Molly

The second secon

and the young solution of the out of the Later, believing every one to be out of the ving young. Brent enters. His pucket search-ent falls to reveal Sanderson standing in a shadow of the booksase. When the out de aptures the British Government detective. Sanderson's mastery is short-lived, for a yuad of British solders appears in Ume to ave Brent's life and to capture the German by. A few seconds before the arrest Feinh-uik shoots Fritz in the latter's attempt to urder bim.

arder him. In the uneantime, Miriam has called for aulein Schroeder and Mrs. Sanderson in a re touring car, estensibly to take them to for. Lustead she turns them over to the

Fraulein's Death

RAULEIN was more self-possessed. Her

broad, rather flat face with the sharp and

jutting features that seemed so curiously at

variance with it, was always the color of parchment and looked hardly whiter now. Her birdlike eyes gleamed with a malev-clent despair, not the fixed horror of Mrs.

derson's. Her compact little mouth was even more firmly than usual. She

By LECHMERE WORRALL

That "Woman's Work Is Never Done" Is Proved by Miriam,

Carl W. Ackerman, in His New Book, "Germany the Next

Who Not Only Captures the Two Women Plotters and

Attempts to Save Fraulein's Life, but Who Also Plays

the Big Sister and Little Mother to Heart-Broken

Republic?" Which Begins th Tomorrow's Evening

Ledger, Points Out That Women Have Worked Untir-

ingly in the Interests of the United States Throughout

EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1917

KeWHJTE FEATH watched her. She had never imagined frau- again. AND J. E. HAROLD TERRY

lein would weep under any circumstances. The next moment she had guessed, but it was already too late. With a convulsive movement fraulein had rapidly swallowed something which had been concealed in the handkershief. The inspector and the other men were still gazing at her uncertainly when Mirlam sprang forward.

Neither Brent nor Molly ever forgot entirely the night that followed. To Molly the whole thing seemed like a nightmare The atmosphere was charged not only with impending death and futile rage and bitter disappointments, but with actual evil. It d, to her, so unused to contact with

such things, actually to pervade the air. Fraulein had been carried in, a little, "Stop her," she cried. "O, it's too late! twisted, convulsive figure in her brown Get a doctor at once; she's taken polson." ous face dewed and It was about ten minutes after this that wrappings, her unc

There is an honor among rogues as well as among thieves. And, after all, it dep entirely upon which side of the fence you stand whether you consider a spy a ro or a martyr. Fraulein Schroeder proves herself a heroine to the end, despite the rible plot which she engineered nearly to fruition.

did all he could and Mrs. Sanderson sat in from the hall and had realized what the quite prepared to sacrifice half a domain a kind of stony despair by the bed. Mr. whole affair must mean to a girl who probkind of stony despair by the bed. Mr. ably had never come across anything worse Pollock went booming round the house, than a cut finger in the whole of her life. Miss Myrtle, feeling neglected, had hysterics She had found Molly hiding her face in the and brandy and soda in her room, and Charles remained-always with that fixed cushion and shaking all over. immobility of his-in the room next to Growing up is a perfectly natural process fraulein's, his guard around him. So much Chris had conceded to the misery and terror

of Mrs. Sanderson.

if the ordinary time is allowed for it, but when a normal law suffers violent upheaval t can become unnatural, and Molly had When the house was fairly reduced to ione all her growing up since the morning order Chris went in search of Molly. He before. The nervous and mental strain had looked in her room, but she was not there. consequently been very much more intense than if the usual experiences of life had gradually unfolded themselves to her step

> by step. That little nightmare of a writhing figure in brown and the knowledge of what had gone to bring it to that state was so overpowering to Molly that in the shadow of it the whole scheme of life seemed wicked and inbearable. She supposed she loved Chris, but after all what was love in the face of these events which it was so powerless to affect? She did not think, as she would have done the night before, that because Chris did not come to her, therefore he did not love her. She knew that he could not and was even able to feel that she would have loved him less if he had. But, nevertheless, in the whirlpool of these events which took no heed of her, ss a person negligible to either side, she felt terribly alone and unhappy. She needed personal comfort, and Miriam, who had long outgrown any such thing for herself, knew that such must be the case. As a woman who has suffered much will, she saw her own youth in Molly and was tender of it

Miriam was feeling rather shattered herself. It had not been pleasant to realize by fraulein's sudden convulsion at the police station that she had managed to take polson. It had not been pleasant, if it came to that, to witness the fury and misery of the two women when they found they had been tricked. Miriam, like Chris, had moments of loathing the necessities of her work. The drive back to the house had partaken of the nature of a nightmare, herself and the doctor seated on either side of the unconscious but convulsed form. The

accordingly.

