A Chat

All comics presented in SHADOW COMICS are tested for entertainment value in a way that no other comic has ever been tried out—they must prove their entertainment value in magazines, movies, books, newspapers before they are offered to you.

The Shadow is the world's leading half-hour daytime radio program. It's tops in movie serials, in fiction magazines, and in newspaper comic strips.

Horatio Alger, Jr., has written the favorite stories for American youths for many years—they are streamlined, modern episodes of average American youths.

The Three Musketeers: The world's greatest adventure stories presented in pictures.

Iron Munro: Written by one of the younger scientists of America, a graduate of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and editor of a leading popular science magazine. It's all theoretically possible—it may happen in the future.

The Gadget Man, Nick Carter, The Ghost, Carrie Cashin and Bill Barnes have all been tested before being offered to you in pictures.

Last month our contest was for those who are detective-minded—who like to solve mysteries. Remember Carrie's conversation with Drucker? That proved that Richard Kenmore was without relatives. Therefore, the kidnapping was obviously a fake, a ruse to get Carrie off the trail. So, what would be more natural than for Richard Kenmore to be "High Jack." Prizes will be sent to winners shortly.

The Editor

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A tremendous fire, fourth of such mighty blazes, wipes out another small city in the East. Arriving at the scene, the Shadow watches for a thing reported at all the previous conflagrations. It happens again—

Human ghouls drag loot from the smoldering ruins and flee...

O.K. Let's stop and give 'em the works.

It ain't the cops.

The Shadow!

Behind this fake robbery lies a real one. Only the Shadow can lift the shroud of mystery.
Look, Lamont! Another fire, and safes full of money missing from the ruins.

I'm looking for other angles, Margot Lincoln Breel, head of Ajax Insurance Company, is missing.

So I'm going to Breel's house tonight. I want you to go to Sheffield, a town heavily insured by Ajax. See what you can learn.

Alone, the Shadow remolds the face of Lamont Cranston into that of the missing insurance magnate, Lincoln Breel!!!

We wondered why we hadn't heard from you, Mr. Breel.

Yes, I expected to return sooner, Tompkins. Put any phone calls to my study.

An unseen figure ascends the steps of Breel's mansion. Unlock the door with a strange key.

A trick latch seals the study door as it closes. Posing as Lincoln Breel, the Shadow is trapped.
THE RING OF BREEL'S TELEPHONE TELLS THE SHADOW THAT HE IS TO HEAR FROM THE MASTER PLOTTER WHO TRAPPED HIM.

I AM HUXLEY DRUNE, MASTER OF THE SALAMANDERS. I MURDERED BREEL TWO WEEKS AGO THEREFORE, I KNOW THAT YOU MUST BE THE SHADOW.

AS DRUNE SPEAKS, MIGHTY FLAMES BURST FROM BREEL'S MANSION. HEARING THE ROAR OF FIRE, THE SHADOW MIXES TWO CHEMICAL POWDERS, HURLS THEM AT THE DOOR AND BLASTS IT!

MY SERVANTS, THE SALAMANDERS, HAVE TURNED THIS HOUSE INTO A HELL WHICH YOU CANNOT ESCAPE.

BUT AS HE STEPS THROUGH THE DOOR:

DRUNE'S SERVANTS THE SALAMANDERS HAVE COME FROM THE CELLAR WHERE THEY STARTED THE FIRE WEARING ASBESTOS DIVING SUITS INFLATED WITH COOLED AIR THEY ATTACK THE SHADOW WITH MURDEROUS BLOW-TORCHES!!
ONE GONE --

AND ANOTHER --

THE FLOOR!

SATISFIED THAT THE SHADOW HAS PERISHED WITH THEIR COMRADE, THE SALAMANDERS GO.

ONLY SMOKE HERE -- NO FLAME. WHAT'S THIS ?? A HOSE...

GUIDED BY THE ASBESTOS HOSE, THE SHADOW REACHES THE EXIT USED BY THE SALAMANDERS, HALF A BLOCK AWAY.
IN THE TOWN OF SHEFFIELD, MARGOT LANE RECEIVES AN UNEXPECTED CALLER AT THE HOTEL

MISS LANE, I AM HUXLEY DRUNE. MR. CRANSTON WANTS YOU TO JOIN HIM AT MY HOME

LUCKY I REMEMBERED THAT BREEL MENTIONED CRANSTON.

TAKE IT EASY, SIS.

THE FIRE WILL START IN THE WAREHOUSE. BURN THE OLD STATION, AND REACH THE BANK.

THAT TANK IS FILLED WITH FUEL OIL. THE SPRINKLER SYSTEM WILL SPEED THE FIRE, NOT HINDER IT...

THAT CAR CONTAINS DYNAMITE. MY SALAMANDERS HAVE STOLEN ALL THEY NEED TO BLAST THE BANK’S FOUNDATIONS.
The Shadow, arriving in Sheffield on the Limited, finds commotion starting.

FIRE! FIRE!

The Shadow.

The oil-filled water tank spurs gallons of fuel on the breeze-swept flames.

The old freight station is tinder.

The blaze is blowing straight for the bank!

Hey, get off that switcher!

Shunting the dynamite car ahead, the Shadow drives for the burning freight station!!!
SHUNTED AHEAD, THE DINAMITE CAR BLASTS THE OLD FREIGHT STATION, LITERALLY HURLING BACK THE FLAMES FROM THE BANK!!

DROPPING THROUGH TORN FOUNDATIONS OF THE OLD FREIGHT STATION, THE SHADOW MEETS THE SALAMANDERS RETURNING

WHOEVER HE WAS, HE FIXED THEM, ALRIGHT. THERE HE GOES... OUT UNDERNEATH THE WAREHOUSE.

TAKE ME TO DRUNE'S
Better tell all you know, Margot, before those cords snap!

Listen! Police sirens!

Come on—get going!

The Shadow!

Look out!

The Shadow rescued me, Lamont. If you had only been here to see it! Cranston showed up from somewhere. We'll take Miss Lane home.

Clever the way he worked the Fuji fire-walk. I hope I do meet him some day Margot!

The weed of crime tears bitter fruit.
PLEASE! JUST CAUSE ALMOST SOMETHING LIKE THAT HAS HAPPENED TO ME! I ASSURE YOU IT WASN'T MY FAULT! DON'T MEAN OUR KIDS 120ều DIRTY! IT WASN'T HIS FAULT, OFFICER!

COME ON! COME ON! BREAK IT UP!

AND JUST BEFORE DIVING AT THE CHILD, I SAW HER DART OUT FOR HER BALL FROM BETWEEN TWO PARKED CARS. IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE GENTLEMAN TO SEE HER IN TIME.

LATER, BRUCE WALLACE HAS SUCCEEDED IN EXONERATING MR. JONES, OWNER OF THE CAR, WHO IN ADMIRATION OF BRUCE'S COURAGE AND IN GENERAL APPRECIATION CONTINUES—

AND DON'T FORGET, MY BOY. I EXPECT YOU AT MY OFFICE IN THE MORNING FOR MY OFFICE. THANK YOU, MR. JONES. I CERTAINLY WILL BE THERE!
HERE HE COMES, MOTHER! BRUCE! MOTHER! FRANK! I'VE GOT A JOB! A REAL JOB—WITH THE JONES LUMBER COMPANY! AND IT WON'T INTERFERE WITH MY SCHOOL WORK! YOU WON'T BE TALKING 'BOUT YOU FOR SAVING THE LITTLE GIRL! BOYS ARE WASHING! I HAVEN'T ANY BLACKING DAYS ARE OVER! OH! BRUCE! THIS IS ALL JUST LIKE A DREAM!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING

GOOD MORNING, WHAT'D YOU WANT T' SEE HIM FOR? YOU HAVEN'T ANY MONEY FOR LUMBER! SAY! WHEN'S YOUR OL' LADY GON'T DELIVER, MOTHER'S WASH IT'S CERT'NLY TAKIN' HER LONG 'NOUGH!

I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT WITH MR. JONES! AND MR. JONES! HAINA HAIN! THAT'S FUNNY! AN' DON'T BE SO PROUD ABOUT YOUR MOTHER! WHY—SHE SHE CAN'T EVEN GIVE YOU A DECENT HOME!

THIS IS THE ONLY ANSWER YOU'LL UNDERSTAND!

WELL!! WHAT'S THIS, ALL ABOUT??
Oh! Mr. Jones! You're just in time! This pauper wouldn't believe you were out-an' struck me when I tried to stop him from forcin' his way into your office!

That's a lie, sir! I struck him for, into my other remarks about office, my mother.

Bruce, although I've known you only a few hours-I cannot imagine you as fitting in with Waddie's story!

Thank you, sir! He certainly is very quick in fabrication! The trouble really began this way-

After hearing Bruce's explanation of the trouble, Mr. Jones is convinced that Waddie, as an employee, will henceforth bear watching and-

By the way, the principal of your high school, a friend of mine, has spoken very highly of you, Bruce. You are so different from Waddie! I certainly shall feel safe in giving you responsible assignments around here!

Thank you, Mr. Jones! And I shall do my best to justify your faith in me.

So! I'm a liar... am I? That beggar's words better'n mine - is it? Me - a gentleman's son! An' he's t' get responsible assignments for which I'm not good 'nough! We'll see bout that!

Early evening-Waddie Wimpleton-incensed by his increasing hatred for Bruce-sees his chance for revenge as Bruce's brother is about to deliver the Wimpleton wash.

