

10¢

THRILLING

SPY

SPRING
ISSUE

A THRILLING
PUBLICATION

STORIES



FEATURING

THE MASTER OF TREACHERY

A Jeff Shannon Novel
of Underground Intrigue

By CAPT. KERRY McROBERTS

LADY OF DOOM

A Novelet of
Sea Espionage

By DALE DeV. KIER



Chom-BOYS-GIRLS MEN-WOMEN PICK YOUR PRIZE

THESE PRIZES ARE GIVEN TO YOU—Just send for 24 packets of easy selling Garden Spot Seeds which you can easily and quickly sell to your friends and neighbors at 10c each. Return the \$2.40 collected and select your Prize in accordance to our offers. **SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.**

22 Piece TABLEWARE SET



6 Knives, 8 Forks, 4 Teaspoons, Butter Knife, Sugar Shell **GIVEN** for selling only one order.

Good Luck FISHING OUTFIT



Reel, rod, reel, casting line, 12 artificial lures, 12 bait can, 10 fish hooks and stringer. **Send only one order.**

Household CLOCK



Can be used anywhere. Beautifully finished in two tone effect. 30 days money back guarantee. **Shipping of only 1 order and 10c each to you.** **WRITE TODAY**

Real Live CANARY



What a pet! You will have a canary and a gift for only two or three **SEND TODAY**

Send Express Collect

10 Piece Priscilla Curtain Set



Can be set in newest white pattern. Room of size 12 inch wide in width. Each curtain is 20 inch wide. **Shipping of only 1 order and 10c each to you.** **WRITE TODAY**

Send Express Collect

32 Piece Rose Petal DINNER SET GIVEN



Set **GIVEN** for selling 3 orders. **Send express collect.**

JUNIOR GUITAR GIVEN



Get this handsome instrument **NOW**. Here's how: Just send your name and address. **SEND NO MONEY. WE TRUST YOU** with 24 packets of Garden Spot seeds to sell to others a gift. When sold send \$2.40 collected and **WE WILL SEND** this handsome finished guitar and 10c. **Shipping of only 1 order and 10c each to you.** **WRITE TODAY**

Ladies' New Fashion WRIST WATCH GIVEN



Sparkling diamond case, new 14K gold bracelet. **Shipping of only 1 order and 10c each to you.** **WRITE TODAY**

Crinkled BED SPREAD



The crinkled stripes are really great in color and design. **Shipping of only 1 order and 10c each to you.** **WRITE TODAY**

BASKETBALL GIVEN



Later Rubber Valve Type **SEND NO MONEY** Just MAIL COUPON

Blue Bird Granite Cooking Set



Convenient and sanitary kitchen utensils. Entire set given in one Premium. **Shipping of only 1 order and 10c each to you.** **WRITE TODAY**

VIOLIN, BOW & INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN



Imported

Bone BARBER Outfit GIVEN



Set of 2 items and 10c each. **Shipping of only 1 order and 10c each to you.** **WRITE TODAY**

PRIZE TYPEWRITER GIVEN



112 key best and easiest to use. 14K gold case. **Shipping of only 1 order and 10c each to you.** **WRITE TODAY**

GIANT SPY GLASS



3 FOOT TELESCOPE

Midget Pocket RADIO GIVEN



For selling only two 24 packet orders of Garden Spot Seeds at 10c a packet. **Shipping of only 1 order and 10c each to you.** **WRITE TODAY**

MAIL COUPON TODAY

5 FREE PROMPTNESS PRIZES!

SENT RIGHT ALONG WITH YOUR REGULAR PREMIUM IF WE GET THIS COUPON IN THE NEXT 5 DAYS. **SO HURRY! FILL OUT TODAY AND MAIL.**

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Our 32nd Year

LANCASTER COUNTY SEED CO.

Station 320, Paradise, Pa.

Please send me 24 packets (one order) of Garden Spot Seeds to sell at 10c a packet, for a fine gift. I will sell and pay for seeds to 30 days. Also send right along with my Regular Premium the 5 FREE PROMPTNESS PRIZES SHOWN ABOVE.

Name _____

Post Office _____

State _____

Street or R. F. D. _____ Box _____

Print your last name plainly below

Send 2 cents by filling in, posting and mailing this coupon on a 1c Post Card TODAY



IF you're that man, here's something that will interest you.

Not a magic formula—not a get-rich-quick scheme—but something more substantial, more practical.

Of course, you need something more than just the desire to be an accountant. You've got to pay the price—be willing to study earnestly, thoroughly.

Still, wouldn't it be worth your while to sacrifice some of your leisure in favor of interesting home study—over a comparatively brief period in your life? Always provided that the rewards were good—a salary of \$2,000 to \$10,000?

An accountant's duties are interesting, varied and of real worth to his employers. He has *standing*!

Do you feel that such things aren't for you? Well, don't be too sure. Very possibly they *can* be!

Why not, like so many before you, investigate LaSalle's modern Problem Method of training for an accountancy position?

Just suppose you were permitted to work in a large accounting house under the personal supervision of an expert accountant. Suppose, with his aid, you studied accounting principles and solved problems day by day—easy ones at first—then the more difficult ones. If you could do this—and if you could turn to him for advice as the problems became complex—soon you'd master them all.

That's the training you follow in principle under the LaSalle Problem Method.

You cover accountancy from the basic Principles right up through Accountancy Systems and Income Tax Procedure. Then you add C. P. A. Training and prepare for the C. P. A. examinations.

As you go along, you absorb the principles of Auditing, Cost Accounting, Business Law, Statistical Control, Organization, Management and Finance.

Your progress is as speedy as you care to make it—depending on your own eagerness to learn and the time you spend in study.

Will recognition come? The only answer, as you know, is that success *does* come to the man who is really *trained*. It's possible your employers will notice your improvement in a very few weeks or months. Indeed, many LaSalle graduates have paid for their training—with increased earnings—before they have completed it! For accountants, who are trained in organization and management, are the executives of the future.

Write For This Free Book

For your own good, don't put off investigation of *all* the facts. Write for our free 48-page book, "Accountancy, The Profession That Pays." It'll prove that accountancy offers brilliant futures to those who aren't afraid of serious home study. Send us the coupon *now*.

Over 1850 Certified
Public Accountants among
LaSalle alumni

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

A CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTION

4101 S. Michigan Ave., Dept. 4329-HR, Chicago, Ill.

I want to be an accountant. Send me, without cost or obligation, the 48-page book, "Accountancy, The Profession That Pays," and full information about your accountancy training program.

Name _____

Address _____ City _____

Position _____ Age _____



• EVERY STORY BRAND-NEW •

THRILLING SPY STORIES

Vol. 1, No. 3

SPRING, 1940

Price 10c



A Complete Full-Length Novel

The Master of Treachery

By CAPT. KERRY McROBERTS

Jeff Shannon Combats Baron Richter, the Most Dangerous and Ruthless of Spies, when Fiendish Sabotage and Intrigue Menace the Peace and Safety of America!

12

A Complete Novelet

LADY OF DOOM Dale DeV. Kier 86

When Piracy and Sea Espionage Stalk, a Mysterious Eurasian Girl Takes a Hand in Battling Lieutenant Kane's Grim Game!

Thrilling Short Stories

SLAUGHTER IN SHANGHAI Robert Wallace 49

Intrigue and Murder Run Riot—Until Tom Buckley Steps in

TRAITORS' GOLD Whit Ellsworth 60

"Boom" Boone, Former G-Man, Sets Out to Destroy a Spy Ring

MESSAGE IN SUNLIGHT John S. Endicott 71

Drama Stalks a Cabin Plane when Spies Wreak Havoc!

TERROR IN NIAGARA Harl Vincent 75

Special Agent Porter Comes to Handgrips with Doom

A HINT IN TIME Bernard Breslauer 99

U. S. Agents Get Busy Between Halves of a Football Game!

and

SECRET ORDERS A Department 111

THRILLING SPY STORIES, published quarterly and copyright, 1940, by Better Publications, Inc., 22 West 48th Street, New York, N. Y. N. L. Pines, President. Single copies, 10 cents; yearly subscription, 40 cents. Application for entry as second class matter pending. Manuscripts must be accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelopes, and are submitted at the author's risk. Names of all characters used in stories and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. If the name of any living person or existing institution is used, it is a coincidence.

Read our companion magazines: Thrilling Mystery, Thrilling Adventures, Thrilling Detective, Detective Novels Magazine, Thrilling Wonder Stories, Thrilling Western, Thrilling Love, Thrilling Ranch Stories, Thrilling Sports, Thrilling Detective, Popular Love, Popular Western, Popular Sports Magazine, Sky Fighters, The Lone Eagle, Black Book Detective Magazine, Texas Rangers, Everyday Astrology, The Phantom Detective, G-Men, Masked Rider Western Magazine, Startling Stories, West, Strange Stories, Rio Kid Western, Range Riders, Captain Future, and The Ghost.

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.

YES- I'M CONVINCED
THAT I CAN MAKE GOOD
MONEY IN RADIO.
I'M GOING TO START
TRAINING FOR RADIO
RIGHT NOW.

NO- NOT ME.
I'M NOT GOING TO WASTE
MY TIME. SUCCESS IS
JUST A MATTER OF
LUCK AND I WASN'T
BORN LUCKY.

BILL SAID
"YES"
HE'S MAKING
GOOD MONEY
IN RADIO
NOW



THIS N.R.I. TRAINING
IS GREAT. AND THEY
SENT REAL RADIO
PARTS TO HELP
ME LEARN
QUICKLY

YOU CERTAINLY
KNOW RADIO.
MINE NEVER
SOUNDED
BETTER.

I'VE BEEN STUDYING RADIO
ONLY A FEW MONTHS AND
I'M ALREADY MAKING
GOOD MONEY, IN
MY SPARE
TIME

THANKS

OH BILL! I'M
SO PROUD OF
YOU. YOU'VE
GONE AHEAD
SO FAST IN
RADIO

YES! I'VE GOT A
GOOD JOB NOW AND
A REAL FUTURE,
THANKS TO
N.R.I. TRAINING

TOM SAID
"NO"
HE'S STILL
WAITING
FOR "LUCK"



BILL'S A SAP TO WASTE
HIS TIME STUDYING
RADIO AT HOME

SAME OLD GRIND --
SAME SKINNY PAY
ENVELOPE -- I'M
JUST WHERE I
WAS FIVE YEARS
AGO

GUESS I'M A
FAILURE --
LOOKS LIKE
I'LL NEVER
GET ANYWHERE

YOU'LL ALWAYS BE
A FAILURE, TOM,
UNLESS YOU DO SOME-
THING ABOUT IT.
WISHING AND WAITING
WON'T GET YOU
ANYWHERE



I will Train You at Home in Spare Time for a **GOOD JOB IN RADIO**

J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute
Established 25 years.

Radio is a young, growing field with a future, offering many good pay spare time and full time job opportunities. And you don't have to give up your present job to become a Radio Technician. I train you right at home in your spare time.

Why Many Radio Technicians Make \$30, \$40, \$50 a Week

Radio broadcasting stations employ engineers, operators, technicians. Radio manufacturers employ testers, inspectors, foremen, servicemen in good-pay jobs. Radio jobbers, dealers, employ installation and servicemen. Many Radio Technicians open their own Radio sales and repair businesses and make \$30, \$40, \$50 a week. Others hold their regular jobs and make \$5 to \$10 a week fixing Radios in spare time. Automobile, police, aviation, Commercial Radio; loudspeaker systems, electronic devices, offer good opportunities. My training includes Television, which promises to open good jobs soon.

Many Make \$5 to \$10 a Week Extra in Spare Time While Learning

The day you enroll, I start sending you Extra Money Job Sheets which start showing you how to do Radio repair jobs. Throughout your

Course I send plans and directions which have helped many make \$200 to \$500 a year in spare time while learning. I send special Radio equipment to conduct experiments and build circuits. This 50-50 training method makes learning at home interesting, fascinating, practical. I ALSO GIVE YOU A MODERN, PROFESSIONAL, ALL-WAVE, ALL-PURPOSE SET SERVICING INSTRUMENT to help you make more money fixing Radios while learning and equip you for full time work after you graduate.

Find Out What Radio Offers You

Act Today! Mail the coupon for my 64-page Book, "Rich Rewards in Radio." It points out Radio's spare time and full time opportunities and those coming in Television; tells about my Course in Radio and Television;

shows many letters from men I have trained, telling what they are doing and earning. Read my money back agreement. MAIL COUPON in an envelope, or paste on a penny postcard—NOW!

J. E. SMITH, President
Dept. ODO9,
National Radio Institute
Washington, D. C.

IT'S NOT TOO LATE,
TAKE MY TIP AND MAIL
THAT COUPON TO
N.R.I. TONIGHT



J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. ODO9,
National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

Send me FREE, without obligation, your 64-page book "Rich Rewards in Radio" which points out Radio's opportunities and tells how you train men at home to be Radio Technicians. (Write Plainly.)

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



Fascinating, Profitable Profession NOW OPEN to More Men & Women

If you are looking for a NEW and BETTER way to make a living, take up Swedish Massage, for now you can learn at home. This interesting big pay profession was for years available only to a few. Its secrets were guarded jealously and fabulous prices were paid for instruction. This same instruction is now available to you at a mere fraction of the former price and you need not leave your present work until you have qualified as an expert and can command an expert's pay. The demand for BOTH MEN AND WOMEN has shown a steady increase and few, if any, have ever lacked employment.

LEARN IN 90 DAYS AT HOME

Use spare time at home to master a profession which has made thousands of dollars for ambitious men and women. Many graduates have completed their training in three months but you can take your own time, it need not interfere with either work or pleasure. All instruction has been prepared by the teachers in our famous resident school—the same material is used and a DIPLOMA is awarded upon graduation.



ANATOMY CHARTS AND BOOKLET FREE No Obligation Of Any Kind SEND COUPON

THE COLLEGE OF SWEDISH MASSAGE (Successor to National College of Massage), Dept. 663 — 30 E. Adams St., Chicago

You may send me FREE and postpaid, Anatomy Charts, booklet, containing photographs and letters from graduates and complete details of your offer.

Name

Address

City..... State.....

WANTED

ORIGINAL POEMS, LYRICS, SONGS by a recognized Music Organization. Our contracts GUARANTEE PUBLICATION, marketing; include expert collaboration, where required. WE GIVE YOU ADVANTAGES

NOT OBTAINABLE ELSEWHERE. Send your material today. MUSIC PUBLISHERS AGENCY, Dept. X-21, Portland, Oregon.

ASTHMA

WRITE FOR FREE TRIAL OFFER!

If you suffer from Asthma Paroxysms, from coughs, gasping, wheezing — write quick for daring FREE TRIAL OFFER of real relief. Inquiries from so-called "hopeless" cases especially invited. Write NACOR, 426-A, State Life Building, Indianapolis, Ind.



BE A PASSENGER TRAFFIC INSPECTOR RAILWAY OR BUS—WE HAVE JOBS

Men—19 to 50—who complete easy, home-study course are placed at up to \$135 per mo., plus expenses to start, or we refund tuition. Qualify in your spare time. Get Free Booklet describing our 21 yrs. service. STANDARD BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTE, Div. 8504, Buffalo, N. Y.

MYSTERIOUS DEVICE WELDS BRAZES AND SOLDERS ANYONE CAN OPERATE



Now, an electric welding, brazing and soldering Torch, complete with power unit, goggles and supplies. Works INSTANTLY off any light socket. Does a thousand and one repair jobs at amazingly LOW COST on aluminum, iron, steel and other metals. Indispensable for Auto, Body and Fender Repairs, and home repairs—shop, factory, farm, engineer, janitor, sheet metal, radio and bicycle repairs. Anyone can handle without previous experience with our simple 10-DAY HOME TRIAL instructions. Write at once for Special Introductory Low Price Offer. Try 3 in 1 Electric Torch for 10 days at our risk, or get one free by helping to introduce it. ELECTRO-TORCH CO., 2613-HF, Michigan Ave., Chicago



The PHANTOM

Never misses!

The World's Greatest Sleuth
Tackles a Grim Mystery of
Baffling Clues

in

THE PHANTOM AND THE DAGGERS OF KALI

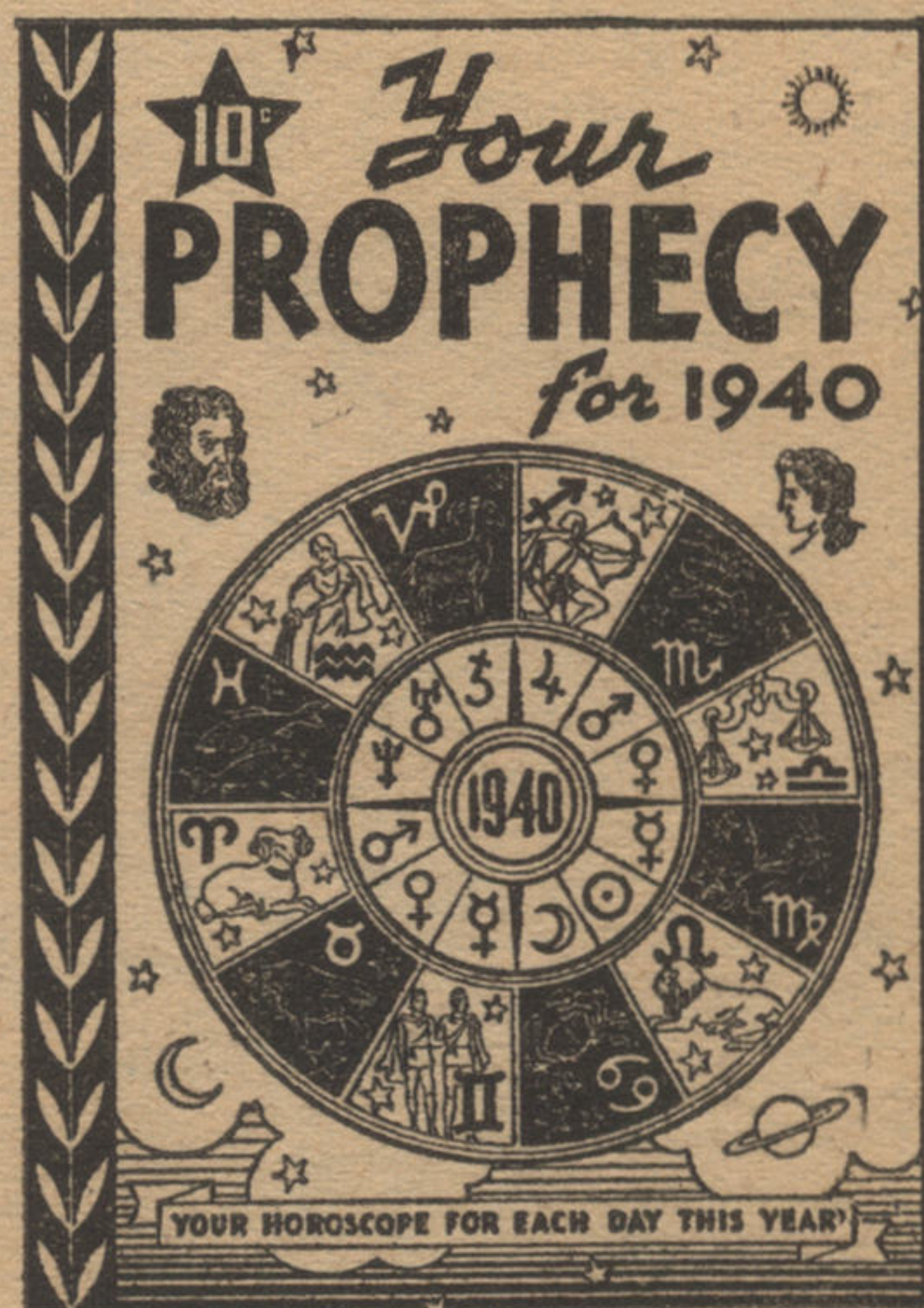
•

A Full Book-Length Novel
in the April Issue of

THE PHANTOM DETECTIVE

EVERY 10c AT ALL
MONTH STANDS

Your Star-Guide for the Entire Year!



Now on Sale 10c At All Stands

FINED FOR IGNORANCE!

Don't Let It Happen to You!

The average grade school graduate earns \$16.30* a week less than high school graduates earn.

The average high school graduate earns \$25.25* a week less than do men with college or vocational training.

*Figures computed from Government report. For basis of computation, write American School.

College Grade Training Pays

Up to

\$40 a week*
EXTRA income

Study at HOME!



YOU WILL BE PENALIZED

\$16 A WEEK FOR LIFE!

I'LL GET AMERICAN SCHOOL
TO HELP ME OUT OF THIS
PREDICAMENT!

You Too Can Win a Better Job!

HAVE YOU thought about *home study*? You look around you at your friends, neighbors and fellow employees: This one earns \$10 a week more than you—that one earns nearly double—a third, though appreciably younger than you, seems to be making better progress. Why? How can you catch up with them? You know that literally *thousands* of ambitious men and women have won substantial Success through using their spare time at home to master the principles and practice of their chosen lines. How can HOME STUDY help *you* make good?

The "Magic" of Home Study

There's no magic to home study. It's hard work—but it is *worth* the effort because it helps you overcome the handicap of having left school too soon. It frees you from the penalties of Ignorance—enables you to compete to better advantage in this NEW world of *college trained* men and women.

In 1900, only ONE person in 800 was a *high school* graduate. Today, one in every 837 is *college trained*. That's why you need so much more "on the ball" today than ever before. That's why American School has *stepped up* all its complete courses to include so much work of *college level*. You NEED it, to win out today!

These Advantages Speed Your Progress

More than 150 noted educators, engineers and executives helped prepare American School courses. An *Advisory Board* of 20 outstanding authorities—each an active leader in his field—is consulted when our work is prepared or changed. A Staff of competent instructors—home study *specialists*—works closely with the individual student.

Courses are not prepared from the "academic" viewpoint—but from the *practical*. Although dozens of leading universities and colleges use the same texts, the primary aim of *home study* is to help graduates win **BETTER** jobs at **BIGGER** pay as **QUICKLY** as possible. Every course is geared to this end. Jobs and job requirements are analyzed, circumstances of the average student are weighed, then every course is *speed-lined* to put the *Man* in the *Job* he wants at the **EARLIEST** opportunity.

Write American School about *your* promotion problems **TODAY!**

American School

Drexel Avenue at 58th Street, Chicago, Illinois

Promotion Begins at HOME

Pay raises depend largely on what you do in SPARE time. Make it pay you dividends!

American School, Dept. G-458, Drexel Ave. at 58th St., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: I'll sit down and consider my Promotion Problems carefully if you will send me FREE information covering special training in subjects checked below. No obligation on my part.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> High School Course | <input type="checkbox"/> Diesel Engineering |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accounting and Auditing | <input type="checkbox"/> Drafting and Design |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architecture and Building | <input type="checkbox"/> Liberal Arts |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Automotive Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineering |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Aviation | <input type="checkbox"/> Radio and Television |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Elec. and Gas Refrigeration | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Law |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Air Conditioning | <input type="checkbox"/> Retail Merchandising |

Name

Address

DON'T let Rupture make you Look Old!

Not the rupture itself, but the *worry and fear* it can cause makes many a man and woman look old beyond their years. But this is one kind of worry that is *absolutely needless*. Right here and now we offer to *prove* that it's needless and it costs you nothing if you are not 100% convinced.

If you have reducible rupture, wear a truss, and still have to worry, there is just one reason—an old-fashioned truss that doesn't half do its job. A hard, gouging pad is making you miserable. You constantly fear your rupture will slip down. You feel your condition is growing worse and can never get better. You can't be normally active and, in short, you worry all day and dream your worries at night. Stop it!

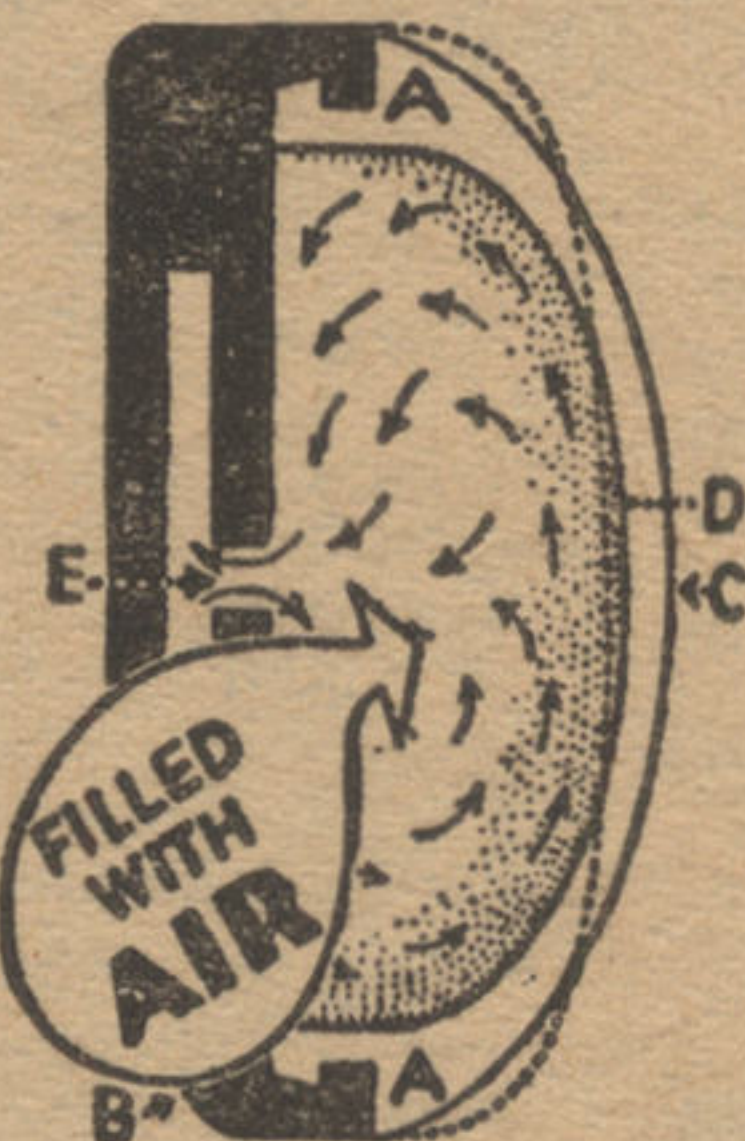
YOU WON'T WORRY WITH A BROOKS PATENTED AIR-CUSHION RUPTURE APPLIANCE!

If you knew the grand and glorious security and comfort of the Brooks Patented Air-Cushion truss, you'd be *wearing* it right now, instead of just reading about it. You would be feeling free as air to do whatever you liked in every normal activity, hardly aware you had a Brooks on, and with not a rupture worry in your mind. You see, with a Brooks your rupture is held securely in place by a patented, air-cushioned pad of soft, yielding rubber instead of a hard, gouging pad. That patented Air-Cushion is designed to flatten and cling in any position. It is so comfortable you can wear



THE FAMOUS BROOKS PATENTED AIR-CUSHION

- A—Pad which comes in contact with the body.
- B—Light weight disc which holds pad.
- C—Shows the shape of soft rubber pad before it is pressed against body.
- D—Dotted line shows how the pad flattens out under pressure, expelling air.
- E—Orifice through which the pad figuratively breathes as it adjusts to conform to different body pressures.



BROOKS CUSHIONS ARE MADE IN OVER
75 SHAPES AND SIZES

it night and day. That and the fact that the Air-Cushion holds like a hand gives Nature the greatest possible chance to close the rupture opening and free you from wearing any truss, the Brooks included.

YOU'D WEAR A BROOKS APPLIANCE ON TRIAL WOULDN'T YOU?

If complete deliverance from all your rupture worries sounds "too good to be true," don't let that stop you! BROOKS asks no man or woman, or parent of a ruptured child, to buy a BROOKS Appliance outright and "take a chance". No, we will send you a complete BROOKS appliance for a thorough trial. Wear it. Compare it. Put it to every test you can think of. Get your doctor's opinion. Then if you are not satisfied, if you don't bless the day you heard of BROOKS, the trial costs you nothing. Anyone can afford a BROOKS. It costs no more than many old-fashioned store trusses. Yet it is made up for you *individually*, after your order is received. It is never sold in stores or through mail order houses—only by BROOKS. Remember this and steer clear of imitations.

OVER 9000 DOCTORS HAVE ORDERED THE BROOKS FOR THEMSELVES OR THEIR PATIENTS

The principle of the Patented Air-Cushion appeals to the physician's scientific knowledge of rupture. That's why we say "get your doctor's opinion." There are no stiff, punishing springs to set your nerves on edge and make you want to scream—no metal girdle to rust and corrode. A velvety soft body band holds the Air-Cushion in place with glove-like comfort. And you prove every advantage *on trial*, with an absolute guarantee of satisfaction or no cost.

Send for FREE Rupture Book and Amazing PROOF of RESULTS

The more you know about BROOKS, the more eager you will be to try it for yourself. You wouldn't be human not to want such glorious freedom from worry, such comfort and the peace of mind, the fresh, rested feeling that we say will make you younger looking, happier and more efficient. Send for FREE Book this very day!

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO.
480-L STATE STREET MARSHALL, MICH.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

Brooks Appliance Co.,
480-L State St., Marshall, Mich.

In PLAIN ENVELOPE, please send your FREE BOOK on Rupture, PROOF of Results, and TRIAL OFFER. No representative is to call and bother me.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

State whether for Man ☐ Woman ☐ or Child ☐

NEW LIFE POLICY INSURES WHOLE FAMILY FOR ONLY \$1.00 PER MONTH



One Policy Protects Entire Sullivan Family,
5344 Foster Ave., Chicago, Ill.

**UP TO
\$3,000.00
BENEFITS!**

For Only \$1.00 Per Month

**Ages 1 to 75!
Men—Women—Children**

\$3,000 maximum in event of travel death as outlined in this marvelous Family Group Policy.

\$2,000 maximum in event of death by auto as shown in the policy.

\$1,000 maximum in event of ordinary or natural death as explained in the policy.

**PAYS FOR DEATH
FROM ANY CAUSE!**

**SEND COUPON FOR
FREE DETAILS!!**

FROM BABY TO GRANDPARENTS!

One Policy, One Premium, One Price!

Now you can insure your whole family at amazing **LOW COST!** Think of it! \$1.00 per month protects entire family—husband and wife, their parents, and children! Pays benefits for death from any cause, as specified in the policy.

NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION! NO AGENT CALL!

No medical examination of any family member required. Just mail coupon for full details how to get the Family Group Policy for Free Inspection. No agent will call.

UNDER STATE GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION!

The Family Group Policy issued by the Marquette Life Insurance Company is under state government supervision. Pays cash for death from natural causes or accidental injuries as stated in the policy.

LEGAL RESERVE BASIS!

Approved securities, equal to the full legal reserve for every Marquette policy in force, are locked in the vaults of the State of Illinois.

SEND NO MONEY!

Remember, you do not send one cent! Just mail coupon. No obligation! No agent will call!

MARQUETTE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Desk 70, Jefferson Station, Chicago, Ill.

NO AGENT WILL CALL!

MARQUETTE LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Desk 70, Jefferson Station, Chicago, Ill.

Please send details how to get the Family Group Insurance Policy for Free Inspection without obligation.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____



FISHING TACKLE at **LOW Prices**

Send today for New 1940 Catalog listing thousands of bargains in Fishing Tackle, Baseball, Basket Ball, Golf, Tennis, Archery, Guns, Clothing and Sporting Equipment of all kinds. Top quality—**Money Back Guarantee!**

HERE ARE A FEW MONEY-SAVERS

- \$17.50 Bamboo Fly Rod, Alu. Case & 2 Tips **\$8.95**
- \$9.00 DeLuxe Split Bamboo Fly Rod . . . **\$4.95**
- \$4.00 Split Bamboo Bait Rod, 9½' extra tip **\$2.85**
- \$3.00 1-pc. Steel Casting Rod, Offset handle **\$1.89**
- \$2.75 1-pc. 3½' Split Bamboo Casting Rod **\$1.79**
- \$3.75 Automatic Fly Rod Reel, light weight **\$2.29**
- \$6.50 Feather-weight Bamboo Fly Rod, 7½' **\$3.95**
- \$5.00 Double Tapered 30-yard Fly Line . . **\$2.95**
- \$1.00 doz. assorted snelled Trout Flies doz. **49¢**
- \$1.00 doz. Ringed Trout & Bluegill Flies doz. **49¢**
- \$1.00 assorted 6 floating Bass Bugs, 1/0 hook **59¢**
- Spalding matched Bobby Jones
steel shafted Woods, 1940 models, ea. **\$4.95**
- Spalding matched Bobby Jones
steel shafted Irons, chrome finish, ea. **\$3.95**

Order any above specials C.O.D. or remit cash. FREE with \$6.50 purchase or more, metal snelled hook holder or metal ribbed sport glasses. Other premiums.

FREE 136-Page Catalog

Yours for the asking. Invaluable to every sportsman. Contains the famous "Fisherman's Calendar."

GATEWAY
SPORTING GOODS CO.
131 Gateway Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.



INVENTORS

Small ideas may have large commercial possibilities. Write us for FREE book and Record of Invention form. Delays are dangerous in patent matters. Free information on how to proceed. Clarence A. O'Brien, Registered Patent Attorney, Dept. OD8, Adams Building, Washington, D. C.

EARN EXTRA MONEY *at Home*



Increase your income at home by new, simple Wentworth Tempera Color method. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write today for FREE BOOKLET.

Wentworth Pictorial Co., Ltd., Dept. 160, Hamilton, Ont.

**PAYS
Up To**

**178%
PROFIT**

60 second
Demonstration.

**EVERY HOME CAN AFFORD
THIS AMAZING LOW COST
NEW IMPROVED ELECTRIC
WATER HEATER**

Made by an OLD Reliable Company. Amazing New Principle Heats Water Instantly. Just plug in the light socket. SELLS FAST and Pays Agents up to 178% PROFIT. No Risk SAMPLE OFFER. Write at once for details.

THE LUX COMPANY

Dept. H-123

Elkhart, Ind.



Read Action-Packed
Heroic Stories of
TODAY'S WAR

Plus World War Fiction

in

SKY FIGHTERS

and

THE LONE EAGLE

EACH **10¢** AT ALL STANDS

*America's
New Favorite*

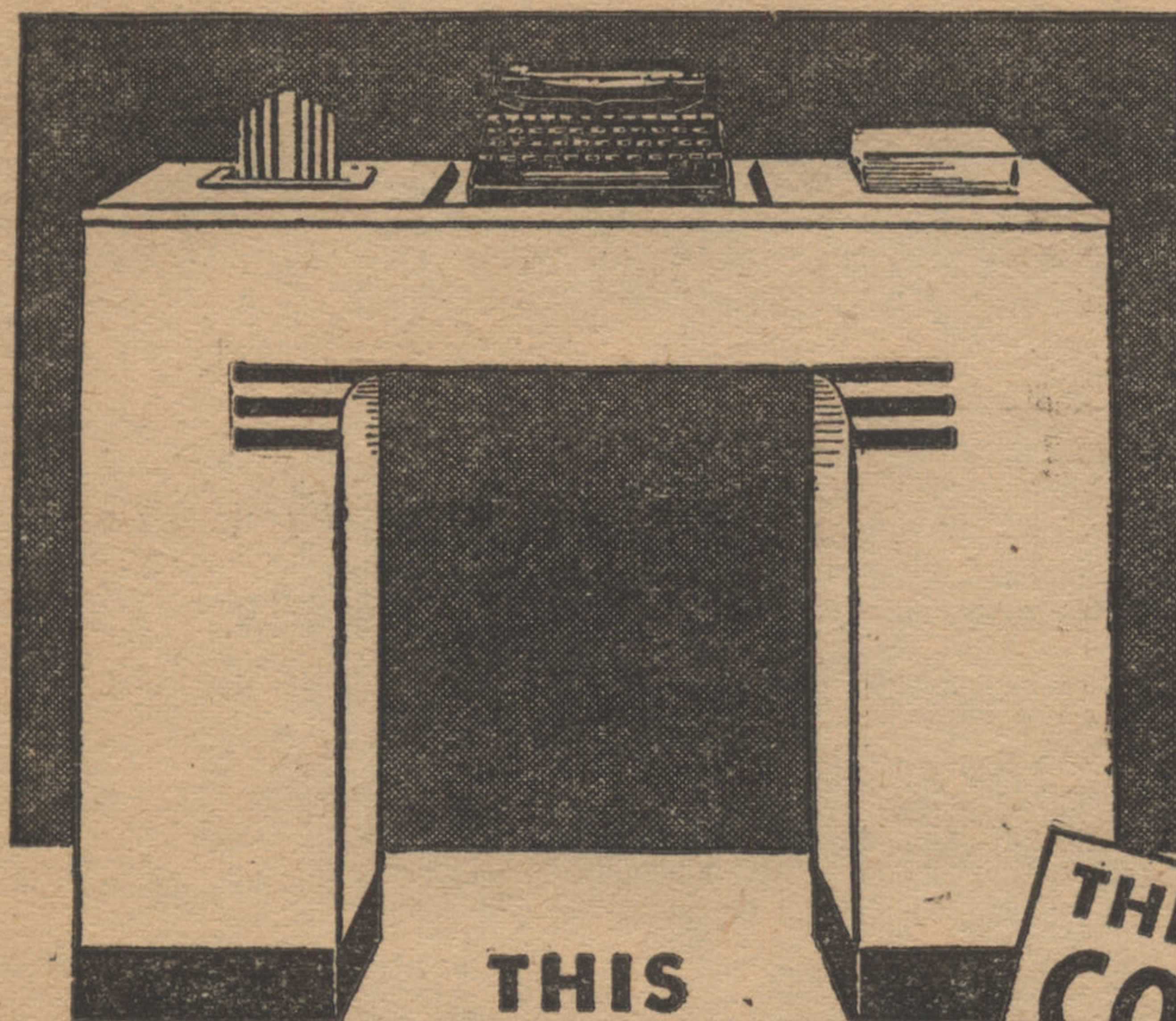
**THRILLING
COMICS**

*Featuring the Amazing Adventures
of Dr. Strange!*

NOW ON SALE

10c

AT ALL STANDS



THIS BEAUTIFUL DESK FOR ONLY \$1.00

WITH ANY

REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

A beautiful desk in a neutral blue-green fits into the decorations of any home—trimmed in black and silver—made of sturdy fibre board—now available for only one dollar (\$1.00) to purchasers of a Remington Noiseless Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light that it can be moved anywhere without trouble. It will hold six hundred (600) pounds. This combination gives you a miniature office at home. Mail the coupon today.

THESE EXTRAS FOR YOU LEARN TYPING FREE

To help you even further, you get free with this special offer a 19-page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Rand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing book is sent free while this offer holds.

SPECIAL CARRYING CASE

The Remington Noiseless Portable is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a sturdy, beautiful carrying case which rivals the most attractive luggage you can buy.

SPECIFICATIONS

ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear in the Noiseless Portable—standard 4-row keyboard; back spacer; margin stops and margin release; double shift key; two color ribbon and automatic reverse; variable line spacer; paper fingers; makes as many as seven carbons; takes paper 9.5" wide; writes lines 8.2" wide, black key cards and white letters, rubber cushioned feet.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The Remington Noiseless Portable Typewriter is sold on a trial basis with a money back guarantee. If, after ten days trial, you do not wish to keep the typewriter, we will take it back, paying all shipping charges. You take no risk.



ACT NOW!
ON THIS BARGAIN
OFFER.

**THE
COMBINATION
FOR AS LITTLE AS 10c A DAY**
How easy it is to pay for this combination. Just imagine! Terms as low as 10c a day to get this combination at once. You will never miss 10c a day. Become immediately the possessor of this amazing combination. You assume no obligations by sending the coupon.



MAIL COUPON

NOW!

Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 169-4
465 Washington St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Tell me, without obligation, how to get a Free Trial of a new Remington Noiseless Portable, including Carrying Case and Free Typing Instruction Booklet for as little as 10c a day. Send Catalogue.

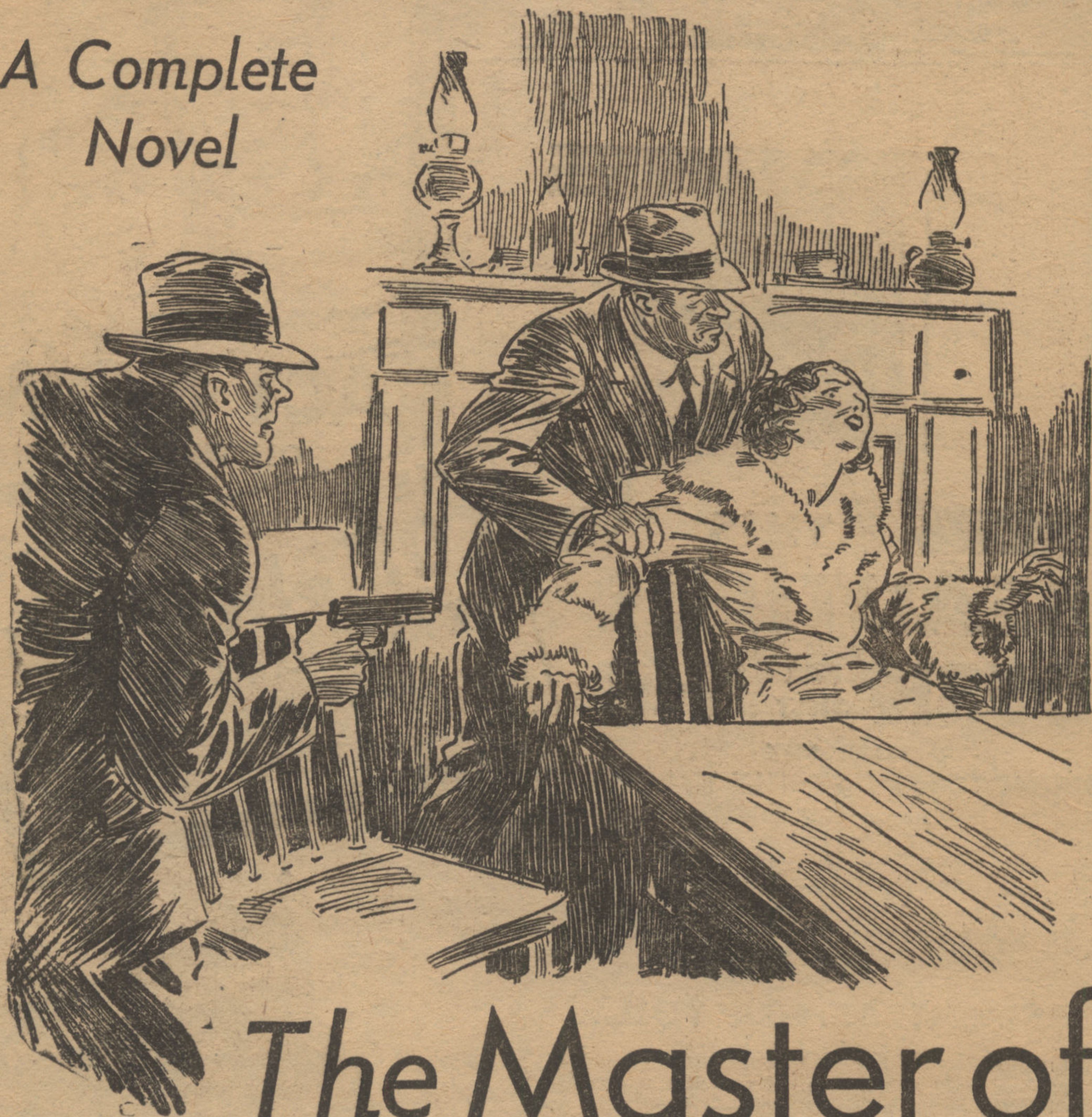
Name

Address

City State

Jeff Shannon Combats Baron Richter, the

A Complete
Novel



The Master of

CHAPTER I
SABOTAGE

By CAPT. KERRY

Author of "Storm Over the Americas,"

IT WAS a dull, rumbling explosion that brought Captain Jeff Shannon out of bed in a hurry. Explosions to the average man may mean anything from just noise to a holocaust of destruction. But to Jeff Shannon it meant sheer catastrophe. This was a military arsenal, where explosives of the most violent type were manufactured, where huge guns

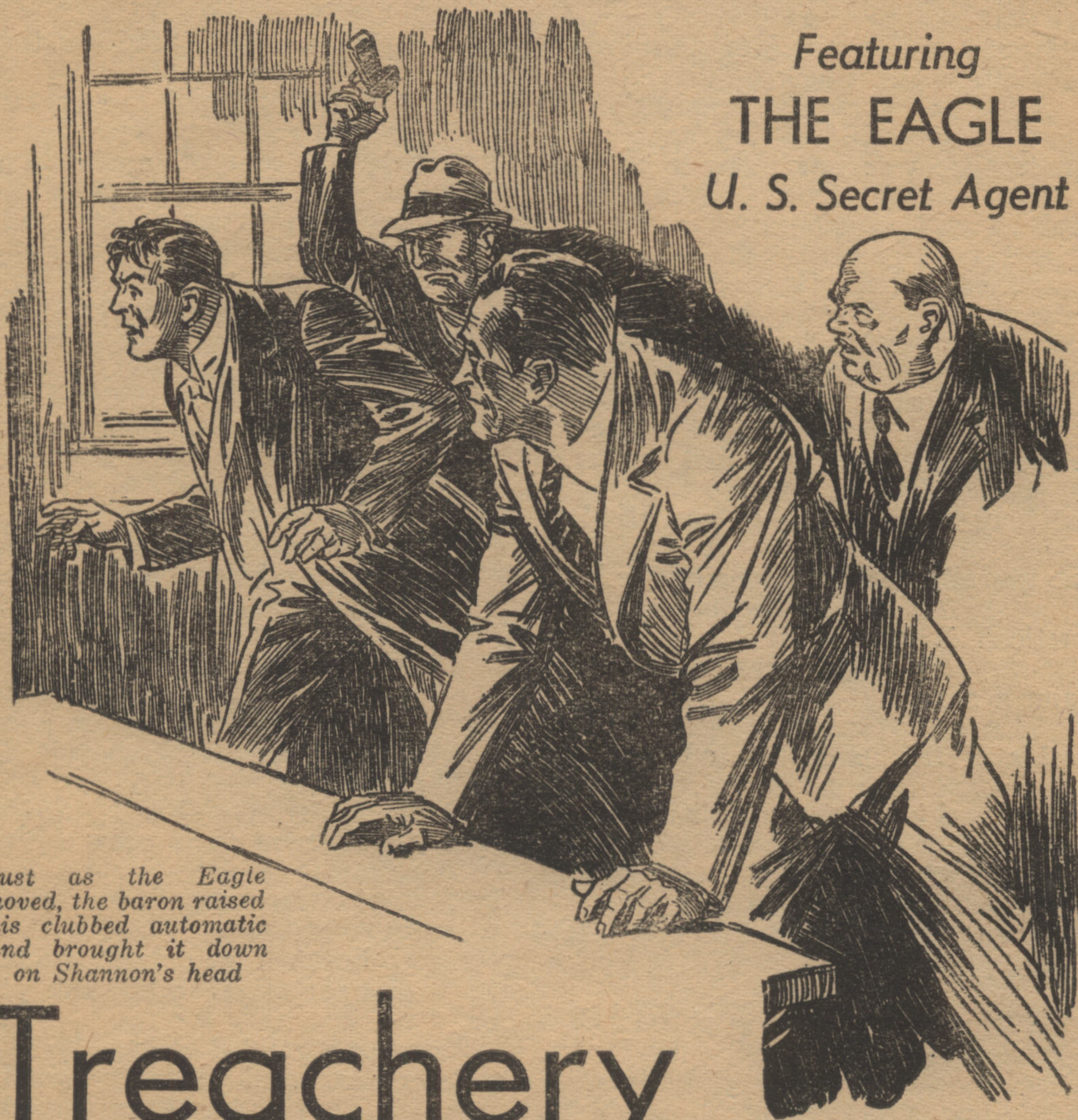
and new type shells were tested and stored. Here men walked on rubber-soled shoes and took every precaution against fire or sparks.

