VERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY CAN FIND SOMETHING INTERESTING HERE TO READ

THE SECRET WITNESS

in spite of her apparent helpiessthe was aware that her captors
watching her carefully, permitting
caveraction with any one, locking
coveraction at the resulting
country. All those she passed upon
country, but just where she did not
the chauffeur spoke the language
iv, and Marishka's knorance of upon
the task more difficult. But one
coveraction of the
coveraction of her
was relaxed, she managed to
the girl understand, promising her
of money if she would summon
colice of the town, to whom
has would tell her story. The girl
and in the early morning just
machine came around to the door
found himself confronted by two
uniform.

niform.

ka. who had been waiting.

In her room above, came runm the stairs and threw herself
ir mercy, telling her story and
heir intercession.

en as she spoke she realized
very wildness of her narrative
nst its verity in the minds of
the policemen.

paints its verty rest of the policemen.

Is an extraordinary tale, said the man, and one which of course be investigated—an abduction you will permit me, said Goritz calmly. This lady is my wife, taking her to the north for the Az you observe, she is the subdelusions is not true," cried Marishka

water." said Goritz, with a glance watch. "that I have no time to I am Lieutenant von Arnstorf. Fifteenth Army Corps, bearing a onduct from General von Heetzentheh all police officers of the Empleonstrained to respect. Read treeff." ded them the magic paper

constrained to respect. Read series.

The handed them the magic paper already had done him such service men read it through with resident not a little awe, bestowing last a pitying glance upon has which too well indicated their in interfering in the affairs of such authority.

You will not summon the f what I tell is the truth. In the of the Holy Virgin, I swear it, of the men crossed himself and away. Goritz had already laid his firmly upon her arm and guided and the machine.

Anna." he said in a sober, tone, "all will be well—all will."

so Marishka, with one last ing stance in the direction of the dicers, permitted herself to be into the machine by Captain who, before the automobile de-

circ officers showed them standing by side, their fingers at their caps. The same was hopeless. She had no it seemed, in all Hungary, and bendoned herself to the depths of pair. How could she have exto cope with such a man as this lists aid nothing to her of warning reproach, but in the same afterafter drinking a cup of coffee the urged upon her, she became and sleet.

I woke in a large room with wall maid wood, and a groined ceiling, ay upon a huge bed, raised high the floor, over the head of which faded yellow silken hanging. Her undings puzzled her, but she seemhave no desire to learn the meanit all, lying as one barely alive, half conscious toward the narrothle window near by, through she had a glimpse of mountains he sky. But the sunlight which patches upon the Turkey rugher aching eyes, and she closed painfully. She felt wretchefily lift throat was parched, and her body o weak that even to move her hand and slept again, aware now, even stupor, of some one moving near it he room. At last with all the ower left at her command, she wide her eyes and raised herroon an elbow. It was night, but upon two tables shed a generous the moved, a figure that had sate the decrease and came.

he moved, a figure that had sat be foot of the bed, rose and came her. It was a very old woman wrinkled face and the inturned the toothless. But her face was and her voice when she spoke if a hote of commiseration, excellency is feeling stronger?

and not know," said Marishka liv struggling to make hea lips ate. "1—I still feel ill. What is loss Szolnok. Eveller

cos Szotnok. Excellency, in the lians." She laid her rough hand arishka's. 'You have some fever. t medicine."

gias of water—

spins of water with or water wa

her lips she sank again into mess.

If the very weeks that Hugh ay in the Landes Hospital, as upon the tall bed in the at Schloss Szolnok, struggting to life from the clutches of There was a docter brought Laborcs, who stayed in the week until the danger point and then came every few the patient was well upon recovery. Marishka did not until much jater when, conhe sat by the windew, looker the sunit mountains between and then ir wonder and disappointment that Goritz mitted her to die.

nings of a romance.

But she understood, and aware of the sadness of the sick woman's thoughts, did what she could to delay a meeting which she knew must be painful.

In reply to Marishka's questions now she was less reticent, and told of the long years at Schloss Szoinok under the Barons Neudeck, father and son, of the coming of Herr Hauptmann Goritz and of the threat which had hung over them for three years since the dreadful night when her young master had been killed. There had been no heirs to the estate.

