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A VITAL BOOK

THE **SPiRIT**
IN
CRIME DOESN'T PAY!

6

COMPLETE STORIES
FEATURING

The **SPiRIT**



THE
SPiRIT
DENNY COLT
BORN 1911
DIET 1911



CONTENTS

- Framed — not a pretty picture and *The Spirit* refuses to be hung page 1
- Circus Daze — *The Spirit* doesn't clown when he's trapped in a lion's den page 9
- On Guard, Crime — *The Spirit* proves the fist is mightier than the sword page 17
- Reserved, One Electric Chair — Did Ellen Dolan turn murderess? page 25
- Death After Death — can the dead come back to kill? page 33
- Brummagem vs. Pettigrew — an old fashioned feud comes to Central City page 41

THE SPIRIT

by
WILL ESNER

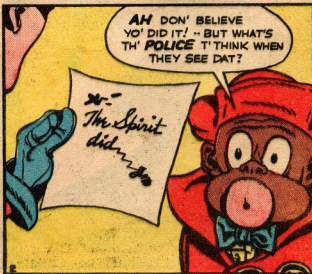
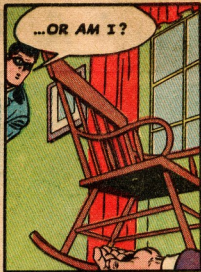
WAKING WAS LIKE THE FEELING A DROWNING MAN HAS WHEN HE FIGHTS HIS WAY BACK TO THE SURFACE OF THE SEA!...

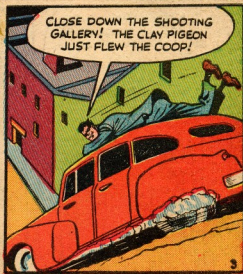
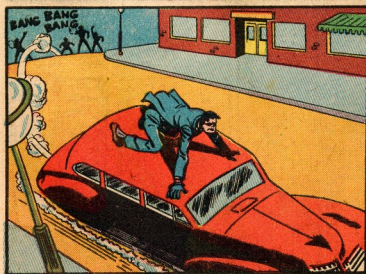
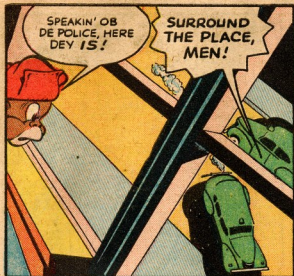


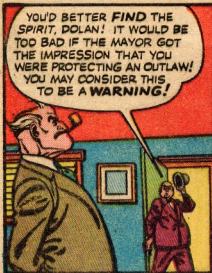
WHERE AM I?...
WHAT AM I
DOING
HERE?



**I REMEMBER
NOW! ... THERE
WAS A STRUGGLE!
-- WONDER HOW
LONG AGO THAT
WAS? ...**



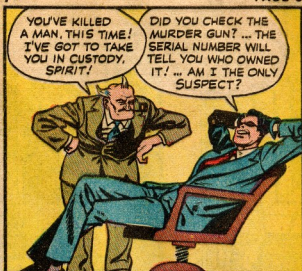






☉%#*%☉☆!!
HALF THE POLICE IN TOWN ARE LOOKING FOR YOU -- AND YOU COME **HERE!**

I GOT TIRED OF PLAYING "HARE AND HOUNDS"! ... LIKE A SMART LITTLE RABBIT, I CAME BACK TO THE KENNEL!



YOU'VE KILLED A MAN, THIS TIME! I'VE GOT TO TAKE YOU IN CUSTODY, SPIRIT!

DID YOU CHECK THE MURDER GUN? ... THE SERIAL NUMBER WILL TELL YOU WHO OWNED IT! ... AM I THE ONLY SUSPECT?



THERE MAY BE FINGERPRINTS, TOO! THE DEAD MAN HAD A JOINT TRADING ACCOUNT WITH HIS BROTHER, BRADLEY LATHROP! ... DID YOU CHECK ON HIM? ...

DON'T TELL ME HOW TO RUN MY BUSINESS! ... DRAT THAT **PHONE!** ...



OH! ... YES ... I SEE ...



YOU'RE TRAPPED, SPIRIT! THEY FOUND THE NOTE LATHROP WROTE, ACCUSING YOU, JUST BEFORE HE DIED! THAT PUTS THE NOOSE AROUND YOUR NECK!

BUT I'M INNOCENT, DOLAN!



WHAT ABOUT THE GUN?

SERIAL NUMBERS WERE FILED DOWN! NO FINGERPRINTS, EITHER -- PROVING THE MURDERER USED GLOVES! IT ADDS UP, SPIRIT! ... WHY'D YOU MURDER HIM?



