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THIS EIGHTEEN-DAY DIET IS GITTIN' ON MY NERVES. I MUST EAT A LITTLE. A FEW OF THESE WON'T PUT ON WEIGHT.

THEY DIDN'T TASTE VERY GOOD, BUT I HAD TO EAT.

WOW!

WHAT'S THE MATTER? COME NOW. TELL ME YOUR TROUBLES.

SOME-BODY WENT AN' ET UP ALL MY MUD-CAKES.

8-7

THE GREEN SHADOW
by HERMAN LONDON

"MURDER THIS TIME"

"Murder?" Dale gasped, and before he could recover from his astonishment his arms were seized by two powerful men in uniform who had come up behind Summers. For a moment or two he was too dumfounded to protest or resist. In an instant his hands were manacled with steel links, and he was being led toward a car that was slowly coming up from the end of the block.

The car stopped and two strong arms lifted him to a seat. A numbing daze seemed to have seized his mind and body. The car started with a jerk and swung rapidly down the broad avenue. The sudden start threw his head against an obstruction in the back, and the jolt seemed to shake his mind clear. A horrible thought came. Miss Castle! In a few moments she would start out on her adventure—alone!

He sprang up, tore at the links that incapacitated his hands, and aimed a vigorous kick at one of the two officers seated on either side. In a moment he was roughly shoved back. He struggled fiercely, with a maddening fear torturing his brain but his manacled hands were powerless against the combined strength of the two officers.

Summers, seated beside the driver, turned his topheavy head and looked back.

"It's no use, Dale." There was an old trace of gruff gentleness in his voice. Summers' triumph was alloyed with just a grain of regret. "This is your finish and you might as well know it."

Dale's mind worked with frantic haste. He realized that resistance would be worse than useless. If he could only stop Miss Castle before she went forth on her perilous mission! He tried to count the minutes that had elapsed since Summers' emergence from the shadow of the tree. Not more than ten, surely. There might still be time.

"Summers!" he cried hoarsely. "Stop the car! I must telephone!"

The captain turned again and shook his head. There was a reluctant grin on his lips. "No, Dale, I know your tricks. You have played too many. I'm not taking any more chances with you."

Dale writhed in torment. Frightful visions flashed through his mind. He could see Summers was adamant. He was suspicious of even such a simple request as the privilege to telephone. And no wonder. He had been surprised and humiliated too often. This was Dale's punishment for the unmerciful jests and ingenious tricks he had played on the captain. But he tried again.

"Listen, Summers! I simply must get a message to somebody. These officers can stand beside me. You can hold a gun against my back. But I must—"

Summers shook his head. "No, Dale. You're not going to make a fool of me any more. You got away from me the other night. I was holding a gun to you then, and there were two officers watching you besides. Yet you got away."

"But it's a matter of life and death!"

"So you say." The Captain shrugged his sturdy shoulders.

Dale groaned. Moments charged with dire possibilities were flitting away. The old and rickety car pursued its bumping progress through deserted streets. He racked his brain for an argument with which to impress Summers, but he could find none. They all rebounded against the captain's suspicious attitude.

"Summers," he began again. "Might as well give up, Dale. I'm not going to let you pull any tricks on me. It's murder this time."

"Murder?" Dale echoed the word in a stupefied tone. "I never killed anybody, but I'll plead guilty to anything if you will give me one minute at a telephone."

"Not one second—not until I get you inside four walls."

"But then it will be too late!" Dale cried in dismay.

"Too bad," said Summers with a shrug.

Dale squirmed in a torment of despair. Adele Castle—Doctor Moffett—the lonely, sinister house in the woods. And he, Dale, unable to raise a hand against the evil contrivances!

"What time is it now?" he asked hoarsely.

Summers looked at his watch and then he looked at Dale as if suspecting that even this simple question might be fraught with some subtle stratagem.

"Two minutes to 11."

A sickening despair wrenched at his heart. Miss Castle would have started now. It was too late to try to stop her. Nothing could be done. A curtain of finality hung over the drama that was to be enacted in the lonely house in the woods. There was nothing now to hinder Doctor Moffett in the execution of his diabolical scheme.

Doctor Moffett! The name seemed to stab a realization into life in Dale's brain. He could not know on what grounds he was being arrested, but probably they were of Doctor Moffett's contrivance. Probably that crafty villain's plots ran a far deeper course than he had realized. He had been warned not to meddle, and now the warning had been put into effect. He stood in Doctor Moffett's way and so he had to be rendered harmless. The whole thing smacked of a carefully prearranged plot.

