

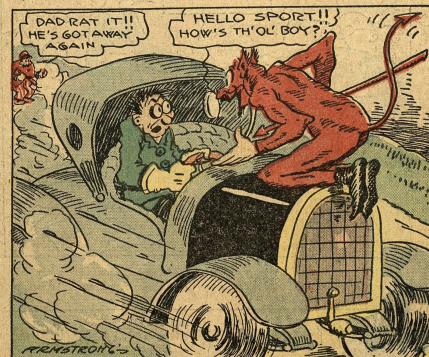
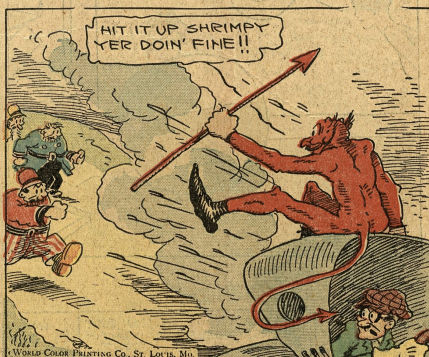
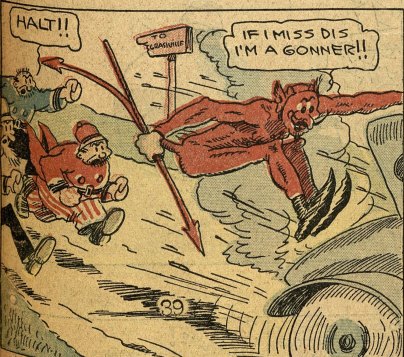
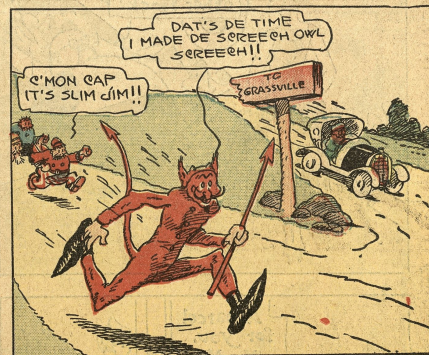
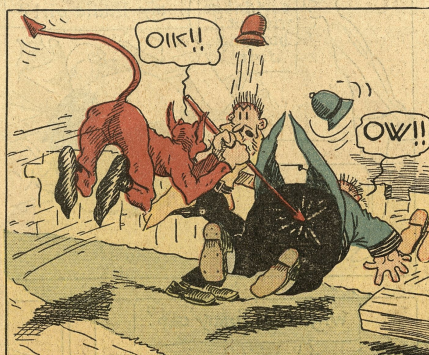
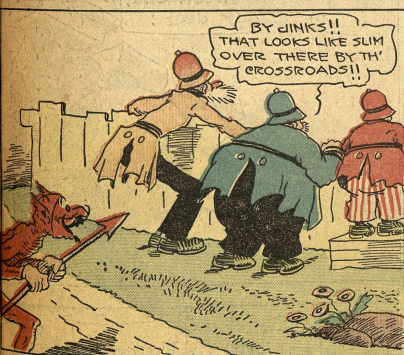
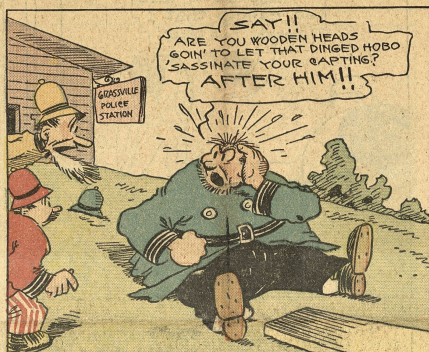
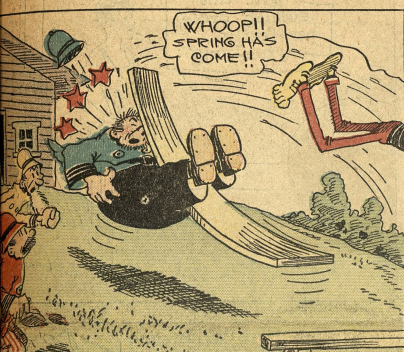
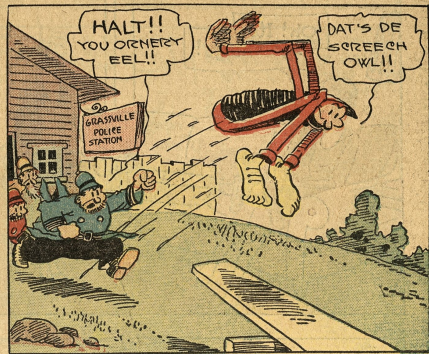
Comic Section CLEVELAND JOURNAL

