



Thrilling
Mystery Story
in 30 chapters

THE GREEN SHADOW

by HERMAN LONDON

INSTALLMENT XXX.

The Double Top

"A check?" Dale exclaimed in amazement.

"Yes, he said my own personal check will do. Then he laughed and added that the Castle name is always good."

Dale regarded her in stupefaction. "A check? He knows you haven't as much money as that in the bank. Anyway, payment could be stopped."

"I overdrew my balance last month," she confessed.

Dale frowned perplexedly. "That's too deep for me. Didn't think Dr. Moffett was such a trusting soul. What else did he say?"

"He said I am to bring the check to him in person and—"

"Oh!" Dale interrupted, and suddenly his face turned grave. "Not so trustful after all. He gave you elaborate instructions I suppose?"

"I am to take the car out and drive along Broadway, between Herald Square and Fiftieth St., about 11 o'clock."

"The after-theatre rush hour," Dale pointed out. "Somewhere along the route, I take it, somebody will drop a note into the driver's seat telling you how to proceed. He warned you, of course, that you must be alone in the car, that you mustn't have any one follow you, and that you mustn't discuss the arrangement with any one."

"Yes—but how did you know?"

"That's what he would naturally tell you. What a devilish idea!"

"I don't understand."

Dale regarded her with a dark, frowning gaze. "Remember what he told you—that the Castle name is always good?"

"Oh!" she started suddenly. "He thinks father will make the check good. Yes, perhaps he would if he could."

"Dr. Moffett thinks he can."

"But a check exacted by threats and intimidation would not have any legal validity."

"No, but—"

Dale hesitated. His expression was a curious blend of grimness and gentleness. "You might as well understand the fiendish plan. Dr. Moffett specified that you are to deliver the check in person. He means to keep you as a hostage until it has been paid. From now on he intends to exert double pressure on your father. He already has the Forrester documents, now he will have you besides. That gives him a double barreled weapon. If you are in his power, he feels that your father will make the check good somehow—even if he has to rob a safe or two to do it."

"Yes, and he would, too."

Dale suddenly brightened a little. "Buck up! Don't you see the silver lining? Dr. Moffett is weakening. He is on the run."

"Weakening?"

"He is no longer relying on blackmail alone. His original scheme hasn't proved as successful as he expected, and so he has changed his method. That is a sign of weakness. It's also our cue to strike."

"When?" Again her drooping spirits caught the contagion of his mood.

"Tonight, if you are in the mood for a bit of adventure."

"You don't mean—"

"Yes, I would advise you to do exactly as Dr. Moffett says. Are you willing?"

Her hesitation was brief. A gleam of audacity entered her eyes. "Oh," yes, since you advise it!"

"That's the spirit! You will be driving along Broadway, between Herald Square and Fiftieth St., about 11 o'clock tonight. In your bag or your pocket you will

carry a check for \$100,000. By the way, what kind of car do you drive?"

"A Waynefleet 8 sedan."

"He looked a little envious. "That's a regular speed demon, isn't it?"

"Father has been thinking of selling it."

"Before he does, I would like to try it some time. I never sat at the wheel of a Waynefleet 8. I wonder—he gazed at her smilingly—"if you'd mind if I took a spin in it before dinner?"

"Why, no." Her eyes were full of mystification. "Of course I wouldn't mind. I'll give you an order on the garage." She stepped to the writing desk, wrote something, then handed him a sheet of paper.

"Thanks," said Dale, putting the paper in his pocket. "Now remember this. Whatever happens tonight, I shan't be far away. I'll be closer than you imagine. You will be watched, of course, by one of Dr. Moffett's hirelings who will keep his eyes open for any sign of trickery. You will drive carefully and avoid bumps."

"Avoid—what?"

"Bumps. You don't want to be all shaken up before you arrive. That's important."

She drew a long breath of stupefaction. "Very well. I'll avoid—bumps. Anything else?"

"That's all. I'll now go for my spin in the Waynefleet 8. That will give me an appetite for dinner. Believe I shall dine at Flagger's. The chef there knows how to—"

He paused. For a moment he stood and inspected the ceiling.

