THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE: JULY 29, 1917.



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

## By JOSEPH DUNN.

bis wife, is in love with Margaret Warner. He runs for congress, but his political ene-mies plot for his defeat. Mary, fighting to win back her husband, in a disguised calls up Margaret's apartment to ask

### CHAPTER XI. "A Reckless Indiscretion." The Story.

"No one knows I'm here! There must be some mistake. Wait." Ken- ment-confused, he had explained that nedy took the receiver from her, there was a smell of smoke and he "Now ask again who's wanted." Removing her hand from the There had been no trace of smoke mouthpiece, Margaret forced her voice to steadiness.

"I asked if Mr. Kennedy is there," came distinctly over the wire. "Say, I'm not here," he muttered, flushing at the deception.

"Mr. Kennedy's not here," repeated Margaret, then quickly hung up.

When she turned from the tele-

That was all. The next moment

he was gone. In the tortured hours that followed Margaret's mind leapt constantly to Norwood. He had helped her once before. Could he help her now? At any cost she must avert the ruin of the man she loved.

Who had taken the letters-and how? Her suspicions instantly encircled the new hall boy. A few days ago she had found him in her aparthad come in through the fire-escape.

and now she knew he had stolen the letters-that he was one of Brady's tools Half an hour later, her reddened eyes subdued by a close meshed veil, Margaret was at Norwood's office, ex-

citedly relating these facts. "There's nothing I wouldn't do for

you, Margaret," he assured her. "You

TT OW many naturalists do we have among our Busy Bees? A great many, LOOKS LIKE SPRING, BUT them in the warm cab of his engine let us hope, for people who know nothing about the life with which every field and stream is teeming miss much of the heauty 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. Take a tiny stick, and, holding the grasshopper between your fingers, encourage him to bite at the stick with his mandibles or jaws. You will be surprised at the resistance this frail insect offers. He will pull the stick away from you unless you hold it quite firmly.

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 an advantage the old crayfish has! How convenient if

children, who are always stubbing a toe or cutting a finger, could mend as easily, like the sugar-stick man in "The Bluebird," whose sweet fingers grew right on again when broken off.

What boy has noticed the three kinds of feathers on his pigeons? 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 toads, frogs and the great majority of insects. Of course, one may rightly beware of the poisonous spiders and of the two or three dangerous varieties of snakes which exist in this state. But many shun beautiful, harmless little creatures, whose habits of life will interest any child who carefully observe

Let us hear what you have found out about the animals in your neigh-borhood, 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. If your story is printed, you may know by this that you are a member.

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. I went towards the tree that the noise was coming from and before I got very far I saw a bull snake climbing up the tree. I told the rest that a snake was climbing up the tree and then I ran and got the rake to knock it down. Papa was there when I got back and the anake was so high in the tree that we could not reach him. After a while" we saw a nest and

When Lowell became a man he

Mr. Lowell wrote many pretty poems.

received from you, Busy Bees.

## Wants to Join.

By Hazel Chambers, Powell, Wyo. Red Side.

Writers

Springfield, Neb. Blue Side. This is the first time I have writ- and would like very much to join ten to the Busy Bees' page and I and be one of them. wish to join the blue side. I think I am 13 years old and will be in

I will close now.

(Honorable Mention)

### and going at full speed soon had the QUITE HUMAN boy to town and where a doctor made

him well.

petting.

man.

sell some papers.

girl crying.

Tommy.

Tommy.

Write to me, Busy Bees,

(Honorable Mention)

Tommy's Goodness.

Richfield, Neb. Red Side.

Tommy. He did not know what his

last name was. His parents were dead

of bread or anything that he could

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

"Yes," said the old man, "but keep

it, I have plenty more." Tommy thanked him and ran on to

As he was walking he saw a small

"What is the matter?" asked

"I am lost," answered the little girl.

"I will take you home," said

The little girl told Tommy where she lived. The father and mother

their long lost boy. So they kept him

with them. He was very happy ever

School Earns Flag.

"Is this yours?" said Tommy.

