The Brass Bowl

PICTURES BY A. WEIL

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

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

SYNOPSIS.

"Mad" Dan Maitland, on reaching his New York bachelor club, met an attractive young woman at the door. Janitor O'Hagan assured him no one had been within that day. Dan discovered a woman's finger prints in dust on his desk, along with a letter from his attorney. Maitland dined with Bannerman, his attorney. Dan set out for Greenfields, to get his family jewels. During his walk to the country seat, he met the young woman in gray, whom he had seen leaving his bachelors' 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 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 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 hound 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. The girl 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, bright with a mist of emotion, brimming with gratutude—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 iron 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, boring 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 stupendously, 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 tintinnabulation—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 inured 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 abrupted 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—business pressin', says he."

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

"A gintleman, 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.)

HOW SUTTON DIED

LIEUT. BEVAN'S TESTIMONY DISAGREES WITH STORY TOLD BY ADAMS.

GIRL'S NAME IS MENTIONED

Lawyer Davis Asks Witness About Miss Stewart Over Whom Fight Is Said to Have Started.

Annapolis, Md.—The proceedings of the court of inquiry which is investigating the death of Lieut. James N. Sutton, United States Marine corps of Portland, Ore., took a sensational turn Tuesday when First Lieut. William F. Bevan of the United States Marine corps, now attached to the battleship New Jersey, took the witness stand and related his part in the tragedy.

Lieut. Bevan was officer of the guard in the marine camp on that night, and one of the first men to reach the scene of Sutton's death. Like Lieut. Adams, he testified that Sutton deliberately shot himself, but beyond that cardinal fact, his description of Sutton's alleged suicide varied in important details from the story told by Adams, the man who said he had participated in a life and death struggle with the young Oregon lieutenant just before his act of self-destruction.

The most glaring disagreement with Adams' story came when Bevan swore that he and two other officers were on top of Sutton and trying to hold him down to prevent him from using his revolvers when Sutton freed an arm from under him and fired a bullet into his own brain after someone remarked that Sutton had killed Lieut. Roelker. Adams testified that he had risen from Lieut. Sutton's body and that Sutton lay exhausted and alone on the ground when he saw him raise his right hand and fire the shot that ended his life.

Bevan's testimony also revealed that a situation bordering on a wild west rampage had existed in the marine camp just before the shooting, when Sutton had been trying to make Lieut. Roelker dance by leveling two revolvers at his feet and afterward rushed from the camp, disregarding his arrest, by the officer of the guard, and shouting that he would quit the marines for good and all.

It has been remarked in view of the testimony so far, which makes it apparent more than one of the marines was intoxicated on the night in question, that none of them could be expected to give a lucid account of the incidents leading up to Sutton's death. However that may be, the fact that Lieut. Bevan was on duty and had not been afforded an opportunity to join in the "larks" of his brother officers is bound to attach more weight to his version of the affair.

The trio of young officers, Adams, Osterman and Bevan, who were all in at the death, so to speak, occupied the time of the court. Lawyer Davis, Mrs. Sutton's counsel, completed his cross-exxamination of Lieut. Adams in quick order after court opened, and then Lieut. Osterman took the stand. Osterman, as a member of Sutton's automobile party on the night of October 12, corroborated Lieut. Adams' story except to add that he believed Sutton was badly intoxicated.

Lawyer Davis started the cross-examination of witness and immediately referred to Miss Stewart of Pittsburg, the young woman with whom Sutton is said to have spent the evening before the shooting, and over whom the fight is alleged to have occurred.

"When you went to Carvel hall did you see Lieut. Sutton and a young lady?" asked Mr. Davis.

"I did," answered Osterman.

"Did you know the young lady?"

"No."

"Did you sit at a table and talk with Sutton, the young lady and Prof. Coleman?" asked the lawyer.

The witness said he could not recall that he did.

ACTION MAY MEAN A WAR.

Argentine Orders Bolivian Minister to Leave and Summons Her Envoy from La Paz.

Buenos Ayres.—The Argentine government Tuesday sent his passports to the Bolivion minister here, ordering him to leave Buenos Ayres within 24 hours. The government has also telegraphed Senor Fonseca, Argentine minister to Bolivia, to leave La Paz immediately. It is practically a declaration of war.

The action of the Argentine government follows the refusal of Bolivia to accept the decision of Argentina in the matter of the boundary dispute between Bolivia and Peru. The Argentine Republic has taken offense at the action of the president of Bolivia, who, it is asserted, has sent circulars to the prefects throughout the country, casting reflections on the Argentine government.

Novelty in Skin Grafting.

Portland, Ore.—A peculiar case of skin grafting performed at a local hospital, has just become public. George A. Stockden, suffering from terrible burns about the head, has been in a critical condition for several weeks. Recently a patient was brought to the hospital suffering from an accident of such character that amputation of one of his legs was necessary. After the amputation the surgeons transferred portions of the skin of the amputated limb to Stockden's face. Stockden is recovering.

WHY PEOPLE SUFFER.

Too often the kidneys are the cause and the sufferer is not aware of it. Sick kidneys bring backache and side pains, lameness and stiffness, dizziness, headaches, tired feeling, urinary troubles. Doan's Kidney Pills cure the cause. Mrs. N. E. Graves, Villisca, Iowa, says: "I suffered from kidney trouble for years. The secretions were disordered, there were pains in my back and swellings of the ankles. Often I had smothering spells. I had to be helped about. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me five years ago and I have been well since. They saved my life."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

A NEW "FEAT."

"Mummy! Mummy! look, here's baby walking on his hind legs."

Fully Realized.

He frowned in perplexity on hearing she was out again.

"I wonder, Jimmy, if your sister realizes," he said bitterly, "that I have treated her to three taxi rides and four open-air concerts this month?"

"You bet she realizes it," said the small boy, grinning. "That's why she's keepin' her engagement to Joe Johnson a secret."

Spectacular Oil Fire.

The most spectacular fire ever witnessed in the oil industry was at one of the Des Bocas wells in Mexico. About 60,000 barrels of oil were burned up daily for nearly two months. The flames rose to heights of 800 to 1,400 feet.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Innovation.

Stella—Did she have an unusual wedding?

Bella—Yes; the church was decorated with common tropical plants instead of the rare.

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Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Baltimore, Md.—"For four years my life was a misery to me. I suffered from irregularities, terrible dragging sensations, extreme nervousness, and that all gone feeling in my stomach. I had given up hope of ever being well when I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Then I felt as though new life had been given me, and I am recommending it to all my friends."—Mrs. W. S. Ford, 1938 Lansdowne St., Baltimore, Md.

The most successful remedy in this country for the cure of all forms of female complaints is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has stood the test of years and to-day is more widely and successfully used than any other female remedy. It has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, and nervous prostration, after all other means had failed.

If you are suffering from any of these ailments, don't give up hope until you have given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you would like special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it. She has guided thousands to health, free of charge.

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They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

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