

A Doting Burglar

A COMPLETE NOVELETTE

BY BEN HECHT

"John," she said, "do be careful. You don't know how I worry about you. I think and think and think and tremble. Oh, John!"

The burglar looked at his sensitive wife and smiled. He was a young burglar, a handsome burglar. He drew himself up proudly to his full, handsome height and gazed down upon the pretty pleading woman who sat knitting by the window of their snug cottage.

"Sarah," he said, "don't be foolish. You don't imagine for a moment that I— Good Lord! You don't think that any kidney-footed, red-necked copper is going to nail me! Why!"

With a derisive laugh John Heliotrope stride to his wife's side and patted her shoulders good naturedly.

"I should think," he said, "you'd know better by this time than to worry and fret about me."

A look of admiration and love came into his wife's eyes.

"I can't help it," she whispered, drawing his hand to her lips and kissing it. "You know how I love you. And you never tell me anything, anything. Oh, John, don't go out tonight, please!"

John shook his head, still smiling. "How about a little necklace," he whispered, "and a pair of pearl earrings, eh? I haven't forgotten tomorrow's your birthday, darling."

A soft, throaty laugh was his reward.

"You dear foolish," his wife murmured. She arose and embraced him.

"You won't ever forget my birthday, John. If you should I'd think—I'd think that you had forgotten something else."

She looked wistfully into his eyes. "I won't," he promised; "and, besides, I've been rather lazy lately. It's been almost a week, and I don't want to get stale."

Mrs. Heliotrope laughed again.

"You needn't make any more excuses John. I never have stood in your way, have I? And if you bring me back a nice necklace or earrings or something, why I'll forgive you going away from me like this and leaving me all alone, you naughty boy."

Don't worry about that," exclaimed the burglar, a humorous ring in his voice. "Tonight I work for you. I'll pick you out something extra fine; something you can be proud of and wear to the theatre."

"Do John. That sealskin coat you brought home last week is sizes too small for me. Why, it's a little girl's coat."

"I know, Sarah," he answered. "I couldn't help it. I never was a hand for picking out women's clothes. Before we were married I never gave a thought to them."

"Well, it's time you learned something about it. If you should run across anything size thirty-two, or even thirty-four, don't forget. But for Heaven's sake don't bring back those of old fashioned jackets like you did last month. They're for grandmothers."

John Heliotrope smiled, and with another kiss upon her lips, darted up the stairs into his room, crying out, "I'll be back in a minute."

Before a bureau in his room the burglar paused. From it he selected two finely edged instruments, one like a delicate cold chisel, the other a curious auger. Then donning a pair of light gloves, he seized his slouch hat and issued into the upper hall.

His wife's room stood open before him. After a moment's hesitation he entered it, and an exclamation of anger escaped him. The door of the wall safe stood ajar. He approached it quickly, and kneeling before it, drew forth two red leather cases. He opened them and stared curiously at an assortment of jewelry, a pearl necklace, rings, pendants, earrings, signet-rings, chains, watches. They were still dangerous loot, and it would be another month before it would be safe entirely to convert them into an income.

Closing the smoothly swinging steel door, he twisted the knob and locked the safe.

"Sarah," he exclaimed as he appeared in the sitting room down-stairs, "you shouldn't leave your safe open like that. It's foolish."

"Why, John, I didn't know."

She stammered and looked at him appealingly. "Forgive me, please."

"I hate carelessness," he muttered, and then, with a smile, came to her side and took her in his arms. "It's all right now, darling. I've locked it and everything is safe inside. Don't wait up for me. Go to bed and have a good sleep. I'll be back at dawn."

Smiling and grateful, Mrs. Heliotrope watched her knight fare forth, and a great love and admiration welled in her heart at the sight of his stalwart figure moving into the darkness.

John Heliotrope swung down the street calmly and blithely, with the air of a man sure of himself and proud of his achievements. He was in a high mood for adventure. The spring night quickened his blood and he stepped briskly on, drawing in long breaths of the tree-smelling dark. Before a garage he stopped, and after a few moments' jesting with the owner plotted his car dexterously out of the interior.

