ARE BEATING TOM TOMS FOR GERMAN MAX

NEW YORK, N.Y., July 22.—The toms toms which have been beating for Der Maxie Schmeling, Germany's sensational young entry in the heavyweight lists, now have the ring of authenticity.

They must have an ominous sound to the ears of Jack Sharkey, the Boston bomber.

The lithe and limber Teuton rocketed up from nowhere to smash Johnny Risko, the Cleveland shock absorber, and step out overnight as the reigning sensation of the heavyweights. Still there were critics who had to be convinced that Schmeling, admittedly a clever, cagy, stunning puncher, also possessed staying qualities.

Now he has proven that. No more could be asked of any 23-year-old heavyweight than that he tear into small pieces that burly iron man from the Pyrenees of Spain—Paulino Uzcudun.

Only one obstacle bars the path of the "schlging" Teuton. The definite barrier is Jack Sharkey, who will attempt to block the Schmeling road to the heights in the Yankee Stadium in September.

On the records of the past year or so, it seems as though Schmeling has just what it takes to wipe Sharkey from the ranks of contenders. The Boston tar seems never to have regained his best fighting form since the night Dempsey blasted him from the road to another shot at the erudite Tunney. Sharkey has been an in-and-outer. His last effort, a close decision victory over Young Stribling in Miami Beach, Fla., was a decidedly "out" effort.

The young German, riding the crest of rising might, will be the favorite of most of the critics to lay his dazzling right hand sharply and frequently on the chin of the Boston battler, enough times, in fact, to remove Sharkey from the picture in abrupt order.

TENNIS CLUB PLANNING FOR NEW COURTS

Miss Palmer Chosen Secretary in Place of Eddie Smith and Two Names Added to Executive

At a meeting of the Prince Rupert Tennis Club last night, Carl Brand presiding, the resignation of Eddie Smith as secretary was accepted and Miss Margaret Palmer was appointed secretary in his place. Also the executive was strengthened by the addition of Messrs. Currie and P. Black.

It was proposed that a series of dances be held during the fall to augment the funds with the view to replacement of the present old wooden courts with cement courts. These will cost between $3000 and $4000. As the old courts are about done for action must be taken soon.

ONLY ONE GAME IN BIG LEAGUE

Pittsburgh Smothered Brooklyn Thirteen Runs to Three and Kept Lead

NEW YORK, July 23:—There was only one game played in the major leagues yesterday and in it, Pittsburgh protected a scanty lead in the National League pennant race by smothering the Brooklyn Robins with a batting onslaught. The only other carded major game, Cleveland vs. Philadelphia at Philadelphia was postponed because of rain. The only score was:

Brooklyn 3 ,Pittsburgh 13.

GOOD WORK DONE ON THE BASEBALL GROUND

The condition of the Gyro baseball park on the corner of Sixth Avenue and McBride Street is the subject of much favorable comment. The place is now in good shape for the games with a proper backstop and the whole presents a finished appearance that is a credit to the club.

Sport Chat

One Inch to Spare

When two runners are only one inch apart, it seems doubtful if it should not have been declared a tie. Percy Williams beat the Negro sprinter from Michigan University by one inch. It seems as if Eddie was hardly to blame for disputing the decision. Much as we all admire Williams and like to see him win, the margin is scarcely enough and might well be under dispute.

Model Yacht Racing

It is understood there is a movement afoot to form a model yacht racing association which will have charge of such races as that put on Saturday off the Drydock. If this is done it will probably be arranged that yachts will be built of similar size so that the race will prove more interesting than the opening one. It was a worthy effort but there is room for improvement.

SPEED RECORD MAY BE BROKEN

Death of Ray Keech Gives Setback to U.S. Ambitions But Others May Try

DAYTONA BEACH, July 23:—The recent death of Ray Keech at the Altoona track may eliminate America's hope of regaining the world's straightaway speed record at the annual international speed classic here next winter.

Speed followers here see Keech's death as fulfillment of a prediction made by Sir Henry Segrave of England that the present world record of 231 miles an hour which he set on the ocean speedway here last spring "probably will stand for at least two years."

At the time of his death Keech was the only American driver who had publicly announced the intention of coming here next winter for an attempt to bring the high speed racing laurels back to the United States. He had planned to build a machine capable of developing 250 miles an hour.

With Segrave's announcement that he definitely has retired from the automobile racing game there has been considerable speculation at this scene of super-speed triumphs as to just who will supply the next threat against the world's record.

