...FTH WARD GANGSTER HAS FATHER ARRESTED WHEN HE PROTECTS DAUGHTER FROM ADVANCES

...e" Maldono, Piqued at Storekeeper's Interven-...ion Just as He Was About to Force Sylvy Aurentsky ...o Go With Him, Succeeds, Through His Political Associations, in Having the Innocent Man Arrested

...Far Away, in the Restricted Over-brook District, Jerry Archer and Ruth Buckingham Form Their "Save Philadelphia" Party

By PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

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THE PEOPLE IN THE STORY

...RY ARCHER, who, with his elder ...er Paul, are actively continuing the ...ess of the Archer Tool Works, is ...ed into unconsciousness and arrested Patrolman Strongburger when the ... man, outraged at the policeman's ...al treatment of Moritz Rosenscweig, ...s to that prisoner's assistance with ... well-placed blows aimed at the offi-... Rosenscweig had been taken into ...dy after much petty persecution, the result of factional differences in "Bloody Fifth" Ward.

...UTH BUCKINGHAM is all but en-...ed to Jerry, and when he fails to ...ear for Sunday dinner after his sup-...ed trip to a meeting of the Italian ...tion, she invokes the aid of her father, ...LLARD H. BUCKINGHAM, financial ..., is the most powerful man in ...ladelphia. At his nod political bosses, ... well as underlings, perform. When ... and Paul tell him of Jerry's mys-...ious disappearance he calls EDMUNDS, ... "unofficial official," on the long-dis-...ce telephone at Atlantic City, and ...mands him to locate the missing man. ...munds, the push-button, immediately ... to work.

While all this is going on Rosen-...weig and Jerry have been bailed out ... Carey supporters, MICHAEL KELLY, ...ey division leader, takes Jerry to the ...fayette Club to rest. The young hero ... his head in a mass of bandages, mute ...timate to the prowess of Strongburger's ...ch.

When Jerry awakens he hears Strong-...rger and Kelly conversing at the door ... his room. When he berates the police-...n for his brutal treatment of Rosen-...weig the officer answers, "How did I ...ow he was a friend of yours?"

When Jerry, rested, finally leaves the ...fayette Club for home he is a much ...ber man. Kelly's unembellished state-...ent of the mission which the "Organiza-...n" makes politics perform has opened ... young man's eyes even more widely ...an did the taps of Strongburger's club. ...rongburger, as the result of Bucking-...m's intervention, is "broke"—he is ...mpelled to resign before he is "fired." On the pavement in front of the club ...rry meets SYLVY AURENTSKY, a ...ng Jewish girl, who thanks him for ... bravery in coming to Rosenscweig's ...sistance. When she leaves him, Jerry ...s Kelly if the girl is "safe" in such ...roundings, calling particular attention ... JOE MALDONO, a Fifth Ward gang-..., who observed the conversation be-...een Sylvy and the young reformer. ...lly admits she is not safe.

CHAPTER V

In the Family Bosom

...TREETS? I always thought Phila-...delphia had pretty fair streets," ... young man grumbled resentfully, as ..., ruts, holes in the pavement and ...ne beside car tracks jolted him this ... and that in the cab, every such ... and jar sending a shooting pain ...gh his head that suggested the pas-... of a rifle bullet. "The streets are ...," he decided presently, gritting ... teeth and bracing himself. "The or-...nization doesn't give us what we pay ... Until now the organization" had ... the young man mused. Sup-... had been born in the Fifth ... Would he have been able to ... Sylvy Aurentsky, for exam-..., had she be able to emerge? ... she succumb to surrounding ... and to forces represented by ... face which had followed her ... street?

...ufleur at this moment swung ...driveway leading to the Archer ... and Jerry's train of thought ...nly blown to pieces by the

sight of Ruth's little blue car, parked at one side. Heavens! He had not calculated on this. What a shock his appearance would be to her! And there was her voice now.

At the sound of his clumping taxicab motor, she came flying down the steps, and it was her hand that snatched open the door.

