

SUNDAY, JULY 7, 1940



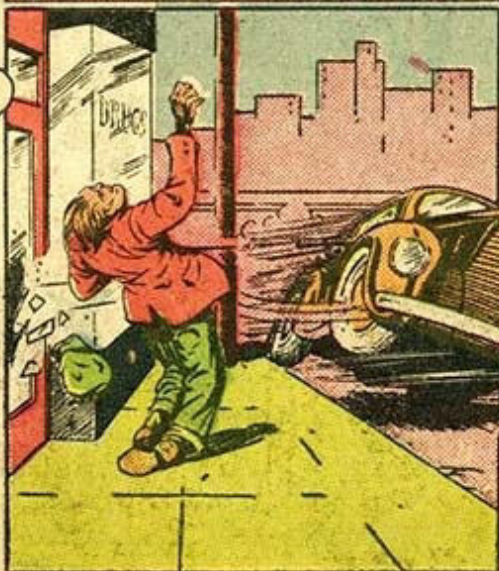
OPERATING FROM A HIDE-OUT BUILT IN THE VERY TOMB IN WHICH HE HAD BEEN ERRONEOUSLY BURIED, THE SPIRIT WAGES A ONE-MAN SECRET OFFENSIVE AGAINST CRIME.

SOMEWHERE IN NEW YORK CITY...

HULLO, COMMISSIONER DOLAN? DIS IS 'FINKY,' DA STOOL... LISSEN, I GOT A HOT TIP! SOMETHIN' DAT'LL MAKE MURDER AN' ROBBERY SEEM LIKE KINNERTGARTEN GAMES.. I'M CALLIN' FROM A PAY BOOTH... YEAH, I'LL BE RIGHT OVER..

AS FINKY STEPS FROM THE STORE A CAR SWERVES AROUND THE CORNER... FROM ITS WINDOWS POURS A HAIL OF LEADEN DEATH...

AND WITH THE SUDDENNESS OF ITS APPEARANCE, THE MURDER CAR CAREENS OFF, LEAVING ONLY THE TWITCHING BODY OF FINKY THE STOOL, HUDDLED IN THE GUTTER...



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...



IN ALL MY 25 YEARS ON THE POLICE FORCE I HAVE NEVER SEEN THE LIKE OF IT!

I GOT A NEW BATCH ALL LINED UP. WANNA LOOK 'EM OVER, CHIEF?

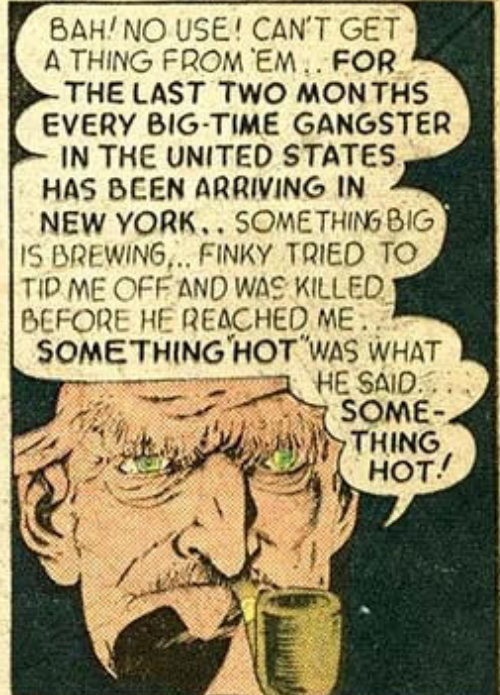
IN THE LINE-UP.



WE'RE HERE FOR OUR HEALTH... WHERE'S MY MOUTHPIECE? I AIN'T SAYIN' ANOTHER WOID!

WHY ARE YOU AND YOUR GANG IN NEW YORK, MIKE??

STEP DOWN!



BAH! NO USE! CAN'T GET A THING FROM 'EM... FOR THE LAST TWO MONTHS EVERY BIG-TIME GANGSTER IN THE UNITED STATES HAS BEEN ARRIVING IN NEW YORK... SOMETHING BIG IS BREWING... FINKY TRIED TO TIP ME OFF AND WAS KILLED BEFORE HE REACHED ME... SOMETHING HOT WAS WHAT HE SAID... SOMETHING HOT!

IN A QUIET RIVERSIDE DRIVE HOTEL, THE BLACK QUEEN, NOTORIOUS FEMALE MOUTHPIECE, SURVEYS A MOTLEY COLLECTION OF GANG LEADERS.



REGAN. MORGAN. MONKS. SHIFTY. ALL HERE? FINE!



BLACK QUEEN, YEAH... WE'RE ALL HERE! WE ALL KNOW THIS JOB'S GONNA BE BIG, BUT WHAT IS IT?

YEAH! MY MOB'S GETTIN' NOIVIS... SPILL IT!



WE ARE GOING TO HOLD UP NEW YORK CITY AND ROB IT OF FIFTY MILLION DOLLARS!

WHAT?!

!??



NOT SCARED, ARE YOU, BOYS? I WANT 25 MILLION FOR MYSELF.. THE REST YOU CAN SPLIT AMONG YOURSELVES. HERE'S MY PLAN...

