WORLD'S GREATEST ADVENTURE-STRIP CHARACTER
MORAN, BILLINGS, NORTON—THREE OF METROPOLIS’ MOST SAVAGE RACKETEERS! WHEN THE LAW THREATENS TO MAKE THEM PAY FOR THEIR EVIL ACTS—DEATH STRIKES! TO SAVE AN INNOCENT MAN FROM DOOM IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR, SUPERMAN SEARCHES FOR THE ACTUAL KILLER! THE RESULT: A TERRIFIC BATTLE IN WHICH SUPER-STRENGTH IS PITTED AGAINST THE TWISTED INTELLECT OF A SUPER-CRIMINAL!
A splendid one! Hop down to Police Headquarters and interview our very successful prosecuting attorney, George Lash!

Lash is young—energetic gets results...but the trouble with him is he knows it, and it goes to his head!

Splendid assignment, eh? White wouldn't think so if he had to listen to that windbag blow off steam!

It must be fun to be an editor and pass out such assignments like this to unsuspecting reporters like us!

We're from the Daily Planet, Mr. Lash. We'd like to quote you on your future plans!

Something sensational, eh—like my past record?

They all told me you were like this—but I couldn't believe it!

That I'm so successful? No...so smug? I thought they were exaggerating but now I can see they were underrating your conceit!

Please, Lois! We've come here to get a statement from the prosecutor...not to start an argument!

Well, here's a statement that ought to please you! Moran, Billings, and Norton have been king-pins in the underworld up to now! But I've got the goods on those unsavory gents, and they're out on bail—now awaiting trial on conspiracy charges!

You're going to do what every other prosecutor has failed to do! Now won't that be dandy for your scrapbook!

You've had your interview. You can go now!

Thank you, sir! You've been very kind!

As Clark departs, his keen, observant eyes note Lash nervously crush his cigarette into an ashtray so that it is bent twice...

Later—at a restaurant...

S'matter? Seen a ghost?

Seating themselves at that table—Moran, Billings, and Norton!
MORAN, BILLINGS AND NORTON, DID YOU SAY? QUICK! DO YOU KNOW THEM?

TO SPEAK FOR LITTLE LOIS! COME ON! INTRODUCE ME!

WHAT A BREAK FOR THOSE COARSE HOODLUMS! I WOULDN'T THINK OF IT!

FOR GOODNESS SAKES, DON'T BE A PANTYWAIST! DON'T YOU REALIZE THIS IS THE OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME? WE CAN GET THEIR REACTION TO THE PROSECUTOR'S STATEMENT!

WOULD BE AN INTERESTING ANGLE FOR THE ARTICLE!

ER-GENTLEMEN, ID LIKE YOU TO MEET LOIS LANE IS THE AN-ER-COLLEAGUE OF MINE! WELL, THIS IS A PLEASURE!

SOB SISTER ON THE PLANET!

I DIDN'T KNOW REPORTERS CAME THIS GOOD LOOKING LOIS!

SINCE WE'VE BEEN INTRODUCED, YOU CAN CALL ME MISS LANE, MR. NORTON!

SPUNKY GAL, EH NORTON! THAT'S HOW I LIKE 'EM, BROTHER--SPUNKY, AN' WITH LOOKS!

DON'T WE ALL?

I REMEMBER NOW! YOU TWO ARE THEM REPORTERS WHAT QUOTED LASH ON SAYIN' HE WAS GONNA SEND US UP!

WE WERE, OF COURSE, JUST PERFORMING OUR DUTY. ER-WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MR. LASH'S STATEMENT?

YOU CAN QUOTE ME--MIKE MORAN AS SAYIN' TH' GUY'S FULLA HOT AIR! GET THAT? YOU CAN QUOTE ME!

WE-ER-GET IT!

I CAN SCARCELY VISUALIZE NORTON AS BEING A GANGSTER--WHY, HE ACTUALLY TOLD ME THAT IF I EVER WANTED TO GO ON THE STAGE, HE'D PULL A COUPLE OF WIRES TO GET ME STARTED!

MORE THAN LIKELY THOSE WIRES WOULD BE AROUND YOUR NECK!
LATER—WITH NO PARTICULARLY IMPORTANT DUTIES TO OCCUPY HIS TIME, CLARK KENT, MEERK REPORTER, SURREPTITIOUSLY REMOVES HIS OUTER GARMENTS SO THAT HE STANDS REVEALED AS SUPERMAN...

NO ONE LOOKING!

SUPERMAN SIGHTS A FIGURE HURLED FROM AN AUTO BEFORE THE METROPOLIS HOTEL... THEN THE CAR DRIVES OFF...

WHAT—??

SHORTLY AFTER... SUPERMAN HURLTS INTO THE PROSECUTOR’S ROOM IN THE HOTEL...

THE PUPILS OF HIS EYES-CONTRACTED! HE’S NOT DRUNK! SOMEONE GAVE HIM DOPE SO THAT HE WOULD APPEAR TO BE!

IT’S THE PROSECUTOR—GEORGE LASH!

AND DOES HE REEK WITH ALCOHOL!

His pocket’s ripped and a button is missing from his coat! There’s something odd afoot, here. And I think Lash’s friend, Police Chief Watson, ought to know about this!

Down to the window-ledge of Chief Watson’s office streaks the man of steel.

I’LL SIMPLY CONFRONT WATSON AND LET HIM KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO LASH!

NEXT INSTANT, SOMETHING OCCURS WHICH CAUSES SUPERMAN TO CHANGE HIS MIND...!
WITHIN WATSON’S OFFICE . . .

THE PROSECUTOR’S WIFE HAS BEEN MURDERED, AND IT LOOKS LIKE LASH DID IT!

I’LL BE RIGHT OVER, SERGEANT CASEY!

AS THE POLICE CAR BEARING POLICE CHIEF WATSON PULLS AWAY FROM THE CURB, A COSTUMED FIGURE NOISELESSLY LEAPS ATOP IT . . .

THIS CALLS FOR A RADICAL CHANGE IN MY TACTICS!

GEORGE LASH GUILTY OF MURDER? BUT WHY SHOULD HE KILL HIS WIFE TO GIVE HIM A DIVORCE FOR SEVERAL YEARS, BUT THEY COULDN’T COMPROMISE ON A MUTUALLY SATISFACTORY PROPERTY SETTLEMENT.

I HAPPEN TO KNOW LASH HAS BEEN TRYING TO PERSUADE HIS WIFE TO GIVE HERSELF A DIVORCE FOR SEVERAL YEARS, BUT THEY COULDN’T COMPROMISE ON A MUTUALLY SATISFACTORY PROPERTY SETTLEMENT.

WHEN THE CAR REACHES ITS DESTINATION . . .

I CAN’T FOLLOW THEM IN, BUT MY TELESCOPIC X-RAY EYESIGHT SHOULD ACQUIRME WITH ALL THAT WILL OCCUR IN THE HOUSE!–)

WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE LASH IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS, CASEY?

THIS!

YOU SEE HOW THOSE CIGARETTES ARE BENT DOUBLE? EVERYONE KNOWS THAT’S A HABIT OF LASH’S! THOSE CIGARETTES WERE RECENTLY SMOKED! DOESN’T THAT PROVE IT?

IT CERTAINLY DOES! CASEY! HURRY TO LASH’S APARTMENT AND ARREST HIM BEFORE HE HAS A CHANCE TO ARRANGE AN ALIBI OR DESTROY THE SUIT THE BUTTON, FOUND TIGHTLY CLUTCHED IN HIS WIFE’S HAND, CAME FROM!

LASH IS CERTAINLY IN A TOUGH SPOT!–HM-MM! WONDER IF THAT SMALL BIT OF WOOD I SAW ON THE CARPET HAS ANY BEARING ON THE KILLER’S TRUE IDENTITY?

RIGHT AWAY, CHIEF!
SUPERMAN re-enters the prosecutor's room, just as he revives...

GREAT JUPITER! SUPERMAN!

RIGHT, THAT TIME!

BUT—WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN HERE, IN MY ROOM?? TRYING HARD TO DO YOU A FAVOR. THE POLICE ARE ON THEIR WAY HERE TO ARREST YOU FOR THE MURDER OF YOUR WIFE!

MY WIFE--MURDERED?

AND I--ACCUSED OF THE DEED! YOU'RE MAD -- OR JOKING!

IT'S ONLY TOO TRUE! BUT, SOMEHOW, I'M CONVINCED YOU'RE INNOCENT!

IT'S VERY GRATIFYING TO HAVE YOUR CONFIDENCE, MR. SUPERMAN, BUT--

WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH YOUR RIGHT HAND?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR GAME IS, BUT IT SOUNDS LIKE A CONFIDENCE GAME TO ME--AND A PRETTY AMATEURISH ONE, AT THAT! RAISE YOUR HANDS!

I TOLD YOU TO KEEP THOSE HANDS RAISED!

LISTEN TO THIS NEWS BROADCAST!

--IS SUSPECTED THAT THE MURDERER OF MRS. LASH IS NONE OTHER THAN HER HUSBAND, THE PROSECUTOR! THIS BULLETIN HAS COME FROM...

WHA--??

