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

HE CRACK IN THE BELL"

STORY OF POLITICS IN PHILADELPHIA • BY PETER CLARK MACFARLANE • •

RAPTER XXVI (Continued) TER smiled indulgently, black re Ruth made, her face all anima-and color. So far as Sylvy was con-dithis confession of woman's dear-cret was the last thing that could been done to make her lose her completely to that young woman's

completely to that young woman's test.

lawyer." replied the girl, her face ting. "Mr. Victor Rollinson. There an elevator accident in the factory we I worked, and Mr. Rollinson was my about it from the wineases. I one of them. Mr. Rollinson's voice very gentle but strong. It seemed that he was the strongest, grand-sentlest man in the world. At first liked to me impersonally, just like I nobody, and then it seemed to me manner changed and he treated me I were the grandest lady in the Just testing me that way made feel that way, too—while it lasted, just a moment, no, for half an hour, she talked to me, the world seemed right, happy, wonderful place; but I went outside and back to work home at night to the miserable hole have had to call a home and to find her worse than usual—and I knew examit any hope for anything."

And have you thought of Mr. Rollinsince?"

And have you thought of Mr. Rollinsince?"

Twice since I had to go to his office
in to talk about the accident, and
the he was nicer than before, and
hithe he was nicer than before, and
hithe he was nicer than before, and
hind, and asked me how I was get;
on, and if he could do anything
me. I told him "fine," and 'no, he
caldn't. 'Once more he sent for me
hid I didn't go because—because I was
raid to have him ask me that again."
"Ayly," said Ruth, very soberly, "at
risk of being a busybody, I'm going
tell you something. Victor Rollinson
il in love with you that first day."
"Love?" gasped Hester.
"In love?" Sylvy's own eyes widened
of rounded in an expression of incommeanshility, but her hand made a litinvoluntary movement toward her
reast, which did not escape the eyes
either of the other two girls.
"He loves you now, reverently, wormipfully and unseifishly—as a strong,
ble nature like his would love," went
as Ruth.
"He loves me?" asked Sylvy again.

hope-even for father. And I owe all to Mr. Rollinson."
he girls sense of gratitude was patic and she was very near to giving to tears, but rallied after a mo-

it is a good deal to learn all in afternoon," she apologized seriously, hen for a whole year I have been ing everybody who was not at least poor and unfortunate as myself." But it has made you happy to know all hasn't it?" inquired Ruth.

"Yea." said Sylvy, her small bosom wing, "though it's rather—rather abling. But oh!" and her face filled in an expression that mingled symity and gratitude. "I'm troubled at Mr. Rollinson. Some one should him. He should know better than love me." Looking very pale and is and helpless. Sylvy turned over hands with a gesture characteristic her race, and which expressed her so of the eternal fixedness of things. But you will let him come to you and be nice to you, as other girls' are, and let him tell you of his "urged Ruth, who was just now prejudiced advocate of love and rans.

d small hand across her eyes.
would be useless," she murmured,

y, doubtful whether Ruth should told so much.

It you'll let me be your friend, letter is, and come to see you?"

red Ruth, eagerly.

Hester is?" and Sylvy looked into all big sister's face with devotion eyes, as if no one could aspire to lite such a friend as Hester was should like to be friends with you, h." admitted Sylvy, looking at Ruth uily.

"admitted Sylvy, looking at Ruth ly."

Iet me come to see you?"

shook her head. "Only Hester to see me. If you saw how we up pride could never let me look again." And you mustn't try to thing for me. The Big Sisters alp me, you know. But if we meet and just be interested in ther as—as girls, you know—focuse, that's impossible. Oh, couldn't be friends."

perfectly possible." declared the a Ruth, with assumption of great a wear to think Victor Rollinghest with the sounderful man in Philalich in the possible. I think Jerry Archer is So, a starting point. And let me tell mother political secret—a very political secret—graveyard they ferry says he's going to make Rollinson the next Mayor of siphle."

CHAPTER XXVII

The Powers Take Notice had been also a year in the emiah Thomas Archer, a year he divided himself pretty twen three things, viz.: driv-d of the business of the Arch-orks trying to persuade Miss

JERRY ARCHER, with his brother Paul, actively conducting the business of the Archer Tool Works engaged in Government war contracts, WILLARD H. BUCKINGHAM, financial genius and the most powerful man in Philadelphia as the result of the complete political control which his financial prowess gives him.

RUTH BUCKINGHAM, his daughter,

has risen above it.

