



The Sight of a Young and Attractive Woman Coming Out of a Home for Confirmed Bachelors.

The BRASS BOWL
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CHAPTER I.
Dust.

In the dull hot dusk of a summer's day a green touring car, swinging out of the East drive, pulled up smartly, trembling, at the edge of the Fifty-ninth street car tracks, then more sedately, under the dispassionate but watchful eye of a mounted member of the traffic squad, lurched across the Plaza and merged itself in the press of vehicles south bound on the avenue.

Its tonneau held four young men, all more or less disguised in dust, dusters and goggles; forward, by the side of the grimy and anxious-eyed mechanic, sat a fifth, in all visible respects the counterpart of his companions. Beneath his mask, and by this I do not mean his goggles, but the mask of modern manner which the worldly wear, he was, and is, different. He was Daniel Maitland, Esquire; for whom no further introduction should be required, after mention of the fact that he was, and remains, the identical gentleman of means and position in the social and financial worlds, whose somewhat sober but sincere and whole-hearted participation in the wildest of conceivable escapades had earned him the affectionate regard of the younger set, together with the sobriquet of "Mad Maitland."

His companions of the day, the four in the tonneau, were in that humor of subdued yet vibrant excitement which is apt to attend the conclusion of a long, hard drive over country roads. Maitland, on the other hand (judging him by his preoccupied pose), was already weary of, if not bored by, the hare-brained enterprise which, inflated on the spur of an idle moment and directly due to a thoughtless remark of his own, had brought him 100 miles (or so) through the heat of a broiling afternoon, accompanied by spirits as ardent and irresponsible as his own, in search of the dubious distraction afforded by the night side of the city.

As, picking its way with elephantine nicety, the motor car progressed down the avenue—twilight deepening, arcs upon their bronze columns blossoming suddenly, noiselessly into spheres of opalescent radiance—Mr. Maitland ceased to respond, ceased even to give heed to the running fire of chaff (largely personal) which amused his companions. Listlessly engaged with a cigarette, he lounged upon the green leather cushions, half closing his eyes, and heartily wished himself free for the evening.

But he stood committed to the humor of the majority, and lacked entirely the shadow of an excuse to desert; in addition to which he was altogether too lazy for the exertion of manufacturing a lie of serviceable texture. And so abandoned himself to his fate, even though he foresaw with weariful

particularity the programme of the coming hours.

To begin with, 30 minutes were to be devoted to a bath and dressing in his rooms. This was something not so unpleasant to contemplate. It was afterwards that repelled him: Dinner at Sherry's, the subsequent tour of roof gardens, the late supper at a club, and then, prolonged far into the small hours, the session around some green-covered table in a close room reeking with the fumes of good tobacco and hot with the fever of gambling.

Abstractedly Maitland frowned, tersely summing up: "Beastly!"—in an undertone.

At this the green car wheeled abruptly round a corner below Thirty-fourth street, slid half a block or more east, and came to a palpitating halt. Maitland, looking up, recognized the entrance to his apartments, and sighed with relief for the brief respite from boredom that was to be his. He rose, negligently shaking off his duster, and stepped down to the sidewalk.

Somebody in the car called a warning after him, and turning for a moment he stood at attention, an eyebrow raised quizzically, cigarette drooping from a corner of his mouth, hat pushed back from his forehead, hands in coat pockets; a tall, slender, sparsely built figure of a man, clothed immaculately in flannels.

When at length he was able to make himself heard: "Good enough," he said clearly, though without raising his voice. "Sherry's in an hour. Right. Now, behave yourselves."

"Mind you show up on time!"

"Never fear," returned Maitland over his shoulder.

A witticism was flung back at him from the retreating car, but spent itself unregarded. Maitland's attention was temporarily distracted by the unusual—to say the least—sight of a young and attractive woman coming out of a home for confirmed bachelors.