There was once a small boy named

By Margaret Reis, Aged 11 Years



This little nympli, looking like Spring incarnate, is really a very human little girl, despite her fairy-like were very happy to find their little girl. They found that Tommy was habiliments. She is Ruth Elveretta Betts, daughter of Mrs. James Betts, 512 North Twentieth street.

fair complexion. She takes vocal lessons, is in the sixth grade A class at school and is

country school. His dog always went was married to a lovely young girl. with him and came for him in the aft-

railroad track he stumbled, fell and

clothes, in his effort to make him get up.

When the train was coming the en- river. We waded in the water. We

gineer saw some animal pulling at a ran and splashed the water on each When we got out it was chilly.

Little Tots' Birthday Book The little dog got a new collar with a medal on it, besides a great deal of

> Six Years Old Tomorrow (July 30) School Name,

Andrews, Jean E..... Lake Calvert, Halden, Lincoln Carlson, Alice M., Miller Park Day, Robert Foster, Lothrop Geoltel, Matthew, St. Joseph's Havens, Harry Willard, Farnam Ireland, Ruth Corrine, Lothrop Mattic Marine, Winton Seven Years Old Tomorrow:

Bednar, Mary ..... South Franklin Braude, Aaron.....Long Clark, Thomas.....Beals Fawcett, Phyllis Margaret. Lake Rosenberg, Joseph.....Long

Eight Years Old Tomorrow: Almsteier, Albert.....St. Joseph's Buffett, Alice Ruth...........Park Byrne, Henry......St. Cecelia Droste, Virginia.......Lothrop Hughes, Margaret Alice.Columbian Luse, Orville.....Lincoln Nine Years Old Tomorrow:

Bazar, Joseph......St. Francis Coats, Gilbert.....Train Frankeberger, Norene.....Saratoga 

we might catch a cold. When we were all dressed we washed our bathing suits. I left mine. I left to get a tower and when I went back my bathing suit was gone. I found it a long way off. We got it and hung would write because my sisters are our clothes on the line to dry. Then writing. I go to the country school, we went home. This was the best Our district number is seventy-four, time we ever had.

School Exhibit at Blair.

By Christena Heise, Aged 11 Years, Fort Calhoun, Neb., Box 48. Red Side.

One day this spring the Washington county superintendent gave an of 160 acres. I have three brothers exhibit and spelling contest at Blair. is 21 years old. He enlisted in the 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 hot 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, tatting and crochet lace, a log house, chairs, beds and tables, made of cornstalks. We also had the three bears and Goldie Locks, made of paper.

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 ad--we must get them some way. I know the chief of police personmitted, without turning.

Through her own mortification ally. Margaret was wretchedly conscious of his poignant humiliation. He loathed lies and deceptions—yet now be were constrained for the bands of the police. That the letters were from he was constantly forced into them. Kennedy was the one point she had How long would his love for her withheld.

With some reluctance Norwood withstand this corrosion? "Don't you see, dear, I was right?" vielded to her plan-that they follow American poet. He was loved by falteringly. "I'd better go away- Wilkins, the hall boy, that evening every one. when he went off duty. Though they it's the only solution now."

walks through the woods and watch the birds working busily. 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 called "Elmwood. get them we went into the house to eat dinner and before we were through

My Favorite Poet.

Mr. Lowell was born February 22,

eating the bluejays stopped crying. I was glad, for I do not like to hear birds cry.

By Eunice Hines. Age 11 Years. I am a reader of the Busy Bee page

the Busy Bees' stories are very nice. high school next year.

James Russell Lowell was a great

THE FATAL RING



Address all communications to Chil-dren's Department, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

13 years of age.

They spent a happy life at their home ernoon, so they could walk home together.

home with his dog and he became so I will be glad to answer any letters cold that when he was crossing the medical corps.

My letter is getting long so I will could not get up. The fast passenger close. I wish some of the Busy Bees train would pass any minute, but he would write to me. I would be glad did not think of it because he was so to answer their letters.

cold and sleepy. He curled up and was going to sleep, but his brave little dog would not let him. The little dog barked and jumped around and at last began to pull at the boy's

bundle on the track and stopped just other. in time.

