

SLY SAYINGS BY SLIM JIM

UNCLE BILLY PERKINS IS A HUNDRED AND TEN YEARS OLD. HE STAYED OUT LATE TOTHER NIGHT AND HIS GRAND DAD GAVE HIM AN AWFUL LIKIN'!

OW-YOW!!

SLIM JIM AND THE FORCE

Comic Section

CLEVELAND JOURNAL

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WE'LL SCOOT AROUND TH' OTHER SIDE OF TH' HILL AND HEAD HIM OFF!!

THAT'S SLIM ALRIGHT CAP, BUT WHAT IN SAM HILL MAKES HIM SO TALL?

WHAT BE YE UP TO SLIM JIM? SURRENDER!! IN TH' NAME OF TH' LAW!!

HELLO CAPPY!! HOW'S TH' OLD SCOUT?

COME BACK HERE YOU ORNERY WEASEL!!

IF DESE STILTS DONT BREAK I'LL SHOW DE OL' BOYS WOT SPEED IS!!

WE'LL GIT HIM IF WE HAVE TO SWIM TO CHINY!!

WHEN IT COMES TO CROSSIN' RIVERS DESE STILTS ARE ALL TO DE MERRY

AW CAPP!! LET'S TAKE A REST, THEN YOU CAN CHASE ME AGAIN

I'LL REST YE DING BUST YER HIDE!!

OO-LOOK!!

HUH?

ISN'T THAT WATER I SEE? YESS'R I BELIEVE IT IS!!

HURRY!! HE'S GETTIN' AWAY!!

I HEAR DE OL' BOYS COMIN'. I'LL LEAVE ME OUTFIT THERE TO FOOL 'EM

IT'S HIM!!

I'LL SNEAK UP AND GRAB HIM!!

AH-HA!! SLIM JIM!!

HAR-HAR-HAR!! HAW-HAW!! DID YA GIT OL' SLIM SHORTY?

FIRMSTRONG

BANG! ONE THUMP.

WELL IF IT AINT ANDY BIGGER, BACK FROM HUNTING -

YEP BOYS.

WHERE ARE THE RABBITS YOU PROMISED US?

COULDN'T GET ANY. - IT RAINED.

IT RAINED. - I TELL YOU. - RAINED ALL THE TIME.

THAT SHOULDN'T KEEP YOU FROM HUNTING -

AW, YOU'RE CRAZY. - WHAT CAN YOU HUNT WHEN IT RAINS?

