



"A Detective, in Point of Fact," Said He.

# The BRASS BOWL

PICTURES BY A. WEIL

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 Barnerman, his attorney. Dan set out for Greenfield, to visit his family jewels. During his walk in 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 lady in gray, cracking the safe containing his gems. She, apparently, took him for a well-known crook, Daniel Anisly. Half-hypnotized, Maitland opened his safe, took jewelry from the jewels, and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime. The real Dan Anisly, sought by police at the work, 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 followed by a blow from "Smith's" cane. The latter proved to be Anisly himself and he secured the gems. Anisly, who was Maitland's double, masqueraded as the latter. The criminal kept Maitland's engagement with the girl in gray.

## CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

It was very plain—to a deductive reasoner—from the girl's attitude toward him that she had fallen into relations of uncommon friendliness with this Maitland, young as Anisly believed their acquaintance to be. There had plainly been a flirtation—wherein lay the explanation of Maitland's voraciousness; he had been fascinated by the woman, had not hesitated to take Anisly's name (even as Anisly was then taking his) in order to prolong their intimacy.

So much the better. Turn about was still fair play. Maitland had sown as Anisly; the real Anisly would reap the harvest. Pretty women interested him deeply, though he saw little enough of them, partly through motives of prudence, partly because of a refinement of taste; women of the class of this conquest-by-proxy were out of reach of the enemy of society. That is, under ordinary circumstances. This one, on the contrary, was not; whatever she was or had been, however successful a crackswoman she might be, her cultivation and breeding were as apparent as her beauty; and quite as attractive.

A criminal is necessarily first a gambler, a votary of Chance; and the blind goddess had always been very kind to Mr. Anisly. He felt that here again she was favoring him. Maitland had eliminated from this girl's life; Maitland had failed to keep his engagement, and so would never again be called upon to play the part of burglar with her interest for incentive and guerdon. Anisly himself could take up where Maitland had left off. Easily enough; he had only to play up to Maitland's standard for a while, to be Maitland with all that gentleman's advantages, educational and social, then gradually drop back to his own

level and be himself, Dan Anisly. "Handsome Dan," the professional, the fit mate for the girl.

What was she saying? "But you have lunched already!" with an appealing pout.

"Indeed, no!" he protested, earnestly. "I was early—conceive my eagerness!—and by ill chance a friend of mine insisted upon lunching with me. I had only a cup of coffee and a roll." He motioned to the waiter, calling him "Walter!" rather than "Garcen!"—intuitively understanding that Maitland would never have aired his French in a public place, and that he could not afford the least slip before a woman as keen as this.

"Lay a clean cloth and bring the bill of fare," he demanded, tempering his lordly instincts and adding the "please" that men of Maitland's stamp use to inferiors.

"A friend!" tardily echoed the girl when the servant was gone.

He laughed lightly, determined to be frank. "A detective, in point of fact," said he. And he enjoyed her surprise.

"You have many such?" "For convenience one tries to have one in each city."

"And this—?" "Oh, I have him fixed, all right. He confided to me all the latest developments and official intentions with regard to the Maitland arrest."

Her eyes danced. "Tell me!" she demanded, imperious; the emphasis of intimacy irresistible as she bent forward, forearms on the cloth, slim white hands clasped with tense impatience, eyes seeking his.

"Why . . . of course Maitland escaped."

"No!" "Fact. Scared the butler into un-godding him; then, in a fit of pardonable rage, knocked that fool down and dashed out of the window—presumably in pursuit of us. Up to a late hour he hadn't returned, and police opinion is divided as to whether Maitland arrested Anisly, and Anisly got away, or vice versa."

"Excellent!" She clasped her hands noiselessly, a gay little gesture.

"So, whatever the outcome, one thing is certain: Higgins will presently be seeking another berth."

She lifted her brows prettily. "Higgins?"—with the rising inflection.

"The butler. Didn't you hear—?"

Eyes wondering, she moved her head slowly from side to side. "Hear what?"

"I fancied that you had waited a moment on the veranda," he fessed.

"Oh, I was quite too frightened."

He took this for a complete denial. Better and better! He had actually feared she had eavesdropped, how- ever warrantably; and Maitland's authoritative way with the servants had been too convincingly natural to have deceived a woman of her keen wits.

There followed a lull while Anisly was ordering the luncheon; something

he did elaborately and with success, telling himself humorously: "Hang the expense! Maitland pays." Of which fact the weight in his pocket was assurance.

Maitland . . . Anisly's thoughts verged off upon an interesting tangent. What was Maitland's motive in arranging this meeting? It was self-evident that the twin were of one world—the girl and the man of fashion. But, whatever her right of her name, she had renounced it, declassing herself by yielding to thievish instincts, voluntarily placing herself on the level of Anisly. Where she must remain, for ever.

