

The Green Cloak

By YORKE DAVIS

WNU Service.

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CHAPTER IX—Continued

The prophecy came true. At the very next corner the girl turned to the left, and then held on, straight across two avenues, until she reached a street where the cars ran. She made as if to cross this street, too, for she went straight out to the middle of it; then stopped, obviously at fault, and retraced her steps to the car rail nearest the curb.

"Well, that's plain enough," said Ashton in a tone of disappointment. "She's brought us so far, but can't take us any farther, for here is where he took the car."

"Wait a bit," said the doctor. "Watch the girl."

She was crouched very low again, and quartering around in a circle, just as she had done at the foot of the standpipe. Presently, to the surprise of all of us, unless it may have been that the doctor guessed, she caught a scent that satisfied her and led her diagonally back to the sidewalk; and once here, without a pause, she set out in the direction of downtown, straight down the middle of the sidewalk, her gait, that seemed unburied, unflinching, a sure-footed compromise between a walk and a run.

"It seems to be all right," said Ashton rather breathlessly, as we hurried on after her, "only I don't quite see what he went out into the street for."

"To see if a car was coming, I suppose," said the doctor. "There wasn't one in sight, so, rather than risk waiting, he set out afoot. And I think he did wisely. I haven't seen a car in either direction. Have you?"

We had not, and what was still more to the point, followed the girl at the rapid pace she set, for half an hour without seeing one.

When we had first set out with her, our curiosity as to what she would do prevented us from paying much attention to the condition of the streets; but when the chase had straightened itself out into this long pursuit down the avenue, we had time to think of our surroundings, and to speculate whether they bettered the chances of the man we were pursuing or improved our own for catching him. The trolley wires were evidently down in every direction, and the streets were so glassy with the frozen sleet and so perilous with the snappers, spitting ends of live wires that trailed here and there, that what little wheel traffic there was moved only with the very greatest difficulty. Without the means of tracing him, which the doctor's hypnotic power over the girl had provided us with, he would, after several hours, have been absolutely secure from pursuit. There would have been no other way in the world of hunting for him than by this simple, primitive method of tracking him by his scent.

It was fortunate for us that there were few pedestrians abroad that night, for the girl's strange, uncanny gait and our hurried, breathless pursuit of her would, in anything like normal conditions, have created a sensation which would have rendered the pursuit itself impossible. As it was, the few people who had ventured out found all they could attend to in the ice-glazed sidewalks, the wind-whipped corners, the fog and electrical peril of the streets. A few curious glances were cast after us as we went hurrying by, but that was about all.

Suddenly the doctor dropped a hand on my arm. "I know where she's going," he said. "I ought to have guessed it before we started. Look there." As he spoke, he pointed ahead and upward, through the fog, and, following the direction of his pointing finger, I made out, faintly, a luminous clock face.

"What is it?" said L. "I haven't kept track of where we were going. The fog confuses me."

"It's the Western station," said the doctor, "and Wilkins, my boy," he punctuated the remark with a buffet on my shoulder. "Wilkins has gone to Oak Ridge! I ought to have known him well enough by this time to have foreseen that that was what he would do."

"I don't believe he'd be such a fool," said Ashton, "but I hope you're right. If he's gone to Oak Ridge, we've got him. I've got two men out in the Morgan house watching it, on the lookout for anyone who might turn up there, and nobody who does turn up will be able to get away until they have accounted to me for their visit."

We had all lagged a little. "Come along," said the doctor. "We mustn't get too far behind."

We were pretty well winded, all of us, but we gathered up our energies for a final sprint, and turned into the great waiting room just behind her.

She went straight to the ticket window, but without a pause there or a glance through, she turned in a sharp angle, exactly as a dog would do, and padded across the waiting room toward the doors which opened into the train shed.

"Follow her!" the doctor commanded Mallory. "I'll see about the trains."

I was at his elbow when he spoke to the clerk that functionary was gazing after the girl with wide, terrified eyes.

"In Heaven's name!" he said, "what is she? A woman or a beast?"

The doctor did not answer. He ignored the question utterly.

"When is the next train for Oak Ridge due?" he asked.

