

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

THE CRACK IN THE BELL
STORY OF POLITICS IN PHILADELPHIA
BY PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

CHAPTER XXI (Continued)
CHAPTER had spoken with great earnestness, his face lightening with enthusiasm as his mind grasped each new detail while Roosevelt, listening with surprise and excited noddings of approval...

"I'll tell you the practical stuff," he said. "It's awful hard for these progressive, liberal-minded citizens to be practical... You're right, Jerry, undoubtedly, agreed Victor again. 'Your first opponent was a politician...'

"Now, Jerry, that's the difficulty you'll have with harmonizing the progressives—they've got so many good ideas they'll water-gate any platform. It's all right, that's the first plank in my platform," avowed Jerry...

"That's a lucky chance!" exclaimed Victor, while Jerry had seated himself again. "He's a strange, keen character, he's been friendly with every boss in the city..."

CHAPTER XXII
The Sage of Philadelphia
Jerry never felt as at a school Jerry came to Philadelphia, at his residence...

"There's an ultimate room, large as more than the rest, and it was the horse shoe enclosure formed by the four columns..."

THE DAILY NOVELETTE
A STRANGE DREAM
By ELLEN HUMPHREY

MRS. HILL had been alone all day. As for her bird, it was gone as if it was her day off. She was very lonely. It was her seventy-third birthday and she had not even received a card...

"I'll be back in a few minutes," replied grandma, and when she did come back she was carrying a large safety box and opened it. "Why, Grandma Hill, where did you get all that money?" exclaimed Marion...

Tomorrow's Complete Novelette—"IN WARTIME."

"DREAMLAND ADVENTURES"
By DADDY
IN UNCLE SAM'S SERVICE

A complete new adventure each week, beginning Monday and ending Saturday.
CHAPTER II
The Spy Is Unmasked

"Peggy, made in Italy by Cannon... B when Ben whispered his suspicion that the 'spy' driver was a spy, he nodded a quick assent. 'I thought his line of talk was queer,' he whispered. 'I'll teach him to try to make cowardly sneaks of American soldiers...'

THE STEALTHY TERROR
By JOHN FERGUSON

CHAPTER XII—(Continued)

When I had changed out of my clerical man's clothes into the gray flannel Deverill had procured for me, and had descended to the front door of the hotel, the lady was there waiting for me...



"Yais," said Dewinski, as he rose with something in his hand that he lifted over his head. Then something crashed down and consciousness left me...

That same evening there was, in addition to the usual band, to be a well-known soprano, who was singing on the bandstand at the west end of the leas. The placards announcing her appearance were everywhere, and the singer was promised to be still and warm we conceived the idea of making what would be our last throw among the big crowd...

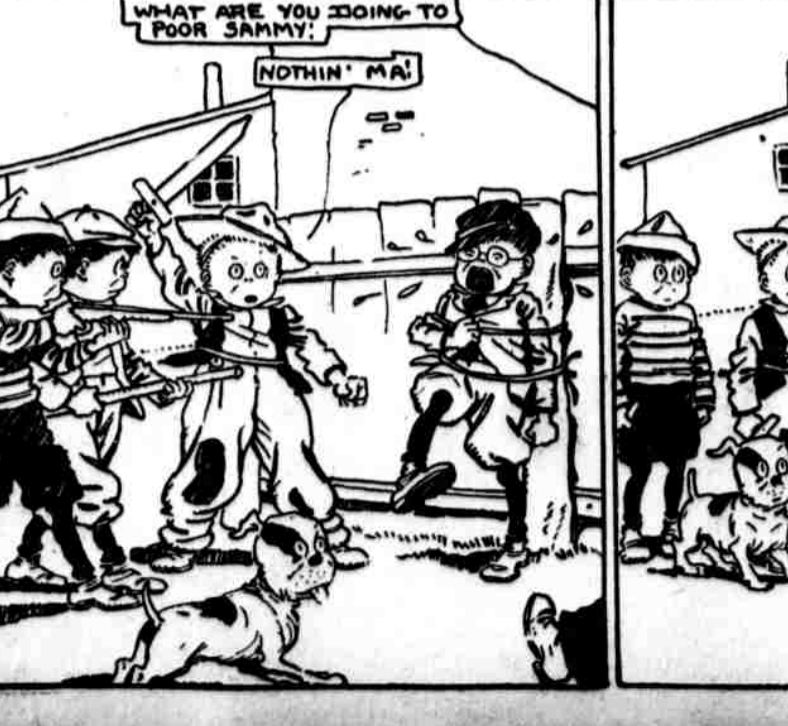
big wink. "How much would you charge to help us, Mr. Driver?" "Oh, I wouldn't take pay for a thing like that," said the driver. "I'd do it to help you do your duty by your father..."

"See here, Mr. Friend of Kaiser Bill, I want to tell you something, your ancestors, years ago, fought for American liberty in the Revolutionary War. Back in '61 our grandfathers fought to save this country when a family row threatened to wreck it. In 1888, our father helped to drive Spain out of the American continent..."



(CONTINUED TOMORROW) By EDWINA

"CAP" STUBBS—Poor Sammy!



AND HERE'S AN APPLE, TOO, SAMMY!

