# John Ainsley, Master Thief

BY

## Arthur Somers Roche

### THE LAST EPISODE—

She had been crying. As a matter of fact she was weeping now. Bravely, she was endeavoring to hide her emotion. Indeed, emotion is not the word, for that word connotes a certain agitation that was lacking in her manner.

Sheer hopelessness was written upon her face—that despair of youth so infinitely more tragic than the despair of age. And she was pathetically young. In years, perhaps, she had reached maturity, but hers was the type of face that mirrors the innocence of childhood. Neither time nor experience can ever age such folk.

But even these can suffer. Perhaps, indeed, they suffer more than the callloused of soul. I, a cynical violator of the laws of man, wanted to go over and pat her hand, and wipe away her tears.

I smiled as I pictured myself doing this. Her young escort would doubtless resent such an action, for I have not reached the age when I may venture such benevolence. I am young—not as young as the youth who accompanied her, but still of an age when women sometimes glance my way. Partly, too, my smile was sardonic. I was not the person to offer chivalrous sympathy to weeping maidens, with or without escort.

At this very moment the police of New York were searching for me. As I have recounted in a previous chapter, one Sigrid Thomassen, a brutal hard-case, had been killed in my apartment by the White Eagle, that great Unknown, whom I would rank as the greatest criminal genius of his time, and a strain compelled me to admit that I have defeated him on numerous occasions.

The newspapers were filled with accounts of the finding of Thomassen's body, and with tales of the extraordinary chase I was making to find Peter Stickney, the tenant of the apartment. In fact, the newspapers said that Stickney had rendered a service to society in killing the Thomassen. Nevertheless the police naturally desired to interview Mr. Stickney. And if Mr. Stickney were captured by the police, it would transpire, possibly, that he was a gentleman of fortune, who had become a professional destroyer of the too numerous profiteers which the war had created.

Now I, John Ainsley, had no wish to disclose my identity, my means of livelihood. In fact, that means of livelihood, I hoped, had been abandoned. I had made my stake. I intended to sail for Australia. In a couple of years I would return. I would go to that native town of mine where the Ainsleys were known and respected, as I would take up again the life that I had led before the war and the crash of my fortunes.

Five days had passed since the discovery of Thomassen's body. And during those five days I had secluded myself in the suite which I had taken in a modest hotel.

But I was always a restless person. Tomorrow, at five in the morning, the Celeste sailed from her dock for Sydney. My baggage was already in my stateroom. It would have been a simple matter for me, having paid my hotel bill, to step into a taxi, drive downtown and across Brooklyn Bridge, to the steamer.

But I would not see New York again for at least two years. It would take me that long to establish myself in Australia so that if, in the years to come, some one should ask if John Ainsley really had made a fortune in the island continent, it would be possible to point to a background of trading or speculation.

I felt homesickness before I had left my country's soil. I wanted to drink in, for the last time, the vital air of Manhattan, to see the hurrying people. And so, despite the fact that policemen were armed with a description of Robert Stickney, John Ainsley dined at the Trevor.

It was a time when I should have taken no risks whatsoever. And certainly it would be madness of me to add to the risk already run by intruding upon the young couple who sat at a table in the alcove diagonally across the Trevor dining room.

Who was I, bearing my burdens, to think that I could lift the weight from another's shoulders? And yet she looked like a girl whom I had known a dozen years ago, a girl with whom I had gone to school.

She was a pretty girl. Her hair was golden, her complexion pink and white, her mouth sweet and gentle, and her nose was straight and small enough to add a touch of roguishness to her countenance—although, indeed, her present mood held no gayety.

Her companion was about twenty-four. He was good-looking, and on an occasion when he was less harassed than now, his face would have seemed ingenuous. This was no lover's quarrel; this was no grief of the ordinary sort which they were sharing. Only some desperate turn in the tide of their affairs could reduce these naturally buoyant young people to their present condition of despair.

Well, under all the circumstances, it was no business of mine. I paid my cheque and started from the room. It was necessary for me to pass their table. And I heard the girl say: "Frank, you won't kill yourself?"

Now, nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand, the person to whom such a question is addressed has not the slightest intention toward self-destruction. But there is always the thousandth case.

This boy had pride; it was legible in his lips, in the gleam in his eyes, the thin line of his nose. Such a person might readily be proudly unable to see any way out of a difficulty but the doorway to death. And so, acting as always in my life, upon impulse, I dropped into the seat beside him.

