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

"THE CRACK IN THE BELL"

A STORY OF POLITICS IN PHILADELPHIA

• • • BY PETER CLARK MACFARLANE • • •

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CHAPTER XIX (Continued)

"FOR the love of Mike, look!" whispered Rissman excitedly as they [illegible]d the obstructing wall. **The gang [illegible] movements had aroused Jerry's [cur]iosity were again in sight. Pouring [out] of a blind alley opening from the [re]ar of the house into which they had [ent]ered, they surrounded Carey and [Ma]urer on the De Lancey street side[wa]lk and fell to beating them with [bla]ckjacks. Both men lurched and [do]dged this way and that, with faces [dist]orted and heads ducking behind their [up]lifted arms, but presently went down [under] a rain of blows. On the ground [the] beating still continued until some [of] the men, as if arms had wearied, be[gan] to kick the prostrate victims in[...]**

Jerry plunged forward instinctively, but Rissman clung to his arm.

"Keep out of it, Mr. Archer," he warned. "The odds are too great."

"That's my kind of a fight," insisted Jerry, dragging Rissman after him like a ball and chain as he struggled across the street.

Meantime kaleidoscope changes were taking place before their eyes. Time appeared to stand still. Events of the fractional part of a second seemed to be deliberately accomplished and to drag themselves out to lengths that were painful. Carey, beaten for a while, arched his huge back and staggered to his feet, where he groped blindly to the side of a building and leaned against it with blood streaming from his head. Maurer, too, was up.

The assaulting party, as if frightened by the sight of its own bloody work, had desisted and began to scatter widely over the pavement and on to the cobbles, looking this way and that uncertainly and seemed prepared to bolt. Meanwhile a group of plain-clothes men or disguised policemen, as Kelly had called them, came running down the other side of De Lancey street.

"Now that it's over," said Rissman sarcastically, for Jerry, seeing the men no longer being beaten, had come to a stop and was watching the drama—"now that it's over, the police'll come up and make a play at arresting these fellows. But they'll all make their getaway. Watch 'em scooting now."

But one officer, more zealous than the others, had dashed in among the scuttling gangsters, seized one of them and struggled to handcuff him. In the scuffle the prisoner was felled to the pavement and another gangster, seeing this, whipped out a revolver, fired two shots at the officer, then turned the corner and ran north on Sixth street. At the same time an advancing man far across on the other side of the street stopped running, leaned for a moment against the wall of the school building and then sank slowly to the pavement.

Cries and shouts resounded up and down the little street.

"Murder! Murder! Murder!" bleated a negress excitedly.

Jerry by this time was at the side of the man who had felled the gangster.

"Why, it's Officer 54213!" he exclaimed.

"For God's sake, Mr. Archer! Did you see that?" gasped Officer 54213, still clinging to his prisoner, but pale and excited. "That fellow shot point-blank at me twice. I just stooped down to grab this fellow and the bullets went right over me."

"One of 'em got Eppley," said another plain-clothes man coming up.

"No?" And Officer 54213, paler still and trembling more, turned and gazed across the street with an awed expression on his face to where Eppley lay now in the arms of a uniformed officer.

"Get that fellow, Bill! He shot me!" Eppley was saying as he died.

But already two uniformed policemen, of whom the district was so full, had grabbed the flying gunman as he ran into their arms and marched him, sullen, frightened and excited, to the station.

Carey still lurched against the side of the building, one hand supporting his body, the other pressed to his head. When taken away for a moment it was covered with blood, and he stared at it stupidly.

One of the valiant group of uniformed policemen who had permitted fifteen or twenty gangsters to swing their blackjacks at will for several minutes on the street and allowed all but two of them to escape, now asserted his valor by arresting the helpless Carey.

Confusion, meantime, was multiplying. The place was alive with policemen, camouflaged and otherwise. Patrol wagons and ambulances clanged and fought their way in among the gathering crowd, while the colored woman's excited clamorings still punctuated the atmosphere. The police, however, were not by this untoward accident to be diverted from the prime duty of the hour. [Fa]r up the block a hundred yards a group of them were arresting the election officers, who in this division were all negroes, for carrying concealed weapons.

