

The Brass Bowl

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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 Hannerman, his attorney. Dan set out for Greenfield, 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 club. Her auto had broken down. He fixed it. By a ruse she "lost" him. Maitland, on reaching home, surprised by a woman 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. The real Dan Anisty, sought by police of the world, appeared on the same mission. Maitland overcame him. He met the girl outside the house and they sped on to New York in her auto. He had the jewels and she promised to meet him that day. Maitland received a "Mr. Smith," introducing himself as a detective. To shield the girl in gray, Maitland, about to show him the jewels, supposedly lost, was felled by a blow from "Smith's" cane. The latter proved to be Anisty himself and he secured the gems. Anisty, who was Maitland's double, masqueraded as the latter.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

At sight of him the thief was conscious of an inward tremor, followed by a thrill of excitement like a wave of heat sweeping through his being. Instantaneously his eyes flashed; then were dulled. Imperturbable, listless, half-marked the prey of ennu, he waited, undecided, upon the stoop, while the watcher opposite, catching sight of him, abruptly abandoned his slouch and hastened across the street.

"Excuse me," he began in a loud tone, while yet a dozen feet away, "but ain't this Mr. Maitland?"

Anisty lifted his brows and shoulders at one and the same time and bowed slightly.

"Well, my good man?"

"I'm a detective from headquarters, Mr. Maitland. We got a 'phone from Greenfield, Long Island, this morning—from the local police. Your butler—"

"Ah! I see; about this man Anisty? You don't mean to tell me—that? I shall discharge Higgins at once. Just on my way to breakfast. Won't you join me? We can talk this matter over at our leisure. What do you say to Eugene's? It's handy, and I dare say we can find a quiet corner. By the way, have you the time concealed about your person?"

Anisty was fumbling in his fob-pocket and inwardly cursing himself for having been such an ass as to overlook Maitland's timepiece. "Deuced awkward!" he muttered in genuine annoyance. "I've mislaid my watch."

"It's most one o'clock, Mr. Maitland."

Flattered, the man from headquarters dropped into step by the burglar's side.

CHAPTER VI.

Eugene's at Two.

"Since we don't want to be overheard," remarked Mr. Anisty, "it's no use trying the grillroom downstairs, although I admit it is more interesting."

"Just as you say, sir."

Award and awkward, the police detective stumbled up the steps behind his imperturbable guide; it was a great honor, in his eyes, to lunch in company with a "swell." Man of stodgy common sense and limited education that he was, the glamour of the Maitland millions obscured his otherwise clear vision completely. And unceasingly he speculated as to whether or not he would be able to manipulate correctly the usual display of knives and forks.

An obsequious headwaiter greeted them, bowing, in the lobby. "Good afternoon, Mr. Maitland," he murmured. "Table for two?"

"Good afternoon," responded the masquerader, with an assumed abstraction, inwardly congratulating himself upon having hit upon a restaurant where the real Maitland was evidently known. There were few circumstances which he could not turn to profit, fewer emergencies to which he could not rise, he complimented Handsome Dan Anisty.

"A table for two," he drawled Maitland-wise. "In a corner somewhere, away from the crowd, you know."

"This way, if you please, Mr. Maitland."

"By the way," suggested the burglar, unfolding his serviette and glancing keenly about the room—which by good chance was thinly populated, "by the way, you know, you haven't told me your name yet."

"Hickey—John W. Hickey, detective bureau."

"Thank you." A languid hand pushed the pink menu card across the table to Mr. Hickey. "And what do you see that you'd like?"



"Good Afternoon," Responded the Masquerader.

a current of cool air down the back of his neck.

"I ain't," he declared in ultimate desperation, "hungry, much. Had a bite a little while back, over to the Gilsay house bar."

"Would a little drink—?"

"Thanks. I don't mind."

"Walter, bring Mr. Hickey a bottle of No. 72. For me—let me see—cafe au lait, with a grand air, and rolls."

You must remember this is my breakfast, Mr. Hickey. I make it a rule never to drink anything for six hours after rising." Anisty selected a cigarette from the Maitland case, lit it, and contemplated the detective's countenance with a winning smile.

