

The Green Cloak

By YORKE DAVIS

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STORY FROM THE START

Dr. Ronald McAllister, 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 McAllister had lived in his youth. Will Harvey confess to seeing a woman in a green cloak at the Morgan home the night of the murder? Doctor McAllister is asked to see a young woman patient in a hospital in her delirium who murmurs in a strange language which only McAllister understands. He suspects she may know something of the murderer. A carefully hidden map is discovered by McAllister 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. In response to an advertisement of the finding of a green cloak, a young woman giving her name as Jane Perkins, housemaid at the Meredith, claims it. McAllister takes two laboratory instruments to the Meredith for an undisclosed purpose. The head waiter, Wilkins, admits Jane Perkins is employed at the hotel.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

"I was sent up here to do up the bedrooms, sir," she said. "Was there any mistake about it, sir?"

I realized how how "face" and "nice" had suggested a rhyme to Harvey. She pronounced the word, "Harvey," in the vilest cockney.

"No, it's quite right," said I. "Come in."

Doctor McAllister let her go straight through into the bedrooms with no more than a glance at her, and a nod in her general direction.

"Well," he said, "how about it? Does the resemblance strike you?"

"I don't think it would have struck me had I not been looking for it. But I imagine if we could get silhouettes of those two faces and put them side by side, they'd look a good deal alike."

He looked at me rather oddly, turned away and paced the length of the room a couple of times. It was one of his incoherent and unexpected characteristics that he liked to whistle or hum popular tunes to himself when he was thinking in an abstracted way. He began to do it now, though it was no popular tune which his fancy alighted on; indeed, it took me a minute or two to identify the queer, chanting cadence which he hummed over and over again. I did not identify it, in fact, until he left off humming and began to sing, and then the guttural words he used gave me the clue. It was that ghastly death chant we had heard the girl in the hospital groaning and mumbling to herself.

Presently he strode over to the mantelpiece. There was a large ornamental, narrow-throated vase at the end of it, and the doctor began tapping idly enough upon the side of it with a little pearl-handled pocket knife. I turned round in some surprise.

"That sounds as if it were full of water," said I.

"It is."

"Well, who in the world can ever have thought of putting water in that vase?"

"Who, indeed?" he said. "Oh, look here, will you, Phelps? I've dropped my knife into it."

It was curiously unlike him to do an idle, clumsy thing like that, quite as unnatural as that the vase, which had never held a flower, should be full of water. But suddenly something in his face told me that the thing he had done was part of a carefully calculated trick.

The next moment he called out, "Perkins—"

"Yes, sir," came the chambermaid's voice from the next room. "Coming, sir."

As she entered the room he turned to her and indicated the vase. "I've just dropped my penknife in there," he said, "and my hand is too big to go through the throat of it. Do you think you can fish it out for me?"

"My hand isn't as small as some, sir," she said with fat good humor. "But, anyway, I can try."

"Hold on," the doctor cried as she moved her hand toward the vase. "The thing is full of water. You'll get your sleeve wet."

I was standing close by waiting to see what would happen, still utterly at a loss for a guess as to the doctor's purpose.

The girl slipped back her sleeve and plunged her arm into the vase.

And I, unable to believe what my eyes had seen, clutched the doctor's shoulder and stared, astounded, into his thoughtful face. For high up on the girl's forearm, just inside the elbow, was a tattoo mark in red and blue—a mark that I had not forgotten.

CHAPTER VII

It was fortunate that she did not once look into my astonished face, because for the first few moments I had no control of it at all, and to any eye even a stupid one, it would have betrayed strange matters. At first I simply stared at that mysterious little tattoo mark in red and blue; it seemed as if I could not pull my eyes away from it. But at last, rubbing my hands over them, I looked up at the doctor, astonished, questioning, incredulous, and yet so convinced.

Of any such momentary turmoil his own face showed absolutely no sign. It was calm, almost to the edge of indifference, but his bright old eyes met mine for just an instant with a flashing look that admonished me of the necessity for self-control.