"Jerry! Oh, Jerry! You look perfectly absurd," she exclaimed at sight of his face, grinning reassuringly beneath that mountainous peak of bandages. But with a single glimpse of the blood-soaked collar and shirt a faintness came over her, so that Jerry caught and steadied her as he stepped out—to be greeted with expressions of dismay by his mother and solicitous inquiry from all.

The object of pity and concern set their fears at rest most quickly by seizing Ruth's trembling arm and walking briskly up the steps, where he deposited the girl in a large porch chair, and stood smiling at his own gory spectacle, while he stemmed the flood of questions by a swift recounting of what had transpired.

A momentary silence followed the conclusion of his narrative.

"Well, why don't you congratulate me on my valiant act?" he inquired of Ruth.

That young lady still leaned back in her porch chair, looking white and weak.

"I'm just—sick!" she exclaimed. "Why you might have been killed—or your brain injured or——"

"My what?" laughed Jerry.

Whose Troubles?

"Right, old top," twitted Paul. "If he'd had any brains he wouldn't have butted in. Leave that scum down there to settle its own troubles, that's what I say."

Jerry turned on his brother.

"Are they their own troubles, Paul?" he asked sharply. "I'm not sure but they're our troubles for which the people down there are being left to suffer vicariously."

"Well, what do you think of that?" ejaculated Paul looking at his brother in amazement. Then he turned quickly to Miss Buckingham.

"You're right, Ruth; his brain is affected," he declared seriously; but immediately took the sting from his sneer at Jerry's manifestations of social sympathy, by throwing a brotherly arm about his shoulders and saying affectionately, "Come on inside, you brawler, and let's get this gore off. You'll look quite decently and honorably wounded if we let Ellis run you through the tub and put some clean clothes on you."

"But we must put him to bed. We must have Doctor Palmer come," insisted Mrs. Archer.

"Bed? Nothing! I'm too excited. I've got too much to think about. Besides, Ruth is here. The bath and the change is all right, and after that what I want is food! Food, mother, food! I'm absolutely starving."

While these creature matters were being attended to, mostly by Paul and the butler, but with Mrs. Archer pottering with her own hands over a cup of broth which Jerry dispatched at a gulp and passed on to graver matters of cold chicken and roast beef, Ruth, Constance and Mr. Archer were holding an indignation meeting on the veranda.

"Any pain?" inquired his father, when at length Jerry emerged clothed and refreshed and looking astonishingly fit except for his bandages.

"Only here," he said, caressing his sides tenderly. "I think they must have kicked me lovingly in the ribs."

"The brutes!" And Ruth's eyes gave off lightnings. "To think that such a thing could happen."

"And this little Jew?" inquired Mrs. Archer. "What were they persecuting him for?"

"Oh, some wearisome factional squabble among the ward heelers in which the most inoffensive man is the legitimate prey of both sides," said Jerry, answering with vague inaccuracy because he held the masculine notion still popular with some people, that it is no use attempting to explain the technique of politics to a woman, even though she be one's own mother.

"Those foreigners are always making trouble," fumed Mr. Archer.

The Franchise Magnate

"All the natural effect of lawlessness," declared Paul smugly. "Think of that whole district being allowed to violate the Sabbath law with impunity provided they make their peace with the police or the political bosses. By the way, father, speaking of bosses: **I had a talk with Jim Rand yesterday. It will cost $5000 to get the spur track franchise through. He can have it for us on forty-eight hours' notice."**

The Archers, it will be remembered, were engaging in new construction that would virtually double the size of their plant, and this involved the building of an additional spur from one of the stems of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Since this spur must cross a public street a franchise was required from Councils.

"Five thousand? That's two more than we paid before," objected Mr. Archer.

"The cost of living is higher," remarked Paul with a dry smile, "for the Organization as well as for other people."

Jerry pricked up his ears on that word Organization.

"Just what's the idea? Why do we pay Rand anything?" he inquired.

"For paving the way through Councils for our franchise," explained Paul.

"It's like a bribe then, isn't it?" sniffed Jerry suspiciously.