Reports have been received that several Americans and a few foreign drivers are planning to build high speed cars but so far no announcement has been made concerning definite title contenders.

One of the outstanding figures in high speed circles and one who may take another shot at the title is Capt. Malcolm Campbell of England, who set the former record of 206.95 miles an hour here February 19, 1928. Since he failed to shatter Seagrave's record after several attempts in South Africa last spring, however, he has made no statement regarding his plans.

Another possible contender is J. M. White of Philadelphia, builder of the 36-cylinder Triplex with which Keech established a record here of 207.55 miles an hour on April 22, 1928. It was the same car in which Lee Bible, a Daytona Beach driver, rode to his death on March 13, 1929, while attempting to shatter Segrave's record.

Herman A. Finche, St. Louis inventor, is understood to be experimenting with a high speed car equipped with a rotary motor. No ward has been received here, however that he will enter it in next winter's speed classic. Others reported interested in the construction of record contending machines are Jave Don, British driver; C. Villiers, English engineer; Harry Hartz, American speedway veteran, and J. L. Sockwell of Miami.

COLD WAS CAUSE OF LACOSTE NOT PLAYING

PARIS, July 23:—A severe cold and complications from which he has been suffering caused Rene Lacoste to be left off the French Davis Cup team.

RACE NOW FOR SPEED RECORD ON ATLANTIC

England, U.S., France and Italy May Scramble For Honors Across Ocean

LONDON, July 23:—London newspapers this morning featured the new Atlantic speed record of the German Atlantic liner Bremen and predict that an international scramble for speed honors will follow almost immediately with Great Britain, United States, France and Italy participating and Germany adding the Europa shortly which should do as well or better than the Bremen.

It is also expected that the Mauretania will attempt to demonstrate that she is capable of better than she has produced yet.

CANADIAN NATIONAL BEATS ST. SAVIOURS EDMONTON YESTERDAY

EDMONTON, July 23. — The Canadian Nationals defeated the St. Saviours, B. C. champions, 4-2 last night, taking inter-provincial football round 9-3.

STATION LOST AT SOFTBALL

The Station lost their first game in the second half when they went down to the Drydock nine by a six to five count. This was a very tight game despite the rain coming on at the fifth inning, making the ball feel about ten pounds. The game went the full nine innings.

The Station scored three in the first, one in the second, and one in the fourth. The Drydock got four in the fifth and two in the ninth.

Station	Drydock
Styles	McKeown
Mair	Howe
Thomas	Smith
Horton	Gawthorne
H. Skattebol	Reid
B. Skattebol	McKenzie
Holtby	McFee
A. Skattebol	Palmer
McIntosh	Hedstrom

FISH STORY COMES FROM BOSTON CITY

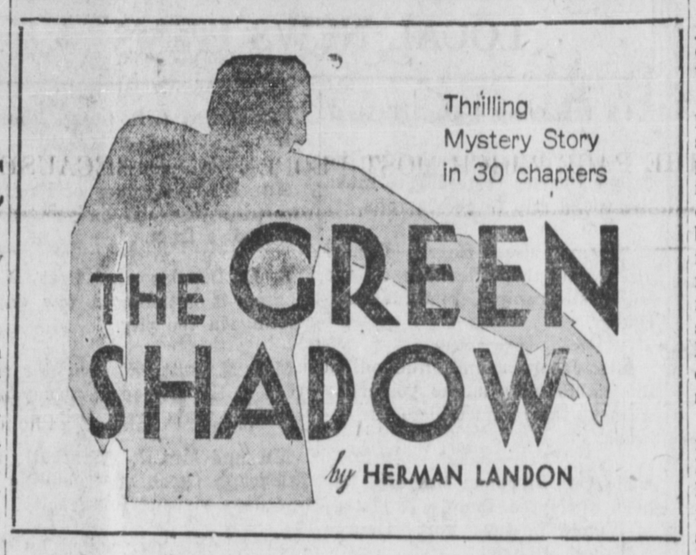
BOSTON, July 23:—It requires no imagination to stretch this story. It is both fishy and rubbery.

The Boston fish trade was confronted with a mystery when a mackeral was brought in at the Fish Pier with a rubber band encircling its body, just below the head.

There were many theories concerning how the band got around the fish. One solution, as reasonable as any other advanced, had it that the band was thrown or dropped overboard from some vessel, floated along on the surface until the mackeral, swimming along, pushed its head through the elastic until it was firmly fastened around the broadest part of the fish.