Jerry followed the patrol wagon to the police station. He saw the two gunmen searched and booked; he witnessed the dramatic discovery of the small white ribbons tied in the second buttonhole of each vest—ribbons that were to be a sign to the police that these were friendly to the murderers, and, as it were, allies in disguise whose bloody harvest was not to be disturbed.

Later the young man talked to the blood-soaked Carey as he sat in the office of Magistrate Harrigan, with his head swathed in bandages more mountainous than Jerry himself had worn.

More than any sight of blood or bandages, the gaze upon his eye told how seriously the man was wounded, but with the instinct of the fighter he refused to leave the field. Stolidly and stubbornly, with manifestation of that adhesive quality which is characteristic of the man, he clung to the armchair and sat amid his henchmen, receiving reports, issuing orders and planning what advantage was to be taken of this grave strategical error on the part of [his] enemies.

From the window as he looked out Jerry saw squads of additional policemen—mounted men this time—moving [in]to the Fifth Ward, to patrol the streets and preserve order, while the work of conducting an election went steadily forward.

"Am I in Mexico watching an election under Porfirio Diaz?" Jerry asked himself as he stepped out of Magistrate Harrigan's office. But right in front of him was Independence Square, so he knew that he was not in Mexico but in the city of Philadelphia. He entered the square and moved diagonally across to the spot where the Declaration of Independence was first read to the world; then he shifted his gaze to the outside of that beloved building in which the Declaration had been drafted. To [real]ize the possibilities of the situation [to] the full he stepped inside and looked [at] the table on which the sacred document had lain, and at the inkwells from which the fluid had been dipped to sign [it].

"They ought to let Jimmie Carey and [Deu]tsch come in and write their [names] on it, too," he remarked cynically, and then turned to pause a moment beside the ancient oak mountings [of the] Liberty Bell. As he gazed at [the] venerable relic, so dear to the [hearts] of those to whom the symbols of [hum]an liberty are still a thing to [reverence], tears came into his eyes. [...]," he confessed, after a considerable interval, "THERE IS A CRACK [IN TH]E BELL."

CHAPTER XX

The City Rouses

[G]OVERNMENT had reached its [log]ical climax in murder.

[The ci]ty seemed stirred to its foundations. [T]he newspapers thundered. The [...] and packed the Academy of Music and the streets leading [...] a vast outpouring of public [...]

[Events] followed each other swiftly. [...] the gunmen were trailed to [...] and captured, Maloney and [...] were apprehended [...] police lieutenant, [...] policeman and [...]

THE PEOPLE IN THE STORY

JERRY ARCHER, who, with his elder brother Paul, is actively continuing the business of the Archer Tool Works, is clubbed into unconsciousness and arrested by Patrolman Strongburger when the young man, outraged at the policeman's brutal treatment of Moritz Rosensweig, comes to that prisoner's assistance. Rosensweig has been taken into custody as the final step in the petty persecution arising from factional differences in the "Bloody Fifth" Ward. Jerry is released from jail, his **case dropped and Strongburger "broke"**—that is, requested to resign before being "fired"—as the result of the intervention of a family friend.

WILLARD H. BUCKINGHAM, financial genius and the most powerful man in Philadelphia. At his nod political bosses, as well as their underlings, move, and move fast. When **Buckingham's daughter,**

RUTH BUCKINGHAM, tells her father that Jerry is [illegible] calls **EDMUNDS,** an "unofficial official," on the long-distance telephone at Atlantic City. Jerry's release is due to the effective work of Edmunds, Buckingham's "push button." From

MICHAEL KELLY, a Carey division leader, Jerry, while resting in the Lafayette Club before returning home, gets his first lesson in practical politics. He learns that **the "Organization's" primary object is "dealin' out jobs" and that just as long as** it performs its part of the pact with big business and turns over Republican majorities in all legislative and national elections it will not be interfered with locally.

SYLVY AURENTSKY, a beautiful young Jewish girl, stops Jerry on the street as he is about to leave the club for his home and thanks him for his manly defense of the persecuted Rosensweig. When she leaves him Jerry notices a sinister figure following the girl. Kelly informs him that the person is

JOE MALDONO, a thug, pickpocket and gunman, under political protection. When Sylvy refuses to go with him to a dance, the gangster revenges himself upon the girl's father by having him arrested on a trumped up charge. Aurentsky is compelled to sell his business and to mortgage his home in order to placate Maldono and to bribe the Magistrate to dismiss the case for lack of evidence. A shyster lawyer, Isaacs, also gets a share of the "profits." When Jerry goes to the police station to be arraigned he learns that the charge against him has been dismissed. In conversation with the Magistrate, he finds that the "Judge" was a former dock-hand who was rewarded with the important [$3000 a year job] by Jimmy Carey for turning over a certain number of votes regularly. Jerry solicits Kelly's aid in finding Sylvy and then turns to his friend

VICTOR ROLLINSON, a young lawyer, for support. Victor joins the "Save Philadelphia" party, and promises to proceed against Maldono.

