



"A Detective, in Point of Fact," Said He.

The BRASS BOWL

PICTURES BY A. WEIL

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SYNOPSIS.

"Mad" Dan Matland, on reaching his New York bachelor club, met an attractive young woman at the door. Janitor Higgins 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, Matland dined with Bannerman, his attorney. Dan set out for Greenfield, 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 club. Her auto had broken down. He fixed it. By a ruse she "lost" him. Matland, on reaching some surprised lady in gray, cracking the safe containing his gems. She, apparently, took him for a well-known crook. Dan, Anstey, half-hypnotized, Matland opened the safe, took therefrom the jewels, and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime. The real Dan Anstey, sought by police of the world, appeared on the same mission. Matland 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. Matland received "Mr. Smith," introducing himself as a detective. To shield the girl in gray, Matland, about to show him the jewels, supposedly lost, was felled by a blow from "Smith's" cane. The letter proved to be Anstey's, who was Matland's double, masquerading as an attorney. Matland's criminal kept Matland's engagement with the girl in gray.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

It was very plain—to a deductive reasoner—from the girl's attitude toward him that she had fallen into relations of uncommon friendliness with this Matland, young as Anstey believed their acquaintance to be. There had plainly been a flirtation—where in lay the explanation of Matland's forbearance; he had been fascinated by the woman, had not hesitated to take Anstey's name (even as Anstey was then taking his) in order to prolong their intimacy.

So much the better. Turn about was still fair play. Matland had sown as Anstey; the real Anstey would reap the harvest. Pretty women interested him deeply, though he saw little enough of them, partly through motives of prudence, partly because of a refinement of taste; women of the class of this conquest-by-proxy were out of reach of the enemy of society. That is, under ordinary circumstances. This one, on the contrary, was not; whatever she was or had been, however successful a crackswoman she might be, her cultivation and breeding were as apparent as her beauty; and quite as attractive.

A criminal is necessarily first a gambler, a votary of Chance; and the blind goddess had always been very kind to Mr. Anstey. He felt that here again she was favoring him. Matland had eliminated from this girl's life; Matland had failed to keep his engagement, and so would never again be called upon to play the part of burglar with her interest for incentive and guerdon. Anstey himself could take up where Matland had left off. Easily enough. The difficulties were insignificant; he had only to play up to Matland's standard for a while, to be Matland with all that gentleman's advantages, educational and social, then gradually drop back to his own level and be himself, Dan Anstey, "Handsome Dan," the professional, the fit mate for the girl.

What was she saying?

"But you have lunched already!" with an appealing pout.

"Indeed, no!" he protested, earnestly—"I was early—conceive my eagerness—and by ill chance a friend of mine insisted upon lunching with me. I had only a cup of coffee and a roll."

He motioned to the waiter, calling him "Water!" rather than "Gardner"—intuitively understanding that Matland would never have aired his wench in a public place, and that

she could have read her mind, have seen behind the film of thought that clouded her eyes, one fears Mr. Anstey might have lost appetite for an excellent luncheon.

For she was studying his hands, her memory harking back to the moment when she had stood beside the safe, holding the bull's-eye.

In the blackness of that hour a disk of light shone out luridly against the tapestry of memory. Within its radius appeared two hands, long, supple, strong, immaculately white, graceful and dexterous, as delicate of contour as a woman's, yet lacking nothing of masculine vigor and modeling; hands that wavered against the blackness, fumbling with the shining nickle disk of a combination lock.

The impression had been and remained one extraordinarily vivid. Could her eyes have deceived her so?

"Thoughtful!"

She nodded alertly, instantaneously mistress of self; and let her gaze, serious yet half smiling, linger upon his exact fractional shade of an instant longer than had been, perhaps, discreet. Then lashes drooped long upon her cheeks, and her color deepened all but imperceptibly.

The man's breath awoke, then came a trace more rapidly than before. He bent forward impulsively. . . . The girl sighed, ever so gently.

"I was thoughtful. . . . It's all so strange, you know."

His attitude was an eager question. "I mean our meeting—that way, last night." She held his gaze again, momentarily, and—

"Damn the waiter!" quoth savagely Mr. Anstey to his inner man, sitting back to facilitate the service of their meal.

The girl placated him with an insignificant remark which led both into a maze of meaningless but infinitely diverting inconsequents; diverting, at least, to Anstey, who held up his head, giving her back look for look, just for jest, platitude for platitude (when the waiter was within hearing distance); altogether, he felt, acquitting himself very creditably.

