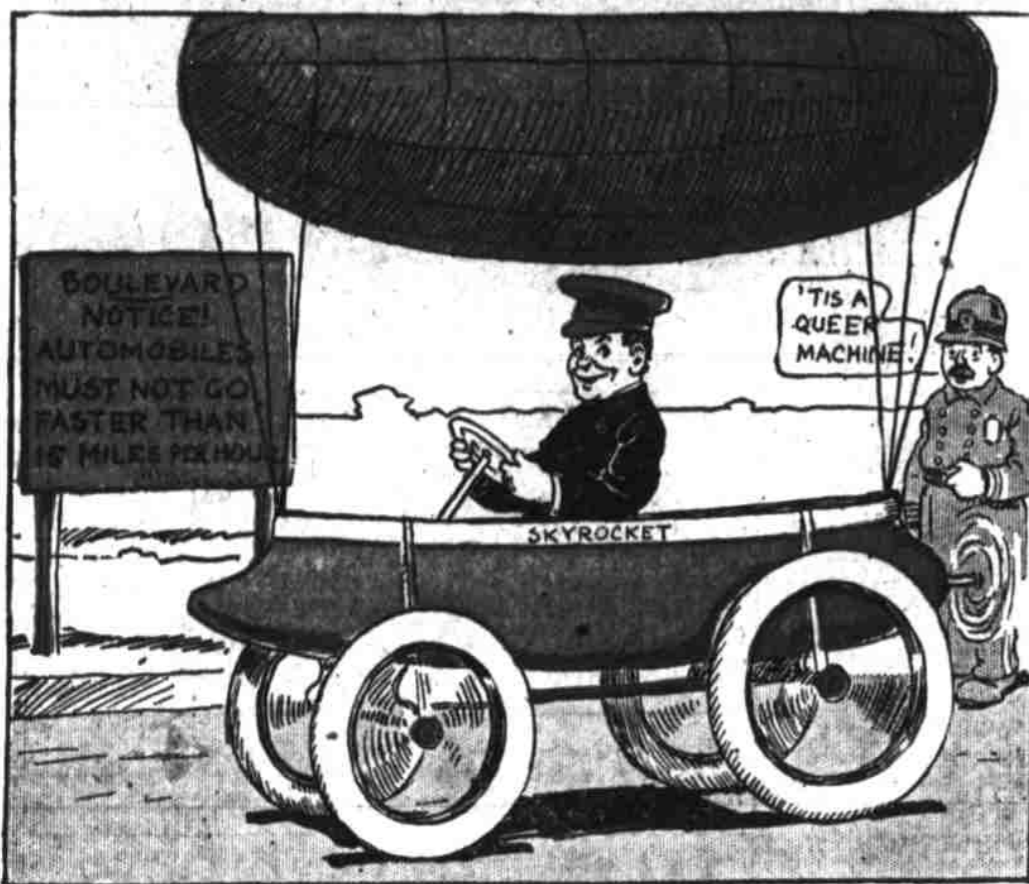
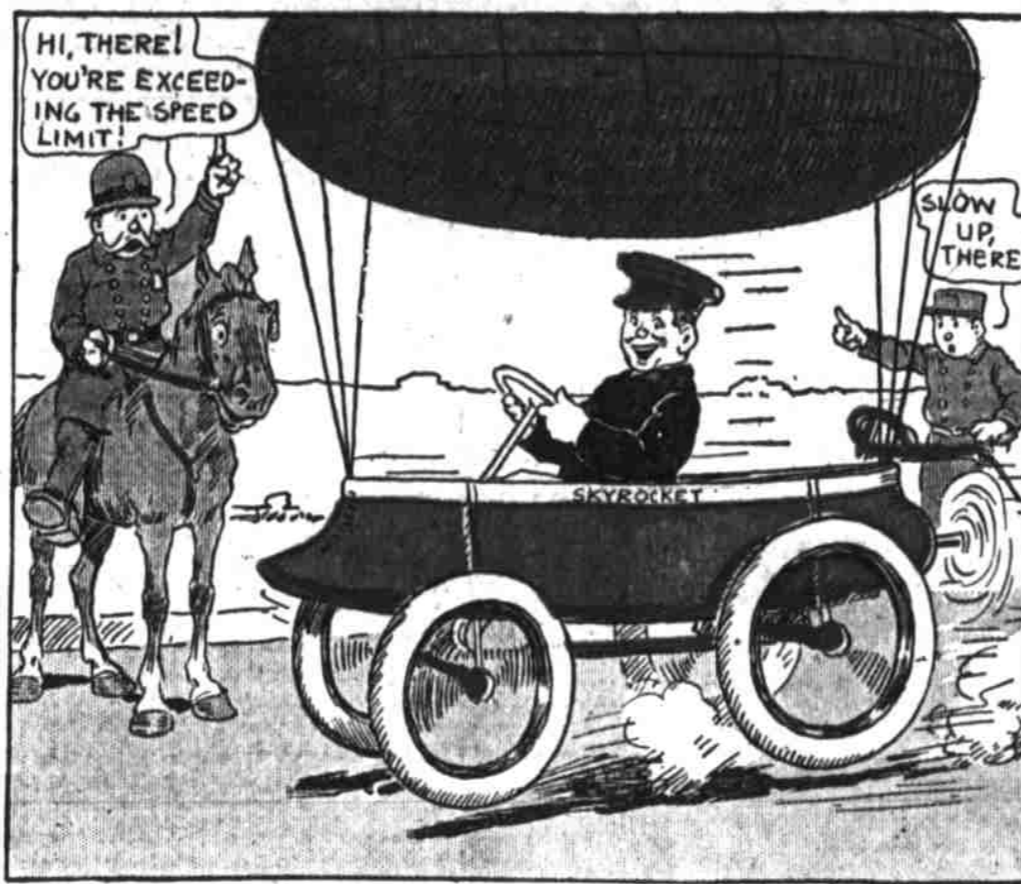


