



Thrilling
Mystery Story
In 30 chapters

THE GREEN SHADOW

by HERMAN LANDON

SYNOPSIS

While Captain Summers is meditating on the escapades of "The Picaroon," whom he is convinced is really his friend Martin Dale, Mr. Alexander Ferrymann calls and requests that strange happenings at 262 Bank Street, the house next to the one in which he lives, be investigated. Axelson, a watchman employed by Ferrymann to guard the house in which he lived before he moved next door after his wife had deserted him, has heard footsteps and seen an eerie green light. Just as Ferrymann is showing the captain a picture of his wife, the telephone rings and a voice tells of finding a woman's body at 262 Bank Street. Summers and Ferrymann hurry there. "The Picaroon," who preys upon the rich and then offers the return of his loot on the payment of 10 per cent of its value to charity, has written a note to Adele Castle, requesting a meeting in Central Park. Adele has had a terrifying experience. She was taken to a strange house where, through a queer green light, she could glimpse only the outline of a man calling himself Dr. Moffett, who tells her he holds evidence which would convict her father of being connected with a crooked financial deal and send him to prison. Mr. Castle tells Adele Dr. Moffett demands blackmail of \$100,000. Summers continues his investigations and finds a band from a Verona, the special sort of clear Martin Dale smokes. The captain and Dale meet in a restaurant and save that Dale knows something about a green light and admits that there are few Veronas in the country. Summers learns nothing. Adele and Dale meet. He tells her he was present during her strange interview with Dr. Moffett, which took place at 262 Bank Street, and promises to help her. Dale calls at 262 Bank Street and tells Axelson he knows that the dead woman is Miss Conway. Axelson denies knowing her or Dr. Moffett as does Ferrymann. Dale's attention is held by the waltz-cotting of the library.

INSTALMENT FOURTEEN

An Adventure in the Night

Bilkins was a servant par excellence despite his sluggish villainous features, his sluggish movements and his predilection for his master's cigars and pre-war stock of Scotch. He switched on the light in the den, fetched slippers and dressing gown, poured an amber liquid into a tall glass, added seltzer and ice, and placed the concoction at Dale's elbow. Dale sipped. "Any callers, Bilkins?" "Captain Summers phoned, sir, but he left no message." Dale's gray eyes twinkled. He took another sip, spread out his legs and sank a little deeper into the immense easy chair. "Queen sort, Summers." "You might well say so, sir. He is built all out of proportions. Never saw such a big head on a short man." Dale nodded. "It's a bit tantalizing when you stop to consider how many thoughts a head of that size might contain. But Summers is a good scout. Tell you what to do, Bilkins. In the morning you will send him a box of cigars with my compliments." "Not the Veronas, sir?" Bilkins looked shocked. "Yes, the Veronas, Bilkins. Summers will appreciate them. They will appeal to his sense of humor." "Very well, sir," said Bilkins, who possessed neither imagination nor a sense of humor. "By the way, sir, a gentleman called about 7. He wouldn't give his name. Said he wanted to see you on a personal matter. He waited a little while and then he went away." Dale's eyes traveled over the charmingly furnished little shabby. His nostrils expanded a trifle. "Sure he went away, Bilkins?" "Well, I left him in the drawing room. When I looked in half an hour later he was gone." Dale's nostrils vibrated again. He seemed to perceive a scent in the air that did not come from the glass at his elbow. "Can you describe him?" "Tall, straight, good-looking, well dressed, about 30." "Splendid, Bilkins! Concise and comprehensive. You have described a goodly portion of the human race. Two arms and two legs. I suppose?" His sarcasm was wasted. "No, sir," said Bilkins. "Come to think of it, he had only one arm. One sleeve—I don't know whether it was the left or the right—was empty." Dale grew thoughtful. Once again he consulted the tall glass. Again his eyes roved over the room. Finally he shrugged. "I shall have a busy day to-morrow, Bilkins. If there is any