"Now, as to this Anisty affair last night."

Under the stimulus of the champagne, to say naught of his relief at having evaded the ordeal of the cutlery, Hickey discoursed variously and at length upon the engrossing subject of Anisty, gentleman-cracksman, while the genial counterpart of Daniel Maitland listened with apparent but deceptive apathy, and had much ado to keep from laughing in his guest's face as the latter, perspiring earnest, unfolded his plans for laying the burglar by the heels.

From time to time, and at intervals steadily decreasing, the hand of the host sought the neck of the bottle, inclining it carefully above the thin-stemmed glass that Hickey kept in almost constant motion. And the detective's fatuous loquacity flowed as the contents of the bottle ebbed.

Yet, as the minutes wore on, the burglar began to be conscious that it was but a shallow well of information and amusement that he pumped. The game, fascinating with its spiced darning as it had primarily been, began to pall. At length the masquerader calculated the hour as ripe for what he had contemplated from the beginning; and interrupted Hickey with scant consideration, in the middle of a most interesting exposition.

"You'll pardon me, I'm sure, if I trouble you again for the time."

The fat red fingers sought uncertainly for the timepiece; the bottle was now empty. The hour, as announced, was ten minutes to two.

"I've an engagement," invented Anisty, plausibly, "with a friend at two. If you'll excuse me—? Garcon, Paddition!"

"Then I understand, Mister Maitland, we can't count on you?"

Anisty, eyelids drooping, tipped back his chair a trifle and regarded Hickey with a fair imitation of the whimsical Maitland smile. "Hardly, I think."

"Why not?"—truculently.

safe. Reason No. 2: Having retained my property, I hold no grudge against Anisty."

"Well—I dunno—"

"And as for reason No. 3: I don't care to have this affair advertised. If the papers get hold of it they'll cook up a lot of silly details that'll excite the cupidry of every thief in the country, and make me more trouble than I care to—ah—contemplate."

Hickey's eyes glistened. "Of course, if you want it kept quiet—" he suggested, significantly.

Anisty's hand sought his pocket. "How much?"

"Well, I guess I can leave that to you. You oughtn't to know how bad you want the matter hushed."

"As I calculate it, then, fifty ought to be enough for the boys; and fifty will repay you for your trouble."

The end of Hickey's expensive panacea was tilted independently toward the ceiling. "Shouldn't wonder if it would," he murmured, gratified.

Anisty stuffed something bulky back into his pocket and wadded another something—green and yellow colored—into a little pill, which he presently flicked carelessly across the table. The detective's large mottled paw closed over it and moved toward his waistcoat.

"As I was sayin'," he resumed, "I'm sorry you don't see your way to givin' us a hand. But p'rhaps yeh're right. Still, if the citizens 'd only give us a hand onet in a while—"

"Ah, but what gives you your livin', Hickey?" argued the amateur sophist. "What but the activities of the criminal element? If society combined with you for the elimination of crime, what would become of your job?"

He rose and wrung the disconsolate one warmly by the hand. "But there, I am sorry to have to hurry you away."

Now that you know where to find me, drop in some evening and have a cigar and a chat. I'm in town a good deal, off and on, and always glad to see a friend."

At another time, and with another man, Anisty would not have ventured to play his catch so roughly; but as he had reckoned, the comfortable state of mind induced by an unexpected addition to his income and a quart of champagne, had dulled the official apprehensions of Sergt. Hickey.

Mumbling a vague acceptance of the too-general invitation, the excited detective rose and ambled cheerfully down the room and out of the door.

Anisty lit another cigarette and contemplated the future with satisfaction. As a diplomat he was inclined to hold himself a success. Indeed, all things taken under mature consideration, the conclusion was inevitable that he was the very devil of a fellow. With what consummate skill he had played his hand! Now the pursuit of the Maitland burglar would be abandoned; the news item suppressed at headquarters. And it was equally certain that Maitland (when eventually liberated) would be at pains to keep his part of the affair very much in shadow.

One pictured the evening when the infatuated detective should find it convenient to drop in on the exclusive Mr. Maitland.

"Mr. Anisty?"

CHAPTER VII.