I pulled myself together, turned away for just the space of one deeply withdrawn breath, then turned back again for a look at the girl. She was bending over the vase, her hand plunged down to the bottom of it, where she was fishing about for the doctor's knife. She was evidently a good-humored sort of person, easily pleased. The doctor's pretended mishap and her own efforts to retrieve it, seemed to be providing her with genuine amusement. She smiled and giggled and chattered all the while she was groping around for the knife, and uttered a triumphant exclamation when she found it.

All of that I barely saw, for I was searching, too, searching her face with a concentrated gaze that would have astonished her had she encountered it. As I looked, in the light of my new knowledge of her, the physical identity of her features with those of the wild girl became steadily more apparent, until I was forced to marvel at my previous blindness to it. Physically the face was the same; but everything of bone and flesh, every infinitely subtle muscular strain or relaxation about lip, eyelid and brow, everything which makes of the human face a window through which the soul looks out—all of that was different. Her movements were different. Sensory and motor nerves must be keyed to an altogether different pitch. The deep, stable color in her cheeks told of a pulse that beat at an entirely different rhythm. I remembered the poise of her body the last time we had stood face to face with her there in Henry Morgan's study, her attitude of frozen alertness, the deep breath drawn in through the dilated nostrils. She had caught our scent then and, recognizing it as something strange and perilous, had fled like a shadow.

The doctor was standing close beside her, and now again he began humming the weird cadence of the death chant which I had heard for the first time from the girl's own lips. He hummed it through once in a reminiscent sort of way, and then began singing the words.

The girl looked up at him and burst into a peal of laughter.

He stopped abruptly. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"I beg pardon, I'm sure," she said. "I couldn't help laughing. That was such a funny lot of noises."

"Is my singing as bad as that?" he asked good-naturedly.

"Not the singing, sir; the noises that went with it."

"Oh, you mean the language. Didn't you ever hear that language before?"

"Do you call that a language, sir? Does it mean anything? Do people talk like that?" Then she went on,

"I don't see anything but a spot of yellow light."

myself—Wellington, New Zealand, but I never heard that language."

"No," he said; "you'd have to go a matter of a thousand miles or two from Wellington to hear that; it's Maori."

"I never heard of him. Is that all, sir? Shall I do up the rooms?"

He nodded; but as she turned to leave the room he called her back.

"You're rather near-sighted, aren't you, Perkins?" he said.

"Oh, no, sir; quite to the contrary. In fact, I can see farther than most people."

"Did you ever have your eyes tested?"

"Measured for glasses, do you mean, sir?" she asked. "No, sir. I shan't never come to them."

"Sit down in that chair a minute," said the doctor, with an easy assumption of authority. "No, not that one; this big chair here. I want to see if your eyes are as good as you think they are."

The chair he indicated, and in which she rather reluctantly seated herself was deep and soft and heavily upholstered. Neither the doctor nor I enjoyed sitting in it, however, because the curve at the back thrust one's head forward at an unnatural angle.

"Lean back," commented the doctor, "all the way—so."

When she was seated to his satisfaction, he wheeled the chair around with its back to the table, and then adjusted the powerful electric reading lamp so that it shed a beam horizontally above the girl's head.

She surveyed these preparations a little uneasily. "It's like having a tooth pulled," she said.

"Not a bit," said the doctor cheerfully. "It's not going to hurt. I only want you to look into this little mirror and tell me what you see."

He held it up before her eyes as he spoke. It was circular, slightly concave and was adjusted upon a long ivory handle. He held it above her head so that she had to strain her eyes upward to see it at all, and at such an angle that it reflected the light of the reading lamp straight into her eyes.

"I don't see anything at all but a spot of yellow light," she said.

"You only see one?" questioned the doctor.