mail we'll dispose of it now." "Very good, sir." The versatile Bilkins brought a small stack of letters. He sat down and opened one of them. "Mrs. Pettingill Starr requests the pleasure of your company at a dinner—" "Awful bore," Dale interrupted. "Give the lady my compliments and tell her to go to the devil." Gravely Bilkins made an annotation and opened another letter. "The Club Nocturne sends two tickets, with their compliments, for their opening next Tuesday night." "Generous! Anything else?" "The League for the Suppression of Frivolous Conduct would be pleased to receive a contribution—" "Send them the two Club Nocturne tickets." "Very good, sir. Here's a letter from the Friends of Poor Children. They are in need of funds." "Send them a hundred. No, make it two hundred and fifty." Dale yawned. "Anything else?" "Here is one marked 'personal' sir." "Read it." Bilkins opened a plain, square envelope and looked at the inclosure. His brow wrinkled. "This is a queer one, sir. Throwing rocks is not a healthful occupation for people who live in glass houses. A word of warning should be sufficient for The Picaroon. There's no signature, sir." "No, there wouldn't be," Dale leaned back, an odd smile playing about his lips, and contemplated the puzzled face of his servant. It was indeed a lucky thing that Bilkins was utterly destitute of imagination. "Let me see the silly thing." Bilkins handed him the letter. It was typewritten and had been posted by special delivery at Times Square at 5 o'clock. That was shortly after the termination of Dale's interview with Miss Castle. The circumstances might mean nothing or everything. "Some people have queer ideas of humor," Dale drawled. "They certainly have, sir." "By the way, Bilkins. I see you have neglected to lower the shade. People who live in glass houses should always pull down the blinds." "Sorry, sir," and Bilkins proceeded to remedy his neglect. "But this is not a glass house." "No, thank Heaven! A sheet of paper and an envelope, Bilkins." Bilkins handed him the desired articles. After a moment's reflection Dale wrote painstakingly and in a hand totally different from his customary chirography: Doctor Moffett: Thanks for the advice respecting rocks and glass houses. My reply will be delivered in person. He inclosed a dollar bill, addressed the envelope to the personal column of the New York Sentinel, and chuckled as he sealed it. "A little walk will do you good, Bilkins. Take this and mail it not less than ten blocks from here." With his usual unquestioning obedience Wilkins took the letter and withdrew. Dale finished his drink, lighted a cigarette and again picked up the warning note. He studied the typewritten characters carefully. They showed evidence of a battered machine and a faded ribbon. The alignment was imperfect and the r's were slightly nicked at the ears. The ribbon had once been green. "Green again," he mumbled. Then he fell to studying the phrasing of the note. It was not difficult to read a threat between the lines. "You are the Picaroon, and I know it," the writer must have said. "Keep out of my way or I'll expose you." The threat did not worry Dale greatly. To show how lightly he regarded it, he had just dispatch-

ed a taunting reply. It was always good strategy to meet threats with derision. But how had the mysterious Doctor Moffett, if indeed he were the author of the note, discovered that Martin Dale was The Picaroon? "The deuce!" Dale softly exclaimed. Until now he had supposed that Captain Summers was the only person who entertained definite suspicions in that direction. Then there was Miss Castle of course, whom he had taken into his confidence only that afternoon, relying on the fact that there were no witnesses to his confession, but even more upon her loyalty and sense of fair play. Summers was not given to blabber, and it was unthinkable that Miss Castle should have betrayed him. No, the secret must have leaked out some other way. He pondered the riddle for a while, but in the end he was forced to give it up. Slowly he moved about the room, his mind in a curious state of restlessness, now and then picking up a book or a piece of bric-a-brac, his thoughts circling round the warning note and the one-armed man. Now and then he sniffed suspiciously, as if sensing a strange and elusive quality in the atmosphere. Time after time he gazed intently, with brows knitting, at some polished surface. It was uncomfortable to have the highly sensitized mind that is everlastingly groping for hidden impalpabilities, that searches for things lying just beyond the reach of the hand. In a mood of growing irritation he searched the adjoining rooms, the library, the bedroom, the dining room, even the kitchen, looking for something that seemed to be just beyond his mental reach. His disquieting impressions refused to take on tangible shape. He heard Bilkins return and with his trudging gait take himself off to sleep. For a little while he stood at the fire-escape outside the bathroom window, alternating looking down at the murky back yard and up at the sparkling sky. "Cobwebs on the brain," he told himself. "That's all." (To Be Continued Tomorrow)

STATION TEAM WHITE-WASHED AT SOFTBALL

The largest crowd of fans of the season was out last night to see the Superintendent's team white-wash the station team 26 runs to 8. The office boys outclassed the station in every inning and made runs every time they went to bat. The station team could not get going at all, they fumbled every ball that came to them. This makes the second time they have lost in the second half. The Soups' boys batted Holtby into every corner of the lot. Supt's Office—Holroyd, W. H. Tobey, Harold, Morrison, W. B. Tobey, Lauten, Taylor, Summers, R. E. Tobey. Station—Styles, Mair, Downey, Horton, Skattebol, McIntosh, Holtby, Stalker, H. Skattebol.

WRIGLEY SWIM TORONTO AGAIN

Water Must Be Warm Enough or Event Postponed for Day TORONTO, Ont., Aug. 5. — Sport, as a popular and necessary phase of Canada's national life, has been accorded a prominent place on the program of activities of the Canadian National Exhibition to be held here this month. The world's greatest annual exposition has arranged a list of sports events ashore and afloat calculated to provide a wealth of thrills. For the third year in succession the C.N.E. in conjunction with the Wrigley interests, will hold the famous \$50,000 world championship swimming marathons. The course will again be laid out immediately in front of Exhibition Park, the women's event of 10 miles being held on Friday, August 23, opening day, and the men's swim on Wednesday, August 28, at a distance of 15 miles. It has been stipulated that the water shall be at a temperature of 58 degrees or warmer at the hour set for the start. In the event of this condition not being met the big splash will be postponed to the following day. Natatorial stars from all over the world have already forwarded their entries.

