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 · ·

At, 1918, by Public Ledger Co. ER XXX (Continued) 'urtir know," went on Jerry, while ther and Paul were attend-McN matter of the note, "I almost Pour kind of people-you nearial i it were. I expected to have to up our loan entirely from the fifty.

fred-dollar people." nd you may at that," observed Mrs. "Generally I think our classsaid clawss)-will be deaf to an aplike yours. They will think you're

Oh, I hope so," declared Jerry, and seriously that Mrs. O'Day laughed rily. "I do want this," he went on, it succeeds to be the most democratic ever. I want it to demonstrate t the working people and the small deaman class of Philadelphia are not y sympathetic and appreciative but mable of the noblest sort of response." by Tm sure I trust they may." prattled to the Construction of the following the construction of the constr

the first subscriber from outside our works," he said, handing over the sd note. "Thank you very much, fearten us wonderfully, and yet, you I had expected that the first

steb I had expected that the first outty noney would be from a scrub-lady
emebody like that, bringing her little
d of savings, you know."
There she is," whispered Mrs. O'Day
h behind her fan.
fushed, pudgy woman, with periyation oozing from all visible pores,
appeared in the doorway. Jerry
tried over hopefully to greet the newher, and was prepared to be dreadiy disappointed if she had not come to
escribe to the loan.
Is it here ye take the money?" the
man inquired, looking about her and
h Mrs. O'Day rather suspiciously.
It is, I am Jeremiah Archer."
'And are ye that same?" exclaimed
woman. lifting both hands in a sort
benediction. "I am Bridget O'Riley,
the Fourt' Ward."

"The mother of Dennis!" inquirred
erry delighted, shaking hands delight-

Allor were like to mother of Dennia." Inquirred graph and is introduced to the "Sage of Fhiladelphia," who enables the most figure and is introduced to the "Sage of Fhiladelphia," who enables the power popular hero to start a "Real Republicans" party to buck the contractor organization." The mother of Dennia." Inquirred for producing the producing th

O'l" admitted Mrs. O'Day drily.

I be going of course, but the

Day, The introduction came as a surphy both it is a surphy both, and to laugh a tan uncardous purity both it is a both it is a surphy both, and to laugh a tan uncardous purity both it is a both it is a surphy both, and to laugh at an unconclous purity but she had also to make it very surphy both, and to laugh at an unconclous purity but she had also to make it very surphy both, and to laugh at an unconclous purity and both is a surphy both, and to laugh at an unconclous purity his praises so highly.

"They're not crewing in executive both in a surphy surphy both, and to laugh at an unconclous purity and both indeade murity." In surphy surphy

of the window. "I think I must be to but they're beginning to trickle gruite regularly now." responded still buoyant, "and we've made a good start for the first hour of the moon, thanks to you." he best of luck." said Mrs. O'Day, ing her hand.

Ind. sure, ye'll have it. Mr. Archer," red Bridget, offering her hand also, then making a large and perspiring to the departure of Mrs. O'Day, hat lady, in the excess of good feelborn of these few exchanges with O'Riley, had offered to take the hy woman home in her car—a promain to the latter had no more that of declining than she had of ling out of the window to get down.

O'Day's luxurious canopied car became quite chatty, and Mrs. taking advantage of proximity ate her new acquaintance quite

THE PEOPLE IN THE STORY

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, fuancial 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. 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 oppres-

the most vicious sort, and a distinct political asset for the "Organization, I RAND, a Councils" lobbyint, MICHAEL KELLY, a Carey division leader the Ward: MAX RISSMAN, a newspaper reporter who prove to be Jerry Archer although in entirely different ways.

