

ALL
NEW
COMICS



IRON MIKE



HORATIO ALGER



THE AVENGER



BILL BARNES



FRANK MERRIWELL



Shadow COMICS

10¢
CENTS

JUNE - 1940



"Solve a Crime"

THE NEWEST PICTURE
PUZZLE

WIN MODEL AIRPLANE KITS
AND BASEBALLS

Dear "Shadow Comics" Readers:

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

your favorite, so whenever you think of something nice about The Shadow, or whether you take a crack at him, drop a line to the Editor. He will always be glad to hear from you.

With the Editor

In this issue there is the second "Solve-a-Crime Mystery." This

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

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

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

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

And now, so long until next month.

The Editor

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THE SHADOW



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

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

SHADOW COMICS

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





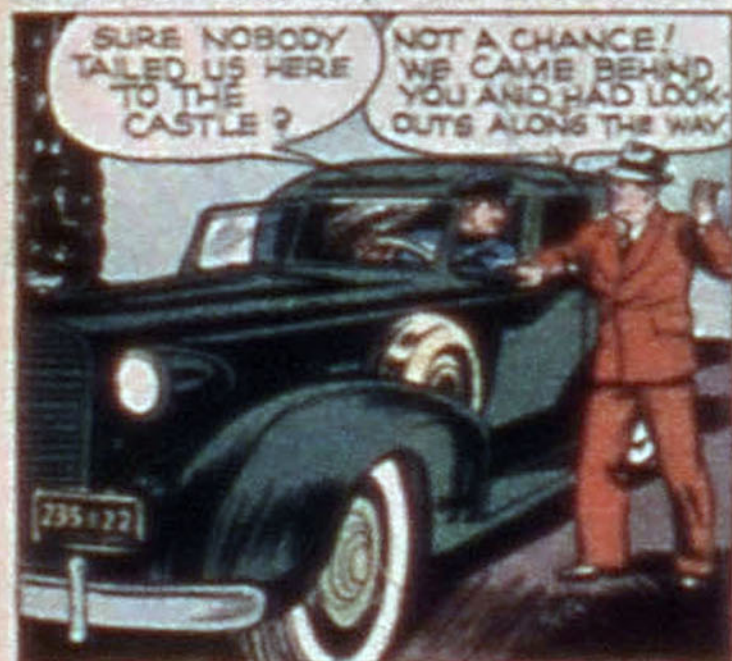


THIS BAG HAS JANET'S INITIALS. WHY NOT POSE AS HER TONIGHT? BY THE WAY, DON'T OPEN THE BAG UNTIL AT YOUR DESTINATION. THEN TAKE OUT THE LUCKY CHARM YOU FIND IN IT.

THAT EVENING, MARGOT FOLLOWS THE SUGGESTION OF LAMONT CRANSTON, OTHERWISE THE SHADOW.



WHAT A STRANGE CAR! HOW DARK THE WINDOWS ARE! WHY THEY'RE COMPLETELY BLACK!



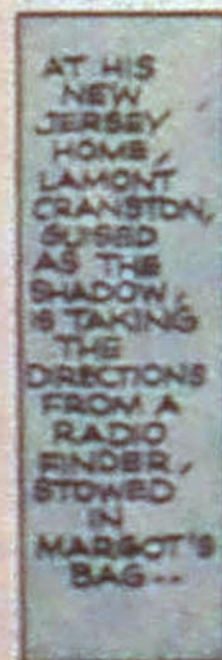
SURE NOBODY TAILED US HERE TO THE CASTLE?

NOT A CHANCE! WE CAME BEHIND YOU AND HAD LOOK-OUTS ALONG THE WAY.

AS THE CAR DESCENDS INTO THE UNDER-GROUND SPACE, MARGO LANE IS REALLY FRIGHTENED---



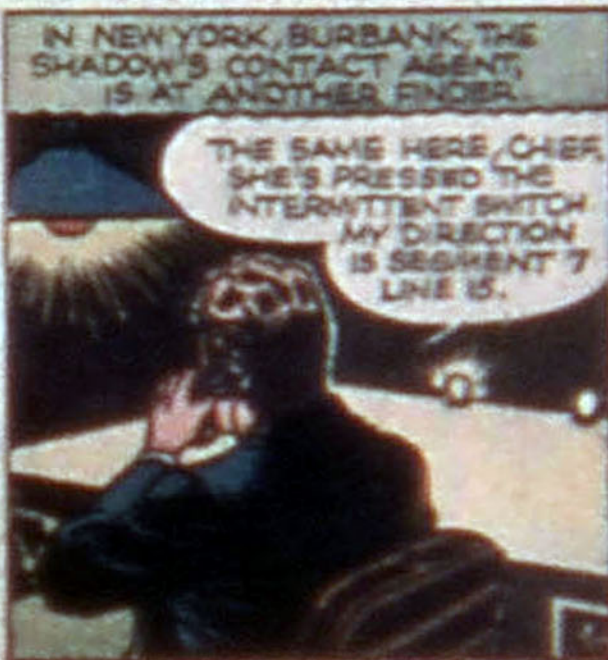
I WISH LAMONT WERE WITH ME! I'LL NEED THE CHARM HE GAVE ME. WHAT AN ODD BAG-- HOW SHALLOW.



AT HIS NEW JERSEY HOME, LAMONT CRANSTON, SUSSED AS THE SHADOW, IS TAKING THE DIRECTIONS FROM A RADIO FINDER, STOWED IN MARGOT'S BAG--

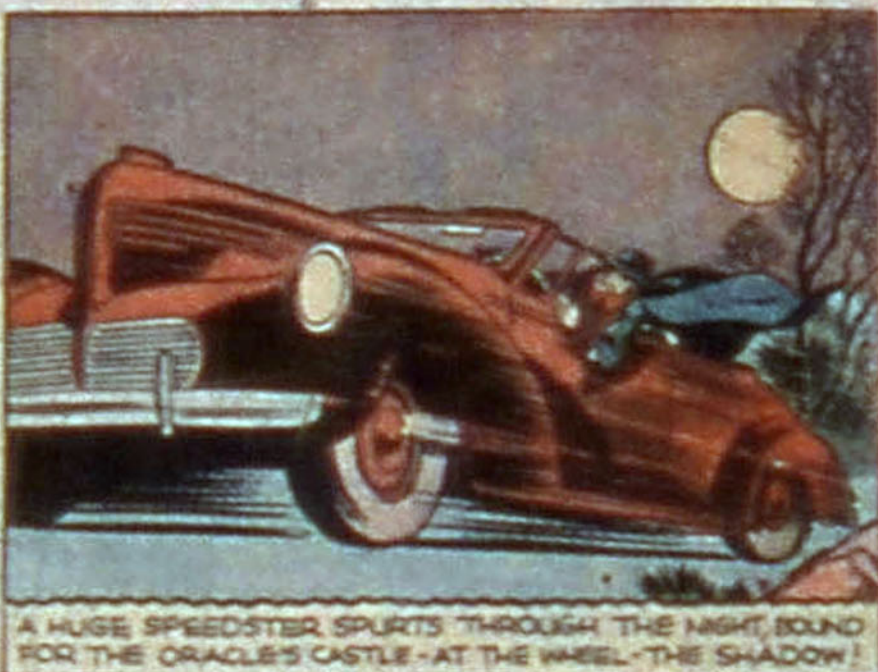
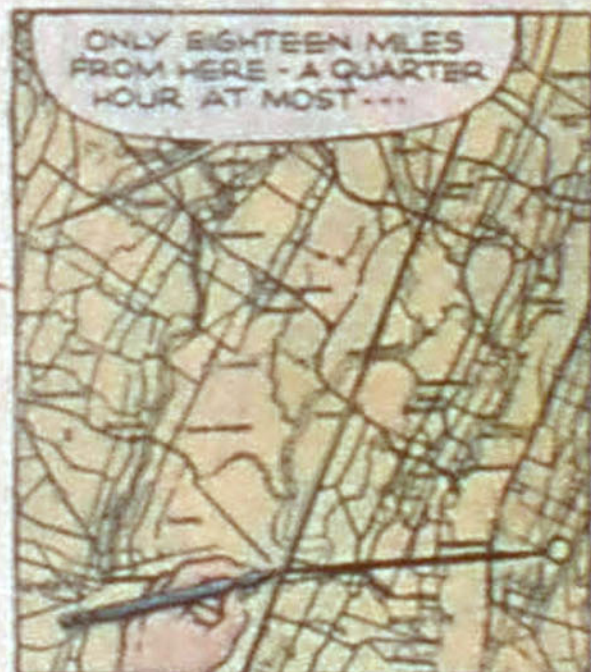


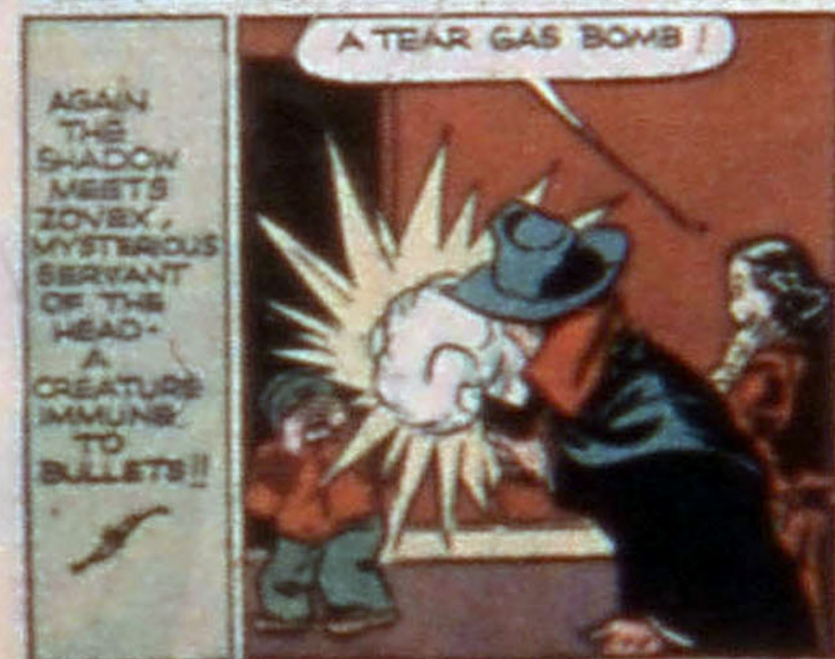
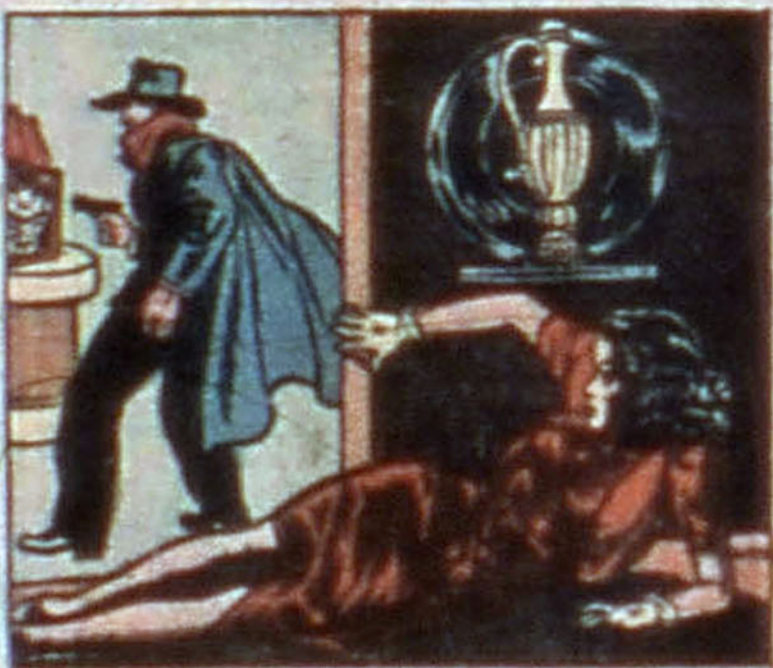
THE LIGHT IS BLINKING, BURBANK---



IN NEW YORK, BURBANK, THE SHADOW'S CONTACT AGENT, IS AT ANOTHER FINDER.

THE SAME HERE, CHIEF. SHE'S PRESSED THE INTERMITTENT SWITCH. MY DIRECTION IS SEVENTH LINE IS.







ROUGH AND READY

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.



THAT HOCK SHOP'S GETTIN' CHEAPER 'N' CHEAPER! ONLY FIFTY CENTS FOR A DRESS LIKE THAT! OH WELL - I CAN STILL SELL THE PAWN TICKET!



FAILING TO SELL THE PAWN TICKET - AND HIS MONEY ALL GONE - MARTIN HAS RETURNED HOME AND IS SOUND ASLEEP IN A DRUNKEN STUPOR. SHORTLY AFTER - RUFUS ARRIVES - AND ON BEING TOLD OF MARTIN'S CRUELTY TO ROSE - ANGRILY AND JUSTIFIABLY SEARCHES MARTIN'S POCKETS AND FINDS - AS WAS EXPECTED - THE PAWN TICKET.



JUST AS I THOUGHT! NOW WE CAN GET THE DRESS BACK FROM THE PAWN SHOP ANYWAY! AND HE'LL NEVER MAKE YOU CRY AGAIN, ROSE, BECAUSE WE'RE LEAVING HERE - FOR GOOD!

HE'S NOT OUR REAL FATHER ANYWAY - JUST OUR STEPPATHER - HUH - RUFUS -



NOW WE'RE GOING TO FIND A REAL HOME - ONE THAT HE'LL NEVER ENTER!

AND ONE WHERE I CAN WEAR THIS NEW DRESS ALL THE TIME - HUH - RUFUS -

THEY'RE GONE! AN' NO FOOD OR MONEY IN THE HOUSE! THE BEATS! BUT I KNOW WHERE I'LL FIND HIM ANYWAY! A LOTTA THANKS I'M GETTIN' FOR GIVIN' 'EM A HOME!