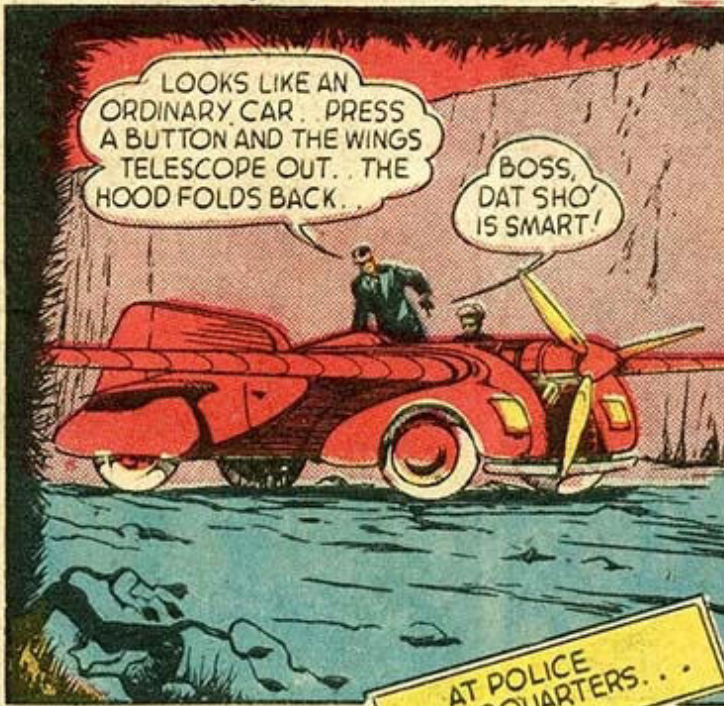


WE HAVE A THOUSAND GANGSTERS..500 WILL COVER THE BRIDGES! NO ONE GETS IN OR OUT OF MANHATTAN! 100 MEN GET INTO POLICE HEADQUARTERS AND BARRICADE IT! CUT ALL TELEPHONE WIRES!



...THE REST WILL COME WITH ME TO THE TREASURY BUILDING..WE'LL CLEAN IT OUT.. LOAD THE MONEY INTO ARMED TRUCKS.. SPEED THROUGH WESTCHESTER COUNTY AND ESCAPE.SIMPLE?

IN HIS HIDE-OUT IN WILDWOOD CEMETERY, THE SPIRIT TINKERS WITH A STRANGE LOOKING WINGED CAR.



SUDDENLY THE CAR'S RADIO BLARES FORTH A POLICE CALL...



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...



PLUCKY GUARDS OPEN UP FROM THE SUB-TREASURY ROOF WITH ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE..

A FEW SCREAMING GANGSTERS GO DOWN IN FLAMES.

BUT MOST OF THEM LAND ON THE ROOF AND CAPTURE THE BUILDING



GET THE NITRO-GLYCERIN AND WORK ON THOSE VAULTS.. WE'VE ONLY A FEW HOURS!

MEANWHILE, THE SPIRIT ROADS TOWARD NEW YORK



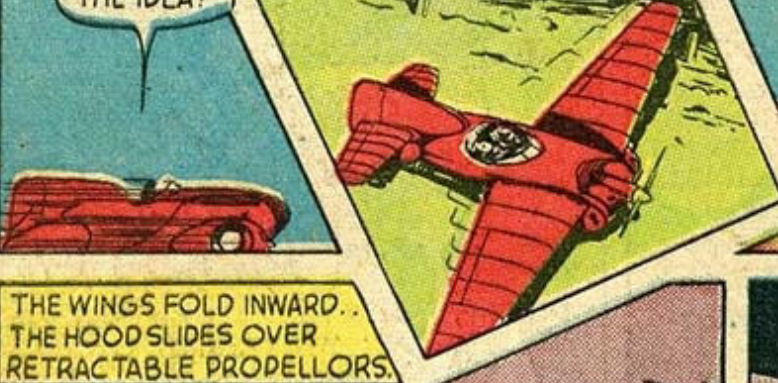
STOP! OR WE'LL BLAST YA!

GANGSTERS BLOCKING THE HIGHWAY... I'M BEGINNING TO GET THE IDEA!

THE CAR SUDDENLY SPROUTS WINGS

A FLYIN' CAR!

WHAT THE..?!



THE WINGS FOLD INWARD.. THE HOOD SLIDES OVER RETRACTABLE PROPELLORS.

NEXT STOP, NEW YORK!



HELLO..DIS IS UNIT 2 CALLIN' THE BLACK QUEEN. EVERYTHINGS O.K. DOWN HERE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.... RIGHT...

LISSEN, PIKER, I'M GETTIN' SCARED!

YEH! LET'S PULL OUT! ONLY A HUNDRED O' US GUARDIN' THOSE COPS!



SUDDENLY A TALL FIGURE STANDS IN A WINDOW...

THE SPIRIT!! SHOOT!



BUT THE DAREDEVIL CRIME FIGHTER IS TOO QUICK, EVEN FOR GANG GUNS...