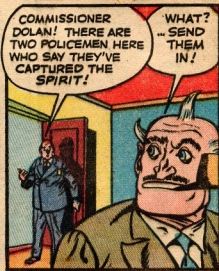
SORRY! NO TIME TO EXPLAIN!



I -- I CAN'T DO IT! I CAN'T SHOOT HIM DOWN LIKE THIS -- EVEN IF HE IS A MURDERER!









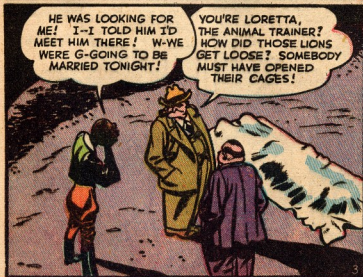


Fantastic, you say? The *SPIRIT* isn't in character? The whole episode is absurd? ...

WELL,
We have it on the
VERY BEST of
Authority!

THIS little scene is even **NOW** running through the fertile brain of one of its principal characters!







THAT'S WHERE HE WAS KILLED, SPIRIT!

HE WAS MURDERED, DOLAN!



HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT?

NO MAN WALKS INTO AN ARENA FULL OF HUNGRY LIONS! ... EITHER HE THOUGHT IT WAS SAFE OR SOMEBODY FORCED HIM TO GO IN! WE'LL KNOW MORE WHEN WE TALK TO THE ASSISTANT TRAINER!



I WASN'T NEAR THE CAGES WHEN IT HAPPENED! I DON'T KNOW HOW IT HAPPENED! ... HONEST!

HOW DO THE LIONS GET FROM HERE TO THE ARENA?



THIS LEVER OPENS A SLIDING PANEL IN THE CAGES. THE LIONS GO DOWN A TUNNEL AND OUT THROUGH ANOTHER IRON GATE BELOW!

YOU KNOW THE PEOPLE AROUND HERE! WHO'D HAVE A MOTIVE FOR KILLING HIM?



FOR A CLOWN, HE WAS A LIKABLE GUY! THE WOMEN WERE CRAZY ABOUT HIM -- ESPECIALLY LORETTA!

YOU THINK SHE DID IT?



SHE LOVED THE GUY! THEY WERE GONNA BE MARRIED! BUT GRENZAR, THE TRAPEZE ARTIST, HE LIKED LORETTA, TOO!

JEALOUSY! ... SHE'S GOING TO MARRY THE CLOWN, SO THIS GRENZAR BUMPS OFF THE CLOWN!

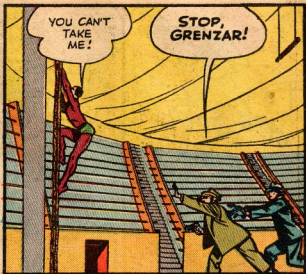


WE'VE GOT OUR MAN, SPIRIT! LET'S FIND GRENZAR!



THAT'S GRENZAR OVER THERE!

THANKS!

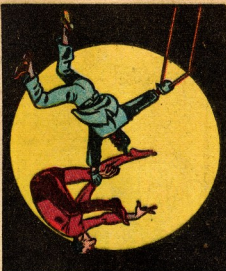




LOOK
OUT!



HERE
WE GO!



WHEW! A LITTLE
TO ONE SIDE,
AND THEY'D BE
SCRAPING ME
UP WITH A
SPOON!



YOU KILLED HIM!
I HOPE THEY TEAR
OUT YOUR HEART
AND THROW IT
TO THE DOGS!



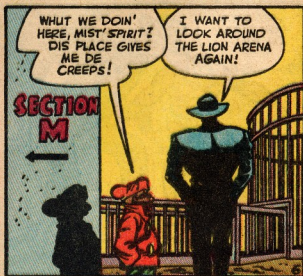
LORETTA SOUNDED
AS IF SHE
MEANT IT!

SHE REALLY
LOVED THE
CLOWN! ...
THERE'S NO
DOUBT ABOUT
THAT!



THE CASE IS CLOSED!
WE'VE GOT
OUR MAN,
SPIRIT!

I'M NOT SO
SURE! GRENZAR'S
THE EMOTIONAL
TYPE! HE ACTED
MORE FRIGHTENED
THAN GUILTY!



WHUT WE DOIN'
HERE, MIST' SPIRIT?
DIS PLACE GIVES
ME DE CREEPS!

I WANT TO
LOOK AROUND
THE LION ARENA
AGAIN!

SECTION
M





FAREWELL, SPIRIT!
YOU'LL NOT BE ABLE
TO HOLD THEM OFF
--FOR VERY LONG!



