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 XXVIII (Continued)

And this man loved her! He watched over her, day by day, and—was still watching over her. Why, come to think of it, if what Ruth Buckingham told her was true, and she believed in Ruth as implicitly as in Hester—he would know tonight when he got his report from the man who was her day-time shadow that she had gone to work here—that she was a cash-girl in the necktie department, perhaps would even know that she had carried his change for him.

What a start that would give him! Sylvy smiled at the thought, her eyes still clinging to the figure of the man as he strode away.

The girl had never realized that men could be beautiful until now; yet nobody else had ever called Victor handsome even. Striking, impressive, challenging, these were adjectives applied to him commonly; but beautiful? This in itself was an indication that something was beginning to bias Sylvy's judgment of this lawyer, something besides that great feeling of gratitude which welled up in her like a tide.

"Cash!"

The word broke in like reveille on the dreams of a soldier, and Sylvy scurried off to answer, but with her thoughts still upon Victor. He loved her! He loved her! It was all strange, wonderful, mysterious, impossible. It did not occur to the girl that she might reciprocate this love, or that there was anything in this attachment but the sublimity of its hopelessness. If Victor had been a Jew, her heart would have been dancing with ecstatic delight; but he was not. Such love and such a man, inspired her with awe and wonder, but left her with a sense of being rebuked and humbled by that age-grown wall of race-prejudice and religion that lay between them, wherefore she thought of Victor reverently, but not longingly or hopefully.

There was one interesting week and then another for Sylvy in Levy's big store, with nothing startling to note except that a man who had worked out at the cigarette factory as a packer or stock clerk or something was here now as a floor-walker in the men's furnishing department. Sylvy had used formerly rather to distrust this man, especially when she left the tobacco factory and went to the button factory, and there in two or three days was he, a button-stock clerk instead of a tobacco stock clerk. But now, after what Ruth had told her, and he had appeared here, she recognized him instantly, and regarded him favorably. He was her guardian angel. She wanted to nod to him and smile; but he never saw her—not now anymore than when in the cigarette or the button factory. Nevertheless his presence there was a living assurance that this happier, more hopeful world into which she had moved was real and not a dream from which at any moment some rude, shaking hand might rouse her. Yet into the tranquillity of these days one somber shadow obtruded. It was the fear inspired by memory of her father's nightmare talk of wholesale murder and city-wide destruction, of gutters of blood and skies red with fire, which had rattled from his excited tongue the night the doctor came first to Isadore.

There was time now to think of it. Doubted on second thought as a mere vaporous hallucination, it had now settled firmly into her consciousness as a real project of the wild men represented by Levene. Was it going on now, as her father had supposed? Levene had said he was very busy. Was that his business? Gathering materials, assembling the agents, perfecting the organization for all this diabolical work? If so, something should be done to frustrate the plans immediately. The police, the public should be warned—but, her father?

Though he was now through with Levene definitely, yet he might be involved in any exposure that came. He was guilty at least of plotting murder with the others. The conspirators, uncovered and in danger of punishment, would look about for a victim of their disappointed rage. That victim might be Jacob Aurentsky. The girl's memory of how easily her father had been involved in disaster when innocent filled her with a double terror at the thought of what might happen, now he was at least guilty in thought; yet at length she fought her way resolutely to the decision to go and make a full confidante of Victor Rollinson.

CHAPTER XXIX

The Strangle Hold

AT ABOUT 5 o'clock Jerry came in to the great man's office smiling as usual. Jerry was feeling rather good these days. One of the daily papers, casting up on the political situation, had that morning remarked that Victor Rollinson would be a good man for Mayor.

Mr. Buckingham, however, did not smile. He glowered.

"The time has come for you to get out of politics," announced that gentleman with an abruptness that was intended to be irresistibly forceful, but which registered also as brutal.

Jerry's blue eyes reacted to this by staring blandly while his spine stiffened.

"Your business will need all of your attention from now on."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Jerry, resenting this impertinence in such a force of words.

"Your line of credits is going to be cut!"

