

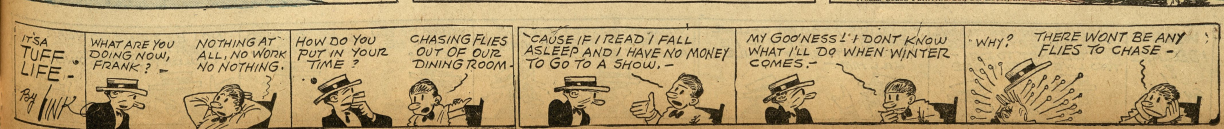
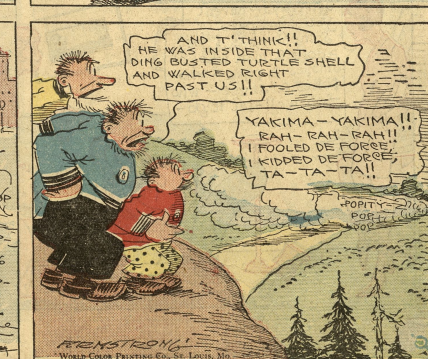
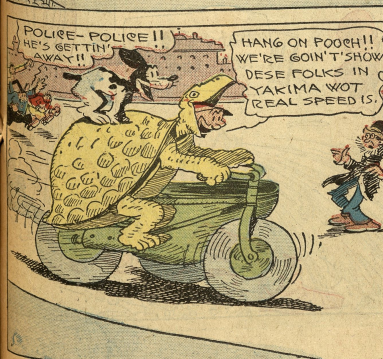
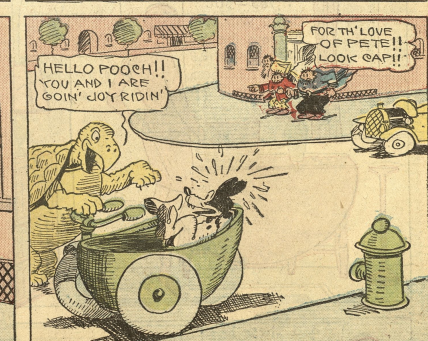
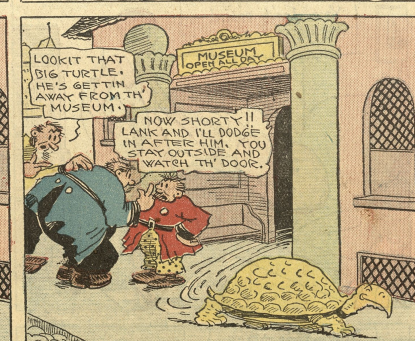
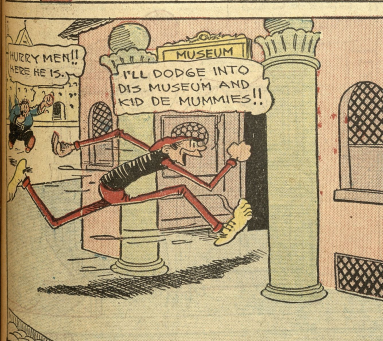
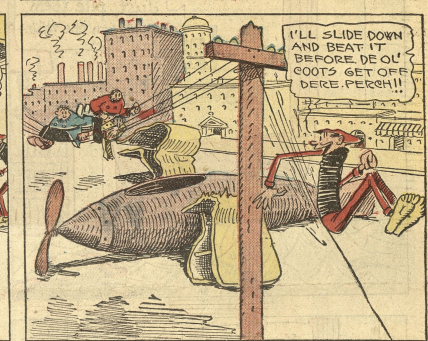
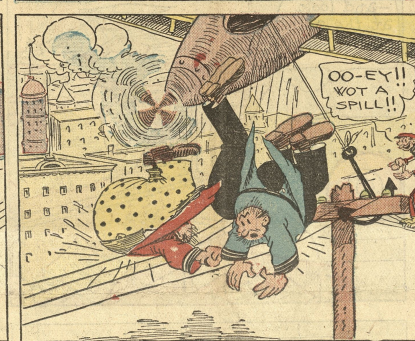
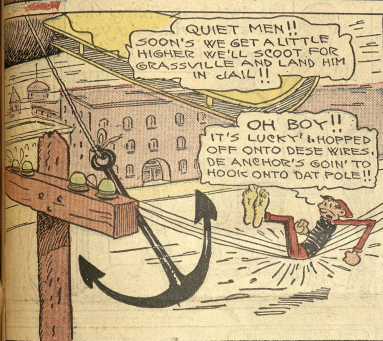
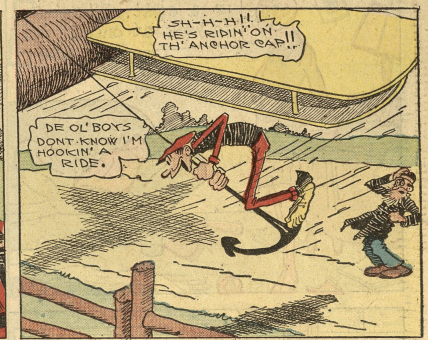
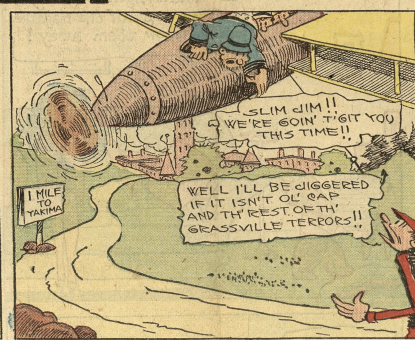
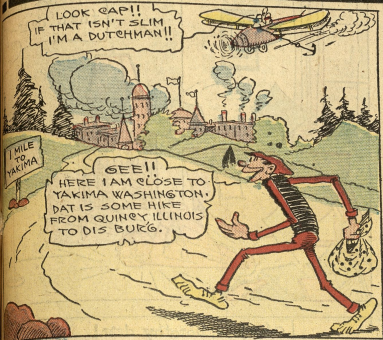
CLEVELAND JOURNAL