JIM RAND, a Councils' lobbyist, has demanded $5000 from the Archer Tool Works to get a franchise for a spur track across Howard street through Councils. Jerry's father and brother are willing to pay the bribe, because their request has been ignored for weeks by the local legislative body. The young man, his sense of political justice aroused, refuses to bargain with Rand and finally wins his brother's support to fight Rand and the "Organization." Jerry's plan consists in erecting a mammoth sign over the factory stating that Government work is being held up, soldiers' and sailors' lives are imperiled because Jim Rand's bribe demand is not met.

MAX RISSMAN, a reporter, walking to Third and De Lancey streets station house, discovers the [illegible] on the "blotter" of the arrest of Jerry. He writes a story which soon makes Jerry a popular hero. This new turn of affairs, coupled with the public sympathy aroused by Jerry's sign, worries Buckingham. When Jerry refuses to remove the sign, incendiaries set it on fire. Over the burned frame [illegible] Jerry has painted "Who Burned Our Sign? Why?" The episode makes Jerry still more popular, and Councils' committee grants the Archer Tool Works the desired franchise.

When Jerry, with Kelly's aid, finally locates Sylvy, her father, soured by his experience, has turned into a rabid anarchist and refuses Jerry's well-meant help. [illegible] Maldono's direction. While Jerry is [illegible] from the [illegible] is attacked by Maldono's gunmen [illegible]. Kelly's bravery [illegible] the mob and Jerry [illegible] to tell Rollinson that Maldono has been released on bail. Rollinson, who confesses his love for Sylvy, immediately takes steps for the recapture of the gunman.

Back in the Fifth Ward Rissman takes Jerry to "see the sights." They follow Carey and Assistant District Attorney Maurer.

far enough. The Town Meeting party was formed over night and its candidates chosen to oppose the candidates of the insolent and unrepentant contractors' machine at the November election.

Into the fight against government by murder came trooping all the various elements that had fought for reform in time past. Into it, too, came the forces of Senator Penrose and his ally, State Senator McNichol, tetrarch of a third part of the wards of Philadelphia. Into it, too, came every man that had a grievance or a grouch against the Mayor or the dominant political forces in the city. It was a motley army, avid, athirst, bitter! Political sagacity, practical experience, streams of money, a vast tide of public sentiment were behind the movement.

Jeremiah Thomas Archer found himself drawn into the swirl of these events and recognized as a person of consequence in the rallying mass. He enjoyed the situation as any young enthusiast might, and gave himself up to the onrushing current. He worked unstintedly, he helped raise money, he helped perfect organization, and when they wanted to read his name off as a vice president at meetings, alleging it was an asset to the movement, he was willing, not through complaisance and vanity, but because he meant to give up what he had.

When the people at such meetings demanded to see him he stood up and was introduced. When they called for a speech he remained on his feet and talked. Terse, straightforward sentences blurted right out of the heart of him. To his surprise, the conclusion of the first speech was accompanied by vociferous applause.

"You're a vote-getter, Mr. Archer," said the chairman of the speakers' committee. "We shall have to use you on the stump."

So Jerry went on with those straight-arm jabbing talks, growing more and more effective and receiving louder and louder manifestations of approval until, as each night something came back to him from the audience, his own natural modesty was overcome to the extent of compelling him to recognize that he was growing into a real force in the campaign, and like a generous horse responds to encouraging words, he threw himself into the collar. The idea that victory did not wait at the end of the campaign—the idea that the people of Philadelphia were not about to reassert their right to control the reins of government never once suggested itself to him.