NOW DO YOU BELIEVE ME?
IT'S REALITY, I ASSURE YOU! TELL ME! EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED AT YOUR WIFE'S HOME? YOU WERE THERE, WEREN'T YOU NOT?

YES—YES, I RECALL THAT I WAS. GRACE HAD FINALLY CONSENTED TO SIGN THE PROPERTY SETTLEMENT AS I LEFT WITH IT, SOMEONE HIT ME OVER THE HEAD. AFTER THAT, A COMPLETE BLANK UNTIL I AWOKE HERE!

SHE SIGNED A SETTLEMENT PAPER? THEN THAT WILL PROVE YOU HAD NO MOTIVE FOR KILLING HER! LET'S SEE IT!

THE PAPER.... I CAN'T FIND IT!

WELL—THERE GOES THAT HOPE!

QUIETLY NOW! WE MUST GIVE HIM NO CHANCE TO ESCAPE!

SH—SH!

BUT THE POLICE ARE UNAWARE THAT THEIR SILENT STEPS SOUND AS LOUD AS THUNDERCLAPS TO THE MAN OF TOMORROW'S SUPER-SENSITIVE HEARING....

SOMEONE COMING—THE POLICE!

POLICE! THEY'LL ARREST ME! I'LL BE RAILROADED TO THE CHAIR! I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY—FAST!

OH, NO YOU DON'T! YOU STAY RIGHT HERE! WANT TO RUIN EVERYTHING? IF YOU RUN FOR IT, IT'LL CONVINCE THEM EVEN MORE STRONGLY OF YOUR GUILT!

I'VE SENT MANY A MAN TO THE CHAIR ON EVEN LESS EVIDENCE THAN IS PILED AGAINST ME! WHAT WILL I DO?

REST ASSURED THAT IF YOU'RE REALLY INNOCENT YOU HAVE MY SOLEMN PROMISE YOU WON'T BE PUNISHED FOR A CRIME YOU DIDN'T COMMIT!

NICE WORK, CLARK! NICE! THAT SCOOP ON LASH'S ARREST WAS A HUM-DINGER! YOU MUST BE TICKLED PINK!

TICKLED?—OH, YEAH... SURE! ('PLEASED WITH MYSELF? HARDLY! I'VE BUT LITTLE TIME TO PROVE LASH'S INNOCENCE, AND HAVE MADE NO HEADWAY!')

LATER—AT THE DAILY PLANET OFFICE.
AGAIN, CLARK MEETS MORAN, BILLINGS AND NORTON.

WELL, WELL, IF IT AIN'T OUR PAL, TH' PLANET REPORTER! WOT'TAYA SAY NOW ABOUT LASH?

HE'S GONNA BE TOO BUSY TRYING TO DODGE THE HOT SEAT TO PAY MUCH ATTENTION TO US HARD WORKING BUSINESS MEN!

CONVENIENT, EH - FOR YOU!

LATER - AND ONCE AGAIN HE DONS THE UNIFORM OF SUPERMAN...

SO LASH'S FRAME-UP MAKES THE GOING EASIER FOR THOSE CROOKS? HM-MM! THAT'S JUST A LITTLE TOO NEAT A SET-UP FOR MERE COINCIDENCE!

THE MAN OF STEEL SCALES THE SHEER WALL OF THE RACKETEERS' HEADQUARTERS UNTIL HE REMAINS SUSPENDED BELOW THE WINDOW OF THEIR PRIVATE OFFICE...

NOW TO GET AN EARFUL... I HOPE!

HO-HO! - IT HANDS ME A LAUGH TO THINK OF TH' PROSECUTOR BEIN' A PRISONER IN ONE O' HIS OWN CELLS!

YEAAH? DOESN'T IT - UH - HH - ?? "FINGERTIPS! ON THE WINDOWSILL!"

("SH-HH!-")

DOWN SMASHES THE HAMMER!

HUUH? NO EFFECT!

CONCEALMENT NO LONGER POSSIBLE, I MIGHT AS WELL JOIN YOUR COMPANY!

IT'S SUPERMAN!

GET THAT GUY!

OKAY, BOSS!

FIRE AWAY, BOYS!
As the mobsmen open fire at him with the thundering machine-guns, Superman holds forth his hands so that the bullets cascade back toward the gunmen...

You can have them right back!

Stop firing! We'll be killed by our own bullets!

Give me those guns!

He's got th' gats! Run for it!

Superman crushes the weapons together...

There! Let them try using these again!

Quick thru here!

Whee! Barely made it!

Good thing you had this solid steel-walled room built!

Thought it might come in handy some day--and it did!

This is a further precaution!

So this huge steel door is supposed to baffle me, eh?

M-m-m! Electricity! They've thought of everything!

But you didn't think of this?

Huh?

L-l-(gulp)--Look!
DON'T WANT ME TO SEE WHAT'S IN THAT SAFE, EH?

YOU GET THE IDEA!

WILL YOU TELL ME THE COMBINATION?

NO!

IT'S A PITY TO--

-Destroy such a--

---Fine-looking-safe!

WELL, LOOK WHAT WE HAVE HERE! MRS. LASH'S SIGNED PROPERTY SETTLEMENT! WONDER HOW IT ACCIDENTALLY CAME INTO YOUR POSSESSION!

I--I--WE--BOUGHT IT FROM A SNEAK THIEF!

YOU DON'T SAY? I'M SURE THE POLICE WILL BE INTERESTED IN YOUR EXPLANATION!

PUT ME DOWN!

I'M SURE THEY'LL ALSO BE INTERESTED TO LEARN THAT THE SMALL PIECE OF WOOD FOUND AT THE MURDER SPOT WAS A TOOTHPICK--AND YOU ALWAYS CHEW TOOTHPICKS!

THAT DON'T PROVE NOTHIN!!
THRU THE DARKENING SKY ZOOMS
SUPERMAN WITH THE MURDER SUSPECT...

DON'T TURN ME OVER TO THE COPS!
I'LL PAY YOU ANYTHING--ANYTHING!

TOO BAD, NORTON--BUT YOU'VE AT LAST ENCOUNTERED SOMEONE WHO CAN'T BE BOUGHT OFF!

WHAT IN TARNATION?
I'VE BROUGHT YOU A GUEST, WATSON!

EXPLAIN YOURSELF!
LET THIS DO THE TALKING--!

THE PROPERTY SETTLEMENT--
SIGNED BY MRS. LASH! THEN LASH WASN'T LYING!

AND HERE'S THE REAL KILLER--NICK NORTON!
THAT'S A LIE!

I'D HOPED LASH WAS INNOCENT! -- HAVE YOU ANY PROOF OF NORTON'S GUILT?
THE BEST IN THE WORLD! MOTHER NATURE!
I KNOW HE'S CRACKED!

MOTHER NATURE! NOW!
DID I HEAR YOU SAY THAT MOTHER NATURE WILL HELP PROVE LASH'S INNOCENCE, AND NORTON'S GUILT?

THAT'S JUST WHAT I SAID! AND NOW--I'LL EXPLAIN!
IT SO HAPPENS, NORTON, THAT BUSHES GROW NEAR MRS. LASH’S HOME.

WELL--WHAT OF IT?

DO I HAVE TO CONTINUE TO LISTEN TO THIS NONSENSE? I DEMAND YOU RELEASE ME!

ANSWER HIM!

THANKS, WATSON!

YOU HID IN THOSE BUSHES! AND WHEN LASH EMERGED FROM THE HOUSE, YOU KNOCKED HIM UNCONSCIOUS, RIPPED HIS SUIT. YOU ENTERED THE HOME, KILLED MRS. LASH, LEFT THE INCRIMINATING BUTTON THERE ON PURPOSE...

GO ON WITH YOUR WILD TALE! AND THEN?

AND THEN YOU DRUGGED LASH, DOUSED HIM WITH ALCOHOL SO THAT HE'D APPEAR DRUNK, AND DUMPED HIM OFF BEFORE HIS HOTEL!

A LIKELY TALE! BUT CAN YOU PROVE IT? AND WHAT'S THIS RIGA-MAROLE ABOUT MOTHER NATURE?

OH, YES...THE BUSHES! IT SO HAPPENS, THAT DESPITE YOUR CAREFULLY LAID PLANS YOU DIDN'T TAKE INTO ACCOUNT THAT THESE BUSHES WERE POISON IVY!

POISON IVY!

I'M BEGINNING TO SEE!

IN A SHORT WHILE A RASH WILL APPEAR ON YOUR HAND, WHERE YOU TOUCHED THE BUSHES! AND THAT, NICK NORTON, WILL BE SUFFICIENT EVIDENCE TO SEND YOU TO THE CHAIR!

HE KILLED MRS. LASH SO THAT THE PROSECUTOR WOULDN'T BE IN A POSITION TO PROSECUTE HIM AND HIS FRIENDS ON OTHER CHARGES!

I DEMAND YOU FREE ME!

YOU'RE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR A CELL! WE'LL WAIT AND SEE IF THAT RASH APPEARS!

GOOD NEWS, LASH! YOU MAY SOON BE FREE!

FREE? THAT'S WONDERFUL!
Shortly later... Clark appears at the Daily Planet newspaper office...

In conference with Superman! He unexpectedly alighted before me out of space and gave me a first rate news tip—want to come along, Lois?

Seated in his cell, Norton looks long and hard at his hands...

