"THE CRACK IN THE BELL" PULLS ASIDE VEIL DISCLOSING PHILADELPHIA POLITICS IN ITS CORRUPT RAMIFICATIONS

Conditions That Make Possible Such Affairs as the "Bloody Fifth" Primary Murder Explained

Peter Clark Macfarlane, Noted Political Writer and Novelist, Tells Results of His Investigation

Continued from Page One

to measure this distance critically and to find it wanting.

"What you doin', Rosenscweig, with your store on the sidewalk?" he demanded harshly. "Don't you know it's against the law?"

"Vat law? Vat you mean?" Moritz gurgled, struggling with the lump of apprehension in his throat.

"Four feet three inches from the building line is what the law says. You got seven feet if you got an inch, and the public can walk in the gutter, huh!"

Moritz turned slightly yellow, but as in the first moment of conflict with Strongburger, so now he waved his arms weakly up and down the street, where a single sweep of the eye comprehended fruits, vegetables, fish, both live carp and dried herring, fowl and in short goods of every kind scattered over the pavement or piled within a foot of the curb. **In a score of places the encroachment was far greater than that modest yardage which Moritz had ventured upon, and in some Hellman's hyperbole about crowding pedestrians into the gutter threatened to become a fact. But to this pantomime of the little storekeeper the policeman's answer was that hard, unseeing eye—or an eye that saw at most only the sprawling, sinning boxes of Moritz Rosenscweig.**

"Efen uptown dey do it," ventured Moritz, his little eyes mingling fear and pleading.

The Second Ultimatum

"Uptown? Say! You ain't uptown, are you?" queried Officer Hellman, contemptuously. "If the boxes ain't back to the line when I come by in an hour I'll pinch you."

Moritz coughed slightly, covering his mouth with his hand, but with his timid rabbit eyes still fixed on the officer, and his glance almost liquid with appeal.

"In an hour," growled Hellman, moving on. That was his answer to the look, and his mercy was that he neglected to help himself to an apple, as Strongburger had done. But perhaps Hellman did not care for apples.

Patiently, painstakingly, with dejection etched in every line of his face, Moritz took down his outer row of boxes and carried them inside, but the fruit rack still projected, and even one empty tomato box beyond the four feet and three inches allowed by law would be excuse enough for Hellman. Therefore, Wiener the carpenter was employed to cut the rack in two, but though he and his boy finished their task as rapidly as possible, the regular current of business had now been so much interrupted, disturbed and deflected that closing time that night found the merchant's stock of unsold perishables on hand so large as to be alarming. Moritz, however, was given to hope. The next day was Sunday and Sunday was a great shopping day in the Ghetto. It was especially good for the vender of fruit, for many workingmen were idle and had the money to buy. Moreover, it was a day upon which the populace was accustomed to grant itself the indulgence of small luxuries.

Besides, while all the stores were open on Sunday, it was not the custom to display one's goods upon the sidewalk; so much of a concession was made to the Gentiles' law. Therefore, Moritz would be once more upon an even footing with his fellow merchants, so he smiled confidently. In the night, moreover, the idea for a stroke of unusual enterprise visited Rosenscweig's pillow. Next morning he delivered the stroke by dragging out a small graphophone from the family living room in the rear and put Rachel to the winding and changing that was necessary to keep the little pest wheezing. The effect was good. It made passers-by stop, look and listen. Then they smiled and followed the lure. Once they were inside, Moritz attended to the business of salesmanship. By nine o'clock business was "fair." By ten it was brisk. From ten-fifteen onward Moritz had no longer time to rub his hands together complacently. But at ten-forty-five a huge blue shadow darkened the door.

"What are you doin' here open on Sunday?" demanded Strongburger. "Don't you know the law? Look here, Moritz," and a brutal fist appeared beneath the little Hebrew's nose, "I been havin' trouble enough with you. You're pinched right now."

The Strongburger hand secured a hold on the loose folds of the Rosenscweig collar, and the little man was jerked with unnecessary violence over a pile of apple boxes and through the line of his stampeding customers to the door.

Arrested

"Please vait a minute till I get me my hat, please!" whined Rosenscweig.

"You should," conceded Strongburger dryly, and when some excited customer passed over that article of apparel from where it hung on the same hook with a garland of garlic, the officer himself jammed it down on the head of his prisoner. Then he marched little Moritz toward the patrol box at the corner. Rachel, wailing and protesting, followed as far as the front door, where she halted, distraught between love for her husband and frugal concern for the little stock which might dwindle astonishingly if her back were turned for a moment.

Strongburger rang for the wagon and while he waited a small crowd gathered. Moritz sulked in silence, making no questions, voicing no protests. What was the use? But Rachel continued to lift her lamentations on high and so loudly that they were heard for a young man some distance down the block. This young man was of goodly proportions and athletic figure, and his face was pleasant. Mr. Officer, he didn't go to call away, my Moritz didn't," screamed

decorously dressed in a black derby hat, a cutaway coat and gray-striped trousers. By the token of these clothes the young man was alien to the neighborhood, and by token of that stubborn manner in which his advancing feet were planted, as he sniffed and gazed about him, his consciousness was being assailed at every step by that which shocked his sensibilities and roused his disapproval.

The name of this young stranger was Jeremiah Thomas Archer, and his presence here this morning was due entirely to his normal and proper interest in things religious. The rich generally believe in religion for the poor; it gives them hope. Besides, it is well that they should be taught the commandments, especially "Thou shalt not covet" and "Thou shalt not steal."

