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"SALADA" GREEN TEA

301

John Ainsley, Master Thief

BY Arthur Somers Roche

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BUTTON, BUTTON

BEGIN HERE TODAY

John Ainsley, a man of education and breeding, becomes a master crook preying upon other thieves. At a resort hotel, Kernochan, a wealthy retired broker, shows Ainsworth a large ruby ring—a present to his daughter upon her engagement to Ernest Vantine, a detective. The jewel Kernochan acquired in settling a claim against the estate of Henry Adams, Boston millionaire. The deal appears on the surface to have been a swindle.

Ainsley obtains a paste copy of the ruby from Adams' elderly widow and drives to the Kernochan estate at Greenwich. The Kernochans think Ainsley is a millionaire. Miss Kernochan shows him the ring again. Just then the lights in the house go out.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

I made some reply, trying to keep my voice from shaking. For under cover of the darkness I was substituting the paste ring which Mrs. Adams had so swiftly loaned me, for the Grand Duke's ruby.

But in the darkness my fingers were clumsy. True, I managed to put the genuine stone in my waistcoat pocket, but the imitation slipped from my grasp and fell upon the table.

"What was that?" asked Miss Kernochan sharply as the ring hit the table.

"I dropped your ring! Pardon, sorry," I replied.

As I spoke the lights came on again. The ring was not upon the table. For a moment there was silence; then Vantine's pop eyes grew hard.

"I don't see the ruby, Mr. Ainsley," he said suspiciously.

"It must be upon the floor," I replied. I tried to keep my voice steady, but failed lamentably. At any rate, Vantine crossed the room, and before I realized his intention, had locked the one door of the room.

"It will have to be on the floor," he said.

I stared at him. "What do you mean?" I demanded.

"Nothing if the ring is on the floor," he retorted.

I will say for the Kernochans that they were embarrassed by the sudden situation. The daughter spoke. "Of course it's on the floor, Ernest. We'll find it."

"You bet we will," assented Vantine.

I had never liked him before; I hated him now. Yet, trying to assume an air of injured innocence, I joined their search. And there was no make-believe in my aid. I knew that unless one of us found the imitation ring, I would not be permitted to leave this house. I would be searched, and that might be dangerous.

Yet after fifteen minutes in which all four of us had combed the rugs and the corners of the room, Vantine straightened up.

"Well, we've given you a fair chance, Ainsley," he said. "Now we'll really look for it." He advanced toward me.

I blustered, but he cried me down. His hands were reaching for me, and I cursed the greediness that had made me retain the ring. I could have slipped it out of my pocket at any time during this past quarter of an hour, but I had been certain that we would find the paste copy. And then, just as I was tightening my muscles, prepared to fight my way out of the situation from which wit had failed to extricate me, Kernochan cried out in excitement. He was wearing an informal sort of evening dress, a baggy affair of heavy material, the dinner suit of a man who wishes to accent the difference between night and day, but who also wishes to be extremely comfortable. The soft material had cuffs on sleeves and trousers, and into one of these latter my paste ring had fallen. Kernochan bent over and retrieved it. There was an embarrassed silence, during which my pulse stood still. Then Vantine grinned feebly.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Ainsley," he said sheepishly.

I stared at him. "I fear that it cannot be granted," I said stiffly. I turned to my host. "You will forgive me if, under the circumstances, I am forced to withdraw my acceptance of your invitation to spend the night."

It was a situation to which Kernochan was unequal. He had been just as suspicious of me as his prospective son-in-law, and he had not the tact wherewith to meet my attitude. He looked helplessly at Vantine. I also looked at Vantine.

"Unlock the door," I ordered the detective.

He shrugged, flushed more redly, and walked to the door. The key was almost in the lock when his fiancee screamed.

"This isn't my ruby," she cried.

* * * * * *

For all his clumsy bulk, Vantine was quick of movement. Key in hand, he leaped to her side. "It's an imitation," he declared. He glared at me. "Very clever—almost clever enough, my sneakthief! But you're dealing with Ernest Vantine. Now, will you be searched here or at the police station?"

"A sneak thief would collect nothing."

