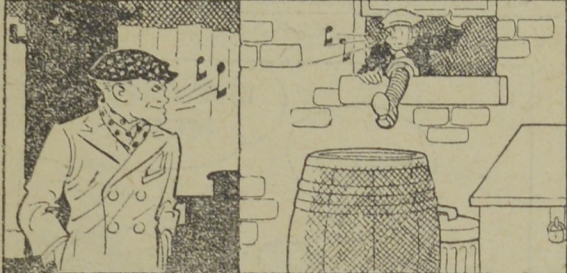


DICK TRACY

JIMMY WHITE, THE SON OF COLONEL WHITE, OWNER OF THE STOLEN BONDS WHICH DICK TRACY RECENTLY RECOVERED, HOLDS A STRANGE FASCINATION FOR THE BOY, JUNIOR, AND JUNIOR SEEMS TO HAVE CLICKED UNUSUALLY WELL WITH JIMMY—SO MUCH SO, IN FACT, THAT THE OLDER BOY HAS INVITED THE KID TO VISIT HIS SECRET CLUB...



YOU'RE SURE DICK TRACY DIDN'T HEAR YOU LEAVE?



CERTAINLY! TRACY'S SOUND ASLEEP

YOU SEE, ONE OF THE REQUIREMENTS OF OUR CLUB IS THAT YOU'RE ABLE TO CLIMB OUT OF A WINDOW WITHOUT MAKING ANY NOISE BECAUSE WE ONLY HAVE OUR MEETINGS AT NIGHT.



GEE, JIMMY, YOU'RE A SWELL GUY— YOU'D MAKE A GOOD DETECTIVE, I BET.

TWENTY MINUTES LATER



WE'RE ALMOST THERE— IT'S JUST UP THESE STAIRS AND DOWN THE HALL... HELLO, DAVE... DAVE'S ONE OF OUR LOOKOUTS.

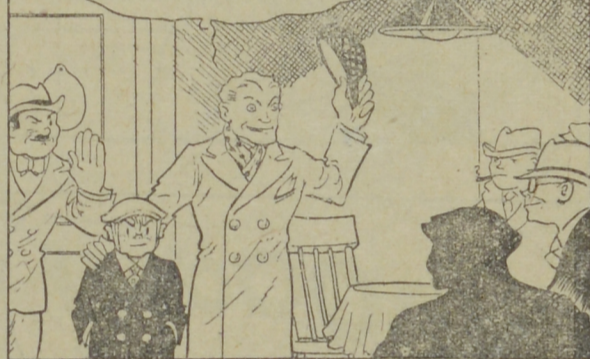
WHY DO YOU CALL IT THE "25" CLUB?

WE CALL IT THE "25" CLUB BECAUSE ALL OF US HAVE MADE A RESOLUTION TO BE RICH BY THE TIME WE ARE TWENTY-FIVE... WELL, THIS IS IT



O.K. COME IN, JIMMY.

FELLOWS, I WANT YOU TO MEET A REGULAR GUY— THIS IS JUNIOR TRACY.



THIS IS BUD CLARK— HE'S THE CHAMPION SLEIGHT OF HAND ARTIST OF OUR CLUB. HE CAN TAKE THINGS OUT OF YOUR POCKET WITHOUT YOU EVEN KNOWING IT... SHOW 'IM, BUD

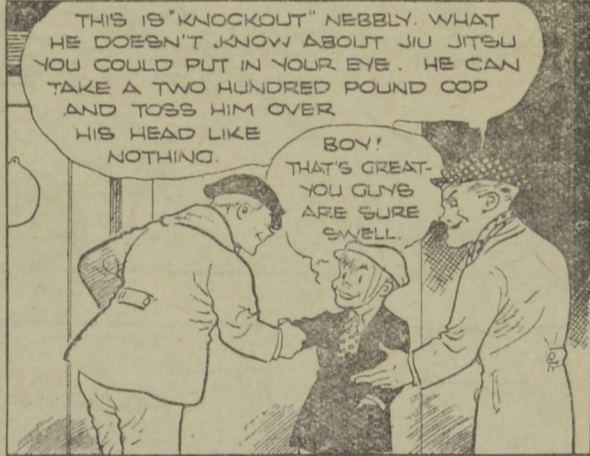
HERE, KID— IS YOUR POCKET-KNIFE

WELL, I'LL BE—



SHAKE HANDS WITH "SNIPE" MOORE. HE CAN HIT A WALNUT AT FIFTY PACES WITH A .32 REVOLVER, SIGHTING BACKWARDS INTO A MIRROR.

