

SHEEP'S CLOTHING

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Real Entertainment.

In peace times the Atlantic steamship lines offer smooth sailing a fruitful field of labor. Some are gamblers, some are smugglers, some are thieves of every known variety, including blackmailers. In "Sheep's Clothing" Mr. Vance has written a story whose action takes place principally during a single voyage from England to America, and at least three of his characters are smart rascals posing as honest men—wolves in sheep's clothing. This story points no moral. Its chapters are filled with honest, cheerful, entertaining people; the kind we all like to meet and know—and the ending is happy. No, this isn't a problem novel, but a very pleasant—and sometimes thrilling—tale, and you're all going to enjoy reading it.

THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER I.

In her maiden season the Alsatia, "largest steamship in the world" of her day and generation, was advertised to leave Liverpool for New York via Queenstown, promptly at five o'clock in the afternoon of every third Saturday.

At about one o'clock of a Saturday late in September one forehanded passenger found her way by dint of persistence through the pandemonium in the pier-shade to the Alsatia's first-cabin gangway.

This was a young woman not far beyond her twentieth year, with a tall and slender body, a face of uncommon distinction, and at the time somewhat pale, and a striking abundance of hair the color of raw, red gold. Dressed simply in dark traveling costume, with hat in excellent accord, she carried, in addition to a light wrap and tightly rolled umbrella, a conspicuously new Oxford bag lettered in black, "L. C.—New York." Behind her a porter staggered beneath her only other piece of luggage—a battered black-leather trunk of great age, which, curiously enough, bore the legend in letters of white, half obliterated, "L. C.—London."

Tippling and dismissing the man, the girl confidently ascended the gangway to the saloon deck of the Alsatia, and asked a steward to conduct her to her stateroom, displaying at the same time a ticket entitling "Lucy Carteret, Spinner," to a berth in Room 75, Deck B.

Once alone in her room, she bolted the door, lingered before a full-length mirror to remove her hat, eying her reflection with a shadowy, puzzling smile, and turned away to review the cubicle, one-half of which she was entitled to call her own for the next six days. The other half had been engaged by a woman of whom she knew nothing whatever, not even so much as her name.

It was a stateroom unusual in arrangement and luxurious in appointment. Twin brass bedsteads stood end to end against the inner wall. The other furniture comprised a capacious chest of drawers, a comfortable sofa, and two wicker armchairs. At one end narrow doors admitted to a cramped but adequate lavatory and a roomy clothes-press. The woodwork was enameled a creamy white, and the walls boasted panels of golden brocade—a color scheme conveying an effect at once of warmth, airiness and scrupulous cleanliness.

With a grave little nod, the girl approved. If expensive—and it was horribly expensive for her slender purse—this stateroom was well worth all it had cost her. There ran in her blood the instinct for luxury, though now her purse, upon examination, yielded but four golden sovereigns, a half-sovereign, a half-crown, a shilling, and a few ponderous copper pennies, barely enough for the inevitable tips at the end of the voyage. She would land in New York practically penniless. But that would be on a day the seventh distant; sufficient unto it its potential mischief.

She was very tired: the last few nights had brought her little sleep, thanks to the excitement engendered by contemplation of a step whose boldness was unprecedented in her history. But now, with that step successfully taken, excitement yielded place to fatigue. Unlocking and in part unpacking both bag and trunk, she appropriated a fair half of the wardrobe accommodations, then wrapped herself in a dressing gown and lay down on one of the beds. Transient, odd visions painted the ruddy gloom within her closed eyelids—of the life she had dismissed; of the temerarious adventure that engaged her; of the life to which she looked forward.

In time a knocking sounded on the door. The girl stirred and moved her head impatiently. The knocking grew imperative, and the deeps of sleep were disturbed by other sounds as well, by voices—

Miss Carteret came fully to her

senses in the act of unfastening the door. But of a sudden she paused with fingers resting nerveless upon half-drawn bolt, eyes wide with apprehension, and her face robbed of all that gracious color with which sleep had imbued it. For an instant she stood so, in doubt and hesitation, listening; then, as if reassured, she drew the bolt clear and opened the door.

