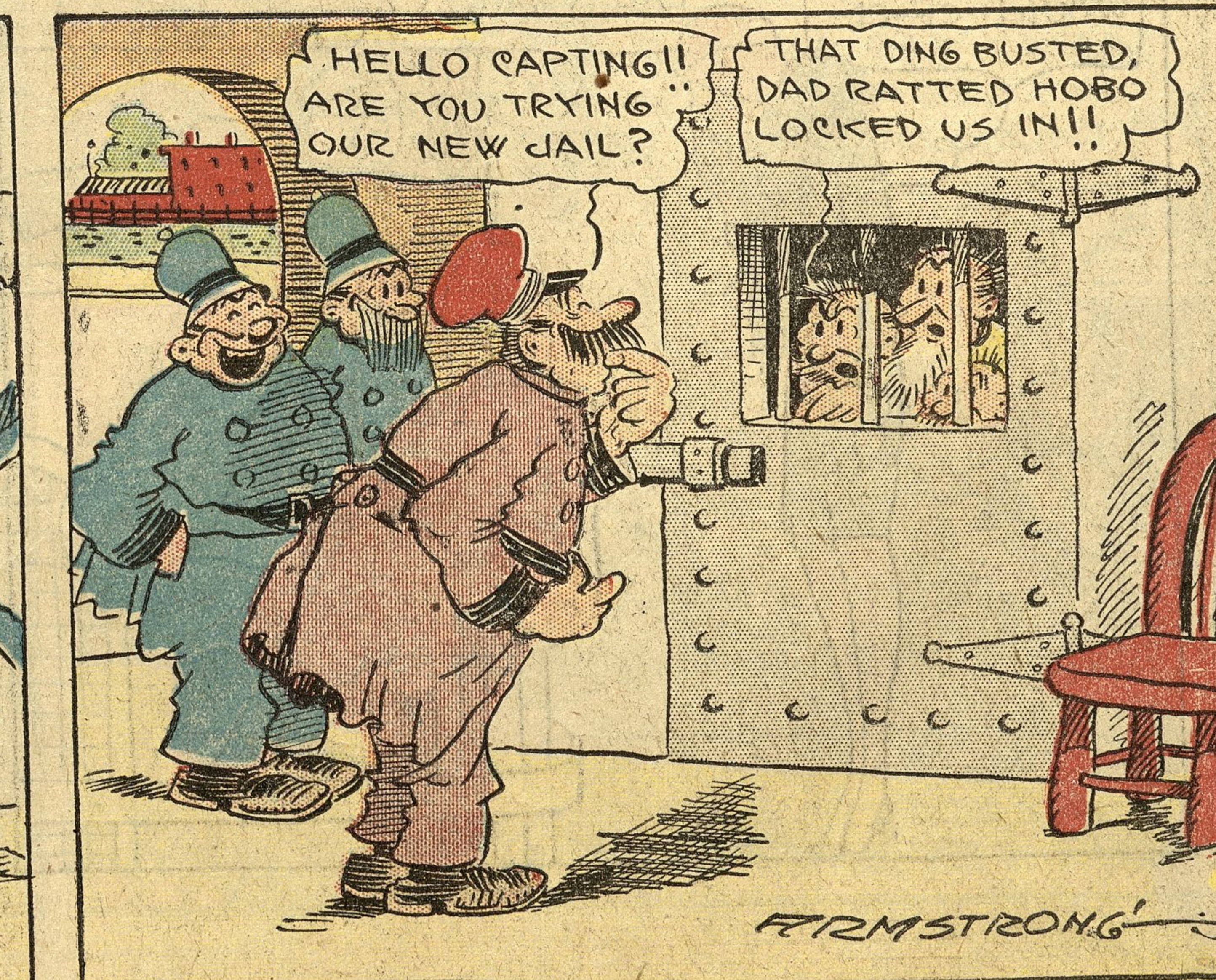
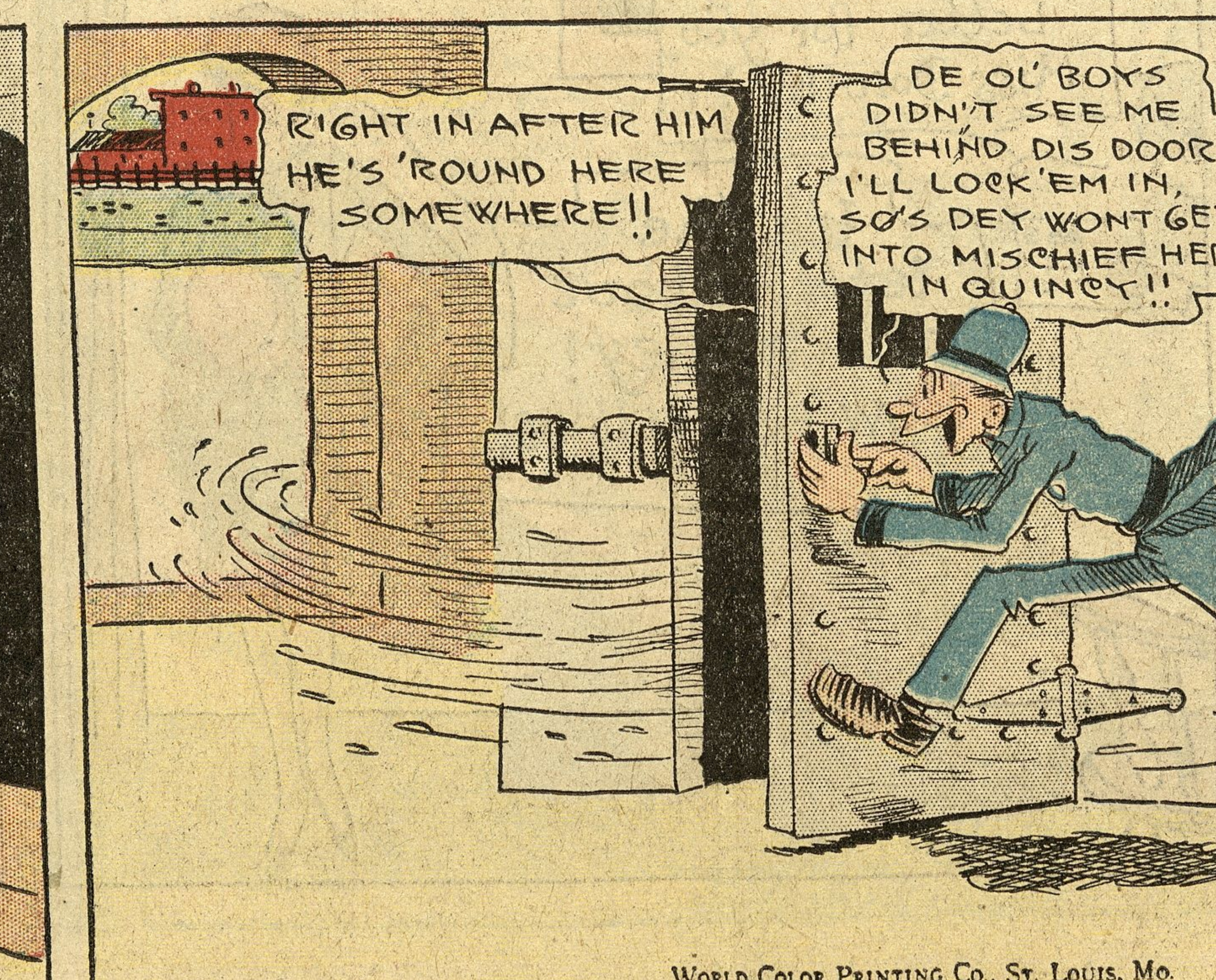
