



"Stand Up, You Hound!"

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 bachelor's 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 Anstey. Half-hypnotized, Maitland 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. Maitland overcame him. He met the girl outside her 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 Anstey himself and he secured the gems. Anstey, who was Maitland's double, masqueraded as the latter. The criminal kept Maitland's engagement with the girl in gray. He gave her the gems after falling in love at first sight. They were to meet and divide the loot. Maitland revived and regretted missing his engagement. Anstey, masquerading as Maitland, narrowly avoided capture through mysterious tip. The girl in gray visited Maitland's apartments during his absence and returned gems, being discovered on return. Maitland, without cash, called up his home and heard a woman's voice expostulating. Anstey, disguised as Maitland, told her his real identity and realizing himself tricked tried to write from her the location of the gems. Then he proposed marriage. A crash was heard at the front door. Maitland started for home.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

In the cab, Maitland, turning to watch through the rear peep-hole, was thrown violently against the side as the hansom rocked on one wheel into his street. Recovering, he seized the dashboard and gathered himself together, ready to spring the instant the vehicle paused in its headlong career. Through the cabby's misunderstanding of the address, in all likelihood, the horse was reined in on its haunches some three houses distant from the apartment building. Maitland found himself sprawling on the hands and knees on the sidewalk, picked himself up, shouting: "You'll wait!" to the driver, and sprinted madly the few yards separating him from his own front door, keys ready in hand.

Simultaneously the half-winded policeman lumbered around the Fifth avenue corner, and a man, detaching himself from the shadows of a neighboring doorway, began to trot loutishly across the street, evidently with the intention of intercepting Maitland at the door. He was hardly quick enough. Maitland did not even see him. The door slammed in the man's face, and he, panting harshly, rapped out an imprecation and began a frantic assault on the push-button marked "Janitor."

feet touched the first landing. An instant later he thrust the door open and blundered blindly into the pitch darkness of his study.

For a thought he stood bewildered and dismayed by the absence of light. He had thought, somehow, to find the gas jets flaring. The atmosphere was hot and foul with the odor of kerosene, the blackness filled with strange sounds and mysterious moving shapes. A grunting gasp came to his ears, and then the silence and the night alike were split by a report, accompanied by a streak of orange flame shooting ceilingward from the middle of the room.

Its light, transient as it was, gave him some inkling of the situation. Unthinkingly he flung himself forward, ready to grapple with that which first should meet his hands. Something soft and yielding brushed against his shoulder, and subconsciously, in the auto-hypnosis of his excitement, he was aware of a man's voice cursing and a woman's cry of triumph trailing off into a wall of pain.

On the instant he found himself at grips with the marauder. For a moment both swayed, dazed by the shock of collision. Then Maitland got a footing on the carpet and put forth his strength; the other gave way, slipped, and went to his knees. Maitland's hands found his throat, fingers sinking deep into flesh as he bore the fellow backward.

A match flared noiselessly and the gas blazed overhead. A cry of astonishment choked in his throat as he recognized his own features duplicated in the face of the man whose throat he was slowly and relentlessly constricting. Anstey! He had not thought of him or connected him with the sounds that had thrilled and alarmed him over the telephone wire coming out of the void and blackness of night. Indeed, he had hardly thought any coherent thing about the matter. The ring of the girl's "No!" had startled him, and he had somehow thought, vaguely, that O'Hagan had surprised her in the flat. But more than that—

He glanced swiftly aside at the girl standing still beneath the chandelier, the match in one hand burning toward her finger tips, in the other Anstey's revolver. Their eyes met, and in hers the light of gladness leaped and fell like a living flame, then died, to be replaced by a look of entreaty and prayer so moving that his heart in its unselfish chivalry went out to her.

Who or what she was, howsoever damning the evidence against her, he would believe against belief, shield her to the end at whatever hazard to himself, whatever cost to his fortunes. Love is unreasoning and unreasonable even when unrecognized.

