

The GREEN CLOAK

By YORKE DAVIS

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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 reclusive, 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. The doctor sees a possible connection between the murdered New Zealander and the girl McAllister and his friend go through Morgan's papers. An immense collection of maps interests them. The doctor finds a nose and a pipe, used as a tourniquet, the instrument of the killing.

CHAPTER III—Continued

"There must have been some standard, some test that he tried those coast lines by. When they did not fit it, he destroyed them. That test or standard may have existed solely in his memory. If not, if it was a thing committed to paper, then we can find it. Whatever it was, he must have been in the habit of referring to it constantly. In that case, I have no doubt that it's somewhere in this room. Take the lamp and hold it at the other end of the bookshelves—so. Now raise it so that the light will fall horizontally along the top shelf."

He had stationed himself at the opposite end from where I stood, and he sighted along the projecting edge of the shelf as I raised the lamp to the height he indicated.

"Try the next one," he said, "—so. And now the next. There; that'll do. We've got it, if I'm not mistaken."

He walked over toward my end of the case and pulled a book out of the third shelf.

"Our thanks are due to the old woman for not being too good a housekeeper," he observed in comment. "The dust on those books is evidence enough that he was not in the habit of reading them. But this one shows a clear track in and out of the shelf. There's no better hiding place for a sheet of paper than a book."

He balanced the book carefully in both hands, and then let it open where it would.

"Well," he said, "I think we've found it." For there between the two yellow pages was a bluish sheet of semi-transparent paper, folded.

He laid down the book and opened up the paper. It was a map, too, and as I looked at it closely, I saw that it was executed on a very large scale. It was a map of a very narrow-necked peninsula. The soundings in the sea all about it were indicated frequently. Over the surface of the land itself were various little numerals, which had their explanation in a legend in the corner. One had only to read a little way down this explanatory column to see with what minute care the map had been drawn, and on how large a scale. Such unimportant objects, from a geographer's point of view, as a granite boulder or a blasted tree had their position indicated.

No, the purpose of that map-maker had not been purely geographical. So much was clear.

"It's a tracing, you see," Doctor McAllister observed. "He's got the original locked away somewhere, now. But, do you notice, there's nothing on the sheet, anywhere, to indicate in what part of the world this bit of land lies? There's no latitude or longitude indicated. We'll have to get the original to find that."

At that, the explanation of the whole mystery of this wilderness of maps flashed across my mind.

"No," I cried, "he hasn't got latitude or longitude on the original, either! He never knew, to the day of his death, any better than we know now, into what sea that little peninsula juts its head. That's what he spent the last three years of his life hunting for."

Doctor McAllister nodded gravely. "You are quite right," he said; "right beyond a doubt. There's no knowing what there is to be found on that bit of headland, but whatever it is, he wanted it badly."

It was natural that we should both fall silent just then, natural, too, that in our excitement over the discovery, our nerves were higher strung than usual. It had grown pretty late. There was a dead stillness within the house. The only sound, save the ticking of a clock, that came to our ears was the occasional moan of a gust of wind through the trees and around the corners of the house. So it was natural that we both started violently when a gust of wind blew open one of the windows, with a bang, and caused our lamp to flicker and then go out.

I laughed nervously, and wiped my forehead with the back of my hand. It was wet. Then I rose, or rather, started to rise, and spoke at the same time—began to speak, at any rate. What I had in mind to say was, that I would close the window if the doctor would relight the lamp.

But before I had said three words,

the compelling grip of his muscular hand thrust me back into my chair, and my sentence trailed off into a sort of gasp.

So, for a moment, we sat breathless.

"Somebody's getting in," I whispered presently. "It must be Mallory."

"Mallory has a key," he retorted. "Listen—"

No, that was not Mallory. It was not anybody trying to get in, for somebody had already succeeded—somebody who was already making his way, with swift, almost incredibly stealthy steps, up the stairs from the second floor to the room where we were sitting.

We drew back into an obscure corner and stood close together, half-crouching, eyeing the door.