He shrugged. The exact reasons could not matter now. It was enough that he was utterly helpless. Yet the mere realization of his helplessness turned his thoughts away from the major problem. He gazed at Summers' sturdy shoulders and oversized head.

"What did you say the charge was, Summers?"

"Murder!" Summers looked at him as if he thought the question peculiar. "The murder of Mrs. Ferryman."

"Oh! I suppose you have found a few more cigar bands?"

"No." The captain made a wry face. "The cigar band didn't mean much. Neither did the pearls—though it was queer you should know exactly where they were. It's something stronger. I've got the real goods on you this time."

The car bumped its way over a rough spot in the street.

"Indeed?" said Dale. "What is it? An eyewitness to the crime?"

"No, but something just as good. It will mean the chair, Dale." Summers jerked up his shoulders as if to stifle an emotion of which he was ashamed. "I have the murdered woman's own word for it that you killed her."

Dale sat as if stunned for a moment. The car slackened its speed. They came out of a dark block, and now they slowed down before a building with many lighted windows.

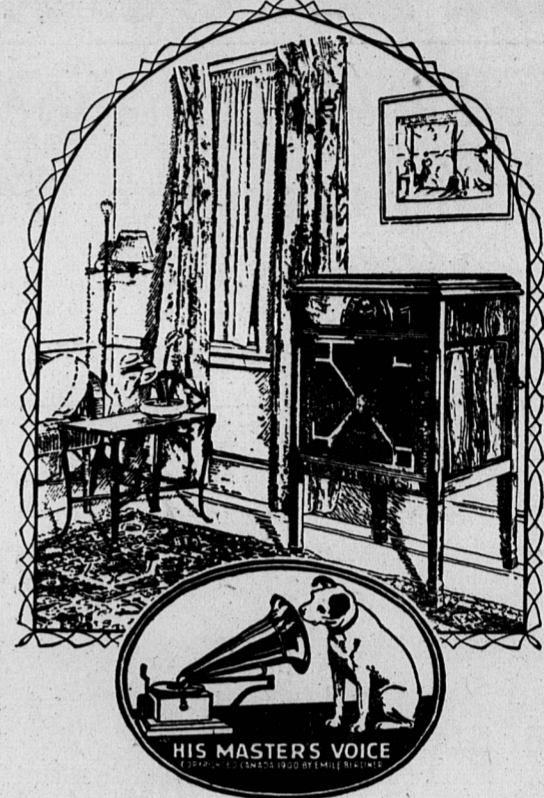
"The murdered woman's word?" Dale exclaimed.

"Yes, Mrs. Ferryman's. She ought to know."

It sounded idiotic to Dale, but he had no time for further questions. Was led into the building by the two officers, with Summers in the rear. They entered a long, narrow room with a long table in the center. One of the uniformed men remained at the door while the other stood a few paces behind the chair in which Dale was directed to sit. Over the table hung three glaring arc lights.

Opposite Dale at the table sat a robust individual in civilian dress. His face was broad and looked as if it had been carved out of a block of wood, and the little caterpillar mustache under his nose seemed grotesquely misplaced. He had an immense head utterly bald, that curved into a peak at the top.

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"Mr. Gosler, of the District Attorney's office," said Summers. "You take him Mr. Gosler."

The captain dropped into a chair at Dale's side. At a nod from Gosler the hand cuffs were removed from the prisoner's wrists. He stretched his hands to ease the stain in the muscles while he looked into Gosler's small, crafty, yellowish eyes. A clock was ticking on the wall. Half past 11. Adele Castle was speeding toward her fate now, brave and confident in the belief that Dale was not far away.

He stifled a groan. The clock ticked blithely on. Again he looked into Gosler's hard, imperturbable eyes. No consideration was to be expected from that quarter. An appeal to brain or heart would be equally useless. He knew the type. But Summers—

He turned in his chair. Summers sat with lips drawn grimly tight, his head hunched down a little and cocked to one side, his face cast into a mold of studied stolidity. The majesty of the law was functioning, his face seemed to say, and Summers was only a cog in the machine, without power to interfere, even if he should be so inclined.

In his mind he tried to frame an appeal to the heart he knew was beating behind that stolid exterior. There might still be time. He knew exactly how to reach the sequestered house in the woods. A fast car could cover the distance in a little more than an hour reaching the house soon after Miss Castle's arrival.

"Summers," he spoke, "I don't know what new evidence you think you have found against me, but it's a frame-up. That's a positive fact. You will realize it before long. The man who murdered Mrs. Ferryman is about to commit another crime tonight. He wanted no interference, and so he faked this new evidence, you, No, Dale it won't work. There's no frame-up. I found the new evidence myself this afternoon." "Then it was planted where some man that ever duped me, and that's

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