



Thrilling
Mystery Story
in 30 chapters

THE GREEN SHADOW

by HERMAN LANDON

Synopsis

Adele Castle has just had the weird adventure of her life. She has been taken by a mysterious Miss Conway to meet Dr. Moffett, whom she meets but does not see. For as she enters the room of an old house in a part of New York, she does not recognize, she is met by a green light through which she observes the vague outline of a man. He tells her he knows her father is the "Mr. Graves" whom police seek as the associate of Daniel Forrester, who died after getting \$10,000,000 by fraud. He claims to have papers which, if made public, would result in Mr. Castle going to jail.

Adele calls on her father, who tells her Dr. Moffett demands \$100,000 for his silence, though Mr. Castle profited but little by Forrester's operations, which he did not discover were illegal until after the latter's death. On reaching home Adele finds a note referring to the color green and making an appointment for the next day in Central Park. It is signed "the Picaroon."

INSTALLMENT SIX

MR. FERRYMAN CALLS

Captain John Summers, stockily built, sturdy of jaw, with a reddish complexion and a skull that was considerably larger than symmetry allowed, sat at his desk in the police headquarters building on Center Street and tried to fix his attention on a stack of reports.

There was a sour, fretting look on his face. Now and then he made a petulant jab with a pencil. He did not like to read these reports. He did not like any of the administrative functions connected with his position. If Captain Summers could have followed his inclination he would have been out hunting criminals—the Picaroon, for instance.

Summers nursed a special grievance against the Picaroon—the slippery and elusive scamp who amused himself by plundering people's safes and who always left a card behind him stating that the victim could recover his valuables upon paying 10 per cent of their value to a certain philanthropic society.

Time and again Summers had accepted the challenge, but something had always gone wrong. On several occasions he had manoeuvred the Picaroon into a tight corner, but the Picaroon had always slipped out. It was the ambition of Summers' life to catch him some day. That day, when it came, would heal all the wounds his pride had suffered.

But it was a difficult task he had set himself. No one seemed to know anything about the Picaroon except that he had a penchant for annexing other people's valuables and a special talent for avoiding capture. Somehow the rumor had got abroad that he was a wealthy and luxurious person who at one time had suffered grievously from one of the law's mistakes, but this was only a surmise on the part of the public and the newspapers.

Information of a more definite character was in Summers' possession, but he kept it rigidly to himself.

Many little details and numerous trifling occurrences each of no importance when viewed by itself but quite significant in the aggregate had focused Summers' suspicion on a certain individual. That individual was Martin Dale, a leisurely, cultured and well-to-do gentleman whose good looks, easy manners, ready smile and breezy chatter had made him a favorite everywhere.

Martin Dale
Captain Summers was almost certain that this Martin Dale was the Picaroon, but so far he had been unable to prove it.

Strangest of all, he liked Martin Dale. They often lunched together. Summers enjoyed Dale's pungent anecdotes about life in clubs and society, and Dale relished the captain's observations concerning crime and criminals. Occasionally the conversation veered round to the subject of the Picaroon, and then Dale would look very innocent, and Summers' reddish face would close up like a poker player's. Yet, much as Summers liked Dale, he would not let friendship interfere with duty if his chance to capture the Picaroon should ever come.

There was no particular reason why he should be thinking about the Picaroon this morning, yet his thoughts strayed occasionally from the reports before him. The Picaroon had not been active for several weeks. That meant nothing, however. Probably he was planning some particularly brilliant exploit. The Picaroon was full of brilliant ideas. Oh, well, there was such a thing as being too brilliant, in Captain Summers' estimation. Some day the scamp would go a little too far, and then—

The captain moistened his lips as if contemplating some particularly savory mental morsel. The Picaroon had humiliated him time and again. Friendship or no friendship, Summers would give no quarter when the great day arrived. And he knew Dale would accept none. He would take his punishment with a smile and a shrug like a thoroughbred sport.

That was one of the things he liked about Dale, his sportmanship. And

Dale had many other likeable traits. It was really odd how Summers could go thoroughly like a man whose alter ego he was determined to put in jail. It was a psychological phenomenon that he had never puzzled out.

The door opened and a uniformed attendant announced that Mr. Alexander Ferryman wished to see the captain on important business.

A tall gentleman entered. He was fastidiously dressed and carried himself with an air of distinction. He was lean and straight, looked about 50, carried a silver-knobbed cane and wore glasses on a ribbon.

