

ALL  
NEW  
COMICS

# The Shadow COMICS

10¢  
CENTS

JUNE - 1940



IRON MIKE



HORATIO ALGER



THE AVENGER



BILL BARNES



FRANK MAXWELL



"Solve A Crime"

THE NEWEST PICTURE

PUZZLE

WIN MODEL AIRPLANE KITS  
AND BASEBALLS



**Dear "Shadow Comics" Readers:**

You boys and girls have certainly approved of SHADOW COMICS. The artist who draws The Shadow looked over your many thousands of letters which we have received. He was thrilled by your comments. For The Shadow is yours—your own character, on the radio, in the movies, in THE SHADOW MAGAZINE, and now in THE SHADOW COMICS. It is the most widely featured comic in all America, and we want to keep it

# *With the Editor*

one is a little trickier than the one that was in last month, but it is mighty easy to figure out. Just read the comic carefully and you will soon see what it was that made Carrie decide that Richard Kenmore was High Jack.

Put your answer on a postcard and mail it to us not later than May 27th—for no card received after May 27th will count.

Everybody who reads THE SHADOW COMICS is privileged to enter this contest. There is no coupon to be clipped from the book, so if you pass your copy along to a friend of yours, ask him to try his hand at solving the mystery also.

We are getting some swell reports from the various Bill Barnes Clubs around the country. The boys in these clubs are making model airplanes, flying them, holding tournaments—but best of all, they are learning what makes an airplane fly, by the most scientific method possible, from the lessons which we send the club. If you haven't already joined one of our Model Airplane Clubs, I would recommend that you do so at once.

And now, my love until next month.

The Peter

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THE SHADOW

# THE shadow



YEAH, THIS IS CHIPMUNK STOP OVER, BOUNT BEAK THUNGLE WILL BE NEEDING US WHEN HE GETS BACK TONIGHT---



STRANGE BUSINESS OCCUPIES BEAK THUNGLE, THE ABSENT CROOK WHOSE TRAIL THE SHADOW IS SEEKING IN NEW YORK FAR FROM THE CITY—



SHADOW COMICS

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THE SHADOW

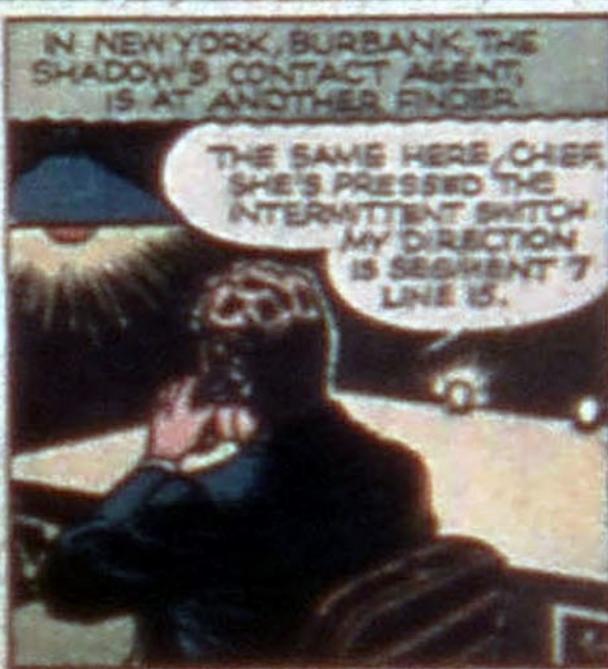
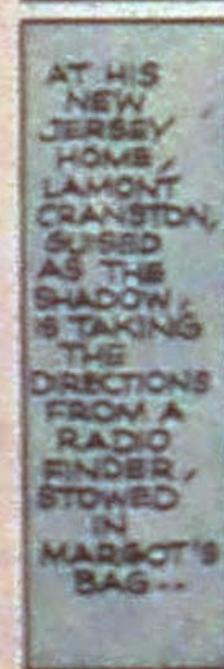
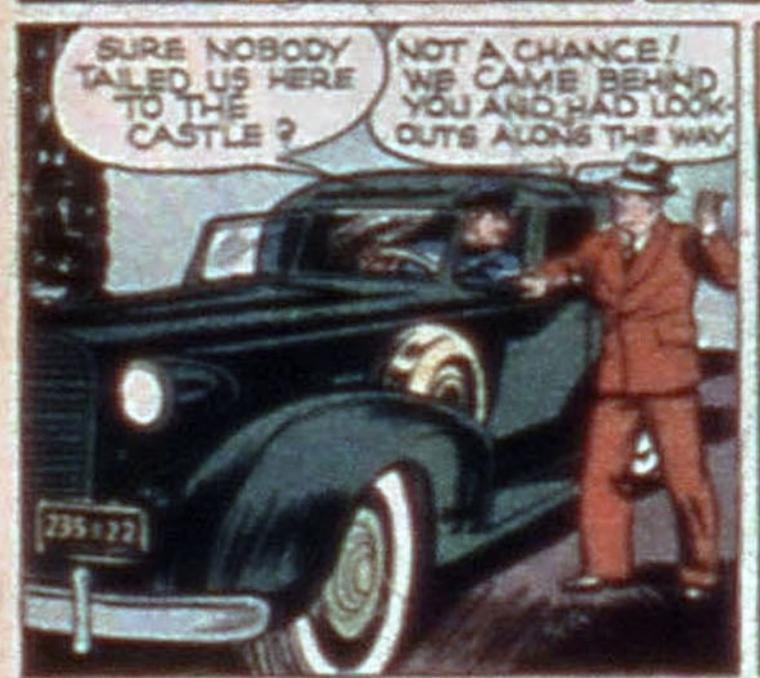


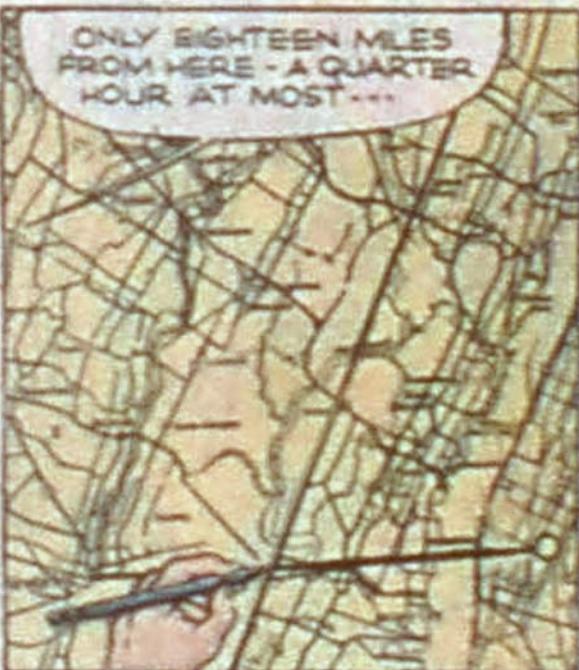
UPON  
TRAPPING  
BEAK  
THUNGLE  
AND THE  
JEWEL  
THEIVES,  
THE  
SHADOW  
IS SUDDENLY  
CONFRONTED  
BY ZOVEX,  
STRANGE  
SERVANT  
OF THE  
MYSTERIOUS  
HEAD!

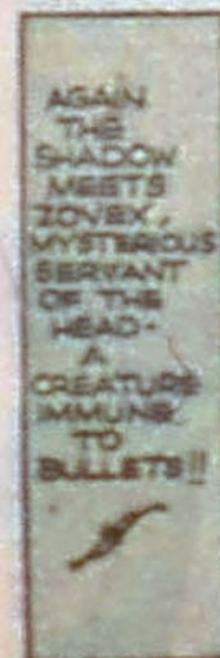




THE SHADOW







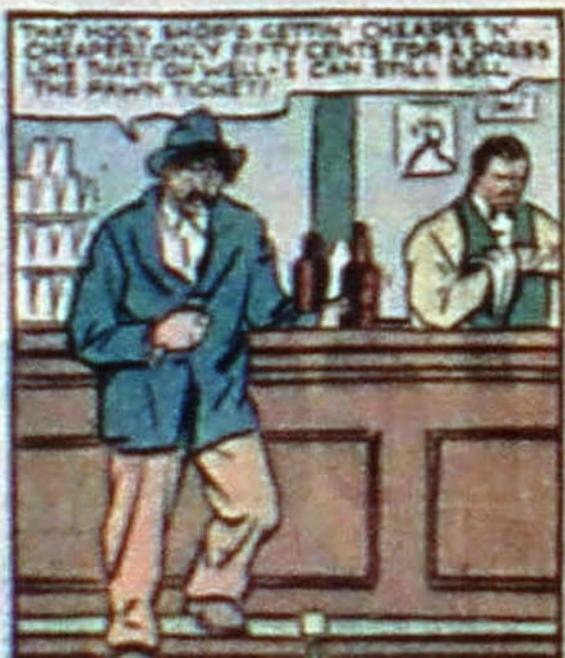


ROUGH AND READY

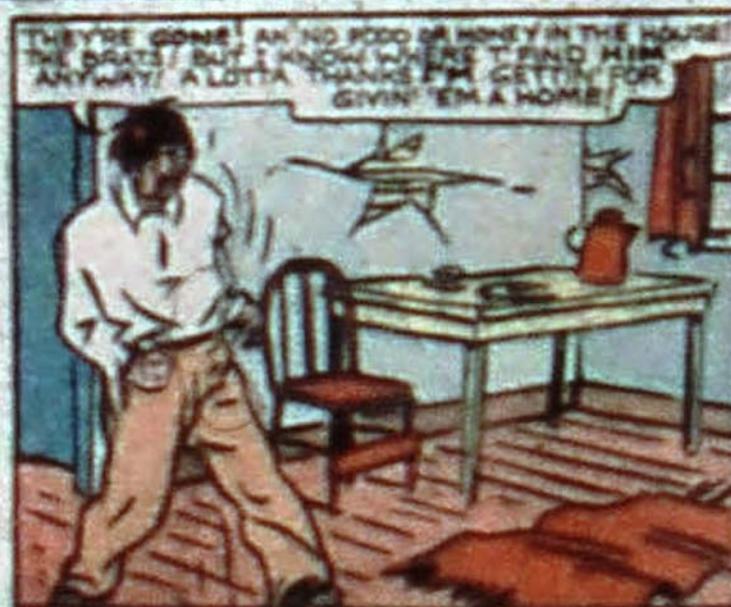
# ROUGH AND READY

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.





TRYING TO SELL THE PAWN TICKET - AND HIS MONEY ALL GONE -  
MARTIN HAS DISTURBED ROSE WHO IS SOUNDED ASLEEP IN A DRUNKEN  
STYDOR - SHORTLY AFTER - RUFUS ARRIVES - AND ON BEING TOLD  
OF MARTIN'S CRUELTY TO ROSE ANGRILY AND JUSTIFIABLY  
SEARCHES MARTIN'S POCKETS AND FINDS - AS WAS EXPECTED -  
THE PAWN TICKET -



AND SOLEHEART MISS MANNING - AND FRIEND  
WHO IS FINDING IT HARD TO GET ALONE



LATER

- AND FURTHERMORE - WE'RE NEVER GOING BACK TO YOU! WE'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR CRUELTY AND WE OWE YOU NOTHING. JUST LEAVE US ALONE! NOW YOU'LL PAY FOR TREATIN' ME LIKE THIS - YOU YOUNG UPSTART!



SEVERAL DAYS HAVE PASSED - WITH THE FURNITURE AND ALL OF HIS LATE WIFE'S POSSESSIONS SOLD, AND THE MONEY SPENT FOR LIQUOR - MARTIN IS NOW HOMELESS AND DESTITUTE. HE'S IN THE OFFICE OF A FORMER FRIEND.

- AND NO, MARTIN, I'LL NOT GIVE YOU A DIME BUT I CAN PUT YOU TO WORK IMMEDIATELY ON ONE OF MY JOBS AT CONEY ISLAND. IF YOU'LL STAY SOBER, I HAVE NO CHOICE!

M  
E  
R  
I  
N  
E

IT'S LIKE AND I HAVE A NEW LEASE IT ON LIFE RUFUS! I'M REALLY HERE VERY VERY HAPPY. IT'S A FINE PIECE OF LUCK FOR ALL MUCH OF US. MISS MARGARET LET'S TAKE THE DAY OFF AND GO TO CONEY ISLAND TO CELEBRATE!

