THE HEIR'S HAIR-MOVING.

Mr. White—It's no use, my dear, I shall have to have my whiskers off; baby is pulling 'em out by the roots.

Mrs. White—How unfeeling of you. It's the only thing that keeps baby quiet. Now you threaten to take the dear's enjoyment away!

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right Starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

Family Medicine Chest.

Every mother of sons ought to keep an "accident box" containing a spool of adhesive plaster, a package of carbolated cotton, a bottle of boracic acid and some soft old linen. A fresh cut should be carefully bathed immediately and bandaged to keep out the dirt, which so often contains germs of lockjaw. If there is much bleeding, first close the wound with the plaster, then cover it with the cotton. An application of alcohol will easily remove the plaster.

Had Her Doubts.

"Mamma, does God watch over and take care of me when I am asleep?" suddenly asked little Marjory one evening after she had said her prayers and was ready to be tucked into her crib.

"Why, yes, dear; of course He does," replied her mother.

"Well," said Marjory doubtfully, "He didn't keep very good watch last night. I woke up twice and found the blankets all off."

Starch, like everything else, is being constantly improved, the patent Starches put on the market 25 years ago are very different and inferior to those of the present day. In the latest discovery—Defiance Starch—all injurious chemicals are omitted, while the addition of another ingredient, invented by us, gives to the Starch a strength and smoothness never approached by other brands.

Brought Down to Date.

"Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long," is what they sang some years ago—but it's now another song. The words we use are different quite, though fully as sublime, "Man wants everything in sight, and wants it all the time."—Judge.

Modern Solomon.

Two women who appeared before a Paris magistrate both claimed possession of a flatiron. The magistrate solved the difficulty by giving the iron to one of them, a laundress, and presenting the other with a theater ticket.

The BRASS BOWL

PICTURES BY A. Weil

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

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 bachelors' club. Her auto had broken down. He fixed it.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"Don't!" she insisted—as much as to say that he was fabricating and she knew it! "We must hurry, you know, because . . . There, I've dropped my handkerchief! By the tree, there. Do you mind—?"

"Of course not." He set off swiftly toward the point indicated, but on reaching it cast about vainly for anything in the nature of a handkerchief. In the midst of which futile quest a change of tempo in the motor's impatient drumming surprised him.

Startled, he looked up. Too late; the girl was in the seat, the car in motion—already some yards from the point at which he had left it. Dismayed, he strode forward, raising his voice in perturbed expostulation.

"But—I say—!"

Over the rear of the seat a gray gauntlet was waved at him, as tantalizing as the mocking laugh that came to his ears.

He paused, thunderstruck, appalled by this monstrosity of ingratitude.

The machine gathered impetus, drawing swiftly away. Yet in the stillness the farewell of the gray girl came to him very clearly.

"Good-by!" with a laugh. "Thank you and good-by—Handsome Dan!"

CHAPTER III.

"Handsome Dan."

Standing in the middle of the road, watching the dust cloud that trailed the fast disappearing motor car, Mr. Maitland cut a figure sufficiently forlorn and disconsolate to have distilled pity from the least sympathetic heart.

His hands were thrust stiffly at full arm's length into his trousers pockets; a rumpled silk hat was set awry on the back of his head; his shirt bosom was sadly crumpled; above the knees, to a casual glance, he presented the appearance of a man carefully attired in evening dress; below, his legs were sodden and muddied, his shoes of patent leather, twin wrecks. Alas for jauntiness and elegance, alack for ease and aplomb!

"Tricked," observed Maitland, casually, and protruded his lower lip, thus adding to the length of a countenance naturally long. "Outwitted by a chit of a girl! Dammit!"

But this was crude melodrama. Realizing which, he strove to smile; a sorry failure.

"'Handsome Dan,'" quoted he; and cocking his head to one side eyed the road inquiringly. "Where in thunder d'you suppose she got hold of that name?"