The ticket clerk rubbed his hands over his eyes. "Did you see her?" he asked. "That creature that just went through the door?"

I did not wonder that he was horrified. I remembered my own feeling when I had seen her start down the corridor toward Wilkins' room.

The doctor paid no attention, and in the same level voice in which he had spoken before, he repeated his question about the train for Oak Ridge.

With an effort, the clerk rallied his wits and answered him.

"There was a train pulled out about ten minutes ago," he said. "There won't be another tonight. The wires are down on account of the sleet, and we've practically abandoned the suburban service. It's too dangerous. Everything has to run without orders."

"Did you hear that, Ashton?" said the doctor, turning away. "The last train to Oak Ridge that will run tonight left ten minutes ago."

CHAPTER X

Ashton had followed Mallory part way across the waiting room, a little nervous, I think, at the idea of letting the girl out of his sight. So he had not heard what the clerk had just told Doctor McAllister through the ticket window.

"Well," he said, "that is all right, isn't it? We don't want to go to Oak Ridge. If the train Wilkins took started only ten minutes ago, there's ample time to arrange to have him arrested before he sets foot on the platform at Oak Ridge. Where's the telegraph office in this station?"

"It won't do you any good," said Doctor McAllister. "There will be no telegraphic communication with Oak Ridge tonight."

Ashton glanced thoughtfully about the room. "That possibility hadn't occurred to me," he said at last.

"It occurred to Wilkins," said the doctor. "That's why he went. He's the one man of us who really grasped the situation. He knew just what that sleet storm meant—that over a territory fifteen or twenty miles square electricity was going out of the business of serving civilization for a few hours. That one vital fact turns the world topsy-turvy, and makes some difficult things easy and some commonplace things impossible. For just tonight our thoughts can't move any quicker than our bodies can. So Wilkins has set out for Oak Ridge, and we can't head him off. The only thing we can do is to follow him. The question is, shall we try to do that?"

I followed Ashton's glance just then, and saw Mallory coming back with the girl. She seemed unconscious of his presence, and made straight across the room to where the doctor was standing in conversation with us. She halted beside him without a word, her manner perfectly quiet, though expectant. She was merely waiting for him to tell her what he wanted done next.

For the moment he paid no attention to her, did not even glance sideways at her as she came up.

"That's the question," he repeated to the attorney. "Shall we try to go out to Oak Ridge tonight? You spoke of having two men on watch there all the time. Can you safely leave the matter of coping with Wilkins to them?"

Ashton walked away a few paces, then whirled and came back. His look was troubled, disquieted.

"I wish you were there, Mallory," he said. "Green and Benson aren't any too wide awake. They'll have a man to deal with who has just outwitted us."

"There are two courses of action open to us," said the doctor. "One is, to go home and go to bed. The other is, to get hold of an automobile and try to get out to Oak Ridge tonight. Our getting there at all is problematical with the roads in the present condition."

Ashton whirled round and spoke to Mallory. "Go and telephone to the

nearest garage for an automobile; quick!" he said. Then, addressing us, he went on: "There is no necessity for your going, Doctor McAllister, or Mr. Phelps, either. But Mallory and I can't afford to waste a minute."

"You've wasted one already," said the doctor, "telling Mallory to go into that telephone booth."

Ashton, heartily cursing his own stupidity, darted off after his messenger.

"I think I'll go along with them," said I to the doctor, "just on the chance of my being of some service."

He laughed. "Are you thinking you'll leave me behind? Come, Phelps, you know me better than that. No, we'll all go."

His gesture included the strange, silent, expectant figure that had been standing at his elbow all the time.

"Do you mean to take her?" I questioned.

"She's brought us so far. She's given us, up to this point, every material fact that has made it possible for us to establish Haines' identity and get on his trail."

It just happened then that my eyes were on the girl. I saw her shiver, saw a look of human intelligence and perplexity appear for the first time in that strange face of hers. I tried, with a nod, to direct my chief's attention to her, but before he could get my meaning, Ashton came hurrying back.

"There's a garage only two or three blocks away," he said, "and Mallory ought to be back with a car in a very few minutes."

