John Ainsley, Master Thief

BY Arthur Somers Roche

THE LAST EPISODE—

BEGIN HERE TODAY

John Ainsley, a man of education and breeding, becomes a master crook—preying upon other thieves. Swede Thomassen, a brutal murderer, is killed in Ainsley's apartment by the White Eagle, a notorious international crook. While the police search for Ainsley—or rather for "Robert Stickney"—he is preparing to sail for Australia.

In the Trevor dining room Ainsley overhears a distraught young man tell his pretty girl companion that he intends to kill himself. Ainsley finds out that the young man is a thief and that his thievery will be discovered next morning. Acting on a generous impulse, Ainsley offers the young man twenty $500 bills as a gift.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"I said that I was a thief. I am," he said. "Tommorrow morning my employer will find ten thousand dollars missing from his cash-box."

I tapped the notes in my hand. "Unless—" I suggested.

"It will be years, if ever, before I can repay this loan."

"I never lend; I give," I told him.

He looked at me. I am no sentimentalist, but I tell you that I saw a soul cross from hell into heaven. But still he hesitated.

"You must know exactly the sort of person to whom you are making the gift," he said. I liked him because he made no pretense; he did not cringingly swear that it was a sacred obligation.

"Go on," I encouraged him.

"My name is Frank Tirrell. I'm a sort of confidential clerk for Phineas Garbon. He is a trader and speculator. The bulk of his operations have to do with jute, hemp and kapok. But he also takes flings in anything that comes along.

"I am his only employe. His office consists of one room on the ground floor of a dilapidated old building on West Broadway. He has no regular office hours. I know nearly as much of his affairs as he does. Also I have a key to his safe. In that safe he frequently keeps as much as fifty thousand dollars in cash. This is in order that he may not lose any bargain because of delay in getting his hands on the actual money needed to close a deal.

"He is a great gambler. He frequently tells me of the big poker games in which he plays. He also bets heavily on the races. He is about sixty-five. He is thin and shabby. He is a bachelor. He is also the meanest man that ever lived.

"I was working, three years ago, for a ship-brokerage firm. Mr. Garbon did some business with us, apparently liked me, and asked me to work for him. He promised me that he would take me into partnership. Whenever I remind him of his promise, he evades the issue. Times are not too good. I have not been able to leave him.

"Several times I have been with him when he placed wagers on the races with a couple of handbook men named Harris and Paganni. Yesterday an acquaintance of mine gave me a tip on the races. He has given me many tips before, but I never played them. Always his tips have been correct. Today I asked Mr. Garbon when he was going to make good his promises to me. I have been engaged for two years to Rose Peters."

The girl touched his hand again, and I knew that she was his fiancee.

"Mr. Garbon laughed at me. He told me that if I didn't like my job I could quit. He left the office about ten, saying that he would not be back until morning. I suddenly went insane. That's all there is to say about it. I opened his safe, took out ten thousand dollars, and placed it, at five to one, with Harris and Paganni, on the horse that my friend had told me about yesterday. The horse finished fifth.

"That's all. Do you still want to give money to a thief?"

Now, if one judges Tirrell by his bald confession, one finds little extenuation. But I saw the girl. I knew how the broken promises of his employer must have galled the youth. And I am not one to say that one error makes a criminal. I handed him the twenty bills.

"Put it back in the safe, and all will be well," I told him.

He was too proud to break down, although his lips quivered. The girl put her hands before her eyes. I myself felt a lump in my throat. It was worth ten thousand dollars to gain the feeling of godlike benevolence that I possesser at that moment.

"What can I say?" asked Tirrell.

"Nothing," I answered. "Only, for the sake of Miss Peters, who seems to be standing by you—"

The girl lowered her hands. "I told him that even if he went to jail," she said proudly, "I'd marry him."

"He won't go to jail," I assured her.

"And I'll never do anything again that's wrong," vowed Tirrell.

I rose to leave, but the young man clutched at my hand. "I don't even know your name," he cried. "And besides, I want you to go with me to the office. I want you to see me put the money back in the safe."

He had restrained himself so long that a breakdown was near. I know something about the nerves. I knew that to refuse his request might cause him to give way to the inclination to hysteria.

"My name doesn't matter. Some day, when you are rich, I shall look you up and ask repayment. Until then my identity is unimportant. And of course I will go with you to your office."

