

# SEVEN TIDES OF DOOM

by Maxwell Grant

*A fiend stalks the city in a mad scheme of murder and mayhem. No one is safe. Innocents fall before him in a weird pattern that baffles police. Only The Shadow can fathom the madman's plan. Only The Shadow can reveal the horrible truth behind the random murders. But can he stop the evil mastermind in time?*

## CHAPTER ONE: DEATH'S BLACK STEPS

Death held no meaning for Victor Lancombe. In two days' time – perhaps three – he would be dead by his own hand. He had stood at the rail of a stately East Side bridge – traffic swirling behind him, icy waters beckoning, the chill wind urging him to action – but had been unable to muster the courage to climb over trusses and cables to hurl himself into oblivion.

He had newly purchased a gun, and carried it with him now on these rain-darkened streets, but seemed unable to firmly grip its checkered handle. It lay like an anchor in his coat pocket.

He needed no medication, his health the picture of normalcy, and so had no



pills to swallow in surfeit to take him into Hela's waiting arms.

All ways of self-murder had been explored by Victor Lancombe; all discarded save one. He would take the sharpened knife from his meager kitchenette, slink into a warm bath, and slit his wrists. Death would come quietly, softly. He would welcome it and rid himself of his terrible burden.

Shuffling along the quiet street to his small apartment, Victor Lancombe wallowed pathetically in his empty life.

A banker by trade, Victor Lancombe had long ago reached the pinnacle of his life. The top rung of assistant manager of the Third Bank of Manhattan had been achieved years ago. This

## The Shadow

small institution with modest assets offered only security and longevity to the weary middle-aged man. Enough for most men who had lived, but Victor Lancombe had never lived.

A flash of insight three months before had shown him the truth. Alone, unloved, a man of only modest means living in Spartan accommodations, he saw his life as endless toil, endless want.

Then the bright light of truth shone into his dingy life and its beam lit upon a solution. Crime!

Given unquestioned trust – his loyalty as endless as his tiresome days ahead – Victor Lancombe had access to all of the bank's accounts.

For the plan – formed in an instant – Lancombe needed only a handful of quick pen strokes to alter balances, change accounts. Poverty vanished in moments. He was suddenly wealthy!

The elation that brought to his heart, the lightness to his step, was unlike that which any love affair could bring. He had finished his machinations Friday evening. The week-end was spent planning his escape. Train and ocean liner tickets had been purchased under assumed names. Clothes had been packed – a light valise. He would buy what he needed when he arrived. He would carry nothing to delay him.

Nervousness caught up to him by Monday morning so that, gripped in sudden panic, he had almost veered from his plan. He forced sanity upon him-

## Seven Tides of Doom

self, determined to see his plan through.

As he had every morning for nearly twenty years, Victor Lancombe left his apartment at 7:50 a.m., taking the Elevated train from 11th Street to Fulton, walking the three blocks from the Fulton Street station to the bank, and entering at his customary 8:55 a.m.

Nodded hellos and weak smiles greeted him. They strangely gave him strength. Soon he would be rid of such bored niceties. Soon he would be sequestered away inside his new wealth. Money attracted women. He would be lonely no more.

The day dragged interminably. Every so often he found himself patting his breast pocket. Held there was a hastily written note he would mail on the way home. It spoke of an urgent need to be away from work for three days, an illness in the family. It would stave off investigation for nearly a week.

Lancombe had chuckled at his ingenuity and his uncharacteristic daring.

But all hopes were dashed at close of business. An auditor had been scheduled unexpectedly. There were discrepancies in several accounts that had to be addressed.

He would be found out, caught, imprisoned. Shamed. His genius had doomed him.

There was but one escape.

On this night before his inevitable discovery, all hope had fled Victor

Lancombe. His footsteps became more shuffling the closer to home he got. His roundish body sagged with despondency. Cold sweat beaded upon his balding head beneath the worn homburg.

He had walked all night, Victor Lancombe had. He had missed his train. His ship had sailed. If he had had the week in which to disappear, he felt certain he would not be caught. But with discovery foregone, with his identity as the criminal impossible to hide, he had no hope of escape into that happy, rich life he had imagined. Death was his only escape.

So engaged in his troubles, he did not at first hear the other footsteps behind him.

These were clear in the damp, cold night air.

They approached at a steady pace – not too slow, not too fast. Like an invisible metronome ticking out two-four time in an andante beat.

Absently, Lancombe looked about. He lived on a quiet street. It was tree-lined. The front stoops rose six steps to small vestibules in the nearly identical apartment houses that lined the street. At so early an hour, there were few people on the street. A milk wagon sat outside a brownstone in the next block, its horse lazily flipping its tail. The tinkle of empty bottles echoed down the street.

Still, the footsteps came nearer.

Now fear gripped at Lancombe's heart. The dark hand of Fate was

reaching out to him, to touch his shoulder, to claim him for crimes committed.

His pace quickened to match his pounding heart.

Nearly at a run he reached his apartment house. Tripping with panic he climbed the short flight of stairs, fumbled with keys and the lock until he managed to gain admittance.

His was a first floor front apartment. Once inside, door locked and chained and bolted, Victor Lancombe let out a ragged breath. Safe. His three meager rooms were crossed in shadows and veiled in a pre-dawn gloom.

Anger now welled in him, a weak, insipid anger with himself. He should have followed his escape route. He should have taken the chance. Now all was lost.

He waited for the footsteps in the hall, the knock on the door. These sounds did not come.

Hands shaking, Victor Lancombe had the uncontrollable urge to throw open the door. The silence beyond was maddening.

Of course the police were there. Of course they knew!

"Many fear the night, Victor Lancombe," said a voice from deep in the shadows of his gloomy rooms. "But few fear the morning. What pathetic crimes have you imagined?"

"Who are you?" Lancombe demanded.

The doorway to the bedroom was open and from it stepped a dark figure. Shrouded as it was, Lancombe could make out no features on the black

apparition. He trembled.

"You are the first, Victor Lancombe. The first in my ... sonata. You shall deliver a message that will not be understood ... until the other messages are sent and received."

The black figure held something long and tapered, glinting steely in the darkness. The kitchen knife! How Lancombe had planned for the use of that instrument. He had seen it as his salvation from prison and humiliation. Now he saw it only as an instrument of fear, and death.

"You shall entice him. You will bring him to me. It will be his doom."

Shaking, Lancombe reached into his pocket for the newly bought gun. With trembling hands he raised the weapon and held it out in front of him like a club.

"Get out of here, you horror!"

Laughter erupted in the small apartment, a shrill, mad thing.

Terrified, Lancombe turned to the front door and unlatched the locks. With frantic tugs he attempted to open the door. It would not budge!

"You cannot escape your fate, Victor Lancombe. Your death will have great meaning, but only to me!"

Another mad peal of laughter echoed in the room.

"You can't!" cried the banker shrilly.

As if suspended in air, the kitchen knife rose up suddenly then slashed down. Victor Lancombe did not even feel the first cut, so numb with terror had he become.

Again the knife rose and fell, this

time slicing across his throat, stifling the agonized scream welling there. A third slash cut deep within his chest and he collapsed to the wooden floor to watch with deadening eyes his life's blood pour from his wounds.

Life now meant a great deal to Victor Lancombe. Regardless of his crimes he wanted very much to live, but had not the power to stop the onrushing blackness.

The last gurgling gasp of death sounded and Victor Lancombe was no more.

The blackened figure laughed again, though not so madly. He had much work to do. But first he had to send the message.

Quietly he stepped back into the bedroom. There, beside a worn mattress and threadbare blanket, was a small nightstand. Upon the nightstand was a clock, its time ticking away softly.

The blackened figure took the clock and brought it back into the main room. Once again he looked down at the body of Victor Lancombe and laughed. With his fist, he shattered the clock face, freezing the mechanism and memorializing the time: 5:40.

With surprising gentleness, the blackened figure set the broken clock on the floor in the spreading pool of blood. Then, from the corner, he took the pick-axe he had secreted there earlier. It glinted dully in the gloom, catching just a hint of street light as he swung it above his head and brought it slashing down with a heavy, dead thud. The killer began his gruesome

work.

### CHAPTER TWO: ANOTHER BODY

THE LATE NIGHT CROWD peered over the railing and down into the apartment, shivering in the cool fall air. Portable lanterns lit the interior of the apartment, throwing stark, weird shadows into the black night.

Someone had fastened a sheet to the window inside to act as a curtain. Shadows from within danced on the thin cloth as well.

A policeman stood at the foot of the stairs, by the door.

Just then the crowd parted, muttering, as a force made its way through from the street. A man stepped into the light washing up from the apartment below. He was an older man with gray hair but with the undoubted air of authority.

"Right down this way, Inspector Klein," the patrolman at the foot of the stair called.

Police Inspector Timothy Klein nodded curtly. He rounded the railing and walked down the eight steps.

"Hello, Inspector!" a voice called from the crowd. Klein looked up and saw a handful of reporters pushing through the crowd. At the head of the bunch was the wiry, genial figure of Clyde Burke of the New York *Classic*.

"Say, how about giving us something, Inspector?" Burke said with a grin. "Got anybody on tap for this?

And who's the dead woman?"

"Keep your spats on," Klein called back with a scowl. "You'll get something soon enough." Klein turned away from popping flashbulbs and the babble of more questions. "Cardona inside?" the inspector asked.

"Yes, sir," the patrolman answered, his face curling in bewilderment. "Very strange in there, inspector. Why anyone would want to do that to a poor girl I don't ..."

"All right! I'll see it for myself. See what you can do to send this mob back to bed."

"Yes, sir."

Klein pushed open the front door and quickly stepped inside. Light from the portable lanterns gave the crime area a strange glowing illumination. In contrast, the rest of the apartment appeared plunged in gloom. Darkness hung about the walls, deep shadows clung to corners.

The apartment was aswarm with activity, all of it centering around one bizarre feature. All eyes focussed on this odd sight.

The kitchenette table had been moved to the front window. That small table had been placed on top of another that occupied the living room. The effect was to create a platform just below the top of the window, and in plain view of the street. The window shade had been ripped from its roll.

Perched unsteadily on this platform was the body of a young woman!

She lay on her back, arms stretched to the sides, her throat cut and bleed-

## The Shadow

ing. It was this grisly sight that had caught the attention of a passerby and had drawn others to watch as the police responded to the ghastly discovery.

At the foot of the makeshift platform was a clock!

Blood dripped on its dead mechanism. The time was frozen in place: 1:47.

A man stepped up to Klein. He was shorter than the inspector was and darker skinned, betokening a man of Italian ancestry. He was expressionless. His thin lips formed a straight line across his face that never curved upward or downward. His eyes were bright, though, sparkling – denoting a man of quick thinking and keen observation.

“I’ve seen all kinds of murder in my time,” Inspector Klein said, shaking his gray head, “but this beats all.” He stared for a moment at the body atop the table, watched as the police photographer took pictures and the fingerprint men dusted the furniture, then said, “What’ve ya got, Cardona?”

The Italian shrugged his shoulders. “Damned strange,” he said. “The woman’s name is Marguerite Nordhoff. Nice girl, according to the neighbors. Worked in a flower shop on 34th Street. She got home at about 10 o’clock from a date.”

“Got the boyfriend?”

“I sent Markham over to pick him up,” Cardona said. “Neighbors say he didn’t go in. Left her at the door with a peck on the cheek.”

“A romantic, huh?”

## Seven Tides of Doom

Klein nudged up to the stacked tables. The others, noticing him, stepped away. Hands on hips, the inspector cast his eyes over the entire scene.

“Are you thinking some sort of voodoo killing, Cardona?”

Again the detective shrugged. “I don’t think so, Inspector. I’d expect to see fetishes or candles or something like that around the body.”

Klein threw a glance toward the detective. “Another of your hunches, Detective?”

Klein didn’t like hunches. Neither did Police Commissioner Ralph Weston. Cardona might have made it to inspector already except for the hunches he played. Klein liked police work, not guess work. Never mind that Cardona’s hunches often panned out.

“No, sir. I’ve had some little experience with such cases.”

“Hah!” Klein snorted. “That damned Shadow business of yours again.”

The Shadow!

He had said it, finally. That strange creature of the shadows who fought the minions of crime, but always from the inky darkness of night. Cardona believed in the existence of The Shadow, had seen his handiwork, had been rescued by him. But Klein and Commissioner Weston saw him as an imaginary being invented by the craven criminal and lazy police detectives. To mention The Shadow in their presence was to invite ridicule.

“If not a ritual killing then it must

be some madman on the loose.”

“I don’t think so,” Cardona said. “It’s too neat. And that broken clock. It’s the only thing in the apartment that is broken.”

Klein came back to Cardona. His body was framed in a combative stance.

“A crime of passion, then,” the older man said. “We’ll grill that boyfriend.”

“Sure we will, but this isn’t a crime of passion. Other than her throat being cut the girl wasn’t hurt.”

“I’d say that would be enough hurt for anyone.” Klein turned away, back to look at the body. “Damn it, Cardona, you’re telling me all the things it can’t be, why don’t you tell me what it can be!”

Cardona stepped around Klein to get closer to the body. The medical examiner and his men stood to the side. They wanted to remove the body but knew better than to do so when Cardona and Klein were working their theories.

“The woman’s throat was cut by a very sharp blade. The killer wanted her to die but had no interest in her suffering. That let’s out a madman.”

“Maybe,” Klein grunted, having grown sullen. “Then why this stack of tables? If not some sort of bizarre altar, then what?”

“He’s got her up almost to street level,” Cardona answered. He still did not have it clear in his mind all the answers yet. But he knew this murder had more to it than on its face. “It’s like he wanted her to be found. To be seen.”

“Sure,” Klein agreed. “No one could miss her from the street. Even at night. Even in this basement apartment. There’s enough window and the line of sight – except for the railing – is clear.”

“It’s a message, Inspector!” Cardona declared. “From whom, I don’t know. To whom ... well, I’d like to keep that to myself for now.”

Klein’s face curled up in disgust. “Don’t you say it, Cardona. Don’t you ever say it around me or I’ll bust you down to a beat cop.”

Cardona ignored the threat – one he had heard often enough, and with as much feeling. “And,” he added meaningfully, “there’s the broken clock.”

Klein had no response for that. He stared deeply at Cardona, almost fearfully. Then something changed in the inspector’s eyes and quickly he took hold of Cardona’s elbow.

“Go on, you men,” Klein ordered over his shoulder. “Clear out the body.”

Forcefully he guided Cardona over to a corner. Behind them a patrolmen turned off one of the portable lamps, moving it aside for the medical examiner. A more natural light settled over the room and the shadows in the corner seem to shift away from the inspector and Cardona.

With a lowered voice, Klein said, “You know about the other clock?”

Cardona nodded gravely.

“When I heard about this murder I knew we had some fiend on our hands.”

## The Shadow

Klein was tense, his face red with anger. "I don't want this out to the newspapers, Joe. I can't have that."

"He's going to kill again."

It was Klein's turn to nod gravely. "And soon."

"Give me the case, Inspector. All of it."

A wry grin flitted across Klein's wise face. "You're ambitious, Joe. I know that. But you're a damned good detective, too. All right. It's yours. The whole thing. Including the next one. But, Joe, I don't want there to be a next one."

"The newspapers are outside now," Klein added. "They'll want something. You say you sent someone to pick up the boyfriend?"

"That's right."

"Well, lay it off on him. For now."

Cardona shook his head. "I don't like that, Inspector. I don't think the boyfriend did it."

"Your Shadow making you clairvoyant now, Cardona? Lay it off on him just the same. It'll throw off those newshawks for a while. I don't want them sniffing around this until we know for sure what's going on."

Cardona was a good cop. For that matter so was Klein. Neither of them cared to finger a man for something he didn't do. Klein was worried. Cardona could see that. Pointing the blame away from sensationalism and toward something more mundane would help keep the investigation on track.

"Burke of the *Classic* is out there,"

## Seven Tides of Doom

Klein said. The inspector knew the relationship that had developed between Cardona and Burke. The two men had come to trust one another. They shared something else, too. Each man knew the existence of The Shadow! For, unknown to Cardona, Burke was in fact one of The Shadow's agents.

"The others might be led astray with us fingering the boyfriend. Burke won't. He'll know something's up."

Klein grunted. "Well, keep him in check."

"Sure. He's worked with us before. He knows he'll get a bigger story helping us sit on the smaller one."

The body was gone now, and with it the mass of living humanity that cleans up after death. Outside, the medical examiner's men wrestled with a covered stretcher up the short flight of steps. The crowd had not dispersed at all. News photographers were popping photos with a violent assault of flashbulbs.

The makeshift curtain had been removed and all the portable lights were gone, too. Only a lamp by the door was on. Gloom had again engulfed this apartment, throwing long shadows along the floor.

"Let's go, inspector. I've a lot of work to do."

Silence descended on Marguerite Nordhoff's apartment once again. The police had left the tables stacked near the front window. They had wiped up the blood, although a large red stain

remained on the carpet. Splatters of blood remained on the tables.

Outside, the crowd had turned away from the apartment. They followed the action of the covered stretcher and watched as it was loaded into the medical examiner's van. The newsmen had circled around Joe Cardona, who spoke to them with an affable smile on his face.

Thus no one saw a blotch of darkness separate from the darkened kitchenette wall and glide across the apartment floor. An apparition that flitted silently through the scene of the crime.

The Shadow had entered the scene!

Alone, The Shadow moved freely about the room. With gliding steps he went to the stacked tables to examine them. They were common enough in manufacture, easily obtained through any second hand furniture store.

The Shadow saw the broken clock which had been left behind by the police. A quick examination of it proved it to be no more than an inexpensive timepiece available through any five-and-dime. Its bold face had been smashed, the heavy crystal shattered into useless pieces. The hands were bent, as were several numbers, as if a fist had crushed the clock. The hands had then been placed into position, aligned for a specific purpose. Even the second hand had been set. This was important, The Shadow reckoned. This was a message!

Replacing the clock, The Shadow stole into the small bedroom and quickly

searched a bureau of drawers and a nightstand. Nothing held the interest of The Shadow.

Pale moonlight sifted into the room through a high window, past bare trees, and lit on the room's thin carpet. There, The Shadow spied a clew! Footprints had been indelibly pressed into the threadbare material.

A man's shoes made the prints. Kneeling beside the imprints The Shadow mentally measured them as size nine. A man had stood in this spot for hours. He had not moved, had not shifted weight, for the imprints were equal in depth. He had stationed himself and awaited the girl's return.

A picture of this fiend was becoming clear in The Shadow's mind as he considered the tiny clews which only he had noticed. Here was a monster of evil that must be stopped!

Quickly, The Shadow left the bedroom and made his way to the kitchenette. He found paper and with a pen pulled from beneath his cloak he scratched out a hasty message. He would have no time to repair to his sanctum. He needed to alert Cardona that The Shadow was on the case. The note would provide the such notice.

The apartment door opened suddenly and a figure silhouetted by streetlight stepped in. A hand fumbled at the wall switch.

The Shadow moved silently back into the kitchenette, pressed against the wall next to a small service door. With silent hands, The Shadow opened

## The Shadow

the door and glided into the opening, leaving the note on the counter.

In the service hallway, The Shadow heard a muffled click and the glass panel in the door lit up from reflected light.

The hallway was painted a heavy, dark glossy green. Its narrow walls echoed with the whistling wind.

The Shadow paused at the door, listening. A man had entered the apartment, stopping at the stacked tables. The Shadow heard the muffled thump of footsteps coming closer, then stopping.

The Shadow waited no longer. He hurried down the hall with only the soft sound of his rustling cloak to mark his passing. At the end of the hall a door let out on a small courtyard. The killer had passed here. A single footprint had been pressed into the soft dirt. The Shadow saw purpose in that unique mark.

A low, mocking peal of laughter lifted into the night. When it faded, The Shadow was gone!

Inside the apartment, Joe Cardona found the light switch. He reached for the broken clock then thought better of the gesture. To the kitchenette he went in search of a towel. He found one in a drawer and had turned to leave when a sound drifted up to him.

Confused, Cardona looked around for the sound that appeared to come from everywhere and from nowhere. He spied the service door and opened it. An empty hall greeted him.

## Seven Tides of Doom

Then he saw it – the paper left on the counter.

He took it in hand back to the lamp and unfolded the heavy paper and read:

Cardona –

The next murder may occur  
in three days' time .... or in  
six. Beware!

--- The Shadow

Now he recognized that sound. It had been the laugh of The Shadow!

### CHAPTER THREE: DEAD MAN'S TRAIL

OUTSIDE THE APARTMENT, Joe Cardona paused to instruct the patrolman to remain on duty until relieved in the morning. The detective did not want the curious and the ghoulish interfering with his investigation, although most had gone back to bed after the body had been taken away.

The reporters had gone, too, having gotten a statement from him and Inspector Klein. They would all be filing their stories for the morning editions, only hours away.

Cardona had double-parked a block away. He made for his sedan with quick steps, coat wrapped tightly against the chill early morning air, a smallish bundle under his arm. This was the item for which he had returned to the apartment. Wrapped in several towels was the bloodstained clock, broken in

the struggle with the killer. He had not wanted to appear with it when reporters were present.

"Hello there, Cardona!"

The detective swung around, one hand reaching for the gun in his coat.

"Hey! Take it easy. It's just me."

Cardona paused, relaxed. Leaning against a street lamp was Clyde Burke, reporter for the *Classic*, eerily lit from above by the yellow light. Burke wore a mischievous grin. Sticking out of his pocket was a spiral bound notebook, and over his ear was wedged a lead pencil.

With a wry grin Cardona said, "You look ready for business."

"I am. The others figured they got all the dope when Klein finished talking, but not me."

"No, you're smarter than that."

"Sure I am. You see, Klein is fine – as far as he goes. But I figure to get the real dope from the guy running this show."

Cardona shook his head. "Got nothing more for you, Burke. Not yet."

Still grinning, Burke pushed off the lamp and stepped closer to the detective.

"So what have you got there, detective? Your Laundry?"

Reflexively, Cardona looked down at the bundle in his hand. He had forgotten it, startled when Burke had called to him. Wrapped as it was it gave no outward indication as to its shape or content.

"Evidence," Cardona said, gruffly.

"Okay, sure. But what?"

Cardona thought for a moment. He had worked with Burke in the past. The reporter understood that he could get a better story by sitting on a few facts until the wrap-up. There was also The Shadow! Cardona suspected a connection between the reporter and the mysterious black figure of the night. Words spoken to Burke somehow ended up in The Shadow's ear. How that was accomplished, by just what mechanism, Cardona did not know. But what he did know is that The Shadow could be an invaluable ally in the fight against crime.

Then Cardona remembered the note. The Shadow was already on the scene. Whether Burke had brought this weird specter into the case, or The Shadow, through his own unfathomable means had discovered it, Cardona did not know. For now, though, the detective did not need Burke.

"Sorry, Burke, you got all you're going to get from Klein. I may have more later, but not now."

Unexpectedly, Burke smiled. "Okay, Joe!" he said with a wave, then turned down the street. Over his shoulder he called back, "I'll just go with what I have. Two weird murders in four nights. That ought to get me page one in both editions."

"What do you know of another murder?"

Burke stopped, turned, and stepped back into the light.

"A banker on Eleventh Street was killed three nights ago."

"That was a very different murder." Cardona chose his words with care.

"Sure. But maybe not." Burke tossed a nod at the towel-wrapped package the detective carried. Cardona shifted uncomfortably.

"That fellow," the detective said, "was found in a hole in his floor which had been dug out by a pick-axe. Like tonight's victim, he hadn't done anything to the world."

"Except maybe a little embezzling," Burke said with a grin. Cardona's face puckered with anger. "Sure," the reporter added. "Which adds up to nothing. Him being dumped into a hole is what strikes me as strange. As strange as being raised up on a platform."

Instantly, Cardona relented. "You want a ride, Burke? I'm going to headquarters."

"Well, I've got my story to file, detective."

Cardona gave a lopsided grin. "Do you?"

Burke shrugged and followed the detective to his car.

There were still two hours before the sun was to rise, an hour more before its rays would touch the western face of the houses on this street. Yet, once the men were gone, a corner of the brick building lightened perceptibly as a black shadow evaporated into the remains of the night.

Despite the early hour, headquarters was already a hive of activity. The pre-dawn pickpockets and the late night dope fiends were being brought in.

Cardona led the way upstairs. At the top of the landing, Cardona paused. Down the hall a few doors on his right was his office; ahead was the detective squad room. It was into this large, desk-filled room that he went, with Burke in tow. Cardona stepped through a short, swinging gate and closed it on Burke. He motioned for Burke to have a seat on the bench along the wall in the squad room, outside the swinging gate.

"I'd like to tag along," Burke said, suspicious that he had been tricked into not reporting the story.

"You'll get plenty soon enough."

"Where are you taking that clock? It is a clock, isn't it? A broken one?"

Cardona stepped very close to Burke, watched him intensely.

Burke grinned. "It's too late to file the story now, Cardona."

"All right," Cardona whispered, looking around to see they were not overheard. No one was paying any attention. Two detectives were typing reports. Behind them, the janitor, Fritz, was making his way out of the room slowly, pushing his work cart ahead of him.

"All right," Cardona repeated. "You've got it figured right. But what it's all about, I don't know yet."

"So where are you taking it?"

"To the lab boys, so relax."

Burke smiled easily and said okay.

Old Fritz, tall, stoop-shouldered, shuffled down the hallway. Several of the detectives nodded hello to the old

stationhouse fixture and then as quickly forgot him. The gaunt, pale figure, his face partly hidden behind a bushy white mustache, paused outside one of the office doors. Removing a rag and spray bottle from his cart, the janitor opened the office door and stepped inside, closing the door behind him.

With a snap the electric light ignited, washing shadows into the corners of the room.

No longer stoop-shouldered or shuffling, Fritz leapt to the desk and began rifling through the manila folders stacked there. His searching fingers were long and pale. On the third finger of the left hand sat a ring of singular renown. It was a matchless girasol, a blue fire opal. Its azure color seemed to alter and glow red as the hand moved and caught new rays of light. The sparkling gem proclaimed the identity of its wearer – The Shadow!

Cardona, for all his swarthy bluster, was a meticulous detective, and a clever one. The man kept impeccable files. Even though the first murder – the death of the banker and embezzler, Victor Lancombe – had not been his to solve, Cardona had immediately seen a connection to the death of Marguerite Nordhoff. He had collected copies of the files and had left them here in his office to study upon his return from the death apartment.

Now, The Shadow would pore over these files.

Victor Lancombe, the files said, had not reported to work Monday last, an event deemed extraordinary by his

superiors. They insisted the police investigate and eventually a radio car was dispatched and the body was discovered, along with \$50,000 in cash. The bank manager found it inconceivable that Lancombe would have such a sum in his possession. So trusted had Lancombe been that, up until the moment the bank examiners found evidence of embezzlement, the manager steadfastly refused to believe the dead man had stolen from own his place of employment.

Steamer tickets had been found in the name of Carter Smythe along with a passport in the same name. Victor Lancombe's picture adorned the fraudulent passport. A southeast island brochure was folded into the passport. The note claiming a family emergency had also been found.

Victor Lancombe had missed his boat, but death had not interrupted him. He had not gone to his rendezvous, had not made his escape. The Shadow knew well what had detoured the meek banker. Guilt! Faced with the enormity of his crime and the certainty of his capture, he was immobilized with dread. Such was the way with the casual criminal.

It was that guilt that had killed Victor Lancombe. For had he not been crushed by the weight of it he would not have returned home that night to keep his appointment with Death! How different the case might have been had Lancombe made good his escape.

The files contained pictures. A clock had been found at the scene, covered

## The Shadow

in Victor Lancombe's blood. It was of different manufacture from the clock found in Marguerite Nordhoff's apartment, confirming in The Shadow's mind the killer had not brought it with him.