Miriam felt that, primarily through he tion, this one life was drawing to tragic close. She, too, was anxious to doing something, and her they turned to Molly because she knew that she was really needed.

Just as Molly was feeling frantie o hysteria point strong arms came her, she felt her tangled halr smoothed away from her wet face, dressing gown wrapped more warm her shivering little figure.

"There, my dear," said Miriam's ather husky voice. "There's not mind about now, Everything's all and everything's going to be all ; It was one of those moments when one of her own sex is more to a than a man could be. When once th of emotional scenes was over th would dislike each other again as ever. Molly would always distrust while for her part, the widow, whi ing that Molly was a "sweet little would always consider her totally esting. But just now Molly flung he Miriam, clinging hold of her, and held her tightly-and both wom

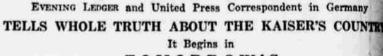
sincere, though if they were to performance when life had righted vould become pretense. Miriam fetched a rug and wrapped up, then disappeared to return in a minutes with the homely but comb

drinking it she brushed out her he mopped her face with rose water, and a dusting of powder, all of which, e the last, did more to make Molly feel h again than any amount of brandle sodas or conversation would have done "There," said Mirlam, at length, final pat to Molly's hair. "Now,

celling better, aren't you?" "O, you are good," said Molly, "but only make me feel worse in a way. think how I have been hating you" "Never mind, it was quite natural

(CONCLUDED TOMORROW)

t's all over now, anyway.' "All over," repeated Molly. "Tes, me thing's all over-you are guite right the fact that fraulein in her mania had been **GERMANY THE NEXT REPUBLIC?** By CARL W. ACKERMAN



TOMORROW'S

ILLUSTRATED Evening . Ledger



fear.



the International Crisis (Copyright by Edward J. Clode.) STNOPSIS looked Miriam thoughtfully up and down in BYNOPSIS The story opens in the West Crest Drivate and in an Eoglish searcoast lown when the story opens at war one month. The story opension at war one person. The story open at war one person. The story open story of a Justice of the Admirally MR FOLLOWING the South Star Pesce his daughter. MOLLY, since of the Ball of the story of the story of the story of the story open story of the story of the story open story of the story of the story open story is a story of the story of the story open story of the story of the story open story open story open story of the story open st the glare of the flickering gas jets. "So you have betrayed us," she

marked. "If you care to put it that way," replied Miriam, "but I should not have thought you would have talked about betrayals." "I was only doing my duty. If I could I

BAULEIN SCHROEDER. a colorless inter-terman woman, claiming twenty years of nglish naturalization; FEX a servant in the number of the servant in the servant in the servant and Miriam are presentatives of the reverse side of the inter-eplace a complete wireless outfit. After a barbor for a given signal, waiting of a barbor for a given signal. Brent dis-nities the Marconi. This discovery posi-set in Miris and the second with the message that a U-boat in waiting of a barbor for a given signal. Brent dis-nities the Marconi. This discovery posi-set in de Marconi. This discovery posi-set in the Marconi. The discovery posi-set in the second barbor is a second with is antic German spy Biot destined to cripple a Breitain. would sink the whole town, the whole country, into the seas, for the glory of the Lord and of Germany." "My goodness, how they do hate us!" ex-

claimed the inspector in mild surprise. "It fair gives one a turn. I have got the charge sheet made out, Mrs. Lee. Is there anything else you have to tell me?"

"Wait," put in fraulein-and such was the dominant quality this drab little woman possessed that every one turned to listen to her.