Illumination.

In a breath was self-satisfaction banished; simultaneously the masquerader brought his gaze down from the ceiling, his thoughts to earth, his vigilance to the surface, and himself to his feet, summoning to his aid all that he possessed of resource and expedient.

Trapped!—the word blazed incandescent in his brain. So long had he foreseen and planned against this very moment.

Yet panic swayed him for but a little instant; as swiftly as it had overcome him it subsided, leaving him shocked, a shade more pale, but rapidly reasserting control of his faculties. And with this shade of emotion came complete reassurance.

His name had been uttered in no stern or menacing tone; rather its syllables had been pitched in a low and guarded key, with an undertone of raillery and cordiality. In brief, the moment that he recognized the voice as a woman's, he was again master of himself, and aware that the result of his instinctive impulse to rise and defend himself, which had brought him to a standing position, would be interpreted as only the natural action of a gentleman addressed by a feminine acquaintance, he was confident that he had not betrayed his primal consternation. He bowed, smiled, and with eyes in which astonishment swiftly gave place to gratification and complete comprehension, appraised her who had addressed him.

She seemed to have fluttered to the table, beside which she now stood, slightly swaying, her walking costume of gray shot silk falling about her in soft, tremulous petals. Dainty, chic, well-poised, serene, flawlessly pretty in her miniature fashion; Anisty recognized her in a twinkling. His perceptions, trained to observations as instantaneous as those of a snap-shot camera, and well-nigh as accurate, had photographed her individuality indelibly upon the film of his memory, even in the abbreviated encounter of the previous night.

By a similar play of educated reasoning faculties keyed to the highest pitch of immediate action, he had difficulty as scant in accounting for her presence there. What he did not quite comprehend was why Maitland had used her so kindly; for it had been plain enough that that gentleman had surprised her in the act of safe-breaking before conniving at her escape. But, allowing that Maitland's actions had been based upon motives vague to the burglar's understanding, it was quite in the scheme of possibilities that he should have arranged to meet his protegee at the restaurant that afternoon. She was come to keep an appointment to which (now that Anisty came to remember) Maitland had alluded in the beginning of their conversation.

Well and good; once before, within the past two hours, he had told himself that he was Good-enough Maitland. He was he even better now.

"But you did surprise me!" he declared, gallantly, before she could wonder at his slowness to respond. "You see, I was dreaming."

He permitted her to surmise the object round which his dreams had been woven.

"And I had expected you to be eagerly watching for me!" she parried, archly.

"I was . . . mentally. But," he wooed her, seriously, "not that name. Maitland is known here; they call me Maitland—the waiters. It seems I made a bad choice. But with your assistance and discretion we can bluff it out, all right."

"I forgot. Forgive me." But now she was in the chair opposite him, tucking the lower ends of her gloves into her wrists.

"No matter—nobody heard."

"I very nearly called you Handsome Dan." She flashed a radiant smile at him from beneath the rim of her picture hat.

A fire was kindled in Anisty's eyes; he was conscious of a quickened drumming of his pulses.

"Dan is Maitland's front name, also," he remarked, absently.

"I thought as much," she responded, quietly speculative.

The burglar hardly heard. It has been indicated that he was quick-witted, because he had to be, in the very nature of his avocation. Just now his brain was working rather more rapidly than usual, even; which was one reason why the light had leaped into his eyes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Good Times in Turkey.

"You people of the warmer climates have little idea of our exhilarating winter sports," said the tourist from New England.

"Oh, I don't know," responded the Turk. "We have some pretty lively little slaying parties over in Armenia."

—Kansas City Times.

PICKLES THAT WON'T SHRINK

Cucumbers Put Up in This Way Will Be Found Excellent When Brought Out for Table.

