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 • • •

APTER XXVIII (Continued) CTSIDE Becky Aurentsky had lis-tened stolidly to the sounds of argutened stolldly to the sounds of arguint within. When her husband's voice
is lifted high, what he said was the
t of thing he and Levene had been
type for a year, and it had come to
an no more to her than the sad,
hotomous chanting of the family misrunes. When, on the other hand,
too's voice was lowered to that grave
the in which he communicated to Sylvy
ghastly details of an actual plot,
could not hear what was said. In
mesquence, though she knew that
vivy had given way to tears, she unrutood nothing of the cause, and only
ted with satisfaction that her hussad's tone had become tender and
cologetic.

Mowever, Mrs. Aurentsky's concern onight was not with such triffes as as occasion of strife between her hus-and and her eidest daughter. Her oungest child's fever had risen through e day, as it had for several days, but onight, judged by the feel of the back for maternal hand, which was the attentional thermometer site possessed. clinical thermometer she posses s higher than before. The lad ras higher than before. The lad was sker, too, and his eyes burned like is of fire. Greatly alarmed, a coun-of the neighbors had been called that adjourned just before Sylvy's yrn. All voted the necessity of a ctor; but doctors were an expense, and an expense which the Aurentsky ally had seldom afforded in the days its prosperity. Now a doctor was far away as the moon.

far away as the moon.
But neighbors will talk among themolves, and as a result of such talk, cood Mrs. Lillienfeld had gone out to the social settlement on the big street round the corner. She came back, abored ponderously up the two flights if stairs and thrust her great, mournally sympathetic face through a crack a the door, just a few seconds after he interview between Ruth and her ather had settled into its softer anti-



JERRY ARCHER, with his brother Paul, actively conducting the business of the Archer Tool Works engaged in overnment war confracts.

WILLARD H. BUCKINGHAM. fin-ncial genius and the most powerful can in Philadelphia as the result of the complete political control which his

RUTH BUCKINGHAM, his daughter, RCTH BUCKINGHAM, his daughter, who is engaged to Jerry Arrher without the knowledge or consent of her parents. VICTOR ROLLINSON, a rising young lawyer and close friend of Jarry Archer, He knows life in all its bitterness and f the ghetto, whose father is unable to vercome political and economic oppres-

JOE MALDONO, a gunman and gangster of the most vicious sort, and a distinct political asset for the "Organization,"

JIM RAND, a Councils' labbyist: Michael Kellly, 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 Burkingham's push-button when that
personage wishes some political deed accomplished.

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 millionitre that the Organization, through its control of the police, dispenses favors and suppresses all opposition. The episoda with the policeman also brings him into contact with Mike Kelly, who gives Jerry his first learner in provided politics.

its control of the police, dispenses favors and suppresses all opposition. The enland, 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 Buth, 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 heaten a citizen, but for baving dared to interfere with a friend of Willard H. Buckingham.

His civic consciousness aroused Jerry refuses Jim Band's demand for \$5000 in order to push through Councils a framebiae for a spur track to the factory. At the psychological moment Max Rissman univovers 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 tather rescues his daughter from the summan 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 falls 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 very'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 here to start a "Real Republicans" party to buck the contractor organization.

Victor Rollinson interests the "Rills Sheters" in Sylvy and through Hester Levy.

Agriculture of the control of the co

cheeked and yellow as paper but for fire in his eyes.

Aurentsky's eyes hardly left the doctor's face

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firmly from her place at the bedside and sending her to sleep. Having watched a sum sufficient to defray the short of the his paper on that word happy's formed the nuffice her make formed the employment substance of the firmly from her place at the bedside and sending her to sleep. Having watched a sum sufficient to defray the short of the firmly from her place at the bedside and sending her to sleep. Having watched a sum sufficient to defray the short of the firmly from her place at the bedside and sending her to sleep. Having watched a sum sufficient to defray the short of the firmly from her place at the bedside and sending her to sleep. Having watched a sum sufficient to defray the short of the firmly from her place at the bedside and sending her to sleep. Having watched a sum sufficient to defray the short of the firmly from her place at the bedside and sending her powerty hery his which short of the firmly from her place at the bedside and sending her powerty hery his with a state of the firmly from her place at the bedside and sending her powerty hery hight, and that short of the firmly from her

