

# JACKIE McBRIDE, BURGLAR

By Will Livingston Comfort

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THEM of imprisonment is to a certain degree like the brand of Cain, because it leaves upon the person a peculiar manner of expression which is indelible, especially in the case of a man of high strung temperament. From the freedom of the outer world to the dim stone and iron walls, with its steel reinforced lock, is a light shock even to the stoutest of nerves. An imaginative and the bitterest possession a prisoner can have. Since the silence of the cell, the hope of freedom, the absolute nothing of the future. Several years ago a young man was seen to sing and happened to be seen in a remote corridor. Through a bars he could see nothing but the wall of the building. Not even a shadow relieved the monotony from a viewpoint. Inside of an hour the prisoner was pacing his cell nervously. Two guards came in the evening and sat down in the far end of the corridor to play checkers. The young man could hear them talking and laughing and moving their pieces on the board, but could see nothing. He called the guards several times and was only threatened with the straitjacket. It seemed that he wanted to be seen in a cell where he could see the outside world. After the menace of a straitjacket the young prisoner uttered no sound. Two hours later he was found lying in the bottom of his cell temporarily insane and almost sufficed. It was his nerves which changed his mind and would not let him breathe. And this same young man at present a peculiar dully and sultry outside. He recovered fully toward.

A term of imprisonment thoroughly humiliates a man. The cell may not be so bad as it is made out to be, but it induces caution. In the majority of cases it narrows a man's mind, debases his morals, and away his spirit and destroys his individuality. If a convict is the faintest trace of suicidal madness in his blood, confinement will send him into a passion, and such a passion preys with deadly and subtle upon his reason and his morality. An impulsive, daring young lawbreaker enters a prison to serve two years. A time over, he emerges a pallid, flabbed, evil eyed fellow. Full of self-loathing, inferior craft and evil plans, he enters into absolute perfection. Long the great outdoors have brushed away the pallor of the prison you can see an ex-convict by his eyes—Excuse.

With Jackie McBride, who had a car to serve for attempting to enter a mansion on West Sixty—street, the conditions did not prevail. A century or more before the great day was called in London, many of his descendants, the McBrides, died in prison. In periods of captivity these hard men had schooled themselves to vast things and a sort of stoic philosophy. Self education, self made, became a habit to Jackie McBride of our day. Jackie's imprisonment meant to him a temporary setback. There would be a certain element of disservice attached had he been captured attempting to get away, but he was taken for his first job simply because he had struck out before. He was wounded into death.

As on that other night when the three waited in the shrubbery, there was not a sound to be heard inside the great house. On the minute Jackie climbed to the ledge of the window, he saw the interior of the house. He already was, this youngster, to make an entrance and twenty minutes in the house. He would leave by the back door and bury up the alley two blocks, where the back was to be in readiness. Once in the back, he might drive back to the barn, as usual. As on that other night when the three waited in the shrubbery, there was not a sound to be heard inside the great house. On the minute Jackie climbed to the ledge of the window, he saw the interior of the house. He already was, this youngster, to make an entrance and twenty minutes in the house. He would leave by the back door and bury up the alley two blocks, where the back was to be in readiness. Once in the back, he might drive back to the barn, as usual.

Jackie was alone. It was his first night of "operation." The risks run in mind would bring him achievement or defeat, and what a hideous meaning that last word embodied to a burglar—years of life at best, life itself perhaps! I often wonder if there was any other thought than those of achievement in that cool young head at the foot of the stairway. Up, up, through the dark, and still his savors, silence and darkness, stood by him. He reached the upper hallway and revealed that rare caution which is a part of courage in thoroughly knowing the rear stairway before going further. Jackie wore rubber soled shoes, which were light, flexible and noiseless. He paused at the doorway of a side room, his ears straining like a hound's, and his eyes, long accustomed to the dark, gazed the objects in the apartment. It was unoccupied, at least for the night. The boy would have dared to light a match in the room of a sleeper, for matches are dangerous, but on account of the odor and the possible sound. He took the chance in this unoccupied room, however. There were several small articles of value on the dresser, and in one of the upper drawers the young burglar had discovered upon two tiny plish cases a pair of cufflinks. These latter he pocketed without opening. The room across the hall contained a sleeping man unmistakably. There was that faint, sweetish odor of liquor

combined with a tobacco scent in the air. A low hanging street lamp shot a pallid, slanting ray into the room, and Jackie did well indeed, prying a watch, a wallet and a "roll" from the man's clothing and other articles from the dresser. And he made no sound, nor did the sleeper stir.