The apartment house happened to be his own property. A substantial and old-fashioned edifice, situated in the middle of a quiet block, it contained but five roomy and comfortable suites—in other words, one to a floor; and these were without exception tenanted by unmarried men of Maitland's own circle and acquaintance. The janitor, himself a widower and a convinced misogynist, lived alone in the basement. Barring very special and exceptional occasions (as when one of the bachelors felt called upon to give a tea in partial recognition of social obligations), the foot of woman never crossed its threshold.

In this circumstance, indeed, was comprised the singular charm the house had for its occupants. The quality which insured them privacy and a quiet independence rendered them oblivious to its many minor drawbacks, its lack of many conven-

iences and luxuries which have of late grown to be so commonly regarded as necessities. It boasted, for instance, no garage; no refrigerating system maddened those dependent upon it; a dissipated electric lighting system never went out of nights, because it had never been installed; no brass-bound hall boy lounged in desuetude upon the stoop and took too intimate and personal an interest in the tenants' correspondence. The inhabitants, in brief, were free to come and go according to the dictates of their consciences, unsupervised by neighboring women folk, unhindered by a parasitic corps of menials not in their personal employ.

Wherefore was Maitland astonished, and the more so because of the season. At any other season of the year he would readily have accounted for the phenomenon that now fell under his observation, on the hypothesis that the woman was somebody's sister or cousin or aunt. But at present that explanation was untenable; Maitland happened to know that not one of the other men was in New York, barring himself; and his own presence there was a thing entirely unforeseen.

Still incredulous, he mentally conned the list: Barnes, who occupied the first flat, was traveling on the continent; Conkling, of the third, had left a fortnight since to join a yachting party on the Mediterranean; Bannister and Wilkes, of the fourth and fifth floors, respectively, were in Newport and Buenos Aires.

"Odd!" concluded Maitland.

So it was. She had just closed the door, one thought; and now stood poised as if in momentary indecision on the low stoop, glancing toward Fifth avenue the while she fumbled with a refractory button at the wrist of a long white kid glove. Blurred though it was by the darkening twilight and a thin veil, her face yet conveyed an impression of prettiness; an impression enhanced by careful grooming. From her hat, a small affair, something green, with a superstructure of gray ostrich feathers, to the tips of her russet shoes—including a walking skirt and bolero of shimmering gray silk—she was distinctly "smart" and interesting.

He had keenly observant eyes, had Maitland, for all his detached pose; you are to understand that he comprehended all these points in the flickering of an instant. For the incident was over in two seconds. In one the lady's hesitation was resolved; in another she had passed down the steps and swept by Maitland without giving him a glance, without even the trembling of an eyelash. And he had a view of her back as she moved swiftly away toward the avenue.

Perplexed, he lingered upon the stoop until she had turned the corner; after which he let himself in with a latch key, and, dismissing the affair temporarily from his thoughts, or pretending to do so, ascended the single flight of stairs to his flat.

Simultaneously heavy feet were to be heard clumping up the basement steps; and surmising that the janitor was coming to light the hall, the young man waited, leaning over the balusters. His guess proving correct, he called down:

"O'Hagan? Is that you?"

"Th' salnts preserve us! But 'twas yerself gave me th' sthant, Mister Maitland, sor!" O'Hagan paused in the gloom below, his upturned face quaintly illuminated by the flame of a wax taper in his gaslighter.

"I'm dining in town tonight, O'Hagan, and dropped around to dress. Is anybody else at home?"

"Nivver a wan, sor. Shure, th' house do be quiet's anny tomb."

"Then who was that lady, O'Hagan?"

"Liddy, sor?"—in unbounded amazement.

"Yes," impatiently. "A young woman left the house just as I was coming in. Who was she?"

"Shure an' I think ye must be dramin', sor. Divvie a female—ray, spicits to ye!—has been in this house for manny an' manny th' wake, sor."

"But, I tell you—"

"Belike 'twas somewan flat stepped into the vestibule, mebbe to tie her shoe, sor, and ye thought—"

"Oh, very well," Maitland relinquished the inquiry as unprofitable, willing to concede O'Hagan's theory a reasonable one, the more readily since he himself could by no means have sworn that the woman had actually come out through the door. Such had merely been his impression, honest enough, but founded on circumstantial evidence.

