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

# THE SECRET WITNESS

THE STORY THUS FAR

DAR MENWICK, under secretary of

Friliah embassy in Vienna and the

FICES MARISHRA STRAHNI, whom

twee, overhear en June 12, 1914, the

the story opens a conversation in the

streems at Konopisht between the

sant Kaiser Von Tirplix and the Aus
Archduke, in which "the destiny of

pact is destined to make the Arch
and his morganatic wife. Sophie

important figures. Marishka is a

friend of Sophie, but she decides her

duty is to her country and the Aus
armomarch, Franz Josef. While she is

time to him, Renwick is informing his

This meats an estrangement be
Hurh and Marishka.

WINDT, chief of the Austrian

Gervice, is instructed to thwart any

to save the Arrehuke, who has been

sed murdered in Sarajevo. He can
Benwick and Marishka, who were

the to warn Sophie.

AN GORITZ, of the German Servet.

CHAPTER XVII (Continued) E kissed her tenderly, the joy of pos-session the greater for the dangers t they ran. You're tren trembling. Marishka. Don't

ut she clung to him anew.
If anything should happen now—
I have you again."
Desrest! I too, have suffered with—
but I haven't despaired. I would read have given you up, you know."
It with a smile.

Tou forgive?"

He kissed her again and again, and

a long moment they clasped each
her in slience, their lips together,
stloning, replying in broken syliables,
the woman, nothing else mattered,
death came now, she knew that it
uld be sweet And it was Renwick
o found his reason first. Her hands who found his reason first. Her hands still in his, he led her to the window. where he scanned the garden anxiously. But there was still no sign of anything supicious, nor, in the house, any sound. But Renwick now questioned her quickly. "You sent me a note in Vienna?"

"Yes. A warning. I was afraid. I urged you to return to England, but I housed..."

I asked you to come here—to-at 12. You received it?" . It was intercepted."

aughed. "I don't wonder. It's with test thing in the world that I've this

ind you.

He kissed her again, and then quickly.

He kissed her again, and then quickly.

She pointed to the door with the
line and he regarded it with a new

breat. In the silence that followed

or heard again the murmur of voices,

man's and a man's. woman's and a man's.

"Zubsydeh!" she whispered. "The was the man here and—a man's voice."

"We must find a way out quickly.
The must find a way out quickly.
The noticed the door upon the other is of the room.

"The room.

"I was a sheep's head!" "Sheep's head I am not—"
"Then you are a sheep's head."
"Sheep's head I am not—"
"Then you are a sheep's head."
"Sheep's head I am not—"
"Then you are a sheep's head."
"Sheep's head I am not—"
"Sheep's head I am not—"
"Then you are a sheep's head."
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"Then you are a sheep's head."
"Sheep's head I am not—"
"Then you are a sheep's head."
"Then you are a s

To the garden. They must. The or is locked on the inside, but persent there's another exit at the rear. drew his revolver from his belt, at taking her by the hand, led her to be stair, and there they stopped, for tarishka clutched his arm in sudden internation. From the harem came sudden muffled noise—as though some were beating upon a carpet. "Shots!" whispered Benwick. "We set hurry."

"Bhots!" whispered Renwick. "We next hurry."
"Bhots! What does it mean?"
"The explain later. Hurry."
"The explain later. Hurry."
"There were criec now—the shriek of woman, and above all, a hourse bellow as of some enraged animal. Renwick as already descended a few steps, Malaka following him, when the door of the selamlik opened and a female gure clad in Marishka's silk drapery unhed forth. It was Yeva.
"Fraulein—" she whispered in awed ones to Marishka. "Forgive me!" she headed. "I have seen. It was beautial. I could not see harm come to you. It was beautial. Excellency has been in the street it the back of the house, but when the fating began came up the rear stairway of the selamlik—"
"Goritz!" stammered Marishka in "But I have locked the upper door."

or.

But I have locked the upper door."

He will come here, Yeva!"

Excellency must go—if there is yet

No, said Renwick, looking about a place of concealment. "I shall is death-" whispered Marishka.

"It is death—" whispered Marishka.
But Yeva was resourceful. "The arser!" she whispered. "I have often
idean in it from Zubeydeh, Quickly,
coellency! It stands upon brackets in
wail."
And while Marishka watched the stairad in terror, Yeva helped the Englishin Into this strange place of concealnt. Excited as Yeva was at her share
the affair, her fingers were nimble.
She buckled the straps quickly,
turning, fied into the selamlik and
locked the door. But Goritz by this
we had managed to find a way to the
airs to the mabein, and came up stealthlistening eagerly to the increasing
smootion in the herean. He found Mahia and Yeva hand in hand at the
ur of the selamlik, staring in constertion at the door of the black grill,
bora were no more shots, but more
shous even that shots were the sounds
voices, strained, subdued, tense with
ort—the heavy breathing of men, the

voices, strained, subdued, tense with opt—the heavy breathing of men, the shing of furniture, and then, at last, ar of heavy bodies falling—a cry of mph—and silence.

