

The Brass Bowl

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BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

SYNOPSIS.

"Mad" Dan Maitland, on reaching his New York bachelor club, met an attractive young woman at the door. Janitor O'Hagan assured him no one had been within that day. Dan discovered a woman's finger prints in dust on his desk, along with a letter from his attorney. Maitland dined with Bannerman, his attorney. Dan set out for Greenfields, to get his family jewels. During his walk to the country seat, he met the young woman in gray, whom he had seen leaving his bachelor's club. Her auto had broken down.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

Her superb composure claimed his admiration. Absolutely ignorant though she had been of his proximity, the voice from out of the shades evidently alarmed her not at all. Still bending over the lifted foot, she turned her head slowly and looked up; and "Oh!" said a small voice, tinged with relief. And coolly knotting the laces again, she sat up. "I didn't hear you, you know."

"Nor I see you," Maitland supplemented, unblushingly, "until a moment ago. I—er—can I be of assistance?"

"Can't you?"

"Idiot!" said Maitland, severely, both to and of himself. Aloud: "I think I can."

"I hope so"—doubtfully. "It's very unfortunate. I . . . was running rather fast, I suppose, and didn't see the slope until too late. Now," opening her hands in a gesture ingenuously charming with its suggestion of helplessness and dependence, "I don't know what can be the matter with the machine."

"I'm coming down," announced Maitland briefly. "Wait."

"Thank you, I shall."

She laughed, and Maitland could have blushed for his inanity; happily he had action to cloak his embarrassment. In a twinkling he was at the water's edge, pausing there to listen, with admirable docility, to her plaintive objection: "But you'll get wet and—and ruin your things. I can't ask that of you."

He chuckled, by way of reply, slapping gallantly into the shallows and courageously wading out to the side of the car. Whereupon he was advised in tones of fluttered indignation:

"You simply wouldn't listen to me! And I warned you! Now you're soaking wet and will certainly catch your death of cold, and—and what can I do? Truly, I am sorry."

Here the young man lost track of her remark. He was looking up into the shadow of the motoring cap, discovering things; for the shadow was set at naught by the moon luster that, reflected from the surface of the stream, invested with a gentle and glamorous radiance the face that bent above him. And he caught at his breath sharply, dazed fears confirmed: She was pretty indeed—meritously pretty. The firm, resolute chin, the sensitive, sweet line of scarlet lips, the straight little nose, the brows delicately arched, the large, alert, tawny eyes with the dangerous sweet shadow beneath, the glint of raw copper where her hair caught the light—Maitland appreciated them all far too well; and clutched nervously the rail of the seat, trying to steady himself, to re-collect his routed wits and consider sensibly that it all was due to the magic of the moon, belike; the witchery of this apparition that looked down into his eyes so gravely.

"Of course," he mumbled, "it's too beautiful to endure. Of course it will all fade, vanish utterly in the cold light of day."

Above him, perplexed brows gathered ominously. "I beg pardon?"

"I—er—yes," he stammered at random.

"You—er—what?"

Positively, she was laughing at him! He, Maitland the exquisite, Mad Maitland the imperturbable, was being laughed at by a mere child, a girl scarcely out of her teens. He glanced upward, caught her eye a gleam with merriment, and looked away with much vain dignity.

"I was saying," he manufactured, "that I did not mind the wetting in the least. I'm happy to be of service."

"You weren't saying anything of the sort," she contradicted, calmly. "However—" She paused significantly.

Maitland experienced an instantaneous sensation as of furtive guilt, decidedly the reverse of comfortable. He shuffled uneasily. There was a brief silence, on her part expectant, on his, blank. His mental attitude remained hopeful; for some mysterious reason his melancholy had deserted him in the hour of his supermost need; not in all his experience did he remember anything like this—as awkward.