This faith in the success of the Town Meeting party was fostered in the minds of the leaders by the strategical blunders of the opposition. **The most astounding of these was committed when, after all the tragedy which had attended the employment of the police in the Fifth Ward primaries and the public furore of protest against it, the police were sent out in shoals to investigate the signatures to the petitions by which the Town Meeting party candidates had been placed upon the election ballots.**

This gratuitous duty was performed by some of the patrolmen with particular arrogance. They broke in upon the domestic life of citizens at arbitrary and unseasonable hours. They took advantage of the absence from home of the signers of the petition to intimidate wives, in some cases frightening them almost into hysteria and working permanent injury to health, all in a brutal endeavor to frighten the citizens into disavowing their free acts.

Such practices savored more of the political activities of the Borgias than of any American institution and were calculated to create a revolt. It did not occur to Jerry that the citizenship could be too sodden, too spiritless to respond, or that there was some unsuspected element in the situation which drugged the nerves and made response impossible, and it was only on the night before election that the young campaigner got an intimation of this to him unconsidered element.

He had been speaking at a series of streetcorner meetings in Kensington, which Philadelphians proudly boast, is the greatest center of the textile industry in the world. Its population is primarily English, Scotch and Irish, now in the second and third generation of American residence and but little tinctured with other European blood. Presumably it should have been the easiest industrial population in Philadelphia in which to make appeal to these rugged qualities on which democracy is built.

But Jerry was struck by the unresponsiveness of these audiences. At first he attributed it to the greater reserve of the British nature; but this solution grew more and more unsatisfactory. At the end of the last meeting he slipped away from his associates in the automobile and worked into the dispersing crowd, listening to their comments and studying at close range the expressions upon their faces.

In the midst of this occupation Jerry felt himself discerned and spied upon by a pair of bland, twinkly eyes that belonged to a rigid and bony face, the topography of which loudly advertised the breed which begot it. The man was about sixty years of age, but standing, virorous and serene, sucking contentedly at a pipe which sprouted from under a grizzled mustache and sagged over a chin that was prominent and cleanly shaven.

"What did you think of the meeting?" asked Jerry promptly.

"Ye'll be Mr. Jerry Archer," retorted the other, after a contemplative whiff.

"I'm Mr. Archer," said Jerry, offering his hand, for he was beginning to be what politics calls a good mixer.

"Sandy Oakes is me name," said the other, taking the proffered hand, but in a very conservative grasp. "What do I think?" he repeated, as his blue and somewhat watery eyes sifted Jerry carefully. "I think that the men'll not be after votin' agin their bread and butter."

"Bread and butter?" Jerry did not comprehend.

"The Republican party," explained Sandy, with a leer of triumph in his eye. "It feeds 'em. D'ye mind the early nineties—when the mills was closed here for three years? Democrat years!" The old weaver cocked his head on one side with a canny leer and the air of one who has planted a body blow at the first exchange.

"The Republican party? The tariff!" stammered Jerry. "Why, I'm for the tariff. We're all for the tariff. We're not fighting the Republican party. We're fighting a bunch of highbinders that has got control of the party machinery."

"Aye!" said Sandy, with a hoot-mon twang. "And the party machinery IS the party. It's that that get's the tariff. Ye'll never get the boys to see different—nor them that remembers the nineties—and most of them has heard tell of them."

The simple, unstirred stolidity of the man's attitude was more illuminating even than his words, as revealing one voter's point of view.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

THIRTY-POUND BILLY

By HELEN TRACY

NELLA had been weighing babies all the day. Her muscles ached with lifting the heavy tots and steadying the fragile ones. Her voice was husky from overtue, cajoling, comforting, soothing.

"The next one shall be the last for today," she stated just as Billy toddled in. His fat little toes curled into the rough matting, one dimpled finger was lost in a rosebud mouth. Pushed by an older girl, he waddled over to where Nella stood by the scales and grinned roguishly at her.

"Well, little man," Nella exclaimed, lifting him, "what is your name?"

"Yiyi tum dum," babbled Billy.

"He can't speak yet, mum. Billy's only two," explained the girl, watching Nella closely, as she sought an even balance. "How much does he weigh, mum?"

"Exactly thirty pounds to an ounce. We shall have to nickname him 'Thirty-Pound Billy,' won't we, sir?"

Billy displayed a row of pearly teeth; his large blue eyes wrinkled with merriment; he gave a joyous squeal and held out eager hands to Nella.

"Oh, you darling," she cried, clasping him tightly in her arms. "Is he your brother?" to the girl.