Bestowed upon him in callow college days, it had stuck burr-like for many a weary year. Of late, however, its use had lapsed among his acquaintances; he had begun to congratulate himself upon having lived it down. And now it was resurrected, flung at him in sincerest mockery by a woman whom, to his knowledge, he had never before laid eyes upon. Odious appellation, hateful invention of an ingenious enemy!

"'Handsome Dan!' She must have known me all the time—all the time I was making an exhibition of myself. . . . 'Wentworth?' I know no one of that name. Who the dickens can she be?"

If it had not been contrary to his code of ethics, he would gladly have raved, gnashed his teeth, footed the dance of rage with his shadow. Indeed, his restraint was admirable, the circumstances considered. He did nothing whatever but stand still for a matter of five minutes, vainly racking his memory for a clue to the identity of "Miss Wentworth."

At length he gave it up in despair and abstractedly felt for his watch fob. Which wasn't there. Neither, investigation developed, was the watch. At which crowning stroke of misfortune—the timepiece must have slipped from his pocket into the water while he was tinkering with that infamous carbureter—Maitland turned eloquently red in the face.

"The price," he meditated aloud, with an effort to resume his pose, "is a high one to pay for a wave of a gray glove and the echo of a pretty laugh."

With which final fling at Fortune he set off again for Maitland Manor, trudging heavily but at a round pace through the dust that soon settled upon the damp cloth of his trousers legs and completed their ruination. But Maitland was beyond being disturbed by such trifles. A wounded vanity engaged his solicitude to the exclusion of all other interests.

At the end of 45 minutes he had covered the remaining distance between Greenfield station and Maitland Manor. For five minutes more he strode wearily over the side path by the box hedge which set aside his ancestral acres from the public highway. At length, with an exclamation, he paused at the first opening in the living barrier; a wide entrance from which a blue-stone carriage drive wound away to the house, invisible in the waning light, situate in the shelter of the grove of trees that studded the lawn.

"Gasoline! Brrr!" said Maitland, shuddering and shivering with the combination of a nauseous odor and the night's coolness—the latter by now making itself as unpleasantly prominent as the former.

Though he hated the smell with all his heart, manfully inconsistent he raised his head, sniffing the air for further evidence; and got his reward in a sickening gust.

"Tank leaked," he commented with brevity. "Quart of the stuff must have trickled out right here. Ugh! If it goes on at this rate, there'll be another breakdown before she gets home." And, "Serve her right, too!" he growled, vindictive.

But for all his indignation he acknowledged a sneaking wish that he might be at hand again, in such event, a second time to give gratuitous service to his gray lady.

Analyzing this frame of mind (not without surprise and some disdain of him who weakly entertained it) he crossed the drive and struck in over the lawn, shaping his course direct for the front entrance of the house.

By dead reckoning the hour was two, or something later; and a chill was stealing in upon the land, wafted gently southward from Long Island sound. All the world beside himself seemed to slumber, breathless, insensate. Wraith-like, gray shreds of mist drifted between the serried boles of trees, or, rising, veiled the moon's wan and pallid face, that now was low upon the horizon. In silent rivalry long and velvet-black shadows skulked across the ample breadths of dew-drenched grass. Somewhere a bird stirred on its unseen perch, chirping sleepily; and in the rapt silence the inconsiderable interruption broke with startling stress.

In time—not long—the house lifted into view; a squat, rambling block of home-grown architecture with little to recommend it save its keen associations and its comfort. At the edge of the woods the lord and master paused indefinitely, with little purpose, surveying idly the pale, columned facade, and wondering whether or not his entrance at that ungodly hour would rouse the staff of house servants. If it did not—he contemplated with mild amusement the prospect of their surprise when, morning come, they should find the owner in occupation.

"Bannerman was right," he conceded; "any—"

The syllables died upon his lips; his gaze became fixed; his heart thumped wildly for an instant, then rested still; and instinctively he held his breath, tip-toeing to the edge of the veranda the better to command a view of the library windows.

