John Ainsley, Master Thief

By Arthur Somers Roche

NEA Service Inc.

LEGERDEMAIN—

Have you ever been hungry? Oh, I wouldn't get some kind of a job if I mean the lusty appetite that you wanted to.

I could not depute the question with her. How make her understand that a wound, followed by illness, and the latter succeeded by eighteen months of malnutrition culminating in what promised to be actual starvation, unfitted a man for manual labor? Oh, I could work like a giant for ten minutes, but after that brief time I became as weak as a newborn kitten. But these were matters that pride kept me from divulging to Mrs. Gannon. She had troubles of her own; mine did not concern her.

"Well, there ain't nothing fore for me to say. If you can't pay me, you'll have to go. That's all there is to that." She put her hands on her hips and stared at me.

I had never in my life done a thing which the world called dishonorable. I should have been able to look anyone in the eye. The consciousness of virtue should have sustained my glance. Instead it fell before her tragician glare. "Then I made up my mind.

"All right, Mrs. Gannon. I'll pay you tonight," I told her.

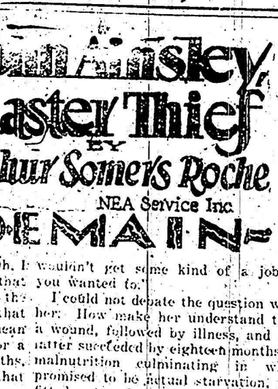
"It's tonight now," she reminded me suspiciously.

"I mean, in an hour," I explained.

She eyed me disbelievingly. Then, reluctantly, she said: "Don't think you can put anything over on me. I get my dollar in advance, like it's due, or out you go."

I nodded to her apologetically, humbly. She pursed her lips, started to say something, changed her mind and let her words become an indistinguishable murmur, turned and waddled down the hall.

I mounted the stairs. I say mounted, but I mean that I climbed them by the most desperate effort. Silver lines appeared and vanished before my eyes; tiny points of light grew into great molten moons and



"I get my sister to work for me."

then faded suddenly into darkness. Nausea attacked me, and I conquered it only by a miracle of effort.

At last I reached my room on the top floor. It was hardly more than a cupboard. There was no window. A skylight gave what light and ventilation there were. There was no chair in the room, nor any carpet. The walls had once been papered, but now there remained only a few strips, grimy, cracked plaster, not the dye, every side.

Yet even this refuge was to be denied me unless I found means where with to meet the debt that living in these quarters incurred. I had come to this room, stifling my contempt with difficulty. Now it was as desirable as an apartment in a palace.

Dizzily I clutched at the wall and worked my way around to the bed and sat down upon it. I was shaking and perspiring. It was bad enough to be hungry, but to be homeless also was unendurable. Well, I would do the thing I had sworn never to do. I would pawn the miniature, painted upon ivory, of my mother. For the cash that I had made to myself, as by other possessions passed into the hands of the pawnbroker that I would die before I parted with the last relic of different days, was no longer binding. My duty to Mrs. Gannon was paramount.

I had a shabby, worn-out suitcase in the room. I had thought when I came here that I owned the irreducible minimum of clothing possible to cover one's nakedness; but I had seen that I could do without a shirt, an extra pair of socks and a collar or two, the suitcase was empty save, of course, for the ivory miniature. I had no idea what a pawnbroker would consider the thing worth, but I knew that it was worth millions to me; for when I should part with it, I would also part with hope.

Looking at it, my eyes blurred, not with the tears of weakness, but with tears of grief. I seemed to see my whole life pass before me. I was a drowning man, sinking in the waters of failure and despair.

I saw myself as a child, winning my mother's smile by some playful prank. I saw myself at a fashionable prep school, at college, in Paris playing the part of a wealthy young dilettante. I could neither paint nor write nor compose, but I flattered myself that I had a cultured taste for all of these. Then I saw myself reduced to sudden poverty by the failure of a trust company to which the care of the estate left me by my father had been confided. I remembered the blank bewilderment that had overcome me as I faced poverty, a bewilderment soon succeeded by confidence in my own latent abilities.