I flatter myself that it is in moments like this that I rise to my greatest heights. I simulated a weary contempt. I walked across the room, and if my brain seethed with wrath at myself because I had been fool enough to think that the imitation could deceive people who had held the original in their hands a moment before, I do not believe that my face reflected my thoughts.

Upon the table lay a vanity bag that Miss Kernochan had carried. I put myself between my three accusers and the table, half turning, as I did so. My right hand was hidden from their view for less than a quarter of a second, yet that was time enough for me to effect a transfer of the Grand Duke's ruby from my waistcoat pocket to the vanity bag. Then, contemptuously facing them all, I told Vantine to search me.

* * * * * *

An hour later Vantine gave it up. He had summoned the butler, sent his fiancee from the room, and the three men had stripped me. Failing to discover the authentic ring, they had repeatedly searched the room. But Miss Kernochan had taken her vanity bag with her when she left the room. I could only pray that in the excitement she would forget to powder her nose. And then at length Vantine and Kernochan despaired of finding the ring, they sent the butler for the young woman. In my presence they held a council of war, and the upshot of their conversation was that Vantine started for the telephone, to call the police. Speaking mildly, I stopped him.

"Of course you understand," I said, "that I shall bring suit for criminal slander and for false imprisonment. It seems to me that a man in my position ought to be able to collect substantial damages—say, a quarter of a million."

"A damned sneak-thief would collect nothing," snarled Vantine. Yet he paused.

"Quite true," said I. "But we are not discussing a criminal; we are discussing a gentleman of position."

"You have that ring; at least, you know where it is," declared Vantine. "It didn't vanish into thin air. And this is paste." He indicated the copy which lay upon the card table.

"And aside from the large sum which I shall certainly collect as damages," I went only calmly, "there is something else to be considered. You are the head of a famous detective agency which bears your name. If you declare that I have stolen a ring in your very presence, and are unable to prove the theft—and you can only prove it by finding the ring—what sort of an advertisement will it be for your agency?"

I let this sink in; I enjoyed the expression on Vantine's face. Pop-eyed men should never permit themselves to look angry. They are unbeautiful at best, and at their worst they are extremely offensive.

"You don't think we're going to let you go?" blustered Vantine.

"I don't think it; I know it," I replied. "And if this nonsense ceases at once, I shall let the matter drop. Otherwise—" My pause was a threat.

I saw the cunning in Vantine's eyes. Yet I despised him so thoroughly that I underrated his abilities. He whispered a moment with Kernochan, but I thought that they were merely arguing the advisability of risking the suit which I threatened to bring. So, when Vantine turned to me and gruffly stated that I was at liberty to leave, I bowed, and turning to go, abstracted the ring from the vanity bag which Miss Kernochan had placed again upon the table. Oh, I was still an amateur in those days. Also, I was too confident in my own wit, and too given to contemptuous appraisal of the wit of others. For, just as we reached the door, Vantine said:

"I think we'd better search you once again, Ainsley."

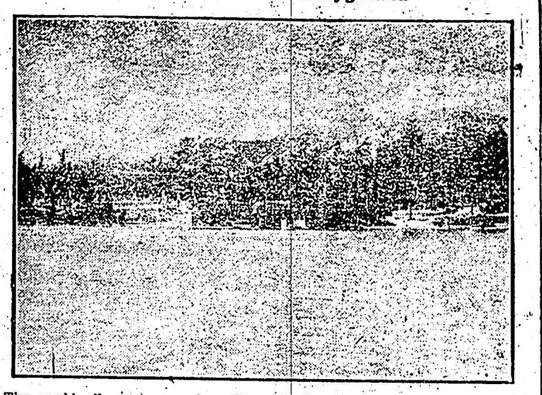
I suppose I went white. I should have known that no one but an utter fool would have permitted me to depart so easily, and Vantine read my horror. He turned to his fiancee.

"If you'll leave us again, Alice, we'll search this man."

"But, you have searched him," she said, bewildered.