A WEEKLY FOR AMERICAN SLOVENES

Cleveland, Ohio, Thursday,

March 19, 1931

SLIM JIM AND THE HORROR



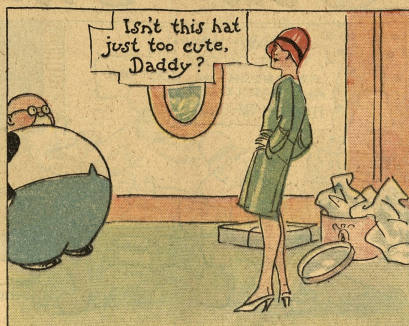


Good
reducing
exercise,
if I should
ever get
too fat!

The Outline of Oscar



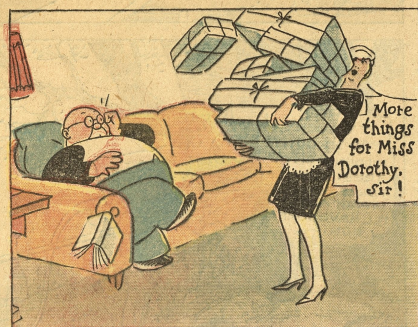
Oh! It's
my things!



Isn't this hat
just too cute,
Daddy?



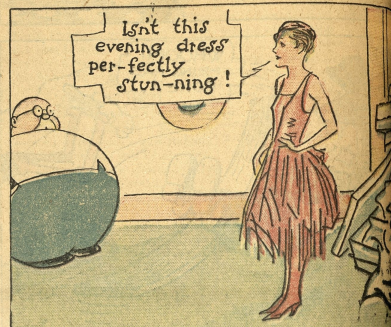
-and aren't you
simply mad over
this coat?



More
things
for Miss
Dorothy,
sir!



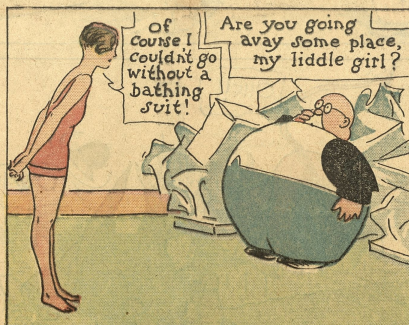
These shoes were
so darling that I
bought two pairs!



Isn't this
evening dress
per-
fectly
stun-
ning!

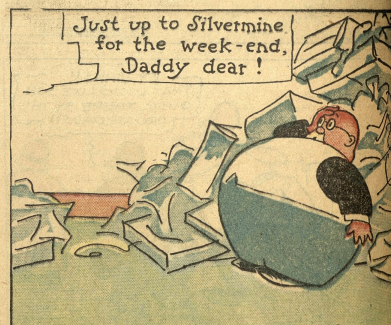


Oh!-and I
a-dore this
other frock!

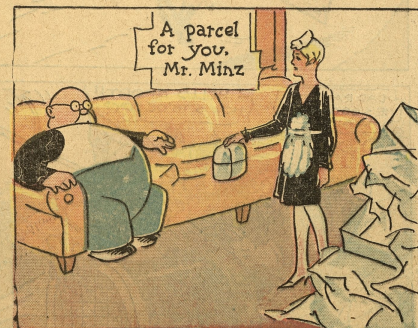


Of
course I
couldn't go
without a
bathing
suit!