There was comfort in that reflection. He glanced up to find her eyes bent in gravity upon him. She, too, it appeared, had fallen a prey to reverie. Upon what subject? An absorbing one, doubtless, since it held her abstracted despite her companion's direct, unequivocally admiring stare.

The odd light was flickering again in the crackman's glance. She was then more beautiful than aught that ever he had dreamed of. Such hair as was hers, woven seemingly of dull flames, lambent, witching! And eyes—beautiful always, but never more so than at this moment, when filled with sweetly pensive contemplation. . . . Was she re-viewing the last 24 hours, dreaming of what had passed between her and that silly fool, Maitland? If only Anisly could surmise what they had said to each other, how long they had been acquainted; if only she would give him a hint, a leading word!

If he could have read her mind, have seen behind the film of thought that clouded her eyes, one fears Mr. Anisly might have lost appetite for an excellent luncheon.

For she was studying his hands, her memory harking back to the moment when she had stood beside the safe, holding the bull's-eye.

In the blackness of that hour a disk of light shone out luridly against the tapestry of memory. Within its radius appeared two hands\* long, supple, strong, immaculately white, graceful and dexterous, as delicate of contour as a woman's, yet lacking nothing of masculine vigor and modeling; hands that waved against the blackness, fumbling with the shining nicked disk of a combination lock.

The impression had been and remained one extraordinarily vivid. Could her eyes have deceived her so? "Thoughtful?"

She nodded alertly, instantaneously mistress of self; and let her gaze, serious yet half smiling, linger upon his exact fractional shade of an instant longer than had been, perhaps, discreet. Then lashes drooped long upon her cheeks, and her color deepened all but imperceptibly.

The man's breath halted, then came a trace more rapidly than before. He bent forward impulsively. . . . The girl sighed, ever so gently.

"I was thoughtful. . . . It's all so strange, you know."

His attitude was an eager question. "I mean our meeting—that way, last night." She held his gaze again, momentarily, and—

"Damn the waiter!" quoth savagely Mr. Anisly to his inner man, sitting back to facilitate the service of their meal.

The girl placated him with an insignificant remark which led both into a maze of meaningless but infinitely diverting inconsequences; diverting, at least, to Anisly, who held up his head, giving her back look for look, just for jest, platitude for platitude when the waiter was within hearing distance; altogether he felt, acquitting himself very creditably.

As for the girl, in the course of the next half or three-quarters of an hour she demonstrated herself conclusively a person of amazing resource, developing with admirable ingenuity a campaign planned on the spur of a chance observation. The gentle mannered and self-sufficient crook was taken captive before he realized it, however willing he may have been. Emeshed in a hundred uncomprehended subtleties, he basked, purring, while she insinuated herself beneath his guard and stripped him of his entire armament of cunning, vigilance, invention, suspicion, and distrust.

He relinquished them without a sigh, barely conscious of the spoliation. After all, she was of his trade, herself mired with guilt; she would never dare betray him, the consequences to herself would be so dire.

Besides, patently—almost too much so—she admired him. He was her hero. Had she not more than hinted that such was the case, that his example, his exploits, had fired her to emulation—however weakly feminine?

. . . He saw her before him, dainty, alluring, yielding, yet leading him on—altogether desirable. And so long had he, Anisly, starved for affection!

"I am sure you must be dying for a smoke."

"Beg pardon!" He awoke abruptly, to find himself twirling the sharp-rimmed stem of his empty glass. Abstractedly he stared into this, as though seeking there a clue to what they had been talking about. Hazily he understood that they had been drifting close upon the perilous shoals of intimate personalities. What had he told her? What had he not?

No matter. It was clearly to be seen that her regard for him had waxed rather than waned as a result of their conversation. One had but to look into her eyes to be reassured as to that. One did look, breathing heavily. . . . What an ingenious child it was, to show him her heart so freely! He wondered that this should be so, feeling it none the less a just and graceful tribute to his fascinations.

She repeated her arch query. She was sure he wanted to smoke. Indeed he did—if she would permit?

And forthwith Maitland's cigarette case was produced, with a flourish.

"What a beautiful case!"

In an instant it was in her hands. "Beautiful!" she iterated, inspecting the delicate tracery of the monogram engraver's art—head bended forward, face shaded by the broad-brimmed hat.

"You like it? You would care to own it?" Anisly demanded, unsteadily.

"I?" The inflection of doubtful surprise was a delight to the ear. "Oh! . . . I couldn't think of accepting."

Besides, I have no use for it."

"Of course you ain't—are not that sort." An hour back he could have kicked himself for the grammatical blunder; now he was wholly flustered; besides, she didn't seem to notice. "But as a little token—between us—"

She drew back, pushing the case across the cloth; "I couldn't dream—"

"But if I insist?"

"If you insist? . . . Why, I suppose . . . it's awfully good of you." She flashed him a maddening glance.

"You do me pro-honor," he amended, hastily. Then, daintily: "I don't ask much in exchange, only—"

"A cigarette?" she suggested, hastily.

He laughed, pleased and diverted. "That'll be enough now—if you'll light it for me."

She glanced dubiously round the now almost deserted room; and a waiter started forward as if animated by a spring. Anisly motioned him imperiously back. "Go on," he coaxed; "no one can see." And watched, flattered, the slim white fingers that extracted a match from the stand and drew it swiftly down the prepared surface of the box, holding the flickering flame to the end of a white tube whose tip lay between lips curved, scarlet, and pouting.

"There!" A pale wreath of smoke floated away on the fan-churned air, and Anisly was vaguely conscious of receiving the glowing cigarette from a hand whose sheer perfection was but enhanced by the ripe curves of a rounded forearm. . . . He inhaled deeply, with satisfaction.

Undetected by him, the girl swiftly passed a furtive handkerchief across her lips. When he looked again she was smiling and the golden case had disappeared.

She shook her head at him in mock reproval. "Bald man!" she called him; but the crudity of it was lost upon him, as she had believed it would be. The incident had come for vicious measures, she felt, quite having paved the way.

"Why do you call me that?"

"To appear so openly running the gantlet of the detectives."

"Eh?"—started.

"Of course you saw," she insisted.

"Saw? No. Saw what?"

"Why . . . perhaps I am mistaken, but I thought you knew and trusted to your likeness to Mr. Maitland."

Anisly frowned, collecting himself, bewildered. "What are you driving at, anyhow?" he demanded, roughly.

"Didn't you see the detectives? I should have thought your man would have warned you. I noticed four loitering round the entrance, as I came in, and feared—"

"Why didn't you tell me, then?"

"I have just told you the reason. I supposed you were in your disguise."

"That's so." The alarmed expression gradually faded, although he remained troubled. "I am sure Maitland to the life," he continued with satisfaction. "Even the head-waiter—"

"And of course," she insinuated, delicately, "you have disposed of the loot?"

He shook his head gloomily. "No time, as yet."

Her dismay was evident. "You don't mean to say—?"

"In my pocket."

"Oh!" She glanced stealthily around. "In your pocket?" she whispered. "And—and if they stopped you—?"

"I am Maitland."

"But if they insisted on searching you. . . ." She was round-eyed with apprehension.

"That's so!" Her perturbation was infectious. His jaw dropped.

"They would find the jewels—known to be stolen—"

"By God!" he cried, savagely.

"Dan!"

"I—I beg your pardon. But . . . what am I to do? You are sure—?"

"McClusky himself is on the nearest corner!"

"Phew!" he whistled; and stared at her, searchingly, through a lengthening pause.

"Dan . . ." said she at length.

"Yes?"

"There is a way."

"Go on."

"Last night, Dan"—she raised her glorious eyes to his—"last night, I . . . I trusted you."

His face hardened ever so slightly; yet when he took thought the tense lines about his eyes and mouth softened. And she drew a deep breath, knowing that she had all but won.

"I trusted you," she continued softly. "Do you know what that means? I trusted you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## New Illuminating System.

A new system of illumination is offered by the discovery of Prof. Blau of Germany, which is a liquid illuminating gas to be delivered at the houses of customers at regular periods in much the same manner as coal oil and other commodities are delivered at the present time. A 22-pound cylinder of gas is sufficient to supply a 50-candle power light for four months if used four hours a day. The means of connection between the burner and the reservoir is through a fine tube no thicker than an electric light wire and just as flexible.

## A JOB FOR TWO.



"What you fellows got in that box?" "It's all right, officer. We're takin' home Mamie Casey's hat wot she wore at de lawn party last night!"

## HANDS RAW AND SCALY.

Itched and Burned Terribly—Could Not Move Thumbs Without Flesh Cracking—Sleep Impossible.

Cuticura Soon Cured His Eczema.

"An itching humor covered both my hands and got up over my wrists and even up to the elbows. The itching and burning were terrible. My hands got all scaly and when I scratched, the surface would be covered with blisters and then get raw. The eczema got so bad that I could not move my thumbs without deep cracks appearing. I went to my doctor, but his medicine could only stop the itching. At night I suffered so fearfully that I could not sleep. I could not bear to touch my hands with water. This went on for three months and I was fairly worn out. At last I got the Cuticura Remedy and in a month I was cured. Walter H. Cox, 16 Somerset St., Boston, Mass., Sept. 25, 1908." Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Preps., Boston.