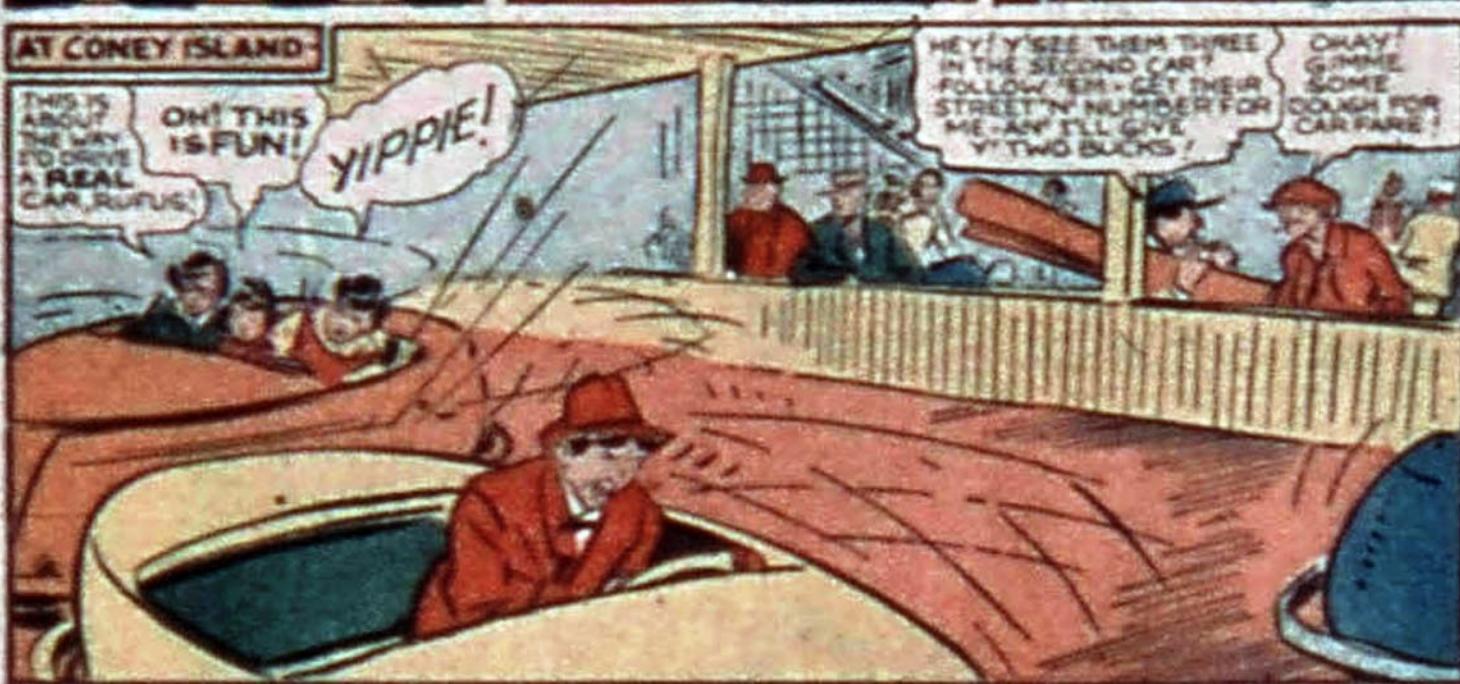


AT CONEY ISLAND-

THIS IS ABOUT THE WAY TO DRIVE A REAL CAR, RUFUS.

OH! THIS IS FUN!

YIPPIE!



HEY, Y' SEE THEM THREE IN THE SECOND CART FOLLOW 'EM - GET THEIR STREET 'N NUMBER FOR ME - AND I'LL GIVE Y' TWO BUCKS!

OKAY! GIMME SOME DOUGH FOR CAR FARE!

TO  
BOD  
DAD  
THE  
DAY  
-

I HAD A PERFECT TIME TOO! WE'LL HAVE TO HAVE MORE CELEBRATIONS LATER ON! WELL, I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO WORK NOW!

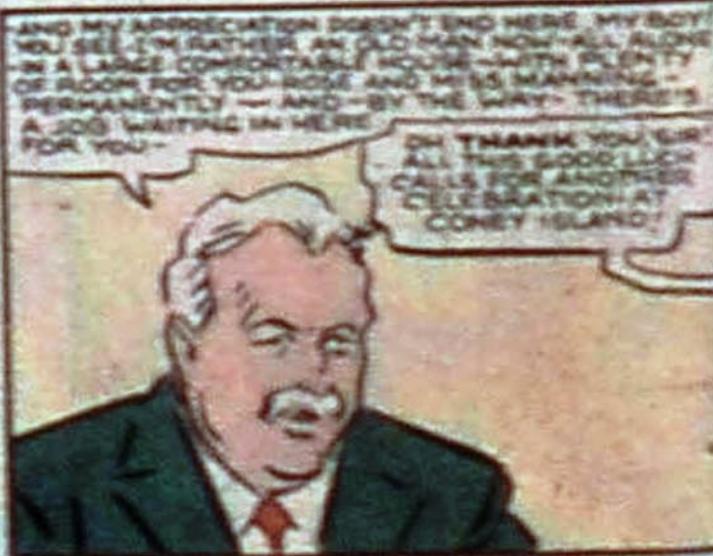


HERE'S THE STREET AND I GIVE YOU THE NUMBER OF THEIR HOUSE - ON THE PAPER! GAT OUTA THE COUNTRY, IF THAT'S WHAT GIMME THE TWO BUCKS POST!









DON'T MISS "BRAVE BRUCE" ANOTHER BIG STORY  
BY MORITZ ALGER, JR. IN NEXT MONTH'S  
**SHADOW COMICS**

# IRON MUNRO

THE

## ASTOUNDING MAN

HURLED INTO ANOTHER UNIVERSE THROUGH A HAWK IN SPACE, IRON MUNRO, JUPITER-BORN YOUNG SCIENTIST AND SPENCER CARLISLE, CHEMIST AND OWNER OF A GREAT SHIPWRECK, ARE HELPING THE MANTANS, DESCENDANTS OF SURVIVORS OF EARTH'S LOST CONTINENT, IN THEIR WAR WITH THE TEFFLES. THE TEFFLES HAVE STOLEN THE DATA PLATES, WHICH TELL HOW TO REACH TO EARTH. IRON AND SPENCE GO TO TEFFEL TO STEAL THEM BACK. BEFORE IRON IS DESTROYED, IRON STAYS OUTSIDE THE TEMPLE OF KAKKAKILL TO HAVE SPENCE INVESTIGATE TO KILL SPENCE. AS SPENCE FINDS THE HEAVY DATA PLATES, AN ALARM SOUNDS AND THE ROOM IS FILLED WITH GUARDS. SPENCE DROPS A DARKNESS BOMB AND ---





HERE I AM, IRON!  
HEY -- LOOK OUT/  
OVER YOUR  
HEAD!

AT SPENCE'S WARNING, MUNRO LEAPS  
TO SAFETY JUST IN TIME.

BY JUPITER,  
YOU MADE IT!

YEAH! SAFE -- ON  
THE INSIDE LOOK-  
ING OUT. AND DON'T  
LOOK NOW, BUT  
THERE'S ABOUT  
FIFTY TEFFLANS  
COMING OUR WAY!

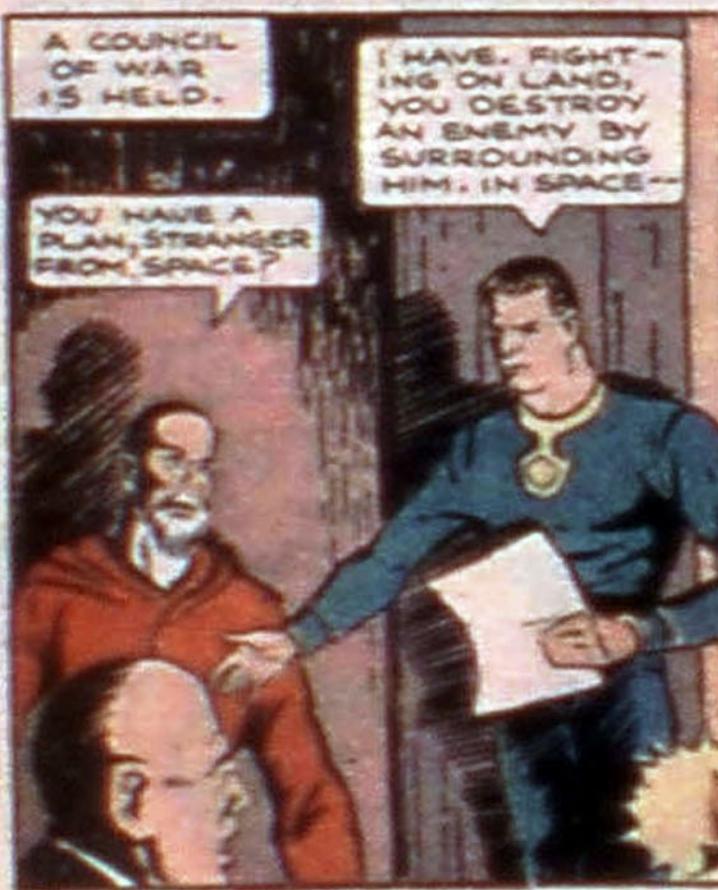
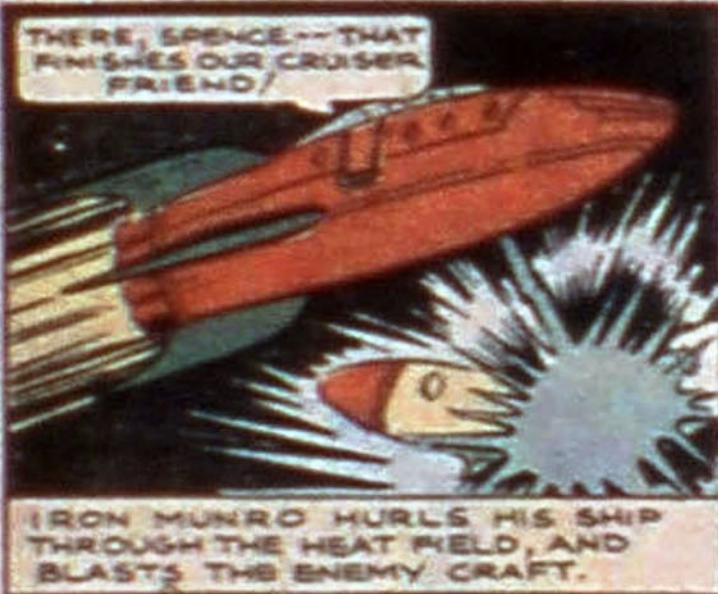
THE TEFFLAN'S  
LEARN SOMETHING  
OF JOVIAN STRENGTH.  
IRON MUNRO, MOVING  
THREE TIMES AS  
FAST AS A TEFFLAN,  
AND WITH TEN  
TIMES THE STRENGTH,  
WREAKS HAVOC  
AMONG THE  
ENEMY.

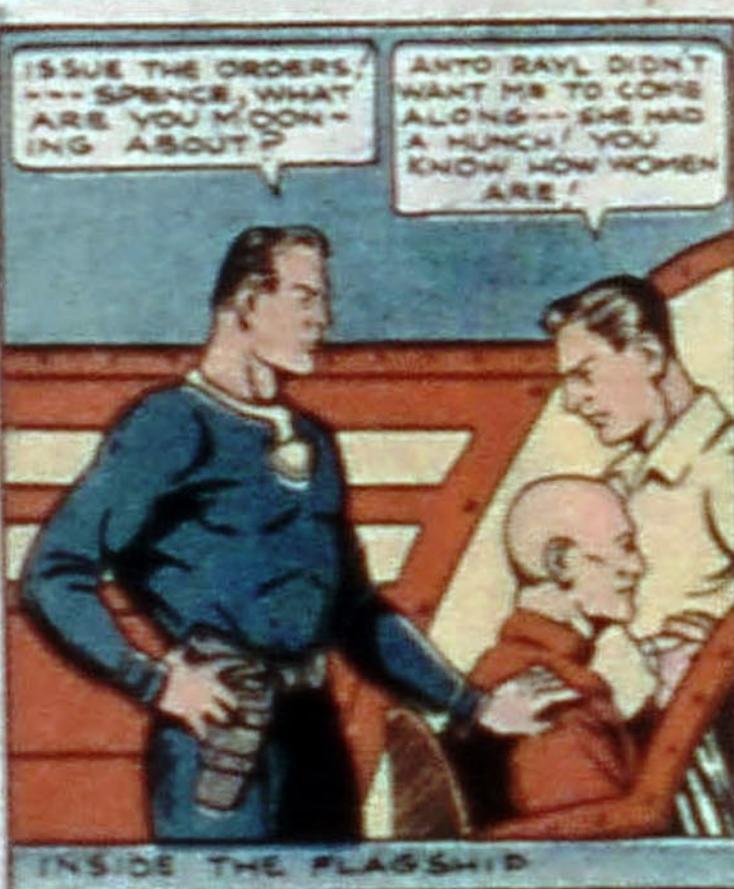
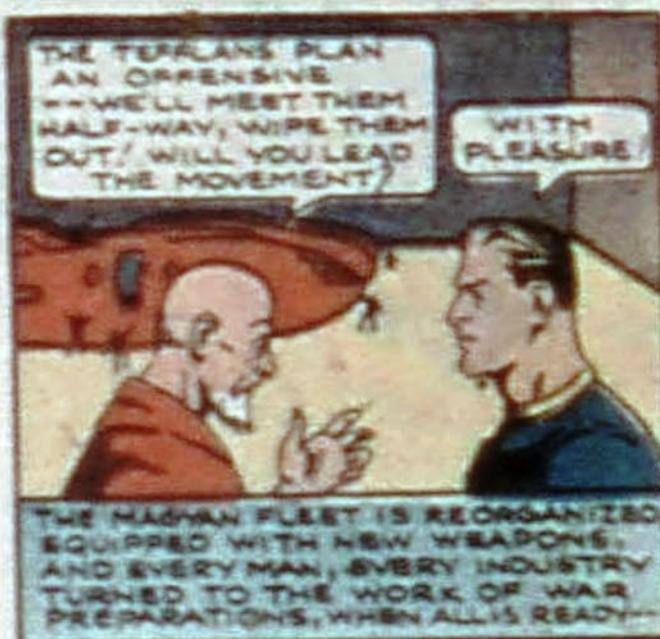
STRIKE!

GREAT WHILE IT  
LASTED! BUT COME  
ON -- WE'VE GOT TO  
TO GET OUT  
OF HERE!