"Bribe? Fie!" Paul's air of sophistication was superb. "Philadelphia's refined and up-to-the-minute bosses do nothing so vulgar and dangerous. Instead of buying Councils occasionally they control 'em all the time. It's the difference between hiring a taxicab and owning an automobile. Jim Rand owns Councils so far as franchises are concerned. This five thousand will be just a contribution toward the support of the ——"

"Of the club that hit me on the head," interposed Jerry.

"Jerry!" protested his mother. "I don't like such cynicism."

"I was really in earnest," insisted Jerry. "Doesn't paying this—this contribution or assessment—make us morally responsible, father—a part of the Organization?"

"Not at all," explained his father, and Jerry had great respect for his father's opinion. "We are business men. We have nothing to do with politics. It's a part of business with us."

perior world knowledge that was slightly irritating to Jerry.

"But at best it's a hold-up," persisted that young man. "Why not make a fight? Why not refuse Rand's bargain. Go into the papers with the story and raise such a hubbub about the ears of Councils they'd be glad to give it to us?"

"Into the newspapers with our private business affairs?" exclaimed Henry T. Archer. "A house with traditions like ours?" The angle of elevation of the Archer brows expressed the degree of the Archer horror at such a suggestion.

"It would cost us more," argued Paul.

"But is money more than principle?" inquired Jerry, bristling.

"It would cause delay—delay in our Government contracts. That would be unpatriotic." This was Paul again.

"Moreover," put in Mr. Archer, "while we know that it is a rather doubtful crowd which makes up the city machine, we have to admit, nevertheless, that it's a Republican machine. When it comes down to the matter of an attack upon it, there is always the question of whether we will not hurt ourselves more than we do good."

"Exactly," chimed in Paul, still playing the role of oracle. "It's a question if it isn't best to let sleeping dogs lie."

A flush came on to Jerry's cheek. "I begin to suspect that policy," he said with some heat. **"It strikes me that there's something pretty rotten in our city government today and that our kind of people are the ones to blame for it."**

Again Mr. Archer's brows indicated that his son had uttered treason. "You're not carried away by what the papers have been saying?" the father bristled.

"By what I've seen and sensed today," said Jerry, "I begin to believe not only that our city government is corrupt, but that it is a bad business investment. It doesn't give the people who support it what they pay for."

"On the contrary," asserted Mr. Archer argumentatively, "I think a moderate bit of reflection will assure any one that we get about all we have a right to ask of Government—a tariff to protect our markets, courts and laws to protect our industrial system, police to protect our plant, and our workmen and ourselves. I do not know that we could well ask more of Government."

"You're broadening the field of discussion, but you emphasize my point," declared Jerry, a trifle warmly. "We well-to-do get about everything we want. We have wide lawns and big houses with perfect boulevards over which our own automobiles carry us to and fro. Down there," and he waved his hand toward the town, "they have narrow, dirty streets, crowded, insanitary houses, and jolty snails-pace street cars. We have air and sunlight and police protection. They have smoke and sewer vapors and police persecution. We are shrewd and strong and refuse to be exploited. They are herded to the polls by the police and gangsters and made to cast the very votes that enslave them. Often they are not intelligent enough to know that they are being exploited in our interest."

"Sounds like socialism to me," sneered Constance, politics always liking to prick the balloon when brothers appear to be talking over their heads.

"You mean the slum wards now?" inquired Paul.

"And to a large extent the industrial communities," responded Jerry. "I have not a doubt that in a slightly more refined way, they, too, are being sweated, especially at the pocket. **All this extravagance, corruption and deliberate stealing that mounts into the millions comes out in increased taxes.** You and I may growl about that, but we do not actually feel the burden of an extra thousand dollars in our tax bill as those working people feel an increase of $10. If they don't own the home, they pay the increased tax through the inevitable increase in the rent—a deliberate picking of the small householder's purse to make up the million that goes into some thieving contractor's bank account. Am I right?"