There was a crimson glow to greet Shannon as he rushed out of his tiny cottage. Clad only in pajamas, he raced directly toward the blazing

Fiendish Sabotage and Grim Intrigue

Most Dangerous and Ruthless of Spies!

Featuring
THE EAGLE
U. S. Secret Agent



Just as the Eagle moved, the baron raised his clubbed automatic and brought it down on Shannon's head

Treachery

McROBERTS

"Network of Hate," etc.

building. It was just a good-sized supply shed, containing nothing lethal at the moment. But there was grave danger from sparks.

Others were rushing out to fight the blaze. A warning siren began squealing. Sentries scurried about. Shannon cut across the spacious

grounds between buildings and without the slightest hesitation he dived headlong into the flaming building. The door blocked him but a fraction of a second for it wasn't locked.

"Captain Shannon has gone into that blaze!" someone shouted.

Shannon most certainly had. Flames licked at his flimsy pajamas. He covered his face with a crooked arm and plunged on. There was a reason for this apparent madness. Old Solly Lynch, a retired private,

Menace the Peace and Safety of America!

had been hired to help test new guns. He had been busy until very late and Shannon had given him permission to sleep in this shack.

A groan attracted Shannon's attention. He could no longer see for the smoke was much too thick and acrid. Tears streamed down his face, but he battled his way toward the direction of that sound. Old Solly was there, a heavy beam lying across his chest and blood oozing from a wound across his forehead. He was still alive, but Shannon could see at a glance that it wouldn't be for long.

He bent down, hoisted the unconscious man over one shoulder and staggered toward the door. A sheet of hungry flame lashed out at him, singeing his eyebrows. It seemed to be literally shot from one of the long benches lining the walls. Shannon noticed it and emitted a curt cry. Eight years of intensive training told him a story.

This fire was not accidental. The color of the flame, the odor of the smoke and the rapidity and fierceness with which it burned indicated a chemical of high combustile qualities. But there was no chance to make any examination.

Shannon stumbled forward, challenging the blaze.

HIS pajamas were in shreds. His body was covered with burns. Then he heard a hiss and a stream of water came crashing through the inferno. It sprayed him and gave him new strength. Someone spotted him. The hose was deflected and two men in helmets and rubber coats risked their lives surging through the flames. Shannon had to be helped out, but the fresh air revived him.

He knelt beside the stretcher on which Old Solly had been gently placed. He felt for a pulse, found it thready and weak. Solly opened his eyes, groaned and tried to talk, but no words would come. He gave a convulsive shudder and then relaxed in the limpness of death.

Someone put a hand on Shannon's shoulder. He looked up. It was Colonel Vane.

"How was it that the nearest sen-

try didn't give the alarm?" asked the colonel sternly.

A sergeant saluted. "Private Gorman is missing, sir."

"Find him!" ordered the colonel.

The sergeant drew his gun, took a flashlight and started on a swift search. He didn't have far to go. As he rounded the corner of the frame building just beyond the blazing structure he heard a groan. Sergeant Markley swung his light to reveal Private Gorman on his face beside the foundation, unconscious.

The sentry had been clubbed and hauled here out of the way. As soon as he was revived he reported that he had not seen his attacker. He had been walking his post when suddenly something crashed against the back of his head, and the world went black.

Captain Shannon turned to Colonel Vane.

"If the Colonel has time," he said in a low voice, "I would like to talk—privately. There's something about that blaze which requires an explanation."

Colonel Jerome Vane nodded grimly. "As soon as you are cleaned up, Captain, report to my quarters. You're not badly burned, are you?"

Shannon grimaced. "No, sir. Superficial burns I can treat myself. At your quarters then. Thank you, sir."

Shannon stumbled back to the little cottage assigned him. Corporal O'Toole, his runty, heavy-muscled orderly, helped him into a chair.

"'Twas a brave thing you did, sir. It's proud I am to be servin' a man like you, sir."

Shannon smiled and asked for a cigarette. Corporal O'Toole lit it and then began peeling off the remnants of the pajamas. The burns were very slight. A cool shower brought Shannon back to normal. He donned his uniform and O'Toole strapped the Sam Browne belt in place.

"Mike, you old horse thief," Shannon said with a laugh, "you've become almost indispensable to me. A word for your ears alone. That fire was set, and I think poor old Solly was murdered."

Mike O'Toole nodded grimly. "'Tis

the work of spies, sir. There are more of them than locusts in China. It would do me heart good to wrap a couple of them together like pretzels."

"I'm going to see Colonel Vane," Shannon said. "You can go to bed if you like."

O'Toole touched his forehead in a mild excuse for a salute and opened the door. Shannon walked past the ruins of the shack. One beam stuck up into the night like a scorched finger. The rest of the building was in ashes. The excitement had died down. Sentries returned to pacing their posts. Fire apparatus was driven back to the garages.

As one man, the personnel of this vast arsenal gave a sigh of relief and tumbled back to bed. Two or three sparks to spread that blaze, and they'd all have been dead. Millions of pounds of ammunition lay stored in the long sheds nearby. Nobody in, or near, an arsenal enjoys watching a fire.

No one saw Jeff Shannon step into Colonel Vane's cottage. Shannon was a recent addition to the staff of the arsenal, and Vane wondered just why he had been transferred there. He had no chemical warfare experience and was not a scientist in the true sense of the word. Colonel Vane was brilliant, every ounce of him soldier through and through. He was in full uniform and he acknowledged Shannon's salute.

"Sit down, Captain," he said. "Brandy? I think you might enjoy a spot after that few moments. Too bad about Solly."

Shannon started forward in his chair. "Why, I didn't even think you'd heard of him, sir."

COLONEL VANE poured two inhalers of brandy and smiled. He was about fifty with iron gray hair and a closely clipped mustache. His bearing was as erect as Shannon's despite his additional years. For Shannon was young, not quite thirty. He had thick brown hair and blue eyes, eyes that could become very chill on occasion. His chin was clean-cut and aggressively typed. His uniform fitted him well, but did not hide

the muscles that formed a good part of his shoulders and arms.

"I make it a point to know every man on these premises, Captain. That included Solly. Now, you wanted to see me. The feeling is quite mutual. After witnessing that act of yours, I realize you're not just a simple captain recently transferred here. Just what is your business?"

"Colonel," Shannon said softly, "that fire was incendiary. Solly was murdered. The gash across his forehead was made by a gun butt, one provided with a ring to which the lanyard is attached. I could tell by the wound. He was left there to die. And I'm somewhat responsible, sir. I gave him permission to sleep in that shack."

Shannon put down his glass slowly and leaned across the desk. "Colonel Vane, it may interest you to know that during the past five months there have been exactly eighteen fires on government property. Fires in old, nearly useless shacks like this one. They burned down a building where submarines are dry-docked in New London. They burned an office building at the Raritan arsenal last month. Important airplane factories have suffered similar fires. I've every one of them listed in my mind. That's why I was sent here—to prevent such incendiarism at this arsenal, and capture the spies responsible for such sabotage. I'm attached to the Military Intelligence. You won't find that information on my record. To all intents and purposes I am simply Captain Jeff Shannon, transferred from Washington."

Vane let a whistle escape his lips. "But why, Captain? Why on earth are they burning down small buildings when they could have blasted half of this arsenal to the moon? It doesn't make sense."

Shannon smiled grimly. "It does—to the people behind this. Colonel, we're up against a serious problem. During the last two or three years espionage has become a serious thing in this grand nation of ours. There are societies, enlisting half-witted fools who join because they are permitted to wear uniforms and to cheer

the leaders, men—and women, too—who believe this nation needs a dictator, or whose Americanism is only superficial.

"There are spies in every munitions plant, in the navy yards, the army posts. They infest our airplane factories. We suspect them of some rather ghastly sabotage—all without proof, of course. Therefore, the government has decided to take measures. You are aware of all this, of course, but you are not aware that we suspect a man who is known to us only by the name of Baron Richter. I am after that man, and I need your aid."

The colonel looked grave.

"So you are really an undercover man from G-Two?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. I have no credentials to show you. To verify my authority and position I suggest that you send a wire, in code, to Washington and ask about—the Eagle."

"The Eagle?" exclaimed Vane, starting slightly. "So—you are the Eagle!"

"Yes, sir," admitted Shannon. "And this is in strictest confidence. I ask you to forget it. I am plain Captain Jeff Shannon."

"What do you want me to do—Captain Shannon?"

THE EAGLE leaned forward.

"I was sent here weeks ago to become established as an officer in the Chemical Warfare Service at this post. As such, the spies should now know me. I wish to get into their confidence, to join forces with them as a traitor who will accept their blood money and obey their commands. In the morning I want you to file advices that you suspect me of being in the pay of foreign spies. What sort of experimental work is particularly secret here? The new magnetic time bomb?"

"Exactly," agreed the colonel, shaking his head worriedly.

"Good," Shannon said, nodding. "We will prove that I stole and sold the plans of this bomb. Money will be found in my possession—far more than an army captain can account for. You will openly accuse me. I

must be arrested, court-martialed, and thrown out of the service."

"But—but you will really be dishonored and detested," protested the colonel.

"Yes, sir. That is part of my job. And there will possibly be danger for you, although I hardly anticipate it on my account. However, I must warn you to take every precaution and to be careful. You are a valuable man yourself, and this Baron Richter may even put the pressure on you to gleam any possible military secrets that he can."

Colonel Vane smiled grimly and held out his hand.

"You may depend on me thoroughly, Captain. You may expect arrest tomorrow or the next day. Not another soul will have any knowledge of our secret. Here's how we can do it. Tomorrow afternoon absent yourself without leave. Slip into my quarters and stay there. I will have had a report by then from Washington. I'll state in my own reports that I trailed you, saw you hand over the plans without knowing just what they were until later."

"Excellent," approved Shannon. "I'll carry on from there. You stick by your story, and we can clean up your spurious charges against me later. Good night, Colonel, and thank you for your cooperation."

They shook hands, and Shannon walked briskly to the door. He saluted in military fashion, pivoted, and walked calmly out into disgrace and false degradation for the sake of his country.

NEXT morning Captain Jeff Shannon reported to his laboratories and went to work. But his mind wasn't on chemical formulae or reactions. He was going to come to grips at last with Baron Richter. The Eagle of G-2, Military Intelligence, was going over to the camp of his enemies. He courted the danger involved. He was tired of laboratories, reagent bottles, retorts and armaments.

At noon he ate at the officers' mess, left early and made his way to Colonel Vane's cottage. He slipped inside,

unseen by anyone. Colonel Vane was waiting.

"Good!" he greeted Shannon. "I'm expecting visitors in the next few minutes. After that, I'll drive into town so my testimony of trailing you will sound authentic. You will remain here until about midnight. Then return to your own quarters and wait until morning. You'd better go into the next room. I'll keep anyone out of there. You'll find cigarettes and brandy if you like."

"Thank you for your thoroughness, Colonel," said Shannon.

He went into the next room, pulling the door between the rooms almost closed. He divested himself of his jacket and relaxed. Half an hour later Vane's visitors appeared. Shannon took a quick glimpse of them through the partly open door.

One was Major Nicholson of Army Engineers. The other man was stocky, had a florid complexion and wore civilian clothes. He was Manuel Otera, contractor. The introductions were made rapidly. Otera began talking.

"I'll take over the rebuilding of that shed," he said. "I've already done much of that work for you military chaps. I like it—it's patriotic, and heaven knows the country needs some patriotism these days. It will be of brick and fire proof, according to the latest regulations laid down by Major Nicholson's department. We'll commence work on it within two days."

They went into details and costs for more than an hour. Finally the two men departed. Colonel Vane popped into Shannon's room, warned him to sit tight, and left immediately to play his own part in the drama.

At nine-thirty that night, Vane returned.

"Easiest job of trailing a traitor I've ever done," he laughed. "I saw two movies. We're about ready now, Captain. My report has already been filed. Heaven help you in the morning. I'll hurry the court-martial along. You're sure you'll be all right?"

Shannon nodded. "Do soldiers mind going over the top, facing bullets, flame and death? This job doesn't

compare with that work, sir. I'm quite ready."

Shannon slipped back to his quarters and answered Corporal O'Toole's queries with grunts. Not even O'Toole could be told about this. Shannon wondered just how his striker would take it.

CHAPTER II

RUTHLESS MURDER



TWO hours after Shannon left his house, Colonel Vane closed his desk and sighed. He hated to send even the Eagle into such a mess, but it was necessary. Orders from Washington had been very clear on that point. There was something brewing, something that might boil over at any moment and mean the lives of hundreds. Europe was in its usual turmoil with dictators making demands and threats. War clouds were heavy.

And all the while spies slunk through every governmental division, ferreting out secrets, handing them over to superiors for a few hundred dollars. The societies flourished, and they were nothing but a mask for espionage. The most avid of the followers were selected and groomed for undercover work. It was as close to open war as anything could be without the grim actuality of flying bullets and screeching shells.

One thing the United States must do—stay out of war. No matter what happened, this nation must prepare. Preparedness comes with new inventions, new devices for wholesale slaughter. No dictator would be fool enough to attack a nation primed to deal swift, sudden death. This was what the spies sought to foil. If they knew the secrets as quickly as they were invented, enemy nations would quickly offset their value.

Colonel Vane began stripping off his uniform. His door bell buzzed. With an impatient gesture he answered it. A man stood on the front

porch. A man shrouded in a heavy coat and a wide-brimmed hat.

"May I come in, Colonel Vane?" he asked politely. "It is very important."

"Ungodly hour," Vane grumbled, "but come on. First of all I'd like to know how you got through the gates? Are the sentries asleep?"

Vane dropped into his chair behind the desk once more. He was trying to discern the features of his visitor, but that was almost impossible. The heavy coat and the hat hid most of his face effectively.

"The sentries, *Herr* Colonel," the visitor said softly, "are fools. All of you are fools. Perhaps you would like to know who I am. Very well, I shall satisfy your curiosity. I am Baron Richter."

Vane was on his feet and tugging at a desk drawer. "Baron Richter?" he gasped. "Baron—the spy! I've heard of you. Well, you're the fool, to come here openly, and—"

"Do not reach for a gun," Baron Richter said quietly. "You have been covered for the last several seconds. Don't take my word for it. Either reach for your gun and die, or turn around and see for yourself."

VANE turned swiftly, suspecting a trick. There was none. Two men had climbed through the window while he went to answer the door. They stood now, dressed in somber black and reeking of menace. Each was short, stocky and held a foreign-made automatic.

"You see," Baron Richter bowed ironically. "I came prepared to cope with stupid violence. Now sit down, *Herr* Colonel, and listen to me. For the last six weeks you have been under observation. You blocked my getting a look at recent submarine plans. You are going to pay for that, *Herr* Colonel."

"You'll pay," Vane snapped. "It's a pity our positions aren't reversed. If you were an American spy, in your native land, you'd taste the kiss of an executioner's ax. We don't do things like that here, but I'll promise you a taste of prison. You won't like it."

Baron Richter began to pace the

rug. He walked with a limp and when his heels struck the bare floor, they made a strange sound. The lame foot clumped while the healthy one clicked with military precision.

"What is the use in trying to fight me?" He whirled to face Vane. "Me—Baron Richter! No one has ever caught up with me and they never shall. I am inviolate! Perhaps it will interest you to know what I have done and intend to do. Already my men are safely placed in all of your industries. They are ready to strike at the moment I give the word. A flick of my little finger, and all your great machinery for producing arms will be nothing but dust and destruction. You and your kind shall not aid our potential enemies—not if we have to obliterate your entire nation to stop you."

Vane was slowly moving his right hand toward the desk drawer. He knew that death was grimacing over his shoulder. He wouldn't be permitted to live. Baron Richter was noted for his bloody acts. Human life was to him nothing more than a lump of clay. The fact that he talked openly spelled Vane's doom and he knew it.

Richter eyed Colonel Vane narrowly.

"Before you have the opportunity to get started," he said harshly, "I shall put a stop to it. Your counter-espionage plans will be done with before you can begin them—*Herr* Eagle. This is the end!"

"What?" ejaculated Vane in amazement. "What did you call me?"

"Ah, that surprised you, eh?" sneered his visitor. "Don't trouble to dissemble. I have suspected that you were really that accursed G-Two agent called the Eagle for some time. And now the time has come for you to be eliminated."

VANE realized that Richter had made a bad mistake. The colonel knew he had been mistaken for the Eagle by this spy, and that his life was forfeit because of this. But the colonel was a soldier first of all. He never thought for an instant of denying Richter's accusation, even though it might save his life.

To deny the charge successfully, he would have to expose the real Eagle, and he had no such intention. But, if possible, he must live to put the finger on this man for the Eagle, perhaps saving Shannon many dangerous weeks of investigation.

Vane's hand darted into the drawer. Richter merely nodded. His two black-clad henchmen lunged forward simultaneously. One of them knocked the brave colonel back from the desk and pinioned his arms to his side in a gorillalike embrace. The second, with a malevolent sneer, placed the muzzle of his gun directly over Vane's heart. Baron Richter tossed over two pillows. The killer thrust them beside the gun.

But as his finger tightened against the trigger, Vane gave a convulsive leap. The pillows fell away. The gun blasted once and the sound of it roared through the rooms of the small house. Colonel Vane slumped forward, his forehead striking the desk with a thud. His own weight pushed the swivel chair back until he rolled off the desk and fell onto the floor. A trickle of blood oozed out over the rug.

Outside sentries, alarmed by the shot, began looking for the source of it. One of them glanced at his watch. It was exactly twelve-forty!

At that precise moment, Captain Jeff Shannon walked out of his cottage for a last look around the great arsenal grounds. A sentry saluted and walked by. Shannon turned back into his cottage and went to bed.

CHAPTER III COURT-MARTIAL



CORPORAL O'TOOLE, his voice shaking badly, awakened Shannon at dawn. The Eagle sat up, rubbed his eyes and scowled. There were three other men in the room. Major Furnald was one of them. He stepped

close to the bed.

"Shannon," he snapped, "keep your

hands where we can see them. There are men posted at the windows of this room with orders to shoot to kill at the first signs of resistance."

"What's the big idea?" Shannon demanded hotly, acting out his part to perfection. "What the devil have I done?"

"Shut up," Furnald snapped. "I'm searching your possessions."

Furnald began pulling open drawers. O'Toole stepped forward as if to remonstrate. Furnald barked an order, and O'Toole snapped to attention. Furnald found a battered wallet in one drawer. He opened it and counted out twenty fifty-dollar bills. He sighed deeply and put the money into his tunic pocket.

"Get up, Shannon," he ordered. "You're under arrest. I couldn't force myself to believe this of you. Selling out your own country, your uniform, your honor for a rotten thousand dollars!"

Shannon got out of bed and stepped up to Furnald aggressively.

"Wait a minute," he rasped. "I know what this is about. It's that damned nosey Colonel Vane. I thought I saw him trailing me yesterday. Well, I'll punch his important nose into the back of his stiff neck for him. You've got nothing on me."

Furnald signaled two M.P.s outside the door. They seized the Eagle's arms.

"Shannon," Furnald said in a tired voice, "you aren't much afraid of what Colonel Vane might testify to, are you? But in spite of your desperate measures, he outwitted you. He filed a written report late yesterday afternoon. It will convict you, Shannon—without Vane's verbal testimony."

The Eagle frowned. "I don't get it."

"Colonel Vane is dead. He was murdered at twelve-forty this morning. You killed him so he couldn't expose you. It's not only treachery I accuse you of. It's murder! Take him away!"

The next few days were nightmares to Shannon. The murder of Colonel Vane was turned over to the F.B.I. and within forty-eight hours

Shannon was cleared so far as the actual murder was concerned. Corporal O'Toole's testimony, coupled with that of the sentry who had observed Shannon in his quarters, alibied him firmly. The time of Colonel Vane's death was exactly set by the sound of the shot and the medical examiner's verdict.

It was almost two weeks after his arrest that Shannon had a visitor. The turnkey at the federal detention pen let Corporal O'Toole into the cell. But O'Toole was in mufti and he was nervously fidgeting with his hat.

"Thanks for coming," Shannon said simply. "And also for testifying that I was not at Colonel Vane's house when the murder was committed. You helped in saving my life. But, O'Toole, where's your uniform?"

O'Toole sat down on the edge of the bunk. He looked steadily at the floor. "My term was up, sir. I didn't enlist for another hitch. You see, it's like this. Bein' with you for those weeks—well, doggone it, I like you. I know you ain't mixed up in no spy business and in no murder either. It ain't the murder that worries me, you're clear of that one, but they do say that maybe some of your pals did the job for you."

SHANNON exhaled deeply. "I thought they'd figure it that way. O'Toole, you gave up your chances of a pension on account of me? That was foolish. You see, I *am* guilty of helping a spy ring."

"You're not!" O'Toole roared. "'Tis a lie—even from your own lips. Me, who knows a man when I see one, I know it's a lie."

Shannon stroked his chin thoughtfully. He wondered how much he dared tell this loyal Irishman. O'Toole's act entitled him to some consideration. And Shannon was genuinely worried because of Colonel Vane's death. It had brought unexpected troubles on his shoulders. He dropped his voice to a whisper and pledged O'Toole to secrecy. Then he told him the story without revealing his true identity. O'Toole's eyes widened in horror.

"But with the colonel dead, there

ain't nobody who can say it was all a plant, Cap'n. They'll railroad you sure."

"Unless I ask for special intervention from Washington," Shannon agreed. "And I can't do that, for it would ruin everything I've taken the trouble to build up. I have to go through with it as things are. Colonel Vane would want it this way. And when they free me, I'll find out who killed Colonel Vane—and why. Since you've thrown in with me, O'Toole, I'll accept your services with gratitude. Now you run along. I'll contact you as soon as possible. Just write down your address for me—and thanks for the faith you have."

At noon the next day Jeff Shannon in full uniform, stood in the center of the parade grounds at a fort not far from the federal pen. Hemming him on all sides were soldiers, their guns at parade rest. Brigadier-general Thorne stepped up to Shannon.

"You have been duly tried and found guilty of selling information to certain elements interested in stopping the military activities of this country. It was an act of a coward, of a man without a conscience. However, because the only witness against you was murdered, the court-martial has voted to give you a certain benefit of doubt. You remain guilty and it is my duty to deprive you of your sword, sir."

Shannon drew the sword and handed it over, hilt first. He saw it broken and hurled into the dust. Then his shoulder insignia were ruthlessly ripped off. The buttons of his tunic were torn away and thrown on the ground. Movie cameras clicked away, registering the whole sordid ceremony. Drums ruffled and it was over. Barked commands, and the soldiers marched away.

The Eagle was left alone, dejected, sweaty and more than a little worried over the whole thing. Things hadn't worked quite as he had planned. Why had Colonel Vane been killed? By whom?

Finally he shrugged and walked back to his old quarters. Sentries turned their heads the other way. There were no more salutes. The

court-martialed traitor rated none of that now. He found O'Toole busily engaged in packing his few belongings.

"If it's money you need, Cap'n," the orderly said in a whisper, "I've got some saved up and I was pretty lucky in a crap game just before I quit, sir."

Jeff smiled slowly. "No, thanks. And don't feel sorry for me, Mike. It's working out well. Before long I'll swing into action. If the spy ring doesn't seek me out, I'll go looking for them. They're going to be unpleasantly surprised in the near future. I shall carry on exactly as the colonel and I planned. There's far more at stake than my army career—or even the death of Colonel Vane."

He hadn't let O'Toole in on the entire setup until he felt he could trust the Irishman implicitly. It looked as if now might be the time.

O'Toole looked a little dejected. "I thought, sir, seein' as how we've thrown together maybe I could—"

"Of course." Shannon put in a friendly hand across O'Toole's broad shoulders. "You'll be in it as thickly as I, Mike. Together we'll see it through and I think I'll have need of your muscles before we're done. Let's see, I've got to adopt some personality. I'll have to disguise myself and I do know a little about dyes and such things."

HE BEGAN pacing the floor, pretending to think, as he covertly studied his companion. Satisfied, he took a half-dollar from his pocket and flipped it into the air. He caught it deftly and looked down at the coin. A slow smile crossed his face.

"Mike," he said softly, "I've got it. Take a look at the back of this half-dollar. See the emblem on it—an eagle with wings outspread and talons ready to close on its prey? That's me, the Eagle! And, Mike, I'm going to develop talons, too. They'll be sharp and deadly. From now on, when you hear from someone calling himself the Eagle—that'll be me."

"Sure and that's a swell idea, sir," exclaimed O'Toole with enthusiasm. "The Eagle, it is, Captain."



The Eagle

"But don't call me captain, anymore, Mike," cautioned Shannon. "Remember, I'm a disgraced army officer now."

"To me, sir, you'll always be Captain," said the ex-corporal stoutly.

Shannon was thoroughly satisfied. The simple soldier hadn't turned a hair at this subtle way Shannon had announced his real identity. In his lowly position as a corporal, O'Toole had never even heard of the counter-espionage ace called the Eagle. This was just a new name to him.

"Okay, Mike," he agreed. "Pack your own stuff and take up quarters in your new place. Take my stuff with you. I'll get in touch with you later. Right now I'm going to try to contact this sabotage spy ring."

He left O'Toole whistling cheerfully at his work. He knew that he had the same as put his life in the ex-corporal's hands, but he was unafraid. The Eagle, although he generally worked alone, was a good judge of men, and it looked as though O'Toole might be needed in this perplexing affair.

There was one other person not connected with the Counter-espionage Intelligence who knew the real identity of the Eagle. This was Joan Kirke, a lovely blonde, who was Shannon's fiancée. But Joan was safely

away at this time in Venezuela, the native country of her mother.

Shannon left the army post, walking slowly out through the gate, apparently lost in bitter thoughts. He had scarcely put the post out of sight behind him when a sleek sedan purred up behind him. There was a stolid-faced driver at the wheel, and another man was indistinguishable in the rear seat.

The door opened and a voice hissed for his attention. Shannon turned and put one foot on the running board. His heart was pounding faster than the pistons of that expensive car. It was coming then—as quickly as this.

"Get in, you fool," the man in the rear growled. "Do you want the whole post to see us?"

SHANNON climbed in and sank back against the soft cushion. Such luxury, after two weeks in a cell, felt extremely good. He gave a sigh of intense satisfaction.

"Brother," he said, "I don't know who you are or what you want, but this certainly is some buggy. Must have set you back ten thousand dollars."

"Eleven," the man beamed. He was a fat, bald-headed individual, carefully dressed in expensive clothing. He wore glasses with thick lenses and his lips were full, cruel looking.

"You wonder perhaps why I have stopped to pick up a man so defamed by his own country. I have a reason. A good reason and one that will be profitable to you—if you cooperate."

He looked at the Eagle keenly and seemed satisfied. Shannon tapped a cigarette against his thumbnail, lit it and exhaled deeply.

"Keep talking, brother. I got a hunch there'll be musical words pretty soon, all nice and tinkling with gold."

"There will be money for you, yes. Plenty of it and"—the spy dropped his voice to a whisper—"a chance to teach those stupid dolts you worked for just how clever you can be. First of all, tell me, to whom did you sell the plans for that time bomb?"

Shannon turned angry eyes on the

man. "I'm not talking. How do I know you're not another of those rotten lice of the F.B.I.? Anyway, I wouldn't tell if you were on the level with me. The damned government agents took the money I got. I'm broke! That's how I'm rewarded after five years of service in stinking laboratories where my life was in danger every second. A man can't live on an army captain's pay. Not the way I want to live."

"Good, good," the spy approved heartily. "You are a man after my own heart. Very well, we can forget that question. Had you answered it, I should have known you were not to be trusted. You would like to earn some money, *ja*? Lots of it? There is a way. A very simple way."

"Shoot the works," Shannon said grimly. "I'm ready for anything."

"Good. Now listen carefully. You will be watched by the F.B.I. You know too much and I think they purposely freed you so they might learn whom you contacted. That is why I came so quickly. Tonight, at eleven o'clock, you will be at number Two-o-three Western Boulevard. That address is a rooming house, but all the roomers are in my employ. There I shall give you precise instructions and discuss terms. It is agreed, *ja*?"

"Why not?" Shannon shrugged. "I said I was ready for anything."

The car turned into a public park, and Shannon got out. He sat down on a bench while he considered the sudden turn of events. Things were working out smoothly.

A patrolman sauntered by, glancing at him. Recognition dawned on him. He tapped the Eagle none too gently across the knees with his club.

"On your way, bum. Parks ain't for the likes o' you. Don't argue—I saw your ugly pan in the newsreels last night. Sellin' out to a bunch of spies. A fine man you are. Scram, or shall I give you a good taste of my nightstick."

Shannon got up and slouched away. Oh, it was working all right. Working too damned good. He had become a leper, a pariah. Decent people would have nothing to do with him. Grimly he realized just how easily

cashiered men in his position could fall into the clutches of a spy ring. Ostracism can make a man go a long way for revenge.

Then he sighed as he thought about Colonel Vane's death. That the army officer had been killed because he had been suspected of being the Eagle, Shannon had no idea. All he knew about that was that he intended bringing the colonel's murderers to justice at the same time that he broke up the spy ring of the mysterious Baron Richter. He had a feeling that both cases were, somehow, entangled.

CHAPTER IV

THE EAGLE



BEFORE another hour passed, Shannon knew something had to be done about disguising himself. The side glances of pedestrians, the harsh off-side remarks of men who recognized him instantly, all served to confirm this necessity.

He visited a clothing dealer, selecting one whose eyesight seemed to be none too good. He looked over several suits and shook his head. He wanted something outstanding, something to make a different personality of him. His own suit was now wrinkled and soiled.

With a wry smile he selected a natty outfit consisting of a short, formal coat and striped trousers. He tried them on in the fitting room and eyed himself in the mirror. Talk about fops! He'd gone the limit on this one.

"All you need," the tailor told him, "is a monocle. You look like a statesman in those clothes, a regular big shot guy."

Shannon grinned and paid him, but the idea of a monocle clung. It would serve to augment the disguise he had been planning. He stopped and bought one, stowed it into his pocket and looked around for a modest hotel. His new black felt hat had

a wide brim, and he turned this down as he walked through the lobby and up to the desk clerk. He registered under a false name.

"I'd like a nice room, on a permanent rate," he said. "Not too high!"

He paid a week's rent in advance, but instead of going directly to his room, he visited a drugstore and bought various chemicals. Then he returned to his room.

He experimented with his purchases for an hour. Finally he rubbed his own dye concoction into his skin. It darkened him considerably. He dyed his hair, his eyebrows and his eyelashes. He knew that minute precautions were necessary. He could remove all trace of the disguise within a few minutes, but while it was on, he defied the keenest eye to detect its falseness.

He wadded bits of cotton in his jaws until his cheeks bulged slightly. With tiny pieces of aluminum, fitted cleverly into his nostrils, he flared out his nose. Then he looked at himself in a mirror and decided he'd do. The disguise had added about ten years to his appearance.

He had memorized the address given him by the spy. The Eagle had always maintained one policy—to get the jump on the other man as quickly as possible. He decided to pay that address an unofficial visit at once.

He used two taxi cabs to reach the vicinity of the address, dismissed the last one four blocks away and walked past the house. It was dark except for a weak light in the hallway. There was a dirty sign tacked to the door indicating that rooms were to let. The Eagle looked around, made sure he was unobserved, and darted into the alley between the building and its next door neighbor. This kind of work was familiar to him, and he moved as softly as a jungle cat on the prowl. He studied the back door a moment and decided against picking the lock. There was a cellar hatchway that intrigued him. He opened the slanting doors and let them drop over him.

The darkness made him grimace. He should have had a flashlight, but matches served the purpose this time.

He found the door leading into the cellar a cheap affair. He leaned against it and pushed gently. A couple of hooks, holding it shut, gave way with a slight rasping sound. In a minute he had it open.

HE STEPPED into the cellar, lit another match and held it high. Above him he heard footsteps and gruff voices. One man was walking along the hallway toward the front door. He walked with a peculiar limp. There was a click of one heel and then a clump, as if one leg was deformed. Shannon made a mental note of this.

He crept up the stairway and tried the door at the top. It wasn't locked. He opened it a crack and peered into the hall. The roly-poly man who had met him at the army post was delivering curt orders to a brutal looking thug who towered over him.

"The French agent is no longer of any use to us. The baron has said he must die. Therefore, Schnell, I have a job to your liking. Use a knife and do it well. There must be no noise."

Schnell's mouth parted in an ugly grin. He drew a short bladed knife from his pocket and fondled the edge.

"His pig's throat—*ach*—it shall bleed slowly until he dies. *Ja*, that is the way all of them should die. I obey, *Herr Doktor!*"

The man stepped back and raised his hand in a salute popular in certain European countries. Then he ran up the stairs. Shannon found his body bathed in cold sweat. These men talked of murder as though it were nothing. He had to save that man upstairs—the French agent, whoever he was—and do it quick.

For the moment luck was with him. The man addressed as *Herr Doktor* ambled into a room far down the corridor. The Eagle slipped through the door, tiptoed up the staircase and reached the landing as a door opened somewhere down the hall. He ducked into the nearest room.

A huge woman with a harsh face and a slit for a mouth, almost brushed against him as she strode by. He waited until she was downstairs. Now he had to find the room in which mur-

der was being committed. If he blundered into the wrong room and encountered more of these spies he'd be on a spot.

A groan gave him the clue. He walked gently toward the door behind which it came. He grasped the knob firmly and turned it so that there was no noise. The man called Schnell was talking venomously and in a low voice.

"*Ach*, such stupid fools. You have no more brains than the Americans. In a moment you will begin to die, when my little knife cuts deep. Before that happens, I want to tell you something, *ja*. It will make your death harder. You are of the French *Surêté*. You came here to expose *Herr Doktor* and Baron Richter. But we knew you were coming before you got on the boat. One of us has taken your place. He will confuse the Americans and find out their best secrets. And for you, *Herr LeBlang*, there is death. Like this—*ah-h-h*."

An arm had suddenly curved around the thug's throat, blocking off the scream that rose to his lips. The knife hand moved fast and the blade swept back toward Shannon. He retained his grip on the man's neck, seized the spy with his other hand and deflected the direction of the blade. The spy, his muscles set to deliver the death thrust at this unseen menace, drove the knife into his own breast. Blood welled up and bubbled in a gory froth from his mouth. Shannon let him sag toward the floor and then hastily lowered him so there would be no sound.

The man was dead! It made the Eagle a bit squeamish, for he never liked to kill, even such rats as spies. He removed the knife from the spy's breast gingerly and cut the Frenchman free.

FOR a moment the French agent couldn't talk. A cruel gag inserted into his mouth had paralyzed his tongue. But speech soon returned.

"*Bien, mon ami*," he said hoarsely. "You came in time for which I thank my patron saints. But we must get away from here. An impostor is in my place, with my identification



Sergeant Markley swung his light to reveal Private Gorman on his face beside the foundation, unconscious

papers. He will be taken into the submarine base at Newport News and permitted to wander about. He is dangerous."

The Eagle put his lips near LeBlang's ear and spoke in a whisper. "Not yet. The impostor may lead us to the real brains behind this spy business. You've got to cooperate with me."

"You are an American agent, *oui*?" LeBlang asked. "But of course."

"I'm on your side of the fence, no matter what," the Eagle answered. "Now we've got to get away from here. Go to Eleven-twenty-six White Street. A friend of mine named O'Toole lives there. Tell him the Eagle sent you. Here—over by the window. It isn't far to the ground. I'll drop you easy."

LeBlang nodded. They raised the window gently and the French agent slipped out. He hung from the Eagle's

hands a moment and then dropped softly to the court behind the house. He was up instantly and streaking away. Shannon eyed the dead spy and frowned. Then, on inspiration, he went into the adjoining bathroom, found a bottle of iodine and returned to kneel beside the dead man. He had been something of an artist before he took up espionage as a career. Deftly he painted on the man's forehead the outlines of an eagle, wings outspread, talons closing on an invisible prey.

Those spies would know one thing from this moment on, that the Eagle was hovering nearby. He fervently hoped they'd worry themselves to death. How badly they would worry he had no idea. He glanced at his watch. It was ten-twenty—almost time for him to keep his appointment with *Herr Doktor*. He slipped out of the house, using the same means that had gained him entry.

Returning to his hotel was accomplished by devious routes and means. He checked into another room, near the one he had formerly rented. There he removed his disguise, quickly changed his clothing, donning the soiled and wrinkled suit he had worn when he was released from the federal jail.

As he passed through the lobby he saw a slender young man arise and follow him. The Eagle's pulse quickened. Baron Richter's spy ring was checking up then. Perhaps they knew he had left the hotel in disguise. If that was the case, he'd be greeted by death when he visited *Herr Doktor*.

Yet he had to go through with it. He had accepted this gamble, knowing that one part of the stakes was his own life. If he overplayed his hand, he'd be doomed.

He spent fifteen exciting minutes losing his shadow.

He grinned slightly as he climbed the steps to the front porch of the spy ring's headquarters. No matter what happened he had a certain satisfaction in having saved the life of a prisoner of the spies.

Herr Doktor answered the door himself, greeting the Eagle with outstretched hand. But there were worried wrinkles between his eyes and he closed the door hastily.

"You are late," the spy said suavely, "but no matter. We have been very busy. And there will be a new headquarters next time you report. Now to business. You worked in the laboratories of the U. S. army. You know many of the Chemical Warfare Service secrets. Oh, we have checked the record of Captain Shannon carefully. I want you to write down all the latest inventions in detail, being especially careful about the formulas."

SHANNON twirled his hat and betrayed no interest. That record had been prepared for spies.

"We were to talk over money matters first, he said coolly. "How much do I get?"

The spy leaned forward. "One hundred dollars a month and bonuses. It may sound small, but the bonuses will

bring your pay very high. For instance, after you have concentrated on some of the laboratory secrets, I shall assign you to a certain task. If you succeed in carrying it out, there will be two hundred dollars for you immediately."

"Not enough," Shannon snapped. "I'm risking a term in prison. If they catch me again, it will be curtains. With my record they'll throw me into Alcatraz to rot. Make it two hundred a month."

Herr Doktor shrugged. "Very well. We do not worry about minor details like that. Now, your first assignment. I shall give you an address. Also a key to the door of that house and the combination to the safe. At three o'clock this morning you will go there, open the safe and remove a leather zipper case. It contains documents essential for the success of our scheme. There will be no one at home. The house is closed up. You see, the owner is dead."

The Eagle nodded and made a mental note of both the address and the safe combination. *Herr Doktor* insisted that he carry around nothing written. All facts must be retained in his mind.

"There is another thing," he told Shannon. "You have entered the secret service of the country I represent. From this moment on your will is my will. Your actions are governed by my orders. I demand blind obedience. You will not question any orders. That is understood, eh?"

"I can take them," the Eagle answered. "If you had served in the army as long as I did, you grow used to taking orders. Give me a room where I can concentrate, and I'll hand you a few formulas that will make your eyes open wide."

He was promptly given a small study to work in. He closed the door and sat down behind the desk. This was one of the most difficult parts of his work. He had to give them something, and yet be certain his revelations wouldn't injure the Chemical Warfare Service. He noted down formulas of gases, powders and armament compositions. They were comparatively new, but in the rapid turn

of events they had all been replaced with more efficient processes.

He worked until two-thirty, left his notations stacked in a neat pile and went into the hallway. Two men, with guns strapped to their middles, were on guard at the front door. They eyed him narrowly, but stepped back to allow his exit. He walked the distance to the address, found it to be a suburban bungalow without a light showing.

He walked boldly upon the front porch, shoved the key into the lock and opened the door. He had provided himself with a pencil flashlight and he sent the thin ray around the room. There was a low bookcase, apparently built into the wall at the farther corner. He swung this back and revealed the glistening door of a wall safe. He knelt beside it, spun the combination and had the door yawning wide within a minute.

THE leather zipper case was the only thing in the safe. He removed it, pulled back the zipper and thumbed through the papers it contained. Most of them were concerned with the building up of a counter-espionage system in the United States. But one document listed the names and addresses of a number of American agents operating on foreign soil. The Eagle whistled softly. With this list, the spy ring could quietly do away with those men. They'd simply vanish and without the slightest publicity.

"This must be what *Herr Doktor* wants," he told himself, "and he's not going to get it. The other stuff isn't important."

He rolled the list of agents' names into a spiral, struck a match and watched the document burn to ashes. He heaved a long sigh of relief.

Then his whole body grew tense. There was a gun muzzle resting against the back of his neck. He dropped the other papers and raised his hands quickly.

"I know how to use this gun," a soft, feminine voice said. "Stand up, and keep your hands just where they are."

Shannon arose. In the darkness he

could only make out the shadowy form of the intruder. Then lights were turned on. He blinked for a moment to accustom his eyes to the light, and then he continued blinking as he studied the features of the girl who stood before him. She was young, blond and decidedly beautiful.

"So it's you," she said scornfully. "Ex-Captain Jefferson Shannon! You weren't satisfied to betray your country once. Don't move! I'm going to turn you over to the authorities as soon as I can."

The Eagle laughed harshly. "Don't be silly. You're after the same things I came for, otherwise you wouldn't be here. Let's get together on this and—"

"I live here," the girl retorted hotly. "Walk ahead of me over to that table where the telephone rests. I—I'll shoot if you try anything. Perhaps I—I might hesitate if you were someone else, but I think I'd enjoy killing you, *ex-Captain* Shannon."

The venom in her tone made him ponder. She sounded as though she really would shoot—and welcome the opportunity. Yet he had never seen this girl before. Why did she bear him this grim animosity?

Then the Eagle's eyes widened. The front door had opened and two of *Herr Doktor's* ruffians were sneaking in. Both had guns. One of them covered the girl while the other moved forward with his weapon raised for a skull-smashing blow. They were going to kill her!

The girl heard the slithering sound their feet made and gave a little cry of panic. She half-turned around, and Shannon made a swift lunge. He wrapped both arms around her, lifted her and carried her bodily toward a closed door. He opened it, kicking it wide with his toe.

"Wait," he called to the two men who watched. "I'll take care of this wench in my own way."

He closed the door, set the girl down gently and grinned at her. She was perfectly white, but there was no terror in her eyes. She expected brutal treatment, even death, and she didn't flinch.

The Eagle took away her gun, held

her close and kissed her, full on the lips.

"That's a substitute for a nice healthy sock on the jaw or a bullet through your pretty head. Fall to the floor and make it a real fall. Then lay there, like you were dead. Glad to have met you."

He let her drop. The door opened and the two spies entered. Shannon swung to face the entrance as the girl threw up her arms and toppled backward to the floor to lay in a silent, crumpled heap.

"I broke her blasted jaw," the Eagle snarled. "You guys showed just in time. Why wasn't I told this house was occupied?"

"You have the case?" one of the men demanded. "Ach, but of course. Hurry, before there is an alarm. You are sure she will not awaken?"

The Eagle smiled. "When I sock 'em, they stay socked. Let's go!"

CHAPTER V

THE SPY DOUBLE



IT WAS dawn when Jeff Shannon opened his hotel door. He flung his hat on the bed, started to divest himself of his coat, and then he stopped dead. A high-backed chair faced the window. From its depths a spiral of smoke curled ceilingward.

Shannon licked his lips, suddenly gone dry. He tensed and stepped forward. The man in the chair was the same one who had started to follow him earlier in the evening. He was neatly dressed, alert looking and his dark eyes burned through the Eagle.

"Sit down, Shannon," he said calmly. "I'm Hogan of the F.B.I. You gave me the slip rather neatly just a few hours ago. Don't bother to deny it. Where have you been?"

Shannon had an unpleasant part to play. He couldn't reveal his true mission to this operative. In the first place it wouldn't be believed, and secondly, all the work he had so far accomplished would be ruined by a

quick raid on the spy headquarters. This man didn't know him by sight, and he could not admit that he was the Eagle of G-2.

"None of your business," he retorted tartly. "This is supposed to be a free country."

"Sure it is," Hogan replied. "You know, Shannon, I find it hard to believe the charges they filed against you. There was no background for such treason on your part. I used to feel sorry for you. That's all over with. You're playing a dangerous game, working with spies. If we don't land you, they'll kill you. Just a friendly warning and the only one I'll give. From now on I'll be gunning for you with both barrels. Thought I'd let you know. I'm still after the murderer of Colonel Vane."

Shannon sneered a reply. "Thanks—thanks very much. I bleed in appreciation of your kindness. Now get the hell out of here. I want to sleep."

Hogan snuffed out his cigarette, yawned and left. After he was gone, the Eagle sat down slowly. He felt as wilted as a rose cut ten days before. If he hadn't hidden the clothing and make-up he wore as the Eagle in another room, his whole game might have been up. Hogan was nobody's fool, and he was undoubtedly going to be difficult to handle.

So the regular F.B.I. was keeping an eye on him, watching that he didn't reveal any of the secrets he knew, and diligently seeking the murderer of the colonel. Well, the Eagle intended doing something about that himself. Then his thoughts turned back to the girl. Who was she? How could she be implicated in such a dangerous business? At least she was safe and unharmed.

Shannon reached for the phone and hesitated before he picked up the instrument. Likely Hogan would have that line tapped. Despite the long hours he had been awake, he felt no fatigue. The tenseness of the past day had been too gruelling to allow him to think of himself. He made his way unobtrusively to the floor below, opened the door of the room he rented under his anonymous identity as the Eagle, and quickly disguised himself. He

donned the natty clothing, experimented with the monocle for a few moments and then strolled out. He took the elevator down, walked through the lobby and saw no sign of Hogan. But he wasn't deceived. Hogan would be as invisible as a wraith from now on.

A taxi whisked him to the address which O'Toole had given him. He tapped smartly on the door. O'Toole, his eyes heavy with sleep, glared out at him.

