John Ainsley, Master Thief

BY

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THE JEWELLED CASKET

BEGIN HERE TODAY.

John Ansley, a man of education and breeding, becomes a master crook preying upon other thieves. Amidst all the afternoon traffic on Fifth Ave. he knocks down a man, whom he sees brutally rubbing a hunchback's hunch, and then runs.

At an auction Ainsley makes a small purchase of tapestry, and then sits back and watches the proceedings. The auctioneer holds up a golden box, studded with jewels, that had been made for a multimillionaire of vulgar tastes. The box is sold for $65,000 to Marcus Anderson, a man who became, during the war, one of the richest men in the world.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

I stayed a while longer, watching less valuable things as they were auctioned off, but I noticed no one present who seemed to offer me a chance of future profit. They were all decent, well-bred folk, and it is not upon these that I wage my warfare. No gentleman or lady need ever fear the activities of John Ainsley. There are enough vulgarians in the world for me to prey upon.

So I left. I dismissed Anderson from my mind. After all I need an opportunity for the exercise of my talent; and there was no opportunity here.

It was sheer accident that made me lunch that day at the Mirabeau. The windlike air and the bright sun made me continue down the Avenue as far as Washington Square, and then I discovered that I was hungry. The Mirabeau, the resort of lovers of good food, was the nearest place. I dropped in there, surrendered myself to the discretion of the voluble French waiter who attended me, and began a hearty meal.

I paid little attention to my fellow-guests, an almost evenly divided mixture of Bohemians, business men and Frenchmen. I notice that those who scrutinize their neighbors in public places invite an equal scrutiny, and so I keep my eyes upon my plate. I am content that few people know me by sight, and that still fewer know me by the name under which I choose to masquerade.

But a waiter stumbled against me, and in acknowledging his quick apology, I looked up. Just beyond him I saw two people. One was the hunchback whose humiliation, although he had not at the time seemed aware of it, I had avenged today. The other was the most dangerous man in America, the man whose I had outwitted earlier today. Monsieur Armand Cochet, the guy with the underworld and the police [illegible] the master criminal [illegible] the White Eagle.

My! My! Ah, I say that Cochet is the [illegible] criminal leader. I was [illegible] in the newspapers [illegible] many times, being a [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] of my triumphs. Also, I may [illegible] said on the quality of the [illegible] of the White Eagle. [illegible] who have read [illegible] will remember the affair of the Chinese One-eyed Men, and will [illegible] forgotten that I scored off the White Eagle in that instance.

[illegible] matter, I knew that the White Eagle had not forgotten it, and while I may say, claim to at least the ordinary courage, I will confess that, as I met those fierce blue eyes, panic assailed me.

The great curved beak which was his nose and which, in conjunction with his white hair, had given him his nickname; the wide mouth, thin-lipped, with a sneering droop at one corner; and the lithe body, still powerful despite his years—these filled me with a fear that I have never known before. And I have seen the gray-clad Eagle leaping down into the trench where I was standing.

And then I was able to banish fear. For I remembered that the White Eagle did not know the face of the man who had tricked him months ago. True, one of his followers knew me. But men are rarely recognized by descriptions. And even as I gave myself this assurance, the White Eagle glanced carelessly away, and he and his companion followed the waiter to a table.

I heard them state that they were expecting a third person, and I took the chance that that third person was not the wise-eyed follower of the White Eagle who knew me by sight. For where the White Eagle flew, there must I pray. I had robbed him of his quarry before; I might do it again.

And this was a game worthy of my talent. Robbing stupid profiteers barely gave me excitement. But snatching meat from the talons of the White Eagle was a man's sport. I smiled as I thought of the elaborate organization ruled by M. Cochet. What a triumph if once again I could make that organization work, not for his enrichment but for myself.

Fear commanded me to fly my chosen and quickly depart. Pride told me that if I continued the easy road, my genius would desert me. I called myself an artist; in my heart I knew that I was worthy of that title. But the artist who is deliberately painting bad pictures ceases to be an artist. I had wished to rob Anderson, a gross, stupid man without wit to copy with me if I decided to assist his secretary. Had I snatched Anderson's box, it would have been an act of common robbery.

Yet I had for a moment considered doing just that very thing. Why? Because my wits were growing rusty from disuse. Here was a chance to sharpen them. And even as I said this to myself, I realized that I had spoken the truth. For into the restaurant came Marcus Anderson, he joined the White Eagle and his hunchback companion.

"My dear Duke!" cried Anderson.

So Monsieur Armand Cochet, the White Eagle, was a duke! The sentimentalities that April had brought to me left me for good.

