

John Ainsley, Master Thief

Arthur Somers Roche

THE LAST EPISODE

BEGIN HERE TODAY

John Ainsley, a man of education and breeding, becomes a master thief. They are upon their heels. Sweden, a brutal murderer, is killed by a police officer in Ainsley's apartment. Police search for Ainsley.

In the Traver dining room Ainsley overheard Frank Tirrell tell his fiancée that he intended to kill himself. Tirrell has asked the safe of his employer, Phineas Garbon, a speculator. Ainsley gives Tirrell \$10,000 to make up for the theft. Going to Garbon's office they find the employer's body on the floor. Garbon has been murdered. And the housekeeper says that Garbon went to his office to see Tirrell. So circumstantial evidence turns toward the innocent Tirrell as the murderer.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"How many people know that you are Garbon's confidential clerk?" I asked.

"Hundreds, I suppose," he answered.

"How many of them are of the temperament that would make you suspect them capable of murder?"

"How can I possibly answer that?" he retorted.

I nodded. Of course, a boy like this would not be a reader of character.

"Do you know anyone who could imitate your voice?" I asked.

"It isn't hard to do as it is," he retorted. The shock of the tragedy had almost stupefied him.

"It's extremely hard," I told him. "You've been working for Garbon several years. The person who would be imposed upon him so that he believed it yours must have been an excellent mimic."

A light flickered in his eyes. "Poganni told me today that he used to be an actor?"

"The banal look!"

Gambler are crooked—professional gamblers that is. Poganni knew Garbon and his confidential clerk. Of course, a hundred other shady characters might have known the dead man. But only today Poganni had accepted a wager of ten thousand dollars from Tirrell. The sum of money might really have aroused Poganni's curiosity. It would turn his thoughts upon Garbon and his safe.

I had but little time before me. The Celeste sailed at five. It was after ten now. I could not spend days, weeks, even months, in investigating the acquaintance of the murdered man. For I must sail. Safety demanded it. But decency demanded that, no matter what the cost to me, I do not leave this boy in the lurch. I must find the murderer or offer myself to the police as a witness, even though my credibility is doubtful to them, and even though I must expose my own mode of life as was inevitable.

The telephone book showed that Rafael Poganni lived in Greenwich Village. We left the dead man lying on the floor, took a taxi to Sixth Avenue and Eighth St. and walked the rest of the way to Poganni's apartment. A negro elevator man told us that he was at home, and declaring that we were his friends he induced us to go to carry us upstairs without announcing us over the telephone. As the lift ascended, Poganni's door opened. I jammed a revolver against the stomach of the man who opened the door. Tirrell pushed into the room. I heard him cry out in exultation. And as I backed my man into the apartment, ever his shoulder I saw Tirrell struggling with another man. The struggle was brief. Tirrell was induced to carry a syringe blow sent his opponent unconscious to the floor. Tirrell turned to me. He pointed to the open door of a bathroom.

"Look there! A shirt, the cuffs, still bloody. He hasn't had time to wash it out."

My man shrank almost physically. "It was him, did it," he wailed. "I didn't know he was going to do it."

"It was Harris who did the killing," Tirrell cried. "All the bewilderment had left him. He was tense and alert."

"So help me, it was him," said Poganni, my prisoner.

"Why?" I demanded.

"We've not been lucky lately. A tremendous dollar bet we won from Mr. Tirrell last night. We had a good time. Afterward we lost fifty we had. We didn't have the money to make good tomorrow. So Harris proposed we should go to the office. I called him up and said I was Tirrell. He came down to his office. We waited, hiding in the hall, until he was halfway through his door, and then we jumped him. But I didn't know that Harris was going to kill him. We got his key out of his pocket, opened the safe and took the money. But how did you know we did it?"

With that gift of legenddom which is my single legitimate find, I took his pocketbook from inside his jacket. I was holding him tightly so that he did not note my action. I palmed the pocketbook and told him to stand against the wall with his face toward it. From the pocketbook I took what I expected to find there, a card, which bore his name, and bits of memoranda.

"You shouldn't have left your purse in Garbon's office," I leered. "Of course, that didn't prove who did the killing but it sent us here."

"My pocketbook is in my pocket," he began. Then, his figure sank, and he slipped to the floor in a faint of fear.