As he whirled down the street in his rakish car, John Heliotrope meditated sweetly on life. He thought for a moment upon his wife, and tenderly imagined his return at dawn, laden with gifts visualized her joy, her kisses, her gratitude.

She had invited a number of friends for her birthday party. There would be meat and drink and laughter. As he pondered upon these things Heliotrope drew from an inside pocket a note book. Bringing his car to a stop under an arc light, he turned his attention to the interior of his book. There were certain addresses and notations inscribed therein. Having refreshed his memory thus, he started off again, and was soon rolling down a stretch of dimly lighted avenue on each side of which loomed elegant formal homes.

He lessened the speed of his car, and with a keen eye on upon these domiciles progressed more slowly down the road. In front of one, almost concealed in its own darkness, he came to a stop. At this point his prey demeanor changed. The dreaminess and nonchalance were gone from him. He stepped out nimbly, walked directly in the darkness engulfing the house, and with a sharp glance about him proceeded at once about his business.

Twenty minutes later he returned, leaped into his car and drove off. A puzzled light was in his eyes, and a look of indignation. He twisted the wheel viciously in turning a corner and seemed altogether out of sorts.

"Of all the damned nuisances," he kept muttering to himself. Failure had befallen him. Double-barred windows, peculiarly fastened doors, unusually protected porch screens had resisted his sinister advances. At every turn he had been met by some newfangled burglar-proof contrivance as he pondered upon his fruitless labors of the 20 minutes a rage slowly possessed him and he swore.

His next call was at the curb of a brightly lighted corner. Again leaving his car, its engine running, he penetrated a polite wilderness of trees and shrubs, achieved a point directly under a masonry porch, and with an agilely purely Darwinian, mounted one of the stone pillars. Arrived on the porch, he brushed his trousers and fell to work upon the French doors confronting him. An exclamation of joy escaped him as the doors yielded under his skillful fingers. John Heliotrope found himself inside a large, heavily carpeted room. With a small flash he lighted up little circles of this room and progressed into other fields.

It was barely ten minutes later that a shot startled the neighborhood and that John Heliotrope dropped courageously from the cement porch to the soft earth below and fled with great haste toward his car. Behind him came a man dressed in a white night-gown and flourishing a long revolver. The man, however, stopped at the edge of the porch and unloaded his weapon in the darkness. Leaping into his car, the burglar started off at full speed, bent low over the wheel and cursing outrageously as he flew through the night.

To follow John Heliotrope in his further nocturnal adventures would be to record merely a series of heart-breaking episodes, fruitless, futile performances in which the vaunted skill, courage, penetration of this artful creature came all to naught.

Fate seemed utterly opposed. Fortune's lips seemed entirely disinclined to smile. With the first dim light of dawn breaking over the streets, John Heliotrope sprang into his car, emitted a final round oath, and dashed off. For the sixth time he had been foiled. His plans, matured during a week of study and observation, had for the sixth time encountered the unforeseen, a kennel of dogs, fierce, excited, vastly lunged. Behind him as he sped empty handed down the road, another car flew, a car containing a load of outraged citizenry. Through the quiet, faintly lighted streets the chase led. Bullets whistled by John's ears, thudded against the back of his machine. With a gasp of joy he heard the noise of the pursuer growing less, turned for an instant and perceived it a mere dot in the distant road. He was safe. He turned off at right angle and drove on at diminished speed. There came to him a sudden realization of his complete failures. It was too late to try again, and in any case to try an uncharted house was madness.

He drove on, thinking now of his wife, of her party, of her disappointment. Home and bed called him. The night had been tedious, dangerous. He felt weary.

