

# 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 Barrerman, his attorney. Dan set out for Greenfields, to get his family jewels. Maitland, on reaching home, surprised lady in gray, cracking the safe containing his gems. 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. Maitland overcame him. He and the girl went to New York in her auto. He had the jewels. She was to meet him that day. A "Mr. Smith" introduced himself as a detective. To shield the girl in gray, Maitland, about to show him the jewels, supposedly lost, was told by a blow from "Smith's" cane. The latter proved to be Anisty himself and he secured the gems. Anisty, who was Maitland's double, masqueraded as the latter. The criminal kept Maitland's engagement with the girl in gray. He gave her the gems. The girl in gray visited Maitland's apartments during his absence and returned gems. Maitland, without cash, called up his home and heard a woman's voice expostulating. Anisty, disguised as Maitland, tried to wring from her the location of the gems. A crash was heard at the front door. Maitland overwhelmed the crook, allowing him to escape to shield the young woman. The girl in gray made her escape, jumping into a cab. An instant later, by working a ruse, Anisty was at her side. He took her to Attorney Barrerman's office. There, by torture, he tried in vain to wring from her the location of the gems. He left her a moment and she phoned O'Hagan, only getting in the words: "Tell Mr. Maitland under the brass bowl," the hiding place in the latter's rooms, when Anisty heard her words. Barrerman also was revealed as a crook. He and Anisty set out to secure the gems and leave town. The girl was still imprisoned.

### CHAPTER XV.

#### The Price.

Slowly Maitland returned to the study and replaced the lamp upon his desk; and stood briefly in silence, long fingers stroking his well-shaped chin, his face a little thin and worn-looking, a gleam of pain in his eyes. He sighed.

So she was gone!

He laughed a trace harshly. This surprise was nothing more than he might have discounted, of course; he had been a fool to expect anything else of her, he was enjoying only his just deserts both for having dared to believe that the good in human nature (particularly in woman's nature) would respond to decent treatment, and for having acted on that asinine theory.

So she was gone, without a word, without a sign!

He sat down at the desk sidewise, one arm extended along its edge, fingers drumming out a dreary little tune on the hard polished wood; and thought it all over from the beginning. Nor spared himself.

Why, after all, should it be otherwise? Why should she have stayed? Why should he compliment himself by believing that there was aught about him visible through the veneer acquired in a score and odd years of purposeless existence, to attract a young and pretty woman's heart?

He enumerated his qualities specifically; and condemned them all. Impulsiveness, he was a conceited ass. A fascinating young criminal had but to toss her head at him to make him think that she was pleased with him, to make him forget that she was what she was and believe that, because he was willing to stoop, she was willing to climb. And he had betrayed himself so mercilessly! How she must have laughed in her sleeve all the time, while he pranced and bridled and preened himself under her eyes, blinded to his own idiocy by the flame of a sudden infatuation—how she must have laughed!

Undoubtedly she had laughed; and, measuring his depth—or his shallowness—had determined to use him to her ends. Why not? It had been her business, her professional duty, to make use of him in order to accomplish her plundering. And because she had not dared to ask him for the jewels when he left her in the morning, she had naturally returned in the evening, doubtless, that even if surprised

a second time, she would get off scot-free. Unfortunately for her, this fellow Anisty had interfered. Maitland presumed cynically that he ought to be grateful to Anisty. The unaccountable scoundrel! Why had he returned?

How the girl had contrived to escape was, of course, more easy to understand. Maitland recalled that sudden clatter of hoofs in the street, and he had only to make a trip to the window to verify his suspicion that the cab was gone. She had simply overheard his concluding remarks to the cabby, and taken pardonable advantage of them. Maitland had footed the bill. She was welcome to that, however. He, Maitland, was well rid of the whole damnable business. Yes, jewels and all!

What were the jewels to him? Beyond their sentimental associations, he did not hold them greatly in prize. Of course, since they had been worn by his mother, he would spare no expense or effort to trace and re-collect them, for that dim-sainted memory's sake. But in this case, at least, the traditional usage of the Maitlands would never be carried out. It had been faithfully observed when, after his mother's death, the stones had been removed from their settings and stored away; but now they would never be reset, even should he contrive to reassemble them, to adorn the bride of the Maitland heir. For he would never marry. Of course not.

Maitland was young enough to believe, and to extract a melancholy satisfaction from, this.

