## EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY CAN FIND SOMETHING INTERESTING HERE TO READ

# THE SECRET WITNESS

THE STORY THUS FAR

HUGH RENWICK, under seretary of
the British embassy to Vienna and the
COUNTESS MARISHKA STRAHNI, whom
he loves, overhear on June 12, 1914, the
day the story opens, a conversation in the
rose gardens at Konopisht between the
German Kaiser. Von Tirpliz and the Austrian Archduke, in which "the destiny of
Europe" is sealed.

The pact is destined to make the Archduke and his morganatic wife. Sophie
Chotek important fluures. Marishka is a
closs friend of Sophie, but she decides her
first duty is to her country and the Austrian monarch. Franz Josef. While she is
reporting to him Renwick is informing his
chief. This means an estrangement between Hugh and Marishka.

HERR WINDT, chief of the Austrian
Becret Service, is instructed to thwart any
plans to save the Archduke, who has been
ordered murdered in Sarajevo. He captures Renwick and Marishka, who were
striving to warn Sophie.

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tures Renwick and Marishka, who were striving to warn Sophie.

CAPTAIN GORITZ, of the German Secret Service, captures Marishka from Windt and promises to help her, but not to release her. They arrive in Sarajevo Just too late to prevent the assassination of the Archduke and Sophie. Renwick, released by Windt, is trailed to Sarajevo by Gustave Linke, in the Austrian Secret Service. Renwick locates Marishka's hiding place.

#### CHAPTER XVI The Beg of Rataj

WHEN Marishka reached the top of the stairs, and entered the harem. gazing terrified into the darkness from which she had emerged, she pushed aside the Kis-Kelim, listening fearfully for sounds of footstens below, then closed door, turned the key, and put her back against it, viewing with a new vision the interior which a while ago had seemed so friendly. Without Yeva, who had given its disorder a personality, the room seemed alien, hostile and madly chaotic. For the first time since the reassurances of Captain Goritz in the green limousine as to her safety, she had a definite sense of personal danger. She was not timorous by nature, and the hope of success in her mission of atonement had given her the courage for the venture. She realized now that the will which had kept her buoyant through two arduous days and nights had suddenly forsaken her and left her supine, without hope or initiative. The actions of the man at the doorway below had frightened her. He had been so uncompromising in his ugliness. The shock of her awakening had back against it, viewing with a

And the standard will be designed to the standard will be designed





### "THE CRACK IN THE BELL" A STORY OF POLITICS IN PHILADELPHIA

By Peter Clark Macfarlane

CHAPTER XLII (Continued)

On Monday night Jerry made the different places over the city, and each time concluded with:

"And now, voters of Philadelphia, the compaign is over. It has been fought hard. It has been necessary to do and to say some relentless things. If any man has been hurt personally by the words my tongue has spoken. It am sory—sorry that it had to be necessary to hurt an individual in order to serve what I might call the larger self-inherest is the thing which I have had in mind—the one legitimate goal. To reach it I am not conscious of having spared myself anything, but whether I do reach it or not rests with you.

"Tomorrow we are going to witness the miracle of democracy the sight of the might of this the more the returns from that first division discussion that first division duelet from that first division duelet from that first divis

goal. To reach it I am not conscious of having spared myself anything, but whether I do reach it or not rests with you.

"Tomorrow we are going to witness the miracie of democracy, the sight of men coming out from the workshop and store, writing their individual wills upon pieces of paper, and thus dictating the government of their city. We become accustomed to this sight and we see it debased often enough, but, after all, it is a sublime spectacle; it marks the most forward step in government the world has yet attained. Before that sublime spectacle all thoughts of personal issues fade away. Indeed, the dearest issues seem small, inconsequential, unimportant before the fact that the citizens have had their way and wrought their will.

"In the election now at hand I long for victory, but I shall not be crushed by defeat. I have but one hope for tomorrow that I cannot give up—it is final the voters may have their way; that, untrammeled by besses or bribes or bludgeons, they may record the just, sober convellon of their own hearts, and to that verdict whatever it be, wintever it mean to the fortunes of Jeremiah Thomas Archer, I in advance humbly bow.

"The campaign has brought me near to thousands, to tens of thousands of men and women I had never met before, and would never have known had my life gone the way that was planned for it. I value those new acquaintanceships beyond the power of words to describe. The more intimately I see the lives of working men and women, the more admirable those lives become in my eyes. Though defeated tomorrow, I shall be glad I made the rease.

jorities were not large enough to satisfy

men.

"Victor is gathering 'em in.' he remarked to himself with grim satisfaction. "They may steal it from us, but
this will be a hard fall for election

this will be a hard fail for electron-thieves."

In the next block along Broad street, two other wagon-loads of men in charge of officers went by, but this time they were not patrol wagons, but open auto-trucks, with improvised seats of boards, and officers in charge were plain-clothes men. Again Jerry chuckled.

"That's Victor again," he said, and

men. Again Jerry chuckled.

"That's Victor again," he said, and the picture of this beginning of court battles which would help to clean up all elections in the future elated the young reformer almost as much as the fair prospect of his own election. When he reached the campaign headquarters he asked about the agreets even before he inquired "Well, how's it going?"

"No arrests tonight," was reported to him. "Little fraud reported so far."

"But I saw wagonfuls going down Broad street..."

