

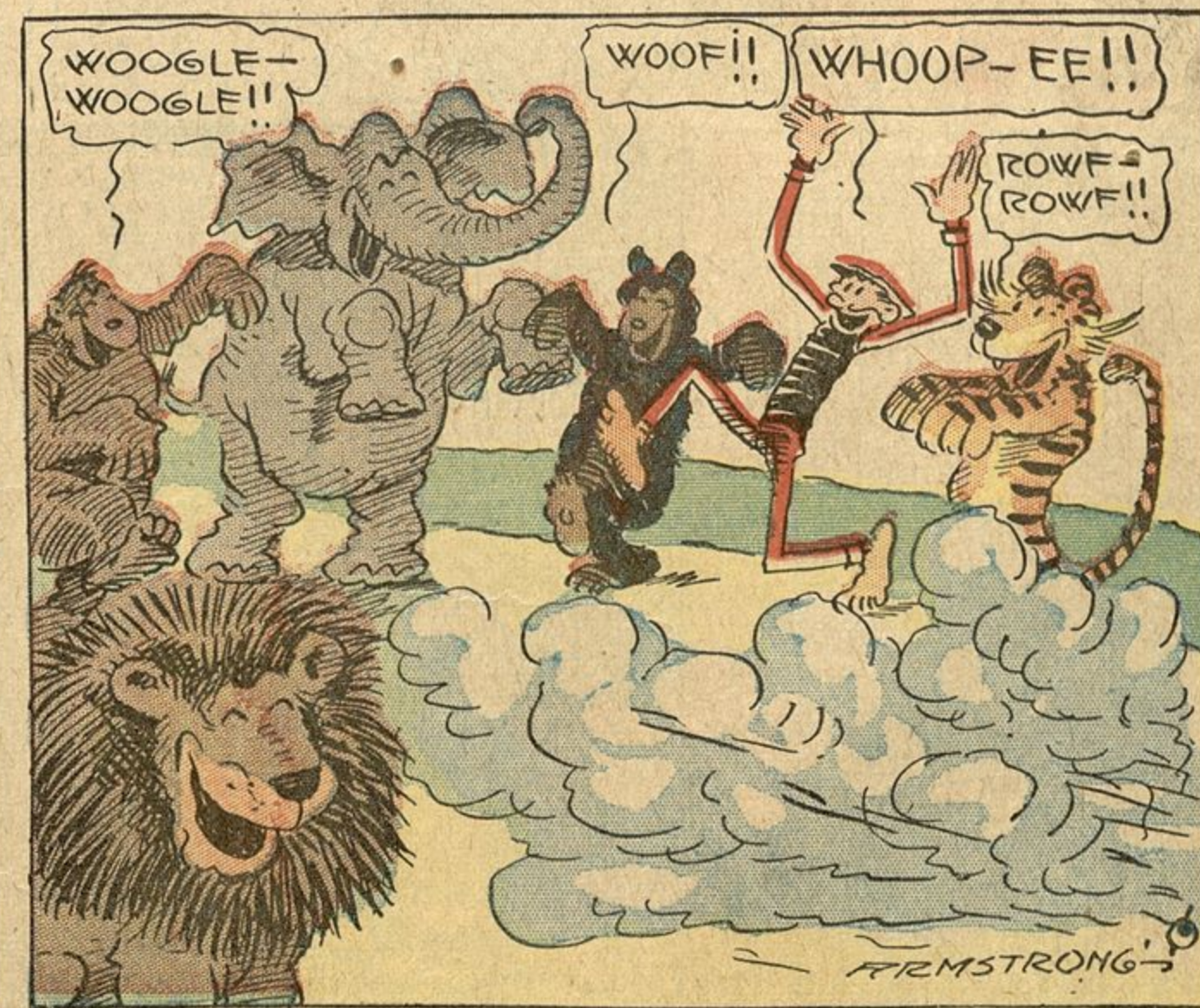
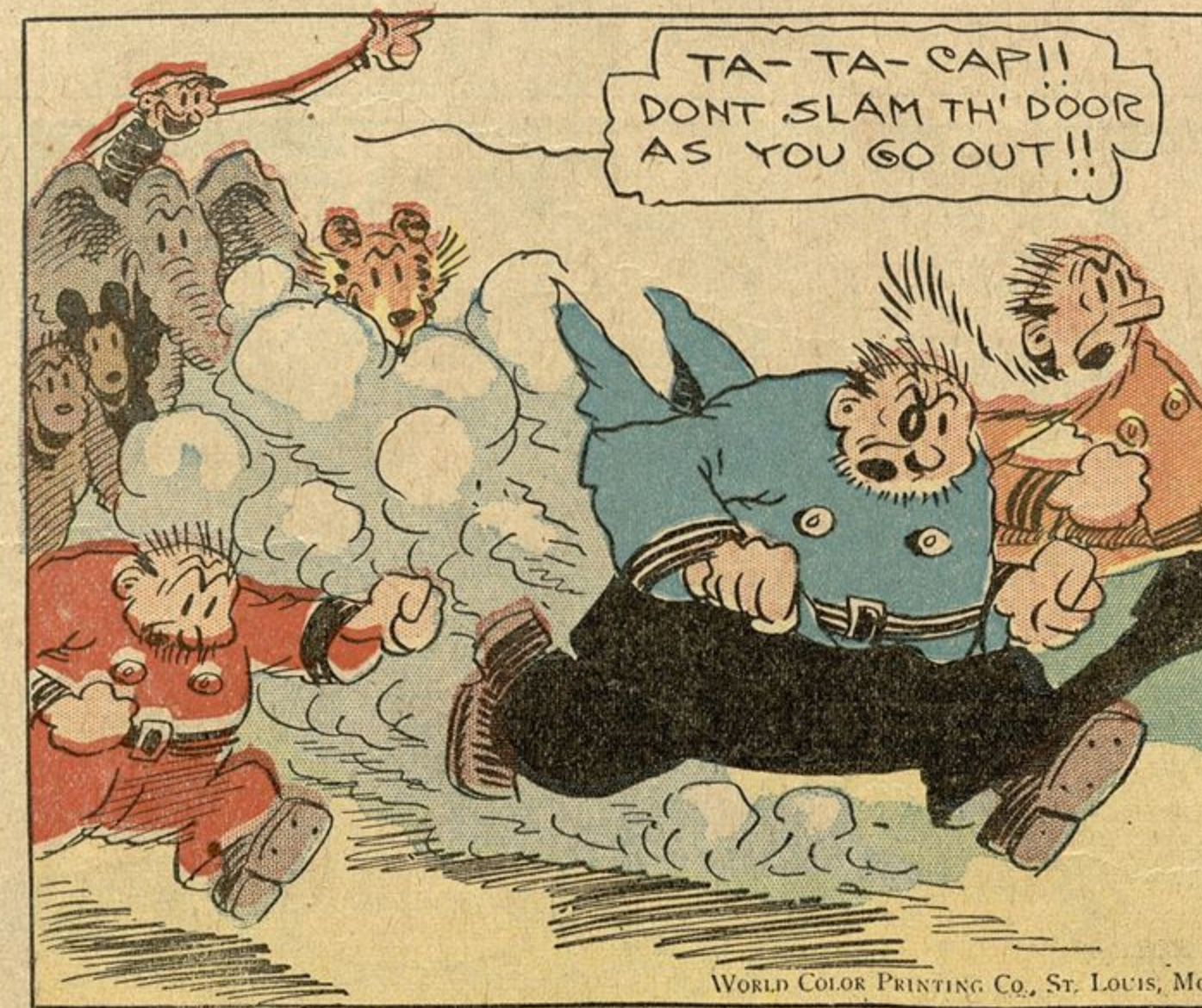
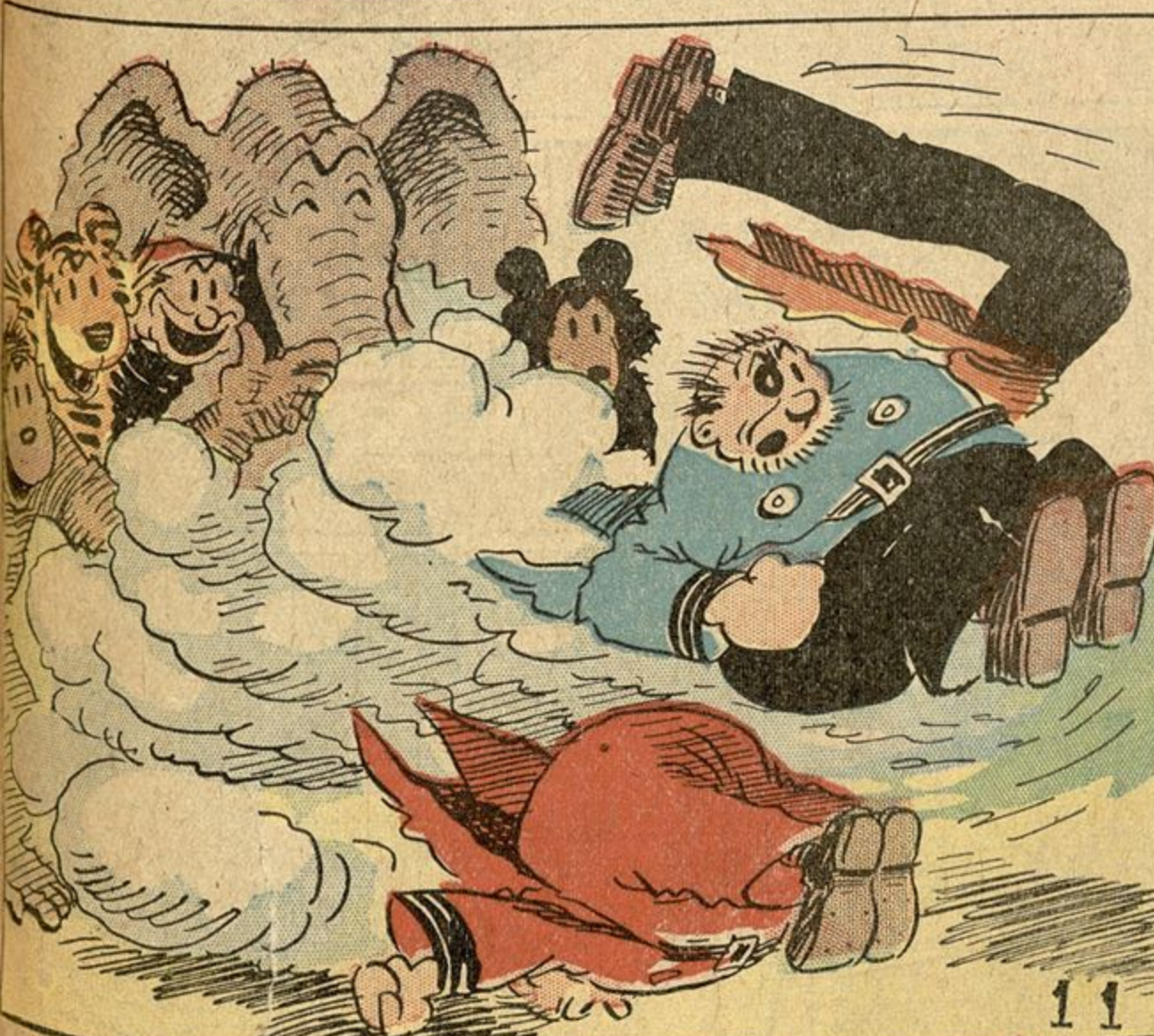
