John Ainsley, Master Thief

BY Arthur Somers Roche

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THIEVES' JUSTICE

BEGIN HERE TODAY

John Ainsley, a man of education and breeding, becomes a master crook 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 tries to hold 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. Electric-light inspectors, 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 heathenish Thomassen and I, on all of the goods that I prepared. And as a prelude to nine we had finished and were smoking after-dinner cigars in my studio. I had advised him to come here, because it was the [illegible] from my apartment. And Thomassen, as the hour approached, began to show the strain. He paced the floor, he jumped at every sound, he [illegible] the entrance door, and [illegible] was deserted bedroom. Indeed, he thought that I was playing into his hands.

At just before nine o'clock I started on a moment. I said that he had taken the more valuable of the jewels and that we ought to divide them again. From his pocket 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 sincere 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 battling 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.

I heard an exclamation from the room. Clinging desperately to the ledge, I looked up. The White Eagle's face appeared through the broken glass. He looked down; in the shadows below he saw a dark mass; he took it for me. Perhaps you who read my memoirs understand now why I had to wait until after dark. In daylight my bundle of books and pillows and overcoat would not have deceived him for a moment. But it deceived him now.

He uttered an ejaculation of ferocious delight. He turned back into the room. And like a cat I rose upon the ledge, swung to the window-sill, and before Lotier could cry a warning, I was upon the White Eagle, had wrenched his revolver from his hand and dominated the situation.

"The alarm will be raised in five minutes," I told them. "But unless you give me two minutes' start, I'll shoot!"

The White Eagle stared at me. His deep-set eyes were bewildered.

"Nom de Dieu, why this? It is you who telephoned me to come here. I know your voice. Why?"

I swept the jewels from the table, stuffed them into my pockets, and backed to the door. "It is too long a story, my dear Duc," I answered.

"Nevertheless, one day you shall tell it to me!" he threatened.

From the doorway I laughed at him. "Perhaps, Monsieur le Duc. Meantime—two minutes. And read tomorrow's papers; perhaps then you will understand."

Then I went through my living-room, through the front door, and took the stairs three at a time. Outside, I hailed a taxi. As we drove into the park, I saw the White Eagle and Lotier course from the building. But there was no other taxi. They could escape, but they could not catch me—for both of which facts I was extremely glad, for it had not been my plan to jeopardize the White Eagle.

I had merely intended to see that justice was done to Thomassen. The promise exacted from me prevented me from executing that justice with my own hand. And I have explained the various reasons why I could not call in the police.

Have I had known that I would not be the victim also of the White Eagle's rage? I had not known. I had taken deliberately the chance that I, too, would be killed. Why? Have I not said that when I surrendered honesty I clung to honor? Could I permit a heart like Thomassen to escape the just penalty of his dreadful crime? Could I aid in such escape?

Had I expected to regain the Andersen jewels once the White Eagle set his eyes upon them?

In answer to that I can only say that I had prepared myself to die in their defence. For the money that they represented meant rehabilitation, the abandonment of this life. And I was still young enough to think that miracles do sometimes happen.

Of course, Thomassen's body would be found in my apartment. The police would seek for me. Suspicion would inevitably be aroused. Leedon might talk. Even in that excited moment of my escape, I realized that matters would not be as easy as they would have been had not Thomassen come to blackmail me. Nevertheless I thought that they would be easy enough.

I was a fool. But then, I was a thief. And a thief is a fool. But I did not look to future difficulties then. I was wondering if the White Eagle, reading Thomassen's identity in the morrow's papers, would appreciate the fact that I had deliberately made him an instrument of justice. I thought that he would; the French are notable for their romantic imagination. The White Eagle, if he knew all the facts, would appreciate them, and admire me.

Indeed, I admired myself. I had extricated myself from a nasty situation with credit. Certainly I consider that my execution of Thomassen—it was an execution—is the most highly commendable act of my life. I had kept my word to a murderer, but I had also kept faith with myself. My respected forbears might condemn my mode of life, but they would forgive me this chapter. For I had risked my own life rather than let Thomassen go free. I ask no praise for the things I do; but this time, in the matter of Thomassen, you must withhold your censure. You who understand may forgive.

(To be continued.)

Sewing For Saints

All her earthly life Miss Jane had cut
And fitted, hemmed and shirred,
To day her sewing basket's gathering dust upon the shelf,
Needless rusty, useless shears, the yardstick in its corner leans—
And what can she be doing now to occupy herself?

