

The GREEN CLOAK

By YORKE DAVIS

CHAPTER IX—Continued

"Do you think she's with him?" Before he could answer, the telephone bell rang sharply, and the quickness with which he turned and snatched the receiver off the hook betrayed the tension of excitement under which he was laboring.

"Been looking for me?" he exclaimed. "A man named Mallory! Well, why didn't you try these apartments sooner? Where is he now?"

"All right. Don't waste any more time."

"That you, Mallory?"

"What's that you say? You've got the girl. Came back to her room, did she?"

"What's she like? Violent at all?"

"Well, wait a minute. Hold the wire. I'll tell you what to do with her."

He turned round then, and began speaking rapidly to Doctor McAllister.

"The girl went to her room and Mallory has got her. He says she's perfectly quiet, not violent at all, that is, but she's taking on a great deal, protesting that her arrest must be a mistake. So it's clear she hasn't gone off into one of those subjective states of hers. But what are you to do with her? Do you suppose she'd be of service to us in getting track of Wilkins? She'd probably take pretty good care not to get him into trouble, I suppose, if she suspected that we really wanted him."

"Tell him to bring her here," said my chief, his eyes shining with excitement. "We shall be able to use her, never fear. Yes, have Mallory bring her to this room."

Ashton hesitated for an instant. Then transmitted the message, word for word, to Mallory, and hung up the receiver.

"I don't quite see it," he went on thoughtfully. "Unless Wilkins took her into his confidence, she won't know anything about him. It he did, she'll be on her guard not to betray him, and a stupid, stubborn person like that sometimes makes a lot of trouble."

The doctor's only reply was a comment, which sounded a little irrelevant.

"I told you, didn't I," said he, "that in her subjective states her whole system of sensory nerves seems to be abnormally stimulated, almost to a hysterical degree?"

I had it on my tongue to ask him what he meant, when the sound of footsteps approaching along the corridor, cut the question short. The next moment there was a tap on the door, the detective, Mallory, ushered Jane Perkins back into our sitting room.

"Here she is," he said briefly. "Do you want me?"

"Yes," said the doctor; "sit down. You sit down, too, Perkins; here in the easy chair where you were before. No, my poor child, there's nothing to be frightened about. Don't cry. We're not going to hurt you."

The perfect poise and balance of his own nerves gave him a tremendous power of calming the nerves and quieting the fears of others. That single sentence, spoken in his calm resonant voice did more to reassure the girl than I could have done in an hour.

"Now you're not afraid any more, Jane," he went on. "This little mirror, swinging so, makes you calm again, even makes you sleepy. You're going to sleep already. Your eyelids are heavy. Your hands are heavy, too, and quite relaxed, just as they are when you go to sleep. You're asleep now; fast asleep."

Once more, and only once, the doctor hummed the strange, droning tune of the death chant, and I saw, by the little shiver that went over the girl's body, that the transformation of her personality had already taken place.

"Watch," said I to Ashton, "watch the girl's face."

"You've been showing me wonders tonight," he said in a voice that was dulled with amazed bewilderment, "but this is a wonder that out-tops them all."

All that was true, for there, under his eyes, he saw, reappearing in the body of this English chambermaid, the strange wild creature he had gone with us to St. Martin's hospital to see, a couple of nights before.

The doctor's voice broke the silence. He spoke to the girl, a single, short sentence in what I now recognized to be the Maori tongue. Then, without a pause, he went on:

"I am speaking in English now, Fannena, and you understand me. Tell me that it is so."

Her answer was a sort of clinking guttural, impossible one would think for a Western throat to produce.

"Say it in English," the doctor commanded.

"Ee—es," she said.

The doctor turned to the detective. "Mallory," he said, "you know where Wilkins' room in the hotel is, don't you?"

"Yes, sir, but it's locked. He's gone off with the key."

"Don't waste time trying to find another key," said the doctor. "Break the door down and leave it so that we can walk directly in. Then go to this girl's room, find some warm wraps,

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a hat and a cloak and a pair of overshoes. Then get your own hat and overcoat and come back here."

Mallory hesitated, and cast an inquiring glance toward Ashton.