THE STORY THUS FAR

d be going of course, but the on to stay and see a little bit of Mrs. O'Riley dropped a fat and wabbling

"An' thank ye again for the show" "Stay; oh, stay, if you'd like," reponded Jerry. "Take a seat by that yindow there; it's the cordest spot there and take a look occasionally and tell is if you see the people of Philadelphia is if you see the people of responded Jerry, and young Mr. Archer?" inquired the voice of Mrs. O'Riley, reproachfully, but seed across to his desk again. Mrs. O'Riley, "Oh, certainly," responded Jerry, and they of the Archer Tool Works, it was trie, as Mrs. O'Day had laughingly remarked, that there were as yet no evidence of crowding about the doors of the company office, but it was also true, as company office, but it was also true, as trickling in with money to offer in exchange for Tool Works notes. They were coming as rapidly as one every welcome. I'm sure." Sure had replied the time the two women left the office of the Archer Tool Works, it was trie, as Mrs. O'Day had laughingly remarked, that there were as yet no evidence of crowding hour had replied, that people were coming as rapidly as one every had replied, that people were coming as rapidly as one every welcome. I'm sure." You're very welcome. I'm sure." You're wery welcome. I'm sure." You're wery welcome. I'm sure." You're very wel

meighborhood.

"What's it mean?" people asked curiously.

"Folks pullin' their money out of the Star." was the answer.

"What's the matter? Ain't it safe?"

"Search me?"

One or two lugubrious nods and shrugs accompanying words like these and the work was done. Like an alarm of fire in a powder mill the rumor spread through that half-foreign district that there was a run on the Star of Liberty Savines Bank and that it was going to fail. The news passed from lip to lip: it was carried by customers from little shop to little shop, and then taken home where it went up the rickety stairs of tenements and was shouted across areaways and through open windows. Women dropped their washing and with suddsy fingers dug their precious bank books out from under mattresses and obscure holes in closets, and hurried barcheaded to the bank.

Almost by the time Jerry Archer had made his shrewd prognostication, the line had begun to receive accessions of scores of excited depositors and the anxious questions, the vague, nervous answers, the fear, the inciplent panic in the back of the line was spreading to the froat. When at 3 o'clock the back employes tried to shut the doors they ware unable to do so. A mob of elilly assignitating, screaming, scram-

absence.

He had read the Tool Works advertisement with a sneering laugh. Now he heard that there was a run on one of his savings bank branches. Tais ansured in the was percent beard in the was a run on one of his savings bank branches. Tais ansured it was lesse majeste. That any one, even those poor ignorant fools of foreigners out there in an industrial district, should doubt the integrity of a Buckingham bank was preposterous, it was insane!

"Pay 'em off," he roared angrily. "Keep the doors open all night if necessary; put on extra tellers. Pay 'em off. Send a truckload of Reserve notes out there under guards and pile 'em up to the ceiling where they can see 'em and speculate on whether we've got the money to pay 'em or not."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

"Now Uncle, you're always telling me that some one would make me a good husband. How do you know I'm looking for a husband? "Well. I never saw a girl of nineteen that wasn't looking for a husband. I'll bet if you met him you would be engaged to him within a month. Your Aunt Ellen, there, was just the same, but I captured her and saved her just in time." said Uncle Henry, glancing slyly at his wife.

"Now. Henry," protested his wife, but Henry got up and kissed the rest of the sentence away.

The next afternoon, a little before the spointed time, Violet went to held the sentence away.

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(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

(In previous adventures Peggy has

among the Birds and Animals, the latter including Balky Sam, the army mule, and Billy Goat and Johnny Bull, mascots of the soldiers.) CHAPTER I The Wedding Invitation "BOOM! Boom!" tolled the big sound carrying far through the silence of the night caused Peggy to open her eyes wide in sleepy surprise.
"Only 2 o'clock." she murmured. "That's strange' It's as light as day. I wonder if that clock is slow?"
"Who! Who!" came a call outside her window.
"The clock." answered Peggy, sitting up. "I am wondering of the clock is slow."

Peggy realized that it wasn't a question at all. It was the hoot of an Birdland," she cried, hopping out of bed in a hurry.

