

The Dawn Bowl

PICTURES BY A. WEILL

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

THE BOBBY-MERRILL CO.

SYNOPSIS.

"Mad" Dan Mattland, on reaching his New York bachelor club, met an attractive young woman at the door. Junior O'Hagan assured him no one had been within that day. Dan discovered a woman's faint prints in dust on his desk, along with a letter from his attorney. Mattland dined with Bannerman, his attorney. Dan set out for Greenwood, 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. He fixed it. By a ruse she "lost" him. Mattland, on reaching some, surprised lay in gray, cranking the safe containing his gems. She, apparently, took him for a well-known crowd. Daniel Anstey, half-hypnotized, Mattland opened his safe, took therefrom the jewels, and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime. The real Dan Anstey, sought by police of the world, appeared on the same mission. Mattland overcame him.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"You doubted me, after all," she commented, a trifle bitterly. "I—no! You misunderstand me. Believe me, I—"

"Ah, don't protest. What does it make or mar, whether or not you trusted me? . . . You have," she added, quietly, "the jewels safe enough, I suppose?"

He stopped short, aghast. "The jewels!"

"I slipped them in your coat pocket before—"

Instantly her hand was free. Mattland ramming both his own into the side pockets of his top coat. "They're safe!"

She smiled uncertainly.

"We have no time," said she. "Can you drive—?"

They were standing by the side of her car, which had been cunningly hidden in the gloom beneath a spreading tree on the further side of the road. Mattland, crestfallen, offered his hand; the tips of her fingers touched his palm lightly as she jumped in. He hesitated at the step.

"You wish me to?"

She laughed lightly. "Most assuredly. You may assure yourself that I shan't try to elude you again—"

"I would I might be sure of that," he said, steadying his voice and seeking her eyes.

"Procrastination won't make it any more assured."

He stepped up and settled himself in the driver's seat, grasping throttle and steering wheel; the great machine thrilled to his touch like a live thing, then began slowly to back out into the road. For an instant it seemed to hang palpitant on dead center, then shot out like a bound unleashed, ventraterre—Brooklyn miles away over the hood.

It seemed but a minute ere they were thundering over the Myanthe bridge. A little further on Mattland slowed down and, jumping out, lighted the lamps. In the seat again—no words had passed—the threw in the high-speed clutch, and the world flung behind them, roaring. Thereafter, breathless, stunned by the frenzy of speed, perforce silent, they bored on through the night, crashing along deserted highways.

In the east a band of pallid light lifted up out of the night, and the horizon took shape against it, stark and black. Slowly, stealthily, the formless dawn spread over the sleeping world; to the zenith the light-smitten stars reeled and died, and houses, fields, and thoroughfares lay a glimmer with ghostly twilight as the car tore headlong through the grim, unlovely, silent hinterland of Long Island City.

The gates of the ferry-house were inexorably shut against them when at last Mattland brought the big machine to a tremendous and panting halt, like that of an overdriven thoroughbred. And though they performed a mad race of fully 15 minutes, neither found aught worth saying, or else the words wherewith fitly to clothe their thoughts were denied them. The girl seemed very weary, and sat with head drooping and hands clasped idly in her lap. To Mattland's hesitant query as to her comfort she returned a monosyllabic assurance. He did not again venture to disturb her; on his own part he was conscious of a clogging sense of exhaustion, of a drawn and haggard feeling about the eyes and temples; and knew that he was keeping awake automatically, his being already a daze.

The fresh wind off the sullen river served in some measure to revive them, once the gates were opened and the car had taken a place on the ferry-boat's forward platform. Day was now full upon the world, above a horizon belted with bright magenta, the cloudless sky was soft turquoise and sapphire; and abruptly, while the big unwieldy boat surged across the narrow ribbon of green water, the sun shot up with a shout and turned to an evanescent dream of fairy-land the gaunt, rock-ribbed profile of Manhattan island, bulking above them in tier upon tier of monstrous buildings.

On the Manhattan side, in defiance to the girl's low-spoken wish Mattland ran the machine up to Second avenue, turned north, and brought it to a stop by the curb, a little north of Thirty-fifth street.

As for the policeman, after some reluctant hesitation, he overcame the inherent indisposition to exertion that affects his kind, and, swinging his stick, stalked after Mattland.