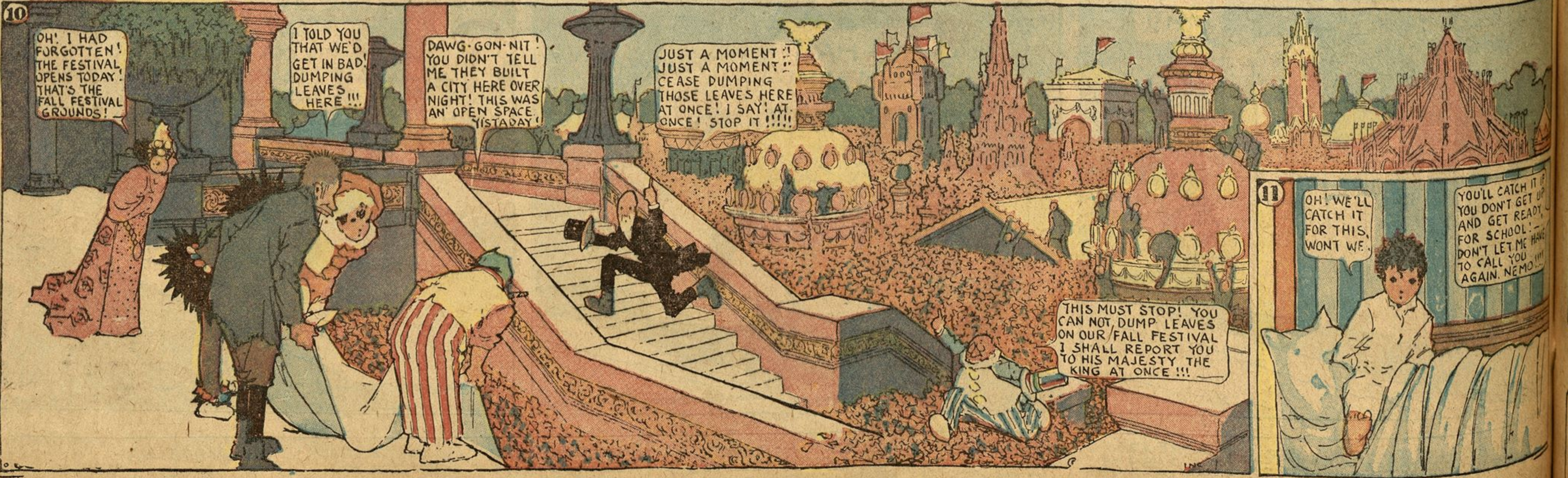
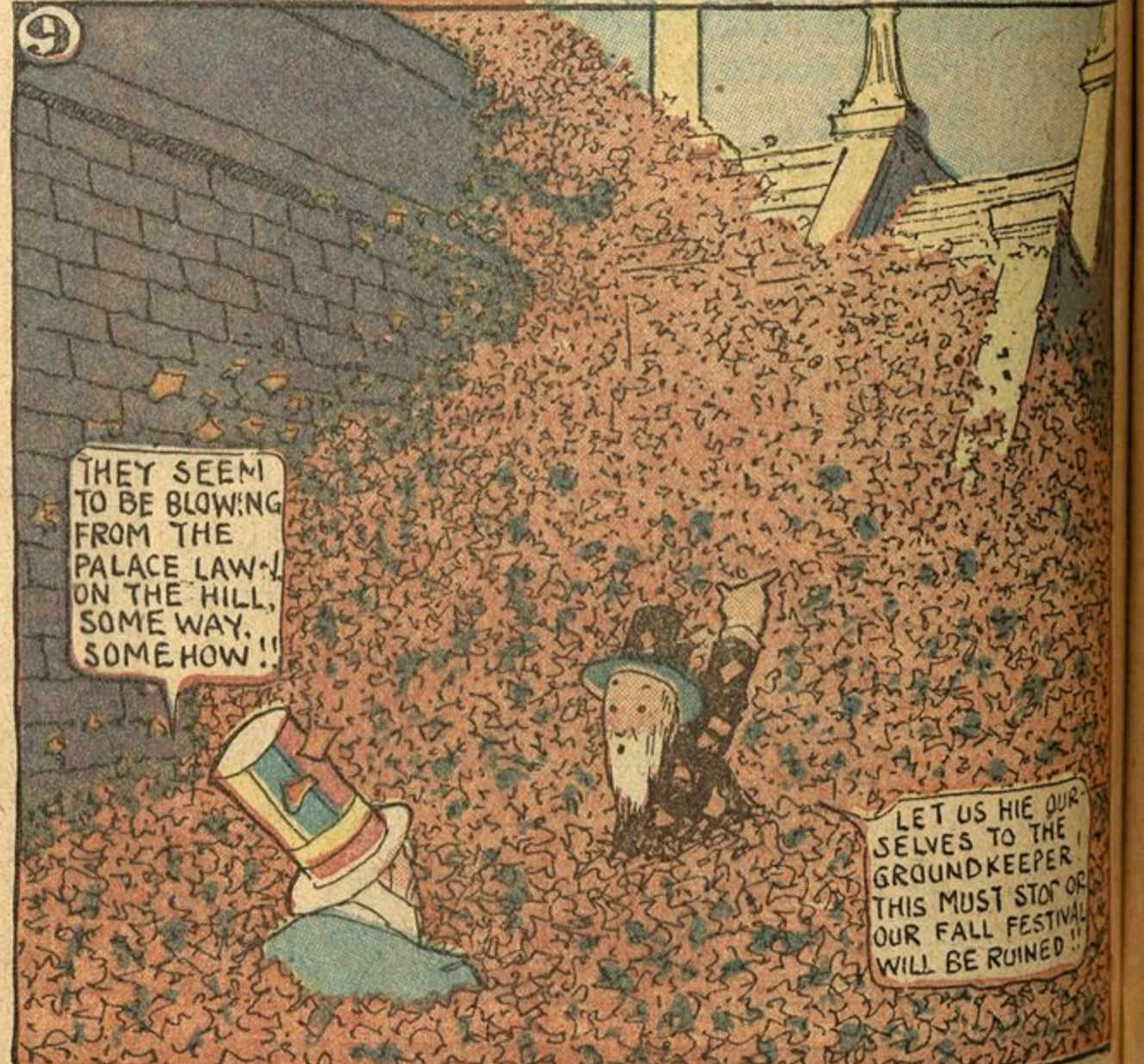