GEE, THAT'S SWELL. I WISH I COULD DO THAT.



THIS IS "KNOCKOUT" NEBBLY. WHAT HE DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT JIU JITSU YOU COULD PUT IN YOUR EYE. HE CAN TAKE A TWO HUNDRED POUND COP AND TOSS HIM OVER HIS HEAD LIKE NOTHING.

BOY! THAT'S GREAT— YOU GUYS ARE SURE SWELL.



JIMMY WAS TELLING US YOU'D LIKE TO JOIN OUR CLUB— WHAT CAN YOU DO?

GOSH, I DON'T KNOW WHAT I CAN DO, EXCEPT I KNOW ALL THE POLICE OFFICERS AND THE CHIEF— AND I LIVE WITH THE GREATEST DETECTIVE IN THE WORLD— DICK TRACY.



SAY, KID— IT'S GETTING LATE. YOU'D BETTER GET BACK HOME BEFORE TRACY DISCOVERS YOU'RE GONE. REMEMBER, THIS IS A SECRET CLUB. DON'T BREATHE A WORD ABOUT IT TO ANYBODY

DON'T WORRY— JIMMY— I WON'T SAY A WORD.



JIMMY, HE'S JUST THE KID WE NEED FOR THAT JOB— BUT ISN'T IT DANGEROUS USING A DETECTIVE'S KID.

LISTEN, I KNOW THAT KID'S TYPE! HE'LL KEEP A SECRET. HE THINKS OUR CLUB'S ON THE LEVEL, AND HE'S JUST THE KID WE NEED FOR THAT SAFE-CRACKING JOB!

THE LAUGH TONIC—GOOD FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY!

"I understand both our sons are studying in Paris."
"Yes. Mine is a writer. He writes for money."
"Mine is an artist. He draws on me."
§ § §
The visitor to the village was in the village shop and observed that the man behind the counter treated a young man with great respect.
"Who is that man?" asked the visitor, thinking he must be a famous personality.
"He's one of the early settlers," replied the man.

"Early settlers," asked the visitor, "but he can't be above 30."
"That may be," was the reply, "but he pays all his bills promptly on the first of every month."
§ § §
A man was a witness in a theft case. He seemed to be stretching a point or two in favor of the accused, and the prosecuting attorney roared:
"Do you know the nature of an oath?"
"Sure."
"Do you know you are not to bear false witness against your neighbor?"

"I'm not bearin' false witness agin him, I'm bearin' false witness for him."
§ § §
The minister advertised for a man servant, and next morning a nicely dressed young man rang the bell.
"Can you start the fire and get breakfast by 7.00 o'clock?" asked the minister.
"I guess so," answered the young man.
"Well, can you polish all the silver, wash the dishes and keep the house tidy?"
"Say, parson," said the young

fellow, "I came here to see about getting married—but if it's going to be as much work as all that, you can count me out right now."
§ § §
The mistress of the house was discussing her new maid's last situation.
"How did you come to leave?" she asked.
"The mistress went away," replied the maid, "but up to then I was with her for ten years without a break."
The mistress of the house looked amazed.
"Without a break!" she ex-

claimed. "My dear girl, that was impossible unless she used a dinner service made of cast-iron."
§ § §
He—"But couldn't you learn to love me, Ida?"
She—"I don't think I could, George."
He (reaching for his hat)—"It is as I feared. You are too old to learn."
§ § §
"You must not fight. Haven't you been taught to love your enemies?"
"He's not my enemy—he's my brother."