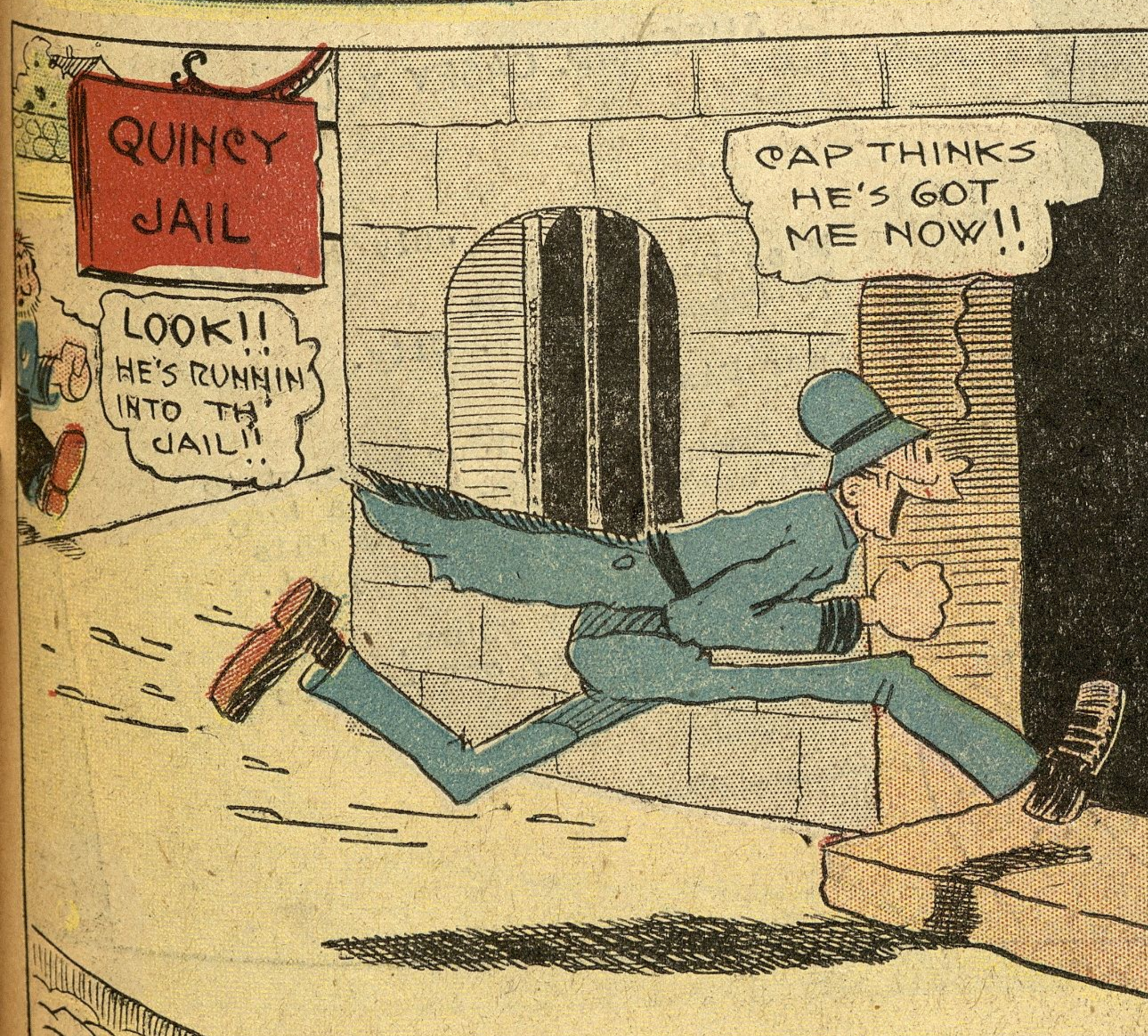
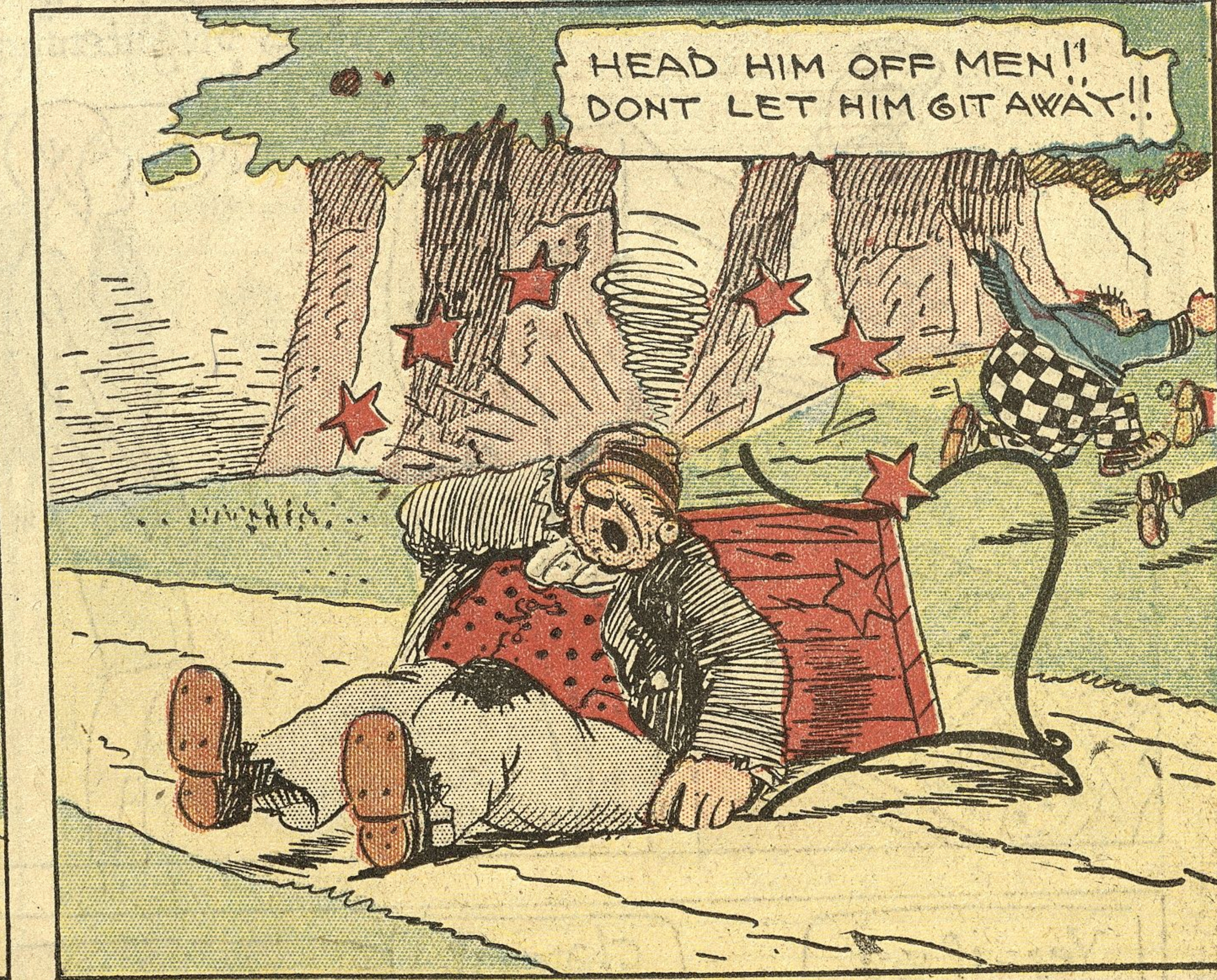
