

# The Green Cloak

By  
YORKE DAVIS

WNU Service  
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## CHAPTER X—Continued

And when we looked at her, even in the dimly lighted interior of the limousine, her appearance was different, too. The difference was as subtle as it was unmistakable. What we saw was another—radically new personality. It was as if the partition walls which had separated the personality of the stately respectable chambermaid from that of the untamed savage of the South seas were breaking down; as if these two widely sundered persons were merging into one. Neither Jane Perkins nor Fanenna could have uttered the word "murder" in just that accent of half-apprehended horror.

We were nearing our journey's end. Our road lay alongside the railroad line, and already we could see the one light in the Oak Ridge station window. There was no time to grapple with the new problem.

Then the chauffeur spoke to us through the little speaking tube which connected the chauffeur's seat with the interior of the limousine: "There's a house on fire, up ahead there."

"He's set fire to the house!" the doctor cried; and added, into the speaking tube, "Put on all the speed you can! We've no time to waste!"

The chauffeur obeyed, and within two minutes we were at the scene of the fire. The cold air of the winter night was already resonant with the shouts of the firemen and the excited exclamations of the crowd of half-dressed citizens who had gathered to render what assistance they could, and to enjoy the spectacle at the same time.

Mallory had already swung the door open and was half way out of the car, when an exclamation from the doctor stopped him.

"Hold on!" he cried. "This isn't the house. The Morgan house is two blocks further on down the street. Drive on!" he shouted to the chauffeur. "We mustn't waste a minute!"

Mallory sprang back to his seat, and once more the car lurched forward. The doctor held the door with one hand and leaned far out, scanning the road ahead with eager eyes.

"Drive slow," he cautioned the chauffeur. Then he turned and spoke to us inside the car. "I've an idea that we better not drive right up to the house. There's no need of giving any more warning than necessary of the fact that we're coming. Look out ahead here, Phelps. Isn't that white gate half way down the next block the gate to the Morgan yard?"

I peered out over his shoulder. "Yes. I couldn't mistake that," said I. "Good," said the doctor. "Stop here."

We four men clambered out of the car, the girl still fast asleep, still leaning back against the cushions in the corner, undisturbed by the confusion of our dismounting from the car.

"What shall we do with her?" I inquired. "I suppose she's safe enough where she is. She'll hardly wake up until you tell her to, will she?"

"No. The sleep is hypnotic," said the doctor. "She'll be safe enough here so far as that goes."

"It comes down to this," said Ashton. "If Wilkins is in the house, we shan't want the girl. She'd be in the way, for if he's cornered, he'll make a stiff fight. But if he's been to the house and done his work and already got away, and we're too late for him, as I fancy we are, then we'll have to use the girl again to track him. There's no other way."

"Then the thing to do," said the doctor, "is to make a reconnaissance. If he's already been here and searched the house for what he wanted and gone away, that fact will be easily apparent, and, as you say, it's the first thing to find out. Come, we've wasted time enough. The girl will be perfectly safe here."

"Hold on," said Ashton. "Why should we all go? We might defeat our purpose that way. Send Mallory. He's worth all the rest of us put together at fences and locks, and that sort of thing. He can find out in five minutes whether that house has been entered or not, and he won't attract one-twentieth part of the attention that four of us will."

The doctor nodded. Without waiting for any further bidding, Mallory rushed off in the darkness, up the street toward the white gate. The rest of us stood just where we were, on the sidewalk, twenty paces or so from the automobile. We had nothing to do but wait for Mallory's return, and under such circumstances time, as a rule, drags heavily. But long before we expected his return, almost, it seemed, before he

could have reached the house, we heard, coming toward us, the footsteps of a man running.

The three of us shrank back into the shadows, tensely alert for whatever this unexpected development might mean. But as the approaching figure emerged into the zone of light cut by the great gas lamps of our automobile, we saw that it was Mallory himself, Mallory hurrying toward us in an agony of haste, beckoning frantically, his eyes blazing with excitement.

We sprang forward to meet him. "He's there!" he gasped. "Wilkins, himself! He's up in the study! There's a light, and the blinds are down; but I saw his shadow on the blind."

As we drew nearer the gate, our pace slackened cautiously. Ashton was a little in advance of the rest of us, and was the first to peer around the mass of shrubbery, which screened the house from the view of the street, except at the one point where the gate made an opening. I saw him stop and stiffen, and heard him catch his breath with a gasp.

"That's him," he whispered. "We've got him."

The next moment I saw it, too—the silhouette upon the blind of a figure in cap and ulster, bending studiously forward over the desk, in the chair in which Henry Morgan had sat when he met his death.