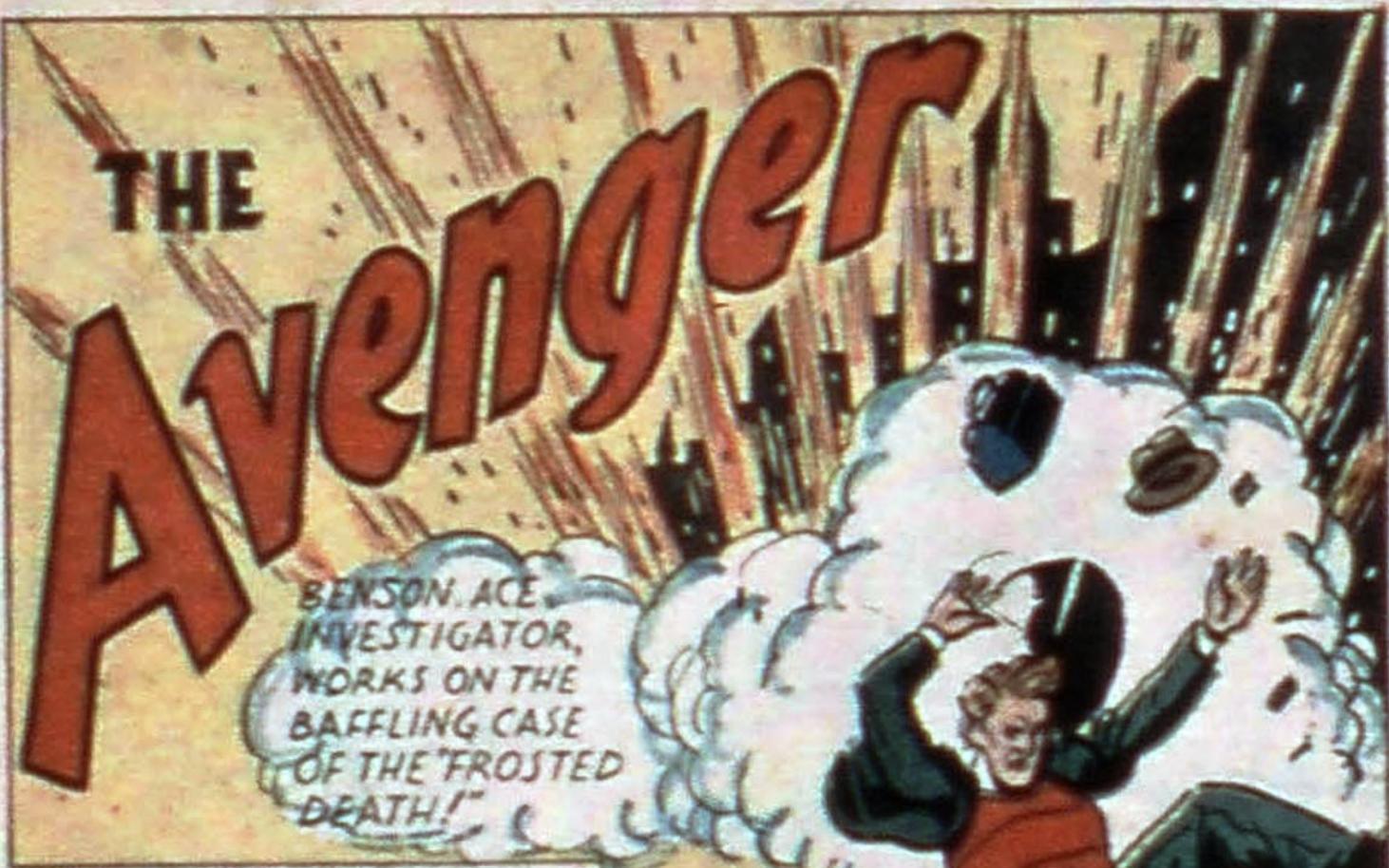
YES -- THE NEXT  
BUNCH WE RUN  
INTO WILL BE  
ARMED, YOU  
CAN BET!







THOUSANDS OF MILES FROM THE BATTLE ZONE, THE CREWS OF THE SHIPS GO MAD --- THE ROCKETS ZOOM OUT OF CONTROL DESTROYING ONE ANOTHER! WHAT STRANGE WEAPON HAVE THE TEFLANS UNLEASHED? LEARN THE TREMENDOUS ANSWER IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SHADOW COMICS



JOHN BRAUN WHILE PEERING AT A BUILDING HEARD SOMETHING WHIZ DANGEROUSLY CLOSE BY!



THEN IT SMASHED TO THE GROUND EXPLODING AT HIS FEET!



GEE! WAS I LUCKY!  
IF THAT THING  
HIT ME I'D BE  
ALL FINISHED!



ABOVE THE CROWDS, VESHNIR AND TARGILL DISCUSS THE LOSS OF THE DEADLY CAPSULE.

IF THAT EXPLOSION HAPPENED HERE THIS BUILDING WOULD HAVE BEEN WRECKED!

WE MUST ACT BEFORE THAT CAPSULE AFFECTS THE WHOLE CITY!





JOHN BRAUN BEGINS TO FEEL THE EFFECTS OF THE FROSTED DEATH POWDER.



WITH HIS LAST OUNCE OF STRENGTH, BRAUN PHONES FOR HELP.



THIS LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING DEVELOPED BY A LOW FILTHY FIEND!

GUESS IT'S A CASE FOR US COPS! WHAT SAY DOC?



BY RADIO AND TELEPHONE, POLICE ARE URGED TO FIND BENSON, THE AVENGER!



WHY HE LOOKS LIKE A SNOW MAN, DOC. WHAT'S YOUR IDEA?

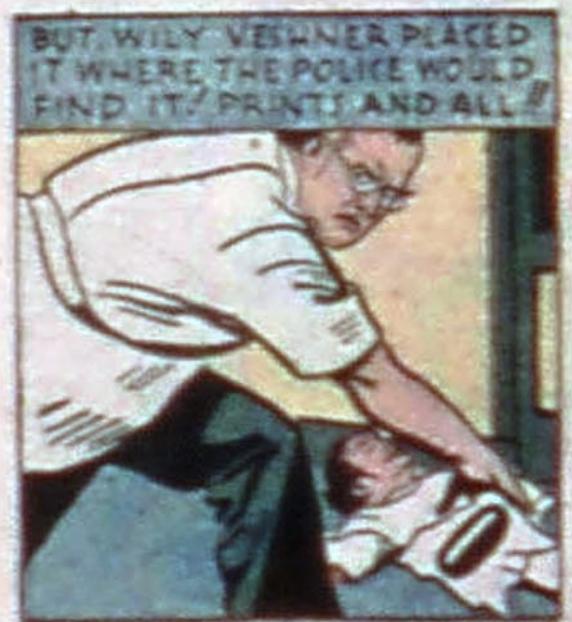
OFFICER, I HAVE NEVER SEEN SUCH A BAFFLING CASE IN ALL MY PRACTICE!



VESEY-NIR LISTENED AT TARGIVILL'S DOOR AS TARGIVILL BREATHED HIS LAST, HAVING BEEN HIT WITH THE RADIUM NEEDLE!

I JUST HAD TO KILL HIM! HE'D HAVE SQUEELED TO THE POLICE!





EXPERT CHEMIST LOUNED TO ANALYZE THE MYSTERIOUS "FAST DEATH" POWDER AT BENSON'S REQUEST.

MAC THIS IS THE MOST DEADLY STUFF I EVER HEARD OF MAKE THE CLOSEST ANALYSIS AND REPORT TO ME!

YES MR. BENSON! I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THE THING BUT I'LL DO IT!

IN THE REAR OF A LITTLE DRUG STORE BENSON'S LABORATORY AIDS DIVE INTO THE SECRET OF THE POWDER.



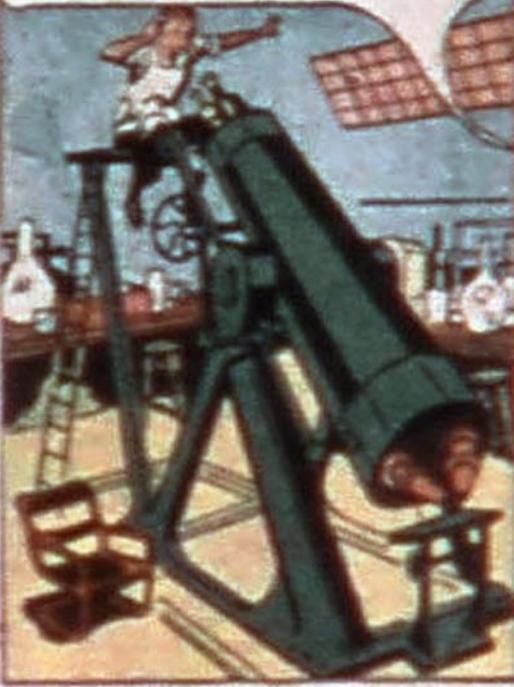
WITH THEIR SUPER-TELEVISION SET 'SMITTY' AND 'MAC' REPORT TO BENSON.

WELL! WHAT DID YOU FIND OUT SMITTY?

THIS POWDER HAS BEEN MANUFACTURED. IF IT GETS ON A HUMAN BODY IT WOULD KILL QUICKLY!



MAC'S FIRST LOOK INTO THE MICROSCOPE SCARED HIM STIFF.



AND NOW THE DOCTOR IS STRICKEN.

I HAVE WHAT BRAUN DIED OFF.

WHAT! YOU TOO.



HADN'T THERE SOMETHING YOU CAN DO FOR IT DOCTOR?

NO, I'LL BE DEAD IN SIX HOURS!



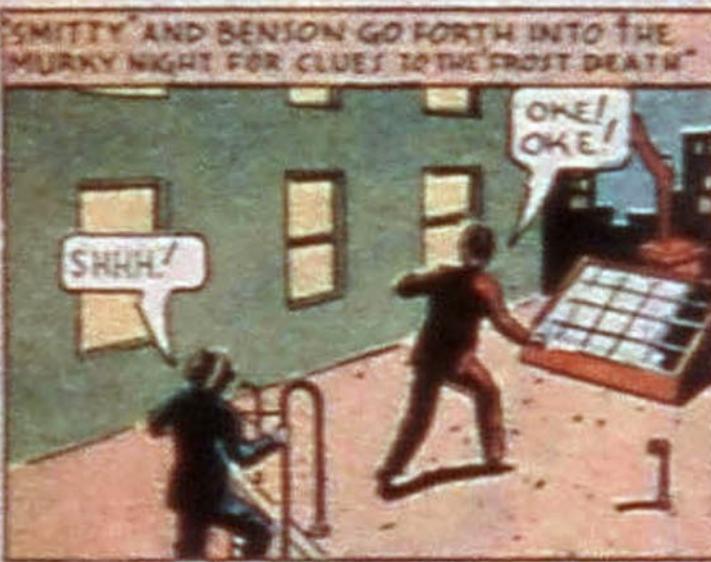


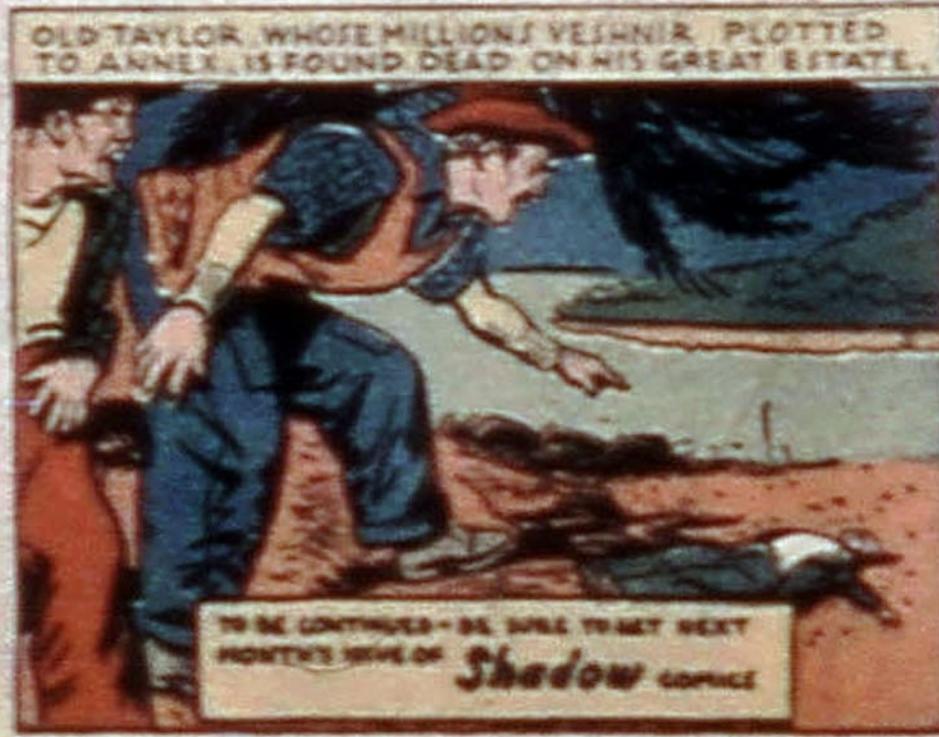
IN A LUXURIOUS PARK AVE. APARTMENT,  
SANGARMAN'S DAUGHTER, CLAUDETTE IS SHOCKED  
BY THE GLARING HEADLINES.



NELLIE GRAY, A BENSON AIDE BRINGS  
SOME REPORTS.







IN THE CONTINUOUS - BE SURE TO GET NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF  
*Shadow Comics*



# LEARN HOW TO FLY A MODEL AIRPLANE RIGHT!



All over the country, in schools like the following: High School, Princeton, N. J.; Central High School, Columbus, O.; High School, Martinsburg, Pa.; Mercersburg Academy, Mercersburg, Pa.; High School, Renovo, Pa.; High School, Tracy, Pa., and in clubs organized by School Teachers, Scout Masters, Sunday School Teachers, Boys Club Managers, etc., the boys of America are learning the principles of how to fly and how to build a model plane that will fly properly. They are learning from lessons prepared by Joe Ott, one of the truly great authorities on why an airplane flies and how to build an accurate model.

These lessons are supplied at cost to members of Bill Barnes Model Airplane Clubs. The model planes illustrated in each lesson can be purchased at 25% reduction.

There is a free service every month of Questions and Answers on aeronautics sent to the clubs. This keeps the interest in the club right up to the minute.

Never before has such a service been offered a model airplane club in connection with a magazine. Fill in the coupon

on this page and mail it today with 10 cents and you will receive, in value, much more than the 10 cents, and also a plan for organizing a club which will keep you pleasantly occupied all summer long, in the most engaging hobby you have ever tried—model airplane building.

## BILL BARNES

77 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me one of each of the four issues which you now happen to have, and one full issue at the price you quote on the model which has part of the following copy of the monthly, largest aviation journal, AIR TRAILS, which you have part of the time and which will be for the year. I am interested in the science and history and engineering for planes. I understand you will send me something unusual.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

TITLE \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

He wasn't even a rookie,

but he proved what

cops are made off!