This act disclosed two figures waiting beyond the threshold—a luggage-laden steward and a lady of abundant person and post-mature years, in a gown not three days out of the Rue de la Paix.

"I'm sorry," the girl apologized, standing aside. "I was quite sound asleep, and couldn't seem to wake up."

"But it is I who am sorry to have disturbed you." With a nod and a smile of acknowledgment, the speaker saluted grandly into the stateroom, a somewhat overpowering Presence.

Submitting perforce to the necessity of traveling without privacy, Miss Carteret hadn't bargained for the company of a dowager duchess; and this Presence bodied forth every redoubtable inch of that high estate. Her sixty years were quick with the spirit of forty. She wore her nose with the high, patrician bridge. A make-up of most excellent discretion supplemented charms by no means hopelessly passeé.

An impeccable taste in dress achieved a sobriety to suit her age, while escaping gloom and stiffness. There were evidences of a vigorous temper, dominated by a lively appreciation of the humorous, an invincible self-confidence, a seasoned acquaintance with the world, and a devastating curiosity—a handsome figure, a personality to be reckoned with.

By accent and mode of speech a true American, this was no duchess unless through accident of matrimony. But indubitably she was a dragon.

Miss Carteret was quick to endure the lady with a mental nickname, "the Dowager Dragon," a term whose asperity she modified by the admission that, if dragonish, she was most probably a dear. Then she seemed conscious that she had been staring steadfastly, and for a time far too long, at the subject of her reverie.

"I beg your pardon," she murmured, averting her eyes.

"I'd rather you didn't," said the Dowager Dragon brusquely. "If you apologize, I'll have to—I've been staring every whit as hard as you, my dear—and I never apologize." The con-



She Drew the Bolt and Opened the Door.

cell relished; the lady rolled it over her tongue and paraphrased, "I may be rude, I may be wrong; but admit it? Never!" Then she laughed heartily.

Miss Carteret ventured a smile. "I was thinking—" she offered in conclusive amendment.

"Believe me, I saw that," the other interrupted, "and more: I read your thoughts quite plainly."

"Oh, no!" the girl protested in alarm.

"But yes, my dear. You were thinking that in me you'd caught something of a tartar. Now weren't you? But a hand-painted bark doesn't necessarily imply a venomous bite. And if my complexion is candidly artful—must a woman look her age or lose caste? I do wear a wig; but think what a fright I should be without one! On the other hand, my figure and eyes and teeth are all my own," the last were frankly exhibited in an infectious laugh, "and so is my heart. In short, at my worst I'm a perfectly respectable old gossip—But—gracious, child!—how you do run on!"

With this bewildering reproach, the Dowager Dragon rose, and producing an impressive bunch of keys, began to unlock her various pieces of hand luggage.

"Really," she pursued, "you don't give one a chance to ask a single question. Here you've dragged out of me the most private bones in my skeleton cupboard without so much as telling me your name. No matter: you won't refuse it when you know mine. It's Beggarstaff—Amelia—widow. Now,

as Peter Traff says, what do you know about that?"

Miss Carteret knew nothing whatever about that, and owned her ignorance with a look of blankness that earned an indulgent chuckle.

"Confess you have never heard of me! But that's only because you're English."

"Oh, but I'm not!" Miss Carteret insisted impulsively. "My mother's parents were English; but I—"

Here she choked in undisguised dismay. But her companion wasn't looking—didn't, indeed, need to look; such is the resource of one ripe in the knowledge of humanity.

"Go on, my dear. Tell me all—as well now as later. You will, anyway, in the end—and if you don't, I'll engage to find you out for myself. By the way, your name would help."

"Lid—" Miss Carteret announced incoherently, stopping abruptly as though half-choked by the monosyllable.

