

Comic Section

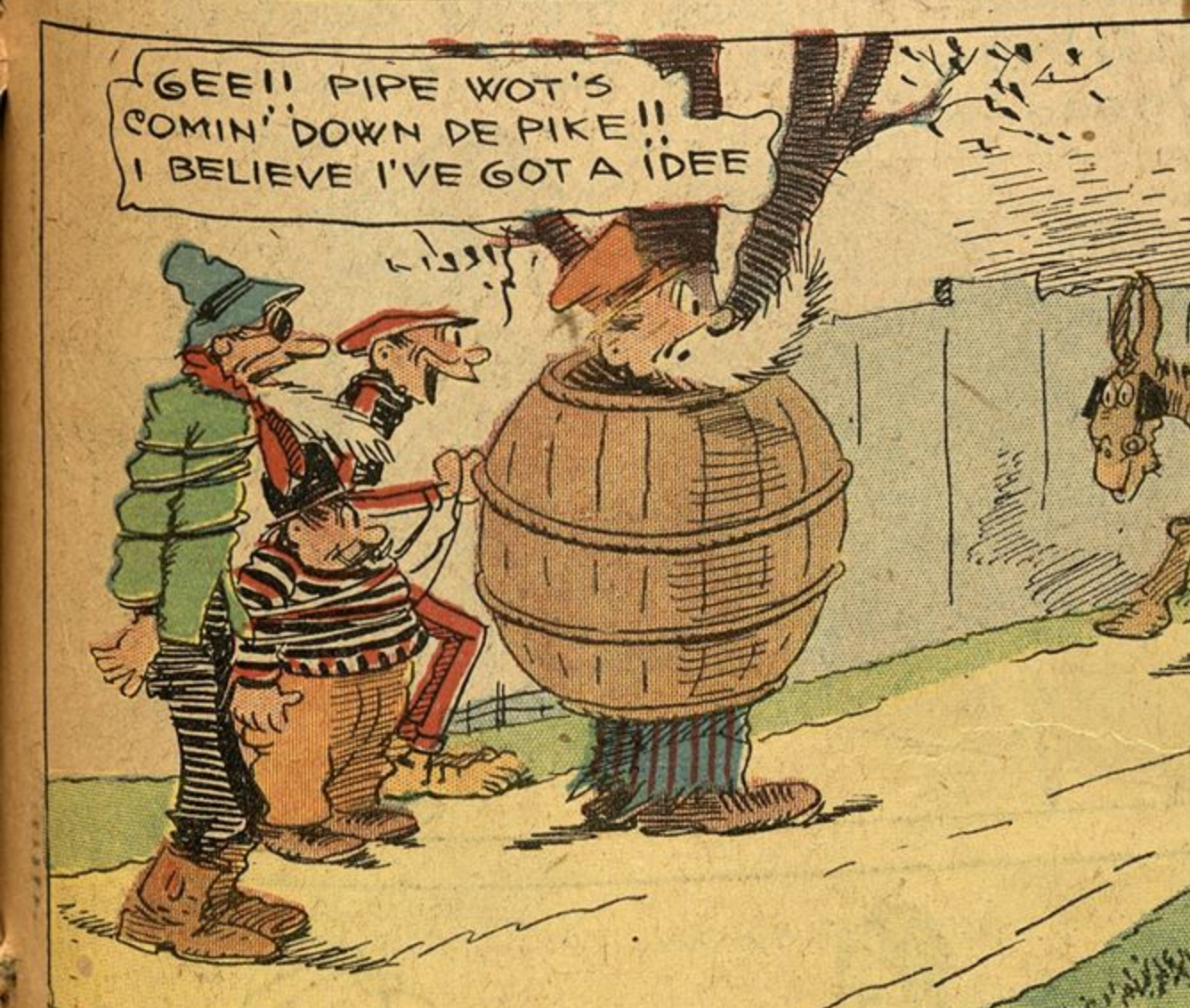
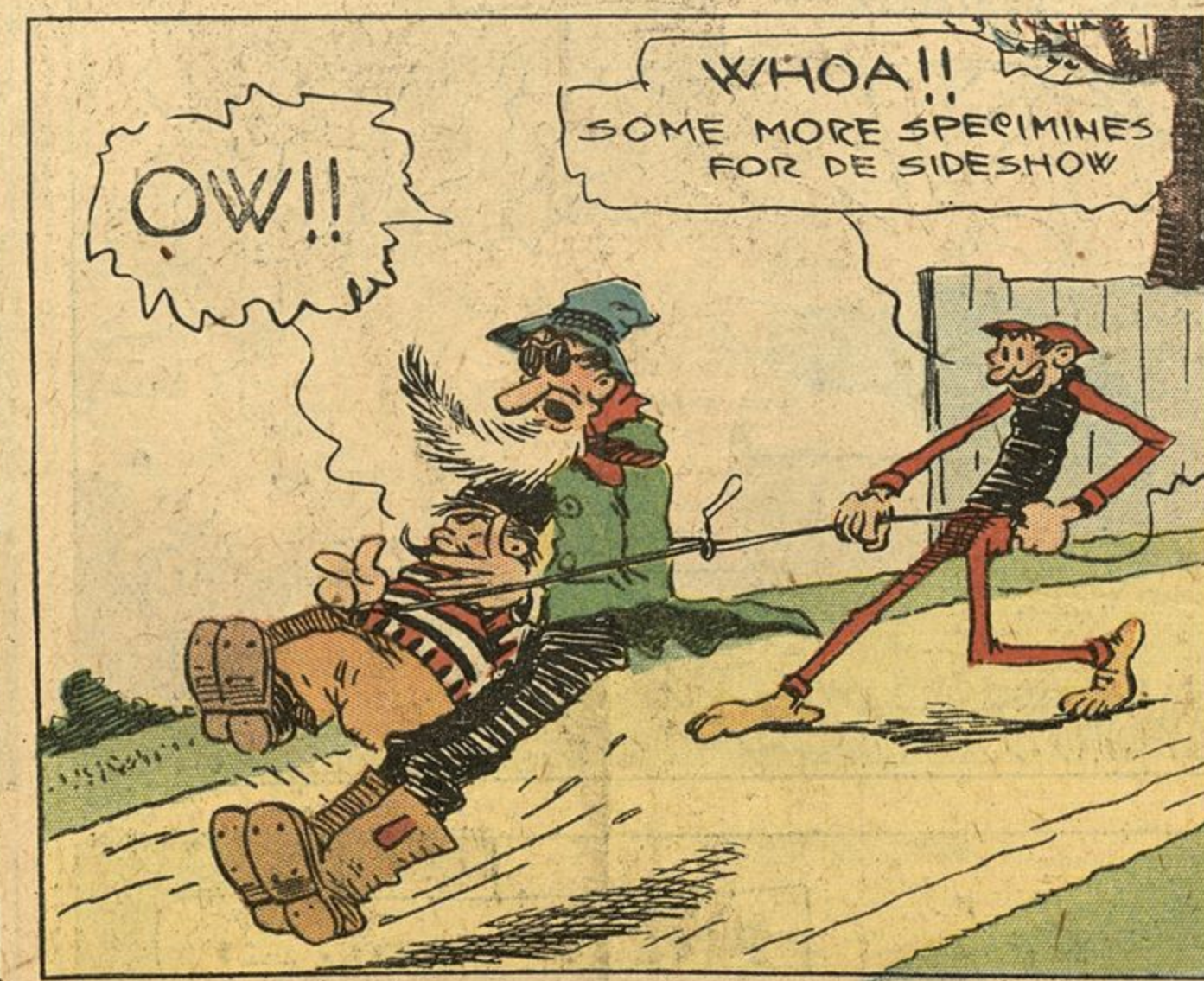
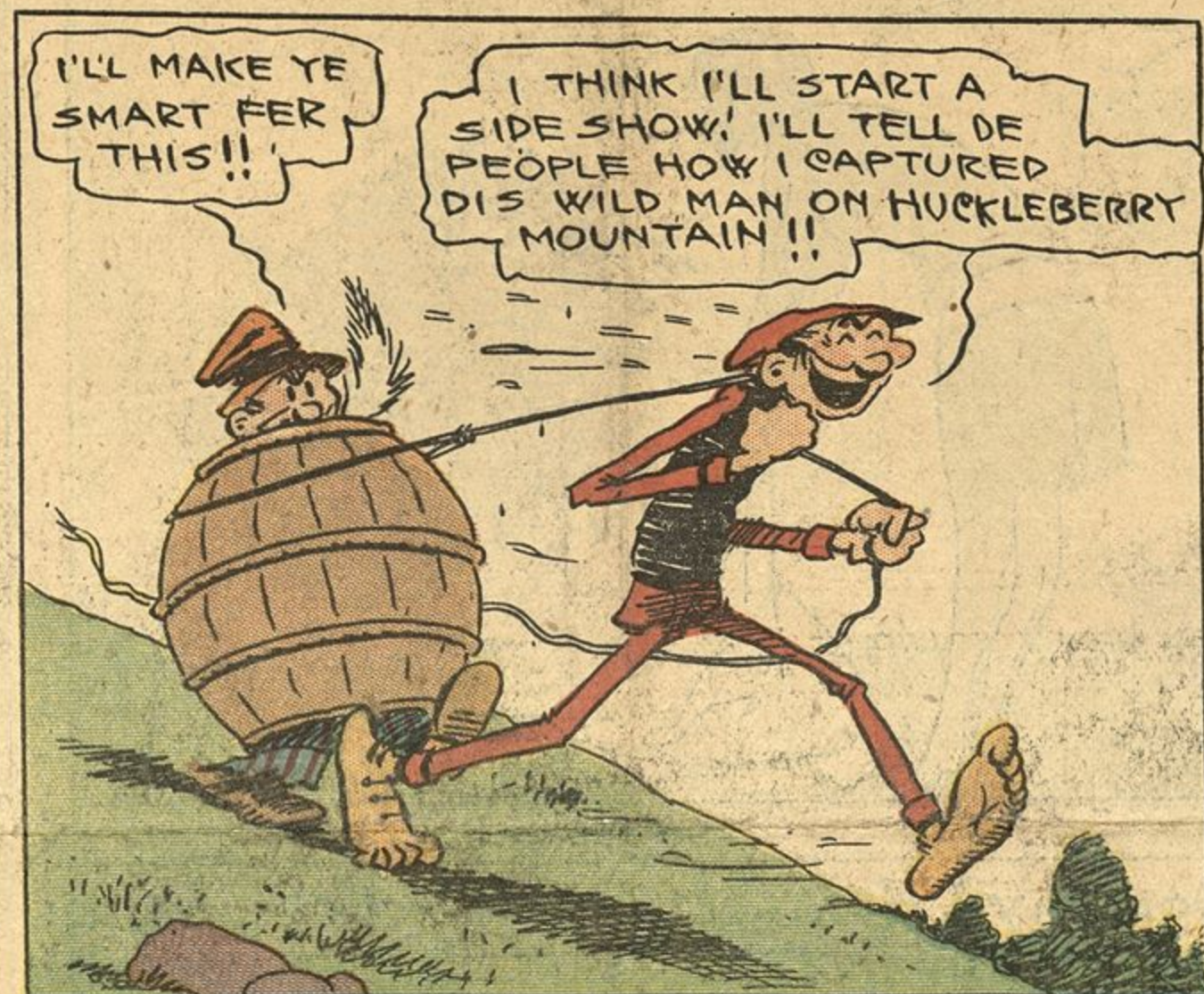
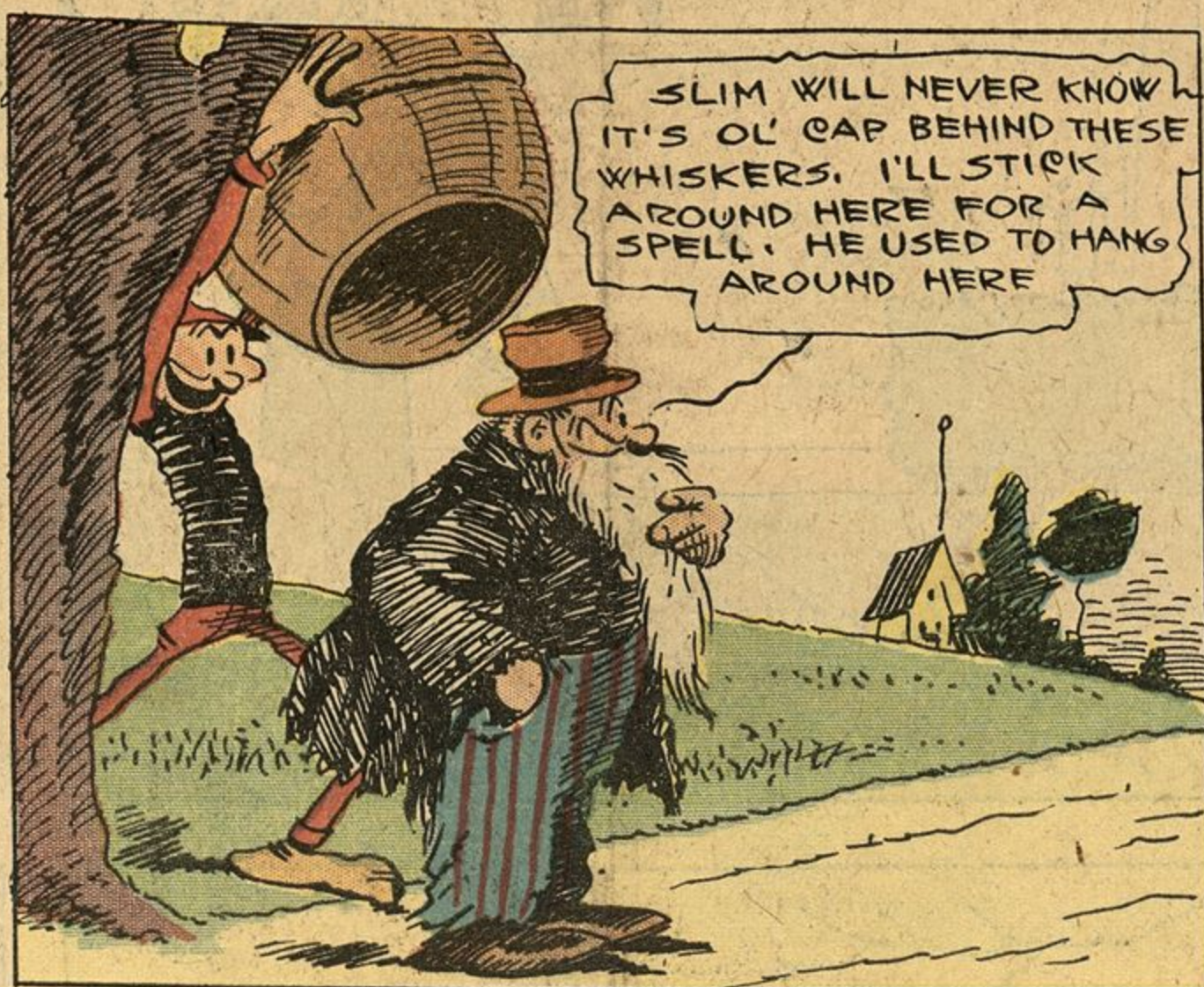
# CLEVELAND JOURNAL

