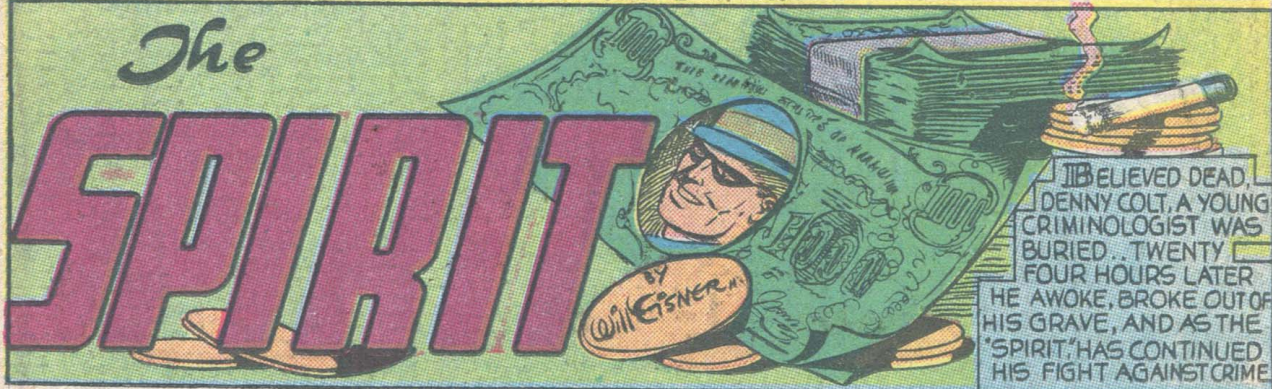


SUNDAY, JUNE 30, 1940



SOMEWHERE IN THE HEART OF MANHATTAN, A GRIM DRAMA BEGINS WITH WORDS THAT USUALLY SIGNIFY THE END.



THEN, DOCTOR, YOU'D BETTER WRITE OUT HER DEATH CERTIFICATE NOW. I HAVEN'T A CENT FOR TRAVEL MONEY! I'M BROKE!

NO!
NO! WAIT, JOHNNY!

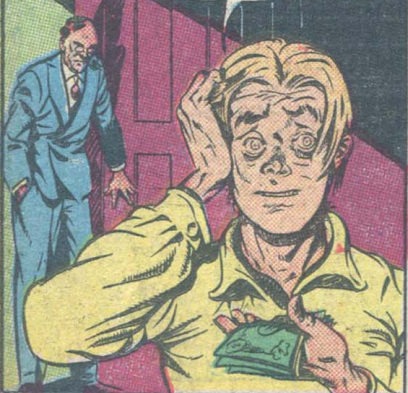


(I'VE BEEN COUGH) SAVING SOME MONEY.. A FEW PENNIES AT A TIME.. HERE, JOHN, IT'S (COUGH COUGH) IT'S ALL THAT'S LEFT.. TWENTY EIGHT DOLLARS AND FORTY ONE CENTS! THAT SHOULD BE ENOUGH!

DARLING! I-I YEAH SURE! DON'T YOU WORRY!



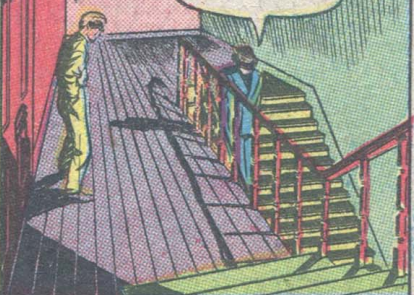
TWENTY EIGHT DOLLARS AND FORTY ONE CENTS. HA HA HA!.. FUNNY, ISN'T IT? WHY IT WON'T EVEN PAY YOUR FEES, DOCTOR!



NOW YOU KNOW BETTER THAN THAT.. I'M TOO MUCH OF A FRIEND OF THE MARSTENS TO ACCEPT A FEE FROM YOU! DON'T WORRY, KID, IT'LL WORK OUT.. YOU'LL THINK OF SOMETHING..

TH-THANKS, DOC!

THEN THERE'S ALWAYS CHARITY YOU KNOW.



CHARITY?... THE FAMOUS MARSTEN NAME ON CHARITY LISTS?... IF ONLY FATHER HADN'T GAMBLLED OUR... BY HEAVENS! I HAVE IT! I KNOW WHERE I'LL GET IT! YES... WHAT HAVE I TO LOSE?... A LAST CHANCE..



