

DOCTOR DEATH

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MYSTERY NOVEL
FOR 15c

THRILL
WITH
Dr. Death
IN HIS
FIGHT WITH—

MARCH
15c



“THE GRAY CREATURES”

ANNOUNCING AMAZING TYPEWRITER BARGAIN

BRAND NEW MODEL No. 5
REMINGTON
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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE



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Please tell me how I can buy a new Remington portable typewriter
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J. E. SMITH, President

National Radio Institute, Dept. 5CF,
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The Tested Way to BETTER PAY

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DOCTOR DEATH

Vol. 1

CONTENTS FOR MARCH, 1935

No. 2

Book-Length Doctor Death Novel

THE GRAY CREATURES

The story of a terrible science, transcribed from the devil's notebook

by ZORRO 8

Walking cadavers! Blood-thirsty, nauseous gray creatures! In the dank tombs of Egypt where he seeks the secret of resurrection, Doctor Death strikes at his pursuers with the terrible inventions of his warped brain. This gripping account of a brave detective's struggle against a scientific fiend is packed with thrills and horror.

Terror-Mystery Short Stories

THE MAN WHO DIDN'T EXIST . Arthur J. Burks 104

An invisible killer panics a city.

"I AM DEAD!" Harold Ward 112

Time rolls backward, swamp monstrosities from a world in formation battle for a meal of living men.

Features And Doctor Death Contest

\$50.00 IN CASH PRIZES Editor 6

Tell us who killed Ruth Strong and earn cash for your detective efforts.

THE SHRIVELING MURDERS Zorro 103

An advance thrill from next month's Doctor Death novel.

CURSE OF THE WITCH DOCTOR (True Feature)
Ernest H. Barbour 124

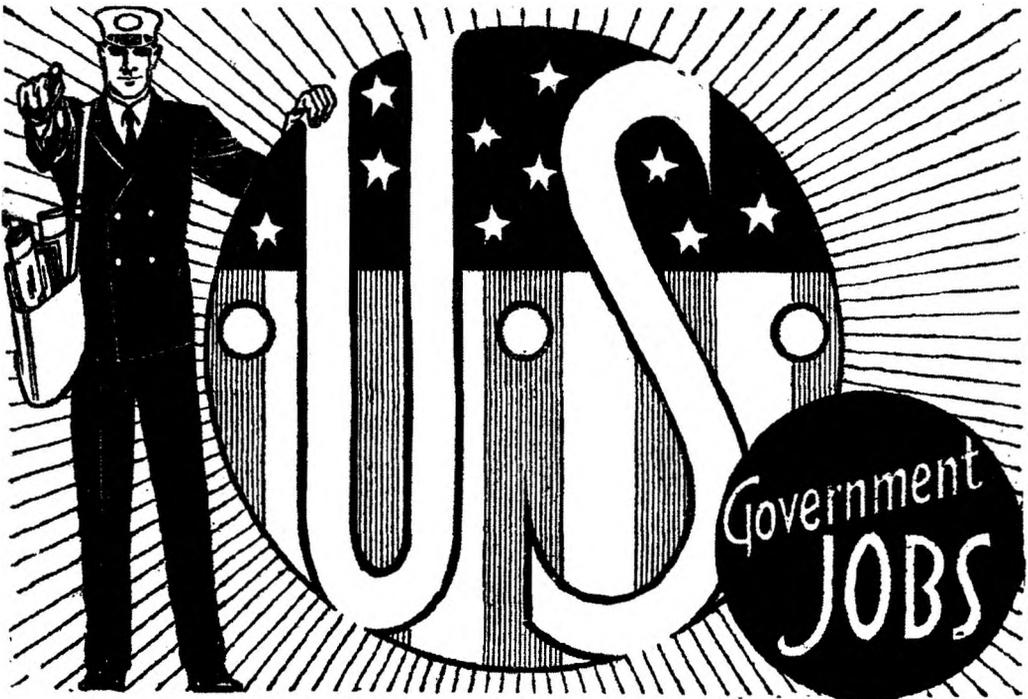
A former soldier in West Africa tells of his experiences with the voodoo men.

"FOOD FOR THE GRAY CREATURES!" . . Rudolph Zirn

Cover illustration from the novel "The Gray Creatures."

Published monthly and copyrighted 1935 by the Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. G. T. Delacorte, Jr., President; H. Meyer, Vice-President; J. Fred Henry, Vice-President; Margarita Delacorte, Secretary; Carson W. Mowre, Editor. Chicago advertising office, 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Entered as second-class matter January 2, 1935, at the post office at New York, New York, under the act of March 3, 1879. Published in the U. S. A. Also copyrighted in Great Britain. Yearly subscription \$1.50, single copies 15c. No Canadian subscriptions accepted.

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START

\$1260 to \$2100 a YEAR

Many U. S. Government Jobs for Men and Women 18 to 50

Railway Postal Clerks—Post Office Clerks—City Mail Carriers—Rural Mail Carriers—General Office Clerks—Liquor Gaugers—Bookkeepers—Customs Inspectors—Immigrant Inspectors

A VERY DESIRABLE POSITION

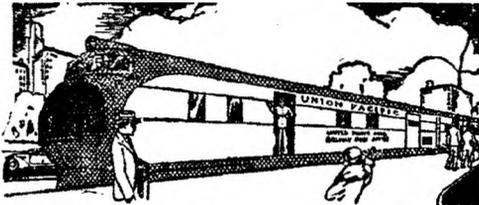
Railway Postal Clerks get \$1900 the first year regular, being paid on the first and fifteenth of each month, \$79.16 each pay day. Their pay is increased \$100 and \$150 a year. The maximum is \$2700 a year, \$112.50 each pay day. They get extra allowance for hotel expenses when away from home.

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5 Yrs. From Now?

Do you earn \$1800 every year? Have you any assurance that a few years from now you will get \$2700 or more a year every year?

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- Customs Inspector..... (Start, \$2,100)
- Bookkeeper..... (Start, \$1,440)

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Fill out the coupon. Check the job you want and mail it today—now, at once. **DO IT NOW.**

Name

Address

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"America's Most Interesting Fact-Detective Magazine"

Enjoy the thrilling first-hand accounts of detective investigations as told by police authorities, sheriff's officers and district attorneys. Let them tell you how they pieced the clues together in real-life mysteries until they finally were able to trap their criminal adversaries. Meet the following celebrated contributors in this issue—

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A-L-S-O

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A-L-S-O

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INSIDE DETECTIVE

First edition now on sale—10c

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..should I meet with an Accident or Sickness tonight!"**



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**FOR LESS THAN 3c A DAY
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PAID IN CLAIMS!**

SUPPOSE you meet with an accident or sickness tonight—will your income continue?

Remember, few escape without accident—and none of us can tell what tomorrow holds for us. While you are reading this warning, somewhere some ghastly tragedy, flood or fire, some automobile or train disaster, is taking its toll of human life or limb.

Now is the Time to Protect Yourself!

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which are covered in this unusual policy; wouldn't you rest easier and convalesce more quickly if you knew that our company stood ready to help lift from your shoulders the distressing financial burdens in case of a personal tragedy?

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Can you say neither will happen to you?

Then don't delay another day. Protect yourself by insuring in the largest and oldest exclusive accident insurance Company in America. Send the coupon NOW for complete information about our new \$10,000 Accident and Sickness Policy.

Under Direct Supervision of 46 State Insurance Departments

**IF PREFERRED, THIS POLICY
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Largest and Oldest Exclusive Health and Accident Insurance Company in America

**NORTH AMERICAN
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632 Title Bldg., Newark, New Jersey**

Established Over 48 Years | AGENTS Wanted for New Territory

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GENTLEMEN: At no cost to me send copy of your **FREE** booklet, "Cash or Sympathy." There is no obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

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

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\$50.00 IN CASH PRIZES

**SIMPLY READ THE FOLLOWING CRYPTO-
MYSTERY, FOLLOW THE RULES AND TELL US:**

WHO KILLED RUTH STRONG?

IT was a strange procession. Three men walked into the darkened room. Each of the three had his hands raised, and fear was upon all their faces.

Behind the trio came another, Harry Strong. In his hand was a heavy pistol, its snub end trained unwaveringly on the three before him.

In two corners of the room flickered lamps with wicks afloat in oil, and in another stood a sacred prayer roll from Tibet. On a raised dais between flaming torches sat a woman, cross-legged, her dusky hair a shimmering turban. Rae Haspid was she, a world famous spiritualist and medium. She spoke:

"Harry Strong—" her voice was low, vibrant, yet every word was clear—"what is the meaning of this outrage? You bring three strangers before me at the point of a gun. Who are these men?"

The lips of the young man with the gun curled back from his teeth in hate. "One of these men killed my wife," he spat. "Which of the three I do not know. You, Rae Haspid, shall aid in bringing the guilty

man to justice before morning comes."

Strong gestured with the ominous gun. "He is Doctor Arnold Dowdey. That one is Edward Day, a lawyer. The other is Clive Conrad, a writer by profession."

"And what part do I play in this strange drama?" inquired the medium.

"Through you—" Strong's voice choked with emotion—"I wish to speak to one now dead. My wife, Ruth Strong!"

The ghostly lights in the room flickered in the silence that fell.

"It is hard to summon

those from the nether world when unbelievers cloy the atmosphere. But kneel and we shall try," the medium said.

Under the threat of the gun, the doctor, the lawyer and the writer knelt. Harry Strong knelt behind them. It was evident from their faces that only Strong believed.

One by one the flickering lamps and torches extinguished themselves. Finally only darkness remained, a heavy blackness, and from somewhere floated the odor of flowers. But there was no joy in the odor. There was only the sad perfume that sur-

18 CASH PRIZES

1st PRIZE \$15

2d PRIZE \$10

3d PRIZE \$ 5

5 PRIZES \$2 EACH

10 PRIZES \$1 EACH

MY NAME IS _____ AGE _____

MY ADDRESS IS _____

THE KILLER'S NAME IS _____

I believe the Novel "THE GRAY CREATURES" would make a good motion picture. Yes No

(Put a cross after either "yes" or "no.") My reason for thinking so is: (not over ten words) _____

You Will Enjoy This Fascinating Crypto-Mystery. Cash For Winners

rounds a bier when death is king.

For a full hour the four men knelt. The only sound was the heavy breathing of the medium. Finally her lips parted and words issued. As she spoke a dull glow illuminated her drawn features.

"I have contact now. It is beautiful here. I ask is there one in the world of the living who seeks contact with one now dead? If so, speak quickly."

Harry Strong jerked up right then, and the light reflected from the medium's face showed the firm set of his determined jaw. "My wife!" he gasped. "Ruth Strong. I must speak with her!"

"It shall be done."

Gone was the light from the medium's features now, but another glow was apparent a little way apart. Gradually a woman's head appeared in the illumination. First her hair, then her eyes and the pallor of her face. Finally the whole image.

"Ruth," Strong gasped, shaking visibly under terrific emotion. "It is you. You have come."

"Yes, Harry," was the whispered answer.

"I am here. I wait your command."

Strong steeled himself. "God save me if I am wrong," he gasped, "but I am sure one of these three men before me took your life. You must identify your killer, Ruth!"

The vision faded under this command, flickered and almost disappeared. Then it returned. Words, vague but distinct, issued from the ghostly lips.

"You are right, my husband. Of these three before you, one has taken my life. But we beyond the pale must not reveal all that is known by us of things earthly."

Gradually as the medium moaned and groaned, a series of numbers outlined themselves in fire upon the darkened wall.

9-22-2-4-26-15

The apparition pointed at the flaming numerals. "Therein is to be found the guilty party; but remember, the first shall be last and the last shall be first."

Then, with the suddenness of a shot the torches and the wick lamps flamed high again and the vision was gone. With a cry of triumph Harry Strong confronted the murderer of his wife.

Who killed Ruth Strong?

? ? ?



4 SIMPLE RULES

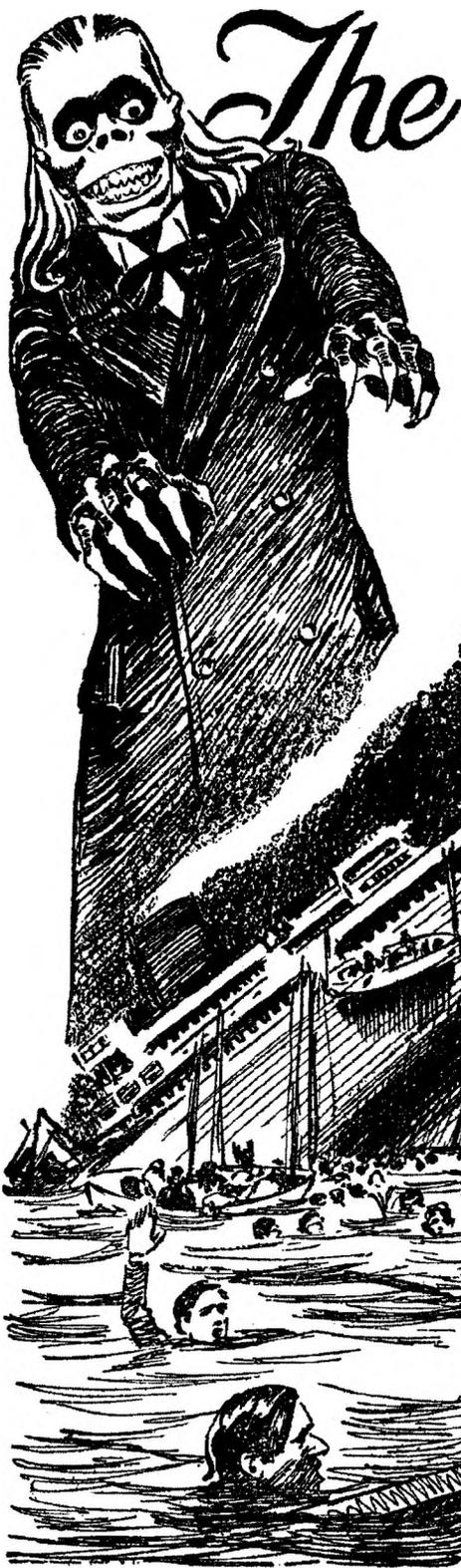
1. Read the Crypto-Mystery on these two pages.
2. Find the name of the murderer as revealed by Ruth Strong's spirit.
3. Print the information required on the coupon from page 6 and send the coupon to DOCTOR DEATH, March Contest Editor, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y., before March 15, 1935.
4. Judges' decisions are final. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

(Solutions in next month's
DOCTOR DEATH.)

A HINT

In working any puzzle of this nature it is best to start with pencil and paper. Do not try to solve the puzzle in your head. The next step is to find a letter for each number given in the flaming message.

SEND YOUR SOLUTION NOW!



The GRAY

WITH THE WORLD AGAINST HIM
THE SINISTER DOCTOR DEATH CON-
DEPTHS NAUSEOUS GRAY MON-
NADO OF FURY HE SENDS HIS
THE COMBINED FORCES OF EGYPT'S
THE MAN WHO HAS GUESSED THE

*From The Devil's
Notebook*

by Zorro

DEATH STRIKES WITH

CREATURES

AND THE DEVIL AT HIS BACK, JURES UP FROM SCIENCE'S BLACK STROSITIES. IN A RAGING TOR- CREATURES TO BATTLE AGAINST MAGIC AND THE LAW, LED BY SECRET OF THE MASTER MENACE.

DETEKTIVE INSPECTOR JOHN RICKS of the homicide detail leaned forward in his swivel chair, dropped his huge feet from atop the desk, and glared quizzically under his bushy eyebrows at his subordinate. A policeman of the old school was Ricks—a man who had fought and clubbed his way up from



NEW BLOODY HORRORS

the bottom of the ladder to the command of the greatest body of manhunters in the world. He growled at Jimmy Holm.

"So you think that Doctor Death has another ace up his sleeve, eh? And that he'll harm the girl you want to marry. Why?"

"Because," Jimmy said tensely, "he started out to kill the twelve leading scientists of the nation. We stopped him with his task unfinished. Others have since taken the places of those he killed. And Doctor Death has done nothing. But his is a single-track mind. Knowing him as I do, I am afraid of this inactivity. It is ominous—horribly so. It is at Nina that he will strike first in order to cripple us."

"She's guarded," Ricks said reassuringly.

"What good are guards when one deals with a man like Doctor Death?" Holm answered despondently.

Leaning forward, he picked up the telephone and called a number. For what seemed ages he sat there, the receiver glued to his ear.

"She fails to answer," he said, his youthful face suddenly becoming drawn and haggard. "I'm going—"

THERE was a knock at the door. In response to Ricks' bluff "Come in," a shirt-sleeved teletype operator rushed in from the adjoining room.

"Detectives Lambroso and Bryan, sir!" he ejaculated. "Both—"

Ricks' big feet came down from the desk with a smash that jarred the floor.

"Quick!" he roared. "What happened?"

"Dead! Killed!" the operator answered. "They—"

But Ricks and Holm were already out of sight down the hallway, buttoning their coats as they ran.

Lambroso and Bryan had been the men assigned to guard Nina Ferrera.

The big police car came to a stop with

a screeching of brakes in front of the little house in the suburbs where Nina Ferrera, Doctor Death's one-time assistant and ward and now the affianced bride of Captain Jimmy Holm, resided. The two officers leaped out and ran to the group of men standing in the darkness around the figures of their two comrades.

Ricks seized a flashlight from one of them and allowed the beam to play for a moment over the prone figures.

Both had met death in the same way—from a knife thrust in the throat.

Ricks turned to Jimmy Holm. The young man was already on the porch of the darkened cottage, his finger pressed against the button. Receiving no response he grasped the knob and pushed open the door. The hall was in darkness. He found the light button. The chandelier in the ceiling sprang into life.

In the center of the little living room a woman lay face downward on the floor. With a shriek of agony Jimmy Holm leaped across the room.

"Mrs. Enright, the housekeeper," he said weakly, staggering back a pace. "Nina?"

Ricks had turned and was charging up the stairs, half a dozen men at his heels.

At the head of the stairway a door was open. It was Nina's room. He stopped and, pressing the light button, stood for an instant taking in every detail.

Jimmy Holm shouldered him out of the way. The bed had not been slept in. He whirled on his heel as a card, stuck in the glass of the dressing table, caught his eye.

Upon the card in the well-known chirography of Dr. Rance Mandarin, *alias* Doctor Death, was written:

Stop and reflect. I have the right to destroy and the brain with which to do the work. The world must be saved, and I am the instrument selected for the work.

I promise to return and I have kept my promise. I need Nina. What I need I take.

Doctor Death.

The telephone in the reception hall tinkled. One of Ricks' men picked up the receiver and answered.

"For you, sir!" he called up the stairway.

There was an extension in the hallway just outside the little boudoir. Ricks picked up the instrument.

"Inspector Ricks!" he snapped.

He listened for a moment. Then he issued orders with machine-gun rapidity. When he hung up the receiver he was almost as white and haggard as Jimmy Holm.

"There's hell popping over on the east side!" he said. "From the looks of things, Death's struck there as well as here. Coming?"

Holm nodded dumbly. Side by side they raced back to the car.

Marked for Slaughter

THERE was a feeling of death in the air. Patrolman John Braddock, making his eleven o'clock rounds, sensed it and shivered. Then, cursing himself for a fool, he pulled his belt up another hole and whistled through his teeth to keep up his courage.

The street lamps on either corner illy illuminated the narrow street. Yet they were strong enough to bring out in bold relief the sprawling figure of the man who lay, arms outstretched, just inside the old-fashioned, ornamental iron fence that separated the quaint, three-story brick home of Harmachis, the Egyptian, from the sidewalk.

"Huh!" Braddock grunted, unlatching the gate and stepping inside. Taking his flashlight from his pocket, he allowed the beam to play over the outflung limbs, while he poked the stiff form in the ribs with his night stick. "Wake up!"

There was no movement. Braddock stooped and, transferring his night stick to his left hand, seized the recumbent man

by the shoulder and shook him roughly. Then, warned by the limpness of the other's movements, he turned him over and gazed down into a pair of dead, glassy eyes.

"Ah!" he ejaculated, dropping the flaccid body to the sidewalk and leaping back a pace.

The face of the dead man was aged and weathered, the skin, parchmentlike, wrinkled in a thousand tiny creases, drawn tightly over the cheek bones. Yet he was not old. But his body seemed far too small for the neatly tailored suit he wore. There was something peculiar about the appearance of the man. He reminded Braddock of a lemon that has been sucked of all its juice and dropped in the sun to dry.

A sudden something swirled from the body—a peculiar, indescribable, horrible *something* that swept past the officer's face like a wave of cold, chilling air, carrying with it a feeling of loathsomeness and horror. It covered him, for a moment, like a blanket of nauseous, fetid vapor; it seemed to dance and spiral about him—reaching out for him with chilling, clammy fingers. Then it was gone, leaving him gasping for breath.

"God!" he said hoarsely, dodging through the gate.

There was a patrol box at the corner. Braddock lumbered to it and called headquarters. In the act of making his report, he stopped suddenly, his voice dropping to a husky, frightened whisper.

"My God, sergeant!" he exclaimed. "I'm seeing things! Seeing things, I tell you! The dead man's up—he's walking! Walking. . . ."

He dropped the telephone receiver and dashed madly toward the house of Harmachis, the Egyptian, his whistle trilling a wild summons for help.

The dead man had risen to his feet. For the infinitesimal part of a second he stood there, swaying like one who suffers from overindulgence in drink. Then, as Braddock, forgetting his fears, reached the gate,

he turned his cold, glassy eyes on the officer, his lips drawn back over his fangs in a wolfish snarl.

Laying his hand on the knob, he opened the door and entered.

From out of the silence came a gurgling laugh, low, mirthless, fearsome.

Then it was that Braddock rushed back

INSPECTOR RICKS :

Hard-Fisted Policeman Of The Old School, Now Head Of The Greatest Body Of Manhunters In The World.

NINA FERERRA :

Beautiful Niece And Former Assistant Of Doctor Death ; Now Betrothed To Jimmy Holm And Under Oath To Expose The Super-Scientist.

to the call box and babbled a story that caused the desk sergeant to telephone madly to his superior officer, far on the other side of town—the story that caused Inspector John Ricks and Captain Jimmy Holm to break all speed records in getting across the city.

Braddock's report to Ricks was short and concise. When he finished the Inspector stepped back to the center of the street and gazed up at the narrow, darkened front of the house of Harmachis, the Egyptian. Of weatherbeaten limestone, dirtied by the smoke of the surrounding buildings, it was a relic of a bygone generation, rearing its three stories in the midst of a district now largely given over to skyscrapers and warehouses.



Stepping onto the porch, he gave the knob a quick turn. The lock was not set. The door opened beneath his touch.

His men crowding into the doorway behind him, he pressed the bulb of his flashlight and snapped the electric switch just inside.

"This him?" he inquired, jerking his thumbs at a pitiful huddle in the center of the reception hall.

Braddock shook his head dumbly.

"He's not the one that was outside, sir," he answered. "This bird looks like a foreigner of some sort. There's a nest of 'em live here. Fellow named Harmachis



ELISE LANDO

ELISE LANDO:

Lovely Mystic Whose Psychic Powers Aid In The Battle Against Doctor Death.

SECRETARY HALLENBERG:

Wealthiest Man In America, And Secretary Of The United States Treasury. His Is A Patriotism Stronger Than Death.

or something like that, runs the joint. That's not him, sir. Must be one of the servants."

Ricks grunted and bent over the murdered man. There was no need to gaze a second time at the distorted face staring unseeingly up at the ceiling lamp to know that the man was dead. The horrible wound in the neck was mute evidence of that fact. So brutal had been the attack that the head was almost twisted from the body as the head of a chicken is twisted off by the busy farmer's wife.

Ricks, accustomed to scenes of violence, took a fresh cigar from his pocket and, biting off the end, thrust it into his mouth and chewed violently.

"This man, Harmachis?" he demanded. "Who is he and what does he do? Damned funny that he hasn't shown up with all this confusion going on. And where's the body of the guy you claim beat it from the door yard?"

Braddock shrugged his massive shoulders.

"He's rich, I guess," he responded, ignoring the last question. "I think that he's some sort of big-wig with the other Egyptians. At any rate, I've seen a lot of 'em going in and out of here. He seldom shows himself though."

Ricks jerked his finger up the stairway and told off a group of his men to search the upper part of the house. Then, followed by the remainder of his command, he stepped through the open door of the reception room into what appeared to be the main floor living room. The light from the hallway was strong enough for him to locate the switch. He snapped on the light. For an instant he stood there, his brow corrugated in thought.

The room was furnished like a palace. Costly rugs covered the floor. The furniture was magnificent, the chairs overstuffed, the walls decorated with panels in high relief.

Ricks shrugged his shoulders and chewed his cigar thoughtfully.

A SUDDEN shout from one of his subordinates brought him out of his reverie. Turning, he ran up the thickly carpeted stairs to the second floor, where his men stood in an awed group just outside an open door.

"Dead men!" one of them said in a hushed, awed voice. "Hell, Chief, this isn't just an ordinary murder! It's a massacre!"

Ricks shouldered his way through the excited group and took a step inside the lighted room.

Then he swore like a man possessed.

The room was a charnel house.

He stepped forward, only to crash against some obstruction. The lights went out and darkness dropped like a shroud.

"Flashlights!" he roared.

Something swept over them—something like a whirlwind that crashed against them, almost lifting them from their feet. It was like the fetid breath of some horri-

ble monster. They struggled against it. . . .

"Flashlight!" Ricks roared again, bracing himself against the invisible attack.

A giant hand reached out from the darkness and grasped him by the throat. He struggled madly, gasping and choking. His breath was shut off as by a noose. He reached upward in an effort to seize the wrists of the man who was throttling him.

One of his men succeeded in getting his flashlight into action. The beam struck the big Inspector squarely in the face. For a moment more he struggled. Then the grip about his throat suddenly lessened as his assailant slumped to the floor. He sucked the air into his tortured lungs in great gulps. Staggering back a pace, he leaned against the wall for support.

Other flashlights were out now. The men under his command came charging into the room, the rays of their torches cutting through the blackness like knives through cheese.

"What is it, chief?" someone shouted.

Ricks swallowed hard in an effort to recover his breath.

Then the lights flashed on again.

They stopped suddenly, staring, first at Ricks, then at a man who lay on the thickly carpeted floor at his feet, his neck half severed from his body.

Where had he come from and who had killed him? Only a few seconds had elapsed between the time the lights went out and when they came on again. Yet in that interval this man had entered the room, attacked Inspector Ricks and had, in turn, been killed.

Ricks, his breath pumping back into his lungs again, straightened up to take command. He stared at the dead man.

"His throat is cut and yet there is no blood," Ricks grunted hoarsely.

Holm, who had been searching frantically through the lower floor, ran up. For a moment he listened to his superior. Then, stooping, he touched his fingers to the face of the dead man on the floor,

"Zombi!" he exclaimed. "The man has been dead for days. The flesh is cold—hard. The work of Doctor Death beyond a doubt."

Braddock, who had crowded in despite the plainclothes men, stared at the dead creature, his eyes bulging.

"That's the one who—who was outside in the yard!" he said in a hoarse whisper.

Dead men! The place seemed filled with them. The room was a long, low-ceilinged salon, the floor tiled and covered with expensive rugs, the walls hung with rare tapestries. More like the lounging room of some Eastern potentate than the interior of a drab and almost shabby building such as this, thought Ricks as he leaned against the door jamb and tenderly massaged his bruised windpipe. The furniture was rich, covered with black and gold to match the hangings on the walls.

The place was a veritable museum, filled to overflowing with priceless curios. Scattered and there were beautifully carved teakwood tables on which were statuettes of incalculable value; rare vases filled each separate niche while several mummy cases leaned against the wall.

And the room was peopled with the dead.

Beside the door lay two men, their dark, swarthy complexions and coarse, black hair attesting their nationality. Another, better dressed than the others, whom Ricks right-

ly surmised to be Harmachis, was sprawled across a low divan in the corner. Near him, where it had fallen from his hand, lay a scroll of aged papyrus. That he had been translating it was apparent. A pencil and pad of paper were on the low table beside the divan. Ricks reached forward and picked it up.

As truly as Osiris lives, so truly shall his followers live. As truly as Osiris is not dead, he shall die no more. As truly as Osiris is not annihilated, he shall not be annihilated. As truly . . .

The translation, made in English, broke off in the middle of the sentence. Ricks, gazing down at the dried parchment skin of Harmachis, knew the reason and shuddered.

A fourth man, apparently the steward of the establishment, lay crumpled before one of the tables, where he had been working. Some household accounts, evidently from nearby tradesmen, were scattered over the floor. Beside him were the fragments of a shattered vase which his arm had struck as he went down.

There was not a mark on any of them. Aside from the man who lay beside the door the prints of whose bloody fingers were still upon Rick's throat, any one of them might have died a natural death except for one thing.

All of them had been sucked dry; their

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skins were withered and parchment-like. Little wonder that Inspector John Ricks cursed under his breath and chewed his cigar savagely.

Jimmy Holm, standing beside the Inspector, his keen eyes taking in every detail, suddenly uttered an exclamation and leaped forward to where Harmachis sprawled across the divan.

"Look!" he said excitedly.

Ricks moved to where he stood. Holm pointed down at the body of the dead man.

A scrap of paper was pinned to the Egyptian's breast. On it was hastily scrawled in pencil:

The cogs of my machine mesh. If the world would be preserved, science must be destroyed.

A new star has appeared upon the scientific horizon. Edgeworth. Young though he is, his experiments with the solar rays threaten to disrupt the primal plan of things.

He will be the next to go, even though he was not one of those originally marked for slaughter. Others may fall meanwhile, but it is he who, in the end, must die. He is the most dangerous man living today.

Doctor Death.

Master of Carnage

FOR a full sixty seconds time stood still for Detective Jimmy Holm. So, as he suspected, the Doctor *was* still determined to destroy science, by carrying out his mad purpose of killing the scientists he had marked. Doctor Rance Mandarin, himself America's leading scientist, filled with the insane idea that he had been selected by an Almighty God to turn back the wheels of time and start the world at the beginning again, had almost accomplished that purpose.

There had been murders—killings galore. Killings such as this—weird, fantastic, bizarre. Senseless killings—the work of a maniac with the greatest brain of the century. The nation had dripped with crimson—the blood of men high in the ranks of science and invention.

And Doctor Rance Mandarin, known as Doctor Death, had become Public Enemy Number 1. Yet, in his own mind, he was not a criminal. "Millions of men have died fighting for a principle," he asserted. "Nations have gone to war over a scrap of paper. Why then, should the deaths of a dozen or two—yes, even a few hundred—be counted against one who seeks to bring the world back to what it was intended to be. I, the greatest of all scientists, know that I have been given the brain with which to accomplish these things. I am but the object to this end."

But Inspector Ricks had seen the Doctor's astonishing deeds of horror as reign of terror. He had started the fight on this master criminal. Despite his hatred for the scientific in crime, had been sagacious enough to call to his assistance Jimmy Holm, millionaire criminologist, dabbler in the occult, member of the police department in spite of his money and not because of it.

"Holm, the supernatural detective," the newspapers had dubbed him, making great sport of him in the beginning because of his methods and his application of psychological principles in the solving of Death's crimes. Yet, in the end Holm had triumphed. The nation had sung his praises, and Ricks had grinned in unholy triumph.

Jimmy thought of all that now, and of how out of it had grown a Damon and Pythias friendship between the grizzled old manhunter and himself; and of the love between himself and Nina Ferrera, Doctor Death's niece and assistant. Forced into a life of crime by her insane uncle, she had swung over to the side of law and order and, side by side with Jimmy Holm, had assisted in tracking Doctor Rance Mandarin to his lair.

The man who called himself Doctor Death had escaped. For months now he had been ominously silent. Ricks had hoped that he was dead. Arrangements were being made for the marriage of Jimmy

Holm and Nina Fererra. And now—Jimmy Holm shuddered at the thought—Nina Fererra was again in the madman's hands and everything must be started at the beginning again.

HOLM was jerked back to the present by the grunt of the medical examiner, who looked up, a peculiar expression creeping over his ruddy face.

"It's got me beat," he said.

Holm nodded wearily.

"I know," he said moodily. "You're new on the staff, doctor, yet you must have read of our battles with him before."

Holm jerked his thumb toward the table where he had laid the note he had taken from the breast of Harmachis. The medical man's jaw dropped as he read the penciled scrawl.

"Doctor Death!" he exclaimed. "Almighty God!"

For a moment there was silence. Then the physician pointed down at the dead man near the door.

"That poor devil?" he questioned. "How did he get in here? He's been dead for hours. *Rigor mortis* has set in—"

Ricks, still weak from his manhandling, looked up and nodded understandingly.

"You're telling me?" he interrupted. "And now tell me something. Could that dead man have choked me almost into insensibility?"

The medical man smiled wryly. "Stop kidding," he growled.

"Yet," Ricks said, caressing his throat tenderly, "there are half a dozen men here who are willing to swear that he damn near killed me. Have you ever heard of Zombi?"

The physician grinned.

"A Haitian myth," he said. "There is no such thing."

"The hell there isn't!" Ricks growled. "That guy's a Zombi."

The physician held up his hand.

"You are making statements that will hardly bear the light of scientific investigation," he asserted. "The manhandling you received may have been worse than you imagined, Inspector. Better let me give you a bit of going over."

Ricks snarled.

"I was a doubter once," he answered. "Now I know better. I've felt the grip of dead men's fingers around my throat before this. Yet they are not altogether Zombis. This man Death injects something into their veins. They respond to his orders because that *something*—damned if I know what it is—it's a metallic solution of some kind—worked by some sort of tiny, radio-like device—

"Horseradish!" the medical examiner interrupted flippantly. "There's a scientific reason for everything. When you get at the bottom of this affair—"

"Yeah, when we get at the bottom—if we ever do," Ricks interrupted.

The medical examiner dropped into a nearby chair and lighted a cigarette.

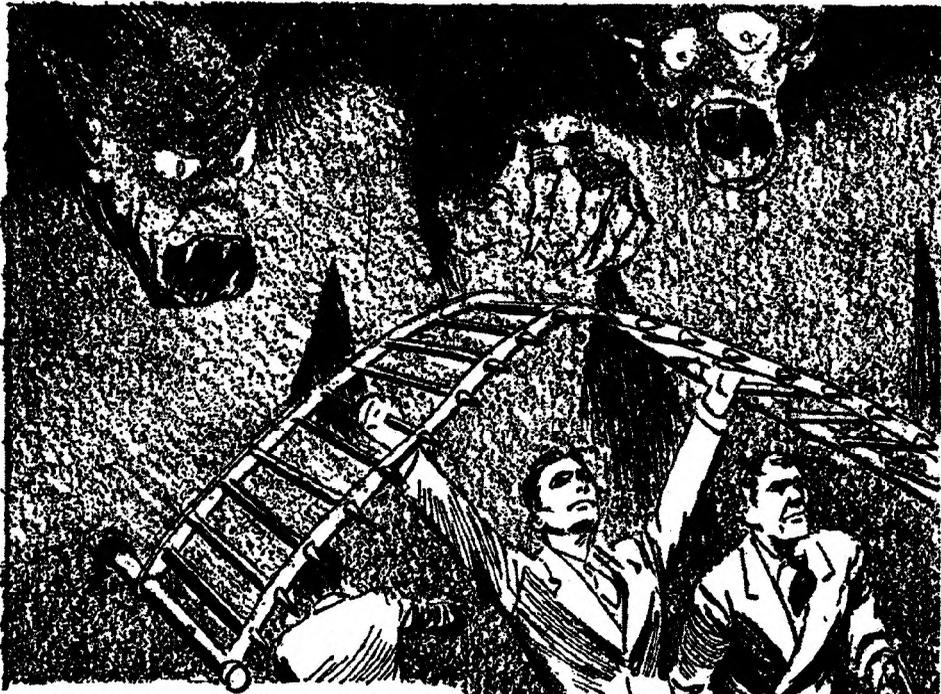
"I was in Europe at the time of the Doctor Death episode," he said. "What really happened to the old fellow—became sort of a homicidal maniac, as I understand it?"

Ricks shrugged his shoulders moodily.

"We trapped him in an old house where he had his headquarters," he answered. "There practically all of his scientific apparatus was located—stuff worth millions—priceless. The house caught fire and we barely escaped with our lives. Death got away. Since then he has been lying low. I had hoped that he was dead. Instead comes this."

Meanwhile Ricks' men had been search-

**The Blackness Was Peopled With Weird, Sinister
Monsters Bearing The Horrible Stench Of Death**



"Iron, Jimmy, iron!" Jimmy snatched up the iron fence, hustled it against the horrible, sinister things that sought to seize him.

ing the rest of the house. Now they returned to where Jimmy Holm stood savagely biting at the end of his pipe. He stared at them moodily, questioningly.

"Nothing—not another soul living or dead," was the substance of their report.

Ricks drove them out of the room ahead of him and down the stairs into the front hall. Jimmy demurred, but the Inspector insisted.

"You know that I'm not a coward," he growled. "You know, too, that I've had experience aplenty with the man responsible for these deaths. Why these men were killed is beyond my ken; they're smaller calibre than Death usually strikes at.

"I know his methods—so do you—know that he battles with instruments that no human agency can cope with. I'm ordering everybody out of this house. That includes you, Jimmy. I'm sealing the doors. Not a man will be allowed inside until the break of day. That's an order, not a re-

quest. The fiend with whom we have to cope fights best in the dark.

"Guard the house but keep outside."

None of them saw the top of a mummy case moved quickly to one side. A lean, cadaverous face peered out, the sunken eyes gleaming like the twin fires of hell.



The diabolical things screamed with rage as they shrank back before Jimmy Holm's mad onslaught.

Then, as the outer door closed behind the Inspector and his crew, he chuckled low—mockingly.

"I am going back to Nina's," Holm asserted. "There, perhaps, I can find a clew to put me on the right track."

Ricks' chin dropped to his breast. For a moment he gazed out into the darkness. Then his big hand touched the younger man on the shoulder.

"God, Jimmy!" he said. "I'm afraid—for the first time in my life—afraid of this devil we're pitted against. We've got the whole battle with his infernal powers to fight over again. And now, Nina's under his ghastly influence once more."

He leaned against the side of the big police car, his keen eyes taking in the disposition of the guards as the sergeant placed them about the quaint old house. Finally he spoke again.

"There's only one silver lining in the whole affair," he said. "We know that, re-

"Tomorrow the papers will tell of my triumphs anew!" he chortled. "I can almost see the headlines: *Doctor Death Scores Again!*"

He stepped out into the hallway, and leaning over the rail, listened to Ricks as he exhorted his men.

ardless of his other faults, Doctor Death loves Nina. No harm will come to her in his hands."

