



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 in the murder, in the small town of Oak Ridge, of a recluse, Henry Morgan. With a young friend, who tells the story, and Ashton, assistant district attorney, who is working on the case, he outlines the tragedy while at dinner in The Meredith hotel.

CHAPTER II

No one could deny my old chief a sense of humor, but his possession of it did not always prevent him from taking literally a remark intended to be jocular. He waited in perfect silence until Ashton laid down his fish fork and took his first sip of coffee. Then he pounced upon him like a cat.

"So you want my help, do you? Well, I'm glad that. I'm glad that at last there's a district attorney's office in this country advanced enough to use applied psychology in the detection of crime. I'm at your service absolutely. Phelps, here, and I will do all we can for you. But you must tell us all about the case first."

Ashton laughed. "I'm sorry to disappoint you, but the fact is that when I spoke of wanting your help, I was not thinking of you as a psychologist, but as a New Zealander."

Doctor McAllister frowned. "What was my being a New Zealander to do with it?"

"Why," said Ashton, "we found some bundles of old newspapers and various other odds-and-ends which seemed to point to Morgan having lived at one time in Wellington, and knowing that you had spent all the early years of your life in those parts, it occurred to me that you might have some connection there which would assist us in tracing him."

"Of course," growled the doctor, "I'll do anything I can for you."

Partly to appease him and partly because the subject was running strongly in his own mind, Ashton talked about little else than the Oak Ridge mystery during all the while we sat at dinner.

"The papers will make a great sensation tomorrow morning," he said, "of the testimony at the inquest of a young man named Harvey. I wish we might have got hold of him before that fool of a coroner did. His testimony sounded like a choice selection of pages from the 'Old Sleuth,' and I am inclined to think that it has just about as much relation to fact. I left Malory—he's one of the detectives in our office—out in Oak Ridge to keep an eye on him. He's to bring him down to the office in the morning. Until I have questioned him pretty thoroughly, I shan't know whether to believe a word of his tale, or not. Malory seems half inclined to think that the boy has some active connection with the crime, but that I disbelieve utterly."

"Tell us about him," said the doctor.

"Why, he's a young fellow well known here in town. His parents are eminently pious and respectable, but Willie enjoys the reputation of being a little fast. He's one of those imitation college boys, very well pleased with himself and quite a lady-killer. I judge, from the sneakers that went round the room when he testified that he had gone out to call on a young lady and had not found her at home."

"I am telling you all that because it throws something of a light on his testimony. He swore that as he passed the house about nine o'clock, he noticed a light in the upper windows. The shades were down, he said, and in silhouette on one of them he could see old Morgan leaning back in a chair in an unnatural attitude, and with something queer-looking around his throat. That would be interesting enough, and may be true, but hear what he piles onto it. He says he saw the shadow of another figure on the shade, the figure of a woman, who was leaning over Morgan and making strange gestures in the air."

"Well," said the doctor, "may not that be true, too?"

"He might have made us think so if he had stopped there," said Ashton, "but his subsequent testimony made it perfectly clear that he was lying. He told the coroner that after watching that lighted window shade for a few moments, he had walked away and gone straight home, and that was all he knew about it. Then the coroner questioned him more closely as to the appearance of the woman. He described her very fully. He said she was young, pretty, dark, and that she wore a green cloak with a high turned-up collar; and yet, mind you, he had just testified that he had only seen

her in silhouette upon a window shade.

"That thick-witted deputy coroner seemed to find nothing extraordinary in this description, and did not ask him how he could distinguish black hair from blond, or a green cloak from a yellow by its shadow. And not one of his precious jurors inquired about it, either. So his testimony went entirely unchallenged. Of course I could have spoken up, but I was only too glad to let the thing go until tomorrow morning, when I shall have the young man to myself."

I could see by the wrinkles about the doctor's eyes that his good humor was returning. "So it's perfectly clear to you, is it," he asked, "that this young man, according to his lights, wasn't telling the exact truth? You call at the coroner and his jury, you people who walk in darkness and might see a great light and won't. Haven't you any category in your mind at all between truth and lies? Don't you allow for any margin of illusion?"

"Illusion!" Ashton snorted. "Do you really believe that a man could testify as Harvey did, in perfectly good faith? Do you believe a sane man's mind could play him a trick like that? What was there to give him illusions?"