"No time to waste," I said to Tirrell. "Here's your story. There was a matter of business—you can easily figure out what it was—that necessitated your telephoning Garbon.

His housekeeper, to your amazement, told you that you had already telephoned and made an appointment at the office. Your suspicions were aroused. You raced to the office. You found Poganni's pocketbook. You raced outdoors looking for a policeman. You ran into a stranger and told him what had happened. He suggested that Poganni might get away. He volunteered to go with you to Poganni's apartment. Poganni confessed. The stranger went out to get a policeman.

I looked around the room. There was a table in the center. It was crammed with the loot of Garbon's safe. I turned back to Tirrell. The two men were still unconscious on the floor.

"Add your ten thousand dollars to this pile of money. We can't steal from a man after he's dead any more than we could while he was alive. Poganni and Harris will be surprised to learn that there was ten thousand dollars more in their booty than they thought. No one will ever know that you used the money. Tell the police that the boy made to-day—it's yesterday now—was made by you acting for Garbon at his request and with his money."

"It's a lie," said Tirrell. "Ought I not to tell the truth?"

"You have no right to tell the truth; you owe something to Roge. What will it do to tell the truth? God has saved you for His own reasons. Will you defeat His purpose?"

"You saved me," he protested.

"The greatest detective that ever lived would not have been justified in assuming Poganni's guilt. It was an inspiration and inspirations come from outside of us. I claim no credit for it. Goodbye."

"Goodbye? Where are you going?" he asked.

"To see a policeman. The negro elevator man will testify that I came in with you."

"But why won't you come back with a policeman?" he inquired.

"Because the police and I are better apart," I told him.

"That's a thief," I said. "Now can you understand why I am willing to part with ten thousand dollars to a stranger? It is because I know



Tirrell sent his opponent to the floor.

What temptation is. I know that only once in a thousand times can one withdraw after one has yielded to temptation. You can withdraw. I know that you will."

"You are the finest man I ever met," he cried. "You can't be a thief."

"Ah, but I am," I said. And I had regained by own jauntiness of manner. "Don't play me," I told him. "And don't tell the little girl."

"I won't," he promised. And he who had not wept during his own tragedy, shed frank tears at mine.

I went downstairs. Excitedly I told the elevator man that two murderers were in the apartment upstairs. Outside I saw a policeman, and told him that he was wanted in the building. Then I walked over to downtown. At Park Place I left the train, found a taxi and drove to the Celeste's dock and boarded my steamer.

I did not go to bed until after we had steamed down the East River and out into the bay. I was leaving America behind. But though I went as a thief in the night, I also went as a man who had done a decent thing. I had saved one soul and made another happy. Few good people have a better record for one evening than I, John Ainsley, master thief.

Only, we are all instruments in the hands of a higher power. Perhaps I had been used to save others in order that I might learn how to save myself. Could I save myself? I, a thief? Well, in the answer to that question, Somehow I felt that the answer would be in the affirmative.

If I had Ross Peters, it would be possible. . . . Well, I was still young, and the garden grows more than one rose.

(The End.)

Joan, aged five, out to tea was puzzled when she saw the family heads for grace. "What are you doing?" she said. "Giving thanks for our daily bread," she was told. "Don't you, give thanks at home, Joan?" "No," said Joan, "we pay for our bread."

"Dad, did you go to Sunday School when you were a boy?" "Yes, my son, I always went to Sunday school." "Well, Dad, I think I'll quit going; I ain't doing me any good either."

Singapore Dock Menace to Canal

Ten Thousand Pounds in Dues to Suez Canal Company

London.—There were twenty minutes packed with thrills and excitement here when the first section of the great £1,000,000 naval dock, which is on its way to Singapore, swung across the mouth of the Suez Canal, threatening to block it, writes the London Express correspondent from Port Said.

A strong breeze was blowing, and it appeared that the great towering bulk of machinery—almost as wide as the canal itself—must inevitably become wedged in the channel opening. The experts had calculated that, even when set on a straight course the dock had a margin of only ten feet left on either side of the canal.

Broadside On

It was now, however, drifting rapidly broadside on towards the canal, threatening to wreck itself and prevent the passage of many thousands of tons of valuable shipping.

