

# The Omaha Bee's Busy Little Honey-Makers

# "The Neglected Wife"

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

By JOSEPH DUNN.

**T**WO former Busy Bee Queens, both of whom served their subjects loyally, have written particularly interesting letters which the editor is publishing this week. One is from Ruth Ribbel in far-away San Diego, Cal., and the other is from Florence Seward, who writes a story of her grandmother's youth.

Both Queens' letters are always eagerly anticipated and enjoyed by the Busy Bees. The editor received so many words of appreciation for Ruth's recent letter telling of meeting so many moving picture actors on the beach, for as we all know the screen artists take the place of Buffalo Bill and Kit Carson or even Deadwood Dick on the shrine of youth's affections.

Writing of the Queens brings to mind that only a short time intervenes until a new King and Queen will be announced. The Busy Bee editor is still receiving votes for the new rulers and will continue to do so until Wednesday. The successful candidates will be announced next Sunday. Send in your votes, Busy Bees.

May Mansell of the Blue side, whose brother Frank won the prize book only a few weeks ago, is the prize winner this week. Eddie McQuistan of the Red Side and Hazel Chambers of the Blue side won honorable mention.

## Little Stories By Little Folks

(Prize Story.)  
**A Camp Scare.**  
By May Mansell, Aged 13 Years, 2928 Vinton Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

It was a warm day in September when a group of girls decided to go camping.

Doris, one of the group, exclaimed, "Let us go Monday and stay a week. We will have two days to get ready."

"Yes, and I will get Uncle Henry's horse and old camping wagon and we will drive to the country," replied excited Mabel.

After some conversation the girls agreed.

Each girl was up early Monday morning. Fortunately it was a nice day. At 7:30 a. m. the girls were gathered at Mabel's house with their required bundles.

After putting their things in the wagon they all got in and rode off happily.

They reached their destination at 4 p. m.

First they unpacked, put up the tent and went to bed.

About midnight Helen awoke. Her eyes caught sight of two bright things which appeared like some animal's eyes.

Her first thought was to awaken the other girls. She did this and when they saw the appearance their hearts beat rapidly.

The girls lay watching and wondering until daylight. Then the girls went over to see what it was. They learned that it was two stones in a bank and when the moon shone upon them they looked like eyes.

The girls were so frightened that they packed and started home. They arrived home at 7 p. m. and told of their scare.

The girls were determined never to go again unless some elders were with them.

(Honorable Mention.)  
**An Auto Accident.**  
By Eddie McQuistan, Aged 12 Years, Pender, Neb. Red Side.

One day last summer my brother, sister and I went to visit our grandparents, who lived twenty miles from our place.

We went by auto.

Nothing happened on the way going out, but on the way coming home the roads were muddy, for it had rained while we were there.

We had stayed a day longer than we had intended to, so were anxious to get home even if it was muddy.

When we got to Pender we were nearly out of gas, for we had to go on low most of the way.

They had more rain at home than what they had in Pender. When we were two miles from home our car skidded into a ditch and upset. My sister broke her arm and my brother got hurt badly, but I escaped with not even a scratch.

One of our neighbors who was going to town happened to see us and took us home in his buggy.

I will not go far from home again in an automobile.

(Honorable Mention.)  
**A Wise Animal.**  
By Hazel Chambers, Aged 13 Years, Powell, Wyo. Blue Side.

One day about five years ago papa, mamma, my two sisters and I went to the river, about eight miles away, for buffalo berries.

We took our dinner, as we intended to stay all day. We stayed at a place where a Dutchman lived.

Mamma and papa picked the buffalo berries while we girls played around the house.

Once or twice the owner of the place came and tried to talk to us, but he couldn't talk English, and he scared us more than anything else.

After dinner papa, Evelyn and I went to Byron, a Mormon settlement, for some apples. When we got back we started home.

About half way home, while we were driving through the hills, we saw a long, slender, yellowish-gray dog-like animal run out from beside some rocks. It sat down in the road as if guarding something and stayed there, making us get out of its road. As we came nearer the animal proved to be a coyote.

It didn't move when we went by it. Papa said it would have run away if he had had a gun, because they can tell by the actions of men if they are in danger.

This is a true story.

Write to me, Busy Bees, and I promise to answer every letter.