As for the girl, in the course of the next half or three-quarters of an hour she demonstrated herself conclusively a person of amazing resource, developing with admirable ingenuity a campaign planned on the spur of a chance observation. The gentleman, however willing he may have been, enmeshed in a hundred uncomprehended subtleties, he basked, purring, the while she insinuated herself beneath his guard and stripped him of his entire armament of cunning, vigilance, invention, suspicion, and distrust.

He relinquished them without a sigh, barely conscious of the spoliation. After all, she was of his trade, herself mired with guilt; she would never dare betray him, the consequences to herself would be so dire.

Besides, patently—almost too much so—she admired him. He was her hero. Had she not more than hinted that such was the case, that his example, his exploits, had fired her to emulation—however weakly feminine?

He saw her before him, dainty, alluring, yielding, yet leading him on—altogether desirable. And so long had he, Anstey, starved for affection!

"I am sure you must be dying for a smoke."

"Beg pardon!" He awoke abruptly, to find himself twirling the sharp-edged stem of his empty glass. Abstractedly he stared into this, as though seeking there a clue to what they had been talking about. Hazyly he understood that she had been drifting close upon the perilous shoals of intimate personalities. What had he told her? What had he not?

No matter. It was clearly to be her regard for him had waxed rather than waned as a result of their conversation. One had but to look into her eyes to be reassured as to that. One did look, breathing heavily.

What an ingenious child it was, to show him her heart so freely! He wondered that this should be so, feeling it none the less a just and grateful tribute to his fascinations.

She repeated her arch query. She was sure he wanted to smoke.

Indeed he did—if she would permit? And forthwith Matland's cigarette case was produced, with a flourish.

"What a beautiful case!"

In an instant it was in her hand. "Beautiful!" she iterated, inspecting the delicate tracery of the monogram engraver's art—head bended forward, face shaded by the broad-brimmed hat.

"You like it? You would care to own it?" Anstey demanded, unsteadily. "I?" The infection of doubtful surprise was a delight to the ear. "Oh! . . . I couldn't think of accepting. Besides, I have no use for it."

"Of course you ain't—are not that sort." An hour back he could have kicked himself for the grammatical blunder; now he was wholly illuded; besides, she didn't seem to notice. "But as a little token—between us—"

She drew back, pushing the case across the cloth; "I couldn't dream—"

"But if I insist?"

"If you insist? . . . Why, I suppose . . . it's awfully good of you." She flashed him a riddening glance.

"You do me pro-honor," he amended, hastily. Then, daintily: "I don't ask much in exchange only—"

"A cigarette?" she suggested, hastily.

He laughed, pleased and diverted. "That'll be enough now—you'll light it for me."

She glanced dubiously round the now almost deserted room; and a waiter started forward as if animated by a spring. Anstey motioned him imperiously back. "Go on," he coaxed; "no one can see." And watched, flattered, the slim white fingers that extracted a match from the stand and drew it swiftly down the prepared surface of the box, holding the L flickering flame to the end of a white tube whose tip lay between lips curved, scarlet, and pouting.

"There!" A pre's wrath of smoke floated away on the fan-churned air, and Anstey was vaguely conscious of receiving the glowing cigarette from a hand whose sheer perfection was but enhanced by the ripe curves of a rounded forearm. . . . He inhaled deeply, with satisfaction.

Undetected by him, the girl swiftly passed a furtive handkerchief across her lips. When he looked again she was smiling and the golden case had disappeared.

She shook her head at him in mock reproval. "Hold man!" she called him; but the crudity of it was lost upon him, as she had believed it would be. The moment had come for vigorous measures, she felt, guile having paved the way.

"Why do you call me that?"

"To appear so openly running the gauntlet of the detectives."

"Eh?"—startled.

"Of course you saw," she insisted.

"Saw? No. Saw what?"

"Why. . . . perhaps I am mistaken, but I thought you knew and trusted to your likeness to Mr. Matland."

Anstey frowned, collecting himself, bewildered. "What are you driving at, anyhow?" he demanded, roughly.

"Didn't you see the detectives? I should have thought your man would have warned you. I noticed four loitering round the entrance, as I came in, and feared—"

"Why didn't you tell me, then?"

"I have just told you the reason, I supposed you were in your disguise."

"That's so." The alarmed expression gradually faded, although he remained troubled. "I sure am Matland to the life," he continued with satisfaction. "Even the head-waiter—"

"And of course," she insinuated, delicately, "you have disposed of the loot?"