Most striking in the pictures was the condition of Lancombe's apartment. The killer had torn up the floorboards and wedged the portly banker's body into the hole. He had done a messy job of it, yet made no attempt to conceal the body. Lancombe had been left that way for the police to find. The significance of this clew did not escape The Shadow, though he had not yet fathomed its full import.

The photographs were important, but they did not tell The Shadow all he needed to know. Lancombe's apartment might still hold some vital evidence. Evidence The Shadow needed to stop the killer. A fiend whom The Shadow had predicted would strike again!

### CHAPTER FOUR: FRITZ OVERHEARS

ONCE AGAIN IN THE HALLWAY, old, stoop-shouldered Fritz closed the door to Detective Cardona's office with a gentle click. Several men passed him, squeezing around his cleaning cart, none of them really seeing him.

Morning was drawing near. The real Fritz shortly would report for work. The Shadow must take his leave before then.

## Seven Tides of Doom

Just then a man with a ruddy, lined face came clomping up the stairs. He was recognized by The Shadow as Detective Sergeant Markham. His hurried entry into the building said much for the success of the errand on which Cardona had sent him.

Markham ran down the hall to Cardona's office, saw the door closed, the light off. Ignoring Fritz he ran back to the squad room. There he saw Clyde Burke pacing in an agitated manner.

Recognizing the man, Markham called out. "Burke! Where's Cardona?"

With a snort of disgust, Burke said, "That's what I'd like to know!"

"Have you seen him?"

"Sure. I think he's ditched me. And me being the trusting type."

The Shadow glanced at the wall clock. It lacked but a half-hour before six o'clock, when the real Fritz would report for work. Markham's agitation, though, meant more evidence in this ghastly case.

Shuffling behind his cleaning cart, The Shadow pushed into the squad room. He left the cart at the entrance and moved toward the back of the room and into a room used to interview suspects. He carried a bottle of cleaning fluid and rags.

"None of your double talk, Burke. Where is he?"

"Say, what's got a bee in your bonnet, Sergeant? Has it anything to do with the death of Marguerite Nordhoff?"

Markham grunted, seeing the reporter with pencil and pad poised for

his answer.

"Nuts to you .... And you can quote me."

"That's no way to treat a valued member of the fourth estate, Detective Sergeant," Cardona offered, stepping back into the room.

"We've gotta talk about that pick up job, Cardona."

Cardona frowned then cast a dark look over at Burke. "Beat it, newsman. This is police business."

"Nothing doing. This being a public building and me being a tax payer in good standing, I think I'll stick around."

Cardona reddened, bunching up his lips in a white line. He started for the squad room entrance but saw it blocked by Fritz's cart. Markham tossed his head toward the back of the squad at the interview room. Cardona nodded and the two men left Burke standing behind the swinging gate.

The interview room was a narrow rectangle with a small, well-used wooden table set off-center. Around it sat a motley collection of wooden chairs. Fritz was at his work, slowly cleaning everything in the room.

"Say, we'd better get rid of this guy, too," Markham said.

Cardona laughed. "Old Fritz, you mean?"

At the sound of his name, Fritz looked up.

"In a bit early this morning, aren't you, Fritz?"

With an uncertain nod, Fritz said, "Yah, yah."

Cardona laughed again. "All right, Fritz. Don't let us interrupt you." He waved toward the chairs and Fritz took that to mean he should continue with his work.

"Don't worry about him," Cardona said, the smile fading from his face. "Now what about the pick up."

Markham pushed the hat back on his head, uncomfortable and stalling for time.

"Well, the short of it is he skipped. Can't find him at all."

"Let's comb the neighborhood."

"Got six men working on that right now. We're waking up a lot cranky folks."

"I don't care! Running like that makes him number one in my book! What have you got on him ...?"

Sounds at the entrance to the squad room interrupted the men. Looking out, they saw a young man struggling against the brawn of two uniformed policemen. One of the detectives in the squad had gotten up from his desk, sap in hand, and was preparing to use it.

Cardona glanced over at Burke, who had found a corner to stand in and was grinning like a monkey and making notes in his pad.

"Stay here," he told Markham, and ran over to the altercation.

Cardona grabbed the detective's swinging arm, halting the fall of the blackjack. "None of that, Parker."

Roughly he pushed the detective aside and stepped up to the youth. His appearance had had a sudden calm-

## The Shadow

ing effect on the lad. The boy had stopped struggling, but his face was twisted with anger.

"Just what's the trouble?"

"I need to know about Mary. What happened to Mary?"

Both uniformed officers shrugged in response to Cardona's questioning look. "Who's this Mary?"

"Mary Nordhoff! Marguerite. What happened? Can't somebody please tell me what happened to her?"

He was pitiful in his pleading. He seemed to lose all will at the mention of her name and slumped in the officers' arms.

Burke had stepped away from his safe corner, keen interest playing on his face. Seeing this, Cardona grabbed the youth and dragged him back into the interview room and slammed the door closed.

Fritz, polishing a table with slow movements, went unnoticed.

Cardona shoved the youth into a chair. The boy slumped and began weeping into his hands. Cardona sat the boy up straight then slapped his face a couple of times.

"Enough of that, do you hear? You straighten up and tell us what happened."

"I don't know what happened! That's why I came here."

Cardona recognized the lad from a picture at Marguerite Nordhoff's apartment. He was a tall kid, almost six feet. He had a mop of yellow hair and a baby's face. He was a strapping lad, made weak by his grief. Accord-

## Seven Tides of Doom

ing to the address book in Marguerite Nordhoff's dresser, this was her boyfriend.

"Well give us what you know." Markham said.

"I don't know anything. Except, maybe .... oh, tell me, please! Is she dead?"

"What makes you ask that?"

"There's a policeman outside her door. He wouldn't say anything. But Mrs. Kaumphlet in the next building – the old busy body – said Mary had been killed."

Cardona took a chair, turned it around, and sat with his hands resting on the reversed seatback.

"Just why do you call her Mary?"

"A nickname is all. Really. Can't you tell me something?"

"I think you'd better do the talking for now," Cardona said. "Give us your name and tell us what you've been doing tonight."

The youth took a few deep breaths. "This is so unfair. I'm dying not knowing." His pleas fell on deaf ears. Cardona and Markham were made of stone in this regard. "Very well. My name is Quimby Wilton. I'm twenty-one years old and I attend University."

"How do you know a flowershop girl?"

"I met her one day while buying flowers."

"For some other girl, I suppose," Markham growled.

"Most assuredly. For my mother."

The two detectives exchanged sour glances. "Go on."

"I found her the most captivating girl. Shy and retiring, but ..."

"All right, all right, save it for the newspapers. What happened tonight?"

"Why, nothing," Quimby said, innocently. Suddenly he stood erect. "You don't think that I had anything to do with this, do you? Why, you just can't! I couldn't harm her, not a strand of her lovely black hair."

Markham reached up and slapped Quimby. "Sit down, and give us more than hearts and flowers. What happened tonight? When did you last see her?"

Collapsing into the chair, Quimby said, "There's nothing to tell. We went to a picture show then stopped off for a light dinner at a café on 43rd Street."

"By café you mean automat," Cardona prodded.

Quimby straightened and cocked his head and left eyebrow at the same time. "Most certainly not!" A moment later he deflated. "Mary didn't have money, but I do. My family does. She didn't like expensive restaurants. That was fine. So we went to a small café."

"All right, what then?"

"I brought her home. We took a cab. But we walked around the block a few times, talking. She wouldn't have me in, you see. Not without a chaperone."

"Did you kiss her?"

"A gentleman doesn't ..."

Cardona slapped the boy. "Did you kiss her?"

"Yes," Quimby said weakly. "But quite chaste, I assure you."

"Sure, sure. But you wanted more."

"I said goodnight and went back to my apartment."

"Alone?"

"I have a roommate."

"Yes you do," Markham said. "I jawed with him quite a while, since you were out. He says you've got it bad for Marguerite."

Quimby smiled sadly. "Yes."

"So where were you if not with Marguerite or your roommate?"

"At the library for a while. But I couldn't study. I kept seeing her face. I went out for a walk. For hours."

"Until four o'clock in the morning?"

"I had a lot to think about. I had bought a ring, you see." Quimby's hand came out of his pocket. He held a small jewelry box. Cardona took it and opened it. Inside sparkled a modest diamond ring a flower girl could wear. Cardona looked over at Markham. He could see his own disappointment mirrored in the sergeant's face.

"This why you came back to her place this morning."

Quimby, crying again, simply nodded.

Cardona lost interest and stood up. The boy hadn't killed her and likely would not know who had. Still, with the trouble they had finding the youth, he did not want to release him too soon.

Cardona was surprised to see Fritz at the door, leaving. He had forgotten about the old janitor.

"See ya, Fritz."

"Yah."

## The Shadow

Outside the interview room The Shadow saw the real Fritz coming up the stairs. He stopped outside the squad room having noticed his cleaning cart. This confused the old man.

His way blocked, The Shadow slipped through a side door, the one Cardona had used to go to the police laboratory. He found himself in a short hallway, at the end of which was a staircase leading up and another leading down.

In seconds, The Shadow had removed his complete disguise, stuffing his white-haired wig into a pocket. Quickly he slipped out of his pale green work jacket and reversed it to show a dark brown color. From another pocket he took a soft cap and pulled it down onto his head. For a few seconds, his hands passed over his visage, his fingers moving rapidly. His countenance quickly took on an all-new look. In moments he appeared to be deliveryman, nondescript and forgettable.

Thus disguised, The Shadow stepped back into the squad room and made his way unnoticed out of the police station.

Cardona opened the interview room door and took a step out, stretching his back. Markham crowded him.

"He says he wants to see her," the sergeant said.

"So? We need an official identification anyway. Take him down, and then sit on him for a while. He won't be able to give us anything, but work him over

## Seven Tides of Doom

a little bit anyway."

Markham grunted and closed the door.

Looking tired, gray-haired Inspector Klein came into the squad room and called to Cardona.

"Let's talk, Joe."

"Okay, Inspector. My office."

The two men went down the hall to Cardona's office. When they were comfortably seated, Klein began.

"You got the boyfriend?"

"Fat lot of good that does. Aw, he's a washout, Inspector."

Klein nodded, sagely. "Well, we didn't figure him for this anyway."

Agitated, Klein stood up and began pacing the small room. In a moment he stopped and leaned an arm across the top of a filing cabinet.

"Joe, this is the second murder. I'm afraid there will be more. We've got to stop this as soon as we can. I see you've the files from the first murder. Anything to tie the two together?"

Cardona shrugged. "I don't get it, Inspector. These two are as different as night and day. Neither one could have had an enemy in the world. No one would have wanted either dead."

"Victor Lancombe was an embezzler," Klein reminded.

"Sure, but nobody knew that until after he was dead. There's nothing at all to connect these two. Except those broken clocks."

Klein shook his head woefully. "I just came from the lab. Those clocks aren't anything special. And the only fingerprints on them belong to the vic-

tims.”

A despondent silence fell over the room. Then Cardona snapped his fingers. “Maybe that’s it. The killer chooses them completely at random. Somehow he spots them and – well, he’s got to have some reason for killing them. Even if he’s the only one who understands it.”

“Sure. He’s crazy, Joe. That’s clear. But how does he choose them? That’s the clew that will put us onto him.”

Cardona gave a rueful shrug.

“The train,” Klein said, suddenly warming to an idea. “Both of them took the train to work. Maybe they took the same train. Same as the killer. It’s worth looking into.”

“Them and tens of thousands of other New Yorkers, Inspector.”

“Damn it, Joe, look into it. This thing has got to be stopped!”

Klein pushed out the door, slamming it behind him. Cardona understood his superior’s agitation. Most crimes were more easily solved. Crimes of passion or greed, or just plain stupidity. But this was a mystery and, no matter what was written in those novels, cops did not like mysteries.

The thought reminded Cardona of the paper in his pocket. He took it out and spread it before him on the desk. The desk lamp shone a bright circle of light on the plain paper. The words on the page had vanished! Yet in his mind the words he had read burned brightly.

Cardona –

The next murder may occur  
in three days’ time .... or in  
six. Beware!

-- The Shadow

The Shadow had already detected a pattern. Separated by three days the two murders had occurred. The third murder would occur in three days’ time, or in six. Cardona had a hunch it would be three days until the next crime. To progress by threes or by doubling would stretch out the crimes beyond any killer’s patience.

The next murder would occur in three days, of that Cardona was certain. He was also certain that this was something already known by The Shadow!

### CHAPTER FIVE: DEATH VISITS TWICE

**D**ETECTIVE SERGEANT Markham brought Quimby Wilton back from the morgue. The youth had made the grisly identification, tearfully. Markham grilled him for another half-hour but got nowhere. The kid was as innocent as a newborn.

Finally, the detective sergeant pushed Quimby out the door into the bright light of morning.

Lost, the youth stood outside the precinct numbed by the traffic and the rush of people going to work.

Across the street, Clyde Burke had been standing against a lamp post

## The Shadow

smoking a cigarette. He spotted the youth exit the police station. He watched as Quimby stood motionless on the sidewalk, people jostling around him. Finally, a uniformed cop came up to him and nudged Quimby into motion.

Burke watched for a few moments, trying to spot a police tail. No one was following Quimby.

Burke raced ahead, seeing Quimby barely making headway against the stream of pedestrians. The newspaperman got to the corner before Quimby and waited. He had two cigarettes out and was lighting both as the youth shuffled up to the corner.

"Hello, kid," Burke said. "Tough break about your girl."

Quimby stopped walking and looked up, a glazed look in his eyes. He took the lighted cigarette offered by Burke but did not smoke it.

"Who are you?" Quimby asked, weakly.

"Clyde Burke of the New York *Classic*. That's a newspaper, son."

"Yes. My father forbids us to read it. The Wall Street Journal and the New York Times are all that he has in the house."

"Oh sure, kid. I understand. No hard feelings. Still, I don't suppose those papers care much about your troubles right now, do they?"

Quimby hung his head and shook it.

"No, she was just a flower girl to that uptown crowd. But to you ...."

"To me she was everything."

## Seven Tides of Doom

With a fatherly arm about one of Quimby's shoulders, Burke said, "That's why you and me should talk, son. Get your angle on this."

Burke had guided the youth away from the corner and down a side street. He wanted to make sure that no police – especially Cardona – saw him talking to Quimby.

"Say, you want me to give you something straight? Something nobody else has got."

That piqued Quimby's interest. He looked up with tired, red eyes that held only the faintest spark of hope.

"This isn't a regular killing. No, sir. Marguerite was number two. There's some fiend out there who's doing in folks for no reason. But you and I can stop it. I need all the dope you've got on your girl. Not just the nonsense you passed off to the detectives."

"There's nothing to tell." Quimby appeared ready to cry again.

"Sure there is. You just think about."

A light came on in Quimby's eyes. His head snapped up and he looked at Burke. "I do have a story for you, Mr. Burke. A good one. You tell your readers that an offer of reward is being made for the capture and conviction of Mary's killer. Tell them that."

Burke shook his head. "Gee, kid, I don't know."

"Five thousand dollars, Mr. Burke."

Laughing, Burke said, "Listen, kid, you'll want to think this over. Talk to dad and mum. Offering this kind of dough will get you all kinds of attention. None of it good."

"I don't need to think it over and I don't need to speak with mother and father. Will you print the story?"

"How about you hold off on this reward stuff and just spill what you know about your girl."

For the second time that day Quimby's backbone stiffened. "I'll take the risk of attracting unsavory sorts. I'm thinking only of Mary. If you won't report this I'm sure one of the other newspapers in town would."

"All right, kid," Burke said, smiling. "No call to play rough."

Clyde Burke knew better than to file his story immediately. Cardona had made him miss his deadline anyway, but that did not matter. He had not tagged along with the detective to get a story for his newspaper. He had been working for The Shadow.

Burke had monitored the police radio band the previous night and had heard the call come in about Marguerite Nordhoff. The first detective on the scene radioed headquarters that a broken clock had been found at the death apartment, just as one had been found three nights before at the Lancombe murder. A voice came on the radio and ordered that all communication exclude details of the crime. After that, no more mention was made of the broken clocks.

This brief slip made by the police had keyed Clyde Burke onto a new mysterious criminal activity. He reported to his master in his usual way but discovered that The Shadow,

through his own unfathomable means, had already learned of the two homicides. What The Shadow was doing, where he was, or what he had learned would remain a mystery to Clyde Burke. He only knew, through his long association with the scourge of crime, that The Shadow would prevail and crime would be punished.

Shed now of young Quimby, Clyde Burke hurriedly walked two blocks to a drugstore. He found two empty booths, side-by-side, and settled into one of them. Quickly, he dialed a private number. On the other end, the phone was lifted on the first ring.

Dead air greeted Clyde Burke. This did not fluster him. "Burke here," he said.

"Report," came the terse answer. The nasally voice on the other end of the line belonged to a mysterious figure known only as Burbank. He provided communication between The Shadow and his many agents.

"Police retrieved broken clock at Nordhoff murder ... girl's body placed on top of stacked tables ... no other clues. Nordhoff boyfriend, Quimby Wilton, questioned. Police believe boy not involved in murder. Quimby will offer \$5,000 reward to get Nordhoff's killer. He wants *Classic* to run story. That is all."

There was a pause on the other end, and then Burbank said, "Stand by for instructions. Report current location and phone number."

Burke completed his report and hung up. Instructions. The Shadow

## The Shadow

would get him involved directly now. A slight thrill passed through the newspaperman.

Several minutes later the telephone rang.

"Burke."

"Instructions," said an eerie, whispered voice across the wire. Another thrill passed through the newspaperman. This one a cold chill. Although he had heard The Shadow's voice many times, its eerie, distant quality always unnerved him. The voice seemed not to come from the telephone receiver but from all about him. Instinctively, Burke looked around to see if anyone else had heard the voice. There was no one nearby.

"Instructions are as follows: Run the story offering the reward. Be certain to include Quimby's full name and address. Stay close to Quimby, but do not let him see you. Others may be watching, too. That is all."

There was no click, but the phone went dead.

Burke took a handkerchief out of his pocket and wiped his brow. Then he laughed at his own nervousness. Inside the tiny phone booth the sound seemed to echo and deepen into something almost sinister, and then it faded away.

Victor Lancombe's building was a converted brownstone divided into six apartments. It shared a courtyard in the back with other apartment buildings which opened onto an alley.

As darkness descended, a long

## Seven Tides of Doom

shadow fell across the back courtyard and formed a nebulous contour on the rear door of the building. A shape congealed around the doorknob. Silently the door opened and closed again, and the shadow was gone.

The police had left Victor Lancombe's apartment two days before, although it remained locked and sealed by an official notice which read: *Do Not Enter Without Permission of Police.*

This door, too, yielded mysteriously, and closed just as quickly.

Victor Lancombe's abandoned apartment was dark, save for speckles of street light which filtered through the leaves of a tree outside, dappling the room's bare walls. A darkness moved away from the front door and into the room. The Shadow!

Victor Lancombe's crime had been petty. A sad man who had embezzled poorly. Death should not have been his punishment.

The Shadow began a search of Victor Lancombe's meager rooms. The bedroom and bath were Spartanly furnished and joyless. Dust had collected on a small nightstand, forming the outline of the missing clock. The killer had used what was at hand.

Several gray suits hung in an aging chifforobe; a half dozen white shirts barely filled one of the chifforobe's side drawers. Lancombe appeared to have owned only one pair of shoes, the pair in which he had been buried.

The kitchen was equally anonymous. Victor Lancombe kept little food in his cabinets and less in his icebox,

now soggy and moldy with disuse.

The Shadow had hoped for some clue as to the man's personality, some reason for his death. There was none. At the time of his death, Lancombe's crimes had yet to be discovered, and those offered no motive for death.

But there was a clue to be found about his death.

His killer was most peculiar. For his own nefarious purposes he had pulled up several of the floorboards and chopped through the subfloor to reveal the supporting structure. He had used a pick-axe for the boards were chopped roughly, pieces of wood having flown off in all directions. He was a bold killer, The Shadow knew! He cared little for the noise he made or for the attention he attracted.

Then, for reasons yet unknown to The Shadow, he had taken Victor Lancombe's bleeding body and wedged it into the hole he had made. The body had not gone through. The killer had not meant for it to. He meant only to place the body in a strange position several inches below the floor.

The mystery was baffling.

With a thin penlight, The Shadow inspected the destroyed floor and the support structure, looking for any sign that something had been hidden beneath. There was nothing, no room to hide even a small box.

The Shadow examined the hole – its size, its depth, measuring carefully. This was a first floor apartment, although it was several feet off the street. Five feet, or more. Thus Victor

Lancombe's body had been more than five feet above street level, minus several inches.

Marguerite Nordhoff had been elevated as well. Her body was five feet or more off her apartment floor. The killer had placed her there purposely. Thus was her body nearly the same height off the ground as Lancombe's. Or was it? Although elevated in her apartment, Marguerite Nordhoff's body still lacked several inches from street level.

The killer had a plan. Even now the ragged edges of it were becoming clear to The Shadow. Pondering this, he straightened and turned for the door.

Then the front window shattered, a gunshot echoing from the eerily silent street. In an instant, searing death burned into the room, unerringly toward the blackened form of The Shadow!

### CHAPTER SIX: DEATH UNDERGROUND

**P**AIN LIKE A HOT KNIFE SLICED at The Shadow's shoulder. He whirled, blackness engulfing him, as two more shots smashed into the room. The Stygian gloom surrounding The Shadow had been punctured harmlessly, the bullets lodging in the light-dappled wall behind him.

Then silence.

Off in the distance echoed the frantic footsteps of the escaping gunman.

## The Shadow

The Shadow wasted no time with doors. Instantly he threw himself through the shattered window, sailing out over the sunken stairwell to the basement apartment below, and landed deftly on the sidewalk.

The Shadow froze, to listen. Silence engulfed him. It was Sunday night. The streets were deserted. Far off a busy avenue sparkled, with tiny pinpricks of light from the headlights of motor cars. The distant sound of a streetcar bell tinkled briefly.

The noise of a tin can rattling echoed off the brick apartment fronts. The Shadow turned and ran.

Another sound reached him: a screeching cat. His quarry was panicking.

At an open alley, The Shadow paused to listen. He heard the scuffing of running feet ahead. A low, mocking peal of laughter rose up in the still night air; a weird, uncanny laugh that could freeze the heart of evildoers. The Shadow's laugh!

Ahead, the escaping gunman stopped. The quiet night had suddenly filled with strange laughter. Its eerie quality seemed to come from everywhere at once. Nearly at alley's end, he felt as if the walls were collapsing on him, so terrifying was that laughter. What madman made such a sound? The terror-stricken gunman remembered stories he had heard from his comrades in crime. Stories of a dark figure of the night, whose bodiless hand reached from the shadows and squeezed the life

## *Seven Tides of Doom*

out of a man. The Shadow, they called him.

Shaking, the gunman ran out into the street. A passing motor car honked its vibrato horn and its tires screeched. Gun in hand, the criminal aimed at the driver but did not pull the trigger. He did not want to give The Shadow a means to find him.

Racing down into another alley, the gunman had to stop again. In his panic he had become disoriented. He had been given specific instructions on where to escape to; now he was lost.

He ran back to the corner to orient himself. Street lamps gave off an orange glow, but there was plenty of it. No one would be able to sneak up on him without being seen. There were shadows in the street. They played off the tenement buildings and apartment houses, and seemed to grow out of alleys. A breeze gave movement to the trees that lined the street, casting leafy, everflowing shadows. Suddenly, to the gunman's eyes, there seemed to be nothing but darkness surrounding him. Terror chilling him he ran, heedless of his instructions or of the noise made by his footfalls

The gunman paused at the next corner to read the street sign. He looked about him and then, with renewed confidence, ran up the street. He took greater care now, searching for something. Another motor car passed.

Toward the end of the block he found it. A manhole cover had been moved from its seat, opened just enough for the gunman to get a firm

grasp and shove it aside. He was not a particularly strong man, but fear was powering him now.

Quickly he climbed down into the manhole. Clinging to the grimy ladder rungs he tried to pull the cover over him. He managed to move the heavy steel lid but could not pull it over him completely.

Wasting no more time with it, he climbed down into the gloom.

From his pocket he took a small torch. Grasping it in two shaking hands he ignited it with the click of a switch and threw a weak yellow light ahead of him.

These were the drainage sewers for the city of New York, one of many series of tunnels, at various depths, beneath the great city. There were ancient train tunnels, now abandoned and mostly forgotten, old sewer tunnels, the old underground water tunnels, as well as the new subway, water, and sewer tunnels. Some had been built over the top of the old; some built beside the old. It was for one of these older tunnels that the gunman now struck.

Clinging to the narrow elevated walkway, the gunman followed the tunnel for several blocks. Grime, moss, and mold made the going slippery and dangerous. Several feet below was a concrete trench of foul water slowly oozing its way to the East River. At several places along the path the walkway had collapsed, concrete crumbling with age, leaving a dangerous gap to cross.

The gunman found an unsuspected

well of courage and managed each leap without slipping into the grimy river. But it was courage borne of fear; the fear of what pursued him.

He had no illusions that he had lost his pursuer. Some innate, feral intelligence kept him constantly wary. The knowledge of pursuit was certain, even though he saw nothing, heard nothing to give corporeal form to his fears.

Shadows played wildly along the low, rounded ceiling of the tunnel. The gunman's flashlight wavered with each movement. As he passed beneath street gratings ghostly light filtered down to him. But always the darkness behind him seemed to press closer and closer.

The gunman reached a junction and paused to look down the new tunnels. Confident, with his instructions memorized, he set off uptown along one of the new tunnels. He continued for two blocks, then stopped again, his flashlight searching a section of crumbling wall. Here there was another tunnel, this one narrower and set off at an angle. The gunman entered this tunnel, crouching low to keep from scraping his head against the dripping ceiling.

The tunnel cut back to parallel the other tunnel then ended abruptly. A brief wave of panic swept over the gunman. Before him was a brick wall. But a quick examination showed the wall was crumbling. Broken bricks were strewn about the base of the dead end. A hole had formed in the wall. The gunman breathed a heavy, shuttering

sigh of relief.

Heedless of the noise, the gunman pushed through the weakened wall, the crash of collapsing bricks echoing down the tunnel. Purposely, the gunman left the opening narrow. Anyone following him through would have to upset the bricks further. The sound would echo and give the gunman ample warning. He laughed, congratulating himself on his cleverness. But it was a thin, reedy laugh and it died quickly in the deep tunnels.

The gunman had entered an abandoned rail tunnel. Here there was no water, only dry-as-bone dust. Years of it piled thickly on every surface. He stepped out onto a narrow ledge. Several feet below lay the railbed. Rusted metal rails sat on rotting wood. These were double rails, one pair set inside another. The gunman stepped down into the railbed, carefully avoiding the metal rails. Electricity did not run through these rails, but the gunman did not know that, his experience having only been with modern electrified trains. Had he looked to the high, arched ceiling he would have noted the layers of ancient soot from coal engines of long ago.

Growing bolder, the gunman hurried his pace. Ahead was a door, and beyond that a trap. The sinister mastermind who had sent him on his errand of death had known about The Shadow, had known that he would follow the gunman. And he had prepared a warm welcome for him!

Far behind, in the dank underground passage, The Shadow doubled back along the uptown tunnel and found the small, crumbling tunnel set off at an angle. It had been small enough to miss the first time, but now with unhesitating speed he entered it, crouching low.

He found the brick wall and laughed softly. The gunman had left many of the loose bricks piled at the opening of the broken wall, a crude warning devise. The Shadow squeezed past these as though he were air and glided into the abandoned rail tunnel.

