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John Ainsley, Master Thief

BY Arthur Somers Roche

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BUTTON, BUTTON

Destructive brains! Slowly I opened my eyes; I yawned gloriously, drawing deep down into my lungs the winelike air; I raised my hands over my head and stretched until my toes touched the foot of the bed. I was conscious of my silk pajamas, the linen sheets, the silken coverlet. Through the open window I could see, in the distance, the green-clad mountains; closer, I could observe the seventh green of the golf-course. I rolled over on one side, burying my face in the downy pillow, to hide from the obsequious waiter the sudden mirth that had overwhelmed me.

The lifting, ten minutes ago, of the telephone that stood on a table by my bed, had been enough to wake into activity not merely this man, but half a dozen others, all of whose energies and thoughts had been directed toward the satisfaction of my wants. Oh, I tell you, I who have known direct poverty, that luxurious ease is worth the sacrifice of any principle.

And I should know! Had I not followed the path of honor across a bloody field in France, to learn that honor mocked me? Had I not adhered to all those righteous rules which the strong have laid down for the enslavement of the weak, and seen that adherence lead me from boarding-house to tenement, from tenement to slum, and from slum to the edge of the grave?

Honor had brought me starvation. What cant would term dishonor, had brought me a full stomach. Well, I had done with cant. The world had its rules; one must be productive or constructive, said the world. There was no place for those who belonged in neither class. And yet the lying world gave its best in place, in esteem, in what it termed success, to those outside these rigid categories. Steal, and be jailed; but steal enough, and be honored. Kill, and be hanged; but kill sufficiently, and be enthroned. The rules were made for the herd; but I, John Ainsley, was no lamb to be shepherded. I was the wolf who preyed outside the fold and I had ateted meat. No more, while rascals stuffed themselves, would I go hungry. I had destructive brains. I would use them.

Yet I would use them as a gentleman must always use his strength, for though I discarded morality, breeding could never leave me. Not upon the lambs, nor upon the shepherd, but upon the beasts of prey who lurked outside, would I feed.

And I was savoring now the luxury of my first kill. In New York the famous jeweler Daragon—a cur at heart—mourned the loss of a bauble wherewith he had hoped to force a woman to his will, but with which I had forced the world to my will. Here in this resort hotel, I rallied forces that had been exhausted by months of suffering when I had played the game according to the silly rules that I now derided.

For a moment or two, after the waiter had gone, I merely looked at my breakfast. There was a certain joy, not explainable to those who have never starved, in looking at the iced grapefruit, the yellow omelet and the golden toast. And then eager appetite mastered me. I laughed as I found myself reaching for a fifth slice of toast. I must remember that times had changed, and that it was not necessary for me to overeat; as inevitably as the hotel clock struck one, so would I lunch. Last year, when the scanty, coarse meal before me must do me a day, or two days, or even three, it was all very well, even vitally necessary, that I clean the plate. But now I could permit myself a daintiness forbidden not so long ago. And as I replaced the toast upon the dish, I remembered that I had promised to be on the first tee at ten o'clock. I looked at the clock on the wall, found that I had but a half-hour in which to dress, and leaped from the bed. I was shaved and bathed, and attired with a certain correctness possible only to a gentleman born; and was at the appointed place, exactly on the hour. My opponent was awaiting me, watch in hand.

"Though you might have changed your mind, Mr. Ainsley," he said to me.

"Am I late?" I asked.

He grinned offensively. "Oh, you're in plenty of time," he answered. "For a beating!" he added.

I looked at him; a tall, burly man, with protruding eyes, and thin sandy hair, he was exactly the type which, for some reason, is most offensive to me. I find that men with those characteristics, especially if their Adam's apples are very large, are usually vulgar braggarts. He was not the person whom I would have selected as my opponent. But last night, in the dining-room, an elderly gentleman with whom I had struck up a casual acquaintance on the course—I had played the last nine holes with him, and he had complimented me on my play—asked me to his table for coffee. He introduced me to his wife and to his daughter, and to my opponent of to-day, Ernest Vantine, whom I took to be the fiance of the daughter. Kernochan, my elderly friend, expatiated on my prowess to his prospective son-in-law. Whereupon Vantine promptly challenged me to a match. In the course of our conversation I mentioned that, during a leave of absence in

Kernochan showed me a ring.

the war, I had played Westward Ho, in England in eight-one. Vantine had shown an immediate disbelief in my statement. He remarked that he had seen me driving, and that I didn't look like an eighty-one player to him.