AT EIGHT AVENUE AND FORTY-FIFTH STREET - RUFUS AND ROSE MEET MISS MANNING - AN OLD FRIEND WHO IS FINDING IT HARD TO GET ALONG -

-AND RIGHT NOW WE'RE HOME HUNTING - MISS MANNING - ONE FOR ROSE - AT LEAST! WE -

RUFUS! WHY CAN'T ROSE STAY WITH ME? I HAVE PLENTY OF ROOM - AND WOULD ENJOY HER COMPANY VERY MUCH!

SAV! THAT'S A SPLENDID IDEA, MISS MANNING - AND I'LL RENT A ROOM FOR MYSELF NEARBY! NOW IF YOU CAN GIVE ROSE BOARD AND ROOM - AND A LITTLE TUTORING - I'LL GLADLY PAY YOU SIX DOLLARS A WEEK! WE -

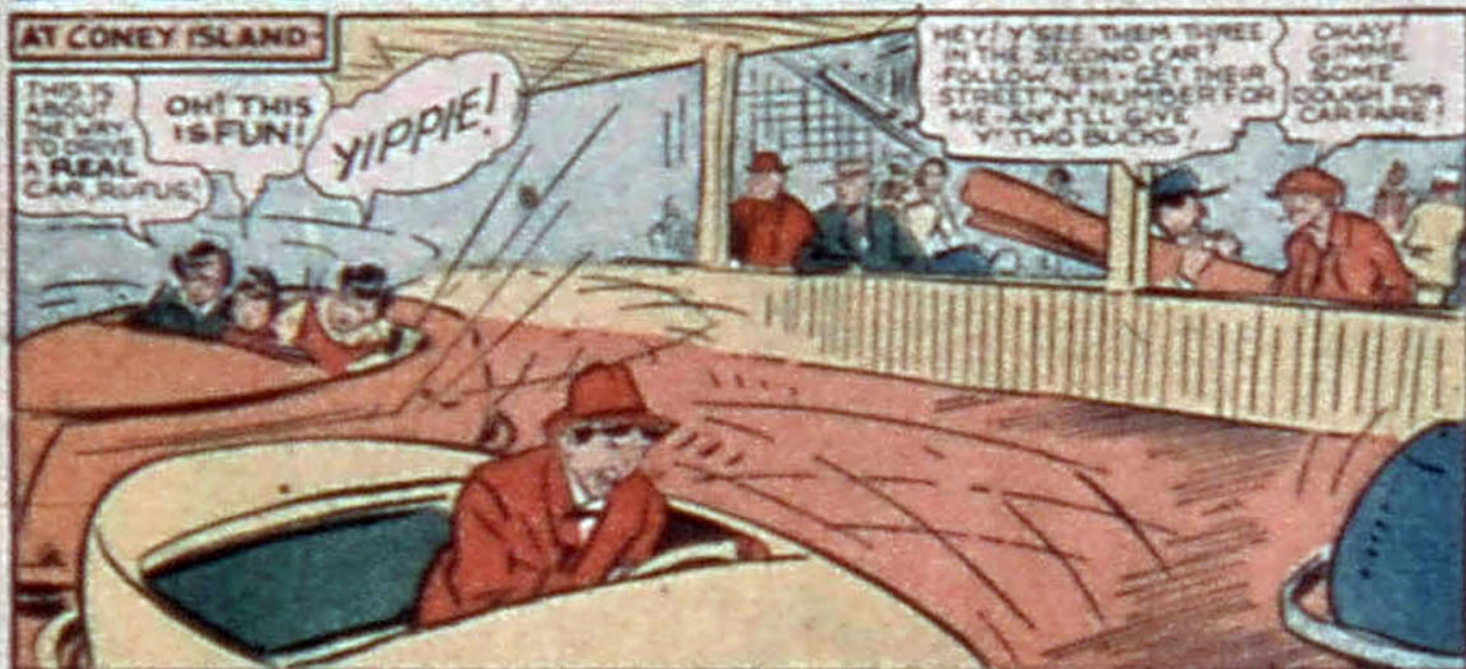
WHY RUFUS! YOU'RE EXTREMELY GENEROUS! WHY - FOR THAT AMOUNT - IT'S ONLY FAIR THAT YOU HAVE YOUR MAIN MEAL WITH US EACH DAY!



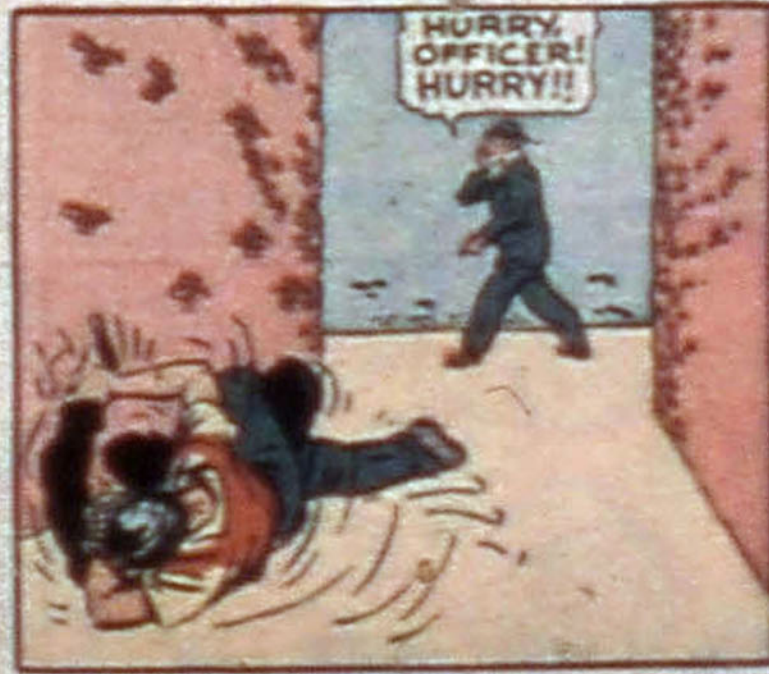


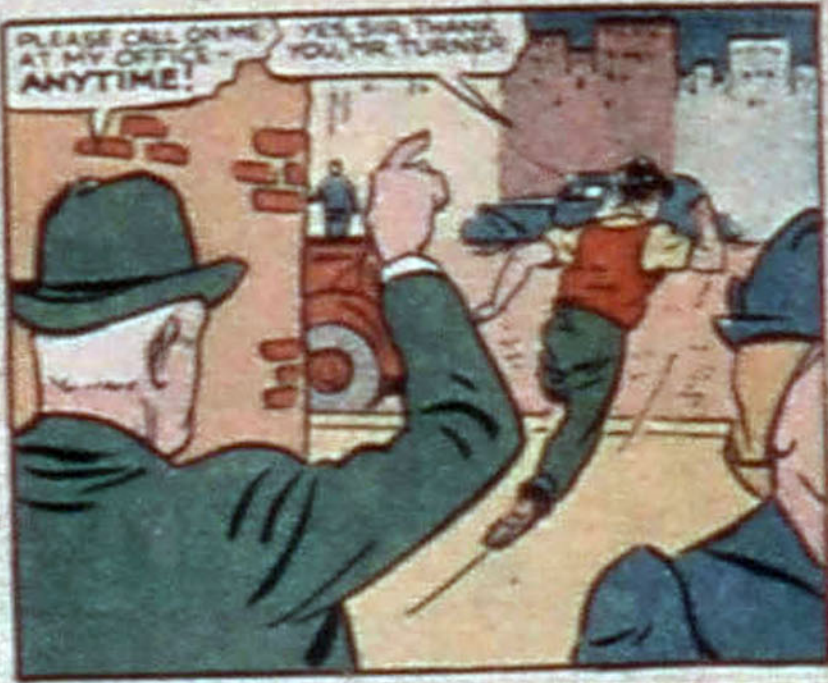
SEVERAL DAYS HAVE PASSED WITH THE FURNITURE AND ALL OF HIS LATE WIFE'S POSSESSIONS SOLD, AND THE MONEY SPENT FOR LIQUOR - MARTIN IS NOW HOMELESS AND DESTITUTE IN THE OFFICE OF A FORMER FRIEND.

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









WITH ROSE BACK IN MISS MANNING'S CARE AGAIN AND AS SOON AS POSSIBLE - AT A NEW ADDRESS - RUFUS DECIDING ON LEGAL RATHER THAN PHYSICAL ACTION AGAINST MARTIN - CALLS ON HIS NEW FRIEND - THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY - AND TELLS HIS STORY -

-AND- SO YOU SEE, SIR, HE DON'T YOU WORRY MY BOY STILL OUR STEPPATHERS - (AFTER WHAT YOU'VE DONE AND I'M ONLY SEVENTEEN) - FOR ME - I'M ONLY TOO GLAD TO HELP! MARTIN WILL NEVER TROUBLE YOU AGAIN - ASSURE YOU -



AND MY APPRECIATION DOESN'T END HERE, MY BOY! YOU SEE, I'M RATHER AN OLD MAN NOW - ALL ALONE IN A LARGE COMFORTABLE HOUSE - WITH PLENTY OF ROOM FOR YOU - ROSE AND MISS MANNING - PERMANENTLY - AND - BY THE WAY - THERE'S A JOB WAITING IN HERE FOR YOU -

OH! THANK YOU, SIR! ALL THIS GOOD LUCK CALLS FOR ANOTHER CELEBRATION! AT CONEY ISLAND!



DON'T MISS 'BRAVE BRUCE' ANOTHER BOY STORY BY MORATTO ALGER, JR. IN NEXT MONTH'S -

SHADOW COMICS

IRON MUNRO

THE ASTOUNDING MAN



HURLED INTO ANOTHER UNIVERSE THROUGH A WARP IN SPACE, IRON MUNRO, JUPITER-BORN YOUNG SCIENTIST AND SPENCER CARLISLE, CHEMIST AND OWNER OF A GREAT SHIPYARD, ARE HELPING THE MAGYANS, DESCENDANTS OF SURVIVORS OF EARTH'S LOST CONTINENT, IN THEIR WAR WITH THE TEFFLANS. THE TEFFLANS HAVE STOLEN THE DATA PLATES, WHICH TELL HOW TO RETURN TO EARTH. IRON AND SPENCE GO TO TEFF-EL TO STEAL THEM BACK BEFORE TEFF-EL IS DESTROYED. IRON STAYS OUTSIDE THE TEMPLE OF KAKKAKILL TO MANEUVER AN INVESTIGATOR TO GUIDE SPENCE. AS SPENCE FINDS THE HEAVY DATA PLATES, AN ALARM SOUNDS AND THE ROOM IS FILLED WITH GUARDS. SPENCE DROPS A DARKNESS BOMB AND ---

GET YOUR HEAT-VISOR ON, SPENCE!

OK, IRON. STAND BY ME!



WITH THE HEAT-VISOR, SPENCE CAN SEE WITH INFRARED RAYS THROUGH THE CHEMICAL FOG.

UGH! I WISH WE'D KNOWN THE PLATES WOULD BE THIS HEAVY... OH-OH, THEY'RE SURROUNDING ME! THEY CAN'T SEE A THING THROUGH THIS FOG, BUT ---!



HERE'S A STEPPING-STONE FOR YOU, BUDDY!



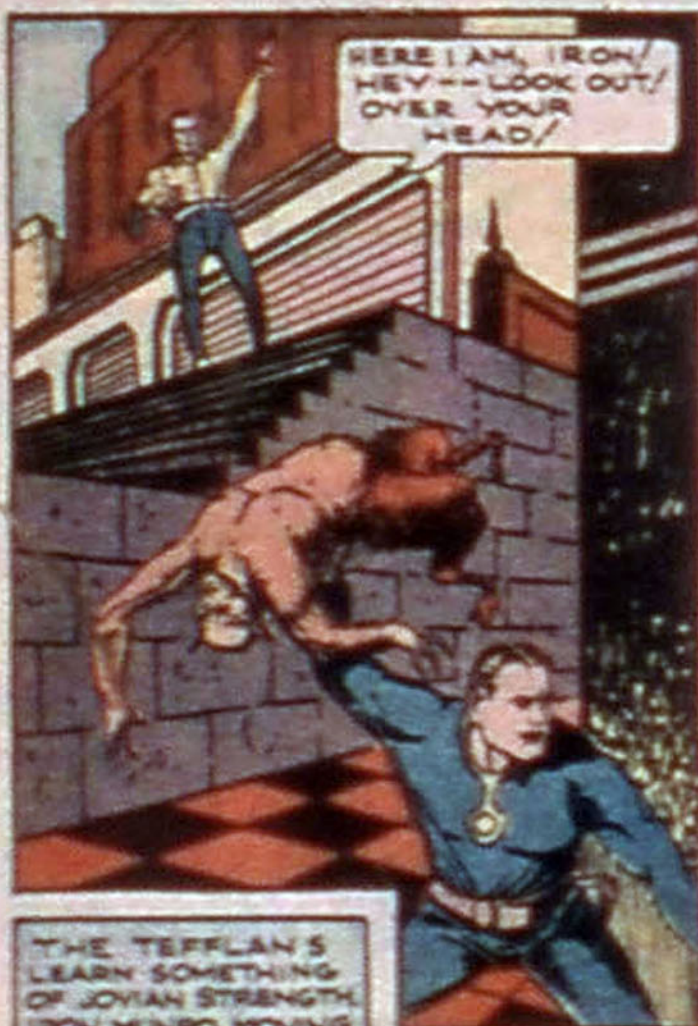
CARLISLE SETS THE PLATES DOWN -

THAT MAKES YOU THE GOAT SHAGGY-LEGS!



-TRIPPING THE CLUMSY TEFFLANS.