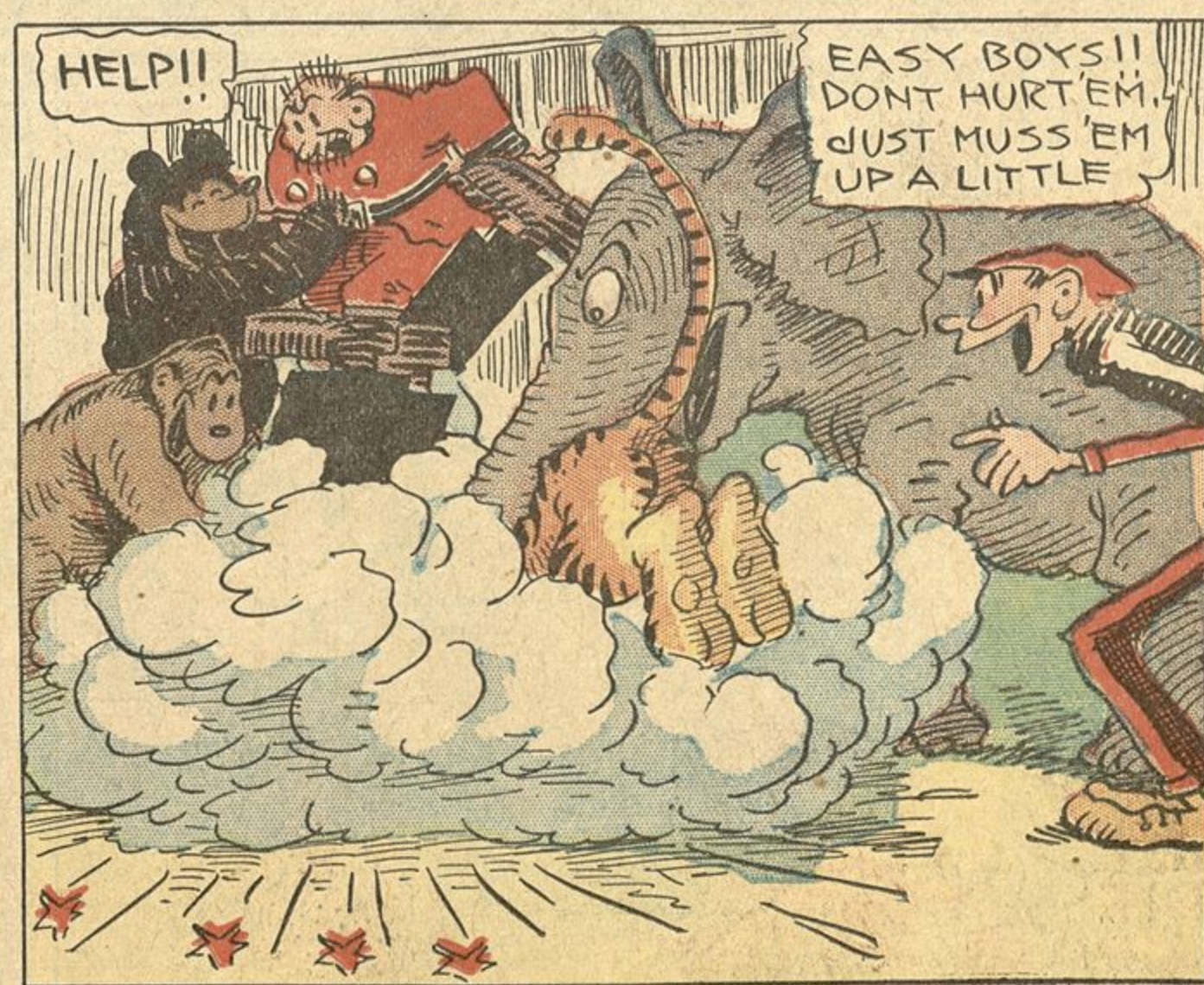
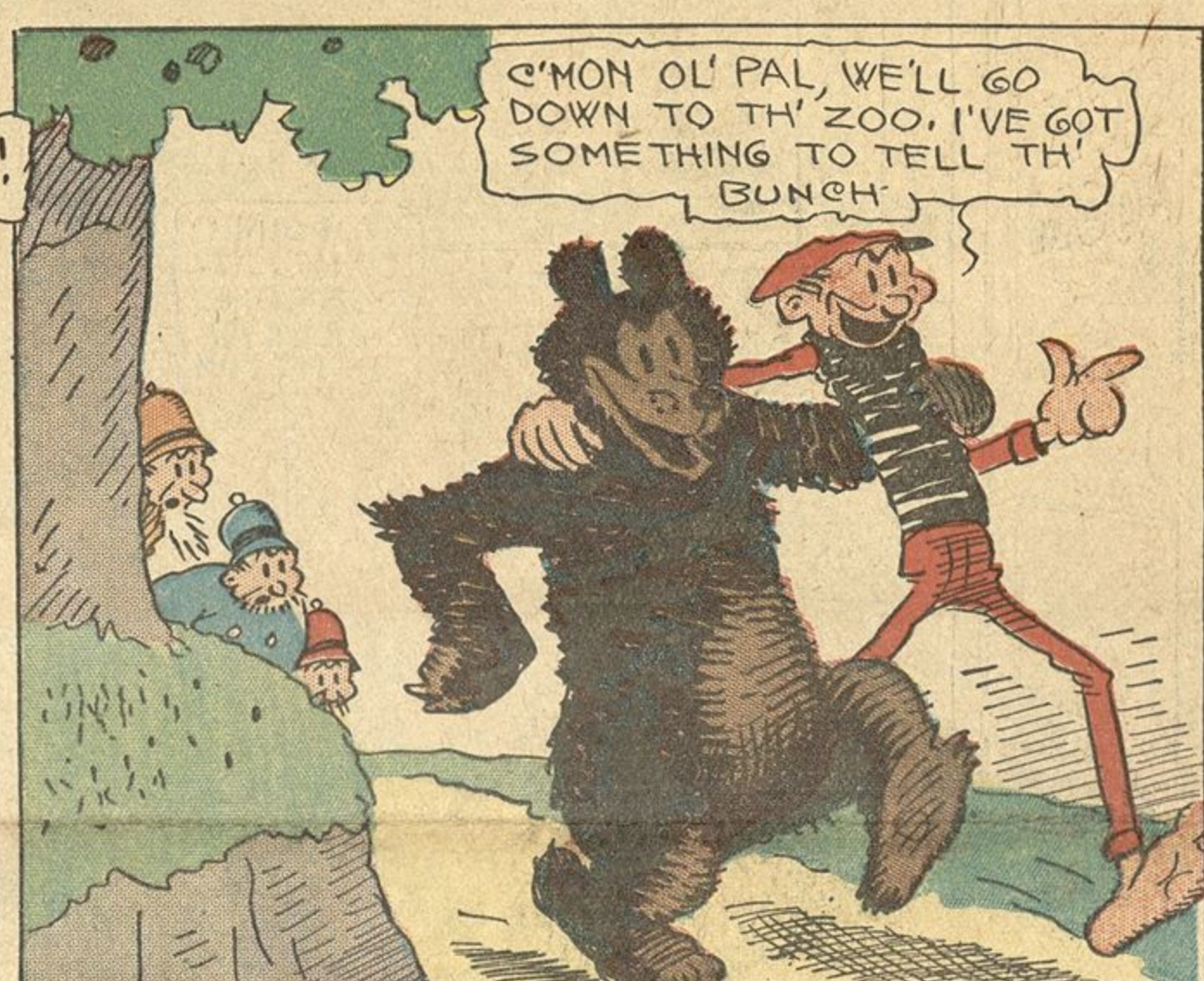
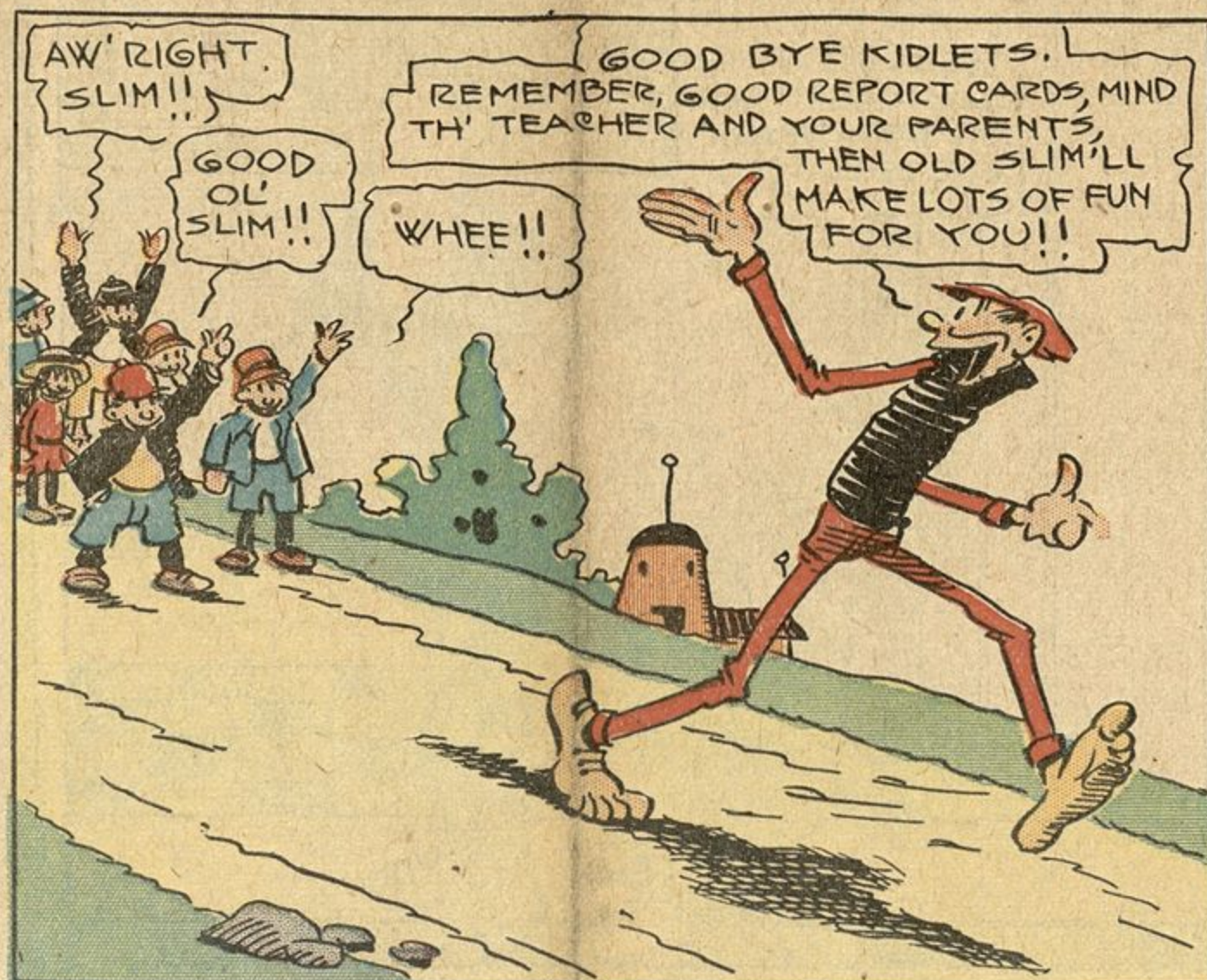