on some convenient door step. reing the possibilities of confusion by so much subtraction of wiggly huboles. Usange footsteps now moved haltingly in the passage, identified by all, and you pened the door. The doctor in, a round-visaged, spectacled with a kindly expression on a sent face. At every step in the little below and on the two flights of re, his nose, combined with past exceed, had explained to him exactly to expect.

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for tomorrow's trade. Sylvy seized the opportunity to cheer and encourage him. That's nice, "she boasted, comparing the daily account; "that's seventy-one cents more profit than Tuesday. Let's try tomorrow to make it a dollar more than today."

"I should try, Sylvy, for you and to huy the stone for little Isadore." The voice was broken, yet hopeful. In it voice was broken, yet hopeful. In it was no touch of bitterness, no outery against faile. No more talk about the Romanoffs of the rich. Sylvy horself feit greatly encouraged. She feared only Levene's influence—the man's uncamp power to stir up suspicion and malice and hatred in the breast of those who listened. Toward the beginning of the second week he came in. It was his first visit since little Isadore's death. Apparently it was no part of Levene's code to bestow sympathy and consolation.

"You been avay?" Aurentsky inquired

"You been away?" Aurentsky inquired somewhat critically.

"Oh, do you think he would like to have me?" inquired modest Sylvy, a hungry look in her eyes and that little touch of wistful emphasis on "like," as reminding that, above everything else, the girl was proud. "I would love to sell things, nice things you know, that make people happy."

Poor child! After this dreadful year she was putting a touching emphasis.

THE WOMAN HATER By M. D. WHITNEY

med at the words, his eyes yearning for sympathy from the one he had come to regard as his most trusted friend, but he got none.

"Yes; I heard," said Levene. "Lucky feller, little Isadore!"

"Yes, but unlucky me," declaimed.

"You don't got vun vord to say to me; you don't got vun vord to say to me; you don't come near me to take my hand and say you are sorry. he reproached.

"Revolutioniles have got no time to be sorry—no time to have families even. Levene's tone was harsh and unfeeling.

"No children." and the father-heart of Aurentsky led him to open his arms and gather to his breast the nearest child, which happened to be the next to the youngest remaining, anemic little Bose, whom some institute seemed to tell him might go next after Isadore.

Levene looked greatly displeased and very critical.

"Aurentsky," he exclaimed, "I am surprised at your weakness. You are not a good comrade to have your heart melt so over your children. Revolutionists are so devoted to the cause of all children that they have no time to devote to any particular children."

"Becky, the broken-spirited, roused by the memory of something she had heard about Levene's artifulae toward marriage, flared up with, "And so carin' for all women that you don't got a wife of your own."

"That's the straight of it," declared Levene. "A revolutionist should never marry."

"But my husband is martied already."

"Revolution: Why do you all the word had be the like revolution? Exclaimed Mrs. "How are the kiddos? Will run down that you don't got a wife of your own."

"Cot all the conceited, impossible, exaperating brothers, Bob Thornton is should never that he worst. Helen, Arnold threw the letter into the hearth fire, with some-simple to the processor of the worst." Helen, Arnold threw the letter

"You see, my dear sister—no kind of girl can interest me. You have tried out every brand, all to no purpose. I shudder, yet every time I think of that Smith girl with the baby face, watching my every move with her adoring eyes. If I had to endure that longer than a week. I'd be a dead one. And that vinegar-

"DREAMLAND ADVENTURES" Bu DADDY

· PEGGY'S BIRD CIRCUS A complete new adventure each week, beginning Monday and ending Saturday.

CHAPTER III Peggy Talks to Balky Sam

(Peggy, upon finding that soldiers about to start for France are due to be disappointed because an animal circus that was to entertain them is caught in a wreck, gets her Birds to volunteer to give a show at camp.)