On the roof of the porch was

"Good night, Princess Peggy," he "Good day," corrected Peggy. Then

took the rolled-up lily pad which Brownie Owl held out to her and read eagerly what Judge Owl had written

wedding. At break of day, down by the bay, I'll marry Miss Purple Swai-

Peggy felt a sharp pang of disap-

"To General Swallow."
Peggy was puzzled. Then she read
the whole sentence again. "I'll marry
Miss Purple Swallow to General Swal-

low." At that a light dawned on her "Oh. I see, the Judge is going to be the officiating clergyman." The big

words nearly staggered Peggy, but she

"That's it." hooted Brownie Owl. "The Judge is a bachelor. He is waiting for you."
"He will have to wait a long, long time," said Peggy. "I'll never catch

up with him."
"I mean he is waiting for you to

young Brownie Owl.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

By ETHEL V. HALL

fence, smiling to herself. She was thinking of the words she had had with

Violet's health was not very good and the doctor had ordered her to the country for the summer. She laughed out loud as she thought of these words: "Now, mother, I won't stay in the lonely old country, and no one can make me, either. You know I'm used to a crowd, and dancing and everything!

won't go." But nevertheless, Violet went to her Uncle Henry's farm, and now she thought that nothing could induce her to go back to the dirty, close city. She loved Uncle Henry's country

Goodness, I'll die there. I tell you

ways, and no one could be any nicer than dear Aunt Ellen. Her thoughts were interrupted by a loud "moo" in her ear, from Daisy, the

the fence.
"Daisy, why did you scare me?" asked
Violet, shaking her head so that her
pretty curls bobbed around her roguish
face. But the only answer she got was
a soft, low "moo." and Daisy went on

a soft, low "moo," and Dalsy went on eating grass.

"Come Sport, old dog. Let's take a run," said Violet, jumping from the fence, and starting down the field with Sport, a large collie dog, close at her heels.

"Now. Sport, I'm going to roll down this hill, and don't you laugh at me, either," said Violet, giving his ear a twitch. But Sport enjoyed the rolling. She became so dizzy she closed her eyes, and kept on, not noticing that Sport had stopped barking and had run way ahead of her.

She reached the bottom of the field, sat up straight, and found that her only companion had deserted her.

And a Bark Was the Answer

And a Bark Was the Answer

She called his name and was answered by a bark. The sound came from the woods, so she scrambled to her feet and ran in that direction. Uncle Henry had told her she might go as far as the woods, but she must never enter into them alone.

"THE STOLEN BRIDE"

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

VIOLET sat on the top rail of the happened to be the top rail of the fence that surrounded Daisy's pasture. she had been seated there only a few minutes when Sport came and stood before her with another note in his mouth. This read: "Sport came too soon, but I am waiting."

"Til do it just to see what happens," and she ran to the top of the hill, lay down, closed her eyes and let herself so full speed, with Sport barking at her side. Copyright, 1918, by Public Ledger Co.

THE STORY THUS FAR

go full speed, with Sport barking at her side.

When almost to the bottom she stopped with a jerk. She had bumped into something, and whatever it was had fallen with a thud.

She sat up and opened her big blue eyer to look into the face of a young man, sitting on the grass in front of her, smiling and showing two rows of perfect white teeth. She put her hand over her mouth to keep from screaming.

"Now don't run off, young lady," he said. "I tried to stop you easy, but you came so swift you knocked me over."

"Are you the—?" she asked, but got no further, for he said:

The Mystery Solved
"Yes, I'm the mysterious writer of
the note. My name is Billy Morris.
What's yours?"
"Mine's Violet Snow."
After talking some time, Violet rose

After taking some time, violet rose to go.

"Don't forget tomorrow at the same time," said Billy, as he watched her lithe body run up the hill.

For a month they met every day, but no one knew it except Sport and Daisy. At last Uncle Henry said:

"It's a funny thing I can't get hold of that young Morris to come here. If I told him there was a pretty girl here I bet he would come. In double-quick time, too." undercurrent of thought which must be

man of sorrows, who stood upon the brink of the grave and peace, and yet who must still live and suffer until the curse of the Countess Karolyi should be utterly fulfilled.

"Sire," she muttered after a moment, "can I—"

He stirred and raised a pallid face to hers. It was quite composed now, but marked with a sadness inexpressible.

"You may leave me now, child. I am a little tired. If you will touch the bell upon the table—"

He paused as she did so, and a servant entered.

"You will tell Prince Montenuoyo that "Now, uncie," cautioned violet, snaking her curls.

"Well, I'll keep my word; I bet if
you met him you would be engaged
within a month."

"I bet I would, too," sang Violet as
she skipped out of the house, and Uncie
Henry looked in wonderment at his
wife.

