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

By JOSEPH DUNN.

CHAPTER XII. "Embittered Love."

The Story.

The Man Horace Kennedy
The Wife Mary Kennedy
"The Woman Alone" Margaret Warner
Kennedy, though striving to be loyal to
his wife, is in love with Margaret Discovering her husband's secret. Mary deter

"I'm afraid
trip," with co mines to win him back. Kennedy's political enemies steal from Margaret his compromising letters. To recover them Margaret appeals to Norwood, who loves her.

As the car sped on, will be the car sped on the car s

"I'll be glad to," faltered Margaret, her voice emotionally tense. sleeping quietly. Drawing a low chair Was it Margaret Warner? to the bed, gently she touched his "Horace," her gloved hand stole

tered his car, waiting before the office building, to his amazement Mary

"I thought I'd go with you-just

"I'm afraid it won't be much of a trip," with cold withdrawal.
"Then I'll go to the landing," hurt

As the car sped on, while Kennedy "You will stay until I can send a gazed out of the window, wistfully the doctor, replacing the she studied his profile. It was set in gleaming hypodermic, turned from the the stern lines which were growing

habitual of late. Of what was he thinking? It was not of his speech, though he had

Under the opiate Norwood was taken out some typewritten notes.

down-if we don't get away soon."

go whenever you wish.'

for further discussion.

promptly swung off.

from the car.

"Well, there's nothing to keep you

"You'll be home for dinner?" plead-

hat he strode down to the waiting mo-

to drive on when she saw another

launch coming swiftly down the river.

It held three men-their hats low over

How recklessly they were running!

(To Be Continued.)

Copyright, 1917, by Mabel Herbert Urner.

Work of American Y. M. C. A.

United States, has written a letter

naval military authorities, the warm-

greatest possible services in France

their allies in this fight for freedom

Soft Hats Are the Thing.

Viscount Bryce Commends

lighter craft with perilous speed.

rending, splintering crash!



NORWOOD RECOVERS CONSCIOUSNESS AND REALIZES THAT MARGARET IS CALLING KENNEDY.

for her letters.

Even now in the security of his couldn't we go away for a few weeks, one fell off!" apartment her heart beat fast as she just for a little rest and vacation?" relived that terrifying scene-from the moment he broke into the room, snatched the letters, facing an unequal struggle with the three ruffians, until her outcry brought help.

And now as she sat alone by the bed there was something appealing in his unconsciousness, in the helplessness of his bandaged arm.

Why had the fates ordained that loved her so unselfishly? He was free, he had everything to give her -the protection and security of his ingly, as he leaped out. name. Yet her love was given to one who was already bound-but whose slightest caress thrilled her more than any proof of Norwood's unselfish devotion.

Her glance rested on the telephone Dare she call him up now about the letters? Noiselessly she took down the receiver.
"Plaza 8245," in a cautious under-

tone, fearing to arouse Norwood.
"Hello! Are you alone?" in the same cautious whisper. "Oh, I've something wonderful to tell you—I ister in their crouching attitude. How recklessly they were runn

to know. She broke off suddenly at a slight motion from the bed. Turning, she found Norwood watching her keenly, was inevitable! With a cry she sprang "Oh, I-I'm glad you're awake," in flushing confusion. "I'm staying un-

til the nurse comes. Does your arm He shook his head, gazing at her with disconcerting steadiness.

"Oh, I-I can never thank you! But if you knew what those letters meant to me-" her voice broke. "I think I know new," bitterly. "I heard you telephone. They were Hor-

ace Kennedy's love letters!" The scorching color in her averted face was Margaret's only answer. "What does he mean to you, Mar-

garet? I'd hoped that it was only an infatuation. Is it something more?" "So they stole these letters-and the soldiers of the entent allies and Helen for something to eat.

were going to publish them to queer suggesting that the American associa-his campaign? It was to save him tion will be able to render the greatthat you risked so much to get them est possible service to the American back? And he was cowardly enough expeditionary forces. to let you take the risk?" "Oh, you mustn't blame him! It

from the beginning." "A man who is married? Who has of the strength of the American and making a big noise.

her long dark cloak.

slowly downstairs, turning homeward, who already are in Europe.

with a dull heavy ache at her heart.