Ferryman's Story

"I have something rather curious to report to you," he said at length. "It may sound insignificant to you but it has worried me a great deal. I have hesitated a long time before finally deciding to bring the matter to the attention of the police. It concerns a situation that may result in some very unpleasant, not to say tragic, developments."

"Well," said Summers tartly. "I must explain a few things in order that you may understand the situation clearly. I am a retired business man. I own two adjoining houses on Bank Street, No. 260 and No. 262. They are old houses of the comfortable kind that were built two generations ago. Unfortunately that kind is rapidly passing out of existence."

Mr. Ferryman sighed. Captain Summers looked bored.

"Until four years ago," Mr. Ferryman continued, "I lived with my wife at No. 262. I had done everything to make it comfortable for her, furnishing the house in the very best fashion I could afford. I was deeply devoted to her, and for a time we lived happily."

"Then my wife began to show signs of restlessness. She was much younger than I—only a little more than half my age. Naturally she was more active than I, and she craved more pleasure and more youthful companionship. Perhaps I didn't try to understand her as I should. I realize now that I was not the right sort of companion for her. I couldn't—well, to cut a long and distressing story short, my wife left me four years ago."

"With another man?" Summers bluntly suggested.

The visitor bristled. He tapped his cane against the floor. "You have no right to make such an insinuation. I resent it. I will not have my wife calumniated."

"Keep cool," Summers advised, "and try to use shorter words. It will save time. And don't wear out my floor with that stick."

Mr. Ferryman seemed partly mollified. "I keep forgetting that strangers can't feel as strongly about the matter as I do. My wife simply went away, without any explanation whatever. I was heartbroken. I was very much in love with her, and I am still. If you could realize how beautiful she was you would understand. This will give you a faint idea."

He snapped the back of his watch open and exhibited a small photograph. Summers looked at it, observed that it was indeed a beautiful face and, as was his habit, filed away an image of the features in his mind.

"Of course this doesn't do her justice," said Mr. Ferryman, shutting the watch and putting it into his pocket. "It may help you to understand, however, why I am so passionately devoted to her. After she had gone I moved next door, to No. 260. I couldn't endure the former associations. They reminded me of her and added to my grief. But I left everything as it was in the old house. I have a caretaker there, a faithful old fellow named Axelson, who keeps everything neat and clean and in repair. When she comes back—and Mr. Ferryman sighed wistfully—"I want her to find everything as it was when she left."

Green Light Again

"You're sure she will come back?" "I feel it—I feel it in here," Mr. Ferryman touched his heart. "Some day she'll come back repentant, and then we shall begin life at No. 262 all over again. Every night I sit at my window watching for her. Every morning—"

"But you are not interested in that. I have made these explanations so that you may understand what follows. Several times within the last six or seven months, Axelson has things to me and reported that strange things are going on at No. 262."

"What, for instance?" Summers asked, showing interest for the first time.

"Perhaps you will smile when I tell you," said Mr. Ferryman in a diffident tone. "You see, the old house is sacred to me and it is possible that I attach undue importance to what happens there."

"So far nothing very sensational has happened—at least, it may not seem very sensational to you. Axelson has reported to me that minor articles have disappeared from time to time. He has also discovered evidence of trespassers in various parts of the house. Now and then, he tells me, he hears footfalls in the night."

Summers looked bored again. "I'd advise you to hire a better watchman and put new locks on the doors."

"Oh, Axelson is efficient enough, but these things seem to be beyond him. But I haven't told you the strangest part yet. Twice, upon hearing these footfalls in the night, Axelson has got out of bed to investigate. The sounds seemed to come from the library, so he went there. On each occasion a strange green light has been flashed in his face the moment he entered."

"A green light?"

"Yes, a green light. Where it comes from Axelson can't imagine. It lasts only an instant, he tells me, and then it's gone. He has searched thoroughly, but there seems to be no explanation."

"Did he hear anything when he saw the green light?"

"Yes, footsteps moving about the room. But after the green light had gone out and he had turned on the electric light, there was nobody in the room."

"Summers thought for a moment. "Does Axelson drink?"

"Not a drop. And I am positive he is not subject to hallucinations of any sort. Now, I don't like the idea of such things going on in a house owned by me, and especially one that holds such intimate associations. It seems to me that the matter requires an investigation."

Summers gave his visitor a narrow and sooty complimentary look. "I think you are exciting yourself over nothing," he declared. "Axelson is probably a drunkard or a dope addict. Just by looking at them you can't always tell what they are doing when nobody is watching."