"No harm?" Holm interrupted bitterly. "Can you say that, knowing as you do that when she is under his spell she is liable to commit violence—to kill and destroy, even as he destroys? My God! I can hardly stand it, Ricks. Tomorrow was to have been our wedding day."

Ricks nodded his shaggy head kindly.

"I understand, my boy," he said. "God knows that I'd be willing to die myself in order to save her—"

He stopped suddenly. One of his men, standing close by the side of the house, shrieked. From where they stood they could vaguely make out his form in the darkness. For an instant he seemed to be dancing—boxing with a shadow. Then he slumped to the ground, his body twisting and writhing.

"Take it off!" he wailed. "For the love of God, take it away! I feel its arms . . . about me! It's sucking me . . . dry . . . drawing the very . . . life out of me . . ."

THEY charged toward him from every side. There was nothing to be seen. Yet his feet played a ceaseless tattoo on the pavement and his eyes seemed about popping from his head as if a tremendous pressure was being slowly applied to his neck. He was dying, that was apparent, dying hideously.

Around them the air was growing foul. They seemed to gaze at each other through a haze of terror; it closed in on them, sinister and diabolic, engulfing them. It had the feel of air that comes from a tomb that has long been closed and is suddenly opened. It was horrible, loathsome.

"Help . . . me! . . ." the dying man croaked gutturally.

A comrade stooped to raise his head. An invisible force hurled him backward. His head struck against the fence. He rose to his feet, a dazed look on his face.

They flooded the gasping, gurgling man with their flashlights, watching him struggle against his invisible opponent. Again and again they rushed toward him; each time a cold barrier of terror held them back.

Finally, he gave a feeble, choking gasp. His jaw dropped and his form grew lax. They knew that he was dead.

And all the time that he was dying—with each gasp that he gave—his huge body seemed to be collapsing, losing its shape like a toy balloon that has been punctured. His uniform became loose and flopped about him like a sack. His skin grew wrinkled and parchment-like.

For a moment they stood there, too horrified for utterance.

"God!" Ricks muttered.

"The elementals again," Jimmy Holm said in a dry, husky whisper.

Then came another surge. It swept over them, leaving them gasping for breath. With it was a strange, overpowering, awful odor—the horrible stench of death and decay.

Officer Braddock, who had first discovered this unspeakable thing that was engulfing them, was the first to give way. With a sudden shriek, he turned and, tearing at his collar like a man who is choking to death, rushed through the gate down the street. A dozen paces away he dropped to his knees.

"It's getting me!" he cried in a horrified, choking voice.

He flung himself face forward, writhing and kicking like a dying man. They tried to get to him. The strange force hurled them back.

From out of the darkness came great, gleaming eyes, set in the midst of shapeless faces—phosphorescent eyes that seemed to burn into the very hearts of the men under Ricks' command. They danced like mad things, whirling, coming closer and closer.

Then the blackness was peopled with

weird, sinister monsters, legless, armless—gigantic heads set atop funnel-shaped bodies that spun like whirlwinds. Nearer and nearer they swarmed to the little band.

And with them came great surges of hate that swept over the group of policemen like waves. From every side the hell-shapes charged, gyrating, leaping, cavorting.

Weird noises assailed the ears of the little group of officers as they stood there watching their comrade die. From far out of the crawling shadows of the night came whispering, rodent-like sounds. Slowly they increased in volume until the whole world seemed filled with a shrieking, gurgling cachinnation. It rolled over them and around them.

"Fight it, men! Fight it!" Ricks roared.

With the unholy racket came another rush of snarling, shapeless wraiths. Their very weight carried the little group of policemen down. They came on like a cyclone, twisting and roaring. One man dropped. Then a second and a third. The little group tried to break and run. Invisible hands held them back, hemming them in on every side.

They were forced to stand, helpless, seeing their comrades die without being able to lend a hand—watching bodies shrivel and shrink as their vitality was lapped up by the sinister gray creatures from the atmosphere.

Holm, quick to think in times of emergency, commanded the men to stand back to back in a hollow circle, their flashlights forming a ring of light around them. Into the outer edge of this light the gyrating, bloated things of evil struck, leaping back again as the light rays perforated their transparent vaporish bodies. Then a flash-light battery burned out. A rush! Another man went down, screaming . . .

There was a crash of glass.

"Jimmy!" a voice shrieked.

Holm looked up.

Nina Ferrera was leaning out of a broken

window. The towel with which she had been gagged hung loosely about her neck. Her hands and feet were bound. Imprisoned in one of the mummy cases by Doctor Death, drugged by the power of his mind, she had yet managed to fight off his baleful influence long enough to hobble to the window. Twisting her hands, she had succeeded in seizing a vase and had hurled it through the pane.

"Iron!" she shouted. "Iron!"

The gaunt, cadaverous face of Doctor Death appeared behind her, his cavernous eyes gleaming with rage. She was jerked backward.

"Jimmy!"

Holm leaped forward. Iron! The only known substance antagonistic to elementals. He fought back the horrible, sinister things that sought to seize him. Grasping the old-fashioned, wrought-iron fence, he gave a mighty pull. A post, rusted where it entered the ground, snapped. A long section came loose in Holm's hands. Tottering under its weight, he charged forward.

The diabolical things screamed their rage. They shrank back before Jimmy Holm's mad onslaught, disappeared into the night from whence they came.

Whirling, Holm dashed onto the porch and threw his weight against the door. It crashed open. At the head of his men, he tore through the house like a maniac.

Nine Ferrera had disappeared.

Through some secret exit known only to himself, Doctor Death had spirited her away.

Egypt's Sorcery

SOMEWHERE in the immediate vicinity of New York City lurked the greatest menace to civilization the world had ever known—Doctor Rance Mandarin, alias Doctor Death.

Where was he? That was the question uppermost in the minds of every public official throughout the civilized globe.

**DEATH STRIKES AGAIN!
 Doctor Rance Mandarin, Alias
 Doctor Death, Slaughters
 Egyptians
 Where Will The Monster Strike
 Next?**

Such were the headlines the newspapers carried following the discovery of the dead men in the house of Harmachis, the Egyptian. Columns of speculation were carried.

Why had a man who claimed to be fighting for the poor and oppressed, struck down an apparently inoffensive foreigner as his first victim? Did Harmachis know some strange secret?

A meeting of the President's cabinet was called. A resolution was introduced to reorganize the Secret Twelve, which had previously successfully combatted Doctor Death. It was passed with only one dissenting vote—that of Horatio Hellenburg, Secretary of the Treasury. Once more the twelve leaders came together with the President of the United States at the head of the table.

Again Inspector John Ricks called upon Jimmy Holm to head the fight. And Jimmy, the thought of Nina Fererra ever in his mind, accepted the stupendous task.

WITH Ricks by his side, he took up the pursuit of Doctor Death with an energy that surprised even himself. He worked with feverish haste, for none knew better the menace of the sinister being with whom they had to cope. Every facility known to modern criminology was brought to bear upon the case. New methods were originated. Nothing that could be thought of was left undone.

"Get Mandarin, Alias Death, Dead or Alive"

Such were the orders that thundered across the wires and were repeated at hourly intervals over the radio. "Shoot first and ask questions afterward," police officials

told their men. Every newspaper in the country carried a picture of the sinister doctor at the head of each column in an effort to impress his skull-like face upon the public mind so that he would be recognized at sight.

Under the direction of Jimmy Holm were placed the cream of the world's man-hunters. The Post Office Department brought from the far corners of the world the pick of its inspection department.

From Texas came the Rangers—lean, hard-eyed men who seldom spoke—men whose teeth had been cut on six-guns and to whom danger was the breath of life. Canada, aware of the menace to the world, sent the pick of her Mounted—men as lean and hard-bitten as the Texans. The Army, the Navy, the Marines—all contributed their best.

And working hand in hand with the officers of the law was another group. Shifty-eyed they were, men and women who spoke the language of the underworld. Under the direction of Tony Caminatti, uncrowned king of this empire without the law, the forces of disorder and crime were again brought side by side with the organizations of law and order, to the end that civilization might be saved.

All crime ceased. "Caminatti says it's curtains f'r d' man dat hists even a hairpin 'til dis De'th guy is in d' gow," was the emphatic message that flew from mouth to mouth throughout the invisible kingdom. Guns were sheathed, gang feuds forgotten. Tony Caminatti had so decreed. And, in the underworld, Caminatti was the law.

Nina Fererra was a national character. She had been acclaimed only a few weeks earlier as the country's heroine. Her praises had been sung by press and public. The President had, on behalf of a grateful nation, presented her, for what she had done, with the Congressional Medal.

Now she was in the hands of a maniac.

And, even worse, again the nation was in deadly peril.

Through it all Doctor Death remained ominously silent. Somewhere like a blood-hungry monster, he lurked in his hidden fastness biding the time when he would again leap forth and fasten his tentacles about the throats of mankind. Jimmy Holm knew only too well the meaning of his silence. Doctor Death was busy building up once more the vast machinery with which to tear down society.

Somewhere, under Death's direction, men were working night and day. Somewhere, he had called forth the dead from their tombs and was using them in preparation for his battle against the living.

"It is in connection with the murders in the old house where Harmachis lived that we must seek a clew," Jimmy Holm told the assembled Secret Twelve. "It is there that Death struck first and it is there that the solution of our secret lies."

Inspector Ricks nodded gloomily.

"But why?" he demanded belligerently, as was his wont when worried. "What connection has the murder of Harmachis, the Egyptian, and his swarthy crew with Doctor Death? Tell me that."

Holm turned to Blake, head of the United States Secret Service.

"Tell them what your men discovered in connection with Harmachis, please."

Blake, tall, thin, gray-headed and athletic, leaned forward in his chair.

"Harmachis, the Egyptian, had applied to the United States government for protection," he said slowly. "Preparations were being made to place a heavy guard around his house. The request was received only the day before his murder. Had it not been for official red tape, the men would have already been placed."

THERE was a stir among the little group assembled about the table. Milton David, head of the David detective agency, the greatest private manhunting organization in America, turned his sharp eyes upon the other.

"Why?" he said explosively.

For a moment Justin Blake made no reply. Taking a cigar from his pocket, he slowly nipped off the end with the cutter hanging from his watch chain, inverted the cigar and blew out the tiny particles of dust. He placed the small end of the weed between his lips again and, lighting it, blew smoke rings thoughtfully into the air.

"What I'm about to tell you," he said, "sounds like the ravings of an out-patient of Bedlam. Yet I swear to you that it is the truth."

Again he hesitated, his eyes wearing that same strange, faraway look.

"Harmachis," he said, "was a high official of the Egyptian government. He came to this country on a mission. Because of the strangeness of that mission, he traveled incognito and with a smaller retinue than he would ordinarily have taken. That was why he occupied that tumble-down old house."

Rising, he took a turn about the room as if marshaling his thoughts.

"This mission," he said finally, "was about the strangest, weirdest thing that the human mind could conceive. We are all aware that the early Egyptians possessed the secret of life after death—that what we call the occult was to them an open book.

"They also possessed the secret—"

He stopped haltingly in the middle of the sentence, looking from one to the other as if seeking to find in their faces some doubt as to his sanity. Finding none, he continued:

"They also possessed the secret of bringing the dead back to life!"

He waited until the stir caused by his remarks has subsided, puffing at his cigar in gloomy silence, his eyes wearing a strange, far-away look as if he almost doubted the truth of his own words.

"I do not mean this in the ordinary sense of the word as we understand spiritualism," he continued. "I mean that every one of

those countless millions of Egyptians buried in the past was mummified in such a manner that, given the proper treatment, he will step forth from his mummy case just as he was in life—a living, breathing entity, taking up his daily duties where he left them off the day he died.”

“Raving lunacy!” Milton David ejaculated.

Blake turned his eyes on his brother detective. A smile crept over his tired face.

“I thought that you’d say that,” he answered, “Remember, my friends, strange though it may sound, *I know whercof I speak*. It was on this account that Prince Harmachis applied to the United States for protection.

“Somewhere here in the city of New York, lived a man who had this secret. The Egyptian government in some manner learned of it. Harmachis was sent here

lished himself in this old house over a year ago, carrying on his investigations and his negotiations in silence. That the reason for his coming leaked out is apparent from the fact that he applied to the United States government for protection.

“That he succeeded in learning the source of the secret is shown by his murder!”

“I feel as certain as that I am sitting here today that Doctor Death learned of this secret and bided his time until Harmachis had secured it.

“And I am equally sure, gentlemen, that that secret is now in the hands of that arch-enemy of civilization, Doctor Death!”

Again he waited until the confusion caused by his remarks had subsided.

“Somewhere,” he said slowly, weighing every word, “Doctor Death is preparing for his greatest coup. The countless millions of dead and buried Egyptians are to be re-

The Countless Millions Of Dead And Buried Egyptians Are To Be Restored To Destroy Modern Civilization

to recover it. Think, my friends, of the consequences of that secret falling into the wrong hands.

“Vision, if you can, going back into the dim and dusty past and bringing to life men and women who existed thousands of years before Christ walked upon this earth. Imagine restoring kings and pharaohs, paupers and princes, queens and harlots—millions of them. Vision restoring life to all of them. What would happen? The earth, over-populated, would be impoverished within a week. Every spot would be as thickly settled, almost, as the heart of New York . . .”

He dropped back into his chair again and once more sucked at his cigar in moody silence.

“The Egyptian government realized this,” he went on. “The secret was too dangerous for any man to hold. Harmachis was sent to America to secure it—to get it at any cost. He came here and estab-

stored to life. Under the direction of this man who calls himself Death they will fall upon civilization—modern society. Under their onslaught our social order will be destroyed. The world will go back thousands of years.”

He stopped suddenly. For a long time no one spoke. Then Jimmy Holm broke the silence.

“He will need money for such a coup,” he asserted.

Blake nodded.

“Which probably accounts for his silence,” he said. “Sooner or later he will have his plans completed. Then he will strike.”

“And then God help the world!” the President of the United States said in a low, husky whisper.

DARROW, one of the twelve scientists marked for slaughter, stirred.

“I have a confession to make, gentle-

men," he said. "Harmachis was a traitor to his country."

"Meaning—what?" Jimmy Holm demanded.

"Meaning that he intended selling the secret to me. He was to have delivered it to me the day after he was killed. All arrangements had been made. He intended foisting another—a faked papyrus—upon his government."

He waited until the excitement created by his statement had died down. Then:

"What madness is this?" the President of the United States demanded. "Why was he selling his secret to you?"

Doctor Daniel Darrow bowed his head.

"I—well, I admit that I was foolish," he said. "But I was—hang it all, gentlemen, I was afraid. Too many of us have died and Death has threatened to exterminate the remainder of us. I thought that, with the secret in my possession, I would have the means with which to combat Death—that I could call forth the millions of ancient Egypt to battle his hellish hordes."

"Ass!" Edgeworth, the young scientist next marked for slaughter, exclaimed.

Jimmy Holm halted the controversy with a gesture.

"Some good may yet come out of your blunder, Darrow," he said. "Did you get any idea from Harmachis from whom this secret was to be obtained?"

Darrow shook his head.

"The secret lies somewhere in Egypt," he answered. "Only the clew to it is here. To obtain it, it will be necessary to go to Egypt."

"Thank God, that gives us time!" the President exclaimed. "Meanwhile—"

"Meanwhile every port must be watched, both in this country and in Egypt!" Jimmy Holm interrupted. "Watched here for signs of his departure; there for traces of his landing. We must communicate with the Egyptian government. And an expedition must be fitted out, ready to start at a moment's notice. Our men must take up the

trail—seek out the man who sold this secret to Harmachis. The instant we have found the clew, we must act."

"The fastest cruiser in the United States navy is at your command," the President of the United States promised grimly.

He turned to Holm.

"You will take charge of the expedition?" he asked.

The young detective nodded.

"Naturally," he responded.

A knock came at the door. In response to Justin Blake's sharp, "Come in!" an official of the United States Secret Service entered. For a moment he conversed in low tones with his chief. At the conclusion of the short conversation, Blake turned to those assembled around the table, his face white and drawn. He seemed to have aged ten years, so haggard was his countenance as he addressed them.

"Hallenberg is gone—kidnaped!" he said in a hoarse whisper. "Doctor Death has struck again."

Horatio Hallenberg! Wealthiest man in America. Secretary of the Treasury. Member of the President's official family. Little wonder that the chief of the Secret Service seized the back of his chair for support—that even the President of the United States half arose from his chair, only to sink back again, his face twisted with sorrow.

"Hallenberg! Gone!" he said in an awed voice. "Hallenberg! Who next?"

The question was one that was uppermost in the minds of all of them.

Who would be the next?

Dead Man Speaks

"THE dead," as Jimmy Holm explained to his colleagues, "are bound by many strange ties. Some lack the faculty of expressing themselves. Others seek strange mediums by which to satisfy their desire to communicate with those who are left behind."

It often happens that a man dies suddenly with a secret untold. In such cases, he will stop at nothing to achieve his purpose—to unburden his soul to those this side of the veil. Such was the case of Horatio Hallenberg, Secretary of the Treasury. Horatio Hallenberg was a patriot. Dying, he held the secret of America in his keeping. He fought to tear aside the veil until that secret could be told.

The Orpheum was packed. Elise Lando—tall, willowy, possessing a rare beauty—billed as the greatest theatrical sensation of the century, was just finishing her act. For thirty minutes she had mystified the great audience with her apparently impossible feats of mind reading and second sight.

Suddenly, in the midst of a sentence, she stopped. Such of her face as could be seen beneath the hoodwink which covered her eyes worked convulsively. The audience leaned forward waiting for some new and startling demonstration of her marvelous power. Only Jones, her manager, standing in the wings beside the huge switchboard, realized that something had gone wrong.

"Get ready for a quick curtain!" he whispered to the electrician, his eyes never leaving the face of the woman on the stage.

The frail body of Elise Lando was trembling now. She leaned forward as if in a convulsion. Then she dropped back against the cushions of her chair.

"Blake!" she shrieked. Her voice changed suddenly. Instead of her usual musical tones, her voice was now strangely masculine. "Blake!" she cried again. "*I demand Blake! Or Inspector Ricks! Holm! For God's sake where are you? I want you! Want you! I am dead! Dead, I tell you! Dead for days! Carolyn . . . Death has got me . . . Death. . .*"

"Curtain!" Jones roared.

The electrician's hand jerked back the switch. The big curtain dropped with a thud. Jones rushed onto the stage and, seizing the shrieking woman, shook her back to consciousness. The hoodwink

dropped off and she stared at her manager dreamily. Then a look of fear crept into her sombre dark eyes.

"Something—something appeared before me!" she gasped. "It seemed to seize me in its grasp. For a moment I was *it*."

Jones nodded. She leaned on his arm as he assisted her to her dressing room. The door closed and she gave way to a fit of wild sobbing.

"God! There he is again!" she shrieked. "Big, intense his face twisted with grief. He is trying to seize me! He grabbed me by the shoulders. He wants to speak. I'm afraid, so afraid. . . ."

She leaned forward, her face buried in her hands. Jones nodded soberly and laid his hand lightly on her head.

"Every cent I've got is invested in this act," he said. "And I'm willing to squander it all, Elise—everything for the sake of my country. It may mean your life—mine. But, by God, we've stumbled onto something! I'm going after Ricks."

THE tall, slender form of Elise Lando leaned forward. Her large eyes were gleaming like live coals as she faced the three men across the table in her apartment in one of the largest of the city's hotels.

"I am hazy—indistinct," she said. "They say that I—that he—called for you. It is hard for me to explain just the condition I was in. I was two entities in one, if you understand. I was myself and yet I was he. I saw him standing beside me as one sees someone in a dream. His form was vague, vaporish, yet I recall every detail. He was tall and thin with a kind face and a small white mustache cropped short—"

"Hallenberg!" Blake interrupted with a quick glance at Ricks and Holm.

"I am psychic," the girl went on. "In order to do my mind reading act, I must go into a trance. I was in this condition when this man intruded."

Blake scratched his chin reflectively.

Walking Cadavers Obey
The Whims Of The
Monster-Scientist

Hot needles of terror tore through Holm's brain as each trip of the Zombi increased his agony.



"It was only last night that he disappeared," he said. "Yet your manager and those who saw the tragic finish of your act say that you—or whoever it was that possessed you—this man—spirit—call it what you will—said that he had been dead for days. I—I don't understand."

"There are many things we cannot claim

to understand that are connected with Doctor Death," Jimmy Holm interrupted.

Elise Lando nodded seriously.

"There are things beyond the veil which are beyond the ken of all of us," she said solemnly. "But, for the love of God, gentlemen, let me go into a trance here—now. I seem to feel him again. He—"

Her voice ended in a shrill screech. Her frail body twisted and writhed. Then she fell back against the cushions of the chair, her eyes closed.

"Thank God that you are here—all of you!" came from the girl's lovely mouth suddenly, in a heavy bass voice.

"That was Hallenberg!" Blake roared, a startled look creeping over his face. "I'd know his voice anywhere."

There was a scowl on the girl's face.

"Please do not interrupt me, Blake," the

masculine voice snapped. "My time is limited. He—Death—is liable to call for me at any time. I am not my own master, if you understand what I mean. For days he has been masquerading as me, using my body, serving the country in my place and, all the time, preparing to loot the Treasury.

"The girl—Fererra—saved it. Her will was too strong for him and he was forced to abdicate. That was when you thought that I had been kidnaped—last night.

"It was over a week ago that he entered my office. My secretary will recall the occasion. It was the day I had the appointment with the Egyptian minister. He had credentials—forged, of course.

"Hardly had the door closed behind him than he shot me dead. And—listen carefully, all of you—some secret was disclosed to him by the Egyptian minister—some secret that menaces the safety of the world. The Egyptian, of course thought that when he talked to him, he was talking to me.

"But I digress. Let me continue:

"The bullet struck me squarely in the chest. The impact hurled me back a pace. For an instant I stood there swaying, a look of amazement on my face. This man—this tall, good looking individual with the suave, easy manner—was a total stranger to me. Why, then, did he want to kill me?

"I took a step forward. Then blackness engulfed me and I knew no more.

"The period of oblivion could have lasted only for a moment, for when I opened my eyes I was lying there—

"God in heaven! No! I was sitting in the chair where this stranger—this man who had introduced himself to me as an international banker from London—had been sitting. Yet it was my body that was lying on the floor where I had collapsed when the bullet struck my heart.

"I knew that I was dead—that it was my body there on the floor. Yet, as I say, the smoking gun was clutched in my new hand. I leaned forward, my eyes almost bulging from their sockets. Yes, the blood was

oozing from the wound in my body's chest; it spread in an ever-widening circle over the shirt front.

"It was like looking at my own reflection in a mirror. I saw my body pull itself to its feet. For a moment the body leaned against the desk, breathing heavily. Then my body turned to the man in the chair—the man with the gun in his hand. The man whose shell I now occupied.

"'Come!' I was ordered by my own body. 'But first get the mop and wipe up the blood from the marble floor where you fell.'

"It was my voice. It seemed to be Horatio Hallenberg who was talking. But I—Horatio Hallenberg—was sitting in the chair.

"I was dazed. I pressed my hand to my forehead wonderingly. My fingers brushed through long hair, combed carefully backward. But I am almost bald, as you are all aware.

"SOMETHING told me that the commands of this man—this man whom I now know is Doctor Death—were to be obeyed. Obediently, I stepped to the small closet which you will remember, Blake, adjoins my private office. There I obtained a rag and wet it at the faucet. As I turned back I noted myself in the mirror. I uttered an exclamation of horror.

"The face that gazed back at me from the glass was that of the man who killed me. Yet, understand, my friends, I was not Doctor Death in person. The body I was wearing was that of still another man, whose body he had occupied for the killing. Doctor Death's face is too well known to the public for him to take the chance of appearing in public—"

"Metempsychosis!" Jimmy Holm said in a low, awed voice.

Again a scowl crept over the face of Elise Lando.

"Silence!" the bass voice snapped. "Did I not tell you that my time was limited?"

I am trying to tell you my story in my own words. I staggered across the floor with the dampened rag and hastily swabbed up the spot on the marble where I—where my body—had fallen. Then I threw the rag in the toilet and watched it float into the sewer. That task performed, I turned to this—this thing that was me and yet was not me.

“‘Now no one will know that Horatio Hallenberg is dead,’ my body chuckled. ‘And I have need of this body of yours, Hallenberg. For I, I—Doctor Death—will now become Secretary of the Treasury.’

“I stared at him in amazement. I was baffled—bewildered—my mind in a turmoil. I was dead. He had said so. But who had said so? Was it not Horatio Hallenberg who had made that peculiar statement? And was I not Horatio Hallenberg? I shook my head. No. To all outward appearances I was the shell that Doctor Death had occupied.

“Why did I not cry out? I sense your thoughts, my friends. Because I could not. There is something about this spirit world that demands a medium through which to work. I lacked that medium. I could think—yes, and reason. I knew that I was Horatio Hallenberg and that Horatio Hallenberg was dead and inside the bodily shell of another man, while the fiend who calls himself Doctor Death occupied the framework of Horatio Hallenberg.

“But I knew, also, that Death was my master. His thoughts were to be my thoughts, my wishes, his wishes. I wondered regarding the Treasury. I knew that it was to be looted. Yet I lacked the power to stop it. And, wondering, I saw him button his coat over his chest—my chest, if you please—to hide the blackened spot where the bullet had entered and which was fringed with red, that I knew was my blood.

“‘My car is at the entrance,’” he snapped. ‘My mind will tell you which it is. Take it. The driver knows where you are to go.’

“I nodded understandingly.

“As I left, I heard him turn to my secretary—to Horatio Hallenberg’s secretary—and ask that the Egyptian minister, who was in the outer room, be admitted.

“I obeyed his instruction like a little child. I—”

There was a sudden snarl. A second voice seemed to come from the throat of Elise Lando. It was high pitched—rasping. It mingled with that of Horatio Hallenberg.

“Back! Damn you!” it snarled.

Jimmy Holm leaped to his feet, his eyes blazing.

“*Doctor Death!*” he shouted. “*The voice of Doctor Death!*”

For an instant the two voices commingled in an indistinguishable uproar, the one pleading, the other snarling commands. Elise Lando’s face was a study of conflicting emotions. Suddenly she leaped to her feet, her mouth frothing, her teeth clicking madly.

Then she pitched forward at the feet of the three men—her breath came sobbingly for a moment, then her beautiful body was still. Elise Lando was dead.

King of Terror

ELISE LANDO was dead—struck down in some mysterious way by the man who called himself Doctor Death—forced to pay the penalty for being the medium through which Horatio Hallenberg had told his weird, unbelievable story.

For a long time there was silence. Jones, the dead girl’s manager, dropped to his knees beside the frail body and made no secret of his tears. For the moment dull resignation gripped the others. How were they to fight such an enemy—a man who was able to strike through the air—a man who caused the dead to rise from their graves? Black fear chilled them to the bone. Then Jimmy Holm, for one of the

few times in his career, gave way to blind fury.

"May his foul soul be damned!" he cried, his fists doubled, a red mist dancing before his eyes.

"We must work all the harder," Ricks said stolidly, leading the way toward the door. "Again, Jimmy—if you have stopped to realize it—Nina Fererra has saved the nation. Had it not been for her will working against that of this monster, the national treasury would have been looted. Perhaps an all-seeing providence made it possible for Death to capture her in order that she might thus thwart him."

Blake nodded.

"Hallenberg was on the verge of telling us more," Ricks went on as they waited for the elevator. "In another moment we might have found out from him where Death has his lair."

Again Blake nodded in confirmation.

THE police department car was standing at the curb. They were about to enter the machine when a young man dashed across the street, dodging through the congestion, risking his neck a dozen times. Motors ground and brakes shrieked; drivers cursed; street cars came to a jolting, jangling stop with a force that threw their passengers into the aisles.

The air was redolent with the fumes of scorching rubber and burned oil. Police whistles smote the ear with lacerating stillness. A hundred hands were reached out to stop him. He dodged them all and miraculously escaped unscathed.

"Inspector!" he shouted. "Inspector Ricks!"

Ricks turned. The youth was panting as he reached the curb.

"Thank God that I caught you before you got away!" he exclaimed. Then: "I called your office," he hastened on. "They told me that you were at Miss Lando's apartments. I phoned there and they said that you had just left—"

Ricks held up a restraining hand.

"Get a grip on yourself, youngster!" he commanded. "Who are you and what do you want?"

"I forgot. I thought that you knew me," the young man said quickly. "I'm Craig—Tommy Craig—"

"I get you now," Ricks interrupted. "Your engagement to Carolyn Decker, Horatio Hallenberg's niece and ward, was announced in the papers recently. The marriage will bring together the two greatest fortunes in America and all that rot."

The boy nodded excitedly.

"You've got it," he said. "And it's about Carolyn—Miss Decker—that I wanted to see you."

A little catch came into his voice and he seized the automobile for support.

"She's—dead!" he went on. "Murdered!"

Inspector Ricks swung on his heel.

"Say that again!" he roared. "Tell me about it."

"There's little to tell," the youth responded. "I found her lifeless when I called half an hour ago. She—but see for yourself. The penthouse where she and her uncle made their home when not in Washington is atop the building just across the street."

Ricks and his companions followed the young man across the pavement to the magnificent Hallenberg Arms, the huge apartment hotel that Horatio Hallenberg had completed only a few months earlier as his contribution to the recovery program. This time a traffic officer held up his gloved hand and made a path for them through the congestion.

At the end of the row of elevators was the private cage that the country's wealthiest man reserved for his own use. They stepped into it and were whisked to the roof. Ahead of them was a richly ap-

pointed foyer. They followed it and, a second later, were inside the Hallenberg penthouse.

THE maid who stood just inside the reception hall was weeping. Craig led them through the magnificently furnished drawing room and through a short hallway into a boudoir where a tall, professional appearing man was bending over the form of a young girl on the bed. The doctor looked up as they entered. Then, recognizing his visitors, he stepped forward and shook them warmly by the hands.

"Dead?" Ricks asked shortly.

Frankly, I do not know," he answered. "To all appearances, yes. Yet I've sent for the ambulance to take her to the hospital. The body lacks the rigidity of death. And, once or twice, I have thought that I caught an indication of a faint heart beat."

"Poison?"

The physician shook his head.

"If it is, it's a drug of some kind that I've never met with," he answered. "I'm not a toxicologist, but I'd be willing to wager my diploma against a dollar that it's not that. I've asked Hastings, the best authority on poisons in the city, to meet me at the hospital, however. Meanwhile—"

"Who discovered her?" Ricks interrupted.

Craig nodded toward the weeping maid.

"The maid," he answered. "It is the night off for all of the other servants. Miss Decker called me up and asked me to come here immediately. We are, as you know, engaged. I had just arrived home from a trip to Texas and had just heard about Secretary Hallenberg. Naturally, I responded despite the lateness of the hour.

"The maid admitted me and stepped in here to call her mistress," the youth went on. A second later I heard her scream. I rushed and found Carolyn just as she is

now. I immediately summoned Doctor Pennington. Then the idea of murder flashed across my mind. Or, at least, I imagined that there was some connection between what had happened to her and the disappearance of Secretary Hallenberg."

"Did she say anything regarding Secretary Hallenberg's disappearance when she 'phoned?" Holm interposed.

Craig shook his head.

"Nothing," he responded. "She asked me to come immediately, saying that she would explain when I arrived—"

The sudden entrance of the maid with a telegram interrupted him.

"For you, sir," she said, holding the salver out to him.

Young Craig tore open the yellow envelope with fingers that trembled in spite of his obvious efforts to hold himself together. He glanced over the yellow sheet, then handed it to Ricks and dropped into a chair.

"My God!" he exclaimed. "The fiend! The inhuman monster!"

Inspector Ricks glanced at the signature. Then he read the message aloud:

Horatio Hallenberg is dead. I have been using his body for the past few days—until I could realize on some of his stocks and securities. Many of them were in such shape that I was unable to negotiate their sale.

As Secretary of the Treasury, I had all arrangements made for a coup when it was halted by one of my female assistants. I need money badly for a gigantic project on which I am about to embark. I need not go into details. Suffice to say that I am still of the belief that the world of science and invention must be destroyed if mankind would progress. To this destruction I have dedicated my life.

You are a wealthy young man. Every dollar you possess was earned by someone else. I need your money. Yet I will be charitable. There are others who must pay the same as yourself. Here, therefore, is my proposition.

I demand one million dollars for the life of the woman you love. I have extracted her soul from her beautiful body. As long as I

"Unless One Million Dollars Is Paid To Me The Girl Will Become A Corpse, Food For My Elementals!"

so will, her form will remain in its present condition. The moment I withdraw my power over it, dissolution will set in. For the body without the soul—ego—call it what you will—cannot exist.

If you are interested, insert an advertisement in the *Star* Personal Column within the next week. Address it merely to Doctor Death as follows: "Doctor Death. Yes. Craig."

If I have not heard from you within that time I will consider that you do not care enough for this woman to restore life to her now inanimate body.

Inspector Ricks is with you now. So is my former assistant, Holm. And so, too, is Blake of the United States Secret Service. One and all, they will bear testimony to my ability to carry out my threats; also, I am certain that they will tell you that I never break my word.

Sincerely,

Doctor Death.

There was no attempt made on the part of any of the little group to temporize. While the frail form of the beautiful girl was rushed to the hospital where the best specialists that money could hire were brought into consultation, a hasty conference of the officers was held. It ended by Craig inserting the advertisement in the *Star* according to instructions.

WITHIN an hour after the paper had gone to press, he was called on the telephone and given his instructions.

"You will have all of today in which to raise the money in cash," Death informed him. "Be at the hospital tonight between the hours of midnight and two o'clock. I will telephone you there giving you instructions.

"Meanwhile, I have no desire to inflict needless suffering on an innocent girl. On the stroke of midnight I will restore her to consciousness. I expect you to have the money with you so that you can immediately hand it over when I so instruct you. I give you my word that neither you nor Miss Decker will again be molested by me. If any crooked work is attempted by you, however, or if the million dollars is short even a penny, she will return to the condi-

tion she is now in and dissolution will immediately set in."

At the suggestion of Jimmy Holm, endorsed by the other members of the Secret Twelve, the latest atrocity of Doctor Death was kept out of the public press. A conference of the heads of the various newspapers and news agencies was held daily and, while all news was given to these men, they agreed to withhold this latest horror.

There was a fear that the public, already stirred up to a point of frenzy, might panic, and this was to be avoided at all costs.

As a result of these precautions only the three officers, Craig, and a small group of specialists and nurses were present when the zero hour arrived.

"Dead. Dead beyond a matter of doubt," Billings, one of the specialists said after a final examination. "There is not a trace of a heart beat."

"Yet you must admit that there is no indication of *rigor mortis*," Doctor Pennington interposed.

Billings shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm admitting, gentlemen," he said, "that I've never seen a case like it before in all of my thirty years' experience. Yet the girl is dead."

All of the other physicians present nodded agreement. According to every test known to modern medical science, Carolyn Decker was a corpse. Yet her limbs were flexible and her flesh soft and elastic. There was not, as Pennington had asserted, any sign of the *rigor* that ordinarily accompanies death.

And so they stood around the bed, a silent, white-faced little knot of men and women.

"Bong!"

A distant clock chimed the hour. Eleven times more the chimes rang out.

"Bong! Bong! Bong! Bong! Bong!
Bong! Bong! Bong! Bong! Bong! Bong!"

They counted the strokes, their eyes never leaving the beautiful face of the girl who lay between the sheets.

On the twelfth stroke the door suddenly opened and a woman entered.

For the infinitesimal part of a second she stood there staring at the little group, her eyes wearing the glassy, faraway look of a sleepwalker. Doctor Pennington, the physician in charge, half turned as if to order her out. Jimmy Holm halted him with a gesture.

"Wait!" he whispered.

"I bear the soul of Carolyn Decker," the woman said in a sepulchral whisper.

ONE of the nurses who had been bending over the dead form of the girl on the bed screamed.

"Orla Lambosky!" she shrieked: "She's dead! Dead! She died two weeks ago—in the charity ward! I attended her. She's dead! Dead, I say—and buried!"

The woman stared at her fixedly. Then she crumpled in a little heap to the floor.

From her body arose a grayish, vaporish fog. It twisted, gyrated, danced for an instant. Then it swept across the room to the bed where Carolyn Decker lay.

"Enter!"

The voice came from nowhere, yet from everywhere. It boomed against their ear drums, filling the room. Yet none of them had spoken.

"Enter! I, Death, so command!"

The fog-like vapor spiraled over the still, white form of Carolyn Decker. For a moment it hung there. Then it disappeared, seemingly absorbed by the slender body of the dead girl.

Carolyn Decker's eyes opened. She sat up in bed, a startled look creeping over her face.

"Where am I?" she demanded.

Her eyes fell upon Doctor Pennington. She cast a quick glance around the room.

"Have I been ill?" she asked. "Was there an accident? I have no recollection of coming here."

Pennington held up his hand for silence. Stepping forward, he and the other physi-

cians applied their stethoscopes. They shook their heads in bewilderment.

The girl was apparently as well and healthy as any normal American girl of her age could be. Yet only a few seconds before they had pronounced her dead.

It was Craig to whom was delegated the task of telling her what had transpired. She listened in wonderment.

"I have no recollection of anything since the moment that I entered the room to dress," she said.

Had they all been hypnotized? Holm believed so, remembering as he did, the uncanny power of the weird Doctor Death. There was no other way of accounting for what had happened. Yet it was more than mass hypnotism. The girl, Orla Lambosky, for instance . . .

It was Pennington who first noticed her. For a moment they had forgotten her existence. Now, recalling his duty as a physician, he whirled and took a step toward her.

He stopped suddenly a startled look creeping over his clean-cut face.

"My God!" he ejaculated.

They turned. The nurse who had first recognized the girl screamed again.

"I told you that she was dead!" she shrieked, rushing from the room.

The face of Orla Lambosky was becoming black and mottled. It was the face of one who has long been dead. A fungus growth was appearing on the flesh—a grayish, whitish mold—the mold of the grave. Dissolution, far advanced, had attacked the body.

The odor became unbearable. Carolyn Decker leaped from her bed and ran shrieking from the room.

They crowded through the doorway into the hall in an effort to escape seeing and smelling—the horrible transition that was going on before their eyes. Billings, the last out, closed the door behind him and turned the key in the lock.

"Almighty God!" he said in a hoarse

whisper. "I have been an unbeliever all my life. But now I believe—that there is a devil."

To which Pennington added a fervent, "Amen!"

Lair of Death

THE call from Doctor Death came to Craig just one hour after the resurrection of Carolyn Decker. Holm and Ricks, sitting at the extension telephones, listened in.