The river rippled indifferently about his calves; a vagrant breeze disturbed the tree tops and died of sheer lassitude; Time plodded on with measured stride. Then, abruptly, full-winded inspiration was born out of the chaos of his mind. Listening intently, he glanced with covert suspicion at the bridge; it proved untenanted, inoffensive of men; nor arose there any sound of hoof or wheel upon the highway. Again he looked up at the girl; and found her in thoughtful mood, frowning, regarding him steadily beneath level brows.

He assumed a disarming levity of demeanor, smiling winningly. "There's only one way," he suggested—not too archly—and extended his arms.

"Indeed?" She considered him with pardonable dubiety.

Instantly his purpose became as adamant.

"I must carry you. It's the only way."

"Oh, indeed no! I—couldn't impose upon you. I'm—very heavy, you know—"

"Never mind," firmly insisted. "You can't stay here all night, of course."



He Began to Wade Cautiously Shoreward.

"But are you sure?" (She was yielding.) "I don't like to—"

He shook his head, careful to restrain the twitching corners of his lips.

"It will take but a moment," he urged, gravely. "And I'll be quite careful."

"Well—" She perceived that, if not right, he was stubborn; and with a final small gesture of deprecation, weakly surrendered. "I'm sorry to be such a nuisance," she murmured, rising and gathering skirts about her.

Maitland stoutly denied the hideous insinuation. "I am only too glad—"

She balanced herself lightly upon the step. He moved nearer and assured himself of a firm foothold on the pebbly river bed. She sank gracefully into his arms, proving a considerable burden—weightier, in fact, than he had anticipated. He was somewhat staggered; it seemed that he embraced countless yards of ruffles and things ballasted with (at a shrewd guess) lead. He swayed.

Then, recovering his equilibrium, he incautiously glanced into her eyes. And lost it again, completely.

"I was mistaken," he told himself; "daylight will but enhance—"

She held herself considerably still, perhaps wondering why he made no move. Perhaps otherwise; there is reason to believe that she may have suspected—being a woman.

At length: "Is there anything I can do," she inquired, meekly, "to make it easier for you?"

"I'm afraid," he replied, attitude apologetic, "that I must ask you to put your arm around my neck—my shoulders. It would be more natural."

"Oh."

The monosyllable was heavy with meaning—will any one of a dozen meanings, in truth. Maitland debated the most obvious. Did she conceive he had insinuated that it was his habit to ferry armfuls of attractive femininity over rocky fords by the light of a midnight moon?

No matter. While he thought it out, she was consenting. Presently a slender arm was passed round his neck. Having awaited only that, he began to wade cautiously shoreward, the distance lessened perceptibly, but he contemplated the decreasing interval without joy, for all that she was of an appreciable weight. For all burdens there are compensations.

Unconsciously, inevitably, her head sank toward his shoulder; he was aware of her breath, fragrant and warm, upon his cheek. . . . He stopped abruptly, cold chills running up and down his back; he gritted his teeth; he shuddered perceptibly.

"What is the matter?" she demanded, deeply concerned, but at pains not to stir.

Maitland made a strange noise with his tongue behind clenched teeth. "Urrrah," he said distinctly.

She lifted her head, startled; relief followed, intense and instantaneous.

"I'm sorry," he muttered, humbly, face aflame, "but you . . . tickled."

"I'm—so—sorry!" she gasped, violently agitated. And laughed a low, almost a silent, little laugh, as with deft fingers she tucked away the errant lock of hair.

"Ass!" Maitland told himself, fiercely, striding forward.

In another moment they were on dry land. The girl slipped from his arms and faced him, eyes dancing, cheeks crimson, lips a tense, quivering, scarlet line. He met this with a rueful smile.

"But—thank you—but," she gasped, expensively, "it was so funny!"

Wounded dignity melted before her laughter. For a time, there in the moonlight, under the scornful regard of the disabled motor car's twin head-lights, these two rocked and shrieked,

while the silent night flung back disdainful echoes of their mad laughter.