A WEEKLY FOR AMERICAN SLOVENES

Cleveland, Ohio, Thursday,

December 4, 1930

## SLIM JIM AND THE FORCE



THE PERFECT STRANGER.  
By LINK.

HEY MISTER, DID YOU BUY A CIGAR?

THAT'S NONE OF YOUR BIZ -

O'MONTELL A FELLA, DID YOU?

YES, I BOUGHT THIS ONE CIGAR -

GIVE IT TO ME, WILL YOU?

HAW-HAW - DONT MAKE ME LAFF.

YOU MIGHT AS WELL GIVE IT TO ME -

OH! ZAT SO?

SURE! YOU'LL JUST SMOKE IT ANYHOW.



It says here by Prof. Arthur Moss, der eminent French child specialist, about der lack of firmness in parents, recently. Some things vot hits der nail right shmack on der point!

# The Outline of Oscar



DER COLLAPSE OF DISCIPLINE, ALREADY



Absolutely I agree mit der author of diss work on behaviorism, dot in der younger generation dere iss too little respect for authority, und dot firm discipline iss necessary during der formative years!



und in der meantime

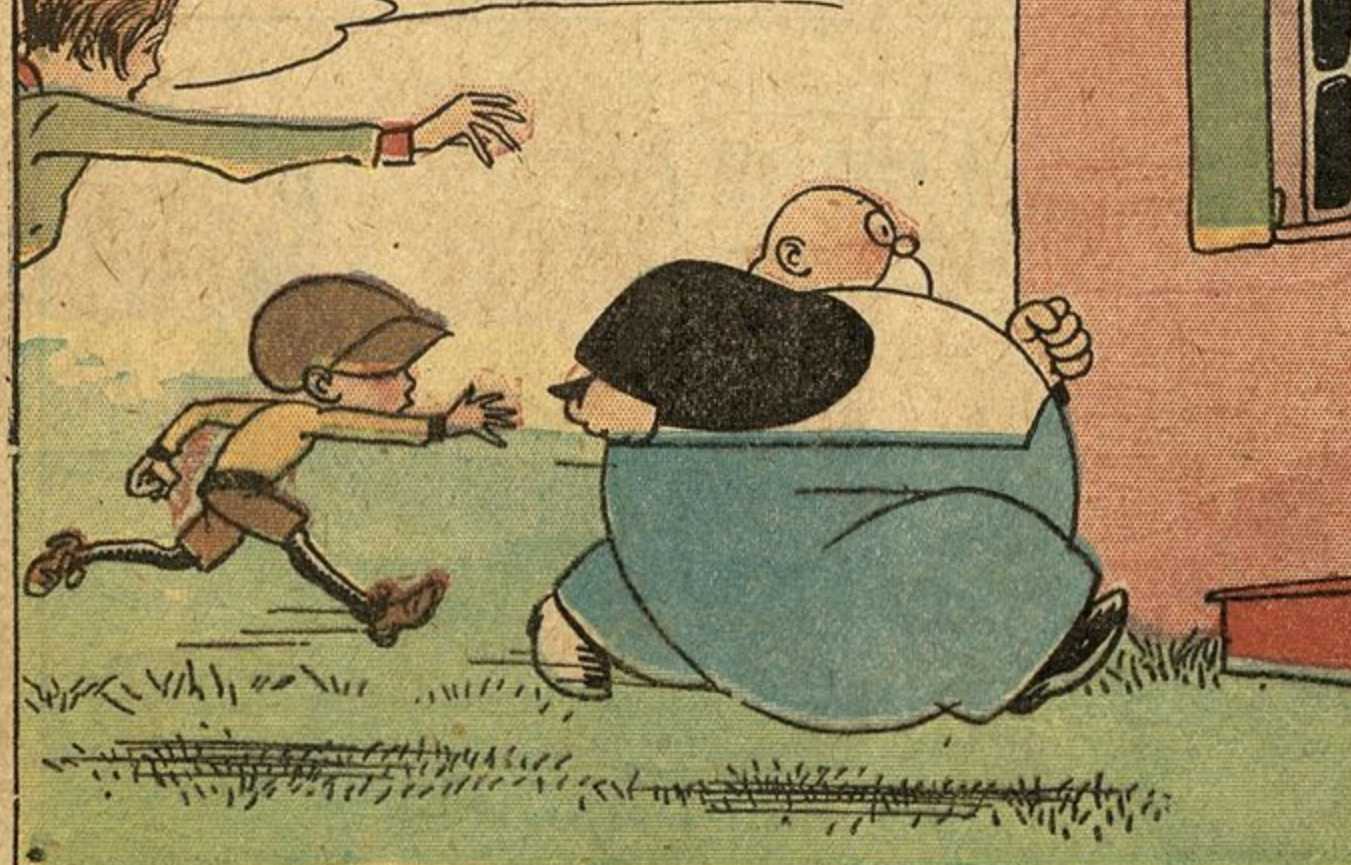
Dorothy! Horace! Get to work! I want you to finish raking diss yard at vunce! Und I want —