The sinister Doctor was brief and to the point.

"You have the money?" he demanded.

Craig answered in the affirmative.

"Drive to the entrance of Riverside cemetery," he said. "An automobile will be standing close to the entrance facing north. You will drive, as nearly as you can estimate by your speedometer, one tenth of a mile past this car. You will then stop and stand beside your machine.

"A man will approach you from the parked car. You will hand him the ransom money and continue to stand by the side of your car until he has returned to his own. You will say nothing to him. After he has reached his machine you may do as you please."

"May I bring a friend with me to act as guard?" Craig asked at Ricks' suggestion. "The amount of ransom that I am carrying is large and—"

Death chuckled.

"That friend will, naturally, be Ricks or Holm," he said. "Bring one or both for all I care. In any event, you will obey instructions to the letter if you value the life of the woman you love. I will not be in the ransom car. That much I promise you."

"How will I know your man?" Craig asked again.

"He will be someone with whom you are well acquainted," the physician answered shortly.

There was a click and the receiver was hung up. Ricks, who had made an effort to have the call traced the instant it came in, had his report from the telephone company a moment later.

The call had come from a booth in the union depot. It had been well timed. Trains were coming in and pulling out at just that moment. Several thousand people were in the depot. To attempt to locate the Doctor in such a crowd would be folly.

Nor was it to be presumed that he would appear in public without some sort of disguise, knowing, as he undoubtedly did, that he would be recognized by the first person he met.

Yet Ricks, always thorough, had every point in the city covered, had a force of men at the depot within three minutes after the call had been traced.

A man who walked stiffly, lifting his legs mechanically, had been seen to shuffle out of one of the telephone booths at approximately one o'clock. A taxi driver had seen him enter a waiting car which had been rapidly driven away.

Unfortunately, the driver had neglected to secure the number.

Ricks knew and Jimmy Holm knew what had happened. Again the sinister Doctor Death had resorted to metempsychosis. For the nonce he had borrowed the body of someone from the grave in order to carry out his hellish designs.

Meanwhile, immediately upon receipt of instructions from Doctor Death, arrangements were made to trace the car at the cemetery as soon as the ransom was paid. Yet every effort must be made to keep Death from knowing that his car was being shadowed lest harm befall Carolyn Decker. It was finally decided that only four men should know the plan—Holm, Ricks, Blake and young Craig.

It was finally decided that Jimmy Holm was to start out immediately on a motorcycle and locate a parking place somewhere in the vicinity of the cemetery entrance.

He was to have his machine faced toward the north and was to await until the ransom car had passed on its way back with the ransom money. Then he was to follow at a discreet distance, lights extinguished. After he found where the car went, he was to return and report.

This post of danger had been demanded by Holm. Ricks, after considering the matter, agreed. Meanwhile, Blake and a force of Secret Service agents and policemen were to await instructions at headquarters so that, the moment Holm reported by telephone, they would be ready to move.

Luckily there was a great many trees and bushes along the roadside so that Holm had little difficulty in finding a spot for his machine where he could see and yet be out of sight.

Shortly before two o'clock a large closed car drove up to the cemetery entrance and, backing around, faced to the north under the light, the engine running. Five minutes later Craig, Ricks in the seat beside him, drove up. They slowed down as they passed the parked machine, driving a little distance beyond, then stopping. Both men climbed out and stood beside the parked car.

The door of the ransom car opened and a man stepped out. Holm gasped with astonishment as he caught a glimpse of his face.

It was Horatio Hallenberg!

Walking slowly, stiffly, his limbs moving with mechanical precision, his eyes staring straight ahead, the dead Secretary of the Treasury shuffled down the road to where the other car stood, the two men standing beside it. Stopping a pace away from them, his hand went out like that of an automaton. Craig handed him the package of bills. Turning on his heel like a soldier on parade, he marched back to the other car.

Stopping beside it, he tossed the package to someone inside. Then he toppled

over and lay prone alongside the roadway.

The curious, wraith-like vapor that had emanated from the body of Orin Lambosky seemed to leap from Hallenberg's body and into the car, where the vague outline of another form could be seen at the wheel.

The idling engine was galvanized into life. The machine darted forward, passing Holm at sixty miles an hour.

For an instant the young detective was frozen in his tracks. Then, as he saw Ricks and Craig running toward the body of the murdered Secretary of the Treasury, he kicked the starter of his motorcycle and swung in the wake of the ransom car.

It was with difficulty that Jimmy Holm followed the machine ahead. It skirted the city, swinging onto a main thoroughfare where there was considerable traffic, finally turning off onto a side road. From the side road it swung into a narrow lane—a twisting, abominable dirt trail filled with wash-outs and gullies; it curved around the hills and through narrow valleys filled with ruts.

UNABLE to see his lights, Holm took several bad spills and finally, deciding that it was best to play safe, ditched his machine behind a bush and took up the chase on foot.

The condition of the road made this task not as difficult as might appear. The car ahead seemed to merely creep along, so filled was the trail with washed-out ruts, rocks and bushes. Then the moon came out in all her silver majesty, lighting up the surrounding country almost as brightly as day.

Holm lost all sense of direction by the time he had proceeded a mile. He finally oriented himself by means of the north star, deciding that the general direction was north and slightly east.

The country grew rougher and rougher. It appeared to be all hills and ravines with apparently not a level place anywhere, the hillside covered with great outcroppings of limestone and stunted trees.

Suddenly, rounding a hill, he saw the outlines of a house in a small grove of trees. He hurried on until he found himself at the edge of a small clearing. In the center, a background of low, wooded hills showing behind it, was a low rambling house, apparently built into the side of a sort of foot-hill. Off to one side was a small outbuilding, apparently a garage, for there was no sign of a car in the yard. From all indications the place was unoccupied.

Holm hesitated. This was certainly his destination, for the trail ended here. And, from every indication there was no possible outlet, the house being located in a sort of valley surrounded on both sides and rear by wooded hills, making a sort of "U" with the house inside the circle.

Yet why the desertion? Certainly someone must be home since, in spite of Doctor Death's ability, Holm was unable to force himself to the belief that he could steer an automobile without someone at the wheel. And, too, the wraith-like vapor that had emanated from the body of the walking dead man was, as Holm knew only too well, the life of someone being transferred from the dead body of someone, living or dead, inside of the car.

The thought caused a chill of horror to race down his spine. He braced himself and, squatting behind a bush, settled down to a campaign of watchful waiting.

It was close to four-thirty, according to the illuminated dial of his wrist watch. For half an hour he debated whether to wait for daylight or to return to the city and report. Then came the thought of Nina Fererra. Possibly she was somewhere inside that apparently deserted house.

A MAN in love lacks discretion. Jimmy Holm was in love. The passing of the moon under a cloud made up his mind for him. He took the middle course and, darting from bush to bush, approached the house.

There was something sinister and re-

pellent about the place—something that seemed to warn him to turn back. He put it down to his nerves and cautiously approached the front door.

Closer investigation disclosed the fact that there was a narrow tumbledown porch. Instead of stepping onto it, Holm skirted the house, passing around to the left until he reached the hill in the rear. Then, finding that the building was set back into the hillside, he turned and negotiated the other side. It was on this side of the house that the garage was located. He walked down the path and tried the door. It was locked.

Turning, he looked back at the house. Again the feeling of repulsion swept over him. He shuddered in spite of himself. There was every indication that the old place was abandoned. Yet he was certain that it was tenanted.

Then a thought suddenly flashed across his mind. Both men in the ransom car had been dead. He had once before witnessed the diabolical ability of Doctor Death to cause the dead to walk and obey his commands. Such must be the case now. The house was untenanted by the living; the ransom money had been handled by dead men.

He laid his hand cautiously on the knob of the side door. It was locked. Again he skirted the house and, stepping onto the front porch, tried the door. It yielded to his touch.

The interior was in darkness. Drawing his gun, he took a pencil flashlight from his vest pocket and, stepping across the threshold, pressed the button.

Jimmy Holm gasped with astonishment at what the tiny beam of the pencil flashlight disclosed. The room was out of place in this ancient, tumbledown house. The floor was of some sort of hard wood, carefully sanded and waxed. Scattered here and there were beautiful oriental rugs. In the center was a huge table, one side of it filled with books, while the other was littered with writing materials; a small desk stood

close by; on it was a portable typewriter.

The walls were lined with open bookshelves. He glanced at the titles. They were largely along the line of medicine, metaphysics and psychology. Of fiction there was nothing. Here and there were costly etchings on the walls. In one corner stood several mummy cases.

The door leading into the adjoining room was ajar. He tiptoed in, unable to resist his curiosity. The furnishings matched those of the room he had just quitted. He crossed the hall and entered



"Promise to serve me and I will restore Nina to you," Death offered. "Refuse and she will go to the serpents."

still another room. He stopped at the threshold, his eyes fairly bulging with astonishment, led on by a compulsion seemingly outside his will.

The room was one of the most splendidly equipped medical laboratories he had ever laid eyes on!

The walls, painted white, were lined with shelves on which stood bottles and beakers, test tubes, Bunsen burners—everything

necessary for the most delicate experiments. There was even an adjustable chair.

Then, as the beam of the tiny flash swung in a half arc, he leaped back with an exclamation of horror.

It disclosed the face of a dead man!

Recovering his courage, he turned back and made a more thorough examination. Near the dissecting table was a smaller table on which lay knives and other instruments. Beside them was a pair of rubber gloves; they were thrown carelessly aside as if the operator had been stopped in the middle of a delicate experiment.

Jimmy Holm trembled with an inexplic-

He leaped to his feet with an exclamation of horror.

The flashlight revealed everything distinctly.

He was in a pit filled with dead men!

Creatures from Hell

FOR a moment Jimmy Holm stood there, an intangible nameless dread creeping over him that seemed to paralyze his faculties. Then, getting command of himself by a mighty effort of will, he turned the beam of his flashlight

The Pit Was Filled With Cadavers, Heaped In A Great Pile For The Hellish Experiments Of The Mad Scientist

able terror. He wanted to turn and rush from the infernal house. But, at the same time, something held him there—something stronger than his own will that told him to continue his explorations.

Walking on tiptoe, he negotiated the narrow stairs to the upper floor. Here he was again treated to a surprise.

With the exception of one room in which was a cheap bed and mattress, uncovered and bare, the entire upper floor was dust-covered and unfurnished.

Turning, he tiptoed downstairs again and hurried through the hallway. Something told him to take a second look inside the laboratory.

He stepped inside the door, the beam of his flashlight playing over the face of the dead man on the dissecting table again.

The floor gave way beneath his feet.

He landed with a jar on something soft—a pile of something that seemed to roll away from him as he struck. His flashlight dropped from his hand and bounced a little distance to one side, while his gun rolled in the other direction.

He stretched forth his hand to recover the light. It came in contact with something cold and clammy.

upward. He was in a huge pit at least thirty feet deep.

It was apparently without an exit except through the top which, shaped like a bottle neck, was covered with the trap door through which he had fallen. Evidently this trap was fastened on spring hinges, for it had leaped back into place, sealing him securely in the pit with the dead.

The dead! He recalled the cave in which Doctor Death had had his headquarters before—a cave connected by a tunnel with a nearby cemetery—a cave in one part of which he had piled hundreds of cadavers upon which he experimented at his leisure.

For Doctor Death was one of the few living men who had studied the unholy art of devil worship. By means of some sort of fluid which he injected into their veins, he was able to exercise over the dead a certain telepathic control. This fluid responded to his thought waves like the human brain; by means of it he was able to cause the dead to obey his every command.

Yet it was not with every cadaver that Doctor Death could work. Perhaps not over one in a thousand responded to his commands. As a result, it was necessary

for him to have dead bodies in great numbers in order to find subjects upon which to conduct his hellish experiments.

The thought brought little solace to Jimmy Holm. Yet it calmed his quivering nerves to a certain extent. He forced his muscles into obedience and again turned his flashlight on the pile of pitiful corpses on the floor. It was apparent that they had been thrown into the pit indiscriminately; they were heaped in a great pile, upon the apex of which he had fallen. Even now the heap quivered and rocked as the bodies beneath were pressed down by the changing weight on top.

Some were naked, some were clad in the ceremonies of the grave. Some were in rags, some in the richest finery. Doctor Death had played no favorites in robbing the tomb.

The pit was as still as the tomb—so quiet that Holm could almost hear the beating of his own heart as it pounded madly against the walls of his chest. Getting a grip on himself, he rotated slowly on his heel, allowing the beam of his flashlight to play over the smooth stone walls.

He was well enough acquainted with Doctor Death and his methods to realize that, somewhere, there was a hidden entrance to the charnel pit, through which the sinister old scientist could remove the subjects for his experiments.

That this huge pile of cadavers had been secured for the purpose of dissection was absurd. No, Death was again conducting one of his hellish probations. The laboratory upstairs was merely a blind or a workshop for his moments of recreation.

Somewhere, deeply buried beneath the earth was another place where he could carry on his work unmolested and undisturbed. And the entrance to that room, Holm was sure, was through this pit. He still believed that Doctor Death was absent from the old house. If he could find that second exit, there was a possible chance of

making his escape before the sinister Doctor returned and of learning the whereabouts of Nina.

He cursed himself for a fool for blundering into the trap—for he was certain, now, that a trap it was, set by Death himself. He had promised Ricks that he would follow only far enough to learn the destination of the ransom car. But carried on by his concern for Nina, he had allowed himself to blunder. That mistake, he told himself bitterly, might mean disaster, not only to himself, but to the world at large.

HIS light came to rest upon a spot which seemed smoother than the others. For a moment he stood there examining it. Then he took a step closer.

He leaped back with an exclamation of horror.

Something was moving on the other side of the wall.

The black slugs of fear crawled like maggots through Jimmy Holm's brain. Yet he forced himself to extinguish the light for an instant. Then, his body poised for combat, he stood there in the darkness, his every faculty alert.

"*Shf! Shf! Shf!*"

It was the shuffle of feet. Then he imagined that he heard whispers.

Unable to stand the darkness longer, he again pressed the button of his flashlight and flooded the spot from which the noise had come. The whisperings suddenly ceased and again the silence was unbroken save by the *beat-beat-beat* of his own heart.

His toe came in contact with something that scraped across the stone floor. He leaped sideways a pace, his flash forming an arc of light downward.

It was his revolver.

He picked it up and cocked it. It gave him a feeling of security. Again he turned his attention to that part of the wall from which the noises had come.

Again he heard that ominous *shf! shf!*

He brought his gun to a level with his eyes, his whole body quivering with terror.

A door was slowly opening.

HIS eyes almost bulging from his head, Jimmy Holm saw a long section of the stonework slide slowly an inch or two to one side. Then a hand was inserted in the opening—a horrible hand, twice as large as an ordinary man's—white with the sickening pallor of death, the fingers writhing and twisting like a nest of snakes. They slid around the edge of the door bonelessly, pushing it open a tiny bit farther.

Again he heard that *shfl shfl shfl* of shuffling feet and the sound of whispering. Horrible voices they were, low, menacing, toneless, ominous. Something seemed to be crowding about the opening, peering through at him squarely into the center of the beam of light.

The hand pushed the door open a bit more. Now he caught a glimpse of a wrist—a long, slender wrist, boneless, sinuous and snakelike—a wrist as tiny as that of a baby. Again he had the feeling of being spied upon by unseen eyes. He knew that on the other side of the door something foul was glaring at him.

Slowly the door slid open a trifle wider. Now he could see eyes gazing in at him—green-glowing eyes, sulphurous, venomous.

He forced his benumbed legs to carry him a step forward. The hand disappeared from the edge of the opening and the horrible eyes drew back. He fought his fears as he moved slowly ahead until he stood beside the door and, laying one hand on it, shoved it back to its full width. Then he thrust his flashlight through the opening. Its brilliance pierced the aisle of darkness which opened up before him.

He did not shriek at what he saw; his mind was too benumbed for that—too filled with blind, overmastering terror when he visioned the group of slouching, vermin-gray figures that crouched within the ring of light, their twisted, misshapen fingers

held before their eyes in an effort to ward off the glare.

Hideous, hell-creatures, they were—things made in the shape of men and yet shapeless. Their heads, bloated like huge balloons, were without form. Their eyes were lidless like those of a fish. They had no noses, while their mouths, stretched across the entire fronts of their faces, were fanged and stained as if with poison—drooling with gangrenous spittle.

They were neckless, hairless, their huge heads set atop tiny, malformed bodies, their legs rubbery and ending in huge, claw-like feet while their arms, as thin as those of infants, ended in the twisted hands he had already seen, the nailless worm-like fingers almost scraping the floor. Bestial, macabre, gelatinous, their parchment skin was white and corpselike, mottled with decayed spots like great festering sores.

Jimmy Holm stifled the scream that was in his throat and took a dozen staggering strides forward in an effort to force his bewildered brain to the belief that these awful atrocities were but the figments of his own imagination. They were too loathsome, he told himself, to be real.

They drew away from him as he advanced. At the same time there came to his nostrils a horrible fetor—a mingling of rancid serpent stench with the cloying odor of decaying carrion and moldy charnel houses. The awful stench seared his throat as he stumbled forward; it cut into his nasal passages, invading his brain.

He went amuck. He pulled the trigger of his gun. Why, he never understood. It was stark panic that caused him to start the attack. Again and again he jerked the trigger until every chamber was empty. He was certain of his aim. Yet his bullets went through the spongy bodies of the hell creatures without effect.

For an instant they drew back. Then they came at him in a squealing, shrieking mass. They overpowered him with their weight, pawing at him, pulling at his arms,

his hand, his legs. He screamed, his voice filled with agony and black, panicky fright. They fought each other to get at him, their teeth gnashing, gathering in fresh hundreds from every side. The whole world seemed filled with them. The light was knocked from his hands as he went down. It bounced a little way to one side, its tiny beam a thin pencil in the hellish darkness.

Then Jimmy Holm fainted.

HE opened his eyes at the sound of a voice. It seemed to come from a great distance. The cavern was filled with light. The hell creatures were gone; he could hear them squealing and squeaking back somewhere in the darkness. Yet the horrible odor persisted; it gagged him, causing him to retch.

"Back! Back! Damned things!"

The voice was familiar. Jimmy Holm raised himself to his elbow and gazed with startled eyes toward the other end of the room where stood a man, his back turned, exorcising the accursed things that had attacked him. They were falling away before him. The effort was too much after what he had gone through and the young detective slumped back to the floor again, his head whirling . . .

Something was pressed to his lips. He swallowed. It raced through his veins like liquid fire, but it braced him.

Somewhere he imagined that he heard the voice of a woman . . . shrieking . . .

He opened his eyes again. A man was bending over him, a man who was tall and gaunt almost to the point of cadaverousness, a man whose eyes were set so deeply in their sockets that he looked like death . . .

"Feeling better, Jimmy?" he asked.

Jimmy Holm jerked himself to a sitting position.

"Doctor Death!" he exclaimed.

The thin man bowed mockingly.

"At your service," he responded. "And just in time to keep my little pets from

putting the quietus on you. You were foolish to arouse them, Jimmy. I knew that you were coming, but I had not counted on your making your entrance so dramatically."

He raised Jimmy Holm to his feet.

"However," he went on smilingly, "you are welcome."

He stretched forth his hand and caught Jimmy Holm as the young detective staggered and would have fallen to the ground. The terrors of the past half hour had been too great for him.

Death's Bargain

JIMMY HOLM recovered consciousness slowly. For a moment he lay there thinking. Had it been a dream? Had he, in reality, seen the bizarre creatures of the darkness or was it his imagination?

He opened his eyes and stared into space, unable to realize for the moment where he was. Then he tried to pull himself into a sitting position, only to fall back when wire-tight ropes yanked at his arms, spread-eagled above his head.

Then a woman came into the picture. This time he was certain that he was dreaming. A sad smile hovered over her full red lips while her amber-colored eyes, slightly inclined to the oblique, appeared to be trying to convey a message to him. She rushed forward, her arms outstretched. Dropping to her knees beside the couch on which he lay, she pressed her lips against his in a long, lingering caress.

"Nina!" he whispered.

"Jimmy!" she exclaimed. Dear Jimmy!"

A shadow fell across them and the long, talon-like hand of Doctor Death seized her rudely by the shoulder and pulled her away.

"Pardon my intrusion upon your love-making," he said with a cynical bow. "However, when I desire to have you two meet, I will let you know. Meanwhile, Nina, you will retire."

The girl whirled on him, her eyes blazing with anger.

"I refuse!" she snapped. "I—"

Doctor Death extended his arm toward her. From the ends of his bony fingers sparks seemed to snap and sparkle as from an electric dynamo. She staggered backward, her slender white hands pressed against her eyes.

"Jimmy!" she wailed as she tottered from the room.

The young detective struggled at his bonds. His efforts were fruitless. He managed to turn his head slightly and gazed up into the cold, cynical eyes of the aged scientist.

"Damn you!" he snarled. "You devil!"

Death chuckled malevolently.

"Swear if you enjoy it, my young friend," he answered, seating himself in a nearby chair. Then, while Jimmy Holm gave vent to his rage, the old man filled and lighted a pipe, smoking with apparent enjoyment. At the conclusion of the tirade, he arose and left the room.

HOLM sank back against the cushions to which he was tied and twisting his head to either side, made a hasty survey of his surroundings. From what he could see, he was in a huge room as magnificently furnished as the one in which he had found himself when he entered the house. Expensive rugs were on the floor. On a nearby table were several books with costly bindings. Others filled the shelves along the walls. Again he imagined that he heard a woman scream. The sound was indistinct—muffled. He was not certain whether the voice was that of Nina or not.

The door opened and Doctor Death entered again. He was clad in a neatly starched white surgical coat while over his magnificent thatch of snowy hair was pulled a knitted white cap. He seated himself by the side of the davenport and once more filled and lighted his pipe.

"Tobacco is a wonderful solace," he said,

leaning back against the cushions with evident enjoyment. Then, as Holm made no answer, he gazed at him quizzically.

"Need I remind you that I am the greatest scientist the world has ever known?" he said in the tired voice of a parent chiding an unruly child. "Why, then, do you fight me, Jimmy? You know that I will triumph in the end. I am destined to change the universe.

"Egotist, do I hear you say? I repeat that it is not egotism that prompts me to make that assertion. It is merely a statement of fact. Einstein knows that he is great. The world knows it. Yet has the world ever given to Einstein the attention that is now—and was in the past—paid to me? I tell you now, as I told you once before, that I, king of all scientists, have been placed upon this earth to destroy all other men of science and all scientific invention."

He waited until Jimmy Holm's outburst had subsided.

"In the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth," he continued. "Then he made man—made him in his own image and likeness. It was his idea that there should be heaven on earth. But, unfortunately he gave man a brain. This brain has been developed throughout the centuries until now man has reached a stage where he believes that he is greater than the God who created him.

"God never intended that man should fly. Else he would have given him wings like the birds. God never intended that man should live beneath the waves, else he would have given him fins like the fishes. God never intended that man should send out his voice upon the ether. These and a thousand other things has man done in an effort to improve upon the work of his Creator.

"Because of all these things, God's plan has gone amuck. Satan and I have formed an alliance. Together we will rule the world. With the devil's power, I will go

forth and destroy, using my brain to tear down what man, using his God-given brain, has accomplished.

"Through my efforts, the earth will be restored to its original state. Man will dwell upon it again in primitive simplicity. And I—I, Rance Mandarin, *alias* Doctor Death, will be hailed as the savior of mankind—second only to Ahrimanes himself."

HE stopped, his eyes wearing a peculiar, far-away look. For an instant Jimmy Holm was sorry for the man. He remembered the wonderful brain that had once been Death's. Then he recalled the diabolical cruelty of this creature in whose skull the maggots of madness were holding carnival. The thought caused him to shudder.

But already Doctor Death's mood had changed.

"You have just witnessed my latest experiment," he chuckled. "It almost resulted disastrously for you. Have you any idea, Jimmy, what those creatures were that attacked you there in my room of corpses?"

"God, no!" Holm answered with a shudder.

Doctor Death leaned forward, his bony forefinger tapping against the other's chest the better to emphasize his remarks.

"I am an artist in malignancy," he said "You remember that I was always interested in elementals—primal earth forces—things without form, faceless, eyeless—things born beyond the veil and yet unborn. Spirit forms that have never evolved.

"Elementals hate humans. Why? Because humans have evolved. Occasionally it becomes possible—although it is very seldom that such a thing happens—for an elemental to break through the veil and to manifest itself upon the human plane. As you will recall, I was able to control these elementals in the form of whirlwinds—vortexes. You have tasted my power over them. Only a few nights ago at the house of Harmachis, the Egyptian, you found that

I had developed this power to an even greater degree than ever before. Why? Because of my alliance with the devil. The elementals are his creatures."

He stopped and, selecting a fresh pipe from the bowl on the table at his elbow, filled and lighted it. For a moment he smoked in silence as if collecting his thoughts.

"The thought came to me some time back," he said finally, "that, lacking other methods of accomplishing my purpose, I might develop a vast group of elementals into something resembling humans. By turning this force loose upon the world, I could destroy humanity if need be. I, therefore, commenced the development of these elementals. You have seen the result. My advanced elementals live on carrion where the ordinary elemental exists on the vitality of humans.

"Now," the old man went on excitedly, his eyes again blazing with a fanatical light, "fate has placed in my hands a quicker instrument of accomplishing my purpose. Listen, my young friend. And, having listened, perhaps you will believe me when I say that my work cannot fail.

"When you and your crew of officers destroyed the work of a lifetime a few months ago, I commenced planning for another coup.

"You know my ability to transfer my soul—my ego, as it were—to the body of another. The fact that I, by so doing, secured control of the United States Treasury is no news to you. Unfortunately, I left myself open to attack; Nina caught me off guard. For the nonce her will was stronger than my own. But we will let that pass.

"I needed to rehabilitate my fortunes. I intended to do so by dipping into the Treasury of the United States. Instead, foiled in that, I chanced by accident upon something so colossal—so gigantic, that my plans were changed in a minute.

"I had just done away with Hallenberg

when the Egyptian minister came in. Naturally he thought me Hallenberg. He informed me of the discovery of a clew to a formula for resurrecting the dead of Egypt—”

“I already know that,” Jimmy interrupted.

The old man nodded.

“I suspected as much,” he rejoined. “To make a long story short, the Egyptian minister told me in my character of Secretary of the Treasury that their secret agent in this country, Prince Harmachis was on the verge of locating the hiding place of the secret. When it was eventually located and secured, they were afraid to let such a force loose upon the world. And I—I was looking for just such a force with which to accomplish my purpose. See how Satan placed the instrument in my hands? I failed before. Now I cannot fail.

“Naturally, I agreed to his request. He left, promising to tell me the moment that Harmachis had secured the secret. This he did. The rest was easy. But, you may ask, why did I want to secure this formula? Why? Because at one stroke I could resurrect all the dead of Egypt. With such an army I could sweep down upon the civilized world, destroy it at will, and turn back the hands of time thousands of years—back to the days before such things as science and invention were known.

“That I succeeded in securing the secret is likewise known to you. You were with Ricks at the house of Harmachis, the Egyptian. What you did not know, however, was that, instead of the formula, Harmachis had secured only the location of the spot where it was hidden.

“That hiding place is in Egypt. Where, is something that I do not intend to divulge. Suffice to say that through young Craig, I have enough money to carry on my preliminary work—to finance an expedition to Egypt and search out the formula, the secret hiding place which is now known only to me, for the man from whom Har-

machis secured it did not know its worth. Craig will not need his million when the world returns to the condition it was in when God first created it. But I needed it badly. So I took it, as you are well aware.

“And now to sum up. In order to carry on my work successfully, I am in need of assistance. I want young people—young men and women to help me to carry on my work should I fail—which is unlikely. I am an old man. I have not yet discovered the secret of eternal life on earth. My days, perhaps, are numbered. Mayhap, I will live forever. Who knows what great formula my brain will discover?

“Nina was already in my power. My instinct told me that you would follow the ransom car last night and that, once again, you would be with me. I deduced that you would believe that the car would lead to me and that where I was, there Nina would be. You were correct in your surmise.

“And, so, Jimmy, I once more offer you a place on my staff. I frankly admit my desire to win you over. I offer you power—more power than any man has ever had since the world began. And, in addition, I offer you love—the love of Nina. What do you say?”

He leaned forward, his eyes glittering with excitement.

“You can go to hell—to the devil that spawned you—damn you!” Holm growled.

Monster of Torture

DOCTOR DEATH shook his head sadly. Then, stepping to the end of the Davenport upon which Jimmy was bound, he pressed a button. Holm felt the cushions slide from beneath him as the couch, divided lengthwise, slid apart.

Then, as his weight came against the ropes with which he was bound, he gave a scream of pain.

He was spread-eagled. The ropes, tied to his wrists and ankles, jerked wire-tight, leaving him suspended in midair in the form of the letter "X."

The pain was excruciating. It stabbed into his vitals like hot needles, searing into his flesh, tearing his muscles from the bones. He gritted his teeth against it. Death, bending over him, grinned fiendishly. Turning away, he pressed another button.

The door opened and a man entered. His movements were lifeless, jerky, automatic. He stared straight ahead with eyes that were glassy and unwinking.

The man was a corpse—a Zombi—one of the strange, weird, undead things that the sinister scientist raised from the tomb to do his bidding. Doctor Death muttered something to it. The thing whirled and, lifting a book from the shelf, laid it upon the middle of the suspended man. He repeated the operation a second time and then a third.

"I am leaving for a few minutes," Doctor Death said gravely. "I have set in motion this human, machine-like shell. You are well aware, Jimmy, that he will continue placing book after book upon you until you are covered with them or I command him to cease. One book, I know, weighs but a few ounces—a third of a pound, I would say. But, given enough of them and you will be literally torn to pieces beneath their weight. The cords about your wrists will pull your arms from their sockets; those about your ankles will fairly tear you apart.

"You must understand by this time that I bear you no love. On the other hand, I have no malice against you. But I need you. And I will either have you alive or I will use your corpse for the same purpose as the carcass of this poor devil."

He whirled on his heel and walked away.

An instant later Holm heard the door slam behind him and knew that he was gone.

Hot needles of terror tore through Jimmy Holm's brain at the thought of what was before him. Slowly, yet steadily at intervals of thirty seconds, the Zombi made his trip from the shelves at the side of the room. Each time he carried a single book. Placing it upon the suspended form of the young detective, he whirled and started back on his return journey.

As Doctor Death had said, the addition of the first half dozen books made little difference to the tortured man. The weight of his own body was enough to almost tear him apart, drawn up as he was, over a foot from the floor, his limbs stretched at an unnatural angle.

Then came the time when every additional ounce was an added agony. He attempted to fight it off, to pit his own intelligence against that of the monster who was directing the cold, dead torturer. Once he thought that he had succeeded. For a moment the man halted in his tracks, stumbling a bit, the book falling from his hand. Then, stooping stiffly over with a sort of jackknife motion he retrieved it and placed it on the pile beside the others. Jimmy groaned, knowing that he had failed.

The pain grew steadily worse. Every added ounce now stretched the muscles a tiny bit more. Fresh needles jammed into his flesh in a million places. His nerves shrieked aloud and he gave way to them, filling the air with his agonized moans.

His body seemed to be tearing apart. And still the walking dead man continued his slow, methodical trips, each time with a single book in his hand which he added to the little pile.

The door opened and Doctor Death entered again. Jimmy Holm nerved himself and, gritting his teeth, tried to keep

"YIELD TO ME OR BE TORN LIMB FROM LIMB!"

from giving way to the excruciating pain. The sinister scientist bent over him, a benevolent smile creeping over his saturnine countenance.

"Are you ready to give up?" he asked. "It tortures me as much as it does you, Jimmy, to see you thus suffer."

Then it was that Jimmy Holm gave way, filling the air with his curses. He was wild—mad—filled with an insanity such as he had never felt before. He was hysterical, knowing not what he said. Death waited until he had finished. Then, shaking his head sadly, he turned away and seating himself in the chair beside the table, selected a pipe from the bowl and, filling and lighting it, gazed at Jimmy quizzically through the smoke.

The Zombi added another book. But Jimmy Holm did not feel its extra ounces.

He had fainted.

He was lying on the couch again when he opened his eyes. There were no cords upon his limbs, yet he was incapable of movement, so badly swollen were his arms and legs. Again Doctor Mandarin—or Doctor Death, as he elected to call himself—was bending over him. For an instant the old man touched a finger to his pulse, then straightened up shaking his head sagely.

"Your stubbornness almost resulted in your death, my foolish young friend," he said sadly.

Turning, he walked slowly to a small medicine cabinet sitting on a nearby table. From it he extracted a small hypodermic needle which he sterilized in alcohol and filled with a golden yellow liquid.

"This will ease the pain," he said gently as he rolled back Holm's sleeve, pierced the flesh of the forearm and drove the plunger home.

A feeling of dizziness swept over Holm. His head swam in endless circles that grew larger and larger until he seemed to lose consciousness. Yet he was not unconscious, for he had a distinct knowledge of all that

was happening around him. Like a man in a dream, he saw Doctor Death press the button again and saw several of the Zombi troop in. To each of them Death gave a small box of ointment which he selected from the cabinet.

THEY removed Jimmy's outer garments. Then, setting to work on all sides, they rubbed him thoroughly with the salve, their hard, dead, cold hands grating against his tortured flesh and creating a sort of warmth by the friction. Finally, at a word from their master, they raised the young man to his feet, replacing his outer garments with a bathrobe.

The moment he stood erect, the feeling of dizziness swept from Holm's head. The pain, too, seemed to vanish from his body and down through his legs and toes until he was able to hobble about without assistance.

Doctor Death, sitting at the table smoking, nodded his head in satisfaction.

"I have prepared a little drama that I want you to witness, my young friend," he said. "Do you consider yourself in shape to see it? I warn you that time grows short for one you love. You alone can save her—but you must move fast, else it will be a tragedy. Are you ready?"

Holm nodded dully. He started after the scientist, his feet dragging heavily, almost like those of the Zombi. Once he stumbled and nearly fell. He tried to stretch forth a hand to catch himself only to find that his arms were dead. He looked at Death questioningly.

The old man chuckled sinisterly.

"I am not foolish enough to match my withered old body against your sturdy young frame in a hand-to-hand encounter," he chuckled. "Therefore, as usual, I used my brain. While you were under the anesthesia, I hypnotized you. Your arms are dead until I will them to be otherwise."

Again he chuckled and led the way out of the room.

Once more Jimmy Holm heard a woman shriek. This time there was no mistaking the voice. It was that of Nina Fererra. It revived him, adding new strength to his laggard muscles.

Death hurried down a long passageway apparently cut out of the solid rock. As they progressed, a peculiar, rancid, serpent-like stench assailed Holm's nostrils. It grew stronger and stronger as they hastened along, the air growing warmer until it was almost unbearable.

Arriving at a small door, Death placed his fingers on the knob and, turning it, stepped aside for Jimmy to enter.

Jimmy Holm shrieked with horror.

He was standing at the edge of what appeared to be a sort of barless zoo—a gigantic pit enclosed by a wide stream of dark, murky, sluggish water. The pit was filled with snakes, writhing, twisting, filling the air with their hissing.

There were thousands of them—snakes of every known variety. Cruel, poisonous, vicious, their little beady eyes glittering, their forked tongues darting in and out. Rattlesnakes hung from fissures in the rocks, or sounded their ominous warnings from the writhing mass in the great pit.

Fer-de-lances reared their spear-like heads or twisted amongst the ungodly pile. Cobras, their necks puffed with anger, moccasins—a hundred other varieties, vicious, venomous—the pit was a squirming heap of scaly, glistening horror. The odor was hellish—overpowering.

From the top of the pit an escalator led to the very bottom. It was moving slowly—backwards—toward the bottom of the pit instead of the top.

Upon it, forced to run in order to keep from being swept down into the poisonous hell hole below, was Nina Fererra!

She was almost naked. The sweat stood out in great beads upon her beautiful body; it trickled down in little streams over her rounded legs. She was panting—almost at the point of exhaustion. Once she

stumbled. Jimmy Holm gave a cry of alarm as she slipped down half a dozen steps. A great cobra struck at her, missing her by inches. She regained her balance just in time, forcing herself to greater effort in order to regain the distance that she had lost.

"For God's sake, stop it, you monster!" Holm cried.

Doctor Death shook his head sadly.

"I need you, Jimmy—need both of you," he said quietly. "But I must have you voluntarily—not as captives. Give me your word of honor that you will come in with me and I have but to stretch forth my hand to the button which will restore Nina to your arms again. Refuse and—"

Nina Fererra slipped and fell. She struggled to catch herself as she sprawled, face downward upon the floor that was carrying her downward. A fer-de-lance struck at her, its tongue darting out like forked lightning. Then another and another. They missed her by inches. Another foot and she would be lost.

"I give in!" Jimmy Holm shrieked.

A great snake raised its evil head and struck. The girl moved involuntarily. The serpent's own weight carried it past her . . .

Pledge To Death

DOCTOR DEATH'S hand darted forth and touched a button. The escalator reversed itself, spinning upward with a speed that jerked the imperiled girl out of danger and deposited her on the edge of the pit at their feet, face downward. For a moment she lay there breathing heavily from her exertions. Then, raising herself on her elbow, she saw Holm for the first time.

"Jimmy!" she said in a hoarse whisper. "You . . . didn't . . .?"

Holm nodded.

"We are in his power, sweetheart," he said. "For the time being I am paralyzed.



"It is useless to battle Zombi," Death snarled. "Their clammy hands will soon choke the life from your body."

Not that I care for myself. It was for you. Those snakes! God!"

He shuddered like a man with the ague. "I know," she whispered. "Yet death would be better than—life with him."

Doctor Death smiled. Coolly, he stooped over and kicked out of the way a snake that, caught on the escalator, had been whirled to the edge of the pit. This done, he pressed the button again and started the moving platform in the opposite direction. Then, calmly, he turned to the door and motioned to someone outside. Several female Zombi entered. One of them threw a robe over the recumbent girl. Stooping mechanically, they picked her up and carried her from the room.

"I imagine that you are weary," Doctor

Death said as he led the detective back through the passageway. "Yet, because of the fact that you encountered my developed elementals when you entered this place, I am anxious to exhibit to you the prize of my collection. There is much that must be shown you, Jimmy, since you are elected to become my assistant again. Part of it will wait. But I have the natural pride of an originator."

They negotiated a part of the distance down the passage, then stopped before a narrow door where Death pressed a switch. Stepping aside, he made way for Holm.

It was a huge cave in which the detective found himself—a cave dimly lighted at the entrance, the rear as black and gloomy as the pit of hades.



Gleaming at them from this chunk of darkness were two great eyes. They glared out at them unwinkingly, malevolently, like the twin fires of hell.