He pulled out his watch and glanced at it. "Don't mind what I'm doing," he admonished her. "Look steadily at the little mirror. Let me know how long it is before you begin to see two of those spots."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

fancy; ever since I was too small to remember anyway. I hope your knife won't get rusty, sir. And I hope you don't mind my laughin' at that bit of song you sang."

"Not a bit," said the doctor. "I don't wonder the language struck you as queer. Yet it was common enough down in the quarter of the world where I was born."

"And where might that be, sir?" she asked.

"Oh, I meant the South Pacific generally. Where I lived was in New Zealand."

"Fancy now!" she said, obviously pleased. "That's where I come from"



"I Don't See Anything but a Spot of Yellow Light."

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"I Was Sent Up Here to Do Up the Bedrooms, Sir," She Said.

without a pause. "I beg your pardon for belin' such a rattle, sir. And here's your knife."

She wiped it on her apron and laid it on the center table; then wiped her hand and started to pull down her sleeve.

"That's a curious bit of tattooing on your arm," the doctor commented. "How did you come by it?"

"I don't know," she replied indifferently. "It's always been there, I

Famed in History as Warrior and Builder

Among the most important monarchs who governed a mighty civilization centuries before Athens came into fame was Seti I, a great warrior and a great builder, who ruled Egypt not long after the death of Tut-ankhamen. Ramses II, founder of the nineteenth dynasty of Egypt, ruled only two years and was then succeeded by his son, Seti I. The young ruler took up the task bequeathed to him by his father of leading his conquering armies into Asia. He marched to Lebanon and compelled the Syrian princes to cut down some of the famous cedars for his triumph. He overran the Philistine country, marched through Palestine and shattered the Amorites. He also had conflict with the Hittites of Asia Minor, but little is known of his wars with them. Seti's military achievements,

Johnson Fond of Books

According to that greatest of all biographers, Boswell, Doctor Johnson, upon entering a library, "ran eagerly to one side of the room, intent on poring over the backs of books." Because of this custom a contemporary once called him "odd," to which accusation Johnson replied: "Sir, the reason is very plain. Knowledge is of two kinds. We know the subject ourselves or we know where we can find information upon it. When we inquire into any subject, the first thing we have to do is to know what books have treated of it. This leads us to look at catalogues and the backs of books in libraries." No wonder that such a man knew so well how and where to tap the sources of knowledge and give the world a great and unique dictionary.—From "Favourite Book Collectors."

Father Paid Dearly

"Recently a little chap, known to us as 'Junior,' cried for a whole day because his mother made him wear a little suit all trimmed in ruffles and the boys down at the corner garage called him 'Betty,'" writes Parnes of Urbana.

"That night when his father returned home he met with instant sympathy, and he explained to him that he need never act like a 'Betty,' even if his mother did insist sometimes that he look like one.

"So the next morning, still wearing his ruffles, 'Junior' went down to this same corner garage and heaved almost a whole brickbat through the front window. A father, with considerable pride, paid the bill."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Virtues of Men

In my exploration for the virtues of men I have learned that patient search usually discovers some refreshing virtue wherever there has been exhibited any unusual display of energy.—Stuart Sherman.

Wisdom in Reticence

"People who say little," said III Ho, the sage of Chinatown, "reserve to themselves the time for thinking much."—Washington Star.

Carelessness is a poor substitute for peacefulness.

What's the Answer?

Questions No. 14

- 1—What is the high standing jump record?
- 2—Who invented the sewing machine and when?
- 3—What vice president was later tried for treason?
- 4—What is geology?
- 5—With what three remarkable roles are the name and fame of Mrs. Flake principally associated?
- 6—Which is the highest mountain in Great Britain?
- 7—What legends are the subject of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King"?
- 8—What is the umbrella bird and what is its most conspicuous ornament?
- 9—Is this statement correct: "I expect that you have eyestrain"?
- 10—What is the third verse in Chap. 1 of the Book of Job?
- 11—What European sea coast is known as "cote sauvage"?
- 12—What is the record for the national collegiate run of 100 yards?
- 13—When was Labor day made a legal national holiday?
- 14—What President later became a member of the house of representatives?
- 15—Where are emeralds found?
- 16—What English author, essayist and lecturer was most famous as an art critic?
- 17—What are the "Biglow Papers"?
- 18—What is vanilla, what it, uses and where grown?
- 19—Which is correct, "would rather" or "had rather"?
- 20—What is a psalm?