"No, he don't belong to us. His ma's dead and his pa travels. He just boards with us."

"Take good care of him. He is too precious to be slighted." Nella carried him to the room used for dressing the babies. "Can you dress him?"

"Yes, mum; I do every day."

Nella left Billy in the girl's care and hastened back to her desk. For a long time she was busy with statistics, finding average weights, the greatest and the smallest. The day was low when she bade her [illegible] good night, and hastened down the street toward home.

At the corner crossing she hesitated, the clamor of bells warning her that the fire engines were approaching. A second later she gazed in horror at a tiny, toddling figure that was wandering aimlessly into the middle of the street. Somehow, in spite of her half-view of the very dirty infant, she recognized the baby at once.

"Billy!" she screamed, waving to the child. "Come here—come!"

Billy grinned; it was the same beatific, compelling smile, but he continued onward. Nella glanced wildly up the street. The heavy chemical was charging down upon the child. She hesitated no longer. Darting across the pavement, she pulled the impish Billy out of danger.

What had seemed an eternity was really but a second.

"It's a shame. You are not fit to take care of children. Where is his father? What's his address?" He ought to know how Billy is being neglected. Look at his clothes. They are filthy. It's a wonder his body is as clean as it is."

She stopped after a while, out of breath. Stimulated by the frightful experience she had passed through, she determined to follow the matter up.

"When ma wants to write to Mr. Noble she uses 'Rochester—General Delivery' for an address; that's all. Sometimes he's there and sometimes he ain't," the girl admitted reluctantly.

"Very well. Take Billy home now and do clean him up. Good-by, Thirty-Pound Billy."

Billy was all sunshine again. He ran [...] and smilingly and Nella watched him disappear down the avenue.

Nella wrote to Billy's father. "He'll say it's none of my business," she said to her mother, "but I've fallen in love with his son and can't see him neglected."

A week passed, and when the girl had almost forgotten the Billy episode a blue-coated individual left a telegram at the door. "I'm in for it now," Nella groaned, reading the message. "Billy's father is calling tonight. He will probably pitch into me with all kinds of maledictions. But I don't care! I'll face him, no matter what he is like."

In the evening he came—a big, strapping young man, full of life and good cheer, his large blue eyes twinkling just as Thirty-Pound Billy's did, yet with a wistfulness in them that wrung Nella's heart. "I wish you'd help me," he came to the point at once. "I'm frantic about the boy. My parents are dead and the wife—she died at his birth—are across the continent. There's no one to leave Billy with. I've tried him in three boarding houses already. But the people take him in because they need the money, not because they need him. Perhaps you won't believe me, Miss French, but I worry more over that than that I do over anything else."

Nella's mother offered a solution. "Let me have him. I'm alone all day, with Nella off at the settlement house. I'd love to have him here."

So it was settled. Thirty-Pound Billy was installed at his new home, where he was cared for and loved, and where Billy's father spent many hours with his son—and Nella.

* * * * *

The doctor had weighed the baby. He placed it in big Tom's arm, who laid it tenderly beside the waiting Nella. "The little lady weighs eight pounds, sweetheart," he whispered, kissing the white lips lovingly.

"My, but she's got to gain some before we can catch up with our Thirty-Pound-Billy."

"Thirty pounds! Nearly sixty now—the buster."

"I like to think of him as the little two-year-old baby. I owe so much to him," Nella mused.

"So do I," Tom grinned Nella tight. "All I have that makes life worth living I won through him and his thirty pounds."

Tomorrow's Complete Novelette—"SQUIRING NANCY"

Why Waste Time?

"Why do you consider women to be superior to men in intelligence?"

"A baldheaded man buys his restorer by the bottle, doesn't he?"

"Er—yes."

"Well, a woman doesn't waste time on a hair restorer; she buys hair."—London Passing Show.

