Feeding Farm Hands.

Every farmer's wife knows what tremendous appetites farm hands usually have; but while they eat well they work well, too.

Here's a good suggestion about feeding farm hands. Give them plenty of Quaker Oats. A big dish of Quaker Oats porridge with sugar and cream or milk is the greatest breakfast in the world for a man who needs vigor and strength for a long day's work. The man that eats Quaker Oats plentifully and often is the man who does good work without excessive fatigue. There is a sustaining quality in Quaker Oats not found in other foods, and for economy it is at the head of the list. Besides the regular size packages Quaker Oats is packed in large size family packages, with and without china. 5

Poker Finance.

Mose Coonley (a winner)—Guess I'll cash in, boys.

Abe Mokeby (also to the good)—Guess I'll do de same.

Jefferson Yallerby—Me too!

Bill Bingy (the banker, a big loser)—Well, I guess yo' each done got anuddeh guess a-comin', gen'lemen! Ownin' to dis heah attempted an' uncalled-fo' run on de bank, de instertootion am now suspended an' won't resume oppyrations till de panicky feelin' hab fully subsided an' de foolish depositahs continues doin' business as fohmahly. And it's youah deal, Mose Coonley!"—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Come Home, Mother.

Mother, dear mother, come home from the club, and rustle some supper for me; 'tis time you were here working over the grub and getting things ready for tea. The table's not set nor the teakettle boiled, the vegetables are not prepared; no wonder my temper and feelings are roiled, though 'tis doubtful, indeed, if you cared. Come home, come home, come ho-ho-home! Yes, cut your symposium down a wee bit, dear mother, and hustle right home!—Los Angeles Express.

The Way of It.

"But I don't love you," objected the young woman.

"Then why," howled the indignant youth, referring hastily to divers memoranda in his pocket diary, "did you eat up a total of 65 boxes of chocolates I bought you during the past year if you didn't love me?"

"Because," she said, with a rapt expression on her lovely features, "I do love chocolate."

A Work of Supererogation.

Henry dislikes being bathed and argues with his mother over every square inch of his four-year-old anatomy.

One night, when his patience was especially tried by what he considered wholly unnecessary work, he exclaimed:

"Oh, mamma, couldn't you skip my stomach? Nobody ever sees my stomach!"—Judge's Library.

The Thirst for Gore.

Unsophisticated Onlooker—I think this is a first rate place. See what a fine view we have of this car coming.

Seasoned Spectator—Fine view fiddlesticks! Nothing ever happens on these straight stretches—not even a broken leg. Come on down to the turn and wait for the fun.—Puck.

Exercise Recommended.

Weary Walker—What! Don't look like a sailor? Why, I've been following the sea for 30 years.

Farmer Haycrop—Well, you keep following it for 30 years more and perhaps you'll catch up with it.—Life.

The Brass Bowl

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

PICTURES BY A. WEIL

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. Maitland, on reaching home, surprised lady in gray, cracking the safe containing his gems. She, apparently, took him for a well-known crook, Daniel Anisty. Half-hypnotized, Maitland opened his safe, took therefrom the jewels, and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime. The real Dan Anisty, sought by police of the world, appeared. Maitland overcame him. He and the girl went to New York in her auto. He had the jewels. She was to meet him that day. A "Mr. Snaith" introduced 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 "Snaith's" cane. The latter proved to be Anisty himself and he secured the gems. Anisty, 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. The girl in gray visited Maitland's apartments during his absence and returned gems. Maitland, without cash, called up his home and heard a woman's voice expostulating. Anisty, disguised as Maitland, tried to wring from her the location of the gems. A crash was heard at the front door. Maitland overwhelmed the crook, allowing him to escape to shield the young woman. The girl in gray made her escape, jumping into a cab. An instant later, by working a ruse, Anisty was at her side. He took her to Attorney Bannerman's office. There, by torture, he tried in vain to wring from her the location of the gems. He left her a moment and she 'phoned O'Hagan, only getting in the words: "Tell Mr. Maitland under the brass bowl," the hiding place in the latter's rooms, when Anisty heard her words. Bannerman also was revealed as a crook. He and Anisty set out to secure the gems and leave town. The girl was still imprisoned. Maitland finding the girl gone, searched his rooms and unearthed the jewels under the brass bowl. He struck Anisty's trail in a big office building.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

Maitland, yielding the initiative to the other's superior generalship, stood sentinel, revolver in hand, until the detective returned, overheated and sweating, from his tour, to report "nothin' doin'," with characteristic brevity. He had the same report to make on both the twentieth and twenty-first floors, where the same procedure was observed; but as the latter was reached unexpected and very welcome reinforcements were gained by the arrival of a third car, containing three patrolmen and one roundsman. Yet numbers created delay; Hickey was seized and compelled to pant explanations, to his supreme disgust.