Beyond Anderson's salutation to the couple who awaited him, I could hear no more of their speech. Only the multimillionaire's snobbish delight at knowing a gentleman of title had enabled me to hear his greeting.

Anderson had deliberately spoken loudly in order that the patrons of the restaurant might know that aristocracy was here. Now, content that attention had been attracted, Anderson did not raise his voice. But stealing an occasional glance at him through the medium of a mirror on the wall, I could see that the man was overcome with snobbish gratification.

* * * *

But one does not need to hear—if one is John Ainsley—in order to know what is being said. I could follow the course of their conversation easily. First there were the pleasant inquiries concerning each other's health. Then there was a reminiscent anecdote by the White Eagle. The pale-faced hunchback capped his leader's story. Anderson delivered himself of a heavy jest. Encouraged, he began to brag. The White Eagle led him on, ably assisted by the cripple.

I could tell that the two criminals—the hunchback must necessarily be a criminal, inasmuch as he was the White Eagle's companion — were grossly flattering their guest. And Anderson was lapping it up like a greedy pup.

Now, Armand Cochet did nothing, I judged, without a purpose. The man was a gentleman, fallen, it is true, from his high estate, but a man of fine intuitions and delicate instincts. Such a one could take no pleasure in the society of Anderson. This was business upon which the White Eagle was engaged; nothing less would have made him tolerate the society of the profiteer.

But what was his business? I meant, when I put the question to

My dear Duke!" cried Anders.a.

myself the exact nature of the scheme which the White Eagle must be planning. Robbery, of course; but what, when and how?

I lingered over my coffee until the others paid their cheque and passed by my table. I stole another glance at the hunchback. He was a fit companion for his master, for despite his slight and deformed physique, there was upon his face a ruthlessness equal to that of the White Eagle. His delicate features and pale skin would have made the unobservant class him as a poetic-minded youth. Most of us, when delicacy is coupled with deformity, ascribe spirituality to the partnership. But I, who must know criminals, understood that the clean-cut mouth was vicious, and that the brown eyes flashed hate more often than mirth.

Leisurely I followed them. I saw them step into Anderson's town-car and start uptown. I followed in a taxi. I was not foolish enough to tell my driver to follow the car ahead, but I told him to go slowly, that I wished to enjoy the spring air; and when the town-car turned a corner, I suggested to my driver that he do the same thing. So without arousing the chauffeur's curious suspicion, I saw the town-car stop before a modest private residence on a side-street in the upper East Side, and noted the number of the house into which the White Eagle and his companion entered. As for Anderson, his address was easy to find. A telephone book—or if his telephone was not listed, there were a hundred other ways to find where he lived. I did not wish to follow him farther.

I dismissed my taxi at Madison Avenue and entered a grocery store. It was an expensive-looking shop, the sort that would have a fashionable patronage. I asked for the proprietor. I told him that I wanted five minutes of his time, and went directly to the point.

"I'm in the automobile accessory business," I said. "I have an automatic windshield cleaner that I manufacture. It's an article that's hard to find. People won't be convinced by a demonstration. They think it won't wear. So I have to let them use it for a couple of weeks. Now, social position and bank references mean nothing to me. I've found out that the richer people are, the less inclined they are to pay little bills in a hurry. I've only a small capital and I need cash. The people in this neighborhood trade with you. You know the ones that pay by the fifth of the month."

(To be continued.)

Fashion

THE BABY'S FIRST SHORT CLOTHES

When baby is ready for short clothes mother will be happy to find this combination pattern, No. 1174, which contains a short coat, with or without cape, short jacket and bonnet. Just everything for "byebye" land. The simple coat is made with a yoke, that always adds a little graceful touch to the straight line. The round collar gives a tailored finish and is cut for comfort. The cape adds warmth for the cool days. It may be sewed in one seam with the collar to the coat, or made and used separately. For the cool days and warm evenings, when just some light wrap is wanted, the simple little jacket with set-in sleeves will quite answer every need. The bonnet, with a rever that is becoming to every baby face, fits nicely by the use of small plaits at the neck-line. Cut in one size, and requires 2⅞ yards for the entire outfit. Price 20c the pattern.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Suspense in China

London Times (Cons.): The possibility of a renewal of civil war owing to a clash between the forces of the various leaders cannot even now be excluded, and in such a war the disorder would certainly be greater than before. The risk is great, but there are two strong moderating influences. The first is the manifest triumph of the vague, strong, but still most imperfectly organized forces in Chinese politics that is called Nationalism, and that does to some extent hold more destructive militarism in check. The second is the frank recognition of the new spirit in China by foreign Powers, first by Great Britain, and now, after a considerable interval, by Japan. For the moment Japan bears a very great responsibility. That responsibility can only be effectively exercised if it is fully shared, on agreed principles, by all the Powers who are directly interested in China.