Perhaps the insane incongruity of their performance first became apparent to the girl; she, at all events, was the first to control herself. Maitland subsided, rumbering, while she dabbed at her eyes with a wisp of lace and linen.

"Forgive me," she said, faintly, at length: "I didn't mean to—"

"How could you help it? Who'd expect a hulking brute like myself to be ticklish?"

"You are awfully good," she countered more calmly.

"Don't say that. I'm a clumsy lout. But—" He held her gaze inquiringly. "But may I ask—"

"Oh, of course—certainly. I am—bound for Greenpoint-on-the-Sound—"

"Ten miles!" he interrupted.

The corners of her red lips drooped; her brows puckered with dismay. Instinctively she glanced toward the water-bound car.

"What am I to do?" she cried. "Ten miles! . . . I could never walk it, never in the world! You see, I went to town to-day to do a little shopping. As we were coming home the chauffeur was arrested for careless driving. He had bumped a delivery wagon over—it wasn't really his fault. I telephoned home for somebody to bail him out, and my father said he would come in. Then I dined, returned to the police station and waited. Nobody came. I couldn't stay there all night. I phoned to everybody I knew, until my money gave out; no one was in town. At last, in desperation, I started home alone."

Maitland nodded his comprehension. "Your father—" he hinted delicately.

"Judge Wentworth," she explained, hastily. "We've taken the Grover place at Greenpoint for the season."

"I see"—thoughtfully. And this was the girl who he had believed had been in his rooms that evening, in his absence! Oh, clearly, that was impossible. Her tone rang with truth.

She interrupted his train of thought with a cry of despair. "What will they think!"

"I dare say," he ventured hopefully, "I could hire a team at some farm house—"

"But the delay! It's so late already!"

Undeniably late; one o'clock at the earliest. A thought longer Maitland hung in lack of purpose, then without a word of explanation turned and again began to wade out.

"What do you mean to do?" she cried, surprised.

"See what's the trouble," he called back. "I know a bit about motors. Perhaps—"

"Then—but why—"

She stopped; and Maitland forbore to encourage her to round out her question. It was no difficult matter to supply the missing words. Why had he not thought of investigating the motor before insisting that he must carry her ashore?

The humiliating conviction forced itself upon him that he was not flinging to great advantage in this adventure. Distinctly a humiliating sensation to one who ordinarily was by way of having a fine conceit of himself. It requires a certain amount of egotism to enable one to play the exquisite to one's personal satisfaction; Maitland had enjoyed the possession of that certain amount; theretofore his approval of self had been passably entire. Now—he could not deny—the boor had shown up through the polish of the beau.

Intolerable—thought! "Cad!" exclaimed Maitland, bitterly. This all was due to hasty jumping at conclusions; if he had not chosen to believe a young and charming girl identical with an—adventress, this thing had not happened and he had still retained his own good will. For one little moment he despised himself heartily—one little moment of clear insight into self was his. And forthwith he began to meditate apologies, formulating phrases designed to prove adequate without sounding exaggerated and insincere.

By this time he had reached the car, and—through sheer blundering luck—at once stumbled upon the seat of trouble—a clogged valve in the carburetor. No serious matter; with the assistance of a repair kit more than commonly complete, he had the valve clear in a jiffy.

News of this triumph he shouted to the girl, receiving in reply an "Oh, thank you!" so fervently grateful that he felt more guilty than ever.

Ruminating unhappily on the end of contemplated abatement, he waded round the car, satisfying himself that there was nothing else out of gear; and apprehensively cranked up. Whereupon the motor began to hum contentedly: all was well. Flushed with this success, Maitland climbed aboard and opened the throttle a trifle. The car moved. And then, with a swish, a gurgle, and a watery whoosh! it surged forward, up, out of the river, gallantly up the slope.

At the top the amateur chauffeur sput down the throttle and jumped out, turning to face the girl. She was by the step almost before he could offer a hand to help her in, and as she paused to render him his due meed of thanks, it became evident that she harbored little if any resentment; eyes shining, face aglow with gratitude, she dropped him a droll but graceful courtesy.