These opened from ceiling to floor and should by right have presented to his vision a blank expanse of dark glass. But, oddly enough, even while thinking of his lawyer's warning, he had fancied. . . . "Ah!" said Maitland, softly.

A disk of white light, perhaps a foot or 18 inches in diameter, had flitted swiftly across the glass and vanished.

"Ah, ah! The devil, the devil!" murmured the young man, unconsciously.

The light appeared again, dancing athwart the inner wall of the room, and was lost as abruptly as before. On impulse Maitland buttoned his topcoat across his chest, turning up the collar to hide his linen, darted stealthily a yard or two to one side, and with one noiseless bound reached the floor of the veranda. A breath later he stood by the front door, where, at first glance, he discovered the means of entrance used by the midnight marauder; the doors stood ajar, a black interval showing between them.

So that, then, was the way! Cautiously Maitland put a hand upon the knob and pushed.

A sharp, penetrating squeak brought him to an abrupt standstill, heart hammering shamefully again. Gathering himself to spring, if need be, he crept back toward the library windows, and reconnoitering cautiously determined the fact that the bolts had just been withdrawn on the inside of one window frame, which was swinging wide.

"It's a wise crook that provides his own quick exit," considered Maitland.

The sagacious one was not, apparently, leaving at that moment. On the contrary, having made all things ready for a hurried flight upon the first alarm, the intruder turned back, as was clearly indicated by the motion of the light within. The clink of steel touching steel became audible; and Maitland nodded. Bannerman was indeed justified; at that very moment the safe was being attacked.

At That Very Moment the Safe Was Being Attacked.

Maitland returned noiselessly to the door. His mouth had settled into a hard, unyielding, thin line; and a dangerous light flickered in his eyes. Temporarily the idler had stepped aside, giving place to the real man that was Maitland—the man ready to fight for his own, naked hands against firearms, if it need be. True, he had but to step into the gunroom to find weapons in plenty; but these must be then loaded to be of service, and precious moments wasted in the process—moments in which the burglar might gain access to and make off with his booty.

Maitland had no notion whatever of permitting anything of the sort to occur. He counted upon taking his enemy unawares, difficult as he believed such a feat would be, in the case of a professional cracksman.

Down the hallway he groped his way to the library door, his fingers at length encountering its panels; it was closed, doubtless secured upon the inside; the slightest movement of the handle was calculated to alarm the housebreaker. Maitland paused, deliberating another and better plan, having in mind a short passageway connecting library and smoking room. In the library itself a heavy tapestry curtained its opening, while an equally heavy portiere took the place of a door at the other end. In the natural order of things a burglar would overlook this.

Inch by inch the young man edged into the smoking room, the door to which providentially stood unclosed. Once within it was but a moment's work to feel his way to the velvet folds and draw them aside, fortunately without rattling the brass rings from which the curtain depended. And then Maitland was in the passage, acutely on the alert, recognizing from the continued click of metal that his antagonist-to-be was still at his difficult task, inch by inch—there was the tapestry! Very gently the householder pushed it aside.

An insidious aroma of scorching varnish (the dark lantern) penetrated the passage while he stood on its threshold, feeling for the electric light switch. Unhappily he missed this at the first cast, and—heard from within a quick, deep hiss of breath. Something had put the burglar on guard.

Another instant wasted, and it would be too late. The young man had to chance it. And he did, without further hesitation stepping boldly into the danger zone, at the same time making one final, desperate pass at the spot where the switch should have been—and missing it. On the instant there came a click of a different caliber from those that had preceded it. A revolver had been cocked, somewhere there in the blank darkness.

Maitland knew enough not to move. In another respect the warning came too late; his fingers had found the switch at last, and automatically had turned it.