"You're in the wrong room," he said truculently. "Beat it!"

A tolerant smile crossed the Eagle's face. "But of course I'm not, Mr. O'Toole. I've important news for you. Let me in, and have you a pencil?"

THERE was a small clothes closet, overhung with cheap curtains. Shannon saw them move slightly. Someone was concealed behind them. He sat down.

"*Monsieur LeBlang*," he said softly, "you may put the gun away and come out."

LeBlang emerged quickly, but his gun was ready for action. He looked at the Eagle carefully, then threw the gun on the bed and embraced him.

"*Mon ami*," he said gleefully. "I was sure you would come." He turned to O'Toole. "This is the man who saved my life. He is to be trusted, *oui*?"

"Maybe," O'Toole compressed his lips. "I don't trust nobody. Who are you, Mister?"

The Eagle picked up a pencil, drew a pad of paper toward him and skillfully drew the outline of an eagle. O'Toole's jaw dropped, his eyes lighted up.

"Cap'n, sir! Why—what have you done to yourself? You're a dude, no less. Your own mother wouldn't be recognizin' you, sir."

Shannon grinned. "If I pass your inspection, Corporal, I'm safe. Now, don't mention names. *Monsieur LeBlang* is to be trusted, surely, but he accepts me as a friend without naming names."

"The impostor!" LeBlang cried excitedly. "We must get him, *tout de*

suite, before he can steal the secrets of your navy."

"We'll get him," the Eagle promised. "That's why I'm here. Mike, this impostor, the fraudulent LeBlang, is probably staying at one of the hotels in town just outside the submarine base. Contact the hotels and ask for LeBlang. Locate that man and meet me in front of the city hall. Snap it up. I'll be there at three this afternoon. You can get a plane within thirty minutes."

O'Toole dressed quickly, eager for action. When he was gone, Shannon faced the French agent.

"You came here to help identify certain spies. Is a man called the Baron one of them?"

LeBlang ran his fingers through his hair. "One of them? But yes, he is the whole works, as you say. Baron Richter, the most brazen of all agents. He is here to foment trouble, to sabotage your armament industries, make trouble for you. And mark me well, *mon ami*, he is dangerous. Also he is a master at disguise. But one thing identifies him. His left leg is shorter than his right. We know him in Paris as *Monsieur Clubfoot*!"

The Eagle's mind flashed back to his first entry into *Herr Doktor's* spy nest when he had heard a lame man walking across the floor. He was close then. *Monsieur Clubfoot* considered *Herr Doktor* important enough to visit personally.

"And Clubfoot's plot?" he asked LeBlang. "You have definite news of his objectives?"

"No, not definite, *mon ami*. We trapped several of his men in Cherbourg last month and decoded certain letters which indicate he hopes to destroy all American armaments industry at a second's notice. How he is to accomplish this we do not know."

"Perhaps," Shannon said slowly, "the man who has adopted your identity may know. We'll see."

AT THREE o'clock the Eagle and LeBlang drove slowly by the city hall in the town that neighbored on the submarine base. O'Toole was leaning against a hydrant, puffing on a cigarette and looking hopefully at

each car that passed. He spotted the Eagle, threw away his cigarette and ambled up the street. The car slid to the curb and he got in.

"The Hotel Forester," he reported breathlessly. "He's there right now. Said something about being tired from his trip. But listen to this—yesterday they took him through the navy yard. I'm bettin' that baby had a nice little camera hidden on him some place. What'll we do, sir—grab him and make him talk?"

The Eagle piloted the hired car to the imposing entrance of the hotel. "Phone the spy," he ordered O'Toole. "Tell him you were sent from the Commandant—that an important diving test of a new sub is to take place and that he is invited to attend. Get him into this car, and we'll take care of the rest."

O'Toole grinned, and lovingly caressed his knuckles. "Man, I'll be helpin' you take care of him, too. It'll be a pleasure."

Five minutes later O'Toole emerged with the impostor in tow. He looked amazingly like LeBlang and without the use of too much disguise. O'Toole opened the door of the car, set his right hand against the spy's back and gave him a mighty shove. He sprawled at LeBlang's feet and was instantly pulled onto the seat and a gun poked into his ribs.

"Ah, my precious twin," LeBlang said gleefully. "It is time we got together, *n'est-ce pas?*"

The spy growled an oath, but his voice trembled. He had been chosen more for his resemblance to LeBlang than his nerve. The Eagle parked the car far out of the city and got into the back seat.

"Now," he said, "we shall have a talk. Where can I find Baron Richter? No lies. We know far more than you think."

The spy shook his head stubbornly. O'Toole gave a derisive snort from the front seat. "Let me have him a minute, sir. I'll show him what his tongue's for."

The spy cowered against the cushions, but threats, pleas and promises couldn't make him utter a word. His silence indicated that he had knowl-

edge of the entire plot. The Eagle tried every method of coercion that he knew short of torture. He might as well have been questioning the Sphinx. This man was just as terrified of the vengeance of his own people as he was of the consequences resulting from his capture.

"LeBlang," the Eagle said at length, "I give him into your keeping. Guard him well and keep him hidden. A small house on the outskirts will serve the purpose. O'Toole will stay with you until I need him. So far as you are concerned, it is best for your own protection that *Monsieur LeBlang* drop out of sight. It will confuse Baron Richter, worry him and he might overplay his hand. O'Toole, drop me off at the airport. As soon as you are established, notify me by wire of the new address and its phone number."

The spy suddenly gave a flying leap for the car door. Shannon hauled him back and rapped home a powerful blow to the jaw. The spy went limp and dropped to the floor. The Eagle left him there.

THREE hours later, in his foppish disguise, the Eagle sat in the office of the Army Engineer Corps, impatiently fussing with his monocle.

"Sorry," a uniformed colonel told him, "we're not especially interested in making any purchases right now. All our construction work is done by contract."

"May I look at the figures?" the Eagle insisted. "I feel it a patriotic duty to offer the services of my firm to the government. All those fires you have been experiencing—it makes a great deal of construction work necessary, doesn't it?"

"Yes, that's true, but the work is handled by three or four firms who usually underbid everyone else. Have a crack at it if you wish. I'll send a clerk into one of the conference rooms with the details."

The Eagle bowed and went out. He received the records in quick time and checked them. Four contracting firms seemed to be doing all the new construction work, and the figures they submitted made the Eagle's eyes

blink. He knew enough about the building trade to realize that no contractor could break even at those terms. He noted the firms, glanced at his watch and decided the Eagle had best vanish for a few hours and let drummed-out ex-Captain Shannon present himself for services with the spy outfit.

Returning to the hotel, he removed his disguise and hurried to his own room. The moment he stepped inside, he knew that someone had been there. He didn't smoke cigars and the aroma of a cheap stogie was pungently prevalent. Then he saw the edge of a piece of paper sticking from beneath a scarf on the bureau.

Phone booth — Beekman Drug — eleven sharp tonight.

That was all. He burned the message and washed the ashes down the sink. He had a few hours left and the events of this night might require all his wits. He put in a call for thirty and went to bed.

CHAPTER VI

THE BARON SUSPECTS



AT ELEVEN o'clock the Eagle walked out of the hotel in his ordinary identity. He proceeded briskly toward the drugstore to which he had been ordered, but on the way he felt a growing suspicion that he was being trailed. There was no time to throw a shadow off now. He had to risk it.

There was only one phone booth in the small drugstore. As Shannon entered, a thick-set man emerged from the phone booth, passed by him without a glance, and vanished. The Eagle stepped into the booth. He wondered if the phone would ring or if someone would come personally. Then he saw a folded slip of paper wedged under the receiver hook. It kept the connection open.

He worried it free and realized the

clever method they used to contact him. The man who had been in the booth planted those directions there and at the same time left the hook up. At the other end of the connection, a listening spy would hear the receiver go down and know that Shannon had the message.

The Eagle unfolded the paper, read the directions and gasped.

Tonight new address. 1298 Elmwood Road. You are to meet our leader. Midnight. Be prompt.

The paper was thin tissue and he wadded it into his mouth, chewed on it for a moment and gulped it down. He opened the door of the phone booth and ran into Hogan's arms.

"Stay right where you are," Hogan snapped. "I'm checking the call you made."

Shannon groaned inwardly. He couldn't be stopped now when actual contact with Baron Richter was at hand. Ideas were already spinning through his brain. Hogan stepped into the booth and significantly kept one hand deep in his side coat pocket. The Eagle edged toward a counter. There were bottles of eau de cologne arranged neatly on it. His hand flicked out, seized one and he hurled it directly into the phone booth. Then he spun and began racing madly toward the exit.

A gun exploded and the bullet plowed into the wall beside the door. Then the Eagle was outside. He raced down the street, turned into the nearest alley and kept going at top speed. He vaulted fences, tripped over tin cans and finally reached an avenue parallel with the one on which Hogan was desperately trying to find him and at the same time explain to a patrolman the meaning of that single shot.

The Eagle looked around carefully for a second and then walked into another drugstore.

"Fifty cents worth of malachite," he ordered. "Just put it into a small box."

He glanced at the colorless powder, nodded in satisfaction and carefully placed it in his pocket. Then he turned

east, heading in the direction of the new rendezvous. It proved to be a house of pretentious dimensions with a spacious estate surrounding it. The Eagle made certain that Hogan hadn't picked up his trail, and turned into the long path leading to the house.

The door opened as he stepped on the porch. One of *Herr Doktor's* scowling men let him in. The cherubic, spectacled vice-leader of the ring greeted him with a sour grimace.

"You have not done very well, *mein Herr*. There are necessary explanations. But first come into this room and meet our leader. You will treat him with all the respect he deserves. Is that clear?"

The Eagle nodded and followed the man into an ornate living room.

THE curtains were all drawn and the room dimly illuminated. Standing at the far end, his bulky frame drawn up rigidly, was a man who wore a heavy coat and a turned-down hat. He began walking toward the Eagle, and his left leg dragged and clumped its way across the expensive rug.

Herr Doktor bowed from the waist and raised his hand in a salute the Eagle had grown to detest. He wondered why these men didn't have sore arms from all the kow-towing and saluting they did. But he thought it better to follow a good example. He raised his hand also.

"You may stand at ease," Baron Richter said pompously. "So you are Captain Shannon. Do you find our service more interesting and remunerative than fussing in your dingy laboratories, Captain?"

The Eagle drew himself erect. "Yes, sir. And I'm working for people who understand me. The money isn't so much—if I may say so, sir. I could use a little more."

"But, of course," the baron grunted. "When you do good work, you will be properly paid. Those formulas you gave *Herr Doktor*. They are worthless. All of them are old. We sent them abroad weeks ago. What I want are modern inventions, like the new time bomb that takes the place of the one whose plans you sold. Perhaps

you know something new like this one, *ja?*"

The Eagle shook his head. "I'm sorry, sir. You see, I was arrested two weeks ago and thrown into a stinking cell. I don't know what's gone on since they took me, sir. I think I might find out something if you give me time and a little money. It takes cash to buy secrets."

"Later we shall talk of it," Baron Richter said. "Now one other thing. *Herr Doktor* sent you on an important mission not many hours ago. You were to get certain documents. You did, but the one I wanted especially was missing. Where is it?"

The Eagle shrugged. "How do I know? Your *Herr Doktor* sent me without telling me anything except I was to take a leather zipper case. I did, and that's all there is to it. Damned near got my head shot off for my pains, too."

Baron Richter swung around, and the Eagle had a glimpse of his face. It was heavy and ruddy. His nose, incongruously thin, was twitching. His eyes were piggish and were narrowed now.

"Then what were ashes doing on the floor in front of the safe? Something was burned there. What?"

The Eagle barely restrained his slight start. He'd forgotten about that. His mind sought an answer to the damaging question. One came—quickly.

"That damned girl, sir! She put a gun against the back of my head and took that document. She opened the zipper case, took one paper, and burned it right in front of me. I couldn't stop her. She was a human devil. She'd have shot me down. She claimed she lived there, and I hadn't been warned to look out for tenants. But I socked her on the jaw later and got even."

"Perhaps," Baron Richter wagged his head up and down slowly. "We shall see. Now, Captain, you are a chemist. If you wished to elicit information from a certain person, what chemicals would you use as a persuader? Especially if that person wished, above all things, to keep his good looks?"

SHANNON shrugged. "Acid, I guess. It hurts like the very devil and it will make a mess of anyone's face. Hydrochloric acid—the fuming type, would be the best."

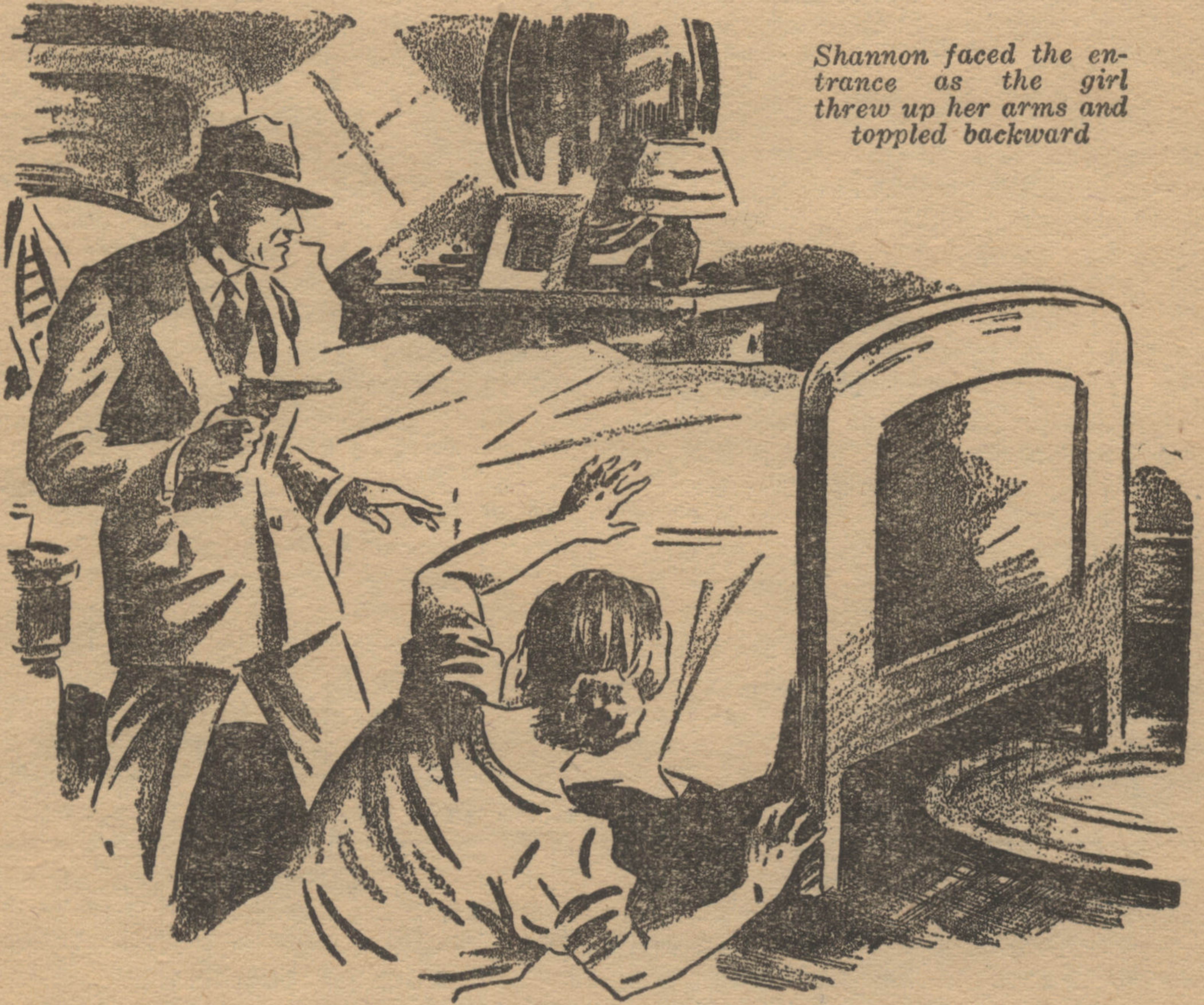
"At the rear of this house is a small laboratory. Find a bottle of that acid and then go upstairs. I have a patient who may respond to that kind of treatment."

"But burning a man's face," Shan-

tainly the atrocities of these scoundrels couldn't be classified under the word "peace." And the Eagle had gone to too many pains and spent too much time establishing himself as a disgraced army officer to back out now.

He followed one of the bulky thugs to a rear room and found a well-equipped laboratory. Then he had an inspiration. He purposely missed the

Shannon faced the entrance as the girl threw up her arms and toppled backward



non protested, "is not part of the work I was hired to—"

"Silence," *Herr Doktor* shrilled. "You would defy the baron's orders? If you wish to die, it is quicker to put a gun to your head. Off with you—get the acid—and hurry!"

Shannon sighed. This *was* a ticklish spot. He was expected to burn some helpless person—scar him for life. It was a horrible thing to do, yet his own life might hang in the balance and there was no telling how many others. War was war and cer-

bottle of fuming hydrochloric acid, depending on the inability of his guard to read the chemical symbols etched into the bottle.

"Have to make it up," he grumbled. "It will take a minute or two."

He secured an empty reagent bottle, picked up the hydrochloric acid and poured about half an ounce of the fuming stuff into the bottle. Then he filled it almost full of water, taken from a vat of distilled water. Next he dumped a small quantity of ammonia into the solution. The hydrochloric

acid, even in dilute solution, reacted with the ammonia to produce wisps of smoke that were really ammonium chloride gas. It would do. To all appearances the stuff fumed like hydrochloric acid, yet it would produce only a very mild burn, hardly felt by even the most sensitive skin.

He marched after the burly thug, proceeded up the stairs and was escorted to a barren sort of living room containing a fireplace and a big table. The baron, *Herr Doktor* and several henchmen awaited him. As he turned into it, one hand found the box of malachite powder in his pocket. He deftly slipped off the cover and inserted the tip of his finger into the stuff. Then the Eagle almost forgot what he was doing.

He had his first glimpse of the victim he was supposed to torture. It was the mystery girl who had held him up when he was robbing the safe. She saw the Eagle, and for a scant instant her eyes possessed a gleam of hope which she instantly removed by lowering her eyelids. Baron Richter was bending over her where she was held in a chair at the far end of the table by a hulking thug.

Jeff Shannon took a long breath and stepped close. In an almost unconscious gesture, he let his right hand rest for an instant on Baron Richter's shoulder.

Instantly the baron drew himself erect, but as he did so, the Eagle's hand brushed across the back of the baron's neck.

"You dare to touch me?" the baron rasped. He raised his hand and struck the Eagle across the face. "Carrion—filthy American pig! I am not to be touched or approached closely, do you understand? *Herr Doktor*, why have you not given this man the proper instructions of respect?"

Herr Doktor lowered his gaze and fidgeted nervously. The baron limped away, growling oaths under his breath. Then the business at hand took his attention.

"You know this girl?" he demanded.

"Yes, Excellency," the Eagle answered. "It is the girl who burned that document."

"Very well. Now here is what you

must do. We believe she has a copy of that same paper. I want it, no matter what you must do to get it, understand? Perhaps if you smear a little acid across her forehead she may decide to talk. Try it!"

THE girl, at the word acid, shuddered and raised imploring eyes to Shannon. He only glared at her and sneered. He removed the glass stopper from the reagent bottle and the white fumes spiraled out. Baron Richter nodded in high satisfaction.

"Go ahead," he rasped. "Burn her pretty face. That will make any woman talk."

The Eagle knew that beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. If he failed now, it meant not only his life, but the girl's as well. She was, of course, doomed anyway, but the Eagle had a grim resolve to see her out of this perilous spot no matter if his whole plan of campaign toppled like a castle of blocks.

He took his handkerchief from his pocket and saturated one end of it. Then he bent close to the girl.

"You will be scarred for life, perhaps blinded," he warned her roughly. "It is better and easier to tell his excellency what he wishes to know."

The girl shook her head stubbornly, but there was terror in her eyes now. The Eagle spoke in a whisper that he could hardly hear himself.

"This won't hurt, but scream."

He wiped the moist edge of the handkerchief across her forehead. The fumes bit into his nostrils. Baron Richter coughed, but he watched the proceedings with narrowed eyes filled with the lust for torture. The girl wisely bided her time and then she gave a convulsive lurch in the grip of the man who held her and at the same time emitted a wild yell of pain.

"Going to talk?" the Eagle asked her, and in an undertone added, "Swell!"

"No," she half-screamed. "No, I haven't a copy of that listing. I don't know what was on it. I'm telling the truth."

"Her cheeks this time," Baron Richter suggested suavely. "And use

more of the acid. Let her scream. The room is sound-proofed."

The Eagle saturated the cloth once more and daubed the stuff on her cheeks. She screamed again, and then slowly wilted in what seemed to be a dead faint.

"The stuff is too strong," the Eagle protested in a cracked voice. "Nobody can stand it for long. You can't imagine how this burns."

Baron Richter strode forward. "Give me that bottle," he snarled. "When she revives, I shall pour it on her. Perhaps there is no other listening, but she must die, anyway."

He yanked the bottle from the Eagle's hand, and some of the fake acid splashed over his fingers. He let out a howl of pain and terror, and then he gaped at Shannon. His piggyish eyes blazed as he sniffed of the bottle. Angrily he hurled the flask into the dead fireplace.

"Fool!" he roared. "This is not acid. You—but are you such a fool? No! Traitor is the better word, perhaps. We shall see. Karl, use your gun and pistol the wench while Captain Shannon looks on."

EVERYBODY promptly fell back save for the agent who held the groaning and twisting girl helpless in her chair. The man called Karl drew his automatic and aimed it at the girl's white throat.

This was more than the Eagle could stand. He knew these ruthless men were not bluffing. And he was already suspected by the baron because of the acid trick. He tensed himself and drew a deep breath. Then he raised his hands waist-high and set himself to grab the side of the heavy table and hurl it over at Karl.

Just as the Eagle moved, the baron raised a clubbed automatic and brought it down on Shannon's head. The Eagle crumpled to his knees, things going black around him as pain lanced through his skull.

"Don't shoot, Karl!" he heard the baron's voice dimly. "Just as I suspected—this man is a spy. This was all a plant, *Herr Doktor*. If I hadn't killed Colonel Vane myself, I'd think that the accursed Eagle was still alive

and directing activities. Tie up the girl. We'll get something out of them both later."

The Eagle tried to struggle erect, and the gun butt descended once more. With a slight groan he toppled forward on his face just as he heard the girl scream slightly. The last thing he remembered was that the baron himself had admitted killing Colonel Vane because he had suspected the colonel of being the Eagle. Then things went utterly black for him. He was unaware of it when Baron Richter limped around and kicked him brutally in the side of the face.

CHAPTER VII

EMBLEM OF THE EAGLE



ATER, the first thing that Jeff Shannon saw when he opened his eyes was the mystery girl's face. It was strained, deeply etched with worry, and her eyes were filled to overflowing, but she was still safe. When she saw that he was awake, she smiled.

The Eagle became aware that they were still in the room of the fireplace. The girl had been tied securely in her chair, and he lay on the floor where he had fallen. His face was stiff with dried blood and his head ached terribly, but he summoned a chuckle.

"Looks like we're sailing a rough sea just now, but you're a good sailor."

"I—I thought they'd killed you, Captain Shannon," she said in a low voice. "You looked so pale and—bloody. What are they going to do with us?"

The Eagle attempted to pass that one off with a laugh, but it didn't work. He tried to sit up and found that he was securely bound, with his hands lashed behind his back. He tugged at the ropes and gave up after a moment. There was no breaking them.

"There's no use kidding ourselves,"

he said grimly. "That Baron Richter is a man without a heart or a conscience. All I wonder is why they permitted us to live this long. You—haven't talked?"

She shook her head. "They tried to make me say that you burned that document at my house where we first met. I—I told them I burned it. Captain, isn't there anything we can do?"

The Eagle was thinking intently. He had an idea that before one of Richter's thug's would appear with his inevitable knife, there would be a certain amount of interrogation at the questionably tender hands of *Herr Doktor*. If the Eagle knew character analysis, *Herr Doktor* was just a stuffed shirt and as big a coward as the man who had impersonated Le-Blang. If Shannon could shock him somehow, divert his attention for a brief moment, he might have a chance. One thing stood in the Eagle's favor—*Herr Doktor* was a fat little man and probably unable to take much punishment.

"I'm going to worm my way over to you," he told the girl. "In my breast pocket you'll find a piece of blue crayon. See if you can get it out and put it between my fingers."

She eyed the Eagle as if he had suddenly gone mad, but when he laughed at her dismay, she nodded eagerly. He inched across the floor, reached the chair and pulled himself up to his knees. Her arms were still strapped to the chair just above the wrists, but she could move her hands slightly. She located the piece of crayon.

Shannon turned himself around and she put it into his hands. He managed to draw himself to his feet and then, in what seemed to be a hobble race, he crossed the entire length of the room and turned his back on a huge expanse of bare wall, covered with a very light wall paper.

"I'm going to draw an eagle," he told the girl. "Don't ask me why. Just guide me so it will look like an eagle and not a cow. Here we go!"

"Don't ask you—I don't need to," she gasped. "I—go ahead."

It was slow, painful work, but when he was finished, Shannon looked at the drawing with some admiration.

He hobbled back to where he had been lying when he recovered consciousness, sank to the floor as gently as possible and stuffed the piece of crayon into his shoe.

MINUTES crawled by and he began to lose hope. He glanced at the girl and was somewhat encouraged by her smile.

"Just who are you?" he asked. "And what makes you so important to these spies?"

"They want a listing of American agents working in Europe—the one you burned," she said. "But you know that. I—I don't matter, but Colonel Vane was—was my father."

"What?" he exclaimed.

"Yes," she said simply. "And I know now you are neither a traitor nor a coward, Captain Shannon."

There was no time for further conversation. *Herr Doktor* opened the door and strolled into the room. He glanced at the girl and then kicked the Eagle in the ribs. His attentions were completely focused on his two prisoners and he didn't notice the crayoned eagle pictured on the farther wall.

"So," he snarled, when the Eagle groaned, "you are awake, *ja*? That is good, for we shall talk a little. You belong to G-Two. Colonel Vane arranged that court-martial so we would approach you. That is the truth, is it not?"

Shannon drew his bound legs up as far as he could and gauged the distance between himself and *Herr Doktor*.

"What's the use asking me questions?" he countered. "You wouldn't believe me anyway, and it doesn't matter now."

Herr Doktor seemed a little jolted by that one. "You will tell me what you mean by that," he thundered. "You will talk or one of my men shall slowly slit your *schwein* throat. Do you hear me?"

"Sure I do," the Eagle retorted. "So does someone else. If you weren't so stupid and so near-sighted, you'd realize your number was up."

Herr Doktor raised his head and for the first time he saw the emblem

of the Eagle. A strangled cry came from his throat. He reached toward his hip pocket as his frightened eyes darted about. Instantly the Eagle's legs shot out. He kicked the spy with all the strength he could muster and he heard his heels rap against the spy's skinny legs.

Herr Doktor tried to move away, but the kick had almost paralyzed his lower limbs. He staggered back a step and stumbled over Shannon's outstretched legs. Instantly the Eagle pulled himself up, dug his toes against the floor and hurled his body at the spy. He landed on top of the man, knocking the wind completely out of him and cutting off the scream that welled up from his throat.

The Eagle wormed himself into a better position and clasped both hands around the spy's neck. He squeezed with all the power he could summon. This was a battle to the death. Such things as mercy were unknown in fights of this kind. If he lost, there would be a slow, agonizing death and even more painful than that would be the murder of the girl. This served to lend added strength to his fingers and they clawed deeper into the fat throat of the spy.

He felt his opponent grow limp, but he retained his grip until he was sure *Herr Doktor* was unconscious. Then he rolled off him, hedged his body directly beside the spy's and began clumsily searching his pockets. In

one he found a heavy automatic. This he placed on the floor and continued his search. At last his fingers closed around a knife. He got this out by tearing the pocket away. His fingers eagerly maneuvered the blade open and he began sawing at the ropes.

HIS wrists came free, but he had no time to attack the bonds around his thighs and ankles. Someone was approaching the room. The Eagle dragged himself across the floor, holding the automatic in his teeth. He raised himself and carefully set the gun down, balancing it on the arm of the girl's chair.

"Take it," he whispered hoarsely. "You can hold the gun. Shoot if you have to, but stall them until I get free."

Two of the thick-set spies came into the room expecting to find victims ready for their knives. Instead, they saw *Herr Doktor*, his face purple, his breathing labored, lying on the floor. They saw the emblem of the Eagle blazing bluely at them from the farther wall. This manifestation of the presence of a man they thought dead was as unnerving to them as it had been to *Herr Doktor*.

"Don't move," the girl rapped out. "You are both covered."

They backed against the wall and raised their hands, but their eyes shifted from side to side. If each

[Turn page]

**BIG BOY
TAKES A
TIP**



BOB: Say, fellow, are you taking Ex-Lax? Thought that was for women and kids.

JIM: Wrong. Big Boy! I've been taking Ex-Lax for years. It fixes me up fine!



BOB: Oh yeah! Well, I'm pretty husky... I need a laxative with a wallop.

JIM: Don't kid yourself! Ex-Lax tastes good, but it's plenty effective!



LATER

BOB: Thanks for the tip, pal! I tried Ex-Lax and it's great stuff!

JIM: What did I tell you! It's the *only* laxative we ever use in our family.

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle*! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for **every** member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



jumped aside, they'd be out of range of the gun, for both saw that the girl's bound hands couldn't turn the gun quickly enough to keep them covered.

One of the men took a chance and jumped. The gun barked, but its bullet only smashed into the wall. Both spies reached for their own weapons. At that split-second the Eagle sprang into action. He had freed himself of the ropes. He struck the nearest spy, slammed him with all his strength just over the heart. The spy turned white and gasped for breath. The Eagle rapped another blow to the chin.

The second spy was yelling for help, proof that there were others in the house. He turned his gun toward the Eagle, but he was too late. Shannon was gripping the first spy by the collar and the seat of the pants. He hurled him at his companion just as the second man fired. The bullet thudded into the spy's chest and he crashed lifelessly into his slayer. The killer staggered, shrieked in terror, and tried to run for the door. The Eagle stopped him with a well placed haymaker, and he toppled to the floor.

Shannon scooped up the gun and spun on his heels to meet the danger that was barging into the room from downstairs. The gun blasted twice. One of the three men on their way in, collapsed. The other two ducked back to safety, one of them clutching his right shoulder.

They began shooting. The Eagle skidded across the floor and reached the wall beside the door. Then he realized what was going to happen. The girl was in direct line of fire from the doorway.

"Drop your gun," one of the spies shouted, "or the girl we shall kill. You have one minute."

The Eagle sighed in despair. He didn't hesitate though. He flung the gun to the floor directly in front of the door. The unwounded spy, a shout of elation on his lips, blundered into the room. There were two quick explosions, but not from his weapon. He didn't even begin to pull the trigger. They had come from the girl's weapon.

The spy went down, and the Eagle

was sailing through the door. The last of the spy ring was fleeing toward the stairway. He got halfway down before an avalanche of human flesh and bone came swooping down on him. He was on the bottom of a tangled mass of arms and legs when they reached the landing. The Eagle slugged him hard on the button, appropriated his gun and went racing back up the stairway.

Herr Doktor was sitting up, fondling his throat and trying to figure out what was going on. He saw the Eagle and gave a screech of fear. He arose and staggered toward the door. Shannon polished him off with a one-two punch to the face.

THEN he rushed over to where the girl sat slumped in her chair. She raised her head.

"Captain Shannon!" she cried. "I—I thought they'd killed you."

"Except for you they would have," he complimented her, shooting as he attacked the bonds with his knife. "All this shooting is bound to draw the cops. I've got to get out of here as soon as possible."

He helped her up and steadied her until circulation returned to her legs. "You can explain what happened. These men are to be placed under arrest. If the cops want to know who killed them, mention the name of the Eagle. But don't couple it with the name of ex-Captain Shannon. The murderer of your father doesn't know yet that the Eagle still lives, and I must trap Baron Richter."

"But *Herr Doktor*—he knows you. He'll talk," she protested.

"He doesn't know that I am the Eagle. Only you know that. And don't worry about *Herr Doktor*; he's going to take a little pig-a-back ride."

The Eagle hoisted the spy leader up, slung him over one shoulder and started down the steps. On inspiration he turned back.

"I want you to know that I deeply regret the death of your father, Miss Vane, and I shall avenge it. I didn't know until just now that he had been murdered because he was mistaken for me."

"I know that now," she answered

quickly. "And I will follow your orders. I—"

Downstairs the front door crashed. Heavy feet trampled on the porch. The Eagle flashed her an encouraging smile.

"You're a staunch soldier yourself. Some man is going to be mighty lucky when he meets you. Good-by until later—and good luck."

He raced into one of the bedrooms, quietly raised the sash as he heard the girl stalling the police at the bottom of the steps. He shoved *Herr Doktor* out of the window, grasped him by one wrist and lowered him as far as possible. Then he let go and heard the spy leader hit the grass and soft earth in the backyard below. The Eagle thrust one leg over the sill, hung from the window a second and let go. He landed two inches away from *Herr Doktor*.

In a flash he was up again, hoisting the spy to his shoulder. The ray of a flashlight swept around the corner of the house. The Eagle dropped his burden, whipped out a handkerchief and quickly tied it around his face as a mask. Then he set his back against the side of the house and sidestepped to the corner.

A LONE patrolman, bent on investigating the thud, walked by two feet away. The Eagle shoved the muzzle of a gun into the officer's back.

"Don't move," he warned in a low voice. "I don't want to harm you, but I've got to get away from here without interference. It's all in the interests of peace."

"Yeah," the patrolman blurted. "Peace, is it—with a dozen stiff's inside this joint and at least one out here. Peace! You make mockery of the word."

"Just the same," the Eagle said softly, "I'm sorry I must do this."

He knocked off the patrolman's hat and brought the butt of his gun down in a smart blow, the full force of it held back, for he only wanted to knock the officer out.

A whistle shrilled somewhere. The Eagle rushed over to the spy, lifted him again and made his way to a garage at the rear of the house. There

were two cars parked there and ready to travel. He threw *Herr Doktor* into the back seat of the nearer machine, slid behind the wheel and stepped on the starter.

It responded beautifully. He rolled out of the garage, but he didn't head down the driveway. With the sirens screaming, whistles blasting and excited voices and feet making a din of the night, he figured that the police in the house wouldn't hear the car if he got away from the driveway.

He turned the wheel sharply, headed across the spacious lawn and mowed down a hedge. He crossed another wide estate and saw that the driveway to this house led from street to street. There were no other buildings to bar the way. He turned sharply into the drive and sent the powerful sedan racing away. Until the police found that smashed hedge and saw the wheel marks of the tires they wouldn't even know an escape had been effected.

The Eagle glanced back at *Herr Doktor*, saw that he would give no trouble and thanked his lucky stars that it was early morning and that there was no traffic. His foot became heavy on the gas pedal.

CHAPTER VIII

THE SECRET POLICE



JEFF SHANNON knew that he couldn't drive far in this commandeered car, for once his escape was noted, the police would obtain the numbers of the marker plates and broadcast them. The Eagle wanted no trouble with the police at this stage.

Baron Richter didn't know yet that his local clique of spies had been effectively broken up. Once he found out, there was no telling what he would do. And Shannon wanted to apprehend him before the spy master took flight.

The Eagle parked the car a few blocks from his hotel, made sure *Herr*

Doktor was still unconscious and well hidden and then hurried down the street. He turned into the hotel lobby with a prayer on his lips. If Hogan was there, he'd have another battle. The time element would give him no opportunity to take the F.B.I. man into his confidence. He had no proof of his real identity, and the job of making Jeff Shannon a bonafide army captain had been thorough.

But Hogan wasn't there. The Eagle secured a telegram from the desk clerk and shrewdly guessed that it had already been examined and a copy made. He ripped open the envelope, read O'Toole's brief message giving him his phone number and new address. Then he went to his rooms, gathered the clothing and make-up materials comprising his disguise and beat a hasty retreat back to the car. He sent it rolling across town until he reached O'Toole's quarters in a modest rooming house.

He had a key to the front door and he entered, listening to be certain everyone was asleep. He hauled *Herr Doktor* out of the car and carried him into the house, up the steps and finally dropped him on a bed in O'Toole's room. Only one more thing was necessary before he could relax. He spent twenty minutes getting rid of the commandeered car.

Herr Doktor was groaning behind his gag when the Eagle returned. Shannon drew a gun and snapped off the safety.

"I'm going to remove that gag," he warned, "but if you raise your voice above a whisper, I'll plug you."

Herr Doktor nodded his head violently in agreement. When the gag was removed, the Eagle helped him sip half a glass of water. *Herr Doktor* showed no appreciation of this favor. He began cursing his captor in three languages.

"You are the man who is using the insignia of the Eagle," he said hoarsely. "You are a fool! Baron Richter will soon know. Do you think he will take this without a fight? He has already killed the real Eagle. And he can wreak destruction from one end of this nation to the other. He has promised us to do so if we are

caught. It is better that you let me go. I—I will not say anything about you."

The Eagle grinned broadly. "Of course, you wouldn't. In fact, you're completely a man of your word. Listen, you run-down heel, you'd have me knocked off ten minutes after you got out of here. You're going to find out what our prisons look like instead. That is, unless you want to talk and maybe find out this government repays those who try to help."

"I know nothing," *Herr Doktor* grated. "I am in this country on a passport. I am a student and practitioner of medicine. My word is better than yours. The laws of your country are favorable to one in my position."

"What does Baron Richter intend doing?" the Eagle asked. "And just who is he? Under what name does he live here and enjoy the freedom of this nation?"

"I will not talk," *Herr Doktor* reiterated. "You are a fool with a too vivid imagination."

THE Eagle raised his eyebrows at that one and then he shoved the spy flat on the bed and began searching him. By the way *Herr Doktor* resisted the frisk, the Eagle became certain that he did possess something of value.

He found it, after twenty minutes, a two-foot square piece of fragile paper cleverly rolled up and inserted within a cigarette. The ends had been closed with tobacco and only the Eagle's extreme thoroughness uncovered it. He spread the paper on a table.

It was a map of the United States, but one devoted solely to the placing of armament factories, airplane plants, submarine bases, coast guard stations and arsenals. Through several of these had been drawn a cross in red ink. He noticed that the arsenal at which he had recently worked had been treated in that manner.

The Eagle picked up the phone and called long distance. He got O'Toole, several hundred miles south, and gave him precise instructions.

"I've got one of the bunch here in

your room, Mike. You bring your prisoner here by plane. Do it so no one will suspect that you are holding him. If necessary, knock him stiff and pretend he is very sick. We'll get these two together and see how their stories check. I'll expect you tonight, so step on it."

"But I will not tell you anything," *Herr Doktor* insisted belligerently. "You cannot make me talk—not if you kill me."

The Eagle lit a cigarette, sat down and crossed his legs. "You know," he said thoughtfully, "I really believe that and I know the reason why. You're not afraid of us here, in the United States. You know only too damned well how lenient our laws are and how fair our courts can be. If this happened to be in your country, you'd soon loosen that stubborn tongue of yours. They'd do it by various methods—make you glad to spill everything you know."

Herr Doktor glared at him, but he lowered his head after a moment in a silent admission to the truth of the Eagle's statement.

The Eagle didn't question him further. He was tired, but anxiety kept him awake. It wouldn't be long before Baron Richter discovered that the Eagle was operating again and that the police had rounded up many of his own best men. When that happened, he might swing into action.

Yet the Eagle could do nothing without proof. Simply to accuse a man of being a spy ring leader was a serious business. Richter would have his steps well covered.

There had to be some way in which to make *Herr Doktor* talk; some method of frightening him into an open confession, one that would stick and expose Baron Richter. The Eagle glanced at the glowering spy. Something clicked in his mind. O'Toole, LeBlang and their prisoner would be here soon. He had to act now.

First of all he gagged *Herr Doktor* again and also blindfolded him. Then he opened his make-up box. He quickly dyed his skin and hair, used the rubber cushions to make his cheeks rounder and the aluminum in-

serts to widen his nostrils. This done, he donned the natty clothing, adjusted his monocle and looked in the mirror. He shook his head. The effect wasn't exactly what he wanted.

With a pair of scissors he began clipping his hair far up on his temples, until only a stiff bristle of hair remained. Now he was satisfied. He went out to watch for his men.

WHEN O'Toole finally drove up, he saw the Eagle approach. LeBlang, recognizing the disguise, greeted him enthusiastically.

"We've got to work fast," the Eagle said. "I've got *Herr Doktor* tied up in your room, Mike. You have the spy in this car who became LeBlang's double. Now here is the idea. LeBlang, you have good connections as a member of the French *Surêté*. Get on a telephone, call someone you know and make the arrangements I'll outline now."

The Eagle noticed the impostor listening avidly. He signaled O'Toole. "Take our pal upstairs and let him join *Herr Doktor*. If they want to talk, that's okay. Maybe they'll get on one another's nerves until they are willing to confess. Guard them well, Mike. You see, despite the fact that we've broken up their spy ring, there are still a great number of their kind prevalent in this country. The baron may send some of his pets to make certain that neither this man nor *Herr Doktor* is able to talk."

The spy shivered as O'Toole gestured that he was to get out. O'Toole grasped his arm firmly and piloted him into the rooming house. After they were gone, the Eagle got into the car and talked to LeBlang for ten minutes.

O'Toole, in the security of his room, herded both prisoners into a corner and made them sit on the floor. He relaxed, but watched them narrowly. They were whispering in their native tongue of which O'Toole knew not a single word. But if they were hatching some surprise move against him, he'd be more than ready. He wondered what was keeping the Eagle and LeBlang. They had been gone for almost an hour and a half now.

Someone tapped on the door and O'Toole got up hastily. He opened it wide, expecting to find the Eagle there. Instead, a gun was poked directly under his nose. Two men forced him back into the room and closed the door.

They were husky men, with closely cropped hair and they wore black clothing, the same type affected by *Herr Doktor's* thugs. O'Toole was forced into a chair. A gag of adhesive was slapped across his lips and he was securely shackled.

"Ach!" *Herr Doktor* exclaimed in his own language. "It is about time you came. Baron Richter has sent you, of course. Release me, fools! I am his aide. Hurry, or you shall hear about this."

"Silence," one of the men snapped. "We do not come from the baron. Have you not heard of the Secret Police, *Herr Doktor*? Have you not heard how we take good care of those who fail our leader? We take orders from no one but him. The baron means nothing to us. You do, for you have failed in your mission and probably talked in the bargain. You are going back."

"Back?" both spies chorused, and *Herr Doktor* grew deathly pale.

"But—I—I do not want to go back. I—I am of great value here. My credentials are in order. They will not let you take me back. The United States government will prevent you from sending me back."

"You are going back," one of the two men snarled. "The puny government of this land cannot prevent us from taking you. One of our ships lies in the harbor. It is night. Both of you will be taken aboard here and locked up. No one will even know you are there."

"But Baron Richter—he will not permit it," *Herr Doktor* half screamed. "He is in charge of activities in this country. You must see him—"

ONE of the two men stepped over to the spy and slapped him soundly across the mouth.

"Silence, pig. Have you no ears? Did you not hear me tell you the Secret Police take orders from no one

but our leader! You are going back whether you like it or not."

He began cutting *Herr Doktor* loose while his companion freed LeBlang's double. Guns covered both men, foreign-made weapons that made *Herr Doktor* tremble. Handcuffs were produced and each was cuffed to one of the agents.

LeBlang's double was led out first. The other Secret Police member stopped beside O'Toole, growled something and tweaked his nose. Then they were gone. O'Toole struggled and fought his shackles, but it was hopeless. Maybe in three or four hours someone would hear him, but he had selected this rooming house purposely because it was all but empty and there was no maid service until it was called for.

"A fine mess I've made of things," he told himself with a groan. "What'll the cap'n think of me now, I wonder?"

CHAPTER IX

DEATH AND DESTRUCTION



DIRECTLY in front of the rooming house a big car was parked. The two spies and their captors entered it and were quickly driven away. One of the secret police leaned forward and spoke to the driver.

"We go to the ship quickly. It sails at daybreak and we have two passengers."

"No," *Herr Doktor* whined. "You cannot do this to me. I do not want to go back, I tell you. They will throw me into a concentration camp. They will torture me—kill me. You must let me remain here, where I can work and accomplish great things. Baron Richter will tell you I am invaluable. What is there to be gained by sending me back? You must—"

One of the secret policemen slapped him hard across the mouth again and hissed a demand for complete silence. The car rolled north, turned east and crossed town toward the river. *Herr Doktor* began shivering violently. Le-

Blang's double seemed too frightened to care much what happened to him. When he tried to talk, his chin trembled so hard his words became only a meaningless jabber.

The car stopped near the entrance of a pier where a great liner was tied up. The two men from the secret police took adhesive from their pockets, plastered it across the mouths of their prisoners and applied more of it over their eyes.

"It is not fitting that you even see our glorious flag," one of them hissed in *Herr Doktor's* ear. "You—who had failed it and our great leader. We do not put up with failures, my friend. And we must also be sure you have not talked to the authorities. Now—out with you. March beside us and do not make a motion to escape for it is futile. You are handcuffed to us. There is no chance of escape."

Herr Doktor made animal noises behind his adhesive gag. He was all but dragged up the gangplank. He heard men whispering, the sound of many feet on the deck of the great liner. Once or twice he overheard muttered threats against his life; threats made in his own language. He knew that he was being led below decks and then his shoes clanked against metal flooring. He heard a key inserted in a lock and a bolt grate as it was drawn back. Then the adhesive was stripped from his mouth and eyes. LeBlang's double was similarly treated.

Herr Doktor gazed into the narrow confines of a cell, the ship's brig. Its door was of solid steel with only a few small openings for the admission

of air. There was no window. A small, none too tidy bunk and a metal chair comprised the only furniture. Another of these cells was opened and LeBlang's double was hurled inside. He began screaming for mercy, adding shrill yells for help. One of the secret police scowled and walked into the cell.

There was the sound of a fist cracking against human flesh and bone. A thud told of the spy's hard fall to the floor of the cell. The agent came out, snapped orders and the door was slammed shut. Then he approached *Herr Doktor*.

"You will go inside quietly or suffer the same treatment I gave that other fool. March, pig!"