## MURDER IN UNIFORM

by NORMAN A. DANIELS

**J**OHNNY McLAREN was almost a cop. While he waited for the bus he thumbed the well-worn pages of his police manual and studied the contents under the yellow rays of a street light.

He climbed aboard the bus, took a rear seat, and closed the manual while he went over the regulations in his mind. At the next stop, he almost reluctantly watched a uniformed patrolman get aboard.

The man dropped his nickel in the slot, nodded to a man who followed him, and both sat down in the same seat.

Johnny McLaren frowned a little. There was something wrong with that picture.

The patrolman and his companion got out near the end of the line. Johnny McLaren still had two stations to go, but he got out, too.

The two men he trailed turned the next corner, but McLaren was after them.

He spotted the two men, and crouched slightly when two other men, a man in an abandoned house. The man with the brief case threw his right hand toward his hip pocket.

At that moment the patrolman raised the nightstick he carried and swung it with murderous effect.

McLaren picked up one of the old bricks and carefully buried it. The missile caught

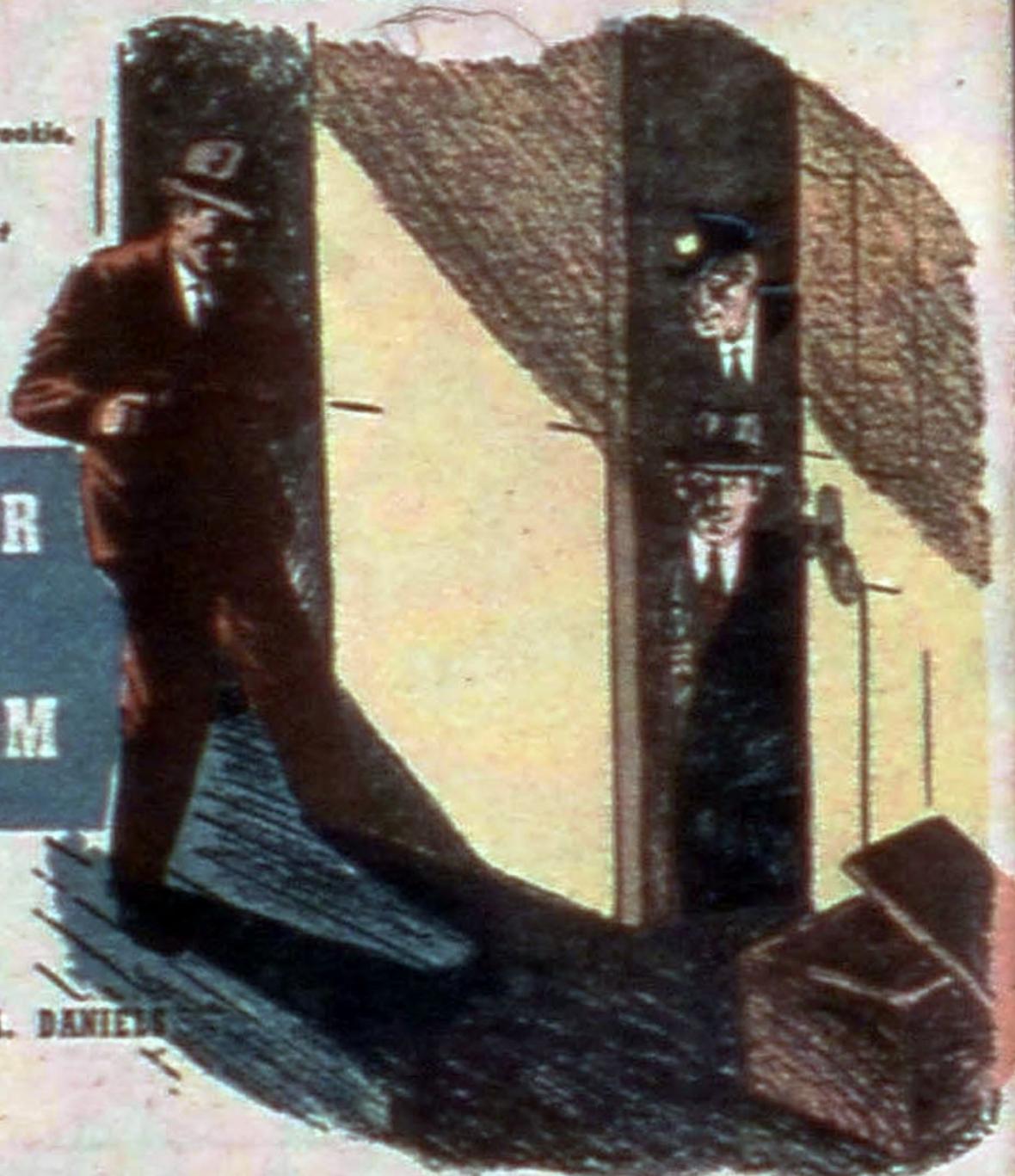
one man full in the back, dropped him across the form of the victim. The other two swung around.

"Close in!" McLaren yelled loudly. "Take 'em from the left, you two!"

He remembered that the murdered man had reached for his hip pocket, and there he discovered a .32 automatic.

McLaren, young, untrained, headed for the doorway with all the rashness of youth. A bullet flew out and the bullet whined by his cheek.

Soon he was out of range of fire. To find his target, the criminal would have to step out, so toward McLaren fervently hoped he would try it.



If he were a full-fledged cop, with experience, he might have realized the statement that existed; but Johnny McLaren was young and eager.

A shadowy figure, halfway up the stairs, snapped a shot.

McLaren raised the automatic he had taken from the murdered man and squeezed the trigger. The man on the stairs pitched down the steps.

McLaren then fired two quick shots that sent the killers racing for the safety of a bedroom.

McLaren raced up the stairs himself.

"Come out of there," McLaren yelled, "or be gunned out!"

"Come and get us!" one of the men snarled. "We know you haven't got any help, and you can't get any, either."

What to do? Those men were right. They might be trapped, with only a window, much too high above the ground, as the only exit, but he was trapped, too. He started to tiptoe closer to the door.

"One more step and we'll blast you!" a raucous voice warned. "The moon casts your shadow, sap!"

McLaren's shadow did extend across the floor and down the corridor.

McLaren fired two quick shots and the killers cowered in a corner for the moment.

He tested the banister, found it sturdy enough and slid down it. He walked softly over to where the thug he had shot lay sprawled out.

Repressing a shudder, McLaren hoisted the man to his shoulder, made his way up the steps again and propped the dead man against the wall.

With satisfaction, he noted that the dead man cast a lengthening shadow which passed beyond the door of the killers' room.

"O.K.," McLaren called out. "We'll sit this one out, boys! I know you can't risk jumping unless you want to break your necks!"

Then he slid down the banister again and darted outside.

McLaren used a rope hang-

ing down the side of the building, pulled himself up and set both feet against a wall. Slowly he made his way aloft.

Clinging to the rope just outside the window, he set his jaws hard. He gave himself a hard shove and his body went sailing out into space. He maneuvered himself deftly on the return trip, and his two feet led the way through the window.

Both thugs spun around. One fired and missed. He didn't shoot again, for McLaren's swing knocked him out.

McLaren whirled to face the gunfire of the second crook, but he was gone. Pounding feet indicated that this last of the murder trio had quickly guessed that the shadow was a trick. McLaren yanked his borrowed automatic from his belt, and sent two shots crashing after the fleeing figure.

One took effect, spinning the thug around like a top. It was the phony policeman. The gun fell from fingers gone limp.

Somewhere outside, a police whistle shrilled. Moments later, radio car sirens whined. McLaren was sitting on the stairs, holding a gun on the wounded crook, when five men burst into the house.

One was Captain Tyler. McLaren knew him. Tyler recognized McLaren, too, but what seemed to puzzle him most was the sight of the wounded crook dressed in a patrolman's uniform, clawing at a bloody shoulder.

"He stole the uniform," McLaren said. "He must have, because it's the real thing, all right. Did you find a dead man outside?"

"Yes—Harry Stone, the paymaster of the wrecking company that's tearing down these buildings. There's a crew coming on at dawn, and he intended to pay them off then," Tyler said. "Now, will you please stop asking questions and tell me what happened?"

"That man there—McLaren pointed to the crook in uniform—"posed as a policeman and, from the way I giv it, went to

some bank, open nights, and protected the paymaster when he drew out the payroll.

"The money's upstairs and you'd better send a couple of men to get it, because I don't think the second crook will be unconscious much longer."

"Another crook?" Tyler gasped. "How many are there?"

"Three, sir; I killed one of them with the paymaster's gun. The other one, I hit on the jaw."

"Now, will you tell me how you got mixed up in this mess? Right from the beginning?"

"Well, sir, I was on my way home on a bus. I saw the paymaster and the phony cop get aboard. When they got off, I followed them and—well, you know the rest of it."

"Yes. Why did you follow the fake patrolman and the paymaster?"

McLaren's face was creased in a happy grin. "That's easy, sir! When the fake patrolman got on the bus, he put a nickel in the cash box. All I could think of was me, as a boy.

"I always wanted to become a cop, so I could ride busses and trolley cars free. Whoever heard of a cop, in uniform, anyway, paying his way on a bus?"

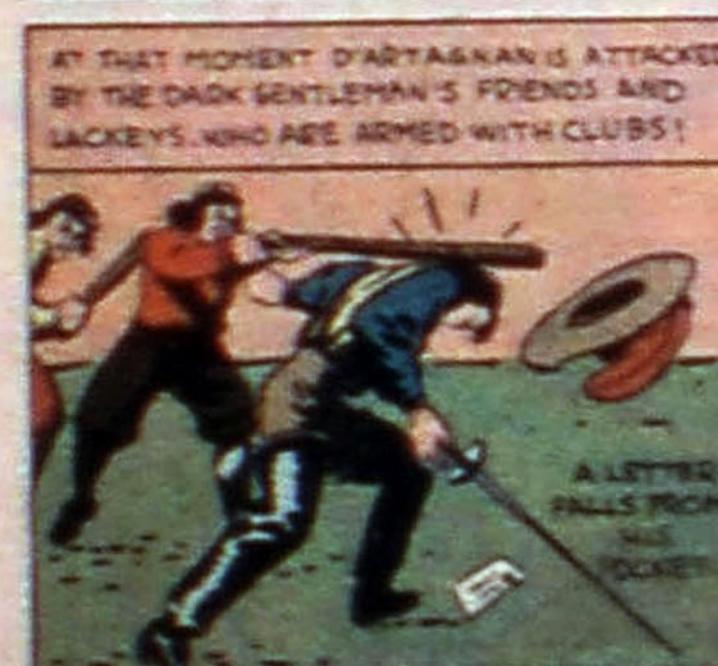
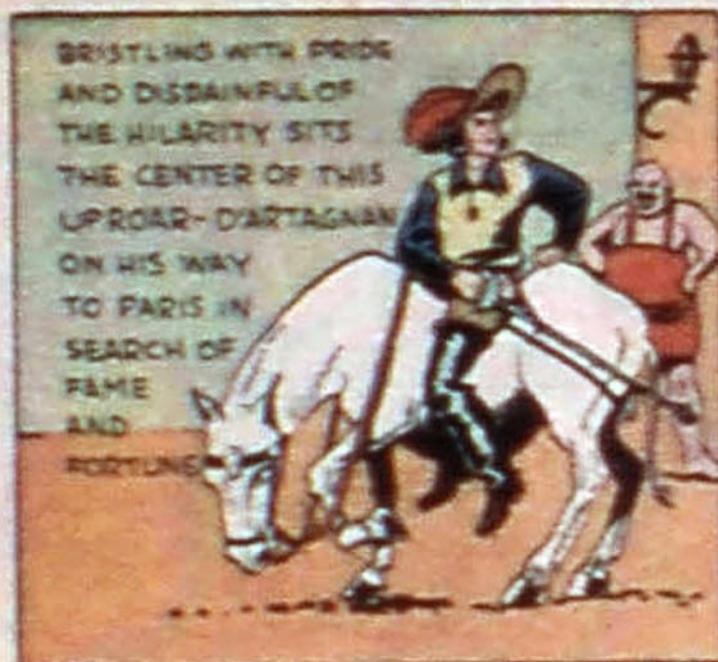