"You are too good!" she declared with spirit. "How can I thank you?"

"You might," he suggested, looking down into her face from his superior height, "give me a bit of a lift—just a couple of miles up the road. Though," he supplemented eagerly, "if you'd really prefer, I should be only too happy to drive the car home for you."

"Two miles, did you say?"

He fancied something odd in her tone; besides, the question was superfluous. His eyes informed with puzzlement, he replied: "Why, yes—that much, more or less. I live—"

"Of course," she put in quickly, "I'll give you the lift—only too glad. But as for your taking me home at this hour, I can't hear of that."

"But—"

"Besides, what would people say?" she countered, obstinately. "Oh, no," she decided; and he felt that from this decision there would be no appeal; "I couldn't think of interfering with your . . . arrangements."

Her eyes held his for a single instant, instinct with mischief, gleaming with bewildering light from out a face schooled to gravity. Maitland experienced a sensation of having gasped after and missed a subtlety of allusion; his wits, keen as they were, recoiled, baffled by her finesse. And the more he divined that she was playing with him, as an experienced swordsman might play with an impertinent novice, the denser his confusion grew.

"But I have no arrangements—" he stammered.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Coats in Fashion



The first coat is in blue serge; it fastens over in a point to one side; the fronts then slope away. White faced cloth is used for the collar, cuffs and pockets, trimmed at the edge by black satin-covered buttons and buttonholes, made with black silk cord. Hat of straw, trimmed with masses of small roses and a feather mount.

Materials required: 2 yards serge 46 inches wide, ¾ yard white faced cloth, 3 dozen buttons, 2 yards cord.

Here is a coat for fawn face-cloth; it has a semi-fitting front and a light back; tabs are cut on the front, back and sleeves, trimmed with buttons and cords; all the seams are wrapped and the collar is of velvet. Hat of stretched satin, trimmed with roses and a feather mount.

Materials required: 1½ yard cloth 46 inches wide, 1½ dozen buttons, ½ yard velvet, 3 yards lining.

The third is of tweed, bound with satin. The coat fastens invisibly down center of front, and is trimmed with buttons and cords in sets of threes, the sleeve is trimmed in the same way, and is bound with satin. Hat of straw, trimmed with silk and a feather mount.

Materials required: 1½ yard 48 inches wide, 1 yard satin, 15 buttons, 3 yards lining.

REALLY SMART LINEN DRESS. BRAINS NEEDED IN THE HOME.

Designed to Be Made Up in Rouge Pink and in Semi-Princess Style.

Rouge pink linen is selected for this smart semi-princess style. A plain panel continues from shoulders to hem of skirt, and has a wrapped seam at each side, giving the effect of a tuck; one tuck is made on either side to fit



on the bodice, and other tucks continue to the end of sleeve; three more tucks of different widths trim the foot of skirt, commencing on each side of panel. Tucked lawn is used for the yoke, which is edged with braid, a galloon-waist-band is taken as far as panel, and on the right side of it a ribbon is attached, finished at the end by a tassel.

Hat of coarse straw to match, trimmed with chiffon, roses and a feather.

Materials required: Nine yards linen 36 inches wide, four yards braid, one-half yard galloon for waist-band, three-quarters yard ribbon, one tassel, one-half yard tuck lawn.

Mouth Wash.

An excellent mouth-wash may be made by mixing one ounce of carbonate of soda with one pint of water. Bottle for use. After cleaning the teeth as usual, rinse with a little of this liquid. It has a fine preservative effect on the teeth, and cleanses the tongue and gums.

Return to Quaint Curious.

Among the folk fashions borrowed from Poland is that curious one of the dangling curls at the sides of the face. Some of the daring women in Paris are trying the little curls which fall over the temples and account for the stray locks about the ear.

To Save Stockings.