The gunman's footsteps echoed clearly in the arid air of the abandoned tunnel. The Shadow followed across the railbed and down the tunnel several hundred yards to a metal door. The door was in remarkably good repair.

Opening the door, The Shadow found a narrow, low-ceilinged hallway hewn from the bedrock. At the end of the hallway was another metal door which opened into another tunnel. A long forgotten accessway.

Entering the narrow hallway, The Shadow felt along the rock for hidden doors or buttons. He found nothing.

Suddenly, the door at the end of the hall slammed shut with an echoing boom. Turning, The Shadow saw the other door crashing closed and heard the double click of a lock put in place.

"I've heard about you," came the voice of the unseen gunman, his cackling laughter muffled by rock and steel. But the voice shook, too. Fear still held

the gunman in its grasp. "Well, it don't look like you're so tough. The boss'll give me a bonus for this!"

Mockingly, The Shadow laughed.

"Shut up, you!" the gunman's voice screeched, quivering. "This is your end."

As the gunman spoke, a thunderous concussion shook the hallway and an intense light blasted from above. His ears ringing, the cloaked form of The Shadow collapsed to the floor, large slabs of crumbling rock crashing down from the ceiling on top of him.

For a moment, The Shadow lay still. Slowly, he began to move, shaking chunks of rock from his back. Swirling rock dust filled the small cavern. Like a wraith, The Shadow rose and surveyed the truncated tunnel. An explosive charge had blasted chunks of the rocky ceiling away. A hole several feet deep hung above him, its black recess unseen. Now that the echoes had faded and the ringing in his ears had stopped, The Shadow heard another sound. The rock above him groaned and cracked as if a pressure were being exerted from above.

"Death to The Shadow!" cried the voice on the other side of the steel door.

The ceiling groan again and then collapsed in a rush of rock and water. The Shadow was smashed against a steel door, pinned there by the unbelievable force of the onrushing water.

All along it had been a trap! The hidden gunman, the chase through the streets the escape down into the aban-

doned tunnels, and finally being led here to a waiting tomb.

The small cavern began filling with water. The steel doors were fitted so tightly that only a little water leaked out. It was clear water, fresh, near freezing, and must have come from the aqueduct that brought the city's water supply from upstate.

The Shadow swam out of the pummeling stream of plunging water and looked up at the low ceiling. There he saw a lengthy but narrow crack in the rock. Through that the water poured. The rock was loose around the crack, jarred by the explosion. If he could only reach it – and have enough time!

Already the cold, numbing water had reached The Shadow's waist.

Throwing caution aside, The Shadow drew his forty-five automatics and, with a weird peal of laughter, he fired at the crack in the ceiling. Bullets ricocheted and rock chipped off the ceiling, all of it raining down around The Shadow. A bouncing bullet slapped through The Shadow's hat brim, now wet and drooping over his head. A red welt formed on his neck.

Still, The Shadow sprayed hot lead at the ceiling!

Finally, his clips empty, he holstered the guns. Now the water was at his chest. With a heave of his mighty legs, The Shadow launched himself toward the ceiling. Nimble, his fingers caught hold of the cracked rock. Too heavy, the rock broke from his weight and The Shadow splashed back into the water.

## The Shadow

Again he leapt, catching the crack in the rock, and this time he managed to hold on. His fusillade of bullets had widened the hole, deepened it. Clinging desperately, with his bare hands The Shadow pulled at loose rock as a steady stream of water poured down over him.

The water had climbed even further, now up to his chest. There was but two feet of space remaining before he would be totally submerged.

Frantically, The Shadow worked the aged stone, punching, pulling, rocking, clearing from the hole everything he could. The crack was wide enough for his shoulders, but it still was not deep enough to accommodate his powerful chest.

The deadly stream of cold water did not cease. The Shadow lost his grip and was punched down by the terrible force into the truncated tunnel. By the time he swam to the top, water had completely filled the cave.

Time was running out!

The hole had widened under The Shadow's last efforts. Only a few jutting rocks impeded his escape.

The Shadow reached up through the crack, feeling for an end to the rock. His hand fell upon a smooth, flat surface.

Counterbalancing his grip, The Shadow pulled mightily. The rock cracked and shifted, its bed of calcified soil now crumbling. The Shadow tugged again and the rock fell free.

With only moments to spare, The Shadow squeezed through the meager

## Seven Tides of Doom

opening. He had nearly passed through the opening when suddenly he stopped. Frantically he pulled, trying to free himself of his entanglement. He could move no further. He was wedged into the cracked rock.

### CHAPTER SEVEN: SUBWAY DEATH

**T**RAPPED UNDERWATER, The Shadow pulled desperately. Pressure exerted on his throat and at his shoulders. His air was at an end.

Then he unclasped his cloak and wrestled free of its twisting, cloying folds, wriggling wildly in the tight confines. His lungs burning, The Shadow broke the surface, gasping for air.

He had passed out of the narrow hole in the rock and up into the main stream of the fresh water channel. The current pushed The Shadow along several yards before he reached out and grabbed onto the raised side of the aqueduct.

This tunnel was lit with meager from electric lamps, widely spaced. But the flowing water reflected an undulating pattern on the walls that enhanced the weak light. The Shadow could see.

Rising from the water, The Shadow navigated the narrow walkway along the channel to a recessed break in the tunnel wall. Here he found a raised concrete tube topped with a round steel access port. The port was hinged and had a wheel set into it to seal it water-

tight.

Working the rusted wheel, The Shadow forced open the port. Below was darkness. A frail ladder adorned one side of the narrow concrete tube.

The Shadow jumped into the tight space of the hatchway and climbed down the ladder. The ladder ended several feet below the unsealed at the bottom of the tube. The Shadow paused to examine his surroundings.

Pulling an electric torch from beneath his cloak, The Shadow saw that he was back in an arid abandoned subway tunnel – one that paralleled the first tunnel. In the narrow beam of his lamp The Shadow saw the sealed metal door beyond which was meant to be his watery tomb. Dribbles of water leaked out along the bottom of the door.

Further down the tunnel there was light – a pale yellow glow, barely discernable from the darkness. From that direction came a noise echoing down the tunnel. Once again The Shadow heard the scuffling sound of footsteps as the gunman sought escape.

The Shadow's eyes burned in the direction of the sound. An eerie laughter rose up, becoming louder as it rolled down the tunnel in pursuit of the would-be murderer.

The gunman had become confused and disoriented. After sealing The Shadow in the trap, he had blown the dynamite charge set there earlier by his unknown chief. The noise and concussive force of the blast had thrown him

down to the dusty ground where he had lain for several minutes, groggy.

When his senses returned, he sought his prearranged escape plan and eventually remembered where he was supposed to go. He saw the pale yellow light and made for it.

The going was difficult. Rotten rail ties cracked under his tread, rails had been uprooted and lay loosely about. He tripped many times.

As he neared the light the rails ended. A wooden barrier had been erected years ago, but had collapsed as the wood rotted. The railbed itself ended as well, swelling into a mound of dirt and debris.

The gunman's instructions had been to climb over this mound and cross to the other side where he would find another access door which would lead to the surface.

Then he heard the sound. That laughter! It couldn't be! He had killed that devilish thing!

It was The Shadow's laugh, and it sent a bone-chilling shiver through the gunman.

He wasted no time. He leapt over the rotten barrier and frantically climbed the mound of debris and dust. Constantly he lost his footing so that he had to crawl upon his hands and knees.

At first the laugh had seemed far away, although the echo of it bounced all around him. Now it sounded close.

The gunman whirled and fired his gun. The laugh seemed to surround him. Then he heard it in his left ear as

## The Shadow

plain as if The Shadow stood beside him. He turned again and fired. The gun's echo cracked down the tunnel, and The Shadow laughed harder.

"Who is your master?" the disembodied voice of The Shadow demanded. "Tell me, and you shall yet live!"

The gunman answered with three shots from his gun, all of them useless.

Panicked, the gunman crawled to the top of the mound to find a long plateau stretching off into the darkness. A whistling wind blew down the narrowed tunnel, pushing at the gunman. He heard a brief heavy rush of wind which softened after a few moments. There was stillness and then the rushing wind repeated.

"Do not move," commanded The Shadow. "You need not die."

The gunman fired more shots, but only the first punched out lead. The rest were dry fires on spent cartridges.

Shaking, the gunman threw his gun at a dark spot along the wall, then turned and ran. The darkness itself reached out for him and he screamed.

"Tell me the name of the fiend who is your master!"

"Never!"

Almost completely mad now with fear, the gunman began laughing as he ran. The laughter turned to screaming as the floor gave way with a sudden explosive crack.

Falling, the gunman cried out. From the blackness a hand stretched to catch hold of the man's wrist. Looking down, the gunman saw subway tracks and a platform fifty feet below

## Seven Tides of Doom

him. Debris fell and commuters on the platform looked up and screamed.

Laughing crazily, the gunman began wriggling free of the hand that had saved him.

"Don't be a fool!" came the sinister tones of The Shadow. "You will never survive the fall."

"You'll never have me, you devil!"

The broken floor jerked suddenly with a loud crack. The Shadow pulled back to retreat from the rotting timbers. Blinded by panic, the gunman squeezed his hand out of The Shadow's grasp and plunged, cartwheeling toward the rails below. As he fell, an express train came speeding through the station. The gunman slammed on top of the rushing subway cars, his body bouncing several times until it was thrown off to land at the edge of the platform. The twisted, bloody flesh skidded to a stop and did not move again.

Terrified commuters looked upon the fallen man and screamed as they witnessed the horrible death. Then they looked up at the dark hole in the roof of the subway station. From the gloom a Stygian figure moved, pausing briefly before disappearing into the blackness.

The plain office door offered no clew to the contents or activity of the room beyond. A heavy door, inlaid with a plain wooden panel and a frosted glass window, it inspired no more curiosity to the other tenants on the floor than a util-

ity closet. The door was inscribed simply: "B. Jonas." A metal mail slot gave only the meagerest of openings into the darkened room.

This late of a Sunday evening the halls of the dingy building were deserted. The night watchman was comfortably asleep in his chair inside his small office on the first floor. No one saw the door to the office labeled B. Jonas open briefly and then whisk closed.

Pale light from the street below filtered into the room with the faint sound of occasional street traffic below. Invisibly, the shade upon the window was lowered, blocking off all light.

A sharp click! A small desk lamp came to life, spreading a tight cone of blue light over the desk. A gloved hand reached into the light. Upon a finger of that hand was a ring set with a strange, almost glowing gem. The Shadow's girasol!

Hands upon the desk, The Shadow removed paper and pencil from a drawer and slowly began making notes.

The deaths had been mysterious. Still, police were baffled. But the mystery was quickly resolving itself – for The Shadow.

The killer had a plan, devious and sinister. His plan was to kill The Shadow! He would accomplish this by cruelly killing innocents. He would draw The Shadow into a duel of wits, challenging The Shadow to catch him. He would escalate his crimes until The Shadow was caught in some deathtrap,

or he and the killer faced off to the death.

Tonight's trap was the first. It had been set in earnest. Had the killer succeeded he would not have been displeased. But the killer knew The Shadow would not die so easily. So he had set a second trap – the collapsing floor over the subway tunnel. Certainly the killer had meant to remove his henchman. But had The Shadow escaped the watery grave prepared for him, this second chance to make the kill was waiting.

Yet The Shadow had disappointed villainy once again. These would not be the last traps set for him. This killer had a plan and was prepared with men and materials to complete it.

The deaths of the past three days seemed random – to all but The Shadow. The pattern even now was immersing to the Master of Crime.

The Shadow wrote:

Marguerite Nordhoff

*Age:* 24

*Height:* 5-foot-2-inches

*Weight:* 104 pounds

*Occupation:* Flowershop girl

*Distinguishing Marks:* Mole  
behind left ear

*Death by:* Stabbing

*Body position:* Supine, 2½  
inches below street level

*Time of Death:* 1:47 a.m.

Victor Lancombe

*Age:* 47

*Height:* 5-foot-9-inches

*Weight:* 217 pounds

*Occupation:* Banker

*Distinguishing Marks:* none

*Death by:* Stabbing

*Body position:* Supine, 5'  
above street level

*Time of Death:* 5:40 a.m.

On the surface, the information about the two victims was sketchy, not obviously helpful. But The Shadow knew better. While each had been knifed to death, that was not the thing that connected them. Their occupations, their ages, their lives offered no connection either.

The bodies were the main clues upon which to focus.

The placement of their bodies told much to The Shadow. In this, the killer was leaving a clue. One was elevated, one was set into a floor. Each was positioned at a specific height compared to street level. The Shadow had measured the distance with exacting care. Marguerite Nordhoff, although elevated in her basement apartment more than six feet off the floor, she was only two-and-one-half inches below street level. Victor Lancombe had been dug into the floor, his body clumsily pressed into a hastily prepared hole. He was nearly two feet below the level of the apartment floor, but was exactly five feet above street level.

The clocks offered the second clue. Time of death was extremely important to the killer. The clocks had been deliberately smashed to memorialize the time. Even the police had seen that clue, but they did not understand it. It meant much to The Shadow. Along with the placement of the bodies, this gave The Shadow insight as to the killer's motives.

Each victim had been killed not for who they were or what they had done, but because of where they lived: basement flat, first floor apartment. The fiend did not want to kill people on the street or in highrise apartment buildings or down in garages. The bodies needed to be a certain height compared to street level, and so they had been chosen for the ability to place them in the proper position.

Those height measurements and the broken clocks meant a great deal. It was a clue that confirmed The Shadow's earlier suspicions and which would help him identify the next victim. For there would be many more victims until the killer was apprehended.

Now, The Shadow angled the lamp away from the desktop and washed blue light along one wall. Upon the wall was a detailed map of Manhattan he had placed there earlier. Taking a small white circle of paper he pressed this to the map over the location of Marguerite Nordhoff's apartment and labeled the paper #2. He did the same for Victor Lancombe's apartment, several blocks north and to the west of

Marguerite Nordhoff's, and labeled that #1.

This was yet another clew left by the killer. He was murdering in a pattern, but just what that pattern was The Shadow could not know. The next murder would reveal the killer's design. Cloistered in the darkness, The Shadow believed he knew what shape would be exposed. But the exact location of the killer's next victim remained enshrouded.

He might have gained valuable information from the gunman, but madness had claimed the man. Insanity was a criminal trait unfathomable by the sane mind. Yet The Shadow knew. Abject fear had driven the man mad.

The killer had obviously posted his gunman at Victor Lancombe's apartment, awaiting the chance to kill The Shadow, or spring his watery trap. Perhaps another gunman waiting at Marguerite Nordhoff's apartment.

A low, dark laugh floated through the room. The Shadow would meet this new gunman. He had many questions for him, and many ways to get his answers.

The killer was playing a deadly game. But to what end? Kill The Shadow ... then what? The Shadow knew there was yet another purpose motivating the killer. Some other prize to be won.

The killer was deliberately leaving clues. He would kill again, The Shadow knew. He wanted to be caught. The Shadow would oblige him!

### CHAPTER EIGHT: BURKE STEPS IN

THE STORY OF MARGUERITE Nordhoff's murder ran on page one of the *Classic* with a tearful sidebar offering the reward. Quimby Wilton's name and full address had been prominently mentioned.

Young Quimby had set up shop in his parents' home on the upper West Side, and he began seeing callers who claimed to have information about Marguerite Nordhoff's death. Clyde Burke said he wanted to do a follow-up story and stopped by several times during the day. After the story of the reward broke the other newspapers became interested and a handful of reporters came and sat like vultures in the long hallway off the main entrance.

Burke had greater access to the family, having come through for them in their hour of need. At lunch time he dropped by with a photographer to take shots of the family conducting interviews. A buffet spread that could have fed a regiment had been laid out and everyone helped himself. Out in the hallway, being worked over by the reporters, were twenty or more fortune seekers.

By the look on his face Burke did not have to ask how the interviews progressed. Mumsy and Dad had kept it going the whole day through, standing squarely, silently, behind their son and his quest for his poor deceased flowershop girl's killer. They were, after all, Democrats. But the look in their

## The Shadow

eyes said, all things being equal, they would have preferred the flowershop girl had died more quietly.

By ten o'clock that evening everyone had left, including the reporters. Disappointment clung to the air.

Quimby was about to shuffle off to bed when Burke nudged him toward the door.

"We need to get some air," he said.

Dolefully, Quimby nodded, called for his coat and allowed the bleary-eyed manservant to help him shrug into it.

Leading a brisk pace, Burke steered Quimby down a couple of blocks and over one until they found a standing cab. Burke threw open the door and pushed the lad inside.

"Here now, what's the meaning of this?"

"What you need is not air, young fella. You need a snootful."

"Father doesn't approve."

"Father's got a girl. You, young sir, have just lost yours a way no man should have to, and you need to get snocked. Doctor's orders."

Quimby did not argue. Burke gave the cabby an address and they beat it out of the swell part of town.

They pulled up to McGinty's ten minutes later and ten minutes after that Quimby had two shots of rye and three beers in him. The Shadow had said to watch Quimby, but Burke needed sleep like any commoner. There were two ways to keep an eye on the lad and get some sleep at the same time. One was to check into a hotel with Quimby and lock the door,

## Seven Tides of Doom

and Burke did not think the kid would go for that. The other was to get him drunk then put him to bed. Burke would grab a little shuteye and show up on the kid's doorstep early the next morning.

Within half an hour, the kid's head was lolling back and forth and he no longer even tried to make sense when he spoke.

Burke slipped out of their booth and wended his way through the crowd to the back of the bar to make a phone call. Quickly he dialed the familiar number.

"Burbank," the voice said, answering on the first ring.

"Burke here."

"Report."

"Quimby is dead drunk. Am taking him home to sleep it off."

"Report received. Hold for instructions." There was a brief pause and then, "Resume watch in the morning."

The line went dead. Burke sighed with tired relief and hung up. He'd get the kid home and then grab a few hours shuteye.

But when he returned to the booth, Quimby was gone.

Burke ran out onto the street. Luckily it was a slow night, with the theaters dark on Monday. He ran to the corner and looked up and down the avenue, and then back down the street. There were pedestrians, some cars, and plenty of cabs, but no sign of Quimby.

Snapping his fingers, Burke returned to the front of McGinty's where

two hacks were stationed. One of the cabbies was leaning up against his ride, cap pushed down over his head, arms crossed in front of him. The other sat on the fender with a foot up on the bumper poring over a racing form.

"A kid just ran out of McGinty's. Which one of you fellas saw him?"

The sleeping cabby didn't move, and the other only glanced up before turning back to his paper.

Burke pulled a dollar out of his pocket and snapped it.

"This goes to the guy who can give me a straight answer."

The racing fan looked up again. "Blond kid, three sheets to the wind, nice suit, and red eyes. That who you're lookin' for?"

"That's the egg. Now, where did he boil off to?"

He nodded to an empty space by the kerb. "Got in the lead hack. Took off."

Burke handed over the dollar and produced another.

"One of yours?" Burke nodded toward the driver's hack.

"Yeah," the cabby said, warming to the game. "A Red Circle cab."

He swept up the second dollar and looked expectantly at Burke.

"You get double that if you get on with your dispatcher and get me an address."

The cabby thought that over for a moment then decided Burke was on the level. He slid into his rig and worked the radio. In a minute he had an address. It was Marguerite's apartment house.

Burke handed over the promised money and moved to get into the cab. "Get me there," he said. "Quick!"

"Say, are you a cop?"

"Fine time to be asking that. I'm a reporter for the *Classic*."

"Well, that's okay, then. Let's roll."

Burke had the cabby stop at the beginning of the street, several houses down from Marguerite's building. He paid off the driver and told him to make a U turn and drive back the way he had come. Burke didn't want anything to tip off Quimby that he had company.

The street was not well lit. Widely spaced street lamps bled pale yellow light onto the pavement. Leafy trees broke the wan light into undulating shadows.

About half the apartments were dark. This was a quiet neighborhood and the good people were sleeping. The distant sound of an elevated train passing echoed in the narrow street.

Burke kept to the shadows on the opposite side of the street from Marguerite's apartment. As he neared, he paused to survey the area. He saw nothing.

A car pulled into the street and slowly passed by, coming to a stop several doors down. The driver got out and went up some stairs and into an apartment.

Burke settled onto a stoop and wanted very much to light a cigarette. Long waits were common for newspapermen and cops, but he did not like them.

## The Shadow

"Got a butt, fella," a voice said, from the darkness.

Burke jumped, his heart hammering. Then he heaved a sigh when detective Cardona showed himself.

"Take it easy, Cardona. I haven't got nine lives, you know."

Cardona laughed. "You'll live."

"Say, I should be good and mad at you, leading me by the nose like that back at headquarters."

"You got your story," Cardona said, settling onto the stoop.

"Sure I did. No thanks to you."

Cardona turned to face Burke. He wore a solemn, determined expression. "Now listen, Burke, this is serious business. There's some crazy killer out there and I mean to stop him. I didn't like giving you a stall job like that, but I didn't need you sounding off about what you know, or what you think you know. I mean to catch this guy, and quick."

Burke nodded and said, "I know what to leave in a story, detective, and what to leave out. Besides, I'm not working this alone."

Burke let that hang in the air for a moment. He watched the detective. Cardona's features did not change, but a light came on in his eyes. Cardona believed that The Shadow existed, had seen the results of his work. He suspected, too, that Burke was somehow tied up with The Shadow, working for him in some unknown capacity. Many times had Cardona revealed confidential facts to Burke certain the information would find its way to The Shadow

## Seven Tides of Doom

and not to the front page of the *Classic*. But he had always been discreet, never openly acknowledging the suspected the connection. Tonight he would change that.

Cardona reached into his pocket and withdrew a folded sheet of paper. This he handed to Burke and waited for him to read the short message. It was a copy of the one left for him by The Shadow, this one written in plain ink. Cardona had made a copy of it out of habit to ensure preservation of evidence. Reading the cryptic message, the newspaperman's eyes widened with surprise.

"Why are you here, Cardona?"

"I'm supposed to ask you that question, citizen."

"After you played me earlier ...?"

Cardona smiled. "All right. I heard about a disturbance tonight at Victor Lancombe's apartment. The first victim. Shots were fired and neighbors say they saw a dark figure running from the apartment. Thought maybe that dark figure would show up here, too."

Cardona's thinking had been impeccable. "All right, now what about you?"

"I'm sticking with Quimby Wilton."

"Marguerite Nordhoff's boyfriend?"

Cardona said, his face souring. "What's he gonna give you? That reward he's offered is nothing but a nut magnet. There's no story there."

"Uh-huh. But I've got a source says I should stick with him anyway."

Cardona thought on that a minute as Burke handed back the copied note.

"You've got two days before the next murder, then?" Burke asked.

"About that." Cardona said. "So your source thinks this Quimby can give us something on that?"

"Couldn't say, detective. But I don't usually question my source."

Something moved across the street. A figure had exited an alley several apartment houses down and was making its way toward Marguerite Nordhoff's apartment.

Cardona spotted the movement first and put a hand up to silence Burke. They watched as the figure stumbled its way down the street. It stopped at the top of the stairs leading down to Marguerite Nordhoff's apartment and made a tentative try at navigating the steps.

"It's the kid," Burke whispered.

"Damn," Cardona said, his voice hardly above a whisper. "Look, you go get him. Make some noise about it. Say he's got to beat it on home, and make it good."

Burke agreed and struck out across the street. Quimby did not see him coming so when the reporter put a friendly hand on the boy's shoulder Quimby whirled about, flailing a loosely balled fist. He screamed and muttered something unintelligible.

"Take it easy, friend," Burke said, corralling Quimby's arms. "It's your pal, Burke."

"Burke? Oh, my friend." Quimby wrapped his arms around the newspaperman.

"Sure, sure, kid. We're best pals. Say, why don't let me get you home?"

"Gotta see Mary."

"We can do that tomorrow. Let's get you home."

Supporting Quimby with one hand, Burke hitched his shoulder up under the youth's arm and steered him into the street. They crossed – Quimby wobbling on shaky legs – and put a few houses distance from Marguerite Nordhoff's place. They found Cardona in the shadows. He had moved two buildings away to a narrow alley. Burke steered the drunken lad into the alley and eased him to the ground.

"I gotta see Mary," he mumbled, then his head fell forward.

Cardona threw a sour glance at Quimby then looked up at Burke. "Kid didn't seem like a drinker when I saw him this morning."

"He's not," Burke said, grimacing. "That was my idea."

"Oh, you're just full of good ones."

They still had a view of Marguerite Nordhoff's apartment, although the angle made it difficult to see the front door, most of which was below street level. The stairs leading down to the apartment and the top of the front room window could be seen.

The night grew cool and, now that Quimby had fallen asleep, quiet again. After half an hour Burke was ready to pull out; his job was to watch Quimby, not empty apartments. Then they saw a light flash in the apartment.

"Did you see that?" Burke asked.

"Yeah." Cardona peeked around the

alley corner and looked into the street. He thought for a moment that headlamps from a passing car had reflected against the window, but the street was empty of traffic. "You stay here."

"Nothing doing."

"Stay here and watch the kid. If anything happens, you call it in."

Cardona did not wait for further argument. He ran across the street and down the short flight of stairs to the front door. He took a passkey from his pocket and opened the front door. After that first flash of light from inside the apartment, Cardona had seen nothing else. Still, the killer might be inside. Cardona pulled a revolver from his pocket and stepped inside.

The moment Cardona disappeared, Burke started pacing. After a minute of that he checked Quimby to make sure he was still asleep then ran across the street to the death apartment. The door was still open. Tentatively, Burke pushed into the room.

If the killer was in the apartment, Cardona didn't want to alert him to his presence. But he did not want to get shot by Cardona mistaking him for the killer.

"Cardona," Burke said, his voice sounding hoarse as he tried to amplify his whisper. "It's Burke. Where are you?"

A hand reached invisibly from the darkness and grabbed hold of Burke's throat. The newspaperman gasped at the sudden attack. He turned sharply, swinging a stiffened arm down across

the attacker's elbow. The man grunted. Burke reached out and found an arm. He grabbed hold of this and pulled the man to him, jabbing out with his left fist. The blow connected and the attacker groaned.

He heard the attacker pull something from his pocket, heard the click of a gun hammer cocking. Burke swung again, connecting with a jaw. A shot was fired and glass in the front room window shattered.

Burke had a firm grasp on the man, found his gun arm, and grabbed hold. The gunman pushed back, slapping at Burke. Something on the floor tripped the reporter as he stepped back to avoid another blow. He crashed to the floor and smacked his head on the side of a chair as he fell. Another shot rang out. Burke heard a zzzipp! sound pass his ear. He tried to roll away but he was too groggy from the buzzer the chair gave him.

He lay on the floor expecting another shot but none came. Instead, he heard footsteps running – inside the apartment, out and then up the stairs.

"Cardona!" Burke yelled, fumbling with a match. He managed to get it lit and looked around. He had tripped over a body. Taking some care, he rolled the body over to get a look at its face in the meager light. It was Joe Cardona!



### CHAPTER NINE: THE SHADOW EXPLAINS

**J**OE CARDONA GROANED pitifully but did not waken. Burke slapped the detective's face a few times, but to no avail. The newspaperman felt around Cardona's body, looking for bullet holes. Instead he found a large bump on the detective's forehead. Cardona would be out for a while, but he would be safe until help arrived.

There was no phone in the apartment, but there would be one upstairs. Burke ran out of the apartment and up the two short flights of stairs to the front entrance of the house. A row of buttons and a speaker stood to the right of the door. Burke pushed them all, waited a few seconds then pushed again. On the fourth try several angry, demanding voices came over the speaker. Then a bleary-eyed man, his round belly covered in a ratty T-shirt, came to the door.

Burke shoved at the man to pass him. "Your telephone!" he demanded.

"Whataya want? Don't ya know peoples is sleeping, fer cryin' out loud?"

Burke ignored the man, squeezing around his rotund bulk, and found the telephone halfway down the hall in a small alcove beneath a dim light. He made the call to headquarters and got quick action from the desk sergeant.

"Stay sharp, bub," Burke told the fat man as he hung up the phone. "The cops'll be beating down your door in a few minutes. If they ask, I'll be back."

Burke didn't wait for an answer. He

got out of the apartment house, ran down the stairs and across the street. The street hadn't gotten any brighter so it took him a moment to find the alley where he had left Quimby sleeping. But when he got there, Quimby was gone.

Burke didn't bother to look under the debris in the alley. The boy hadn't crawled away or gone off sleepwalking. A dread feeling came over him. He knew, somehow, that Quimby had been kidnapped. There was no traffic on the street; he had seen no cars.

Looking down the alley he saw a sleek black sedan pulling away.

Fatigue now a dim memory, Burke chased off down the alley. At the corner he saw the sedan leisurely rolling uptown.

There were no cabs and the police had yet to arrive. Little traffic moved on the street at all. A few cars were parked along the kerb. Burke tried the doors of several of them before he found one unlocked. Slipping in behind the wheel, he worked under the dashboard, pulling wires and sparking two of them together. He stepped on the starter and the machine roared to life.

Leaving Burke and young Quimby in the alley Joe Cardona strode boldly across the quiet street toward the shrouded apartment. That brief earlier glimpse of a glaring flashlight beam in the front room window was the only movement he had seen. All now was silent and dark. It made no sense that the killer would have re-

turned. There was nothing in the apartment to identify him other than the clews he himself had left behind.

More likely, thought Cardona, this was some kid wanting to see the crime scene or a nickel and dime man stealing scraps. His bad luck. Marguerite Nordhoff had nothing worth stealing – nothing but her life. Whatever the cause of the that flashlight beam, Cardona determined to find out.

Cardona entered the apartment quickly and stepped away from the doorjamb. Framed there in the meager light he was an excellent target. He had not drawn his service revolver.

“All right, whoever you are, you’d better speak up. This is the police.”

Cardona waited. He heard no breathing, no sound at all, but he knew someone was in the room.

“Have it your way. I’ll get some light on things and then you’ll have some explaining to do.”

He turned and reached out for the light switch. He heard movement and spun back to the room. A blur flashed by his face and then something heavy hit him in the head. Blackness engulfed him.

A few minutes later he heard himself moan. He heard a muffled voice that sounded like Clyde Burke say something. Then more blackness.

Sometime later another voice called out to him. It was a sibilant whisper with a strange commanding property, yet it seemed to come from everywhere, far and near, all around him. The voice pulled him into consciousness.

He sat, groggy, his head throbbing.

“Detective Joe Cardona. You must listen to me. Hear my words,” the voice hissed in his ear.

“Yeah. Take it slow.”

“There is little time. You must prepare.”

Cardona looked up. There was little to see. Light from the doorway cast a hazy trapezoidal shape across the room and fell onto a narrow shadow in one corner. The detective tried to stand up, but could not. An invisible hand reached out and took his elbow, guiding him to a chair.

“Prepare for what,” Cardona queried, rubbing his head.

“For the killer to strike again!”

Now that his head was clearing, Cardona tried to locate the voice. It was like trying to hold onto quicksilver. It seemed to move everywhere at once.

“Listen to me, Joe Cardona. The killer will strike again in two days’ time.”

“You’re The Shadow, aren’t you?” He waited for an answer that did not come. “Your note said the killer would strike again in three days or six days. Why are you certain of the day now?”

“The killer will strike on Wednesday, in two days’ time – three days since the last murder.”

“All right. Who is he and who’s he going to kill?”

“That mystery has not yet been revealed.”

“Well ... lot of good that’s going to do me. Say,” Cardona said, looking around

again, "where's Burke and that goofy kid?"

"Listen to me, Cardona. He will kill on Wednesday evening at 10:38 p.m. You must gather your men and have them prepared. They must be in the area marked, for the killer will strike there."

"Marked where ...?" the detective started to ask but cut short his words. A heavy piece of paper had floated down to Cardona's lap. He angled it toward the door. There was just enough light for him to see that a map had been drawn on the paper. Two red dots marked the locations of the Lancombe and Nordhoff murders. A red circle had been drawn on the map enclosing, off-center, the murder locations.

"How do you know he will kill in this area and at 10:38 p.m.?"

"He will strike with the high tide and leave his victim three feet ten and three-quarter inches above street level. Be prepared to respond at a moment's notice."

"How's that!?" Cardona said, the pain in his head forgotten. "How do you figure that?"

"The killer uses the tide to determine his strike. His clew is the time and the height of the bodies from street level."

Cardona scratched his jaw. He was talking to thin air, but that strange fact did not concern him now. "So how does he get his victims?"

"They are chosen for their location. The next murder will reveal his pattern. He will not kill again. He will be

stopped."

"This guy's a nut job, all right," Cardona said, shaking his head.

"No. He is an evil criminal genius. Do not underestimate his cunning or resource. Go prepare, Joe Cardona. A life hangs in the balance!"

"Say, what are you going to be doing?"

Suddenly the whispered voice was directly over Cardona. He looked up but could see nothing but blackness. Then two red slits formed in the darkness, staring down at him.

No spoken reply came, only strange laughter which filled the small room. A laugh that stood for justice! Its eerie sound sent chills through the detective.

Then the blackness disappeared with a whoosh. Everything seemed to have been whisked out of the room, as if sucked out with a vacuum. Even the narrow shadow in the corner was gone.

Burke followed the black sedan up Third Avenue and past a horse barn in Old Stable Row. The sedan turned left onto Twenty-seventh Street then pulled to the kerb across from the Davenport Theater. The driver got out and ran into a late night drugstore.

Burke pulled to the side, lit a cigarette, and waited. Through the drugstore window he could see the driver now standing in a telephone booth. The man did not speak, but he nodded his head vigorously several times, the telephone up to his ear.

The driver came out of the drugstore and gave a suspicious look around. He

## The Shadow

seemed satisfied about something and got back in behind the wheel. They sat there for several minutes. Burke could see heads moving in conversation. Twice a head came up into view in the back seat, only to slump down again.

At least the Quimby was still alive.

The car started and they drove off. At Lexington they turned uptown and picked up speed. Traffic was light so Burke did not push his stolen car. The black sedan turned right onto Twenty-eighth Street and slowed as they got closer to Bellevue Hospital.

No matter the time of day or night, Bellevue was always busy. Ambulances rushed in and out of several entrances to the hospital. Traffic was heavier here and the black sedan got a dozen cars ahead of Burke's stolen coupé. Burke saw the sedan turn up First Avenue and then lost it.

Frantic, he pushed through traffic, leaning on his horn. At Twenty-ninth Street he turned left expecting to find the sedan but saw only a row of parked cars along the kerb. Driving slowly, Burke inspected the parked machines. None of them appeared to be the right one.

He got the idea that they had meant to lose him and that they might have doubled back to Twenty-seventh Street.

Pouring on the gas, Burke returned to the drugstore where the sedan driver had made his telephone call. The sedan was not in sight.

Burke rushed into the drugstore

## Seven Tides of Doom

and up to the counter man.

"A fellow came in ten minutes ago and used the phone. Bad suit, brown hat."

The counterman nodded. "Sure I seen him. Couldn't tell you anything about him, though. Never saw him before in my life."

Burke tossed a dime on the counter and mumbled thanks.

The phone booth was empty. He needed to make his report.

"Burbank," the dry voice on the other end of the line said.

"Burke here."

"Report."

"I lost the kid. Quimby. He got nabbed by a couple of guys in a black sedan. The driver's about five-nine, dark suit, brown hat, and he's got a hard, square pan. The other guy I didn't see. I'm driving a blue coupé. Stolen."

"Hold for instructions." For a moment the line went silent. "Drive to Twenty-third Street and Avenue A. You will be contacted."

"Orders received and understood."

There was no traffic at the mouth of Avenue A. A block from the piers, sounds from the East River floated into the dilapidated neighborhood. The Gas House District it had once been called. Old Timers remembered it, but it was now mostly warehouses, factories, and shipping buildings. Still, there were several of the great old gas tanks, and the stench of their leaks filled the air.

Burke pulled into the street and

stopped. He surveyed the area, the small stores, the public bathhouse, the dome of the O'Connell Gas Plant tank looming over three and four-story buildings. The street was dead.

A dark blotch flitted across the sidewalk. The rear door of the coupé silently opened and closed again.

"Drive, Clyde Burke," came a dark, whispered voice from the passenger seat of the coupé.

Burke started, never having heard The Shadow enter the machine. He put the car in gear and drove, slowly.

"Why this neighborhood?" Burke asked. "I lost them around Bellevue."

"As was their plan," the eerie voice said.

Burke glanced over to the other seat but saw nothing of his mysterious passenger. Only a slender, dark shadow against the car door.

"Did you not smell the odor in Marguerite Nordhoff's apartment? Natural gas. Marguerite Nordhoff's apartment has steam heat."

Burke grinned. "Sure. They slipped up that time."

"No. The clew was deliberate. We are driving into a trap!"

The neighborhood changed as they drove, leaving behind factories and warehouses for rickety tenements. The windows were dark. Inside the poor slept peacefully, unaware of the monstrous evil at large in their midst.

The Shadow instructed Burke to turn on Nineteenth Street and then again on Avenue B. He was looking for something.

They turned again, heading for the East River. Ahead, a canvas-topped delivery truck sat in the road, blocking passage. The hood of the vehicle was up and the driver stood cursing his motor.

"Tough luck for him it being so late," Burke said, with sympathy.

Burke stopped the car and engaged the reverse gear. A hand fell across his and shifted the car back into drive.

"We must meet our Fate. Young Quimby's life hangs in the balance! Turn there," The Shadow commanded.

Burke spotted an alley. The Shadow wanted him to turn into it and cut through to the next street. Burke applied the gas and turned. As they came into the alley four figures rose out of the blackness. They stepped in the way of the car and raised their arms. Bursts of light flashed and instantly the front windshield of the stolen coupé exploded in a hail of gunfire.

### CHAPTER TEN: ANOTHER TRAP IS SET

AS THE GLASS SHATTERED, Clyde Burke threw himself below the rim of the dashboard. A heavy tug pulled at the shoulder of his coat and hot lead burst through the driver's seat.

Maniacal, uncanny laughter filled the car as gunfire burst forth from the passenger seat. The Shadow was striking back!

A foot pressed on the accelerator, a hand grabbed the wheel. The auto

## The Shadow

leapt forward and swerved into the brick building. The powerful engine of the coupé pushed the car along the brick wall, scraping it with a violent grinding sound.

Burke heard a thud from the hood of the car and the body of one of the gunmen flew headfirst into the front seat. The man groaned as he tried to bring his large gun to bear. A blast from The Shadow's automatics ended the threat.

The Shadow released the accelerator and shot out through the shattered windshield. He fired both guns unendingly at the men in the alley. They returned fire smashing the rear end of the car.

Two of the gunmen were hit, never to rise again. The third screamed as a bullet seared his face, and he turned to run. The Shadow aimed but did not pull the trigger. He heard the man call out for the driver of the stalled truck, heard him climb up into the cab and slam the door, and heard the truck's engine roar to life.

The Shadow slipped back into the car and pushed the dead gunman into the rear seat. He lifted Burke by his shoulders and felt about the man's body for bullet holes.

"I'm not hit," the newspaperman said weakly.

"There are no injuries, Clyde Burke."

"None but my wits!"

"Leave here. Now. Get to a telephone and keep contact with Burbank. Wait for instructions."

Before Burke could answer, The

## Seven Tides of Doom

Shadow was had vanished into the darkness.

"What happened back there, Mick?" the driver of the delivery truck demanded.

The gunman sitting in the passenger seat did not answer. His hands shook uncontrollably. How he had escaped the crazed devil in the alley he did not know. Leaning out the window he looked back along the empty street terrified by what he did not see. Using both hands to move it, he adjusted the rusty-hinged side mirror so he could have a constant view behind him.

"We gotta see the boss, Finlap" the gunman, Mick, said finally.

"Nothin' doin'! We got our orders and we'll follow 'em."

"But don't you see? This guy's a devil! He'll catch us sure!"

The driver, Finlap, a burly, barrel-chested man laughed. Driving one handed he flexed his free arm in a display of thick, rippling muscles.

"I'd like it if he would."

"No," the gunman said, weakly. He was a smaller man, thinner. His head seemed far too small for his head, his suit too baggy. He was a wiry fellow who carried all of his strength in his gun, and tonight it had proved ineffectual. "You don't ever want to meet him. That laugh. It's the laugh of a crazy man. He's mad, I tell you. A killer."

The gunman did not see the irony of his words. He did not see the madness of his own actions, the madness

of all criminals. He had seen Death and all reason had vanished from him.

"Where are we going?" he asked.

"Drive around a bit. See if that fellow will take the bait."

Mick squirmed as if on a hook. He did not want ever to see that devil behind him. To attempt to bait him was madness. But it was greater insanity to strike off on his own. He knew if alone he would never avoid the devil. He, too, would be hunted down and killed. At least with Finlap around he might stand a fighting chance. Finlap could take the medicine dished out by the devil and allow him, Mick, time to escape.

They drove around for twenty minutes but were not attacked. Mick continued to look in his mirror, eyes straining in the poor light. Shadows filled every corner of the street. For a time they drove under the Second Avenue El. Strange shadows stabbed down from the girders above casting the illusion of a man running onto their truck. Mick strained to look at the tracks above but saw only a train racing by.

Finlap turned the truck west and worked his way back toward Third Avenue.

"I'm hungry," he said. "I know a joint'll still be open, I think."

Food! What madness, thought Mick, when their very lives hung in the balance. But he had not the courage to leave.

Finlap pulled to a stop outside Luchow's German restaurant and

hopped out. Mick cowered by his side, eyes darting up and down the empty street.

"You sure the place is open?" Mick asked, hoping they might be forced to leave.

The burly driver laughed and shoved his way into the restaurant.

They got a table and Finlap ordered bowls of pickles and sauerkraut, a plate of sausages and bread, and a pitcher of beer. Despite the hour, the dining room was filled almost to capacity with noisy, hungry patrons.

Finlap got up announcing he would call the boss for instructions. He had to force Mick back into his seat, the little gunman preferring to stay close to Finlap. The beer arrived as Finlap was leaving and Mick drank down a glass quickly and poured another with nervous hands.

There were no pay telephones, but Finlap knew the bartender and asked to use the house phone he kept behind the bar. It was crowded here, too. A rather dapper man in a jet-black hat and evening clothes stood at the end of the bar sipping a large whiskey. He carried a walking stick and seemed quite aloof.

"Pardon me," he said, as Finlap reached past him and over the bar for the telephone. Stepping aside, the dapper man crowded into another patron spilling some of his whiskey. "Pardon," he said again.

Finlap saw it now. He was stiff, this uptown fellow, probably working on his fourth or fifth whiskey. Even his large,

## The Shadow

Romanesque nose was reddened. It was the eyes that had fooled Finlap. At first they appeared sharp and clear, hawklike. But now they seemed droopy and vacant.

Finlap tossed a dollar on the bar and said to the bartender, "Here ya are, Gustav. Keep my friend with the cane well oiled."

Gustav laughed and took the dollar.

Finlap dialed a number and waited three rings before it was picked up. "Yeah, Chief," Finlap said into the mouthpiece. He turned away, a serious tone entering his voice. "No, Chief, it backfired .... I don't know, but Mick is spooked .... yeah, sure, okay, if you say so, but this guy didn't seem so special .... No, we ain't got no tail, I tell you. Sure, sure. Where's that? Yeah, I know the place .... Half an hour .... Sure thing."

Finlap hung up and handed the telephone back to the bartender. He waved to Gustav and went back to his table. The food had arrived and Mick had begun eating.

"Shovel it in, Mick. Boss says to beat it on over to the warehouse at the Marginal Street Piers." Finlap made himself a sandwich with the sausage, bread, and sauerkraut, shoveling it whole into his mouth.

"We meeting the boss?"

"Naw. Boss thinks this Shadow guy is tailing us. We'll set him a trap."

"Sshh!" Mick said, panic contorting his features. "Just keep it to yourself so he don't hear us. I got a feelin'

## Seven Tides of Doom

someone's watchin' us."

Finlap looked around the room at diners concerned only with their own meals. "Take a look around you, pal. It's too noisy to be heard, and ain't nobody cares about what we're saying."

The dapper man from the bar bumped into the table, splashing beer from the pitcher. He pulled himself erect and tipped his hat to Finlap.

"My good man, my thanks for your hospitality," the dapper man said, his voice slurred.

"Haw! Go on home and sleep it off, fella," he said, concocting another sandwich which he thrust into the man's hands. "Here, eat something. Yer as thin as a shadow. Come on, Mick."

The two men stopped at the register to pay for their meal then strode to the door. Passing out onto the street, Finlap paused. Beneath the din of noisy diners he thought he heard something rising lightly up to him. Something like weird, grim laughter. He turned but saw only diners busily at their meals. The image somehow disturbed him, although at first he did not know why. Then realization hit him: the drunken dapper man had vanished.

Marginal Street was deserted, but aglow beneath yellow street lamps. Finlap stopped the car outside a warehouse that had been boarded up and wore signs of a recent fire on its charred and cracked wooden façade.

Several rusted freighters lay in har-

bor at the piers along the street. They were dark and deserted as well. Sounds of lapping water and distant horns floated in from the river.

The warehouse was opposite the Twenty-first Street Pier and occupied the entire truncated block. A soot-covered sign on the front of the warehouse read:

Farvhaven Freight Lines  
est. 1891

Finlap motioned for Mick to follow. The front door was boarded up, but several of the boards, nailed only at one end, swung aside as if on hinges. Finlap pushed aside the boards and squeezed into the narrow hole. Nervously casting about the street, Mick followed.

Inside was dark and desolate. The fire had not gutted the warehouse, but it had left a charred, sooty mess. Crates, some of them open and empty, lay strewn about. By the weak light filtering in from sooty windows above Finlap saw two sets of stairs leading up to catwalks and disappearing into shadows thirty feet in the air. A small office, its glass windows broken and shattered on the ground, sat off to their right.

"Got yer gat?" Finlap asked.

The sound of his voice after so long a silence startled Mick. He jumped. Then he fished the thirty-eight out of his pocket.

"Well, reload, if ya need. We're gonna have company."

Finlap had removed a black forty-five from his pocket. He surveyed their surroundings in earnest and made a determination.

"Mick, you take them crates to the right. Get behind 'em and get ready. He'll probably follow us in any minute. I'll go off to the left by that old forklift. This'll be the end of yer mystery fella."

Mick had removed several shells from his pocket and with shaking hands reloaded his revolver.

"I don't know, Finlap. I don't like this. I think this may be our trap. Set for us."

"Who's gonna do that? Yer mystery man? Haw."

Mick grabbed Finlap's arm, gripping with a fear-strengthened hand. "You don't know this guy. Fred went out to get him and he never returned. I've heard stories, too."

Finlap was angry now. He scowled down at Mick and slapped the little man's face.

"Shut up, you. Just get ready."

Mick nodded and retreated to the crates. He'd be ready, just not like Finlap wanted. He would hide behind the crates and wait for Finlap to attack The Shadow. Then he would flee. With luck the two would kill each other.

"You have committed crimes this day," a voice said, breaking the stillness. The strange, hissing words carried clearly through the hollow building.

Involuntarily, Mick fired two shots at the darkness.

The voice roared with horrifying laughter. A madman! thought Mick.

## The Shadow

"You have sought the death of others for your master. You may yet live if you reveal to me his name."

Darkness seemed to close about the warehouse. Shaking with terror, Mick cast around for some sign of the being behind the uncanny voice. He saw shadows, seemingly moving, stretch toward Finlap in his hiding place by the rusted forklift. A darkness coalesced out of these shadows. It stood hunched, featureless, its ungarded back toward Mick.

Madness overcame the small gunman. No longer did he want to run. He wanted only to kill the thing that brought him such terror. Murder the dark thing that hung before him, unaware or uncaring of his presence.

Stepping from his hiding place behind the crates, Mick raised his gun and fired four shots into the shadowy being. He continued to pull the trigger, laughing madly, even as the hammer fell on spent chambers. Entranced with fear, he stopped only when he saw Finlap stumbling forward, bleeding, a hole between his eyes. Finlap tumbled to the sooty floor, dead.

That strange laugh rose up again, surrounding, engulfing Mick. Shadows were everywhere. He had to escape now!

"Do not move, Mick Rafferty. Death awaits you unless you heed my warning."

"You're not gonna kill me!"

Mick threw his empty gun blindly into the shadows and turned to run. The wooden floor, cracked and weak-

## Seven Tides of Doom

ened by old fires, split open and the gunman tumbled into blackness, screaming. His cry ended abruptly. The Shadow went to the hole in the floor and peered into the inky depths below. Mick was dead, terror frozen forever on his face. He had fallen onto broken crates and had been impaled through his chest.

Once again The Shadow had been thwarted in his quest for the monstrous mastermind whose secret plan for murder terrorized all of Manhattan. But The Shadow was due to find another trail. Another lead. The Shadow knew!

### CHAPTER ELEVEN: THE FIEND ENTERS!

AFTER CLYDE BURKE LEFT Quimby Wilton to follow Joe Cardona into the apartment, the young man found himself alone in the alley, his head resting on a dirty paper bag. His senses had abandoned him, leaving him numb and incapable of movement. After a while cold seeped into his consciousness and he curled up in a tight ball.

"Well, look at the baby!" a derisive voice said, from some great distance. "Let's put him to bed."

Strong hands pulled him to his feet and tried to get him to stand. Quimby folded like a deck chair.

"Here now!" Quimby said, his voice slurred with drink.

The strong hands caught him and held him aloft. Quimby cracked his

eyes open and, after they focussed, he could make out two men, one standing on either side of him. They were two of a kind, these men. They wore cheap suits and dark hats. Their faces were curled into sneers, and their eyes were laughing. Laughing at Quimby.

There was menace in those eyes, too. As drunk as Quimby was, he saw that clearly enough and became afraid.

"I'm quite all right," he said, breathing deeply of the cool night air. "My friend will return shortly."

He had a vague recollection of Clyde Burke coming to him and pulling him away from Marguerite Nordhoff's apartment. There had been another fellow, too, but he wasn't among either of these men.

"Yeah, well, let's go wait for him in the car," said one of the men, who had a ragged scar across his chin.

Their grip became an iron vise from which Quimby could not extricate himself. He thought to call for help but was too weak.

The men dragged Quimby down the alley to a waiting black sedan, a large machine with a powerful engine. They tossed him into the back seat and climbed in after him.

The ride was swift. So late at night the streets were fairly deserted. Quimby had never been in this part of town before, did not know where he was being taken. He saw dilapidated tenements, old row houses, boarded up businesses, but it all passed by a blur. It seemed to Quimby's hazed mind that they made many turns, and even

stopped once or twice. He was aware of none of it fully.

Eventually they came to the waterfront. Quimby's mind was just beginning to clear. He saw a dock with the sign Pike Street Pier. Stretching above him was the grim steel expansion of the Manhattan Bridge. A subway train, traveling through the bowels of the bridge even now clacked overhead.

Quimby was roughly moved out of the car and onto the dock. They walked the length of pier, Quimby stumbling in his drunken stupor. He mumbled something to the men about paying them to let him go. If they had heard the offer, they ignored it.

At the end of the pier lay a narrow, rotting plank leading out to a waiting tugboat. The boat's engine idled. A tall man in a dark pea coat and dark woolen watch cap stood aboard by the entry plank. His scowling, scruffily bearded face watched Quimby and the others come aboard.

"We've been waitin'," the old salt growled.

"Aw, take it easy, Popeye," said the man with the scarred chin. "We had some trouble. Where's the boss?"

"Below."

The sailor, the vessel's captain, squinted a hard eye at Quimby. The youth recoiled.

"He's been a-drinkin'!" the captain said, then spat at the deck.

"And how. He needs to dry up before the boss sees him."

A movement caught the eye of the man with the scar. It had come from

## The Shadow

the tugboat's wheelhouse. Not wanting to, the man looked toward the movement. In the wheelhouse he saw a dark shape among the shadows. It didn't look human. Instead it had the appearance of a black specter. Two burning red slits cracked open at the top of the dark shape. Devil eyes! thought the man. Evil, deadly, hateful things. A chill ran through him and he turned away, shaken.

"Take him below," the captain said. "In the hold."

"Sure."

The hold was little more than a large room below decks. It was damp and dark, and the squeal of rats could be heard when the door opened. Inside were several cardboard boxes and a few wooden crates.

The men tossed Quimby inside then slammed the door shut. The sound of a lock banging into place echoed metallically, but Quimby did not hear it. He had passed out before his face hit the steel deck.

Quimby awoke to the sensation of a rocking motion. He was warm and dry and a bright light beat its way beneath his closed eyelids. He tried to move but could not. He opened his eyes and the brightness shot pain through his head. He was tied to a chair in a cabin in the tugboat. The boat was moving.

Behind him the man with the scarred chin said, "Huh! Finally. Go on, get the boss."

The other hood from the alley left the cabin, closing the door behind him.

## Seven Tides of Doom

"What do you want?" Quimby asked. His voice cracked and squeaked.

The scarred hood slapped Quimby in the back of the head. "Shut up!"

He sat in silence for a few minutes, his back and shoulders aching. They had tied him tightly. His fingers felt cold and were beginning to numb.

The first man returned to the cabin and clicked off the lights. Another click and a lamp switched on, aimed into Quimby's eyes. He turned his head slightly and squinted. The door opened again and stayed open. There was another light shining outside, big and white. No, thought Quimby. Not a light. The moon. It was full and bright and it bobbed with the rocking of the tugboat. He could make out the pale rings of the craters on its surface.

Then the moon was eclipsed by a shadowy figure. It glided into the room, black and fearsome. Two red slits glowed with evil. They stared deep into Quimby until the lad shivered.

"You seek to destroy my enterprise!" the shadowy figure said. Its voice was definitely masculine, but was muffled by something across its mouth.

"I don't know what you're talking about," Quimby said, the hint of a whimper seeping into his choked voice.

"You seek to destroy my enterprise with your reward! What do you know of me?"

Quimby shook his head violently. "I don't know anything about you, other than the fact that you are a cowardly killer of helpless women."

The dark figure reeled back and

laughed madly. The man with the scar stepped forward and punched Quimby in the face. When the lad managed to sit upright again, the hood punched him a second time.

The black figure had shifted from the doorway slightly and now the moon hung heavily over his shoulder. It was unnatural, huge, as if magnified by Quimby's own fear.

The boy pulled himself erect. He jut out his bloody, bruised chin. The man with the scar sneered but took a step back.

"Who are you?"

The figure paused. "You will call me Möbius. I am the beginning and the end."

"Look here, I have no idea what you mean, but you cannot go around killing people."

"Every death has its meaning," the figure said. "All is pattern, all is charted." He turned sharply and pointed at the moon glowing unnaturally behind him. "The moon has its pattern. And I, young Quimby Wilton, have mine."

"You're a madman! You'll kill me now." Somehow the lad kept a quiver from his voice.

The dark figure floated to Quimby's side, towering over him. The creature's eyes burned a ghastly red. "You do not fit my pattern, little one. But know if you are needed, you will die, too."

A tear came to Quimby's eyes. "Why Mary?" he sobbed. "She meant nothing to you. Only to me."

"Every death has its meaning. Ev-

everything has its pattern. She was part of the pattern."

Quimby lowered his head and sobbed. He shook himself, then took a deep breath and looked up. The dark figure was gone. The door remained open and the ghostly light of the moon shone down on him.

Later, when the tugboat docked, Quimby was hustled off and onto the pier to a waiting car. The hood with the scarred chin shoved Quimby onto the floor of the backseat and ordered the other man to drive. The car moved quickly through the pre-dawn streets.

At Fifty-ninth Street the car stopped beneath the bridge. Rough hands grabbed Quimby and pulled him from the car and dumped him to the pavement. Bruised and exhausted, Quimby lay at the kerb for long minutes after the hoods had driven away. They hadn't killed him. He felt remorse at that. He wished they had killed him. Then reason took hold of him and he realized he had a clew to the killer's identity. Young Quimby launched into action. He ran to the nearest street corner and found and used a police call box. A radio car arrived several minutes later and brought Quimby to Joe Cardona.

The police detective was in an agitated state. He had not known about Quimby's kidnapping until a few hours before when Clyde Burke had telephoned with the news. He had demanded Burke come to headquarters and sent a radio car to speed the trip

along. Burke, he felt, had held out on him regarding young Quimby's kidnapping and wanted details. Then the call came in from the kidnap victim himself and Cardona began pacing in stormy silence, waiting.

Quimby came through the door bruised and bloodied, his fine suit rumpled and torn. He held himself more proudly, though, erect and steady. Burke noted that the lad had done some growing the past few hours. Seeing him come into the squad room like that Cardona took a deep breath to calm himself.

"Damn glad we didn't find you hoisted onto a table."

He ushered Quimby into the interview room and didn't bat an eye when Burke sidled his way into the room. A uniformed officer brought Quimby a large mug of coffee, which was gratefully accepted.

"Say, kid, how'd you get that police box open?" Burke asked, keeping his tone light.

"Some of the boys at school have had similar experiences. I learned from their example."

"All right, that's enough small talk. Damn it, son, what's the big idea you chasing off after some hoods?"

"I was in no shape to do any chasing, detective. I'm quite embarrassed to say this but I was thoroughly drunk."

"Okay. So what happened?"

Quimby began his story. He started with being dragged out of the alley, where his memories were sketchy, to

being hauled onto a tugboat as his mind was beginning to clear. Hearing about the tugboat, Cardona called for a squad of detectives to hurry down to the pier and search the boat.

Burke took detailed notes, comparing them mentally with his own memories of the early part of the evening.

"So what did they want with you on that tub, kid?" Cardona asked.

"I just can't say. It made no sense. It seemed all he wanted to do was gloat."

"They didn't try to kill you?"

Quimby shook his head. "No. That dark figure said he would if I fitted his pattern. But as menacing as he was, he really didn't threaten me."

Disgusted, Cardona threw up his hands. "So that's it. Bright lights, a big moon, and a dark figure talking nonsense! Nuts!"

"I'm sorry I couldn't be of more help. They may still be down at the pier. I thought it might be their hideout."

"No," Cardona said. "They've beat it out of there by now." Quimby hung his head and looked as if he might start sobbing. "Forget it, kid. It isn't your fault. These jokers are slick. But we'll catch them. You'll see we will. And they'll fry for killing your girl."

Quimby nodded. "Thank you. I promise I won't distract you any more from your duties, detective."

"Sure, kid. You sit for a while, though. Take a breather. I'll have one of our cars run you home."

Cardona patted Quimby on the shoulder then threw Burke a look. The

two men stepped out of the room and closed the door.

"Poor kid."

"He's lucky they didn't bump him off."

Cardona shook his head. "No. I don't think he was ever in danger of that. This madman was slipping the kid a clew, and he knew we'd end up with it."

"What kind of clew?"

"I don't know. I've got to think on that. But Quimby sure mentioned the full moon a lot. Maybe that's got something to do with it."

"Sure, sure, Cardona. That's your racket. Mine is the story business, and have I got a pip!"

Cardona reached out and took hold of Burke's arm. "What do you say you hold onto that story for a while. I've got a hunch this could mean something and I'd like to keep it close to my vest for a while. Besides, what if this killer just wants to see his name in the paper?"

Burke thought for a moment, chewing on his lip. "Okay, Cardona. I'll make like a hen and sit on the story ... for a day."

"Two days."

Nodding, Burke said, "Okay. But after that this bird's hatching."

"Thanks, Burke."

The two men parted with a friendly handshake. Burke headed downstairs and out of the precinct. The story would wait. What would not wait was his report to The Shadow. There was a clew buried in this information and

The Shadow would unearth it.

Burke got into his car and drove off into early morning traffic. Had he looked up he would have seen the hint of a gray circle hanging in the brightening sky. It was partly obscured by skyscrapers and disappearing with the dawn. It was the dark, new moon and not the brilliant full one Quimby had seen only hours before.

### CHAPTER TWELVE: DEATH STRIKES AGAIN

**A**CROSS TOWN, IN THE HUGE Badger Building, a chubby-faced man in his middle age studied the newspapers with great attention. A broker by trade, co-workers and associates knew this placid individual as merely a specialist on financial matters. His name was Rutledge Mann and he was a key agent of The Shadow.

Carefully working with shears, he clipped portions of the newspaper he was reading. Several other newspapers, already dissected by Mann's deliberate hand, were strewn across the desk. A pile of clippings lay near at hand.

His task completed, Rutledge Mann put all his clippings into an envelope. To this he added a smaller envelope which bore the legend:

For B. Jonas

The envelope had been delivered by an abrupt individual half an hour earlier. The visitor, Clyde Burke, had come to the office unannounced. Through his

## The Shadow

open door, Rutledge Mann had seen Burke enter the outer office. He had not recognized the man, and in fact could not now recall his features. Burke had kept his hat low and his face turned from the open door. He had given the secretary an envelope, which she dutifully appraised then handed back to him. He had insisted she take it and shrugged in Mann's direction.

The secretary, cross at the man's rough handling of her, rose from her desk and stalked into Mann's office. To her surprise, Rutledge Mann welcomed the envelope. She watched his eyes widen slightly as he read the name written there in block letters.

Rutledge Mann did not know the visitor, but by his manner and by the legend inscribed on the envelope knew this man must also serve The Shadow. He looked up to greet the man, but Burke had already exited the office.

He gave this little thought. Where the others were active and frequently in the field, Mann acted solely as a contact agent. His office was the clearing-house for the routine work of The Shadow, supplying to his master information and data that might be required. The clippings he had gathered today, along with the new envelope, were being prepared for delivery to The Shadow.

His package completed, Rutledge Mann left his office, took a taxi to Twenty-third Street, and entered a dingy building. On an upstairs floor, he stopped at the door of a deserted office which bore the name "B. Jonas"

## *Seven Tides of Doom*

on its cobwebbed pane. He dropped the envelope in the mail slit.

Mann's work was done, until later orders might be received.

The mail slit was the delivery box that enabled Mann to reach The Shadow. The strange collection of newspaper clippings, along with the sealed report from a mysterious field agent, was now posted to the mastermind. Whatever might be required of him later, Rutledge Mann would be ready to obey instructions.

Darkness fell before the office of B. Jonas again saw activity. The blue lamp clicked on and cast its cone of eerie light. A weirdly glowing gem adorning a pale hand slipped into the light. The Shadow's girasol!

The hand brought with it the envelope earlier deposited by Rutledge Mann. The Shadow, though he stalked crime and criminals alone, would never call a truce in his war with the underworld. He relied upon his subordinates to carry on these lesser tasks when duty demanded his presence elsewhere. Such had been done by Rutledge Mann and Clyde Burke.

Newspaper clippings fell out the envelope. The Shadow held each of these up in turn and read them. They consisted of a variety of crimes and events throughout the city during the past two days. Before The Shadow had uncovered the killer's pattern, he had sought information that might have been related to the killings.

Several of the articles, short, with-

out bylines, and from the back pages of their newspapers, reported the deaths of unremarkable citizens. A woman had been run over by a horse and cart delivering ice; a man had fallen to his death in the subway, electrocuted by the third rail; a tramp had fallen asleep in his shanty town tent and burned up when a lit Sterno can set the rotted canvas and cardboard on fire.

These clippings were useless now, having no connection to the mysterious killer or the victims.

There were other clippings. Rutledge Mann had provided the shipping schedules from several newspapers. A companion clipping offered news of the arrival of the *Jasmina Star*, sailing under the Kashmerik flag, scheduled to dock within the week. There was a prominent report of the man who had dropped through the ceiling of the subway station to be crushed by the passing train.

The three final clippings reported on the trial of Corba Loune, a gangster and racketeer responsible for the deaths of more than a dozen people including two police officers. Commissioner Weston and the district attorney planned to bring down a major gang of criminals with the conviction and execution of Loune.

The Shadow had cornered Loune months earlier, crushing his gang of hoodlums and killing many. But he had been unable to deliver final justice to the master criminal. Loune had surrendered to Weston and allowed

himself to be put on trial. Now proceeding, Loune sat confidently in the courtroom every day. Jurors were being chosen, but the process was moving slowly. Loune's lawyers were using every delay tactic at their disposal. Several witnesses had lined up to testify against Loune already, but none of them had enough information to send the criminal to the gas chamber. There was talk of a star witness, someone who would identify Loune as a killer, but no one had been brought forward.

It mattered not the outcome of this trial. Corba Loune would end as all criminals The Shadow hunted.

The Shadow recognized the final envelope as being labeled in Clyde Burke's hand. There was no postmark or stamp and thus had been delivered by hand. The newspaperman had deemed its contents of the utmost urgency.

Inside were several sheets of folded paper. On them was Burke's succinct and complete report.

The criminal mastermind had struck again. Only this time he had chosen to terrorize young Quimby Wilton. Burke had offered brief commentary at the end of his report, mentioning the oddity of the moon and the lack of any real threat to Quimby.

Burke had not seen, but The Shadow had! The moon had not been full that night. It had been a new moon, and it coursed its way across the sky in blackness. The moon young Quimby saw had been placed there

## The Shadow

deliberately. A clew meant not for Quimby, the police, or Burke, but for The Shadow!

This confirmed what The Shadow had already discovered. The killer was using the pattern of the tides – the timing and the height of the water – to commit his ghastly crimes. The Shadow had searched through many tide tables before he found the one that corresponded with the killings. He knew from this the exact moment the killer would strike next.

It lacked less than an hour before the next victim would fall to the madman. At 10:38 p.m. another innocent would be slain. This time the killer would leave the body three feet ten and three-quarter inches above street level – the exact height of high tide.

But where would this monster strike? The victims might have been chosen at random but The Shadow dismissed this as not fitting with the cold calculation and careful planning of the killer. By his deductions, The Shadow also knew that the dead had not been chosen for who they were. Location was important to the killer, and not just the location of the body. The victims were all selected for where they lived.

The pattern became clear in an instant. The moon! The killer was drawing a circle with his crimes.

Quickly, The Shadow calculated an arc that would embrace the first two murders. With compass he drew a circle on the map using that arc. If the killer maintained that pattern he would commit his third murder along

## *Seven Tides of Doom*

that line. The fiend was a careful planner, The Shadow knew, and exacting. Using the distance between the first two murders The Shadow plotted out the third – to occur in the 400 block of East Twenty-ninth Street.

There the killer would strike next. This time he would find no helpless victim. This time The Shadow would greet him!

Cool air had drifted into the city and now, as the death hour approached, a light mist filled the streets. Enshrouded in darkness and mist, The Shadow made his way wraith-like down Twenty-ninth Street. Shops had closed. A tavern remained opened, noise and slivers of light pouring out onto the street. In the next block row house windows were lit. Several larger apartment buildings had activity – arrivals and departures.

In the next block, a quiet part of the street, The Shadow saw a dark car pull into an alley and watched as several men got out. Edging closer, The Shadow could make out a scar on the chin of one of the men. The Shadow recognized the criminal type. The killer was here and his men were setting a trap!

The man with the scar entered the building. The other two hoods found the fire escape and began climbing.

The Shadow waited several long minutes before making his move. He saw no one else enter the building, saw no one on its roof or on the roofs of the adjacent buildings. Unseen, The

Shadow crossed the street and followed the hoods up the fire escape to the roof. The two were waiting outside the access door, guns drawn, listening.

Silently The Shadow crept nearer. The access door suddenly thrust open and yellow light knifed across the roof. A figure stood inside and motioned for the men to follow him. They obeyed and entered the building. The Shadow melted into the darkness and waited until the door was nearly closed. Then he slipped a hand out and caught it. Moments later he was inside.

A flight below he heard whispered voices in the stairwell. The men exited the stairs to a hallway. The Shadow held the door open a crack and watched and listened. He heard elevator doors close and one of the men exclaim, "He's already heading down!"

The killers had picked their next victim, but he had slipped past them oblivious to his danger.

The Shadow launched himself down the ten flights of stairs to the ground floor. He rushed out into the well-lit lobby of the apartment house and down two steps to the elevator. Somewhere there was a crash and the clattering sound of glass breaking. The half-moon dial above the elevator had already stopped moving, frozen between the numbers one and two. Operating the buttons would not open the elevator doors.

The Shadow wasted no time in attacking the elevator. With furious strength he pulled at the double doors, wedging first fingers then hands into

the narrow slit he made. Still more strength he applied, prying open the elevator, until he shook violently. The doors slid back revealing the inside of the car.

The elevator car floor was several feet above the marble floor of the lobby. There was no sign of the car operator, but there was a man inside, dead and bloody. His death only minutes old!

Something glittered in the lobby. A clock had been jarred loose, its face shattering on impact with the marble floor. The clock had stopped and the time was frozen at 10:38.

The Shadow was too late!

He would not have operated the car himself. The killer had done that and had escaped up through the hatch in the elevator roof. But he would not escape the vengeance of The Shadow.

"Hold it, you!" a booming voice cried out.

The Shadow whirled but did not draw his weapons. A policeman stood at the apartment house entrance, his gun held by shaky hands. At the sight of the cloaked figure, the policeman gasped and in that moment a shot rang out.

### CHAPTER THIRTEEN: THE GIRASOL REVEALS

**T**HE SHADOW WASTED NO time as the bullet smacked against the wall. He threw himself into the elevator, over the corpse, and up to the escape hatch. Another shot rang out

## The Shadow

and a hole was punched through the thin elevator wall. The Shadow pulled himself up through the hatch into the grease-lined shaft.

Before him was the closed door to the second floor. Again grabbing hold of the doors, The Shadow forced them open.

A hail of bullets streamed into the shaft and ricocheted off the cement walls. In the hallway were the two hoods from the roof. Drawing his forty-fives, The Shadow blasted off two quick rounds. One of the gunmen collapsed. Seeing this, the second hood ran for the stairwell at the end of the hall.

Leaping up to the floor, The Shadow gave chase. At the end of the hall he cautiously opened the door. A shot rang out and smacked into the door. The bullet had been fired from behind.

The Shadow whirled to see the policeman, breathless, taking a bead to fire another shot. Aiming high, The Shadow returned fire, forcing the policeman to duck under cover.

The Shadow dove into the stairwell and tossed off two shots blindly. The echo in the well was deafening. Above he could hear the hurried footsteps of the fleeing gunman. The Shadow laughed, his uncanny voice lifting up through the stairwell like a wave of vengeance.

The Shadow pursued. Below he heard a door open and more footsteps begin pounding on the stairs. These steps were slower, heavier. The policeman had joined the hunt; but he was hunting the Shadow!

## *Seven Tides of Doom*

At the top of the stairs, The Shadow paused. The gunman had gone through the access door and was now on the roof. To walk through that door might spell certain doom. Yet there was no other way to get to the roof now that the policeman had closed off his exit.

The Shadow braced against the door's cold metal, shoved it open, and rolled away from the opening. To his surprise, no shots were fired.

Melting into the darkness, The Shadow cast about for the gunmen but could not see him. Distant street noises reached him from below. There was no other sound to give away the location a hiding gunman.

Clomping through the access doorway, the policeman stopped, breathless, framed in light. He held his gun pointed into the darkness and called out, "Nobody move!"

Several men suddenly stood from behind a low wall brandishing guns. Instantly, The Shadow threw himself at the policeman, the force of the charge carrying both men back through the access door and sending them tumbling down the stairs just as gunfire erupted. In mid-air The Shadow twisted so that, upon landing, he would take the brunt of the fall. Still, the policeman was knocked unconscious when they skidded to a stop at the bottom of the long flight of stairs.

The Shadow dragged the policeman down the next flight, opened the door to a hallway, and deposited him in an area of relative safety. A noise in the stairwell alerted him to movement. The

Shadow spun and fired, throwing hot lead into one of the gunmen.

No longer cautious, The Shadow ran upstairs and out onto the roof, blasting his forty-fives. He heard men scatter. One yelled in pain. Several dropped, motionless. The roof was filled with gunmen.

A strange figure at the edge of the roof watched the action, unconcerned with flying lead. He was dark from head to foot, his face masked by a dark hood. A flowing cloak, much like The Shadow's own, waved in the breeze.

This was their leader, the mastermind behind the murders. The Shadow knew!

Upon being seen, the cloaked killer jumped from the roof and disappeared. The Shadow chased after him, hot lead clearing the way of gunmen.

At the edge of the building The Shadow could see the killer had jumped a distance of only twenty feet to the roof of the adjacent building below. The killer was nearly across that roof and about to make his way up a metal ladder to yet another brick building.

The Shadow threw himself from the roof, landing lightly, and launching into a full run across the adjacent roof. In a few long strides he had reached the ladder to the next building and began climbing. Gun shots from behind slapped at the brick wall. Turning, The Shadow fired back several shots at the cowardly gunmen. One was hit and plunged to the roof below. Two others ducked behind the low rim

of the roof.

Clearing the ladder, The Shadow caught sight of the cloaked killer. The fiend was no longer running. He had paused beside the support struts of a wooden water tank, using it for cover, and fired several shots from an unseen gun. The shots were wild and disappeared into the night. Then he turned and limped off, trying to run.

Another laugh filled the night. The Shadow had his quarry!

The Shadow had taken several strides forward when an explosion rocked the rooftop. The water tank splintered and thousands of gallons of water crashed on top of him. He was smashed flat and the force of the water carried him to the edge of the roof.

As he plunged over the side, The Shadow stabbed a hand out and grabbed the ornate cornice at roof's edge. Clinging there, he let the water rush over him until spent then, soaked, pulled himself up to safety.

His guns had been washed away, but The Shadow was not helpless. He had survived the killer's attack, as he had the one before. Now he sought out the fiend.

Suddenly another explosion shook the building. The support struts to the water tank dissolved and the remaining structure crumbled, falling directly onto The Shadow!

The Shadow looked up to see several tons of wood and steel crashing down upon him. Instantly, he threw himself off the roof. The water tank smashed

## The Shadow

onto the rooftop, exploding into thousands of deadly shards. The Shadow, falling, reached out and caught the edge of a windowsill two floors below as streams of water and large knife-sharp splinters crashed overhead. His abrupt stop wrenched his arm painfully.

Clinging desperately, The Shadow pulled himself up and into the dark window frame. Above was a ledge that spanned the width of the building. The Shadow pulled himself up to this. Water, its rushing fury now spent, ran in small rivulets over the side of the roof and onto the ledge making it slippery and treacherous.

Finding tiny handholds in the ancient brick face, The Shadow painstakingly scaled the remaining twenty feet back to the roof. Destruction lay all about him. The masked killer was gone.

He had struck again, this madman. His success had been The Shadow's failure. He had beaten the night master, but only for the moment. Justice in the form of death awaited this heartless killer.

Another innocent was dead, chosen only for the location of his home. He fitted a pattern in the killer's maddened mind. His death would be avenged.

The Shadow had been close tonight, had been within reach of the killer. Would the fiend now change his pattern? Had his near brush with death and the vengeance of The Shadow deterred him from his plan? The Shadow doubted the killer would stop his men-

## *Seven Tides of Doom*

acing of innocents. But the plan might change. The killer had a goal, which was to kill The Shadow. But would he put himself in danger again, like he did tonight, in order to achieve that goal? The Shadow had to know!

Police sirens filled the night. Cars were racing to the ravaged death building. Escape would be easy for The Shadow, but he could not leave. There was nothing he could do for the dead woman; nothing he could learn from him. He had seen his placement in the elevator and knew she would be the exact height above street level he had predicted. He had seen the broken clock, its hands frozen at the exact hour of high tide.

But on the rooftops there might yet be a clue. There was the body of a hood in the debris of the destroyed water tank. Using his pocket torch, The Shadow studied the man's face. He recognized the gangster as Ax Malloy. Malloy occasionally worked for some of the so-called crime "families" of New York City, organized gangs of vicious criminals preying upon the weak. Mostly, though, he was a street thug who committed petty crimes.

Malloy's presence here told The Shadow something important. The killer was recruiting small time hoods to build an army in his war on The Shadow.

The Shadow laughed. The sound was harsh and malignant. The Shadow had warred before. Armies meant nothing to him. They would all be destroyed.

Picking his way over the debris of the destroyed water tank, The Shadow made his way to the adjacent roof. He found nothing there. On the opposite side was another ladder, and this he used to climb up to the first roof of the first building. Here he saw the several dead bodies – hoods he himself had shot down.

Police cars had arrived below, their sirens' wails dying. Footsteps echoed in the stairwell. The clatter of more footsteps sounded on the fire escape. In moments, The Shadow would be trapped by police.

Turning at a sound, The Shadow saw one of the hoods trying to rise up. The man groaned and held his head.

The Shadow appeared before him so suddenly that the man could not cry out. He was swept up in strong arms, helpless in his weakened condition. Carried to the roof's edge, the hood found voice and screamed in abject terror as he and the strange black being called The Shadow plunged over the side.

When his eyes opened, the hood saw only blackness. All around was emptiness. He saw nothing, heard nothing. His senses were totally deprived. He had no idea to where he had been taken, or for how long he had been unconscious. An hour? A day? How long? A madness began to grow in him, borne of panic. He was alone, and no one knew he had been secreted away, stolen by a black wraith.

He was a strong man. A criminal.

A killer. He had killed men who had begged for their lives. For long minutes he refused to beg. He would wait out his captor. He would remain strong. But his will weakened almost immediately as terrors closed in upon him.

"Is – is anyone there?"

Silence. Black emptiness. He would die here, alone, of this the hood was certain.

Then a light clicked on, its tiny sound like a canon shot in the grave-silent room. The hood screamed at the suddenness of its ignition. It was a blue light and it cast a well-defined beam onto a desktop next to the hood.

A hand reached into the light, resting on the desktop. It was a pale, almost gaunt hand. The hand of death! On one of its near-cadaverous fingers it wore a heavy ring. Within the ring was set a gem of strange quality. It seemed to glow and shift colors. It was fiery.

A strange sound came into the room. It began low and grew, seemingly coming from every corner. It was a laugh, a horrible chilling sibilant thing. The hood began shaking uncontrollably.

"I know you, Sven Dees," a voice as if from a grave said.

Dees tried to move but found himself restrained, held fast. He seemed wrapped in something that prevented even the slightest movement, except for his head. This he could move but fear kept him focussed on the blue light and the pale hand in its beam.

"You are a common street thug. A

## The Shadow

wanton criminal. You serve only your own greed."

"What do you want?" Dees cried.

"And, you are a killer."

"Not me."

"Do not lie, Sven Dees. The Shadow knows!"

"No! No! You can't be!"

"But I am, Sven Dees. I know your crimes. I know you killed Arturo Castas over a sweepstakes ticket. I know you killed Monk Fischer because he cheated at dice. The Shadow knows, Dees."

"They had it comin'!"

"Punishment shall be meted out, Sven Dees. You shall pay for your crimes."

"Well, you ain't got no evidence," Dees returned with a flash of bravado.

The filled with laughter. Dees cringed as best he could, closing his eyes in fear.

"The law cannot touch you, Sven Dees. But The Shadow can!"

"Leave me alone! Leave me alone, I tell you! What do you want from me?"

"You will go to the police, confess your crimes, take your punishment, or The Shadow shall mete out his own punishment."

"Okay, okay. Yeah, I'll do it." He'd promise anything to be free of his bonds. Anything. But once he got loose ....

"You will do it, Sven Dees. The Shadow will know if you lie."

"Yeah, okay. Just let me out of here."

"No, Sven Dees. You still have to atone for tonight. For the murder of

## Seven Tides of Doom

Jerome Keggelman. You must reveal all to me!"

The hand had not moved from the desk, but now Dees got a sense of someone sitting at that desk, only inches from him. There was a black outline in the darkness – and something else. Eyes! Burning eyes that bored their way into Dees' head.

"I don't know nothin' about tonight. Marty Felder recruited me. Said we had to watch a roof while the boss pulled a job. That's all I know."

"No, Sven Dees. You know more than that. You will reveal all to me."

"I don't know nothin', I tell ya! Nothin'!"

"Look at the ring, Sven Dees. Study it. Watch it. See how it moves and flows. See how it changes colors and shapes. Watch! Watch! So commands The Shadow!"

Transfixed, Dees watched the strange gem undulate slowly, its colors shifting and glowing. It seemed to rise up from The Shadow's hand and float toward him. Soon there was nothing else to see but the pulsating rhythm of the glowing girasol.

The hood's face went slack and his head slumped forward.

"Raise up your head, Sven Dees."

Slowly, Dees lifted his head. He stared dumbly into space.

"You will tell me all. Who is your master?"

Hesitation. Dees groaned weakly.

"You must tell me, Dees. You will!"

"Don't know who he is. Only saw him once." Dees' answers came me-

chanically.

"What does he look like?"

"He wears a mask and cloak. I can't tell. Never asked. Not healthy. Pickman asked and he was killed."

"What does he want of you?"

"To kill The Shadow."

Another of The Shadow's deductions confirmed. This criminal mastermind had declared war on The Shadow. Others had done so, and had indeed met their fate.

"And what of these killings? The murder of innocent people?"

"I don't know anything about that. The master always does that himself. We are to wait and watch for The Shadow, and kill him."

"Where is your master?"

Again hesitation. Dees' face struggled against the hypnotic spell he was under.

"You will tell me!"

"We meet ... at an office building ... the Grove Building ... on Water Street ... beneath ... the Manhattan Bridge."

Silence filled the room as The Shadow considered this new information. The fiend was a killer but he was clever. He had managed to stay ahead of The Shadow for days. But he had not been able to kill him. The Grove Building would be a trap, one The Shadow would have no choice but to enter. The killer had sacrificed his own man, as he had others, in order to bring about the demise of The Shadow. Yet The Shadow still lived! And, soon, justice would be delivered to this criminal mastermind in the form of swift death.

### CHAPTER FOURTEEN: THE SHADOW TRAPPED!

THE GROVE BUILDING was an ancient structure from the previous century, its brick façade crumbling. A once ornate cornice atop the three-story building had been worn nearly smooth by time and the strong salt air. The East River, black and calm, was only a block away.

The building had been closed for years. It had once provided office space to a myriad of businesses now defunct. A recent fire had left it ravaged and blackened. Trails of soot climbed the broken brick. It was destined for the wrecking ball but investors, short of cash in these turbulent times, had pulled out and abandoned the building.

Many of the windows were tightly boarded, yet The Shadow could see slivers of pale light shining through from the middle floor. The Grove Building was occupied.

Above, the Manhattan Bridge soared. The sound of tires ringing on concrete floated down and mixed with river sounds: a boat horn, the clang of a buoy, the chugging of a tug motor. The Pike Street Pier was active, bright lights illuminating the docks where men worked loading cargo, oblivious to death's proximity.

The Shadow circled around the back of the building and slipped in through a cracked window. His heightened senses tingled. It was a trap. Men laid in wait. The Shadow could sense them.

