

# The Green Cloak

By YORKE DAVIS

WYU Review, Copyright, 1928

### STORY FROM THE START

Dr. Ronald McAllister, famous in his special work—applied psychology—employs his leisure time in the elucidation of crime mysteries. As the narrative opens he is interested with Assistant District Attorney Ashton in the murder in the small town of Oak Ridge, of a recluse, Henry Morgan. The murdered man, his papers reveal, had been in New Zealand, where Doctor McAllister had lived in his youth. Will Harvey has testified he saw a woman wearing a green cloak in the Morgan home the night of the murder. Doctor Reinhardt, friend of McAllister, telephones he has a queer case in his hospital and invites McAllister to see the patient. Doctor Reinhardt's patient proves to be a young woman, who in unconsciousness mutters in a language Reinhardt does not understand. McAllister sees a possible connection between the murdered New Zealander and the girl.

### CHAPTER III—Continued

Evidently Doctor McAllister had no share in this idea, for he lost interest in the young man the moment he was satisfied his identification of him had been correct. When the train stopped at Oak Ridge and he followed William Harvey out of the car, the doctor did not cast a single glance after his retreating figure.

By rare good fortune we found an auto pulled up beside the station platform waiting for the train, a flapping, dilapidated, nondescript, ramshackle affair, with a driver to match.

After a moment or two of sunny bargaining on the doctor's part, we found ourselves jolting along over a frozen, rutty road toward our destination.

"There's the house," said the driver at last. "But you're pretty late for the funeral. If that's what you've come for, it must be about over by this time."

Neither of us had thought of the funeral, and the sight of a hearse and a single car, waiting there in the wind-swept road, gave us, with our errand, a rather disagreeable sense of incongruity. That feeling was heightened when, leaving our bags in the hall, we were shown by the undertaker into a large, dim front parlor.

Here we saw death in its most conventional form. A little group of people sitting in rows in little folding chairs, a minister reading the service, a quartette from the village choir ready to sing another hymn when he should have done.

When, at the end of the service, the customary opportunity was offered for a last look at the body which lay there in its black casket, my companion rose and, nodding to me to follow him, took his place in the little procession that was filing round the coffin.

I could not do it; that act, somehow, seemed to put the crowning touch upon our intrusion.

"Well, I know how you felt about it," said my chief when the service was over, the people gone and we were left alone in the old house—alone, that is, with the addition of Mallory. "I'm glad I haven't to go through it again, though I'm glad I did, even at some violence to what they call our better instincts. I wouldn't have missed my look into that face for a good deal."

"You didn't recognize," I cried. "He isn't anyone you know, long ago, out there in New Zealand?"

"Not individually," said the doctor with a smile at my sudden exclamation, at the sudden recollection of those "father instincts" of mine. "Not individually, though that I might have been well within the possibilities. But he belongs to a type that I know all too well. Did it ever occur to you to wonder why it is that full gray beards and spectacles are always regarded as infallible indications of benevolent respectability? But there's a scar beneath that gray beard that was not come by in any peaceful occupation; and even without it, the whole construction of the skull and jaw, the facial angle, the shape of the nose, all proclaim him a rough customer—the sort of man who might well have a past that he was vainly trying to escape from. No, upon the whole, I am glad that Ashton left us free to work out this problem without holding us responsible to him for our results."

Our conversation was interrupted there by the appearance of Mallory at the doctor's elbow. It was rather amusing to watch his face as he read the note from Ashton that the doctor handed him. It was easy to see, from his suppressed smile of contemptuous amusement, that the district attorney had represented us as a couple of harmless cranks who might safely be permitted to amuse themselves upon the scene of crime as they chose.

"All right," he said, folding up the note and thrusting it into his pocket. "Make yourselves at home. Do you plan to spend the night here?"

"Two or three nights, perhaps," said the doctor. "We want to do a little looking about."

"Well," said Mallory, with jocular sarcasm, "if you find the secret of the old man's past, or meet up with that mysterious woman that one of the witnesses testified about at the inquest, why, let me know."

"You mean to spend the night here yourself, don't you?" I asked.

"Well, part of it, perhaps. I've got some looking about to do. But you

needn't mind me. I've got a key and can let myself in at any time."

An hour later, after a bountiful but vilely cooked meal at a little restaurant near the railway station, we returned to the house and began our investigation in earnest.

The first room, of course, to attract our attention was the room where the murder took place, the study on the third floor. Across one end of the room ran a rude set of homemade shelves occupied, perhaps, by two or three hundred nondescript volumes. A very large, much-littered desk stood in the middle of the larger part of the room, while in the alcove was a high deal table of the sort used by draughtsmen. A stool stood before it, and a swivel chair in front of the desk.

In one of the numerous corners of the room was an immense hamper, which seemed to have served the purpose of a waste-paper basket. The detectives had evidently examined the contents of it in their search for a clue to the murdered man's identity, but had not thought the contents worth preserving. There was a litter of small scraps about it, and that was all. A rusty oil stove completed the tale of the furniture.