IN GREAT RACE

Captain Hope, famous British aviator who won the King George trophy in the 'round England air race last year, again entered for that coveted cup. The race took place on July 5, and the distance was approximately 1,000 miles.



Synopsis of Preceding Chapter

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 Ainsworth, 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 by the police of "Mr. Graves," who was associated in a reputedly shady deal which netted $10,000,000 and the latest exploit of the "Picaroon," 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.

INSTALLMENT TWO

The House of the Green Lights

With scarcely a sound or a vibration the luxurious sedan swung down the street, picked up speed, and rolled smoothly toward its mysterious destination. Miss Conway leaned languidly back against the cushions and devoted herself to a gold-tipped cigarette. Adele was slightly disappointed to discover that the side windows were heavily shaded and that from the position her companion had assigned her she could not look either forward or backward without great difficulty.

They made numerous turns, and now and then they seemed to double back on their course. Their progress was moderate, however, and she knew Paul would have no difficulty keeping them in sight. Soon the motion of the car told her they were crossing a bridge.

"Brooklyn," she thought.

She glanced covertly at Miss Conway. The woman's eyes were half closed and her expression was uncertain in the dim light of the frosted electric bulb overhead.

A low buzzing sound came. Miss Conway leaned forward and brought the speaking tube to her ear. Adele could not make out the words that passed between the chauffeur and her companion, but the later gave her an enigmatic smile as she dropped the tube.

The car was gaining speed, and Aedele knew they were leaving the city behind them. Faster and faster they went. Now and then she caught her breath sharply as they made an abrupt turn. Probably they were on one of the Long Island highways. Now they were racing, with the engine throbbing in ecstasy and the wind whistling gleefully around the sides of the car. Faster—and still faster.

And then, quite suddenly, the car fell into a more sedate rate of speed. Once more the buzzer sounded. Miss Conway picked up the speaking tube and listened. Then she turned to Adele with a faint, mocking suggestion in her light-green eyes.

"We've left him far behind," she announced.

"Who?" Adele asked, startled.

"Our mad pursuer—the young hero you commissioned to follow us." She gave a clear laugh that yet had a trace of irony in it. "He should have known that a taxi can't keep pace with this car."

Adele's heart sank. The magnificent sedan was taking on the ugly aspects of a trap. She drew herself up and tried to look unconcerned. A dash of danger would be rather thrilling. Besides, she might be able to help her father, and to that end she was willing to risk a lot.

"Not afraid?" Miss Conway asked.

"Not in the least."

"You trust me, don't you?"

Adele merely smiled wisely.

"Do you know, my dear, I rather like you." The woman regarded her with an amused expression. "Before I saw you I was prepared to despise you. I would be despising you now if you had walked blindfolded into what might have been a trap."

"Well, isnt' it a trap?"

"No, but I'm glad you are nobody's fool. I don't like to blush with shame for my sex. Ever so many pretty girls are imbeciles. You are one of the exceptions, and that's why I like you. Do you like me."

The blurred figure of a man stopped and dropped into a chair.

"No," said Adele rankly, "but there are some things about you I admire."

"That's splendid! I would rather be admired than liked. But that doesn't alter the fact that I like you a lot. You were too shrewd to accept me on faith. And so, while dressing, you got in touch with the young hero. That was a commendable precaution, even though unnecessary."

"Unnecessary?"

The Locked Room

"Oh, yes. Everything I told you was true. I see you don't believe me, but you will. No harm is coming to you. Dr. Moffett will outline a certain proposition. You may accept it or reject it, or you may ask time to think it over. You will be perfectly safe."

Adele studied the face of her companion. She was intrigued, fascinated, a little thrilled, but far from convinced.

They were moving at a very slow pace now. Soon she perceived they were crossing a bridge, so they must be turning back to Manhattan. Apparently they had made a detour of many miles to elude the pursuing Paul.

"If that's true," she said in reply to Miss Conway's last statement, "why are you so anxious that I shan't see where we are going?"

"Can't you guess?"

"I suppose Dr. Moffet doesn't want me to learn his address. But if his motives are as fair and above-board as you say they are, why should he object to that?"

Miss Conway did not reply. Adele's contemplative eyes fixed on the nickel knob on the door. It would be a simple matter to throw the door open at one of the traffic stops and look out. It might be locked, of course. Or Miss Conway might be prepared against just such a move. Anyway, Adele decided to see her adventure through to the end.

