



Thrilling
Mystery Story
In 30 chapters

Synopsis

Adele Castle is on the way to visit a mysterious Dr. Moffett, accompanied by the equally mysterious Miss Conway, who has told her Virgil Ellsworth Castle, her father, is in serious trouble and that Dr. Moffett can aid him. Adele has called up her friend, Paul Ellsworth, and told him to trail Miss Conway's car. Two items are featured in the newspaper Mr. Castle was reading before he left for his office: the pursuit of the police of "Mr. Graves," who was associated in a reputedly shady deal which netted \$10,000,000, and the latest exploit of the "Pleuroton," a crook who preys on the rich and then offers the return of his loot if they give one-tenth of its value to charity.

Adele Castle has just had the weirdest adventure of her life. She has been taken to a mysterious Miss Conway to meet Dr. Moffett, who 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 only the vague outline of a man, who talks to her about her father.

THIRD INSTALLMENT

Dr. Moffett

"As I told you," came from the chair beyond the rosewood table. "I am Doctor Moffett. I suppose my name is unfamiliar to you?"

Adele nodded.

"Then," said Doctor Moffett, "in order that we may become better acquainted, let me tell you a little something about myself. The title that precedes my name is my rightful property. I was once a practicing physician specializing in diseases of the eye. The name itself doesn't matter so much. Names mean so little these days.

"Years ago I dropped the practice of medicine to devote myself to pleasanter and more profitable pursuits. I suppose you are wondering about this green light and why you can't see much of me, especially of my face. Well, there are reasons. There is nothing very mysterious about this light. You have seen the same thing occasionally in the theatres. As for my reason for sitting here in semiobscurity—"

He laughed, a deep, whimsical laugh. "I am telling you this so that you will feel more at ease in my presence. We can't have a satisfactory discussion unless you feel wholly comfortable. You are more comfortable already, aren't you?"

"Yes, Dr. Moffett," said Adele in a voice that still sounded a little uncertain.

"That's splendid. Just a few more words about myself. I am probably the ugliest man in creation. Also, I am very sensitive about my unfortunate looks. That's one reason why I don't wish you to see my face, and that one alone would be sufficient. There's another, however. You might recognize me if you should ever see me, and that would be very unfortunate for both of us."

He laughed again, and this time the laugh sounded less pleasant than on the former occasion.

"Yes, it would be very unfortunate for both of us," he repeated, as if he wished to stress the point. "But we needn't worry about that. I am very careful not to show my face indiscriminately. You are not nervous now?"

"Not in the least," Adele assured him, straining the truth.

"Fine! We are going to have a practical talk, you and I, and that will require mental poise. Do you know, I never feel quite at ease except in a green light like this. It is the only kind of light that rests my nerves. Green soothes them, while most other colors irritate them."

"Did you happen to know that there is a separate nerve for each primary color? Well, there is. Green, for instance, has its own nerve, and so have blue and red. These nerves act as messengers, each carrying its own color sensation to the brain. Now, I am afflicted with a nervous ailment that has affected the nerves for blue and red so that these colors irritate me. With green it is different, and that's one reason why I am interviewing you in

this sort of illumination."

Adele was growing a trifle impatient. It seemed a very long introduction. Again she strained her eyes in the speaker's direction, but the ugly face to which he had alluded was still masked in a green shroud.

"Just another preliminary word," Dr. Moffett murmured. "I have suffered a great deal in my life, what with my unsightly face and my nervous ailment. Perhaps the experience has hardened me. At any rate, I have no patience with idealists and visionaries."

"I am what you would call a man of hard practical sense. All my actions are calculated to serve my own selfish interests. My desires are the only law I recognize and obey. I always attain my objectives. If anything stands in my way, I sweep it aside. Do you understand me better now?"

She smiled mirthlessly. As if one could understand a man whose face was not visible to the eyes! Yet an impression of a sort had been sketched on her brain. She wondered whether Dr. Moffett would sweep aside a human obstacle as ruthlessly as, according to his own words, he swept aside inanimate ones.

"Yes, I think I do," she murmured in response, watching the ghostly puffs of gray smoke that drifted in front of the invisible face. Since she could not see the face she fell to studying the voice more closely. Despite the deep and pleasant timbre of it, her impression that it was not Dr. Moffett's natural voice grew stronger.

"Good, Miss Castle. You must be weary of hearing me talk of myself. I have spoken this way only in order that we may understand each other better. Now we shall talk about something else. You have probably heard of Daniel Forrester?"

"I think so," Adele stammered. The newspaper headlines she had seen at breakfast that morning flashed back into her mind with sharp vividness.

