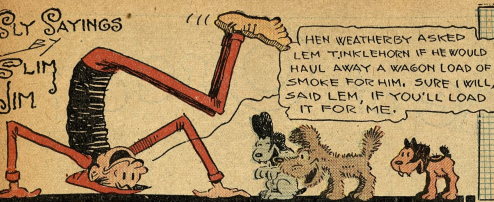


SLIM
JIM



WHEN WEATHERBY ASKED
LEM TINKLEHORN IF HE WOULD
HAUL AWAY A WAGON LOAD OF
SMOKE FOR HIM, SURE I WILL,
SAID LEM, IF YOU'LL LOAD
IT FOR ME.

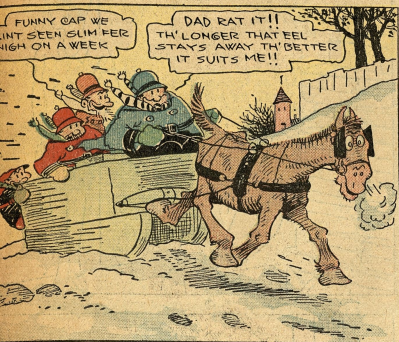
Comic Section CLEVELAND JOURNAL

A WEEKLY FOR AMERICAN SLOVENES

Cleveland, Ohio, Thursday,

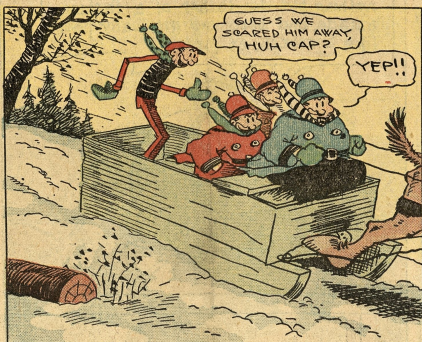
January 29, 1931

SLIM JIM AND THE FORCE



FUNNY CAP WE
HUNT SEEN SLIM PER
HIGH ON A WEEK

DAD RAT IT!!
TH' LONGER THAT FEEL
STAYS AWAY TH' BETTER
IT SUITS ME!!



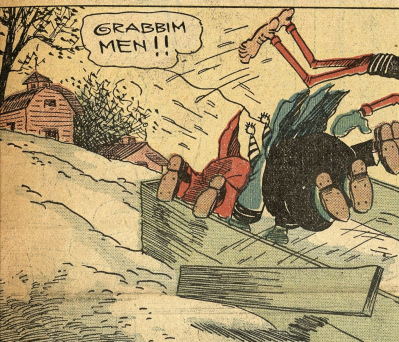
GUESS WE
SCARED HIM AWAY,
HUH CAP?

YEP!!

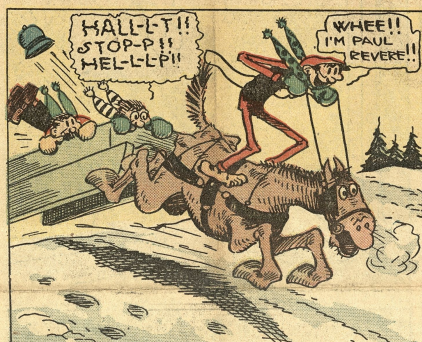


KEE-HEE
KEE-HEE
KEE-HEE

?

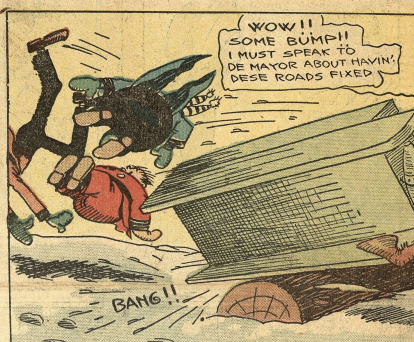


GRABBIM
MEN!!



HALL-ET!!
STOP-P!!
HEL-LLP!!

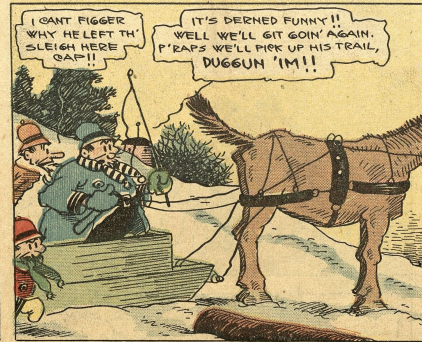
WHEE!!
I'M PAUL!
REVER!!



