The GREEN CLOAK

By YORKE DAVIS

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STORY FROM THE START

Dr. Ronald McAlister, psychologist, undertakes to solve the mystery of the murder of a recluse, Henry Morgan. The dead man's papers reveal that he had been in New Zealand, where McAlister had lived in his youth. Will Harvey testifies to seeing a woman in a green cloak at the Morgan home the night of the murder. Doctor McAlister is asked to see a young woman patient in a hospital. In her delirium she mutters in a strange language which only McAlister understands. He suspects she may know something of the murder. A carefully hidden map is discovered by McAlister and Assistant District Attorney Ashton in Morgan's home. While they are searching a young woman enters the house in the darkness and escapes, leaving behind a green cloak. The name of Jane Perkins, a housemaid, is brought into the case and McAlister believes he has a clue.

CHAPTER VI

After our conversation with Ashton in the morning, which had terminated with a practical declaration of war, on our part, upon him, his visit to our laboratory took us rather by surprise. I think, perhaps that he intended it that way, and that there may have been lurking in the bottom of his mind the idea that by coming upon us in that unexpected way, he might surprise some secret we were holding back from him.

"Well," he said cheerfully in answer to our greeting, "I just met Harvey coming away from here in Mallory's convoy. I suppose with such an array of instruments as this," he waved his hand to include pretty much everything in the room, "you've succeeded in getting the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth out of him. How about it? Is he innocent or guilty?"

His mockery was perfectly good-natured, but the depth of his skepticism made it possible for Doctor McAlister to be perfectly frank with him.

"He is innocent," said he. "He had no more connection with the Oak Ridge murder than you had."

"He says so himself, I presume," observed Ashton.

"Exactly," replied the doctor.

The telephone bell rang just then and I answered it. I heard a voice from somewhere inquiring if this was Doctor McAlister's laboratory, and on my answering in the affirmative, the voice asked if Mr. Ashton had arrived yet.

"He's here now," I said. "Do you want to talk with him?"

Then I turned away and called Ashton to the phone. As he started across the room my chief spoke to him.

"I see an evening paper sticking out of your pocket," said he. "Let me have a look, will you, while you are at the telephone?"

Ashton handed it to him, then crossed the room and picked up the receiver.

The doctor beckoned to me. For the moment he seemed very little concerned with the news, for he turned the front pages rapidly, until he came to the lost and found section in the classified advertising. Once there, his eye pounced, like a hawk, upon the item he wanted. His long bony finger pointed it out to me:

"Found—A green cloak. Owner can have same by identifying and paying cost of this insertion."

"I wonder if that bait has brought any nibbles this afternoon," the doctor whispered.

Then, before I could reply, he gripped my arm tightly, and nodded toward Ashton.

"A woman, you say" . . . I heard him exclaim with every appearance of excitement. . . .

"Did she identify it?" . . .

"What sort of woman? Anything unusual about her?"

There was a little silence while he listened for the description. Then in an incredulous tone we heard him exclaim:

"An English housemaid! And she gave her name as Jane Perkins! Did she identify the cloak beyond a doubt?"

. . . . . .

"What address did she give?"

. . . . . .

"What's that? Three—seven—0 Woodland! Why, you idiot, that's my own address! That's The Meredith. And you let her walk off with that cloak over her arm after she had given you that address!"

He waited for no answer, replaced the receiver on the hook, with a jerk, and whirled around upon us, his face red with anger.

"Gentlemen, don't you think you have carried this joke a little too far?" he demanded.

I suppose the unwarranted accusation might have made me angry if I had had leisure to indulge in such an emotion. But all my other feelings were swallowed up in astonishment. That one additional detail supplied by Ashton's conversation over the telephone stretched an already hardly credible coincidence to the breaking point. Jane Perkins not only had a green cloak with a high collar, but she had lost it; and seeing it advertised as found, had promptly gone and identified it, and had gone away with it over her arm. But the address—well, I admitted to myself, that reduced the whole thing to a farce.