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

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

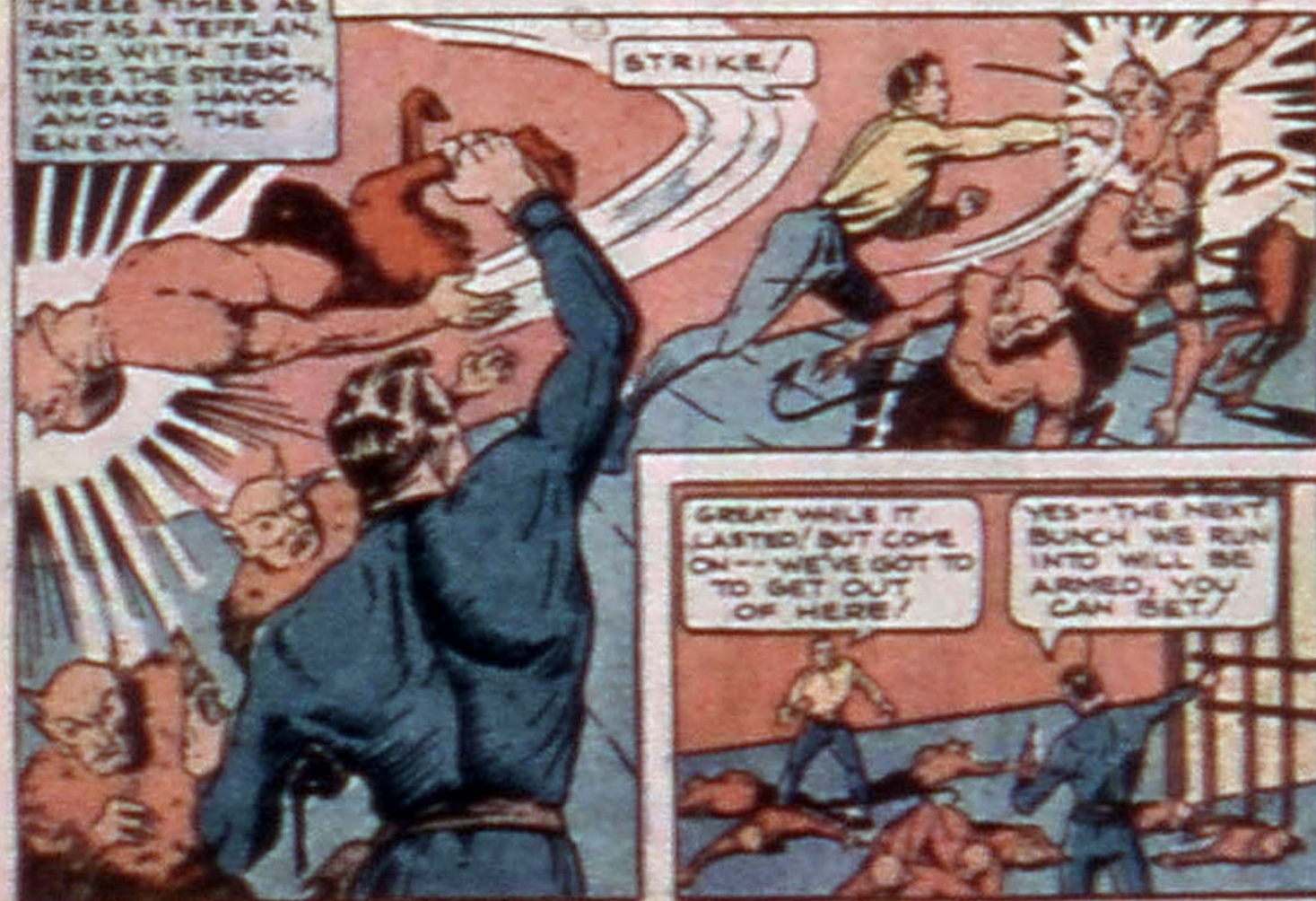


AT SPENCE'S WARNING, MUNRO LEAPS
TO SAFETY JUST IN TIME.



BY JUPITER,
YOU MADE IT!

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



STRIKE!

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

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



THERE, SPENCE-- THAT FINISHES OUR CRUISER FRIEND!



IRON MUNRO HURLS HIS SHIP THROUGH THE HEAT FIELD, AND BLASTS THE ENEMY CRAFT.

THERE'S OLD MAYYA HERSELF, UP AHEAD!



THEY'VE SIGHTED US! HERE'S ANTO RAYL ON THE VISION SCREEN-- SHE SURE LOOKS GOOD TO ME!

A FEW DAYS LATER ----

A COUNCIL OF WAR IS HELD.

YOU HAVE A PLAN, STRANGER FROM SPACE?

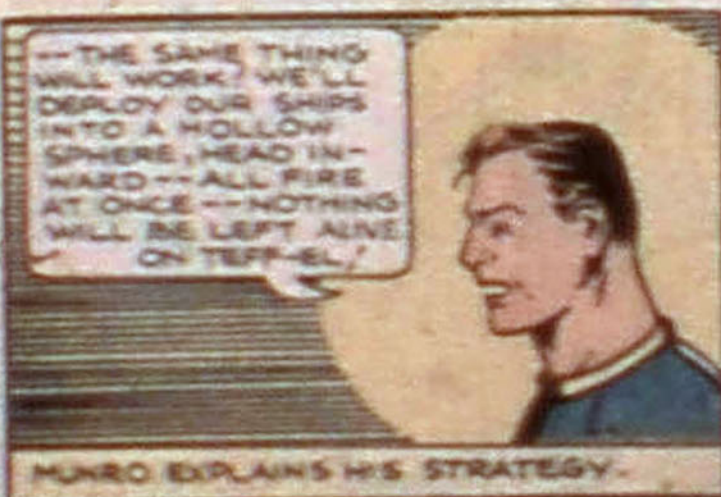
I HAVE. FIGHTING ON LAND, YOU DESTROY AN ENEMY BY SURROUNDING HIM. IN SPACE--



WE'RE LANDING NOW -- AND I'VE A SWELL IDEA--IT'LL BE THE BIGGEST COUP IN MILITARY HISTORY!



--THE SAME THING WILL WORK! WE'LL DEPLOY OUR SHIPS INTO A HOLLOW SPHERE, HEAD INWARD--ALL FIRE AT ONCE--NOTHING WILL BE LEFT ALIVE ON TEFF-EL!



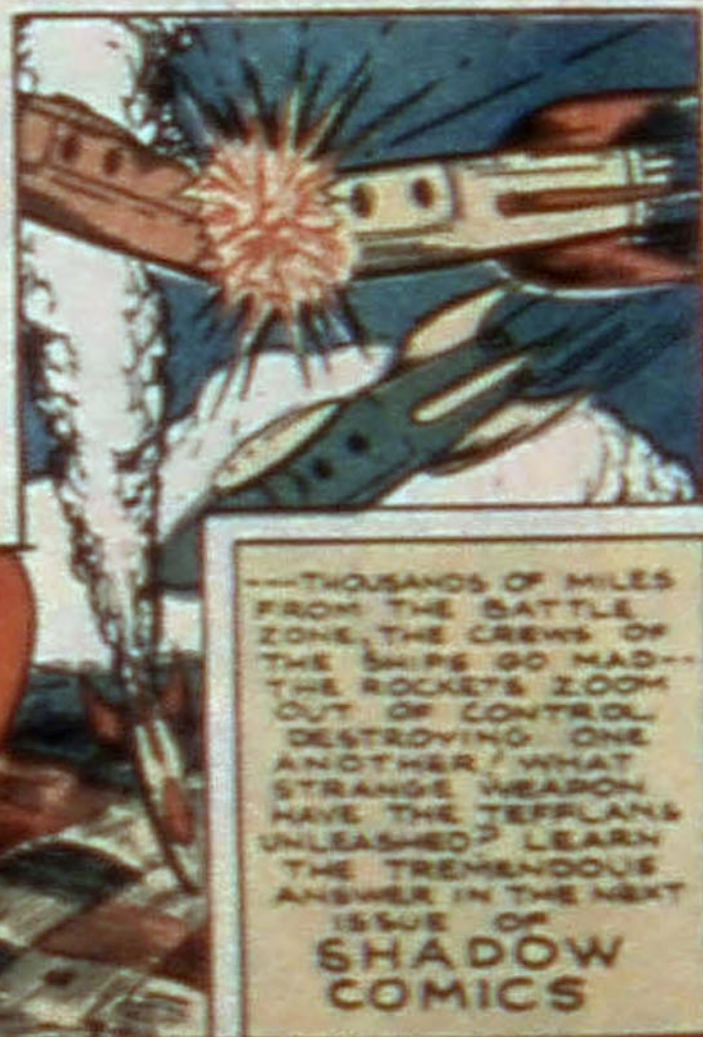
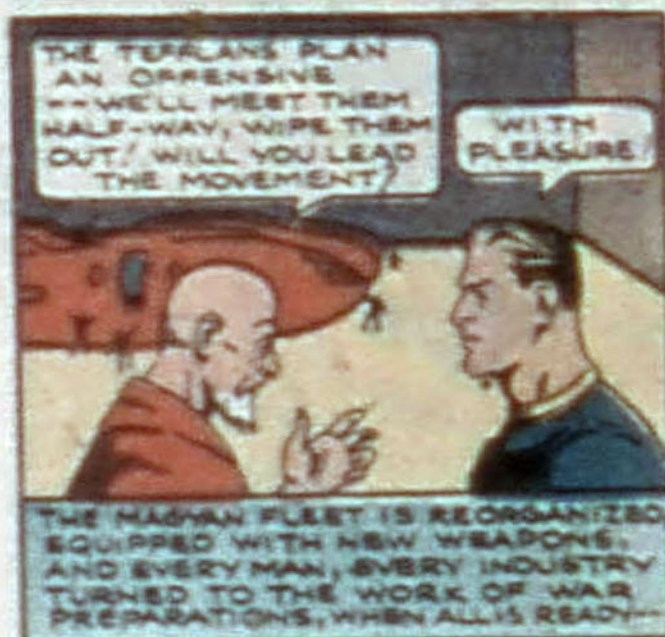
MUNRO EXPLAINS HIS STRATEGY.

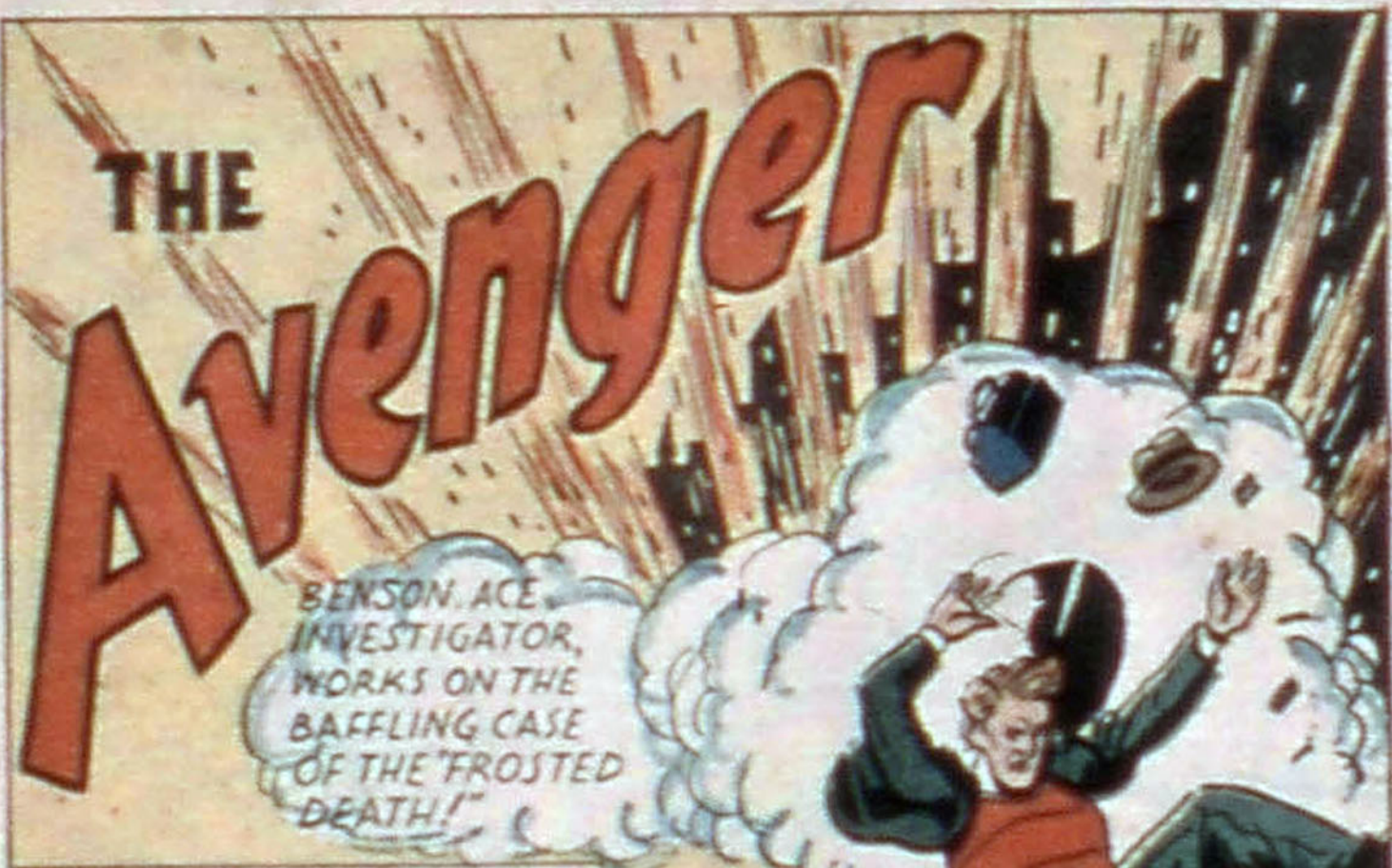
THIS IS THE TRANSLATION OF THE DATA PLATES!

SPENCE, THIS MEANS THAT YOU AND I CAN GO HOME!

AND MAYBE ANTO RAYL!







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



THEN IT SMASHED TO THE GROUND EXPLODING AT HIS FEET!!



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



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

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

WE MUST ACT BEFORE THAT CAPSULE AFFECTS THE WHOLE CITY!





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



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



YA GOTTA GET BENSON!!

CHECK ON BENSON EVERY MINUTE!

BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR BENSON!

CALLING BENSON!!

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



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

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



THIS LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING DEVELOPED BY A LOW FILTHY FIEND!

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



YES! HE LISTENED AT TANGARDIN'S DOOR AS TARGILL BREATHED HIS LAST, HAVING BEEN HIT WITH THE RADIUM NEEDLE!