"The chef there knows how to appease a long-suffering palate," he went on, and as he spoke he sprang lightly to the door, flung it open; and in a moment had the squirming and protesting Wambley by the neck.

"Quiet, Wambley," he advised. "Miss Castle, we must put him some place for the next few hours. I don't want him to get in touch with anybody."

Adele, quickly recovering from her surprise, though for a moment. "There's a room in the attic—"

"Lead us to it, please. Better step along quietly, Wambley, or a hard working spy will come to grief."

Wambley decided to step along quietly. They left him in the room, hands and feet securely bound and a gag covering the lower portion of his face. Dale locked the door with care.

Fifteen minutes later he was gliding gently up Broadway in the Waynefleet sedan. He crossed the Harlem River and pursued a twisting course for a while. At length he stopped in front of a large service station and interviewed the grimy foreman.

"How many men can you put to work on this car?" he asked.

"I have seven mechanics, but four of them knock off in half an hour. What seems to be the trouble?"

"Keep your mechanics," said Dale. "I'll pay well. This is a rush job. I want a new top on this car."

The man in the greasy overalls viewed the black, unwrinkled top with a puzzled look. Then he opened the door and inspected the under side of the covering. He fixed a mystified eye on Dale.

"What's wrong with old one?"

"Nothing, except that I want a new top." He leaned toward the man and cocked an eye confidentially. "I want a two-layer top," he elucidated in an undertone, "with plenty of room between the two layers. Better put in some extra braces, too. It has to be strong enough to support a weight of 170 pounds."

The man's crease-spattered brow went up. He eyed Dale's

prepossessingly garbed figure suspiciously, with an expression of limited understanding, then shrugged his shoulders.

"And you don't want the bulge to show, I guess," he wisely surmised. "All right, gov'nor, I can fix you up but you know, it's gonna cost you something."

"I expect to pay well for a good job." Dale looked the man straight in the eyes. "And I am willing to add a premium for silence. Have it ready not later than 10 o'clock."

He walked away and hailed a taxi on the street corner. The man watched him with a queer grin.

"Don't know whether that bird wants to lug a corpse or a couple hundred quarts of hooch. Nothin' in my life, anyhow. Looks like a swell. Guess he won't argue 'bout the price." He turned and shouted toward the interior of the garage: "Hey, you fellers!"

House in the Country

After leaving the garage, Dale hurried homeward to inquire of Bilkins whether any important letters or telephone messages had arrived during his absence. He hummed a little tune and he looked as if he expected an exhilarating evening. If all went well, and if he struck no unexpected snags in the execution of his carefully prepared plan, Dr. Moffett would eat tomorrow morning's breakfast behind bars of steel.

The thought was at once gratifying and depressing. How would Adele Castle take the crash of her illusions? But she must know some time, and the sooner the better. She was young and even the cruellest wounds heal quickly in youth. Besides, it was best that she should discover the fatal truth for herself. Only the testimony of her own eyes and ears would convince her that Paul Ainsworth was a blackguard. Indirectly, no matter how impressive, she would thrust aside with a toss of her proud head.

Dale dismissed the taxi out side his residence and in a few moments he was interviewing the faithful but villainous-looking Bilkins. The telephone had been ringing all afternoon, Bilkins announced, but no one had left a message.

Dale skimmed over a few letters, but there was nothing of importance. He was not disappointed. In this situation, no news was good news.

He dismissed Bilkins and went to the telephone. It was more than likely that, some time during the night, he would want Summers in a hurry, and he wanted to be sure where he could be found. His lips twitched humorously as he called the number. For the Picaroon to deliver a dangerous criminal into Summers' hands was indeed an amusing thought, and it was precisely what Dale expected to happen.

