

# A Benevolent Burglar

By Ruth Alden Hayes

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Noislessly the man with a bent wire opened the gate of a rear court, cautiously he crossed the stone-paved yard. He glanced up at the handsome man in a blue uniform who was looking at him. It was dark and deserted looking. The intruder fumbled for a tool in his pocket, pushed back a door and was within the house.

Burglar Bill Dorsey, if you please—reformed. It did not look that way, but, while the old crafty tricks were brought into force and professional skill exerted to the utmost, he was innocent as a child as to the notion and purpose in view in thus breaking into the house of rich Seth Payne.

Bill groped his way without a misstep, down a corridor and up a flight of stairs, for he had pursued that course only a week ago—and had got away with the swag! In his pocket at the present moment lay that same plunder, a diamond-encrusted wrist watch, a pearl necklace, two valuable rings. He could see a light coming through a keyhole.

"Thunder!" Bill expressed voicelessly. Then he took another peep. He could have guffawed, for the man within his view, kneeling in front of a safe, had on the floor beside him a hammer, a chisel and a screw driver. Bill could not refrain a chuckle at the sight of this kit.

"A rival," he muttered—"but an amateur. Being sincerely reformed, it is my duty to lead this novice out of the downward path. Hello, pal!"

With the hearty salutation, Bill pressed open the door and stepped into the room. The other, a young, handsome man of perhaps twenty-five, made a dive for a coat pocket. Bill got up the hand of vigorous remonstrance.

"Don't draw a gun, pardner," he submitted, "I'm a yegg, too."

"But I am not," declared the other. "What are you doing here, then?"

"I am trying to get into that safe."

"I see—but you won't, with those carpenter's tools."

"Can you?" pressed the other.

"Rather," asserted Bill promptly. "That's nothing but a cheap old box. I can open it on the combination alone."

"Do it and I will pay you any price you ask," urged the young man.

"Do you belong here?" asked Bill.

"Not at all."

"Broke in, like myself?"

"Yes—there was an open window, so you might say that."

"Sorry," said Bill, shaking his head slowly. "but, as I told you, I've reformed. I've promised Kate, the sweetest girl in the world, to never turn a trick again and I mean to keep my promise."

"Then what are you doing here now?" amazedly inquired the other, who was Arthur Ridgely, and a respectable member of society, and an honest man, and free from guile as a child, but he did not tell Bill this—yet.

"Well," exclaimed Bill bluntly, "I came here to return what I took away a week ago," and he exhibited the pearls.

"It was my last raid. Kate said she'd never marry me unless I put it back where I found it, we'll say as evidence of my good faith in reforming."

"I see, I see," murmured young Ridgely slowly, as if struck by the oddity of the situation. "You are a good man and I see the hand of destiny in my thus meeting you. I came here like a thief in the night, I made myself amenable to the penalty for housebreaking, but influenced by a pure and holy motive."

"I hope so," said Bill dubiously. "Can you prove it?"

"Yes, I can. If you will open that safe, in the left-hand pigeonhole of the upper row you will find a green envelope. It is of no value, but immensely harmful to innocent, suffering victims. To get that paper means the freedom, perhaps the life of a reputable citizen, the happiness of an innocent, beautiful girl just budding into womanhood. Man, glorify the reformation you boast of, by doing a deed that will bring you blessings your whole life through!"

"Why, you talk like a story book," said Bill. "Say, I'm interested. A regular romance."

"And a tragedy—unless I get that paper."

"All right," nodded Bill definitely, after a moment of thought. "I'll help you out. Here's the bargain. I open that safe. I take out a green envelope, nothing more. You are not to touch a single thing. We leave here and you convince me that you need that envelope for a good purpose before I part with it."

"Agreed—oh, gladly! gladly!" spoke the young man with eagerness.

"Stand aside and keep quiet," and Bill got on his knees before the safe. The other watched him with mingled anxiety and admiration. Bill, expert that he was, focused his acute senses of touch and hearing upon the combination disk. Click!—the tumblers grated, the steel door moved, Bill pulled it open. There was bold, bank notes, bulky securities in view, but both passed them by as dross. Bill

located the pigeon hole indicated and pulled it open.

