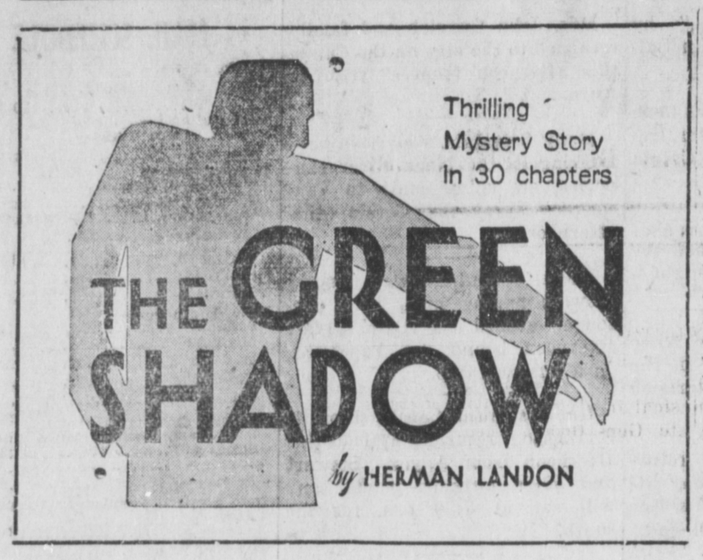



SYNOPSIS

Police Captain Summers is meditating on the escapades of the Picaroon, whom he is convinced is really his friend, Martin Dale. Mr. Alexander Ferryman calls to relate a tale of strange happenngs at 262 Bank Street and requests police investigation. Axelson, a watchman employed by Ferryman, has heard footsteps and seen an eerie green light. Ferryman is showing the captajn a pjcture when the telephone rings. A voice tells of findin a woman's body at the above address —the dead woman is Ferryman's wife. Summers finds only one ctue, a bit of green lens.

Meantime, the Picaroon has written a note to Adele Castle requestjng a meetjng in Central Park. Adele has had a terrifying experjence. Taken by a mysterious Mjss Conway to a strange light through which she could glimpse only the faint outline of a man, calljng himself Dr. Moffett, she js told that her father has been connected with a crooked financjal deal. Dr. Moffett demands $100,000 for his silence and certajn papers.

Adele and Dale meet. He tells her he was present during her strange interview with Dr. Moffett and promjses to help her. Dale also meets Adele's friend, Paul Ainsworth. They become suspjcious of one another. Dale "on his own" enters the house where the murder occurred and is trapped wjthin by Summers, Ferryman and Axelson, who discover Dale takjng a rope of pearls from behind a sliding panel. Dale darkens the room, throws Axelson through a window, and in the resultant confusion escapes.

Summers at luncheon next day receives a note and package from the Picaroon. In the package he finds the missing pearls.

Meantjme, Dr. Moffett is gettjng anxious and telephones, giving Miss Castle just 24 hours in which to make payment to save her father from disgrace and prosecution.

Dale draws cash from hjs bank and makes an appointment with Adele. He then visits the Ferryman home, agreeing to capture the murderer wjthin a week.

INSTALMENT TWENTY-FIVE

The Mummers' Frolic

The Roman Emperor had made frequent trips to the punch bowl and now he was showing the effects of excessive drinking. He staggered noticeably and his face was a little flushed. There were vine leaves in his hair and he wore a flowing toga with a broad purple border such as Nero might have worn when he fiddled to the burning of Rome.

There was a pause in the general dancing while two professional entertainers performed a fandango to the accompaniment of guitar and castanets. The imperial tippler adjusted his mask, squared his shoulders and threw out his chest. He hiccuped and looked irresolute. Then, with the exaggerated erectness of one who can't trust his legs to behave, he started toward a row of chairs in the rear. For a few paces all went well, and then he collided with a swaggering cabarello with trailing sword and flowing curls.

"'Scush me," said the Emperor.