"My advice to you is to take Axelson's cock-and-bull stories with a grain of salt. Take two grains for good measure. And next time he tells you one of these yarns send him over to me 'til—"

The telephone on Summers' desk rang. He answered, listened with an indifferent air for a moment, then jerked up his top-heavy head and was all alertness. He drew a pad to him and wrote something on it. Then he turned to Mr. Ferryman with a curious look in his eyes.

"What did you say was the address of the house you formerly occupied with your wife?"

"No. 262 Bank Street." Mr. Ferryman lifted his brows as if at a loss to know what the question meant. "I am now living at No. 260."

"Queer," said Summers, looking down at the pad on which he had written. "I've just had a report that a woman's body has been found at No. 262."

Mr. Ferryman started, then sat in stunned silence. "Body—my house!" he stammered at length. "Do you mean there has been a—murder?"

"It looks that way," Summers picked up the telephone again and snapped a few orders into the transmitter. "Better come with me Mr. Ferryman," he said when he had finished.

The visitor pulled himself together and followed the captain from the office and down the stairs. His car was at the curb, and they jumped in and drove to Bank Street. The house in question was one of two murky, old-fashioned buildings with green shutters and a faint light over each door. Summers entered first and was saluted by a policeman standing in the vestibule. The inner door was opened by a gaunt, elderly man, stoop-shouldered and white-faced.

"What's happened Axelson?" Mr. Ferryman asked excitedly.

"Murder, I'm afraid, sir." The servant pointed a shaking finger up the stairway. "I happened to go up there about an hour ago, and that's when I found the body. It's terrible, sir!"

To Be Continued Tomorrow

PARENTHOOD PREPARATION IS IMPORTANT

Paper Before British Association Says It Is Entirely Neglected Today

INTELLIGENCE TESTS

London Inspector Says These Tests Are of Great Value in Education

CAPETOWN, South Africa, July 25.—Educational science has made tremendous strides since the last meeting of the British Association in South Africa in 1905, said C. W. Kimmins, M.A., D. Sc., chief inspector of the educational department, London County Council, in his presidential address to the educational science section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science today.

Discussing modern movements in education, Dr. Kimmins said one of the most significant changes in educational science since 1905 was the change in the attitude towards the very young child, particularly in intelligence tests, which he endorsed.

Dealing with the question of the child of under six years he said: "The difficulty is that although parenthood is the most important profession in the world, there is at present no specific preparation for it and there is no immediate prospect of a higher standard of parenthood. Yet it is clear that in dealing with the young child there is a distinct need of expert guidance. If, however, the home and the nursery school work together the problem of children upon the state will rapidly decrease in number. There can be no doubt whatever that with a well organized nursery school system there will be a significant advance in the mental, physical and social welfare of the children."

World of Child
Discussing some of the psychological peculiarities of the very young child, he pointed out that a remarkable difference exists between the world of the child and the world of the adult which difference presents very serious difficulties in the study of young children. Too often in the past there has been insistence on the child's adoption of the adult position before the appropriate time for his mental

growth had been reached. One of the most interesting and at the same time of the most important features in the world of the child was the vivid imagination peculiar to the years of childhood.

"This is at the stage when the invisible friend or other childish phantasy makes appearance," he said. "It took him a long time to fully recognize himself as a separate entity in his environment. At three years he fully recognizes that the teddy bear and the golliwog in whom he confided had no power of understanding or of effective response and then the visible inanimate was replaced by the invisible inanimate of childish phantasy."

Study of Ape
Some of the most important discoveries of the nature of the child's response to educational methods had been made through a study of the capacity for acquisition of facts of chimpanzees and other anthropoid forms. It was found through these experiments that modes of behaviour that have become a matter of course with adult humans may be expected to appear in a more plastic form in the life of the ape and the simplest

acts of intelligence can in this way be brought under scientific observation. The data thus obtained was invaluable to the investigator of childish psychology.

Apart from the new attitude to the pre-school child the most important movement since 1905 is the coming of the intelligence test and its incorporation as an essential element in the general scheme of education. Probably more research has been carried out in recent years in connection with tests for intelligence than in any other department of educational activity. Even if only rough approximations could be secured in the measurement of native ability, nevertheless the advantage of such a discovery would naturally make a very strong appeal to the minds of progressive educationalists. The researches of Binet and Simon clearly point the way to attainment of a means of estimating innate intelligence. As a consequence the Binet-Simon scale has been the starting point of an enormous amount of original research on the subject which was destined to yield a rich harvest to the investigator if a really satisfactory working method of

testing native ability could be obtained.