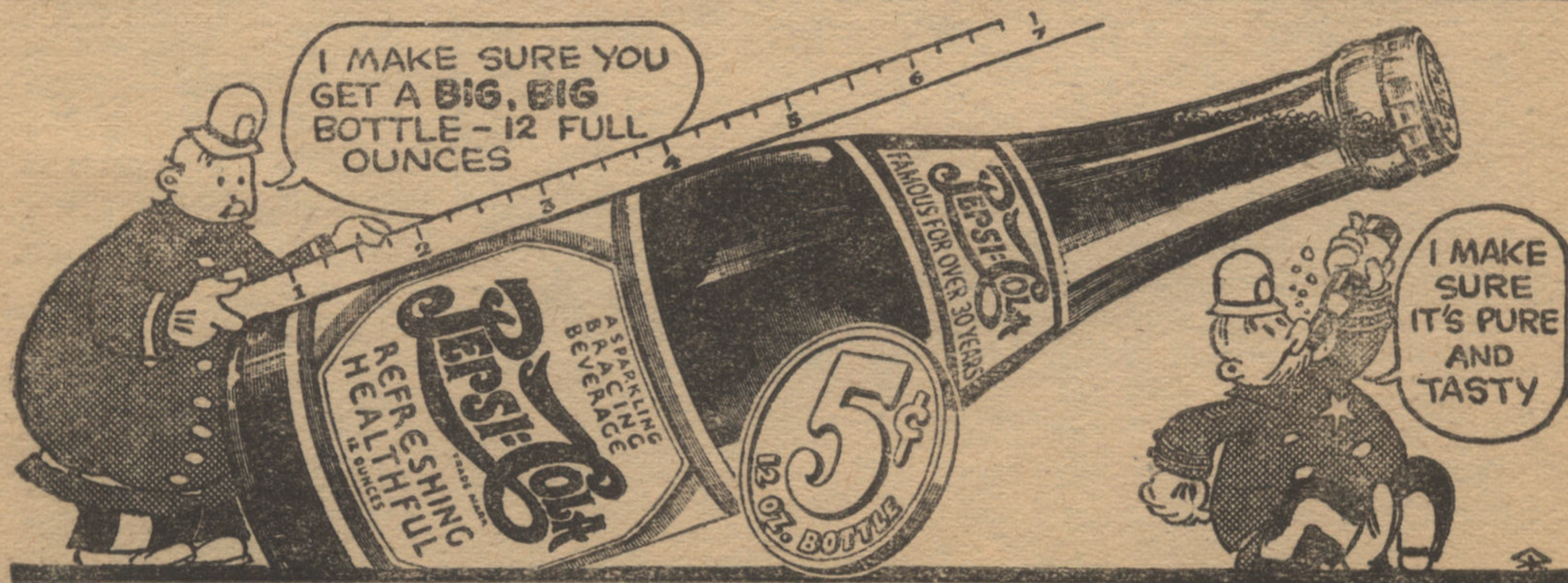
HERR DOKTOR'S shoulders sagged. Sweat ran down his face unheeded. His eyes were bulging in terror, his breath came in hoarse gasps. He walked into the cell and sat down on the edge of the bunk. One of the agents stepped in.

"On your feet," he roared. "Have you no respect for your betters? *Herr Doktor*, it is time we had a talk. You failed in your mission. You allowed the American counter-espionage agents to get the best of you. We do not tolerate failure, as you know, but there is another thing far more important. Did you talk? Did you tell them anything?"

"I swear I did not," *Herr Doktor* whined. "They beat me, tortured me, but I refused to tell. Even when they promised I would go free, I refused."

The agent sneered. "Perhaps you

[Turn page]



do not know anything. I do not think Baron Richter would be fool enough to confide in you."

"But he did," *Herr Doktor* cried eagerly. "I was his closest aide, I tell you. I know all his plans. He has been very successful and I have helped him. We have burned down over twenty buildings in arsenals, ammunition factories and navy yards.

"We have erected new buildings to replace them, and in their walls are enough explosives to blow each factory or munitions dump into little pieces. The baron has sworn that if his work is interrupted he will blow them up anyway, even though his orders are to wait until there is a military necessity for such actions."

"You mean," the secret police agent leaned closer to the spy, "that those new brick buildings are lined with explosives? That all this was prepared in case the United States helped our enemies in Europe? That the explosions of these buildings would destroy entire factories and arsenals? Kill thousands of people?"

"Ja, ja," the spy cried eagerly. He hadn't hoped that the secret police agents would be so taken aback by his news. Now they would realize his importance. "You must let me go. Only *Herr Baron* and myself know the men assigned to blow the buildings up. The walls contain radio sets, tuned to a frequency never used by any stations. But *Herr Baron* and I have devised transmitters that will send impulses to set the explosives off. It is a great plan—it cannot fail."

The agent who stood closest to him suddenly galvanized into action.

"LeBlang," he said crisply and in English, "I leave these men in your tender care. Thanks for helping me. We fooled them completely. Now that they are on a French ship, I suggest you transport them to some nice quiet island about ten thousand miles from here. They won't dare return to their native land—not after spilling all this."

"*Mein Gott!*" *Herr Doktor* exploded. "You—you are not of the Secret Police. I have been tricked! *Ach*—you will die for this. The baron will blow up every one of your fac-

tories. He will wreak destruction such as your nation has never known. It will prove to his superiors what he can do. They will reward him."

LeBlang stepped forward and gripped the spy by the throat. "And you, my fine little parrot, where will you be? If this happens, we shall see how bravely you face the guillotine—or the American electric chair."

"But—but I do not understand," the spy quavered. "This must be a ship from my own country. I heard my language being spoken. You are trying to trick me."

The agent who had quizzed the spy so closely, swept off his hat and turned down his coat collar. *Herr Doktor* only glared at him without recognition.

"You have heard of me before," the agent said quietly. "I am the Eagle! Take care of him, LeBlang. I'm on my way."

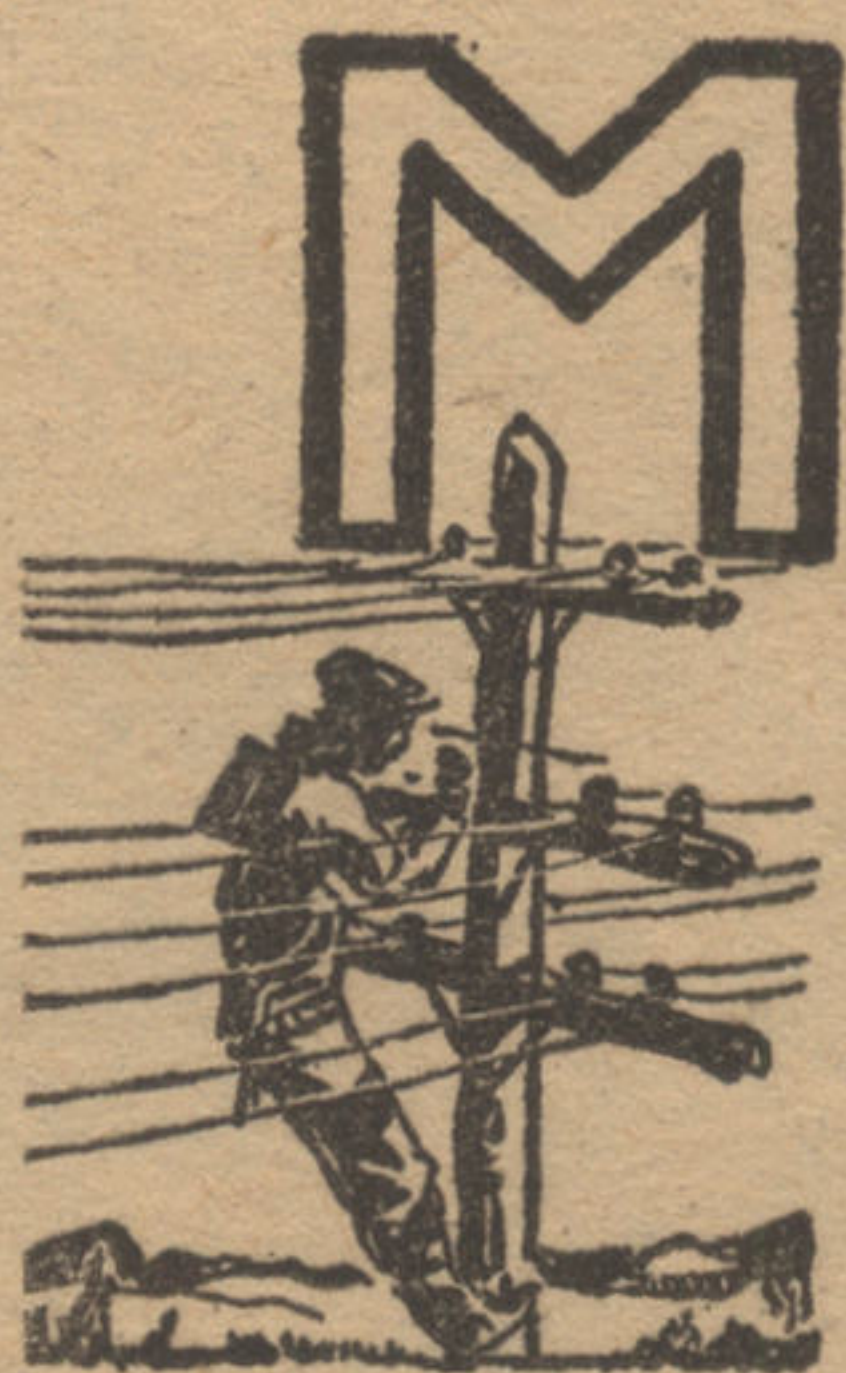
Herr Doktor didn't know or care much what happened after that. He had collapsed in a dead faint.

Shannon swept off the heavy, encompassing coat he had used in his guise of a foreign agent. He returned the salutes of French officers aboard the French liner. They cleared a path for him. The same fast car was waiting at the pier.

"The offices of the Army Engineers—quickly," he said. "Never mind lights or policemen."

"*Oui, Monsieur,*" the chauffeur grinned and stepped on it.

CHAPTER X CLOSED TALONS



MANUEL ORTERA, his fat face flushed in pleasure, arose and shook hands with the commanding officer of the Engineering Corps' eastern headquarters.

"These fires are really quite suspicious," he said. "But they haven't done a great deal of damage. Sometimes I think they look like sabotage, other times I believe it is

only coincidence. The losses are so small that I can't reason out why spies would wish to destroy them."

Brigadier-general Thorne nodded. "Quite right, Ortera. We've had our men working on those fires and they've gotten nowhere. It's too strong to be coincidence, but we are prepared to believe it is the work of cranks, persons who want to exhibit their power without causing any great amount of damage or loss of life. You will take over the building of this new storage house at the navy yard at your usual terms?"

"Within forty-eight hours I shall lay the foundation." Ortera bowed. "It is little enough, this small way I have of serving my adopted country. Good evening, General. You will not be disappointed in the building I shall construct."

Ortera turned toward the door and stopped dead. A man, brawny, tall and nattily dressed, blocked his way. One hand brought a monocle to his right eye. The other gripped a gun.

"I am quite certain, Mr. Ortera, that we are gravely disappointed in those buildings you have already erected. Please sit down. And you, General—I'm extremely sorry to force my way in here at the point of a gun, but it is necessary, believe me, sir."

"What's the meaning of it?" General Thorne demanded. "Who are you?"

The man with the monocle bowed slightly. "I'm known as the Eagle. Ask the head of G-Two about me. Ask Mr. Ortera. He has heard of me before—or am I mistaken?"

Ortera started violently and stared with popping eyes. He recovered himself, although the color receded from his heavy face. Then he growled something under his breath, but he obeyed a nudge from the gun and dropped into a chair close by the general's desk.

"I don't know what you're talking about," he said thickly. "I've never heard of anyone called the Eagle."

"Liar," the Eagle said in a grim tone. "Now, Mr. Ortera, it has struck me with considerable force that you have gone to extremes to get con-

tracting jobs with the U. S. government. You underbid any other contractor and during the past few months you have erected new buildings over the ruins of others destroyed by fire."

"I work only in the East," Ortera snapped. "Out of twenty structures I have erected only eight."

"But those other companies that work in different sections of the country—I find that you dominate them. Under various names of course, but you slipped up, Ortera, when you signed the incorporation papers of each. You used different names, but your handwriting is exactly the same. You have erected these buildings with a purpose in mind. For a long time I didn't know why, but I did know that spies were sent to burn down those old structures so you could replace them."

Ortera mopped his face with a handkerchief. He turned to General Thorne. "This man is mad. Why don't you have him arrested? Why don't you call in the police?"

THORNE leaned forward across his desk.

"Because I'm interested in his story. We rounded up several spies a few hours ago and all they talk about is the man called the Eagle. I thought he was a myth until now. I find him extremely interesting. You see, Mr. Ortera, I've been wondering about you, too. You haven't made a cent of profit in any of those jobs you've done for us."

Ortera slid his chair around. "You wish confirmation of my patriotism—of the reason why I did not wish to make money out of the government? Allow me to use your telephone. I shall call someone so important that even you will be amazed."

The Eagle signaled that Ortera was to be allowed to do this. The construction company owner picked up the phone and began dialing. The Eagle moved closer, very quietly. He watched the numbers dialed. Then just before the connection was completed, he wrenched the phone out of Ortera's grasp.

"Baron Richter," he snapped, "you

are under arrest! General, I have the number this spy called. He was about to issue orders that all those buildings he has erected were to be blown up, and the entire area around them would be blasted to ruins, too. That's why he undertook to erect them at no profit. He makes enough—from a foreign nation—to repay him. His intentions were to stop this country from joining any aggression against his nation in the event of war—or even helping nations attacked by his armies. This man is Baron Richter."

The Eagle pulled down Ortera's collar and exposed a bright green streak on the back of his neck which he showed to General Thorne.

"I put that there," he said. "When you cursed me for touching you, Baron, you really had a good reason. My finger was coated with malachite, a colorless chemical that turns green when moistened by sweat. You didn't notice it on the back of your neck, but no further proof is necessary now. You're Richter, and you're under arrest for the murder of Colonel Vane, whom you killed because you thought he was the Eagle. Miss Vane, the colonel's daughter, is a witness also to your confession."

Ortera dropped his mask. He was on his feet, face crimson with rage, lips trembling with hatred. He made a move for the telephone, and the Eagle's gun roared once. Baron Richter cried out as his hand dropped to his side and oozed blood. He limped back a few steps.

"Here is the number he called, General Thorne," went on the Eagle grimly, repeating the number he had watched the spy master dial. "He was calling his private headquarters to give instructions to blow up all of those mined buildings. Trace it. Get in touch with Hogan of the F.B.I. and send men to round up anyone there."

"Then you must have each one of the new Ortera buildings demolished at once—carefully, because they are all loaded with high explosives. Make haste."

The unmasked Baron Richter was staring in horrified fascination at this monocled man he could not remember ever having seen before.

"Who—who are you?" he demanded hoarsely.

"Look carefully, Baron," suggested the Eagle. "You are a master of disguise yourself. You adopted the identity of Manuel Ortera, pretending to be a South American who loves this country. True, you are limping just now. You have forgotten for the moment that Ortera doesn't limp. By glancing at your left leg I can see that the shoe has been cleverly built up from the inside. It helps you walk straight—when you remember to be careful about it."

"Look through my disguise, Baron. I will help you. To whom did you admit that you killed Colonel Vane? His daughter, whom you had captive, and another. You thought them dead by now, but they escaped."

AN INSTANT of terrible silence. Then:

"Captain Jeff Shannon!" exclaimed Richter, his face a study of passionate rage and frustration. "So I was right about you being a spy in the accursed G-Two."

"With a slight error," added the Eagle grimly. "You mistook Colonel Vane for the Eagle instead of suspecting me. And you killed him. For that one deed alone you will go to the chair."

It was General Thorne's turn to be surprised.

"Shannon?" he said incredulously. "You are Jeff Shannon?"

"Yes, sir," admitted the Eagle, saluting respectfully. "Some days ago, General, you took my sword from me and broke it. You stripped me of my insignia and drummed me out of the army."

"But—but—" spluttered the general.

"It was all for this purpose," went on the Eagle, indicating the figure of Baron Richter, "to apprehend this dangerous spy. Don't feel too badly about it, sir. You can restore Captain Shannon's untarnished name and record, but it is only a faked record which fooled even the astute Baron Richter. I am not a regular member of the army staff. I am attached to G-Two as a special agent, and I will

be returning to Washington at once, now that my job here is—"

Baron Richter could stand no more. He let out a mad scream, took three swift steps, and dived headlong through the nearest window. Too late the general and the Eagle rushed forward.

"My God!" whispered the general. "It's sixteen stories to the ground."

asked General Thorne, smiling slightly for the first time. "She is at present in one of the outer offices. She was waiting to see me when you came in."

The general went out to give orders about the final apprehension of the spies at Richter's headquarters and to send the girl in. The Eagle waited.

COMING IN THE NEXT ISSUE

THE STOLEN GAS GUN

A Complete Book-Length Novel

By **CAPT. KERRY McROBERTS**

The Eagle, U. S. Secret Agent, Gets into Rapid Action on the Trail of a Fiendish Saboteur!



ARROWS OF DESTINY

A Complete Novelet of G-Man Courage

By **WILLIAM L. HOPSON**

A Sinister Crew of Hooded Conspirators Plots to Undermine America and Aid the Combined Fleets of Europe and Asia!



PLUS MANY OTHER EXCITING SPY STORIES

"I know," agreed the Eagle, nodding soberly. "Perhaps it is best this way. He might have got out of the extreme penalty for the killing of Colonel Vane, but he knew he couldn't face the punishment to be meted out to him in his own country for failure. That's why he jumped. Will you convey my respects to Miss Vane, sir, and say that—"

"Why not say it for yourself?"

In a moment the door opened and Colonel Vane's daughter entered. At sight of the Eagle she came forward swiftly.

"Captain Shannon," she cried, "I want to thank you with all my heart for what you have done. I shall never forget you. You have been so kind and noble and courageous."

"Please," he protested. "I feel that in a way I am responsible for the

death of your father, even though unwittingly, and I want to tell you how badly I feel about it."

The girl's eyes filled with tears, but she straightened her shoulders and raised her chin proudly. "He died for his country," she said. "Nobody could ask for more than that."

The Eagle took her hand and bowed deeply, pressing it to his lips.

"As I said before," he murmured, "you are a gallant soldier, and you're going to make some man mighty happy."

"Thank you, Captain Shannon,"

she said simply. "Or should I say, Captain Eagle? And may I return the compliment? What is your sweetheart's name?"

The Eagle colored slightly. Then he laughed.

"Her name," he answered soberly, "is Joan Kirke."

Valerie Vane looked at him for a smiling moment. Then she impulsively kissed him.

"I'm returning what you gave me," she murmured. "Give them both to her, with my love."

And she turned and was gone.

COMING NEXT ISSUE

Jeff Shannon, U. S. Secret Agent

IN

THE STOLEN GAS GUN

A Complete Book-Length Action Spy Novel

AND MANY OTHER STORIES



At last I've found a winning blade!

That Thin Gillette's the finest made.

Designed for close, clean, easy shaving,
It's also time and money saving!

New kind of edges on steel
hard enough to cut glass!

THIN Gillette BLADES

4 for 10¢
8 for 19¢

The Thin Gillette Blade Is Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade

Slaughter in Shanghai

By ROBERT WALLACE

Author of "Graduates of Murder," "The Counterfeit Killer," etc.



Buckley's slug shattered his wrist

*Intrigue and Murder Run Riot
in the Brains of Fevered
Conspirators—Until Tom
Buckley Enters the Play!*

JAI ALAI is called the fastest game in the world. In the world, perhaps—but not at Shanghai. There is one game there that is faster. That is the game of wits, and life—and death.

That is what Lieutenant Tom Buckley, U.S. Naval Intelligence, was thinking, as he stood by the wire netting that separates the playing court from the gallery, here in the auditorium in Frenchtown, just off Avenue Joffre.

Tom Buckley was very restless. There was the sleek bigness and im-

patience of a hair-trained athlete about him. His eyes were coal black, and his hair was blacker, and curly. He was bare-headed now, wearing a white beer suit, and the flat .45 automatic made a slight bulge under his tight waistband. He'd been in Shanghai now for three idle days.

The gallery behind Buckley sat hushed and tense—white men, yellow men, brown men, black. Women of all nations. Clutching tickets and score pads, heads jerking spasmodically with the flight of the *pelota*—the ball.

Crack! Crack! Crack! It was a beautiful game to watch. The players' skill was amazing, for the ball was no more than a white streak. *Crack! Crack! Crack!* Racket to backstop to racket and back—

This was Jai Alai—the fastest game in the world. Until death took a hand.

Buckley heard a bookmaker's shout but thought nothing of it. He was watching Number Five's opponent, to see if he could detect a deliberate misplay. Hence he did not clearly see Number Five's wild shot. He was fleetingly aware of the ball's streak toward the net, of the odd *crunch* it made against the wire netting as Number Five, a big blond fellow, hurled it from his *cesta*—his lacrosse-like scoop—with terrific force.

Then everything stopped, like a jammed motion picture. For perhaps three seconds the trance held. The referee's trilling whistle broke it. The scoreboard flashed; the game was over. Number Five's wild shot had lost for him; his opponent had won.

Buckley stood momentarily, as stunned as the crowd. Not because he thought the misplay so rank, nor because he'd lost his wager. But because he'd seen a man murdered.

He jammed through the crowd to the fallen figure, about which they swirled unconcernedly. A white man. He lay on his side, with his back to the screen. Others probably thought he was drunk.

He wasn't. He was dead, freshly so. The bloody back of his skull was crushed like an egg. Above his feet, head high, was a bulge in the net—

where the wild ball had struck! That was what had killed him, before Tom Buckley's very eyes!

Then the girl screamed. It was the stately dark Russian girl he'd noticed casually before. She stood over him now, staring down. Her white face showed recognition, and horror. She whirled on the burly bookmaker, a scant six feet away.

"You killed him!" she screamed. "You killed him, Sergei!"

Buckley grabbed her arm, hard. "Who is that man that was killed?"

He had to shout, above the roar and confusion. His hand went to his waistband, as he faced the burly Russian bookie.

"You backed him against that screen, and held him!" Buckley snapped. "I saw you!"

"Yes!" cried the girl. "They killed—"

The burly man shouted in Russian, pawed at her. Buckley released the girl, intervened, shoving the Russian back to the screen.

"Who is that man?" he repeated.

The dead man looked like an American, or British. If so, Tom Buckley might be very much concerned.

"They killed him!" the girl cried again shrilly. "Murdered him in cold blood—"

SHE broke off, so startled that Buckley turned to see what was wrong. She was staring up at the gallery, at a figure standing several rows up. A Japanese. He was speaking with two companions, showing a mouthful of green dental work such as is common throughout Asia.

When Buckley looked back to the girl, she was running through the crowd.

"Hey!" he yelled.

Police were clubbing through the crowd now, jamming about six deep between Buckley and the dead man. Number Five, the big blond player came up behind the wire netting, called out to the bookmaker in Russian. They started to talk and gesticulate.

Buckley exclaimed disgustedly, and plowed down the ramp to the lobby.

There was no sign of the Russian girl. A fat doorman with handlebar mustaches was helpful enough.

"Yes. She take rickshaw, down Avenue Joffre."

Buckley went out with a rush, hailed the sturdiest of a flock of rickshaw coolies.

"Avenue Joffre. Chop chop!"

They overhauled the girl finally at the Tibet Road intersection, where Avenue Joffre becomes Edward VII. Her rickshaw was halted for a traffic light, and Buckley pulled up beside her in his own covered vehicle. She didn't see him. When the light changed, he followed her.

He didn't see the two rickshaws that followed *him*, though.

The girl's rickshaw turned off into a side street, stopped before a small modern apartment building, of which there are many in Shanghai. The street was ill-lighted, and Buckley stopped a half-block distant, paid his boy twenty cents and hurried after the girl.

She had disappeared down a graveled drive. It led to a courtyard, and when he reached it, the girl had vanished. The courtyard was enclosed by two-story apartments, opening onto the court. She could have entered any of them. Several were lighted.

Buckley watched for new lights, watched through windows for some sign of the girl. Then her scream came from back in the drive.

"Help!"

He slid his .45 from its waistband holster as he ran. Against the ill light of the street he saw her, struggling with two shadowy figures.

Buckley caught one little brown man cleanly with a swinging left fist. The Jap slid on his stern and plowed gravel. The second Jap seized Buckley's gun hand.

Tom Buckley could have shot him, but he didn't want an uproar. The little Jap backed in to him, drawing Buckley's arm over his shoulder. It was elemental ju-jitsu. The Jap intended tossing Buckley head over heels. But Buckley dropped his gun, rammed his left forearm between the little man's legs, and hoisted him.

The Jap squealed his surprise, sat astraddle Buckley's arm and kicked. He started twisting Buckley's right arm, getting a grip to break it. Buckley snapped a mouthful of his ear. The Jap screamed. He screamed louder when Buckley spat out the man's ear lobe. He let go of Buckley's arm then, jumped, hit the ground running. His companion followed in haste.

Buckley quickly retrieved his .45 from the ground, glaring after them, and spat again with distaste. Then he had to laugh, deep down in his belly. Until a movement in the shadows checked him, as the girl emerged from a dark basement doorway.

"So that's how you gave me the slip," he said. "What's the idea, sister? What did those monkeys want?"

THE girl came out, breathing hard. "Thank you," she said stiffly, and turned away.

Buckley caught her arm. "Please," she said coolly, "allow me to go."

"Sure," agreed Buckley. "I'll go with you."

"You defended me like a gentleman. Please remain so."

"Ah! Another Russian aristocrat. Perhaps even a princess."

"How did you know?" she gasped, and then held her breath.

Buckley smiled. "Aren't they all?" She exclaimed angrily. "Laugh! If it amuses you. I was a princess! But now I am a cabaret dancer. Like scores of other White Russians in Shanghai, I make my living as best I honorably can. Now please let me go!"

"Okay, my little princess and cabaret queen. Only you're wanted for murder."

She gasped in dismay, gathered her long gown and ran. Buckley caught up with her, running easily, at the courtyard apartment door.

"Now is that any way for a princess to act?" he said chidingly. Then: "Are you talking to me, sister—or to the police? I mean, the French police, because this is the French Concession."

She breathed jerkily. "I don't know anything, I tell you!"

"You know that bookie held that guy against the screen," Buckley charged, "while the big blond Russian player socked him with that ball. You know that bookie, too—called him 'Sergei'. This business was planned, sister—and it's murder!"

"The Japanese!" she exclaimed. "He saw—" She broke off, tried to pull away, quailed against the door. "No. No, I don't know anything. Please!"

Buckley stood back and looked at her in the ill light.

"What is your name?" he asked finally.

"Marusha," she answered, with down-cast gaze. "Marusha Marlova. In English, Mary."

"Well, Mary, I guess I'll have to turn you over to the police anyway—since you won't talk."

"No! No!" She clutched his arm, her breath coming violently. "I'll tell. I'll tell you! But who—" She looked up at him, trembling. "Are you of the British Secret Service, too?"

Buckley gripped her wrist hard, stared down into her white upturned face.

"Was he—the one who was killed—of the British Secret Service?" he asked harshly.

She closed her eyes, nodded.

"How do you know?" he demanded.

"He came to the cabaret," the girl said. "He was my friend."

"Oh," Buckley said dryly. "He was your friend." He shook her. "Well! Get inside. What are you waiting for?"

Her eyes shone with new hope. "You're—you're not going to— You are American, then, of course!" she cried, almost gladly.

Buckley ignored that. "I'm not taking you to the police. Not yet. Now, get inside."

Color flamed in her cheeks. "I have no key."

"Isn't this your apartment?"

"No; it was—his. Wilson's. I came to see if there were perhaps papers. I was going to turn them over to the English. Really I was! He was my friend. I—"

"Wilson, eh?" He stared at her

hard through the gloom. "So that's why you pulled into that basement doorway. You knew you couldn't get in—or hide back here."

"Yes. I have no key to Wilson's apartment. I was just so desperate—"

Buckley scowled. "Stand aside."

CHINESE masonry is of notoriously poor quality, and Buckley thought he could force the door. But it had a Yale lock. Finally he gained entrance by the simple expedient of breaking a window. He admitted the girl then, stopped with an exclamation as he turned on the lights.

The room was ransacked. Buckley's .45 was out again, as he crossed to connecting doorways. No one was there. He closed the door, drew window shades, stood chewing his lip, his black eyes smoldering.

"This," he said, "was done before they killed him, of course." He eyed the girl sharply.

"I do not care what you think. He trusted me," she said simply. "He even asked me to watch people for him."

"At the auditorium?"

"No, no. At the cabaret, where he called for me tonight. He wanted me to watch the Japanese."

"The one with the green teeth?"

"Yes. He wanted to know whom the Japanese met—and what they talked about, if possible."

"Oh," said Buckley, and chewed his lip thoughtfully. "And who did the Jap see, and what did they talk about?"

"He met other Japanese. But the last time—"

She stopped. For there was an abrupt hammering at the door.

Buckley leaped swiftly sideward, motioned the girl back, then reached out and turned the spring lock. The door exploded inward, and on the threshold appeared the burly Russian bookmaker.

"Marusha!" he bellowed.

"Sergei!"

They babbled in Russian.

"How ducky," said Buckley, stepping out with his .45 held waist high. "Come in, my murdering friend."

The Russian stared, startled. He jumped back and grabbed for his pocket.

Buckley's .45 roared. The Russian screamed as his hand shattered redly. The girl cried out.

Buckley's voice came flat and even.

"I know you killed him, Sergei. You and Number Five. I want to know why—and who you're working for!"

The Russian was blubbering. Buckley thrust the girl back, went on coldly.

"I'm counting three, my friend. Then a slug goes through your right kneecap. I'll count three more, and put a slug through your left knee. You get the idea? One. Two. *Three—*"

"I'll talk!" screamed the Russian, pressing his bloody hand in agony. "I'll talk!"

"Who are you working for?"

"The—the—"

Crunch!

The Russian's head snapped forward. He rose on his toes, bowled right on over, fell flat on his face. And as he hit the floor, a white object seemed to fall away from the base of his skull, roll, aimlessly—

Buckley leaped to the door, dashed outside for the drive. A fleeing form had just gained the street. He fired twice, hastily; knew he missed, as the fleeing one vanished.

Windows were opening, but no one ventured out. Buckley ran back inside, stooped over the Russian. The man was dead, the back of his skull a bloody pulp. The Jai Alai ball, stained red, still rolled on the floor.

"You killed him!" cried the girl dazedly.

BUCKLEY kicked disgustedly at the white death pellet, bent over the murdered Russian to search. He found the usual things. But in a jacket pocket were several slips of paper, written in Russian. They didn't mean anything to Buckley. But on one a terse note was printed in English.

Tonight, at twelve.

"Did Wilson say anything about

tonight at twelve?" Buckley barked at the girl.

She shook her head.

His eyes were smoldering again. "That cabaret, sister!" He grabbed her arm. "Come on—it's eleven-forty now!"

She pulled back, still dazed. "I—I'll stay here."

He picked her up without another word, carried her out bodily. . . .

Chiloh Cabaret is on Tibet Road just over the French line in the International Settlement. It was ten minutes till midnight when Tom Buckley escorted Marusha Marlova to a table at the edge of the dance floor.

Buckley ordered a Singapore gin sling for himself, vodka for the girl. Then, sitting so that he could observe the corner, he produced the slips of paper taken from the dead Russian.

Five till twelve. Buckley looked at the slip that said "Tonight, at twelve." His eyes went to the corner table. Still deserted. He watched. Buckley swore under his breath.

Some vital meeting was scheduled here that concerned the green-toothed Japanese and his Russian conspirators. Vital, because Wilson, a British Secret Service man, had been murdered, his apartment ransacked. If it was important to the British, it was also vital to the U.S. Naval Intelligence—because the interests of both countries were one. If the Japanese spies had met here before, Buckley figured they would come here again.

Funny, Buckley was thinking. Here he was—Tom Buckley, U.S. Naval Intelligence—risking his neck to get at the bottom of a murder which by all odds he should have turned over to the proper authorities.

Not that they didn't now have Wilson's body. But the implications behind his death—Well, Buckley figured, white men had better stick together in Shanghai—in China. Otherwise the Japs would inexorably drive them out, with apologetic smiles and murmurings of "So sorry. So sorry."

After all, now that Adolf Hitler had pressed the button which unleashed the cruelest war in history, it was only common sense for the peo-

ples of democratic countries to hold common cause. Otherwise, Buckley reflected, they might very well go down nation by nation before the onslaught of more realistic enemies—

Four minutes till twelve. Three. Buckley tensed, his nerves tingling. His eyes were glued on that corner table. His hand dropped almost involuntarily to his waistband.

Twelve sharp! The waltz sobbed to an end, lights flared. Intermission. Dancers quit the floor.

Three minutes past twelve. Five. But still the corner table was empty.

Buckley spoke to the girl; spoke twice, before she heard him.

"Snap out of it! Look around, and tell me if you see anyone that Jap met here before."

She looked around in a dazed sort of way, shook her head.

Buckley sat with mounting impatience. Ten past twelve. He ceased his incessant vigilance then, looked at the slips containing Russian writing, passed them to the girl.

"What do they say?"

She frowned, shook her head. "I cannot read them."

"It's Russian, isn't it?"

"But it's all mixed up. It does not make sense." She smiled wanly. "Part of it looks like algebra, yes?"

CODE! Buckley chewed his lip, scowling. "You say this Jap met other Japanese here. Did he ever meet anyone else?"

"I started to tell you, back there," she murmured, "about the last time. He did meet someone else. Sergei."

He stared. "Who is Sergei?"

The girl seemed to get a grip on herself, returned his gaze levelly.

"He is a prince—he was. A friend of mine. They killed Wilson, like you say—yes. But I didn't know they would. I only saw it done, the same as you. And now, they have killed Sergei in Wilson's own apartment. I do not know why."

"What did Sergei say to you in Russian at the apartment?"

"Only that he'd gone to my place after me, and then come to Wilson's."

"Sergei wanted to put you out of the way," Buckley scowled. "But

Number Five followed Sergei and shut *him* up instead! How long has it been since Sergei met the Jap here?"

"Three—four weeks."

Buckley swore under his breath. "Did you hear anything that was said?"

"No. But after Sergei had gone, I kept close to the table. Another Russian and two Japanese still remained. They drank a toast, and one of them said: 'When nineteen hundred meets nineteen thirty-nine'.

"I know it doesn't mean anything. But I remember it because it was all I ever distinctly overheard them say. And Wilson had asked me—"

"'When nineteen hundred meets nineteen thirty-nine.'" Buckley frowned. What could that mean?

"They looked after Sergei so peculiarly as he left, as though it was all in reference to him. And the way they laughed—" The girl shuddered.

Buckley suddenly started. Why, that green-toothed Jap had been at the Auditorium. And that blond Number Five—Dmitri, hadn't some of the fans called him?—had certainly been in cahoots with Sergei, the book-maker, for he'd been talking with him after the murder. Then Dmitri, Number Five, was a Japanese agent, because Sergei had been murdered!

Tom Buckley's blood tingled. White Russians plotting with the Japanese against Stalin's Soviet Russia! Former aristocrats, who wanted their lands and fortunes back, and would go to any lengths to achieve their aim.

Abruptly Buckley was staring again at the code, at the "algebraic equation" the girl had vaguely referred to. It was contained in the body of one of the notes:

"I¹ 'H E² C H' U A N."

Perhaps it was the words "nineteen hundred" that tugged at Buckley's memory. At any rate, the simple lettering hit him with such intensity, it brought him to his feet with a cry.

"The English translation of the symbol of the Chinese society—'Righteous League of Fists'!" Buckley's voice cracked hoarsely. "*The Boxers!* Why, back in nineteen hundred they tried to massacre all the whites in China!"

Buckley had Marusha Marlova by the arm then, was pushing through the crowd. He hailed a taxi.

"Auditorium!" he barked. "Step on it!"

For that, Buckley was morally certain, was the headquarters of the conspiracy.

When they drove up, the fat doorman with the handlebar mustaches bowed, smiled at the girl, and spoke in Russian.

"Good evening, Your Excellency," Marusha Marlova replied, and returned his smile wanly. In his time, the doorman had been a general of infantry, a member of the Imperial Court of the Czar.

Buckley ushered the girl through the lobby, not up one of the ramps to the gallery, but up a stairs that led to the balcony.

A game was in progress and the Auditorium was packed, would be until perhaps 2 A.M. There was nothing to indicate that only that night, murder had been brutally done.

BUCKLEY ushered the girl down a balcony aisle to the end. A stairs there led down to the bar. But beyond, on this floor, were a few private banquet rooms, and the manager's office. That was where Buckley's goal lay. But he did not immediately proceed, for a huge, bull-necked fellow stood at the door on guard.

Presently the game grew terrifically exciting. And—the guard had moved over to the balcony rail to watch the absorbing play!

The door was unlocked. Buckley edged over to it cautiously, opened it—and drew the girl in after him.

They found themselves in a lighted hallway, off which three doors opened on either side, with a door marked "Manager" at the far end. Buckley motioned the girl to stand silent, tip-toed down the hall.

Voices from one of the banquet rooms stopped him in his tracks. The staccato nasal tones of a Japanese hissed persuasively in English.

"Understand, Comrade, it is the will of our Great Comrade in Moscow. The White Russians must be driven out of China! I will be quite

honest with you, my friend. Shanghai is the last real stronghold of the white Man in China. He, too, must go! In Shanghai there will be much loot. All will be yours, General—for the taking!"

The nasal voice grew more sinister. "By the time our naval vessels arrive your work must be done. Shanghai must be sacked! Burned to the ground! Not a single white man left alive!"

"That is the command of our Great Comrade, Stalin, sent by his special envoy, Comrade Dmitri. Such is the wish of His Excellency, the Chief Mandarin of Shanghai, who sits here by my side. That you will convey to our esteemed ally, General Wu Chen."

Tom Buckley jerked back from the door, sensing someone behind him. But it was only Marusha Marlova, crouching there white and tense.

"You heard?" he asked hoarsely.

Terror shone in her eyes. "But I do not understand. Wu Chen is the communist guerilla leader, yes, who was supposed to be aiding Chiang Kai-shek. But Stalin"—she spoke the name with distaste—"he is fighting the Japanese! They have no understanding as yet."

"Of course not!" said Buckley. "Those 'envoys' of Stalin's are *White Russians living in Shanghai!*"

"No!" the girl protested. "I cannot believe it!"

"Dmitri! Sergei—now dead. Japanese agents, pretending to be Stalin's envoys! To trick Wu Chen into serving their will!" Buckley explained.

"Wu Chen is allied with Stalin. His particular communist troops are largely the old society of Boxers. The Japs are notorious imitators, and they've hit on the scheme of staging another Boxer rebellion—here in Shanghai! The devils!"

"Don't you see?" he whispered fiercely. "Sack Shanghai! Destroy foreign interests! What will there then be for the white man to contend for? And the Japanese will come through with clean hands—the blame will fall on the communists and Stalin, who are actually innocent! The fiendish cleverness of these little brown devils!"

The girl half sobbed. "We've got to stop them!"

Buckley bit blood from his lip, in a fever of anxiety.

"The only real hope lies in showing Wu Chen he's being tricked. Even killing those in there won't stop their scheme, Marusha Marlova. There would be others to take it up. But it may postpone the showdown," he said grimly, and drew his gun.

"You try to get away," Buckley told the girl, his voice tense. "Go to the American consul and tell him, somehow make him believe what we know—"

THERE was a harsh guttural shout. The big bull-necked guard who'd been watching the Jai Alai game charged suddenly at Buckley from the doorway. He crashed into the Naval Intelligence man before Buckley could fire, bore him down. Buckley lost his gun.

Alarmed cries, and the door jerked open. A Japanese leveled a pistol, hissed commands. The burly guard pushed away, rose over Buckley, sputtering. Buckley's gun was out of reach, behind the huge man. Besides, the Jap had him covered.

Tom Buckley got up, slowly. The guard bellowed then, and rushed out. And Buckley was belatedly aware that the girl was gone!

The Japanese showed his green teeth in a snarl.

"Enter!" he hissed.

Buckley looked past him and at the murderous faces in that room.

"Enter!" It would be about his last act in this world—

Buckley drew a deep breath. And then he smiled broadly, ignored the Jap's gun, strode up to the blond Dmitri.

"Count! Count Dmitri! As I live, the Czar's own nephew!"

And he clapped a hand on either shoulder of the startled Russian, kissed him warmly on either cheek!

It was a desperate inspiration that had struck Tom Buckley, in this lightning battle of wits. And the results were most satisfying.

"Count?" snarled the cast-eyed Chinese communist envoy, and dropped

both hands to his guns, glaring at the group.

The Japanese went livid with rage, as Dmitri hurled Tom Buckley back.

"I never saw this man before!" he screamed.

"Count!" snarled the Chinese. "And you call yourself 'comrade'!"

"It's a trick!" hissed the Jap, trying to appease the Chinese. "This dog is an American. Dmitri is a true Russian, even though he spent many of his years in Spain, where he learned to play Jai Alai."

The Chinese still glared with the sullen suspicion and distrust of a wounded animal. Buckley followed through quickly.

"I meant—er—Comrade Dmitri, of course," he stammered. "It is a joke I make with the count—er—*Comrade* Dmitri."

And then he winked at the enraged Jai Alai player so elaborately, the Chinese envoy of General Wu Chen could not help but see it!

The man's cast eye glinted knowingly. His face grew even darker with rage.

"You make fool of me!" he snarled.

Dmitri and the Japanese were both choking, trying to talk at once, trying to constrain their rage and allay the Chinaman's suspicions.

"Spy!" snarled the Japanese. "It is a trick, Comrade! I'll kill the American dog!" His gun jerked up.

"No, no! No shoot!" snapped the Chinese, and his cast eye shone now with animal cunning. "He talk. I like hear him talk!"

The Jap lowered his gun, raging. "But, Comrade—"

Now was Buckley's great chance. "Comrade, I speak the truth. You have been fooled. Your great cause has been foully betrayed. Comrade, these traitors have never even been in Moscow—much less seen Joseph Stalin! They would give you guns?"

"Ah!" Buckley paused for emphasis. "Maybe those guns they stole from the Russian soldiers they murdered in Manchukuo! They would have you sack Shanghai, and then put all the blame on General Wu Chen and our Great Comrade, Stalin. Then they would have a great excuse to

bomb General Wu Chen and his brave troops from the air!"

"So!" roared the Chinese. "General Wu Chen will be much interested!"

THE Japanese conspirator leaped madly at Buckley, fairly frothing at the mouth. The Russian beat him to it, hurled Buckley onto a chair.

"Let him go!" commanded the Chinese. "I like hear him talk." He still gripped his big guns in his belt.

Dmitri looked at the Jap in helpless rage, released Buckley.

"I'll kill you, you dog!" hissed the Jap. "Oh, how I'll kill you!" he screamed at the Naval Intelligence man!

"Let him talk!" commended the Chinese. "I like him talk."

brazier. Only Buckley was now seated—and the complacent chief mandarin of Shanghai. Dmitri stood beside Buckley as the cast-eyed Chinese remained tensely suspicious, listening in sullen silence to the Jap's frantic appeal.

This kept up fully half an hour. The Jap grew hoarse. The Chinese envoy became more mollified. He shuffled his feet, and Buckley could see the Jap's oily tongue was having its effect.

They searched Buckley at last, identified him; and that cooked his goose. He heard excited references to "Wilson." The Jap was practically talking his head off now.

Buckley knew his minutes were numbered. The moment the Chinese was fully convinced of the Jap's sin-

*Follow the Exciting Exploits of John Masters, the World's
Greatest Sky Fighter, in Action-Packed Complete
Book-Length Novels of Today's War in*

THE LONE EAGLE

NOW ON SALE 10¢ AT ALL STANDS

"It's all lies he tells you, Comrade," insisted the Jap. "It's a white man's trick!"

Buckley glanced at the Jap and the Russian, then looked at the Chinese. He shrugged and remained silent.

"So!" exploded the suspicious Chinese. "You no talk. You help them make fool of Wu Chen, yes!"

"No, Comrade! No!" The Japanese launched into a tirade of objections, explaining and cajoling frantically. All the while he shot furious glances at Buckley. Dmitri stood over the Yank, murdering him with every glance and breath.

Only the Chinese prevented a cold-blooded murder.

Tom Buckley took stock, as the Jap continued his speech-making. It was a small room, and the conspirators had been seated at a round table in the center of which was a burning

cerity, and Buckley's trick— The Naval Intelligence man preferred not to think what would happen. He'd seen examples of Japanese handicraft before, and they were not exactly tokens of love.

And Shanghai would be doomed. Doomed to wild destruction.

Escape? He might luckily get through that door. But there was that burly guard outside. And even attempted escape was admission of his trickery. The girl? Buckley was only thankful she had escaped.

No, everything depended on putting over what he'd started, keeping this Chinese communist envoy's distrust alive, breaking up this unholy alliance!

But Buckley had played his cards to the last trump, and the Chinese was wavering. Abruptly the envoy grunted something Buckley didn't un-

derstand—and sat down at the table. The Japanese smiled a little thinly in evident relief.

Buckley's heart turned cold, and his blood was as ice in his veins. The Russian and the Jap watched smilingly with cold-eyed, murderous grins as the Chinese envoy began to write with a brush. He finished shortly, passed the paper to the Jap, who signed with a flourish.

"There, Comrade," he hissed in satisfaction, and looked mockingly at Tom Buckley. "Our entire agreement in writing and signed, as you wished." He passed the document to the chief mandarin, who signed it mechanically.

Buckley watched in desperation as the Chinese envoy took the paper, rose.

"Within five moons," he said, "Wu Chen will strike." He bowed. "*Sa wi*, Comrades."

"*Sa wi*," rejoined the Japanese, and likewise bowed, baring his green teeth in a grin of savage glee.

He straightened swiftly. For there had come a knock at the door. And the door opened.

AT FIRST Buckley saw only the handlebar mustaches. Then he saw the uniform. Not a doorman's uniform—but a military outfit, blue and gold, resplendent with medals. With stern pomp, the old man strode into the room. Behind him came others, in glittering array, as resplendent as an emperor's court.

Buckley gasped in amazement. For that was what it was. The court of Nicholas, the last Czar of Russia!

In a dumfounded silence, the old man marched up to Dmitri, halted. Then he exclaimed joyously.

"Count! Count Dmitri!" the general greeted. And kissed the stunned Russian on either cheek!

The next uniformed figure did the same—and the next.

That was just too much for Wu Chen's communist envoy. He backed to the table, snarling. "Comrades!" he shouted. "Comrades!"

Then his big guns were out and he crouched there, like a cornered, crippled animal.

The Jap was strangling with rage. Dmitri struggled with his last would-be kisser, broke free, lunged toward the Chinese envoy.

"Wait! Wait!" he screamed.

The big guns roared. The blond Russian went down like a poled ox.

"Comrades!" snarled the Chinese. "You make fool of Wu Chen!" And he plunged madly through the door.

Buckley was out of his chair now, running through the hall and onto the balcony. The Auditorium had been emptied. The fleeing Chinese was halfway down the stairs when Buckley jumped from the top. He hit the man's shoulders, and they rolled down into the lobby. The man lay there, stunned. Quickly Buckley searched him.