"Elementals, as you are well aware," Death went on in the tone of a teacher lecturing his class, "are antagonistic to iron. It is the only known element that will hold them. This cave, which is almost directly behind the old house on the hillside, is an abandoned iron mine. The walls are lined with ore. I had, therefore, only to construct bars across the front in

order to have a perfect breeding place for this, the prize of my collection."

He touched a button. A thousand lights sprang into life. The whole interior of the great tunnel was filled with their radiance.

Holm gasped and involuntarily shrank back a bit closer to his guide. Cold, stark terror was in his soul—a terror that seemed to engulf him in its sucking grip.

And then, recovering himself, he stared, wide-eyed, at the horrible apparition that loomed before him.

It was tall—twice as high as the average man and less than half as wide—a gaunt, corpse-white thing with a balloon-like head from which glared eyes filled with venomous hatred. Its mouth was a horrible slit drawn back over bestial fangs from which slavered spittle. Its arms were long and dangling, sinuous and snake-like, ending with enormous, boneless hands, the fingers of which writhed and twisted, opening and closing as if itching to get at the throats of the men who gazed at it. Legs it had none; its twisted, serpentine body appeared to rest on a sort of blunted point. It moved across the floor by dragging itself with its hands.

JIMMY HOLM shuddered anew. The thing was a monstrosity—a grisly, ghastly ghost of a devil. It was an evil dream. Such a macabre thing belonged neither to heaven nor to earth. It could be nothing else than what it was—the result of the wild imaginings of a half crazed scientist.

Involuntarily, he took a step backward. The thing charged. As its gelatinous body touched the iron bars, it shrank back with a frightened squeal, its fangs grating venomously, the gangrenous spittle drooling from its horrible mouth.

Jimmy Holm turned away with a shudder. Doctor Death was still talking.

"Given time, what could I have not done with an army such as that?" he demanded.

"Bullets, as you found last night when you attempted to tackle some of the smaller of the species, have no effect on them. Their bodies are too gelatinous—too rubbery and spongy. As I remarked, only one thing has any effect on them—iron. And who, with you and Nina on my side, would think of that?"

"But, now that I have found this—this other way—there will be no necessity for continuing my experiments with these creatures from the other world," he went on. "Yet they are interesting to me. This one, especially. It has been but a short time since it was merely a thought germ, as it were. I am curious to see how large it will grow."

He led the way out of the cavern. The horror behind the bars dashed toward them. Death whirled and glared at it. It shrank back into the corner, shuddering as if from cold.

"I control them with my mind, since they are largely the creatures of my imagination," the aged scientist explained, pressing the light switch and leading the way out into the passage again.

"They and my Zombi are the crowning achievements of my career," he went on. His eyes were bright, his face shone with excitement, as his words rushed out.

"I think that I explained to you once before," he continued, "that Zombi are soulless human corpses—cadavers taken from the grave and endowed by sorcery with a mechanical semblance of life. They walk and act with a certain degree of intelligence.

"But that intelligence, my young friend, is not God-given, but man-given—supplied by the person who raised them from the dead. Few people have the power to thus galvanize the dead into life by the power of thought. I am one who is thus endowed, as you are well aware.

"With my Zombi and my elementals, I can conquer the world. But why go to the trouble of developing them in large num-

bers when the shorter way lies within my grasp?"

He led the way into the living room again.

"You are weary," he said. "So, too, am I after my own fashion. But I have other work to do."

He pressed the button and a Zombi responded.

"This Zombi will show you to your room and assist you in bathing and getting to bed," he said.

"Nina?" Holm inquired.

"Will be quite all right by the time you wake up," Doctor Death answered. "At which time I wish to discuss our future plans with both of you."

"And am I fated to go through life armless—a cripple?" Holm demanded angrily.

Doctor Death chuckled.

"That depends upon yourself," he answered shortly. "Give me your word of honor that you will not attack me and that you will make no effort to escape—in other words, that you will obey my commands to the letter—"

"That I will not agree to do," Holm snarled. "I am not a murderer."

For an instant Death hesitated.

"I am capable of doing my own killing," he said gruffly. "I should—kill you. Yet, for some reason, I hesitate. The time is coming when I can use you. You know my methods—my ways."

He took a turn about the floor, his high brow furrowed in thought.

"Go to bed," he said abruptly. "When you wake up you will be paralyzed no longer. Promise me that, until I have made my decision, you will keep hands off from me. In return for that—I promise you Nina."

"Until you hear otherwise, you have my word," Holm growled.

Jimmy Holm, awakened from the dreamless sleep of complete exhaustion by the touch of a hand upon his shoulder, shuddered as he opened his eyes and gazed into

the blank, dead face of the Zombi who had acted as his guide. He glanced down at his wrist watch. In the tumult of the night before he had forgotten to wind it and it had run down. He wondered vaguely if it were morning or night.

STRANGELY, his aches and pains were gone. He felt like a man as he sprang from beneath the sheets and plunged under the refreshing shower. Then came a brisk rubdown with a coarse towel. His flesh tingled as the warm blood leaped to the surface.

He swung his arms vigorously and fairly whooped at the realization that the strange paralysis had disappeared. He wondered if Death had thought to provide a razor; he found one on the shelf just below the mirror. There was something familiar about the case as he picked it up. He gasped with astonishment when he saw the letters, "J.H." engraved upon the gold of the cover.

It was his own razor. Nina Ferrera had given it to him on his birthday only a few weeks before. And now it was here. By what feat of legerdemain had Doctor Death, in the short time he had slept, succeeded in getting it from the bathroom of his New York apartment to this lonely house in the country?

Nor did his astonishment end there. For, having completed his shaving, upon stepping out of the bathroom he discovered the Zombi laying out a dinner suit. It was his own. A little distance away were several suitcases, which he recognized as from his apartment. Upon the table was a note. He picked it up and read:

Since dinner tonight is to be a sort of celebration in honor of our happy reunion, I suggest that we make it a semi-formal affair and dress for the occasion.

Sincerely,

Doctor Death.

Dinner! He wrinkled his brow in amazement. It seemed but a few minutes since

Jimmy Donned The Worn Suit Of The Cold Dead Thing In Preparation For The Grim Masquerade Of The Tomb

he had thrown himself, tired and exhausted, upon the bed. It must have been late in the morning, he soliloquized, when he retired.

And Nina? He was to meet her again. A feeling of happiness came over him at the thought, only to give way to one of depression as he thought of what the cost had been. For he was a slave, owned body and soul by this monster who called himself Doctor Death.

Because of her he had turned traitor to all he held dear—honor, the respect of his fellow men, the Secret Twelve—yes, even his country. For her he had agreed not to interfere with the plans of this monster. For a moment he was tempted to seek Death and take back his promise. Then the thought of Nina came to him. Nina, alone in the power of this horrible creature. No! For the time being he would go through with it.

DEEP down in his heart, he knew that Ricks or Blake—any of the others—would have done the same under the circumstances. He could vision good old Ricks nodding affirmation. For Ricks, he knew, loved Nina Fererra—loved her like his own daughter who rested on the hillside in Fairmount cemetery.

He could imagine them worrying over his prolonged absence, wondering if he had been killed or whether he had again fallen a captive to the wily old scientist. Soon the papers would be filled with his disappearance . . .

He had barely completed his dressing when the door opened and the Zombi appeared again and, with a low bow, led him through a narrow hallway into a magnificently appointed dining room. Doctor Death, lounging near the fireplace in dinner dress, rose at his approach and greeted him with a smile.

"I note your astonishment at the appearance of my little retreat here," he said. "You should know me well enough by this time, Jimmy, not to be astounded at anything I do. When you and your colleagues of the police so unfortunately burned down my former headquarters you evidently overlooked the fact that I am not the sort of man who puts all of his eggs into a single basket.

"I have, in fact, several retreats similar to this. And all, by the way, underground. I find that caves and deep, dark caverns are best suited to my health." He chuckled at his little jest, then sized Jimmy up appraisingly.

"I note that you found your outfit," he smiled.

Holm nodded.

"Which leads me to wonder how you found opportunity to get it so soon," he answered.

Doctor Death elevated his eyebrows.

"So soon?" he said. "Ah, but I see. You were exhausted. It was necessary for me to put you completely under my influence in order that you might wake up fully recovered from your little ordeal. My dear boy, I got your clothes—or, that is, one of my men did—last night. It was yesterday morning when you retired. You have slumbered peacefully for two days and one night."

Jimmy Holm's jaw dropped. What answer could he make to such a statement coming from such a wonderful man? In spite of his hatred for Doctor Death—and he loathed him to the very depths of his soul—he was awed by his power. The man did things in such a vast way. He was colossal—a superman gone wrong. A devil out of hell, who, in spite of his sins, invoked respect for his immensity.

The door opened and Nina Fererra entered. Her hair gleamed like polished

ebony. She was attired in the height of fashion; her arms and shoulders, bare, revealed the delicate ivory of her satin-like skin. Jimmy Holm's whole body tingled with anticipation. She walked toward him slowly, a sad smile upon her crimson lips, her slender white hands held out to him appealingly.

"Jimmy!"

"Nina!"

His arms went about her and he crushed her to his breast. He felt her frail form tremble in his grasp and know that she, too, was thinking of the terrible price they had paid for this moment of happiness.

"It was worth it! Yes, it was worth it!" his soul cried out.

Again and again he pressed her to him, crushing her against his strong, young body, until she released herself.

Doctor Death, standing nearby, watched them with cynical eyes.

"Love!" he muttered. "Bah! Yet, old as I am, with years of experience behind me, I have learned a lesson. Love will open the way when brute force fails."

He offered Nina his arm and led the way to the table.

It was not until they had completed their repast and the plates had been removed by the grim-visaged Zombi that Death, leaning back in his chair, a glass of wine in his hand, raised it slowly.

"To my success," he said.

He waited. Neither of them drank. He seemed tempted to say something but changed his mind. Then, his cigar and that of Jimmy glowing, a cigarette in Nina's slim white fingers, he leaned forward and surveyed them quizzically through the haze of smoke.

"Nina and I leave within the hour," he said abruptly.

Holm's jaw dropped.

"Meaning—what?" he asked.

"Meaning," Death said as he leaned his elbows on the table, "that I am going to Egypt in search of the secret. Nina's

beauty furnishes a suitable setting for my ugliness. Then, too, once under my power, she is a priceless assistant.

Jimmy Holm was nonplussed. He saw a startled look creep into Nina Ferrera's eyes.

"And—Jimmy?" she exclaimed.

Death leaned back in his chair and chuckled.

"I have an excellent place for your young friend," he said. "I am taking only one thing besides ourselves—several of my pet creations—my Zombi and my elementals. I'm taking the lusty brute you saw—a diabolical creature. His cage will make an excellent cell for your young friend while we are gone. It is either that or—death. I am taking my more intelligent Zombi because their thoughts are my thoughts. They never fail to obey. I am taking my pet elemental in an iron-staved box.

HE chuckled sinisterly as he saw Nina Ferrera shudder. Jimmy Holm's mind was working like mad. He half rose from his chair, his fists doubled. Death waved him back.

"Your word," he said warningly.

"I demand it back!" Holm said hotly.

Death gave a sudden exclamation. From somewhere behind him two huge Zombi dashed forward. They seized Holm by the arms. Nina screamed. Death held her back as the two walking dead men, in whose grip Jimmy was but an infant, pushed him from the room.

Then the door closed behind them.

Down the long black corridor into the cavern filled with its slimy horrors Holm was dragged. He battled like a fiend. But in vain. The monstrosity which Death had created was gone. A huge box standing nearby, ready for transportation, with several tiny airholes, evidently now held the monster. Into the empty cell Jimmy was rudely pushed.

He fought madly as the door was being closed. Then, like a flash of lightning out

of a clear sky, the thought came over him that against these things brute strength was of no avail. Thought—thought alone would master them.

He concentrated as he had never concentrated before in his life. The Zombi at the door hesitated . . . stopped . . . turned to Jimmy inquiringly.

Then, in response to his thought waves, the door slowly slid open and the Zombi entered.

He had won!

To Jimmy Holm had suddenly come a wild idea—so weird, so fantastic that even he was startled by it.

He would take the place of one of these Zombi!

Disguised as a dead man he would accompany Doctor Death and Nina Ferrera to Egypt!

Dead Men Tell No Tales

JIMMY HOLM was moving rapidly now, his mind concentrated on that single idea. And the Zombi responded under his thought power. Hastily he changed clothes with the Zombi. Jimmy shuddered as he arrayed himself in the worn suit of the cold, dead thing, then smeared his face with a bit of dirt from the side of the cave to change his appearance. Luckily, he and the Zombi were about the same size. Holm knew that Death paid little attention to the doings of these weird, bizarre things from the grave.

Thus it was that he was fully attired and standing by the side of his fellow Zombi gazing through at the shell of a man who stood just inside the cell, the white of his shirt front gleaming in the semi-darkness, when Death made his sudden appearance.

In response to Jimmy's thought emanations, the Zombi in the cell dropped to the stone floor and, his back turned, seemed to give way to despair. Doctor Death chuckled,

not realizing that his will, for a moment relayed, had given Jimmy his chance to get control over the creature taking his place in the box.

"The Zombi I have left behind will see that you are fed, my young friend," he asserted.

Regulating his movements as mechanically as the Zombi at the other end, Jimmy Holm seized his end of the big box and followed the lead of Doctor Death.

The sinister scientist led the way through the narrow corridor into another passageway and up a flight of stairs at the head of which was a closed door. He pressed a button and it opened, revealing on the other side a panel in the living room of the old house through which Jimmy had made his entrance. It was in darkness. The front door was open, however, and through it he led the way onto the tumble-down porch.

A short distance away on a stretch of level ground almost hidden by the trees and bushes was a huge cabin plane. The moonlight touching its silvery wings made a never-to-be forgotten picture. Its engine was idling; the pilot and co-pilot stood beside the open door.

Doctor Death led the way toward it.

"To Egypt," he said gravely as he assisted Nina up the narrow steps.

The big ship darted along the ground for a little distance, then took to the air like a bird. Twice the pilot circled to gain altitude. Then he straightened the machine out at four thousand feet and settled back in his seat, a look of grim satisfaction on his face, as he gazed down on the myriad lights of the city. Then he handed the controls over to the co-pilot and, stepping into the cabin, approached Doctor Death.

"We are headed directly south by east," he said. "The motors are humming sweetly, sir, and the old crate's doing two hundred."

Doctor Death nodded

"Splendid, pilot," he said approvingly. "Continue as you are for another fifteen minutes, then swing four points to the south. Your landing directions are here."

He handed the pilot a sheet of paper on which were written several figures. The latter glanced at them, folded the paper, placed it in his pocket and nodded approvingly. Returning to the compartment, he dropped into his seat again, said a few words to the co-pilot and, leaning back in his seat, closed his eyes as if to sleep.

On and on they droned. The lights of the city were left behind and beneath them there was now only the silvery expanse of the ocean. Nina Fererra had already changed her evening dress for traveling attire. Holm, lying back in the hold of the plane, a dead man on either side of him, the horrible elemental in the box close to his feet, shuddered.

Yet he was where he could see Nina—protect her if worse came to worse. But he did not want to disclose himself except in a case of extreme necessity. With the party, unknown to the scientist, there was always an opportunity to beat Death at his own game.

Would he kill the old man if the chance offered itself? In his heart he knew that he would. Yet he knew the sinister scientist too well to try unless everything was right for the attempt. Failure meant but one thing—the loss of his own life and, even worse, Nina Fererra would be irreparably within Death's power.

The stewardess came from her cubicle in the rear with coffee and sandwiches. Holm noticed that she shuddered as she set the tray down on the table before Death, spilling a tiny bit of coffee over the white cloth.

The old man looked up, a kindly smile on his cadaverous face.

"Nervous, my dear?" he inquired. "The altitude, possibly."

The girl shuddered again.

"There is something back in the bag-

gage compartment, sir—something that gives me the creeps," she answered candidly. "I'm sorry, sir; I guess that I'm what people call psychic."

Doctor Death smiled again.

"Merely some of my pets, young lady," he told her. "Nothing to be afraid of."

The girl shivered as if an icy hand had swept across her brow.

"Pardon me for my seeming lack of propriety," she answered. "But I've never had such a feeling before. I feel as if something—as if death were in the air—waiting for me. I—I guess it's what you call a premonition."

"Nonsense!" Doctor Death snapped. "Tomorrow morning you will be laughing at your fears."

He turned to Nina as the girl moved away.

"The elemental," Holm heard him whisper. "The experiment was so interesting that I was unable to resist the temptation to bring it along in order to watch its development. Peculiar how the stewardess sensed it, caged, as it is, in an iron box."

AN hour passed. Suddenly with a gesture to the passengers, the pilot motioned to his assistant. The big ship banked sharply. A stream of fire rocketed upward far to the left. Above them it mushroomed out like an umbrella of molten gold, the sparks dropping back toward the earth and going out in mid air. It was followed by a second and then a third. Doctor Death leaned forward and spoke to Nina.

"The signals. We transfer here."

The girl looked at him in astonishment.

"It is an island," the old man explained. "I have a speedy yacht waiting here to pick us up. My life is too valuable to risk a trip across the ocean in such a frail craft as this."

Again Jimmy Holm was forced to respect the man's methods. He thought of everything. Nothing was left to chance. Everything dovetailed together.

They were dropping rapidly now. Before them land loomed up darkly. In the center of the dark spot were innumerable dots of flame. They grew larger and larger until they seemed to mount almost as high as the ship. Then they died down again, forming a circle of light toward which the ship headed.

The pilot banked again and swung into a great circle, the powerful headlights searching the ground like great fingers. Satisfied, he throttled his motors down to a low purr and descended rapidly. The ground came up to meet them. The pilot flattened the ship out as the wheels struck the earth and rolled forward a little distance, finally coming to a stop.

THEY were in the midst of what appeared to be a level plot of ground stretching away toward a low range of hills, while in the foreground was a smooth, sandy shore upon which a small launch was beached. A quarter of a mile away a trim yacht was riding at anchor, her lights casting long needles of golden phosphorescence across the silvery blue of the moonlight water.

Half a dozen men stood around the landing flares. Now they crowded forward, a tall, dark-haired cruel-visaged man in yachting uniform in the lead. He brought his hand to the visor of his cap in a smart salute.

"Mr. Quimby, sir," he introduced himself to Death. "Second officer of the *Sea Gull*, sir."

Death nodded approvingly. Jimmy and his fellow Zombis were already removing the baggage from the plane. Death jerked his thumb toward them.

"My men will handle all of my luggage," he said. "Pay no attention to them. They are deaf and dumb and will not answer if you speak to them."

Quimby shuddered as he gazed at the stiffly moving automatons who were carrying the luggage to the launch.

"I'll say that they're peculiar," he muttered in an undertone to one of his men. "They remind me of men I've seen in Haiti—Zombi, they calls 'em. Walking dead men, I've heard that they were. Ugh!"

Nevertheless, he saluted again and walked away.

Satisfied that his orders would be carried out, Death led the way across the stretch of sandy beach to the launch. Quimby took the tiller. The men on shore gave a mighty shove and the launch slid off the sand into the water. The engineer cranked the engine and the little craft darted across the moonlit expanse of water in the direction of the long, low yacht at anchor in the bay.

The launch made a second trip for the Zombi and the luggage. Jimmy, following the lead of the two dead men, his eyes staring straight to the front, his motions as stiffly mechanical as were theirs, sat in the thwarts and wondered if any of them would ever make the return trip.

Everything had been taken aboard. Now, waiting for the anchor to be raised, Nina, looking trim and lovely in her ulster and smart little hat, stood watching the big airship as it darted cross the green stretch of meadow like some great bird.

A little way away Jimmy and his two fellow Zombi stood, apparently not interested in the beautiful panorama spreading itself before them. Yet his mind was on Nina. He wondered if he dared tell her that he was near. He decided that it was best to remain silent. Something—some little move on her part—might betray him.

The pilot circled around them in salute, then, having gained his altitude, straightened his ship out and started back toward New York.

Nina shrieked.

The great plane seemed to disintegrate before their eyes. Fire flew in every direction as the bird-like structure melted

apart. Then came a dull report. It echoed across the waters. For an instant the broken, burning fragments of the airplane seemed to rest in midair.

Then they, like the rocket sparklets, died out or dropped into the ocean.

"The devill" one of the sailors ejaculated in an excited voice to his mate. "Sounded like a bomb to me."

"I'll stick to the water for mine," the other remarked. "Them danged things are dangerous."

Nina whirled as Doctor Death approached. A look of sadness hovered over the old man's saturnine countenance, but there was a twinkle in his eyes as he nodded in the general direction where the airplane has disappeared.

"Sad! Sad!" he remarked in a hollow voice.

"Premeditated?" Quimby, who was on the bridge, demanded.

Doctor Death shrugged his thin shoulders.

"I would not go so far as to say that," he answered coldly. "But, on the other hand, lucky. Dead men, as you are well aware, tell no tales. No one will ever—even accidentally—drop a word to the police of where the transfer was made."

Jimmy Holm remembered the little stewardess' premonition of danger and shivered.

Murder by the Dozen

HATING Death, as he did, with an intensity that knew no bounds, Jimmy Holm forced to wonder at the man more and more as time went on. Crazy he was after a fashion, yet the maggots of madness that squirmed through his brain seemed only to intensify his diabolical cunning.

He overlooked nothing, watching every minute detail, leaving nothing undone, forcing every joint in his phrenetic pro-

gram to dovetail together. He was a super-criminal—the master mind of all master minds, an arch villain—the greatest intellect in all the world—a modern Aladdin gone wrong, possessed of a magic lamp and persisting in rubbing it the wrong way, bringing forth a genie of evil rather than of good.

What might the man not have made of himself had he allowed his talents to flow in the right direction? Jimmy asked himself.

Standing on the deck of the *Sea Gull* with his fellow creatures of the tomb as they sailed through the North Atlantic and entered the dreamy Mediterranean, this fact was forced upon Holm more and more. In many respects, the trip would have been a delightful pleasure cruise had it been made under other conditions.

The Zombi had already been accepted by the officers and crew. What little they ate, Death gave them himself, watching carefully to see that no salt entered their meals. They were allowed the freedom of the ship, wandering about, unmolested by the others. It was seldom that Death called upon them. For the time being they were allowed to take their ease.

It was this freedom that eventually gave Jimmy the opportunity for which he was seeking. It was seldom that he appeared on deck in the daytime. He noticed that the others shunned the light and he had no wish to expose himself too often to Doctor Death's keen gaze.

Without intellect, there was something about the clicking of the wireless that attracted the attention of these walking dead men.

Hour after hour they stood in the door of the wireless shack, Jimmy beside them, watching the dazzling sparks, listening to the click of the messages as they came through the ether. The operator finally learned to accept them, barely looking up as their shadows fell across the doorway.

And out of this Jimmy Holm evolved a great plan. Yet to work it he must wait until conditions were right. He must have darkness and freedom of the deck—a time when none of the crew was about. And, eventually, that opportunity came.

IT was raining. The moon, obliterated by the storm clouds, hid her head and the deck was in complete darkness. Everybody was below. Jimmy Holm, dodging furtively through the tropical downpour, reached the door of the radio shack and, his face again assuming the blank, dull expression of the Zombi, stood watching the operator at work.

"Going to learn the business, old man?" the operator grinned. Then he shuddered.

"Nevertheless, you give me the creeps, you walking spook," he added.

Waiting for the opportunity, Jimmy Holm struck. The wireless man went down like a stunned ox, a look of amazement creeping over his face. He was completely out.

Holm hastily slammed the door, which had been open—for the night was torrid in spite of the storm—then sprang to the key, rapped out:

S-O-S! S-O-S! . . . Captain James Holm of the New York Detective Bureau on board the yacht *Sea Gull* somewhere in Mediterranean. Destination, some Egyptian or Algerian port. Doctor Death and Miss Fererra aboard. Notify Inspector Ricks, N. Y. . . . S-O-S! . . . S-O-S!

Again and again he repeated the message. Finally came an answering spark.

"O.K. *Sea Gull*," the answer came. "S.S. *Snark* relaying your S-O-S and signing off."

Something struck Holm with force enough to make him see stars. He whirled. The radio operator had recovered consciousness and, crawling to his feet, had swung on the detective. Luckily, the latter was nearest to the door. The wireless man tried to rush past him to summon

help. Finding his way blocked by the *pseudo Zombi*, he opened his mouth to sound an alarm. Holm seized him by the throat. For an instant they battled, threshing about the tiny cabin like two huge boa constrictors.

The ship lurched. They went down, Holm on top. The head of his antagonist struck against a corner of the wall cupboard. He collapsed limply in the detective's arms.

Holm arose. As he turned to go, something peculiar about the attitude of the man on the floor attracted his attention. He bent down, his finger on the wrist of his late antagonist. There was no pulse.

The man was dead.

For a moment Jimmy Holm was in a panic. Above him, he could hear the officer on the bridge as he stomped to and fro. A door opened and someone in loose rubber boots came toward the wireless cabin.

"*Shf Shf! Shf!*"

The footsteps stopped just outside as if the newcomer was about to investigate the closed door of the wireless room. Then, evidently changing his mind, he went on.

Holm breathed a sigh of relief. Then his eye fell upon the form of the dead operator again.

He dodged furtively to the door and, opening it a crack, peered out. There was no one in sight.

Straightening up, he allowed his face to drop into the blank, dead stare of the Zombi again and, sliding through the door, shuffled mechanically across the slippery deck. A moment later he was safe in the cubby-hole of a hold which he and the two dead men shared.

The message had been sent. Unless something unforeseen had transpired, Inspector Ricks would already be on his way, half a hundred men, the pick of the nation, at his heels.

The *Sea Gull*, he had overheard Death tell Nina, was a converted rum runner—a pleasure craft of a millionaire who had been

caught by the depression. Now, with the Eighteenth Amendment dead and forgotten, it had been used for smuggling purposes; under Death's direction it had been refurnished and redecorated until it shone like a naval cruiser. For weeks it had been in dry dock undergoing this process of cleaning and repainting.

"But," she asked in amazement, "it was only a few days ago that you learned of this Egyptian secret. How, then, did you know that you would need this craft?"

Death chuckled.

"Need I remind you that I have retreats everywhere?" he answered. "I rented this boat for one of them. Perhaps I might never want it; on the other hand, I might need it at a moment's notice. Therefore, I had it ready, steam up, prepared to sail at any time upon orders from me."

Again the wonderful sagacity and far-sightedness of the mad old wizard had been demonstrated.

The crew, too, as Holm was to learn, had been selected for this very purpose. Captain Cullom, the captain and owner, had commanded the craft in her rum-running, smuggling days. He had a hatred for the law that intensified even that of Doctor Death.

His officers had sailed with him in the old days. All of his men had taken part in deeds without the law. Many of them had served Death before. They asked no questions and answered none. Little wonder that this sinister old scientist, whose face was as well known to all of them as their own, dared appear among them without any attempt at disguise.

THE body of the radio operator was discovered within an hour. It apparently created but little commotion. Holm understood these men well enough to know the reason why. They lived by the sword and died by the sword, asking no quarter and giving none. That the operator had been killed by some member of the crew to sat-

isfy a grudge was taken as a matter of fact.

Meanwhile, Holm searched the horizon next day, seeking the smoke of a ship. Ricks, he was certain, would notify every warship in the Mediterranean the moment he had received the "S-O-S." Every port would be guarded and every foot of water front patrolled. But, possessed of an uncanny ability to keep out of the beaten tracks of ships, the result of his smuggling and rum-running experience, Captain Cullom suddenly became twice as canny as before. The engines idled lazily, the trim yacht little more than moving through the greenish-blue waters. Did he suspect something? Again Holm was kept in a fever of wonder.

It was mid-afternoon when the lookout gave a hail. Captain Cullom hastily picked up his glasses and surveyed the horizon. Then, with a nod of his head, he issued an order down the tube and the engines sprang into action again. Five minutes later the boat once more came to a stop.

Nearby a buoy floated lazily atop the water.

Holm, leaning over the rail, gave a sudden gasp of astonishment. Then he understood all.

From out of the heart of the blue-green waters emerged the conning-tower of a submarine. It was less than a hundred yards away as it reared its gleaming deck above the surface amidst swirling eddies, like some great reptile of the deep come up for air. It floated atop the waves, rising and falling with the swell, low, long, narrow, evil-looking.

The circular hatchway opened and a man's head appeared. For an instant he stood there sizing up the *Sea Gull*. Then, with a wave of his hand, he dropped back again into the bowels of the ship.

A launch was already being lowered from the yacht. Into this their belongings were lowered, several trips being required for the transfer. Doctor Death stood close by and personally supervised the lowering

The Rivers Flow With Blood When The Master Matches Gory Magic With The Sinister

"Curse Death!" the ancient priest shrieked.
"I will strike this ghoul with my magic for
despoiling the secret tomb!"



of the huge box containing the elemental monstrosity and several smaller boxes, the contents of which Holm could only guess at.

Their belongings transferred, the stairway was lowered down the side of the ship and Death and his little party embarked. Five minutes later they had stepped aboard

the submarine and passed down the "companion" to the narrow saloon beneath the flush deck.

"Welcome to your new home," Doctor Death said to Nina with a smile, waving his hand at the room. "I made no attempt to change things since we will be aboard such a short time—a few hours at most. This is, I might say, one of the German subs condemned by the conference. I pur-

Of Egypt's Sorcery King Of Science



chased it at a trifling cost at auction in anticipation of some such necessity."

Death excused himself and stepped out into the passageway. A moment later he returned. There was a change in him. A subtle change. His manner was furtive. There was a restless tension about him which he seemed unable to hide.

An instant later there was a peculiar, dull explosion, muffled by the iron hull of the ship.

Holm, seated in the hold beside his

glassy-eyed companions, leaped to his feet.

"My God!" he exclaimed hoarsely.

He stopped. There came another explosion, the sharp staccato of rifle fire.

The hatchway was open. From the distance he heard frantic calls for help. All was noise and confusion. A man above him laughed harshly.

"Got him the first time!" he shouted.

Holm, the two Zombi following him, shuffled along the companionway to the stairs. Again the calls for help and the tramp of many feet on the deck came floating down through the hatch. The door of

the saloon was open. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Death standing in front of a bookcase selecting a volume, apparently unmoved. Nina Ferrera stood poised like a bird in the center of the room, her lovely mouth half open, one white hand pressed against her breast, her big amber-colored eyes filled with astonishment and fear.

His companions in his wake, Holm strode stiffly up the companion ladder.

They were closer to the *Sea Gull* now, a scant fifty yards separating the two crafts. The yacht's bow showed a gigantic hole through which the water was swirling. Her stern was lifted high in the air. Several of the crew were in the water, clinging to bits of wreckage. Another group was making frantic efforts to launch one of the lifeboats.

The crew of the submarine stood upon the deck. Rifles in hand they were potting the drowning men as coolly as if shooting pheasants on land. One of them had mounted a machine gun amidships. Even as Jimmy stepped onto the deck, he turned it on the men launching the lifeboat. They sprawled about amidst the shrieks of laughter from the butchers on the submarine.

Then, with kaleidoscopic ability, the stern of the *Sea Gull* seemed to leap

companions behind him, he returned to the hold.

"God!" he said in a husky whisper. "Torpedoed! Murdered by the wholesale."

He staggered to a chair and dropped into it weakly, covering his eyes with his hands. He had no strength. His legs refused to bear his weight.

From above came the clomp of feet down the companionway and the slam of the hatch as it automatically sealed itself.

The low purr of the great Diesel engines came to his ears. Then a steady, powerful throb which vibrated through the length of the huge steel craft.

They had submerged. And behind them not a man was left to tell the tale.

The *Sea Gull* had become one of the mysteries of the deep.

Meal of Blood

JIMMY HOLM had long since made up his mind to kill Doctor Death. Time after time he had almost attempted it, only to have his plans foiled at the last minute. Some malign influence seemed to guard the sinister old scientist, watching over him constantly, shielding him from all harm.

He felt no qualms of conscience. Would one temporize with a mad dog? he asked

"We Are On Our Way To The Tomb Of Anubis, Wherein Lies The Secret Of Reviving All Mummies!"

higher in the air. Like an arrow falling from above, she plunged downward, her suction dragging those around her down into the cavernous waters like a whirlpool.

The water around the submarine was filled with drowning men—men who begged piteously for mercy and received none—men who shrieked for help and were given bullets.

It was only by the exercise of all the will power he possessed that Holm managed to keep his face unchanged as, his two strange

himself. Rance Mandarin was a mad dog, a menace to society. And, as such, he must die. But, meanwhile, Jimmy Holm dared make no move that would result in failure. The cost would be too great. Not that he cared for himself. He was already reconciled to any fate that might overtake him. But Nina must be protected at all costs.

Down in the hold with the Zombi, wide-eyed, lying by his side, he tried to sleep. But slumber came to him fitfully—peopled with drowning men, with the shrieks of the

dying, with calls for mercy. In his dreams he saw the faces of the men who had been his daily companions on board the *Sea Gull* floating atop the water; they held their hands out to him appealingly, begging him to help them, though his hands were tied. And again and again he saw the sinister face of Doctor Death leering at him in the darkness, chortling at the misery of his fellow creatures.

Despairing of sleep, he shuffled out of the barren little cubicle and, his two companions with him, climbed mechanically up to the deck. They seemed to have accepted him as their leader, following him wherever he went; he realized that it was the influence of his thought upon them. Their presence aided him, since it made him less conspicuous.

The night was dark and moonless. Ahead was a gray, rock-bound coast toward which the long, low craft was steadily approaching. Forward in the bow stood a dark figure, muffled from head to foot in a long ulster, conning every detail of the approaching shore.

Holm almost shrieked with joy. It was Death and, for the nonce, alone. There was no mistaking that tall, gaunt figure, even in the darkness. Creeping forward, he put all of his strength behind the blow. The man did not even shriek as he went down, grasping feebly at one of the stanchions . . . slipping . . .

Then he slid silently down the smooth, wet sides of the steel monster into the sea.

A song of joy surged through Jimmy Holm's heart. Doctor Death was dead. Nina Ferrera was free! The world safe!

He was tempted to throw aside his disguise and to rush down into the bowels of the submarine and announce himself to the officers and crew. Something held him back. Instead, he dropped into the mechanical shuffle that was becoming almost a part of him now and, followed by the others, clomped mechanically down the companionway ladder.

"We are almost there, my dear!"

Jimmy Holm started. The voice came from the saloon. With an effort he controlled himself, wondering if his ears had deceived him. As he shuffled past the open door he managed to twist his stiff body sideways a trifle.

Doctor Death stood, one arm leaning against the bookcase, in conversation with Nina Ferrera.

Again he had failed.

He had killed another man in place of Doctor Death. In the darkness he had mistaken someone else for the sinister monster.

He staggered a trifle as he gained his resting place and dropped weakly to the floor.

Again the sinister influence that surrounded Doctor Death was working in his behalf.

Somewhere in the bowels of the ship a bell tinkled. Instantly the engines slowed down and the boat lost speed. A second later the hatch cover was closed and locked. He knew from the way the boat ceased pitching and rocking that they had submerged.

There was a scraping sound as if the submarine had grounded on a rock and slipped off.

"We are entering a cavern—one of my retreats—through a submerged tunnel," he heard Death explain to Nina. "The opening is little larger than the boat and it takes the most careful navigation to negotiate it."

A moment later the submarine rose to the surface, inside the cavern.

THEY were anchored near a sandy beach, the huge lights of the submarine flooding the whole interior of the great cavern. Several acres in extent, the walls rising like great ramparts on all sides, the roof closed above them like a great dome. The place was enormous, terrible in the intensity of its silence. Their voices, when they

spoke, echoed back, reverberating again and again.

The work of unloading the submarine had already been commenced. A narrow flight of steps cut in the rock led up one of the sides of the cavern, twisting back and forth until they lost themselves in the darkness. Up these stairs the various parcels and packages were carried, the crew working at feverish heat.

Death paced back and forth upon the sandy beach superintending the work, a glowing cigar between his lips. A little to one side stood Nina, wrapped in her heavy ulster, for it was cold and chill down here in the bowels of the earth, despite the hot country above. Jimmy and the two Zombi stood a little way off in the darkness. It was with difficulty that he kept his teeth from chattering with the cold. Zombi, he reflected, were not supposed to be affected by the weather.

Finally, the last package carried up, Death waited until the bearers had returned, then turned to Nina.

"Come," he said, leading the way up the stairs.

Holm noticed that the two officers of the submarine followed—the captain and the engineer. Death had ordered a keg of rum broached and the remainder of the crew were now around it on the beach making merry under the light of the boat's great lamps.

THE transition from the icy chill of the cavern to the oppressive heat of the Egyptian night was startling. It was like stepping from a refrigerator into a Turkish bath. Rounding an outcropping of rock, they suddenly found themselves in the ruins of a tiny stone hut. Its tumbling walls masked the entrance of the cave.

On one of the tumbledown walls was a lantern from the ship. The bags and packages brought up by the men had disappeared. Through the open door, Holm looked out. A little distance away stood two cars.

Again he marvelled at the foresight of this sinister man who called himself Death. He watched Death walk away, talking to the girl in a low voice.

"Don't! Oh-h-h, God!"

It was a scream of wild, uncontrollable fear. Holm's heart pounded in his chest as he thought of the men far below them in the bowels of the earth and wondered which of them had shrieked. Nina had dropped back a pace and was listening.

Then came another and still another wild, frantic call for help.

The captain, his red face streaked with perspiration, whirled, his hand reaching in his pocket for his gun.

"Great God!" he exclaimed in a horrified voice. "That was Casey."

He started for the entrance, McPherson, the engineer, squat, broad-shouldered and Scotch, a pace behind him.

The cries from below were redoubled now. The cavern echoed and reëchoed with terrified screeches.

"Take it off! Take it off! It's choking me! It's sucking my blood. It's . . ."

"Choking me! Sucking my blood! . . . blood! . . . blood! . . ." came back the echoes. *"Blood! . . . Blood! . . . Blood! . . ."*

"The elementals!" Nina Ferrera whispered hoarsely.

Death heard the word, low though it was and turned his cavernous eyes upon her.

"The elementals," he nodded. "This cavern should make an excellent breeding place for them."

The two officers were already inside the entrance. He halted them with a quick word of command.

"By God! Something has happened and no one ever yet said that Jim English deserted one of his crew in trouble!" the captain snarled, taking another step forward.

Death smiled. His long arms were extended. From his bony fingers sparks

leaped and scintillated. The two men halted, staggered back. The guns dropped from their palsied hands. A peculiar look crept over their faces, an imbecilic, vacuous look. Captain English grinned sheepishly.

