

**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 Bannerman, 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's club. Her auto had broken down. He fixed it. By a ruse she "lost" him, Maitland, on reaching home, surprised her in gray, cracking the safe containing his gems. She, apparently, took him for a well-known crook, Daniel Anistay. Half-hypnotized, Maitland opened his safe, took therefrom the jewels, and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime. The real Dan Anistay, 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. Snaith."

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

Maitland accepted the card and elevated his brows. "Oh!" he said, putting it down, his manner becoming perceptibly less cordial. "I say, O'Hagan, 'Yessor?'"

"I shall be busy for—Will half an hour satisfy you, Mr. Snaith?"

"You are most kind," the stranger bowed.

"In half an hour, O'Hagan, you may return."

"Very good, sir." And the hall door closed.

"So," said Maitland, turning to face the man squarely, "you are from police headquarters?"

"As you see," Mr. Snaith motioned delicately toward his business card—as he called it.

"Well!"—after a moment's pause.

"I am a detective, you understand."

"Perfectly," Maitland assented, unmoved.

His caller seemed partly amused, partly—but very slightly—embarrassed. "I have been assigned to cover the affair of last night," he continued blandly. "I presume you have no objection to giving me what information you may possess."

"Credentials?"

The man's amusement was made visible in a fugitive smile, half hidden by his small and neatly trimmed mustache. Mutely eloquent, he turned back the lapel of his coat, exposing a small shield; at which Maitland glanced casually.

"Very well," he consented, bored but resigned. "Fire ahead, but make it as brief as you can; I've an engagement in"—glancing at the clock—"an hour, and must dress."

"I'll detain you no longer than is essential. . . . Of course you understand how keen we are after this man Anistay."

"What puzzles me," Maitland interrupted, "is how you got wind of the affair so soon."

"Then you have not heard?" Mr. Snaith exhibited polite surprise.

"I am just out of bed."

"Anistay escaped shortly after you left Maitland Manor."

"Ah!"

Mr. Snaith knitted his brows, evidently at a loss whether to ascribe Maitland's exclamation as due to surprise, regret, or relief. Which pleased Maitland, who had been at pains to make his tone noncommittal. In point of fact he was neither surprised nor regretful.

"Thunder!" he continued, slowly. "I forgot to 'phone Higgins."

"That is why I called. Your butler did not know where you could be found. You had left in great haste, promising to send constables; you failed to do so; Higgins got no word. In the course of an hour or so his charge began to choke—or pretended to. Higgins became alarmed and removed the gag. Anistay lay quiet until his face resumed its normal color and then began to abuse Higgins for a thick-headed idiot."

Mr. Snaith interrupted himself to chuckle lightly.

"You noticed a resemblance?" he resumed.

Maitland, too, was smiling. "Something of the sort."

"It is really remarkable, if you will permit me to say so," Snaith was studying his host's face intently. "Higgins, poor fellow, had his faith shaken to the foundations. This Anistay must be a clever actor as well as a master burglar. Having cursed Higgins root and branch, he got his second wind and explained that he was—Mr. Maitland! Conceive Higgins' position. What could he do?"

"What he did, I gather."

"Precisely."

"And Anistay?"

"Once loosed, he knocked Higgins over with the butt of a revolver, jumped out of the window and vanished. By the time the butler got his senses back, Anistay, presumably, was miles away. . . . Mr. Maitland!" said Snaith, sharply.

"Yes?" responded Maitland, elevating his brows, refusing to be startled.

"Why," crisply, "didn't you send the constables from Greenfield, according to your promise?"

Maitland laughed uneasily and looked down, visibly embarrassed, acting with consummate address, playing the game for all he was worth; and enjoying it hugely.

"Why . . . I . . . Really, Mr. Snaith, I must confess—"

"A confession would aid us materially," dryly. "The case is perplexing. You round up a burglar sought by the police of two continents, and listlessly permit his escape. Why?"

"I would rather not be pressed," said Maitland, with evident candor; "but, since you say it is imperative, that you must know—" Snaith inclined his head affirmatively. "Why . . . to tell the truth, I was a bit under the weather last night; out with a party of friends, you know. Dare say we all had a bit more than we could carry. The capture was purely accidental; we had other plans for the night and—well," laughing shortly, "I didn't give the matter too much thought, beyond believing that Higgins would hold the man tight."