"Association," said Doctor McAllister bluntly. "The profile he saw in silhouette was associated, in his mind, with some woman with black hair, and the high-collared cloak connected itself in his mind with some cloak of the same shape that he had previously seen, which happened to be green in color. Consequently, he thought of the woman whose shadow he saw upon the shade as a black-haired woman with a green cloak."

It was clear to me that Ashton had been impressed with the reasonableness of Doctor McAllister's explanations, and yet he was unwilling to admit to himself that the impression had been made. Before he could think of any comment that would be sufficiently noncommittal, Doctor McAllister changed the subject.

"You've searched the house pretty thoroughly, I suppose," he said. "Have you found anything besides that vaguely suggested connection with New Zealand that places your man at all? Have you any indication how he passed the time? What sort of books he read, if he read at all, or what he did to amuse himself?"

"He had one queer hobby," said Ashton, "and that was geography. He had literally hundreds of maps, large scale maps of the whole of the southern Pacific."

I saw my chief's eyes light up at that, and waited, with a good deal of interest, for what he meant to say to this rather unpromising looking clue. But just then we were interrupted.

Wilkins came up and bent over his chair. "Doctor Reinhardt has telephoned to you, sir," he said. "Shall I put an instrument on the table?"

"Thank you, Wilkins. Yes, I'll talk with Doctor Reinhardt right here."

A moment later a portable telephone was set down beside the doctor's coffee cup. When he had hung up the receiver, and motioned to a waiter to take the telephone away, he turned to me—

"Reinhardt says he's got a queer case out at St. Martin's. He wants me to come out, posthaste, and have a look at it. You'll go with me, won't you? From what he says, it may prove interesting."

I nodded assent, and we both rose from the table.

"You'll excuse us, won't you?" said Doctor McAllister to Ashton. "Look me up in the morning and I'll give you those addresses."

Ashton rose, too. "I suppose you wouldn't care to take me over to the hospital with you?" he hazarded.

My chief looked a little surprised, and, perhaps, for an instantaneous moment, he hesitated; but then he said heartily: "Why, we'd be glad to have you come. Reinhardt won't object. I'm sure, only I'm afraid you may find us rather dull company when we get going on our hobbies."

"I'll go with you as far as the hospital, anyway," Ashton said. "I'd like to get this confounded murder out of my head for an hour or two. And if you find you don't want a layman about when it comes to examining the patient, why I can wait outside."

It had occurred to me when Ashton expressed his wish to forget the Oak Ridge murder for an hour or two, that he was choosing his company badly in offering to go out to the hospital with us, but I soon found I was mistaken. My chief seemed as little anxious as his guest to discuss the subject that was in all our minds. But it was the late Henry Morgan who provided us with a topic of conversation after all. The suggestion that he might have lived in New Zealand set the doctor off in reminiscence about his own

early days spent in that part of the world.

"That was a great country for a boy to spend his childhood in," he said presently, "at least in the days when I was a youngster. That was during the gold rush, you know. They were finding it everywhere. And a wild lot of men they were. And if we had gold hunters ashore, we had pirates, and famous ones, too, afloat. Why, I myself saw Bully Franklin once."

"Was he a pirate?" Ashton inquired politely, but with no great interest.

"Was he a pirate! Well, what does fame amount to? He was a pirate that a British cruiser once spent a whole year looking for, tramping up and down the Pacific on the wildest goose chase that ever a cruiser led."

I was rather glad to get the doctor talking of something besides the murder, so I pushed along on this topic. "I suppose he got what was coming to him, at last," I remarked.

"Well, I don't know; not poetic justice, certainly. Nothing like what his crimes called for. He was killed as the result of a love affair of his. He made love to a Maori girl that one of his men was interested in, and it's said the fellow bashed his head with a tiller one night as he was coming aboard, up over the side. His crew went all to pieces after that. The authorities got hold of most of them and hanged them in short order."

"How did you happen to see him?" I asked. "I should think a pirate would be rather a difficult man to come to close quarters with."

"Let's see," he answered reflectively. "It was when we were living at Hokitiki. My father was manager of a branch of the Union Bank there. Franklin put into the harbor and came ashore. I was only a lad then, and a good deal disappointed that he hadn't a long black mustache and a pair of pistols in his belt. He probably had the pistols somewhere, but they didn't show, and he was mild looking enough."