WOW!!
SOME BUMP!!
I MUST SPEAK TO
DE MAYOR ABOUT HAVIN'
DESE ROADS FIXED

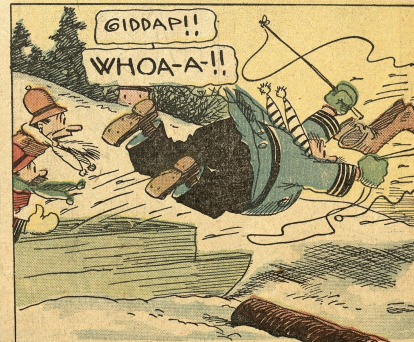


NOW DAT I'VE SPILLED
DE OL' BOYS, I'LL UNHITCH DE
OL' NAG, HIDE IN DE BRUSH AND
SEE WOT I'LL HAPEN WHEN DEY
COME ALONG HERE



I CANT FIGGER
WHY HE LEFT TH'
SLEIGH HERE
CAP!!

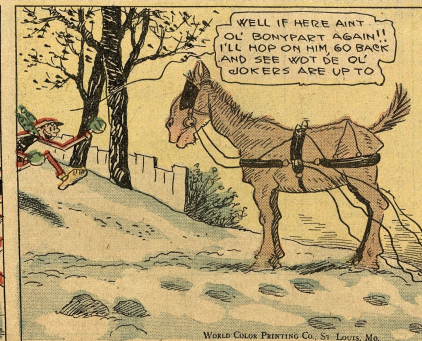
IT'S DERNED FUNNY!!
WELL WE'LL GIT GOIN' AGAIN.
P'RAPS WE'LL PICK UP HIS TRAIL,
DUGGUN 'IM!!



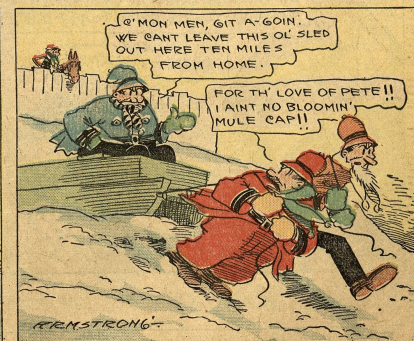
GIDDAP!!
WHOA-A!!



WHERE DID YA LEARN
DE HIGH DIVE CAPPY?



WELL IF HERE AINT
OL' BONYFART AGAIN!!
I'LL HOP ON HIM SO BACK
AND SEE WOT DE OL'
JOKERS ARE UP TO



G'MON MEN, GIT A-GOIN.
WE CANT LEAVE THIS OL' SLED
OUT HERE TEN MILES
FROM HOME.

FOR TH' LOVE OF PETE!!
I AINT NO BLOOMIN'
MULE CAP!!

WELL—
OF ALL THE
NERVE—
I WANT A
SIZE SIX
SHOE—
WHAT
SIZE?
SIX
?? HUH?
WHAT?
SIZE
SIX.
WHAT DID
YOU SAY?
I TOLD YOU
THREE TIMES—
SIX—
OH! THREE
TIMES SIX,
THAT'S EIGHTEEN—
THAT'S MORE LIKE IT.

God & Saks Bros.
 DRESSES
 SUITS
 LINGERIE
 SPORTS WEAR
 EVENING
 GOWN
 IMPERIALS
 HATS

I might be able to get a reduced price if I bought der entire store!

The Outline of Oscar

DER RIGHT SPIRIT, ALMOST

Bills - bills - bills!
 If my daughter does not stop buying dresses I would haff to look up der address of a good first-class pothouse, I bet you!

I am already a fellow who iss nothing but der father of a fashion parade, und becoming gradually poor like a crutch, at present!

Meanwhile

Daddy - look at the things Lord & Saks Bros. sent me! And they're going to pay me just to be photographed in them - isn't that exciting - they're going to pay me!

In Heffen's name - vot - ?

Vell, dot's different - heh, heh! Und earning money! Now she iss showing der right sp -

Of course I'm going to keep most of them and the money I get won't begin to pay for them!

WRAP IT UP, FELLA -

PO. MACMILLAN WON A VERY LOUD NECK TIE AND WAS KIDDED ABOUT WEARING IT

BY A FRIEND, SO WHEN XMAS TIME CAME 'ROUND MAC SENT HIM THE TIE AS

A YULETIDE GIFT, THE FRIEND KEPT IT UNTIL MAC'S BIRTHDAY AND

SENT IT BACK AS A GIFT, MAC GAVE A CARD PARTY AND INVITED HIS FRIEND,

WHO WON OUT WITH HIS SCORE AND WAS GIVEN SAME OLD TIE BACK AGAIN

The Sumatra Jungle

It was while our schooner, th' Lanui, was anchored off th' island of Sumatra that Kangy, Singoot and I went ashore to explore the jungle.

Singoot was a great hand to get into mischief, so when we stepped ashore I told him in pidgin English that if he didn't behave that day I'd tan his hide good.

