

SERIAL STORY

PICTURES BY A. WEIL

The BRASS BOWL

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

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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 Greenhills, 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 lady in gray, cracking the safe containing his jewels. 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 on the same mission. Maitland overcame him.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"You doubted me, after all!" she commented, a trifle bitterly.

"I—no! You misunderstand me. Believe me, I—"

"Ah, don't protest. What does it make or mar, whether or not you trusted me?" . . . You have," she added, quietly, "the jewels safe enough, I suppose?"

He stopped short, aghast. "I! The jewels!"

"I slipped them in your coat pocket before—"

Instantly her hand was free, Maitland ramming both his own into the side pockets of his top coat. "They're safe!"

She smiled uncertainly. "We have no time," said she. "Can you drive—?"

They were standing by the side of her car, which had been cunningly hidden in the gloom beneath a spreading tree on the further side of the road. Maitland, crestfallen, offered his hand; the tips of her fingers touched his palm lightly as she jumped in. He hesitated at the step.

"You wish me to?"

She laughed lightly. "Most assuredly. You may assure yourself that I shan't try to elude you again—"

"I would I might be sure of that," he said, steadying his voice and seeking her eyes.

"Procrastination won't make it any more assured."

He stepped up and settled himself in the driver's seat, grasping throttle and steering wheel; the great machine thrilled to his touch like a live thing, then began slowly to back out into the road. For an instant it seemed to hang palpitant on dead center, then shot out like a bound unleashed, ventre-a-terre—Brooklyn miles away over the hood.

It seemed but a minute ere they were thundering over the Myannis bridge. A little further on Maitland slowed down and, jumping out, lighted the lamps. In the seat again—no words had passed—he threw in the high-speed clutch, and the world flung behind them, roaring. Thereafter, breathless, stunned by the frenzy of speed, perforce silent, they bored on through the night, crashing along deserted highways.

In the east a band of pallid light lifted up out of the night, and the horizon took shape against it, stark and black. Slowly, stealthily, the formless dawn dusk spread over the sleeping world; to the zenith the light-smitten stars, reeled and died, and houses, fields, and thoroughfares lay a-glimmer with ghostly twilight as the car tore headlong through the grim, unlovely, silent hinterland of Long Island City.

The gates of the ferry-house were inexorably shut against them when at last Maitland brought the big machine to a tremulous and panting halt, like that of an overdriven thoroughbred. And though they perforce endured a wait of fully 15 minutes, neither found aught worth saying; or else the words wherewith fitly to clothe their thoughts were denied them. They seemed very weary, and sat with head drooping and hands clasped idly in her lap. To Maitland's hesitant query as to her comfort she return a monosyllabic reassurance. He did not again venture to disturb her; on his own part he was

conscious of a clogging sense of exhaustion, of a drawn and haggard feeling about the eyes and temples; and knew that he was keeping awake automatically, his being already a-doze.

The fresh wind off the sullen river served in some measure to revive them, once the gates were opened and the car had taken a place on the ferry-boat's forward extreme. Day was now full upon the world; above a horizon belted with bright magenta, the cloudless sky was soft turquoise and sapphire; and abruptly, while the big unwieldy boat surged across the narrow ribbon of green water, the sun shot up with a shout and turned to an evanescent dream of fairy-land the gaunt, rock-ribbed profile of Manhattan island, bulking above them in tier upon tier of monstrous buildings.

On the Manhattan side, in deference to the girl's low-spoken wish Maitland ran the machine up to Second avenue, turned north, and brought it to a stop by the curb, a little north of Thirty-fifth street.

"And now whither?" he inquired, hands somewhat impatiently ready upon the driving and steering gear.

The girl smiled faintly through her veil. "You have been most kind," she told him in a tired voice. "Thank you—from my heart, Mr. Anisty," and made a move as if to relieve him of his charge.

"Is that all?" he demanded, blankly.

"Can I say more?"

"I . . . I am to go no further with you?" Sick with disappointment, he rose and dropped to the sidewalk—anticipating her affirmative answer.

"If you would please me," said the girl, "you won't insist."

"I don't," he returned, ruefully. "But are you quite sure that you're all right now?"

"Quite, thank you, dear Mr. Anisty!" With a pretty gesture of conquering impulse she swept her veil aside, and the warm rose-glow of the new-born day tinted her wan young cheeks with color. And her eyes were as stars,



"We Have No Time," Said She. "Can You Drive—?"

bright with a mist of emotion, brimming with gratitude—and something else. He could not say what; but one thing he knew, and that was that she was worn with excitement and fatigue, near to the point of breaking down.