BALKY SAM didn't cause another bit of trouble until they pulled up somewhat critically.

"Nup! Busy!" explained Levene.

"You didn't hear about my little Isadore?" Jacob's whole expression softened at the words, his eyes yearning for
sympathy from the one he had come
to regard as his most trusted friend, but

The property of the camp of the camp of the sentries challenged he calmly sat
down in his traces and not an inch
in my blessed singleness' and forget
you know me when your desire for

You know me when your desire for "cantankerous cudgermudgeon" and hurl at him every long word he could think of. Balky Sam just sat and sat.

sight

"Why don't you talk to him. Princess Peggy?" suggested Judge "Bill is doing that and he knows more big words than I do," replied

Judge Owl answered solmenly: Judge Owl answered solmenly:
You can scold at a mule
And can call him bad names,
You will find as a rule
Twill not alter his aims.
But just give him a smile
And be jolly and nice,
He'll forget all his bile
And get up in a trice.



"Is that all the troupe you have?" he looked at Judge Owl and Blue

"It's a bad kind of fun that bothers other people," scolded Peggy. "An army mule doesn't get much fun of any kind. He has to take what he can," argued Balky Sam.

"You don't look a bit handsome sit-ting down that way. I never saw a mule do that before," persisted Peggy, trying to shame him into getting up.

"Hayen't you, in a circus?" asked Balky Sam, winking knowingly. "Oh, yes, in a circus," admitted 'eggy. "But this is not a circus—this

"I am a circus mule, though," de-clared Balky Sam, "and I'm having a circus right now making monkeys out of all these men." "You are delaying the war," declare "When I get to France I'll make up for that," answered Balky Sam. "You'll never get to France sitting there," retorted Peggy. "I never thought of that," answered Balky Sam, but he didn't make any

Peggy now switched to a new "Were you really in a circus?" a

"Yes, I'm a trick mule," proudly re-plied Balky Sam. "People used to laugh at me, now I'm laughing at

'If you're a trick mule I can use yo

in my show," suggested Peggy eagerly.
"I'll let you be the clown."
"Me the clown!" exclaimed Balky
Sam. "That's fine." And up he jumped
quickly. "I'll get my work done and
be ready in a minute."

Peggy had just time to climb back in the wagon, when he started away briskly, much to the relief of Ben and Bill, who were getting decidedly upset by the chorus of taunts hurled at them by the exasperated drivers be hind them.

The wason drove up to the start

The wagon drove up to the star door of the theatre. The recreated director was waiting there for it. "Where's your animal circus?" he cried out to Ben and Bill. "It's time

for the show to begin."

"The circus was wrecked," answered
Bill. "We've brought the Good Fairy
and her performing birds as a substitute."

Stitute."

The recreation director looked at Peggy and groaned.
"Great guns!" he exclaimed. "Why, this child isn't big enough to manage a flea circus, and here are 4000 husky soldiers just howling their heads on to be entertained. It's a man-sized job to give a show for them."
"She'il do it," promised Ben loyally, "Well, I suppose we'll have to get along as best we can," grumbled the recreation director. "Is that all the troupe you have?" he looked at Judge Owl and Blue Heron doubtfully, For answer Peggy waved her hand toward the sky."

For answer Peggy waved her hand toward the sky.

"There are my actors," she said The stage manager looked up and groaned louder than ever, but the groans gave way to exclamations of surprise as dozens upon dozens of birds swooped down and gathere around Peggy.

"Jumping Crickets, you have birds trained like that!" he said. "Maybyou can give a real show, after all."

"Maybe I can," answered Peggy.

Peggy as well as she could understand him. Then his lips rolled up in a chuckle. "Just think of one mule upfunny laugh and he winked at her."



From the Daily Express (London) AUGUST-I AM THE "HUN"-LY THING AT COWES

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(Tomorrow it will be told he Peggy's show starts off with a sur-

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By EDWINA