Comic Section

CLEVELAND JOURNAL

A WEEKLY FOR AMERICAN SLOVENES
Cleveland, Ohio, Thursday,
September 4, 1930

SLIM JIM AND THE FORCE



RIDE 'EM, COWBOY! ONE REEL.

HERE'S A GOOD BUY. - THAT CAR HAS ONLY GONE 1000 MILES. - OWNER HAD A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN.

HERE'S ANOTHER, HANLON THE SPEED DEMON GOT PNEUMONIA FROM THE DRAUGHT, HE'LL SELL IT CHEAP.

HERE'S A BARGAIN ROADSTER. - LIKE NEW - ONLY GONE 2000 MILES. - OWNER GOT RHEUMATISM IN HIS LEGS - CANT DRIVE.

THE OWNER OF THIS CAR, ALSO HAD A NERVOUS

HOLD ON,

NO CARS FOR ME. - I WANT TO STAY WELL.

B4 INK

SO AM I,
BILL.

IT SHOULD BE
A GOOD GAME.

I HOPE
SO-

WEATHER LOOKS
THREATENING,
THOUGH.

IF IT STARTS IT'LL
RAIN ALL AFTERNOON.

NAW - THESE RAIN "CHECKS" OUGHT TO STOP IT.

1

OW!

GIVE EACH OF THEM ONE OF THESE GREEN POWDERS DISSOLVED IN WATER EVERY FIFTEEN MINUTES! AND I'LL BE BACK IN AN HOUR. WATCH THEIR TEMPERATURES

OUCH!!

WILL IT STOP THIS AWFUL YELLING. DOCTOR? - I DO HOPE SO!

2

K
M

IT SEEMS THEY ATE
A LOT OF DRIED AP-
PLES. _ STUFFED THEM
SELVES, FULL. THEN,
LIKE IDIOTS, DRANK
A LOT OF WATER!

WHY, EH.
THEY ARE
LIABLE,
EH, TO, _

4

SICK ROOM

OH: THERE IS A STRONG DRAFT BLOWING THROUGH HERE AND IT SLAMMED THAT DOOR SHUT... UM

MY. IT STARTLED ME... I EH, FOR THE MOMENT. EH, THOUGHT... UM

5

IT SEEMS THEY ATE A LOT OF DRIED APPLES. STUFFED THEMSELVES. THEN LIKE IDIOTS, DRANK A LOT OF WATER —

OH! THEY ARE LIABLE TO SWELL UP AND...

TICK ROOM

10

WHERE'S DOCTOR PILL? - I WANT TO SHAKE HIS HAND!! THOSE POWDERS ARE SOME MEDICINE, WE ARE WELL AGAIN

OH! I'M SO GLAD! GOODIE! GOODIE!

HURRAY!

I'M GOIN' TO TAKE A LITTLE SUTHIN' FOR MY NERVES, - SUCH AS IT IS, PROFESSOR, WILL YOU JOIN ME, - TWONT KILL YOU.

YES, I WILL, DOC. I DON'T CARE WHAT IT IS, - MY NERVES ARE ALL SHOT TO PIECES!!

11

HURRAY HURRAY

YES, HURRAY! I WAS JUST GOING TO CALL YOU! COME OR YOU'LL BE LATE FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL. NEMO!



KANGY THE KANGAROO

Here's a yarn that'll tickle your funny-bones, youngsters. Years ago I left my ship in Australia to go huntin' for gold. Well s'r, it would take a great many yarns to tell you what happened to me on that gold hunt. Here's what happened first:

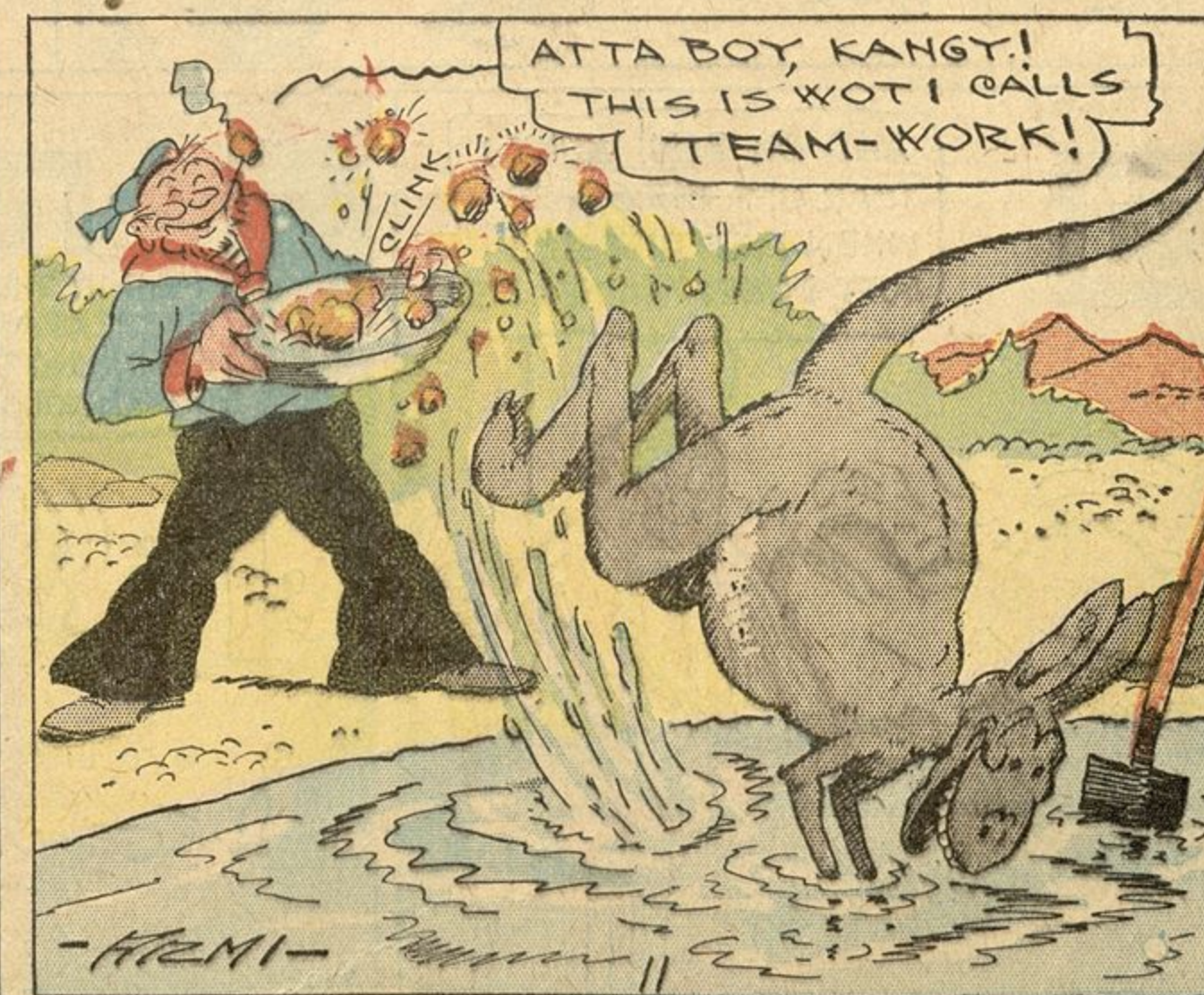
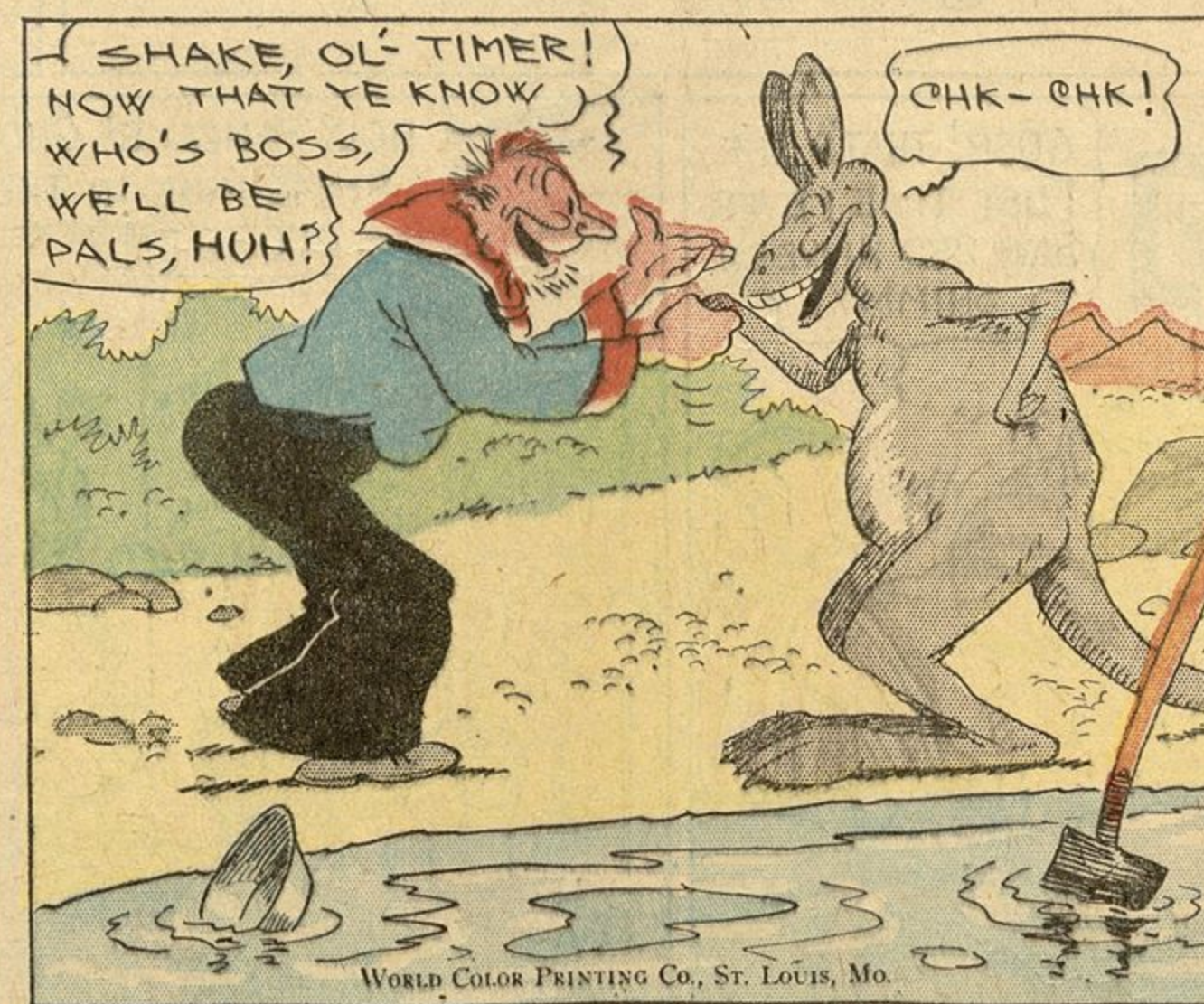
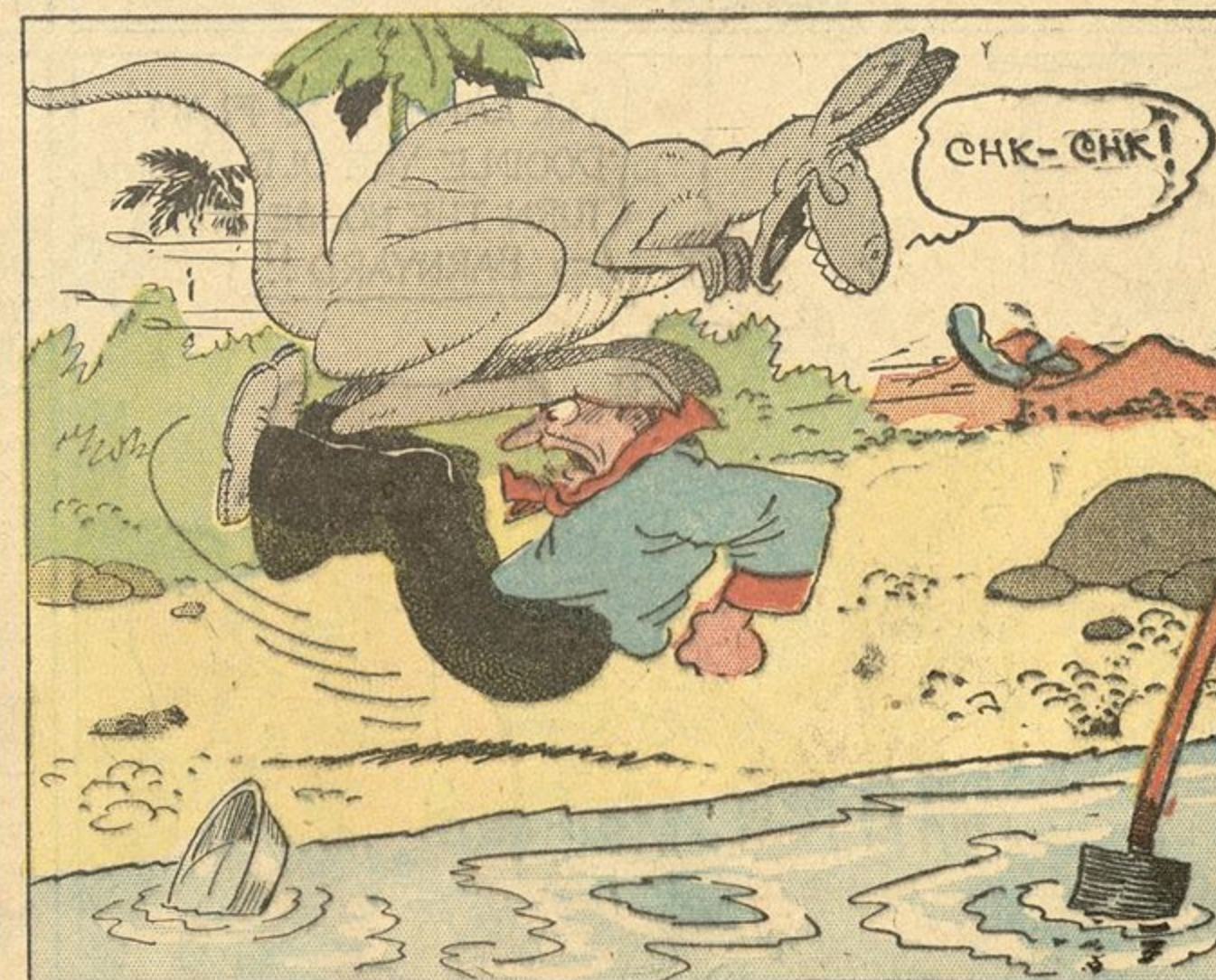
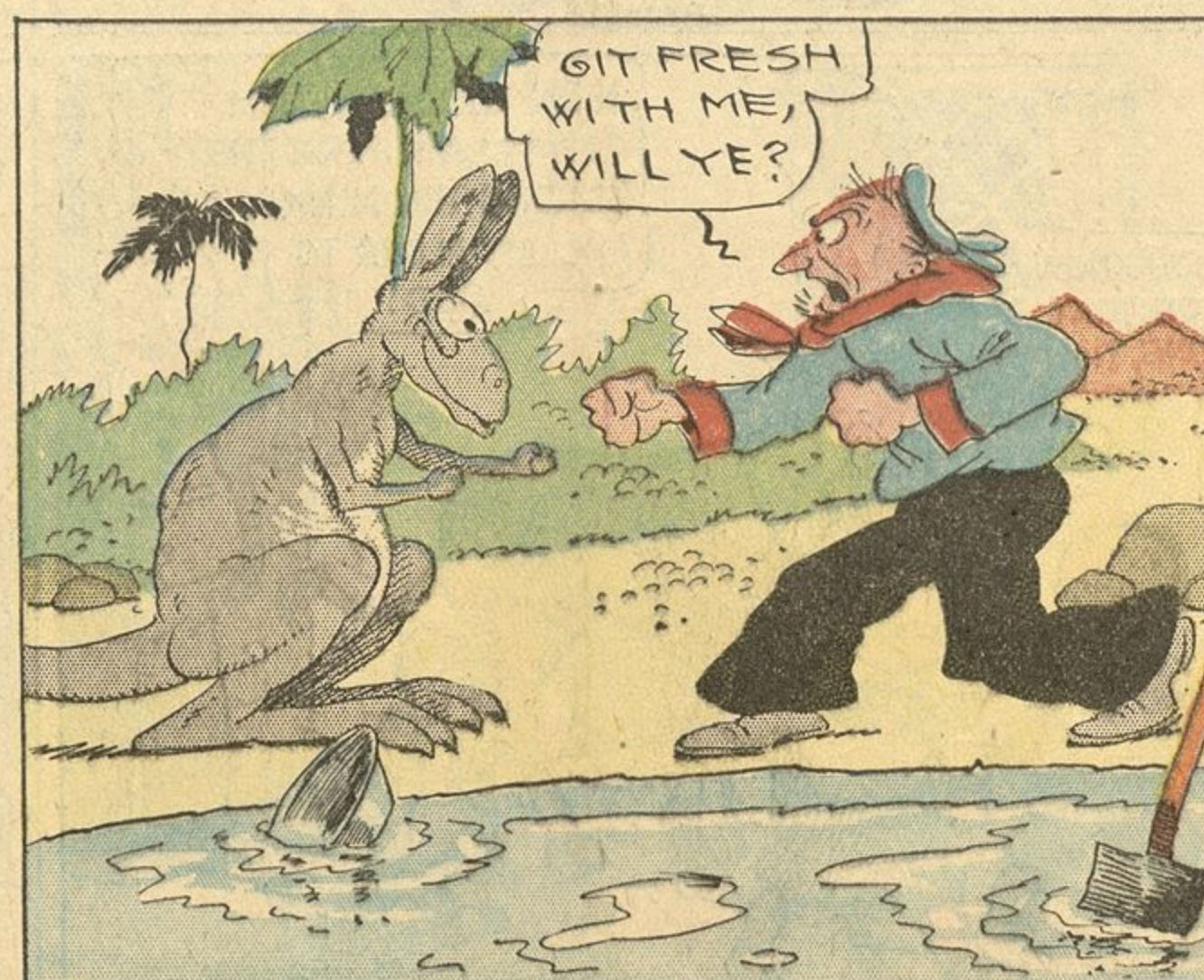
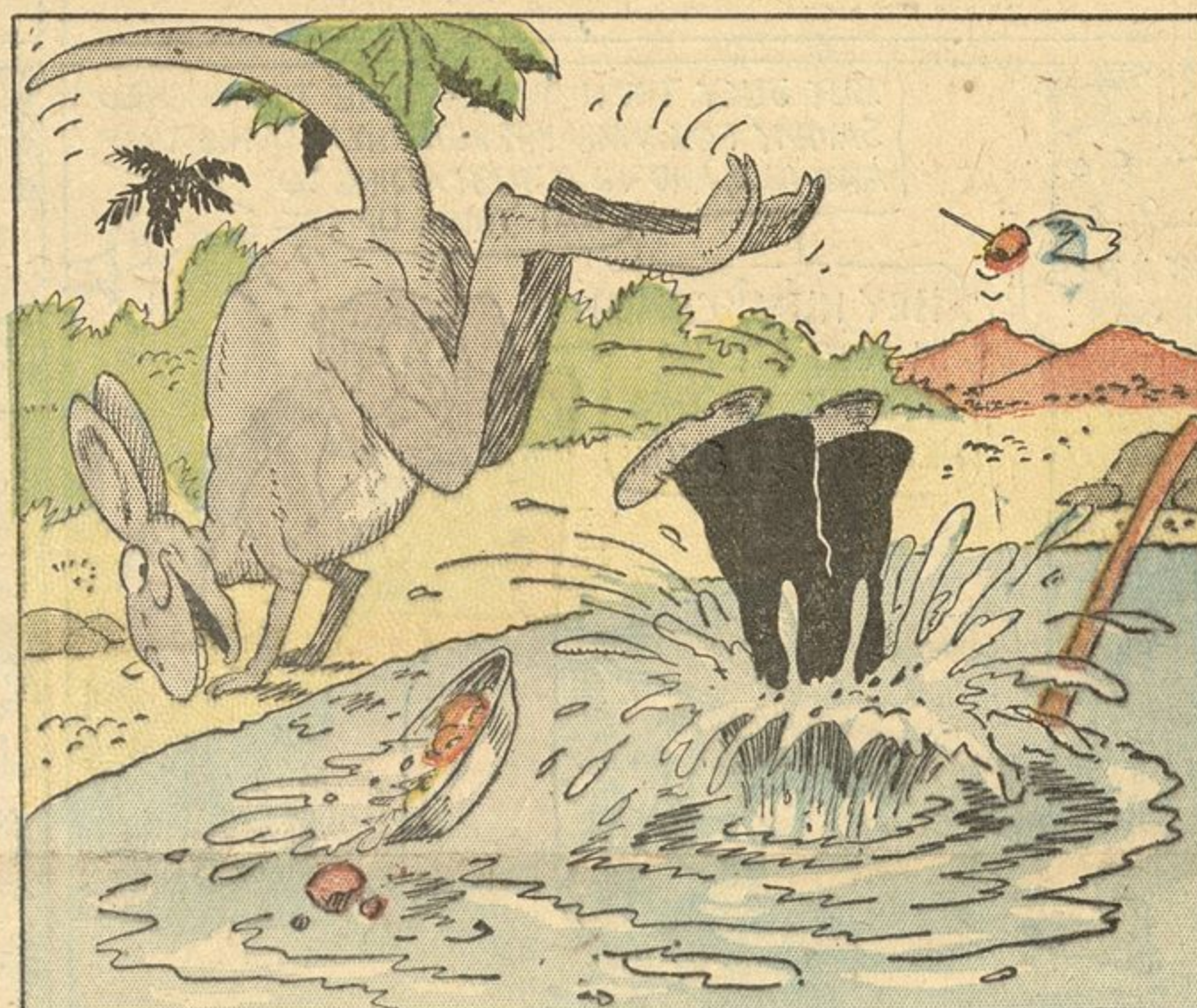