Happily (and with heartfelt thanksgiving) the young man chanced upon a sunnolent and bedraggled huck, at rest in the stenciled shadows of the Third avenue elevated structure. Its pilot was snoring lustily the sleep of the belated, on the box. With some difficulty he was awakened, and Mattland dodged into the dusty, dusty body of the vehicle grateful to escape the unprejudiced stare of the guardian of the peace, who in another moment would have overtaken him and, doubtless, subjected him to embarrassing inquisition.

As the ancient four-wheeler rattled noisily over the cobbles, some of the shops were taking down their shutters,



"We Have No Time," Said She. "Can You Drive—?"

"Quite, thank you, dear Mr. Anstey!" With a pretty gesture of conquering impulse she swept her veil aside, and the warm rose-glow of the new-born day tinted her young cheeks with color. And her eyes were as stars, a bright with a mist of emotion, brimming with gratitude—and something else. He could not say what; but one thing he knew, and that was that she was worn with excitement and fatigue, near to the point of breaking down.

"You're tired," he insisted, solicitously. "Can't you let me—?"

"I am tired," she admitted, wistfully, voice subdued, yet rich and vibrant. "No, please. Please let me go. Don't ask me any questions—now."

"Only one," he made supplication. "I've done nothing—"

"Nothing but be more kind than I can say!"

"And you're not going to back out of our partnership?"

"Oh!" And now the color in her cheeks was warmer than that which the dawn had lent them. "No. . . . I shan't back out." And she smiled.

"And if I call a meeting of the board of management of Anstey and Wentworth, Limited, you will promise to attend?"

"Yes—"

"Will it be too early if I call one to-day?"

"Why—"

"Say at two o'clock this afternoon, at Eugene's. You know the place?"

"I have lunched there—"

"Then you shall again to-day. You won't disappoint me?"

"I will be there. I . . . I shall be glad to come. Now—please!"

"You've promised. Don't forget."

He stepped back and stood in a sort of dreamy daze, while, with one final wonderful smile at parting, the girl assumed control of the machine and swung it out from the curb. Mattland watched it force slowly up the avenue and vanish round the Thirty-sixth street corner; then turned his face southward, sighing with weariness and discontent.

At Thirty-fourth street a policeman, lounging beneath the corrugated iron awning of a corner saloon, faced about with a low whistle, to stare after him. Mattland experienced a chill sense of criminal guilt; he was painfully conscious of those two shrewd eyes, boring gimlet-like into his back, overlooking no detail of the wreck of his evening clothes. Involuntarily he glanced down at his legs, and they moved mechanically beneath the edge of his overcoat like twin animated columns of mud and dust, openly advertising his misadventures. He felt in his soul that they shrieked aloud, that they would presently succeed in dining all the town awake, so that the startled populace would come to the windows to stare in wonder as he passed by. And inwardly he groaned and quaked.

the surface cars were beginning to run with increasing frequency, and the sidewalks were becoming sparsely populated. Familiar as the sights were, they were yet somehow strange—ly unreal to the young man. In a night the face of the world had changed for him; its features loomed weirdly blurred and contorted through the mystical gray-gold atmosphere of the land of Rome, wherein he real-ly lived and moved and had his being. The blatant day was altogether preposterous; to-day was a dream, something nightmarish; last night he had been awake, last night for the first time in twenty-odd years of existence he had lived.

He slipped unthinkingly one hand into his coat pocket, seeking instinctively his cigarette case; and his fingers brushed the coarse-grained surface of a canvas bag. He jumped as if electrified. He had managed altogether to forget them, yet in his keeping were the jewels, Mattland heirlooms—the swag and booty, the loot and plunder of the night's adventure. And he smiled happily to think that his interest in them was 50 per cent. depreciated in 24 hours; now he owned only half.

Suddenly he sat up, with happy eyes and a glowing face. She had trusted him!

CHAPTER V. Incognito.

At noon, precisely, Mattland stirred between the sheets for the first time since he had thrown himself into his bed—stirred, and, confused by what-ever alarm had awakened him, yawned stupidly, and sat up, rubbing crumpled fists in his eyes to clear them of sleep's cobwebs. Then he bent forward, clasping his knees, smiled largely, replaced the smile with a thoughtful frown, and in such wise contemplated the foot of the bed for several minutes—his first conscious impression, that he had something delightful to look forward to yielding to a vague recollection of a prolonged shrill tinnabulation—as if the telephone bell in the front room had been ringing for some time.

