

# John Ainsley Master Thief

Arthur Somers Roche  
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## THIEVES' JUSTICE

BEGIN HERE TODAY

John Ainsley, a man of education and breeding, becomes a master thief—preying upon other thieves. In arranging with a "fence" to dispose of a box of jewels which he stole from the White Eagle, a crook, Ainsley is overheard by Swede Thomassen, a murderer in hiding.

Thomassen comes to Ainsley's apartment and demands half of the jewels. He makes himself completely at home in Ainsley's apartment and waits for the money. Ainsley telephones the White Eagle, telling him that the man who robbed him and a partner will be dividing the jewels at 9 o'clock in his—Ainsley's—apartment. Then he goes to Thomassen in his apartment until the White Eagle arrives.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY. And Thomassen was shrewd enough to realize that any attack upon me would be better deferred until just as he was leaving. My servant, despite my instructions to her, might come to the apartment—she might see the fencers, the janitor—some one like this might call, and if I were not present to receive him, embarrassment might arise for the hiding murderer.

I had persuaded him that he should stay here until ten o'clock, so I felt fairly confident that he would make no attack upon me until shortly before that hour. And the White Eagle was due at nine.

We dined, the lathsome Thomassen and myself, off viands that I prepared. And at a quarter to nine we had finished and were smoking after-dinner cigarettes in my bedroom. I had advised sitting in here, because it was the most secluded room in the apartment. And Thomassen, as the hour for his departure approached, began to yield to the strain of the situation. A number contemplating another murder, I was certain that he intended to kill me and take all the Anderson jewels—it did not seem absurd to him that one man should be less conspicuous than another. It was the farthest room from the entrance door, and anything said or done was less likely to be heard in my bedroom. Indeed, he thought that I was playing into his hands.

At just before nine o'clock I started an argument. I said that he had taken the more valuable of the jewels and that we ought to divide them again. From his pockets he produced his share. He was glad for the dispute. He wanted to work himself up, cold-blooded though he was, to a point where my murder would seem more justifiable. Even men like Thomassen have their queer code.

I laid my share with his upon a table. As I did so, I heard the faintest of sounds, the mere clicking of a lock as a key was turned in it. And so I raised my voice, drowning the sound. "Damn it, Thomassen," I cried, "you can't get away with this."

His blue eyes, slightly bloodshot, turned upon me with a glare of sneering wrath. "I can't, eh?" he demanded. "His hand went to his hip pocket. He was in his shirt sleeves. In pretended fear I backed away from him until I reached the window. And as I did so, the White Eagle, followed by that companion of his who had masqueraded as a hunchback the last time I saw him, Lotier, entered the room.

"I uttered an exclamation of simulated surprise. Thomassen whirled and saw the intruders. His gun leaped from his pocket, but the White Eagle fired first. I heard Thomassen's death-cry, and then I went through the window, smashing the glass. I dropped to the ledge below. I broke the twine that secured the clumsy effigy in place and hurled it to the ground below. And as it fell, I emitted a shriek, the despairing cry of a man hurrying to death. And then my effigy thumped upon the ground. The books with which I had weighted it made it sound like a human body.

## A New Friend Evidence Shows German Guilt

The Lowly Bat Now Found to Aid Man in War Against Mosquitoes

The mosquito offensive may be conducted with a can of kerosene sprinkled in the water barrel, with an air-swamp and marshes, or even with little fish introduced into breeding places. Now comes word from Texas that the ancient and much maligned bat is fighting the pest.

Even the Bible brands the bat as unclean and from ages past this, one of the oldest of mammals, has been regarded as a thing of evil. Man deserted towers, shunning it as a symbol of wickedness and ruin, and women have run from it in terror, believing that its one purpose in life is to entangle itself in the human hair.

This little creature has never known anything from mankind but unpopularity. There is, however, another creature of the night which men loathe even more, the mosquito, and here the bat has found a chance to redeem itself. Where bats have been used to fight mosquitoes there have been people who at first declared they would rather have the insects than the animals, but later, it is said, they changed their minds when aware of the results of the work.