(To be continued.)

Sees White Race Forced to Unite

European Publicist Believes Study of World Map Shows a Double Menace.

For Common Agreement

London—A new line of approach to the consideration of world problems of the future is suggested in an article in the February number of the Fortnightly Review from the pen of M. Poliakof, a European publicist whose contributions, under the nom de plume of "Augur," have for some time past been attracting considerable attention.

M. Poliakof has given a new turn to the famous dictum of Lord Salisbury, "Study large maps." Salisbury had in mind chiefly maps of Europe, which in his day more or less represented the world with which he was concerned. He allowed for the extension of European interests and ambitions to other continents, and maps which showed the possible relationships between European powers and remoter districts of the world were not barred from the study which he invited. But even Lord Salisbury did not call for the survey of maps on such a grand scale as M. Poliakof does. In fact, the latter says: "Maps are misleading things indeed, and traditional geography is the mother of the worst preconceived notions in politics. For the standard maps in daily use make it difficult for us to grasp the principles of race distribution."

Offers Map of World

There is but one map which M. Poliakof invites the study of. This is the map of the world which represents the continents together in their respective positions on the surface of the earth. Thus Salisbury said, "Study large maps." Poliakof by effect says: "Study Mercator's projection." From it, it will be seen that the lands peopled by the white races are dominated by, are grouped in two blocks on both sides of the Atlantic. On one hand is Europe with Africa, on the other North and South America. In the West we find Australasia as a powerful racial outpost in the Pacific. In the East are great territories which, in Asia and Africa, are exploited by the whites for their material advantage."

What is the deduction Poliakof draws? It is, that the white races in Europe and America have a common interest in maintaining a partnership within which the weaker shall be protected, but the interests of the whole race have to take precedence as a first moral charge, as a national policy they must see in maintaining.

Incidentally, it may be noted that among the most skepticism as to even a limited which a good many European observers have regarded the Kellogg proposals for the outlawry of War is to be found that the figure will present when the conflict than was at first envisaged in the idea that the Six of the Greater Powers could by a solution make war an

Competition a Factor

It is, however, that a future than might be considerations of this kind Poliakof foresees a danger which the nations be in combination of the white be well advised to take in agreement. Before a consummation academic Bolshevism be fully achieved Europe need to find a way of dealing with the competition of the American continent.

M. Poliakof apparently that the parsimonious of the assist European nations their domestic squabbles and, one must assume, convince the United States that co-operation is incompatible with its own interests in a future world struggle with the black and Bolshevism, between white races and a disunited other races that, remembering the theory about scratching a Russian and finding a Tartar, can be described as altogether white.

Turning the Tables

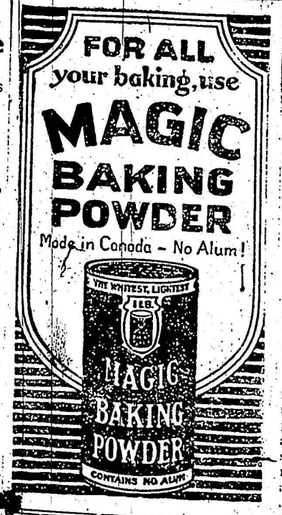
A class of children were with a lesson in arithmetic. The scholars found that fractions for them. The trouble when little Doris declared would rather have half a than two-thirds of it.

"How often have I tried into you," said the exasperated teacher, "that two-thirds of any thing is more than a half? Now you know," she went on, "that Doris is a small portion of tart to a large piece. Funny child, isn't she?"

Doris, having been held up as a model of stupidity, put up her hand hardly small tart."

The accidental looking of a pair of handcuffs prevented an actress taking her part in a London theatre recently. During an interval she slipped on the handcuffs to test them, and then found the key had been mislaid. Her understudy had to finish the play for her.

"The modern woman is hard," says a writer. But a diamond will make an impression on her.



Chicken Feathers

Dampness, filth and roup occupy the same quarters and are fast friends. A bucket of whitewash is better than a chestful of medicine.

Painted Chickens.