People All Alike

Henry T. Archer was a just man, and he had to admit that his young son was giving evidence of having thought farther into the subject than he had himself.

"I dare say you may be right, Jerry, to a certain extent," he conceded, "but I don't just see any connection between that and your allusion to our duty in the Rand matter."

"Why," explained Jerry. "Rand is a part of the organization and the organization makes these conditions."

"But does it? Aren't such contrasting conditions rather inevitable?"

"I've always eased my own conscience by saying they were," responded Jerry. "We seem to assume that those people down there who feel the pressure of life hardest are different from ourselves, but I didn't notice much difference today. That little Jew bled about the way I did when they cracked him over the head. His wife seemed about as distressed as you would have been, mother, if that motor policeman out there came in and dragged father out the door by the collar, clubbing him as he went. There was a young girl passing when my little encounter was on, and she screamed with fright and pity about the way Constance or Ruth would have done. No, father, they are human beings down there, just as much as we are, just as much as those heathen in China that you are sending missionaries to.

"But the point your reference to the Republican party drags up in my mind is, if our apparent unconcern with the fate of those people down at the bottom was not more than indifference, if it was not deliberately selfish; if we were not bribed and bought off into silence by our own selfish interest? I ask you to consider whether the reason we do not move vigorously to unseat this corrupt political machine which is sweating its millions from the pores of the poor, is that we are very well content with it? It has made its peace with us by giving us good streets, good sewers, police protection and the protective tariff; for that we are——"

"But the protective tariff benefits all classes," argued Mr. Archer.

"It does if the benefits are not sidetracked on their way to some of those classes. But let me finish: Is it not true that the organization has made its peace with us by delivering a majority for the tariff candidates and by leaving us comparatively unpreyed upon from its particular form of piracy, so that, actually, we prefer not to have its operation interfered with, only growing a little restless when the cries of the poor devils at the bottom disturb us in our sleep or the sight of their wan, strained faces makes us ill at ease when we spin by in our automobiles?"

It was impossible for them all not to be impressed by Jerry's earnestness.

"You know, Jerry, you're rather damp and mussy today," protested Paul. "You're talking kind of wild-eyed and hairy."

Women and Politics

"And why wouldn't he talk wild?" demanded Ruth, looking up from her knitting. "Jerry's had a terrible experience today. He's seen sights that have stirred his sympathies; he's acted like a brave man—just the way we would have expected to have him act, and we're proud of him for it. And he's been beaten. His experiences and his ideas are all jumbled. If you will make him talk you ought not to be too exacting. He's bound to try to understand what he's been made to feel today."

"Thank you," said Jerry, with a grateful glance.

Ruth went on with her speech. "Be-... perfectly right, of course

Jacob Aurentsky opened the side door and appeared immediately behind Maldono. The latter had just gripped the wrist of Sylvy and the feel of the soft flesh had maddened the fellow

had the vote. I am sure we could do it ourselves. The city's horribly misgoverned. Any one can see that. It's run in the interest of bricks and beans and dividends. It ought to be governed in the interest of the people. It's just like a house kept by a bachelor—abundantly furnished and provisioned, but mismanaged and wretchedly uncomfortable. Just wait till we women—" and Ruth paused to count stitches.

That young lady's hopeful reference to woman suffrage had again brought agitation to the fine patrician features of Henry T. Archer.

"I hope," he hastened to say with eyerolling unction, "that God will never permit our women to spoil their fineness by mingling with men at the polls."

Mrs. Archer gazed at her husband in worshipful approval of this sentiment. That, indeed, was her main duty when opinions on things outside the domestic circle had been pronounced by her husband, for one of Mr. Archer's virtues was that he ruled well his own household, so far as its women were concerned.

"Did it ever occur to you, Mr. Archer," observed Ruth, "that if women were granted the right to go to the polls those sacred spots would as a natural consequence become as unobjectionable places for women to visit as the postoffice, the City Hall, or any other place where the attendance of both sexes is provided for?"