It was some years ago when Dr. Charles A. R. Campbell, an employe of the Health Department of San Antonio, set out to find a way to lessen danger from malaria by eradicating mosquitoes. His idea was to investigate the plan of using bats. The common species of this animal lives on insects, catching them on the wing; mosquitoes are plentiful they are the bat's main article of diet. One bat may thus kill more than 1,000 mosquitoes in a night.

Dr. Campbell undertook to find out how this appetite might be bent to the use of man. He envisioned large colonies of bats, brought under cultivation where needed and on an effective scale. At eventide they would fly from the quarters assigned to them, clear the atmosphere of mosquitoes, then turn back to the roost until the return of darkness.

## Common Toad Hero of the Night

Plant-Destroying Insects Are the Nightly Diet of Bufo Boreas, Expert Declares

Washington.—Bufo is the farmer's friend—a hero of the night. What, if not he, is he who meddles with a garden? To say nothing of voracious caterpillars, poisonous spiders, the damp and daring sowbugs, and those "thousand-legged worms" called millipedes. He eats them and a host of other insects that destroy the farmer's crops.

But his efforts are not repaid in kind. Bufo is only a toad, usually thought of as stout, fat and wary. The four-letter word in his family name; and as toads go he may be Bufo boreas, the common toad of the North-west, or he may be the ordinary garden variety that gets kicked around, run over, plowed under or left to the teeth or talons of predatory reptiles, birds and whatnot.

Remington Kellogg, government biologist, says such abuse is not right. He insists an active interest in the conservation of toads must be taken if these useful animals are to escape extermination by the draining of their breeding places, by the burning over of fields and woods, by the careless operation of automobiles and farm machinery and by other perils of their present-day environment.

The toad, Kellogg says, is a great guardian of plant-destroying insects. He is mainly terrestrial and nocturnal, protruding into the night the general welfare of insectivorous birds after they have called it a day. Sometimes he may get a good insect, one that sways on other insects, and there is no damage. But the harm is done by his law of average. White he is less susceptible to stings than other vertebrates, he makes no denial of discomfort and proceeds on an immediately different diet.

THOUGHTS ON LEARNING  
The chief art of learning is to attempt but a little at a time.—J. Locke.

## Parson, Teacher Create Model Ozark Village

Develop Community Center in Lost Corner of Arkansas Mountain Fastness

Carry On 3 Publications Religion, Education, Health Advanced by Two Workers

Kingston, Ark.—A tiny village of 175 population, not even listed on official maps of Arkansas, is a model rural community. Located in the hills of Madison County with the only way of approach a single mountain road, this little village is receiving nationwide commendation.

Isolated, indeed, is Kingston for about four months in the late spring and early summer, when the lone road is submerged by the waters from Kings River.

The community project began eleven years ago when Elmer J. Bouher, circuit-riding parson "from up on the Dry Creek settlement," first rode into town and preached his initial sermon before a "brush arbor meeting."

After days of drifting he landed at the village of Cotter and liked sixteen miles over the mountain to Kingston. When autumn came Rayburn, a schoolmaster, drifted from the World War to Transum, Mo. He had used his last dollar to buy scrap lumber, nails, four empty beer kegs and the loan of a saw and hammer. With these he built a raft, hoarded it and floated down the White River.

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Plant is Worth \$40,000  
A large church in Rochester heard of the enterprise of the struggling hill town and sent a donation of \$4,000. When a professional contractor to rebuild the building inspected the completed structure, he declared that the lumber used alone would have cost more than \$40,000 at the lowest current market price.

Months of Europe "cross the sea" touring France and Italy. Months of magic "round us spun" Bring when all is said and done—Bring at last a sad arrest—Put heartily-living hearts to rest.

England  
The small boy had been taught to rise whenever his parents entered a room which he was occupying. As happened, he had a friend in to tell one afternoon and when his mother came into the room Robert bowed politely. His friend made a noise as Robert asked him to stand up. So minutes later his mother entered the room and Robert and his friend both jumped to their feet. A third entrance was so much to the guest. "Look here, Bobbie," he exclaimed, "what do you think of your mother?"

