

CRACKSMAN AND CLEVER BURGLARS

By WILLIAM K. GIBBS

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CASTING a hasty glance to the right and left, and having the appearance of one being pursued, a well-dressed man slackened his pace before an imposing office building.

The town clocks struck six—first the one in the courthouse tower, and then, farther away, the one in the city hall. This one struck five times slowly, hesitated a moment, struck eleven times with great vigor, struck once with a big final boom and was through.

Passing in between the marble pillars that guarded the entrance of the Trades building, the man ignored the elevators and began to ascend the stairs. Four flights up, he turned down the corridor. He paused, removed an afternoon paper from his pocket and read:

"Dr. James Whitbeck, 456 Trades building, left for New York this afternoon to deliver a lecture before the medical association, on his recently perfected cancer cure. He will be gone a week."

With catlike steps, the figure crept toward the door which bore, in modest letters, the inscription—James Whitbeck, M. D. The clang of an elevator door startled the stodgy figure. He paused, listened intently, then tried the door. Much to his surprise, it opened, and he stood face to face with a tall, dark, middle-aged man of professional bearing.

"Good evening, doctor," he said blandly. "I did not expect to find you here." The voice did not betray what was passing through the speaker's mind.

"No?" "I'll tell you why I'm here," ventured the newcomer. "I'm Barrett, of Central detail, and I came up here to catch a thief."

"What's the matter, have I been overcharging my patients?" questioned the other, smiling.

"No; you don't understand. We're after a man who calls himself 'Jeff.' We've been on his trail for weeks, but we can't seem to get within hailing distance. We don't know what he looks like, but he invariably leaves a note for the police, signed 'Jeff.' He makes a specialty of doctors' offices."

"Why look for him here?" "For the very good reason that you are supposed to be well on your way to New York. The afternoon paper says you are to deliver a lecture in New York and left this afternoon. 'Jeff' works while the doctors are out."

Then, in a confiding tone, the speaker said: "You see, I'm anxious to make the 'pinch' myself, as it will give me a stronger 'pull' with the chief. I have a proposition to make and if you'll help me, I'll be sure to get him. What do you say? Will you?"

"Of course; anything I can do will give me great pleasure. You can count on me."

"Thanks. Now my proposition is this: Jeff is a shrewd; he will pretend to be sick if he finds you here. You give him something, and while you are doing that, give him every chance to get your watch and your money. Then I'll do my part."

you're a 'dip' too, eh? We didn't know that before."

"Well, you got me," smirked the prisoner, dejectedly, "but I'm no piker. I'll do quietly."

"These will make me feel a little more secure," remarked Barrett, as he fastened the handcuffs on the prisoner's wrists. Turning to the doctor, he said:

"We'll want to see you probably, when you get back from New York."

"But what about my watch and my money?" the doctor asked. "Oh, you'll get them all right. We need them for evidence and I'll have to take them to the station."

The two men—detective and prisoner—passed out and closed the door. The physician called a taxicab company and asked them to have a taxi in front of the Trades building in forty-five minutes.

The outer door of 456 Trades building opened noiselessly. Two figures entered stealthily. As the light was switched on, one who had been present at the little "drama" enacted thirty minutes before, would have recognized the two as the same detective and prisoner, although now the handcuffs were not in evidence.

"Guess we gave the old boy the slip, Jim," said Barrett. "He fell for our game like a two-year-old."

"They gathered up everything of value and placed it in a grip that seemed to have been left there for their especial benefit. Both worked in silence. Neither knew that a pair of eyes watched them from behind the same screen that had formed Barrett's hiding place a short time before."

Barrett broke the silence. "That's all we want," he said. "If we've overlooked anything, I'm sorry." As the two emerged from the consulting room, they faced a .44 caliber revolver.

"The game's up, boys," said the man who, at that moment, was master of the situation. "I'll take my watch and money."

"You're a shrewd one, all right, Doctor Whitbeck," parried Barrett. "We take our hats off to you."

"Cut that chatter and face the wall." They obeyed. "Now I'll just relieve you of these cannons. There, that's better. Now, unload everything you have in your pockets and be quick about it."

At the point of the revolver, the two culprits did as they were bidden. "Sure you haven't missed anything?" asked the man with the gun.

"That's all there is, boss." "How about the bracelets?" "I've got 'em," replied Barrett, doggedly.

"Put one on your wrist and one on your pal's," ordered the man with the gun. "Now, let me give you a tip. My car is waiting down in front; don't you two make any noise or try to follow me or I'm afraid I might lose control of my trigger-finger."

"Aren't you going to send us to the 'sit'?" queried Barrett, somewhat surprised.

"No; I hadn't thought of that." "Well, that's sure white of you, Doc."

Then in slow, measured tones, came the reply: "Doctor Whitbeck left for New York this afternoon."