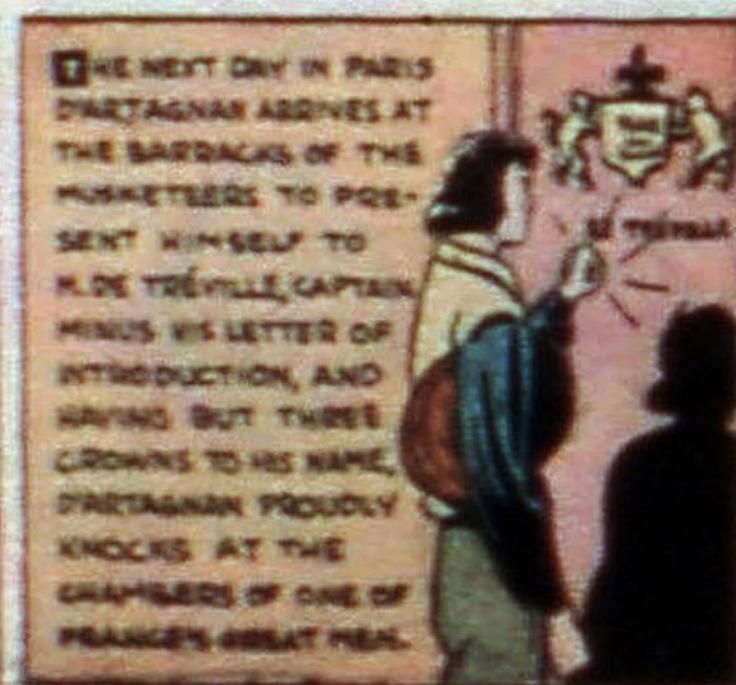


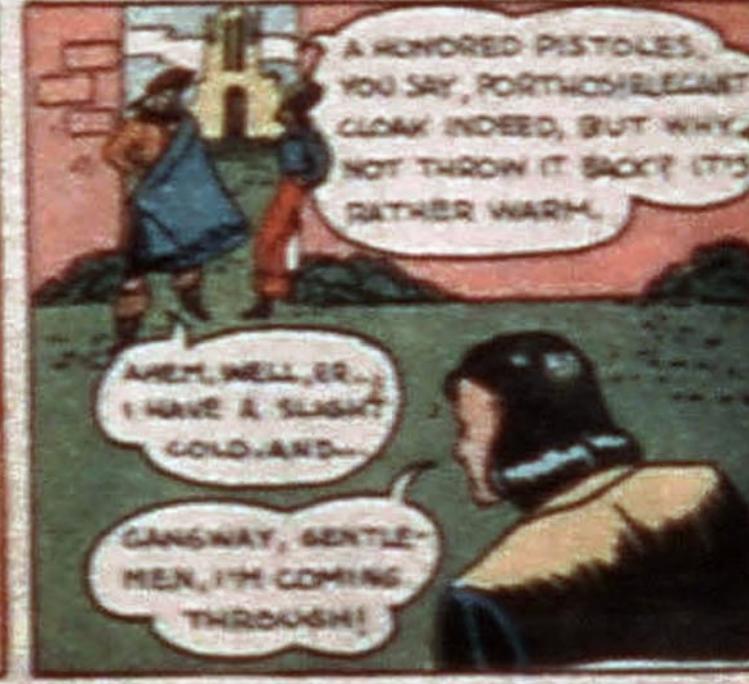
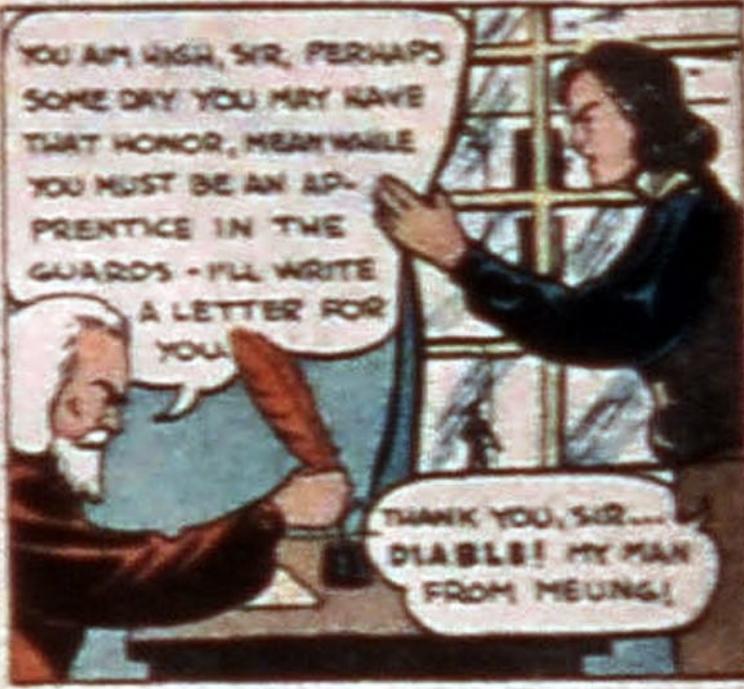
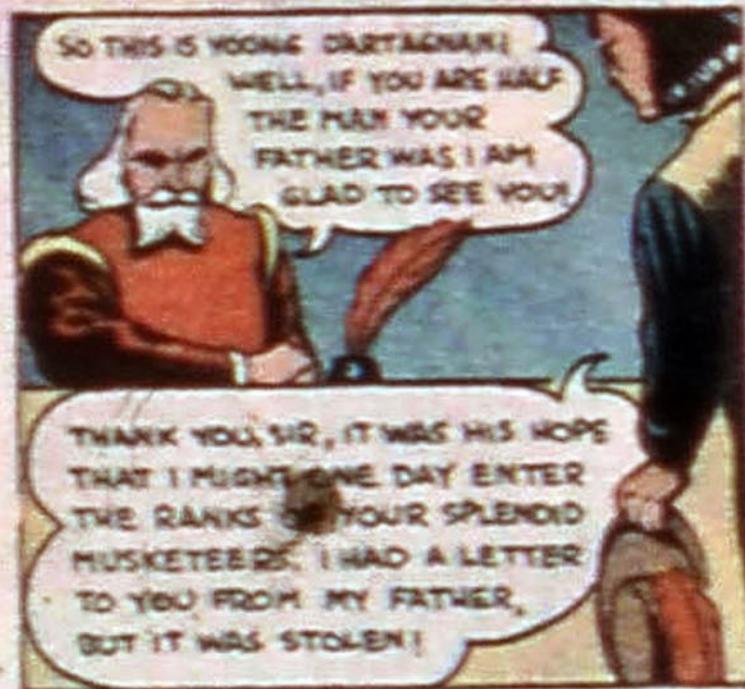
BARTAGRAN  
and the  
**Three  
Musketeers**  
continuing the story by  
ALEXANDER DUMAS

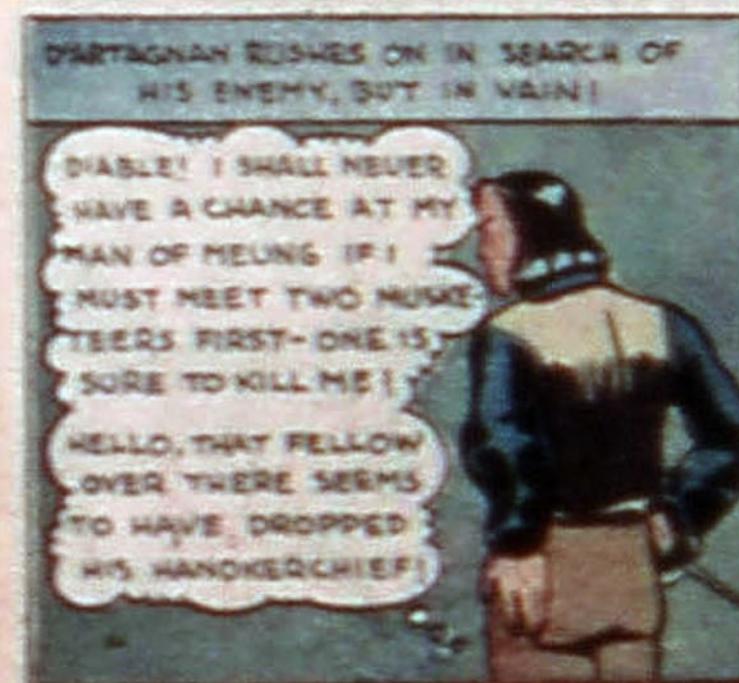
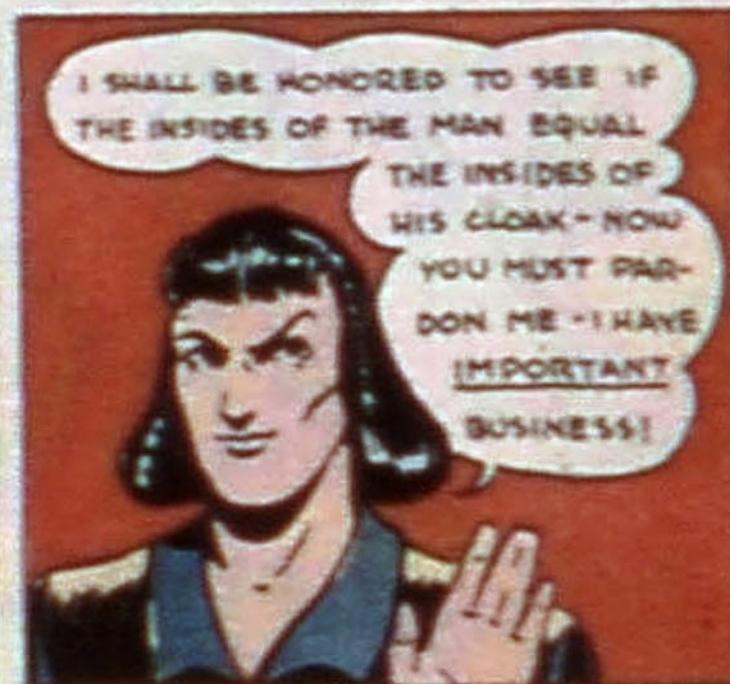
ONE MORNING IN APRIL 1625 FINDS THE LITTLE TOWN OF MEUNG, FRANCE IN A COMPLETE STATE OF UPROAR











I DO NOT CARE FOR YOUR MEDDLING, SIR! PLEASE DO ME THE HONOR OF ALLOWING ME TO TEACH YOU DISCRETION.

CERTAINLY, WILL TWO O'CLOCK BE SUITABLE?

LATER - AS MARTAGNAN HAD NO FRIENDS IN PARIS HE WAS OBLIGED TO MEET ATHOS WITHOUT SECONDS. NOON FINDS HIM ARRIVING AT CARMES DESCHAUX. ATHOS IS ALREADY THERE WITH HIS TWO SECONDS - PORTHOS AND ARAMIS!

I AM ASTONISHED TO FIND YOU THREE GENTLEMEN TOGETHER - ALLOW ME TO OFFER MY APOLOGIES...

COWARD!

APOLOGIES?

... MY APOLOGIES FOR POSSIBLY NOT BEING ABLE TO MEET M. PORTHOS & M. ARAMIS SINCE YOU, M. ATHOS, WILL HAVE THE FIRST CHANCE AT KILLING ME!

NOBLY SPOKEN, SIR.  
IF DEATH SPARES US I HOPE WE MAY BECOME FRIENDS!

EN GARDE, THEN SIR!

THE GUARDS OF THE CARDINAL OUR ENEMIES! QUICK, SHEATH YOUR SWORDS - DUELING IS PROHIBITED.

JUS SAC, LEADER OF THE CARDINAL'S GUARDS SPEAKS:

GENTLEMEN, YOU ARE UNDER ARREST - THE YOUTH MAY NOT GO.



ALL NINE  
MEN DRAW  
SWORDS.  
THEY PAIR  
OFF EXCEPT  
ADAMIS WHO  
BATTLES  
TWO MEN.  
D'ARTAGNAN  
FACES THE MIGHTY  
JOSSAC, ONE OF  
FRANCE'S GREAT  
BLADES!





**IN THE NEXT ISSUE**  
THE THREE ARE PARTED  
  
• Does the villainous Cardinal get revenge on D'Artagnan?  
• Does the secretive and mysterious Milady lead the Musketeers to ruin?  
  
**THE NEXT FIGHTING ISSUE**  
**Shades of Death**

# BILL BARNES



STRANGE MYSTERIES SURROUND AIRLINES FLYING OVER THE BRAZILIAN JUNGLES. BILL BARNES AND SHORTY INVADE THE LOST FOREST TO SMASH A CRUEL AND MERCILESS MONSTER.



A TROPIC DAWN AND A PLANE COMES DOWN WITH A BOOMING CRASH!



THERE'S NO PILOT IN THIS PLANE!

BUT LOOK! THERE'S BLOOD IN THE SEAT!

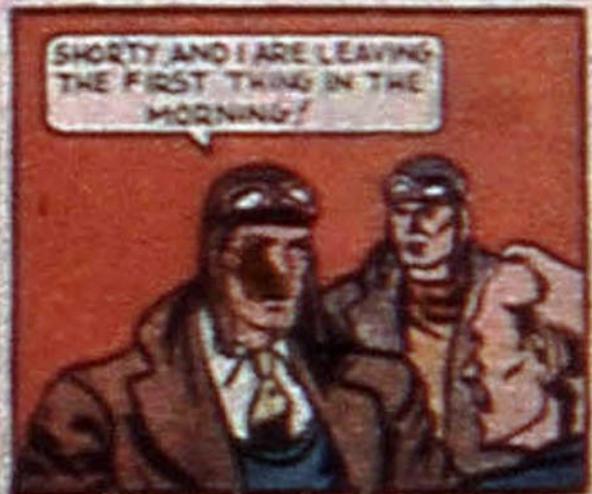
DEATH STRIKES MYSTEROUSLY



MR. BARNES, CAN YOU DO SOMETHING ABOUT THESE DISASTERS?

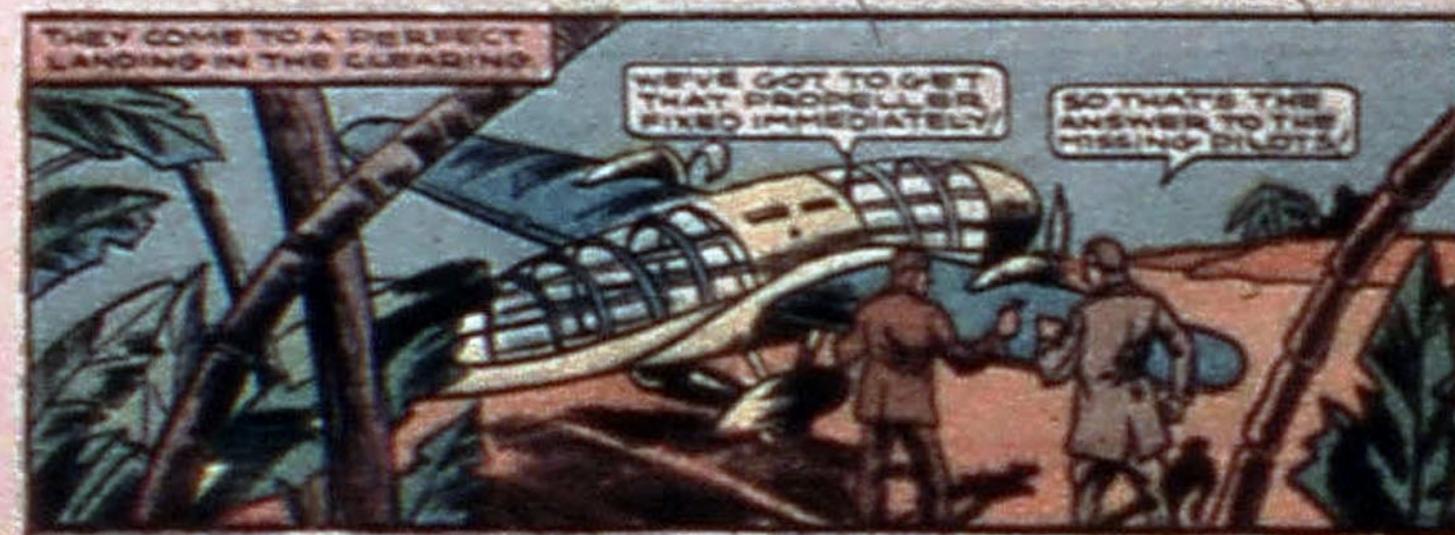
I'LL BE DAILY TOO GLAD TO HELP OUT IN ANY WAY POSSIBLE!