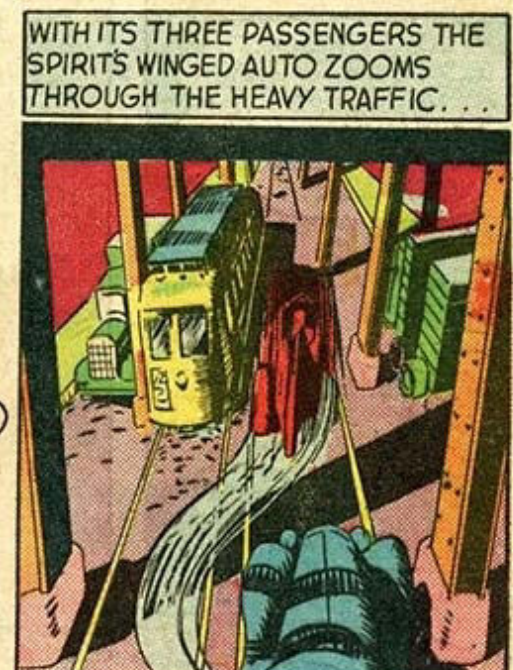
DOWN THE SILENT CORRIDORS SPRINTS THE SPIRIT . . .

THE SPIRIT!

NOW, PUNK! SPILL IT... WHO'S RUNNING THIS SHOW!?

GOT TO HAND IT TO THE BLACK QUEEN... SHE SURE CAN THINK UP SUPER CRIMES!

B-BLACK QUEEN.. DON'T HIT ME AGAIN..THE COMMISSIONER IS IN D'NEXT ROOM!



DOLAN! BOY! I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU!

SUDDENLY A VOICE COMES IN OVER THE RADIO . . .

WITH ITS THREE PASSENGERS THE SPIRIT'S WINGED AUTO ZOOMS THROUGH THE HEAVY TRAFFIC . . .

RIOT AT TIMES SQUARE! RUMOR THAT POLICE HAVE BEEN CAPTURED AND LOCKED IN. ANSWER!! FOR MERCY'S SAKE.. ANSWER! THAT IS ALL! CAR NO.6. . .

GOOD GOSH! I CAN'T! THE WIRES WERE CUT!

GET A LOUD SPEAKER, AND COME WITH ME!



AND SPROUTING ITS WINGS, CIRCLES ABOVE THE MILLING THROG . . .

ON THE ROOF OF THE TIMES BUILDING . . .

A MOMENT LATER THE SPIRIT IS OFF . . .

THE RUMOR IS FALSE... GO HOME!

I'LL DROP YOU HERE, DOLAN, EBONY AND I WILL GET THE BLACK QUEEN!

WHAT A MAN!

IN THE VAULTS OF THE SUB-TREASURY



I THOUGHT I COULD CRACK A SAFE! BUT BOY, THESE ARE TOUGH BABIES!

SO WILL THE POLICE BE, WHEN THEY GET YOU!

SPIRIT!

BUT BLACK QUEEN IS NOT TO BE CAUGHT. SHE HURLS A GAS BOMB AT THE SPIRIT.



SO LONG, SPIRIT!



COME ON, BOYS.. WE'VE GOT TO REACH MY YACHT IN THE HARBOR! ONCE OUT TO SEA WE'VE GOT A CHANCE...

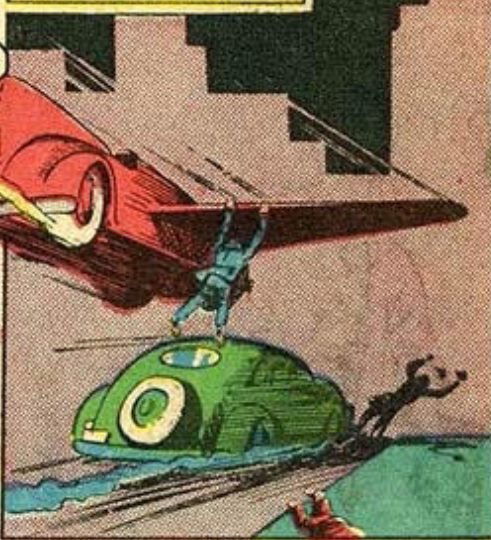
BUT THIRTY FEET ABOVE THEM, VEERING LIKE A BAT BETWEEN THE BUILDINGS, FOLLOWS THE SPIRIT, HIS HEADLIGHTS PICKING OUT THE GANGSTERS



GOOD GOSH! THEY'RE RUNNING DOWN THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN! TAKE THE CONTROLS, EBONY!



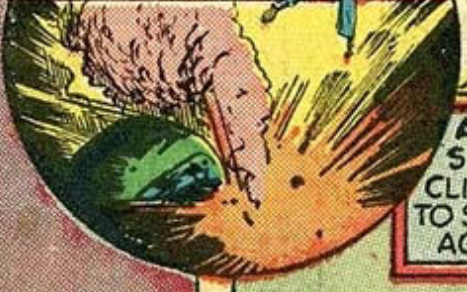
WITH THE EASE OF A SKILLED ACROBAT THE SPIRIT CLIMBS ACROSS THE WING AND DROPS ONTO THE ROOF...



HELLO, PIKER! TAKE THIS!