A Charitable Mission

"Oh, brother Jerry," the Rev. Doctor Keightley had said, calling Jeremiah on the phone approximately one hour earlier, "There is to be an important meeting of the board of our Italian Mission before their service this morning. I want some representative of our church there to assure them of our co-operation and sympathy in the new building operation. Could you go?"

"Why certainly, Doctor. I'll drive round there on my way to church." Doctor Keightley coughed.

"No, not the motor, if you please, Jerry," suggested the good man delicately. "We have to be very careful not to make any ostentatious display in connection with our work down there. It—it seems to rub some of our friends the wrong way."

"Oh, why—all right," and Jerry laughed good naturedly. "I'll jump on the street car then."

"If you would. Thank you so much." The phone was hung up with the well-bred tones of Doctor Keightley's voice still echoing in Jerry's ear.

So here was Jerry walking through a part of the city most unfamiliar to himself, and greatly distressed to find the stores on either side open and conducting a thriving mercantile business upon the Lord's Day.

"Isn't there such a thing as law in Philadelphia?" demanded Jerry of his intelligence. His intelligence said there was, but just at this moment he brought up before the wailing Rachel.

"My—my good woman," and Jerry lifted his hat. "You appear to be in distress."

The young man's round blue eyes looked sympathy at the same moment that his frown expressed reproof for the making of all this ill-bred clatter on the Sabbath. This expression of reproof brought into prominence other of Jerry's facial assets, for it clamped a straight, clean mouth and pushed forward a round knobby chin with a dimple in it so large that it amounted virtually to a cleft. "All kinds of determination in that chin," a physiognomist would say, "especially when you take that strong straight nose into account." Yet until something roused him Jeremiah Thomas Archer's features were just clean-cut and pleasant, with the sort of twinkle in the eye that reveals a native humor in the soul, and the kind of a smile on the lips that reflects a glad and buoyant nature.

"I would gif my head to be cut off, Moritz ain't done nothing wrong," responded the woman, pausing in her wailing to make estimate through tears of the sort of person who was addressing her.

Seeing no Moritz, for the patrol box with its policeman, its prisoner and its little knot of curious bystanders was just out of sight around the corner, Jerry looked his need of further enlightenment.

"My Gott! Dey pinched my husband to jail," quavered Rachel, tears and lamentations beginning once more.

The Club Lands

"Ah, yes," sympathized Jerry, doubtful what to do or say. The woman's husband was some kind of law-breaker, no doubt. Yet he, a Christian man, on his way to a service of the church, ought to be able to extend some sort of consolation.

"Per—perhaps I might help if you would tell me what your husband did," volunteered Jerry.

"He did not do nothin'," affirmed Rachel vehemently. "Yesterday they ask him he should cover up the fruit," and Rachel began a mournful cataloguing of her woes.

"But that is the law," suggested Jeremiah Thomas Archer to her impressively for he had a great respect for law.

"Und de stand dey make him cut it in half and take it avay."

"But that, too, is the law."

Rachel waved a despairing hand down the streets at the permanent racks in front of every store, bare today, but their outlines mute witness to how recklessly the ordinance was disregarded.

"And today, de best day in de week, dey arrest him, so he does no business atall!"

"But—but," Jerry tried to be gentle. "To keep open on Sunday is against the law. It is very wrong." What Rachel would have replied to consolation like this will never be known, for the clang of the approaching patrol wagon sounded and drew her from the door to the curb where she could see her husband and call to him. Jerry, following her eyes, for the first time discerned the little knot of people clustered about the patrol box and drew near curiously, but with heartbeat quickening at glimpsing another scene in this wretched bit of drama. Meantime the imminence of his departure roused Moritz into calling back some sort of instructions to his wife about the closing of the store and the care of the stock.

"Rachel! Yes! Rachel!" he shouted and twisted about in an effort to make out her face beyond the screen of bystanders. This unexpected movement released the lax fingers of Strongburger, whose eye and mind were on the approaching wagon, till startled by finding his hand suddenly empty.

"Resist an officer, will yuh?" he barked, and retaking the prisoner with his left hand, the club in his right hand, described a very small arc and stopped abruptly against the little Jew's head. It was not a hard blow, as blows of the locust go. It merely staggered the prisoner and opened up a crack in his scalp, from which a stream of crimson trickled downward in his collar.

"Oh, brother Jerry," the Rev. Doctor Keightley had said, calling Jeremiah on the phone approximately one hour earlier. "There is to be an important meeting of the board of our Italian Mission before their service this morning. I want some representative of our church there to assure them of our co-operation and sympathy in the new building operation. Could you go?"

"Why certainly, Doctor. I'll drive round there on my way to church." Doctor Keightley coughed.

"No, not the motor, if you please, Jerry," suggested the good man delicately. "We have to be very careful not to make any ostentatious display in connection with our work down there. It—it seems to rub some of our friends the wrong way."

"Oh, why—all right," and Jerry laughed good naturedly. "I'll jump on the street car then."

"If you would. Thank you so much." The phone was hung up with the well-bred tones of Doctor Keightley's voice still echoing in Jerry's ear.

So here was Jerry walking through a part of the city most unfamiliar to himself, and greatly distressed to find the stores on either side open and conducting a thriving mercantile business upon the Lord's Day.

"Isn't there such a thing as law in Philadelphia?" demanded Jerry of his intelligence. His intelligence said there was, but just at this moment he brought up before the wailing Rachel.