The great front room, the third and last, started Jackie in three ways—first, because the door creaked slightly as he shoved it gently open; second, because there was a dull red light shining above a magnificent set of mirrors, an unmany lamp of wrought iron, shaded by a deep red globe not unlike the lamps which a traveler finds hanging in the ancient palaces of the Moors; third, because the perfume and the furnishings of the beautiful apartment were not those of a man. From the dim alcove came soft, steady breathing. In such a place Jackie felt like taking off his cap. If there was anything in thought transference, that moment would have aroused the household. On a mahogany table in the midst of the mirrors and under the red lamp there were jewels, many jewels.

The steady, soft breathing from the alcove ceased. Jackie turned his head suddenly. The woman was sitting upright, and in her eyes was horror unutterable. The burglar raised his hand. "Not a sound," he whispered, "and I wouldn't harm you for the world."

His task was finished. He moved slowly, silently toward the door, and his eyes never moved from those of the woman. He slipped out. No sooner was the door between the two than the woman screamed. Jackie passed the door of the room occupied by the man he heard the latter spring from his bed. It may have required ten seconds for the fugitive to run down the back stairway, hasten out the back door and lock it on the outside, yet before he reached the middle of the yard ring he was being shot at. Three of the six shots struck Jackie—one in the right thigh, another in the right calf and a third grazed his hip on the same side. The locked back door alone saved him. In spite of these wounds, the boy scrambled over a wall into the bushes and ran for the back, keeping in the dense shadow of the barns. When he had almost reached the second street where the back was to be, a policeman loomed up ahead, running toward the sound of firing. Jackie dropped behind a telephone pole, dazed and weak, and began to bleed. The officer lunged by. Not long after that a back rumbled leisurely by close to the curb, its left door swinging to and fro. It did not have to stop, but the man who gained it fainted promptly on the cushions.

"What did you do with your gun?" The elder McBride asked the question. Morning was in the room of the Bleeker street place. The father and Nell were bending over the boy, who had almost reached the second street where the back was to be, a policeman loomed up ahead, running toward the sound of firing. Jackie dropped behind a telephone pole, dazed and weak, and began to bleed. The officer lunged by. Not long after that a back rumbled leisurely by close to the curb, its left door swinging to and fro. It did not have to stop, but the man who gained it fainted promptly on the cushions.

Black-White's a terribly quarrelsome fellow. He'd rather fight than out. Stout—So'd I had his dyspepsia—Chicago News.

LOST IN HOTELS. Queer Things That Absentminded Guests Forget to Take Away. Every hotel in New York has a store-room for articles left behind by guests. It is one of the important departments of the establishment and often carries the gratitude of travelers who are fortunate in finding forgotten keys, keys to lock for things that are missing. In hotels a book is kept in which are jotted down descriptions of articles forgotten. When a hotel does a large transient business, it is frequently with difficulty that lost articles are arranged for identification. The integrity of servants must be relied upon to a large extent. The chambermaid takes immediate possession of a room upon the guest's departure. She picks up anything that appears to have been left unattended. A note describing the article and giving the name of the guest, the room number and the time of departure is taken to the clerk. The property is turned over to the housekeeper and by her to the "lost" department.

Not Unreasonable. There lives in a Massachusetts town a young woman whose courtesy never deserts her, even in the most trying moments. Not long ago she was standing away back on a crowded electric car on a rainy day. A young man who stood next her had a dripping umbrella, with which he emphasized his remarks to a friend. As he pointed it down on the floor of the car an expression of anxiety gradually deepened on the young woman's face, and at last when the umbrella had become quiet for a moment she spoke. "If you please," she said in a clear, calm tone, "I'm sorry to trouble you, but could you kindly change your umbrella to my other foot for a moment so that I may empty the water out of my rubber shoe in which the umbrella is now tucked away?"