These alcoves in the Trevor were furnished with broad benches whose cushions would accommodate two persons on each side of the table. The girl and the man sat, as though for the extreme of privacy that the recess afforded, against the wall, opposite each other. There was plenty of room for me beside the youth, but not much welcome.

I raised a hand to stop his angry expostulation.

"I want to talk to you," I said curtly.

The anger died out of his face, to be replaced by a grimness hardly credible in one so young.

"If you try to arrest me here, I'll kill you first," he said quietly.

I smiled at him. Do I look like a detective?" I asked.

"If you're not, why do you intrude upon us? he demanded.

"I'm a friend," I told him.

"I never saw you before in my life," he asserted.

The girl's face lost the expression of horror that the youth's words had brought to it. She reached across the table and touched his hand.

"Let him explain, Frank," she pleaded. "It can do no harm."

I bowed to her. I turned to the boy.

"She's worth dying for," I told him.

"Equally, worth living for."

"Your opinions are undesired and impertinent," he said.

"But my intentions are of the kindliest," I retorted. "Young man, don't be a fool. Men in fear of arrest, and threatening suicide, are silly to think of conventions. Look at me. Do I seem the sort to do an unconventional thing without a reason?"

"Let me hear your reason," he replied.

"I have been watching you two people," I said. "Passing by your table I heard you,—and I looked at the girl—ask him not to kill himself. Here is danger. Am I such a coward that I must refuse to obey the ordinary dictates of humanity and save a life?"

The young man sneered. "Strangers give their lives for strangers, but not their money."

"Do you suppose I can accept such a gift?"

"How much?" I asked.

"Ten thousand dollars," he replied. "I suppose you have that much in your pocket?"

"I have," I told him calmly. As a matter of fact, I had at least three times that amount in cash upon my person. Also I had, in letters of credit and in securities that would be as readily negotiable in Australia as they were in New York, something like three hundred thousand dollars more.

"And I suppose that inasmuch as you would risk your life to save a drowning man, you will gladly hand me over the ten thousand dollars."

His lack of belief was understandable.

"Wait a bit," I suggested. "Before I leap into the river to save the drowning man, I assure myself that he is really in danger, not merely hysterical from fright."

The boy's eyes were contemptuous, but the girl anticipated his refusal.

"Explain to him, Frank," she pleaded. "It can do no harm. He is not a detective."

"I bowed to her. "Thank you," I said.

"I'm a thief," he said harshly, facing me squarely.

I nodded. "And discovery—"

"Is certain by tomorrow morning," he declared.

I glanced around the restaurant. The hour was late. Most of the patrons had left. I produced a pocketbook. From it I withdrew twenty five-hundred-dollar bills.

His eyes widened; a whistle of amazement came through his clenched teeth.

"Do you suppose I can accept such a gift?" he whispered, as though the sight of the money had hurt his vocal cords.

"Is death easier?" I inquired.

"You're about twenty-five," I guessed. "Let us assume that I did not always have a pocketbook filled with money. Let us suppose that if a stranger had been my friend, had done for me what I am offering you, that—well, there might have been a girl, as there is a girl with you." I heard my voice grow gruff and harsh. "Take it and live, or refuse and die. Do I have to beg you to accept what I do not need?"

(To be continued.)

Even though some may not have such large bank accounts as they wish, everyone can draw interest by his work.

## Flying Flowers

### Butterflies Smell As Sweet As Flowers, Says Investigator

That butterflies are fragrant is the statement of Austin H. Clark, whose researches into the subject have recently been published by th Smithsonion Institution. This fact appears the more remarkable, says Mr. Clark, since some of the most fragrant sorts are among the commonest species.

He offers in explanation the attitude of man in looking on butterflies as works of art, causing him to neglect their functions. Those who do take the trouble to sniff at the insect, he adds, often get no more than a fit of sneezing caused by the irritating action of the loosened scales. Children have a much keener sense of smell than adults and a more exact one. Therefore, when Mr. Clark commenced experimenting with butterflies he took his two sons into the field with him. He attributes his success largely to their assistance.

It is the fragrance of the garden that butterflies emit, though not necessarily that of the particular flowers on which the different insects feed. Various specimens have been found to smell like sweet grass, jasmine, syringa, mignonette, orange blossoms, sweetbriar, balsam or verbena. A Cuban relative of the blue swallowtail, which has been found in Florida, is said to smell strongly of fragrant orchids. Sometimes the aroma is spicy. Butterfly scents have also been compared to clover, burnt-sugar, chocolate, molasses, vanilla and a certain popular brand of honey biscuit.