I'VE HEARD ENOUGH!
YOUR GAME IS PLAYED
OUT, LORETTA!



HEY, DOLAN! GET ME
OUT OF HERE BEFORE
SHE'S CHARGED
WITH ANOTHER
MURDER!



AND SO... LATER, IN COMMISSIONER
DOLAN'S OFFICE ...

LORETTA CONFESSED!
QUEER! BUT SHE
STILL CLAIMS SHE
LOVED HIM!

SHE DID!
ONLY "HELL
HATH NO FURY
LIKE A WOMAN,
SCORNEO"
--REMEMBER?



HOW'D YOU
GUESS IT WAS
LORETTA?

A TINY PUNCTURE AT THE
BASE OF THE CLOWN'S
NECK! - THE KIND THAT
MIGHT HAVE BEEN MADE BY
A WOMAN'S HATPIN! PLUS THE
FACT THAT NOBODY IN HIS
RIGHT MIND VOLUNTARILY
GOES INTO A LION'S ARENA,
EVEN WHEN IT'S EMPTY!



NO ONE
IN HIS
RIGHT
MIND,
EH?

WELL, THERE ARE EXCEPTIONS!...
I FOUND THE HATPIN IN HER
HANDBAG! BUT I THOUGHT SHE
MIGHT BE TOO EXCITED TO
REMEMBER THAT SHE HADN'T
DROPPED IT IN THE ARENA! SO
I PRETENDED TO FIND IT
THERE -- AND SHE
BETRAYED HERSELF!

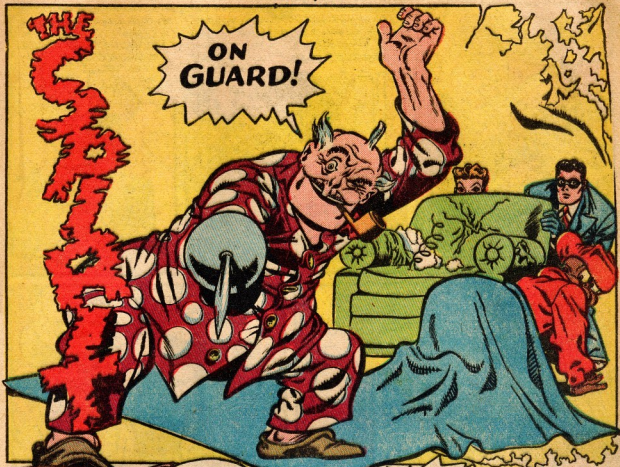


THIS IS THE
LAST DAY OF
THE CIRCUS,
EBONY! DO
YOU WANT
TO GO?

AH
AIN'T
INT'RESTED!



AH ALREADY'S
SEEN DE MOST
PRINCIPAL PARTS!
AH DON' WANTA
GO THROUGH ALL
DAT AGAIN!



AT THE VAN QUAGMIRE CHARITY BALL ...

HE'S THE BEST DANCER WHO EVER SERVED CENTRAL CITY AS POLICE COMMISSIONER!

C'MON...LET'S HAVE EBONY GIVE US SOME PUNCH-- OOP!!-- SORRY!

NOM D'UN COCHON VERT!

CLUMSY!

LOOK AT YOUR FATHER GO TO TOWN, ELLEN!



CLUMSY, HUH?
HOW'S **THIS** FOR
CLUMSINESS?



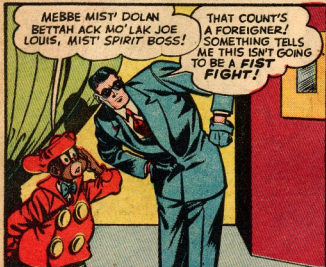
I AM INSULT! YOU
SHALL **FIGHT ME FOR
ZIS!** TOMORROW--
AT **PARAPET PARK!**

YOU DON'T
HAVE TO WAIT
TILL TOMORROW!
JUST **START
SOMETHING!**



THAT WAS
**COUNT
RIPRAP!**
HE **MEANT**
IT WHEN HE
SAID HE'D
FIGHT YOU!

BRING HIM
ON! ... I'M
THE **DEMPSEY**
TYPE OF
BOXER--
WITH A
TOUCH OF
**JIM
CORBETT!**



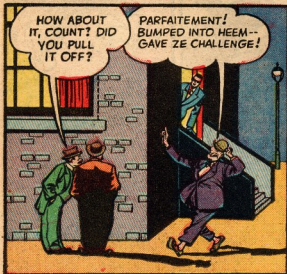
MEBBE MIST' DOLAN
BETTAH ACK MO' LAK JOE
LOUIS, MIST' **SPIRIT BOSS!**

THAT COUNT'S
A FOREIGNER!
SOMETHING TELLS
ME THIS ISN'T GOING
TO BE A **FIST
FIGHT!**



DIDN'T COUNT
RIPRAP PASS
THIS WAY?