"Yes," I heard my chief say in a piercing whisper; "yes, we've got him—unless, unless, in some way, he's counted on making us think we had him—when we hadn't."

"Why do you think that?" Ashton demanded under his breath.

"It's—it's a little too obvious," said the doctor in uneasy hesitation. "Why should he court discovery in that way?"



The Three of Us Shrank Back into the Shadows.

Why should he be sitting there with his shadow on the blind, when he knows that half the town has been roused by this fire?"

Ashton started forward impatiently. "This is no time for theories," he muttered. But the doctor laid a detaining hand upon his arm. "No," he said, "that's a valid question. If there's no trick about it, the man can't get away. If there is a trick, it's success will depend upon our doing the very thing that you propose to do—rushing ahead without stopping to think."

"Listen a minute," said Ashton, still in a whisper, but speaking with fierce impatience. "He must have set fire to that other house himself. He cannot have thought of a better scheme for drawing my men off the job. Once Wilkins saw them out of the house, he knew he had nothing to fear. He could make his search at leisure. And now he's found the things he wants, has found that map that he's been dreaming about for years, he's not thinking about his shadow nor the blind it falls on."

To me it seemed that the doctor's question had been fairly answered, and I moved forward, as Mallory and Ashton did. My chief hesitated an instant, then gave a nod of assent. Mallory pulled open the gate. We all followed through it. Then I glanced up once more at the lighted window blind.

"Look!" I cried. "He's gone!" One glance was all they needed. The silhouette of that figure had disappeared.

Ashton turned to Mallory and spoke so fast that the words trod on each other's heels. "You stay outside," he commanded. "He may try the windows if he's cor-

nered. You're the best man we've got on a chase. Don't hesitate to shoot. Come along, the rest of you!"

Together we rushed up the path Ashton ahead and my chief and I just behind him. But, with all our haste, we ascended the steps and crossed the wooden veranda silently. The front door was not even latched. It swung back with a light push, and we were inside.

"I'll go to the kitchen," Ashton said, "and cover the back stairs, and work up from there. You two, between you, see that he doesn't get down the front stairs, and search the rooms on each floor before you go any higher."

Both of us nodded comprehendingly, and he darted away. I stayed in the hall, while the doctor searched the downstairs rooms which made up the front of the house.

In a minute or two my chief rejoined me in the hall. "He's not here," Ashton whispered. "Come, let's go upstairs. We'll draw this floor next, just as we did the other. You, Phelps, guard the head of the front stairs, I'll guard the back and the doctor can search the rooms."

Carefully as he searched, we drew blank again.

"All right," Ashton whispered. "He's still in the study, then. It's queer we don't hear him, though."

"Do you think he can have got out by one of the windows?" I questioned. "Not with Mallory on the lookout outside. I told him to shoot, and he would. Come along! Follow me."

The study door was closed, but we could see the light shining out from under it. Ashton flung open the door. But from that silent room there never came a sound.

We waited a moment. Then, breathlessly and cautiously, we entered. The room was empty.

For a moment we stared blankly into each other's faces. Then a grim, full-mouthed laugh from the doctor shattered the strained silence. He clutched Ashton's arm and pointed.

"Look! Look there!"

On the floor, beside the swivel chair, half under the desk, was a great caped-ulster and a hat, a bundle of bed clothes, a bolster and a small pillow.

"There!" cried the doctor; "there lies the shadow of our good friend Wilkins, but it looks as if his substance had escaped us."

"But the thing moved," I cried—"the shadow did, at any rate—moved and disappeared."

The doctor stooped and lifted up the empty sleeve of the big ulster. There was a string tied around the sleeve, a string that led up through an empty stove-pipe hole and out in the corridor. We went out to see what the other end of it was attached to, and found that it was made fast to a bell wire, in such a way as not, probably, to interfere with the ringing of the bell.

We gazed at the thing curiously and, for the moment, without comprehending. Then the doctor hit upon a solution, which we afterward found to be the true one.

It was simple. "Like all great ideas," said he. "The first thing Wilkins did was to make fast a string between the gate and the old-fashioned bell pull in the front doorway. In that way he assured himself of getting a warning when your detectives returned from the fire. It wouldn't allow him much leeway, but he undoubtedly calculated that it would be enough. When this house was in its prime this third floor room served, no doubt, as quarters for a servant, and it was natural that one of the bells should ring up here. The thought of the dummy had probably occurred to him in advance, and it was a good thought. His chance of escaping your two men, when they returned, would be vastly greater if they should rush into the house with no other idea than that an intruder was sitting in Henry Morgan's study, leaning over Henry Morgan's desk."

