



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 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, dusts 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, areas 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 forewore with weariful particularity the programme of the coming hours.

To begin with, 20 minutes were to be devoted to a bath and dressing in his rooms. This was something not so unpleasant to contemplate. It was the 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.

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, gazing 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 darkling 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 a eyelid. And he had the 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' saints preserve us! But 'twas yourself gave me th' shtart, Misher Maitland, sor!" O'Hagan paused in the gloom below, his upturned face quivering faintly in the flame of a wax taper in his gaslighter.

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

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

"Leddy, 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 dravin', sor. Dye've th' female shtaplets to ye!—has been in this house for many a 'manny th' wake, sor."

"But, I tell you—"

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

"Oh, very well," Maitland relinquishing 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 a 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 unfrustrated, since he was to be 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 forgotten 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 insensibly upon a void of darkness beneath him—night made visible by street lamps; and he found himself suddenly and acutely sensible of the wonder and mystery of the City; the City whose secret life ran fluent upon the hot, hard pavements below, whose voice throbbed, sibilant, vague, strident, 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— 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, mad word! Naughty!"—

"Maitland, of course."

"Been out of town and just got you notes."

"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. Crossy 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 Maitland's ears as a relief, and he turned to the bathroom 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 his consciousness.

Wondering, he bent forward and drew the tip of one forefinger across the black polished wood of the writing-table. 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.)

BOILER EXPLODES; EIGHT DEAD.

Battleship Delaware is Scene of Frightful Disaster.

Washington, Jan. 17.—Eight men were killed and one seriously injured by a boiler explosion aboard the battleship Delaware, according to a report just received here. A wireless to the navy department states that the men were all scalded to death by steam following the explosion; that they were imprisoned in the boiler room without a chance for escape.

Those killed in the explosion were: Charles Hart, first class fireman. Columbus Porter, first class fireman. William White, second class fireman. Herbert Brewer, second class fireman. Lewis White, coal passer. Clarence Dewitt, coal passer. Christian Jensen, water tender. Unidentified man.

Eugene Phillips, a first class fireman was badly injured.

Captain Govt. of the Delaware sent the following wireless to the navy department this afternoon:

"I request that a tug meet the Delaware at Hampton Roads immediately on this ship's arrival there, with preparations made for the transfer of the crew and the one injured man. I shall forward details of the explosion by telegraph upon arrival at Hampton Roads."

GERMAN SUBMARINE SINKS.

Captain Phones Up All Are Well and Plenty of Air.

Kiel, Germany.—The German submarine "U-3" went to the bottom of the sea during a practice maneuver. Divers from her parent ship, one of the largest battleships of the North Sea fleet, immediately began the endeavor to loop chains about the sunken boat. The full crew was aboard when the submarine went down.

As soon as the boat settled the crew detached themselves to the telephone arrangement, which immediately came to the surface, where it was picked up by a small boat from the warship. The officer commanding the submarine phoned up that the boat was all right and that the crew had plenty of air. He stated that the machinery had been disabled and that the submarine probably would have to be lifted with chains. There is air in the tanks sufficient to supply the men for several hours.

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WOULD PURIFY NEW JERSEY.

Governor of State Warns Against Fostering Trusts.

Trenton, N. J., Jan. 17.—Demand that New Jersey cease to be known as the "mother of trusts," through an amendment to the state's corporation law, was one of the striking features of the inaugural address of Governor Woodrow Wilson, delivered here last night.

"We are too free," he said, "with grant of charters to corporations, and I urge upon you as an imperative obligation that you immediately effect a change in the law which will prevent abuse of the incorporation privilege which has brought discredit on the state. It is necessary that you restrict and regulate the issue of securities, enforce the regulations regarding bona fide capital and provide methods whereby the public will be safeguarded from fraud, deception and extortion."

Governor Wilson also urged that a public service commission be empowered to fix and regulate the rates of all public service corporations and strongly advocated the Oregon laws, ballot reform and corrupt practices acts.

Czarina Is Near Death.

St. Petersburg.—Confirmation of reports that the czarina is again in a critical condition was obtained yesterday from attaches of the palace.

U. S. to Go Into Aviation.

San Francisco.—A school of aviation under the direct command of an army officer and the general supervision of the Pacific Aero club, will be recommended by a report to the war department by Major P. H. O'Neill at the close of the aviation meet here. Major O'Neill has been detailed to watch the meet for the war department. He will recommend that the new school teach theoretical aeronautics and give practical instruction in flying and in making and testing various air craft.

John Bull Scores One.

London.—A diplomatic setback for Japan is the view generally taken here of the tariff concessions offered England by Japan and which are now being made the basis of a new commercial treaty. English merchants brought tremendous pressure to bear to have Japan recede from her stand of heavily increasing the duty on goods that England exports to Japan. It is now said Tokio has yielded most of the material points.

China Lets Warship Contract.

Philadelphia.—The New York Shipbuilding Company, of Camden, N. J., confirms reports that it has received a contract for the building of a cruiser for the Chinese government. The vessel will be about 12,600 tons and will cost considerably more than \$1,000,000. The armor and guns will be supplied by the Bethlehem Steel Company.

On the Square With Laborers.