YES, SIR!
HE JUST
NOW LEFT
THE PARTY!



HOW ABOUT
IT, COUNT? DID
YOU PULL
IT OFF?

PARFAITEMENT!
BUMPED INTO HEEM--
GAVE ZE CHALLENGE!



HEAR THAT, CHUM?
THIS TIME TOMORROW,
DOLAN WILL BE
FINISHED!

AND MAYBE THE
NEXT COMMISSIONER
WON'T BE SO
TOUGH ON THE
RACKETEERS, HUH?



I SEE! THAT FIGHT, TOMORROW, IS TO BE WITH **SWORDS!**

AND WHY NOT?

I AM ZE INSULT PARTY! DUELLING CUSTOM ALLOW ME TO CHOOSE ZE WEAPON!

DOLAN KNOWS NOTHING ABOUT SWORDS! YOU'LL **MURDER HIM!**



VENTRE SAINT GRIS! NO SUCH ZING! -- I ONLY DRAW ZE BLOOD FROM HEES HAND! YOU INSULT ME, ALSO! GET OUT, OR I CALL ZE GENDARME!

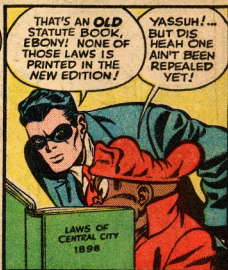


YOU SAW THE COUNT?

YES! BUT HE PLANS ONLY TO SCRATCH YOUR FATHER! I DON'T GET IT!

WHY SHOULD THOSE THUGS PLOT JUST A SCRATCH FOR HIM? AND THEY SAID HE'D BE **FINISHED!**

LOOKY HVAH, FOLKS!



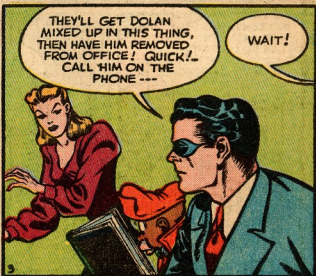
THAT'S AN **OLD** STATUTE BOOK, EBONY! NONE OF THOSE LAWS IS PRINTED IN THE NEW EDITION!

YASSUH! ... BUT DIS HEAH ONE AIN'T BEEN REPEALED YET!



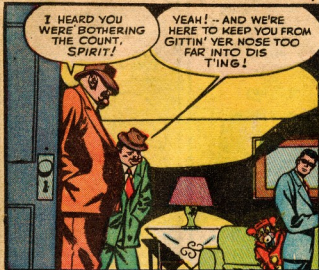
SAYS HVAH -- "ANYBODY WHO FIGHTS A DUEL GOES TO JAIL! NOBODY FIGHTIN' A DUEL KIN HOLD ANY PUBLIC OFFICE!"

I GET IT!



THEY'LL GET DOLAN MIXED UP IN THIS THING, THEN HAVE HIM REMOVED FROM OFFICE! QUICK!... CALL HIM ON THE PHONE ---

WAIT!

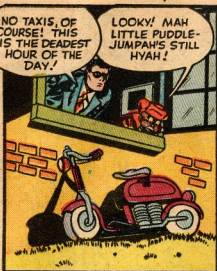




WHY, NO!
MR. DOLAN
JUST LEFT
FOR PARAPAT
PARK!



NO TAXIS, OF
COURSE! THIS
IS THE DEADDEST
HOUR OF THE
DAY!



LOOKY! MAH
LITTLE PUDDLE-
JUMPAH'S STILL
HYAH!

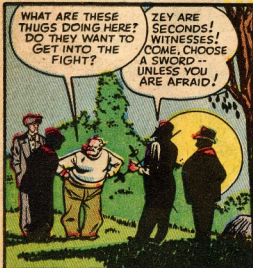
ALMOST
SUNRISE!

I'LL TAKE A
SHORT CUT
OUT TO THE
PARK!



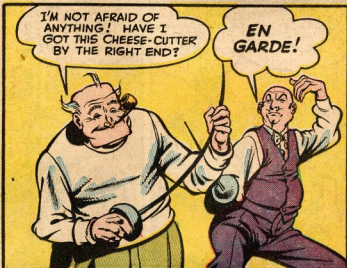
WHAT ARE THESE
THUGS DOING HERE?
DO THEY WANT TO
GET INTO THE
FIGHT?

ZEY ARE
SECONDS!
WITNESSES!
COME, CHOOSE
A SWORD --
UNLESS YOU
ARE AFRAID!



