# THE SECRET WITNESS

## CHAPTER XII (Continued) WAS still studying the road map she was silent, thinking. But

ent he raised his head and Of course it is nothing to me. As English subject he has the proson of his ambassador. Even if my
less demanded his arrest I should be
thout power to carry them out."

It is easier to deal with the credulity
women," she said quietly.

Countess Strahal your make it years.

ishka was slient, now looking at before her down the mountain which they were descending slow-less voice of Captain Goritz had a see quality which could not have unpleasant to the ears of any n. She listened to it soberly, try-detect the tinkle of the spurious, was forced to admit that beyond abind the mere phrases which in themselves mean nothing, was a depth of earnestness that have proved bewildering to one versed in the ways of the world issued. His eyes, singularly clear minous, dominated and held her ant of him in abeyance. For the st she was able to forget her terd the night before, his enmity for Renwick, and the threat he had over her freedom. She did not be trust him. Too much still hung balance of her favor or disfavor, set she was forced to admit the finit of his fervor, his kindness and sus consideration.

ge without question the scepfemininity.

4 of the afternoon a trifling
the motor delayed them for
and it was long after midore they reached Broß and
at the train of the Archduke
within the hour. This was a
disappointment, which seemed
the success of their venture,
in Goritz determined to go on
as possible, trusting to reach
instion before the royal party
ain, hoping that the sight of
firshal by the Duchess would
at to let down any official barth might be interposed. But
seen difficulty at Brod still
layed them—a difficulty which
of the ingenuity of Captain
at them once more upon their
mas 3 o'clock in the morning.
In made some necessary rebe machine, they reached the



MARY

15 MY

SPEAK TO ME AGAIN (AP.
STUBBS, AN' DON'T YOU
DARE OUM IN OUR
YARD! - I AIN'T YOUR
GIRL - I - JEST MATES

MARGRET

## "THE CRACK IN THE BELL" A STORY OF POLITICS IN PHILADELPHIA By Peter Clark Macfarlane

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CHAPTER XXXIX (Continued) TN THE meantime, Jerry, pale and perturbed, watched every detail of the fight. His lieutenants, his mail, his telephones kept him constantly advised of the maneuvers of the enemy. He was not up at first to attempting to make speeches himself, but acquired the habit of blurting out a short terse daily state-ment to the reporters, which the news-papers soon began to bracket and carry-in every issue to the far corners of the

papers soon began to bracket and carryin every issue to the far corners of the
city.

"There's too much talk of personallities, in this campaign," Jerry
protested in one of these. "There is
too much Archer talk in it. This is
not a campaign of persons, R is a campaign of issues. R's not, Are you for
Archer or against him? It is, Are you
for better government in Philadelphia?
Do you want officers clubbing citizens
at the polls? Do you want gunmen
assaulting them in alleys? Do you
want policemen invading your homes
and frightening your wives into
hysteries because husbands dare express the right of free-born citizens?
Do you want police magistrates taking
orders from a ward heeler instead of
from the law? Do you want confractors deciding what streets will be
repaired or paved, and writing their
own specifications, and naming their
own prices, and appointing their own
inspectors? Things like this are the
issues in this campaign."

Nevertheless, these very things in-

Nevertheless, these very things in-olved an issue of persons. It was hard, lowever, for Jerry to learn to swallow however, for Jerry to learn to swallow his modesty and stand up and say, "I—
I—, I—, will do this or do that;"
but he did learn to do it—to shout out his final deflance with:

"If you want these things vote for Jim
Farrail If you don't vote for me."



The old city, true to her character and her traditions, refused to be roused. She was stirred widely but not deeply. The great impregnable fortresses of public opinion had been breached but were still uncarried. Men. elements, forces that should have been fighting with Jerry held coolly off from him.