"My—my good woman," and Jerry lifted his hat. "You appear to be in distress."

The young man's round blue eyes looked sympathy at the same moment that his frown expressed reproof for the making of all this ill-bred clatter on the Sabbath. This expression of reproof brought into prominence other of Jerry's facial assets, for it clamped a straight, clean mouth and pushed forward a round knobby chin with a dimple in it so large that it amounted virtually to a cleft. "All kinds of determination in that chin," a physiognomist would say, "especially when you take that strong straight nose into account." Yet until something roused him Jeremiah Thomas Archer's features were just clean-cut and pleasant, with the sort of twinkle in the eye that reveals a native humor in the soul, and the kind of a smile on the lips that reflects a glad and buoyant nature.

"I would gif my head to be cut off, Moritz ain't done nothing wrong," responded the woman, pausing in her wailing to make estimate through tears of the sort of person who was addressing her.

Seeing no Moritz, for the patrol box with its policeman, its prisoner and its little knot of curious bystanders was just out of sight around the corner, Jerry looked his need of further enlightenment.

"My Gott! Dey pinched my husband to jail," quavered Rachel, tears and lamentations beginning once more.

The Club Lands

"Ah, yes," sympathized Jerry, doubtful what to do or say. The woman's husband was some kind of law-breaker, no doubt. Yet he, a Christian man, on his way to a service of the church, ought to be able to extend some sort of consolation.

"Per—perhaps I might help if you would tell me what your husband did," volunteered Jerry.

"He did not do nothin'," affirmed Rachel vehemently. "Yesterday they ask him he should cover up the fruit," and Rachel began a mournful cataloguing of her woes.

"But that is the law," suggested Jeremiah Thomas Archer to her impressively for he had a great respect for law.

"Und de stand dey make him cut it in half and take it avay."

"But that, too, is the law."

Rachel waved a despairing hand down the streets at the permanent racks in front of every store, bare today, but their outlines mute witness to how recklessly the ordinance was disregarded.

"And today, de best day in de week, dey arrest him, so he does no business atall!"

"But—but," Jerry tried to be gentle. "To keep open on Sunday is against the law. It is very wrong." What Rachel would have replied to consolation like this will never be known, for the clang of the approaching patrol wagon sounded and drew her from the door to the curb where she could see her husband and call to him. Jerry, following her eyes, for the first time discerned the little knot of people clustered about the patrol box and drew near curiously, but with heartbeat quickening at glimpsing another scene in this wretched bit of drama. Meantime the imminence of his departure roused Moritz into calling back some sort of instructions to his wife about the closing of the store and the care of the stock.

"Rachel! Yes! Rachel!" he shouted and twisted about in an effort to make out her face beyond the screen of bystanders. This unexpected movement released the lax fingers of Strongburger, whose eye and mind were on the approaching wagon, till startled by finding his hand suddenly empty.

"Resist an officer, will yuh?" he barked, and retaking the prisoner with his left hand, the club in his right hand, described a very small arc and stopped abruptly against the little Jew's head. It was not a hard blow, as blows of the locust go. It merely staggered the prisoner and opened up a crack in his scalp, from which a stream of crimson trickled downward in his collar.

"Oh, brother Jerry," the Rev. Doctor Keightley had said, calling Jeremiah on the phone approximately one hour earlier. "There is to be an important meeting of the board of our Italian Mission before their service this morning. I want some representative of our church there to assure them of our co-operation and sympathy in the new building operation. Could you go?"

"Why certainly, Doctor. I'll drive round there on my way to church." Doctor Keightley coughed.

"No, not the motor, if you please, Jerry," suggested the good man delicately. "We have to be very careful not to make any ostentatious display in connection with our work down there. It—it seems to rub some of our friends the wrong way."

"Oh, why—all right," and Jerry laughed good naturedly. "I'll jump on the street car then."

"If you would. Thank you so much." The phone was hung up with the well-bred tones of Doctor Keightley's voice still echoing in Jerry's ear.

So here was Jerry walking through a part of the city most unfamiliar to himself, and greatly distressed to find the stores on either side open and conducting a thriving mercantile business upon the Lord's Day.

"Isn't there such a thing as law in Philadelphia?" demanded Jerry of his intelligence. His intelligence said there was, but just at this moment he brought up before the wailing Rachel.

"My—my good woman," and Jerry lifted his hat. "You appear to be in distress."

The young man's round blue eyes looked sympathy at the same moment that his frown expressed reproof for the making of all this ill-bred clatter on the Sabbath. This expression of reproof brought into prominence other of Jerry's facial assets, for it clamped a straight, clean mouth and pushed forward a round knobby chin with a dimple in it so large that it amounted virtually to a cleft. "All kinds of determination in that chin," a physiognomist would say, "especially when you take that strong straight nose into account." Yet until something roused him Jeremiah Thomas Archer's features were just clean-cut and pleasant, with the sort of twinkle in the eye that reveals a native humor in the soul, and the kind of a smile on the lips that reflects a glad and buoyant nature.

"I would gif my head to be cut off, Moritz ain't done nothing wrong," responded the woman, pausing in her wailing to make estimate through tears of the sort of person who was addressing her.

Seeing no Moritz, for the patrol box with its policeman, its prisoner and its little knot of curious bystanders was just out of sight around the corner, Jerry looked his need of further enlightenment.

"My Gott! Dey pinched my husband to jail," quavered Rachel, tears and lamentations beginning once more.

