

# 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 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 a lady in gray, cracking the safe containing his gems. She, apparently, took him for a well-known crook. Daniel Anistey, half-hypnotized, Maitland opened his safe, took therefrom the jewels, and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime. The real Dan Anistey, 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. Snath."

## 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. Snath?"

"You are most kind," the stranger bowed.

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

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

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

"As you see," Mr. Snath motioned delicately toward his business card—e 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 Anistey."

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

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

"I am just out of bed."

"Anistey escaped shortly after you left Maitland Manor."

"Ah!"

Mr. Snath 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. Anistey lay quiet until his face resumed its normal color and then began to abuse Higgins for a thick-headed idiot."

Mr. Snath 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," Snath was studying his host's face intently. "Higgins, poor fellow, had his faith shaken to the foundations. This Anistey 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 Anistey?"

"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, Anistey, presumably, was miles away. . . . Mr. Maitland!" said Snath, sharply.

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

"Why," crisply, "didn't you send the constables from Greenfields, 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. Snath, 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—"

Snath 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

"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."

Snath 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 Snath. "But that is a side issue. What puzzles me is why you let Anistey escape. It is inconceivable."

"From a police point of view,"

"From any point of view," said Snath, 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?"

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

"Well—he's a burglar, isn't he?"

"Not that kind," Snath shook his head.

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

"But it was not his."

"Not Anistey's?"

"Anistey 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 Greenfields 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 accomplice?"

"The devil, no!"

Snath 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."

Snath 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. Snath, still unconvinced, hesitated, then assented, halting a brief

In two more minutes, Maitland, trussed, 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. Snath."

He stood erect, in another man's shoes, squaring back his shoulders, and confronting 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 moustache 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 chamolis 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 Cressey'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 Anistey. 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 Anistey. "Novice, poor little fool!—or she wouldn't have wasted time searching here for the jewels. Good looking, 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 behind 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. Anistey 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 Snath ever calls again, I'm not at home."

"Very good, sor."

Anistey permitted himself the slightest of smiles, pausing on the stoop to draw on the chamolis gloves. As he did so his eye flickered disinterestedly over the personality of a man standing on the opposite walk and staring 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 moustache, 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 grande, 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.

## INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATES

COLONISTS COMING FAST. MOTOR LAW MODEL.

Many Sections Feel Benefits of Eastern Advertising.

Portland—Fully 60 per cent of the colonists entering Oregon since the present reduced rates went into effect come to Portland, either to remain permanently or to cast about for suitable locations elsewhere in the state.

The remaining 40 per cent seldom leave the Union depot or the North Bank station, excepting to go to a nearby restaurant for meals. If they have made up their minds as to the particular part of the state in which they want to locate they are in a hurry to get there and do not tarry in this city. The so-called sight-seeing classes are composed of persons who are undecided where to go. They view the attractions of Portland while investigating the opportunities of the state.

The Dalles—The Dalles Business Men's association and local realty dealers are receiving calls and inquiries from a large number of colonists who have taken advantage of the cheap rates to come West.

"The show windows of the exhibition building at the depot are viewed all day long by strangers," said Secretary Fish. "It would be conservative to say that the exhibit building has been seen by not less than 3,000 colonists in the past week. In the Dalles at present are about 50 home-seekers, some of whom have bought homes already. Others are negotiating for land and others are looking at tracts to decide which suits them best. Five from Kansas have about closed a deal for 320 acres of fruit land. Iowa colonists are negotiating the purchase of 80 acres of partially cleared land for which they will pay \$15,000. Several have arrived from Germany. They could not speak English, but had an interpreter with them. They have made a success of raising ducks, chickens, asparagus and mushrooms, and are looking at different locations. Another party bought a small tract of land to engage in raising high-class exhibition and fancy poultry. One day it arrived, tired and dusty, but smiling, who undoubtedly will find suitable land here.

Eugene—Approximately 175 colonists have arrived in Eugene. They hail from all parts of the country, but there is a distinct majority from the Middle West, particularly Nebraska. The greater part of them were attracted to Oregon and to Eugene by community advertising, but a large proportion have friends here and came at their solicitation.

The largest number to arrive in one day has been 60, all of them arriving on one train. Almost all of this number was made up of families who had sold their homes in the East and were looking for new ones in Oregon. One family numbered ten members, and the average was large.

Most of the demand is for small homes—tracts of approximately ten acres—suitable for fruit culture or truck-gardening.

Baker—It is estimated that fully 500 colonists have visited Baker during the past week. The Commercial club has a representative at Pocatello and a committee meets all trains here to assist strangers and welcome them to Oregon. Business is active and the merchants are optimistic over the results of the publicity campaign carried on during the year. Arrangements are now under way to serve meals to passengers on the morning trains.

