

"The Neglected Wife"

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

By JOSEPH DUNN.

The Man... Mary Kennedy... The Woman Alone... Margaret Warner Kennedy...

CHAPTER XI. "A Reckless Indiscretion." "No one knows I'm here! There must be some mistake. Wait," Kennedy took the receiver from her.



"DO YOU RECOGNIZE THE VOICE?" ASKED MARGARET, AND KENNEDY NODDED, AS HE HEARD HIS WIFE INQUIRING FOR HIM.

phone Kennedy was standing before the window, his back towards her. "Yes, it was Mrs. Kennedy," he admitted, without turning.

It was with abject self-loathing that Mary left the telephone after calling up Margaret's apartment. She had stooped to a subterfuge of which six months before she would have been incapable.

It was after 12 mi he came in. She was still in the library feigning absorption in a magazine. Though he could not fail to see the light, she heard him pass on upstairs.

It was at noon the next day, an unaccustomed hour, that Kennedy again stood at the door of Margaret's apartment. Her eager joyous greeting was checked by his grave unresponsiveness.

"What is it?" clinging to him. "Something has happened?" "I just saw McGill of the Star. He says Brady's got some of my letters. Letters to some woman, that I wouldn't want published."

"There's no other woman in my life—you know that. Then abruptly, 'It couldn't be my letters to you? You always burned them?'"

"Oh, don't—don't," she dropped to the floor, her head on a chair. He made no effort to comfort her.

The Omaha Bee's Busy Little Honey-Makers

HOW many naturalists do we have among our Busy Bees? A great many, let us hope, for people who know nothing about the life with which every field and stream is teeming miss much of the beauty of the great outdoors.

Do you know that the circular, bronze-colored little membrane on the side of a frog's head is his ear?

Did you ever watch a grasshopper breathe? Gently lift back his wings and examine the tiny, delicate, white spiracles arranged in a row on each side of his body. They expand and contract, and that is the grasshopper's breathing.

Did you ever see a crayfish that had one large pincer and one small one? He probably lost a pincer trying to capture prey and this small one grew on in its place.

What you have noticed the three kinds of feathers on his pincers? Those stiff outer feathers largely determine the form of the bird. The soft down underneath keeps him warm and the slender filoplumes are those that feather out only at the tip.

It is a great pity to see children afraid of harmless little animals like loads, frogs and the great majority of insects. Of course, one may rightly be aware of the poisonous spiders and of the two or three dangerous varieties of snakes which exist in this state.

Let us hear what you have found out about the animals in your neighborhood, Busy Bees. Notice where they live, what they eat, and how they care for their young, and send us the results of your investigations.

One little girl this week asked how she could become a member of the Busy Bees. There is no requirement for joining the Busy Bees other than writing a story for the page.

The prize book this week was awarded to Lola Buckner of Red Oak, Ia. Margaret Reis, Richfield, Neb., and Helen Crabb, 4016 North Thirty-fourth street, Omaha, received honorable mention.

Little Stories By Little Folks

(Prize Story) The Hungry Snake. By Lola Buckner, Aged 12 Years, Red Oak, Ia., Red Side.

This is the first time I have written, but think your stories are fine. One day while my two sisters and little brother were playing in my playhouse, I heard some blue jays making an awful noise.

After a while we saw a nest and some little blue jays, but they were not in the nest and could fly enough to stay away from the snake.

Seeing that the snake could not get them we went into the house to eat dinner and before we were through eating the bluejays stopped crying. I was glad, for I do not like to hear birds cry.

My Favorite Poet. By Eunice Hines, Age 11 Years, Springfield, Neb., Blue Side.

This is the first time I have written to the Busy Bees' page and I wish to join the blue side. I think the Busy Bees' stories are very nice. James Russell Lowell was a great American poet. He was loved by every one.

Mr. Lowell was born February 22, 1819, at Cambridge, near the Charles river. As he grew older he began to love the birds and animals. He was also a lover of flowers. He liked to take

walks through the woods and watch the birds working busily. When Lowell became a man he was married to a lovely young girl. They spent a happy life at their home called "Elmwood."

Mr. Lowell wrote many pretty poems. I will be glad to answer any letters received from you, Busy Bees.

Wants to Join. By Hazel Chambers, Powell, Wyo., Red Side.

I am a reader of the Busy Bee page and would like very much to join and be one of them. I am 13 years old and will be in high school next year. I will close now.