The Club Lands

"Ah, yes," sympathized Jerry, doubtful what to do or say. The woman's husband was some kind of law-breaker, no doubt. Yet he, a Christian man, on his way to a service of the church, ought to be able to extend some sort of consolation.

"Per—perhaps I might help if you would tell me what your husband did," volunteered Jerry.

"He did not do nothin'," affirmed Rachel vehemently. "Yesterday they ask him he should cover up the fruit," and Rachel began a mournful cataloguing of her woes.

"But that is the law," suggested Jeremiah Thomas Archer to her impressively for he had a great respect for law.

"Und de stand dey make him cut it in half and take it avay."

"But that, too, is the law."

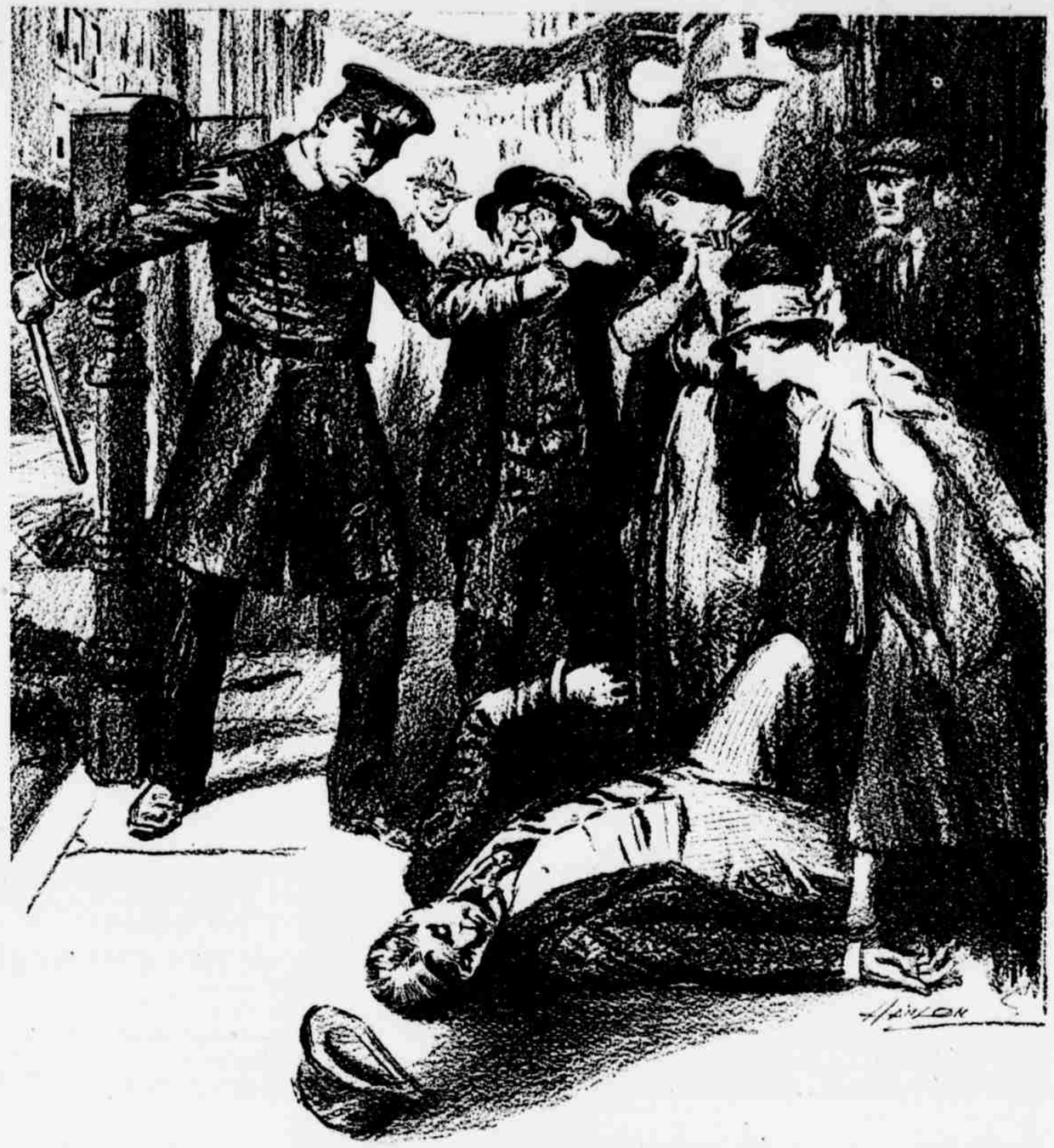
Rachel waved a despairing hand down the streets at the permanent racks in front of every store, bare today, but their outlines mute witness to how recklessly the ordinance was disregarded.

"And today, de best day in de week, dey arrest him, so he does no business atall!"

"But—but," Jerry tried to be gentle. "To keep open on Sunday is against the law. It is very wrong." What Rachel would have replied to consolation like this will never be known, for the clang of the approaching patrol wagon sounded and drew her from the door to the curb where she could see her husband and call to him. Jerry, following her eyes, for the first time discerned the little knot of people clustered about the patrol box and drew near curiously, but with heartbeat quickening at glimpsing another scene in this wretched bit of drama. Meantime the imminence of his departure roused Moritz into calling back some sort of instructions to his wife about the closing of the store and the care of the stock.