"When you're through, O'Hagan," he told the Irishman, "you may come and shave me and lay out my things, if you will."

"Very good, sor. In wan minute."

But O'Hagan's conception of the passage of time was a thought vague; his one minute had lengthened into ten before he appeared to wait upon his employer.

Now and again, in the absence of the regular "man," O'Hagan would attend one or another of the tenants in the capacity of substitute valet; as in the present instance, when Maitland, having left his host's roof without troubling even to notify his body-servant that he would not return that night, called upon the janitor to undertake the more trained employe; which O'Hagan could be counted upon to do very acceptably.

Now, with patience unruffled, since he was nothing keen for the evening's enjoyment, Maitland made profit of the interval to wander through his rooms, lighting the gas here and there and noting that all was as it should be, as it had been left—save that every article of furniture and bric-a-brac seemed to be sadly in want of a thorough dusting. In the end he brought up in the room that served him as study and lounge—the drawing room of the flat, as planned in the for-

gotten architect's scheme—a large and well-lighted apartment overlooking the street. Here, pausing beneath the chandelier, he looked about him for a moment, determining that, as elsewhere, all things were in order—but gray with dust.

Finding the atmosphere heavy, stale, and oppressive, Maitland moved over to the windows and threw them open. A gust of warm air, humid and redolent of the streets, invaded the room, together with the roar of traffic from its near-by arteries. Maitland rested elbows on the sill and leaned out, staring absently into the night; for by now it was quite dark. Without concern, he realized that he would be late at dinner. No matter; he would as willingly miss it altogether. For the time being he was absorbed in vain speculations about an unknown woman whose sole claim upon his consideration lay in a certain but immaterial glamour of mystery. Had she, or had she not, been in the house? And if the true answer were in the affirmative, to what end, upon what errand?

His eyes focused fastidiously upon a void of darkness beneath him—night made visible by street lamps; and he found himself suddenly and mysteriously sensible of the wonder and mystery of the City; the City whose secret life ran fluent upon the hot, hard pavements below, whose voice thrumbled, sibilant, vague, stident, inarticulate, upon the night air; the City of which he was a part equally with the girl in gray, whom he had never before seen, and in all likelihood was never to see again, though the two of them were to work out their destinies within the bounds of Manhattan Island. And yet.

"It would be strange," said Maitland thoughtfully, "if . . ." He shook his head, smiling. "Two shall be born," quoted Mad Maitland, sentimentally—

"Two shall be born the whole wide world apart—"

A piano organ, having maliciously sneaked up beneath his window, drove him indoors with a crash of metallic melody.

As he dropped the curtains his eye was arrested by a gleam of white upon his desk—a letter placed there, doubtless, by O'Hagan in Maitland's absence. At the same time, a splashing and gurgling of water from the direction of the bathroom informed him that the janitor-valet was even then preparing his bath. But that could wait.

Maitland took up the envelope and tore the flap, remarking the name and address of his lawyer in its upper left-hand corner. Unfolding the inclosure, he read a date a week old, and two lines requesting him to communicate with his legal adviser upon "a matter of pressing moment."

"Bother!" said Maitland. "What the dickens—"

He pulled up short, eyes lighting. "That's so, you know," he argued. "Bannerman will be delighted, and— and even business is better than rushing round town and pretending to enjoy yourself when it's hotter than the seven brass hinges of hell and you can't think of anything else. . . . I'll do it!"

He stepped quickly to the corner of the room, where stood the telephone upon a small side table, sat down, and, receiver to ear, gave central a number. In another moment he was in communication with his attorney's residence.

"Is Mr. Bannerman in? I would like to—"

"Why, Mr. Bannerman! How do you do?"

"You're looking 100 per cent. better—"

"Bad, bad word! Naughty!—"

"Maitland, of course."

"Been out of town and just got you, note."

"Your beastly penchant for economy. It's not stamped; I presume you sent it round by hand of the future president of the United States whom you now employ as office boy. And O'Hagan didn't forward it for that reason."

