## 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 · · ·

TER XXXIV (Continued) te It!" exploded Jerry, ex-"No, you create it; you

disposed of customers quickly and kept darting occasional glances across the pavement toward the offices with its name upon the windows, the name of mand the financier tried to continuel with a vast and benevoient toward the offices with its name upon the windows, the name of Buckingham. In one of the intervals between transactions he fumbled in his occurrence were of themselved at the fundle when the fumble day occasional glances across the pavement toward the flug which he flugered attentively for a moment transactions he fumbled in his between transactions he fumbled in his occurrence were thing which he flugered attentively for a moment t

most coolly determined, sanely bald men I know."

But—but you can't reason with a men I know."

Mr. Buckingham's glance was less and excited. It was plain that regarded Victor Rollinson in the yor's chair as even a worse calamity a Jeremish Archer. Jerry, however, lost the last shred of his patience, was for closing the interview at the was done with Mr. Bucking—definitely done with him.

There is no use of our talking any company to the announced. "You are hope—that have not been able to make you retained. I have respected you, and you friendship. You have if me with treacherous attacks, we have beaten off successfully, you offer friendship again at the of a corrupt bargain. Mr. Buckam, I no longer want your friend-I resent the terms upon which offer friendship. You have no let in the property of the p



since. The surget of surge At the curb stood a shiny limousine of the chauffeur and footman, and with a curb at the chauffeur and footman and with a curb at the chauffeur and footman and with a curb at the chauffeur and footman and with a curb at the chauffeur and footman and with a curb at the chauffeur and footman and with and the curb and the curb

sigh toppied over, but a teller from the bank caught his head before it struck the granite, and immediately a half dozen pairs of hands were lifting and bearing him inside.

Mr. Buckingham, calmed by the sight f something being done, turned upon leter who still clung to the new cow-

## THE DAILY NOVELETTE

A WAR BRIDE By ELIZABETH FORREST

ROBERT PETERS, attorney-at-law, listed since, so he said, "the law schools with a newspaper in one hand, a are yearly turning out hundreds of pen in the other, sat before his office young men as brilliant and more capable desk, a very picture of perplexity than L." His arguments were lengthy, pen in the other, sat before his onice desk, a very picture of perplexity, "Thunder!" he finally exploded, dashed the pen on to the desk, and swerved the pen on to the desk, and swerved the pen on to the desk, and swerved for camp he had his last case, a short of the desk to be a short of the desk to be

### "DREAMLAND ADVENTURES" By DADDY

THE STOLEN BRIDE a complete, new adventure each week, beginning Monday and ending Saturday.

with radiant hues. Streamers of pink, silver, green, gold and orange shot up high, the tints changing constantly. Their selected in the ring. surprise. pling waters so that sky and bay The glen itself was a regular wedding bower. From the trees hung a tapestry of vines. At either side were banks of shrubbery and masses of ferns. All about were wild flowers— Violets. Brown-Eyed Susans, Mar-guerites, Daisies and Columbines. Leading from the edge of the water to a mossy mound beneath a canopy of wild Honeysuckle and Roses was a carpet of velvety grass. The whole

scene was like a wonderful outdoo cathedral.

Judge Owl, looking very dignified and solemn, took up his station on the mound. The Birds grouped themselves at either side of the glen, leaving an aisle down the center for the bridai party. Up in the tree was the choir—Canaries, Mocking Birds, Orioles and other songsters.

other songsters.
Miss Purple Swallow, refreshed by her swift ride through the air, seemed

ner swift ride through the air, seemed perfectly recovered. She jumped from the hammock as sprightly as if had forgotten her terrifying expence in the tree dungeon.

Motherly Birds led her to a dell at one side, and when she came out Peggy gave a gasp of delight. She wore a bridal vell of spider lace, in which sparkled dewdron lewels. wore a bridal veil of spider lace, in which sparkled dewdrop jewels. On her head was a wreath of white daisies and hung from her neck like a muff was a dainty bride's bouquet of rare wild flowers. She looked very charming, indeed, and her appearance was greeted by a chorus of pleased "ahs" and "ohs."

