

DICK TRACY

COME ON DAVE - HERE WE ARE. HA! THIS IS ONE EDITOR THAT'LL BE ABLE TO PRINT THE NEWS SCOOP OF THE YEAR - HIS OWN RIDE!

SCENE: THE OFFICE OF MATT PAGE, OWNER AND EDITOR OF THE MORNING PAPER WHICH HAS BEEN PUBLISHING AN EXPOSE ON THE "UNDERWORLD AND POLITICS", BY THE "PHANTOM."

OKAY - MR. PAGE - THEY'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE. I'LL HIDE IN THIS CLOSET - DON'T WORRY - YOU CAN DEPEND ON ME.

YOU'RE MISTER PAGE EDITOR OF THE NEWS-GLOBE, AINTCHA? THAT'S RIGHT. WHO ARE YOU?

IT DON'T MATTER WHO WE ARE - BUT WE'LL TELL YOU WHAT WE'RE HERE FOR. WE'RE HERE TO FIND OUT WHO'S WRITING THESE STORIES ABOUT THE "UNDERWORLD AND CRIME" - AND TO TELL YOU THEY'VE GOT TO STOP!

LISTEN BOYS - THE WRITERS I HAVE ON MY STAFF ARE MY OWN AFFAIR. AND THE STORIES I PRINT IN MY PAPER ARE MY OWN BUSINESS. NOW GET OUT!

TAKE IT EASY, BUDDY - EVERYBODY'S GONE HOME BUT THE SCRUB WOMAN OUT THERE - AND SHE'S NOT APT TO PAY MUCH ATTENTION TO YOUR LOUD TALK - SO EVERYTHING'S ALL SET FOR A NICE, LONG CONFERENCE!

IF I FIGURE YOU FELLOWS RIGHT YOU'RE HENCHMEN OF "ALDERMAN" ZELD, THE CROOKED FIXER WE EXPOSED IN TODAY'S STORY. ARE YOU GOING TO TELL US WHO'S WRITING THESE STORIES OR NOT?

GRAB HIS WRISTS, EDDIE! STICK 'EM IN THIS TELEPHONE BRACKET! WE'LL MAKE 'M TALK!

NOW TELL US THE REAL IDENTITY OF THIS AUTHOR THAT SIGNS HIMSELF "PHANTOM". SPIT IT OUT PAGE!

NOT SO FAST, BOYS! PUT 'EM UP! WHAT? IT'S THE DICK!

AND ALL THIS TIME THE "SCRUB WOMAN" OUT IN THE NEWS ROOM SEEMS TO BE TAKING AN UNUSUAL INTEREST IN EVENTS.

H'M... I EXPECTED SOMETHING LIKE THIS.

HEY, TRACY LOOK OUT!

AT THE SOUND OF THE SHOT THE FIGURE IN THE GRIMY CLOTHES SPRINGS TO HER FEET AND FROM BENEATH HER SKIRTS TAKES A SHINY OBJECT--A GUN!

WHO IS THIS 'SCRUB WOMAN'??

THE LAUGH TONIC—GOOD FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY!

He—"It's very nice of you to dance with me."
She—"O don't mention it. It's a charity ball."
Hee—"Sorry, old chap, but I'm looking for a little financial sucker again."
Haw—"You'll have to hunt farther. I'm not the little financial sucker I used to be."
The junior clerk beckoned to the office boy.
"I say," he said in a low whisper, "you want to keep your eyes open about here today."

The office boy looked a trifle startled.
"Whatever for?" he asked eagerly.
The junior clerk smiled artfully. "Because people will think you're a bit of a fool if you go about with them shut," he replied.
Farmer Giles noticed a youth lounging near the dairy door.
"I say, young fellow," he said, "what is the attraction round here?"
"Oh, e-e-r, I've just called to see the milkmaid," said the youth, rather nervously.

"Have you, now?" said the farmer. "Well, I will have you know our milk is not made, it comes straight from the cows."
First Cinema Actor—"I say, fancy that pistol being loaded by mistake! Jolly rotten for you, old man."
Second Cinema Actor—"Oh, I wouldn't have minded that so much, but the director shouted: 'That's not the way to fall when you're shot, you idiot!'"
A couple of workmen were excavating for a proposed building

when an interested spectator inquired:
"How is it, Pat, although you and Mike started work together, he had a bigger pile of dirt than you?"
"Shure," was the retort, "he's diggin' a bigger hole."
"Remember, my boy," said the practical man, "that in order to succeed you must teach people to trust you."
"I have done that," answered the gloomy youngster, "and I have succeeded in getting into debt beyond my wildest expectations."

Irene—"We are going to 'Lo-hengrin' tomorrow."
Jane—"Lucky girl. I've always wanted to go to the winter sports."
"The man with good clothes," says a psychologist, "is instinctively trusted." Sure, sure. That is how he got the good clothes.
Judge (severely to prisoner)— "Now tell me, why did you steal that purse?"
Prisoner—"Your honor, I won't deceive you. I was not feeling well, and I thought the change might do me good."