Even the thought of the recovered writes in his letter, "that I have heard letters now safe in her handbag d.d from every quarter, including many By Mary Palmer, Aged 12 Years, not lighten the load. She was thinking of Norwood, of est acknowledgment of the excellent

The increasing perplexity of his private life, the demands of the campaign to provide for their benefit comforts, would give us money and tell us to and his practice-all contributed to rasping still further his overtaut and many other wholesome influences, that told me to give it to some old

Glancing through the mail, with a start he took up a small gray envelope. Margaret's w.iting! Even before he opened it he had an ominous presentment that something was funds than we had, may render the

"I am going away now, before the elec-"I am going away now, before the election—before our love compromises your career. De not try to find me—it will only make it harder for us both. We must seek forgettulness in work. Wherever I am I shall watch your success. You must not disappoint me. Remember I am giving you up—to your career."

Snatching up his desk telephone, with strained intentness Kennedy will a Margarat's apartment. The ain and France rejoice to welcome as

called Margaret's apartment. The drawling voice of the hall boy in-formed him that Miss Warner had gone—that she had left no address.

As dazed, baffled, he hung back the

and right."

# "The Neglected Wife" The Omaha Bee's Busy Little Honey-Makers W HEN Grandma was a girl! Is there any period in history half so fascinating as the few brief years that constitute Grandmother's girl-hood? The whirr of Greek javeling the broads the broads.

fascinating as the few brief years that constitute Grandmother's girl-hood? The whirr of Greek javelins, the tramp of gilded Roman le-gions, the clang of Arthur's battle-ax, the dip of Norse oars in silent midnight seas fade into ghostly unreality as we listen to the intimate, throbbing personal accounts of the old-fashioned little girl of three-quarters of a

Fancy a little curly-headed child riding on her grandmother's back as she picked her way across the slippery stepping-stones of the swift stream that ran past Grandfather's farm! Picture a tiny child in printed calico, with a bit of a sky-blue parasol,

perched in her little cushioned chair, riding fourteen miles in a rattling big wagon, going for wheat. Or did you ever hear of the time the same little girl with her father and

mother tried to ford the wide river, and the freshet had swollen the stream, and the great horses swam in the water, and the wagon became uncoupled, and the water rushed in, and the current carried the little girl's pet dog, Tippy, far, far down stream? Then they landed, frightened and wet, on the opposite bank and had to stay at their uncle's house for days and days until the stream fell.

The little girl mourned for her little Tippy as lost, but when they finally returned home one beautiful sunny morning, who should come barking and umping down the lane but that very same Tippy, wiggling all over with joy at seeing his little mistress.

Many grandmothers and grandfathers can relate tales of fights with warcrazed Indians, or stories of the thrilling civil war days. Happy is the child who can hear of the strange long-ago days when the dear grandparent was a

What stories have your grandparents told you, Busy Bees? They would make interesting letters for the other children to read-so let us have them. Once a man wrote a whole book full of the stories that clustered around single article of furniture. Hawthorne found Grandfather's Chair breathing of deeds and heroes of our own revolution and he called his book by that

In response to numerous inquiries, the Busy Bee editor announces the next election of a Busy Bee King and Queen will take place the first Sunday in September. Votes for the new rulers will be received until the last Wednesday of this month.

The editor received a very interesting letter from one of the Elk Creek, Neb., Busy Bees who neglected to place her name on the letter. The story is about her pets, Bowser and Buster, and the writer states she is 12 years old, in the sixth grade and would like to be on the Red side. As soon as the name is received the letter will be published.