"There are a few things I must ask Mrs. Les first. Tell me, you are not alone in this, hein? Brent, he is in it, too?"

"Yes, Mr. Brent and I are working together for the English intelligence department."

Fraulein drew what was almost a breath of satisfaction. It is something even in defeat to learn that one's instincts were correct. "Ah, I thought so," she observed. "What is he doing up at the house? Is he having Charles arrested ?" She fixed

her birdlike eyes of Mirlam, hoping against hope as she spoke, that perhaps, after all, everything had not been discovered and that the bomb might yet go off and at least revenge them, even if Charles and Frits perished also.

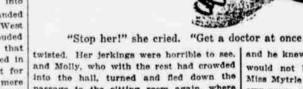
Miriam guessed the little woman's thought and was aware of a not unnatural feeling of chill. "I should imagine," she replied steadily, "that by now Mr. Penniculk has shot Fritz and that the soldiers Mr. Brent had in readiness have arrested Charles von Mantel. Also I don't doubt that the bomb has long since been put out of action."

"Ah, so you do know all," commented fraulein, as a low moan burst from Mrs. Hardenson, "Then there remains nothing." Her little thin black silk bag was still in her hands, and now she burrowed in it and produced a large handkerchief, which she proceeded to put to her face.

Miriam rang up Chris and told him they were bringing fraulein back to the house The hospital was on the far side of the town, and fraulein before she lapsed into unconsciousness had strenuously demanded

that she should be taken back to Went Crest. Whether in her already clouded brain she was obsessed by the idea that perhaps after all Charles had succeeded in firing the house and wished to see it for herself, or whether it were not the more blind tenacity of her failing purpose which was still fixed instinctively on the place she remained huddled up in an armchair. where she had worked, it was impossible to

say. There was at least nothing against it, and fraulein was undoubtedly dying, so she as allowed to have her way. This time a policeman drove the car and others rode | take the lead and it devolved naturally on on the steps, and so fraulein and Mrs. San-



passage to the sitting room again, where shaking with what was more distasts than he found he had been forestalled. Mirlam,

Chris had not followed her there. In that disorganized household some one had to him. The case was hopeless, as every one derson were taken back once more to the could see from the first, but still the doctor search of Molly. She had seen her rush

twisted. Her jerkings were horrible to see. and he knew enough of her to be sure she

to look for him, but that, too, was empty. And when he went down to the sitting room

whose life had taught her to think of every one's feelings when the work in hand permitted her to do so, had no sooner done all she could for fraulein than she went in

"Stop her!" she cried. "Get a doctor at once; she's taken poison!"

would not be seeking solace either with Miss Mytrie or her father. He went to his own room, wondering if she had gone there

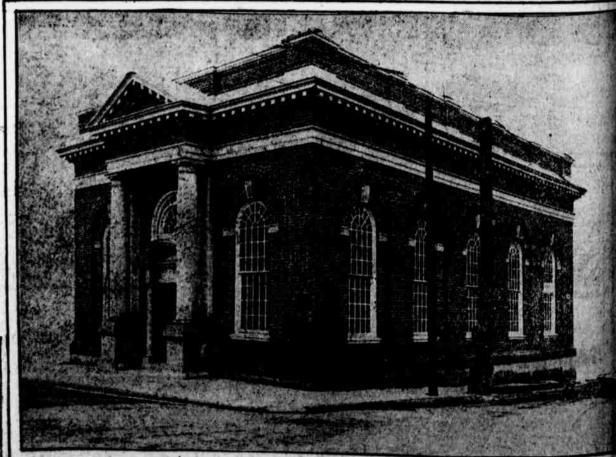
ITALIANS CELEBRATE MASS HIGH IN THE ALPS benefit of Cadorna's



NEW NAVAL RECRUITS AT DAILY DRILL OUTSIDE THE PHILADELPHIA NAVY YARD



MODEL FOR A HOME-MADE HAT w of a wartime creation designed by Ora C'ne Wolr, famous male millingr.



AMBLER TRUST COMPANY TO OPEN DOORS TOMORROW Montgomery County's newest financial institution will be housed in this attractive new building, situated at Butler avenue and Main street, Ambler.