"Rachel! Yes! Rachel!" he shouted and twisted about in an effort to make out her face beyond the screen of bystanders. This unexpected movement released the lax fingers of Strongburger, whose eye and mind were on the approaching wagon, till startled by finding his hand suddenly empty.

"Resist an officer, will yuh?" he barked, and retaking the prisoner with his left hand, the club in his right hand, described a very small arc and stopped abruptly against the little Jew's head. It was not a hard blow, as blows of the locust go. It merely staggered the prisoner and opened up a crack in his scalp, from which a stream of crimson trickled downward in his collar.



Strongburger's second blow found its mark. It was not a hard crack, as blows of the locust go, but it was sufficient to open Jerry's skull and send him into an unexpected sleep

Archer, "What did you hit that little man for?"

"Who the blazes are you?" demanded Strongburger, and impudently lifted his club, as if he would slap it backward into the face of the unknown young man who had challenged him so boldly.

Jeremiah was already excited. Indignant wrath burned in his veins. This impudence, this insult, was one which his nature did not permit him to endure. His arms flew up; the club was waved aside as if it had been a paper scepter and the right fist of Jerry shot out and landed. Had it been a hard blow it would have knocked the policeman down. It was not. It was only an excited blow, aimed by the instinct of a man suddenly angry, and it merely stung and cut the Strongburger lip.

The officer retaliated with his club, but Jerry dodged and stung the official mouth again, then, shifting his attack, he smote the patrolman's stomach, evoking a savage grunt; but about this time Strongburger's club found its target and the head of Jerry reeled under a blow that suggested to his mind the impact of a stroke of lightning. He dropped to his knees.

It was strange, but in this moment the young man's most vivid consciousness was of a woman's scream and his vision photographed somewhere outside the circle which surrounded him a beautiful girl, covering her eyes with her hand—a girl whom he had not seen before. His main business, however, just now, was the business of combat. Staggering upward he aimed another fist, but instead, received a second crashing blow—this time from behind—telling that re-enforcements had arrived. This stroke sent the young man helpless to the cobbles and as he lapsed into unconsciousness he was experiencing the sensation of being trampled under foot by stampeding mules. As a matter of fact, this was merely the amiable kicking of a policeman's number twelve feet, into his stomach, his back and his sides. Presently Jerry was dead even to this sensation.

He heard no more of the hysteric clamorings of Rachel. He did not know that Moritz, before mounting to his seat in the wagon, turned a sidewise glance of grateful sympathy on the rumpled heap in the gutter; neither did he know that thereafter his own battered form was tossed in at the little Jew's feet, nor that the officer in charge of the wagon had thereupon called out—"P. H."—to the man on the driver's seat. Had he been conscious he would not have understood that "P. H." was police for Pennsylvania Hospital; but he was not conscious, and so there was nothing to worry about at all on his account until dinnertime rolled round in the expensive home of Henry Trowbridge Archer, which was located in the beautiful and fashionable suburb of Overbrook.

CHAPTER II

An Empty Chair

HENRY TROWBRIDGE ARCHER, it might be written on the screen at this point, was by way of being a first citizen. His line went back in Philadelphia 200 years. His family were a part of its most exclusive society. He held membership in its most distinctive clubs. He was a director of trust companies, a vice president of banks, a trustee of educational and philanthropic institutions. His integrity was as notable as the temper of his steel. For Mr. Archer's business was manufacturing and his product was edged tools. Archer tools were of the sort that gave reputation to Philadelphia manufactures. They went far; they bored tunnels in India; they chiseled out the beds of railroads in the rockbound Andes; they mined for diamonds in Africa; they made cannon for England and France—Germany, too, perhaps—and they figured in the vast shipbuilding program of Uncle Samuel, for wherever hard steel must be shaved like cheese Archer tools were relied upon to do the shaving.

Five generations of Archers had been perfecting these tools, and the Archers had come to be like them. They were keen, blue-steel aristocrats of mend true to God—as they knew him; true to business principles—as commonly accepted in Philadelphia; thrifty, cultured, not given to display. They might have made a great deal more money than they did. They could have recapitalized and expanded and branched out lustrously. But they hadn't. That is, they hadn't up to now; but a change was upon them.

Henry Trowbridge Archer, with a [illegible] million or two in his business, vested in readily convertibles, was preparing to lean back and take his ease when he made the uncomfortable discovery that ease was not to be permitted. This was on account of the character of the fifth generation of Archers. His two sons were somehow variants in the line. Paul John Archer, thirty-two and the elder, exhibited something like money lust. A million was nothing to him. He wanted many millions. Jerry, on the other hand, twenty-nine and the younger, cared nothing for money, but was enormously capable and bubbling with unsapped energies. Modest, conscientious, human, likable, Jerry had driving power and organizing ability. With Paul to propose and Jerry to achieve they made a most effective team.

It was, therefore, solely to provide scope for the ambitions of one son and the business abilities of the other that old Henry T., in the year when he had meant to retire, found himself engaged in the refinancing of the Archer Tool Works and laying out plans for a new factory that would double the old one in capacity.

"Father's" Aid Invoked

But turning now from the business projects of the Archers to the family itself: there was the Sunday dinner spread, and there was the one chair empty and unexplained. The sight of it worried Henry Archer, though his pride would not have confessed it for the world, and he tried to keep the conversation on other things; but Susan Archer, woman-like, mother-like, kept bringing everybody's mind back to the interrogation point.

"Jerry was never detained before without telephoning," she remarked for the hundredth time. "I do wish he had gone in the car. They would rob a man for fifteen cents down there in those river wards."