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



THE SCHEMING VESHNIR, STARTLES THE DAZED SANGARMAN.

DON'T LIE, SANGARMAN! WHY DID YOU KILL TARGILL? WHY?

I KILLED TARGILL!! YOU'RE MAD!!

WIPE MY FINGER-PRINTS FROM THAT RADIUM NEEDLE!

WHY OF COURSE MR. SANGARMAN.

BUT, WILLY VESHNER PLACED IT WHERE THE POLICE WOULD FIND IT! PRINTS AND ALL!

DOC, THIS BENSON, THE AVENGER, IS CERTAINLY A BIG SHOT DETECTIVE!

I DON'T BELIEVE BENSON EVER WORKED ON A CASE HE DIDN'T SOLVE!

IN NO TIME, BENSON WAS ON THE SCENE OF THE GREATEST MYSTERY OF THE DAY.

LOOK DOC, DON'T STALL. BENSON KNOWS EVERYTHING!

WELL, BENSON, IF YOU SAY IT'S MURDER, IT'S CERTAINLY MURDER!!

YES, MURDER! NOTHING BUT!!

EXPERT CHEMISTS JOIN TO ANALYZE THE MYSTERIOUS "FROST DEATH" POWDER. AT BENSON'S REQUEST.

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

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



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



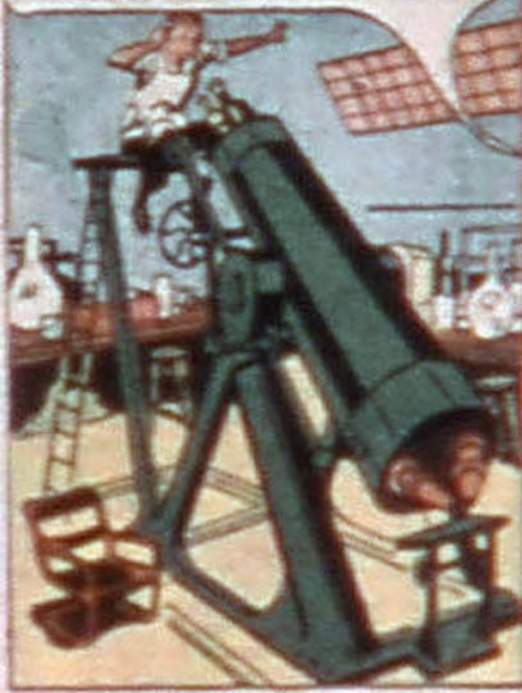
WITH THEIR SUPER-TELEVISION SET "SMITTY" AND "MAC" REPORT TO BENSON.

WELL, WHAT DID YOU FIND OUT SMITTY?

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



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



AND NOW THE DOCTOR IS STRICKEN.

I HAVE WHAT BRAUN DIED OFF!

WHAT? YOU TOO?



HEN'T THERE SOMETHING YOU CAN DO FOR IT, DOCTOR?

NO, I'LL BE DEAD IN SIX HOURS!!



THE EFFECTS OF THE DREAD
FROST POWDER SPREADS.



SANGARMAN BECAME A FUGITIVE, HIDING IN
VESHNIK'S CABIN, DEEP IN THE FORESTS OF MAINE.



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



CLAUDETTE VISITS BENSON.



NELLIE GRAY, A BENSON AIDE, BRINGS
SOME REPORTS.



MISS SANGARMAN I'LL
HELP YOU! I SEE IT'S
MY DUTY!



SMITTY AND BENSON GO FORTH INTO THE MURKY NIGHT FOR CLUES TO THE "FROST DEATH"



EVEN A 12TH FLOOR CAN BE REACHED FROM THE OUTSIDE WHEN BENSON PLANS IT



A PIG IN PANTS----WHY?



THERE WAS A SOUND AT THE DOOR, SOMEONE WAS WORKING AT THE LOCK





WITH A CAREFULLY AIMED KNIFE, BENSON DISARMED THE BOLDEST OF THE GANGSTERS.



A BLACK-JACK KEEPS "SMITTY" FROM HELPING BENSON.



YOUR PARTNER SANGARMAN'S REPUTATION IS GOOD!

HE DID SECRET WORK IN THE LABORATORY! HE TAMPERED WITH OUR BOOKS AND HELPED HIM WITH MONEY! I DON'T THINK HE KILLED TARGILL!



OLD TAYLOR, WHOSE MILLIONS YESHNIK PLOTTED TO ANNEX, IS FOUND DEAD ON HIS GREAT ESTATE.





Learn how to
**FLY A
 MODEL
 AIRPLANE
 RIGHT!**



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

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

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

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

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

BILL BARNES

79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me one of each of the four lessons which you now supply to schools, and no full data on the prices you quote on the models which form part of the lessons and a copy of the world's largest aviation magazine, AIR TRAILS, which also forms part of the lessons and which sells for 15c the copy. I am enclosing 10c to cover cost of mailing and wrapping for which, I understand, you will send me everything promised.

NAME _____

TITLE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

He wasn't even a rookie.

but he proved what

cops are made of!

MURDER IN UNIFORM

by NORMAN A. DANIELS



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

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

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

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

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

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

He spotted the two men, and crouched slightly when two others emerged from an abandoned house. The man with the brief case thrust his right hand toward his hip pocket.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Soon he was out of range of anyone. To find his target, the gunman would have to step outside—and McLaren fervently hoped he would try it.

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

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

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

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

McLaren raced up the stairs himself.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then he slid down the banister again and darted outside.

McLaren tasted a rope hang-

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



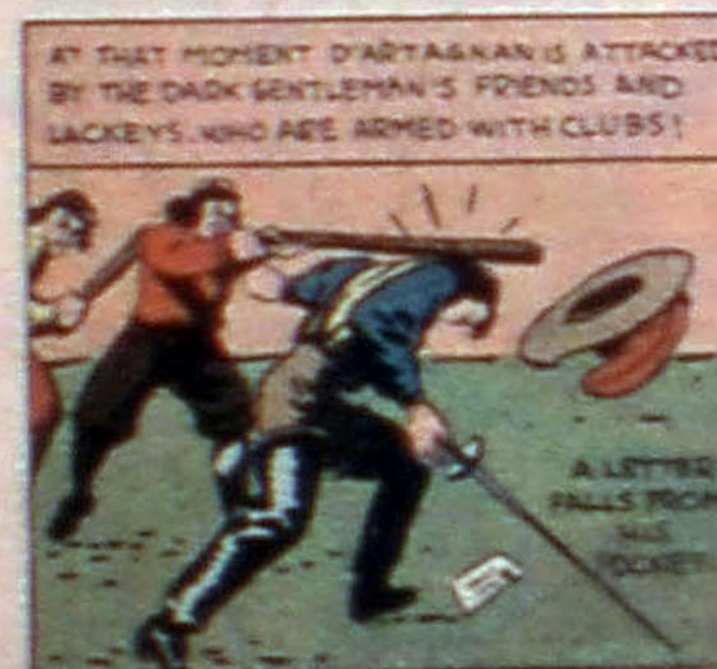
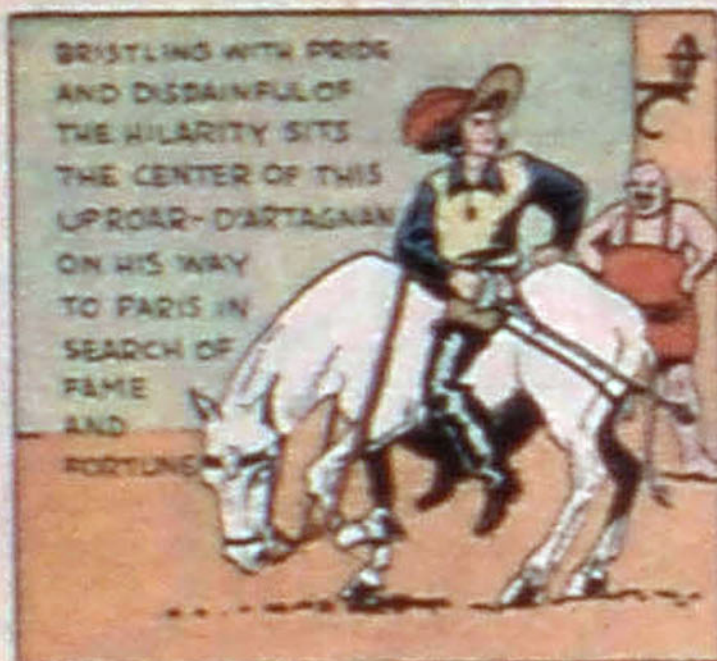
D'ARTAGNAN

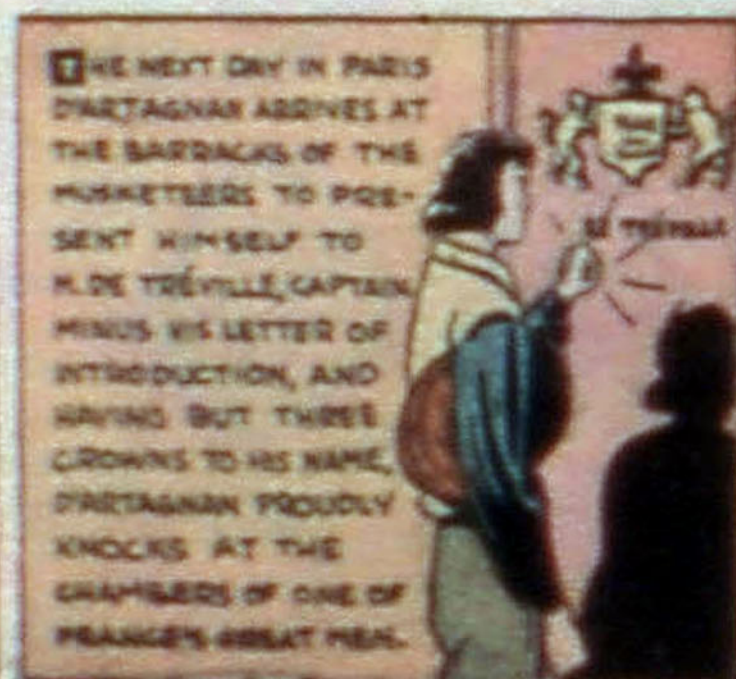
*and the***Three
Musketeers***visualizing the story by*

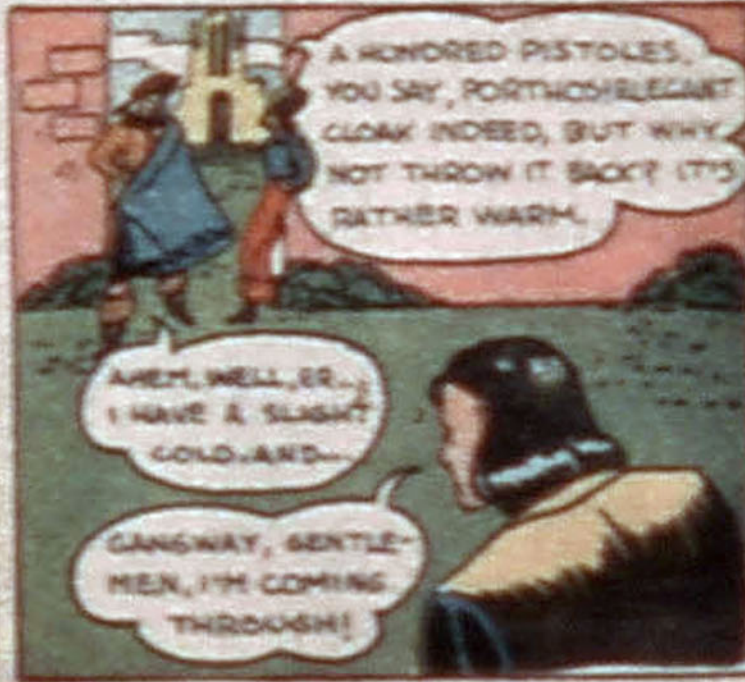
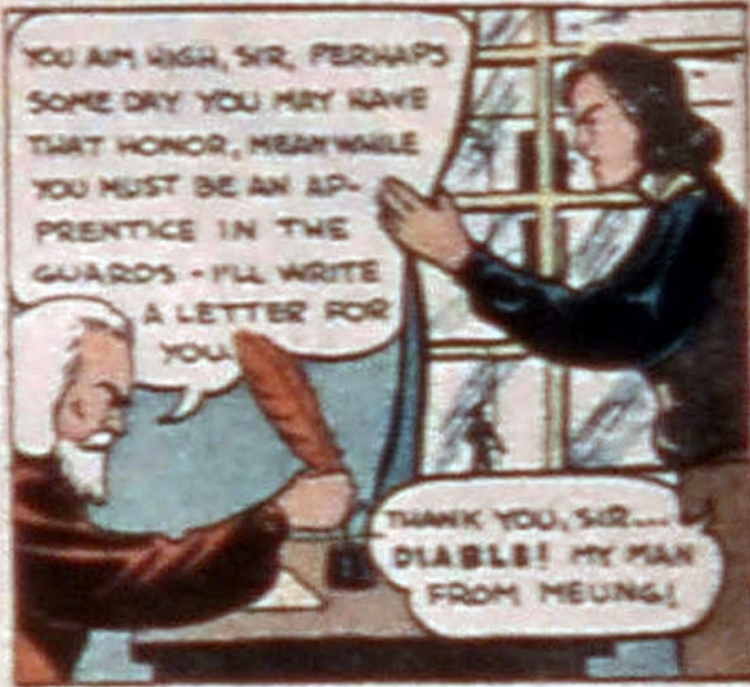
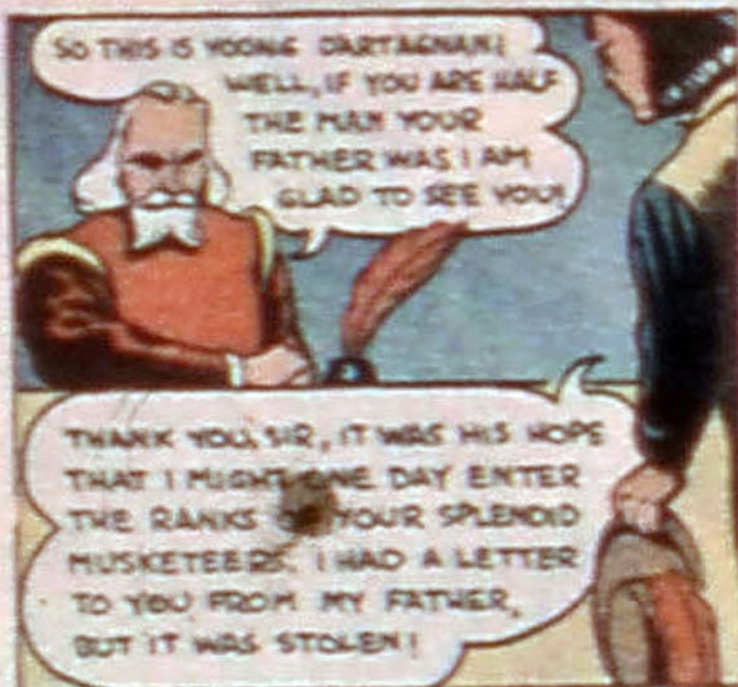
ALEXANDER DUMAS