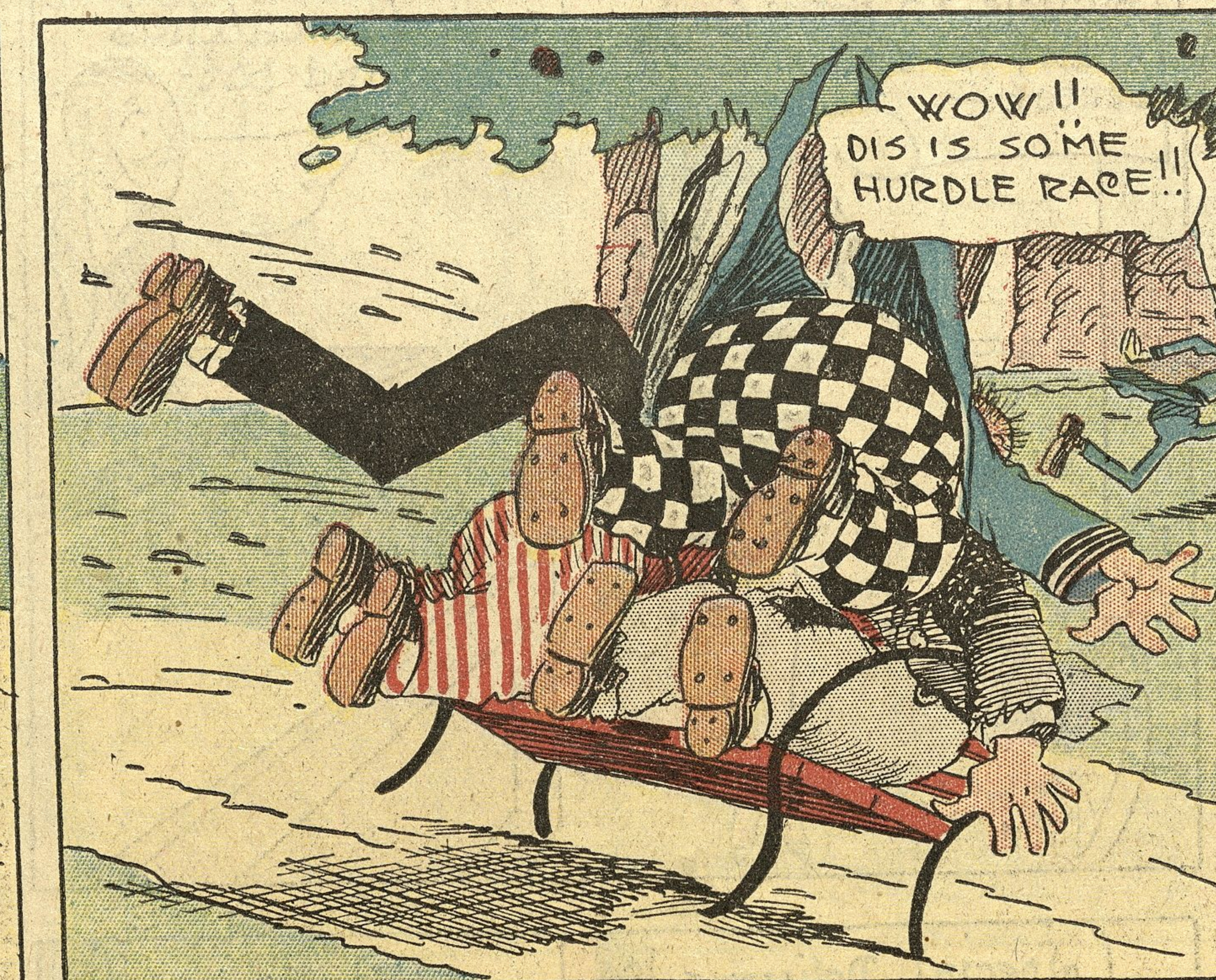
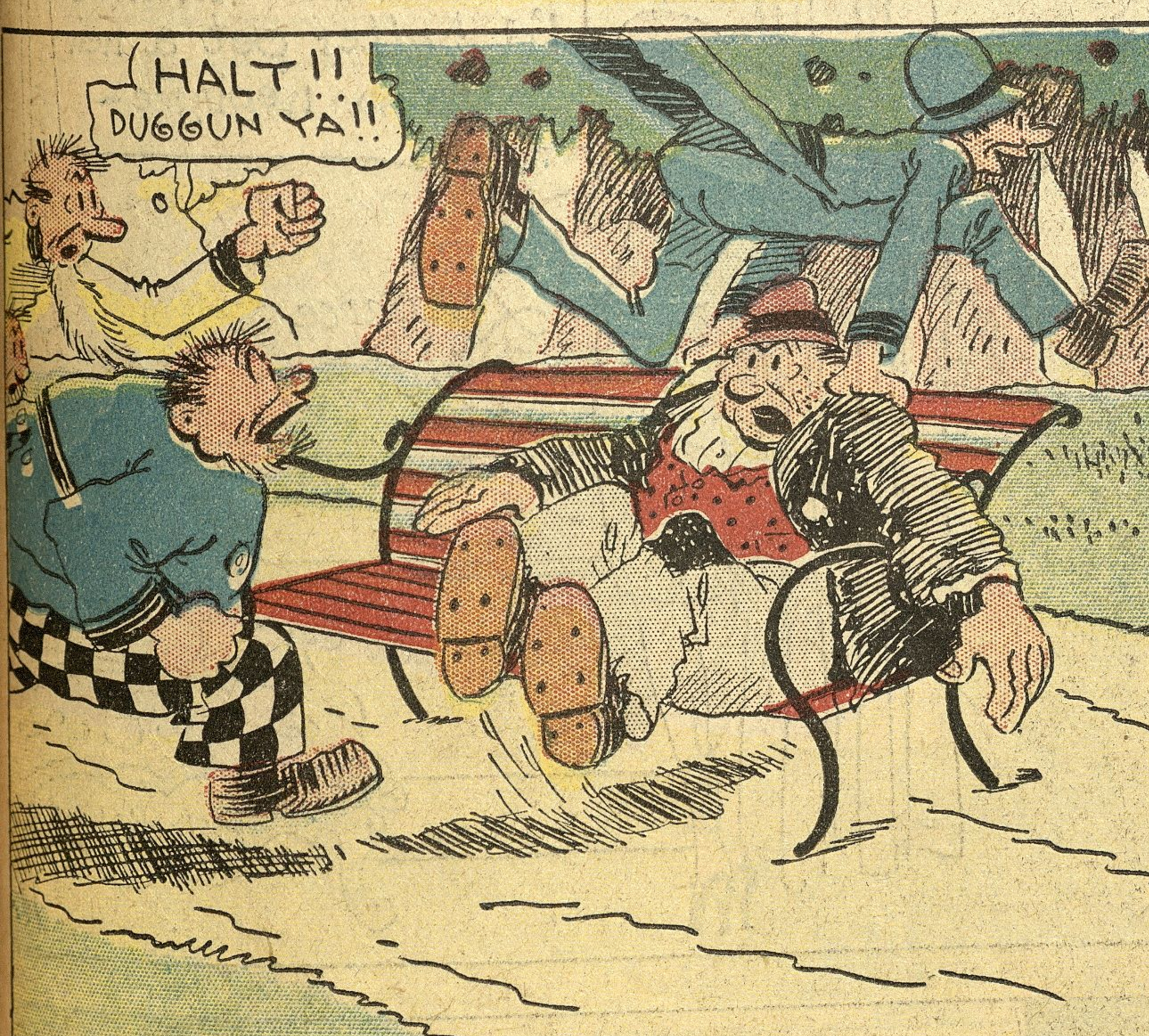