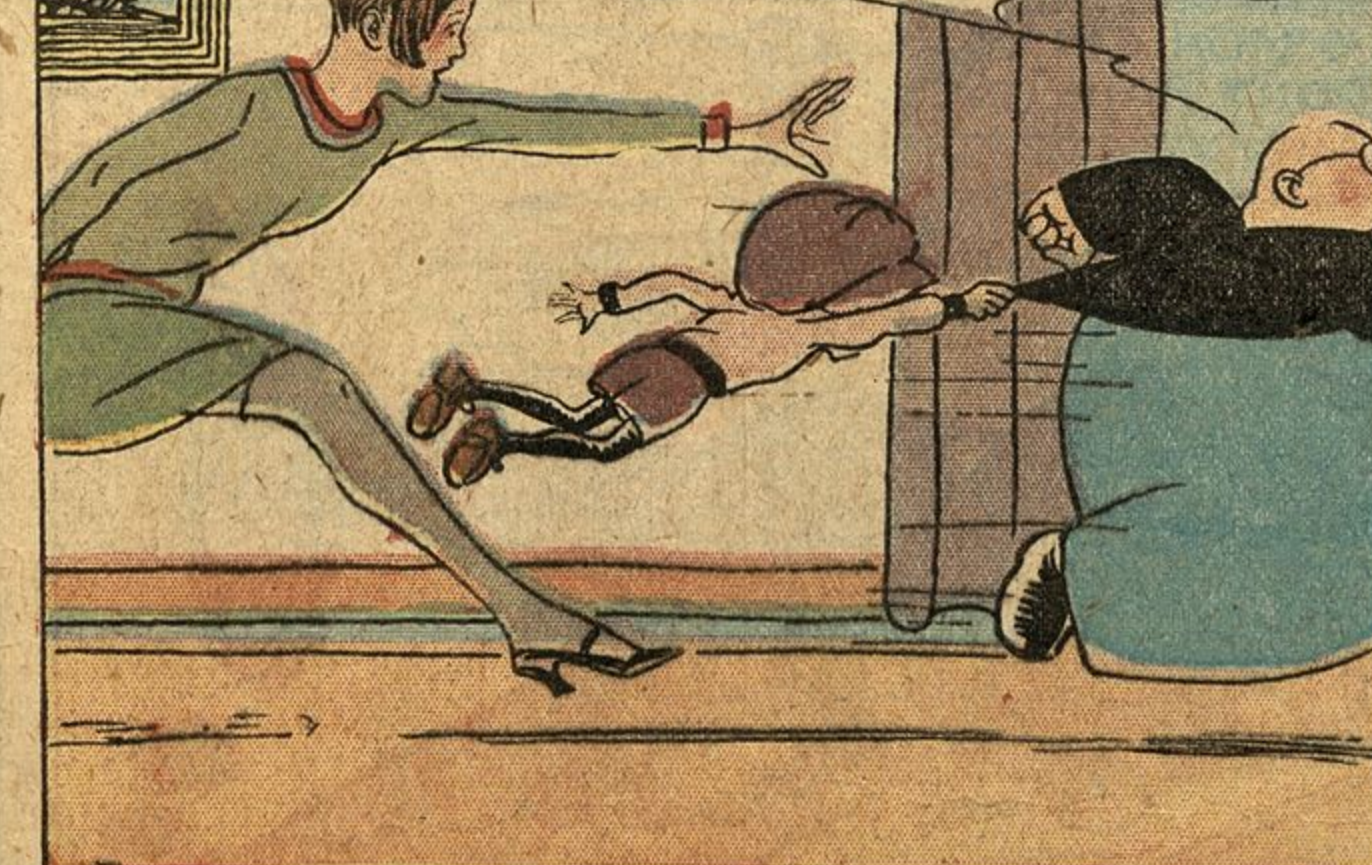
You-want-what!?!?



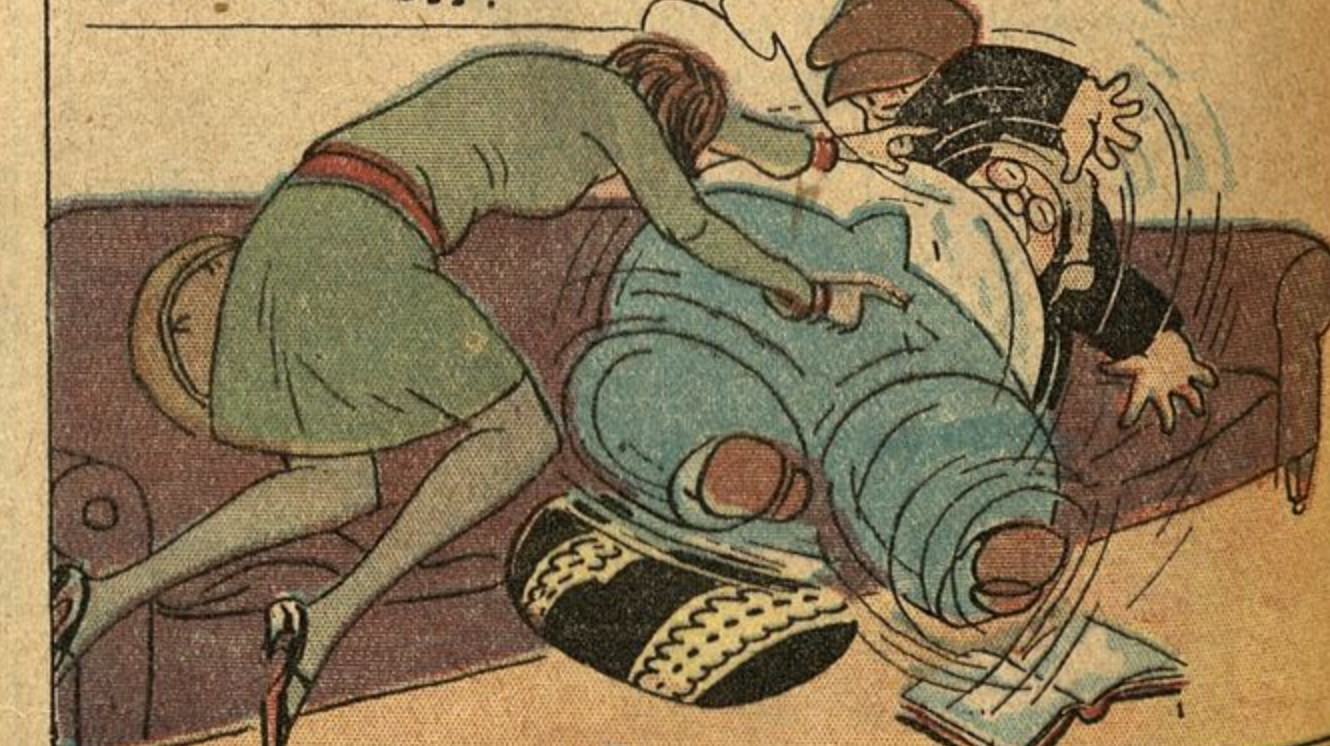
Get him!



Please — now —!



Ooooh — shtop diss! I neffer said it! Please! I cant shtand diss tickling bissness! — Ooooh please dont do diss! D-o-n-t! I take it back! — Ooooo-oooh! —





# CHAMPION of the HIGH SEAS

Well, kids, th' yarn to-day has to do with a fight on th' high seas, and how a big bully met his match.

Tops'l Barney's schooner, on which Kangy and I were takin' a cruise, had sailed from Thursday Island and was in th' Java Sea, nearing Borneo.

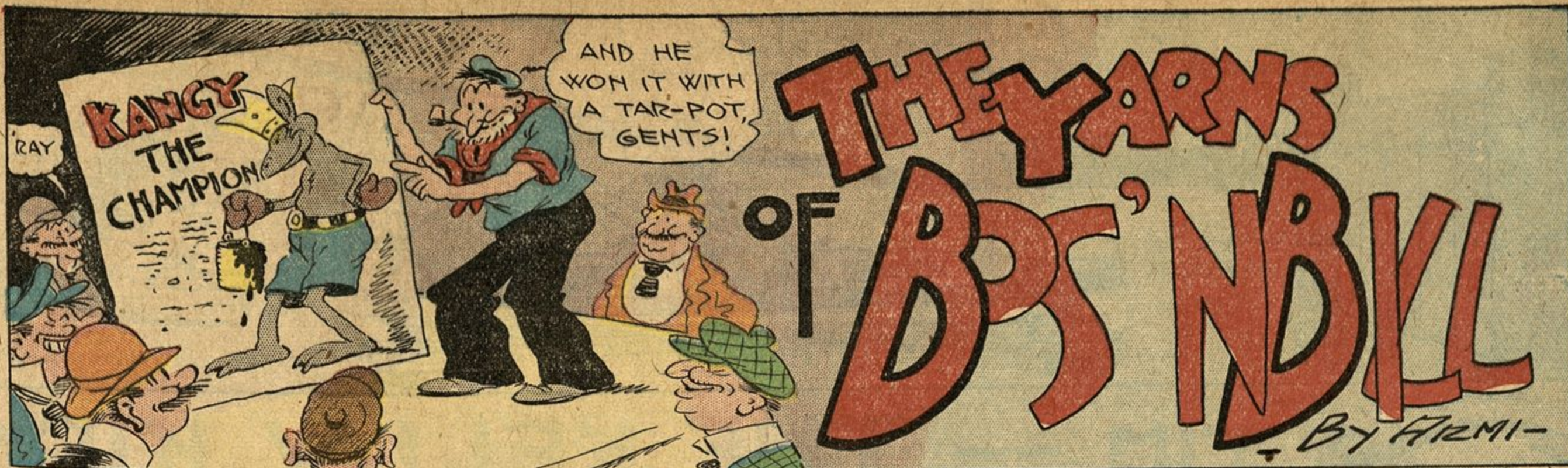
One mornin' Kangy was peekin' into a barrel near th' galley, which is th' ship's kitchen, when Big Pete, one of th' crew, lit a match, and from behind an end of th' fo'c'stle held th' burning match to th' end of Kangy's tail. From th' break of th' quarter-deck I saw th' whole thing, but it happened before I could interfere. Poor Kangy yipped and jumped about th' deck. Th' sailors thought it a rich joke, and Big Pete laughed louder than any.

I was good and mad, for Kangy was my pal, and besides, I can't stand by and see animals cruelly treated.

Tops'l Barney had heard th' rumpus and came on deck from below. When I told him what Big Pete had done he was for keelhaulin' th' bully. But Kangy, knowin' who had burned his tail took th' punishment of th' big sailor into his own hands, as you might say.