It's about time your ol' lady finished our wash! And what terrible work! Take it back! We only use clean clothes here-and-

You show more respect for my mother! I'll-

Early evening-Waddie Wimpleton-incensed by his increasing hatred for Bruce-sees his chance for revenge as Bruce's brother is about to deliver the Wimpleton wash.

Why! You-little-beggar! Talkin' 'bout me that way! Maybe this'll make y' take that wash back! Y' little guttersnipe!
AND WHEN I TOLD HIM TO RESPECT YOU JOB. I'M NOT TAKING HE KICKED IT OVER. I WANT HIM TO WASH WORK ANYWAY!

Meanwhile: In the Wimpleton Home

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT'S DELAYING THAT STUPID MRS. ALLACE WITH MY WASH!

WHY DON'T Y'FIRE HER, MOTHER? AND GET YOUR FRIENDS T'GO LIKEWISE! SHE'S NOT WORTH BOTHERIN' WITH! WELL, I'VE GOT A DATE WITH FREDDY—SEE YOU LATER!

Well, where'll we go, Freddy? Usual—I s'pose.

Before you go in there, you're going to pay me for that wash you kicked over!

OUTA MY WAY—YOU BEGGAR! YOU JOB-SWIPIN' PAUPER! COME ON, FREDDY, HE NEEDS A LESSON!

Marty's Pool

Marty's Pool
AND I'VE STILL GOT PLENTY LEFT FOR YOU—UNLESS YOU PAY FOR THAT WASH. NOW! AND NO MORE OF YOUR REMARKS ABOUT MY MOTHER!

I'LL GET HIM YET! SOMEWAY! SOMEHOW! HE'LL PAY FOR THIS! AN' HOW HE'LL PAY!

LET'S FORGET HIM FOR THE PRESENT! I MEANT TO TELL YOU THIS BEFORE—I'M SUBMITTING YOUR NAME TO THE MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE OF OUR EXCLUSIVE CLUB FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN OF CASTE!

OH! THANKS, FREDDY! WOULDN'T MY FATHER BE PROUD—IF HE WERE ALIVE—NOW!

TWO DAYS LATER

HERE'S YOUR WASH, MRS. WIMPLETON! THE DELAY IS DUE TO WADDIE'S KICKING IT INTO THE DIRT THE OTHER DAY! AND BY THE WAY, YOU'LL HAVE TO FIND SOMEBODY ELSE TO DO IT IN THE FUTURE!

INDEED, I'LL FIND SOMEBODY ELSE! AND I DON'T BELIEVE YOUR ACCUSATION ABOUT MY WADDIE! AND I DON'T PAY FOR THAT WASH! MOTHER, I ALREADY HAVE!

I WAS WASHED WADDIE! GO TAKE IT TWICE, SO YOU'LL FROM HIM PAY TWICE—BY FORCE OR YOU DON'T GET IT!

IT WAS WASHED, WADDIE! GO TAKE IT TWICE, SO YOU'LL FROM HIM PAY TWICE—BY FORCE OR YOU DON'T GET IT!

OH! MY TEETH! MY TEETH! O-O-OH!
VERY WELL! IF YOU NEED THE MONEY THAT BADLY, HERE IT IS! NOW GET OFF THE PROPERTY!

THANK YOU! WITH PLEASURE, MRS. WIMPLETON.

LATER

MOTHER! FREDDY HAS SUBMITTED MY NAME TO THE MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE OF AN EXCLUSIVE CLUB FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN OF CASTE!

OH! HOW NOBLE OF FREDDY! AND HOW BEFITTING TO YOU, MY DEAR! YOUR FATHER WOULD BE VERY PROUD OF YOU!

WONDERFUL! MOTHER! AND ALL I'LL NEED FOR THE INITIATION IS TWENTY DOLLARS! GET THAT AMOUNT?! WITH MORTGAGE DUE- THE GROCER DEMANDING PAYMENT.

TWENTY DOLLARS! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WITH THAT AMOUNT?!

WITH HIS PROSPECT OF MEMBERSHIP FADING BECAUSE OF FINANCIAL CIRCUMSTANCES- WADDIE SEeks THE ADVICE OF FREDDY-

TWENTY DOLLARS ISN'T SO MUCH TO GET- SPECIALLY WHEN IT'S SO HANDY- IN JONES'S OFFICE.

BUT THAT WOULD BE STEALIN', FREDDY! AFTER ALL- WE ARE GENTLEMEN OF CASTE - AN'-

LISTEN! THE END JUSTIFIES THE MEANS! ALL I'M THINKIN' OF IS-SQUARRIN' THINGS UP WITH BRUCE THE BEGGER!

S-A-Y! THAT DOES CHANGE THINGS, DOESN'T IT? AN' HOW WELL I'LL FRAME HIM! HE BELONGS IN JAIL ANYWAY!

WHY? IT'S A PERFECT SET-UP! BOY! YOU'VE GOT A HEAD ON YOUR SHOULDERS.

FORGET IT! JUST GET THE MONEY OUT- AN' THAT GUY IN- JAIL!
THE FOLLOWING EVENING

SWELL! THE BEGGAR IS WORKIN' OVERTIME—ALONE!

NOW, IF THIS PLANK WILL ONLY MAKE ENOUGH NOISE TO DRAW HIM FROM THE OFFICE.

CRASH!

AND WHILE BRUCE HAS LEFT TO INVESTIGATE—

PRIDE IN REFERENCE TO THEIR 'CLEVERNESS' IN DRAWING BRUCE FROM THE OFFICE—GRATIFICATION IN THEIR DESIRE FOR REVENGE—AND JOYFUL ANTICIPATION OF BRUCE'S PROBABLE RESULTANT JAIL SENTENCE ARE MOMENTARILY FORGOTTEN BY FREDDY AND WADDIE ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT THE CLUB FOR THE BUSINESS OF INDUCTING WADDIE AS A MEMBER.

AN' HERE'S THE MONEY FOR MY MEMBERSHIP, MR. PRESIDENT.

TWENTY DOLLARS! THAT'S RIGHT! THANK YOU, MR. WIMPLETON. YOU ARE NOW A FIRST DEGREE MEMBER OF THE EXCLUSIVE CLUB FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN OF CASTE.

CONGRATULATIONS, MR. WIMPLETON!

WITH MR. JONES, THE FOLLOWING MORNING.

-AH, I'M SORRY TO HEAR OF THE THEFT, SIR. BUT YOU CAN'T ACCUSE ME OF IT! ONLY YOU AN' BRUCE HAVE THE KEYS AROUND HERE. IT PROVES I SPENT THE EVENING AT MY CLUB, ALL RIGHT, WADDIE!

MR. JONES! YOU JUST CAN'T BELIEVE I'M A THIEF!

I'M NOT ACCUSING YOU, BRUCE! BUT SOMEONE AROUND HERE IS GUILTY!

YES, SIR! AND I THINK WE'LL KNOW WHO IT IS—BEFORE THE DAY ENDS!
HAVING TOLD MR. JONES OF THE INTERRUPTION AT WORK THE PREVIOUS EVENING—BRUCE CONTINUES—

EARLIER IN THE EVENING, SIR, WHILE COUNTRY THE MONEY, I DETECTED A

CRUDELY COUNTERFEITED

TWENTY DOLLAR BILL—AND CAN'T

UNDERSTAND HOW IT WAS

ACCEPTED HERE!!

IT WAS PROBABLY PASSED

WHEN I WAS AWAY AND

YOU WERE AT SCHOOL—

BUT GO ON WITH YOUR

STORY, BRUCE.

I PLACED THAT BILL ON TOP OF THE OTHERS... WITH THE INTENTION OF SHOWING IT TO YOU THIS

MORNING, BUT ON LEARNING OF THE THEFT, I

DECIDED ON SILENCE ABOUT IT UNTIL WADDIE

LEFT.

THE BILL IS SO CRUDELY MADE THAT IT SIMPLY CAN'T

GET FAR WITHOUT DETECTION, AND—

JUST A

MOMENT, BRUCE.

NO, MR. WIMPLETON

ISN'T HERE RIGHT

NOW, AND WOULDN'T

BE FOR SEVERAL

HOURS! ANYTHING

I CAN DO FOR YOU?

WAY—YES! JUST TELL HIM THAT

WE CAN'T ACCEPT THIS

COUNTERFEIT TWENTY

DOLLAR BILL AT OUR

CLUB!

WITH PLEASURE,

SIR!

WADDIE HAS

YES! AND IT WON'T BE A VERY

PLEASANT ONE EITHER!

BUT I DON'T DESERVE

LENINESS— AND AS FOR

YOU, YOUNG MAN,

I'M COMPELLING YOU TO ACCEPT

AN INCREASE IN SALARY—

EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY,

AND YOU CAN BLAME YOUR

KEEN OBSERVATION AND

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE FOR IT!

OH! THANK YOU, SIR! NOW

MOTHER AND FRANK CAN

REALLY BE COMFORTABLE,

AND I CAN START SAVING

FOR COLLEGE!

LATER— UNABLE TO FIND

EMPLOYMENT ANYWHERE,

WADDIE AND HIS

MOTHER HAVE LOST

THEIR HOME AND ARE

NOW LIVING ON HER

BEGINNINGS AS A

WASHLADY.

DON'T MISS THE NEXT

ALGER BOY STORY TO

APPEAR IN

SHADOW COMICS.
I beg your pardon, monsieur, but I am distracted! I am only your landlord but you are a man of the sword—my sister Constance has been kidnapped!