## THE WRONG OBJECTIVE POINT

Mule's Lack of Consideration Responsible for Ike's Being Late at His Duty.

An Atlanta merchant has frequent occasion to rebuke Ike, his darky porter, for his tardiness in reporting for duty in the morning. Ike is always ready with a more or less ingenious excuse.

"You're two hours late, Ike!" exclaimed the employer one morning. "This sort of thing must stop! Otherwise, I'm going to fire you; understand."

"Deed, Mistah Edward," replied Ike, "it wa'n't mah fault, dis time! Honest! I was kicked by a mule!"

"Kicked by a mule? Well, even if that were so, it wouldn't delay you for more than an hour. You'll have to think of a better excuse than that."

Ike looked aggrieved. "Mistah Edward," he continued solemnly, "it might have been all right ef dat mule kicked me in dis direction; but he didn't—he kicked me de odder way!" Lippincott's.

## Cheering Him Up.

"Bill," said the invalid's friend, "I've come to cheer you up a bit like. I've brought yer a few flahrs, Bill. I fought if I was too late they'd come in 'andy for a wraef, yer know. Don't get down-hearted, Bill. Lummy, don't you look gashly! But there, keep up yer spirits, ole sport; I've come to see yer an' cheer yer up a bit. Nice little room you 'ave 'ere, but as I sez to meself when I was a-comin' up: 'Wot orkard staircase to get a coffin dahn!'"—London Globe.

## Should Take His Medicine.

"A feller shouldn't stand in the middle of the street to talk pessimism," declared the Plunkville philosopher.

"Why not?"

"Fust he says life ain't worth living, and then jumps when he hears an automobile honk."

## Less Precarious Also.

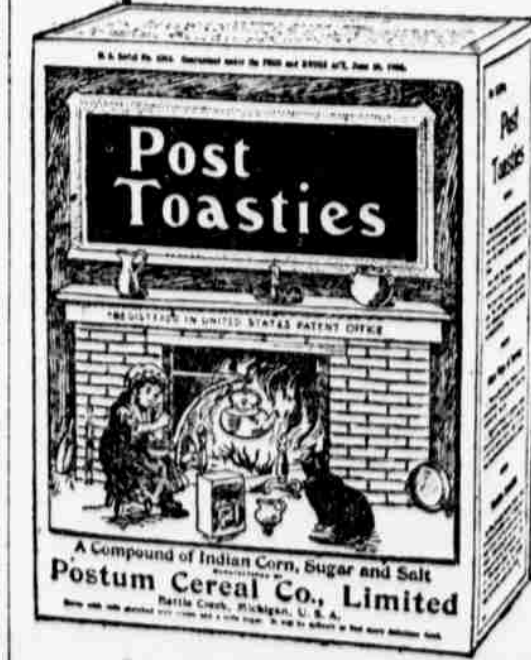
Scott—So Rawson has become a preacher. Last time I saw him he was in doubt whether to be that or a lawyer. I wonder what decided him.

Mott—He probably recalled the saying that it is easier to preach than to practice.—Boston Transcript.

## Charms Children

## Delights Old Folks

# Post Toasties



The crisp delicious, golden-brown food, made of Indian Corn.

A tempting, teasing taste distinctly different—all its own.

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The real martyr never has time to enjoy the honor.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar is made to satisfy the smoker.

In the matters of conscience, first thoughts are best; in matters of prudence last thoughts are best.—Versole.

## Painful Insomnia.

"What sort of a hat is a wide-awake?" "Why, a hat without a nap, of course."

## A Simple Problem.

Teacher—Don't know the sixth commandment? Now listen: If a man came up to me with a revolver and shot and killed me, what would it be? Johnnie (bright) — A holiday, ma'am.

## Why Actors Wear Long Hair.

Why do actors so often wear long hair? Perhaps this is the reason: There once was a statute in England under which actors found wandering were liable to be branded through the right ear. The long hair concealed the decoration and thus the custom was started.

## Objection to Women Golfers.

"Farmers don't mind renting their fields to golfers, but they are strongly opposed to women."

## "Why?"

"Because woman golfers are always losing hairpins and hatpins and stickpins in the grass. Follow the trail of a woman's foursome with a pin cushion and I'll guarantee you a cushionful of pins at the end of the ninth hole."

"But why does the farmer mind that?"

"Because afterward when his sheep and cattle graze in those fields they swallow pins. Pins, I needn't tell you, are injurious to the health."