The so-called best element in the community looked on his effort rather indulgently, with a mild, speculative interest. The masses had begun to move, but the classes, layer upon layer, like rock strata in a precipice, seemed to lift themselves above him, critical and aloof. When Jerry saw that they regarded themselves as spectators he set to work desperately to break up these crusts and layers into individuals and to devise means of going after them one by one. For the purpose of, as it were raiding and capturing key-men, he appointed a special committee to work among, prominent manufacturers, another to work among leading merchants, and a third to work among eminent professional men. Even a Woman's Real Republican committee was organized, with Mrs. John Thomas O'Day as chairman,

"What is the use?" Mrs. O'Day pro-

We don't with the class-we as individuals he encountered excitement.

## "DREAMLAND ADVENTURES" Bu DADDY

THE LAW OF BIRDLAND A complete, new adventure each week, beginning Monday and ending Saturday.

## CHAPTER V Blue Jay's Story

Un Judge Owl's queer court, where the Jays are placed on trial for steal-ing Miss Purple Swallow, the jury consists of the witnesses, including Peggy. Blue Jay is called on to tell his story.)

66TT WAS a howling, blizzardy night "Huh!" interrupted Judge 'Owl.
"Who ever heard of a blizzard, night, in June?"

in June?"
"You have." answered Blue Jay.
"I've just told you about it. Please
do not interrupt me again. You spoil
the dramatic effect of my story.
"It sounds like a story, all right,"
chuckled Judge Owl, much pleased

chuckled Judge Owl, much pleased over his pun.

"It was a howling, blizzardy night in June," repeated Blue Jay, "and I was soundly sleeping in the hollow fee in which I had been obliged to take refuge because of the cruelty of Princess Peggy."

"When was I ever cruel?" demanded Peggy indignatly.

Peggy indignantly.
"You taught the Birds to become out the crop protectors and to drive out the crop destroyers. You spoiled all the fun of us Jays and caused us to become outlaws," screamed Blue

all the fun of us Jays and caused us to become outlaws," screamed Blue Jay.

"But she has saved the Nation enough food to feed hundreds of soldiers," spoke up Billy Belgium in warm defense of Peggy. "If you and the fool Huns hadn't been stopped you would have ruined the country's crops."

"That has nothing to do with this story," shrieked Blue Jay, much annoyed because his plea for sympathy had brought only a much-deserved rebuke. "If you want to hear about the ghosts you'd better keep still."

"Ghosts!" twittered the Birds, growing yery much excited. "Oh, tell us about the ghosts."

"It was a howling, blizzardy night in June," said Blue Jay, swelling out his chest now that he had caught the interest of his audience. "Around me were snoring the five young Jays who shared my exile. The storm mouned dismally among the trees, and shutters banged in the wind."

"What shutters?" asked Peggy.

"How should I know what shutters?" I told you I was asleep," screamed Blue Jay testily. "Shutters always bang in ghost stories, and I wish we had some shutters-up banging on story spoilers right, this minute." He

bang in ghost stories, and I wish we had some shutters-up banging on story spoilers right this minute." He glared indignantly at Peggy, then went on with his story. "Suddenly I was aroused by a hollow groan—a low, shuddering, scary groan. Oh-oo-oh-oo! What do you think it was?"

"We don't know. Tell us quick. What was it?" The Birds were all excitement.

that how! came the cry of a deep voice, which said yery deep voice, which said pay paused and looked around, enjoying the sensation he was causing among the Birds.

"What did it say?" they cried.

"It said: 'I want Miss Purple Swallow for my bride!'"

"Oh-oh! cried the former Miss Purple wood one?"

"Oh-oh! cried the former Miss Purple Swallow. "It was after me!"

General Swallow, in spile of the sensor of the trial of the Jays.)

The Querist in the Queue

you? Hurry up, please?

you want?