La Grande—To date 75 homeseekers from Oklahoma and parties of four and five from other sections have reached La Grande and are seeking locations here. Many are from Southern states.

Medford—Real estate men of Medford will send an agent to Portland to induce incoming colonists to locate here. Very few of the 1911 homeseekers have appeared in Medford.

**New Townsite Probable.**

Salem—What is considered plausibly as a move for an Oregon Electric townsite on the new extension south is seen in the purchase of 120 acres of land at Hall's Ferry, about nine miles up the Willamette river from Salem. The purchase was made from H. J. Spitzbart by E. M. Croisan, and the consideration is said to be \$9,000. Mr. Croisan has been purchasing land freely in the interest of the Oregon Electric for right-of-way purposes, and it is rumored that this buy was made for the Oregon Electric.

**Make Real City Beautiful.**

Orencia—More than a score of men of this town observed Arbor day Saturday, planting between 250 and 300 elm trees on the streets. The town is less than three years old, this being the home of the Oregon Nursery company. It is the purpose of the citizens to make Orencia one of the prettiest towns to be found in the Northwest. A park has been laid out and numerous beds of flowers, roses and shrubbery will be set out.

**Board Appoints State Architect.**

Salem—W. C. Knighton has been appointed state architect by Governor West and State Treasurer Kay at a salary of \$4,500 a year. Mr. Knighton will prepare plans and specifications and will supervise all public buildings in this state during his term of office. It is estimated that his services will make a saving to the state in architects' fees of from \$10,000 to \$15,000 annually.

Only State License to Be Paid—Zones Must Be Marked.

Salem—Local city or county authorities have no power under Oregon new motor vehicle law to adopt rules for the regulation of motor vehicles which requires the owner to pay any license or fee other than the state license or to prohibit the use of the free use of the streets affecting the numbering or regulation of vehicles such as would be the state law, but the city or county authorities are not restricted in regulation or licensing of automobiles and taxicabs that are used to carry the public for hire.

A city may by ordinance regulate the speed of automobiles to 18 miles an hour within its jurisdiction, cannot place any further limitations upon the speed of motors but vehicles of whatever class must be limited to the same speed. The city may prescribe different speed limits in different parts of the city, but the zones must be marked by large letters bearing the words "Slow down to miles." Where the city limits of the country meet the city must post signs where all automobile drivers can see them, specifying the speed limit in the city by similar signs.

Signs must bear arrows designating where the speed limit applies.

Section 25 of the act relating to authority of cities. The framers of the law say that it contains no plan and there will be found nothing to restrict the authority of cities in an unwarranted degree. The law is a model of its kind, and a close study of its provisions will further emphasize its superiority in legislation regarding motor vehicles. It embodies the best parts of the motor vehicle laws of other states and is the result of much study on the part of the author.

**WEST NOT TO INTERFERE.**

Prison Management Satisfactory Governor, He Says.

Salem—That there will be no change in the administration of affairs of the state penitentiary was asserted by Governor West in commenting on the dismissal of McCullough, a member of the force at that institution recently. He said he had received letters from men well known in labor circles, but did not divulge their contents.

"With antiquated and obsolete equipment and buildings and many difficulties to contend with, the charge have given it a national reputation as one of the best in the country," he said. "What action taken by the superintendent toward his employees is for him to pass upon and I do not intend to interfere. I am satisfied so far with the management of the prison and I have thought of making a change."

**TOWNS TO BUILD ROAD.**

Athens and Weston Give 400 Feet Labor and Teams for Work.

Athens—The state legislature is bringing down the good roads bill, either in case in their own hands. As a macadam road is to be constructed between the two towns.

The county is to furnish the machinery, Athens the rock quarry and the residents and farmers have agreed to furnish labor and teams. Fifty days' labor with men and teams has already been subscribed for the road.

This road will be one of the most beneficial in this part of the county as the highway between Athens and Weston is one of the worst, especially in winter. The work will begin soon.

**"Y" or Turntable Required.**

Salem—Notification has been sent to the Astoria & Columbia River road by the Railroad commission that the practice of operating trains toward one way between Warrenton and Fort Stevens must be discontinued. The road will either be compelled to install a "Y" or a turntable to meet out this suggestion. The road is instructed to place lights on its bridge at the Skipanon river. The bridge at the present time not lighted, it is alleged, in compliance with the United States navigation laws.

**O. A. C. Bulletin to Africa.**

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis—The natives of Southern Africa will be taught the science of agriculture according to bulletins published by the Oregon Agricultural college experts. The bulletins have been sent at the request of George A. Merts, a former student at the institution, and now head of the industrial department of the Old Untali College Training school at Rhodesia, Southern Africa.

**Soon Use Double Track.**

The Dalles—The work of double tracking the line of the O. W. & N. between The Dalles and Deschutes is now completed and as soon as the block system is perfected, the track will be in use.