He saw silken legs then, looked up at Marusha Marlova.

"The paper!" he said. "Did you see him drop the paper?"

"He put it in the burning brazier on the table, while he stood with his back to it," said the girl. "I saw him from the door."

"Burned it deliberately?"

She nodded again, as the Chinese struggled to his feet. Buckley stood back, gripping both big guns.

"*Boo!*" he yelled, and fired in the air. "*Boo!*" And shot at the man's toes.

The Chinese rushed madly for the street, screeching like a banshee, disappeared. And Tom Buckley stuck the big guns in his waistband and laughed, loud and long, down deep in his belly.

The girl looked at him in annoyance.

"You're a strange person!" she exclaimed. "You bite off people's ears, and yell 'boo!' And you laugh! Why did you let him get away?"

"Because he burned that agreement with the Japs," said Buckley. "He wouldn't have had anything to do with 'em, without a written agreement. Protection, you see, against doublecrossing. But now he *knows* he's been betrayed, after that parade of the 'Czar's Court,' and all of 'em huggin' and kissin' 'Comrade' Dmitri!"

Buckley grinned hugely. "What

that Chink will tell old Wu Chen! Let the Japs try to make any more deals!" He stared at the girl then. "But how in thunder—"

"You said we had to show him he was being doublecrossed," she said. "I hid in one of those rooms, while you were fighting that guard. I heard what you did. I escaped, while the guard was out hunting me. Then I told His Excellency, the doorman—he really was a Czarist general, you know—and—"

She shrugged eloquently. "He thought it was a good idea, what you did. To show that Chinese he wasn't dealing with communists at all. So—"

"And how you convinced him!" Buckley grinned.

"But he killed Dmitri!"

"Good," said Buckley. "Dmitri killed Sergei, didn't he? And Wilson. They knew Wilson was getting onto them—that's why he was murdered. Sergei was a walking post office for Japanese agents. Russians, too, and perhaps other whites. He handled messages here at the Auditorium, in the guise of an ordinary bookmaker taking and paying out bets.

"You see, it's difficult for white men to meet with Japanese, without drawing attention. So the Japs took over the management of this Auditorium. By force, I imagine we'll find."

TOM BUCKLEY was right. They found the White Russian manager a prisoner in his own office. More, the Japanese and the chief mandarin of Shanghai were now raging at the mustached old Russian general, who

blocked the door and refused them departure.

Buckley drew a folded paper from his pocket, as he entered the room.

"Before we let you go," he said, facing the Jap, "please be advised that I have here your signed agreement with the envoy of the communist general, Wu Chen. I shall see that it is relayed to the British and French and U. S. authorities. They will be very much interested, may even have something to say to you in the matter. But—ah—perhaps you prefer that it all be forgotten, yes?"

The Jap and the mandarin left in a wordless fury.

"And you're letting them go, too?" cried the girl.

"Certainly," said Buckley. "Let 'em report to their superiors that their plot is exposed, and that we have their agreement in writing. It will be the end of their little scheme."

"In writing?" Marusha Marlova demanded, and took the paper from Buckley and coolly unfolded it.

She raised her eyes, frowning. "You are such a strange man!"

"They don't know that the Chinaman burned it," said Tom Buckley, grinning. "So what?"

And then he looked at the paper Marusha Marlova coolly returned to him, laughed loud and long until the tears came to his eyes.

For the paper was a bill in awkward English print, and it read:

Tom Buckley:

Why you not pay for Old George Gin? I am much insulted.

Hop Foo Lee, Proprietor,
Ye Olde English Grog Shoppe,
Singapore.

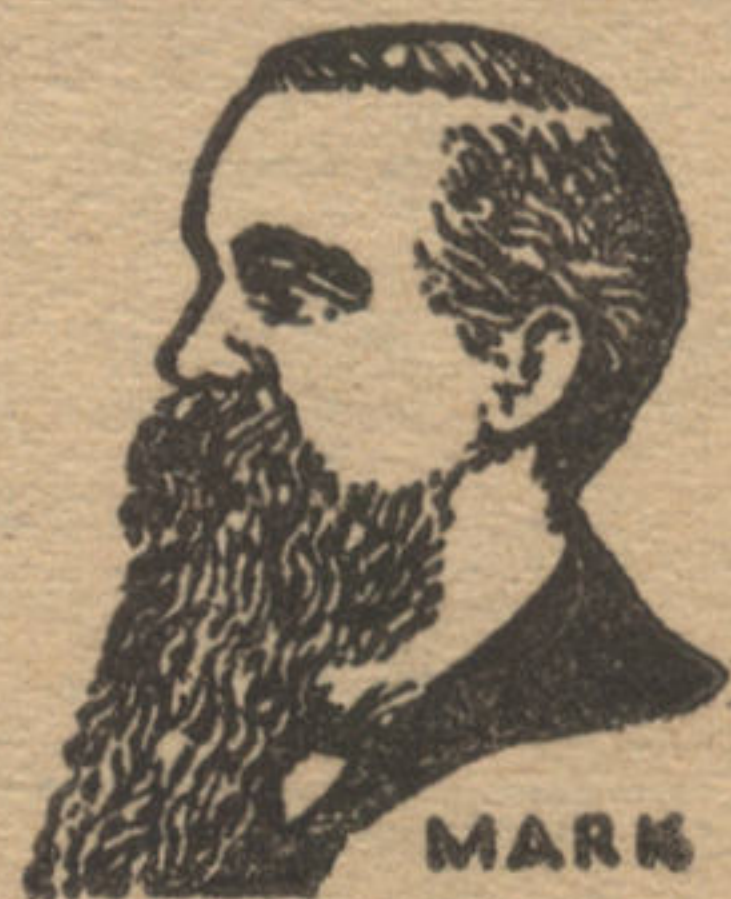
GOOD TASTE



Get relief from coughs due to colds without swallowing bad-tasting medicine. Smith Bros. Cough Drops taste delicious. Cost only 5¢.

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A

Vitamin A (Carotene) raises the resistance of mucous membranes of nose and throat to cold infections, when lack of resistance is due to Vitamin A deficiency.



Traitors' Gold

By WHIT ELLSWORTH

Author of "Tropical Trouble," "Firebug," etc.



Veeroff covered Boone and Glory with the automatic

IT WAS a rather small room, but it was quite adequately filled by the lifeless body of Senator Morton Giles, who, in death as in life, was an extremely fat person.

The captain of the District of Col-

umbia police department stepped nimbly over the body and into a pool of blood.

"This man has been murdered!" he opined.

His opinion was an accurate one, for there was no question about the deadness of Senator Giles. Moreover, there was a large knife still inserted accurately between his fourth and fifth ribs.

Senator Morton Giles, chairman of the Senate Committee for the Investigation of Espionage, had been murdered. And if he had got himself

When "Boom" Boone, Former G-Man, Sets Out to Destroy a Spy Ring, the Fireworks Fly!

murdered just to get Daniel "Boom" Boone into trouble, he had succeeded admirably. For Boone was fired from his post in the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and all because of the senator's demise.

Daniel Boone had collected the diminutive of "Boom" sometime before, when, after seeing his colleague in action against a particularly tough bunch of crooks, another G-man had said:

"Boy, when Boone smacks 'em they go *boom*—and stay boomed!"

And now Boom Boone was on the carpet.

"I know you're a good man," the chief was saying. "A bit vague at times, maybe, but good. But so was Senator Giles a good man—even if he was fat—and now you've let him get bumped off!"

"Look, Chief," said Boone, gesturing with his hand. "I was asleep. In any other racket in the world, a guy works an eight-hour day. If he's a chump, he may work as much as twelve hours. But we're supposed to work twenty-four hours a day, three hundred and sixty-five days a year. Except Leap Year," he added, "when we get in an extra day!"

"I know, I know," the chief answered. "But you were supposed to be guarding him."

Boone groaned.

"For six weeks I guarded him! I was with him so much that people thought we were keeping steady company! If he'd proposed to me I'd have married him just as a matter of course. And what happened? Nothing. Nobody tried to kill him, in spite of all those threatening letters. And last night I got tired."

"You got tired, and Giles got bumped! Fine business! The senate's raising hell, yelling for your scalp."

"Okay," said Boone. "Here it is."

HE DID what was expected of him—sat down and scribbled his resignation. Then he tossed his shield on the chief's desk.

"Look, Chief," he said. "Do me a favor, will you? Don't pin that badge on some young punk out of law school

for at least six months. I'd like an option on it."

The chief frowned.

"If you've got any idea about trying to solve this case as a private citizen, Boone, get it out of your head. We can't allow that sort of thing."

Boone nodded curtly, being careful not to commit himself one way or the other.

"So long," he said, and drifted through the door into the outer office.

Glory Ames, affectionately known to the members of the F.B.I. as "Old Glory," stopped pounding her typewriter and looked up questioningly at Boone.

"Canned, fired, sacked, bounced," he admitted.

Glory got up, took her hat from the top of a filing cabinet labeled "Public Enemies, J—M." Watching her, Boone reflected that the "Old Glory" thing was a misnomer. Glory she was, all right, but certainly not old. She was young and she was very beautiful. And she had a figure that ran into the millions. She was the sort of gal who broke thermometers just by glancing at them.

"If you're putting that silly hat on your lovely golden hair preparatory to going to lunch," Boone said, "I'd be more than happy to be stuck for the check."

"Done," said Glory. "But I'm putting this lovely hat on as a permanent gesture. The old guy with the whiskers must be getting senile if he fires you—and I won't work for an Uncle Sam who's in his dotage. I'm quitting!"

Nothing Boone could say would swerve her from that idea. And after all, it isn't every girl who'd quit her job for a fellow that she liked. Boone didn't like the idea, yet he did. They went to lunch, each with a gay word on their lips, yet bitterness in their heart.

They ate their soup—or drank it—in comparative silence. They were working diligently on the turkey croquettes when a waiter handed a bulging envelope to the former G-man.

"A gentleman asked me to give you this, sir," he said.

"What gentleman?" demanded Boone.

The waiter waved an arm.

"That gentleman over—" He paused, sweeping the room with his eyes. "Sorry, sir, but he seems to have gone."

"Okay, thanks anyway," Boone said.

When the waiter went away, Boone ripped open the envelope. His eyes widened. So did Glory's. The envelope was filled with United States currency; all one-dollar bills; a hundred of them.

There was also a note, a few short typewritten words. It said:

"For services rendered." Then, as a postscript: "Usually we pay off in bills of much larger denominations."

"Well, how d'you like that?" Boone demanded.

"Easy money," said Glory. "A bribe, no doubt. And whoever slipped it to you wants you to know that they pay off in bigger money for bigger services."

BOOM BOONE was plenty sore, but he didn't show it beyond a red glint in his eyes. His many years of training had taught him never to show his emotions when something was puzzling. He put the money in his pocket.

"Are you going to spend it?" Glory asked.

"Absolutely," he answered gayly. "Easy come, easy go. I don't have a job any more, and if somebody wants to slip me dough for nothing—"

"But it isn't for nothing!" Glory said. "And they're looking into the future, too!"

"That's also okay with me," said Boone. "A man has to work; if he can't work for one place, he works for another."

Glory's eyes gazed unbelievably at him. There was hurt in her eyes, too.

"You don't mean that, Boom," she said softly.

He told her that he did. She opened her bag, put a dollar on the table.

"That'll pay for my lunch," she said. "I'm particular what kind of money pays my check. I'm going

back to work now. My lunch hour's nearly up."

Boom Boone watched her clomping across the wide hotel dining room. He smiled that lop-sided smile of his and wondered if she'd tell the folks in the office what sort of heel Boom Boone had turned out to be.

He looked at his watch. One-twenty. The chief usually went out to lunch at one-thirty, business allowing. He left the hotel and walked swiftly toward the Department of Justice Building.

He didn't have long to wait after he got there. The chief and an operative named Hood came out. When they saw Boom they said "hello"—not just as though he were still one of them, maybe, but certainly in a friendly-enough manner.

Boom stepped in front of them, barring their way.

"I've been thinking," he said, "and I figure I got a dirty deal!" He was talking pretty loud, and a little crowd started to gather. They could all hear his words, and it was plain that he had a gripe on.

"Skip it, Boone," advised the chief.

"Skip *this*!" Boone shouted and swung.

His fist, which was quite comparable to a set of brass knuckles, came into contact with the chief's jaw with the force of a pile-driver. The chief went down and didn't try to rise.

Hood, surprised, stepped in. His knuckles rattled on Boone's jaw.

Boom Boone blinked twice, shook his head to clear it, then sailed into Hood. Hood was no pushover either. Put two guys who know ju-jitsu and boxing up against each other and you can put away the skyrocketes and roman candles; you're going to have plenty fireworks anyway.

The crowd was wondering why either Hood or Boone didn't fall apart. Human bodies weren't supposed to stand the punishment that those bodies were taking. But Hood and Boone were having a real good time. If you like to fight, it doesn't much matter who you happen to have as an opponent.

Then the chief got up in a bitter rage from his sitting position on the

sidewalk. Boone began having a great deal of trouble. If he took a crack at Hood, he got one in return from the chief. And vice versa. Still, he wasn't faring too badly. Then the local constabulary arrived. Even Boom Boone couldn't lick all four of them.

THE papers covered the incident very well. The F.B.I. wouldn't have released any such yarn, but there had happened to be a nosey reporter in the crowd. One of the headlines read:

FIRED G-MAN SOCKS EX-BOSS

Then the stories went on to say that the fired G-Man was the one who had failed in his duty to guard the murdered Senator Morton Giles. And the general consensus of opinion was that Daniel Boone was a heel, a traitor, and a no good so-and-so.

Boone read the papers with one eye; the other was closed beneath a slab of tenderloin steak.

"One of those babies must have hit me with a gimmick," he mused, gently probing the injured optic with the tip of his long forefinger.

The chief had refused to press charges against him, which was exactly what Boone had expected. The ex-G-man sat expectantly in his small Connecticut Avenue apartment, near to the telephone. Presently it rang. Boone lifted the receiver, grunted "hello," like a man who was sore at everyone in the world, including himself.

A smooth male voice drifted across the wire.

"I wish to congratulate you upon your interesting exploit of a few hours ago."

"Thanks," replied Boone without enthusiasm. "Who are you—another snoop reporter?"

"No. I am—shall we say—an admirer. I should like to talk with you."

"You're talking now," Boone reminded.

"I mean," said the voice, "that I should like to see you and talk to you personally. I am in a position to offer

employment to a man of your caliber."

"I'll be here all evening," Boone said. "Having been put through a meat-grinder today, I'm not in pretty shape."

The man at the other end of the wire claimed it would be impossible for him to come to Boone's apartment and suggested that he meet him at a certain quiet roadhouse on the outskirts of the city.

"Okay," said Boone and hung up.

His coupé carried him down Pennsylvania Avenue into Route 1. Once beyond the city traffic, he stepped up his speed. He was in the appointed roadhouse, seated at a table, before the other arrived.

Though he had never seen the man before, Boone was sure of him the moment he came through the door. He was a large man, bony and angular of feature, with powerful shoulders and a face as uncommunicative as a mask. He was dressed in good taste, and in general had the appearance of a man who did not lack for a well-filled pocket.

He came directly to Boone's table, and sat down.

"My name," he said, "is Carter. Yours, I know, is Boone—Daniel Boone."

"And don't ask me if I'm related to the Indian fighter," Boone cautioned him, "because the answer is no. My father was a gag-man."

CARTER smiled, revealing strong white teeth.

"Very amusing," he said. "Very amusing, indeed." But he didn't sound particularly amused.

"What's on your mind?" Boone asked.

For a long minute Carter looked at him, hard. Then, apparently decided not to pull his punches.

"I'm wondering just how much you know about the killing of Senator Giles?" he said.

Boom Boone shrugged. "A little. I was there."

Carter's eyebrows went up very slightly. "So? Why did you kill him?"

Boone studied the other man.

"Why does anybody kill anybody else?" he countered.

"Just so," said Carter. Then, "Have you made any—er—arrangements?"

"Not yet," said Boone.

"I feel I should warn you," said Carter, "that they are not to be trusted, those others. If you wish, I believe I can put you in touch with the parties who can be trusted."

"That's kind of you," Boone said. "It's hard to know just where to turn, especially when you're new to the racket."

"Exactly. You—you have them with you, of course?"

"Them?"

Carter permitted himself the luxury of a slight smile.

"Good! One of the first lessons—and one which you have apparently already learned—is never to admit possession of what one really possesses; at least until one's price is met. But we must go."

He rose from the table, leaving a dollar in payment for the two untouched glasses of beer. Boom Boone obediently followed him from the place.

Outside, Carter suggested that Boone leave his car and accompany him in his.

"Why not, with gas at eighteen cents a gallon?" philosophized Boone.

They got into Carter's sleek black sedan. Carter swung the car onto the highway, and drove still farther away from Washington. Presently he turned off upon a less frequented road. The going was bumpy.

Another car turned off the highway too. Its piercing headlights threw a glare onto the rear-vision mirror of Carter's car. With a grunt, Carter stepped on the gas. The car leaped ahead, bouncing crazily on the uneven road.

The other car also speeded up.

"They're after us, I suppose?" queried Boone.

"Naturally," said Carter shortly. "Have you a gun?"

"Naturally," Boone said, slipping his heavy artillery from its shoulder holster, "but I like to know who I'm shooting at. Who are they?"

"The others!" exclaimed Carter.

"Oh, *them!*"

Boone rolled down the window of the car. He was glad they had come in Carter's car, and not his; getting bullet holes ironed out of a car was expensive business.

HE TWISTED his body, put his left arm and shoulder through the window and fired the .45 in the direction of the other car.

"Missed!" he grunted. "Not so good with my left hand." He climbed over the seat, into the back of the car and rolled down the left rear window.

A slug clattered through the back window, making a chewing sound as it ripped through the air. It knocked Carter's hat off and went on its way through the windshield.

Boone leaned out, took careful aim and fired the remaining shells in his gun. This time he didn't miss. He'd put a slug through the tire. The headlights of the pursuing car began to swing dizzily from one side of the road to the other. Then the car swerved crazily off the road. There was a crashing, crunching noise as it rolled down the steep embankment.

Carter slammed on the brakes and brought his car to a stop. He jumped out, pistol in hand. Boone followed him, putting a fresh clip into his automatic. They ran along the embankment and stared down. There was a glow, then a blinding flash as the wrecked car below them burst into flames. There was plenty of light to see by. They scrambled down, guns ready.

But there was no need to use their guns.

There had been two men in the car. Now one of them, thrown clear of the rolling car, was lying in a grotesque position; his head seemed to have merged with a red rock. The other, still at the wheel of the auto, was a burning profile in the white-hot flames. It wasn't a pleasant sight. Even Boom Boone shuddered involuntarily.

"Many fates await the spy," said Carter philosophically. Then, to Boom: "Does the prospect frighten you?"

"Not too much," answered Boone. "How do you feel?"

Carter shrugged, but did not answer.

"Does that take care of—the others?" asked Boone.

"Oh, no. There are others."

"I see. *Other* others. Anyway, don't you think we'd better scam?"

They climbed up the embankment, back to Carter's car. Looking back to the main highway, they could see other lights approaching, drawn by the flames.

Carter proceeded carefully, his own lights off.

"It is a strange business, is it not?" Carter said. "Far off, in Europe, two nations form an alliance; but beneath the alliance is hate and fear. Each is afraid that the other will obtain information from some other nation which will make it superior in a military sense. So, there's *my* little group — and the others, fighting against each other for plums to be picked in America." He paused. "Sometimes I wish I'd stayed in jail," he sighed.

BOONE found himself wondering which of the two European powers Carter represented. Well, it didn't matter much, anyway. Both were potential enemies of the United States, and both were willing to spend money on the maintenance of espionage organizations in America. Heaven only knew how many of the people on the streets of Washington had their pockets well lined with traitor's gold.

After a short distance Carter turned off upon an even more wretched road, which they followed for perhaps a quarter of a mile. Then a dark house loomed out of the gloom. Carter ran the car into the blackness behind the house, and they got out. Boone loosened his automatic in his shoulder holster.

Carter produced a key and fumbled for the back door lock. The door jerked open swiftly and a blinding beam of light struck them in the eyes, shutting out all sight.

A heavy, almost guttural voice spoke.

"Ah, it is you! And you have brought him!"

"Yes," Carter snarled. "Turn off that thing!"

The powerful flashlight dimmed, and the other man switched on a wall light. He put a very large Luger pistol back into his pocket.

He was a nondescript man, but he looked as though he'd known his business, no matter what that business happened to be. Without a word he turned and led the way into an adjoining room where four or five chairs were grouped about a coarse wooden table. He motioned for Carter and Boone to sit down. They did. He placed his body upon a rickety chair on the other side of the table.

"I am told that you have something which might be of interest to us," he said to Boone, ignoring Carter.

"Could be," said Boone laconically.

"How do we know," pursued the other, and there was a hard gleam in his eyes, "that you are still not employed by the United States Government, and that this is not some sort of trick?"

"You don't," admitted Boone. "Of course I realize that in this racket a man's word isn't much good, but I give you my word that I'm not in the employ of the government. Even G-men don't bump people off and get fired just as a trick."

"And I might add in his favor," Carter put in, "that they do not normally put themselves in the position now occupied by Boone. No one knows where he is, not even himself."

"True," said the other. Then, to Boone: "It was very clever of you to kill Senator Giles yourself. Naturally nobody would suspect you of it, under the circumstances, and your alibi of having been asleep was simplicity itself. Previously we had thought that the *others* had killed him because of his turning from them to us. They pay such low prices," he added with a scornful curl of his lip.

Boone's ears were dumping so many words on his brain that he was having difficulty in crediting them. So Senator Morton Giles *was* a traitor, and using his position as Chairman of the Espionage Committee as

a perfect blind for his own subversive activities! And he had met a traitor's death—twice a traitor, with loyalty neither for his own country or his first alliance.

CARTER'S friend continued speaking.

"Normally you might expect that we would be angry with you for accomplishing what we had thus far failed to do, but you will find us forgiving—and generous."

"And if I decide to hold out for the highest bidder?" queried Boone.

The other smiled. "I am afraid you have no choice in the matter. As our friend Carter has already pointed out, nobody knows where you are, even yourself. We are quite willing to pay you, and even possibly to employ you in the future, but we must insist upon having the papers—now!"

Boone shook his head.

"Unfortunately," he said, "that's impossible. Naturally I don't carry anything valuable around with me."

Suspicion burned in the eyes of Carter and his superior, Brant.

"There is nothing in your apartment," Brant said. "While you were meeting Carter, your place was thoroughly searched. I had a report by telephone shortly before you arrived here."

"You're willing to pay me," said Boone, with a wry grin, "yet you're willing to rob me, too."

Brant shrugged. "Methods are not important. It is results which count. Where are the papers?"

"In my apartment," said Boone.

Brant slammed his fist angrily on the surface of the table. His chair crashed backward to the floor as he rose in fierce anger, his eyes blazing. He stomped about the room, spluttering expletives at his searchers who could not find that which they must have—at all cost.

"First," Brant cried, "Senator Giles takes a safety deposit box in the name of Jones—a simple name like Jones—and my men cannot find a way to get at it! Then they cannot even find a simple envelope in an ordinary apartment! What is my profession coming to?"

Boone was genuinely sorry for Brant; he knew how tough it was to do any job without intelligent help.

"Look," Boone said. "I know somebody who can straighten it out for us—my girl. Let me call her."

Brant and Carter looked at each other. Was this some sort of trick? But what could one girl do that might throw a monkey wrench into the smooth machinery of their dangerous game? Finally they decided that under certain conditions Boone might call her.

Boone's mind was in a turmoil. He certainly didn't want Glory Ames mixed up in this business. Yet, who else could he turn to? All his friends had been members of the F.B.I. To call one of them would start fireworks and surely Carter and Brant were not silly enough to let him get away with that. But that something must be done was evident. These espionage agents wanted their papers, and they wanted them now!

They weren't willing either to allow him to go away alone, or to accompany him into regions where their hold over him would be less strong. Like a groggy fighter, Boone's only hope was to spar for time. Every moment is precious to a living man, even if he doesn't know what ultimate hope there can be for him.

WITH many misgivings, Boone called the number allotted to Glory Ames by the telephone company.

He waited for the connection with nervous apprehension.

"Hold the receiver well away from your ear, please," Brant cautioned in a hoarse whisper. "I wish to hear both ends of this conversation."

Boone complied. Presently a voice came over the wire.

"Hello?" said the unmistakable voice of Glory Ames.

Boone spoke very swiftly. "Hello, Glory, this is Dan. I want you to do me a big favor—"

Glory's voice, its pleasant tones now changed to iciness, interrupted vehemently.

"I'm not at all interested! I don't want either to see you or hear your

voice again!" There was an unmistakably final *click* as she hung up.

Boone smiled thinly at Brant, who was now frowning heavily.

"Lover's quarrel," Boone explained brightly. "Didn't mean a word she said. I'll try again."

When Glory answered the phone this time, he talked faster than ever.

"You've got to do me a favor, Glory!" he exclaimed. "We can get our personal difficulties ironed out tomorrow, but it's imperative that you go to my apartment tonight. If you look carefully, you'll find a long manila envelope. Take it and drive out Route One toward Baltimore until you see a car parked on the left side of the road with only one headlight, and a guy trying to fix it. Give him the envelope. And that's all, except to keep your mouth shut. Stick with me, baby, and you'll be wearing diamonds!"

There was an exclamation of halty indignation from the other end of the wire. Boone felt himself blushing. He'd never said anything like that before to Glory Ames, but he kept on talking fast.

"You bet! You won't have any trouble and you know where to look. The janitor'll let you in okay."

Without waiting for any further word from her, he hung up. He could feel the sweat running down the small of his back. Well, whether she went to his apartment or not, he had gained a little of that sparring-time. And he couldn't see why the janitor would let her into his apartment anyway—he'd never seen her before in his life!

Carter, as pre-arrangement, went out to keep his rendezvous with the broken headlight and the girl who would presumably bring the papers. First, however, Boom Boone was relieved of his artillery.

That was bad.

He sat on one side of the table, and Brant faced him from the other side. Brant's hand lay on the table, and in it was the murderous-looking Luger pistol. At that range he could transform Boone into a splendid facsimile of an imported Swiss cheese at the first suggestion of an overt move on the part of the former G-man.

They sat thus for some time, not talking very much. Brant's back was toward the door in the small hall, and in the gloom Boone fancied that he saw that door moving ever so slowly inward. He wondered if he should call Brant's attention to it. There were two ways to figure it: he couldn't be much worse off than he was now, even if there was somebody at that door; on the other hand, if somebody came through shooting, he might stop a load of slugs and not be able to do anything about protecting himself.

HE STARED past Brant at the door. Yes, there was somebody there! He made motions with his eyes. Brant smiled, and the smile seemed to say: "That's a very old dodge, my friend. You try to distract my attention to something behind me, and then you jump me. Sorry."

"Okay, stupid," Boone said mentally, and watched the door.

He could make out the vague outline of a man, and a glint of steel. Then a heavy Slavic voice shattered the stillness.

"You will drop your gun to the floor! My pistol is aimed directly at your back!"

A look, more of embarrassment than of surprise, came over Brant's face. Boone could scarcely keep from laughing out loud. Brant felt like kicking himself for not having believed Boone's eye-message.

The Luger clattered to the floor. Brant rose, his hands raised, and then turned.

He glared at the newcomer.

"Veeroff!" he grunted.

The man at the door smiled, bowing politely. Two others quickly appeared at his side. They, also, had the broad features that were inherent in people of Slavic origin. Each carried a gun.

"Two of my men," Veeroff said, "had an accident tonight. But at least their accident put me on the correct road to your little farmhouse. It is especially gratifying to find Mr. Daniel Boone in your company."

Boone was beginning to feel somewhat honored. It made him feel important to have so much interest

shown in him. Important — and a little uneasy.

"As for you, Brant," Veeroff continued, "I have no interest in you. I wish only to take Mr. Boone with me to some pleasanter spot where we can talk business."

Boone could see that Brant was struggling to suppress the grin that was starting to appear. What difference could it make it Veeroff took Boone away? Only that he, Brant, would need to pay Boone nothing. And the papers were already as good as in his possession.

"Very well, Veeroff," he said. "You win. Take him."

"I like the way you guys bargain for me," said Boone.

Then all five men froze as the sound of a motor came to them from the darkness outside. Veeroff and his two men bunched into the shadow of the open door, keeping their guns on Brant and Boone. There were two sets of footsteps in the hall.

"This way, please," Carter's voice was saying.

When Carter and Glory stepped through the door, a gun was pressed into their backs, and of the two Carter was the more surprised.

Under any other circumstances Boone would have been delighted to see Glory Ames, but now he was considerably upset. Very upset. "What'd you want to bring her for!" Boone grated at Carter, venom in his eyes.

Carter, glancing at his captors, smiled bitterly.

"Because I was the least little bit suspicious of you!" he snapped at Boone. "And apparently my suspicions were well founded."

"Oh, Boone's girl, eh?" said Veeroff. Then, to his men: "All right, tie Brant and Carter to those chairs. Boone and the girl will come with us."

WHILE he commanded the room with his gun, Veeroff's two men followed his instructions. Presently Brant and Carter were securely trussed in such a manner that it would take them hours to escape from their bonds. Boone saw a look pass between them — questioning on the part of Brant, and answering on the

part of Carter. And Carter's look was telling Brant that he had the manila envelope in his inside pocket. If they could only get free—"

Veeroff must have seen that look too, and divined its meaning, for he bent over Brant and frisked him quickly. Still not satisfied, he ran his hand over Carter's pockets, and drew forth the manila envelope. His swift fingers pried it open, withdrew its contents. He scanned the paper very quickly, then frowned at Carter.

"This," he said, "is an insurance policy on the life of Mr. Daniel Boone, and payable to Miss Glory Ames."

The faces of Carter and Brant darkened with hot anger. Glory was looking puzzledly at Boone.

"It was the only manila envelope I could find in your apartment," she said to him.

"Yes," Boone replied, as though they two were the only ones in the room. "I hope you're not sore, Glory, but the government gave us those policies, and I didn't have any family, so I thought—" His face turned a beet-red color. "I thought maybe you wouldn't mind—if anything happened to me—you know—"

A soft smile hovered around Glory's mouth, and her eyes were tender.

"No, Dan, I don't mind," she said softly.

"We're being played for suckers, Veeroff," Brant shouted. "Both of us! We fight each other to buy something that this man hasn't got to sell! He killed Senator Giles simply to put himself into the position to be able to fleece those who were dealing directly with the senator—and he has nothing to sell but a worthless insurance policy!"

Boom Boone had a feeling that the insurance policy was not going to be worthless, but he had an awful hunch that Glory was not going to be alive to cash it. His eyes darted around desperately.

Veeroff was trying to make some sense out of what Brant was saying.

"But it was you that have been tricked, Brant," Veeroff chided. "Boone did not kill Senator Giles. Giles was killed when we discovered

that he was planning to deal with you instead of with us. The—er—elimination of the senator was taken care of by my firend, Ivan."

All eyes turned to his two men. Neither changed his expression, but the eyelids of one dropped in acknowledgement of authorship.

Boone was tense with excitement, the glint of battle shone upon his face. He knew that something had to be done—and quickly. Glory was shaking her head slightly but desperately, trying to tell him to hold everything.

For what? Carter and Brant knew he was phony, and they were tied up in the mess. If Veeroff and his two thugs decided that they were being fooled too, they might let Carter and Brant loose and call it a day long enough to take proper care of Boone and Glory. In that case there would be five men to contend with, while now there were only three.

ONLY three! The odds seemed tough enough at that, especially when the three had guns and he had none. But there was no other alternative.

Glory was still making frantic faces at him, but Boone didn't comprehend the message she was trying to convey to him.

"Duck, Glory!" he shouted, then swung a tight-knuckled fist at Veeroff's jaw.

Veeroff crashed back against Ivan and the other man. Boone took advantage the split-second of confusion to dive for the Luger which still lay on the floor beside the table. As his fingers gripped it, he saw that Glory had flattened herself on the floor, in a corner, as much out of range as possible. Good girl!

Thwack!

A slug sang past his head and ripped long splinters from the floor. The roar of the gun was deafening in the tight confines of the room.

Boone rolled over with the agility of a monkey, and as he reached the top of the roll his Luger coughed an answer. Ivan screamed, then sank slowly to the floor. He was deadlier than a repudiated treaty.

Carter and Brant, tied and helpless,

shrieked in fear as leaden hornets ripped the air about their heads. A bullet neatly ripped the lobe from Brant's left ear. He cried like a baby, in terrified hysteria.

His gun blazing, Boone hurled himself at the two remaining enemies. A slug seared across his shoulder like a white hot poker, but he scarcely took notice of it. He couldn't afford to shoot it out with Veeroff and his accomplice across the room—a wild shot might find its mark in Glory! Boone took careful aim, fired.

Veeroff's henchman seemed to melt to the floor before the spewing Luger—now there was only Veeroff left!

"Stop! Stop, or I'll shoot the girl!" Veeroff screamed, waving his automatic at Glory.

Boone stopped in his tracks. He didn't doubt for a moment that Veeroff would make good that threat. There seemed to be no way out of this mess. He would be cold turkey for the spy as soon as Veeroff could get into position to use Glory as a shield.

But Glory herself gave him the break he needed! She hurled her lithe body across the floor in one mighty effort. Veeroff's gun barked, and the slug missed her by inches! In the same instant the Luger in the hand of Boom Boone bucked, spit a lead slug at Veeroff. With a howl of pain Veeroff dropped his gun, clutched at his wounded right hand. He turned terror-stricken eyes to Boone.

"Don't shoot!" he begged. "Don't shoot!"

"You bet your life I won't shoot!" gritted Boone. "I'm going to beat you up so much, that even your own mother wouldn't recognize you!"

And with that he dropped the Luger and closed in on Veeroff, his arms pumping like the pistons of a steam-turbine. In ten seconds Veeroff was a battered, whimpering hulk lying upon the floor. Blind with rage, Boone was pulling him to his feet for more punishment when men began streaming into the room.

Boone dove frantically for his automatic, but four men landed on him. He struggled for some seconds before he realized that the men subduing him were from the F.B.I., and that

the chief was standing in front of him, yelling at him to quit.

BOONE climbed shakily to his feet. He looked questioningly at the chief, and then at Glory, who was grinning at him.

"After you called," she explained, "I took the precaution of calling the chief. He and the boys followed me in another car."

"And once we were in the general neighborhood, we had no trouble finding the place," the chief went on. "It sounded like a first class war going on in here!"

"It wasn't a bad one," admitted Boone.

The G-men were carting out the bodies, living and dead. Veeroff, Brant and Carter were so scared that they couldn't walk.

Boom Boone told the chief the story from the start.

"The night that Senator Giles was killed, I was really asleep—I admit that. But he told me he had an appointment with a guy who couldn't possibly do him any harm, so it served him right when he got himself bumped off. Incidentally, I don't think there's any point in letting the public know that Giles was a traitor; he's dead now, and there's no point in stirring up a mess that might alarm the country."

The chief nodded. "But what started you believing that Giles was crooked?"

"Nothing very tangible—certainly nothing in the way of direct evidence. I just didn't like some of the people I occasionally saw him with, and I didn't care for some of his telephone conversations. When you fired me, I couldn't do much about it except to just hope for a break. I helped it along by taking that public crack at you so that the word would get around that I was disgruntled, and sore at the government."

The chief rubbed his jaw reminiscently.

"Yes, I remember," he said, a glint in his eyes.

"And from that point on," Boone continued, "my little friends made me their palsy-walsy."

"Still the case isn't completely solved," said the chief. He looked troubled. "Those reports that were in Giles' possession haven't turned up—and in the wrong hands they'd be extremely dangerous."

"Look around the Washington banks," advised Boone. "In one of them, under the name of Jones, I think you'll find a safety deposit box with all Giles' stuff in it. There may be some other interesting little items in that box too."

The chief's eyes shone with admiration.

"Damned good work, Boone!" he exclaimed. "Damned good detective work! You'll be back with us as soon as the formalities can be gone through, and I want to congratulate you personally on the fine job you've done."

"Skip it, Chief," said Boone modestly.

"Skip *this*!" said the chief, and swung!

His fist collided with Boone's jaw, and Boom sat down—hard! For a moment he was ready to do battle again, but then he relaxed and grinned up into the smiling face of the chief.

"I get it," he said.

"If you hadn't said 'skip it,' I'd never have thought of it!" admitted the chief. "Now we're even."

GLORY was helping Boone to his feet. Her cool fingers patted the spot on his jaw that was already becoming discolored.

"If he ever hits you that hard again," she said, "I may have to collect on that policy."

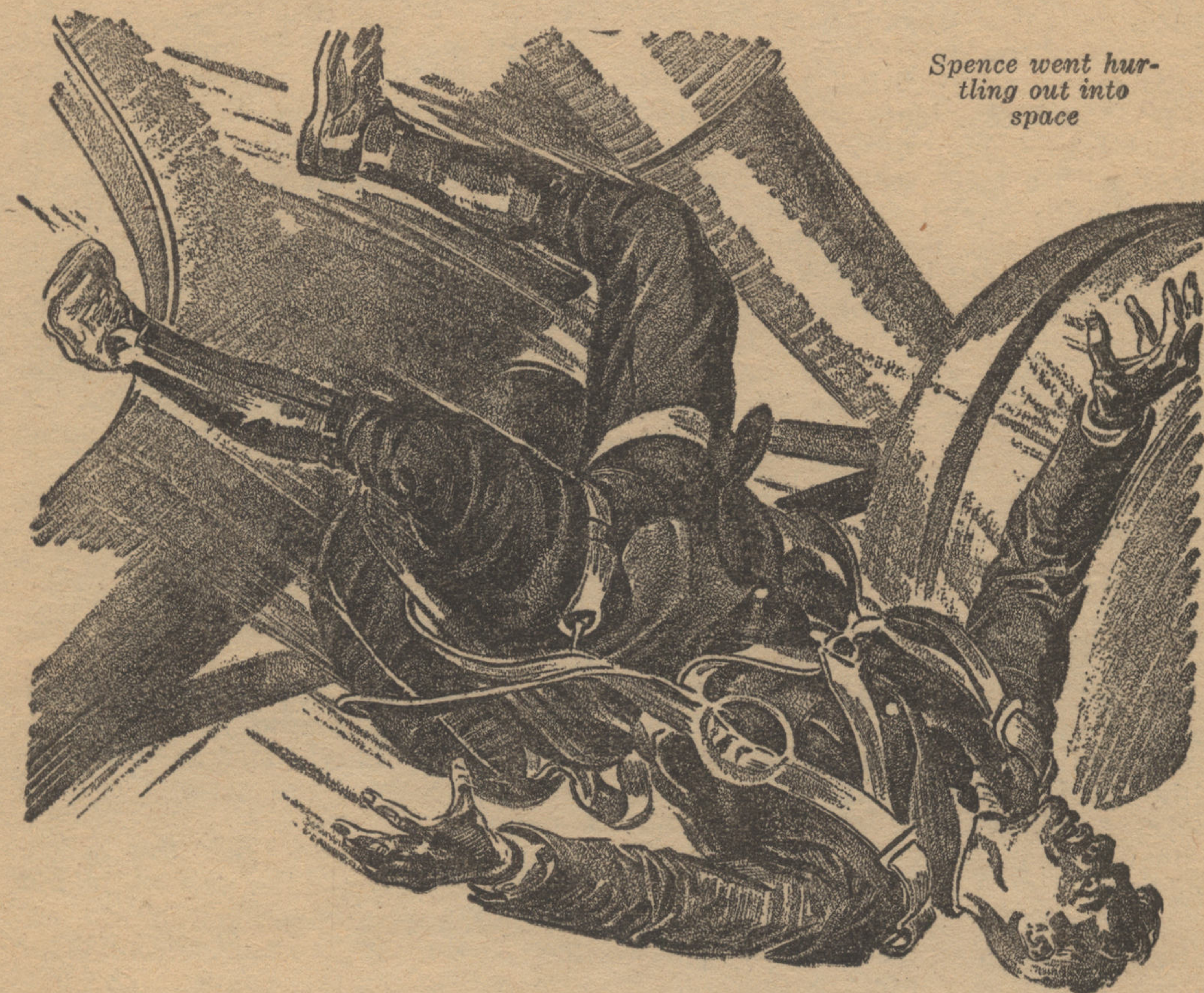
"You're not lying," Boone said.

No, sir, the chief was no pushover! But Daniel Boone was—for Glory Ames.

Message in Sunlight

By JOHN S. ENDICOTT

Author of "Murder in the Belfry," "The Lost Secret Planes," etc.



Spence went hurtling out into space

MORGAN SPENCE eased the big transport out of an air pocket, the steady hum of the twin motors making music to his ears. He switched on the two-way radio. His voice was clear and crisp. "Two-thirty-seven calling Buffalo," he said. "Spence in Two-thirty-seven calling Buffalo."

"Buffalo calling Spence," came the dispatcher's voice through the radio. "Come in, Spence."

"Five miles southwest, and coming in," said Spence. "What have you got down there?"

"Wind north by northwest," answered the dispatcher. "Visibility good—come in on beam seven."

Morgan Spence switched off the

***Drama Stalks a Cabin Plane
When International Spies
Wreak Havoc in the Air!***

radio, frowned at the empty co-pilot's seat beside him. Tom Marshall had been left behind when the transport had taken off from Cleveland. The co-pilot had been suddenly taken ill, and Spence was bringing the ship on without a replacement.

Behind him in the big cabin plane there was only one passenger. This was a special trip, and the transport was not even carrying a stewardess

on this part of the jump, for Spence had arranged it that way.

He hummed a little song as he approached the Buffalo airport in Buffalo. He hoped everything had gone smoothly and that the reception committee he had arranged for was awaiting his passenger.

"Did you really think I was that much of a fool, Lieutenant Spence?"

The voice behind him was low, guttural, with a faint trace of a foreign accent. The barrel of the automatic that was pressed against the back of Spence's neck felt cold and nasty. He did not make any attempt to turn his head.

"Then you recognized me, von Blust," he said. "I was afraid of that."

There was no use trying to conceal anything now. Ever since the plane had left Cleveland, Spence had been waiting for something like this to happen.

That had been the reason why Lieutenant Morgan Spence of G-2 was piloting the ship, instead of one of the regular men from the transport company's air force. Von Blust, a tall, thin-faced man of uncertain nationality, was known to be an international spy who worked for the highest bidder.

Intelligence suspected that von Blust was the man who had stolen the plans for a new and revolutionary type of aircraft that had mysteriously disappeared from a plane factory on the west coast.

"You government men are so very smart," said von Blust. "First my hotel room is searched and nothing is found. I am followed when I book passage East. When I rush here to this plane just before it takes off, there are other passengers waiting. Then there is a little excitement because the co-pilot, he is sick."

"Right," said Spence grimly. "We didn't want to arrest you in Cleveland, von Blust. We knew you would be too smart to have those plans on you—at least not until the last minute. The rest of the passengers were ordered to take another plane at the last moment."

"I know," said von Blust. "I was

not fooled. It suited me best to make the trip alone with you, Lieutenant Spence. It is much better this way, quite so."

SPENCE quietly adjusted the controls so that the ship would fly without his guiding it for a few moments. He rolled sideways as von Blust lifted the automatic with the intention of bringing it down on his head. He landed in the space between the seats, reached out and caught the spy by the right ankle. He gave a heavy tug and von Blust went down.

Before the thin man could rise, Spence smashed a fist into his face. Von Blust's head went back and his eyes closed as he thumped against the floor. Spence snatched up the automatic.

With the gun in his hand he hurried back into the passenger compartment of the plane. He found the coil of rope he sought in a small closet.

"That gun is useless," said von Blust, standing in the doorway that led into the pilot's cabin, "but this one is not!" He was holding a small revolver in his hand. It was quite evident that Spence had not struck hard enough.

Spence thumbed back the safety catch and squeezed the automatic, but nothing happened—the gun did not fire. At the same instant the revolver in von Blust's hand roared. The bullet seared Spence's cheek and tore into the door behind him.

Spence thrust the empty automatic into his uniform side pocket and leaped back against the door. Again von Blust fired. The slug scraped Spence's ribs and struck the lock on the door. The door swung open and Spence went hurtling out into space.

He reached for the rip cord of his parachute, thankful he had been wearing it as part of regulations. For what seemed an eternity to the falling man nothing happened, and then the silk began to billow out. The parachute opened up and gradually decreased the speed of the man from G-2 as he fell.

Spence landed in a field with a comparatively gentle thud, then got to his feet. He glanced up. The transport

was a black speck in the blue sky as it headed northward.

"Hope von Blust knows how to fly a plane," Spence muttered. "If not, there's gonna be a mess when that ship crashes."

He unfastened the straps of the parachute from around his shoulders and headed for a road. Here he hoped to be able to hitch-hike into the Buffalo air field.

* * * * *

JANE BLYER glanced anxiously behind her as she reached the control tower of the Buffalo airport. She breathed a sigh of relief when she saw no sign of Vincent Reed. At least, the man who had been trailing her ever since she had registered at the hotel had not followed her here.

"Hello, Miss Blyer," Jimmy Weldon, the control officer, welcomed her, admiration for her slim beauty shining through his frank eyes. "Two-thirty-seven is late. Just talked to Spence about twenty-five minutes ago. He said he was five miles out and coming in—but I haven't been able to raise him again."

"You think something may have happened?" Jane looked at him anxiously.

"Don't know. Maybe just some—" Weldon broke off, glaring at someone at the door behind her. "Sorry, buddy. No one allowed in here."

"I'm allowed," said a cold voice.

Jane gasped and swung around as she recognized the voice. Vincent Reed closed the door behind him as he advanced into the room. Weldon rushed toward the new arrival with an angry light in his eyes.

Reed shifted lightly as Weldon reached him, caught the dispatcher's arm in a flying mare and tossed him across the desk. Weldon's heavy body thudded sickeningly as he hit the desk and rolled onto the floor. He regained his feet fast. Before Reed could launch his chunky body at him Weldon stepped in close and crashed a fist to his jaw.

As Reed staggered back Weldon leaped to the phone. Reed snarled and grabbed the phone wire, tearing the cord from the wall. A knife gleamed in his hand as he approached Weldon.

The dispatcher raised the transceiver in his hand as a weapon.

"No, don't!" cried Jane, as she saw what Reed intended to do. "Don't kill him!"

Weldon caught Reed a glancing blow with the phone as the knife flashed down. The keen blade was thrust deep into the dispatcher's chest. He sprawled across the desk, the knife in his heart.

"Stop!" Reed whirled as Jane ran for the door. He caught her before she reached it and snapped a pair of handcuffs on her slender wrists. "Did you think I would let you get away now?"