Almost at the last moment, however, the great Dutch 3,000 h.p. tug at the rear end of the dock managed to assert its strength.

Slowly the menacing mass of machinery was swung back into the straight, and the canal was saved.

The cost of the dock's transport from the Tyne to Singapore is £200,000, which includes £10,000 in dues to the Suez Canal Company.

The amount charged in insurance for the dock during the journey is stated to be £900,000.

Canadian Outlook

Winnipeg, Manitoba.—Western Canada is engaged in harvesting what will no doubt prove to be the largest crop in the history of the country. Estimates by the best authorities place the probable yield of wheat as high as five hundred million bushels, which will break all records. The previous record crop was in 1923 when the yield was four hundred and seventy-four million bushels. Last year the wheat crop was four hundred and forty million bushels, which represented an average yield of 19½ bushels to the acre. Indications are that this year's average will be even greater, and there has also been an increase of about two million acres in the wheat acreage.

The development of Canada's wheat production reads like a marvel of modern achievement. In 1901 the total wheat crop of the Dominion was only fifty-five million bushels, and he would indeed have been an optimistic prophet who would have predicted that by 1928 the yield would reach half a billion.

As a result of this development Canada has become the largest wheat-exporting country in the world. The grain farmers are thoroughly organized and are highly satisfied with the results of their efforts in their own behalf.

The Canadian Wheat Pool has over one hundred and forty thousand members and has its sales agents in more than fifty ports of the world. Freight rates on wheat under government control, are as much as forty per cent. lower than rates for similar haulage in the United States. The result is that the Canadian farmer himself is getting all the profit out of his wheat, and this, in turn, is reflected in the rapid increase in acreage and production.

With such prospects for Western Canada are exceedingly bright. For several years the Dominion has enjoyed good crops and good prices, and these, combined with the system of marketing which has been evolved by the farmers themselves, have brought about a great improvement, not only in agriculture, but in all the industries of the country. The leading banks and other commercial concerns agree that business prospects are good in Canada and that a continuance of prosperity in the future is reasonably assured.

Shaw Anxious to Meet Gene

London.—There is a good chance that Gene Tunney will achieve his wish to meet George Bernard Shaw, who is taking a holiday at Antibes, France.

The Daily Mail's correspondent at Antibes told Shaw of Tunney's expressed desire to meet him, and the latter replied: "Tell Gene I will be delighted to meet him. In fact I had every intention of making his acquaintance. I will be back in London September 15, and I hope to see him then."

Shaw added that he did not intend to allow reporters or photographers at the meeting. "We will meet as private gentlemen," he said. "I will discuss boxing and Gene will discuss literature, so we ought to get along very well."

Ship Laying 1341 Miles of Cable in Atlantic

New York.—Laying of a new cable between Bay Roberts, Newfoundland, and Horta, in the Azores, the first between these points, has been started by the steamer Dominica, the Western Union Telegraph Company has announced.

The ship has 1341 miles of wire coiled in her hold to lower to the bottom of the Atlantic.

The distance between Bay Roberts and Horta is 1264 miles, but because of the peaks and valleys on the ocean floor the copper strand must be considerably longer.

Man is born to suffer. By the time he is too-old to be in love, he gets rheumatism.

Mrs. Village—"Our new minister is wonderful. He brings things home to you that you never saw before." Mrs. Town—"Our laundry man does just the same."

Women's Dress Again Under Fire

Western Europe Bars Exposure of Arms and Legs

By JOAN BENEDICT

Paris.—Women wearing short sleeves have for some months past been stopped at the doors of Italian churches. Short sleeves are not allowed within. Arguments, persuasions, tips even, do no good. Both Church and State forbid entrance. The sleeves must be quite long. Let them end just above the elbow and the appraising eye of the verger bids one to keep out.

Brittany has followed suit. Geographically the oldest province of France and always a strong supporter of the Church, Brittany has gone Italy one better. The Bishop of St. Brieuc in a recent decree not only forbids any woman without sleeves to enter a church or presbytery in his diocese, but also bars any woman with bare legs or too short a skirt. He even goes so far as to prohibit boys wearing their shirts open too low in the neck.