"I see. It is unfortunate, but . . . you motored back to town."

"It was not a question, but Maitland so considered it."

"We did," he admitted.

"And came here directly?"

"I did."

"Mr. Maitland, why not be frank with me? My sole object is to capture a notorious burglar. I have no desire

"Not that kind," Snaith shook his head.

"But his departure was somewhat hurried. I can conceive that he might abandon his kit—"

"But it was not his."

"Not Anistay's?"

"Anistay does not depend on such antiquated methods, Mr. Maitland; save that in extreme instances, with a particularly stubborn safe, he employs a high explosive that, so far as we can find out, is practically noiseless. Its nature is a mystery. . . . But such old-fashioned strong-boxes as yours at Greenfield he opens by ear, so to speak—listens to the combination. He was once an expert, reputedly employed by a prominent firm of safe manufacturers, in whose service he gained the skill that has made him—what he is."

"But,"—Maitland cast about at random, feeling himself cornered—"may he not have had accomplices?"

"He's no such fool. Unless he has gone mad, he worked alone. I presume you discovered no accomplices?"

"I? The devil, no!"

Snaith smiled mysteriously, then fell thoughtful, pondering.

"You are an enigma," he said, at length. "I can not understand why you refuse us all information, when I consider that the jewels were yours—"

"Are mine," Maitland corrected.

"No longer."

"I beg your pardon; I have them."

Snaith shook his head, smiling incredulously. Maitland flushed with annoyance and resentment, then on impulse rose and strode into the adjoining bedroom, returning with a small canvas bag.

"You shall see for yourself," he said, depositing the bag on the desk and fumbling with drawstring. "If you will be kind enough to step over here—"

Mr. Snaith, still unconvinced, hesitated, then assented, halting a brief



"So," said Maitland, turning to face the man squarely, "you are from Police Headquarters?"

to meddle with your private affairs, but . . . You may trust in my discretion. Who was the young lady?"

"To conceal her identity," said Maitland, undisturbed, "is precisely why I have been lying to you."

"You refuse us that information?"

"Absolutely. I have no choice in the matter. You must see that."

Snaith shook his head, baffled, infinitely perturbed, to Maitland's hidden delight.

"Of course," said he, "the policeman at the ferry recognized me?"

"You are well known to him," admitted Snaith. "But that is a side issue. What puzzles me is why you let Anistay escape. It is inconceivable."

"From a police point of view,"

"From any point of view," said Snaith, obstinately. "The man breaks into your house, steals your jewels—"

"This is getting tiresome," Maitland interrupted, curtly. "Is it possible that you suspect me of conniving at the theft of my own property?"

"Snaith's eyes were keen upon him. Stranger things have been known. And yet—the motive is lacking. You are not financially embarrassed—so far as we can determine, at least."

Maitland politely interposed his fingers between his yawn and the detective's intent regard. "You have ten minutes more, I'm sorry to say," he said, glancing at the clock.

"And there is another point, more significant yet."

"Ah?"

"Yes." Snaith bent forward, elbows on knees, hat and cane swinging, eyes implacable, hard, relentless. "Anistay," he said, slowly, "left a tolerably complete burglar's kit in your library."

"Well—he's a burglar, isn't he?"

distance from Maitland and toying abstractedly with his cane while the young man plucked at the drawstring.

"Duced tight knot, this," commented Maitland, annoyed.

"No matter. Don't trouble, please. I'm quite satisfied, believe me."

"Oh, you are!"

Maitland turned; and in the act of turning, the loaded head of the cane landed with crushing force upon his temple.

For an instant he stood swaying, eyes closed, face, robbed of every vestige of color, deep lines of agony grayed in his forehead and about his mouth; then fell like a lifeless thing, limp and invertebrate.

The sol-disant Mr. Snaith caught him and let him gently and without sound to the floor.

"Poor fool!" he commented, kneeling to make a hasty examination. "Hope I haven't done for him. . . . It would be the first time. . . . Bad precedent! . . . So! He's all right—conscious within an hour. . . . Too soon!" he added, standing and looking down. "Well, turn about's fair play."