AN HOUR LATER

YEAH? AND WHO ARE YOU?

TELL TONY IT'S JOHNNY. BILLY MARSTEN'S SON. HE'LL REMEMBER THE NAME... MY FATHER LOST ENOUGH MONEY HERE. C'MON, LET ME IN! I GOT A WAD, SEE?



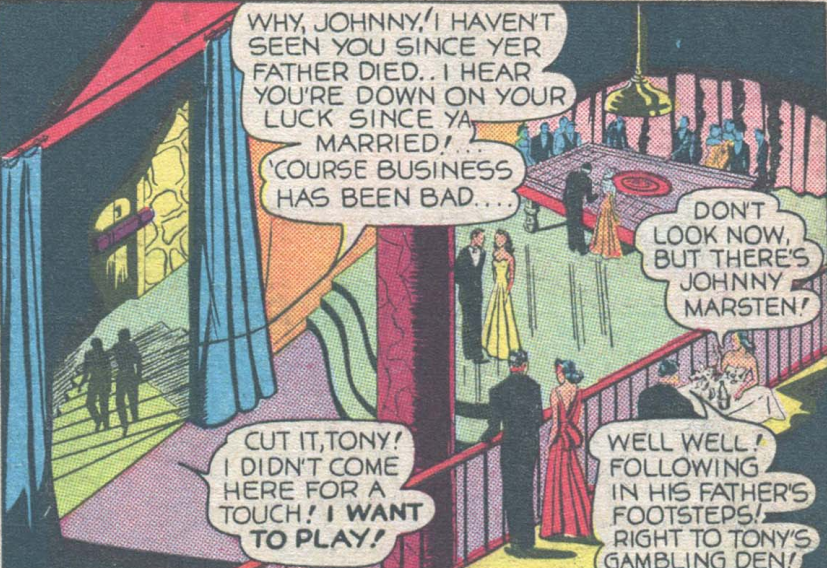
MARSTEN? O.K. KID, COME IN.

WHY, JOHNNY, I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE YER FATHER DIED... I HEAR YOU'RE DOWN ON YOUR LUCK SINCE YA MARRIED! ... 'COURSE BUSINESS HAS BEEN BAD...

CUT IT, TONY! I DIDN'T COME HERE FOR A TOUCH! I WANT TO PLAY!

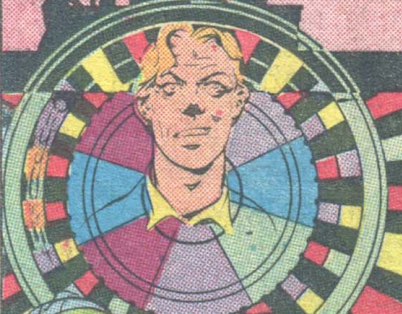
DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT THERE'S JOHNNY MARSTEN!

WELL WELL! FOLLOWING IN HIS FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS! RIGHT TO TONY'S GAMBLING DEN!



WHAT'LL IT BE, KID?

\$28.41 ON THE RED!



RED IT IS! YOU WIN, MARSTEN!

DOUBLE IT! JOHNNY WINS!

DOUBLE IT! JOHNNY WINS!

DOUBLE IT! JOHNNY WINS!

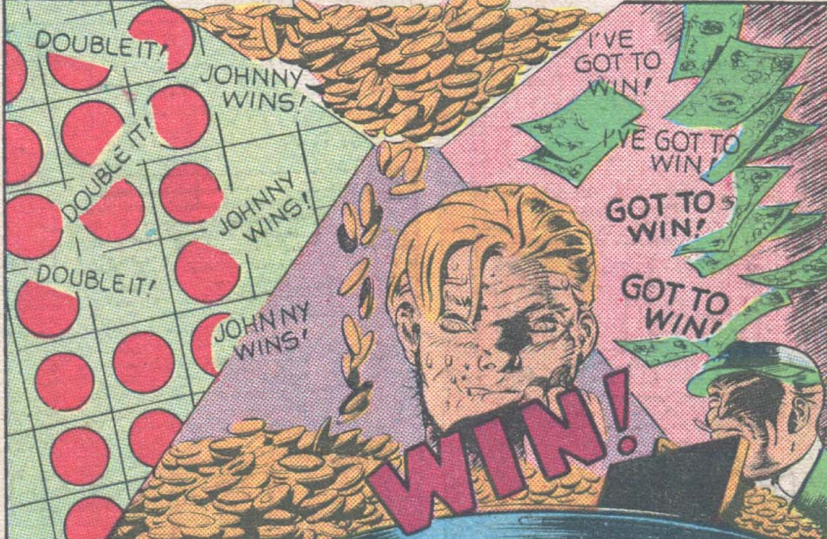
I'VE GOT TO WIN!