I'M NOT AFRAID OF
ANYTHING! HAVE I
GOT THIS CHEESE-CUTTER
BY THE RIGHT END?

EN
GARDE!



JUST IN
TIME!



GIVE ME
THAT
SWORD!







RIGHT THROUGH THERE! FIGHTING A DUEL! ... THERE'S A LAW AGAINST IT!



JUST DO AS I SAY, DOLAN! THEY COULD REMOVE YOU FROM OFFICE FOR BEING IN A DUEL!

LOOK OUT, SPIRIT!

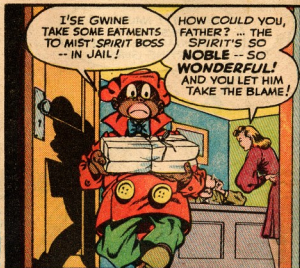


THERE THEY ARE -- FIGHTING WITH SWORDS!

BUT DOLAN'S HERE! HE'S TAKING CHARGE!



Y-YES! ... HERE'S THE MAN WHO STARTED IT! TAKE HIM TO JAIL! I'M GOING HOME!



I'SE GWINE TAKE SOME EATMENTS TO MIST SPIRIT BOSS -- IN JAIL!

HOW COULD YOU, FATHER? ... THE SPIRIT'S SO NOBLE -- SO WONDERFUL! AND YOU LET HIM TAKE THE BLAME!



HE DID IT ALL TO KEEP YOU FROM LOSING YOUR JOB!

SAY NO MORE! I'LL LET HIM OUT, AND ASSUME ALL RESPONSIBILITY!



OKAY, SPIRIT! YOU CAN GO! AND I'M AWFULLY SORRY!

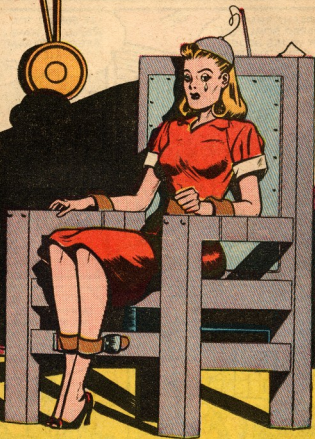


DARN THAT EBONY!

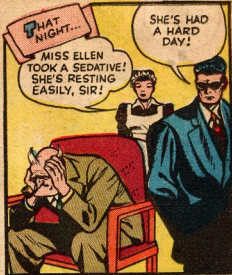
See you later...
The Spirit

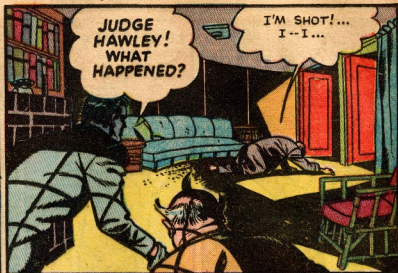
The SPIRIT

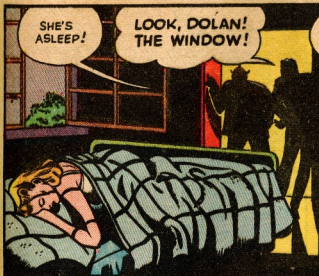
by
WILL ESNER











SHE'S ASLEEP!

LOOK, DOLAN!
THE WINDOW!

THE WINDOW WAS CLOSED WHEN SHE WENT TO BED!

HERE'S SOMETHING ELSE!



HER SHOES! THEY'RE COVERED WITH MUD!
FRESH MUD!

THEN SHE IS GUILTY!

BRACE UP, DOLAN!

MY OWN DAUGHTER!
--A **MURDERESS!**
CALL THE POLICE, SPIRIT! I-I-- CAN'T TURN HER IN!



AND, IN ONE SHORT WEEK, SWIFT JUSTICE DOOMS ELLEN DOLAN TO DEATH!

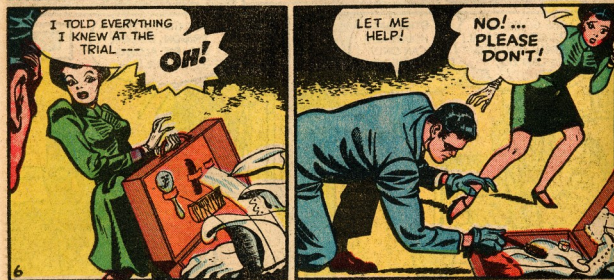


THE GOVERNOR REFUSES AN APPEAL! THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO, SPIRIT!

WE STILL HAVE AN HOUR! ... IF WE CAN ONLY FIND SOME NEW EVIDENCE!