Two tiny Humming Birds as flowers.



Johnny Bull grabbed his coattail

dious chant:

"Joy to thee, sweet bride!
Joy to thee, brave groom!
Through life side by side,

Roam in youth's fair bloom." General Swallow met his bride at the foot of the mound and mounted it with her. Judge Owl began the

ceremony.

Peggy and the animals, to get a betreggy and the animals, to get a better view, jumped on what seemed to be a log half concealed in the shrubbery. The log gave a great shake and they tumbled off head over heels. As they picked themselves up, out of the shrubbery rolled a ragged, roughlooking tramp. The log was his leg.

The tramp sat up and blinked at the wedding crowd. The Birds, stuned by

wedding crowd. The Birds, stunned by this new addition to the excitement of the night, sat and looked at him.

he didn't leap quick enough. Johnny Bull grabbed his coattail and hung on. With a howl of fear the tramp dashed madly off through the woods dragging Johnny Bull behind. The tail tore out of the coat and the tramp put on such a burst of speed that Johnny Bull had to give up the chase, So he came back to see the wedding, while the tramp kept up his wild Judges Owl was a bit flustered as he

went on with the ceremony.

"Do you take me for your lawfully wedded mate?" he asked General Swallo

Swallow.
"Not by a jugful!" declared General Swallow indigmantly.
"Oh, I beg your pardon!" Judge Owl apologized. "I mean, do you take Miss Purple Swellow to be your lawfully wedded mate?"

suggested.

"Of course." And then, turning suddenly toward her, his eyes intent he said, with great seriousness: "Countess Strahni, for the moment your interests and mine are identical. The success of this project depends upon your silence.—" firmly, and Judge Owl quickly got the The choir burst into a stirring wedhonor, Miss Purple Swallow was on her father's wing. At the mound waited General Swallow with his best man, Reddy Woodpecker.

From the choir burst forth a melo dious chapt.

style.
The procession led through the glen The procession led through the glen to a little valley where was spread the wedding feast. Nuts, grains, bugs, worms and beetles for the Birds that liked them; flies and insects for others. It was a breakfast that caused the Birds to twitter with glee, but it didn't appeal at all to Feggy and Billy Belgium.

appeal at all to Feggy and Billy Belgium.

"We have something for you," cried
General Swallow, seeing the disappointment in their faces. He pointed
to a hollowed out rock heaped up with
herries. Peggy looked at the fruit a
bit doubtfully. General Swallow
chuckled. "Don't be afraid. We didn't
steal them. They are wild benefar steal them. They are wild berries picked in the woods."

Never had berries tasted sweeter to Peggy. But they reminded her of a task that awaited her at home.

The tramp let out a roar and jumped to his feet.

"What do you mean by disturbing my sleep?" he shouted, reaching for a club. "Get out of here!"

Peggy was the only ope to move. She drew a blade of fairy ring grass from her pocket and popped it into the ready jaws of Johnny Bull. Instantly Jöhnny Bull seemed to leap "Awaken! Awaken! Awaken! The canning army is going into action." was a dainty bride's bouquet of rare wild flowers. She looked very charming, indeed, and her appearance was greeted by a chorus of pleased "ahs" and "ohs."

Two tiny Humming Birds as flower girls led the bridal party up the aisle. Then caffne the bridesmalds—Misses Scarlet Tanger, Thrush, Blue Bird, Rose Breasted Grosbeak as maid of the ground and the property of the ground, a full-sized, power-ful, hungry buildog.

The tramp stopped short, His eyes builded out.

"Great Caesar's ghost!" he explaced on trial for his life in Judge Out's queer court.)

The tramp stopped to move. She drew a blade of fairy ring grass from her pocket and popped it into the ready jaws of Johnny Bull. Into the ready jaws of Johnny Bull seemed to leap out of the ground, a full-sized, power-ful, hungry buildog.