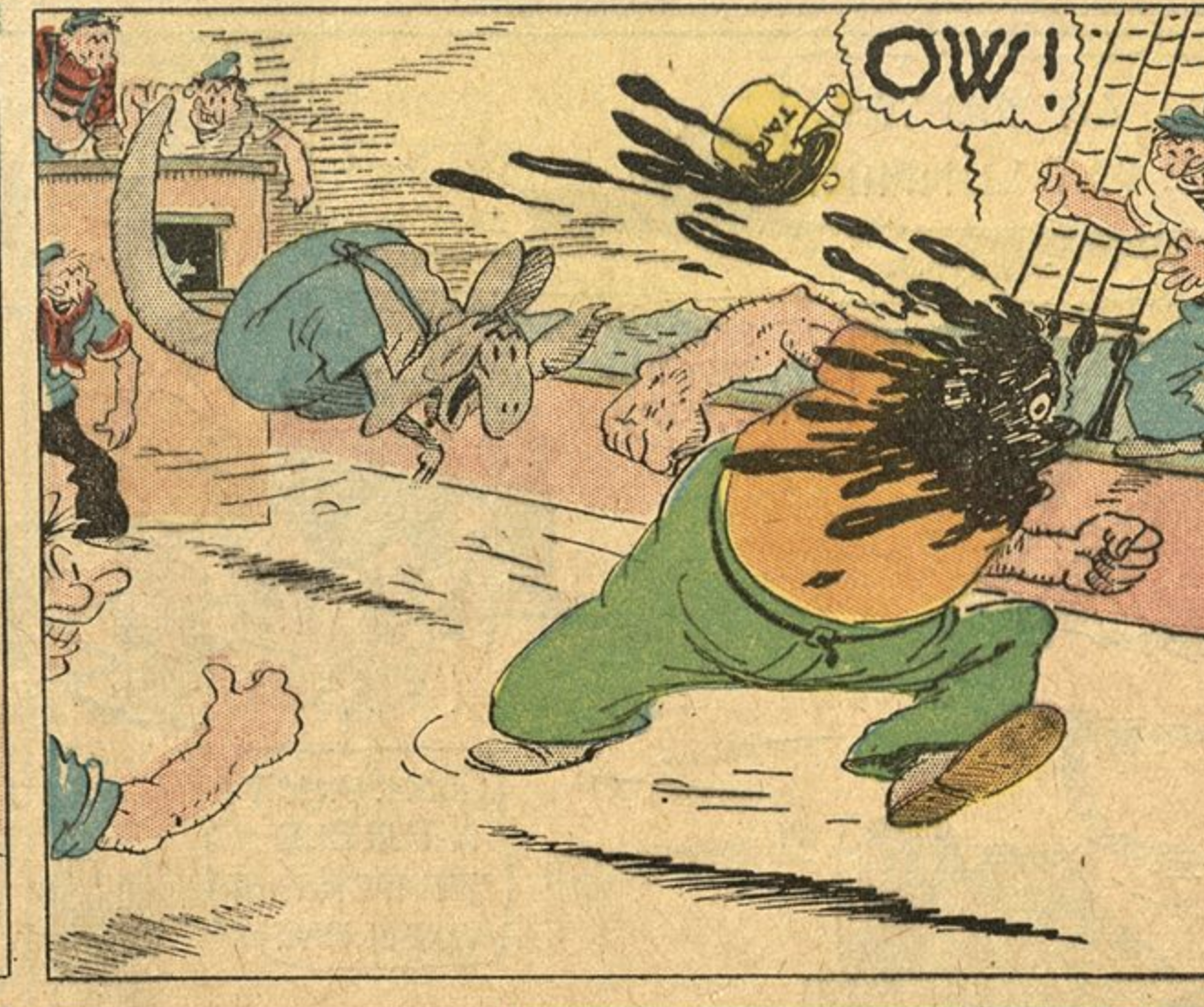
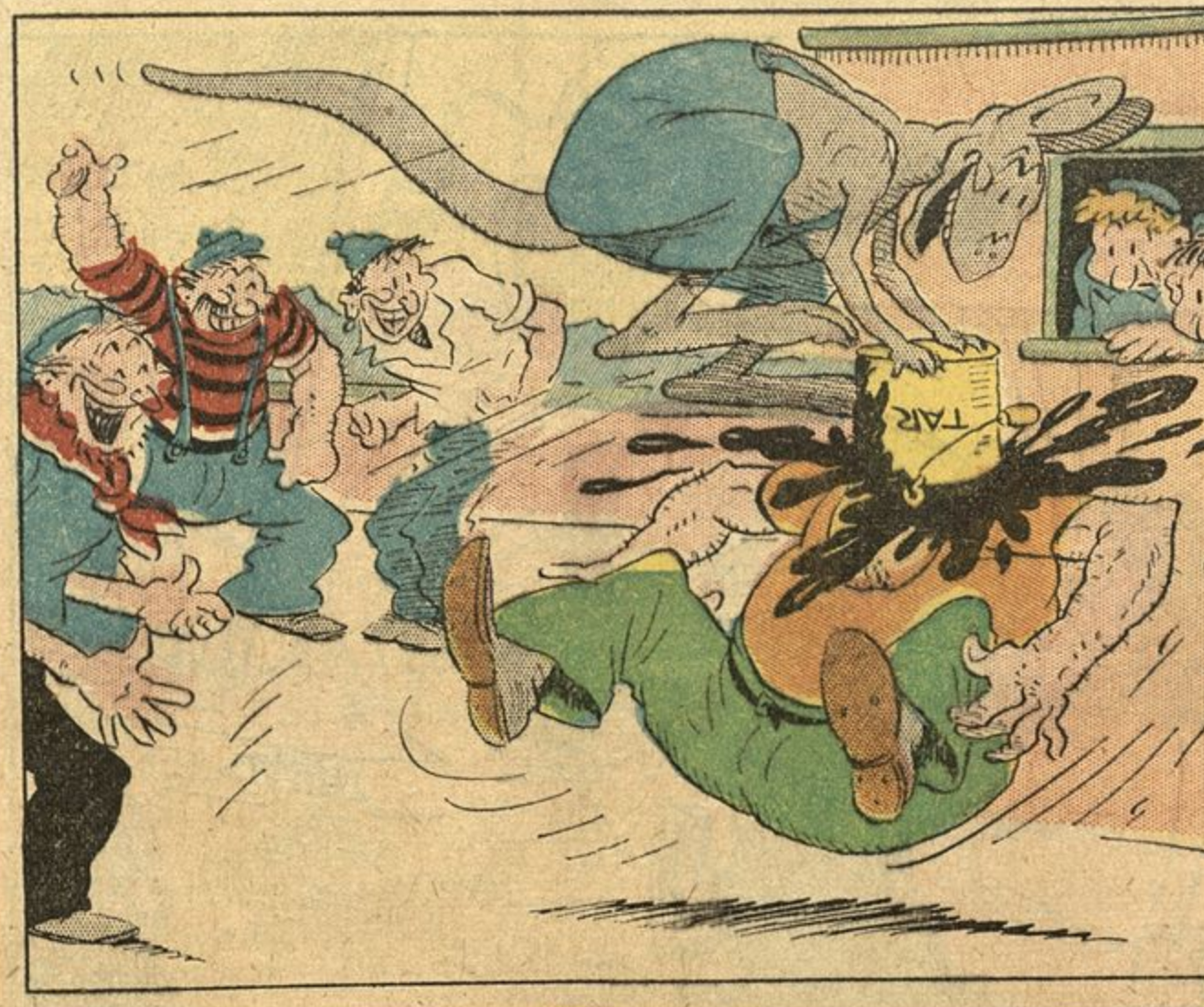
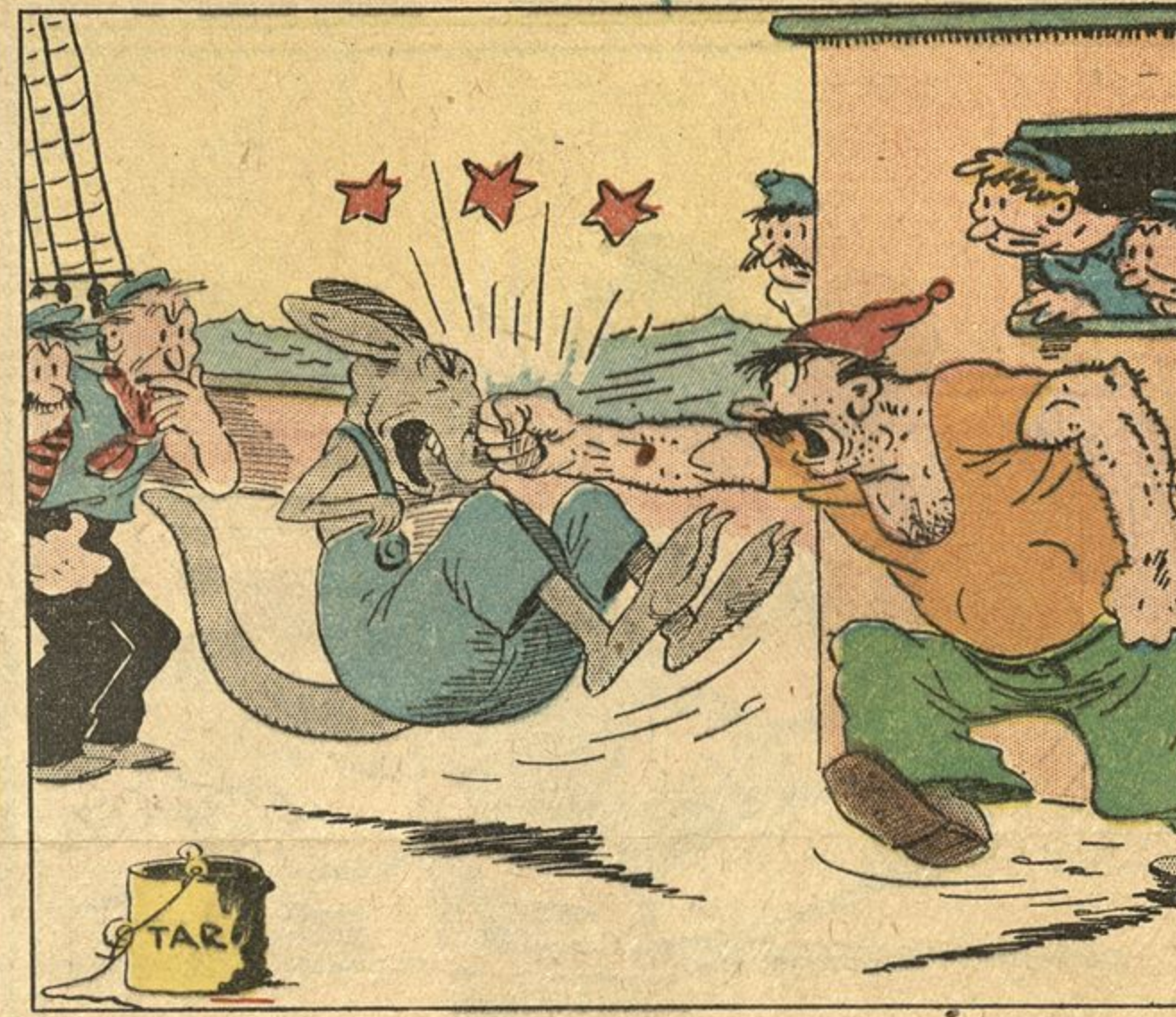
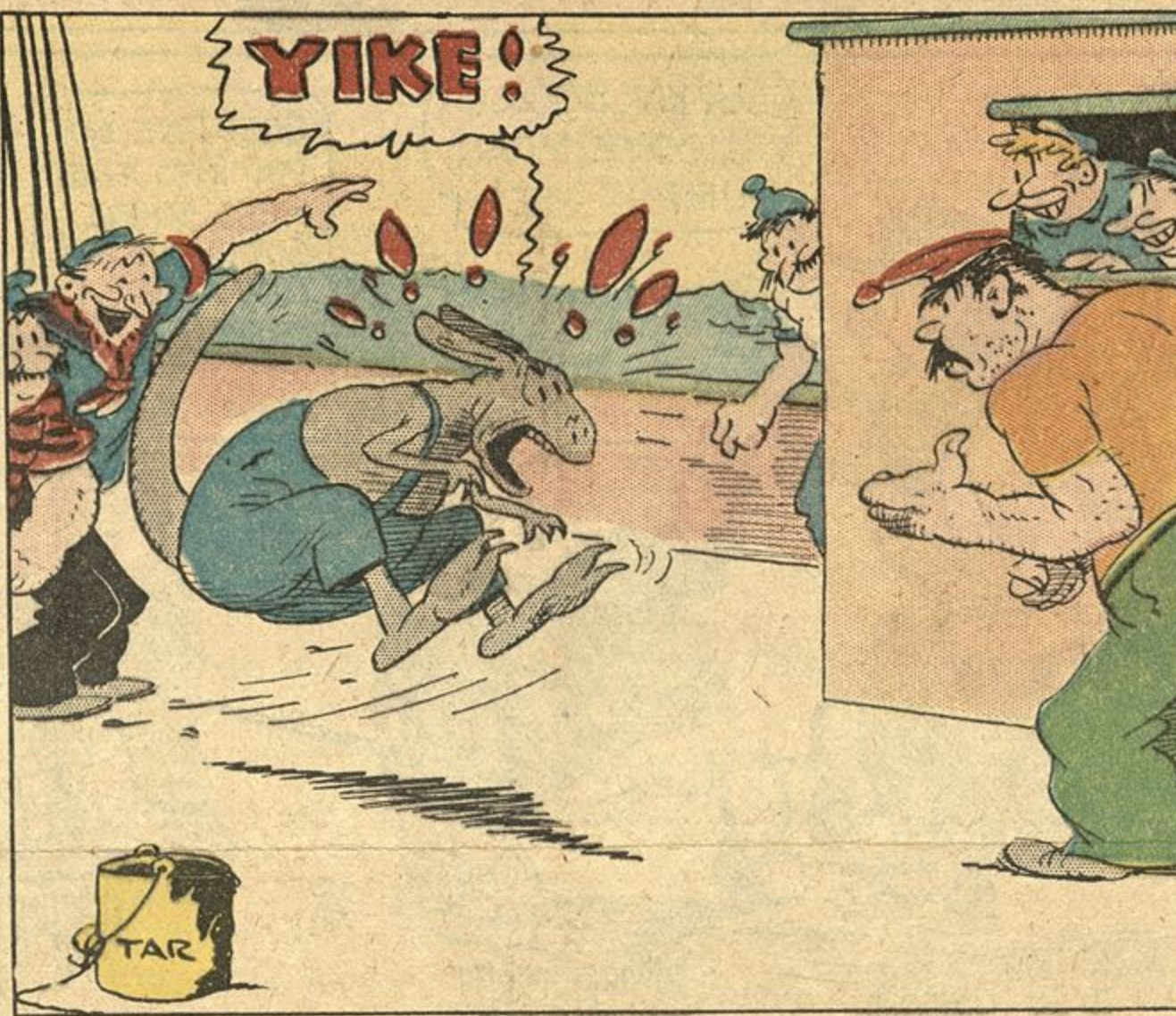
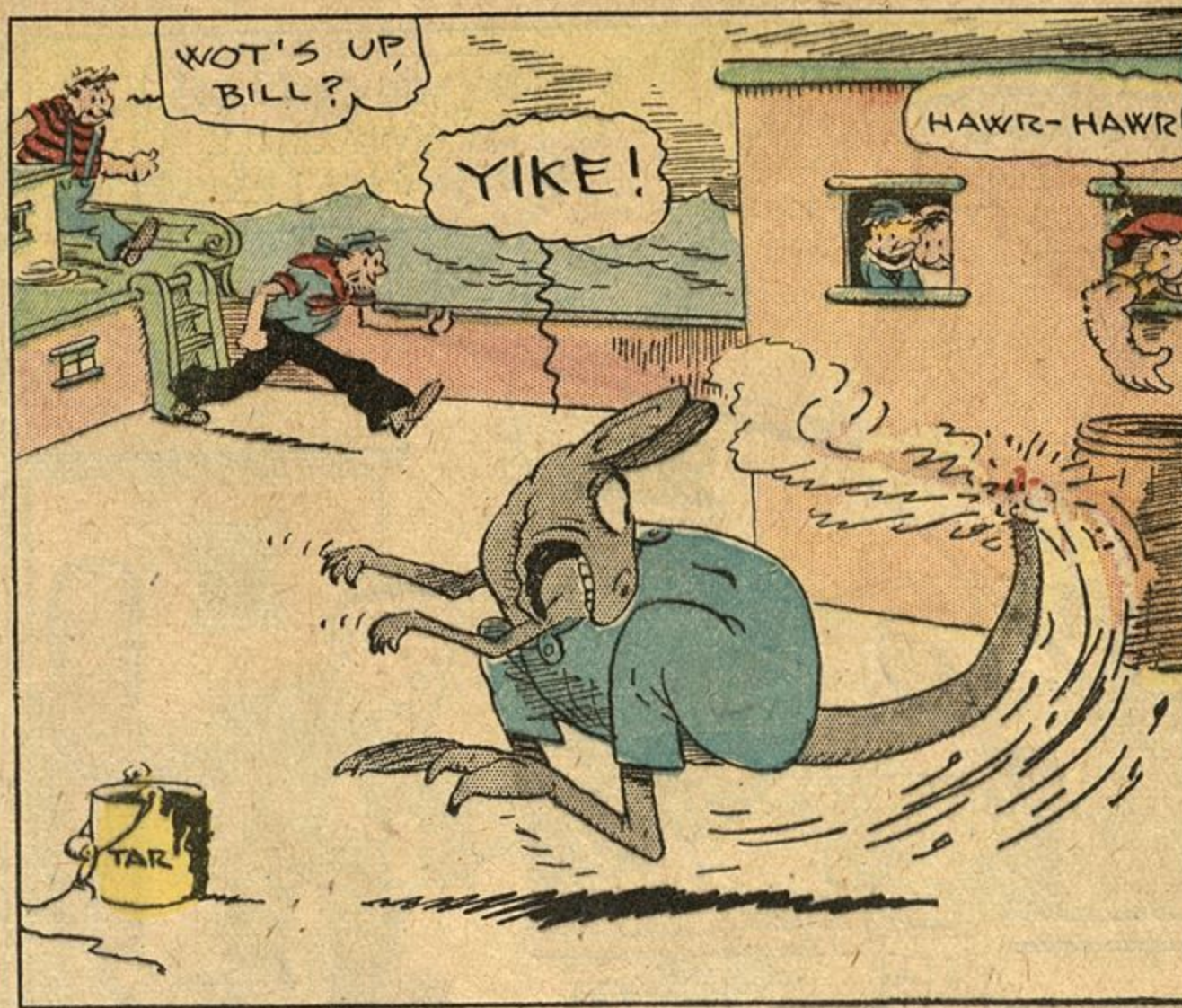
With his eyes fairly shootin' fire he made for Big Pete. Bein' a fighter, Pete hauled off and landed his fist on Kangy's tender nose. But Kangy was a fighter, too. Grabbin' a bucket of tar in his paws he jumped again and clapped th' bucket, tar and all, over Pete's head. That was too much for th' big bully. With a tarry yell, spittin' tar at every jump, he ran, with Kangy after him.