And, suddenly impatient beyond endurance, Maitland left them and alone sprang up the stairs.

That this was simple foolhardiness may be granted without dispute. But it must be borne in mind that he was very young and ardent, very greatly perturbed on behalf of an actor in the tragedy in whom the police, to their then knowledge, had no interest whatsoever. And if in the heat of chase he had for an instant forgotten her, now he remembered; and at once the capture of Anisty was relegated to the status of a matter of secondary importance. The real matter at stake was the safety of the girl whom Anisty, by exercise of an infernal ingenuity that passed Maitland's comprehension, had managed to spirit into this place of death and darkness and whispering halls. Where she might be, in what degree of suffering and danger—these were the considerations that sent hm in search of her without a thought of personal peril, but with a sick heart and overwhelmed with a stifling sense of anxiety.

More active than the paunch-burdened detective, he had sprinted down and back through the hallway of the twenty-second floor, without discovering anything, ere the police contingent had reached an agreement and the stairhead.

There remained two more floors, two final flights. A little hopelessly he swung up the first. And as he did so the blackness above him was riven by a tongue of fire, and a bullet, singing past his head, flattened itself with a vicious spat against the marble dado of the walls. Instinctively he pulled up, finger closing upon the trigger of his revolver; flash and report followed the motion, and a panel of ribbed glass in a door overhead was splintered and fell in clashing fragments, all but drowning the sound of feet in flight upon the upper staircase.

A clamor of caution, warning, encouragement, and advice broke out from the police below. But Maitland hardly heard. Already he was again in pursuit, taking the steps two at a leap. With a hand upon the newel-post he swung round on the twenty-third floor, and hurled himself toward the foot of the last flight. A crash like a rifle-shot rang out above, and for a second he fancied that Anisty had fired again and with a heavier weapon. But immediately he realized that the noise had been only the slamming of the door at the head of the stairs—the door whose glazed panel loomed above him, shedding a diffused light to guide his footsteps, its opalescent surface lettered with the name of

HENRY M. BANNERMAN,
Attorney & Counselor-at-Law,

the door or the office whose threshold he had so often crossed to meet a friend and adviser. It was with a shock that he comprehended this, a thrill of wonder. He had all but forgotten that Bannerman owned an office in the building, in the rush, the urge of this wild adventure. Strange that Anisty should have chosen it for the scene of his last stand—strange, and strangely fatal for the criminal! For Maitland knew that from this eyrie there was no means of escape, other than by the stairs.

"Dearest," He Said Gently, "Please Don't Run Away from Me Again."

Well and good! Then they had the man, and—

The thought was flashing in his mind, illumining the darkness of his despair with the hope that he would be able to force a word as to the girl's whereabouts from the burglar ere the police arrived; Maitland's foot was on the upper step, when a scream of mortal terror—her voice!—broke from within. Half maddened, he threw himself bodily against the door, twisting the knob with frantic fingers that slipped upon its immovable polished surface.

The bolt had been shot, he was barred out, and, with only the width of a man's hand between them, the girl was in deathly peril and terror.

A sob that was at the same time an oath rose to his lips. Baffled, helpless, he fell back, tears of rage starting to his eyes, her accents ringing in his ears as terribly pitiful as the cry of a lost and wandering soul.

"God!" he mumbled incoherently, and in desperation sent the pistol-butt crashing against the glass. It was tough, stubborn; the first blow scarcely flawed it. As he redoubled his efforts to shatter it, Hickey's hand shot over his shoulder to aid him. . . . And with startling abruptness the barrier seemed to dissolve before their eyes, the glass falling inward with a shrill clatter.

Quaintly, with the effect of a picture cast by a cinematograph in a darkened auditorium, there leaped upon Maitland's field of vision the picture of Anisty standing at bay, face drawn and tense, lips curled back, eyes lurid with defiance and despair. He stood, poised upon the balls of his feet, like a cat ready to spring, in the doorway between the inner and outer offices. He raised his hand with an indescribably swift and vicious gesture, and a flame seemed to blaze out from his finger-tips.