Girls will not be half so apt to dance holes in their delicate silk stockings if only they will have slippers powdered inside. This simple operation permits the silk and shoe to rub together with decidedly less friction, and the wear is thus not so great.

There is no more satisfactory arrangement for a yoke than the separate gumpie tied down with ribbons at the waist line.

Without Intelligent Application, Housework Means Drudgery and General Unhappiness.

As a recipe for a happy home there is none better than brains and good housekeeping. The more a woman knows the more easily she achieves Housework undirected by brains spells drudgery.

The housewife with brains knows the value of system, of disregarding traditions if they mean a waste of higher powers, of making life more simple if following the fashion means cramped nerves and strained pulse.

The brain shows the utility of scrubbing, stitching and dusting as home making qualities; while the other half will never let culture run rampant while stockings are undarned and meals are helter skelter.

A woman was once asked to define her ideal housekeeping. "It is that," she said, "where the woman keeps the house and not the house the woman." Houses having a way of not only "keeping" the woman, but binding her with chains impossible to break unless brains form more than half the mixture used in that house's running.

A New Trimming.

Many of the imported gowns are being trimmed with silk-covered cord. It is very effective, and is necessarily somewhat exclusive, since it cannot be bought in the shops. It is not difficult to make at home, however.

Use soft cotton cord, as thick as heavy twine. Messaline, satin or taffeta may be used in the desired color. Cut the material in bias strips, turn in the edges, bind the cord, sewing carefully along these edges. The trimming is then braided on to the gown in a large pattern. If it is unpractical to have the gown stamped, trace the pattern on tissue paper, baste it on and braid through it. After the design is finished the paper may be pulled out. This kind of cord also makes suitable loops for silk-covered buttons when they are used for trimming.

Hints on Hemming.

Hemming on light-weight wool goods should be done by hand.

Use a short needleful of split silk. It makes a prettier hem.

And does away with the tight twisting of the fine single silk.

Another good plan is to use the ravellings of the material.

It is a perfect match.

It has the same sheen as the material.

It does not show, therefore, if a chance stitch goes through.

IN VOGUE

Almost every gown has a different colored shoulder scarf.

It is now quite the fad to have lingerie embroidered in pink and blue, according to fancy.

A waist that closes in the back is always pretty with tucks extending to yolk depth in front.

Passmenterie drop trimmings are now to be found in all the modish colors, and in pearl, jet, crystal and metallic effects.

A long chain, intended to be twisted around the neck a second and third time, is ornamented with rose coral oblongs effectively matched.

Net girdles of wide soft mesh are embroidered in ribbons (a hilarious fabric), and fringed with it. They come in all of the fashionable colors.



I want to trail back to the field and the wood
Where zephyrs are kissing the trees,
Where rivers sing softly their rhythms of peace
And melody rides on the breeze.

I want to go back to the old hayrack
bridge
And angle for fish with a pin.
To feel once again all the thrills I have known
At hooking and landing a fin!

I want to return where the gooseberries grow
Where choke-cherries pucker your throat—
I want to go pond-ily hunting once more
In Stewart's old, flat-bottomed boat.

I want to be lost in the heart of "The Run,"
Where squirrels and owls have their nests;
I want to flop down on my back 'neath the elms
And worship the blue through their crests!

I want to go barefoot along the old trail
That leads to the clover-croft hills.
By ways that are winding, where bushes hang low
And whisper their loves to the rills!

I want to go back and just splash in the creek
And let the cool cedar run fast—
Run over and under, and scold as it leaves.
The hands it has known in the past!

I want to wade out where the sand-bar is head
In diamonds that sparkle with light—
Just wade and get sopping clear up to my waist
And holler—and yell—in my might!

I want to run down to "The Quarry,"
"The Hill,"
"The Bend," "The High bank" and
"The Strand"—
Let me stand all enthroned where my boyhood was spent,
Take me back to my own Fairyland!