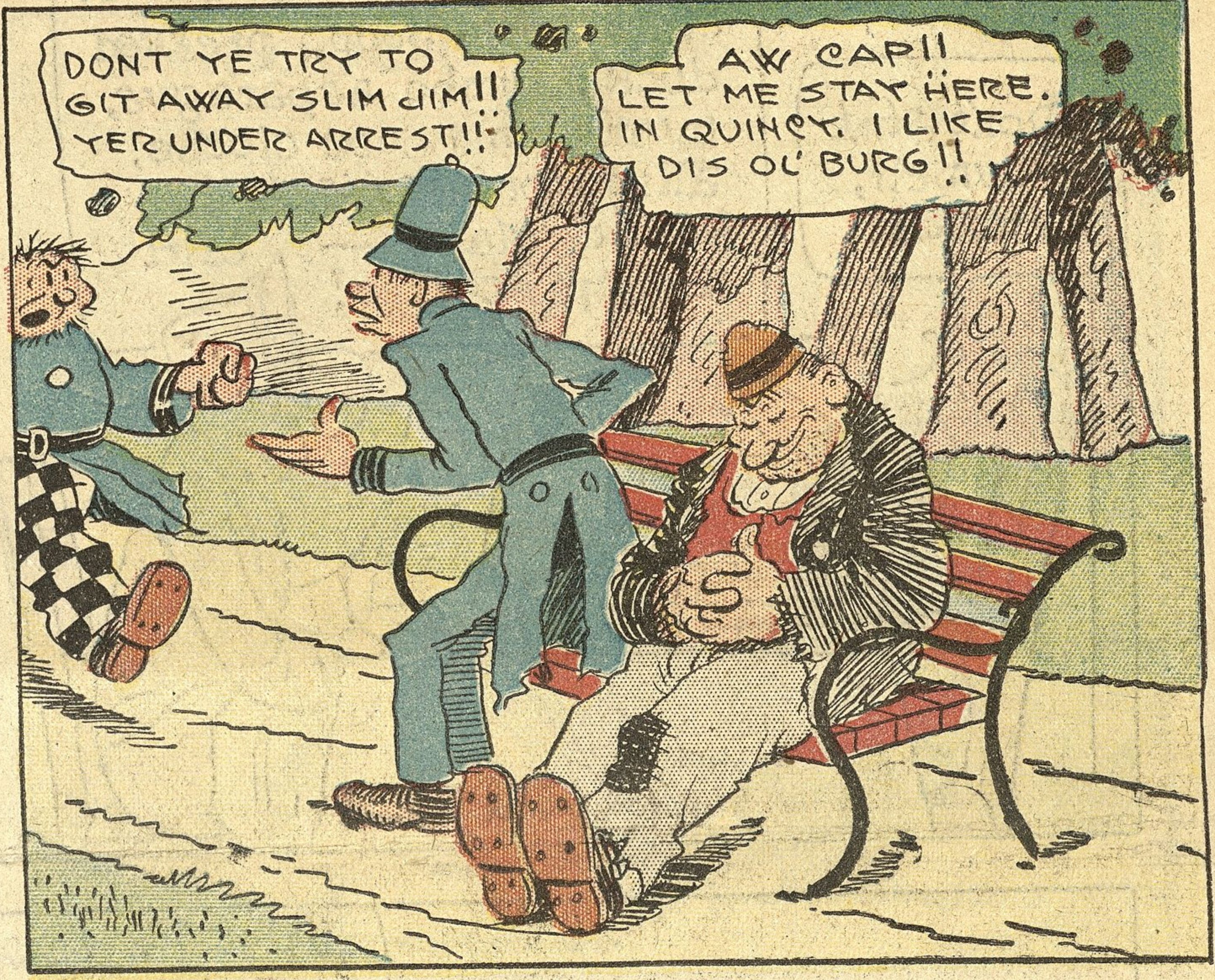
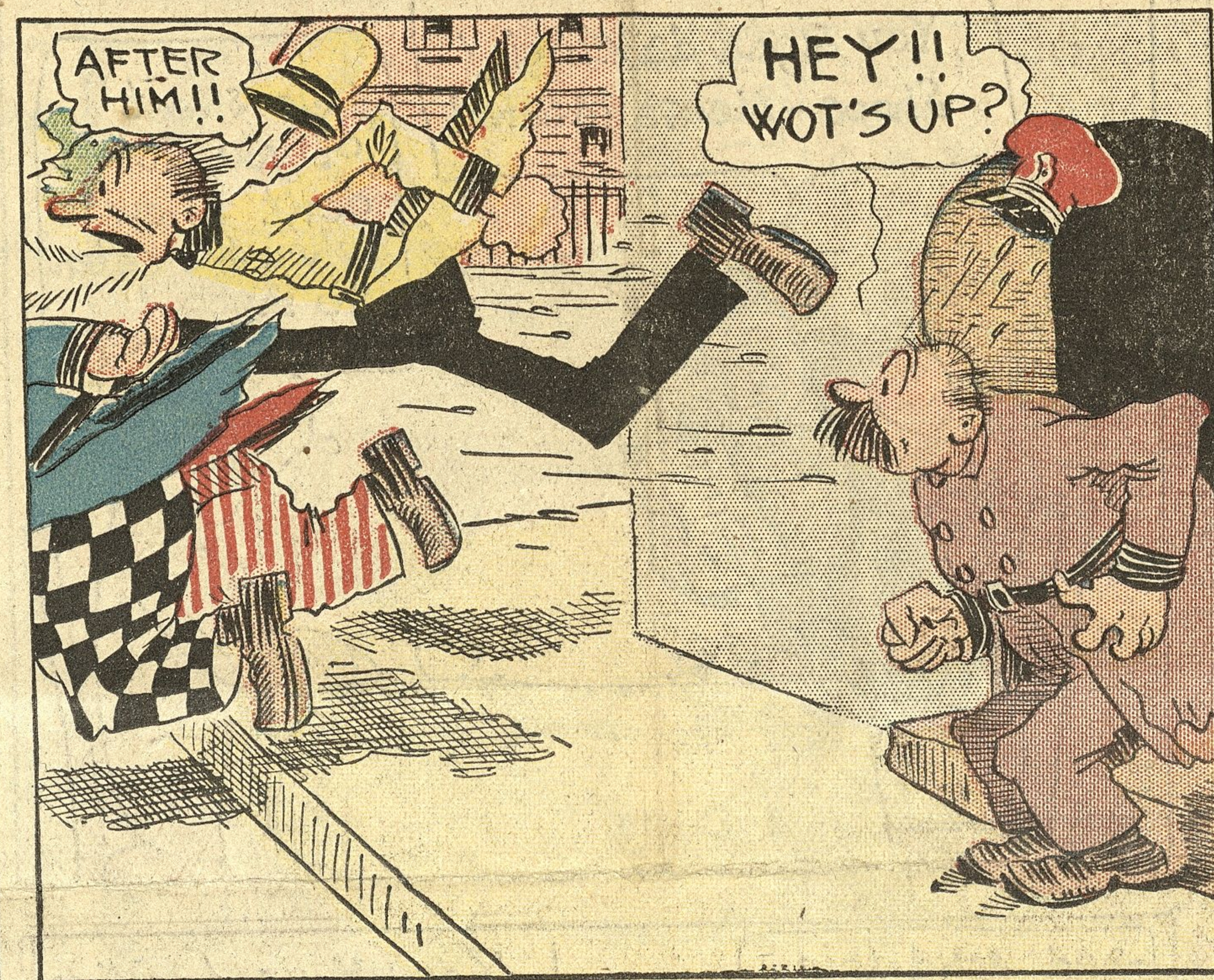