Gladys Paustian, a Busy Bee who lives in Ballantine, Mont., receives the prize book this week. Gladys is on the Blue side. Marie Poulsen and Howard Anderson of the Red side won honorable mention.

# Little Stories By Little Folks

(Prize Story.)

Viewing the Circus. By Gladys Pastian, Aged 11 Years,

Ballantine, Mont. Blue Side. "Look, there comes Uncle Sam, followed by his soldiers, and from that bandaged arm-the price he had paid into his, but his fingers did not close side comes the cowboys and cowgirls over them. "Dear, after the election riding as fast as they can. The last "Is he hurt?"

"No, he has gotten up and is run-"Vacation?" grimly. "It'll be months to catch up with my work." "No, he has gotten up and is runing after his horse, but he cannot catch it because it can run faster than

"But, dear, I'm not well-I haven't been for weeks. I'm afraid I'll break "Just look at that big man. He has

three legs." "Why, here comes a red donkey! What is that man doing? Why he is Her lips quivered as she withdrew sawing the donkey into halves. Look, her hand. The car was slowing up his front legs are taking half of his she could not care for this man who at the landing and there was no time body one way and his back legs are taking the other half th eother way." "That rabbit does not hop, it walks. No, it is not a rabbit, but a white dog with paper ears fastened on its "If I can," curtly, and raising his head that looks like rabbit's ears. "Just see how nicely that horse

torboat without a backward glance. | dances!" "What is that over there? Oh, it is There were several other launches and a group of men-a party of the a duck pulling a little red wagon with by the bed—the magic instrument that politicians going over to the meeting. a pig in it. Over there are twenty to her seemed always to mean Ken- Apparently he was late, for with an little Shetland ponies pulling the assertive snorting of the motors they queen in her beautiful chariot. that is the end. Now we will go Mary was about to give the order home.

(Honorable Mention.)

Helen's Kindness.

their eyes. There was something sin-ister in their crouching attitude.

By Marie K. Poulsen, Aged 13 Years, Route 4, Blair, Neb. Red Side. One pleasant day in May, Helen -I'm not at home. I only wanted you They were making straight for Ken- and Jack came running in to ask their nedy's boat-bearing down on his mother if they could go flower picking. Their mother said, "Yes!" In a Her heart stood still. A collision short while they were ready.

When they reached the meadow they began to gather the flowers. The next moment there came over Soon Helen heard a noise close by. the water, with terrific distinctness, a She looked in the grass and to her surprise there was a little wren that had fallen out of its nest. It was not old enough to fly. Helen began to search for its nest, but without suc-

Then she took the little wren and went over to where Jack was picking flowers, to show it to him. London, Aug. 1.—Viscount Bryce, care of it." But Helen said, "I am

former British ambassador to the goining to take it home with me." When Helen reached home she fed to E. C. Carter, secretary for France it some bread crumbs. In three weeks it was old enough and England of the Young Men's

(Honorable Mention.)

True Bee Story. By Howard Anderson, Aged 10 Years. 2408 South Sixteenth Street.

Arrangements for the work of the One night a big storm came. In American organization are well under was as much my fault as his. I loved way both in France and in England, the morning we went up in our back of her work with great pride. him," recklessly. "I've loved him but definite and possitive plans will yard and in our peach tree we saw a not be completed until more is known swarm of bees.

nothing to offer you-but dishonor?" forces, where they will be located and My uncle put a mosquito net over Abruptly the door opened and the when they will arrive. Meanwhile, the him and shook the limb and the doctor entered, followed by a nuise, Young Men's Christian association is bees fell in the box. We were going whose white uniform showed under doing everything possible to provide to buy a regular bee hive, but another for comfort and entertainment of storm came and blew them away. We A rew moments later Margaret went those American sailors and soldiers thought we were going to have a lot

Work for Red Cross.