His senses seemed to vibrate with redoubled activity, to become abnormally acute. For the first time he was conscious of the imperative clamor of the electric bell in O'Hagan's quarters.

as well as of the janitor's rich brogue voicing his indignation as he opened the basement door and prepared to ascend. Instantly the cause of the disturbance flashed upon him.

His strange hold on Anstey relaxed, he released the man, and, brows knitted with the concentration of his thoughts, he stepped back and over to the girl, lifting her hand and gently taking the revolver from her fingers.

Below, O'Hagan was parleying through the closed door with the late callers. Maitland could have blessed his hot-headed Irish stupidity for the delay he was causing.

Already Anstey was on his feet again, blind with rage and crouching as if ready to spring, only restrained by the sight of his own revolver, steady and threatening in Maitland's hand.

For the least part of a second the young man hesitated, choosing his way. Then, resolved, in accents of determination: "Stand up, you hound!" he cried. "Back to the wall there!" and thrust the weapon under the burglar's nose.

The move gained instant obedience. Mr. Anstey could not reasonably hesitate in the face of such odds.

"And you," Maitland continued over his shoulder to the girl without removing his attention from the burglar, "into the alcove there, at once! And not a word, not a whisper, not a sound until I call you!"

She gave him one frightened and piteous glance, then, unquestioning, slipped quietly behind the portieres.

To Anstey, again: "Turn your pockets out!" commanded Maitland. "Quick, you fool! The police are below; your freedom depends on your haste."

Anstey's hands flew to his pockets, emptying their contents on the floor. Maitland's eyes sought in vain the shape of the canvas bag. But time was too precious. Another moment's procrastination and—

"That will do," he said, crisply, without raising his voice. "Now listen to me. At the end of the hall, there, you'll find a trunk closet, from which I know."

"Naturally you would. Now go!" Anstey waited for no repetition of the permission. Whatever the madness of Mad Maitland, he was concerned only to profit by it. Never before had the long arm of the law stretched hungry fingers so near his collar. He went, springing down the hall in long, soundless strides, vanishing into its shadows.

As he disappeared Maitland stepped to the door, raised his revolver, and pulled the trigger twice. The shots detonated loudly in that confined space, and rang coincident with the clash and clatter of shattered glass. A thin cloud of vapor obscured the doorway, swaying on the hot, still air, then parted and dissolved, dissipated by the entrance of four men who, thrusting the door violently open, struggled into the hallway.

Blue cloth and brass buttons moved conspicuously in the van, a grim face flushed and perspiring beneath the helmet's vizor, a revolver poised menacingly in one hand, locust as ready in the other. Behind this outward and visible manifestation of the law's majesty bobbed a rusty derby, cocked jauntily back upon the red, shining forehead of a short and thick-set person with a black moustache. O'Hagan's agitated countenance loomed over a dusty shoulder, and the battered silk hat of the nighthawk brought up the rear.

"Come in, everybody," Maitland greeted them cheerfully, turning back into the study and tossing the revolver, shreds of smoke still curling up from its muzzle, upon a divan.

"O'Hagan," he called, on second thought, "jump downstairs and see that all New York doesn't get in. Let nobody in!"

As the janitor unwillingly obeyed, policeman and detective found their tongues. A volley of questions, to the general purport of "What's th' meanin' of all this here?" assailed Maitland as he rested himself coolly on an edge of the desk. He responded, with one eyebrow slightly elevated:

"A burglar. What did you suppose? That I was indulging in target practice at this time of night?"

"Which way'd he go?"

"Back of the flat—through the window to the fire-escape, I suppose. I took a couple of shots after him, but missed, and, inasmuch as he was armed, I didn't pursue."

Hickey stepped forward, glowering unpleasantly at the young man. "Yeh go along," he told the uniformed man, "nd see 'f he tellin' the truth. I'll stay here 'nd keep him company."

His tone amused Maitland. In the reaction from the recent strain upon his wits and nerve, he laughed openly.

"And who are you?" he suggested, smiling, as the policeman clumped heavily away.

Hickey spat thoughtfully into a Satsuma Jardinere and sneered. "I s'pose yeh never saw me before?"