"Is that it?" he questioned, drawing out a green envelope.

"Yes, it must be," said Arthur Ridgely.

"Gather up your truck, then, and let us get out of here while the getting is good," observed Bill tersely. He closed and relocked the safe. He placed the restored fruits of his former visit in the cabinet where he had originally found them. Bill led his companion from the place and left no traces of the double nightly visitation behind them.

"Now, then, for a confab," he observed, as they finally reached the street.

"Where shall we go?"

"Oh, some quiet restaurant," said Bill, "anywhere except a drinking joint. Those are the traps that led me to become what I was. Now, then, let's have the dope," he added ten minutes later, as he and the strange new friend he had made were seated in a secluded corner of an eating room.

"I am Arthur Ridgely," spoke Bill's companion promptly, "reasonably well off and engaged to marry a beautiful young lady. The man whose house we visited tonight admired her, demanded her hand in marriage. Her father was an old business associate. The other held a great power over the father—oh, I will speak her name, Angela. The possession of a document in that green envelope enabled its holder to disgrace, perhaps imprison Angela's father. To evade the same, broken heartedly she turned me adrift, sacrificing herself to save her father."

"The father had gone wrong, eh?" submitted Bill bluntly.

"Not in a criminal sense. In order that a large but failing business might be reorganized, he took upon himself the risk of an irregularity. He saved the business and no real wrong was done. That was years ago. I learned the truth from his lawyer, who has visited the wretch who held the document, saw it, noticed where he put it in the safe. Now his fangs are drawn, and oh! the relief, the happiness for those I love."

"Take it," said Bill impulsively, and handed the green envelope to Arthur Ridgely.

"I want your address," said the latter, fairly trembling with emotion.

"My city one changes tomorrow, for I am going to get married and leave for a pretty little place in the country," and Bill gave the details as to name and location.

One month later Bill was whistling a cheery tune in the rear yard of his new home, and his happy-faced wife was singing as she bent over the wash-tub under a flowering cherry tree. Abruptly an automobile turned from the road, halted and Arthur Ridgely sprang out.

"Dear friend!" cried the exuberant young man, seizing Bill's hand in a fervor of joy. "We haven't forgotten you."

"My wife," spoke Bill proudly, nodding to the smiling lady at the clothes-line.

"Two brides! Angela," called Ridgely, and she alighted from the machine.

"Good friend, indeed!" she cried to Bill. "You darling!" she directed at Mrs. Dorsey, as she threw her arms around her neck and kissed her.

"You look very happy here, Mr. Dorsey," observed Ridgely.

"Happy!" cried his buxom wife. "He's whistling at his work all day long and I have to sing to keep from crying for joy."

"It's just paradise," declared Bill. "We've got a lease on the little place for ten dollars a month and a promise of the use of five acres adjoining."

"You needn't pay any more rent," said Ridgely, and he extended a folded document.

"What's that?" questioned Bill.

"It's a deed to the house and lot and the five acres, free and clear—a belated wedding present, Angela's and mine," was Arthur Ridgely's reply.

## Can't Beat the Kiddies.

Children are the original keepers of the shrine of humor, says a writer in the Washington Star.

I have an intellectual friend, who has analyzed h-u-m-o-r from h to z, and knows more about it than real philosophers. He says humor is based on cruelty, or incongruous happenings and a lack of reason.

The reason children are always saying funny things is because they are often cruel and do not reason, he says.

I don't believe all humor is summed up so, but certainly the following scrap of conversation overheard the other day would tend to bear out his statements:

Two small girls were "playing house" in an apartment house hall.

"Good morning, Mrs. Jones. I just came over to see you," said Mrs. Smith (seven years old).

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you," replied Mrs. Jones (eight years old). "How are you?"

"Oh, Mrs. Jones, I'm in such trouble," sighed Mrs. Smith. "Mr. Smith just died."

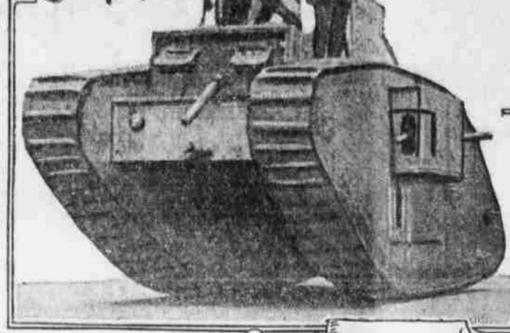
"That's too bad," commiserated Mrs. Jones. "Poor Mrs. Smith!"