Christie's ASSORTED SANDWICH  
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## The Canadian Pioneering Spirit

From an Address by Hon. Vincent Massey, Minister to the U.S., Speaking to the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, March 27, 1928

Within the short space of fifty years the pioneering spirit inherent in Canadians has resulted in the development of resources until now Canada ranks second in the world in per capita wealth in value of mines, wheat growing, factories, production of paper and extent of railroads.

The progress of the country is steady and without boom features even bankers being optimistic regarding future growth. Wheat crop now has grown within 400 miles of the Arctic Circle, an eighteen hour day during the summer compensating for the shortness of the season itself. All the mines now developed in Canada might be contained in an area of one hundred square miles, although the known mineral-bearing area of the country exceeds 200,000 square miles.

## Offer Medals to Ontario Teachers

Quebec Departments Donate Prize for Progress in French

Quebec.—Two medals have been offered for competition among the Ontario teachers who have come to Quebec to learn French, the medals to be awarded to the two who show the greatest progress during the course of the four weeks that they will be here.

One of the medals is the gift of the Department of Foreign Affairs, while the other has been given by the Quebec Department of Public Instruction. The teachers have arrived in Quebec for their course at the Sillery Convent, and were officially welcomed by Hon. Cyrille Delage, superintendent of public instruction for the province. There were 50 assembled in the convent when Mr. Delage arrived with C. A. Jeannot, of Toronto, to whom he handed the medals to remain in his custody until after the four weeks' course is completed.

Mr. Penner stated that the gift of the medals would further help cement the good relations existing between the two provinces, and would be an additional symbol of the bonhomie entente between the people of Quebec and Ontario.

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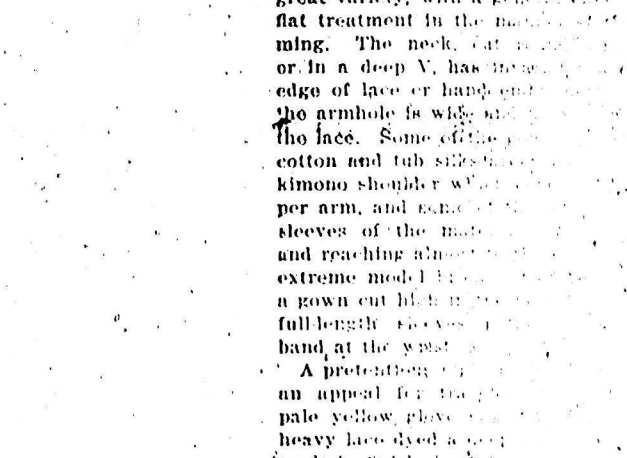
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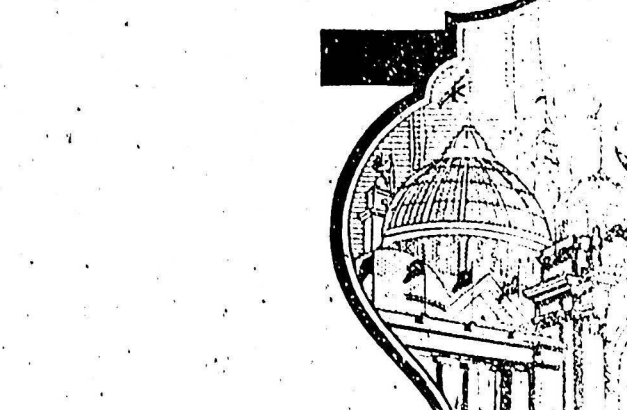
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ISSUE No. 33-28

BRITON'S BOOK ASSERTS Sun, Not Earth, Moves  
A book attempting to prove that the sun revolves around the earth has just been published in England.  
It was written by William Edgell, of Gloucestershire, and sums up his experiments extending over thirty years. For the last two years he has used a telescope trained on the Pole Star and night after night he has watched for some sign of motion.  
Has the star budged? It has not. But the case of the sun is different. The morning it was shining in Mr. Edgell's front garden and in the evening it was over the back garden. The argument is irrefragable, but the book contains added proof in experiments with oranges, smoke, pendulums, eclipses and tides.

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