PORTLAND, OREGON, SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 25, 1903.

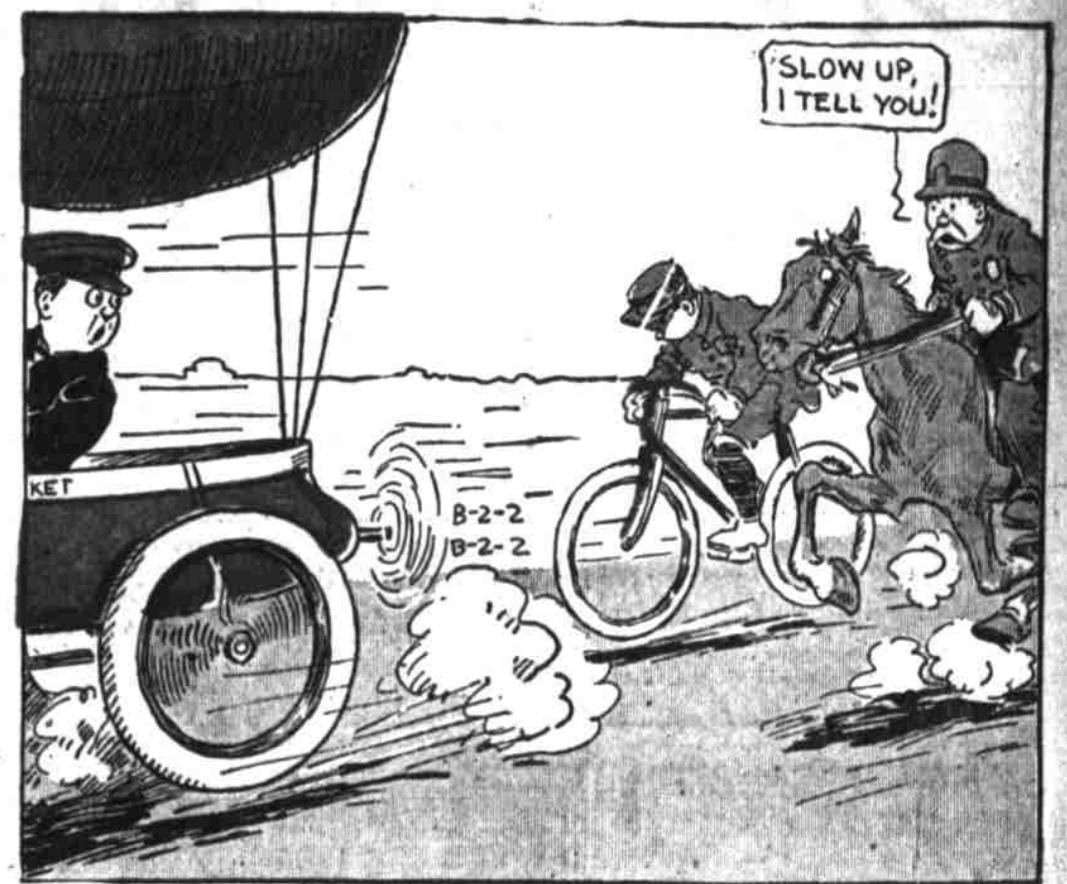