In the block where he lived his chagrin came back to him with increased violence. He frowned ominously upon the innocent domiciles of his neighbors, but a sense of fatality kept him in his seat. His own house was darkened. She, Sarah, was asleep, dreaming of necklaces and earrings, no doubt, he reflected bitterly. Passing it, he proceeded to the garage, stored his machine in a dispirited manner, and returned on foot to the cottage which he called home. As he walked, certain ideas coursed through his brain, and a certain determination brought a glint into his eyes.

He approached the cottage cautiously. There were obstacles, fearful obstacles. First, there was the complete and elaborate system of burglar alarms which he himself had had installed against just such intruders. He had pointed out to his wife that the valuables with which the cottage was laden made it a rich field for his profession. Consequently bringing his inside information to bear upon the business, not a window was without its silver strips, not a door without its bells and devices. He had taken steps even to insure the basement approaches against marauders. The windows on the second floor, the skylight on the roof, all were equipped with these satanic devices.

He paused before his home, and for the seventh time that night he swore. He racked his mind trying to remember a single vulnerable point he might have overlooked in his outfitting. There was none. Were he to pry open any window in the house it would ring and jangle; any door it would bark and shriek; any brick it would cry out and hiss. He circled the cottage, gazing upon all points of ingress, weighing his chances, and twice he returned to his starting point, desperate and angered.

The chimney! The thought came to him with a clear, joyous bounce in his heart. The chimney had been overlooked. It was a broad, Santa Claus chimney, leading into a great fireplace which had not been used for several weeks. In ten minutes he had gained the roof. In another he had started down this inspiration of a chimney. An inconceivable blackness assailed him. His ears became clogged, his eyes laden, his mouth full, his hands heavy with soot.

At last, however, his foot touched bottom. He wedged his head out and stood in the sitting room of his home, clipping with ashes and chimney refuse. Brushing himself quickly over the empty grate he tiptoed out of the room, up stairs and into the corridor on which his wife's chamber opened. He tried the door. It was locked. Again his previous caution mocked him. Not a door in the house but had experienced his cunning lockmanship. No two tumbler bolt this, but an intricate Yale, doubly secured.

For another ten minutes he worked on it with no success. The dawn had come, and the air was beginning to shine with the sun. Casting his eyes friendly about, he encountered a glistening object on the floor, a key. He picked it up quickly and recognized it at once.

"The careless fool," he murmured professionally. He fitted it into the lock, and the door opened noiselessly. Asleep in the bed lay his wife. He gazed upon her composed features and a fearful hesitation came into his heart; such a cowardice as he had never before experienced in his labors. His tread was panther-like, his eye furtive and filled with terror. Slowly he made his way to the wall safe; slowly and with infinite patience he turned the knob; listened to the click of the tumblers. It opened. Before him lay two red leather cases on a shelf. Opening one of them he extracted a great pearl necklace, a pendant of rubies two rings laden with diamonds, and replaced the case. He locked the safe, he tiptoed out, he tiptoed down the stairs after replacing the key on the floor. Once in the sitting room he drew his first happy breath.

He opened the front door with his key, and a great jingling and tumult filled the house. A moment later he heard his wife calling, "John, John, is it you?"

"Yes darling," he cried back.

An apparition in lace nightclothes descended the stairway and stood facing him.

"Why, John, look at yourself. Where have you been. Heavens alive!"

His wife stared at him, her mouth open, a look of fright and amusement on her face.

"John," she repeated, "what has happened?"

Through the eaked soot he grinned at her, and pulling from his pocket a pearl necklace, a pendant of rubies, a handful of rings and trinkets, held them aloft.

A surge of delight came from her. "Your birthday," said John. "My respects and gifts."

Opening wide her sleepy eyes Mrs. Heliotrope rushed toward John.

"Don't be warned, you'll get all sooty. I've had a hell of a time. Quick, put them in the safe. Or no, I'll put them there, you're too careless."

The birthday party was a success. Resplendent in silks and jewels, Mrs. Heliotrope sat facing her husband at the table, her guests smiling sympathetically at the devotion and gratitude which illumined the glances she cast upon her handsome husband. It was not until a week later that John Heliotrope thought it safe, however, to summon the Anti-Burglar Protection Association and have an asbestos burglar alarm installed in the chimney of his home.