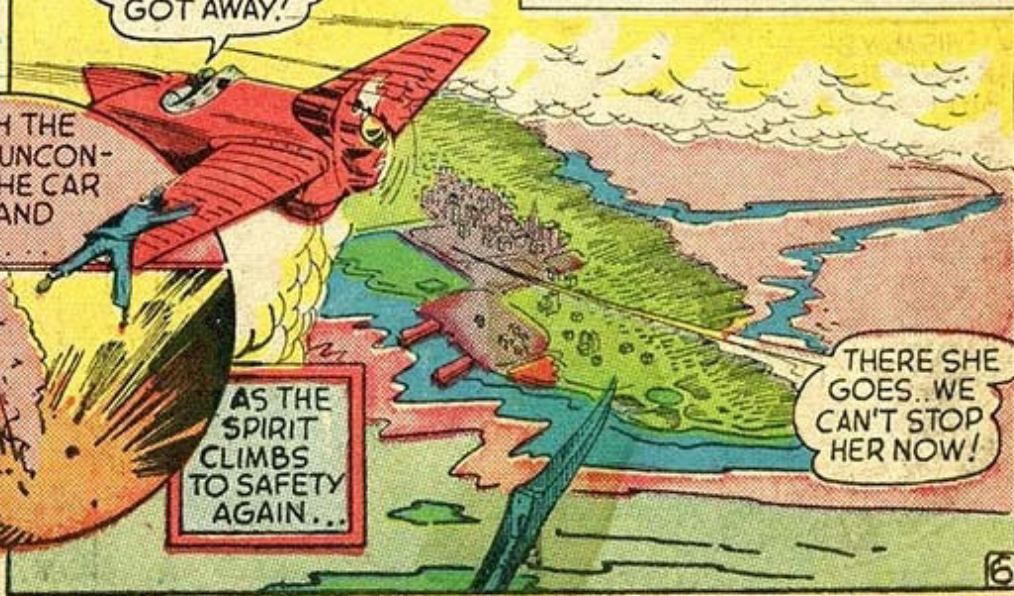
BOSS, Y' DONE MISSED THE QUEEN.. SHE'S GOT AWAY!

... WITH THE DRIVER UNCONSCIOUS, THE CAR SWERVES AND CRASHES...



AS THE SPIRIT CLIMBS TO SAFETY AGAIN...

THE BLACK QUEEN MANAGES TO REACH HER YACHT, AND IS SPEEDING DOWN THE HARBOR...



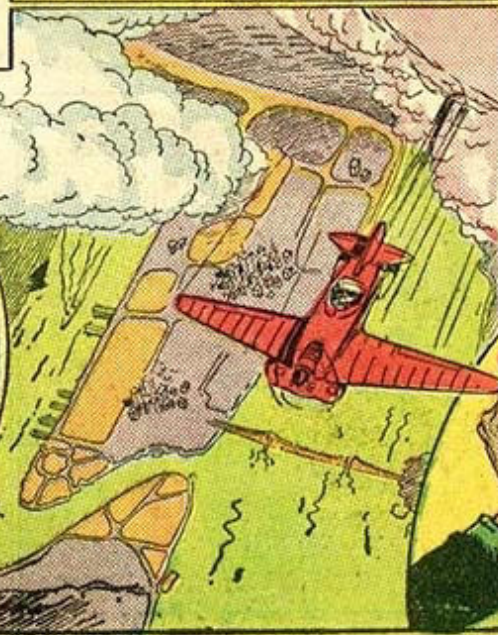
THERE SHE GOES.. WE CAN'T STOP HER NOW!



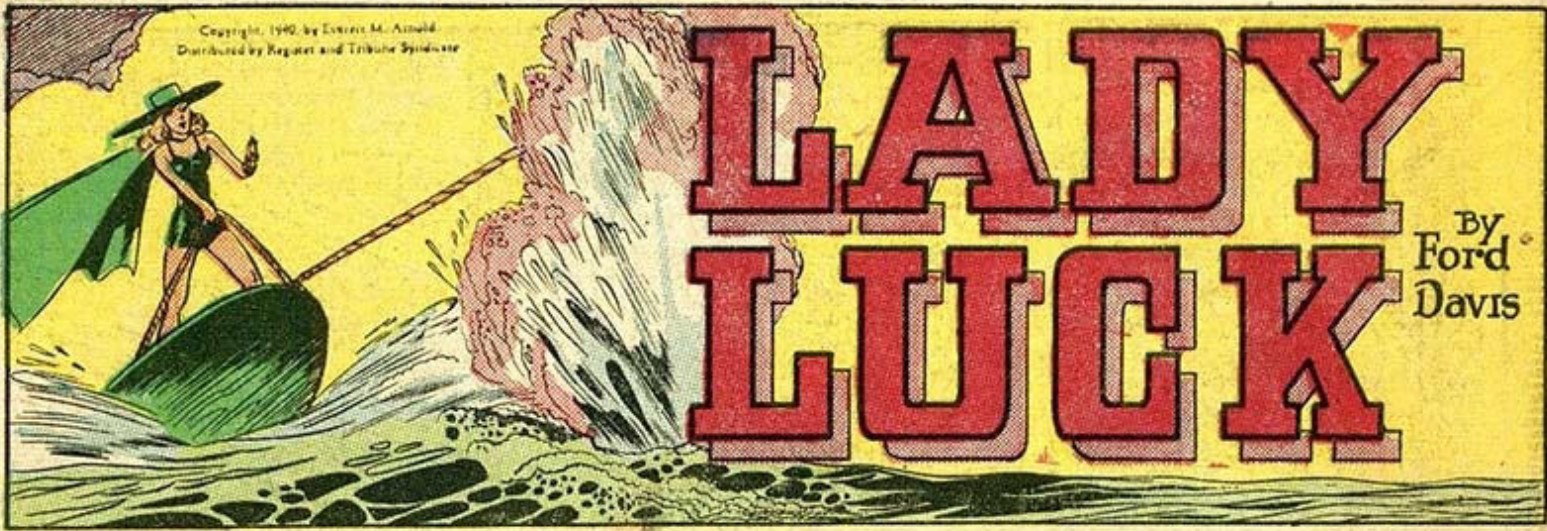
AS THE LAST RAYS OF THE SETTING SUN FILTER THROUGH THE SMOKE OF THE SINKING SHIP, THE BLACK QUEEN TURNS FLAMING EYES SKYWARD AS THE SPIRIT CIRCLES OVERHEAD...