STEALTHY TERROR

By JOHN FERGUSON

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CHAPTER XI—(Continued)

WHEN I had taken note of these entries I went to have a look at the hairdresser, whose shop I found situated in the old part of the town, down by the narrow High Street, facing the harbor. It was not a high-class establishment, that of F. Black, and I should judge that disinfectants would be a more suitable side line to the business than perfumery. Still, since clergymen, especially of the Church of England, are, like babes, unaccountable and irresponsible in their actions and tastes, I thought it would excite no surprise if I selected such a hairdresser. So I entered. The proprietor was engaged in stropping a razor, and a youth was lathering a customer's chin. A queer little shiver ran through me for Mr. Black, whose back was toward me, did not look round on my entry, but caught my eye in the large mirror in front of him. He was a bulky man with a large, rather featureless countenance; but his eyes were noteworthy. It was not the casual look at a new client he gave me, rather a sort of alert, stealthy examination. For the briefest duration we looked at each other so, and then he turned round, bowing me to a chair.

I soon discovered that Mr. Black, while an expert hairdresser, was somewhat inexpert in his use of the English language, and his mistakes were of a kind that led me to believe not that his education had suffered neglect, but that, if left to himself, he would spell the homely English name of Black as Schwarz. When he had finished with my hair he was eager to complete matters with a shave. But I confess that I did not fancy a shave in that queer place. To have that quiet fat figured sleek ruffian playing about my throat with a razor! And suppose Dewinski, or some of his gang who knew me, were to enter—a not impossible chance, since we must suppose they kept in touch with all their agents—what would they not give to find me huddled up in a sheet and with my head thrown back so conveniently!

I was extraordinarily glad to get out of that dark shop into the fresh air again.

After I had visited both Mr. Ahn's establishment at Sandgate and Mr. Daubmann's at Hythe, I took some lunch in Folkestone at a restaurant in the Sandgate Road, and then sat pondering over what possible plan of action was open to me. Both shops were situated so as to command from the rooms above an extensive view of the Channel. I had, however, merely inspected them from the outside and marked their position; for it might have been fatal had Messrs. Black, Ahn and Daubmann come, by some odd chance, to know that each had that day a visit from a clergyman. For long I sat, full of consideration. What could I do? Go to the police and denounce these three respectable local tradesmen? Suppose I did, what proofs had I to advance? Merely the same childish drawings that had failed so lamentably at the Whitehall Office. Could I reasonably expect a higher degree of intelligence in any local officials. True, there was the coincidence of their numbers and occupations on that paper with what I had found in the local directory. Would that be enough?

I sickened as I thought of the hopelessness of it all! Very likely they would consider me a wandering lunatic who had manufactured little Eitel's drawings himself; and I could see them in the police office, with innocent cunning, asking me to draw a sheep for them, and a rabbit, and an engine, and a sand castle, and a church so as to detect my guileless hand before they consigned me to medical supervision, and advertised for my friends! At the best, what was the word of a stranger worth against three respectable local tradesmen whom they knew, and who, no doubt, paid rent, rates and taxes with due punctuality? The self-evident fact was that I had got hold of nothing tangible in the way of proof, and until I did I could look in vain for any outside help.

As I sat over my coffee, with the paper before me, more and more I came to admire the dexterity of that childish concealment which seemed to tell all, and which told nothing. It was an extraordinarily black moment for me. A feeling of deep depression flooded my mind in that deserted cafe. Outside on the pavement the miscellaneous throng of people in their bright summer clothes passed and repassed; snatches of laughter, and greetings of friends, came to my ears, a symbol of England they were, of England innocent, and asleep, oblivious, while in their very midst, harbored, and sometimes even honored, there moved this vile, slimy, hidden treachery that labored ceaselessly with a thousand active fingers, in pothouse and palace, for England's destruction.

I wandered out on the leas, amid the gay butterflies that were listening to the military band, which that afternoon was playing on the glorious headland. In the midst of all that kaleidoscope of color and buzz of talk I had a sense of being separate and aloof. The smooth bituminous paths that ran along the greensward and encircled the bandstand seemed to be but the thin, hardened surface that hid the burning lava on which a symbolic England moved unconcernedly. I had been through this surface and knew what lay beneath. It made me feel alien to the throng, like the Ancient Mariner among the wedding guests. If only, I thought, there was some one who would work with me, one who would talk it over, so that in the conflict of thought with thought we might hammer out something practical, unearth some proof, tangible, visible, demonstrable. Like the Lady of Shalott, I was sick of shadows.