MAPTER NULL

Allers schinds

In all an exit decay

In all an exit

A FALSE ALARM

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

A Member of the Home Reserves By Ethel M. Farmer

CHAPTER V The Giant Appears

(Pengy, seeking to free Lonesome Bear from a gang of tramps, is herself capturen. She is rescued by Billy Belgium and the birds. Lone-

some Bear gives Tags, one of the tramps, a painful hugging and then plunges with him into the river.) 66FTHAT'S enough!" cried Peggy, as Lonesome Bear ducked the tramp the fifth time.

'Oh, I'm finished! I'm finished!"
sputtered Tags, suggering ashore when
sputtered Rear rejuctantly let him go.

sputtered Tags, saggering ashore when Lonesome Bear reluctantly let him go. "No, you've just begun," laughed Peggy. "You've got a lot of dirt off, but you'll have to take a bath a day, for a month before you'll be finished." "I sentence him to take two baths a day," chuckled Judge Owl who, with King Fisher, had hopped out on a limb overhanging the river, so that he could better enjoy the show. The judge was wearing the dark goggles which Peggy had given him at the time of the Birds' Harvest Party, and looked like a funny paper curtoon as he gurgled and giggled. Tags glanced angrily at Judge Owi. He couldn't understand bird talk, and didn't know what the judge was saying, but he could understand the hooting laugh that followed.

Angry over the washing he had been

"DREAMLAND ADVENTURES"

THE FIVE TRAMPS

A complete new adventure each week, beginning Monday and ending Baturday.



THE FIRST SHOT

who Fired the First Shot of the American Armu

CHAPTER XVII (Continued)

Stories of the great personal here ism trench, while the fight was on, drifted to our headquarters before the day was over. I will relate some of them.

Sergeants Patrick Walsh and William Norton were in a dugout when the Huns landed in our first-line trench.

"Come on out, you American dogs."

"We're coming!" yelled Walsh. He emerged with a gush with a 45-calliber automatic in each hand; he killed the boche captain with one shot, and menanced the rest of the German crew with his pistols.

"Come on out, shall we?" sneered the spunky American sergeant. "Well, spunky American sergeant sergeant se



Americans receiving the French Croix de Guerre for bravery

we're out, and what in the devil are you,

going to do about it?"

walsh had a double incentive for putting the best in him into that fight, for in his bosom was concealed the log book of his company. He knew the

When the advancing bords of bothes abuse by the Allies if they are captured. oing to do about it?"

had reached a shell hole about ten yards
Walsh had now been re-enforced by distant, Walsh yelled:

One of the prisoners who was sent to the hospital because of wounds wouldn't

Walsh had now been re-enforced by Norton and ten American soldiers, who had come forth from the dugout. One of the boches treacherously fired a shot pointblank at Walsh, but the shot grazed the right ear of the sergeant and buried itself harmlessly in a sandbag.

That quick cowardly shot was just the thing needed to warm good honest American blood to the boiling point, and the Yankees pitched into their foes, unmindful of the fact that they were out of the skull of another with the numbered three to one.

Walsh had now been re-enforced by distant, Walsh yelled:

"Fire!"

Bullets chugged from Yankee rifles, Bullets chugged from Yankee rifles, and several of the Huns went down.

"Mix in, boys, now and kick hell out of 'em!" shouted Walsh, jumping into the thick of the fight and laying about him in every direction. He put a bullet into a aggressive Germany, and the Yankees pitched into their foes, unmindful of the fact that they were out.

That raid made us so mad that we deside three to one.

Walsh yelled:

"Fire!"

Bullets chugged from Yankee rifles, Au and s spired by the plucky work of their leader, fought with the vim and courage of American fighters of old. It was a hand-

> The Americans sweated, puffed, swore and grunted as they junged with knives, swung rifle butts and searched for Hunnish windpipes with wiry fingers. As for the Huns, they quickly realized

to-hand fracas that would have made

Israel Putnam, that fine old saint of

Yankee battledom, chuckle with glee

scarcely believe you to be Huns and traitors. We're good Americans!" shouted the tramps in an angry chorus.