I stepped out of the alcove; I did not wish the girl to embarrass me with their gratitude. But as we put her into a taxicab to take her home, she threw her arms around my neck and kissed me. Had I earned with the sweat of my brow the money which I had just given to her lover, the kiss would have been worth every penny of it. I saw her go. I wondered if I would ever see her again. Then I shrugged. Why should I?

* * * * *

Tirrell and I took another taxicab; we went down Broadway to the Post Office and then left the cab, proceeding on foot to our destination. In front of the address whither we were bound, Tirrell stopped with a cry of amazement. He pointed a shaking finger at a window.

"There's a light in the office," he gasped.

"What of it?" I asked.

"Mr. Garbon must be there," he said.

"You may have left the light on, yourself," I suggested.

He shook his head decidedly. "He's in there. We'll have to tell him—perhaps he's opened the safe. Let's go in."

I seized his arm. "If he's there, you'll have to confess. You don't want to do that if you can avoid it."

"But if he's found out that the money's gone—"

I interrupted him. "He isn't going to telephone the police at this hour. We'll wait until he leaves, then slip in there, put the money back in the safe, and in the morning, when he finds the money there, he'll think he dreamed it all. At any rate, there'll be no talk of jail."

He pondered this. I made another suggestion. "Has he a telephone at his home. Then ring him up; if he answers, he isn't in his office. We'll know that you're mistaken in thinking you turned off the light. Try it."

He was trembling now, suffering from the sudden reaction to despair, and amenable to any suggestion. From

There upon the floor lay Garbon.

a nearby lunch-room he telephoned his employer. He emerged from the booth so white that I feared he would faint.

"His housekeeper answered. She told me that Mr. Garbon had gone to his office, in response to a telephone message, an hour ago, from me!"

I whistled. "And you didn't telephone him. I think we'd better enter the office."

Tirrell unlocked the door of Garbon's office, and we entered the room. There, upon the floor, his blood-stained head indicating his murderer's ferocity, lay Garbon. The opened safe against the wall furnished the motive for the crime.

I grabbed young Tirrell just as his hand was on the telephone.

"What's the idea?" I demanded.

"The police," he answered.

I pointed at the open safe. "That looks like motive enough, but the police are going to ask questions. Don't forget that somebody impersonated you on the telephone an hour ago."

"But you can prove that we found the body," he protested.

I shook my head. Obviously, I who was avoiding embarrassing questioning from the police on one subject, did not care to invite it on another.

"I would have to tell the whole story of our brief acquaintance. I might not be believed. It might even be said that we planned the murder together. Imagine asking a jury to believe that a stranger gave you ten thousand dollars."

"But you did," he protested.

"We know it; and Miss Peters knows it; but would a jury believe it?" I asked.

He sank helplessly into a chair. "But what else is there to do?" he asked.

I also sat down. The problem seemed unsolvable. Yet there must be a way out.

Now, a great thief—and I may be pardoned if I consider myself great—has in him the qualities essential to the making of a great detective. I had always sneered at detectives. Occasionally, as my readers know, I had outwitted the best of the profession. And now, before the Celeste sailed, I must justify my sneers.

(To be continued.)

Fishwife

At home my father's garden had
Cabbages and flowers,
There's nothing but the salt spray
Flying in ours,
There's nothing but a bare field
And a lean cow,
There's nothing but the stink of fish
In the haymow—
But the ebbing hours are full
Of the singing sea,
And all my father's flowers are
Not more dear to me.

—Carol Ryrie Brink,
in The Commonweal.

I lost just because I ran too slow.—Joie Ray.

Shirring Makes an Attractive Self Trimming

Charmingly simple is this smart frock. The skirt is shirred and joined to the bodice having shirring at each shoulder, and the long sleeves extend into the neck and are gathered at the lower edge to narrow wrist-bands. Contrasting material is used for the bias facing, and a long panel extends the full length of the front. NO. 1596 is for Misses and Small Women and is in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 (36 bust) requires 3½ yards 39-inch, or 2⅝ yards 54-inch material, and ¾ yard 39-inch contrasting. **Price 20 cents 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.

Lothario Fined £2 Driving a Car With Arm Round The Girl

London—"He had no control over the car, and when he was told to stop he had to raise his hands above his head to reach the steering wheel," said Police Constable Lemon at Kingston-on-Thames police court, when Fredk. August Hodges, of Barnes, was summoned for driving a motor car in a negligent manner.

Lemon said that he and another policeman were in plain clothes in a motor car behind the car driven by Hodge. A girl sat beside Hodge who had his arms round her, with one elbow resting on the steering wheel.

