EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1918

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 XXV (Continued) SUTELL, at las," commented the watching Bertha, shifting her

m and sighing as a great load of hension rolled off her shoulders. That wop, Maldono must a slipped ethin' in your beer

momethin' in your beer."
"Did I drink much beer?" she in-mired remorsefully.
"About three thimblefuls; but don't never touch it again, girlle. You ain't got the head for it."
"I won't." said Sylvy humbly "Mother, will be wild with anxiety."
"Nope," adjudged Bertha. I got wise and before the second dance was over sont faiting round to tell your mother you was goin' to stay with me last hight; she ain't expectin' to see you fill tonight; Spend the day here, and then to in like you came from work." Sylvy had never found convenience in a lie.

No." she said, struggling to arise. "No." she said, struggling to arise. Til go home now and tell her the truth—that I overslept myseif and have probably lost my job in consequence. Then I'll have the rest of the day to bunt a new place in." "Sylvy," said Bertha at parting, you don't look right among the rest of us pris last night. I done wrong to take you, Cut it out, You're different from ""

you Cut it out. You're different from "Thank you," said Sylvy, who, know-ing of herself that she should never go that way again, was freshly humbled and shamed that Bertha should have had her own easy sensibilites outraged by the spectacle of herself in such an environment. "Keep yourself cheered up and find a binch of your own to run with," ad-vised Bertha. "But for Gaw sake don' to round the streets lookin' the a walk-in tombstome. That face of yours last inght was enough to put the whole ward on the burn. You're liable to catch any keep yourself cheered up." Sylvy smilled in spite of herself. Som-ing the girl brightening Bertha yen-tured to put a question founded solely upon curlesity. "What did this bird. Maldono, say to



JERRY ARCHER, with his brothe Paul, actively conducting the business of the Archer Tool Works engaged in devertment war contracts. WILLARD H. BUCKINGHAM, dn andres genius and the most powerful men in Philadeiphia as the result of the complete political control which his

financial prowers gives him. RUTH BUCKINGHAM, his daughter the is engaged to Jerry Archer without as knowledge or consent of her parents. VICTOR ROLLINSON, a rising young weyer and close friend of Jerry Archer. Is known life in all us bitterness and a close about of

most visions sort, and a distinct political asset for the "Orranization" AND, a loganetic bobbsist, MICHAEL KELLY, a Carey division leader in and MAX RISMAN, a newspaper reporter, who prove to be Jerry Archeria. JIM RAND h Ward MAX RISSMAN, a newsmaper although in entirely different ways,

nds, although in entirely different ways, EDMUNDS, as "unofficial official" who is Buckingham's push-button when that sonage wishes some political deed accomplished ersons Fr

THE STORY THUS FAR

ith the policeman also brings him into contact with Mike Kelly, who gives Jerry

with the policeman also brings him into contact with Mike Kelly, who gives Jerry his first lesson in practical polities. At the same time Jerry discovers the power of Buckingham, who, at the in-stance of his daughter Ruin, called up Edmunds on the long distance telephone at attantic Cirs and commands that man to produce Jerry. To quash the charge and to punch the offenders. Thus it is that the policeman is discharged--not for having besten n citizen, but for having dared to interfere with a friend of Willard H. Ruskingham: His citize constitutions aroused, Jerry refuses Jim Rand's demand for \$5000 in order to push through Councils a franchise for a spur track to the factory. At the psychological moment Max Rissman uncovers the story of the arcent of Jerry and the two events make him a popular idul. Jerry has become interested in Sylty Aurentsky, especially as since Kelly assured him that the gtri was not safe with sum mer as Maldoun around. When Sylty's father resules his doubter from the summan the latter, increased has Aurentsky and the source lawyer, when he meets the girl in the curve of investigating and the source lawyer, when he meets the girl in the curve of investigating and the source lawyer, when he meets the girl in the curve of investigating and the source lawyer, when he

With her Although Rollinson has Mainlond arrested, a friendly judge releases him on hall such is trug is all to eighter the attack on the Lafaverts Cliph in the Fifth Ward and the murder of Delective Epsies. Both events take place in Jerry's presence After election when the Town Meeting party has been bearen. Jerry makes plans for the next flath, and is introduced to the "Sage of Philadelphia." Was enables the vourger popular here to start a Reat Republicant party to buck the contractor or antistion.

has flaen above if SVLVY AURENTSKY, a young girl of the shetto, whose father is unable to overcome political and sconamic oppres