A tremor which he hoped was carefully concealed passed up and down Jerry's frame, for the harsh finality of this announcement called up staggering possibilities.

"Called?" Jerry's voice was a bit husky and his response not immediate, because, to tell the truth, the Archer Tool Works was a bit stretched out—financially. The young man had known this faintly for some time; he became fully conscious of it now all in a moment.

Paul, as has been said before, was not ambitious to make money. In the hope of one enlargement they had enlarged their building plans again. Ultimately, this meant vast increase of capacity; ultimately, too, vast increase of credits; but now it had absorbed their surplus and reserves, consumed their working capital and postponed the day of profits several months.

Yet that Paul and Henry T. Archer, who looked after the finances, had engaged in any hazardous ventures. Not at all. The business was sound; it was more than sound, for, on present prospects, it had a gold mine planted in the rear of it, but its expansion had been based on the basis of the customary line of credits. If these were to be withdrawn suddenly, it was like pulling a central prop from under the whole [illegible]

[illegible] Jerry scrambled again into [illegible] dizzy [illegible]

THE PEOPLE IN THE STORY

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, who is engaged to Jerry Archer without the knowledge or consent of her parents.

VICTOR ROLLINSON, a rising young lawyer and close friend of Jerry Archer. He knows life in all its bitterness and has risen above it.

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

JOE MALDONO, a gunman and gangster 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 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 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 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 younger popular hero to start a "Real Republican" party to buck the contractor organization.

Victor Rollinson interests the "Big Sisters" in Sylvy and through Hester Levy, one of them, she meets Ruth who tells her of Victor's love.

At Sylvy's home her father, turned rabid anarchist by the brutal treatment he has received, outlines to the girl the plans for revolution and bloodshed in Philadelphia, but the death of his youngest boy drives the wild plan from his brain.

Hester procures a position for Sylvy in her father's store, and the first day Victor appears.

He loved her!

to either of them than money, the Archer business honor.

"You're stretched out pretty thin, I notice," gloated the financier with a wave of his hand toward the chart.

Jerry turned his glance aside from Mr. Buckingham's face and viewed the figures on the sheet. They told him what he knew already—that a blow sufficiently ruthless could throw the Archer Tool Works into a receiver's hands.

Judging that the dangerous possibilities had soaked in sufficiently, Mr. Buckingham went on impatiently to clinch the matter.

"I am tired of this nonsense," he blurted. "You have refused my advice, you have declined to be reasonable, mined not to let the man don another mask in his presence, "will you do my intelligence the honor to abandon that line of argument? I am not deceived by it. The credit of the Archer Tool Works in this city is unimpaired, except as you may have impaired it. If our creditors have been here today talking to you, it is because you have asked them to come. What's in the wind? What sort of a scare is it you're trying to throw into me?"

At this defiance Buckingham threw off the guise of urbanity he had been about to don once more and burst out sharply with:

"Young man, unless you give me your word before you leave here that your political activities will cease at once, your firm's credits will be curtailed as fast as I can shear them off."

"And that would be pretty fast," conceded Jerry drily.

"It would," snapped Mr. Buckingham. "So fast the Archer Tool Works would be in the hands of a receiver in less than a week."

"And that is what you propose to do?"

"It is what I propose to do," answered Mr. Buckingham, relentlessly, triumphantly almost.

Jerry hesitated, not that he was in doubt as to the next word, but to permit himself the luxury of enjoying to the full every sensation involved in this ultimatum. On the one view he saw the Archer Tool Works collapsing, with all the wiseacre business rivals gossiping and muttering, "I told you so." On the other view he saw his political organization tumbling and some hundreds of dismayed citizens, realizing sadly that they had been betrayed by a rich man who had sold himself for a handful of securities. This last vision stirred Jerry's emotions. It made him sorry for Mr. Buckingham. His indignation cooled somewhat and he was fired with a desire to make that crass man see the picture which he saw.