Presently we saw it opening. And then there emerged from its shadow a face we both knew—a face neither of us is ever likely to forget. The eyes in that face we had never seen before, for they had been closed the last



It Was a Cloak, a Green Cloak, and the Collar Was Cut High in the Back.

time we looked at it. Now they were about all we could see. The black hair lost itself in the shadow which enveloped the doorway, and the olive-brown skin was itself a shadow. But the eyes—they burned with the flaming green intensity of a leopard's.

The doctor and I shrank back into our corner and waited, breathlessly, to see what she would do. The first thing was curious, and little to be expected. She closed behind her the door by which she had entered. Then, with brisk certainty, but with no noise at all, she moved toward the desk. That brought her a little nearer us.

She had got within arm's reach of the swivel chair, when suddenly, like a flash, all the motion of her body was arrested. Her attitude had something of the frozen alertness that one sees in a setter dog when he points game. We could see her face better now; it was turned squarely toward us. But, apparently, she did not see us. That was natural, for we were deep in the shadow. But she knew we were there. The next moment I perceived that she knew by virtue of the same sense that the setter uses. She had caught our scent. Her head went back a little, her nostrils dilated, and she seemed to be drawing in a deep breath.

I have no command of English to describe the suddenness and unexpectedness of the thing that happened then. She stood there before us, as I have said, like one frozen, so still was she. And then, with no preliminary motion whatever, no crouch, no visible gathering up of the forces for a spring, she flashed across the room toward the open window, like a dancing shadow. For just an instant I saw her etched in profile as she poised upon the sill. And then she was gone.

I had followed her to the window as swiftly as my clumsy, human motions would permit, and looked down, expecting to see her lying bruised and

broken on the frozen ground. Instead of that, I saw the fleeting shadow of her moving swiftly across the snowy lawn toward the gate.

A moment later, bare-headed, bare-handed, I was running at top speed down the rough, frozen country road in the direction I had seen her take.

Before I had gone fifty yards, I heard other footsteps pounding along behind me, and a momentary fear that my old chief had been reckless enough to risk his bones in such a chase caused me to pause and turn back. It was not Doctor McAllister, however, but the detective, Mallory, and as he panted up alongside me, he said:

"I saw her coming down the rain-pipe. She might almost as well have fallen, she came down so fast. What was she like? I don't suppose you got anything of a look at her, though."

"No," said I. "The wind had just blown out the lamp, and we were there in the dark when she came in."

"It doesn't matter," he said briefly, as we plowed along, side by side. "I'll know what she's like well enough when I come up with her. But there is no use in your keeping up the chase. I'll get her alone, never fear. Nothing that wears skirts can outrun me."

I was already half inclined to take his advice and turn back, for the pace was beginning to tell on me, when I tripped over something and fell headlong.

By the time I had picked myself up and shaken some of the loose snow out of my sleeves, he was already a hundred yards ahead down the road. I was about spent, so, regretfully, I turned back.

But for one moment I passed curiously to investigate the cause of my fall. It had been something soft, something that gave a little as my foot struck it, and then clung. It had been entirely covered by the snow, which had fallen out here in the country to a depth of nearly six inches.

I scuffled around in it with my feet until I found it. Then I stooped and picked it up. It must be a shawl or a blanket, I thought, as I shook the snow out of its folds and held it out in both hands. No, it was neither. It was a cloak; a green cloak, and the collar was cut high in the back.

I cast a glance over my shoulder. Mallory was already out of sight in the distance. I threw the cloak over my arm and trudged back to the house.

CHAPTER IV

Early the next morning Doctor McAllister and I took one of the trains upon which the male population of Oak Ridge habitually goes to town upon its several and various business. We had by no means exhausted the possibilities of discovery which still lay concealed, we felt sure, within that lonely old house where we had passed so strange a night; nor had we solved its mystery. But matters of a more instant importance compelled us, for a while, to abandon it.

In the first place, we knew that, little as we liked the prospect, it was our clear duty to report to Ashton what we knew of the mysterious, wild creature who had escaped from the hospital and was now at large. By one means or another, she must be found as quickly as possible. She had already destroyed one life—of that we were practically sure—and until she was safely under restraint again, we could have no guaranty that she would not destroy others. To thwart that possibility, we must call in Ashton and the police, however little to our liking such a course might be.

