

Thrilling
Mystery Story
In 30 chapters

THE GREEN SHADOW

by HERMAN LANDON

INSTALMENT TWENTY-THREE

He turned quickly into a cigar store, entered a telephone booth, and called the Castle home. Miss Castle's voice, usually so clear and bright, was heavy with depression.

"This is Mr. Dale." He spoke in a low voice, out of respect for the neutrally garbed person hovering outside the booth. "Any news?"

Her answer came after a little pause. "Yes—an ultimatum from— but you know He has given me 24 hours. After that—"

"I can guess the rest," said Dale. His face clouded while he reflected briefly. "Did you—hear from him by telephone?"

"Yes, this morning." Dale reflected again. At the other end of the wire he could picture a brave, lovely girl beset by tribulations.

"He will probably telephone you again during the afternoon. If he should do so, ask him to call back at 9 o'clock this evening for your definite answer."

"At 9? What shall I tell him?" "I'll see you in the meantime. Then we'll decide. Cheerio!"

"Twenty-four hours," Dale thought as he stepped out of the booth. "Dr. Moffett is getting anxious."

Plot and Counterplot

From the telephone booth Dale taxied to his bank, arriving there just before closing time. In exchange for his personal check he received two one-thousand dollar notes and 48 one-dollar bills. The accommodating bank clerk selected fresh, crisp currency and snapped a rubber band around it, forming a compact bundle about as thick as Dale's middle finger.

With a careless air Dale dropped the bundle into his inside coat pocket and went back to his taxi. His next stop was 262 Bank Street, and here he paid and dismissed the driver. Without expecting a too cordial reception he ran up the steps and rang the bell. It was a new face that answered his summons—the face of a man considerably younger than Axelson. He was dark and lithe and slim, with sharp features and a cautious expression.

"Is Mr. Ferryman in?" he inquired.

"You will find him in the next house, sir, 260."

Dale studied the fellow for a moment. He reflected that Ferryman was not particularly fortunate in his selection of servants.

"You are new here, aren't you? What's become of Axelson?"

"Axelson is no longer here, sir. He left this morning." The servant started to close the door in Dale's face. "I doubt if Mr. Ferryman will see you, sir. He is not receiving callers today. But you might try—oh, here he comes."

A tall, bareheaded man appeared on the stoop of the adjoining house.

"Wish to see me?" he asked. "Oh, it's you; Mr. Dale." A chill crept into his voice. "I saw some one from the window, and I wondered. I can spare you a few minutes."

He came down the steps, crossed over to 262, and with frigid politeness motioned Dale to enter. They walked into the library. Ferryman was holding himself a little more erect than yesterday, but traces of shock and grief remained in his fine face.

"Be seated, Mr. Dale. I am rather surprised to see you after what happened here last night." Dale smiled genially. "I saw Captain Summers at luncheon. Queer sort. Summers, physically and mentally. His head is too large, and there are too many crazy notions in it. He gave me a vague idea of what occurred in this house last night."

Ferryman regarded him suspiciously. "You were here, weren't you, in the role of the Picaroon?"

Dale laughed. "That's one of Summer's refreshingly original ideas. Well, when a man has a head as big as his, he has to fill it with something."

Ferryman's eyes were still full of disgust. "Captain Summers

telephoned me an hour ago. He had a very astounding report to make."

A frown of perplexity gathered on his forehead. "The pearls have been recovered."

"Congratulations," Dale murmured.

"Oh, I didn't care greatly about the pearls. They are valuable, to be sure, but of what use are they to me now? My poor wife will never wear them again."

His voice broke, but in a moment it gathered strength again. "There is only one thing I live for now, and that is to see that the murderer is properly punished."

Dale inclined his head sympathetically. "That's a natural sentiment, Mr. Ferryman. But tell me, you don't really believe that the Picaroon murdered her?"

The other man hesitated. His face showed a conflict between stern emotions and gentle ones, between grief and vindictiveness. "I am not convinced," he said.

"It is strange that the Picaroon should have returned the pearls. And there are many other incongruities that complicate the matter." He raised his head a little. "I didn't like the way Axelson acted last night. In a twinkling, as I looked into his face, all my former feelings with regard to him changed. All at once I was filled with distrust. This morning I discharged him. I don't know whether or not I was justified."

Dale looked about the room which had been the scene of Miss Castle's interview with Dr. Moffett and of his own exciting encounter with Captain Summers last night. Somethings seemed to have disturbed its former state of order and neatness. Things were scattered about, the furniture had been disarranged, there were signs of some one's hurried departure.