At the same instant Hickey's weapon spat by Maitland's cheek; the young man felt the hot furnace breath of it.

The burglar reeled as though from a tremendous blow. His inflamed features were suddenly whitened, and his right arm dropped limply from the shoulder, revolver falling from fingers involuntarily relaxing.

Hickey covered him. "Surrender!" he roared. And fired again. For Anisty had gone to his knees, reaching for the revolver with his uninjured arm.

The detective's second bullet winged through the doorway, over Anisty's head, and bit through the outer window. As Anisty, with a tremendous strain upon his failing powers, struggled to his feet, Maitland, catching the murderous gleam in the man's eye, pulled trigger. The burglar's answering shot expended itself as harmlessly as Maitland's. Both went wide of their marks.

And of a sudden Hickey had drawn the bolt, and the body of police behind forced Maitland pell-mell into the room. As he recovered he saw Hickey hurling himself at the criminal's throat—one second too late. True to his pledge never to be taken alive, Anisty had sent his last bullet crashing through his own skull.

A cry of horror and consternation forced itself from Maitland's throat. The police halted, each where he stood, transfixed. Anisty drew himself up, with a trace of pride in his pose; smiled horribly; put a hand mechanically to his lips . . .

And died.

Hickey caught him as he fell, but Maitland, unheeding, leaped over the body that had in life resembled him so fatally, and entered Bannerman's private office.

The gray girl lay at length in a corner of the room, shielded from observation by one of the desks. Her eyes were closed, her cheeks wore the hue of death; the fair young head was pillowed on one white and rounded forearm, in an attitude of natural rest, and the burnished hair, its heavy coils slipping from their fastenings, tumbled over her head and shoulders in shimmering glory, like a splash of living flame.

With a low and bitter cry the young men dropped to his knees by her side. In the outer office the police were assembled in excited conclave, blind to all save the momentous fact of Anisty's last, supremely consistent act. For the time Maitland was utterly alone with his great and aching loneliness.

After a little while timidly he touched her hand. It lay upturned, white slender fingers like exotic petals curling in upon the rosy hollow of her palm. And it was soft and warm.

He lifted it tenderly in both his own, and so held it for a space, brooding, marveling at its perfection. And inevitably he bent and touched it with his lips, as if their ardent contact would warm it to sentience. . . .

The fingers tightened upon his own, slowly, surely; and in the blinding joy of that moment he was made conscious of the ineffable sweetness of opening, wondering eyes.

CHAPTER XVI.
Recessional.

"Hm, hrumm!" Thus Hickey, the inopportunely ubiquitous, lumbering hastily in from the other office and checking, in an extreme of embarrassment, in the middle of the floor.

Maitland glanced over his shoulder, and, subduing a desire to flay the man alive, released the girl's hand.

"I say, Hickey," he observed, carefully suppressing every vestige of emotion, "will you lend me a hand here? Bring a chair, please, and a glass of water."

The detective stumbled over his feet and brought the chair at the risk of his neck. Then he went away and returned with the water. In the meantime the girl, silently enough for all that her eyes were speaking, with Maitland's assistance arose and seated herself.

"You will have to stay here a few minutes," he told her, "until—er—"

"I understand," she told him in a choking tone.

Hickey awkwardly handed her the glass. She sipped mechanically.

"I have a cab below," continued Maitland. "And I'll try to arrange it so that we can get out of the building without having to force a way through the crowd."

She thanked him with a glance.

"There's th' freight elevator," suggested Hickey, helpfully.

"Thank you . . . Is there anything I can do for you, anything you wish?" continued Maitland to the girl, standing between her and the detective.

She lifted her face to his and shook her head, very gently. "No," she breathed through trembling lips. "You—you've been—" But there was a sob in her throat, and she hung her head again.

"Not a word," ordered Maitland. "Sit here for a few minutes, if you can, drink the water and—ah—fix up your hat, you know," (damn Hickey! Why the devil did the fellow insist on hanging round so!) "and I will go and make arrangements."

"Th-thank you," whispered the small voice shakily.

