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CRACKSMAN AND CLEVER BURGLARS

By WILLIAM K. GIBBS

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ASTING a hasty glance to the right and left, and having the appearance of one being pur-

sued, 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. No amount of repairing could cure the city hall clock of this peculiarity. It kept time but kept it according to private way of its own.

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 biandly. "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 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 you're a 'dip' too, ch? We didn't now that before." "Well, you got me," sulked the prisoner, dejectedly, "but I'm no piker. I'll

w 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 pris-

oner-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 over-looked 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 for the police, signed 'Jeff.' He makes 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



THE CRUSTY CROCODILE | manner. "I am sorry we didn't recog-

"DEAR, dear, but this has been a dull day." yawned Cheerups, stretching his arms above his head and brushing away a passing fly. "Home humor. life is spier.did, 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, Quickear, 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 teeth. 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 Quickear, "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 there; you might hurt his feelings !"

"Whose feelings, for goodness' sake, things," scolded Sniffsniff. "It won't) wedding gift anything with birds de-



nize 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

"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," :eased 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 "No fish story about that," he rumbled and grumbled. "I'll take you un-

der 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 tinlest drop of water can get down my throat. But that isn't my only accomplishment. I can run very fast on land, broaden our acquaintance. Then we

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 strenk of haven't done anything for you." 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 ?" Sometimes a smile, as you will find, "Oh, we didn't exactly choose," Is the very best way of being kind." laughed Cheerups merrily; "we just Then into the water slid Crusty came. You see, we lived on the top

Crocodile. "Watch me swim," he of a Great Mountain in America and called, as he waved his tall and vannobody ever came to see us so we ished in a curve of the Yellow River. wished and wished for a chance to (@ by Little, Brown & Co.)



They were the best he could do with

his defective system of ratiocination "Whose feelings, for goodness' sake, Brighteyes? You do say the queerest IN MANY parts of the country it is considered unlucky to receive as a was surrounded. But to the civilized

When a Girl at Home Charleston, W. Va .- "Ever since I

was a girl at home I have known of Dr. Pierce's medicines, for my parents always kept a sup-ply 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 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 strengthezing 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."



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

"If I could only find something that would clear up my skin and give me back my soft, rosy completion, 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 redblood-cells so fast that the impurities that cause breaking out on the skin



This is the latest picture of hand-

too fat or too lean to go on a milk

diet-either one will profit by such

diet, asserts this popular feature play-

er, who has been seen in many pleas-

decided to travel, and here we are.

We really came to help people, and I

am sorry, Mr. Crocodile, that we

"Oh, but you have, sir. It has made

things looks brighter just to talk to

ing pictures.

you, Mr. Cheerups.

Eleanor Boardman

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 sald:

"You see, I'm anxious to make the 'pinch' myself, as it will give me a stronger 'puil' 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: .Ieff is 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."

Barrett's persuasion won the other to the agreement to stay as long as he could and still catch an early evening train for New York. Barrett screened off one corner of the room, and selecting a comfortable chair, began his vigil.

A second figure, short and squatty, entered the Trades building. He rode up to the fourth floor and walked boldly into the doctor's office.

"It's lucky I found you here, doctor," he began, almost immediately, "I was talking with a man this afternoon and he recommended you to me. I need something for my nerves; they're all gone to pieces, you know."

"That so? Come in the consulting room and let me look you over." The usual routine of a physician over, the "patient" was given a small dose of liquid from a bottle on the doctor's desk. As soon as he saw he was not being watched, the "patient" turned the contents of the glass into the cuspidor, and turning to the doctor, said : "How long before it works?"

"It should take effect immediately." came the reply, but you had better let me examine your heart."

The "patient" unbuttoned his coat and vest, and as the doctor bent over and placed his ear to the other's chest. the latter extracted a wallet and watch from the former's pocket.

"I don't find anything the matter with your heart, but you had better take another dose of this," and another dose from the bottle was given the "patient." This time he was watched and he had to swallow it. He, thought it quite the worst of anything he ever had tasted."

"Let me know how you feel tomorrow."

"Yes-" a hand was laid roughly on the speaker's shoulder, interrupting his reply. "What's the meaning of this?" he demanded, when he had regained his equanimity.

"The chief wants to see you, Jeff." calmly announced Barrett. "We've 'queered' your little game at last. I happened to see you lift Doctor Whit- in' his-p'tu-wife." - Kansas City beck's wallet and watch just now. So I Star.

'stir'?" 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.

"What?" came from Barrett and his pal, almost as one word.

"You heard me, now keep quiet. That chauffeur is waiting and I don't want to miss him, especially since I have to carry this grip you were so generous as to pack for me."

"Say, pard," began Barrett, "you're clever, but who are you?"

Keeping them both covered with his revolver, the man picked up the grip, opened the office door and inserted the key from the outside, then answered:

"I'm Jeff."

The door closed softly, key grated in the lock, and he was gone,

Spanish Believe That Bread Is Sacred Food

Do you ever throw away your bread, writes a friend of the Companion, or even toss aside a crust? In Spain It is against the law to do so, I am told by a newcomer from that country. There is an ancient belief that bread is one of the first foods God gave his children, and therefore it is a sacred food. To illustrate just what happens. Spain. if you are careless enough to throw bread away, let me tell you an actual

incident that occurred in Barcelona. A little Spanish boy left his house, eating a slice of bread, but he soon tired of it and, without thinking. threw it down upon the sidewalk. Hardly had he done so when a hand grasped his elbow and he looked up into the face of a policeman.

