

There are more than 300 shades of white.

my army to restore order and peace. I shall be the master of the world. The peace-loving people will greet me with open arms."

"A worthy ambition," murmured Lord Harry. "And what chaos did you have in mind with that bally box?"

The Shadow folded his arms on the table.

"Russia is at war with Japan," he explained. "A Russian fleet is on its way through the Baltic to Eastern waters. If it reaches its destination it has the power to blow the Japanese fleet out of the water. The war would be over. I do not want the war to end yet. There has not been enough death and destruction."

"And the infernal machine?" prompted Lord Harry.

"But one of many," the Shadow told him. "One in the hands of each of my agents in this city. The Germans have decided to coal the Russian fleet off Hamburg. Give them enough fuel to continue the voyage until the next coaling station is reached off German West Africa. Without the Hamburg coal the Russian warships will have no choice but to return to their own base.

"The German colliers are here in Hamburg, fully loaded with coal, and ready to sail to their appointed rendezvous with the Russians. The infernal machines will by now be planted on the screw shafts of all those colliers, and they will blow up when they are at sea." He laughed and went on—

"The Russians will not get their coal, they will be angry with Kaiser Wilhelm, the war with Japan will continue until I am ready to halt it!"

"I say," remarked Lord Harry, "you're a bit of a swine, aren't you?"

"I am not interested in your opinion," the Shadow told him.

He looked at the two men with the revolvers in their hands.

"Take them up to the attic. Lock them in. Do not allow them to leave until tomorrow. By then it will be too late for them to spoil my plan by going to the police!"

Parsons clenched his mighty fists. Lord Harry calmed him with a shake of his head.

"No violence, Parsons," he said gently.

The attic was under the eaves of the rambling old build-

ing. When the door was locked behind them Lord Harry examined the premises. The room was bare. There was but one window, dirty, and with half the panes missing.

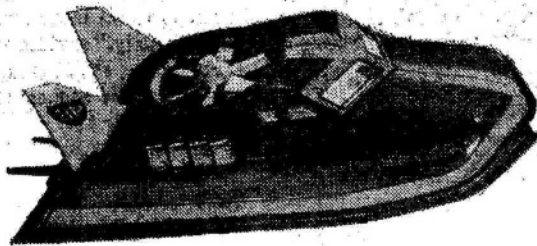
But there was no way out there. It was a sheer drop of fifty feet to a cobbled yard. Over the chimney tops he could see the masts of ships in the harbour, and the greasy black smoke of a score of funnels.

"Parsons, we have to get out of here and try to stop those colliers from sailing," he said at last. "The Shadow's plot is a threat to the peace of the world."

"Yes, me lord," Parsons agreed respectfully. And then, "How do we go abaht doin' it, sir?"

THIS IS ONE OF THE STAR PRIZES FOR "PETE'S PAGE" AND "TOP TEAMS" WINNERS.

(Details of the others are on Page 15.)



This go-anywhere, working model of a Hovercraft could be yours. Powered by a two-cell battery, this easy-to-assemble model will give you hours of pleasure.

Lord Harry smiled and hefted his ebony cane which the Shadow's men had omitted to take from him. A great mistake on their part.

"Listen to me and I will tell you," he said softly.

Lord Harry lifted his ebony cane in his hand, gritted his teeth, and swung the end of it at the grimy window. The panes of glass shattered under the force of the blow, and in the background Parsons gave vent to a loud roar of triumph.

Then he ducked swiftly behind the door just a second before it was thrown open violently, and one of the guards came rushing in, revolver in hand.

Parsons came out from hiding swiftly. He caught the guard by the scruff of the neck and the seat of his trousers, propelled him across the room with whirlwind force, and threw him headlong through the shattered window.

Both he and Lord Harry rushed to the gaping aperture to behold the spectacle of the man spreadeagled in the air,

hurtling down to his death on the cobbled yard below.

"One down, one to go," murmured Lord Harry.

The second guard had by that time appeared in the open doorway, gun in hand.

"What's going on in here?" he wanted to know.

"A bid for freedom," Lord Harry yelled cheerfully.

His hand tightened round the top of the ebony cane, a sharp pull, and the deadliness of the weapon was fully revealed in the shape of a glittering, rapier-thin sword.

Before the guard could even think about squeezing the trigger the point of the sword came sweeping up in a deadly arc, cutting deep into his wrist. With a howl of pain he released

firmly down over his large ears.

"Now out, sir?" he asked.

"As you say, Parsons, out," Lord Harry agreed. "We must get to the docks as quickly as possible. Find out where the German colliers are berthed, and stop them from sailing. The infernal machines have been planted on the screw shafts of the vessels, and should be easy to locate."

"Why can't we go to the police, sir?" Parsons wanted to know.

"There may not be time," Lord Harry told him. "We do not know when the colliers are due to sail, and we could be wasting valuable time. No, Parsons, as usual we must go it alone.

"If the colliers are blown up then war in the Far East between Russia and Japan will be extended—it could be that the explosions may occur when the colliers rendezvous with the Russian warships, in which case the warships could be badly damaged, or even sunk. Come on, Parsons, no time to waste here!" he finished briskly.

On the quayside Lord Harry and Parsons stared dismally at the open water with its skimming of grease. Lord Harry screwed his monocle firmly into place, and asked the seafaring man who stood beside him—

"Are you certain the colliers have sailed, mein herr?"

"Certainly," the seafaring man nodded. "Only a couple of hours ago. They seemed to be going somewhere in a hurry."

He winked a knowing eye. "And all four of 'em carried a naval officer on her bridge. I think something big is in the wind."

"Four of them!"

Lord Harry groaned inwardly. Four colliers, each with an infernal machine taped to its screw shaft. The seconds ticking away methodically until the moment when everything would be obliterated in a roar of flame and a column of black smoke!

"We've lost 'em," growled Parsons. "The bloomin' Shadow's beat us, me lord."

Lord Harry looked at his faithful manservant for a long moment. His knuckles were white where he gripped the top of his deadly sword cane.

"Beaten us? No, I think not, Parsons, old boy. Follow me!"

The two men raced off the

his hold on his gun, and it clattered to the bare boards.

He backed away with a frightened look on his face as Lord Harry touched the red point to his throat. Through the door, on to the narrow landing, and to a necessary halt with the backs of his legs pressed against the rotting rail on the outer edge.

"Now!" snapped Lord Harry. The blade described a bright arc of light, and the guard, with a scream of terror deep in his throat went backwards and outwards, through the old wooden rail and down the deep well to the stone floor at the bottom of the house, where he lay crumpled like a rag doll.

Lord Harry surveyed the body coldly.

"So perish all the enemies of freedom," he announced to none in particular.

DESPERATE FLIGHT

PARSONS had joined him on the landing, bowler hat jammed