Testing butterflies for odors is generally a pleasant task, but not always so. A butterfly which smells disagreeably is generally a female, and the fritillaries are the prime offenders. If these insects are gently squeezed on the abdomen, patches of soft orange colored tissue will appear between the last two segments on the upper side, followed by a pair of hornlike protuberances which give off the smell. These odors are said to be protective in function, repelling the species' enemies. Butterfly fragrance, on the other hand, a male attribute generally, serves as an attraction in the process of wooing, the male endeavoring to envelope the female with his perfume.

Upon examination the male butterfly is found to be equipped with patches of hairs or scales scattered on the upper surface or distributed along the veins of the wings, from which the flowerlike odors are emitted. Occasionally the hairs are found on the abdomen or upon the hindmost legs, and the mildweed butterfly has them on the body in addition to the scent scales in the little sack on the hind wings.

These hairs usually occur as an extensible brush on the inner end of a tube which extends into the body, the tuft of hairs being ensheathed by the tube walls, until it is everted and pushed out so that the inner end becomes the tip, with the tuft of hair radiating in all directions.

Fragrance in butterflies, though rivaling that of flowers, is by no means as certain a quantity. Even after one has become acquainted with their odors so that he knows what to expect from his catch, he is often disappointed to find that his specimen is without smell.

## No Speed Limit 400-Mile Road

### California Cities Promote Two-Way Turnpike for Motorists

Far reaching results are certain to follow the construction of the proposed 400 mile, no speed limit highway from San Francisco to Los Angeles, according to leaders in business there.

High importance is attached to the proposal by many, in view of the beneficial effect the completion of such a project would have on property bordering on the highway.

Unlimited travel speed, an adherent of the plan said, would make it not only feasible but desirable on the part of business men to build their homes fifty miles distant, and thus commute with as little loss of time as it now requires to travel shorter distances.

The proposed road would be a double-barreled affair, consisting of two 30foot avenues, one on either side of a tenfoot parking area, and extending for a distance of 400 miles.

Intervening towns would be no less than seventy-five miles apart with intersecting roads eliminated, it was revealed after a study and report by Fred Grumm, engineer of plans and surveys for the California Highway Association. There would be one straight stretch of road, 250 miles in length.

#### Would Cost $40,000,000

Despite the fact that the projected roads' cost has been estimated at $40,000,000—approximately $100,000 per mile—the public grasp of the tremendous benefits to be realized has been so spontaneous and nearly unanimous, declared supporters, that all are highly in favor of the measure.

Proceeding in a southern direction the suggested route would extend from San Francisco through Tracy, along the western side of the San Joaquin Valley, thence through Maricopa, Kern County, through Ventura county, and finally to Los Angeles. The new highway, it was announced, will not only cut down travelling time between the two chief California cities by permitting greater speed, but also by decreasing the mileage.

#### Tommy's Wish

Uncle—Well, Tommy, I've just got engaged to Miss Homeleigh. Aren't you going to wish me something nice?

Tommy (later glance at the fiancee)—Rather! I wish you better luck next time.—Humorist.

Go! Go at the price of my life. You will save all.—Dr. Finn Malmgren.

## The Home-Town Band

'Twas in the fall of Eighty-nine
We started up our band;
And in a few months' time we wuz
The finest in the land.
Our uniforms wuz blue and white,
Our horns wuz polished brass;
When we marched out the teams took fright
And hiked for taller grass.

Them cornet men could play all day
And never crack a lip,
And allus when we went to play
Had sumthin' on the hip.
Old Tommy Judson, long and thin,
He played the solo pic;
Crowmatic scales wuz pie to him,
His minors too was slick.

And Bobby Dodge, he slipped the slide
As dizzy as a loon;
As time went by suspicion grew
That Bob played out of tune.
So Wat 'lowed he'd investigate
And see how it could be
When we were playing in 3 flats
That Bob should play in G.

Says Bob: "Them pasky sharps and flats
Would drive a man to drink,
It's allus been my policy—
A good un too, I think—
To never fool with nuthin'
I don't know nuthin' 'bout;
So the safest way to deal with 'em
Is jest to scratch 'em out."