SYLVY AURENTSKY, a young girl
of the ghetto, whose father is unable to
overcome political and economic oppres-

stor of the most vicious sort, and a distinct political asset for the "Organization,"

JIM RAND, a Councils' lobbyist; MICHAEL KELLY, a Carey division leader in
the Fifth Ward; MAX RISSMAN, a newspaper reporter who prove to be Jerry Archer's
friends, although in entirely different ways.

EDMUNDS, an "unofficial official" who is Buckingham's push-button when that
personage wishes some political deed accomplished.

THE STORY THUS FAR

Jerry Archer never save any attention to political, reform or civic affairs, until

Jerry Archer never gave any attention to politics, reform or civic affairs, until he had his skull cracked open by a policeman's club when he attempted to intercede in behalf of a poor Jewish merchant feeling the suppressed wrath of the "guardian of the peace." That event taught the young millionaire that the Organization, through its control of the police, dispenses favors and suppresses all opposition. The episode with the policeman also brings him into contact with Mike Kelly, who gives Jerry his first lesson in practical politics.

At the same time Jerry discovers the power of Buckingham, who, at the instance of his daughter Ruth, called up Edmunds on the long distance telephone at Atlantic City and commands that man to produce Jerry, to quash the charge and to punish the offenders. Thus it is that the policeman is discharged—not for having beaten a citizen, but for having dared to interfere with a friend of Willard H. Buckingham.

His civic consciousness 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 arrest of Jerry and the two events make him a popular idol. Jerry has become interested in Sylvy Aurentsky, especially so since Kelly assured him that the girl was not safe with such men as Maldono around. When Sylvy's father rescues his daughter from the gunman the latter, incensed, has Aurentsky arrested on a trumped-up charge, Meanwhile Jerry had told Victor Rollinson about Sylvy, and the young lawyer, when he meets the girl, in the course of investigating an accident, immediately fails in love with her.

Although Rollinson has Maldono arrested a friendly judge releases him on bail and the thug is able to engineer the attack on the Lafayette Club in the Fifth Ward and the murder of Detective Eppley. Both events take place in Jerry's presence.

After election, when the Town Meeting party has been beaten, Jerry makes plans for the next fight, and is introduced to the "Sage of Philadelphia." who enables the young popular hero to start a "Real Republicans" party to buck the contractor organization. His civic consciousness aroused Jerry refuses Jim Rand's demand for \$5000 in

CEIVING END OF THE DOUBLE-CROSS.

Very soon after the Bir Boss reached this decision, he and Willard H. Bucking-ham were closeted together.

"There's hell to pay," said the politician, affecting an air of gravity. "A flock of fool millionaires are putting up the coin, and it's astonishing the bunch of workers good, practical, live-wire workers that young fellow Archer has got hooked up-not a dead one among 'em, And say! there's a kind of a damned religion of enthusiasm about the way they're gittin along. They feel like regular crusaders. Why, blast it, with that organization and all this everiasting yawping in the newspapers, they might come through and beat us out."

"Might?" Mr. Buckingham was at

are unreasonable and hard to deal with. I know what it was like in the Blankenberg administration; men like George D. Porter—too damned honest; George W. Norris, able, high-minded geutleman—but—too high-minded. And then there was that little fellow, Morris Cooke. Why, blast him, he could stirup more suspicion and public dissatisfaction in one day than all of us together could settle in a year. They are all so conscientious they think everybody else must be a thief. The total effect is that they—unsettle values."

Mr. Buckingham, after a moment's nesitance, came out with this final



"There's hell to pay," said the politician to Buckingham, affecting an air of gravity

but this could only be when he handled the levers. If some other, some alien hand was thrust in-one of these progressive-minded men like those who had so many ideas one couldn't always be sure where they were going to break out next—why then Mr. Buckingham couldn't be sure of anything—and the very genius of high finance is that it is sure. The chance is taken by the other fellow.

that's all we would ask. We the talking."

Mr. Buckingham's fine features mantled with an expression of elegant distaste, as he responded to this suggestion with a negative shake of his

tion."
"You are utterly conscienceless," protested Mr. Buckingham with a lofty

gen. And say! there's a kind of adamed religion of enthusiasm about the fermion of the states. The state of the states of the states. The state of the states of the state

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

A ROMANCE IN KHAKI By MARY BRODERICK

A ROMANCE IN KHAKI
By MARY BRODERICK

"THE flag has come, girls, and such
to her sisters as they gathered around
the table for the evening meal,"
wish it could be put up tonight, but
father is away and there won't be any
one at home to do it."

