of going to school. He often told his father that when he grew up he was going to college.

Behind the farm was a beautiful pasture with many varieties of wild flowers. Jack picked these and sold them to the people of Merryville. Before reaching Merryville he had to cross the railroad bridge. He often look at the big rocks and the roaring water under the bridge.

One day when going to Merryville, he noticed that the water was nearly up to the bridge. It was dusk before he reached the bridge again. He was half way across when he noticed that part of the bridge was gone. He took a new watch and noticed that it was 8:15 o'clock. The 8:25 passenger train would be along in ten minutes. What should he do?

He sat down to think. Once he heard the whistle of the train. He got up, took off his coat and waved it. The train came closer and closer each minute. At last it stopped. Jack showed the engineer what was wrong. He thanked him for saving so many lives.

Soon after Jack received \$1,000 as a reward. Jack could now get his school education which he wanted so badly.

(Honorable Mention.)

Our Operetta.

By Leila Benedict, Aged 9 Years. Franklin, Neb. Blue Side.

This year on Wednesday of the last week of school we gave an operetta, "Cinderella in Flowerland." Almost all of the Busy Bees have either read or heard of the story of Cinderella. The operetta is just like it, only most of the actors have the names of flowers.

I was Daisy, Cinderella's fairy godmother. The whole operetta was as pretty as it could be, and the scene was laid in fairyland. I wore a dress something like "Old Mother Hubbard's," I also wore a big green poke bonnet, trimmed with roses, and long pink ribbons that tied with a big bow under my chin. My wand was a rake covered with lilacs.

At the close of the operetta while the actors were on the stage, the colored lights were turned on. You should have seen it! We had a surprise for the audience, which was the "Flag Salute." First came a flag song, then the salute, and last of all the first verse of "America."

A Picnic in the Woods.

By Mary McQuistan, Aged 12 Years. Pender, Neb. Blue Side.

Last summer mother gave her consent to let me have a picnic party in the woods. I invited ten of my girl friends who arrived at 2 p. m. on the appointed day. Shortly after they arrived we went to the woods, taking our lunch with us.

We played "hide and go seek," "tickets out," "pig in the pen," "drop the handkerchief" and "blind man's buff." Then we sat in the shade of the trees and guessed riddles.

Then we ate our lunch, which consisted of cake, salad, fruit, nuts, candy,

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.
 6. A prize book will be given each week for the best contribution.
- Address all communications to Children's Department, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

meat, lemonade and a few other things. When we had finished our lunch we started for home, as it was 5 o'clock. My guests all said they had a good time.

Ella's Pet Kittens.

By Ella Roach, Aged 9 Years, Route No. 2, Campbell, Minn. Red Side.

This time I will tell the Busy Bees about my pet cat. I had two mother cats. One had five kittens and the other one had four. We gave one cat to our neighbors.

The mother cat always comes back here. We gave one of the other cat's kittens to my sister's schoolmate, whose name is Martha.

She has an organ. In the daytime Martha plays on it. She puts the little kitten on the organ and sings to sleep.

I live on the farm. I wonder if any of the other Busy Bees live on the farm.

Our Country School.

By Martha Penke, Aged 12 Years, Bennington, Neb. Blue Side.

I enjoy going to school very much. I live on a farm and go to a country school. We have an organ and I like to hear it. Our school room has eight windows. We have eight blackboards, one bookcase, a sand table, one chair for the teacher, one globe, and many pictures. We have an organ in our school and I play on it when they march out of the school room.

We had a Hallowe'en party at our

Staff of the Webster Street Gazoo; Three Lively Little "Busy Bees"



VIRGINIA, VOLNEY AND CALVIN HAMPTON

school and the mother witch was there. The witches told our fortunes and I had a funny one.

I made some crocheting in school for the state fair in Lincoln.

I will write another letter again some time. I hope the Busy Bees will write me and I will answer them.

Enjoys Prize Book.

By Faye Hubbard, Aged 11 Years, Stromsburg, Neb. Red Side.

I received my book and its title is "Captain Abe, Storekeeper." It is a story about Cape Cod.

I was certainly surprised when I found who had the prize story. My two brothers always run after the funny papers, but I prefer the children's page. I enjoy reading the page very much.

I will close, thanking you again for the nice book. I read it every spare moment I have. It is very interesting.

I will write again when I think of something interesting.

Thoughtful of Others.

By Ardyce Danielson, Aged 12 Years, Keene, Neb.

Please accept my heartfelt thanks for the book I received. I surely think a lot of that book.