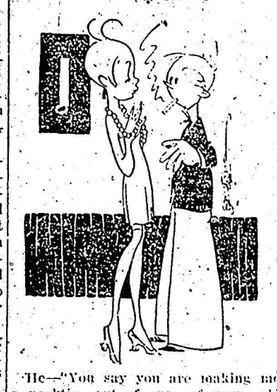
(To be continued)

Canada's Mountain Playground



The world offers no more beautiful scenery than that found in Jasper National Park, that wonderful out-of-doors playground in Northern Alberta on the lines of the Canadian National Railways. Lakes, rivers, mountains and glaciers, and a splendid 18-hole golf course all combine to make Jasper National Park one of the finest of tourist centres on the North American Continent, and the Canadian National Railways have provided the utmost in comfort and convenience for the travellers in their wonderous log cabin hotel, Jasper Park Lodge, which will be visited by the members of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association at the close of their Edmonton Convention this summer.

Built of natural building materials found in the territory in which it is situated, Jasper Park Lodge is proving a mecca for tourists. Pine and cedar logs, rough boulders and other natural building materials have been utilized in the construction of the main lodge and of the bungalows, apart from the main lodge, in which accommodation for the majority of the guests is provided. The result is a series of log cabin homes, where the visitor lives amid mountain surroundings, enjoying wonderous scenery and breathing the health-giving mountain air, while his log cabin is equipped with hot and cold running water, steam heat, and all the comforts of a modern city hotel.



He—"You say you are making me a necktie out of one of your old skirts?"

She—"No, silly. I'm making me a skirt out of one of your old neckties."

Will Represent Canada at Rome

Jean Desy, professor at the University of Montreal, juridical counsellor of the Deparement of Foreign Affairs, is on his way to Rome, where he will represent the Canadian Government at the Copyright Convention.

It is said, in well-informed circles, that Professor Desy, on his return, will be appointed counsellor at the Canadian Legation in Paris.

Ink Dried by Sand Before Discoverey of Blotting Paper

Workman's Error Led to Use of Absorbent Material, Popular Overnight

Ink, according to "The Mentor Magazine," was universally dried with sand until, about a century ago, blotting paper was accientally discovered. One day in an ordinary paper mill in Berkshire, England, a careless workman forgot to put sizing in the mix. Apparently the whole lot was wasted. It was set aside and the neglectful employee soundly berated.

A short time later the proprietor decided to write a note. He deemed the condemned paper good enough for this and, taking a sheet of it, he sat down to his task. As fast as he wrote the ink spread over the whole surface. He rose in vexation to throw the sheet away, when suddenly a thought struck him. Could he not use this for drying ink?

He put the idea to immediate test and found that the new paper dried ink admirably. He called it "blotting" paper and under this name found no trouble in disposing of the entire stock to the trade. This means of drying ink became popular overnight and soon was in general use.

Because red rags were used in its manufacture crimson was for a long time its accepted color. Nowadays blotting paper is made in any number of colors and chiefly in white. And constant experiments have greatly improved the blotting quality of the material itself.

Blotting paper is nothing in reality by a mass of hairlike tubes. These suck up the liquid part of the ink by what is known as capillary attraction. This is the same system by which plants suck up water through their roots.

Despite the fact that blotting paper is less expensive and more efficient than sand, the houses of Parliament of Great Britain used sand for drying ink long after every one else had adopted the newer and more convenient method.

On the desk of every member stood not only a shaker of sand but also a small package of blotting paper. This made it possible for the old sand tradition to be upheld and yet found a place for modern efficiency. It frequently was noticed that the oldtimers in Westminster used the blotting paper regularly, while the newer members would have none of it and kept the sand shakers in active service.

Italy Movie Mad

All Italy is movie mad. They know as much about Gloria Swanson, Tom Mix, Harold Lloyd, and the Del Rio as we do. At least half the personable girls in the country have been told that they look "just like Pola Negri," Alma Rubens or Nita Naldi," and half the young men cherish the secret notion that, given half a chance, they could flutter more feminine hearts than Valentino or Jack Gilbert.—From Delineator.