"Oh. but I can, and will directly after
supper," Julia, the pretitest of the trio,
replied. "And it will be such fun, too."

"That makes me think, Jule," the
lor in tawn this afternoon and hecritainly looked well. He came in on the
afternoon train, and if I'm not mis
Better not show his face round these
quariers, though, ch., Jule?" a too.

"Julia said nothing, but if it were not
for the gathering iwilight the other
for the gathering iwilight the other
and her disters on their way to keep
and to the shed for the ladder, preparatory, to the unfulling of "Old
of the house, the arround to the front
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"DREAMLAND ADVENTURES"

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

The tiny tackyard garden in which she sat knitting was charming, but, oh, how small and close it seemed compared to Birdland! And how lone-

gestion with a negative some: It only here!
"Besides," he averred, "that story was here!
"I had a suspicion it might be," said singing? And to her? Peggy dropped her knitting and listened. A voice her knitting and listened. A voice

O Princess wise



"Wescome, my birds!" cried Peggy. "This is a real surprise"

with

The day's work was done
And we wanted fun.
So we quickly thought of you.
We've sped through the air,
Left home every care,
And now tell us what we shall do.

And now tell us what we shall do.

Peggy was perplexed. Judge Owl certainly did have a blunt way of putting problems to her without a moment's notice. Here she had scarcely had time to say "how-dee-do" to the Birds when she was asked to figure out how to entertain them.

"I don't know what to tell you," she began doubtfully. "You see, this is such a surprise te me that—"
"Oh, don't let that worry you," quickly hooted Judge Owl, noticing her embarrassment. "You don't need to tell ""We poets have to do things like that sometimes, even though it doesn't make good sense. That's why some poetry is so queer."

"I see," said Peggy, much relieved. "It's sometimes awfully hard to entertain folks, particularly when they expect you to make all their good times for them."

"Birds are not like that," put in Bob Olink. "We have our own fun." And what he said seemed true, for the Birds appeared to be in the jolliest kind of a mood. They gathered around

ing a low bow, began a poetic explana-tion of their visit:

The day's work was done
And we wanted fun.
So we quickly thought of you.

It is how to have a good time when we are with you. We always enjoy ourselves. I put that
Tell us what we shall do into the poem just to make it rhyme

Thought quickly of you. Thought quickly or you.

"We poets have to do things like
that sometimes, even though it doesn't
make good sense. That's why some
poetry is so queer."

"I see," said Peggy, much relieved.
"It's sometimes awfully hard to en-

But there came an odd interruption. It was a stringent, roaring animal call. It hushed the Birds into instant

Peggy and chattered and twittered and sang in a perfect turmoil of happi-

"Gracious me," croaked Blue Heron,
"are there lions in the city?" Again came the peculiar call, ap-parently from the street. Some of the nore timid Birds mounted into the air, while others clustered about Peggy. She was a little frightened, but summoned up courage enough to peek around the corner of the house.

"Hee-haw! Hee-haw! Hee-haw!"

"It's just an army mule!" giggled Peggy, breathing a lot easier. And what she saw caused her to laugh aloud, for there in the middle of the street was a mule sitting down just like a tired dog. He was harnessed with another mule to an army wagon in which stood two exasperated young soldiers, who were trying their best to get him to move. But he just sat there and "hee-hawed," while his teammate looked disgusted and a grinning crowd gathered at the curb.

Peggy was so busy laughing at the mule she didn't pay much attention to the young soldiers. Then she noticed they looked familiar. Running out to the street, she saw that they were Ben and Bill Dalton.

"Hello, Ben and Bill," she cried merrily; "why don't you get your mule a Ben and Bill nearly fell off the

wagon when they heard her voice. They glanced at her and then looked all around.
"Here I am. Can't you see me?" "Who-o-o are you?" stammered Ben,

"Who-o-o are you?" stammered Ben, as their eyes came back to her.

"Why, I'm the invisible fairy!" laughed Peggy, suddenly understanding their bewilderment. In her previous adventures with them she had been hidden by Camouflage Perfume. They had known her only by her voice. They were now for the first time seeing her as herself.

(In the next chapter Peggy sud-denly decides to become a show man to jolly up the soldiers on the eve of their departure for France.)

NO Just No Once no Please Henry, why don't you shave!-

"CAP" STUBBS-And There Certainly Was

-:-

.:- -:-

By EDWINA