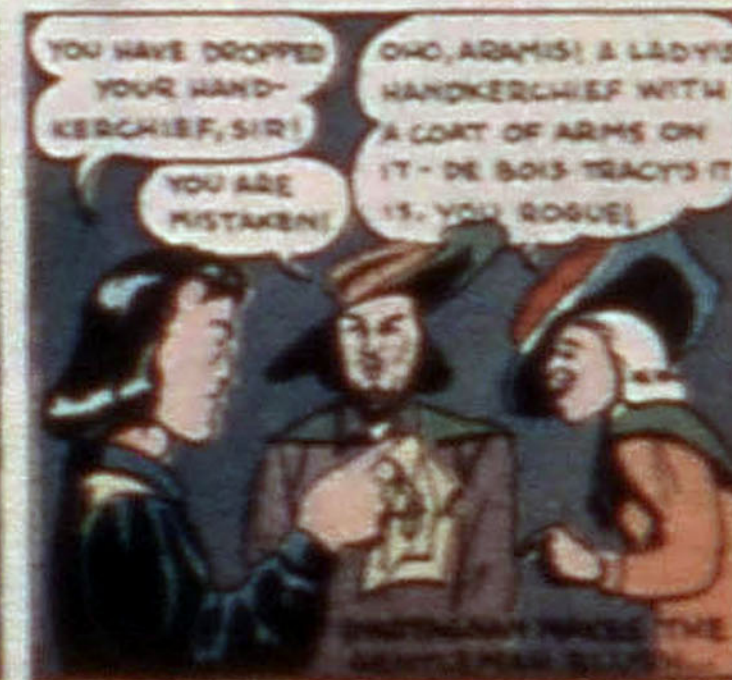
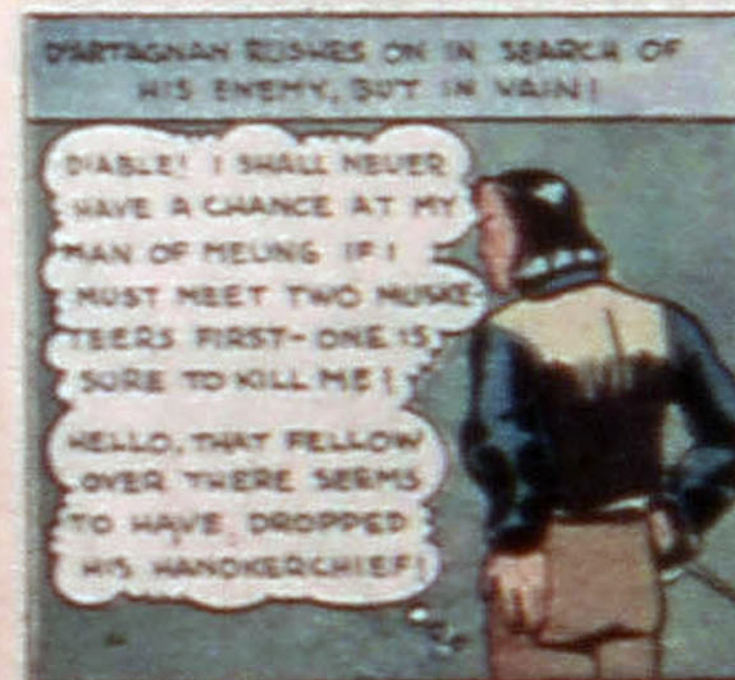
ONE MORNING IN APRIL 1625 FINDS THE LITTLE
TOWN OF MEUNG, FRANCE IN A COMPLETE STATE
OF UPROAR











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

CERTAINLY, WILL TWO O'CLOCK BE SUITABLE?

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



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

COWARD!

APOLOGIES?

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

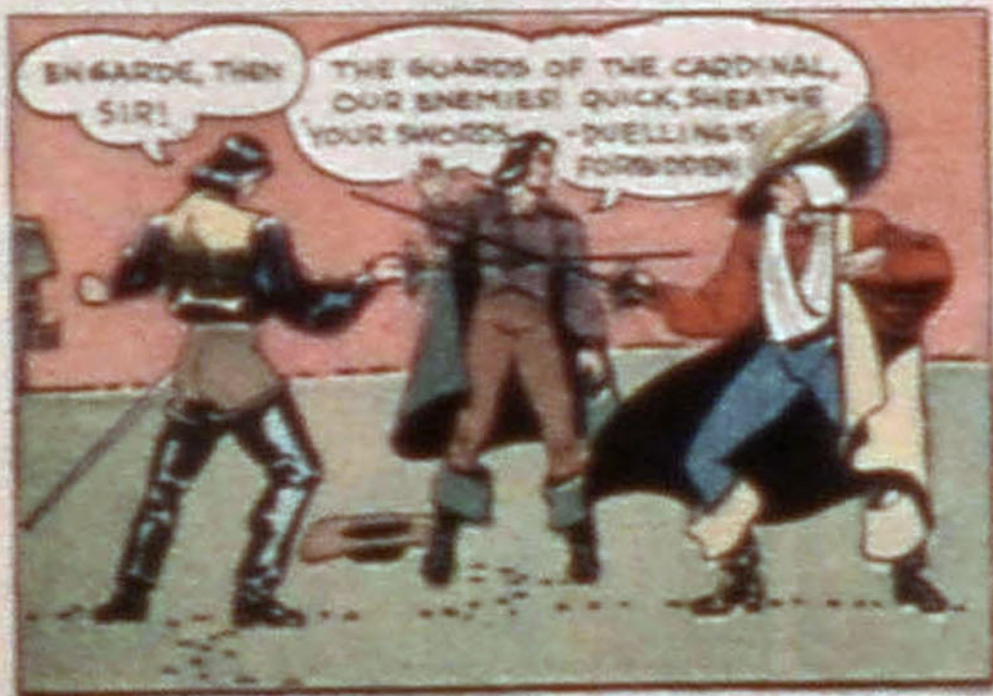
NOBLY SPOKEN, SIR. IF DEATH SPARES US I HOPE WE MAY BECOME FRIENDS!

EN GARDE, THEN SIR!

THE GUARDS OF THE CARDINAL, OUR ENEMIES! QUICK, SHEATH YOUR SWORDS - DUELLING IS FORBIDDEN!

JUSSAL, LEADER OF THE CARDINAL'S GUARDS SPEAKS:

GENTLEMEN, YOU ARE UNDER ARREST - THE YOUTH MAY GO!





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



JOSSAC EXPECTS TO BEAT DOWN THE YOUTH WITH A WITHERING ATTACK BUT D'ARTAGNAN IS TOO NIMBLE!



JOSSAC, IMPATIENT AND ENRAGED, MAKES VICIOUS LUNGE AFTER LUNGE! FINALLY HE OVERSTEPS HIMSELF...



BEFORE WE CAN RECOVER...



D'ARTAGNAN RUSHES TO THE AID OF ATHOS WHOSE WOUND IS BLEEDING AGAIN

TURN, SIR! I MEAN TO KILL YOU!



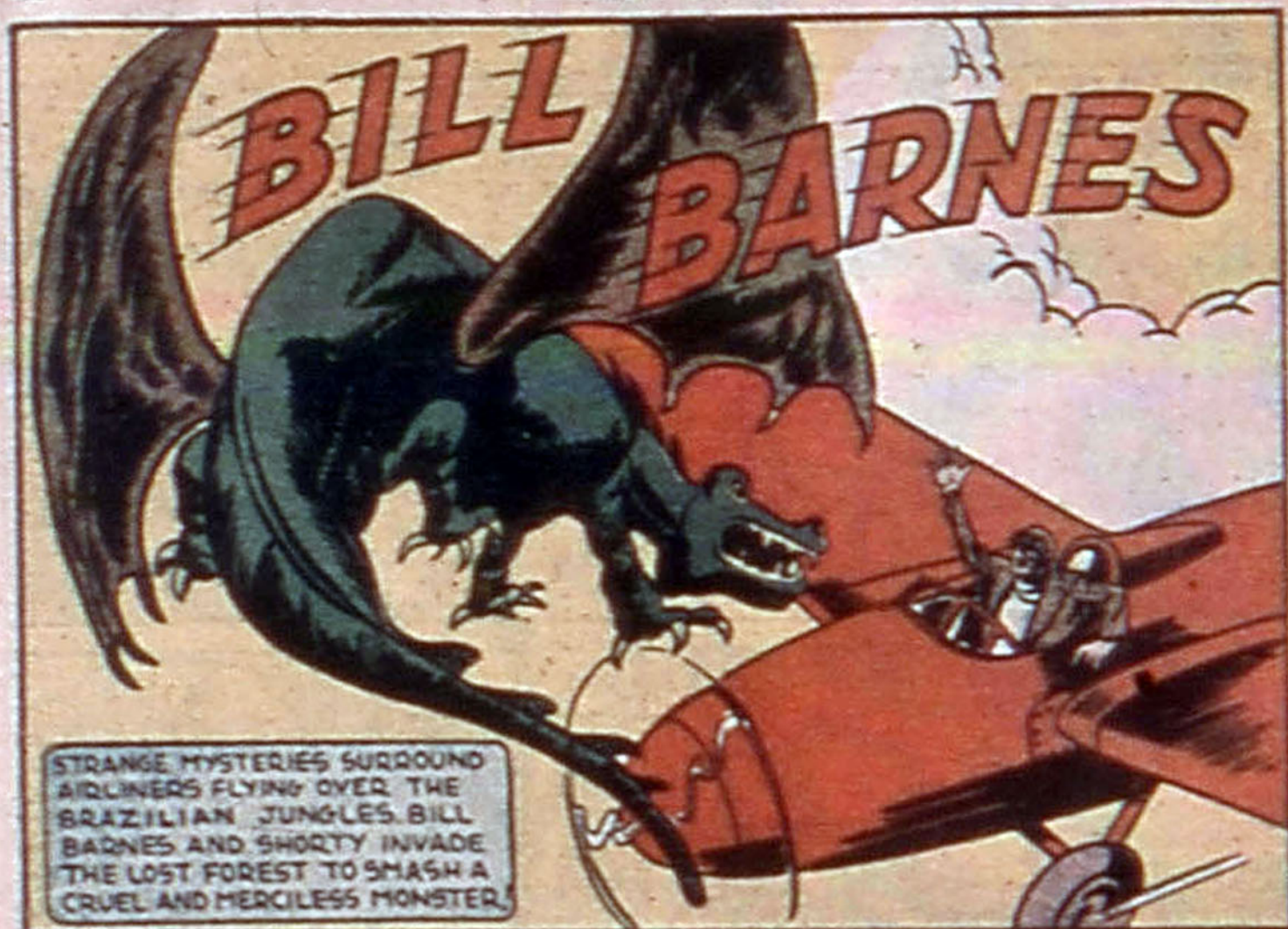


IN THE NEXT ISSUE THE THRILLS ARE PLenty

- DOES THE VILLAINOUS
CARDINAL GET REVENGE
ON DARTAGNAN?
- DOES THE BEAUTIFUL
AND MYSTERIOUS
MILADY LEAD THE
MUSKETEERS TO DUNE?

SEE NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE

Shirley Gandy



EARLY THE NEXT DAY, THEY TAKE OFF FROM BARNES' FIELD.



WHAT'S YOUR GUESS ON ALL THIS MYSTERY?

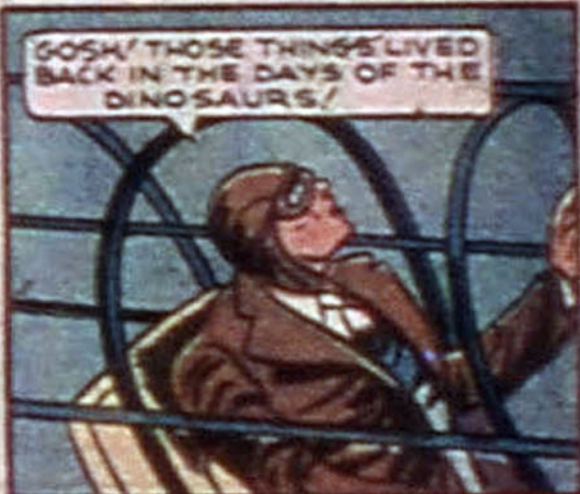
WE'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH!



GREAT GUNS! THERE'S A FLYING LIZARD!



GOSH! THOSE THINGS LIVED BACK IN THE DAYS OF THE DINOSAURS!



OVER THE MASSIVE JUNGLES THEY SIGHT A MONSTROUS PTERODACTYL...A CREATURE FROM THE WORLD OF THE PAST!

LOOK OUT, IT'S ATTACKING US!

WHAT TH--!



IN A FLASH THE WINGED MONSTER HURLS ITSELF AGAINST THE PLANE.

I'VE GOT TO SHAKE HIM OFF SO WE CAN SHOOT HIM!

