PITY FOR THE TOILER.

"I hear, Limpy, dat de price of livin' has increased."

"Yep. Gee, it must be tough to have to work for wot a feller eats."

The Selfish Invalid.

Senator Dixon, discussing a certain tariff proposition, said:

"It is selfishness, pure selfishness. It reminds me of George Cartwright of Missoula.

"George Cartwright took sick and spent a week abed. He carried on dreadfully with his groans and complaints. His wife said to him one night:

"'Well, George, I'd rather have the whole family sick than you!'

"'Huh, so would I,' George answered."

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right Starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

Well, What If He Didn't?

For many years Dr. Francis L. Patton, ex-president of Princeton university, wore side whiskers. Whenever he suggested shaving them there was a division of opinion in the family. One morning he came into his wife's room, razor in hand, with his right cheek shaved smooth.

"How do you like it, my dear?" he asked. "If you think it looks well, I will shave the other side, too."—Everybody's Magazine

Smoother Then.

The second-year debutante, as she massaged her left cheek with a rotary movement, said:

"Of course I love him, though he's rather rough, I confess."

"Before I threw him over," said the third-year debutante, looking up from the face-steaming machine, "he shaved every day."

The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this summer makes the choice of Starch a matter of great importance. Defiance Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. It great strength as a stiffener makes half the usual quantity of Starch necessary, with the result of perfect finish, equal to that when the goods were new.

Mar-vel-lous!

At a baseball game in Chicago the gatekeeper hurried to Comiskey, leader of the White Sox, and said:

"Umpire Hurst is here with two friends. Shall I pass 'em in?"

"An umpire with two friends!" gasped Comiskey. "Sure!"—Everybody's Magazine.

Division of Musical Labor.

Knicker—Is yours a musical family?

Bocker—The cook sings about her work, and my daughter works about her sing.

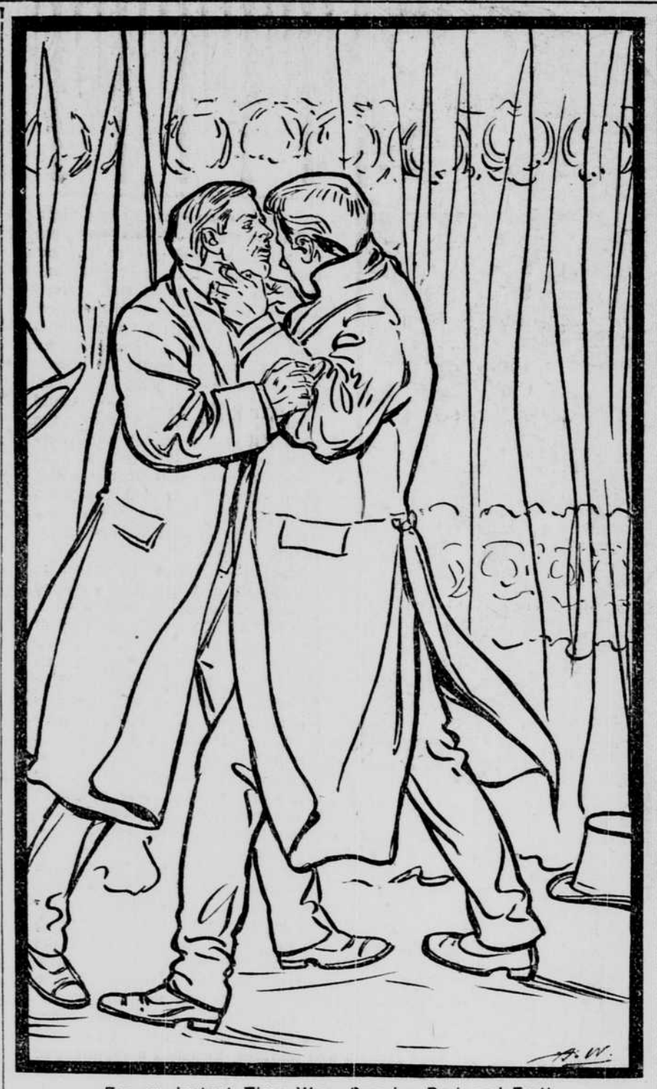
Success.