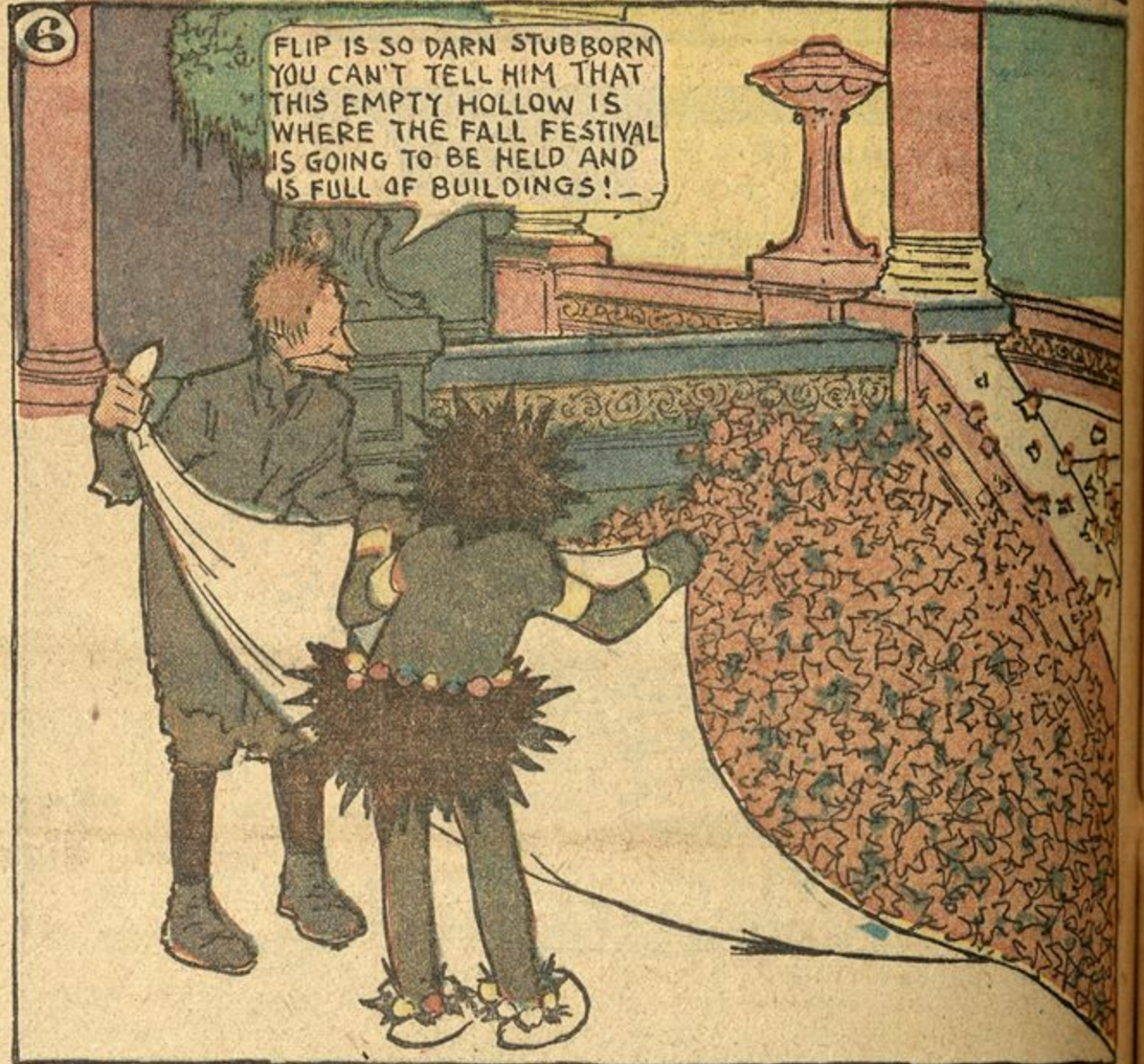
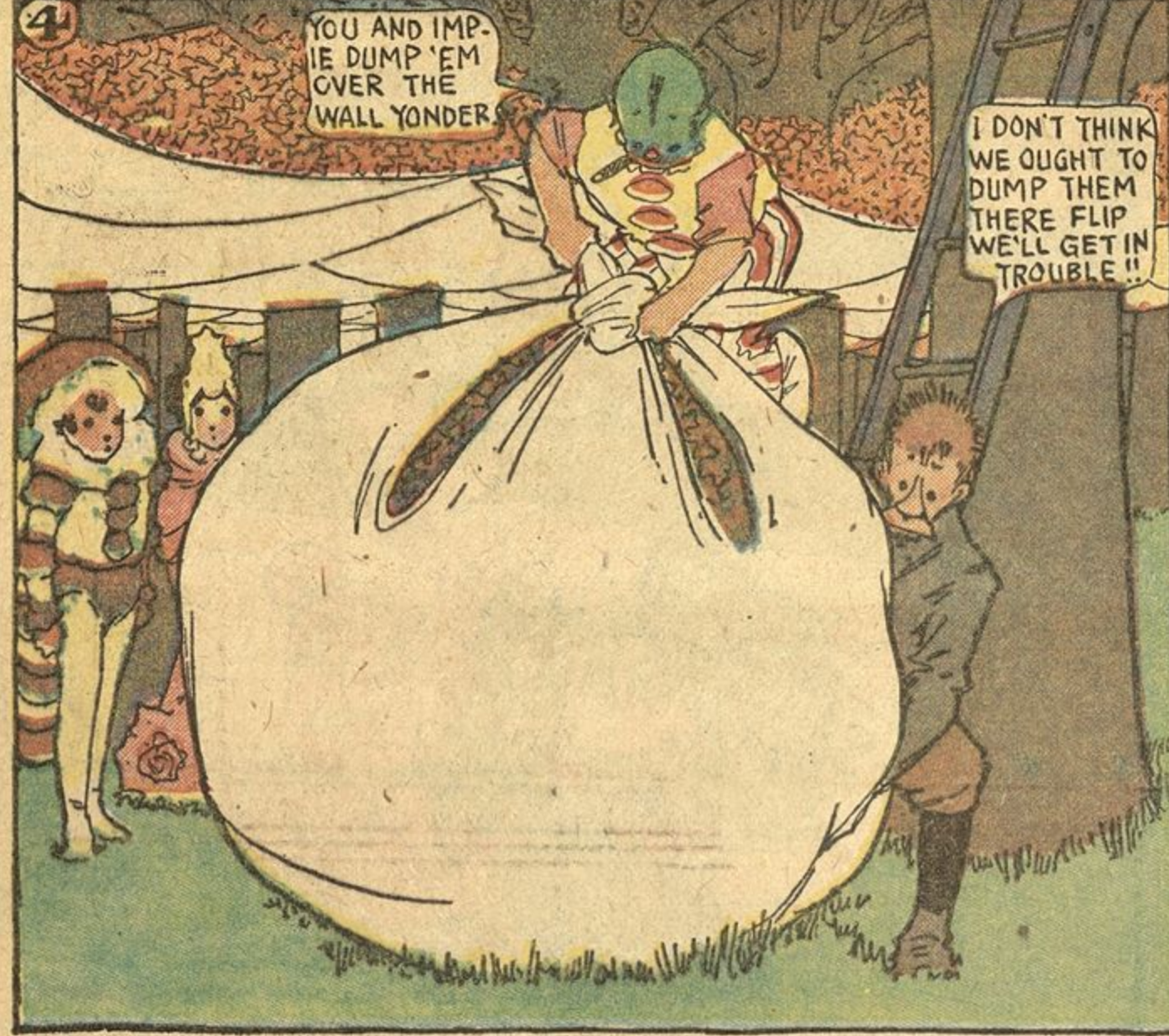