A CLOSE CALL FOR THE AIRSHIP MAN



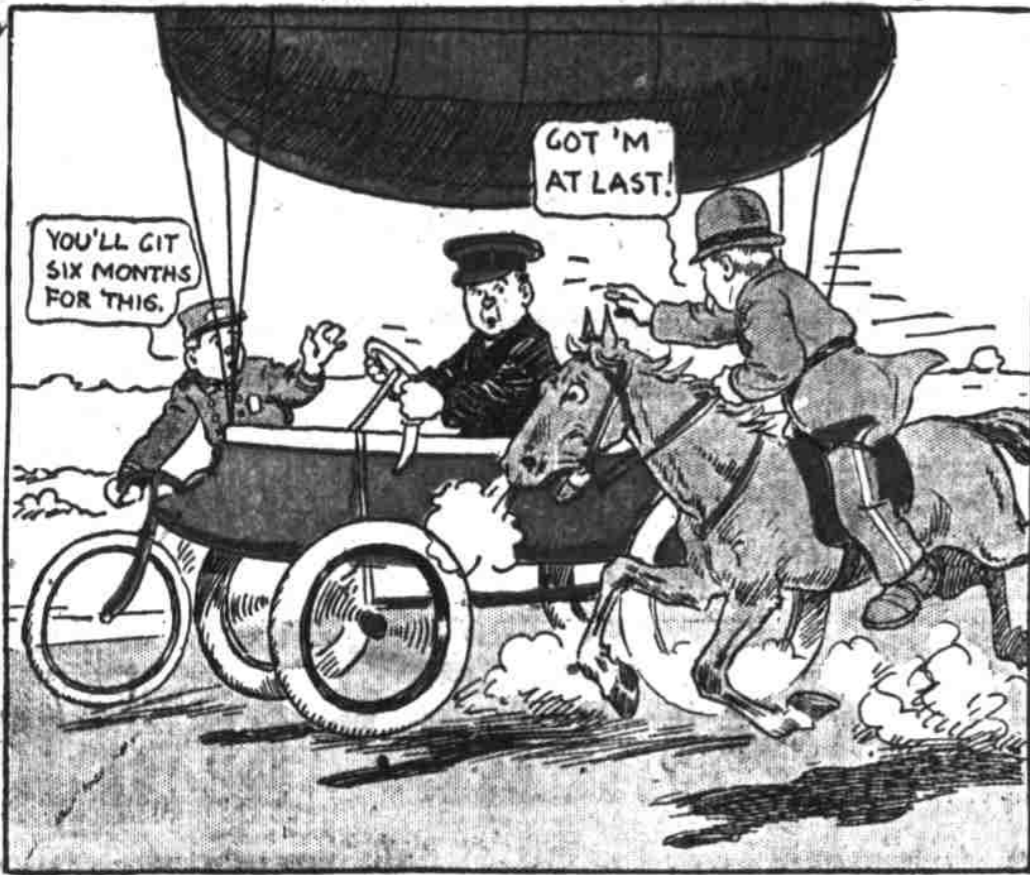
"This auto auxiliary works fine. Wonder how fast she'll go"