And then there were his maps. They were curiously disposed for a man who made a habit of geography. They lay about the floor in great rolls. The one or two I looked at, after my preliminary glance about the apartment, were of recent date and bore the stamp of the British board of trade.

I was holding one of them out in my hands and poring over it, wondering rather idly, what possible interest this group of tiny coral reefs could have

had for a man who lived as Henry Morgan had lived, here in this village of Oak Ridge, when a sharp exclamation from Doctor McAllister drew my attention away from it.

He was standing close beside a big green-shaded lamp and bending over something which he had just taken from the top drawer of the desk. I shivered a little when I saw what it was, saw that it was a violin string.

The expression of the doctor's face, as he turned toward me, betrayed both indignation and excitement. "The prosecution of crime still goes on the basis that telling the truth is an easy thing to do; that a man does tell the truth, unless he means to lie. The man who came up here and found the body of Henry Morgan testified that he had been strangled by a noose. They thought it was true, because strangulation by a noose is the only kind they ever heard of. But look at this!"

He held it out to me, and, my repugnance forgotten, I took it in hand. Instead of one knot, the string contained two, one near the end, the other about fifteen inches away. They were tied just alike, and were knots of the fixed-loop variety, very like a bowline.

"If there were only a knot at the end," said the doctor, "the rest of the string could have been drawn through it to form a noose; but, of course, with this second knot of equal size that becomes impossible. The man was strangled, not by a noose at all, but by a tourniquet—a little stick—a lead pencil perhaps—run through the two loops and twisted."

"I held it out to me, and, my repugnance forgotten, I took it in hand. Instead of one knot, the string contained two, one near the end, the other about fifteen inches away. They were tied just alike, and were knots of the fixed-loop variety, very like a bowline."

"If there were only a knot at the end," said the doctor, "the rest of the string could have been drawn through it to form a noose; but, of course, with this second knot of equal size that becomes impossible. The man was strangled, not by a noose at all, but by a tourniquet—a little stick—a lead pencil perhaps—run through the two loops and twisted."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

"Look here!" he cried the next moment, with rising excitement. "Here's the rest of the instrument."

He held out for my inspection a long straight-stemmed birch pipe, and I was able to see, just at the base of the bowl, a shiny, circular indentation. The ghastly clearness of the demonstration of the murderer's method sickened me a little, and I dropped the pipe rather quickly.

My chief was pacing up and down the room, talking to himself. "I never believed in that noose—not really believed in it."

"You are undoubtedly right about it," said I, "but is the discovery important? Does it make any real difference?"

"That depends on the point of view," said he. "To the late Henry Morgan, I suppose it made no difference at all. To an ethnologist, it makes all the difference in the world. The Caucasian uses the noose. With him it has been the instrument of execution, of murder and of suicide from time immemorial. But there are other races that never heard of it. The aborigines in my part of the world never did. With them it was always this." He caught up the string as he spoke, and jerked it taut in both hands. "It's the instrument of ceremonial murder. They used to send widows out of the world this way, and all the British government put a stop to that etiquette."

Then, and only then, did I realize the importance of the discovery. "And the girl at the hospital?" I questioned. "Would those two loops be familiar to her?"

He nodded gravely. "I'll tell you this," said he, "I'm glad I'm under no obligation to report to Ashton until I'm ready."

Then he did a characteristic thing. He put the thing back in the drawer where he had found it, closed the drawer, straightened up, with a shrug of his broad shoulders, and said, in obviously good faith: "Come, let's begin."

Rather to my surprise, the doctor made straight for the waste-paper basket, growled a little at the "fools" who had emptied it, and patiently gathered together the few scraps that were left, some clinging in the interstices of the basket, some littered about the floor outside.

As I bent over to help him, he held out an irregular bit of thick white paper for my inspection. "It was a queer geographer, sure enough," was his comment. "He tore up his maps. This is part of one. There's a fact which might well have struck previous investigators as curious, but apparently did not. If he tore them up, it was because he was through with them. And if he could get through with them so that he could be sure he wouldn't want them any more, it was because they were meant to serve him some single, definite purpose. When they had so served it, or had failed to serve it, then he destroyed them to get them out of the way. That's logical, isn't it?"

"Absolutely, so far as I can see." Presently he carried another scrap over to the drafting table, scrutinized its bare surface rather minutely, and then offered this second morsel of paper for my inspection.

"Well, that's one thing he did with his maps. He planned them down on this table of his with thumb-tacks."

He pulled open a little drawer in the table, took out first some pencils, rulers and compasses, and finally a rectangular contrivance made of wood on rods, with flexible joints at the corners.

"Do you know what this is?" he asked. For a wonder I did, and he did not. That was a situation which arose but rarely.

"It's a pantograph," said I. "It's used for copying on an enlarged or reduced scale. You can set the scale to anything you like."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clue to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it."

# What's the Answer?