Poison Ivy-- a rash... either he was nuts, or...

Any news? Not yet but we expect some any-

Quick! Get me some medicine! My hands! Itching terribly!

The Poison Ivy!

Before you get treatment, come clean! You did kill Mrs. Lash, didn't you?

Yes! I did it-- I did it! But for gosh sakes please get me a doc!

Wait! I don't understand this! Poison Ivy outside Mrs. Lash's home? I happen to know that bush isn't poison Ivy!

It isn't? But Superman said--!

I've been tricked!

Evidently Superman subjected you to some applied psychology!

He told you that you had touched some Poison Ivy, then let your imagination do the rest!

Superman has my humble gratitude.

Mine too! Just think what a swell article this will make!

You may get a scoop out of this Clark, but my real admiration is for Superman, who was clever enough to trick a confession out of Norton!

The End.
GREETINGS again, Members! This time I want to talk to you about HITTING THE LINE HARD—a phrase which seems particularly apt at this time of year.

We all know that the best football player is the man who HITS THE LINE HARD, and that same expression can be fitted to any other activity in life.

HITTING THE LINE HARD doesn't mean being cruel or ruthless. It simply means playing "the game" for all it's worth, doing your very best at anything you tackle. The hardy pioneers who carved our great nation—and the territory of our great neighbor, Canada—out of stark wilderness, accomplished what they did just by putting their whole hearts and souls and energies into the gigantic job that faced them.

And the necessity for doing just that exists just as much today as it did then. The President and the Congress, and every citizen, are HITTING THE LINE HARD in order to make the United States the strong nation it needs to be in a world of uncertainties. The members of the Federal Bureau of Investigation are HITTING THE LINE HARD in activities aimed at saboteurs and Fifth Columnists. The Army and Navy chiefs are HITTING THE LINE HARD to put their branches of the service into top-notch defensive condition.

The same sort of approach to life should be the aim of every Member of the SUPERMEN OF AMERICA. Even the youngest of us should do everything possible to prepare for the days when we will be grown up and required to take our places in the world.

Doubtless many of you look forward to becoming airplane pilots. You should realize that to attain that ambition you must be in splendid shape physically, and alert mentally. The men training for Uncle Sam's service are all required to be first class material. Just "good enough" men won't do! So, if you want to be one of those men some day, you must prepare for it NOW!

How can you do this? It isn't really so difficult. You must simply make up your mind to HIT THE LINE HARD! When you play, HIT THE LINE HARD to develop your body to the highest point of efficiency. And when you study, HIT THE LINE HARD too. Even if some of the things you must learn at school seem to you to be unnecessary, remember that all your studies are designed toward a particular end—to develop your mind so that it will be able to cope with any problem that may arise.

In your dealings with everyone, HIT THE LINE HARD. That means to be strong and fair and honest and sincere—and it also means being the sort of American who can hold up his head and be proud to say "I am a REAL American!"

Sincerely,
CLARK KENT

---

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE!
(Code Mercury No. 1)

CF QSPVE ZPV BSF BO BN-ESJDBO BOE MJWF VQ UP UIF HSFBU IFSJUBH PG B HSFBU OBUJPO.

SUPERMAN,
c/o ACTION COMICS,
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C.

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Charter Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Button and Superman Code.

NAME .................................. AGE ...

STREET ADDRESS ..........................

CITY AND STATE ..........................
THE LOUDEST NOISE ON EARTH!

On Aug. 6, 1883, the volcano Krakatoa in the Dutch East Indies erupted after 200 years of silence. Stones, smoke, and flame spewed to a height of 17 miles! Four hours later, the deafening noise was heard on Rodriguez Island, 3,000 miles away!!! It created a 72-foot tidal wave which took 36,000 lives!

The tidal wave was still 18 inches high when it reached Table Bay, West Africa, 5,000 miles from its origin!!

A pungent musk exuded from the hoofs of a hunted deer is capable of nauseating the pursuer!

Chalchas, the Greek, died from laughter because, when the day that was predicted to be his death-day came around, he was in the best of health!

Chewing gum was relished by the stone-age men!!
SUPERMAN IS ON THE RADIO!

SPONSORED BY THE MAKERS OF FORCE

OVER THE FOLLOWING STATIONS:

Monday, Wednesday, and Friday

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Monday and Friday
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CHOOSE YOURS NOW!

BOYS! GIRLS! Here are super prizes for you, or fine gifts for Mother and Dad. They’re yours without a cent of cost.

IT’S EASY! Do like thousands of others have done—get any prize here, or your choice from many others in our Big Prize Sheet, for selling only 40 Christmas Packs at 10c each. Each pack contains 2 beautiful Christmas Cards, 2 envelopes and 24 sparkling Xmas Seals. When sold, return the money and choose your prize. It is sent AT ONCE.

Mail coupon today for Xmas Packs and Big Prize Sheet showing over 40 prizes to choose from.

SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 402, Lancaster, Pa.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 402, Lancaster, Pa.

Please send me your Big Prize Sheet and one order of 40 Xmas Packs. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money and get my prize.

My choice of prize is ____________

Name
Street Address or R.F.D. Box
City
State
RINALDO was not a gypsy prince. He was just a gypsy: a nice, care-free boy in whose eyes was the sad music of his race.

Rinaldo lived with his father, that he was fed and clothed, which, he said, was enough for any boy. Consequently, when next day he called Rinaldo in and presented him with a wicker basket, the boy was excited over the present. Excited and startled, for when the basket was opened, in it was a cobra!

Rinaldo did not contradict him. The gypsies have strange ways of foretelling the future. The boy stood with bowed head as Domenick said: "You will also avenge my death, as befits the duty of a son towards a father. Now go."

The next morning, Rinaldo found his adopted father dead. A thief had come upon him and, not finding Domenick's hoard, had killed the old man.

Domenick. There were those of the tribe who said that Domenick was a miser and skin-flint. Rinaldo did not think so. He knew his father was frugal and did not waste money. But a miser? No!

Of course, Rinaldo couldn't help hearing tales of the gold old Domenick was said to have hidden someplace in the gypsy caravan. Gold worth a king's ransom, the gypsies used to say. Rinaldo asked his father about this one time. The old man became enraged. "I am as poor as a buzzard," he cried. "Do not believe those lies you hear!"

Now perhaps we should say that Domenick wasn't Rinaldo's real father, who had died, but his adopted parent. Rinaldo loved and honored him. Domenick saw

Domenick smiled at Rinaldo's frightened face. "You need not fear him," he said. "Look." From his pocket, Domenick brought out a little whistle and piped a tune. To Rinaldo's amazement, the snake's head swayed in tempo.

Rinaldo's expression changed from fear to delight. Then, as it suddenly clouded, Domenick said: "What is the matter? Do you not like your present?"

"Yes," returned Rinaldo. "But I am afraid that my cat will fear it."

Domenick said this was nonsense, that neither would bother with the other. "There are more pressing things to speak about now," he said. "I have a feeling that my death, by violence, is near."

With fitting honors, Domenick was buried. It was then that Rinaldo learned, from a message his father had left with the chief, that a fortune in gems was his.

You should put them in a safe place," the chief said.

"That is right," his son, the bully Pietro, agreed, "or perhaps the same thief will return to steal and murder."

Rinaldo bit his lip. "He would not dare come into my tent," he challenged. "My snake frighten a gypsy! Ha-ha! A long knife would soon finish him."

Both Pietro and his father roared. "A snake frighten a gypsy! Ha-ha! A long knife would soon finish him."

A long knife would soon finish him."
Rinaldo said nothing, accepted with thanks the bag of gems and went home. The afternoon was hot, and he decided to take a siesta. The snake, the king cobra, was coiled peacefully nearby.

Suddenly, Rinaldo started as with an exclamation of disgust, the robber bent down to remove the head.

His scream awakened Rinaldo. People started pouring into the tent. The man's hand was swelling and his face was beginning to drip perspiration as the chief took off the mask. "Pietro!" he cried, "You—you are the murderer! The thief!"

He heard footsteps in his tent. His eyes opened wide at the masked man who stood there. Swiftly, the man came over, seized Rinaldo's throat before he could cry out, "Tell me where those jewels are, or you die like your worthless father!" Rinaldo shook his head, then fainted as the man increased the pressure on his throat.

Thus, he didn't see the cobra slide toward the intruder. With a rapid motion the thief's knife slid out. Slush—through the air it went, and the cobra's head tumbled out of the tent. The man searched the tent, found the gems beneath Rinaldo, and started out. He stopped, wide-eyed, as Rinaldo's cat suddenly appeared with the severed head between its jaws. "Faugh!"

Pietro was beyond help now. His strength was ebbing fast. "Yes," he whispered, "But the snake—!

"I cut off its head," he said weakly, "I——"

Everyone looked as Rinaldo stepped forward. "You forgot," he said slowly, "in your eagerness to steal, that a snake's body does not stop quivering until sundown, when it dies! Thus the snake which you killed has also killed you!"