I'VE GOT TO WIN!

GOT TO WIN!

GOT TO WIN!

WIN!



HOUR AFTER HOUR, THE DICE ROLL AND THE ROULETTE SPINS A GOLDEN WEB, CHAINING JOHNNY TO HIS CHAIR EVEN AFTER THE REST LEAVE

I'VE ENOUGH!! A THOUSAND DOLLARS! I'M GOING HOME. NOW MY WIFE WILL LIVE!



AH.. JUST A MINUTE, KID! I THINK MAYBE YOU'D BETTER PLAY ONE MORE HAND WITH MY DECK!

I WON IT! NO, I KNOW YOUR TRICK. YOU'RE GONNA WIN IT BACK!



LOOK HERE, SUCKER! I'M IN THIS RACKET TO MAKE DOUGH. NO ONE THAT'S BROKE CAN COME IN HERE AND CLEAN UP A GRAND! NOW BEAT IT! OR DOES MONK THROW YOU OUT?

YOU CROOK! CROOK!





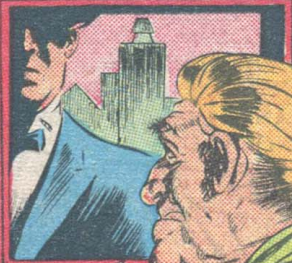
AT POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS

RRRING!

HELLO! WHO? THE SPIRIT? YEAH. WHAT? THE GAMBLING RACKET! TAKE MY ADVICE AND LAY OFF!

NO, I'M NOT SCARED, BUT THOSE GUYS HAVE INFLUENCE. BESIDES, EVERY TIME WE RAID THEM THEY JUST START SOMEWHERE ELSE. WHAT? OF COURSE I'D LIKE TO GET SOMETHING ON ONE OF 'EM! O.K. O.K. ... I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!

LATER



YEAH? WHO ARE YOU?

DON'T STRUGGLE! A LITTLE FRESH AIR

THE SPIRIT! OPEN UP!

WON'T HURT YOU!

A MASKED MAN!

HOLD-UP?

JUST CONTINUE WHAT YOU'RE DOING, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. I JUST WANT TO PLAY FARO!

DEAL, PAL! AND DEAL STRAIGHT!

YOU CLEANED US OUT. THE BANK IS BROKE!

AN HOUR PASSES

THE PILE OF CHIPS AND MONEY SHIFTS TO THE SPIRIT'S TABLE.

LEAVING A DUMBFOUNDED AUDIENCE, THE SPIRIT CALMLY WALKS OFF. HIS POCKETS BULGING WITH MONEY...

AMAZING!

NEVER BEEN DONE BEFORE!

FIFTY THOUSAND! NOT BAD FOR A START!

DIAMOND DEN THANKS! YOU WIN!

JIFARO TOPHILS HE BROKE THE BANK!

WELL, I'LL BE!

WANT TO PLAY ANOTHER HAND? CAN'T! THE HOUSE IS BROKE!

HMM \$300,000! NOT BAD! JUST ONE MORE PLACE TO VISIT!

HELLO. HELLO, MIKE? ROUND UP THE BOYS. THE SPIRIT IS CLEANING UP THE TOWN! WE GOTTA STOP HIM!

CLOSE UP THE JOINT! THAT GUY JUST BROKE THE BANK!

AT TONY'S GAMBLING DEN, THE FRIGHTENED GAMBLERS MEET TO STOP THE SPIRIT...



HE'S COMING HERE!
..CLEANED UP 800 GRAND IN THREE HOURS!

SHUT UP! ALL OF YOU! WE'LL SET A TRAP... CLEAR THE HOUSE... WE'LL BE "GUESTS"!



AS THE SPIRIT ENTERS TONY'S A GRIM SILENCE GREET'S HIM.

OH! A RECEPTION COMMITTEE?

AH/COME IN, MR. SPIRIT!