For a moment all my belief in Doctor McAlister's theory, in the validity of the test we had performed upon Harvey, in every scientific law I had felt surest of ten minutes ago, tottered on its foundation. Some one, somewhere, in placid security from our suspicions, and from the possibility of our detection was directing this ghastly farce and was permitting himself to laugh at us. That girl in the hospital had been shamming; Harvey had been shamming; Jane Perkins, who had identified the cloak, was, perhaps, a myth altogether. I could imagine whoever played the part laughing, as she walked away with that cloak over her arm, and picturing the effect upon all of us when we should learn the address she had given.

But to the district attorney the situation had a very different look. He had no doubt at all—and on second thought I could not blame him—that we ourselves were the center of a plot to make him look ridiculous.

I got the shock of another surprise when I turned to look at Doctor McAlister. Instead of the indignant rebuke which I expected him to mete out to the young man who had just accused him, he spoke very quietly and with a mocking twinkle in his eye.

"You can't expect me to pass my opinion on a joke, Ashton, until I hear it," he said.

"You know altogether too much about it already," said the attorney hotly. "This precious Jane Perkins of yours answers my advertisement for the cloak which you turned over to me. She identifies it, beyond any doubt, as anyone whom you had instructed in advance would be able to do—identifies it down to a missing button and a patch in the lining. How far back does the joke go? Did you find the cloak as you pretended you did, in Oak Ridge, near the Morgan house, or was the finding of it part of the game?"

A little gesture of rebuke and protest from the doctor checked him very abruptly.

"No, I withdraw that," he said. "That was an unwarranted thing to say. I believe that up to this morning, when you declared war upon me, you thought that by instructing the woman to give my own detective my own address as hers you were giving me a fair chance to detect the fraud. It would be, I suppose, if this were a game of chess. But this is serious business."

"We realize that as well as you do," I started to say, but my chief interrupted me.

"Can't you penetrate our fraud a little further?" he asked, and his tone now was openly derisive. "Does it occur to you that Phelps here, with the addition of a skirt and a shawl, might not be a sufficiently plausible Jane Perkins to deceive the astute gentleman you left in charge?"

There was a little pause there, for Ashton was too angry to answer.

The doctor's manner changed as he went on. "What Phelps says is true. We realize better than you do, I think, what is at stake here. We're not trying to thwart justice in the long run. We are attacking this problem in our own way, after giving you fair warning. We refused to guarantee that our way would not conflict with yours, and we told you, in so many words, that you'd do well to keep an eye on us. You've the law on your side. You've all the power of the state attorney's office, whereas we have no standing at all. If you think we've got the cloak, search us; search the laboratory. Where will you begin?"

Still too angry to make any reply, Ashton strode out of the room, not actually slamming the door after him, but shutting it decisively enough to suggest that he felt like slamming it, and the next moment we heard his motor chugging away down the avenue.

The doctor hurried to the window and looked out after him. Presently he turned toward me with a long breath of relief.

"We're all right so far," he said. "He's gone straight on without turning the corner. He isn't going back to The Meredith just yet. Come along. We'll have no time to lose even as it is. Ashton will have cooled down by dinner time, and when he's cool enough to let his mind begin working again, he'll become dangerous."

Already he was struggling into his overcoat. I turned to go to the other room for mine, when he called me back and sent me to the telephone.

"I think we had better have a taxi," he said. "It'll save some precious time and will enable us to take some of our traps up to the hotel with us."

"Traps?" I inquired. "Some of our instruments, do you mean?"

He nodded. "The chronograph and telephones," he said. "I fancy they'll be all we'll need for any real test we shall want to make, but it will be well to take something else for the purpose of diffusing attention. Here, this piece of heavy artillery will just serve the purpose. It's rather cumbersome, but that makes it all the better."

The instrument he indicated was one I had never seen before, it having come in, only that day from the model makers. The doctor was always devising new instruments of one sort or another. This one looked interesting, and I should have questioned him about it had not my mind been so full of other things.

"You'd better telephone at once," he concluded. "If this sleet storm keeps up, the wires are likely to be down before night."

Both of us, I think, would have been a little surprised if we could have known how true that prediction was and how vitally it was going to concern us.

"You are going to make some tests up in our rooms in The Meredith?" I asked.