Then he turned suddenly to Ashton. "How old a man did you say this Morgan was?"

"A man apparently about sixty."

"Well, if he was out in that part of the world when I was, he was old enough to have had a rather lively time."

Our cab pulled up at the door to the hospital just then, and we found Doctor Reinhardt waiting for us in the office.

"I don't know whether it is a case that will interest you, or not," he said, "but it's rather curious. She was picked up for drunk, half frozen, out of the gutter by a patrolman. He rang up the police station, but the desk sergeant disagreed with the diagnosis, and sent her here. Gilbert was on duty when they brought her in, about two o'clock this morning, and he thought it was concussion of the brain. For myself, I don't believe it. I'd say, to look at her, that she's normally asleep, except that we can't wake her. She's queer looking; pretty, in a sort of outlandish way. When I last looked at her she was mumbling the queerest gibberish you ever heard. I've got a nodding acquaintance with most of the languages that come in here, but I never heard anything that sounded at all like this."

"Come along," said Doctor McAllister, "I'd like to take a look at her." Doctor Reinhardt made no objection to Ashton's accompanying us, so together we followed him into the long white ward. The girl we found lying upon the narrow cot, beside which we stopped, justified his description of her. She was not at all a beauty, according to our standards, but the thought came to me that in some far-off corner of the world where standards were different, she might have been accounted so, possibly in a supreme degree.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Nickel Pinchers Not Exponents of Thrift

I have never known a stingy person who was nice, who was one of those persons the thought of whom makes your heart expand with warmth and affection. I am not inveighing against those who are sensibly economical and thrifty. When a man or woman says: "No, I can't afford that. It's only a dollar, but a dollar is important to me," that is all right. The quality of being unshamed transfigures almost anything into something all right, even charming.

But a stingy person tries to pretend that the expense is nothing; that isn't what interests him. Oh, no! Yet his worry over the slipping away of nickels is so intense in him that it makes your flesh creep. When there is a restaurant check to be paid, when you invite a tightwad to have a soda with you, click, click, you intuitively feel the celebrations going on in his anxious brain as to which of you will have to give up the mazzama for the indulgence.

"I don't want to embarrass them by taking them to the Ritz," the very rich girl rationalizes her economy. "So I will just take them down to that interesting little place under the elevated, with the sawdust on the floor."

"I don't want persons to get to care for me only for my money," says the very rich snob, who as often as not is the richest debutante of the season. So she always makes it a point to "go Dutch."—Elizabeth Barbour in the Saturday Evening Post.

Too Bad

Flora—I don't believe that scandal about Mrs. Gaylegh.
Fanny—Then why did you tell me about it?
Flora—I was in hope that you could confirm it.

POULTRY

SMALL PROFIT IN GROWING CAPONS

The margin of profit in growing capons as compared to selling the male birds as broilers is usually small, according to experiments conducted at the poultry department of the State College of Agriculture at Ithaca, N. Y.

Feed appears to be the item of greatest cost in raising capons, and this increases rapidly after the birds reach the broiler stage. It requires about eight to ten pounds of grain and mash for one pound of gain in live weight, and capons of American varieties gain six to eight pounds in about as many months after they are caponized.

Feeding, housing, marketing and labor costs are often so large that they more than offset the increase in price received for them. Low feed costs and high meat prices may make the business profitable for some sections. However, in the Middle West, where feed is usually cheaper than in New York state, experiments and figures indicate that capons are not nearly as profitable as laying pullets.

The poultrymen at the college say that it usually is more profitable to market surplus males as broilers than as capons. But, if males must be held several months for special trade, caponizing may be advisable and often is desirable because it is easier and more convenient to keep them and the meat will bring a higher price.

Fattening Turkeys for Thanksgiving Market

Not many weeks remain till the holiday season when fat turkeys will be in demand. Those who are to supply the trade with Thanksgiving and Christmas turkeys should begin to fatten the birds.

The time will come when city consumers will be more rigid about the birds they buy for the Thanksgiving and Christmas seasons. They will want to know how the birds were kept, where they were raised and the feeds they had access to. And this is just, for much depends upon the food the birds have eaten.

The young turkeys should have the range as long as it is safe. It is true there is always more or less danger of losing birds from the various causes, but the birds need exercise, insects they may be able to find, and this will mean economy in raising them.