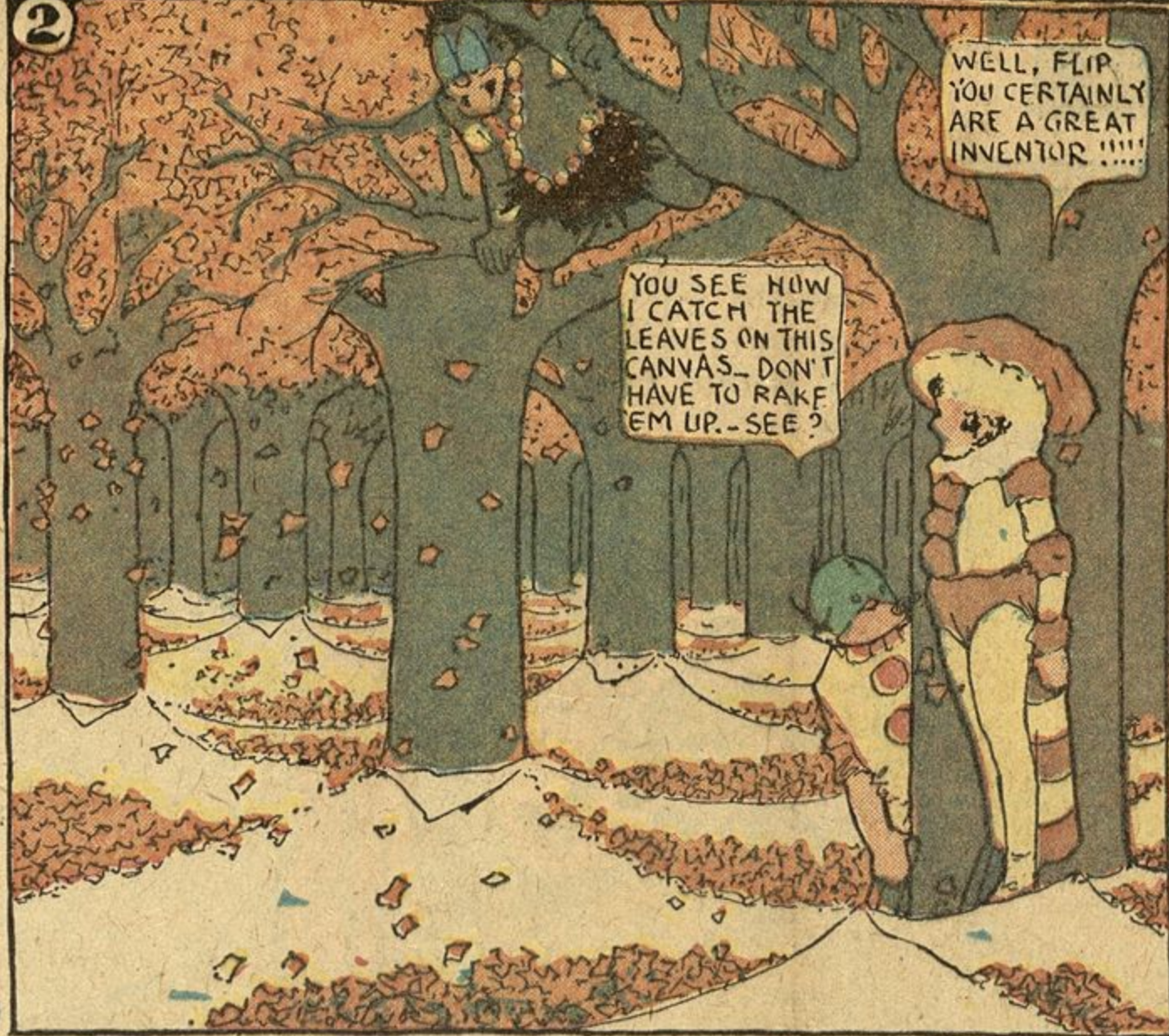
AN UMBRELLA -