"I imagine," he said soberly, though his eyes sparkled with excitement as he spoke, "I imagine that our rooms will be about the only place where we will be secure from interruption. I could see it in Ashton's eye that he meant business, and I'm pretty sure that if we attempted to come back here after dinner and bring anybody with us, our little party would sustain a rude interruption."

All the while he spoke, he was busy gathering things together, and as soon as I had finished telephoning, I helped him. Haste spoke in every movement he made, and it was not long before I was thoroughly infected with his excitement, although I had only a vague idea what it was all about.

Not until we were seated in the cab, with a suitcase full of instruments at our feet, did he say anything that tended to clear up any part of the mystery.

"It was a great piece of luck," he observed then, "we were able to send Ashton away in such a rage. It won't occur to him for some time, to begin making inquiries about The Meredith."

"You mean," I exclaimed, "that the address four—seven—0 Woodland avenue was given in good faith, by a real Jane Perkins, who is actually employed there?"

He only laughed and told me to wait and see; but the inflection of his voice and the eager expectancy in his eyes made it clear that that was what he did believe.

"But," I protested, "even if it were possible to imagine Jane Perkins as having any possible connection with the crime, it is inconceivable that she would go and risk answering the advertisement in order to reclaim the cloak and then give her own address."

He vouchsafed no word of explanationtion or argument, but I could see that my objection had not shaken him in the least. So, perforce, I waited with what patience I could assume to see what would happen when we reached The Meredith.

The doctor turned over our bag to a hallboy, with instructions that it be taken to our apartment. Then he led the way straight toward the dining room. It was barely six o'clock, a full hour earlier than we usually dined, and the room was almost empty.

"It won't entirely destroy your appetite to sit down to dinner in tweeds, will it?" he asked. "We really haven't time for frivolities of that sort this evening."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Broken Heart Cause of Pyorrhea Attacks

According to Dr. Hans Sachs of Berlin, one of Germany's most eminent dentists, the jolts of life and worries loosen teeth and are the real cause of pyorrhea. Keep your soul in snug comfort and harmony, he says, and your teeth will be free of the modern plague of pyorrhea. Doctor Sachs has devoted the last ten years to the study of the influence of psychological factors on teeth, says the Pathfinder Magazine. He believes that pyorrhea develops most easily in teeth affected by tartar.

"I have established through a series of tests that under strain of emotion and worries tartar settles on teeth much more rapidly than under normal condition," he claims. "Another cause for pyorrhea is gnashing of teeth, especially when asleep. Psychoanalysts know that gnashing of the teeth is only a reaction of the subconscious mind trying to free itself of burdensome impressions of daily life. Consequently, here too is a psychic cause leading to pyorrhea. Most pyorrhea patients belong to the depressive type discovered by Freud. Take the depression away and the pyorrhea will improve. It may sound foolish to laymen, but there is no doubt that a broken heart may cause pyorrhea and the subsequent loss of teeth."

"The Marseillaise"

"The Marseillaise" has been the French national anthem for over 100 years, since the time of the French revolution. In April, 1792, when a column of volunteers was about to leave Strassburg, the mayor of the city gave a banquet on the occasion and invited an officer of artillery, Rouget de Lisle, to compose a song in their honor. He wrote the words during the night, adapting the music from an oratorio, and the song was sung with enthusiasm the following day. The Army of the North took up the song, which was introduced to Paris by the Marseillaise battalion and became known as the hymn of the Marseillaise.

Desolate by Winds

There lies between Formosa and the coast of China a group of 21 islands, interspersed with innumerable reefs and ledges, which are called the Pescadores islands. According to the investigations of certain geologists these islands have suffered in a remarkable manner from the northeast winds, which blow with violence there during nine months of the year. The original area of the islands has been greatly reduced by erosion, and their surfaces are barren and desolate, so that the wind-whipped group forms a quasi-desert amid the green island world of Southeastern Asia.

Origin of "Horse-Radish"

In the names of plants and fruits the word "horse" is frequently used to denote a large, strong or coarse variety. For instance horse beans are a coarse variety of common beans used in feeding horses and cattle. It is supposed that the word was originally used in "horse-radish" for the same purpose; namely, to indicate what was regarded as a coarse kind of radish.