Sacramento, Cal., Jan. 17.—In advertising for laborers to take the places of men on strike or locked out it will be necessary to state such fact in the "ad," according to a bill presented to the assembly today.

DAILY DOINGS OF OREGON STATE LAWMAKERS AT SALEM

Salem, Ore., Jan. 17.—Frank Kierman and his fellow obstructionists of the Broadway bridge were given a jolt by the lawmakers today when the 30 state senators, by a unanimous vote, suspended the rules and passed the bill which gives legislative sanction for building the bridge and validates the bonds.

Action taken by the house this morning for the investigation of the office of State Dairy and Food Commissioner J. W. Adams, and for the impeachment of that official and his removal from office. The sentiment of the house was plainly shown this morning in the adoption of the resolution providing for the inquiry without a dissenting voice.

The resolution was introduced last week by Abrams of Marion. It included a clause for the investigation of the master fish warden and for the state board of health, because they are located in Portland. In the resolution committee the proposal was amended so as to exclude investigation of these two offices, the members unanimously declaring there was no call for such inquiries.

Some of the Multnomah representatives gave a clause in the convicts roads bill which they believe is to deprive Sheriff Stevens of Multnomah of some of the profits of his office, and there is a strong fight ahead for the proposed measure unless it is altered. The bill was drawn by Judge Lionel R. Webster.

An alcoholic flavor to the official booted water in the statehouse is attracting the attention of members from the prohibition districts. At first suspicion was excited that some nefarious joker lacking in temperance ideals had poured in the tincture of alcohol.

Now the janitor explains that alcohol barrels were used as storage tanks for the bottled beverage which the legislators have required to be furnished. The barrels were scoured with hot water and paraffined, but the favor remains. That is why some of the lawmakers emerge from the cloakroom where the bottled water is kept with such satisfied looks. Some members say there is too much alcohol in the water, while others say there is too much water.

Salem, Ore., Jan. 16.—Under the terms of a resolution adopted in the senate this afternoon and sent to the house, Governor West is called upon to make a request of the government to send the cruiser Boston to Oregon to be used as a training ship for the naval reserve.

Joseph introduced the resolution. He said that the ship was in readiness, as advice by telegraph indicated, but complications had arisen owing to the fact that the governor had not made a request to the federal authorities for the use of the vessel. Sinnott, Barrett of Washington and Dimick all asked questions as to whether the legislature would be obligated to pass an appropriation bill if the resolution were adopted.

To secure uniform laws in conjunction with the state of Washington relative to fishing on the Columbia river is the object of a resolution introduced in the senate by Lester this afternoon. His resolution asks for the appointment of a committee of two from the house and three from the senate to confer with a similar committee from the Washington legislature in reference to these laws. The committee is empowered to hire a stenographer and is allowed no compensation but is given traveling expenses and railroad fare. This resolution is in committee.

Employment as a stenographer or clerk in the house at this session does not give promise of being a snap. The temper of a majority of the representatives unmistakably demands that these employes give the state their full value. Resolutions were introduced today providing that all clerical bills shall be paid only on a basis of actual employment and that unexcused absences shall be sufficient grounds for an immediate discharge.

State Capitol, Salem, Ore., Jan. 13.—Senator Bowerman will probably be one of the leaders in an active opposition which will develop next Tuesday against the consideration of any of the 38 vetoed bills which have been returned from the Governor after the last session. He declares that these bills are all dead, that a special session intervened between the last regular session and the present session, and that the bills should have been voted upon at the special session.

The contention 15 of Article V provides that the bills be acted upon at the "next session." There is no mention of regular session, and it is the contention of Bowerman that plainly the legislature should have voted upon them at that time. In the meantime the bills have gone to the printer to be prepared for next Tuesday, when they come up as a special order of business. That is, the house bills have gone, but the senate bills are locked up in the desk of the chief clerk. He is away and his assistants are seriously considering breaking into the desk, as it will be necessary to hurry the 23 senate bills to the printer in a short time if they are to be in readiness by Tuesday.

House bills vetoed by Governor Chamberlain were principally relating to increases of salary for various county and district officers, Chamberlain exercising his prerogative in connection with all of these. Other vetoes of house bills were in relation to appointment of a board of trustees of the McLoughlin Home at Oregon City, a horticultural bill and other minor measures.

There were 23 senate bills vetoed. These included bills relating to examination before securing a marriage license; vagrants; regulation of voters; exemption of bonds from taxation; making it a misdemeanor to circulate false statements concerning the condition of a bank; publishing delinquent tax lists; defining the boundaries of Coos and Curry counties; relating to fishing near fishways; providing for preparation of a syllable of Supreme Court cases; Dr. Owens-Adair sterilization bill; providing for organization of new counties and a number of bills in reference to salaries for county officers.

Salem, Ore., Jan. 11.—Establishment of the Oregon Naval militia on a basis corresponding to the United States navy in the way of the national guard corresponds to the United States army is provided for a bill introduced in the House yesterday by Abrams, of Marion, and to be introduced in the Senate by Joseph, of Multnomah.

It creates a naval board of five members, to be appointed from the ports of Oregon, but not more than two from the same port. The standard force is to consist of such number as the board may determine, but may not be less than 200 or more than 1000, except in cases of tumult or invasion, when the number may be increased as the governor may deem necessary.