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# BRYAN SCARE ON WANE

## Supposed Landslide Toward Commoner Proves to Have Been a Mere Myth

### BECOMING TO KNOW TAFT

**As Candidate Gets in Touch With People Comparison With Nebraska Man is Decidedly in Favor of Republican Nominee—Eastern Ignorance of Conditions in the West.**

(Special Correspondence.)

New York, Oct. 3.—"The benighted ignorance of the east concerning the west has been peculiarly illustrated in this campaign," said a well known writer who has recently traveled, on a political mission, over the middle west. "The Bryan scare came up out of the west, just as Bryan and Bryanism came out of the west; as populism came out of the west; as the real, enthusiastic, sane progressive movement has come out of the west; and now the note of encouragement and reassurance comes likewise from that same section."

The speaker was a republican and for many years a student of affairs, whose writings appear in many publications, and most of whose readers would be unable to guess whether he is republican, democrat or mugwump. He is in truth the observer and analyst first and the partisan—rather a mild one at that—afterward. Continuing he said:

"I have traveled with both Bryan and Taft in the last fortnight; I have heard them talk to big crowds; I have watched and studied the crowds, as in previous campaigns I have watched the people to whom other candidates have talked. Not only that, but after traveling a couple of days with each of them, I dropped off the train and fell behind, to double over the road and talk to the people and learn as nearly as possible what effect each had had on his hearers.

"I went west with the idea that Taft would be elected. I had made up my mind that nothing but a landslide could elect Mr. Bryan. At no time did I find evidence of such a stampede of voters from the republican to the democratic party. There were evidences, notably in some part of Indiana, of a drift of labor men to Bryan. They were men who had voted for McKinley, for Roosevelt, and many of whom volunteered that they would have voted for Roosevelt had he been renominated. This opposition to Taft was unintelligent, was by no means that of settled conviction, and was manifestly open to argument. I repeat, it was merely a drift to Bryan, and that it never could have been exaggerated into the proportions of a landslide. And this drift was confined almost wholly to labor men. There were no [illegible]ses of it among farmers, much le[illegible] among business men or their employes. Moreover, at this early period of my observations it was clear that the campaign was not really begun. Bryan was continuing the campaigning which he had been doing for years; sometimes from the chautauqua platform, sometimes from the political. Not only had Taft refrained from taking the stump, but the people were not well acquainted with him. They talked intimately of Bryan, whom they knew, whereas they speculated about Taft, as they might talk of the Dalai Lama or the Shah of Persia.

"There is this to be said, however, as to the attitude of the people toward Bryan. I heard him in Evansville, for example. He addressed a large audience in the market place. The crowd was not so large, I was told, as in 1896. But it is fair to say that those on the outside were not within range of his splendid voice. These people were interested and respectful. But it was not an enthusiastic audience. The following day there was no talk about Bryan in the city. I dropped in at a saloon where the glass workers congregate. Politics was not mentioned until I introduced the topic. There seemed little interest in the campaign. Finally I said to the bartender, 'I suppose you hear politics frequently discussed.'

"'No, I don't,' he replied. 'Why, Bryan spoke here last night, and you are the first man to mention his name over this bar today.'

"It was 5 o'clock in the afternoon when I received this assurance that Bryan's name hadn't been mentioned over that bar all day.

"Altho I had been told that many republican business men were going to vote for Bryan in Indiana, and that 50 per cent of the traveling men were openly for the democratic candidate, these statements were not borne out at all by my investigation. The clerk at the hotel, a Bryan democrat by the way, told me he was in Iowa in '96 when he thought Bryan had a walkover; that he was in Michigan in 1900 and believed the democratic candidate had an excellent chance of election. 'This year,' he said, 'he hasn't a ghost of a show.'

"I asked him why, and he told me he based his opinion on the sentiments expressed by traveling men who put up there. He then volunteered to keep a poll during twenty-four hours, of the commercial men registered. The result was that just one man expressed his intention of voting for Bryan, while at least twenty declared for Taft. The one man who was going to vote for Bryan said the republicans ought to have nominated Hughes, whom he would have supported.

"Inquiry at a second class hotel revealed a stronger sentiment for Bryan. But the clerk's lack of interest in the political situation convinced me that certainly not 50 per cent of the commercial travelers who put up there were advocating Bryan's election.

"As to the sentiment among business men, I relied largely on the statement made by one of the officers of the leading organizations of retail tradesmen. 'I voted for Bryan twice,' he told me, 'and I am afraid I am going to vote for him again. You ask my unbiased opinion. If the election were held today, Bryan would have an excellent chance of carrying Indiana. He would also run well in my opinion in the middle west. But before election I firmly believe the tide will set in against him.'"