"Why did you marry?"

"For sympathy."

"Did you get what you were after?"

"Yes—from my friends."



For an Instant They Were Swaying Back and Forth.

The BRASS BOWL

PICTURES BY A. WEIL

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

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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 bachelors' club. Her auto had broken down. He fixed it. By a ruse she "lost" him. Maitland, on reaching home, surprised lady in gray, cracking the safe containing his gems. She, apparently, took him for a well-known crook, Daniel Anisty. Half-hypnotized, Maitland opened his safe, took therefrom the jewels, and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

The interior of the safe was revealed in a shape little different from that of the ordinary household strongbox. There were several account books, ledgers and the like, together with some packages of docketed bills, in the pigeon holes. The cash box, itself a safe within a safe, showed a blank face broken by a small combination dial. Behind this, in a secreted compartment, the Maitland heirlooms languished, half forgotten of their heedless owner.

The cash box combination offered less difficulty than had the outer dial. Maitland had it open in a twinkling. Then, brazenly lifting out the inner framework bodily, he thrust a fumbling hand into the aperture thus disclosed and pressed the spring, releasing the panel at the back. It disappeared as though by witchcraft, and the splash of light from the bull's-eye discovered a canvas bag squatting humbly in the secret compartment; a fat little canvas bag, considerably soiled from much handling, such as is used by banks for coin, a sturdy, matter-of-fact, every-day sort of canvas bag, with nothing about it of hauteur, no air of self-importance or ostentation, to betray the fact that it was the receptacle of a small fortune.

At Maitland's ear, incredulous: "How did you guess?" she breathed.

He took thought and breath, both briefly, and prevaricated shamelessly: "Bribed the head clerk of the safe manufacturer who built this."

Rising, he passed over to the center table, the girl following. "Steady with the light," he whispered; and loosed the string around the mouth of the bag, pouring its contents, a glistening, priceless, flaming, iridiscent treasure horde, upon the table.

"Oh!" said a small voice at his side. And again and again: "Oh, Oh! Oh!"

Maitland himself was moved by the wonder of it. The jewels seemed to fill the room with a flashing, amazing, coruscant glamour, rainbow-like. His breath came hot and fast as he gazed upon the trove; a queen's ramsom, a fortune incalculable even to its owner. As for the girl, he thought that the wonder of it must have struck her dumb. Not a sound came from the spot where she stood.

Then, abruptly, the sun went out; at least, such was the effect; the light of the hand lamp vanished utterly, leaving a partly-colored blur swimming against the impenetrable blackness, before his eyes.

His lips opened; but a small hand fell firmly upon his own, and a tiny, tremulous whisper shrilled in his ear.

"Hush—ah, hush!"

"What—?"

"Steady . . . some one coming. . . . the jewels."

He heard the dull musical clash of them as her hands swept them back into the bag, and a cold, sickening fear rendered him almost faint with the sense of trust misplaced, illusion resolved into brutal realities. His fingers closed convulsively about her wrists; but she held passive.

"Ah, but I might have expected that!" came her reproachful whisper. "Take them, then, my—my partner that was." Her tone cut like a knife, and the touch of the canvas bag, as she forced it into his hands, was hateful to him.

"Forgive me—" he began.

"But listen!"

For a space he obeyed, the silence at first seeming tremendous; then, faint but distinct, he heard the tinkle and slide of the brazen rings supporting the smoking room portiere.

His hand sought the girl's; she had not moved, and the cool, firm pressure of her fingers steadied him. He thought quickly.

"Quick!" he told her in the least of whispers. "Leave by the window you opened and wait for me by the motor car."

"No!"

There was no time to remonstrate with her. Already he had slipped away, shaping a course for the entrance to the passage. But the dominant thought in his mind was that at all costs the girl must be spared the exposure. She was to be saved, whatever the hazard. Afterwards—

The tapestry rustled, but he was yet too far distant to spring. He crept on with the crouching, vicious attitude, mental and physical, of a panther stalking its prey.

Like a thunderclap from a clear sky the glare of the light broke out from the ceiling. Maitland paused, transfixed, on tiptoe, eyes incredulous, brain striving to grapple with the astounding discovery that had come to him.

The third factor stood in the doorway, slender and tall, in evening dress—as was Maitland—a light, full overcoat hanging open from his shoulders; one hand holding back the curtain, the other arrested on the light switch. His lips dropped open and his eyes, too, were protruding with amazement. Feature for feature he was the counterpart of the man before him; in a word, here was the real Anisty.

The wonder of it all saved the day for Maitland; Anisty's astonishment was sincere and the more complete in that, unlike Maitland, he had been unprepared to find any one in the library.

For a mere second his gaze left Maitland and traveled on to the girl, then to the rifled safe—taking in the whole significance of the scene. When he spoke, it was as if dazed.

"By God!" he cried—or, rather, the syllables seemed to jump from his lips like bullets from a gun.

The words shattered the tableau. On their echo Maitland sprang and fastened his fingers around the other's throat. Carried off his feet by the sheer ferocity of the assault, Anisty gave ground a little. For an instant they were swaying back and forth, with advantage to neither. Then the burglar's collar slipped and somehow tore from its stud, giving Maitland's hands freer play. His grasp tightened about the man's gullet; he shook him mercilessly. Anisty staggered, gasped, reeled, struck Maitland once or twice upon the chest—feeble, weightless elbow jabs that went for nothing, then concentrated his energies in a vain attempt to wrench the hands from his throat. Reeling, tearing at Maitland's wrists, face empurpling, eyes staring in agony, he stumbled. Mercilessly Maitland forced him to his knees and bullied him across the floor toward the nearest lounge—with premeditated design; finally succeeding in throwing him flat; and knelt upon his chest, retaining his grip but refraining from throttling him.

As it was, all strength and thought of resistance had been choked out of Anisty. He lay at length, gasping painfully.

Maitland glanced over his shoulders and saw the girl moving forward, apparently making for the switch.

"No!" he cried, peremptorily. "Don't turn off the light—please!"

"But—" she doubted.

"Let me have those curtain cords, if you please," he requested, shortly.

She followed his gaze to the windows, interpreted his wishes, and was very quick to carry them out. In a trice she was offering him half a dozen of the heavy, twisted silk cords that had been used to loop back the curtains.

Soft yet strong, they were excellently well adapted to Maitland's needs. Unceremoniously he swung his captive over on his side, bringing his neck and ankles in juxtaposition to the legs of that substantial piece of furniture, the lounge.

His hands, the first to be secured, and tightly, behind his back, Anisty lay helpless, glaring vindictively the while gradually he recovered consciousness and strength. Maitland cared little for his evil glances; he was busy. The burglar's ankles were next bound together and to the lounge leg; and, an instant later, a brace of half-hitches about the man's neck and the nearest support entirely eliminated him as a possible factor in subsequent events.

"Those loops around your throat," Maitland warned him curtly, "are loose enough now, but if you struggle they'll tighten and strangle you. Understand?"

Anisty nodded, making an incoherent sound with his swollen tongue. At which Maitland frowned, smitten thoughtful with a new consideration.

"You mustn't talk, you know," he mused half aloud; and, whipping forth a handkerchief, gagged Mr. Anisty.

After which, breathing hard and in a maze of perplexity, he got to his feet. Already his hearing, quickened by the emergency, had apprised him of the situation's imminent hazards. It needed not the girl's hurried whisper, "The servants!" to warn him of their danger. From the rear wing of the mansion the sounds of hurrying feet were distinctly audible, as, presently, were the heavy, excited voices of men and the more shrill and frightened cries of women.

Heedless of her displeasure, Maitland seized the girl by the arm and urged her over to the open window. "Don't hang back!" he told her nervously. "You must get out of this before they see you. Do as I tell you, please, and we'll save ourselves yet! If we both make a run for it, we're lost. Don't you understand?"

"No. Why?" she demanded, reluctant, spirited, obstinate—and lovely in his eyes.

"If he were anybody else," Maitland indicated, with a jerk of his head toward the burglar. "But didn't you see? He must be Maitland—and he's my double. I'll stay, brazen it out, then, as soon as possible, make my escape and join you by the gate. Your motor's there—wait! Be ready for me"

But she had grasped his intention and was suddenly become pliant to his will. "You're wonderful!" she told him with a little low laugh; and was gone, silently as a spirit.

The curtains fell behind her in long, straight folds; Maitland stilled their swaying with a touch, and stepped back into the room. For a moment he caught the eye of the fellow on the floor; it was upturned to his, sardonically intelligent. But the lord of the manor had little time to debate consequences.

Abruptly the door was flung wide and a short stout man, clutching up his trousers with a frantic hand, burst into the library, brandishing overhead a rampant revolver.

"'Ands hup!" he cried, leveling at Maitland. And then, with a fallen countenance: "G-r-r-reat 'eavins, sir! You, Mister Maitland, sir!"

"Ah, Higgins," his employer greeted the butler blandly.

Higgins pulled up, thunderstruck, panting and perspiring with agitation. His fat cheeks quivered like the wattles of a gobbler, and his eyes bulged as, by degrees, he became alive to the situation.

Maitland began to explain, forestalling the embarrassments of cross-examination.

"By the merest accident, Higgins, I was passing in my car with a party of friends. Just for a joke I thought I'd steal up to the house and see how you were behaving yourselves. By chance—again—I happened to see this light through the library windows." And Maitland, putting an incautious hand upon the bull's-eye on the desk, withdrew it instantly, with an exclamation of annoyance and four scorched fingers.

"He's been at the safe," he added quickly, diverting attention from himself. "I was just in time."

"My wor-r-rd!" said Higgins, with emotion. Then quickly: "Did 'e get anythin', do you think, sir?"

Maitland shook his head, scowling over the butler's burly shoulders at the rapidly augmenting concourse of servants in the hallway—lackeys, grooms, maids, cooks, and what-not; a background of pale, scared faces to the tableau in the library. "This won't do," considered Maitland. "Get back, all of you!" he ordered, sternly, indicating the group with a dominant and inflexible forefinger. "Those who are wanted will be sent for. Now go! Higgins, you may stay."

"Yes, sir. Yes, sir. But wot an 'orr'd 'appenin', sir, if you'll permit me—"

"I won't. Be quiet and listen. This man is Anisty—Handsome Dan Anisty, the notorious jewel thief, wanted badly by the police of a dozen cities. You understand? . . . I'm going now to motor to the village and get the constables; I may," he invented, desperately, "be delayed—may have to get a detective from Brooklyn. If this scoundrel stirs, don't touch him. Let him alone—he can't escape if you do. Above all things, don't you dare to remove that gag!"

"Most cert'inly, sir. I shall bear in mind wot you says—"

"You'd best," grimly. "Now I'm off. No; I don't want any attendance—I know my way. And—don't—touch—that man—till I return."

"Very good, sir."

Maitland stepped over to the safe, glanced within, cursorily, replaced a bundle of papers which he did not recall disturbing, closed the door and twirled the combination.

"Nothing gone," he announced. An inarticulate gurgle from the prostrate man drew a black scowl from Maitland. Recovering, "Good morning," he said politely to the butler, and striding out of the house by the front door, was careful to slam that behind him, ere darting into the shadows.

The moon was down, the sky a cold, opaque gray, overcast with a light drift of cloud. The park seemed very dark, very dreary; a searching breeze was sweeping inland from the sound, soughing sadly in the tree tops; a chill humidity permeated the air, precursor of rain. The young man shivered, both with chill and reaction from the tension of the emergency just past.

He was aware of an instantaneous loss of heart, a subsidence of the elation which had upheld him throughout the adventure; and to escape this, to forget or overcome it, took immediately to his heels, scampering madly for the road, oppressed with fear lest he should find the girl gone—with the jewels.

That she should prove untrue, faithless, lacking even that honor which proverbially obtains in the society of criminals—a consideration of such a possibility was intolerable, as much so as the suspense of ignorance. He could not, would not, believe her capable of ingratitude so rank; and fought fiercely, unreasoningly, against the conviction that she would have followed her thievish instincts and made off with the booty. . . . A judgment meet and right upon him for his madness!

Heart in mouth, he reached the gates, passing through without discovering her, and was struck dumb and witless with relief when she stepped quietly from the shadows of a low branching tree, offering him a guiding hand.

"Come," she said, quietly. "This way."

Without being exactly conscious of what he was about he caught the hand in both his own. "Then," he exulted almost passionately—"then you didn't—"

His voice choked in his throat. Her face, momentarily upturned to his, gleamed pale and weary in the dreary light; the face of a tired child, troubled, saddened; yet with eyes inexpressibly sweet. She turned away, tugging at her hand.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Dog.

The dog is man's most faithful friend. A man may lie, but a dog won't; a man may get drunk, a man may slander his neighbor, a man may embezzle and defraud, a man may borrow money, a man may steal money, a man may go into politics, a man may knife his best friend, a man may run people down with an automobile, a man may gamble himself to ruin, a man may waste his substance in riotous living, a man may go to heaven—but a dog won't. Can these things be truthfully spoken of other friends man has about him? There is a strong affinity between man and the dog; it must be the affinity of contrast. Yet any man will resent being called a dog. Possibly the dog would resent being called a man if he understood—I do not know. I only know that the maxim works but one way; and if we would say: "Man is the dog's most faithful friend," there would be many a cavil, saying that it was mighty rough on the dog.—Success Magazine.

And Then He Wasn't Pleased

Wifey's Economy That Drew No Praise from Husband.

There was a pensive look in Mrs. Compton's charming eyes, but she smiled across the table at her husband when he asked her if she felt too tired to go with him to a concert. "I suppose you have been busy packing all day," he said, thoughtfully.

"Oh, yes, I've been busy," she said, with a little sigh, "but I feel satisfied, for everything is packed now, except the last things, that can't go in the trunks till to-morrow, and besides that I have done something I'm sure will please you, Henry. It will show you that I'm really learning to be thrifty and economical like you."

"I should like to hear what you've done," said Mr. Compton, with as serious an air as his wife's.

"I knew that the battery in my little electric lantern would not begin to last till our vacation was over," said Mrs. Compton, "and yet it didn't really need to be recharged yet. So rather than have that spark wasted, I went into the library at dusk, with all the curtains drawn and the shades down, and just sat there in the dark—or it would have been dark except for the lantern, I mean—and pressed one finger after another on the lantern button, changing fingers as they got numb, till at last the spark gave out. So now I can have it recharged to-morrow with a clear conscience."—Youth's Companion.

What's in a Word?

Two men were discussing the trouble in India, and each had a deal to say about his notion of Hindu character.

"They're such a bellicose set of people," said one.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the other, in surprise. "I was always under the impression that they were very spare men."—Harper's Weekly.

Not Hard to Please.

"Woman may be uncertain and coy," remarked the boarding house philosopher, "but she isn't hard to please. That's where the poet is wrong."

"What new light have you had on that subject, Mr. McGinnis?" asked the landlady.

"She'll put up with almost any kind of stick for a husband and wear any old thing on her head for a hat."

Courage.

"He's a man of great courage."

"Unusual courage?"

"Yes, unusual courage. He isn't afraid to keep his seat in a street car, even if a woman he knows is standing right in front of him."

Ruling Passion.

"He's half crazy about music."

"Sure is. Even calls his price list a scale of prices."

Uncle Josh Says:

'Tain't all cigarette smoke in Turkish circles, b' jinks, is it?

Marriage is not a lottery; it's a raffle. One man gets the prize while the other gets the shake.

She is a wise young wife who tries her first cake on a tramp.

Some marriages mean war and some mean an armed truce.

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 24–1909.