With folded hands she'd never be content at all to sit around,
Or with the Blessed Damosels to throng the Golden Stair;
Her fingers would be itching for the scissors and the cutting board,
To keep on making pretty clothes for other folk to wear.

Maybe the Heavenly Mansions have a shining little sewing room,
And if so, while the others play their harps and sweetly hymn,
Know 'tis there Miss Jane will sit, still sewing saintly samite robes
On stitching shifts with loving care for baby cherubim!

—Mazie V. Carruthers, in New York Times.

The meek little customer entered a fruiterer's and said—"I'll take two pears, please; how much?" "Two shillings, please," said the assistant. The little man bore the shock bravely. "Here," said he, producing a half-crown. "Keep the other sixpence; I took a grape while you weren't looking."

3 handy packs for 5c

Here is a treat that can't be beat! Benefit and pleasure in generous measure!

CI 80

Peppermint Flavor

ISSUE No. 33—'29

A New Friend

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 airplane puffing poisonous dust over swamps 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 has left it to its desolate caverns and 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; and stomach tests show that when 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 like bees, so that they might be used 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 heroic, is he who meddles with a termite in the dark? To say nothing of voracious caterpillars, poisonous spiders, the damp and daring sowbugs and those "thousand-legged worms" called millepeds. 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 squat, fat and warty. The four-letter word is his family name, and as toads go he may be a Bufo bereas, the common toad of the Northwest, 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 gourmand of plant-destroying insects. He is mainly terrestrial and nocturnal, prolonging 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 preys on other insects, and thereby do damage. But the harm is outdone by his law of average. While he is less susceptible to stings than other vertebrates, he makes no denial of discomfort and proceeds on an immediately different dietary.

THOUGHTS ON LEARNING

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

* * *

Of all learning the most difficult department is to unlearn.—Chatfield.

* * *

Learning passes for wisdom among those who want both.—Sir W. Temple.

* * *

It is not wise to attempt to make a slave of a man of learning.—Moelmud.

* * *

Learning makes a good man better, and an ill man worse.—John Garth.

* * *

Never be ashamed to learn, even from less men than thyself.—K. Eliazar.

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 had 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. In the morning it was shining in Mr. Edgell's front garden and in the evening it was over the back garden. The argument is impregnable, but the book contains added proof in experiments with oranges, smoke, pendulums, eclipses and tides.

Evidence Shows German Guilt

"The most important bases for a judgment on the question whether Germany was solely responsible for the World War are undoubtedly furnished by the Color Books published during the war," says Alfred von Wegerer, German semi-offical war historian, in the August Current History. "These publications, from start to finish, contain only a small fragment of the documentary material available, and the individual documents were abridged and disfigured by various omissions and transpositions in the text. The Color Books of the three great powers, England, Russia, and France, clearly show a tendency to leave out anything that might throw an unfavorable light on their own policy, or that might tend to exculpate the Central Powers. The French Yellow Book, in addition to these characteristics, contains forged documents which serve the same purpose. The remaining official documents are characterized in part by incorrect tests, based upon falsifications, for which the Committee on War Responsibility and Sanctions, whose report to the Preliminary Peace Conference in 1919 was made the basis of the famous War Guilt clause of the Versailles Treaty, fixing sole blame on Germany, cannot, we admit, be held responsible. We would now ask those who drew up the report whether they would today, in view of the new evidence presented, still endorse the report."

This challenge to the War Guilt Committee of 1919 is answered by a number of the surviving members of the committee in the August issue. Baron Rolin Jaequemyns, Belgium member of the committee, after examining all the new evidence summarized by Dr. von Wegerer, concludes: "But supposing all this to be true, does it give rise to one single new fact of such a nature as to alter the conclusions of the committee?"

F. Larnaude, French member of the committee, declares that "the Germans will never eliminate from the record of history the responsibility which weighs on them—nation and Emperor—both for having deliberately prepared and undertaken the war, and for the abominable crimes which they committed." Konstanty Skirmunt (Poland) says: "All documents and disclosures subsequently published confirm the inherent soundness of that verdict."

"No evidence that has yet been adduced annuls Germany's real responsibility," declares Preston Slosson, Associate Professor of History in the University of Michigan, in the same issue. Of all the main arguments set forth by Dr. von Wegerer, he adds, only one has any element of truth, viz., that "these documents were so incomplete as to be totally misleading," and this "is only partly true, though exaggerated. The other documents are false from beginning to end."