"Yes, I noticed it this morning," said Ferryman, following his glance. "I called Axelson's attention to it, and he acted sullen and discourteous. Then I discharged him. There is no longer any doubt in my mind but what certain persons have been making improper use of my house, possibly with Axelson's connivance. If so, I hope they are gone for good."

He sighed. "You were inquiring about a certain Dr. Moffett the other day. Lately I have been thinking that perhaps such a person exists."

"You have learned something?" Dale asked quickly.

Ferryman hesitated. For just a moment he seemed inclined to take Dale into his confidence, and then his face closed up again. "No, nothing definite. In fact, I have had only the vaguest sort of inkling. Besides—with a glance over the confusion in the room—all that appears to be happily ended now."

Dale frowned a little. Last night's excitement, together with the subsequent discharge of Axelson, had evidently prompted Dr. Moffett to make new arrangements in great haste. This development was not to Dale's liking. His task had not seemed so difficult as long as he knew where the enemy could be reached. Now he would have to trace him to his new quarters.

Doctor Moffett had added elusiveness to his other formidable qualities. That would mean a new problem to solve and consequent delay.

In the midst of his reflections he found Ferryman regarding him with an intent puzzled expression.

"You are a bewildering person, Mr. Dale," he now murmured with a faint, uncertain smile. "I should distrust you, perhaps hate you as a murderer, but as I sit here looking at you I somehow can't feel that way toward you."

Either I am a very poor judge of character, or else"—he paused, his eyelids drew together, a frown came—"I don't know," he finished lamely.

Dale laughed. "Afraid to trust your instincts, Mr. Ferryman? Well, that's natural. I'll make you a promise. Inside of a few days—within a week at the most—the murderer of your wife will be brought to justice."

He rose, wondering if he had made too rash a promise. Ferryman rose also and followed his caller to the door. There, with still a trace of reluctance in his manner, he offered his hand. Dale shook it. He could see that, although he had not won the older man's confidence, he had made a good impression.

Half an hour later he was again in a telephone booth.

"Yes, he called only a short while ago," Miss Castle told him. "He is going to telephone again at 9."

"Splendid!" Dale glanced across his shoulder through the glass panel in the door. A lanky person in a shabby gray suit was dawdling at the nearby counter. He lowered his voice. "I'll call at half-past eight, if I may. That will give us half an hour for deliberation."

"Oh, do come!" said Miss Castle eagerly. "I'll go mad unless I can talk to some one."

Dale strolled out into the sunshine again. For a while he amused himself by making divers short turns, doubling back on his course occasionally, dipping into subway entrances and out again, and after an hour of such manoeuvres the lanky person in gray was no longer in sight. He laughed at his successful dodge, stopped at an exclusive shop window to inspect a display of neckwear, and in a moment he grew conscious of some one's furtive and deliberate scrutiny.

"Another," he mumbled. "Well, well!"

He turned away and leisurely sauntered down the street, pausing shortly before another shop window. This one had mirrors at three sides, and in one of them he saw a tall, loose-jointed, stylishly garbed person who shortened his steps as Dale stopped.

"Paul Ainsworth, alias Doctor Moffett," he mused. He fingered his jaw and smiled wryly at a recollection. Then he swung round suddenly.

"Oh, hello, Ainsworth!" he exclaimed. "This is luck. I was just longing for the sight of a familiar face. Shall we stroll along?"

"As you please," said Ainsworth with a shrug. His sneering, insolent manner concealed whatever disappointment he may have felt at being thus openly accosted by the person he was shadowing. "Who is the lucky little charmer?"

The—what?" "You were looking at a display of sealskin coats in that window. When a man shows an interest in such things, it generally means that he is contemplating a present to his lady love."

"Not necessarily. He may only be wondering how such a coat would look in a green light."

Sport Chat

Although the automobile has done much to supplant the place of the horse in the commercial and family life of the United States, the equine is again coming into its own in the society centre of Newport, through the efforts of Mrs. Muriel Vanderbilt Church, one of society's most popular leaders. An enthusiastic sportsman, adept at tennis and golf as well as boating, Mrs. Church's real outdoor love is horses. She now has 25 horses, all show animals, in her beautiful \$150,000 stables, erected last fall.

The soccer squad which will go to England this month to represent Worcester County, Mass., in international competition has been selected from the county industrial teams. The team is directed by the Worcester County Sportsmanship Brotherhood and each year meets English teams either in this country or abroad. They will stay in England for three weeks this year, meeting many of the best teams in that country.

Bull fighting will be a popular sport in New York some day predicts Sydney Franklin, Brooklyn's only full fighter. Franklin, who was once a commercial artist and took up bull fighting after becoming interested in it during a visit to Mexico City, says that bull fighting carries the "greatest kick in the world for him."