Why a Thermometer

Did you ever wonder what happened when the mercury climbs in the glass tube of the thermometer on the back porch?

With one or two exceptions, metals expand when they become heated. Mercury, or quicksilver, is a metal as well as a fluid.

In the thermometer the mercury is sealed in a bulb at the bottom. The tube above the bulb is very small—smaller sometimes than a hair. Thus the slightest movement of the mercury in the bulb will force the mercury in the tube a great distance.

When the air around the thermometer grows warm the mercury in the bulb expands and shoves part of itself up the tube. The tube is made thick so that part of it will act as a magnifying glass so that you can see the tiny column of mercury within.

The best thermometers are those with the largest bulbs and the smallest tubes. The larger the surface of the bulb the quicker the action of the instrument, and the smaller the bore of the tube the less the expansion or contraction necessary to cause a movement in the bulb to show in the tube.

Clinical thermometers, used by physicians, are very delicately made, and the calibration, or correction of the scale has to be carefully done. The slightest difference in the size of the tube along its length will make a difference in the reading. The expansion of the glass also has to be taken into account.

Chinese Names

Fukien, China, derives its name from its principal towns, Foochow Fu and Kienning Fu, and means "happy establishment," according to Miss Sz Tsung, writing for the China Bureau of Public Information. It is a mountainous country with the special characteristic that its chains are almost parallel, hinder the development of the rivers.

The rivers of Fukien run rapidly from the mountain to the sea, and are not good for commerce, the Min River being the exception. The water is very shallow in some places and very deep in others. Many boats are wrecked every year in the shallow waters. To sail up the river the boats must be pulled with bamboo ropes. Sometimes the current becomes exceedingly rapid and the boatmen can not ascend and must wait for weeks.

The province of Fukien has 24,870,000 inhabitants, of peculiar customs and dress. Their language comprises several dialects and is very difficult to learn. The principal dialects are Foochow and Amoy, among which are many variations of sounds. Means of communication are thus very trying because of the variety of the dialects.

Laquer is the most famous product of the province, being exported to many parts of the world.

Wigg—"I wonder why Doolittle doesn't get along better. He seems eager to grasp an opportunity."

Wagg—"But never till some other fellow lets go of it."

Sweet Potatoes

Sweet potatoes contain more of the various bodily nutriment than most vegetables—sugar, starch and fat and are therefore delectable even when prepared in the simplest way—plain, baked or even boiled.

Sweet Potato Pone
4 cupfuls of hot, mashed sweet potatoes
1 cupful of hot milk
1-2 cupful of butter
1 cupful of sugar
2 tablespoonfuls of ginger
1-2 teaspoonful of salt
1 orange.

Boil the sweet potatoes in their skins, and while still hot remove the skins and mash. Cream the butter and sugar together, add potato, milk and seasonings and the juice and grated rind of orange. Beat thoroughly, pour into a buttered baking dish and bake in a moderate oven for one hour.

Sweet Potato Pie
1 1-2 cupfuls of hot mashed, sweet potatoes
1-2 cupful of sugar
3-4 cupful of hot milk
2 tablespoonfuls of butter
Grated nutmeg, lemon juice
2 eggs.

Mash the boiled potatoes while hot and add to them the beaten yolks of eggs and the hot milk, sugar, grating of nutmeg and a few drops of lemon juice. Finally fold in the stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Pour into the greased pan and bake in a hot oven.

Stewed Sweet Potatoes
Boil the potatoes and when partly tender remove and cut into cubes. Mix in a bowl containing two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two cupfuls of milk, salt and pepper. Dredge with two tablespoonfuls of flour and cook in a double boiler for 20 minutes.

