



Meet Lord Harvey—the man who fights big crime anywhere in the world. This week he's up, up and away in a balloon to bust a sinister plot — but there are dangerous men on his trail.

The clumping horse neighed and reared, the unshaven driver on his high seat yelled a warning and hauled on the leather reins. Too late.

The man screamed once as the big wheel passed over his body, then lay still and silent as the dray squealed to a stop in the middle of the road. People were shouting, traffic in both directions was held up, and someone was shouting for a policeman.

Lord Harry and Parsons went swiftly to the man in the road. They both knelt beside him, and Lord Harry lifted his head.

"Poor devil," he said slowly. "He didn't have a chance."

Parsons removed his bowler from his cropped head.

"Is he dead, me lord?" he asked.

"As the dodo, Parsons," Lord Harry replied. "He must have been in a hurry, an awful hurry."

A crowd was collecting as crowds always do.

"'Ere, what's this," said Parsons. "Look what 'e was carryin' under 'is coat, sir."

Parsons lifted out a square, black box with a clock face set in it, and held it up for Lord Harry's inspection.

"Funny-lookin' clock, ain't it, me lord?"

"Clock?"

Lord Harry took the black box from Parsons, squinted intently at it.

"Why, this isn't a clock, Parsons. It's a dashed infernal machine."

He held it to his ear, then relaxed.

"It isn't ticking, thank goodness."

"Should it be, sir?" asked Parsons.

"I don't know, Parsons. But if it was, the best thing would be to chuck it down and run like blazes. These things have a deuced awkward habit of going off with a big bang."

He pursed his lips, shoved the box inside his jacket, took

one last curious look at the dead man, and climbed to his feet. A policeman was on the scene now, and he touched Lord Harry's arm respectfully.

"Did you see what happened, mein herr?" he asked.

"Er, no," said Lord Harry. "Not a thing, not a thing. Casual bystander, what."

He moved away twirling his ebony cane, with Parsons close behind. The two men reached the pavement, and were walking away from the crowd and the scene of the accident when two men stepped out of a shop doorway and walked beside them.

Lord Harry turned his head. "Er, what do you chappies want?" he asked politely.

Then he felt the hard ring of a revolver pressed into the small of his back. One of the two strangers was saying in a hiss—

"No questions. Do as you are told and you will come to no harm. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly," said Lord Harry.

He looked at Parsons, accompanied by the second stranger, and probably also with a gun in the small of his back.

"No violence, Parsons. We don't want another bally accident today, what."

"As you say, me lord," replied Parsons calmly.

THE SHADOW SPEAKS

ONE of the two men hailed a cab at the corner of the street, and all four climbed inside. The two strangers sat facing Lord Harry and Parsons, and now the two revolvers were in evidence. One of the men rapped out an order to the driver up on the box, and the horses trotted away towards the dock area of the great city.

No one spoke, although Lord Harry, with his ebony cane on his knees, saw that the men kept their eyes on the black box under his jacket. They knew it was there, and it was probably the reason for this abduction on the street in broad daylight.

The cab came to a halt half an hour later in a gloomy, narrow street where the old houses, decaying and tumble-down, towered to a height of four storeys, almost obliterating the blue sky with their overhanging gables.

Lord Harry looked out of the window and pursed his lips. He

was familiar with this part of Hamburg. He had been here before. This was the haunt of criminals and spies, and the vicious element of this city of Germany on the Baltic coast.

"Get out!" said one of the strangers.

There was obviously no choice. Lord Harry and Parsons alighted in the grimy, cobbled street, and waited while the cabby was paid off.

"Through that door!" snarled one of the men.

The paintwork on the door was cracked and peeling. The walls and the flight of stairs beyond it were in no better condition.

At the top of the stairs was a landing and another door. This time one of the two kidnappers knocked politely and waited for an answer.

"Enter!"

Jabbing gun muzzles pushed Lord Harry and Parsons into the room. It was nearly empty of furniture. A couple of broken chairs, a bare table, and a man sitting behind it. Lord Harry stared. Parsons stared.

The man was hooded, he was dressed in a black suit entirely out of keeping with his surroundings. He wore black suede gloves on his hands. In front of him on the table was a revolver with the hammer at full cock.

"Good day," said Lord Harry.

The hooded man nodded. "I am the Shadow," he introduced himself.

"Lord Harry Crandall-Smythe," Harry murmured.

"Take out that box under your coat and put it on the table," said the Shadow.

Lord Harry did as he was told with a slight inclination of his head.

They all looked at the box for a moment.

"I am sorry you found that on my agent," said the Shadow.

"Aren't you sorry he was killed?" asked Lord Harry.

The Shadow ignored the interruption.

"Because of that infernal machine you must stay here until my work is completed," he went on. "You should have left it alone."

"What is your work if it isn't a rude question, what?" asked Lord Harry.

"Chaos," the Shadow said simply. "World chaos. When the chaos is complete I will emerge from the shadows with