"Mr. Buckingham," he inquired, "forgetting all the big men in our movement, can you get the vision of the hand-to-hand workers in our modest organization, these little division leaders who for twelve months now have been faithfully talking clean government and promising the people in their blocks that they would get the police out of politics, the firemen out of politics and the Magistrates out of politics, and take away the power of local ward heelers to thwart the law, keep favorites out of jail and punish innocent men whose only crime was political independence? Why, all those men have left is hope."

"Trouble makers, every one of them!" ejaculated Mr. Buckingham.

"Would you have me betray that hope?" Jerry went on feelingly, having ignored the interruption.

"You better think about betraying the Archer Tool Works," retorted Mr. Buckingham savagely.

"That's for you to think about; it is you who proposes to do it," answered Jerry bitingly. "I love the Archer Tool Works. I was born in it almost, as my father was. You are proud, Mr. Buckingham, both of your name and your money, but I want to tell you that my father and brother and I are prouder of the Archer Tool Works, the integrity of its product and the honor of its name than you could be if you owned the national debt; yet I would see the Archer Tool Works go into the hands of a receiver tomorrow; I would see our building enterprise stop, our patents and processes taken from us, our organization scattered, everything, before I would abandon some of the men who can hardly read or write, but that are working earnestly with us to smash the political machine. Is that clear now?"

"It is," said Mr. Buckingham, sharply. "You are as fanatical as I suspected you of being. But, melodramatics aside, you know what I expect now."

"I do," said Jerry, and closed his lips tightly to keep his tongue from flying out at Mr. Buckingham for that sneer about melodramatics. Jerry could not help it if he spoke with passion. When he thought of those men working so earnestly and faithful through every division and ward of the city, his breast was full of passion.

Once outside, however, the young manufacturer felt weak, and misgivings came to him. He hurried first to Ruth. An open breach with Mr. Buckingham had come and he might expect soon to be forbidden the house.

"Marry me tonight," he urged.

"No," decided Ruth. "Papa has treated me so generously always that I cannot do any hasty act; that would seem like disloyalty or desertion. Instead I will talk to him, try to reason with him. I really do think, Jerry, that I might make him see."

As Jerry looked into those earnest blue eyes, as he felt her hands so tenderly upon his shoulders, it seemed that if any influence in the world could enlighten the cold mind and bend the stubborn will of William H. Buckingham it must be Ruth.

"Very well, Ruth; but if they tear us apart now——"

"Jerry!" the girl exclaimed, holding him tightly, "nothing can tear us apart!" Then she kissed him good-bye.

Jerry hurried homeward and the moment dinner was concluded got Paul and his father into the library while he broke the news.

For a moment Henry T. Archer sat perfectly motionless, his fine patrician features pale, his eyes fixed and expressing that mental struggle which seemed necessary in order to grasp the significance of such a situation.

"No!" he ejaculated presently. "No! Buckingham would never dare do it. He is only brow-beating according to his habit."

"I think father is right," said Paul. "It was only a bluff and you called it proper."

"We shall soon know," announced Mr. Archer, "for I am going shopping with that $160,000 of new paper tomorrow."

"We hear of these things being done from time to time, you know," went on Paul, seeing how anxious Jerry was, "but I think where the proposed victim meets the attack with courage nothing comes of them. Ever hear about Francis B. Reeves? He was president of one of the national banks at the time, I believe, and he got into some kind of political activity—I don't recall now what it was—but it brought a fight down on him, and one day a very polite committee of depositors called on him, and after a little hemming and hawing told him they were very sorry but that if his present attitude was continued, they would have to withdraw their deposits, and there were a good many others who would do the same thing.

"Well, the old gentleman sat up very straight, gave them all a look in the eye, remarked that he gave them credit for more intelligence than to suppose that he could be intimidated, and told them flatly that when he couldn't own himself politically and at the same time be president of a bank, he would give up banking. By way of dismissing the subject, he added that of course depositors could always get their money by asking for it at the window. Then he began to talk about the weather. That's the way Francis B. Reeves met that bunch of highbinders, and not a dollar of deposits was withdrawn."

"I hope our experience will be like it," said Henry T. Archer very quietly.

