

DISGUISE

By R. H. WILKINSON

"THE trouble," said Toby Stark, "with your modern criminal is his lack of confidence in himself. The fact that he is forever afraid of being detected, the fact that he usually works under cover of darkness— a time when burglars are expected to work—all combine to bring about his apprehension by men who can work in the open."

Toby paused and lighted a cigarette. A half dozen of us were grouped on the veranda of the Ridgeley Club and for a moment after Toby finished talking there was a silence. Toby is inclined to be loquacious and at times extremely boring. There are few subjects on which he can't talk knowingly and, much to our regret, lengthily.

"You talk like an experienced hand at the game," said Lloyd Bernard presently, and grinned. Toby laughed. "I'd like to wager I could pull off a crime and get away with it. Employing my own methods, too."

Lloyd puffed at his pipe. "Why not? I'll take your wager." Toby slapped his knee. "Done! I have twenty-five dollars that says I can break into a house in broad daylight, fill a traveling bag with silver, and get away with it."

Watching Lloyd closely I distinctly saw a twinkle come into his eyes and immediately disappear again. He said, "Twenty-five suits me, Toby. But suppose you get caught?" "I won't. But in case there's a slip-up, you boys will have to fix it up with the police. I'll tell you what. Leo Chapman is up in the mountains this week and with his family. His place on the drive is empty. That's the house I can break into."

Again Lloyd's eyes twinkled, and I knew a feeling of excitement. Un-

less the signs lied, Lloyd had in mind some sort of plan whereby Toby was to get a job. A moment later my excitement subsided. Toby had also seen the twinkle in Lloyd's eyes. "O. K.," he grinned. "I know you live out that way Lloyd, and you can fix it up with the cop on the beat if you like. Only in that case, I'll collect the twenty-five."

"There'll be no fixing," said Lloyd. And Toby nodded. One or two of the group who had listened in on the conversation were a little doubtful. In the first place, they didn't think Leo Chapman would like the idea, and, in the second place, they thought we'd have a pretty hard time explaining the situation to the police in case Toby were caught.

another factor entered the case. "Another factor! Good heavens, Lloyd, tell us what's happened!" Lloyd lighted his pipe and smiled pleasantly. "Well, to begin with, Toby did a pretty good job, according to his own telling and according to Rivers, the cop. About three o'clock this afternoon Toby drove up in front of Leo's place as smart as you please, took a traveling bag from the rumble seat of his car and strode up the walk. Acting quite as if he owned the place he removed a bunch of keys from his pocket—skeletons, of course—unlocked the front door and stepped inside.

"Rivers saw him do this and didn't get the least bit suspicious. Rivers told me about it himself. What happened after Toby got inside the house was told me by the culprit through the bars of his cell." Lloyd paused and chuckled. "After Toby got inside the house, he went on, 'he put a pair of gloves on, and fitted a mask to his face. The mask was just a precaution in case Leo had left any servants in the house, and because he liked the idea of wearing one."

"However, the mask proved unnecessary. The house was empty. Toby filled his traveling bag unmolested. And a half hour later he stepped through the front door, first wiping off the knob and removing his gloves and swung jauntily down the walk again, whistling merrily.

"At this very moment Rivers rounded a corner on his return trip, espied Toby coming down the walk and waited for him at the gate." Lloyd paused again. "Well?" Earl asked. "Well," Lloyd echoed. "Rivers arrested Toby for breaking and entering. And upon looking into the traveling bag, the charge was substantiated."

"But how," I asked, "did Rivers know?" "How? Why, Toby had forgotten to remove his mask! Except for that, the crime would undoubtedly have been successful."

For a moment there was silence. Then Earl said, "But the new factor? You said something about another factor in the case?" Lloyd nodded. "That happened later. Toby explained to the police all about the joke and the bet he'd made with me. They called me on the phone and I came down and confirmed his story. However, in order to make sure everything was as Toby had said, the police called Leo Chapman at his place up in the mountains—and learned he wasn't there at all. He'd gone on an extended motor trip to Canada and wouldn't be back for a week.