"How very odd!" commented Mrs. Beggarstaff with a straight face. "Miss Lid! Almost as bizarre as Beggarstaff. But that's my own fault: I married it with my hearing unimpaired. But Lid! I never—"

"My name isn't Lid!" the girl interrupted indignantly. "I never said so. Something was tickling my throat. My name is Lucy Carteret."

"Sorry I misunderstood—and glad, Lucy Carteret's much prettier and—ah—human. The Maryland Carterets, I hope?"

"Oh, no," said the girl hastily. "Too bad; it's a good family. Let me see—there are no Carterets worth mentioning in New York. Virginia branch, perhaps?"

"Oh, no." The iterated denial was Jess bold than its original; Miss Carteret was beginning to be sorry she hadn't waited for a later steamer, as well as that she had thought it necessary, not to say romantic, to adopt a pseudonym to fit the initials on her luggage.

"Then you can't be anybody!" Mrs. Beggarstaff asserted vigorously. "Too bad. Unless possibly," she brightened, "you come of the English family? There are, I believe, some Carterets in Hertfordshire—"

"No!" the persecuted young woman said firmly. "I told you I was an American—and if the matter is of any importance, I'm perfectly willing to admit I'm nobody."

"Don't be cross with an inquisitive old woman, my dear." The Beggarstaffian smile was very fetching. Miss Carteret's indignation melted before it. "I'm only trying to find out if you haven't friends in common. Who are your friends on board? I know everybody, and—"

"I'm traveling alone," the girl interposed meekly, "and to the best of my knowledge I don't know a soul on the ship."

Mrs. Beggarstaff chose shrewdly to disapprove. "That's not right! You're too young and good-looking to travel without at least a chaperon. These transatlantic boats are all alive with adventurers. Luckily, you now have me—unless, perhaps, you're too high-spirited to utilize an old woman's interest!"

"You're very kind," Miss Carteret murmured—not altogether insincerely. She was too intelligent to be blind to the advantage of having so thoroughly-paced a Dowager Dragon to protect and advise her. And she was anything but anxious to incur ill-will by refusing an offer that, however forward, seemed unquestionably to be dictated by the kindest spirit.

"I'm glad you think so—or have the grace to say so, at least. So that's settled. Now tell me more about yourself. Is this your first crossing?"

"It's my first trip home."

"Plainly no help for it: with this persistently friendly body catechizing her, she might as well now as later stand and deliver some account of herself."

"Your first trip home? That means you've been over a long time?"

And in very short order Mrs. Beggarstaff has the confidence of Lucy Carteret, and that young lady is telling the story of her life. Don't miss the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

First Motion Picture.

The motion picture is more than fifty years old, if we understand by that term any device for producing the optical illusion of moving objects. These toys were called by various names, such as thaumatrope, zoetrope, stroboscope, phenakistoscope, stereoscopic cabinet, kinematograph, etc. The first exhibition of photographic motion pictures was made by Henry Heyl, in Philadelphia, in 1870.

Vertigo.

As the Washington Post says, love makes the world go round, only we wish it wouldn't make it go round so fast that some of us get dizzy.—But-fo Times.

CITIES' ODD NAMES

Few National Capitals Are Called After Noted Citizens.

Many Municipalities in United States Commemorate Famous Men of History, But Not Many of Them Are Americans.

There used to be a saying that to reach the heights of fame a man must have a street, a town and a cigar named after him. But it is an odd fact that while many men achieve such greatness, there are only one or two who have had the capitals of nations named for them.

There is, of course, Washington, named after its founder, Peter the Great, and Constantinople, named for the great Constantine; but beyond these the capitals of the various countries have received their names by reason of their climate, their geographic position or some touch of sentiment, a writer in the Philadelphia North American observes.

Changing the name of the capital has been frequently done. Indeed it was only with the beginning of the present war that St. Petersburg became Petrograd, eliminating the German "burg," whose choosing has always been a mystery to the Russian people.

Tokyo, the capital of Japan, has also had its name changed, for less than fifty years ago it was known as "Yeddo," a Japanese word meaning estuary gate. When the mikado took up his residence there, however, he changed the name to Tokyo, meaning eastern capital, thus differentiating it from the former capital, which had been called Saikyo, or western capital.

Another capital which has been rechristened within recent years is Christiania, the capital of Norway, which derives its name from King Christian IV, who built the now-famous city after the destruction by fire of the old capital Oslo. It was his desire to make it the most modern and most beautiful of cities, and he took so great a personal interest in it that when it came to a name everyone urged that it be called for him, and Christiania was finally adopted as being more artistic than Christianville or burg.

There are very few great cities of the United States named for Americans, but there are many which commemorate famous men of history. Of those named for Americans, there are, among others, Jefferson City, Mo.; Madison, Wis.; Lincoln, Neb.; and Houston, Tex., while there are also many cities which tell in their names the stories of gallant priests who started missions among the Indians, and were often the first white men to penetrate into the depths of the wilderness. San Francisco is named, it is true, for St. Francis, but the monks of that order are really the ones whose deeds the city commemorates; and there are, besides, Hennepin, Minn., and Marquette, Wis., whose names tell mute stories of the priests.

The majority of the larger cities are, however, named for Englishmen or Frenchmen, for when the cities received their christening no one dreamed that the time would come when the vast new country would be a nation of itself. Thus New York was named for the duke of York, St. Louis for the king of France, Pittsburgh for Lord Pitt, Baltimore for Lord Baltimore, New Orleans for the duke of Orleans, and so on through a long list of names that have now become most thoroughly Americanized in the thoughts of the whole world.

In Australia the habit of naming cities after statesmen is more prevalent than in any other country, and the majority of its larger towns bring to mind men who have helped to make history. Thus Melbourne recalls Lord Melbourne; Sydney was named after Thomas Townsend, first viscount Sydney, and at that time secretary of state for the colonies, and Adelaide, another of Australia's capital cities, keeps green the memory of Queen Adelaide, wife of William IV.

Beware Nap After Dinner.

Goffin, a French physician, has discovered that the desire of many people to go quickly to sleep after eating is likely to indicate indigestion and dyspepsia. He cites a number of cases in which people have been seized by an unconquerable desire to sleep even after a light meal. Thin people are much more likely to hunt a sofa after dinner than fat people, since their thinness is likely to indicate improper digestion, which also makes them sleepy.

House Flies Short-Lived.

The average life of 3,000 caged house flies has been found by R. H. Hutchinson and others to be slightly more than ten days, the greatest age noted having been seventy days. Egg laying usually begins in four or five days after the emergence of the adult fly, but sometime in two and one-half days. This period is greatly influenced by temperature, but also by humidity and the kind and quality of the food of both larvae and adults.

Conjugal Foresight.

A famous physician, asked at the New York Academy of Medicine why he wore rubbers on a day when the streets were perfectly dry, replied: "My wife runs down the street after me with them when I don't. I wear them to keep her from getting pneumonia."

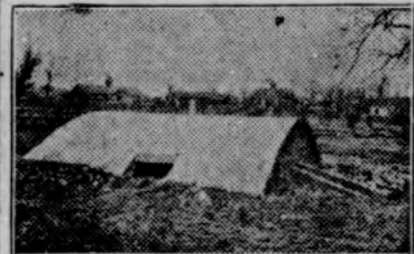
HANDY FUMIGATING BIN

Simple Form of House Is Easy of Construction.

Great Care Must Be Used in Arranging Doors and Windows—Concrete Is Favored for Erecting Permanent Structure.