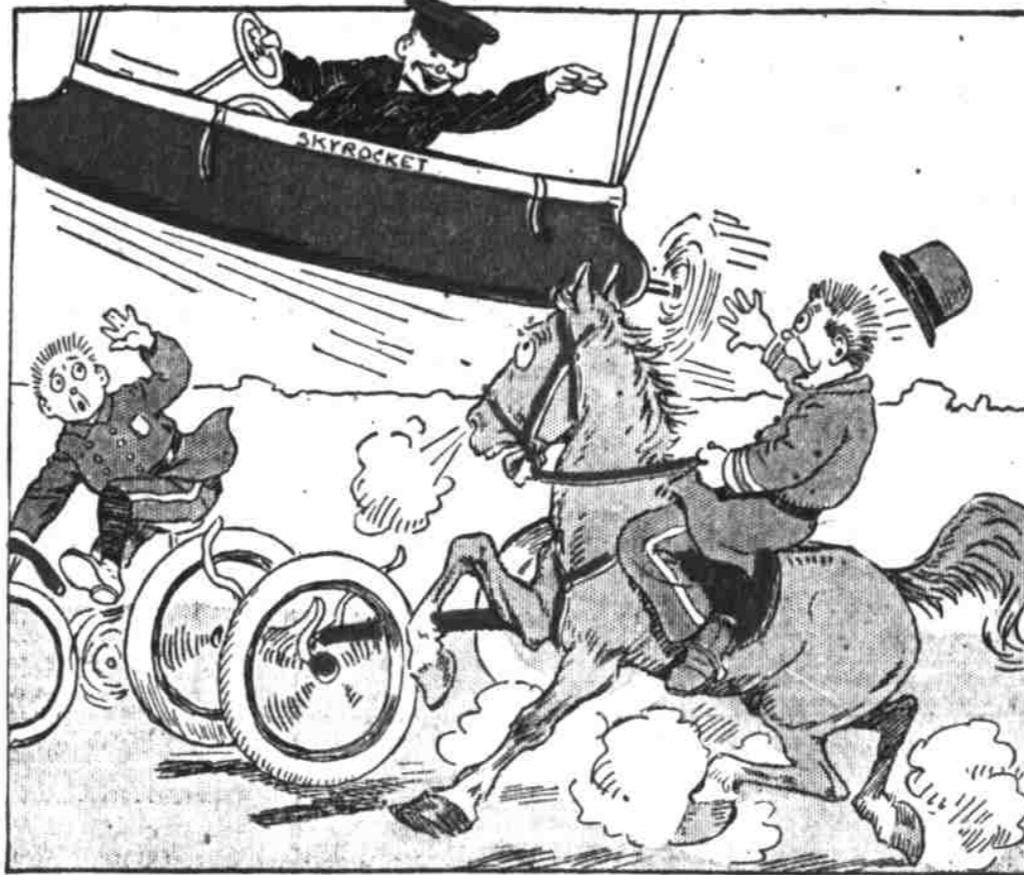
"I'll whoop 'er up a bit along here. 'Merrily we roll along—roll—"