"Important, eh? I'm only in for the night—"

"Then come and dine with me at the Primordial. I'll put the others off."

"Good enough. In an hour, then? Good-by."

Hanging up the receiver, Maitland waited a few moments ere again putting it to his ear. This time he called up Sherry's, asked for the head waiter, and requested that person to be kind enough to make his excuses to "Mr. Cressy and party;" he, Maitland, was detained upon a matter of moment, but would endeavor to join them at a later hour.

Then, with a satisfied smile, he turned away, with purpose to dispose of Bannerman's note.

"Bath's ready, sor."

O'Hagan's announcement fell upon heedless ears. Maitland remained motionless before the desk—transfixed with amazement.

"Bath's ready, sor!"—imperatively. Maitland roused slightly.

"Very well; in a minute, O'Hagan."

Yet for some time he did not move. Slowly the heavy brows contracted over intent eyes as he strove to puzzle it out. At length his lips moved noiselessly.

"Am I awake?" was the question he put to his consciousness.

Wondering, he bent forward and drew the tip of one forefinger across the black polished wood of the writing bed. It left a dark, heavy line. And beside, clearly defined in the heavy layer of dust, was the silhouette of a hand; a woman's hand, small, delicate, unmistakably feminine of contour.

"Well!" declared Maitland, frankly, "I am damned!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PRETTY WOMAN IN TROUBLE
Severe Post Office Official Finally Yields to Her Pleading and Gives Letter Back.

The post office official put on his severest manner.

"You say you mailed the letter about an hour ago at a window in the east corridor?" he asked.

The beautiful woman dabbed a handkerchief in her soulful eyes and at the tip of her classic nose.

"Yes, yes," she said.

"To whom was it addressed?"


She told him.

"And now you want to stop that letter?" he went on, with still more severity. "You want to get it back? Why?"

"Because," said the woman, with unpremeditated frankness, "I am afraid his wife, who has just arrived in town, will get hold of it."

"Oh!" said the stern official. She got the letter.

EVEN SO.



The Statistician—I tell you, sir, figures don't lie.

The Bank President—Maybe not, but they have a provoking way of evading the truth when manipulated by a crooked cashier.

The Hero's Fate.
The hero had returned from the wilds of Africa.

"For days," he related modestly, "I was almost swallowed by crocodiles."

The heroine's eyes softened.

"Gracious!" she exclaimed sympathetically.

"And masticated by man-eating lions."

"Oh, Herbert!"

"And eaten by cannibals."

He paused for breath. Then, what did she do? Womanlike, she devoured him with a glance.

A Doubt.
"I can't figure out," said Van Dusen, "whether from what Knicker told me about the cook's answer at the club, when Jorkins pitched into him about the birds always being generally cold, whether the cook gave him a stinging retort or the bird, cooked as he wanted it."

"What did Knicker say?" asked his friend.

"He said, 'When Jorkins carried on that way, I tell you, the cook handed him a hot one.'"

His New Password.
"I want to change my password," said the man who had for two years rented a safety deposit box.

"Very well," replied the man in charge. "What is the old one?"

"Gladys."

"And what do you wish the new one to be?"

"Mabel. Gladys has gone to Reno."

Not Room for Both.
"Going to leave us, Brother Goodman?" asked one of the members of the little flock.

"Yes," said the pastor; "Satan is crowding me. He's interfering with my work, and I don't seem to be interfering in the least with his; so I am going to move away and leave him in sole possession of the town."

Can You Blame Him?
"It is said," he remarked, "that the proportion of unmarried women in this country grows larger every year."

"Well," she replied, "it's only natural that it should be so, seeing that the proportion of real men grows smaller in this country every year."

Then he got his hat and went home.

A Fair Guess.
Flub—Who originated the idea that the longest way 'round was the shortest way home?"

Dub—Some taxicab driver, I suppose.—Town Topics.

Fencing.
Bill—I'll admit that prize fighting is brutal, but did you ever know fencing to hurt anyone?"