Forrester's Partner

"We can dispose of Forrester in a few words. He was a man somewhat like myself—ambitious, hard, aggressive and ruthless where his own interests were concerned—a man who scoffed at laws and conventions. It was his ambition to be rich. To realize that ambition he organized one of the greatest and most ingenious swindling schemes the human brain has ever conceived."

"In a little while—less than a year—he amassed together ten millions. He would have piled up a hundred millions if he had lived and could have avoided complications with the law. While he lived he was lucky. The authorities didn't become cognizant of the illicit nature of his operations until three weeks after his death."

A new dread took hold of Adele, succeeding the sense of weirdness she had experienced. She thought she could see the trend of Dr. Moffett's remarks.

"You see, Miss Castle, Forrester was shrewd and subtle enough to make a crooked game appear straight. And so he continued his operations unhampered until he died. Then a storm broke. Hundreds of victims began to squeal and whine. An examination of Forrester's duplicate books told the story."

"But it was too late to punish Forrester. A dead man can't be brought before a jury. Yet somebody had to be punished. The whiners had to be pacified—a pack of greedy, yellow-livered fools who howled for vengeance when they discovered they had bit into a gold brick. A scapegoat had to be found."

Dr. Moffett laughed sardonically. "The authorities are still looking for the scapegoat. Maybe

they will find him, but I rather think they will fail, unless I should tell them where to look. They are on his trail now, but it is a badly twisted trail. You see, the investigation showed that Forrester had a partner in his swindling operations, one who worked with him and shared in his illegitimate gains. The authorities found various traces of this partner scattered here and there, but so far they have been unable to learn who he is, although he has been mentioned in the newspapers as 'the mysterious Mr. Graves.'

Adele started sharply, though she had been in a measure prepared. She had an uncomfortable sensation that a pair of keen eyes was looking straight at her out of the velvety green mist that covered the speaker's face.

"I see the name is familiar to you," Doctor Moffett remarked. "The authorities are now searching for the mysterious Mr. Graves. They are going over Forrester's papers again, hoping to find some clew to his identity and whereabouts. If they ever find him, it is almost certain he will be convicted. Public sentiment is strongly against him, and a conviction of that sort would be a feather in the prosecutor's cap. In all probability the mysterious Mr. Graves would be sent up for ten years—perhaps fifteen."

Though she tried to hold it back, a faint moan of dread broke from Adele's lips.

"Did you say something, Miss Castle? No? Well, it is my opinion that the search will be fruitless. You see, some of Forrester's papers—the very ones that would reveal his identity and tighten the case against him—are missing."

"Missing?" Adele echoed in a hollow voice. "You mean—"

"Yes, I mean that through a fortunate occurrence those papers fell into my hands. They are now in my possession, safely hidden where no one is likely to find them. The mysterious Mr. Graves is really no mystery to me."

Adele felt a choking tightness at the throat.

"Who—who is he?"

The reply came after a pause which Doctor Moffett remarked. "The authorities are now searching. Whiffs of cigar smoke whirled lazily in the air."

"Virgil Ellsworth Castle, your father."

Mysterious Mr. Graves

The semiannual meeting of the Board of Directors of the Knickerbocker Finance Corporation had been a stormy one. Several members had mutinied against the lately adopted policies of the chairman, Virgil Ellsworth Castle. Heated invective and sharp retorts had passed along the mahogany table, disturbing the decorum of a severely plain room bordered by sound-proof walls and sanctified to weighty deliberations. Otherwise dignified gentlemen in frock coats had forgotten they were gentlemen. Faces had flushed and voices had risen above the limits of good behaviour. It had been the most turbulent meeting in the history of the corporation.

It was over now. Mr. Castle had returned to his private office, furnished in the manner of classical dignity that became his position. He adjusted the flower in his buttonhole and mopped his face. A smile played about his lips as he stood at a window looking out over the harbor with its argosies from many lands.

It had been a good fight. He had thrown all his strength and the full force of his personality into it. His voice had alternately cooed and thundered. He had cajoled and bluffed; his tongue had flattered and lashed, as the occasion required. He had leaped from playful satire to vitriolic denunciation. And in the end he had won.

It had been a victory for Mr. Castle and his faction. Hence the satisfied, if somewhat tired, smile that now twisted his lips. It was a great satisfaction to know that he was a master of men, even if he was not at all times master of himself. For the time at least he had drowned a burden of fear and guilt in the tossing billows of a battle from which he had emerged victorious.

Almost soundlessly the door opened. Adele, the one person privileged to enter his inner sanctum without formality, stepped lightly inside and closed the door behind her. Mr. Castle, absorbed in his thoughts, heard nothing. She advanced a few steps over the rug, then paused

and regarded the figure at the window. Her dark eyes, with a brooding haze in them widened slightly.

Her father was standing straight and erect once more—just as she had been accustomed to seeing him until recently, with head held high and shoulders thrown back—rocking slowly on his heels while he jingled a few coins in his pocket.