In the JUNGLE With Cheerups and the Quixies by Grace Bliss Stewart

THE CRUSTY CROCODILE

"DEAR, dear, but this has been a dull day," yawned Cheerups, stretching his arms above his head and brushing away a passing fly. "Home life is splendid, but a change now and then is good, too. I'm going for a walk! Come on, Quixie Boys; what do you say to a stroll down by the Yellow River?"

"Of course, Brighteyes, Quixie, Softfoot and Sniffsniff were willing. So in single file down the Winding Way they went, Cheerups in the lead with the Quixies behind, keeping their eyes on Cheerups' little red shoes as they twinkled in and out of the Tall Grasses. They didn't want to lose sight of their leader and the promised lark."

On and on they trudged until they came to the Yellow River, and there, on the muddy bank in the shade of an old date palm which had been bearing



"Oh, No, Thank You, Crusty," Cried Cheerups in Alarm.

fruit for hundreds of years, lay a rough brown log. Just a splendid place for weary folks to rest.

"Whew, but I'm tired," puffed Quixie, "tired and hot. Let's sit down for a while!"

"That's a good idea," said Cheerups, fanning himself with a leaf. "It's very warm exercising."

"Oh, don't," cried Brighteyes, just as they were about to settle down on the old rough log. "Please don't sit there; you might hurt his feelings!"

"Whose feelings, for goodness sake, Brighteyes? You do as the queerest things," scolded Sniffsniff. "It won't hurt mine certainly. You forget that we haven't all of us Softfoot's padded slippers. We are tired!"

"But don't you see those round shiny eyes in the end of the log?" cried Brighteyes. "It's Mr. Alligator, I do believe. Now wouldn't it have been funny if we had all sat on him?"

And Brighteyes clapped his hands gleefully. "You mustn't be rude even to a log of wood, Brighteyes, for you see there's no telling what it might turn out to be. Ahem, good afternoon, Mr. Alligator," said Cheerups, in his best

manner. "I am sorry we didn't recognize you at once."

"I hear that you can stay under water a long time, Mr. Crocodile," said Cheerups, trying to keep him in a good humor.

"Right you are, Mr. Cheerups. I can stay under water with my mouth wide open, too, and that's more than any of you can do, I'll wager."

"Goodness! I should say so!" gasped the Quixies in chorus. "That sounds a bit like a fish story, Crusty," teased Cheerups, "but of course I know it isn't," he added hastily, as the Crocodile began to open his jaws and show his rows of terrible teeth.

"No fish story about that," he rumbled and grumbled. "I'll take you under water with me, if you would like to prove it."

"Oh, no, thank you, Crusty," cried Cheerups in alarm. "I am perfectly sure you are right about it, but what I want to know is how you do such a wonderful thing."

"Well, it's this way," replied Crusty Crocodile, all good nature again. "At the back of my throat is a curious valve which closes so tight when I open my mouth that not the tiniest drop of water can get down my throat. But that isn't my only accomplishment. I can run very fast on land, and you just ought to see me swim! By switching this powerful tail o' mine from side to side, I can go through the water like a streak of lightning. But dear me! Here I am talking about myself all the time. Please excuse me, Mr. Cheerups, and tell me why you chose to come to Africa?"

"Oh, we didn't exactly choose," laughed Cheerups merrily; "we just came. You see, we lived on the top of a Great Mountain in America and nobody ever came to see us so we wished and wished for a chance to

broaden our acquaintance. Then we decided to travel, and here we are. We really came to help people, and I am sorry, Mr. Crocodile, that we haven't done anything for you."

"Oh, but you have, sir. It has made things look brighter just to talk to you, Mr. Cheerups."

"Sometimes a smile, as you will find, is the very best way of being kind."

Then into the water slid Crusty Crocodile. "Watch me swim," he called, as he waved his tail and vanished in a curve of the Yellow River.

Eleanor Boardman



This is the latest picture of handsome Eleanor Boardman, the well-known "movie" star, who advises the too fat or too lean to go on a milk diet—either one will profit by such diet, asserts this popular feature player, who has been seen in many pleasing pictures.

They were the primitive man's science. They were the best he could do with his defective system of ratiocination to explain the phenomena by which he was surrounded. But to the civilized man of today they are so far from being the offspring of his reasoning that they are directly opposed to it. It might be supposed that when the stage of intellectual life which produced superstitions had been passed—had died out under civilization—the superstitions evolved from that stage would die with it. But such is not the case. It has been said that in the past hundred years there has been a great decline in popular superstition. But many still cling to their beliefs.

THE WHY OF SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

BIRDS ON WEDDING GIFTS

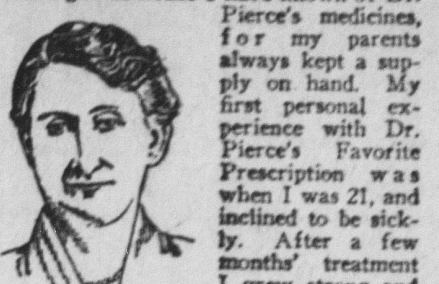
IN MANY parts of the country it is considered unlucky to receive as a wedding gift anything with birds depicted on it. This arises from an association of ideas—a primitive conception of relations and, therefore, cause and effect, sympathetic magic of a sort. Birds suggest flight—something fleeting—and for the married state permanency is desirable. Therefore, the wedding gift should not suggest impermanency or it will produce impermanency. The superstition is ancient: it is found in other countries. It is obviously primitive.