"The police were willing to believe our stories, but they weren't willing to let Toby go until Leo returned. There was too much evidence against him. Furthermore, they advised me that unless I made myself scarce around the vicinity of the station house, they'd be inclined to lock me up with him as an accomplice."

Lloyd ended his tale, and there was again that twinkle in his eye. I wanted to ask him if he hadn't known that Leo was going to take that Canada trip. And I wanted to ask him also why he hadn't offered to go bail for Toby, or if, instead, he had bought the sergeant a box of cigars and told him to keep Toby in storage for a week.

But I didn't. Toby was in jail, getting his jolt, and none of us were very sorry.

"There'll be no fixing," said Lloyd. And Toby nodded.

Children's Bedtime Story

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

HOW IT FEELS TO BE CAUGHT IN A TRAP

HOW does it feel to be caught in a trap? Sammy Jay asked the question almost without meaning to. You see he became so interested in what Old Man Coyote had been telling him about the way in which he had once been caught in traps because of his own carelessness that the question popped out before Sammy realized that he was asking it. It was no sooner out than Sammy wished he had held his tongue. He was afraid that Old Man Coyote might think that he was asking questions that were none of his business.

But Old Man Coyote merely looked up at him and grinned. "You are almost as full of questions as Peter Rabbit," said he. Then the grin faded away and he looked very sober, very sober indeed. "How does it feel to be caught in a trap?" he repeated. "It is the most terrible feeling in all the world. Yes, sir, it is the most terrible feeling in all the world. You just ask anybody else who has been caught in a trap and it makes me feel just heartbroken. I will never like anyone else as well."

"I don't wonder," said Sammy Jay softly. "Did you get out of the trap yourself?" "I don't wonder," said Sammy Jay softly. "Did you get out of the trap yourself?"

else who has been caught in a trap and has escaped, and see if he doesn't tell you the same thing. It is bad enough to be hunted and have to run for your life, but not to have a chance to even run or fight is terrible, terrible."

Sammy Jay nodded. "That is what Chatterer the Red Squirrel says. You know he was caught in a wire trap by Farmer Brown's Boy once," he replied.

It was Old Man Coyote's turn to nod. "Then he knows something about it," said he, "but not the worst of it. In that kind of a trap he was a prisoner and knows the fright of being helpless and of wondering what is going to happen next, but he doesn't know what it means to have terrible pain added to all the rest. Now in traps like these—he glared down at the steel traps Farmer Brown's Boy had set for him, and which he had carefully dug up and made harmless—"in traps like these you have to suffer awful pain as well as awful fright, and the pain makes the fright still worse. See here!"

Old Man Coyote stretched forth one foreleg and brushed back the hair. Sammy leaned forward to look. What he saw was a long white mark where no hair was growing. Then Old Man Coyote pointed to another long white mark on one hind leg. Somehow the sight of them gave Sammy Jay an uncomfortable feeling.

"Those," said Old Man Coyote, "are scars made by those traps. Those are the places where those steel jaws caught me and bit right through the skin and flesh clear to the bone. Ugh, how it hurt!" Old Man Coyote shivered at the memory.

After a moment or two he continued. "Live enemies you can fight, but you can't fight a trap. You can bite and bite, but it does no good. You can't hurt a trap, and you can't make it let go. You are helpless and you know it, and there is no feeling in the world so awful as that of being helpless, unable to do a thing. Terribly frightened, helpless, and in awful pain, that's how it feels to be caught in a steel trap, Sammy Jay. Sometimes I've wished that the ones who set them could be caught in them, but I don't really think I would want my worst enemy to suffer anything as bad as that. Traps are—well, they are not fair, Sammy Jay. They don't give you a chance, and nothing is fair that doesn't give you a chance. I hate 'em. Yes, sir, I hate 'em."