Good Medicine

A doctor and a jurist both declare that a new hat is a splendid tonic for the average woman. Rather tough, though, if the lady wishes her tonic before every meal. The trouble is that she has to shake the husband before taking.

What's the Answer?

Questions No. 12

1—What crew won the Harvard-Yale two-mile rowing race in 1926?

2—What states were originally colonized by the Spanish?

3—What army surgeon became secretary of war; in whose cabinet?

4—How does the beach get its sand?

5—How deep is the deepest part of the ocean?

6—What was the origin in the theater of the Astor place riot, which resulted in the death of 26 people; in what city and what year did it occur?

7—Where is the group of islands which is the unsubmerged portion of a mountain system?

8—What great American novelist became a permanent resident of England?

9—Who said, when he heard of the battle of Bunker hill: "The liberties of the country are safe!"?

10—Are common stocks of corporations ever redeemed?

11—What novelist is considered the founder of the American school of realism?

12—Who was the leading pitcher in the American league in 1926?

13—What are "fighting fish"?

14—What was the "Flying Dutchman"?

15—Who patented the first revolver, and when?

16—When was the Panama canal opened?

17—What genius of the Renaissance was painter, sculptor, architect, scientist, engineer, mechanician and musician?

18—Where are situated the thousands of small lakes formed by the Laurentian glacier?

19—Who said: "Let me die in my old American uniform, in which I fought my battles. God forgive me for ever having put on any other"?

20—What are the three leading sources of national income of the United States?

Answers No. 11

1—Capt. Robert Gray, 1792.

2—Three; Harrison, Taylor, Harding.

3—Plants.

4—The ability or capacity to perform work.

5—Great Heart cleared the bar at 8 feet ½ inch.

6—Antonin Dvorak, in his "New World" symphony.

7—The Nile.

8—"Endymion" by John Keats.

9—John Sherman.

10—In America, yes; in England, no.

11—Major Pitcairn, before the battle of Lexington.

12—The United States.

13—The average human heart weighs nine and one-half ounces.

14—An instrument for detecting the presence of an electric current or measuring its strength.

15—New York, New Jersey.

16—Three: Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley.

17—Stravinski.

18—Hudson bay.

19—"The Faery Queene."

20—The five-day week.

Nonshrinkable Wool Supplied by Ovibos

The musk-ox—scientifically, the ovibos—is one of the interesting animals of the Arctic region. It is something like a cow and something like a sheep, but is not a cross, though the name, ovibos, means a sheep-cow. It seems to be a relic of an animal that lived in the Stone age, when the hairy rhinoceros and the mammoth were common, writes the travel editor of the Pathfinder Magazine. It feeds on grass herbs, moss and the shoots of trees. Not only is its meat very good to eat and the hide good for leather, but the wool from its coat is softer than cashmere and it has the advantage over all other wool that it will not shrink. One can smell the ovibos when it is still a quarter of a mile away, and this gives it its popular name of musk-ox. But the musky smell does not taint the meat if the butchering is carefully done.

Stopped Traffic for Duck

Traffic on a busy main road near Bourne, England, was held up for ten minutes while a duck laid an egg. A policeman had halted automobiles when the duck started to waddle across the road. Halfway over she sat down. After she had laid the egg she continued her journey. The egg was salvaged and the procession of halted cars proceeded.

Milk Without Cream

A cow that possessed "a perfectly adjusted separator" has been reported by a correspondent to the Sydney Bulletin. "She gave a lot of milk and her calves were the fattest and biggest in the herd, but for household purposes her milk was useless," according to the correspondent. "The milk could be run through a separator without a drop of cream appearing either in the dish or in the interior of the machine. By no method of milking could she be enticed to give any cream."

Acme of Accuracy

Testing lamps and radio tubes before they go out to be sold is a delicate art. A device has now been perfected that detects a variation of one-thousandth of a millionth of an ampere.

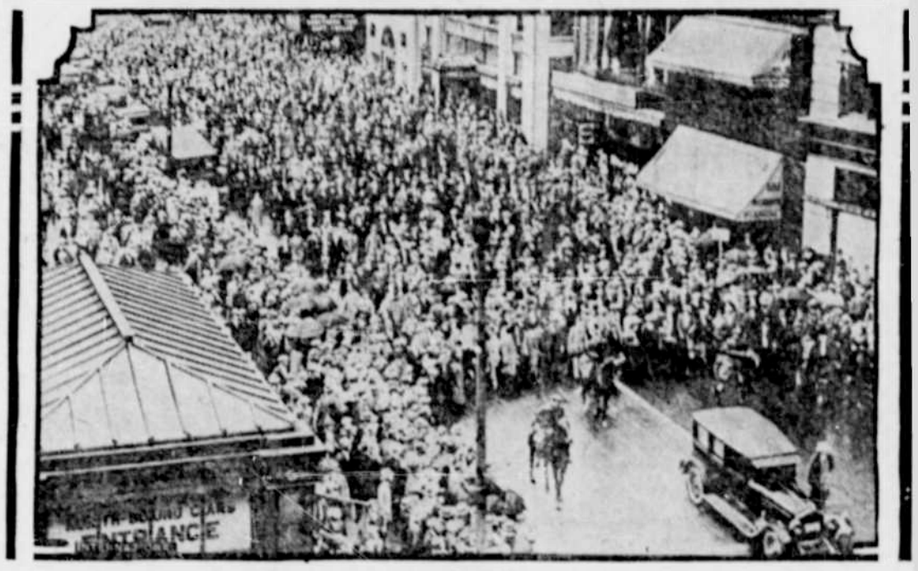
Highest of Rewards

An opportunity to work and serve and laugh and love and be loved is a golden reward in itself and makes other rewards superfluous.—Luther Burbank.

Legionnaires Begin to Arrive in France

Here are some of the first members of the American Legion to arrive in France for the convention, photographed as they slaked their thirst in Cherbourg, where they landed. At the left is Capt. Helen Purviance of the Salvation army, the original "doughnut girl," who already has gone across to distribute doughnuts to the doughboys once more.

Funeral of Sacco and Vanzetti in Boston



Some of the many thousands of Sacco-Vanzetti sympathizers and mourners following the two hearses in the funeral procession to the Forest Hill crematory, Boston.

W. K. Vanderbilt and His New Wife

William K. Vanderbilt and Mrs. Rosamond Warburton, who were married in Paris. The groom's application to dispense with the ten days' notice demanded by the French law was denied by the authorities.

At the British War Maneuvers

Britain's new war machine, the mechanised force, had its first intensive field training on Salisbury plain recently. Photograph shows gas-masked members of the infantry passing through the gas area.

CONDENSED IN A FEW LINES

Petroleum was first used as medicine by the Greek philosopher Herodotus, about 484 B. C.

The thatched cottage of Izaak Walton, famous Seventeenth century fisherman, in Staffordshire, has burned down.

Automobile stop signs in Ann Arbor, Mich., now are marked with figures telling the fine for violating the law.

The gambusia, an American fish, is being used to destroy the larvae of mosquitoes in lakes and ponds in Spain, Italy, Germany, Russia and Jugoslavia.

To protect himself against pickpockets while traveling in Poland, T. C. Augustine, of St. Joseph, Mo., sewed fish hooks in his pockets, and he caught two pickpockets in Warsaw in this manner, he says.

WITH BROKEN NECK

One year ago Merrill V. Beagle of Rosemont, Pa., was taking a radio course when he had his neck broken in an automobile mishap. His neck was first encased in a plaster cast, and now is in a steel and leather body brace, which he has worn while completing his radio course. He has just been licensed by the government as a first class radio operator.

IN NICARAGUA

Brig. Gen. Frank R. McCoy, appointed by President Coolidge to supervise the Nicaraguan elections in 1928, has arrived in Managua, Nicaragua, where he was presented to President Diaz by Charles C. Eberhardt, the American minister.

Founded by Columbus

The first European city in the New world, named Isabella, was founded by Christopher Columbus in December, 1493, on the northern shore of Haiti, about 25 miles west of the present town of Puerto Plata.

How About It?

"We are not what we think we are; we are what we think," philosophizes an exchange. Why, if we are what we think, what we think we are we are, are we not—or are we?