Well s'r that sailor was so scared that he jumped over th' rail and into th' sea. Of course we fished him out, but after that he left Kangy alone.



# THE YARNS OF BOB'S NELL

BY ALMI-



SOUNDS REASONABLE.



STOP RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE.

WHO THREW THAT BRICK THROUGH MY WINDOW?

I DID.

WELL YOU HAND OVER THE PRICE FOR A NEW PIECE.

I WILL LIKE FUN.

MAKE THAT GUY PAY FOR IT.

HE HAD NO BUSINESS GETTIN' OUT OF THE WAY OF THAT BRICK.

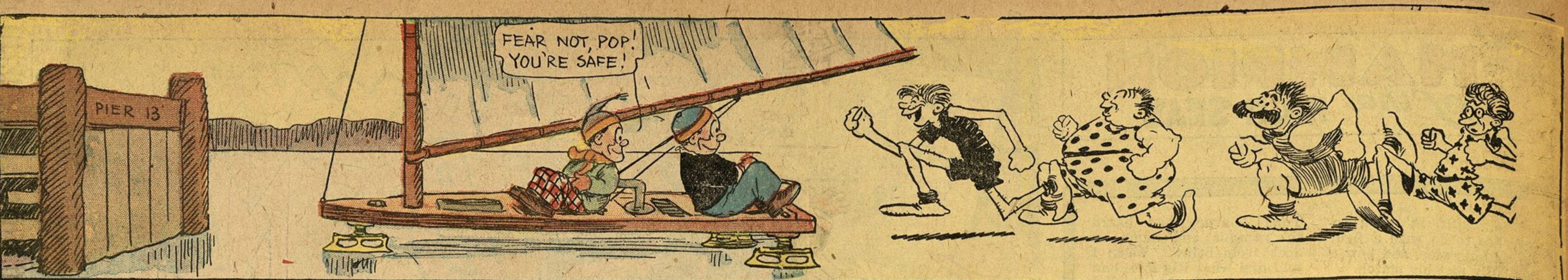
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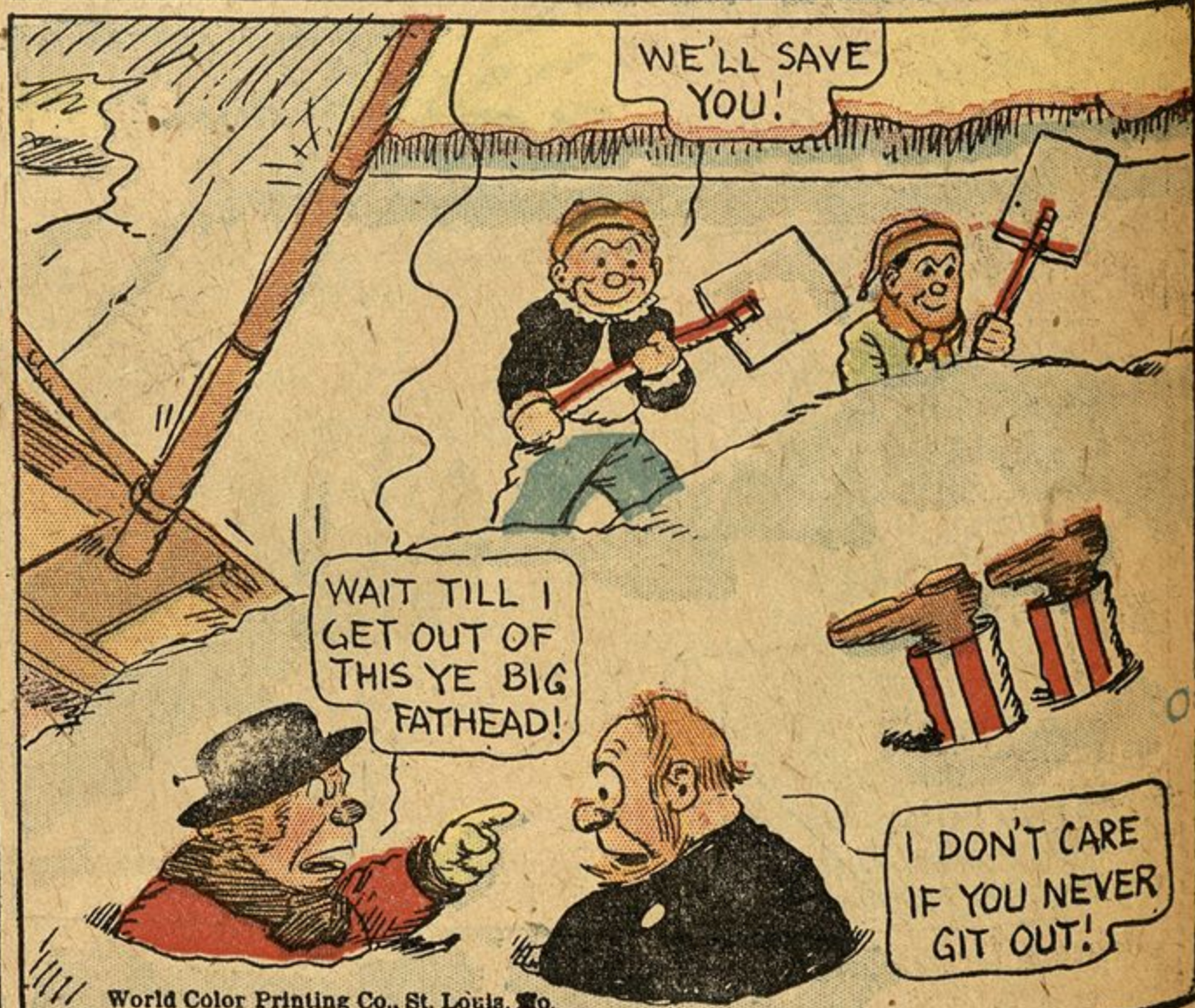
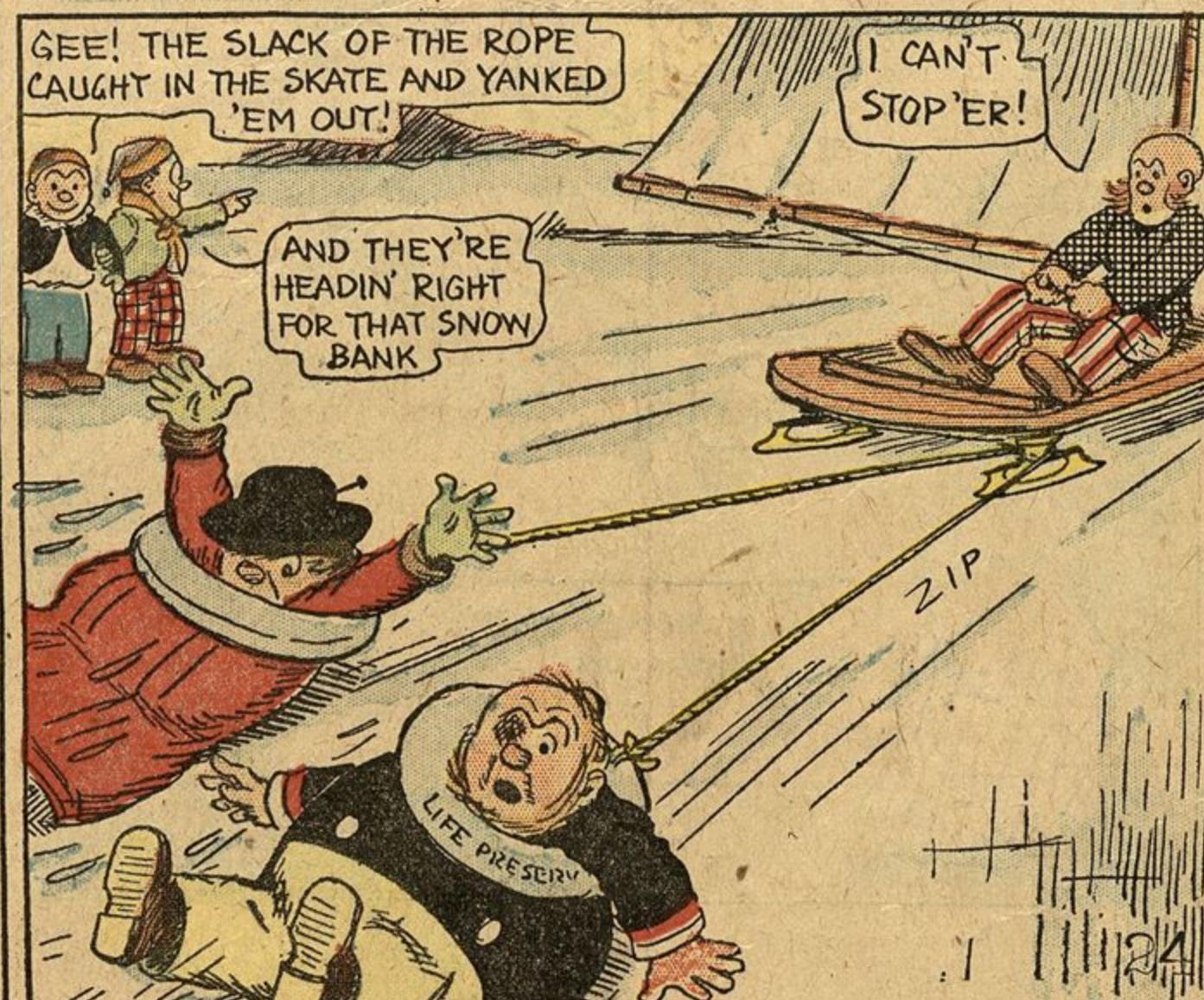
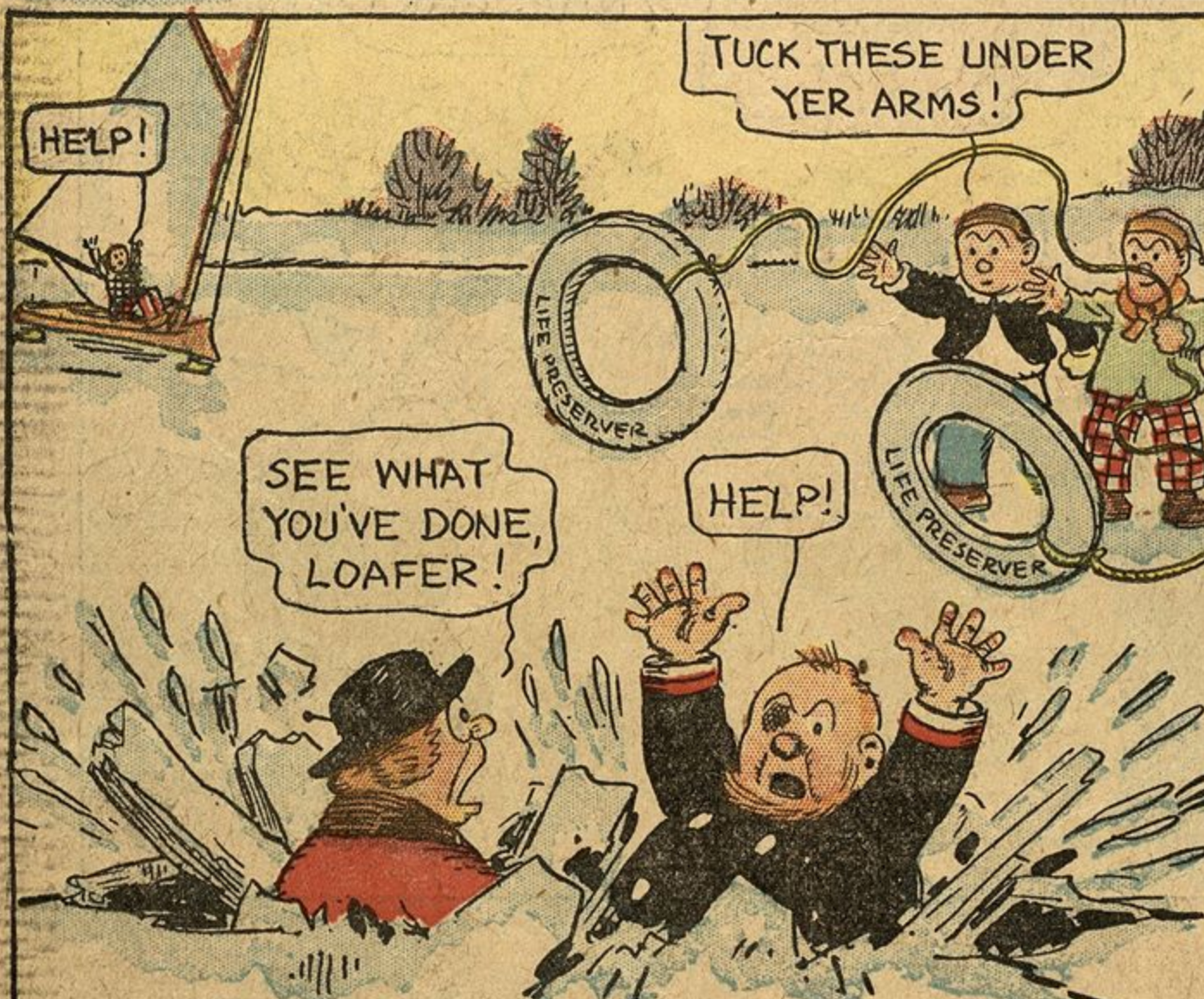
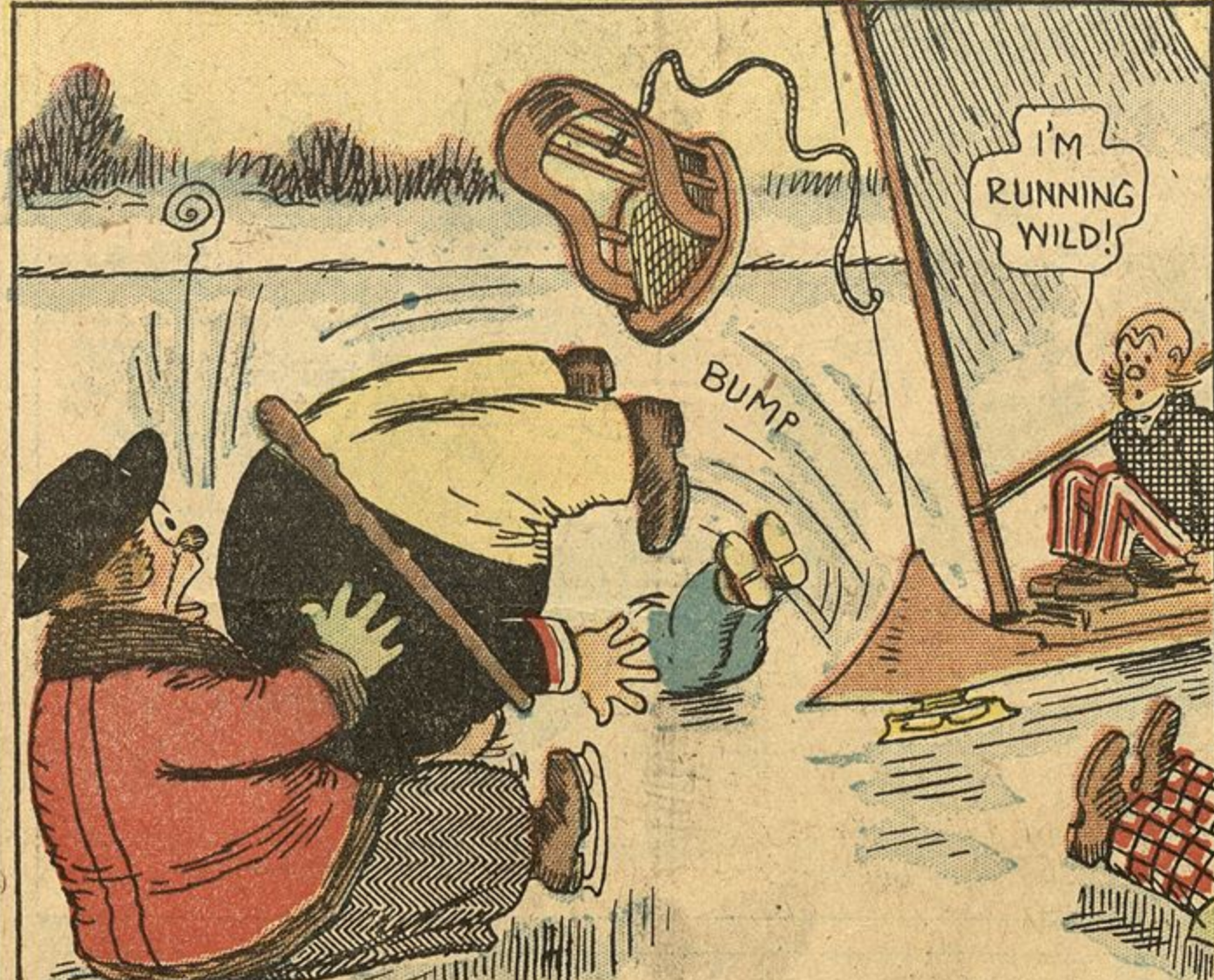
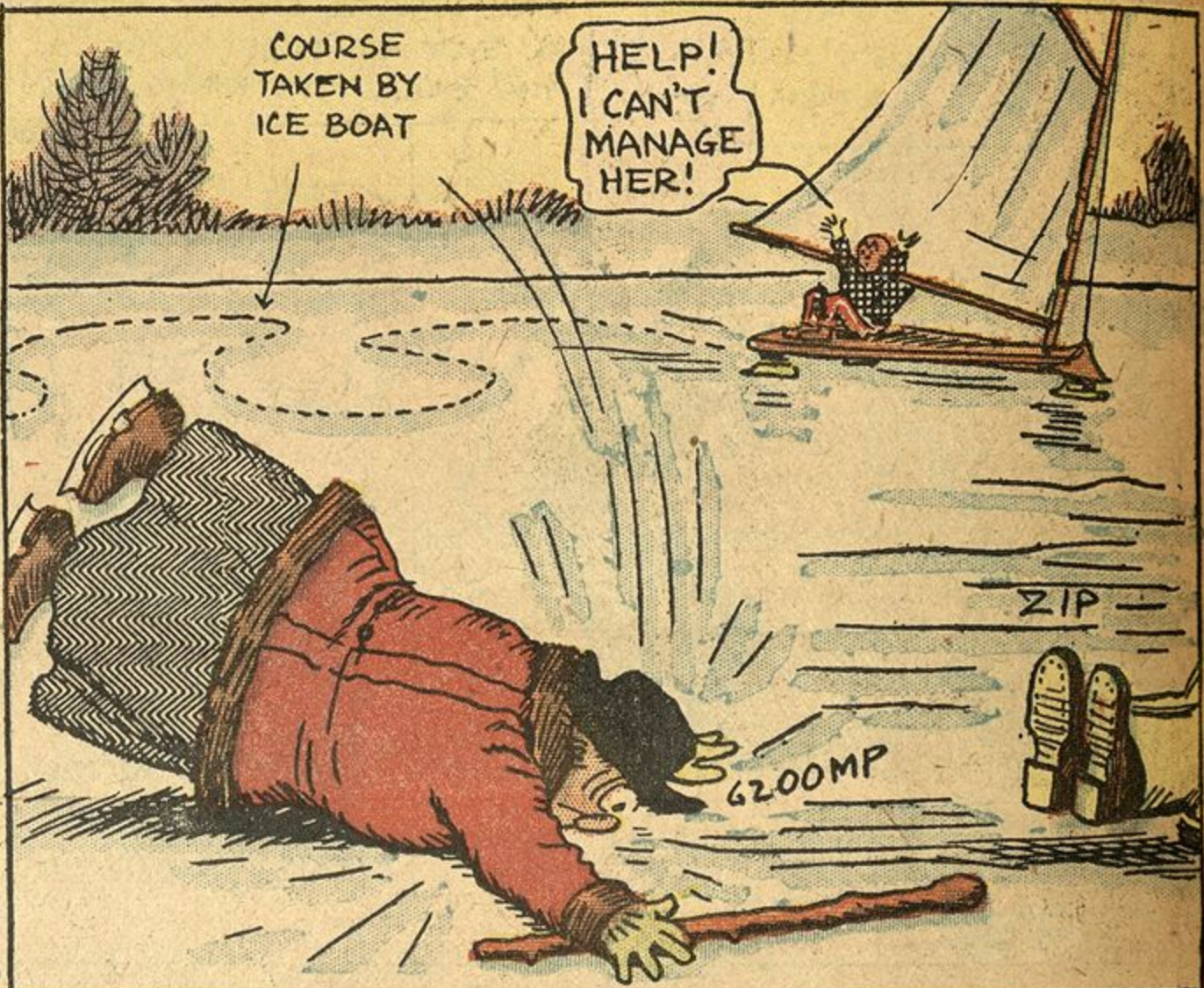
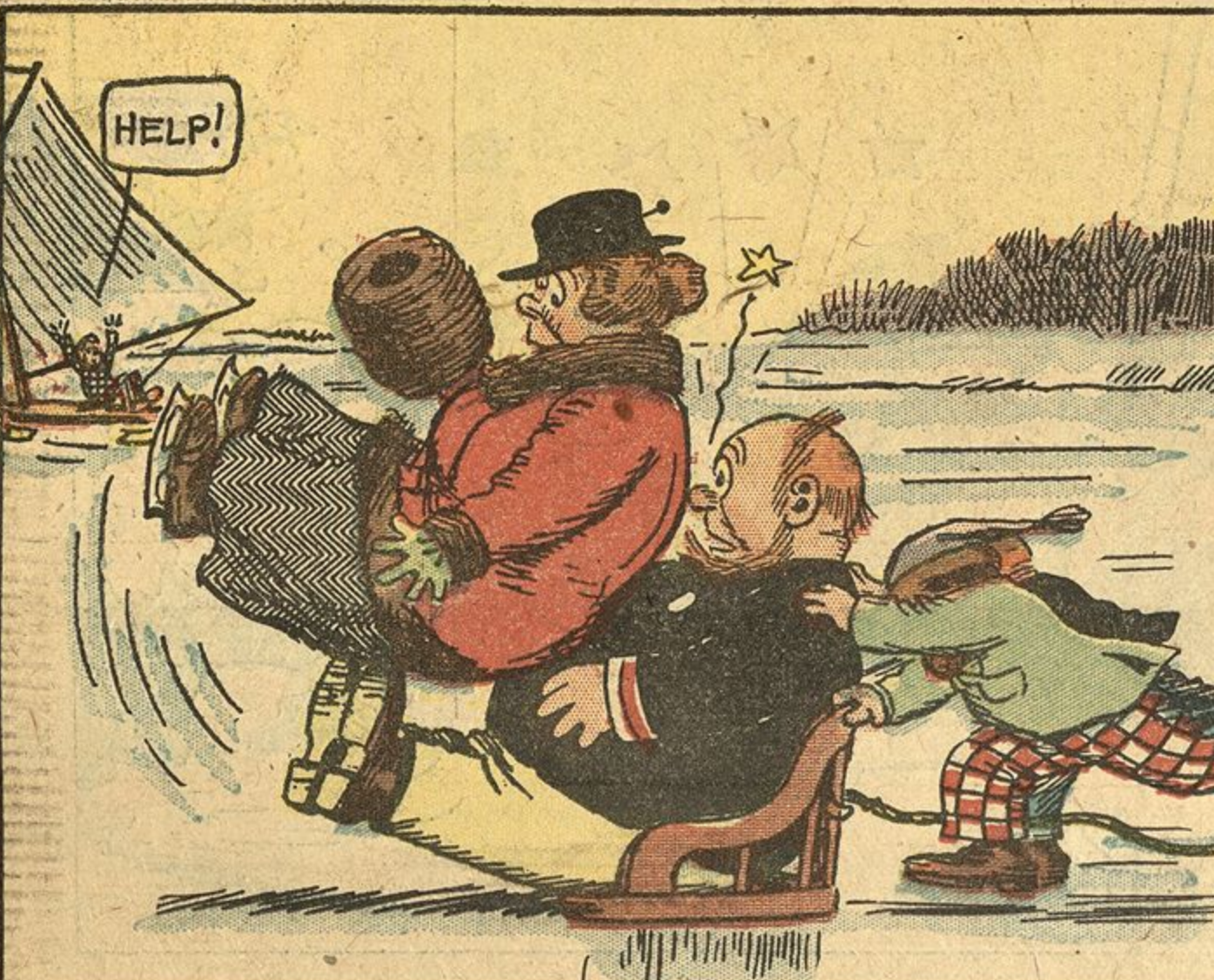