THE END

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CLIP CARSON
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THREE ACES
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— AND OTHERS APPEAR EVERY MONTH IN

ACTION COMICS

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING COMIC MAGAZINE!
WHEN A STRANGE INEXPLICABLE MALADY DESCENDS UPON GAY CITY, THREATENING EVERY ONE OF ITS INHABITANTS WITH A TERRIBLE FATE, HUMANITY APPEARS DOOMED. BUT A CHAMPION APPEARS TO BATTLE IN MANKIND'S BEHALF—A MIGHTY WARRIOR TO WHOM STUPENDOUS OBSTACLES ARE BUT INCENTIVES FOR COMBAT—THE DARING, THE DYNAMIC SUPERMAN!
Suddenly--as two strolling citizens collide, they fall apart...!

Horror reigns! As the frightened crowds surge for safety, many more disintegrate upon colliding!

And so...fearful of a fate so frightening the mind can scarcely visualize it, the mob stands rigid, fearful of all jarring movement...

How long are we to stand here like this?

You can move, lady, but you've got to be careful not to bump into anything!

As for me, I'm not stirring an inch!

Out of control, the autos mow into the helpless mob, claiming scores of victims.

Citizens of Gay City--pay close attention! Stay in your homes--do not dare move! The mayor will do everything in his power to fight this uncanny menace!

You've heard the news broadcasts! There's a big story brewing in Gay City! Get down there and cover it!

You bet!
I've just learned that you assigned Clark to the Gay City story. If you're going to ask him to be assigned to that story, too -- forget it! It's too dangerous for a woman.

You're perfectly right, Chief!

Well... that's more like it! 'Hmm-mm! I wonder! It's rather unusual for Lois to take it so calmly!'

Where to?

To the airport! If White thinks he's going to keep me off this yarn just because I was born a female, he's got another guess coming!

As the airplane carrying Lois sets out for Gay City.

Clark changes into his Superman costume.

I may not only find a big news story in Gay City... but a task for Superman!

Next instant... a great leap launches Superman high up into the sky.

Thru the fleecy clouds whizzes the Man of Tomorrow, like a runaway meteor!

But as Superman reaches his destination within a few minutes...

A trolley car stalled in the path of a train!
Plunging to earth, Superman hoists the streetcar to safety as the train bears down upon it...

I'd better lower this delicate package carefully--or its passengers will crack like eggs!

It was terrible to see that train bearing down on us, and not be able to flee! But we're saved, now--thanks to that remarkably strong man!

Superman's telescopic vision reveals to him that the train's engineer is dead at the throttle...

Springing in Superman seizes the rear of the train...hurls back against its terrific drive...

Either this train stops or its passengers die!

What's happened? We're slowing!

As the train completely halts, Superman springs away...

You've saved our lives! Be careful not to collide with anything--or you'll lose them!

Seconds later--the man of steel swings in thru the window of Jim Stanley's office at City Hall...

No one here--but the door's opening.

Who--?

Superman, Commissioner--at your service!
YOU ACTUALLY EXIST, AND I ALWAYS THOUGHT SUPERMAN TO BE A MYTH!

YES, I'M REAL ENOUGH, AND I'M ANXIOUS TO HELP YOU IN ANY WAY I CAN.

HOW FORTUNATE YOU'VE SHOWN UP. I'VE JUST RECEIVED A MYSTERIOUS TIP-OFF THAT THE CAUSE OF THIS TERRIBLE MALADY LIES WITHIN THE GARGOYLE TOWERS!

GARGOYLE TOWERS, EH? I'M ON MY WAY!

BUT AS SUPERMAN STREAKS DOWN TO THE SIDE OF THE GARGOYLE TOWERS...

NOW! BLOW IT UP!

THE DYNAMITERS BLOW PART OF THE WALL LOOSE, AND AS THE DEBRIS HURTTLES DOWNWARD TOWARD THE UNMOVING AND BADLY FRIGHTENED PEDESTRIANS, SUPERMAN CATCHES IT...

LOOK OUT BELOW!

SUPERMAN HEAVES SO THAT THE MIGHTY MASS FLIES OVER HIS SHOULDER AND ONTO AN EMPTY LOT ACROSS THE STREET....

AVAILING HIMSELF OF HIS X-RAY EYESIGHT, SUPERMAN NOTES THAT INVISIBLE RAYS, COVERING THE CITY, EMERGE FROM A DISTANT TOWER AT THE LAKE'S EDGE...

IT LOOKS LIKE STANLEY HAD A WRONG STEER! THAT'S THE SOURCE OF THE TROUBLE!
Meanwhile

--- Lois arrives safely at the Gay City Airport...

Back! - If you enter this city, you're taking your life into your hands!

It's my life!

If Clark Kent thinks he's going to hog this big story, he's due for the surprise of his life!

As Lois' hand accidentally strikes against the door, there comes the sound of tinkling glass...

What--??

Good grief! It's turning into glass!

Terrified at her predicament, Lois seats herself in the waiting room...

I don't dare move, or my arm is liable to break off!

As Superman sprints toward the tower from which the invisible rays emanate, he pauses, as...
AN IRRESISTIBLE LEAP CARRIES SUPERMAN IN THRU THE PLANT’S WALLS.

LET ME ATTEND TO THIS!

STOP! YOU’RE WRECKING THE MACHINERY!

RIGHT! AND IF I DIDN’T, IT WOULD DESTROY YOU!

WITH A MINIMUM OF VIOLENCE, SUPERMAN STOPS THE GREAT GENERATORS WITH HIS BARE HANDS...

NEXT, SUPERMAN SPRINGS TO THE TOP OF THE TOWER...

NO DOUBT OF IT! THOSE STRANGE RAYS ARE EMERGING FROM THIS BUILDING!

VOICES—IN THE ROOM BELOW!

THAT DOES IT!

EASILY, THE MAN OF STEEL TEARS A HOLE IN THE ROOF...

THEN Launches HIMSELF DOWN THRU THE OPENING!

HERE GOES!

KOTZOFF—THE LONG MISSING SCIENTIST!

TELL ME WHAT DEVILTRY YOU’RE UP TO, OR... WHAT’S THIS?!
TO HIS HORROR, SUPERMAN
NOTES...

YOUR TONGUE - MISSING!

SNATCHING UP A RAY-GUN, KOTZOFF BLASTS AWAY...

GIVE ME THAT TOY!

PLUCKING THE GUN FROM THE
ASTONISHED SCIENTIST, THE
MAN OF TOMORROW CRUSHES IT IN HIS PALM...

AND NOW, YOU'RE COMING UP WITH ME!

AS THEY PLUMMET DOWNWARD.

DON'T LOOK SO FRIGHTENED! YOU
WON'T BE CRUSHED BY THE FALL -- THO'
IT'S A PITY YOU WON'T!

STORAGE TANKS -- AND FOR THE NEW STRANGE GAS
BEING USED WITH SUCH DISASTROUS EFFECT ON
GAY CITY, I'LL WAGER!

ABRUPTLY -- THE THREE MEN WHO HAD BEEN
IN STANLEY'S COMPANY LEAP UPON
SUPERMAN FROM BEHIND

GET HIM!

HE MUST NOT TOUCH THOSE TANKS!

YOU DON'T SAY?

A DEXTROUS HEAVE -- AND THE THREE MEN
PLUMMET OVER SUPERMAN'S
SHOULDER AND FAR OUT INTO THE LAKE!

YEE-EE-EE!!

GO 'WAY -- YOU BOTHER ME!
Meanwhile--at the terminal, but as she raises her arm!

'I've got to quiet my nerves--with a piece of gum...'

'I don't put my hand down, or it may fall all the way down, to the floor!'

Superman hoists the huge tanks into the air...

- Up you go-

- And into the lake, where you can't continue your fiendish work!

Tell me, now--where is the antidote to this gas?

This'll hold you for the present--!

Now to return to city hall and offer the commissioner my personal thanks for sending me to that death-trap!
Streaking down out of the sky, Superman catches hold of the commissioner's window...

--And I'm sure he won't like the way I express my appreciation!

He's not here—gone!

The commissioner is known to be quite an aviation enthusiast! --Perhaps I'll find him here!

But instead Superman sights...

("Lois!-")

My arm—aching terribly! I can't hold it motionless much longer! But if I drop it!

Stealing up silently behind Lois, Superman applies the antidote...

("There!-") It's moving! It's recovered!

But before Lois can move, the man of tomorrow presses a nerve at the base of her neck, rendering her unconscious...

I don't want her barging into mischief!

Superman places Lois in an empty plane:

She'll keep out of trouble here!
AT THAT MOMENT, A PLANE TAKES OFF FROM THE FIELD WITH THE COMMISSIONER AT THE CONTROLS.

BUT AS HIS TELESCOPIC X-RAY VISION REVEALS TO HIM THE IDENTITY OF THE PLANE’S PILOT, SUPERMAN LEAPS IN PURSUIT.

I’VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM HERE! NO TELLING WHAT WILL HAPPEN WITH SUPERMAN INTERFERING!

YOU’RE WASTING YOUR AMMUNITION, STANLEY! THESE BULLETS DON’T BOTHER ME AT ALL.

TRYING TO RUN OFF, EH?

Seizing the plane under his arm, Superman drops earthward with it...

GET OUT OF HERE!
DON’T HURT ME!

Dodging Stanley dashes thru the terminal...

Out of my way!

I don’t dare pursue him at super-speed, or I’m liable to jar some of these innocent bystanders!
UPON REACHING POLICE HEADQUARTERS, THE COMMISSIONER ADMINISTERS ANTIDOTES TO THE POLICEMEN...