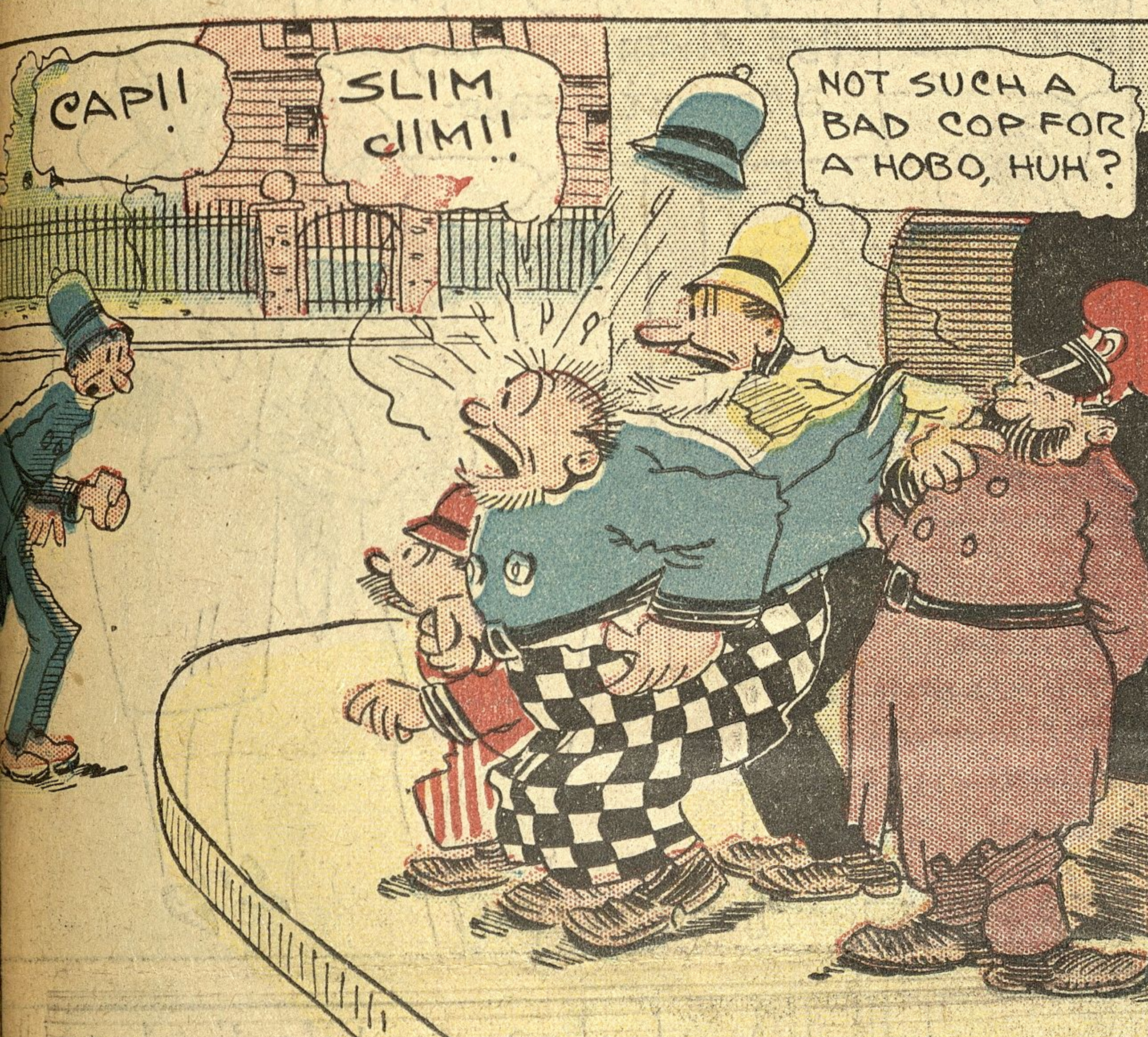
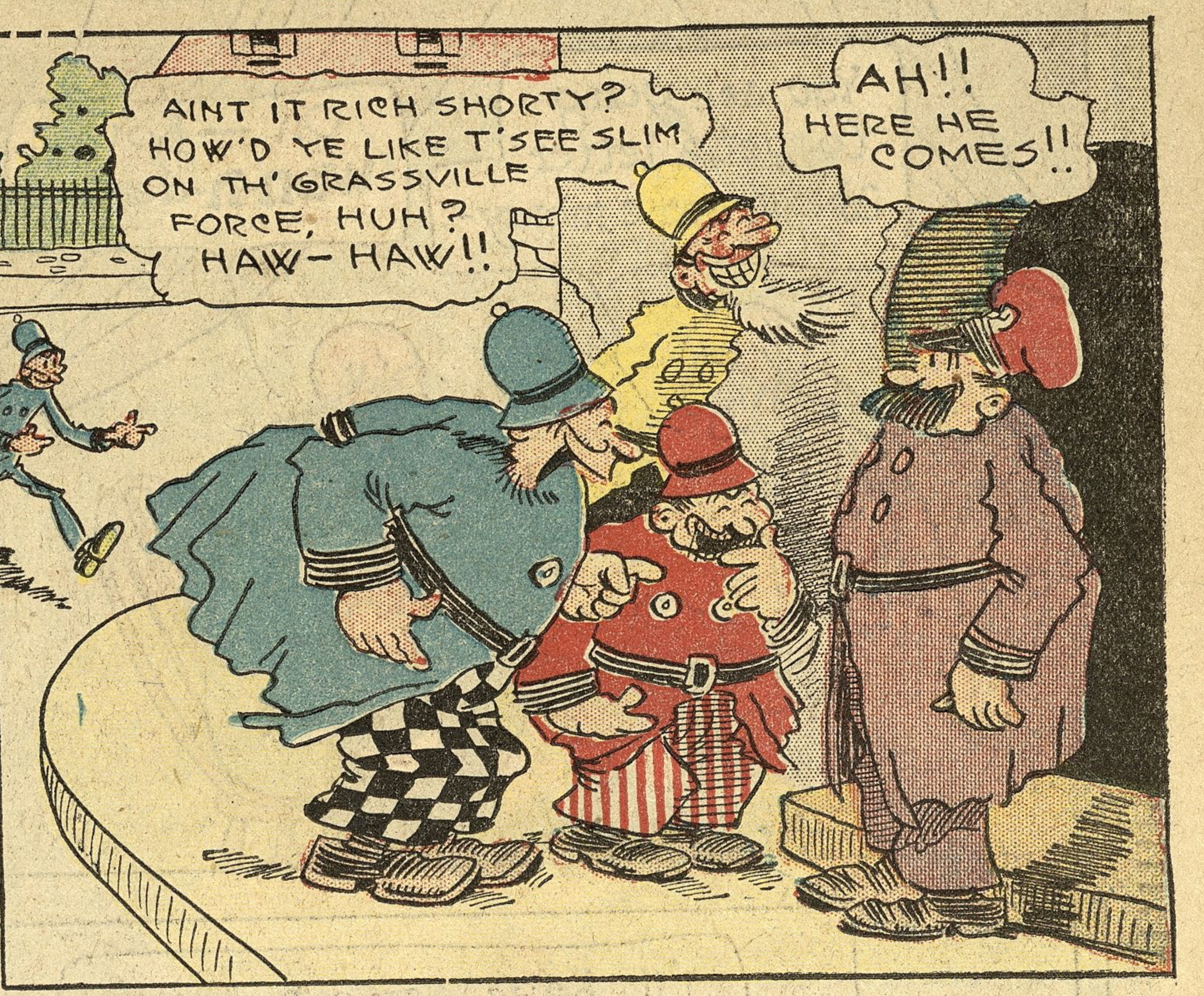