By Leslie Aaron Naiman, Aged Years, Gilead, Neb., R. F. D. No. 1, Box 2, Red Side. I am a new Busy Bee. I thought I We have a large silk flag at our school. I will tell you how we got it. The teacher sent for thirty but-They cost 10 cents apiece. The tons. school children sold then. I took one button.

I am 8 years old and live on a farm One cold, stormy day he started and five sisters. One of my brothers One of the girls from our school was

Neb. Blue Side.

A Trip to the River.

By Marguerite Yeiser, Aged 11 Years, R. F. D. 2, Box 5, Columbus,

One Sunday my sister and one of my friends and I went down to the

No, I can't give you up-I won't," with passionate conviction. And as his arms closed about her

of her own defeating weakness. It was with abject self-loathing when the hall boy hurried by and took

that Mary left the telephone after a car at the corner. calling up Margaret's apartment. She had stooped to a subterfuge of which ing jealousy undermining her selfrespect?

That her husband was there, she now felt convinced. Yet his deception was hardly more despicable than front was dark, but from under the her own.

To convict him she had stooped to the cheapest trickery. If ever heeding Norwood's whispering proshe succeeded in winning back his test, Margaret followed him around love it would not be by resorting to the house to the lighted window. such methods.

It was after 12 whether the came in. She was still in the Lorary feigning absorption in a magazine. Though he "Not on your life, could not fail to see the light, she heard him pass on upstairs.

With weary depression she went That's all they're worth." "It is, eh?" the laugh held a sneer, up to her own room. Long after she had turned out her light, the transom over his door glowed bright, and she could hear his restless walking back and forth.

What phase of their problem was he fighting out? She longed to go to him, to sob out in his arms her own heart-hunger, but the closed door was a forbidding barrier.

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 unre-

sponsiveness. "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."

"Letters to some woman?" breathed Margaret.

"There's no other woman in my life -you know that." Then abruptly, "It couldn't be my letters to you? You of its tires, and that is the last thing always burned them?"

"No, I-I couldn't! They meant too much to me. But they're all here," unlocking a drawer in the desk.

Then with a cry she shrank back, the color ebbing from her face. Pet- statement that every Diamond tire rified she stared at the empty drawer. must deliver full value in service. If

rigid. "Oh, no-no! It can't be! How could promptly made. he get them?" wildly, emptying out all the other drawers in a frantic futile search.

'Those letters published will be an interesting sidelight on the 'clean can-Kennedy's laugh was mirth- Scripps-Booth Wins Big didate.'" lessly harsh.

'Oh, don't-don't," she dropped to the floor, her head on a chair.

He made no effort to comfort her. For the first time he heard her sob seemingly unaffected. Then when finally she grew more quiet:

"It's not only my career, Margaret-it's yours. Those letters published-what will it mean to you?"

"Oh, if only I'm to suffer—I wouldn't care," recklessly. "But they'll use them to defeat you! Is there no way—of stopping it? If I went to him?" eagerly. "If I made a per-sonal appeal?" "It's made a per-sonal appeal?"

"It'd only make matters worse." with curt cruelty. Then abruptly, can't stay longer now. I'll do what can-and let you know.

"Oh, don't leave me like that! I can't bear it-I can't. "I don't want to be harsh. Marga-

ret-but you'd better let me go."

be able to bribe his tool. river. At ten minutes of 8 they were wait-

Margaret was once more conscious ing in Norwood's car before a private the birds and animals. He was also residence, a few doors beyond Mar-garet's apartment. It was just 8 a lover of flowers. He liked to take boy who had to go three miles to a He picked the boy and dog up, put didn't want to leave, but we thought

Their driver, having been coached, kept almost abreast the street car. six months before she would have They had reached the outskirts of the been incapable. Was her consum- city before Wilkins got off. Turning down a dimly-lit street, he entered a small frame cottage.

Leaving their car at a discreet distance, they approached the house. The drawn shades of the side window The second construction of the second construction of the second construction of the second construction of the leaked a strip of yellow light. Un-

By stooping they could see under the shade the back and shoulders of

"Not on your life," gruffed an an-gry voice. "I'll give you five hundred for the letters-not a cent more!

"Well I guess you'll double thator you won't get 'em." "Wilkins' voice!" whispered Mar-

garet, clinging quiveringly to Norwood's arm.