By INK

World Color Printing Co., St. Louis, Mo.

TRUE TO LIFE- MOTHER I BOUGHT YOU A HAT, TODAY- THAT'S A BIG SURPRISE. HERE, TRY IT ON- MY HAIR ISN'T FIXED OR ANYTHING. I'LL SLIP IT ON FOR YOU. YES, DO. THERE! DO YOU LIKE IT? OH! VERY MUCH- SO DO I, - I THINK I'LL KEEP IT AND GET YOU ANOTHER ONE.

LITTLE NEMO IN Lumberland



AMBUSHED BY AUSTRALIAN BLACKS

— BT HEMI —

THE YARNS OF BOB'S NODDLE

Well youngsters, I told you how Kangy, the kangaroo, and I became pals, and how I taught him to wash gold out of the river-gravel for me. And now, here's how Kangy saved my life.

For a day or two we had been washin' gold out of a river close to the jungle. I had just found a big nugget, and was thinkin' how rich I soon would be, when zingo, a spear whacked past my head and plunked into th' trunk of a palm-tree.

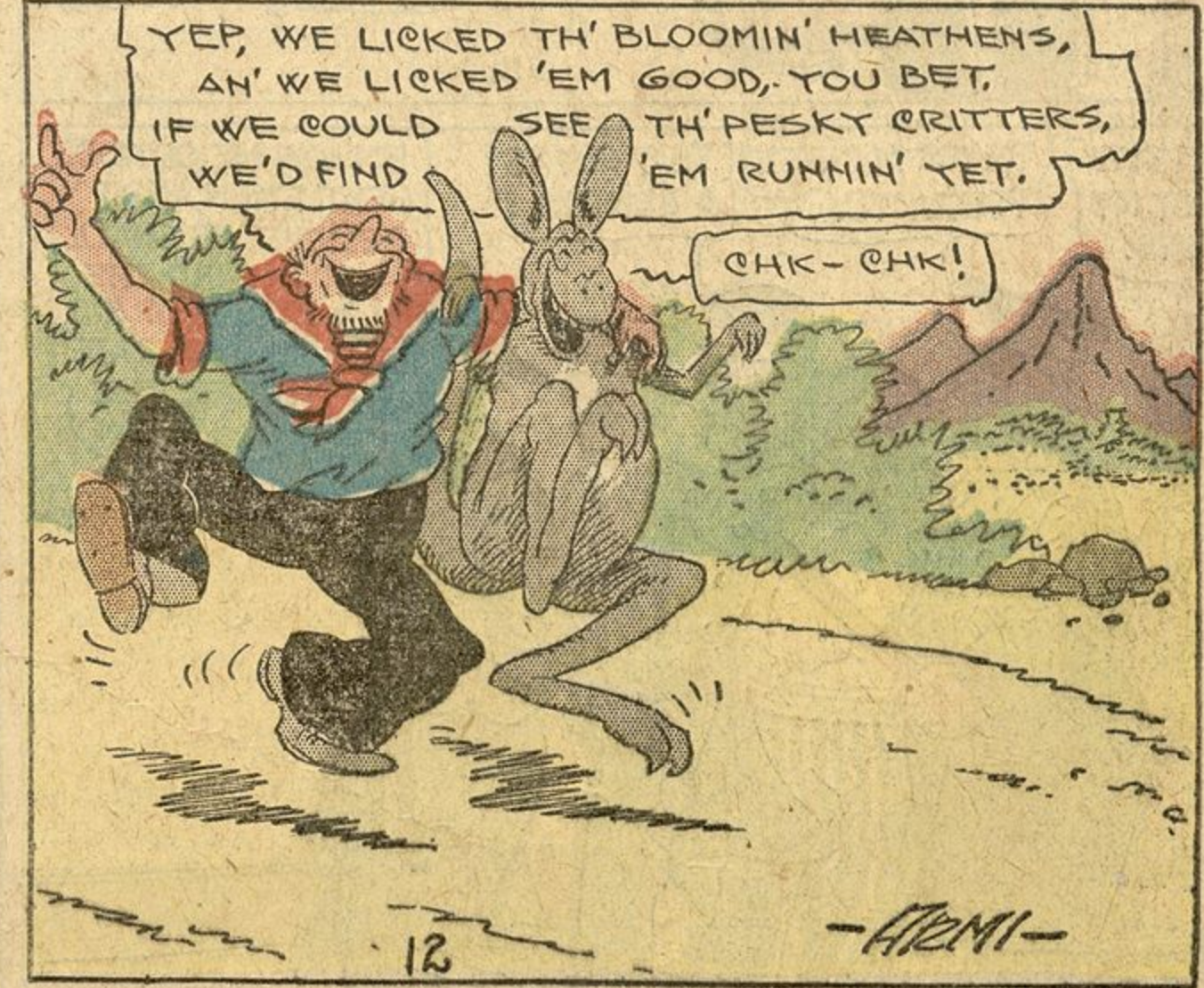
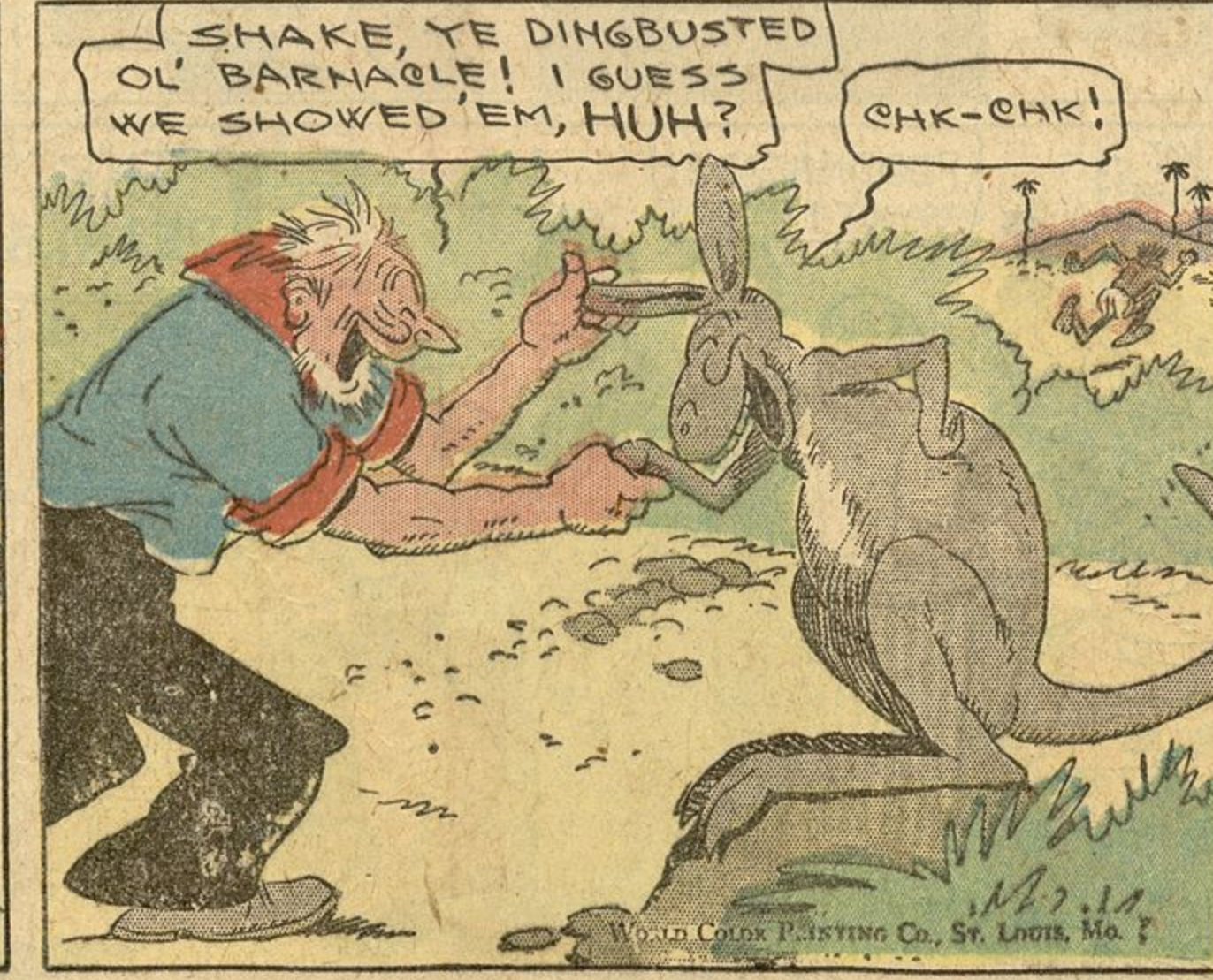
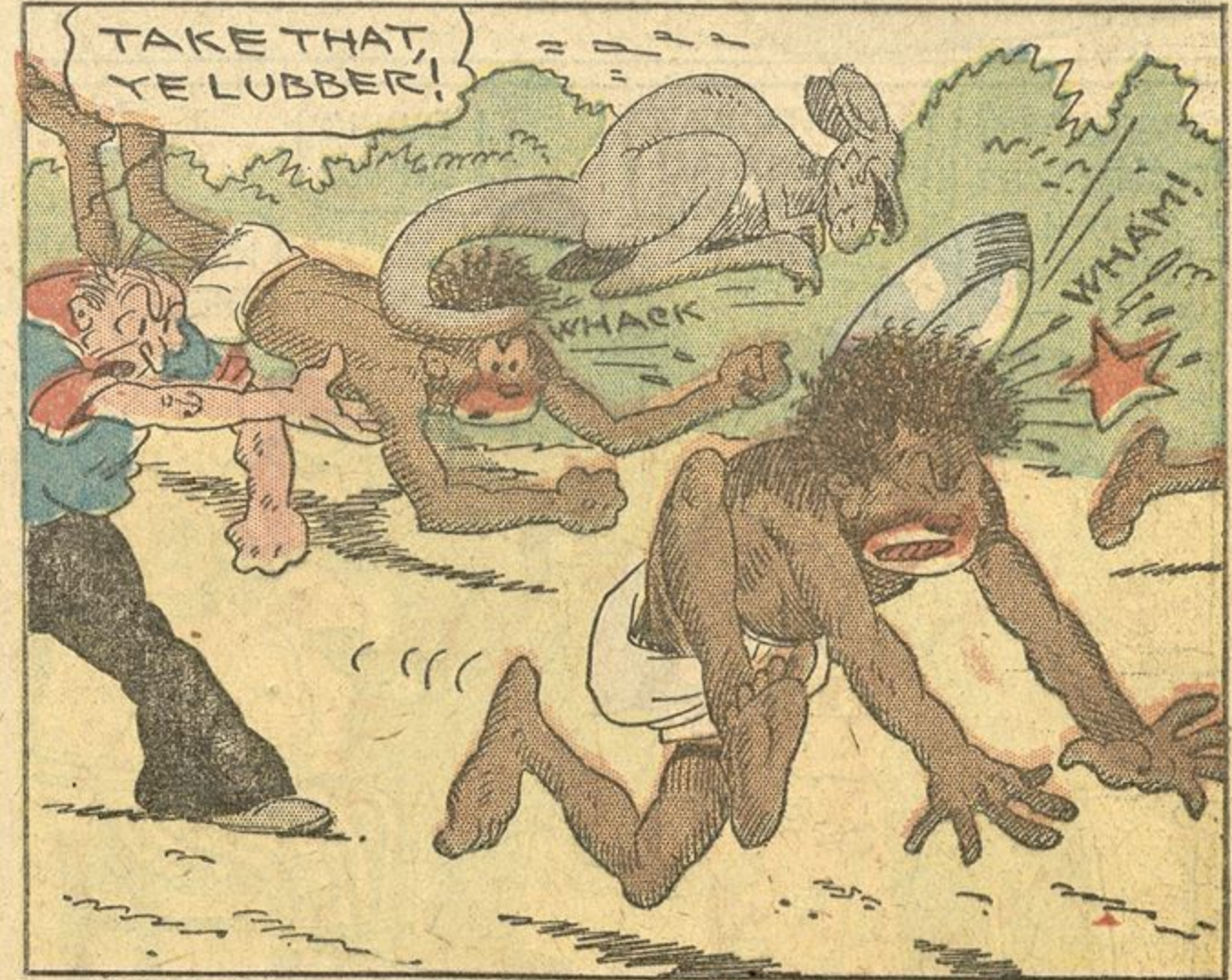
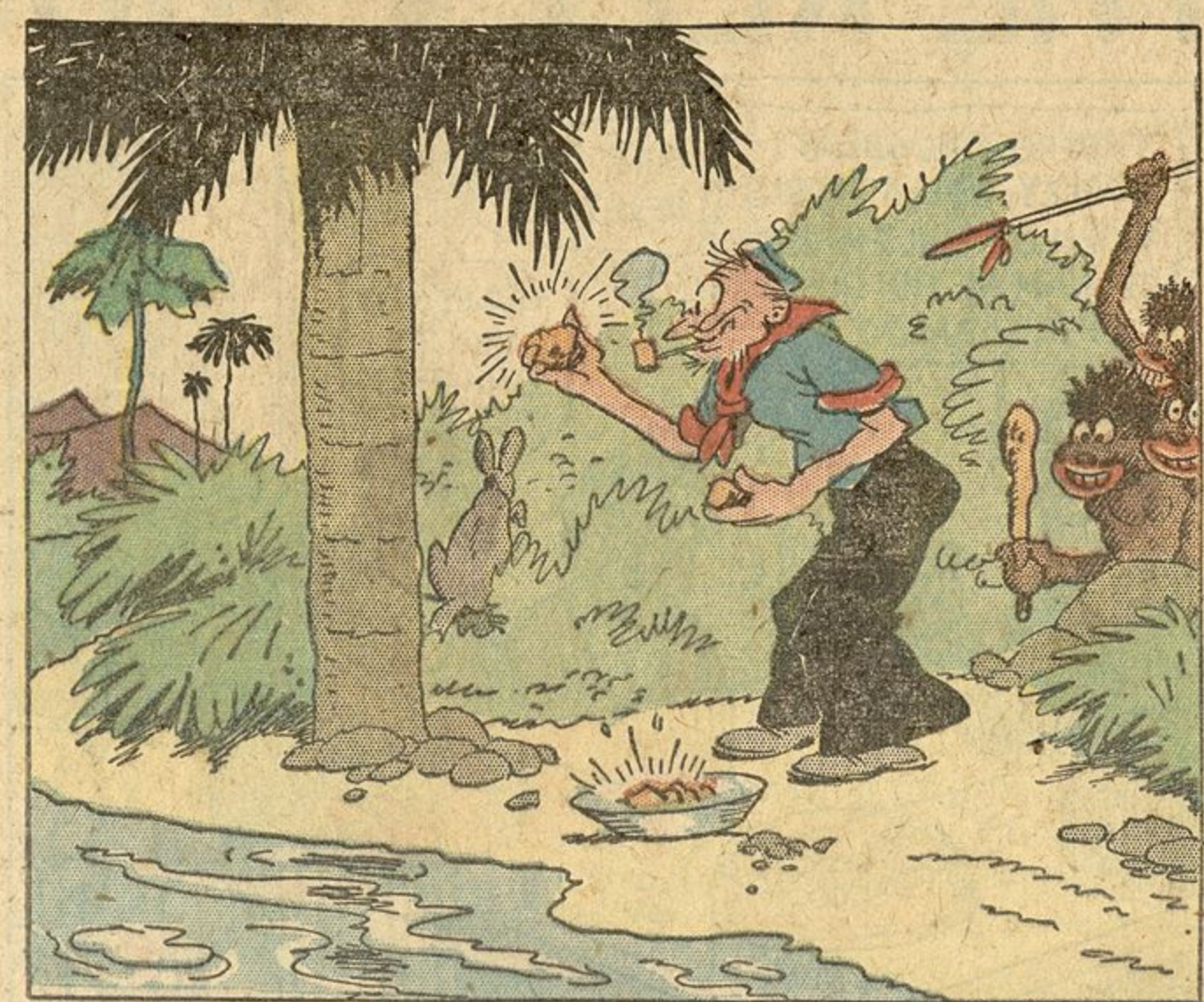
I yelled and tried to duck into th' brush. Kangy, who had been nippin' a lunch of green leaves while restin', sat up on his hind-legs and blinked his eyes.