"Two-thirty-seven coming in," came over the radio. "Two-thirty-seven calling Buffalo."

Reed went to the radio and threw the switch. Through the plate glass window Jane saw the big transport plane approaching the airport.

"Buffalo calling two-thirty-seven," said Reed. "That you, V.B.? Reed speaking. Do not come in, weather bad, too many blue clouds."

Jane trembled as she realized what the message meant. As a member of the staff of G-2 it had been her job to arrange to have men waiting to capture von Blust when Morgan Spence brought the spy into the Buffalo airport. Now it was obvious that von Blust was piloting the plane and something had happened to Spence.

If there was only some way she could signal to the men who were waiting out on the field, and yet she was handcuffed, helpless. Reed was warning von Blust not to land, that had been what he had meant when he had said the weather was bad.

A THOUGHT struck the girl. Hastily she fumbled in her purse and drew out her vanity mirror. She knew how to send a heliograph message with the aid of the mirror. She started signaling through the window, the sunlight reflecting on the glass in her handcuffed hands.

"Stop that!" snarled Reed, covering her with a gun.

An instant later the door opened and Morgan Spence burst into the room. The lieutenant's keen gaze sized

up the situation in a flash and he flung himself at Reed. He crashed a fist against the spy's jaw with such force that it knocked the man back against the wall.

"Stay there!" snapped Spence, drawing the automatic he had taken from von Blust and covering Reed with the gun.

"He warned von Blust not to come in," said Jane hastily. "He's up there in two-thirty-seven. Von Blust, I mean."

"I know," said Spence, still covering Reed as he went to the radio. He spoke into the mike. "Buffalo calling two-thirty-seven," he said. "Weather clear now—blue clouds have gone. Come on in. Reed speaking."

"Coming in," came through the radio.

A few moments later the big transport had landed, and an instant later von Blust was a cursing and snarling prisoner. The men outside had caught Jane's signal—some of them had rushed into the control tower while others waited on the field to capture the spy. Reed was also a prisoner, held on a charge of murder.

"No sign of the papers on him,"

said the government men who had searched von Blust. "Looks like he hid the plans somewhere after all."

"He did," said Spence, removing the clip from the butt of the automatic he held. "Here they are, in this. I decided there must be some good reason for von Blust carrying an empty gun and I was right. The plans for the plane are in this clip, drawn on very thin paper and folded up carefully."

Both von Blust and Reed cursed and glared at him.

"I let him get me with an empty gun," muttered Reed.

"You did," said Spence. "But thanks to this brave little girl"—the lieutenant smiled at Jane—"you would have been captured anyway. After she signaled the men out on the field, there were a couple of pilots all set to go up and bring von Blust down with two-thirty-seven if they had to use a machine gun."

"Poor Jimmy Weldon," said Jane, with tears in her eyes as she thought of the dead dispatcher.

"He went the way he always said he wanted to go," said Spence. "Fighting for his country."

COMING NEXT ISSUE

ARROWS OF DESTINY

A Complete Novelet of Hooded Conspiracy

By WILLIAM L. HOPSON



Terror at Niagara

By HARL VINCENT

*Author of "Neutral Vessel,"
"Power Plant," etc.*

*Sabotage and International
Complications on the Canadian
Border Bring Special Agent
Porter to Handgrips with Doom!*

CLIFF PORTER was puzzled when he left Niagara Falls. His coded instructions from Washington indicated that the three spy suspects he sought were likely to be aiming at sabotage or the fomenting of labor troubles in the Parkington Chemical Plant there.

So had every other lead. Parkington's seemed an ideal spot for activities such as theirs were reputed to be.

For the Parkington plant was compounding the basic ingredients for the latest high explosive developed by the U.S. ordnance experts.

But Cliff Porter's suspects had merely worked in the plant for a while without arousing any local suspicion and, before he arrived, had flown the coop. They had quitted their jobs and drawn their final pay in the casual manner of ordinary habitual job seekers. They had likewise moved bag and baggage from their short-time residences in the locality.

One had lived in a rooming house



A heavy shoe knocked him senseless

in the city proper. A search of his room turned up nothing but a crumpled scrap of paper which had been pushed under the edge of the ragged rug. Cliff had it in his pocket now. It bore faint, spidery markings which might be code. He would find out for certain later.

The other two suspects had stayed at a boathouse which perched on shaky piles out over the Niagara outside the city limits and far enough above the rapids to be reasonably safe for boating—and safe from curious eyes. These two had gone up the river in a fast motorboat which had called for them, the investigator learned. And there was the hint from his fishy-smelling informant that the craft bore a Canadian registration number.

All of which added up to exactly nothing, so far.

NOW in the smoker on the train for Buffalo, with his long, lanky frame hunched in the seat, lids narrowed over his keen gray eyes, Porter observed something that gave him an inward start. Across the aisle from him, one seat ahead, sat a thick-set man with a bull neck, making laborious pencil marks in a cheap notebook. That notebook contained paper like the scrap in the investigator's pocket! And the marks were the same sort of light, spidery tracings!

At least, even though the pieces of the puzzle were far from fitting together, here was a possible lead. The Secret Service man knew that the border was swarming with European agents.

Arriving at Terrace Station, he followed leisurely as his man hurried off the train. Then he speeded up, keeping to the shadows as his quarry bolted toward Main Street and hailed a cab.

Luckily for the investigator, two taxis swung in to jockey for the fare. As late as this, passengers were scarce in this district. Porter grabbed the cab of the losing driver, yanked open the door and flung himself inside. The winner was just pulling from the curb.

"Follow that cab and don't lose

it!" ordered Porter, thrusting a large bill through the driver's window.

"I won't lose it, brother," promptly responded the cabby with a gold-toothed grin.

He kept his word. Trailing around Niagara Street at McKinley Monument, they rolled out Delaware, the other car plainly in sight.

The trailed car made no turn off the avenue for what seemed an interminable distance, then it shuttled through side streets and pulled up in front of the Blueton, an out-of-the-way and eminently respectable hostelry.

It was a simple matter, after a few words with the desk clerk, to learn that the bulky man who had just gone upstairs had been a guest here for ten days in Room 321. He was registered as August Nax, and had entertained but few visitors. Simple, too, to get the key to Room 319 for himself.

"Have my bags brought over from the Lafayette," Porter instructed the clerk, and went up on the next elevator.

He had no sooner entered his own room and glanced casually over its plain but comfortable furnishings when his keen ear caught a noise in the hall. He cracked his door cautiously, after snapping off the light, and saw Nax tiptoe out of 314 and close its door softly before scuttling down the corridor to the elevator. An empty room, the clerk had said.

Cliff Porter waited until he heard the elevator door close and then went over to 314. Evidently Nax had business in this empty room.

The locks were easy on these doors, old-fashioned Yales with the latches showing clearly a bright glint between door and jamb. The detective's knife blade slipped through, there was a click, and he was inside 314.

A faint groan froze him in his tracks. Then he saw the huddled figure on the floor near the bed. A knife handle projected from its hunched, still heaving back. Lured here by Nax, or another spy?

The investigator stooped swiftly to turn the victim over. It was a man, hardly more than a boy, and he saw

from the bloody foam on the pain-twisted lips that he had not long to live. Poor kid!

"WHO did it?" asked Porter, trying to ease the boy into comfort. He dared not withdraw the knife knowing it would release life blood in a swift gush.

"Nax . . . got me here . . . from Falls . . . he . . ." The lad sighed bubblingly, and his head dropped back.

Porter raised it anxiously. "Hold it, fellow," he begged, "just for a minute. Who are you and what's it about? Hear me?" He tried gently to shake back what little remained of consciousness.

"Fred Turner . . . shipping . . . island. . . ." A wrenching sigh, bubbles of pink foam, and it was over for the kid.

The investigator let the body slump easily into a crumpled heap and snapped erect, gray eyes bleak, jaw muscles taut. Another crime at the door of espionage. Per August Nax, agent.

A swift but thorough search of the room revealed nothing, not even baggage. It only remained to call the local police and notify them of the homicide. Cliff stood for a moment considering. He would have to act fast. It was not likely Nax would return. Not after this.

In a moment Porter was out in the hall. In another moment he was in Room 321—Nax'. A single handbag was on the luggage stand. No clothing was in dresser drawers or closet. And the handbag contained nothing excepting soiled clothing!

His quarry had escaped him. He went through the desk and found only a few faint jottings on hotel stationery. These he scooped up and pocketed. Then something hardly visible on the desk blotter caught his attention. He ripped off the corner of the blotter and added that to his collection before returning to his own room.

Examination of the various scraps of paper disclosed similar marks. Like tiny bird tracks they were. Possibly Turkish scrip. Certainly not Arabic

characters. Porter's blond brows drew together in increasing perplexity as he turned to the scrap of blotting paper.

And then it came to him. Of course! More plainly on the soft blotter, similar tracings showed in reverse. The shade of purple on the papers indicated the use of an indelible pencil, a hard one that made the original character scarcely distinguishable.

Moistening a towel at the washstand, Porter brought out the marks on each scrap of paper. Still they didn't make sense. The scribbles on the blotter, reversed, caught his eye once more. This was a modification of Gregg shorthand, written originally in reverse to make things more difficult, and with a trick pencil whose marks faded again when dry.

More water, and in another minute he had fresh white blotters on which were transferred all the original markings. No fading now. In another five minutes, his deciphering was finished, though there remained the double task of translating shorthand and German.

From one sheet that had been shoved back in Nax' desk, he now read:

C, F & H succeeded at P. Unfortunately C & F apprehended as aliens. In Wende now. You carry on with H.

The sheet he had unearthed at Niagara Falls, N. Y., read:

Henry, join A at island rendezvous. Cargo ready for action. Act precisely on RR time.

Other scraps and the first blotter were disconnected notes only, but to the agent all were significant:

American side power plant—A sight there—up river one hour earlier—remove Turner—

That was all of them. Little enough to work on, but that sixth sense of Porter's was beginning to add up what was clear and supply what was missing. H was this Henry, of course. A was August Nax. These two remained to work together while C and F were eliminated by a fluke. Wende

was the location of the county jail here, he knew.

Turner had just been removed. But that about the power plant, the sight and the river was yet in the dark. Cliff Porter drew in a whistling breath. It couldn't be they were planning to destroy in some way the huge water power development at the Falls!

P must be the Parkington Chemical. Which could mean but one thing—they had stolen some of the new explosive, which was this cargo. But the rendezvous and the time could mean anything or nothing. Like names, naturally these were changed now, too.

The investigator whistled in earnest. Suddenly he knew what he must do. And quickly. He reached for the desk phone and asked for Police Headquarters.

NEXT morning the sheriff's bus brought an average number of new inmates to the county jail at Wende, twenty miles from the city. Six of them, there were, arrested on as many different charges, handcuffed in pairs and marched from the bus into the jailor's office for checking off with their commitment papers and assignment to cells.

One of them, an indolent, stooped, gangling hobo type in nondescript clothing, was entered as Joseph Schwartz and chalked up for F-18. F gallery was where they kept the Federal prisoners awaiting trial or perhaps deportation. The others of the group were consigned to different galleries and all, still manacled, were marched through the long corridor to the jail pit.

Here they were freed of the cuffs and chased down below for the required baths and breakfasts of bread and butter and pale coffee. After this they were marched to their respective galleries.

F-18 didn't even grin at the huddle of prisoners waiting at the gallery gate to josh the newcomers. Dejected, slumping listlessly, he ambled to his own open cell and sat heavily on the cot. His ears pricked up only when he heard whisperings in German

from Cell 17, next to his own. The two in there were not associating with any of the other prisoners, either. Their names, he knew from the list outside the gallery gate, were Carl Abt and Friederich Holt.

After perhaps a half hour of listening with his head near the thin steel wall, F-18 raised up and strode to the door of 17, through which he looked apologetically at the whisperers. Husky fellows, they were, with beetling brows and square jaws. Their talk ceased abruptly when they observed the newcomer.

"Heil!" said F-18 softly, after a furtive look down the gallery.

The faces of the stolid pair brightened. Arms raised stiffly and dropped at once. "Heil!"

F-18 shambled in, and the men moved over to give him room on the cot. All of the other prisoners were at the gate end of the gallery out of earshot.

"You are Carl and Friederich," F-18 whispered in faultless *hoch-Deutsch*. "August said you were here. And I, Joseph Schwartz, did not expect to be. But the *schwein* arrested me."

"Ja, *schwein*!" grunted the one called Carl. "Immigration also?"

"Ja!"

All three subsided in gloomy silence. This was broken soon by Friederich.

"How did they get you?" he asked. "You were to report to August?"

"I was in Canada when I received a wire from *der Herr*—"

"Sh-h!" warned Carl. "Mention his name not."

F-18 nodded solemnly. It certainly was not wise in this place to mention a name high in the espionage ring.

Besides, he was not certain as to whom these agents reported.

"So I come over the river," he went on, "and am here."

"The boat?" asked Friederich. "It is safe on the island?"

"Safe," said F-18. "And the cargo." Then, as if an afterthought: "It was I who helped August with Turner. You did not know?"

"Turner is removed?" exulted Carl.

F-18 nodded vigorously. "In the Blueton. Knifed. And August got safely away from the police. I was to help him and Henry. Now I am here."

"Ja, all three of us here," nodded Friederich. "But not for long."

"Too long to be of much service," F-18 said gloomily.

The other two sank into gloom with him. Finally Carl Abt said regretfully. "And the plan is for tonight."

"Tonight!" F-18 sounded startled.

"You did not know?" asked Friederich sharply.

"I knew, yes, but did not realize it was so soon." F-18 shook his head sadly. "Only one more day and I might have helped."

"August and Henry will not fail," said Carl Abt. "They have the schedule. You say everything is safe. So they cannot fail."

"But if we could only help," F-18 continued on the regretful note. "To be of such great service." Then, brightening: "It would be such a great thing to explode the great power plant!"

"Greater still the car of—" Carl began, then broke off and peered suspiciously at F-18. "What did you say about the power plant?"

F-18 knew he had nearly slipped. He recovered with: "I know, of course, about the car. I was only thinking how great a thing it would be also to cut off much power from the factories. Such destruction! Such paralyzing of industry!"

"You are a dreamer, Schwartz," Friederich said disgustedly. "And thus impractical. Destruction would mean trouble and cost, true. But power would be obtained easily from the great steam plants on the Niagara Hudson system. Niagara hydro is not everything. Even across from the island there is more steam power."

The newcomer shrugged. "I did not study those things. But I was good enough to help with Turner."

Both of the others perked up. It was true, this Joseph Schwartz had been of great help if he had done this. He must have, or how could he know?

"Yes, Turner was bad for us," Carl Abt agreed. "He knew of the steal-

ing of the cargo from his shipping room. He knew also of the island hiding place. But he did not know of the time and the place for the great blast. The pier—"

This speech was broken by the clang of the outer gate of the gallery and the clinking of the guard's keys as he came on a routine inspection.

"Quiet!" snarled Friederich. "Here comes the screw."

Friederich, obviously, had been in American jails before.

F-18 looked up as another prisoner scuffled before the cell door. His heart nearly stopped beating. The guard was on his way, but hadn't got much past cell four. Normally he would be five minutes getting here. And this big hulk standing there with widespread legs was Claude Garvey, an international crook whom F-18 had known to Garvey's sorrow a few years ago, before all this sabotage business started.

"So!" hissed the big crook, "they got you, too, did they, Porter? Good to see a G-man behind bars. And in *my* gallery. Fancy meeting you here!"

The cat was out of the bag. F-18 saw from the corner of his eye that Friederich Holt was set for a spring. Of course, they had no weapons here, but even a plain rough and tumble amidst iron bars could be deadly. And there was always the danger of a fight starting a general riot in the gallery. And F-18 couldn't afford to be put out of commission. He had work to do today—tonight.

HE gathered himself in a tight knot of chilled steel muscle and dived into Garvey's legs just as the two spies closed down on him. The guard was yelling and running toward the mêlée, but Holt's fingers were digging into F-18's throat with terrific force. Garvey had gone down and lay still still, blood trickling from where his head had hit the iron door edge.

F-18 brought up his knees sharply, and Holt's grip relaxed. But Carl Abt had yanked off one of his heavy shoes and brought it down with stunning force. F-18's senses reeled just as the guard came into the fray, his

heavy bunch of keys swinging with telling effect. The rest of the prisoners in the gallery were milling about, cursing and ready to start almost anything.

The outer gate was opened and two more guards came at a run. It was over as quickly as it had started. Garvey and the two spies were out of the picture for some little time to come, the remaining prisoners quieted down under the bellowed threats of the guards, and F-18 was dragged out into the jail pit as limp as a rag.

He did not come back. Revived downstairs, in ten minutes he had discarded his number and was in a deputy's car, speeding toward the city. Cliff Porter hadn't got all he wanted from Carl and Friederich, but he thought he had enough. The local authorities had cooperated beautifully.

Lone-wolfing it as he was on this assignment, Special Agent Cliff Porter was in a delicate situation. Since the United States was not at war, everything he did to outwit the saboteurs must be done without arousing the general public to a knowledge of some of the spy activities.

Now was no time to precipitate an international situation which might plunge America into the renewed European conflict. And yet these spies had to be outmaneuvered and put out of the way. Porter needed assistance of a sort and did not dare arouse the local boys too much.

In addition, from the pattern as it was beginning to form in his mind, he had more than a suspicion that the Canadians over the border were in some way involved in the dark workings of the minds back of all this. There must be no slip-up on his part. And he must work almost entirely on his own.

He had definitely established the fact that a load of the new high explosive had been filched from Parkington's and was now hidden somewhere on the Niagara River, probably in the power boat with the Canadian registration number. How it was to be used, he was not yet sure. But certainly not in an attack on the hydro plants at the Falls. Neither,

did he think, on the huge steam power plant down the river near Wickwire.

No, the attack was to be on a car conveying an important personage whom the spies wanted out of the way. And he had an idea that the intended victim was to be crossing the border one way or the other at the time scheduled for the assassination.

Shooting wasn't to be relied upon. Ergo, an important highway of traffic between the two countries was in danger of being attacked at the same time. Mention of a pier could refer either to a steamship dock or a bridge. Docks, it seemed, were out of the question because the only boats regularly crossing the river at this point were excursion steamers, which would hardly attract important personages of either country.

IF the car mentioned by Carl Abt was an automobile it would travel either across the Peace Bridge here at Buffalo or across the bridge at the Falls. But cargo in a power boat could never be unloaded *below* the famous cataract, that was another certainty. Besides, it didn't seem logical that the Peace Bridge would be attacked. It was too out in the open, too brilliantly lighted at night, too traveled and too well guarded.

That narrowed the danger point down to but one possibility—the old International Bridge site. Well down the river, where the crossing was from Black Rock to Fort Erie, it was dark as a pocket at night and guarded below only by the tug upstream which always lay in wait to snap up a barge which might break its towline and drift toward its piers. But the International Bridge was a railroad bridge, which meant a private car on a special or scheduled train. One of the shorthand translations had mentioned railroad time.

All of these thoughts were racing through the investigator's head as the deputy drove him to the city. He felt sure he was close now to the complete story. He asked to be let out at the Blueton.

"What—in those rags?" inquired the deputy.

Porter had completely forgotten his

makeup. So they drove around to Police Headquarters, where he had previously changed clothes. He went at once to the chief's private office and was admitted without delay.

"Make out all right?" that dignitary asked, with a chuckle over his appearance.

"Swell," said Porter, "thanks to your boys and the sheriff's office. It looked like a regular arrest, my going in the wagon from here."

The agent ducked into the back room and changed to his own clothes. He felt better when he returned.

"Any more help we can be, Porter?" asked the chief earnestly. "I don't know what this is all about, but I know you have a reason for not wanting to go to the Bureau. And I'll help—with no questions asked."

This was splendid cooperation.

"You can help, Chief," Porter said slowly. "In two ways. First, tell me whose private car is crossing the border tonight. Second, get me the fastest power boat on the river with a gun mounted in the bow, and a reliable man to run it."

The chief paled and squinted his eyes.

"Holy cow!" he exclaimed, "you special agents get wind of everything. Three prominent members of the British Admiralty come over the bridge tonight on the nine-forty from Toronto, to inspect motors and such in different factories around the country—steam turbines and reduction gears for ships. I trust you, Porter. You wouldn't be on this sort of work unless you're to be trusted. And I'll get you the boat."

Cliff Porter grinned engagingly. "Thanks for the confidence, Chief. And you'll have the boat where?"

"Just below the foot of Ferry Street, tied to the old wharf. Sure you don't want anything more—nor to say any more?"

"Sorry. Can't say any more, Chief. But you're taking no chances with me, you can be sure."

"I know that. Lord!" the chief exclaimed again reverently. "If we've overlooked anything in the guarding of that car when it comes in, I hope you've got it, man."

"So do I," said Porter grimly as he gripped the outstretched hand.

On the street once more, he stopped at the nearest Western Union and sent a coded wire to Washington. That done, he took a cab for the Blue-ton.

He knew they hadn't picked up Nax, or the chief would have told him.

STARK horror surged through his being as he realized to the full the import of what he had learned. Blowing up the International Bridge with a train that carried three admiralty officials! What a shock that would be to the country, to three countries! And what waves of public opinion it would be sure to arouse here and abroad!

The crafty saboteurs had ferreted out a spot that might easily arouse supreme distrust of Americans, both across the Canadian border and across the ocean. Besides, the tying up for many months of a most important artery of freight and passenger movement. They must not, could not succeed.

Porter suppressed a grin when he saw the plainclothes man outside the hotel and another lounging carelessly in the lobby. It was very unlikely that poor young Turner's killer would return here.

At the door of his room, however, he hesitated. That sixth sense of his told him to be most cautious. Noiselessly, he inserted the key in the lock, as noiselessly opened the door. Gun in hand, he eased through.

As he had half-expected, his bags were open and their contents strewn about in confusion. But no one was in the room. An open window over the fire-escape told him how entrance had been effected. Speedily, he crossed to the window to see if the intruder was even now on the way down. But his sixth sense warned him anew before he reached it, and he wheeled about.

Too late, this warning had come. A gleaming blade hurled out from the slowly swinging door to the adjoining room and slashed through his right shoulder with a rush of cold pain that paralyzed the arm to his

fingertips. His gun clattered to the floor.

"Ah, Mr. Porter, that is better," came the unctuous voice of the small, bespectacled man who oozed through behind the big Luger. "We will sit and talk things over quietly now, you and I."

Porter's muscles tightened to coil springs, but the hand holding the Luger never wavered. And the pain in his shoulder was a nauseating agony.

"You win, Henry," he gasped. "Here, take back your knife. It hurts like hell."

Gritting his teeth, the Intelligence man grasped the haft with his left hand.

If he could get that knife out—well, he knew something about hurling them himself.

But Henry was not to be taken advantage of that easily.

"Ah-ah," he purred. "No, no. Allow me, sir, to remove it."

Walking on the balls of his feet as soundlessly as a cat, the wiry little man suddenly jabbed his gun in the agent's midriff, then tugged out the blade in one sweeping motion that gave it a twist and sent a stab of hot agony over Cliff's entire right side. He slumped weakly into a chair, perspiration dripping into his eyes.

Shame flooded over him, to be thus done in by this little sewer rat. But the feeling was only momentary. As he rested, his strength flowed back gradually and he began automatically to plan.

"You guess correctly," said the runt. "I am Henry. You have learned too much, my friend. And for that you must die. But first you will hand to me your official code book, which I could not find in your room and which must therefore be on your person."

"There's no such thing," Porter said truthfully. "My codes are in my head."

NATURALLY, a thing as low as a sabotaging spy would not believe this.

"You lie!" snarled Henry. "So I must search you. Or kill you first and

take it from your corpse. Which shall it be?"

Porter pretended acquiescence. His rage was nearly suffocating him as his strength came back. He was losing blood fast, but knew his wound was not immediately dangerous. And this little pig must be put out of the game. That would leave only Nax to deal with.

"All right," he agreed wearily, sitting up straighter and reaching for his inside coat pocket.

"Ah-ah," again purred the saboteur. "You will please raise your hands while I get the book." Again the Luger jabbed forward.

This was precisely what Porter had maneuvered for. His big paws came up slowly as Henry closed in cautiously. As the spy reached between coat and vest, the pressure of the Luger against the agent's ribs eased, wavered and was removed. It is difficult for any man, no matter how desperate, to keep his mind on and accomplish two entirely different objectives simultaneously.

Cliff Porter was gambling his life on this fact. As the purring German's hand reached the inner coat pocket and began groping for a book that was not there, the investigator's two fists came down on his gun wrist—hard.

The Luger spun across the floor, and so did Porter—after it.

Henry squealed with pain. But the American had not counted on the little man's agility; the squirmy devil reached the Luger first. And fired from the floor!

A thousand lightnings exploded in Porter's brain and he knew no more.

When consciousness finally wavered in on wings of agony, he slowly came to realize a number of things. He was still alive. He lay on the bed in his own room. His shoulder was bandaged. So was his head—with a red hot iron underneath that bandage.

It was dusk outside. A man sat at his bedside. A plainclothes police officer whom he recognized. He sat up with a jerk, ignoring the resultant swift heating to whiteness of that imaginary iron.

"What time is it?" he demanded

thickly. "And where's Henry? What happened?"

The officer grinned in a not unfriendly manner.

"Seven-thirty," he ticked off. "If you mean the guy who shot you, he got away. And you had a swell groove along your skull. The doctor's been here and cauterized and sewed it up. Fixed up your shoulder, too. Now, bud, you tell me what it's all about. First this kid Turner gets bumped off across the hall. You report it, and now you're damn near bumped yourself. Come clean, brother. I got a report to make."

Porter's legs were over the edge of the bed.

"No time to talk now," he mouthed, lips twisted grimly against the pain. "Besides, I couldn't tell you, anyway."

"Suppose I say you got to tell me or I'll take you in. Anyway, you ain't fit to get up. With your wounds and the anesthetic."

The agent was already on his feet, swaying, but pulling himself together gradually.

"I can say nothing," he repeated. "And, if you are a bit wise, you'll lay off. I'm a government agent, copper, on a damn important secret mission, and anyone interfering is out of luck. Call up your chief if you doubt it."

THE officer looked taken aback, uncertain. Then his eyes narrowed down for better peering. He snapped on the light.

"Sa-ay!" he blurted then. "You the guy they fixed up for the bus ride this morning?"

"That's me," chuckled Porter from the washbowl, where he was trying to tidy up as much as possible. "But call the chief if you wonder."

"I believe you, Mister," said the cop. Then anxiously: "Sure you can make it? The doc said you was to stay flat until morning at least."

"Sure I can make it," Porter said grimly. "Got to. Here, help me on with my coat, will you?"

The officer helped gently, mumbling apologies.

Hardly knowing how he got there, Cliff Porter was out in the street then,

weaving dizzily while his new friend hailed a taxi. He did not give his destination until they were well out Delaware Avenue and he was certain he was not being tailed. What Henry had showed him that afternoon convinced him anew of the efficacy of the alien espionage system. Even from the jail, through some mysterious grapevine telegraph, they'd been tipped off. Or somehow.

He reached the old wharf in time to see a long, low shape drift in toward him silently. He knew the type of boat to expect. This was it, undoubtedly. It took shape as it emerged from the darkness into the half-light from the ferry pier upstream. A young fellow rose up from the wheel behind the long forward deck and called out softly.

"Mr. Porter?"

"Right."

"Okay; catch a line."

The light line came soaring shoreward. Porter caught it with his good hand and drew the boat near. Then he leaped the gap into the cockpit.

The young fellow looked up at him curiously, impudent eyes straddling a cheerful mass of freckles that couldn't be missed even in this low visibility.

"Gosh!" he breathed. "What hit you?"

Porter chuckled and told him briefly a gorgeous untruth. "You an experienced river man?" he wound up.

"Born and brought up on it," averred the lad. "Where to?"

"Huntley Power Station first. Then I'll tell you more."

"Okay, Boss. The chief said to take your orders." The lad moved a switch on the elaborate dash panel of the boat and a powerful motor underneath the forward desk purred into life almost silently.

With a swish they were out into the swift current and the blackness. The freckled young fellow moved the second starter switch and the stern hunched down into the water as two bow waves arched into the black sky.

"What'll she do?" Porter asked.

"Better'n fifty. Maybe sixty."

The agent lifted a motor hatch and saw that which satisfied him. Two

250 horsepower Starling motors, throbbing mightily side by side and driving them through the water at almost express train speed.

LIGHTS twinkled past on both American and Canadian shores in a blur. The river itself was dark as a pocket. There was very little traffic. A few small boats with tiny twinkling lights. Steaming up the stream far below were a couple of tankers and a string of lumber barges.

To the left as they speeded northward, Porter recognized Strawberry Island's low, soggy blotch. Hell's Half Acre was out there, but you couldn't see that mysterious patch of dangerous water. The end of Grand Island soon blotted off the Canadian shore. Motor Island showed as an inky smear. Then they were slowing down and turning in toward the huge power plant.

"Beach just this side of the plant," Porter directed.

Porter peered ahead intently.

He knew now his objective as he made out two targets on the shore, the kind that marked the deep channel for the pilots of the bigger boats. Triangular skeleton frames aloft on poles, when the two were in line, they marked the channel. They also would "sight" the island of the spy hide-away. It could only be one of the three.

They beached gently in a moment, and Porter leaped ashore. He was only a short way from the near target. Running, he lined them up and, sighting, made out dimly the upstream end of Strawberry. Of course! In the rushes there would be ideal hiding places.

Plowing back to the boat, he told the lad at the wheel where to head. And the idling motors were not long in coming up to speed. This boat was a honey. The agent crawled forward on the deck and opened what he knew to be the gun hatch.

Up swung as sweet a mounted heavy machine gun as was ever put together. A belt of bright ammunition drooped from its breech mechanism. All ready up here. The agent

crawled back behind the cowl shield with the wheelsman.

"We hunting for the stolen Canuck boat?" the lad asked wistfully.

"Yes," laughed the agent. "I can tell you that much. Since you told me it was stolen. I'd wondered about that. It was a loose end."

"Hell, we been hunting it more'n a week."

"We'll get it now," Porter told him grimly. He looked at his watch in the light from the dash. It lacked ten minutes of nine. Sixteen more minutes and the Toronto flyer would be on the bridge. It would be about time now for the saboteurs' boat to come out from the rushes.

"Hold her," he told the youth. "Cut our lights, but keep the motors rolling over—muffled."

Things purred down to utter silence. All but the croaking of the frogs on Strawberry and the grating chorus of insects. They were drifting back with the swift current.

Far upstream, in the direction from which they had come, a dim string of lights marked the railroad bridge. Its black shape was long and low, a many-spanned tie between the States and Canada. A strong link between Black Rock in Buffalo and Fort Erie in Ontario, it was used alike by the Michigan Central and T.H. & B. trains. Now, if Porter were not successful, it could lose its usefulness in ten minutes or so—blown away by the damned saboteurs, a train along with it. Valuable lives. Possibly the fate of nations at stake.

A motor roared into life in the darkness not far upstream. And the agent made out the dim shape that leaped out from Strawberry's rushes.

"After them, boy!" he snapped. "No lights now." He crawled swiftly to the gunner's cubby forward.

THE control of the searchlight was here, too. When the time came, he would give them a quick flash. The gun would do the rest.

The spy's boat was fast, but not fast enough. As the distance to the bridge narrowed rapidly, so did the gap between pursuers and pursued. The train was pulling slowly onto the

bridge from the Canadian side! The plan of the spies was obvious—to head their boat for one of the piers, jump clear before the impact and swim ashore.

Cliff Porter swung the searchlight around on its swivel mounting to approximate direction and flicked the switch. Its dazzling light-finger reached out, swept around a little and spotted the speeding boat ahead in a revealing glare. The agent's heart did a flip-flop in his chest as he noted, in that instant of clarity, the three huge cases of the explosive on the after deck.

Located right, it was enough to blow downtown Buffalo to hell. He saw the bobbing heads of the spies before switching off the light. Then his gun began stuttering out its messengers of death. He fired for the cases, not for the men.

Flame spurted from the hunted craft, blazing back toward them. A regular smuggler's tommy gun must be aboard. Cliff felt lead plunking into the hull and combing beside him, but gave it no heed. His every tenth bullet was a tracer. He couldn't miss. He didn't!

The entire river seemed to heave up into a blinding tower of light and there was an ominous pause that took away his breath. Like just before a bad thunderstorm. And then the whole universe blasted into a maelstrom of sound that was unbearable

in its intensity. Their boat, tossing about like a peanut, veered away as fragments began raining all around them.

Clinging to the rail, the agent crawled aft over the heaving deck and tumbled in beside his young pilot.

Out in the middle of the river, the train had stopped as if to take its breath. But the trembling bridge was safe. So were the passengers. Henry and August were no more. And the passengers, important or otherwise, would never know what had caused the volcanic blast nor how near they had been to eternity.

The freckled young riverman was slumped over the wheel, gasping and clawing at a bloodspot that spread ominously over his shirt.

"Oh, God," begged the agent fervently. "Not this boy."

He tore away the shirt, heaved a sigh of relief when he saw the location of the ugly wound. It had drilled the lad through all right, but had missed heart and lungs both.

"Esther," the young fellow was saying softly and wistfully. "My—my wife. Only married her last week. Got to get back to her."

"You'll get back, son," the agent promised, and the lad passed out with a grin.

Then Porter throttled the motors and swung the wheel around to head for the American side. He was content.

Next Issue: IN TREASON'S TRACK, a Gripping Espionage Story by C. K. M. SCANLON

College Humor

15
CENTS

THE BEST COMEDY IN AMERICA

FICTION • SATIRE • CARTOONS

ON SALE EVERYWHERE!

Lady of Doom



A form came hurtling through the

CHAPTER I IN THE CHINA SEA

THE *S. S. Chung Ko* was six days out of Shanghai, bound for Manila. On the morrow they should arrive.

The *Chung Ko* was a ninety-foot steamer in the China Coast trade, flying the Union Jack; a sturdy, seaworthy little craft, with a cracker-box superstructure two decks high. The skipper was Samoan. The engineer was a Turk. The deckhands were Chinese.

The passenger list was as cock-eyed. Filipinos, Chinese, and an In-

dian Sikh, down in the glory hole. The four tiny cabins held a German doctor from Tsing Tao; a Japanese merchant from Shanghai; an Eurasian girl, and a blond Englishman or American who was merely listed as "Jones."

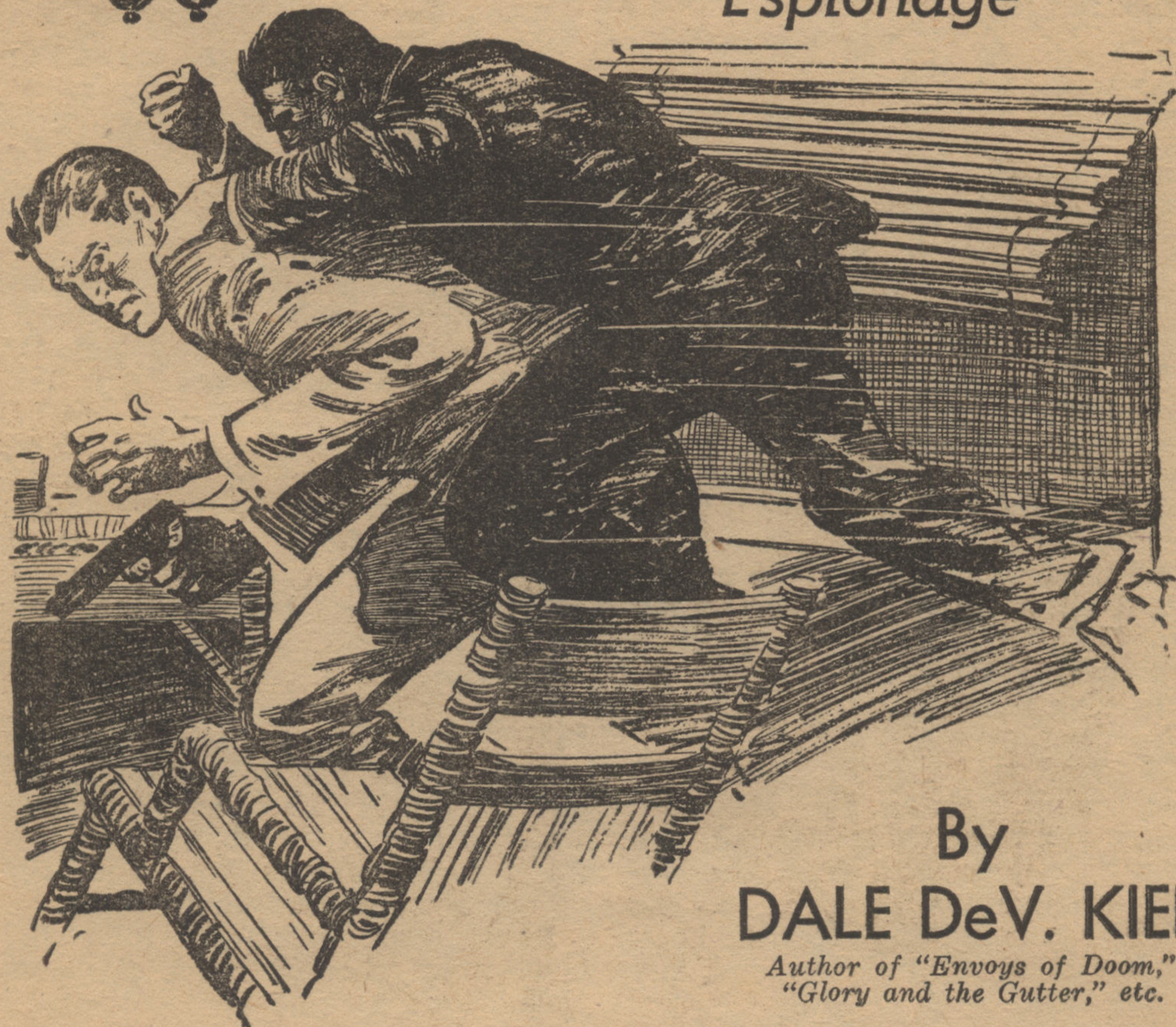
Supper was served, and the world was serene. The *Chung Ko* sloshed lazily through the blue tropic sea, the Isle of Luzon a faint streak dead ahead. The blond man sat cross-legged on the main deck astern, a straight-stemmed pipe jutting between his thin lips, and fished with a drop line through a hawse-hole.

A couple of plump red snappers

A Mysterious Eurasian Girl Takes a Hand



A Novelet of Sea Espionage



By
DALE DeV. KIER

*Author of "Envoys of Doom,"
"Glory and the Gutter," etc.*

shutter, knocking Kane flat on the floor

and half a dozen perch were strung on a line in the scuppers beside him. He seemed intent on his fishing, oblivious even of the Eurasian girl, who lounged at the rail on the first deck above, and watched him with limpid, languorous eyes.

The Japanese teetered in a deck chair near the girl and looked at a book. Frequently he would glance up and out over the sea, as though in reflection. Dr. Kuhn, a gray, restless man of ragged appearance, paced the promenade. He, too, seemed intent on the sea.

Nearby the blond man on the main deck, four robed Chinese sat play-

ing acey-deucey. The Indian Sikh, a massive dark-bearded fellow in orange-colored turban and tunic, loafed on the low rail and also stared out to sea, steadily eating raw eggs which he took from a paper bag. He turned his shaggy head, caught the blond man's glance and grinned broadly in his beard.

"Hello, John," he called.

Sikh's are like that. They have a friendliness of a Collie dog toward the white man. Although almost without exception that is the extent of their English: "Hello, John."

The *Chung Ko* sloshed on. It was all calm and peaceful.

In Battling Lieutenant Kane's Grim Game!

And then suddenly it wasn't.

From somewhere came a peculiar shrill whistle.

The Chinese jerked knives from their robes, flung themselves without warning at the white man and the Sikh.

The blond man shot up as on compressed power. A hand streaked to the cut-away holster at his hip. His knee jackknifed high, and he fired without drawing. For it was an open-end holster, tied down low.

His shots blended as one. But three little brass cases kicked out of the breech and went skipping across the deck to roll in the scuppers.

The rushing Chinese doubled and lunged. The foremost rammed the blond man waist high, while he still poised on one foot against the low rail. He glimpsed a horde of yellow men rushing out of the hold, saw the Sikh lying senseless.

He went over the side.

The boat was rapidly receding as he came up, gulping air. He heard shouts, and more shots. He still had his pistol; it dangled from the lanyard around his shoulder, as he struck out, swimming after the boat. For it was twenty miles to land, and getting dark.

Then the boat slowed. He swam up to it and hands reached out to drag him over the low gunwale. He came over, grim and dripping, the straight-stemmed pipe still clamped in thin lips. As he hit the deck, more hands seized him; other hands brandished knives and guns.

He did not struggle. He raised his arms and his gun was taken. Then he was shoved across the deck, where the other passengers stood prisoners, guarded by armed Chinese, who had come up from the hold.

The two Chinese that the blond man had shot lay where they had fallen. There were a couple of other dead men on the deck. But the Sikh was on his feet again, scuffed up and scowling darkly. There was little further disorder. The victims behaved after the fashion of those who take things as they come. And this was not novel. Piracy is com-

monplace in the China Sea. Sea-going highwaymen, who travel as passengers!

The German, the Japanese and the Eurasian girl stood with arms raised, along with the Sikh and the others. As the blond man joined them, the German lowered his arms. A pirate turned on him fiercely. The German's arms jerked back up.

"I am Dr. Otto Kuhn!" he babbled almost hysterically. "Do you understand? Do you hear? I am Dr. Kuhn, the physician from Tsing Tao. I am a German citizen—"

"And you might inform them, *Herr Doktor*," put in the Japanese blandly, "that I am Baron Toyo, and this is Miss Meleka Toyika. I think they will respect us." He turned, smilingly to the blond man. "And you, my friend, are British? Or American? If I may presume."

THE blond man pulled the wet pipe from his lips and knocked out the dottle. The Chinese guards watched him, but made no objection. As though taking their cue, the others also lowered their arms.

"You may presume," said the blond man shortly, stuck the pipe back between tight lips and stared out to sea.

The Eurasian girl was surveying the blond man with slow, lynx-eyed appraisal; seemingly taking him in from top to toe, missing no detail of light linen attire that wrapped wetly around his lean body. Her dark gaze lingered on his flat hard hips and waist, lingered again on his broad chest and shoulders, finally to meet his sea-washed blue eyes with a whimsical smile.

"You shoot straight and fast, Mr.—Jones," she said, in precise, throaty English. "It is too bad things happened as they did, yes?" Her eyes gleamed. "It would have been interesting to watch. Whatever do pirates expect to gain by attacking us?"

He looked at her in a detached sort of way, as though completely unaware of her exotic dark beauty. Then he turned his blue eyes back to sea.

"We're a little far south for pirates," he said, and his face grew more bleak.

His gaze was on a shape far out through the dusk that was coming rapidly nearer. He shivered, within his wet clothes. The girl put a hand on his arm.

"Perhaps they are after my jewelry!" she exclaimed.

"I wouldn't worry," he said, and shrugged.

She laughed, a low, husky laugh. "If I had anything really valuable, Mr. Jones, I believe I'd yet have time to hide it." She touched his arm lightly. "I do not think these pirates are very alert, no?"

"That's what you think."

He put off her hand, none too gently, and again stared seaward.

The sun sank. Stars swarmed out of nowhere. A golden moon rode low in the heavens, and cool breezes rippled the dusk. The girl stood close, soft and sweet-scented, unconsciously jostling against him with each roll of the boat—a boat manned by the dregs of the Orient, in command of a pirate crew!

The blond man jerked away from her irritably. Her soft laughter followed him.

The *Chung Ko* laid to presently and a craft came ghosting out of the night, with a soft *put-put* of motors. Lanterns were lighted, and men scampered aboard; stocky little men, barefoot and nimble. That was all the blond man could tell about them, for they wore burlap hoods, with slits for their eyes.

The cowed men scattered and searched the ship, searched the prisoners, taking their money and valuables, including the Eurasian girl's jewelry. When they came to the blond man he remained silent, but his lips got a little whiter about the pipe stem, his jaw tensed. They searched his clothing.

He hesitated, when ordered to take off his shoes, but sat down, under threats, and complied. His attempt to conceal something that was in one sock was not successful. A cowed figure snatched it—a small oilskin packet—thrust it under his

cape. The blond man looked distressed, but remained meekly silent, though he could see the girl's dark eyes flashing with scorn.

THERE was little excitement, after the pirates had gone, taking their passenger - confederates with them. The Samoan skipper and crew took it in stride, unceremoniously heaved the dead Chinese overboard, and continued their course.

The Japanese and the German, however, were complaining as they went to their cabins. The blond man sat down on the deck and drew on his pipe while he pulled on his shoes, staring after the vanishing pirate ship.

He reached for his tobacco pouch, half filled his pipe with the wet tobacco. Suddenly he exclaimed softly, knocked out the bowl, put the empty pipe back in his teeth and walked over to where he had been fishing, still staring seaward, and began pulling in his fish line.

The hook was bare. He was winding the line on a spool when a soft fragrance assailed his nostrils. He looked up at the girl. She stood straight and slim, her rippling figure almost stark in the moonlight.

The blond man drew a rasping breath; his lips tightened. She lifted a hand to her bare, white throat, spoke softly, yet with a tone that matched the flash of her eyes.

"Do not be afraid, Mr.—Jones," she said, "that I will besmirch your social standing or character—or whatever it is you fear for! I am Eurasian; you are the proud white man! Is that it? It is so, yes, Mr.—Jones?" She laughed with scorn. "It is too bad you do not guard other things as well!"

She turned abruptly and fled toward the companionway.

The white man stared after her, unmoving. The pipe fell from his lips. He sat down.

"Hello, John."

The big, bearded Sikh emerged from the shadow of a nearby ventilator, showing his teeth in a grin.

"Hello, John," responded the blond man.

He stuck the pipe back in his teeth, picked up his fish line and fish and walked after the girl.

He went to his cabin, carrying the fish line and fish. There he opened a Gladstone bag and dug out a .45 Colt automatic, similar to the one that had been taken away from him. He attached his lanyard, and holstered the gun.

Then he took the fish over to the washbasin, slipped them off the string and began working on one of the red snappers. From the fish's gullet he pulled a compact oilskin roll about the size of a leadpencil.

He was smiling thinly as he threw all of the fish out the porthole.

He cleaned his pipe, took a shower, shaved and went to bed. But it was to lie awhile smoking, with the pistol and oilskin roll under his pillow.

CHAPTER II

DEATH WARNING



UNLIGHT awakened the blond man. Through the porthole he could see the shoreline of Luzon, not far away now. Manila was some couple of hundred miles down the western coast. They ought to make it by evening.

He was grinning as he lighted his pipe. That land looked good. Better than that he had just left. His hand sought the pistol and oilskin roll under his pillow, and his grin broadened. Then it froze.