AT THE ACME AIRLINES, BILL BARNES AND SHORTY HEAD THE LATEST HORROR LINEUP!



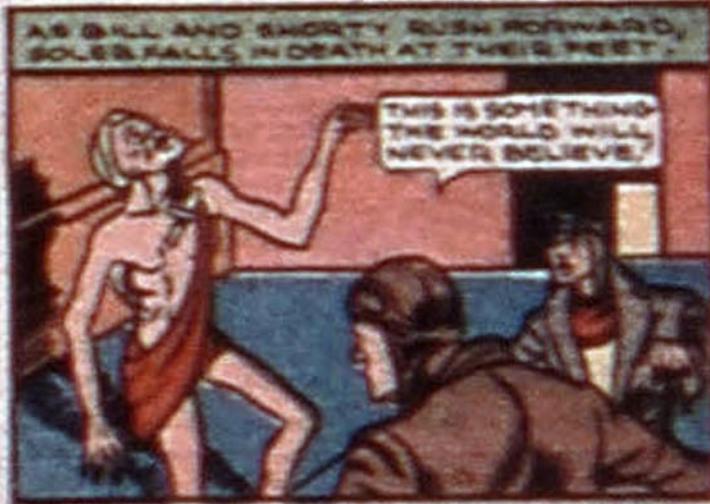
SHORTY AND I ARE LEAVING THE FIRST THING IN THE MORNING!











BILL AND SHORTY HEAD FOR HOME - AND MORE ADVENTURE - FOLLOW THE THRILLS OF THESE DARING AIRMEN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SHADOW COMICS.

*Frank*

# MERRIWELL'S VACATION

DURING SPRING HOLIDAYS FRANK & HIS FRIENDS ARE VACATIONING AND PRACTISING BASEBALL AT JACK DIAMOND'S PLANTATION IN GEORGIA.

BE CAREFUL OF THIS ONE, BART! IT'S A NEW DOUBLE SHOOT SPINNER AND IT'S GOING TO CURVE AT LEAST TWO FEET!



### A HIGH-POWERED CAR PULLS UP

SAY, MERRIWELL, AH'M BLACKIE MELROSE. THIS HERE'S MAN BROTHER JOE. HE'S CAPTAIN OF THE SOUTHERN CHAMPS. THE CHAMPS WERE TO PLAY A BIG GAME TOMORROW BUT THE OTHER TEAM CAN'T MAKE IT. WHAT ABOUT YOUR TEAM? NICE PIECE OF CHANCE IN IT?

ON, BUT PODGET THE MONEY; WE'RE AMERICA!

SO THAT'S THE GREAT BLACKIE MELROSE!

YES, A THOROUGH SODOMITE! ASK LOLA BROWNELL WHEN YOU VISIT THE BROWNELL PLACE TO SEE INZ!

THAT NIGHT FRANK VISITS INZ AT THE RUNDOWN BROWNELL PLANTATION. HE'S SIDE BY SIDE WITH LOLA, HER BROTHER DICK AND HER GUEST, MERRIWELL.

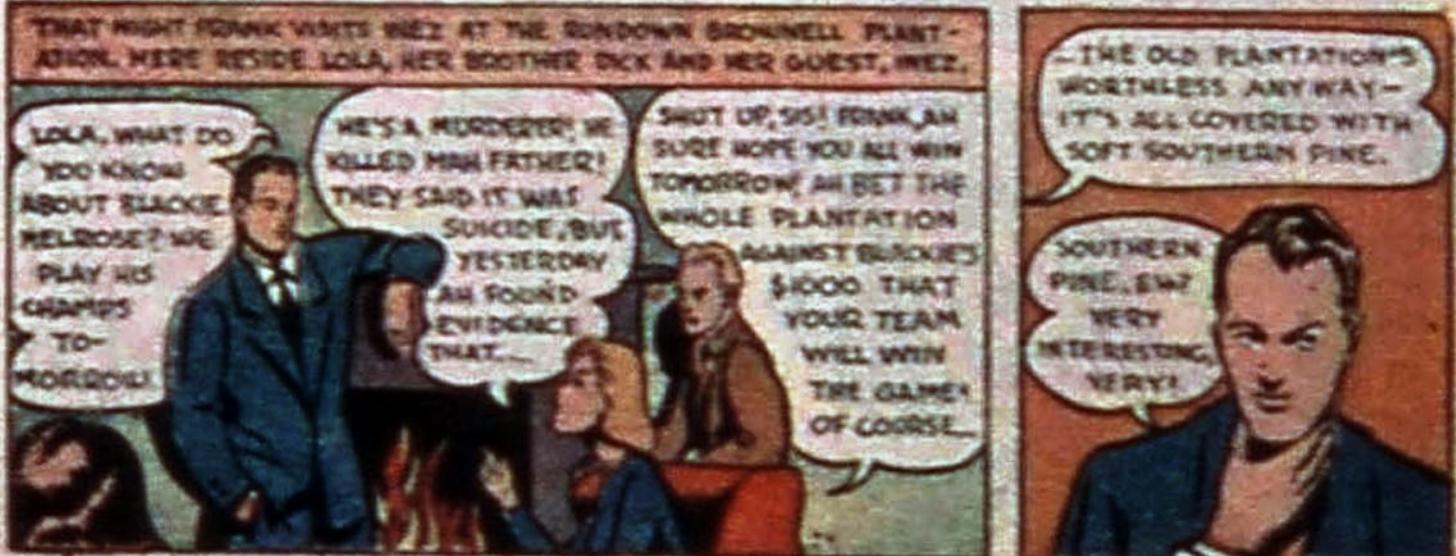
LOLA, WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT BLACKIE MELROSE? WE PLAY HIS CHAMPS TOMORROW!

HEY! A MURDERER! HE KILLED HIS FATHER! THEY SAID IT WAS SUICIDE, BUT YESTERDAY I FOUND EVIDENCE THAT...

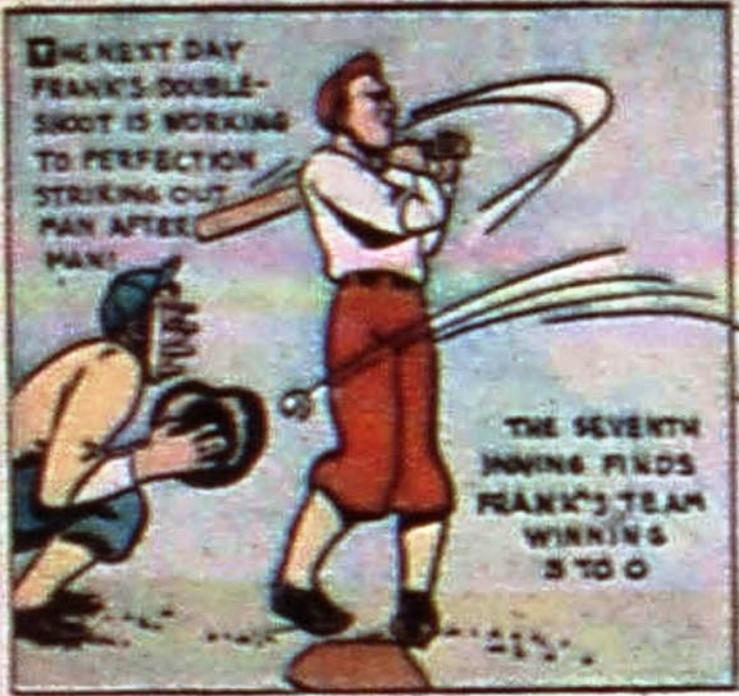
SHOT UP, SIS! FRANK, I'M SURE HOPE YOU ALL WIN TOMORROW. AH BET THE WHOLE PLANTATION AGAINST BLACKIE \$1000 THAT YOUR TEAM WILL WIN THE GAME, OF COURSE.

THE OLD PLANTATION'S WORTHLESS ANYWAY - IT'S ALL COVERED WITH SOFT SOUTHERN PINE.

SOUTHERN PINE, SW WEST INTERESTING, VERY!



THE NEXT DAY  
FRANK'S DOUBLE-SHOT IS WORKING  
TO PERFECTION  
STRIKING OUT  
MAN AFTER  
MAN.



THE SEVENTH  
INNING FINDS  
FRANK'S TEAM  
WINNING  
3 TO 0

SUDDENLY A POP BOTTLE COMES FLYING FROM THE GRAND STAND AND STRIKES FRANK ON THE SHOULDER!



PICKING IT UP HE  
NOTICES A SLIP OF PAPER ATTACHED!

YOUR DARLING DAMES  
INIZ AND LOLA BROWNE  
ARE IN A TUGH SPOT  
MERRIWELL - SO WITH  
SAY A PRAYER FOR  
THEIR SOULS & LET  
THE CHAMPS WIN -  
AN UNWITTING  
ADVISOR

FRANK SPEAKS TO HIS TEAM

LISTEN, FELLOWS, THERE'S DIRTY WORK AFOOT, BUT I HAVE A PLAN...



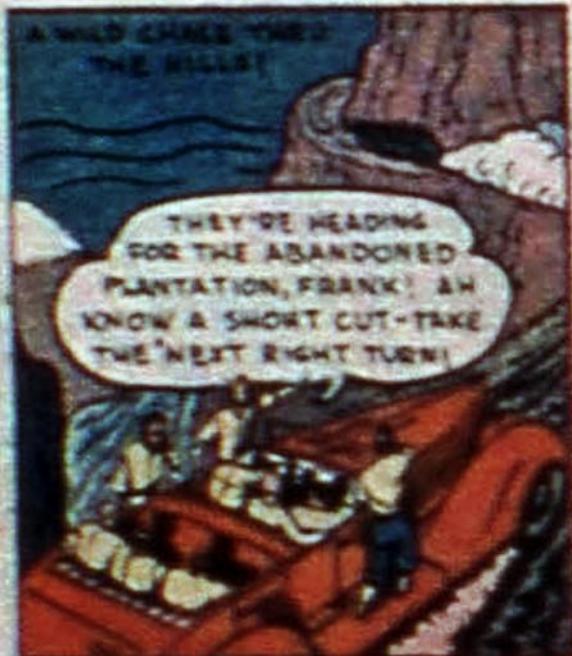
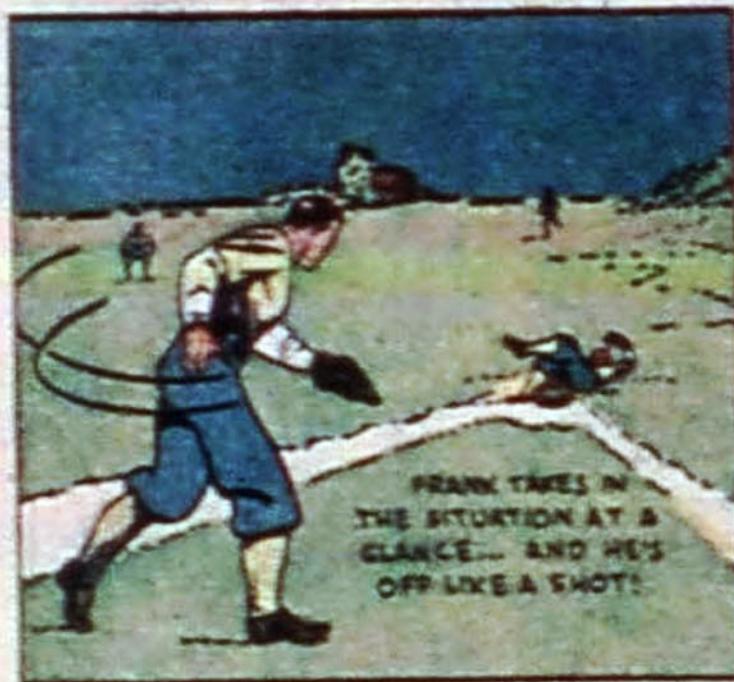
THE GAME GOES ON. IN THE EIGHTH INNING THE SOUTHERN CHAMPS SET 2 RUNS MAKING THE SCORE 3 TO 2. IN THE LAST HALF OF THE NINTH THE CHAMPS HAVE 3 MEN ON BASE & NO OUTS! IS FRANK THROWING THE GAME?

FRANK THROWS A DROP - THE BATTER HITS IT A GLANCING BLOW. IT'S A HIGH FLY RIGHT OVER SECOND BASE!



SACKING UP FOR THE FLY BACK DIAMOND TRIPS OVER THE BASE-BAA!





THEY ARRIVE JUST IN TIME TO HEAD THE GANGSTERS OFF!



AS FRANK RACES TOWARD THE HOUSE  
A SHOT RINGS OUT! A BULLET SKIMS  
HIS CHEEK!