Old "Minor vs Major" march
It surely was a pup;
And "Southwell's Pride" and "Nelly Bly"
We simply et 'em up.
And "Home Sweet Home" I uster play
In a way they'd all admire;
And them as didn't know 'twas me
They thought 'twas Arthur Pryor.

The town folks knowed, and often said:
"There's just two men can play that tune,
And one of them is Pryor."
The people thought us fellers both
Would set the world afire;
But one of 'em's quit playin' now—
The other one is Pryor.

A bum old timer's "on the air,"
Let everybody listen,
I say our band did march and play,
And that our horns did glisten.
We've marched right through a crowded street
In town or rushing city.
That Sousa never we chanced to meet
I've allus thought a pity.

—Orchestral Journal, Boston.

## How Much To Tip

Not by any means a national question but one of high importance to the travelling public is the matter of "tips" which has been receiving some attention. Not once but again and again has the effort been made to abolish tipping, but the custom flourishes as strongly as it ever did, and it bids fair to continue as long as people are the recipients of personal service.

The Toronto Globe publishes a tariff of tips which it describes as "the things to do," on shipboard. Here it is:—

Room steward, $5; stewardess, $5; waiter, $5; deck steward, $2.50; bath steward, $2.50. These are the usual tips in "first-cabin" travel. It also states that during the last few years there has developed an extensive summer travel, of college tours, teachers' trips, etc., going "third-cabin" and that on these the regular rate of tips is about half of that in the "first-cabin."

We have done a little ocean travelling in our time and we question if the rule in tipping is as the Globe describes. In any case tipping is one of the tyrannies of travel, and is productive of no small amount of embarrassment to people of moderate means. The steamship line, bold enough to abolish the custom would be doing a public service. Its rates might require to be increased in order to make good to stewards by advanced wages some measure of the loss they would be bound to sustain; but the comfort of the passengers would be increased a hundred fold and more.

I fancy more than one would like to possess the sang froid of the traveller on an ocean liner, who, when his steward held out his hand as a reminder of the customary gratuity, grasped it and shook it warmly, but left nothing behind.

#### The Dumb on the Dump

The prize dumbbell is the new dumpcart driver who was observed recently standing in front of his horse waving his arms.

"What are you doing that for?" asked a passerby.

"I want to dump this 'ere load," he replied, "and the bloomin' horse won't rear up."

## Are You Teaching Tricks

By Stella E. Fulton

"I saw an educated pig at the circus to-day," said Emily Arkwright. "And as I rode home I thought of the hours and days that the trainer had spent in teaching him those tricks, and I asked myself, "What, after all, does it all amount to? He's only a pig in the end, after all, not really a more useful animal than the big Poland Chinas out on the farm. If his trainer were to let him be for a few months he would forget everything that he now seems to know.'

"Then I came home and gave Bobby his supper, training him in table manners all the time as I did so, as usual without much success with the manners. And I said, 'Here I am doing just what that animal trainer did. I teach tricks, and I'm a poor trainer at that It's so discouraging!' "

"I know exactly how you feel," said her friend, Mrs. Wain. "If there is anything that is discouraging, it is to try to teach a child good manners. But, after all, my dear, with regard to the pig, the reason that his case is so hopeless, is that he is a pig and is not capable of reasoning. All the trainer can do is to get the pig into the habit of doing a certain thing in response to a signal of some kind. The pig cannot think. He cannot "will" to follow a course of conduct and thus work with the trainer.

"But the child's case is more hopeful because he can be led to see for himself what a very lovely thing true courtesy is and to wish to practice it. Then each little observance of good manners will spring naturally from that wish and not be a mere trick performer because Mother demands it and as far as he is concerned without sense or reason.

"I always tried to show my children that good-manners were just the finest consideration for other people. I suppose that idea has never been better expressed than in the old rhyme:

'Politeness is to do and say,
The kindest thing in the kindest way.'

A person who truly considers other people will not go far wrong in matters of politeness.

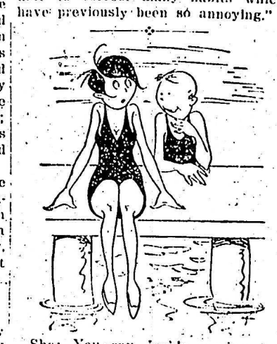
"I tried to give the reasons for certain manners, explaining how some habits were disgusting and so spoiled other people's enjoyment of a meal and showing that many other bad manners sprang from greediness, and so on. It interested them and helped them to remember, and it also took the sting from what would have been arbitrary commands and obtained for me their co-operation.