Jill—Why, yes; the barbed-wire kind, I have.—Yonkers Statesman.

A Classy Neighborhood.
"How do you like your neighborhood?"

"Fine. We've the most interesting people you ever overheard on our party telephone line."

Feminine Handwriting.
"Is your wife economizing?"

"I think so. She now writes eight words on a page of letter paper instead of only six."

You May Need It
Ask your doctor about the wisdom of your keeping Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, ready for colds, coughs, croup, bronchitis. If he says it's all right, then get a bottle of it at once. Why not show a little foresight in such matters? Early treatment, early cure.

We publish our formulae
The health of the world
is dependent upon the
wisdom of our
doctors.

Many a boy is called dull and stupid when the whole trouble is due to a weak liver. We firmly believe your doctor will tell you that an occasional dose of Ayer's Pills will do such boys a great deal of good. They keep the liver active.

Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Cure for Scrothens.
Scrothens are caused by exposure to cold and wet, local irritation or over condition, all of which should be avoided if possible. In simple cases apply cloths wet with a weak solution of sugar of lead and in water cover to keep out cold. When cracks have appeared, apply a similar lotion with the addition of a few drops of castor oil. In case of discharge or pustules, make a lotion of chlorid of zinc instead of the lead; finely powdered charcoal may be sprinkled over the cloths.

The "Country Churchyard"
Those who recall Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" will remember that the peaceful spot where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep" is identified with St. Giles, Boston, Poles, Buckinghamshire. In the present issue of the Boston Herald, in the Gazette there appears an order of council providing that ordinary burials be henceforth forbidden in the churchyard.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winton's Balm for the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

An Ace Up His Sleeve.
Munich has once more become the scene of a "painful incident" through ignorance on the part of a young man, the son of a high official, as he tried to hold his cards when playing with the Munchener Post. A game was in progress at a club when some one saw the young man draw an ace from his sleeve. When the ace was produced by the operator had been what subsided a prominent dealer prevented criminal proceedings by banding the card sharp into a automobile, which took him without across the Bavarian frontier.

Good for Sore Eyes.
For over 100 years PETTIT'S EYE SALVE has positively cured eye cases everywhere. All druggists. Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Men Were Lobbies About Clothes.
Old-time cooney and mended a thick, clumsy coat of Yankee leather was good stuff, all right enough, but it did not agree with itself either to beauty or to health. A paper of 1850 tells of a statesman going to a big ball in velvet breeches with a scarlet satin coat lined with scarlet bows on his pumps. Men used to be almost as lousy about clothes as women are now.

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY
For Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Murine Eye Remedy—Soothes Eye Pain, Redness, Swelling, Itching, and Discharge. Sold Everywhere. Price, 50c. \$1.00. Murine Eye Remedy, Aseptic Tubes, 25c. \$1.00. Eye Advice Free by Mail. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Pollution of Our Streams.
Pollution of streams in America is rapidly getting to be a grave and alarming thing. Things done by the country to keep peace, public health and health are the very things we are gradually finding out we have got to get down to and insist upon so eat humble pie.

An Ancient Anesthetic.
A Chinese manuscript lately discovered proves that anaesthetics were used in China seventeen hundred years ago. A certain concoction, states, was given by the doctors before performing an operation, and rendered the patient unconscious. This anesthetic was a simple preparation of hemp.

Selling Horse Flesh.
Dealers selling horse flesh in France are required to indicate the nature of their business by placing a horse's head in a conspicuous position. It can readily be seen by purchasing annually \$29,700,000 pounds of horse and mule meat are sold, representing a slaughter of 61,000 animals.

Raise Cattle on Sahara.
The cattle raised on the Sahara are known to be of good quality and are estimated at 4,000,000 head. With a little scientific management during the dry season their number might rapidly be increased and the Sudan region might become a second Argentina.

The Missing Bird.
"How do you find the children tonight, Mr. Newcomb?" queried the boarding house landlady. "I have difficulty in finding the soup," answered the landlady. "But I am obliged to think the chicken was able to prove an ailment."