That night, before dark. Violet very slyly kept peeking out of the window; and at last her heart seemed to beat harder than ever before, when she saw

rant entered.

"You will tell Prince Montenuovo that the audience is concluded." he said.

Marishka fell upon her knees before him, and touched his fingers to her

A Tragedy

He took her in his manly arms And held her to his breast, And whilst he whispered words

A Kiss Stepped the Speech
"Now, Henry," protested his wife, but
Henry got up and kissed the rest of
the sentence away.
The next afternoon, a little before the McGARRY.—June 14 MARGUERITE M.
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The maiden grew distressed,
For all her boasted loveliness
the sentence away.
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The maiden grew distressed,
For all her boasted loveliness
the sentence aw "DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

She was aware of his smile as she

Rowing what she said, "and give you peace."

She was aware of his smile as she arose.

"Go, Countess," he said, "you have done well. Keep this secret at whatever the cost to yourself. Those who love Austria must now be prepared, is suffer for her. My blessing, child."

She obeyed the gesture of his hand and followed the High Chamberlain into the outer corridor.

Marishka's first thought, upon emerging from the palace, was that she must find Hugh Renwick at once. A new idea of her duty had been born in her. The importance of keeping this secret of theirs from England had not seemed so obvious before her visit to Schoenbrunn. The thought of her lover's possible refusal of her request now seemed appalling. As she remembered his sober face last night in the automobile, when this topic had caused her a moment of unhappiness, it seemed that his refusal to accede to her a moment of unhappiness, it seemed that his refusal to accede to her a moment of unhappiness, it seemed that his refusal to accede to her a moment of unhappiness, it seemed that his refusal to accede to her a moment of unhappiness, it seemed that his refusal to accede to her a moment of unhappiness, it seemed that his refusal to accede to her a moment of unhappiness, it seemed that his refusal to accede to her a moment of unhappiness, it seemed that his refusal to accede to her a moment of unhappiness, it seemed that his refusal to accede to her a moment of unhappiness, it seemed that his refusal to accede to her a moment of unhappiness, it seemed that his refusal to accede to her a moment of unhappiness, it seemed that his refusal to accede to her a moment of unhappiness, it seemed that his refusal to accede to her a moment of unhappiness, it seemed that his refusal to accede to her a moment of unhappiness, it seemed that his refusal to accede to her a moment of unhappiness, it seemed that his refusal to accede to her for the work of the his refusal to accede the his work of the lateratin his refusal to accede the his work of the lateration of the lat

General Swallow looked anxious.

"She's late," he replied. "She is coming with her father and ought to be here now." He looked up into the sky and so did all the other Birds.

"There she comes! There she comes!" There she comes!" cried General Swallow, as a black speck darted toward them. "No, no, it isn't." he quickly contradicted himself. "It's Purple Swallow, her father. Where can she be?"

Purple Swallow was shricking loudly as he came.

"To the rescue! To the rescue! The bride has been stolen by Blue Jay and his Gang."

The Emperor!"

"Marishka. I looked up into the special of the sked this secrecy of me and you the man I..."

"Marishka is too have promised..."

"Marishka is too. have promised..."

"My sovereign—he asked this secrecy of me and you the man I..."

"Marishka. I love you" he pleaded, trying to take her hand. "Anything but this! Can't you understand? I would have betrayed my trust. The situation you placed me in was impossible. Great mischelf is brewing in Europe. Could I sit idly by and let my country be in sporance of it? God knows what is to happen, but whatever comes your country and mine can have no quarrel—any more than you and I can have. England is strong. No native in the product of the province of th



The curtains peade her parted abruptly as she fled

THE SECRET WITNESS

May God bless your Majesty." she murmured half-hysterically, scarcely knowing what she said, "and give you

"I have done your country no harm-nor you. Listen, Marishka," he pleaded tensely. "Look at me. I love you, dear,

come."

Her shoulders moved disdainfully. "It should be enough that I—"
"Marishka." he broke in again and came toward her, "at least give me a chance to speak to you again—tomor-row—"
The come."

Machiavelli and a Vidocq. He a lamb, a lion and a ferret. By upon the wing of occasion, condescend to act as messenge his prime minister, he must consider the speak to you again—tomor-row—"
The come."