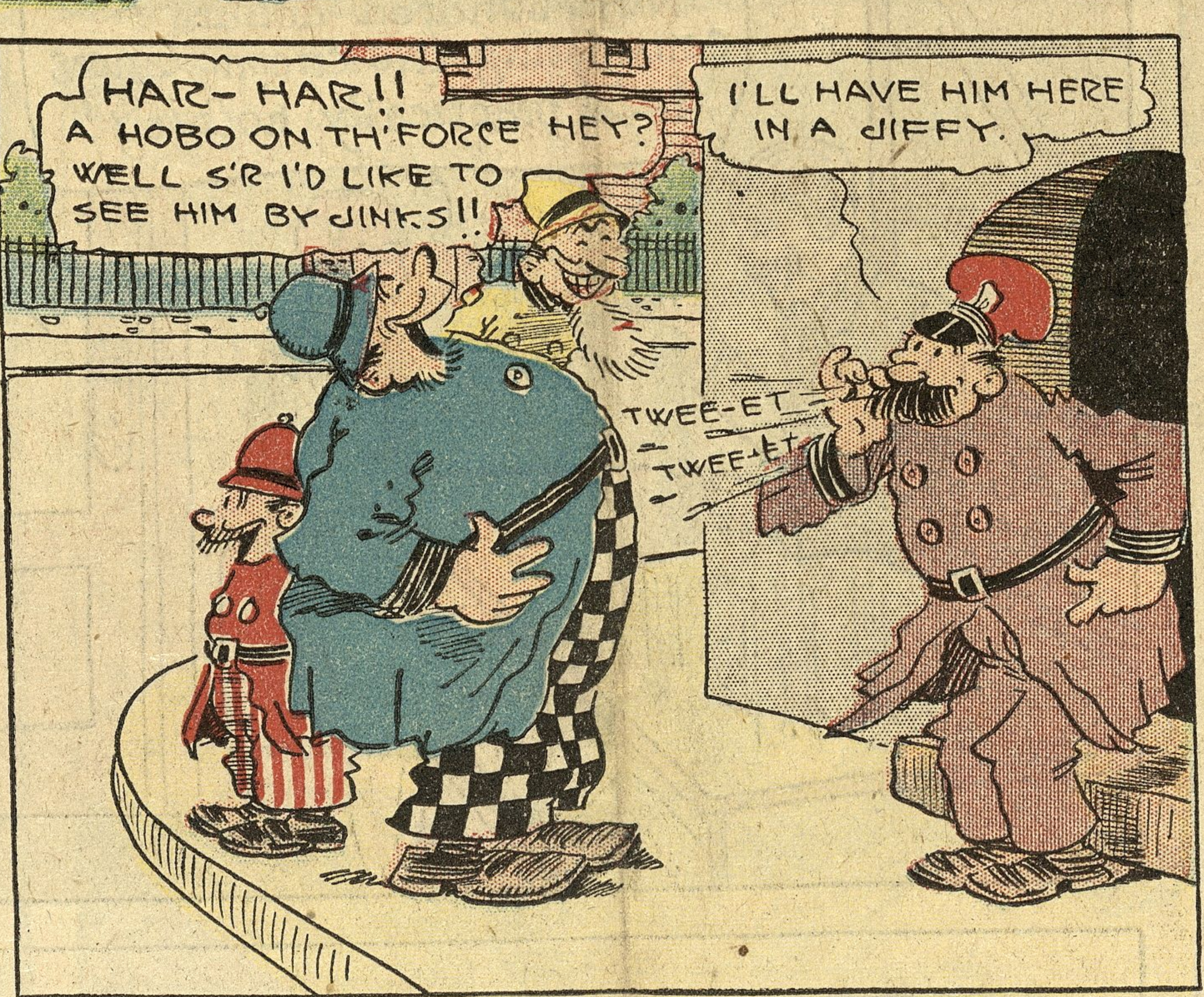
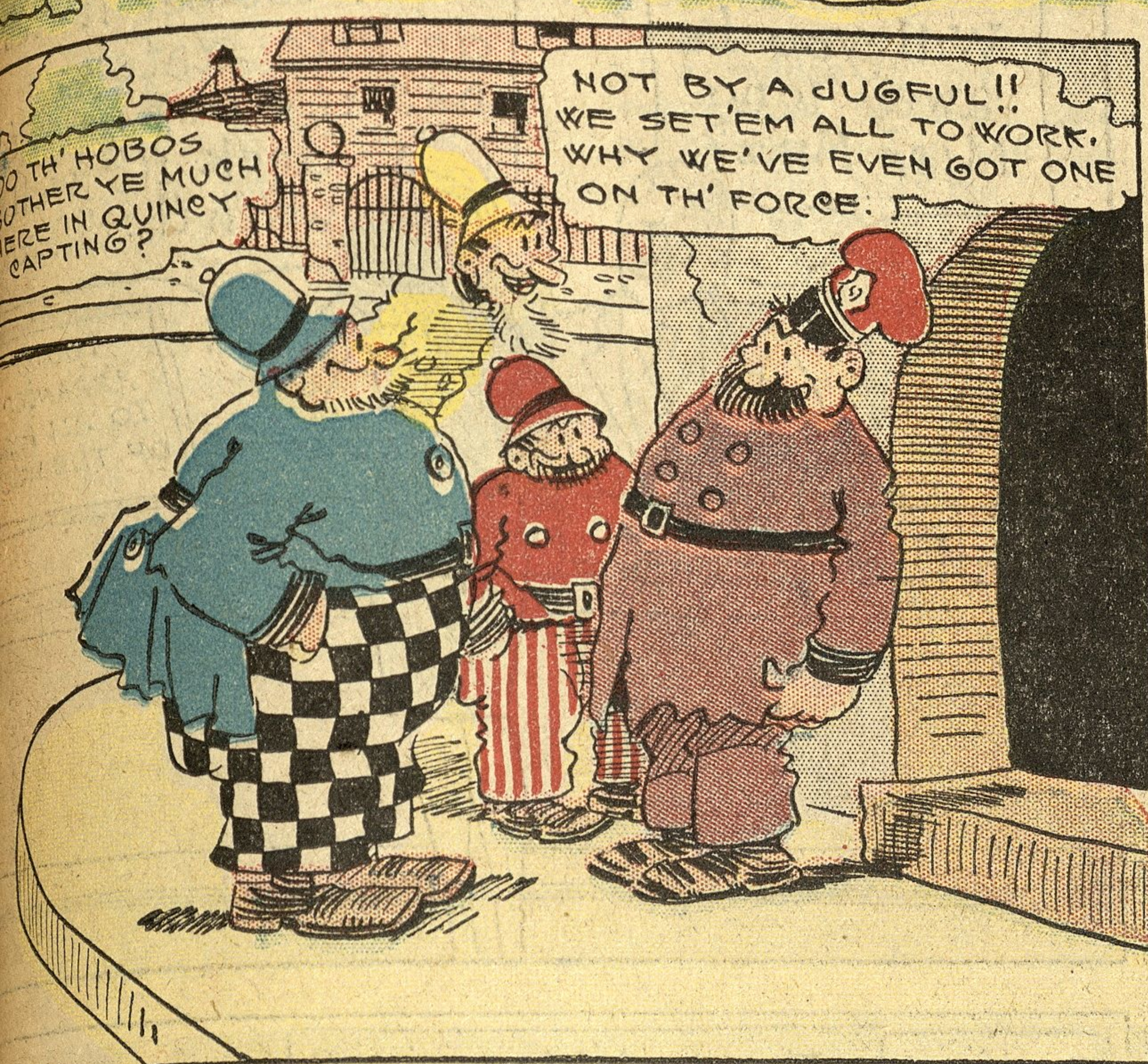


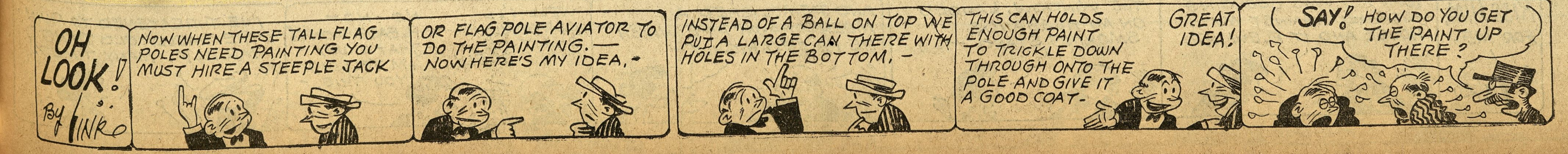
COMIC SECTION  
**CLEVELAND JOURNAL**  
 A WEEKLY FOR AMERICAN SLOVENES  
 Cleveland, Ohio, Friday,  
 July 24, 1931

**SLIM JIM AND THE FORCE**



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

FIRMSTRONG





# The Outline of Oscar

Gee - I'll bet it's the men for th' pianna!

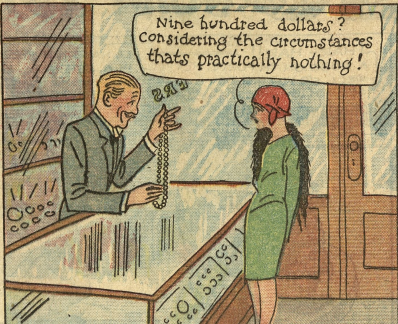
Four dark heavy-set men are coming into your life!

## THE STARS NEVER LIE



You are going to get a letter about some money -

Oh - how WON-derful!



Nine hundred dollars? considering the circumstances that's practically nothing!



Will you be away long Miss Minz?

-of course - if this de luxe statetoom has it's own private deck it's well worth the difference



Don't stint yourself, Auntie!

I'll have some antipasto, clear turtle soup, pressed duck, jumbo asparagus, mushrooms sous cloche, alligator pear salad, bombe glace - and a cuppa coffee!



You signa da check? Shoos - Meesa Meenz!

So sweet of you, Dot - I don't know when I've eaten so much!

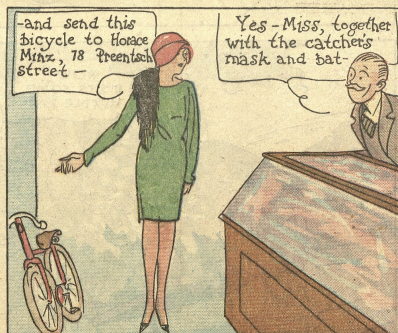


Certainly Miss Minz!

Eight-eighty apiece? Put them on my account, please -

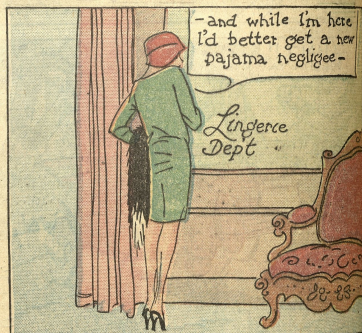


I'll take these for Daddy - he needs brightening up!



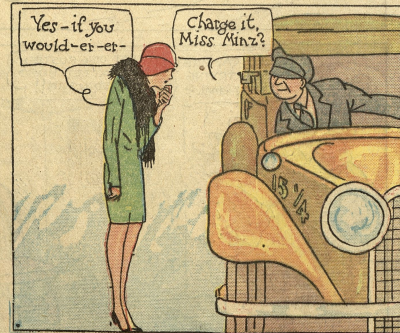
-and send this bicycle to Hoace Minz, 78 Preentach street -

Yes - Miss, together with the catcher's mask and bat -



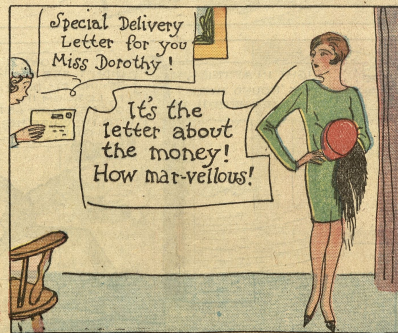
-and while I'm here I'd better get a new pajama negligee -

Lingerie Dept



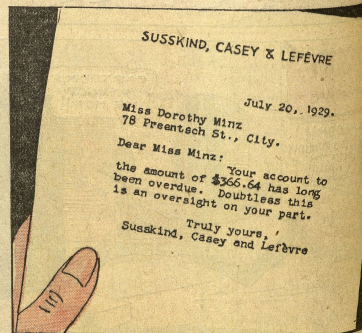
Yes - if you would - et - et -

Charge it, Miss Minz?



Special Delivery Letter for you Miss Dorothy!

It's the letter about the money! How mar-velloous!



SUSSKIND, CASEY & LEFEVRE

July 20, 1933.  
Miss Dorothy Minz  
78 Preentach St., City.  
Dear Miss Minz: Your account to the amount of \$366.64 has long been overdue. Doubtless this is an oversight on your part.  
Truly Yours,  
Susskind, Casey and Lefevre

KISS HIM FOR ME.

YOUR BOY WAS BOUNCING HIS BALL AGAINST MY HOUSE AND IT FLEW INTO

THE WINDOW, LANDED ON MY HUSBAND'S SMOKING STAND -

AND DEMOLISHED A MEERSCHAUM PIPE WHICH HE PRIZED HIGHLY.

WELL I'LL CERTAINLY CHASTISE HIM SEVERELY.

NO - NO - PLEASE DON'T! THAT'S WHY I'M TELLING YOU THIS.

I'VE THREATENED TO KISS THE SMELLY OLD THING MYSELF - MANY TIMES.



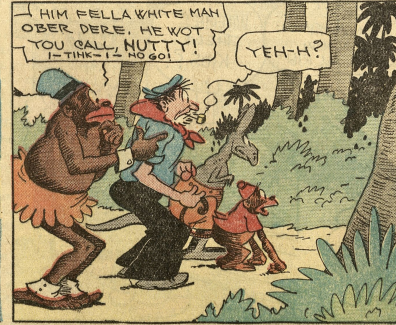
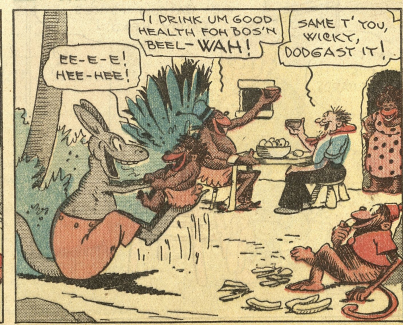
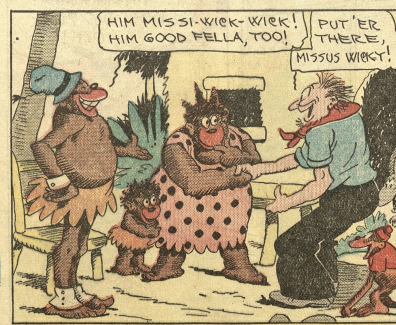
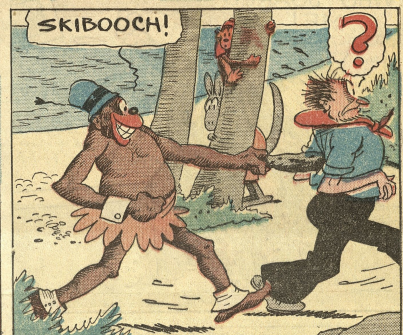
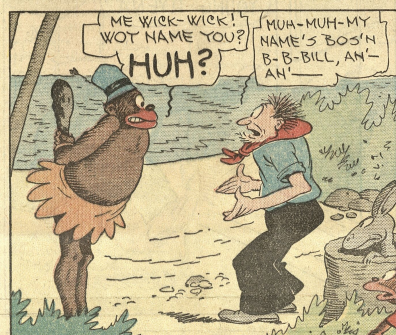
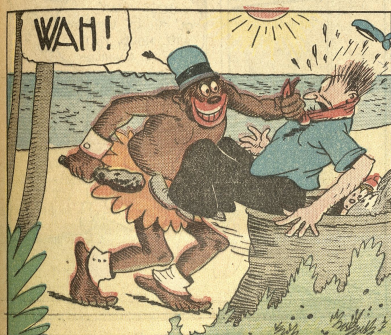
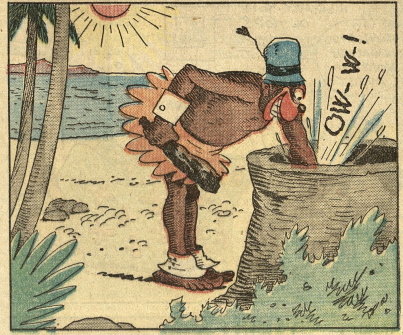
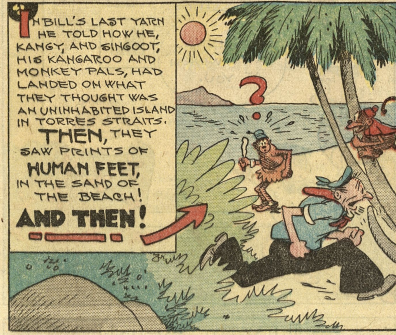
# WICK-WICK BOO-BOO ISLAND