"Children covet—but I am afraid I'm getting tiresome."

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Arkwright. "I'm very much interested. Please go on."

"Well, I was going to say, children covet the good opinion of others more strongly than we sometimes imagine and especially that of other children. Their extreme dislike of being late at school is an example of this. So, I gave my children the opportunity of having often at meals, guests before whom they would like to appear well. I found that a blunder made before them would correct a bad habit more quickly than a vast amount of talking from me.

"I tried, too, not to make a burden of good manners, not to be a stickler for them. One ought to learn to overlook non-essentials in a child's conduct. It is better in training him on any point to put the emphasis on what really matters, for a child so soon grows indifferent to continued nagging and correction. But if the ideal of courtesy is presented to him in such a way that he will really desire it or his own, he will soon be able to correct many habits which have previously been so annoying."



She: You say Jack's serving ten days for arson? Short sentence for such an offense, isn't it?

He: Oh, he was only burning up the road.

Give a politician enough rope and you'll have a pull.

### England Leads Way

WOMEN TRY THEIR HAND AT DIRT-TRACK RACING

The first dirt-track motorcycle race for women only took place at Wimbledon, England. Four of the entrants are seen ready for the start.


"SALADA" TEA

Dark-skinned natives—glowing sunlight on mountain tops—great ships ploughing through tropic seas—these things all come to mind when a cup of "SALADA" is steaming before you. Such flavour—such fragrance. Try "SALADA".


## Cooking Not a Useful Art

Cooking may be an art, but it is no longer one of the useful arts, according to Bernarr Macfadden. The less cooking you can get along with the better you will be, he advises in the current issue of "Physical Culture Magazine."

Mr. Macfadden admits that cooking adds to the flavor and improves digestibility of many foods as far as conventional human consumption is concerned, but he points out that cooking is a great destroyer of vitamins. Particularly is this true in the case of foods that are boiled, he says.

Important food elements escape in the water, and when this water is poured off the food is often left devitalized with much of its nourishment and flavor lost. Potatoes and all vegetables that are cooked should be steamed or boiled in a small quantity of water, and as soon as they are ready to serve the water should have been evaporated, boiled away. What little water remains should be mixed with the food itself or used in some other way.

Foods that are simmered or cooked slowly are in nearly all cases more nourishing and contain a better quality of flavor than those cooked very fast. The slow cooking of meats brings out the flavor and they are more tender and more appetizing.

"Baked foods should nearly always be preferred to those that are boiled. Baked potatoes are tasty and more nourishing than when prepared in other ways, though as a rule the potatoes should be thoroughly washed and the skin should also be eaten. Even fruit sauces are far better if baked. The common dish, apple sauce, if prepared by baking instead of boiling, will have a better vitamins that are so important in all our foods."

## What's a Dude?

### Ranger Terms "Pack Rats", "Savages", "Gearjammers", "Bubble Queens", Etc.

All visitors to the national parks of the United States are divided into two species, "Dudes" and "Sagebrushers," according to the authors of "Oh, Ranger!", the first complete story of the national parks, published by Stanford University Press.

"Dudes," says this authority, "are those who travel by train and motor stage, while sagebrushers roll their cars over the mountains. The term 'Dude' originated years ago in the Yellowstone and on the Eaton Ranch in Wyoming. To the old-time horse-wranglers on the ranches and to the old stage-coach drivers the infallible test of a Dude was to look behind his cars. Dudes were a bit finicky about the niceties of life, even when they were roughing it. But from a term of derision, the title "Dude" has grown in a quarter of a century to become one of distinction."

"Sagebrushers" derive their nicknamo from the early days when their forerunners arrived at Yellowstone, Yosemite and other national parks in covered wagons. Days on end they drove their horses or mules across the plains, en route to the parks, camping each night in the sagebrush.

Everybody else in the parks goes by a nicknamo also. Rangers are either Old-Timers or Ninety-Day-Wonders, according to whether they are employed for the entire year or just for the summer months. The hired help are called "Savages". They fall into several groups. The dishwashers are called "Pearl Divers". The waitresses are called "Heavers". Tent girls and chambermaids are known as "Pillow Punchers". Chauffeurs are "Gearjammers" or just plain "Jammers". Laundry girls are "Bubble Queens". Porters and bell-boys are "Pack Rats" or merely "Rats". Taking a stroll with a young woman in the evening is known as "rotten-logging".