"But the notion of connecting the dummy with the bell wire, and balancing it so that the slightest pull would cause it to move toward the light, and then disappear, must have been the inspiration of the moment."

"Well, he's gone," said Ashton, "and he's probably got the map, though if you know where you left it, you'd better look and see."

I pulled open the drawer where we had placed it, and glanced inside. One glance was enough. The map was gone.

"He can't have gone very far," said Ashton; "that's a safe surmise; and as long as we've got that girl to track him with, we'll get him yet. Come, there's no use loitering here."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Great Not All From World's High Places

Who would have expected that Goliath's antagonist would emerge from the quiet pastures? "Genius hatches her offspring in strange places." Very humble homes are the birthplaces of mighty emancipations, once said the late Doctor Jowett.

There was a little farm at St. Ives, and the farmer lived a quiet and unassuming life. But the affairs of the nation became more and more confused and threatening. Monarchical power despoiled the people's liberties, and tyranny became rampant. And out from the little farm strode Oliver Cromwell, the ordained of God, to emancipate his country.

There was an obscure rectory at Epworth. The doings in the little rectory were just the quiet practices of simple homes in country parts of England. And P. and was second

ing brutalized, because its religious life was demoralized. The church was asleep, and the devil was wide awake! And forth from the humble rectory strode John Wesley, the appointed champion of the Lord, to en-thuse, to purify, and to sweeten the life of the people.

On what quiet farm is the coming deliverer now laboring? Who knows?—Exchange.

### Revealed by Microscope

It now is possible to identify any piece of timber, however old, by shaving off a slice of minute thickness and studying it under the microscope.

Excavation of the ancient theater at Corinth has shown that these structures were gaily decorated with wall paintings.

# POULTRY

EARLY HATCHING  
BEST FOR EGGS

For several years the department of poultry husbandry at the New Jersey agricultural experiment station has been hatching part of its Leghorn chicks about mid-February. This was done, first, as an experiment and in later years because it paid to do so.

It was found that February hatching of Leghorns for the following early fall egg production lengthens the season of incubation by beginning it earlier, thus making better use of incubation and brooder equipment. It also makes use of more eggs for incubation purposes, which is conceded to be the better practice for poultrymen.

The early hatched Leghorn cockerels, most of which are surplus, are ready for sale as broilers in early April when prices are at their best. These early broilers help to offset lower prices which usually must be accepted for the same type of broilers that are hatched in April and are not ready for the market until June or thereabouts. In view of these advantages it is believed that poultrymen should make money on their February-hatched surplus of Leghorn cockerels.

The February-hatched pullets grow almost to laying maturity before hot weather sets in, or are at least beyond the stage in which hot weather materially affects them. They are usually ready to lay in August and lay well during that month, September, and part of October anyway. Eggs are worth money in that summer period, and as the older hens are falling off in egg production at that time the pullet production helps materially to balance the income on the poultry plant.

These early pullets are likely to molt in late fall, and the rest they get during that process will render them useful as breeders in the following spring, their first spring as adults. The department suggests that about one-quarter of the Leghorn flocks might be February hatched. The rest can come along in mid-April.

## Changing Feed to Hens Lowers Egg Production

Many poultry keepers become dissatisfied with the way their hens are laying and immediately, without trying to figure out the cause, decide to change to a different kind of feed. They may be getting a fair egg production but think they can get a much better one, and therefore they change the feed.

There is only one time when it is safe to make a change in feed, that is, a radical one and this is in the spring when all chickens, if they amount to anything at all, will lay eggs. A change at this time will not have the serious effects that a change during the fall, winter or summer will have.

In the first place, choose a good feed, one that has been tried and has given good results. Then stick to this feed. If something goes wrong, look to the way in which this feed is being fed. Don't make any radical change, however, as birds are very susceptible to any such changes at this stage of their lives. Such changes are apt to cause a molt with a consequent drop in egg production.

## Providing Winter Dust Bath Quite Important

During one of the periods of dry, clear weather, a supply of dry, fine-grained soil should be stored in a place where it will neither get wet nor freeze severely during the colder months. Nothing has been found that quite takes the place of a dust bath for hens. Of course, we can rid them of lice by treatment with sodium fluoride, blue ointment or a commercial louse powder, but these do not replace the enjoyment that a hen gets in dusting herself in a box of dust or mixture of dust and ashes. And the chance to dust herself is particularly enjoyed during the winter months. Thoroughly dry, well-pulverized dirt stored in a dry building in boxes or barrels or even bags will add greatly to the comfort and contentment of the flock throughout the winter.

