WERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY CAN FIND SOMETHING INTERESTING HERE TO READ

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corner."

ishka pushed forward shuddering,
Captain Gorits close behind her.

annot believe it," she whispered.

ravings of a crowd," he mutit matters nothing."

as they neared the corner of
fstrasse, there was a stir and a

ar as all heads turned to look up
street in the direction of the



"THE CRACK IN THE BELL" A STORY OF POLITICS IN PHILADELPHIA By Peter Clark Macfarlane

Copyright, 1918, by Public Ledger Co. CHAPTER XIII (Continued) THE conviction that certain of the Lieading citizens were studiously ignoring him grew on Jerry and maddened him. Day after day his can ase-ers came back with "No opinion." "Mind



...

"DREAMLAND ADVENTURES"

Bu DADDY THE LAW OF BIRDLAND

and ending Baturday.

CHAPTER VI

The Voice of the Forest (Blue Jay, placed on trial for stealing Miss Purple Swallow on the eve of her wedding to General Swallow, tells a dramatic ghost story in his own defense, but when taken to task by General Swallow admits that the story isn't true.)

if for stealing Miss Purple Swallow and she had been inclined to be a little sorry for him.

"When a person tells a fib in the court where my father works they give him heavy punishment," she said. "Blue Jay, you deserve he limit." Blue Jay, you deserve he limit." Blue Jay rubbed the ear which General Swallow had nipped and took an accusing attitude.

"You pay for story books you read, don't you!" "when a nipped and took an accusing attitude.

"You got of story books you read, don't you!" "when a nipped and took an accusing attitude.

"And you pay to story books you read, don't you!" "And you pay to go to movie shows?" "what you on the stage," continued Blue Jay. "I stell you a dandy spots story and get you all excited; I am the chief actor in this drama now being enacted here in this drama now being enacted here in this drama now being enacted here in the farman now being enacted here in this drama now being enacted here in this drama now being enacted here in this drama now being enacted here in this farm now being enacted here in this farm no would not to play and some arguing for the unit." "Yes, but—"

"Then you a dandy spots story and get you all excited; I am the chief actor in this drama now being enacted here in this farm no would not you!" "We find Blue Jay not guilty!" cried Blue Jay. "I tell you a dandy spots story and get you read, and you pay to go to movie shows?"

"The supple Swallow and gave you more thrills than you ever got for your ten cents in a movie theatre, and for all this what is my reward? To be abused like a pirate, to have my father the proper store and like any hollow groan, a low, shud, for all this what is my reward? To be abused like a pirate, to have my father the store of the work o

This argument at first thought seemed a bit reasonable to Peggy. It certainly impressed the Birds, who is redded their agreement with it. Blue Jay saw that he was making his point and all his old sauciness returned.

"For my pay I'll take the immediate freedom of all us Jays, the right to return to our old positions in Birdland, the privilege of raiding Farmer Dalton's crops whenever we please, a feast of fruit and nuts to be prepared by all the other Birds every Saturday night and a humble apology for the trouble you have put us to."

Peggy was astonished at his impudence. Some of the Birds, however, seemed to think there was some justice in his plea. Blue Jay certainly had furnished a lot of excitement for them. The Birds entered into a lively discussion of the matter, some argu-



The laugh died away, only to be followed by a wild, weird how the very kind of how! Blue Jay had told about, only this was terribly loud. It filled the whole forest.

And right on top of the how! came the cry of a deep voice—a voice that rumbled and roared:

rumbled and roared:

"I want Blue Jay," it shouted. "I want all the Jays. They stole Miss Purple Swallow when she was about to be married to brave General Swallow. They must be doubly punished for lying about me—the Voice of the Forest! What shall be done with them?"

"Kill them! Kill them!" shricked

"Shall they be killed, Princese Peggy?" roared the Voice.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE THE RUBY RING

By ALICIA BOCKELMAN

and look cheerful."

"Oh, mother, how can I be happy when you will not give me what I want for a graduation present?" feetted Margaret.

"Child, enough of that foolishness. You have several rings already—enough for any girl of your age. A ruby ring!
No, indeed, you shall not have it."

"Why doesn't father buy me one?" interrupted Margaret.

"Father has already bought you a pearl pendant. But, Margaret, my dear, it is 4 o'clock and you have never once thought of Aurit."