He swung on his heel and entered the hallway, pausing at the door long enough to shoot the bolt; then passed hastily through the other chambers, searching, to judge by his manner.

In the end a closed door attracted him; he jerked it open, with an exclamation of relief. It gave upon a large bare room, used by Maitland as a trunk closet. Here were stored leather straps and cords in ample measure. "Mr. Snaith" selected one from them quickly but with care, choosing the strongest.

In two more minutes, Maitland, frayed, gagged, still unconscious, and breathing heavily, occupied a divan in his smoking-room, while his assailant, in the bedroom, ears keen to catch the least sound from without, was rapidly and cheerfully arraying himself in the Maitland gray-striped flannels and accessories—even to the gray socks which had been specified.

"The less chances one takes, the better," soliloquized "Mr. Snaith."

He stood erect in another man's shoes, squaring back his shoulders, discarding the disguising stoop, and confronted his image in a pier-glass.

"Good enough Maitland," he commented, with a little satisfied nod to his counterfeit presentment. "But we'll make it better still."

A single quick jerk denuded his upper lip; he stowed the mustache carefully away in his breast pocket. The moistened corner of a towel made quick work of the crow's feet about his eyes, and, simultaneously, robbed him of a dozen apparent years. A pair of yellow chamois gloves, placed conveniently on a dressing table, covered hands that no art could make resemble Maitland's. And it was Daniel Maitland who studied himself in the pier-glass.

Contented, the criminal returned to the smoking-room. A single glance assured him that his victim was still dead to the world. He sat down at the desk, drew off the gloves, and opened the bag; a peep within which was enough. With a deep and slow intake of breath he knotted the drawstring and dropped the bag into his pocket. A jeweled cigarette case of unique design shared the same fate.

Quick eyes roaming the desk observed the telegram form upon which Maitland had written Cressy's name and address. Momentarily perplexed, the thief pondered this; then, with a laughing oath, seized the pen and scribbled, with no attempt to imitate the other's handwriting, a message:

"Regret unavoidable detention. Letter of explanation follows."

To this Maitland's name was signed. "That ought to clear him neatly, if I understand the emergency."

The thief rose, folding the telegraph blank, and returned to the bedroom, taking up his hat and the murderous cane as he went. Here he gathered together all the articles of clothing that he had discarded, conveying the mass to the trunkroom, where an empty and unlocked kit-bag received it all.

"That, I think, is about all."

He was very methodical, this criminal, this Anistay. Nothing essential escaped him. He rejoiced in the minutiae of detail that went to cover up his tracks so thoroughly that his campaigns were as remarkable for the clues he did leave with malicious design, as for those that he didn't.

One final thing held his attention: A bowl of hammered brass, inverted beneath a ponderous book, upon the desk. Why? In a twinkling he had removed both and was studying the impression of a woman's hand in the dust, and nodding over it.

"That girl," deduced Anistay. "Novice, poor little fool!—or she wouldn't have wasted time searching here for the jewels. Good looker, though—from what little he"—with a glance at Maitland—"gave me a chance to see of her. Seems to have snared him, all right, if she did miss the haul. . . . Little idiot! What right has a woman in this business, anyway? Well, here's one thing that will never land me in the pen."

As, with nice care, he replaced both bowl and book, a door slammed below stairs took him to the hall in an instant. Maitland's Panama was hanging on the hatrack, Maitland's collection of walking sticks bristled in a stand beneath it. Anistay appropriated the former and chose one of the latter. "Fair exchange," he considered, with a harsh laugh. "After all, he loses nothing . . . but the jewels."

He was out and at the foot of the stairs just as O'Hagan reached the ground floor from the basement.

"Ah, O'Hagan!" The assumption of Maitland's ironic drawl was impeccable. O'Hagan no more questioned it than he questioned his own sanity.

"Here, send this wire at once, please; and," pressing a coin into the ready palm, "keep the change. I was hurried and didn't bother to call you. And, I say, O'Hagan!" from the outer door: "Yissor."

"If that fellow Snaith ever calls again, I'm not at home."