"Why don't you look where you are going?" was the churlish response. A wrathful look out of the slits in the mask accompanied the reproach.

The emperor sat down, but his eyes followed the caballero's haughty progress. A little smile played about his lips.

"Thought Ainsworth wasn't coming," he mumbed under his breath. "Anyway he might have left his bad temper at home."

Then, through eyes that looked a little groggy, he fell to watching the gay, colorful revel. A Paul Jones followed the fandango, and then a little band of Tyroleans in bright native costumes sang several songs. The next number was a jazzy fox trot which brought the majority of the gathering out on the floor.

The emperor's head slumped down toward his chest, but his eyes missed no detail of the scene. It was a scene full of dash and color. All the centuries, with their shifting garb, manners and follies, were there, from the shepherds of Arcadia and the languorous princesses of the Nile to the apaches of Paris and the black shirts of Italy.

A dusky Cleopatra flirted outrageously with a fierce-looking pirate. A furry Eskimo paid court to a veiled charmer from the harem. The inevitable Pierette was there, coquetting with a gorgeous and aggressive sheik. A mendicant monk hobnobbed with a Russian princess of the old regime. And in the background, apart from the general gayety, was a Carmen with roses in her hair.

The emperor gazed at her for a moment, and again a hint of a smile hovered about his lips. Then his eyes narrowed slightly behind the holes in his mask. A maid in tinsel armor—Joan of Arc, perhaps—had just approached Carmen in a usual sort of way.

Soon they were chatting pleasantly. The emperor rose, walked unsteadily to the punch bowl, and refreshed himself again.

"Your imperial majesty has a magnificent thirst," remarked a flowery court attendant of the time of little Louis.

The emperor regarded him loftily. "It was Shake—Shapespeh," he pronounced unsteadily, "who dishcovered—hic—that a gen'l'man can drink — hic — himshef sober. I am following hish ex—exshellent precept."

He rocked on his feet, took another drink, and moved away. As if to justify the Shakespearean precept, he carried himself more erect now. He did not return to the chair he had previously occupied but chose one in closer proximity to Carmen and Joan of Arc. The hubbub was too great to permit him to hear what they were saying, and soon a plumed knight came forward and claimed Joan for the next dance.

The orchestra, concealed behind a wall of exotic foliage, struck up a waltz. The emperor stood up, steadied himself, approached Carmen and bowed.

"Will you do me the honor?" he murmured, soberly enough.

She regarded him doubtfully through her mask. The vine leaves in his hair were awry and his imperial toga did not hang quite straight.

"I am Nero," he murmured while she hesitated. "I am not accustomed to being refused anything. I rule the earth. Everybody—blue devils or yellow Chinamen—must obey my desires."

"Oh!" she exclaimed with a start. "Then you are——"

"I am Nero," he interrupted.

She smiled vaguely, tremulously. "But I am neither a blue devil nor a yellow Chinaman."

"You are Carmen," he said, holding out his hand.

She rose reluctantly. "But you are intoxicated," she objected.

"No matter. You may have observed that a man, even when he is too tipsy to walk straight, can usually dance with no difficulty whatever."

It proved true. His waltzing, as she discovered after a few graceful glides, was perfect. But for her worry and anxiety she could have surrendered herself wholly to the charm of the dance.

"I don't believe you are drunk," she observed presently. "You are only pretending."

"Your roses are falling out of your hair," he observed. "Let us step out here where you can arrange them."

They edged their way through the churning, laughing, mirth-drunken crowd and stepped out on a balcony. He handed her a rose he had caught as it fell from her hair.

"You were right," he told her. "I wouldn't get drunk tonight, of all nights. A semblance of inebriety has its advantages, however. When people see a man drunk, they are not likely to suspect him. What was Joan of Arc talking to you about?"

"She wants to get into the movies," said the girl, absently. "She wanted to know if I happened to have any influence with the directors."