THE STORY THES FAR Jerry Archer never gave any attention to polifice reform or civic affairs until to had his skull challed open by a policeman s club when he attempted to intercede in behalf of a poor Jowish merchant feeling the suppressed wrath of the 'guardian of the peace. That event taught the young millionaire that the Organization, through the control of the police, disputes favors and suppresses all opposition. The enhance

are engaged in turning Philadelphia up-side down at this very minute. Men are at work in every part of the city, burrowing and planting political dyna-mite, and some day a certain somebody will touch a button, and, pouf: there will go your old political machine. All blown to junk like the German machine at Messines! The man who robbed your father has been sent to jail once and is on his way there again; but oh, there are so many others to be punished, so

""By, MYRA, I'll be late for lunch but if you get hungry, don't wait. Molly won't mind warming mine over." Myra, comfortably settled in the casiest chair of the sitting room, lazily waved a silm white hand to her mother's cheery good-by, and, turning toward the window, watched the lively little body cross the street and join several other dear mother people on the several other dear mother people on the

several other dear mother people on the corner. Myra laughed scornfully.

'I'm surprised at mother; such a motley crowd, tall, short, fat, lean, rich

THE DAILY NOVELETTE THE AW AKENING

By MINNIE M. TOWNSEND

dead." "It is true. He was only a boy, but he died for his country, while you-hate to give up an old party."

The Things That Count

Myra Consents

The surprised at mother, such a provide any provided and poor." Myra, however, failed to take note of the one connecting link among the women. Each one carried a huge sew, ing bag and every one from old Mirs. McCane's worn brown lining monistrosity, to the wealthy Mrs. Van Eaton's creation of satin and ribbon, was overform in the bart of the one of satin and ribbon, was overformed and turned lazily to a book in her lap, but somehow she could not get interested. A coming party was uppermost in her mind and she was having rosy visions of her self in the new satin gown which she had ordered just that morning. She was wondering if she could get slippers to match the delicate hue of her dress material, and if she had better have her dair done by a hair dresser or trust to ber own nimble fingers to get just the scorrect amount of wave into the slosy strands of bronze. Pleasant reveries were interrupted by the insistent peal of the telephone bell. Her eagor greeting of her dearest dum was cut short in horrified dismay. Of Course Not!

may. Of Course Not! "Cut out the party? Surely, you must be mistaken. Dora—Why, I ordered my dress today. On accobat me tired. I don't see what this country got into if for, anyhow. I wish to goodness I, lived in a warless age. • • • What's that—make comfort bars instead of dance? Well, of all the nonsense. No. I won't help. Jt makes me tired. No. I suid. Dora. By." Myra returned to her easy chair. pouting dreadfully. She caught up the book she had tried to read and flurg it to a far corner of the library table. Her childish spite thus appeased, she slumped down into the luxurlant d' phis of the chair and suiked herself to sleep. Ther brother awakened her later by finging the morning newspaper lub her hap. Myra turned hazily to the woman's nage and read the fashion talk first. Then she skimmed the lovelorn letters and read the next chapter in a thrilling serial of love and adventure. That di-gested, she turned in a bored fashion to the jokes. — Her brother finally turned wistful eyes toward the feminine heap in the easy chair. Myra Consents "Oh Bob, I never thought about it in that light before, but what Bert did that day was what he tried to do when he enlisted, wasn't it? It's just what all the soldier boys are trying to do-make this world safer for those whe come after. I see it all now. Oh, what a selfsh creature I've been! Oh, Rob.

"CAP" STUBBS—What They Need Is Six Months in the Guard House

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the others were out of hearing. "If the soldier hasn't run spy was trying to make him desert." "I was wondering where he got the "No. he isn't." says thi

"Then you can save this boy. The spy told him the same lie he told you -about his father needing him on the farm." "Poor chap. I hope he hasn't gone!"

"Poor chap, I hope he hasn't gone!" Ben ran back to the mill and called out: "Hey, Buddy, come out! We're friends and will help you!" There was no reply. Then, after a pause, a woe-begone, bedraggled figure came slowly from the side room. "Oh Ben and Bill." he sobbed. "Help me get back to quarters. I've been thinking it over in there, and I'd rather die than bring disgrace to my country by deserting in time of war." "It's Frank Bolton, our neighbor," cried Ben. "Sure we'll help you, Frank. We'll bring a uniform here, you can get into it. and return to your barracks without any one being the wiser." "I'm so thankful." said Frank.

the wiser." "I'm so thankful," said Frank, "When he said father was ill it broke -me all up." "He told us the same thing. Only we knew he wasn't telling the truth." Bill squeezed Peggy's hand gratefully, Across the swamp came the clear Across the swamp came the

call of a bugle. "Supper time!" said Ben. "I'll have to be going home," cried Peggy

At that things seemed to go t turvy and suddenly she found self back home, ready to run into dining-room for her own supper.

GIT OFF TENTION' SQUAB SAY!



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