Presently I had left behind people and bandstand and bathchairs and found myself at the Sandgate end of the leas, beside a field in which a cricket match between apparently a girls' and a boys' school was going on. The girls were batting and doing well to judge from the applause that came from the rest of the blue and green team on the boundary line. But perhaps they were, after all, like myself, not doing very well and in sore need of encouragement, as I was at that moment. No one believed in me—at least only a girl who had been through part of the thing with me. There was something that comforted me in the thought, and I resolved to supplement the wire I had sent Miss Thompson that morning with a fuller letter which would be useful in the public interest if anything happened to me in the next few days.

Coming on the edge of the cliff, I sat down in that quiet place and tried my luck with Eitel's drawing again, but I had no luck at all and soon laid it aside baffled. I don't know how long I sat there brooding. Far below were the red-topped houses and under my eyes the noble curve of bay that ran to Hythe. The cricket match had ended, and the girls in blue and green had trooped down the steep slanting path to their school again. The strains of the distant band no longer came fitfully on the breeze to my inattentive ear. When I got up I had come to the conclusion that I would on the morrow seek out Ashton, the member who had made the row in the House, and lay my story before him. If I failed there I would make an attempt to enlist Sir Arthur Wetherby, who, as a soldier, might make more out of Eitel than I had done. If I failed with him also I would be unlikely to succeed elsewhere and would wash my hands of the whole business.

The train I took at Cheriton Station landed me back in Dover in good time for the dinner to which I brought very little appetite.

In the smoking-room afterward I sat out all the guests, smoking many moody pipes. It must have been about 11 o'clock, as I was thinking of retiring, when the door opened and the two officers, my acquaintances of the morning, entered. Both seemed tired, and apparently only entered for a last pipe, and the nightcap which the waiter presently brought them. A nod passed between us, and as I got up they dropped into the deep lounge chairs, the one with a sigh, the other with a half-stifled yawn. The sailor had picked up a newspaper, and I was crossing the room to go to bed as he called his friend's attention to something in it that had caught his eyes:

"Here's a dashed funny thing, Mac," he said with some animation. "Listen to this advertisement: 'Whitehall Office. If Mr. Abercrumley will call again with his drawing he can be assured of a very different reception.' What an extraordinary thing!"

The other man laughed. I stopped dead by the door.

"Usual blunder, I suppose," said the soldier, taking the paper and scanning it. "A very unusual advertisement from a Government department."

"Something damned funny behind that Mr. Abercrumley, no doubt," the other concluded, turning to his drink.

Letting the door go, I came back into the room, and they did not seem to hear my steps on the thick, red carpet.

"There is," I said. "You are quite right. There is something damned funny behind that Mr. Abercrumley."

They turned round, staring at me, and I pushed a chair up to them and sat down.

"If you come to that," I said, raising my voice, "it is damned funny that they should call him Mr. Abercrumley."

I think they were terribly shocked. Like all laymen they, no doubt, were very particular about clergymen's language.

"Who are you, anyway?" asked the sailor quick and snappy. "Are you a clergyman?"

"Not I!" I answered stoutly.

"Then who the devil are you, and what——?"

"Mr. Abercrumley." I interrupted the rising storm.

Both stared at me in silence. It was the soldier who first found words.

"You look rather white. Do you want to tell us about it?" He got up and touched the bell. "So they want you at the Whitehall Office, Mr. Abercrumley," he continued.

I took the lead thus given me and nodded.

"It is about that matter we were discussing this morning. The matter of invasion."

"One minute." He stopped me as the waiter came in. "I think we'll say brandy for you—do you more good." And on my assenting the man placed the glass on a little table to my hand.

This soldier, if he was a soldier, assumed control of things in a rather remarkable manner. "Now," he said, "fire away, we're listening."

"I ought to begin by saying that my name is not Abercrumley at all, but Abercromby. You'll think that funny, but I did give my real name to them, only they persisted in calling me Abercrumley, or anything that began with an 'A,' and had four syllables in it. Of course I know it is quite safe to tell you my story. Your uniform——"

"I beg pardon," the lieutenant intervened; "This"—he indicated his friend with his pipe—"is Captain Mackenzie, I am Lieutenant Deverill of the Night-jar."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

But I confess that I did not fancy a shave in that queer place. To have that quiet, sleek ruffian playing about my throat with a razor! And suppose Dewinski or some of his gang who knew me were to enter!