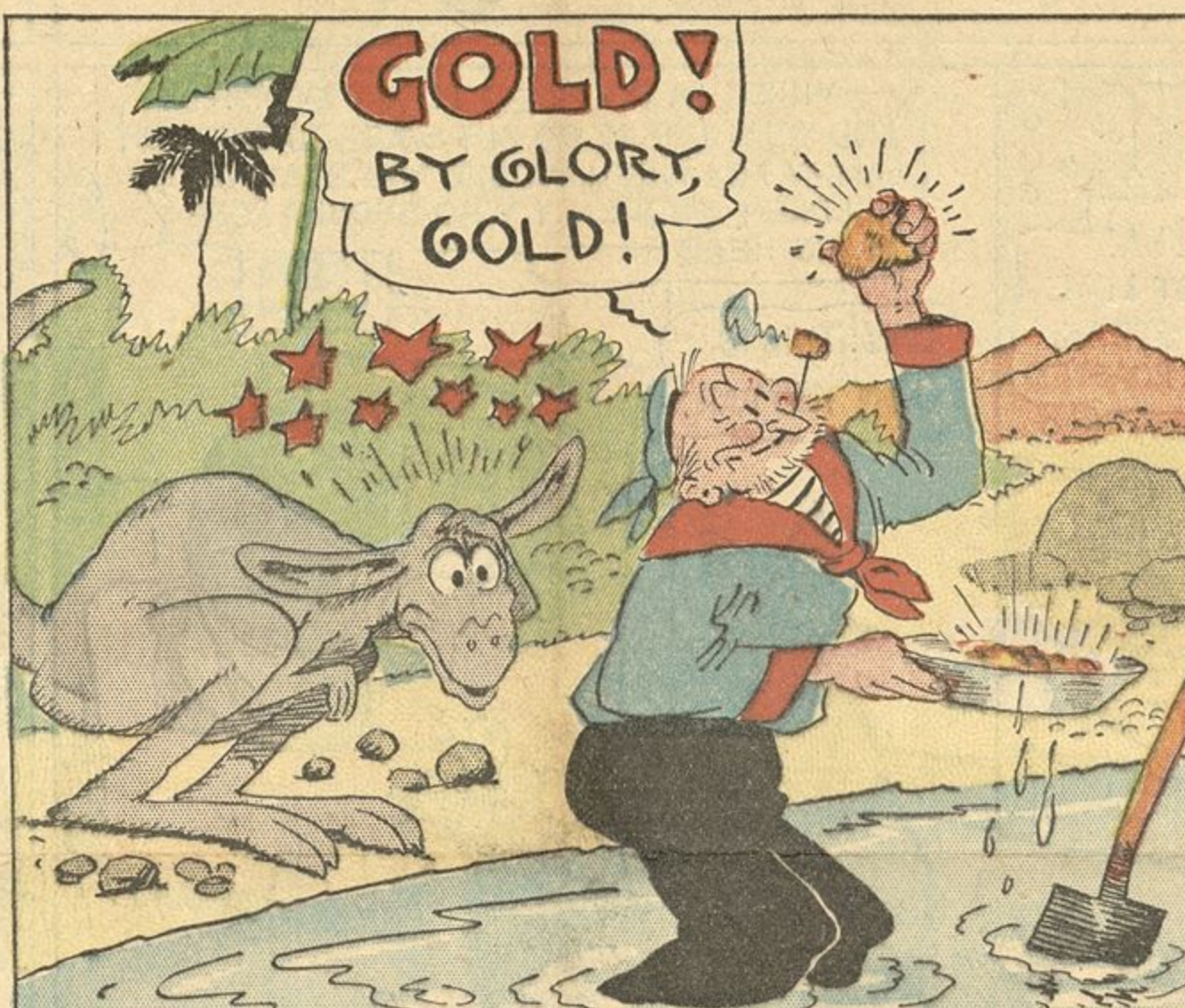
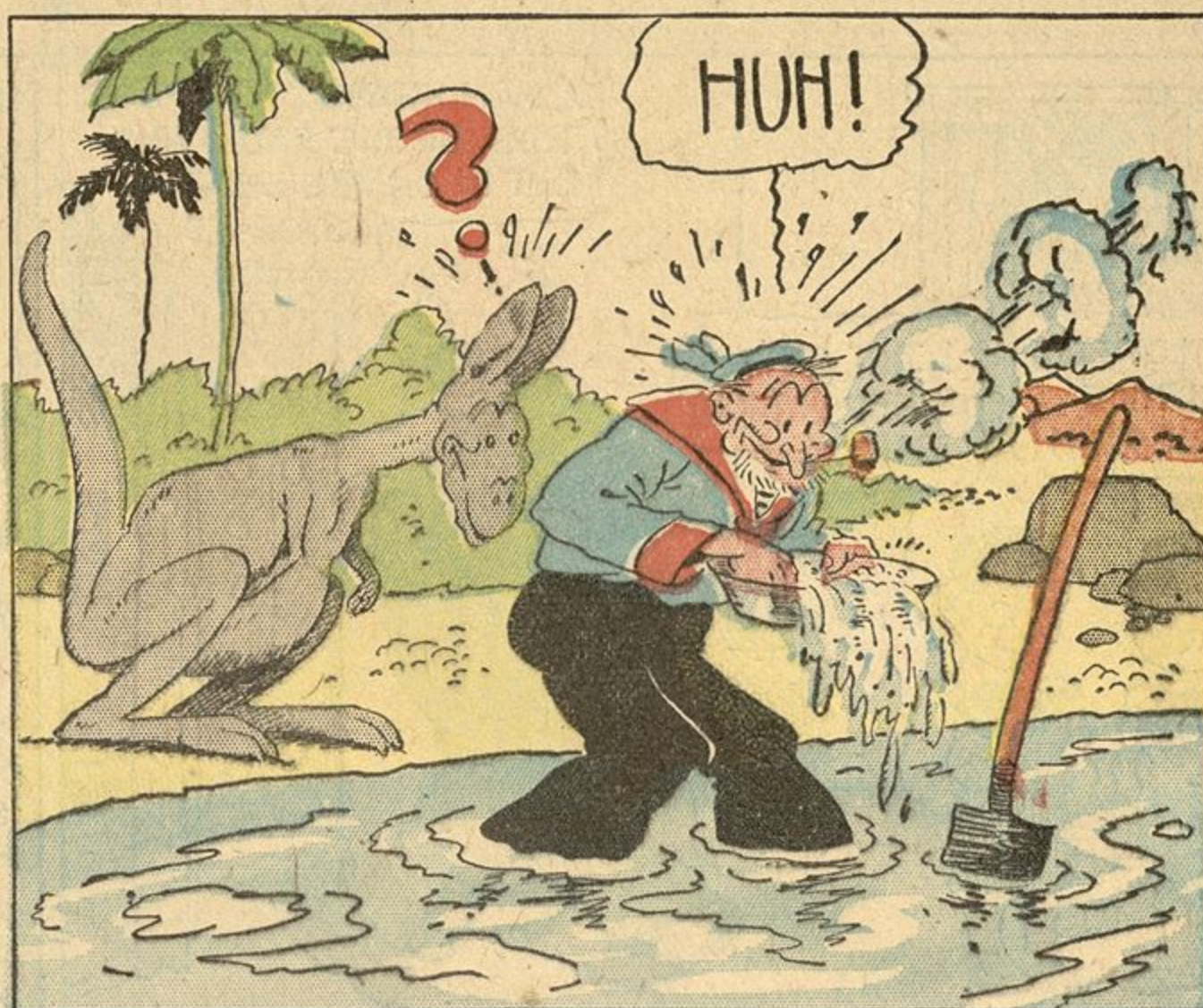
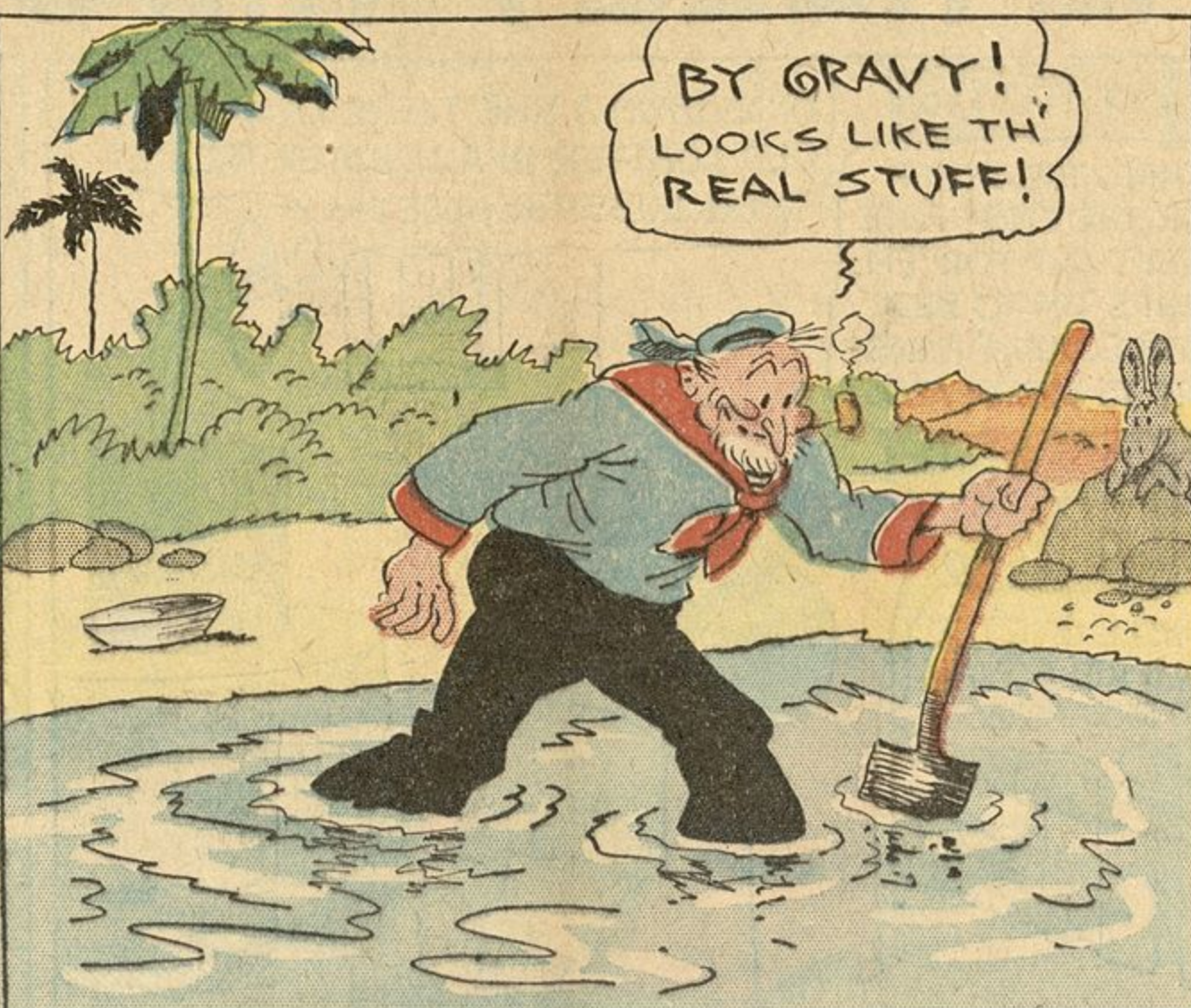
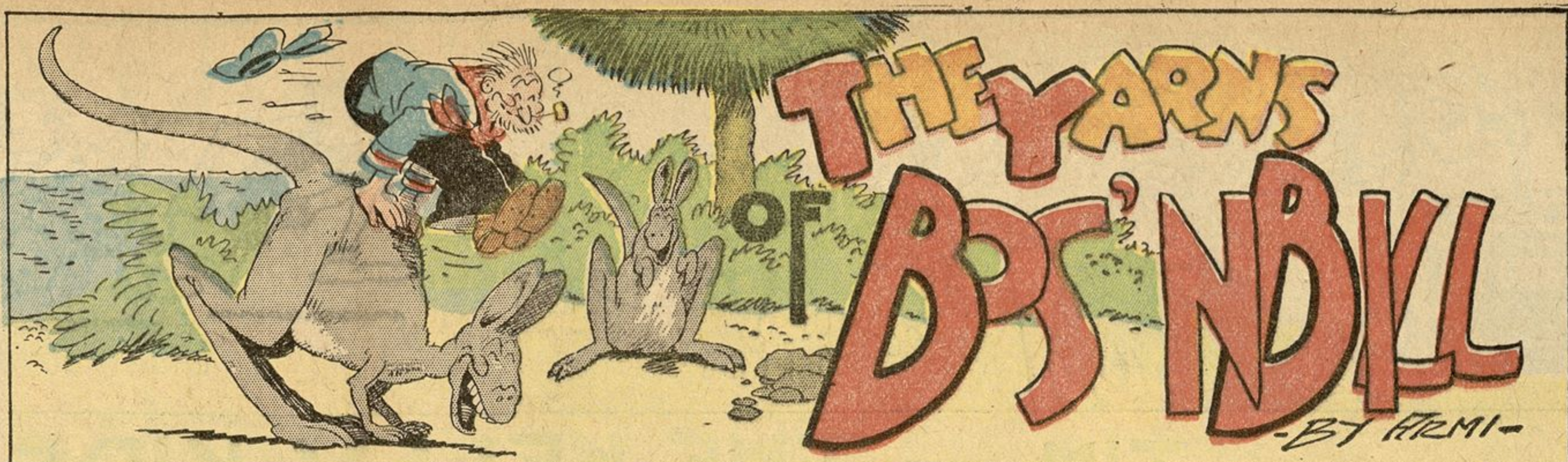
One mornin', as I was walkin' along a river lookin' out mighty sharp for gold, I saw somethin' shinin' on th' bottom of th' stream. By gravy, says I, that looks like gold, sure pop! With my gold-pan and my shovel I waded into th' river and commenced washin' th' gravel for gold. And sure enough, when all th' dirt and small stones were washed out of th' pan I saw shiny bits in th' gravel. Wow, I was excited! I started tossin' some of th' big rocks out of th' pan onto th' bank back of me.