He shook his head gloomily. "No time, as yet."

Her dismay was evident. "You don't mean to say—?"

"In my pocket."

"Oh!" She glanced stealthily around. "In your pocket?" she whispered. "And—and if they stopped you—"

"I am Matland."

"But if they insisted on searching, to—"

"She was round-eyed with apprehension.

"That's so!" Her perturbation was infectious. His jaw dropped.

"They would find the jewels—known to be stolen—"

"By God!" he cried, savagely.

"Dan!"

"I—I beg your pardon. But . . . what am I to do? You are sure—?"

"McClusky himself is on the nearest corner!"

"Phew!" he whistled; and stared at her, searching, through a lengthening pause.

"Dan. . . ." said she at length.

"Yes?"

"There is a way."

"Go on."

"Last night, Dan"—she raised her glorious eyes to his—"last night, I trusted you."

His face hardened ever so slightly, yet when he took thought the tenselines about his eyes and mouth softened. And she drew a deep breath knowing that she had all but won.

"I trusted you," she continued softly. "Do you know what that means? I trusted you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FEDERALS TRAP REBELS.

Scout Discovers Too Late That Approaching Forces is Enemy.

Agua Prieta, Mex., March 29.—Messages from Governor Torres, also messages to the rebel junta here, show that the rebels suffered a decisive defeat near Ures yesterday. Their loss is placed at 75 dead and many wounded. The messages to the rebel junta place the number of Federal dead at 30.

It is believed the rebel force which engaged in the fighting at La Colorado a few days ago, had divided, one section going around to the west of Hermosillo from the south, under command of Jesus Rivera. The other half, under command of a leader named Loyzén, marched to the east and north, joining Juan Cabral and 220 mounted rebels who had gone south from Culiacán.

The rebels a few days ago ceased cutting the telegraph wires, and instead tapped the wires and caught the government messages. The government sent decoy messages which threw the insurgents off in their calculations. Rebels at San Rafael, near Ures, were joined by Giron and a force from Sahuaripa and the combined force under command of Loyzén took up quarters in the old Federal barracks.

Only two roads lead into San Rafael, and Loyzén placed two scouts to guard these. One of these scouts is said to have taken along a bottle of mescal, and when he saw the Federal army he thought the troops were rebels.

Colonel Ojeda, who had collected forces from Hermosillo, had obtained information that the rebels were at San Rafael, and before approaching the town, divided his forces into two wings, which neared the camp in the form of a great pair of shears. The rebel scout realized his mistake too late, and got into the rebel camp only a short time ahead of the Federal who closed in on the old barracks from both sides.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATE.

ROUTES PUSHED WESTWARD

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

Salem—Local city or county authorities have no power under Oregon's new motor vehicle law to adopt any 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 owner from the free use of the streets or affecting the numbering or registration of vehicles such as would tend to confuse the authorities in enforcing the state law, but the city or county authorities are not restricted in the 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 10 miles an hour within its jurisdiction but cannot place any further limitation upon the speed of motors but all vehicles of whatever class must be limited to the same speed. The city can prescribe different speed limits in different parts of the city, but the speed zones must be marked by large signs bearing the words "Slow down to . . . miles." Where the city limits and country meet the city must post signs where all automobile drivers can see them, specifying the speed limit within the city by similar signs. The signs must bear arrows designating where the speed limit applies.

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

WEST NOT TO INTERFERE.

Prison Management Satisfactory to Governor, He Says.

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

"With antiquated and obsolete equipment and buildings and many difficulties to contend with, those in charge have given it a national reputation as one of the best in the country," he said. "What action is 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 no thought of making a change."

TOWNS TO BUILD ROAD.

Athens and Weston Give 400 Days' Labor and Teams for Work.

Athens—The state legislature turning down the good roads bill, citizens of Athens and Weston have taken the case in their own hands. As a result a macadam road is to be constructed between the two towns.

The county is to furnish the machinery, Athens the rock quarry and town residents and farmers have agreed to furnish labor and teams. Fully 400 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 country, as the highway between Athens and Weston is one of the worst, especially in winter. The work will begin at once.

"Y" or Turntable Required.

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

Gaston Farmers Unite.

Forest Grove—To promote the development of the community in which they reside and to be able to sell their products at better quotations the farmers of the East Gaston neighborhood have formed the Northeast Gaston Farmers' association. W. K. Newell, president of the state board of horticulture, was made president of the association. The first thing the association did was to obtain a traveling library from the state library commission at Salem. Other benefits are being sought by the association.