Lyain Goritz had folded his arms waited, expectant. is very strange," he said, coolly,

Excelency, I do not know. I was
the other end of the house. The
ulein was frightened and called to
"she lied gilbly,
I is not to be wondered at—" he
with a brange smile. "They have
is noise enough to raise the dead
we a pardonable curiosity as to what
happened." But, as he strode tothe door and laid a hand upon
mob. Yeva rushed forward.
Testiency!" she whispered. "You
not! The law!"
looked at her for a moment, then
ged and turned to Marishka.





and with a smile.

"Ive never wanted you to give me.

"Ive never wanted you to give me.

"It had to be. Marishka. But you've that you go with this girl at once into the selamlik. I have no idea of what has how soon the police will be coming."

"My love is greater—greater than any-happened, but it must be something quite disagreeable—an intruder within the harem—the penalty is severe—"

"I will please come at once. Countess Strahni. There is no telling how soon the police will be coming."

"And as Marishka did not move—"
"You have give me.

"You will please come at once. Countess Strahni. There is no telling how soon the police will be coming."

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"You will please come at once. Countess Strahni. There is no telling how soon the police will be coming."

"You have as well as the police will be coming."

"You have as well as the police will be coming."

"You have as well as the police will be coming."

"You have as well as the police will be coming."

"You will please come at once. Countess Strahni. There is no telling how soon the police will be coming."

"In would suggest. Countess Strahni. There is no telling how soon the police will be coming."

"You will please come at once. The police will be coming."

"You will please come at once. The police will be coming."

Marishka was leaning against the rail f the stairway near the suit of armor, nd Goritz watched her curiously. "I-shall not go." she stammered, faintly, wondering at the growing mys-

He shrugged. "As you please," he muttered, "but I warn you that the situation may be—unpleasant—"
"I shall remain—" she said again.
There were sounds of heavy footsteps, and the door of the dutap swung open, revealing the Beg of Rataj, torn, and disheveled, his face distorted with passion. He paused in the doorway, and

and disheveled, his face distorted with passion. He paused in the doorway, and looked from Goritz to Marishka, breathing rapidly.

"Ah Excellency," he gasped. "I call you all to witness A man has entered the barem—a Christian. Yeva, I knew, was not there, but I saw him and followed from the street with my friends—my some barbers, and with the cousing.

The note—a forgery!"

"What do you mean?"

"Your note told me to come to Saratouto the Hotel Europa, where you would communicate with me."

"A forgery! Goritz! Now I understand. He said that you would follow."

"Ton't know. I haven't seen his lee this morning. Hugh! He has lid plans to kill you—a trap—"

"Yo shall outwit him—! wrote you some—tonight. It was what he is clever—I am no match for him—! wrote you come—tonight. It was what he willed Don't you understand? A trap!

"I Renwick did not seem to be said disturbed. His mind had cleared mainly."

"I am frightened. Are you sure that one saw you enter the garden?"

"Fositive" And then pursuing his hought. "You sent a note to the Hotel Intope?"

"To I asked you to come here—tonight at 12. You received it?"

"No. It was intercepted."

"What do I care?" cried Goritz furi-outs."

niture and killed my brother-in-law and my cousin."

"What do I care?" cried Goritz furiously. "You got us all into trouble with your bungling. Do you know who this man is?" he stormed.

"Who, Excellency?" cried the Effendi. "Nicholas Szarvas—the most famous secret service agent in Hungary."

"What say you, Excellency?" the Effendi asked bewildered.

"You have heard."

"It is impossible. This was the man.—"

"I am within my rights—the harem—"

"Bah—You have killed a police officer of the empire."

"And you?" The Effendi's face was the color of that of the man upon the floor, but his eyes glowed with fear and desperation.

"I know nothing of the matter." continued Goritz. "A Christian comes into your harem and you kill him. If he turns out to be an officer of the law, what is it to me?"

"You will pay me that which you owe." shrieked the Effendi. "The man has broken my furniture."

"It is a pity he didn't break your head. I pay you nothing."

And then to Marishka. "Come countess, we must be upon our way."

Marishka stood staring at Goritz, a new horror in her eyes. She now understood. The Effendi thrust himself between them.