"Don't you dare call yourself good Americans!" warned Peggy, going right up to them and shaking her tiny fist in their faces. "Good Americans are fighting and dying in France today; good Americans are making munitions and building shi scood Americans are giving their money, their time, they had unwittingly struck into a very bad hornets' nessen at travers in their haste to get back home.

In the sams attack a big Irish corporal ran into two Germans near a traverse in the American trench. He was so close to the boches that he couldn't use his bayonet, so he grabbed one of them by the neck and pressed his thumb clean through the fellow's windpipe, choking him to death. The other German started to run, and the corporal spitted him with his bayonet.

"But what are the Huns doing? What are you five tramps doing?" Peggy pointed an accusing finger at each one in turn.

"We're not Huns and traitors. We're good Americans at travers in the American trench. He was so close to the boches that he couldn't use his bayonet, so he grabbed one of them by the neck and pressed his thumb clean through the fellow's windpipe, choking him to death. The other German started to run, and the corporal spitted him with his bayonet.

An American private of simal stature engaged in a terrific hand-to-hand fight with a' giant Prussian. The boche was as powerful as a bollemaker, and bent his adversary backward, evidently with the intention of breaking the spine of the American solder. But they yank

What are traitors doing? What are you are training doing? Peggy pointed an accusing finger at each one in turn. "While our brave boys are struggling against the enemy you aren't raising a hand to help them. You are even stealing the food the farmers are raising to feed them. You are even stealing the food the farmers are raising to feed them. You are idlers, you are struggling to feed them. You are idlers, you are struggling to feed them. You are idlers, you are struggling to feed them. You are idlers, you are thicves? Shame on you, Huns? Shame on you, Huns? Shame on you, Huns? Shame on you, Huns? Shame on you it is seen to be called a Hun and traitor shouled Tags. Indignantly. You life to shouled Tags. Indignantly. You life to shouled Tags. Indignantly. You life more consecuted to be called a Hun and traitor shouled Tags. Indignantly. You life more some consecution of the more of the property of

TRENCH TALK

MESS KIT. Every soldier is supplied with an aluminum frying pan, with folding handle, which locks a similar dish on the pan as a cover. Inside repose a knife, fork and spoon, and this outfit in a canvas bag, together with the army tin cup, make up what is known as the soldier's mess kit. With it, he can cook himself, from his emergency-rations, a very acceptable meal wherever he may happen to he.

MINENWERFER, The German name for a trench mortar, a short

name for a trench mortar, a short gun of sometimes large caliber, which is equipped to throw heavy mines or bombs from the bottom of a trench into the enemy's trenches MITRAILLEUSE. A kind of ma-

with AILLEUSE. A kind of machine gun.

MULE SKINNER. The soldier's name for a teamster.

MUNITION DUMP. In order to have an ample supply of shells on hand, it is customary to bring up huge numbers of high-explosive and shrapnel shells and pile them somewhere near the artillery. This dump then becomes a target for the enemy's guns and airplanes. which endeavor to drop a bomb on the dump, which will explode the whole.

whole, whole, whole, the Huns take great delight in sending over against the Allied lines. It smells like inustard and makes the eyes water. No MAN'S LAND. The strip of territory lying between the hostile trenches, which no man owns and no man wants. It is populated chiefly by shell holes and barbed wire.

chiefly by shell holes and barbed wire.

NOSE-DIVE. An airplane maneuver in which the pilot points the nose of his machine downward and dives at his adversary with full engine power on and firing his machine gun as he falls. Machines have been known to attain a speed of more than 200 miles an hour in this maneuver.

THE SWEETEST, THE BRAVEST

"CAP" STUBBS-Of Course, "Cap" Was to Blame

MAROONED !

WONDERFUL SINGER

He (guiltily)-Well, ma'am, the nurses have been pretty good to me.-Yale Record.

Lady tto wannied soldier in hos-

pital)-You must have come

through some pretty tight

NOW WELL FETCH THE

> My wife is a wonderful vocalist; why, I have heard her hold her audience for hours-"

"Get out!" "After which she would lay it in a cradle and rock it to sleep."-Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.