Wash cucumbers, clean and place them in a stone jar, then cover with a brine made of one pint of salt to six quarts water. The water should be boiling hot. Place grape leaves on top, weight down and let stand until morning. Pour the brine off, rinse, then place alternate layers of grape leaves and cucumbers in the pickling kettle. Pour over them alum water made of one teaspoonful of powdered alum to each quart of water; dissolve alum in cold water. Allow it to cover cucumbers and come to scalding point. Let the whole stand, closely covered, on the back of the stove for two hours, then drain and place on very cold or ice water. Pour this water off, wipe cucumbers dry and place in a jar a layer of pickles and one of salt, until all are in. Allow about one pint of salt to each 100 medium-sized pickles. Pour boiling water over and cover with grape leaves. Heat this brine every morning for nine mornings, then heat slowly in warm, weak vinegar, wipe cucumbers dry and place in glass jars. Pour over hot speed vinegar and seal at once.

The vinegar to be prepared as follows: To each quart of vinegar (not too strong) allow two teaspoonfuls each of cinnamon and cloves, one teaspoonful each of mace, celery seed, a few thin slices of horseradish, one ounce mustard seed, one tablespoon of black pepper, a pinch of salt, red pepper, and one cupful of sugar. Put spices in a thin muslin bag, bring vinegar to boiling point and let boil for 15 minutes. Then pour over pickles.

The Home.

Wrap a cloth from vinegar and wrap it several thicknesses around cheese to keep it from molding or drying.

A perfume bag to keep moths away is made as follows: One-half ounce each of cloves, nutmeg, caraway seeds.

Add a teaspoonful of sugar of lead to the water in which fine silk hosiery is washed, to prevent the delicate color from fading.

Wipe off screens with a duster each morning and beat with a soft brush. This beating should be done lightly, or the wire may be bulged.

Cold water, a teaspoonful of ammonia and soap will remove machine grease when other means would not answer, on account of colors running.

To wash water bottles or any vase having a long neck, fill with clear, hot water and tiny bits of torn paper. Shake well and rinse in cold water.

A small piece of window glass will be useful for holding the leaves apart on a cook book and one can read the recipe and not soil the book by too much handling.

Emery powder and oil made into a paste is an excellent mixture to clean steel. Rub on well and polish, after which rub with an oiled rag, and then polish up again with a clean duster.

Cream Puffs.

When a large number of puffs are to be made try this recipe recommended by one who has run a home bakery: Put half a cup of butter into two cups of boiling water and set over the fire. When it boils stir in, all at once, three cups of sifted flour, stir rapidly and until it becomes a smooth mass that cleaves from the pan. Take from the fire and add ten eggs, one at a time and unbeaten. Beat each egg in thoroughly. Then put the batter in small spoonfuls on a greased pan with considerable space between, or put through a pastry oven about 20 minutes if very small, or as long as 40 minutes if large. Be sure that puffs are quite done before taking from oven. When cold cut a gash in the side, put in a cream filling and put white or chocolate icing on the tops.

Peas in Pastry.

Take three-fourths cup of flour, a teaspoonful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, a cup of milk, one well-beaten egg and a teaspoonful of olive oil. Whip the batter with an egg beater until perfectly smooth, dip in the hot rosette iron and fry in deep hot fat. Have the peas well cooked and drain them, then season with salt, pepper and butter. Do not fill the pastry rosettes until ready to serve. Serve with olives and squares of sharp cheese.

Nuts a Good Meat Substitute.

Nuts are nutritious and if eaten at proper times prove a good substitute for meat.

At this season, however, they are not generally of good quality, and should only be served salted, or in cooked dishes. Olive oil, cream and butter are all nourishing and should be indulged in freely.

Macaroni, spaghetti and the various noodles are not only healthy but easily digested by the weakest stomach.

Butter in Hot Weather.

To keep butter hard invert a large crock of earthenware (a flower pot will do) about the size of the dish containing the butter. The porousness of the earthenware will keep the butter cool and all the more if the pot be wrapped in a wet cloth with a little water in the dish with the butter. I have always had lots of trouble to keep butter in the summer, but since using this I have my butter looking fine—not all grease.

Paul's Second Missionary Journey

Sunday School Lesson for July 4, 1909
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—Acts 15:36-41. Memory Verses 9, 10.
GOLDEN TEXT.—"Come over into Macedonia and help us."—Acts 16:9.

Suggestion and Practical Thought.
Paul's Second Great Missionary Campaign. The Patriotism of Missions.