"You will pay me that which you

derstood. The Effendi thrust himself between them.

"You will pay me that which you owe." he stormed again.
"Stand aside!" said the German, and then to Marishka,
"If the Countess Stranni will be good enough to accompany me," he said stellie. civilly.

But Marishka stood fixed, staring at

him with alien eyes, as the Effendi rushed forward toward her, his arms extended. "She shall not go. She will see what has been done. He is not the man. She will remain here in my house until—"
"Stand aside, Effendi!" cried Goritz furiously, and as the man did not move, he caught him by the shoulder and thrust him roughly aside. He scorned to use a weapon, and the other man and the woman seemed completely dominated by his air of command.

And as Marishka did not move—
"You heard?"
"I will not go." stammered Marishka.
Goritz paused, examining her keenly,
as though he had not quite understood.
"I have asked you quite courteously,
Countess—"
"I will not go." repeated Marishka.
Her voice was ice-cold, like her body,

I beg to remind you of your promise

"I beg to remind you of your promise—to go with me—"I will not go." she said again.

Then I must take you, he said, striding toward her furiously, and reaching out a hand to selze her by the wrist.

Then a strange thing happened. The man in armor, in the corner behind Marishka, strode clanking forth into the room, while a voice reverberated in the iron helmet. What it said no one understood. The Effendi gazed at the moving thing in terror, and then with a shriek field down the stairs, Zubeydeh and her companion, calling in loud tones upon Allah, at his heels. Goritz glanced at the thing and then stood irresolute a moment, as the man in the armor slowly raised an arm, for at the end of the arm Goritz saw a revolver pointed directly at him.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

Great demand for the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER may cause you to miss an installment of this very interesting story. You had better, therefore, telephone or write to the Circulation Department or ask your newsdealer this afterneon to leave the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER at your home.

Ode to My Daily Egg

Immortal egg, whose golden pulp Gives way to Destiny, to quicken The ways of Nature at a gulp, And breeds her masterpiece, the

chicken. Thy ways are mine, Immortal Egg!

Like mine, thy habits, always stable. Conduct thee daily when I beg To meet thee at the breakfast

But one dread fact of this our meeting Cannot but fill my

grieving. For, lo, the ardor of my greeting Will put an end to thy achieving: Why must thou die, thou prop of nations?

Fall without henor or a bullet Ending momentous operations To perish in a greedy gullet!

O Egg, why can't our hapless meet-Keep thee in thy place, me in

mine? Then thy career would not be fleeting. Then thy bright future still

would shine; stiff, unyielding Christian Science

I'd contemplate thy virgin shell, And smile at thee in firm reliance That thou hadst tasted very well!

-Harvard Lampoon.

An Even Break "Do plain girls or pretty girls do

make."-Boston Transcript.

better in business?" "It's about a toss-up. The plain girls don't make so many mistakes, but there are fewer kicks about

blunders the pretty girls

## "DREAMLAND ADVENTURES"

THE LONESOME BEAR

A complete, new adventure each week, beginning Monday and ending Saturday,

#### CHAPTER II

Brownie Owl Declares War Peggy is invited to the Birds' Harvest party. On her way to it she frees Brownie Owl from a hole in a clay bank, where he has been im-prisoned, but slides into the river and is in danger of being swept away when Billy Belgium swims to

the rescue.) BILLY BELGIUM swam across the eem a long time to Peggy, who felt the clay oozing steadily toward the deep current. Would be come in time? To add to her alarm she saw that Billy Belgium was being carried down stream. He would have to land below her. But if she was swept away he might, at least, be able to catch ber as she went by.

Billy Belgium, however, had no in tention of waiting for this to happen. He climbed on shore, then raced to the top of the clay bank. Down it he came, holding out a long pole to Peggy. "Grab hold! I'll pull you up!

"Brownie Owl first," answered Peggy. Brownle Owl grabbed the pole in his powerful beak and clung tight as Billy Belgium raised it just as he would a fishing rod, throwing Brownie Owl to the top of the cliff.

Then the pole came down again, and Peggy took hold tight. Billy Belgium braced himself on the narrow ledge and pulled strongly and steadily.



"Grab hold! I'll pull you up!

party.

the oose, she was abte to climb with her feet, and soon Billy Belgium had her safe at the top of the bank. The safe at t

you."
"I'll put that down," replied Brownie Owl, "Princess Peggy will whip the Crows for me."

(Tomorrow will be described the birds' party and the startling interruption that comes in the midst of the fun.)