Something was being slipped under his door!

His gun came up, and he lay tensely watching. But what he saw was only a slip of paper.

In a leap he was out of his bunk, had snapped the lock, yanked the door open. The narrow corridor was empty.

He picked up the paper frowningly, closed the door and sat down on his bunk. It was a sheet of rice-straw notepaper, once folded. The words at the top made him blink, and the pipe

almost fell from his mouth. It read:

TO LIEUTENANT TIPTON KANE
U. S. NAVAL INTELLIGENCE

He stepped swiftly to the door again, looked out. But he saw no one. He made sure the door was locked, then sat down and read the note, printed, as was the heading, in ragged English:

I address this so that you will realize your identity is known, Lt. Kane. You are a clever man. You won last night. But do not think it is over. You have with you papers of most importance, which you deliver from the U. S. Naval Commander in Shanghai to the American High Commissioner at Manila. I tell you this, Lt., that it is known, so you will be clever enough to believe me. You will not live to deliver those papers to the High Commissioner at Manila this evening Lt. Please be warned.

Kane grabbed for his pipe, stuck it back in his teeth, got up swiftly. He closed the porthole and dogged it. He inspected the confines of his cabin minutely. Once more he sat down with his pistol across his knees and inspected the oilskin roll. Then he studied the note. There was no signature, nothing to tell what sort of person might have written it. Japanese rice paper is a commodity throughout the Orient, so that meant nothing at all.

But it meant he was known, and that his foes still were aboard!

His thin lips compressed whitely about the pipe stem. Lieutenant Tipton Kane, U.S. Naval Intelligence, was a very grim young man indeed.

He was quite a good-looking young man when he got into clean whites. The oilskin roll was in a leather money belt around his waist. The only thing unchanged was his gun. The open-end cut-away holster hung at his thigh, tied down low.

He went to breakfast.

The big Sikh in the orange turban and tunic met him at the companionway, grinned and said, "Hello, John!"

"Hello, John," returned Kane, and eyed the big fellow's hand that was caressing the kris in his sash, and he wondered how the weapon had survived the hold-up. Perhaps the Sikh

had an extra; perhaps he had borrowed it from the Turkish engineer. Kane spoke a few words in Arabic and passed on. The Sikh looked after him, scowling. For Kane's words in Arabic were to ask him if he could whistle.

DR. KUHN and the Japanese were at breakfast in the cabin passengers' mess. Kane sat down at the table and poured himself a cup of coffee. The German kept his eyes on his plate. The Japanese smiled.

"I pray, Mr. Jones," he said, "you did not lose anything of great value last night."

"No," said Kane.

"It is one of those regrettable happenings," continued the Japanese, "which, with our control of China, we shall shortly stamp out!"

Kane picked up his coffee cup, set it down again without drinking.

"I've been wondering," he said, "if a Japanese can whistle. I don't believe I ever heard one."

He stared at the Jap, got up abruptly, leaving his coffee untouched, and went out.

He went topside to the radio shack by the bridge, waved good morning to the Samoan skipper who was taking a trick at the wheel, stuck his head in the shack and asked the Filipino operator if he had any messages.

"No," the Filipino said.

Kane had not expected any. He said he reckoned the radio operator on a boat like this had a busy time, and asked him how long it had been since he'd taken his last message.

"This morning," the operator said. Then he scowled, and shut up.

Kane went back to his cabin. . . .

It was dusk when the *Chung Ko* reached Manila, crawled up the dirty little Pasig River to a wharf.

Tipton Kane, wearing clean whites, and with the cut-away holster tied down low, was just starting down the little gangway, carrying his Gladstone, when the Eurasian girl screamed. He saw her tusseling with a couple of shadowy shapes on the wharf.

"Help!" she called.

Kane did not go down the gang-

way. He threw his bag, and vaulted over the rail. His bag hit one man on the back. As he landed, Kane hit the other. He came up in a crouch, gun in hand.

The next moment the shadowy figures were running. The little wharf was not much used, nor much lighted. Kane watched them melt into obscurity, slowly holstered his gun, turned and picked up his bag.

The girl put a hand on his arm.

"Thank you, Mr. Jones," she breathed. "And please—forgive me, for what I said last night."

"Yeah," said Kane, and started on.

She clutched his arm more tightly. "Would it—would you please escort me to my hotel?" Her limpid eyes glistened up at him, and she was trembling.

"Listen!" Kane looked down at her with his cold, detached stare. The set of his jaw slowly relaxed. "All right; all right!" he said. "I'll get you a taxi. C'm on!" He walked her across the wharf.

"Those men," she said simply, "are going to kill me."

HE stopped and stared at her sharply. She stood close to him, looking up. He stalked on again, staring straight ahead.

"Why are they going to kill you?" he asked tersely.

"Why?" A fatalistic note crept into her voice. "Does it make any difference," she asked, "why anything about an Eurasian girl? Who cares?"

"Here's your cab," Kane said shortly, and hailed one of those mid-get cars that have invaded the Orient, supplanting the *carromata* and rickshaw.

"Take me to the hotel, Mr. Jones," the girl said quietly, "if you care to save my life."

He looked down at her long-lashed dark eyes, at the soft curve of her cheek against his arm. Her lips, half parted, were appealing.

"Get in there!" He shoved her roughly into the cab. "Wait a minute!" he called to the driver, and took out his wallet, extracted a U.S. one-dollar note. He also took out the rice-

paper message, held it up behind his wallet, sniffed.

He gave the driver the dollar bill.

"Tropic Hotel—two," he said.

The driver gave him back a *peso* note and eighty *centavos*. Kane tipped him five *centavos*.

"Buy a cigar," he said, but his eyes were scanning the wharf and vicinity. It seemed deserted.

He threw his bag into the taxi, called again, "Tropic Hotel."

The girl had not said she was going to the Tropic Hotel; neither did she object.

He smiled thinly, as the cab scooted away.

CHAPTER III

SHADOWS IN THE NIGHT



THE Tropic Hotel was a free and easy place, after the fashion of the Orient. The girl registered as "Miss Meleka Toyika, Shanghai." She seemed to have regained her composure. Like one who has made a conquest.

"You must come up"—she smiled invitingly at Kane—"and have a drink, yes!"

Kane was looking across the lobby, frowning. Her eyes followed his gaze. "Oh! That man!"—she pointed—"Oh. He's gone." She gave Kane a sweeping glance. "Was it not the Indian Sikh on the boat?"

"I hardly noticed," answered Kane, walking her after the boy with their bags.

"He wore the orange turban," she insisted.

"Don't they all?" asked Kane, but his expression belied his casualness.

"Mr. Jones!" She looked at him coyly. "You wouldn't try to—kid me—a man of your experience! Or don't you know that a Sikh's turban is a badge of caste and what-not? The orange turban is the badge of those who have made the pilgrimage to Mecca. It is a high honor."

"Really," Kane said thoughtfully. The girl had a two-room suite on

the second floor—a nice layout, with white furnishings. Kane gave the boy an American two-dollar bill and told him to bring some Scotch and ginger ale. He carried the girl's bag into the bedroom, still frowning.

"What do you know about my experiences?" he bantered.

She turned and swept him with frank-eyed appraisal.

"Don't you think that I am any judge of men?" she asked softly.

He smiled thinly. "Then you've got over being sore at me because the pirates took your pretty gewgaws?"

"Oh, that?" Her laughter was a trifle false. "I had my most valuable jewelry in my bag, Mr. Jones."

The boy brought the Scotch and ginger ale.

"I'll fix the drinks," insisted the girl, and disappeared into the bedroom again, with the bottles.

Kane stretched out on a lounge and scowled at the ceiling. The girl came back, wearing a clinging silken kimono. Kane sat up straight and whistled.

She gave him one glass, clinked them, toasted, "Bottoms up," and drank her drink down. Kane sampled his gingerly, then followed suit. The girl melted onto the lounge beside him, snuggled up to him and began rumpling his hair.

"Hey! Take it easy!" Kane protested laughingly, then suddenly struggled to his feet. He seemed to have a little difficulty breathing, ran a finger around his collar.

"I think we'd better have another drink!" he said.

It seemed she was gone a little longer than before. Then she was back, languorous and smiling. But her eyes were not gay. She had just clinked glasses with him again when the phone rang. She took her drink and went over to the desk.

THE voice that came over the phone carried loudly at first, harsh and guttural. But Kane could not distinguish the words, and the girl's replies were mostly monosyllabic.

He sipped his drink. He eyed it frowningly, sipped again. His thin

nostrils twitched, and his thin lips drew thinner. His drink tasted strongly of something else besides Scotch—he didn't know what—but he knew it didn't belong!

The girl was sitting with her back to him. Kane crossed to a window, raised the rattan shutter, stood as though admiring the night. His pretended admiration turned suddenly to honest concern.

The window opened onto a patio, studded with palms and hedged with gardenias. Beyond was the street. And against the lights of the street he saw shadows, men's shadows, flitting from bush to bush, from tree to tree, encircling, advancing.

His gaze jerked again to the street and he exclaimed sharply. On the street corner stood the Sikh with the orange-colored turban.

Kane drew the shutter, unhurriedly, pouring out part of his drink as he did so. He moved unhurriedly, but his breath and his pulse were fast.

The girl was getting up from the phone. She smiled, and raised her glass. Her eyes were on Kane's glass, and he read satisfaction in their dark depths. She strolled to the lounge with a rhythmic rippling of her lithe, rounded figure, smiled up at him lazily.

Kane was trying to hide his grimness, but he was past pretending.

"I should make a phone call," he declared, and managed a grin, surveying his drink owlishly. "While I'm still able." His lips were twitching noticeably.

He went to the phone. No response. He jiggled the hook. Silence. A hard light crept into his eyes, and his nerves grew more tense. There was no live hum of the wire. The girl had just used the instrument, but now the phone was dead!

He set it back, disgustedly.

"Darn Goo Goo operators, anyhow!" he exclaimed. "I'll call later."

The girl jerked her eyes quickly from the shuttered window, smiled, though it was a little nervously. "Take off your hardware, big boy," she coaxed, "and make yourself at home."

Kane managed a tense grin, tilted his glass, fumbled it, spilled it.

"Sa-ay!" she drawled, "you *had* better sit down!"

"I'd better have another drink!" said Kane.

Her manner was strained this time as she went out. Kane followed her, talking foolishly, though he had never felt more serious in his life.

"You know, I just can't get over them pirates takin' your jewels, baby girl!" he said. "Somethin' oughta be done about it! It's awful! Where are the jewels they didn't get, huh? Maybe I can get some more for you. I don't want to get 'em alike, you know."

He picked up her handbag before she could stop him and dumped it onto the bed, scanned the contents swiftly. But he was not looking for jewelry. He was looking for anything that told something of Meleka Toyika. He was in a spot, because of her. And he figured anything he might learn would have to come from that bag.

IT CAME in the form of a book. He beat her grab for it.

She thrust out a hand imperatively.

"Give it to me!" she commanded. "That's—a story book. A Japanese love story."

He gave her a sharp, sideward glance as he thumbed the pages, saw the alarm in her eyes. The book was printed in Japanese, all right.

"A love story!" he said dryly, as he snapped the book shut. "It makes interesting reading in English, too, Meleka Toyika!"

"Please!" She held out her hand.

"I've read it," stated Kane. "The original confidential document, uncovered by the British Secret Service ten years ago. Shall I tell you what it is?"

She stood stiffly, her hands clenched at her sides. Kane's cool, blue eyes held her hot stare.

"All right," he said quietly, "let's start calling our shots. Who are you working for in Manila, Meleka Toyika?"

"I—I do not understand what you talk about." She pouted. "Give me the book, please!"

"It's no dice, sister!" Kane said thinly. "You might as well pick up your brass. You thought you were dragging me in here to roll me. Do you think I'm a sucker? I knew what you were after, or I wouldn't have come. In fact, that's why I came! I came to find out things about you, Meleka Toyika!"

He stepped around her to the bed and began searching her scattered effects. She stood helplessly watching him.

"Oh," she murmured. "You knew."

"You didn't do such a hot act for a damsel in distress!" snapped Kane. "And I'm plenty proof against getting taken in, even by an armful like you, babe. But you really crossed yourself by writing me that warning note. You see, sister, it was pretty rank with that heady foo foo you use. I reckon I didn't notice it on the boat, because I'd been fooling around with smelly fish." He smiled thinly. "You see, the papers your little playmates were after, my dear, were snug in a fish's belly!"

She moved, drawing her robe closely, stood coolly composed.

"Very well, Lieutenant Kane." She stared at him levelly. "I did bring you here, to roll you. But that was all!"

He laughed.

"I have done all I can, Lieutenant Kane!" she exclaimed.

"I'll say you have, sister!" He turned impatiently from his fruitless search. "But you're really just beginning!" His blue eyes bored through her. "We've been a long time after the Manila spy head! That is what I want to know, and what I mean for you to tell me."

She laughed scornfully. "You are very clever, Lieutenant Kane. So clever, in fact, that it will cost you your life! You fool! Do you not realize that you cannot leave here with your precious papers—alive!"

The room was suddenly still. Throbbing. Hot. Kane's gaze jerked to the bedroom window where the rattan shutter swayed, clicking in the breeze like a clock. Or the mechanism of a bomb. Silence. Except for the girl's ragged breathing, the click of

rattan, the soft singing noises without.

But under cover of those small noises and the night crept shadows. Human shadows.

CHAPTER IV

VOICE OF A SIREN



KANE was sweating. His glance went again to the phone, and he checked himself, with a curse. He stepped to the window, looked out into the shadowy night toward the street. The Sikh was gone.

He turned back to the girl who still stood by the bed, her silk robe clasped tightly about her.

"Sit down," Kane said, and pushed her. She sat on the bed. He stood over her. "All right!" he said grimly. "Maybe your little playmates have got me sewed up. But before they take the final stitches, we're tying up some loose ends, Meleka Toyika." He tilted her chin, stared down at her. "Who are you working for in Manila?" he demanded.

"I don't know," she said simply. "I know nothing, Lieutenant Kane." She seemed now only helpless, and frightened. "Neither do you have anything on me. Perhaps you can assure me of anything, because I'm only an Eurasian." She rose, stark fear in her eyes. "But I ask that you go—quickly!"

"And I'm to believe you are just a poor innocent abroad, or something!" said Kane. "Your act is not very consistent, Meleka Toyika!" He held her eyes. "You are Eurasian, yes; but you are half Japanese. And besides what I know of your part in this little game"—his lips twitched—"there is this!" He hefted the book. "And this," he added grimly, "is what is known as the Tanaka Memorial."

Her lips parted in a little half cry.

"Perhaps," Kane went on quickly, "I should refresh your memory, Meleka Toyika, as to just what this little document pretends to be. It is his—

tory written in advance, Meleka Toyika; the world conquest by the Japanese! A conquest outlined in five phases. The first of those phases is already under way in China! This is no idle dream, is it, Meleka Toyika? Oh, no! It is a fact, an obsession, a divine mission, the Japanese would have us believe! It is your schools, your religion, your life! Sons of Heaven; Children of Destiny! Destined to rule the world! According to the precepts laid down in the Tanaka Memorial!"

Kane drew a tight breath. "That is the Tanaka Memorial, Meleka Toyika. This book! It is the Bible of the Japanese Intelligence Service. And that, Meleka Toyika, is precisely why you have it! It is to the Japanese what Hitler's *Mein Kampf* is to the Nazis—and more! It is—"

Kane stopped talking abruptly. The girl stood, white-faced and rigid, her eyes wild. He followed her gaze to a door that apparently connected with the adjoining suite. She looked quickly away.

He stared again at the windows, at the dead phone on the desk. His mind returned to the thought that had disrupted him, and he was thinking of the guttural voice which had spoken to the girl over the phone.

And the idea that hit him almost floored him.

His eyes were again on the girl. "You do not have to tell me with whom you are working," he said softly. "I will tell you—"

He stopped again, tensely, as he caught the girl's wild eyes on that door. And he caught an unmistakable faint grating sound.

KANE dropped the book, and his gun was out as he leaped. He twisted the knob as he hit it. The door was burst open. There was a yipping cry and a guttural grunt as two figures were slammed back. Then Kane was through the door, standing over them.

"All right!" he ordered. "Get up!"

They got up. The Japanese, Toyo; and Dr. Otto Kuhn!

"Get in there!"

Kane prodded them into the girl's

suite. She still stood by the bed. He motioned her to stand with them.

"We're going out of here," he said tersely, "and the first to bat an eye gets a slug in the back!" He picked up the book as he added: "Uncle Sam is going to be glad to see you!"

They crowded sullenly through the door, to go out through the girl's suite. Kane was watching them keenly. As he got to the bedroom door, he could not see the rattan shutter parting behind him.

A form came hurtling through!

The impact against Kane's shoulders knocked him flat as his gun flew from his grasp. Savage hands were twisting, wrenching his neck, as though ripping the spine right out of his back, leaving his nerves frayed and flopping.

He was not unconscious, but he was helpless. Ju-jutsu does that. He was aware they were searching him and his bag. Then they were talking—the girl, heatedly, protestingly; the German raging to and fro, shaking his hands excitedly; the Japanese, Toyo, pot-shotting remarks with the cool precision of a master trap-shooter.

"It is too risky to act further here!" stated Toyo. "And he will need some persuasion, rest assured. I think we had better take the Yankee dog to your superior!"

"Yes!" insisted the girl. "That is what I say."

The German spread his arms. "Very well. Take him!"

Other Japanese had entered the room; the night shadows who had been flitting around outside. Kane tried to struggle, but his efforts were futile. One of them bent over him, gauging a spot below Kane's jaw. He cocked a hand, as a man kills a rabbit, struck.

Kane did not remember any more. . . .

Someone was forcing a drink between his lips when Kane came to. He gagged. A foot prodded him.

"Get up!"

Unsteadily he got up from his sitting position, discovered his hands were tied behind him. In the pale light he saw his captors. And an-

other man was with them now: a swart, gray little man with close-cropped hair and toothbrush mustache. They all stared stonily.

The swart man spoke. "Lieutenant Kane, you have some papers. I want them!"

Kane licked his lips. There was a dark brown taste in his mouth, but he didn't feel badly otherwise. He returned the swart man's stony stare.

"Who the hell are you?" he demanded.

"Those papers, Lieutenant!"

"I reckon you're the chief punk of the Manila spy ring," Kane said calmly. "I've wanted to meet up with you for a long while." He stared about, saw nothing but cobblestone and moss-grown adobe. "Just where is this sweet little place?"

"It is where we won't be molested," assured the swart man. "And where they won't hear you if you howl, Lieutenant!"

KANE could make out a heavy grille door, now; but no windows. He was in a basement, or dungeon, he figured, from the dampness and moss. It was about twenty feet square and bare, except for a table on which burned two lanterns.

"Lovely," he commented. "Just where I'd expect to find vermin."

The swart man cuffed him across the mouth.

"Unless you hold a civil tongue, and are wise, Lieutenant," he grated, "you will rot down here with the vermin!"

"The papers, von Krupt!" raved the doctor. "Get at the papers!"

The swart man faced Kane squarely. "So you will know that we know, and know just where we stand, Lieutenant Kane," he said, "let me tell you: At Singapore last week a conference was held between British and American officials. A plan of joint action was evolved, to 'protect' your joint interests, as you call it, in the Far East. Renewed Japanese activities at Shanghai forced your warships to hasten back there from Singapore. This plan of action requires the immediate approval of your President, of course. And you, Lieutenant Kane, are carrying that plan to the

American High Commissioner in Manila. We want it!"

"Really," observed Kane, and looked at the girl, "the British-American alliance in the Far East isn't by any chance playing hoops with the precepts of the Tanaka Memorial? That is too bad."

Von Krupt struck him again. Kane spat blood.

"Of course," he went on evenly, because of geographic reasons, the British-American alliance in the Far East is a delicate, but vital force. It might even be disrupted, or side-stepped—if you knew enough."

"We intend to learn enough, Lieutenant Kane!" spat von Krupt. "Where are those papers?"

"It is too bad," continued Kane, "that Baron Tanaka didn't figure that out. You should read his memorial some time, von Krupt, along with *Mein Kampf*. You Japanese and Nazis have much in common, of course. You help me, and I'll help you."

"For the last time!" grated the German, "where are those papers?"

Kane feigned amazement. "But the boat was held up by pirates! Surely they told you—"

"Bah!" spat the doctor, and shook his fists in Kane's face. "You tricked us with a phony paper!"

"That's what your Jap playmates radioed you, I suppose." Kane smiled thinly. "But how do you know?"

The German doctor stared a moment stupidly. Then he whirled on Toyo.

"Yes!" he shrilled. "How do we know? How do we know you have not doublecrossed us?"

"It is beneath the dignity of a Japanese to protest such an insult," Toyo said ominously. He drew a short dagger. "But he will speak for the Japanese. He will tell what he has done with the papers!" He moved toward Kane.

"Wait!" cried the girl.

She came over and stood before Kane, scornfully.

"There is but one place he could have put the papers," she said. "In my rooms!"

"You didn't search there?" de-

manded von Krupt. "Then go! You, Doctor, and Toyo!"

The girl smiled at him with cold satisfaction. "We shall see how clever you are, Lieutenant," she said, and to the others: "Will you please bring my bag, and my copy of the Tanaka Memorial which I believe you will find on the floor?"

Kane stared at her steadily. "And while you're at it," he said, "I'd suggest that you search the lady, too."

Her eyes flashed. "That was an unkind remark, Lieutenant Kane!"

He laughed.

"I'll attend to her!" snapped von Krupt. "It may be a good idea, at that. Send in some of your men, Toyo, to stand guard—"

There was a commotion beyond the grille door, and a group of Japanese appeared, dragging and pushing a figure in their midst.

It was the orange-turbaned Sikh.

CHAPTER V

DOUBLE PLAY



ROPES firmly bound the big Sikh's hands, and he showed signs of having been in a scuffle. A Jap placed the long, shiny kris on the table, jabbered to Toyo.

"My men discovered this heathen spying about the patio," Toyo explained to von Krupt, "and ambushed him. What do you wish done?"

"Who is he?" demanded the German. "What does he want?"

The Sikh was shaking his shaggy head, blinking. He saw Kane, and his eyes lighted. Kane shook his head vigorously—in vain. The Sikh grinned and called, "Hello, John!"

Toyo's quick eyes went from the Sikh to Kane, back again; slitted in an evil glare.

"This heathen came down on our boat!" he said softly.

Von Krupt's eyes glinted. "Who is he?"

"I don't know," said Kane.

The Sikh stood dumb, his eyes on

Kane. With the dagger in his hand, Toyo moved toward the big man.

"Hold him!" he ordered. "I'll make him talk!"

A Jap got the big Sikh by either leg, and four others held his arms, even though they were bound. Toyo tore off the orange tunic, drew the keen blade across the Sikh's chest. Blood matted the hairy hide.

The Sikh looked more puzzled, than pained, looked at Kane, and rumbled deep in his throat. Kane quit shaking his head, then.

"All right," he called. "I'll tell you. I know him."

The Japanese smiled. "I thought so, Lieutenant."

"He's with the British Intelligence, at Shanghai," said Kane. "They sent him along as my bodyguard."

"So that's why he followed you to the hotel!" murmured the girl. "And—"

Toyo's eyes glittered. "Search the heathen!" he spat.

Kane watched with a growing emptiness in his stomach. They yanked off the orange turban, and a little oil-skin roll fell to the floor.

The Sikh erupted then, his great muscles bulging, his eyes and teeth flashing. The rumble in his throat grew to a roar. He flung Japs helter-skelter. But he could not get his hands free. Toyo sprang to the table, snatched the long kris, swung it. He hit the Sikh with the flat of the blade right over the ear, and the big man sprawled, senseless.

Toyo unrolled the oilskin. Kane cursed, and bit back a groan, straining at his bonds, suddenly desperate.

They had the papers he was to deliver! Papers that might well hold the fate of the world! He had entrusted them to the Sikh, after learning he himself was known. But he had not meant for the big fellow to follow him! He had not understood, and he had followed, like the loyal watch-dog he was! And now—

Toyo was holding the papers gleefully as the others looked on. The girl seemed little enthused; her face was expressionless. The other Japs had departed, presumably to their sentry duties.

Von Krupt faced Kane, and drew a revolver.

"Your cleverness merits a higher reward, Lieutenant Kane," he said. "However, I have no alternative."

KANE stared at the rising snout of the gun. He tried to keep his voice steady.

"What good will it do you to kill me?" he asked. "You have what you want."

"It has been our plan all along to obtain this information unbeknown, if possible!" declared the German. "That was Miss Toyika's mission—to prevail upon you for an opportunity to either copy or photograph the papers. It is far more beneficial to

our purpose to know, without having it known we know! Otherwise, within a few months, other plans would be formed."

"Don't you think," demanded Kane, "they'll know what has happened when they find me? Or as soon as those papers are not delivered!"

Von Krupt smiled. "But they will be delivered, Lieutenant Kane! Tonight. It is not likely the High Commissioner knows you personally; a lieutenant. Your identification will suffice. It is worth the gamble. I shall take the chance."

He stopped smiling and his arm tensed.

"Wait a minute!" The girl coolly
(Continued on page 107)

THE SMASH EVENT OF THE YEAR!

THE TERRIBLE TENDERFOOT

*An Action-Packed Epic of the West—
the Latest and Greatest Novel*

By

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

CREATOR OF "TARZAN"

*America's Most Popular Author at His Best—Now
Appearing in Our Companion Magazine*

THRILLING
ADVENTURES

NOW ON SALE

10¢

AT ALL STANDS



A HINT IN TIME

By BERNARD BRESLAUER

Author of "Hate's Havoc," "Fire and Blood," etc.



The would-be pole climber brought up a wrench defensively

THE two men who sat at the corner table in the barroom of the inn were particularly "flashy." They were not talking at the moment, but looking out of the window at the steady stream of traffic on the state highway.

It was a little startling when one of them staggered to his feet, waving his highball glass aloft.

"Hooray for jail!" he cried, and gulped. "I mean Yale!"

Some of the liquid sloshed over the rim of the glass and onto the floor. The patrons ranged along the bar grinned good-naturedly. College spirit, eh, they thought indulgently, and chuckled to themselves.

The man who had given vent to the

It's All in a Day's Work For Uncle Sam's Counter-Espionage Agents to Garner in a Few Spies Between Halves of a Football Game!

outburst looked as though he had been right the first time.

He sat down.

"How'm I doing?" he muttered, his lips hardly moving.

The other man, young, and somewhat nondescript, nodded almost imperceptibly and turned his eyes again to the slowly moving traffic outside.

The road was choked with cars, all going one way—toward the “game.” The Big Game, the football classic of the East. Soon those cars would be jammed in the great parking lots, while their recent occupants, yelling and excited, would be watching twenty-two men doing things with the pigskin.

That ball was going to be hard to see. It was a gray day, with a lowering sky. There was snow in the air. The sun had risen invisibly that morning and was moving westward still unseen. It was not a good day for football.

It was not going to be a good day for Bill Evans and Frank Sumner, U. S. Army Intelligence, Division of Counter-espionage—two gentlemen at present masquerading as hot sports and ticket speculators drinking up the proceeds of their recent sales.

Frank Sumner drained his drink, waved his empty glass, and stared owlishly at his companion.

“Bill,” he said in a voice too low to carry to anyone else, “I’ve still got two tickets left. What do you say we blow and take in the game?”

BILL EVANS’ lips moved in reply. He, too, seemed a bit the worse for alcoholic wear, yet this was belied by the coherence of his scarcely audible speech.

“Are you crazy, Frank? Why do you suppose I brought you here?”

“That’s just it. I don’t know. You haven’t told me. You just showed me a batch of tickets and said we were going to eat beans in Boston. And now it turns out that in spite of the fact that we’re on furlough, in spite of the fact that we’re only a few minutes away from the stadium, in spite of the fact that we’re both alumni of the respective colleges and have never missed a game since graduation, and finally, in spite of the fact that we have two perfectly good tickets for seats on the fifty-yard line, *we’re not going to the game!* Does that make sense?”

Bill Evans nodded owlishly before answering.

“Maybe it does and maybe it doesn’t,” he said softly. “It’s because

of that ‘maybe’ that I haven’t explained before this. I’ve been trying to figure things out in the privacy of my own mind. If it weren’t for that ‘maybe,’ I’d have spilled what was on my mind to the War Department. But there was a strong chance that they would have laughed at me. I was pretty close to laughing at myself. And I’m quite sure that you’re not going to be any different.”

“Not a chance,” Sumner muttered bitterly. “Not a laugh, not even a chuckle. In fact, not even a grin out of me in the mood I’m in. Come on, spill it—and it had better be good.”

For an instant, behind the well-simulated glassy stare of Bill Evans, there shimmered a seriousness that indicated he was as sober as a judge. Nor was Frank Sumner, deep down underneath, any less serious. Bill Evans always had good reasons for anything he did.

“When I got my leave,” Evans began, “I went on a kind of busman’s holiday. Among other things, I attended a Bund meeting. It was the usual sort of thing—the same crackpot speeches about Aryan superiority and supremacy, the same anti-Semitic spoutings covered over with a veneer of phony patriotism. There was this difference, though. Some of the speakers seemed vaguely to be under the stress of some inward excitement—excitement and confidence.”

“About what?” Sumner muttered.

“I don’t know. But I sort of got the impression that they knew, privately, that they were soon going to pass from speech-making into action. I played a hunch. I followed the speakers after the meetings. The trail led me to a restaurant and bar in Yorkville. I drank beer and watched, also listened. One of the speakers, German as they come through, without a trace of accent, was evidently the leader of the group. People came in, he recognized some of them and shook hands with them, greeting most of them in German. But he greeted three men at different times with a characteristically American slang phrase.”

“What was it?”

“‘Mit me.’”

“In other words, ‘shake’?”

"Correct," Evans said, looking troubled for a brief second.

"So what?"

"So we're here," Bill Evans said softly.

FRANK SUMNER'S first impulse was to laugh. But he knew Bill Evans too well to believe that his partner was as crazy as he sounded.

"Explain," he muttered.

"The use of that phrase, when at all other times his greeting was in German, struck me as peculiar. The men he greeted in this way were German, or at least had a knowledge of German, for they afterward conversed with the leader in that tongue. Why, then, I asked myself, had he employed this peculiar greeting? Because, I answered, it had a special meaning for them and for him. What was that meaning?"

"Maybe what he was saying was 'meet me,' not 'mit me,'" Sumner murmured.

"He was, in a sense," Evans said calmly. "That's exactly what he was implying. He was telling them to meet him—and *where!*"

"Bill," Sumner said earnestly, "are you sure these highballs haven't done something to you?"

"Sober as a judge," Evans said.

"Then for heaven's sake tell me what you're driving at."

"He was telling them to meet him here," Evans said.

"Here? Why here?"

"Because 'mit,' a word of three letters, is spelled m-i-t—M.I.T.—Massachusetts Institute of Technology, which is just a stone's throw from here! And the stadium where the M.I.T. boys are going to play."

Frank Sumner sat dumfounded, his mouth open, looking even more under the weather than he had previously pretended to be. Then he reached out and touched Evans' hand. His voice remained low.

"Bill," he muttered, "you're serious about—about tying up that slang expression with—with the M.I.T.?"

"I am."

"But why? It might have any number of associations, if it means anything at all—which I doubt—and it

may mean nothing but what it obviously means: 'Shake hands.' Or if it does mean something, it may be the German words for 'with'—*mit*—so that when he said '*mit me*' he may have been asking a question: 'Are you with me or against me.'"

"Pipe down, Frank. Of course it sounds far-fetched, and of course it would be stupid to make the association without anything else to back it up. But when in the course of the conversation, carried on in German, I hear today's football game mentioned, and I hear the name of this roadhouse—and when I add to this the knowledge that Professor Michael Harnish, of M.I.T., is in the process of completing work on a device that will improve by a thousand percent the automatic accuracy of anti-aircraft fire—then I say to myself something is afoot that merits our taking a hand, if you'll pardon the mixed anatomical metaphor. Don't you agree?"

SLOWLY, owlshly, Frank Sumner nodded.

"I do now," he muttered. "Though I can see why you kept it to yourself. It sounds screwy. Yes, I can understand now why you dragged me up here, and it wasn't to go to any football game. But what are we doing about—about whatever it is we should be doing something about. So far as I can see, we're just sitting."

"Waiting for the game to begin," Evans said calmly. "Traffic has dwindled to a trickle. The bar here is almost deserted. There are just those three men here. One of them is the leader I spoke of—the tall, blond one. Their car and ours are the only ones parked outside. All the others have departed for the game. For at least two hours an automobile will have an open road. In a few minutes, I'll want you to go outside and disable their car."

"It'll be a pleasure. Only I'd probably enjoy it more if you told me why."

"It's the kidnap car—the car in which they intend to transport Professor Harnish to a place where they can extract his secrets from him at their leisure and in safety."

"You mean—you mean the prof—is here? You've seen him?"

"No, I haven't seen him, but I'm fairly certain he's here. I called his house, and his secretary informed me that he'd gone out in the morning and was not expected back until after the game."

"Maybe he's at the game."

"Maybe," Evans answered noncommittally.

The phone in the corner booth rang. The bartender went to answer it.

"Someone wants to talk to Bill Stevens," he said, when he came out.

Evans, who answered to the name of Stevens, staggered to his feet.

"Thash me," he mumbled, and weaved his way toward the booth.

"'Lo," he said, as he disentangled the cord of the receiver. "Shtevens talking. Whaddaya want?"

He listened.

"Okay," he said. "I'm comin'."

He hung up, staggered back to the table, slumped into the chair.

"Better get going if you want to see any of the game," the bartender warned.

There seemed to be an edge of threat in the advice.

"Plen'y time," Evans muttered, waving his arms. "Bring me 'nother drink—one for my frien', too—shtraight, thish time."

The bartender threw a quick glance at the three men standing at the bar. An almost imperceptible nod came from the tall, blond one. The bartender shrugged and poured.

"Not at the game," Evans muttered.

"How the dickens do you know?" Sumner muttered, mystified. "How do you know where he was supposed to sit?"

"Found out beforehand. He's not in his seat."

"Someone else may have taken it. If he was late—"

"Sure, someone else may have, and he may not be upstairs. But then 'm-i-t' *may* have meant something else."

"Okay," Sumner said softly. "You win."

"Hell of a day for the game," Evans muttered. "You'd think it was night outside."

THEY drank their whiskies. Frank Sumner rose reeling.

"You pay," he ordered loudly, a little obstreperously. "I'll start up the car."

He staggered out.

The cold struck him like a blow. It was dark and foggy. He climbed into the car and started the engine. He raced the motor and climbed out, leaving it racing. He looked across at the other car.

It was a town model, of expensive make. Its chauffeur was reposing in front, out in the open, but fur-wrapped against the cold.

Sumner had a moment of misgiving. Suppose Bill was wrong; all wrong. Suppose the edifice his brain had built rested on fantasy instead of fact. What then?

His orders were to disable the town car. To do so, it was quite clear now, he would have to disable the chauffeur first. It would be a hell of a note if Bill were wrong and he, Frank Sumner, assaulted an innocent party.

"Here goes," he muttered. "Orders is orders."

Approaching the chauffeur, he resorted to one of the oldest of dodges.

"Got a match?" he asked.

The chauffeur, without replying, reached beneath his furs. Sumner caught a glimpse of steel.

"Shoulder holster," he thought swiftly, and felt better about what he was going to do.

In place of a cigarette, an automatic came out of Sumner's side pocket. Without waste of motion, forcibly, swiftly, skillfully, he rapped the chauffeur smartly on the side of the head with it. The man slumped soundlessly.

"I hope you're right, Bill," Sumner muttered fervently. He lifted the radiator hood and proceeded to carry out the orders to which his previous act had been only incidental.

"Now what?" he wondered.

Would Bill come out, and would they wait together for the kidnapers to emerge with their captive? Was that the moment Bill had selected to catch them red-handed?

Sumner stared aimlessly along the road. Suddenly he stiffened. There

was a lonely figure far along in the fog. That figure was behaving strangely. He seemed about to climb one of the telephone poles.

On the instant, Sumner was in motion. Maybe the fog was making him see things, but he was taking no chances. Maybe that figure was a legitimate lineman and maybe he wasn't. In all probability he wasn't. Why did he want to climb a telegraph pole at this particular time? There was only one answer—to cut the line, and thus reduce by that much the possibility of the relaying of news which certain individuals had good reason for delaying as long as possible.

The man saw Sumner coming. Sumner's automatic was out, Sumner's mind was racing. Even under the stress of action he was able to think clearly and consecutively. The would-be pole-climber brought up a wrench defensively.

"I CAN'T kill him!" Sumner thought swiftly. "He may be on the level. He hasn't got a gun. Or if he has got one he hasn't had time to reach for it in his surprise. I can't be sure, so I can't shoot. So I'll give it to him—like this!"

He had come on like a catapult, and now, with a final spring, instead of firing, he gun-whipped his, perhaps innocent, adversary.

"There!" he panted. "You'd better be right, Bill. You'd better be right."

A swift examination caused Sumner to straighten and grunt: "You're right, Bill. A thug, if ever there was one."

He started back, wondering how Bill was making out. Then he heard the shots. . . .

Bill Evans, instead of paying at his partner's direction, had ordered another drink instead.

"Your pal has started the car," the bartender said meaningly. "He's waitin' for you."

"Let 'im wait," Evans said carelessly.

The bartender flashed another glance at the tall, blond man. The blond man made a significant gesture

(Continued on page 104)



We are so sure that you will like Listerine Shaving Cream, that we offer this 20-shave tube absolutely "free and postpaid." We don't even ask you to share the mailing costs.

How can we afford to do this? Experience has proved that this offer works to our advantage. The cream seems to *sell itself*. Men who get the sample apparently remain steady customers . . . like it so well they talk about Listerine Shaving Cream to others. You can see what happens when newly made friends begin working for us that way!

Send for your sample *now*. See how much faster it lathers . . . in hot water, cold water—even ice water. Note that we have a really moisture-laden lather, which stays up right to the end of your shave!

The regular tube at 35¢ gives between 130 and 175 shaves! Any drug counter has it—as well as Listerine Brushless Cream.

Or send for the free size, *today!*

CLIP
THE
COUPON

**LISTERINE
SHAVING CREAM**

20 SHAVES FREE

Lambert Pharmacal Co., Dept. 158, St. Louis, Mo.

Please send me free and postpaid your large sample tube of ☐ Listerine Shaving Cream; ☐ Listerine Brushless Cream. (Check whichever is desired.)

Name

Address

City State

BACKACHE?

Try Flushing Excess Poisons
And Acid Thru Kidneys
And Stop Getting Up Nights

35 CENTS PROVES IT

When your kidneys are overtaxed and your bladder is irritated and passage scanty and often smarts and burns, you may need Gold Medal Haarlem Oil Capsules, a fine harmless stimulant and diuretic that starts to work at once and costs but 35 cents at any modern drugstore.

It's one good safe way to put more healthy activity into kidneys and bladder—you should sleep more soundly the whole night through. But be sure to get **GOLD MEDAL**—it's a genuine medicine for weak kidneys—right from Haarlem in Holland. Don't accept a substitute.

PRAYER

If you believe in the POWER OF PRAYER—if you are seeking a **HAPPIER LIFE** of Love, Health, Peace, Prosperity, Success—we invite you to clip this Message now and mail with 3c stamp for full information about the Wonderful Work our Group is doing—and may do for you!

LIFE-STUDY FELLOWSHIP
Studio A-25, Noroton, Conn.

Appear **1 1/2** INCHES **TALLER** Instantly



Appear **1 1/2** inches **TALLER** than in ordinary shoes **AT ONCE!** Hite gaining feature hidden. **ADDHITES** look like comfortable Custom Built shoes—smart and stylish. The Secret is hidden Inside.

WENTWORTH, INC.,
293 Hunt Street,
Watertown, Mass.



FREE folder yours by return mail, in plain envelope. Send postal **TODAY** to:

PILES

If **YOU** are troubled with itching, bleeding or protruding Piles, write **TODAY** for a generous

FREE

Sample of Page's Wonderful Combination Pile Treatment

E. R. PAGE Co., Dept. 421-E3

Marshall, Mich.



FALSE TEETH

AS LOW AS \$7.95

Per Plate. Dental plates are made in our own laboratory from your personal impression.

WORKMANSHIP and Material **GUARANTEED** or **PURCHASE PRICE REFUNDED.** We take this risk on our 60-Day Trial Offer.

Do NOT SEND ANY MONEY Mail post card for **FREE** material and catalog of our **LOW PRICES.**

DON'T PUT IT OFF—Write us today! *Supervised By A Dentist.*

BRIGHTON-THOMAS DENTAL LABORATORY (INC.)
DEPT. 62 **6217 S. HALSTED STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.**

(Continued from page 103)

with his thumb. Bill correctly translated it as meaning: "Get rid of him."

The bartender came around behind him. Evans tensed. The bartender rammed both arms under Evans' armpits. Evans' arms shot back, his hands gripped the back of the bartender's neck, levered on it. He jackknifed the man's torso suddenly, and the bartender went flying over the Intelligence man's head toward the three men at the bar.

The bartender's body struck the blond man and one of the others, knocked them down. The third yanked out a gun.

But Bill Evans' automatic was already out, and he had sprung toward the stairway, stood at the foot of it. His automatic barked simultaneously with the roar that came from the other man's gun. His bullet took the gunman in the shoulder, spun him around.

"Drop your guns!" he called sharply, moving up the stairs backward. "Stay where you are!" But even in the midst of the tenseness he was wondering: "Where the devil is Frank? Those shots should have had him in here already!"

But Frank did not appear.

The man he had shot clutched his wounded shoulder. The others were picking themselves up. He kept them covered. Reluctantly, they dropped their weapons.

Then something in the gaze of the blond man warned Evans. He shot a glance upward and to his left. A door had opened off the balcony and a man had appeared. Evans snapped a shot upward between the railings. The man upstairs recoiled, doubled up, slumped just outside the door.

Evans dashed up the steps three steps at a time, flung himself along the balcony and catapulted through the open door, which he slammed shut behind him. On the bed he found what he had expected to find. In a flash, he removed a gag from the professor's mouth, cut the bonds and shoved a spare automatic into the professor's hand.

"Stay out of line of the door!" he snapped. "Dammit, I planned this

with finesse, and it's degenerated into a rough and tumble. Where the devil is Frank?"

"And who the devil is Frank?" the professor asked. "I might add, who the devil are you?"

"Did you tell them anything?" snapped Bill Evans.

THE professor's answer was cut short by a fusillade of shots through the door.

"Waste of ammunition," the professor muttered. "No, I didn't tell them anything. How could I, with a gag in my mouth? Besides, I wouldn't tell them anything even if I could. Awfully nice of you to drop in like this, young man. Will you tell me, now, how we're going to get out?"

"I don't know. It depends on Frank."
(Concluded on page 106)

COMING NEXT ISSUE



THE STOLEN GAS GUN

A Jeff Shannon Novel

By Capt. Kerry McRoberts

•

ARROWS OF DESTINY

A Novelet of Hooded Conspiracy

By William L. Hopson

•

IN TREASON'S TRACK

A Spy Trail Story

By C. K. M. Scanlon

•
AND MANY OTHERS



ART *is necessary* IN MODERN INDUSTRY

Nearly everything worn or used must first be designed. Color and style influence their sale. Industry knows the importance of good looks in its products. In addition, magazines, newspapers, publishers and advertisers spend millions yearly for illustrations. The artist has become an important factor in industry.

Do you like to draw? If so, train your talent to serve industry. Drawing may be your surest road to success.

The Federal Schools, affiliated with a large art, engraving and printing organization, has trained many young men and women now capable of earning \$1,000 to \$5,000 yearly as designers and illustrators. Its Home Study courses in Commercial Art, Illustrating and Cartooning, contain exclusive illustrated lessons by many famous artists. Practical instruction by experienced men is the reason for its many years of outstanding success. Courses sold on easy monthly payments.

Send today for Free Book, outlining present opportunities in Art, describing the training and showing reproductions of students' work. Just fill out and mail the coupon below.

FEDERAL SCHOOLS, INC.

4630 Federal Schools Bldg.
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Send me your free book explaining Federal School Art Training.

Name.....

Address.....

.....


Age..... Occupation.....

TRAIN FOR ELECTRICITY

**12 WEEKS
SHOP TRAINING**

**I'LL FINANCE
YOUR TRAINING!**

"Learn by Doing." My Big Free Book tells you how we train you in 12 weeks—to start in the growing field of Electricity, by actual shopwork on real electrical machinery—not by books or correspondence. Amazing plan enables many to get training first... then take 10 Months to pay most of your tuition in small monthly payments starting 5 Months from date you start school. Experience or advanced education not needed. **Many Earn While Learning.** Free lifetime employment service. Radio, Electric Refrigeration and Air-Conditioning instruction included. **MAIL COUPON for FREE BOOK and all Facts.**



H. C. LEWIS, President, COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL
500 S. Paulina St., Dept. 40-84, Chicago, Ill.

Send Big Free Book with facts on Coyne training and tell me about your "Pay-Tuition-After-Graduation" Plan, and extra 4 Weeks Radio Course now included.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

SEND NO MONEY!—Save Money!



TRANSPARENT 60 Days' Trial! **ROOFLESS** **PARTIAL**

We make **FALSE TEETH** for you by MAIL from your own mouth-impression. **Money-Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.** **FREE** Free impression material, directions, catalog.

U. S. Dental Co., Dept. 4-82 Chicago, Ill.

Professional Model **\$6.85 to \$35**

UP TO \$32.50 IN A WEEK
IN ADVANCE



HOSE for Your Personal Use Sent With Outfit

WEAR HOSE WE FURNISH and make money taking orders. Supply amazing hosiery (men's, women's, children's). Guaranteed to wear without (depending on number of pairs) holes, snags, or runs for as long as **HALF A YEAR**, or will be replaced **FREE**. **Fords given as bonus.** Doris Jensen, Ill., earned \$11 in a few hours received 2 new cars. Mr. Porer earned \$127.00 in 6 days. Send penny postal for quick starting offer Now!

WILKNIT HOSIERY CO. Midway DD-48, Greenfield, Ohio

RUPTURED *Throw Away!* Your Truss!

FREE—See this Amazing New Discovery

Why suffer with rupture? You need never wear your truss again! You will be amazed at the wonderful successful results. See how this discovery works. **FREE.** Positively costs you nothing. No obligation. Just fill in and

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

PNEUMATIC INSTITUTE, 24 Stone St., Dept. T, New York, N. Y.
Send me free under plain seal and wrapper "Amazing New Discovery."
This places me under no obligation to buy.

Name _____

Address _____

Cash When Sick

Over 120,000 People Have Already Provided a Cash Income Up to \$100 a Month

Sick benefits up to \$100 a month when you are laid up from ANY kind of sickness will be paid under a New health policy now issued by the National Protective Insurance Co.