AND HIGH OVER MANHATTAN THE SPIRIT WINGS HOMEWARD.....



Copyright, 1940, by Everett M. Arnold  
Distributed by King and Tribune Syndicate



# LADY LUCK

By Ford Davis

CHIEF HARDY MOORE AND OFFICER FEENY O'MYE ARRIVE AT BLUEPORT, A FASHIONABLE SUMMER RESORT, TO SOLVE A JEWEL ROBBERY.



WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THIS BUGGY? AIN'T WE GOOD ENOUGH FOR A LIMOUSINE?



THAT'S A STATION WAGON, STUPID! YOU HAVEN'T LIVED TILL YOU'VE RIDDEN IN ONE!

YOUR BAGS, SIR!



HERE, MY GOOD MAN, AND SEE THAT YOU HANDLE IT WITH CARE!

YES, SIR!



AND I'LL DO ALL THE TALKING... YOU KEEP QUIET AND TRY TO LOOK SMART. MRS. DEGRAND IS A CULTURED SOCIETY MATRON!

O.K.!



AT THE MAGNIFICENT ESTATE, THEY ARE GREETED BY THEIR WEALTHY HOSTESS.



MRS. DE GRAND, I AM CHIEF MOORE.

HOW DO YOU DO? I FEEL SO RELIEVED NOW THAT YOU'VE ARRIVED!



WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE, MADAM?

AMONG OTHERS IN BLUEPORT, I HAVE BEEN VICTIM TO SEVERAL JEWEL THEFTS. YOU SEE...

ER.. SCUSE ME!



JOCK, WHO IN THE WORLD IS THIS BIG BRUISER?

DUNNO.. LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE GETTING CARELESS AT THE ZOO!



HAVEN'T I SEEN YOU SOME PLACE BEFORE, MISS?

UH.. FEENY'S TH' NAME.. ER.. SERGEANT FEENY O'MYE.

ER.. PERHAPS, I'M MARGO SINCLAIR, MY BROTHER, JOCK..

CHAWMED.. I'D BE DELIGHTED IF YOU'D COME TO MY SWIMMING PARTY TONIGHT, MR. O'MYE!



THAT NIGHT, THE SINCLAIR'S POOL IS CRISSCROSSED WITH FLOOD LIGHTS. THE SELECT OF BLUE-PORT GATHERS FOR A MIDNIGHT DIP.



IN THE SHADOWS A LOVELY SWIMMER STANDS ALONE... BRENDA BANKS, TRUANT FROM SOCIETY... ALOOF AND READY FOR ACTION AS THE MYSTERIOUS LADY LUCK...



HM.. SO HANDSOME HARDY HAS BEEN INVITED TOO! SOMETHING IS ABOUT TO POP!

FEENY IS WASTING NO TIME WITH THE CAPTIVATING MARGO.

..AW, THAT WAS ONLY SMALL STUFF YOU SHOULD A SEEN ME WHEN I NABBED RAPONE! HE WAS A TOUGH EGG.. ER.. FELLOW!



YOU'RE WONDERFUL!

SUDDENLY..



MY DIAMOND NECKLACE IS GONE!

WHAT?!



SOMEONE JUST SLIPPED BY ME AND.. THERE HE GOES NOW, ACROSS THE LAWN!

HARDY SPEEDS AFTER THE DARK FIGURE AS IT DARTS INTO THE SHADOWS OF THE HOUSE..



GOTTA LEARN TO RUN FASTER IF YOU TAKE CHANCES LIKE THAT!



NOW, I'LL TAKE THE DIAMONDS!

B-BUT.. I DON'T HAVE THEM!



THEN I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT THESE ARE!

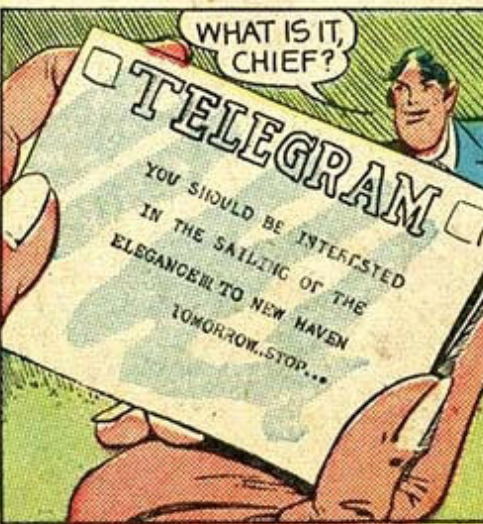
I'VE BEEN FRAMED! I WAS JUST TALKING TO MRS. DE ..... I'M THE GARDENER!

AFTER SEVERAL HOURS THE MAN WILL NOT CONFESS TO THE ROBBERY.