They are likewise busy in England. In Exeter. It was hot and dry in England last summer, and a number of Englishwomen went to church without their hats. In hot weather hats compress the hair and make the hair perspire, for both men and women. Also, they obstruct the view of those sitting behind the wearer in church as in the theatre and cinema. But the Bishop of Exeter ordered the vergers of the cathedral to make sure that all women who came to worship had their hats on.

Too Hot for Many Clothes

This season's tourists in Europe, from whatever country they hailed, were all remarkable for the few clothes they wore. Fashion in general fostered it. Emergency hospitals and nursing homes would have had more than enough to do had not charabancs and motor cars been in demand.

But the question is, will the interference of Church and State succeed? Many precedents seem to prove that it will not.

Take General Pangalos. Things were going splendidly with him in Greece when he took it into his head to interfere with women's skirts. Short skirts must go, said he; but it was the General who went, not the women. He was in Greece but from Asia and Phrygia they have been fanning for indirect influence.

How different the experience of Kemal Pasha! Just fifteen years ago the women of Turkey began their agitation against the veil. Lifting the veil was then a penal offense. Slowly but surely the reform made itself felt until now Kemal Pasha has practically abolished the veil in some cities at least.

Wily Fellow Clears Central Park Bird House and No One Can Catch Him

New York.—A parrot in the bird-house at Central Park menagerie has become a volunteer in the service of the park department.

The keeper in the bird-house gives orders to the visiting public just once a day, at closing time, when he calls: "All out, all out!"

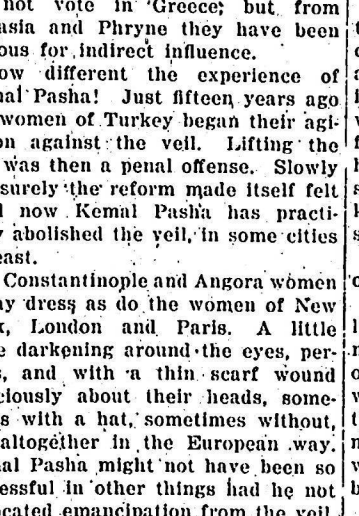
Such conservatism on the part of the parrot was unappreciated by one of the keepers of the menagerie. Once a day he issued the order, the utterance of which brought such prompt and satisfactory results. So one day recently he took it upon himself to act as spokesman in the absence of the keeper. In a peremptory voice he shouted: "All out, all out! Hurry up, all out!"

The result was a disconcerted public. It was not closing time, yet a mysterious voice was ordering them out. Surely this was not in keeping with the regulations. However, when the orders came the visitors left and not even James Coyle, head keeper at which of the solemn-looking green birds was the guilty one.

Mr. Coyle was even changed his clothes to disguise his identity, but the parrot, in a modest follow or a very wise old bird, for he says not a word in the presence of his superiors. But once Mr. Coyle has retired to his office comes the order: "All out, all out! Hurry up, all out!"

Pilot Stutz showed that he is something of a philosopher, as well as a flier, when he remarked that among birds the parrots, which are the best talkers, are also the poorest fliers.

Royalty Remembers Our Naval Hero



KING GEORGE ON THE DECK OF THE VICTORY

His Majesty standing near the spot where Lord Nelson died. A tablet aboard, describing the battle of Trafalgar in 1805, was unveiled by the sovereign.

declares openly against the purdah. Turkey consents to its women taking part in an international beauty contest. In Teheran, though Persian women may not stir abroad except between the hours of 5 and 7 p.m. and though they still envelop themselves in the long black robes they have worn from time immemorial, the face is now only partially covered. Shaded would best describe it, for both head and face are shielded by a sort of straw hood. This hood is, moreover, constantly lifted in the exigencies of shopping and speaking to trolley conductors.

Arabia is about the only Eastern country where the revolt of the woman has not made good progress. Tribal customs still have great weight in the land of the sheik and these do not favor agitation against the veil nor are they in favor of other reforms. Scheherazade may still delight and distract for one-thousand and one nights; when she goes abroad, she veils.

In Syria, recently the Women's Party of Damascus decided to march through the streets without veils. The first suffrage parade in New York was not until the very last moment certain that it would be allowed to march. The Damascus police had no objection to the women's marching, but they made them put on their veils.