THIS ANTIDOTE WHERE DID YOU GET IT? NEVER MIND! THE IMPORTANT THING IS THAT SUPERMAN'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS TERRIBLE CALAMITY, AND YOU'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!

SUPERMAN WALKS INTO A BARRAGE OF MACHINE-GUN BULLETS AND TEAR GAS BOMBS UNHARMED.

HE ISN'T HARMED! YOU MIGHT AS WELL SAVE YOUR AMMUNITION! IF THIS DOESN'T WORK...

AS SUPERMAN ALMOST SEIZES STANLEY...

HERE'S WHERE YOU GET WHAT'S COMING - MAYBE!

STRUCK BY A SUDDEN DIZZINESS, THE MAN OF STEEL SINKS TO HIS KNEES....

MY STRENGTH DESERTING ME....!

- THE EFFECTS OF KOTZOFF'S NEW GAS!

THROW HIM IN YOUR STRONGEST CELL!

BUT WILL IT BE STRONG ENOUGH TO HOLD HIM?

MY MIND CLEARING! AND MY STRENGTH RETURNING!

THAT, FOR THESE METAL BONDS!

I TOLD YOU NO PRISON WAS STRONG ENOUGH TO HOLD HIM!

YOU'RE A BRIGHT LAD - BUT NOT BRIGHT ENOUGH TO REALIZE THAT STANLEY IS A CROOK!
SUPERMAN streaks to Kotzoff's laboratory to find the conspirators preparing to flee...

IT'S HIM!
IF IT'S FIGHT YOU WANT, HERE IT IS!
CLEAR THE AIR OF YOUR INVISIBLE AND ODORLESS GAS AND SPREAD THE ANTIDOTE OVER THE TOWN!

WE'VE GOT TO LOSE NO TIME IN FLEEING!
SORRY-BUT YOU'RE A LITTLE TOO LATE!

START EXPLAINING! WE WANTED TO SCARE PEOPLE OUT OF TOWN SO WE COULD BUY PROPERTIES FOR A SONG. THEN, WHEN THE SCARE WAS FORGOTTEN, WE COULD SELL OUR HOLDINGS FOR A HUGE PROFIT!

AND IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOUR INTERVENTION, WE WOULD HAVE SUCCEEDED!

AFTER THE CITY'S AIR HAS BEEN CLEARED OF THE DREAD GAS, SUPERMAN LEAPS OFF WITH HIS CAPTIVES...

WHERE ARE YOU TAKING US?
TO THE STATE CAPITOL!

AT THE CAPITOL... AFTER THE CAPTIVES HAVE CONFESSED TO STATE POLICE...

AND THAT'S YOU'LL ALL BE DEALT WITH SEVERELY FOR THIS!
THAT'S THE STORY ALL BE Guilt!

REVERTING TO HIS IDENTITY AS CLARK KENT, THE MAN OF TOMORROW RETURNS TO LOIS AS SHE REVIVES...

WH-WHAT HAPPENED?
PLENTY! SUPERMAN HAS FREED THE CITY OF ITS CROOKED OFFICIAL'S MAD DESIGNS!

A GRAND STORY! BOTH OF YOU SHOULD BE PROUD OF THE SPLENDID WAY YOU HANDLED IT!

LATER-- IN METROPOLIS...

THANKS, BOSS!
I'D BE EVEN PROUDER, IF I'D LEARNED SUPERMAN'S TRUE IDENTITY!

THE END.
LISTEN TO THE SUPERMAN RADIO PROGRAM
FOR
“The Return Of The Yellow Mask!”
BEGINNING DECEMBER

The most thrilling story ever heard on the Superman adventure serial comes to the air over your local station beginning October 7th when THE YELLOW MASK RETURNS!

A crazed scientist whose twisted brain invents amazing machines and devises diabolically clever schemes to aid him in achieving POWER, the YELLOW MASK, once banished by SUPERMAN, returns!

Don't fail to listen to every one of the thrilling, exciting episodes of the Superman Radio Serial beginning October 7th when THE YELLOW MASK RETURNS! Hear how Superman, Champion of Truth and Justice, alone fights to save the world from domination by the most vicious criminal who ever lived!

If you cannot hear the Superman Radio Program where you live, write to your local radio station immediately and ask them to put it on the air.

The SUPERMAN Radio Program is heard now on the following stations:

WOR  NEW YORK CITY
WHAM  ROCHESTER, N. Y.
WFIL  PHILADELPHIA, PA.
WGY  SCHENECTADY, N. Y.
WBZ  BOSTON, MASS.
WJAR  PROVIDENCE, R. I.
Koy  PHOENIX, ARIZ.
KZRM  MANILA, Philippine Islands
Wurf!

Take that, you mutt!

Hey, fellers! Get a genuine Superman Sweat Shirt.

You'll feel as strong as Superman in this new sweat shirt with the famous Superman design on the front. It's built for wear and easy for Mother to launder. The collar has Lastex knit in it to give a snug fit at the neck. Just think of the fun you'll have wearing this new SUPERMAN Sweat Shirt. Fill out and mail the coupon today.

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Boy!—What a swell dream that was—I wish I had another one like it!

Er—say, Tiny—would you mind socking me again—huh?

Huh?

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Crooked politics sabotages the very foundations of democratic government! When Superman finds the city of Metropolis infested by evil, conniving public officeholders, he begins a clean-up campaign which for sheer thoroughness and unorthodox procedure has never before been witnessed in the annals of representative government!
Ralph Dale, Public Prosecutor of Metropolis, Questions the Arresting Officer.

You will relate EXACTLY what happened on the night of Tuesday, October 29.

Well—ll—ll... I was patrolling my beat, see, when I heard the sound of shots. I run up and see this Tyler guy holding a gun and...

Then you didn't actually see the murder performed? You couldn't swear to it that it was Tyler who pulled the trigger that launched the bullet that killed the victim?

I—I didn't see him shot, but I could swear that...

Then you're positive—never doubt in your mind— you're certain that "Red" Tyler committed the murder before your very eyes? You say this without fear of reprisal from "Reds" gangster-friends?

Look at Tyler and his attorney—grinning wildly and no wonder—the prosecuting attorney is practically winning the case for them.

You'd think Dale was retained by the defense ("and it looks as tho' he actually is!"—)
Shortly after...

CLARK DROPS INTO THE SMALL OFFICE OF BERT RUNYAN, A STRUGGLING BUT BRILLIANT YOUNG LAWYER WITH WHOM HE IS ACQUAINTED...

WHAT DO YOU SAY, BERT?

IT'S A FLATTERING OFFER, CLARK--BUT--I DON'T KNOW...

THE CITY NEEDS AN HONEST PROSECUTOR, BERT, AND I'M CONVINCED YOU'RE THE MAN FOR THE JOB! WOULDN'T YOU DO IT--FOR THE SAKE OF METROPOLIS?

WITHIN THE OFFICES OF NAT BURLY, CORRUPT POLITICAL BOSS.

NO ONE'S HEARD OF RUNYAN BEFORE, IT'S TRUE--BUT WITH THE DAILY PLANET BACKING HIM, ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN, I TELL YOU!

DON'T WORRY. I'LL ATTEND TO THE "DARK HORSE"!

THAT AFTERNOON, AS CLARK APPROACHES RUNYAN'S OFFICE IN SEARCH OF CAMPAIGN MATERIAL....

WELL, WELL! I SEE THAT BURLY ISN'T LOSING ANY TIME! HM-MM! MY X-RAY VISION AND SUPER-SENSITIVE HEARING OUGHT TO ENABLE ME TO EAVESDROP UPON SOMETHING VERY, VERY INTERESTING!
YOU'RE RUNYAN! ME, I'M NAT BURLY--YOU'VE HEARD OF ME NO DOUBT!
YES--I'VE HEARD OF YOU! I'VE HEARD A GREAT DEAL ABOUT YOU!
THEN YOU KNOW I ALWAYS GET WHAT I WANT...ONE WAY OR ANOTHER. I LIKE TO WORK THINGS OUT IN A NICE FRIENDLY WAY. BUT WHEN A STUBBORN CUSS INSISTS ON GETTING TOUGH, WHY,

CUT OUT THE TRIMMINGS. WHAT HAVE YOU COME TO TELL ME?

WITHDRAW FROM THE RACE! DO SO, AND I GUARANTEE YOU THAT YOU'LL GET SO MUCH BUSINESS YOU'LL HAVE TO EXPAND THIS OFFICE TO TAKE UP THE ENTIRE FLOOR!

IN OTHER WORDS, YOU'RE OFFERING ME A BRIBE TO STEP OUT OF THE RUNNING AND LET DALE WIN IN A WALKAWAY SO THAT HE CAN CONTINUE TO "FIX" WHATEVER CASES YOU WANT HIM TO.

IN SO MANY WORDS--THAT'S IT!

WELL, HERE'S A FEW WORDS YOU WON'T LIKE! I CAN'T BE BRIED! I'M NOT INTERESTED IN YOUR FILTHY MONEY! GET YOUR FAT CARCASS OUT OF THAT CHAIR AND OUT OF THE DOOR, BEFORE...