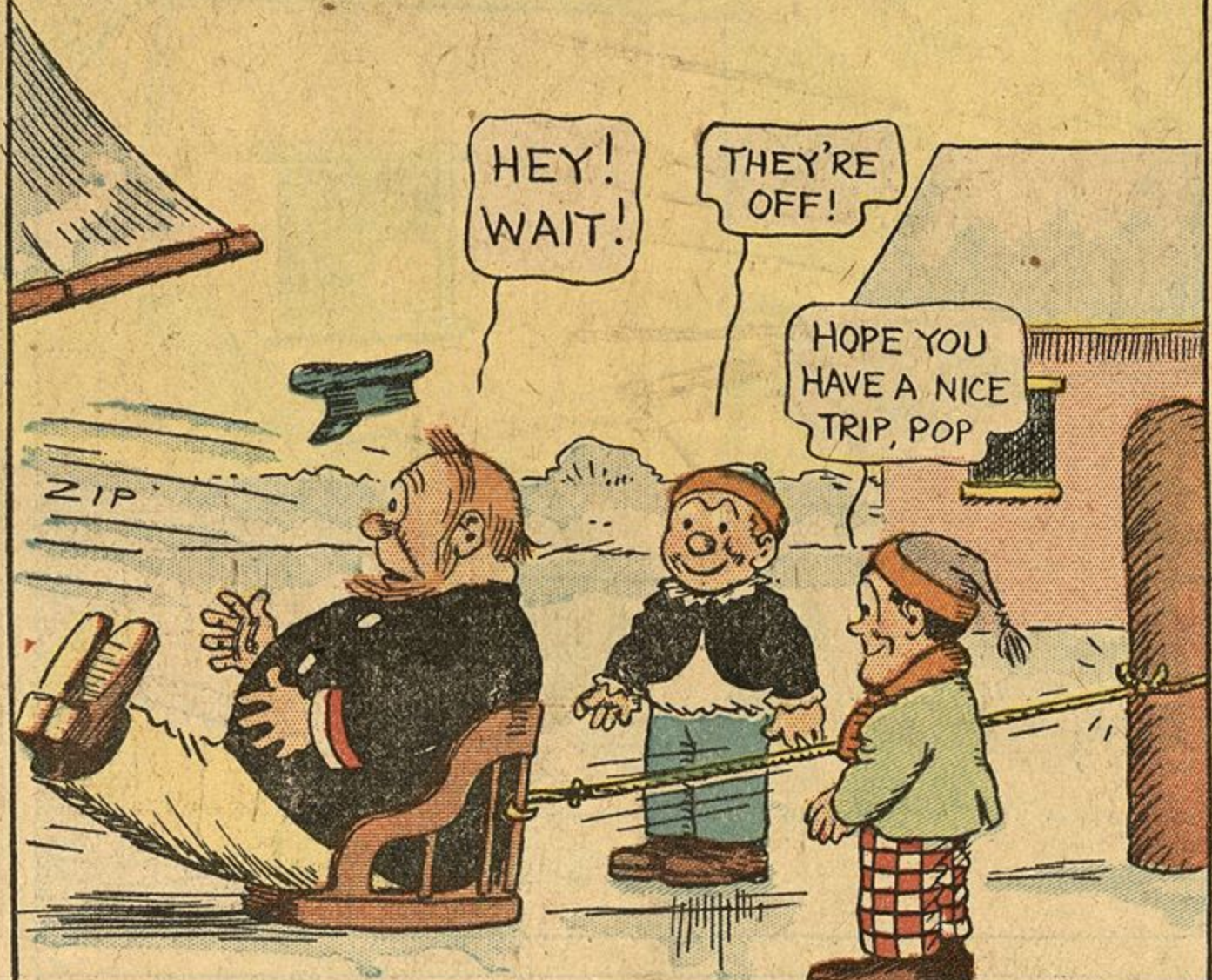
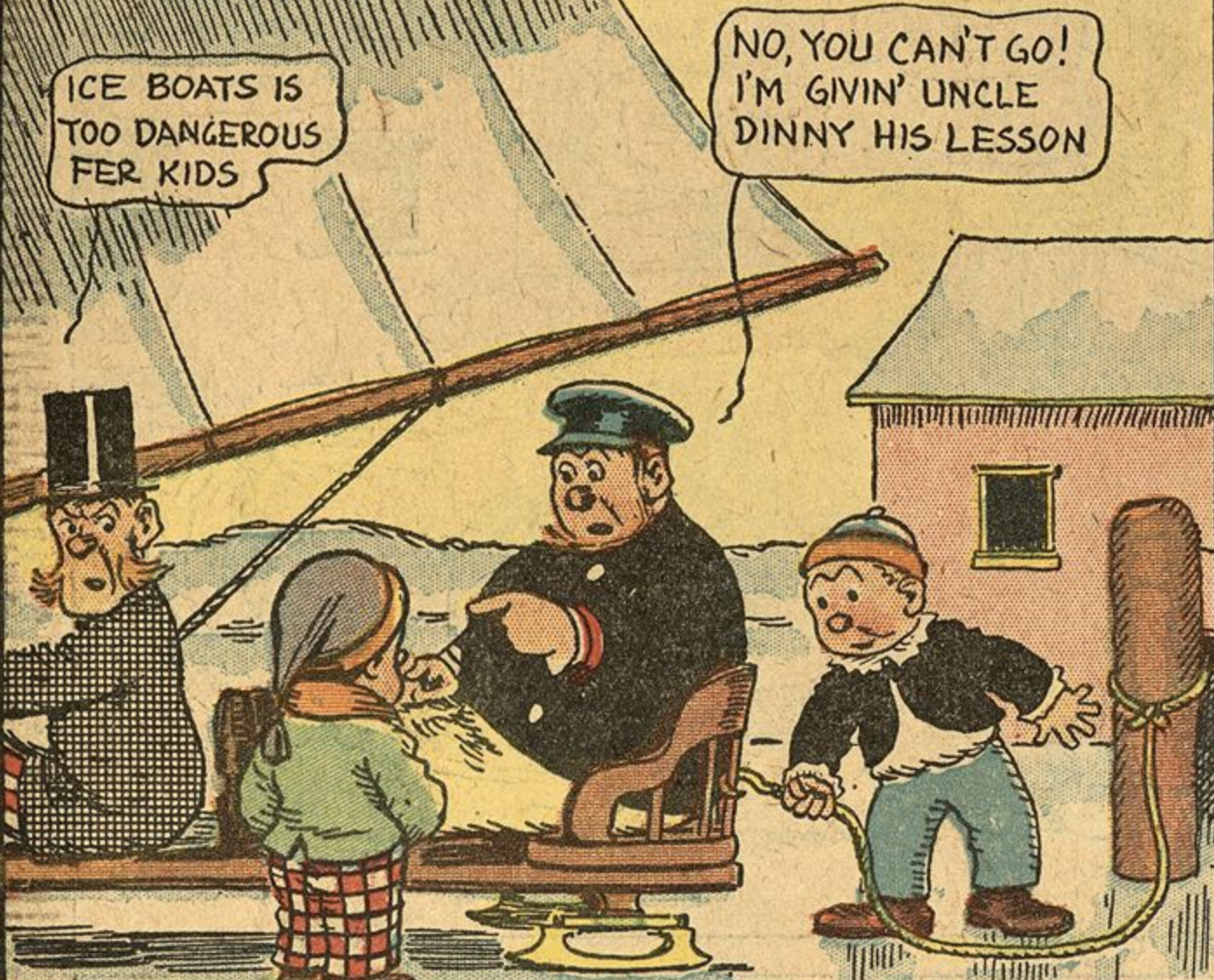
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TIM --- THE KELLY KIDS --- TOM



IT MAY BE SO - BUT -  
WHERE TO, MAC?  
I'M GOING TO WALK DOWN HERE ABOUT  
A MILE TO GET MY HORSE, THEN I'M GOING RIDING  
WHAT'S THAT UNDER YOUR ARM? LUNCH?  
NO, MY BOOTS.  
WHY DIDN'T YOU WEAR THEM?  
OH NO! ONE DARENT WALK IN THEM, -  
THEY'RE "RIDING" BOOTS -