Turn to Law Making

Turkey's Emancipated Women Begin to Take Up Politics

Prospects for participation by Turkish women in politics are fairly bright, in the opinion of Alwine Wellmann, a German Socialist recently returned from a sojourn in the Turkish Republic, as expected in a German feminist paper:

"One cannot talk about a Socialist movement, let alone a women's Socialist movement, in Turkey. Among women the beginnings of a general political movement are stirring. It is being directed chiefly by educated women.

"The great advance which the President of the Turkish Republic, Kemal Pasha, has brought to Turkish women is the liberation from external subjection. Polygamy is prohibited and the veil has fallen. A woman, like a man, may go about freely and devote her interest to public matters. In the provinces the old traditions are still very strong, while on the other hand the women of Angora, the present seat of Government, and Constantinople have emancipated themselves with astonishing rapidity.

"Kemal Pasha thus far has been the great reformer of customs. Women have already on several occasions sent deputations to him with a request for the political franchise. During the preparations for the elections last summer the workers for the first time put forward two of their colleagues from the factory. I learned, upon my departure, that they were still awaiting endorsement by Kemal Pasha.

"In Turkey, too, as a result of the shifting in world economy, the labor question will become more and more pressing. With the advance of the working class, women also will obtain more freedom. To judge from the progress of Turkey within recent times, the date of this certainty should not be far off."

Viscount Cecil on Security

"At Locarno we gave an absolute guarantee to defend both France and Germany against aggression by the other. Nor did we get any disarmament in exchange. Obviously we cannot extend that policy any further," writes Viscount Cecil in the Sunday Times.

"But what about collective guarantees? Are they really so unthinkable as some say? Why should we not be ready to take our share and not more than our share of a general European guarantee against aggression in return for a substantial measure of disarmament. After all, would such an undertaking make much difference in our actual liabilities?

"In any serious disturbance of European peace we shall probably be involved—we shall certainly be affected. Is it not better that if we have to fight in such a quarrel we should have the help of all other peace-loving European States? Moreover, if the system of collective guarantees of peace already in part established by the League of Nations were perfected and accomplished by general disarmament, the probability of our ever having to fight would be enormously reduced.

"Anyhow, the matter is well worth thinking about. A slight paper increase of our liabilities which brought a great increase of real security might be a very profitable transaction for us. A war-free Europe—how much is that worth to us, materially and morally?"

Comes After Man.

Professor—"In the natural order, what animal comes after man?"

Sour Senior—"Woman."

"Does the man Ethel is going to marry come of good stock?" "Better than that; he owns a lot of it."

The tariff wall erected to keep outside products out is keeping inside produce in.

Getting Ready For A Big Summer

FINE NEW SHIP OF THE CANADIAN STEAMSHIP LINES

S. S. Quebec sliding majestically into the ice-strewn waters of the St. Lawrence at Levis, Que. The launching was witnessed by 15,000 spectators in a severe snow storm.

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HOME-BAKED BREAD IS BEST OF ALL

Prize Diamonds are Found in Namaqualand

No Digging Necessary to Get Orange River Stones, Worth about $2,500,000

Cape Town—Diamonds more beautiful than anything the world has seen will be sent to the cutters in Europe when the official ban on the new areas in Namaqualand is removed.

These rich patches of gravel near the mouth of the Orange River already have yielded stones worth nearly $2,500,000, and the surface has been only scratched. A Cabinet minister recently spent an hour picking up stones on a claim. There was no laborious digging or washing. He collected everything that looked like a diamond, and when his finds were sorted their value was estimated at $30,000.

CLAIMS CAREFULLY GUARDED

In size purity and quality the Namaqualand stones compare favorably with the historic finds of the past. Very few people have been allowed to see them. The claims at the mouth of the Orange River are being guarded, but the territory is so large that it has been impossible to prevent raids.

The raiders make swift motor-car dashes from the alluvial diggings in the Transvaal across the lonely veld to Namaqualand. They seem to know exactly where to search, and they rush their finds back to their own claims, where they are able to "discover" and register them without danger of being caught.

It is strange that these new diamond fields, containing the richest board in the world, should have escaped the shovels of prospectors for so many years.