Maitland bowed affirmation. "I'm sorry to say that that pleasure has heretofore been denied me."

"Ch-huh," agreed the detective, sourly. "I guess that's a hot one, too." He scowled blackly in Maitland's amazed face and seemed abruptly to swell with mysterious rage. "My name's Hickey," he informed him, venomously, "and don't yeh lose sight of that after this. It's somethin' it won't hurt yeh to remember. Guess yer mem'ry's taking a vacation, ha?"

"My dear man," said Maitland, "you speak in parables—and if you'll pardon my noticing it—with some uncalled-for spleen. Might I suggest that you moderate your tone? For," he continued, facing the man squarely, "if you don't, it will be my duty and pleasure to hoist you into the street."

"I got a photograph of yeh doing it," growled Hickey. "Still, seeing as yeh never saw me before, I guess it won't do no harm for yeh to connect with this." And he turned back his coat, uncovering the official shield of the detective bureau.

"Ah!" commented Maitland, politely. "A detective? How interesting!"

"Fire-escape winder's broke, all right." This was the policeman, returned. "And some one's let down the bottom length of ladder, but there ain't nobody in sight."

"No," interjected Hickey, "nd there wouldn't 've been if you'd been waitin' in the back yard all night."

"Certainly not," Maitland agreed, blandly; "especially if my burglar had known it. In which case I fancy he would have chosen another route—by the roof, possibly."

"Yeh know somethin' about roofs yehself, donchuh?" suggested Hickey. "Well, guess yeh'll have time to write a book about it while yeh—"

He stepped unexpectedly to Maitland's side and bent forward. Something cold and hard closed with a snap around each of the young man's wrists. He started up, face aflame with indignation, forgetful of the girl hidden in the alcove.

"What the devil!" he cried, hotly, jingling the handcuffs.

"Ah, come off," Hickey advised him. "Yeh can't bluff it forever, you know. Come along and tell the sarge all about it. Daniel Maitland, Esquire, alias Handsome Dan Anstey, gentleman burglar. Ah, eat that out, young fellow; yeh're foxy, all right, but yeh've pushed yer run of luck too hard."

Hickey paused, perplexed, finding no words wherewith adequately to voice the disgust aroused in him by his prisoner's demeanor, something far from seemly, to his mind.

The humor of the situation had just dawned upon Maitland, and the young man was crimson with appreciation.

"Go on, go on!" he begged, feebly. "Don't let me stop you, Hickey. Don't, please, let me spoil it all. Your Sherlock Holmes, Hickey, is one of the finest characterizations I have ever witnessed. It is a privilege not to be underestimated to be permitted to play Raffles to you. But seriously, my dear sleuth!" with an unhappy attempt to wipe his eyes with hampered flats, "don't you think you're wasting your talents?"

By this time even the policeman seemed doubtful. He glanced askance at the detective and shuffled uneasily. As for the cabby, who had blustered in at first with intent to demand his due in no uncertain terms, apparently Maitland's bearing, coupled with the inherent contempt and hatred of the nighthawk tribe for the minions of the law, had won his sympathies completely. Lounging against a door-jamb, quite at home, he genially puffed an unspeakable cigarette and nodded approbation of Maitland's every other word.

But Hickey—Hickey bristled belligerently.

"Fine," he declared, acidly; "fine and dandy. I take off my hat to yeh, Dan Anstey. I may be a bad actor, all right, but yeh got me beat at the post."

Then turning to the policeman: "I got him right. Look here!" Drawing a folded newspaper from his pocket, he spread it open for the officer's inspection. "Yeh see them pictures? Now, on the level, is it natural?"

The patrolman frowned doubtfully, glancing from the paper to Maitland. The cabby stretched a curious neck. Maitland groaned inwardly; he had seen that infamous sheet.