YOU GO TO THE PRISON, DOLAN! I'LL BE ALONG LATER!





A BLONDE WIG!
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING WITH
THIS?



NOW I GET
IT! YOU WORE
ELLEN'S CLOTHES
... AND WITH
THIS WIG---

PRETTY SMART,
AREN'T YOU,
SPIRIT?



YOU STUDIED HER
MANNERISMS, HER
EXPRESSIONS! NO ONE
HAD A BETTER CHANCE!
BUT WHY DID YOU
DO IT?

YOU SAID DOLAN
TOLD YOU
ABOUT ME!
DID HE TELL
YOU I WAS
EMIL SCARLATTI'S
WIFE?



SURPRISED? YOU
REMEMBER EMIL SCARLATTI?
DOLAN AND THAT POLICE CAPTAIN
ARRESTED HIM FOR MURDER!
AND JUDGE HAWLEY
SENTENCED HIM
TO DIE!

SO THAT'S
WHY! BUT
HOW DID YOU
MAKE ELLEN
DOLAN THINK
SHE WAS THE
MURDERESS?



JUST A SMALL DOSE OF SCOPOLAMINE
IN HER COFFEE BEFORE SHE WENT TO SLEEP!
IT PARALYZES THE WILL POWER, MAKES YOU
BELIEVE ANYTHING ANYBODY SAYS TO YOU!
SO I SAT BY HER BED AND TOLD HER, OVER
AND OVER AGAIN, UNTIL SHE COULDN'T
FORGET! I MADE HER REMEMBER THE
DETAILS AS IF SHE'D BEEN THERE
HERSELF! AND WHEN SHE WOKE
UP, SHE BELIEVED IT ALL!



A VERY CLEVER
SCHEME! TOO
BAD IT DIDN'T
WORK!

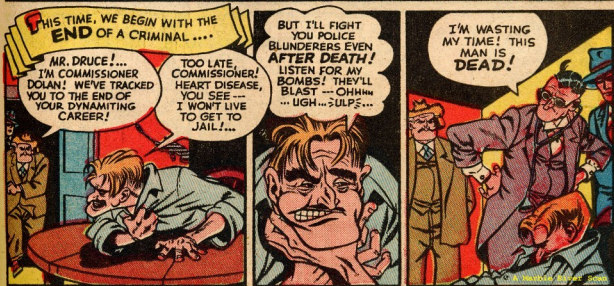
IT WORKED,
ALL RIGHT!
YOU WON'T
LIVE TO TELL
THE TRUTH!

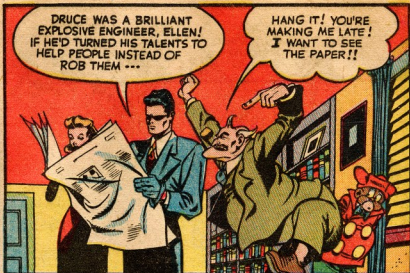
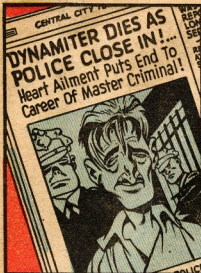


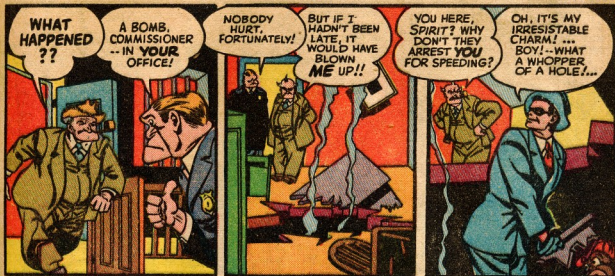
MY EYES!
I CAN'T
SEE!















MR. MIXIE WAS HERE AT DAWN! WANTED TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE **GHOST** OF HIS OLD BOSS, DRUCE! I GAVE HIM A MESSAGE -- HE LEFT ABOUT 9:30---

GIVE HER PEN AND PAPER, EBONY! I WANT IT IN WRITING!



HELLO, DOLAN! MIXIE TOLD ME THE TRUTH! HE WASN'T ANYWHERE NEAR HEADQUARTERS WHEN THE BOMB EXPLODED! I'M ON MY WAY BACK!



WHAT'S THAT?

IT AIN'T NO BACKFIRE, MIST' SPIRIT BOSS!... DAT'S A **BOMB!**... AN' AM AH GLAD WE AIN'T WHEAH WE WAS!



ANOTHER BOMBING?

MADAME PALOMA AND HER BOY FRIEND! BETTER NOT LOOK, DOLAN! THEY'RE A MESSY SIGHT!