Diable! I went adventure here! My good fellow tell me all!

My sister is seamstress to the Queen, and her confidante... The poor persecuted Queen believes that the Cardinal's agents have written to her former suitor, the English Duke of Buckingham, in the hope of luring him to France and capture!

But what has your sister to do with all this?

Her devotion to the Queen is known—perhaps they wish to learn her Majesty's secrets through her! Mon Dieu, I don't know what to do! Then there is this letter I received this morning!

Let's see!

I shall help you, reassure yourself! Now, Bona-Cieux, even though behind in my rent—someone does get thirsty...

Immediately, monsieur, the best wine in my cellar! Thank you! Thank you!

Do not look for your sister; she shall be restored to you when she is no longer wanted. Take any steps to find her and you are lost!!
The next day D'Artagnan hears the noises of a struggle in the floor below. He lifts up a loose floorboard cautiously and looks into the floor below.

Oho! They arrest M. Bonacieux! Shall I interfere? No, let us watch!

During the next week the Bonacieux household was turned into a mouse trap. A mouse trap works something like this - an individual is arrested and his arrest is kept secret. Four or five men are placed in ambush within the door is opened to everyone who knocks and then closed upon them. Thus in a few days all familiar of the household are caught. During this week either D'Artagnan or Planchet, his lackey, watched through the peep hole in the floor.

Planchet, D'Artagnan's newly acquired lackey, calls excitedly...

Master! They have just seized a woman, Mlle. Bonacieux!

D'Artagnan dashes to the window.

Fetch Athos, Porthos and Aramis! I'll beard these villains in their den! Mlle. Bonacieux is the one we're looking for!

Climbing down from the second story D'Artagnan knocks on the door.

So, now I enter the mouse trap! And woe to the cats that rub up against such a mouse!

The door opens and D'Artagnan bounds in! The next few minutes the door of the mouse trap bulges on its hinges - curses and screams pouring out! Then...
Inside - The Conqueror surveys the rescued damsel

Ah, monsieur, you have saved my life!

I have acted only as a gentleman should, Mlle. Bonacieux! Allow me to introduce myself - I am M. D'Artagnan.

You know my name?

And your story... and your face, dear Constance, through endless dreams...

But tell me, sweet Constance, has Buckingham yet arrived in Paris?

You know all then! Oh! I am lost!

No, Constance, unless the sword arm of one who loves you means nothing!

You speak of love too quickly to be trusted, but I have no choice - I need help and your face is guileless. Come with me - I have a rendezvous with the Duke to escort him to her Majesty in the greatest secrecy.

Later - having escorted the Duke to the Palace, D'Artagnan pursues a romantic rendezvous of his own in the garden with Constance.
You must not speak of love! I am the Queen of France, and I fear for your safety—
you must leave for London immediately!

You are cruel to send me away so soon—give me but a keepsake—a
remembrance.

D'Artagnan, I am not cruel, but a woman who fears! take this
necklace of Twelve diamonds and know that my heart goes
with them! and now—adieu! adieu!

After the interview the Cardinal shows his female agent to the door.

You have done well, Quis, continue as before until further orders!
Guard! send M. Rochefort to me instantly!

Later one of the Queen's maid steals from the palace to visit the Cardinal
Richeieu!

It is our man from Meung!

You sent for me, Your Eminence?

Buckingham has seen the Queen and has escaped us again! here is an order for
200 crowns. Send it and this letter that I have just written to Milady in
London, and this time, my friend, do not fail if you would remain
my friend!

The contents of the letter—

From Cardinal Richeieu—

Milady de Winter—Be present at the first ball which
the Duke of Buckingham attends. He will
wear twelve diamonds on his doublet. See
that he loses two of these diamonds as soon
as they are in your possession inform me.

Cardinal Richeieu

Quis
The next day Cardinal Richelieu has an audience with the King, Louis XIII.

Sire, I have grave news. The Duke of Buckingham was in Paris yesterday and escaped!

Buckingham! You are sure? The scoundrel, he is conspiring against my country and my honor!

O, surely not your honor, sire. Perhaps you are unjust to... ah, your majesty, good morning, I was just trying to persuade his highness to give a ball in honor of the handsome diamond necklace with which he has just presented you!

A capital idea! Madame, you should be proud of my gifts even if I am not as handsome as the Duke of Buckingham!

I don't know what you mean, sir...

Constance rushes to the queen's side

O, your highness do not despair! I have a gallant friend who would die for your majesty! He will fetch the gems back from London!

Constance, we can never win against the cardinal but we shall try! Give me pen and paper, I shall write the duke a note and your friend will deliver it!

What evening d'Artagnan enters the rooms of Athos, Aramis & Porthos are there

Look! Gentlemen from the queen in appreciation of our gallant conduct!

Gallant conduct? When?
OUR GALLANT CONDUCT OF THE FUTURE! WE START TOMORROW FOR LONDON! A SECRET MISSION FOR THE QUEEN, ATHOS! PLANCHET WILL BUY HORSES AND MUSKETS FOR ALL OF US A DOZEN BOTTLES FOR TONIGHT!

BRAVO! DANGER AND WINE! A PEERLESS COMBINATION TO MAKE THE PAST GROW OIM!

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING THE FOUR FRIENDS AND THEIR LACKEYS LEAVE PARIS. EIGHT O'CLOCK FINDS THEM AT CHANTILLY WHERE THEY STOP FOR BREAKFAST. THEY ENTER THE INN. A GENTLEMAN, DRUNK, GREETED THEM—

NO! GENTLEMEN! WASH YOU SAY WE HAVE A DRINK? HIC!

RIGHT TO THE KING!

THE CARDINAL IS THE ONLY KING OF FRANCE!

TRAITOR! DRUNKARD! THOSE ARE FIGHTING WORDS!

PORTHOS, YOU FOOL! THIS IS A TRAP! KILL THIS MAN THEN & REJOIN US AS SOON AS POSSIBLE! AU'VOIR!

THE TRAVELERS CONTINUE THEIR JOURNEY MINUS PORTHOS. SHORTLY THEY COME UPON A GROUP OF WORKMEN ON THE ROAD.

WO! WO! LOOK AT THESE FANCY FELLOWS—MOBREU! ARE THEY MEN OR THE FIRST FLOWERS OF SPRING?

COME ON! RIDE THESE IMPUDENT YOKELS DOWN! WE'LL SHOW THEM WHO ARE THE MEN!

STOP! ARAMIS!

THE WORKMEN FALL INTO A DITCH AND START SHOOTING MUSKETS. ARAMIS CLUTCHES HIS SHOULDER. MUSQUETON, HIS VALET, FALLS.

IT'S AN AMBUSH—THE CARDINAL IS BEHIND THIS! WE CAN'T STOP! ON TO LONDON!

I AM WOUNDED! DROP ME OFF AT THE NEXT INN. POOR MOUSQUETON.
AT AMIENS THEY REACH AN INN. ATHOS GIVES ORDERS TO HIS LACKY

GRIMAUD, HELP ME GETARAMIS INSIDE! D'ARTAGNAN, YOU WAIT HERE - WE MAY BE FOLLOWED!

ATHOS ENTERS THE INN

MINE HOST, MY COMRADE IS HURT. PUT HIM UP UNTIL I RETURN. HERE IS A CROWN ON ACCOUNT.

COUNTERFEIT COIN! HELP! A CRIMINAL!

SCOUNDREL! I'LL SPLIT YOUR EARS!

HELP! HELP! ARREST THIS VILLAIN!

SUDDENLY THREE MEN FLING THEMSELVES ON ATHOS!

I AM CAUGHT. D'ARTAGNAN! ESCAPE! SPUR! SPUR!

D'ARTAGNAN AND PLANCHET DASH AWAY! NOW D'ARTAGNAN ALONE CAN SAVE THE QUEEN!

ON APPROACHING CALAIS WHERE THEY MUST BOARD SHIP FOR LONDON D'ARTAGNAN HEADS A STRANGER QUESTION A SAILOR

NO ONE CAN BOARD SHIP WITHOUT THE CARDINAL'S PERMISSION

I HAVE A NOTE FROM THE CARDINAL WHERE IS THE GOVERNOR THAT I MAY HAVE IT ENDORSED?
FIVE MINUTES LATER, ON HIS WAY TO THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, THE STRANGER FINDS HIMSELF CONFRONTED BY D'ARTAGNAN.

YOU APPEAR TO BE IN A HURRY, SIR. I AM SORRY, FOR BEING IN A GREATER HURRY I WAS GOING TO ASK A FAVOR!

IMPOSSIBLE! I MUST BE IN LONDON BY NOON TOMORROW.

AND I, AT TEN A.M.

I AM IN THE KING'S SERVICE! STAND ASIDE!

I AM IN THE QUEEN'S AND IT'S LADIES BEFORE GENTLEMEN! REMEMBER?

ARE YOU TRYING TO PICK A QUARREL?

PARBLEU! WHAT ELSE?

THE STRANGER BATTLES VALIANTLY BUT IS NO MATCH FOR THE MIGHTY D'ARTAGNAN.

FOR ATHOS, PORTHOS AND ARAMIS!

ALAS! WHAT SINISTER DESTINY GUIDES US THAT THE FELLOW SHOULD COME TO THIS END? BUT ENOUGH! NOW FOR THE CARDINAL'S LETTER!