**Helps Red Cross.**  
By Esther Viola Houck, Aged 12 Years, Corning, Ia., Box 25, Blue Side.

I am a reader of the Busy Bee page and would like to be a Busy Bee. I would like to be on the Blue Side because I like blue. I have brown hair and eyes. I am 12 years old and will be in the seventh grade next year. My Sunday school class had an ice cream social and we made \$45, and after we paid our bills we had \$20 left that went to the Red Cross fund. My teacher and some big girls dished the ice cream and cake and we served. I surely enjoyed it. We were dressed as Red Cross nurses. Mamma said she was going to have my picture taken with it on. Well, I will close and leave room for the rest.

**Disobedience.**  
By Lysle Phillips, Aged 12 Years, Star, Neb. Red Side.

One of my neighbor's boys is the one this story is about. He is about three feet and eight inches tall. They have some neighbors about a half a mile away. Their name is Abram and they are backdoers. The boy that I am going to tell about is called Lee. It was in September and he was going to school. He used to go up to the Abrams home and visit. They are old men, so they chew and smoke. One evening Lee decided

## BELGIAN PRINCESS CHARMS BRITISH



PRINCESS MARIE JOSE.

London, Aug. 24.—The little Princess Marie, Jose of Belgium, though only 9 years old, is one of the most tireless workers in the city. She is fully alive to the stern necessities of war and the fate of her country and is doing "her bit" to try to make life more pleasant for the wounded.

So chery has the little princess been throughout the war that the Belgian soldiers have lovingly entitled her "Marie Sunshine."

**Visits County Fair.**  
Vera Meade, Aged 14 Years, Elba, Neb. Blue Side.

Three years ago we were going to the county fair. We lived three miles from St. Paul, where the fair was held, so we drove. Papa had blood poison in his leg, so mamma took us. We got to the fair grounds between 10 and 12 o'clock, so we ate our dinner before we went in. We all enjoyed ourselves very much.

About 5 o'clock we started home and one of our horses took sick. Then we drove into St. Paul for the horse doctor. While we were waiting we went up to see the court house which they were just building. I went through the court house twice.

**Has Four Dolls.**  
By Marie Perreault, Aged 11 Years, Smithwick, S. D. Red Side.

I am going to write you a letter. My friend, Muriel McNeff, writes very often.

I have one cat and his name is "Snip." And one dog, whose name is "Cookie."

I have four dolls. Their names are Mary, Jane, May and Bessie.

I go to see my friends and visit Larsons.

I wish to join the Red Side.

**Would Like to Join.**  
By Vivian Smith, Aged 12 Years, Box 583, Ainsworth, Neb. Red Side.

I am in the Seventh grade at school. I have never written any stories to a paper before, but thought I would. I have written stories at school five times.

**Greetings from Coronado.**  
By Ruth Ribbel, 3420 First Street, San Diego Cal. Red Side.

We are having a fine time here right by the sea. We live in our bathing suits and we are as tanned as Mexicans.

We were to three parks, Riverview, Springfield and Hanscom park. We went swimming, sliding and ice-sawing, and we saw all the wild animals. We were in the Immanuel hospital and saw one of our schoolmates.

The only girl we had to play with was one 2 year old. Before we went home we saw some of the big stores and then it was time to go home. The train was there. We bought popcorn and other things on the train. When we came to Oakland papa was there to meet us.

**Rules for Young Writers**

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.

2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.

3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.

4. Original stories or letters only will be used.

5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.

A prize book will be given each week for the best contribution.

Address all communications to Children's Department, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

There are many attractions on the

midway; a band concert every afternoon and evening, dancing every night at the pavilion. Mother says it is a poor place to rest, but I think it is grand. Sundays we motor to the back country. Last Sunday we went to Pine Ridge lodge. The trip is full of beauty and attractions. Winding up the mountains we enter a forest of pines. There are springs and birds galore. When we reached the lodge we were very hungry. We had a dinner of fried chicken, biscuits and everything one could desire.

After dinner we went to the orchard and picked apples and peaches from the trees. There were luscious strawberries waiting to be picked. There were many interesting things to see. I could play in the little tree houses forever. It would take too long to tell about all the interesting things we saw at the lodge.

Well, I will close, telling you that we sleep under blankets every night.

**Little Tots' Birthday Book**

**Six Years Old Tomorrow (Aug. 27):**  
Name: School:

Boyer, Raymond P. .... Columbian  
Caruso, Josie. .... Lincoln  
Collins, Lois Margaret. .... Park  
Duffield, Carolyn. .... Park  
Fuller, Helen. .... Clifton Hill  
Peterson, Roy. .... Saratoga  
Pfeiffer, Adaline. .... Madison  
Sampson, Delbert. .... H. Kennedy  
Shirley, Charles. .... West Side  
Staub, Mildred Viola. .... Castelar  
Wakeley, Morris Myron. .... Columbian  
Wickham, Virginia M. .... Franklin

**Seven Years Old Tomorrow:**  
Adler, Milton. .... Farnam  
Anderson, Bursell. .... Park  
Bishop, Marion. .... Mason  
Caldwell, John. .... St. Mary's  
Sawyer, Alexander S. .... Webster  
Stanger, Sophie. .... Windsor  
Wells, Miriam. .... Walnut Hill  
Woolsey, Henry. .... Walnut Hill

**Eight Years Old Tomorrow:**  
Adams, Mildred. .... Beals  
Barnell, Grace. .... Bancroft  
Fellman, Morris. .... Kellom  
Freeman, Eugene. .... Park  
Kaspar, Francis. .... Assumption  
Kovitz, Libe. .... Lake  
Smith, Laverne. .... Lothrop

**Nine Years Old Tomorrow:**  
Kivietkowski, Stefan. .... Im. Concep.  
Nielsen, Henry. .... Madison  
Romer, Hans Gustaf. .... Farnam  
Speelman, Mildred. .... Cass

I took first prize once and third another time.

Have not been reading that at the top of the page, but have been reading the stories, and think they are grand. But, as I haven't read the top, I do not know about the Red and Blue Sides.

I would love very much to become a member of the Busy Bees.

If some of them will write me a letter explaining the Red and Blue Sides I will be glad to answer it.

If the letters are received in time I will write my story for the paper a week from Sunday.

**Receives Another Book.**  
By Lola Buckner, Aged 12 Years, Red Oak, Ia. Red Side.

This is the 13th day of August and I received a magazine called Children's Hour the 5th of August.

Saturday I received a book called "Lend Me Your Name."

I have nearly finished reading it and think it is fine.

I am very much pleased with the book and magazine and thank you very much.

**Friends Write, Too.**  
By Louise Frawley, Aged 11 Years, Smithwick, S. D. Red Side.

I am going to write you a letter. My friend, Muriel McNeff, writes very often. Marie Perreault is going to write to you. I am going to tell you how many things I have. I have one cat and one dog and two dolls and a swing and a hammock. We live in town; I like it very much. I go out to McNeff's quite often.

**TO THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR MY SUCCESS—FRANK NORWOOD—MY HUSBAND.**

harm that announcement had done her husband's chance for election. Ignoring the butler's amazed stare as he opened the door, Mary hurried into the library to the telephone.

By giving her name she soon had the managing editor on the wire.

"Yes, this is Mrs. Kennedy. I'm calling to ask that you immediately retract your libelous statements in this morning's edition. I have not left my husband. I am telephoning now from his residence."

The editor's apologies were profuse and abject. A retraction would be made immediately—in the next edition.

As she replaced the receiver she saw Kennedy standing in the door. "Mary!" He came slowly toward her. "You've done this for me? You've come back," his voice was husky, "just to protect me?"

"We'll not discuss it," quietly, "I'm very tired—I'll go to my room."

He stood helplessly aside as she passed. He wanted to express his appreciation, but words seemed so trivial and cheap. There was but one thing that would compensate—that he should give up Margaret.

But he still loved her—with a blind infatuation. Even the scene he had just been through had not cooled his ardor. Broodingly he relived that afternoon—from the moment he had stood at Margaret's door and heard Norwood plead that she take the protection of his name.

Then with a flaming jealousy he had burst into the room, Norwood had faced him with cold contempt and Margaret had drawn back white and trembling.

She had not sent him the note—it had been some trick of his political enemies. But she still loved him. At her faltering request Norwood had left them alone, and for a long-thrilled moment she had clung to him. Then she had drawn away saying that they could not go on—that their love was only wrecking his career.

On the way home he had read the scurrilous article in The Star. Entering the house he had heard Mary telephoning to the editor.

It was a supreme proof of his wife's love. But what had he to offer in return—a mind and heart consumed with love for another woman.