Sweet potatoes may be scalloped as the white ones are, and a very delicious vegetable dish is made by mashing the sweets after boiling, adding salt, pepper, butter and milk and

Household Hints

A wire basket or wire dish-drain-er resting upon the kitchen radiator, fastened to the wall with two tiny staples, is a convenient and safe place upon which to dry tin utensils, glass-ware, or foods from which you wish water to evaporate.

If you are in a great hurry to have a gelatine dish harden, proceed in the following manner: Soften the gelatine in cold water as usual, then add just enough of the boiling water to completely dissolve it. The remainder of the liquid that the recipe calls for may be cold water.

If you are planning to use an entire can of pineapple and want to cut it up into small pieces, the following method is a time-saver: Cut the top off the can, drain the juice, and then, using a long-bladed knife, cut through all the slices with one stroke. Repeat until the pieces are small enough.

If labels to be attached to tin are first brushed over lightly with melted paraffin, there will be no difficulty about their sticking.

To stretch lace curtains, always set the frame before washing the curtains, by using a dry curtain. With the stretcher ready there will be no difficulty in getting them to the desired size.

Thin waists will take starch much better if dried first and then dipped into boiled starch and dried again.

U Need This Household Necessity—Stoy's Handy Capper and Spreader. Caps all size bottles without adjustments. Nickeled and polished. Made to last. Price \$1.50 with 1-2 gross caps; hardwood mallet 75c extra; extra caps 35c per gross; Parcel post 10c extra.

DIRECTIONS FOR USING
Place cap on bottle, hold cap-er on the same, and using wooden mallet or hammer, give one or two strokes when cap is on. To use old caps, strike slightly with spreader end of cap-er, corrugations up.

Manufactured by A. F. STOY, 1828 Frankford Ave. PHILADELPHIA, PA. Phone, Kens. 2594

Traveling In China is Like a Film Comedy

An interesting letter has just been received from Marie Walcamp by Universal officials. Miss Walcamp is touring the Orient, at the head of a company directed by Henry McElree, filming a Universal serial, "The Dragon's Net," and is visiting all the Far East countries.

Miss Walcamp received as a present a thoroughbred Pekinese dog while in Peking. When she heard the train for Shanghai, being unaware that dogs received the same rights as humans while traveling by rail, she failed to provide a ticket for the pet. At Nanking the conductor came to her with a telegram advising him that a dog was traveling without having paid his legal fare. The price of the ticket was less than \$1 while the cost of the telegram was \$2.18. Miss Walcamp paid the fare and upheld the dignity of the Chinese railroad officials.

A few days later, while leaving Tsinfoo, the capital of Shantung, two armed robbers burst into Miss Walcamp's compartment, and by signs and grunts commanded the actress to turn over her valuables to them. She tried to joke and smile, but the bandits meant business and continued their threats. She happened to think of a ruse she once used in a photo-drama and hurriedly pointed to the door, looking extremely horrified.

The bandits turned in the direction indicated and Miss Walcamp slammed the door shut, ringing for help. There was general commotion and a Chinese policeman fired several shots but the robbers escaped.

Miss Walcamp and her company are at present in the Philippines, and will stop off for two weeks at Hawaii before returning to America.

Southern Ports For Exports

Excellent facilities for handling export shipments of live stock were found at the ports of Charleston, S. C., and Newport News, Va., by a representative of the Bureau of Markets, United States Department of Agriculture, who recently inspected these ports.

"At North Charleston, which is about seven miles from the central part of the city proper, docks and warehouses were erected by the War Department during the war. These were transferred to the Shipping Board," his report said.

"The warehouses and dock facilities at Charleston are of the most up-to-date type and all are fireproof. The stockyards and barns are also new and in good condition, but are not fireproof. They are located about two miles from the dock and therefore it would be necessary under usual conditions to drive or lead animals from the barns to the dock. If there were no delays, however, the arrangements are such that the animals could be loaded directly from the car to the boat. Both the Seaboard Air Line and the Southern Railway have direct connections with the docks. The chief drawbacks at Charleston are the few boats going there and the fact that there is no one but Army officers to handle live stock shipments."