It had not so occurred to Mr. Archer and so foreign to his thought was the idea of a woman in politics that he could not even bear to discuss the possibility. Out of courtesy to Ruth his acknowledgment of her remark was a polite and noncommittal smile. Paul, however, was sarcastic, as usual.

"Yes, yes," he put in. "I suppose they'd become about like the tea room at the Ritz. Imagine a voting booth heavy with the smell of Mary Garden perfume!"

"All of which, my dear Ruth," intervened Jerry, "shows that these loved ones of mine have no vision of a political future for women. In other words, their eyes are sadly blinded."

"Mother," decided Mr. Archer, by way of barring further discussion of what was to him an uncomfortable subject, "I think Jerry should lie down. It seems to have taken a long time to get Doctor Palmer here."

"No!" insisted Ruth, charmingly imperious. "The air out here is good for Jerry, but you are all perfectly heartless to go talking business and politics and getting him involved in argument. If you men want to talk business and argue politics, why don't you go to the library—or the garage?"

"I take it that last suggestion was sarcasm, Miss Ruth," countered Paul, "and as such father and I are properly withered. As to the argument, you may recall that Jerry started it, and that he himself insists he is perfectly all right while as for me, I have just seen him devour ravenously a slab of roast beef and half a chicken, and therefore can hardly feel that his condition is dangerous. Indeed, the only thing which makes me suspect that Jerry is not quite unscathed by his bumps is the line of palaver he's been passing out."

The Alternative

Jerry grinned appreciatingly and a retort arose to his lips, but as his one ardent desire was for them all to clear out so he could have Ruth to himself, he was designedly silent.

"In a general way, Ruth is right," agreed Mr. Archer. "We will leave him to her and mother."

Mrs. Archer was a discerning sort of person, and herself presently departed.

"Well, at last!" exclaimed Ruth, with a sigh of relief—"I thought they would never go."

"Their devotion was touching but too enduring," laughed Jerry, "and I suppose now that blithering doctor will arrive at once."

"It would be just like him," said Ruth with a peevish air.

"Hurry now, Jerry, and tell me what you didn't tell them, you know—what it was that made you say the things you've been saying in the last ten minutes."

Jerry tried faithfully to tell her, everything he had seen and heard and how it had impressed him. Last of all he told her of Sylvy Aurentsky.

Ruth listened soberly with a growing expression of embarrassed helplessness.

"If one only knew how to do something for that girl," she exclaimed, presently, her face more beautiful, Jerry thought, in its mood of anxious sympathy than he had ever seen it before.

"And yet, how can one?" confessed Jerry, a perplexed look in his blue eyes. "The girl's proud—and independent. She would resent charity. In fact, take Sylvy all by herself and study her face, and listen to her talk, and she didn't look one whit more needy than you—in any real sense, that is."

"But it's such a terrible place for her to be," insisted Ruth. "Isn't there a possibility that this misuse of police power that you speak of—that it might be used to her injury? That this persecuted ... been making me uncomfortable, Ruth," declared Jerry. "Yet the only way to protect her from that possibility seems to be to remodel society down there—**or to break the hold of the political machine that makes serfs of those voters.** Either, in the present state of the public's mind, seems an impossible task. The very best that could be done for those folks would be just to give them an impartial administration of law and justice."

"Of course, that's the thing to do," declared Ruth, with the cocksureness of vague ignorance.

"The trouble is," admitted Jerry, "that one doesn't know where to begin on a job like that. An individual is so helpless."

Ruth saw that Jerry was strongly impelled to some sort of action and yet that he had no plan at all, no idea even of a plan, and this heightened her own feeling of helplessness which was doubtless more galling because it seemed that with all her wealth so much power was in her hand.

"Oh, I feel so useless and incapable at times," she exclaimed petulantly. "So disgusted with knitting and bazaars and charities and functions—this endless round of fussing and fuming and expending a hundred dollars' worth of energy to do ten cents' worth of good. Did you read about that bazaar over in New York—$74,000 taken in at the door and $750 left for the army and navy?"

"What a farce!" snorted Jerry.