Jerry, studying his father's face closely, from his corner, knew that despite his coolness and self-control he was distinctly worried.

"Sorry I brought all this on you, Dad!" he exclaimed, laying an impulsive hand upon his father's.

"I'm not," persisted his father stoutly, **"Just as well find out one time as another if this is a free country or not.** The thing to consider is just what we could do."

"He has caught us at the worst possible time," remarked Paul, with knitting brow. "Shouldn't wonder if the old rhinoceros had been waiting months for just this combination of our financial necessities to arrive."

"According to his chart, there are $142,000 of notes coming up for payment or renewal in the next five days," specified Jerry.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

"TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE"

By ELLEN B. KEE

IT WAS Saturday, and for Sue that meant a trip in town, the matinee and perhaps a stroll through the shops if there was time.

She pursued her leisurely way up the street from the station, conscious that she was looking very small, and quite aware of the fact that several pairs of masculine eyes had cast approving glances in her direction as she lingered to look in the shop windows on her way.

Suddenly realizing that the streets were getting very crowded, Sue came to the conclusion that she had stopped too long admiring the pretty things in the window. "It must be getting late," she said to herself, and glanced at the watch on her wrist.

"Mercy! Ten minutes of 2. Where has the time gone? I'll be late now all right," and she tried to hurry, but the crowds were too much for her, and in spite of her best efforts she found that she made slow progress.

"Surely there must be something the matter," thought Sue. "I never remember seeing such an awful crowd even on a Saturday."

"Can't cross here, miss," a deep voice said to her. "Street's blocked to passengers till the parade's gone by," and Sue found herself looking up to the good-natured policeman who usually stood guard at the crossing.

"Parade!" said Sue. "I hadn't heard that there was going to be one! What parade is it?" she asked the blue-coated giant, who still stood there smiling at her.

"Why, it's just the boys from Camp Blank! They're marching through here on their way to the armory, so the street's closed to traffic till they've passed."

So Sue had to stand there and watch the parade, and she kept one very anxious eye on the big clock on the corner and sighing impatiently every time the minute hand moved one space more.

At the Play

"I know it's not a bit patriotic to feel like this—I really ought to feel ashamed of myself," said Sue to herself, "but, oh, dear, I wouldn't care if it was any day but Saturday," and with a sigh of relief, after fifteen minutes of anxious waiting, Sue darted across the street and sped on her way to the theatre.

"Oh, how I hate to be late," she stormed to herself. "I'll just get in when everything is pitch dark, and have to crawl in over half a dozen people, and get all disarranged, to say nothing of stepping all over them," and her fears were all realized, for the theatre was all in darkness, and by the time Sue sank into her seat, breathless but thankful to be settled at last, her temper as well as her clothing was just a little upset.

"Oh, dear," she exclaimed in exasperation, when she had finally disposed of all her belongings, "I've forgotten to get a program, after all. I had no idea this was a war play (as she noticed several of the men on the stage in uniforms). "You certainly can't tell much from the names of plays these days," she fumed. But just then the star made her appearance, and Sue forgot all about her impatience as she applauded enthusiastically, as her favorite came upon the stage, and she leaned forward in breathless attention as the soldier hero bade his sweetheart good-by and went off on a dangerous mission.

"Gracious, I never dreamed that this was a war play," breathed Sue to herself as the curtain fell on the first act. "I seem to find soldiers on all sides today." And, as the lights went up and she turned to look about her, she fairly gasped, for she realized that she had spoken the truth, literally, for right beside her sat the nicest-looking soldier she had ever seen, a manly, clean-cut looking chap with a very pleasant smile.

"Well," thought Sue, "it is certainly soldiers to the right of me, soldiers in front of me; I hope they don't 'volley and thunder,'" she reflected mischievously as her thought went back to the poem she had learned in school. "However," she told herself, "I must get a program or I shan't know what they are doing," and she looked around, vainly trying to attract the attention of the usher.