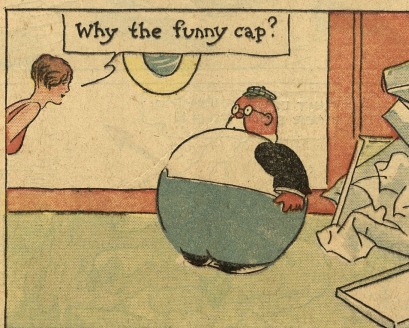
Are you going
away some place,
my little girl?



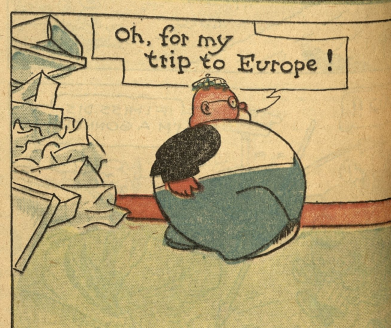
Just up to Silvermine
for the week-end,
Daddy dear!



A parcel
for you,
Mr. Minz



Why the funny cap?



Oh, for my
trip to Europe!

ROSES
BRING
MEMORIES
ETC
BY LINK

YOU BROUGHT
ME ROSES,
HUBBY?

YES, 'CAUSE
YOU LOVE
'EM SO.

??
THEY'RE
ARTIFICIAL.

SURE,
HONEY.-
WHY?

WHY DIDN'T YOU
GET REAL ROSES?
NO SMELL TO
THESE

NOW JUST
WAIT.-
DON'T
WORRY

I'M NOT SO DUMB.-
JUST SPRINKLE A LITTLE
OF THIS ON 'EM.

?
LILAC
PERFUME!



LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

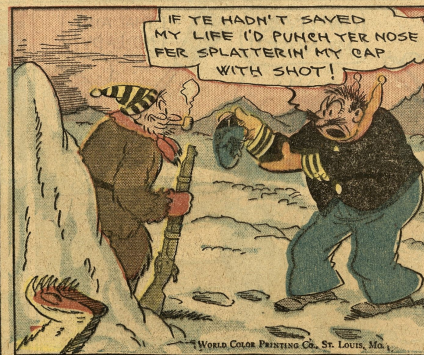
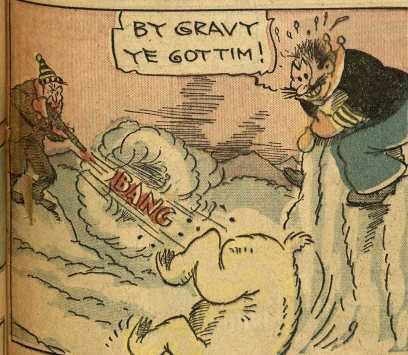
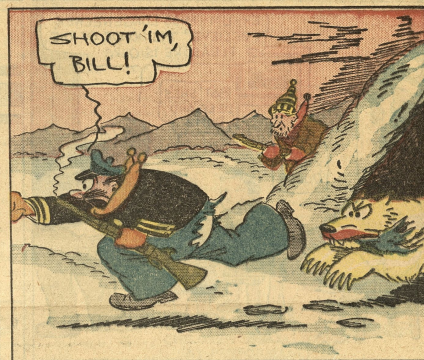
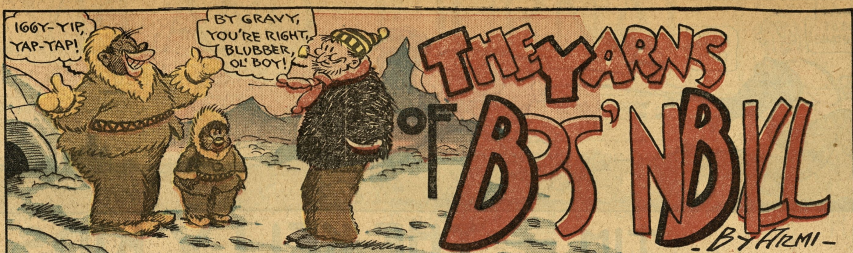
When I returned aboard th' schooner from my first trip ashore, up in th' Arctic ice-fields, and told th' skipper about th' mastodon I had seen frozen in th' ice, he was bound to go ashore to see it. So, next mornin' we struck out over th' ice and snow. To save time, I took a short cut, which brought us to th' cave where th' polar bear had chased me th' day before.