THE BOYS AROUND TOWN TELL ME YOU'VE BEEN PRETTY LUCKY... LIKE TO PLAY WITH ME?
CERTAINLY! DEAL...



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WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED, A GUN FLIPS INTO THE SPIRIT'S HAND!
DEALING FROM THE BOTTOM!
OOOW



WHY YOU...! LET HIM HAVE IT, BOYS!

I DIDN'T THINK YOU WERE FOOL ENOUGH TO TRY A CROOKED GAME WITH ME!



OH...A TRAP! TSK TSK!

A SPLIT SECOND LATER THE SPIRIT DIVES



FOLLOW HIM!

HEY, BOSS! HE SWIPED ALL THE DOUGH!



HE WON'T GET AWAY! I GUESSED HE'D BEAT IT, SO I GOT THE WHOLE MOB OUT IN CARS. STEP ON IT! I WANNA BE THERE WHEN THEY CROAK HIM!



THROUGH THE CITY STREETS THE SPIRIT RACES.

OH! OH! WAITING FOR ME!

WITH TWO CARS RACING AFTER HIM, HE HEADS NORTH ACROSS THE SQUARE



WHEW! ANOTHER!

BANG



ONCE AGAIN HE SWERVES, BUT EACH STREET IS COVERED. THE GANG CARS CLOSE IN.. THE SPIRIT IS TRAPPED!



GOOD! HE'S TRAPPED!

WE GOT HIM!

HELL NEVER GIT OUT!

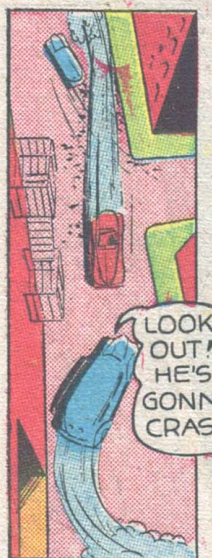
WHERE ARE THE POLICE? DOLAN WOULD FAIL ME AT A TIME LIKE THIS! OH WELL! GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS MYSELF!



HERE GOES!



HERE HE COMES! BLAST HIM WIDE OPEN!



LOOK OUT! HE'S GONNA CRASH!



IN A FLASH THE SPIRIT CLIMBS TO THE SAFETY OF THE ROOFTOPS, AS THE POLICE ARRIVE.



AT LAST! IT'S ABOUT TIME!

STICK 'EM UP, ALL YOU GUYS! YOU, TONY! ..C'MON DOWN TO HEAD-QUARTERS!



WHAT FOR? IT WAS..ER..ONLY A CRACK-UP!

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR THE MURDER OF JOHN MARSTEN!



IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN...

YOU SAY (COUGH) JOHNNY SENT ALL THIS MONEY TO ME.. BUT (COUGH) WHERE IS HE?

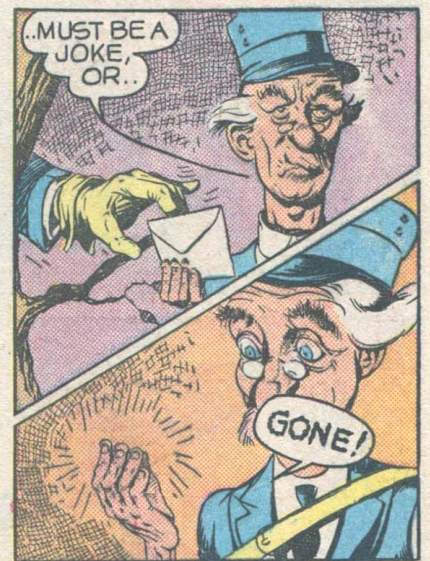
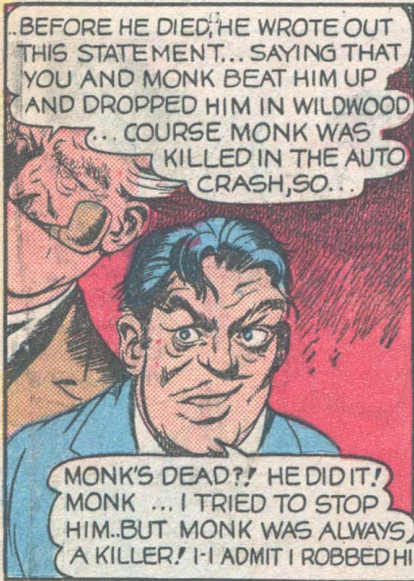
ER..DOWNTOWN.. HE'LL BE HOME SOON!