"Is there something I can do for you?" asked a pleasant voice at her right, and Sue turned with a flush to look into (as she afterwards told herself) the nicest brown eyes she had ever seen.

"Why, I forgot to get a program," she told him, and accepted the one he proffered with a very pretty smile and blush. "You see," she went on, "I was late on account of the parade. I couldn't get across the street. Were you in it?" she asked shyly.

"I? Oh, no," he answered with his pleasant smile. "I've been home for two weeks. You see I—expect to go—away—very soon."

"Away!" said Sue. "You mean—over there?"

He nodded.

"How brave you boys are," said Sue, softly, her eyes shining.

"Oh, no," said her companion. "Not brave at all—just patriotic."

"Susie" and "Sammie"

And somehow with those few words Sue felt rebuked for her impatience of the afternoon. To think that she has been unwilling to sacrifice a few minutes of her time when this man and hundreds like him were ready to sacrifice so much.

She would do better in the future, she promised herself. Turning to her companion after the curtain had fallen on the second act she said: "I do really want to do something worth while to help the soldiers. Do my bit, you know. Perhaps you could tell me what you think would be most useful."

"Well, you've heard of Sister Susie," said her companion with a smile, "and the shirts she sews."

"O, but really I'm not joking," protested Sue. "Of course, I knit and sew. Every one does that—besides, Susie is really my name," she added mischievously.

"Oh! indeed!" said her companion. "Susie—? interrogatively, and he waited a moment. But Sue was silent.

"I beg your pardon," said he instantly. "Of course you must think me very presumptuous. But, really, I did not mean to be. Perhaps this would be as good a time as any for me to introduce myself. Lieutenant Samuel Putnam—at your service."

"And mine is Sue Williams," said the girl, not to be outdone.

"Thank you," said the man courteously, acknowledging her information. "Shall we shake hands and consider ourselves properly introduced?" And as the lights went out and left the theatre in readiness for the last act Sue reached out her hand to her companion, and with a thrill she felt his broad palm close over her fingers and hold them fast.

"I am coming to see you before I leave, if I may?" he told her—"and then we'll talk over the different things that you can do for the boys at the front. However, I warn you that there'll be one 'boy' who'll claim the lion's share of your attention."

Sue smiled and held out her hand for "good-bye."

"Yes, do come," she said. "Two heads are better than one, you know."

"By jove, that's right," exclaimed the young man. "And a 'Susie' and a 'Sammie,' that's a pretty good combination, I think," and the sparkle in his eyes told of a deeper meaning that lay hidden in his words.

Tomorrow's Complete Novelette—"MAY FLOWERS."

"DREAMLAND ADVENTURES"

By DADDY

PEGGY'S BIRD CIRCUS

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

CHAPTER IV

Blue Heron Saves the Show

(Peggy, hearing that soldiers about to start for France are to be disappointed because an animal circus, which was to give them a "cheer-up" show has been wrecked, volunteers, with her Birds, to take its place.)

PEGGY found that she had a much larger company than she had expected. The birds on the way to camp had spread the news that they were going to be in a show and had been joined by scores of friends and relatives from nearby swamps and meadows, all keen to get into the fun.

As she entered the stage door Balky Sam reminded her of her promise.

"Remember, I am to be the clown!" he called to her.

Peggy turned to Ben and Bill.

"You'll let Balky Sam be in our show?" she asked them.

"Sure, if you can get him to do anything besides sit down," they answered. "We will unhitch at the barn and then he can come back."

Peggy carried her baggage into the theatre and the recreation director showed her a dressing room. There she quickly put on her spangled costume and ran back to the stage. From the other side of the curtain came a loud, confused rumble.

"What's that awful noise?" she asked the recreation director.

"Why, that's your audience," he answered. Peggy felt her knees begin to tremble. The roar sounded like a pack of hungry lions. Supposing the soldiers didn't like her show—what would they do to her? Timidly she crept across the stage to a peekhole in the curtain. The big theatre was packed from floor to roof with thousands of soldiers. They were talking and whistling and singing. But Peggy noticed that they were beginning to get a bit impatient. It wouldn't do to keep them waiting much longer.