Then he held out his hand to the doctor. "I can't begin to tell you," he said, "how grateful I am for the help you've given us, nor for your patience with my unenlightenment."

"No valetories now," said the doctor interrupting. "You're not going to be rid of us so easily. We're all going with you."

"Good!" said Ashton. "I hoped you would, though I felt I hadn't any right to ask it of you. Come! There's the motor. Let's lose no time."

My memory of the next two hours is one of unrelieved discomfort and constantly increasing apprehension. We skidded across street car tracks and had a dozen of what in normal times we should have called narrow escapes, in the first dozen minutes. After that, we stopped counting. The excitement of the chase was mounting in our veins.

"He must be there by this time," said Ashton at last with a shudder. "I wish I knew that Green and Benson were still alive."

"I tell you he won't kill," said the doctor, "not if he can help it. He'll do it if he succeeds in forcing his hand; that I admit. But his own cleverness is the greatest safeguard those two men could have—his cleverness and their stupidity."

"I wish I shared your confidence," said Ashton.

"Think a minute what the situation is," said the doctor. "Suppose we had him now, safely, in our hands. We know what he is. We know that he is morally responsible for the murder of Henry Morgan. But suppose you were not the district attorney. Suppose that Haines came to you and retained you in his defense. Wouldn't you tell him that, with the criminal law in its present state and the methods of prosecuting criminals that they are today, you would have an excellent chance of riddling any case that we could make? Wouldn't you tell him that, never in the world, could he be convicted of murder in the first degree, by any court or any jury?"

"Yes," said Ashton ruefully, "I suppose that's true."

"You may be sure," the doctor continued, "that Wilkins realizes that. And realizing it, you may be certain, also, that he will not commit an indubitable first-degree murder, if he can help it."

"Murder—"

The word made us all start. It was uttered, hardly above a whisper, by the wild half-human creature, through whose instrumentality we had been able to get on the true murderer's trail. And yet, in some subtle way, she had spoken in a new voice; not the soft-throated guttural speech of the Maori girl, nor yet in Jane Perkins' New Zealand modification of cockney.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wanted No Witnesses to Theatrical Flight

In Sir James Barrie's play "Peter Pan," Tinker Bell gets up on her stage wings, hovers about the room and flies out of an open window. The playwright, watching one of his rehearsals, expressed a desire to try the mechanism by which this flight is achieved. So attendants attached the wires to the distinguished gentleman and prepared to hoist him in the air.

The amusing part of the story followed. Sir James, a veteran in the world of the theater, was suddenly struck by a terrible and overwhelming stage-fright. He commanded that every one leave the boards, and had the front curtain put down and the pass doors securely closed.

Then, alone in the room between

the backdrop, the curtain and the wings, he was lifted up, maneuvered over Tinker Bell's route, and, in all his disheveled dignity, soared out the window unperceived.

Darwin's Life Work

Darwin, the famous expounder of the theory of evolution, was born in 1809, the son of a physician of Shrewsbury, England. From 1831 to 1836 he made his voyage round the world in the Beagle, on which he was the naturalist. In 1859 he published his great work, "Origin of Species." Subsequently he elaborated and defended his theory. Among these works was the "Descent of Man." He died in 1882.

POULTRY FACTS

GROUND WHEAT IS GOOD FOR LAYERS

Poultrymen with home-grown wheat can often use ground wheat in the laying mash with good results. It saves buying broiler bran and middlings. The best results come from substituting 150 pounds of ground wheat and 50 pounds of bran for the 100 pounds of bran, plus 100 pounds of middlings. A good home-grown laying mash can be made of 100 pounds of ground corn, 100 pounds of ground oats, 150 pounds of ground wheat, 50 pounds of bran, and 100 pounds of meat scrap.

When plenty of skim milk or butter-milk is available, the amount of meat scrap in the mash can be reduced one-half. In that way the farmer raising wheat, corn, oats and milk, can make up 500 pounds of laying mash by purchasing 50 pounds of meat scrap and 50 pounds of bran.