"DREAMLAND ADVENTURES"

By DADDY

FOES OF THE FARMER

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

CHAPTER V

Blue Jay Gets a Thrashing

(Peggy, trying to bring peace between Farmer Dalton and the Birds so that the latter may help save the war crops, seems about to accomplish her ends when Blue Jay and his crowd come to the council hall boasting of a destructive raid on the farmer's orchard and gardens.)

"SHAME on you, Blue Jay!" cried Peggy.

"Shame! Shame! Shame!" shrieked the Birds.

"Oh, I didn't know you were here," said Blue Jay, as he saw Peggy and Farmer Dalton. Then he blustered to cover up his confusion. "But I don't care. We've just as much right to eat as any one."

"But you haven't any right to eat what you haven't helped to grow, nor to destroy that which someone else might eat," declared Peggy severely.

"That's what I say," spoke up Farmer Dalton indignantly. "That's why I don't want the Birds on my farm."

"That's what we all say, all of us who are honest, and that means most of the Birds," shrilled Mr. Swallow, who seemed very angry. "We are willing to earn far more than we eat by helping to grow it. But Birds who are fair and square are given a bad name by such rowdies as the Jays. Now we see why you think we are all enemies and nuisances, but we're going to show you that we will not stand for such conduct." He glared fiercely at Blue Jay, who glared defiantly back and screamed a mocking taunt:

> Goody, goody Swallow boy,
> Mamma's pet and Daddy's joy.

Mr. Swallow's feathers ruffled with rage, but his voice as he turned to Judge Owl was very calm—almost too calm, Peggy thought.

"Will you please pass sentence, Judge Owl?"

Judge Owl drew himself up very solemnly and looked at Blue Jay severely, as he hooted:

> You've had your fling, Blue Jay;
> You've shamed us all today;
> The price you now must pay,
> That's all I have to say.

He paused then hooted abruptly: "Go to it, Swallow!"

And Mr. Swallow went to it. Like a flash he was upon Blue Jay. The rascal took wing to dodge the attack, but Mr. Swallow smashed into him and upset him in midair. Blue Jay went sprawling down among the Orioles and each took a peck at him. The other Jays flew to his aid, but Mr. Swallow was a perfect fury and boldly attacked the whole crowd, scattering them shrieking before him. Blue Jay freed himself from the Orioles and bobbed up into the air. Mr. Swallow caught him and fairly made the feathers fly as he tore into him with beak and claws.

Blue Jay lost all his sauciness and bluster in a hurry. He tried to fight back, for he was no coward, but Mr. Swallow was mad clear through. He was bound to give Blue Jay a thorough thrashing and he did it. He pecked and buffeted and clawed. Finally Blue Jay could stand the punishment no longer and made off screeching into the woods. The other Swallows now joined in the chase, and the Jays were quickly driven from the forest, with a sharp warning not to come back.

Mr. Swallow was short of breath when he came back from the fray, but he hadn't lost a feather. He offered a tardy apology to Peggy.

"I beg your pardon, Princess, for fighting in your presence, but that wasn't really fighting, you know. He didn't fight back hard enough for me really to show what I can do when I get mad. That was just beating up a bad bird."

"I thought it was a pretty good fight," declared Peggy. "You did a splendid job."

"You bet he did," exclaimed Farmer Dalton. "And he's shown me something that I hadn't realized before, that there are good birds and bad birds."

"And the good Birds are your friends, and it isn't fair to treat them unkindly for what the bad Birds do," added Peggy.

"I've had my eyes opened," declared the farmer. "And now I invite all you good Birds to come to my farm, to make it your home, and to help me save the crops."

"It will need a whole army of Birds to fight all the pests," said the Giant. "They have such a big start on us they'll have the crops ruined in another day."

"My Birds," cried Peggy, "you will be an army in this cause. I call upon you. For America's crops, for America's soldier boys, for the right! Who will join the army?"

"We will, Princess Peggy," cried all the Birds. "We are ready to attack the food Huns this instant."

"Mr. Swallow, you shall be general. You're the best fighter I've ever seen."

"Just you watch us fight and grow fat," shrilled General Swallow. "Pigeons and Swallows, you the swiftest flyers, speed east and west, north and south; call the Birds to battle. We'll have those Huns on the run ere set of sun."

(Tomorrow it will be told how the Birds wage their fight on the food destroyers.)

Mr. Swallow smashed into him

"CAP" STUBBS—"Cap" Decides to Live

By EDWINA