"In fact," he had added insolently, "I'd be willing to bet five hundred dollars that you can't beat me, and I'm never below eighty-five."

I reminded him that I had played but little in recent years, and that I had no doubt that he could beat me. Whereupon he had sneered and remarked that he always found it thus; people talked low golf-scores, but when it came to reinforcing conversation with money, they usually crawled into their holes. His fiancee, Miss Kernochan, applauded his statement. I regretted that courtesy toward an elderly man had led me into the indiscretion of joining his table. For Kernochan was as vulgar as his daughter's lover. And suddenly, when Vantine began telling everyone within earshot that he had "called my bluff," an unreasoning anger possessed me. I accepted his challenge.

So, here I was upon the first tee, the cynosure of a large gallery, many of whom privately wished me luck, but all of whom were hopeless of my ability to defeat a man whom I had learned last night was the best player in the resort. He had lied when he stated that his best game was eighty-five. Aicording to my informants, and well-wishers of today, Vantine was capable of seventy-eight. He had won a great deal of money by making unfair matches with strangers, goading them into wagers.

Well, it was my own fault. I asked sympathy neither from the gallery nor from myself, but played the best golf I knew. It was not good enough so lacking was I in practice, even to give him an argument. The match ended six and five, on the thirteenth green. I acted becomingly, I hope. I promptly congratulated Vantine, and immediately paid him the wager. He took it without shame. Nor did Kernochan or his daughter seem to think that Vantine had acted otherwise than as a gentleman should. In fact, people told me that it was Kernochan's habit to engage in a match with any newcomer to the hotel, and then praise the stranger's play to Vantine, who would promptly badger him into a match and a bet.

But I smiled as these things were told to me. I had been silly, and being silly is apt to prove expensive. I never mourn spilled milk. Instead, I look for a dairy.

That night I was as cordial at dinner as though nothing untoward had occurred. Miss Kernochan invited me to make a fourth at bridge, and I accepted. We played in the Kernochan apartment, and I won a few dollars. But I did more than that. I won the liking of old Kernochan, and even the sour-featured daughter and her popeyed lover were quite cordial. Kernochan, live all parvenus—he was obviously that—talked continuously of his wealth. I learned that he was a retired broker, and that Vantine was the chief owned of a detective-agency that bore his name. This latter fact came out when Kernochan showed me, as proof of his great wealth, a ring which he had given his daughter upon her engagement to Vantine. He brought it from an inner room.

"The setting is a little loose, so Alice isn't wearing it," he told me. "I shall have it fixed in New York next week."

I admired the ring. An enormous ruby, it was worthy of the warmest admiration. And I, who had dealt so successfully with another ring no so long ago, eyed it with longing appreciation. I encouraged the old vulgarian to tell me about the stone.

(To be continued.)

Repairing Famous Keeps Chief Busy

Venuses get New Noses while Dignified Queen Consorts with Nymphs

London.—The 2,000 statuary casts of the famous folk of history and mythology which were vanished from the rystal Palace during the war are back on exhibition again, but they are not quite the same as they used to be and as classified now they make strange company.

In a room supposed to be sacred to Grecian statuary, Queen Victoria is found turning, perhaps for sympathy to Cleopatra. Gladstone beholds the backs of a dozen beautiful women, while Disraeli is almost lost among four Venuses, a couple of Eves, Lady Godiva and some nymphs about to enter invisible baths.

Joseph Cheek, superintendent, nurse and surgeon for all statues, busts and models in the palace, admits that the classification might be improved, but explains that he has had a big job the last seven years getting them all to light again and repairing the damage done when they were hustled out to make room for war-time occupation of the palace.

"I have put together beauties that have been broken into bits, to say nothing of providing new noses for old Venuses by the score," he said, "and making ears and feet and arms and legs for all sorts and conditions of nymphs, ancient heroes and Victorian statesman. The most difficult task is fingers. But I have made so many hundreds of them now that I merely take one look where the missing finger was and go straight away and make another that will fit on correctly.