THE LETTER:

D'ARTAGNAN ALONE REMAINS TO SAVE THE QUEEN! CAN HE DO IT? WILL THE BEAUTIFUL MILADY THwart HIM IN LONDON? ARE THE MUSKEETERS LIVING OR DEAD? READ THE NEXT ISSUE OF ShadowComics

Cardinal Richelieu—

To whom it may concern—

I hereby command that immediate passage and free entry be granted to the lesser Counts de Warles, in all places.

Cardinal R.
Click Rush, with a mind peculiarly adapted to mechanical and scientific gadgets, came to New York with a trunk full of various devices which he had invented to fight crime.

Police officials, however, did not like his odd gadgets and looked upon him as a whacky inventor.

Just as Click Rush was disgruntled enough to pack up and go back home he received a mysterious package which when opened revealed

---

Click Rush, opening his office one fine spring morning finds, to his amazement a very odd receptionist, a three foot metal toad on his desk,

Hello!—You look like a 'party favor,' who left you here?

It sat on his desk, under it was a paper, the half of a $10,000 bill, and a note reading,

- Put an electric bulb in the toad's mouth

Click, being one of the inventive sort, had a portable device in his back office, and x-rayed the toad—

I hear the faint click of a thermostat—it means only one thing—this little toad is a wired radio transceiver!

It will take the high frequency waves off the electric light wires as an ordinary radio.

Then the toad said—

Hello, you are Mr. Rush—I am Bufa—I live on slugs of the human variety!
SURE, BUFA
I'M CRAZY TOO!

I'M THINKING OF HIRING A PRIVATE
DETECTIVE TO INVESTIGATE CRIME. DON'T
YOU WANT TO WORK FOR ME? WOULD THE
OTHER HALF OF THAT $10,000 BILL
INTEREST YOU?

BUT I'M NOT AN EXPERT
PRIVATE DETECTIVE - IF I SOLVE
ANYTHING IT WILL BE THE MYSTERY
OF WHO YOU ARE!

GOOD-BYE, BUT YOU
MIGHT READ IN THE
NEWSPAPERS ABOUT THE
STolen STAINLESS STEEL FISH!

RUSH WENT OUT
AND BOUGHT
A PAPER. ON
THE FRONTH
FLARED
HEAD LINE -

EXTRA

THE NEWS

STAINLESS STEEL
FISH STOLEN!

THE FISH, 1000 IN NUMBER
WERE BEING SHIPPED FROM
SHANGHAI, TO A MAN NAMED
PATRICK O'ReILLY IN
DUBLIN, IRELAND

COME IN - I'M GLAD YOU CAME,
GLAD TO FIND SOMETHING THAT LOOKS
SENSIBLE, SOMETHING MORE
SENSIBLE THAN STAINLESS STEEL
FISH. WHY DID YOU COME HERE?

WHILE RUSH WAS
READING THIS
THE DOOR
OPENED. A
VERY
BEAUTIFUL
GIRL STOOD
HERE.

HELLO! INVITE ME IN,
WILL YOU?

I WANTED TO TELL YOU
WHERE YOU COULD FIND THE
STAINLESS STEEL FISH!
WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
JUNE, - JUNE DAVIS!

THEN, RUSH EXCUSING HIMSELF FOR THE MOMENT, GOES TO THE OUTER OFFICE WHERE THERE IS A MACHINE CONNECTED WITH THE GIRL'S CHAIR.

HIM, - INTERESTING,- SHE'S TELEPHONING THAT I'M INTERESTED IN STEEL FISH, I'LL CHECK ON THAT!

OH BY THE WAY, MISS JUNE, DIDN'T A MAN PHONE AND SAY THAT I WAS INTERESTED IN STEEL FISH?
YES, - AND HE SAID HE WAS BUFALO, - SOUNDED CRAZY.

WELL, NEVER MIND, I AM INTERESTED IN FISH AND I WILL CALL TO-MORROW AT WHATEVER ADDRESS YOU GIVE!
MEET ME TO-MORROW AT 42 ENGLEWOOD ROAD AT THREE!

CLICK ESCORTS HER TO THE ELEVATOR AND ON A PRETENSE EXCUSES HIMSELF.

HE DOUBLES BACK, AND BY WAY OF THE BACK STAIRS -

A BIT OF FRESH AIR WON'T HURT ME, - LET'S SEE WHERE WE GO FROM HERE!

FOLLOW THAT CAB!

YELLOW CAB CO.

LOSING JUNE'S CAB IN A TRAFFIC JAM, CLICK, DASHES INTO A TELEPHONE BOOTH.

THIS IS SERGEANT HARRISON,- I'M ON A MURDER CASE, - I WANT TO KNOW WHO LIVES AT WASHINGTON 2-2147?

THAT, SERGEANT, - IS A MR. PATRICK O'REILLY OF 112 NORTH DAVIS STREET!
Click got into his cab and went to the address given, there he sneaked into the house by a basement window.

This is the house of mystery, eh?--? Well let's see what it leads to--!

So these are the well-known stainless steel fish -- h'm, much heavier than I suspected!

Wonderful specimen, don't you think? -- won't you join us in the next room?

There, Click saw the girl who was in his office, and a large leathery man, both were lashed to their chairs --

Delighted

We were trapped!

And he's going to kill all of us!

My friends, these fish are gold -- they're so prepared that they can get by in any custom house in any country--

I use them as a foil -- I am merely telling you this because this old house is vacant and no one will find you here until I am safely away!

Click then asks for a last cigarette. He is granted one.

Always the perfect host, -- ha-ha-ha!
As he strikes the match, there's a deafening report for the match was a cleverly molded colored chemical.

In the fight that followed, click held one crook's neck and then let go, the man became doped.

He then closed with O'Reilly.

The chemically filled hypodermic needle strapped to his wrist soon sent O'Reilly to the land of nod also.

A pretty mess of fish I must say, and they're not stainless - by a long shot but they'll keep till the wagon comes!
COMMISSIONER, CLICK RUSH SPEAKING—SEND A WAGON TO 112 N. DAVIS STREET. THERE'S FOUR SPECIMENS HERE THAT I KNOW YOU'LL WANT FOR YOUR COLLECTION—!

OKAY, CLICK, I'LL SEND A SQUAD. YOU STAND BY!

AFTER HIS CATCH IS SAFELY BOOKED AS GUESTS OF THE CITY, CLICK PAYS A VISIT TO HIS OLD FRIEND, THE COMMISSIONER.

THAT WAS HIS QUAIN'T LITTLE RACKET, SIR—THESE FISH WERE REALLY PURE GOLD—DIPPED IN A SECRET METAL COATING THAT ONLY HE COULD REMOVE—HE'D SHIP THEM ABROAD AS WORKS OF ART TO HIS ESTATE IN IRELAND.

ALMOST SOUNDS FANTASTIC, CLICK.

THEN BY A CHEMICAL BATH PROCESS, WHICH HE ALONE KNEW—HE'D MAKE THE FISH SHED THEIR SKINS, SO TO SPEAK, AND SELL THE GOLD TO THE HIGHEST FOREIGN BIDDER!

CLICK, MY BOY, YOU'VE DONE OUR GOVERNMENT A MOST PRAISeworthy FAVOR!

SKIP THE MEDALS COMMISSIONER. I'LL BE SEEING YOU!

NOW TO CHECK ON THE TALKING TOAD!
BACK IN HIS OFFICE, CLICK PLACES THE ELECTRIC LIGHT INTO IT'S MOUTH AND THE TOAD SAYS,

I HAVE MADE A GOOD CHOICE—WOULD YOU LIKE TO CONTINUE OUR ARRANGEMENT?

WHAT ARRANGEMENT HAVE YOU IN MIND?

YOU KNOW THAT THIS TOWN IS OVER-RIDDEN WITH CRIME, DON'T YOU, CLICK RUSH?

ONLY TOO WELL, BUFU!

WELL, WITH YOUR CO-OPERATION I INTEND TO CLEAN OUT A LOT OF THESE THUG-NESTS!

I WILL CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO CRIMES WHICH I THINK NEED SOLVING, I PAY YOU—ISN'T THAT ENOUGH? LOOK IN YOUR MORNING MAIL FOR THE OTHER HALF OF THE $10,000 BILL!

THE NEXT MORNING'S MAIL—

WELL I'LL----HE KEPT HIS WORD!

CLICK RUSH RECEIVES INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE TALKING TOAD TO SOLVE STARTLING CRIMES—SEE THE NEXT ISSUE OF SHADOW COMICS.
IRON MUNRO

The Astounding Man

Iron Munro of Jupiter and Spencer Carlisle, rich young shipowner, are in another space helping the Magyans, descendants of the survivors of Earth's lost continent Mu, in their war with the Tefflans, the ancient devils of Earth. Iron's new science has given the Magyans great aid: a fleet is on the way to destroy Teff-El, led by Iron's ship. Thousands of miles from their objective, the crews of the Magyan fleet go mad, kill one another while their ships, out of control, destroy themselves. What new Tefflan weapon can this be?

Calling all following ships! Turn back toward Magya immediately! Tefflan field of force beginning at...

His best friend is affected. Spence! Snap out of it!

His great mind less easily affected, Iron Munro gives the position of the mysterious force to the following ships behind him...

Hurts me more than it hurts you, pal...

If I can only hold out long enough to head us out of this...

With a last mighty effort of will, Iron Munro turns the ship and speeds out of the death zone.
FEEL BETTER, SPENCE?

WHOOEY, DID WE RUN INTO A SUPERNova, IRON?

NO YOU GOT A LITTLE OFF YOUR AXIS AND TRIED TO BEAM ME SO DID THE REST OF THE BOYS.