Then the sound of a pushed-back chair and Wilkins moved in their line of view. In his hand was the ribbon-bound package of letters! (To Be Continued.)

(Copyright, 1917, by Mabel Herbert Urner.)

## **Tires Always Will Be** Guaranteed, Says Nygaard

When asked if, in his opinion, tires would be always guaranteed, Henry Nygaard, of the Omaha Tire Repair company, said: "Yes, in my opinion, good tires will always be guaranteed.

Today, more than ever before, reputable manufacturers are standing back of the tires they make. It is impossible for any tire company to dodge responsibility for the service records that the Diamond Rubber company wants to 'do.

Just as some men are known as men of their word, so Diamond known to back up its product to the limit. So it publishes broadcast the "So Brady has them?" his voice was ever a Diamond tire fails in this a cheerful, willing adjustment will be

The intention and ability of the Diamond Rubber company to make good on this statement is never rightfully questioned.

Road Race Held in Spain Word has just reached the Scripps-Booth factory at Detroit that at the race of the El Real Automobile Club

de Cataluna, of Spain, held in June, Scripps-Booth won first, third and fourth places. Second place went to a well known

three cars, there were two other American cars entered, both of them

much larger than the Scripps-Booth. One of these American cars fin-

Berlict and Hispano-Suiza.

when he went off duty. Ihough they could not bribe Brady, they might he able to bribe his tool. Mr. Lowell was born February 22, 1819, at Cambridge, near the Charles By Helen Crabb. Age 10 Years. As he grew older he began to love Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

Once upon a time there was a little almost frozen to death.

Written by George B. Seitz and Fred Jackson and Produced

by Astra Film Corporation Under Direction of Mr. Seitz

When the engineer jumped down Then we went back in and it felt 4016 North Thirty-Fourth Avenue, to see what was on the track, who warmer, so we stayed in longer. The should be find but his own nephew water was not deep at all.

Goldie Locks' hair was of corn silk. When it was time to get out, we

FEATURING

PEARL WHITE

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, Wol-

bach, 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 morningk 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.

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 Petygrone, 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.

OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG. Our Flag today is mounted high, We watch the blue against the sky, And all our land salute and cheer-Our Flag stands out with colors clear.

and engaged Carslake in battle. had obtained his chief's permis-n to cover the story of the violet With blood of countrymen so true.

The dove of peace will come once more: We welcome her at every door: And let our Flag forever fly Against the blue, within the sky.



EPISODE NO. 4.

given summoning the high priestess in back. er\fantastic robes of state.

restoration. But once glance at the might restore the diamond.

the temple proper, where a signal was pointed out "Fifty lashes across his arrived before Pearl and Knox could

This punishment inflicted, the high tion elsewhere.

which were beaten by the Scripps-Booth were: Benz, Minerva, Lancia, Driestess grew angry and commanded a scholar well versed in strange though Carslake offered a reward under ground. The fight had not the book of judgment to be brought, languages, and Pearl intended him and got all Chinatown out in pursuit. ended

Pearl and Knox arrived at the the book between any two pages. Re- fire and fled, in abject fear. Much temple, and after explaining to the luctantly, she assented. A number of puzzled by this strange behavior, when she met the high priestess and watchman at the gate that they were horrible punishments were described Pearl and Knox carried the ring the explained the situation. The high bringing back the violet diamond, ob- on the page that Pearl had chosen, but next morning to Ah Singh's shop in priestess went back with her, and The race was a road affair, 532 miles a road affair, 532 miles area care of the second affair, 532 miles area care

Knox produced the ring and the dia-mond triumphantly, claiming more than his share of the credit for its he had but one day left in which he credit in which he had but one day left in which he had but one day left in which he had but one day left in which he credit credit in the had but one day left in which he credit credit in the had but one day left in which he credit credit in the had but one day left in which he credit credit

One of these American cars fin-ished eleventh and the other fifteenth. Among the well known foreign cars, which were beaten by the Scrippse. This trick worked. The dog escaped diamond, had followed Carslake and sion to cover the story of the violet

make their escape and seek a transla-

ring. But Pearl got the idea of tying

Carslake, however, escaped them by shooting two and fleeing through