Maitland hesitated a moment, then turned upon Hickey in sudden exasperation. His manner was enough; even the obtuse detective could not ignore it. Maitland had no need to speak.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said, standing his ground manfully but with a trace more of respect in his manner than had theretofore characterized it, "but there's uh gentleman—uh—your fren' Bannerman's outside 'nd wants tuh speak tuh yeh."

"Tell him to—"

"Excuse me. He says he's gottuh see yeh. If yeh don't come out, he'll come after yeh. I thought yeh 'd rather—"

"That's kindly thought of," Maitland relented. "I'll be there in a minute," he added, meaningly.

Hickey took an impassive face to the doorway, where, whether or not with design, he stood precisely upon the threshold, filling it with his burly shoulders. Maitland bent again over the girl, and took her hand.

"Dearest," he said, gently, "please don't run away from me again."

Her eyes were brimming, and he read his answer in them. Quickly—it was no time to harry her emotions further; but so much he had felt he must say—he brushed her hand with his lips and joined Hickey. Thrusting the detective gently into the outer room, with a not unfriendly hand upon his shoulder, Maitland closed the door.

"Now, see here," he said quietly and firmly, "you must help me arrange to get this lady away without her becoming identified with the case. Hickey, I'm in a position to say a good word for you in the right place; she had positively nothing to do with Anisty," (this, so far as he could tell, was as black a lie as he had ever manufactured under the lash of necessity), "and—there's a wad in it for the boys who help me out."

"Well. . . ." The detective shifted from one foot to the other, eying him intently. "I guess we can fix it—freight elevator 'nd side entrance. Yeh have the cab waitin', 'nd—"

"I'll go with the lady, you understand, and assume all responsibility. You can come round at your convenience and arrange the details with me, at my rooms, since you will be so kind."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHERE SHE MADE THE MISTAKE.

Mrs. Jack Frost's Experience as a Chicken Raiser.

"Yes, farming is all very easy," the farmer said. "Any city person could make a success of it at the first go-off."

He sneered at his three girl boarders from Chicago in order to show that he had spoken in bitter irony.

"Mrs. Jack Frost," he resumed, "took the farm next to mine one year. Being from the city, she thought she would show us country people a thing or two about real farming. She began on a chicken yard.

"It was a fine yard. Pretty soon a hundred eggs hatched out. There was half hens and half roosters. Mrs. Jack Frost, before sailing for Europe, separated the two sexes, and, killing all the roosters she sent them to her friends. A fine lot of spring br'ilers they made—they were no bigger than squabs.

"But when Mrs. Jack Frost got back from Europe, a strange sight her caicken yard presented. It was nothing but young roosters—young roosters crowing, young roosters swaggering about, while here, with flying feathers and squawks and blood, a terrible fight went on, and there, disregarded by all, lay the corpses of brave birds slain in single combat. At sunrise you could hear the crowing of those roosters all over the county.

"Poor Mrs. Jack Frost understood the theory of chicken raising all right; only, in separating the young birds, she mistook the males for the females and vice versa."

THE DIAGNOSIS

"Anything really serious with my eye, Doc?"

"No, no—simply a pig-sty."

And He Suffered.

Little Willie, suffering from an attack of toothache, had paid his first visit to the dentist, accompanied by his mother. Father, on his return from the office that evening, was naturally much interested.

"Didn't it hurt?" asked father.

"Sure, it hurt," replied Willie.

"Weren't you scared when the dentist put you in that big chair and started all those zizz-zizz-zizz things?"

"Oh, not so much."

"That was a brave boy. But, surely, you suffered?"

"Of course I suffered. But I just kept repeating over and over the golden text we had in Sunday school last Sunday."

"The golden text? What was it?"

"Why, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,'" replied Willie, glibly. "I kept saying that over and over to myself, and the first thing I knew it didn't hurt any more."

Overcoming Tuberculosis.

Statistics published by the Imperial Gazette show that in recent years there has been a steady decrease in the number of deaths in Germany from tuberculosis, and especially from tuberculosis of the lungs. In urban centers the death rate per 100,000 fell from 226.6 in 1903 to 192.15 in 1908.

The Minority Position.

"Saw Peleg down to the public library yistiddy. He wuz reading all the old newspapers he could find."

"Yes; he can't remember for sure whether the Panama canal is to be sea level or lock, and whichever it is he's agin it."

When a woman has occasion to loaf, she calls it either shopping, visiting or entertaining.