"The tribunal of history may very probably acquit Germany of the major guilt of desiring a general war," he says in conclusion, "but I cannot see how it can ever acquit Germany of having assumed the responsibility of a war that might have been avoided at any date to Aug. 1, by accepting the British proposal for a peaceful settlement."

Report Ready

Annual Trade Figures Now Available

The Condensed Preliminary Report on the Trade of Canada for the fiscal year 1927-28 has just been issued by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. This handy little brochure has been considerably enlarged this year and now comprises 120 pages. It consists of two sections, a "Review" and a "Condensed Statistical Record" of Canadian Trade.

The "Review" deals with the volume and value of the Dominion's external commerce. Its fluctuations, distribution and routes of transportation are examined in respect to both current conditions and recent variations. Several of the analyses are now published for the first time. Canada's progress and her present position among the great trading nations of the world are explained in particular detail. More particularly, the "Review" treats of the following among other subjects: Relation between Trade in Raw and Manufactured Products; Seasonal fluctuations; Trade by Continents; Imports by Principal Countries; Exports by Principal Countries; Trade Balances; Principal Commodities Imported; Imports for Canadian Industries; Principal Commodities Exported; Trade via the United States; Canada's Position in International Trade; Canada's share in World Import Trade, etc., etc.

The "Condensed Statistical Record" of Canadian Trade has been enlarged this year so that it now covers eighty-three (83) countries, the commercial exchange with which is segregated and dealt with in detail. This is the only official report containing trade statistics in this form. There are also summary and analytical tables dealing with Canada's trade as a whole. Copies of this report may be obtained on application to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, Ottawa.

Tomorrow.

Why shouldst thou fill to day with sorrow
About to-morrow,
My heart?
One watches all with care most true,
Doubt not that he will give thee, too,
Thy part.

—Paul Fleming.

The Father (admonishing his children): "Well, I can tell you there is one thing I never did when I was a small boy." His Aged Mother (interrupting): "What was that, George? Murder?"

Dad—How did you come out with your exams? Son—Passed 'em just like they were cars ahead.—(Cincinnati Enquirer.)

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 nation-wide comment.

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," rode into town and preached his initial sermon before a "brush arbor meetin'."

Six-Shooters Pop.

The natives did not take kindly to this stranger and his first sermon was preached to an accompaniment of discharging six-shooters and ill-suppressed whoops. But the strange things the parson said in his talk interested the natives.

"We must live by the doctrines of neighborly love. We must respect the nobility of honest labor. Creeds and denominations are but slight things. The being and spirit of Jesus Christ, our Saviour, is the great thing."

What Kingston needed most, he said, was more love and less liquor. It needed a free church, schools and hospitals for every one, and a road to join it with the world beyond South Mountain.

A few years later a youngish schoolmaster, Otto Ernest Rayburn, drifted into town. He had just returned from the World War to Branscum, 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, boarded it and floated down the White River.

Trader Hikes In.

After days of drifting he landed at the village of Cotter and hiked sixteen miles over the mountain to Kingston. When autumn came Rayburn opened a school. Forty-four pupils, with ages averaging a little more than twenty years, answered roll call. The pupils were orderly, intelligent and very much in earnest. The first two years of school the teacher lived as did the preacher, upon the benevolence of the countryside.

After talking the situation over the parson and the schoolmaster called a countryside mass meeting and discussed plans for a community building—schoolhouse, church, bookroom, meeting house, all in one. The hill people were hard to convert to the idea, but these two leaders, not to be outdone, chucked off their coats and started digging the foundation.

That was five years ago. Just recently the community building, a thing of permanence and beauty, was finished. After Bouher and Rayburn undertook the job they got together a few carpenter's tools and called for voluntary labor. Slowly the hill folks began to respond. A sawmill that had been discarded was rigged up, and pine, oak, wild cherry, el mand sassafras were brought from the neighboring hillside and sawed for the building of the big house. Merchants in neighboring towns contributed nails and window glass.

Plant is Worth $40,000

A large church in Rochester heard of the enterprise of the struggling hill town and sent a donation of $9,000. When a professional contractor, on valuating 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.

After the five years required for completing the building Kingston now had a fully equipped high school, one offering thoroughly modern instruction in printing, manual training, blacksmithing, farm management, agriculture, Smith Hughes vocational, health and domestic service. There are now 225 students and 6 teachers. During the summer a people's college is held and preparations are now being made to open a junior college.