THIS JOB WAS ALSO DONE BY **DRUCE'S SPECIAL EXPLOSIVE!**

THANKS FOR SPRINGING ME, SPIRIT! DOLAN CAN ALIBI ME FROM **THIS** JOB, TOO!



YOU'D BETTER GO AN' ARREST DRUCE'S GHOST! ... THAT OUGHTA BE EASY FOR A **SPIRIT!** HEH-HEH...



GET IT?... **HAW-HAW!** SPIRIT... GHOST! **HAW-HAW!**

CAN'T UNNERSTAN' WHY AH THOUGHT DAT GAG WUZ SO FUNNY BEFO'!



NOW... **WHERE** DO YOU THINK THE NEXT BOMB WILL GO OFF?



YES **WHERE??**



CALM DOWN, DADDY! DON'T GET SO EXCITED!

EXCITED?... YOU'RE IMAGINING THINGS! I NEVER GET EXCITED!



BIG POLICE EXECUTIVES LIKE ME MUST HAVE CONTROL-- CONTROL!!

AFTER ALL, YOU AND I BOTH ESCAPED BEING BOMBED!



SEE?!



BUT THE NEXT MIGHT GET ANYBODY! --EVEN ELLEN!

WHY NOT SUMMON ALL YOUR BEST MEN FOR A CONFERENCE?



THAT'S RIGHT! I'LL CALL THE MAYOR--DISTRICT ATTORNEY--MY CAPTAIN OF DETECTIVES--

I'VE BAITED A TRAP WITH A LOT OF VALUABLE LIVES!!



GENTLEMEN, WE MUST CONSIDER THESE BOMBING OUTRAGES --- PERHAPS ANY MOMENT -- IN ANY CELLAR -- A BOMB MAY BE SET OFF ----



THEY'RE ALL SOUNDING OFF UPSTAIRS! I'LL DROWN 'EM OUT WITH A BLAST DOWN HERE!



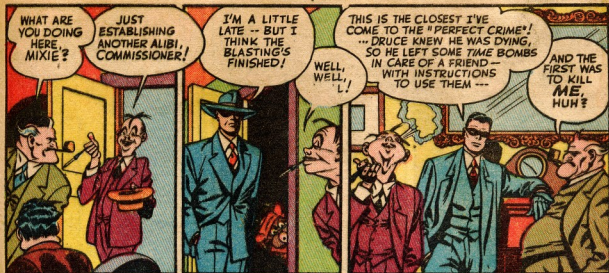
HE SHOWED UP LIKE YO' FIGGERED, MIST' SPIRIT BOSS!

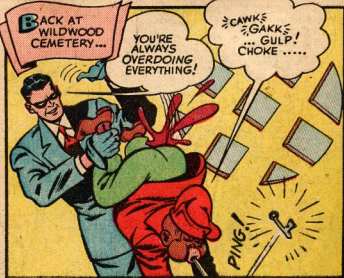
STOP THE CLOCK ON THAT BOMB, EBONY!



HE GOT AWAY!... DID YOU STOP THE CLOCK, EBONY?

YASSUH!... AIN'T NO MO' TICKS IN IT!







... THE TRAIN'S IN FROM THE SOUTHLAND! AND ABOARD IT IS AUNT FRONIE PETTIGREW - A LADY OF THE OLD SCHOOL - OF HARD KNOCKS! ... MOST OF WHICH SHE ADMINISTERS, HERSELF!

by *WILL EISNER*



AT THE CENTRAL CITY STATION ...

THIS LADY WE'RE MEETING... IS SHE REALLY YOUR AUNT?

NO! I ONLY CALL HER THAT! SHE WAS MY MOTHER'S BEST CHUM IN SCHOOL-- BUT SHE HASN'T VISITED US SINCE I WAS A BABY!

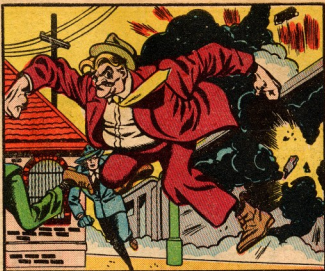
WHY THE POLICE ESCORT, DOLAN?

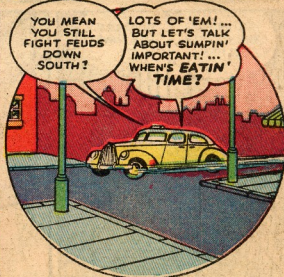
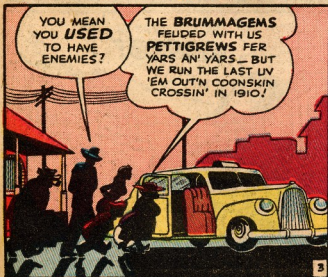
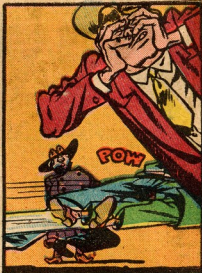
MISS FRONIE PETTIGREW IS AN HONORARY DEPUTY MARSHAL OF COONSKIN CROSSING--AND WE HAVE TO SHOW HER RESPECT!