MAYBE HE'S NOT LYING BUT..

TELEGRAM FOR CHIEF MOORE!



WHAT IS IT, CHIEF?

TELEGRAM

YOU SHOULD BE INTERESTED IN THE SAILING OF THE ELEGANCE III TO NEW HAVEN TOMORROW.. STOP...

NEXT MORNING.



THE ELEGANCE III? WHY THAT'S THE SINCLAIR SLOOP!! MUST HAVE BEEN A CRANK THAT TIPPED US OFF?



WHEN THE ELEGANCE GETS UNDER WAY, HARDY'S SPEED BOAT LEAVES THE DOCK.. BUT SUDDENLY THEY FIND..



FOLLOWING THE LADY'S ORDERS, HARDY SKIMS UP TO THE ELEGANCE..



SHE SWINGS THE BOOM, AND..



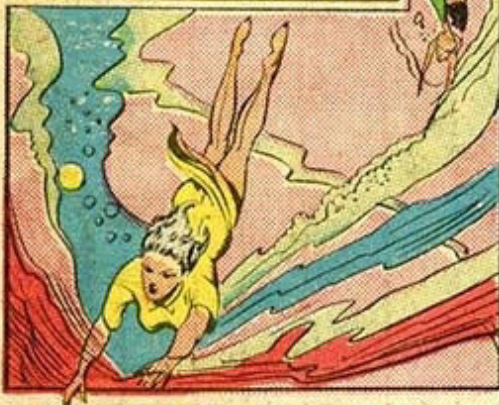
MARGO SPRINGS LIKE AN ANGRY TIGRESS AT LADY LUCK..



SUDDENLY..



MARGO LEADS THE LADY ON A SWIFT CHASE, BELOW THE WATERS OF THE SOUND.



A JAGGED ROCK CATCHES THE TRAILING CLOAK.



LADY LUCK IS UNABLE TO MOVE.



JOCK AND MARGO ARE PICKED UP BY HARDY...



ARE YOU HURT, MISS SINCLAIR?

I WANT YOU TO ARREST THAT WOMAN, CHIEF!

SHE ASSAULTED US FOR NO REASON AT ALL!



SHE'S RAVING MAD!

BY THE WAY, WHERE IS SHE?



STILL UNDER!!



BETTER HELP HIM LOOK FOR HER, SARGE!

SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO HER!

WHAT TH'?



HURRY, JOCK! WE CAN STILL MAKE NEW HAVEN IN TIME TO SELL THE STUFF!

HEY!



MAKIN' A GETAWAY, HUH? WELL... OOPS!

AT LAST, FEENY STRAIGHTENS UP AND WHIPS OUT HIS GUN.



I GUESS THE LADY WAS RIGHT! PULL IN TO SHORE, YOU!

FRIGHTENED BY FEENY'S SHOTS, THE SINCLAIRS DRAW UP TO A SMALL DOCK.



THOUGHT THEY COULD MAKE A MONKEY OUT OF ME, DID THEY?

THAT NIGHT ON THE ELEGANCE III.



BUT, I DON'T CARE WHICH SIDE OF THE LAW YOU'RE REALLY ON... I JUST KNOW THAT IF I HADN'T SAVED YOU... I'D...



HEY, CHIEF! WHERE YA BEEN? I FOUND THE JEWELS ON THOSE TWO... GOT 'EM LOCKED UP. HEY! DID YOU HEAR ME?

BUT, HARDY DEAR, I HAVE TO FIGHT MY BATTLES ALONE!

DON'T MISS LADY LUCK'S THRILLING ADVENTURE NEXT WEEK!



# MR MYSTIC

By  
W. MORGAN  
THOMAS

Copyright, 1940 by Everett M. Arnold  
Distributed by Register and Tribune Syndicate

ENDOWED WITH STRANGE SUPERNATURAL POWERS BY A MYSTERIOUS GROUP OF LAMAS, MR. MYSTIC, A YOUNG AMERICAN DIPLOMAT, DEDICATES HIS LIFE TO AN AVID FIGHT AGAINST EVIL.

IN A WORLD OF UNREST, MANY FANTASTIC CULTS AND RELIGIONS MUSHROOM OUT... SOME BAD, SOME GOOD. AMONG THEM IS THE LIN TEMPLE, WHOSE DISCIPLES VANISH MYSTERIOUSLY.

I'M TIRED OF YOUR RIDICULING THE MAMSA LIN! I BELIEVE HIS PREACHINGS AND I'M JOINING HIS FOLLOWERS!



I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING... MR. MYSTIC! HE'S MY ANSWER! IF ANYONE CAN EXPOSE THIS FAKE, HE CAN!



AN HOUR LATER . . .

MR. COOPER! WELL, YOU'RE A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES! I FEEL LIKE A SIGHT! ERICA IS OFF ON ONE OF HER CRAZY SPREES AGAIN..IT'S DRIVING ME TO DISTRACTION!