"Oh, yes," said Ashton with a laugh. "He's the boss now. You'll take all your orders from him."

The doctor smiled. "I think you'll want your overcoat yourself, and let me recommend a cap, if you have such a thing, rather than a derby. There's no telling how long we'll be out, and the air is cold tonight with all this half-frozen dampness in it."

While the other two men went on their several errands, Doctor McAllister and I found our ulsters and caps. The doctor added to his equipment a heavy walking stick and a huge pair of what he called galoshes.

Ashton was ready as soon as we were, and Mallory didn't keep us waiting more than two or three minutes. He was dressed for the expedition himself, and he had over his arm the green cloak, and in his hand carried a rather preposterous hat, which was just about the sort of piece of millinery one might expect Jane Perkins' taste for adornments of this sort to result in.

The girl got up and huddled herself into the cloak when the doctor handed it to her, in a perfectly natural sort of way, as if it was a garment with which she was well acquainted.

"All ready," asked the doctor. "Then let's be off. Mallory, you show us the way. We want to go to Wilkins' room first."

"All of us?" questioned Ashton.

"The girl, too?"

"Yes," said the doctor. "She's the important member of this expedition."

I caught then, and it made my flesh creep a little, my first inkling of his purpose. But it was perfectly evident from Ashton's face that no such idea had occurred to him.

"Hadn't she better be handcuffed to Mallory?" he asked, as we were leaving the room. "She might give us the slip."

"No," said the doctor; "she'll follow—follow like a dog."

We threaded our way in silence through the corridors to Wilkins' room. It was a small room, and I stayed back in the corridor with Mallory to make room for my chief and Ashton to go in with the girl.

What I saw through the doorway was curious and interesting. Doctor McAllister strode straight across to the wardrobe, flung open the door of it, groped for a moment in its interior, with one hand, then withdrew it, waving triumphantly, an old shoe.

And now Ashton's eyes lighted up with the surmise which had come to me a few moments earlier.

"Good God, McAllister!" he exclaimed. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to find Josiah Haines, alias Wilkins, if he hasn't got too long a start on us."

As he finished speaking, he ostentatiously sniffed at the shoe himself, and held it out to the girl.

"Osa Enns," she said.

"Exactly," said the doctor; "Josiah Haines."

"You can't possibly mean," exclaimed Ashton, "that you're going to try to track him with her, as if—as if she were a hound! It's impossible. Impossible and horrible, too," he added with a shiver.

"So far as the horror is concerned," said the doctor, "we can't afford to be squeamish, with telephone and telegraph wires down all over the city, and likely enough trolley wires, too. He has too great an advantage of us to warrant our rejecting any means of finding him that come to hand, even though they are primitive. As for its being impossible, that's exactly the thing we're going to test. I don't believe it is. The girl scented us half way across Morgan's study, and 'pointed' us, exactly as a setter points a quail. And she confessed to me

that she identified the man she murdered by his odor."

Without waiting for any reply, he turned abruptly to the girl and spoke to her in Maori, asking her a question, if one could judge from the odd inflection of the thick, guttural words. In her eyes already there was a kind of smoldering fire. The doctor cried out something more in Maori, and accompanied the exclamation with a gesture of both hands toward the doorway.

The girl darted out between Mallory and me, like some wild beast unleashed, and set out down the corridor at a slow, swinging trot, her head bent low and swaying sideways. It was uncanny to see her. I felt my flesh creep as I set out to follow her.

Mallory had not understood, and he made a motion to detain her, but this was checked by a pre-emptory order from Ashton.

"Follow along!" cried the doctor. "Keep as close as you can. We mustn't lose sight of her!"

We had lost sight of her already, for she had turned to the right into a cross corridor. When we reached the corner where she had turned, we all halted, as if some medusa hand had suddenly turned us to stone.

The Meredith is a high building. We were on the eighth floor, but the girl was in the act of getting out of a window. Mallory recovered the use of his muscles first, and rushed forward in an attempt to forestall what seemed to him a deliberate attempt at suicide.

"Hold on!" cried the doctor. "She's only going where Wilkins went. If there was a way down there for him, she'll be able to follow him safely."

