

THE SECRET WITNESS

TER XXII (Continued)
now approaching dusk, and he
saw a person to whom he
turned without rousing suspicion.

There is a mystery attached to Schloss Szolnok," asked Renwick
to find her. And now—if not at
Schloss Szolnok—elsewhere.

"Yes, it was there," he said quietly.
And the place is no longer occupied
by the Englishman.

"I have lost my way," said Renwick
with a smile, "and thought you might
have a cup of milk and some bread
for which I will pay generously."

"Renwick, having finished his bread
and milk, deftly directed the conversa-
tion to the possibilities of Dukla Pass
as a means of invasion of the Hun-
garian plain, and it was quite clear
that this possibility had not been absent
from their minds.

"It is encouraging," the man put in
in his patois, for they had been greatly
disturbed by rumors among the coun-
try folk and many soldiers already had
passed through.

"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 afternoon to leave
the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER at
your home."

"CAP" STUBBS—The End of a Perfect Tank
THIS TANK'S MORE MINE IN 'TIS YOURS.
CUZ, NOW, HOW'D YE MADE IT THOUT
MY TOOLS.

THE DAILY NOVELLETTE

"The Difference in the Khaki"
By Ruth E. Burnham

JERRY slowly opened her eyes, and
for a moment she was startled, then
she laughed softly as she glanced around
the little camp bedroom—surely it had
been familiar enough to her. She sat
up and reached for her watch as she
looked out the window—6 o'clock
and a beautiful morning. She would
take the canoe, she thought, paddlo
around to the little cove and dream un-
til breakfast time. Her hostess would
understand.

It was all so familiar, the float, the lit-
tle camp with the screened-in porch,
the beautiful lake! How many good
times and happy days she had spent
there last season, sitting contentedly on
the piazza, paddling on the lake, strolling
along the country roads! The pictures
crowded through her memory, and at-
tending to the view of the cottagers,
she was aware of a tall figure in khaki
camping clothes—a lazy figure, content
to do her bidding, with apparently no
other aim in life than the pleasure
at hand. It had all been very pleasant
and happy, and then—her husband
had proposed a change and she had
accepted it. She had fitted admirably, but for a husband
she wanted a man, a competent, com-
manding figure, a man who would be
an idol to her in khaki trousers and flannel
shirt. So it had ended. Her friend-
ship with the tall figure in khaki had
broken, but the good times had ceased,
and now, after a winter of hard work,
she was again in the camp, with an
invitation for the week-end, with the
tacit understanding that the fellow in
khaki camping clothes should be ab-
sent.

Then rudely her dream was broken.
A canoe came gliding into view, and
stepped out of the stern, a man in the
trunk and the straight figure pad-
dled.
"Steph!" she cried as the canoe
scraped the landing.

"The tall, good-looking figure in the
khaki uniform of Uncle Sam's army
looked squarely into her eyes until her
lashes dropped. Then he staid the
canoe with a hand on the float and held
out the other hand.
"Get in!" he said, and there was hold-
ing indolent either about voice or man-
ner.

"No, I didn't," Stephen replied, just
as if he had just been told that he
was not to go to Boston next week,
and that he was to see you in San Fran-
cisco, very soon. He heard her
catch her breath sharply; then he went
on very quietly, "And I'm doing
something that I want you to do. I've
sent a couple of shells into No Man's
Land. Then I went back to bed and
went like a top."

"The next day a German deserter
wandered into our dugout. I will tell you
how it happened. Dawn in our front-
line trench a doughboy observed a move-
ment in the dead grass and weeds among
the American wire entanglements. Tense
with expectancy, the doughboy put a
finger against the trigger of his rifle
and waited.

"The grass parted and a yellow dog—
just plain dog—emerged, peered inquisi-
tively, his forefoot lifted in graceful
gesture. Then he trotted from Germany
into the United States, wagging the sig-
nal of 'Kamerad' with his tail. He was
adopted by the doughboys, and stayed
several days in the first-line trench,
catching rats for his board. Then he
got sick of working so hard and de-
serted to our battery. He stayed with
us for about a week and then disap-
peared. Maybe he wasn't satisfied with
the chow, or perhaps he got homesick
and went back to the boches.

"We tried to solve the rat problem in
our dugouts by keeping cats, and at
one time we had as many as ten. But
the cook fed the little beasts so well
that they would graze on the chow, and
would do nothing but snooze in the
sun when they were not eating.
My battery received orders to cease-
fire at 7 o'clock. We were a delighted
bunch of buddies because we had helped
defeat a bunch of the German army.
A few of our lads were wounded, but
none was killed.

"TRENCH TALK
KAMERAD. (Continued from yesterday.)
The word of surrender and plea for
mercy. It has grown very familiar
to our soldiers on the
front.
KIVL. An officer in the ground ser-
vice of the flying corps. The bazas
is taken from that of an Australian
bird.
L. O. Short for commanding officer.
L. N. YARD. The line which is at-
tached to the trigger of a field gun.
The cannons which is his equivalent
for the French phrase pas de touz,
which, being translated, means
nothing at all.
LISTENING POST. A position near
the enemy line, usually in a shell
hole or in a shallow trench, where
valuable information about enemy
movements is picked up in this way.
MISS. A soldier's name. Sammie has
quickly picked up the French word
for "Miss," and any girl who seems
attractive to him is known as a
"madame."
MESS. The army term for any meal,
be it breakfast, dinner or supper.
If the cook happens to be afraid
and the firing is hot, the term is ap-
plied to literal.

THE FIRST SHOT

By CORPORAL OSBORNE DE VARILA
BATTERY C, SIXTH U.S. FIELD ARTILLERY
who Fired the First Shot of the American Army

CHAPTER XVI (Continued)
THE ambulance drivers are plucky
fellows; they go out after the wound-
ed in the thick of the shelling. There
was one chap near our lines who picked
up a soldier who had one of his legs
shot off at the knee. The driver made
a dash for it, cutting across a rope off
a horse's harness. Then he placed a
hammer on the under side of the leg
over the severed artery and bound the
piece of harness around the leg, tight-
ening it with an ordinary tire iron. You
have to be quick and resourceful, you
know, when a man is bleeding to death.

"That graveyard is haunted," he said.
"Tonight I saw a ghost out there as
sure as you are a foot high."
"A ghost?" I hooted. "There are no
such things as ghosts."
"There ain't, hey?" he scoffed. "Well,
you ought to see the boy I saw."

"What did he look like?" I asked, jus-
t to kid him along.
"A boche general in white uniform—
said uniform glowing like a lightning
bug; mustache like the Kaiser's, and
they looked like quips of the Kaiser's
policy.
"Maybe it was the Kaiser," I said
tauntingly, "dropped down from an air-
plane to curse the French dead."

"No, it wasn't the Kaiser," said the
scared one; "I looked more like Bis-
marck. I figure that he was appointing
to the French dead by the inhuman
way the Kaiser is carrying on."

"The grass parted and a yellow dog—
just plain dog—emerged, peered inquisi-
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gesture. Then he trotted from Germany
into the United States, wagging the sig-
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"DREAMLAND ADVENTURES"
By DADDY
THE FIVE TRAMPS
A complete, new adventure each week, beginning Monday and ending Saturday.

CHAPTER XVII
Yankee Heroes
THE attack was preceded by a heavy
bombardment of our lines with large-
caliber guns.
These guns ranged from the six to the
twenty-four inch types. The enemy also
lost great quantities of poisonous gas.
Heavy shells and gas shells fell on our
lines in a perfect whirlwind for more
than a half hour. A driving wet snow
was falling and the visibility was very
poor.