Columbus, Neb. Blue Side. I am in a club of about fifteen. We his clean love-that she could never work done by the Young Men's Chris- are working for the Red Cross. Sattian association during these three urday we had a sale and made about terrible years of war, for the British, \$14 or \$15. We expect to have a Early one morning a week later Canadian and Australian soldiers both popcorn and lemonade stand Friday to be taken at bed time. Kennedy entered his private office and in camps here and at home and among night at the band concert. We are with frowning concentration settled the troops on the various fighting down before his desk.

How I Was Fooled.

How I Was Fooled. many methods successfully employed, our sale we sold flowers also. Some recreation, literature of the right sorts sell the flowers. There was a man "I believe that the American asso- woman or little girl and then he gave iation, which will have the advantage me 10 cents. We had cakes, candy, of our experience, which will be work- bread, cookies and eggs

ed with true American energy, and This is the second letter I have which may command even larger written. I will write again some time. Peter Rabbit Story.

to those American soldiers who Brit- By Inez Cross, Trenton, Neb. Blue Side.

As I saw my other letter in print. will finish my Peter Rabbit story. When Peter went to take a bite of parsley Mr. McGregor saw Peter and teacher went out to wash her hands. Where are all the derby hats of yester- took after him with his rake, calling As soon as she had gone out I slipped day? Why do only a few men wear them out, "Stop, thief!" Peter was so fright- up to the basket, reached in and got my more?
Blame it on the seductive soft hat. Blame on motor cars, which do not agree with where he got in. He rushed all over said, "Come, Florence, it is time to

As dazed, baffled, he hung back the receiver, the door swung open and his clerk entered from the outer of fice.

"Car's waiting, Mr. Kennedy. You're due at Blue Island at 2:30."

To make a public address with his heart torn over Margaret's disappearance, seemed at that moment a physical impossibility. The n came the though of her plea, "you must not disappoint me."

When a few moments later he en."

When a few moments later he en. The may sound flew to him and began to cry, when some birds hew to him and began to cry, when some birds flew to him and began to talk to him. Finally he squirmed out just in flew to him and began to talk to him. Finally he squirmed out just in flew to him and began to talk to him. Finally he squirmed out just in flew to him and began to cry, when some birds flew to him and began to cry, when some birds flew to him and began to talk to him. Finally he squirmed out just in flew to him and began to cry, when some birds flew to him and began to cry, when some birds flew to him and began to cry, when some birds flew to him and began to cry, when some birds flew to him and began to cry, when some birds flew to him and began to cry, when some birds flew to him and began to talk to him. Finally he squirmed out just in flew to him and began to talk to him. Finally he squirmed out just in flew to him and began to cry, when some birds flew to him and began to talk to him. Finally he squirmed out just in flew to him and began to talk to him. Finally he squirmed out just in flew to him and began to talk to him. Finally he squirmed out just in flew to him and began to talk to him. Finally he squirmed out just in flew to him and began to talk to him. Finally he squirmed out just in flew to him. Finally he squirmed out just in flew to him. Finally he squirmed out just in flew to him. Finally he squirmed out just in the stock to him and began to cry, when some few to halk he spoint on fine are the heaving he he to him and began to cry when she skills and began to cry when so he flew to him. Finally h

### Rules for Young Writers

Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.
 Use pen and ink, not pencil.
 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,

### YOUNGEST WORKER IN RED CROSS ROOMS.



### ELEANOR SMITH

Golden-haired Eleanor Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Smith, is the bit of sunshine brightening the Red Cross work rooms in the Baird building several mornings each week. Little Eleanor accompanies her grandmother, Mrs. Charles Shiverick, to Red Cross headquarters to their letters. Her bowed silence was a poignant Christian association, commending to fly, so she turned it loose. Every help make hospital supplies for the dmission.