"Don't worry, mother," urged Constance, the twenty-two-year-old daughter. "Jerry can take care of himself anywhere. Nobody could hurt him."

"Rob? Hurt? What are you two women talking about?" interrogated Mr. Archer, with some slight show of irritation. "As if a man on his way to church on Sunday morning were not perfectly safe in any part of the city."

"Of course, it's quite absurd," agreed Constance, "but mother looks so worried I don't know whether to laugh at her or to console."

Mrs. Archer, however, did not lower any colors to her husband's rebuking glance, and read his mood more truly than he suspected.

"There was that dreadful murder a few weeks ago down there," she argued, "and one reads so much about misgovernment, protection to thieves and all that sort of thing, these days."

"Newspaper exaggerations," stormed Mr. Archer. "Slanders! Slanders on our city. Nothing else."

Looking at each member of his family in succession to make sure they understood that the head of it had spoken officially and ex-cathedra, he let his glance wander complacently out the wide window, and across broad lawns to the rustic stone wall which inclosed the Archer mansion and give it part of its air of comfortable exclusiveness. Beyond this the owner's glance reached on to other lawns and other stone walls and other comfortably exclusive mansions—sights which sufficiently typified the entire atmosphere in which the Archer family life was lived, and gave excuse for that assumption of security wherein they dwelt. As his butler helped him to a second slice of the toothsome roast, Mr. Archer could truly congratulate himself the point of view of any who maintained that the established order in Philadelphia was not the preferred and approximately perfected order.

When the meal was over the atmosphere of mid-autumn tempted to the open air and Henry and his son Paul adjourned to the wide veranda and composed their minds for such contemplation as became a day of worship. Physically Paul was a paler and taller edition of his brother, but with a cynic expression on his thinner features and a more calculating disposition.

"Christianity is the leaven that will redeem the world," reflected the father, as if some dregs of that suggestion of his wife about misgovernment lingered still in his mind. "That and education. I'm sending another $5000 tomorrow to the China Inland Mission."

"What appeals to me about modern missions," suggested Paul, by the way of taking up his father's lead, "is that they not only save the heathen hereafter but they save 'em now. They teach 'em how to get the best out of life." Being himself inclined to value most that which he could hold in his hand, this was a perfectly natural emphasis for Paul, but further pursuance of the subject was precluded by the darting into the yard of a saucy little blue automobile with a somewhat saucy looking female figure at the helm. Deep blue eyes peered out from under a small hat brim which the green automobile veil drew close, and other glimpses of color were afforded by the flush of rose upon oval cheeks and the gleam of white smiling teeth.

"Where's Jerry?" was demanded somewhat imperiously. "He was going to telephone me."

"Why, we don't know, Ruth," responded Paul, hurrying down to the side of the car. "We thought he might have gone to your house."

By this time Henry T. Archer was himself at the foot of the steps and doing something like obeisance at the side of the snappy little car. Obeisance was right and proper too, for Ruth Buckingham queened it over the local aristocracy. Her line was ancient, going back to that first shipload of Philadelphians, and the fortune of which she was sole heiress went into the millions. The relation between Ruth and Jerry had not been defined as yet. She liked him and in her charming, willful way exercised proprietary authority. He loved her and in his humorously persistent fashion assumed the ground of a relationship which no word of hers had yet justified, but behind the assumption his heart trembled and leaped. Caring nothing for money, he cared everything for Ruth. He would have fought for her though she had not a dollar, and he was jealous of her money as of something that raised a bar between them.

"Jerry went down to attend a board meeting of the Italian mission this morning, and he hasn't returned," enlarged Paul.

"I had half a suspicion that you had kidnapped him and carried him off to Glen Arden," volunteered Mr. Archer into the majestic silence which Queen Ruth maintained. In mentioning Glen Arden Mr. Archer had suggested the name of the most favored out-of-town residence of the Buckingham located out on the Old York road far enough away to be immersed in the country and near enough to the city to make all its affairs swiftly accessible to flying motorcars.

But the tone in which Mr. Archer had spoken conveyed to that young woman that he began to be distinctly anxious about his son. She forgot to be Queen Ruth and more and became just a girl concerned over the whereabouts and well-being of a valued playfellow.

"But I didn't, Mr. Archer," she declared with a ring of conviction in her voice and round inquiring eyes. "I didn't. He was to telephone me and he hasn't. Why, what—where—" Ruth was beginning to alarm herself.

At this juncture Mrs. Archer appeared on the porch in search of her husband and waving her hands madly.

"Doctor Keightley has just phoned to inquire about Jerry. It seems he didn't get to the board meeting at all," she announced with white lips.

At this news Henry Archer's face betrayed something like consternation, but he did not speak. For a moment there was straining silence, broken by Ruth.

"Why—why, something must have happened to Jerry!" she exclaimed in a frightened gasp.

"Something surely has," decided Paul. "Whatever shall we do?" wailed Mrs. Archer.

Pushing the Button

"Notify the police. Have them comb the neighborhood of that church," was Paul's proposal.

"No * * * father!" ejaculated Ruth, as if by the utterance of that word she invoked the ultimate power.

To the girl her father was a superman. And not to her alone. The president of several great manufacturing corporations, chairman of the boards of others, director in too many to count, sire of banks and trust companies, godfather of philanthropic and eleemosynary and educational institutions, a man whom people, trusting once, had learned to trust again until vast fiduciary responsibilities had been heaped and pyramided on his head—Willard H. Buckingham loomed in the community.