This observation was made before the tide had actually and visibly turned against Bryan. The same man went on to say that he did not know a single business man or employe, who was going to vote for Bryan. He added however, that the gold democrats were returning to the democratic party.

"This was immediately after Taft had made his trip across Ohio. It was a new experience for a republican candidate and he disappointed his followers, particularly in his rear-platform speeches. These were too argumentative and labored. Since then the tide has unquestionably turned. The president infused much needed ginger into the campaign by the statement in which he quoted Taft's letter declining to make a deal with Foraker. This letter particularly pleased the Wisconsin radicals, and Congressman Cooper of that state quoted from it with telling effect, in introducing Taft at Beloit and Janesville. Then Senator La-Follette, who had been unjustly accused of giving lip service only to Taft, numbered him among the elect, when at Madison he told his followers that Taft was a progressive. That is the watchword for political righteousness in Wisconsin, as it is in Iowa and other states of the central valley.

"The change in the situation has been due, first, to Roosevelt's mastery of Bryan. In the middle west Bryan's first telegram to the president caused much uneasiness. Anxiously republican leaders whispered to one another: 'has Roosevelt got the goods?' To the unconcealed joy of Mr. Taft's adherents, the president came back with them. He demolished Bryan's claim to heirship in the Roosevelt policies. Thenceforth the lines were clearly drawn between Rooseveltism and Bryanism. It was the psychological moment; for Taft, taking advantage of all the suggestions made to him, and rising to the occasion as no man, save possibly Hughes, had done, had started on a most successful campaign tour. His speeches were above criticism, but more still, he was showing himself to the people in a most engaging manner, making friends on every hand.

"This was all that was essential from a republican point of view. If the country but knew Taft a fair choice could be made between the two presidential candidates. Of them, Taft is running on his record, while Bryan is running away from his record. That is the slogan of the republican campaign.

"Summed up: A fortnight ago Taft had the natural advantage but Bryan was forcing the fighting; today Bryan is a defeated candidate. That is the message which the west sends to the east, and which, strange to say, the east seems to be somewhat unwilling to receive. Taft is the choice of the east; it will learn in ample time that he is also the choice of the west."

# The BRASS BOWL

PICTURES BY A. WEIL

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

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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 car 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, dusters 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 wholehearted 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, initiated 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, arcs 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 foresaw with weariful particularity the programme of the coming hours.

To begin with, 30 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.

At this the green car wheeled abruptly round a corner below Thirty-fourth street, slid half a block or more east, and came to a palpitating halt. Maitland, looking up, recognized the entrance to his apartments, and sighed with relief for the brief respite from boredom that was to be his. He rose, negligently shaking off his duster, and stepped down to the sidewalk.

Somebody in the car called a warning after him, and turning for a moment he stood at attention, an eyebrow raised quizzically, cigarette drooping from a corner of his mouth, hat pushed back from his forehead, hands in coat pockets; a tall, slender, sparsely built figure of a man, clothed immaculately in flannels.

When at length he was able to make himself heard: "Good enough," he said clearly, though without rasing his voice. "Sherry's in an hour. Right. Now, behave yourselves."

"Mind you show up on time!"

"Never fear," returned Maitland over his shoulder.

A witticism was flung back at him from the retreating car, but spent itself unregarded. Maitland's attention was temporarily distracted by the unusual—to say the least—sight of a young and attractive woman coming out of a home for confirmed bachelors.

The apartment house happened to be his own property. A substantial and old-fashioned edifice, situated in the middle of a quiet block, it contained but five roomy and comfortable suites—in other words, one to a floor; and these were without exception tenanted by unmarried men of Maitland's own circle and acquaintance. The janitor, himself a widower and a convinced misogynist, lived alone in the basement. Barring very special and exceptional occasions (as when one of the bachelors felt called upon to give a tea in partial recognition of social obligations), the foot of woman never crossed its threshold.

In this circumstance, indeed, was comprised the singular charm the house had for its occupants. The quality which insured them privacy and a quiet independence rendered them oblivious to its many minor drawbacks, its lack of many conveniences and luxuries which have of late grown to be so commonly regarded as necessities. It boasted, for instance, no garage; no refrigerating system maddened those dependent upon it; a dissipated electric lighting system never went out of nights, because it had never been installed; no brass-bound hall boy lounged in desuetude upon the stoop and took too intimate and personal an interest in the tenants' correspondence. The inhabitants, in brief, were free to come and go according to the dictates of their consciences, unsupervised by neighborly women folk, unhindered by a parasitic corps of menials not in their personal employ.