SO IT'S TROUBLE YOU WANT, EH?--WELL, MY FINE YOUNG IDEALIST, I'LL SEE TO IT THAT YOU GET PLENTY!

OUTA MY WAY! ER--EXCUSE ME!

SHORTLY AFTER, BURLY ENTERS AN APARTMENT IN THE TOUGHEST PART OF TOWN...

THOUGHT I WAS FOOLING, EH? YOUNG WHIPPERSNAPPER! I'LL MAKE HIM REGRET THE DAY HE EVER TALKED BACK TO NAT BURLY!

WATCHING BURLY'S MOVEMENTS FROM ATOP A HIGH NEARBY SKYSCRAPER--THE FOE OF ALL EVIL--SUPERMAN!

WONDER WHAT UNSAVORY BUSINESS THAT SCOUNDREL IS UP TO NOW?
NAT BURLY!

WELL... THIS IS AN HONOR!

CUT THE COMEDY, BOYS! I'VE A JOB FOR YOU -- AN IMPORTANT ONE!

WHO D'YA WANT RUBBED OUT?

BERT RUNYAN... YOU KNOW THE CANDIDATE FOR PROSECUTOR! AND I DON'T WANT THE JOB FUMBLED!

THIS IS A BIG JOB YOU'LL HAVE TO GIVE US SOMETHING IN ADVANCE!

THIS IS ENOUGH, TEMPORARILY! FINISH OFF RUNYAN, AND YOU GET MORE!

IN FACT, WE'LL FIX HIM SO THAT HE WON'T BE ABLE TO RUN AT ALL!

AFTER BURLY DEPARTS...

Y'KNOW... I KINDA HATE TO PART WITH THIS BOMB! IT'S TH' BEST I EVER MADE!

CAREFUL, "GYP"! WANTA DROP IT?

AS THE GANGSTERS DRIVE OFF UPON THEIR DEADLY ERRAND, A CLOAKED FIGURE Launches hIMSELF DOWN FROM THE SKY...

SORRY TO SPoil THEIR FUN, BUT...

... I DON'T INTEND TO STAND BY AND SEE BERT KILLED!

L-LOOK--A GUY CARRYIN' US UP INTO TH' AIR... THROW TH' BOMB AT HIM--THROW IT!!

...
I’m unharmed by the blast—But if you’ll pardon my saying so, you two fellows don’t look so hot...!

Plucking the two men from the car, the Man of Steel permits the auto to fall into an empty lot.

Wh-wha...? We won’t need that any more!

Look! A train! Let’s race it!

H-he wasn’t foolin’! He is racing it!

And he’s beating it!

Hm-mm! I wonder if we can beat it to the crossing?

We’ll all be killed!

Yee-ee!

For a pair of hard-boiled guys whose specialty is rubbing out lives, you certainly seem terrified at the thought of losing your own!

A last minute leap carries Superman and his captives safely atop the thundering train...

See? There wasn’t a thing to be afraid of—why, gentlemen, I believe you’re about to faint!

What I have to say to you can be said in a few words! Either get out of this town or I’ll get you!

We’ll go! We’ll go!

An’ be glad to!

And now—I’ve got to pay my respects to a gent named Burly!
RETURNING TO HIS APARTMENT, SUPERMAN TELEPHONES BURLY...

WHO IS THIS? STATE YOUR BUSINESS!

"GYP" AND LOU HAVE ABRUPTLY DECIDED TO LEAVE TOWN. IF YOU DON'T BEHAVE YOU MAY SOON JOIN THEM!

STARTLED BY THIS MYSTERIOUS WARNING, THE POLITICAL BOSS TELEPHONES DALE...

I'LL EXPLAIN LATER. GET OVER HERE AT ONCE AND BRING YOUR STOOGE, CAPTAIN McDAY, ALONG!

SHORTLY AFTER...

CROOKED PROSECUTOR AND CORRUPT POLICE OFFICER APPROACH BURLY'S OFFICE, UNAWARE OF THE MAN OF STEEL'S SCRUTINY...

JUST AS I HAD HOPED!

AN EXPERTLY LAUNCHED LEAP CARRIES SUPERMAN IN THRU THE WINDOW OF AN ADJOINING-OFFICE...

I DON'T WANT TO MISS A WORD OF THIS, SUPERMAN. DO YOUR STUFF!

SOMEONE THREATENED YOU TO LAY OFF?

YES, BUT JUST THE SAME I'M GOING AHEAD WITH A PLAN TO FRAME RUNYAN IN A SCANDAL THAT WILL DISCREDIT HIM AND BLAST HIS POLITICAL HOPES FOR ALL TIME!

LET'S HAVE THE DETAILS!
If Runyan were to be arrested for being a drunken hit-skip driver that would wash him up wouldn’t it?

Sure — but how could...? That’s YOUR job! Arrest him for drunken driving, get him out of his car, you deliberately run down some innocent person... and blame it on him!

A splendid idea! My re-election is cinched! I believe it would work!

Fine! Then it’s settled!

What an incredibly cold-blooded scheme! These men deserve a lesson they’ll never forget!

(‘What...?’) Turn, you thief — don’t move!

I’m not a thief. And if you’ll put down that silly looking sword, I’ll get out of your office without causing you any trouble.

And as Superman prepares to depart...

There! I warned you! Give me that!

There’s my sword! You’ve broken it!

My sword! You’ve broken it! Tch! Tch! Isn’t that a pity!

Calmly, the man of tomorrow crushes the sharp sword to bits in his bare hands...

Superman’s attacker leaps at him... and in the struggle, both topple out of the window...
Down plummet Superman and his assailant...!

Good grief! We're sure to smash into that bus!

Only an agile twist of Superman's body prevents a terrible collision....

Whew!—Close??

Satisfied now?

My friend here seems to have fainted dead away!

...thru the window they had fallen from!

Now to resume my eavesdropping!

Whirling with lightning agility, Superman springs back upward....

But to Superman's consternation, his x-ray vision reveals to him that the adjoining room is—empty!

They've gone—and there's no way of knowing what mischief they may be up to!

Thru the sky races the man of steel at meteoric speed!

If I can only reach Runyan's home in time to warn him!

Too late! His car is gone!
Once again Superman races thru the clouds...

But suddenly sighting the object of his search, the Man of Tomorrow swoops down to a high branch and surveys the scene below...

Get out of there—you're drunk!

That's a lie! I'm perfectly sober!

Runyan's car—halted by the police!

You can't get away with this! It's a political frame-up!

Stewed to the gills! Take him to the police station!

Off drives McDay at the wheel of Runyan's car...

Now to run down a pedestrian! It'll be easy to claim later that we arrested Runyan after the hit-skip incident!

Off all the fiendish schemes! Well, he won't get away with it!

As a hapless pedestrian commences crossing the street, McDay deliberately swerves toward him...

Ye-ee-ee!
DOWN STREAKS SUPERMAN

SEIZING THE AUTO FROM THE REAR, SUPERMAN HEAVES BACK, HALTING ITS FORWARD PLUNGE....

NOT ANOTHER INCH!

WHAA-?? THE ENGINE'S ROARING AWAY--B-BUT--I-I'M NOT MOVING!

AS McDAY PRODUCES A GUN, SUPERMAN SWIFTLY TWISTS THE MUZZLE SO THAT.

WHO--?

KEEP DRIVING. I'VE A FEW WORDS TO SAY TO YOU!

HUH?? YOU'VE TWISTED IT BACK TOWARD ME!

GO AHEAD. FIRE. NOW!

THAT'S A SMALL SAMPLE OF WHAT I CAN DO TO YOUR NECK! NOW GET OUT OF TOWN, AND FREE RUNYAN, OR....

I'LL LET HIM GO! I WILL! I WILL!

TRUE TO HIS WORD McDAY FREES RUNYAN AND FLEES...

RUNYAN IS OUTSPOKEN IN HIS CRITICISM OF BURLY'S REGIME, AND AS A RESULT MANY OF HIS MEETINGS ARE ATTACKED BY THE POLITICAL BOSS' STRONGARM MEN...

ODD HOW THAT FAKE DRUNKEN DRIVING CHARGE AGAINST RUNYAN WAS SO SWIFTLY DISMISSED!

NOW THAT HE'S IN THE CLEAR, RUNYAN HAS A TOUGH JOB AHEAD OF HIM! ELECTION CAMPAIGNING!

I'VE DONE THE BEST I CAN! NOW IT'S UP TO THE VOTERS!

I'M SURE THEY WON'T LET YOU DOWN!

BUT AT LAST ELECTION DAY ARRIVES....

EDITORIAL ROOMS
When Lois and Clark prepare to vote...

Who ya gonna vote for? Runyan--if it's any business of yours! We'll vote for Dale, if you know what's good for ya! You'll vote as we say or...

Hit 'em, Clark! Hit 'em! You won't vote at all!

Clark ducks but heaves the two together so that their heads collide!

Uh-huh! Nice going, Clark! It was just an accident?

The majority of the city's inhabitants turn out for the largest number of active voters in Metropolis' history!

That evening...at the Runyan campaign headquarters...

Results certainly are slow in coming in!

The two factions are practically neck and neck! ("Wonder how Burly and his boys are making out?"")

Dale and Burly in a private conference!

Shortly after...the man of steel drops down to a position outside the window of Dale's campaign headquarters...