A simple form of fumigating house may be made of 2 by 4 spruce, over which any cheap boarding may be used, provided it is free from knots and tongued and grooved so that the boards may be tightly fitted together. Ship-lap is not desirable. The building is rendered air-tight by tarred paper and laths, or better still, by a lining of rubber roofing. Great care is necessary in constructing the door and windows. These should be at least three layers of board thick and should be possible to open the window as well as the door from the outside so that the building may be quickly aired after being used for fumigating purposes.

A more permanent structure and one adapted to a wider range of uses may be made of concrete. It is best to equip such a cellar with ventilators so that it may be used for the storage of fruits and vegetables. These ventilators should, of course, be so arranged that they may be tightly closed when it is desired to use the cellar for fumigating. The most popular size of the average farm is a cellar 10 by 14 feet, inside measurements, with a self-supporting arched roof 5 feet



Concrete Fumigating House.

above the floor at the sides and 7 feet 8 inches in the center. All of the side walls are 8 inches thick, therefore dig the hole 11 feet 4 inches by 15 feet 4 inches and to the depth desired, usually 5 feet, at one end cut out the earth to a width of 4 feet 4 inches and slope it upward for 7 concrete steps with a rise of 8 inches and a tread of 10 inches, and for a thickness of 4 inches of concrete back of the steps proper, arrange for an 18-inch landing at the bottom of the stair. Make the side wall forms of 1-inch siding on 2 by 4 uprights, spaced 2 feet. As the concrete floor will be 4 inches thick, set up the forms on 4-inch concrete bricks. Above ground level use outside forms similar to the inside. At the entrance end to provide for a doorway, set between the forms a frame of 2-inch by 8-inch stuff, 3 by 7 feet in the clear. Mix the concrete one part Portland cement to four parts bank-run gravel, or one part cement to two parts sand, to four parts crushed rock. A sack of cement equals one cubic foot.

Ventilation should be provided. While building the wall make one or more air shafts (similar to a chimney flue) of 3-inch tile, by imbedding them in the concrete wall, with an opening inside at floor level and another outside, well above ground line. By this arrangement fresh air is admitted. Place a tile chimney in the concrete roof and cover it with a galvanized iron hood for removing the foul air.

SUGAR BEETS AND MANGELS

Tend to Increase Milk When Fed to Dairy Cows—Corn Silage Is Far More Economical.

Sugar beets and mangels tend to increase milk production when fed to dairy cows, but experiments conducted at the Ohio experiment station show that corn silage is far more economical. Because of this fact these dairy experts do not advise the feeding of beets except for high records where cost is a minor consideration, or where the number of cows is too small to permit the use of a silo. Cows fed beets had keen appetites and ate more feed because of the stimulating effects of this root crop. After ten years' work the Ohio station has found that two pounds of dry matter can be produced in the form of silage at less cost than one pound in the form of beets. Convenience in feeding is in favor of silage.

SEEK HIGH-PRODUCING HENS

Fowls Must Have Strong Constitutional Vigor—Quality Necessary for Increased Profits.

The high-producing hen must have strong constitutional vigor, and in selecting fowls for the breeding pen, if this precaution is taken, one step will be made toward breeding for increased production.

NOT SATISFACTORY FOR COW

Corn Fodder and Timothy Hay Not Recommended as Roughage—Both Are Low in Protein.

Corn fodder and timothy hay do not make a satisfactory roughage ration for dairy cows. Both are very low in protein and consequently when used, must be supplemented with a grain mixture rich in protein.

FINE AT BREAKFAST

FOUR DISHES, ALL OF UNQUESTIONED MERIT.

Require Care in Their Preparation and Baking, but Are Well Worth the Time and Trouble Devoted to Them.

There are two tests to put to breakfast breads. One is put by the cook, and that has to do with the time and trouble required in their preparation. The other has to do with flavor and texture, and that comes from those who eat them.

Always let breakfast breads cool slightly on a cloth or wire rack before sending to the table. They will then be more digestible and more easily handled than if sent to the table literally piping hot.