(Honorable Mention) The Heroic Dog. By Helen Crabb, Age 10 Years, 4016 North Thirty-Fourth Avenue, Omaha, Neb., Red Side.

Once upon a time there was a little boy who had to go three miles to a

LOOKS LIKE SPRING, BUT QUITE HUMAN



RUTH ELVERETTA BETTS. PORTRAIT BY STROGLUND

This little nymph, looking like Spring incarnate, is really a very human little girl, despite her fairy-like habiliments.

She is an artistic dancer and has appeared in public several times. Oriental dances are her specialty, although the costume in the picture is one she wears in a Russian dance.

Ruth has brown hair, blue eyes and a fair complexion. She takes vocal lessons, is in the sixth grade A class at school and is 13 years of age.

country school. His dog always went with him and came for him in the afternoon, so they could walk home together.

One cold, stormy day he started home with his dog and he became so cold that when he was crossing the railroad track he stumbled, fell and could not get up.

When the engineer jumped down to see what was on the track, his own nephew almost frozen to death. He picked the boy and dog up, put

them in the warm cab of his engine and going at full speed soon had the boy to town and where a doctor made him well.

The little dog got a new collar with a medal on it, besides a great deal of petting. Write to me, Busy Bees.

(Honorable Mention) Tommy's Goodness. By Margaret Reis, Aged 11 Years, Richfield, Neb., Red Side.

There was once a small boy named Tommy. He did not know what his last name was. His parents were dead and he did not have any nice home.

He lived in an old basement which a kind old man let him use. He slept on the floor and had an old hard crust of bread or anything that he could find to eat. He sold newspapers.

One day he went out to sell papers. He saw an old man, well dressed, walking along the street. Tommy saw him put his hand in his pocket. As he was taking his hand out of his pocket a shiny piece of something fell to the sidewalk. Tommy picked up the shiny piece and ran up to the old man.

"Is this yours?" said Tommy. "Yes," said the old man, "but keep it. I will take you home." Tommy thanked him and ran on to sell some papers.

As he was walking he saw a small girl crying. "What is the matter?" asked Tommy. "I am lost," answered the little girl. "I will take you home," said Tommy.

The little girl told Tommy where she lived. The father and mother were very happy to find their little girl. They found that Tommy was their long lost boy. So they kept him with them. He was very happy ever after.

School Earns Flag. By Leslie Aaron Naiman, Aged 8 Years, Gilead, Neb., R. F. D. No. 1, Box 2, Red Side.

I am a new Busy Bee. I thought I would write because my sisters are writing. I go to the country school. Our district number is seventy-four.

We have a large silk flag at our school. I will tell you how we got it. The teacher sent for thirty buttons. They cost 10 cents apiece. The school children sold them. I took one button.

I am 8 years old and live on a farm of 160 acres. I have three brothers and five sisters. One of my brothers is 21 years old. He enlisted in the medical corps.

My letter is getting long so I will close. I wish some of the Busy Bees would write to me. I would be glad to answer their letters.

A Trip to the River. By Marguerite Yeiser, Aged 11 Years, R. F. D. 2, Box 5, Columbus, Neb., Blue Side.

One Sunday my sister and one of my friends and I went down to the river. We waded in the water. We ran and splashed the water on each other.

When we got out it was chilly. Then we went back in and it felt warmer, so we stayed in longer. The water was not deep at all.

When it was time to get out, we didn't want to leave, but we thought

Little Tots' Birthday Book

Six Years Old Tomorrow (July 30): Name School Andrews, Jean E. Lake Calvert, Halden Lincoln Carlson, Alice M. Miller Park Day, Robert Foster Lothrop Geoliet, Matthew St. Joseph's Havens, Harry Willard Farnam Ireland, Ruth Corrine Lathrop Mattis, Marian Vinton Murphy, Donard Park Quatrucio, Conjeti Mason Thomson, Mary Clare Mason Vellela, Mary St. Philomena

Seven Years Old Tomorrow: Bednar, Mary South Franklin Braude, Aaron Long Clark, Thomas Beals Fawcett, Phyllis Margaret Lake Harris, George Franklin McCarthy, M. Claire Train Rosewater, Seth W. Columbian Rosenberg, Joseph Long

Eight Years Old Tomorrow: Almeister, Albert St. Joseph's Bluff, Alice Ruth Park Byrne, Henry St. Cecilia Droste, Virginia Lothrop Hughes, Margaret Alice Columbian Luse, Orville Lincoln