Take me back where the roses are sweet
with perfume,
Where the bees sing a song that is glad—
Take me back, let me feel in my heart
once again,
Just the God-given joy of a lad!

And now the good citizen does not wait for the Macedonian cry from the village paper to burn those leaves! He takes time and the rake by the forelock and gets busy early.

If some men were as particular about getting up when they are called as they are about winding their alarm clocks, wives would be saved a heap of nagging.

A lady disciple of Rooseveltian spelling has married a Chicago proof-reader. She desires to reform him, I presume.

I come to thee, O my darling!
Faint with the longing of years,
Weak with unsated passion,
And burnt with its scalding tears.

I have come from the Town of Ambition,
Through the Wood of the Heart-Sick Dove,
To dream in the Temple of Beauty,
And feed on the lilies of love.—Alfred Hitch.

Non Appreciative.

Having announced his text, an old colored preacher down in Georgia, as related by the Atlanta Constitution, went on to say: "My attention has been drawn ter de fact dat some scoundil has gone 'n put a alligator in de pulpit, right under my two foots; but, long as ez dar, I gwine let him stay 'twel after de benediction; fer I notice dat, des lak de res' er you (trifin), no 'count sinners, he done made up his mind ter take it easy en sleep through de sermon!"

Woman.

Oh, woman, you are charming,
And poets long have sung
Their sweetest verses to you
In every written tongue;

But none of them has ever
Told why it is that you
Will always leave a street-car
of due grace?—BYRON WILLIAMS.

—W. J. Lampton, in Success Magazine.

Song of an Editor.

This is the season for plantin' seed,
and 'tis also the printer's time of need.
Sow radish seed and lettuce, too, and pay
the printer whatever is due. Go build
yourself an onion bed and remember
the printer must be fed. Sow several rows
of early peas, and pay for last year's
paper, please. Dig up the earth 'round
each strawberry vine and if you want
our paper drop us a line. Plant some
potatoes to put in bush and remember
the printer is short of cash. Fix up a
hill or so of beans, and with the editor
divide your means. Of water-melons
you'll need a patch—the editor's pants
needs one to match. Pay up your sub-
scription, plant your corn, and you'll
raise a big crop as sure as you're born.—
Henry (Oula) Eagle

Girl In.

It is not to die, nor even to die of
hunger, that makes a man wretched.
Many men have died; all men must
die. But it is to live miserable, we
know not why; to work sore, and yet
gain nothing; to be heart worn,
weary, yet isolated, unrelated, girl
in with a cold, universal l'aissez faire,
—Thomas Carlyle.

But is He?

When a man pawns his watch he
probably believes that he is making
good use of his time.

USE LEAL AS A STIMULANT

How Coca is Cultivated—Preventive of Sleep and Fatigue.

Coca is the South American invigorant. The shrub from which the coca leaves are obtained grows under favorable conditions to a height of about four meters. It is cultivated in Peru and Bolivia.

At the time the crop is gathered the seeds are sown in beds, when they germinate and grow, and in two months the growing plants reach a height of about a foot. The leaves, grown in the proper sunlight and shade, are yellowish, small and thick.

This is the kind of leaf that is preferred for chewing by persons using the leaf as a stimulant, fortifier and preventive of sleep and fatigue in the performance of arduous work, inasmuch as they prevent rheumatism, from which miners suffer when work-

ing in mines that contain much water. Indians who masticate the leaves of this plant can work 24 hours without eating or sleeping.

Coca leaves are used by the natives when engaged in long and fatiguing journeys and by soldiers when subject to hardships and privations. They may be used with all kinds of food and are said to cure dyspepsia, either taken as an infusion in the shape of tea or by masticating the leaves. The life of the plant when perfect is 80 years.

Let Others Live Also.

We have seen that the highest form of protection for some may be the worst form of suppression for the majority. And if we would have the right to live ourselves, we must first perform the great eternal duty—to let others live also.—Strindberg.