Machiavelli and a Vidocq. He a lamb, a lion and a ferret. By upon the wing of occasion, condescend to act as messenge his prime minister, he must consider the prime minister, he must be used to speak to you again—tomor-row—"

The come of the condescend to act as messenge his prime minister, he must be used to act as messenge his prime minister, he must be used to act as messenge his prime minister, he must be used to act as messenge his prime minister, he must be used to act as messenge his prime minister, he must be used to act as messenge

and sought his hat and stick. For the present at least there seemed nothing else to do. He descended the stairs, a deeply puzzled frown upon his brows, and went out into the darkness of the architecture.

Herr Renwick," she said coldly, rising.

He was on his feet too, his face pale, regarding her steadily.

"I cannot believe that you are willing to blame me for doing my duty. Love can only exist in an atmosphere of respect, Marishka. Could you have cared for me if I had been willing to seek your favor at the expense of my own honor? Could you? Think."

"Those who can thrive politically upon the misfortunes of my country are my country's enemies—and mine," she said the ambassador at last magnanimously. "It isn't often the

"You have done England a service Renwick," said the ambassador at last magnanimously. "It isn't often the such crumbs of information are offered us—in such a way. But we will take them—and digest them overnight, want to sleep on this matter. And you-you will stay here tonight, Renwick. If will be safer. Until tomorrow, gentlemen—"

And so he dismissed them.

CHAPTER IV Secret Information

AN AMBASSADOR has been wittily described as an honest man sent to "lie" abroad for the commonwealth, He scandal and intricue of the court to

for justic upon dolley his manifest duty, that his might not he able to prevent that his might not he able to prevent for might the rely unon it in this he for the prevent of the prevent

"Good day," corrected Peggy. Then she remembered that it wasn't day, so she changed her greeting, though it did sound very queer. "Good night. Brownie Owl." "I have a message for you from Judge Owl," hooted Brownie Owl. "It's a wedding invitation." A wedding! Peggy was delighted. She'd never received a really, truly wedding invitation of her own. She took the received an which we have the received an which we have the received an which we have the received an account of the received and the r

"There's more written on the other side," interrupted Brownie Owl

ointment.
"I don't think that's right," she
ied. "Judge Owl is old enough to be Miss Purple Swallow's grandfather She'd ought to marry General Swal low, who loves her with all his heart.' 'There's more written on the other side," interrupted Brownie Owl. Peggy turned the leaf over and read:

"Hee-haw! We've come to take you to the wedding," cried Balky Sam. "We're in a hurry, so don't wait to Peggy ran downstairs and out the

Peggy ran downstairs and out the front door. Balky Sam had trotted up beside the steps.

"Get, on my back," he hee-hawed, "and I'll show you how fast I'll chase the Germans when we get to France." Peggy obeyed, and it wasn't until they were well down the street that the thought came that her pajamas

go back now.

Balky Sam certainly could go fast "I mean he is waiting for you to come to the wedding," explained Brownie Owl, much to Peggy's confusion. "I ought to have been here hours ago with the invitation, but I got lost in the light. The moon is as bright as day tonight, and I couldn't see where I was going."

This sounded queer to Peggy until she reflected that Owls are night hirds and can see better in the dark than in the light.

""Welcome, Princess Peggy," tailled the city for being and can see better in the dark than in the light.

might not be considered quite proper wedding garb. But it was too late to

the guests hadn't been friends of yours wedding. General Swallow, very and shown me the way."

"Friends of mine? Who could they be?" asked Peggy.

"Hee-haw Hee-haw!" came the answer from the street. There sat Balky Sam, the army mule, grinning broadly at her. Beside him were Billy Goat and Johnny Bull, with mouths spread wide in a friendly smile.

"Hee-haw! We've come to take you of the suspicions she had of him when of the suspicions she had of so pleased over General Swallow's hap-piness that Peggy felt a bit ashamed of the suspicions she had of him when she read his invitation. Yet she knew never do for such a charming young bird as Miss Purple Swallow to wed the old Judge, no matter how nice he might be.

"Where is the beautiful bride?" asked Peggy. General Swallow looked anxious.