"Well, it seems to me that's rather typical of the way we women are compelled to work. We have so much time and strength that is simply wasted on efforts that do not count. If we only were somebody—if we could only vote—why the women of Philadelphia alone could so devote themselves to organization in a single year that they'd have this rotten old machine out of business in one election."

Jerry smiled at the rebellious discontent in Ruth's face and manner as she flung down her knitting, dropped her hand into her chin and fell to gazing off into distance, the line of her dark brows stern and set, while the fingers of one hand tapped irritatingly upon the arm of the chair. The picture she made kindled both his admiration and his sympathy; but as he yielded himself to its spell deeper emotions were stirred and lifted their symbols into the foreground of his mind. He forgot the river wards and all their problems—forgot everything but Ruth and that he wanted her with a most tremendous want. Stealthily he reached out and tentatively he took possession of the hand upon the arm of the chair.

"Ruth!" he murmured softly. "Ruth!"

The girl gently withdrew her hand.

"Aren't you ever going to say you love me?" he pleaded reproachfully.

Without altering the pose of her head, with the chin still buried in the hand, she shifted her eyes till they fell on him, and smiled fondly at the ludicrous picture he made with the turban of bandages heaped high upon his head and the doting look in his eyes.

"I was very near to saying so this afternoon," she confessed frankly. "When I heard that you were hurt, my heart leaped, and it seemed that I could almost make sure of something."

"I saw it," declared Jerry, with resentful conviction. "I saw it in your eyes when you greeted me, and it began to go out when I danced up the steps like a well man; then my dear family stuck around so long that by the time we were alone it had entirely oozed out. Fine business, that! Do you know what the logical inference is?"

"There might be several," said Ruth, laughing at his manner of hurt earnestness.

"There can be but one," declared Jerry firmly. "That is that I should go out and get myself properly mangled—come home minus a foot or an arm, say, and then you might fall in love with the remains."

Ruth looked mischievous.

"Only, of course, there's one drawback," she teased. "If it failed—"

"Yes; if it failed," admitted Jerry with mock bitterness. "I should be a mere human remnant all the rest of my days, with nothing to show for it but a block of experience."

"Which, of course, would serve you right. And now, if you're done with this silly mood, we'll try to be sensible for a while. I want you Wednesday for service. You are a committee of one in charge of booth-construction for the French Comforts Bazaar. You are to meet the girls at the First Regiment Armory at 3 o'clock. They'll show you what they want and how they want it. Then you'll make plans, get lumber, and put some carpenters and electricians at work, and you'll raise the money to pay for all this from the men in our crowd, because we don't want a dollar of expenses to deduct. The entire proceeds are to go to the boys in the trenches."

Ruth issued her instructions like the charming autocrat she was, with no doubt of instant and exact obedience.

"Isn't ... sounds like a lot of trouble."

"Have you seen my little sister?" he said. "She ain't been home all day."

That question stopped Sylvy because it was an appeal to her sympathy. Everybody knew Tina Maldono, a little black-eyed, short-haired elf of twelve, with an angel face and very white teeth that were always shining for she was always smiling. Joe's pride in his sister and careful concern for her was the man's one redeeming asset in that part of the community which pretended to make any estimate at all of character values.

"Why, no, I haven't seen her," responded Sylvy. "She must be around in somebody's hallway or in one of the alleys." The girl glanced up and down the street as if expecting Tina to appear momentarily, but at the same time, she was anxious to get away, for Joe's eyes were crawling over her neck and face like spiders.

But Maldono, having stopped the girl by his ruse, planted himself between her and the door, while he asked:

"Would you come to a dance with me tonight, Sylvy, up to Stein's Hall? There'll be good eats and a swell time. Lots of the girls round here is going."

Sylvy knew Stein's Hall well as a place of extreme disrepute. To have been asked to go there was almost an insult. Her face flushed and there was an indignant gleam in her eyes as she shook her head.

"Let me by!" she demanded.

Instead of granting this request, Maldono asked another question. "What you talkin' to that swell guy with the cracked head for?"

