

SOME
STRANGE,
COMPELLING
FORCE GUIDED
HARRY'S OLD
LEGS, LEADING
HIM TO A
RICKETY
TENEMENT
HOUSE-- HE
KNOCKED
ON THE
DOOR,
FEARFULLY--
ALMOST
EXPECTING
TO BE
GREETED
BY A
FAMILIAR
FACE--

WELL?
WHAT ARE
YOU SELLING,
OLD MAN?

UH--I WAS
WONDERING
IF YOU HAD
A ROOM
FOR RENT--



I HAVE ONE VACANCY--
IN THE BASEMENT--
FOUR BUCKS A WEEK
IN ADVANCE.
COME IN, COME IN!



DON'T STUMBLE,
OLD MAN!



IT'S NOT VERY INVITING!
THE WINDOW'S CRACKED
AND THERE'S ICE ON
THE DOORSTEP--

IT AIN'T THE
RITZ--BUT IT'S
CHEAP! DO YOU
WANT IT, OR
DON'T YOU?



HARRY STAYED--HE WAS MUCH TOO TIRED
TO TRAVEL FURTHER--HE DROPPED EXHAUSTED
ONTO THE HARD COT, WRAPPING HIS SCARF
SNUGLY AROUND HIS NECK---



IN HIS SLEEP,
A WARM GUST
OF AIR
CARRESSED
THE OLD
MAN'S CHEEK.
HE AWOKED
WITH A
START--HE
WAS PERSPIRING
FREELY UNDER
HIS HEAVY
CLOTHING.
AT FIRST
HARRY THOUGHT
HE WAS FEVERISH,
BUT AFTER
REMOVING HIS
COAT, HE FELT
COMFORTABLE,
RESTED--ALMOST
YOUNG!

WHY, I HAVEN'T FELT
SO SPRY IN YEARS!
I BELIEVE I'LL STEP
OUT FOR A BITE
OF DINNER--



SO YOU'RE THE
NEW TENANT!
YOU'D BEST
BUTTON UP,
MISTER, BEFORE
YOU FREEZE
TO DEATH!

IF OUR MISERLY
LANDLADY DOESN'T
STOP ECONOMIZING
ON THE STEAM
HEAT, WE'LL ALL
FREEZE SOLID!