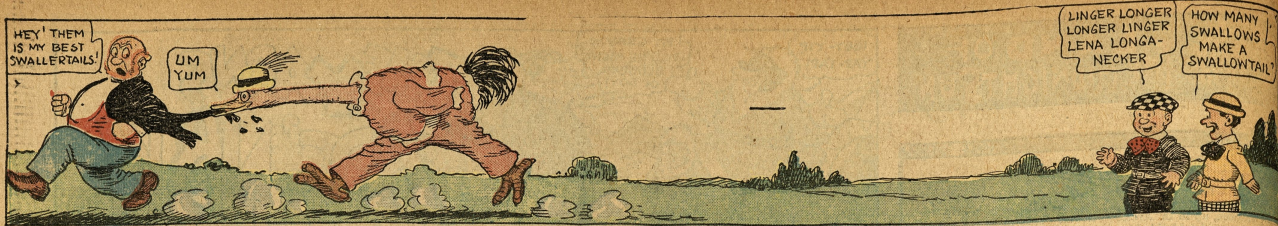
Th' skipper said he was goin' into th' cave to see if th' bear was still there. I told him he'd likely get into trouble, but in he went. Nothin' happened for a little while, and I was just thinkin' that everything was o. k. when zam! bang! whang! yar - r - r - r, and out of th' cave shot th' skipper, some of th' hind part of his pants gone and yellin' like a Liverpool racket rat in a mutiny. And right aft-

er him was that big bear, lookin' meaner'n a Nova Scotia bucko-mate.

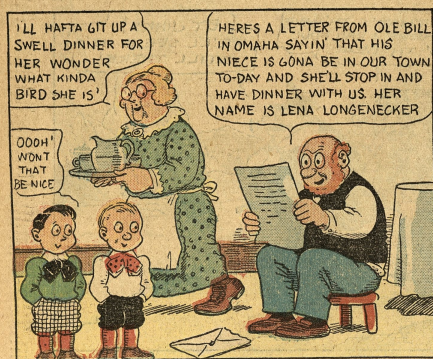
I whanged away at th' bear, missed, and knocked th' skipper's cap off. Th' skipper reached a high ice-cake before th' bear, and was pullin' his feet up away from th' old boy's paws, when I whanged away again and knocked Mr. Bear over.

Well s'r, when th' skipper slid down from th' iceberg he was madder'n a tom-cat with a knot in his tail 'cause I had splattered his best cap full of holes when I took th' first shot at th' bear. After we'd had a look at th' mastodon we went back aboard th' schooner. In th' fo'c'stle all hands roared when I told them how I'd peppered th' skipper's cap. I'll bet he'd have triced me up by th' thumbs if he'd heard me tellin' about it.





TIM --- THE KELLY KIDS --- TOM

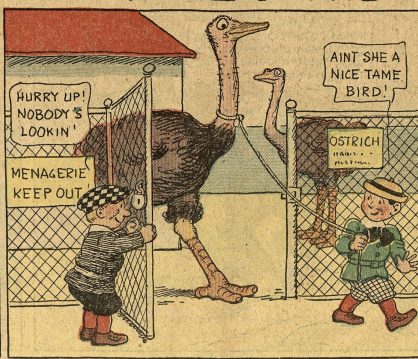


HEY! THEM IS MY BEST SWALLERTAILS!

UM YUM

I'LL HAFTA GIT UP A SWELL DINNER FOR HER WONDER WHAT KINDA BIRD SHE IS!