Phil feared chicken thieves, so he took some green paint and spattered it on the feathers of his white fowls. As a result of these tell-tale patters, Phil was able to locate 17 stolen birds, and the thief had some tall explaining to do. The best he got the thief out of was bail, while awaiting trial.

When you want to drive a fowl in a corner and capture it, there is nothing that helps more than a broom. Don't rush after Biddy; just amble slowly toward her, holding the broom by the end of its handle. If you wish the bird to go to the right, move your broom to the left. If the fowl runs too far to the right, shift the broom quickly to the right hand. Just as promptly the hen will change her mind and run the other way. It's surprising how quickly a chicken or a flock, for that matter, will get the idea.

Put about a peck of alfalfa leaves and chaff in a gunny sack, sand immerse the sack in a tub of hot water for a few minutes. The hens relish the warm, plumped-up leaves, for the alfalfa is rich in protein and minerals. It is a great help in filling the egg basket; I gather the leaves when pasturing one day in summer. They would be waste if I did not gather them, and put them away for winter.

She was an essentially modern young woman on the way home from a special dance when a sharp attack of pain seized her. Knocking on the glass to attract the taxi-driver's attention, she instructed him to take her home to her doctor's immediately. The doctor was rather annoyed at being dragged out of his warm bed at all the same, he examined his patient. "You have caught a severe chill," he said firmly. "Go straight home, undress, and get into bed."

Kenilworth Papers: A woman here was kicked on the shin by a lady's horse, but to help off the sad blow her husband several times.

Mrs. Jones: "How sweet when you say ... Parker, you dear darling!"

While face powder may catch a man, it takes baking powder to keep him.

Japanese Turn Light of Science On Industries

Research Brings Modern Methods to Every Field in National Transition; Many Economies Effected

Transition from hand labor to mass production, from oxen as a vehicle of power to high tension transmission lines, from buffalo-hair to motor cars, represents the pace in the present-day industrial development of Japan, and foreshadows an economic advance of great significance to the Western world.

In her industries, social life, amusements, press and publications, transition is the keynote. The nation is impelled by the forces of research and applied science, with such power that she is passing through an industrial metamorphosis which is reflected in all phases of her activities. Young Japanese engineers—some of them recent graduates of Japanese universities, are gradually taking over the control of processes and methods in electrical, chemical, aeronautical, silk and other industries.

Leads in Fisheries Technology.

In fisheries technology Japan leads the world. The high degree of perfection of scientific progress in this field of industry is attested by the success of pearl culture operations. This process of aiding the oyster by a surgical operation to grow a pearl where none grew before was originated and practiced exclusively by the Japanese. It was long a guarded secret of one family. It is only in recent years that foreigners, and but few of them, have been permitted to visit the pearl culture farms.

The pearl culture process consists essentially, according to Maurice Holland, director of the research Council, in a recent report published with the Japan Society of New York, in inserting a perfect sphere of Missouri River mussel shell, about three thirty-seconds of an inch in diameter, in the mantle of the living oyster. Upon the skillful execution of this surgical operation the success or failure of cultured pearls depends. After the oysters are seeded, which is best below the surface of the water, the season avoid to clean from growth. At Gokashe, one of these places in operation, there are said to be 30,000,000 pearl oysters in the water.

Pearl Yield Is Profitable.

The life cycle of the oyster is twelve years. The hatchery is not inserted, however, until the fourth year, as the shock of the operation is fatal to young oysters. The pearl oyster remains in cultivation for about seven years after the operation, the period of prime efficiency for production of pearls. Mikimoto regulates the number of the operations to the vitality of the oyster, leaving a total yield of from 30 to 40 pearls. Three operations are performed yearly, and the value of pearl secured is from $1,000,000.

Reversing the figures for American wheat, ten pounds of meat is required for every pound of wheat. Japanese eat ten pounds of rice and consequently their diet consisting on a 200 per cent more basic production during the last seven years. Research is also conducted in the

Sonnet

If you should say, I should not
Because you were not there
Because you were not there
Because you were not there