WHAT CAUSED IT?

I CAN ONLY GUESS. THE TEFfLANS HAVE SET UP SOME KIND OF A VIBRATION FIELD. I'LL CALL THE FLEET COMMANDER.

WE HAD NO WARNING, IRON MUNRO. A FULL THIRD OF OUR SHIPS ARE UNMANNED AND DESTROYED! AS FOR THE REST ---- MORALE IS LOW.

BACK ON MAGYA, A SMALL TEFfLAN FLEET ATTACKS WITH STILL ANOTHER NEW WEAPON.

THIS IS A VERY STRANGE BOMBING RAID. NO HIGH EXPLOSIVES, NO TORPEDOES!

I WISH IRON MUNRO AND SPENCER CARLISLE WERE BACK WITH THE FLEET.

BETTER GO BACK TO MAGYA, UTHA KOLE. I JUST HAD TO REPORT THAT THE TEFfLANS ARE BOMBING THE PLANET AGAIN. CARLISLE AND I WILL INVESTIGATE THIS FIELD THE TEFfLANS HAVE PROJECTED. SIGNING OFF.
I HOPE THAT BOMBING RAID DIDN'T DO MUCH DAMAGE. ANTO-RAYL'S ON MAGYA!

THINK OF HER LATER, DON JUAN. MAN THE DETECTOSCOPE. WE OUGHT TO BE NEAR THE EDGE OF THAT FIELD AGAIN.

AND AFTER HOURS OF PAINSTAKING WORK AT THE INSTRUMENTS.

I'VE GOT IT, SPENCE! THE FIELD IS ELECTRICAL, HIGH WAVE-LENGTH. THE METAL IN OUR SHIPS INDUCES THE VIBRATION, WHICH IS SUPersonic. IT WORKS ON THE INNER EAR, DRIVES MEN MAD!

LOOKS AS THOUGH TEFF-EL GOT THE BEST OF US THIS TIME, ANDAR MINOT, BUT I THINK I CAN DOPE OUT AN INTERRUPTER TO NULLIFY THAT FIELD.

ANTI-RAYL!

HOW SERIOUS WAS THAT BOMBING RAID?

NOT VERY, APPARENTLY. WE DON'T KNOW YET.

YOU DON'T KNOW?

NO. THE BLUE FLAMES THAT WERE STARTED BY THEIR BOMBS CAN'T BE EXTINGUISHED!

A BLUE FIRE THAT WILL NOT GO OUT. WHAT STRANGE WEAPON IS THIS?
WE CAN'T IGNORE THAT BLUE FIRE ANY LONGER.

SMATTER SPENCE, IS IT BURNING PEOPLE'S FINGERS?

IRON MUNRO STARTS WORK ON THE INTERRUPTER FIELD, BUT —

WE CAN'T LAUGH THIS OFF, FELLER. THOSE BOMBS THEY DROPPED — THEY'VE DOOMED MAGYA. LOOK, HERE'S THE REPORT I'VE DRAWN UP ABOUT THE SITUATION.

DO YOU SEE, IRON? THE WHOLE ATMOSPHERE WILL BURN ITSELF UP! THE RIVERS AND SEAS WILL TURN INTO NITRIC ACID. AIR WILL BE A POISONOUS GAS!

THE DEVILS!

THE ATMOSPHERE OF MAGYA, LIKE THAT OF EARTH, CONTAINS SOME 60% OF NITROGEN. NITROGEN IS AN INERT GAS; WE BREATHE IT IN AND OUT WITH NO EFFECT. IT WILL BURN EXCEPT UNDER SPECIAL CIRCUMSTANCES, BUT COMPOUNDS OF NITROGEN ARE VERY ACTIVE. THE TFFLAN BOMBS HAVE RELEASED A CHEMICAL — A NITROGEN CATALYST. IT TAKES NO PART IN THE REACTIONS BUT ITS PRESENCE CAUSES THE NITROGEN TO COMBINE WITH OXYGEN — TO BURN!

SPENCER CARLISLE, A GREAT CHEMIST, IS RIGHT. SLOWLY THE AIR IS BECOMING POISONOUS, THE MOISTURE IN THE AIR TURNS TO ACID! THE AIR TO DEADLY RED-BROWN FUMES OF NITRIC OXIDE AND OTHER NITRO COMPOUNDS.
ISN'T THERE ANYTHING YOU CAN DO, SPENCE?
I HOPE SO! THE WHOLE ATMOSPHERE IS BEING BURNED—CHANGED TO POISON.

MEANWHILE, IRON AND SPENCE CONFER AT THE LABORATORY.

HELLO, ANTO-RAVL. HOW ARE THINGS ON THE OUTSIDE?
WORSE, COME WITH ME AND WE'LL MAKE A SURVEY FLIGHT.

WHY IS IT SNOWING, IRON?
THAT ISN'T SNOW; IT'S SOLID NITRIC OXIDE. IT WILL BURN FLESH LIKE WHITE-HOT IRON!

I'M GOING BACK TO THE LABORATORY. SOMETHING MUST BE DONE ABOUT THIS!

THE PEOPLE OF MAGYA HAVE BEEN DRIVEN UNDERGROUND, BUT STILL THEY DIE AS THE GAS SEEPS THROUGH THE ROCKS.

AT LAST—I'VE GOT IT.
SPENCE, WHAT'S THE MATTER?

YOU SEE, THIS LIQUID BREAKS DOWN THE CATALYST, PREVENTS THE OXYGEN AND NITROGEN COMBINING!

SPENCE, YOU'RE A WONDER!

UPON LANDING, THEY SEE SPENCE RUNNING WILDLY TOWARD THEM.

LATER, GALLONS OF THE NEW CHEMICAL ARE MANUFACTURED. THE EXPERIMENT IS A SUCCESS.
Hurry, men! Get those flasks aboard, we'll drop them from the sky!

Immediately, the chemical is carried into space ships.

The high flying ships drop the chemical and the blue flame is killed.

After them come ground crews with sun-powered heat guns. They blast the snow, and it breaks down into air again.

The rivers of acid are subjected to great heat, and the resulting steam condenses and turns back to water and air.

Andar Minot, men can breathe the outside air again. The people are saved.

Iron meets with the council.

That moon you see there is nearly hollowed out. I have a plan to destroy all of Teff-El!

Amazing plan—But how?

We will power the moon with transpon beams and drop it on Teff-El.

Can iron use the moon as a bomb? It will be the mightiest military move in history. In the next issue of Shadow Comics.
At last, Nick Carter took the advice of his friends. He went to a little southern seashore town for a good rest. He tried to get used to doing nothing. Then one morning.

Now for a swim — what th- -? — First time I ever saw anyone in a hurry down here.

What's up, Sheriff? You're the city feller stayin' over to th' hotel ain't you? — I've got a job for you —

What is it? A body was found washed up on Ol' Altmeyer's place. I need a deputy, an' witness!

Come on, I'll pay you three dollars a day, — a little detectivin' will help pass the time for you!

Well I'm — Oh — Okay!
MY NAME'S PALMER, SHERIFF,—TELL ME ABOUT THIS CASE!
MAY BE NOthin',—BUT I DUNNO,—YOUNG COUPLE FOUND THE STIFF THIS MORNIN' WHEN THEY PUT IN TO PATCH A LEAK IN THEIR SAILBOAT—!

PROBABLY JUST SOME SAILOR FALLEN OFF A PASSING SHIP—!
COULD BE,—BUT ANYTHING THAT HAPPENS AROUND ALTMEYER'S PLACE IS LIABLE T'BE FISHY. HE'S GOT A TOUGH REPUTATION IN THESE PARTS,—HERE,—TAKE THIS GUN!

OLD MAN ALTMEYER IS SOMETHING OF A HERMIT—WE SEE HIM ONLY TWICE A MONTH,—WHEN HE COMES IN FOR GROCERIES—WE'VE GOT TO GET THE KEYS TO THE BEACH FROM ALTMEYER!

GET OUT OF HERE!—I'M NOT INTERESTED IN ANYTHING YOU HAVE TO SAY—!
YOU BETTER BE, ALTMEYER, THERE'S A DEAD MAN ON THE BEACH,—WE WANT THE KEYS!

FINALLY GAINING ENTRANCE, NICK, AND THE SHERIFF EXAMINE THE BODY OF THE DROWNED MAN—?
THIS, SHERIFF,—IS NOT A SAILOR,—IT'S A CITY MAN, AND A RICH MAN AT THAT,—H'EM—!

FIRST THING YOU'VE GOT TO LEARN ABOUT DETECTIVIN', YOUNG FELLER, IS NOT TO TOUCH NOthin'—WAIT A WHILE,—I'LL GET MY CAMERA—!
NICK MAKES A HASTY ANALYSIS OF THE SLIGHT CLUES OF THE CRIME AND ARRIVES AT A VERY DEFINITE DECISION.

SHERIFF,—THERE'S RED MUD ON THIS MAN'S SHOES,—HE WAS DROPPED HERE FROM SOMEWHERE,—THERE'S NOT A MARK ON THE BEACH.

ONE SIDE, MR. PALMER,—I LEARNED HOW TO DO THIS AT THE NICK CARTER SCHOOL,—I'M PHOTOGRAPHIN' ALL THE EVIDENCE.—!

LISTEN, SHERIFF,—I MIGHT AS WELL TELL YOU,—I'M NICK CARTER—SEND HIS FINGERPRINTS INTO NEW YORK,—I'LL STOP HERE AND LOOK AROUND!