Peggy turned to look at the stage. It was just fine for a bird show. The scenery showed a forest, with bushes, rocks and grassy mounds, giving the birds plenty of places on which to perch. They had already made themselves at home and were chattering so excitedly among themselves that they almost drowned out the racket of the soldiers.

"We will have to start at once," said the recreation director. "Tell me when you are ready and I'll ring up the curtain."

This brought a dismaying thought to Peggy. She's promised the soldiers a show, the birds were ready—and she hadn't planned a thing for them to do. She'd have to think fast now. Why not give a rural sketch, calling it "Back Home on the Farm"? The idea seemed good to her.

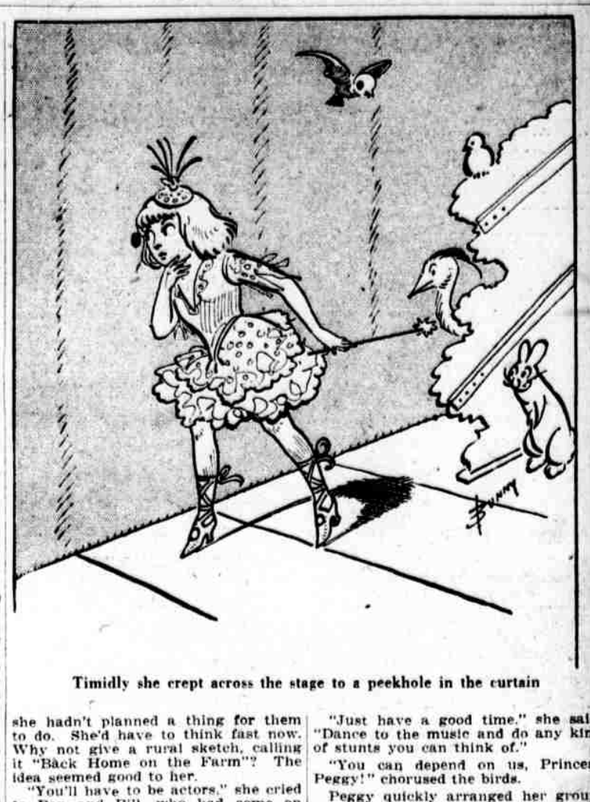
"You'll have to be actors," she cried to Ben and Bill, who had come on the stage to see if they could help her. "What can you do?"

"I can play the mouth organ," spoke up Ben.

"And I play the accordeon," chimed in Bill.

"Goody!" said Peggy. "You can dress as farmer boys and pretend you're playing to the birds 'way out in the woods."

Ben and Bill borrowed overalls and jumpers from a couple of stagehands and were ready in a jiffy. Peggy explained to the birds what they were to do.



Timidly she crept across the stage to a peekhole in the curtain

"Just have a good time," she said. "Dance to the music and do any kind of stunts you can think of."

"You can depend on us, Princess Peggy!" chorused the birds.

Peggy quickly arranged her grouping. Ben and Bill sat on the floor while the birds gathered in the background listening to the music of the mouth organ and accordeon. Judge Owl and Blue Heron were close to the footlights on either side of the stage.

"We're ready!" whispered Peggy to the recreation director. He stepped in front of the curtain to explain the change in the bill.

"You have come to see an animal circus," he said, "but the circus was wrecked and so Princess Peggy and her birds will take its place."

This announcement was greeted groans. The soldiers didn't like it a bit to be told after waiting all this time that they were not going to see the show they expected. As Peggy heard the groans her heart sank. But she was too brave to be scared out.

"Stand by me, my birds," she whispered, "and we'll give them a show that will surprise them."

Up went the curtain. Peggy saw a blur of faces. She bowed and turned to her birds. But the birds were gone. As the curtain had risen they had risen too. They had been so startled at the sight of the audience that they had done just what they would have done in their forest—quickly darted out of sight. And Ben and Bill had stage fright. They couldn't play a note.