Kathleen Norris Says: When a Woman Deliberately Fools Herself

(Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)



I hear he is going with another girl, not seriously, but he has taken her out twice, and it makes me feel just heartbroken. I will never like anyone else as well.

THIS week I had two letters that said the same thing; one from Nancy, a girl of 16 in Los Angeles, and the other from Anne, a woman of 44 in Boston. Each one was fooling herself and each one wanted me to go on with the fooling.

It was the old question. "I know he likes me better than anyone else; he was unmistakable in his attentions and intentions for months, but something has happened—he was away, or I was away, and now for some weeks he hasn't telephoned or come to see me."

The girl of 16 is quite desperate about it. "I wrote him twice," she writes, "and then I returned a book he had loaned me, and telephoned him to see if he had gotten it. He was as nice as he could be, and said he would telephone as soon as he was free for an evening, but that was a week ago, and I'm just sick about it! I hear he is going with another girl, not seriously, but he has taken her out twice, and it makes me feel just heartbroken. I will never like any one else as well, and I seem incapable of getting any interest in life except thinking of him."

Both Forty-four and Sixteen are fooling themselves. They know in their own hearts that until an engagement is announced and the ring safe on a woman's finger, a man is as free as air. A few loveletters, a few exquisite memories are all that remain to the woman, and at most they would go only to prove what we all know anyway, that man is a fickle animal, as woman is, and that one that fleeing fever called being in love is over, it is OVER.

Any attempts to restore it only belittles the woman in the man's eyes. No man needs any reminder if he really wants to see a woman. In the happy first stages of an affair she has a thousand proofs of this. He finds excuses for messages, meetings, exchanges of notes.

Her life is one blissful reminder of his devotion. Go bravely on. When it stops, the only thing to do is to make the most of flattering memories, and go bravely on to the next exciting friendship. Rejoice and reminders will only annoy him, and destroy the remains of his affection.

For Sixteen, of course, life holds deeper and truer emotions; she will laugh at her little-girl tragedy some day, and regard the object of it with indifferent amazement. But for Forty-four the matter is more serious. It is a real calamity to have glimpsed, at that age, after the lonely and hard-working years, what companionship and a home and the devotion of a fine man might mean, and to relinquish it will be a hard slow painful task.

Victim Long Unaware Of Bullet in Head

HAZELTON, PA.—Andrew Kupniewicz felt something strike his head while working in the yard three months ago, and told friends that his young daughter had playfully tossed a rock.

Struggles 7 Years To Clear Her Son

Mother Refused to Believe Him Guilty of Robbery.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—A tale of the love of a mother who refused to believe her son guilty of bank robbery came to light here when Glenn Davis, 30, Herschel McCarn, 34, and Bill Hathaway, 33, were freed from Alabama prisons after serving seven years for a crime they never committed.

The mother is Mrs. Lulu M. Davis. For seven years she worked to prove the innocence of her son, convicted of robbing the bank of Berry, Ala., of \$5,277, in 1933.

After numerous trips to Montgomery to appear before the pardon and parole board Mrs. Davis last April brought before the board a "seedy, nervous individual" who, although declining to sign a confession, readily admitted that he and two others had committed the robbery and not the three men serving time in prison.

The board checked the man's story and sent an investigator to the federal prison in Atlanta where one of the men named was serving a term. This man also admitted that he participated in the robbery. It was discovered that the third man had been killed in an attempted bank robbery.

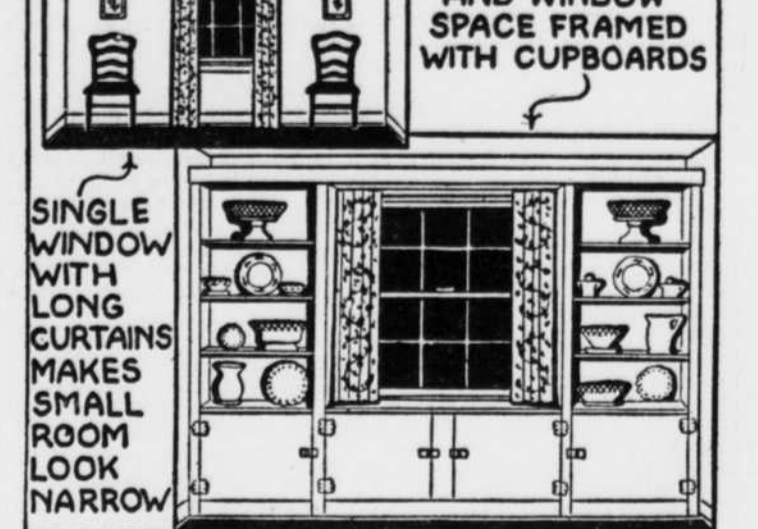
The board, entirely satisfied, instituted steps to free the men and said "that the crime was committed by three men, who by strange coincidence, were very similar in appearance to the men convicted."

At the trial the men were identified by witnesses as the robbers and after Davis and McCarn were convicted and sentenced to 25 years, Hathaway on the advice of his counsel pleaded guilty and was sentenced to 10 years.

None of the men appears to harbor any malice toward the society which chopped seven years from their lives.

HOW TO SEW

by Ruth Wyeth Spears



SINGLE WINDOW WITH LONG CURTAINS MAKES SMALL ROOM LOOK NARROW

ON A Thursday afternoon the south end of a certain dining room was as shown here in the upper sketch. The following Monday it appeared as shown below. Cupboards had been added to display china and give storage space, yet the room actually seemed wider and more spacious than before.

The transformation was made by the handy man with no tools but a hammer, saw and screw driver plus the aid of his willing helper with needle, thread and paint brush. The new curtain treatment, shown in the sketch, made the window seem wider and the strong horizontal lines of the cupboards also helped to create an illusion of width. The cupboards were eight inches deep and made of one-inch lumber with doors of plywood for the lower part.

NOTE: Mrs. Spears' Books 1 and 3 are full of other practical ideas for making and hanging curtains. Each book has 32 pages of pictures showing you how to moderate and beautify your home. Send order to:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS, Bedford Hills, New York. Enclose 20 cents for Books 1 and 3. Name, Address.

ASK ME ANOTHER? A Quiz With Answers Offering Information on Various Subjects

The Questions: 1. In what country is the stone a unit of weight? 2. How many Presidents of the United States have been elected by the house of representatives? 3. Friday is named after what goddess? 4. How long is the Grand Canyon of the Colorado river? 5. Who was the first to hit upon the theory that the earth moves around the sun? 6. Are any state universities non-coeducational? 7. How many battles of the Civil War were fought off the coast of France? 8. It is 280 miles long. 9. Aristarchus. 10. The University of Florida is the only non-coeducational state university in the United States. 11. One. (When the Kearsarge sank the Confederate cruiser Alabama on July 16, 1864, off Cherbourg.)

The Answers: 1. Great Britain. The legal English stone is 14 pounds. 2. Two (Thomas Jefferson and John Quincy Adams) were elected President by the house of representatives. 3. The Norse goddess Frigg, wife of Odin and goddess of the sky. 4. 2,147 miles. 5. Copernicus. 6. No. 7. 11. 8. 280 miles. 9. Aristarchus. 10. The University of Florida is the only non-coeducational state university in the United States. 11. One. (When the Kearsarge sank the Confederate cruiser Alabama on July 16, 1864, off Cherbourg.)



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"There'll be no fixing," said Lloyd. And Toby nodded. One or two of the group who had listened in on the conversation were a little doubtful. In the first place, they didn't think Leo Chapman would like the idea, and, in the second place, they thought we'd have a pretty hard time explaining the situation to the police in case Toby were caught.

But Toby was adamant. In fact, he was so cocksure of being able to commit his crime and getting away with it, that we all agreed to let him try, hoping secretly that he'd get caught and taught a lesson.

The day set for Toby's attempt at crime was Sunday. We all agreed to stay away from the Chapman place, giving him a clear field to work in. When the Chapmans got home we would accompany Toby to their house, make sure he had actually stolen some of their property and witness the payment of the wager.

Eyes Are Vital Controls Of Many Body Activities

More than 70 per cent of the muscular activity of the human body results from impulses received from the eyes, according to the Better Vision Institute. At work and at play the eyes play a dominant role, and our muscular actions are influenced strongly by the impressions received by the eyes.

A survey of 20 common industrial and office occupations has shown that the eyes are in serious work three-quarters of the time. Improper lighting conditions or uncorrected visual defects tend to impair the efficiency of workers by fatiguing the eyes. Experiments have demonstrated that visual fatigue slows up body activity and is conducive to errors.

"If an office or a factory worker gets 'three o'clock' fatigue it would be a good idea to check up on his eyes," says the Institute. "There are millions of adult persons in the United States having relatively minor visual defects that are uncorrected. Such eyes may not cause headaches but they frequently cause 'three o'clock fatigue.' During the last hour or two of the working day the body of a worker may be tired because his eyes unassisted cannot work an eight-hour day."

Jumping Beans Stimulate Crickets When thousands of crickets got sulky and refused to perform before the camera in a cricket plague scene, a sack of energetic jumping beans, with a lot of pituitary, was rushed by plane from Mexico City. Actual pictures of crickets were painted on the beans which were mixed with the live crickets— which thought that it was just simply cricket and caught on right quickly. Anyway, the jumping proclivities of the oomph beans kept the crickets on the move, which kept the movie people happy.

Flagellation

According to the Catholic Encyclopedia, the Penitentes Los Hermanos (the Penitent Brothers) is a society of flagellants which exists among the Spanish Catholics of New Mexico and Colorado, and also among the natives and half-breed Indians. The discipline consists of flagellation, carrying heavy crosses, binding individuals to a cross for hours, tying the limbs to prevent the circulation of blood and other acts of bodily torture as a means of expiation of sin.

Her World Stops.

"Then, quite suddenly, just three weeks ago, everything stopped. I was stunned. No message, no telephone, no dates; it left me feeling scared and blank. I wrote him, tried to resume the old easy tone, but I felt that I failed. After some days he did come to dinner, but he brought his young office associate with him, making the meal a threesome that was an utter loss to me. "I made a luncheon engagement with him, knowing that something must be very wrong, and determined to be quite frank with him and ask him what had happened to break up our friendship. However, on the morning of our luncheon he telephoned the office to say that he could not keep the engagement, but would 'get in touch with me soon.' He has

FACE THE FACTS

"Stop fooling yourself" is the sound advice Kathleen Norris gives to women in love with men who do not return their affections. When a brief period of mutual love is terminated, they try desperately to restore the old bonds of affection. Miss Norris advises them that the shortest way to peace is to realize the love affair is over. She admits this may be a heartbreaking task, but believes it is the best way out.

Dislikes Wife's Jokes, He Tries to Choke Her

NEW YORK.—Stanley Koprowski, 55, thought his wife's jokes were terrible. "So," she testified in magistrate's court, "he tried to choke me."

Defends Self in Murder, Sleeps as Jury Frees Him

CLEARWATER, FLA.—The judge rejected Jacob Stephens' offer to plead guilty to manslaughter. Then Stephens declined to have an attorney defend him and acted as his own counsel.

University Develops Big Red Raspberries

KNOXVILLE, TENN.—The University of Tennessee's horticulture experiment station should get the "raspberries" on its latest patent. Red raspberries "as big as the end of your thumb" have been perfected.

Hospital Patient Chokes To Death on a Hot Dog

ST. LOUIS.—A patient at the city sanitarium choked to death on a hot dog. An attendant noticed the inmate, a 57-year-old man, topple from his chair while eating lunch and he was dead before a staff physician could be summoned. A piece of frankfurter had lodged in his throat.