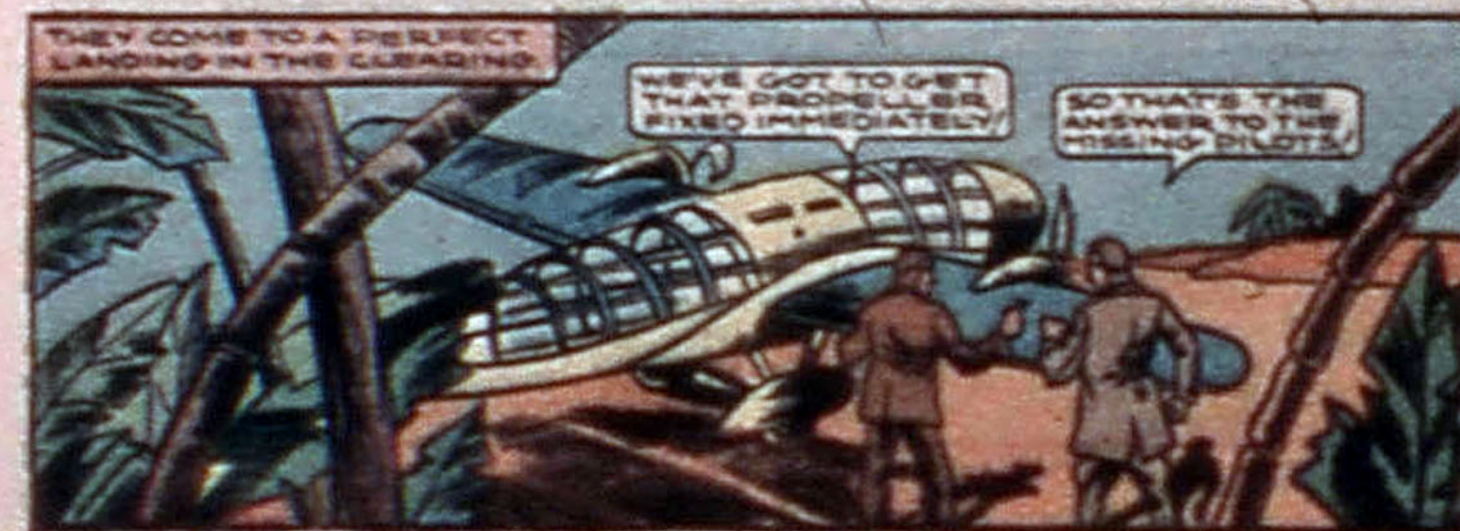


THE HORRIBLE CREATURE HANGS TO THE PLANE AS BILL TURNS A FLIP!

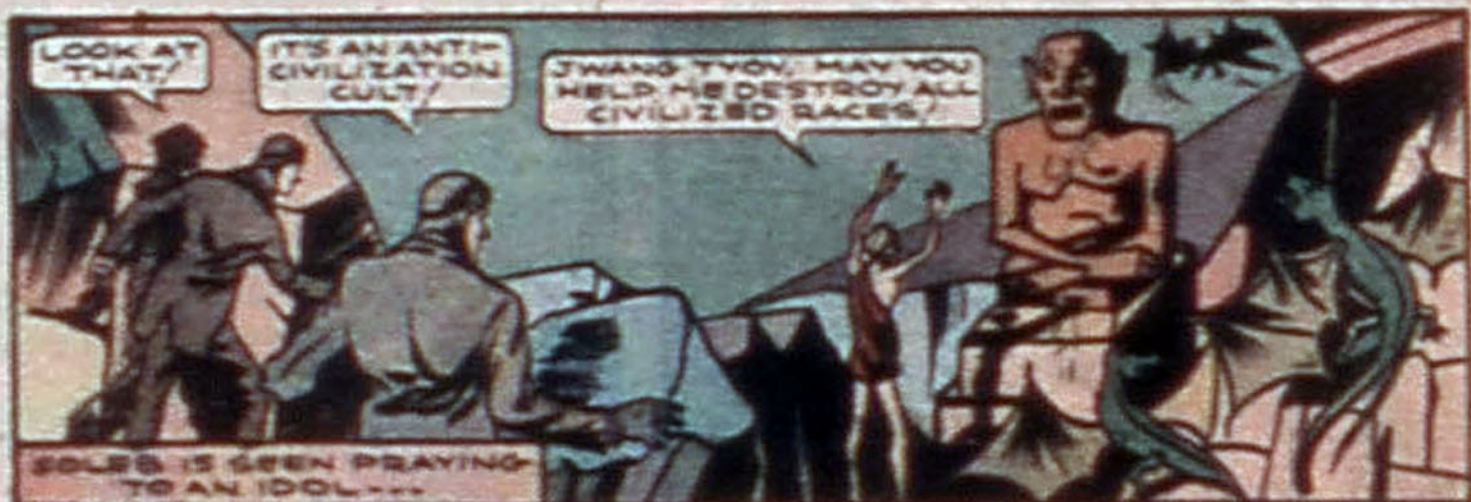
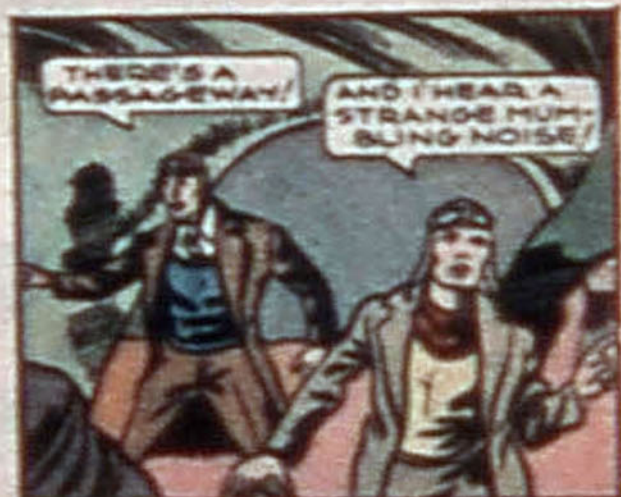
LET'S SEE HOW HE LIKES GOOD OLD AMERICAN BULLETS!

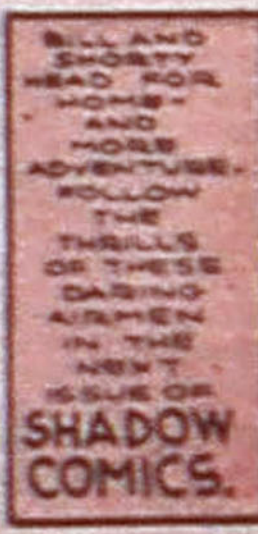
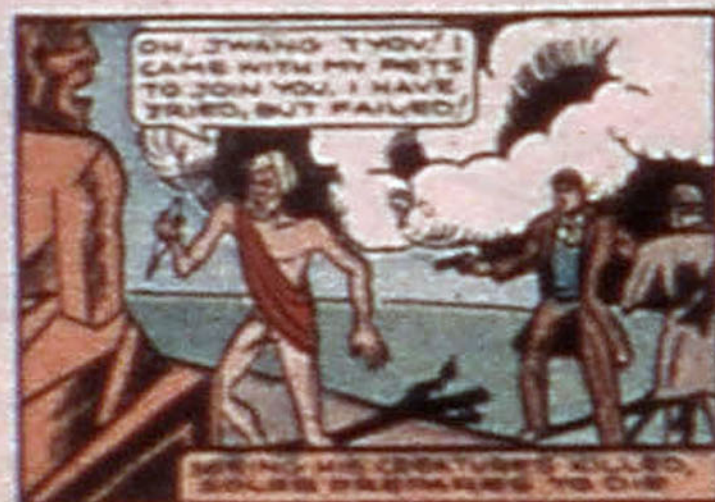


COMING OUT OF THE LOOP, BILL ZOOMS UPWARD AND SHATTERS THE GIANT LIZARD WITH BULLETS!









Frank MERRIWELL'S VACATION

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

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

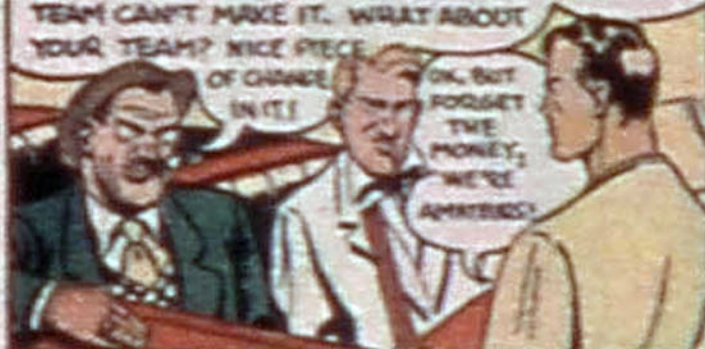


A HIGH-POWERED CAR PULLS UP

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

OF CHANCE IN IT!

OK, BUT FORGET THE MONEY, WE'RE AFRAID!



SO THAT'S THE GREAT BLACKIE MELROSE!



YES, A THOROUGH SCOUNDREL! ASK LOLA BROWNELL WHEN YOU VISIT THE BROWNELL PLACE TO SEE INEZ!

THAT NIGHT FRANK VISITS INEZ AT THE RUNDOWN BROWNELL PLANTATION. HERE RESIDE LOLA, HER BROTHER DICK AND HER GUEST, INEZ.

LOLA, WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT BLACKIE MELROSE? WE PLAY HIS CHAMPS TO-MORROW!

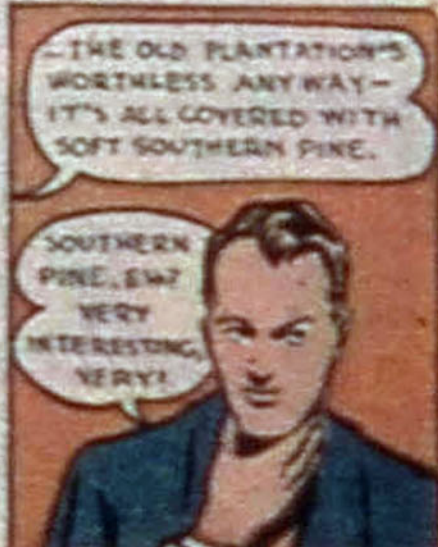
HE'S A MURDERER! HE KILLED MAH FATHER! THEY SAID IT WAS SUICIDE, BUT YESTERDAY AH FOUND EVIDENCE THAT...

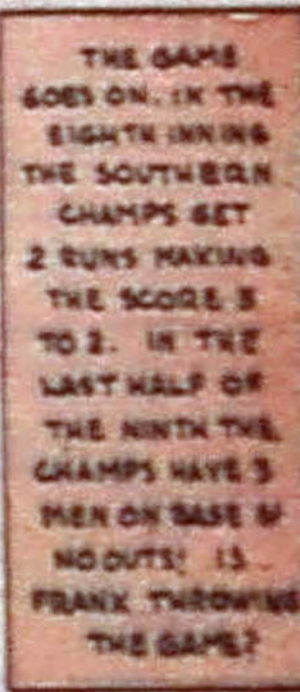
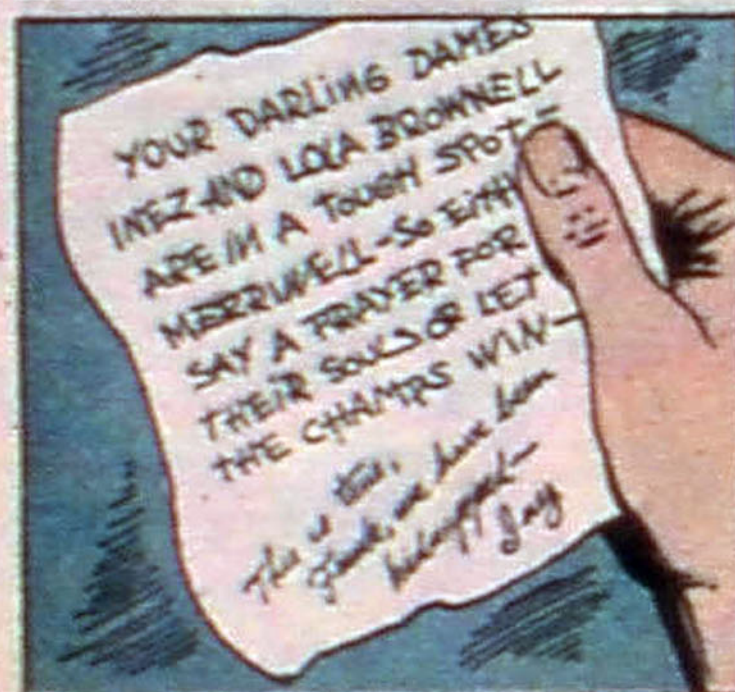
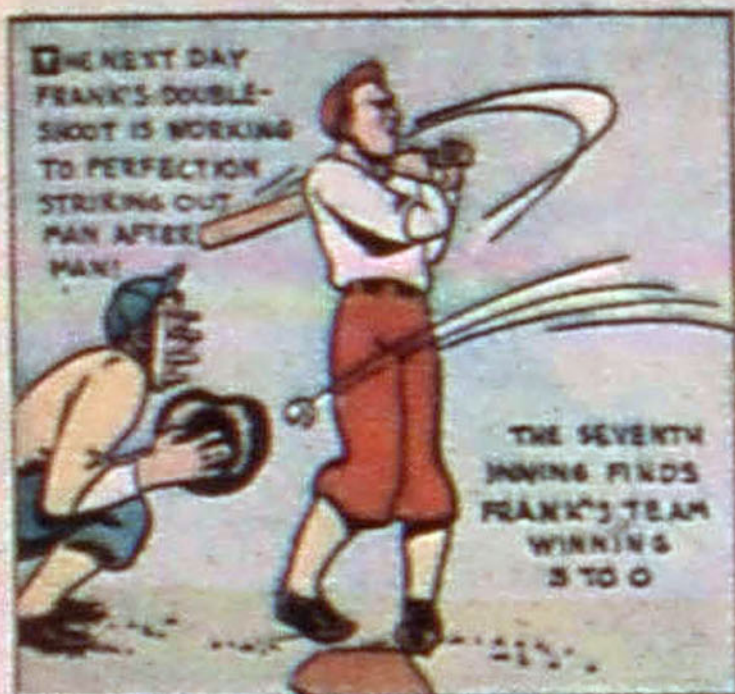
SHUT UP, SIS! FRANK, AH SURE HOPE YOU ALL WIN TOMORROW, AH BET THE WHOLE PLANTATION AGAINST BLACKIE'S \$1000 THAT YOUR TEAM WILL WIN THE GAME! OF COURSE...