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS

HERE'S THE BODY OF JOHN MARSTEN, TONY..WE FOUND HIM IN WILDWOOD CEMETERY!

I DIDN'T DO IT!



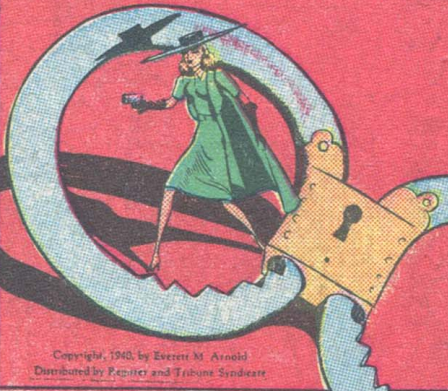
Dear Spirit:
 I will never be able to thank you enough for saving my wifes life. Thats just what you did when you helped me get that money I am keeping only a little of the money, the rest is going to charity. I expect a job soon and the doctors here say that my wife has an even chance.
 God Bless you.
 John Marsten
 Arizona



LADY LUCK

BY FORD DAVIS

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CHIEF HARDY MOORE AND OFFICER FEENY ARE WORKING LATE ON THE NIGHT OF THE EXECUTION...



HELLO...YES, THIS IS MOORE...WHO? LADY LUCK? WH...?



YES! DO ME A FAVOR... HOLD OFF THE EXECUTION OF JANE GREGG... I'VE GOT NEW EVIDENCE!



SORRY. NO CAN DO! I'VE GOT ALL THE EVIDENCE NEEDED RIGHT HERE IN MY SAFE!

HEY! DON'T TELL HER THAT! SHE'LL TRY TO SWIPE IT!



EXACTLY...AND WE'LL BE READY FOR HER... IT'S THE CHANCE I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!

GOSH, THAT'S RIGHT!



AS HARDY EXPECTED THE SLIM CLOAKED FIGURE SOON APPEARS BELOW...



GOOD! MY RECEPTION COMMITTEE IS WAITING!

SWIFTLY SHE SCALES THE WALL TO HARDY'S WINDOW.

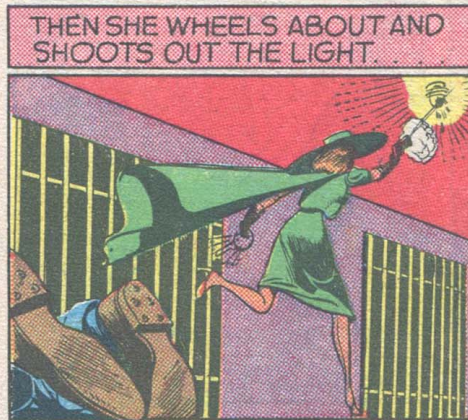


...AND MAKES A SMASHING ENTRANCE...

HERE SHE COMES, CHIEF!

OH! EXCUSE ME, GENTLEMEN!

I LEFT THAT WINDOW UNLOCKED!



Lady Luck



AS LADY LUCK AND JANE GREGG WATCH JANE'S HELPLESS HUSBAND...

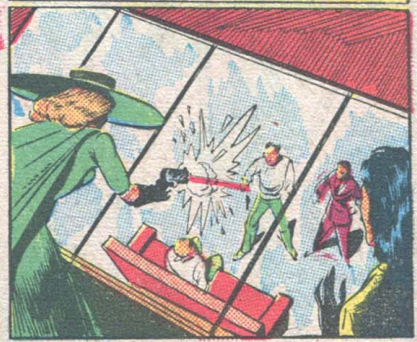


WE BETTER GIVE HIM THE "BUSINESS," BEFORE SHE LEADS THE COPS HERE!



THAT'S RIGHT, SHOOT!

BUT BEFORE THE KILLER CAN PULL THE TRIGGER, LADY LUCK TAKES SWIFT AIM, AND..



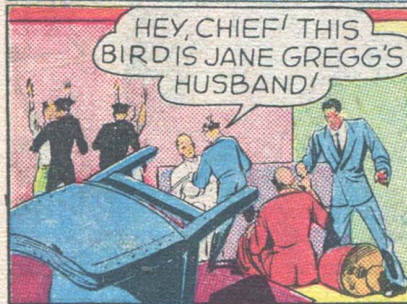
THE SHOT BRINGS HARDY AND THE COPS ON THE RUN.



BARKING GUNS, THUDDING BODIES, CRACKING SKULLS GIVE AMPLE SOUND EFFECT TO THE MELEE THAT ENSUES...



BUT IN A FEW MOMENTS THE NOISE SUBSIDES AND THE GANG IS REDUCED TO A FEW MUMBLED CURSES...



HEY, CHIEF! THIS BIRD IS JANE GREGG'S HUSBAND!



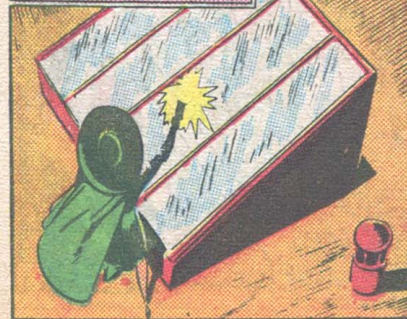
GET THIS GUY TO CONFESS TO THE MURDER MY WIFE WAS CONVICTED FOR... JANE!

DARLING!



HOW DID YOU... IT WAS LADY LUCK WHO SAVED US BOTH, SHE'S WONDERFUL!

THE LADY HAS "TACTFULLY" REMAINED ABOVE, BUT SHE DROPS A MEMENTO THROUGH THE SKY LIGHT.



..AND I ALMOST SENT AN INNOCENT GIRL TO THE CHAIR! I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO THANK LADY LUCK MYSELF!

HEY, CHIEF! LOOK!



You're Welcome! And to I use the bracelets so roughly!

ANOTHER LADY LUCK ADVENTURE NEXT WEEK.

MR. MYSTIC

By
W.MORGAN
THOMAS

ENDOWED WITH UNLIMITED POWERS BY A COUNCIL OF SEVEN LAMAS, WISE IN THE SECRETS OF LIFE, MR. MYSTIC, A YOUNG AMERICAN DIPLOMAT, USES THIS KNOWLEDGE TO COMBAT THE FORCES OF EVIL. RETURNING FROM HIS ADVENTURES IN THE ORIENT, MR. MYSTIC ONCE MORE SETS FOOT ON HIS BELOVED NATIVE SOIL, AMERICA.

AFTER A QUICK TRIP ACROSS THE PACIFIC, THE HUGE LINER DOCKS IN SAN FRANCISCO.



TAKE MY BAGS TO THE HOTEL, CABBY. I'LL FOLLOW LATER!



O.K., RAJAH!

MEANWHILE, ON A WATER FRONT PARK BENCH



ALONE, MR. MYSTIC WANDERS ALONG THE DOCKS

BUT I GOTTA MAKE THE TRIP, SHAMROCK DEAR! WE'LL NEED THE MONEY!

YOU'RE ALWAYS SAYING THAT! I DON'T THINK YOU WANT TO MARRY ME AND I'M SICK OF WAITING! OH! I HOPE I NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN!



O.K. IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL ABOUT IT. GOODBYE!

BLUE AND BROKEN HEARTED, SHAMROCK WALKS AIMLESSLY TO THE PIERS



SOMEONE'S COMIN' GET THAT CHINA BOY UNDER COVER. TOO LATE! SHE'S SEEN US! QUICK, GET HER! SMUGGLERS!



BEFORE SHE CAN RUN AWAY, SEVERAL OF THE OUTLAWS CLAMBER UP AND SEIZE HER...

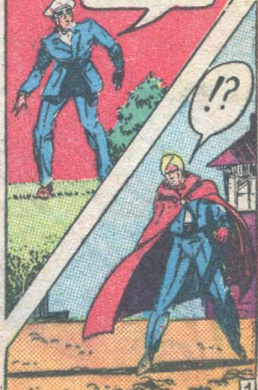


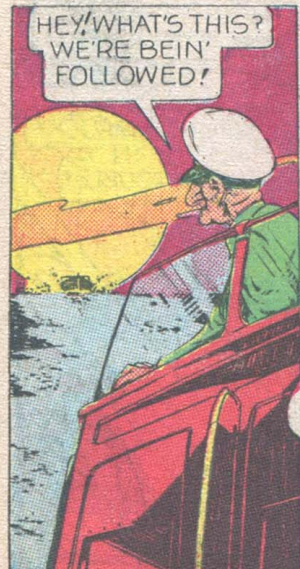
BRING HER DOWN HERE!