A WEEKLY FOR AMERICAN SLOVENES

Cleveland, Ohio, Friday,

July 31, 1931

LIM JIM AND THE FORCE



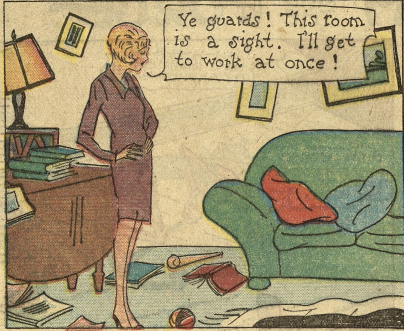
The Outline of Oscar

by

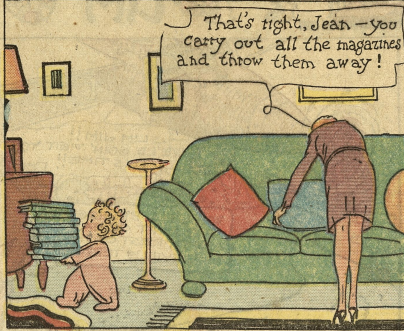
Sure - c'mon over, Dot - the place is already a mess!



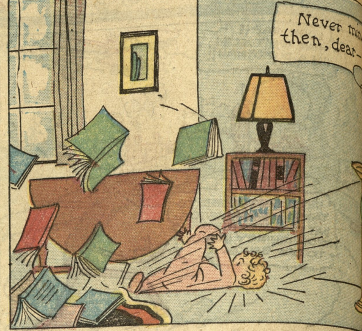
"IT TAKES A HEAP O' LIVIN'"



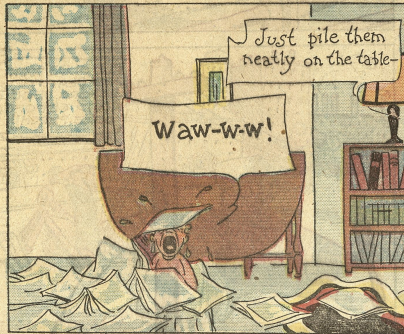
Ye guards! This room is a sight. I'll get to work at once!



That's right, Jean - you carry out all the magazines and throw them away!

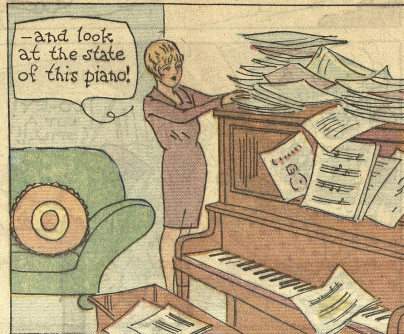


Never touch them, dear!