Hodges denied that both his arms were round the girl.

Mr. S. Brown, the chairman, said that he wished more motorists would attempt to stop erratic driving.

Hodges was fined £2.

$35,000,000 Yearly Loss In Gasoline Is Reported

Dusting the Mormon crickets with calcium arsenite dust and stopping them with metal fence and traps have enabled the different agencies working on the cricket problem in northwestern Colorado this year to get excellent control and almost perfect crop protection.

Although the "fighting" is practically over this year, a surveyis being made of the egg beds being deposited now, for this is the egg-laying season, and next year an early attack will be made possible by the fact that the Mormon insect in large colonies or groups. Great hordes of the crickets travel together. They may move one way or another, and there is no telling just where they will be at any certain time. Scouting is necessary all the time. Scouting is necessary all the time, and the attacks may come anywhere. This year several hurry-up calls had to be sent out for help from farmers when hordes of crickets appeared and literally stormed the "tin fence" of the fighters.

English girls are said to be too shy to achieve fame in the moving pictures. A shy movie star would indeed indicate the rapid approach of the millennium.

ACTRESS WILL PLAY IN AMERICA
Miss Joan Clarkson, called the beautiful English Rose.

Pain

Dr. Hastings, M.O.H., Toronto

Pain is one of our most valuable friends, yet few of us have ever considered it as such, but rather the contrary.

Fifty years ago we never heard of such a disease as appendicitis, but then we frequently heard of cases of so-called "colic" which were ofttimes followed by what was then called "inflammation of the bowels", which almost invariably proved fatal.

The treatment given for colic in those times was almost invariably a sedative of some kind, usually opium or some of the alkaloids of opium, such as morphine, heroin or codeine. This only served to mask the real condition that existed. The so-called colic was only a symptom of what observations in connection with post-mortem examinations revealed subsequently to be what has since been known as "general peritonitis." This general peritonitis was almost invariably the result of a perforated appendix, or of a neglected case of appendicitis.

These cases of appendicitis are now diagnosed early and, if promptly operated on, recovery may be hoped for in from 98 to 100 per cent. of the cases.

One rarely hears of cases of colis now, or of cases of inflammation of the bowels, nor have we heard of them for many years.

We emphasize this example, as it is one of the most outstanding, as regards the dangers of endeavoring to control a pain of any kind by drugs instead of accepting it as a most valuable danger signal, the non-observance of which is very likely to be followed by disastrous results.

Prompt response to the first twinge of toothache by consulting your dentist, may be the means of saving a valuable tooth.

It is true that pain may simply mean a local irritation, but it so frequently indicates serious trouble that we should always endeavor to ascertain the cause of the pain. Once the cause has been discovered, which can only be intelligently discovered by your medical adviser, it is quite safe then to administer something to relieve the pain while steps are being taken at the same time to remove the cause.

Probably 90 per cent. of the ills that flesh is heir to are ushreded in, or accompanied at some time by more or less pain. Pain in the chest may simply mean intercostal neuralgia, or intercostal rheumatism, but on the other hand it may indicate the onset of pleurisy, accompanied by involvement of the lungs, or pneumonia. The same is true as regards practically all internal organs.

Many lives have been sacrificed as the result of not intelligently interpreting the significance of pain.

Let us, therefore, look upon pain as one of our best friends, and carefully and intelligently consider what the cause of that pain may be and if it involves any internal organ, we should procure medical advice forthwith.—Telegram.

A Long Drive

Governor "Al" Smith, of New York State, who has been nominated by the Democratic party as their candidate in the forthcoming Presidential election, recently told an amusing story at a public meeting called by the opponents of the "dry" laws.

It appears that information had reached the New York City authorities that certain taxi-cab drivers were selling intoxicants. A plain-clothes man approached a cab and asked the driver if he knew where one could get some whisky.

The driver replied "Sure!"

The plain-clothes man got in, the cab started off, and soon they were on the outskirts of the city, and on the State highway, the meter ticking it off in ten-cent jumps. It reached five, then six, seven, eight, nine dollars.

The officer finally stopped the driver. "Say, where in blazes are we going?"

The cab-driver replied, "You wanted me ta take you to a place where you could get some whisky, didn't you?"

"Yes, but how far are you going to travel to get it?"

"Quebec," answered the driver.

It is about time for the amateur gardener to put on that puzzled look when he compares his product with that of the seed-package artist.