HERE'S A LETTER FROM OLE BILL IN OMAHA SAYIN' THAT HIS NIECE IS GONA BE IN OUR TOWN TO-DAY AND SHE'LL STOP IN AND HAVE DINNER WITH US. HER NAME IS LENA LONGENECKER

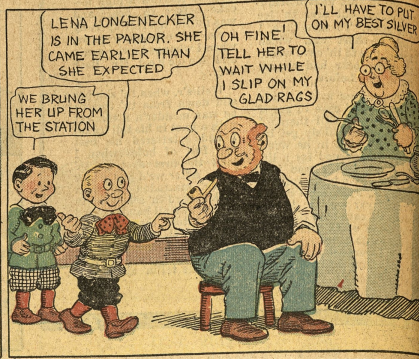


HURRY UP! NOBODY'S LOOKIN'

MENAGERIE KEEP OUT

AIN'T SHE A NICE TAME BIRD!

OSTRICH

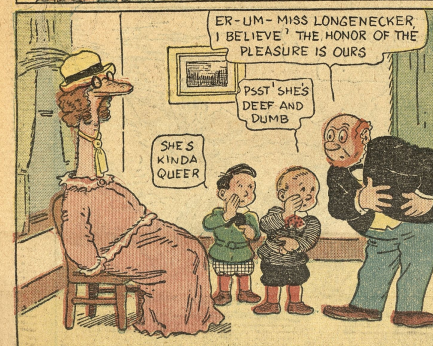


LENA LONGENECKER IS IN THE PARLOR. SHE CAME EARLIER THAN SHE EXPECTED

OH FINE! TELL HER TO WAIT WHILE I SLIP ON MY GLAD RAGS

I'LL HAVE TO PUT ON MY BEST SILVER

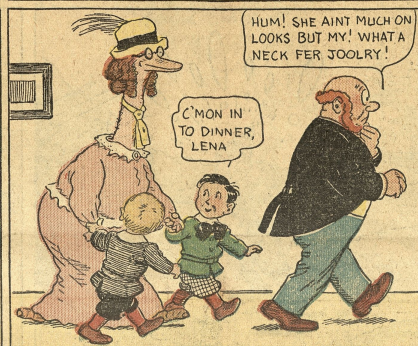
WE BRUNG HER UP FROM THE STATION



ER-UM- MISS LONGENECKER, I BELIEVE 'THE HONOR OF THE PLEASURE IS OURS

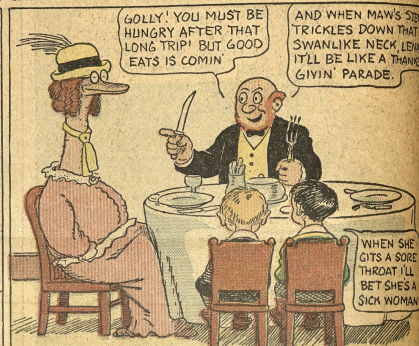
PSST SHE'S DEEF AND DUMB

SHE'S KINDA QUEER



HUM! SHE AINT MUCH ON LOOKS BUT MY! WHAT A NECK FER JOOLRY!

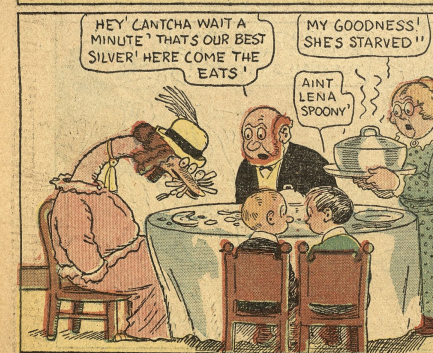
C'MON IN TO DINNER, LENA



GOLLY! YOU MUST BE HUNGRY AFTER THAT LONG TRIP! BUT GOOD EATS IS COMIN'

AND WHEN MAW'S SPOON TRICKLES DOWN THAT SWANLIKE NECK, LENA IT'LL BE LIKE A THANKS GIVIN' PARADE.