Just pile them neatly on the table -

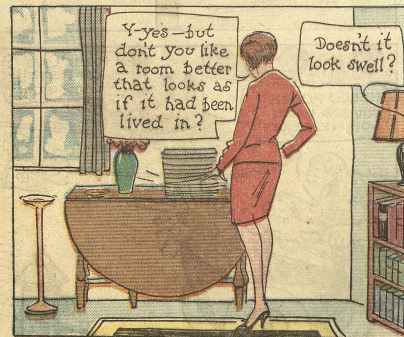
Waw-waw!



-and look at the state of this piano!

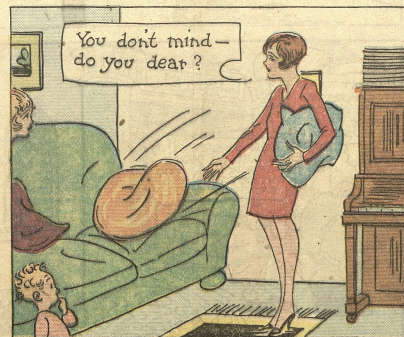


Oh - h'lo, Dorothy dear! I've just been fixing the place up - what do you think of it?

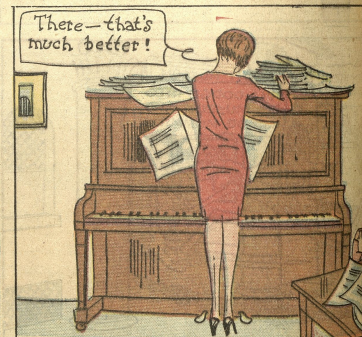


Y-yes - but don't you like a room better that looks as if it had been lived in?

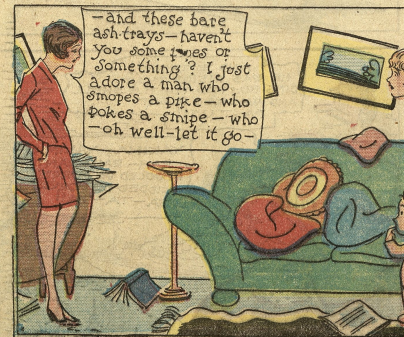
Doesn't it look swell?



You don't mind - do you dear?



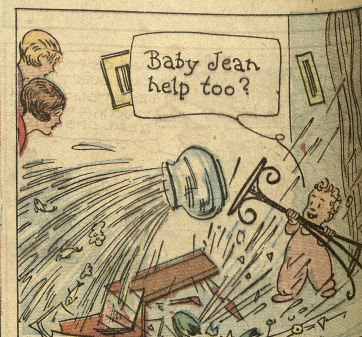
There - that's much better!



-and these bare ash-trays - haven't you some boxes or something? I just adore a man who smokes a pipe - who takes a snipe - who - oh well - let it go -



Now - this place is livable - oh - I'm sorry!



Baby Jean help too?

WELL I DECLARE

MY BOY IS VERY CONTRARY! DOES THE VERY THINGS HE'S TOLD NOT TO DO. - TWO LIVE WIRES WERE

DANGLING FROM MY CELLAR CEILING, I TOLD HIM IF HE TOUCHED THEM IT WOULD KILL HIM. -

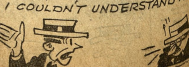
WELL, WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT, I DIDN'T SLEEP A WINK ALL THAT NIGHT.

WHAT DO YOU THINK HE DID?

HE TOUCHED THE WIRES.

NO! HE DIDN'T GO NEAR THEM. I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT.

BY WRO



BLACK DOG OF BOO-BOO ISLAND

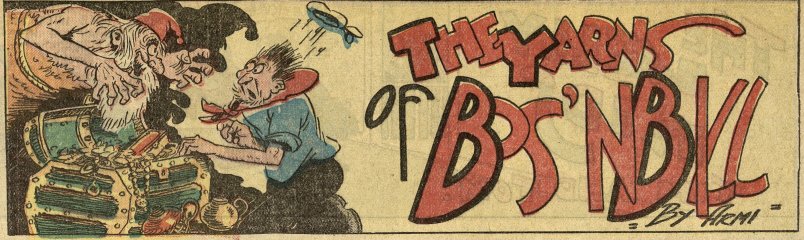
In my last yarn I told you how Wick-Wick, th' native on Boo-Boo Island, guided us to th' house of a strange old white man.