At 9 o'clock that evening Margaret received this note:

"Will you come down to the office at once, to go over the proofs of your story? Have decided to run it in the next issue, which goes to press in the morning. Am sending this with a taxicab—which will wait for you. F. W. NORWOOD."

Glad of the excuse to work, to get away from her brooding thoughts, Margaret hurried down to the waiting cab. She had no hesitation in going to Norwood's office at any hour. Whatever his love for her, when they worked together he invariably remained from personalities.

But when she stepped from the cab, she drew back in alarm. A strange dark building confronted her and the dimly lit street was deserted.

"Why, this is not Mr. Norwood's office! You have the wrong—"

The next moment something black and strangling was thrown over her. Then through sheer terror she lost consciousness.

When she recovered she was on a couch in a lantern-lit loft. On a platform stood a camera over which a police fell back in amazement when they saw it was a man.

"Doyle," breathed Kennedy. "So it's you who've been hounding me!"

"There's another traitor," shouted Doyle, pointing maliciously to Mar-

## Chapter XV. "A SACRIFICE SUPREME."

THE STORY.

The Man. .... Horace Kennedy  
The Wife. .... Margaret Kennedy  
The Woman Alone. .... Margaret Warner

Mary, goaded by the conviction of her husband's love for Margaret, leaves her home. To defeat his election to congress Kennedy's political enemies publish the story of his wife's desertion. Editor Norwood, loving Margaret, offers his name as a protection against her infatuation for Kennedy.

Reluctantly Mary approached the house. She had said she would not return until her husband had promised to put this other woman out of his life.

He had not made that promise—yet she was returning. But it had not been her loneliness or her heart-ache that had forced her back. It was an article in the morning paper—an venomous, scurrilous story: HORACE KENNEDY'S WIFE LEAVES HOME; ANOTHER WOMAN SAID TO BE THE CAUSE; SCANDAL MAY DEFEAT KENNEDY'S ELECTION.

She had come back to force the paper to a retraction—to annul the

man and a veiled woman were working. Paralyzed with fright Margaret tried to sound the situation.

Then sounds of struggling from without and loud angry voices. Through the door appeared two ruffians dragging Kennedy, bound and gagged.

With a flash of horror Margaret realized their purpose. They had been lured here to secure a compromising picture that would defeat Kennedy's election. It was a dastardly plot of his political enemies.

"Now if you put up any noise or try to give us the slip," threateningly, as they ungagged Kennedy, "neither of you'll get out of here alive."

The man at the camera stood ready with a flashlight. Another second the picture would be taken. Just then the door flew open and two policemen rushed in followed by Mary Kennedy.

A desperate struggle followed, but the officers finally overpowered the three ruffians—and the veiled woman. In her writhing efforts to escape the black veil was torn from her face, and



TO THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR MY SUCCESS—FRANK NORWOOD—MY HUSBAND.

garret. "I'm not the only man in the pay of Bull Brady. Ask her, how much she got for writing the note that lured you here!"

With a scornful incredulity Kennedy turned protectively to Margaret. For years afterward Margaret wondered at the wild impulse that came to her then. She had been looking at Mary, at her graying hair and lines of suffering about her mouth. In a blinding flash came the realization of all this woman had suffered through her. And Kennedy—it was his love for her that had brought him to her very verge of ruin. It was his wife who had saved him, who fearing for his safety had followed him.

It took only a second for all this to crash through Margaret's mind. But when she looked up at Kennedy, with a strength she did not know she possessed, she said with cold, harsh distinctness:

"Doyle has told the truth. I did lure you here—I did write the note!"

Still unbelieving, Kennedy stared at her. An iron grip clutched at her heart, she kept the coldness in her eyes as they met his. She knew if she could hold that look it would convince him more than words.

At last, dazed, he turned away. Margaret clenched her hands to keep from running after him. Then she met Mary's eyes. Was there a swift understanding—a mute gratitude in their depths?

After that everything seemed blurred. She was only vaguely conscious of Kennedy, in bowed silence, leaving with Mary—and of an officer taking her down to a taxi.

In her own room, without turning on the lights, she flung herself across the bed. Through the long anguished hours of that night she lay there.

She had made this supreme sacrifice—but the suffering seemed almost greater than she could bear.

Three years later on a sun-flooded veranda facing the Hudson Margaret was unwrapping a parcel that had just come by express.