"And wherever they can go," said Ashton, "I guess we can follow."

He started down the corridor as he spoke. I should probably have agreed with him, had I not become aware just then that the door beside which I was standing opened into the elevator shaft, and the gauge showed that the elevator was descending. I signaled it to stop, on the chance that it might prove useful.

By that time Ashton had already joined Mallory at the window. Apparently one glance was all they needed, for they came hurrying back with white faces.

"She has worked herself along a six-inch ledge," said the lawyer, "to an iron standpipe. It's not conceivable that Wilkins went that way."

"Don't forget that he was Bully Franklin's first mate," said the doctor. "But this is a better way for us. Come along."

We all four piled into the elevator and told the boy to drop us, as quickly as he could, right through to the basement. The excitement in our faces was imperative. He threw the lever over and let us down at a tremendous rate.

"This way," cried Mallory, rushing off in the dark.

We lost sight of him, but heard sounds of a struggle he was having with a badly warped door which evidently had not been opened in a long time. He conquered it just as we came up with him, and the next moment, peering out in the misty gray light to see whether we had taken the right direction after all, we made out a dark blurred figure, which was, nevertheless, unmistakable. Still in that crouching attitude, with bowed head swaying from side to side, the girl was working round in widening circles, trying to catch the scent.

Presently she caught what she had been searching for, straightened up a little out of her crouching attitude, and set out, briskly, at a gait which was neither precisely a walk nor a run, but which, if she should keep it up, would tax our powers to follow.

She threaded her way down a three-foot paved passage, which led out of the court and into a larger one, crossed this and vaulted over a low brick wall into the alley which bisected the block behind The Meredith. She trotted the length of this, with us straggling along behind her as best we could, crossed the boulevard, without a glance to right or left, and went straight on down the alley and through the next block.

"You see," commented the doctor, "he took elaborate precautions against being recognized in the immediate neighborhood of The Meredith. Almost every guest at the hotel, as well as the full force of servants, know him. But his chance of encountering any such person diminishes rapidly as he gets away from the vicinity of the hotel. He'll leave the alley to take to the streets presently."

Scott's First Novel

"Waverly" was the first of the series of famous novels written by Sir Walter Scott, produced in 1814. The secret of the authorship was well kept for years. The book gives a fine picture of the hopes and fears that animated political parties in Great Britain in 1745, the year of the uprising led by Charles Stuart, the Young Pretender. Its name is taken from Waverly, near Hindhead, in Surrey, England.

They Are Not Afraid

The robins and wrens, the bluebirds and nuthatches, like all birds, are not really timid, according to Nature Magazine. They will accustom themselves to anything as soon as they know that no harm will come to them.



"Here She Is," He Said Briefly. "Do You Want Me?"

POULTRY DAIRY

YELLOW CORN IS BEST FOR HENS

Yellow corn should constitute at least 60 per cent of the total rations for laying hens. This is especially important during the winter months when the supply of green food is limited. The chief virtue of yellow corn is its vitamin A which must be provided to maintain the health of the flock. Where rations are devoid of this vitamin the hens will develop a disease very similar to roup. In fact it is called nutritional roup. The eyes water, swell shut, and white pustules form in the throat. Naturally the egg production is very poor. One can tell by observing the color of the egg yolk whether the danger line is near. If the egg yolks are extremely pale, it is a practical index that the ration is low in vitamin A and that vitamin A must be provided, otherwise danger is ahead. This is due to the fact that feeds rich in the yellow coloring matter found in eggs are usually rich in vitamin A. If yellow corn constitutes half of the ration, there is no cause for alarm.

In case it is impossible to feed yellow corn, then it is absolutely necessary to feed some green leafy material, such as clover or alfalfa leaves. Pea green alfalfa leaf meal may be used to the extent of 10 to 15 per cent of the poultry mash, or clover or alfalfa hay should be kept in suitable racks before the hens all the time. Some people build a V-shaped rack of slats which will hold a bale of hay. The rack should be high enough off the floor so that the hens may pick easily off the lower corner. Later the bale may be rolled over, and after the leaves are consumed, the stems may be used as litter. It should be remembered that if yellow corn is used, it is not so necessary to feed the hay. Succulent material, such as root crops, is not a substitute for the green leafy material.