"You cannot throw bread away like that," the man told him. "You are breaking the law. Pick it up and come with me."

The boy, startled, picked up the bread, and the man drew him along down a side street until they came to a sheltered corner between two buildings.

"Kiss the bread, hijo mio, and lay it carefully down here on this stone that the dogs may eat of it, and it shall not be wasted," commanded the policeman, and the boy did as he was told .--- Youth's Companion.

Worse and Worse

"The needcessities of life 'pear' to be going up all the time," in the crossroads store, announced Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge.

"Say they are?" returned the proprietor of the emporium.

"Ye-ah! I see whur just yiste'd'y they took and fined a feller for whal-

hurt mine certainly. You forget that picted on it. This arises from an aswe haven't all of us Softfoot's padded sociation of ideas-a primitive concepslippers. We are tired !" tion of relations and, therefore, cause

"But don't you see those round and effect, sympathetic magic of a sort. shiny eyes in the end of the log?" Birds suggest flight-something fleetcried Brighteyes. "It's Mr. Alligator, Ing-and for the married state perma-I do believe. Now wouldn't it have nency is desirable. Therefore, the been funny if we had all sat on him?" wedding gift should not suggest imand Brighteyes clapped his hands permanency or it will produce impermanency. The superstition is ancient: gleefully.

"You mustn't be rude even to a log it is found in other countries. It is of wood, Brighteyes, for you see obviously primitive.

there's no telling what it might turn Those superstitions which are clearout to be. Ahem, good afternoon, Mr. Iy of a primitive origin present a most Alligator," said Cheerups, in his best interesting problem in their survival.

IAT'S IN A NAME -By MILDRED MARSHALL-Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel

MONICA

have been Saints Dominica, Domingo

and Dominico, without number. One

holy man by that name, who is asso-

clated with the Inquisition, had name-

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

A PLEASING PLAN

Menica.

France and the peasantry call it Mon-MONICA is not nearly as popular a ique. Moncha is the Irish form. The emerald is Monica's talismanic name as it deserves to be. Not gem. It is believed to bestow upon only has it beauty of sound and sigher the gift of foretelling or sensing nificance, but a strikingly interesting future events. She will have especially keen perception when she wears the jewel and will be guarded against decelt. Wednesday is her lucky day and 1 her lucky number.

tioned. Monica is also a favorite in



DWINDLE DOWNS

ONCE upon a time there was the sakes in all the Romanist lands, and the feminine of this popular title came dearest, prettiest, cutest little girl, to be officially Domenica; for short and her name was Goldilocks, and she acted in the "movies" so dearly and The mother of Saint Augustine was prettily and cutely that every one that the first to be called Monica. Some saw her fell in love with her and saved etymologists even believe that her up to see her in her next picture, and name should be classified as one com-Goldilocks made \$50,000 a week and ing directly from the Latin verb nobody begrudged it to her except one "moneo," meaning "to advise," but the person, and that was her landlord. Her landlord's name was Dwindle consensus of opinion is that Monica was evolved in the manner aforemen-

Downs, and he raised Goldllocks' rent and raised it and raised it and raised It and raised it until poor Goldilocks was driven almost to distraction. But she couldn't move because all the other houses were being lived in, and at last, when Dwindle Downs told her she would either have to pay him \$200 a month or move, she summoned Cream puffin, her good fairy.

"If you raise Goldilocks' rent once more, you wicked man," said Creampuffia to Dwindle Downs, "I will wave my magic wand and change you into a bee hive, and all the bees will come and live in you free of charge without a cent of rent."

HID in a safe deposit box Twe filed my cares away Secured with armor-plated locks For use some other day. And there until I need them I To leave them will endeavor, Which as I figure will come by Some six weeks after Never. (3) by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) "Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Dwindle Downs scornfully. "One more threat

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 passedhad 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.

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 censed 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?

(C) by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) -O.

SSEMS

VOV

UE

OU

MORE

WIRR

EASIER

GROW

DW/16

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

> it. Healthy, vigorous, red blood such as S. S. S. makes you healthy all over. It beautifies your

and eczema-gives you back your ap petite-builds firm, plump flesh and fills you full of new life and energy. All drug stores sell S. S. S. Get the



quick?

thousands of people who have been un-able to get help from any other source. It's splendid for any stomach trouble-

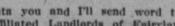
headache always remember that you can get one bottle-of Dare's Mentha Pepsin from your druggist and if it doesn't help your disordered stomach-your money will be returned.



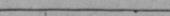
(6) by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

outa you and I'll send word to the Affiliated Landlords of Fairyland to raise your rent to a hundred ounces of thistledown a month."

With a cry of fright Creampuffia flew away, and poor Goldilocks had to pay \$200 of her \$200,000 a month for







skin and keeps it looking healthy. That's all there is to

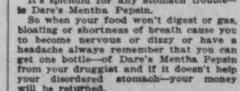
skin - drives away pim-ples, blackheads, blotches, rash, bolls

larger bottle. It's more economical.

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

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



(@ by Wheeler Syndicate.)

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, hine-eyed English girl bears the name first used to designate a raven-tressed, red-lipped, coquette of Monica, is thought to have its earliest origin with the Greek term "domo." meaning "to rule." Dominica is a direct offspring of this word and there