WAL. I SWAN!

I'VE GOT OLD ALTMEYER'S KEYS SO I MIGHT AS WELL USE THEM,—HE LOOKS VERY MUCH ON THE SUSPICIOUS SIDE TO ME.

WELCOME,—TO THIS—MISTER SNOOP.!!

OKAY, BUDDY,—YOU KNOW WHERE TO TAKE HIM,—TIE HIM UP GOOD!

AN HOUR LATER.—

WHOOEE! WONDER—WHAT HIT ME, I'M A CELLAR,—I WONDER——
NICK CARTER MADE SHORT WORK OF HIS BONDS

WELL I'LL BE--- SALT WATER! I WONDER IF THAT STIFF COULD HAVE BEEN DROWNED DOWN HERE?

DOGGONE! NO WAY OUT! THIS IS A SPOT! THEY'VE GOT ME, AND THEY'VE GOT MY GUNS!

ALL RIGHT, NICK CARTER, GET 'EM UP!

HEH! YOU KNOW ME?

WHAT THUG DON'T KNOW NICK CARTER?

TAKE HIM THROUGH THE CAVE UNDER THE BEACH, SLUG, THEN WE'LL TOSs HIM INTO THE CATBOAT, AND, CARTER, KEEP YOURSELF SHUT--!

GIVE IT EVERYTHING IT'S GOT SLUG,---OLD ALTMEYER WANTS TO HIT FOR OPEN WATER ON THE NEXT TIDE, AND HE'S WAITING FOR US ABOARD---!

THAT'S THE SET-UP PRECISELY MY FINE FEATHERED FRIEND, A COUNTERFEIT MILL AND WE MAKE LIBERTY BONDS LEGALLY, YEP---OUTSIDE THE TWELVE MILE LIMIT, AND WE DIDN'T KILL YOU BECAUSE WE NEED YOU, A FAMOUS MAN LIKE YOU COULD GET MARKETS FOR THESE BONDS RIGHT OUT IN THE OPEN, THE PROFITS ARE TREMENDOUS, AND IT'S LEGAL!
AT THAT MOMENT
NICK CARTER COLLAPSES.
CATCH HIM, THAT SLUGGING
HE GOT ON SHORE, MUST HAVE
DONE HIM IN.—GET HIM INTO
MY CABIN, BUDDY!

BUT ONCE INSIDE THE CABIN
THE SICK NICK GETS WELL
SUDDENLY.
HELP YOURSELF
TO THAT, BUDDY.

NOW WITH A SPEEDY MAKE-UP WE’LL CHANGE
PLACES.—FOR THE REST OF THIS TRIP YOU’RE
NICK CARTER, BUDDY ALTMEYER.—WHILE
I BECOME YOU.

OKAY SAILOR, I’LL
TAKE THE WHEEL
FOR AWHILE, GET
SOME SLEEP.
YES SIR, MR.
ALTMEYER, SHE’S
STEERING NORTH-EAST.

SHE WAS.—FROM NOW ON SHE’S STEERING
SOUTH-WEST.—BACK INSIDE THE TWELVE
MILE LIMIT.—NEXT TO GET INTO THE
RADIO ROOM.

BEAT IT, SPARKS, I WANT TO SEND
A RADIOGRAM.—PRIVATELY.
WELL I —— VERY GOOD
MR. ALTMEYER.

NICK’S RADIOGRAM IS INSTANTLY PICKED UP
BY COASTGUARD CUTTERS.—HE HAS MANEUVERED
THE COUNTERFEITING SHIP INSIDE GOVERNMENT
WATERS, A LANDING PARTY OF U.S. MARINES CLAMBER
ABOARD.

CAUGHT RED-HANDED, ALTMEYER
AND HIS GANG ARE INSTANTLY
CONVICTED ON FEDERAL CHARGES
AND SENTENCED — FOR KEEPS.

SURRENDER IN THE NAME
OF THE UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT—

THIS IS PIRACY—
WE’RE OUTSIDE
YOUR JURISDICTION.

YOU WERE ALTMEYER
UNTIL I TOOK THE WHEEL.

SPLENDID WORK MR. CARTER —
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW?

WELL MY VACATION’S OVER—
NOW I’LL GO BACK TO WORK!
The Avenger

Tracks down the demon who shocked the world with his "frosted death" powder.

PREVIOUS CHAPTER

John Braun's death was caused by a mysterious powder. Benson, the Avenger, scented a plot and started to investigate. Other things were happening. Vishnir, the chemist, killed his partner Targill, putting the blame on Mr. Sangaman, another partner.

Whose daughter Claudette persuaded Benson to widen the scope of his investigation. It came out that Vishnir would receive $1,000,000 on the death of Taylor, one of his partners, and $19,000,000 from a foreign nation for his "frosted death" powder.

Part of the plot was to get rid of Sangaman's daughter Claudette, so that her dad's fortune would come into Vishnir's possession.

Help! Help! They're trying to kill me!

Well, Josh, I think I found a cure for the "frosted death" powder.

What! Mac, you're a genius! Gosh. Millions of lives saved! You'll be famous!!

The plotters heard of the cure and decided to destroy it, even if they have to do some killing.

Hands up! None of that stuff leaves this place! Get that!!
Vishnir visits the hideout of Sangaman to see that his plans weren't going wrong. I'm going to give myself up. It's better to be in jail facing a murder charge.

A murder charge? You mean two murder charges!!

You killed Old Man Taylor, your gloves were found close to his body! That is absolutely a lie, I wasn't anywhere near Taylor!!

To Vishnir, everything was going perfectly. The Taylor insurance money, he thought, was right in his hand. I got to laugh, the way I put it over on these smart guys!

Think of all the innocent people you'll kill with your 'frosted death' powder!!

I get $19,000,000 in a few days. Who gets killed doesn't matter to me. Only money counts!!

Mac and Josh, valuable aides of Benson's, have been made prisoners by the wily Vishnir.

No, don't shoot them, I have a better way!

I always kill enemies. I'll shoot them now!!

Vishnir to make sure of a quick death gives Mac and Josh a dose of 'death powder'. When people get in my way, they don't need Old Age insurance!!
While Vishnir's thugs surround Benson's house.

How are you going to get out, Mr. Benson?

Right out this secret panel. Even you didn't know of!

Only two shots were fired, and Benson's path was cleared.

Benson searched one of the stunned gunmen and found passports and an address that meant much.

Ah! An address! The hangout of this gang.

Benson, in the clothes of the stunned plotter, starts out disguised as one of Vishnir's head men.

Mr. Benson, I wouldn't know you. I'm supposed to be Vogg, one of Vishnir's gang, now I'm going places.

Disguised in the clothes of the stunned gangster, Benson was taken for one of Vishnir's plotters. Overhearing a phone call, his case was clinched.

Michelson knowing of the crimes of Vishnir tries to shake him down. I want $100,000 or I'll tell the cops.

The bank is closed now. I'll give it to you tomorrow.

The cap of the sub says he's got the cargo of death powder, and to pay Vishnir.

Ya! Ya! Did they locate Benson?
THE $100,000 GRAFT MONEY FOR MICHALSON IS SPRINKLED WITH THE "FROSTED DEATH" POWDER.

INTENT ON GETTING POSITIVE EVIDENCE AGAINST VISHNIR. BENSON IS FOUND IN THE ROOMS OF MICHALSON, THE BLACKMAILER.

WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? I WANT YOU TO TELL ME ALL YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS SINISTER VISHNIR AND HIS PLOTTING!!

BENSON'S KNIFE FLEW DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO MICHALSON'S EAR. IT HELPED SHORTEN THE ARGUMENT.

VISHNIR! VISHNIR! NEVER EVEN HEARD THE NAME BEFORE!

Perhaps this will bring back your memory!!

I TELL YOU I NEVER MET VISHNIR!!

SO, YOU NEVER MET VISHNIR? LOOK AT YOUR RIGHT HAND! VISHNIR PUT HIS DEATH POWDER ON YOU!!

MICHALSON, FEARFUL OF THE EFFECTS OF THE DEATH POWDER, QUICKLY THROWS AWAY THE $100,000 GRAFT.

I'LL DIE! I'LL DIE!!

MAC AND JOSH ESCAPE FROM THEIR BONDS AND PLOT REVENGE ON THEIR SINISTER TORTURERS.

SAY MAC, ARE YOU TRYING TO START A FIRE?

YES, IT WILL SPOIL ALL THE DEATH POWDER AND IT MAY BE OUR FINISH TOO!!
A LITTLE LATER, A SHORT CIRCUIT STARTED A ROARING FIRE.

WE'RE LOCKED IN! WE'LL BURN TO DEATH!!

IT'S BETTER THAN DYING WITH THAT TERRIBLE POWDER!

THE TERRIFIED SLAVES OF VISHNIR, SMASH DOWN THE LOCKED DOOR, SAVING MAC AND JOSH FROM BEING ROASTED ALIVE.

Benson's investigation brings him to Sangaman's hideout.

I'm not here to arrest you Sangaman. I just want to find the guilty one.

Well, I've been expecting the police! If you don't want to arrest me, what do you want?

After all these strange things you tell me, I'm sure Vishnir is the murderer.

Vishnir! Why?

...old Taylor's million insurance was to go to Vishnir, so he killed him with the 'frosted death' powder.

So Vishnir killed Braun, Targill and tried to kill me and my daughter!
Having escaped from the jaws of death, Mac and Josh start the hunt anew.

Boy! Were we lucky! We found the cure for the death powder and escaped from the burning shack!!