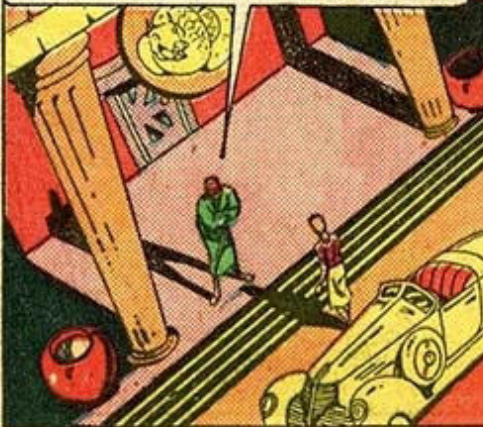
SHE'S GOTTEN MIXED UP WITH A RELIGIOUS FANATIC WHO CLAIMS THAT ANYONE WHO FOLLOWS HIM WILL DWELL IN EARTHLY PARADISE. HE'S A CLEVER ONE! I WANT YOU TO EXPOSE HIM AND BRING ERICA TO HER SENSES!



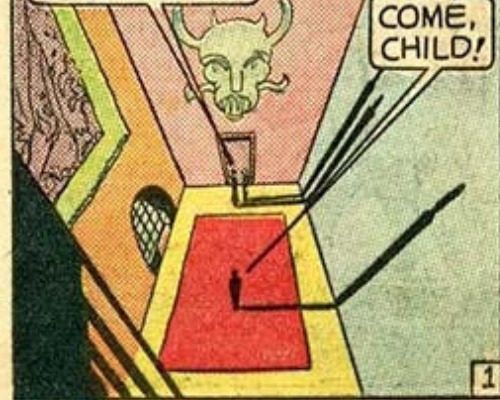
I'LL GO AT ONCE!

MEANWHILE, ERICA COOPER IS GREETED BY MAMSA LIN. . .

AH! YOUR DAY OF DAYS IS AT HAND! THE REPRESENTATIVE FROM PARADISE IS HERE TO TAKE YOU WITH HIM! COME!



HERE IS THE NEWEST CANDIDATE, OH BROTHER! TAKE HER WITH YOU TO THE LAND OF ETERNAL HAPPINESS!



AYE, COME, CHILD!



WE WILL SOON BE DEEP IN THE HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS AND OUR PARADISE! STEP INSIDE MY CLOAK!

CONCENTRATE! OUR SUPERIOR SECRETS OF MENTAL TELEPATHY WILL HAVE US THERE IN A FEW SECONDS

AS THE MAN'S CLOAK CLOS- ES AROUND ERICA, HER HEAD BEGINS TO SPIN. SUDDENLY THEY VANISH.



OUTSIDE, MR. MYSTIC CLIMBS THE STEPS OF THE TEMPLE AND NEARS THE BOLTED DOOR



WHERE IS ERICA COOPER, MAMSA LIN? OH! DID I STARTLE YOU? CERTAINLY THE TRICK OF PROJECTING ONE'S SELF IS NOT UNKNOWN TO YOU?



OF COURSE NOT! I USE IT OFTEN. AS FOR ERICA COOPER, I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO HER!



I HAVE NO TIME TO WASTE ON YOU.. THIS'LL MAKE YOU TALK!



THEY'VE GONE BY BY THOUGHT WAVES TO OUR TEMPLE.. PLEASE! DON'T MELT ME COMPLETELY!

I'LL FREE YOU WHEN I RETURN!



TURNING ON HIS HEEL, MR. MYSTIC WALKS FROM THE ROOM INTO SPACE.



SECONDS LATER HE AGAIN MATERIALIZES ATOP A HIGH MOUNTAIN.. THE PARADISE OF LIN IS INSIDE.



BEFORE THE GATES OF THE CITY, ERICA IS PRESENTED TO THE CULT'S RULER, GANGA LIN, THE EIGHT FOOT GIANT WHOSE MAGIC RIVALS EVEN MR. MYSTIC'S.



W-WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO THAT GIRL?



IT IS OUR ANCIENT LAW THAT BEFORE A NEW MEMBER CAN ENTER OUR ETERNAL CITY, A SACRIFICE MUST BE MADE TO MOLLIIFY OUR GODS FOR THE EXTRA BURDEN! SO, WE KILL THE SLAVES WE CAPTURE!

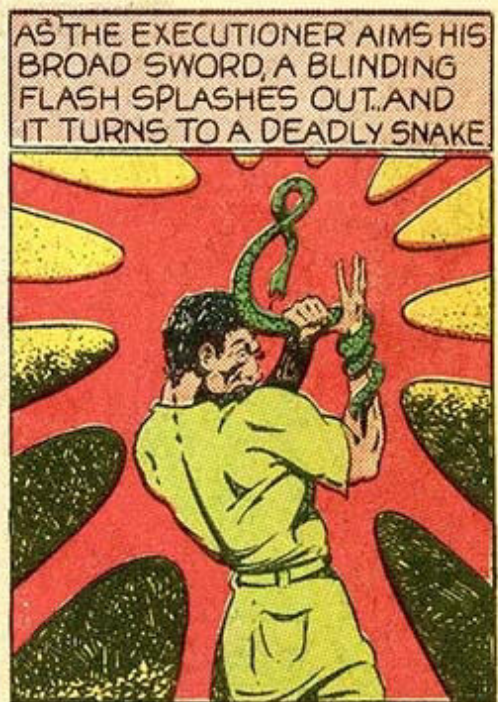
OH! NO! NO! I DON'T WANT TO JOIN NOW!



YOU CANNOT WITHDRAW NOW! PROCEED WITH THE EXECUTION!