The car lapsed into a crawling pace, then stopped. Miss Conway straightened from her reclining position. The chauffeur was holding the door open. Adele stepped out and looked up and down a block of old dwellings, searching in vain for some outstanding mark by which she might later identify the locality. There were still hundreds of such blocks in Manhattan, despite the insolent crowding of the towering apartment buildings.

As if to assist her, the chauffeur took her arm and did not relinguish it until she had ascended half a dozen steps and stood before a door. It opened almost instantly.

Miss Conway gave her a gentle push from behind, and she entered. The hall was dark, and she could not see the person who had opened the door

"Straight ahead, please," said Miss Conway softly.

Adele conquered a misgiving and moved forward. The darkness and the strangeness of the house was a little disquieting, but she would not turn back now. With a little flutter at the throat she stopped before a door. It opened quietly and mysteriously. Another little push from Miss Conway so slight and gentle that it might have been a gesture of encouragement, urged her forward.

She walked in, advanced a few steps, then stopped. She heard the door close behind her with a click which signified that a bolt had slipped back into its socket. Though she knew it was not yet noon, the room was in total darkness. The windows, if there were any, must be heavily shaded so as not to admit the faintest ray of light. She braced herself against the gloom that pervaded the curious and depressing stillness. She felt quite alone, and she wondered what had become of Miss Conway.

She waited tremulously. The stillness and the darkness grew oppressive. Merely to verify a suspicion, she went back a few steps and tried the doorknob. As she had expected, the door was locked. She shook off the vague dread which the discovery aroused within her. She mustn't be a fool, she told herself. She had walked into this with eyes wide open, and now——

Emerald Light

The thread of her thoughts snapped. A little click had sounded somewhere. The most curious light she had ever seen flooded the room—a green light so soft and rich it made her think of velvet. And not only that, but it was evenly distributed over the room, forming no shadows in the corners.

She gazed about her in amazement. The room was furnished in the fashion of a library, with long and well filled bookcases at three walls, a huge rosewood table in the center, easy chairs with leather-covered upholstery, a few rugs of soft Oriental hues, several pictures and pieces of statuary, the whole immersed in a steady flow of emerald light. What a curious light it was, so smooth and even, so soothing to the eyes! It was soothing to her nerves as well, She thought after she had recovered from her amazement, that the room had a pleasant, friendly, welcoming aspect.

"How do you do, Miss Castle?"

She swung round and stared. And then she swung round and stared in the opposite direction. Her startled eyes swept the gl spaces. She must have been m takn. She thought some one h spoken, but her overwrou nerves and excited imagina must have deceived her, for th was no one in sight.

"I am Doctor Moffett. I very pleased to see you."

With a dull quavering cry stared about her again. Th time she knew there had be no mistake.

Out of the soft, green si tones that filled the room a vo had spoken. It was a deep, stro rather pleasant voice, yet was dimly aware of an un quality in it, as if the spea wished to disguise his natu manner of speech.

"Won't you be seated?"

Mechanically she slipped i the seat beside her. The cont ued assaults on her nerves w becoming unbearable. But n out of the velvety green light figure emerged. It was a shad figure that seemed to blend i the verdant illumination on sides. She could scarcely tinguish the outlines, and face she could not see at all seemed to be screened behind soft emerald mist. Yet even dim and fragmentary s steadied her nerves. It was weird by far than to hear voice and be able to see no on

About half a dozen paces fr where she sat the blurred fig stopped and dropped into a ch

"Mind if I smoke, M Castle?"

"Not—not in the least." Ad stammered. It was a little unca ny to hear herself reply to question spoken by a man wh face she could not see. S strained her eyes in the direcio where he sat. The outliens of h figure were a trifle clearer n but the face was still shroud in what looked like a green fog

(Continued Tomorrow)

APPROVED PRAYER BOO

Archbishop Lang of Cant bury, who approved the findi of the convocations of both C terbury and York ecclesiast provinces by sanctioning the vised Book of Common Prayer the Church of England, rejec on two occasions by Parliam

USE OF WATER POWER

The steady growth in the u of water power in Canada shown by the facts that the a erage annual rate of increase development since 1925 has be 10.7 per cent and that the to development now amounts to installed turbine horse-power p 1,000 of population.

Our classified section may of special interest to you tod

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS