

The sky serpent flies again

By Robert J. Hogan

Chu Lung returns on the Wings of Hate to blaze his trail of destruction across the skies of the Western Front! Men die like flies beneath the onslaught of his oriental curse, G-8 stands between this fiend and the salvation of a million men! Fly with G-8 and his Battle Aces along the bloody trail of the Sky Serpent!





CHAPTER ONE *Mystery at the Front*

THE moment that G-8, the Master American flying spy, rolled over the sand bags and flopped into No Man's Land, he was on his own. The great Yank general in Paris had sent him on this special mission.

The 67th Yank Division had been massed along the Chamieu sector, ready for a great drive to begin at dawn. G-8 had been assigned to go before them to learn the readiness of the enemy in their trenches, scarcely a quarter of a mile away.

He was dressed in the uniform of a German infantry private. He wore his German helmet well down over his head. There was a Luger in his holster and a small Mauser *Kamerad* automatic pistol in his pocket. The Master Spy was prepared for any eventuality. He felt it was not necessary

to disguise his facial features, because the chances were that the Germans he might meet in the enemy trenches would not recognize him as the foremost of American secret agents.

A magnesium flare burst high over No Man's Land and G-8 started to crawl away from the Yank trench. He dropped flat when the blinding light burst out and lay motionless until darkness had once again settled over the Front. Then he began to crawl on. He was able to crawl for another five minutes before the next flare burst over him. As the blinding light illuminated the Front, he slipped into a shell hole.

He saw two dead and decaying bodies lying in the shell hole, one in a German uniform, the other in mud-smeared khaki. A swarm of flies rose from the bodies as though suspecting G-8 would be their next victim.

Savagely, the Master Spy drove them off and waited until the flare died out. The stench of the rotted flesh was nauseating. He wallowed over the side of the trench and started on, reaching the Yank barbed wire entanglements. He took from his pocket a pair of German wire cutters and began snipping his way through, crawling as he went. Beyond the Yank barbed wire, he found himself in No Man's Land.

Another flare burst and he saw dead bodies scattered in front of him. Some of them were almost skeletons now; others had only recently died. He threaded his way between them, sometimes crawling on his hands and knees, sometimes on his stomach.

When he reached the enemy entanglement, he took a length of chain and, from his prone position, threw it so that it would become entangled with the wire, forming a ground. A blue flame mounted up and G-8 knew that the barbed wire was highly charged with electricity. To touch it would mean instant electrocution. Thus, his precaution had been wise.

Producing a German trench spade, he began digging a ditch under the wire. He worked with extreme care, always mindful of the threatening death by electrocution that might be his if he became careless for a single moment.

Finally, after what seemed hours of hard work, digging in the mud, he managed successfully to work his way under the wire.

He lay for some time listening, then he began crawling on toward the German front line trench which was not far away. Another flare

burst. He turned his head just enough so that he could see ahead of him.

Not more than fifty yards away he spotted a low mound with a slit in front of it. That would be a German pill box, a steel-covered machine gun nest. It was dark behind that slit, but he was sure that Germans must be there.

Silhouetted clearly in the light, he raised one arm and waved to them to let them know that he was coming as a German. Even as the light burned, he crawled swiftly toward that pill box.

Already he knew what he was going to say. He had learned from a frightened German prisoner that about one hundred and fifty yards to the east a certain German company was holding the lines. He would tell the machine gunners that he was from another company and had been making an inspection tour along No Man's Land. The rest would be a matter of luck, nerve, and bluff.

The flare had died away before he had crawled the full distance to the machine gun nest. He stopped there with the machine gun pointing almost directly at him and spoke in a low voice.

"*Himmel*, I am glad you did not shoot me. I am just returning from an important mission."

But to G-8's amazement, no answer came from behind that machine gun. He crawled farther, staring into the dark interior. He could see nothing nor could he hear anything. He repeated what he had said, but again there was no answer.

He worked his way around to the back of the pill box. There he found the low trench leading to it from the rear and he slid down under the pill box cover, feeling about. The ammunition was there, the gun was there, and there was a ribbon of cartridges that fed into the gun, ready to go off the minute the trigger was pulled. But there was no one to man that gun.

BEWILDERED, G-8 crawled out of the pill box and advanced on his stomach toward the German front line, perhaps fifty yards away. He hesitated at the parapet just long enough to say in German, "Do not shoot me. I am a German."

He rolled over the sand bags into the trench, just as another flare lighted up the whole of No Man's Land. He stared about in amazement. There wasn't a man left in that trench. Moving along the trench while the flare still burned, he came to a dugout and cautiously pushed open the door. The dugout was empty.

He went on through the trench, not knowing at what instant concealed enemy troops might leap out at him and blow him to pieces without asking questions. He sensed a trap of some kind, but no one came to stop him so he went on.

He came to a lateral trench that led back to the second line trench, and moved through the zigzag corridor with great caution. He came up against the blank end of the trench and knew that he was in the second line of defense. But even here he could discover no German soldiers, either.

Hurriedly the Master Spy retraced his steps, slithered over the embankment of the front line trench and began his long crawl back over No Man's Land. Not long after that, he dropped into the Yank front line.

Doughboys massed in the trench were there to greet and identify him. They recognized him as the Master Spy who had gone over.

A captain asked, "What did you find?"

"I'd rather report the whole thing to the divisional commander first," G-8 said. "Take me to him if you will. You know the connecting trenches better than I do."

The officer led him through the dark, along the snaky communicating trenches. At length, they reached divisional headquarters, far behind the artillery. The Yank general, a man of medium height and rather heavy build, met him.

"What did you find, G-8?" he asked.

The Master Spy smiled.

"Plenty," he said, closing the door so that the two of them were alone. "I've been in the enemy front line trenches all the way to the rear. So far as I can learn, there isn't a German anywhere."

The general scowled.

"Good heavens, are you sure of that?" he demanded.

The Master Spy nodded.

"Yes," he said. "From what I've seen, my advice, General, would be to attack at once. The German barbed wire is heavily charged. Outside of that, I can't see that you'll meet with any resistance."

The Yank general shook his head slowly.

"I rather think you're wrong this time, G-8," he said. "The chances are it's a trick on the part of the Germans. They probably have all the front

line trenches heavily mined. The minute we take them, we'll be blown to kingdom come."

The Master Spy nodded.

"I've thought of that," he admitted, "but I have a hunch that you ought to advance now. It's apparent that the Germans don't expect you until dawn. I wouldn't be surprised if they've had advance notice of your intentions. If you move cautiously, you should be able to get your men across the danger zone, where mines would probably be located, before the Germans are aware of your presence."

The general shook his head.

"I wouldn't dare chance it," he said. "They probably have someone on the lookout."

"If you do it right," G-8 insisted, "it will be easy. I'm positive of it. I grant you it's probably a trap laid by the Germans, but I don't think they expect you to come during the night."

The general's jaw clamped shut and he shook his head stubbornly.

"No," he said, "I wouldn't dare do it. We'll carry out our drive at dawn, according to the present plan."

The Master Spy was suddenly pleading.

"But don't you see, General—" he began.

The Yank general raised his hand haughtily.

"That's enough," he said. "You've done good work as a spy, but please don't tell me what I should or should not do with my men."

IN some disgust, the Master Spy left divisional headquarters and strode back two miles to the end of the road where he had left his powerful roadster. He drove furiously to the drome at Le Bourget, halting the car at the end hangar which served as his headquarters.

He found his two Battle Aces, little Nippy Weston, the terrier ace who laughed at death, and big Bull Martin, two-fisted all-American halfback, waiting up for him. Both were very glad to see him back. Nippy looked him over and grinned.

"Jumping Jupiter," he said, "you look as if you'd been on the bad end of a political campaign."

"That's a dumb crack," big Bull Martin boomed. "What do you mean by that?"

The terrier ace was laughing now.

"You wouldn't understand, you big ox," he charged. "I don't think you'll get it even if I explain it. I mean G-8 looks as if he had been dragged through the mud."

"I feel like it," the Master Spy said rather irately. "Of all the pig-headed generals!"

"What's the matter?" Bull asked.

"I'm going to call up the chief in Paris, if he hasn't turned in for the night. You listen and you'll hear all about it."

He strode to the phone and called the one commander to whom he was responsible, the great Yank general at American headquarters in Paris. He repeated what had happened to the general.

"I can't see," he said, "why that whole division can't sneak over into Germany, even if the trenches are mined, and get back to a safe place before the enemy realizes what has happened."

"I'm sorry, G-8," the Yank commander said, "but the commander of the 67th Division seems to have perfectly good reasons for not wanting to advance."

"But listen, General," G-8 insisted, "I've got a hunch he ought to go. That whole thing looks awfully fishy to me. I don't think it's just the mining of the German front line trenches that has caused the enemy to retreat. I've got a queer feeling it's something else."

"G-8," the Yank general said, "we move our divisions on certainties as much as possible, not on hunches and queer feelings."

"O.K., General," G-8 said. "Anyway, I got the dope for you." Then he hung up.

"Well," he said to Nippy and Bull, "I've done all I can. I hope things turn out all right. I'm going to turn in for the night."

The Battle Aces had no comment to make. They, too, went to their respective rooms and turned in.

G-8 fell asleep not long after his head hit the pillow. He didn't know how long he had been asleep when the weird sound came. It was a wailing, piercing scream that rent the night air. Two seconds after it blasted G-8 out of his sleep, he was sitting bolt upright. The whole night seemed filled with the sound. It was the most eerie, nerve-shattering noise he had ever heard in his life. It came like a herald call of horrible doom, shrill, ghastly, menacing.

CHAPTER TWO

The Wail of the Damned

G-8's head was splitting with the terrible sound, beneath which he heard Nippy and Bull cry out from their rooms, demanding to know what it was. G-8 sprang from his bed and ran into the living room where Nippy and Bull met him, wide-eyed with the horror they felt. Battle, his face white, his eyes popping, came running in barefooted, clad in his long flannel nightshirt.

"Oh, I say," he gasped, "what is it, sir, an air raid?"

G-8 only shook his head and continued to listen. He hadn't even bothered to put on his bedroom slippers. The shrill, penetrating, vibrant sound went on. G-8 made for the door that opened onto the tarmac, while Nippy, Bull and Battle followed him out into the early morning. It was not yet daylight, but it was only two hours away. And the ghastly sound still continued.

Once outside, in the darkness, G-8 tried his best to get the direction from which the sound came. But it seemed to him that it had no direction; it was everywhere; it filled the atmosphere.

G-8 turned to the other three who were clustered about him in the blackness. "Can any of you get an idea where that sound is coming from?" he asked them. Speaking carefully, it was possible to talk beneath the terrific din.

"Jumping Jupiter," Nippy said, "it's coming from somewhere but I can't figure it out."

"Certainly it's coming from somewhere," Bull rumbled. "Don't talk like a fool, you little squirt. Let's listen. If you haven't got anything more important than that to say—then keep still."

"All right," the terrier ace retorted, "then shut up yourself and let somebody listen who can listen."

"Cut out the wrangling!" G-8 barked. The Master Spy was trying to think.

They stood like four statues of petrified flesh. On and on that wailing sound continued until G-8's head felt as if it would burst from the constant noise. He had thought that in his war experience he had heard almost every sound it was possible for human beings to create. This, however,

seemed strange enough to have come from another world.

After minutes of terrible suspense, the sound died away and they were left alone in a silence that was appalling. There was something strangely different about this silence now. Always before, when standing on the tarmac, they had been able to hear the continuous rumble of the guns from the Front. But even the Front seemed to have been stilled by the shrieking wail.



Pilots and mechanics were pouring from their barracks—men were frozen with fear by the terrible noise that filled the air. Helplessly they asked questions, one of the other, seeking to learn what it was all about.

"What are you going to do?" Bull demanded. "Have you got an idea for finding out where that sound came from?"

The Master Spy shook his head.

"Not yet," he said. "I'm going to call the chief in Paris and see what's happened there."

"Oh, I say," Battle ventured as G-8 stepped to the phone, "I've thought of something. It might possibly be a new siren they've set up in Paris and are trying out."

G-8 took a long breath as he lifted the receiver. "I hope you're right, Battle," he said.

He spoke into the mouthpiece, calling the general and telling the operator to hurry. In less than a minute the general's voice came back to him across the private wire that ran between the end hangar and the general's headquarters.

"This is G-8," the Master Spy said. "Did you hear that wailing sound, General?"

"Hear it?" the general said. "Why, from the sound of things, I guess everybody in Paris is awake. I'm sitting here by my window, looking out on the street. I never saw so many people on the street in their night clothes in my life."

"Is everyone all right there so far as you know?"

"Yes," the general said, "so far as I know. I haven't had time to start an investigation yet."

"Tell me this, General," G-8 said. "Have you any idea from what direction that sound came?"

"I'm afraid not," the general admitted. "It would be rather difficult to tell here in Paris with all the buildings blocking it off. As nearly as I could make out, though, the sound didn't come from any particular source. What do you think of it, G-8?"

"I'm rather stumped, General," the Master Spy confessed, "but I have one hunch." He waited as a feeling of uncontrollable anger rushed over him. "You laughed at me last night because I said I had a hunch about the activity up there at the Front, across the lines from the 67th Division. Well, you can laugh your head off, but that hunch is stronger than ever."

"You mean," demanded the general, "that you think this sound has something to do with the Germans evacuating their trenches?"

"Exactly," the Master Spy said.

"What do you base your opinion on?" the chief asked.

"Just a hunch, that's all," G-8 told him. "You can take it for what it's worth."

"It certainly shouldn't take very long to find out what has happened up at the Front," the general said. "I'll call them at once."

"Thanks," G-8 said, with a touch of sarcasm in his voice, and hung up the receiver.

"Listen, G-8," Nippy said, "tell us what gave you that hunch that the 67th should attack last night instead of waiting until this morning."

THE Master Spy waited perhaps half a minute before he answered. "You know, Nip," he said, "sometimes a hunch doesn't have any foundation. It's just a feeling you get. But I think this hunch of mine has more than that, and I'll tell you why." They waited while G-8 lighted a cigarette. "Perhaps I didn't give you all the details of what happened as I went over," he continued,

"but this is one thing that I noticed very distinctly. The Germans kept sending up flares all over the front lines. Those flares were fired, I believe, from way back beyond the artillery."

"And here's something else. The German artillery in that sector scarcely fired a shell all the time I was crawling across No Man's Land. Our guns boomed away now and then, but the Germans made no answer. I did hear, however, the boom of a gun far behind the lines, just before each flare burst."

"So what?" Bull asked.

"Shut up," Nippy admonished. "Give him a chance, will you?"

G-8 smiled tolerantly.

"All right, Bull," he said, "I'll let you answer the question yourself. Suppose you were in command of the German forces and suppose you got wind that our drive was coming tomorrow morning. Now you would pull a very smooth trick, wouldn't you, by mining your front line trenches and then retiring all of your men?"

"Sure," Bull nodded, "that's been done plenty of times."

"All right. But now wait. If you do that—I mean make your troops retreat to the artillery or even farther, and you wanted to lure the Yanks into the trenches that you had already mined, you'd do all you could to let the Allied forces know that the trenches had been evacuated."

"Probably Bull wouldn't think of that," Nippy grinned, "but any other human being of only average intelligence would."

Bull Martin turned on his little pal.

"Why, you little squirt!" he bellowed. He drew back his hand as if he were about to knock Nippy down with the flat of his palm.

"Wait," G-8 said. "Cut out the clowning and answer my question. There wouldn't be any use of retreating unless you were fairly sure of drawing the Allied forces into the trap you had set, would there?"

"Of course not," Bull agreed. "I can see that. It would be just so much wasted effort if the Allies didn't walk into the trap."

"That's it exactly," G-8 said. "Then this is the way the Allies would reason it normally. When they heard the German lines quiet down during the night, they would send a spy across No Man's Land—in this case it happened to be me—to find out what was going on in the German trenches."

"Sure," Bull agreed.

The Master Spy smiled.

"Then if you wanted a spy to crawl into your empty trenches, Bull, I hope you wouldn't be fool enough to keep sending up flares that would scare him away."

"Jumping Jupiter," Nippy exploded, "you hit on something there, G-8."

"Yeah," Bull said a little dazedly, "I guess so."

"You guess so, you big ox," Nippy flared. "Didn't you hear what G-8 said? If you wanted a spy to come over and find your trenches empty, you wouldn't send up flares to light up the whole Front."

Bull brightened. "Holy Herring, that's right, isn't it?"

"Boy," Nippy grinned, "you sure are going to have a lot of fun in your old age laughing at the jokes you've heard in your youth. Are you slow!"

"That," said the Master Spy, ignoring the banter, "was the main thing that gave me the hunch. It was very obvious to me that the Germans evacuated their trenches for some other reason besides laying a trap of mines. Those fellows are up to something we haven't even suspected. I still maintain it would have been a good idea for the Yanks to advance very cautiously under cover while they had the opportunity. We'd have caught them red-handed at whatever it is they're planning!"

Battle, still dressed in his nightshirt, bowed.

"If I may say so, sir," he ventured, "I believe that is a very apt piece of deduction."

The telephone bell jangled at that moment and G-8 sprang to answer it. It was the general and he was highly excited.

"G-8," he said, "I'm terribly afraid that your hunch last night was right. My apologies to you." His voice was hoarse.

The Master Spy stiffened. "Thanks, General," he said, "but what's happened?"

"I don't know and I can't seem to find out. All I could get from the 67th Division headquarters was groans, cries, and then silence."

"Are you sure you got an open connection to them?" G-8 asked.

"Yes," the general said. "The operator assured me of that."

"Then that apparently means," the Master Spy went on, "that everyone in the 67th headquarters is either dead or dying. However, someone must have taken the receiver off the hook."

"I have an idea," the general countered, "that someone there, perhaps the general, had just strength enough left to lift the receiver, but couldn't do anything except groan into the mouthpiece. I want you to go up there at once, G-8, and see what's happened."

"Right, sir," G-8 said.

CHAPTER THREE ***The Torturing Death***

NIPPY and Bull were waiting for G-8 to speak. As he turned away from the phone, the Master Spy stood motionless and tense. He was trying desperately to think. Battle, standing nearby, seemed to anticipate his thoughts.

"I take it you're leaving very shortly, sir," he said. "I'll prepare a bite of breakfast."

The Master Spy came to life now.

"All right, Battle," he said. His voice betrayed the strain he was under. Then, to Nippy and Bull, he said, "The general seemed to think everyone is dead up there at the Front. We've got to go and see what's happened. Come on, get dressed. We're going up as soon as possible."

"I'll have a bite for you to eat as soon as you're dressed," Battle promised.

"We can't wait," G-8 snapped.

Big Bull Martin's face fell. "Holy Herring," he groaned, "what's the idea? It will only take a minute to grab a bite to eat on the way out. We'll all do a lot better job if our stomachs are at least partially full."

"O.K.," G-8 said, "maybe you're right."

By the time they were dressed, Battle had ham and eggs and coffee on the table for them. They ate hurriedly, consuming their food and gulping down their coffee in less than five minutes. G-8 pushed back his half-finished breakfast and arose. "Come on," he said, "we've got to be moving."

He led the way at a dog trot to the long, low roadster and slipped behind the wheel. Nippy got in next and Bull was on the outside as he sent the car spinning backward out of the hangar. Then he sent it charging at top speed toward the Front. His headlights were burning as he raced along the highway. There wasn't time to camouflage their movements now.

The road ahead of them was empty. They passed the side road that led to the rest camp of the 23rd Division who had occupied the Chamieu sector up to the time that the 67th had taken over. Mile after mile slipped behind them. Dawn wasn't far off, but it was still very dark.

As they reached the end of the road where G-8 had left his car on the previous night, before his journey across the lines, he jammed on his brakes and turned off the engine switch.

Suddenly, Bull, who was leaning forward and staring through the windshield, called, "Hey, wait a minute. Don't turn off those headlights! Look!" He pointed across the stretch of blasted area that ran toward the Yank trenches. They could see figures crawling in the outer rim of the searchlight beams. A wild scream of torment rent the air, then another dreadful howl of pain. A Yank doughboy trying pitifully to crawl on his side threw up his arm and waved it feebly.

G-8, Nippy, and Bull were already out of the car, running over the rough, shell-pocked earth. One mud-drenched sergeant was calling for water with a voice that was so wracked with pain that it was scarcely human. Others were groaning. A doughboy gasped his last just as they reached him.

Another pair of headlights slashed the darkness from behind G-8's car and stopped beside it at the end of the road. Two stretcher bearers came running toward them. They had Red Cross bands on their arms. Nippy, Bull, and G-8 helped them place the sergeant on the stretcher, then Bull and G-8 began carrying another one between them. They kept on helping the ambulance driver and his assistant until they had four bodies in the little ambulance.

"Hurry these poor fellows back to the base hospital in Paris," G-8 ordered the driver. "I want them to have the best of care and observation." The ambulance backed around and went chugging off toward Paris. G-8 and his Battle Aces headed for divisional headquarters. The light bulb was still burning in the office and the telephone receiver was off the hook. Lying

sprawled on the floor, where he had fallen from his chair, lay the divisional commander. A colonel and a major of his staff lay nearby, already cold and stiff.

G-8 had seen enough here. Therefore he started through the connecting trenches toward the front lines where evidence of an almost unbelievable horror greeted their eyes. In the light of his flash, G-8 could see that most of the men had died with horrible expressions on their faces. Their bodies were twisted grotesquely from the agony they had endured.

Everywhere they went, grim Death had been there before them. Everywhere the story was the same. Except for those poor devils they had placed in the Red Cross ambulance, not a member of the 67th remained alive.

AS they came back to the point where they had first come into the front-line trenches, dawn was breaking in the east. They heard a wild yell from across No Man's Land. Cautiously, G-8 climbed up on the rifle step and peered over the sand bags. He saw masses of Germans running across No Man's Land from that side of the lines, and in the dim light he observed that they were carrying, not regulation bayoneted rifles, but hand machine guns.

The Master Spy dropped instantly from the step. There were three Yank machine gun posts scarcely a hundred feet apart. The nearest was scarcely ten feet from G-8. He barked an order to Nippy and Bull.

"Man those machine guns to the east and west, quick! Cut down all the German's you can. Maybe we can make them think the Yanks are still alive here and can drive them back. We've got to play for time."

Nippy and Bull were already on the run for their posts, scrambling over the bodies of dead Yanks that half filled the trench. The Master Spy cut loose with the nearest machine gun. Germans fell before his surprise attack. Others dropped to the ground and began crawling toward him. Still others fired back, their slugs spattering into the sand bags on either side of his gun. Others came on and G-8 fed them Yankee lead in burst after burst. He heard the guns on either side of his position as Nippy and Bull manned them and he could see through the slits in the sand bag barricade that they were accounting for plenty of Germans.

The enemy advance had slowed up somewhat, but the Germans had by no means stopped. They were crawling across the mud and under the Yank barbed wire that was already cut for them.

G-8's ammunition was almost out when he heard Bull yell. "Do you know where there's any more ammunition? Mine's gone."

A moment later Nippy was there, too, saying the same thing. Germans rose up and charged as the firing from the two machine gun posts ceased. G-8 opened up with what little ammunition he had left, emptied his belt into those charging Germans. Then he turned from the machine gun.

"Come on!" he yelled. "We can't expect to hold the entire German army."

Keeping to the communicating trench, they raced back toward their car. There they looked back in time to see that some of the Germans had already reached the Yank trenches and were coming on, firing with their hand machine guns.

G-8 dropped in behind the wheel of the roadster. Big Bull Martin was grumbling as they got in.

"I wish we'd had more ammunition," he boomed. "I think we could have stopped those Heinies."

"Yeah," Nippy flared, "along a sector several miles in length you think three of us could hold them back with three machine guns. What do you think you are, a whole army?"

Already G-8 was turning the car about.

"We've got to stop them," he cried, "or they'll get clear to Paris. We've got to get the 23rd Division out of rest camp to meet them and halt their advance."

He headed the car back and pushed madly on the foot accelerator, sending the powerful roadster down the road at top speed. Nippy was staring through the back window.

"Jumping Jupiter!" he yelled. "Here comes a Fokker down on our tail and it's got bombs in its racks!"

G-8's teeth clenched. He hunched forward and clung desperately to the wheel.

"Throw up that back curtain, Nip!" he yelled.

The terrier ace tore the back curtain loose.

"Now tell me everything that he's doing."

"That's easy," Nippy said. "He's going to machine gun us first. He's heading right this way." "O.K. What's the matter with you two birds, paralyzed? Get out your automatics and let him have it. But hang on tight; I'm going to stop the car and throw it in reverse. He'll have to dive into the ground if he gets us. He won't have time for more than a short burst anyway."

Nippy and Bull drew out their Colt automatics. Nippy was firing through the back of the top. Bull sprang to the running board, hung on with one hand and fired with the other as the car careened dangerously from side to side.

The diving Fokker cut loose with a wild burst of Spandau lead. With all his might, the Master Spy jammed on his brakes. As he locked the rear wheels and the car careened dangerously toward the ditch, he forced the shift lever with a grinding sound into reverse, stepped on the throttle and let in the clutch. With a squeal of burning rubber, the car raced backwards. Two or three slugs crashed through the radiator shell and a little cloud of dust rose up from the road before the enemy pilot ceased his firing.

It was Bull who yelled, "Look out, there's a bomb coming. I think it's going to strike ahead of us. Step on it. Back up as fast as you can."

Even as the big fellow finished speaking, there was a roaring concussion a hundred feet ahead of them. Bull was almost blown from the side of the car. Instantly, G-8 slammed on the brakes and started ahead once more, with the car in second gear. Steering carefully, he was able to avoid the bomb hole and go on.

Staring through the windshield, he could see the Fokker banking over to come back for another attack.

He yelled to the terrier ace, "Get that hand machine gun out of the rear compartment, quick! Set it up on the turtle back and let him have it!"

Nippy was already scrambling like a monkey to get up to the top seat. He got out the Browning hand machine gun, sat on the back with his feet in the seat and began firing away.

G-8 was swaying the car from one side of the road to the other, calling at each turn of the

CHAPTER FOUR

A Strange Insignia

wheel, "Left, right, left, right," so Nippy would know which way G-8 was going to steer the car and be prepared for the change of direction.

Spandau slugs pounded into the mud-guards as the Fokker dived from up front. They drummed on the hood and one crashed through the windshield, dead center, and went pounding into the seat cushion, missing Nippy's feet and G-8 by a scant six inches.

Nippy was yelling, "I can't get him from this angle. The engine protects him."

"He'll have to zoom in a second," G-8 yelled back. "If you live that long, let him have it through the belly of his plane."

Desperately, the Fokker pilot was kicking the rudder back and forth, trying to change his aim as swiftly as G-8 swerved the roadster. Suddenly, the enemy pilot was forced to zoom upward. Nippy fired again and again with the gun pointed straight at the belly of the Fokker as it tried to bank away. The German plane lurched and then, as if the pilot had dropped dead over the stick, the Fokker crashed into an adjoining field.

"Is everybody all right?" G-8 called, slamming on the brakes.

Nippy was sliding down in the seat through the opening in the back curtain. Bull came in from the running board. His left shoulder was a mass of blood.

"Jumping Jupiter," Nippy cried, "you got hit, Bull!"

The big fellow stared at him.

"Me? Where?"

"There on your left shoulder."

The big fellow looked surprised as he saw his shoulder.

"Oh, that," he said. "He just nicked me on the fleshy part of my arm."

"Take care of him, Nip," G-8 yelled as the car raced to a stop and he leaped out.

HE went running across the field to where the Fokker had crashed. He knew there wasn't much time, for he could see the German soldiers advancing from far up the road. As that Fokker had banked over them, he had seen a strange insignia on the side and he was going to get it now. He was rather breathless as he reached the wreck. The pilot was a mass of blood, a human

derelict spattered over the back end of the motor. He was dead.

With his knife, the Master Spy made four quick cuts around the strange-looking insignia, ripped it out and rolled it up as he ran back to the car. He threw it in the rear compartment and leaped in behind the wheel.

A wild staccato of machine gun fire was coming from up the road, and G-8 had almost forgotten, for the moment, about the advancing Germans. Nippy stared back at them.

"Jumping Jupiter, they've gained on us!" he yelled.

"O.K.," G-8 said, "but they won't gain from now on. That was nice work, getting rid of that Fokker, Nip. Good shooting."

The terrier ace, in spite of the cramped quarters of the roadster, was finishing his first-aid treatment of Bull's wound as they went racing on. G-8 stared back when they had gone another mile and all trace of the advancing Germans was gone. In another mile he turned off on a side road, scarcely slackening his speed to make the turn. The car skidded dangerously, but under G-8's expert hand stayed right side up. They raced on toward the rest camp of the 23rd Division where the guards stepped out into the middle of the road to stop them.

The Master Spy yelled out of the side of the car, "Everybody out to stop the German advance! I'm G-8!"

Then, as he hadn't slackened his speed, the guards leaped out of his way to keep from getting run over, as G-8 knew they would, at the last moment. The roadster went plunging down the street between the camouflaged barracks where more than twenty-five thousand men of the 23rd Division were supposed to be at rest from a week of hard fighting at the Front.

All the way down to divisional headquarters, G-8 yelled from one side, and Nippy and Bull from the other, "The Germans are coming! They've broken through the 67th. Hurry!"

G-8 burst in upon the commanding officer and his staff, half yelled the news to them.

"Good Heavens!" the 23rd general demanded. "What's happened? How did the Germans break through?"

"They used a trick," G-8 said. That was all he told them. "But you've got to work fast to stop

them. They all seem to have hand machine guns. They aren't two miles away from here now."

While officers and men of the 23rd made every frantic effort to get themselves organized for a defensive battle against the invading enemy, G-8 drove at top speed to Le Bourget. He turned in at the hangar.

Leaping from the car, he led the rush into their apartment and shouted instructions for the mechanics to get their three Spads ready for immediate flight. Hastily, he called his chief in Paris and breathlessly explained the situation.

"I think it would be well for you to send another division up to help the 23rd, General," he said. "I don't know how they're making out. I'll call the chief of Air Corps and tell him to send all possible air units to that sector."

The general was in perfect accord with him now. "Right," he said.

G-8 replaced the receiver and turned to his two Battle Aces.

"Nip," he said, "you and Bull fly over the Front and give all the aid you can. I'm going to Paris and check on those four lads we packed into that ambulance. We've got to find out what's behind all this. I'll join you later on."

CHAPTER FIVE

The Devil Demonstrates

AT a safe distance behind that same Chamieu sector, a strange meeting was taking place. Gathered here was the Commander-in-Chief of all the German forces, surrounded by every important chieftain in the service of the *Vaterland*. It was not their presence, however, that made the meeting strange. It was the unusual man whom they had come to meet.

This man, was, beyond a doubt, the greatest Oriental scientist of his time. He was Doctor Chu Lung, tall, gaunt, green-eyed Master of Death. He was dressed, as usual, in his Oriental costume.

The great German war lord was introduced to him by the highest general in the group. But the German war lord seemed not to be impressed. He merely nodded as Chu Lung bowed before him.

"Your Majesty," Doctor Chu Lung said, "I presume you have already heard the sound that my machine of death makes."

The commander nodded and smiled ever so slightly.

"It is not a pleasant sound," he said.

Doctor Chu Lung chuckled.

"It is not meant to be pleasant, Your Majesty. I will not endeavor to explain it here; I have no doubt that the results of this first test will prove beyond a doubt its usefulness. I have received information as to the result of our test last night. It has turned out most successfully. It is my pleasure to inform you that the American division known as the 67th was completely demoralized by my invention."

Still the German war lord did not seem to be very impressed. "Is that so?" he said.

The great general beside him bowed.

"*Jawohl*, Your Majesty. It is beyond doubt the most effective weapon of war we have yet found. I have witnessed to some extent the work it can do. I can tell you with assurance, Your Majesty, that with the aid of this invention, the great Imperial government of Germany can whip the world."

The German leader grunted with an expression of disgust. "Without this invention," he barked, "we can whip the world."

Instantly the great general took his cue. He bowed stiffly from the waist.

"*Jawohl*, Your Majesty," he said. "I grant you that is true. My meaning is this: With the help that this invention would give us, we could whip the world much more easily."

"H'm," grunted the war lord with some small degree of smug satisfaction at the last speech of the general.

Doctor Chu Lung, being a keen student of human nature, took that opportunity to bridge the gap that was growing between him and the commander. He bowed respectfully, then spoke at once.

"If you are ready, Your Majesty," he said, "we shall go to the Front. You may be sure it is perfectly safe. At this very moment the reserve forces of Germany are not marching, but running toward Paris. I doubt if they will be stopped in this drive, or even slowed up. I await your pleasure, Your Majesty."

The war lord gave a half-enthusiastic nod.

"*Jawohl*," he said, "let's go at once and have this thing over with."

Outside, the finest staff cars in Germany were waiting. The war lord and some of his staff entered the first car, while in the second sat Chu Lung and Tang, his huge bodyguard. Other dignitaries followed in their elaborate conveyances, speeding rapidly out of the town and toward the Front. It was clearly day by the time the cars had climbed toward the crest of the hill, well behind the German lines.

There, behind a barricade of bulletproof six-inch glass, built for His Majesty's safety, they stood and looked out with powerful binoculars across the devastated area. From their high position, and with the aid of the powerful binoculars, they could very easily see the Front. Doctor Chu Lung pointed.

"If you look sharply, Honorable Majesty, far to the right, you will see German troops advancing rapidly over what was, a few hours ago, American territory."

The war lord was looking and nodding approval.

"Those troops that you see as specks, Honorable Sir, are the last of the third line of advancing troops running toward Paris," reminded Chu Lung.

The leader lowered his binoculars and turned to Doctor Chu Lung. He displayed more interest now.

"And what is it that your invention has done to demoralize the American 67th Division troops?" he demanded haughtily.

Doctor Chu Lung smiled and bowed.

"They are killed by a horrible death, Your Majesty. Let us go and see the bodies of some that I have had brought back for your observation."

"*Jawohl*," the war lord nodded importantly.

They got back into the big cars and drove westward, coming to a station where trucks were being unloaded of dead Yanks. The cars stopped and they got out again. Chu Lung bowed before the war lord.

"Here, Your Majesty," he said, "are a few of the Americans. You will kindly notice, Honorable Majesty, how they died in contorted positions."

The commander's eyes lighted in appreciation of what he saw.

"I can understand, *Herr Doktor*," he said, "how this invention of yours would be of some small help to us."

Doctor Chu Lung seemed about to scowl, but the great general who always stood beside the war lord bowed, saying, "Then you agree that it would be advisable to use this invention, Your Majesty?"

The leader gave a short nod.

"*Jawohl*," he said.

Turning abruptly, he strode back to his car. Doctor Chu Lung got into his car with the great, yellow, slant-eyed Tang beside him, and was driven swiftly to his headquarters.

SOME miles behind the German front, running practically the entire length of the area occupied by the American forces, a wide track was nearly completed. Overhanging brush had been planted on either side of the track to hide the gleam of rails from above.

The railroad car itself, in which Chu Lung's headquarters were located, was long and of ample width. Great Diesel engines furnished the power for Doctor Chu Lung's car, and also, of course, for the horrible invention which he had brought into being.

The roof of the car was a garden of trees and shrubs. It completely camouflaged the car, because it extended out on all sides, like the broad, overhanging eaves of a thatched house. It would be impossible for anyone to detect the presence of the car from above.

The great rail car was standing at the edge of a small town now. Motor cars were parked at a respectful distance.

Chu Lung nodded to Tang.

"You may tell the agents to come in," he said. "I am ready to talk to them."

He went into the council room of the big car. Presently, thirty men entered and stood before him. They were all dark, French-looking men. Some were young and some middle-aged, but the eyes of all were keen. Their bodies were active and athletic.

"You have been chosen by German Intelligence as special agents for my operations about Paris," Doctor Chu Lung told them.

He pointed to a table on which were thirty candy boxes, each bearing the name of a Parisian confectioner.

"You will find special radios in those boxes for your use," he said. "You will go dressed as

French soldiers. Your uniforms have already been chosen for you. You will receive your orders by wireless from me. In each radio box is a copy of the secret code which I will use. Your central meeting place in Paris will be number 34 *Rue du Arbuste*, which we will make appear as a clubhouse for French soldiers. It has already been leased for that purpose. I will call you there when necessary for meetings of utmost importance. Your credentials will be found in your uniforms at Intelligence headquarters. I have one word for you now. Learn as much as you can about the habits and activities of G-8 and his assistants. Be ready to strike when I give the word. And when that word is given, you must not fail under any circumstances."

Chu Lung's thin, cruel face broke in a hideous smile, and his cold green eyes lighted.

"I would like nothing better than to see G-8 and his assistants die at my hands."

CHAPTER SIX

The Visitor in the Night

THE Master Spy had a very good reason for not going with his Battle Aces to help the 23rd. He wanted, above all else, to go to the base hospital in Paris and learn what he could about the affliction of the four doughboys that he had sent there earlier in the Red Cross ambulance. He drove there at top speed.

"You have the four cases I sent here?" he inquired of the major in charge.

The major nodded soberly.

"Yes," he said, "but I would hardly call them cases, G-8."

"What do you mean?" the Master Spy demanded. "Isn't there any hope for them?"

"Not now," the major told him. "All of them died before the ambulance got here. The driver said they died on the way!"

The Master Spy took a long breath.

"I was in hopes that we could at least get some information out of them," he said regretfully.

The major nodded.

"I rather thought that was one of the things you were after, next to saving their lives, of course."

"Have you examined them, Major?"

"Yes," The Major shook his head, "but we can't make a thing out of it. There isn't a mark of any kind on their bodies."

His eyes narrowed. "G-8, this hasn't anything to do with that wailing sound we heard early this morning, has it?"

Slowly, unwillingly, the Master Spy nodded in the affirmative.

"I'm afraid so," he said.

"Good heavens!" the major breathed.

"For your own information," G-8 went on soberly, "these are the only men of the 67th Division who lived to get away from the Front, so far as we know."

The major's face turned a little white.

"You mean the wailing sound did that?"

G-8 nodded. "Yes, Major," he said, "and it's up to you to find out how that wailing sound killed them, if you can. You have four bodies on which to perform *post mortems*. I hope you can find something that will give us a steer for combating this awful plague."

The major nodded.

"You may depend upon it, G-8," he said, "that I will do all I possibly can."

Climbing into his car, G-8 drove at top speed back to Le Bourget. The Hisso engine of his Spad was already warmed. To get ready required merely the slipping on of his helmet and goggles and the starting of his engine. With a roar, he sent his Spad charging across the field into the air.

At the place where the 23rd Division had met the advancing Germans, he found a terrific battle going on. The air was full of planes—Fokkers, Pfalz, Nieuports, Spads. It seemed Germany had sent half the Imperial Air Force there in an effort to drive the Yanks of the 23rd Division on back toward Paris.

Here and there the lines were giving away a little before the terrific onslaught of massed German troops, advancing with their hand machine guns. Fokkers tangled with Spads and Pfalz tangled with Nieuports. Each side was desperately attempting to assist their infantrymen on the ground.

G-8 found Nippy and Bull screaming along close to the ground where they were tangled with a half dozen Fokkers in a blistering dogfight.

The Master Spy plunged headlong into that battle. His Vickers guns spat flame. The air was rent with flying steel, made gray with tracer smoke.

But the air fighting was not constant. The dog fights all along the Chamieu sector lasted only a few seconds each, then the planes dove out to go hurtling down for ground-strafting, since the pilots' main objective was to wipe out the troops of the opposite side.

Enemy planes returned to their bases for fresh supplies of gasoline and ammunition, and in the same manner, the Allied planes returned to their home fields periodically to gas up, have their machine guns checked, and their belts refilled.

And so the fighting went on for most of that day, with G-8 and his Battle Aces returning several times to Le Bourget. Their planes, in the course of the long day of fighting, were badly riddled by the enemy guns. But, toward evening, the battle subsided, and Yank reinforcements came along later to help out what was left of the 23rd Division. New lines were hurriedly established to the south, and it could be seen that the Yanks had lost more than a mile of territory.

It was the greatest beating that G-8 had ever seen the Yanks take in the World War. But still he had no way of knowing who was behind it, or exactly what had caused the terrific loss of life and territory.

G-8 and his Battle Aces had returned home after making sure that the Germans had been stopped, and the Yanks had dug in to hold fast. They saw heavy artillery being dragged up from both sides of the lines. That would be the new Front. At night, men would go out from both sides and string barbed wire along a new No Man's Land.

Battle had a steaming supper ready when G-8, Nippy and Bull got back, but none of the three had much appetite. They sat down, however, and tried to eat. At length, Bull Martin pushed back his plate.

"Holy Herring!" he grumbled. "Every mouthful chokes me. This thing has got me. How do we know what minute the wailing sound will come again and get us?"

G-8 sat back and lighted a cigarette. He forced a smile, not because he felt like it, but he realized his Battle Aces needed encouragement.

"When you can't eat, Bull, you're in pretty bad shape," he said. "You've got to buck up. We're bound to get a break before long, then we'll go after this thing plenty fast."

Bull threw his hands out, palms up, in a gesture of desperation.

"What kind of a break could we get that would do us any good?" he demanded. "Holy Herring, you can't fight a scream in the air."

"I know," G-8 said, "but don't forget this, Bull. Every sound must come from some place. Sounds just don't spring out of nothing. This sound has a source, and that's our problem—to find this source."

Nippy Weston had been watching his chief curiously.

"What have you got up your sleeve, G-8?" he demanded. "Do you know more about this thing than you've told us?"

"Not very much," the Master Spy admitted, "but I've figured this out for myself, and perhaps you have, too. Admitting that sound must emanate from some place, all we've got to do is find where it originates. Then we've got something definite to work on."

"Sure," Bull said, "but it doesn't seem to come from any definite direction, as far as I can tell."

"I'm gambling," G-8 said, "that it comes from somewhere behind the German lines. That gives us one direction to work on. Now let's go back to the point of the German troops evacuating their trenches last night. Why did they do that?"

He was looking at Nippy.

"I'd make a guess," the terrier ace admitted, "that they did it to get out of the danger zone."

"That's my hunch," G8 agreed. "That means that if this sound is what killed the men in the 67th, the point of its effectiveness can be controlled."

"How do you think the sound can have that awful effect?" Bull demanded.

"Well, you probably know as well as I do, Bull," G-8 explained, "that sound is carried by a series of vibrations. As I remember, the faster and shorter the vibration waves, the higher pitched is the sound. You've heard the old

expression that a man with a violin could collapse a great bridge, if he could work his fiddle long enough to set up a dangerous vibration on the bridge structure. So, in all probability, the human brain, ear, or body may have a certain key note, too. Then, if the vibrations of the wailing sounds hit upon that note along one particular area, it might be possible to break down the human mental structure."

"But if that's true," Bull demanded, "why didn't it drive all the Germans nuts, along with ourselves?"

"It's got you nuts now, as far as I can see," Nippy charged.

"Shut up, squirt," Bull grunted. "This is serious business."

"That's what I'm trying to tell you," G-8 said. "If my guess about all this is right, I believe the vibrations set up by that wailing sound are effective on the human ear or brain, only at a certain distance from where the sound originates."

"That would mean that if the Germans had been in their front line trenches last night when the sound came, they would have gone crazy as the Yanks did. But because they weren't there, and had retreated, probably closer to the sound, they weren't affected by it."

"Sure, that's easy," Nippy said. "It also means that if that dumb general had taken your hunch and had advanced his troops up to where they would have met the Germans, there wouldn't be about twenty-five thousand Yanks that have either died or gone crazy from this thing."

"Well, all you've got to do," Bull ventured, "is find where this sound comes from and who's behind it. Then we can blow up the whole apparatus."

"That, you dumb cluck," Nippy said, "is what G-8 has been trying to tell you. What I want to know, G-8, is about that insignia you ripped off the side of the crashed Fokker. You haven't shown us that yet."

The Master Spy got up from the table. "All right," he said, "we'll try to figure that one out now."

He was gone for two or three minutes, then returned with the rolled piece of fabric under his arm. He unrolled the cloth and held it up before them.

"What do you think that's supposed to be?" he demanded.

NIPPY and Bull stared at the picture on the Fokker fabric. It was a painting of the head and shoulders of an old hag. Her arms were raised and her scrawny fingers were extended on either side of her head. Her gaunt, tangled hair was flying. Her head was tilted back and her mouth was open, as if she were emitting an awful scream.

"Holy Herring!" Bull boomed. "It looks like she's yelling her head off."



"Sure," G-8 said, "and I think that's just about what it's supposed to be. Did you birds ever hear of a banshee? Do you know what it is?"

"I think," Nippy said, "according to an old Irish legend, a banshee is supposed to be a phantom woman or witch, whose scream at night foretells approaching death."

The Master Spy nodded solemnly.

"That's exactly it," he said. "And unless my guess is absolutely wrong, this is supposed to be a banshee emitting her wail of death."

"Holy Herring!" Bull breathed.

Suddenly a knock sounded on the door that opened from the tarmac into the living room. The Master Spy stiffened. Nippy and Bull were both half out of their chairs, but G-8 motioned them to be still.

In a loud voice he called, "Battle, will you answer the door please?"

"Righto, sir," Battle sang out.

They could hear the English manservant striding toward the door. G-8 leaned across the table.

"Listen, Nippy," he whispered, "I don't know who this is, but I want you to go in the hangar and tell the sergeant mechanic to come in about five minutes from now and ask for me. He's to say there's something he wants to show me on my plane. Get it?"

Nippy Weston grinned. "Sure," he said.

They listened to a voice that was speaking English with a French accent.

"I wish to see *Monsieur* G-8," the voice said. "Tell him, please, that I am from French Intelligence."

The Master Spy leaned toward Bull. "Come on in," he whispered. "We'll see what's up. It might be interesting, Bull." Just then Battle appeared in the doorway.

"A gentleman to see you," he announced. "He's a major, sir. He says he's from the Intelligence headquarters."

The Master Spy strode into the living room, closely followed by big Bull Martin. They saw a dark man standing across the room. He was dressed in the uniform of a French major. He was smiling at them genially. He saluted G-8 and the Master Spy returned the salute. From his pocket, he produced an engraved card, which said, "Rene du Bois, Major".

G-8 extended his hand.

"I'm glad to know you, Major Du Bois," he said. "I understand you are from French Intelligence headquarters."

The major nodded, and his face became grave.

"*Oui, Monsieur*," he said. "I have come to have a few private words with you on the most important matter of the moment."

He glanced significantly at Bull as he said, 'privately'.

"This is my assistant, Lieutenant Martin," G-8 said. "He will remain with us."

The major reluctantly agreed.

"Very well," he said. "We of the French Intelligence are naturally in great apprehension of this danger which has already struck one of your own divisions. We are wondering just what precautions you plan to take against it. I understand that the matter has been placed in your hands."

G-8 shrugged.

"Well, somewhat," he said. "Naturally I've been taking an interest in it."

The Master Spy was stalling for time, and soon the moment he was waiting for arrived. The sergeant mechanic came in from the hangar and saluted.

"Sir," he said, "I'd like to discuss something about your plane, if you can spare a moment."

"Yes, of course," G-8 said. He turned to the French major. "You will excuse me? I won't be long."

He went out with the sergeant and closed the door.

"Nice work, sergeant," he whispered. "Thanks."

"Is that all you want me to do?" the sergeant asked.

"Yes, I think so," said the Master Spy.

He went into the machine shop and, picking up the phone, called French Intelligence headquarters.

When he was connected with the chief, he said, "You have a record of everyone sent out by Intelligence headquarters, and of all your members, I presume."

"Of course," the French Intelligence head answered.

"Then could you tell me if you sent a Major Rene Du Bois over here tonight to ask certain questions regarding my plans for combating this new menace?"

"One moment, please," the chief said. "I'll find out."

G-8 waited, then the chief was speaking to him.

"Are you sure that is the name?" he asked.

"Quite positive," G-8 said. "He gave me an engraved card with that name on it."

"I am very sorry, Monsieur," the Intelligence head answered. "We neither sent anyone to see you tonight nor have we any agent connected with French Intelligence by the name of Rene du Bois."

The Master Spy's teeth clenched decisively.

"Thank you, sir," he said. "That's all I wanted to know."

Chapter Seven ***The Trail of the Spy***

THE Master Spy had expected that news concerning Major Rene Du Bois. He left the phone in the machine shop, then sought out the mechanic sergeant.

"Get Nippy for me," he said.

"Yes, sir."

Nippy, G-8 remembered, had not returned to the apartment after he had gone for the sergeant. In a moment, the terrier ace and the sergeant came back.

"Listen, Nip," G-8 said quietly, "I've found out that this fellow who represents himself as a French major from Intelligence is a spy. We've got to find his headquarters. What kind of a car has he got out front?"

"He came in a French staff car."

"Is there a driver in it?"

"I haven't been able to find one," Nippy said. "He must have driven himself."

"All right," G-8 said. "Here's what you'll do. Go to the car and climb inside the spare tires on the rear."

"Nippy grinned. "O.K.," he said. "This is going to be good."

"As soon as you spot the place where he stops, call me and let me know the address, then wait for me across the street from the entrance to it."

"Right," Nippy said. "Are we getting somewhere?"

"I think so," the Master Spy nodded. "Hurry now; get set in those spare tires and I'll send the major on his way."

The terrier ace grinned and went outside. G-8 returned to the living room. He smiled reassuringly at the man who said he was Major Du Bois.

"I'm sorry I was gone so long," he said. "But to get on with our conversation. I believe you were speaking of this matter of the sound menace."

The major nodded.

"*Oui, Monsieur,*" he said. "As I have already told you, French Intelligence sent me to discuss the matter with you and learn if there is any way in which we can render assistance. You have a plan, I presume, for combating this awful menace."

The Master Spy held out his hands in a gesture of emptiness and shrugged his shoulders.

"Hardly," he said. He leaned closer to the major and spoke in confidential tones. "I must confess to you that I have never been so baffled in my entire career."

"But surely there must be some way out," Major Du Bois ventured in apparent desperation.

"We hope so, of course," G-8 said, "but after all, where can we begin? I listened to the sound early this morning, and my assistants listened too. It is the most terrifying sound I've ever heard in my life. But the baffling part is that we can't determine where it comes from. You've heard it yourself, have you not, Major?"

Du Bois nodded.

"*Oui, Monsieur,*" he said.

"Where were you when you heard it?" G-8 detected the slightest hesitation on du Bois' part, then he said, "I was in Paris at my quarters, asleep. The sound awakened me. The window was open in my bedroom. *Mais mon Dieu, Monsieur,* I could not for the life of me tell from what direction the sound came."

"That," said G-8, "was our experience. And so with a sound as unfathomable as this, Major, how can we begin to fight it until we learn its source?"

Major du Bois shook his head.

"I had hoped, *Monsieur* G-8, that you might have figured out where the sound came from."

"I'm still checking on reports of it," G-8 said, "but as yet I'm as baffled as you are about it. You may tell French Intelligence headquarters that. Frankly, I don't know what we're going to do. I'm completely puzzled by this thing. Keep in touch with me, Major du Bois, and let us hope that something comes to light that will give us at least one clue to work on."

"*Oui, Monsieur,*" Du Bois said, rising, "let us hope so with all our heart. And may we pray that it comes quickly before any more of your good soldiers are lost."

"Yes," G-8 nodded solemnly, walking to the door with him. "I'm forced to admit, Major, that if this curse continues, the Allies will have to sue for peace before very long."

The Master Spy motioned Bull to stay inside as he opened the door and walked with Major du Bois to the front seat of his car. He opened the door for him and ushered him in ceremoniously. The major dropped behind the wheel and G-8 closed the door and brought his hand up in salute. Major du Bois started the engine and waved a final salute to the Master Spy as the car drove off down the tarmac.

G-8 turned quickly to the apartment door and motioned for Bull to come out. He pointed off in the darkness to the rear of the car where a small

figure, curled up inside the two spare tires, waved gaily. G-8 grinned at Bull as he stared.

"Holy Herring!" the big fellow breathed, "Is that Nippy?"

The Master Spy nodded.

"Don't say a word. I've got to call up the guards at the gate."

He hurried to the phone and got the corporal of the guard.

"A French staff car will be coming out of the gates in a moment," he said. "It's driven by a French major. Nippy Weston is curled up inside the two spare tires on the rear. Tell the guards not to say a word about it. Pass the car without any difficulty."

"Yes, sir," the corporal said. He hung up hurriedly.

Bull looked dazed.

"What is all this, anyway?" he demanded. "It looks mighty funny to me."

"It is funny," G-8 assured him, "but not in any humorous way. That Major du Bois is a spy in the service of the power behind this whole fiendish plot."

"He is!" Bull gasped.

The Master Spy nodded.

"Yes. When I went out in the garage, I called up French Intelligence. They've never heard of this Major du Bois."

"Well, Holy Herring!" Bull boomed. "Why did you tell him all that stuff about not being able to fight the menace and that the Allies would have to beg for peace before long if it didn't stop?"

The Master Spy was smiling.

"I rather suspect, Bull," he said, "that that spy who calls himself Major du Bois, will try to get in touch with his superior as soon as he returns to his quarters in Paris and tell him that we're licked already."

"Sure he will," Bull nodded, "and that's just why I'm wondering what you did it for."

"Well, suppose I told him we had the thing well in hand and expected to shut down on it at any minute," G-8 said. "And suppose Major du Bois' chief got word of that. He'd probably clamp down all the harder. He'd make a whole series of raids tonight and kill thousands of men just to make us come to terms more quickly. But if he thinks he's got us licked already, he won't be so determined to bring things to a head. He'll take

his time, in other words, and that's just what I want him to do. Every hour that we can stall him off means that less Yanks will be killed by this wail of the banshee, or whatever it is."

Bull's eyes widened and he grinned.

"Say, G-8, you're pretty smart."

"Thanks," the Master Spy said with an affectionate grin.

"But what's Nippy going to do now?"

"He's going to ride those spare tires until Major du Bois goes to his quarters in Paris. As soon as he finds where du Bois is located, he's going to call us from the nearest phone. All we've got to do now is wait."

Bull's grin broadened.

"Then we're going to romp down on this guy and beat the tar out of him?"

The Master Spy nodded.

"At least we'll romp down on him, and I hope we can catch him red-handed."

THEY waited for almost a half hour before the telephone bell jangled. G-8 was already standing near the phone. Instantly, he snatched at the receiver and barked a hello into the mouthpiece. The low voice of Nippy Weston came back to him.

He was almost whispering as he said, "17 Rue du Chene. I'll be waiting."

"Right," G-8 cracked. He hung up the receiver. "Check your artillery, Bull!"

As G-8 spoke, he took out his own Colt automatic .45 and examined it thoroughly to make sure it was in working order. He grabbed his overseas cap and put it on his head. Bull was ready, and the Master Spy led the way into the hangar. Mechanics had been working on the roadster to repair the bullet holes and the splintered windshield. It was ready to go.

On the way, G-8 snatched up a small coil of stout rope and tossed it into the car. Then he dropped behind the wheel and Bull, sitting beside him, slammed the door as they drove off hurriedly toward Paris.

"Where are we going?" the big fellow demanded.

"Number 17 Rue du Chene," G-8 told him. "Nippy will be waiting just across the street from there."

"Do you know where it is?"

The Master Spy nodded. That was a silly question for Bull to ask, for G-8 knew practically every street of Paris.

"It's a narrow back street," he said.

In a few minutes they turned down the street. The lights were out in Paris, and G-8 had to find the street from memory for it was impossible to see any of the names in the darkness. But they hit it without trouble.

He drove the length of the first block at reasonable speed, saying to Bull, "You watch your side and I'll watch mine. See if you can see Nippy standing along the sidewalk."

Suddenly Bull turned.

"There he is," he said, "over against a tree."

In the darkness, G-8 could just make out the small figure of Nippy Weston leaning against an oak tree next to the sidewalk. The Master Spy didn't slacken his speed, but moved on until they turned the next corner. There, he and Bull left the car and strolled casually along the walk on the side where Nippy had stood. Nippy turned toward them as they reached the tree.

"Nice work, Nip," G-8 whispered. "Does he suspect anything?"

"I'm pretty sure he doesn't," the terrier ace said. "There's the car sitting over there in front of the place."

From the dark shadows of the tree they studied the house across the street as well as they could. It was a small, two-story French cottage, set almost on the sidewalk, with a narrow space of lawn in front and on either side of it. The curtains at all the windows were drawn, but they could see a crack of light escaping through an upstairs window.

"Has anyone else gone in or out of the house?" G-8 asked.

Nippy shook his head.

"I haven't seen anyone. I stayed in the spare tires until he stopped, then after he had gone in, I slipped out and stood on this side of the car for a couple of minutes until I was sure he wasn't watching. After that, I went to telephone and I've been here ever since."

"Good," G-8 said. "All right, here's the way we'll handle this. It's pretty quiet here in this narrow street, so we'll be able to hear every sound that's made. This Major du Bois hasn't

seen you, Nippy, so you'll go to the front door. Have your gun ready. Bull and I will go to the two rear corners of the house. From there we can watch the back and both sides if he should try to escape. There may be a chain lock on the front door that will let him open the door, but that won't let you in. Here."

He took a folded piece of paper out of his pocket.

"This is a blank sheet. If you have any trouble with him, tell him you have a special message for him and special verbal orders to go with it. On second thought, I think you'd better have your gun out and held behind you. But don't shoot him, whatever you do. We don't want to raise a row here, because we don't know how many other agents might be around. As soon as Bull and I hear the door open we'll come up front from the back of the house, ready to give you a hand if you need it. When you find out that the door hasn't got a chain lock, and you can get in all right, get the drop on him with your Colt automatic, as quickly and quietly as you can."

"But Holy Herring," Bull whispered, "what's the sense of our going to the back of the house then, G-8?"

"It's barely possible," G-8 said, "that this fellow won't come to the door at all. When he hears Nippy's knock, he may try to escape out the back way. That's when we'll nab him. If we hear the door open, we'll know he's at the front of the house."

"But maybe he's got somebody in the house with him," Bull argued.

"We'll have to take our chances on that," G-8 said. "Come on. Bull, you go down the street and cross over; I'll go in the opposite direction. Then we'll come back toward the house on that side of the street. When you see we're planted in our positions, Nippy, you cross the street and knock at the door."

"Right," the terrier ace grinned.

G-8 and Bull moved stealthily to take their positions.

CHAPTER EIGHT

A Call From Chu Lung

STANDING at one rear corner of the house, G-8 could see Bull towering above the shrubbery at the opposite side. Off on busy streets, taxi cabs snorted and trucks rolled along. But the air about them was quiet and still. In less than a minute after G-8 had arrived at his post, he heard Nippy knock at the front door. Inside, the house seemed to have come abruptly to life. G-8 could hear someone softly walking upstairs. He had his automatic out. Standing very close to the side of the house, he thought he could hear the person coming softly downstairs.

A full minute passed. G-8 heard Nippy knock again, this time a little louder. Presently he heard the latch of the front door click. There seemed to be no other sounds about the house.

G-8 hissed across the small back yard to Bull, "Come on."

The two of them moved up along either side of the house to the front. Reaching the front corner, G-8 peered cautiously over the shrubbery. Nippy was just entering. In the light that sprayed out through the door, G-8 saw the terrier ace's automatic gleam as he brought it up from behind him. Instantly, the Master Spy made a dash from his corner toward the front door. Bull was coming around from the other side—a little late, but coming just the same.

They heard an exclamation in Major du Bois' accented voice.

"What is this?" he demanded.

G-8 dashed in through the open door behind Nippy. He took in the picture at a glance. Major du Bois was backing away from Nippy as the terrier ace advanced with his gun pointed at the spy's middle.

"Don't make a false move," Nippy was saying in a low voice, "or I'll let you have it."

G-8 came tearing in. The major made a sudden move. He ducked to the left and his hand flew to a light switch on the wall. Nippy had received his orders not to fire. He sprang after the major, but he didn't cry out. In the next moment the house was plunged into total darkness.

G-8 running down the hall, could hear pounding feet, then a struggle and a thud.

Nippy called out, "I got him! Come on!"

Groping his way, the Master Spy lunged through the blackness. He heard a crack like the thud of something solid on a human skull, and he heard Nippy groan.

In that same instant the Master Spy stumbled over something. As he fell, he reached out, and his arms grasped a struggling, kicking leg. He groped savagely for the other leg, found it, and jerked with all his might, just as something heavy grazed his head and descended on his shoulder.

Bull came tottering down the hall, crying out in a low voice, "Where are you? Where are you?"

"Here," G-8 said. "Come on."

Even in the darkness he was satisfied that he had du Bois by both legs. The major, kicking and striking, was putting up a terrific struggle to get free and escape. Another blow descended on G-8. Whatever the missile was, it struck him on the head and partially dazed him. Bull's great boots came pounding down on his body. One almost broke his back.

"I've got him by the legs!" G-8 gasped. "Don't shoot him! Knock him out."

Bull was fumbling about the air near the floor. Then G-8 heard a thud as of a heavy fist cracking a solid jaw. The struggling Major du Bois relaxed.

Bull was growling under his breath, and it was obvious that Bull had done a good job.

G-8 staggered to his feet, then fumbled about the hall for the light switch. He knew that Nippy must be knocked out, because the terrier ace made not a sound. After what seemed more minutes, the Master Spy found the switch and turned on the lights. Quickly he closed the door so that the light wouldn't shine out on the street.

Major du Bois was out cold on the floor of the room that served as the kitchen. Nippy, lying in the doorway, was also unconscious.

Big Bull Martin was glaring down at the prostrate spy whom he had knocked out with his fists.

"You dirty backbiter," he growled, "I ought to kick your brains out for socking my little pal."

He bent down beside Nippy and both he and G-8 began examining the terrier ace's head. A lump was rising at the back of it and on the floor near Major du Bois lay a heavy blackjack. Bull picked it up savagely and looked at it.

"I ought to batter in that guy's skull with this thing," he said in a voice that trembled with anger.

"I think Nippy will be all right," G-8 said. He had felt of the terrier ace's pulse and found it

strong. "What we've got to do now is tie up du Bois, or whatever his name is, so he can't cause us any further trouble."

He got the coil of rope he had brought along, then, rolling du Bois over on his face, they tied his wrists and ankles almost together. Next, using part of the checked cloth that was on the kitchen table, they tied a gag about his mouth so he couldn't warn any other agents nearby if he came to and started to shout.

"There," G-8 said, panting a little for breath, "Now get some cold water and we'll see what we can do about Nippy."

The terrier ace was already opening his eyes and saying, "Jumping Jupiter, what hit me?" as Bull brought the basin of water. He sat up, rubbing the back of his head. "What happened?" he demanded. "Did the roof cave in?"

BULL bathed the bump on his head with cold water. When Nippy was feeling steady enough to get to his feet, they began a thorough search of the house. The lower floor disclosed nothing. By the time they had finished that, Major du Bois was conscious again and was setting up a struggle to get free. G-8 bent down to speak to him.

"Perhaps you recognize me, Major," he said. "Well. I've got this to say to you. If you behave yourself, you may still live. Can you fly a plane?"

Major du Bois could answer only by nodding his head in the affirmative.

"All right," the Master Spy said. "In that case I may make a deal with you that will save you from a firing squad."

There was pleading in the major's eyes, as though he were saying, "I'll do anything to save my skin."

"You stay here with him, Nip," G-8 ordered. "Remember, he's the guy that socked you. If he struggles any more, split his head open with your automatic."

"I'd love to," Nippy said savagely.

G-8 and Bull went upstairs. They searched the two back rooms first and left the large front room for last. But nowhere could they find anything that pointed in the slightest way to the fact that Major du Bois was a spy. G-8 was almost beginning to doubt that he was tangled up with the ghastly menace, when Bull, who was standing beside a library table in the upper room, let out a cry.

"Holy Herring, look at this!"

G-8 turned to him. He saw Bull holding the cover of a large candy box in his hand.

"For heaven's sake," he exploded, "can't you think of anything but your stomach at a time like this?"

Bull began to grin.

"Maybe," he said, "it's a good thing this time that I do think about my stomach. Otherwise, we might have passed up this candy box. Look what's inside."

He pointed to the contents of the box. G-8 stared at the compact wireless set there.

"Say, Bull," he exclaimed, "you've really found something."

"Sure," the big fellow grinned, "but don't look so surprised, G-8. This isn't the first time in my life I've discovered something. I came over here, figuring I'd nibble on a piece or two of this candy but when I picked up the cover, here was this swell wireless set."

G-8 was rummaging among the wires and coils. He drew out a slip of paper.

"Hey, look here," he said. "This is certainly swell."

"What is it?" Bull demanded.

"It's a secret code and a pretty clever one, too." He turned to Bull and nodded with satisfaction. "I think we've got everything we need. This is the break I've been looking for. Come on, we've got to go downstairs and tell Nippy, and go to work on this right away."

It didn't take long for G-8 to set his plan into motion. They stripped off Major du Bois' clothing and then retied his hands and feet.

The Master Spy tried on the major's uniform and it fit him well enough. He went into the other room, took the tiny make-up kit from its secret hiding place, and returned to where Nippy and Bull were busy wrapping Major du Bois in a blanket. G-8 began working over his face and when he had finished, he looked like a twin of Major du Bois. It was not a difficult face to copy and he was well satisfied with his job. Now he went to the telephone that they had found in the upper room and lifted the receiver. He called his apartment at Le Bourget. Battle answered.

"O. K.," G-8 said in a normal voice. "I'm just checking the phone."

"Righto," Battle said, recognizing his voice.

G-8 came downstairs again. To Nippy and Bull, he said, "I just wanted to be sure that phone wasn't a private line to some other spy. Put the blanket over du Bois' head and take him out to the car. Then go back to Le Bourget. Lock him up in the guard house and tell the guards I'll take away their leaves for the rest of the year if he escapes. Then you fellows sit tight and wait for me."

HE HELPED them carry the major to the door. When they had gone out, he closed and locked it from the inside. The staff car was still standing in front of the house.

Quickly, the Master Spy went upstairs and switched the candy box radio set to receiving. From its construction, the set was apparently intended to operate only on the one wave length to receive messages from the fiend's headquarters.

He clamped the earphones on his head and lay down on the couch beside the set. He dozed off in a cat nap, knowing that the dot-dash hum of messages in the earphones would waken him instantly.

He didn't know how long he had been asleep, but it was still dark outside when the first sounds of a message came. Instantly he was up and beginning to copy down the message as it came on a sheet of paper. The dots and dashes flashed in his ears, and then ceased. He left the earphones on and began to decipher that message using the copy of the code he had found in the box. The words unfolded before him.

TO THE AGENT KNOWN AS

MAJOR DU BOIS:

YOU HAVE DONE GOOD WORK IN YOUR FIRST CONTACT WITH G-8. BUT REMEMBER HE IS VERY CLEVER. BE ALWAYS ON YOUR GUARD.

TO THE REST OF MY THIRTY AGENTS ABOUT PARIS:

YOU WILL MEET AT ONE A.M. AT THE APPOINTED PLACE OF 34 RUE DU ARBUSTE. WILL SEND YOU SPECIAL ORDERS BY THE RADIO THERE. BE READY TO ACT TONIGHT. THE BANSHEE WAILS AGAIN BEFORE DAWN.

DOCTOR CHU LUNG.

The Master Spy's heart was pounding wildly as he finished decoding the message. So Doctor

Chu Lung was behind all this. He slipped the earphones off his head and glanced at his wrist watch. It was almost a quarter past midnight now. He had three-quarters of an hour to get to the meeting place at 34 Rue du Arbuste. He turned to the phone and called the end hangar at Le Bourget. Nippy answered.

"I have plenty of dope," G-8 said. "I've just found out that Doctor Chu Lung is behind this."

"Jumping Jupiter!" Nippy cracked. "I thought Bull finished him with the machine gun the last time we ran up against him."

"Apparently he wasn't completely finished," G-8 said. "He's certainly going great guns now. I have a message that there will be a meeting at 34 Rue du Arbuste at one A.M. That's less than three-quarters of an hour away. Write down that address, Nippy; then you and Bull gather a flock of men. I want that place raided at about one-thirty or a little before. We want to be sure that every one of the thirty agents is there."



"Right," Nippy said. "We won't fail you."

G-8 went out, got into the staff car, and approached within a block of 34 Rue du Arbuste. The house was situated on a corner. It was a three-story French structure. He saw a dark figure dressed in a French uniform ahead of him. He waited until the man had gone into the house, then he approached the door and knocked as the other officer had done.

The door was opened by what appeared to be a rather stocky French captain of the Blue Devils. He looked sharply at G-8, then smiled as the Master Spy entered.

"Ah, Major du Bois, I see you have arrived in good time," he said.

"Oui." G-8 said shortly and passed on.

He had a strange feeling as he walked down the lighted hall into a large room at the rear of the

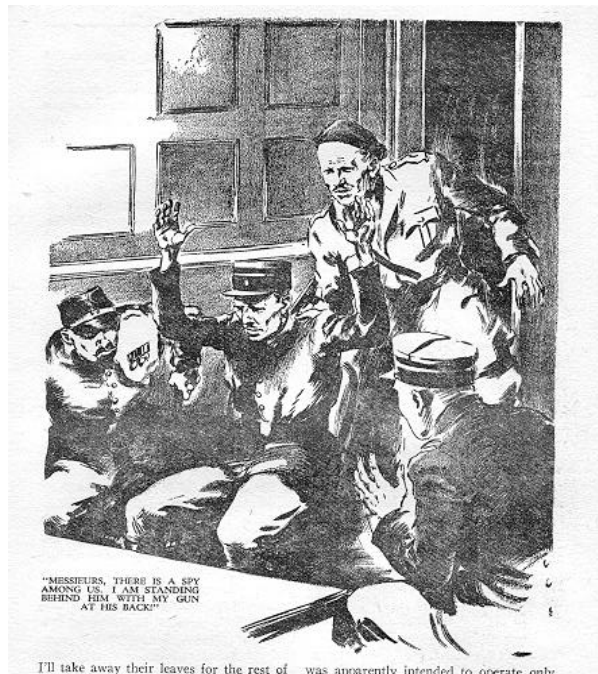
house, that the man who had admitted him was watching him carefully.

G-8 counted twenty-six men in the room, all dressed in the uniforms of French officers. Counting himself and the man at the door there were twenty-eight present. There would be two more. The men sat in a circle about the room. In the center stood a table with the bottom enclosed like a cabinet. Several of the men nodded to G-8 and one or two said, "Good morning, Major du Bois."

The Master Spy was elated. Apparently he had done a good job with his make-up. Presently, the two remaining agents came in and took chairs. There was one chair left.

Out of the tail of his eye, G-8 saw the stocky Blue Devil French officer who had let him in, come into the room and close the door behind him. He came toward the Master Spy, then bent down behind him as if he were going to whisper something in his ear. Suddenly, G-8 felt the hard muzzle of a pistol stab into his back. The Blue Devil officer spoke in a low, ominous voice.

"Messieurs, there is a spy among us. I am standing behind him now with my gun in his back."



CHAPTER NINE

Torture

G-8 got a hard jab of that gun muzzle, then the man in the Blue Devil uniform ordered. "Hold up your hands!"

Slowly the Master Spy raised his hands. He glanced sidewise at his wrist watch as it rose in the air past his face. It was almost one o'clock he saw. Desperately the Master Spy realized he must play for time.

In the best imitation he could give of Major du Bois' voice, he demanded, "What gives you reason to believe, *Monsieur*, that I am not Major du Bois?"

The chunky figure behind trial laughed.

"You may have bluffed your way many times before, *Monsieur*, but not this time. We have no password, it is true. However, it is unfortunate that you did not notice the agent who entered before you. You might have seen him make a secret sign as he passed me. That sign, *Monsieur*, you failed to make."

G-8 was sitting rigidly erect in his chair with his hands raised. He could see no possible way of escape. He could only go on playing for time.

"You may not know it," he said, "but I was given a special commission by Doctor Chu Lung."

The fact that he knew Doctor Chu Lung seemed to electrify the place. He saw the agents before him who had been leaning forward tensely, ready to stop him if he made a move to escape, sit back in their chairs and relax somewhat.

"What of that?" the Blue Devil demanded.

"You can quite readily see, *Monsieur*," G-8 said, "how it would be possible for me as a special agent of Doctor Chu Lung for the investigation of the one known as G-8 to have missed the trivial secret sign for entering. As a matter of fact, I don't recall Doctor Chu Lung mentioning any secret sign to me."

The agent sitting next to G-8 stared at him, then spat out, "That is a lie, *Monsieur*, if you are Major du Bois. I remember when Doctor Chu Lung gave us the secret sign, you were sitting next to me. You practiced it before him."

The gun muzzle stabbed again into G-8's back and the Blue Devil said, in a voice that was as hard as tool steel, "You are not fooling any of us. We know who you are. You are G-8! What have you done with Major du Bois?"

Still the Master Spy played for time.

He had no hope of escaping this angry mob of twenty-nine clever secret agents who were now

crowding about him. His only hope lay in delaying them from taking him away or killing him before the raid came. He wasn't so much afraid of being killed as he was of being spirited away. Yet even that might have its compensation if they took him to Chu Lung. He smiled now very calmly.

"Very well, then," he said. "I suppose I may as well admit that I am G-8 if you insist. Regarding Major du Bois, his fate, gentlemen, depends upon mine."

The agents were staring at him.

"What do you mean?" the Blue Devil roared. "You give us your word that he is still alive?"

The Master Spy nodded.

"Most certainly. Furthermore, he will remain alive just so long as I am permitted to live."

"You cannot threaten us," the Blue Devil said. "We demand to know at once where Major du Bois is. You say he is alive; prove it to us."

G-8 laughed quite easily.

"He is in a very safe place," he explained. "Would you like to have me tell you how I found out about him? Since each one of you is a secret agent, my methods might help you sometime."

The Master Spy was still stalling desperately for time. Without any encouragement from his audience, he went on. If he could keep talking until Nippy and Bull and the reinforcements came, the whole situation would work out very nicely.

"I was eating dinner last night with my two assistants when Major du Bois called. He announced that he was Major du Bois attached to French Intelligence headquarters and that they had sent him to me to learn what my plans were for combating the menace of the banshee's wail."

"How did you connect this with the legend of the banshee?" the Blue Devil demanded.

"After all," G-8 said, "there are certain things that we Americans learn in school, even as children. So, knowing of the banshee legend, it was quite easy for me to tie it up with the insignia that I tore from the Fokker we shot down yesterday."

"*Mon Dieu!*" the agent next to him exploded.

G-8 went on, choosing his words with slow deliberation.

"After I had talked with Major du Bois a few minutes, I made a call to French Intelligence headquarters and found that they neither had a Major du Bois in their service nor had they sent

anyone to consult me. It was a very simple deduction. Major du Bois obviously was a German agent and a very brave one at that to come into my quarters to inquire into my plans. I arranged secretly to have one of my agents go out and hide in the spare tires of du Bois' car before he left. When he reached Paris, my agent called me. It was quite simple, don't you think?"

There was a rumble of voices among the German agents.

"*Himmelbreuednewetter!*" one across the circle spat. "This *verdammter kerl* makes Major du Bois sound like a child."

"Not at all," G-8 said. "Major du Bois worked very cleverly. I assure you. It would have been better for him, however, had he taken a little more time and gone to the trouble of learning the name of some French secret agent who might have been dispatched secretly from Intelligence. In that case I couldn't have been sure."

"We are not interested in your story," the Blue Devil barked. "We are interested only in the present whereabouts of Major du Bois."

THE Master Spy smiled. "I am coming to that in time," he said. "Would you mind if I lowered my arms? They're getting a little tired, sticking up in the air like this. You may be interested in finding out how I learned of Doctor Chu Lung's whereabouts."

A thin, dapper agent leaned forward suddenly.

"*Gott im Himmel!*" he cried. "Have you found that out, too?"

"*Ach du Lieber,*" spat another under his breath to the agent sitting next to G-8, "is there nothing that this *verdammter kerl* does not know?"

The Master Spy looked at him and laughed.

"You do not need to feel so amazed. I simply use common sense. I am no clairvoyant, looking into the future." He turned his head half-way around to the Blue Devil who still held the gun against his back. "Well," he asked, "may I lower my arms?"

The Blue Devil nodded curtly.

"Very well," he said.

He had already reached down and snatched out the French automatic from G-8's holster. The Master Spy lowered his arms and took a long breath.

"That feels much better," he said. He leaned back in the chair and relaxed. "Let me see now. Where was I? Oh yes, I was going on with the story of how I happened to come here. It was quite a simple matter to go to the house at number 17 Rue du Chene after my assistant called me on the phone and gave me the address. One of my assistants and I drove swiftly to the place. In passing it, we saw my first assistant standing along the sidewalk, waiting for us. We parked the car and entered." He smiled. "Gentlemen, permit me to compliment you on the fact that your Major du Bois is a very good and courageous fighter. He almost escaped us. Would you like to hear about the fight?"

Again that snub-nosed automatic drilled into his back.

"Tell us at once what happened to Major du Bois," the Blue Devil commanded, "or I will pull this trigger at once."

The Master Spy smiled calmly.

"I have an idea," he said, "that Doctor Chu Lung would be very angry if he found I had been shot in the back in cold blood. Doctor Chu Lung and I have a strange friendship that has grown out of a number of these conflicts. Be patient, my friend, I will come to that matter of Major du Bois' whereabouts at the proper point in the story."

"You will have no chance for that," the Blue Devil cried. "You are playing for time, you *verdammter kerl*, and we will not give you any more time. I have an idea, *Monsieurs*."

Still holding the gun at the Master Spy's back, he turned to his fellow agents.

"Grab this *verdammter kerl* and bring him upstairs to the bathroom. We shall see whether he will talk or not."

The agents rushed in upon G-8 from all sides. He saw that it would do him no good to fight. The two largest agents seized hold of his arms and thrust them behind his back, rendering him helpless. They pushed him ahead of them out into the hall and forced him to climb the stairs to the second floor.

Complete bathrooms, even in Paris, were more or less of a luxury, but a good-sized bedroom on the second floor had been altered into a bathroom. Along the wall opposite the door was a large iron tub. Above it was a large ring fastened to the high ceiling that apparently had once held a shower curtain.

G-8 heard the Blue Devil call from downstairs as the others swarmed up behind, "Keep him there. I will be up with the apparatus in a few moments."

The Master Spy stood calmly in the center of the bathroom with his arms still pinioned behind his back by the two husky agents. Presently the Blue Devil pushed his way through the throng. He carried a box in his hand from which extended long, stout wires. Climbing to the edge of the tub, he tossed the two wires over the curtain ring so that they hung down toward the tub.

"Now," the Blue Devil commanded, "lift him into the tub."

"Am I to understand," G-8 asked, "that I am to be given a bath?"

"You will understand plenty before we are through with you," the Blue Devil snarled. "We are going to give you a bath such as you have never had before."

The two big agents lifted him into the tub.

"Now hold up his arms!" the Blue Devil cried.

HE TOOK out a pair of pliers and, pulling down the slack from one of the wires, wound the bare end of the wire about G-8's left thumb. At this moment, the Master Spy began struggling. He got a look at his wrist watch. It wasn't quite twenty minutes after one. Nippy and Bull and the raiding party might wait until half past one or even later. He began to realize with a feeling of dread what they were about to do with him. He struggled furiously, not expecting to escape but hoping to waste more time.

Two or three minutes passed before the Blue Devil managed to get the other end around his right thumb. Now they forced him to raise his hands high over his head while the Blue Devil tied the slack wires to the ring in the ceiling. From there the wires passed into the box. G-8 was strung up by his thumbs so that he could barely support his weight by standing on tip toes in the tub.

At that moment, the Master Spy's awful suspicions were verified as the Blue Devil placed the stopper in the drain hole and reached for the faucets. There was a hiss and a splash of water and the tub began to fill. The water crept up slowly around G-8's knees.

With the water still running, the Blue Devil stepped to the mysterious box. He adjusted an electrical rheostat and threw a switch. As the switch clicked, G-8's entire body from his thumbs to his feet was drawn and twisted by a terrific shock of electricity that surged through him. His legs being in water made a perfect ground for the shock and intensified it tremendously. His whole head throbbed. It seemed that that electrical shock continued for an hour before the switch was thrown back.

"That, my friend, is merely a sample of what you are going to get if you do not tell us where Major du Bois is being held prisoner," the agent grinned.

There was no urgent reason for G-8's not telling where du Bois was except for the fact that after he had told them, they would hurry him away and, in all probability, the twenty-nine agents would rush out of the house. No matter what the pain, he must keep them there until Nippy and Bull arrived with their forces.

"I—" G-8 began.

"Tell us!" snarled the Blue Devil. "Look." He pointed to the box. "There are ten notches on that rheostat. The handle is pointed only to the second one. If I choose to move it over to the last, the electrical shock which you will receive will kill you. Tell us instantly!"

Desperately, G-8 tried to think of some excuse. The Blue Devil was moving the rheostat over toward the end. His other hand was on the switch.

He was almost yelling, "Tell us or I give you everything in the machine! Quick!"

His hand moved to throw the switch.

CHAPTER TEN

The Shadow of Doom

THE Master Spy steeled himself for his electrocution, but he resolved that he would make one last play for time. He cried out, "Stop, wait a minute!"

He saw the Blue Devil's fingers relax on the switch. Some of the other agents grinned triumphantly and moved closer to him.

One, who was not grinning, said savagely, "Give him a shock of half strength, one that will hurt him, but will not make him unconscious."

"*Jawohl*," argued another, "but he is perhaps ready to tell us where Major Du Bois is."

The first agent nodded.

"But how do we know that he will tell us the truth? Give him a shock of half strength to let him know that we mean business. Then we will be certain that he is telling the truth about Major Du Bois."

The Blue Devil instantly nodded his agreement.

"That," he said, "is a very excellent idea."

The Master Spy's arms were already numb from hanging by his thumbs. But he had strength to speak.

"Wait," he cried again. "Give me a little time to think. Perhaps I shall tell you the truth now."

"Time to think!" the Blue Devil flung at him angrily. "You have had plenty of time to think, but you have not had shock enough to make you think our way. Now you get it!"

He twisted the rheostat to the halfway position and threw the switch. As that terrific shock hit him, G-8 felt as though he had been struck by a bolt of lightning. His whole body was twisting and contorting in a manner that was unbelievable. His muscles were paralyzed by the shock and yet, strangely enough, his brain and his ears seemed to be functioning. He could see as well as hear what was going on about him.

He became aware of a stir of excitement among the agents, and there were looks of fright on their faces. He heard a great noise outside the house, as if someone were pounding on the doors for admittance. Then there came a crash as a window was broken in downstairs. The agents began running out of the room.

The Blue Devil turned from his box, leaving the electricity on. G-8 was half mad from its shocking force. He tried to cry out, but his teeth were locked tight and his throat wouldn't utter a sound. He knew that if the awful voltage continued to course through his body very long, he would surely die. No human body could stand the terrific electrical force for more than a short time.

From downstairs he heard sharp commands, and a gun blasted. Yank officers were barking orders. More windows were crashing, and more

doors were being burst in at the rear of the house. Then he heard both Nippy and Bull yelling.

"G-8, G-8! Where are you?"

Bull, down at the bottom of the stairs, was snarling to one of the German agents, "If you don't tell me where G-8 is, I'll batter your brains out with my bare fists."

Then G-8 heard the smack of Bull's fist against a body. His brain was getting numb now, and so were his senses of sight and hearing, as the electricity continued to pour into him. Vaguely he heard feet pounding the stairs and hoped that Nippy or Bull or some of the others were coming upstairs to cut off that maddening current. Yes, there was Bull.

He could hear him calling from the top of the stairs, then his heavy boots sounded on the floor as he yelled, "G-8, are you up here? Where are you?"

From the hall, Nippy stormed in after the big fellow. They suddenly saw the Master Spy, and Nippy cried, "Jumping Jupiter, G-8, they've got you strung up by the thumbs! Are you all right?"

AS they rushed toward him, G-8 wanted to tell them to cut off the electricity, but he was powerless. Bull reached out and grabbed the Master Spy's wrists, leaning against the tub as he did so. Instantly the force of the electric current hurled him back away from the tub. An expression of pain and rage crossed his face.

Nippy Weston's eyes flashed to the ceiling and followed the wires to the coil box on the floor. In an instant he had flipped the switch so that the current was turned off.

"O.K, Bull," the terrier ace said. "Get him out of there. The juice is off now."

"Why, those dirty skunks!" Bull roared, grabbing G-8 and lifting him up so that Nippy could unwind the wires from around his thumbs. Bull lifted G-8 out of the tub when he was free, and the Master Spy wobbled unsteadily for a moment on his legs. Then he found his voice.

He took a long breath, then he said, "I'm certainly glad to see you fellows. I don't think I could have stood that much longer."

"I've heard of stringing guys up by their thumbs and pulling them apart," Nippy said, "but I never heard of their feet being grounded in a tub of water and shooting juice through their bodies. That certainly is a swell idea. I'd like to try it on

Doctor Kreuger and *Stahlmaske* and Doctor Chu Lung, and a few other friends of ours who might be kicking around."

Big Bull Martin had G-8 by the arm.

"What I want to know," he said, "is who thought of this thing?"

The Master Spy shook his head.

"It doesn't matter now," he said. "We're concerned with many things that are more important. Remember, this is war and anything goes."

"Yeah?" Bull snarled. "Well, nobody is going to get away with this sort of thing on you! I'll settle with the bird that did it later on."

"Did you get all the agents?" G-8 asked anxiously.

Already he was starting for the hall.

"You bet we got them," Bull said savagely. "We had every window and door covered from the outside. We gathered almost a hundred and fifty men in order to make this raid. That was Nippy's idea, not mine. I'd have taken them alone."

"Sure, you big dumb ox," Nippy nodded, "and while you were coming in the front door, they would have all jumped out of the windows."

"You're sure you got them?" G-8 asked.

He was leading the way, striding down the hall toward the stairs. His legs were still a little wobbly, but he was making it all right.

"Wait until you see the gang we've got," Bull said. "They're all corralled in the big room at the back of the house. The boys are tying them up, getting them ready for execution."

G-8 reached the top of the stairs and started running down.

"Execution?" he cried. "Those men can't be killed yet. I've got other plans."

"What's the matter?" Bull boomed. "Have you gone chicken-hearted all of a sudden, after what they've done to you?"

The lower hall was choked with Yank soldiers, and G-8 turned there to face Bull.

"Listen, Bull," he said, "you and Nippy have done a good job so far, but don't move too fast. Let me handle this affair from now on, you understand?"

The big fellow shrugged.

"O. K." he said. "Holy Herring, don't think I wanted to tell you what to do, G-8!"

THE Master Spy was pushing his way through the soldier-packed hall toward the large room at the rear. He burst in upon a scene that was quite satisfying to him. The French uniforms of the various German agents, with the bright colors of blues, grays, and reds, contrasted strangely with the drab khaki that the Yanks wore.

The German agents were standing, some trembling, some statuesque, but all with their hands held high above their heads. One by one the Allied agents were hand-cuffing the Germans' arms behind their backs. G-8 began counting them. There were twenty-nine in all. He nodded to an infantry captain standing near him.

"That," he said, "is what I would call a complete round-up."

The captain stared at him.

"Hey," he cried, "here's another one! Put handcuffs on him!"

He caught the Master Spy roughly by the arm and poked an automatic in his belly. Quick as a flash, Bull Martin stepped forward and knocked the gun down, while G-8 stood calmly smiling.

"Wait a minute!" the big fellow growled, putting his big hand against the captain's chest and angrily pushing him backward. "G-8's stood about enough for one night."

The captain's eyes had blazed for a moment as Bull pushed him backward, but now his face relaxed as he stared at the makeup and the French uniform that G-8 wore.

"Great Scott!" he exploded, "Are you G-8?"

The Master Spy was still smiling.

"Yes, Captain," he said, "I forgot for the moment that I was still in disguise. Perhaps you didn't hear my compliment. I was saying that this was what I would call a complete round-up."

The captain flushed with chagrin.

"Yes," he said. "I'm glad you like the work we did, G-8."

"I see you got every one of them. There's thirty in all, for we already have Major Du Bois, whom I've been impersonating."

"I hope," the captain apologized, "that you'll pardon me for handling you so roughly and drawing my gun."

G-8 laughed.

"I don't blame you in the least," he said. "I would have done the same thing."

"Thank you," the captain said. "Where would you like to have us take these prisoners?"

"I want them where I can lay my hands on them quickly," G-8 said. He smiled again. "And where they'll act as protection for us in our quarters. I plan to have them taken to the stout guardhouse at Le Bourget field. That's where Major Du Bois is, isn't he, Bull?"

The big fellow nodded.

"Yeah," he said. "We've got him tucked away so he'll never get out."

"Good," the Master Spy nodded. "Then let's go. Captain, I'll hold you and your men responsible for everyone of these twenty-nine agents."

The captain saluted.

"Don't worry, G-8," he said. "I'll see that they're delivered there safely—all twenty-nine of them."

"Come on," the Master Spy said, nodding to Nippy and Bull.

They went out into the night, got into the roadster and drove home.

"WHAT do we do now?" Nippy demanded as the three arrived in the living room of their apartment in the end hangar. The Master Spy smiled.

"Now we're going to find out where Chu Lung's headquarters are. When we learn that, we'll probably know where the sound originates."

"Holy Herring!" Bull grinned. "What are you going to do, G-8, torture some of these agents—like they tortured you—until they tell us?"

His grin broadened.

"Say, if you'll tell me which bird it was who thought up that electric torture for you, I'll find out from him where Chu Lung is or I'll knock his head off."

"No, Bull," G-8 said, "I've got another way of finding out. We aren't going to torture any of those thirty agents."

Nippy was studying him.

"Well, Jumping Jupiter," he demanded, "what are you going to do, read their minds?"

The Master Spy smiled.

"No, Nippy," he said, "it's going to be very simple. You and Bull do exactly as I tell you and you'll find out how this trick of mine is going to work."

CHAPTER ELEVEN

G-8 Strikes

ANGRILY Nippy and Bull gathered closer about their chief. "You think of the darnedest things," Bull admitted, and Nippy chuckled at the big fellow.

"So do you, Bull," he said, "but your ideas don't work out as well as G-8's do. Go ahead and spill it, Chief. We're all ears."

The Master Spy smiled.

"Honest," he said, "I feel sheepish about pulling this because it's so simple. As a matter of fact, it's strange that one of us hasn't thought of it before."

"How do you know it will work?" Nippy demanded.

"I'm not sure that it will," G-8 said, "but if I know human nature, it will click like a mousetrap."

"Well, you've sure got to have something good to trap that rat Chu Lung," Bull told him. "He's a slippery cuss."

"All right," G-8 said. "Now here's what you do. I've had about enough for a while, so I'm going to take a rest and let you fellows work. Bull, I want you to get me a captured Fokker, one that has a good motor in it and that's in good flying condition."

"Is that all?" the big fellow demanded. "Holy Herring, they've got several of those right here on the field!"

"That's only part of it. Get the one with the best Mercedes engine in it, because I'll have to keep pretty close to a Spad."

"To a Spad?" Nippy asked.

The Master Spy nodded.

"That's where your job comes in, Nip. You get me a Spad, the oldest one on the field and see that the timing on the motor is made just a hair slow. I want to be sure that whoever flies the Spad won't be able to run away from me."

"You'll be flying the Fokker, then?" Bull asked.

"Sure, you big ox," Nippy said. "He just told you that."

"All right," G-8 said. "Now stop your arguments. Go out and get those planes and let me know when you have them. Bull, I want you to park the Fokker in a dark spot between our hangar and the next one, so that it won't be seen. Nippy, I want you to leave the old Spad on the tarmac in front of the living room."

The two Battle Aces left.

G-8 lay down on the davenport, and savory smells oozed through the crack of the kitchen door as Battle cooked a midnight snack. At length, the Master Spy heard the roar of engines outside rising in crescendo and dropping off again, and he knew that Bull and Nippy were taxing the Fokker and the Spad to their respective places. The two entered the living room only a few moments apart.

"Say," Nippy asked, "has this scheme of yours got anything to do with Major Du Bois flying a plane?"

"Yes," G-8 said. "I thought you would begin to see the light pretty soon."

"Well, if your idea is what I think it is, it's pretty clever," Nippy said, "although I can't quite figure the whole thing out."

Bull sniffed the air.

"Holy Herring!" he said. "It smells as if Battle is getting us something to eat."

"We'll eat as soon as we get set for this affair," G-8 told him. "You both parked your planes where I told you to?"

The two Battle Aces nodded

"All right. Nippy, tell our mechanic sergeant to get some phosphorescent paint, with lots of life, and to paint the belly of the Spad with it."

"Paint the belly of the Spad with it?" Bull demanded. "Say, who's going to fly that ship? Major Du Bois?"

"You're catching on," G-8 admitted.

Nippy trotted off into the hangar. Presently he came back.

"He says he'll have it done in less than a half hour," he said.

Battle appeared and announced that he had something to eat prepared for them. G-8 and his Battle Aces sat down and began eating, and after

Bull had satisfied the first pangs of his ever-raging appetite, he shot a glance at G-8.

"Listen," he said, "come on and tell us about this plan of yours."

"Well, if you had more brains," Nippy said, "you would know. What does phosphorus paint do in the dark?"

"Why, it glows, you squirt," Bull flung at him. "Anybody knows that."

"All right," the terrier ace said, "it glows. Then that means that if G-8 is flying the Fokker behind the Spad and he keeps fairly well under it, he can see where the Spad is going."

Bull brightened.

"Say, that's a smart idea!" he said. "And this Major Du Bois will be flying the Spad! How are you going to get him to go to Chu Lung?"

"That," G-8 admitted, "is the weak part of my plan. I'm hoping he will fall—"

Suddenly the Master Spy and his Battle Aces were jerked up in their chairs by a terrific, nerve-shattering sound. From somewhere off in the night came the wail of the banshee, the penetrating scream that heralded death to Yank forces.

G-8 leaped from the table, and with Nippy and Bull close behind him, rushed out to the tarmac. But all three of them were powerless to tell what direction that sound was coming from.

For several minutes the wail of the banshee continued, and then, when G-8 and his Battle Aces were almost ready to go mad with the horror of it, it died away. They went back into the living room with grave faces and singing ears.

Bull stared angrily at G-8, then blurted out, "Well, what do we do now?"

The Master Spy took a long breath.

"Just as we planned to do," he said. "I knew the sound would come tonight. Chu Lung's message said so."

AS he finished speaking, the phone rang. Almost immediately the Master Spy had the receiver off the hook. "G-8 speaking."

A feeble, gasping, pain-choked voice came over the telephone wire to him.

"This is Major—Durham of the—"

The voice got no farther. There was a groan at the other end, then a crash as though the

receiver had slipped from the speaker's hand. G-8 was stunned for a moment, then he clicked the hook insistently and called the general. Presently he had him on the wire.

"What's happened?" the general demanded. "You heard the wailing sound, of course?"

"Yes," G-8 said. "A Major Durham just called me. He died before he could tell me the outfit he was with. Check up at once, if you will, General, and see if you can find what outfit this major belonged to and where it's located. Then be ready to send all possible reinforcements to that front. Get all rest divisions in that area out, ready to fight."

"Right," the general cracked and his receiver slammed.

Reports began coming in thick and fast over G-8's phone, but he could get little information from any of them. Scarcely a man lived long enough, after calling, to tell him what had happened. He learned, however, that the attack had been centered for the most part west of the Chamieu sector. That wasn't so far away. As the reports still came in over the telephone, the drone of an airplane engine came to their ears, then it grew louder. The engine was screaming as though the plane were in a dive.

"Holy Herring!" Bull exploded. "That bird's in a hurry to get down."

He and Nippy rushed for the door, closely followed by G-8. Some mechanic tossed out a bucket of gasoline, threw a match into the liquid, and it flared up, lighting the way for the plane.

They saw that it was a Nieuport. It bounded jerkily to a stop, then the engine died and the plane stood there. The pilot didn't move to get out, and G-8, Nippy and Bull ran toward him. Twice he rose up out of the cockpit in an effort to get out of the plane. On his third try, just before they reached him, he managed to pitch over the side and landed in a limp heap on the ground. He lay there groaning and panting for breath. Between gasps, he uttered over and over again, "G-8! G-8!"

Half the personnel of Le Bourget field was running to the spot, but G-8 didn't hear them; he had ears only for this exhausted Yank pilot. He knelt beside him.

"I'm G-8," he said. "What is it?"

"The sound," the pilot gasped. "It got me. It's awful. It tears your whole body apart. A sensation—I can't describe. Got to stop it! I was in

the air—over Yank lines—west of Chamieu. We've got to—"

His voice broke in a cry of torturing pain. His body convulsed and his face, into which G-8 was shining a small flashlight, contorted in a ghastly grimace. Then his body slumped and he was dead.

G-8 leaped up from his crouched position and nodded to Nippy and Bull.

"Come on!" he said. "Let's get going!" He left orders that the body and the Nieuport be taken care of, then he strode back to the end hangar.

"Holy Herring!" Bull breathed. "That death must be awful."

G-8's jaws were clenched. "Nippy, you and Bull go down to the guardhouse and have Major Du Bois brought here. After he gets in here with me, start the Hisso in the Spad out front, and the Mercedes of the Fokker between the hangars. I'm going after Chu Lung at once."

CHAPTER TWELVE

The Trail of the Fiend

G-8 paced the floor for perhaps ten minutes while Nippy and Bull went for the agent who was known as Major Du Bois. Presently they appeared; the major between them. He wasn't gagged now, but his wrists were handcuffed behind his back. From his white face it was evident that he was frightened. The Master Spy smiled at him reassuringly and nodded to Nippy and Bull.

"All right," he said "you'll leave us alone. I'll take care of him."

Nippy and Bull went out and the two men faced each other. G-8 standing little more than five feet from du Bois.

"I don't know what your real name is," he said, "so I'll continue to call you Major du Bois."

"That will do very well, Monsieur," the major answered. "I don't know what you plan to do with me. I wish to remind you of what you said in my quarters in Paris when I was bound and gagged."

"What was that?" the Master Spy asked, having a very strong hunch as to what was coming.

"You promised me," Major Du Bois said, "that if I behaved myself and didn't try to escape or even struggle, you might find it possible to spare me from the firing squad."

The Master Spy nodded.

"Yes," he said, "I remember."

Instant relief showed on the face of the Major.

"Then I am not to be killed?"

"That," G-8 said, "depends upon your future actions. I dare say you have behaved yourself quite well so far, after the first terrific fight that you put up."

"*Mon Dieu*," Major Du Bois gasped, "you certainly would not blame me for trying to escape! I knew I was being caught as a spy." It was evident that he had completely surrendered and was throwing himself on G-8's mercy.

The Master Spy smiled.

"I don't blame you a bit," he said. "After all, I've done some spy work myself and I've been in some very tight situations, out of which I've had to fight my way. No, I don't hold that against you in the least, Major, even though you almost knocked me cold." He shrugged. "Things like that are part of the war."

He studied the major for almost a minute without speaking. The agent showed signs of fear.

"But what are you going to do with me, *Monsieur*?" he demanded. "If I am not to be shot, what then?" The look of fear in his face grew intense. "You are not going to torture me?"

The Master Spy shook his head.

"Not if you do what I tell you," he said. "You have been in the guardhouse here at Le Bourget, with the other twenty-nine agents of Chu Lung. You are certain, therefore, that we have captured every one of Chu Lung's special agents?"

"Yes, of course," Major Du Bois said.

"In that case," the Master Spy went on, "I wish to send a message to Chu Lung, to advise him of the fact that I have all of his crack agents as my prisoners. You told me back at your quarters that you could fly a plane. That is true?"

The major nodded.

"*Oui, Monsieur*."

"Do you think you can fly a Spad? They are rather tricky."

"In all probability I cannot fly a Spad as expertly as you, but I have no doubt that I can take it off the ground and land it again."

"Do you know enough about navigation so that you could guide a plane through the night with the aid of a compass?"

Major Du Bois nodded. "*Oui, Monsieur.*"

"Then I think I am ready to keep my word to you," G-8 said. "If you carry out my orders, you will definitely escape the firing squad. Not only that, but you will land back in Germany. If you fail to keep my orders—" the Master Spy shrugged—"then I should not like to be in your position when you are caught."

"I will do anything," Major Du Bois promised, "provided I am not asked to reveal secrets with which I am entrusted."

"I realize," G-8 said, "that you are a brave man of noble spirit, and I would not embarrass such a person by asking that he divulge any secrets."

"What do you want me to do?" the major asked suspiciously.

"I AM frank to admit to you, Major Du Bois," the Master Spy said gravely, "that this fiendish death has us completely baffled. Nevertheless, I hold one trump card in the pack—I have all of Doctor Chu Lung's agents as prisoners. There is a Spad outside; you can hear the motor running now. In two or three minutes it will be warm enough to take off."

Major Du Bois nodded.

"You mean that I am to fly that plane to Germany?"

"I mean more than that," G-8 said.

"But the plane will no doubt be guarded. I will be in great danger trying to steal it. I would be shot at once."

"You may take my word for it," G-8 said, "that within a minute or two, the mechanics who have started the engine will leave the plane unguarded. I have given orders that the plane is to be left running alone there. I am taking full responsibility for this move."

"*Mon Dieu*, you will get into serious trouble by doing such a thing!" Major Du Bois said suspiciously. "But then again—you are G-8. You must command great authority here in France."

The Master Spy shrugged.

"I will take my chances on getting into trouble," he said. "You worry about your own skin, Major. Here's what I want you to do. As soon as I remove the handcuffs from your wrists, you are to run out to the plane, climb in the cockpit, and take off. Once in the air, you are to go directly to Doctor Chu Lung with this message. Tell him that I hold all his other agents. Tell him that if the banshee wails again, I will kill them all instantly. That is my only hope of saving the Allies from this awful destruction. You will do that?"

Major Du Bois looked astonished.

"But why should I refuse? I am to save my own life by simply carrying a message to Chu Lung from you. I do not guarantee that he will act in accord with your wishes, however. Your threat may mean nothing to him."

"I will take that chance myself," G-8 said. "You are ready?"

The major nodded.

"*Oui, Monsieur,*" he said.

"Very well," the Master Spy agreed. "Turn around."

From his pocket he took a small key. Major Du Bois turned his back and quickly G-8 unlocked the handcuffs. The major brought his hands forward and looked down at them as if he couldn't believe that he was free. He stared for a moment at G-8.

"*Mon Dieu*," he exclaimed, "you are not as bad as they say you are!"

The Master Spy smiled.

"Thanks," he said. "You can go now. But may I suggest that you had better walk to the plane, instead of running, because that would cause suspicion among the mechanics."

He watched Major Du Bois pass through the door into the night.

As the Hisso roared out front, telling him that Major Du Bois was on his way, G-8 with helmet and goggles in hand, dashed outside the hangar and ran to the Fokker. The Mercedes engine was running smoothly, and Nippy and Bull were waiting there to wish him a successful trip. They helped him as he sprang into the cockpit, held the wings until he taxied out on the tarmac, then waved as he sent the Fokker screaming down the field in pursuit of the old Spad.

G-8 headed out toward the Front as soon as he could pick the plane off the ground, staring ahead into the night, searching for that phosphorescent glow of the Spad. He flew low, barely missing the tree tops at the end of the field. His eyes strained into the blackness above and ahead of him for the glowing belly of the Spad, and his heart was pounding furiously. What if he missed it—couldn't find it at all? His whole scheme would be useless.

Suddenly he located it. It was slightly to the left of him and far ahead, well up in the sky. He pushed his throttle to make sure it was wide open, and slowly he gained on that Spad. He remained low down until he saw that the Spad was climbing higher to cross the lines at a good altitude, then he throttled back his engine just a little to stay with it.

He sat back in the cockpit and relaxed, and a slow smile of satisfaction spread over his face. He began making plans for his actions after he had landed.

Now and then he checked his compass to see where he was going. Major Du Bois was holding his course steadily and true, sure of his direction. They passed the Yank front lines, then the German trenches, and swept on into the German back areas.

G-8 knew the course that was being flown. He didn't need a map to tell him that Major Du Bois was headed straight for a small German airdrome near the town of Schussel.

On and on they flew with G-8 in hot pursuit, then the Master Spy saw that the glowing blotch of phosphorescent paint was descending. He could see the small German airdrome ahead, a lighter blotch in the darker shadows of the forest and tree-lined roads. He was able to see a small strip of phosphorescent paint on the belly of the Spad, for although it was lower than his altitude, it was banking slightly as it went into the field.

He circled wide, watching it go down until it had landed, then he came around and prepared to land the Fokker. As he came in, he saw a pair of automobile headlights flare up, and in a moment the car was moving away from the field.

G-8 sent the Fokker screaming down to land, and German *offiziers* came running to him as he taxied up to the nearest hangar. G-8 sprang out of the ship as flashlights winked in his face. Before any of them could ask who he was, he cried out, "Quick! I am Major du Bois, special agent of Chu

Lung. That one who just landed in a Spad is an impostor. He is the *verdammter kerl*!"

"*Himmelkrensdonnerwetter!*" one *offizier* spat, "And we let him go!"

"*Jawohl*," G-8 said, "but I will catch him. Get me an automobile or a motorcycle instantly."

He had taken the *offiziers* so completely by surprise by his sudden demands that they began running about like startled ducks to obey his orders. He followed them, repeating his commands loudly.

"A car, quickly! We must follow that other one."

"*Ach du Lieber!*" he heard one officer cry. "I was the one who put him in that car. I will lose my commission and perhaps be put in jail—or even shot—if it is discovered that I helped the *verdammter kerl* get away!"

"*Ach Himmel, Ach Himmel!*" wailed another.

A car and a driver was brought. G-8 leaped in beside the driver.

"*Macht schnell!*" he yelled. "There isn't a minute to lose. Follow that other car!"

THE driver sent the vehicle careening out onto the main road and they went racing off in hot pursuit.

"Shall we overtake that car and capture the *verdammter kerl*?" the driver asked.

G-8 was a little calmer now.

"I think perhaps it would be better to trail him and see where he goes," he said. "With our eyes upon him, we can take him any time."

"*Aber*," the driver spat, "he might get to Doctor Chu Lung and kill him!"

The Master Spy smiled.

"I do not think we need worry about that a great deal," he said. "After all, Doctor Chu Lung keeps a sufficient guard about him at all times."

A mile down the road they spotted the tail light of the racing car that bore Major Du Bois.

"Now keep that light in view," G-8 ordered.

The German driver nodded.

"*Jawohl*," he said.

He slackened his speed a little so that they kept well behind the first car.

"Better turn off your lights," G-8 advised, "when we come to the next curve. There's no

need of letting him know that he's being trailed. We shall play the *verdammter kerl* at his own game. He will not escape us this time."

Mile after mile they rolled through the darkness with their own lights turned off and only that red light ahead to guide them. They bumped over a pair of wide railroad tracks, and found that the auto ahead had stopped beside a large railroad car standing on those tracks. They came in sight of it just before the red light went off.

"Gut," G-8 said. "Now move up slowly. We shall see what the *verdammter kerl* is doing."

He had scarcely uttered those words when flashlights stabbed in their faces and the cry, "Halt!" came out of the night. An ugly German face leered at G-8.

"Give the password," he ordered.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Wings of Disaster

NIPPY and Bull watched G-8 and listened to the drone of his engine until it died away, then they turned into the end hangar. The terrier ace was grinning as he closed the door.

"Boy," he ventured, "that chief of ours is the swellest guy that ever lived! Imagine figuring out this way of finding where Chu Lung is located."

Big Bull Martin shook his head.

"It sure is beyond me," he admitted.

"I'll say it's beyond you," Nippy retorted. "You wouldn't think of a thing like that if you lived to be a hundred and fifty."

"There you go again," Bull grunted. "To hear you talk, anybody would think I was the dumbest cluck on earth."

He looked rather sad as he said that, and the terrier reached up and slapped him on the shoulder.

"Aw, don't be sore, fellow," he said. "You know I'm only kidding."

"You make some dumb cracks yourself, sometimes," Bull said. "But you sure told the truth when you said that G-8 was the swellest guy alive. There's nobody any better or any cleverer in the world."

"We're agreed on that," Nippy said. "It sure burns me up to think of his taking all the chances on this job."

Big Bull Martin's face turned savage.

"Yeah," he said, "that reminds me. Before I get through with that gang down in the guardhouse, I'm going to find out which one of them thought of torturing G-8. I'm going to fix that guy so he won't torture anybody else."

Nippy grinned,

"You know, Bull," he said, "I'd kind of like to have a finger in that myself. I wonder how we could work it. Whoever it was, we're going to teach him a lesson."

Bull grinned in anticipation.

"I tell you what we'll do, Nippy," he said. "Let's go down to the guardhouse and we'll talk it over on the way. I feel just like a fight tonight."

"So do I," the terrier ace agreed.

They put on their hats and started for the guardhouse, and suddenly Bull snapped his fingers.

"I've got an idea," he said.

"Marvelous," Nippy grinned. "What's going to happen?"

"Plenty," Bull said, passing up the wisecrack. "Here's what we'll do. Now that G-8's gone, we're running things. We'll go down and send all the guardhouse sentinels off duty. That will leave us in charge. Then we'll go to work."

"Say," Nippy enthused, "that's a swell idea. Where did you get it?"

"I got it out of my head, squirt. Where do you think? After we get the guards out of the way, you let me handle this."

Down at the guardhouse, Bull confronted the officer of the guard, a second lieutenant.

"G-8 is gone," he said. "He left some orders with us. Nippy and I are to take charge of the prisoners tonight. You and your guards can go home."

"But I received orders from G-8," the second lieutenant argued, "to stay here with my guards and be sure that no one escaped."

"Holy Herring!" Bull exploded. "Do you think we're going to let them escape? I tell you the orders have been changed. You take your guards and beat it."

The lieutenant in charge of the guards shrugged.

"Very well," he said reluctantly. "You're giving the orders as far as I'm concerned, Lieutenant Martin."

Nippy and Bull stared through the small grated window of the door at the twenty-nine prisoners. Some of them were half asleep on the floor, and others were sitting in little groups, talking in low voices. All were looking very grave and sad. It was obvious that all of them expected to be shot as spies.

THE Battle Aces turned their backs on the door and casually sat down in the outer guard room while the lieutenant ordered his two dozen guards to disband and go to their quarters for the night. Bull waited fifteen or twenty minutes after they had left, then he nodded to his little pal.

"Come on," he said. "Now we'll start in."

Taking the key that the officer of the guard had left him, he unlocked the door of the big cell. Those prisoners who were awake looked at him with startled expressions. Bull singled out the biggest of the prisoners and nodded to him.

"Come here," he ordered.

The big agent looked about him as if he hoped Bull were calling someone else.

"No, I mean you," Bull said.

"*Moi, Monsieur?*"

"Yeah, you. I'm not looking at anybody else. Come here."

He took him by the arm and led him outside and closed the door again. The handcuffs had been removed from the prisoners when they were thrown into the guardhouse, and the hands of this one were free now. Bull's automatic hung at his side, but he paid no attention to it. He stabbed the big fellow in the chest with his index finger.

"You're going to tell me which one of you had the brilliant idea of stringing G-8 up and torturing him like that."

"I do not inform on my associates, *Monsieur*," the big agent said indignantly.

Bull snapped, "No?"

He drew back his hand and smacked the agent, who was as big as himself, full in the face. The blow turned the agent's head almost half around, and a curse came from his lips.

"*Mon Dieu*, I will not stand for this!" he cried.

He began striking with his fists. Bull Martin stepped back with a grin frozen on his face and his iron hands doubled.

"I was hoping you would start this," he said.

He broke through the guard of the other and smashed him in the face with rights and lefts.

"You're going to tell me who did it if I have to kill you," he snapped.

Under the terrific rain of blows, the agent went down. Bull jerked him up to his feet again. Holding him by the front of his uniform, Bull's right fist was poised to batter the agent's face in.

"Tell me who it was, you rat, or I'll let you have it!" he barked.

The agent's face was already swelling from the blows he had received.

"All right, *Monsieur*," he gasped in a hoarse whisper, "I will tell you. It was the one in the uniform of the 'Blue Devils.'"

Bull released his grip on the big agent and lowered his fist.

"Now," he said, "we're getting somewhere."

HE unlocked the door, shoved the fellow ahead of him. He was about to step in behind him, when suddenly, at a signal from the agent in the Blue Devil uniform, the twenty-nine spies made a mad rush for the door. Two of them seized Bull around the body, and fists were flying like mad. Bull caught the Blue Devil flush on the jaw and sent him hurtling back on the onrushing throng of spies.

Nippy was trying desperately to get the door shut and locked, but two fighting Yanks were no match for twenty-nine desperate spies who were about to die. They surged on. Bull and Nippy battered as many as they could, driving them back, but being forced out of the cell as the desperate spies of Chu Lung rushed them.

"Grab your gun, Bull!" Nippy yelled. "Let them have it."

A blow from one powerful fist sent Nippy hurtling back into the outer room as he reached for his own automatic.

He heard Bull growl, "I don't have to use a gun to handle these skunks."

He fought on, in spite of the fact that he was being beaten and forced out where Nippy lay. A half dozen of the agents had already rushed through the door and had pounced on the terrier

ace. Nippy was lying on his back and they were pounding him in the face with their fists, knocking him unconscious.

Bull was completely surrounded by the agents, and suddenly something hard and firm cracked on Bull's skull. The faces before him vanished completely as an inky blanket of unconsciousness swept over him.

NIPPY and Bull regained consciousness about the same time and were dimly aware of a jolting motion. They were evidently in a truck, and their hands and feet were tied behind them and there were stout gags in their mouths. Nippy was wriggling frantically to get free, but he received a brutal kick in his back for his trouble. It was dark in the truck they were riding in, and he couldn't see anything about him. Finally the jolting stopped.

Nippy heard the low, coarse laugh of one of the agents, then he said, "Now we must move with great caution. We will take these two up near the Front, here at the Chamieu sector. The 23rd Division is scheduled to be killed before dawn by the scream of the banshee, and they will die with them."

Then Nippy was lifted out of the truck, and he saw that four of the biggest agents were carrying Bull. He saw, too, that the big fellow was struggling as much as his tight bindings would permit, but without any success.

They were carried for a long time through the black of night. From up ahead came the sounds of rumbling guns and Nippy knew they were getting quite close to the Front. Soon the agents began to crawl along the ground, dragging Nippy and Bull after them. In the darkness they slipped through the Yank artillery lines and came near to the rear line of trenches. There progress ceased, and they left Nippy and Bull lying in the mud, some distance apart.

A hoarse voice whispered in Nippy's ear, "When the banshee wails in another hour or two, you will die with the others of the 23rd. It is a terrible death."

The agent who was speaking chuckled, then vanished into the night.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

The Wall of Steel

G-8 had been doing some very fast thinking as the powerful big German guard challenged him. He was aware of the fact that he was still dressed in the French uniform that Major Du Bois had worn. Moreover, his face had been made up to resemble Du Bois. Nippy and Bull had found another French uniform for the major before he had left in the Spad, and now G-8 was sure that no one could tell the difference between himself and Du Bois.

But there was one hitch that G-8 hadn't counted on. In all probability, Major Du Bois had known the password and had gotten through these guards very quickly. G-8 didn't know the password, and therefore he would have to bluff his way as well as he could.

He opened the door of the car and proceeded to get out, and the guard stepped back to give him room. In the guard's left hand he held the flashlight that half-blinded G-8, and in his other he held an automatic that gleamed dangerously.

"Give me the password!" the guard demanded more insistently than before.

Other guards crowded behind him, now, and G-8 spoke to the driver.

"You may go. That will be all."

The driver saluted and began backing the car away. Now G-8 leaned forward toward the guard and spoke in a muffled tone, imitating the voice of Major Du Bois.

"*Mein Herr*," he said, "you are not aware of the fact, but I have come to tell you this. I am Major Du Bois. That man you just let in was not Major Du Bois. He is the *verdammter kerl*—G-8!"

"*Lieber Gott!*" the guard gasped.

"Where is he?" G-8 demanded. "Surely you have not let him get to Chu Lung? He will kill the doctor at sight!"

Suddenly the guard with the gun said, "*Eine minute, bitte*. You have not given the password."

"*Dummkopf!*" G-8 spat. "I have been away for some time. Quickly! We must save Doctor Chu Lung. Come!"

He moved to push the guards aside.

"*Jawohl*," cried another guard. "We must save Doctor Chu Lung at once."

"Come," G-8 cried, turning the stubborn guard half way around. "There isn't a second to lose."

"Very well," the guard said. "I will get the password later, but don't make any false moves. You are under suspicion."

"Don't worry about me," G-8 said.

THEY were hurrying along toward the railroad car, now, and G-8 could see that the top was flat. Mounted on the car, he could see, silhouetted against the starry night, some great mechanical contrivance.

Two other guards stopped them at the entrance to the car. G-8 spoke to them in a low, excited voice.

"We must pass at once," he said. "That man you just admitted is G-8. Any minute you will hear a gun explode and you will know that Chu Long is dead."

"*Donnerwetter!*" the guard spat, and threw the door open for them.

G-8 and a half dozen guards charged into the room. It was large, and occupied almost one complete end of the great steel car. It was fitted with Oriental tapestries, and a blue Chinese rug was spread on the floor.

Doctor Chu Lung was standing at one end of the room, behind a heavy desk made of teakwood, and before him stood Major Du Bois.

"There he is!" G-8 cried, nodding at Du Bois.

The major was half turning, and in his desperation, the Master Spy threw all caution to the wind. He grabbed at the automatic that was still in his holster and snatched it out. He would shoot both Chu Lung and Major Du Bois. He would fill them full of lead, then, after it was over, he would claim that the death of Doctor Chu Lung had been accidental, that he had meant to kill only Major Du Bois, and that his aim had been poor.

His fingers flexed on the trigger and at the same instant guards rushed him from all sides. One of them caught his gun arm and pushed it down. The gun exploded and the bullet ricocheted from the floor and went screaming against the back wall to flatten itself on the metal.

The Master Spy was held powerless and the automatic was wrenched from his hand. Now that he was securely held, Doctor Chu Lung advanced toward him. His green eyes were glowing like coals of jade fire, and his long, pinched face wrinkled in a triumphant smile, but there was no mirth there. He was chuckling in high glee like the devil that he was.

"So, my friend," he said, "we meet again!" He was very calm as he spoke, and his voice had the rasp of a file. "Major Du Bois has been telling me of the trouble you had with him. It was a very noble act to spare his life and send him here—so that you could follow him!" He bowed slightly. "And may I say it would have been a very clever trick if it had worked."

The Master Spy, pinioned by four stout guards, smiled back at him with equal calm.

"That opinion, coming from you, Doctor Chu Lung, is much appreciated," he said. "I shall remember it; perhaps I can pay you the same compliment some day."

Doctor Chu Lung chuckled again in his high-pitched fashion.

"You will not have long, my friend, to pay compliments of any kind," he said. "When I built this private car of mine, I built in it a room reserved specially for you."

The muscles of G-8's throat contracted, but he made no outward sign that he was at all impressed by this speech. He knew, however, that the private room of which Doctor Chu Lung spoke would be a ghastly chamber of torment. Once more he was stalling for time.

"Wouldn't you be happier, Doctor Chu Lung, to show me, first, the workings of this great invention of yours—then kill me with it? To a wholesale murderer such as you, I should think that would be highly satisfactory."

"And give you a further chance to escape?" Doctor Chu Lung cried. "Honorable sir, it is written that a cat plays with a mouse only when he is quite sure that the mouse cannot get away. The only time I will be certain that you cannot escape will be after you have been placed in this private room."

He nodded to the guards who were holding the Master Spy.

"Take him to the room that has been reserved for him in the other end of the car," he commanded.

G-8 saw that stalling would do no good, and he did the only thing he could think of. He set up a terrific struggle to get away from the guards. He kept them busy for almost ten minutes, until he was completely exhausted. Then, when he could scarcely stand any longer, he gave in and they dragged him roughly to the far end of the car.

Doctor Chu Lung opened a door for him. It was a frail-looking door, and it raised G-8's hopes. The room of which Doctor Chu Lung had spoken was scarcely six feet square, and three sides were lined with steel. There were no windows and no furniture.

G-8 was thrown into the room by the guards, and the flimsy door was closed on him. He heard the key turning in the lock and looked about him. The room was dimly illuminated from somewhere, but searching about, G-8 could not locate the source of the light. There were no openings through which it could come.

He stood close to the door and listened intently, but he heard only the heavy boots of the guard, clanking on the steel floor of the car as he moved away. He waited another two or three minutes. When he was sure that all had left, he would send his body hurtling through that flimsy door.

Slowly he stepped back to the other side of the room and prepared for the attack. His muscles grew tense and he braced himself against the steel wall for a flying start. This first smash against the door must be successful, he knew. His body coiled, ready to strike, and he started across the six-foot space.

Even as his body was in motion, a great steel plate dropped out of the ceiling and fell down across the door, barring his way. He pulled up to a halt and started at the obstacle. It was obvious that this whole thing had been planned—his hopes raised by the frail door, then blasted by the appearance of this great sheet of steel.

Then, suddenly, to add to his despair, he heard the voice of Chu Lung. He didn't know where it was coming from, but he could hear it distinctly.

Chu Lung was laughing as he said, "I have some very sad news for you, my friend. Now that it is impossible for you to escape, it is my pleasure to inform you that your assistants, Weston and Martin, have been captured by my twenty nine agents at Le Bourget field. They have been taken to the Front and are lying there now in

the mud, tightly bound and gagged, just behind the trenches of the 23rd Division.

"In a moment you will hear the scream of the banshee. That will mean that your assistants and the entire 23rd Division will be dying a horrible death. When the scream ceases, you will be able to hear the hiss of the gas which I am injecting into your chamber. You are about to die a slow and most unpleasant death, G-8."

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

The Scream of Death

THE Master Spy stood motionless for several seconds, horrified at what Chu Lung had told him, then he stared about. The floor was of steel, and all four walls were of heavy steel plate. There was no possible way in which he could escape, now that fourth wall had dropped into place, shutting out that flimsy door.

Moreover, he had a strange feeling that Chu Lung could see his every act from some place of vantage, although the sides of his steel room were so closely fitted together that there was scarcely a crack left anywhere. Perhaps that feeling was inspired because of the dim light that seemed to emanate from some hidden source.

He realized that the sheet of steel had dropped at a most opportune moment, just before he crashed against the door. If he had been under that sheet at the rate it was falling, he probably would have been carved in two. It had been figured too closely for him to believe that it was mere chance. At first he had thought that Chu Lung might be watching him through a small hole in the door, but now he was sure that the fiend doctor was still watching him in some mysterious way. That belief was borne out in the next moment as Chu Lung laughed.

"You have found at last, my friend," he chuckled, "that you cannot escape from your chamber. I told you that I had this room prepared and reserved especially for you. Now you know that was the truth." He laughed again at a higher pitch. "You do not realize it, but I can see you, still looking around for a way out. You thought you could crash that flimsy door. You are desperate,

my friend, more desperate than I have ever seen you before.

"But you may as well begin praying now. Pray for your own soul and the souls of your assistants, then pray also that the souls of the men of the 23rd Division will be cared for comfortably in the hereafter. Pray!"

Chu Lung laughed in a wild, cackling burst of cruel triumph.

G-8 was half mad with the knowledge of what was to happen. Then he heard the fiend doctor speaking again.

"A few moments after I leave, the banshee will begin her scream of death. You will know then that all the members of the 23rd Division and your Battle Aces will begin to die the most horrible death imaginable. Stay there in your cell and rot, you *verdammter kerl*. You will go crazy when the banshee screams once more."

G-8 cried out in his agony, "Listen, Doctor Chu Lung! I will bargain with you. You must certainly be able to think of a more horrible death than the one you are giving me—by mere gas. Torture me if you like; pull me apart limb from limb. Do anything you want with me, but in the name of humanity, don't turn on the banshee again. Torture me to death, but spare yourself the awful knowledge that you have killed so many men in this awful fashion."

Again Chu Lung's shrill laughter came to him.

"So," he said, "you are pleading with me, now! And you are supposed to be the greatest spy on earth! You are begging me to spare the lives of men who want to prolong this war. It is the Allies who have made the war horrible. It is they who started the war, not the Germans."

"All right," G-8 said, "have it your own way. There isn't time to argue now."

G-8 tried desperately to think of some way of playing for time, but Chu Lung said:

"Time is passing too swiftly. It will be dawn soon. I cannot wait any longer. I tell you, my friend, that you may as well begin praying. The end of you, your Battle Aces, and the men of the 23rd Division will come in less than a half hour. I go now to begin the scream of death. If you go mad before you die, let this affair remind you that you are not the all-powerful master agent that you think you are."

Doctor Chu Lung raised his voice to a wild cry.

"I go now to make the banshee wail in her scream of death."

"Wait!" G-8 cried. "Doctor Chu Lung, wait! Don't go yet. I have something more to tell you."

But no answer came. The Master Spy was yelling at the top of his voice, and the sound that he made was echoing deafeningly in his ears.

"Doctor Chu Lung, don't go! Are you there? Listen to me!"

But the fiend doctor had gone. G-8 stood trembling with rage and apprehension, calling out again and again, "Doctor Chu Lung! Doctor Chu Lung! Kill me! Torture me! But spare the others!"

Then an awful sound began—a sound so deafening that the Master Spy couldn't even hear his own voice inside the chamber. The wail of the banshee had come once more. It rose louder and louder in volume until the six sides of his steel room were throbbing with the vibrations, and G-8's head felt as though it would split wide open.

Madly the Master Spy pounded on the walls with his fists until they were bruised and battered, then he dropped on his knees before the steel slab that had fallen between him and the flimsy door. He pried his fingertips under it, fighting to get a sufficient hold so that he might raise it. The wailing sound went on and on, relentlessly, and G-8 continued to tear at that door, knowing only that he must get that steel wall lifted enough so that he could break through the door.

Vainly he struggled with it, and in his tortured state he imagined it was raising a little. He was straining at it furiously. His fingernails were being torn off and ripped to shreds, and his fingertips were bruised and lacerated against the sharp edge of the steel sheet.

Every bit of exertion was a fresh torture, but he had to keep it up and free himself.

On and on he fought until his arms and whole body were numb. But finally his efforts were rewarded a little. Yes, he was sure that the steel sheet was coming up. He had raised it almost a half inch. He struggled to get his fingers farther under it, and it slipped back, caught the end of one hand and held him there as though in a trap. He was panting for breath and sweat was oozing through every pore of his body.

As he crouched there, panting for breath, his arms wracked with pain, the wail of the banshee

ceased, and for a moment the steel room became as still as a tomb. Into that silence crashed Chu Lung's shrill voice.

"I am sorry, my friend, that you were fool enough to try to lift the steel wall. Now you are completely caught—like a rat in a trap." He laughed shrilly. "That is very good, to see you caught through your own foolish efforts. And now that I have finished the 23rd and your Battle Aces, I will begin work on you.

"Listen carefully, my friend, and you will hear a hissing sound. That sound will tell you that my favorite gas is being injected into the chamber. Prepare to die the most awful death you have ever heard of."

Chu Lung's voice ceased, and the Master Spy could hear a ghastly hissing sound. His nostrils sensed a strange odor, and outside, the sound of Chu Lung's laughter trailed slowly away.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

The Attack

NIPPY and Bull, tightly gagged and bound, lay in the mud of the Yank trench where the 23rd Division was holding the line. In the darkness they could hear the sudden thunder of the German artillery, but in a few moments the guns were stilled.

Throbbing over and over again in Nippy Weston's brain was one thought. They must get free. They must warn the 23rd of the danger, of the wail of the banshee that would sound at any minute now. The terrier ace guessed that the silencing of the German guns meant that already German troops were retreating to safety, leaving their trenches and their artillery for the time being. This meant that the moment of death for the men of the 23rd was coming closer.

Never once did Nippy think of safety for himself and Bull; his thoughts were for the welfare of the men of the 23rd. He did think of G-8, on his tricky mission to find the whereabouts of Chu Lung. Perhaps the Master Spy, at the last moment, would be able to find some way of stopping that banshee wail. But he realized that G-8 was working against enormous odds. It would be almost too much to expect, even of the Master

Spy, that he should solve this ghastly problem in time to save the 23rd Division.

With those thoughts burning in his brain, Nippy started a frantic search for Bull. That, he knew, would be no easy task. His legs had been bent at the knees, and his hands and feet were bound together in back of him. Each time he tried to move, the rope wrenched savagely at his wrists.

He couldn't call out and find where Bull was because of the heavy gag in his mouth. In fact, he had all he could do to breathe.

But he must find Bull somehow. With a great effort, he began rolling through the mud toward where he thought the big fellow might be lying. He rolled in spite of the fact that it took almost everything out of him. It seemed to require minutes for him to turn over just once, and again and again his face was buried in mud as he struggled on. His nostrils were choked with the foul-smelling mire, but each time he was fortunate enough to have breath in his lungs or he might have smothered for want of air.

THE Yank batteries were blazing and booming away intermittently, shattering the air with their thunder and making it impossible for Nippy to hear anything about him. Suddenly, high in the air to the northeast, a brilliant flare burst. Nippy had just rolled so that he could look toward the east in the light of that flare, and there, not more than ten feet away, he saw Bull lying with his back toward him.

He saw with dismay that the big fellow was trying to roll, too. But the tough part of it was that Bull was rolling in the wrong direction. But suddenly, just as the light from the flare was dying away, Bull turned on his side, looked in Nippy's direction, and their eyes met. From then on it was a comparatively simple job.

They continued rolling, but now they were sure that they were moving towards each other, and soon Nippy felt Bull's big form at his side. They moved around so that they were back to back, and Nippy started to work on the ropes which tied Bull's wrists. The big fellow was struggling to get at the knots of Nippy's binding, but he pushed Bull's hands away and tried to make him realize that they must accomplish one thing at a time.

At length Bull relaxed his struggling and lay still for Nippy to free him. After several minutes,

the terrier ace got the knot unfastened and threw off some of the ropes on Bull's wrists. The big fellow got his arms free, and it took him only a moment to get rid of the gag in his mouth. He took a long breath.

"Holy Herring!" he gasped, "I thought we weren't ever going to make it."

From his pocket he took his jack knife and began cutting Nippy free, first the gag, then the ropes. That first breath that Nippy took was a great relief.

"Jumping Jupiter!" the terrier ace gasped.

In a moment they were both on their feet, completely free of the ropes that had held them.

"Come on!" Nippy cried. "We've got to get to Divisional Headquarters, quick. If that banshee lets out a yell, we're sunk."

"Yeah," Bull agreed. "But which way is Divisional Headquarters?"

Nippy shook his head.

"I don't know," he said. "Somewhere back of the artillery. Come on."

They started running through the mud, and at that moment a great shell burst high over No-Man's Land, giving them light so that they could see. They came to a gun crew manning a French 75. The gun bellowed over their heads and they both dropped into the mud instinctively. But they were up again in a split second.

"Where's Divisional Headquarters?" Bull demanded, facing a Yank battery officer.

The officer pointed.

"Back there."

"Thanks," Nippy said. "You birds had all better get ready to move. The banshee is going to kill you all if you don't advance."

CHARGING furiously, they found Divisional Headquarters, and guards tried to block their way. It was Bull who growled, "We're G-8's assistants. We've got to see the general."

Then he pushed the guards aside and rushed into the Headquarters dugout. They both recognized the general and his staff, for they had met them at headquarters of the rest camp. The general and his assisting officers stared at them.

"Don't you recognize us?" Nippy cried. "We're G-8's assistants! We came to the rest camp about twenty-four hours ago to get your division out."

The general stared harder at them.

"Good Heavens!" he exclaimed. "You are so covered with mud that I didn't know it was you. How are you?"

"Terrible," Bull said.

"Look, Bull," Nippy said, "let me tell this thing. You're liable to get it balled up." He turned to the general. "We were brought up here a little while ago by a group of German agents. They sneaked us through your lines and left us lying in the mud. They told us that the banshee is going to wail any minute now, and that we were to die with the 23rd. If you've listened, General, you know that the German artillery has ceased firing. That means the Germans have retreated way back of their lines. They're waiting until the 23rd is killed off, then they'll advance without any hindrance."

The general muttered something under his breath and snatched up his phone.

"Order an advance at once!" he barked. "Tell every man in the 23rd Division to advance over the German lines as far as possible! Carry all possible light artillery and machine guns. We've got to catch the Germans in the trap they're laying for us."

He slammed up the phone and nodded to the Battle Aces and his staff officers. "Come on," he said. "There's a bunch of rifles over there against the wall. Grab hold of them. We've all got to be ready to fight. This is one time that the commanding officer of a division won't be in a shell-proof dugout while a battle is going on."

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Death's Partner

TO THE Master Spy, trapped there in the steel room, it seemed that the end had come. He was sure that Nippy and Bull and the men of the 23rd were dying a horrible death from the vibration set up by the wailing banshee. His brain was wracked with the thought.

He had slumped down there before the steel wall, his bruised and lacerated fingers pinned beneath the sheet of steel, and the sound of the banshee wail still filled his ears.

G-8 could detect the faint, peculiar odor of the gas Chu Lung had told him about. It reminded

him a little of boiling cabbage, and yet there was another slight tinge to it that made him think of sulfur. The fumes began to bite into his nostrils.

Suddenly, as he sat there like a trapped rat in a cage, a thought of possible escape came to him. Before, when he had made an inspection of that steel room, he had not been able to find where the light came from that illuminated the place. The edges of the walls and ceiling and floor seemed to be joined tightly together, but he knew that in order to inject gas into the room there must be a small pipe line leading in. If it were humanly possible he must free himself and find that tiny pipe.

For a time, while the banshee wailed, he had almost given up hope and had slumped down on the floor in a sitting position, with his battered fingertips held between the edge of the steel sheet and the floor. Now he raised himself so that he crouched on his knees.

He had rested a little and his strength had come back. It was time to try again. With all his might he bent his efforts on heaving up the steel.

Up came that steel wall, at what seemed to him a thousandth of an inch at a time. He had it raised high enough now so that the lower edges of his fingers were not touching the floor. If he could slip the fingers out before that steel plate dropped back into place, he would be free of that trap at last.

With Herculean strength, he heaved in a last, vicious effort. Then, fast as lightning, he jerked his fingers out from under the plate and the steel wall dropped back into place with a dull thud.

The wail of the banshee had died down, and the Master Spy's head stopped throbbing so that he could hear the hiss of the gas much more clearly. He started moving around the four walls of the room, searching carefully.

SUDDENLY he stopped at one corner of the room. There, in the joint where two walls and the low ceiling came together, the crack was larger, and protruding scarcely a quarter of an inch from that opening was a tiny pipe. The hissing sound was coming from that. G-8's fingers were dripping blood as he raised them, and they felt numb and lifeless as he touched the end of the pipe. It was a copper tube less than an eighth of an inch in diameter.

The blood on G-8's fingertips made them slippery and they slid off. Savagely he wiped his fingers on his coat to rub off the blood and tried again. This time he had more success. He managed to grasp the tube and pull it out from the wall a quarter of an inch.

The gas was still coming out of the tube freely, and he was beginning to feel its effects. His problem now was to bend that tube and stop the inflow of the gas. He knew he couldn't do it with his blood-slippery fingers, even though the tube was of soft copper. When he had been put into this chamber, a thorough search by the guards had removed everything from his person except the tiny, hidden makeup kit. He had no knife, no key—nothing that he could use to bend the copper.

Suddenly he thought of his boots, and even as the inspiration hit him, he wrenched one of them off. Then it was but the work of a moment to shut the tube. The heel of the boot was a perfect instrument, and three or four savage blows did the work well. The gas ceased to flow, and he knew he had it licked. But that was only the first step.

As yet, he hadn't learned how Chu Lung could look in upon him from outside those six steel walls. Perhaps, he thought, one of the walls was not steel, but some kind of glass—made to look like steel—and yet transparent from outside.

But that part didn't matter at all. He began coughing uncontrollably, but he had presence of mind enough to pull on his boot again. The convulsed coughing brought him to his knees before the front steel wall of the room. It seemed he could never stop coughing.

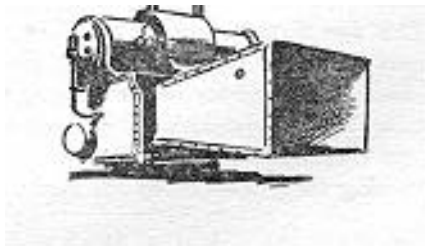
After what seemed long minutes, with his head reeling so that the room seemed to be swimming around him, he heard Chu Lung's voice vaguely from the other side of the metal panel. The yellow fiend was saying, "You know now, my friend, that your two assistants and the men of the 23rd Division are dead. You will soon feel the pain of my secret gas. Lie there on the floor and die. Soon we will come to take you out and bury you in a hole in the ground—where you can rot for the rest of eternity!"

The Master Spy was surprised and pleased. Evidently, Chu Lung had not seen him close the tube. G-8 moved again and began coughing once more. That was part of his plan. He would prefer that Chu Lung thought he was dead. He heard the yellow fiend laugh.

"Soon, when more of the gas gets into your chamber, you will go into convulsions," he said. "Then you will die in awful pain."

G-8 coughed some more, then, taking his cue from what Chu Lung had said, he began writhing and kicking on the floor and coughing with renewed vigor.

"That is very good," Chu Lung gloated. "The convulsions are starting. I will remain here and watch you die in agony."



BUT G-8 was not dying in agony. Even as he lay there, thrashing about on the floor, the power of the gas seemed to be diminishing. Nevertheless, he set up new struggles that brought triumphant laughter from Chu Lung. He cried out as if with great pain, and thrashed about and pleaded in a choked voice while the yellow fiend laughed all the harder. The Master Spy didn't know how long he should keep up the convulsions before pretending to die. He was growing very tired and slowed down on his performance somewhat.

"That is very good," Chu Lung approved. "You are weakening. Soon you will be dead—of the most awful torment that a human being ever died of."

With that, G-8 began to scream and yell like a lunatic, and the sound of his voice and his contortions grew less and less until finally, with a last, awful cry of mortal pain, he relaxed his body and lay still, stretched out in a contorted position on the floor. His eyes were closed and he heard Chu Lung screaming for joy at what he thought was his death.

The yellow fiend raised his voice and cried shrilly, "Tang, Tang! Come here!"

G-8's eyes were closed and he couldn't see what was going on about him, but he heard the great steel wall at the front of the room rising. Then the flimsy wooden door opened and he heard Chu Lung order Tang to carry him out.

"We will dig a hole and bury him here beside the car," he said.

But the Master Spy had no intention of being buried, alive or dead. He had another plan, perhaps the most desperate one of his career.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Sky Raiders

THERE had been considerable excitement at Le Bourget after Nippy and Bull had been captured by the agents and taken to the front. Some time after that had happened, Battle was awakened by a pounding on the door of the end hangar apartment.

From behind the locked door, he stood in his nightshirt and called, "Who's there, please?"

"Let me in quick, Monsieur!" he heard a French officer cry. "I must talk to Lieutenant Weston and Lieutenant Martin. They are here, no?"

"They are here—no," Battle replied. "I do not know where they are."

"Then something must be done! Let me in quickly. I must tell you. Something has happened."

"One moment, please, sir," Battle called back.

He went into the kitchen, got his rolling pin, and returned, holding it behind a fold of his nightshirt. Gingerly he opened the door and peered out. He recognized the officer immediately. It was the French major who commanded Le Bourget field.

"Begging your pardon, sir, I am sorry to keep you waiting," Battle apologized.

The major rushed in:

"Something terrible has happened," he cried. "The officer of the guard tells me that a long time ago Lieutenants Weston and Martin came to the guardhouse and ordered him and his guards to go to their quarters and retire for the night. They said they would take charge of the prisoners. Now we find that the guardhouse is empty."

"Oh, I say, look here!" Battle gasped. "You mean, the prisoners have gone?"

"Exactly," the major nodded. "And as far as we can tell, they've taken Lieutenants Weston and Martin with them."

Battle smiled.

"Begging your pardon, sir," he said, "I wouldn't worry too much. At times Mr. Nippy and Mr. Bull have their own way of accomplishing certain things."

"*Oui, oui*," the major nodded excitedly. "*Mais*, something must be done. We must make sure they are safe."

"They are no doubt safe," Battle assured him, blinking his sleepy eyes. "Begging your pardon, sir, I may say that Mr. Nippy and Mr. Bull know what they are doing, sir."

"You're sure they're not here?"

"One moment," the manservant bowed. "I will look."

He peered into both the Battle Aces' rooms, then came back, shaking his head.

"No, sir, they are not here," he said.

"Then they must have been captured by the prisoners."

Battle smiled tolerantly.

"But how could they have been captured when the prisoners were locked up in the guardhouse?"

The major shrugged.

"It is perhaps a feeling of fear that I have." He shrugged again. "I go now. Good night."

Battle locked the door again and went back to bed. He didn't know how long he had been asleep when a sharp knock sounded on the outer door of the apartment.

"Oh, blast it!" he said. "Don't they expect anyone to get any sleep around here?" He called out, "I say, is that you, Mr. Nippy?"

No voice replied, only the insistent knocking on the door. Battle sighed and stuffed his feet into his slippers.

"Oh, dear," he said, "probably that excitable French major is back again."

He had no great fear that Nippy and Bull might be in trouble. He knew that if they had gone to the guardhouse and had sent the guards away, they had done it for a purpose, and he was confident that they could take care of themselves. He went to the door, unlocked it, and opened it without further precaution.

THE first thing he saw was the glint of a French automatic pistol pointed at him. A man in the uniform of a French Blue Devil pushed his way into the room. Battle backed in before his menacing advance, remembering all too late that he had methodically put his rolling pin in its place in the kitchen. He tried to compose himself.

In a voice that he managed to hold steady, he said, "Good evening, *Monsieur*. What can I do for you?"

The Blue Devil laughed harshly and closed the door behind him.

"I have come for you, my fine English friend," he said. "You are probably not aware that your master, G-8, and his two assistants are already prisoners of ours."

Battle's heart was pounding like mad, but he was doing his best not to let this man, whom he recognized as one of the German agents, know that he was afraid or suspected him. He decided he must play dumb and take up all the time he could.

"And you have come for me," he bowed. "That is very nice of you." He forced a smile. "Do come in, sir, and have a chair." He motioned to a big, upholstered chair, the back of which was turned toward the dining room. "You see, sir," he explained, "the master, G-8, has made it a rule that all guests who come here must be fed."

The Blue Devil glared at him.

"I haven't time to eat anything!" he snapped. "Get dressed and come with me at once."

Battle smiled and bowed politely.

"Oh, but I say, that would not be according to our custom. I would feel most guilty, letting you go away without first getting you something to eat. I have a very fine steak in the ice box, and I can make some French fried potatoes. And perhaps a good glass of Burgundy wine would go well, sir."

He saw the Blue Devil's expression change.

"Burgundy wine and steak," the man said. He laughed just a little, as if he were thinking, "*This English servant is too dumb to realize that he is going to be killed. I may as well let him get me a good meal before we leave.*"

Battle bowed again and began backing toward the kitchen.

"It is very kind of you to come and call for me," he said, "very kind indeed. It will take me only a few minutes to broil the steak and fry the potatoes, then you may lead me to where the Master and Mr. Nippy and Mr. Bull are."

The man in the Blue Devil's uniform shrugged.

"All right," he said, "but leave that kitchen door open so I can watch you."

The manservant smiled.

"Yes, of course, sir," he said. "I know you will want to smell the steak as it cooks, to heighten your appetite. Sit down, I beg of you."

HE GESTURED toward the chair again and the Blue Devil sat down. Battle went into the kitchen, leaving the door open. He took a steak from the ice box, put a frying pan on the stove, and stirred up the fire. Soon the steak was sizzling and the aroma was filling the room. Now and then he passed the door, going back and forth across the kitchen so that the Blue Devil could watch him without coming in.

When the steak was sputtering in good shape, Battle stepped to the door that led into the dining room. He removed his slippers so that he could walk noiselessly in his bare feet, and seized hold of the rolling pin. Very quietly he slipped into the dining room. Step by step he advanced toward the door that led from the dining room into the living room and would permit him to come up behind the Blue Devil agent. He reached the edge of the door and peered around the casing. The French agent sat with his back toward him, smoking a cigarette and sniffing the aroma of the cooking steak appreciatively.

Battle tightened his grip on the handle of the rolling pin. He crouched low and began creeping up on the agent from behind. He moved with extreme care and caution, his rolling pin upraised.

The agent must have heard him, for he turned just a little and glanced out of the corner of his eye. He uttered a cry and grabbed his automatic, spinning half out of the chair to point it at Battle.

All the speed and strength that the master of make-up possessed was in the lunge he made at the agent. He struck at his gun hand, his blow falling true. There was a dull crack as the rolling pin crashed against the Blue Devil's wrist.

With a cry of pain, the Blue Devil let go of his gun. Instinctively he seized his injured wrist with his other hand. His right hand hung limp, for Battle had broken his arm with the blow.

Then, with a savage yell, the agent lunged at him, striking with his good hand. He caught Battle flush on the chin and hurled him back. The manservant's eyes blurred and the room swam about him, but he came stubbornly on, brandishing his rolling pin.

The agent ducked that blow and tried to strike again, but Battle dove inside his fists, raised the rolling pin, and whacked with all his might. The rolling pin cracked down on the agent's skull in a glancing blow that almost severed his left ear and landed full on his shoulder. He staggered back.

Battle charged again. He struck the agent a second glancing blow on his skull, and this time it was enough. The man's body went limp and he collapsed on the floor.

BATTLE stood over him trembling a little in his excitement and panting for breath. He heard a truck rumble up on the tarmac outside, and a moment later Nippy and Bull burst into the room. They both stared from Battle to the body lying in front of him. The Blue Devil uniform was enough to identify the corpse.

"Holy Herring!" Bull boomed. "You got him, Battle!"

The manservant nodded.

"Yes, sir," he said. "And I'm glad to see, gentlemen, they didn't get you."

"Get us?" Nippy scoffed. "Listen, the Heinie wasn't made that could get us, especially that dumb bunch we had locked up here at the field."

"But I say, sir," Battle gasped, "do either of you know anything about G-8? This fellow—" he pointed to the agent at his feet—"told me that G-8 was taken prisoner."

The two Battle Aces stared at each other in horror. Bull broke the silence. "Holy Herring!" he boomed. "That's bad. We've got to do something about it."

"Well, anyway," Nippy said, "we foiled that banshee wail. We got the whole 23rd Division to advance, and when the banshee wailed tonight, we were pushing the Heinies back toward Chu Lung, wherever he is."

"Banshee? Wail?" Battle repeated, looking perplexed. "Oh, I say, did that screaming thing come off again tonight?"

"Jumping Jupiter!" the terrier ace exploded. "Didn't you hear it?"

Battle shook his head.

"No, sir," he said. "I must have been sleeping very soundly."

"I'll say you must," Bull cracked.

"But what are we going to do about the master, G-8?" Battle asked anxiously. "If he's held prisoner, we've got to get him back."

"Yes," Bull nodded. He began to pace the floor. "Shut up, will you, and let me think."

"Let you think?" Nippy scoffed. "That's a joke for the book. I've got it all figured out right now. Battle, go get some ammonia. You didn't kill this bird, did you?"

"I—I don't know, sir," Battle said. "I struck him a couple of glancing blows, and—"

"That's all I wanted to know," the terrier ace barked. "Hurry and get that ammonia."

Battle disappeared into the kitchen, took time to put his slippers on, and found the ammonia.

"Here it is," he said, returning to the living room.

"O. K.," Nippy said.

He grabbed the bottle and knelt down beside the unconscious agent. He held his head up and put the unstoppered bottle to his nose.

"What do you think you're doing?" Bull thundered. "Battle tries to kill this bird, then you come along and want to bring him back to life again."

"Don't be so dumb," Nippy retorted. "When we get this guy back to consciousness, we're going to make a deal with him."

As he spoke, the agent began to groan and move a little.

"There, see?" the terrier ace said. "He's beginning to come around. Get out your automatic, but don't kill him." The last he said in a whisper.

THE BLUE DEVIL'S eyes opened presently and he stared about dazedly. Still holding the bottle before his nose, Nippy helped him to his feet, then put him in the chair where he had been sitting when Battle attacked him.

"*Mon Dieu!*" the agent gasped. "Where am I? I must have been walking in my sleep."

"Yeah," Nippy nodded, pushing him back into the chair, "and if you don't tell us what we want to know, you're going to have the worst nightmare you ever had in your life."

Without taking his eyes from the prisoner, the terrier ace said, "Bull, stick your Colt .45 automatic in his face. If he doesn't tell us what we want to know, blow his head off."

"*Mon Dieu!*" the man gasped.

"Yeah," Bull snarled, "and I'd love the chance, too. You're the skunk who thought up the stunt of torturing G-8 with electricity. Let me blow off his head now, Nip, without waiting."

"Not yet," the terrier ace said. He stood glaring down at the seated agent. "Now listen, you," he snarled. "We're going to give you one chance to live—and only one, see? If you tell us where Chu Lung's headquarters are and where he's got G-8, and we find out that you've told the truth, you'll simply be kept as a prisoner of war. We'll forget the spy end of it."

The crafty eyes of the agent gleamed and he leaned forward a little.

"You mean, Monsieur," he asked, "that if I tell you what you want to know, I will not be shot before a firing squad?"

"That's it," Nippy nodded. "If you don't tell us, Bull will blow your head off immediately."

The man was silent for a moment. He sat staring down at the floor. Bull poked his automatic closer to the agent's face.

"Look into this muzzle," he commanded.

The agent flinched as he stared into the muzzle of the automatic.

"Start talking," Bull snarled, "or I'm going to empty this gun into your brain."

The agent took a long breath, then nodded.

"Very well," he said. "I will tell you." He lowered his voice almost to a whisper. "Doctor Chu Lung has his headquarters in a movable car on a special track. It is situated north of the Chamieu sector, ten miles back of the lines. The roof of the car is well camouflaged, but the machine that makes the wailing sound extends up out of the roof. You will probably be able to locate the car because of that, and because of the fact that there will be several automobiles parked nearby. Is that all?"

"Is there any more?" Nippy demanded.

Bull still waved the automatic in the agent's face.

"No, no," the Blue Devil said quickly, "I know nothing more—except that I understand Doctor Chu Lung has a steel room in one end of the car that has been reserved for G-8's death."

"Holy Herring!" Bull gasped.

"Hold him there!" Nippy cracked.

He ran to the phone and called up headquarters of the field.

"Send a guard of a dozen men to take charge of a dangerous prisoner," he commanded. "See that he is held in the guardhouse. He is to be treated as a spy suspect until we are sure that his story is true."

He punched the button on the wall four times as a signal to the mechanics to warm all three Spads, then he barked to the manservant, "Come on, Battle, get your clothes on. You're going to fly this morning."

"Very good, sir!" Battle beamed, hurrying toward his room.

Nippy opened the door into the storage end of the hangar and yelled, "Load those three Spads up with all the bombs they'll carry. We're going to clean house!"

In less than ten minutes guards had taken charge of the prisoner, and Nippy and Bull and Battle were droning off into dawn-flecked skies.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

Hell and Glory

THE MASTER SPY'S body remained limp as the gigantic Tang picked him up like a baby in his arms and flung him over his shoulder. He kept his eyes closed, for he could hear Chu Lung padding along behind. He sensed that he was being taken out-of-doors, because he could feel Tang going down several steps from the car platform to the ground.

Tang paused with his burden and said something in the Oriental tongue to Doctor Chu Lung, and the yellow fiend answered him in the same fashion. Then they were moving on again.

Chu Lung yelled to other men in German, "Bring shovels! We're going to bury this *verdammt* one."

G-8 opened his eyes just a little, and he could see that it was beginning to grow light. Was this his chance for escape? But he decided to wait until they would let him down on the ground. Tang certainly wouldn't hold him until they had the grave finished.

It seemed to G-8 that they had gone quite a distance when Doctor Chu Lung said, "This will be a good place. The earth is soft and it will be quick digging."

The Master Spy was dropped carelessly to the ground. He lay there, scarcely daring to breathe—then suddenly he felt a tickling sensation in his throat. The gas was not yet all out of him! He was going to cough! Now was the time to try and escape.

At the same instant that he opened his eyes, he leaped to his feet. He saw Chu Lung and Tang, standing about ten or fifteen feet away. A half dozen Germans were digging a hole in the ground with trench spades. Other Germans—there seemed to G-8 to be a hundred or more—stood in a large circle.

The Master Spy started to run for the weakest part of that line of enemy troops, and he saw a Boche *offizier* ahead of him yank out his Luger.

"Stop or I shoot!" the man yelled.

A gun behind the Master Spy cracked out, and at that moment the Master Spy's toes struck a rock that he hadn't noticed in his haste. He tripped and sprawled, and in a flash Germans were swarming all about him.

He heard Chu Lung screaming, "Take him to the roof of the car! Tie him to the banshee machine! We will kill him with the vibration!"

SEVERAL of the Germans lifted the Master Spy and carried him back to the car on the tracks. A ladder was raised, and they carried him to the roof. There, for the first time, he had a good look at the machine. He had never seen anything quite like it. It was made of steel, and resembled somewhat the horn of a great loud speaker. At one end of the horn was a great cylinder that was very much like a steam boiler. G-8 guessed that the fearful vibrations that issued from the horn had their source in this contraption.

Now that they were on the top of the car, someone brought several lengths of rope, and in a moment he was bound to the steel cylinder, at one end of the machine.

Chu Lung was hurrying to the controls, at one side, and suddenly the machine began to vibrate and the terrific scream of the banshee filled the air.

G-8's muscles tightened and his head seemed about to crack open. The vibration of the machine was all but tearing him apart. He felt as though he would go mad any second.

Above the wailing scream he heard Doctor Chu Lung's shrill voice yell, "Here come his Spads. The banshee machine will not kill him quickly enough! Tang, kill him!"

The huge Oriental, bare to the waist, raised a sledge hammer above G-8 to crush his skull. In the next moment, the sound of the banshee was punctuated by the staccato cough of Vickers guns. In another second there came shrill cries of pain mingled with the bursting of bombs.

Suddenly the wail of the banshee ceased, and G-8 was struggling with the ropes that had been tied hastily. He saw Nippy, in Spad 13, and Bull in old number 7—and Battle flying his own Spad—circling, diving, zooming.

Germans were running in every direction, but he couldn't see Chu Lung anywhere. Tang lay, riddled by bullets, on the side of the car. In a moment he rolled off and landed with a sickening thud on the ground, almost ten feet below the roof.

G-8 got one wrist free, then the other. He managed to slide off the great machine of death, and while Nippy, Bull, and Battle drove the Germans farther and farther away, the Master Spy leaped to the ground.

Nippy was diving Spad Thirteen for him. He cut the Hisso as he came in and yelled to his chief, "There's a field a half mile to the east. I'll pick you up there."

Then G-8 was running toward the east, and Battle, Nippy, and Bull were diving and zooming to cut down those few Germans who remained in the path of the Master Spy. G-8 was out of breath and wobbly on his legs as he reached the field. Nippy was just coming in to land.

A pair of Fokkers came screaming out of the north, and Battle and Bull went to meet them. Then G-8 was lying across the lower wing of Spad

13 and Nippy was struggling to get it up in the air and head for home.

BACK at Le Bourget, after G-8 had had his fingers attended to in the hospital, they sat about the breakfast table while Battle served them a breakfast that was really a triumphal banquet.

"Battle," Bull said to the manservant and master of the makeup kit, "you want to hang onto that rolling pin of yours, because some day that's going to end up in the museum in Washington as the weapon that won the war."

"I'll say!" the terrier ace grinned. "And don't forget that those Vickers guns of Battle sure made mince meat out of Doctor Chu Lung. He's some pilot!"

"I was going to ask about that when I got around to it," G-8 said. "What happened to our friend?"

"That's one thing you should have seen," Nippy told him. "Chu Lung shut off the gadget on top of the car and jumped. And so help me, while he was in mid-air, I saw Battle's tracers stab into him until he must have been a sieve. He never moved after he hit the ground."

"What about the car and the machine?" G-8 asked.

"I saved some of my bombs for that," Bull said. "You don't have to worry about that banshee wailing any more."

Battle looked rather blank.

"I say, sir, what was all this banshee business about? And—er—what's a banshee, so to speak?"

"A banshee," G-8 explained, "is supposed to be an Irish witch or bad fairy, whose wail predicts a coming death."

"Irish?" Battle said, looking more perplexed than ever. "What did the Irish have to do with this? Doctor Chu Lung certainly isn't an Irishman."

G-8 took a long breath.

"Look, Battle," he said, "I'll get you an encyclopedia and let you read it for yourself."

"Yeah," Bull nodded, "and meantime, you can get me another stack of buckwheat cakes."

THE END