She wondered at the transformation. But she did not wonder for long. Too many things, some of them weirdly inexplicable, others poignantly real and clear, had happened in the last few hours to permit her to inquire into causes and effects. She was still seeing things through a green mist. There was a distant drone in her ears—Dr. Moffett's voice! Things that were incomprehensible thronged her brain, but uppermost was a sharp anxiety.

The last hour had been like a foggy dream in the morning. She had listened to Dr. Moffett's adroitly phrased proposition, asked time to think it over, and then she had departed as she had come, escorted by the langorous Miss Conway, too preoccupied with the first tragedy that had entered her young life to attempt to elude the surveillance of the silent woman at her side.

And now she was here, hoping against hope that her father's words would shatter the clouds that had gathered over her head and assure her that it had been all a hideous dream.

(Continued Tomorrow)

HOME RUNS IN LEAGUE GAMES

Cleveland Made Six Runs in Ninth Inning, Giving Them Victory

NEW YORK, July 23. — In spite of Rice's two homers, Pipgras held the Tigers at New York. Six runs in the ninth gave Cleveland the victory in the second game of a double-header against the Athletics. In the first game Simmons hit his 22nd home run. Fox got his 19th in the second game.

At Pittsburgh in the National League the Robins smashed five Pirate pitchers for ten runs. Pihel hit a homer with the bags crowded in the lucky seventh.

The mighty Grove Cleveland fanned seven Philadelphians, pitching for the Cardinals.

Scores follow:

American League

Detroit 5, New York 7.
St. Louis 7, Boston 4.
Cleveland 1-9, Philadelphia 4-3.
Chicago 3, Washington 2.

National League

New York 0, Chicago 2.
Brooklyn 10, Pittsburgh 7.
Boston 5-6, Cincinnati 9-0.
Philadelphia 2, St. Louis 8.

BASEBALL

Tonight at 6:45, Gyros vs Sons of Canada.

FOOTBALL IN RAIN MONDAY EVENING

One Goal Each Made by Empress and Thistle Teams at Acropolis Hill

In spite of the rain on Monday night there was a well contested football game between the Empress and Thistle teams which ended in a tie, one goal each.

At half time there was no score, but ten minutes from the finish Alex Haig scored for the Thistle team and one minute before the end when the referee was beginning to finger his whistle ready for the final call, Murray put the ball beneath the bar for Empress.

W. Barton was referee.

KERMODE'S BEAR IS SEEN ON STIKINE BY PASSENGERS ON BOAT

WRANGELL, July 24.—Passengers on board the Hazel B., arriving from a trip up the Stikine River, report seeing an albino grizzly bear where Glacier Creek empties into the Stikine.

It was toward evening that the bear was sighted. It was standing on a ledge almost directly above the boat, affording an opportunity for good inspection, before it made off into the woods.

Captain S. C. Barrington described the bear as being large and creamy white in color, with reddish ears and pink eyes.