"I—I wonder—" he said, stepping back into the hut again and smiled.

The shrieks from the interior of the cave were growing weaker now. One by one they died down . . .

Then silence.

"The captain here, and the engineer are a grade higher than the riff-raff below," Death told Nina. "I need them for the future. They will give me no more trouble since they are subject to my will. I might have done likewise with the others, but my elementals needed nourishment, since they are likely to be inside the cavern for some time.

"Meanwhile, as I remarked before, dead men tell no tales. With the exception of these two men whose memories of this incident are a blank and will remain so until I will otherwise, not a single soul is left to tell the story of our entrance to his country. This cavern, which houses the submarine, can be entered only through this fissure in the rock, which you will notice as I close this door, can be observed only by the closest scrutiny.

"The other entrance, as you know, is under water. And I feel certain that my elementals, whose cages I opened just as we left, will effectually guard the place against any prying eyes. The *Sea Gull* and all of her crew are at the bottom of the ocean. The airplane vanished in flames.

"No, I think, my dear, that we have effectually covered our tracks. Even your friend, Inspector Ricks, would have some trouble in locating us, since this is probably the most inaccessible bit of shore along the coast—a place where no ship would ever think of landing. Holm, the only person capable of running us down, is a prisoner in the cave under the old house.

"And now—Egypt!"

The night was dark, moonless. The two cars, driven up to the stone hut, were loaded down with the bags, suitcases and satchels of the party. The native drivers looked at the Zombi fearfully, but made no comment, nor asked any questions.

Death escorted Nina to the leading machine, assisted her to the back seat and indicated that Jimmy should take the place beside the driver. The other two Zombi were in the rear car with the submarine officers.

The drivers seemed to know their destination, for the instant the party was loaded, they started off. Again Holm was forced to a sort of grudging admiration at Death's foresight, and once more Doctor Death forestalled the question he would have like to have asked.

"As you know from past association with me, I have agents in every inhabited part of the globe," he told Nina, a little touch of pride in his voice. "Some of them have drawn princely salaries for years without stirring a hand. The one thing that I demand is absolute and implicit obedience. The moment the Egyptian minister divulged the secret to me, thinking me Hallenberg, I cabled my agent in Cairo ordering that these arrangements be made. The men in these cars have been waiting, I imagine, for days. They would have remained here for years, drawing their salaries for doing nothing, unless I cabled my agent otherwise."

They came to a canal or river—Jimmy was unable to tell which in the darkness. Here, again, Death's wonderful organization demonstrated its power. Moored to the bank was a hastily built ferry manned by two swarthy natives in dark *galabeyehs*. There were lanterns on the bank to mark the approach to the boat; the roadway had been leveled down to a gradual slope.

SALAAMING gravely, the two boatmen took their places in the bow of the craft, each with a long pole in his hand. These poles they used to steady the hastily built

ferry until the first car had been driven onto it. Unfastening the moorings, they poled it across without the passengers even going to the trouble of dismounting. The other side had also been leveled and the car negotiated the bank without trouble.

Again the improvised ferry swung across the stream. The second car was driven aboard. The prow of the boat nuzzled gently against the bank and, a moment later, the second car was beside the first.

As they started away, Jimmy could see that the boatmen had already stripped off their clothing and were up to their shoulders in the water dismantling the boat. A third man was backing a truck toward the approach. Death chuckled again.

"The power of money, my dear," he told Nina. "Within half an hour that flatboat will be in pieces and on that truck following us. By morning it will be a dozen or more miles away—perhaps at our destination, since these men are to assist us with our excavations. Anyone coming past this spot in the morning would fail to recognize the fact that this was used as a crossing, since even the tracks of the cars will be obliterated."

"You already know the location of the secret for which you are seeking?" the girl asked.

Doctor Death nodded.

"On the basis of information furnished Yusef, my agent, he should have it located," he answered. "The papyrus was rather definite, although it will probably take a certain amount of research work before we can be absolutely certain that we are on the right track. This papyrus, secured by Harmachis from a certain dealer in Egyptian curios in New York, was written by a high priest of Anubis, the jackal-headed god, who was, as you will remember, a member of the family of Osiris and presided over mummification.

"Anubis was" —he lowered his voice almost to a whisper although Jimmy had heard him tell Nina that the *jellah* behind

the wheel spoke no English— "a living, breathing entity and not a mythical god as has always been supposed. Anubis perfected the art of mummifying. And, while working at his process, Osiris was so pleased that he presented Anubis with a certain token which contained a magic formula which would make it possible for all those who had been mummified by his process to rise again.

"It is to the tomb of Anubis—Anubis, the jackal-headed—the god of the mummy—that we are on our way," he ended reverently. "All this is set forth in the papyrus. There is no question as to the authenticity of the screeed. The fact that it was written in the original Egyptian, which is vastly different from that of later years, caused it to be overlooked and left unread.

"The tomb of Amenemhat, the high priest who wrote the screeed, had been opened and desecrated some time in the past—probably by the ghouls with which Egypt abounds—men who know not and care nothing for history, but who rob the tombs for the purpose of selling their contents to tourists and collectors. That is how the papyrus found its way to New York.

"WHAT is death?" he mused, after a moment's silence. He was talking as much to himself as to his young companion. "Neither life nor death is understood by science—the science which I intend to destroy. It tells us that man is composed of certain minerals—water. The touching of certain vitals—their disturbance by even the hundredth part of an inch—and what follows? That which we call death.

"But what is this stoppage of life? I put a bullet into the chest of Hallenberg. That bullet, entering his heart, caused this condition we call death. It separated his soul from his body. But that physical body, if put upon the scales, would have been found to weigh no more or less than it had before the leaden pellet entered his heart." He

spoke earnestly, his eyes set in a fanatical stare.

"What, then, was gone? Only the vital spark. And this spark—this thing we call life—is not dead, but lives forever. You have seen me extract it from the body. You have seen me transfer it from one body to another.

"What does this demonstrate? Only that the thing called life is now as it was in the beginning. Man goes on and on and on. Life is but the thought of the Creator. You have read of—possibly seen—grains of wheat taken from the tombs of those buried in the early dynasties, cultivated.

"In our own New York scientists brought back several grains of the cereal found in a fourteenth dynasty tomb which sprouted. It did not yield. But why? Because they did not understand the art of cultivating it as had the early Egyptians. Yet nevertheless, life is there, just as it is in every mummy case in this land of Egypt.

"In our own case, it is different," he went on, warming up to this subject, "we make no attempt to keep the physical body. Instead, we allow it to disintegrate—to go back to the dust from which it was made. But the Egyptians were more far-sighted. They preserved the physical body by means of mummification. Why?

"Because, as I tell you, Anubis, the jackal-headed, knew these things—had this secret handed to him by Osiris. He realized that, sooner or later, someone would be fitted to take charge of the secret—someone who would raise the dead and restore the glory that was once ancient Egypt's. I am that man."

"How does it come that the tomb of Anubis—great as he was—has been overlooked by scientists so long?" Nina asked.

Doctor Death nodded.

"Your point is well taken," he answered. "Because Egypt is filled with tombs. Only those of people of known prominence are opened by the expeditions licensed by the government. Why should they bother to

excavate the burying places of those who had little standing in the past?

"Anubis knowing these things—realizing that, when the time arrived, the right man would be appointed by the Creator—elected to be buried in an obscure place. As a result, his tomb has been undisturbed while those of men and women of lesser standing have been desecrated."

Dawn was breaking in the east as they swung around a hill and came out in a small valley, desolate looking in the dull, gray of the rising sun. In the background towered a high cliff. They entered the valley.

"We have arrived," Doctor Death said in an awed, hushed voice. "In the heart of that mountain lies the body of Anubis, the jackal-headed—god of mummification and custodian of the secret of life."

Mask of Zombi

CLOSE to a *wadi* at the foot of the cliff stood a group of tumbledown stone huts, long since gone to ruin and decay. Cut into the hill was what must at one time have been a quarry, probably for the purpose of providing the stone with which the huts were built.

Across the front of this opening a sort of screen had been erected, making of the interior a great room. Seen from a little distance, the screen had every indication of being a part of the hillside. In front of it were grouped several motor trucks. They parked their own cars alongside and dismounted.

A man stepped forward from a little group of *jellahin* standing beside the trucks. He was tall, dignified, clad in spotless white. He raised his hand in salutation and made a profound bow.

"Greetings!" he said. "I trust that you have found everything to your satisfaction."

Doctor Death acknowledged the salutation with a curt bow.

"Excellent so far, Yusef," he answered. "I compliment you on the manner in which you have carried out my instructions."

He turned to Nina.

"It would be best if you looked over your new quarters and rested, my dear," he said, leading the way behind the curtain, the *jellahin* following with the various boxes and bags with which the baggage carriers of the two cars had been loaded.

She shrugged her shoulders non-committally and followed him into the cavern. Jimmy Holm knew that again she was under the spell of his magnetism—that for the nonce she was little more than a puppet.

The two Zombi climbed stiffly out of the second car and approached Jimmy who, standing a little to one side, was staring straight to the front, his face wearing the dumb, vacant expression of the others.

The animated dead men approached him from either side. He paid no attention to them. Then, like a bolt out of a clear sky, they leaped upon him.

It was useless battling these dead things, as Jimmy knew from past experience, since they were immune to pain. Yet fight he did, putting every ounce of his strength into the struggle. He threw them off. They sprang upon him again. He rocked them from head to foot with his blows, seeking a chance to dodge away from them. But without avail.

SLOWLY, their cold, clammy hands fastened themselves about him, bearing him down. His breath was slowly squeezed from his body. He went down, the two of them upon him. They held him in a vise-like grasp while Yusef, the head man, came running up with a cotton rope which he twisted about him, binding his wrists, his ankles, even fastening his arms to his sides. The task completed he arose. The two Zombi also got up, leaving Jimmy, trussed like a fowl for the spit, upon the hot sand.

There was an angry glitter in Death's eyes as he glared down at his captive.

"Fool!" he snarled. "You have much to learn—and so have I. I have yet to learn the meaning of love and duty—love and duty that will carry a man to the lengths that you have gone. And you, my young friend—"

He gazed at the detective with a cynical smile.

"You," he finally went on, "have to learn things, also. One of them is that a Zombi never perspires. It is fortunate for you that you were able to keep out of my sight most of the time during our voyage else I would have noticed it before. The moment you were seated in the automobile ahead of me I saw the tiny drops of perspiration standing out on your neck and—knew.

"The death of the radio operator on the *Sea Gull* explains itself to me," he went on musingly. "Likewise, the sudden disappearance of the sailor aboard the submarine. It is unfortunate that I did not discover you in time to leave you in the cavern with the sailors. The elementals that I have left there will be hungry before I return. Meanwhile—what did you learn in the wireless room? Did you have the time to send a message?"

Jimmy Holm snarled like an angry cat.

"To hell with you!" he exploded.

Death turned away.

"It is fortunate that Miss Fererra has retired to the quarters Yusef prepared for her," he said. "Else she might be prone to make trouble. Meanwhile, Yusef, see that our young friend is properly fastened and securely guarded. But, no, I will set the two Zombi over him. They cannot be corrupted. As soon as I have a moment's time, I want to interrogate him."

The head man bowed low.

"It shall be as you order, master," he responded. "May my life be forfeited if he escapes."

Ghouls Protest At The Ravishing Of The Tomb!

"It probably will be," Death growled. "He has too much information in his head for him to get away. I lack the time to interrogate him now. It is necessary, more than ever, that we push our work. Once we have discovered the secret—bah!"

He snapped his bony fingers.

"Then let them come—the more the better!" he snarled. "They will die by millions when the hordes of ancient Egypt spring upon them. Their bullets will avail them nothing. Gas—all known methods of modern warfare will be of no avail against those whom we will raise from the grave.

"The world will be destroyed. Science, invention—everything—will be wiped out. We will go back to our original state. And you, Yusef, will be one of my right hand men."

"I do not understand," the head man responded. "Yet if you, my master, will it, so be it. But these men who stare straight ahead—your servants? My men already fear them, thinking them *jinn*."

Death made no response.

"My tracks are covered," he muttered to himself as he walked away. "Yet—yet I am curious. How did he make his escape from the elemental cage? Can it be that his will is stronger than my own? No. There was some other way. Nina? I wonder . . . I wonder. And did he get any message away after killing the wireless operator?"

Again he shrugged his shoulders.

"*Kismet!*" he growled. "As our Oriental friends say, 'It is fate.'"

He followed Nina behind the screen.

It appeared that Yusef was as much of a jewel as Death had claimed he was. Close to the little depression where the head man had decided the opening to the tomb of Anubis was to be found, was a smaller hole, evidently cut into the hillside to avoid carrying the huge rocks so far in the building of the huts.

Here the head man, knowing the task that was ahead of him and being unre-

strained in the use of money, had installed a small portable power plant for the purpose of operating the electric drills with which to carve through the rocks which sealed the tomb. Many storage batteries were in operation; a peculiar humming sound was in the air.

Into this little cubicle Jimmy was carried and dropped upon the rough stone floor. In the entrance sat sombre-faced Zombi.

Jimmy knew only too well that their orders were to kill him if he attempted to escape. For their brains were the brains of Doctor Death. Their thoughts were his.

There were ghouls in the valley where the entrance to the tomb of Anubis, the jackal-headed, was located. So said the Egyptian workmen Yusef had hired, even though they had no idea of what was intended of them and that a god was buried somewhere in the vicinity.

The vacant, dead faces of the two Zombi did much to excite this belief. One of the workmen, in carrying Jimmy to his improvised prison, accidentally touched the cold, clammy hand of the animated dead man. He jerked away with an exclamation of horror, and the excitement among the men knew no bounds. They gathered in a little group, chattering like magpies.

Nor did Yusef, the head man, make any attempt to change their opinion. Rather, seeing an opportunity to frighten them into obedience, he built upon it, dwelling long and mightily on the prowess of this strange man they were serving. Strange were the tales regarding Death that had come to Yusef from across the sea and they lost none of their flavor in the telling. He was a god—a superman. Probably Death sensed what Yusef had told them; at any rate, he made no attempt to stop his head man. Possibly it tickled his vanity.

ALMOST from the very start these ghouls, so the workmen said, asserted themselves. With little or nothing to do, the workmen were constantly seeing things.

Yusef was forced to spend half his time listening to their excited gossip. They refused to perform any errand singly, insisting that two men be assigned to every job. Their numbers made this a possibility and the head man, after consulting with Doctor Death, allowed it.

It was decided that the entrance to the tomb lay in a fairly deep recess now completely blocked with sand just at the edge of the cliff, perhaps a hundred yards from where they were camped. Immediately a shift of men was turned out and started to work in spite of their protests. For a moment it looked as if mutiny was in the air. Death turned his cavernous eyes toward them. He said nothing, yet they slunk away like whipped puppies.

"The ghouls, master," they whined.

"Ghouls! Bah!" Death ejaculated, turning to Yusef.

By noon it was apparent that the wily scientist's calculations had been correct. They had uncovered the entrance to a sloping shaft closed at the top with great stone blocks.

Again the men protested and once more Doctor Death was forced to drive them.

Constant relays were now employed. By evening the stones had been removed sufficiently so they could see into the shaft. From that time on it was easier, a mere matter of constant chipping and drilling. Again the foresight of Death's agent was shown in providing the electric drills which were operated by the little power plant. For, within an hour, the opening was large enough for entrance.

A narrow shaft led downward, ending in a small, square chamber apparently hewn out of the living rock. It was, perhaps, twelve feet square and about the same height and without decorations of any sort.

THERE was a second chamber beyond. The party was working at a fever heat now with Death, fearful of what Holm might have disclosed over the wireless, driving like

the maniac that he was. Nor did he stop to interrogate Jimmy again, so absorbed was he with his task. Yusef had brought wires down into the shaft. Setting a light upon a tripod, he started his drills going again. By midnight the opening was made and the second room was entered.

Death heaved a great sigh of disappointment. Of a sarcophagus there was no trace. Instead, in the center of the rarely beautiful room was a squat table, the legs elaborately carved out of stone to represent the feet of a jackal. Upon this table were innumerable curious looking phials, bowls, salvers, tall, slender lamps. In the center was an exquisitely carved casket of wrought silver, its contents turned to dust.

At one side of the room an opening had been filled up, the stones being so perfectly matched as to be almost indistinguishable. Upon those stones were hieroglyphics carved in bold relief.

Death, stepping closer, held the torch high and translated.

Anubis, the Jackal-head, Beloved of Osiris,
to those who may come, Greeting:

The pathway beyond is filled with danger.
Yet he who conquers this pathway wins
for himself everlasting life.

The way is long. Prepare for it.

Doctor Death shrugged his gaunt shoulders and turned to Yusef.

"Start them to work again," he commanded.

He had translated the symbols to Yusef in a low voice. The men, standing in silent awe a little way apart, had not heard him. Nevertheless, there was a feeling of reluctance that was readily apparent as they commenced the work of drilling through this, the last lap of their journey into the tomb, as they thought.

By morning, the opening was completed. Doctor Death stepped through and allowed the beam of his flashlight to penetrate the stygian gloom.

Split into the solid rock was a fissure. Little more than a yard wide and just high

enough to be entered without stooping, it extended on and on as far as the light beam could penetrate.

Death turned back.

"We have no idea how far into the rock this fissure leads," he told Yusef. "It is best that we prepare for contingencies. Let the men be fed while I take the flashlight and explore."

Yusef bowed low.

"It shall be as you say, master," he answered, turning back.

Death proceeded into the opening; continuing several hundred yards, he suddenly came to a widening. Before him stretched a great chasm, extending from side to side of the fissure and, he judged, at least two rods across.

He turned back. It would be necessary to construct a bridge in order to cross the chasm. The building of it would take time.

He stopped. Footsteps! Someone was coming on the run. Then he saw the beam of a flashlight bobbing up and down as the runner negotiated the narrow passage. He hurried forward to meet the newcomer. It was Yusef.

"Master! Master!" the head man panted excitedly. "He is gone! Gone!"

Death snarled angrily.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"The young man! He who pretended that he was dead!" the other hastened to explain. "I went into the cave just now where I had him fastened. He is a *jinn*, master, the same as you. For the two guards were still sitting at the entrance. The ropes with which he was bound were on the rocky floor where he had been lying.

"And one of the cars is gone, too, master!"

"Did the girl accompany him?" Death snapped.

Yusef shook his head.

"She tried to," he responded. "He called to her and she attempted to follow. But the two sailors restrained her. When the young man fought, they fired at him,

wounding him, they believe. He leaped into the car and dashed madly away. Shall I take the other car and pursue him?"

For a moment only Death pondered. Then he shook his head.

"No," he said shortly. "Again it is—*Kismet*—fate. We must rush the faster, that is all."

Into Hell's Pit

OUTSIDE, Death took a quick inventory. A glance into the cubicle where Jimmy had been confined told him the story. In some manner the young detective had succeeded in upsetting one of the storage batteries with which the little power plant was operated. Despite the pain—and Death knew that it must have been terrific—he had rubbed his wrists into the acid, thus burning the ropes until they had fallen apart.

How had he gotten past the Zombi? Again Death's brow was corrugated in thought. There was only one answer to the problem. Jimmy Holm's thought waves were stronger than his own. The Zombi, his own thought waves striking against the metallic solution with which their veins were filled, were presumed to obey. This was the second time that Holm had escaped when they had been placed in charge of him. There would be no third time.

Yet, strange as it may appear, there was no feeling of anger in the breast of Doctor Death against the man who had escaped him. Had he but known it, Jimmy Holm had, by escaping, ingratiated himself more than ever in the sinister old scientist's esteem. He coveted Jimmy Holm, who had demonstrated his power. And what he coveted he took. Regardless of everything, he then and there swore to possess himself of Jimmy Holm. Sooner or later the young detective would again be in his power. And when that time came, he would work with

every stratagem at his command to win him over.

It took but an instant for Captain English to explain what had happened. Holm, rushing from the cavern, had made a dash for the automobile standing near by. Nina had been close to the two men. He had called to her.

As she ran toward him at the sound of his voice, McPherson, the Scotch engineer, had seized her. Holm, whirling, had started to put up a fight. English had seized a gun—for he and his companion had been delegated to guard the camp—and had taken a snap shot at the youngster.

That his aim had been true, he was certain. Holm had staggered. Then, shouting something unintelligible to Nina, he had leaped into the car, stepped on the starter and driven like a madman across the *wadi*. At that minute Yusef had appeared. They had reported to him and he, in turn, had dashed into the cavern to tell Death.

Death listened to the report in silence. Then, shaking his head sadly, he turned away.

"Love," he said, looking at Nina almost fondly. "This thing called love, I do not understand it."

Neither Doctor Death nor his head man rested. The planks with which the ferry boat had been constructed were unloaded from the truck and re-arranged on the sand until what Death considered plans for a safe bridge across the chasm had been arrived at.

Apparently bottomless and rising straight up hundreds of feet—probably to the top of the mountain—that it was one of the craters of a small extinct volcano was extremely probable. By throwing his flashlight beam across, he had seen that the fissure continued on at the opposite side, which would make the landing of an extemporized bridge possible, provided they could get it across, the hole being something like an "O" with both ends of the loop left open. Death calculated that it was between

twenty-five and thirty feet in diameter.

Now it was that the experience of the Scotch engineer of the submarine came into good use. Normal in every way apparently, except for the loss of memory of certain things brought about by Death's hypnotic control, he and Captain English had spent their time guarding the camp, smoking, playing cards, and, to all intents and purposes, enjoying themselves. Death called the two into consultation.

The dour Scot listened to the problem without comment. At the conclusion of Death's recital, he smiled broadly.

"Thot should be easy, mon," he asserted.

Taking several of the planks, he laid them atop of each other in a zig-zag fashion.

"You will note, mon, thot the joints overlap nowhere," he explained. "Now, by fastening enough of these planks together—the bridge should be at least six planks thick, I'm thinking, to sustain the weight in the center—the matter can be handled."

Death nodded approvingly.

"But how will you get the thing anchored at the opposite side?" he demanded.

The Scotchman nodded.

"A fairr question, mon," he exclaimed. "Yet, 'twill be easy. The fissure is, ye say, over a yard in width and considerably higher than your head at that point. We will build a tripod, mon—a hoist wit' a block and tackle. We'll fasten this to the end of th' bridge and, as we build it, we'll shove it oot across the chasm. Ye've natives enough here to furnish the man power. 'Twill be fairr easy, is my belief."

Again Death nodded approvingly.

"We start immediately," he asserted.

"And you, Mac, will be in charge of the operation."

YUSEF started a procession of workmen into the fissure, the first group carrying the materials for the hoist, the remainder laboring beneath the weight of planks.

Slowly and methodically, the old Scotchman laid the huge timbers together, bolting them in place atop each other, forming a solid stick at least a foot square and warranted, he asserted, strong enough to bear the weight of an elephant. Little by little, a foot at a time, the ponderous affair was pushed out into the chasm, the free end held up by the men at the rope which passed through the block swinging from the hoist.

It was a matter of only a few hours when the bridge was finished. Certain of the strength of his handiwork, the old engineer was the first to test it, walking across its narrow width with the agility of a ballet dancer. He stopped in the center and teetered up and down to test its solidity. Satisfied, he continued to the opposite side, saw that it was firmly anchored and turned his attention to the construction of a hand rail.

Meanwhile the natives had been sent back to camp where, under Yusef's direction, they made up packages of food, arms and ammunition.

"I have no idea of the length of this fissure," Death told Nina. "It may penetrate from one side of the mountain to the other. It may be miles in length or we may find that it ends only a short distance away. In any event, I am determined to continue on until we come to the tomb of Anubis, the jackal-headed, regardless of how far away that tomb may be. Once there, I will be guided by circumstances."

But again the obstinacy of Yusef's dark-skinned laborers interfered with the plans. To the edge of the chasm they would go and no farther. They gathered in a compact group, listened to the exhortations of Yusef—and remained stubborn.

It took Death but a moment to make up his mind. Such of their equipment as he deemed would most be needed was hastily sorted out and carried across the bridge.

"I will go ahead a short distance and see what the conditions are from there on," he

said, disappearing in the darkness of the narrow fissure.

Then it was that Yusef made his fatal mistake. He was angry—intensely so. Turning upon his stubborn followers, he commenced a tongue lashing that threatened to blast them where they stood.

The men huddled together in a little group. Suddenly one of them stepped forward and snarled some remark in reply. The head man brought the palm of his hand across the other's face. The blow cracked like the report of a gun.

They came at Yusef in a charging mob, rushing him back by sheer force of numbers. The two submarine officers, leaping to the head man's rescue, were also borne backward toward the edge of the bottomless chasm. Side by side they stood and exchanged blows with the maddened horde. Somewhere a knife was drawn. Nina saw it and screamed. Too late. Yusef staggered, the hilt of the weapon protruding from his chest.

He screamed. Once . . . horribly. Then he went over the edge into the bottomless pit.

ONE of the natives had a sudden idea. Rushing for a long rope which still remained in the block and was yet fastened to the improvised bridge, he gave a sharp tug. Nina, at the farther end was almost thrown after Yusef. She seized the hand rail for support and leaped across to safety.

The bridge was up several inches now. In a moment more it would be swung back over the chasm and probably dropped.

English, the engineer, sensed what was being done. His shout attracted McPherson. They rushed the native at the rope's end.

The fellow's idea was infectious. The others were suddenly seized with the same notion. Now the fight was being waged around the hoist.

The odds were too great. Slowly, battling for every inch of ground, the two men were forced back.

In desperation, they rushed across the bridge to where Nina stood on the other side.

There was a crash. The bridge, lifted out of place by the men at the end of the hoist, dropped into the chasm.

English spoke first. "Here we are on this side—and no way to get back!"

From out of the fissure came a wild man. It was Doctor Death. His face was working convulsively as he saw what the blood-maddened natives had done.

"Dogs!" he snarled.

They slunk back before his voice like whipped curs.

"I could kill them with the power of my thought, possibly," he pondered. "And, too, there are other ways. But why? Dumb as they are, I may need them upon my return. Who knows? Yet I dare not leave them here to tell the story of what has happened." He chuckled sinisterly.

"Perhaps it was for the best," he mused. "Now no one will know the truth. There is always a chance that Holm will come back with help. To all appearances, I have dropped off the earth. Yes, there is a way."

He looked across the chasm at the cowering natives again. Then in a suave, almost sympathetic voice, he spoke:

"Sleep!" he said. "I command you to sleep!"

Like obedient children, they dropped to the floor of the fissure and closed their eyes.

"If I never come back, the judgment day will find them still lying there, under the power of my hypnosis," Death said grimly, picking up one of the packs and leading the way, torch in hand.

Trial By Desert

AROUND the ancient but which marked the entrance to the cave where the submarine was anchored, there was now a great camp. Half a hundred tents were scattered in a sort of crude semi-circle

about the crumbling ruin. The smoke of innumerable camp fires polluted the air.

Inspector John Ricks, standing atop the outcropping of rock which rose up from the sea like a great sentinel, looked down at the panorama and scowled. For two days he had waited—two long days. And Inspector Ricks, always a man of energy, longed for action. Inactivity irked him. The unforgettable dusk of Egypt was falling. Every rock on the landscape stood out like black smudges upon a gray canvas. From below came the clatter of cooking utensils . . . the odor of frying meat.

From behind him came a sigh. He whirled. Edgeworth stood close by. Doctor Richmond Edgeworth, the young scientist whom Death had next marked for slaughter.

Ricks growled something unintelligible.

Edgeworth shrugged his shoulders.

"This inactivity irks me, too," he exclaimed. "Are you certain that this man, Holm, knew what he was talking about—that he will keep his word? Remember, I've met him only a few times. He's a comparative stranger to me. And, if I may say so, rather young for so big a job."

Ricks bit into his cigar to hold back the explosion that he knew was inevitable.

"Listen!" he snarled. "I've known Jimmy Holm almost since he was a pup. A squarer kid never walked. Good Lord, man! It takes nerve to do what he did—disguise himself as a dead man—live with dead men—and get away with it. It takes quick thinking to handle a situation like he did. Here were these men—the crew of the submarine—left down yonder in that cave to be slaughtered by the elementals. Death had left the cages open, mind you. They were blood hungry—hungry to satiate themselves on the vitality of the men who had been left behind.

"It was Holm who had the sagacity to size up the crew and hastily explain to the more intelligent what had happened. It was he who told them where to get iron with



"Beware!" Hatasu cackled. "These creatures scream for blood!"

which to arm themselves against these monsters. It was he who had brains enough to instruct the men to get back into the submarine, where they would draw the elementals in after them.

"And it was Holm," he continued, "who hurriedly told them how to prepare the trap for the monsters—and how to stage a death scene so that Death, listening above, would think that his plan had not miscarried.

"And last, but not least," he went on, chewing his stub of a cigar angrily, "it was Jimmy Holm who told these men what to do afterward—who told them his position as head of the Secret Twelve and asked them to hurry to various ports to notify the Egyptian officials in case I had not gotten the message which he, praise God, managed to send off the *Sea Gull*! And yet, damn it, man—and yet you doubt him! Bah!"

Edgeworth nodded.

"I apologize for my rash words," he said. "But it seemed almost an impossibility for one man to accomplish all that this man—this youth—has set out to do. His idea of disguising himself as a Zombi was wonderful. I talked to some of the members of the crew myself. They all assert that, until he disclosed himself, they had no idea that he was any different from the other two."

Ricks, mollified, nodded sagely.

"Aye, and that was not all," he rumbled. "Jimmy Holm is a quick thinker, my lad. Knowing the sort of men with whom he had to deal—the dregs of the water front, all of them—criminals of the worst variety—he had the brains to show them his credentials as head of the Secret Twelve and to promise them presidential pardons—all of them—in case they carried out his instructions."

"Which is something that any lawbreaker—if you will take the word of one who knows—is always seeking for," a voice interrupted.

They whirled. Tony Caminetti, uncrowned king of America's underworld, had come up behind them unobserved. "Jimmy Holm understood the type of men he was

playing cards with," the Italian went on. "And, understanding them, he played the trump card—the promise of a pardon. As a result, those men, without the law a few days ago, can go and come as they please."

"The *Sea Gull* escapade alone was a classic," Ricks interrupted. "How he, alone, managed to get that message off from a ship filled with enemies is something that marks him as a genius. It enabled us to come by airplane, thus getting here almost as soon as the submarine arrived. It enabled us to notify the Egyptian officials even before the men from the submarine had gotten to them. It gave them an opportunity to have everything in readiness so that these submarine men could lead us back to this spot—"

"Some time," Caminetti observed with a true Italian shrug of his shoulders, "I will cross swords with Jimmy Holm. I consider him the only foe man left in America worthy of my steel."

Ricks turned icy eyes upon him, but restrained himself.

"As I understand it, are we to remain here indefinitely—until Holm reports back here or until we are certain that he is dead?" Edgeworth asked.

Ricks nodded.

"Correct," he responded. "And he'll be back. Don't forget that. Sooner or later he'll return, just as he said he would. His statement to the submarine men was that he would stick with Death and his party until he had ascertained the exact location of their quest. Then, if able, he would rescue Nina Fererra and bring her back. If unable to do that, he would return for help."

"LET us hope that it will be soon," Edgeworth fumed. "Do you realize, Inspector the amount of money that is involved every day this expedition remains idle? All of the members of the Secret Twelve are here with the exception of the President of the United States—"

"And he'd a been here, if he could have gotten away," Ricks interrupted grimly.

"And look at the scientists who are here," Edgeworth continued. "All that are left—fearful of staying home. The salaries of many of them are far beyond that of the President of our country. And they are all here, waiting the bidding of this young man."

Ricks whirled.

"If they had to stay here for the remainder of their lives, it wouldn't be a snowdrop in hell to the length of time they'll be dead!" he snarled. "And dead they'll be unless Jimmy Holm can figure out some way to scotch Doctor Death. You can't take money along with you when you cross the river, you know."

To which Tony Caminetti nodded a hearty assent.

Turning on his heel, Ricks gazed out across the desert again. Suddenly he leaned

He slumped in a little pile at the feet of the inspector.

Ricks bent forward and lifted his head.

"God! He's wounded!" he exclaimed. "Some of you infernal idiots get back to camp and bring a stretcher. Move, damn you!"

Jimmy Holm opened his eyes and gazed up into the gruff old policeman's face.

"Get everything . . . ready," he said hoarsely "Got to start back . . . at once . . ."

His head fell back. He had fainted from loss of blood.

Banquet of Corpses

NEVERTHELESS, it was not until morning that the expedition physician pronounced Holm well enough to travel. He was weak and completely exhausted. His wound, though only scar-

The Bodies Of The White-Robed Men Of The Desert Had Been Sucked Dry By Thirsty Creatures Of Hell

forward, his keen eyes glaring brightly under their shaggy eyebrows.

"Look yonder!" he exclaimed. "See that speck out there in the dusk! It's moving! It . . . by God, it's fallen! Now it's up again! Come on!"

He raced down the steep ascent like a man of half his years, his excited whoop turning out the camp.

Then, leading the van, he sped across the sands through the darkness to where a man was weaving drunkenly. His fists were doubled, his jaw set. It was only by a mighty effort that he set one foot ahead of the other. Yet, fighting every inch of the way, he was slowly dragging himself in the direction of his goal.

"Jimmy! By the devil, it's Jimmy!" Ricks screamed insanely. "I told you that he'd come."

"Ran out of gas . . . had to . . . walk . . ." Holm said weakly

ing the flesh of his shoulder, had bled freely while his wrists were seriously burned from the acid with which he had cut his bonds. Yet several drinks of strong brandy, a little beef broth and a few hours' sleep worked wonders with his magnificent constitution and it was barely daybreak when he climbed out of bed and shook burly Inspector Ricks by the shoulder.

"Let's be moving!" he exclaimed.

Ricks, who had insisted on watching all night beside the cot of his young friend, rubbed his eyes sleepily.

"Well, for the love of Mike!" he chortled. "You? But, Jimmy, you should be in bed."

"Nonsense!" Holm exclaimed, dropping back to the edge of his cot and hastily recounting to Ricks all that had happened.

"Whether this yarn about the secret of Anubis, the jackal-headed, is a myth or whether it isn't, we've got the chance to

get Death now," he snapped. "He's practically unguarded. The few natives who are with him would be useless in a fight. The two sailors can be easily overcome. He's hard pressed and he's driving his men like a fiend. Now is our golden opportunity. And, should there be anything in this secret, we've got to get there first. We dare not take a chance. And besides—"

He stopped suddenly.

"Give me a cigar," he growled. "I haven't smoked since I was a Zombi. Believe it or not," he grinned, "being dead is no snap."

He bit off the end of the cigar that Ricks handed him. Then, lighting it, he puffed in silence for a moment.

"And, besides, there's Nina," he ended. "The sooner we get her out of the old devil's clutches, the better off we'll be."

Within an hour they were breaking camp. A troop of Egyptian motorized cavalry in the lead, the long caravan set out across the hot, sandy desert.

THE camp was deserted when they arrived late in the afternoon. Holm, who was regaining his strength by leaps and bounds, again assumed charge. The Egyptian soldiers were sent ahead to scout, reporting back that they had made a thorough search and that not a living soul had been found.

Holm in person took the lead into the entrance to the tomb of Anubis. Entering the fissure, half a hundred armed men behind him, others scattered at intervals along the route, he came upon the body of one of the natives lying alongside the chasm. A little distance away were the others.

"Dead?" Ricks demanded in an awed voice.

Jimmy Holm knelt beside the nearest man and laid his hand on the swarthy face. For a moment he said nothing. He moved on to the next. One after another he touched the dark flesh. Then he arose.

"Not dead," he said. "But sleeping. These men have been hypnotized—put into a state of suspended animation by Doctor Death."

He looked across the deep chasm, allowing his flashlight beam to play over the rocky walls of the opposite side. It sought out the other opening, then came back to hover over the faces of the sleeping men again.

"This chasm—that tripod—these men?" he said, half to himself. "The whole story can be told in those few words. The question is—what happened? And how can we get across?"

His face suddenly lighted up.

"The power plant!" he exclaimed. "In such a group of scientific men, there is surely one who can rig up a battery that will shock these men into life again."

Edgeworth turned and ran back up the fissure.

"Leave that to me!" he exclaimed.

At the end of ten minutes he returned, followed by various members of the party with the dismantled power plant. In less time than it took to tear it down, they had it together again. Edgeworth made certain adjustments. Then, a wire in either hand, being careful to hold it by the insulation, he turned to one of his colleagues.

"Turn her on!" he commanded.

He bent over the nearest native and touched the ends of the wires to his bare flesh. There was a sudden relaxation of the sleeper's muscles. His limbs twitched spasmodically. Then, with a shrill cry of alarm, he leaped to his feet.

"What happened?" he exclaimed in his native tongue, his eyes glaring wildly.

It took one of the native officials but an instant to explain. A glance at the other sleepers told him that the speaker was telling the truth. One after another, the other sleeping men were awakened.

And, in the end, not one of them could tell what had transpired.

Their memories, from the time they en-

tered the fissure the last time until they were so suddenly awakened, were a blank.

Yet the tripod spoke for itself. For an instant Jimmy Holm pondered. Then the idea came to him.

"That pulley!" he exclaimed. "He used a hoist in some manner, probably pulling the rope and bridge across after him."

Again it was Edgeworth who sprang into the breach.

"I am certain that I noticed planks on one of the trucks outside," he said. "With them we ought to be able to figure out some method of crossing."

And in the end they did.

IT was sundown when they suddenly emerged from the fissure onto a rocky shelf which overlooked a verdant plain. As nearly as they could ascertain by the failing light, they were at the edge of a sort of basin, surrounded by mountains. High, precipitous cliffs frowned down at them from every side; as far as they could see in each direction, there was not a break of any kind in the high, rocky wall—no other means of entrance or exit save the fissure through which they had come.

"This demonstrates that Death is on the right road if there is anything to this Anubis yarn," Holm told the others as they ate a hasty supper. Not knowing how far they would be forced to travel, a part of the party had been sent to bring up the supplies.

"Anubis, remember," he went on, "was presumed to be the god who presided over mummification. If he had such a secret, knowing that sooner or later an attempt would be made to wrest his secret from him—possibly by hands not entitled to it—he selected this spot with the greatest care. In fact, he probably had it especially constructed for his burial place."

Close examination indicated that the sides of the precipice had been cut down by human hands. Great piles of stone lay at the bottom as if some giant sculptor

had whittled off the edge of the mountain with a Brobdingnagian chisel.

Next morning after a hasty breakfast, they set out at daybreak. At the foot of the rocky shelf was what looked like the remains of a paved road leading straight across the plain. They followed this, finally coming to what had the appearance of an ancient dock at the edge of a lake of considerable size, now weed grown and filled with high marsh grass.