"The graduation exercises were about to begin. In the expectant audience were many in the uniform of the service, some in clive drab and some in navy blue. The graduates were assembling in the anterooms, talking excitedly of their gifts and admiring and complimenting each other. Presently Margaret heard thought of Aurit. tis 4 o'clock and you have never once thought of Aunt Mehitabel. She will be waiting at the station for you!" exclaimed Mrs. Kendall.
"Dear me, I wish Aunt Mehitabel would forget to come to my straduction!"

"Dear me, I wish Aunt Mehitabel would forget to come to my graduation," complained Margaret, going to the garage.

In a few minutes Margaret was at the station as the train was disappearing around Atlantic Hill. She was jumping out of the machine when Charlie Montgomery hurried up to the station curb.

"Why, Charlie." she asked, "what are you doing here?"

"Oh, I was to meet two of my college chums on leave from camp." he panted. "Are you to meet some one, too?"

"More likely some one is waiting for me." replied Margaret. "Oh, Charlie, look at Aunt Mehitabel arguing with one of the porters. Do you remember her?"

"Of course I do," laughed Charlie; "but look at my friends, the young lieutenants, witnessing the parley."

The tardy pair rushed up to the new-comers, and after salutations, introductions and apologies, Aunt Mehitabel and Margaret were handed into their auto and had started homeward.

"Land's make, child, why were you so lave?" scolded the tired traveler.

"I delayed to tease mother to give me a ruby ring for graduation, but she won't." confessed her designing niece.

"Ruby ring—stuff and nonsense!" oried Aunt Mehitabel, and she cominued to berate pofters, rheumatism, rubles and her delay at the station, until they finally steached home.

It was graduation night. Margaret was putting the last touches to her pretty gown, when a warning call from downstairs told her it was time she was ready.

"Just a moment." she answered, taking another survey of herself. The reflection in the glass showed the contrast of pure white and her brunette beauty. She was beautiful to behold. Not quite satisfied she opened a box on her dresser, drew out the pearl pendant on its slender gold chain, and clasped it round her neck. Then she looked at her wristwatch in its box and shook her head and said softly, "I wonder if Aunt

Sighed Margaret Kendall, "but father and mother seem determined to give me something else."

"Margaret," a voice called from upstairs. "you had better dry your tears"

"Margaret, "you had better dry your tears"

"Margaret, "you had better dry your tears"

"Margaret, bere is a useful present."

the anterooms, talking excitedly of their gifts and admiring and complimenting each other. Presently Margaret heard her name called softly. Turning around, she saw Charlie in a solder's uniform.

"Come," he said quickly, "come a little way from the door. I have something to say to you."

Margaret followed him, somewhat bewilderd.

"I have been ordered to Camp Oneida and have come to say good-by," he explained hurriedly. "We've always been friends, you and I, since we were children, and that friendship means a great deal to me, Margaret. I would like to have you accept this little gift from me as a keepsake." Charlie drew a small box from his pocket, pressed the spring and Margaret saw—a ruby ring!

"Why, how —," began Margaret, astonished.

"Oh, don't hesitate to take it. Your Aunt Mehitabel told me what I might give you," he pleaded.

"But the book, she gave me a—," gasped Margaret.

"Oh, that may be useful, too, after the war," he laughed.

Margaret blushed deeply, looking out from under her lashes. Then she held out her right hand.

"It is just what I wanted, but I didn't think it would come from you. I shall wear it as a talisman. But—you will come back from camp soon," she added anxiously.

"Not until I have been 'over, there,'" Charlie answered smilingly. There was no smile on Margaret's face and all the light went out of her eyes.

"You will write?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, putting her hand in his outstretched one. They were parting, perhaps never to meet again in this world—so he kissed her reverently.

"The opening measures of the grand march were heard and Margaret went back to her place and whispered to a little group of her dearest friends, "Girls, what do you think my new gift is?"

"What?" came the questioning chorus.

"A ruby ring," she answered, with a "What?" came the questioning chorus.

"What?" came the questioning chorus.
"A ruby ring," she answered, with a ob in her voice. Monday's Complete Novelette-

"THE RECONCILIATION."

By EDWINA













"CAP" STUBBS—They Went and Spoiled the Whole Thing