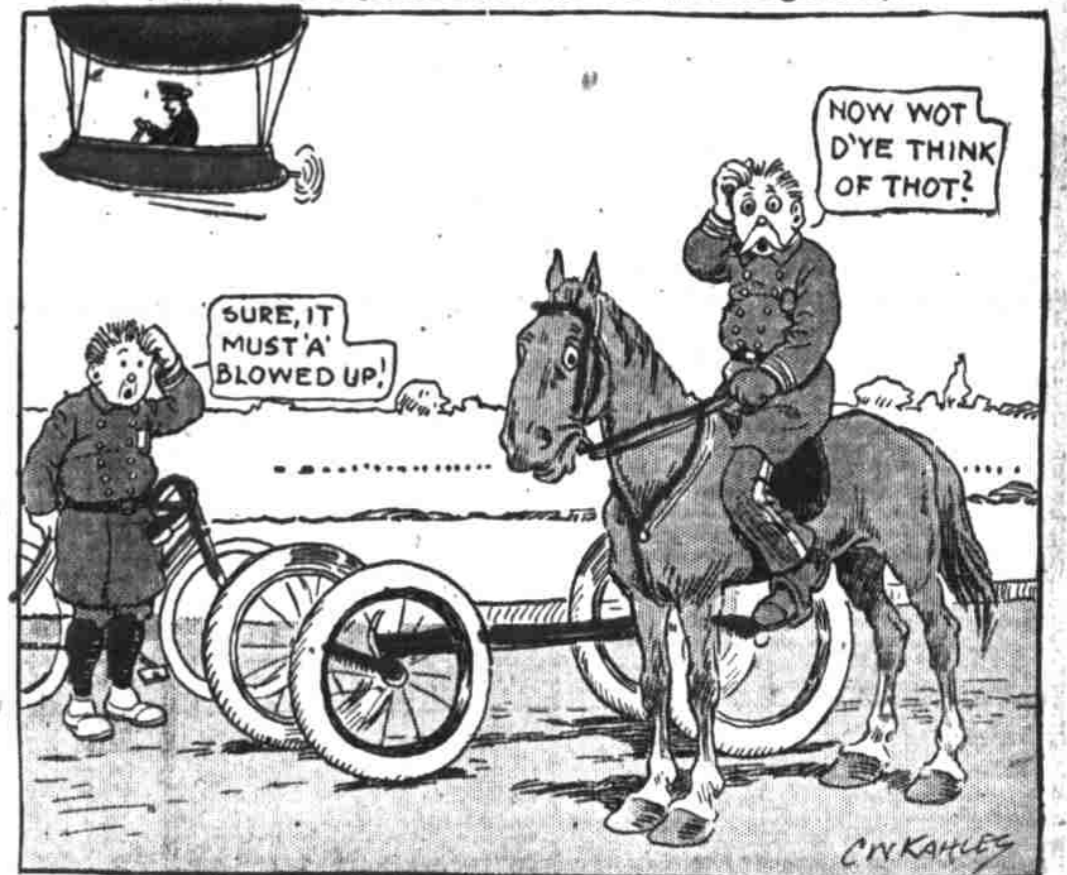
"Jupiter! the cops are after me! I'll have to get busy."



"I guess there's only one way to baffle these fellows."