Having no boat with which to negotiate the ancient body of water, if, indeed, a boat could have gotten through the tangle of weeds, they were obliged to make a detour around the edge of the lake. With the coming of midday the sun shone squarely down upon them, fairly baking them with its rays. The marsh was filled with a horrible stench of decaying vegetation, while the innumerable flies and bugs which swarmed the swamp made every step a torture.

Then suddenly they came upon a scene that filled them with horror.

Close to the remains of what had been a camp lay a great group of dead—white-robed—Egyptians from appearance. In the center of the ghastly circle lay the two sailors. From the broad chest of English protruded a great spear. And the throat of McPherson, the Scotch engineer, had been slit.

Both of them had gone down fighting. Each had a gun in his hand.

And the bodies of the white-robed men scattered about the plain had been sucked dry. They were shriveled and wrinkled like the men who had died in the house of Harmachis, the Egyptian, in New York.

Jimmy Holm shuddered as he surveyed the great pile of dead, searching every face.

Of Doctor Death and Nina Ferrera there was not a trace.

Hauled upon the banks of the little stream which flowed from the lake into the cleft in the mountainside were a number of huge canoes, hollowed apparently

from the trunks of trees. They were of varying sizes, some of them capable of carrying a dozen or more men—others smaller. It was in them that the attacking party had come. It was fortunate that they had been left, since they answered the transportation problem for Holm and his party.

THE current was not particularly swift at the onset, carrying the craft at only a moderate rate of speed. Gazing upward, they could see the precipitous sides almost meeting at the top, so straight upward did they go; they were so smooth and steep that it seemed that on them nothing that walked or breathed could find a footing.

As they progressed the river narrowed until the rocky sides seemed almost to close in on them. Now the current was swifter, rushing along like a mill-race. A little distance farther, it widened. There were gently sloping banks on either side, fringed with low, spreading vari-colored trees, the boughs of which overhung the water.

Then, the stream widened to the proportions of a small lake, through the center of which the current seemed to cut, carrying the canoes along at a considerable speed, as if propelled by unseen hands.

The sun was straight above them in the heavens when Ricks, turning to say something to Jimmy, stopped suddenly in the middle of the speech, his eyes almost bulging from their sockets.

"Look!" he exclaimed. "Straight ahead."

Elementals were moving about in the water. The lake was filled with them—queer, hairy creatures with beast-like, bearded faces and gleaming, yellowish eyes—sinister beings with thick lips and short, open snouts, their mouths filled with huge fangs.

They were on every side, surrounding the boats, swimming along with them, their teeth clicking angrily. And from their throats came strange, indescribable sounds, half human, half bestial. It was shrill,

wailing, beating upon the ear drums with tympanic force.

As the current carried them forward like some great arm, other creatures appeared around them—beast-like things, neither of the land nor of the water—amphibian caricatures with glistening, slime-coated bodies and horrible, snake-like eyes. The water was filled with them. They brushed against the frail canoes, threatening to overturn them. . . .

Monsters of the black dimension, they were, unthinkable monstrosities from another world. They were loathsome, nightmarish, unbelievable, creations of Doctor Death's mind.

A man shrieked as a great hand reached up from the water. It did not touch him. Yet there was a sort of suction about it. It seemed to draw him—to attract him. His body leaned toward it. Holm felt the draw of another on his side of the boat. He turned his head. It was with difficulty that he jerked himself away from the magnetic attraction of the gruesome thing.

"For God's sake, men, don't give way to it!" he shouted. "It's imagination—imagination, pure and simple—the thought waves of Doctor Death beating against our brains. Fight them off!"

Even as he spoke, concentrating all of his own will power in an effort to defeat that of the sinister old man who was against them, he knew that he had won. The shapes in the water were becoming vague—indistinct.

Then, slowly, as the minds of some of the party still clung to terror that had gripped them, they faded and disappeared as a picture fades out on the silver screen.

"I admit that the old boy took me by surprise," Holm told Ricks. "But I have gotten to know Death's methods. With him, thought is everything. It is with thought that he handles his Zombi. It is by the power of concentration that he conjures up the elementals from the air. And

I have found that, by development, my thought waves are, in many respects, as strong as his.

"In some way—how, I do not profess to know—he has learned that we are close behind. Telepathy, probably. Be that as it may, the thought suddenly came to me that I was being hypnotized. It was the same mass hypnotism that he displayed so often when we were fighting him before—that Nina told us about. He calls it the tenth degree—the one degree in advance of the nine known to science. And the moment that the knowledge came to me, the things in the water disappeared.

"It was the same with the rest of you. We had but to steel our minds against him and his influence waned."

Ricks nodded.

"By God, it was horrible!" he said, sinking back into his seat and lighting a fresh cigar.

"Curse Him—The Ghoul!"

THE sun was just sinking over the edge of the great basin when they swung around a bend in the lake and saw, not more than half a mile away, a stone dock jutting out into the water from the foot of the mountain.

The great peak formed the background for a huge pyramid, three sides of which appeared to have been cut from the solid rock of the hillside.

"The tomb of Anubis, the jackal-headed, god of mummification and custodian of the secret of eternal life," Holm said grimly. "Our quest, my friends, is ended. Somewhere yonder, without a doubt, lurks the monster we are sworn to kill—Doctor Death. I hope to God that we are not too late."

To which Ricks added a fervent, "Amen!"

As they drew closer they could see people crowding to the edge of the dock—great

crowds of men and women in spotless white.

The bottom of the pyramid projected almost to the water's edge. On either side of it the rocky face of the rugged cliff was honeycombed with doors, laid out in straight rows, several tiers high, each row having a neat, flat terrace in front of it with a narrow flight of stairs leading upward.

Of houses there were none. From indications the inhabitants were a race of cliff dwellers.

The boats swung up to the dock in the midst of ominous silence. A man with flowing white beard stepped out of the crowd. He, too, was attired in the white, flowing robes that the others wore, but around his waist was a black girdle edged with cut stones that sparkled and scintillated in the dying sunlight. He carried a small, tipped wand. It was evidently a badge of office; he had but to hold it aloft and the crowd fell back a little distance, watching him expectantly.

From the distance came a weird barbaric fanfare. Instantly, at a signal from the old man with the wand, a pathway was opened through the gaping crowd. Through this pathway came a small procession. In the lead were two heralds with quaint trumpets made of hollow ivory tusks. Behind them marched a small squad of men in white robes armed with spears.

Two litters brought up in the rear, each carried by eight bearers. As the foremost drew up to the dock a great murmur went up from the crowd. Then, at a signal from the man with the wand, they dropped to their knees.

The curtain of the first litter moved. A face peered out. The litter was lowered to the ground and a woman stepped out.

Tall, slender, blonde, clad in filmy white so transparent as to reveal a glimpse of the rounded form beneath it, she was rarely beautiful, her golden hair done up in a great coil about her graceful head.

The man with the wand dropped to his knees.

"The queen!" he announced.

"The queen!" the kneeling populace echoed.

THE blonde woman advanced with outstretched hands.

"Welcome, strangers!" she said in pure Egyptian. "I welcome you even though you come as enemies to despoil that over which my people have watched for centuries. We have been isolated here since Anubis first chose my people as guardian of the tomb.

"Each generation has been faithful to the trust. Though I am young and have been queen for only a brief time, I am proud to be custodian of so great a secret."

Holm advanced, one of the Egyptian officials by his side.

"How do you know what we came for, Queen?" he demanded through the interpreter.

Charmion, for such they afterward learned was her name, smiled again.

"Perhaps we have magicians here as great as you," she answered enigmatically. "Perhaps they told us that you were coming and what you were searching for."

Her voice was low, yet silvery.

"Then they lie!" Holm said boldly. "We have no wish to despoil your tombs. Rather, we come in search of a man who is so disposed."

The shot struck home. The queen stepped back a pace.

"He said that he had been sent by the gods to take the secret of the tomb," she said hoarsely. "We, too, are to learn the secret when it is revealed to the appointed one. Then our people will also have eternal life."

Holm nodded.

"I understand," he said. "Yet again I say he is a liar and a thief—a *jinn* who seeks to steal the charm of Anubis for his own selfish use."

"We have been tricked!" she gasped.

As the interpreter finished his statement,

there was a squeal of rage from the second litter. Then the curtains were pushed violently apart and a dwarf leaped out with an agility that was surprising for one of his age.

Very old he must have been—for he looked as ancient as the pyramids which formed the background for this strange scene. His face was dried and withered until it was little larger than a coconut, its surface a solid mass of wrinkles. They crossed and criss-crossed in a thousand different ways.

In spite of the heat of the day, he was wrapped in a huge fur *kaross* which he dragged on the ground as he walked, while a huge cap of fur was upon his head, around the edge of which his hair hung in long gray straggling wisps. His eyes were deeply sunken—even more than those of Death—and shone like living coals. He was toothless, his hooked nose almost touching the point of his chin.

"Who was this man who lied to Hatasu, the high priest of Set?" he shrieked in a high-pitched cackle, his whole body quivering with emotion. "Who is this man who said that he was the appointed of the gods?"

"He calls himself Death," Holm responded, when the question had been translated to him.

"Death! Death!" the old man shrieked again. "I will call upon his namesake to strike him down. Curse him! Curse this foul being who thus deceived Hatasu, Hatasu, high priest of Set, friend of Anubis! Hatasu, who has been preserved through the ages that he might preside over the worship at the tomb of one he once called friend! Hatasu, who has communed with the gods of ancient Egypt! Curse him, the ghoul! Despoiler of tombs! Dog!"

He had worked himself into a frenzy. Frothing at the mouth he tottered and would have fallen had not one of his assistants dashed forward and catching him, assisted him back into the litter.

"Curse him! Curse him!"

His voice died down as the curtains were closed.

Sinister Shapes

DARKNESS was approaching and already a number of the members of the retinue had lighted torches which they carried above their heads, the better to light the way.

There were no houses, as they soon learned—only cubicles cut into the side of the mountain, the largest of which, at the right of the pyramid, was the palace, while to the left were the quarters of old Hatasu and the other members of the priesthood.

Adjoining the vast apartments occupied by Charmion were what were known as the guest chambers, although according to the information given them by the queen, these rooms had never been occupied because of the fact that strangers never came inside the basin of rock.

Yet tradition had it that eventually visitors would arrive and that, when they came, they were to be treated with becoming courtesy. In front of the guest chambers was a wide patch of ground planted to flowers. They approached it through long rows of richly colored blossoms—flame colored *pyr* resembling tulips, yet much larger, while the stems were several feet in height.

Seated on a small ebony throne inlaid with ivory and pearl, torch bearers standing on either side, Charmion received them. Hatasu sat beside her, his toothless gums working spasmodically as he breathed curses against the man who had deceived him. For a short time she questioned them, asking whence they came and other matters regarding their journey. When Holm had finished, she explained her own status.

The small village over which she ruled was, she said, the remnant of what had once been a much larger group. According to

tradition, these people had been confined within the walls of the great basin to serve as guards over the tomb of Anubis. With the sealing of the fissure in the mountain side, all means of exit were destroyed. Several famines, pestilence and intermarriage had cut down the population until only a few hundred people were left; the wholesale slaughter of her little army in the attack on Death and his group had practically cut off every able bodied man save the few that served Hatasu as priests.

According to an ancient prophecy, sooner or later, a man was to come out of the east to release them from their captivity in the basin. He was to be a man whose magic was greater than that of the priests, she explained again.

Hatasu, she went on, was so old that no one knew just how aged he was. For generations he had been a fixture. He claimed to have been alive when Anubis was buried and to have been a personal friend of the dead god. Since no one was old enough to dispute his claim, his story had become one of the firm traditions of the place, although she suspected he was only a descendant of that first Hatasu.

Naturally, when Hatasu had announced a few days earlier that he had had a vision that strangers were entering the basin, she had sent her small army against them, not knowing whether they came in peace or in war since they sent no heralds. The army had fallen upon the strangers during the night. Two of the latter had been killed. Only a few of her men had gotten back, she said—put to rout by some great magic which the man who called himself Death had conjured from the heavens.

As a result, when Death arrived next day, his story of being the appointed person to recover the amulet of Anubis had been accepted without question. Even Hatasu had not doubted him since it had been prophesied that someone would eventually come. He, as high priest, had appointed Atoua, his chief assistant, to

"This Loathsome, Gelatinous Substance Rolling Toward You Consists Of The Souls Of The Dead!"

accompany the stranger on his journey to the tomb, which was inside the pyramid.

"If I have made a mistake, I am sorry for it," she said plaintively.

Jimmy Holm leaned forward and touched the interpreter upon the arm.

"Ask her if Nina—if there was a girl with him?" he said hoarsely. It was a question that he had been wanting to ask during the entire visit, but had been afraid of what the answer might be.

Charmion nodded.

"A beautiful girl," she responded. Then, innocently; "As beautiful in a dark way as I in light. Few Egyptians are as light skinned as am I," she went on.

She pondered deeply when the interpreter told her of Nina's status—that she was the affianced of the leader of their party.

"I see," she said presently. "That accounts for the despondent look that was upon her face. He has made her his slave and this young man—your leader—wishes to rescue her."

There was no way for the interpreter to make her understand. Finally, however, he told her that the magician had cast a spell over her.

"Who will show us the way into the tomb?" Holm interrupted grimly. "We must act speedily if we are to circumvent this monster before he really has the charm in his possession."

Charmion nodded. She turned to Hatasu.

"I, Hatasu, high priest of Set and guardian of the tomb, will lead you against the despoiler," the old man quavered. "But we must move fast, for I am old and walk slowly. And they have had a great start on us. In fact, I have been pondering for a long time," he continued, "why they have not returned before. They should have been back long ere this."

He arose. As he did so, from out of the

night came a strange whispering. It was faint at first, gradually growing louder and louder until the air was filled with wild, rodent-like squeaks and screeches.

Then, out of the darkness they suddenly swooped—horrors from beyond the veil—dancing, bounding, whirling black shapes; twisting vortices, they swept down like a horde of devils. Men were picked up bodily, whirled, twisted, dashed against the rocky floor of the little plateau. Charmion screamed as the lights were twisted from the hands of the torch bearers, leaving the little company in total darkness.

There was no moon, no stars. Only that horrible black pit of darkness which seemed to be spewing forth its ungodly hordes as from the very womb of hell. Men shrieked. Pandemonium reigned.

"God! He's sent the elementals against us!" Holm gasped.

ALL around him men were writhing on the ground as the horrible creatures sucked the vitality from their bodies. The moon swept from under the cloud, revealing the horrible scene. The air was filled with the screams of the dying.

It was like that night, only a few weeks before, when Ricks and Holm had led their men against the house of Harmachis, the Egyptian. Only now—now there was no iron with which to combat the monsters.

Through it all Hatasu had stood in apparent amazement, his toothless gums working as if he pondered over some great problem. His skinny body was leaned far to the front, his cavernous eyes glaring into the night. He seemed to be listening.

"Fool!" he shrieked. "Despoiler of tombs! Ghoul! Robber of the dead! And you think that your magic can prevail against that of Hatasu, high priest of Set, guardian of the tomb of Anubis? Work

your best, dog! Ha! Is that your best? It is but child's play. And now I will show you some real magic, such as we of ancient Egypt were wont to work—something that Anubis, the jackal-headed, taught me himself."

He waved his skinny arm in a great circling gesture. There was a screaming, wailing noise. Again the air was filled with strange, weird shapes—great, gray diabolical creatures seemingly from the very pits of hell. For a moment they stood swaying rhythmically as if keeping time to some strange runic music. From everywhere they came until the heavens were filled with them—huge, flopping creatures with bloated bodies and long, tentacle-like arms. At a signal from the high priest, they rushed forward, swarming over the elementals in a gray, verminous horde.

For what seemed an eternity the plain was filled with the horrible gray of their vaporish bodies. The unspeakable elementals were shattered—scattered in a thousand different directions—torn bodily apart. The air was filled with their agonized wails as they were crushed beneath the weight of their antagonists.

"Elements of iron ore from the mountain," Hatasu snarled. "And yet the fool thought that his magic was as strong as mine."

From within the palace guards were rushing, their torches lighting up the night.

The ancient high priest turned to Holm.

"It is written that a greater magician than I shall come out of the east," he said, "and, by defeating me, shall discover the secret of life which is buried with Anubis. Fool that I was, I thought that this stranger was that man. Bah! Have I not proven that beside my magic, his is but the play of children?"

Holm nodded in affirmation.

"And now let us seek the tomb of Anubis," the ancient went on. "Methinks that my time grows short. I feel death approaching."

He stopped and held up his skinny forefinger.

"I prophesy!" he shouted. "Blood! I smell blood! The rivers will run with it. Blood!"

Turning, he led the way into the mouth of the pyramid.

River of Souls

IT had been decided that the party was to be divided, a majority of the soldiers and Egyptian officials remaining outside to guard against treachery, although none was anticipated, one squad only accompanying Holm. With the young detective went Ricks, Blake of the Secret Service, Caminetti and the other members of the Secret Twelve as well as the assembled scientists.

To the latter, forgetting, in the excitement of the chase, their own peril, the affair had taken on the aspect of an adventure. Only Holm and Ricks, grim manhunters that they were, realized the significance of what was transpiring. They were making history—history that would never be recorded.

Despite all that he had seen, Edgeworth was still a skeptic. Always loquacious, Holm could hear him arguing with Darrow.

"You will have to admit, my friend, that science believes in nothing that is not true," he was saying. "There can be no truth in this story of the magic charm of Anubis. Why? Because you and I both know that it is not possible to raise the dead. Once dead, always dead. . . ."

"Simply because you have never seen a man raised from the dead, you refuse to believe that it can be done," Darrow growled. "Does that prove that it never will be done?"

Their voices died away as they dropped back among their fellows.

Entrance to the tomb was through the front of the pyramid, the door of which,

made of hammered metal, swung back on creaking hinges when opened by one of the younger priests. He closed it behind them, but not until Hatasu had selected several wooden knots apparently soaked in oils, one of which he lighted at a smoldering brazier and handed to Jimmy to carry.

"We must use the lights sparingly and one at a time," he said warningly. "We will need them all before we have negotiated the length of the shaft into the cave."

For some reason, none of the assistant priests accompanied the party into the tomb. Holm, through the interpreter, asked Hatasu the reason for this.

"It is not safe," the old man responded. "Anubis was ill-tempered in life. Death has probably not improved him. There are but a few of us. Therefore, we come in here singly, so that should he rise up in his anger, there will still be some of us left to carry on the history and traditions of our sacerdotal craft."

And with this explanation Holm was forced to be content.

THE old man hobbled along at a fair rate, leading the way down the long, gloomy passageway directly into the heart of the mountain. At the end of this passageway was another door toward which he motioned.

"Watch yourselves," he cackled.

He threw open the door with an effort. There was a rush of wings and a horde of bats flew toward the light, screaming wildly and gnashing their bills together angrily. For an instant it appeared that they would extinguish the light with their wings. Holm, however, jerked a flashlight from his pocket and, pressing the button, attracted their attention. A moment later they were gone.

"I am old—very old," Hatasu quavered. "Yet I have never seen such a torch."

For an instant he stood there shaking his head sagely. Then he pointed into the darkness at the other side of the huge cavern which they had entered.

"Our way lies here," he said.

They were half way across the cavern when Holm, feeling something against his foot, looked down.

He leaped back with an oath.

The rocky floor of the cavern was covered with a loathsome, gelatinous substance which came rolling toward them like the waves of the sea. It surrounded them, growing thicker and thicker, deeper and deeper; it was up to their knees, twisting, writhing, thrusting out snakish tentacles toward them as if striving to pull them down. It was soft, spongy, mucus-like, having no form and yet not altogether formless. It tripped them, halting their progress.

Old Hatasu shrieked with laughter.

"The souls of the dead waiting here to be released," he shrieked. "The caves are filled with them—millions of them—souls extracted by Anubis and his followers. Have you seen enough?"

Holm coolly examined the horrible mass with his flashlight. His grim face was a study as he bent forward in order to look at the oncoming flood more closely.

"Can this be another trick of the imagination?" he said, half to himself. "Is Death pulling another ace out of the hole?"

He turned to Hatasu. But the old man was only mouthing unintelligible gibberings which the interpreter translated as best he could in spite of his fright.

"Hah!" Darrow said suddenly. "I understand it now."

He bent over and examined the filthy mass more carefully.

"The old man is right," he went on. "These are souls. There is no doubt about it, gentlemen, this is ectoplasm—the case in which the soul is confined. Puncture one of these casings and the soul would be released. Sir Oliver Lodge and I had many arguments regarding this. I have attended seances with him where the room seemed filled with this stuff. The medium told us that it was our souls going forth to meet

the spirits who were communing with us. I always doubted it—thought that it was buncombe until now.”

“I still think so,” Edgeworth said argumentatively. “You’ll have to show me.”

Darrow halted. Knee deep in the filthy mass though they were—and the tide was rising steadily—he continued his argument in the tired tone of a professor attempting to teach a lesson to a surly youngster.

“The soul is confined within the body of this gelatinous substance which, for want of a better name, is called ectoplasm,” he explained. “Ectoplasm may be roughly defined as the exterior protoplasm or sarcode of a cell. Now what is a protoplasm? A semi-fluid, albuminous substance which is regarded by occultists as the ultimate basis of physical life from which all living organisms are formed and developed.

“Hatasu tells the truth. This sarcodic substance which surrounds us is that with which we will eventually have to deal—the souls of those who have long been dead. The charm of Anubis undoubtedly holds them here.”

“Bah!” Edgeworth exploded.

All of their pocket torches were in use now. As they turned them here and there the immensity of the cavern was revealed to them. It stretched in every direction as far as the eye could reach, ending in solid chunks of blackness where the light ceased. The floor was pitted here and there with holes. And from these holes, rolling up in a bubbling fluid, came the ectoplasmic mass. It filled the place, a solid lump of gluey, whitish horror, writhing and twisting like some gliborous, cyclopean nightmare, reaching out for them, yet never touching them.

It reached to the very ceiling of the gigantic cave, pressing against the sides, growing—swelling like a parasitic ulcer. And from the holes in the floor—from slits in the walls—even from the ceiling—came more and more of it until it seemed as if

they were walking inside a world of semi-transparent gelatinous hideousness.

Hatasu chuckled and shrieked, gibbered and chortled as his skinny fingers reached forth and caressed the snakish tentacles that stretched toward them from a thousand directions.

“Souls!” he cackled. “Souls neither in heaven nor in torment! The souls of those who will some day occupy their now empty shells when the prophecy of Anubis comes true.”

Holm scowled.

“Tell him to cease his chatter and lead on,” he growled to the interpreter. “Time presses.”

The ancient high priest chuckled when the words were translated to him.

“Some of these souls have been separated from their bodies for countless generations,” he chortled. “And yet you, who are young, speak of the passage of time. What is time and eternity when one is dead?”

Nevertheless, he held up his skinny arm and muttered some cabalistic charm.

The ectoplasm rolled away on either side, leaving a pathway ahead of them.

URGED on by the impatient Holm, Hatasu led the way across the cavern to the other side. And still they walked through a ectoplasmic tunnel which closed behind them as they progressed and opened ahead of them as if a wedge had been entered and was forcing the horrible mass apart.

There was no odor, no smell of death and decay. Yet Jimmy frankly admitted that he was afraid—horribly so. He could tell that the others were, too. A nameless fear crept over them—a fear that was not lessened by the old high priest’s ominous cackling. They were terrified and yet there was nothing tangible to fear.

Yet upon old Hatasu it appeared to have no effect. His head was outthrust upon his skinny neck and his cavernous eyes roved here and there taking in every detail.

At the end of the cavern was a narrow flight of stairs. Hatasu led the way down the stone steps and into another cavern much larger than the one they had quitted. Turning the corner, the old man stopped and waited for them, his beady orbs glittering with excitement.

"Behold!" he shrieked. "Behold death in all its forms! How many men, working steadily, did it take to hollow out this great cave—and how long did it take them, think you?"

"I have no idea," the interpreter snarled.

"I will show you," Hatasu chuckled.

He stepped inside so that they might gaze beyond him. The cave was enormous, acres wide and extending down for hundreds of feet.

It was filled, almost to the very top, with corpses!

There were not hundreds or thousands, but literally millions of dead men and women piled in the place, all mummified and fairly well preserved, their parchment-like skins stretched tightly over their bones, their jaws open, their white teeth gleaming beneath the light of the torches—ghastly caricatures of humanity.

THEY had been hurled into the cavern indiscriminately, with no effort made to straighten their cramped limbs or erase any of the horror that goes with death and dissolution. They lay at every angle, arms and legs outsprawled. The huge cave was a Gargantuan charnel house.

Hatasu hobbled close to the foot of the pile and, taking the blazing torch from Jimmy's hand, indicated that the others should come closer.

"See?" he said, pointing his skinny finger down at the nearest corpse.

There was a gaping spear wound in the chest just over the heart!

"Slaves! All slaves captured by the early Egyptians in the wars," the old man cackled. "Anubis, the jackal-headed, brought them here and put them to work.

When they grew too old for labor, or were incapacitated for some reason, he put them to death and had them hurled into this pit. Few, if any, died natural deaths.

"Because he, Anubis, was the god of mummification, they were mummified at his touch. And thus you see them in this condition."

"And yet you scoff?" Darrow demanded of Edgeworth.

The young scientist calmly lighted a cigarette and puffed languidly.

"What I see, I see," he answered. "I know that these men are dead—mummified. Yet, simply because that old jackass tells us that Anubis mummified them by touching them is no sign that it is true. Nor am I willing to believe that the touching of a charm of some kind will bring them all back to life again."

"Hopeless!" Darrow snorted, following after the remainder of the party.

Still cackling, Hatasu led the way into another chamber almost as vast as the one they had left. This, too, was filled with the dead. Only here the parchment-like forms were laid end to end, side to side, stacked up carefully like cord wood.

And in the breast of everyone of these, too, showed a spear wound.

"The overseers and architects of this vast sepulcher," the old man explained. "They were also put to death by Anubis when their work was completed so that they would not reveal the secrets of the place. It is because their shells were not destroyed that their souls linger in these caverns, incased in the skins in which they left the bodies.

"That with which these caves are filled is the souls of these men, my friends. What think you of this plan to secure the key which will restore the essence of life into their withered bodies? There are many fierce men who lie sleeping here waiting but the contents of the mystic talisman to bring them back from their long slumber—men who were warriors in their time—fierce

gladiators from a hundred different climes. And yet you say this man who has named himself Death seeks to restore them? What colossal delusion of power!"

He waited until the interpreter had completed the translation, his withered mouth working spasmodically as if chewing over the words that he had spoken. Finally he turned away.

"To the tomb of Anubis!" he said.

Wagging his withered head, the old man preceded them to another stair and descended. Now the ectoplasm was left behind.

He stopped suddenly and pointed downward.

"Look!" he said.

Impressed upon the stone floor was the mark of a human foot.

"Anubis stepped here on his way to his tomb," the old man said reverently. "This far may the souls of his victims come and no farther."

He stopped suddenly. Then, with a little cry he darted forward.

Upon the stone floor lay a man. He was a little man—an old man—almost as old as Hatasu. Like the high priest, his face was a mass of wrinkles. His fur coat had been stripped off and lay upon the floor beside his withered body.

For a moment Hatasu mourned.

"Atoua," he said. "He was my friend—my assistant. He is the man I sent to guide this man who calls himself Death into the tomb."

Just beyond where the body of the dead priest lay was a great door carved out of an apparently solid piece of stone. Hatasu halted before it and turned to the others.

"On the other side of this rock lies Anubis, the jackal-headed," the old man said in an awed whisper. "And, if I mistake me not, there too, may be found the ghoul—the despoiler of tombs—this man that you call Death."

Upon the door hieroglyphics were carved in bold relief. Holm held his torch so that

the beam fell upon them. The scientists crowded about while one of the Egyptians translated aloud:

Here sleeps Anubis.
May his rest be easy until the day of awaken-
ing. Let those who follow him to the tomb
beware!

Devil's Henchman

WHY had Death killed Atoua? Holm believed that he knew. The old high priest had, at the moment of entering the tomb, discovered that the scientist was an imposter. He had turned to run away—to summon help, only to be stricken down by the monster who was even now on the other side of the stone partition.

One human life more or less meant nothing to Doctor Death. And Jimmy Holm, knowing the terrific speed under which the sinister old scientist was working, believed that he had visioned the whole scene.

It was Hatasu, however, who solved the problem. Standing by the side of his old friend, gazing down at the withered body, his wrinkled face filled with sorrow, he gave a sudden exclamation.

Stooping, he picked from the floor a tiny brass key. That it had fallen from the dead priest's hand was evident.

For a moment the old man chattered volubly, working himself into a high pitch of excitement. The interpreter listened closely. When the high priest had finished his harangue, the interpreter turned to Jimmy, his eyes glistening.

"He says," he exclaimed, speaking rapidly, "that the tomb is sealed forever. That this key which fell from Atoua's hand held in place certain mechanism on the other side. The door works up and down very slowly. It is his idea that Atoua, discovering that Doctor Death was a fraud, removed the key and started the door downward, intending to seal the impostor in the tomb.



"Death struck him down, probably with the power of his thought. But he had gotten through the door—probably carried along by his own momentum. There is no way to open the door again from either side without this key. It has automatically locked itself."

Edgeworth chuckled.

"It would appear, then, that our problem is solved," he remarked. "Our enemy is sealed in there until the end of time—or until someone brings enough dynamite here to blast that stone door open. Which, I might add, will be far from an easy task. It must weigh tons. The thing for us to do is to go on our way rejoicing and forget that such a man as Rance Mandarin, *alias*

**Can He Who Has Created
Egypt's Jealous**



Doctor Death, ever at any time existed."

Holm whirled on him, his eyes blazing with wrath.

"The woman I love—the woman whom I intend to marry—is on the other side of that partition," he snapped. "And I'm going to find a way to get through if I have to batter down that door with my bare fists."

Doctor Edgeworth elevated his eyebrows quizzically.

"You would risk the lives of the most prominent scientists in America—in the world—for the sake of one woman?" he said sarcastically. "You forget that women are cheap—that they can be had for the asking. What is one woman, more or less,

"A life for a life!" Death shrieked. "My freedom—or the girl dies, a raving maniac."

then, when it comes to saving the brains of the nation? No, by God! I, for one, vote that we go back and call it a good day's work!"

As he turned to the other scientists, Holm's fist caught him full on the point of the jaw. He went down like a log.

"If anyone else has a similar idea, now is the time for him to speak!" the young detective snarled, his fists doubled, his body quivering with emotion.

"My learned, though somewhat impetuous, young colleague forgot one thing," Darrow interposed. "If Death succeeds in

Monsters Of The Black Dimension Prevail Against Guardians Of The Secret Of Resurrection?

finding the secret of Anubis, barred doors will mean little to him. The men who built that barrier will be his to command. They can easily solve the problem of the mechanism—of getting it open.”

“You still believe that there is such a secret?” one of the others inquired.

Darrow nodded.

“More than ever,” he responded. “Everything that I have seen proves it to me.”

Darrow’s suggestion was received by Hatasu, when it had been translated to him, with sage nods of his head.

“The high priest agrees with you,” the interpreter said. “He asserts that, once the secret is in the possession of the impositor he will have little difficulty in getting the door open.”

“We cannot be far behind,” Blake of the Secret Service spoke up. “I note that Atoua’s body is still slightly warm. *Rigor mortis* has not yet set in. He has been dead only a short time.”

Holm whirled on the interpreter.

“Ask him if there is any other entrance!” he commanded.

The high priest listened to the translation intently. Then he pursed his brow in thought. Finally his eyes lighted up.

“He says that somewhere—he believes that he can find the spot, although it has been ages since he last visited it—there is an air shaft which runs into the tomb for the purpose of ventilation,” the interpreter finally announced. “He says that it is high up and very steep and narrow, however, with several turns and twists and that only a young and slender and agile man can negotiate it. However, it might be done. Once inside, the key can be inserted in its proper place and the mechanism worked again.”

Holm seized the key from Hatasu’s withered palm and dropped it into his own pocket.

“Tell him to lead the way!” he snapped. “Time is precious to us now.”

Ricks laid a restraining hand on the young man’s shoulder.

“I agree with you,” he asserted. “Yet there is something that we must take into consideration. You will be at a disadvantage. For, even though you gain the inside of the tomb, you must still combat Death and overcome him—at least until you have gotten the key back in place and have raised the door again so that we can come to your assistance.”

Holm nodded.

“I realize all that,” he said hotly. “I also realize that Nina is in there—and that it’s up to me to get her out. She is depending upon me. The other day when I broke out of the cave where he had me confined, I called to her that I’d come back and get her. English, the sailor, was holding her, but she waved to me. She knew that I’d keep my word. And, by God, I’m going to do it! Death has never gotten the best of me yet—for long.”

Ricks shook his grizzled head.

“Right!” he snapped. He turned to Hatasu.

“Lead on!” he said, echoing Jimmy’s command.

HATASU was already part way down the passage, a torch held aloft. He was searching, apparently, for some landmark by which to orient himself. Suddenly he found it and darted off, chattering like a magpie. The others followed.

The old man pointed upward.

At least twenty feet above them, so small as to be almost indiscernible in the dim light, was a round hole in the solid rock of the passageway wall.

Ricks gasped.

“It will take us an hour to get outside and find material for a ladder,” he growled. “Meanwhile—”

“Meanwhile, time is of value to us, as I said before,” Holm growled. “There’s another way.”

“Meaning—?”

"A pyramid."

The eyes of Inspector Ricks gleamed with new hope.

"By God! You're right—as usual!" he snapped.

He placed his back against the wall and cupped his hands in front of him, his keen eyes sizing up the men who stood before him.

"You, Edgeworth!" he growled. "You're the biggest and strongest of the bunch. It's up to you to make the other side of this human ladder."

The young scientist shrugged his shoulders. He was a curious mixture of good and bad, this man who had discovered the method of harnessing the solar rays. Yet he took his place as he was commanded.

"Jeez! This is good!" he chuckled, rubbing his jaw ruefully. "One minute a man knocks me down and the next he climbs over me to rescue the woman he loves. All right, let's go."

He cupped his hands in front of him as Ricks had done and nodded to the others.

RICKS selected two of the lighter and more agile men from among the squad of soldiers. Their black eyes gleaming with excitement, they leaped forward at the interpreter's command. It took them but a second to mount the shoulders of the two men at the bottom of the pyramid.

"Now the next two!" Ricks grunted.

He started to give them their instructions, but the interpreter halted him.

"They understand," he said. "They have often watched the *Zouave* drill of the French Foreign Legion of Algiers. They have even practiced it among themselves."

The third pair of soldiers were already clambering up over the shoulders of their fellows. An instant later a hiss told those at the bottom that they had reached their places.

Jimmy Holm, his shoes discarded, in stockinged feet, stepped back a pace and gazed upward. The shoulders of the men

who were atop the pyramid were within a yard of the little hole. With a sharp word of command, he darted forward and went to the top like a fireman going up a ladder. The mass of men under him writhed and twisted as those below struggled to keep their balance and, at the same time, hold up the enormous weight that was on their shoulders.

Holm seized the sloping edge of the hole and thrust his arms and shoulders inside. An instant later the pyramid gave way as someone lost his balance and fell. Old Ricks cursed frenziedly as he whirled, his arms outstretched, ready to break Holm's fall.

Then his curse changed to a whoop of admiration as he saw the young man's toes gripping for a hold against the smooth wall . . . saw his body cease its slow movement downward . . . stop . . .

Then, slowly, yet, nevertheless, surely, his body moved forward again until he was inside the hole to the waist. A moment later only his feet showed. Then he was gone.

Ricks gasped in admiration, wiping the sweat from his perspiring brow. "By God, he made it!"

Barely wide enough to allow the passage of his shoulders, Holm squirmed through the black hole. For a few yards it sloped sharply upward. Then, twisting to the right, it took a gradual down grade. It was with difficulty that he negotiated the turn. Traveling was easier now, although he was still forced to snake himself along. There was nothing for him to grasp with which to pull his body forward. The little tunnel was as slippery as glass. It was only by the contraction of his muscles that he moved at all.

Suddenly, gazing ahead through the darkness, he was certain that he saw a dim light. He wormed himself forward a few feet more. The light grew stronger. Another yard and he was gazing into the tomb of Anubis.

Death was standing upon a dais which covered half of the mosaic floor of the huge cavern. In the center of this great dais was an elaborate onyx sarcophagus which he was examining. Behind him stood Nina Fererra. There was a look of resignation on her beautiful face as she held one of the resinous torches above her head, the better to light the old doctor's investigations.

"A bit closer, my dear," Death rasped.

He raised his head, his keen eyes glittering. Jimmy, in pushing through the opening, dislodged a tiny bit of stone. It fell to the floor with a clatter. An instant later he was through.

Yet, because the opening was several feet above the floor level, it was necessary for him to creep forward on his hands.

Death darted forward, his cavernous eyes glistening.

"You!" he exclaimed.

Jimmy Holm felt the powerful thought waves of the sinister old scientist surge over him. He tried to combat them. But, all of his efforts centered upon getting through the opening, he had, for the nonce, let down his guard. His mind was not steeled against the powerful will of the monster.

He leaped to his feet . . . staggered backward a pace. Then he stopped, the same look of resignation creeping over his face that he had seen on that of Nina.

For the moment the battle was lost.

"Jimmy! Oh, Jimmy!"

Nina was in his arms.

Death stood back a pace, his gaunt arms folded across his thin chest, his eyes glistening like those of a serpent.

"Love!" he meditated. "Love! Will I never understand it?"

Curse of Anubis

DEATH stooped down and retrieved the torch that Nina had dropped.

Beside it were several others that he had carried in. He lighted a second from the blaze of the first.

Stooping, he gazed into the opening through which Jimmy had made his entrance.

"I doubt if another man in the world could have squirmed through that hole," he said musingly. "Yet I dare take no chances."

He picked up a small wrecking bar from a number of articles spread out on the dais floor. With it he attacked the huge stones which composed the mosaic. Prying out several large, flat stones he jammed them into the opening.

"A man would be forced to use his head as a battering ram in order to break down that barricade," he chuckled. Then, turning to Jimmy:

"Your revolver, please," he said.

Holm handed it over as obediently as a little child.

Taking a pipe from his pocket, the old man filled and lighted it.

Knowing Jimmy to be under his domination, he was accepting him again as a part of his organization.

It seemed incongruous, this use of a modern device like a match in this age-old place. Death noticed it, for he chuckled.

"The magic of ancient Egypt against that of modern science and invention," he said. "It was the Egyptians, my young friends, who first started the world on the downward path. And for what they did, they have been punished. Ancient Egypt fell; the tombs of her rulers have been desecrated. So will it be with America unless I can save it from the ruin that it has been courting for so long."