"You're tired," he insisted, solicitous. "Can't you let me—?"

"I am tired," she admitted, wistfully, voice subdued, yet rich and vibrant. "No, please. Please let me go. Don't ask me any questions—now."

"Only one," he made supplication. "I've done nothing—"

"Nothing but be more kind than I can say!"

"And you're not going to back out of our partnership?"

"Oh!" And now the color in her cheeks was warmer than that which the dawn had lent them. "No. . . . I shan't back out." And she smiled.

"And if I call a meeting of the board of management of Anisty and Wentworth, Limited, you will promise to attend?"

"Ye-es—"

"Will it be too early if I call one for to-day?"

"Why—"

"Say at two o'clock this afternoon, at Eugene's. You know the place?"

"I have lunched there—"

"Then you shall again to-day. You won't disappoint me?"

"I will be there. I . . . I shall be glad to come. Now—please!"

"You've promised. Don't forget."

He stepped back and stood in a sort of dreamy daze, while, with one final wonderful smile at parting, the girl assumed control of the machine and swung it out from the curb. Maitland watched it forge slowly up the avenue and vanish round the Thirty-sixth street corner; then turned his face southward, sighing with weariness and discontent.

At Thirty-fourth street a policeman, lounging beneath the corrugated awning of a corner saloon, faced about with a low whistle, to stare after him. Maitland experienced a chill sense of criminal guilt; he was painfully conscious of those two shrewd eyes, bor-

ing gimlet-like into his back, overlooking no detail of the wreck of his evening clothes. Involuntarily he glanced down at his legs, and they moved mechanically beneath the edge of his overcoat like twin animated columns of mud and dust, openly advertising his misadventures. He felt in his soul that they shrieked aloud, that they would presently succeed in dinning all the town awake, so that the startled populace would come to the windows to stare in wonder as he passed by. And inwardly he groaned and quaked.

As for the policeman, after some reluctant hesitation, he overcame the inherent indisposition to exertion that affects his kind, and, swinging his stick, stalked after Maitland.

Happily (and with heartfelt thanksgiving) the young man chanced upon a somnolent and bedraggled hack, at rest in the stenciled shadows of the Third avenue elevated structure. Its pilot was snoring lustily the sleep of the belated, on the box. With some difficulty he was awakened, and Maitland dodged into the musty, dusty body of the vehicle grateful to escape the unprejudiced stare of the guardian of the peace, who in another moment would have overtaken him and, doubtless, subjected him to embarrassing inquisition.

As the ancient four-wheeler rattled noisily over the cobbles, some of the shops were taking down their shutters, the surface cars were beginning to run with increasing frequency, and the sidewalks were becoming sparsely populated. Familiar as the sights were, they were yet somehow strangely unreal to the young man. In a night the face of the world had changed for him; its features loomed weirdly blurred and contorted through the mystical gray-gold atmosphere of the land of Romance, wherein he really lived and moved and had his being. The blatant day was altogether preposterous; to-day was a dream, something nightmarish; last night he had been awake, last night for the first time in twenty-odd years of existence he had lived.

He slipped unthinkingly one hand into his coat pocket, seeking instinctively his cigarette case; and his fingers brushed the coarse-grained surface of a canvas bag. He jumped as if electrified. He had managed altogether to forget them, yet in his keeping were the jewels, Maitland heirlooms—the swag and booty, the loot and plunder of the night's adventure. And he smiled happily to think that his interest in them was 50 per cent, depreciated in 24 hours; now he owned only half.

Suddenly he sat up, with happy eyes and a glowing face. She had trusted him!

CHAPTER V. Incognito.

At noon, precisely, Maitland stirred between the sheets for the first time since he had thrown himself into his bed—stirred, and, confused by whatever alarm had awakened him, yawned stuporously, and sat up, rubbing clenched fists in his eyes to clear them of sleep's cobwebs. Then he bent forward, clasping his knees, smiled largely, replaced the smile with a thoughtful frown, and in such wise contemplated the foot of the bed for several minutes—his first conscious impression, that he had something delightful to look forward to yielding to a vague recollection of a prolonged shrill tin-tnabulation—as if the telephone bell in the front room had been ringing for some time.