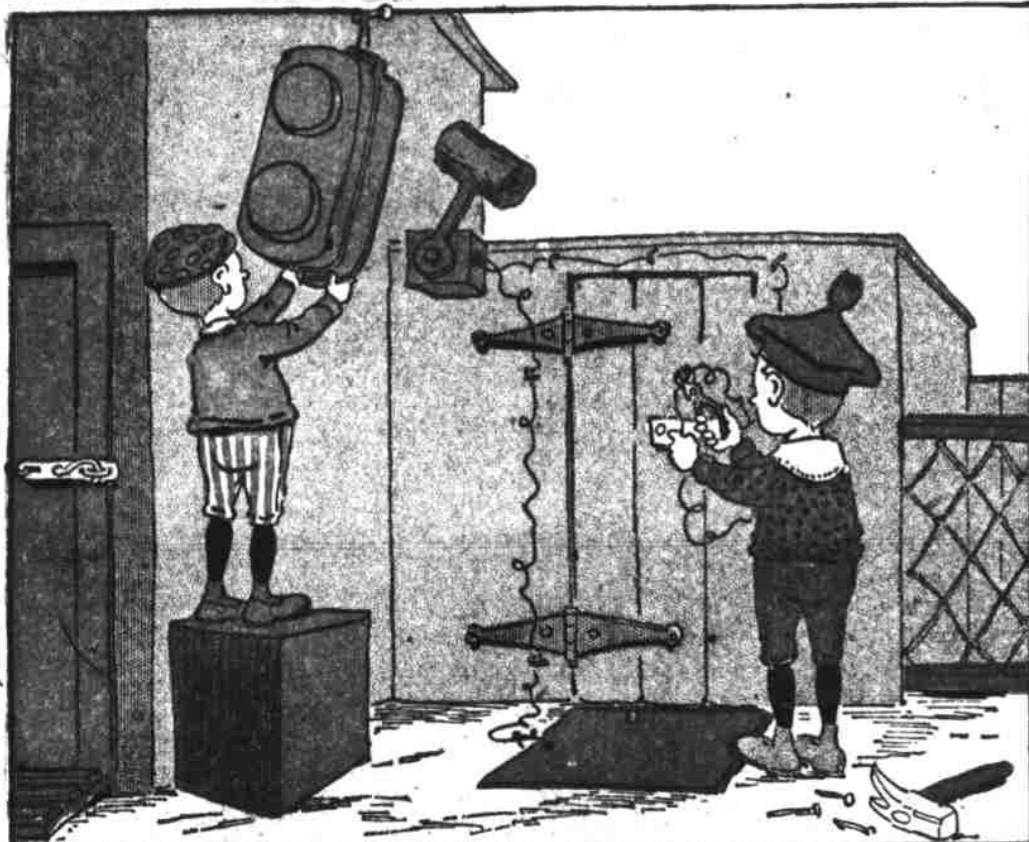


"A nice little race, gentlemen, and you win—but you don't get the prizé!"