Men from ages 18 to 69 and women from ages 18 to 59—whether employed or not—and who are now in good health are eligible. No application to fill out. No medical examination required.

Sickness strikes suddenly and unexpectedly. It always causes greatly increased expenses and usually a reduced income. Over 120,000 people have already bought National Protective health policies. Over one and one-half million dollars have been promptly paid in benefits to policyholders.

SEND NO MONEY. Just write your name, address, age and sex to National Protective Insurance Co., 3001 Pickwick Building, Kansas City, Mo., and they will mail you a policy for 10 days' Free Inspection. See the policy first and if you are satisfied, then send us \$3.65 to pay the premium for nearly five months. This offer is limited, so write today.

(Concluded from page 105)

Don't you remember me, Professor? I took a P.G. under you, but I see I didn't make much of an impression. Evans is the name—Bill Evans."

"You're making an impression now," the professor commented. "Are we getting out of here alive?"

"I think so," Evans said. "There's Frank. Hear him?"

They couldn't help but hear that stentorian voice.

"Reach high, rats! Up, up, way up to the ceiling!" The shout rose higher. "Come on out, Bill! And if you haven't got the professor with you, I'm going to tear the slats out of this bar and paddle you into Kingdom Come!"

Frank Sumner broke off as the riddled door opened and Bill Evans and the professor appeared.

"Where the hell were you all this time?" were Evans' first words.

"In a fog," Sumner answered truthfully. "Don't trip, children"—he was addressing the kidnapers—"but keep coming down backward. Okay, Bill, take over while I call the locals on the phone."

A quarter of an hour later Frank Sumner was behind the bar and the triumvirate of spies, plus the bartender, were behind the bars. Sumner served drinks.

Then suddenly he clapped a hand to his breast pocket.

"Man alive!" he cried. "We're still in time for the second half. Let's go!"

Professor Harnish produced a ticket of his own.

"By all means, let's," he said. Bill Evans grinned.

"Half a game is better than none," he said.

For Best Mystery Thrillers
Read

**THRILLING
DETECTIVE**

ON SALE EVERYWHERE 10c AT ALL STANDS

LADY OF DOOM

(Continued from page 98)

moved over beside the German, her eyes flashing. "I disagree that he merits any courtesy in death!" she said. "He should be shot as any spy. He has cast reflections upon the Japanese, insults upon myself that I do not forget! I ask the right to show you how we dispose of spies in Japan!"

Toyo spoke in Japanese. Von Krupt smiled again, coldly.

"Very well," he said. "Proceed."

The girl produced a tiny pistol, motioned at Kane. "Walk over there!"

Kane looked at their guns, walked to the end of the table. The girl came up behind him.

"Get down on your knees;" she ordered.

Kane stood, grimly blinking sweat from his eyes. He drew a long breath, set himself to lunge. He would at least go out fighting!

The girl's hand was on his arm.

"Get down!" she said harshly. And then a quick whisper: "Do as I tell you!"

Kane stiffened. Hope, then distrust and suspicion assailed him. He tried to look at the girl.

"Get down!" she cried harshly again. And then her quick whisper: "Steady, Lieutenant!"

HE OBEYED, slowly. The girl pressed the muzzle of her pistol against the base of his skull. A chill swept his spine.

"This," the girl said coldly, "is how spies are shot in Japan! But I think it more fitting to kill this dog with his own gun! You have it, Dr. Kuhn?"

The German produced Kane's .45.

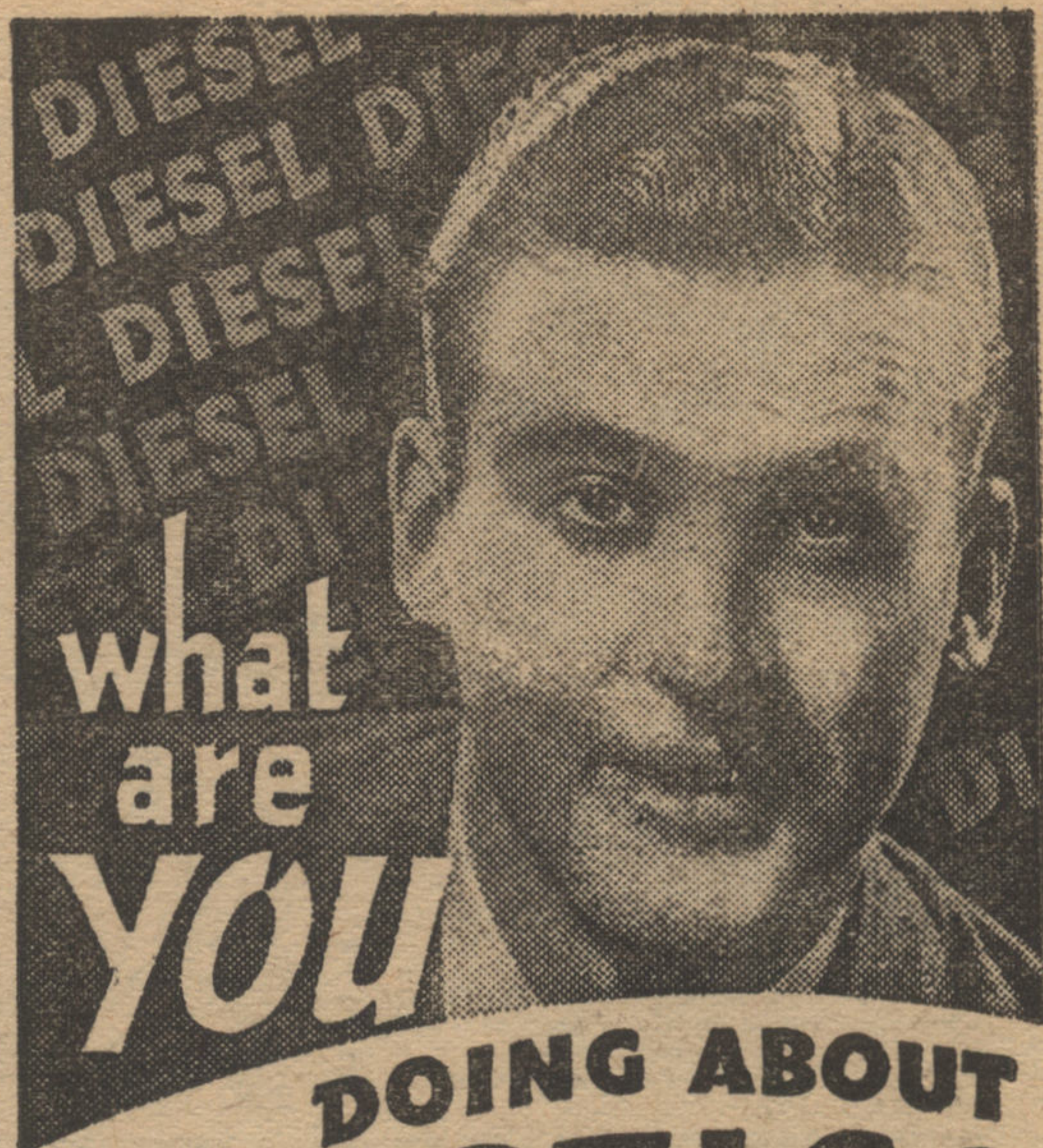
The girl took it, smiling. "That will be much better."

The pressure of her gun relaxed and she put Kane's own gun against his skull. He shrank from its touch, his heart pounding.

"Bow down!" she ordered, and pushed his head forward. Then whispered tersely: "Bring your hands up higher, quickly!"

The edge of a blade scraped his

(Continued on page 108)



DOING ABOUT DIESELS?

NO MATTER WHERE YOU LIVE
- Whether you are working or not -

WE HAVE A DIESEL TRAINING PLAN FOR YOU

Everywhere you look you can see Diesels forging ahead—new types for trucks, busses, trains, boats and general industry. You've seen the ads of world-known firms announcing their entry into Diesel—magazines making Diesels the subject of their feature articles. Never before has there been greater activity in this field. ★ ★ But are you connecting your future with the inevitable growth of this great industry? ★ ★ Find out about it—start doing so by sending for free copy of March of Diesel, and data on Hemphill Diesel training. Use coupon now.

HEMPHILL DIESEL SCHOOLS

All communications concerning enrollment in any of the Hemphill Diesel Courses should be sent to one of the following addresses:

NEW YORK	31-31 Queens Blvd., L. I. City
CHICAGO	2030 Larrabee Street
MEMPHIS	449 Monroe Avenue
LOS ANGELES	2010 San Fernando Rd.
VANCOUVER, B. C.	1367 Granville Street

HEMPHILL DIESEL SCHOOLS (use nearest address)

Please send data on your Diesel courses, also free copy of illustrated booklet "March of Diesel"

Name _____ Age _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ m-43-1

Applications for enrollment will be accepted from English speaking students residing in foreign countries. Write for special terms.

AUDELS Carpenters and Builders Guides 4 vols. \$6



Inside Trade Information for Carpenters, Builders, Joiners, Building Mechanics and all Woodworkers. These Guides give you the short-cut instructions that you want—including new methods, ideas, solutions, plans, systems and money saving suggestions. An easy progressive course for the apprentice and student. A practical daily helper and Quick Reference for the master worker. Carpenters everywhere are using these Guides as a Helping Hand to Easier Work, Better Work and Better Pay. To get this assistance for yourself, simply fill in and mail the FREE COUPON below.

Inside Trade Information On:

How to use the steel square—How to file and set saws—How to build furniture—How to use a mitre box—How to use the chalk line—How to use rules and scales—How to make joints—Carpenters arithmetic—Solving mensuration problems—Estimating strength of timbers—How to set girders and sills—How to frame houses and roofs—How to estimate costs—How to build houses, barns, garages, bungalows, etc.—How to read and draw plans—Drawing up specifications—How to excavate—How to use settings 12, 13 and 17 on the steel square—How to build hoists and scaffolds—skylights—How to build stairs—How to put on interior trim—How to hang doors—How to lath—lay floors—How to paint



THEO. AUDEL & CO., 49 W. 23rd St., New York City

Mail Audels Carpenters and Builders Guides, 4 vols., on 7 days' free trial. If O.K. I will remit \$1 in 7 days, and \$1 monthly until \$6 is paid. Otherwise I will return them. No obligation unless I am satisfied.

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

Reference..... T F

Asthma Mucus Coughing, Gasping

Thanks to a Doctor's prescription called Mendaco, many can now curb terrible attacks of choking, gasping, coughing, wheezing Bronchial Asthma by helping nature dissolve the mucus or phlegm. No dopes, no smokes, no injections. Just tasteless, pleasant tablets. Mendaco dissolves in the stomach and circulates thru the blood. Often the quick, delightful palliative action helps nature bring welcome sleep and proves a "Godsend." Mendaco is so satisfactory it is offered under a guarantee of money back on return of empty package unless completely satisfied. Ask your druggist for Mendaco today. The guarantee protects you.

MEN WANTED

Side Line—Spare Time—Full Time

BIG CASH COMMISSIONS IN ADVANCE DAILY

Complete line of EVERYDAY BUSINESS NECESSITIES

—over 2000 fast selling, steady repeating items for all retail

merchants, gas stations, business office, etc., at a saving of

more than half. You take orders. We deliver! Elaborate

SAMPLE DISPLAY OUTFIT sent FREE. Write quick.

NORTHWESTERN, 625-X, West Jackson, Chicago, Ill.

HOW TO Write Stories that SELL

Mrs. Grace Blanchard had an IDEA for a story. We criticized her story, gave it a new title and told her WHERE TO SEND IT. She got a substantial check THE FIRST TIME OUT. That is a THRILL many of our graduates have each month. Let 22 years of experience guide YOU. Endorsed by Jack London.

FREE BOOKLET "THE ART OF STORY WRITING" with explanation of our personal criticism and manuscript sales service. No obligations. Write! **HOOSIER INSTITUTE (Est. 1917) Dept. 4174, FORT WAYNE, IND.**

(Continued from page 107)

wrist, a strand of his bonds gave. . . . Then von Krupt shouted.

THE girl gave Kane a violent shove forward on his face under the end of the table as von Krupt's gun flamed, and the table splintered above Kane. He heard the pop of the girl's small weapon. And then his .45 plumped on the floor beside him. It was in his hands and roaring before he fully realized his hands were completely free.

He came out from under the table while the cavern rocked with gun sound. Then it ceased; the shooting was over. There were three forms on the floor.

The girl stood like an icicle, holding her gun. She snapped it and it sounded empty.

"There are others, Lieutenant," she said coolly. "What will we do?"

Kane stared toward the grille door. Yes, out there were others. Six? A dozen? He had two shots left.

Above the echoing gun sound rumbled a bellow. The Sikh was on his feet, trying to break free. Kane grabbed the kris, ran to him, cut him loose.

"Out there, John!" he shouted, and motioned.

The big, bearded giant emitted a fierce cry and charged through the door, swinging his kris.

Kane took von Krupt's pistol—it had been fired but once—and gave it to the girl. He found the oilskin roll of papers on the Jap.

They stood then, watching the grille door, guns in hands.

"This is the safest place, right now," Kane said grimly. "Let them come after us!"

He looked at the girl, slim and as cool as an icicle.

"I don't exactly know what to say, Meleka Toyika," he said slowly. "You saved my life. Why?"

"After getting you into this, I had to redeem myself somehow," she said simply.

"You got me into it?" She sighed. "So clever, and so stupid, Lieutenant Kane! I used you for

THE NEW COLLEGE HUMOR 15c EVERYWHERE

a purpose. Although I confess things almost got out of my hand."

"Talk English!" snapped Kane.

"I wanted to find the head of this spy ring, Lieutenant," she said. "Is that clear? You turned out to be the means! Together, we—"

"You wanted to find him? And you're—"

"I know!" She turned, impatiently. "I'm one of them! It doesn't matter, now; they are all dead. No one will know." She looked up at him. "Lieutenant Kane, I am Eurasian. My mother was Japanese. My father, Lieutenant, was British. I"—she added that proudly—"am a British subject! Of the British Intelligence, if you please!"

The pipe dropped from Kane's lips.

"YOU see now how I came to know so much," she went on hurriedly. "I'd worked in with Toyo's Japanese, to rout out this Manila spy head. After you beat their piracy act, they decided they would have to waylay and kill you. Von Krupt explained why they didn't want to do that. On first impulse, I wrote you that warning. Then I realized you would never run from danger, Lieutenant Kane. I talked them into letting me try—what I did—promising to—" She bit her lip. "I don't know exactly what I expected to do. You see, it was my duty, as well as yours, to safeguard those papers! But if I let you get away from me, Lieutenant Kane, you were going to certain death!" She turned her head quickly away. "You are too fine, and too young to die, Lieutenant Kane."

"Thank you," said Kane, and his voice was not quite steady. "I remember, Meleka Toyika, you once asked me to forgive you. I think I should ask you to forgive me."

"Thank you," she murmured. "And now"—she glanced at the dead spies—"my mission's completed, Lieutenant. You will attend to details, yes? I had better be going."

"Going?" Kane asked quickly.

She turned in the doorway, looking back at him.

(Concluded on page 110)

Fistula Sufferers Face Danger

One of the tragic results of neglected fistula frequently is loss of bowel control together with nervous diseases and general ill health caused by self poisoning. Thousands could save themselves from humiliation and serious illness by taking proper treatment in time. The Thornton & Minor Clinic—oldest known rectal institution in the world—offers a **FREE** Book which explains Fistula and other rectal diseases; tells how more than 50,000 persons have been benefited by their mild, corrective institutional treatment—without hospital confinement. Write for this Free Book and Reference List. Address Thornton & Minor Clinic, Suite 456, 926 McGee St., Kansas City, Mo.

NOW a DYNAMIC HEAVY DUTY INDUSTRIAL WELDER for Only **\$19.75**

WORKS OFF 110-Volt Light W Socket. This marvelous Dynamic Power Welder does the work of much higher priced types. It is **RETAIL** easily portable. **WELDS** Cylinder Blocks, Bumpers, Fenders, Tanks, Farm Machinery, etc. Will also solder and braze on the lightest material. Works on iron, steel, tin, brass, copper and all other metals. Men without previous experience can make as much as \$5.00 on a one hour repair job. In a year's time a Dynamic Welder **COSTS YOU LESS THAN 6 CENTS A DAY**

Instructions Free—Open a welding shop now. **AGENTS**—Make big profits selling to garages, factories, janitors and machine shops. Write today for our 10-DAY TRIAL OFFER. **DYNAMIC WELDER COMPANY, 2226-MC SILVERTON ROAD, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS**



WANT A U. S. Government JOB?

START \$1260 To \$2100 YEAR

MEN—WOMEN

Get a 1940 appointment. Get ready immediately.

Common education usually sufficient.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. A-258

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Rush to me, **FREE** of charge, list of U. S. Government big pay jobs. Now obtainable. Send me **FREE** 32-page book describing salaries, vacations, hours, work. Tell me how to qualify for one of these jobs.

Mail
Coupon
Today—
SURE

Name.....

Address.....

WORLD FAMOUS • STANDARD MAKE

TYPEWRITERS

as Low as
\$26.90

10 DAY TRIAL
No Money Down!

EASY TERMS
as low as **50¢ a week**

YOUR CHOICE—UNDERWOODS! ROYALS! REMINGTONS! L. C. SMITHS! WOODSTOCKS! As low as 1/3 mfr. original price. Typewriters that cost up to \$110.00—come as low as \$26.90. Genuine, standard, full sized rebuilt office models—up-to-date improvements—standard keyboard, back spacer, ribbon reverse, 2 color ribbon, etc. Never before such rock-bottom prices! **FULLY GUARANTEED!** Backed by 30 years of fair dealing. Ten day trial. Easiest terms in history—as low as 50¢ a week! **FREE** big price slashing catalog shows all makes in colors, details on 10-day trial and easiest terms. **FREE** Van Zandt Touch Typing course with your typewriter. See catalog before you buy. Mail coupon now while stock is complete.


INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE
231 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill. (Dept. 488)
Send Free Catalog in colors showing late model standard Typewriters at tremendous savings with no money down and 10 days' trial.

Name.....Address.....
Town.....State.....

SONG POEMS WANTED
TO BE SET TO MUSIC
Free Examination. Send Your Poems to
J. CHAS. McNEIL, MASTER OF MUSIC
510-TE So. Alexandria Los Angeles, Calif.

FREE SAMPLES OF REMARKABLE TREATMENT FOR Stomach Ulcers

Due to Gastric Hyperacidity



H. H. Bromley, of Shelburne, Vt., writes: "I suffered for 10 years with acid-stomach trouble. Doctors all told me I had ulcers and would have to diet the rest of my life. Before taking your treatment I weighed 143 pounds and could eat nothing but soft foods and milk. Now, after taking Von's Tablets, I weigh 171 pounds, can eat almost anything and feel perfectly well." If you suffer from indigestion, gastritis, heart burn, bloating or any other stomach trouble due to gastric acidity you, too, should try Von's for prompt relief. Send for **FREE** Samples of this wonderful treatment and details of guaranteed trial offer. Instructive Booklet is included. Write
PHILADELPHIA VON CO. Dept. 973-W
Fox Building, Philadelphia, Pa.



DICE. CARDS.
Specialties for Magicians use. Inks, Shiners, Check-Cop, Daubs. Catalog ten cents, stamps or coin.
HILL BROS., Box T, Salida, Colo.

BIG PAY Selling

Advance cash commissions and 33% bonus writing easy orders, spare or full time. We deliver and collect. No experience or money required. Represent world's largest shirt manufacturers selling to wearer. One year guarantee; half price offer; customized fit. Full line sportswear including slacks and ensembles. Hosiery for men and women. Write for **FREE** money-making outfit.
ROSECLIFF-QUAKER CORP.
1239 Broadway, Dept. 464, N. Y.

**SHIRTS
HOSE
SPORTS
WEAR!**

(Concluded from page 109)
"Remember, Lieutenant Kane, I am Eurasian. I must leave at once, so the Japanese will not know. Some day, perhaps, we shall meet again. Until then—" She smiled, and blew him a kiss.

He ran to the door, watched her disappearing up an outer entrance stairs into the night. . . .

He was still standing there, moodily smoking his pipe, when the Sikh returned. He lumbered in, muttering, wiping his kris on a piece of cloth that looked like somebody's shirt. The blade was not shiny now.

The big, bearded man wiped a forearm across a bloody cheek, put his kris away, grinned at Kane.

"Hello, John!" he said.

**A NEW
DETECTIVE
MAGAZINE**
of
**MAGIC
and
MYSTERY!**



Featuring George Chance,
the Magician-Detective,
in Action-Packed Full
Book-Length Novels Taken
from His Private Memoirs!

ASK YOUR NEWSDEALER FOR

THE GHOST

NOW ON SALE **10c** AT ALL STANDS



SECRET ORDERS

A DEPARTMENT FOR READERS

CALLING ALL READERS! In this, the third issue of **THRILLING SPY STORIES**, this department once again makes contact with you—first to thank you for your splendid reception of the new magazine, and second to inform you that the command is **FORWARD!**—forward to better and better stories in the issues to come.

It is unnecessary to talk about the issue you are now reading. It will speak for itself. Stand by, then, for news about the issue to come.

Well, in the first place, we're not talking. The amazing methods of the sinister saboteur in **THE STOLEN GAS GUN** will remain the secret of **SECRET ORDERS** until the next issue in which it is published is off the press and you hold a copy in your hand as you hold the present one.

For **THE STOLEN GAS GUN**, featuring Jeff Shannon, the Eagle, and written by Captain Kerry McRoberts, is the kind of story we want to come to you as a complete and exciting surprise, full of the unexpected and jammed with thrills unblunted by any advance hints.

(Continued on page 112)



MAKE YOUR OWN RECORDS AT HOME

With **HOME RECORDO** you can make a professional-like record of your singing, talking, reciting or instrument playing right in your own home too! No longer need the high prices of recording machines or studio facilities prevent you or your family or friends from hearing their own voices or playing. No experience necessary. No "mike" fright to worry about. No complicated gadgets. In a jiffy you can set up **HOME RECORDO**, play or sing or talk, and immediately you have a record which you and your friends can hear as often as you wish.

HAVE YOU TALENT? HOME RECORDO WILL TELL

How often you have wanted to hear how you sound to others. And how often have you wished for an audition. **HOME RECORDO** makes these easy and possible for you now. Because, no longer can the expense keep you fulfilling your wish. With the help of **HOME RECORDO** you might be one of the lucky ones to find fame and success through this simple method of bringing your talents before the proper authorities.

IT'S THRILLING AMUSING!

You'll get a real thrill of **HOME RECORDING**. Surprise your friends by letting them hear your voice or playing right from a record. Record a snappy talking feature. Record jokes and become the life of the party. Great to help train your voice and to cultivate speech. Nothing to practice . . . you start recording at once . . . no other mechanical or electrical devices needed . . . everything necessary included. Nothing else to buy. Just sing, speak or play and **HOME RECORDO** unit, which operates on any electric or hand-winding type phonograph, will do the recording on special blank records we furnish. You can immediately play the records back as often as you wish. Make your home movie a talking picture with **HOME RECORDO**. Simply make the record while filming and play back while showing the picture. You can also record orchestras or favorite radio programs right off the air and replay them whenever you wish.

**OPERATES ON ANY A.C. OR D.C.
ELECTRIC PHONOGRAPHS
RADIO-PHONO COMBINATIONS
HAND-WINDING PHONOGRAPHS
RECORD PLAYERS
& PORTABLES**

SEND NO MONEY!

Everything is included. Nothing else to buy and nothing else to pay. You get complete **HOME RECORDING UNIT**, which includes special recording needle and playing needles. Also guide record and spiral feeding attachment and combination recording and playback unit suitable for recording a skit, voice, instrument or radio broadcast. **2-SIDED BLANK RECORDS COST ONLY 98c per dozen. (24 sides.)**

**COMPLETE \$2.98
OUTFIT ONLY**

HURRY COUPON

**START RECORDING AT ONCE!
HOME RECORDING CO.**

11 West 17th St. New York

**HOME RECORDING CO., Studio KE
11 West 17th Street, New York N. Y.**

Send entire **HOME RECORDING OUTFIT** described above, by return mail. I will pay postman \$2.98, plus postage, on arrival. (Send cash or money order now for \$3.00 and save postage.)

Send blank records at 98c per dozen (24 sides).

Name

Address

City & State

Note: Canadian and Foreign \$3.00 cash with order.



Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Excess Acids and poisonous wastes in your blood are removed chiefly thru 9 million tiny delicate Kidney tubes or filters. And non-organic and non-systemic disorders of the Kidneys or Bladder may cause Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Dizziness, Backache, Swollen Ankles, or Burning Passages. In many such cases the diuretic action of the Doctor's prescription Cystex helps the Kidneys clean out Excess Acids. This plus the palliative work of Cystex may easily make you feel like a new person in just a few days. Try Cystex under the guarantee of money back unless completely satisfied. Cystex costs only 3c a dose at druggists and the guarantee protects you.

WANTED

ORIGINAL SONG POEMS

any subject. YOU CAN write the words for a song. Don't delay—send us your poem for immediate consideration.

RICHARD BROS., 74 Woods Building, Chicago, Ill.



WE MATCH PANTS

To Any Suit!


Double the life of your coat and vest with correctly matched pants. 100,000 patterns. Every pair hand tailored to your measure. Our match sent FREE for your O. K. before pants are made. Fit guaranteed. Send piece of cloth or vest today.

SUPERIOR MATCH PANTS COMPANY
209 S. State St. Dept. 983 Chicago

ASTHMA

TREATMENT mailed on Free Trial. If satisfied send \$1; if not, it's Free. Write me for your treatment today.

W. K. STERLINE, 830 Ohio Ave., Sidney, Ohio



TEAR GAS

100% Protection
A REAL SURE FIRE SELLER
Thugs and Thieves Beware!—Here is a regular 5 shot repeater which discharges 5 smothering clouds of Tear Gas in rapid succession to instantly Stop, Stun and Incapacitate the most vicious man or beast. A safe and effective substitute for dangerous firearms. NO PERMANENT INJURY. Needed in Stores, Banks, Autos and Homes everywhere to protect Life and Property. No skill required. Also Pencil Guns, Electric Shells, Riot Bombs, Fountain Pen Guns, Police Club Guns. All precision-built. NO TOYS. Every demonstration leads to a \$3.00 to \$8.00 sale, offering big profits. Handle our Tear Gas Equipment as a side-line and you'll soon give it full time. For a quick start, send \$2.00 for complete demonstrator outfit consisting of an Automatic Pencil Gun with 10 demonstrators and 3 powerful Tear Gas cartridges, fully guaranteed.

FREE Blue Print showing how to install Electric Tear Gas Shells in Stores and Banks for hold-up and burglary protection, also Complete Sales Plan furnished with order or inquiry. **HAGEN IMPORT COMPANY, Dept. H-441, St. Paul, Minn**

THE TRUTH ABOUT Stomach Ulcers

Caused by Gastric Hyperacidity

FREE Booklet on simple home treatment. Many report they were saved from expensive operations. Learn all about this amazing inexpensive home treatment. Pain relieved from the start. No rigid or liquid diet. This valuable booklet sent **FREE** with information as to guaranteed trial offer. **TWIN CITY VON CO., Dept. 209, Saint Paul, Minnesota.—Adv.**

USED Correspondence Courses

Complete home-study courses and educational books, slightly used. Sold, rented, exchanged. All subjects. Money-back guarantee. Cash paid for used courses. Full details and illustrated 72-page bargain catalog **FREE**. Write today!

NELSON CO.
D-227 Manhattan Bldg., Chicago

(Continued from page 111)

So just remember—in the next issue of **THRILLING SPY STORIES — THE STOLEN GAS GUN**, featuring the exploits of that master of counter-espionage, **THE EAGLE!**

Hooded Conspiracy

Of course, that won't be all. There'll be, as an additional treat, the stirring nov-
elet, **ARROWS OF DESTINY**, by that excellent author, William L. Hopson, who has spun a tale of hooded conspiracy that will keep you on the anxious seat of suspense from first page to last.

The name of C. K. M. Scanlon is familiar to all the readers of the very best **G-MEN** stories. He will be represented in the next issue of **THRILLING SPY STORIES** by a masterly short story called **IN TREASON'S TRACK**.

This is to mention only a part of the feast of exciting spy fiction in store for you. Be on the **WATCH** for the coming issue of **THRILLING SPY STORIES!**

The Readers Speak

Here are just a few of the many letters that have been pouring in since **THRILLING SPY STORIES** first appeared:

Editor, **THRILLING SPY STORIES**,
Dear Sir:

Your new magazine, **THRILLING SPY STORIES**, is the best one I've hit so far, and I read quite a few.

The new character, Jeff Shannon (The Eagle), is very human and I enjoyed the story of his activities very much. Another two-fisted character I would like to read about in every issue is Ed Roche who appeared in the "Corpse from G-2."

All in all, the magazine is A-1 reading material and all you need to make it complete is a club for the readers, similar to the "**G-MEN CLUB**," which would issue a membership card and badge or emblem, stating that the bearer was a member of an organization devoted to upholding the law and aiding the federal agents in their fight against spies.

Wishing you success with your new magazine (I'm sure it will click) and hoping you will publish it oftener, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

Elmer M. Meyer

1731 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Thanks, Elmer. We are certainly glad to learn your viewpoint toward **THRILLING SPY STORIES** and will give your suggestions serious consideration.

THE NEW COLLEGE HUMOR 15c EVERYWHERE

Dear Editor:

For the past five years I've been reading all types of stories and magazines. I like just about all types of stories and have read almost all of your publications.

I have bought the first issue of your latest publication, THRILLING SPY STORIES, and I surely do enjoy it. Congratulations. Keep up the good work.

Sincerely,
Willis Charkovsky.

Much obliged for your congrats, Willis. We'll do our best to keep on deserving them.

Dear Editor:

In comment through your SECRET ORDERS department, I wish to say that your story, NETWORK OF HATE, is the best modern spy story I have ever read. I am sorry I was unable to get the preceding issue.

Impatiently awaiting THE MASTER OF TREACHERY.

Respectfully,
G. Carroll Barker.

DeKalb Jct., N. Y.

Your enthusiasm does our heart good, Carroll. Don't miss the next issue containing THE STOLEN GAS GUN.

Now here's just one more letter, this one from a Canadian reader:

Dear Editor:

A few weeks ago THRILLING SPY STORIES was recommended to me. I bought a copy and I was glad I had done so. The magazine is a K. O. I take off my hat to Captain McRoberts for writing such a grand story.

Never in the history of the world has the espionage system been more highly developed. At all times, as history shows, there have been spies. We must be on the lookout for them. Not all of those who come to this land of liberty are grateful.

Keep up the good work.

Sincerely,
Eddie Tamaro.

Montreal, Que., Canada.

Signing off until the next time. Keep those letters coming in.

THE EDITOR.

Let the Stars Be Your Guide!

Consult Your Daily Horoscope
in

EVERYDAY
ASTROLOGY

Every Month 10c At All Stands

GUARANTEED TIRES!
GOODYEAR·GOODRICH
FIRESTONE·U.S. and
Other Standard Makes



World's Lowest TIRE PRICES
Tire users by the thousands all over the U.S.A. vouch for the Long Hard Service of our Standard Brand tires reconditioned with high grade materials and latest methods by our tire experts. Our 21 years experience makes it possible to offer tires at lowest prices, with legal agreement to replace at 1/2 price any tire that fails to give 12 Mos. Service.

FREE!
LANTERN
With Every
2 Tires ordered



Complete with batteries and newest type reflector bulb. Ready for instant use. Strong, steady light. Useful everywhere. Order now.

EVERY TIRE GUARANTEED!

BALLOON TIRES				REGULAR CORD TIRES			
Size	Rim	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes	Size
28x4.40-21	\$2.15	\$1.05		30x3 1/2	\$2.35	\$0.95	33x4 1/2
29x4.50-20	2.35	1.05		31x4	2.95	1.25	34x4 1/2
30x4.50-21	2.40	1.15		32x4	2.95	1.25	30x5
28x4.75-19	2.45	1.25		33x4	2.95	1.25	30x5
29x4.75-20	2.50	1.25		34x4	3.25	1.35	33x5
29x5.00-19	2.85	1.25		32x4 1/2	3.35	1.45	35x5
30x5.00-20	2.85	1.25					
5.25-17	2.90	1.35		HEAVY DUTY TRUCK TIRES			
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.35		[High Pressure]			
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.35		Size	Tires	Tubes	Size
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.35		30x5	\$4.25	\$1.95	34x7
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.35		33x5	3.95	1.75	38x7
5.50-17	3.35	1.40		34x5	4.25	2.25	30x8
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.40		32x6	7.95	2.95	36x8
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.45		36x8	9.95	4.45	40x8
6.00-17	3.40	1.40		TRUCK BALLOON TIRES			
30x6.00-18	3.40	1.40		Size	Tires	Tubes	Size
31x6.00-19	3.40	1.45		6.00-20	\$3.75	\$1.65	7.50-20
32x6.00-20	3.45	1.55		6.50-20	4.45	1.95	8.25-20
33x6.00-21	3.65	1.55		7.00-20	5.95	2.95	9.00-20
32x6.50-20	3.75	1.75		ALL OTHER SIZES			
6.00-16	3.75	1.45		DEALER WANTED			

SEND ONLY \$1.00 DEPOSIT on each tire ordered. (\$3.00 on each Truck Tire.) We ship balance C. O. D. Deduct 5 per cent if cash is sent in full with order. To fill order promptly we may substitute brands if necessary. ALL TUBES BRAND NEW—GUARANTEED—

PERRY-FIELD TIRE & RUBBER CO.

2328-30 S. Michigan Av., Dept. TF30, Chicago, Ill.

STOP Scratching *Relieve Itch Fast*
-or Money Back

For quick relief from itching of eczema, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, scabies, rashes and other externally caused skin troubles, use world-famous, cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. Prescription. Greaseless, stainless. Soothes irritation and quickly stops the most intense itching. 35c trial bottle proves it, or money back. Ask your druggist today for D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.

BUSINESS PAYS BEST
TRAIN WITH SPECIALISTS, BE A

Secretary, Social Secretary, Bookkeeper, Accountant, Stenographer, Typist. Business always offers best opportunity with advancement to executive positions of business and social standing. For TWENTY-FIVE YEARS we have specialized in this training—building better courses at less cost by Home Study. Write today for testimonial folder showing what others have done. Give age, occupation and courses in which interested.

PERRY SCHOOLS, BOX 462, BRUNSWICK, GEORGIA.

THIS GENUINE JUNIOR GUITAR FOR YOU!

Get this handsome instrument NOW. Here's how. Just send your name and address (SEND NO MONEY). WE TRUST YOU with 24 packs of Garden Seeds to sell at 10c a packet. When sold send \$2.40 collected and WE WILL SEND this mahogany finish guitar and Five Minute Instruction Book absolutely FREE. Write for seeds NOW. A post card will do. Address:

LANCASTER COUNTY SEED COMPANY
Station 243, Paradise, Pennsylvania

MAKE MORE MONEY

Taking Orders For The NIMROD Line

Earn more every day in the year representing old established firm with a complete line of fast selling necessities: Shirts of all kinds, Ties, Underwear, Hosiery, Raincoats, Sweaters, Pants, Belts, Breeches, Shoes, Coveralls, Shop Coats, Uniforms, Summer Suits, etc. Every item guaranteed. Experience unnecessary.

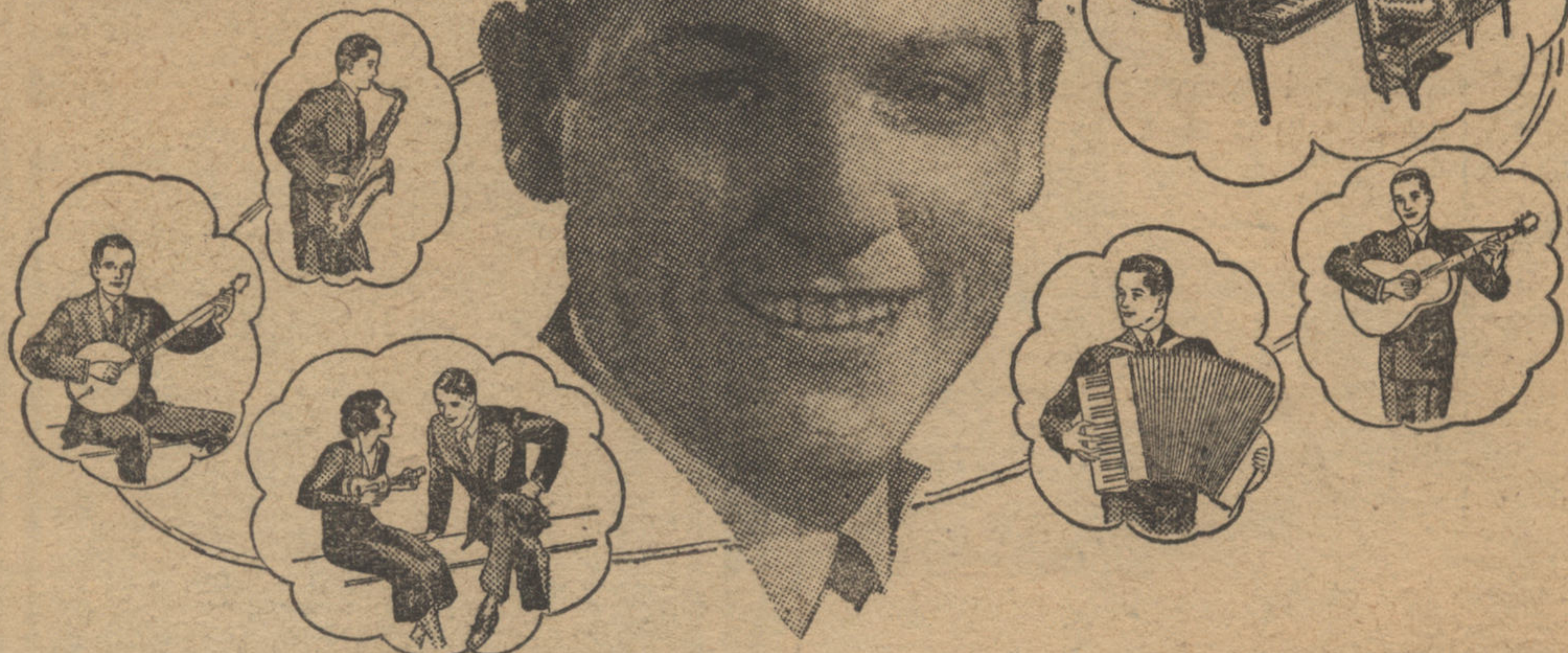
Write quick for FREE SALES EQUIPMENT
NIMROD COMPANY

4922-J Lincoln Ave.,

Chicago, Ill.



WHAT INSTRUMENT
DO YOU WANT
TO LEARN
TO PLAY?



QUICK WAY TO LEARN MUSIC

Thousands have learned to play at but a
fraction of the old way costs

*Simplified, quick Method brings amazing
results—over 700,000 students*

Have you ever dreamed of the fun you'd have playing some musical instrument? Pictured yourself doing many of the popular hits, movie theme songs, even classical numbers?

Then here's grand news for you! It's news of an easy, fascinating, simplified method whereby almost *anyone* can learn to play real music *by notes* in a *remarkably short time!* And what's more, you won't need a private teacher. You'll learn all by yourself—right in your own home. And best of all, the cost is only a small fraction of what it used to cost by old-fashioned methods.

No Special "Talent" Needed

You needn't even know one note from the other, for thousands have learned to play

with the aid of this wonderful U. S. School of Music system of instruction. You learn to read regular notes—and to play them—just as any real musician does. You start right in learning to play real little tunes almost from the very start. Gradually you master more and more difficult ones until—sooner than you ever expected—you find yourself entertaining your friends—playing at parties—and having the best times you ever had in your whole life.

Easy as A-B-C

The success of this U. S. School method of musical instruction is due to two things. One is the fact that it makes

everything so simple—so crystal clear—so easy to understand. First it *tells* you how to do a thing. Then it *shows* you in pictures how to do it. Then you do it yourself and *hear* it. What could be simpler?

The second reason for the success of this system is that it is so fascinating. Learning music this way is like playing a game. Practicing becomes real fun instead of a bore as it used to be with the old way.

Free Booklet and Print and Picture Sample

In order to show how easy—how simple—how pleasant this course is, the U. S. School of Music has prepared for you a free Print and Picture Sample and Explanatory Booklet. No matter what instrument you select to play the Free Print and Picture Sample and Booklet will show you at once the amazingly simple principles around which this method is built. And how it will enable you to become a popular musician in a surprisingly short time—at an average cost of only a few cents a day.

If you really want to learn music—if you want to win new popularity—if you want to enjoy musical good times galore—fill in and mail the coupon below. Don't delay—act at once. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 2944 Brunswick Bldg., N. Y. C.

What Instrument for You?

Piano	Guitar
Violin	Saxophone
Organ	Mandolin
Cornet	Ukulele
Trombone	Harp
Piccolo	Clarinet
Flute	'Cello
Hawaiian Steel Guitar	Trumpet
Plano Accordion	
Plain Accordion	
Voice and Speech Culture	
Modern Elementary Harmony	
Drums and Traps	
Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)	

START NOW TO MUSICAL GOOD TIMES

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC

2944 Brunswick Building, New York City

I am interested in music study, particularly in the instrument indicated below. Please send me your free booklet, "How to Learn Music at Home" and your free Print and Picture Sample.

Have you
.....Instr.?

Name

Address

City..... State.....

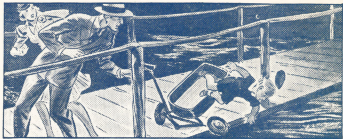
"BLACK, SWIRLING WATERS SWALLOWED OUR BABY!"

A true experience of GEORGE W. HOYT, Litchfield, Mich.



1. "NO FOREBODING of impending danger warned my wife and me as we walked home from town one night, pulling our two-year-old boy in his wagon," writes Mr. Hoyt. "We were in the middle of a narrow footbridge, spanning a stream, when fate struck.

2. "SUDDENLY A WHEEL came off the wagon, hurling our baby into the black, swirling waters of the river. Luckily I had my flashlight with me. I switched it on as I jumped over the railing. Despite a thorough soaking, that light did not fail me.



3. "ITS BRIGHT, faithful beam disclosed my boy clinging to the branches of a floating tree! Those dependable 'Eveready' fresh DATED batteries helped save our little boy's life. I will never be without them in my flashlight!

NOTE: An "Eveready" flashlight with "Eveready" batteries, will normally continue to burn under water.

The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Co., Inc.

(Signed) George W. Hoyt



FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER... Look for the DATE-LINE

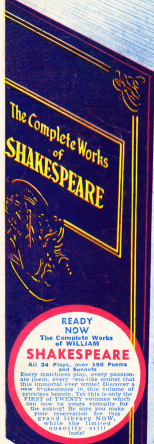
NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC., 30 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Unit of Union Carbide  and Carbow Corporation

A Sensational Offer to **THRILLING** READERS OF THIS PUBLICATION

The Works of 25 Great Authors
in 25 Giant Volumes

YOURS—practically
for The Asking!



**Send No Money—We Pay the Postage
Opportunity of a Lifetime to Own
Huge, Handsome Books You Will
Treasure, Your Friends Will Envy!**

**11,875,000
words
18,433 pages**
Size: Each Vol.
Height 11 1/2"
Width 5 1/2"
Thickness 2 1/2"

NEVER before such an offer to readers of this magazine! Examine these beautiful books, without a penny in advance. Own a richly-bound Giant Library of important books of greatest authors—ALMOST AS A GIFT!

These 25 GIANT volumes bring you most fascinating, exciting reading known. Smash hits of stage, screen, radio! Owning them is mark of culture. These partial contents give only an inkling of all these books hold!

1. SHAKESPEARE. (See description at left.)
2. HUGO. 39 Complete Works.
3. STEVENSON. 144 novels, stories, poems.

4. **TOLESTOI.** 21 novels, stories, incl. Anna Karenina.
 5. **POE.** All 128 tales, poems, of America's greatest writer.
 6. **USSEN.** Every one of his daring plays all complete.
 7. **BALZAC.** 25 complete novels—frank, fascinating.
 8. **KIPLING.** 76 stories—75 ballads, one complete novel, "The Light That Failed."
 9. **DUMAS.** 175 stories.
 10. **CONAN DOYLE.** The best of Sherlock Holmes plus other great works.
- Other one-volume editions in this great library are:—11. Emerson, 12. Flaubert, 13. Oscar Wilde, 14. Voltaire, 15. Haggard, 16. Chekhov, 17. Dickens, 18. Hawthorne, 19. Collins, 20. Rossetti, 21. Zola, 22. Daudet, 23. Boccaccio, 24. Gautier, 25. Arabian Nights.

HOW TO GET YOUR BOOKS SEND NO MONEY

Readers Coupon and Reservation Certificate here, plus nominal sum of \$25 for Regular Edition (or \$139 for luxurious **DE LUXE EDITION**) entitles you to one Giant Volume in this series. To receive first book, Complete Works of Shakespeare, send no money now. Just mail **READERS COUPON** and Reservation and this volume will be shipped at our expense. With book will come special invoice for small sum indicated above, and complete instructions on how to get other volumes.

No other charges. President's Executive Order reducing postage rates for books enables us to prepay charges.

Send **RESERVATION CERTIFICATE** and **READERS COUPON NOW!** No "Reservation Fee"—no "Deposit!" Your first book comes at once. Act NOW, before you mislay this page!

**READY
NOW**
The Complete Works
of **WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE**

All 34 Plays, over 150 Poems and Sonnets

Every matchless play, every passionate poem, every "moulted moment" that this immortal ever wrote! Discover a new Shakespeare in this volume of peerless beauty. Yet this is only the FIRST of TWENTY volumes which can now be yours virtually for the asking! Be sure you make your reservation for this grand library NOW, while the limited quantity still lasts!

READERS' RESERVATION CERTIFICATE

BOOK COUPON EXCHANGE, 339 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Please reserve in my name the books listed in your generous offer to readers of this magazine. I prefer the edition checked below:

☐ De Luxe Embossed Edition ☐ Regular Cloth Edition

WE PAY POSTAGE ANYWHERE IN UNITED STATES
I enclose my **READERS COUPON** (printed at right) which entitles me at once to receive the first book, The Complete Works of Shakespeare. In the edition I have checked above, with NO MONEY IN ADVANCE. Within one week I will send you the correct payment (\$25 for the Regular Edition or \$139 for the DE LUXE), and I will be entitled to receive each following volume, as it comes from the press, on the same generous no-money-in-advance plan.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE T. O. 110

Consistent PRIVILEGE from far future books will be sent with your Shakespeare.



Mail Coupon and Reservation Certificate here IMMEDIATELY. Don't miss this great opportunity.

ACT NOW!