Touched by the interest evinced by the 10-year-old, the women in charge direct Eleanor to pulling miles of basting threads and folding dozens of

Does Eleanor shirk? Not one bit. Older women point to the neat piles

When she reaches home again, instead of playing with her dolls, as most little girls of her age would do, Eleanor picks up her knitting, per-

haps a muffler or a wristlet, to bring comfort to some sailor boy. It's a splendid war-time example Eleanor is setting!

and never stopped to look behind picked. him till he got safe at home. It was the second pair of shoes and little jacket he had lost in the fortnight, not soon forget, Flopsey Mopsey and Cotton Tail had blackberries for supper.

some camomile tea, one tablespoonful

1634 Victor Avenue, Omaha. Blue Side.

was in the second grade. One day bile accident. my teacher asked me to stay and help her. Of course I said, "Yes." I was busy erasing the boards when my

Finally the coveted time came; my



MISS JANICE PALM.

A new motor launch of large capacity, the fifth in the fleet at Lake Manawa, was launched under the direction of Manager Carl I. Palm of Manawa park yesterday. Pretty little Miss Janice Palm, 5-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. I. Palm, after whom the craft is named, broke a bottle of mineral water on the boat's prow as it slipped toward the water of the lake. The "Janice" is a speedy craft, equipped with the latest machinery and with the best conveniences for passengers. It will be used in the service of carrying people to and from the bathing beach.

dinner! I never picked anything out of the basket after that. This had taught me a lesson.

Little Red Riding Hood. By Odelia Naiman. Aged 12 Years. R. F. D. 1, Box 2, Gilead,

Neb. Red Side. There was once a mother who had were Dora Snyder and Jessie Stoda little girl. The little girl's name dard, was Red Riding Hood. She had a Jessie was swinging high and let cake and some cookies.

"Now, little girl, take this basket to

"Good morning, little Red Riding my second story that I have written. Hood."

"Good morning, Mr. Wolf." "Where are you going?"

"I am going to my grandmother. She is sick in bed." "Where does your grandmother live?" he asked.

"Can you see that little red house over there?" "Yes," said the wolf. "Good-bye, little girl."

When Red Riding Hood came to the house she knocked. No answer Winning the War in the she heard a voice say, "Lift up the

So she lifted up the latch and When she got to the bed she said, Good morning, grandmother. What

"Yes, my dear. The better to hear "What big hands you have." "Yes, the better to hug you." "What big eyes you have."

big ears you have.'

"Yes, the better to see you." "What great big teeth you have." "Yes, the better to eat you up

Then the wolf jumped out of bed and ran after little Red Riding Hood. Just then the woodchoppers heard her screaming and came with their

axes. The grandmother came, too. Little Red Riding Hood's mother did not understand and her grandmother had not been sick.

Hood was safe.

A Hard Lesson. By Katherine Fyack, Aged 9 Years, 1102 South Thirty-second Street.

Red Side I am going to tell you of two apple sweet. These two apple trees grew

in a little girl's back yard. "Don't pick my apples until they are ripe," said the sour apple tree. to play croquet. After a little they came back and started to get some off the sweet apple tree. She, too, said: "Don't pick my apples."

The children said, "You have got lofs more apples on your tree,' The children picked some apples perts believe that the surest and off both trees. Then they are all they

The next day they were very sick They learned a lesson that they will I am in the fourth grade at school

I wish some of the boys and girls Peter was put to bed and made would write to me.

> An Automobile Accident. By Hans Schmidt, Aged 9 Years, Treynor, Ia. Red Side.

This is the second time I have written to this happy page and I love to read the stories. I have two pet rabbits. They are white with pink eyes. This happened four years ago when Now I will tell you about our automo-

Once we went to see my uncle and aunt, ten miles north from our place. When we came back in the evening teacher slipped a package into the papa turned a corner and ran against waste basket. I thought it was some the bank. I was sitting in front and toy a child had brought to school and I fell against the windshield and broke she had thrown it in the basket, it. Mamma flew out on the bank with wrapped up. So I thought I would my little sister in her arms, but did get it. I tried several times, but not get hurt. I cut my face a little. This is a true story.