He smiled. She had spoken with a trace of caution, hostility and nervousness. In the meager light out there on the balcony he studied her face.

"Well, Miss Castle," he murmured, "did you bring the money?"

Her slender shoulders shook a little. "How did you recognize me?" she asked, evasively.

"Oh, that mask you are wearing doesn't conceal much of your face. Besides, I had received confidential information that you were to appear as a Spanish gypsy."

"Oh, Wambley told you," she said, contemptuously. "You have bribed him."

"Suppose we don't stress that point. What about the money?"

"What about the papers?"

"They are here, inside my imperial toga."

"All of them?"

"Half of them. That was the agreement. You don't think for a moment that I would cheat you?"

"Oh, no." She tossed her head a little. "I know you are the soul of honor. May I see them?"

He laughed derisively. "Not so fast my charming little gypsy. I have had some experiences with feminine wiles. You haven't answered my question. Did you bring the money?"

"It's here." With a vague gesture she indicated her silver-trimmed bodice.

"Fifty thousand?"

"That was the amount, wasn't it?"

"H'm. That isn't a direct answer. Did you or did you not bring fifty thousand dollars"

"You are at liberty to count it," said the girl, evenly, "as soon as you have satisfied me that there is to be no trickery."

"Splendid!" exclaimed the emperor, in a suddenly altered voice. "I think you will carry it off very well, Miss Castle."

She started. "That voice!" She had removed her mask, and was gazing at him out of dilated eyes. "Oh, Mr. Dale!"

"Not so loud, Carmen. Some one may hear. Well, our little rehearsel came off in fine shape."

She relaxed. All at once the caution and hostility faded out of her eyes. "But you said you were to appear as the Picaroon."

"And what did you expect the Picaroon to look like?"

"I hardly know. I certainly didn't expect to see him in a Roman toga, with a purple border, and with vine leaves in his hair."

"Well, you see, the Picaroon isn't committed to any particular style of apparel. He dresses according to the occasion and the mood he happens to be in. Tonight——"

He paused, touched her arm, and glanced back over his shoulder. "Call me a drunken bully," he whispered, "and slap my face—slap it hard. Quick!"

She gasped as he wound his arm about her shoulder endearingly. There was a little sound at the door opening on the balcony. Instantly, as he drew her face to him as if to kiss her she caught her cue.

"You drunken beast!" she cried indignantly, delivering a smart blow on his cheek. "How dare you? Go away—instantly!"

She pushed him from her. He lurched drunkenly, reached for her again, but another resounding slap sent him staggering toward the door, almost colliding with a figure that had just stepped out on the balcony. For a moment he paused, leering at her in the dusk and then the door slammed and he was gone.

"The—the contemptible cad!" she cried, breathing hard from the exertion and the apparent humiliation. "I never was——"

She stopped. For the first time she appeared to notice the new arrival.

"Oh, you!" she exclaimed, recognizing Joan of Arc with her blond curls and her intriguing baby features. She had vaguely expected some one else. It seemed Dale had staged a useless piece of mummery, but there was nothing to do but go through with it now.

**To Be Continued Tomorrow**

# RUGBY GAME IN ENGLAND

**Australian Team to Visit Old Country and Play Series**

LONDON, Aug. 20:—The coming football season will be heightened in importance by a visit of an Australian team. The visitors will play most of the individual clubs in the rugby league and also three test matches. The dates for the international encounters will be: first test, Grave Park, Hull, Oct. 5; second test, Headingley, Yorkshire, Nov. 9; third test, Swinton, Manchester, Jan. 4. The Australians will also meet a team representing Wales at Pontypridd on Jan. 18.

The dates for the international games under rugby union rules are:

Jan. 1—France vs. Scotland at Paris.

Jan. 18—Wales vs. England at Cardiff.

Jan. 25—Ireland vs. France at Belfast.

Feb. 1—Scotland vs. Wales at Murrayfield.