The late Fred C. Cornell, author and prospector, who knew the mysterious territory south of the Orange River better than any other explorer of his time, followed the legendary gleam of diamonds in the desert sand for years without success. In his books and articles he predicted that vast quantities of diamonds, washed down toward the mouth of the river from inland diamond pipes, would one day be discovered. And now, after his death, the stories which the primitive Hottentots of the Richtersveld told him have at last come true.

STONES TINGED WITH BLUE

Diamonds also have been found on the islands off the coast to the north of the Orange River. Many scientists believe that all the coast diamonds originate in a "parent rock" on the bed of the ocean and that they work their way through submarine pipes into the gravel of the seashore.

Among the Namaqualand finds are some colored stones. One is a gray type tinged with blue, like the notoriously unlucky Hope diamond, and probably is worth thousands of pounds. Many of the stones are so exquisite in quality that they have the appearance of cut diamonds, though they have not been touched by any instrument.

Not since the early days of Kimberley has there been a more romantic or sensational discovery of diamonds in South Africa.

Driving Hints

Making a turn on a street that is somewhat cramped means a bit of manoeuvring, but it need not be the problem most drivers make it. Nine people of of ten swing around until they come to the opposite curb and then back up toward the centre of the thoroughfare in order to cut the wheels around a little more and complete the turn. Doing the job this way means backing into moving traffic and trying to see what's behind. A much more logical way to do the job is to start to turn and then, cutting the wheels in the opposite direction, back to the curb again. When the coast is clear the car is ready to go ahead, making the complete turn without further fussing.

This is the season of muddy detours. Use the best roughest treds on the rear wheels to give the best traction, but when summer comes and you are hitting it up on the highways switch the strongest tires to the front wheels. Front-wheel tire trouble at high speed is dangerous. This may save you a bad spill if you are a speed artist.

Have you ever thought of lightly setting the emergency brakes when the rear wheels won't take hold in the mud? This cuts down the wheel speed and makes for a steadier pull in the mire. Don't use the service brake for this purpose, if your car carries four-wheel brakes. It will defeat your purpose to have the front wheels holding the car back.

Don't forget the warning against riding with the foot on the clutch pedal.

The establishment of town forests—which, in time, will pay town taxes—is paradoxically leading many communities out of the woods by putting them in the woods.

The Detroit Free Press asks: "After a man has set a new speed record what does he do with it?" Usually he tries to better it.

The world a-wing follows the world a-wheel.

Fashions

FOR SMART OUTDOOR

A delightful printed silk dress, with fashionable skirt that can be worn for is dainty enough for any occasion. The long-waisted bodice squared necklines and appropriate forming deep V at front, harmonizing silk crepe, sheer figured. Design No. 807 is serviceable, made of wool two yard faces of crepe satin getting crepe. Pattern is cut in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. 42 and 44 inches bust measure, 36 requires 4⅜ yards of 40-inch material with 3¾ yards of lining. Price, 20c the pattern.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERN

Write your name and address clearly, giving number and size of patterns as you want. Enclose stamps or coin (coin preferred; it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Britain Perfecting First Submarine Plane Carrier

While discussion continues concerning regarding the practicability of such craft as airplane carriers, experiments are being made in England to perfect the first submarine airplane carrier.

Although experimentation has been going on for nearly two years, the unique problem, the first one showing the work which has been completed to date have just been given this country.

The British Navy has converted one of her older submarines, the M-2, into an airplane carrier. The idea in view in the problem was that the plane is merely another weapon in the armory of the M-2 is equivalent to her gunnery equipment.

The housing problem for the plane while the submarine is submerged was one in the construction work that gave the most difficulty. The plane is housed under the forepart of the conning tower construction. A special hangar door, is especially built of a type of light metal construction. A crane is mounted atop the tower for lifting the aircraft out of the hangar. The take off is made from a catapult erected on the forepart of the submersible.

The Dangerous Age

Is there anything so dangerous in any girl's life and at the same time so dangerous as that period when she finds that in the opinion of others as well as one's self, one has chosen the right career; when one's little world leads to another little world and it appears that one has nothing to do but sit back and allow other people to do the work for one?—High Wind in Delineator.

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