



SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1937

BAH!! IS THERE A LIGHTER IN THIS HOUSE THAT WORKS!!

CLICK
CLICK
CLICK

BY **SEGAR**

Registered U. S. Patent Office.

IS THERE A LIGHTER IN ANY HOUSE THAT WORKS? THEY'RE ALWAYS RUNNING OUT OF FLUID

BAH!
POOEY
CLICK
CLICK

I'M GOING TO INVENT A LIGHTER THAT WILL NEVER, NEVER, NEVER RUN OUT OF FLUID

WELL, IF YOU DO, IT WILL BE YOUR GREATEST INVENTION

WELL, HERE IT IS, SAPPO— IT WORKS AND WILL KEEP ON WORKING

REALLY?

THIS INVENTION COST ME \$900,000 BUT IT'S WORTH IT— SEE— THE HOSE GOES INTO AND THROUGH THE WALL—

IT COMES OUT HERE AND GOES INTO THE GROUND—

AND IT RUNS ALONG HERE UNDER THE GROUND—

—AND IS CONNECTED WITH THAT "THREE THOUSAND MILLION" GALLON TANK OF LIGHTER FLUID— HEH! HEH!

Thimble Theatre

NOW, GENTLEMEN, LET'S YOU AND HIM FIGHT

BONG

THE FIGHT IS ON!— THEY CIRCLE AND EYE EACH OTHER LIKE TWO BEASTS—

POPEYE FEINTS WITH HIS LEFT— KID MUSTARD PULLS IN HIS CHIN AND COVERS UP LIKE A TURTLE— THE BOYS HAVE A LOT OF RESPECT FOR EACH OTHER— BOTH ARE SPINACH EATERS—

RATHER AN UNINTERESTING FIGHT— THEY WEAVE, BOB, DUCK AND DANCE— BUT NOT A BLOW STRUCK— HO-HUM—

J. WELLINGTON WIMPY, THE REFEREE, SLEEPS SOUNDLY IN A NEUTRAL CORNER

POPEYE LOWERS HIS GUARD, STICKS OUT HIS CHIN AND INVITES A SOCK

THE KID SWINGS A TERRIFIC RIGHT BUT MISSES BY INCHES AS POPEYE PULLS IN HIS NECK—

THEN POPEYE'S GLOVE EXPLODES IN THE KID'S FACE LIKE A BOMB—

WHO SHOT?

NOBODY SHOT— I JU'S HIT HIM SO HARD ME GLOVE EXPLODED LIKE A PAPER BAG FULL OF AIR

I'LL OBTAIN ANOTHER GLOVE FOR YOU

AND NOW, MY GOOD PEOPLE I WILL GIVE AN—

—IMITATION OF A MALE ROBIN— "TWEET-TWEET" FEMALE— "TWEET-TWEET"

ORIOLE— "TWEET-TWEET"

IMITATION OF A HORSE— "TWEET-TWEET"

A FISH— "TWEET-TWEET"