Materials Necessary for Producing Eggs

Every egg must have a shell. Bones also require minerals. Both bones and shells are largely made up of calcium. Without the necessary calcium, laying hens will lack the materials necessary for producing eggs. Even though enough other feed may be supplied to furnish the necessary materials for a large number of eggs a hen cannot lay more eggs than she has shell material for.

Considerable experimental data has been compiled which shows definitely that a plentiful supply of minerals has a marked effect on the number of eggs laid. In addition to a plentiful supply of oyster shell or other high calcium mineral, hens need free access to a supply of sharp sand to aid them in digesting their feed. These items represent a small cost to the producer but make a large difference in the net returns.

Growing poultry also requires a liberal supply of minerals. In addition to calcium, many producers are mixing from four to five pounds of bone meal with every 100 pounds of mash. Bone meal furnishes phosphates in addition to calcium and therefore aids in bone growth.

Plan to Keep Rats Out of the Poultry House

To keep rats out of a poultry house, build a concrete wall four inches thick on the outside or the inside of the old foundation. This wall should extend two feet below the ground level and at least one foot above it.

A four-inch concrete floor is then placed directly on the compacted earth. If the natural drainage is poor, a cinder or gravel fill six inches thick is first placed on the earth; however, in most cases this fill is not needed.

The door is equipped with a spring hinge or some other device which will close it automatically. If the door is of wood, a good plan is to place a piece of sheet metal or of one-fourth inch, 12-gauge wire screen, one foot high on its base in order to prevent the rats from gnawing through it.

Sprouting Oats

One of the easiest ways to sprout oats is to place the oats in a bag and soak it in a pail of water overnight. Use warm water in winter. Soak two quarts for each 100 hens. After soaking overnight, hang the bag behind the kitchen stove. Dip the bag in warm water once daily, shaking the oats each time, and hang up again. The oats is ready for use on the fifth day. If one uses five bags for sprout oats, he can have a constant supply by starting a new bag each day.

Eggs in Winter

Many poultrymen are finding that they need warmer houses for winter egg production and are lining their houses with commercial wall board at the time of the fall renovation. This lining gives the house a smooth appearance on the inside and removes a lot of the cracks and crevices around the uprights. This reduces the time required to brush out the dust and enables the poultryman to make a better fight against mites, lice and disease.

AVERAGE COW IS "STAR BOARDER"

The average cow of the 300,000 in the United States' cow-testing associations is a "star boarder," and not just a "boarder cow," according to Dr. C. W. Larson, chief of the bureau of dairy industry, United States Department of Agriculture. She returns an income over the cost of her feed of approximately twice that returned by the average cow of the country, explained Doctor Larson when outlining a program for increasing production of milk at reduced costs.

"Although the annual consumption of milk per person grew from 43 gallons in 1920 to 55.3 gallons in 1929, Americans still are almost 50 per cent below the minimum consumption declared desirable by those who know. The average cow-testing association animal produces 7,500 pounds of milk per year, as against 4,500 pounds given by the country's average cow.

"High producing cows are economical in the use of feed. A tabulation of more than 100,000 individual cow records shows that cows producing 9,000 pounds of milk per year did not eat twice as much as cows that produced 4,500 pounds. They ate approximately 40 per cent more feed in dollar's worth of feed per cow to produce twice as much milk and butterfat. Cows in the 9,000 pound production class ate only about 40 per cent more digestible nutrients than cows that produced half as much."

Successful dairymen everywhere resort to correctly compounded feeding mixtures to obtain the high milk yields Doctor Larson described. For cows on pasture a much-used ration is ground oats and barley or hominy, 200 pounds each, and wheat bran and linseed meal, 100 pounds each, 1 pound fed for each 4 or 5 pounds of milk. Another popular ration is ground oats, 400 pounds, barley or hominy, 300 pounds and wheat bran and linseed meal, 200 pounds each, fed in the same way.

Feed, Breed and Weed Cows, Says an Expert

The time-worn slogan for the dairy farmer, "Feed, breed and weed," deserves to be called to mind at the beginning of a new year, for upon these three principles depends the degree of success to be attained with dairy cows, says J. P. LaMaster, chief of dairying, Clemson college.