Puzzled and saddened, his mind harked back forever to that carking question: Why had she returned? What had brought her back to the flat? If she and Anisty were confederates, as one was inclined at times to believe—if such were the case, Anisty had the jewels, and there was nothing else of any particular value so persistently to entice such expert and accomplished burglars back to his flat. What else had they required of him? His peace of mind was nothing that they could turn into cash; and they seemed to have reaped him of nothing else.

But they had that; unquestionably they had taken that.

And still the riddle haunted him: Why had she come back that night? And, whatever her reason, had she come in Anisty's company, or alone? One minute it seemed patent beyond dispute that the girl and the great plunderer were hand-in-glove; the next



Maitland Woke Up. "What's That?" He Questioned Sharply.

minute Maitland was positively assured that their recent meeting had been altogether an accident. From what he had heard over the telephone, he had believed them to be quarrelling, although at the time he had assigned to O'Hagan the masculine side of the dispute. But certainly there must have arisen some difference of opinion between Anisty and the girl to have drawn from her that frantic negative Maitland had heard, to have been responsible for the overturning of the chair—an accident that seemed to argue something in the nature of a physical struggle; the chair itself lay upon its side, mute witness to a hasty and careless movement on somebody's part.

But it was all inexplicable. Eventually Maitland shook his head, to signify that he gave it up. There was but one thing to do—to put it out of mind. He would read a bit, compose himself, go to bed.

Preliminary to doing so, he would take steps to insure the flat against further burglarizing, for that night at least. The draught moving through the hall stirred the portiere and reminded him that the window in the trunkroom was still open, an invitation to any enterprising sneak-thief or second-story man. So Maitland went to close and make it fast.

As he shut down the window-sash and clamped the catch he trod on something soft and yielding. Wondering, he stooped and picked it up, and carried it back to the light. It proved to be the girl's hand-bag.

"Now," admitted Maitland in a tone of absolute candor, "I am damned.

How in the dickens did this thing get there, anyway? What was she doing in my trunk closet?"

Was it possible that she had followed Anisty out of the flat by that route? A very much mystified young man sat himself down again in front of his desk, and turned the bag over and over in his hands, keenly scrutinizing every inch of it, and whistling softly.

That year the fashion in purses was for capacious receptacles of grained leather, nearly square in shape, and furnished with a chain handle. This which Maitland held was conspicuously of the mode—neither too large, nor too small, constructed of fine soft leather of a gun-metal shade, with a frame-work and chain of gun-metal itself. It was new and seemed well-filled, weighing a trifle heavy in the hand. One face was adorned with a monogram of cut gun-metal, the initials "S" and "G" and "L" interlaced. But beyond this the bag was irritatingly non-committal.

Undoubtedly, if one were to go to the length of unsnapping the little, frail clasp, one would acquire information; by such facile means would much light be shed upon the darkness. But Maitland put a decided negative to the suggestion.

No. He would give her the benefit of the doubt. He would wait, he would school himself to patience. Perhaps she would come back for it—and explain. Perhaps he could find her by advertising it—and get an explanation. Pending which, he could wait a little while. It was not his wish to pry into her secrets, even if—even if—it was something to be smoked over. Strange how it affected him to have in his hands something that she had owned and touched!

Opening a drawer of the desk, Maitland produced an aged pipe. A brazen jar, companion piece to the ash-receiver, held his tobacco. He filled the pipe from the jar, with thoughtful deliberation. And scraped a match beneath his chair and ignited the tobacco and puffed in contemplative contentment, deriving solace from each mouthful of grateful, evanescent incense. Meanwhile he held the charred match between thumb and forefinger.

Becoming conscious of this fact, he smiled in deprecation of his absent-minded mood, looked for the ash-receiver, discovered it in place, inverted beneath the book; and frowned, remembering. Then, with an impatient gesture—impatient of his own infirmity of mind—for he simply could not forget the girl—he dropped the match, swept the book aside, lifted the bowl.

After a moment of incredulous awe, the young man rose, with eyes alight and a jubilant song in the heart of him. Now he knew, now understood, now believed, and now was justified of his faith!

After which depression came, with the consciousness that she was gone, forever removed beyond his reach and influence, and that by her own willful act. It was her intelligible wish that they should never meet again, for, having accomplished her errand, she had flown from the possibility of his thanks.

It was so clear, now! He perceived it all, plainly. Somehow (though it was hard to surmise how) she had found out that Anisty had stolen the jewels; somehow (and one wondered at what risk) she had contrived to take them from him and bring them back to their owner. And Anisty had followed.

