



Thrilling Mystery Story In 30 chapters

THE GREEN SHADOW

by HERMAN LANDON

INSTALMENT XXXIX.

Axelson proceeded to obey orders. Soon the visitor was ushered into the same room in which the interview between Adele and Dr. Moffett had taken place.

The Interruptor

The visitor's stick clattered to the floor. A look of stark amazement crossed his fine, classical features. His fingers fumbled nervously at the carnation he always wore in his buttonhole.

"Hello, Castle," said a voice. "Sit down," said the voice. "I am Dr. Moffett."

The visitor stared in stupefaction in the direction whence the voice came. He stroked his high forehead, surmounted by gray-sprinkled hair neatly parted on the side.

"Extraordinary!" he mumbled. "Something seems to have happened to my eyes. I—I can't see your face."

"Nothing has happened to your eyes. I prefer that you shan't see me. Compose yourself and tell me why you are here."

The visitor shook himself, recovered the stick he had dropped, moistened his lips, and did his level best to conquer uneasiness he felt in these strange surroundings.

"It's the green light, I suppose," he reasoned aloud. "It isn't as bright as an ordinary light. That is why—"

"Oh, no, not the light altogether, Castle," the doctor interrupted. "I can see you quite clearly—almost as clearly as in an ordinary light. But let's not waste time over that. I am still waiting to hear what brought you here."

The caller drew up his shoulders a little, as if striving for his characteristic poise. "Very well. One of your eccentricities, I take it, Dr. Moffett." He paused for a moment. "I suppose it would be a waste of time and breath to express my opinion of you."

the visitor: "Did he tell you how to find my place?" "He gave me very elaborate directions."

"I see." The doctor's tone was faintly sarcastic. "And you came out here hotfoot on no stronger evidence than an anonymous telephone message?"

"My informant spoke very impressively, emphasizing that it was a matter of life or death. I was worried about my daughter. In the circumstances I couldn't ignore what he said."

"Curious!" mumbled Dr. Moffett. "I don't see how the Picaroon learned how to reach this place."

"Who?" exclaimed the visitor, catching the subdued remark. "It doesn't matter. Well, Castle, now that you are here, what do you intend to do?"

"My daughter is here, isn't she?" "Yes," came the answer after a moment's hesitation. The visitor sat silent for a time. His shoulders heaved a little. His voice, when he spoke, was thick with emotion.

"Moffett," he said, "I am not going to waste time telling you what I think of a blackguard who uses a young girl in his nefarious schemes. You are beneath my contempt."

"The mysterious Mr. Graves is speaking in a very lofty tone," Dr. Moffett sneered. The other smiled wanly. "Your sneers can't hurt me, Moffett. I have passed that stage. I made a mistake—a grievous mistake. You can crush me and break me. But I can still hold my head high."

When I compare myself with you, I have nothing to be ashamed of. I don't have to hide my face as you are hiding yours. I never fought with dirty weapons. I never stooped to the infamy of fighting women and children. I—"

"Very pretty, Castle," the other interrupted. "You ought to carry a pulpit along with you on your travels. But suppose we drop the oratory and get down to business? What do you want?"

The visitor, as was his occasional habit, tapped the table slowly with his knuckles. "I suppose it would be utterly useless to appeal to a spark of manhood and decency in you, to ask you to confine your warfare to me and let my daughter alone?"

tested. "Even if I should be able to procure the money, what guarantee have I you will surrender my daughter and the papers?" "None. You will just have to trust me."

"Trust—you?" "You have no other choice." The dim figure at the other end of the room got up to indicate that the interview was ended.

The visitor had also risen. With head hung low he peered at the grotesque shape in the distance whose face was only a greenish blur in the emerald light.

"Just one more word, Moffett." There was a trace of doubt in his voice. "As you remarked yourself, I came here on rather insubstantial information. I don't know who my informant was and—"

"I can tell you where he is," the doctor interrupted. "He is in jail. That's where your information came from."

The visitor appeared not to understand. "Anyway, it was a rather dubious item of information. You have confirmed it. You tell me my daughter is here, but it may be only a bluff."

"Oh! well, just to satisfy you—" Dr. Moffett chuckled. There was a blurred movement of a hand. A little pause ensued, and then a gaunt, old man entered.