Agricultural Co-operation

La Presse (Ind.): We in the Province of Quebec, acting under the skillful supervision and with the constant help of the Provincial Ministry of Agriculture, have succeeded in the practical organization of an association of milk producers. The results already achieved furnish a remarkable example of the benefits which are likely to be derived from co-operation.

Gramophones and wireless have become habits instead of pleasures.—Cyril Scott.

Strange Custom Still Popular

'ARRY AND 'ARRIETT AND THE LITTLE NIPPER

The pearly king, queen, prince and princess of Finsbury at Epsom Downs to see what happened to the quid or two they put on the Derby.

Language Mastery

Technical Construction Not Essential to Reading, Says Bureau

There seems to be a widespread belief among the laity, as well as among teachers, that a detailed acquaintance with the technical construction of a language, so that it can be written correctly, is essential to the intelligent interpreaion or use of the language; but the principle seems clear that when a notice is trying to gain a reading mastery of a language he ought not to be impeded by any technical matters which are not absolutely essential to the gaining of content readily, understandingly and appreciatively, says the United States Bureau of Education.

"He should acquire the habit of driving ahead in his reading instead of being retarded in order to analyze grammatical details, with the result that he cannot make rapid progress forward because he is preoccupied with details inward," the bureau continues.

"It is adisable for a novice early to gain the sense that he can move forward readily and surmount linguistic difficulties easily. It is probable that the chief reason why such a large proportion of our correspondents have read no material in any language since graduation is that they had acquired reading habits which did not yield easy mastery of the language for the purpose of gaining content readily, understandingly and appreciatively.

"Experimental data relating to the acquisition of a reading mastery of the native tongue lead to the belief that it is psychologically and linguistically not true that explicit knowledge of the technical construction of a language so that it can be written correctly is necessary for a reading mastery of the language. Exactly the contrary appears to be true.

"It has been proved beyond question, in respect to the native tongue, that explicit awareness of technical details is a barrier to a reading mastery of the language, since reading is a synthetic process in which words must function marginally and merely as symbols to revive content; and the gaining of content is not dependent upon a knowledge of technical minutiae in linguistic construction.

"In acquiring a reading mastery of the native tongue the child gains his reading habits very largely, and often completely, before he undertakes a detailed study of the technical construction of the language. Fortunately his reading habits become so settled before his technical study begin that they are resistant to disturbance from technical study. If the child were detained in the acquisition of reading until he began the study of grammar and had exercises in composition, he would be seriously handicapped in his mastery of the art of arts so that he could read easily, appreciatively and understandingly."

A Matter of Taste

J. C. Squire in the London Observer (Ind.): In "The Open Conspiracy" H. G. Wells describes a newer and more "Modern Utopia." One man's Utopia is another man's poison. I do want the poor to be richer; I do object to the wasteful use of the world's immeasurable resources; I am curious about scientific discovery. But I do not want a world of mixed races, of breeding supervised by experts, and of universal rush. For that is what Mr. Wells seems to want: a posterity interested in posterity and that interested in another posterity; each generation laboring to discover more and leave more to another generation of slaves of the future. The future; is it not Mr. Wells's own scientists who tell us that the world will one day go cold—if a collision with a comet hasn't previously occurred?

Recently published anecdotes of George III. of England assert that the first public intimation of his derangement came when he opened Parliament with the words: "My Lords and Turkeycocks."

I have no illusions about the intelligence of lions. Their memories dim so quickly that you could think their brains were sewn on with a needle and thread.—Charles T. Gay, Veteran Lion Tamer.

Pentland Sails on Liner With Job in Engine Room

Southampton, Eng.—Anxious to get practical experience in engineering, which he is studying at Cambridge, Lord Pentland, whose maternal grandparents are the Marquis and Marchioness of Aberdeen, sailed as a worker in the engine room of the Mauretania recently. The youthful peer is just 21 years old.

Young Lord Pentland, second Baron, succeeded to the title in 1925. His father, who was Captain John Sinclair, was secretary and controller of the household of the Marquis of Aberdeen when the Marquis was Governor-General of Canada. The Captain, who had already had a distinguished military and political career, married his chief's daughter, Lady Marjorie Gordon.

Captain Sinclair was a close friend of the Liberal leader and Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and was by him included in the Cabinet and subsequently suggested for the peerage.