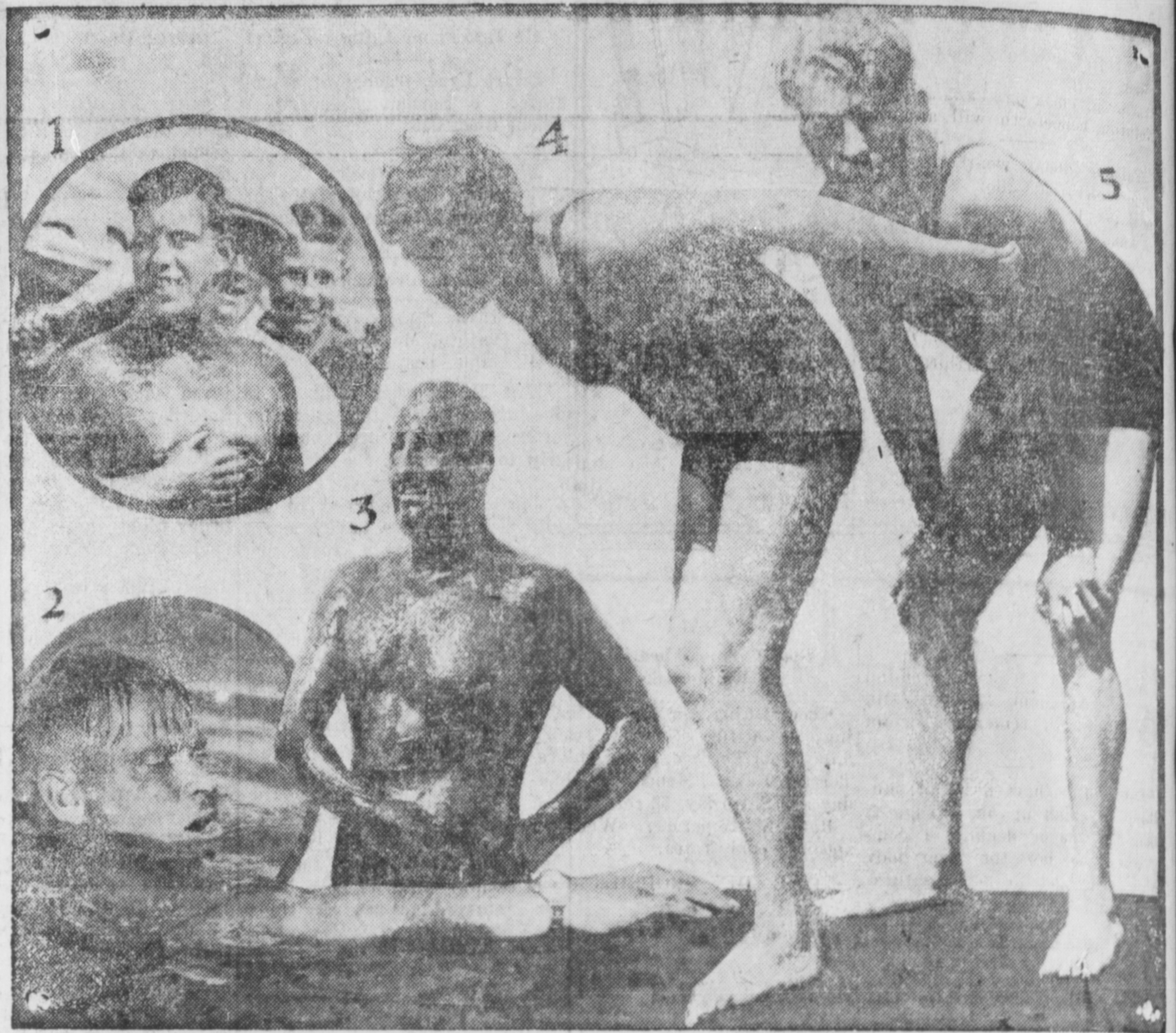
But Summers could not be reached either at his office or at his residence, and Dale hung up, intending to make another attempt later. From a drawer in his desk he took several quaint articles and distributed them among his pockets. Then he glanced at his watch and hurried out. A taxi with flag raised, came cruising along, and he hailed it and jumped in, failing to perceive that an inconspicuous individual across the street was watching him with marked interest.

"Flagger's restaurant on Heer or Street," he told the driver.

His mind was busy while the taxi carried him to his destination. He reviewed each step in the program he had mapped out. About 10:30 the Waynefleet would draw up in front of the Castle residence. The street, he knew, would be dimly lighted at that point. The driver would disappear, and no one was likely to notice what became of him.

About a quarter to eleven Miss Castle would step out, take her place at the wheel, and drive toward Herald Square. Somewhere between that point and Fiftieth Street she would receive a note or an oral message telling her where to go. All the while she would be under the closest kind of surveillance by Dr. Moffett's agents. If any one should attempt to follow her at a discreet distance, or communicate with her along the route, Dr. Moffett's spies would know it. It was even possible that, at one of the traffic stops, some one would glance into the tonneau to make sure that the car carried no concealed passenger.

PICTURESQUE CONTENDERS FOR WORLD'S SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIP



Between 350 and 400 gase covered swimmers will plunge into the waters of Lake Ontario on Wednesday, Aug. 28, in front of the Canadian National Exhibition Grounds at Toronto, in the men's section of the fourth Wrigley Marathon. The course is approximately 15 miles, and the cash prizes total \$35,000, of which \$25,000 goes to the winner. The above lay-out shows five of the men who are regarded as likely to make the best showing. No. 1 is George Young of Toronto, winner of the first Wrigley Marathon, who has been in constant training since last summer for this event; No. 2 is Mendell Burditt of Toronto, who made a splendid showing last year, when no one finished because of the cold water; No. 3 is Ernst Vierkotter of Germany in his coat of black grease. He won the race two years ago and is looked upon as Young's most dangerous opponent; No. 4 is Eddie Keating of New York, who beat Vierkotter in the Lake George Marathon in 1927; No. 5 is Maurice Hume, of the American-Canadian Swimming Club of Seattle, a powerful young fellow with a splendid chance to finish close to the top.

Dale chuckled amusedly. The spies might look in all the obvious hiding places. In the human mass that would swirl up and down Broadway at that hour he could easily do so without attracting attention to themselves. But they would never think of inspecting the top. Whoever heard of a passenger being concealed in such a place? Not even Miss Castle would have an inkling of such a thing. That night he had made her self-conscious and distrustful, and the spies would have been quick to notice her state of mind.

As for her destination, he could make a fairly accurate surmise as to that. In his mind was a picture of a house just across the Connecticut border, heeded by a tall picket fence and dense clumps of trees, giving him an impression of an abandoned and dilapidated estate. A gloomy place it was, looking a little sinister at night in its still and dreary aloofness.

This was the house to which he had trailed the car on the night of the Mummies' Frolic. He had spent the next day reconnoitering the immediate environs, but without approaching very close to the house itself.

It seemed almost certain that this was the house to which Miss Castle was to be directed, but he could not be quite positive. Having dispatched her on a hazardous adventure, he could not gamble with her safety. And so he had conceived the idea of remaining with her, almost within arm's reach, from start to finish.

It promised to be an eventful night in the Picaroon's career. He tingled with suppressed excitement as he stepped from the taxi, too preoccupied to notice that another vehicle had drawn up just a few paces to the rear and that its sole occupant gave him a sustained glance as he alighted.

JIMMY MITCHELL IS ADVANCED ON STAFF OF WEST. VAN. HIGH SCHOOL

Local friends will be pleased to learn that James R. Mitchell, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Mitchell of this city, has been promoted to the vice-principals of the West Vancouver high school. He has been on the staff of that school for the past three years, having formerly been on the high school staff at Anyox.

BAMBINO LEADS HOMER HITTERS

Took Inter-League Leadership With Two Circuit Blows Yesterday; Yanks and Athletics Lose Again

NEW YORK, Aug. 26.—Babe Ruth gained the Major League home run leadership on Sunday with his thirty-fourth and thirty-fifth circuit clouts of the season off Pitcher Stewart but the St. Louis Browns scored their fourth consecutive win over the Yankees.

Philadelphia Athletics got only four hits off Alphonse Thomas and the Chicago White Sox made it three out of four with a three to nil victory.

The Detroit Tigers won the final game of a series over the Washington Senators.

The Boston Red Sox concluded their western trip by dividing a double header with Cleveland Indians for a record of 12 wins in 18 starts since leaving home.

Sweetlina carried the Phillies to victory with a shut-out over Brooklyn Robins in the National League.