"Now listen," the detective expounded with gusto. "Twice to-day this here Maitland, or Anstey, meets me. Once on the stoop here, 'nd he's Maitland 'nd takes me to lunch—see? Next time it's in Harlem, where I've been sent with a hot tip from the c'mmissioner's office to find Anstey, 'nd he's still Maitland 'nd surprised to see me. I ain't sure then, but I'm doin' some heavy thinkin', all right. I lets him go and shadows him. After a while he gives me the slip 'nd I chases down here, waitin' for him to turn up. Coming down on the car I buys this paper 'nd sees the pictures, and then I'm on. See?"

"Ch-huh," grunted the patrolman, scowling at Maitland. The cabby caressed his nose with a soiled forefinger reflectively, plainly a bit prejudiced by Hickey's exposition.

"One minute," Maitland interjected, eyes twinkling and lips twitching. "How long ago was it that you began to watch this house, sleuth?"

"Five minutes before yeh come," responded Hickey, ignoring the insult. "Now—"

"Took you a long time to figure this out, didn't it? But go on, please."

"Well, I picked the winner, all right," flared the detective. "I guess that'll be about all for yours."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Continuation of Paul's Third Journey

Sunday School Lesson for August 22, 1909

Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—Acts 19:23-20:1. Memory verse 23.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"He said unto me: My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness."—2 Cor. 12:9.

TIME.—A. D. 64 or 67, near the close of Paul's work at Ephesus.

PLACE.—The city of Ephesus.

Suggestion and Practical Thought.

Some Things with Which the Gospel Interferes. The Results.

Business Interests versus the Gospel.—Vs. 21-23.

Paul's Plans for the Future. For at least two years and three months Paul had been working in Ephesus and was about ready to go on extending Christianity even to Rome (see Rom. 1: 13; 15: 23), and on to Spain (Rom. 15: 24), after visiting and strengthening the churches in Macedonia and Greece, and bearing the gifts of Philippi, Thessalonica, Berea, Corinth and other Gentile churches (Rom. 15: 26) to the poor in Jerusalem.

In Corinth he expected to receive contributions for the poor in Jerusalem (1 Cor. 16: 1-4).

He sent two of his helpers, Timothy and Erastus (2 Tim. 4: 20), through Macedonia to Corinth (1 Cor. 4: 17-19) to prepare that church for his approaching visit. Paul succeeded in all these plans, but some of them were accomplished in a very different manner.

Paul "stayed in Asia for a season" (V. 22). Apparently for several weeks or months. From the fact that Asia is mentioned rather than Ephesus, its capital, it has been inferred that he did not remain in the city all the time, but labored in the outlying districts.

A Contrast. In our last lesson we saw how Christians voluntarily gave up a bad business, at great cost to themselves, for Christ's sake. Now we find some men who tried to destroy the Gospel because it was injuring their bad business.

"There arose no small stir," commotion, like the sea in a storm. "A certain man named Demetrius." Probably the head of the whole guild of shrine makers.

"Diana." The Ephesian Diana was a distinct goddess from the Greek Diana (the Latinized form of Artemis), who was a virgin, a huntress, a personification of the moon, as Apollo was of the sun. She was worshiped with the vilest debaucheries, as many of the heathen idols were, incorporating the lusts of the flesh in the very ritual of worship.

"Our craft is in danger," because "this Paul hath persuaded and turned away much people, saying that they be no gods, which are made with hands;" and this "throughout all Asia," the Roman province of that name, of which Ephesus was the capital. All the blessings of the Gospel, the uplift, the renovated character, the happiness and prosperity, and eternal salvation of the great mass of the people, weighed nothing against the money gains of a few men in a bad business.

This was in direct contrast with the character of the Christians, who made great sacrifices in burning their own (not other people's) bad books which were injuring the people.

The Mob in the Coliseum.—Vs. 23-41. "The whole city was filled with confusion." The mob of Ephesus made for the house of Aquila, with whom Paul was lodging. They missed their prey; but as Paul tells us that Aquila and Priscilla had for his life laid down their own necks (Rom. 16: 4), it is likely that these faithful friends, in shielding the apostle, brought themselves into the most imminent peril. The mob, though baffled of their principal aim, seized on Galus and Aristarchus, two of Paul's associates, and dragged them away as criminals. "Rushed with one accord into the theater," the Coliseum, capable of holding 56,000 people.