When we were close to th' house I hailed th' old feller. He looked at me, told me to sit down, and all at once he yelled: "I'm Black Dog, Morgan's right-hand man, blast me if I ain't!" I was so surprised I almost keeled off th' stool I was sittin' on. Then I kinda blinked and took a good look at th' boy, a pirate of th' old days, and this man looked as though he was a hundred years old, or more. I nearly fell off th' stool again when he yelled that Morgan and he, with their crews of pirates, had captured ship-loads of treasure, hiding it on that

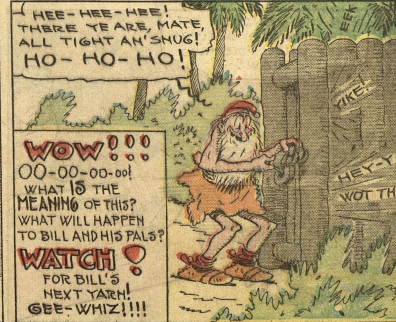
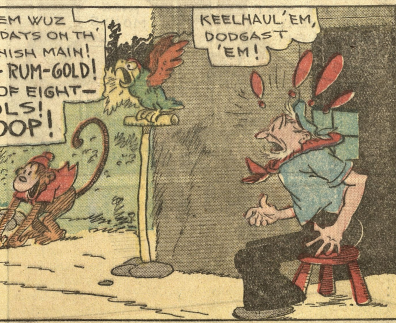
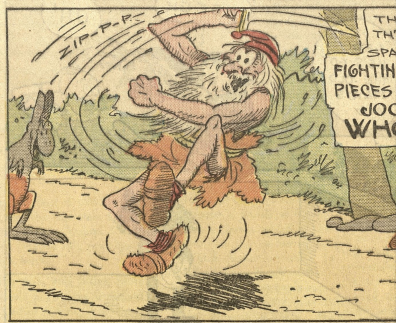
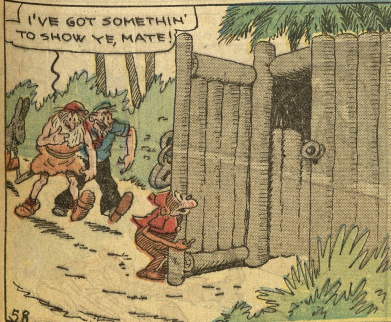
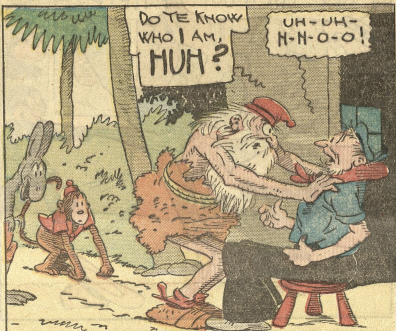
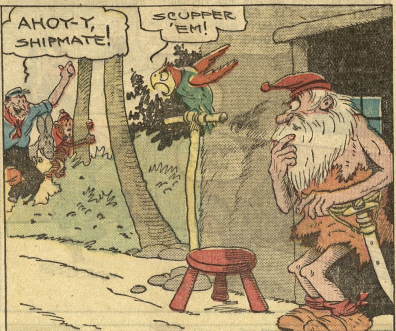
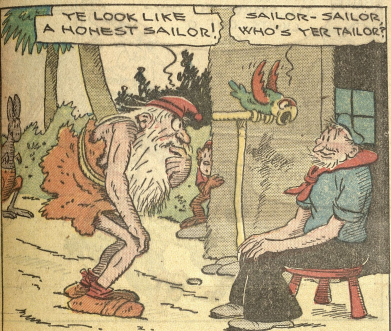
island, and that he was now guardin' it.

After a sly look around he told us to follow him. When we were deep in th' thick jungle he pointed to a house built of stout logs and whispered that inside th' house was a chest of gold doubloons and jewels. Then he told us to go inside and have a look at 'em. Well s't, I was that excited, thinkin' about th' treasure, that I kinda forgot for th' time how strange th' old feller had acted. So Singot, Kangy, and I stepped inside. While we were standin' there, lookin' around in th' gloom, wonderin' where th' chest was, BANG! th' heavy door slammed shut and we were prisoners.

In my next yarn you'll find out what happened.