We deferred our breakfast until our arrival in town, memories of the dinner we had had the night before making it easy to go hungry for a while. We were later getting in than we expected to be, for a combination of fog and freezing sleet delayed our train. Out of the car windows we could see as we crawled along, that the telegraph wires were already sagging under their white armor of ice. As soon as we got in, we drove straight to The Meredith.

In the restaurant we found Ashton himself, just sitting down to breakfast. He welcomed us with an eagerness that showed that he had already heard some report of our adventure of the night before.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Cats Alike Fond of Traveling and Home

The glare of limelight that recently beat upon Fleffy, the London Victoria station cat, who boards the 10:45 train to Dover every morning, lunches upon nice creamy milk at the buffet there, and returns to town by the afternoon train, is a reminder of a curious fact about cats; they are at once the greatest travelers and the greatest "home bodies" of all domesticated animals.

Other cats in England, and, indeed, in most countries, regularly journey long distances on trains, usually in the restaurant car, but sometimes with the train crew. As for seafaring cats, there must be hundreds of thousands of them, from North Cape to the Horn, Southampton water to Nagasaki bay. Most liners carry quite a number; there are White Star vessels with five-and-twenty aboard. There was an

amusing incident not long ago when one of the Adriatic's cats, that had failed to turn up when the ship sailed, reappeared for the next voyage with its tail proudly waving in the breeze and five little kittens trotting along behind.—Manchester Guardian.

Restless Ambition

As dogs in a wheel, or squirrels in a cage, ambitious men still climb and climb, with great labor and incessant anxiety, but never reach the top.—Burton.

Job for the Censor

"The weight of the earth," reads a magazine article, "is 5,967 followed by 18 naughts." A very naughty story.—Farm and Fireside.

POULTRY

POULTRY GOOD AS
A FARM SIDELINE

There are many ways in which a farmer can get started into the poultry business, and now is the time to begin to plan for a spring start, thinks D. H. Hall, extension poultry husbandman, who makes the following suggestions:

If you have a few pure-bred chickens in your flock, you mate these pure breeds and hatch from them. This may seem a little slow for a start, but it pays to start slow in the poultry game. At the end of the year you can have a pure-bred flock by selling all the mongrels and the place.

Another way to get started in the pure bred business is to sell fifteen or twenty mongrels and use this money to buy pure-bred poultry. You may be able to purchase but three hens and a male as a result of your mongrel sale, but it will be one of the best moves you have ever made. After purchasing pure breeds be sure to hatch only eggs from this purchase stock. This way is probably the best as you begin to get a cash return from your pure breeds at once.

You can also get started by purchasing pure-bred eggs. You can finance the purchasing of these eggs by selling a few mongrel hens. Pure-bred eggs from a reliable breeder will cost you more than mongrel eggs, but they will pay for themselves in better poultry.

Another way to get started in the poultry business is by the purchasing of baby chicks. This way is probably better than buying eggs, as you do not run the chance of obtaining a bad hatch. Baby chicks can be bought from any reliable hatchery about as cheap as you can hatch them yourself.

Poultry House Should Be Thoroughly Cleaned

At some convenient time of the year, give the poultry house and yard an exceptionally thorough cleaning and disinfecting. If a dirt floor is used, dig down six or eight inches, cut the dirt to the field, and replace it with clean gravel. With a cement floor, remove the litter and loose dirt and sweep the house to remove all dirt and cobwebs. A thorough application of two parts of stock dip and three parts of kerosene to each and every corner, crack, and crevice of the floor, roof, walls, nests, dropping boards, and roosts will do more than any one thing to start the year right. An application of air-slaked lime once a week is a worth while precaution in keeping the ground free from contagion. Have clean litter cover the floor six or eight inches deep. A sloping top to the nest will prevent an accumulation of droppings.