Nothing will take the place of grain in fattening. The birds will need corn, wheat, oats, kafir, milo or some grain for finishing them off the range. Where there are grain fields for the birds they may stay in the fields till marketing time. But if this is not feasible they had best be penned and fed for a while before they are offered for sale.

Ducks Oil Feathers to Aid in Shedding Water

Ducks and other waterfowls are able to shed water because their feathers are kept in an oiled condition, says The Pathfinder. Oil and water will not mix. If you will observe ducks in a rain storm or as they paddle about in a pond you will notice that they frequently bend their heads back and rub oil from the oil gland at the base of the tail onto their heads. Then from their heads they oil their entire body. In addition to being supplied with this oil, the feathers on a duck are exceedingly close together, a condition which aids considerably in keeping out the water.

Poultry Notes

High-producing flocks have slightly lower mortality than low-producing flocks.

The meat income constitutes 16.1 per cent of the total cash income in the light breeds and 29.5 per cent in the heavy breeds.

A shed closed on three sides makes a good summer house for pullets. The fourth side should be provided with fine mesh wire to keep out rodents of all kinds.

Mortality seems to parallel egg production, being lower in the fall and winter months and higher in the spring.

The greater the egg production per hen the greater the total expense, feed cost, and investment, but the lower the feed cost per dozen eggs.

A dust wallow is used by hens in summer for two reasons; one is to keep external parasites in check, and the other to keep cool. They enjoy a wallow of moist earth.

A heavy layer is like a heavy producing cow. The hen needs a definite amount of feed to maintain her body.

Late moulting hens should be saved for breeders. These are usually the late-laying birds. Mark the late-laying hens with colored celluloid leg bands.

When pullets do not begin laying before February, it may be the fault of being late hatched, or it may be due to insufficient feeding of the proper bone and muscle food.

DAIRY

USE WHITEWASH THAT WILL STICK

Whitewash has many valuable uses around the dairy barn. It not only helps appearances, but is a great aid from a sanitary standpoint. One of the most serious problems has been to secure a mixture that will stick for some time. The following mixture has been recommended by the National Lime association as one which will meet this requirement:

Soak five pounds of casein in about two gallons of warm or hot water until thoroughly softened (about two hours). Dissolve three pounds of trisodium phosphate in one gallon of water and add to the casein solution. Allow the mixture to dissolve. Prepare a thick cream by mixing fifty pounds of hydrated lime in seven gallons of water, stirring vigorously. Dissolve three pints of formaldehyde in three gallons of water. When the lime paste and the casein solution are both thoroughly cool, slowly add the casein solution to the lime, stirring constantly and vigorously. Care must be taken not to add the formaldehyde too rapidly, as carelessness may cause the casein to "jell out" and spoil the batch.

A cold lime paste may be used in place of the hydrated lime. This can be made by slaking 35 pounds of burned lime. This mixture may be applied either as a spray or with a brush.

A simpler mixture but not so durable is made by slaking twenty pounds of burned lime by adding six gallons of water in small portions. Dissolve one pound of zinc sulphate in one gallon of water. When dissolved, add the sulphate solution to the lime. Then add one gallon of skim milk. Make up only enough for one day's application and keep well stirred while applying. This should be applied with a brush.

Fall Feeding of Dairy Cows Quite Important

The wise dairyman will feed liberally during the fall months. Cows which are not well fed at this time will go into the winter thin in flesh and with reduced milk flow. It will be expensive and largely in vain to attempt to bring them back to normal flow after they go on winter rations.

It will pay to begin feeding silage and hay early. The extra feed given at this time will not only bring good, immediate returns, but affect the milk flow for the whole year by putting the cow in good condition to go through the winter months. Cows which go into the winter in good vitality, and with undiminished milk flow, are the ones which will make most economical use of the high-priced feeds given during that period. Keep up the milk flow during the fall months by proper feeding. It will pay.

Cold, uncomfortable cows will not make economical use of feed. Their highly developed nervous systems are very susceptible to sudden changes in temperature. This should be borne in mind in the fall, when the first cold rains and cold winds come. Protection from these will prevent the reduction in milk flow which they always cause. Do not waste feed by letting cows stand out in cold winds and rain.