"Don't know anything about it. Look

"DREAMLAND ADVENTURES" Bu DADDY

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CHAPTER IV Peggy Flies to Sea

(Peggy follows General Thrift's W. Treggy follows General Thirlis W.
S. S. army to an airplane factory.
There she helps catch a spy, who
tries to disable a new scaplare in
which a navy aviator, Lieutenout
Young, is about to go in search of
German submarines.)

"I.CHARGE this man with having filed the wires of this semplane. so that they would break under the strain of flying," said Lieutenant Young to the guards who seized the guilty foreman. "I wish every one here to take particular notice of all that occurred so that they can testify at his trial."

trial."

As he picked his way across Wainut street, a passing patrol wagon held him up for a moment. Jerry got a glimpse of the interior of this and saw it full of Lieutenant Young jumped in front of

the prisoner.
"No, none of that!" he cried. "Let the law take care of him. We have work to do now. This seaplane must be fixed so I can get after those Ger-man submarines."

The men reluctantly obeyed, though

The men reluctantly obeyed, though they threw threatening glances at Carl as he was hustled away by the guards. General Thrift came flying back in Peggy's aerial chariot.

"What's this I hear about a spy damaging our work?" he cried. Peggy told him and he was very indignant.

"That's the way the Huns try to hold us back but they can't do it," he exus back, but they can't do it." he ex-claimed. "We're prepared for them, thanks to the boys and girls and grown-ups who support our army. Get busy, you Whizzes, this job can't wait a minute!"



Peggy's breath was taken away by the suddenness of it all. It was averal moments before she realized that she was being carried away, that she was an unintended passenger on a seaplane that was rushing to battle for America. She felt a little shiver of fear, then a thrill of toy. fear, then a thrill of joy. "W-w-what fun!" she shouted to

General Thrift. "We're going to so

"Hurrah!" answered the general "but I'm sorry General Swallow go

"Don't worry about me," shrilled a voice, and General Swallow darted up behind them. "This machine will have to go a lot faster to lose me." to go a lot faster to lose me."

Lieutenant Young gave them plenty of excitement. He tested the seaplant thoroughly, diving, wheeling about, and doing a lot of hair-raising stunts. Satisfied that it was all right, he speddown the bay and dropped to the surface of the water in front of a navy yard. As lightly as though it were a cance, he brought the seaplane up to an incline where a young ensign and a crew of sailors awaited him.

"Oh, he isn't going to fight after."

"Oh, he isn't going to fight after all," cried Peggy, much disappointed, But she spoke too soon. The young ensign saluted Lieutenant Young.

"Are you ready, sir?" he said. "All ready, Ensign Ward," announced the Lieutenant.
"Then we will load, sir," answered

the ensign. the ensign.

The crew turned the seaplane around and hurried bombs aboard.

"See my Whizzes!" cried General Thrift, proudly, as thousands of thy workers assisted the sailors.

"And there are more Whizzes!" cried General Thrift, pointing to a shipyard nearby, where the little

workers were fairly swarming, hurry-ing work along.

"And there are still more," he

"And there are still more," he shouted, pointing to coal docks where great piles of fuel were being rushed into the bunkers of transports and freighters. "Everywhere Whizzes are rushing war work and fighting for Uncle Sam!"

And it was true, In whichever direction Peggy looked in the busy har-

ened, Peggy had a lot of fun climbing around the deck of the seaplane and examining the controls, the machine gun and the bomb-dropping apparatus. General Thrift and General Swallow were as much interested as she was and kept close beside her.

The seaplane was repaired in a surprisingly short time. Lieutenant Young examined every wire himself, gave a satisfied nod, jumped into his climb into the clear air.

tirrw themselves flat on the deck and grasped stays to keep from being to bour the deck and was whirled into the air far behind.

The seaplane gave a lurch, glided down the ways, and struck the water.

There was a sudden smother of foam as the boutlike machine rushed across the boutlike machine rushed

noticed that the sames is bombs and loading the scaplane with its bombs and that its rapid-fire gun ammunition, and that its rapid-fire ward had leaped into the obits rapid-five gun administration the ch-Ensign Ward had leaped into the ch-server's seat. Again there was a roar-tic propeller, again the wind nearly blew her away, again the sea-plane swirled through the water, and again it rose gracefully into the air, mounting higher and higher and heading to the eastward. Far away in the early morning light Peggy saw a rip-pling sparkle. It grew wider and

"Why," exclaimed Peggy. "It's the ocean."

In a few minutes they were out over the high rolling waves and heads

toward the open sea where said Uncle Sam's transports in deflance the treacherous U-boats that lay wait for them.

(Tomorrow will be told how scaplane, with Peggy on bo searches the ocean for the Gers submarines.)

## THE DAILY NOVELETTE

Qualifying By KATHLEEN M. MOORES

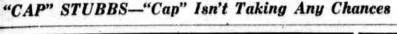
for a farm, where I am engaged to all summer."

all summer."

The girls expressed their regret this news, but congratulated Barbs on her patriotic spirit.

"I move we enroll Babs as an ho orary member of the S. S. Clus spoke up Ruth.

The motion was carried unanimous and patriotic Barbara and her is friends received a hearty send-off by club, and the town of Glenville presended four more stars to its serving



I'LL BET BOTH THOSE

WHISKERS!