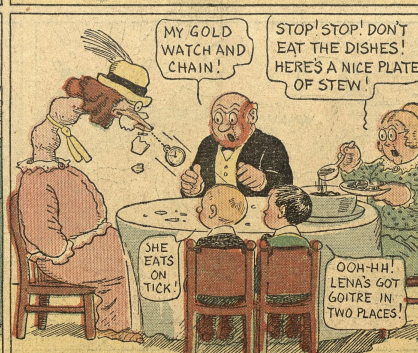
WHEN SHE GITS A SPOON THROAT ALL BET SHE'S A SICK WOMAN



HEY! CANTCHA WAIT A MINUTE! THAT'S OUR BEST SILVER! HERE COME THE EATS!

MY GOODNESS! SHE'S STARVED!

AIN'T LENA SPOONY!

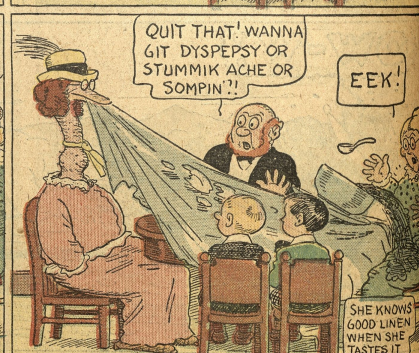


MY GOLD WATCH AND CHAIN!

STOP! STOP! DON'T EAT THE DISHES! HERE'S A NICE PLATE OF STEW!

SHE EATS ON TICK!

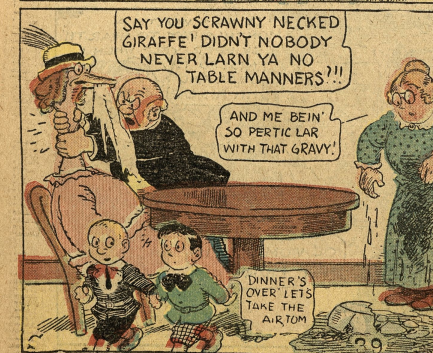
LENA'S GOT GOITRE IN TWO PLACES!



QUIT THAT! WANNA GIT DYSEPSY OR STUMMIK ACHE OR SOMPIN'!

EEK!

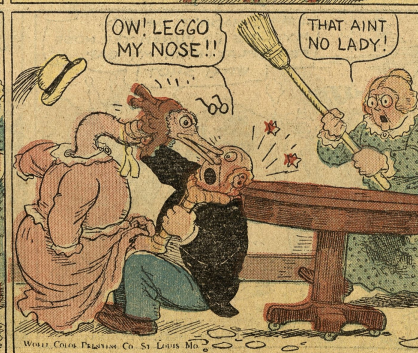
SHE KNOWS GOOD LIVEN WHEN SHE TASTES IT



SAY YOU SCRAWNY NECKED GIRAFFE! DIDNT NOBODY NEVER LARN YA NO TABLE MANNERS!!!

AND ME BEIN' SO PERTIC LAR WITH THAT GRAVY!

DINNER'S OVER! LETS TAKE THE AIR TOM



OW! LEGGO MY NOSE!!

THAT AINT NO LADY!



I'VE SEEN NECKS LONGER

YUM YUM

MR KELLY, I BELIEVE! I'M LENA LONGENECKER AND I'M STARVED!



OH! JOY!

WELL, WELL, MY LITTLE MAN, YOU WERE CAMPING WITH YOUR FATHER, OUT ROUGHING IT, - IN THE WILDS.

MY! HOW SPLENDID! A FATHER AND SON OUTING, -



AND YOU WERE AWAY FOR TWO LONG WEEKS! DID YOU MISS YOUR MAMA?

NOT MUCH



AND DID YOU HAVE A GOOD TIME?

OH BOY! GREAT!

I DIDNT HAFTA WASH MY FACE ONCE.