"Bring Miss Castle here, Axelson," Dr. Moffett directed. The old man nodded and withdrew. The visitor showed signs of nervousness. He quickly began to move about.

"Keep still," the doctor snapped. The other stopped and leaned slightly against the table. Restlessly, with his cane, he drew imaginary figures on the floor. Soon the door opened again. Adele walked in, and behind her was Axelson. She was deathly white and she leaned against the door frame while she stared into the green illumination.

"Dad!" she suddenly cried, and then she sprang forward. In a moment the visitor's arms unfolded her. He whispered in her ear, and a quiver ran through her. "Convinced?" asked Dr. Moffett. The other, with one arm around her neck, caressed the girl's dark hair. He was mumbling endearments.

"That's enough," said Dr. Moffett impatiently. "Take her away, Axelson." The old man came forward, but the visitor wound his arm more tightly about the girl.

"Not yet," he said, and there was a strange, defiant quality in his voice. "This is the end of your game, Moffett. I didn't come here alone. There are three policemen in the woods outside the gate. In a few minutes,"—he glanced at his watch—"in exactly two minutes and a half they will hammer their way in."

A dead silence fell. It was broken at length by the sound of footsteps. A gleam of steel flickered in the green light. Dr. Moffett was coming forward. He moved in a slow, creeping manner, like a beast crawling upon its prey. The ugly outlines of an automatic emerged out of the green mist. The doctor's arms, legs and torso came into clear relief, but still the face was only a green blur.

"I think that's a lie," he declared evenly. "Wait and see," came the response.

Sport Chat

The schedule of the City Baseball League will wind up with two more games, the first to be played tomorrow, and the last game of the season will be on September 22. This Sunday's game will be between the Elks and Gyros, and the winner will play the league-leading Sons of Canada for the city championship on the twenty-second. The first game will be of particular interest because the losing team is knocked out of any chance for the league leadership.

This means that both teams will be out in full strength Sunday, and each will fight to the last ditch to get into the final championship game. Both games will go the full nine innings, and as the season's play has proved that the three teams are just about evenly matched, interest in the final games should not be lacking. With any sort of break from the Weather Man, there should be a good crowd of fans on hand Sunday to cheer their favorites to victory.

As far as the brand of baseball played is concerned, the league this year has been a complete success but, in spite of what the weather experts try to tell us about having had more sunshine this summer than ever before, said weather certainly has not been favorable to good baseball. This has kept attendance at games down and in consequence the receipts have suffered. However if the fans turn out in force for the last two games, the league executive hope to keep the balance sheet clear of the red ink.

Down-hearted and dejected Max Schmeling sailed from New York, bound for Germany. The man who might have been heavyweight champion is going home to rest and think things over after a decision which robbed him of \$150,000 for matches with Phil Scott and Jack Sharkey, and a glorious chance at the vacated title. "I am tired and worn out from my troubles with the New York Boxing Commission," he said. "I am in no shape to fight Scott or anyone else right now. I have just completed a tour of 26 cities in which I boxed a total of 104 rounds and got most of my rest between sleeper jumps. I've had enough now. I'm coming back in October, I think, to straighten out my trouble with the commission."

Schmeling's refusal to fulfill a contract made by Arthur Bulow, German newspaper man who brought him to this country but was later ousted by Max, to box Phil Scrott for Promoter Humbert Fugazy, caused the trouble which resulted in the commission revoking the license of Schmeling and the managerial licenses of Joe Jac and William McCartney, two of his managers. Schmeling made plenty of mistakes, but he is not entirely to blame for everything that has happened. Bulow touched off the first match by selling "little pieces" of Schmeling's contract to an American group. It turned out that soon afterwards the American group had Schmeling under their wing and the Teuton cast out Bulow. Bulow fought for his rights and everybody—Schmeling, Bulow, Jacobs and the others lost.

Schmeling lost a lot of friends by his actions. After he whipped Paolino Uzudun in June, the black-haired German was easily the most popular figure in the heavyweight division. He was only a jump from the heavyweight title. Going home, he is just another foreign fighter and one who is going to have a hard time getting breaks he received in his first journey here. If he returns, Jacobs, who is up to his eyebrows in trouble with the commission, now says that he has under consideration offers from several promoters for Schmeling to fight in the United States on the German's

return. According to Jacobs, "Paddy" Harmon, of Chicago, has offered \$50,000 for Schmeling to meet either Otto Van Porat or "Tuffy" Griffiths at Chicago in November or December.