"Very good, sir."

Anistay permitted himself the slightest of smiles, pausing on the stoop to draw on the chamois gloves. As he did so his eye flickered disinterestedly over the personality of a man standing on the opposite walk and starting at the apartment house. He was a short man, of stoutish habit, sloppily dressed, with a derby pulled down over one eye, cigar butt protruding arrogantly from beneath a heavy black mustache, beefy cheeks, and thick-soled boots dully polished.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Costly Necklaces.**

The most costly necklace in the world belongs to the Countess Henckel, a lady well known in London and Paris society, the value of which is said to be \$250,000. It is really composed of three necklaces, each of historic interest. One was the property of the ex-queen of Naples, sister of the late Austrian empress; the second, once the property of a Spanish grandee, while the third was formerly owned by the Empress Eugenie. Not long ago a necklace composed of 412 pearls, in eight rows, the property of the late duchess of Montrose, was sold for \$60,000. The Empress Frederick of Germany is said to have possessed a necklace of 35 pearls, worth at least \$200,000, while Lady Ilchester's necklace of black pearls is valued at about \$125,000.

**TEMPERANCE LESSON**

Sunday School Lesson for June 27, 1909

Specialy Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—Romans 13:8-14. Memory Verse, 8:10.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ."—Romans 13:14.

TIME.—Probably written early in the year of A. D. 58.

PLACE.—The epistle was written at Corinth, during Paul's second visit there.

Suggestion and Practical Thought.

Subject: "Temperance Involved in the Law of Love."

Introduction.—Who wrote the Epistle to the Romans? It is one of the undoubted letters of Paul, "the most Pauline" of all the writings which bear Paul's name, fundamental among our materials for a Pauline theology.—Hastings' Bible Dictionary.

The All-Inclusive Debt of Love.—Va. 8:10. How does Paul rank the duty of loving? He places it before all other duties. He has been urging (Rom. 13: 7) the scrupulous payment of all debts, and repeats the command: "Owe no man any thing." Of course this does not forbid borrowing, but requires the payment of all debts when they are due. There is, however, one debt so vast that it never can be paid in full: "to love one another." Love sums up the whole law and perfect love would make a perfect man. It is obvious that if we love our neighbor, we shall not kill him, or steal from him, or bear false witness against him, or covet his good things, or work ill to our neighbor in any other way.

The Temperance Application.—It would be hard to name an "ill to a neighbor" that is not fostered by intemperance. "We suffer more year by year from intemperance than from war, pestilence and famine combined—those three great scourges of the human family."—Gladstone.

A Warning from Approaching Death.—Vs. 11, 12. With what argument did Paul urge the law of love? That the end of the world was at hand, the close of the present order of things. "And that" there is good reason for you to do, namely, keep the law of love, because you know the critical "time" in which you live. This is a reference to the Parousia, or second coming of Christ, which Paul and the other apostles seem to have believed to be close at hand.

What conclusion did Paul draw from the nearness of Christ's coming? That it was "high time to awake out of sleep; for their salvation was nearer than when they believed" (aorist tense, came to believe, became Christians.)

The words are as an alarm, or morning watchbell, awakening a Christian to his day's work.—Archbishop Leighton.

What are the temperance applications of this thought? Intemperance dulls the physical sense, blurs the eyes, renders the touch less sensitive, the hearing less acute, the brain less active; it dulls the moral nature. Drinking men soon lose the nice sense of right and wrong. Conscience becomes sluggish. The will becomes flabby. "Wake up! Wake up!" let every Christian cry to the intemperate.

A Pure Life and How to Live It.—Vs. 13, 14. How does Paul sum up these "rules of life?" "Let us walk (that is, live) honestly as in the day, when men can see us." The reference is to the exterior of life, but Paul was the last man to forget that "out of the heart are the issues of life." He is still speaking in parable, and to the end of the chapter he uses outer raiment as a symbol of inner character.

In order to live becomingly, what must we avoid? "Rioting (R. V. "revelling") and drunkenness, chambering (unlawful intercourse) and wantonness, strife and envying (R. V. "jealousy")."