Robin Builds Nest. By John Hayducheck, Aged 11 Years, 2638 Y Street, South Side Oma-

ha. Red Side. One day in March while I was car-It on motor cars, which do not agree with where he got in. He rushed all over derbies or high hats. A man under a derby in a motor car going more than three miles an hour looks as incongruous as a derby and began to cry, when some birds and builde under my coat. When we found out where the nest was. Some

### Little Tots' Birthday Book

Six Years Old Tomorrow (Aug. 6):

Horwich, Harriet.......Garfield day. Leonard, Zelpha Joan......Train Lowry, Juanita Helen. Druid Hill Scogin, Harry Andrew......Park Slama, Wilma Alice......Mason Warner, Alma Glee ...... Windsor Seven Years Old Tomorrow:

Arenell, Mollie......Walnut Hill Becker, Berthold..Edw. Rosewater

Budd, Wesley......Mason Eeman, Margaret....So. Franklin

Feldman, Pearl.....Long Gates, Georgie......Vinton
Lind, Carl......Hawthorne
Mancuso, Pete.....Mason
Mullin, Barbara A...Clifton Hill

Pullman, Helen......Columbian Eight Years Old Tomorrow: Finnnerty, Katherine M., Miller Pk. Hansen, George C ......Park Howe, Helen F......Garfield Hughes, Virginia G., Central Park Irwin, Vernon........West Side Kauffold, Samuel......Central Kocorek, Bessie......Train Lambert, Hoyt......Train Lanning, Theodore..Monmouth Pk. Nelson, Vivian Dagmar...Saunders

Nine Years Old Tomorrow: Castaglia, Alfio......Kellom Harte, Virginia......Dundee Holt, James Walter......Park Miller, Rachel.......Kellom Newcomb, Geraldine....Bancroft

Newstrom, Charles.....Long Shandy, James R. D.....Vinton swings over the creek. Two of my friends were swinging together. They

red coat and hood and that is how go when she was in the middle of the she got her name. One day her creek. We were all frightened, but mother said, "Come, little girl, to the soon started to laugh at her. She did house." Her mother had baked a not care at all. She came up the bank all wet.

First she did not like to go to the your grandmother. She is sick and house. When she got home she said that she wished that she had fallen in The little girl took the basket and started off. When she came to the she had it so she sould of taken her woods a wolf came out and said, picture. This is a true story. This is

Receives Prize Book.

By Lucille Renner, Aged 12 Years, Helvey, Neb. Blue Side. This is the 27th day of July and I received my book last evening.

The name of the book is "Strange Stories of the Great Valley."

## the early part of the last century.

One of the foremost European either in the air or under the sea. Events are moving rapidly toward the fulfillment of that prophecy. Needless to say, if the war is won under the sea, the victor will be Germany. That is the measure of importance military experts attach to the American government's far-reaching plans, involving the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars for the development of a great armada of airplanes. Every month the war continues, the more important supremacy in the air becomes. The modern military airplane has devolped an entirely new technique of artillery control and observation. The battleplane has become a formidable offensive weapon. Both size and speed The woodchoppers killed the wolf have enormously increased. Airplanes with their axes and little Red Riding now successfully engage infantry, sweeping low over ground, pouring I wish some of the Busy Bees down a demoralizing fire of machine would write to me. I would answer guns and bombs. The British fliers in the recent big offensive near Ypres attacked the German reserves as they came up, and badly disorganized the support of the front line troops. Nowadays, the army that loses control of the air is fighting blind. It must face artillery fire that is guided with trees. One was sour and one was deadly accuracy. Its own guns are harassed from the air and fire wildly at uncertain ranges. The commander who controls the air is able to concentrate his troops, unobserved, The children ran away for a while for an overwhelming offensive at the chosen point. The commander who loses control of the air also loses the initiative and that accurate knowledge of hostile troops concentrations upon which all successful strategy

> A Real Curiosity. The showman was exhibiting a very small skull, which he said was the head-piece of the great Oliver Cromwell.
>
> "This skull is much too small to be the skull of a man," said one patron, indignantly. "It can only be the skull of a little boy. You're a fraud."
>
> The showman did not lose his nerve at this, but replied with dignity:
>
> "You are right—it is not the skull of a man, but that of Cromwell when he was

man, but that of Cromwell when he a small lad."-New York Globe.