GOLF WEEK AT JASPER PARK

Leading Players From All Over Canada to Gather at Mountain Resort

JASPER, Sept. 7.—Plans are now completed for the opening of the fourth annual golf week at Jasper Park Lodge golf course. The premier event of this week, which yearly gathers golfers of note from both eastern and western Canada, is the totem pole trophy, which has now become the golf classic of the west and gives to the winner a trophy unique among golf competitions the world over. Of solid silver, it takes the form of a totem pole, with a base of walnut, flanked by four bears and shields on the sides of the base record the name of the winner and the year of his victory. A solid silver replica of the totem pole trophy is held permanently by the winner of each tournament.

The Jasper Park Lodge golf week this year is opened this afternoon by Hon. Dr. Egbert, lieutenant-governor of Alberta, who will be accompanied by his daughter, Miss Ethel Egbert. Hon. Dr. Egbert will also be a contender in the totem pole trophy competition and apart from this main event there will also be ladies' and men's competitions and a number of attractive trophies, cups and other prizes await the fortunate competitors. The golf week will close on September 14.

To date the premier honors of winning the totem pole trophy have gone to Vancouver, it being won in its initial year by E. A. Jones, and subsequently by R. F. Baker and Alfred Bull. Judging from the number of entries of prominent golfers already received

from both Vancouver and Victoria a determined effort will again be made to retain the honors of the western Canada golf classic for the Pacific coast. There is every indication, however, that strong efforts will be made to capture it in another city, as a number of notable players have intimated their intention to be present from points as Calgary, Edmonton, Winnipeg, Toronto and Montreal. It is anticipated by golf experts already registered at Jasper Park Lodge that the totem pole competition will be a brilliant and a hard fought one.

The Jasper Park Lodge golf week will be the second big golfing event at Jasper National Park during the season, as recently the Canadian amateur championships were played on the course, which was preceded by those taking part in one of the best in the Dominion and unexcelled for its magnificent setting.

New Blood For U. S. Golf Final

Dr. Willing of Portland Johnson of St. Paul to Play For Amateur Title

PEBBLE BEACH, Cal., Sept. 7.—Brushing aside two former United States amateur golf champions Dr. O. F. Willing of Portland, Ore., and Jimmy Johnson of St. Paul, Minn., yesterday qualified for the final of the national title today. Willing defeated Chandler Egbert four and three and Johnson beat Francis Olmet six and five.

The Chinese-Russian situation is easy to understand. No man has much fight in him when he broke.

An optimist is one who reflects cheerfully that the bare spots on his lawn don't shine. Spoiled people who go batty with self-pity when denied their own way aren't wholly useless. They support nerve specialists.



Throat-easy says Talkie Star

Joseph Schildkraut, dramatic star, appearing in "Show Boat", the great talking, singing movie play, guards his voice by smoking Buckingham's.

"Permit me to express my preference for Buckingham cigarettes. There is something about a Buckingham; a very satisfying blending of flavors; a delicate tobacco fragrance, which I have found in no other cigarette. Too, one may light one Buckingham after another without any effect upon the voice. Buckingham's for me every time."

Joseph Schildkraut



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IN LONDON A SHILLING

NO COUPONS — ALL QUALITY

DRYDOCK WINS SOFTBALL GAME

Will Play off in Three Games With Station For Season's Honors

In the play-off game last night for the second half honors in the C. N. Softball schedule, the Dry Dock beat the Station team 10 to 3, to win the second half of the schedule. There will be a series of three games now to decide the winners of the league, between these two teams.

The Station played air-tight ball for six innings and were leading three to nothing up to that time but, after that they seemed to blow up and let the Dry Dock get 10. The Dry Dock boys played first class ball throughout, with the exception of Howe making a couple of poor throws to first.

The teams were as follows: Dry Dock—Gawthorne, Kelsey, Howe, Smith, McKeown, Hadden, Macfee, Hedstrom, Palmer. Station—McIntosh, Astoria, Stalker, Horton, Downey, B. Skatlebo, Styles, Holtby, A. Skatlebo. Umpires—Jackson and Comadina.

One of the finals will be played tonight and the two others tomorrow.