There was an awful silence for a moment. Then Peggy heard a loud guffaw from the drummer's seat in the orchestra. It was Sambo, the negro she had chased when she was driving the auto.

"What a bum show!" he howled impolitely. Peggy saw everything going to smash. Her plans to give the soldiers a laugh seemed all spoiled.

But there came a queer hero to the rescue. It was Blue Heron, one bird who hadn't flown away. He had stood on one leg, looking blinkingly out over the audience, never moving. Now he stalked to the footlights, picked up a padded drumstick and solemnly thumped Samo on the head.

It was so odd and Sambo was so astonished, the soldiers let out a roar of laughter. That broke the ice. Ben started playing his mouth organ like mad and Bill joined in with the accordeon. Down from their hiding places fluttered the birds, making a picture that brought quick applause from the soldiers.

Ben and Bill started a patriotic medley, opening with "Maryland, My Maryland." Clear bird trill took up the air—Orioles, Mocking Birds, Warblers formed a wonderful choir in perfect accord with mouth organ and accordeon. The strain changed to "Dixie" and the Mocking Birds trilled the melody with a wild fervor that brought the soldier boys shouting to their feet. Again the air changed, this time to "My Country 'Tis of Thee," and every bird that had a voice raised it joyfully in the anthem, some carrying the air, some introducing quaint variations, some just adding their bit to the inspiring volume of sound. Their enthusiasm spread to the audience. As one man, the soldiers poured forth a mighty chorus of patriotic praise, in which the shrill bird trills blended with fantastic beauty.

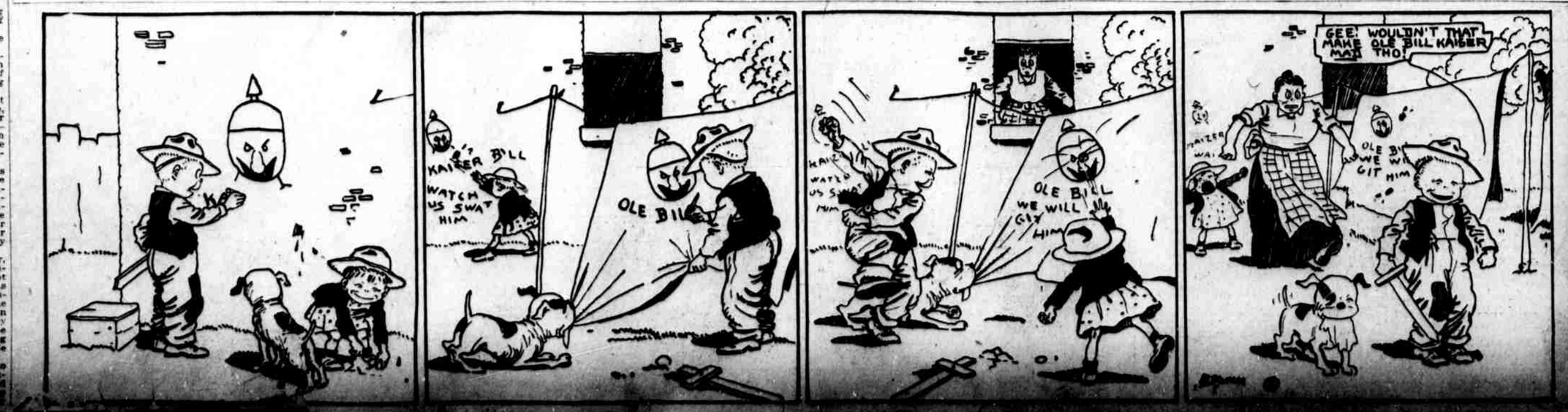
And as the mighty wave of sound died away the soldiers cheered and cheered and cheered. Peggy knew that her show was a winner.

(Tomorrow it will be told how the show develops a lot of astonishing fun.)

THE KAISER'S DREAM CALENDAR

From the Daily Express (London)

September—I lay the foundation of a Krupp factory in Hyde Park

"CAP" STUBBS—He Did It With a Piece of Chalk

By EDWINA