Answers No. 13

- 1—Mary Ann Evans.
- 2—Philadelphia defeated Boston 4-1 in a 24-inning game September 1, 1900.
- 3—Six; Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Van Buren, Buchanan.
- 4—Carolina, for Charles II.
- 5—That branch of knowledge that treats on the science of life.
- 6—Landscape painting.
- 7—Ladoga.
- 8—It is a native of North America and there are but two species, the Yucatan and Central American.
- 9—Twenty-five.
- 10—II Chronicles; Chap. 4, v. 10.
- 11—"War and Peace."
- 12—G. H. Goulding of Canada walked it in 6 min. 25.8 sec.
- 13—Millard Fillmore.
- 14—Gen. John H. Morgan.
- 15—That branch of science that deals with the properties of different kinds of matter.
- 16—Beethoven.
- 17—Scotland.
- 18—It is a genus of early blooming plants belonging to the lily family and there are about forty-five species.
- 19—By the people inhabiting the western Pyrenees.
- 20—In the Bible.

Shakespeare Held as Leader of New Art

The masterpieces of one art were produced at its birth. The theater was a new institution in the social life of Shakespeare's youth, and the first playhouse built in England was not a dozen years old when the great poet arrived in London. The Middle Ages had gratified its love of mimicry by miracle plays, which developed into moralities and interludes. The middle of the sixteenth century Latin and Greek plays were crudely imitated in English, but of poetic, literary, romantic, intellectual drama England knew practically nothing until Shakespeare was of age.

"Here," it seems he must have said, "is a land just discovered—I shall be the leader of its exploration." A young man of twenty-two, burdened with a wife and three children, he had left his home in his native town about 1586 to seek his fortune in the great city. He had few friends and no money. Though his ambition was to be an actor and to write his own plays he sought and won a job as call-boy at one of the newly founded theaters and was only after some delay promoted to lumbie duties on the stage itself. He tried his hand at the revision of an old play, and the manager, recognizing the youth's gift, aided him on his climb. But for seven or eight years he worked in obscurity and it was not until his "Romero and Juliet" was produced that he was hailed as the prophet of a new world of art.—Kansas City Star.

The Horse in History

Domestic breeds of horses existed in Europe from prehistoric times. The first mention of the British horse occurs in "Caesar." Though used extensively in warfare and other pursuits, agriculture seems to have been the first use to which horses were put. The earliest suggestion that horses were used in agriculture is derived from a piece of Bayeux tapestry where the horse is represented as drawing a harrow.—Washington Star.

Powerful Organization

The American Bankers' association has a membership of over 21,000 banks out of a reported total of 28,000 banks of all kinds in the country. The banks within the association have estimated capital funds of about \$7,000,000,000 and total resources of \$58,500,000,000.

Snow on the Equator

Snow-capped Mount Kenya, in British East Africa, is the only place on the equator that is snow-covered.