British Market for Hardwoods

Timber Imports Annually Are Estimated Worth $300,000,000

CHANCE FOR CANADA

Times Points Out Necessity of Keeping Trade Within Empire

London.—The report of the Empire Marketing Board on the disposal of Empire timber is much commented upon editorially.

The Times says: "How far the lighter hardwoods are suitable for purposes for which softwoods are now used it is a question for experts but if substitution is possible it might create a demand in Britain for many species of hardwoods which are at present unmarketed.

"It will be a surprise to many to learn that Britain spends annually $10,000,000 on imports of oak of which less than one per cent. is of Empire origin. Three-fourths of our mahogany imports come from the United States, where none is grown.

"To ensure successful marketing of Empire timber here there must be a regular and sufficient supply of suitable quality at competitive prices. Spasmodic efforts are useless.

"Last April it was announced as a general rule that only British timber would be specified in Office of Works building contracts. An outstanding feature of the report is the emphasis placed on the need for the complete co-operation of all concerned if Empire timber resources are to be developed on a sound commercial basis."

Chance For Canada.

The enormous possibilities for the Canadian timber trade in Britain are indicated in the report of the Imperial Economic Committee, which discloses that timber imports into Britain are worth $300,000,000 but that 94 per cent. of the imported soft woods, instead of coming from the dominions, come from foreign countries.

The Empire, chiefly India, supplies one-third of th hardwood imports.

The committee's report emphasises the great value of British Columbia Douglas fir.

It is pointed out by the newspapers, particularly The London Times, that publicity propaganda is vital in order to stimulate Canadian imports.

It is necessary, however, that Canadian exporters, who now study only the requirements of the United States market, must revise their methods if they desire to meet the British requirements.

The Financial Times declares that British timber production is unimportant and that henceforth the Mother Country must look to Canada for supplies.

Helping Out

Anonymous Gifts of Over £1,000,000 Left With British Treasury Since 1914

London—Since 1914 more than £1,000,000 has been given in small sums to the British Government by persons who remained unknown and who have never received any personal credit for their sacrifice.

This unusual fact has led a writer in the Manchester Guardian to turn up some strange instances of this sort of thing. He says that the woman who has twice visited Liverpool Cathedral and left £500 in banknotes has a parallel in London, where a quietly dressed woman has several times called at hospitals and left considerable sums without disclosing her name.

This year the box outside Charing Cross Hospital has received £200 in notes and about half as much in gold. The box outside St. George's Hospital was filled with notes aggregating £380.

Last summer a £100 note was found in the poor box in Salisbury Cathedral and about the same time the vicar of Halifax, returning from his holiday, found £1000 in notes left in his letterbox.

There is also the conscience money fund at the Treasury, but the reason for the gifts to this fund are fairly obvious, being generally contributed by persons who evade their rightful income tax or customs charges and are subsequently ashamed of their act.

"If your husband's business is dropping off, you can help him by making a wise investment in the spring."

An Air Ministry order states that chaplains of the Royal Air Force may fly as passengers in the course of duty, and may, if physically fit, "be ordered to do so when, for example, for reasons of urgency, they should proceed by air."

The white man's advantage rests merely in the fact that he got the start.—Professor Robert D. McKenzie.

The colour and exquisite flavour of "SALADA" Green Tea are natural—Only the process of curing is different from Black Tea—Both are equally pure—"SALADA" Green Tea is sealed in air-tight aluminum—fresh—delicious—satisfying—38c per ½-lb. at all grocers. Ask for this tea.

"SALADA" GREEN TEA 208

Shortest Waves New Playground for Amateurs

Enthusiastic Experimenters Discover a New World to Explore and Conquer

Room for Many Workers

Rich Rewards for Discoverers of New Circuits, Ideas

There is probably no field in radio outside of television that offers more to lure the experimenter and to stir the imagination of the amateur than the short waves—waves as short as ten meters. This is equal to about thirty-two feet. To be able, on almost infinitesimal amounts of transmitting power, to transmit messages to the "four corners of the earth" is a feat to be extremely proud of. It is a great achievement and one that has been due to a large extent to the patience and research ability of the radio amateur.

Amateurs Make Radio History.

During the past few months history has been made in the development of new circuits, especially suitable for working with radio waves of such short lengths, where ordinary circuits would be useless. The young men who have done the bulk of this work have felt the urge of new worlds to conquer in an unexplored field, without any remuneration except the thrill of hearing another amateur in a country far away "come back" with an answer to his intermittent "CQ's." The CQ is the general call that amateurs employ when they are trying for distance records.