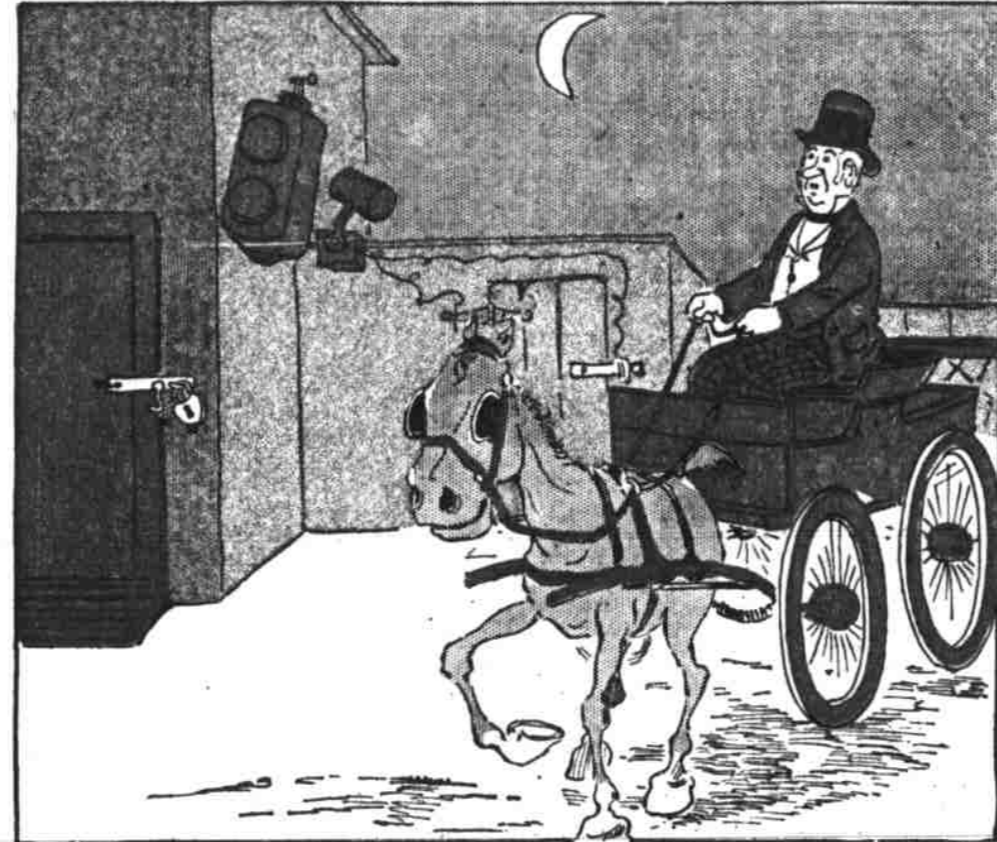


Cop—"Faith, an' it's no more automobubbles I'll chase!"

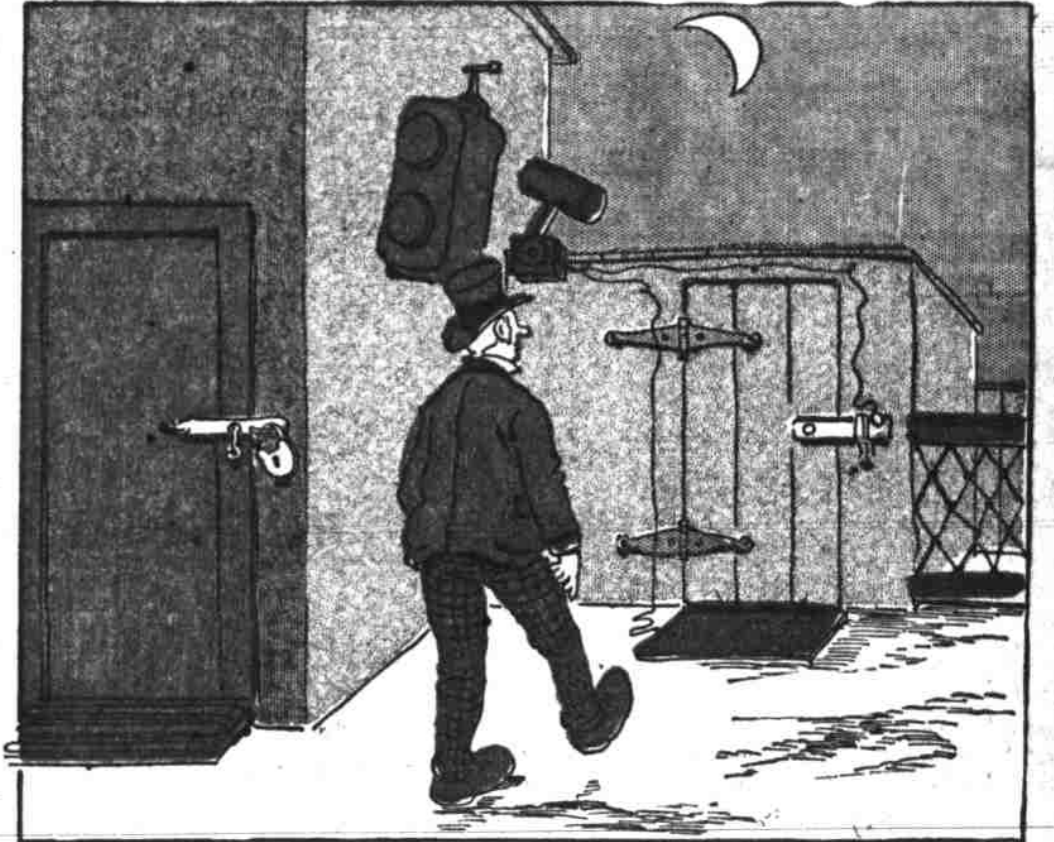
WILLIE SETS A CHICKEN-THIEF TRAP AND CATCHES—UNCLE TOM!