In the Moslem religion, the custom of veiling hinges upon what is called suttar, the parts of a woman's body which are to be covered according to Moslem law. In this, the young Turk differs from the old. The young Turk is what is known as a Revivalist in religion and he says that the face is not included in suttar. He even goes so far as to say that in early Islamic history women were unveiled.

Most Moslem clergy argue that the present state of education throughout Islam does not guarantee sufficient respect for women with the face uncovered. Kemal Pasha has settled that question successfully by giving his police unlimited license for the protection of women and the right to inflict the severest punishment upon offenders. The result is that in Turkey a man hardly dares to look upon a woman in the streets, let alone molest her.

Bossy Parrot Puts Visitors on Street

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"SALADA" TEA

In remote and distant parts of the world, fine teas are grown—wherever they grow these teas are procured for "SALADA" blends. The best the world produces is sold under the "SALADA" label. Millions know the satisfaction "SALADA" gives.

A New Style Now for Famous Centre

London's Piccadilly Circus To Be Rebuilt in New Form

Completion of the famous quadrant in Regent Street has made a problem of Piccadilly Circus. The "hub of the world" as the famous streets, known to all Londoners, has now been rebuilt on its west side, where the quadrant and Piccadilly enter it, but the jumble of its east side still survives. Sir Reginald Blomfield is the architect who is responsible for the fine new buildings on the west side and the London County Council is being urged to have him complete the new circus by drawing plans, to which the appropriate east side can be rebuilt.

There is no hope of being able to make of the new circus what Paris has made of the Place de l'Opera. London's rather dingy opera house is likely to remain in Covent Garden, surrounded by the sounds and smells of a fruit and vegetable market. It is hoped, however, that provision will be made without delay for giving Piccadilly Circus a unity that it fully lacks to-day and an architectural treatment more nearly worthy of its great prestige.

It was bound to come, for the original circus has long been lost. A circus is a round place at the intersection of streets, and the small original circus at the intersection of Piccadilly and Lower Regent Street now forms only one corner of the great triangle that is customarily referred to as Piccadilly Circus. Now is the present triangle more than a step toward the even larger Piccadilly Circus of the future?

It is universally assumed that the future Piccadilly Circus will be a rectangle formed by carrying the line of the north side of the quadrant straight across to Shaftesbury Avenue and cutting away most of the triangular island site on which the Pavilion Theatre now stands. The east side will be the next and perhaps the final step in the evolution of Piccadilly Circus.

Cuba Visioned as Air Hub for Latin America

Havana.—Cuba's dream of becoming the hub of Latin American airways is rapidly being realized.

Awards of contracts for the carrying of mail between the United States, Cuba, Porto Rico and Panama are being received by the Pan American Airways Incorporated. This concern, owned by United States capitalists, is purchasing new equipment costing millions of dollars, including six new planes.

Each machine is equipped with three 400-horsepower motors and has a load capacity of twelve passengers and 1,000 pounds of freight. The company has called for bids on larger planes capable of carrying twenty passengers and more freight.

Cuba, Porto Rico, Mexico, Honduras, Nicaragua and Panama are being studied by engineers and suitable sites are being selected for landing fields. Two fields already established at Key West and Havana are being reconstructed and air depots costing \$1,000,000 are being developed.

Details of the Panama service are now being worked out, and, with continued present progress, will be ready next week. In the mean time the United States-Cuban mail and passenger services are in force and in the near future the island of Cuba will be linked up with a domestic service connecting Havana, Santa Clara, Camaguey and Santiago de Cuba, while the line at Miami will serve Porto Rico.

Domestic Service Planned

Engineers Study Mexico and Honduras for Extensions

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When Children for It



When Children for It

SELECTING THE FEEDER

SELECTING THE FEEDER

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS

The Wood Thrush

The Wood Thrush

Wrigley's P.K. CHEWING SWEET

Wrigley's P.K. CHEWING SWEET

What W you do

What W you do

When Children for It

When Children for It

SELECTING THE FEEDER

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HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS

The Wood Thrush

The Wood Thrush

Wrigley's P.K. CHEWING SWEET

Wrigley's P.K. CHEWING SWEET

For Better Pickles

For Better Pickles

When Children for It

When Children for It

SELECTING THE FEEDER

SELECTING THE FEEDER

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS

The Wood Thrush

The Wood Thrush

Wrigley's P.K. CHEWING SWEET

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