## The Shadow

He had entered into a small office. A desk lay on its side and papers were strewn about. Fire had damaged the room. Plaster had cracked and fallen revealing charred studs and burned wiring. A small hole had been burned through the ceiling. The door to the office had come partly off its hinges. Outside the office was a narrow hall. Doors to several offices led off of this hallway, and there was a door at the far end. The door was closed. Beyond, men stood silently waiting, The Shadow knew. Lying in wait to kill him.

The Shadow ignored that door and tried the several other offices. Each had been damaged by fire, but were empty. A large hole had been burned through the ceiling of one of the offices. It was large enough for a man to pass through. It was here that The Shadow began his hunt.

Lifting himself up and through the hole, The Shadow gained the second floor silently. A man stood in the room, looking away from The Shadow. He had not seen! He was pressed close to the door, which he held ajar, watching the hallway outside.

Silently, The Shadow approached the man, grabbed him from behind. The man sought to scream. A hand covered his mouth. He thrashed about in the terrible grip of The Shadow. His left hand held a gun and this he tried to aim back at his attacker. With one hand The Shadow forced the weapon from the gunman's grip, then tossed it aside. Now he applied pressure to the

## *Seven Tides of Doom*

man's neck behind the left ear and felt him go limp.

The hallway was empty. There might be other gunmen in the offices along the corridor but The Shadow had to risk exposure. The leader of these hoods would be in the building, waiting to spring his trap.

Melting into the deep shadows, the master of crime made his way to the door at the end of the hallway. Pausing, he listened for sounds on the other side of the door and heard none.

Gripping the knob tightly, The Shadow thrust open the door. Beyond was a short continuation of the hallway, empty and dark. At the end, the corridor turned to the right and continued to the other side of the building. A flicker of light seeped into the hall from an office halfway down the corridor.

Here, doors were off their hinges, panels were burned or shattered. A painted sign barely discernable on the charred corridor wall along the read:

Crescent Baking Co.  
est. 1898

No gunmen awaited him. Yet the trap would spring. The Shadow was being drawn deeper and deeper into it.

The Shadow entered the office next to the one with the light. Fire had damaged this room as well. Plaster had crumbled from the wall. A small hole in the adjoining wall poured a beam of yellow light into the room. The Shadow listened.

"I don't get it. We're sittin' ducks with this light on," a rough voice complained.

"Keep it down!"

"Forget it! I'm getting' out of here. That guy gives me the creeps anyway."

"You'll stay where you are," a cold voice replied.

"Say, Jimmy, take it easy with that thing. We don't owe this mug anything."

"I do."

"You and me go back, Jimmy. You wouldn't plug me."

"I say we stay. We're gettin' paid. Besides, I owe this Shadow fella something too. He got a cousin of mine last year. Put a slug right between his eyes. Well, I got one waitin' for that guy. And one for you, too, if you try to leave."

"Yeah. Okay, Jimmy."

This was not the trap the killing fiend would spring. These men were but bait. The Shadow could walk into that room and vanquish those men. They were vile criminals and deserving of punishment. But entering that room, The Shadow would become vulnerable to the real trap.

The Shadow looked up. The real trap was above. Someone waited for him in the room above this one. The killer expected The Shadow to avoid the lit room and seek out a darkened one above. There, lying in wait, would be the killer who called himself Möbius, or one of his men. From the darkness they would strike.

His shadowed face worked into a

cold, mirthless grin. The Shadow would not be taken unawares. He would strike first.

Smashing into the lit room, The Shadow fired his twin forty-fives into the ceiling. Plaster and wood splintered and rained down on him.

"It's him!" one gunman cried.

The other – Jimmy – said nothing, but leveled his revolver at the back of The Shadow's head.

Firing mercilessly, The Shadow reared back his head and laughed. The sound rose above the gunfire, the madness of it chilled all in the room. Without pause, The Shadow lowered one of his guns and shot a single round into the room. The bullet punched a bloody hole between Jimmy's eyes and the hood collapsed.

The other gangster lay curled up in a corner, whimpering. The Shadow ignored him.

From above came a groaning sound. Then the ceiling buckled and debris plunged into the office below. Among the jetsam was a body. The man had been shot through several times. The heavy pistols he still held in each hand had not been fired.

The Shadow turned to the whimpering hood.

"Where is your master?"

A crackling sound like that of a phonograph record beginning filled the room for a moment. Then a voice echoed, tinny, as if coming through a speaker. It was a high voice, filled with hate and arrogance.

"Did you think me so foolish as to

## The Shadow

let you get close to me?" the voice said. "Goodbye, Shadow. I shall kill again and you won't be able to stop me!"

The Shadow heard a popping sound, muffled and distant. Another followed, and then another. The building jolted. The floor buckled, and the walls folded inward.

The whimpering hood looked up and screamed as a wall collapsed on him. The Shadow reached out for the man but he slid away into the darkened abyss below.

A heavy wooden beam fell across the crumbling room and wedged there among the joists. As the floor dropped away completely, The Shadow grabbed onto the beam, dangling in mid-air. Then the joists at one end rocked and the beam slipped from its perch and began to fall.

Above, beams and bricks fell through the missing ceiling, raining death onto The Shadow. Falling, The Shadow twisted himself between the beam and the deadly debris.

One end of the beam hit solid ground and nearly tore loose The Shadow's grip. The other end, still elevated, bounced off of debris, finally settling on a pile of bricks. Still under the beam, The Shadow covered himself as the rest of the building collapsed around him.

In moments, a pile of rubble lay where a proud, old building had once stood. Dead men were scattered about The Shadow. The fiend had killed his own men in order to trap The Shadow. He was inhuman!

## Seven Tides of Doom

Covered with debris, The Shadow began to dig himself out. Suddenly, there was a loud woosh! sound and a blazing fire jumped up before him. The Shadow was pinned beneath the building wreckage as a violent inferno raced toward him.

"You're sure about this, Cardona?" Inspector Klein asked, gruffly, lodged in the doorframe to detective Joe Cardona's office.

"It's the only thing that makes sense, Inspector. That Quimby kid who was kidnapped made a lot of noise about seeing a bright, full moon. Well, I checked. The moon was new that night. He couldn't have seen it. These murders all take place at specific times. The clocks tell us that. Those times coincide with the tide – high, then low, then high again. The placement of the bodies approximates the height of the tide above or below sea level. The moon controls the tide – and it's a circle. After three murders it's clear that's the direction the murders are traveling."

Klein shook his head. "That's incredible. He must be a madman, this killer, to devise something so complex. What's his purpose? Just to kill people?"

"I don't think so, Inspector. He's baiting someone."

Klein's eyes narrowed with suspicion. "Not you, of course."

Realizing he had made a mistake with the inspector, Cardona did not utter the name of The Shadow. Instead he said, "I wouldn't know who, inspector."

"Well ... it doesn't matter. If you're right, you'll catch him tonight."

"I'll need men - ."

"I can only give you so many, Joe. I need some to guard the witness in the Corba Loune trial. We need him, Joe. It'll put an end to a lot of nasty business when we put Loune away. But, by Heaven, you'll have some men! I'll see to it now."

After the inspector's stormy exit, Cardona unfolded a small sheet of paper on his desk. This was the second cryptic note left by The Shadow. Cardona had copied this one as well from memory once it too had mysteriously faded. It had been placed on his blotter in a plain envelope with his name scratched onto it in red ink. No one had witnessed its arrival, not even Fritz who worked leisurely with a feather duster.

In the note, The Shadow had revealed the location of the next murder and the mechanism by which the killer was operating. Cardona had himself uncovered the fact about the moon, but had yet to make the connection to the location of the next murder. Armed with this new information, the detective was prepared to take on the killer.

"More clues?"

Cardona looked up sharply to see Clyde Burke leaning casually against the open door.

"What are you doing here?"

Burke smiled. "Your time is up, Cardona. I promised you two days and I think we're past that now."

"You've had your stories."

"But not the big one. All sidebar stuff, filler. I want some meat."

Cardona stood and came around his desk. "Look, Clyde, I'm trying to stop a killer. I think I can do that now. I know where he'll strike next."

"That's swell! And I have just enough time to make the late edition."

"Not so fast. If we let this out now, the killer could just hide out until things cool down, and he can start again. We have a chance to get him for good, but you've got to wait."

"The Gazette didn't wait. They've got a story." Burke held up a newspaper, the front page of which blasted the headlines:

Lunar Killer strikes down 3rd victim

Police baffled by criminal who uses tides to plan murders

Clocks broken at crime scenes by murderer to leave clew for police.

Cardona frowned. "Sure. They broke the connection. I don't know who gave them that clock angle, but when I find out -."

"That's your problem, Cardona. Mine is getting the news."

"And you'll have the whole thing - if you come with us tonight when we spring our trap."

"You mean it?"

"Yeah. Say, whatever happened to Little Lord Fauntleroy? You got him safe somewhere?"

"Tucked in bed with warm milk. He won't be a problem."

Cardona grabbed his hat and coat

## The Shadow

and shoved Burke out of the office and down the hallway. Three other detectives were waiting and they all went downstairs to meet up with the uniformed men Klein had assembled.

Exiting the stationhouse they were rudely assaulted by a man rushing in. Two uniformed policemen chased after the man who was trussed up in a straightjacket.

"You gotta help me!" the man cried. None had ever seen him before, but had they known where he had last been, they would have questioned him thoroughly. For this was the same hood, Sven Dees, who had been captured and hypnotized by The Shadow.

"Sorry, detectives," one of the uniformed men said. "Been chasing him for blocks. He's crazy. Says something's after him."

Cardona grabbed hold of the man and shook him. "Hold still you, I don't have time for your nonsense. Officer, just get him over to Bellevue. And lock him up tight."

Burke shook his head and laughed. But as he was pushing through the door behind Cardona he heard the straightjacketed man cry out again.

"Don't let him get me! Keep him away! The Shadow! The Shadow!"

The powerful police cars carried the men to their destination quickly, another quiet neighborhood. Dozens of uniformed officers surrounded the seemingly innocent row house. But even as this army descended and made ready to capture the man the newspapers had dubbed the Lunar Killer, word

## Seven Tides of Doom

came that the fourth murder had already taken place across town. Another innocent was dead.

### CHAPTER FIFTEEN: SECRETS REVEALED

**S**EARING FLAMES BLAZED white hot, consuming every bit of the brittle, dry wood in the old office building.

Trapped, The Shadow struggled to free himself. Beams that had collapsed around him in a cat's cradle design began to smolder. Behind him was a pile of bricks and debris blocking escape. His leg was pinned beneath a beam.

With Herculean strength, The Shadow had managed to move the beam slightly, shifting it enough to take the enormous pressure off his leg. Stabbing pain knifed through the limb as the blood rushed back into it.

The building had become unbearably hot. The Shadow had heard two voices calling out for help earlier but after a few minutes they stopped.

Below, the floor had collapsed under the terrific weight of brick and beams. A black abyss awaited. To fall into that pit would mean certain doom.

The fire had eaten through some of the debris, weakening The Shadow's precarious support. Again a beam shifted, crushing against his leg. As it slid, the support under him collapsed. He fell ten jarring feet, but by twisting and curling his legs, The Shadow managed to keep from again being pinned.

Now fire surrounded him, above and below. Catlike, The Shadow climbed out of the fiery pit using his cloak to ward off the flames. His black automatics became painfully hot against his sides. He loosened the twin shoulder holsters and allowed them to drop into the burning pit.

The Shadow continued to climb.

"Help – " a heat-weakened voice called out.

The roar of the flames had distorted the voice, had made it seem as if it came from outside the building. No one outside this inferno, though, would need help. The Shadow paused and scanned the white-hot building. Little remained to recognize. Offices, hallways, even whole floors had collapsed and were burning uncontrollably. The Shadow was himself but a few feet from salvation – part of the crumbled brick wall had shifted and a cool, clear hole had opened – but he would not abandon even a criminal to such a hellish fate. Death must be swift, and it must be just.

Dangling from a charred beam, a white-haired man clung in desperation. The Shadow picked his way carefully toward the man, down into the burning pit. The basement below was a lake of fire. An oily black smoke began to lift up into the roiling air, swirling and billowing.

The Shadow was but inches above the man when the timbers on which he crept gave way again and he plunged toward the flaming basement floor. Sparks and smoke filled his

senses.

Above, the white-haired man cried out again and went limp against a beam. Debris pummeled the man and burned his blue watchman's uniform.

Bracing himself between a solid section of collapsed wall and a still anchored beam, The Shadow reached out and scooped up the fallen man. Wooden timbers groaned under the weight.

The night watchman under his arm, The Shadow began his tortuous climb to safety. His shoes began to smolder as he made his ascent. The dead weight of the watchman slowed The Shadow, made each step death defying.

A wall exploded in sparks and sprayed the two men. Another beam, flaming wildly, plunged past them.

At last The Shadow reached the hole torn in the outer brick wall. He shoved the watchman through the hole. The wall suddenly shifted again, folding on itself. Flaming debris plunged down upon The Shadow, knocking him from his perch.

Holding firmly to the broken wall, The Shadow pulled himself up, finding a narrow foothold, and began tearing out at the closed hole. He peeled away dozens of kiln-hot bricks, tearing a new escape. Finally, he thrust himself out into the cool night air.

Without pause, The Shadow scooped up the watchman and carried him away from the burning building.

The shrill wail of sirens pierced the night air. Fire engines poured into the

## The Shadow

street along with several police radio cars. When their headlights fell on the building they saw a watchman, unconscious, lying at the side of the road. He was alone.

The Shadow was late. He knew that the hour of the next murder had already passed. Trapped as he had been he would never have been able to reach the victim in time.

The inferno that had once been an abandoned office building cast huge, flickering shadows across the street. The police ignored the movement. All eyes were cast upon the burning hulk. No one saw a shadow fall across the seat of a patrol car just as a call came over the radio. A murder had occurred. The West Side location was related. A broken clock had been found. Then, the flickering shadow within the patrol car faded.

The Shadow's surmise had been confirmed. But the location of the fourth murder had not been where the police had predicted. The Lunar Killer had changed his plan, or so it seemed. The Shadow knew better. Had he been free he might have been able to stop this murder. For now, The Shadow knew the killer's entire plan. The fiend had himself given away a vital clew this night. He had laid his trap for The Shadow in a specific office, and this was the last bit of information The Shadow would need to capture the killer.

A blue light clicked on in a blackened room. Hands, seemingly disembodied,

## *Seven Tides of Doom*

moved across a dark tabletop and into the light. There was a whispered laugh as The Shadow plotted out the final murders yet to come.

The moon had been but one clew, the tides – as memorialized by the broken clocks and the position of the bodies – had been another. But the circle shape of the moon had been misdirection. The true shape of the murders was more devilish. The Shadow drew out the killer's plan.

Rather than a circle shape, the killer had chosen two crescents and apportioned three murders to each. These he committed in turn, baffling the police with the strangeness of the crimes. Now that his pattern was becoming clear even to the police, the killer would need to accelerate his plans.

Each of the murders had occurred in darkness. This would continue, The Shadow surmised, but there would be less time between the murders now. Too often the killer had brushed against The Shadow. Too many times had he nearly been captured. He could not expect such luck to hold.

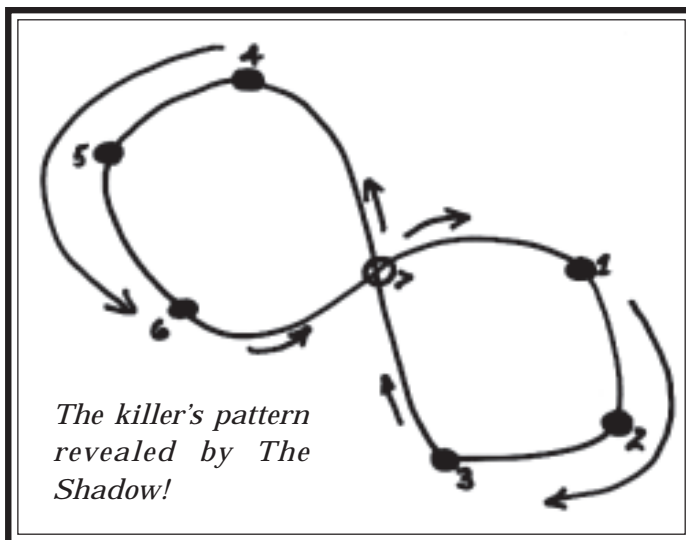
There were other reasons for his haste now. His ultimate goal, his criminal prize, would appear on a certain day at a certain time. He had to rush through these murders. He could stop the killings, hide out, secret himself away from the searching eyes of The Shadow. He did not want that. He needed The Shadow to chase after him, needed to keep him occupied.

The Shadow laughed. Nothing was hidden from him now. The fiend's plans

were clear. The Shadow had uncovered the truth.

The murders now plotted on a map, The Shadow saw there was no place for the pattern to expand except inward. Drawing a line from the first to the second and then to the third murder, The Shadow etched a crescent on the map. After plotting out the location of the fourth murder, and the fifth and sixth yet to come, he drew a crescent there as well. Then he connected the third and fourth murder locations, and the first and sixth.

The connection of these murders, in this shape, was obvious. The killer had told young Quimby his name – Möbius – and had claimed his crimes would continue eternal. The murders had been laid out in the pattern of a Möbius strip, an endless folded loop connoting infinity. At the center point of the strip, where visually the two sides met, would occur a seventh and final murder.



The Lunar Killer had been alternating from high tide to low on a three day schedule. His plans now accelerated, The Shadow surmised the madman would maintain the tidal pattern even while advancing the timing of the murders.

Thus the fifth killing would occur at 12:41 a.m., just a few hours from now; the next that same evening at 8:02 p.m. The last – the attack on the star witness – would occur at 1:58 a.m. the following morning.

The Shadow plotted this last crime as well, discovering its location to be the Olympia Hotel. Again, The Shadow laughed. From the continuous supply of newspaper clippings delivered by Rutledge Mann, The Shadow knew the killer was after a notorious gangster, soon to be housed in the Olympia Hotel by the state prior to his giving testimony at the Corba Loune trial. The death of this testifying gangster would

ensure Loune's freedom and keep him from the law's just punishment. The Shadow, through his many agents, had learned where the witness was to be secretly kept until his time in court.

The clippings delivered by Rutledge Mann, and information provided by overseas agents, told The Shadow even more. Layers upon layers of clues and a gauntlet of deadly traps had been set upon him – all de-

signed to keep The Shadow occupied while the killer sought a very different prize. That prize would arrive the same night the attempt would be made on the life of the star witness, Carmine DeSanto. Divided, The Shadow would be hard pressed to save DeSanto's life and stop yet a very different crime planned by the Lunar Killer.

The final gauntlet had been thrown. The Shadow accepted the challenge. In little more than a day the mysterious killer would find swiftly delivered justice. So swore The Shadow!

### CHAPTER SIXTEEN: QUIMBY INVESTIGATES

CLYDE BURKE CONTINUED TO bang away at the typewriter keys, ignoring the phone for ten rings.

"Burke!" he said, finally picking up the instrument. "Make it snappy! I'm on deadline .... What's that? He what? Are you sure? Okay, okay. Hold the wire."

He set the receiver down and looked up over his desk to the still busy city room. The *Classic* was putting the late morning edition to bed and there was a flurry of activity to finish stories and get them to composing.

Across the room Burke spotted a big-bellied man wearing a straw hat. He was rumbling through the room on his way to the exit.

"Billy," Burke called out. "Hey, Billy! Get over here!"

Billy turned about and shook his

way over to Burke.

"I'm getting' coffee!" he whined.

"Never mind that, get on the line with me. Take it all down. I'll listen in."

Billy was an ace rewrite man for the *Classic* and the fastest typist on the paper. He sat down at an empty desk and picked up the telephone. Burke engaged the line at the same time.

"Go ahead, Mrs. Wilton," Burke said. "Start from the top."

"We awoke this morning as usual and went down to breakfast ...." a woman's voice said over the wire. She sounded shaky and was near tears.

"About Quimby, Mrs. Wilton," Burke interrupted.

"Well he didn't come down to breakfast. And when Foster went to check on him, well, he wasn't there! He was gone! They've taken my boy again."

"Take it easy, Mrs. Wilton. We'll sort things out." Burke looked over to see Billy typing furiously. "Did you notice if the house was broken into?"

"No I don't think so. But they must have taken him. He was quite ill. He hadn't gotten out of bed for two days."

"So nobody saw them? Not even Foster?"

"Oh no, Foster lives on the other side of the house you see ...."

"Thank you, Mrs. Wilton. Is that all you can tell me? Are his clothes still there?"

"Of course they are! Oh, they did take one of the cars. A blue coupé. And one of my husband's guns is missing. A revolver, I believe. Is that important

do you think?"

Eyes wide, Billy tossed a look over to Burke.

"You don't say. Give me the license number of the missing buggy. Uh-uh. Okay. Well, don't worry yourself over this, Mrs. Wilton. I'll get the story out and have the cops on this right away."

"Oh, thank you. I knew you would help. You've been so kind."

Burke hung up.

"You've been so kind!" Billy said, derisively.

"Nuts to you, big fella," Burke replied, his mind racing.

"So the kid got grabbed, huh?"

"That's the angle, Billy. That's just the way to play it. Dead of night, sneaking in, snatching the kid under his mother's own nose, and him being sick with grief over the death of his girl. Pull the heart strings. Put in that stolen car, too. They've no respect for people or property."

"Oh, like real criminals."

"That's the ticket."

"And what about the gun?"

Burke looked him steady in the eye. "What gun?"

"Sure," Billy said, nodding. "All right."

"I don't want this kid in a jam, see. Because I pushed him there. Go on, Billy. The photographers have plenty of pix. This'll go page one. Just see if don't."

Burke banged out the final few sentences of his own story, ripped the page from the typewriter, and called for the copyboy. That finished, Burke picked

up the telephone and dialed police headquarters.

"Well, get him on the wire," Burke told the operator after hearing detective Cardona was not available. "I don't care where he is, get him. This is urgent. Tell him it's Clyde Burke of the *Classic*!"

Ten minutes later, Cardona came on the line.

"This had better be good," the detective growled. "This is a big city and I've got more to do than jaw with you all day."

"It'll be on the streets in half an hour, Cardona, but I thought I'd give you a heads up. Young Quimby Wilton's gone missing."

"What?! They snatched him up again? How do you know this?"

"Mother Wilton just called. She's all a-flutter. Junior didn't come down to breakfast."

"I'll get a car over there right away."

"Nix to that. The kid took a powder."

There was a pause at the other end of the line. "You sure?"

"Yup. No break-in. Foster didn't even hear them."

"Who the ...?"

"The butler. A car's missing. A blue coupé. I've got the license number. But if the kid has an ounce of brains he'll have ditched the buggy somewhere and taken a cab."

"What's he got on his mind, Burke?"

"Well, now that his hangover is cured, he's picking up where he left off. He wants his girl's killer."

## The Shadow

"The fool! The absolute fool!"

"That's not all of it. He's got papa's gun."

Cardona was again silent on the other end. Burke could almost hear the detective boiling with anger.

"He'll get himself killed. You have any idea where to find him?"

"I wish I did. It's a big city, and he's a big fool."

"Maybe," Cardona said, softly, "maybe you know someone who could find him."

Burke let that hang in the air for a moment.

"I'd hate to see this kid put on the list of dead," Cardona added.

"Yeah."

Had they ever said anything openly to each other about The Shadow? Burke could not remember. He knew that Cardona believed The Shadow existed, had even had communication with him in some mysterious form. And Cardona believed that Burke was somehow connected to the master of crime. But they would never talk of it openly. The Shadow and his agents must always operate secretly.

"I'll see what I can do," Burke said. He gave Cardona the license plate number of the Wilton car then hung up.

Burke grabbed his hat and coat and left the newspaper building. He walked east for two blocks and found a telephone booth. Quickly he dialed a special number. The voice on the other end was cool and matter-of-fact.

"Report."

## Seven Tides of Doom

Burke spoke for several minutes, at the end of which he heard a pause.

"Report received. No orders at this time. Check in on the hour."

Quimby Wilton heard a newshawk call out his name and was startled by it.

"Young socialite missing! Quimby Wilton kidnapped for second time! Read all about it!"

Quimby went up to the young man and bought a paper. The newshawk did not even look up to see his customer. He simply grabbed another *Classic* from his pile and waved it about.

"Gangland violence feared!"

The earlier editions had carried news of the fourth Lunar Killer murders. A recap of the events of the previous night was at the bottom of the page, below the fold. The story on Quimby filled more than half of the top of the page, although photographs used most of the space.

Quimby found an empty doorway, slipped inside, and read the story. His mother was worried, in tears. Father was being brave, of course. The car was stolen, and Quimby smiled a bit at that. No mention of the gun, though. Good. They hadn't discovered that yet.

He hated to worry his mother like this but he had to do something. The police were helpless against this Lunar Killer who had murdered his beloved. He was no detective, but he had seen some of the people involved and he meant to confront them, force them to take him to the killer himself.

Tossing aside the paper, Quimby hailed a cab. He had abandoned the coupé several blocks away and would use taxis to get him to his destination.

Much of that night he had spent in the hands of criminals was a blur in his mind. His memory was sporadic. But he did remember a face – a square-jawed man with a ragged scar across his chin – and a place. He remembered the Pike Street Pier.

In the daytime, the pier was quite different. The foreboding shadows of that night were washed away by cool sunlight. Ominous structures were no more than equipment housings and mooring pylons coiled with thick rope. A small freighter was docked at the pier, but was devoid of life. Behind the freighter sat the tugboat upon which he had been held prisoner.

Quimby stepped out of the cab and crossed the street to the pier entrance. A gate in the fence lay open and the guard shack was empty. Quimby hurried in and crossed behind an equipment shack to get out of view. He waited there several minutes. Hearing no pursuit he continued.

Absently he fingered the small thirty-eight caliber revolver in his pocket. His hand shook slightly against the cool metal.

Quimby skirted the edge of the dock, ignoring the greenish water of the East River lapping below him. A gangway stretched up from the dock to the freighter. Quimby maneuvered around this, eyes open for a guard or stevedore. A deckhand came out on deck

above him, cursing and sloshing water across the filthy metal plating. He began scrubbing and became lost in his own murky thoughts. He did not see Quimby.

A plank had been left in place between the dock and the tug. Quimby waited several minutes, watching the tugboat intently, before stepping aboard. He drew the gun from his pocket.

The tugboat seemed empty as well. Quimby climbed up to the pilothouse, then down to the various rooms below decks. He came upon a small room from which emanated cooking smells. Quimby entered, gun held steadily before him.

Inside, the lanky, scruffy captain of the tugboat sat eating a chicken leg, one foot up on the table. He wore his pea coat and knit watch cap. No one else was in the room.

At first the captain did not see Quimby. He ate, growling, and making slobbering noises. Quimby was reminded of his pet mastiff. He felt revulsion and disgust for the man.

"I've come for some answers," Quimby announced, suddenly.

The man dropped his chicken leg, choking and spitting. He tried to stand up but caught his leg on the table.

"I'll see ya plugged an' dead fer this, boy," the captain bellowed.

Quimby pulled the gun's trigger. The cracking echo of the blast filled the room and made each man cringe. The bullet smacked into a bulkhead not five feet from the captain.

## The Shadow

"I'm not very good with these things, sir. Next time I might miss, or I might not."

The captain absorbed that hard fact. He swallowed and spoke, subdued.

"What do ya want, lad?"

"You're a foul man to do what you did to me the other night. But I'll forget that if you answer my question. Who were those men?"

"I can't tell ya nothin' about those fellas, or their plans. I jes' give 'em the use of the tub. They don' confide in the likes o' me."

Quimby fired again, the bullet whistling closely past the captain's head.