O. A. C. Bulletins 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. Roberts, a former student at this institution, and now head of the industrial department of the Old Untari Central Training school at Rhodesia, South Africa.

Soon Use Double Track.

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

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATE.

NEHALEM ROADS IMPROVE.

\$31,000 Appropriated in Single District; Cheese Output Larger.

Wheeler—The Tillamook county court is now advertising for bids for the construction of the first mile of the Wheeler road, to be built from the bridge across the south fork of the Nehalem river to the townsite of Wheeler. There will be a call for bids for the remaining mile as soon as the plans and profiles are made. This is but one of the many road propositions to be undertaken by the county court in this section. In this road district there has been appropriated \$31,000 for road work.

The new cheese factory being erected by R. Zweifel, about one mile above Wheeler, is progressing rapidly, and the factory will be able to commence manufacture of cheese about April 1. The other factories in the Nehalem valley, three in number, will also start about April 1. Indications are for a considerably larger output from this valley this season than last.

Work on the railroad has been going ahead rapidly during the past month of good weather. Track is now laid for about six miles above Wheeler, and is going down at about half a mile per day.

Governor West Plans Parole.

Salem—Governor West has devised another way to prevent building cells on the roof of the penitentiary for the keeping of the prisoners. Dr. Calvin S. White, state health officer, announces that the governor intends to parole some of the higher class prisoners and send them out to work on the farm connected with the state tuberculosis sanatorium. They will be allowed to have nearly finished their terms and who have not been confined for the more serious offenses. They will take the place of the salaried attaches of the sanatorium, of whom there is at present such a number that by the time their salaries are paid there is not a great deal more than is necessary left for the feeding and care of the patients.

Dr. White says that the newly appointed superintendent, Dr. Fitzgerald, intends to increase the number of cows on the place, so that no milk will have to be bought. They will get chickens and pigs, and with the cropping capacity of the farm be able to make the institution nearly if not quite self-sustaining.

Freewater Lives Up to Its Name.

Freewater—The well for the city water works has proved a success. Dug in the driest season of the year and when all wells went dry, it was found that the underground supply filled this one to overflowing with pure water. It is 43½ feet deep, but at the depth of 23 feet large veins of flowing water were found. This secures for the city at a reasonable expenditure a supply of water adequate for many years to come. The contracting engineer for the water system will commence work at once.

Elgin Orders Cement Sidewalks.

Elgin—At a meeting of the city council an ordinance was ordered drawn to compel the property-owners along Front street to put in cement sidewalks. The council decided not to institute condemnation proceedings, but instead ordered the walk placed on the street line. This will place the walk three feet from the people's property or building line, which if they cover with cement also will make a 12-foot walk along their properties.

Elgin Acres Win Record Price.

Elgin—The record price for raw land was made Tuesday when Newton Roberts bought of Henry Hug a five-acre tract at \$150 an acre. This land could have been bought last year at \$60 an acre, and the whole 90 acres could have been obtained this year for \$100 an acre. The tract, in recent years, produced 60 bushels of wheat an acre.

Shipment Cost Alleged Great.

Salem—Complaining that it costs \$30 to ship a carload of freight from Medford to Eagle Point, a distance of only 11 miles, when it costs but \$120 to ship the same car from Portland to Medford, a distance of 329 miles, Von der Hellen Brothers, of Eagle Point, filed a complaint with the state railroad commission.

FIRE DESTROYS CAPITOL OF NEW YORK STATE

Albany, N. Y., March 29.—The state capitol, erected at a cost of \$25,000,000, caught fire shortly before 3 o'clock this morning and is threatened with complete destruction.

The fire is fanned by a stiff breeze. It originated in the west end of the great structure on the third floor and the whole side of the building is wrapped in flames with which the firemen seem powerless to cope.

The capitol is one of the finest buildings of its kind in the country. The building is of drilled granite, four stories high, and houses the assembly, the senate, the court of appeals, the state library and the offices of many state officials.

At 4:05 o'clock the flames had swept across the entire west section of the building and were bursting into the senate finance committee room and the adjoining offices of the temporary president of the senate. At that hour the fire threatened to reach the senate chamber.

At 5 o'clock the fire was not under control. It was advancing across the front of the building and threatened to destroy the entire structure.

TOWN DEFIES INSURRECTOS.