The home-grown mash is greatly improved by adding minerals in the form of 2 per cent ground limestone, 2 per cent bone meal, and 1 per cent fine table salt. The use of minerals tends to improve the strength and quality of the egg shells, thus avoiding the egg-eating habit in the flock, as well as the production of soft-shelled eggs. Some poultrymen believe that more minerals and less meat scrap will be the tendency in making egg mash within a few years. Their cost per pound is so small, considering their value, that they should not be omitted from the home-made mashes.

Blindness in Ducks Is

Blamed on Impure Water

When ducks have access to a lake, pond or river there are no cases of sore festering eyes which later may develop into blindness. The birds dip their heads deep into the water and the eyes are cleansed of any dirt or sticky feed that has adhered to them.

Ducks without a natural supply of water should be given their drinking water in deep dishes or crocks so that they can rinse out their eyes whenever they drink. This also tends to rinse the nostrils and prevents the clogging with feed which is serious if the bird catches cold about the same time.

Ducklings sometimes have colds which cause a sticky discharge from the eyes. The mucus can be absorbed with small wads of tissue paper and the eyes washed with witch hazel or boric acid solution. Deep drinking dishes will help the bird to take care of its eyes and nostrils and probably prevent the necessity of treatment.

Soft-Shelled Eggs Are

Caused by Wrong Feed

Probably one of the most annoying things in the poultry business is the frequent laying of soft-shelled eggs by a group of hens, or even only one hen. It is a sign that something is unprofitably and radically wrong with the hens—something that should be righted immediately. And as for the eggs themselves, they are perfectly useless and merely represent a loss in good food.

In nine cases out of ten, a hen lays soft-shelled eggs because there is a lack of lime in her diet. This mineral is really pure egg-shell material. Therefore, its absence from the diet results in either thin-shelled eggs or eggs with no shell at all. Of course, calcium carbonate is generally present in the food and water given to the hen, but there is seldom enough to satisfy her needs.

Poultry Notes

The feeding of milk will help in the size and quality of egg.

Eggs should never be washed—washing spoils their keeping qualities.

Poultry meat has never been so low in price as to be unprofitable. Cull your flocks closely and cash in. Quit feeding the non-producers.

Poultry keepers who have used the all-mash method of feeding chicks and growing pullets may continue the method for laying pullets.

One of the advantages of the shed roof type of poultry house is that it is easier to keep warm. Any room with a high ceiling is likely to be drafty.

Tankage or sour milk must be fed if eggs are to be produced in satisfactory quantities. Too many hens are not laying simply because the farmer will not help them lay.

Electric lights may be used to advantage. A warm moist mash fed in the evening, especially in cold weather, may prove beneficial.

If chickens begin eating their eggs it is usually because they need starch. Purchase bulk laundry starch and put it in a dish in the coop.

Some hens do not eat enough oyster shell. The 2 per cent limestone helps to prevent soft-shelled eggs and the leg weakness which sometimes bothers hens in the spring.

DAIRY FACTS

GOOD COWS NEED SOME VACATION

Give the good dairy cow a rest of six to eight weeks before freshening, for it will mean more production than if she is milked up until she freshens, declares Burt Oederkirk, extension dairyman at Iowa State college.

"Through selection, feeding and breeding, Iowa's most progressive dairymen have developed high producing herds in which there are many cows that will milk continually throughout the year from one freshening to the next without a rest, and less their owners see to it that they receive a vacation," Mr. Oederkirk asserts.

"The profitable cow of the future will be one which produces 300 pounds or more of butterfat in 10 to 10½ months, takes six to eight weeks' rest to build up her body for the next lactation, and drops a good calf each year. A cow that will continue such a program year in and year out will prove most profitable."

Cows bred so as to freshen in the fall, when properly fed, will milk heavily through the winter and when put on grass will continue satisfactory production until hot weather arrives. They will then naturally go down in production and may be dried up.

If there is difficulty in drying up a cow before she is to freshen, she should be taken off grass and not allowed any other succulent feed for a time. She may be milked only once a day for awhile and other milkings skipped later on.

The feed given good dry cows before freshening will be well paid for when the cow freshens. Hence, feed the dry cow so as to get her in good condition.

Cow's Cheapest Food Is

Water, Says a Dairyman

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 contains 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 from 24 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 farm's equipment.