He says: "That's why I fight bulls. Enjoy every minute of it. I only wish I could fight morning, noon and night." Franklin has fought three times in Seville and once at San Sebastian. He said he was hopeful that he would succeed in Madrid where for the bull fighter to triumph is usually the most severe test of the profession. Franklin is a slim, blond, well-built youth with a boyish grin and looks more like a clerk than a bull fighter. He does not wear the little pig tail that bull fighters used to affect but instead has his hair cropped closely and neatly parted. He has been fighting bulls about five years. Unless a bull gets him, he says he expects to continue in the profession and introduce it in New York.

Rain last night caused the postponement of the league football fixture between Thistles and the Empress Social Club. This makes the third Mobley Cup game it has been necessary to postpone because of unfavorable weather.

Last night's C.N.R. Softball League fixture between the Round House and Superintendent's Office had to be postponed on account of the rain. It is possible the game may be played tonight.

worth's surveillance, but the little episode pleased him. Soon, however, his face sobered. Ainsworth, with his dual role, was a greater problem than he had ever attacked. Somehow Miss Castle must be informed, but Dale did not relish the part of informer. If only there could be some sort of automatic adjustment, if only Fate would straighten out her own stupid tangles!

After half an hour's aimless roving he dismissed the taxi and dined at a hotel. He lingered over his after-dinner cigar and coffee, then took a walk. At precisely half-past eight o'clock a servant ushered him into the Castle drawing room.

Adele was there waiting for him. She was in a simple gown that yet gave an individual charm to her dark beauty. She looked up at him with a vague smile and gave him her hand.

"Are we alone?" Dale asked, glancing about the stately room.

"Yes, father is still at the office. I have left instructions that I am not at home to any one, but am to be called if I should be wanted on the telephone. Oh, by the way, did you see that horrid editorial in the Sentinel?"

"No, What's the yellow rag howling about now?"

"About the mysterious Mr. Graves. It says he must be exposed and punished in justice to the thousands of poor people he has swindled out of their pitiful savings." Her face flushed. "It says the failure of the police to apprehend him amounts to a public disgrace. It isn't fair! It's cruel! Poor father! He is working day and night so he can make restitution."

To Be Continued Monday

Hard Hitting OF N. Y. YANKEES

Won 12 to 2 From Detroit But Standing Not Affected by Result

NEW YORK, Aug. 17.—Although Chicago outfit Brooklyn the Robins donated the league leaders a breaking up game with a three run rally in the seventh inning, winning five to two.

O'Doul hit his twenty-fourth homer in the Philadelphia-Cincinnati game.

The Yankees had an old-fashioned hitting rally, hammering Detroit all over the place aided by Ruth's thirty-second homer, smacked when Uhle was on first with Combs also on base. The win of the Yankees did not help in the pennant race since Philadelphia, league leaders, also won.

The White Sox ended a losing streak by trouncing Washington in a free hitting contest.

Scores for the day follow:

National League
Chicago 2, Brooklyn 5.
Pittsburgh 9, Boston 3.
Cincinnati 7, Philadelphia 3.

American League
New York 12, Detroit 2.
Philadelphia 6, Cleveland 5.
Boston 3, St. Louis 2.
Washington 6, Chicago 8.

OLD COUNTRY FOOTBALL

SCOTTISH LEAGUE
Aberdeen 2, Motherwell 2.
Airdrieonians 5, St. Johnstone 1.
Ayr United 2, Partick Thistle 4.
Clyde 1, St. Mirren 2.
Dundee 0, Falkirk 0.
Hamilton Acads 5, Dundee United 2.
Hearts 1, Kilmarnock 1.
Morton 1, Celtic 2.
Queen's Park 1, Cowdenbeath 2.
Rangers 3, Hibernians 0.

ENGLAND OPENS CRICKET MATCH
Scores 166 For Four Wickets Against South Africa Today in Fifth Test

LONDON, Aug. 17.—When the English first innings score in the fifth cricket test match with South Africa stood at 166 for four wickets today, rain stopped play. The match continues on Monday.

Jack Hobbs, the veteran English opening batsman secured only ten runs.

So far South Africa has not won a game.

Around The World With Sport Fans

(By The Trans)

When the Hon. F. A. Pauline, Agent General for the province, presented to the Canadian Pavilion at Bisley a mounted panther skin in the name of the people of British Columbia, he reminded the Canadian team of the fact that the Pacific Coast had always been well represented in the team and he expressed the hope that the B.C. representatives would deserve well of their fellows. He has been justified of that hope. How Lt. Col. Blair of Vancouver carried off the King's Prize after the most dramatic shoot-off on record has now passed into history. But what perhaps is not so well known or recognized is the wonderful feat he performed in winning the Grand Aggregate on the same day. The two events, the King's Prize and the Grand Aggregate, take precedence of all others in the great rifle carnival of the British Empire, and from a shooting point of view, the Grand Aggregate comes first. Never before have the two been won by one man.