Wichita Suffers From Another Bad Flood



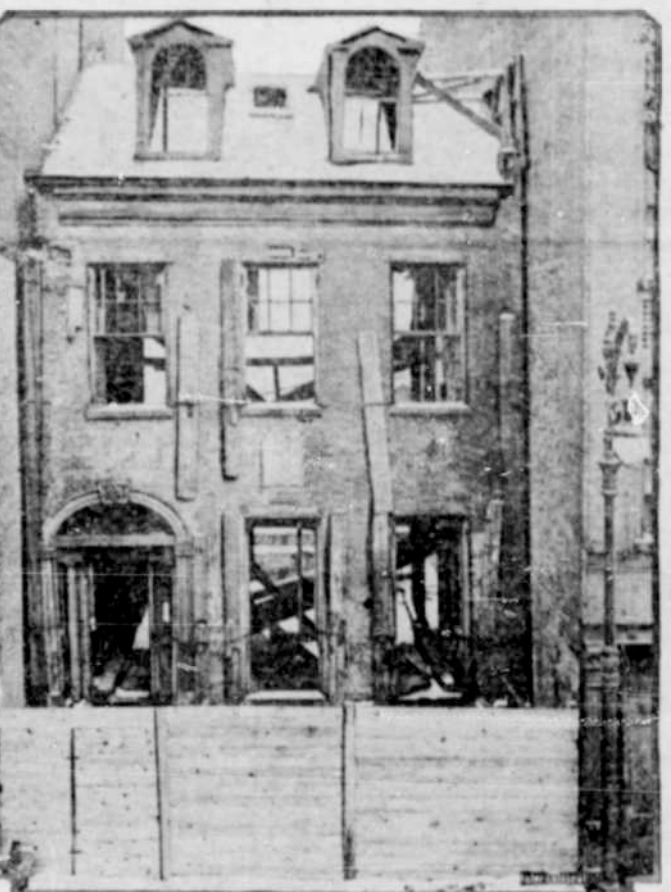
For the third time in less than a month North Wichita, Kan., was inundated by flood waters of Chisholm creek and the Little Arkansas river. The picture was made in the heart of the industrial district where many families were forced to abandon their homes and where much property was damaged.

Prize Winning Poster for the American Legion



This is the prize-winning poster in the contest of the American Legion for the best poster showing the cause for which the members of the Legion fought and the ideals which they represent. It is the work of J. M. Mitchell.

Monroe House Is Sold at Auction



The dilapidated mansion at 95 Crosby street, New York, in which President James Monroe died on July 4, 1831, was sold at public auction, the other day. The American Science and Historic Preservation society, which bought it several years ago, was unable to provide for its upkeep.

ON THE HAGUE COURT



Judge Benjamin Cardozo of the New York Court of Appeals, who has been named by President Coolidge to represent the United States at The Hague as a member of the International Court of Arbitration.

BIGGEST WATERMELON



This is thought to be the largest watermelon ever grown. It weighs 143 pounds, has a circumference of 72 1/2 inches lengthwise and was grown on the farm of H. L. Dudley near Hope, Ark. Judge it's size by comparison with the little darkey standing behind it.

Self-Complacency

Self-complacency, to a marked degree, was shown by a woman who, when asked whether her child was more like his father or mother, replied, "Oh, he's more like me. But I rather think it's a pretty good thing, for I don't see that I can complain of myself any."

Bankrupt

Sometimes a man who claims he is as good as his word suddenly becomes speechless.—Farm and Fireside.

Magellan First

The first record for traveling around the world was made by Magellan, who encircled the globe between September 20, 1519, and September 8, 1522, points out an answered question in Liberty. The present record is 28 days, 14 hours, 36 minutes, and 5 seconds.

No Limit

"There is no limit to the amount of good a man can do, if he doesn't care who gets the credit."

Governor Ritchie Is Now Ohe Tomka



Governor Ritchie of Maryland, at the right, with the Indian chief of the Susquehanna tribe of Indians at the Woodcraft League of America, after the governor was given the name of Ohe Tomka, or Starwart One, at the Timonium fair.

CONDENSED IN A FEW LINES

- Matches, first known as friction lights, have been manufactured only 100 years.
- All street parades, except strictly civic, have been barred from Cincinnati.
- Whitewashes that withstand considerable heat have been developed for use in factories.
- A London hospital engages in the manufacture of surgical catgut for use in sewing wounds.
- An undersize lifeboat, designed for rescue of a crew in a disabled submarine, has been found in Egyptian tombs.