200 Rebels Fail to Capture Village After Five Hours of Firing.

Parral, Mex.—Demands of 200 or more insurgents for the surrender of the town of Inde, situated several hours' ride from the national railroad, were refused by the jefe politico and as a result a fire lasting five hours was directed on the town. The insurgents lost eight men.

A boy was sent by the insurgents with a message to the authorities asking for surrender, promising no pillaging and a short time afterwards a few shots dropped into the plaza. Just then the tri-color of the republic was run up the pole by order of the jefe as a defiance to the invaders, and then the firing commenced with vigor.

Berthold's Fate in Doubt.

Mexicali, Mex.—The news that Simon Berthold was wounded in a fight with the federals near Alamo, together with the information that the government force at Tecate has been doubled by the arrival of 100 men, again created alarm in the rebel garrison at Mexicali. General Leyva dispatched 25 mounted men under Captain Francisco Quijano to hold Pichos Pass against the possible advance of the Federals from Tecate, or the approach of the main army by way of the west side of Lakuna Salada.

Head of Duma Quits.

St. Petersburg—A. J. Guchfok, leader of the Octoberist party, has resigned as president of the Douma. A few days ago he announced at a meeting of the Octoberist group that he intended to take this action. On that occasion the Octoberist deputies intimated that they would resign their seats in the Douma, but on advice of their central committee at Moscow they will retain their seats for the present. The house was very weak, owing to the critical political situation, and a panic developed in the Moscow bourse.

Plow Trust Organized.

Moline, Ill.—A merger of 22 plow manufacturing companies into one company with a capitalization of \$50,000,000 was announced here. The name of the consolidation will be Deere, and its headquarters here. The concerns that comprise the new company are located here, East Moline, Syracuse, Ottumwa, Welland, Ont., Fort Smith, Ark., and Minneapolis. The scope of the industry will be extended.

Two Americans Killed.

El Paso, Tex.—James T. Harper, of El Paso, a captain in the insurgent army, arrived here from the interior of Mexico. He said Robert E. Lee, of Kansas City, Mo., and Martin Ryan, whose residence he did not know, had been killed in the battle at Casas Grandes on March 6. Harper said about 26 Americans had been taken prisoners. The official report said 17 foreigners were taken.

DOG WAS WHAT MIGHT BE CALLED AN ARTIFICIAL DACHSHUND.

It was a very little girl in an abbreviated scrap of gingham that originally must have been a pink frock. It showed neutrality of color that spoke many washings and the probability of former owners. Grasped tightly in her grimy hand was a piece of twine, the far end of which was attached to the collar of a dog.

"Hello, baby; is that your dog?"

"Oh, I was quite too frightened." He took this for a complete denial. Better and better! He had actually feared she had eavesdropped, however warrantably; and Matland's authoritative way with the servants had been too convincingly natural to have deceived a woman of her keen wits.

There followed a lull while Anstey was ordering the luncheon; something he did elaborately and with success, telling himself humorously: "Have the expense! Matland pays." Of which fact the weight in his pocket was assurance.

Matland. . . . Anstey's thoughts verged off upon an interesting tangent. What was Matland's motive in arranging this meeting? It was self-evident that the twain were of one world—the girl and the man of fashion. But, whatever her right of heritage, she had renounced it, declassing herself by yielding to thievish instincts, voluntarily placing herself on the level of Anstey. Where she must remain, for ever.

There was comfort in that reflection. He glanced up to find her eyes bent in gravity upon him. She, too, it appeared, had fallen a prey to reverie. Upon what subject? An absorbing one, doubtless, since it held her abstracted despite her companion's direct, unequivocally admiring stare.

The odd light was flickering again in the crackswoman's glance. She was then more beautiful than sight that ever he had dreamed of. Such hair as was hers, wavened seemingly of dull flames, lambent, witching! And eyes—beautiful always, but never more so than at

The Trouble With "Fritzie"

"Oh, I know what you mean," cried the youngster, gleefully. "Fritzie chases all the cats, and when they stop and spit at him he just humps up like they do—and now I guess he's growed that way."

New Illuminating System.

A new system of illumination is offered by the discovery of Prof. Blas of Germany, which is a liquid illuminating gas to be delivered at the houses of customers at regular periods in much the same manner as coal oil and other commodities are delivered at the present time. A 22-pound cylinder of gas is sufficient to supply a 50-candle power light for four months if used four hours a day. The means of connection between the burner and the reservoir is through a fine tube no thicker than an electric light wire and just as flexible.

That's Different.

You will find that the lady man who won't team garden himself is always perfectly willing to tell his wife just how to do it.