.:-

### THE FOUR MINUTE MAN

### The Meaning of America

America means opportunity; opportunity to change one's place or one's gait; opportunity to improve one's mind or position. The woodchopper may become President; the teamster may become commander-in-chief; the train butcher may become scientist; the office boy may become captain of industry; the roller may become astronomer. And, by the same token, the sons of these men have the opportunity to fall as far as their

And because "opportunity" puts it squarely up to the man, America also means responsibility. Before a man can keep the freedom his father has won for him he must prove worthy of it.

Forged in the flames of freedom, fanned by the winds of tyranny, welded into shape by the hearts and brains of early patriots, and assem bled by patriots succeeding, our Government is a machine with a soul. It is still a machine. Small wonder, then, that its wheels were clog ged with material dress in days of prosperous peace.

It still has a soul. Small wonder, then, that it readily responded to the clarion call of righteousness when righteousness was threatened. For America is not only a country-it is an ideal.

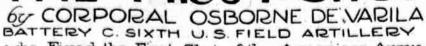
It is this fact which makes it possible for an alien to renounce allegiance to all foreign potentates and powers, especially the potentate or power to which he aforetime owed allegiance, without losing his selfrespect. He is not selling the country of his birth for material gain. He is vowing allegiance to a system of government which promises freedom to all men. He is becoming a citizen of a country on which the sun of righteousness never sets.

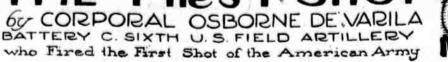
It is this fact which makes it possible for the man whose ancestors came over on the Mayflower and the man who himself came on a later boat to be brother Americans, alike in spirit and principle.

For, in spite of an ardent patriot's passionate love for the land itself, his home land, a natural and admirable feeling, true America's boundaries are moral rather than geographical.



## THE FIRST SHOT







OUR sharpshooters let go when the big German plane came within easy

The shooting was wonderfully ac-curate and put the finishing touches to the ambition of the boche aviators to bomb the American position. The German machine gunner was seen to lurch heavily forward as if he had been hadly hit. A bullet from a Yankee rifle smashed through the oil tank of the airplane, and other bullets fired by our crack shots riddled the wings of the machine. The German pilot saw he had struck a hornet's nest, and he turned tail and hiked back to his own lines.

that in the Yankees they are contend-ing with the crack sharpshooters of the world. than sixty feet from those of the Ger-mans, while in another place fully a mile separated the opposing forces. Our trenches were located in marshy ground. making the use of "duck boards" necessary at all times except when the trench water and mud became frozen in winter. The trenches were very shallow when our infantrymen moved in, but they began immediately to deepen them and

nprove them in other ways.

In every dugout the soldiers worked almost constantly pumping out the water which seeped in. The presence of this water was disagreeable, of course, hut in one way it served a good pur-nose. Rats detest water, and they gave these damp dugouts a wide berth, for

oh so slowly. Peggy felt herself drawg out of the sucking clay. Once free of the ooze, she was abue to climb with her feet, and soon Billy Belgium had her safe at the top of the bank.
"You're a hero, Billy Belgium, cried Peggy, gratefully." Another minute and I'd been swept away."

"You ought to know how to swim." answered Billy Belgium, cried Berownie Owl and the clay held me so tight and the current flowed so fast I didn't know what might happen."
"I'd declare war!" came a mournful hoot from Brownie Owl, as Judge Owl tried to free him from the dried clay.
"The quickest way to get that clay off is to wash it off," declared Billy Belgium, as Judge Owl tried to free him from the dried clay.
"The quickest way to get that clay off is to wash it off," declared Billy Belgium, picking Brownie Owl up.
"Don't wash me," hooted Brownie Owl, and the woods, Billy Belgium, picking Brownie Owl up.
"Don't wash me," hooted Brownie Owl, or all the world like a bad boy objecting to his Saturday night bath. "I't will will uin my health and beauty."
"Nonsense." replied Peggy severely, "What is it?" she whispered.
"Some large animal," whispered Billy Belgium, Belgium, John box ab lit healthy with hat clay sticking to you."
Blilk Belgium. "Maybe a bear!"

That wasn't what Peggy had promised, but held the point, as Billy Belgium as urging her to hurry of the birds, but where daily on the words and the other real. He first mean ampthing of the word and the clay held the brown the word with an anything of the birds have gone?"