Week-end scores:

Saturday Games	
American League	
Boston 5-2, Cleveland 2-6.	Philadelphia 5, Chicago 2-0.
Washington 9, Detroit 6.	New York 0, St. Louis 4.
National League	
Pittsburgh 8-6, New York 14-7.	Cincinnati 5-0, Brooklyn 2-8.
Chicago 9, Philadelphia 6.	St. Louis 3, Boston 1.

Sunday Scores

National League	
Chicago 3-10, Cincinnati 6-1.	Philadelphia 4, Brooklyn 0.
St. Louis 4, Boston 0.	
American League	
Washington 7, Detroit 8.	Philadelphia 0, Chicago 3.
Boston 4-5, Cleveland 5-3.	New York 2, St. Louis 3.

BIG LEAGUE STANDINGS

National League			
Chicago	W.	L.	Pct.
Pittsburgh	80	37	.684
New York	67	49	.578
St. Louis	65	55	.542
Brooklyn	60	59	.504
Philadelphia	54	65	.454
Cincinnati	52	69	.430
Philadelphia	49	69	.415
Boston	48	72	.400

Sport Chat

For the first time in the history of sport in the central interior, Terrace and Smithers baseball teams met on the diamond during the recent Flower Show at Hazelton. The result was a well earned victory for the Terrace boys who obtained an early lead and ran out winners on the long end of a 12 to 10 score. Kenney and Nelson comprised the Terrace battery with Goodacre and Devoin for Smithers. Sid Winsby of Hazelton was an efficient umpire.

Soon after setting a new National League record for games won at 373 victories, Grover Cleveland Alexander, hero of the 1926 world series, is in the bad graces of the St. Louis Cardinal management facing at least suspension for breaking training rules. The 42-year-old pitcher who broke the record of "Big Six" Christy Mathewson, was sent home from New York last week by Bill McKechnie, Red Bird manager, after Alexander disregarded the manager's warning that his next escape would be his last. It was Alexander's refusal to be disciplined that enabled the Cards to obtain the famous hurler during the 1926 season from the Cubs.

MODEL YACHT CLUB FORMED

Charles Taylor Elected President and W. Sandison Secretary Saturday Night

Local yacht model owners, meeting on Saturday evening in the Canadian Legion rooms, decided to organize under the name of the Canadian National Model Yacht Club, which will be a branch of the local Canadian National Railways Recreation Club.

Charles Taylor was elected president and W. Sandison, secretary. Donald Ross was named delegate to the Canadian National Recreation Club.

It was decided meantime to have only one class of boat—four feet six inches long scratch and with a beam of not more than one-third of the length.

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Local Items

Miss Jean Grieve, who has been spending several months in California and Vancouver, returned home on the morning train this morning.

Medical attention from a physician was required at Hazelton on her arrival from Vancouver for one of the fingers on her right hand which had crushed his finger on the way north.

Arthur H. Carson, manager of the local branch of the Red Cross, and Mrs. Carson, who motored recently to Vancouver on a holiday trip, returned to the city from the south of the city this morning.

Mrs. James Martin and daughter, Miss Rita Martin, of Hazelton, are passengers about Hazelton on a holiday trip to the Charlotte Islands after having made the round trip to Vancouver.

Mrs. W. R. Overend, who is the customs officer at Hazelton, arrived in the city on the morning train this morning after having spent the summer in Hazelton. Mr. Overend will be turning to the city later in the fall to spend the winter here.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Smith, returned to the city on the morning train this morning following a two weeks' honeymoon trip to Vancouver, Victoria and Seattle. Mrs. Smith was formerly a resident of Hazelton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Lancaster of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Besner, Misses Elaine and Agnes Besner, will sail tomorrow afternoon on the Catala for Vancouver. Mrs. Besner, who has been well of late, will proceed to her home in Quebec for a short stay, accompanied by her daughter, while Mr. Besner will go to Winnipeg.

EXHIBITION SOFTBALL

The draw for the exhibition games which will be played this week in connection with the exhibition is as follows: C.N.R. vs. Biological Station; C.N.R. vs. Waterfront; H. Skatke vs. J. Scott have been named as pires.