Proper Promotions
"Intelligence tests," continued Mr. Kimmins, "in connection with school organization are found to be of great value as an additional factor in promoting children from class to class. It is evident that as there is a wide range of native ability in boys and girls of the same age anything in the nature of a rigid chronological basis in school classification must be profoundly unsatisfactory. Not only that; imperfect classification may and frequently does inflict serious injury on the misplaced child. The supernormal boy or girl placed in a class with children of the same age but of markedly inferior ability runs a great risk of becoming an exceptionally lazy person though he or she may without the slightest difficulty be at the top of the form or class and be the recipient of wholly unmerited praise."

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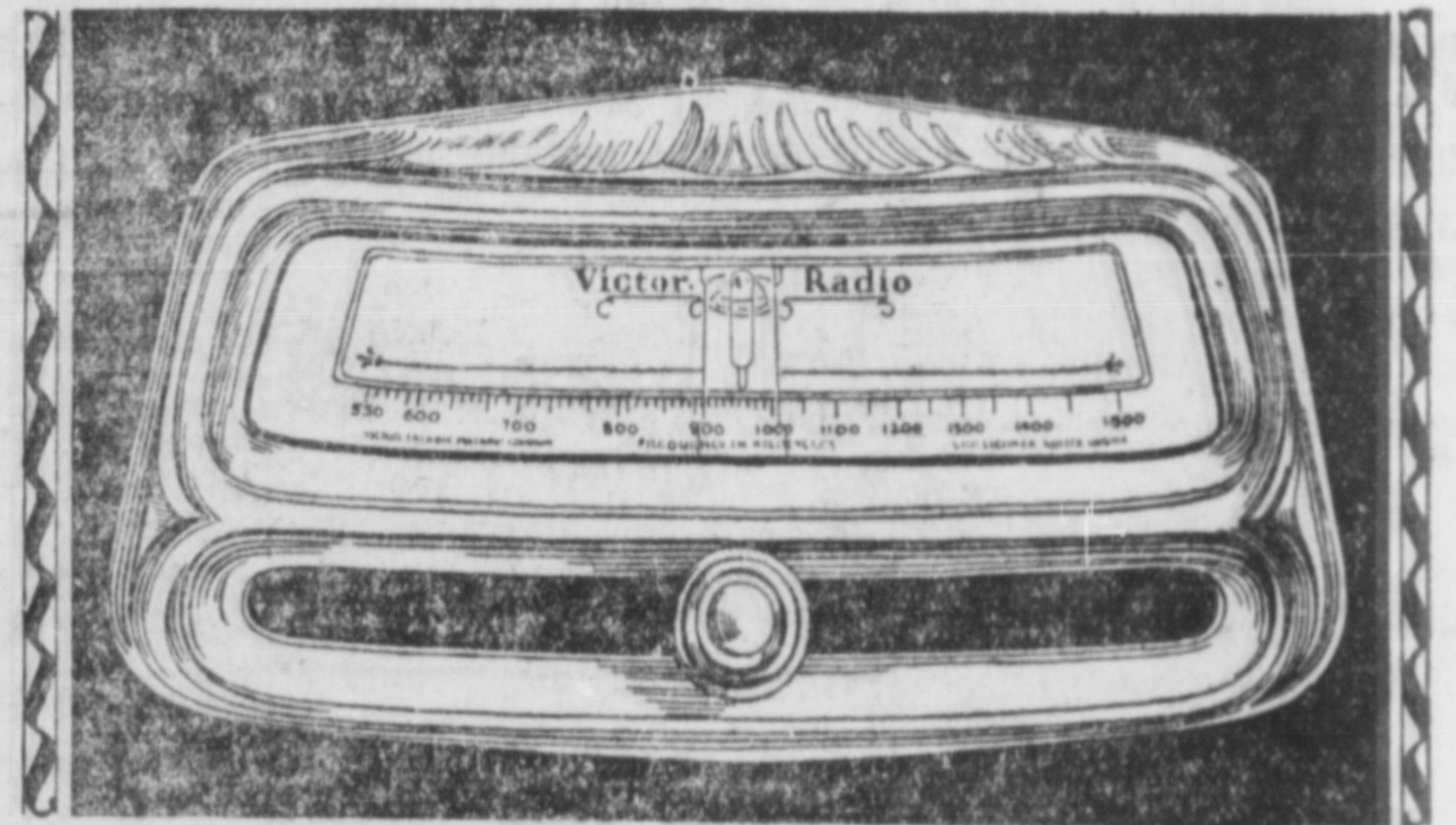
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