Dear Old Gentleman—N-n-nothing, thank you—I d-d-don't require anything. B-b-but I'm interested in pronunciation. C-c-can you tell me if most of your customers pronounce

m-m-margarine with a hard or a

In Squah Hollow

Joe-Why did Oscar quit the lady

In the Money In the trenches, somewhere in

Mike - Pat, I'm readin' in me

(After a lapse of twenty-four

Pat-Mike, Mike, wake up, the

Pat - Fifty tousand, Mike, if

Mike-Thank God, Pat; our for-

...

hum paper that the King hez offered a bonis of \$50 for ivry Ger-

France, just these two:

Sephus—She tool class male matter.

man captured.

Germans are coming. Mike-How menny, Pat?

there's wan of thim.

tune's made.-Exchange.

hours.)

-!-



Owl.
"But that hollow groan was nothing to what I heard a minute later."
"What was it?" the Birds cried

tence of Judge Owl that he should be separated from his bride, was quickly by her side consoling her. He glared at Blue Jay.
"I tell you right here, Blue Jay, if this isn't true, I'm going to give you a real thrashing for scaring my wife."
"How will you ever know if it's true or not," taunted Blue Jay. "You weren't there."
"But I'm here and you're here, Don't forget that." forget that."

"I looked out of the tree to see where
the voice was coming from," continued
Blue Jay, "and there in the forest I
saw a great dark shape, the worst, the
most terrifying dark shape you can

saw a great dark shape, the worst, the most terrifying dark shape you can imagine.

"The hollow groan came again, and then the deep, deep voice, 'I want Miss Purple Swallow. I want Miss Purple Swallow for my bride!"

Mrs. Swallow shuddered. Even Peggy was under the spell of the story.

"There came another groan, and the voice said: 'Blue Jay, you must help me. You must steal Miss Purple Swallow on her way to marry that big ninny of a General Swallow, who thinks he is a great fighter, but who couldn't whip a flea."

"How should I know?" was Blue Jay's disappointing answer. "I was asking you."

"It was probably the hollow tree groaning because you had filled it up with so many nuts," chuckled Judge Owl.

The Birds twittered nervously, and Blue Jay glared peevishly at Judge Owl.

The Birds twittered nervously, and Blue Jay glared peevishly at Judge Owl.

"But that hollow groan was nothing to what I heard a minute later."

"What was it?" the Birds cried eagerly.

"And the next night, the ghost came of the groat was it?" the Birds cried eagerly.

"And the next night, the ghost came of the groat was it?" the Birds cried eagerly.

"But that hollow groan was nothing to what I heard a minute later."

"What was it?" the Birds cried eagerly.

"A laugh! A horrible, gurgling, creepy laugh! A laugh that made my knees tremble—a laugh that froze the blood in my veins—a laugh that stilled all the night noises and made the forest as quiet as a tomb—a laugh that was like—"

"Hee-haw! Hee-haw! Hee-haw!"

"Hee-haw! Hee-haw! Hee-haw!"

"No, it wasn't 'hee-haw, hee-haw," screamed Blue Jay, while the Birds again tittered. "It was a ghost laugh —an awful ghost laugh. And right after it came another creepy noise, a howl—a wild, weird howl. And after that howl came the cry of a deep voice, a very, very deep voice, which is said—" Blue Jay paused and looked a very, very deep voice, which is said—" Blue Jay paused and looked by the ear and bissed loudly: "Con-

ungrateful Birds!"

Tears fell from Blue Jay's eyes and from the eyes of the other Jays. The Birds were looking at each other in wonderment and some of them were quietly sobbing. Peggy was puzzled. Could this story be true?

Then suddenly General Swaflow darted forward. He nipped Blue Jay by the ear and hissed loudly: "Confess, confess, you rascal, that this is all a story!"

"Ouch! Ouch!" screamed Blue Jay.

"Ouch! Ouch!" screamed Blue Jay.
"Of course it's a story, but isn't it a

(Tomorrow will be told the results

# THE DAILY NOVELETTE

A FAIR EXCHANGE By DOROTHY D. MUIR

The Passing Show, Harassed Shopman (to dear old gentleman)—Now, then, what's for

intruder. "Oh!" A very startled and almost feminine exclamation from the burglar. "Ah!" A very admiring and extremely amazed exclamation from Bob, as the burglar, or perhaps we should say burglaress, faced him. Bob knew how to manage some species of burglar, or thought he did, but this particular specimen baffled him.