Sport Chat

Local Baseball

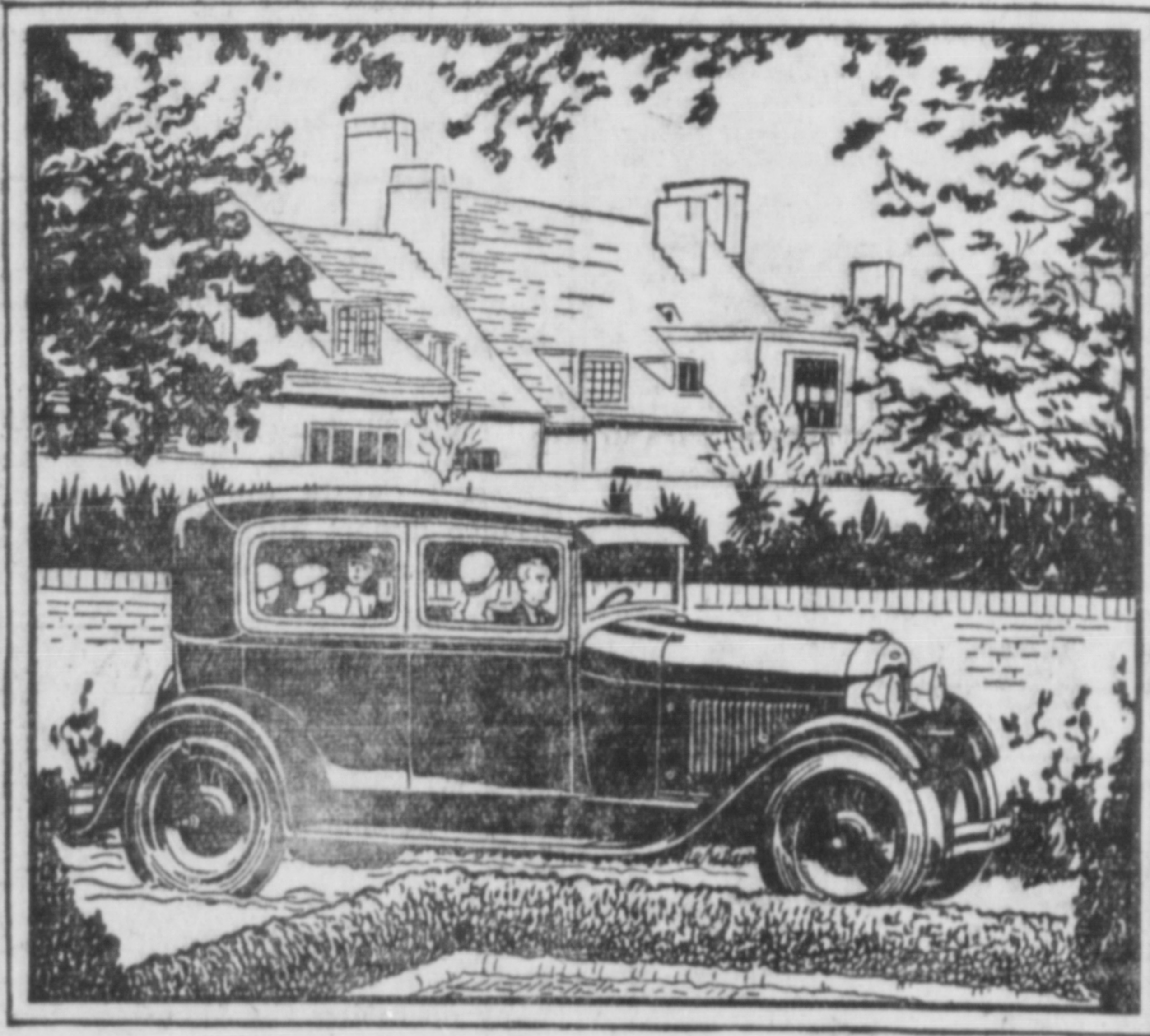
Weather permitting, as always the regular scheduled game between the Gyros and Sons postponed from last night will be played tonight at the Acropolis Hill lot.

With the Sons enjoying a bit of a game and a half it is distinctly up to the service team to cut this lead down tonight, not we will have to change S.O.C. club's name to the Athletics, because if they are stopped soon are going to make a runaway race of this league the same manner as the Mack's team is doing in the American League. The Gyros and Elks cannot be counted out, however, and when the standing is listed the proud Sons may yet be keeping company with the home brew in the cellar of the league. Do we hear groans of disapproval from the camp of the mighty Sons.

Regiment Team

The Regiment team to be against Thistles tomorrow is expected to be Brand, Kees, Beaumont, Edgecombe, Hadd, Burdette, Russell, Wilson, Murray, Tinker and Norrington, and Strachan.

The International Boundary between Canada and the United States, including Alaska, is 5,500 miles in length.



Driving EASE and Riding Comfort

THE Ford car has established new principles in motoring comfort, proving that a light car of convenient wheel base can be made to ride with the same effortless, smooth ease as any of its weightier and more expensive road companions. The unique combination of transverse springs with an Houdaille shock absorber to each wheel, is one of the secrets

of this remarkable performance—added to perfect balance and a body and chassis joined like one piece. This accounts for the tendency of the Ford car to hug the road at all speeds.

Peculiarly restful driving is a direct result of this riding comfort. The feather-light steering wheel, that is rock-firm in the hand under any road conditions, gives the driver perfect control. Gears shift with silent precision and the change down from high to second, so often of use in traffic emergency, may be effected in one smooth motion.

Another unusual advantage offered by the Ford car is its

Model "T" Owners

So that you may continue to enjoy the advantages of Ford ownership coupled with new standards of quality and performance unequalled in the light car field, Ford Dealers are prepared to take in your Model "T" Ford Car at a fair market value. Drive in your Model "T" to be appraised and ask for a demonstration drive in the Ford Model "A".

turning ability. If is a narrow street indeed in which the Ford car will not turn completely without backing. Think what this means in city parking. A space little longer than the car itself may be used without tiresome manoeuvring.

Demonstration—Ask your Ford dealer to let you drive a Ford car. He will be glad to take you out. Select the steepest hills, the heaviest going—you will be amazed at the power at your command.

A demonstration will convince you of the outstanding merit of the Ford car. Also request your Ford dealer to show you the hidden, inbuilt quality features of the car.

Time Payment—If you prefer to buy out of income, you will find the authorized time payment plan offered by all Ford dealers most attractive.



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