## Two Useful Hints

#### A Soap Economy.

Keep all scraps of toilet soap and when enough have accumulated, break them up, pour hot water over them and let them simmer on the stove until soft. Add a little borax and olive oil if desired—although these may be omitted—then pour the mixture into the kind of rounded pasteboard containers that are used to hold ice cream and similar things. Fill each container only to a height of one-half or three-quarters of an inch. When hard, the soap is in the form of a rather thin round cake, attractive looking and nice for handling.

#### Beating Eggs.

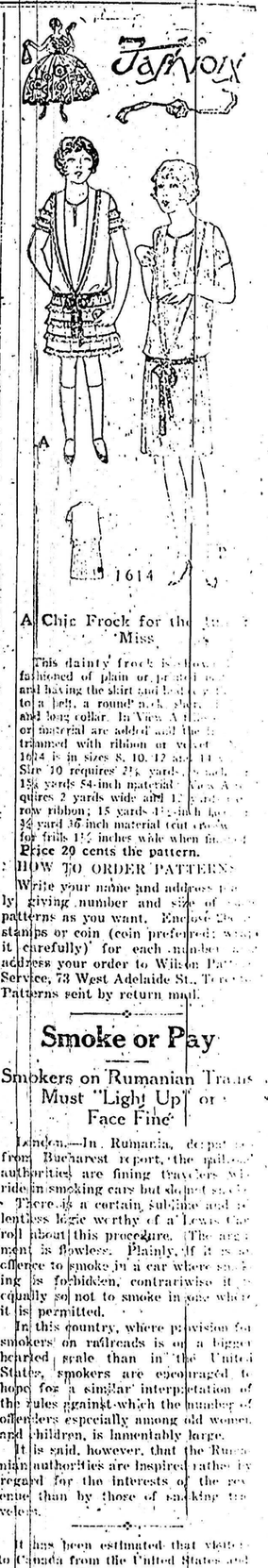
When raw eggs are to be dropped into a bowl, first rinse out the bowl with cold water; the eggs will not stick to it. Similarly, the spoon or fork used for beating eggs should be chilled.

#### Fellow Victims

Burglar (waking householder during the spring-cleaning epidemic)—Excuse me, mister, but d'yer 'appen to know where the missus 'as put the silver among all this 'ere muddle?"—Hurmorist.

#### Satisfied

Once in a while you see a man who doesn't want any more money. He is holding a lily.—Buffalo News.




A Chic Frock for the Miss

This dainty frock is [illegible] fashioned of plain or [illegible] and having the skirt and [illegible] to a belt, a round neck [illegible] and long collar. In View A [illegible] or material are added and the [illegible] trimmed with ribbon or velvet. 1614 is in sizes 8, 10, 12 and [illegible]. Size 10 requires 2¾ yards [illegible] 1½ yards 54-inch material. View A requires 2 yards wide and 1½ [illegible] row ribbon; 15 yards 4½-inch lace, ¾ yard 36 inch material (cut crosswise for frills 1½ inches wide when finished). Price 20 cents the pattern.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS: Write your name and address plainly giving number and size of [illegible] 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.

## Smoke or Pay

### Smokers on Rumanian Trains Must "Light Up" or Face Fine

London.—In Rumania, despatches from Bucharest report, the railway authorities are fining travelers who ride in smoking cars but show no smoke. There is a certain sublime and relentless logic worthy of a Lewis Carroll about this procedure. The argument is flawless. Plainly, if it is an offence to smoke in a car where smoking is forbidden, contrariwise it is equally so not to smoke in one where it is permitted.

In this country, where provision for smokers on railroads is on a bigger hearted scale than in the United States, smokers are encouraged to hope for a similar interpretation of the rules against which the number of offenders especially among old women and children, is lamentably large.

It is said, however, that the Rumanian authorities are inspired rather by regard for the interests of the revenue than by those of smoking travelers.

It has been estimated that visitors to Canada from the United States and other countries spent about $275,000,000 in the Dominion last year. This year the number of tourists to make to Canada promises to break all previous records.


WRIGLEY'S NEW HANDY PACK P.K. CHEWING SWEET

A treat in the Peppermint flavored sugar-coated jacket and another in the Peppermint-flavored gum inside—utmost value in long-lasting delight

3 handy packs 5¢

C131