While the facilities at Newport News are not new or up-to-date, they are conveniently located, according to the bureau's representative.

The sheds where cattle are held are only a few hundred feet from the pier. The tracks of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway are so arranged that cattle may be unloaded from the car to the barns or, in case the boat is ready, from the car to the boat. The man who owns and operates the yards is prepared to sell feed in large quantities for export shipments and, if desired, he handles the live stock and charges a fixed rate per day per animal, for care, feed and loading on the boat. He has had considerable experience in handling live stock, having handled 500,000 horses for the English Government during the war, 1200 cattle for the French, and 7000 cattle for the Belgians since the armistice was signed.

To avoid accidental poisoning, tie a tiny ball around the neck of each bottle containing poison. Then it can be easily distinguished even when too dark to see the labels. Paint the medicine cabinet white inside and out. The contents can be easily located, as the white paint lights up the interior.

Don't Sell Your Old Tires

Send Them To Us By Parcel Post. We May Save Them for You By Expert Retreading or Vulcanizing.

If beyond repair, we will take them in trade for any size tire you want. Slightly used or repaired Tires all sizes from \$3.00 up.

We carry a full line of Double Lock-Stitched Pneumatic proof Tires. Made by experts in our own shop. DRY CURE RETREADING OUR SPECIALTY.

Agents Wanted. Write for further information. All Work Guaranteed.

BELL TIRE & REPAIR CO.
2485 Oakdale St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

\$3 a Week Pays for 1920 CLEVELAND

Light weight Motorcycle, ready for immediate delivery, numerous improvements, 75 miles on one gal. gas. Call and see the Machine and let us demonstrate, or write for full information.

Distributors for Philadelphia and State of New Jersey.

Haverford Cycle Co.
The House of Real Bargains
503 Market St., Philadelphia

OWN YOUR OWN FIRE PROOF GARAGE

9'x14' \$135.00

Portable—Sectional—Durable

Bartlett Garages, Inc., 3 N. 21st, Phila.

There's no place like home. Still various interpretations may be placed on this old saying, as the returning tourists from Cuba will tell you.

Boys will be boys. At the same time, for one kid who has a naturally sunny disposition there are a hundred who ought to get tanned.

Templar The Superfine Small Car

The design of the Templar "Sportette" is infused with originality, and has the mark of distinction engraved in every handsome line.

It's low-hung, graceful and daring; the summary of motor-ing style; with club chair over- upholstery in smooth black leather full aluminum body bronze, windshield set at a rakish angle.

Five Passenger Touring \$2685
Two Passenger Touring Roadster \$2685
Sedan \$3585

Four Passenger Sportette \$2685
Five Passenger Sedan \$3585

Prices f. o. b. Cleveland

Davenport Motor Co.
DISTRIBUTOR
723 North Broad St.
Service Station: 1718-22, Wood St.

ASK FOR THE "KANT-BREAK" World's Greatest Spark Plug

COMPARED TO OTHERS, IT'S LIKE THE MAZDA LAMP TO THE TALLOW CANDLE

Entirely protected with an armor of steel. No more broken porcelain VITRISILLA top and cup. Can't short circuit. Telescope intensifier or current transformer, in air-tight vacuum chamber, produces perfect combustion; more power; less gas; stops missing, skipping, and jumping; makes starting easy; increases mileage 15 to 30 percent.

The "KANT-BREAK" fires in oil and gives pep to cars with leaking cylinders.

The "KANT-BREAK" is being adopted by the leading concerns throughout the country, and is the world's greatest spark plug. It is indestructible and should last as long as the motor. Sold under an absolute guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Price, \$1.50.

Dealers and Salesmen Wanted
Mail Orders Filled Promptly.
Make Money Orders Payable to—

LYONS AUTO SUPPLY CO.
(Pennsylvania Distributors)

218 North 15th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Bell Phone, Locust 616