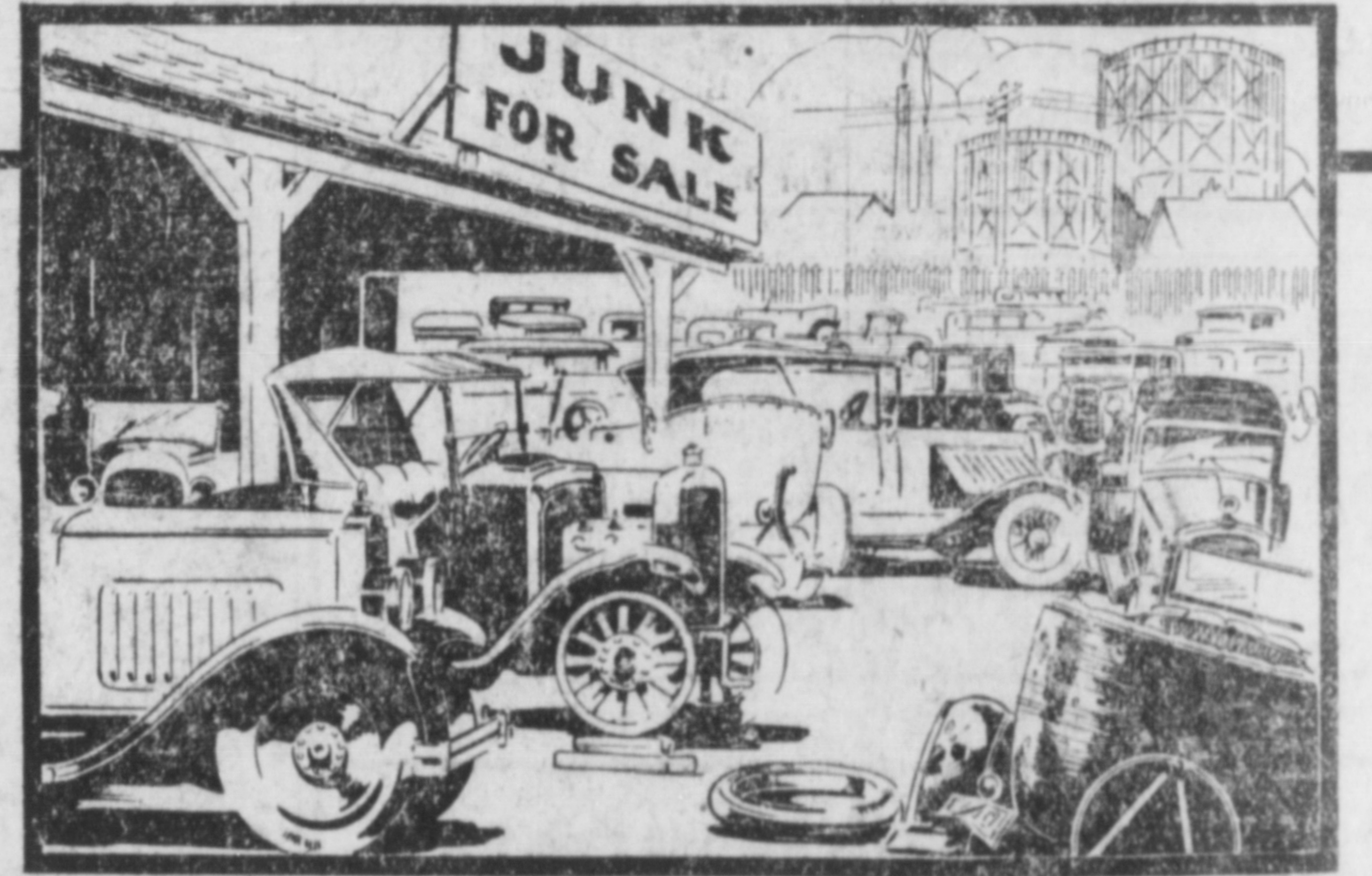
GERMANY'S TENNIS STARS
For the first time in the 12 years since the World War, Germany many had their presence felt in the Davis Cup lawn tennis seen Dr. Prehn, top, and Dr. Mallebauer, below, carried off the fight the semi-finals of the international matches before being eliminated by the United States. Tennis experts feel that this year of aces should go even further next year.

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the result of
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