"But the funeral isn't until three o'clock," said poor Mrs. Smith, "so we've plenty of time to go to the movie show."

## When He Quit.

A woman having occasion to go to a small cleaning and dyeing establishment, where she had not been for some months, was surprised to find the store occupied by an entirely different line of business. Going inside, she asked the new shopkeeper why Schmidt had moved away and where he could be found. "Schmidt?" he replied. "Oh, he died and went out of business two months ago."

# Britishers in United States Called to Colors



VARIOUS TYPES OF PACKS USED IN BRITISH SERVICE

HAPPY HIGHLANDERS NEAR YPRES

## By EARLE HOOKER EATON.

IF A MAN wants to fight nowadays there is no reason why he should not be accommodated. The United States is not only a vast recruiting camp for its own armies, but Great Britain is engaged in a strenuous campaign to get every Britisher and Canadian in the United States to volunteer for service under the British flag.

This work is being done pending the outcome of international negotiations at Washington which, if consummated, will permit the British and Canadian recruiting mission under the leadership of Brig. Gen. W. A. White, C. M. G., to draft every Britisher and Canadian now residing in the United States, and the United States to draft every one of its citizens who lives in Great Britain or Canada.

This is a very important matter, particularly for the Britishers and Canadians, because there are at least 200,000 of them over whom Old Glory waves, and the names and addresses of at least 175,000 of them are known to General White and his staff because they have been taken from the draft records of the United States. Many of these are coming forward every day of their own accord, but the recruiting mission wants every man of them who is physically fit to volunteer for the British or Canadian armies. About 14,000 have already gone into these armies, and in one month recently over half of the recruits secured for the Canadian expeditionary forces came from the United States.

When Brigadier General White asks a man to fight he doesn't ask him to do any more than he has done himself. He is an officer in the regular army of Great Britain, and that he lost no time himself in getting into the fray is shown by the fact that he reached Belgium about August 8, 1914, a few days after the war was declared, and got into action almost immediately. He had general charge of the rear guard actions from Mons to the Marne, in which a small British army man-

The United States and British governments, however, are working in harmony in this somewhat complicated international matter because, after all, so long as a man fights it does not make a great deal of difference whether he goes "over the top" under the British flag or the Stars and Stripes. The main proposition is to see that he gets into the firing line in one army or the other and does "his bit" against the Prussian military autocracy.

It is an army axiom that three men are needed behind the lines to keep one soldier in a front line trench ready to go over the top. Men who fight must be backed by men who work, and experts in all sorts of trades are needed. The British and Canadian recruiting mission, for example, is now in urgent need of blacksmiths, boat builders, carpenters, caulkers, drillers, frame benders, heavy timbermen, platers, platers' helpers, pile drivers, quarrymen, riggers, riveters and their mates, seamen, shipwrights, shipyard machinists and stevedores.

The average man of fifty-six thinks that he no one wants him for war purposes, but he is mistaken. Let "old Doctor Osler" take notice that a man of fifty-six, provided he knows his business, is well worth acquiring for its service in the Royal Imperial Engineers. This corps offers a special opening to men between fifty-one and fifty-six, and to younger men who are highly skilled or medically unfit for general service, but who are fit to carry on their trade occupation. They are being enlisted for the duration of the war, and rank from privates to sergeants, a private receiving 70 cents per day, a lance corporal 84 cents, a second corporal \$1, a corporal \$1.08 and a sergeant \$1.28, separation allowances being paid to dependents. The Canadian patriotic fund also gives an allowance to dependents who reside in Canada.

Forty clerks are at work in the New York offices of the British and Canadian recruiting mission on a card index system covering the names of every Britisher and Canadian of draft age in the United States, and Brigadier General White has already sent a strong letter to 100,000 of them explaining why they should volunteer, asking them to volunteer or tell him their reasons why they do not do so, and ending with the pertinent query: "Will you not do your part, a man's part, in this great cause?"

The most interesting war relic ever seen in America will be used in General White's great recruiting campaign. This relic is none other than the tank Britannia, which has already been seen in New York and Canada, but is still a decided novelty to people all over the United States. The Britannia is a genuine British tank, and has seen service on the Flanders front. When it first appeared upon the streets of New York, it caused a great sensation as it lumbered along Fifth avenue, and later on as the biggest hit at the Hero Land bazaar. An extensive itinerary has been laid out for the tank and its crew of veterans, several of whom bear wounds received in the service. This novel land battleship carries six machine guns, and is an awe-inspiring sight as it moves over rough country and deep ditches with the same ease and speed it shows when it attacks the German trenches on the French front.

Anyone who is familiar with the rear-guard actions fought by the British between Mons and the Marne—heart-breaking actions in which the brave men involved, although vastly outnumbered by the army Germany had been getting ready for years, were practically called upon to sacrifice themselves so that Joffre could have time to fully prepare for his wonderful and successful blow against Von Kluck's flank—knows that every Britisher, from general to private, did the full measure of his duty to his country and to civilization, and that thousands of them paid for that duty with their blood or with their lives.

Inspired by such experiences, it is no wonder that General White is a bit impatient with the Britisher or Canadian who has been under the protection of the British flag for years, who has enjoyed the liberty and the various advantages claimed by those living or claiming the rights of those living under that flag, and yet who declines to come forward of his own volition and help Great Britain, France and the United States win a war, the object of which is "to make the world safe for democracy."

Several months, no doubt, will pass before the conventions providing reciprocal draft privileges are approved by the United States senate and arrangements are perfected for making the draft effective. The reason the United States senate must first pass on the conventions is because existing treaties between the United States and Great Britain are to be changed somewhat by them.

One odd phase of the situation and one that causes some confusion, is the different age period of the draft in the United States, Great Britain and Canada. Britishers from eighteen to forty-one may be drafted, Canadians between twenty and thirty-four, and citizens of the United States between twenty-one and thirty-one. Still another odd phase is the first papers proposition. The United States draft authorities claim every Britisher and Canadian who has taken out first naturalization papers, but these men are all regarded as British subjects by the British government and as such not only at liberty to volunteer but subject to the British and Canadian draft provisions as soon as they become effective in the United States.

## Pineapples Catch Crop

Although pineapples are grown rather extensively in the Straits Settlements, the canning of this fruit being one of the most flourishing of the minor industries, there appears to be little definite information available as to the acreage and actual production in the different localities, according to Consul Harry Campbell, detailed as vice consul at Singapore, Straits Settlements.

Pineapples are for the most part raised as a catch crop in connection with rubber plantations, since they can be grown very easily and with little cost between the rubber trees during the first two or three years of their growth. This procedure has been especially attractive to planters (mostly Chinese) having small holdings on the island of Singapore, as it affords the planter an income during the years that the rubber trees are coming into bearing, while proximity to the canning factories of Singapore makes the marketing simple and inexpensive.

It is estimated that about 2,000 acres of pineapples were planted on rubber estates on the island of Singapore in 1916. Any definite figures as to acreage in other parts of the peninsula are not available, but it appears that the industry in the Federated Malay States is not important, being limited almost entirely to small plots for local market purposes.

The value of the exports of pineapples from the Straits Settlements during 1916 was \$2,506,910

## His Only Chance

It was an old situation. Mother went through the pantry, and found that son had been at the layer cake. She sighed, assumed her severe look, and went back into the living room.

"Robert," she said, "didn't I tell you not to touch that cake without asking permission? And didn't I tell you that you couldn't have any cake just before meal time?"

"Yes'm."

"Then why did you take some cake without asking permission?"

"Because I wanted some cake just before meal time."

His argument was flawless, whatever is said about his obedience.

## SOME CONVERSATIONALIST.

The young man had talked for ten or fifteen minutes without a break, when the girl at the other end of the wire interrupted:

"Just a moment, Guy," she said.

"What is it, Fleda?"

"I want to change the receiver to the other ear. This one's tired."

## PROBABLE INFORMATION.

"Can you tell me what the day wore when it wore on?"

"Probably, judging from the recent temperatures, it was a sweater."

# OUR BIGGEST YEAR IN FOREIGN TRADE

European Conflict Responsible for America's Unprecedented Business.

## ASSUMES A NEW PHASE

Uncle Sam's Participation in Hostilities Creates Slogan of "Win the War Rather Than Win Profits."

"The event of transcending importance to the foreign trade of the country during 1917 was the entrance of the United States into the war," declares Burwell S. Cutler in his first annual report as chief of the bureau of foreign and domestic commerce of Uncle Sam's department of commerce.

"From the beginning of the war to the time of our entrance into it," continues Mr. Cutler, "the business of the American manufacturer and exporter was to make the most of new opportunities in the markets of nonbelligerent countries, to take wise and needful steps in preparation for trade after the war, and to sell munitions and supplies to the belligerents.

"These were legitimate activities. They were vital to the industrial life of the nation. But when we entered the war, the perspective changed. Trade with our war associates assumed a new, a different, a much greater significance in our eyes. It became primarily a means of winning the war rather than of winning profits. It became a link between the greatest storehouse in the world and the European nations with whom we had cast our lot in the world struggle.

**Prospects for Future.**  
"Our attitude toward the markets in nonbelligerent countries has also changed as a matter of course. Trade with them must now be conducted with a careful and patriotic deference to the successful prosecution of the war. Preparations that we make to hold our place in those markets and to expand our opportunities must be made for the time being with strict reference to policies which govern our political relations. However, it is confidently expected that our trade with South America, the far East, South Africa, and with Australia will not be too seriously interfered with and that we may reap in the future the benefits of having cultivated those markets so assiduously and intelligently during the past few years.

"Important as it is that we hold our own advantage in these and other markets we must not lose sight of the fact that all such advantages are likely to disappear if we do not come out of the war victoriously."

**Greatest Foreign Trade.**  
The report reviews in an exhaustive manner the foreign trade of the country during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1917, which it refers to as "our greatest year in foreign trade." The statistics are arranged to show the growth of trade month by month since 1913, so that the effect of the war may be easily traced.

Unusual activities of the bureau during the year resulted from the entrance of the United States into the war, these activities including the organization of a staff for licensing exports, work in connection with the tin plate conservation campaign, the collection of information concerning foreign embargo legislation, the facilitation of exports of raw materials from Russia, the protection of American trade-marks in foreign countries, and numerous others, all of which were carried on by the regular bureau staff, except the export license work, for which volunteer work was accepted from the outside.

At the beginning of the fiscal year there were 13 traveling special agents in the employ of the bureau, while at the close of the year this staff had been doubled. The information collected by these agents helps American manufacturers to extend their trade now and is also aimed to help them prepare for trade after the war.

## UNCLE SAM'S RECORD CROPS

Country's Farm Products Are Worth \$21,000,000,000 More Than in Any Previous Year.

Many crops have exceeded the production of other years, while the value of the country's farm products, with a total estimated unofficially at \$21,000,000,000, far exceeds any other year in history, according to the final estimates of production of the principal farm crops recently announced by Uncle Sam's department of agriculture.

The production estimates are: Corn, 3,159,494,000 bushels; winter wheat, 418,070,000 bushels; spring wheat, 232,758,000 bushels; all wheat, 650,828,000 bushels; oats, 1,587,280,000 bushels; barley, 208,075,000 bushels; rye, 60,145,000 bushels; buckwheat, 17,460,000 bushels; beans, 15,701,000 bushels; kafirs, 75,868,000 bushels; onion, 18,544,000 bushels; cabbage, 502,700 tons; hops, 27,778,000 pounds; cranberries, 245,000 barrels; apples, 58,208,000 barrels; peaches, 45,006,000 barrels; pears, 13,281,000 bushels; oranges, 12,832,000 boxes flaxseed, 8,478,000 bushels, rice 38,278,000 bushels; potatoes, 422,536,000 bushels; sweet potatoes, 87,141,000 bushels; hay, tame, 79,528,000 tons; hay, wild, 15,402,000 tons; tobacco, 1,106,451,000 pounds; sugar beets, 6,237,000 tons.