The tramp stopped short. His eyes builded out.

"Great Caesar's ghost!" he explaced on trial for his life in Judge Out's queer court.)

# THE SECRET WIT

of calm resolution with which one faces heavy odds.

"I am in your power," she said quietly. "I give my word of honor to do as you wish."

And as his gaze dwelt for a moment upon her face—
"I shall not break it, Captain Goritz."
"Good!" he said, with an air of saitsfaction. "Now we understand each other."

About consider me an enemy," he replied.
"Ach leider!" she sighed. "A prisoner can have no choice."

He made no reply to that and sank back into his favorite position with arms folded, staring straight before him.

Marishka glanced at Captain Goritz's well-shaped head in the seat beside her. It was to be war between them—war! A thinking machine! Was he? She THE STORY THUS FAR HUGH RENWICK, under-secretary of the British embassy in Vienna on June 12 1014, when the story opens, has pursued 1914, when the story opens, has pursued the COUNTESS MARISHKA STRAHNI, a beautiful Bohemian, with whom he is in love, into the rose gardens of the Archduke's estate at Konepisht.

While he is asking her again to marry him three men enter the garden and talk. Marishka then remembers that the Archduke had asked her to keep out of the garden, but it is now too late to depart, and the lovers sit and hear. One of the men is the Austrian Archduke; the other looks suspiciously like Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany, while the third, with his long white beard dropping from either side of his face, establishes his identity beyond question.

CHAPTER IX

question.

The "destiny of Europe" is sealed when the three enter a pact to make the Archduke and his morganatic wife. Sophie (hotek, important figures in European history, at the expense of the other Habsburgs, Renwick and Marishka, with their precious information, return to Vienna. Germans, they stopped to replenish the petrol tank. But Captain Goritz wore a deep frown when he got into the seat with the chauffeur, who immediately started the car. They were off again. But as the front window was down,

Marishka glanced at Captain Goritz's well-shaped head in the seat beside her. It was to be war between them—war! A thinking machine! Was he? Sie smiled to herself. She knew that she had power. Captain Goritz

AT IGLAU, a town, as Marishka afterward learned, inhabited largely by Germans, they stopped to replenish the petrol tank. But Captain Goritz were a deep frown when he got into the seat with the chauffeur, who immediately started the car. They were off again. But as the front window was down,

her in the unequal struggle, a game needing both caution and daring, a game for high stakes—in which perhaps no quarter would be given. duarter would be given.

As they approached the environs of Vienna, the car now moved at a reduced speed and boldly chose the main high-roads. Twice they were stopped and examined. This showed that all the machinery of the telegraph was now in operation, but the touring car did not answer to the given description and Captain Goritz's air of surprise and annoyance was so genuine that there was little delay.



a tribute to the confidence her jailer now reposed in her, fragments of their conversation reached her.

"A road—away from trunk lines. Jarmeritz, perhaps. It should not be diff cult—a Peugeot if possible, or a Mercedes—its age would tell. At any time now. A detour here, I think—there is a telegraph line along the hill yonder. It would be better in a more desolate place, in the foothills of the Mahrische-Hohe. It is a matter of luck, Karl. We must chance it. She felt Captain Goritz's look upon

of this project depends upon your silence—"
"Anything—!"
"One moment, please," he put in quickly. "I wish you to understand the seriousness of your position. Your security, your safety now and later, will depend upon your own actions. You have proved yourself politically dangerous to the peace—to the welfare of Europe. My mission was to bring you safely into Germany. Failing in that, I must exact absolute silence and obedience—"
"Yes—"
"You travel as my wife, the wife of

CHAPTER VIII (Continued)

I she had won. Captain Goritz was frowning at the dial of his watch, "The German Ambassador—" she

Marishka heard the clicking of the instrument and the voice again asking

seriousness of your position. Your security, your safety now and later, will depend upon your own actions. You have proved yourself politically dangerous to the peace—to the 'welfare of Europe. My mission was to bring you safely into Germany. Failing in that, I must exact absolute silence and obedience—"