Moist Mash Excellent for the Tardy Pullets

As soon as pullets are bodily matured they should start laying. Fully matured pullets that are not laying may often be brought into production at this time by using a moist mash. The usual laying mash may be moistened with sour skim milk, buttermilk, semi-solid buttermilk and water, dried buttermilk and water, or water fed regularly at noon or some other convenient time. It must be fed at the same time each day and should be crumbly moist, not sloppy. Let the pullets consume all they can in twenty minutes and then take the mash away and thoroughly clean the trough. As soon as production reaches a satisfactory point, the moist mash may be discontinued.

Poultry Squibs

Do not crowd the growing birds. Give them ample room for development.

Cracked keels and other physical deformities often occur in crowded flocks.

The males should be kept separated from the pullets until the breeding season begins.

Do not provide perches with sharp edges. Bumblefoot and other ailments can often be traced to this cause.

Do not elevate the roosts too high. Bruising of the birds' feet in alighting from the perches causes serious trouble.

Fowl cholera is a very hard disease to control, due to the nature of the disease, outbreaks often occurring when least expected.

If the brooder houses are thoroughly scrubbed with boiling lye water they will be free from germs when stored away for the winter.

With corn at \$1 per bushel and wheat at \$1.25, poultry raisers can afford to feed more than the usual amount of wheat in place of corn.

Rolled oats or oatmeal are extensively used in chick feeding, and they are excellent for this purpose. When used as a complete ration they are apt to cause gas.

DAIRY FACTS

GREATER USE OF
DAIRY PRODUCTS

Dairying has a highly promising future in the United States, judging from the remarkable increase in the consumption of dairy products during the past few years. It is pointed out by Dr. W. B. Nevens of the dairy department, college of agriculture, University of Illinois. The increase is not due to the increase in population alone, but is caused also by a more liberal use of dairy products by people generally, he said.

Figures sent out recently by the federal Department of Agriculture show that records of butter and cheese consumption have been kept since 1849. The amount of butter per person annually increased from about 14 pounds in 1849 to about 20 pounds in 1899, and is now about 17 pounds. Cheese consumption has fluctuated somewhat and is now a little over four pounds a person a year.

Records of other dairy products are available for only a few years. The use of whole milk has increased steadily since 1917, about 29 per cent more being used a person now than nine years ago. Condensed and evaporated milk have also found a larger use per person during the same period.

The ice cream industry has had a very remarkable growth since 1909. There has been a steady increase in consumption until now about 11 quarts of ice cream are consumed annually a person, or more than 2½ times as much as in 1909.

The use of all dairy products a person, figured in terms of milk, shows an increase of over 36 per cent as compared with 1909. This fact is most significant and argues well for the continued stability and expansion of the dairy industry, Doctor Nevens said.

Attention Essential to Calf During First Year

During the first year the calves should be kept in the barn in the daytime in the summer and turned out to exercise at night. In the winter, the opposite practice should be followed. However, they should not be exposed to severe winds, storms, etc. Young calves will do better on hay than on grass the first year. Young stock should be fed to secure the maximum growth from birth to maturity, at no time neglecting them. Heifers should be bred at the age of eighteen months, or perhaps a little later if they have not done well during the earlier stages of development.

Keep stables clean and dry. Use disinfectant freely to rid stock of all lice and vermin, and to aid in keeping them in a healthy, thrifty condition, also to keep various diseases away which might otherwise affect the herd and do great damage. The most common ailment of calves is scours. Practically 95 per cent of all calf diseases in some way traces to scours.

Cheapest Feed for Cows Said to Be Pure Water

The owner of a cow which produced 10,584 pounds of milk and 542.6 pounds of butterfat last year was asked, "What is the cheapest and best form of food for dairy cows?"

"Pure water," he replied. "Only be sure that the water is put in the cow and not in the milk can."

Milk is approximately 87 per cent water and if the cow does not have access to an unlimited supply of fresh, clean, palatable water, her milk flow is bound to suffer heavily. A high-producing cow will consume 25 to 30 gallons of water per day. Cow testers have found in numerous cases that the milk production of a herd was increased 7 to 8 per cent when automatic drinking cups were installed in the stalls, offering the cow unlimited supply of water whenever desired. A reliable automatic water supply system has proved to be one of the most valuable items of a dairy farm's equipment.