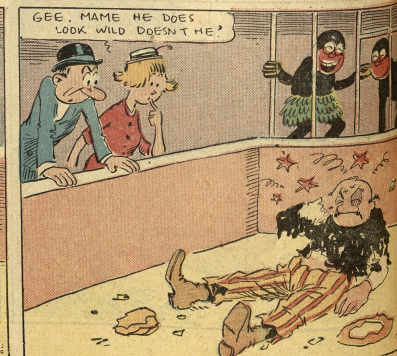
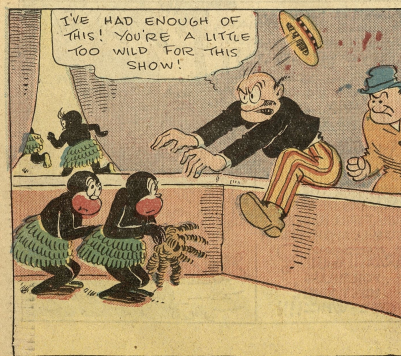
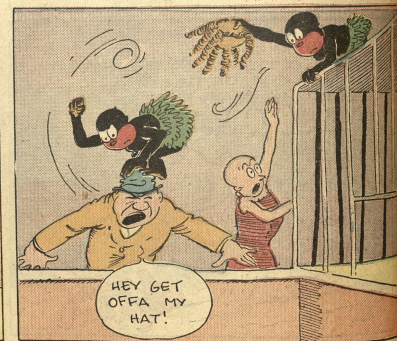
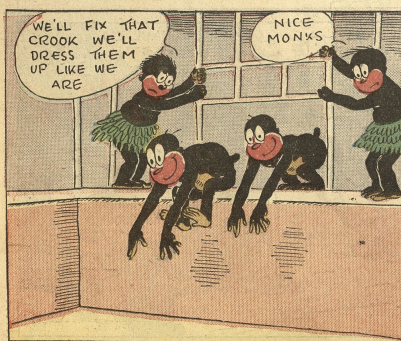
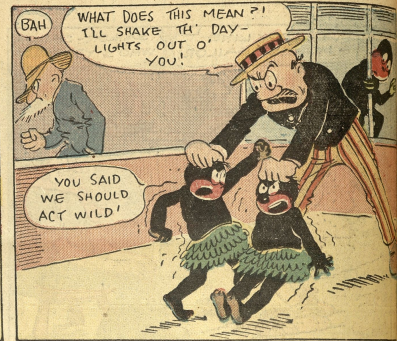
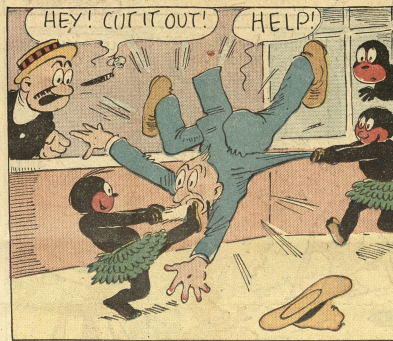
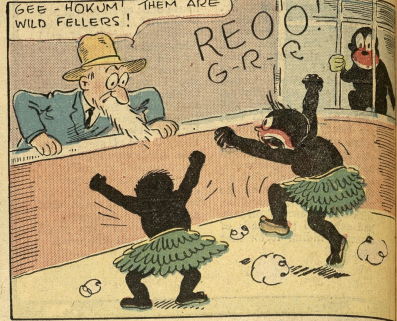
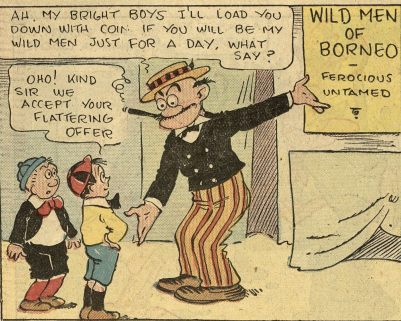
THE YARNS OF BILLY



Wanda Cooper Parrish (30), St. Louis, Mo.

THE KELLY KIDS

TIM AND TOM.



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

SHE PAINTS.

HOW DO YOU LIKE MY JOB OF PAINTING?

FINE,

ONLY YOU MISSED A PLACE ON THIS DOOR-- DIDN'T YOU?

NO, THAT'S WHERE I STARTED AGAIN AFTER FIXING UP THE PAINT BRUSH--

YOU SEE, THE HAIRS WERE COMING OUT AND

I DIPPED IT INTO YOUR DANDRUFF CURE--