Feb. 8—Ireland vs. England at Dublin.

Feb. 22—Scotland vs. Ireland at Murrayfield.

Feb. 22—England vs. France at Twickenham.

Mar. 8—Wales vs. Ireland at Swansea.

Mar. 15—England vs. Scotland at Twickenham.

Apr. 21—France vs. Wales at Paris.

**BIG LEAGUE STANDINGS**

**National League**

| | W | L. | Pct. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Chicago | 74 | 35 | .679 |
| Pittsburgh | 66 | 45 | .595 |
| New York | 62 | 52 | .544 |
| St. Louis | 56 | 56 | .500 |
| Brooklyn | 50 | 62 | .446 |
| Cincinnati | 48 | 65 | .425 |
| Philadelphia | 46 | 66 | .411 |
| Boston | 46 | 67 | .407 |

**American League**

| | W | L. | Pct. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Philadelphia | 83 | 33 | .716 |
| New York | 68 | 44 | .607 |
| Cleveland | 60 | 54 | .526 |
| St. Louis | 59 | 57 | .509 |
| Detroit | 55 | 61 | .474 |
| Washington | 49 | 63 | .438 |
| Chicago | 45 | 71 | .388 |
| Boston | 39 | 75 | .342 |

**SOFTBALL POSTPONED**

Owing to the rain, last night's C.N.R. softball fixture between Station and Round House had to be postponed. This evening, if weather permits, last Friday's postponed game between Superintendent's Office and Round House will be played.

**FOOTBALL POSTPONED**

Rain caused the postponement of the fourth straight league football game when Regiment and Thistles were unable to play last night on account of the inclemency of the elements. The next scheduled game will be Thursday evening between the Empress Social Club and Regiment.

# BASEBALL

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

# Sport Chat

Tonight's City League baseball fixture will be between the Gyro Club and Native Sons of Canada instead of Elks vs. Native Sons as shown on the schedule. The Elks will be unable to field a team this evening and, therefore, the switch has been made. If the weather turns out good, it should prove an interesting game.

By virtue of two consecutive wins over the Elks, the Mine has clinched league honors at Anyox for the season. In the first of these two matches, the Mine won 7 to 2 while, in the second, the score was 4 to 3. The three teams in the Anyox league have now started a post-season series for the Granby Cup.

Ten prospective channel swimmers, eight women and two men, have been in training at Cape Gris-Nez, France, for several weeks. Mrs. Myrtle Huddleston, American professional long distance swimmer, is one of those in training. She plans on swimming from Cape Gris-Nez to Dover and back again.

# ST. LEGER IS OLDEST RACE

**Best Available Three-Year-Olds Entered For Turf Classic**

DONCASTER, Eng., Aug. 19:—The best available three-year-olds will go to the post for the St. Leger here on Sep. 11, but the vicissitudes of the dry summer and the absence of some very fine colts will lead to a very open race. The long drought of July and August, resulting in hard training grounds, has seriously interfered with preparation of contenders for this great fixture.

The St. Leger is the oldest of the five classics for three-year-olds—it was first run in 1776—and is also longest of the five, being at a mile, six furlongs and 12 yards. The race, biggest event on the turf between Ascot and the late Newmarket handicaps, will be worth at least $60,000.

From all appearances, the field will be made up of speedy horses of doubtful stamina, and horses that, while able to last the distance, seem to lack finishing dash. Lord Woolavington's Walter Gay, second in the Epsom Derby, appeared the logical favorite for the St. Leger on his Epsom running, but the handicaps in training resulted in his forced withdrawal. Lord Woolavington has struck this kind of luck so often as to become hardened to it.

Taking these considerations into account, a very interesting race is anticipated. The best of the entrants appear to be Trigo, winner of the Derby; Buland Bala, second in the Grand Prix de Paris; Artist's Proof; Le Voleur, and Mr. Jinks.

Daily News "Want Ads" bring quick results.