"Don't worry about the classification. We'll get them all placed right in time."

Master—"I am sorry to say, Jones, that your composition is unworthy of you. The information is faulty and the style crude." Jones—"My father will be angry when he hears that." Master—"Well, you must tell him you'll do much better next time." Jones—"Do better, sir? Dad can't do better than that."

"I sometimes think I'd like a wife Who's dull," said Mr. Nutting. "The keen ones, sharp as any knife, Say things that are too cutting."

Selfmade men generally employ varsity tutors to make their sons.

Stalking Lions By Automobile For the Movies

Adventures of Party of Camera Men in Big Game Quest

GOOD FORTUNE

Four Hours Within 70 Feet of King of the Forest

Taking moving pictures of lions from an automobile is an exciting pastime, graphically described by Hon. Denys Finch Hatton, in the London Times, who writes:—My two companions and I started from Nairobi on September 8 with one light car and two one-ton lorries. The road, for an African bush road, proved excellent, and we reached our destination, the Serenget Plains, in three days' easy travelling, a distance of something over 200 miles.

The principal object of our trip was to obtain moving pictures of lions; and this we believed we could best accomplish from a motor-car provided that we could find them in suitable country. We knew from experience the great difficulty of getting near enough to lions in the open and on foot to get good pictures, and our idea was that if we could happen upon lions which had not previously seen a motor-car they would not connect this strange sort of animal with man, and might therefore allow us to approach close enough to them for our purpose.

With this end in view we fixed a bracket and a universal joint-fitting for the cinema camera upon the left-hand side of the car, the operator being in the seat next the driver; the man with the gun for repelling any boarding parties was to be in the left-hand rear seat back of the camera man. We subsequently found that this arrangement worked very well.

On the Plains.

September is at the very end of the dry season. We found the plains themselves very bare and holding out little game. In the open bush of the surrounding country, however, there were immense herds of zebra, wildebeest, and congoni. As we drove the car through them they did not disturb themselves more than enough to keep out of our way and to make the car the excuse for an occasional gambol. Zebra and wildebeest form the staple food of lions; and so apart from the stories we had already been told of this district, we felt fairly confident in finding some during the fortnight which we had allowed ourselves for getting a good picture. And find them we certainly did; for in the 14 days we were there we saw no fewer than 70 lions, counting males, females and cubs. In varying groups, from singletons up to one magnificent troop of 20 which was seen when it was my ill fate to be engaged in repairing one of our lorries.

The largest number which I saw together myself was a troop of 11 lionesses without a single male with them. We had left the car behind and were after a certain black-maned lion whose skin we coveted more than his picture, and we thought we had run him to ground in a dense patch of bush covering a waterhole where he had apparently drunk. We arranged a drive which resulted in 11 lionesses being bolted past us one after the other of about 40 yards' distance; and it was but little consolation to us for not getting the black lion to think what a wonderful picture of them we might have got if we had brought the tripod camera with us. But fate had held better things in store. After varying fortune with the camera, on our very last day at the eleventh hour we obtained a lion picture as good as any of us had ever hoped for or even dreamed of.

At Close Range.

We were cruising along the bank of a dry river course in the car at about 11 o'clock; the going was good hard sandy soil, with large mimosa thorns here and there, and occasional patches of thick bush in the river bed. We had been out since dawn without seeing anything to picture, and were beginning to think that our luck was out, when we came upon a small pool in the river, with a good reed bed above it. Upon investigation the water proved very brakish, but we found recent signs of lions. Getting back into the car, we crawled on up stream and after going 300 yards we spotted two lions and two lionesses lying right out in the open teed up on a bare red ant hill, in a most photographic position, about 60 yards from the river course.

We steamed slowly up to within 20 yards of them, and, turning the car right-handed came to a halt broadside on with the camera and .450 bearing upon the mildly interested group. The camera started with a slight whirr of gears; one lioness got up and walked off to another ant hill 30 yards to the left, the other one, after raising her head for one sleepy look, lay back and closed her eyes.

