

HOUSE OF SHADOWS

by Ida R. Gleason © 1936 NEA Service, Inc.

CHAPTER XII

She went to Eb and laid her hand on his arm to attract his attention. "Eb," she said, "Tell me, you've been here, haven't you?"

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LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

The Best of the Nation's "Human-est" and Funniest Comics On This Page Daily

THIMBLE THEATRE

Starring POPEYE

NOW SHOWING—"STANDING ROOM ONLY"

TOMORROW—"JUST A BUNCH OF BISSIES"

By E. C. SEGAR

AND THE JEEP IS STILL JEEPING

ROUND TWO—JIM JAB RUSHES AT POPEYE LIKE A WILD BULL—HE'LL TRY TO KNOCK HIM TO PIECES

IT LOOKS BAD FOR POPEYE NOW—

SWISH!

WHERE YAM I?? OH, I KNOW—I YAM WHERE I YAM

I HIT YOU HARD ENOUGH WHY DON'T YOU LAY DOWN?!

BECAUSE I JUST LEFT THE HORSHPITTLE AN' I YAM SO SICK IF I LAYS DOWN I JUST KNOWS I COULDN'T GET UP AGAIN

DO YOU SEE THAT JUNE BUG? IT'S IMPORTANT JUST WAIT!!!

JEEP! JEEP!

YOU—YOU—

WHY, PEE!

YOU—YOU—

WHY, PEE!

YOU—YOU—

WHY, PEE!

YOU—YOU—

WHY, PEE!

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WHY, PEE!

YOU—YOU—

WHY, PEE!

YOU—YOU—

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Hysterious Stranger

LOOKIE, SANDY—OUR HANDSOME STRANGER—BUT LOOK WHERE HE'S GOIN—

THIS SURE IS A FUNNY NEIGHBORHOOD FOR A SWELL GUY—LIKE HUNTERDON H. HALK TO BE STRETCHIN' HIS LEGS—

THEY SAY HE'S WRITIN' A BOOK—WELL, I S'POSE WRITERS HAVE TO GO INTO SOME QUEER PLACES TO GET IDEAS—BUT I'D ALWAYS FIGGERED AUTHORS WERE SORT O' DREAMY—

WELL, THAT GUY'S EYES AREN'T DREAMIN'—IF YUH NOTICED, SANDY, HE'S NOT MISSIN' A THING—

By HAROLD GRAY

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