

# SHEEP'S CLOTHING

By **LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE**

AUTHOR OF "THE LONE WOLF," "THE BRASS BOWL," ETC.  
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## LYDIA BEGINS TO SUSPECT HER FATHER OF DECEIVING HER IN SOME MANNER AND SHE IS DEEPLY GRIEVED—SOME MYSTERIOUS THING SCARES HIM

**Synopsis**—Lydia Craven, traveling as Lucy Carteret, runs away from her English home to go to her father, Thaddeus Craven, in New York, whom she hasn't seen for five years. Three days out on board the steamer Alsatia, she runs plump into Craven, making love to Mrs. Merrilees, a young widow, engaged to marry him. Later Craven explains his mysterious conduct and supposed bachelorhood by telling Lydia he is a British secret service agent in America. She is attacked at night and a small box containing supposed valuable documents, which he has given her to keep for him, is stolen. Quoin, an amateur detective, recovers it for her, and when the party lands at New York, Lydia, carrying the box openly, has no trouble passing the customs inspection. When Mrs. Merrilees declares a \$50,000 necklace and the inspector finds it an imitation worth \$300, she is held and searched as a smuggler. Despite past tricks, however, Mrs. Merrilees is honest this time.

### CHAPTER X—Continued.

After a brief conference he turned back to Lydia and Peter. "A bad business!" he doubted in an undertone, wagging his head. "Betty's played the game straight as a die this trip; but nothing on earth will make these people believe that, after the way she's carried on in the past. Looks like an all-day session—no good your sticking round: nothing either of you can do. Quoin and I will stand by Betty; but you'd better cut along. You won't mind dropping Lydia at the Great Eastern hotel, Peter?"

"No—I won't precisely what you might call mind," Peter declared, brightening.

"I engaged rooms by wireless yesterday. It'll take a day or two, you know, to readjust my diggings to receive a daughter. Now clear out—like good children!"

Lydia bade hurried farewells. Giving Quoin her hand, she hoped he wouldn't forget to call, as he'd promised. Quoin was persuaded that such oversight would be symptomatic of insanity. His tone was light; but his direct and penetrating gaze embarrassed the girl, and she was flustered by consciousness that her cheeks were unaccountably aglow, her fingers tremulous in his firm grasp.

Betty Merrilees offered a cool cheek to Lydia's lips. "Don't worry about me!" she protested pettishly. "Besides, in your heart of hearts you believe I'm guilty—you know you do!"

"I don't!" Lydia insisted, and in the next breath, "You didn't—honestly?"

Betty's mood melted transiently. "Honest Injun!" she declared with mirth in her voice, but downright candor in the eyes that held Lydia's. "And I don't blame anyone for climbing up on the fence, either," she added in cryptic phrase, "all except these despicable chaste men!"

Peter's town car was waiting at the pier entrance, and when he had helped her into it, Lydia, looking out through the limousine door, viewed a section of the throng of passengers waiting for taxicabs, in the forefront of which stood two men.

One faced her and first attracted attention by his singularly persistent stare—a stoutheaded body, by no means tall, snug in a braided morning coat—the London mode, glossy topper, white spats and all, down to the silver-mounted stick of malacca—wearing a humorous eye in his square-jawed, scarlet face—one who would readily pass current as an elderly and retired gentleman of means, with a penchant for good cooking and outdoor life.

His companion, some inches taller and built upon more rakish lines, stood half turned aside so that she could see little more than the salient line of a dark, lean cheek, and a long and narrow back-head. But that was quite enough to make her sit up with a start, remembering that she had seen him once before in precisely that pose, outside the window of her stateroom. He turned for a moment toward her bringing to her view his right eye—covered by a black patch!

Happily Peter chose that moment to climb into the car, and so blocked out the disturbing vision. On the other hand, he was quick to note the evidence of her distress.

"Hello!" he cried in deep concern. "What's up? Surely you're not feeling ill!"

She shook her head vigorously, and in heedless agitation raised a gloved hand and pointed. "Peter, who is that man—the tall one, there, with the black patch over his eye?"

"Which? Oh, I see!" Here the car drew away, so that Black Patch was no longer visible. "I'm not dead sure," Peter resumed, "but he looks a heap like a chap Quoin pointed out in the smoking room one night—one of a brace of deep-sea sharks we had aboard. Chap with a queer name—Lety—no, I've got it—Southpaw Smith. Why do you ask? You certainly can't know the fellow!"

Lydia sank back into her corner, with a head awhirl. "No," she said,

"no, I don't know him. I—he—somehow reminded me of something very unpleasant."