I am much pleased with the book and wish to give you many thanks. Won't you Busy Bees write to me?

Water for Birds.

By Ardis York, Aged 12 Years, Min-den, Neb. Blue Side. My sister and I have four pans of water out in the yard. There are a good many different kinds of birds

I like to read the Busy Bee page every Sunday. I would like to join the Write to me, Busy Bees.

By Evelyn Naiman. Aged 5 Years. R. F. D. 1, Box 2, Gilead, Neb. Red Side.

I am a new Busy Bee. I have four sisters and four brothers. I have not gone to school yet, but I think I will this fall. Are there any more Busy Bees as young as I am? I have fourteen young chickens. They just hatched yesterday.

Writes a Patriotic Verse. By Dorothy Rose, Aged 14 Years, Elmwood, Neb. Red Side. Uncle Sam has determination in his

He is backed by the people of an honest race, Who are willing to fight for the land

And the rights they should have upon Seatedt, Viola.....Saunders Taylor, Marguerite ...... Lake A certain Bill Schmidt had a flag dis-Wenger, Kenneth, Carl....Lothrop play,

But along came a cop and put a stop To the German flag display, And now he's interned for many a day. Some people say how Wilson is

wrong, And how they like the kaiser, But they all came here with about 5 cents. And they've made their pile of Amercan wealth, They still stick up for the kaiser.

Our Street. By Alix Thorn in June St. Nicholas. The nicest people come along our street: The postman is a gen'rous man, I know, Because he brings us things 'most every day, And never seems to mind the rain or

The milkman drives a black and splendid horse;
He says, he's often 'fraid she'll run away,
Sut, 'course he understands her, and she'll
wait
Without a hitching any time of day.

The baker's boy has such a pleasant face;
He owns a fuzzy dog that broke its leg;
And while I hold his bundles carefully He tells that little dog to sit and beg. rode one morning with the doughnut man 'Way down the block; I'm sure he didn't

think that one who sells such lovely cakes Must have a heart that's very good and If I should move, I'd miss 'em, every one,
These really, truly friends I like to meet;
I'm 6, and I have known them all my life;
The nicest people come along our street! The story is about a pioneer boy in

Two Concerts to Be

Air Job for Americans Given at Manawa Today Following is the pragram of two strategists prophesied more than a concerts to be given by Green's band year ago that this war would be won at Manawa park this afternoon and 2 P. M.

March-Hall to the Spirit of Liberty Overture-Zampa (The Marble Bride). Valse-The Velvet of the Rose....Barnard "Moreau—Shadow Land" ... Gilbert
Two popular numbers, "Goodbye Broadway; Hello France" and "Mother
Dixle and You" ... Feist
Selection from the opera, "The Only
Girl" ... Herbert Medley Selection-Plantation Melodies.. 

March—The Man Behind the Gun....Sousa Medley Selection—Liberty Songs—18A... "The Pilgrim's Song of Hope". Batiste
Overture—Joan of Arc. Sodermann
Valse—My Dream Waldterifel
A Caprice—The Golden Gate. Wellesley Fantasia on themes from light opera... Hosmer
Selection from Opera.—Tannhauser.. Wagner
Cornet Solo—The Lost Chord.... Suilivan
By Dr. A. D. Laird.
Grand Fantasia on American Meiodies

7 P. M.



Best results at 1c per word. More and more people each day are discovering that they can save money and get the Best Results by phoning

Tyler 1000

Between 8 A. M. and 10 P. M.