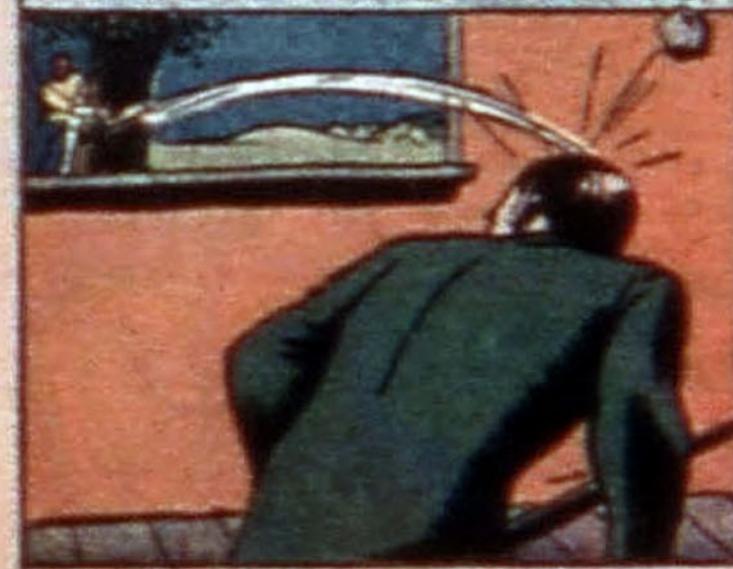


A CRACKED MIRROR  
ON THE WALL INSIDE  
THE MANSION SHOWS  
AN INTERESTING SCENE



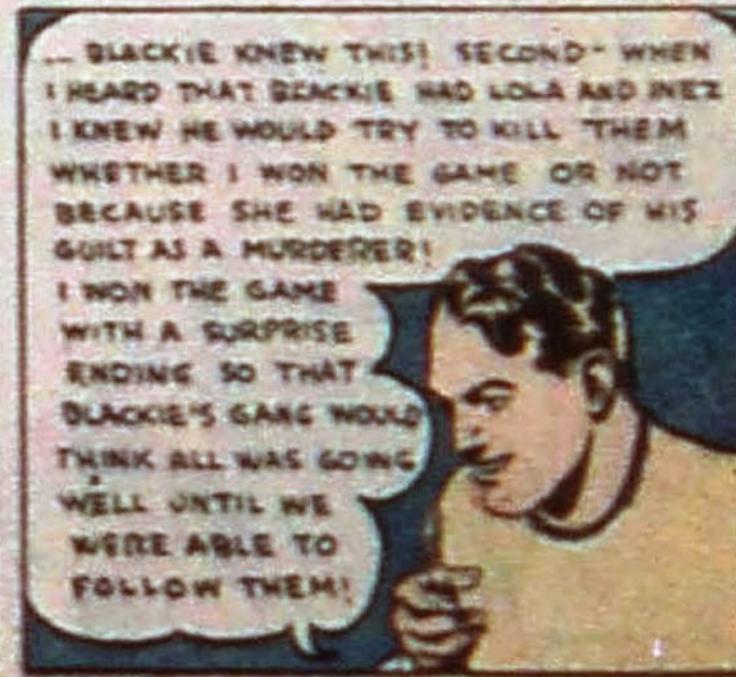
WHAT FRANK SAW -  
BLACKIE HELD UP!

THE DOUBLE-SHOOT WORKS WITH DEADLY AC-  
CURACY! FRANK DASHES INTO THE HOUSE!



JUST AS HE STARTS TO UNTIE INEZ'S GAG  
THE STUNNED BLACKIE RECOVERS!



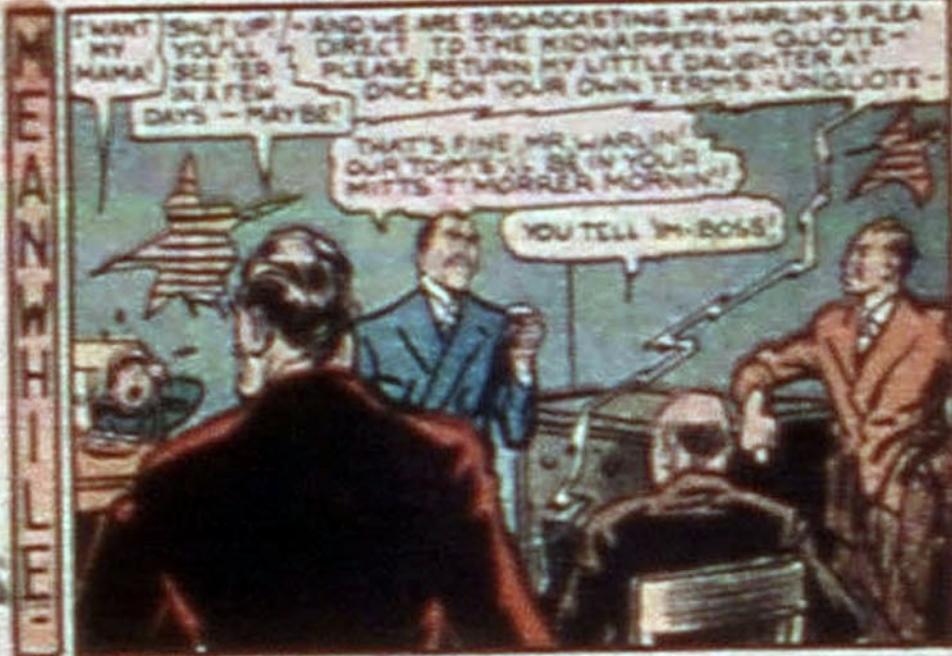


# NICK CARTER SUPER SLEUTH

MIDNIGHT-



**EXTRA! EXTRA!**  
**ELAINE WARLIN**  
**KIDNAPPED! EXTRA!**



7 A.M. — THE MAIN TOPIC OF CONVERSATION —

— AND THE POOR PARENTS BE AWFUL — YES MRS. BROWN! AND THE POLICE THEY ARE ENTIRELY WITHOUT ANY CLUES TO WORK ON —



SEE WHERE THE PAPERS WHAT CAN  
BE BLASTING THE THEY DO? NO  
POLICE AND THE DA. CLUES. NO  
LEADS.

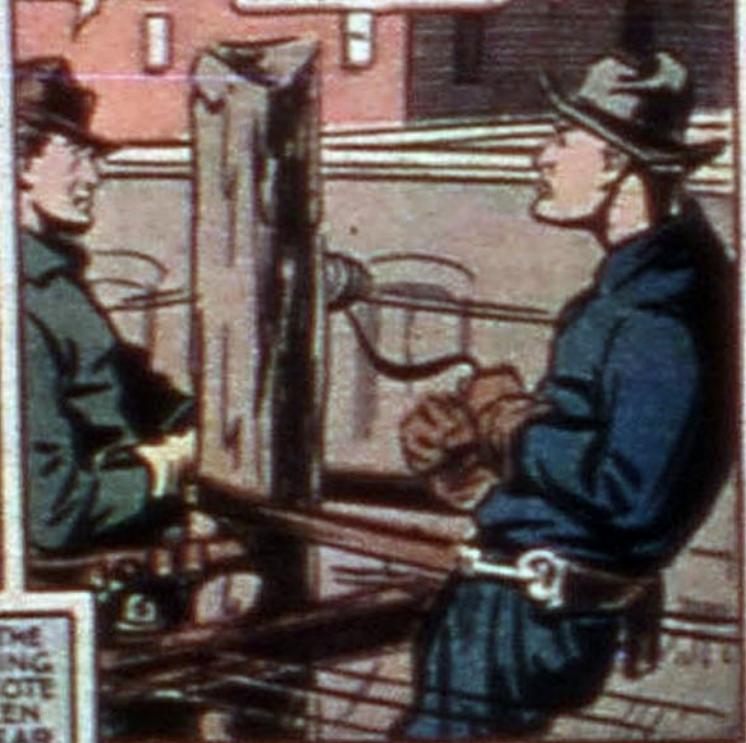


7 A.M. — THE FOLLOWING DAY A NOTE HAS BEEN FOUND NEAR THE DRIVE-WAY ON THE WARLIN ESTATE BY THE GARDENER AND IS NOW IN THE EAGER HANDS OF MR. WARLIN WHO NERVOUSLY READS —



— AND WITH ELECTIONS COMING UP — I'M AFRAID THIS KIDNAPPING WON'T HELP THE D.A. — UNLESS THE RATS ARE CAUGHT!

HOW I'D LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON THEM!



S.A.M.

-AND THE POLICE -AS YET-HAVE FOUND NO CLUES TO THE KIDNAPPING -THEY — BUT WAIT -HERE'S A SPECIAL BULLETIN THAT JUST CAME IN! - THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY HAS ASSIGNED NICK CARTER, WORLD-FAMOUS DETECTIVE TO THE CASE! HE —



## 11 A.M. - IN THE D.A.'S OFFICE

-AND I'M TERRIBLY SORRY ABOUT THE PUBLICITY GIVEN TO YOUR ASSIGNMENT TO — WELL IT'S THIS CASE NICK, AND — TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT NOW. HOW THE HECK'S D.A. BUT DON'T LEAKED OUT OF THIS OFFICE! WORRY I'LL GET BY —

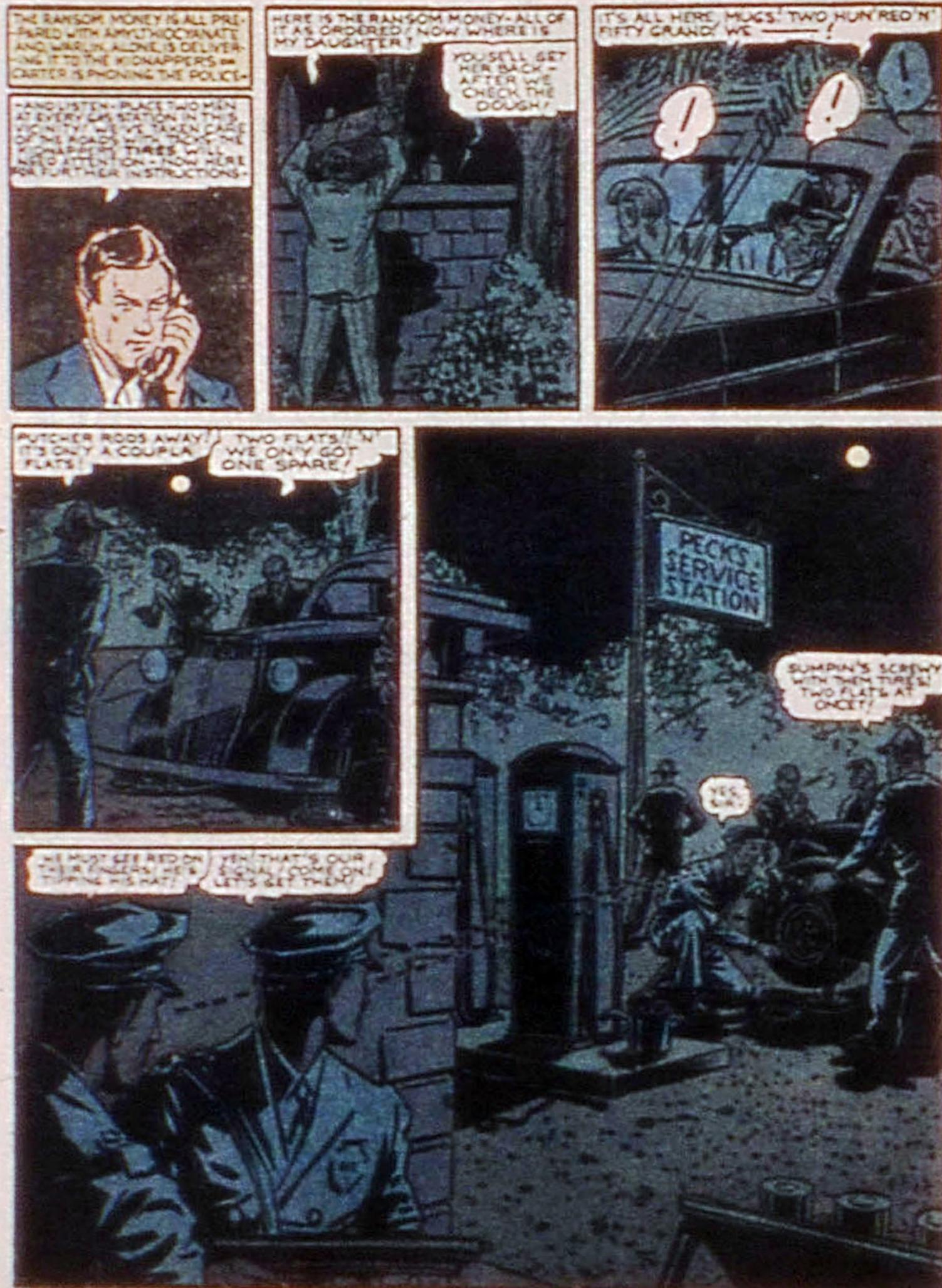


I'M EXPECTING COMPANY TONIGHT SO LEAVE SEVERAL EXTRA PILLOWS IN MY ROOM — AND TAKE THE REST — YES, SHI OF THE DAY OFF! THANK YOU MR. CARTER