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# Hold Up

By ROSS FRAME

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The Overland Limited was speeding east across New Mexico toward the Texas boundary line. The fine alkali dust of the high plains drifted through every crevice in the car, smothering and irritating the nostrils and noses of passengers. Miss Mary Appleton was one of the few who had not grumbled at the dust, heat, lack of mirages or slowness of the service. Presumably her time was being usefully occupied. The Major, her three nephews, demanded her complete attention.

When Major Mayne of the United States army was ordered to the Philippines, his wife elected to go with him. The children were easily disposed of by their little natterly of a mother. "I'll send them east, I'll telegraph Mary to come out and take them back. It will be a nice trip for her, poor thing."

So the "poor thing," who was Mrs. Mayne's elder half sister, the Chlorid, of the household, age reversed, left her invalid stepmother behind and journeyed to San Francisco for her charges. "I'll tell you and make it pleasant for you while you are with us," Mrs. Mayne looked with manifest disfavor at the irresponsible little lady who had left all packing and house clearing arrangements until the last minute, and it took all of Mary's time and sound sense to evolve order out of confusion. Finally all the boxes were packed, the major and his wife off to the transport, and Miss Appleton, with her three rebellious charges, seated in the train for their long ride to the Atlantic coast.

One section had been provided for her. The three boys snuggled up to an unpleasant quarantine were speedily removed. Before she had recovered from the surprise at the courtesy shown them by the railway officials, their fellow traveler of the Overland stepped from the caboose of the freight train.

"I telegraphed to see that you were properly looked after, and I have come to see that it is done," he said with a smile. "I know this place very well, as I happen to be in the railroad business myself. You will be very comfortable here for a few days, until you get your passports."

Much to Miss Appleton's relief he assumed, with a matter of fact air, the entire management of their affairs. He did the telegraphing, the planning and the packing, and the boys were comforted by their quarantine lock-up. Once she ventured an apologetic remonstrance about taking up his time, but he had answered gaily that he was "off on a holiday," and that he was enjoying it immensely (which was strictly true).

Bob was the only unhappy member of the party. Pride forbade an acknowledgment of his falsehood, and he grudgingly accepted his punishment. He looked the way of the transgressor in a Manila. Mrs. Mayne poorly fainting the power of the government of Texas to punish not only visitors to Chinatown, but also those who inadvertently stray in the paths of Ananias. A number of cablegrams were awaiting the Maynes on their arrival at Manila. Mrs. Mayne's eyes twinkled with astonishment at the contents of one which her husband read aloud. "Mary married yesterday to Robert Reed, general manager Great Western railroad."

was in Chinatown last week with Mike," he said loudly. Miss Appleton looked at him in amazement. Mike was the major's old and trusted servant, the last person to take the boy into a place of danger. The story was incredible.

Bob looked unshakingly at his aunt. To Bob at that moment there were things better than truth. The officer looked down sternly at the little chinking woman. "You'll have to be ready to get off at the next siding. You'll find a box car there. The local freight will pick you up later and take you to Deming. There you will find out what it is to be to do."

The sympathetic excitement of their fellow passengers was subdued by the thought of relief from the troublesome boys and by nervous fear of journeying with a plague suspect. The friendly gentlemen went on in strapping valises and in gathering up the various impedimenta of an overland journey. There was evidently on his part no intention of questioning the wisdom of the laws of Texas.

Miss Appleton's patience received its crowning stroke when she mounted her trunk as a step and was dragged by a not over-keen employee into the box car. She had hardly until then realized the significance of their movements. She had a confused idea of the goodly of their fellow passengers generally, but the sympathetic tones of the friendly man persisted in her mind. Bob scrambled up beside her and announced his freedom in a hilarious whoop. It was adding insult to injury. Mrs. Mayne, who had been looking on to Bob's, she seized the offender by the shoulders and shook him soundly. The cross-fallen appearance of their ringleader as he sat on a box in the corner of the car, a new stern aunt who certainly held the whip hand, and strong desire for something to eat were conditions not conducive to free and easy romance in the desert. It was a very weary and sultry trio of boys that the local freight brought into Deming.

Appleton's apprehensions that the whole party would be subject to an unpleasant quarantine were speedily removed. Before she had recovered from the surprise at the courtesy shown them by the railway officials, their fellow traveler of the Overland stepped from the caboose of the freight train.

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# SPECIAL SUNDAY EXCURSIONS TO THE SEASHORE

Via Pennsylvania Railroad. Pennsylvania Railroad low-rate Sunday excursions for the present season from Lock Haven, Lewisburg, Williamsport, Moccasin, Sunbury, Dauphin, and principal intermediate stations to Atlantic City, Cape May, Ocean City, Sea Isle City, Avalon, Angelsea, Wildwood, or Holly Beach will be run on Sundays, July 26, August 9 and 23.

Excursion tickets, good going and returning on regular trains within five days, will be sold at very low rates. Tickets to Atlantic City will be sold via the Delaware River Bridge Route, the only all-rail line, or via Market Street Wharf, Philadelphia. Stop-over can be had at Philadelphia, either going or returning, within limit of ticket.

For information in regard to specific rates and time of trains consult hand bills, or apply to agents, or E. S. Harrar, Division Ticket Agent, Williamsport, Pa.

# REDUCED RATES TO ASHEVILLE

Via Pennsylvania Railroad, Account Meeting National Dental Association. For the benefit of those attending the meeting of the National Dental Association, at Asheville, N. C., July 24 to 31, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell round-trip tickets to Asheville and return, good going July 21 and 22, and good returning to reach original starting point not later than August 2, inclusive, from all stations on its lines, at reduced rates. For rates and conditions of tickets consult Ticket Agents.

# A Word on the Subject of 1000 Mile Tickets

"O' all inventions the Alphabet and the Printing Press alone excepted, those inventions which abridge distance have done the most for civilization."—Macaulay. The Reading Railway interchangeable mileage ticket would no doubt be classed by the writer of the above as one of the greatest of THOSE INVENTIONS, it can be bought for \$29.00 at all principal ticket offices of the Reading system, are good for anybody to use, for himself, family, neighbors, friends or whoever he cares to take along, and will be honored for one year from date on lines of the Reading system, Central R. R. of New Jersey, New York Central, West Shore & Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh roads. They are of course good, though to New York from Philadelphia, where the Reading operates hourly fast express service, leaving each terminal on the hour, another very important invention to abridge distance which does away with the annoyance the average traveler usually feels towards time tables.

# Orphan's Court Sale

By virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of Montour County granted to him for such purpose, the undersigned Administrator of said decedent will expose to public sale (free and discharged from all liens and encumbrances whatsoever) upon the premises situated in the Third Ward of the Borough of Danville, in the County of Montour, and State of Pennsylvania, FRIDAY, August 21st, 1935, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of the said day, the following described real estate of the said decedent, to wit: All that certain messuage, tenement and town lot of land situate in the Third Ward of the Borough of Danville, in the County of Montour, and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, viz: Fronting on Bloom street on the Northwest, lot formerly of Mrs. Mary Ann Arms, now of William K. Holloway, on the Eastward, an alley on the Southwest, and a certain other alley on the Westward, containing in width on Bloom street fifty-four feet and eight inches, and in depth along the said lot of the said William K. Holloway and the last mentioned alley, respectively, ninety feet, more or less; and whereupon are erected a

# NIAGARA FALLS EXCURSIONS

Low-Rate Vacation Trips via Pennsylvania Railroad. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has selected the following dates for its popular ten-day excursions to Niagara Falls from Washington and Baltimore: July 24, August 1 and 2, September 1 and 18, and October 2 and 16. On these dates the special train will leave Washington at 8:00 a. m., Baltimore, 9:30 a. m., York, 10:45 a. m., Harrisburg, 11:30 a. m., Millersburg, 12:30 p. m., Sunbury, 12:55 p. m., Williamsport, 2:30 p. m., Lock Haven, 3:08 p. m., Renovo, 3:55 p. m., Emporium Junction, 5:05 p. m., arriving at Niagara Falls at 9:45 p. m. Excursion tickets, good for return passage on any regular train, exclusive of limited express trains, within ten days, will be sold at \$10.00 from Washington and Baltimore, \$9.35 from Harrisburg, \$8.50 from York, \$7.80 from Altoona, \$7.40 from Tyrone, \$6.45 from Bellefonte, \$5.10 from Hagerstown, \$5.90 from Sunbury and Williamsport, and at proportionate rates from principal points. A stop-over will be allowed at Buffalo within limit of ticket returning. The special trains of Pullman parlor cars and day coaches will be run with each excursion running through to Niagara Falls. An extra charge will be made for parlor-car seats. An experienced tourist agent and chaperon will accompany each excursion. For descriptive pamphlet, time of connecting trains, and further information apply to nearest ticket agent, or address Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

# A Business Change

H. Karlip, the Mill street shoemaker has accepted a lucrative position in a shoe factory in Philadelphia. He has sold out his establishment to M. Steinman of Baltimore who will move his family to this city in the near future.

# MORE LIVES ARE SAVED BY DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY

Consumption, Coughs and Colds. Than by All Other Remedies. Lung Remedies Combined. This wonderful medicine positively cures Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Pneumonia, Hay Fever, Pleurisy, Catarrh, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup and Whooping Cough. NO CURE, NO PAY. Price 50c. & 1. Trial Dottle Free.

# PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

TIME TABLE In Effect May 24th, 1935.

| Station          | A. M. | P. M. |
|------------------|-------|-------|
| Seranton (Daily) | 9:15  | 12:15 |
| Pittston         | 9:45  | 12:45 |
| Wilkes-Barre     | 10:15 | 1:15  |
| Plymouth         | 10:45 | 1:45  |
| Scranton         | 11:15 | 2:15  |
| Carthage         | 11:45 | 2:45  |
| Lyons            | 12:15 | 3:15  |
| Delaware         | 12:45 | 3:45  |
| Scranton         | 1:15  | 4:15  |
| Carthage         | 1:45  | 4:45  |
| Lyons            | 2:15  | 5:15  |
| Delaware         | 2:45  | 5:45  |
| Scranton         | 3:15  | 6:15  |
| Carthage         | 3:45  | 6:45  |
| Lyons            | 4:15  | 7:15  |
| Delaware         | 4:45  | 7:45  |
| Scranton         | 5:15  | 8:15  |
| Carthage         | 5:45  | 8:45  |
| Lyons            | 6:15  | 9:15  |
| Delaware         | 6:45  | 9:45  |
| Scranton         | 7:15  | 10:15 |
| Carthage         | 7:45  | 10:45 |
| Lyons            | 8:15  | 11:15 |
| Delaware         | 8:45  | 11:45 |
| Scranton         | 9:15  | 12:15 |
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| Lyons            | 12:15 | 3:15  |
| Delaware         | 12:45 | 3:45  |
| Scranton         | 1:15  | 4:15  |
| Carthage         | 1:45  | 4:45  |
| Lyons            | 2:15  | 5:15  |
| Delaware         | 2:45  | 5:45  |
| Scranton         | 3:15  | 6:15  |
| Carthage         | 3:45  | 6:45  |
| Lyons            | 4:15  | 7:15  |
| Delaware         | 4:45  | 7:45  |
| Scranton         | 5:15  | 8:15  |
| Carthage         | 5:45  | 8:45  |
| Lyons            | 6:15  | 9:15  |
| Delaware         | 6:45  | 9:45  |
| Scranton         | 7:15  | 10:15 |
| Carthage         | 7:45  | 10:45 |
| Lyons            | 8:15  | 11:15 |
| Delaware         | 8:45  | 11:45 |
| Scranton         | 9:15  | 12:15 |
| Carthage         | 9:45  | 12:45 |
| Lyons            | 10:15 | 1:15  |
| Delaware         | 10:45 | 1:45  |
| Scranton         | 11:15 | 2:15  |
| Carthage         | 11:45 | 2:45  |
| Lyons            | 12:15 | 3:15  |
| Delaware         | 12:45 | 3:45  |
| Scranton         | 1:15  | 4:15  |
| Carthage         | 1:45  | 4:45  |
| Lyons            | 2:15  | 5:15  |
| Delaware         | 2:45  | 5:45  |
| Scranton         | 3:15  | 6:15  |
| Carthage         | 3:45  | 6:45  |
| Lyons            | 4:15  | 7:15  |
| Delaware         | 4:45  | 7:45  |
| Scranton         | 5:15  | 8:15  |
| Carthage         | 5:45  | 8:45  |
| Lyons            | 6:15  | 9:15  |
| Delaware         | 6:45  | 9:45  |