15 INNINGS IN BASEBALL GAME

Six Pitchers Took Part and Final Score Was Brooklyn 8, Chicago 9 NEW YORK, Aug. 6. — Brooklyn and Chicago fought for fifteen innings before they ended one of the bitterest games played this season. There were six pitchers in the game, Brooklyn using two and Chicago four. Pittsburgh made a five-run rally in the ninth but failed by one run to reach the Giants, the final score being 11 to 10. Jones of Boston held St. Louis to three scattered hits, while the tea party team made five runs to win. Washington snowed Detroit under with 21 runs and St. Louis and Philadelphia split their double-header. Theirs was the only scheduled meet in the American League. Following were the scores for the day: American League St. Louis 6-7, Philadelphia 4-8, Detroit 5, Washington 21. National League New York 11, Pittsburgh 10, Philadelphia 7, Cincinnati 6, Boston 5, St. Louis 0, Brooklyn 8, Chicago 9.

Sport Chat

To borrow the language of the Big Leagues, tonight's ball game between the Sons and the Elks is a crucial one. The way that the league has tightened up means that every game won or lost by any of the teams at this time gives the winner a place in the sun, and the unfortunate loser has to amble down to the cellar, until they can dig themselves out by toppling over one of the leaders. The last game played between the Sons and Gyros has been protested by the Sons, and if their protest is allowed this game will have to be replayed at some later date, if it has any bearing on the final standing of the teams. With the weather ideal again today, another capacity crowd at the local lot is looked for tonight. And with both the Sons and Elks at full strength a good brand of ball is sure to be supplied for the fans.

STOCK QUOTATIONS

- B. C. Silver, 1.35, 1.45.
 - Bayview, 2 1/2, Nil.
 - Big Missouri, 1.57 1.60.
 - Cork Province, 10, 10 1/2.
 - Cotton Belt, Nil, 50.
 - Dunwell, Nil, 18.
 - Duthie, 57, Nil.
 - George Copper, 7.40, 7.55.
 - Georgia River, 34, 35.
 - Golconda, 1.03, 1.04.
 - Grandview, 43, 43 1/2.
 - Independence, 9 1/2, Nil.
 - Indian, 4, Nil.
 - Inter. Coal & Coke, 35 1/2, 36.
 - ootenay Florence, 15 1/2, 15 3/4.
 - Kootenay King, 40, 41.
 - L. & L., 2, 4.
 - Lucky Jim, 9, 10.
 - Mohawk, 3, 4.
 - Morton Woolsey, 4 1/2, 5.
 - Marmot River Gold, 3 1/2, 4.
 - National Silver, 33, 14.
 - Noble Five, 61, 63.
 - Oregon Copper, 24, 25.
 - Pend Oreille, 6.20, 6.25.
 - Premier, 1.80, 1.90.
 - Porter Idaho, 45, Nil.
 - Reeves Macdonald, 1.80, 1.85.
 - Rufus Argenta, Nil, 30.
 - Ruth Hope, 36, Nil.
 - Silver Crest, 5 1/2, 6.
 - Silverado, 85, 90.
 - Silversmith, 8, Nil.
 - Slocan King, 4, 5.
 - Snowflake, 46, 46 1/2.
 - Sunloch, 2.05, 2.15.
 - Terminus, Nil, 10.
 - Topley Richfield, 25, 27.
 - Toric, 70, Nil.
 - Wellington, 6, Nil.
 - Whitewater, 55, 63.
 - Woodbine, 4, 5.
- Oils
Advance, 14.00, Nil.
Amalgamated, Nil, 40.
A. P. Consolidated, 4.15, 4.16.
Devenish, 61, 65.
Foothills Oil & Gas, 7.00, 8.00.
Home, 23.75, 24.00.
Mayland, 9.80, 10.00.
McLeod, 4.15, 4.75.
Royalite, 150.00, Nil.
Dallas, 2.80, 2.87.
United, 1.14, 1.15.
Freehold, 1.63, 1.65.
Sterling Pacific, 2.05, 2.08.
Mercury, 1.35, 1.39.
Turner Valley, 1.05, 1.10.

August final Clearance ALL MUST GO

Madame Annette has just returned from the south and to make room for new fall goods arriving soon not one garment must remain on our racks after this drastic reduction event is over with! The startling low prices speak for themselves! Savings range from one-third to one-half and in many instances the prices are at actual wholesale cost and even less. The savings will surprise.



DRESSES, REDUCED to \$3.95

Such values will receive your immediate attention! Every dress is a style winner! The savings are more than half! The materials alone are worth the prices that we're asking for the entire dress. Regular values to \$19.50.



Coats at Cost --- Price \$12.75

Out they go regardless of cost or loss. Not one must remain. Some are luxuriously furred. Others are exquisitely tailored. High grade fabrics! Many copies of Paris imports. Regular values to \$47.50.

Ensembles Reduced \$8.95

Dress and Sports Ensembles with long and short jackets. Complete with frock to match. Dots, Prints, and other high type materials. New skirt effects and fascinating trimmings. Regular values to \$45.00.

Evening Dresses \$6.75

Choosing from this greatly under-priced group you'll effect savings of a lifetime! Sleeveless styles for evening, dance and theatre wear. A host of high type materials. Choicest of colors and trimmings.

Annette Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Limited Third Avenue and Fifth Street