Dairy Notes

Which is wiser, three gallons of milk from one cow or from three cows?

Sell the cripple, defective and poor-producing cows and give those that remain a little more feed.

A good dairy cow probably consumes more water than any other domestic animal. The more feed consumed, the more water the cow requires.

Sweet clover pasture will feed the cow for half of her lifetime with practically no labor to the dairyman.

A dairy cow is the hardest working animal on the farm. On short pasture she must spend much of her time foraging for feed.

The dairy cow is naturally adapted to consume large quantities of coarse forage, using a part for the maintenance of her body and its functions and returning the balance in the form of milk and butterfat.

Give Attention to Poultry Ills

Big Mistake by Many Farmers to Let Their Chickens Shift for Themselves.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Because the poultry industry represents an annual turnover of more than a billion dollars, and because of recent changes in the organization and management of egg and poultry production, Dr. J. R. Mohler of the United States Department of Agriculture recommended to the members of the American Veterinary Medical Association, meeting at Philadelphia, "what we as veterinarians must do to keep our flocks healthy in order that meat and egg production shall not diminish. We are dealing with fowls not only from a pathological standpoint, but as commercial units on which a great industry is based."

Doctor Mohler pointed out that the United States is the most important poultry-raising country in the world, producing more than one-third of the world's supply, that breeders sold 800,000,000 baby chicks last year, that the hens collectively lay eggs at the rate of 700 a second or 2,000,000,000 dozen a year, and that the annual value of poultry products is now considerably in excess of \$1,000,000,000 or 16 per cent of the total live stock production of the country, and outranked only by dairy products and the swine industry.

Poultry Raising Incidental

For years, Doctor Mohler commented, poultry raising was an incidental enterprise on the American farm. Poultry diseases were regarded as of little consequence, and chickens were left to shift for themselves. "The last decade, however," he said, "has witnessed an amazing change in the scope and methods of poultry and egg production, as the industry has rapidly forged to the front line of dignified commercial productive enterprise. The humble hen is now recognized as an asset, a chief source of income, and as such is favored with the best of feed, shelter and attention," and the increase in size and profitability of flocks makes it increasingly feasible for poultry raisers to employ veterinarians in case of disease in their flocks.

Need More Investigations

There is definite need, Doctor Mohler believes, for wider and more fundamental investigations not only of avian tuberculosis but of other infectious and parasitic diseases. He explained that it had been found true, but was not generally known, that turkeys harbored the little worms which cause the disease of gaps in chickens, although the turkey is not usually affected. When turkeys and young chicks are reared together it is difficult to avoid losses of the young chicks. Advance has been made in the development of vaccines for several poultry diseases. Determination of when to use such remedies must rest with the veterinarians. Other fields for fundamental research in poultry husbandry include feeding mixtures and balanced rations for various purposes. Some diseases, it has been found, can be controlled by proper nutrition.

The most effective control of poultry diseases must come through poultry raisers themselves who will employ veterinarians skilled in poultry diseases. Governmental and state action in case of diseases of poultry should aim at the protection of domestic fowls from foreign contagion, to prevent the spread of poultry diseases from state to state, and to eradicate communicable diseases within a state when they appear.

Agricultural Items

It is cheaper to grow most of the protein feeds on the average farm.

If you did not exhibit at your fair this year, make plans to be among the winners next fall.

The "American Standard of Perfection" is the guide by which show birds are judged.

Poisoned bran mash is one of the most effective methods to recommend for the control of the fall army worm.

Sad experiences of shippers have shown that poor quality products are hit hardest on a declining market.

Sand makes an ideal base for the colony house litter, but alfalfa leaves or straw should be placed over the sand.

Information learned at a show may be of greater value to the exhibitor than the money he receives from his entries.

Form, size, color, uniformity, and freedom from blemishes are the points upon which plates of apples are judged at fairs.

If you have never tried a capon for the holidays you have missed a rare treat. The meat of the capon is tender and juicy.

Meat scraps, dried-buttermilk, good quality tankage, fish meal or ground fresh bones, are all good substitutes for bugs and worms. Any of them will bring eggs if fed with a proper ration to industrious hens.