But he waited in vain for a repetition of the sound, and eventually concluded that he had been mistaken; it had been an echo from his dreams, most likely. Besides, who should call him up? Not two people knew that he was in town; not even O'Hagan was aware that he had returned to his rooms that morning.

Weapon of the Heroine Coolly Analyzed by French Chemist.

One does not care to have one's tears analyzed like a patent food or medicine, and to associate them with chemical substances, but we are nothing if not practical nowadays, and every shred of romance, poetry and sentiment is remorselessly wrenched from us for scientific purposes.

A French journal devoted to matters of this kind has been telling us, not only of what tears are composed, but exactly the effect that is produced on brain and body when we shed them.

So henceforth when we read that the heroine's "beautiful eyes were suffused with tears," that "in a moment she was weeping passionately on his shoulder," we shall know that by a kind of shower-bath arrangement a mixture of albuminoid, water and

He yaped again, stretching wide his arms, sat up on the edge of the bed, and heard the clock strike 12.

Noon and . . . He hated an engagement at two! He brightened at the memory and, jumping up, pressed an electric call button on the wall. By the time he had padded barefoot to the bathroom and turned on the cold-water tap, O'Hagan's knock summoned him to the hall door.

"Back again, O'Hagan; and in a desperate rush. I'll want you to shave me and send some telegrams, please. Must be off by 1:30. You may get out my gray-striped flannels—here he paused, calculating his costume with careful discrimination—and a black-striped negligee shirt; gray socks; russet low shoes; black and white check tie—broad wings. You know where to find them all?"

"Shure yiss, sor."

O'Hagan showed no evidence of surprise; the eccentricities of Mr. Mattland could not move him, who was inured to them through long association and observation. He moved away to execute his instructions, quietly efficient. By the time Mattland had finished splashing and gazing in the bathtub everything was ready for the ceremony of dressing.

In other words, 20 minutes later Mattland, bathed, shaved, but still in dressing gown and slippers, was seated at his desk, a cup of black coffee steaming at his elbow, a number of yellow telegraph blanks before him, a pen poised between his fingers.

It was in his mind to send a wire to Cressy, apologizing for his desertion of the night just gone, and announcing his intention to rejoin the party from which the motor trip to New York had been planned but a temporary defection, in time for dinner that same evening. He nibbled the end of the penholder, selecting phrases, then looked up at the attentive O'Hagan.

"Bring me a New Haven time table, please," he began, "and—"

The door bell abrupted his words, clamoring shrilly.

"What the deuce?" he demanded. "Who can that be? Answer it, will you, O'Hagan?"

He put down the pen, swallowed his coffee, and lit a cigarette, listening to the murmurs at the hall door. An instant later, O'Hagan returned, bearing a slip of white pasteboard which he deposited on the desk before Mattland.

"James Burleson Smith," Mattland read aloud from the faultlessly engraved card. "I don't know him. What does he want?"

"Wouldn't say, sor; seemed surprised when I told him ye were in, an' said he was glad to hear it—business pressin', says he."

"Smith? But I never heard the name before. What does he look like?"

"A gentleman, sor, be th' clothes av him an' th' way he talks."

"Well . . . Devil take the man! Show him in."

"Very good, sor."

Mattland swung around in his desk chair, his back to the window, expression politely curious, as his caller entered the room, pausing, hat in hand, just across the threshold.

He proved to be a man apparently of middle age, of height approximating Mattland's, his shoulders were slightly rounded as if from habitual bending over a desk, his pose mild and deferential. By his eyeglasses and peering look, he was near-sighted; by his dress, a gentleman of taste and judgment as well as of means to gratify both. A certain jaunty and summery touch in his attire suggested a person of leisure who had just run down from his country place for a day in town.

His voice, when he spoke, did nothing to dispel the illusion.

"Mr. Mattland?" he opened the conversation briskly. "I trust I do not intrude? I shall be brief as possible, if you will favor me with a private interview."

Mattland remarked a voice well modulated and a good choice of words. He rose courteously.

"I should be pleased to do so," he suggested, "if you could advance any reason for such a request."

Mr. Smith smiled discreetly, fumbling in his side pocket. A second slip of cardboard appeared between his fingers as he stepped over toward Mattland.