The dais was raised nearly a yard above the floor. It was of vast size, covering nearly all of the one end of the room. Jimmy Holm gasped a curious choking sensation coming to his throat as he gazed upon the background for this weird scene. Death handing him both torches, allowed the beam of his flashlight to move along the brilliantly painted wall.

In the center of a peculiar scroll was a

row of hieroglyphics. Again Doctor Death translated:

*Triumph Is Ofttimes Worse Than
Defeat*

Taking one of the resinous flares from Jimmy, he stepped around the group of articles and onto the dais. For an instant Holm hesitated, his mind fogged by Death's power over his. Was this to be the end? he wondered. Was Doctor Death, cabalist that he was, to succeed in his mission? Was he to triumph, after all, over the forces of law and order? Would he be able to bring forth, as he had declared he would, the millions of dead of ancient Egypt to fall upon the modern world and destroy it?

The detective shuddered. He glanced at the brave girl by his side. He knew that she was thinking the same thing. America and all that it stood for seemed far away just now; the very air they breathed was pregnant with mystery and occultism.

Yet what could they do? Over them this weird, half-crazed man, with the intellect of a giant, had woven a spell which neither of them could shake off. He was their master, holding their very souls in the hollow of his hand.

They had witnessed his sorcery on too many occasions to doubt his ability to perform that which he promised if given the opportunity. And now it appeared that chance had arrived.

Death was bending down over the sarcophagus, examining it with minute care. Watching him, Jimmy Holm suddenly heaved a great sigh of relief.

The affair was of onyx, the legs carved to resemble the paws of the jackal, the claws dug firmly into the stone floor. The coffin must have weighed at least a hundred tons. The cover alone weighed thousands of pounds. Without proper machinery, it would be an impossibility to remove it.

Even with a derrick, the services of a great many men would be required. Of what avail, then, the puny strength of only three people—and one of them a frail girl?

The obstacle seemed in no way to worry Doctor Death, however. He calmly completed his observations, walking slowly around the great sarcophagus, running his fingers along the joints where the top set over the sides, his cavernous eyes gleaming, his tongue clucking as if in amazement at the wonderful workmanship displayed in its making.

Then, stooping down, he retrieved a small package that he had brought with him on his journey into the cave. It was wrapped in cloth around which a strong leather thong was tied. Untying this cord, he carefully unwrapped the bundle.

Revealed to the startled eyes of Jimmy Holm was a small automobile jack.

STILL clucking and chuckling to himself, the aged scientist carefully adjusted the jack under the outer edge of the sarcophagus lid, raising the bottom by means of several flat pieces of stone which he pried from the floor of the dais. They were similar to those with which he had blocked the opening of the ventilator through which Jimmy had made his entrance. About a foot square, they made a splendid mounting for the little hoisting device.

For an instant Doctor Death hesitated.

"As you both know," he said in a subdued voice, "I am a pythonist. I consulted my oracles last night. The gift of life after death, as given to Anubis lies within my grasp. Victory is mine. Yet it may be a Pyrrhic victory. The oracles are for and against its success."

For a moment he stood there, his face elevated, his lips moving as if in prayer. Then, stooping over, he placed his fingers upon the lever and commenced pumping.

"The Curse Of Anubis Has Been Fulfilled, For My Magic Force Fails Me Against This Imprisoning Stone."

There was a tremendous creaking as the ponderous lid of the hermetically sealed sarcophagus was slowly lifted. Inch by inch it was raised until it was up to the full height of the jack, leaving an opening along the one side between the cover and the edge at least a foot in width.

For the first time in his long acquaintance with Doctor Death, Holm saw the aged old scientist excited. His hand trembled as he picked up the electric torch and threw its rays inside the great onyx coffin.

It contained an inner wooden sarcophagus. Jimmy and Nina, stirred in spite of themselves, leaned forward and gazed in at it. Made of some sort of magnificently polished wood, it was highly painted and gilded. The lid, which was in relief, represented the figure of the occupant—a jackal-headed monstrosity, his hands crossed over his bosom. At his head and feet was the *Ankh*, symbol of life.

The outer sarcophagus was considerably longer than the inner, leaving room for several alabaster vases tightly sealed and containing the entrails of the dead deity.

Death pondered long and deeply over the hieroglyphics upon the lid of this inner coffin.

"The usual formula," he said. "Anubis curses anyone who meddles with his bones, or desecrates his body, except that he says there shall be one who, appointed by the omnipotent One, shall come at the proper time. The arms of all others shall be broken, according to this curse. They shall go to their graves childless and damned by all men. Their vitals shall be torn out by the guardians of this tomb and scattered about the earth. There's a lot more of the same sort of stuff which need not be translated, since I am the man appointed to bring forth this talisman which Anubis holds in his hand."

From the little package in which he had carried the automobile jack, he selected a small wrecking bar. Inserting this under

the edge of the inner coffin, using the stone side of the sarcophagus for a fulcrum, he threw his weight upon the iron.

There was a sound of breaking wood. Then the inner lid came slowly up, revealing the slim swaddled body. With the raising of the lid came a great gust of aromatic air; it almost stifled them, driving them back for an instant.

Waiting until it had cleared, Death stepped forward again and pried up the lid a second time. Asking Nina to hold the bar, he stepped to one end, with Jimmy at the other, lifted the wooden lid and sliding it out from beneath the stone top, laid it on the floor a little distance away.

THE cloth that swathed the body was brittle. Death took a knife from his pocket and, sliding it along the swaddling cloths, made a great slit down the front. Then, stretching his gaunt arms into the sarcophagus, he drew back the cloth and the form of Anubis, the jackal-headed monstrosity, was revealed.

In life the conductor of departed spirits had been of slight build. Perhaps a trifle over four feet in height, his body covered with fine hair, was little larger than that of a child, widening from the waist to a bull-like neck upon which were set a dog-like head with pointed snout and a long, tawny mane which hung down over the broad shoulders. In his right hand he clasped the scepter of his office. In his left hand was a small chain wrapped around his fingers. From it was suspended a golden locket set with *scarabæus*.

"The secret for which I came," Death said in an awed whisper.

His long fingers grasped the golden chain and tore it rudely from the mummified hand of the god.

The movement jarred the jack upon which the great stone top of the sarcophagus rested. Already overweighted, the slight movement snapped the slender spiral.

The heavy stone crashed down upon

Death's arm, pinioning him beneath its great weight.

The curse of Anubis had been fulfilled.

"A Life for a Life!"

FORGETTING his hatred for the sinister creature who was at last in his power—remembering only that he was a fellow human in distress—Jimmy Holm leaped forward and, seizing the edge of the sarcophagus top, attempted to raise it. Death's face was twisted into a look of agony. Great beads of perspiration stood out on his pale face. Yet his teeth were clinched tightly and he made no complaint.

"No use, Jimmy," he said wearily as if the effort of speaking was almost too great. "No use. It would take the strength of a score of men to raise this ponderous stone which is pressing down upon me. And the stone is pressing on some vital nerve center, for my magic force fails me against this stone."

There was logic in his words. Holm took the electric torch from Nina's trembling fingers and, pressing the button, allowed the beam to light up the interior of the great sarcophagus. Death's arm was broken. Common sense told him that. It had been crushed beneath that great weight of stone. Yet the bony fingers were still firmly gripped about the golden chain from which was suspended the locket in which the amulet of Anubis was enclosed.

"Did I not say that the oracles were both for and against my venture?" Death went on weakly. "They allowed me to overcome every obstacle to a certain point, but the magic of Anubis prevailed against me in the end. Yet there is a way, Jimmy—a way by which I can circumvent this jackal-headed god. Will you help me?"

Jimmy nodded.

A look of satisfaction crossed the old man's saturnine countenance.

"The locket," he said. "You will note that I am still grasping the chain. Reach your hand under the cover—it can be done, I think, by rolling back your sleeve. Your fingers will come in contact with mine. Twist them about the golden chain and remove the locket from the sarcophagus."

Now would have been the time for Jimmy Holm to have rushed to the door and, by inserting the little key in the mechanism, opened it to his comrades. Yet he did not. As yet he had failed to completely throw off the magnetic influence of the sinister old man who, in spite of his suffering, was yet dominant over Jimmy and Nina.

Something told Jimmy Holm to obey. Turning, he reached down into the sarcophagus and seized the locket as he had been commanded. As his fingers touched the golden metal a strange light-headedness swept over him. For an instant his head seemed to be separated from his body and floating in mid-air. Death noted his expression and smiled.

"It is the power that is within the locket surging over you," he said. "The energy of thousands of years of wisdom and magic condensed into so tiny a space. Bound up in it is the secret of life. Take it carefully from my benumbed fingers, Jimmy. Twist the chain about your hand before I release my grip upon it. Do you have it? Splendid. Now bring it forth."

It was with an effort that Holm was able to lift the locket out of the sarcophagus. Weighing only a few ounces, there was an attraction of some kind that seemed to pull against him. He was forced to exert every bit of energy that he possessed to overcome it.

"The dead god objects to giving up that which he has treasured through the centuries," Death said. He was happy in spite of his pain, feeling, as he did, that his battle was almost won. A seldom-seen smile hovered over his saturnine countenance.

"I cannot manipulate the lock with one

hand, Jimmy," he said. "You take it and see if you can so maneuver as to open the case and place the amulet in the fingers of this one hand of mine. With it I will call up the dead within the vast charnel house. The men who placed the cover upon this huge sarcophagus will leap to my command. They will lift the great weight from off my arm. Press the stones, manipulating them until the locket opens. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly," Holm answered.

He started to obey Death's command. His fingers sought the *scarabæus* and pressed upon them. He felt them twist and writhe beneath his fingers like live things.

He recollected himself in time. A great wave of mental power surged through him. He saw Nina's beautiful face peering at him through the semi-darkness, a look of agonized appeal on her face. Kaleidoscopically, he visioned his comrades standing just outside the door. Ricks! Blakel! Darrow! Even Edgeworth! The Secret Twelve! The assembled scientists!

The President of the United States, across the waters, was depending on him. He recalled the tired, worn face of the chief executive and knew that he was calling to him, commanding him to fight this hellish, damnable thing with all the strength at his command. They were depending upon him.

With a sudden oath he hurled the locket a dozen yards away.

"Thank God, I had the strength to resist you!" he exclaimed.

A look of anger swept cross the face of Doctor Death. His cavernous eyes gleamed ferociously. Jimmy Holm reeled backward as the old man's hate-wave struck him. He dropped to his knees, steeling himself against it. Over him and around him he felt the greater intellect meet his own.

Something seemed to be doing battle inside his brain, surging back and forth within him like two gladiators on the field of mortal combat. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Nina leaning forward, her face

twisted into a look of concentration. He knew that she was daring once again, as she had done so often in the past to help him, to match the strength of her mind against the gigantic intellect of this weird being who called himself Doctor Death.

Yet in the end Death prevailed. Jimmy felt the old man's hold over him growing stronger and stronger. He knew that it was the hypnotic influence of the past few weeks that was beating Nina's thought waves back; she lacked the ability to concentrate properly because of her constant association with Death's dominant brain.

And he, weakened by the sufferings that he had gone through, was unable to longer fight the mental battle with this gigantic intellect.

CONTESTING every inch of the way, his will power gradually grew less and less. He saw Nina Ferrera stagger backward a step as she gave up in despair. Reluctantly he dragged his feet to the spot where he had thrown the locket. He picked it up and took a step toward Doctor Death. . . .

Something flashed through his brain. The key! Death, concentrating on gaining possession of the locket, had forgotten it—if he knew that it was in Jimmy's possession, which, in all probability, he did not.

He was standing close to Nina. His hand was like a dead thing, so hard was it to fight off the baleful influence of Doctor Death. Yet he managed to insert it in his pocket. As the cold metal touched his fingers, he recovered himself for an instant. The thought flashed through his brain that it was the dead Anubis who was battling for him now. Pulling himself together, he pressed the key to Nina's palm.

"The door . . . Ricks . . . outside!" he whispered out of the corner of his mouth.

He was battling like a fiend against the will that was drawing him along. Nina

Fererra darted away, picking up the fallen flashlight as she sped onward. Not until she had reached the door did she press her finger to the button, the better to insert it in the hole.

Death saw her. He screamed angrily. But she had succeeded. Inch by inch, the door was slowly moving upward. Beneath it, Jimmy could see the feet of his comrades as they crowded forward . . . It was up even with their knees now . . .

Nina Fererra reeled backward as Death's thoughts surged over her . . . Again Death had mastered her. Whirling, she rushed across the dais to where Jimmy stood, his face twisted into a look of grim determination. He was yet a yard away from Death, moving forward inch by inch, battling like a tiger to keep himself from handing over the locket until his comrades arrived.

She seized the locket from Jimmy's grasp and handed it to Death.

There was a sudden rush of feet. The locket was jerked away from the grim old man at the sarcophagus.

Jimmy Holm stepped back as the thought waves ceased their hold upon him. It was Ricks who had seized the locket—who had leaped ahead of his fellows. Behind him were Blake, Edgeworth, Darrow—the Secret Twelve! In the background the others—the Egyptian officials—even old Hatasu toothlessly chortling over their triumph.

"Dog!" he cackled, darting forward and shaking his skinny fist in the fact of Death. "Ghoul! Jim! Despoiler of tombs! Liar!"

He was frothing at the mouth as Ricks shouldered him back.

"Thank God! Thank God!" Jimmy Holm said hoarsely.

He shuddered convulsively. Then, recollecting himself, he took a step forward.

"And now, Rance Mandarin, *alias* Doctor Death," he said brusquely, "you are under arrest. The Egyptian government has

waived all formality. These men with us are Egyptian officials high in government circles and they will vouch for my statements."

Doctor Death smiled wanly.

"Do you mind removing the top of this sarcophagus from my arm?" he demanded. "It is getting rather tiresome trying to hold up several tons of stone."

Holm nodded.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "In my excitement, I had forgotten your predicament."

He turned to his men. Surrounding the sarcophagus on all sides they managed to lift the top a trifle and Doctor Death fell backward, his arm free, but dangling uselessly by his side. He seated himself wearily on the stone coffin.

"A life for a life, Jimmy," he said weakly.

Holm whirled.

"Meaning—what?" he demanded.

"Meaning that I am an old man and badly injured. Yet I have no desire to go to prison or to be hanged by the neck for some of the alleged crimes that I have committed. I offer you the life of the girl you love—of Nina—for my freedom."

Ricks cursed.

Holm turned on his heel and gazed at the empty imbecilic face of Nina Fererra. She had dropped to the stone floor, the frothy spittle drooling from her mouth, her limbs twitching spasmodically.

"INSANE!" Death chortled. "I made her so. It was my brain that put her in that condition. My brain alone can restore her intellect. I give you my word—the word of Doctor Death—the word that has never been broken—that I will restore her immediately if you will give me my freedom once we are outside this tomb. Do you agree? Otherwise she will die—a raving maniac."

Holm leaped forward, lifting Nina's head from the floor. A glance told him the truth.

"Great God!" he exclaimed. "She is dying!"

He looked up at Ricks—at Blake, at Caminetti. It was truly, as Death had said, a life for a life. It was love against duty. The monster was in their power. And yet . . .

Ricks nodded assent to Holm's unspoken question. The others wagged their heads in agreement.

The young detective looked up, his face haggard and drawn.

"You win, damn you!" he snarled.

Hell's Eruption

FOR a long time no one spoke. They stood in a little group around Nina.

She had ceased her convulsions and now lay, her head in Jimmy's lap, barely breathing. Darrow, who had taken his degree in medicine, knelt beside her, his finger on her barely moving pulse. Leaning forward, he picked up the flashlight and, raising her eyelids, allowed the strong beam to play against the distorted pupils.

"There is but little hope," he said. "I'm afraid that she is—going."

Jimmy Holm raised his haggard face to that of Doctor Death.

"If she dies, no power on earth can stop me from killing you!" he said.

He scarcely raised his voice above a whisper, yet those about him knew that he was in deadly earnest.

The sinister scientist chuckled.

"And if she dies, you have my permission to kill me, Jimmy," he responded. "I have given you my word—the word that has never yet been broken. In return for my life, I will return Nina to you. She will live."

Even as he spoke a change came over the face of the dying girl. She shuddered. Then her eyes opened. They had lost their maniacal glare. Her face relaxed and she breathed easily. She looked into the face of Jimmy and smiled wanly.

"I must have fainted," she said. "The excitement—"

"I know! I know!" Jimmy Holm responded brokenly.

For the first time since boyhood he broke down and cried for joy. Gruff old Ricks, blowing his nose violently to hide his emotion, brushed away a salty tear that was cruising down his weatherbeaten face.

"Do you feel well enough to be moved, sweetheart?" Jimmy asked.

She nodded assent with a smile.

"I am all right," she responded.

She would have gotten to her feet had not Jimmy restrained her.

Several of the little Egyptian soldiers extemporized a stretcher by fastening their coats to their rifles. Upon this Nina, in spite of her protests, was placed.

"If you insist," she said. "Although I have not been used to such attention of late."

Again Jimmy gritted his teeth and glared at Doctor Death. The old man returned his stare with a cynical smile.

"I can't get out of this horrible place soon enough," she added.

Nothing had been told her of what had happened. It would be time enough when they were once more outside of the cave of horrors.

With two of the Secret Twelve men assisting Doctor Death, they started down the narrow passageway toward the outer cave. The sinister old scientist was weak, his face contorted with pain, yet his deeply sunken eyes were as bright as ever as he gazed from side to side looking for the last time up the goal he had sought so hard to achieve.

The main party under command of Darrow was a little distance ahead. Then came Ricks, the locket of Anubis still dangling from his fingers, Blake by his side. A pace behind was Jimmy, walking beside Nina's litter carried by four Egyptian soldiers. Death, a Secret Service man on either side, brought up in the rear.

Death had been biding his time. Now, as they reached the outer cave, he moved. Tearing himself from the men who were assisting him, he leaped forward, his hand outstretched.

"The locket, Ricks! The locket!" he shouted.

Inspector Ricks turned, a peculiar look creeping over his rough-hewn face.

"That's right," he mumbled thickly like a drunken man. "I forgot that I had it. It's yours. Everything is imagination, just as you once told me. There at the House of Harmachis, the Egyptian, you hypnotized us.

"You made us think that we were seeing things—bodies changing, dead men trying to choke us and leaving bloody fingers on my throat. Everything is mind and your mind is stronger than mine, so you make me think that I see these things. Do you remember the time that you made me think that a dead man was choking me and that Jimmy had to cut its arms off before it would let go?

"Even this cave does not exist," Ricks went on, his tones blurred and indistinct. "I am dreaming all this. Soon I will wake up and probably forget that I ever dreamed."

"That is true," Death said gravely. "This is all a part of a play gotten up for your entertainment. Soon you will awaken and laugh at the queer, fantastic things that you have seen here. Now, give me the locket!"

Ricks stretched forth his hand as if to hand the golden case to Doctor Death.

"For God's sake, watch yourself!" Jimmy Holm shouted, overhearing the conversation and whirling on the big Inspector.

Ricks scowled.

"It belongs to him," he said. "This is all a play that Death has arranged for us."

"Don't give it to him!" Nina screamed.

She tried to get up. One of the litter bearers pushed her rudely back.

"Sit down!" he growled at her in Egyptian. "The locket belongs to the *jinn*. He is entitled to it."

Jimmy was in the midst of the little group at the rear now. One of the big Secret Service men swung at him. The other reached for his gun.

"It belongs to Death!" The man growled. "Give it to him, Ricks!"

"God! He's got them all under his spell!" Holm shouted.

He leaped forward, throwing his weight against Ricks in an effort to keep him from handing the locket back to Death. The Inspector struck at him. He dodged and planted a blow squarely on Ricks' chin. The big man grunted and bore in. Blake of the Secret Service jerked the chain from his grasp and handed the talisman to Doctor Death.

THE old man shrieked with joy as he seized the prize for which he had fought so hard. With a mighty effort, he lifted his broken arm and, placing the locket in the palm of his swollen hand, held it while he manipulated the stones which worked the combination.

For an instant it appeared that he would succeed. There was a click . . .

Jimmy Holm, the renewed vigor of his mind lessening Death's power over him, was fighting like a mad man now. Blake strove to hold him back. He shook off the Secret Service man as if he were but an infant. Ricks plunged at him like a football tackle, seizing him by the legs. The others crowded around him, striking, holding, striving to force him back.

Death's hold over them was supreme. Again the wily old scientist had demonstrated his ability as the greatest master of mass hypnotism the world had ever produced, bringing into use his vaunted tenth degree of hypnosis as he had never used it before.

His face was wet with perspiration as he leaned forward, his cavernous eyes glaring

like the twin fires of hell. Out of the corner of his eye Jimmy Holm caught a look of triumph as the lid sprang open a tiny space. The long, bony finger touched the edge of the opening—was about to be thrust inside—

Holm leaped. His head struck Blake squarely in the stomach. The Secret Service man went down in a heap, gasping for breath, a dazed look creeping over his face. Ricks, knocked down by the assault, seized his subordinate by the legs. Holm went down. But as he fell, his hand was outstretched. His fingers grasped the golden chain . . . jerked the locket from the old man's grasp.

Holm rolled over like a cat, landing upon his back. With a quick motion he hurled the accursed thing. . . .

Over the great heap of dead in the gigantic pit, the locket sailed. It crashed against the rocky wall . . . shattered in a thousand fragments.

From it burst a great red flame—a light that fairly seared the eyeballs. There was a dull roar. It smote against the ear drums like the thunder of a million guns. The earth shook beneath their feet.

The pile of cadavers seemed to leap into the air as the flames baptized them in an unholy crimson glare. The whole world seemed filled with flying bodies. . . .

Then darkness—ominous, stygian! . . . The wailing of the wind. . . .

Then oblivion.

They were outside the basin when recollection came to them—outside the basin—standing overlooking the camp at the edge of the *wadi*. The front of the great hill had tumbled down, completely blocking the

sloping shaft and the fissure which led through the mountain.

How had they gotten there? None of them could tell.

For them all memory had ceased to exist from the instant that Holm had thrown the locket until they looked into the faces of each other and wondered

SUCH of the party as had been left outside said that they had come rushing out, screaming like maniacs, just as the tunnel gave way. That for a moment they had stood there, looking back, gibbering and shrieking.

There had been an explosion. The crash of falling rocks. A volcanic thunder as the top of the mountain fell into the chasm.

They were all there—all save Doctor Death.

Had he perished inside the cavern? Was he still inside the basin? Or had he made his way out with the remainder of the party, only to disappear during the confusion?

None of those outside remembered seeing him. The question was one that could not be answered.

Jimmy Holm, standing at the edge of the *wadi*, his arm around the slim waist of the woman he loved, looked back at the frowning mountain and shook his head.

"I am afraid," he said. "Horribly afraid. I would feel more secure were I certain he was dead. God grant that he is!"

Nina Ferrera nodded assent.

Turning to the great caravan stretched out behind him, Jimmy gave the order that was to take them speeding across the desert to Cairo and—home.

Next Month's DOCTOR DEATH Novel

THE SHRIVELING MURDERS

READ OPPOSITE PAGE

THE SHRIVELING MURDERS

DEATH KILLS
BY NEW POWER
OF SCIENCE'S
BLACK MAGIC



WHY DOES THE
CORPSE OF A
GIANT FIT IN
A SHOE-BOX?



THE DEVIL'S
LABORATORY
EXPOSED IN
NEW NOVEL



THE Secretary of State stirred uneasily as he sat in the conclave of the country's most famous men. "I know this monstrous Doctor Death too well not to admit that I'm fearfully afraid," he admitted. "We must kill this maniac as we would a mad dog—"

He stopped suddenly, a peculiar look creeping over his face. "Water!" he gasped. "I'm burning up!"

"Look!" Ricks of the homicide bureau shrieked. "God Almighty! *He's shriveling up!*"

For a moment only the great statesman stood before them. His face was growing

thin and angular. His clothes slipped from his body in a pile at his feet.

They leaped backward, panic-stricken, their lips mouthing prayers, recoiling before the horrible tragedy that was taking place before their eyes.

For, so swift was the transformation, that the huge figure of the Secretary was already reduced to that of a small boy. He was growing smaller and smaller . . . This thing that had been a man glared up at them with eyes that were sightless, the tiny doll-like head swaying slowly from side to side . . . Somewhere Doctor Death was chuckling, gloatingly, horribly.

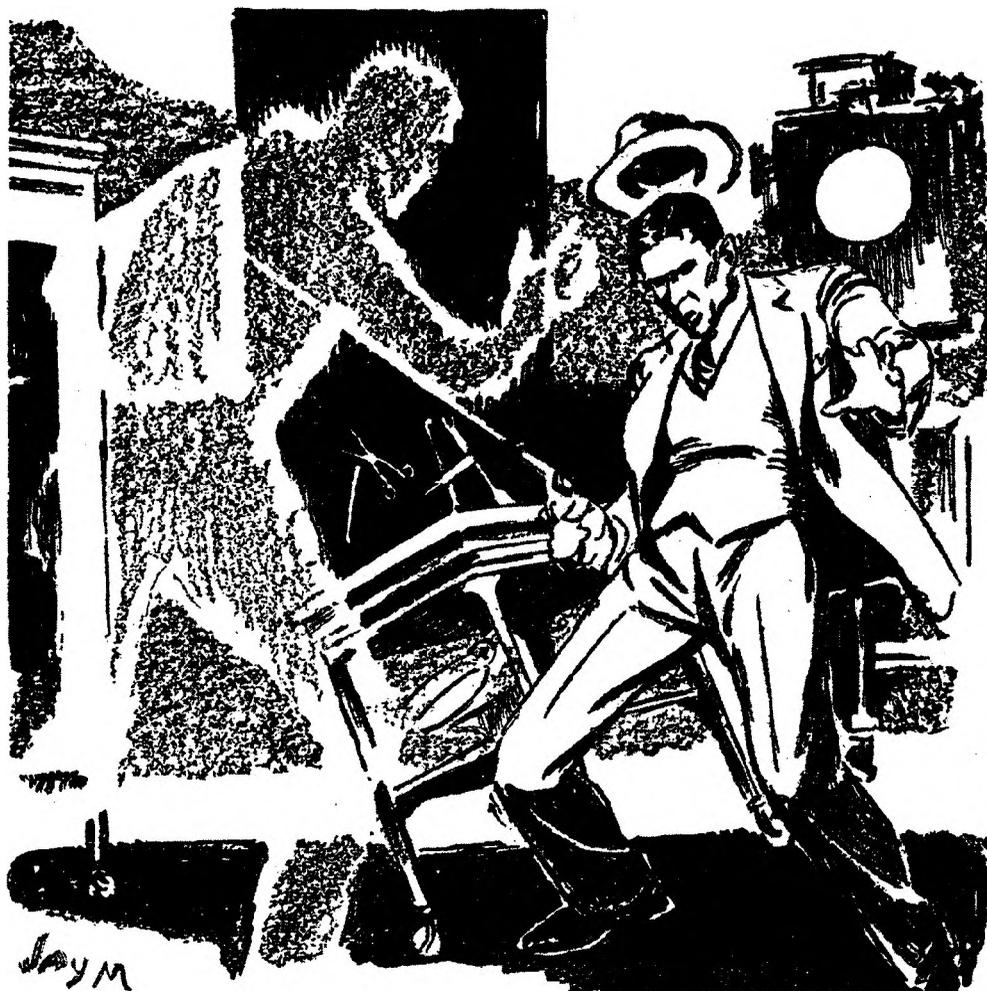
What sinister knowledge makes this latest horror of the monster scientist possible? Will the President of the United States go down before this learned fiend in whose brain the maggots of madness hold carnival? How can the world strike back?

Strange and dreadful are the terrible weapons of Doctor Death in his latest onslaught on civilization. By electrolysis he plots to undermine Washington, by substitution of metallic compound for blood, he plans to perfect new slaves for his ghastly experiments. His anti-gravity planes baffle the world. You will be astounded and thrilled as never before by

THE SHRIVELING MURDERS
APRIL DOCTOR DEATH ON SALE MARCH 15

A City Is Panicked By The Bloody Threats
Of A Slashing Phantom Known As

THE MAN WHO DIDN'T EXIST



HOW in the devil was a man to discover a murderer or his methods in Fourteenth Street of New York City when the place was completely packed and jammed with people? Mart Logan,

plainclothesman, asked himself this question as he moved westward from Fifth Avenue, looking for the killer of beautiful Clare Haines.

She had been garroted in broad daylight,

By **ARTHUR J. BURKS**

right here somewhere, and out of the mob which roamed the street, thirsting for bargains in the stores, not one had seen her assailant to describe him with any degree of accuracy. There had been as many descriptions as there had been people who claimed to have seen the murderer.

Logan snorted, as someone smashed into his elbow.

"I wish people would get into the habit of at least watching where they're going. It would be a big help to the coppers."

It was just at that point that Logan ceased being watchful himself. Right behind him he heard a woman talking and laughing. She must have been part of a crowd of women, for several others laughed. Logan turned his six feet of brawn and muscle to look back over his shoulder. What he saw gave him a shiver.

THERE wasn't anyone with the woman—not, that is, actually with her, though the street boasted its usual shopping crowd.

The woman was middle-aged. He would have described her as a laundress or maid of all work. Her graying hair was untidy. Her thin coat needed brushing. Her face was lined, set in a fanatical expression. What the devil was she saying?

"Old crooked Mohr! Old crab-necked crooked Mohr! Crooks, the lot of them. Old crab-neck Mohr! Dirty old crook!"

Logan stared at the woman. For a fleeting moment her eyes looked into his, but they didn't see him. They looked straight through him. She laughed, brittle, raucous laughter, and went on repeating her litany of hate. Logan shivered again.

Not only was the woman talking to herself, but she was talking in a loud voice, totally unembarrassed. She shook her head as though she were admonishing Logan himself:

"Big bunch of crooks, headed by old Mohr!"

Logan had seen people talking to them-

selves on the street before now, but never quite so brazenly, and they always dropped into low-toned mutters when they happened to attract people's attention. He stepped out faster, pulling his collar about his neck. The old woman gave him the shivers. She seemed to step out faster behind him, as though to make sure he heard every word of her blast at "crab-necked Mohr."

He traveled faster. The woman, of course, could have nothing to do with the murder of Clare Haines, except that she was on the street, and in the block, where that murder had happened—where an assailant, unknown, apparently had stepped out of a car, cut the stage beauty's throat as she looked in a shop window, and sped away again. A straight-edge razor had apparently been the murder weapon.

Logan thought of this as he tried to elude the woman who persisted in dogging his footsteps.

"Hell, if I don't get away from here," thought Logan, "people will think she's yelling at me!"

It was exactly at that moment that the talking woman screamed. The scream was hideous. It ended in a strangling kind of sob. Logan whirled and darted back. The talking woman had her hands up before her throat as though she gripped the wrists of someone trying to throttle her. Her face was red, turning to a purplish black. Her tongue protruded from between her lips. Her eyes were all but popping from her head. She fought out blindly, all over the piece of sidewalk on which she had stopped, while frightened shoppers gave her a wide berth. Logan darted toward her.

There was no mistaking what he saw: the woman was being brutally strangled, or imagined she was. It might be a fit induced by some awful self-hypnosis; but when she had rendered herself unconscious, she must certainly break the power of self-suggested strangling. *For there was no living soul within ten feet of her!*

Now the woman was down on the side-

walk, on her back, still with her hands in position as though she grasped at the wrists of someone, and was rolling from side to side, kicking madly with her heavy-shod feet. But her struggles were growing weaker and weaker. Logan hurried to her. Split seconds had passed since she had screamed. Horror gripped the stalwart plainclothesman.

He was just ready to drop to his knees beside the woman, after sounding a shrill blast on his whistle, when the acme of horror transpired.

There was suddenly a red streak across the woman's throat. The streak spurted blood. The woman's head fell backward, almost severed from the neck, and the crowd was treated to the sight of a woman's decapitation . . .

By some invisible force or agency!

But the greater horror was Logan's, for hovering over the woman's throat, in that infinitesimal instant before the appearance of the red streak, he had seen a straight-edge razor. It had swung into position with ghastly certitude of purpose. Its blade had wavered over the woman's throat for a moment, then dipped down to effect its task. The handle of it had been folded back to serve as protection for the invisible hand.

Logan flinched the cold sweat from his forehead. A chill seemed to pass over him, like the passing of an invisible shadow, a visitant from some horror tomb.

He heard someone say: "*Watch your step, copper! Even strangers are not immune!*"

Logan whirled at sound of the voice, which seemed to come from close behind him. But there was nobody within twenty feet now, because patrolmen had arrived and were keeping the crowd back. Logan shivered. He stared at the faces of coppers. One of them crossed to him and said:

"Did you say something to me, Lieutenant?"

"Why? What did you think I said?"

"Something about watching my step. I heard the words, mumbled sort of, if you'll pardon me, Lieutenant, and then you turned and looked straight at me."

Logan felt that cold chill along his spine again, pausing at the base of his skull. Invisible hands that choked a woman to death, invisible hands that wielded a visible razor, invisible presences that mouthed audible threats. Logan wasn't sure but that he was ill, perhaps losing his mind.

But he thought instantly of the Clare Haines murder. She had died in the same way as had this talking woman. Her head had been almost severed from her body. There had been so many descriptions of the murderer . . .

"Because no one really saw him, or her!" Logan ejaculated.

He rose to his feet, turned the body over to a sergeant for the handling of the usual grim and gruesome details.

"Tell homicide I'll either be in or call in," he said briefly, "as soon as I get a lead."

LOGAN strode away without looking back, or to right or left. Men and women stared at him curiously, obviously wondering about him. He wondered, when witnesses were pressed for descriptions, how many would remember and try to describe him as the killer. He flinched the cold sweat from his forehead. He fumbled in his pocket for nickels. He had a round dozen of them. There would probably be whole pages of Mohrs in the telephone directory of Manhattan alone.

He believed that the woman's endless apostrophes of "crab-necked Mohr" had something to do with her murder, though there was nothing to go on except her words. She would have been set down as a harmless crank by anyone who heard her. She might have been repeating her litany over and over for years.

"Mohr" might be someone out of her

childhood, even. But of one thing Logan was certain: if that Mohr, whoever he was, knew that she was shouting his name along the street, he wouldn't like it.

"But even his irritation would scarcely be motive for murder," muttered Logan. "Hell's bells, how can I get anywhere without making a start of some kind, and that's all I have to go on?"

"The smartest thing, copper," said a voice, *"would be not to start!"*

Logan whirled. Nobody was looking at him. A man followed behind, with his head down. He bumped into Logan, not expecting him to stop so suddenly. Logan stared at him.

"What did you say?" he snapped.

The man spread his hands wide.

"No savvy English," he said.

He might be lying, but Logan did not think so. He swore and turned back on his tracks. He would have known that voice anywhere, for this was the second time it had spoken to him. It gave him the shivers to think what might happen to him, as it had happened to the talking woman, if the "voice" decided to use the razor again.

He pulled his collar close about his neck. A voice chuckled grimly.

Logan affected not to hear, but he heard well enough, and the tone of the chuckle was the tone of the voice.

Logan hurried into a telephone booth, pausing only to grab up a Manhattan Directory. He closed the booth door behind him, so closely that it touched his heels. He peered out through the door. A man was stepping up to the cigar counter. He stumbled as though someone had forcibly bumped into him. Logan saw his mouth open in protest. Then the fellow went down as from a savage blow, his right hand to his jaw.

There was nobody near him.

The man rose, a look of bewilderment on his face, and stepped to the soda fountain. Logan saw him order a bromo seltzer and down it in great gulps. Logan grinned, when he didn't really feel like grinning.

"I don't blame the fellow," he decided. "If he really knew how close he came to getting the razor . . ."

Logan piled the nickels on the shelf under the pay telephone.

Then, before dialing any numbers, he tried to recall what the old woman, the murder victim, had been saying. Had she called "Mohr" by any other name? He tried to bring back all the words he had heard.

"I hate Mohr, dirty crab-necked crooked Mohr!"

"I wonder," mused Logan, "if she didn't say 'Nate' Mohr instead of 'hate Mohr'? We'll give that a try first."

THE directory seemed to have whole pages of "Moors," "Mores," "Moars" and "Moors." There were few "Mohrs," and none named "Nate." He looked for Nathaniel, but didn't find it. Then he tried the "red book," which listed names according to occupations.

"I'll try doctors first," he told himself. "That razor was wielded like a scalpel, and it went to exactly the right place to do the most damage. Then I'll try barbers."

There were no Nathaniel Mohrs that he could find.

The question of invisibility troubled him, and he thought of the possibility of experimental scientists. There was no heading for that. Doctors would have to do.

He dialed the first number. He didn't know what he would say when he got his number. He'd decide when a voice answered. He heard a distant receiver come down and inspiration came.

**Can Invisible People Stalk The Streets Of New York
With None To Oppose Their Grisly Lust For Blood?**

"I am a friend of Clare Haines," he said, when a girl answered. "Is she there?"

"No! This is a surgeon's office."

He clicked up, thrust another nickel into the slot, dialed another number.

"Is Claire Haines there?" he asked.

"Wrong number, mister," said a crisp voice.

He dialed three more numbers before he got anything that interested him.

"She hasn't been here for a week. Didn't you know . . ."

But the distant voice got no further than that. It was shut off quickly, as though a hand had been placed over the woman's mouth. But he thought he knew what the girl would have said. "Didn't you know that she was dead?"

He studied the number in the book.

"I have to go there," he decided. "God, I'd rather go to the electric chair. Either I'm crazy and seeing things, or crazy and *not* seeing things I should. Invisible men, wielding visible razors! Logan, you'd better consult a doctor for your own good. Well, why not this particular Mohr? He's a doctor. Certainly he can't object to having a new patient."

He grinned to himself. Not a bad idea. But he didn't feel especially happy about it. The picture of the talking woman, with her head almost severed from her body, was too fresh in his mind. He didn't believe anything he had seen or hadn't seen, but that he had witnessed an optical illusion of some sort. Invisible people didn't walk the streets of New York, killing.

Outside he stepped into a taxicab, again closing the door on his own heels. He was certain that he was being pursued by someone who trod on his feet, close behind. It was a horrible sensation. And if, as he gave the driver an address, the side of the cab had sagged as though someone jumped onto the running board—someone he couldn't see—he wouldn't have been surprised. It was like trying to go somewhere in a nightmare.

The driver looked at him queerly, opened his mouth as though to speak.

"Well?" said Logan.

"Did you say something, sir?"

"No! What did you think I said?"

"Something about 'watch your step.' I'm a careful driver, sir."