Nine Years Old Tomorrow: Bazar, Joseph St. Francis Coats, Gilbert Train Frankeberger, Norene Saratoga Johaneck, James Comenius Johnson, Bernice Druid Hill Ritchey, Idella Howard Kennedy Richling, Chester Windsor Schmaddeusky, Arthur So. Lincoln Thomas, Lorene Columbian Vampola, Emil Brown Park

We might catch a cold. When we were all dressed we washed our bathing suits. I left mine. I left to get a towel and when I went back my bathing suit was gone. I found it a long way off. We got it and hung our clothes on the line to dry. Then we went home. This was the best time we ever had.

School Exhibit at Blair. By Christina Heise, Aged 11 Years, Fort Calhoun, Neb., Box 48, Red Side.

One day this spring the Washington county superintendent gave an exhibit and spelling contest at Blair. One of the girls from our school was in the contest, but she did not win a prize. The prizes that were given were a \$15 and a \$10 gold medal. Both girls won the prizes. I did not know their names.

Well, as I have told you about the contest, I will tell you a little about the exhibit. Every school in Washington county was to have work shown that was done by the school pupils.

From our school we had drawings and painting of all kinds, booklets, tatted and crocheted lace, a log house, chairs, beds and tables, made of corncobs.

We also had the three bears and Goldie Locks, made of paper, and Goldie Locks' hair was of corn silk. A flag was given the school which had the best work, and our school won it. We pupils surely were proud to think we had the best work.

I think this will be all for this time, as I am a new writer. I hope to win a prize.

How I Spent the Fourth. Eunice Stanley, Aged 12 Years, Fullerton, Neb., Blue Side.

In the morning we were at home until 11 o'clock. Then we went to my cousin's house and went to the river for dinner. Afterwards we fished, and then took our supper and went to the Point.

We did not stay there long because there were so many down there, so we went back to the place where we were for dinner and sat there a while. Then we went to Lone Trees and had supper.

Afterwards we came home and I watched the fireworks. My brother had some fireworks at home and papa and I shot them off.

The Pet Dickie Bird. By Lyle Baird, Aged 11 Years, Wolbach, Neb., Red Side.

We have a pet bird which is very cute. He is tame and when we let him out of his cage he flies about the room. His name is Dickie.

One day grandma set a rocking chair down on him, which pulled all his tail feathers out and almost broke his leg. He is all right now.

This is my first letter to the Busy Bee page. I would like to be a Busy Bee and belong to the Red side. I will write again some other time. I read the Busy Bee page every Monday.

Hunting Birds. By Marguerite Brady, Aged 10 Years, Kimball, Neb., Blue Side.

My friend and I in the evenings and mornings go to the creek about 6 or 6:30. When we go we hunt for birds.

One morning we saw a bobolink and it was eating some wheat. We thought it would be scared, but it wasn't and it pretended not to see us. That morning we saw fifteen different birds.

Some time I want you Busy Bees to write to me.

Has Received Diploma. By Marjorie Dickson, Aged 12 Years, O'Neill, Neb., Blue Side.

I wonder how many of the Busy Bees have tried for the students' certificate of Palmer Method of Business Writing. I received my diploma and was very glad to, as it takes lots of time, work and energy.

A Patriotic Member. By Lloyd Petygore, Red Side.

This is the first time I have ever written to the Busy Bee page. I read the stories and like them very much, but I think it is about my turn to write.

I am 13 years of age. I thought that the Busy Bees would like a poem I wrote. I would like to see it in print.

THE FATAL RING :: :: :: FEATURING PEARL WHITE

Written by George B. Seitz and Fred Jackson and Produced by Astra Film Corporation Under Direction of Mr. Seitz



so that Pearl might be compelled to read the inscription on the ring. She had an idea that that might prove a clue. Prof. Wellington, however, after one glance, threw the ring into the fire and fled, in abject fear.

Angered at being outwitted again, Carlslake held Knox and sent Pearl for the ring, threatening to kill Knox if she failed to return, or if she appealed to anyone for aid.

It was at noon the next day, an unaccustomed hour, that Kennedy again stood at the door of Margaret's apartment. Her eager joyous greeting was checked by his grave unresponsiveness.

"What is it?" clinging to him. "Something has happened?" "I just saw McGill of the Star. He says Brady's got some of my letters. Letters to some woman, that I wouldn't want published."