But he waited in vain for a repetition of the sound, and eventually concluded that he had been mistaken; it had been an echo from his dreams, most likely. Besides, who should call him up? Not two people knew that he was in town; not even O'Hagan was aware that he had returned to his rooms that morning.

He gaped again, stretching wide his arms, sat up on the edge of the bed, and heard the clock strike 12.

Noon and . . . He had an engagement at two! He brightened at the memory and, jumping up, pressed an electric call button on the wall. By the time he had padded barefoot to the bathroom and turned on the cold-water tap, O'Hagan's knock summoned him to the hall door.

"Back again, O'Hagan; and in a desperate rush. I'll want you to shave me and send some telegrams, please. Must be off by 1:30. You may get out my gray-striped flannels"—here he paused, calculating his costume with careful discrimination—"and a black-striped negligee shirt; gray socks; russet low shoes; black and white check tie—broad wings. You know where to find them all?"

"Shure yiss, sor."

O'Hagan showed no evidence of surprise; the eccentricities of Mr. Maitland could not move him, who was insured to them through long association and observation. He moved away to execute his instructions, quietly efficient. By the time Maitland had finished splashing and gasping in the bathtub everything was ready for the ceremony of dressing.

In other words, 20 minutes later Maitland, bathed, shaved, but still in dressing gown and slippers, was seated

at his desk, a cup of black coffee steaming at his elbow, a number of yellow telegraph blanks before him, a pen poised between his fingers.

It was in his mind to send a wire to Cressy, apologizing for his desertion of the night just gone, and announcing his intention to rejoin the party from which the motor trip to New York had been as planned but a temporary defection, in time for dinner that same evening. He nibbled the end of the penholder, selecting phrases, then looked up at the attentive O'Hagan.

"Bring me a New Haven time table, please," he began, "and—"

The door bell interrupted his words, clamoring shrilly.

"What the deuce?" he demanded. "Who can that be? Answer it, will you, O'Hagan?"

He put down the pen, swallowed his coffee, and lit a cigarette, listening to the murmurs at the hall door. An instant later, O'Hagan returned, bearing a slip of white pasteboard which he deposited on the desk before Maitland.

"James Burleson Snaith," Maitland read aloud from the faultlessly engraved card. "I don't know him. What does he want?"

"Wouldn't say, sor; seemed surprised whin I towld him ye were in, an' said he was glad to hear it—busness pressin', says he."

"Snaith?" But I never heard the name before. What does he look like?"

"A gentleman, sor, be th' clothes av him an' th' way he talks."

"Well . . . Devil take the man! Show him in."

"Very good, sor."

Maitland swung around in his desk chair, his back to the window, expression politely curious, as his caller entered the room, pausing, hat in hand, just across the threshold.

He proved to be a man apparently of middle age, of height approximating Maitland's; his shoulders were slightly rounded as if from habitual bending over a desk, his pose mild and deferential. By his eyeglasses and peering look, he was near-sighted; by his dress, a gentleman of taste and judgment as well as of means to gratify both. A certain jaunty and summery touch in his attire suggested a person of leisure who had just run down from his country place for a day in town.

His voice, when he spoke, did nothing to dispel the illusion.

"Mr. Maitland?" he opened the conversation briskly. "I trust I do not intrude? I shall be brief as possible, if you will favor me with a private interview."

Maitland remarked a voice well modulated and a good choice of words. He rose courteously.

"I should be pleased to do so," he suggested, "if you could advance any reason for such a request."

Mr. Snaith smiled discreetly, fumbling in his side pocket. A second slip of cardboard appeared between his fingers as he stepped over toward Maitland.

"If I had not feared it might deprive me of this interview, I should have sent in my business card at once," he said. "Permit me."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TAKES ROMANCE FROM TEARS.

Weapon of the Heroine Coolly Analyzed by French Chemist.

One does not care to have one's tears analyzed like a patent food or medicine, and to associate them with chemical substances, but we are nothing if not practical nowadays, and every shred of romance, poetry and sentiment is remorselessly wrenched from us for scientific purposes.

A French journal devoted to matters of this kind has been telling us, not only of what tears are composed, but exactly the effect that is produced on brain and body when we shed them.

So henceforth when we read that the heroine's "beautiful eyes were suffused with tears," that "in a moment she was weeping passionately on his shoulder," we shall know that by a kind of shower-bath arrangement a mixture of albuminoid, water and chemical substances was let loose at the back of her skull, thus dulling the nerve centers, and really giving her relief.