Wherefore was Maitland astonished, and the more so because of the season. At any other season of the year he would readily have accounted for the phenomenon that now fell under his observation, on the hypothesis that the woman was somebody's sister or cousin or aunt. But at present that explanation was untenable; Maitland happened to know that not one of the other men was in New York, barring himself; and his own presence there was a thing entirely unforeseen.

Still incredulous, he mentally conned 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, glancing 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 an eyelash. And he had a 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 presarve us! But 'twas yersilf gave me th' sthart, Misther Maitland, sor!" O'Hagan paused in the gloom below, his upturned face quaintly illuminated by 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?"

"Nivver a wan, sor. Shure, th' house do be quiet's anny tomb—"

"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 dr'amin', sor. Divvle a female—ray-spicts to ye!—has been in this house for manny an' manny th' wake, sor."

"But, I tell you—"

"Bellike 'twas somewan jist sthepped into the vesthibule, mebbe to tie her shoe, sor, and ye thought—"

"Oh, very well." Maitland relinquished the inquisition 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 wan 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 understudy the more trained employe; which O'Hagan could be counted upon to do very acceptably.

Now, with patience unruffled, since he was nothing keen for 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 gush 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 [illegible] 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 your note."

"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. Cressy 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 heedless ears. Maitland remained motionless 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-bed. 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!"

Further and closer inspection developed the fact that the imprint had been only recently made. Within the hour—unless Maitland were indeed mad or dreaming—a woman had stood by that desk and rested a hand, palm down, upon it; not yet had the dust had time to settle and blur the sharp outlines.

Maitland shook his head with bewilderment, thinking of the gray girl. But no. He rejected his half-formed explanation—the obvious one. Besides, what had he there worth a thief's while? Beyond a few articles of "virtue and bigotry" and his pictures, there was nothing valuable in the entire flat. His papers? But he had nothing; a handful of letters, cheque book, a pass book, a japanned tin dispatch box containing some business memoranda and papers destined eventually for Bannerman's hands; but nothing negotiable, nothing worth a burglar's while.

It was a flat-topped desk, of mahogany, with two pedestals of drawers, all locked. Maitland determined this latter fact by trying to open them without a key; failing, his key-ring solved the difficulty in a jiffy. But the drawers seemed undisturbed; nothing had been either handled, or removed, or displaced, so far as he could determine. And again he wagged his head from side to side in solemn stupefaction.

"This is beyond you, Dan, my boy." And: "But I've got to know what it means."

In the hall O'Hagan was shuffling impatience. Pondering deeply, Maitland relocked the desk and got upon his feet. A small bowl of beaten brass, which he used as an ash receiver, stood ready to his hand; he took it up, carefully blew it clean of dust, and inverted it over the print of the hand. On top of the bowl he placed a weighty afterthought in the shape of a book.

"O'Hagan!"

"Waitin', sor."

"Come hither, O'Hagan. You see that desk?"

"Yissor."

"Are you sure?"

"Ah, faith—"

"I want you not to touch it, O'Hagan. Under penalty of my extreme displeasure, don't lay a finger on it till I give you permission. Don't dare to dust it. Do you understand?"

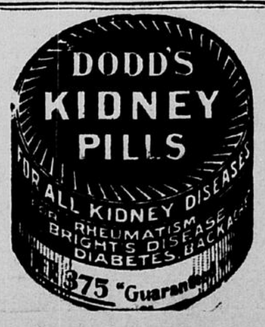
"Yissor. Very good, Mr. Maitland."

(To be Continued.)

### Very Smart.

"Wasn't it a fashionable wedding?"

"Oh, extremely. The bride denied the engagement right up to the altar, and the groom had hired seven cameras to smash."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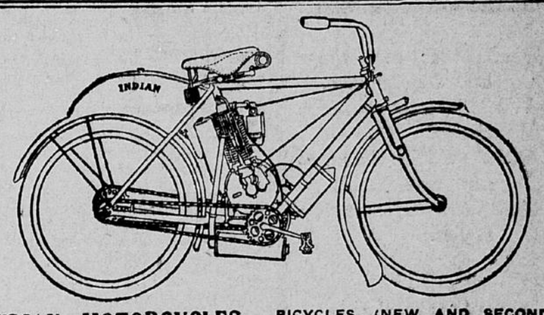


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