Sylvy forgot her fright in indignation. Jeremiah Thomas Archer, in a few short minutes, had become to her both a fact and an ideal, bright, shining and to be protected from reproach. For this gangster even to mention Jerry's name was defilement.

"What business is it of yours?" she answered hotly.

"It's a lot of my business," drawled Maldono, with a malevolent smile; "a lot of it. I got my eye on you, little girl, and I don't want no swells that flits about in taxicabs putting high-toned notions into your head."

"Well, you needn't have your eye on me," Sylvy retorted boldly. "I wouldn't look at you, Joe Maldono, if I didn't have to."

"Easy! Easy! Little Lamb," taunted Joe, and he was still smiling, though his smile was now mirthless and gloating—and his tone full of impudent suggestion. "You might have to look at me till it made them pretty eyes sore."

Once more a wave of personal fear swept over the girl.

"Let me by!" she demanded, and this time her voice was excited enough to carry round the corner and in at the open door.

Jacob Aurentsky, drowsing behind his counter, heard that cry and recognized both its tones and their meaning. It was a signal of distress from his daughter, Sylvy, his eldest born, his pride, his pearl, the golden apple of some of his brightest hopes. Jacob not only heard that cry but judged accurately its approximate location. Instead, therefore, of rushing round the counter and out the front, he opened the side door and appeared immediately behind Maldono. The latter had just gripped the wrist of Sylvy and the feel of the soft flesh had maddened the fellow.

"You're going to be mine, see! Mine!" he was whispering in her ear, when disconcerted by the sudden appearance of the father.

Right vs. Might

"Excuse me! Right away my daughter's hand to let go," said Aurentsky with some dignity.

Maldono released the hand of Sylvy, flinging it from him nastily.

"Please to my daughter don't speak again," continued Aurentsky, advancing courageously upon the scowling young gangster, and making a breastwork of his tall body behind which Sylvy might slip into the house. But the girl, concerned now for the safety of her father, took a position upon the doorstep and stood her ground.

"He didn't do anything, father. He was just kidding me," she exclaimed seeking to smooth things over.

"That's right," laughed Maldono unpleasantly. "Only kiddin'."

But this well-meant strategy on the daughter's part led Aurentsky to think she might have been culpable, and he turned upon her with:

"Every decent girl in the block would have more respect for herself than to speak to this man," he reproached. "I want it, Sylvy, that you should never speak to him again."

"Oh, be that so, you dirty Jew!" sneered Maldono, starting up angrily. "Well, I'll get you for that and I'll get you good and plenty. I'll just about have you put out of the way for a while, that's what I will."

With this threat flung out spitefully, Maldono turned and sauntered off, his dark small eyes smoldering with a cunning light as he meditated revenge. He knew he was blamable; he had been brutal where he meant to be diplomatic, but first the girl's thinly veiled contempt had angered and then proximity to her soft, warm beauty had intoxicated him. Yet the fellow was not on this account greatly dissatisfied with himself, since frightfulness was a part of his settled policy. By means of it held his sway.

"I been plannin' to shake that Jew down for some time," he muttered. "I guess now's about the time."

Meanwhile, misgivings because he had been forced into open quarrel with a man whose power and malevolence were greatly feared gave Aurentsky a trembly sensation in the knees. This palpitation gradually passed away, however, and the enterprising merchant was quite himself when, some two hours later—say about the time when Jerry and Ruth were forming that small and exclusive new political party—his place was entered by a possible customer of the workingman type, who turned out to be a stranger with a story of misfortune to narrate. It appeared that he was a marble-worker by trade, but had been out of work and had just learned through a letter that his child was very ill in Wilmington. He wished to hurry to the bedside, but was without funds. He offered, therefore, his gold-filled watch for sale for the sum of $7.50 and a ring with a stone in it for $5.

The sympathies of Aurentsky were roused by the story and his chaffering spirit excited by the offer of the watch and the ring. Eventually he bought the timepiece for $4 and the ring for $2.