Grain Fed to Dairy Calf Proves Good Investment

A little grain fed to the dairy calves on grass generally proves to be a good investment. A mixture of corn and oats, equal parts, is satisfactory for this purpose, although 10 per cent of linseed meal added to the mixture will produce a larger growth. When the pasture is good the addition of linseed meal is seldom necessary. Young calves which are allowed to secure all of their ration from pasture will often become stunted. Yearlings should not need additional feed if the pasture is satisfactory, but the small calves should have access to one or two pounds of grain daily, depending upon their size. If it is impossible to give the young calves a separate pasture, it is often possible to build a calf creep where the small calves can get in to eat their daily ration of grain.

Rye Flavors Milk

The use of rye for fall and winter pasture as practiced on many dairy farms, according to A. C. Ragsdale, head of the dairy department, Missouri College of Agriculture, is objectionable because of a flavor it often gives to milk and sweet cream. As a succulent, milk-producing pasture, it is excellent, but because of the flavor and frequently the odor it gives to the milk, rye is giving way to wheat.

Sweet Clover Pasture

Sweet clover is a great help in solving the pasture difficulty. The most successful ones find that pasturing the second year's growth until after harvest is best. The sweet clover is sown in the small grain, and after the shocks are removed from the grain fields the pasture is abundant and lasting in normal seasons. Care must be taken not to overstock it. Sweet clover will stand a reasonable amount of fall pasturing, even better than other clovers.

THIS WOMAN FOUND RELIEF

After Long Suffering by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

In a little town of the middle West, was a discouraged woman. For four months she had been in such poor health that she could not stoop to put on her own shoes. Unable to do her work, unable to go out of doors or enjoy a friendly chat with her neighbors, life seemed dark indeed to Mrs. Daugherty.



Then one day, a booklet was left at her front door. Idly she turned the pages. Soon she was reading with quickened interest. The little booklet was filled with letters from women in conditions similar to hers who had found better health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. "I began taking the Vegetable Compound," Mrs. Daugherty writes, "and after I took the third bottle, I found relief. I am on my eleventh bottle and I don't have that trouble any more, and feel like a different woman. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to everyone I see who has trouble like mine, and you can use these facts as a testimonial. I am willing to answer any letters from women asking about the Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. E. DAUGHERTY, 1308 Orchard Ave., Muscatine, Iowa.

Are you on the Sunlit Road to Better Health?

Boschee's Syrup

has been relieving coughs due to colds for sixty-one years.

Soothes the Throat

loosens the phlegm, promotes expectoration, gives a good night's rest free from coughing. 30c and 90c bottles. Buy it at your drug store. G. G. Green, Inc., Woodbury, N. J.



DO YOU SUFFER FROM ASTHMA?

Try Olive Tar. Inhale it to soothe the throat and nasal passages. Rub on neck and chest to relieve congestion. Take internally to stop coughing and remove inflammation from tissues of throat and lungs. HALL & RUCELL, New York.

FOR OVER 200 YEARS

haarlem oil has been a world-wide remedy for kidney, liver and bladder disorders, rheumatism, lumbago and uric acid conditions.

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

correct internal troubles, stimulate vital organs. Three sizes. All druggists. Insist on the original genuine GOLD MEDAL.

Popularity Foe to Brains

The reason that popular college youths do not get as high marks as the bookworms is not, as commonly believed, just that they do not care to work as hard, but that they are likely to rate lower in brain power, reports Dr. W. H. Sheldon of tests made at the University of Chicago.

However, brains and outstanding leadership seemed to go together. The notion that large-bodied men rank higher in sociability than thin men, but lower in scholarship and intelligence, appeared to have some support from the figures.—Hygeia Magazine.

Raised Trouble

"So the Browns have had a disagreement and separated. What was it about?"
"She wanted to have her face lifted, and he insisted that it be the mortgage."

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVINE
for Epilepsy Nervousness & Sleeplessness.
PRICE 50c AT YOUR DRUG STORE.
Write for free Booklet KOENIG MEDICINE CO. 1043 N. WELLS ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

INFLAMED EYES
Don't treat sore, inflamed, smarting eyes with powders, eye drops, or ointments. A soothing, effective, safe remedy is just 25 cents—all druggists. HALL & RUCELL, New York City. MITCHELL EYE SALVE