"If I had not feared it might deprive me of this interview, I should have sent in my business card at once," he said. "Permit me."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Takes Romance From Tears

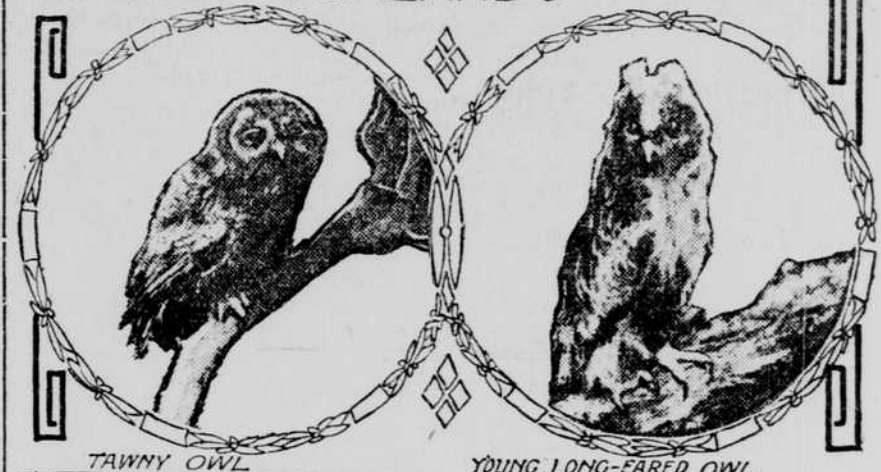
chemical substances was let loose at the back of her skull, thus dulling the nerve centers, and really giving her relief.

However, it does not sound romantic, and mere man is likely to imagine that the fair one is really suffering doubly when all this happens.—Gentlewoman.

Patriotic Norwegian Barber.

Norway would appear to have made very considerable strides in the English tongue in the last 20 years, judging from a notice that appeared on a barber's door at the time the kaiser visited Trondhjem in the '90s. It ran as follows: "Important Noddis, Ladysh and Sheentlemans and Beebles, Iu consequents ob ze visit ob ze Kaiser Wilhelms I hab glosed ze biznes on dis okkasion. Hare cuts and schafes and all usuel Biznes 2 Morro Mornick. Bet our Vaterland. By Order."

BIRDS OF PREY IN THE HIGHLANDS



YOUNG PEREGRINE FALCON

The distribution of birds of prey in the Highlands at the present day furnishes a striking object-lesson in the effects of protection on any given species, says a writer in Country Life. In the middle of last century, when game preservation as a source of income began to be considered an asset of the country, there were few sportsmen who realized how easily and quickly any non-migratory bird could be exterminated. At that period birds of prey were unquestionably too numerous, and game could scarcely have been expected to flourish under such conditions. Our forfathers, perhaps better sportsmen than their descendants, skilled in all manner of woodcraft and content with small bags obtained by their own unaided efforts, were more tolerant and forbearing towards the birds and beasts of prey than we have since proved ourselves to be. The rising value of sport, however, marked the commencement of a relentless warfare against all marauders other than man himself, a warfare which has continued to the present day and threatens to exterminate many of our most interesting species, which, once vanished, can never be replaced. The position of many of our birds of prey is a matter of the greatest concern to ornithologists and sportsmen alike, for there are few sportsmen who do not knowingly exterminate a species whose members are already so few as to cause no concern to game preserves. The harm done by the buzzards of eagles, peregrines and falcons which still survive is not worth consideration, and the fact that most of their prey is obtained in the deer forests renders their presence desirable, rather than otherwise, in many of the latter.

Of the British eagles, two species have already vanished, or almost vanished. Experience shows that we cannot hope for migrants to take their place. The sea eagle is now but rarely seen on our coasts, and the fishing eagle, the graceful osprey, is no longer a familiar feature of our inland waters. On some lone islet or surbeaten rock an odd pair may survive, but for most of us they are but memories of the past, and in days gone by we may watch them as the only one remaining to us. For him alone of his race protection came not in vain. The preservation of this grand species is the only bright spot in the history of the British eagles. In some districts the king of birds is actually increasing; almost everywhere he holds his own. This is due entirely to the action taken by proprietors to protect the eyries, and to the courteous forbearance shown towards the birds by the great majority of shooting tenants—forbearance which is, unfortunately, not accorded to them in the south.