However, it does not sound romantic, and mere man is likely to imagine that the fair one is really suffering doubly when all this happens.—Gentlewoman.

Do Not Complain.

Everything which happens, either happens in such wise that thou art formed by nature to bear it, or that thou art not formed by nature to bear it. If then, it happens to thee in such a way that thou art formed by nature to bear it, do not complain, but bear it as thou art formed by nature to bear it. But, if it happens in such wise that thou art not able to bear it, do not complain; for it will perish after it has consumed thee. Remember, however, that thou art formed by nature to bear everything, with respect to which it depends on thine own opinion to make it endurable and tolerable by thinking that it is either thy interest or thy duty to do this.—MARCUS ANTONIUS

A FREAK MALADY KILLS

MAN LINGERS 4 MONTHS THEN DIES OF STRANGE ILLNESS.

Eminent Physicians Are Unable to Diagnose Case and Every Known Remedy Was Tried—Autopsy Is Only Hope of Solution.

New York.—Carleton S. Carpenter of Mamaroneck, N. Y., died in St. Luke's hospital from a malady which has baffled the most eminent physicians in New York for the last four months. Every known remedy was tried to save the man's life, but, as his disease could not be diagnosed, it was impossible for the doctors to work intelligently. An autopsy will be performed without delay, which will be closely watched by the medical fraternity.

The doctors worked for weeks to find a germ responsible for the disease, but their report up to the time of Carpenter's death indicated that there is none, although Carpenter weakened daily and at times was on the verge of death in a feverish delirium.

Minute blood tests have been made at the Rockefeller institute, but without the discovery of anything to account for the illness.

"At present we are so far mystified that we are not prepared to make a statement," said one of the physicians in charge of the case. "I, with my colleagues, visited Carpenter every day, but we are no nearer to the secret of the malady than we were the day he came under our observation. Our hope of formulating a diagnosis rests on the autopsy."

"Carpenter had not lost flesh, but he had spells which at times rendered him almost helpless—a sort of paralysis. His complexion was normal; the sensations a man usually endures in a serious illness were lacking; he slept soundly and ate as well as could be expected."

The doctors became convinced that Carpenter had neither typhoid nor malarial fever. Beriberi was suspected, but the reports of the microscopists dismissed that theory.

"AIDED WIDOW" IS "O WED

Subscription Was Taken to Help Her Pay for Home and Raise Her Children.

Chicago.—"The Oak Park Widow," Mrs. Anna Swinfin, is to be married to W. H. Whittlesey, a grocer. So ends the famous "Oak Park Widow Society."

When Swinfin died he left his widow, four sons and a daughter, all of the children young, in destitute circumstances. He and his wife had partly paid for a house and she was in danger of losing it because she could not keep up the payments.

A subscription was taken to protect the widow's property and to help her raise her family. She was also supplied with sewing and such other work as she could do. In this way the widow has cared for herself and her children and is now marrying a man who is well-to-do and highly respected.

ARE REUNITED BY A LOCKET

At War's Outbreak Wife Became Confederate Nurse, Husband Joined Union Army.

St. Paul, Minn.—George W. Roberts and his wife quarreled at the outbreak of the Civil war, he joined the Union army, she following the Confederate cause, becoming a nurse. They lost track of each other. Not long ago a patient of Mrs. Roberts recognized Roberts' picture in a locket worn by the nurse. The couple were reunited.

As they had been married in Mexico in 1859, they applied for a license to remarry, but being told their marriage bonds had not been broken they left the courthouse happy, and are now preparing to take another honeymoon trip to Mexico. Roberts is seventy-seven years old and his wife is seventy-five years.

Thief Caught in a Rat Trap.

Trenton, N. C.—Jason Meany, in jail here, declares he is the original hard-luck thief. He was looting the home of Mrs. Julian Voorhees when he dropped a diamond, which rolled under the stove. While groping for the diamond in the dark he put his hand in the rat trap, which suddenly snapped and the burglar screamed with pain. Three of his fingers were broken. So great was his suffering that he made no attempt to escape and was easily captured.

Rat Turned on the Gas.

North Adams, Mass.—A rat came near being the death of the family of Charles Osborne one night recently. In feeling from a cat the rat hit a couple of cocks on a gas range. The escaping gas awakened Mrs. Osborne, who found the other members of the family in a semi-conscious condition. The cat was dead from the fumes, but the rat escaped.