In the course of these negotiations, which consumed some time, what seemed like the roots of real acquaintanceship sprang up between the two, an issue natural enough since the stranger was also a Russian and of the seed of Jacob. In consequence of this acquaintanceship, the man in distress sought permission to leave with Aurentsky till he should return or send for it, a carpet-sack affair, which he said contained the tools of stafecraft. Aurentsky consented to this reasonable request and tossed the bag under the counter, while the marble-worker went on his way.

Some hours later, however, the marble worker returned to Aurentsky's place, but this time in company with two other men, who presently revealed their identity as detectives. The marble-worker, they explained, was a burglar and under arrest. The watch and the pin were taken possession of as stolen loot, amid protest from Aurentsky that he should have his $6 back. A pretense of search throughout the little shop for other stolen property was made, and eventually the carpet bag was brought to light. On examination its contents proved to be burglar tools, and a choice collection of old silverware, which the detectives identified as having been stolen from a house on Arch street.

In consequence of these disclosures, when the officers of the law departed they not only took the watch and the stickpin, the silverware and the carpet bag, but they also took Aurentsky, and booked him on a charge of receiving stolen property.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

CHAPTER VI

Aurentsky's Troubles Begin

AND it was a fine platform!—that one of Ruth's—but nailed together rather late for Sylvy Aurentsky, for while Jeremiah Thomas Archer in his taxicab rolled out of the Fifth Ward, Joe Maldono followed on after the girl and as she was turning to enter the side door leading to the family apartments behind the little store, he spoke to her, lifting his hat. If he had merely said "Good morning," "Good evening," "How do you do," or uttered some other form of personal salutation, Sylvy would have answered with a curt nod and escaped within doors as from some contamination; but the cunning Maldono did not.

He asked a question:

The fact

that you'll find Kuehnle painting on nearly every street in Philadelphia is something worth consideration when you need good painting done.

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Kuehnle PAINTER

MICHELL'S

POT GROWN VEGETABLE PLANTS.

TAKE HOLD OF THE SOIL AND GROW AT ONCE PRODUCING BIG CROPS.

	doz.	100
Cauliflower	65c	$5.00
Egg Plant	65c	$5.00
Parsley	60c	$4.75
Pepper	60c	$4.75
Tomatoes	60c	$4.50

Cabbage Plants from cold frames, 75c per 100—per 1000, $6

Lettuce Plants from cold frames, 50c per 100—per 1000, $4

Everything for Farm, Lawn and Garden

MAY 12th to 18th is War Savings Stamp Pledge Week. Promise.

518 MARKET ST GET A FREE CATALOG.

To Every Wife, Mother and Sister of Our Boys in Service

The Most Impressive Parade in Philadelphia's History

Will Be Given on Wednesday, May 22, at 3 P. M.

Only the Wives, Mothers and Sisters of the Boys in Service Will Participate

In order that this parade may be all that it should be, and reveal to Philadelphia as never before the great number of patriotic wives, mothers and sisters the boys in Uncle Sam's service have left behind, every wife, mother and sister of such a boy is earnestly urged to present herself on FRIDAY, MAY 17, until 9 P. M., at the nearest headquarters of the district in which she lives, and receive a service flag to carry in the parade and printed instructions relating to the parade.

The Districts and Places to Report on May 17 are as follows

SOUTH PHILA. DISTRICT
1308 South Broad

CENTRAL DISTRICT
Liberty Loan Headquarters, Broad and South Penn Square

NORTHEAST DIVISION
4343 Frankford Avenue

KENSINGTON DIVISION
Wingohocking Creek, South side
Frankford Creek, South side
Delaware River, West side
Poplar Street, North side
Broad Street, East side

MANAYUNK
4376 Main Street

ROXBOROUGH
Lyceum Hall, Lyceum and Ridge Ave.

GERMANTOWN AND CHESTNUT HILL
45 West Chelten Ave.

OLD YORK ROAD DIV.
4942 N. Broad

NORTH PHILA. DIV.
N. W. cor. Broad & York

WEST PHILA. DIVISION
Philomusian Club