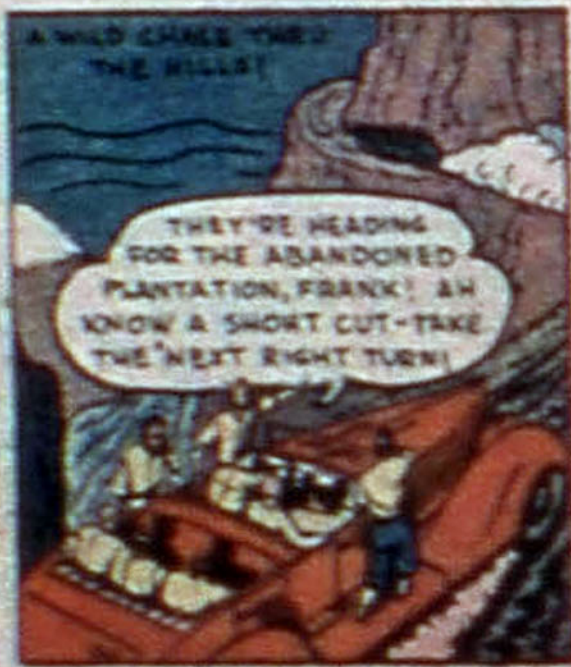
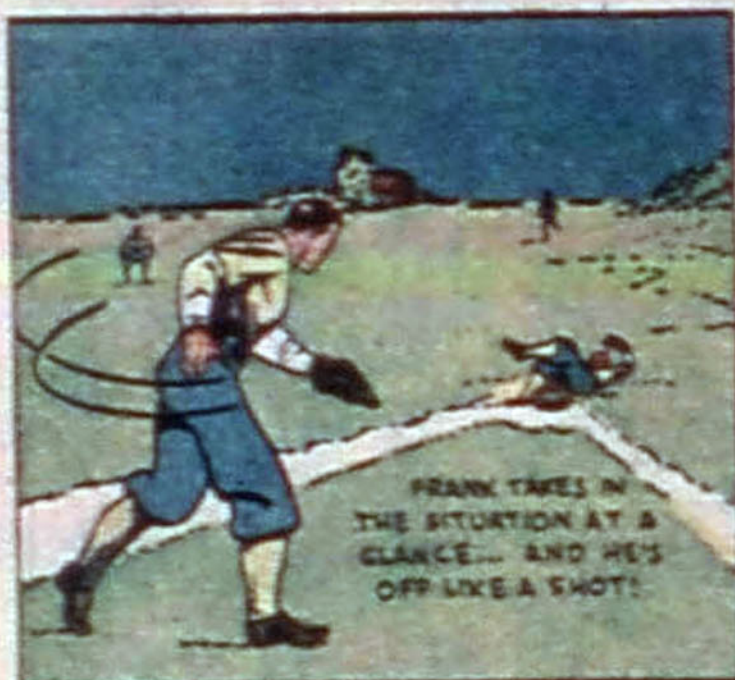


THE OLD PLANTATION'S WORTHLESS ANYWAY—IT'S ALL COVERED WITH SOFT SOUTHERN PINE.

SOUTHERN PINE, EWT VERY INTERESTING, VERY!







THEY ARRIVE JUST IN TIME TO HEAD THE GANGSTERS OFF!



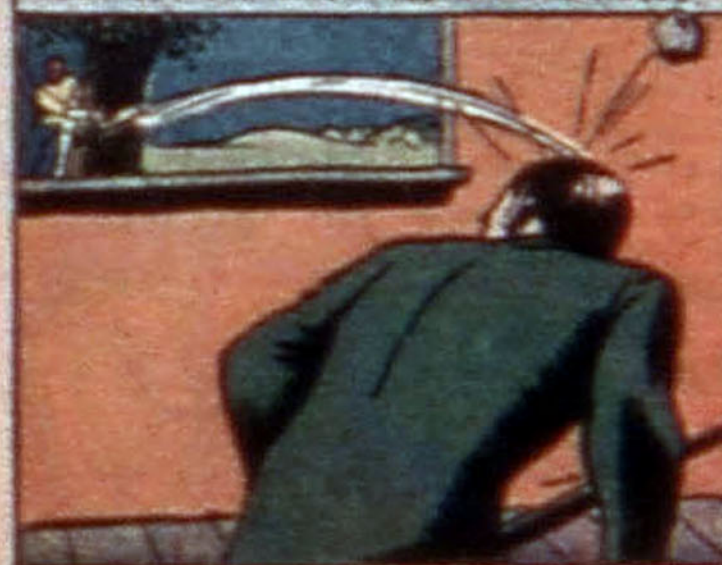
AS FRANK RACES TOWARD THE HOUSE
A SHOT RINGS OUT! A BULLET SKIMS
HIS CHEEK!



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



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



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





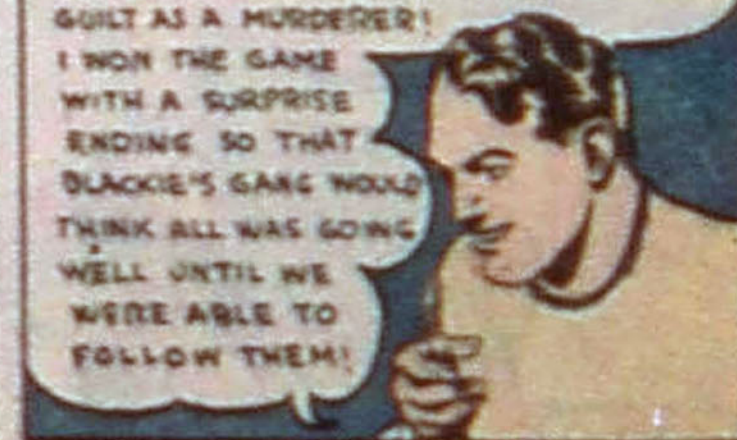
JACK DIAMOND AND THE REST OF THE TEAM COME IN BRUISED BUT TRIUMPHANT AS FRANK RELEASES THE GIRLS

EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT FRANK? BOY THIS WAS FUN, BUT TELL ME FRANK WHERE DID YOU GET THE MEET TO WIN THE GAME IN THE FACE OF THAT NOTE THREATENING THE GIRLS' LIVES?



FOR TWO REASONS, JACK! IN THE FIRST PLACE THE BROWNELL PLANTATION WAS AT STAKE AND FAR FROM BEING WORTHLESS IT IS VERY VALUABLE! THERE'S A NEW PROCESS THAT MAKES PAPER OUT OF SOUTHERN PINE, AND...

... BLACKIE KNEW THIS! SECOND- WHEN I HEARD THAT BLACKIE HAD LOLA AND INEZ I KNEW HE WOULD TRY TO KILL THEM WHETHER I WON THE GAME OR NOT BECAUSE SHE HAD EVIDENCE OF HIS GUILT AS A MURDERER! I WON THE GAME WITH A SURPRISE ENDING SO THAT BLACKIE'S GANG WOULD THINK ALL WAS GOING WELL UNTIL WE WERE ABLE TO FOLLOW THEM!



NICK CARTER

SUPER SLEUTH

MIDNIGHT-



THE KID
MUST STILL
BE ASLEEP!

YEA! THIS
IS THE
EASIEST
SNATCH WE
EVER MADE!



SHE
SITTING
IN THE
BACK OF
THE
CAR - AN'
I MADE
SURE NO
OTHER
CLUES
WAS LEFT
BEHIND, EITHER!

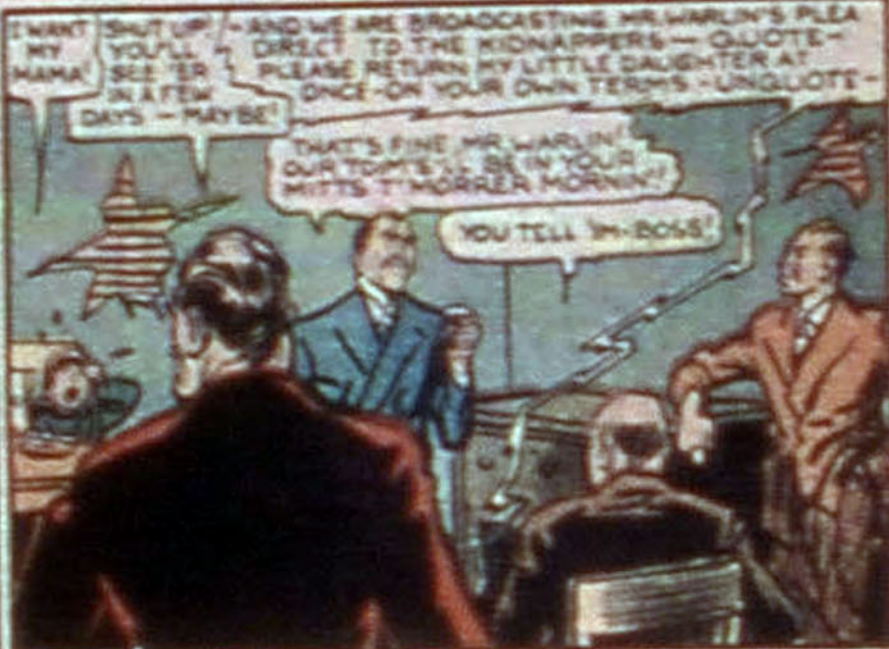
EVERYTHIN'
IS WORKIN'
PERFECTLY!

THE FOLDIN' LADDER'S
IN THE BACK OF THE
CAR - AN' I MADE
SURE NO OTHER
CLUES WAS LEFT
BEHIND, EITHER!

**7 A.M. EXTRA! EXTRA!
ELAINE WARLIN
KIDNAPPED! EXTRA!**



MEANWHILE

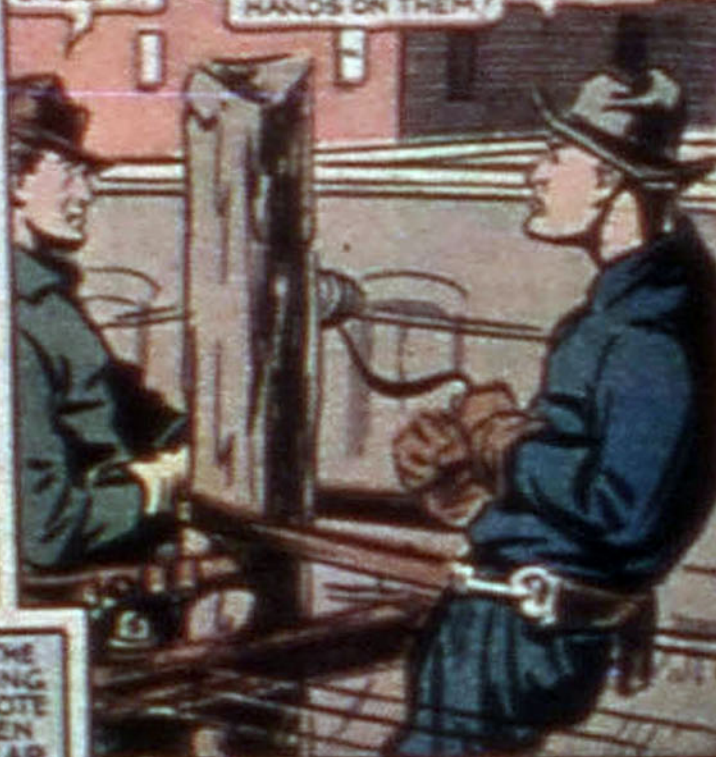


11 A.M. - THE MAIN TOPIC OF CONVERSATION -

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



AND WITH ELECTIONS COMING UP - I'M AFRAID THIS KIDNAPPING WON'T HELP THE D.A. - UNLESS THE RATS ARE CAUGHT!
NOW I'D LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON THEM!



I SEE WHERE THE PAPERS ARE BLASTING THE POLICE AND THE D.A. -
WHAT CAN THEY DO? NO CLUES - NO LEADS!



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

IF YOU WANT YOUR DAUGHTER BACK - WRAP UP 250 GRAND IN SMALL BILLS AND HAND THE PACKAGE OVER THE NORTH - WEST CORNER WALL OF ROCKLAWN CEMETERY AT 4 A.M. TOMORROW - KEEP THIS FROM THE COPS IF YOU REALLY WANT YOUR DAUGHTER TO LIVE



8 A.M.

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



11 A.M.—IN THE D.A.'S OFFICE

—AND I'M TERRIBLY SORRY ABOUT THE PUBLICITY GIVEN TO YOUR ASSIGNMENT TO THIS CASE, NICK. AND I DON'T FOR THE LIFE OF ME—KNOW HOW THE NEWS LEAKED OUT OF THIS OFFICE!

WELL—IT'S TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT NOW, D.A. BUT DON'T WORRY—I'LL GET BY.



I'M EXPECTING COMPANY TONIGHT—SO LEAVE SEVERAL EXTRA PILLOWS IN MY ROOM—AND TAKE THE REST OF THE DAY OFF!