All at once somethin' landed with a thump on my

back and over I went, gold-pan and all, into th' river. When I got my head above water again I was hoppin' mad, I tell you. Then I saw what had boosted me into th' river. Squatted on his hind-legs, wigglin' his whiskers, and givin' me th' merry eye was a big kangaroo.

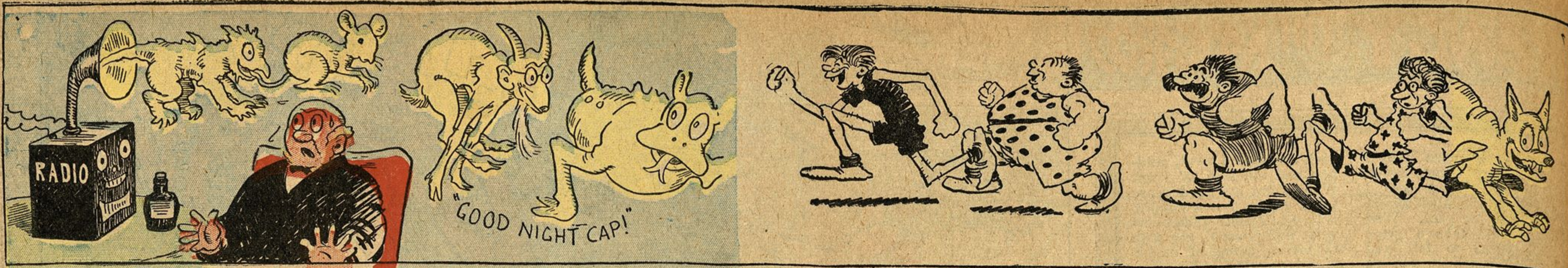
Well s'r, I scrambled ashore and went for that big, sassy joker. Th' dust was flyin' around there for a few minutes, and I must say that long-legged critter put up a whale of a fight, but in th' end I got him by th' ears, rubbed his nose into th' dirt, and tamed him good and plenty.

After that, when he found out who was boss, we became great pals. Kangy, that's what I named him, was as smart as mustard, and in no time at all I taught him to help me wash gold out of th' river gravel.



WORLD COLOR PRINTING CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.





TIM --- THE KELLY KIDS --- TOM