Lord Pentland is a great-grandson of Sir John Sinclair, seventh Baronet of Dunbeath, and a member of the historic Scots house of Sinclair, of which the present Earl of Caithness is chief.

Rome's Moral Wave Hits Coast Resorts

Government Orders Prelects to See That Bathing Suits Are Limited to Beaches

Rome.—The Italian seaside resorts bid fair to be rather tame this year. After "moralizing" almost all other aspects of Italian life, Fascismo has now decided to turn its attention to the beaches, where rich Italians and foreigners cheat boredom during the Summer months, indulging in a Bohemian freedom from the usual conventions as to dress and deportment.

Just when a majority of Italians are abandoning the sweltering cities and are headed toward the sea and looking forward to spending a few months without ever wearing anything heavier than a bathing suit, they have been overtaken by a circular issued by Premier Mussolini to all Perfects having seaside resorts within their jurisdiction, bidding the into exercise the closest supervision that the strictest standards of morality will not be broken.

It is forbidden to wear bathing suits that do not measure up to the ideal of strictest puritanism. One-piece bathing suits, therefore, are absolutely taboo. It is forbidden to dance or dine in bathing suits or even in dressing gowns. It is forbidden to appear anywhere but on the beach unless fully dressed. The bathing cabin for men and women must be kept severely separate except the family cabins. The deportment of bathers must be such as not to give offense to the most scrupulous sticklers for propriety. These are some of the outstanding features of the new Government orders.

Byrd Polar Plane Tested for Height

Tri-Motored Ford Makes 12,000 Feet, But Has to Drop 1,500 Pounds of Sand to Do it

New York.—The tri-motored Ford monoplane, in which Commander Richard E. Byrd hopes to fly to the south pole, has just undergone an altitude test here in which it reached a height of 12,000 feet. The airplane, however, was unable to attain the maximum height fully loaded, and 1,500 pounds of san dwere jettisoned.

In order to be used successfully on the south pole flight, the airplane must pass over mountains 10,000 feet high.

The exact significance of the test here will not be determined until performance of the airplane is carefully checked against the probable flight conditions which it would face in the antarctic.

The airplane was piloted by Lieut. Bernt Balchen, accompanied by Ijar old I. June, United States navy pilot, who is expected to accompany the Byrd expedition. Balchen took off from Roosevelt Field with a full load of 12,000 pounds and climbed to an altitude of 8,800 feet. As no maneuvering could increase the altitude 500 pounds of sand were dropped and the monoplane rose to 10,000 feet.

When the second 500 pounds of ballast was dropped, the airplane rose to 11,000 feet. The third 500 pounds of sand was thrown out later, permitting it to rise to 12,000 feet. It was regarded as possible that the weight of the sand thrown off the airplane would about represent the weight of the fuel consumed in the polar trip before the 10,000 feet elevation would be reached. In this event, it was said, the performance of the Ford monoplane might be regarded as satisfactory. It is at present equipped with 300-horsepower Wright whirlwind motors. Substitution of a Pratt & Whitney 400-horsepower Wasp engine for the centre motor may be tried in an effort to give the airplane additional altitude.

POOR MULE

A young Negro, driving a cart drawn by a mule, was endeavoring to induce the animal to increase its speed. Suddenly the mule let fly with its heels and dealt the Negro a tremendous kick on the head that stretched him on the ground.

"Is he hurt?" asked a stranger of another Negro who had jumped from the cart and was standing over the prostrate driver.

"No, boss," was the reply. "Dat mule will probably walk kind o' tendah for a day or two, but he ain't hurt!"

"Orange Pekoe" is only the name given to a size of leaf—Some good, many poor, Orange Pekoes are sold—The most economical and yet the finest flavoured is "SALADA" Orange Pekoe. Sealed in metal—pure—fresh—delicious—43c per ½-lb.

"SALADA" TEA

Communists' War on Kissing Satirized in Russian Press

Attack on "Sinister, Aristocratic" Survival" Leads to Opposition and Many Questions

The Central Committee of the Young Communist Organization of the Gubernlyn of Saratof recently ordered all its local groups to wage a campaign against the practice of kissing as a "sinister, aristocratic survival of the old regime, a sign of social disintegration disgraceful for a society of class conscious workers and peasants." The order drew the following comment from A. Soritch, a Moscow writer, which has been going the rounds of the Russian press:

"So, the kiss poisons the minds of a revolutionist and paralyzes his will in the battle for communism. It gnaws at ideology like the grub in the rye. Everybody who kisses or is kissed, becomes a cowardly burrower of the accomplishments of the November revolution! To arms against the confusing evil of the days of Genyef!