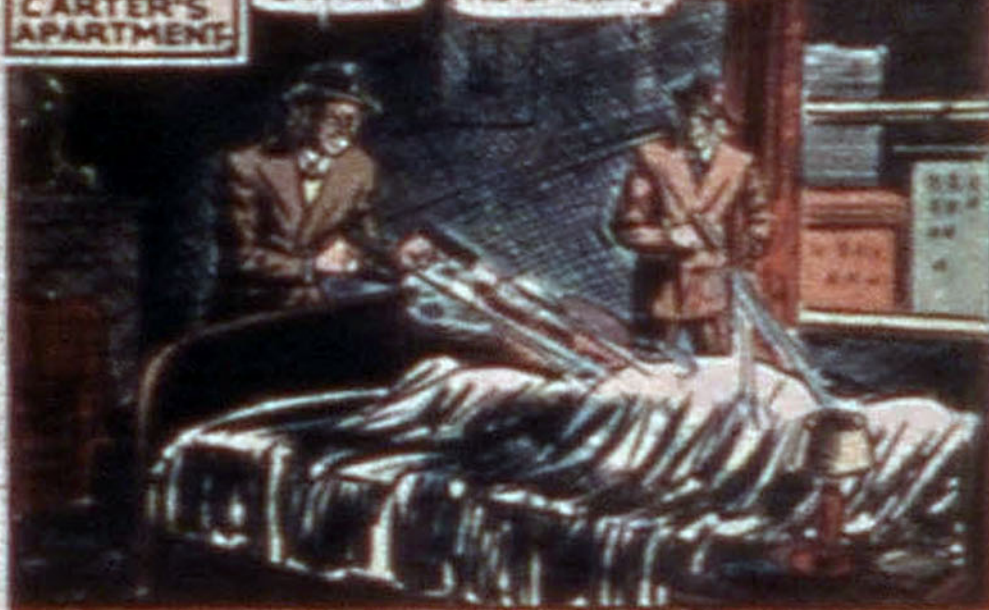
YES, SIR! THANK YOU, MR. CARTER.



LATE THAT NIGHT IN CARTER'S APARTMENT

NOW LET'S SEE Y'GET US, CARTER!

WE SOOT'NLY HAD NO TROUBLE IN GETTIN' RID OF HIM!





I'VE GOT TO GET TO MY LABORATORY FOR THE AMYLTHIOCYANATE! IT'S MY ONLY ALTERNATIVE FOR QUICK ACTION!



THANKS! AND THIS TEN DOLLAR BILL WOULD LIKE TO JOIN YOU TOO-IF YOU CAN GET TO THE CITY IN A HURRY!



MAN! AN' JUS' CRAVES THAT KIND OF COMPANY! HERE YOU CAN HAVE THE WHEEL, MAN, YOU CAN HAVE THE WHEEL!

ONE HOUR LATER- IN HIS LAB-ORATORY-



AH- HERE'S THE AMYLTHIOCYANATE - AND PLENTY OF IT- TOO!

AT THE WARLIN ESTATE

MR. WARLIN, MEET NICK CARTER- THE FAMOUS DETECTIVE WORKING WITH US

OH- HAVE YOU ANY NEWS OF MY LITTLE ELAINE, MR. CARTER? MY POOR-

SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT, MR. WARLIN. NOW I'D LIKE TO BE ALONE WITH YOU- THE RANSOM MONEY AND SOME GLOVES!



-MY BABY! MY POOR BABY-



I'M QUITE SURE THIS AMYLTHIOCYANATE WILL ENABLE US TO CAPTURE THE KIDNAPPERS AND RETURN YOUR CHILD VERY SOON, MR. WARLIN. IF YOU'LL CO-OPERATE, NOW IF YOU WILL PLEASE PLACE THAT MONEY HERE - THEN PUT ON YOUR GLOVES.



- NOW AS I FINISH WITH EACH PACK OF BILLS, MR. WARLIN, YOU WRAP THEM UP INTO ONE LARGE PACKAGE! THE KIDNAPPERS MUST HANDLE THIS MONEY - SO KEEP YOUR RENDEZVOUS WITH THEM TONIGHT - ALONE! WE MUST HAVE NO INTERFERENCE!



I'LL DO ANYTHING TO GET MY CHILD BACK, MR. CARTER!

THE RANSOM MONEY IS ALL PREPARED WITH AMYLTHIOCYANATE AND WARLIK ALONE IS DELIVERING IT TO THE KIDNAPPERS IN CARTER IS PHONING THE POLICE-

-AND LISTEN-PLACE TWO MEN AT EVERY GAS STATION IN THIS VICINITY! WE'VE TAKEN CARE OF THE ROADS WITH TROOPS THE KIDNAPPERS' TROOPS WILL NEED ATTENTION-NOW HERE FOR FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS-

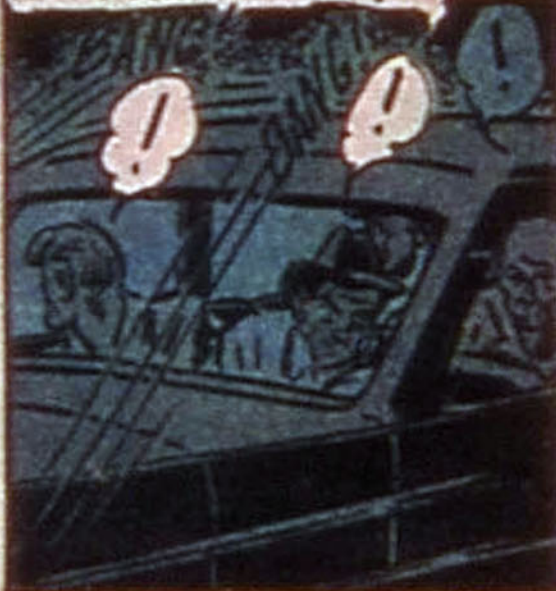


HERE IS THE RANSOM MONEY-ALL OF IT AS ORDERED! NOW WHERE IS MY DAUGHTER?



YOU'LL GET HER BACK - AFTER WE CHECK THE DOUGH!

IT'S ALL HERE, HUGS! TWO HUNDRED NINETY FIFTY GRAND! WE -



PITCHER RODES AWAY! TWO FLATS!! IT'S ONLY A COUPLE FLATS!



WE ONLY GOT ONE SPARE!

HE MUST BE RED ON THE FINGERS! HE'S TIPPING HIS HAT!

YEH! THAT'S OUR SIGNAL! COME ON! LET'S GET THEM!



PECK'S SERVICE STATION

SUMPIN'S SCREWY WITH THEM TIRES! TWO FLATS AT ONCE!

YES, SIR!



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

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



WELL, HERE THEY ARE, MR. WARLINT! AND THERE'LL BE NO TROUBLE IN FORCING THEM TO TAKE YOU TO YOUR DAUGHTER—

OH, THANK YOU, MR. CARTER! THANK YOU! I SHALL NEVER FORGET THIS!

LATER—BACK IN THE D.A.'S OFFICE—

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



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



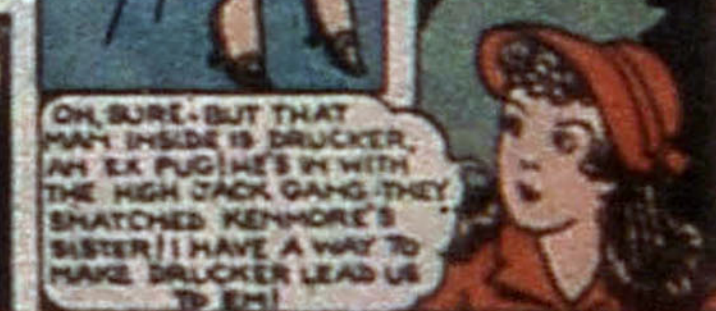
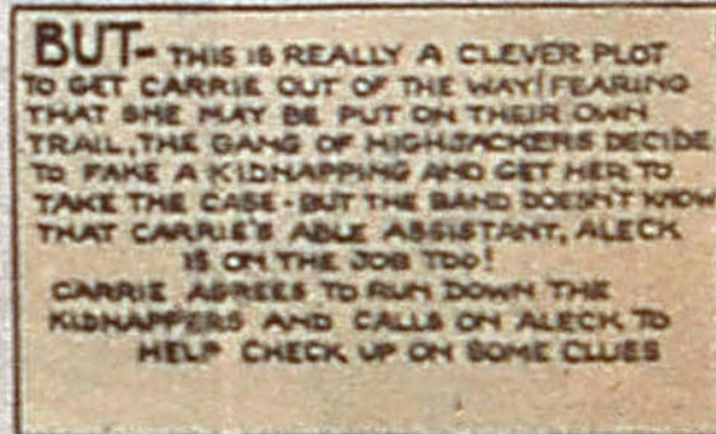
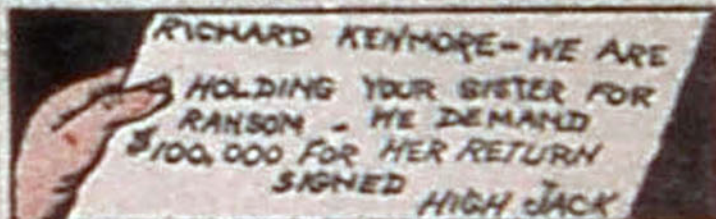
—IT WAS THE AMYLTHIOCYANATE THAT REALLY DID THE JOB! YOU SEE— NO MAN'S HAND IS FREE OF IRON DUST— WHICH— WHEN MIXED WITH THIS POWDER— CAUSES THE HAND TO TURN RED—



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



NICK CARTER IS FACED WITH ONE OF THE MOST DAFFLING CASES OF HIS LONG CAREER— IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **SHADOW COMICS**



SEATED IN THE LOUNGE OF THE HOTEL, DRUCKER, EX PUG, LOOKS OVER THE RACING FORM

CARRIE HITS HIM FULL IN THE FACE WITH HER BAG! THE PLACE IS IN AN UPROAR!

WHY YOU!

SAY—! YOU SOOKED ME FOR NUTHIN'!

HE PINCHED ME! HE PINCHED MY LEG—THE LOAFER!

OH YEH? G'WAN PROVE IT! G'WAN!

I WILL! BUT TO THE TELEPHONE OPERATOR—BACK OF THE SWITCH BOARD!

HE DID IT, ALL RIGHT! IT'S A AWFUL BIG BRUISE!

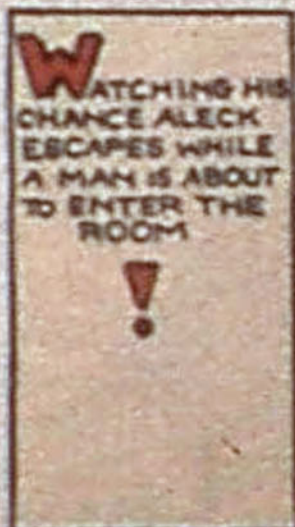
NO—I HATE PUBLICITY! JUST LET ME POWDER MY NOSE!

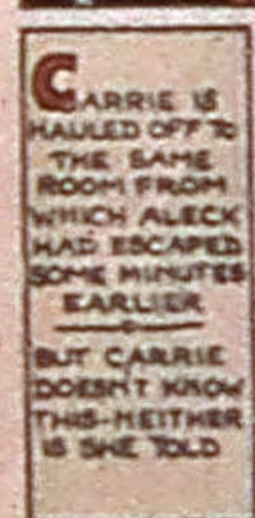
I'M THE HOUSE DICK, GIRLIE—WANT TO MAKE A CHARGE?

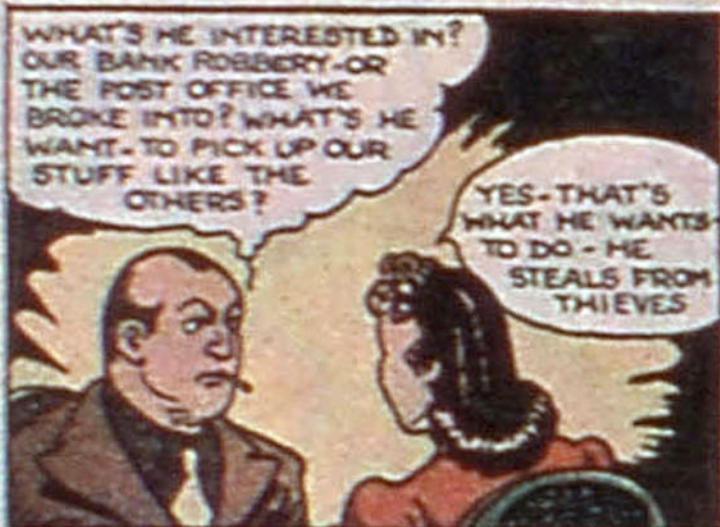
CARRIE FUMBLER IN HER BAG—AND DROPS HER BADGE

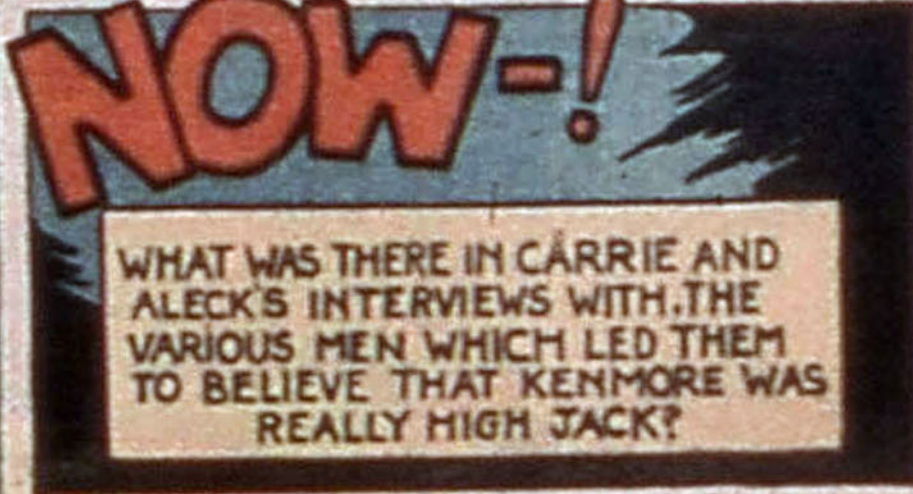
A COP!

AND THE PUG BREAKS AWAY!









Become a Shadow Detective

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

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

THE PROBLEM:

First, here's one of the clues which caused Carrie to become suspicious that Kennore was actually HIGH JACK—

When Carrie and Alack were caught and questioned by the gang, no one mentioned kidnapping. Yet, kidnapping was the main crime they had committed. That caused Carrie to question Kennore's truthfulness.

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

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

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

Now, answer the problem in this month's Shadow. The Judges will select the 100 best 50-word answers and award the prizes. Mail your card not later than May 30, 1940, to:

SHADOW COMICS

77 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.





Photograph through the window of EXTENDING-CHILDREN'S MATTER.

The most exciting adventure story of all time

TREASURE ISLAND

by ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

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● A Doc Savage Adventure

that contains enough thrills to
satisfy anyone. Doc's rescue
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