Poor little woman! What had she not suffered, what perils had she not braved, to prove that there was honor even in thieves! It could have been at no inconsiderable danger—a danger not incommensurate with that of robbing a tigress of her whelps—that she had managed to fitch his loot from that pertinacious and vindictive soul, Anisty!

But she had accomplished it; and all for him!

If only he could find her, now! There was a clew to his hand in that bag, of course, but by this act she forever removed from him the right to investigate that.

## WANTED: ANSWERS TO THESE

### Can You Reply to Queries of Young Readers?

The editor of the Children's Encyclopedia hit on a happy idea the other week when he invited his young readers to send him questions that they would like answered. The questions sent in have proved a veritable revelation of the strange paths into which the juvenile mind wanders.

"What color was Adam?" is a problem that will puzzle the anthropologist; while the Psychological Research society may be interested in the question, "Where do our spirits go when we go to sleep?" In the latter connection comes the startling query, "Why have I dreamed the same thing every night for two years?"

Among genuine puzzlers, which will be read sympathetically by every worried father, we may mention: "Why does time never stop?" "What is the correct age of the skies?" "Why don't

If he could only find that cabby. Perhaps if he tried at the Madison square rank, immediately—

Besides, it was clearly his duty not to remain in the flat alone with the jewels another night. There was but one attainable place of safety for them, and that the safe of a reputable hotel. He would return to the Bartholdi at once, merely pausing on his way to inquire of the cabmen if they could send their brother-nighthawk to him.

Maitland shook himself into his top-coat, jammed hat upon head, dropped the jewels into one pocket, the cigarette case into another, and—on impulse—Anisty's revolver, with its two unexploded cartridges, into a third, and pressed the call button for O'Hagan, not waiting, however, for that worthy to climb the stair, but meeting him in the entry hall.

"I'm going back to the Bartholdi, O'Hagan, for the night. You may bring me my letters and any messages in the morning. I should like you to sleep in the flat to-night and answer any telephone calls."

"Yiss, Mistor Maitland, sor."  
"Have the police gone, O'Hagan?"  
"There's a whole bottle full yet, sor."  
"You've not been drinking, I trust?"

The Irishman shuffled. "Shure, sor, an' wud that be hospitable?"

Laughing, Maitland bade him good night and left the house, turning west to gain Fifth avenue, walking slowly because he was a little tired, and enjoying the rather unusual experience of being abroad at that hour without company. The sky seemed cleaner than ordinarily, the city quieter than ever he had known it, and in the air was a sweet smell, reminiscent of the country-side—reminding one unhappily of the previous night when one had gone whistling to one's destiny along a perfumed country road.

"Good 'eavings, Mistor Maitland, sir! It can't be you!"

Maitland looked up, bewildered for the instant. The voice that hailed him out of the sky was not unfamiliar.

A cab that he had waited on the corner to let pass, was reined back suddenly. The driver leaned down from the box and in a thunderstruck tone advertised his stupefaction.

"It aren't in nature, sir—if yer'll pardon my mentionin' it. But 'ere I leave you not ten minutes ago at the St. Luke building and finds yer 'ere, when you 'aven't 'ad time—"

Maitland woke up. "What's that?" he questioned, sharply. "You left me where ten minutes—?"

"St. Luke buildin', corner Broadway an'—"

"I know it," excited, "but—"

"—avin' took yer there with the young lady—"

"Young lady!"

"—that comes outer the 'ouse with yer, sir—"

"The devil!" Maitland hesitated no longer; his foot was on the step as he spoke. "Drive me there at once, and drive for all you're worth!" he cried. "If there's an ounce of speed in that plug of yours and you don't get it out—"

"Never fear, sir! We'll make it in five minutes!"

"It'll be worth your while."

"Right-o!"

Maitland dropped into his seat, dumfounded. "Good Lord!" he whispered; and then, savagely, "In the power of that infamous scoundrel—!"

And felt of the revolver in his pocket.

The cab had been headed north; the St. Luke rears its massive bulk south of Twenty-second street. The driver expertly swung his vehicle almost on dead center. Simultaneously it careened with the impact of a heavy bulk landing upon the step and falling in a heap on the deck.

"My word, what's that?" came from aloft. Maitland was altogether too startled to speak.

The heap sat up, resolving itself into the semblance of a man; who spoke in decisive tones:

"If yeh're goin' there, I'm goin' with yeh, 'r yeh don't go—see?"