"Here now! Stop that!" the captain cried. "These fellas'll kill me, don' ya see."

Quimby motioned with his gun. The captain understood the gesture, and swallowed again.

"Aye," he said. "I have nothin' ta tell ya on any of 'em. I jes' don' know. Except a little on that fella with a scar on his chin. Him I can say a bit."

"Go on."

"Well, his name's Astrand an' there's a place he goes, a drugstore on Twenty-seventh Street. Frequents the lunch counter. Ya might find 'im there."

A vague memory of the place came into Quimby's mind. He had seen the store through a drunken haze and a car window. A man at a telephone booth. Images flashing past his mind's eye.

The man with the scar on his chin! He had a name now – Astrand. This was the man who could lead Quimby

## Seven Tides of Doom

to the Lunar Killer. He would force the man to take him. And then he would have his vengeance!

### CHAPTER SEVENTEEN: MOE STEPS IN

"**Y**ER NOT A KILLER, BOY," the captain said.

"I would not be too sure."

The captain had stood and come around the table as he had spoken to Quimby. No more than ten feet separated the two men in the tiny cabin.

"I've got men comin' back soon. They'll grab ya sure if'n ya stay. Ya better run, lad."

Quimby grinned. "So you can plug me in the back?"

The grizzled captain threw himself at Quimby suddenly, grabbing the lad's gun hand and punching him twice in the stomach. Quimby doubled over then straightened, angry. He was a strapping, well-exercised young man not often given to violence. Now, though, he struck back bringing the revolver down in a crushing blow onto the captain's head. The man collapsed unconscious to the floor.

Quimby found some rope in another cabin and a rag. Quickly he tied the captain hand and foot, and gagged the man with the rag. The captain was unconscious, but still breathing, when Quimby left the tugboat.

Two blocks west of the pier, Quimby flagged a cab and got in. He gave directions to the drugstore on Twenty-

seventh Street. Once in the street he had the cabby drive around the block a couple of times slowly. He studied the drugstore as best he could and did not see Astrand inside.

The cab let Quimby out around the corner. For half an hour the lad stood at that corner watching the street. He saw no suspicious movements. Anxiously finally drove him to enter the drugstore.

He went to the counter, casually looking about. There were four booths off to the left. A man and a woman were sharing one of the booths. They sat quietly cooing. A terrible pang gripped Quimby's heart.

The lunch counter was long with stools for eight. They were empty. Quimby took one stool toward the right side of the counter.

"What'll ya have?" the counterman asked.

"Coffee."

The counterman sneered. "Thank goodness for the Rockefellers. I'd be outa business otherwise."

"Pie, too," Quimby added. "Apple."

"Sure, sport."

Quimby ate the pie when it arrived, surprised at his own hunger. He drank the coffee slowly. An hour passed. Quimby ate two more slices of pie and had another cup of coffee and a glass of milk.

"You could get it all at once, you know," the counterman said. "Costs just the same."

Quimby ignored him. Time was running out. The captain's crew would

surely have returned by now. At any time he might sound the alarm. If that happened, Quimby would be killed for his attempt at investigation. His only chance for survival and for vengeance lay in surprise.

A man sat down at a stool at the opposite end of the counter. He called cheerfully to the counterman. Quimby pulled his hat low and turned. The voice of this new man sounded familiar, but Quimby had to be sure. He had to see him.

Keeping his hat low, Quimby turned to look at the man. Instantly he saw the scar on his chin. He had his man. This was Astrand.

Quimby did not move for several minutes, until after the counterman brought a plate of food to the new arrival. After a moment, the youth got up, walked over to Astrand, and sat down next to him. Astrand had his hands on a hamburger sandwich, but froze when he saw Quimby slide up to him. Quimby's right hand was on the gun in his coat pocket and he let Astrand see the telltale bulge.

"Hey, look, kid, no hard feelings, right?"

"Shut up!" Quimby hissed.

Quimby pulled the gun from his pocket, keeping it out of sight below the counter. "I've already shot this thing twice today. I think another time or two and I'll have the hang of it."

"You ain't gonna plug me here, are you?"

"I should. For all I know you're the one who killed Mary. But I need you.

Let's go."

"I ain't eaten," Astrand complained.

Rising anger twisted the lad's baby face. "Go ahead, then. Eat."

Astrand thought that over a minute then put the hamburger down, untouched. He stood up slowly and tossed a dollar on the counter. He waved to the counterman and walked to the door. Outside, Astrand paused.

"Go on," Quimby said. "Your car. Let's go."

A sedan was parked on the street a few doors down. It was the same one used the night young Quimby had been kidnapped. A cabby pulled up and tried to cop a fair, but Astrand waved him off. Quimby opened the passenger door and motioned for Astrand to get in and slide over. Quimby got in, his gun now in full view. Astrand started the car and pulled out into traffic.

"We going to the pier, I guess," Astrand said.

"I've been there. Take me to your boss. And no tricks."

Astrand shook his head. "You've got sand, kid. I don't think any of us figured that. But if we walk in on the boss he'll kill us both."

"I don't care. At least I'll get my shot at him."

Astrand drove for a few blocks then turned and headed west.

"I wish you would, kid," Astrand said. "Kill him, I mean. He scares me stiff."

They drove for twenty minutes then parked outside a small building on

Fifty-second Street. The two men got out of the car and, Astrand leading the way, entered the building. The main corridor was dark and long. Several offices lined each side. There was no activity at all in the building.

Astrand strode to a door, knocked three times, twice, and three more times before opening it and stepping inside. Quimby followed behind quickly.

Inside were several men playing cards around a table capped in a cigarette haze. They all turned when the door opened.

"Nobody move," Quimby shouted at the group, waving his gun around in the air.

Without warning, a hand reached around him and yanked the gun from his grasp. Shocked, Quimby whirled. Strong arms pinned him. Astrand had him in a solid grip. One of the men got up and punched Quimby in the stomach, then again across the mouth.

An inner door opened and a figure cloaked in dark robes and a hood stepped out. Quimby recognized him from the time he had spent on the tugboat. This was their leader, the man calling himself Möbius. He had come all this way prepared to exact vengeance on the killer and was now helpless.

"You could have lived, young Quimby Wilton. But your actions have doomed you."

"Fight me like a man, you horror!"

"No, young fool. The stakes are far too high to bother with your bravado," the killer laughed. "You may yet serve

a purpose to me. The Shadow shall know of your capture, if he has once again eluded my trap. You shall be held for him to rescue. And when he does come for you, I shall finally bring about his death!"

Half an hour before young Quimby appeared at the drugstore to await Astrand, a smallish, hunch-shoulder taximan slowly cruised his cab outside on Twenty-seventh Street. He was there on instructions. Maintaining his vigilance on that one block he turned away several fares. His eyes were keenly fixed on the storefront like a circling hawk. When he saw the drugstore door open and his quarry step out into the street he moved quickly. He angled his hack to the kerb and leaned out the window.

With a casual air he said, "You boys need service?" From his instructions, the taximan recognized the younger fellow as Quimby Wilton.

The man with Quimby – a rough customer with a large scar on his chin – grinned and started to wave. Quimby moved in close and nudged the man, killing the gesture.

"Got my own," he said, stiffly.

"Sure thing, Mac," the taximan said, then drove off. He didn't go far.

He pulled into a space in front of the next building and put the machine in park, but did not turn the engine off. Reaching outside, he angled his side mirror so he could watch the action at the kerb. He could see Quimby open the door to a sedan and motion

for the other man to get in. Quimby then followed inside. Their car started up and entered traffic.

The taximan turned his long, sharp nose away from the window as the car passed. Then he threw his own into gear and rolled in behind the sedan. He drove for twenty minutes, never more than a block behind the sedan. Cabs filled the street, making him invisible.

The cabby was Moe Shrevnitz, an agent of The Shadow. He had received instructions by telephone not an hour before and had been directed to the drugstore on Twenty-seventh Street. The Shadow meant to save the foolish young Quimby from himself, if he could.

The sedan pulled up at small office building and Quimby and the scarred man got out and went in through the front door. Moe passed the building by, went around the block, and cruised past the front entrance again. He saw no movement.

He pulled into the next block and parked and got out and ran back to the building. He did not enter it. Instead he strolled slowly past the low front windows, casually glancing into them. All of the rooms within were empty. Several of the inner doors were open, though, and at one office he finally saw some movement.

Moe stopped and stepped close to the window, squinting against reflected sunlight. He was looking out of the room, through a dark hallway, and into an adjacent office. Quimby was there.

## The Shadow

A man had pinned the lad's arms back. Another struck Quimby twice in the stomach. Then a dark figure came into view. It looked like a man beneath blackened robes and a black hood. He stepped very close to Quimby, and then the office door closed, shutting out the taximan's view.

Moe beat it back to his hack, hopped in, and drove down the street two blocks to a cigar store where he used the telephone to make his report. After hanging up he waited. Several minutes passed before the telephone rang.

"This is Moe," the taximan said into the instrument.

"Do not interfere with Quimby," a chilling whisper told him.

"Looks like he's in trouble. They laid into him pretty good. They might kill him."

"He will not die. Not yet. They seek to use him as bait. It is certain that they knew you were present and that you would report to me. Follow them if they move. Stay with Quimby if they separate. Report back after each move. That is all."

The line went dead. Moe hoped The Shadow was right. He didn't want to see the kid die.

Returning to his cab, Moe circled the block and parked across the street from the office and down a few buildings. He waited, head back, cap down over his eyes as if he were asleep. But he was not sleeping. He did not sleep when working for The Shadow. His eyes were closed into narrow slits through which he could survey the

## Seven Tides of Doom

street.

For hours nothing moved. Dusk began to settle. A car pulled up to the office building, another large sedan. Several men came out of the building, including Quimby. His face was downcast and he moved with no energy. Men flanked him and hustled him into the waiting car.

The sedan sped away into traffic. Moe started the engine of his cab, shifted into gear, and followed expertly. They were headed downtown. For a time, cabs were sparse on the street so Moe stayed further back. But the sedan was in no hurry. It turned onto Ninth Avenue and avoided most of the Pennsylvania Station crowd. At Fourteenth Street the sedan swung over to Hudson Street and angled down toward Battery Park. But before reaching the park it turned into Jay Street and parked outside a run down tenement festooned with drying laundry.

Moe circled his cab around the block twice. He watched as a light went on in a fourth floor window. Young Quimby was seated by the window in full view of the street. For half an hour the taximan sat there before deciding the move had been permanent and left to find a telephone. He found one in a drugstore and called the contact man for The Shadow, left a brief message. The instrument rang back almost as soon as Moe had hung up.

"Report," commanded the chilling voice.

"They've taken him to a ratty apartment house on Jay Street," Moe said,

then related the address. "I think they're in for the night."

"And Quimby?"

"Down in the dumps, but alive. They've got him perched in a well-lit window for the whole world to see."

Moe waited but heard no reply. There was dead silence on the other end. Then through the ear piece he heard the faint sibilant laughter of The Shadow!"

### CHAPTER EIGHTEEN: SET-UP FOR THE SHADOW

THE SHADOW LAUGHED BE-  
cause he knew that the Lunar Killer was again attempting to misdirect him. Night had lowered over the city and the killer wanted The Shadow far away from the location of the fifth murder, scheduled to occur at 12:41 a.m., only hours from now!

The Shadow had plotted this newest murder, concluding it would take place on Fifty-third Street at Eleventh Avenue, across from DeWitt Clinton Park. The killer would strike his victim and leave him but a few inches above street level. That meant killing someone on the street or in a basement apartment like Marguerite Nordhoff. Yet there were no basement apartments in that block. There were apartment buildings, several converted brownstones, and a number of nicer houses.

Entering the street at a few minutes past midnight, The Shadow clung to

the darkness as the latenight theater crowd moved through the block back to their homes. He had dressed for the street, wearing a smartly pressed suit and snap brim hat. His disguised features gave him the appearance of a well-to-do man returning from a night on the town. Over his arm lay a heavy cloak, and in his hand was a small leather briefcase which contained The Shadow's heavy black automatics.

He strolled casually down the street, crossing at Eleventh Avenue and returning along the opposite side. Gangdom's presence was not seen.

The Shadow crossed again and, appearing nonchalant, examined rooftops, doorways, and parked automobiles. A car drove down the street and parked, and a young couple got out and went up into an apartment house. Other cars passed through innocently.

A man stood in a third floor window, pacing. The lights were off in the room but enough of a glow from street lamps cast a haze about his form. The Shadow paused and watched. The man did not make a move to turn on the lights. Several other lights were still on the buildings around him.

The Shadow reached the end of the block again and crossed. Now ensconced in shadows, away from street lamps, he surveyed the quiet street with renewed interest. Another man was out of place. The Shadow spotted him on a rooftop directly across the street from the man in the darkened third floor room. This rooftop man lay against the shallow raised façade of the

## The Shadow

building, street light washing faintly over his features, employing a small pair of binoculars. Only his head was visible.

Racing across the street, The Shadow entered the building atop which the mysterious man lurked. Gone now were the placid features of his disguise, swept aside by deft hands. His dapper suit lay hidden beneath the heavy cloak he had previously carried over his arm. Discarded was the leather briefcase. In his hands now were The Shadow's two heavy black automatics.

The Shadow found a staircase and ascended. He paused at the top floor, scouring the well-lit hall for a way to the roof. There were three doors without apartment numbers. Two were locked. Choosing the most likely of them, The Shadow deftly picked the lock, finding a narrow staircase leading up. At the top of the stair the roof access door lay open.

Gliding through the darkness, The Shadow searched the roof but found no one. At the edge of the building facing the darkened window across the street was a pile of cigarette butts. The mysterious man had been waiting here for some time, and then he vanished. The Shadow examined the rooftops of the surrounding buildings to no avail. The mysterious man was gone.

Returning to the staircase, The Shadow descended all the way to the street, waiting momentarily for another car to pass. His black form flitted silently across the street to the apartment house with the darkened window.

## *Seven Tides of Doom*

Unaccosted, The Shadow made his way up to the third floor front apartment. Silent maneuverings opened the apartment door. A slight woosh of air and The Shadow was inside.

He had entered a short hallway unseen and now stood in a corner untouched by the pale light from the street. A heavy-set man was in the front room, pacing near the window. He seemed nervous and agitated. He paused in his pacing and leaned up against the window, looking outside.

The Shadow had noted the occupant's name on a mailbox downstairs in the vestibule. As he looked about the room, and down the hallway to the back rooms, The Shadow made a quick mental picture of the occupant. A jacket hung over a chair back, neatly arranged pictures hung on the walls, shelves stacked with precisely aligned books. But looking at the man, covered in darkness, he did not fit that conjured image.

"Your mind is heavy, Carson Beckwith," The Shadow said, his voice a sinister whisper that startled the room's other occupant.

"What?! Who's there?" Beckwith whirled about frantically, terror chilling his bones. From the corner of his eye he spotted a dark form in a shadowed corner.

"What is it that you fear this night, Beckwith? With what is your mind heavy?"

"I'm afraid."

"What do you fear?"

"You!" he cried, pointing toward the

blackened figure with a trembling finger.

"I am a friend, Carson Beckwith. Here to keep you from being murdered."

"Murdered!"

Beckwith stumbled backward toward the open window, but caught himself on the frame.

"Who would want to kill me?"

The man's voice was taut with fear, yet he had offered no reason for his fear other than surprise at The Shadow's sudden appearance. The man was tense and seemed to be calculating something with his movements. Wary, The Shadow scanned the room for traps. The jacket that hung over the chair back now captured The Shadow's focus. He studied it as he spoke.

"A madman needs no reason to kill," The Shadow rumbled. "He kills for pleasure. I shall stop him."

"Like hell you will!" Beckwith screamed as he pulled a thirty-eight from his pocket and began firing.

Beckwith's first shot plucked at night master's cloak; the second shot buzzed past his head. As bullets whizzed around him, The Shadow pulled his guns and fired at Beckwith. Hot lead pounded into the large man. He stumbled half a step backward against the sill and tumbled from the window, screaming.

The moment The Shadow had seen the jacket slung over the back of the chair, he realized its significance. The jacket was too small for the large man. He had been a plant, an imposter left

here to kill The Shadow.

Quickly, he searched the apartment. There were no others occupying the flat. If this was the location of the fifth murder then where was the victim's body?

With quick strokes of a deft hand, The Shadow resumed his former dapper disguise. He slung his cloak over his arm, snapped the back brim of his hat up and smoothed it, then walked out of the apartment.

In the street a small crowd had gathered about the dead man. A siren's wail could be heard some ways off. The Shadow slipped through the crowd to look at the dead man. Darkness had hidden his common appearance. Under glaring street lamps The Shadow saw that this man was nothing more than a thug.

Tumbling out of the window, the thug had fallen three stories and landed on a pallet that had been left against the building. The pallet was out of place on this street, and it confirmed what The Shadow expected. Lying on his back, the thug was elevated several inches off the street. The Shadow knelt beside the dead man, lifting the corpse's arm and pulling back the suit sleeve. The man wore a watch. The watch was broken, and the time frozen. It read 12:41 a.m.! The Shadow had himself committed the fifth murder!



### CHAPTER NINETEEN: THE SHADOW PREPARES

THE LUNAR KILLER WAS A fiend. Again he had sacrificed his own man knowing full well The Shadow would prevail.

The murder was another in a series of taunts by this madman. At every turn, the killer had outmaneuvered The Shadow using ingenious planning. Every step taken by The Shadow had been futile.

There would be another murder at 8:02 p.m. The body would be left exactly at street level. The Shadow did not know the victim, but had plotted out his location. The Shadow would be there to stop the killing, if he could.

But there was more to do before then. The Shadow would not be outfoxed by the Lunar Killer again. He knew the identity of the final victim, number seven, and he knew the fiend's true goal.

The Shadow had his own plans to complete before this night ended!

It took more than an hour for The Shadow to find the cab he wanted. Still in his disguise he instructed the driver to take him to Jay Street. He had the driver stop as soon as they turned into the street.

"Wait here," he said, handing the cabby a ten-dollar bill. "I will return shortly."

The Shadow exited the cab and instantly disappeared into the gloomy street. The cabby gasped at the suddenness of it.

Up the street was a very similar cab, parked along the kerb. Silently, the passenger door opened and closed almost in the same instant.

"Report," came the urgent whisper of The Shadow.

Moe Shrevnitz started with a jerk and sat up straight. "The kid seems to have gone to bed a couple of hours ago," Moe began tersely. "Light's still on as you can see. Every once in a while one of the thugs passes by, just to keep me interested. They've got the window open and now that it's quiet I can hear the clink of poker chips. They've been playing a while now."

"Drive off and pull into the next street. Double park there and wait for me."

Moe turned around in his seat, pressed the starter, and pulled away from the kerb. He had no doubt that The Shadow had already left the cab.

Up the street, the driver of the other cab had his head against the window and his eyes closed. He jumped when a voice said, "Start your motor."

The cabby yelped. He looked into the backseat to see his fare sitting there as if he had never left.

Obeying the command, the cabby started the car.

"Drive one block. There will be a parking space on your left between two cars. Park there."

The cabby obeyed and a minute later he again turned off his motor.

"Stay here until 8 a.m. Then drive away. Do not take on any fares. Is that understood?"

"My shift ends at six, pal."

"Stay here until 8 a.m." A hand reached over the seat and deposited several twenty-dollar bills on the front seat. The cabby picked them up and held them in front of his unbelieving eyes.

"Sure thing, pal. Say, where are you going?"

"I will not stay. This is for you to do."

"So how will you know I don't just take this money and drive away?"

"You will not," The Shadow said, darkly. "For I will know if you do."

The cabby snorted. "Sure you will, pal. And just how will you manage that?"

"I will know." The Shadow said, and laughed, the uncanny sound of it filling the cab – an exact match for Moe's machine.

When the driver looked into the back seat, his passenger was gone.

Instructed by The Shadow, Moe drove uptown, quickly gaining distance from Jay Street on the empty early morning expressway. From the taxi's darkened tonneau, The Shadow had directed Moe to gain Fifty-second Street at Pier 90. Once there, the night master found a telephone booth and made a call to Burbank with detailed instructions.

Checking the time, The Shadow saw that it lacked but a few minutes before dawn.

Returning to the cab, he instructed Moe to remain ready. In the back seat,

The Shadow shucked his slouch hat and cloak and climbed out of his suit. He had a small satchel and from this removed other clothing. Quickly he changed clothes and adjusted his features, adding bulk to his nose and a swarthy complexion. When he was done, he looked like a crude deckhand that could be found aboard any freighter.

The Shadow left the cab and crossed Fifty-second Street, joining a short line of similarly dressed men entering the dock through the main gate. One of the men waved to him and called out the name Corker, for The Shadow gave every outward appearance of being that man's casual friend. Unknown to the friend, the real Corker was in jail, having had a run-in with the law earlier that night.

The Shadow as Corker followed the friend up a gangplank and onto a customs patrol boat.

"Got us a tub heading out to Kashmeristan. A couple of their boys jumped ship yesterday," the friend said, chuckling. "I bet they wake up in some gutter wondering what their name is. Say, you know anything about this Kashmeristan tub?"

The Shadow shrugged noncommittally.

"Yeah. What does it matter? They're all the same. Bad food, lousy cots, and a bos'n what don't know how to treat a fella like a human being, in any language. At least we can catch us a ride out with the shore patrol boys."

## The Shadow

They hopped aboard the patrol boat moments before it pulled away from the dock. The craft got up to speed almost immediately and raced out into the Hudson River. A mile away a ship lay at anchor. Its name, *The Shadow* knew, was the *Jasmina Star*, of Kashmerik registry. Tugboats flanked its rusted hull. Here it would wait until this evening when it would be moved into the vacating space of Pier 90.

The Shadow as Corker took up position out of the wind. He sat, surly and silent, as the patrol boat sped toward the freighter.

"Guess you had a rough time last night, too, huh. Heard about that brawl. Figured you'd be in the pokey!" Corker's companion laughed then turned away.

Once aboard the *Jasmina Star*, the two men were introduced to the ship's first officer, shown their bunks, and given their work assignments.

The Shadow came back on deck a short time later, picked up a bucket of water and mop, and began swabbing the rusted plating. Several of the uniformed customs officers were also on deck. One carried a clipboard and was talking to the *Jasmina Star's* first officer. The other customs men were heading down into the ship's hold. They would spend another hour at their task, if The Shadow had calculated correctly, then they would get back in the boat and head for shore. The Shadow intended to make the return trip with them.

Ducking through a companionway,

## Seven Tides of Doom

The Shadow made as if to replenish his water bucket. Once inside, he sought the gloom of the dark, dank corridors. He found a ladder leading to the lower decks and crept down it. He sought the captain's cabin and the safe hidden there.

Twice he had to duck into empty companionways to keep out of sight of passing sailors. Time had nearly expired when he finally found the cabin he sought.

The Shadow pushed into the room. Empty. A safe sat on the floor beneath a small, rimmed table. This would not be the vault he sought. There would be another. The cabin was small, and thus there were few places it could be hidden. The Shadow opened drawers and attempted to pull cabinets away from the bulkhead, mindful of the time. Finally he lifted the mattress. Built into the hard base of the bed, hidden by the mattress, was a safe door, recessed to further conceal it.

Outside, A boat engine roared to life. The custom's men were preparing to leave.

The Shadow's altered visage offered the hint of a smile. He laughed softly. He finished his work in the cabin and, by the time he reached the main deck, he had sloughed his disguise and now wore the uniform of a custom's officer. He stepped aboard the motorboat with the other officers and in moments was speeding toward Pier 90.

Clyde Burke stepped back out onto Jay Street, his stomach churning from the

coffee he had just finished at a greasy diner. A half block down the street sat a cab, its driver asleep in the front seat. Across the street was a run down tenement which had come to life at day's first light as people began pouring from its door.

Instructions had been delivered to Burke earlier that morning in the form of an envelope placed on his nightstand. The message had been delivered by The Shadow and had commanded Burke to be in Jay Street no later than 7:30 a.m. He was to watch the cab and await its leaving. Then he was to watch the tenement across the street. Under no circumstances, The Shadow's message made clear, was he to follow anyone leaving the tenement.

At a few minutes past 8 o'clock the cabbie awoke, rubbed his face, then started the motor and drove off. He had done as instructed. Not ten minutes later, several men descended the front steps of the tenement and got into a waiting car.

Burke had had a fleeting glimpse of a man being muscled into the car. He was worn and tired and looked older, but Burke was certain it had been Quimby Wilton he had seen. For a moment he disregarded his instructions and hailed a cab, planning to follow. The kid was obviously in danger. But as the cab pulled to a stop in front of him, he waved it off. He would trust The Shadow.

Lost in deep concern for Quimby, Burke did not at first see the other cab

pull up beside him. When he finally noticed it, he started to wave this one off, too.

"Forget it," Burke said. "Changed my mind."

"Get in," a deep voice commanded.

Burke looked at the driver, a character with a long nose and sharp eyes. The taximan shrugged and tossed a thumb over his shoulder at the back seat. There seemed to be nothing there, and yet ...

Burke opened the door and climbed in. The cab lurched forward into sunlit traffic and headed uptown, dumping the newspaperman onto the floor.

Someone was in the cab. Despite the sunshine his features were hard to see. He was dressed in the uniform of a customs officer.

"The men have left the tenement." the man in the back seat calmly said. It was not a question.

Burke pulled himself off the floor and folded down the jump seat. He faced the other man.

"Yes. They left a few minutes ago."

"Report."

In an instant, the calm tones of the customs officer were replaced by the dark whispered voice of Burke's master. The Shadow's disguise, so complete, was broken now only by the change in voice.

"There were five men, including Quimby. He didn't look so good."

"He is safe for the moment. I know where he will be taken. You wanted to follow." It was not a question.

Burke swallowed. "Sure. I thought

## The Shadow

about it. The kid's over his head. He might lose it."

"He will not be harmed."

Moe had joined with commuter traffic and their progress slowed. After several minutes they arrived at the *Classic* newspaper building. The taxi-man pulled his hack to the kerb and waited.

"You will be needed tonight, Clyde Burke." Burke nodded, listening intently as The Shadow explained. "You must be at the Olympia Hotel at 1:57 a.m. Around the east side is an alley. Go down this alley and you will find several doors to the hotel. There will be one marked with the word Laundry. Stand outside. You will not be able to enter. Have a car standing by. I will deliver someone to you and you must take him to your office. He will be safe there."

"Understood. Who should I expect?"

"Carmine DeSanto."

Burke's eyes went wide with surprise. "Holy mackerel! The Corba Loune trial! So that's where they're keeping him."

"Do not alert the police. They will be there in force anyway to protect DeSanto."

"Yeah, and if word's out where DeSanto has been stashed, you'll have plenty of other company. Like every working hood from here to Philadelphia! Are you going to walk into that?"

Clyde Burke did not receive an answer. The Shadow was already gone.

## Seven Tides of Doom

### CHAPTER TWENTY: DEADLY RESCUE

THE SIXTH VICTIM COULD NOT be saved. The Shadow had entered the street at 7:30 p.m. where the murder would take place. It was a busy evening and there were many that might have been chosen by the Lunar Killer to die. Too many. For thirty minutes The Shadow watched them all. Then, too late, he spotted the victim.

A man had just exited his house and paused at the top of the stoop. He held a large black dog on a leash, but waited there a moment so he could place a candy in his mouth.

At the bottom of the stairs a passerby bumped into him violently, dropping the small package he carried. He apologized and hurried away.

Almost immediately the man doubled over, throwing hands to his throat. He choked and coughed.

The Shadow, again disguised, ran across the street to the victim's side. In moments the unsuspecting innocent collapsed and went limp. The smell of bitter almonds emanated from his mouth with his final gurgling breath. Cyanide!