To the daughter his strength which had never yet been tested. His arm, his voice had never failed her. He

Men Whom You Have Read About and Incidents Familiar to You Form Basis of This Unusual Story

Everything in the Story Is About Philadelphia—It Is True in All Essential Details, Held Together by a Human Element

be kind enough to have him located for me at once. At once!"

So spoke the absolute. So the button was pressed.

"At once, Mr. Buckingham," responded the button, the wires heavy with the honeyed obsequiousness of this assurance.

"Thank you, Edmunds," said Mr. Buckingham, and the phone was hung up with that air of decision, of so much settled, which characterized all Mr. Buckingham's transactions. Turning to his daughter he suggested drily: "Before I can get word for Edmunds you will probably hear from your auburn Adonis at some country club or other, or learn that he forgot the mission and went off on a yachting party with some of his cronies."

Ruth, after this unburdening of her fears, had experienced a feeling of relief and absorbed something of assurance from that vast calm strength which emanated from her father's presence.

"Don't tease," she protested. "Oh, you're such a comfort, dad!" The girl kissed her father impulsively upon the cheek and then, while he nursed his cigar and stared into distance as became one with vast concerns upon his mind, she snuggled in a huge opposing chair and fell to gazing at him with an expression of rapt faith in one whose powers had never failed her and whose favor had never been withheld.

"I appear to have become superfluous," suggested Paul, by the way of reminding the two of them that he lingered on the scene.

"Oh, Paul, forgive me!" exclaimed Ruth, turning on him those blue bewitching eyes which seemed to carry with them the assurance that her owner must always obtain forgiveness or whatever dole she sought.

"We shall all become superfluous the moment your brother is rediscovered and taken possession of," commented Mr. Buckingham, turning a placid, even a benignant eye on Paul, for he liked the Archer boys. They were such clean, strong-looking, capable fellows, so self-contained, so representative of that older strain of Philadelphia blood which was now beginning to scatter widely and in some instances to be crowded out by blustering, hustling, noisy young men from outside—or from down below—good enough business men, shrewd, honest, capable, driving, but—noisy! loud of voice, loud of manner, loud of dress, loud in their self-assertion. The Archer boys were not like this, Paul especially. As for Jerry—well, Mr. Buckingham, shrewd assayer of the souls of men, had not entirely made up his mind about Jerry. He suspected the presence of an unknown quantity, but anyhow he liked the chap. Who could blame him? Who didn't like Jerry Archer?

CHAPTER III

Rescuers Rescued

MONSIEUR DEVAN idled before the rail of the booking sergeant in a downtown police station. M. Devan was without official position in the city, but he occupied a highly important position in the civic fabric of his ward. He was the professional bail-giver of the Carey faction.

At half-past eleven o'clock, besought by wifely tears and wailings, he had hurried to the station, accompanied by Michael Kelly, division leader, and secured the release from custody of Moritz Rosenscweig, by giving bond for that citizen's future appearance. **By this act, needless to say, Kelly and Devan considered that they had cemented the soul of Rosenscweig to the cause of Jimmie Carey for as long as the Jew should have a soul, or at least for as long as Carey should have a cause.**

But thereafter, M. Devan still lingered, and thereafter also, Magistrate Parry, likewise of the Carey faction, continued to loiter about, as prepared to do yet another service. This was because rumor had whispered to Division Leader Kelly of a stranger in the ward who had interfered in behalf of their clansman, Rosenscweig, to the extent of smiting the arresting officer twice upon the mouth. Rumor related further that the said stranger had thereupon been vigorously assaulted with a club or clubs—to such an extent, in fact, that while the patrol wagon was taking Moritz to the police station and a thirty-minute sojourn behind the bars, an ambulance was taking the intervener to an emergency hospital. Presently the wounded one would be shunted back to the station to be booked upon a charge of assaulting an officer. It was for this fact that M. Devan and Michael Kelly waited outside the rail and that Magistrate Parry waited within the rail prepared to accept the bail that would be proffered, and affix his seal to that copy of the charges upon which the sergeant would release the prisoner; for that a friend of Rosenscweig was a friend of Carey, and therefore to be taken care of as such, was but a kindergarten form of political reasoning.

About, or schedule Jerry appeared, pale in the face, uncertain in the knees and having his poll swathed in bandages till it resembled a Moslem's turban; beside which he bore other traces of his recent encounter with Strongburger's club. His collar, erstwhile immaculate, was soaked with blood and ran like a soggy red ribbon round his neck; his shirt was also incarnadined, and the white boson striped with red like a barber's pole. While still at home, Jerry found where the life fluid had splashed in rivulets down upon the shoulders and front of his coat. In fact, Jerry gave evidence that he had shed considerable blood in what one less chivalrous than he must certainly have regarded as a doubtful cause. Notwithstanding all of this, however, the young man was not so badly off, thanks to his vigorous constitution. True, his head was buzzing, but not much with anger as with pain.

"What's name?" demanded the sergeant.

"J. T. Archer," blurted the prisoner, and immediately a flood of wrath at the memory of what had been done to Jeremiah Thomas Archer darkened that thoroughbred mind for a moment. Eventually, however, things cleared somewhat and two ideas stood up sharply in consciousness. The first was that some kind of disgrace had come upon him, the knowledge of which must be carefully kept from his friends; the second was that he was entirely surrounded by enemies, the desk sergeant, that extra man sitting beside him, the policeman who had him in custody—all these were enemies. They were representatives of something dark and sinister, the existence of which in his native Philadelphia he had never suspected before.