Heat all muffin tins before putting in the muffin mixture. The muffins rise more thoroughly and more quickly when put into hot tins. Remember, too, that most muffins need a quick oven. Popovers need a quick oven, but they also need long and thorough cooking, and some popover cooks let them stay in the oven 40 minutes.

Popovers.—Popovers, robbers' caves or wheat puffs, as they are variously called, are not difficult to make. The ingredients needed are two unbeaten eggs, two cupfuls of milk and two cupfuls of flour, with a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt. Beat all thoroughly together until not a lump remains and then pour the mixture into very hot muffin pans, well greased, filling them about half full. Cook thoroughly, until one broken open is hollow inside and shows a firm wall or crust.

Emergency Biscuit.—Make a good baking powder biscuit dough and drop it, by spoonfuls, into well-greased muffin pans. These biscuits are crusty little things, especially delicious if you have the continental habit of serving honey or jam at breakfast. A good rule for the dough is this: Mix six even teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one of salt with three cupfuls of flour. Sift all together three times and then chop in, with a silver knife, six tablespoonfuls of butter, lard or some other shortening agent. Mix together quickly with a knife and add a cupful of cold water. Mix lightly and then put in the greased pans from a spoon.

Rice Muffins.—Rice muffins are made of one cupful of boiled rice, two eggs, two cupfuls of flour, a tablespoonful of melted butter, three cupfuls of milk and salt to taste. Mix the eggs, butter and milk, sift flour and salt and add it and the rice to the wet ingredients. Bake the muffins quickly.

Rye Gems.—Rye is not in as general use as corn and wheat and graham flour. Rye gems and rye bread are nourishing and economical and rye gems made according to the following rule are a good addition to any breakfast: Beat three eggs, three cupfuls of milk, a tablespoonful of sugar and the same amount of butter, with three cupfuls of rye flour. The secret of making these muffins lies in beating them hard and baking them quickly.

Chiffonade Salad.

Take the white hearts of three heads of chicory, the white hearts of two heads of romaine and the center of a head of lettuce; wash and cut all fine with the kitchen scissors. Add a cupful of finely chopped celery, two finely chopped red peppers and a cupful of diced pineapple. Fold in a cupful of mayonnaise and serve on lettuce leaves garnished with olive curls. Serve hot toasted crackers with melted cheese on top with the salad.

Cocoa Cream Pie.

One-half cupful cocoa, one and one-half cupfuls sugar, one-quarter cupful corn starch, two cupfuls milk, three eggs, one-quarter teaspoonful salt, two teaspoonfuls vanilla. Mix cocoa, corn starch, yolks of eggs, salt and milk. Cook until thick. Stir constantly, add flavoring and pour into a baked pie crust. Cover with a meringue made by beating the whites of eggs until stiff and adding two tablespoonfuls of brown sugar. Brown in oven.

Crown Salad.

Select perfect apples, one for each person to be served. Pare, core and cut into perfect eighths. Cut off each end so they'll stand and arrange crown fashion on individual plate. Fill center with some preferred salad mixtures, apples, celery and nuts, pears and English walnuts, or celery, nuts and green peppers. Serve with mayonnaise, to which a little whipped cream has been added.

Puree of Carrots.

Boil enough carrots to make a pint after being run through colander. Put one and one-half pints of milk and carrots on stove, when boiling add three small tablespoonfuls of flour wet in little cold milk. Stir constantly as it boils, and, last, a little pepper, butter and saltspoonful of salt.

Cornmeal Griddle Cakes.

Mix one cupful cornmeal, one-half cupful flour, one-quarter teaspoonful salt, two teaspoonfuls molasses, one rounded teaspoonful baking powder and enough milk and water (mixed) to make a thin batter. Fry on a hot griddle and serve with maple syrup.

Darning Wool Underwear.

Never darn fine woolen underwear with wool. It will shrink and pull out a hole larger than the original. A loosely twisted knitting silk is excellent for the purpose. When washed the darn will have almost the same thickness as the knitted goods.