Another amateur hearing a CQ being sent out in code, gets the call letters of the transmitting station and then stirs up the ether with his own feeble but hopeful radio whispers in an endeavor to tell the CQer how his signals came in and to find out what type of transmitting apparatus he is using. This friendly spirit of cheerful co-operation among amateurs is responsible for most of the important developments that we now enjoy in radio; the amateurs found out the way and the manufacturers improved and developed the ideas into what we now know as radio.

Special Antennas Necessary.

The short waves need special antenna systems for their propagation, antennas of the vertical type, worked at the fundamental frequency or at harmonics. Other antenna systems have been developed, such as the feeder and beam types, which may or may not employ directors or reflectors for sending all of the transmitted energy in one specific direction, while not radiating in other directions.

The field of the short wave offers much encouragement for the experimenter from the angle of special tube development. Tubes that are perfectly satisfactory for longer waves may not function properly on short waves. Here is the experimenter's chance for development and discovery of the proper characteristics for the short wave transmitting tube as well as the short wave receiving tubes.

New Circuits Utilized

Short wave types of receiving circuits are as numebous as they are critical in operation, and although the improvements are coming along at a great rate, there is plenty of room for experiment and a chance for any amateur to discover or devise a radically new departure.

And then there is the work that will finally prove just why these short waves behave as they do, why they may be heard at great distances, while the amateur around the block cannot pick them up. Or why they are able to cover such great distances in the daytime, while ordinary broadcasting on the regular wave band is practically limited to local reception during the hours of daylight. Of course, some of the reasons are known, but the long train of scientific facts that are necessary to a perfect understanding of the phenomena are still broken by large gaps that are being filled one at a time through the painstaking efforts of the research workers or experimenters who strive because they love the work and are curious to find the answers.

Teachers and Travel

W. L. Grant in the Queen's Quarterly (Kingston): If I were offered the Ministership (of Education in Ontario) I would make certain stipulations. One of these would be that money should be found to give during my term of office as rapidly as the needs of the service would allow, one year's leave of absence on full pay to all inspectors and principals of Normal schools. This year they would be compelled to spend in travel in the United States, in Great Britain, or on the Continent, and on their return they must be promoted, demoted or dismissed according to the intelligence and openmindedness of their report. Next, I would recognize that certain quite important portions of the world lie outside Ontario, and I would go beyond the province to a considerable extent for the men who would take their places during their leave of absence. I would cause to blow upon our system fresh winds from various quarters.

Million Cars Canada's Total

Ottawa Bureau of Statistics Claims Amount Reached Very Soon

Automobile registration in Canada will pass the 1,000,000 car mark by the end of 1928, according to a bulletin issued by the bureau of statistics at Ottawa.

There were 945,672 motor vehicles in Canada, on June 1, the bulletin declares. This was an increase of more than 60,000, compared with the beginning of the year. If the rate of increase in automobile purchases is maintained for the next few months, the million car mark will soon be reached.

More than 45 per cent. of all the automobiles owned in Canada at present are registered in Ontario. The province's total is 436,12, or an average of 13.7 cars per 100 population. Quebec ranks second with 128,859 cars, or 4.9 per hundred. The prairie provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, where farming is experiencing a rapid development in the areas served by the Canadian Pacific Railway, have a combined car registration of 243,329; British Columbia has 77,617 cars; Nova Scotia 30,059, and New Brunswick 24,514.

"Canada is building good roads to keep abreast of increased automobile ownership. Reports from every province received by the Canadian Good Roads Association, indicate that more money will be spent on highway construction of a $50,000,000 asphalt road this year than in any in history. Construction of a $50,000,000 asphalt road from coast to coast across the dominion is one of the projects now under contemplation."

Compensation

Deep down below where angry water swirls,
The oyster turns its wounds to precious pearls;
And poets, when an unjust critic stings,
Perceive that Song has healing in its wings.

—Charles Dalmon in the London Spectator.

THE EXPOSE

Trust a girl with a secret and learn
It will never be kept by a dern.
The news will go riding.
She don't believe in hiding
Very much from the public that's her'n.

Alberta is making experimental tests as to the cost of electrifying the average farmhouse. In other words, it is trying to "throw light" on the situation.

The German gliders who are now giving exhibitions at Provincetown, Mass., are proving that gliding, when properly done, is pretty smooth sailing.

Fear of what people might say runs conscience a close second for making cowards of us all.

More for your money and the best Peppermint Chewing Sweet for any money C132