Busy Bees, have you ever stopped to think what a lot of good you can do in this world, both towards the sick and helpless as well as toward those who are all well? Even a kind word may brighten someone's life and therefore I am sending you a story where kindness was welcomed. I myself have had a lot of sickness, having gone through three serious operations. I know how it feels to have a kind word spoken. Now for the story.

Earl was a little lame boy. Although his parents were rich, nothing could help his lameness. He sat day in and day out in his wheel chair. He thought it great fun to sit

by a window and watch the boys play in the snow. They had so much fun. Tommy, one of the boys, was always thoughtful and kind to every boy and girl. He came running toward the window, saying, "Do you want to go coasting?"

"Yes! Yes!" Earl said.

"All right," said Tommy. He and another boy made a four-handed seat, placed Earl on it and took him out and put him on the sled. They pulled him up and down until he became tired. Then they took him in again.

"Thank you very much," exclaimed Earl. "I shall never forget your kindness."

The Fried Chicken's Lament.

By Elsie Penke, Aged 11 Years, Bennington, Neb. Blue Side.

I am a white chicken. I go scratching every day and eat worms. I can run very fast. One time a lady came to the chicken coop. She looked at me and I ran away so she could not catch me. When it became a little dark she came again. She ran after me as long as I ran. She caught me at last and she cut my head off with a hatchet.

I was a nice, fat chicken, too. She took the feathers off and then cut me into pieces. She put my in the frying pan and fried me. When dinner time came they ate me and said I was a good chicken.

I wish some of the Busy Bees would write to me. I will answer their letters. I wish I could win one of the prizes some time.

A Lesson in Self-Control.

By Fred Petersen, Box 146, Bennington, Neb. Red Side.

John was a boy 12 years old. Whenever anything was done that did not please him he would cry and scream so he could be heard all over the neighborhood.

One night his father and he went out riding. He asked to drive the horse, but his father said, "No, you cannot!" He began to scream. His

father lifted him off of the wagon and drove on.

John kept still, for he thought his father really meant it. He became afraid.

Soon he heard something. It was his father's rattling. He became so frightened that he could not look that way. Soon it stopped by him. He looked up and it was his friend, who took him home. This taught him a lesson and he never screamed again.

Mr. Wolf's Breakfast.

By Leona A. Penke, Aged 14 Years, Bennington, Neb. Blue Side.

"Oh, my!" said Mr. Wolf, "what a fine breakfast I have found! Farmer Pratt has put all these nice hens and little chicks over here away from the house, thinking I will not find them, and that they would clean up these grasshoppers that are in his alfalfa."

"I will just clean up some of his hens for my breakfast," said the wolf, smiling. "He won't know anything about it. I will go and tell my family and we will come together for our breakfast tomorrow."

When Farmer Pratt's children were feeding the poultry they discovered that some were missing, so they went to their father, who said: "I know it must be a sneaky wolf that is always around trying to get our ducks and geese. I've penned them up and will fix a breakfast that will be the last of him."

Early next morning the farmer put some poison on the meat and fastened the poultry in good and tight. The next morning along came the wolves for their nice breakfast. They could not get the hens, but found the poisoned meat.

"Let us help ourselves to this nice meat," said Mr. Wolf; "it do taste good." They ate it and started for home. On the way they began to feel sick and by the time they got home they laid down and died.

Farmer Pratt never was troubled with them any more.

brick crashed through the window and the place was in an uproar.

Suddenly through a rift in the crowd Margaret saw Kennedy in the grasp of four ruffians. Knowing of the recent attempt on his life, she was paralyzed with terror.

Then with leaping relief, she found Norwood beside her. Having seen her in the audience he had come to her aid. Breathlessly she told him of Kennedy's peril. Incredulous, but yielding to her excited insistence, he fought a way to the side entrance.

They were just in time to see Kennedy, apparently unconscious, being lifted into a gray car. Norwood, recognizing Doyle on the front seat, was instantly alive to the danger.

Sweeping Margaret into a taxi, he ordered the driver to follow the car ahead. As they flew after the gray blur, Margaret leaning forward with breathless rigidity, was hardly conscious that Norwood was holding her hands in a reassuring clasp.

"It's all right—they can't dodge us now," his recent clash with Kennedy forgotten in the realization of his peril.

On and on through the dimly lit streets, with recklessly increasing speed. From the side lights they could see the driver lean out and glance back estimating his chance of eluding them.

Finally, seeing that it was hopeless, with a swift dangerous turn he swirled a corner and slowed down. Without waiting for the cars to stop, both men jumped out and dashed up the dark side street.

Norwood, leaping out after them, called to the driver to follow.

Left alone, Margaret sprang from the taxi and ran to the abandoned car ahead—which she knew still held Kennedy. Was he unconscious? Was he seriously hurt? Her mind flamed with gruesome possibilities.