They searched the glade, but not a Bird could be found. At the opposite end from the river, where a dark raying the held the word with their lives often depend upon the speed in which the gas masks are adjusted from the river, where a dark raying the height of the word with the line and the word with the grown the clay held with the line when I the time the brown the word with the line when I the line and the word with the grown the back into the woods. Billy Belgium and opening a cross-fire on the Yankee the Am the Germans in No Man's Land. Ob-servers at listening posts reported that there were 200 boches in the raiding

> Machine Guns Begin Peppering Our machine guns began peppering in ess than a minute after the first German shot was fired. A few minutes later the artillery in the rear was laying down a barrage where the Germans were supposed to be. The Yankees in the trenches, shielding their faces with their steel helmets, climbed on the shooting ledges, aiming at the flashes of the German machine guns. The attack was continued for more than a half hour before the Germans retired. It is believed that they timed the raid to take the Americans by surpris surprise while a relief was entering the trenches. Both American and French soldiers in advanced listening posts reported see-ing the returning Germans carrying bodies. This indicated they had suffered heavy losses.

minutes we decided that we had an important duty to perform, and that duty necks. vas to clean the place up. There were evidences that we would have to educate the people before we could bring this about, but we determined we would do that if it was necessary.

The little village was strong on the a position on a high rafter and start his

Converight, 1918, by the Public Ledger Co.: quarters. Every man-jack of us considered it pretty tough to be yanked out of the scrap just after we had poked out of the scrap just after we had poked out of the scrap just after we had poked out of the scrap just after we had poked out of the scrap just after we had poked out of the scrap just after we had poked out of the scrap just after we had poked out of the scrap just after we had poked out of the scrap just after we had poked on the wasn't will be scraped to the scrape and wasn't wa

warm up. But orders are orders, and of course we had to submit.

So very sorrowfully we began a three days' hike for the winter billets many miles back of the line.

The village which had been wished on to us for winter quarters was far from being a spotless town or a model community. If that town had been located in America it would have had the Board of Health down on it in short order. And the Board of Health would have had to put in some hard work to bring the place up to the American standard of sanitation.

After we had been in the village five minutes we decided that we had an imaround at night without breaking our

Waking up in the morning in my



Heavy field artillery

ap, not because of its commercial or idevilish little cock-a-doodle-doo business agricultural importance, but principally because of its astonishing variety of My buddles would roll over in the hay, odors. You could smell that town ten mumbling curses at the aggravating lit-

because of its astonishing variety of odors. You could smell that town ten miles away if the wind was blowing in the right direction.

In front of almost every house in the village was a manure heap, and before he had been in town an hour our commander decided that these heaps would have to be removed.

The edict nearly started a revolution in the village. The villagers seemed to regard these manure heaps as heirlooms, and I guess some of them were. The

against the removal of the historic piles, but our ranking officer was firm and said they must go. The next day we went at the heaps with shovels and carted the fertilizer to a place a considerable distance from the village. village smelled 50 per cent sweeter after that, and life was less burdensome.

#### Billeted in Barns

were billeted in barns-historic barns. I should have said, for there was every evidence that they had been built long before the time of the first Na-poleon. We slept in these barns along

and I guess some of them were. The its mark, and then the bird would flutter inhabitants appointed a committee to down to the barn floor. But by this call upon the commander and protest time all of the fowl and animal kingdom were awake and further snoozing was an impossibility.

Every barnyard cock in the neighbor-hood took up the morning song; horses began kicking at the sides of their stalls, cows mooed for their grub and pigs grunted for breakfast.

But we got even with that feathered alarm clock, all right. We laid in a supply of rocks one night in the hay-mow, and the next morning when the pest started in his ear-splitting clack we let him have a hail of missiles stone landed on the music box of the fowl, and we had him for dinner at

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

### THE DAILY NOVELETTE

"The Way of a Girl With a Man" By JEANNE M. BLACK

"The Way of a Girl With a Man" by IEANNE M. BLACK
he way losses.

"This indicated they had suffered the way losses."

It the Huns attempted another raid and the were reputsed. The Germans moved several machine guns into No Man's Land and swept our communicating tion for an advance. At the same instant American flares disclosed the raiders and the French and Tankee batter of the graining barrage in the mistant American flares disclosed the raiders and the reputsed. And all the while the Yankee boys were fighting cooties as well as Germans were flared to the curtains of the parior with the bane of the life of the soldier. Sometimes I think that eventually they will gobble up all of the German and Allied soldiers and fight this war out to be when the boys got leave from the trenches the first thing they did was to go back of the lines and take a gasoline they would put on of the life. Then they would put on of the life. Then they would put on the life. Then they would be the life of the soldiers and fight would be the life of the life of the soldiers and fight would be the life of the life of

By EDWINA

"CAP" STUBBS—"Cap" Is No Pacifist