"You travel as my wife, the wife of a German officer going to Vienna for medical advice—"

"You travel as my wife, the wife of a German officer going to Vienna for medical advice—"

"You travel as my wife, the wife of a bistraction reassured her.
"De you agree?"
"Yes.""
"I exact your word of honor to remain under my orders, to make no attempt to escape, to speak no word as to my identity or your own—"

"Have I not told you that my own fate is unimportant if I succeed in reaching the Duchess of Hohenburg,"
"Mand after that?" he asked keenly.
"What do you mean"
"Merely that the same conditions as to yourself shall continue to exist."
"You are trying to—to frighten me," what I ask. I shall spare no courtesy, neglect no pains for your comfort."
"I regret." he said coolly, "that my orders have been explicit. I still demand that you comply with the conditions in have imposed. Your word of honor—it is enough."

Some feminine instinct in her, aroused by his impassive performance of his duty, gave her new courage. Since they was a man, a mere man.

When she spoke, it was with the air when she spoke, it was with the air when she spoke, it was with the air."

Bu EDWINA

By EDWINA

"and fast!"

He had mounted again into the seat beside the chauffeur, and so 'Marishka did not question him, but his back was eloquent of determination. They drove boldly into the Ringstrasse and turned rapidly into a side street. Here the machine stopped again and Captain Goritz stood at the door of the tonneau waiting for her to descend. He led the way, walking rapidly, while Marishka struggled heside him as fast as her stiffened ilmbs permitted.

"The ambassador can succeed where we should fail. He mist procure an interview for you. I think it may be managed unless—" He paused. "But we shall see."

Silently Marishka followed into the

shall see."

Silently Marishka followed into the Metternichgasse and up the steps of the embassy and into a lofty salon where Captain Goritz hade her wait, and disappeared. A gloomy room with dinzy frescoes of impossible cupids and still more impossible roses. Rose—the leit motif of her tragedy! There were mirrors, many mirrors, all of which seemed to be reflecting her pailld face. She was weary and covered with dust, but not so weary as she was desperate. Why should she wait again, while Sophie Chotek was here—here in Vienna? Unable to remain seated, she rose and walked about the room, the eternal feminine impelling a rearrangement of her hat and veil at the long mirror near the upper end of the room. Beside her was a window which opened upon a small court. Opposite this window was another window, from which came sound of voices. She listened. It was her privilege, for they were speaking of her.

"But Recellency, There seemed nothing size me her word of honor. She will keep it."

"But the telegraph—"
"But the telegraph—"

"Impossible!"
"I beg you to try it—at once."
"Ah—the telephone!"
Marishka heard the clicking of the instrument and the voice again asking for a number. Silence. And then—"I do not understand " " A pause. "Ach—so!" Another click and tinkle of the bell. "Donnerwetter, Herr Hauptmann! You are right. They say there is a temporary derangement of the system."

"Graf von Mendel, the Archduke Franz reached Vienna this afternoon with the Duchess on the way to Sara-jevo. Where are they now?" Another voice replied, "I do not know, Excellency. They were at pray-ers in the Capuchin Church."

"When does their train leave Vienna?"
"At six—from the Staats Bahnhof—Fixcellency." "It is 6 o'clock now," cried the other olce in dismay "We are too late..." Marishka heard no more, it was enough. Too late! She had failed. Her sacrifice, her atonement—fruitiem. She sank into a chair and buried her face in her hands, trying to think. But in her head was a dull chaos of scunds, echoes of her wild ride, and her hody swayed as she sat. She had never fainted, but for a moment it seemed that she lost consciousness. She found her fingers at the pattern in the gray aubustion of the seemed that she lost consciousness. She found her fingers at the pattern in the gray aubustion carpet—and wondering where the was. Then she heard the voices again and remembered that she must listen.

CAP" STUBBS—Ma's Right

PIN MISTER -ONLY

NO! WHAT WOULD A HAT PIN!