The next thing I knew a lot of savages landed on top of me. I kicked and thumped a few of 'em, but there were too many for me.

Well s'r, I figgered that was goin' t' be th' end of ol' Bill, sure.

Just as I was expectin' to feel a spear smack into me, th' blacks yelled louder than ever and rolled off my back. Soon's I could, I sat up and looked around. Well s'r, scared as I was, I had to laugh. There was good old Kangy whackin' those ugly, black men with his big muscular tail, and kickin' 'em in all directions with his long hind-legs.

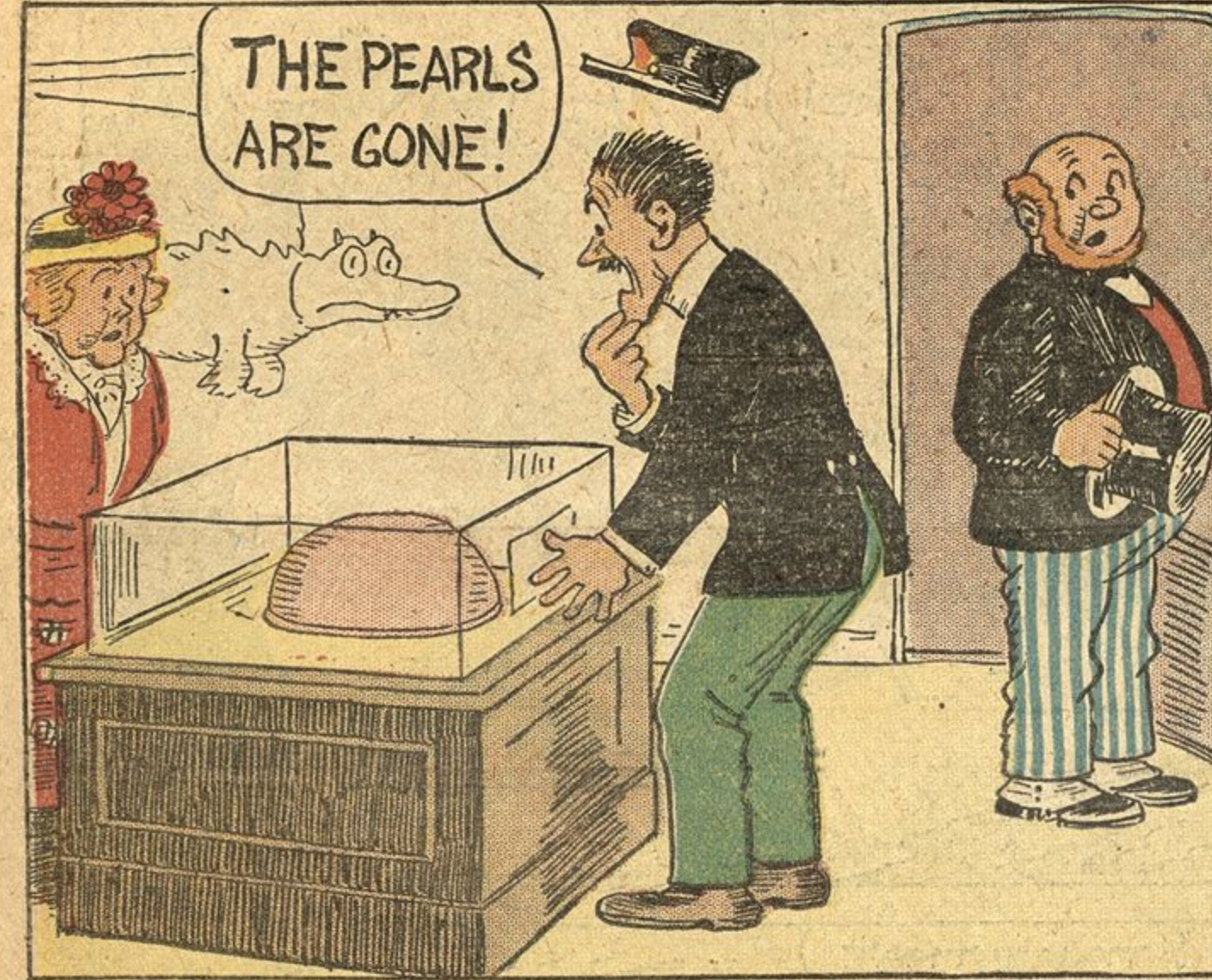
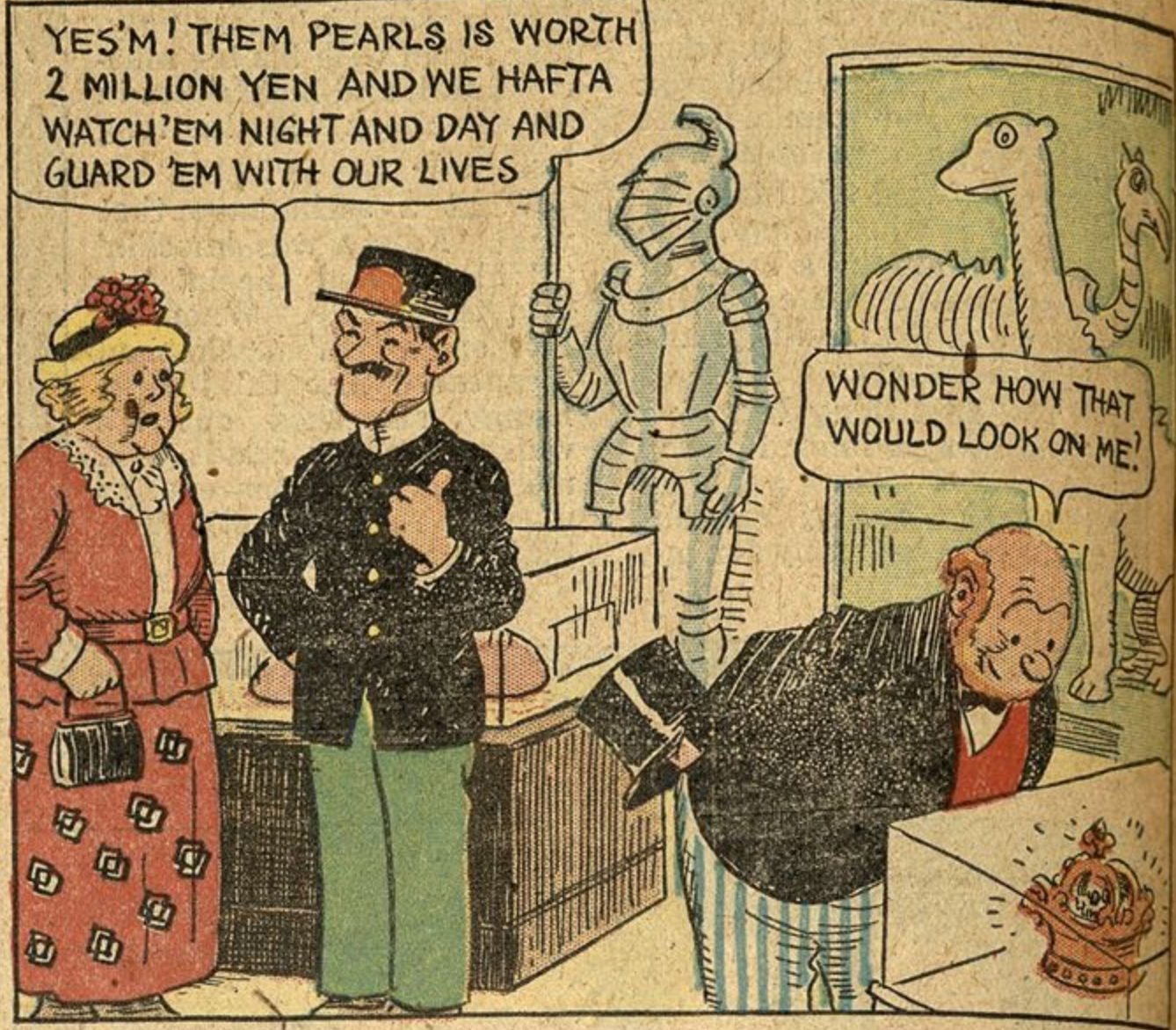
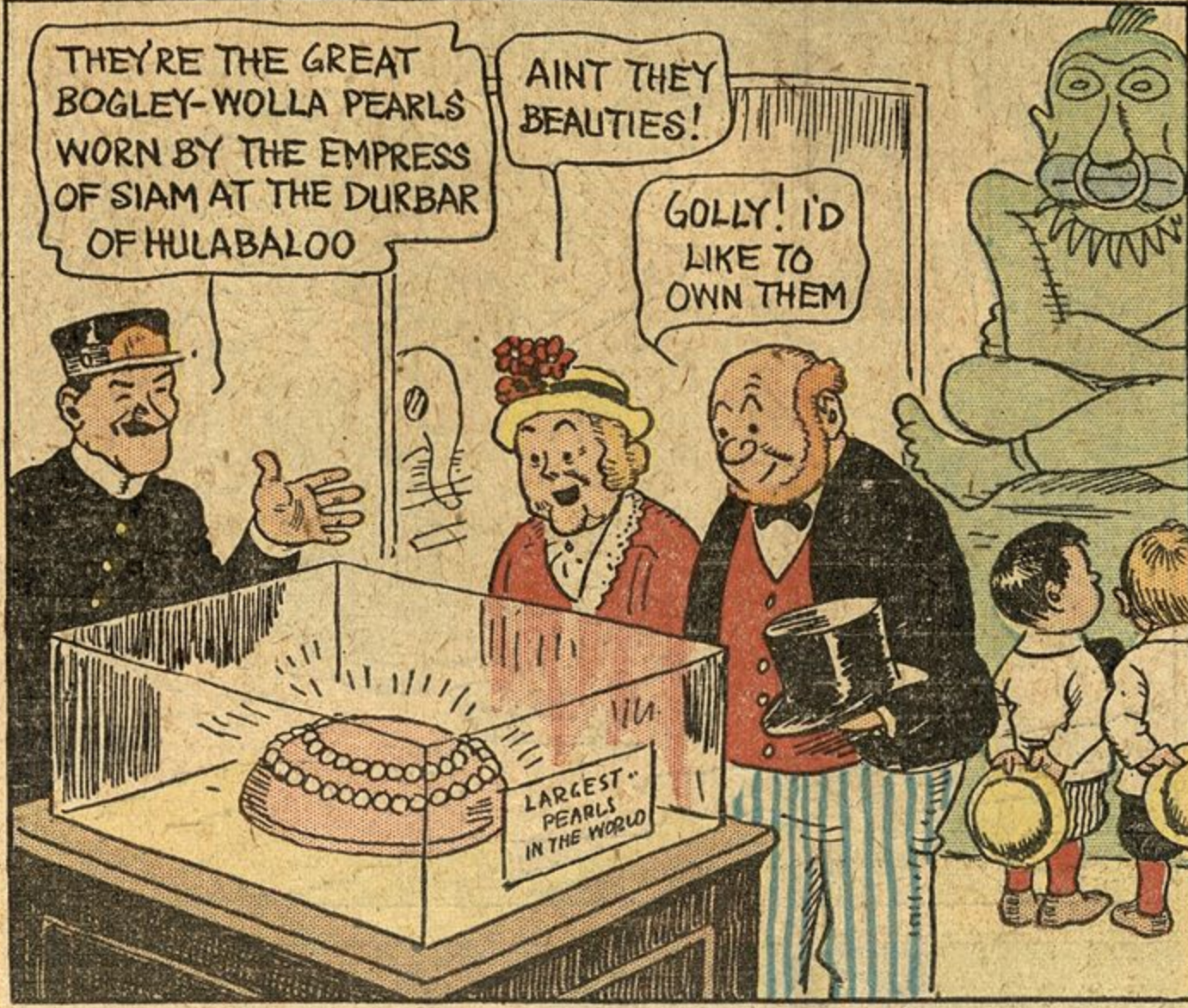
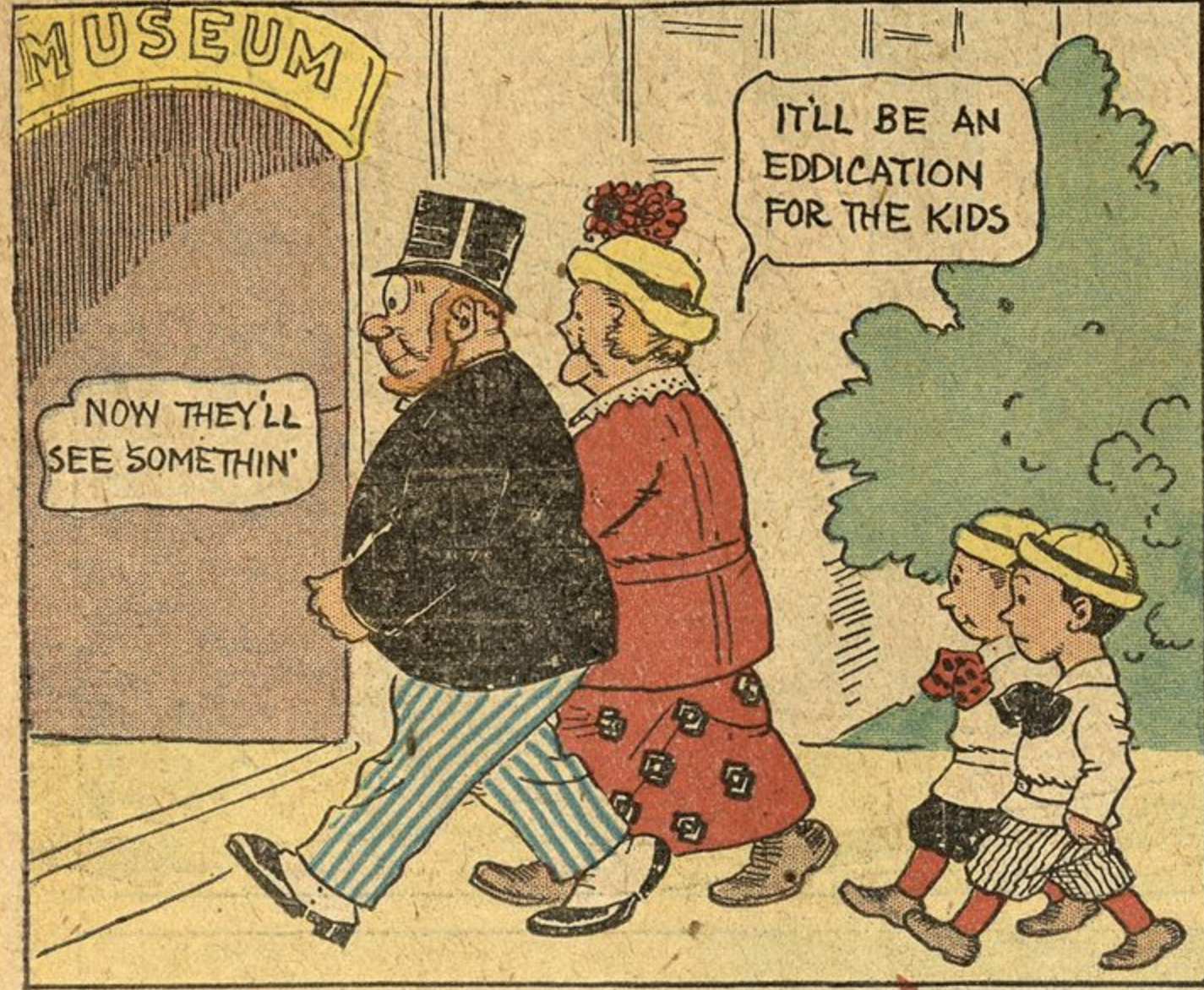
What a scrimmage that was! Kangy was knockin' th' blacks and chasin' 'em into th' jungle. When th' last one of th' blacks had disappeared into th' jungle, Kangy smoothed out his whiskers, shook hands with me and winked his eye, as much to say, well, ol'-timer, that was some row.



WOOF WOOF. WERE YOU AT CHARLES' HOUSE, JACK? YES, MA.—AND LISTEN, THERE WAS A HOLE GOT INTO THE BOTTOM OF THE SCREEN ON THEIR KITCHEN DOOR,—ONCE,— DO YOU KNOW WHAT? NOW CHARLES FEEDS HIS DOG THROUGH THAT HOLE,— TEN MINUTES LATER— YOU OUGHTA SEE HIS DOG,— MA.— COMES TO THAT HOLE FOR HIS BREAKFAST— JACK! HOW DID THIS BIG HOLE GET INTO OUR SCREEN DOOR? I MADE THAT HOLE, MA.— SO'S WHEN I GET MY DOG I CAN FEED HIM LIKE CHARLES FEEDS HIS—



TIM --- THE KELLY KIDS --- TOM



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

LITTLE ACTION - ONE THUMP.

MY! OH MY! BUSINESS IS KINDA DULL - THINGS ARE SLOW -

NO THIN' STIRRIN' AT ALL - NO CHECKS COMIN' IN -

NO MAIL, NO POST CARDS - NO NO THIN' - OH MY!

THINGS ARE ALTOGETHER TOO QUIET TO SUIT ME -

BANG

By INK

C. W. KAMPE