That men could be so unfeeling, that any one could handle him so indifferently as had, for instance, that young snip of an interne who had mechanically shaved the hair from the edges of his wounds, washed and disinfected them with biting antiseptics and plastered or stitched them with the merest suggestion of a local anesthetic—that was a thing Jerry would hitherto have deemed impossible. As already averred, the memory of it angered its victim, but it roused also a stubborn streak in him. He might have voiced his father's name and the heraldic designs upon the family escutcheon in the way of dollar marks, but pride and discretion both forbade this. Instead he answered the remainder of the sergeant's questions with careful conservatism, not to say, with dissimulation.

"Take 'im back," directed the sergeant mechanically, when the details were on the slate. Ominous words! "Back" meant that gloomy wall of steel of which Jerry had caught a glimpse as they brought him into the station. He maddened freshly at the thought. As Archer to the common jail!

"Here, Magistrate! I go for him the bail!" announced one of two strangers standing outside the rail. Jerry turned on them surprised, and scrutinized each sharply. He had never seen either before. To him they had been but links in the chain of alien enemies that surrounded him. Now he perceived they were friends. Their act so stamped them. Instinctively he reached out a hand to the foreign looking man who had proffered bail, but M. Devan avoided the compliment, being then intent upon the matter of his business with the magistrate, who, nodding recognition, was busily preparing the bond for his signature.

At the Lafayette Club

Michael Kelly's business, however, was with the human element. He took the outstretched hand of Jeremiah Thomas Archer and led him through the rail to freedom.

"Some belt you stopped, old man," vouchsafed Michael, looking him over critically. "Want to go home? Tell me where you live and I'll send you home."

"I don't want to go home," announced Jeremiah stubbornly. "I want to go some place where I can lie down and think. I'm so mad I see red. That's the most that's the matter with me right now."

"You're seasick from that wallop," sympathized Kelly. "Come on over to the club and lay down a while. A couple hours on your back will fix you all right. Then we'll send you home."

"You're very kind Mr. —— Mr. ——"

"Kelly's my name. Michael Kelly, division leader for Jimmie Carey. Come on over to the club."

Leaving M. Devan to attend to his part of the transaction, and leading what he took for a prospective recruit to Carey's cause from the very arms of a disappointed-looking officer who, in true police fashion, was planning further reprisals against a man who had dared assail the uniform, Kelly conducted him to a three-story house in the neighborhood on the front door of which was painted, "Lafayette Club." Possibly some habitue of the place could have explained the significance of such a name for such an institution, but more probably not.

Jerry's curious eyes found the lower floor of the Lafayette Club furnished with large chairs, leather lounges and gorgeously figured carpets, and affording in general brave approximation of the appearance of much more ambitious establishments. Among these furnishings was a sideboard that was almost a bar. The second floor appeared to house more lounging or sitting or card rooms—whatever they might be termed—and through one half-open door Jerry caught a glimpse of men gathered in close conference, with hats pulled low over their eyes. On the third floor were bedrooms, and to one of these Jerry, with heavy feet, was led, and once upon his back, despite all the din from below stair and the stench of bad cigar smoke and unsterilized humanity which tainted the atmosphere, he relapsed immediately into slumber.

This slumber lasted while Sunday morning worship was concluded in the various churches of the city and the worshipers went home. It lasted while a Sunday dinner dragged through an anxious hour at Overbrook, while a young lady in an automobile dashed madly over the country, while Mr. Buckingham issued his mandate to the push-button, Edmunds, and while the latter set police wires humming. It ended when Jerry was aroused rudely by the bodily pain which resulted from an unconscious effort to turn upon his side. Memory came back slowly and the young man lay quite still, congratulating himself that his head had cleaved and wondering what it was that could have made his ribs and back so sore.

How long had he slept, was another query, and his watch answered more intelligently than his ribs. Approximately four hours, probably, since it was now half past three. Other ruminations followed. Who was this man Kelly, and the Frenchy looking big fellow who had said, "I go for him the bail"? Why had they done it? Why had they taken him to the Lafayette Club, and what was the Lafayette Club anyway?

Political Courtesy

Still muddling over these questions and others like them, although with the subconscious feeling that presently he must get up, prepare his people by telephone for what had happened to him and go about getting home, Jerry found his meditations broken in upon by the sound of hesitant footsteps on the stair, followed by scraps of low-toned conversation outside his door.

"That's who it is, all the same," was the first whole sentence that Jerry made out.

"Then you're sure out of luck today, Jake," taunted the other speaker. "I'd beat him up something artistic."

Both voices were faintly familiar.

"How the blazes would I know who he was?" demanded the first speaker in hurt tones. "Besides, he hit me."

Jerry listened with anger mounting as the speaker identified himself.

"You want to be a little more careful about clubbin' our people," blustered the party of the second part, who, of course, was Kelly.

"Your people!" The scorn of Strongburger was thick and withering. "This guy ain't your people. He's just a soft-hearted boob that butted in. At that he's liable to be broke for it," and the speaker became hurt again.

Jerry's wrath sputtered and exploded.

"Broke is nothing at all to what I'm going to do to you," he called out, his feet feeling uncertainly for the floor, his hand going involuntarily to his ribs as a throb of pain accompanied the sudden lifting from the pill