Logan slid down in the back seat. Sweat bathed him. He had to fight for control of himself. He repeated the address he had given the cabby. The cab rolled away, turning in the middle of Fifth Avenue, starting uptown, toward the number on East Thirty-first Street Logan had given. The nearer he came to that address the more Logan dreaded the interview before him. How would he open it? What would he say?

"I'll ask what's the matter with me," he decided. "That should be safe enough."

It was an old dilapidated brick dwelling, with a doctor's sign outside the door. The sign read: "Clayton Mohr." Logan had never been here before, and the name was unknown to him. But he decided, as he walked up the cement walk to the steps, that a close friend of a Clayton Mohr might well address him as "Clate."

"I wish I hadn't stumbled onto this!" said Logan to himself fervently. "I don't like it. If this isn't a madman's residence I never saw one. I'll probably get the razor the minute I go through that door."

LOGAN started, certain he heard footsteps shuffling toward the rear of the house. Echoes of the old-fashioned knocker went winging through the house. He waited interminably, and finally the door latch clicked. He heard it plainly. But when the door swung back as though before ghostly hands, there was no one to be seen. Savage anger, that made him forget fear, gripped at Logan's vitals. His face was red with it as he stepped across the threshold. The door clicked shut behind him. He supposed it was operated by someone at the head of

a flight of stairs that led up into the gloom to his left.

But he saw a door standing open down the hallway and decided to begin with the first floor. The first room was a doctor's sitting room. There were ancient magazines on a stand. There was dirt and dust on the floor.

"That's about the way that talking dame, if she were to clean up this joint, would have left it—and then called her boss a crook if he objected. She was just the type! And she would have shouted his name in the marketplace, too," Logan decided.

THEN, feeling as though he walked through a haunted house, he stepped into the next room through a connecting door—and gasped. It was a big room, brightly lighted. The first room had suggested poverty; this one suggested wealth. The surgical equipment, he could tell at a glance, was of the very best. Cabinets, plainly antiseptic, lined the walls. There was a machine in one corner which he gathered was an X-ray machine, though he knew nothing whatever about the subject.

He lifted his voice.

"Anyone here?" he demanded.

There was no answer. He stood stock-still to listen. He got the crazy idea nobody would or could answer him, because everyone was dead. But still, the door had opened. He couldn't gainsay *that*.

Now he was conscious of a slight noise. It came from the machine in the corner, a gentle whirring sound. The room seemed to be filled with queer vibrations that set his teeth on edge. It was like holding onto a charged wire, somehow. Since nobody stopped him, he crossed to the machine, in the front of which was a huge lens, like a single eye. He stared at it.

Then he shivered.

A cold breath seemed to play over him, from his knees to his hips. It was irritating, like an itching spot one couldn't reach

with the fingers. He stepped out of line of the lens. He'd heard that X-ray was dangerous. There might be radium in it somewhere, and he didn't wish to get radium poison inadvertently.

There was a big mirror in the far end of the room. He reached it eventually, after examining the instruments on tables and in cases on the way. Finally he stood in front of the full length mirror. A scream of terror burst from his lips.

His reflection was horrible.

He had a torso.

He had feet and legs, but the legs reached only to where his knees ought to be! A whole segment of his body between his knees and his hips was missing. It was little wonder that he screamed. Then he regained control of himself with a tremendous effort, biting his lips until they bled. There must be something wrong with the mirror. He jumped high in the air, until his lower limbs came even with the apparently blank place in the mirror. They were reflected back!

Now he looked directly down at himself.

No mirror fooled him this time! His limbs were missing between his knees and his hips!

He whirled away from the mirror as he heard a chuckle in the room behind him. Looking straight ahead, concentrating on chairs and surgical instruments to see if any moved by themselves, he stooped and ran his hands over his limbs, from his knees to his hips. They were indubitably in place.

But, looking down, he couldn't see them!

"Who the devil are you?" he demanded of the empty room.

"Devil is right!" came the surprising answer. "So, copper, you had to stumble onto my secret, eh? I've guarded it carefully for two years. Clare Haines had to discover it, quite by accident, and I had to kill her.

"Of course I couldn't have Malda Sven-

sen shouting my name on Fourteenth Street. It would inevitably lead to trouble. You don't blame me for killing to keep my secret from the public, do you? Science is beyond murder and death, even beyond life. What do a few killings matter, when the world will have a thing like *this*, when I am finished?"

Logan stared at the whirring machine, as though the invisible speaker had pointed. And the speaker *had* pointed! He had pointed with a straight-edged razor that seemed to hang suspended in the air! Now the razor came back, pointing at Logan himself.

Logan stooped a little. The razor was coming toward him. The voice said:

"I warned you, copper! I won't stand for meddling. It isn't too late, of course, for you to become my assistant. With another current on this machine I can destroy the partial invisibility of your body, and make you whole again, if you wish.

"I will startle the world by restoring life to the heart that had stopped beating, and will be the most famous physician of all time. You can be my assistant. Otherwise, I'll have to send you the way of the others. I have still much to do. If my secret gets out I'll be prevented from doing what I plan. My vibratory machine can so rearrange the atoms of the body that its plane of existence is changed. People untouched by it cannot see the subject of my experiments, but it is still a failure when it comes to metal.

"Witness this razor which will shortly slit your throat, as it did the throat of Clare Haines and Maida Svensen, my erstwhile maid of all work. If I could render it invisible it would be so easy to kill you. As it is, I take a certain chance on being manhandled by you."

Logan spread his feet wide apart. He stared at the advancing razor with his eyes wide-open, his lower jaw hanging laxly down. But he wasn't frightened, not now, not when the danger threatening him was

so close. He watched the razor come. One stroke of its keen edge and he would die.

He hurled himself forward from a standing start.

He dived low, at the space below the razor, hurling all his weight into a flying tackle. Where he saw nothing whatever his shoulder struck a body with tremendous force. He gathered nothingness up in his arms, and it was heavy. A man, he judged, weighing a hundred and seventy pounds.

He heaved, staggered to his feet, whirled.

He saw the razor go skidding across the floor. A tremendous crash sounded. His eyes were fixed on a table where surgical instruments were laid out in martial array. It was this table which crashed into splinters, scattering instruments all over the laboratory.

A MAN screamed. Logan hurled himself forward, grabbed up the razor, thrust into his pocket. It was the murder weapon, he was sure of that, and therefore of value to his case. He was panting like a spent runner.

He heard someone rise from the floor. He stood, waiting, studying the air above the spot where he heard the movement, where he saw the shifting of the fallen surgical instruments. But he saw no other weapon. Then the whirring machine started rotating. Again Logan thought his body would melt to nothing. Then he discovered that he could see his whole body now. Evidently the killer wished to miss no chance to strike a vital spot through not being able to see him wholly.

A shrill scream split the room like a knife. Several of the surgical instruments skidded across the floor, as though kicked backward by the feet of a man getting into full speed ahead. Logan studied the place for a brief second.

Then his hand leaped to the fore, holding his automatic. He didn't dare miss.

His weapon spoke twice.

Sound ceased.

Then it began—a gruesome, dripping sound! A puddle of blood was growing on the floor at his feet! Then he heard a heavy body thud to the floor, and the blood was spattered over his trousers.

Now, while sweat poured into his eyes almost blinding him, Logan turned his attention on the whirring machine. He took careful aim at the lens, let drive with two more bullets. The whirring ceased. The lens broke into a thousand fragments. The machine spun half around with the terrific impact.

Logan, panting, stared at the floor, where the figure of a nude man was becoming visible—a middle-aged man with an unusually high forehead, gray hair, slender artist's fingers, and deep blue eyes. He stooped over the dying man.

"You've cheated the world of a great invention, young man," said Doctor Clayton Mohr. "I had made man invisible, the first step toward restoring heart action after it ceased in death. But my mind became confused then, and the next step didn't follow. I was jealous of my secret, and killed to protect it. The world will damn you if it knows."

Logan shuddered.

"The world will be happy when it knows, doctor," he said. "For the world will think how ghastly this thing could be, in the wrong hands—yours for example."

But the murderer was beyond hearing.

Logan went up the stairs, examining other rooms. He found a woman dying, almost dead. There were marks on her throat. Her lids fluttered as she looked at Logan.

"I took Svensen's place," she muttered. "Doctor Mohr didn't tell me what my duties were. I answered the telephone. He killed me because I mentioned Clare Haines . . ."

Logan covered the purplish face with a piece of cloth from a table nearby, and closed the door.

Then he went downstairs and telephoned headquarters. While he waited for the wagon, and more officers, he made sure, with the methodical thoroughness of the trained police officer, that the vibratory machine was entirely dismantled.

How good his reflection looked in the mirror when he had finished! How swell it was to have a body whole again!

THRILLS—DRAMA—HORROR

Doctor Death Gives You All These
In The Ghastly Tale Of A Modern
Aladdin Gone Wrong

DOCTOR DEATH

Gives You, Too, An Insight Into The
Possibilities Of An Awakened Science

Next Month: **THE SHRIVELING MURDERS**



WHILE YOU
READ MY STORY



“I AM DEAD!”

THE sun was sinking in the west as I drove up the lane bordered on either side by gloomy evergreens and brought my car to a stop in front of the old house with the shuttered windows. Climbing stiffly out of the machine, for the drive had been a long one, I ran up the steps of the ramshackle old porch and beat a lusty tattoo on the weather-beaten panels of the stout oaken door.

From inside came the sound of footsteps. Then a bolt was jerked back. The door opened a tiny crack and a woman peered out at me. She was beautiful in a dark, Latin fashion—that much was apparent even in the fading light—but there was terror in her eyes. She looked, not at me, but beyond me as if fearful that something was lurking in the gloom of the evergreens behind my back.

“My name is Warren—John Warren,” I told her. “I represent Scribner and Gumbeiner, the lawyers. I am here in response to a communication from Doctor Arvillo.”

She nodded.

“I am Ruth Arvillo,” she answered. Instead of inviting me inside, she stepped out

onto the porch, glancing back over her shoulder as if fearful of being overheard.

“I was waiting for you,” she said hurriedly, her voice dropping to a low whisper. “I was so—so happy when my father wrote that letter. He, too, is expecting you, but I had to see you first. I cannot stand this any longer. Those monsters! Ugh! They frighten me. You must persuade my father to give up this machine that he has made—make him go away and take me with him—”

“But I do not understand,” I interrupted.

“Maybe you will think I am crazy,” she went on. “But I had to see you first. Tell

my father that the machine is unmarketable—anything, only make him give it up. Those loathsome reptiles from the swamp—one of them nearly caught my father yesterday. He shut the machine off just in time. . . .”

Her voice died down to a low whisper as a light sprang suddenly into life in the hallway and a dark shadow fell across the floor just behind where she stood.

“Who is it, Ruth?” a man’s voice demanded.



by HAROLD WARD

"The gentleman from Scribner and Gumbel's," she responded.

She opened the door a trifle wider and I stepped inside.

"Remember," she whispered as I passed her. "Please talk him out of it. . . ."

The man who hobbled forward to greet me was tall above the average, his body thin almost to the point of emaciation, his skin dark and swarthy, his face bewhiskered, thatched with a great mop of coarse white hair. His eyes, gleaming through the mass of tangled beard, were those of a fanatic—a dreamer. He was clad in an ancient bathrobe; it dangled about his long legs. His feet were thrust into carpet slippers and he walked with difficulty, aided by a stout cane.

"I am Doctor Arvillo," he said, seizing me by the hand and shaking it enthusiastically. "I am pleased to see you, sir—more than pleased. Pardon my appearance. I met with a slight accident yesterday; one of my experiments went wrong. To be honest about it, I did not expect you before tomorrow."

He stopped suddenly and gazed at me querulously.

"You have credentials?" he said anxiously. "Something to prove that you are really the representative of Scribner and Gumbel? Understand, sir, that I mean no offense. But my invention is such that I do not care to show it to an unauthorized person."

I nodded. Scribner and Gumbel, I might interpolate, are patent attorneys who have made a fortune backing impecunious geniuses who have something worth while and no money with which to complete and place it on the market. As their confidential clerk, I am used to the eccentricities of inventors. In my pocket was the letter Arvillo had written to the firm asking them to send a representative to see him. I handed it to him, together with my card. He nodded approvingly.

"Splendid!" he exclaimed. Then: "We

have dined. My daughter will get you a cold supper, however—"

I halted him with a gesture.

"I had a late dinner back yonder in the village," I said.

"Then we can get down to business immediately," he said eagerly.

HE led the way through the long, narrow, uncarpeted hall and ushered me into a room that apparently served both as a kitchen and general living-room. It was poorly, even scantily, furnished. There was an oilcloth-covered table, an ancient cook-stove, three or four rickety kitchen chairs, a few shelves filled with an indiscriminate array of cracked dishes, half a slab of bacon, a loaf of bread and a few cans of beans and milk. Some cooking utensils were suspended from nails driven into the plaster.

"We are merely camping here, you might say," my host apologized. "Electricity is our only modern convenience. I needed that for my experiments or I would not have spent the money to have it installed. This old house is suited to my needs, however, and I rent it for little or nothing, located as it is so close to the swamp. It is isolated, though the swamp sometimes interferes with my work.

"Our only visitor is the rural carrier. A note placed in the mail box with a bit of money brings us what we require. Ruth, my daughter, who is also my assistant, grumbles sometimes, as young people are apt to do, but I tell her that in the very near future we will be wallowing in money and fame. I have already spent a fortune on it, sir. And now, a few thousand more for some necessary adjustments, and then success! I have already proved its ability to do what I want it to do, but I am not yet satisfied."

He pointed to a chair. The girl, Ruth, had followed us into the room; she seated herself opposite me, her dark, inscrutable eyes searching my face as her father talked. Once she seemed about to interrupt him.

Then she bit her lower lip and, with a little shrug of her shoulders, settled back in her chair. My eyes dropped before her penetrating gaze. She was trying to convey a message to me—to tell me, I felt, that which she had tried to tell me when we were interrupted on the porch. She was in mortal terror. That much was apparent.

Doctor Arvillo seated himself and lighted his pipe. His glance strayed questioningly toward his daughter. I had the uncomfortable feeling that something was wrong. The girl fidgeted for a moment, then abruptly arose.

"You will remain all night?" she questioned.

Doctor Arvillo looked at his daughter in astonishment. He seemed about to speak, then checked himself. It had not been my intention to stay, but I had the impression that the girl was begging me not to leave.

"Perhaps it would be best," I answered on the spur of the moment. "Your father and I will probably talk far into the night and I am not acquainted with your roads. I have no desire to spend the night in the swamp."

The girl shuddered. Then she smiled at me with her lovely eyes as if a great burden had been lifted from her mind.

"I will prepare the spare room," she said as she closed the door behind her.

Arvillo shook his head sagely.

"That girl—she is afraid lately—scared all of the time," he said, half to himself. "She is afraid of—of what I am going to show you. She is a woman and does not understand. Afraid, bah! It is the greatest discovery of the age. Yet I cannot blame her for being frightened. It is so incredible that I am sometimes fearful of it myself."

He stopped and puffed stolidly at his pipe for an instant. Then: "Do you know anything about spiritualism?" he asked.

"Practically nothing," I answered.

"Or radio—television, photo-electric phenomena and the like?"

"Little," I smiled, "probably as much as

the average layman; no more and no less. I own a radio, and have read of television, and have seen it demonstrated in a crude way. Yet I do not understand it."

"I will not attempt to discuss spiritual phenomena as it relates to my discovery," he said slowly. "I, like yourself, must confess that I know little about it, even though I have studied the works of the world's greatest authorities. Nor will I go into the mechanical side of the question. It would take days to explain the mechanics of my work to you, and when I had finished your brain would be in a muddle. One cannot explain in a few hours the work of a lifetime."

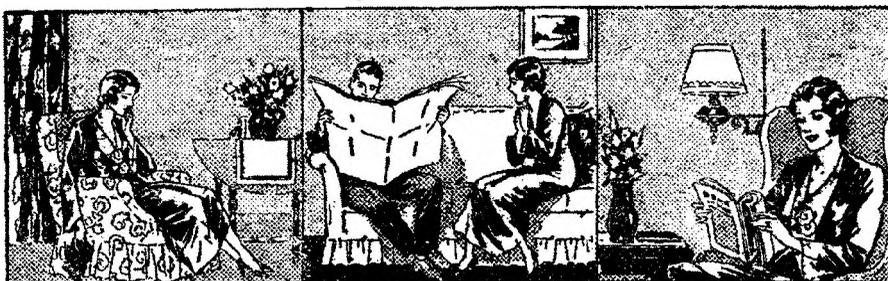
HE filled and lighted his pipe again. Then he went on.

"Sound, as you are probably aware, is sent out onto the air in waves—impulses, we call them. Every engineer knows that. What they do not know, however, is that these impulses go on forever. These words that I am speaking to you will live through eternity—somewhere out yonder in space. The same thing is true of light. Picture impulses, light waves are called. But light-laden waves travel at a speed of 186,000 miles a second, whereas sound-laden waves travel only about 1,120 feet a second. Science has been successful in harnessing sound-laden waves to a certain extent. Now our scientific men are working on television and have almost achieved their objective, thanks to the neon tube. The next step is a duplex receiver, incorporated in one box, which will be responsive to both light-laden and sound-laden impulses at once."

He arose and, picking up his cane, hobbled a turn or two about the room.

"But they can only receive from a synchronized sending apparatus," he continued. "By that I mean what has been sent from another station by means of a transmitter. What, then, of the sound-laden, light-laden impulses already in space? Is there no way

(Turn to page 116)



I was so lonely and friendless, a newcomer to town. Neighbors had made their polite calls, but I noticed they never came again.

The nights were so long and dull. My husband hid behind his paper, bored and unhappy. I was almost desperate myself.

One day I read how a lonely woman became popular by learning to play through the U. S. School Home Study Course. I sent for details.



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(Continued from page 114)

to pick them up and so time them that we can hear and see what has already gone on? Think of the fame and fortune that awaits the man who can drag from the ether those waves that trace themselves back to the beginning of time. Imagine, if you can, seeing Christ walking upon the waters—of hearing his voice calling to God from the cross! Visualize, if you can, Nero, the despot, fiddling while Rome burned, of hearing the very notes that came from his strings! Think of seeing history repeat itself! Picture the Stone Age! The progress of mankind from the very beginning! Even the thought is stupendous.”

He stopped suddenly and, leaning his bony hands on the table's edge, bent forward until his face almost touched mine. His eyes were gleaming fanatically.

“*I have perfected such a device!*” he said in an awed whisper.

I LOOKED at him incredulously, thinking him mad. He must have sensed my thought, for he chuckled.

“No, I am not crazy,” he rasped, “although I sometimes think that I am, after—after what I have seen. Come with me. I will prove to you the truth of my statement.”

He led the way down the narrow hall to a door in the rear. Opening it, he pressed a button in the wall and a tiny cluster of lights in the ceiling sprang into life.

It was a huge cave of a room in which we stood. It was without windows, the only door that through which we had entered. It had evidently been constructed by tearing out all the partitions on one side of the lower floor, then sealing up the walls and all of the openings with a slate material painted black. The place was somber and fuliginous. There was nothing to relieve the vast expanse of sooty vacancy save at the end through which we had entered. Here was a great mass of machinery tubes, coils, condensers, huge pieces of

glass, wheels, discs, motors, switchboards, and, last of all, a camera-like device constructed on a gargantuan scale.

Arvillo motioned me to a rude chair close to the switchboard.

“Ruth's seat—the place of honor,” he smiled. “This room is absolutely sound-proof. It gives me the necessary isolation from the outside world. But you shall see, my young friend—you shall see.”

His eyes glittered feverishly. Moving a bit closer, he leaned over me.

“Let me warn you,” he said ominously. “Regardless of what appears before you, keep quiet. And make no move. Understand? Sometimes my little machine conjures up strange things. Other times—”

He stopped in the middle of the sentence, leaving me to guess his meaning.

“Your projection screen?” I questioned, glancing toward the other end of the room.

Arvillo chuckled.

“I need no screen,” he answered. Again his voice dropped to a hoarse whisper. “You see before you a mechanical medium,” he went on. “It brings the dead back from the ages. People who have been dust for centuries will parade before your startled gaze. You will hear them speak. . . .”

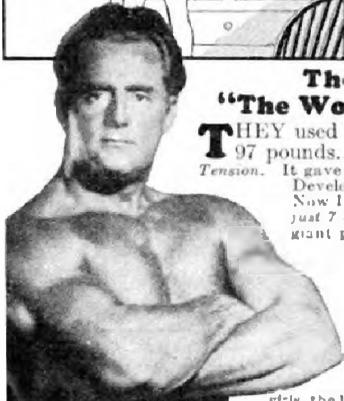
Was the man mad? I was beginning to believe it. But I had little time for reflection. He had already seated himself on the bench in front of the switchboard; his fingers were flying here and there, pulling levers, pushing buttons.

A sulphurous odor assailed my nostrils. The lights in the ceiling flickered, then gradually faded away. For a moment the room was in darkness. Then one of the huge revolving discs commenced to throw out a peculiar, greenish-yellowish glow. It spread until the entire place was suffused with it. It was weird, indescribable. It seemed to annihilate distance. The walls and ceiling seemed to have disappeared. I was looking into a void—a vacuum.

There were noises all around me—faint,

(Turn to page 118)

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(Continued from page 116)

sibilant whispers, ghostly chuckles, distant voices in conversation. Then came the tinkle of silvery bells and the liquid tones of music. They gained in volume until they were a Bedlam of sound, a bombilation of shrieks, whistles, groans, music. It was the racket and confusion of a great city concentrated into that one room. My eardrums were almost splitting. It was a riot, a saturnalia of discord.

Then it gradually died away into a low, monotonous murmur again.

As the hullabaloo faded out, there appeared before my eyes, mirage-like, a vast concourse of people. They were all about me, faint, nebulous, indistinct. Old men doddering along, young men, women, children—even animals. They paraded before me in kaleidoscopic array, a parade of shades, of spectres.

THE English language is inadequate to describe that weird scene. Suppose that a million bits of motion-picture film were pasted into one continuous piece from which enough positives were printed to man a thousand machines; then focus all of these machines into a single screen, showing every picture that has ever been made at one and the same time. And, too, turn all the sound effects loose simultaneously. Imagine that, if you can, and you have a rough idea of what I saw and heard.

From the very beginning I caught vagrant glimpses of a gloomy background—a fetid, mucky swamp under a dark and sunless sky. It rose and fell and rose and fell, gurgling, churning, purging itself—a world in formation. Out of it came strange, weird creatures. Slime coated, hideous monstrosities, loathsome, frenetic cacodemons they were. Constantly they forced themselves to the fore, faded out, jostled back, appearing again an instant later. And gradually, they began to monopolize the entire scene.

With a muttered curse Arvillo jerked a lever. I shuddered as darkness encircled

me. Save for the soft *whir-r-r-r* of the motors as they gradually cooled off, there was not a sound. Then the lights in the ceiling came back to life.

"Always the same! Always the same!" Arvillo said bitterly. "I can never cut the accursed things out. They are bound to monopolize the scene. But you have seen, my friend. It is for that very thing that I need money, money with which to perfect my device, money with which to continue my work until I can segregate each individual scene—"

"Wonderful!" I exclaimed. "It is a triumph!"

Arvillo's eyes lighted up.

"Did I not tell you so?" he said softly.

"But those monsters—?"

"I have several solutions," the inventor interrupted. "The first is that the nearby swamp—it is little more than a mucky quagmire—has some sort of effect on my apparatus.

"Had I the money I would move to some other locality. My second thought is that the scene shows the world in formation—that because of the newness, the rawness, of everything, the electrical impulses then formed were much stronger than those that came later."

He hesitated. I waited an instant. Then:

"And the third?" I said.

Again his voice dropped to a whisper.

"There are other worlds than that in which we are living," he said hoarsely. "Perhaps some of them are nearer than we imagine. The line of demarcation between the visible and the invisible may not be as wide as we think. In materializing those who have gone on, is it not possible that the impulses generated by my apparatus have to pass through this other world? On the other hand, that swamp! I cannot get away from the fact that it, in some way, influences my work.

"Ruth is afraid of them—those things that I bring to life," he went on. "I can-

not understand them. They actually live while they are subjected to the power generated by my machine."

He pointed down at his injured foot.

"This proves it," he said.

"You mean—what?"

"Merely that I carried my experiment a bit too far yesterday," he answered non-committally. "You are a young man, Mr. Warren; I am old and weary. And I have some slight changes to make in the apparatus before I show it to you again. I know that you will pardon me if I show you to your room."

He closed the door and led the way up he uncarpeted stairs to a room just above the one we had quitted. Turning on the light, he stepped to the window and pushed it up to its full height. The moon was shining brightly.

"The swamp," he said, pointing across the fields. "Sometimes at night it seems alive—peopled with the sort of creatures you have seen. It grows on one. It even talks—"

His voice died away. For a moment longer he stood there. Then he turned and said good-night.

THE moment that Arvillo left the room a distinct feeling of uneasiness came over me. I threw it off and, doffing my coat and shoes, snapped off the light and, lying down on the hard bed, closed my eyes.

But sleep failed to come. The night was filled with strange, low murmurs. They gave way to a deeper sound.

"Cl-u-u-mp! Zunk! Cl-u-u-mp! Zunk!"

It was the swamp rising and falling, sucking, gnawing, purging itself.

I arose, disgusted with myself. The demonstration I had witnessed down in the room below intrigued me. In the machine, even though he never completed it, Arvillo had a fortune. I dragged a chair to the win-

(Turn to page 121)



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(Continued from page 119)

dow. Lighting my pipe, I gazed out. The dismal quagmire stretched as far as the eye could see, a desolate wilderness of muck and quicksand, of black, stagnant water and tall, coarse grass and stunted willow trees. There was a vagrant breeze blowing. The rank vegetation swayed to and fro until, as Arvillo had said, the place seemed filled with life. At any moment one might almost look for a myriad of the accursed creatures to crawl out of the slime. I shuddered.

"Zunk! Cl-u-u-mp! Zunk!"

The noise persisted. The feeling of unrest and disquiet increased within me until I was in the grip of actual terror. The cold chills chased themselves up and down my spinal column. The words of old Arvillo came back to me: "There are other worlds than that in which we are living. Perhaps some of them are nearer than we imagine."

"Zunk! Cl-u-u-mp!"

The sounds from the swamp seemed louder and the rank grasses appeared to wave frantically in the light breeze. The house vibrated slightly and I knew that Arvillo had started his machine.

The big door downstairs opened violently. A woman screamed. Her shriek was cut off in the middle. I leaped to my feet, every faculty alert, my whole being quivering with terror. There was a confused babel of bestial growls. I was certain that I caught the sound of a struggle—the gurgle of someone choking. The door slammed shut again.

Once more there was silence save for the infernal "Cl-u-u-mp! Zunk!" of the swamp.

Unmistakably it was Ruth Arvillo who had shrieked. I knew that the girl was in deadly peril and that she was calling to me.

Pulling on my shoes, I tiptoed down the rickety stairs, threw open the door.

Great God! I shrieked with horror at
(Turn to next page)

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(Continued from page 121)

the sight which met my eyes. Words fail me in my effort to describe it. I was standing, it seemed, on the very edge of that drab, oozy swamp beneath skies of gray, bleak, serpentine vapor. The black, slimy, undulant filth was shaking like a bowl of jelly as it threw forth its sickening horde of accursed monstrosities.

The whole world appeared to be an abysmal vacuum filled with the slavering, gibbering, growling, misshapen hell-creatures. And others were constantly rising from the filthy muck. Over everything was a nauseating smell—the odor of decay and death—and the fumes of sulphur from the machine.

Arvillo lay in the midst of a horde of growling, fighting, gray monsters. They were not human, nor were they beasts. They were abortions—maleficent spawn of the devil. They were rending, tearing, filling the air with their bestial growls, their fishy eyes gleaming phosphorescently. He was half buried in the muck; their battle over him kept him from sinking entirely out of sight.

Half a hundred or more of them surrounded Ruth. They had torn the clothing from her frail body. Her white skin was covered with scratches and bruises; the blood was dripping from innumerable wounds. They clutched at her with their wolfish claws, pawing at her, pulling, dragging, scratching, biting. On her face was a look of desperation and frantic, insane terror.

She was fighting desperately. A dozen of them seized her by the arms, the hands, the hair. They dragged her down—down—down—down into the rottenness from which they had emanated.

They saw me even as she did. They came at me like a hurricane of malignancy. I went down beneath their weight. God, how I fought that squealing, growling, tearing mass! They sank their gangrenous

teeth into my flesh. I was half buried in the rancid filth—

"The machine! Smash it!"

Ruth had managed to free herself for an instant—long enough to shout the warning to me. Then she went down. The festering pool of fetidity closed over her.

Somehow I managed to get one hand free. It came in contact with an overturned chair. I drove it into the faces of the oncoming horde. They dropped back. The respite was only for an instant, but it was long enough. I hurled the extemporized weapon straight at the great machine that, through it all, continued to whirl and buzz like a thing alive.

There was a crash of breaking glass! The mechanism stopped with a jolting jar. The motors smoked and sizzled. . . .

The swamp-spawn were on me again. I felt their talons tearing into my flesh. I was being dragged down . . . down . . . down . . .

Then came darkness.

The rural mail carrier on his morning round missed Arvillo and his daughter. Seeing my car in the driveway, he investigated. Receiving no reply to his repeated shouts, he stopped at the nearest telephone and notified the authorities.

When they broke into the house they found Arvillo and his daughter dead, their bodies broken and bruised as by a maniac.

Arvillo's machine was a battered mass of twisted wires and damaged mechanism. I lay beside it, badly injured, unconscious, but still alive.

They say that I killed the old man and his daughter in a quarrel to gain control of his invention, but that I was so seriously hurt in the fight that I was unable to escape.

No one knows what that invention was. I did not tell my story at the trial. I have no wish to spend the remainder of my days in an asylum for the criminal insane.

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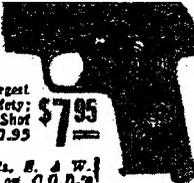
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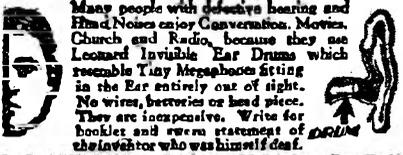
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A Former Soldier In West Africa Tells Of His Experiences With The Voodoo Men

TRUE FEATURE BY

ERNEST H. BARBOUR

ONCE I did not believe in the supernatural. Now I am not so sure. It happened that in the course of my service to the British King I was sent to West Africa for my sins. There I saw some strange things. Let me tell you of some actual happenings. I do not make any pretense of explaining them. But they happened. I saw them.

My company commander in the West African Rifles was a chap named Bond. One day Bond was walking down the Kissy Road in the native quarter of Freetown and met a native caravan marching in from Bali. He stopped to watch it. One of the natives left the caravan, came chattering to Bond. From the necklace of "mush-cat" claws and the tufts of feathers strung about him, Bond recognized him as a ju-ju man. Not understanding the man's language, he shrugged his shoulders and turned away.

The native grasped him by the shoulder. Bond promptly uppercut the ju-ju man under the chin and rolled him into the dusty street. The dream doctor picked himself up, and spreading forth a hand with the first two fingers extended like horns, he cursed the white man. Bond took two steps toward him and the dream doctor promptly legged it up the street after the caravan, while the captain, smiling at the incident, walked back to barracks.

When Bond awakened the next morning he was blind. Both eyes were swollen shut, and he looked as though he had been having a particularly hot session with a hive of bees. The regimental doctor was called in and ordered different sorts of eye-wash which were used for two days and had no more effect than if they were water. At the end of ten days, Bond was no better.

Then Bond's native servant took a hand. He insisted that since his master was evidently bewitched, no one but a witch doctor could do him any good. Bond, of course, pooh-poohed the idea. But after the English doctor began to talk of sending him home, he figured that if the native doctor could do no good he would at least do no particular harm, and gave his servant permission to get one.

The doctor, a little wizened-up Bushman, came in. After declaring that Bond was certainly bewitched, he pulled out his charm bag and commenced some fool incantation. When he had finished, he walked over to the captain and without touching him, blew his breath on each eye. Then, picking up the money which Bond contemptuously tossed at him, he went out.

Now it is a matter of cold fact, for I saw it, that when Bond woke up the next morning he was well—not just better, or on the mend, but absolutely as well as he ever was in his life. The witch doctor had done what the regimental doctor couldn't do, and the regimental doctor was a crackerjack, too. I haven't the slightest explanation of it.

When it comes to spiritualism and such matters, the dream doctor begins where the modern medium leaves off. I have seen modern mediums work and I have seen their tricks exposed. Any sixpence-half-penny West African witch doctor would show them things that would make them look like amateurs. I have seen ju-ju men do conjuring tricks that would have made them fortunes on the vaudeville stage, and

(Turn to next page)

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(Continued from page 125)

that would make the Hindu magician look to his laurels.

Let me tell you the story of an idol.

About the year 1907, if my memory serves, a man named Hartley, an American, came to the West Coast. He landed at Lagos, and his purpose was to go from there by sea to Cape Town, using small coastal vessels from one place to another along the way.

While in Lagos he took a trip to the interior, or the Bush as they call it, and while there he stole an idol from a ju-ju house. It was only a little one, carved from native wood and as ugly as original sin, and he figured that no one would get overly excited about it. But the native who did the actual thieving must have done some talking after he had got back to Lagos, for just as Hartley was leaving for Loanda, a witch doctor called upon him.

Through an interpreter, the ju-ju man demanded the return of the idol, and when Hartley offered to pay him for it, he refused every sum offered. By this time, Hartley was rather annoyed about the whole business, and even though he knew he was wrong, he determined to keep the thing.

When he heatedly told the witch doctor so, the latter turned loose and vehemently cursed him and the idol. He swore that Hartley would carry bad luck on his shoulder until he got rid of the thing. Then the white man kicked him out of the compound and went aboard the Portuguese steamer that was to take him to Loanda. Mark what followed.

In the Gulf of Guinea the ship was wrecked, and he and the captain were the only ones that got ashore. Hartley saved one bag, and in it was the idol. Before they made Loanda, he had fever twice.

He left Loanda for the Cape, and the second day out, he accidentally blew two fingers off his left hand, through careless handling of a revolver he was cleaning. The

small ship naturally had no doctor, and when Hartley got to Cape Town his hand had to be amputated.

Upon his recovery, he sailed for England on a P. & O. liner, and in the Bay of Biscay the vessel nearly foundered in a storm and was only saved through heroic seamanship. The hotel where he stayed in London was robbed, his room not excepted.

By this time Hartley had begun to believe, against his better sense, that there might be something in this bad-luck threat. When a friend visited him and admired the idol, he first told him the history of it, and then made him a present of the thing.

The friend was a hard-headed business man and laughed at Hartley about the bad-luck element. Just the same, as the friend was getting into a taxi at the hotel door, another taxi cannoned into it and the friend went to the hospital for a couple of weeks. The doorman very kindly returned the idol to Hartley.

Hartley was now determined to get rid of the idol. He presented it to a small museum in Liverpool. A week later the place burned down. It must have burned the idol also, for that was the last that was heard of it.

Of course, all these happenings were a series of coincidences. Anyone knows that. But just the same, I am just fool enough to wonder what that witch doctor's curse had to do with it. And I will say very frankly that, knowing West Africa as I do, I would not have carried that image after it was cursed, if the whole tribe had made me a present of it on a gold platter.

As I said before, we scoff at the idea of modern witches, and I do not pretend that what I have told you is not capable of explanation. But I know some white men that you would have a hard time convincing. They don't believe that it is possible to explain all the odd things they have seen. Not if they have had any dealing with a West African dream doctor, they don't!

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29 x 4.75	-20	2.50	.95
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29 x 5.25	-19	2.95	1.15
30 x 5.25	-20	2.95	1.15
31 x 5.25	-21	3.25	1.15
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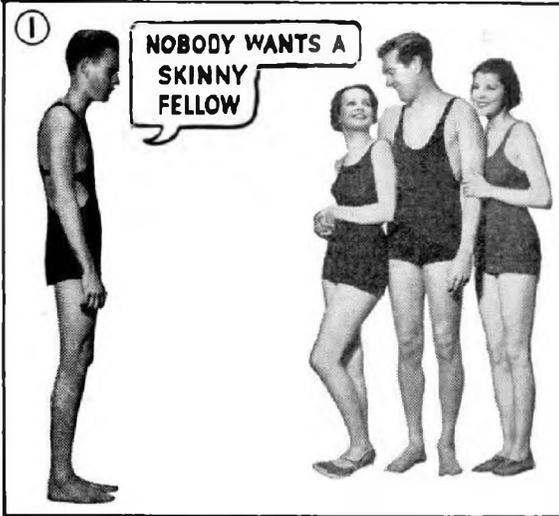
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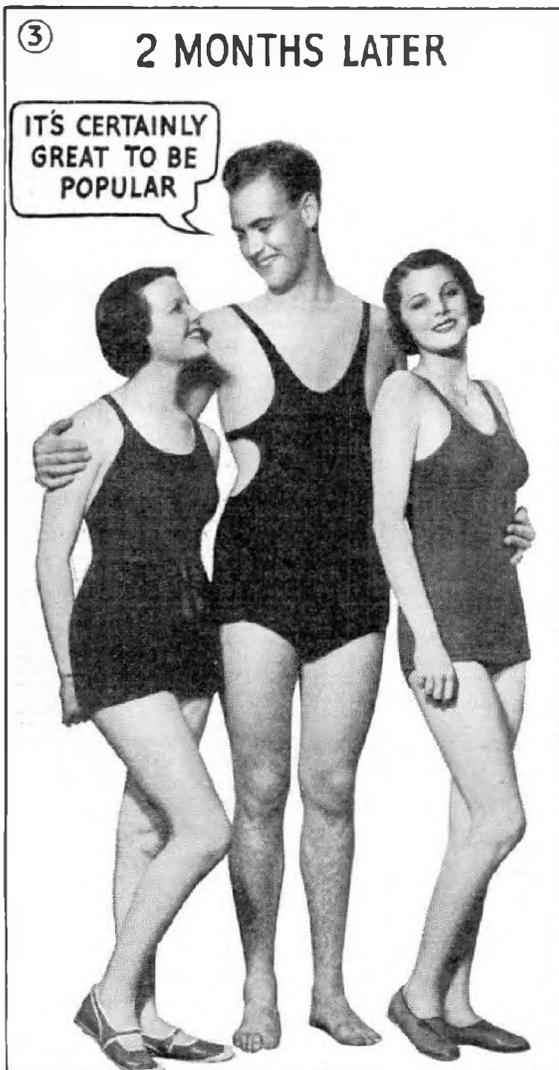
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