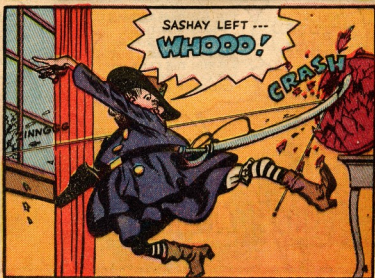
HER PULLMAN SECTION IS NUMBER 7, CAR 999!

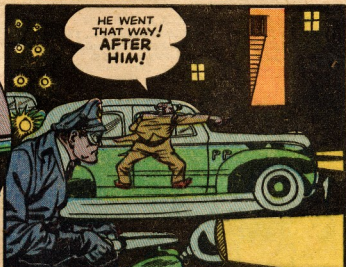
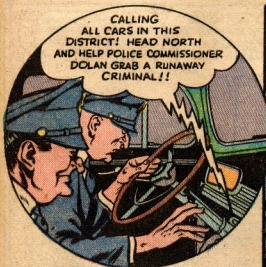
WHEN I LET THIS PINE-APPLE GO, THERE WON'T BE NO MORE SECTOR, OR CAR-- NOR NO FRONIE PETTIGREW!

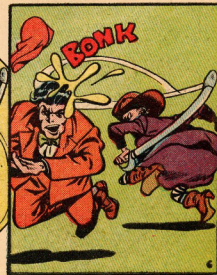














I'M ALLUS A-SAVIN' YOU FROM BEIN' PLUGGED, YOUNG FELLER!



GET HIS GUN, SPIRIT!



I'VE GOT IT!

AND I'M GETTING OUT -- THE BACK WAY!



STOP HIM, EBONY!

NO NEED FO' DAT, MIST' SPIRIT BOSS!



DAT DO' MUST BE ABOUT THREE SIZES TOO SMALL!



PUSH HARD, DOLAN!

ALL THE BRUMMAGEMS RUN TO FAT -- 'SPECIAL IN THE HEAD!



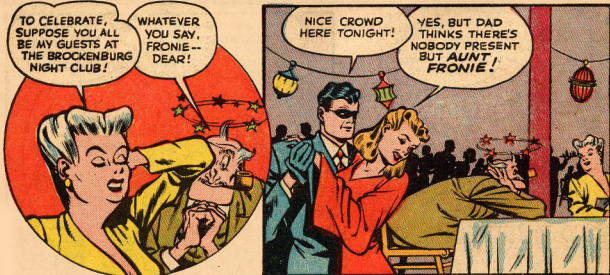
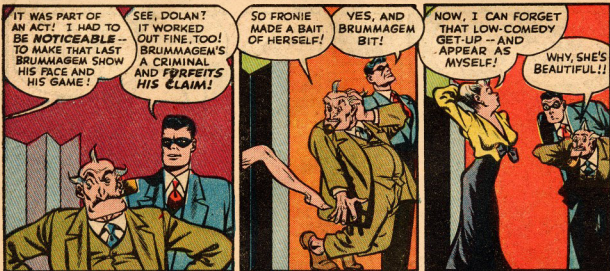
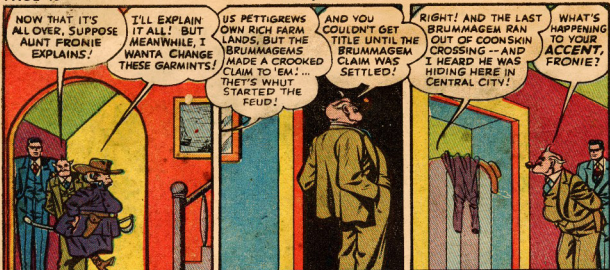
WHAT WAS HE TRYING TO DO?

HE'S GUILTY OF ILLEGAL ENTRY, CONSPIRACY AN' ATTEMPTED MURDER!



NO USE DENYING IT! I THOUGHT I'D SETTLE AN OLD FAMILY SCORE AND GET RICH! -- I SEEM TO HAVE BUNGLED IT!

COME ON! WE'LL BUNGLE YOU RIGHT INTO JAIL!



This publication has been manufactured under wartime
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of the War Production Board

By

VITAL PUBLICATIONS, Inc.

New York