I don't like it! Runyan's too blasted close for comfort!

Don't worry. Results have not yet come in from the 43rd ward, largest in the city. I've got one of my men planted there to count the votes. You know what that means.

News flash! The 43rd ward is overwhelmingly for Ralph Dale!

Good old Morgan! I told you he'd take care of it for us!

Dejection overwhelms Runyan's campaign headquarters.

I'd like to see Runyan's face now!

Too bad! This is a terrible blow for good government!

"And I can't bring myself to send Dale the usual congratulatory telegram!"
Moments later... Morgan, at the 43rd Ward Voting Booth, has an unexpected visitor...

You can't be crooked about counting votes and expect to get away with it!

Keep away!

This keeps up until you promise to confess to your misdeed!

Stop it! I'll confess! I'll tell everything!

I'm very proud that the citizens of Metropolis saw fit to re-elect me! And I want to thank my friend Nat Burly for his support!

All in the day's work!

Here's an unexpected addition to the program!

Talk!

I stuffed the ballot box in Ward 43! I didn't want to do it, but Burly forced me!

What?

It's Burly's fault! I didn't have a thing to do with it!

Why, you—! I only did it with your consent!

You're both under arrest!

That's all I wanted to hear!

As a result of a recount Runyan wins the election!

What pleases me most is that those crooks got long prison terms! I owe Superman a debt I can never completely repay!

The return of good government to Metropolis will be sufficient reward for the man of tomorrow!

The end.
GIVEN
NOTHING TO BUY!
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Send No Money—Mail Coupon!
This Bike, Cash or choice of other
MARVELOUS premiums given—
SIMPLY GIVE AWAY FREE
good size beautifully colored famous
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White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE used for burns, and
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25¢ a box with wonderful picture FREE. Remit
and select premium as explained in
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weights less than five pounds! Amazing!
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ACT NOW!

Either Air Rifle-
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choice of other wonderful
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Give Away Free good size
beautifully colored famous
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White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE used for burns, and
shallow cuts. Salve easily sold to friends,
toddlers, relatives, and neighbors at 25¢ a box with
wonderful picture FREE. Remit and select premium as explained in
our premium catalog. Our 45th year. We are reliable. Many
customers and friends waiting to buy Pictures pop salves. Send no money.
WE TRUST YOU. Act Now!
Mail coupon WILSON CHEM. CO., INC., Dept. 180, Tyrone, Pa.

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B O T H
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OR CASH COMMISSION
NOTHING TO Buy!
SEND NO MONEY MAIL COUPON!

SIMPLY GIVE AWAY FREE Good Size
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White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE used for burns, and
shallow cuts. Salve easily sold to friends, toddlers, relatives, and neighbors at 25¢ a box with
wonderful picture FREE. Remit and select premium as explained in
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Try White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps, minor burns and mild cuts.

MAIL COUPON

WILSON CHEM. CO., INC., Dept. 183, TYRONE, PA.
HERE IT IS—BETTER THAN EVER!

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CONTAINS ALL BRAND NEW EPISODES OF THE HEADLINE FEATURES FROM FOUR OF AMERICA'S LEADING COMIC MAGAZINES!

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LOOK FOR THIS EMBLEM ON EACH COVER.

They give you the BEST features in COMIC MAGAZINE!!!

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Metrropolis at night—Myriads of lights gleaming
and glittering in deepest dark! With the
ending of the day's toil, the great city's
populace seeks relaxation in theaters, amuse-
ment parks, night clubs—! But suddenly a
menace faces merrymakers! "The Black
Gang"—a band of ruthless thieves who
specialize in brutal robberies of night club
patrons, terrorizes the town!
I suppose you've read Peeker's latest scoop on "The Black Gang?"

Me? I never read your blasted sheet!

The new gossip columnist on the Morning Pictorial is making us look like saps with his news beats on "The Black Gang."

How Peter Peeker gets his news so fast is beyond me!

Who knows? Maybe he's Superman disguised as a reporter!

This is no laughing matter. Either get me a bang-up story on "The Black Gang" or I get two brand new reporters!

Whew! Was he burning! But what can we do about it?

I suggest we visit the night clubs and keep our eyes open!

You mean we go out to one of the town's finest night clubs, eat their best food, dance to the music of big name bands...and all in the name of business?

Just that! Except I want you to remember to keep your mind on business!

That evening—dressed to kill, Clark gets the shock of his life as Lois answers his knock at her door...

What? You can stop gaping like a schoolboy, and step in!
YOUR HAIR--BLONDE!
LIKE IT THAT WAY?
I HATED TO BLEACH IT,
BUT IT WAS NECESSARY
SO THAT I WOULDN'T
BE RECOGNIZED
TONIGHT!

IT'S--
IT'S--!
HM-MM! WE'VE GOT TO
DO SOMETHING TO CHANGE
YOUR APPEARANCE, TOO.
TAKE OFF YOUR GLASSES

TAKE OFF MY
GLASSES! B-BUT
I'LL BE BLIND AS
A BAT! I'LL---
YOU HEARD ME!
TAKE-THEM
-OFF!

ALL RIGHT. IF--IF
YOU INSIST! ("WHAT
A SPOT TO BE IN!")

="HERE GOES NOW
IF SHE RECOGNIZES
ME TO BE
SUPERMAN!!")

YOUR FACE:
IT'S--!

WHAT ABOUT
MY FACE?
("IT'S HAPPENED
SHE KNOWS
WHO I AM--")

WHY--IT'S
ACTUALLY
HANDSOME!

("WAS THAT
CLOSE--")--TELL
ME, LOIS--WHY
ARE YOU
LOADED DOWN
WITH JEWELRY?

FOR YOUR
INFORMATION,
IT'S FAKE! --
WE'VE GOT TO
GIVE THE
IMPRESSION OF
BEING WEALTHY
SO AS TO DRAW
THE ATTENTION OF
"THE BLACK
GANG": LET'S GO!

SHORTLY AFTER, LOIS AND
CLARK ENTER THE MOST
GLAMOROUS NIGHT CLUB IN
METROPOLIS, THE GREEN HAT

CROSS YOUR FINGERS,
CLARK!
THEY ALREADY ARE!
This is one time when business is a pleasure!
SH-HH! Want to give us away?
Right behind a post! Why—We can't see a thing!
This is outrageous! Tell the headwaiter he can't do this to us!

Er...don't you think this pillar—er—sort of cuts off our view?
Sorry—The other tables are reserved.
Psst! Quick! Hand him a twenty-dollar bill!
A twenty-dollar bill! (G-gulp!)
Er—okay!
Er—here you are, my good man!
Oh—Thank you! Follow me, please!

I hope you'll excuse my unpardonable error. Is this better?
Much better, thank you!
Nice going, Clark! Keep tipping liberally and everyone will believe you live in a mansion!
If I keep it up, I'll live in the poorhouse!
Minutes later, the patrons of the Green Hat are treated to a scintillating floor show...

Thanks, isn't he a darling? Just a way of showing my appreciation for a swell show, girls! ("He doesn't have to overdo it!"

Give this to the orchestra leader and tell him I request he play my favorite song "Star Dust".

Yes, sir. Right away, sir!

You play your role almost too naturally!

Just obeying instructions implicitly, my dear!

As Clark and Lois dance, the head waiter pauses at a nearby table to whisper swiftly to its two occupants.

That couple there is tossing money around as though they owned the mint! I'll bet they'd make a nice item for my column!

Must be high society, peeker!

Smile pretty, please!

Permit me to introduce myself. I'm Peter Peeker of the Morning Pictorial. May I sit down?

You're already doing so! A reporter! How interesting!
IT'S EVIDENT YOU ARE NEWCOMERS TO METROPOLIS. I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU AROUND BEFORE!
EASILY EXPLAINED! RALPH CARLSON IS AN OKLAHOMA OIL-MAN AND ANYONE IN OKLAHOMA COULD TELL YOU THAT KAY ANDREWS IS ONE OF ITS LEADING SOCIALITES!

AS PEEKER DEPARTS...

DID WE, OR DID WE NOT, MAKE AN IMPRESSION?
WE DO SEEM TO BE MAKING PROGRESS!

SEATED ALONE AT A NEARBY TABLE, PEEKER'S FORMER COMPANION SMILES BOLDLY AT LOIS...

I DON'T LIKE THE WAY THAT FELLOW IS LEERING AT YOU!
WELL, YOU DON'T HAVE TO DELIBERATELY BLOCK HIS VIEW!

LET'S DANCE!

ALL RIGHT-IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT! "-CLARK SIMPLY CAN'T STAND THAT OTHER MAN PAYING ME ATTENTION!"

ALONE, AT LAST!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! HERE COMES THE BOLD-EYED STRANGER!

ALONE, AT LAST!
MAY I CUT IN?  
WELL -- I --  
-- WHY NOT?  
I DON'T THINK I'M GOING TO ENJOY THIS EVENING AS MUCH AS I HAD IMAGINED!