Here the appearance of any large bird of prey seems to be regarded as the signal for its destruction. The buzzard, in appearance closely resembling the golden eagle when on the wing, though easily distinguished by its smaller size, has in the past suffered for the sins of its bolder neighbors, for of all birds of prey this is the least harmful to game; mice, voles and carrion form its diet, and it is probably quite incapable of striking down any game-bird on the wing unless the latter is weakly or wounded. In flight slow and heavy and by nature a coward, common sense will show us that the character of this species quite belies its predatory ap-

pearance. Yet in spite of these facts, which have been proved times without number, keepers continue to shoot these harmless birds on their migration in autumn, the period when their young birds, driven away by their parents, are seeking fresh quarters. If proprietors would include buzzards in their orders for the protection of eagles something might be gained. Of all our birds of prey, the buzzard is, at the present moment, most in need of protection.

Two other species claim our attention—the kestrel and the merlin, both of which the writer has turned out in considerable numbers during the last few years. It is, indeed, a treat for the bird-lover to see these lesser falcons losing their fear of man day by day, to watch them from the window hunting mice in the meadows below, hovering, perhaps, within a few yards of the watcher, then pouncing with lightning swoop on some hapless vole, pausing to devour their prey before one's very eyes. To naturalists, the fact that the writer had three kestrels' nests under observation in 1908 in a small pine wood may be of interest, as showing that there is comparatively little antagonism between individuals of this charming species. In the case of one of these the bold behaviour of the adult was conspicuous, and the female would almost allow me to handle her on the nest. It was conjectured that she was one of those liberated in the previous year; one of a brood which had become exceptionally tame before being released. With certain exceptions the kestrel is always harmless to game. In the case of 99 nests out of 100 the kestrels will be found to be bringing fur—I. e. mice, voles, etc.—to the young, and the benefit thus conferred on farmers is enormous.

With merlins this is by no means the case, and young grouse are often the principal food of the family; but at no other period of the year are they destructive to game. Owing to the fact that they nest on the ground and in the most secluded places they are not easy to locate, and to this they often owe their safety. The numbers of kestrels in the Highlands are, apparently on the increase, and it seems now to be generally recognized that they are worthy of encouragement. Both kestrels and merlins are to some extent migratory, and the latter seem less able to fend for themselves when the ground is covered with snow, departing southward at the approach of winter. It is a curious fact that grouse are aware that the kestrel is harmless, and that the cock grouse will boldly attempt to drive the "wind-hover" away from nest or brood should the little falcon approach too near when hunting for mice. On the approach of the peregrine, however, he crouches close to the ground, well knowing that no courage will avail him here.

A few words in conclusion as to the owls, of which we need only consider three species—the tawny, the long-eared and the short-eared, for the barn-owl, common in the south, is a rare avis in the Highlands. The appearance of the short-eared owls in autumn marks the approach of winter, and the regularity with which they arrive at the time of the flight has earned for them the name of the woodcock owl. A few of these remain to breed with us, and in time more may be induced to follow their example if they are carefully protected.

The Will That Compels.

Everything yields before the strong and earnest will. It grows by exercise. It excites confidence in others, while it takes to itself the lead. Difficulties before which mere cleverness fails, and which leave the irresolute prostrate and helpless, vanish before it. They not only do not impede its progress, but it often makes them stepping-stones to a higher and more enduring triumph.—Tulloch.

Defined.

"Pa, what is a legislative joker?"

"About the same thing as an extra card up a man's sleeve in a poker game."

Thinking Deep Thoughts.

"I'll bet that woman is a female reformer."

"What makes you think so?"

"She seems so unhappy."

The Exceptional Equipment

of the California Fig Syrup Co. and the scientific attainments of its chemists have rendered possible the production of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, in all of its excellence, by obtaining the pure medicinal principles of plants known to act most beneficially and combining them most skillfully, in the right proportions, with its wholesome and refreshing Syrup of California Figs.

As there is only one genuine Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna and as the genuine is manufactured by an original method known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only, it is always necessary to buy the genuine to get its beneficial effects.

A knowledge of the above facts enables one to decline imitations or to return them, if, upon viewing the package, the full name of the California Fig Syrup Co. is not found printed on the front thereof.

"FAITH" ALL THAT WAS LEFT

Symbols of "Hope" and "Charity" Had Got Away From Unfortunate Sunday School Scholar.

A young Philadelphia Sunday school teacher tells this story of the result of an attempted application of the principles of economics:

For some time she had endeavored to impress upon the minds of one of her charges the names of the three qualities, faith, hope, and charity. One Sunday she presented the pupil of the poor memory with three new shining coins, a penny, a five-cent piece, and a dime.