WIDE-EYED, THE CULT MEMBERS EAGERLY CROWD AROUND THE SACRIFICIAL STAKE, THEIR LIPS PARTED IN CRUEL SMILES OF ANTICIPATION.



AS THE EXECUTIONER AIMS HIS BROAD SWORD, A BLINDING FLASH SPLASHES OUT, AND IT TURNS TO A DEADLY SNAKE



GANGA LIN, YOU'RE A FOOL! YOU HAVE GREAT POWERS...IT IS A PITY THAT YOU WASTE THEM ON YOUR EVIL DOINGS!

MR. MYSTIC! THE PROTEGE OF MY HATED ENEMIES, THE SEVEN LAMAS!



YOUR SIZE MATTERS NOT! SEE? I TOO CAN BECOME AS LARGE AS YOU! NOW, WHAT DO YOU WANT?



I HAVE COME TO TAKE ERICA COOPER HOME! YOU ARE WICKED! I CHALLENGE YOU TO A BATTLE OF MINDS...TO THE DEATH!



I FEAR YOU NOT! I ACCEPT! TAKE CARE!



I WILL MATCH YOU THOUGHT FOR THOUGHT, GANGA LIN! AND IN THE END I'LL CRUSH YOU WITH MY WILL POWER!



THOUGH THEY SEEM TO STAND AND STARE, THEY REALLY PROJECT THEMSELVES INTO THE FOURTH DIMENSION!



LIKE MIGHTY WRESTLERS, THE MINDS OF THE TWO MEN COME TO GRIPS IN A STRUGGLE THAT CAN END ONLY IN DEATH TO ONE.

FOR ALMOST AN HOUR THE MEN BATTLE FURIOUSLY. FINALLY GANGA LIN WEAKENS AND MR. MYSTIC THROWS HIM OVER...



NEAR EXHAUSTION, MR. MYSTIC KNEELS BY HIS FALLEN FOE...



I COMMAND YOU TO SURRENDER! REFUSE, AND I SHALL KILL YOU, GANGA LIN!



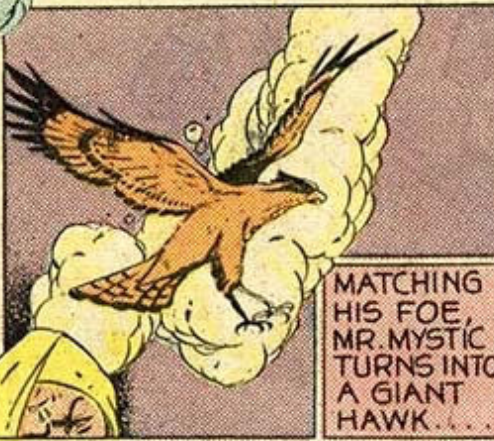
I WILL NEVER SURRENDER! NEVER!



TURNING HIMSELF INTO A DEER, GANGA LIN SPEEDS AWAY, DESPERATELY TRYING TO ESCAPE THE BURNING MIND OF MR. MYSTIC.



QUICKLY OVERTAKING THE FLEEING BUCK, THE HAWK DIVES...



MATCHING HIS FOE, MR. MYSTIC TURNS INTO A GIANT HAWK...



WITH A SWIFT MOVEMENT, SHARP CLAWS AND BEAK RIP THE DEER'S NECK.



LOOK! THEY'RE COMING AFTER US! WHAT'LL WE DO?





KILL THE INFIDELS!  
THEY CANNOT  
ESCAPE US!  
COME!



AS THE MEN RUSH  
FORWARD, MR. MYSTIC  
GESTURES LAZILY...



IN A FLASH, THEY STAND  
ROOTED TO THE GROUND,  
TURNING INTO  
STALAGMITES!!



ERICAS  
FAINTED!  
GOOD! IT'LL  
BE EASIER  
TAKING HER  
BACK!



WHEN WE ARE SAFELY  
HOME, THE MEN WILL  
RESUME THEIR NATURAL  
FORM.. NO USE WASTING  
ANY MORE TIME.



MEANWHILE, ERICAS FATHER  
PACES THE FLOOR RESTLESSLY..

WHERE IN BLAZES CAN  
THEY BE? WHY DOESNT  
HE BRING HER BACK?  
WHY...



SUDDENLY, A PUFF OF SMOKE..  
AND MR. MYSTIC STANDS  
BEFORE THE AMAZED MAN...



QUICKLY REDUCING HIMSELF TO  
NORMAL STATURE, MR. MYSTIC  
TELLS COOPER THE STORY...

SHE'LL COME TO IN  
A MINUTE.. I IMAGINE  
SHE'S CURED  
NOW.

HER  
EYES  
ARE  
OPENING!



OH! I MUST HAVE FALLEN  
ASLEEP.. I'M SORRY! WHO  
IS THIS STRANGELY  
DRESSED MAN,  
DAD?

DON'T YOU  
KNOW? WHY HE..



...HE'S JUST A FRIEND.  
HOW DO YOU DO, MISS COOPER?  
I AM KNOWN AS MR. MYSTIC...  
IF YOU'RE EVER IN TROUBLE,  
DON'T HESITATE  
TO CALL ON  
ME.. I AM  
AT YOUR  
SERVICE.

ANOTHER EXCITING MR. MYSTIC  
STORY WILL APPEAR NEXT  
WEEK.. DON'T MISS IT. . .