Those superstitions which are clearly of a primitive origin present a most interesting problem in their survival.

It may be said that these superstitions have been handed down from generation to generation to account for their persistence. But unless there is some other quality to sustain it a conception handed down becomes void when enlarged experience and more perfect reasoning disprove it. The conception of the earth as a plane was handed down for ages, but when experience proved the fallacy of this conception it ceased to exist. Primitive superstitions are as much opposed to modern experience and reason as the conception of the earth as a plane, yet they persist with astonishing vitality. Modern ratiocination and primitive superstition would appear to be incompatible, yet they exist side by side.

What is the answer? (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

When a Girl at Home



Charleston, W. Va.—"Ever since I was a girl at home I have known of Dr. Pierce's medicine, for my parents always kept a supply on hand. My first personal experience with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription was when I was 21, and inclined to be sickly. After a few months' treatment I grew strong and well. Since then, during motherhood and afterward the 'Prescription' was my great helper and friend, and through the critical time of life it was a great comfort in soothing my nerves and strengthening my entire body."—Mrs. W. J. Robinson, 1730 Bigley Ave. All Dealers, Tablets and Liquid.

The Right Breed

This summer, for the first time, Ellen lived on a farm. The rest of her four years had been spent in an Indianapolis flat.

Naturally, she was much interested in the farm animals, especially the cows. So, when some Holsteins which her father had just purchased came slowly down the lane one evening, Ellen watched them almost breathlessly. As the last one passed, she jumped and exclaimed ecstatically: "Oh, mamma! Every last one of those new cows had a cross-word puzzle on her!"



Pimples

What can I do? "Oh, why can't I have a skin like other girls? Why do I have to have these ugly pimples, blotches and blackheads?"

"I could only find something that would clear up my skin and give me back my soft, rosy complexion. I know I would be the happiest girl in the world! What can I do?"

Is that you talking? If it is, you don't have to worry a minute! Just build up the rich, red blood in your body. Then your skin will be as clear and soft as anybody's."

That's what S. S. S. has been doing for generations—helping Nature build rich, red blood! You can build red-blood-cells so fast that the impurities that cause breaking out on the skin hardly get into the system before the pure blood annihilates them—kills them right out—stops them from breaking out through the skin.

And then this rich, red, pure blood feeds and nourishes the tissues of the skin and keeps it looking healthy.

That's all there is to it. Healthy, vigorous, red blood such as S. S. S. helps Nature build, makes you healthy all over. It beautifies your skin—drives away pimples, blackheads, blotches, rash, boils and eczema—gives you back your appetite—builds firm, plump flesh and fills you full of new life and energy.

All drug stores sell S. S. S. Get the larger bottle. It's more economical.

Use Cuticura Soap And Ointment To Heal Sore Hands

GASTRITIS IS DANGEROUS STOP IT QUICK

When your stomach is bloated when it is so distended with gas that pressure on the heart almost suffocates you. What are you going to do? Take a chance or get rid of the gas quick! The one big selling stomach medicine today is Dare's Mentha. Pepsin and its mighty power to relieve terrible gastritis, acute or chronic is a blessing to tens of thousands of people who have been unable to get help from any other source. It's splendid for any stomach trouble—Dare's Mentha Pepsin. So when your food won't digest or gas, bloating or shortness of breath cause you to become nervous or dizzy or have a headache always remember that you can get one bottle of Dare's Mentha Pepsin from your druggist and if it doesn't help your disordered stomach—your money will be returned.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

By MILDRED MARSHALL

MONICA is not nearly as popular a name as it deserves to be. Not only has it beauty of sound and significance, but a strikingly interesting history, as well. It comes to us almost direct from the Spanish, but is nevertheless regarded as an English name and is more popular in England than in its native country. Many a golden-haired, blue-eyed English girl bears the name first used to designate a raven-tressed, red-lipped, coquette of Spain.

Monica is thought to have its earliest origin with the Greek term "domo," meaning "to rule." Domonica is a direct offspring of this word and there have been Saints Domonico, Domingo and Dominico, without number. One holy man by that name, who is associated with the Inquisition, had namesakes in all the Romanist lands, and the feminine of this popular title came to be officially Domonica; for short Monica.

The mother of Saint Augustine was the first to be called Monica. Some etymologists even believe that her name should be classified as one coming directly from the Latin verb "monere," meaning "to advise," but the consensus of opinion is that Monica was evolved in the manner aforementioned.

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs

A PLEASING PLAN