It was a package of books from the publisher—her first novel. Eagerly she turned to the title page, "The Woman Alone," by Margaret Warner. Then to the dedication on the front page.

"To my husband, Frank W. Norwood, who has been the inspiration of all that is best in my work."

"Is it true, dear," Norwood, who had stepped out from the library through the low French window, was resting over her shoulder.

"It's only part of the truth," with deepening color. "There's so much I couldn't say in a public dedication. I could never tell the world all that your love has meant to me."

"Did you see this?" his voice was slightly strained, as he handed her the afternoon paper, pointing to the headlines:

Kennedy Accepts Supreme Court Appointment; Attributes His Success to His Wife.

"Yes, I saw it," quietly, "and I'm very glad."

"Then there's nothing left, not a trace of the old infatuation? I haven't asked you before, Margaret, but I should like to know now."

"Not a trace," resting her flushed cheek against his arm. "I'm too deeply in love with my husband!"

**Jokesmith Dodged.**

They were discussing the joke about getting down off an elephant.

"How do you get down?" asked the Jokesmith for the fourth time.

"You climb down."

"Wrong."

"You grease his sides and slide down."

"Wrong!"

"Well, you take the trunk like a down."

"Wrong!"

"No, just climb. You don't get down off an elephant; you get it off a goose.—Indianaapolis News."

## 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



**EPISODE VIII.**

Pearl Standish. .... Pearl White  
High Priestess. .... Ruby Hoffman  
Richard Carlslake. .... Warner Oland  
Tom Carlslake. .... Henry Ostell

This Arab who had interviewed Pearl in the hallway below was unwilling to be put off by the other, who urged him to wait until after the execution before addressing the high priestess, and he forced his way in, interrupting the proceedings to announce that one was below with tidings of the violet diamond.

The ceremony stopped. The high priestess eagerly started to investigate, but Hassan, one of the associate priests, asked permission to go in her place. She assented. Hassan, obtaining from Pearl the violet diamond, on the pretext of taking it to the high priestess, succumbed to temptation and secreted it in a nearby figureine, intending to recover it later. But Carlslake chanced to arrive at that instant and saw where the diamond was

hidden, although Hassan was unaware of this. Hassan reported to the priestess that Pearl refused to give the diamond to anyone but her. The priestess and the Arabs returned to Pearl, who declared that she had given the diamond to Hassan. He denied it, willingly submitting to a search of his person, and the high priestess became convinced that Pearl had been trying to gain time for Tom!

The Arabs returned to take Tom's life, Hassan, the last to go, triumphantly locking Pearl in.

Pearl discovered the "Spider" from the window and called to him. He responded, mounted to her on a ladder, and poured acid on the iron bars, eating them away and leaving the road clear for Pearl's escape.

The "Spider" and Pearl and the "Spider's" men then obtained entrance to the house through a door already opened by Carlslake.

Hearing through the fireplace that Tom is in the basement room, the

"Spider"—doubly armed—dropped through the chute into the death chamber and interfered, while Pearl and the "Spider's" men descended the stairs to cut off the Arabs' retreat. Carlslake obtained possession of the diamond and got clear of the house with it, after defeating old Haggi, who challenged him in the corridor. Pearl, attempting to lift down a lantern in the corridor, after the lights in the basement room were extinguished by the priestess, dropped it into the sacred oil and temporarily blinded herself. Staggering forth into the air, she overheard Carlslake telling Doyle that he had the diamond, and let them abduct her under the impression that she mistook them for the "Spider's" men.

Tom and the "Spider's" forces defeated the Arabs and locked them in the basement, only to miss Pearl and begin a search for her. Failing to find her in the house or grounds, they entered the basement room again to

discover that the Arabs had made their get-away through a secret panel. They started off to track down Carlslake and the Arabs in order to find Pearl, who had gone with Carlslake to one of his haunts, still playing blind.

Suspecting her trick, Carlslake pretended to place the violet diamond in a safe, but really placed a bomb there so arranged that if she attempted to open the safe the bomb would explode. He left the memorandum book containing the combination on top of the safe, and with Dopey Ed withdrew. His first idea was to hold Pearl for ransom and use the money to outfit an expedition to Arabia. But anger against her for nearly outwitting him overcame his common sense.

Well away from the house, Carlslake awaited developments. And feeling herself quite safe from observation—entirely unsuspecting the fate in store for her—Pearl began to open