Yes! Yes! Come on, now to get that dog Vishnir!!

Benson, still disguised as Vogg, meets the furious Capt. of the Sub. and his bloodthirsty crew.

Molan Vogg reporting. I'm of the New York Organization. I have a message from Headquarters.

Ach! I know no Vogg!! This looks like trouble!

He's Benson, an enemy of our country!! Men, kill him! Shoot him down like a mad dog!!!

But, Benson escaped alive, he swam out to the Sub, opened the sea cocks, and with a splash, it went to the bottom.

Vishnir was dosed with the death powder. In a frenzy he ran into the burning shack for some of the cure. And the burning rafters fell upon him.

A secret radio told Vishnir of the scuttling of the Sub with $19,000,000 cargo. He hurried to the hideout where Benson cornered him.

Vogg, there is a plot to rob us. Come hide before they catch us!!

I'm Benson. You low down crook! Now hand over that cure you stole from my men!!

I'm Benson. You low down crook! Now hand over that cure you stole from my men!!
MAUREEN O'HARA

HAD TO WEAR SIZE 14 DRESSES INSTEAD OF 12, AFTER GETTING HER NEW WARDROBE. AKO EMPLOYED A MASSAGIST WHO REDUCED HER TO A 12 AGAIN—NEEDING NEW CLOTHES!

WHEN SHE CAME TO THE U.S.A. TO APPEAR IN "HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME," SHE LIKED AMERICAN FOOD SO WELL—

"PINOCCHIO" TOOK TWO YEARS TO MAKE AND COST $12,500,000. ARTISTS MADE 3,000,000 DRAWINGS, OF WHICH 500,000 ARE USED IN THE FINAL VERSION.

DONALD CRISP

WHO PLAYS BENEVOLENT CHARACTER ROLES, WAS GIVEN FIVE MEDALS FOR BRAVERY WHILE IN THE BRITISH ARMY. HE STILL HAS BULLETs SOMEWHERE IN HIS BODY FROM THE BOER WAR.

LANA TURNER

GOES DANCING THREE TIMES A WEEK FOR THE FUN OF IT, BUT REFUSES TO STUDY DANCING TO HELP HER SCREEN CAREER.
MARK PATTEN, artist, living in a bungalow on a tiny island near the Maine coast, arrived home one evening and found a blonde in a bathing suit searching his studio.

AFTER SHOOTING AT HIM WITH AN UNDERWATER BLUE GUN, SHE CARRIES OVER HER SHOULDER THE GIRL REJOINS HER POCK-MARKED COMPANION ON A FAST MOTOR-BOAT AND THEY SPEED AWAY.

PATTEN, worried that perhaps they're after two priceless Homer masterpieces which he has been permitted to borrow from the museum to study, decides to call in the famous girl detective, Carrie Cashin, and Alex. He flies immediately back to town.

TELL ME- WHO OWNS THIS ISLAND WE'RE BOUND FOR?

A MAN NAMED BRUCE STOKER. A THEATRICAL MANAGER. HE'S OKAY.

AND THE BLONDE DAME AND HER POCK-MARKED FRIEND?

SHE'S CALLED 'FLIP' AND HE'S 'PORKEY'. THAT'S ALL I KNOW.
LANDING IN A SAFE COVE THE ARTIST LEADS THEM THROUGH THE WOODS.

I'VE TAKING THIS ROUTE TO SURPRISE ANY FROWERS.

I SEE—DO I HEAR A HOWL?

THAT'S BOSCO—a DOG I BOUGHT FOR PROTECTION—HE'S TIED UP!

HMM—HE'S ON THE JOB!

THE SEA PLANE! THEY'VE DONE IT!

SUDDENLY A LOUD REPORT SHATTERS THE QUIET DARKNESS OF THE NIGHT!

DOWN, EVERYBODY! THEY'LL PUT US IF WE AS MUCH AS SHOW OURSELVES!

MY BEAUTIFUL PLANE! SO NOW WE'RE COMPLETELY CUT OFF FROM THE COAST! PRISONERS ON THE ISLAND!

THAT'S WHAT THE IDEA WAS! THEY'RE OFF IN THAT MOTOR BOAT!
FROM NOW ON I TAKE CHARGE. WE'LL APPROACH THE HOUSE FROM DIFFERENT ANGLES.

THE BLONDE BATTER AGAIN! JUMPING THROUGH A WINDOW AS CARRIE APPROACHES THE HOUSE SHE MAKES A GETAWAY.

ALECK APPROACHES THE HOUSE FROM THE REAR AND FINDS.

DON'T SHOOT!

WAIT A MOMENT! HE'S OKAY! IT'S MR. STOKER. HE OWNS THE ISLAND AND THIS BUNGALOW! WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?

I RECEIVED THIS TELEGRAM FROM PATTEN TO COME RIGHT DOWN HERE. MUST BE A FAKE!

IT SAYS: AM IN SERIOUS TROUBLE STOP NEED YOUR HELP COME AT ONCE IF YOU WANT TO PROTECT YOUR OWNERSHIP OF ISLAND-PATTEN.

FILED AT EASTPORT, MAINE --- I NEVER SENT IT!

OKAY, SISTER!

MAKE A NOTE OF THAT, ALECK.
I rushed down from the city and got a boat from the mainland. What's up?

Robbers! They're after the museum masterpieces in the safe!

Marvelous—are they not? I have them insured for my own protection!

Yeh—I'll shush. But there's your case—He's the crook! He wants them stolen so he can collect!

It's Bosco! He's got loose and they're killing him!

They've thrown mustard in his face! But why? He's still tied up!

Eeyow!

Quick! Back to the house! This was a ruse to draw us away!

The paintings are gone!
PHEW! WHAT A NIGHT! BETTER TURN IN. PATTERN! WE'LL MAKE A SEARCH OF THE ISLAND TO-MORROW!

CARRIE IS TAPPING OUT A MESSAGE TO ALECK IN THE MORSE CODE WITH HER PENCIL. "I THINK STOKER SENT THAT TELEGRAM TO HIMSELF!"

THAT'S A LIE! AND WHAT'S MORE I WANT YOU TWO FAKE SLEUTHS OFF MY ISLAND TO-MORROW—NO MATTER HOW!

THIS IS JUST A PLAIN KITCHEN—WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'LL FIND HERE, CARRIE?

YOU NEVER KNOW, ALECK—NOW, I'LL PRESS THIS MOLDING

INSTEAD OF GOING TO BED CARRIE SIGNALS ALECK TO LEAVE HIS ROOM AND JOIN HER IN A SEARCH OF THE HOUSE.

A LIE CAR!!

I PRESSED THE MOLDING. A TRAP DOOR FLIES OPEN AND ALECK IS PLUNGED INTO A SECRET CELLAR FILLED WITH PACKING CASES.

ALECK! WHERE ARE YOU? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

YEH! I'M OKAY!

IT'S THE SEA QUEEN LOOT! THOSE CASES ARE ALL FASTENED WITH THE SEAL OF GREAT BRITAIN—NOW I'M BEGINNING TO SEE—

ALECK FORCES ONE OF THE CASES OPEN AND FINDS...
GIT BACK! THE SWAG IS OURS! HERE'S WHERE YE FADE OUT O' THE PICTURE

KNOWING THAT PORKY MEANS TO KILL THEM BOTH, ALECK FIRES FIRST. FLIP LOSES HER FOOTING AND FALLS DOWN THE STAIRS

FLIP, NOTHING! WHY IT'S MARJORIE CULLEN! SHE'S THE SISTER OF ONE OF THE GUARDS ON THE ARMORED TRUCK THAT WAS HELD UP IN THE BRITISH GOLD ROBBERY

YES—IT'S ME! I'VE BEEN TRYING TO CLEAR MY BROTHER'S NAME

I GAVE UP MY JOB AS SECRETARY AND ENTERED THE UNDERWORLD LOOKING FOR A CLUE TO THE DEATH OF MY BROTHER! THE CHASE LED ME TO PORKY... I MADE HIM THINK I WAS IN LOVE WITH HIM—HE TOLD ME HE WAS IN ON THE ROBBERY! BUT HE WOULDN'T TELL ME WHO HIS BOSS WAS

LOOK OUT!

FLIP PULLS ALECK AND CARRIE DOWN BEHIND THE CASES AS A SHOT PIERCES THE AIR

THANKS FOR DOING AWAY WITH PORKY, MY FRIENDS! THE LOOT'S ALL MINE, NOW! AND THERE'LL BE NO WITNESSES THIS TIME!
AS THE MASKED MAN ADVANCES CARRIE PICKS UP A GOLD BAR AND MURLS IT AT HIM!

QUICK-TIE HIM UP ALECK! AND COME UP QUICK! I'M WORRIED ABOUT PATTEN!

BUT THE MUSEUM'S PAINTINGS! ARE THEY SAFE? WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE'S MR. STOKER? SO YOU'VE CALLED THE POLICE!

STOKER WAS THE BOSS OF A GANG OF CROOKS! HE SIMPLY BOUGHT THE ISLAND FOR A CACHE! YOU WERE A BLIND!

YOUR PAINTINGS ARE SAFE ON THE BOAT- WE STOLE THEM TO LURE YOU AWAY!

WELL, CARRIE- YOU'VE DONE IT AGAIN. BUT TELL ME- WHAT HAPPENED THAT MADE YOU DECIDE STOKER WAS THE GOLD ROBBERY CROOK?