One lion sat upright observing us with some show of interest, while the other continued to look in the opposite direction. We realized that we had here the matter for a perfect lion picture, and after taking 200 feet we moved slowly out of earshot and out of sight to prepare more film and more cameras, praying to the God of the midday sun to keep the drowsy victims under his spell. Our prayers were answered. We were photographing those lions for four hours in many positions and at all distances from 50 yards to 70 feet.

During that time we were lucky enough to get a picture of one lioness making an unsuccessful stalk of some gazelles, while her companions watcher every move of the game with the greatest interest, and paid not the faintest attention to us in the car about 300 yards away. On one occasion, when we got too near the wind, an eddying gust gave them a suspicion, and they were up in an instant scanning the surrounding country with concentrated gaze for enemy man, apprehensive and alert. So uneasy were they that they eventually decided to move out some 400 yards farther into the open, where they lay down upon an ant hill which commanded a more complete view of their ground. After giving them ten minutes to settle down we moved right up to them again in the car, and were received with the same apathy as before. It was clear that they in no way connected the motor-car with man.

A Decoy.

About 2 o'clock my gunbearer remarked that the lions were behaving very well, and that as they looked very hungry we ought to shoot a congoni for them as bakesheesh when we had finished taking their pictures. This seemed to us an excellent suggestion, and gave me the idea of trying to get a picture of the lions coming on to the kill. So we went off in the car and shot a congoni on the edge of the plain, not more than 600 yards from the lions. Tying the antelope to the car spring by a slip knot we dragged him down to where the lions were lying, and loosed him as we passed in full sight of about 35 yards.

We then drove the car up under a tree about 40 yards from the kill and got ready to take the picture. We had not waited for more than a minute before a lioness left the group and cautiously crept up to the congoni, finally taking possession with a little rush from six yards off. The others came up one by one, and the feast began. Every now and again a blood-red face was lifted to take a look at the car as we crept up by stages to get closer pictures. Intent upon the business in hand, they showed no apprehension even when we reached 70 feet, the closest photographing range, which included the whole group in our 6 in. lens.

After about half an hour they seemed to be temporarily sated, and evidently felt the sun to be too hot for full bellies. One by one the two lionesses and the youngest lion walked slowly away, and lay down under a big umbrella thorn near by, leaving the largest lion to bring the remains of the congoni to them in the shade. After a few minutes he picked up the half-eaten carcass of the large antelope in his mouth and carried it to the treeas easily as a retriever carries a hare, but with a slightly straddling swagger due to the congoni's trailing legs.

We had been photographing busily all this while, but unluckily the camera now jammed, so that we did not get this very interesting closing incident. It was now nearly 4 o'clock, and after taking several still pictures of them under the tree we pulled out for camp, leaving the lions as unconcerned with our movementst as they had been upon our first appearance in the morning. It had been a great day. I cannot remember having ever spent a more interesting four hours in watching wild animals.

Year Round Delicacy on Tap

1.—Collecting the sap out of the buckets attached to the trees.
2.—A sugaring party indulging in the frolic of testing.

Every season has its joys, but in Eastern Canada the spring brings not only the warmth bearing breezes and pleasant reminders of coming summer activities, but also the actual maple sugaring time which demands great attention immediately following the melting of the snow.

For the purpose of giving everyone an opportunity to participate and enjoy to the full the pleasure parties usually organized into the maple tree districts, the Canadian Pacific operates trains covering week-end periods. The visitors go into the maple bush and see all the details of collecting the sap, boiling it, and the method by which the syrup and sugar are prepared. The first process, that of tapping the tree, which is usually done just higher than the snowline, about three or four feet above the ground, is performed previous to the arrival of the visitor.

The method of tapping is to place the receiving can on the taps, thus allowing the sap to drip into them, with all cans being properly protected against unsanitary and foreign substances. On sugaring parties the members taste the maple sugar delicacy by taking a stick, placing it in the boiling syrup and then letting it harden and cool in the partly vanished snow.

Bliss Carman Honored

Ottawa.—Bliss Carman, sometimes called the "poet laureate of Canada," has been awarded the Lorne Pierce medal of the Royal Society of Canada in recognition of his contribution to anadian litterature. This medal is recognized as the highest literary distinction a Canadian can win.