Little Tot's Birthday Book

Six Years Old Tomorrow (July 9):

Name School.
Dodge, Joseph.....Sacred Heart
Krauss, Frances E.....Miller Park
Thompson, George.....H. Kennedy

Seven Years Old Tomorrow:

Carroll, Clayton C.....Belvedere
Dickerson, Leslie.....Mason
Donald, Russel B.....Saunders
Herold, Eugene.....Long
Holder, Mary Ellen.....Webster
McMillan, Myr K.....Dundee
Nachtmble, Katherine.....Bancroft
Newman, Richard.....Lake
O'Donnell, Francis.....Sacred Heart
Riley, Harry.....St. Cecilia
Sellen, Esther.....Walnut Hill

Eight Years Old Tomorrow:

Lee, Granville L. Mont.....Franklin
McKearney, Agnes.....West Side
Reuben, Albert.....Lathrop

Nine Years Old Tomorrow:

Devall, Herman H.....Brown Park
Ellingwood, Jane.....Saunders
Frisbie, Dick.....Lathrop
Hayman, Warren J.....Walnut Hill
King, Dorothy.....Farnam
McConnell, John.....Brown Park
McKennis, Beatrice.....Druid Hill
Minkin, Alice.....Kellom
Phillips, Horace R.....Belvedere
Shaffer, Marjorie.....Franklin

"The Neglected Wife"

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

By JOSEPH DUNN.

CHAPTER VIII.

"A Relentless Fate."

THE STORY.

The Man.....Horace Kennedy
The Wife.....Mary Kennedy
"The Woman Alone".....Margaret Warner
Mary, discovering her husband's love for Margaret, resolves to fight for her happiness. Knowing that Norwood, a magazine editor, also loves Margaret, she gives a dinner to throw them together, hoping in this way to estrange the girl from her husband.

It was a relief when the evening was over. The last guest gone, Mary, worried over the mysterious message and her husband's attentions to Margaret, turned wearily into the library.

"Did it go off fairly well, dear?" as she sank on the couch.

"Seemed to," was Kennedy's trenchant answer, as he poured out a whisky and soda.

"Frank took Miss Warner home," with studied carelessness. "I think he really cared for her."

"Norwood?" caustically. "He's too self-centered to care for any one," shoving back the glass. "Now, for heaven's sake, don't start a post-mortem. That party was tiresome enough without having to talk it over. I'm going to bed."

Broodingly Mary looked after him as he went upstairs. This curt cynicism was so unlike him, but lately his whole nature was changed. Was his increasing irritability a chafing at the ties that bound him? Was it freedom that he wanted?

The gray mistiness of dawn was paling the electric light when Mary finally left the library and climbed wearily up to her room.

To Margaret every ring of the telephone and door bell always brought the thrilling hope that it might be Kennedy. But the next afternoon when she went to the door, her eagerness ebbed to disappointment as Norwood confronted her.

He had said that he would call with proofs of the new story, but she had not expected him so soon. They were absorbed in some radical corrections when again the bell rang.

This time she knew it was Kennedy. That he should find Norwood there! With a chill fear of a possible scene, she turned to the door.

The next moment Kennedy, with a proprietary air, strode into the room. His start at seeing Norwood

was hardly perceptible, but his greeting was betrayingly curt and frigid.

Sensing Margaret's confusion, with quick responsiveness Norwood arose to go. Flushed and embarrassed, she followed him to the hall.

As she came back into the room Kennedy was glaring out the window, his very attitude expressing his hostility.

Her pride rebelled against her making any overture. Whatever her love, she could not cheapen herself by deliberately seeking him.

But at least she could see and hear him without his knowing. She would go that night to the political meeting where he was to speak.

It was 8:30 when she reached the crowded auditorium. Slipping into a rear seat, Margaret waited with painful tenseness.

Kennedy's appearance was greeted with rousing cheers. Introduced by the chairman, he spoke with simple telling directness, holding his audience by his very earnestness and not by any oratorical tricks.

During a prolonged applause a commotion arose in the rear of the hall. Hisses and cat-calls, a deliberate effort to disconcert the speaker—by agitators of the opposing party. A

tility. The rankling jealousy that he had so long controlled now blazed out.

"Am I to have no friends?" quivered Margaret. "Do you expect me to be a recluse—to see no one?"

"I expect you not to see men who are so patently in love with you. However, if you prefer Norwood's attention—I'll withdraw mine."

It was their first quarrel—the first time he had left her in anger. He would repent—he would call her up that evening, or the latest, tomorrow morning. But this feverish reassur-

EDITOR NORWOOD PLEADS HIS LOVE SUIT TO THE FAIR AUTHOR.

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