WHY ALECK- I'M SURPRISED- BUT IF YOU CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT-

WHEN I TAPPED OUT THAT MORSE CODE STOKER READ IT. THE TELEGRAPH OPERATOR FOR THE PUNARD LINE WAS IMPLICATED IN THE ROBBERY. STOKER WAS THE LOGICAL MAN!
Bill Barnes

Bill Barnes and his pal, Shorty, enter the air races for the sake of a beautiful girl... not realizing that death rides in the cockpit!

As Bill and Shorty wing toward the airport...

Bill, look down there! Let's get down and investigate that!

C'mon, Babe! Get into the car! This is your last ride!

They see a strange sight.
THE GANGSTERS CROOK TO THE EARTH AS THE PLANE SWOOPS DOWN, GUNS SPITTING DEATH

OWWW!

WHY WERE THEY TRYING TO KILL YOU?

IT'S PART OF A PLOT TO KEEP MY FATHER'S PLANE OUT OF THE AIR RACES!

THEN YOU'RE GRACE NORRIS!

YES, AND WE MUST WIN THAT RACE TOMORROW! CAN YOU HELP?

BILL AND SHORTY HAVE LANDED THEIR PLANE.

I THINK I CAN HELP YOUR FATHER; I'LL TAKE A LOOK AT THE PLANE!

THANK YOU, HEAPS!

LATER, DR. NORRIS HAS HIS PLANE BROUGHT TO BARNES FIELD FOR SAFEKEEPING.

WELL, THERE SHE IS.

SHE'S A BEAUTY, DR. NORRIS.

THE THREE SPEED BACK TO THE BARNES FIELD.
BILL BARNEs

THAT NIGHT A PROWLER SNEAKS INTO THE AIRPORT.

THE BOSS SAYS TO BLOW THE WHOLE PLACE UP!

I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU, MY FRIEND!

LIKE A STEAK, BILL COMES DIVING FROM THE SHADOWS.

AND NOW YOU'LL HAVE A NICE LITTLE TRIP TO THE POLICE STATION!

A BULLET WHIZZES FROM THE DARK.

I'M INNOCENT! I WAS TOLD TO OOF!

A SHOT!

THE DAY OF THE RACE!

WE'VE GOT TO WATCH OUR STEPS. SHORTY SOMEONE'S AFTER US!

YOU MEAN THEY BETTER WATCH THEIR STEP!

IF YOU WIN THIS RACE, MR. BARNEs, THE AIR MY WILL BUY ME A NEW PLANE - A BIG HELP TO THE GOVERNMENT!

I EXPECT TO WIN DR. NORRIS!
COUNT VELOS, ANOTHER ENTRY, PILOTS WITH HIS ASSISTANT

MY COUNTRY SAYS TO DESTROY THAT PLANE—THAT I SHALL DO.

A ROARING HARMONY OF SPINNING MOTORS, AND THE PLANES TAKE OFF FOR THE THOUSAND-MILE HOP.

ONE BY ONE THE PLANES DROP OUT, LEAVING ONLY THREE IN THE RACE.

--- AT THE HALF-WAY MARK, I'LL REMOVE DR. NORRIS' PLANE!

AS THE COUNT BEGINS TO PRESS BILL BARNES:

NOW I SHALL FORCE HIM INTO THE PYLON!

WITH BILL ZOOMING OUT OF HIS PATH, THE MAD COUNT CAUSES THE LEADING PLANE TO CRASH INTO THE PYLON.

WE MADE IT!

LOOK OUT! WE'RE BEING FORCED IN!

'I'LL FIX THAT!'

GRACE SCREAMS A WARNING!
I'll get them yet. I've still got another card to play.

At the airport the leaders are anxiously awaited.

Announcing that Bill Barnes and Count Velos are coming into the home stretch.

What's Velos up to now?

Now I will not fail!

Down for the final round— and victory.

The mad Velos mounts a machine gun—

And the amazed crowd witnesses a dog-fight.

Pull over and behind him, Bill!

And levels off behind Count Velos, shooting him down!

A perfect hit!

The speedy plane shoots upward like a bullet—

Ough!
THE COUNT LEAPS FROM THE BLAZING PLANE.

THE SWINE!
MY PLANE'S ON FIRE!

AND HE HURTLES TO A FIERY DEATH!

THE PARACHUTE IS HOOKED BY THE WING TIP—

IT WAS ALL FOR THE BEST, GRACE!

THEY SHOOT OVER THE FINISH LINE IN TRIUMPH.

HERE IS THE $10,000, MR. BARNES.

YOU MAY GIVE IT TO MISS NORRIS, IT'S HER VICTORY.

OH, BILL! NOW THE ARMY WILL BUY DAD'S PLANE!

SHORTY AND I WERE VERY GLAD TO HELP!

AND SO ANOTHER CRIMINAL FEELS THE WRATH OF THE DARING AIRMEN!

BILL AND SHORTY TAKE TO THE AIR AGAIN FOR MORE HAZARDOUS ADVENTURES IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SHADOW COMICS.
AUTOMATICALLY. Herb Hart drove the big Intercity bus through the heavy downpour. He was grinning to himself, thinking about the chess tournament and how he planned to beat the pants off his old detective chum, Bill Rork.

A man who had been waiting in the rain sprang into the bus. "How far you going?" Herb asked without thinking.

"All the way."

"Then you'll have to transfer later. I go only as far as the Old Barracks. Here's your transfer ticket."

Soon he came to the Old Barracks. "It's the end," he sang out. "All out!"

"You're right, mister," growled the last passenger. "It's the end—for you. Shell out!"

A stinging sensation rifled through his brain—and that was all.

DETECTIVE BILL RORK was waiting at the town hall for Herb Hart to arrive.

"Hey, Rork!" cried a man, "There's a call for you. Headquarters!"

Slowly, Bill ambled to the phone, almost reluctantly.

"Listen, Bill," said his boss, "Herb's dead—shot through the head!"

Roughly, the crime had been committed at eleven minutes after eight, twelve minutes before the second bus reached the Barracks.

"Well?" asked Cap Springer.

"Another stick-up, cap. I've been going over the day's take. Twenty-nine dollars and thirty cents was all Herb took in. This was a two-man job!"

Bill Rork compared the "In" column with the one marked "Out." His fingers flexed nervously on the metal puncher that had been looped to Herb's leather belt by a chain. Now it was time to act.

First, Rork stopped at Vic's Tavern. He motioned to Butts Newberry and Charlie Krauss, and took them into the back room for questioning.

Next he barged into Tony's joint. He lined up Johnny Rice, Al Whitey, Muggs McGrath, three local "boys."

He ordered them to turn out their pockets. Rice balked, and Rork jolted him with a left.

He quit the joint and ducked into an alley and watched the front of Tony's dive.

When the man reached the light on the corner, Rork saw it was Johnny Rice. It was to be the tip-off!

Rice stopped at the corner, then charged up the flight of steps.

Rork followed noiselessly, slithered through the door and into the dimly lighted vestibule.

Rork tensed as he heard knuckles rapping hastily on the door, bringing a muffled query. Rice answered:

"Open up, Frankie! It's me—Johnny."

Flat against the wall, the detective heard the squeak of hinges as the door opened.

Going to it, Rork leaned an ear to the crack. Rice was talking.

"That dick Rork is out hunting again, Frankie. He had us dump our pockets on Tony's pool table. You ain't got nothin—"

That was all Rork cared to hear. His body smashed into the door.

"Get dressed, Frankie," said Rork simply. "The three of us are going to headquarters."

Rork wheeled to the closet and opened the door. One suit was hanging there. It was still
By MILTON LOWE

— for this paper proves you killed Herb Hart!"

When the captain came in Bill explained:

"Frankie got scared when I started to go through his trousers pockets. You see, captain, I checked Hart’s records and day’s ‘take’ carefully. I found out he had issued one transfer on his last trip—the fatal one."

The detective pointed a finger at the piece of yellow bus transfer in his hand.

"Each bus driver has his own transfer punch, and each of them differs. One driver punches a square, still another makes a triangle. Herb Hart always punched a blocked T."

"You couldn’t have punched this ticket, Bill, because—" said the captain.

The detective finished the statement: "Because right this minute Herb Hart’s transfer punch is down at headquarters, marked in evidence. You yourself brought it down there, Skipper. This is Frankie’s ticket to the electric chair."

damp.

"No wonder I couldn’t get the stick-up victims to give a good description of the punk who was pulling those jobs," Rork said tersely. "You and Frankie changed off. Tonight was Frankie’s time at the gun end, while you were in the car. You drove him from the Old Barracks!"

Sweat rolled down the lanky hood’s face, and he laughed shrilly. "We were in the poolroom until fifteen minutes ago! Then I came home to sleep—"

Rork snapped at him: "Stop lying! The Old Barracks is pretty far out of the way. The man who killed the bus driver. Herb Hart, couldn’t walk here, and he didn’t take the next bus. So he must have been picked up by an automobile right after the killing."

"That’s all guesswork," Rice growled. "The guy who did the job might still be walking, for all I know."

Rork silenced him with a cold glare. "I went the rounds tonight, frisking all possible suspects. At the same time I felt their clothes and looked at their shoes. MacGrath, Whitey, Krass and Newberry had not been out in the rain for hours.

Their shoes and clothes were bone-dry. You and Frankie must have been out in the rain because your clothes and shoes prove it. And it stopped raining more than an hour ago!"

Slowly, he picked up the still damp trousers and began to go through the pockets.

"I’ll call the station and get the captain and wagon up here..."
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