"The penny," she said, "represents faith, the five-cent piece hope, and the dime charity. Keep these coins and every time you look at them think of what they stand for."

The Sunday following the teacher reviewed the lesson of the week before, and called upon the holder of the coins to produce them and give their names in proper sequence. The youngster shuffled from one leg to the other, stammered, blushed and seemed altogether overcome with mortification. Finally he burst out with:

"Please, Miss Fanny, I ain't got nuthin' left but faith. Baby swaltered hope, and mamma took charity and bought ten cents' worth of meat ter make hamburger steak out uv."

EXPRESSIVE REPLY.



Freddie—Your father told me that was the black sheep of the family. Gertrude—What did you say? Freddie—Bah!

A Test of Friendship.

Just before Artemus Ward's death Robertson poured out some medicine and offered it to the sick man, who said: "My dear Tom, I won't take any more of that horrible stuff."

Robertson urged him to swallow the mixture, saying: "Do, now—there's a dear fellow—for my sake. You know I would do anything for you."

"Would you?" said Ward, feebly, grasping his friend's hand for the last time.

"I would indeed," said Robertson. "Then you take it!"

Ward passed away a few hours afterward.—Recollections of the Bancrofts.

Help for the Artist.

The comic supplements are filled these days with pictures representing some of the foolish questions that people ask. Here is a suggestion for one:

A man was walking hastily through the rain yesterday afternoon, his umbrella raised and his head bent. An acquaintance, standing in a doorway, hailed him:

"Say," he shouted, "are you going to use that umbrella? If you're not, lend it to me!"

Doesn't that capture the icing?

PRESSED HARD

Coffee's Weight on Old Age.

When prominent men realize the injurious effects of coffee and the change in health that Postum can bring, they are glad to lend their testimony for the benefit of others.

A superintendent of public schools in one of the southern states says: "My mother, since her early childhood, was an inveterate coffee drinker, had been troubled with her heart for a number of years and complained of that 'weak all over' feeling and sick stomach."

"Some time ago I was making an official visit to a distant part of the country and took dinner with one of the merchants of the place. I noticed a somewhat peculiar flavour of the coffee, and asked him concerning it. He replied that it was Postum.

"I was so pleased with it, that after the meal was over, I bought a package to carry home with me, and had wife prepare some for the next meal. The whole family were so well pleased with it, that we discontinued coffee and used Postum entirely.

"I had really been at times very anxious concerning my mother's condition, but we noticed that after using Postum for a short time, she felt so much better than she did prior to its use, and had little trouble with her heart and no sick stomach; that the headaches were not so frequent, and her general condition much improved. This continued until she was as well and hearty as the rest of us.

"I know Postum has benefited myself and the other members of the family, but not in so marked a degree as in the case of my mother, as she was a victim of long standing." Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are accurate, true, and full of human interest.

GOT HIS MORNING'S HOT MILK

Thoughtful Friend Turned the Trick and Landlady Received Credit for Thoughtfulness.

"Living in a boarding place is not without its objections," confided W. B. McCarthy to his friend over his noonday lunch, "for instance, I'd like some hot milk in the morning. There's no reason why I should have it, health's good and all that, but I've taken a fancy to hot milk for breakfast. When I draw up to the table, I think to myself how nice it would be if I just had a bowl of hot milk. But if I were to ask for it, every boarder in the house would be wanting the same thing. That's the way it goes in a boarding house. And I don't like to make myself a nuisance to the landlady. The other day I said I'd like some toast. No one else had thought of such a thing before, but everybody had to have some of my toast when it came in. And there you are."

"Too bad McCarthy can't get a little swallow of hot milk in the morning,"

thought McCarthy's friend as he sat at his desk that afternoon. "Mebby I can fix things." He reached for the phone and called up McCarthy's landlady.

"This is Mr. McCarthy's physician," he told her. "I wish you would see to it that he gets all the hot milk he can drink every morning. Give it to him instead of coffee or tea. You see his nerves are in a bad way, and if he doesn't get hot milk for breakfast we'll have to send him off to a sanitarium. Don't say anything to him about my calling. Just see that he gets that hot milk. Thank you very much."

And ever since then, McCarthy has been bragging about what a mind-reader his landlady is. "Just sort of knows what I want almost as soon as I know myself," he says. "Never saw anything like it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Extreme of Loneliness.

German proverb: Without a friend the world is a wilderness.