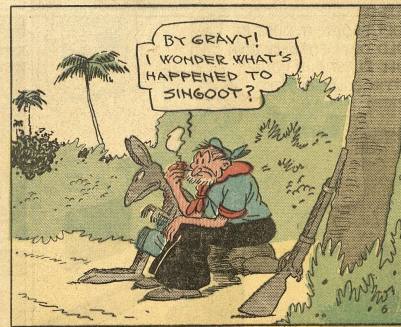
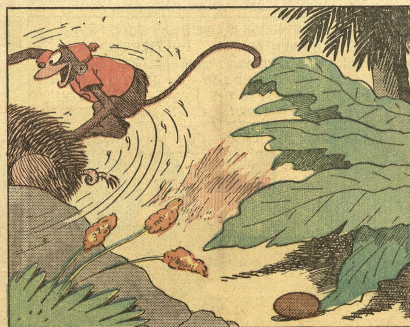
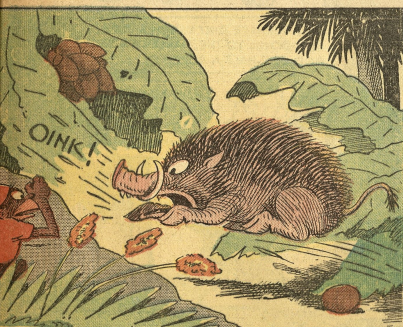
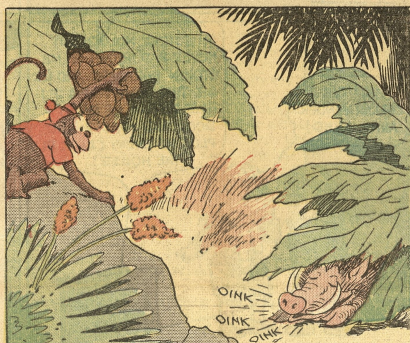
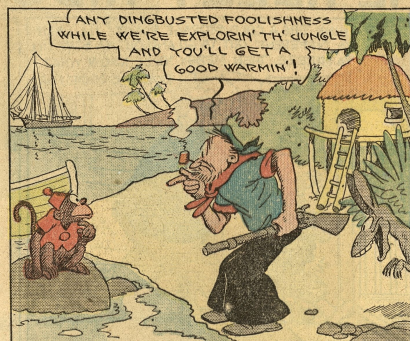
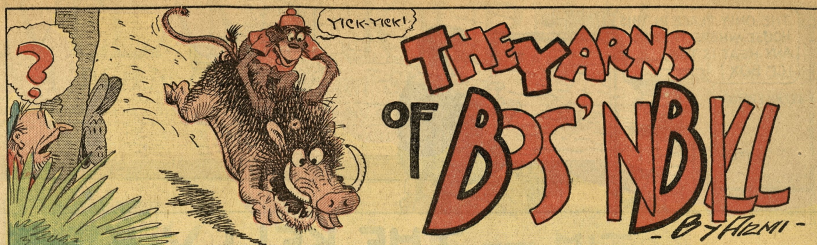
Well s'r, when we got to th' edge of th' jungle it looked pretty gloomy and mysterious. Great trees with big, glossy green leaves towered high in th' air, shuttin' out most of th' sunlight and breeze. It was hot and a hush seemed to hang over us as though somethin' was about to happen. It was mighty creepy.

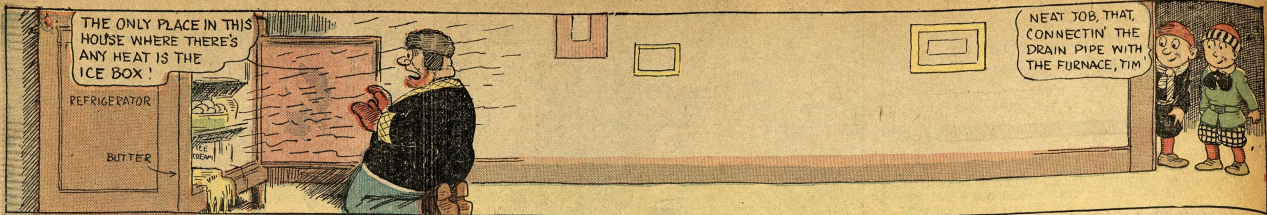
Well, we started down a dim trail, wonderin' what would happen. All of a sudden Singoot disappeared. If I could have gotten hold of him right then I would have pulled his whiskers

for leavin' us that way. Kangy and I sat down on a rock, wonderin' where th' little rascal had gone. Th' next thing I knew somethin' big and hairy rushed out of th' jungle, knocked me over and went tearin' away. After I got th' dirt out of my eyes I saw that it was a wild hog that had capsized me.

What had me wonderin' was that Singoot was perched on th' hog's back. You bet Kangy and I lit out of there in a hurry with th' wild hog right after us. Then, out of th' corner of my eye, I saw Singoot jump from th' hog's back, grab my gun that was leanin' against a tree, and quicker'n you could say Jack Robinson shoot that big ugly pig deader'n a dried herring.

Well s'r, Right then I forgave Singoot for leavin' us, told him he was a dog-gasted good pal, and a dog-gasted fine shot.





TIM --- THE KELLY KIDS --- TOM