An elderly millionaire proposed to a pretty girl. "Think," said the old gentleman, "of the motor-cars and pearls and saddle-horses a rich husband could give you!" The girl looked at him critically, and with some amusement. "Oh, a rich father would do just as well!" she said. "Marry mamma!? She's a widow!"

Girl Friend—"Are you troubled with pyorrhea?" Doctor's Stenog.—"Only when I have to spell it."

Nothing to Fear From Lightning Says Engineer

Chance of Being Struck in Your Home is One in Several Million, He Estimates

CITY DWELLERS SAFE

The next time the lightning flashes and baby cries and mother shivers and you swallow hard and tell Johnny pooh, pooh, there is nothing to be afraid of, and then duck your own head under the bedclothes don't. You are right. There is nothing to be afraid of. The chance of a person being struck in his home is one in several million.

And if you chance to be at your desk in some downtown skyscraper, the lightning cannot reach you.

You have the assurance for it is of R. M. Spurck, an engineer of the new switchgear plant of the General Electric Company at Philadelphia, in charge of the high voltage testing of circuit breakers, where arcs of artificial lightning at from fifteen to twenty feet are played over apparatus to make sure there are no defects and that it will withstand conditions when put into service, out in the open in natural lightning areas. "Shooting a million volts into circuit breakers to thoroughly thest them before leaving the factory is not mere guess work. The fundamentals are based on studies made in the company's laboratories, field observations and the classic work of the late Dr. Steinmetx," Mr. Spurck said.

If you reside on the top of a hill with no trees about, you are in a comparatively perilous position. Such a house is likely to be struck once every 100 years. But if you live in the average city home, with houses of equal height about you, lightning is apt to single you out about once every 1,000 years. As for the residents in the house perched upon the hill, the chance is one in several million that they will be struck by the bolt that comes once every 100 years.

The bolt might tear up the roof, or even set it afire, but likely would get no closer to you. It would encounter the electric house wiring and would be carried, impotent, to the ground. Or it would hop onto the plumbing system and docilely speed off into the earth.

The safest place in your house is anywhere except where these lightning conductors are centered. Most plumbing and heating pipes run up and down in the middle of the house. Keep away from the walls in which they run. Do not stand between two metal objects, such as a heating radiator and the plumbing pipes. There is nothing wrong with the superstition that bed is a safe place.

In the modern steel office building, lightning can't even get the roof. Most roofs of such buildings are metal and are purposely brought in contact at some point with the steel framework and this circuit absorbs and carries off any lightning that may chance to shoot down.

Perhaps the question of the efficacy of lightning rods has never been fully settled in the public mind. Lightning rods are now to be seen chiefly in the country. There is a lightning rod on nearly every house in the cities, though it may not be visible to the eye. Every plumbing system has an air vent—a pipe—that runs upward to, if not through, the roof. It serves exactly as the lightning rod which pricks the air on the farmer's house.

Explains Why Whales Sink

Some Survive Thrust Only to Be Drowned Later

Some whales when harpooned float, and others sink. Robert W. Gray gives an explanation of this peculiar fact in a letter to "Nature." Whales struck or harpooned with the hand harpoon or with the simple gun harpoon rarely die at once; but survive, and after descending to a great depth return to the surface, when they are again attacked with harpoons, being finally dispatched with whale lances; a few, however, of those that survive and descend fail to return to the surface and are drowned." A whale must come to the surface to breathe, and if it has not strength enough left to do so its lungs fill with water and it is no longer able to float as it would do if its lungs were filled with air.

Mud Baths Save Horse, Victim of Rheumatism

Dax, France.—A course of mud baths saved Grillemont, one of France's great racehorses, from the slaughter house.

Eight months ago Grillemont was so stricken with rheumatism that his owner, as a humanitarian measure, considered destroying him. As a last resort he decided to try on his horse what doctors were advocating for humans, and Grillemont for weeks on end patiently suffered himself to be plastered with hot mud and steaming water.

Now, say the veterinarians, he has completely recovered, and to celebrate his return to health, won a fast race over a mile and a half course. So outstanding was his performance that the government stud at Gelos, in the department of Basses-Prenees, bought him at auction for 600,000 francs ($24,000).

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"Lucifer!" said the Vicar. "I baptize John I baptize . . ." and the baby girl was born way with cognomen, but hardly su names.

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