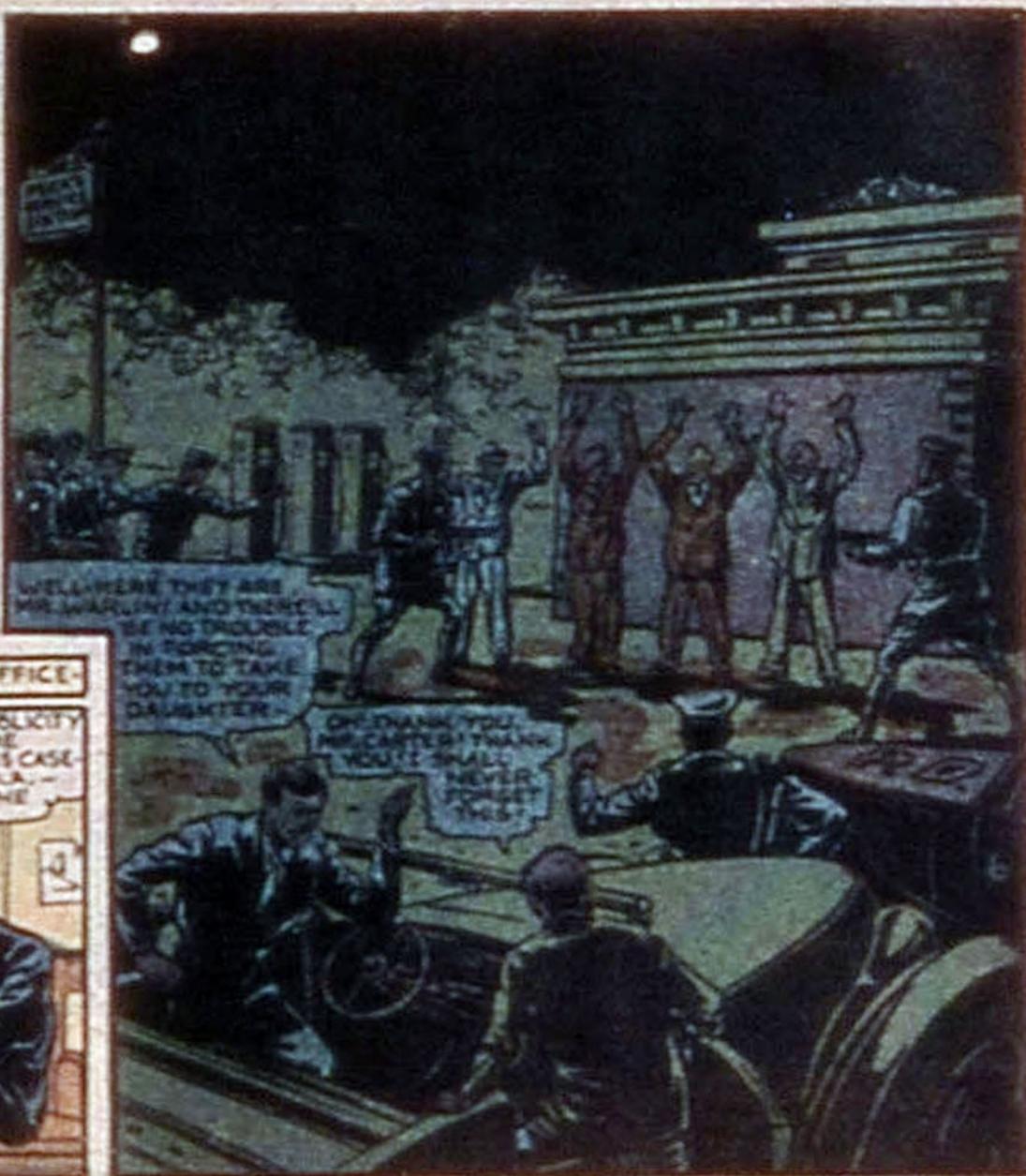






THIS IS RYAN, COMMISSIONER. WE'VE GOT THEM LINED UP HERE AT PECK'S STATION - WITHOUT A FIGHT! WE WERE TOO QUICK FOR THEM - TOOK THEM BY SURPRISE - WE -

THAT'S FINE, RYAN! WE'LL BE RIGHT OVER!



LATER - BACK IN THE D.A.'S OFFICE -

NICK, HOW I WANT YOU TO HELP ME FIND THE LEAK IN THIS OFFICE! IF YOU MEAN THE PUBLICITY ABOUT ME AT THE BEGINNING OF THIS CASE - THAT'S EASY - D.A. - BECAUSE I'M THE LEAK!



YOU!! YES - YOU KNOW WE HAD NO CLUES - SO I HAD TO GET A LEAD ON THE MOB - AND THEY GAVE ME THAT LEAD IN THEIR ATTEMPT TO GET ME OUT OF THE WAY - BUT -



-IT WAS THE AMYLTHIOCYANATE - THAT REALLY DID THE JOB! YOU SEE - NO MAN'S HAND IS FREE OF IRON DUST - WHICH - WHEN MIXED WITH THIS POWDER - CAUSES THE HAND TO TURN RED -



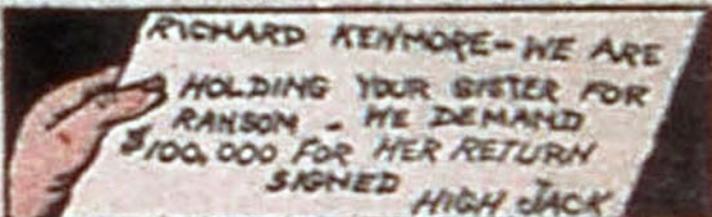
THE RANSOM MONEY WAS SPINKLED WITH THIS POWDER - SO WHEN THE KIDNAPPERS HANDED THE MONEY - THEIR FINGERS BECAME RED - WELL - YOU KNOW THE REST -



NICK CARTER IS FACED WITH ONE OF THE MOST DAZZLING CASES OF HIS LONG CAREER - IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SHADOW COMICS

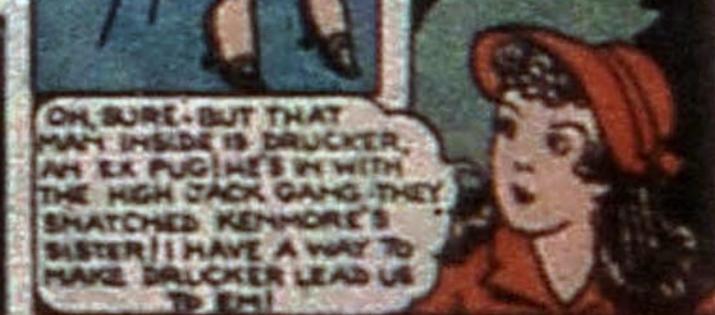
# WHO WAS HIGH JACK?

ANOTHER CARRIE CASHIN  
SOLVE-A-CRIME MYSTERY

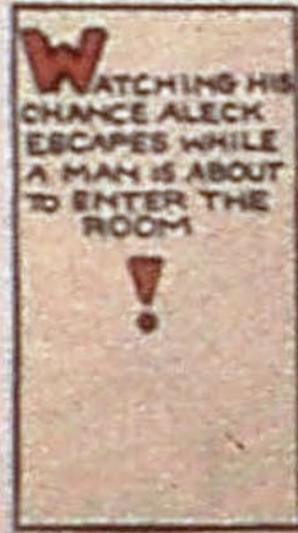


**BUT** - THIS IS REALLY A CLEVER PLOT TO GET CARRIE OUT OF THE WAY! FEARING THAT SHE MAY BE PUT ON THEIR OWN TRAIL, THE GANG OF HIGHJACKERS DECIDE TO FAKE A KIDNAPPING AND GET HER TO TAKE THE CASE - BUT THE BAND DOESN'T KNOW THAT CARRIE'S ABLE ASSISTANT, ALECK IS ON THE JOB TOO!

CARRIE AGREES TO RUN DOWN THE KIDNAPPERS AND CALLS ON ALECK TO HELP CHECK UP ON SOME CLUES



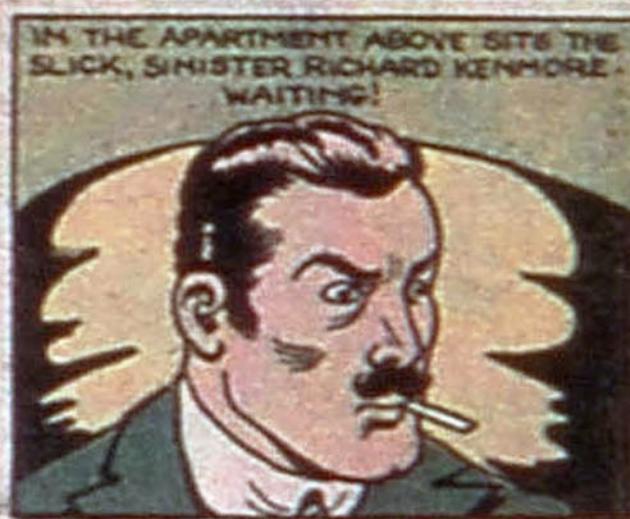
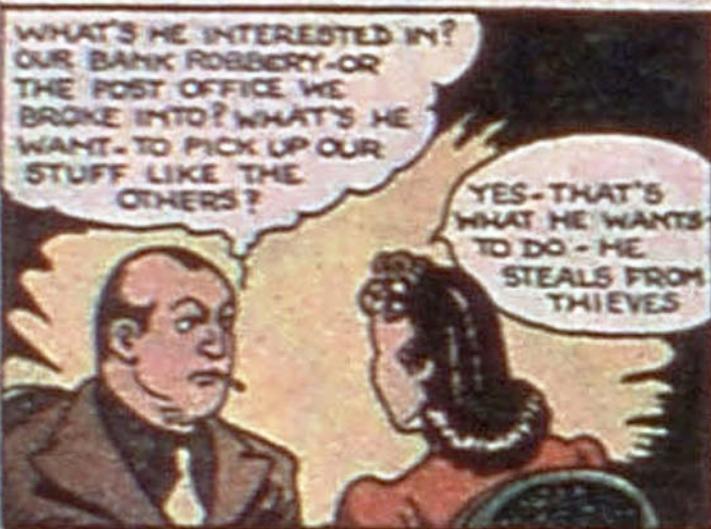


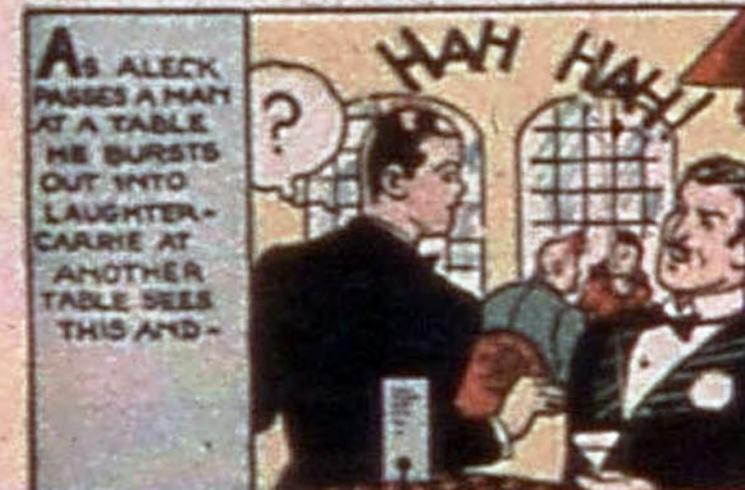




**C**ARRIE IS HAULED OFF TO THE SAME ROOM FROM WHICH ALEX HAD ESCAPED SOME MINUTES EARLIER. BUT CARRIE DOESN'T KNOW THIS—NEITHER IS SHE TOLD.







WHAT WAS THERE IN CARRIE AND ALECK'S INTERVIEWS WITH THE VARIOUS MEN WHICH LED THEM TO BELIEVE THAT KENMORE WAS REALLY HIGH JACK?

# Become A Shadow Detective

50 AIRPLANE KITS AND 50 BASEBALLS WILL BE AWARDED AS PRIZES FOR THE 100 BEST ANSWERS, IN THE OPINION OF THE JUDGES.

Every boy or girl who solves the problem explained below and taken from the six pages just preceding this advertisement has an opportunity to earn one of the 100 prizes—by solving the kind of a problem that confronts any detective. The winners' names will be printed in an early issue of THE SHADOW MAGAZINE.

#### THE PROBLEM:

First, here's one of the clues which caused Carrie to become suspicious about Kenmore: she actually **HIGH JACKED**—

When Carrie and Alice were caught and questioned by the gang, no one mentioned kidnaping. Yet, kidnaping was the main crime they had committed! That caused Carrie to question Kenmore's veracity.

There is, however, one other clue which told Carrie that Kenmore had not given her the right information.

Can you locate the discrepancy between the statements made by High Jack's gang and the one made by Kenmore? That discrepancy caused Carrie to ask for Kenmore's arrest.

The answer to the May problem is: The letter was written in blue ink. When Carrie picked the pen up it spilled the ink on her hand. When Phil Reed came into the room he noticed his hand was covered with blue ink. Later, after he washed them, they still remained the blue ink around the fingerprints was obviously the evidence.

Now, answer the problem in this month's Shadow. The Judges will select the 100 best 10-word answers and award the prizes. Mail your card not later than May 30, 1940, to:

## SHADOW COMICS

27 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

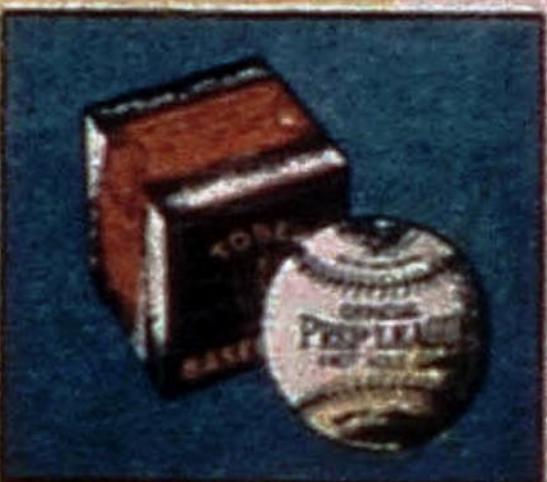
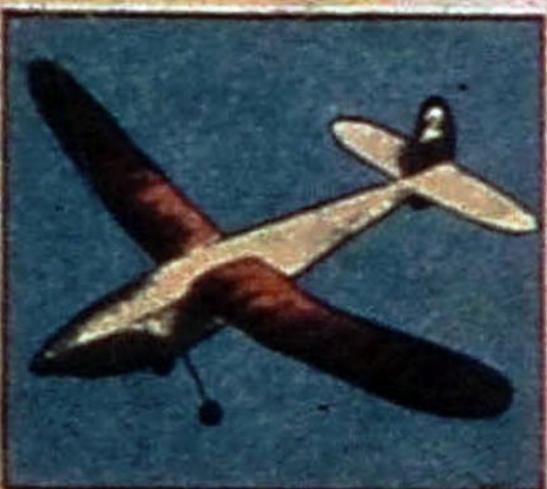




Illustration based on the painting of METTA-CHELTON'S WATER.

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