Planning for the Second Missionary Campaign.—Acts 15:36-39. The lesson for to-day connects with the eighth lesson of our last quarter, which describes the epoch making gathering at Jerusalem to settle the disputed questions concerning the reception of the Gentiles into the church with the Jews.

New Work in Old Fields.—Acts 15:40; 16:1-10. Barnabas and Mark went to Cyprus where the family of Barnabas belonged (Acts 4:36), and where he went with Paul on the first missionary journey (Acts 13:4-12).

Paul started on his journey alone, but was joined by Silas at Lystra, as we learn from the pronouns "he" in vs. 13, but "they" in v. 4 and thereafter. At Lystra Paul also found a young man named Timothy to be his associate and helper in place of Mark. He was converted as the result of Paul's labors on his first journey (1 Tim. 1:2).

Journeys Through Asia Minor.—In his former journey Paul went by sea. In this one he went by land. Wending his way northward from Antioch, he crossed through the "Cilician Gates," a long defile in the range of mountains which separated Syria from Cilicia. Gradually turning to the left around the Gulf of Issus he went in a southwest direction till he came to his native city and home at Tarsus.

What Paul and Silas Did on This Tour.—They confirmed the churches (Acts 15:41), making them strong, establishing them on a firmer basis. One means of doing this was by delivering to them the decrees lately ordained at Jerusalem concerning the Gentile Christians (v. 4). One result was a large increase of membership (v. 5).

"Were come to Mysia," the province in which the port Troas was situated. "Assayed," were planning, attempting, "to go into Bithynia," on the north, in which are modern mission stations south of the Black sea. "But the Spirit suffered them not." Every way but the one the Spirit wanted them to go was hedged in; and thus they learned the right way.

The Macedonian Call.—"And a vision appeared to Paul in the night" (v. 9), in order to guide him in the right way. The vision was of "a man of Macedonia," so recognized by his dress or by his words.

"Come over into Macedonia, and help us." Paul had heard before the call to missionary work; now he hears the call to the place of work.

The Beginnings of Christianity in Europe.—Vs. 11-15. The four missionaries immediately sail "from Troas" in "a straight course," 60 miles to the island of "Samos" (v. 12), the first day. "The next day" they sailed 75 miles "to Neapolis" (New City, Naples), the seaport of Philippi. "Thence" ten miles, by land or by the river, "to Philippi."

Lydia, the First European Christian.—13. "And on the Sabbath." Note how Paul spent his Sabbaths. "Went out of the city," there probably being no synagogue in the city, "by a river side where prayer was wont to be made." "A modern parallel, until quite recently, was the Protestant place of worship at Rome, which was compelled to be outside the city, beyond the Porta del Popolo." "And spake unto the woman which resorted thither."

The first of his converts was a noted "woman named Lydia" (v. 14), a merchant, a dealer in purple-dyed fabrics and garments made in Thyatira, one of the seven cities of Asia to which messages in revelation were sent. She and her family became members of the church by baptism, and she entertained the missionaries in her own home. Such guests are a blessing to any home, not "angels unaware" but by invitation. It may be said of Paul, "Where'er he met a stranger, there he left a friend."

Missions and Patriotism.—It being the Fourth of July, when every American boy is boiling over with some expression of the spirit of patriotism, it may be well to remind him that giving to missions, working for missions, and consecrating himself to missions are among the most patriotic acts he can perform. For every feeling is strengthened and developed by being put into action.

These words of Dr. Nehemiah Boynton are striking and true: "Ours is a country of prairies and muscle and Rocky mountains," said Walt Whitman. But Sidney Lanier, the poet, in a burst of fine indignation, turned and said to Whitman: "Whitman, you cannot make a republic out of muscle and prairies and Rocky mountains. Republics are made of spirit."

Aye, "Republics are made of spirit," and if ours is to be indeed a Christian republic it must be made of a Christian spirit, and only one spirit can save us, and that is the Spirit of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. You cannot save America simply through your pulpits or the churches which you build. You must have also the Sunday school. And we must add that the Sunday school must be filled with the spirit of patriotism, which is also the spirit of missions, which is also the spirit of self-sacrifice as does the support of missions call for the practice of self-denial.