When I spied those foot-prints in th' sand I knew we'd be in for it. Then I saw a big savage armed with a war-club watchin' us. We lit out for th' jungle, ducked into th' brush and crawled into a hollow stump. But that feller was smart. Before I knew what was up a big brown hand reached down, lifted me out and dropped me down on top of th' stump. Wow! That big brown warrior looked fierce. "What name you?" he growled. When I told him he glared at me like he would nip my head off. Kangy and Singoot were mighty scared, and when th' savage pointed to th' jungle and roared "Skibooch!" you can just bet we skibooched, with him pokin' me along

with his war-club. Pretty soon we came out into a clearin' with a grass house in th' center of it. Then all of a sudden th' big feller commenced to laugh, told me he was a joker, and that he wouldn't hurt me. Then he told me his name was Wick-Wick and introduced a fat, brown woman and a little fat, brown youngster as th' Missus and little Wick-Wick. Pretty soon we were th' best of friends. Wick-Wick then told me that another white man lived on a little island close by. I wanted to see this white man so my brown friend paddled my pals and me over to th' island. Right then was when trouble started for us. Don't miss my next yarn!

# THE YARNS OF BOS'N BILL

By Farni

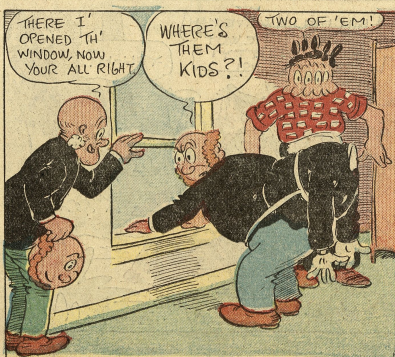
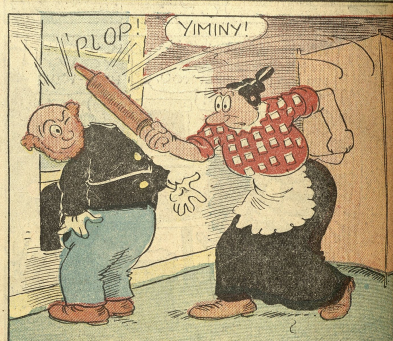
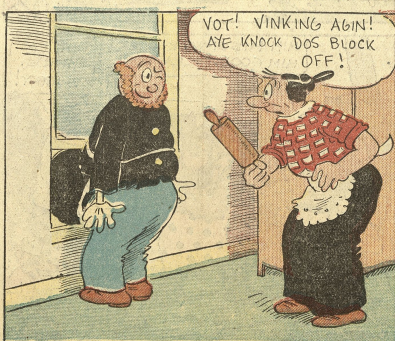
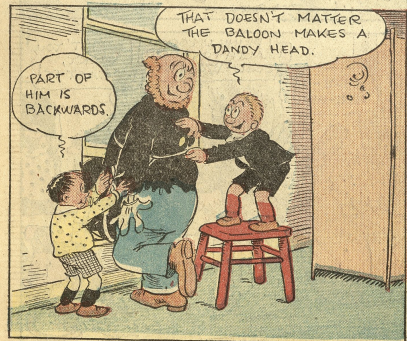
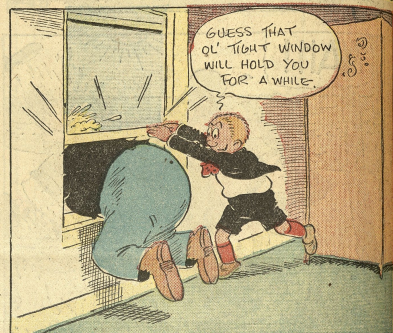
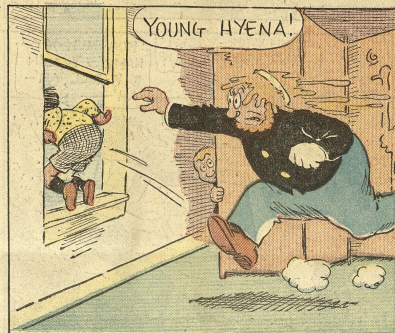
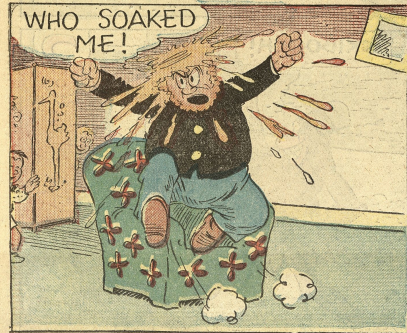
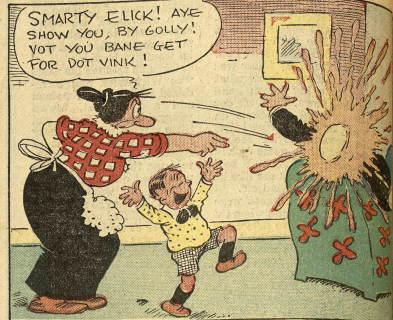
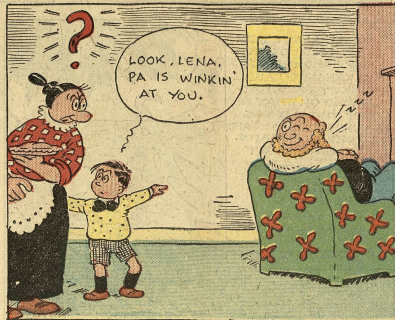
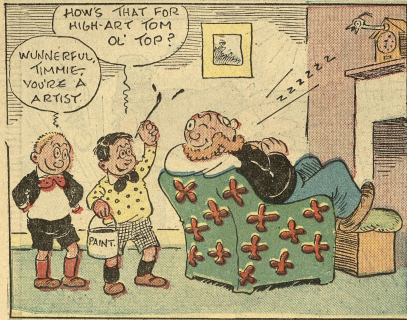




# THE KELLY KIDS

TIM AND TOM.

MORE TIM AN' TOM-FOOLISHNESS!



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

FOR GOONNESS SAKE.

I WANT TO TELL YOU ABOUT THAT MOUSE THAT'S BEEN SCOOTIN' ROUND YOUR ROOM.

YES, DAD. FOR WEEKS I'VE TRIED TO CATCH THAT RASCAL, ELEANOR.

YES, DAD. LAST NIGHT THAT MOUSE WAS IN YOUR WASTE PAPER BASKET.

THAT'S WHERE HE OUGHT TO BE. I PUT GRUMBS IN THERE.

WHY DID YOU DO THAT?

TO FEED HIM.

BY INKED