'MISS ANDREWS'-- 'MISS ANDREWS'-- ARE YOU POSITIVE WE HAVEN'T MET SOMEWHERE?
NOT THAT I RECALL. ('THE GENT'S LINE IS MORE THAN SLIGHTLY OUTMODED.')  
WELL, MY NAMES JORDAN--FRANK JORDAN, AND I STILL INSIST WE'VE MET BEFORE!
PERHAPS IT'LL COME BACK TO YOU IN TIME!
YOU DON'T MIND IF I JOIN YOU?  
OH-- NO--O! NOT AT ALL--L--L!

FRANK JORDAN! SAY! WE HAVEN'T SEEN EACH OTHER IN A LONG TIME!  
JANE DAY! -- SIT DOWN, JANE!  
IT'S GETTING POSITIVELY CROWDED!
SO YOU'RE A GREAT BIG OIL-MAGNATE! WELL, WELL! THIS IS A DREAM COME TRUE!
('I WISH LOIS WOULD STOP TALKING TO THAT AMATEUR VALENTINO AND PAY SOME ATTENTION TO ME!')
As the evening progresses, Lois pays more and more attention to Jordan...

You say the funniest things!

Gloomy? Let little Janie cheer you up!

I-I don't need any cheering!

My head! I've got a terrific headache! Won't you be a dear, and take me home?

But I escorted Miss Andrews here, and I wouldn't dream of...

If you're worried about leaving me, forget it!

I'll take good care of her!

If that's the way you feel about it, I will go!

That's tellin' her!

It's so gentlemanly of you to take me home. If I could only let you know how much I appreciate it!

Don't bother. ("I hate to leave Lois, but she practically insisted! She must have some good reason!"

Do you mind moving closer so I don't have to shout?

Er-I can get a better view of the park from here!

May I look, too?

Er-Uh... sure!

Can't you think of anything more interesting to do than talk about the scenery?

Why, yes. We can talk about the oil business! ("Why'd I ever let myself in for this?")
Suddenly—a black sedan forces the cab to the curb...

"Inasmuch as I'm SUPERMAN, I'm afraid I might forget myself and crack her ribs!"

Pull over!

Out of there—all of you!

A false move from anyone, and we shoot!

"The Black Gang"!

They'll shoot me! Don't resist them! Please don't!

Your wallet!

And if I don't hand it over?

Maybe this'll knock a little of th' backtalk outa ya!
Suddenly, Clark dashes off....

WHAT IN -? IT DIDN'T SEEM TO BOTHER HIM AT ALL!

DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY

HELP! HELP!

AS THE CRIMINALS FIRE A VOLLERY OF SHOTS AFTER THE FLEEING CLARK....

HE HASN'T A CHANCE!

WE WARNED HIM NOT TO RESIST!

BUT THE BULLETS MERRILY PING OFF CLARK'S BACK...

WELL, THAT'S THE END OF THIS RENTED SUIT!

LOOK AT HIM RUN!

TALK ABOUT SPEED!

THAT'S ODD!

I DON'T SEE HOW WE COULD HAVE MISSED HIM!

REMOVING HIS OUTER GARMENTS CLARK LEAPS BACK--AS SUPERMAN...

THEY'VE FORCED THE GIRL INTO THE CAR!

WHAT SUPERMAN'S SENSITIVE HEARING ENABLES HIM TO OVERHEAR...

A FINE DECOY YOU TURNED OUT TO BE!

CAN I HELP IT IF YOU LUGS CAN'T SHOOT STRAIGHT?

MEANWHILE -- AT THE GREEN HAT...

WHAT SAY WE GO TO A LIVELIER PLACE?

LEAD ON!

BUT AS JORDAN DRIVES, SUDDENLY HE SWERVES INTO A GARAGE....
WHAT DOES THIS MEAN? YOU'LL LEARN SOON ENOUGH! GIVE ME THAT!

SO YOU CARRY A SMALL REVOLVER IN YOUR POCKET-BOOK, EH? GIVE IT BACK TO ME!

NOT SO FAST! GET OUT OF THE CAR! YOU --- YOU COWARD!

NOW WHAT?

INTO THE BUILDING---MARCH!

MINUTES LATER...THE BLACK SEDAN DRIVES INTO THE GARAGE...

"THE BLACK GANG'S HIDEOUT!"

NO LUCK! THAT OIL MAN GOT AWAY!

BUT THE ANDREWS GAL DIDN'T! LOOK! HER SPARKLERS!

WHEW! THEY OUGHT TO BE WORTH A FORTUNE!

KEEP YOUR CLAWS AWAY!

YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!

THE RATS ARE COMPLETELY SATISFIED! JUST THE SORT OF A SET-UP I LIKE TO BREAK DOWN!
As Superman is about to enter the garage, he pauses...

The columnist -- Peter Peeker!

How'd you make out?

Swell! These jewels are priceless, and we ought to get a huge ransom for th' dame!

Awk! -- We've been gypped! These jewels are imitations!

What?

Blast you! What does this mean?

You can let go! I'm telling you nothing!

In her pocketbook -- a press-card! -- why, she's Lois Lane of the Daily Planet!

I'm getting out of here while the getting's good! My advice to you is kill the girl and beat it out of town!

That's a first rate idea, Peeker -- only you're going to do the shooting! Organizing the black gang was your smart idea -- now you can do some of th' dirty work!

But I don't want to do it! I'd face a murder rap!

Either you shoot her or I shoot you!

I can't!

-- And you'd better not!

Trembling cravenly, Peeker points a shaking gun at Lois...
"THE BLACK GANG" IS NO MATCH FOR THE MAN OF STEEL...

AS THEY DESPERATELY EMPTY THEIR GUNS AT HIM, HE CATCHES THE BULLETS...

NOW, DANCE!... STOP IT!... DON'T YOU'LL HIT US!... WHAT'S THE NAME OF THAT STEP, MISS DAY?

THANKS, FE seldom!

JUST LIKE BOWLING PINS!

THAT'LL HOLD YOU!

SUPERMAN LEAPS AWAY SHORTLY AFTER THE POLICE ARRIVE, HE RETURNS AS Clark KENT...

CLARK SHORTLY RETURNS WITH THE NEWSPAPER EXTRA...

LATER - AT THE PLANET.

MY APOLOGIES TO YOU AND LOIS! YOU'RE STILL THE TWO BEST REPORTERS IN TOWN!

WITH SUPERMAN ON OUR SIDE WE CAN'T LOSE!

COMING FROM YOU, THAT'S SOMETHING!

YOU WERE A LITTLE TOO SMART, PEEKER!

THAT'S HOW PEEKER GOT HIS NEWS SO FAST. HE SENT IN NOTICES OF HOLDUPS BEFORE THEY HAPPENED. FOR HE WAS A MEMBER OF "THE BLACK GANG"!

HERE IN PEEKER'S COLUMN, SERGEANT CASEY - A SCOOP OF THE HOLDUP OF "KAY ANDREWS" AND "RALPH CARLSON".

EXTRA! MORNING PICTORIAL EXTRA!

WHAT'S THAT?

MAYBE I WAS CAPTURED MYSELF WHILE TRYING TO DIG UP NEWS!

YOU'VE GOT TO FREE ME! MAYBE I TELL YOU HE'S RIGHT! - HE'S LYING!

I WAS TOLD TO TELL YOU THAT?
Everybody... Boys... Girls... Dads... Mothers.
Enter the Curtiss Candy Company

TREASURE HUNT! No. 2

BABY'S RUTH... FAVORITE CANDY OF MILLIONS
A center of velvety smooth open cream bathed in delicious golden caramel with an abundance of crisp, fresh-pasted peanuts, enveloped in a thick coating of finest blended, pure milk chocolate... a big taste thrill anytime... anywhere!

NOW... A NEWER, LARGER, FINER BUTTERFINGER
Have you tried a delicious BUTTERFINGER lately? It's larger and more luxurious than ever! with chewy golden caramel added to its wholesome honey comb peanut butter center... enveloped in rich Curtiss Supreme coating. Try it. You'll like it!

It's Easy... Just complete ONE of these two sentences in 25 additional words or less:

1. "I like BABY RUTH CANDY because ____________________________" Choose one of two only

2. "I live BUTTERFINGER CANDY because ____________________________"

Boys... Girls... Dads... Mothers... Everybody... Curtiss Candy Company wants to know why you like our two delicious Candy Bars... BABY RUTH and BUTTERFINGER.

So, we're starting this TREASURE HUNT No. 2, for all of you... and it's as simple and easy to enter as A B C. Read the rules carefully in the adjoining column. Then go to your nearest candy counter today and get the two wrappers you require... one from a 5¢ BABY RUTH, the other from a 5¢ BUTTERFINGER, and mail them to us, TREASURE HUNT No. 2, with your entry. If your retailer doesn't happen to have BOTH bars, insist that he get them for you or try another retailer until you find them both... that's where the TREASURE HUNT comes in.

There are $5 cash prizes in all, starting with the $25.00 capital prize alone. Think of the things you could do with $25.00... or $15.00... or $10.00, or with one of the $1.00 prizes!

So get your two wrappers... BABY RUTH and BUTTERFINGER... NOW! Choose the bar you want to write about. Figure out why you enjoy it so much. Then mail your entry TODAY. Treasure Hunt No. 2 closes October 8, 1940. You have as good a chance to WIN as anyone.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY TREASURE HUNT No. 2
622 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Illinois

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Announcing the New **SUPERMAN KRYPTO-RAYGUN**

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Number 95

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