### CHAPTER XI.

From the manner of the room clerk Lydia inferred that the name of Thaddeus Craven was well esteemed by the management of the Great Eastern. Nor was this impression at all modified by the rooms to which she was shown—a suite so complete and luxurious in appointments that its appeal was strong to the sybaritic strain with which heredity had endowed the girl.

Toward six o'clock she dropped, worn out, into an armchair beside an open window in the living room. Wearily the girl's eyelids drooped. Inensibly she drowsed, drifting into a sort of halfwaking nightmare, wherein she with her father waged incessant war against powers of darkness, shapeless, featureless, inscrutably malign—

The last rays of the sinking sun flooded her face, even as it impregnated her dream, with the hue of blood. Twilight, succeeding, caught together the gaping arras of the sky. Minutes wove a web of hours—

Abruptly Lydia found herself on her feet, a low cry shuddering in her throat, aware that the room was ablaze with light, that she was no longer alone. Then, calming, she realized nothing more terrible than Craven's return.

He stood near the center of the room, staring, evidently at a loss to account for her agitation, his face slightly flushed yet lowering.

"Well?" he demanded sharply. "What the deuce is the matter with you?"

"You—you startled me," she faltered with a tremulous smile. "I must have fallen asleep, waiting for you—and then I had a horrible dream—"

Craven's look swept her from head to foot, captious and ugly. "You haven't dressed," he said—meaning that she hadn't changed for dinner.

"Been asleep long?"

"Why—some hours, I presume. What time is it? It was just sunset, the last I knew."

"After nine o'clock now. Then you've had no dinner?"

Lydia shook her head. "I was waiting for you."

"You shouldn't have," he grumbled. "Thought I told you not to count on me. I've been busy of course, flying round all afternoon, getting Betty settled. Otherwise should have been home long ago."

"I have been worried about Betty—Mrs. Merrilees—"

"Oh, that business!" He smiled grimly. "It was over sooner than I expected. Unpleasant for her—to submit to being searched by a female inspector. But of course they found nothing, and had to let her go. And now she's threatening all manner of trouble."

"Then the necklace was really stolen? I'm so sorry!"

"Yes," Craven eyed her curiously for an instant. "Yes, it was stolen, right enough, and a clean-cut job, if you ask me. The thief must have been laying for somebody to buy the thing. He had the counterfeit all ready, of course."

"But that's what I don't understand." "Simplest thing in the world. Chance is he found the copy ready made to his hand. Nine out of ten of these smart Frenchwomen, like the original owner of the collar, have their best pieces duplicated in paste for public wear. Somehow or other he must have got hold of that. The only question is, when did he make the substitution? Betty swears it was the genuine article she received, and it hasn't been out of her possession since, except while in the purser's safe, and when I brought it to her, up there in the veranda cafe, day before yesterday. Looks as if it was up to the purser—unless you care to point the well-known finger of suspicion at me—or Peter!"

"How absurd!"

"Think so? Well, I'm glad you do, my dear." His humor had softened. Drawing near, he pinched her cheek affectionately. "Not that there's any

reason for you to worry. Only, if Betty still wants to play Lady Bountiful at your wedding, she'll have to disburse the price of another necklace."

"Daddy! As if I thought of that!" "Probably you don't, being yourself. Still—you'll marry some day, and pearl collars don't grow on every bough of orange blossoms."

"I'm not thinking of being married," Lydia murmured, looking away.

"Oh, I presume not—no more than the next girl of your age! Nothing doing with Peter Traft, eh?"

"Oh, daddy! Don't be silly!" Lydia met his gaze fairly and honestly, laughter in her eyes, and Craven accepted her disclaimer without question.

"Well, I'm sorry for Peter. He's a good boy—well off too. And he's mighty strong for you. Mustn't let yourself be misled by Peter's reputation. Just because he's got the name of a gay young butterfly is no real reason why he shouldn't be in dead earnest this time."

"I wish you wouldn't say such things."

"Well—don't forget him, when you do come to think of marrying. And," Craven dismissed the subject airily, "of course you would be happier as mistress of your own establishment than well—playing second fiddle in mine."

Had he slapped her the girl could hardly have suffered deeper pain and humiliation. He wanted to be rid of her! That truth was out at last. However kindly Craven's primal impulse to deceive, the time had come when he could or would no longer dissemble.

Her thoughts worked swiftly. Since he found her a drag, she must cease to be such at once—instantly—tonight. Until she could find some way to become self-supporting the hospitable doors of Mrs. Begarstaff's home offered a haven where Lydia felt sure of finding a welcome, sympathy, affection.

With a brisk tread and a cheerful countenance Craven returned to the sitting room. "Hello! What's troubling my girl? Something on your mind, eh?"

She eyed him gravely. "Do you really want me to marry Peter Traft?" she demanded.

"Why consult my desires? You'll do as you please anyway—just as I did at your age. It's a good match, and if you find you care enough for the youngster," he raised his hands in mock benediction, "bless you, my children! But—upon my word!—never can tell about you women. Only two minutes ago—"

"That was when I still believed you wanted me with you, when I thought I might be a help to you, not an obstacle in the path of your happiness. Better to marry at once—the first bidder—and repent too late, if that must be—than to know I'm in your way."

"Liddy, my dear little girl!" The tone was fond, the smile indulgent; but with sharpened vision she saw through the pretense.

"No!" she cried passionately. "No! Don't—don't waste time trying to deceive me, daddy!"

Turning she stumbled blindly into her bedroom, shut the door, and threw herself across the bed, sobbing.

After some time the door latch clicked. "Liddy!"

The girl made no answer. She couldn't; she was struggling to hush her sobs.

"Liddy!" Craven came to her side and seated himself on the bed. "Little girl," he said, with melancholy, "you've hurt me terribly, misjudged me so cruelly. But no matter. I realize that you don't understand."

He touched her hair caressingly. She suffered this without response. To-night her wits were keyed to a pitch of divination. Beneath the cloying tenderness in his accents she read the truth too clearly.

"I've just telephoned for dinner. It'll be up presently, and I want you to try to eat something. Get up, please, and dry your eyes, compose yourself, and be fair to me."

"Very well," Lydia said stiffly, without stirring.

With a final approving pat Craven rose. "Thank you, my dear," he said gently. He sighed, moved toward the door, but there paused. "By the way," he observed carelessly, "that thing I gave you the other night—the puzzle box—it is safe, I presume?"

"Yes," said Lydia, sitting up. "Do you want it?"

"If convenient."

Without another answer she rose and went to the bureau, found her handbag, produced the puzzle box, and silently, with averted face, gave it to her father.

His footsteps were audible crossing the sitting room. Then she heard him closing his bedchamber door.

With some effort Lydia pulled herself together, rose, bathed her face and eyes with cold water, then sought her mirror to survey and repair as best she could the ravages of tears.

Do you suspect Craven of being up to some trickery? Why should he become grouchy to his daughter? There is a big development of the story in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### No Use For Them.

Richard, aged four, accompanied by his mother, was watching a regiment of soldiers, headed by its band, marching by. "Mamma," he asked, "what's the use of all them soldiers that don't make music?"

### Playing Safe.

Eusebius was told by his mamma not to stay to meals at his aunt's without asking her. He was invited to dinner and his aunt said she would ask his mamma by phone. He said: "Don't ask her, tell her."

## "HOW OLD ARE YOU?"

Question of Vital Interest in This Country Now.

Uncle Sam's Census Experts Point Out How War Has Emphasized Importance of Birth Registration.

How old are you? Never in the history of this country has this question been of such vital interest to so many people as it is today.

Never before has the United States government been so deeply interested in knowing the exact ages of the young men of the land.

Officials of Uncle Sam's census bureau believe that in view of these facts, the public mind has never before been so ready to grasp the great importance of complete birth registration. Officials of the bureau in a statement on this subject say:

"In ordinary times, as the years go by and problem after problem is taken up and settled, our civilization grows; and the more rapidly these problems are taken up and settled the more rapidly this civilization grows.

"In ordinary times the continual demands upon our attention, first by one problem and then by another, easily explain the temporary sidetracking in so many states of the problem of complete birth registration. It is not because the people believe birth registration unimportant, but the problem has simply been crowded to one side until a more favorable day.

"When the story is told of the American arrested in London as a German spy, unable to obtain a birth certificate because his birth had never been recorded, and because the doctor had died, the people grasp the point and agree that births should be registered; but as the story relates to somebody far away, somebody unknown, and probably never heard of before, the point is soon forgotten and no wave of strong public opinion is ever really started. So, too, the statements that birth records are needed to prove men of voting age, to establish old-age pensions and pensions for children of soldiers, to establish rights of inheritance, to determine how efficiently the states are protecting the health of the children, and to determine who is entitled to the protection of our flag, these statements are too apt to be treated as old axioms which call for no immediate reform.

"The need for complete birth registration is recognized, but the inertia of the people still prevails.

"Thus, in ordinary times, the problems of civilization are settled slowly, but not so in time of war or after great catastrophes.

"The city devastated by fire is so rebuilt as to guard against a second conflagration.

"The terrible loss of life which follows overloading an excursion steamer soon results in more stringent laws and in greater safety for future travelers.

"And today the war call for the registration of our young men brings home the need of birth records to every community and to almost every family in the United States.

"Can you prove that you are under twenty-one or over thirty-one, or must you forever be suspected of having falsified your age?"

"Perhaps a fond mother, to save her son from the horrors of the trenches, may swear that he is below the age limit; perhaps years later proof will be found that this man should have registered; imagine his chagrin at not having done his part in the war.

"Perhaps there are slackers who, in the absence of birth records, may be able to shirk registration.

"Surely, the need of complete birth registration is evident to all.

"May we not hope that the call for the registration of all men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one will awaken the people from their lethargy and lead at once to this forward step in our civilization—the registration of every birth?"

### Treating of Poles.

According to information compiled recently by the government forest service, 102 treating plants, operating throughout the United States, report a total of 125,639 poles treated in 1915. This is estimated to be about one-half the actual number subjected to treatment, since a large number given brush treatment are not reported. The principal preservative used was creosote oil, and the average absorption was about 11 pounds per cubic foot. About 85 per cent of the poles treated were yellow pine, while western red cedar and Douglas fir largely made up the remainder.

## Unable to Fight, Convict Would Buy Liberty Bonds

A letter came to Uncle Sam from a prisoner in the Connecticut state penitentiary asking where and how to place a subscription for \$1,500 worth of Liberty bonds.

"As I am unable in my present position to be of service to my country in the manner in which I prefer," he wrote, "I should very much like to purchase two Liberty Loan bonds, one of \$1,000 and one of \$500, and help out a little in that way."

## JAPANESE BECOMING AMERICANIZED SO FAR AS MEN'S CLOTHING IS CONCERNED

The Japanese are becoming Americanized in one respect at least—they are rapidly abandoning their oriental style of clothing and adopting American fashions. The Japanese business man of today outdoes his American cousin in the purchase of natty and stylish clothing and he is not backward in spending his money in order to get the best.

These facts are brought out by Stanhope Sams, one of Uncle Sam's special commercial agents, in a report on the ready-made clothing industry in Japan.

At least one in every four or five male Japanese is now wearing Western clothing, according to this report. This means from 4,000,000 to 6,000,000 persons, and the number is rapidly increasing. At the time the war started at least two countries—England and Germany—were selling a large amount of ready-made clothing in Japan at prices much in excess of the Japanese-made products. This fact is cited to show that there is a good market in Japan for the better class of American wearing apparel.

The Japanese like to dress well and in strict conformity with the best prevailing fashions, Uncle Sam's agent says. They are not economical in the sense that they will wear old or inferior clothes. They wish always to make a natty appearance, with good lines in their coats and trousers and they especially like the former well cut and with a somewhat military look. In no other country, it is declared, will the young men or the business men of standing spend more in proportion to their income for the purpose of making a smart appearance.

## SOLVES FARM PROBLEM PROFIT FROM CATTLE

Alaska Has Successful Co-Operative Marketing System.

Uncle Sam's Engineering Commission Evolves Plan to Bring Grower and Buyer Together.

Uncle Sam has made a trial of a co-operative marketing system in the far northern territory of Alaska, and it is said that it has proved a great success. The system was evolved by the land and industrial department of the Alaskan engineering commission. As a result, it is declared that the farmers of Alaska have no difficulty in marketing their produce, as markets are assured in advance for every particle of food that can be raised.

At the beginning of the season, there is sent to each farmer a blank form, containing a list of questions for him to answer. First, he is asked for a description of his land and for a statement showing the acreage under cultivation.

Then follows a long list of products, both farm and stock, with blank spaces where the farmer fills in his report on the crops he expects to raise. Here he states how much of the crop he will sell, when it will be ready for market, and how much he expects to get per pound, per bushel or per ton.

In addition, other questions are asked. How far is your farm from water transportation? How far is it from the line of the government railroad? How far from the nearest town where your produce can be sold? How can you get your produce to market? Have you any prospect of being able to market all you can produce, if so, where? What are your crop prospects this year? Will the crops in your vicinity be early or late? Are you in need of a road to enable you to haul your produce to market; if so, state how many miles of such road, and to what point it should be built?

Corresponding information is asked from merchants and dealers. They are sent lists of supplies, and after the name of the product they fill in the quantity desired, the place and date of delivery, and the average price now paid for goods delivered at the store.

Through this system, the grower is assured of a market and the dealer knows he will have something to sell.

## GROWTH IN COPPER OUTPUT

Smelter Production in 1916 Shows Increase of 39 per cent and Value is Nearly Doubled.

The smelter production of primary copper in the United States in 1916 was 1,928,000,000 pounds, compared with 1,388,000,000 pounds in 1915, an increase of 39 per cent. The total value of the output in 1916 at an average price of 24.6 cents a pound is \$474,288,000, compared with \$242,900,000 for 1915, reports Uncle Sam's geological survey.

The total production of new refined copper in 1916 was 2,250,000,000 pounds, an increase of 625,000,000 pounds from the output in 1915.

The apparent consumption of refined new copper in the United States in 1916 was 1,429,755,286 pounds. In 1915 it was 1,043,461,982 pounds. If to the 1,429,755,286 pounds of new refined copper is added the 594,423,807 pounds of secondary copper and copper in alloys produced during the year, it is found that a total of about 2,024,000,000 pounds of new and old copper was available for domestic consumption.

### Wood Oil Tree.

The department of agriculture has experimented successfully with the cultivation in this country of the wood oil tree. If domestic planters would raise these trees the large American markets for the oil could be supplied by several Southern states. The oil now comes from China.

### No National Flower.

The United States has no national flower, but efforts have been made to have the goldenrod adopted. This flower is abundant through an enormous area of the continent.

Live Stock More Value on Farm Than Figures Indicate.

Uncle Sam's Investigators Find That Besides Direct Income Other Factors Must Be Considered.

That cattle in most cases add to the farm income in the corn belt is indicated by the results of a recent investigation conducted by experts of Uncle Sam's department of agriculture, as part of a comprehensive study of the meat situation, in which its specialists have been engaged for some time. The results have shown that the direct profit from the raising of calves, the average seems to establish, is usually small, but the investigators point out that there are other factors which make the practice more advantageous than would appear at first sight.

Among these advantages, it is pointed out, are the fact that live stock on the farm produces a home market and means of utilization of farm roughage, some of which might be wasted if not fed, and the use of pastures which could not be employed profitably in any other way. Live stock also affords a ready home market for certain other crops, which at times would have to be hauled considerable distances to be sold. Finally, the experts say, the presence of live stock on the farms gives productive employment throughout the year to labor which at certain seasons might otherwise be idle. Live stock also gives some interest on capital invested on equipment, which would produce nothing if not utilized at all seasons. The fertilizing value of manure also must be considered, the officials say.

When these factors are taken into consideration, even though there appears to be little or no profit as shown by cost figures, it is believed that in most instances the farm income is greater because of cattle having been kept on the farm. The keeping of live stock, therefore, say the investigators, is to be recommended on farms having large quantities of cheap roughage available or having land which can be best utilized as pasture.

## THREE BIG COTTON STATES

Texas, Georgia and Arkansas Produced Nearly Three-Fifths of the Total of the Crop of 1916.

Although cotton is grown in 18 states, the combined product of three—Texas, Georgia and Arkansas, the only states which produced more than a million bales in 1916—represented nearly three-fifths of the total crop of that year, according to Uncle Sam's figures. Texas alone reported 3,725,700 bales, or nearly one-third of the total crop; Georgia's output was 1,820,939 bales, or somewhat less than one-sixth of the total; and that of Arkansas was 1,134,033 bales, or nearly one-tenth of the total.

Six counties reported the ginning of more than 100,000 bales each from the growth of 1916. Williamson county, Texas, with 124,732 bales, was in the lead, closely followed by Ellis county, in the same state, with 124,349 bales.

The crop of 1916—11,440,930 equivalent 500-pound bales—showed a slight increase as compared with the preceding year, but with that exception was the smallest since 1906. The crop of 1916 exceeded that of 1915 by about 258,000 bales, but fell below that of 1914—the largest ever grown—by 4,685,000 bales, or 29 per cent.

Despite the marked falling off in the crops of the last two years as compared with that of 1914, the output of linters continues to show a pronounced increase. The high prices obtained in recent years for this fiber, which is used extensively in the manufacture of gun cotton and smokeless powder, have so stimulated the production of linters that the yield per ton of seed treated is now considerably more than double that of a few years ago.

### Chile Wants American Stores.

Uncle Sam's consul general at Valparaiso, Chile, reports that there is an opportunity in that country for the introduction of American department stores.