EEEK! BILL! HELP! HELP!



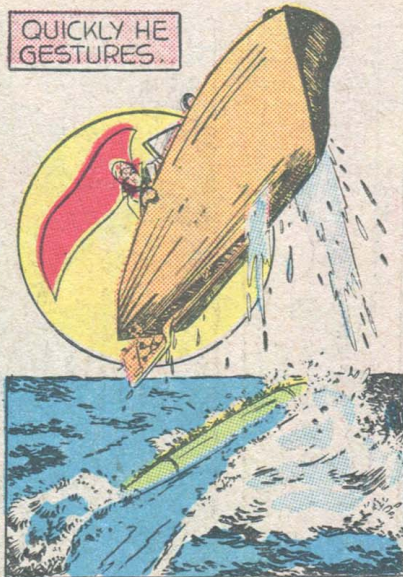
WHA? SHAMROCK! SHE'S IN TROUBLE!





HARDLY VISIBLE, THE PROJECTILE BEARS DOWN ON MR. MYSTIC.

QUICKLY HE GESTURES.

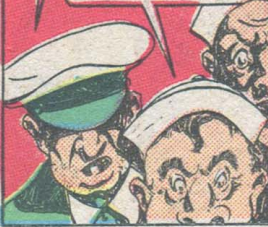


TWENTY FEET AWAY HE SPIES IT, TOO LATE TO DODGE.

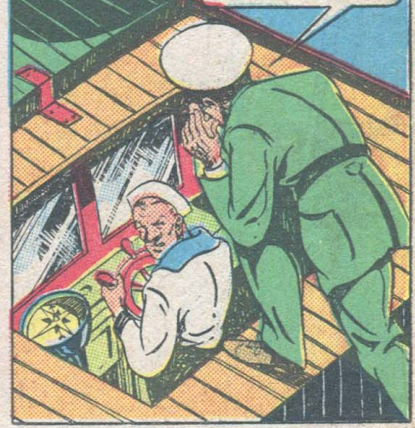
ROUND-EYED, THEY WATCH THIS AMAZING FEAT OF LEVITATION...

HOLY CATS! DID YOU S-SEETHAT? HE LIFTED D'BOAT RIGHT OUTA T'H' WATER!

YEAH! HE MUST BE A MAGICIAN OR SOMETHIN'!



HEY, CURLY! GET THIS TUB MOVIN'! WE'RE BEIN' FOLLOWED BY A WIZARD!



THEIR BOAT IS TOO FAST FOR ME! I'LL HAVE TO STOP THEM SOMEHOW!

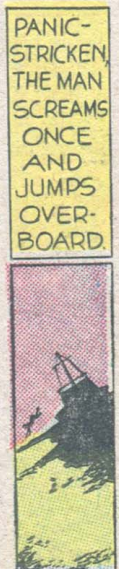


I'VE GOT TO CONCENTRATE AND GET CONTROL OF THE PILOT'S MIND.

ABOARD THE GANGSTERS' BOAT THE PILOT'S EYES BLUR AND LOSE FOCUS... SUDDENLY HE STARES AT THE COMPASS



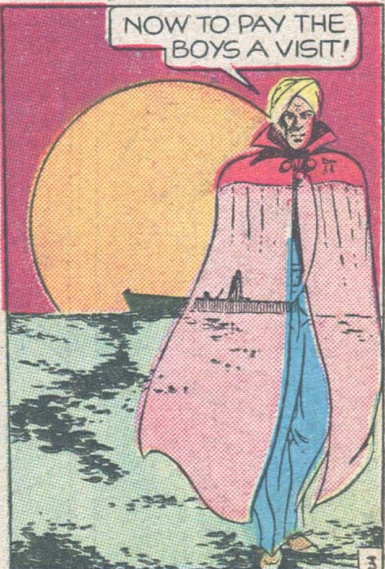
?!!



PANIC-STRICKEN, THE MAN SCREAMS ONCE AND JUMPS OVERBOARD.



WHAT THE DICKENS IS THE MATTER WITH HIM? HEY! GRAB THE WHEEL! THE MOTOR... YOU FOOL! YOU'VE FLOODED THE MOTOR! WE'RE STALLED!



NOW TO PAY THE BOYS A VISIT!