"There are other things besides the school system that helps Kingston to receive nation-wide comment. Some of these are the library of 5,000 volumes in the far wing of the community building, the print shop in the old school house, where practical training is provided in the printing art, and where "The Kingston Mirror," a weekly newspaper; "The Ozark Life," a monthly magazine, and "The Thinker," a philosophical quarterly, are published by Otto Ernest Rayburn, superintendent of schools.

The latest addition to Kingston is a community health centre, located in the old church. Four thousand dollars' worth of instruments and a medical library of 1,000 volumes have been donated to this, the only health center in the county. The qualified nurse, who has charge of the hospital, also works in surrounding neighborhoods. Supplies for expectant mothers are lent free of charge to needy hill families.

In the community building at Kingston are found the only free library, the only pipe organ, the only hot air furnace and the only lighting system in Madison County.

"SALADA" ORANGE PEKOE BLEND TEA

No one dreamed 50 years ago that such a fragrant beverage as "SALADA" Orange Pekoe could be produced—pure as science can make it—fresh, superb in flavour—43c per half-pound—and all black tea. A treat indeed for tea lovers.

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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 prosperity of Canada is shown by the fact that 82% of the country's national debt is held within Canada, yet since the Great War, Canadians have invested $1,250,000,000 in other countries. At the same time there has been an increase of $600,000,000 in bank deposits, and the same amount spent on automobiles.

The northern sections of Canada, far from being the wilderness commonly pictured, produce from mines, forests [illegible] unlimited wealth. The Canadian Government paid the Hudson Bay Company $1,500,000 for Western Canada fifty years ago, and the Province of [illegible] that territory last year [illegible] $2,600,000 worth of furs [illegible].

The [illegible] of the country is steady and [illegible] boom features, even [illegible] being optimistic regarding future growth.

Wheat [illegible] be grown within 400 miles of the Arctic Circle, an [illegible] during the summer compared [illegible] shortness of the season [illegible] the mines now developed [illegible] might be encompassed [illegible] of one hundred square miles, although the known mineral [illegible] of the country exceeds [illegible] square miles.

A Smart New Frock

This frock is suitable for [illegible] and is a very becoming [illegible]. The skirt has an inverted [illegible] at the front and is joined to a [illegible] having a vest [illegible] in one. The long sleeves are finished with [illegible] cuffs, and there is a [illegible] at the tips. No. 1638 is in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. View A, size 36, requires 3[illegible] yards 39-inch, or 2½ yards 54 inch material, and ⅝ yard 39-inch contrasting; View B requires 3[illegible] yards 39-inch material, and ⅝ yard contrasting. Price 20 cents the pattern.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.—Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of each pattern and enclose 20c in coin preferred; wrap it carefully and order each number and size to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

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 F. C. A. Jeanneret, of Toronto, to whom he handed the medals, to remain in his custody until after the four weeks' course is completed.

Mr. Jeanneret 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 bonne entente between the people of Quebec and Ontario.

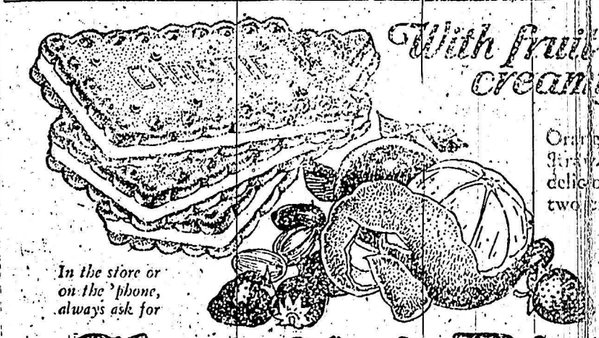
England

Months of Europe across the sea
Touring France and Italy.
Months of magic round us spun
Bring when all is said and done
Bring at last a sad unrest,
Put heart-loving hearts to test.

Ah, but if there dawn a day
When our paths lead England way,
England with her hedge and stream,
Meers and downs and Devon cream,
Old cathedral towns and towers,
Grey stone walls and rip with flowers,
Thatch and heather, cloudy skies
Oh is it just to be alive?
And the march sweetly sure
Ours the same old English lure.
Here a Barly meets his Joan,
Anglo-Saxon to the bone.
We admire the hearts turned
As our feet pass England's peel.
Ah, forgive us, Paris, Rome;
This is England; this is home.

—By Hail Carrington Brent

Many a failed who is a big man in his own way, is also in the way of others.



With fruit-flavored creamy fillings!

Orange, Chocolate, Vanilla, [illegible] layers of delicious [illegible] between two crisp, light biscuits.

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