Alexander the Jew. The Jews were always especially exposed to persecution, and as the mob would be likely to make no distinction between Jews and Christians, particularly as Paul was a Jew, they put forward a prominent Jew, named Alexander, to defend them.

The Mob Quelled. "The townclerk" at length interfered and argued with the excited people.

1. The worship of Diana was so settled in Ephesus that no company of Jews could overthrow it. You have no real cause for violence. "The image" of Diana "which fell down from Jupiter," their chief god, as meteoric stones fall from the sky.

Thus was peace and quiet restored. The signs of these times meant that it was best for Paul to leave immediately for another field of labor, while Ephesus was settling down into quiet peace, and the church continued to grow in character and numbers. Therefore Paul bade the beloved church good-by and "departed for to go into Macedonia" (Acts 20: 1).

2. Paul had not committed the wrong with which he was charged. His converts had been very careful not to blaspheme the goddess. His method of overcoming idolatry is quite noticeable. The contrast between them and the teachings and character of the idol gods was the argument.

3. There was a better way of redress, if there were need, through the law courts.

4. There was danger that the Roman government might interfere and deprive a turbulent city of its greatly prized liberties.

—Indianapolis Star.

IS NEW PREMIER OF FRANCE.

Aristide Briand Has Risen Rapidly to Foremost Place in the European Republic.

Paris.—Aristide Briand, successor to Georges Clemenceau as premier of the French government, was promoted a few months ago from the office of minister of public instruction and public worship to that of minister of justice. He was considered for some time the natural successor of Clemenceau in the event of that minister's suddenly relinquishing his leadership. M. Briand is one of the strongest men in French public life, in the opinion of many observers. He is an orator of extraordinary power and persuasiveness and has been in parliament

Aristide Briand.

only since 1902, thus winning his way to the top in the short space of seven years. He started out in life as a lawyer in a small country town and when he went to Paris turned to journalism rather than law, becoming in course of time editor of La Lanterne, one of the principal radical papers of the capital.

Aristide Briand is 47 years of age. He has risen very rapidly from the ranks of politicians to a foremost place in the government. A few years ago he was hardly known, except among the members of his own party, the revolutionary Socialists. He was appointed reporter of the church and state separation bill and soon became recognized as a high authority on the subject. He aimed to draw up a bill broadly liberal in spirit, but devoid of fanaticism and designed to assure freedom of worship and of conscience. The result was his elevation to the post of minister of public instruction and worship in 1906. During the church and state troubles he appears to have acted with firmness and moderation and after the death of M. Guyot-Desaigne, December 31, 1907, he was appointed minister of justice, retaining the portfolio of worship.

HEADS EDUCATORS' SOCIETY.

New President of National Association, James Y. Joyner, Hails From North Carolina.

Denver.—James Yacklin Joyner, who was elected president of the National Education Association at the recent convention in this city, has been superintendent of public instruction in North Carolina since 1902. He was born in Davidson coun-

James Y. Joyner.

ty, N. C. In 1862, educated at La Grange academy and the University of North Carolina, and began his teaching career as principal of La Grange academy in 1881. From 1889 to 1893 he was professor of the English language and literature in the State Normal and Industrial college of North Carolina and from 1903 to 1905 was secretary of the Association of State Superintendents of the Southern States. His home is in Raleigh.

Time Thrown Away.

"So yeh've learned to play th' fiddle while away to college?" said the aged grandfather as the nephew, fresh from his alma mater, hurried into the kitchen to greet him.

"Yes," replied the enthusiastic youth. "I've been through all the scale books and most of the exercises and am now studying a concerto!"

"God!" ejaculated the old man, much pleased. "I presume ye learned th' 'Money Musk'?"

"No, not that."

"Nor th' 'Turkey in th' Straw'?"

"No."

"Nor th' 'Sailors Hornpipe'?"

"No."

"Then," said the old man, with transformed demeanor, "ye haven't learned th' first rudiments!"—Circus Magazine.