At present a good spread between feed prices and the price of dairy products makes it pay to feed liberally, using as much home-grown and locally produced feeds as possible.

Only registered bulls from high-producing ancestry should be used in any herd. Do not waste time and money raising the daughters of scrub and grade bulls even though these daughters are out of good cows. Remember that each calf gets half of its inheritance from each parent.

While breeding and feeding determine the profit or loss of the individual, the herd's ledger balance must depend on elimination of those cows so poorly endowed with dairy blood that good care and feeding cannot make them profitable.

Stanchions for Calves Very Handy in Feeding

Feeding young dairy calves without stanchions is almost as unsatisfactory as trying to milk cows without having proper stables. Stanchions for the calves may be made very much like the ordinary rigid stanchions for cows, except smaller. A feed trough should be placed in front, with divisions to keep the feed for each calf separate. When feeding time comes, the calves are put in the stanchions and a pail of milk is set in the trough for each calf. After the calves have finished drinking the milk, the proper amount of grain is put in the trough and the calves are allowed to remain until they have eaten their portion. This will usually prevent the calves from acquiring the habit of sucking each other.

Calf stanchions are usually made from 36 to 42 inches high and 28 inches from center to center. A space of 4½ inches is approximately correct for the neck.

Calves in Winter

Calves which are dropped during the winter and early spring should have warmer quarters than the ordinary shed will provide. It will pay to partially close up one end of the shed, leaving spaces in the partition for the calves to enter. These quarters for the calves should be kept well bedded. The calves will begin to eat grain after they are a few weeks old, and it is usually profitable to provide a creep where grain may be supplied.

Removing Warts

Warts on cows' teats can be greatly benefited by smearing them with olive oil several times a day. This treatment will likely remove most of them. It will also relieve the pain so that milking can be done more satisfactorily. Those warts that are not removed by this treatment can be cut off with a pair of sharp scissors and the sore touched with a stick of caustic potash. Removing warts by cutting them off should only be done when the cow is dry.

The BABY



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If you don't know the answer, you haven't discovered pure, harmless Castoria. It is sweet to the taste, and sweet in the little stomach. And its gentle influence seems felt all through the tiny system. Not even a distasteful dose of castor oil does so much good.

Fletcher's Castoria is purely vegetable, so you may give it freely, at first sign of colic; or constipation; or diarrhea. Or those many times when you just don't know what is the matter. For real sickness, call the doctor, always. At other times, a few drops of Fletcher's Castoria.

The doctor often tells you to do just that; and always says Fletcher's. Other preparations may be just as pure, just as free from dangerous drugs, but why experiment? Besides, the book on care and feeding of babies that comes with Fletcher's Castoria is worth its weight in gold!

Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

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The more you cough the worse you feel, and the more inflamed your throat and lungs become. Give them a chance to heal.

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Purify Vegetable Laxative
move the bowels free from pain and unpleasant after effects. They relieve the system of constipation poisons which cause that dull and aching feeling. Remember they are a doctor's prescription and can be taken by the entire family. All Druggists 25c and 75c Red Packages.

PISO'S for Coughs

Quick Relief! A pleasant, effective syrup—35c and 60c sizes. And externally, use PISO'S Throat and Chest Salve, 35c.

Discussion Vs. Argument

The man who enters into a discussion is full of a passion for truth and eager to hear it. The man who argues is full of vanity and desires only to hear himself talk.—American Magazine.

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Laxative BROMO QUININE Tablets relieve the Headache by curing the Cold. Look for signature of E. W. Grove on the box. 25c.—Adv.

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Bored Stranger—Quite contented.

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Too Often This Warns of Sluggish Kidneys.

DOES morning find you stiff, achy—"all worn out"? Do you feel tired and drowsy—suffer nagging backache, headache and dizzy spells? Are the kidney secretions scanty and burning in passage? Too often this indicates sluggish kidneys and shouldn't be neglected.

Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, increase the secretion of the kidneys and thus aid in the elimination of waste impurities. Users everywhere endorse Doan's. Ask your neighbor!

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