That is negative; positively, in order to live becomingly, what must we do? "Put on (as a garment, continuing the metaphor) the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfill the lusts thereof." "Flesh in the moral sense: the depraved nature."—Prof. M. R. Vincent. We are to plan for physical needs, but not for sensual gratifications.

What are the modern temperance applications of this rule of life? There would be no saloons if men "put on the Lord Jesus Christ." Who can imagine him as entering those dens of iniquity, unless to rescue his brothers from the snare? Every saloon is a "provision for the flesh," inclining to all "abominable passions"—quarrelling, profanity, brutality, murders, indecent speech, plots, licentiousness.

Gov. Hanly of Indiana, writing in The Christian Endeavor World of December 26, 1907, says: "That alcoholism shortens life, and that abstainers have a distinctly greater longevity than non-abstainers is convincingly demonstrated by actuarial experience. The testimony of certain English life insurance companies, based upon many years of experience, establishes the fact that the longevity of abstainers is at least 25 per cent. greater than that of non-abstainers."

Six per cent. of all accidents, 25 per cent. of all suicides, 70 per cent. of all crimes involving physical violence, and 50 per cent. of all those in which lust is the dominant factor can be traced to the excessive use of intoxicants. The lord chief justice of England recently declared that "if sifted, nine-tenths of the crime of England and Wales could be traced to drink."

"Alcohol is essentially a poison to the brain and nerves. Its continued use means individual inefficiency, drink-cursed progeny, national deterioration, and racial decadence."

WHY HE LIKED TIGHT SHOES

Little Remark That Threw Great Light on the Home Conditions of Amos Dore.

"We always wondered a little how Amos Dore and his wife got along—really," "Aunt Em" Macomber said, frankly. "Some in the neighborhood said they'd never overheard a single loud or cross word on either side, but Lije Daniels always stuck to it that Amos was as misable at home as a man could be."

"He never spoke right out till Amos died and his' Dore went back up-country to her folks. Then he let out."

"What?" queried Aunt Em's visitor.

"Well, Amos worked logging along side of Lije every winter, and summers they hayed together most always, and it seems," said Aunt Em, impressively, "that Amos complained of his shoes hurting him about all the time. Finally Lije asked why he wore tight shoes."

"Why don't you get a pair big enough?" says Lije, one day.

"Well, I'll tell you," Amos says. "When I wear tight shoes I forget all my other troubles."—Youth's Companion.

**NEVER DONE.**

Slumkins—I-I hope you didn't mind my putting that little matter of \$5 in the hands of the bill collector yesterday?

Podger—Not at all; I borrowed a dollar from him.

**Tuberculosis Affects Japanese.**

Consumption among Japanese laborers is increasing to such a degree that the figures are becoming a source of anxiety to Japanese merchants and officials. A large percentage of laborers who are sent back to Japan by the Japanese charity associations are consumptives. It is claimed by the Japanese newspapers commenting on this matter that through the lack of hospital accommodations in the Japanese labor camps tuberculosis increases at an alarming rate. They suggest that a new system be employed in dealing with the sick in these camps, as the Japanese are quite ignorant of even the most simple health safeguards.

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.

**A Natural Mistake.**

"I thought you said that you were home early last night and didn't drink a drop."

"So I was, my dear."

"Well, it doesn't look like it. This morning I found your dirty rubbers in the fireless cooker."

"Great Scott! I thought that was the shoe box."

**No, Not Nervous.**

"They say he has degenerated into a panhandling bum."

"That's true. He is now nothing but a nervy wreck."

**THIRD OPERATION PREVENTED**

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Chicago, Ill.—"I want to tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. I was so sick that two of the best doctors in Chicago said I would die if I did not have an operation. I had already had two operations, and they wanted me to go through a third one. I suffered day and night from inflammation and a small tumor, and never thought of seeing a well day again. A friend told me how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had helped her, and I tried it, and after the third bottle was cured."—Mrs. ALVENA SPELLING, 11 Langdon Street, Chicago, Ill.

If you are ill do not drag along at home or in your place of employment until an operation is necessary, but build up the feminine system, and remove the cause of those distressing aches and pains by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs.

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively restored the health of thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

For Haddock's Bitters