# SOCCER GAMES IN BRITA

**Dates Set For Important Matc In Old Country**

LONDON, Aug. 20:—Dates important soccer fixtures in British Isles this season are:

**Inter-League Matches**

Sept. 25 — English foot league vs. Irish league, Everto

Oct. 9—Irish league vs. S land, in Ireland.

Nov. 2—Scottish league English league, Glasgow.

**International Matches**

Oct. 10—Ireland vs. Scotla in Ireland.

Oct. 26—Wales vs. Scotla in Wales.

Nov. 20—England vs. Wales, Chelsea.

Feb. 1—Ireland vs. Wales, Ireland.

Feb. 22—Scotland vs. Irela in Scotland.

Apr. 5—England vs. Scotla at Wembley.

The English cup tie com tition proper opens on Nov. and the final at Wembley be staged on Apr. 26. The S tish cup competition proper gins on Jan. 18 and ends Apr. 12.

# BURLEIGH GRIMES A GREAT PITCHE

NEW YORK, Aug. 16:—T strange case of Burleigh Grim now pitching the greatest ball his long career for the Pi burgh Pirates, after being tra by the Robins and Giants for explained reasons, may be tru back to his youth as a ma leaguer.

Burleigh, after a period seasoning in the south, br into the big show with the rates late in 1916, remain with the Bucs in 1917 bef being traded to Brooklyn less than two seasons with Pirates, Grimes won five and 19 games.

It has taken a long time Burleigh to begin "getting of the red," so far as his re as Pirate goes, but once star he has made a rapid job of it.

In a season and a half, he has won more than 40 games against only some 15 defeats.

# HALIBUT SALES

**Summary**

American — 179,300 pou 12.5c and 8c to 14.5c and 8c.

Canadian — 44,000 pou 12.5c and 8c and 12.6c and

**American**

Eldorado, 58,000, Atlin, 12 and 8c.

Kanaga, 45,000, and Irene, 000, Cold Storage, 12.5c and 8

Superior, 32,000, Booth, 12 and 8c.

Brothers, 9,000, Booth, 14 and 8c.

Cedric, 14,000, Atlin, 12.5c a 8c.

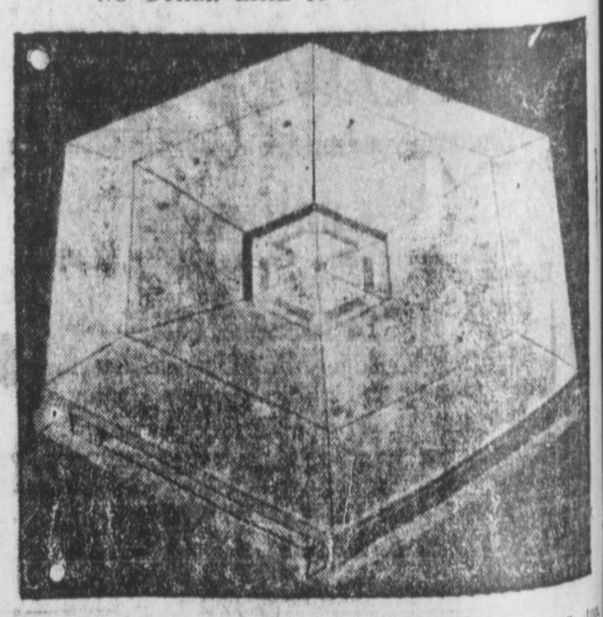
Rainier, 5,300, Royal, 14 and 8c.

**Canadian**

Capella I, 16,000, and R. 9,000, Cold Storage, 12.6c and

Fanny F., 9,000, and Co Swain, 10,000, Atlin, 12.5c a 8c.

NO OTHER LIKE IT IN THE WORLD



This new type of hexagonal shaped aeroplane hangar, top will accommodate six of the largest express planes at one time. This new hangar has just been erected at Los Angeles at the Western Express airport.