"Please accept it, and try not to steal again."

He felt that he was handling the situation admirably. He possessed no great amount of wealth, but what he did have he would use to help the unfortunate, and, incidentally, the beautiful.

"Thank you," replied the fair burglaress, after a brief moment of hesitation, and she took the profiered gift. "You—are very goo—— "The sentence was left unfinished as she buried her head in her arms and her shoulders shook convulsively.

"Absolutely overcome," thought Bob, with much sympathy. Some time later, when she seemed to have recovered and had promised to lead a worther life, he led her to the door, and sent her

Whether Bob was wakeful that night or whether the burglar, being an inexperienced burglar, made too much noise, but everybody does agree that though the burglary itself was unsuccessful, the affair turned out in a way that pleased all concerned, and much better, to be sure, than had been expected. The whole thing began when Bob awoke with an awful start to discover that there was surely a burglar in his apartment. Now Bob, having his own ideas on the management of burglars, soon had his very bright, hitherto unused and, he feared, unloaded revolver cocked before him, and stood ready to draw the curtains separating his room from the small living room adjoining it. "Glad you seem to be enjoying yourself." This from Bob, as, he stood, rather dramatically, between the drawa portieres, the revolver leveled at the intruder.

"Oh!" A very startled and almost feminine exclamation from the burglar. "Ah!" A very admiring and extremely amazed exclamation from Bob, as the burglar, or perhaps we should say burglaress, faced him. Bob knew how to manage some species of burglar, or thought he did, but this particular specimen affed him.

"Please, I'm sorry!" She raised a "Hope you won't be cross! Margaret was a good sport, anyway, for it was was a good sport, anyway, for it was was a good sport, anyway, for it was was a good sport, anyway, for it was

age some species of burgiar, or thought he did, but this particular specimen baffled him.

"Please, I'm sorry!" She raised a pathetic face to his—an extremely pretty face, with very large brown syes, and very red lips. For a moment the lips trembled, and sigange to say it seemed as though she was struggling to suppress laughter rather than tears. "Hysterical," concluded Bob, though it was hard to explain the odd twindle which he felt sure he could detect in her eyes.

"Please don't send for the police," she said, "I'll never do it again." It was only because—because—"
"Oh, don't explain. I think I understand—you were poor and discouraged, and tempted."
"Yes! that was the reason. I—I was so poor and—tired. But now will you let me go."

"Of course, in a moment, but won't you let me be of assistance to you?" He disappeared into his room, and when he returned held out to her a bill of as large a denomination as he had felt he could afford.

"He felt that he was handling the situation admirably. He possessed no great amount of wealth, but what he did have a mount of wealth, but what he did have amount of wealth, but what he did have a mount of wealth, but what he did have a mount of wealth, but what he did have a mount of wealth, but what he did have a mount of wealth, but what he did have a mount of wealth, but what he did have a mount of wealth, but what he did have a mount of wealth, but what he did have a mount of wealth, but what he did have a mount of wealth, but what he did have a mount of wealth, but what he did have a mount of wealth, but what he did have a mount of wealth, but what he did have a mount of wealth, but what he did have a mount of wealth, but what he did have a mount of wealth, but what he did have a mount of wealth, but what he did have a mount of wealth, but what he did have a mount of wealth had been a mount of wealth and the first was a good sport, anyway,

Tomorrow's Complete Novelette-

Divided Name Between Them "What are the twins called?" "Henrietta."

"Not both the same name?"

cript.

.:-

"Certainly not. One Henry and the other Etta." — Boston Trans-

By EDWINA

"THE RUBY RING."

"CAP" STUBBS-What's the Use of Arguing With a Girl?