The glare was blinding, momentarily; but the flash and report for which Maitland waited did not come. When his eyes had adjusted themselves to the suddenly altered conditions, he saw, directly before him and some six feet distant, a woman's slight figure, dark cloaked, resolute upon its two feet, head framed in veiling, features effectually disguised in a motor mask whose round, staring goggles shone blankly in the warm white light.

On her part, she seemed to recognize him instantaneously. On his. . . . It may as well be admitted that Maitland's wits were gone woolgathering, temporarily at least; a state of mind not unpardonable when it is taken into consideration that he was called upon to grapple with and simultaneously to assimilate three momentous facts. For the first time in his life he found himself nose to nose with a revolver, and that one of able-bodied and respect-compelling proportions. For the first time in his life, again, he was under necessity of dealing with a housebreaker. But most stupefying of all he found the fact that this housebreaker, this armed midnight marauder, was a woman! And so it was not altogether fearlessness that made him to all intents and purposes ignore the weapon; it is nothing to his credit for courage if his eyes struck past the black and deadly mouth of the revolver and looked only into the blank and expressionless eyes of the wind mask; it was not lack of respect for his skin's integrity, but the sheer, tremendous wonder of it all, that rendered him oblivious to the eternity that lay the other side of a slender, trembling finger tip.

And so he stared, agape, until presently the weapon wavered and was lowered and the woman's voice, touched with irony, brought him to his senses.

"Oh," she remarked, coolly, "it's only you."

Thunderstruck, he was able no more than to parrot the pronoun: "You—you!"

"Were you expecting to meet any one else, here, to-night?" she inquired in suavest mockery.

He lifted his shoulders helplessly, and tried to school his tongue to coherence. "I confess. . . . Well, certainly I didn't count on finding you here, Miss Wentworth. And the black cloak, you know—"

"Reversible, of course; gray inside, as you see—Handsome Dan!" The girl laughed quietly, drawing aside an edge of the garment to reveal its inner face of silken gray and the fluted ruffles of the gray skirt underneath.

He nodded appreciation of the device, his mind now busy with speculations as to what he should do with the girl, now that he had caught her. At the same time he was vaguely vexed by her persistent repetition of the obsolescent nickname.

"Handsome Dan," he iterated all but mechanically. "Why do you call me that, please? Have we met before? I could swear, never before this night!"

"But you are altogether too modest," she laughed. "Not that it's a bad trait in the character of a professional. . . . But really! it seems a bit incredible that any one so widely advertised as Handsome Dan Anisty should feel surpise at being recognized. Why, your portrait and biography have commanded space in every yellow journal in America recently!"

And, dropping the revolver into a pocket in her cloak, "I was afraid you might be a servant—or even Maitland," she diverted the subject, with a nod.

"But—but if you recognized me as Anisty, back there by the ford, didn't you suspect I'd drop in on you—"

"Why, of course! Didn't you all but tell me that you were coming here?"

"But—"

"I thought perhaps I might get through before you came, Mr. Anisty; but I knew all the time that, even if you did manage to surprise me—er—on the job, you wouldn't call the police." She laughed confidently, and—oddly enough—at the same time nervously. "You are certainly a very bold man, and as surely a very careless one, to run around the way you do without so much as troubling to grow a beard or a mustache, after your picture has been published broadcast."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Try This Flavoring.

Do you ever use pineapple juice for flavoring? It is one of the best substitutes for those who do not care to use wine. Added to fruit salads of all kinds it is excellent.

Memorial to Brave Explorer.

A memorial has just been erected in Kensington cemetery, London, to the memory of Admiral Sir Francis Leopold McClintock, the Arctic explorer and discoverer of the lost Franklin expedition. It takes the form of an old style wheel cross standing on a massive molded base, reaching to a height of ten feet and erected in rough silver-gray Cornish granite.

President Interested in Movement.

President Taft and Dr. William Osler addressed a large public meeting held recently in Washington, under the auspices of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis.

If, as reported, G. Washington never wrote a love letter, his reputation for veracity is accounted for.

Rather be thou the tail among lions than the head among foxes.