Alfalfa as Winter Feed

Superior to Other Hay

Alfalfa should be provided for winter roughtage. It is superior to any other hay because of its high protein and mineral content and also because of its high yielding capacity. One acre of alfalfa, if the land contains the proper amount of lime, will produce as much as two acres of clover and, ton for ton, it is a better feed for cows as well as for other livestock.

Those who do not have alfalfa should consider seeding a suitable acreage next year. In recent years quite a number of farmers have prepared seed beds by thorough disking without plowing. This gives a more compact seed bed than can be prepared in a hurry after first plowing and is becoming a popular method. The disking should be done in at least two directions. Three double diskings will usually put the soil in good condition.

Dairy Squibs

Salt is a profitable addition to the daily ration of the dairy cow.

To aid digestion and to stimulate appetite, keep salt before dairy cows at all times.

Dairymen who tuberculin-test their herds are in line for better profits and have the satisfaction of knowing that disease does not lurk in their herds.

Cow testing increases the average production of the dairy herd, first, by eliminating the low producing cows and second, by enabling the farmer to select the foundation animals for his herd on the basis of performance.

If you are lacking in suitable roughage, do not put too much faith in straw and coarse corn fodder.

Only the best proved sires can be relied on to increase the production of daughters over that of dams having a yearly production of 400 pounds of butterfat.

Properly cured hay and green food carry factors that are not only beneficial to the proper development of calves, but are also necessary for proper reproduction.



Winter's Colds and Chills

Throw Heavy Burdens on the Kidneys.

COLDS put extra burdens on our kidneys. When the kidneys slow up, impurities remain in the blood and are apt to make one tired and aching with headaches, dizziness and often nagging backache. A common warning is scanty or burning secretions. Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, increase the secretion of the kidneys and aid in the elimination of waste impurities. Are endorsed by users everywhere. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS
60c
A STIMULANT DIURETIC
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Coughs and Colds

are not only annoying, but dangerous. If not attended to at once they may lead into serious ailment.

Boschee's Syrup

is soothing and healing in such cases, and has been used for sixty-one years. 30c and 90c bottles. Buy it at your drug store. G. G. Green, Inc., Woodbury, N. J.

PISO'S
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Quick Relief! A pleasant, effective syrup—3c and 60c sizes. And externally, use PISO'S Throat and Chest Salve, 35c.

Callouses
Quick, safe, sure relief from painful callouses on the feet.
At all drug and shoe stores
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads Put one on—the pain is gone.

New Center for Sydney

Sydney, N. S. W., plans one of the finest civic centers in the world. The buildings will surround a city square which will be made into a park. The city railway will erect an ornamental two-level station, capable of accommodating 200 trains an hour, and landing visitors for a pleasant first-view of the city. A large war memorial building, ornamental in design and to be used for national festivals, will be erected. Municipal buildings and a bridge over the river will harmonize with the general architectural scheme.

Personal Comment

by Mrs. G. E. Tower
San Francisco, Calif.—"For the past seven or eight years I have taken Dr. Pierce's remedies off and on, that is, the 'Favorite Prescription' and the 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I began with these when I was about grown. The 'Favorite Prescription' is the best medicine any woman ever took. The 'Golden Medical Discovery' is fine for the stomach—excellent for a person who is run down in health."

Mrs. G. E. Tower, 1105 Laguna St. Obtain now from your druggist, Dr. Pierce's famous remedies. Write Dr. Pierce, President Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for free confidential medical advice.

Obliging Papa
Angelina—I couldn't decide among my suitors, so I told them all to see papa.

Alice—Well?
"Now I'm worse off than ever; papa gave his consent to every one of them."—Pittsburgh Sunday Telegraph.

Her Preference
He—Do you read love stories?
She—No; I like to have them told to me.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Perhaps love is blind, but it manages to find its way to the ministers.

Flu May Start with a COLD
So-called "common" colds are dangerous. Gripe or Flu may result. Check the cold promptly. HILL'S Cascara-Bromide-Quinine tablets stop a cold in one day. Drive out the poisons. Play safe! Insist on HILL'S, in the red box. 30 cents at all druggists.

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