"The circular of the Youth Section has carried elementary confusion into the youthful spirits of the whole district. From all towns and villages comes a hail of questions, tests, technical suggestions and [illegible] for improvement.

Varieties of the Salute

"Are kisses in general to be published under Order No. 7223? In the query, or only the evening kisses under the chestnut tree in the branches of which a blue-blooded feudal nightingale sings its decadent song to the moon?

"All right, so far as kisses on the mouth are concerned, but somehow about a kiss on the cheek, kiss on the forehead, especially the latter is no doubt calculated to upset the tempo of Socialist reconstruction and to awaken the [illegible] manly spirit in the breast of the younger generation of the Party. Are brotherly kisses upon the tip of the nose allowed? Are they permissible when, according to Marxian analysis, of the [illegible] waves of feeling from which the kiss comes arises?

"Or wouldn't it be worth while instead of resorting to mere [illegible]

A Gradual Abolition

[illegible] of the many questioners made [illegible] so unreasonable suggestion [illegible] number of kisses be rationed [illegible] a descending scale. Say a portion of five kisses in the beginning, which would be increased by [illegible] at every anniversary of the revolution. This small [illegible] would [illegible] to the taste of the village [illegible] which, in fact, [illegible] a [illegible] for the reform.

[illegible] to propose at [illegible] abolishing of kissing in the [illegible] homes without Social danger.

[illegible] Saratof Youth Section has had [illegible] troubles looking over and [illegible] all these involved questions. [illegible] was really a new problem [illegible] has not been forced to any [illegible] and could not be cleared up within a fixed time. For, [illegible] to say, those for the kissing [illegible] had never been made the [illegible] of a single circular [illegible] nor of even the [illegible] kind [illegible] colour in the party [illegible] [illegible] with express [illegible] by with the Saratof Youth Section [illegible] and [illegible] them [illegible] But why wait for the [illegible] the people [illegible] the [illegible] expression [illegible]

Radio Links Two Isolated Pacific Groups With Mainland

Inhabitants of Nauru and Ocean Islands, Australia, New Zealand Hundreds of Miles Away Thrilled

Auckland, New Zealand.—Way [illegible] under the equator, and [illegible] miles north of New Zealand, [illegible] little palm covered islands, [illegible] about six miles in diameter, [illegible] years their sole output was a [illegible] of copra. Then came the discovery that these two islets were where they stood, more than $1,000,000 for the cocoanuts at Nauru and [illegible] Island were growing over [illegible] of millions of tons of the richest phosphate rock in the world. Today the British Phosphate Commission [illegible] these deposits to the extent of [illegible] a million tons per annum, and [illegible] a solitary trading schooner called occasionally, tramps come [illegible] to load the fertilizers, chiefly [illegible] tralia and New Zealand.

A high-powered wireless plant, [illegible] of the chain by which Germany girded the Pacific, now works [illegible] British control at Nauru [illegible] be, for its size, the most [illegible] in the world. But mere [illegible] munication with the great outer world is insufficient for the commercial operations at Ocean and Nauru which are 10 miles apart.

Each island has its own wireless telephone plant, a half kilowatt installation for two-way conversation. Daily the managers and other officials call one another up over this [illegible] to discuss all details regarding the loading and other matters affecting the commission's work. On board Nauru Chief, the supply ship, [illegible] officials, native labor [illegible] to the two islands, is a similar kilowatt Marconi set, and when in a 300-mile range this vessel constant daylight conversation [illegible]

Separation

Quebec Soleil (Lib.): The appointment of Canadian Ambassadors to foreign countries is not [illegible] with the harmony of the British Commonwealth of Nations. It is, on the contrary, impossible for [illegible] which differ from one another much in their interests, their sources and their geographical position, as the countries of the Empire do, to have one voice, one spirit, one will and one desire.

In Uganda a man who hunts elephants with a camera was [illegible] focusing a herd, seized by a [illegible] from behind, flung against [illegible] knelt upon, and then hurled [illegible] into the long grass.

Tourists who lately drove [illegible] tances in France remark that [illegible] small provincial towns hotels [illegible] stalled baths and running hot [illegible] and that five-course luncheons [illegible] compris," are being served [illegible] persons for a total of 16 cents.

[illegible] year [illegible] for a [illegible] already [illegible] it.

[illegible] Mr. Bernard Shaw or Mr. Wells, but the late Lord Northcliffe has done the most to form character of the post-war generation.—Lord Burnham.