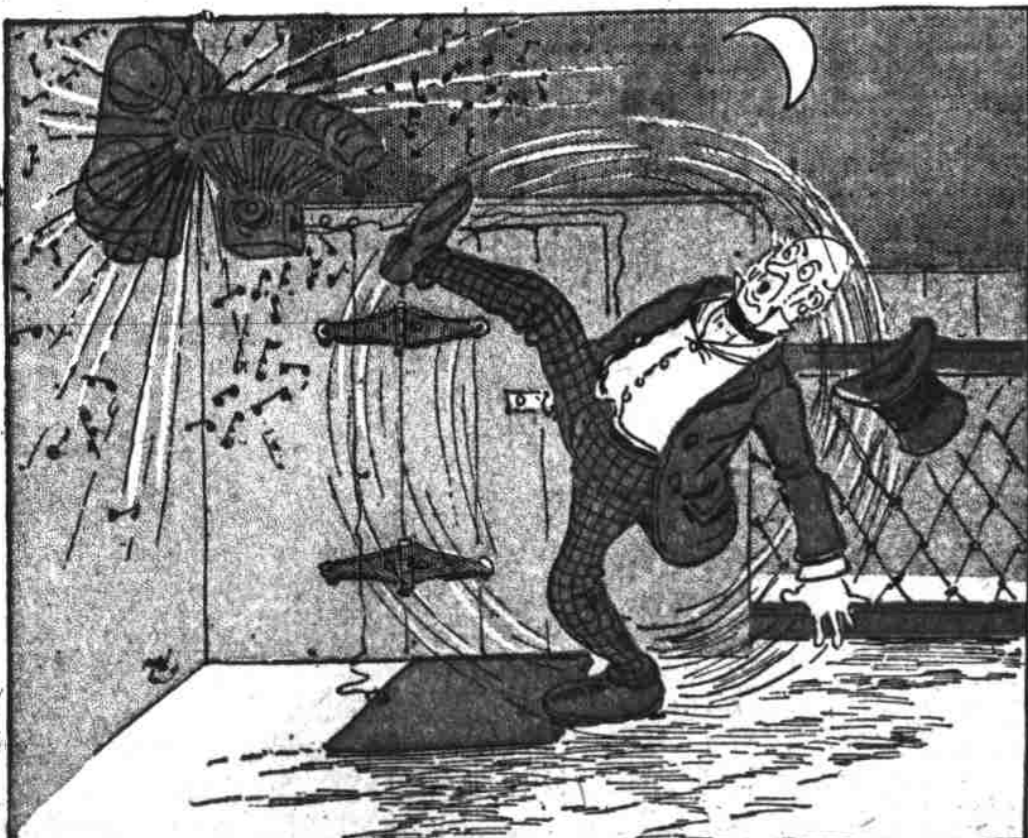
"Dear Papa—Somebody's stealing all the chickens up round here, and Tommy and me thought we'd ketch the thief and supriz Uncle Tom."



We fixed a zinc plate right at the door of the coop so's anybody what stepped on it would get knocked silly besides starting a—



Hammer that bangs a big wash-boiler like—why, they heard it way up to Joneses when we was trying it and came down to see where the fire was.



"If Uncle Tom hadn't interferred we'd caught somebody. He came home late the night we set it, and went to take a look at the chickens. But he forgot all about chickens in a minute, 'cause first thing we—



"Knew there was a dreadful yell and then the wash-boiler went off like a thousand alarm clocks. We grabbed our weapons and rushed out, but before we got there Tommy sniggered and giggled, 'It's Paw!' and it was."



"He was doing the fastest jig you ever saw on that plate till we cut the wires, and then he smashed it all up. Uncle Tom's awful hasty. He wishes now he hadn't busted it, so's the hired man could try it. "Your loving Willie."