"The sleuth!" gasped Maitland, astounded.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## TASTY MEAT DISHES

### RECIPES THAT WILL APPEAL TO ECONOMIC HOUSEWIFE.

#### Braised Beef Makes Dish That Is Fit for a King—English Wiggle Is Worth Trying—Mutton Sausage—Pressed Veal.

**English Wiggle.**—One-half pound chipped beef put on in cold water and let come to boil, then chop fine and brown in three tablespoonfuls of butter; one shredded onion; over this pour one can of tomatoes chopped fine; add pepper and salt over tomatoes and bits of butter and two finely rolled crackers. When thoroughly heated through, cover all with freshly broken eggs. Cover and cook slowly till whites and yolks of eggs are set. Serve on toast.

**Braised Beef.**—Get from your butcher five pounds of beef cut from the round and in the bottom of your roasting pan place in a row five slices of fat pork. On this slice a medium sized onion and season with salt and pepper. Now put in the beef, place cover on roasting pan, and roast slowly in a moderately hot oven for two hours. Do not remove cover from pan until the two hours are up. When ready to serve, cut in slices and arrange on a platter; then remove bits of pork from the liquor and make a gravy, using a tablespoonful of flour. On each slice of meat pour a spoonful of gravy and serve immediately.

You will have a dish fit for a king, and there is no waste, as the manner of roasting makes it sweet, juicy, and tender. It is delicious sliced cold or hashed on toast.

**Mutton Sausage.**—Take one pound of underdone leg of mutton, six ounces of beef suet, one pint of oysters, two anchovies, and some sweet herbs. Chop all these ingredients fine and season with mace, pepper, and salt. Add a quarter of a pound of grated breadcrumbs and two well beaten eggs. Mix well and put it. Use it by rolling into ball sausage shape and fry. This makes a delicious entree.

**Pressed Veal.**—Three pounds veal, boiled tender, then ground fine; season with salt and pepper. Save a pint of liquor after the meat has boiled. Boil eight eggs hard, chop separately. Dissolve nearly a box gelatin in the hot liquor. Put a layer of veal (one-half of veal) in one-half gallon mold and press down gently, then yellow of eggs, then whites, and lastly another layer of veal; press down again and pour liquor over and set in cold place. This makes a nice luncheon dish.

#### Clam Bisque.

Thirty clams, one cupful of milk, and half as much cream, or two cupfuls butter; and one of flour, three eggs, a tablespoonful of onion juice, one cupful of boiling water, a pinch of soda in the milk, and one cupful of cracker crumbs.

Chop the clams and put over the fire in the boiling water. Simmer half an hour. Heat milk and cream in another saucepan with the soda and crumbs. Stir in the roux, boil one minute, and pour gradually, beating all the time upon the yolks, previously whipped smooth. Heat in a double boiler for two minutes, or until the water in the outer vessel boils hard, and turn into the tureen. Season the boiling mince of clams with salt, cayenne, and minced parsley, add to the milk in tureen, and cover the surface with the whites of the eggs, beaten to a standing froth.

#### Sausage Rolls.

Form sausage meat into rolls two inches long and twice as thick as your finger. Fry until done. Drain in a heated colander. Have ready strips of pastry, having each strip three inches wide and long enough to fold about a sausage roll. Wrap each sausage roll in a strip of pastry and bake to a delicate brown. Eat while very hot.—Harper's Bazar.

#### Bouillon.

Round steak, no fat or bone, five pounds. Cut in tiny pieces and add one quart of water to each pound of round steak. Let it come slowly to a boil, skim carefully and keep at simmering point from eight to ten hours. Strain, set to cool and next morning skim again, and do not allow any sediment to pass into the saucepan. Add seasoning of celery, bay leaves, parsley, sage, bit of raw onion, salt, pepper, whole peppercorns, two or three cloves and boil for 20 minutes, then strain through cloth.

#### Yellow Popovers.

One cup flour, one teaspoon salt; sift. Pour over it slowly one cup milk, beat; add two beaten eggs, yolks first, then whites last. Bake in hot muffin tins about 30 minutes.

#### Raised Muffins.

One and one-half pints of flour, one-half pint of milk, one egg, one-fourth cup of butter, one-half cup of yeast, one and a half tablespoons sugar, one-half teaspoon salt. Mix at night. In morning put into muffin pans and let stand until light.

—Woman's Life.