### Cut Down Profits

Overcrowding and lack of sanitation in a poultry house will cut down the profits in a short time regardless of the quality of the stock. No matter how good the quality of your pullets, it will pay better to sell part of them rather than overcrowd the houses in an attempt to keep them all over winter. Overcrowding pullets usually results in slow growth and lack of weight in the flock and this means a high mortality rate and low egg production.

### Useful Cake Pans

For holding gravel, oyster shells, starch and charcoal, use tube cake pans such as are sold at variety stores for baking angel food cakes. Drive a sharpened two-foot stake through the center of the pan and into the ground. Then fill the pan and the fowls cannot tip it over and but little is wasted. The pan can be slipped off the stake for cleaning and refilling. If you are giving a tonic there is less waste if it is given in this way than by mixing with the grain.

# DAIRY

DOMESTIC BULL  
MOST DANGEROUS

A big game hunter on returning from Africa said that the most dangerous animal in the world was not the lion or the tiger, but the farmer's domestic bull. An Eastern farm journal for many months has been editorially mentioning fatal experiences of farmers with bulls and in nearly every issue the name of some farmer is recorded who has lost his life through placing too much trust in the herd sire.

There are few neighborhoods in which one or more farmers have not been killed by bulls in the last 20 years, and many bearing scars of attacks which through some miracle did not result in death, says a writer in the Michigan Farmer. It is the gentle bull which usually becomes enraged and attacks its owner. A farmer who works around a docile bull for many months may become careless and forget the tremendous power of that animal which with the powerful head and shoulders can easily crush a man in spite of every effort to fight back.

A few months ago we visited a prominent Holstein breeder who entered the box stall of his herd bull with the animal on a stout metal staff. The bull charged the owner but by placing the staff in the corner of the stall he was able to keep the animal braced away until help arrived. It proved the value of keeping the bull on a staff when led.

At the Michigan state college and on farms where bulls have metal and concrete staffs and exercise yards there are few fatalities. But herd bulls in pastures and ordinary barnyards are a constant menace. This is true also when feeding them and cleaning their stalls. Every moment one's attention is taken from the animal there is danger of being knocked down and trampled. Farming is a hazardous business if carelessness prevails in looking after the bull.

## Silage Without Tramping Is Favored by Wisconsin

Make silos higher and do away with tramping the silage—maybe that's what we will be doing in a few years.

A few years ago a silo at the University of Wisconsin farm was filled without tramping, and the silage kept in such good shape that since then all have been filled in that way. One or more sections of distributor pipe are used and a man at the top distributes the silage.

The silage settles more if not tramped, but more silage can be run in as soon as it settles—a common practice even where tramping is practiced.

In view of these facts, why not build the silo a little higher and save the extra labor of tramping? Besides, engineering experts say it takes less power to fill a high silo than a low one, strange as that may seem.

Along with this goes the fact that a great many silage cutters are being run too fast. By reducing the speed somewhat, a larger pulley can be put on and smaller engines or tractors used to run the cutters. Lower speed makes the machinery last longer.

Fly wheel cutters less than 11 inches in diameter are not economical. Better results come from a medium-sized machine at comparatively slower speed.

## New York College Gives Plans for Ventilation

Carefully conducted studies made by the New York State College of Agriculture during two months of each of the past five winters show that the walls and ceilings of dairy stables, as well as the lofts of dairy barns can be kept dry by proper ventilation. It has been found, also, that ventilation can be accomplished with less material, less labor, and at less cost than was formerly supposed, according to A. M. Goodman at the New York State College of Agriculture at Ithaca, N. Y.

Most dairy barns need only one good chimney or out-take flue; few of them need more than two. The construction of the chimney is the greatest expense of the whole installation. The part of these chimneys that goes from the floor of the mow to the eaves of the barn must be built while the mows are empty. The upper part of the chimneys and, in fact, all the rest of the system may be put in when the loft is full, he says.

By building the upper part of the out-take flue when the mows are full, no high climbing is necessary and practically no scaffolding is needed, but it should be remembered that part of the out-take flues must be built before hay is put in the mows or while the mows are empty.

### Barn Space for Cow

The cubic space allowance per cow is not the most important thing in a barn. Proper ventilation is of much more importance than the number of cubic feet of air allowed per cow. However, 600 to 800 cubic feet of air space should be provided for each cow, and in addition an efficient ventilating system must be provided. The recommended cross-sectional area of outlet flues is 36 square inches per cow, and a somewhat greater total area is required in the intake flue.

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Conversation is the mind's image.

## The BABY



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