On the ground beside the victim was the package dropped by the man who had hurried away. The Shadow tore at the flimsy paper wrapping to expose a clock. The clock had been broken, its crystal smashed, and the time stopped at exactly 8:02 p.m.!

The Shadow did not pursue the man

who had dropped the package. His task was simply to deliver the clock. The poison had been in the man's candy – an apparent habit that had cost his life.

The Lunar Killer's plan was nearly complete. Soon he would strike at his one true goal.

Night had fallen heavy and dark over the city. Thick, black clouds had come up from the south bringing the threat of a storm. Distant crashes of lightning sparked the evening sky and the rivers became agitated as if anticipating the terrible battle to come.

The Olympia Hotel, a grand landmark of New York City, occupied nearly an entire city block, its gothic appearance a haunting one under the looming clouds. Inside the spacious lobby were numerous chairs and lounges arranged neatly in little groups. If one did not look too closely, the grandeur of the old hotel remained in its carved and gilt archways and high chandeliers. No longer the epitome of royal hotel living, she yet retained her dignity, if not all of her glamour.

Clyde Burke pushed through the revolving doors of the hotel at 1:30 a.m. and paused to review his surroundings. As always, the hotel was filled with many loyal patrons, even at this hour. Men and women in evening wear, fresh from the theater and a late supper, stood about chatting gaily. There was still enough activity at the front desk to keep the clerk busy.

Two men in suits occupied chairs at

opposite ends of the hotel lobby. Their suits were wrinkled as if they had been in them all day. There was a bank of four elevators. Only one remained open at this hour. The car operator appeared far too alert to be the regular man.

Burke grinned as he strode to the back of the lobby toward the bar. At least two of the evening dress-wearing men were police. The two men in rumpled suits were either police or house dicks. The elevator operator and the barman were also cops.

"How's tricks?" Burke asked the barman as he took a stool. He recognized the burly fellow from one of the mid-town precincts.

"What'll ya have?"

"Say, you're slipping out of character."

The barman scowled. "Okay, ya made me, Burke. Now scram. This place ain't for you."

"Aw, have a heart, Boisman. It's late and I'm thirsty for a beer."

"Ya want me ta call down Cardona?"

Burke flipped a quarter onto the bar. Boisman looked at it and scoffed. "Not in this joint, pal. It's eight bits, and that's the cheap stuff."

Another quarter joined the first. "I'm killing time before a date, Boisman. I'll be out of here in fifteen minutes. Scout's honor."

Boisman sighed. He took a glass and worked the tap. He left plenty of head on it.

"Just so's you don't make noises, see. This is a respectable joint."

## The Shadow

"Well, they've got you working here, don't they?"

Burke took his beer and drank.

"Say, Boisman, you've got half the force here to do what? Guard the wine cellar?"

"Shaddup."

Grinning, Burke spun on his barstool and drank some more of his beer. Looking out on the lobby he watched a foursome still chatting away. They had moved positions and were no longer standing. Another group had left. The desk clerk gave a key to a man who turned for the elevators, a tired bellboy and suitcase in tow.

A few minutes later another man entered the lobby. Without pause, he strode to the front desk. He was a tall man, dapperly dressed, still in black tails and top hat. He asked for a key and took it and a message retrieved by the clerk. Smiling, the man thanked the clerk and turned for the elevators. The note he let fall to an ashtray.

Making a show of it, Burke lifted his arm and peeled the sleeve of his coat back to read the time on his watch. One forty-five a.m., it read.

"Well," Burke said, downing the last of his beer, "I hate to break off this scintillating conversation, but I must be off."

Burke tossed a dime on the well polished bar and said, "Don't quit your day job, Boisman."

Outside the hotel, Clyde Burke abandoned his casual air and hurried to the alley. A light rain had begun to fall and he pulled the collar on his coat

## Seven Tides of Doom

up. The alley was black as pitch. He took a small torch from his pocket and clicked on a strong, narrow beam of light.

Carefully, Burke picked his way down the alley, past trashcans and debris. Several tomcats were fighting over the day's spoils, but ran away at his approach.

Burke shone the light along the wall, examining each door as he came to it. The one marked "Laundry" was half way down the alley. Now in position, Burke turned off his light. He had left his car in the next block. At a dead run he could reach it in under thirty seconds.

The rain began to fall heavier now. Burke leaned up against the wall trying to avoid getting soaked. He crossed his arms against the cold, and waited.

The dapper man entering the elevator called for the eighteenth floor, whereupon reaching it, less than a minute later, he said a cheerful goodnight to the operator and stepped out lightly swinging a dark leather briefcase, and turned left. Key in hand he entered a room at the end of the hall.

Immediately he removed his evening clothes. From the leather briefcase he removed his black cloak, hat, and deadly brace of forty-five automatics. The Shadow had entered the field of action undetected!

In moments he was draped in familiar dark clothing, and back out the door. A stairwell was immediately outside his room. To the stairs he went

and began climbing toward an upper floor. The Shadow had learned the location in which Carmine DeSanto was being held. The thirty-eighth floor. Police would be on that floor, as well as floors immediately above and below. The Shadow would not be able to gain the thirty-eighth floor uncontested.

At the thirty-second floor he encountered a man waiting in the stairwell, smoking. The Shadow paused in his ascent before being seen. Retreating down a flight, The Shadow exited the stairwell on the thirty-first floor.

Down the hallway, in the center of the building, several men were at work on the elevator. The doors were open and the car was halfway below the floor. Two men were on top of the car working ropes and pulleys. A third stood by the door, apparently to hand tools to his coworkers.

These were not elevator repairmen. Bulges beneath their overalls revealed the shape of guns. Their faces were known to The Shadow, as well. Common thugs for hire, each of them were, with allegiance only to money.

The Shadow crept down the hall, trying each of the doors he passed. All were locked. The man by the open elevator door kept looking anxiously into the deep shaft. The other two, working ropes and pulleys, disappeared up the shaft.

The Shadow was within ten feet of the elevator when the thug at the door turned around in a nervous sweep of the hall. He spotted The Shadow and started to cry out. Strong ghostly white

hands crushed the words even as they were uttered, smothering the man's mouth.

The Shadow pulled the man away from the elevator shaft with a mighty yank, then clubbed him with the butt of his gun. The thug dropped to the floor, unconscious. Death to such villains would have meant nothing to The Shadow. He had killed many such creatures. But silence would win this battle, and The Shadow would not kill a helpless man.

Climbing onto the lowered roof of the elevator car, The Shadow stepped up and into the shaft. Hollow gloom expanded above him. A pale light from the thirty-seventh floor cast a hazy glow across the shaft. The Shadow could see men just now stretching out from the ropes dangling down the middle of the shaft to an open elevator door, where other men pulled them inside.

"Stay on your toes, Beeks," a hoarse voice called down, a message meant for the unconscious man.

Eschewing the ropes and pulleys, The Shadow grabbed hold of the cables and began hoisting himself up. Progress was slow, and slippery, the greasy cables making the climb dangerous.

Enveloped in blackness, The Shadow climbed to just below the thirty-seventh floor. Several men, their backs to the shaft, were in conference. Two had shucked their overalls to reveal cheap suits. All the men held guns.

## The Shadow

One of the men pointed down the hall and two men left for that direction. Another two disappeared the opposite way, around the bank of elevators. The remaining men stepped away from the elevators to a nearby room and entered it. Their plan was to attack the thirty-eighth floor from two directions.

The Shadow had his own plan!

He leapt from the cables to the still dangling ropes, the grease making his hands slippery, and he began to fall. Sliding rapidly, The Shadow wrapped his shoes around the ropes, slowing his descent and burning his soles. Finally the slide stopped and, hand over hand, he worked his way back to the thirty-seventh floor.

Following the path of the last group of thugs, The Shadow found the door to their room open. Inside the men had opened the room windows and were climbing out onto a window-washing platform. One man was already on the platform, armed with a machine gun. Others were handing him several more machine guns. There were six men in all, each heavily armed.

The Shadow stepped into the room.

"Your crimes will go unfulfilled this night," The Shadow said, his low voice rising into an eerie laughter.

Startled, the men spun about and stared at the dark figure before them. In each hand the strange apparition held large, heavy automatics.

One thug – the man who had given the orders – grinned evilly, cocked the machine gun, and brought it to bear. The Shadow raised his right hand in a

## *Seven Tides of Doom*

blurring motion and fired a single bullet, drilling a hole into the middle of the man's forehead. The thug dropped to the floor, an empty sack.

The others began firing, but not before The Shadow's guns spat hot, deadly lead at each man. Screaming, one man fell off the platform to his death on the pavement far below. The windows shattered and another man fell forward onto the shards, impaled.

The walls of the room fairly exploded as bullets riddled them. Plaster flew up in great clouds all around The Shadow and still the night master laughed and blasted away with his guns.

Noise outside at the end of the hall drew The Shadow's attention. Backing out of the room quickly he saw armed men coming toward him. His plan had begun.

Throwing several shots down the hall, The Shadow leapt back into the elevator shaft, holstering his guns and grabbing the dangling ropes in one smooth motion. Pressing his shoes tightly against the rope, he skidded down the several flights to the top of the stalled elevator car. Lead poured down after him.

Scrambling out of the shaft, The Shadow ran to the nearest room and forced the door. The apartment, fortunately, was unoccupied. Now The Shadow opened the windows and stepped out onto the narrow ledge. The building façade was constructed of large cement blocks. Time had worn away some of the mortar between the

blocks. To these narrow crevices The Shadow clung by his fingertips and the tips of his shoes as he ascended the outside of the building. Rain had made the cement slick and storm winds, now grown to heavy gusts, tugged at The Shadow's cloak as he climbed steadily toward his goal.

As he reached the ledge of the thirty-eighth floor window a man stuck his head out of the window below. He looked up and cursed, and fired his machine gun, carelessly tattooing the cement walls. The Shadow returned fire, smashing the man's neck.

Breaking the window lock, The Shadow raised the sash, climbed into a vacant room, and ran to the closed door. He heard loud sounds in the hallway, gunfire, men screaming.

He opened the door and immediately the lights went out in the hallway, bullets smashing the fixtures. Flashes of gunfire lit up the hall. A lighted doorway halfway down the corridor framed several men with guns defending their meager stronghold. The hallway was buzzing with lead.

The Shadow retreated to the window and climbed back onto the ledge. Another thug had followed the first from below and was now climbing the side of the building. His grip was tentative. The man shook. He looked up and saw The Shadow looming over him, cloak billowing in the storm winds.

The Shadow reached back into the room and grabbed a lamp and dropped it onto the man climbing the outer walls. Struck on the head, the man

lost his grip and tumbled into blackness.

Now The Shadow edged along the sill toward the room where Carmine DeSanto was being defended. Stopping short by one room, The Shadow forced the window open and climbed into darkness. Sudden movement caught his attention. He threw an arm up just as a chair crashed down on him. The worst of the blow deflected, The Shadow reached out and grabbed at the attacker.

"No!" a voice screamed. "I wasn't gonna say nothin'! Honest!"

"Silence, Carmine DeSanto," The Shadow commanded. "Your death is not writ in stone. You may yet live if you do as instructed!"

His voice a hoarse whisper, DeSanto asked, "Who are you?"

"I am The Shadow!"

DeSanto's entire body seized up as he gasped. "No! You can't kill me! I'm gonna testify against Corba Loune! Ya gotta save me!"

Gunfire continued in the hallway. The machine guns had been brought up by way of the stairwell and were pounding lead at the next room.

"Your crimes have borne their own bitter fruit, DeSanto. And now you seek to cheat the law by pretending to testify against your criminal confrere. It is all a trick, with the district attorney as the dupe."

DeSanto gasped again. "How did you know?"

"The Shadow knows!"

"Save me, and I'll testify for real!"

"You shall live. But you must follow my instructions faithfully. And if you renege ...!"

"I won't!"

"Then out on the ledge. Quickly!"

Terror seized at DeSanto's heart but he followed instructions and climbed out onto the rain and windswept ledge. His feet were like lead and he stiffly clung to the wall.

The Shadow paused. Laughing, he thrust open the room door and stepped into the hallway. An automatic facing each way down the hall, he opened fire on the unsuspecting gunmen. His sleek pistols empty, he retreated, locked the door, and climbed out beside DeSanto.

He pushed the man along the edge, past the windows of a dozen darkened rooms, before shoving him through a partly opened window and into an empty room. At the door, The Shadow waited a moment to listen. There was still sporadic gunfire down the hall.

Slipping into the corridor, The Shadow found he was only a room away from the bank of elevators. Unseen, he chose one of the heavy metal doors and forced it open. Six flights below was the stalled elevator.

DeSanto had remained in the room, cowering. When The Shadow called, he came. The Shadow had affixed a rope to a pipe inside the elevator shaft, the end of the rope disappearing inside the mysterious figure's cloak.

The Shadow grabbed DeSanto about the waist and leapt into space. The man screamed, even as The

Shadow regulated their descent. Landing atop the stalled elevator, The Shadow opened the escape hatch and lowered DeSanto inside, following after him. Deftly he reactivated the elevator and worked its controls, speeding them toward the basement.

From above came shouts. "There he goes!" cried a gunman. Another of the elevator cars activated, plunging in pursuit.

The elevator opened on a darkened, muggy concrete hallway. The air was heavy and warm and noises emanated from far off. Light from an open doorway spilled into the corridor, carrying with it clanking sounds. Hustling the cowering criminal out of the elevator, The Shadow hurried DeSanto down the hall toward the room.

Several women were inside, folding hotel laundry and working at ironing boards. A bank of heavy-duty washers and dryers operated loudly enough so that the women did not hear the whimpering DeSanto enter the room. They screamed when, pushed by The Shadow, he fell against them.

A second elevator opened into the basement corridor and gunmen poured out. One of the gunmen had gotten far ahead of the others. He ran for the laundry room, machine gun ready. He did not see The Shadow squeezed into the darkness, and fell before the unexpected blast of the night master's automatic.

The other gunmen skidded to a stop at the sound of the sudden blast. Before them rose up a machine gun and

a dark form looming in the shadows. The machine gun opened fire. There was no place for the gunmen to hide, and in mere moments they lay lifeless on the hard floor. A chilling, strident laugh filled the hallway.

Inside the laundry room the women had fainted. DeSanto lay cowering in corner. Lifted bodily, DeSanto was shoved out a door and into an alley.

Waiting there, Clyde Burke jumped at the noise. The Shadow and his charge appeared. Without pause, The Shadow grabbed DeSanto and ran after Burke, who had turned to go to his car.

Out of the alley and up half a block, Burke held a door open for DeSanto, who climbed in like a wet kitten and curled up on the floor.

"A real tough guy," Burke remarked. "That's Carmine DeSanto, right? A mob guy rumored to be spilling his guts in court all over Corba Loune. That's what this is all about? Killing a witness?"

"No," The Shadow said. "This was deception. They sought to distract me, occupy me, kill me if they could. But at all costs keep me from recognizing their true prize, which arrived in the city a short time ago. Take DeSanto to your offices incognito. Hold him until I say. We must hurry."

Burke climbed in and pressed the starter.

"You mean we're too late?"

"No. The fiend believes he has won. He will await my arrival, for he knows now that I am aware of his true plans.

He will set one final trap, and young Quimby is the bait."

### CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE: THE SHADOW VICTORIOUS

THE JASMINA STAR LAY AT anchor at Pier 90. The ship had docked that afternoon and stevedores had spent the evening unloading her. Now the dock was quiet. A howling wind and driving rain had sent the night watchman to his tiny office to huddle with steaming coffee.

Three men patrolled the main deck of the Star, hunched in yellow slickers, their heads down against the beating rain. No one moved on the dock.

Several lights were on inside the ship, their pale glow visible in port-holes. The river was choppy and rocked the small freighter against the rubber tires that lined the pier.

Looking deeper into the darkness, other men could be seen hiding in companionways and behind crates lashed to the deck. There were men in the wheelhouse and others still, no doubt, below decks. The trap had been set for The Shadow.

Far below decks, in the nearly empty hold, Quimby Wilton sat strapped to a metal chair, his head covered with a black hood. Several gunmen sat playing cards at a cheap folding table. They ignored Quimby, who steadily worked his hands in an effort to free them.

They were awaiting the start of gun-play, the signal for their chance to kill

## The Shadow

The Shadow.

Behind them, the lanky, scruffily-bearded tugboat captain paced.

"Don't know why I'm here," he grumbled.

"Aw, shaddup, Popeye!" Astrand – one of the card players – said, absently rubbing his scarred chin. "You're here because the boss says you're to be here."

"You talk tough now, Astrand," Quimby called out, his voice muffled by the hood. "But you were afraid before. You wanted me to kill your fiendish boss. That's what you said."

The tugboat captain whirled on Astrand, scorn playing on his face.

"Ya said that, eh? Got yer more guts than brains, is what ya got."

Astrand reddened and looked around the table nervously. "Say, that kid's full of beans. He's trying to play us, don't you see?"

"Uh-huh," the others muttered.

"Better not let the boss hear you talk like that," the tugboat captain scoffed. "Ya might jes' wind up as cast-off freight."

The menace in the captain's voice was unmistakable. He sneered at Astrand then turned and left the hold. Squeezing past two men he climbed a companionway to the deck above. Soon it would be daylight. The Shadow would surely strike before then, if only to save Quimby. He had to be ready.

A crash of lightning strobed in the night sky casting flickering shadows

## *Seven Tides of Doom*

across the dock. The men on deck froze, a bolt of fear running through them. They gazed out into the black night, eyes wide with terror, searching for their quarry. They no longer made a pretense of being unarmed. Their guns were held in trembling, whitened hands, at the ready.

They did not see The Shadow enter the dock, did not see him watching from behind a tarpaulin-covered stack of crates.

The Shadow had watched the freighter for half an hour, had studied her every line, and saw every hidden gunman. The trap was set.

He gazed for many minutes at the inviting gangplank stretching up to the freighter's main deck. It rocked with the agitated motion of the ship as the storm churned the Hudson River, creaking and cracking. It seemed ready to splinter at any moment. This was the only way up to the ship, and it lay open for his use.

The Shadow stifled a laugh. It was not yet time to announce his presence. He had saved the seventh victim in the Lunar Killer's evil scheme. Now the hapless, innocent Quimby must be rescued as well.

Away from the gangplank, toward the flat deck above the cargo hold, sat a small crane. Its long arm stretched out above the ship. Heavy rope and netting dangled from the tip of the crane. In their haste to leave before the storm broke, the dockworkers had forgotten to stow the cargo netting.

Moving along the storm-darkened

edges of the dock, The Shadow ran to the crane and began climbing. At the top, the arm swaying with the gusts of wind and cold rain, he tied the end of a stout rope to the hoist then lowered himself slowly onto the deck of the freighter.

The Shadow had come aboard unseen.

Slipping along the bulkhead, The Shadow made his way toward the wheelhouse. Several crates were on deck, and The Shadow chose the smallest of these, about two-foot square, and put it on his shoulder. He mounted the stairs to the wheelhouse, and then up a ladder along the side of it to the wheelhouse roof. There he removed his hat and cloak and wrapped these around the crate. His face exposed, he now took a kerchief from his pocket and tied it into a mask about the lower portion of his face.

Taking careful aim, The Shadow heaved the weighty box out into space. It sailed silently in a wide arc and, moments later, shattered onto the gangplank. Instantly, the weakened wood split with a resounding crash. A heavy splash followed.

"It's him!" a terrified voice cried out.

Gunfire erupted. Men appeared from all over the ship and began shooting into the water between the dock and the hull. Someone threw a spotlight beam down at the water, revealing a hat and cloak floating in the churning river. At the sight of what appeared to be The Shadow bobbing in the water, the guns roared again, blanketing the

water with lead.

At the first sound of the crashing gangplank, the tugboat captain ducked into a cabin and turned on the light. A mannequin stood in the corner draped in flowing black robes and a hood. Here was the Lunar Killer, the fiend who called himself Möbius, the mastermind of so many murders.

Removing his scruffy beard and doffing his pea coat and watch cap, the tugboat captain donned the robes and hood of the Lunar Killer. A madness overtook him as he assumed the role. An evil light shone in his eyes through slits in the hood.

Even now he knew The Shadow was avoiding capture and death. He knew his henchmen, so much fodder for the cannon, were dying at the hands of the mysterious avenger of the night. No matter. He had already won. The treasure he had sought from the beginning, the crown jewels of Kashmeristan, stolen and smuggled into this country aboard the *Jasmina Star*, were now in his possession. The Shadow could not stop him. If his hired gunmen did thwart stop The Shadow, then holding the hostage certainly would. The Shadow would not kill innocents.

The gunfire outside the ship had ceased by the time the killer exited the cabin. He crept around to the main deck and, below the wheelhouse, opened a hatch. There, in a shallow space, was crammed hundreds of pounds of dynamite. Reaching into the

## The Shadow

space, the killer found a small clock wired to the explosives. He set the clock's alarm to ring in twenty minutes. By then he would be clear of the ship and The Shadow, trapped within, searching for the jewels, would be blown to bits.

More gunfire erupted, this time from within the ship. Two men appeared on deck, and suddenly stopped at the sight of the stooped, dark figure beneath the wheelhouse. They leveled their guns and fired.

"Fools!" screamed the killer, as he shot down one of the men. The other gunman ceased his firing, recognizing his leader.

"Come to me," the killer demanded. "You may yet live if you obey me exactly."

"I will," the gunman's tremulous voice squeaked.

"Go below. Take charge of the prisoner and bring him to me here. We shall leave with him as our shield."

"But, The Shadow is below decks," the gunman cried.

"Obey me or die! And quickly!"

Trembling, the gunman nodded and turned for a nearby companionway.

Pistol shots seemed to come from everywhere once the gunman got below decks. Racing along the passage-ways, the gunman found another ladder and climbed down. Twice he had run into his own cohorts and had nearly been killed.

"Where is he?" he asked one.

"I don't know," the other replied, eyes bulging with fear. "He's every-

## Seven Tides of Doom

where!"

"Well, keep after him. The boss has a plan."

A shiver of fear and relief ran through the gunman. At least he wouldn't have to face The Shadow. He would grab the hostage and he and the boss would escape.

Ahead lay the main door to the cargo hold. The men playing at cards were gone. Alone in the center of the room sat the hostage, hooded and tied tightly to a metal chair.

The gunman hurried over and untied the ropes. Ropes still bound the hostage's arms as the gunman hauled him up onto wobbly legs. A muffled cry from beneath the black hood went unheeded.

The two men ran from the room, the gunman dragging the hooded captive up a companionway. Shots ricocheted off the bulkheads. Men screamed in pain and terror. They had no idea where The Shadow had gone. He seemed to be everywhere.

Up on deck, the gunman delivered his charge, breathless at the breakneck pace he had set. The Lunar Killer swept his hostage in to his arms, holding him as a shield.

"You have done well," he told the gunman. Then he raised a large revolver and shot his minion dead.

"Come, young Quimby Wilton," he told his hostage, "we shall ransom you to your family. Your champion has failed you."

Suddenly bright lights flooded the deck, washing everything in stark

whiteness. Several large klieg lamps arranged on the dock cast the painful beams. A black figure stepped into the light, automatics in hand, his shadow knifing across the pier and up the side of the freighter.

"Your evil plans are undone!" The Shadow cried out, a crash of thunder rumbling behind him.

"No, Shadow!" the killer called. "I have won. You have stopped none of my murders, nor have you stopped me from my true goal: a king's fortune."

"Carmine DeSanto yet lives!"

"As I had planned. He was meaningless to me, other than to delay you."

"You shall never escape justice!"

The killer made a motion with his hooded hostage. "Young Quimby will provide my escape. You will not kill an innocent, and you will have to if you want to kill me."

"You have failed, madman. You have no hostage. You have no treasure."

The Shadow's words hit the killer like a blow. With his free hand, he ripped the hood away from his prisoner. Before him was the gagged face of his chin-scarred henchman, Astrand. Casting the man aside, the killer tore at his robes in search of a cloth bag secured at his belt. Freeing it, he pulled the mouth open and poured its contents into his hand. Dozens of jewels, glittering in the bright light, filled his palm. All of them fake, cheap colored glass.

With a maniacal scream, the Lunar Killer leveled and fired his huge pistol.

"Ruined! You've ruined everything!"

Heedless of the deadly zipping of lead past his head, The Shadow took aim with his automatics. Seeing too late that The Shadow did not aim at him, the killer screamed and threw his body at the still open hatch of dynamite.

A thunderbolt crashed in the sky. Twin blasts from The Shadow's automatics burst forth death, striking the explosives.

Instantly, a huge flash erupted within the hatchway. The wheelhouse bent and, for a brief moment, the night became eerily silent. Then an explosion shattered the freighter with a terrific bang and sent streams of fire across the decks and into the storm-blackened sky. The concussive force of the explosion blew out the klieg lights and knocked The Shadow back against a pile of crates.

A fireball shot up out of the ship filling the night with an orange light. The *Jasmina Star* groaned below decks. A loud crash of metal upon metal was heard and the ship listed suddenly away from the dock. The bow began to settle. Soon the *Jasmina Star* would sink below the storm-turbulent waves of the Hudson River.

The explosion and fireball attracted quick response from police, fire department, and harbor patrol. When they arrived at Pier 90 nothing remained to be found of the *Jasmina Star*. A search of the dock revealed only one witness, a man tied hand and foot, and with a black hood over his head. Removing

## The Shadow

the hood, the police discovered a young socialite, Quimby Wilton, reported in the newspapers as kidnapped a day ago. Quimby offered no clue as to what had happened. He had seen nothing beneath his dark hood, and he had heard only one thing of import. Listening to the trembling voices of the gangsters he had heard a name. A name he himself now dared only whisper: The Shadow!

Pilandro Ashkanik raised his considerable bulk from the table and stood for a moment with his head hung low. The other men at the table had brought Ashkanik, ambassador to the United States from the sovereign nation of Kashmeristan, news that had been, at first, hopeful and then devastating.

The police in his native country had tracked down the thieves who had stolen the nation's crown jewels. They had traced the jewels, finally, to the aged freighter *Jasmina Star*. When the news arrived, Ashkanik had immediately telephoned the police. Plans were made to raid the ship and recapture the jewels. Then word had come that the *Jasmina Star* was lost, destroyed in a mysterious explosion that sent it to the bottom of the Hudson River. The jewels were gone, the crown was embarrassed, and the country would bankrupt itself to replace them.

Standing at the table, the raiment of office sagging on his round form, Ashkanik thanked the men – including the police commissioner – without feeling. Numbly he excused himself.

## Seven Tides of Doom

He crossed the large, ornately finished room and passed into a hallway toward an elevator with an open cage and wrought iron grillwork. He stepped into the elevator and allowed the operator to take him to the third floor. There, he exited into the gloomy corridor and opened a set of carved doors. His apartment at the embassy.

He did not turn on the light, preferring the darkness. Although tired, he was not sleepy, his agitated mind keeping him awake. He took his chair at the desk and sat. In the darkness he saw something on the blotter. Reaching up he clicked on a desk lamp. A small black silk bag lay before him.

A strange feeling came over the ambassador as he began fumbling with the strings that were tied about the bag. He opened the black silk and poured its contents onto the desk. More than a dozen richly colored jewels – all of them priceless and glittering – slid to the blotter. Every one of the Kashmeristan royal jewels was here, safe.

His heart pounding, Ashkanik looked up. Only now did he notice that the French doors leading to his balcony were open. A cold breeze billowed the fine curtains. The storm had passed, so no rain poured in. The early morning air was again peaceful, still. Far off something cut through the calm; something uncanny, eerily chilling. It reminded Ashkanik of laughter, but it was the laughter of a shadow that had disappeared in the night.

THE END