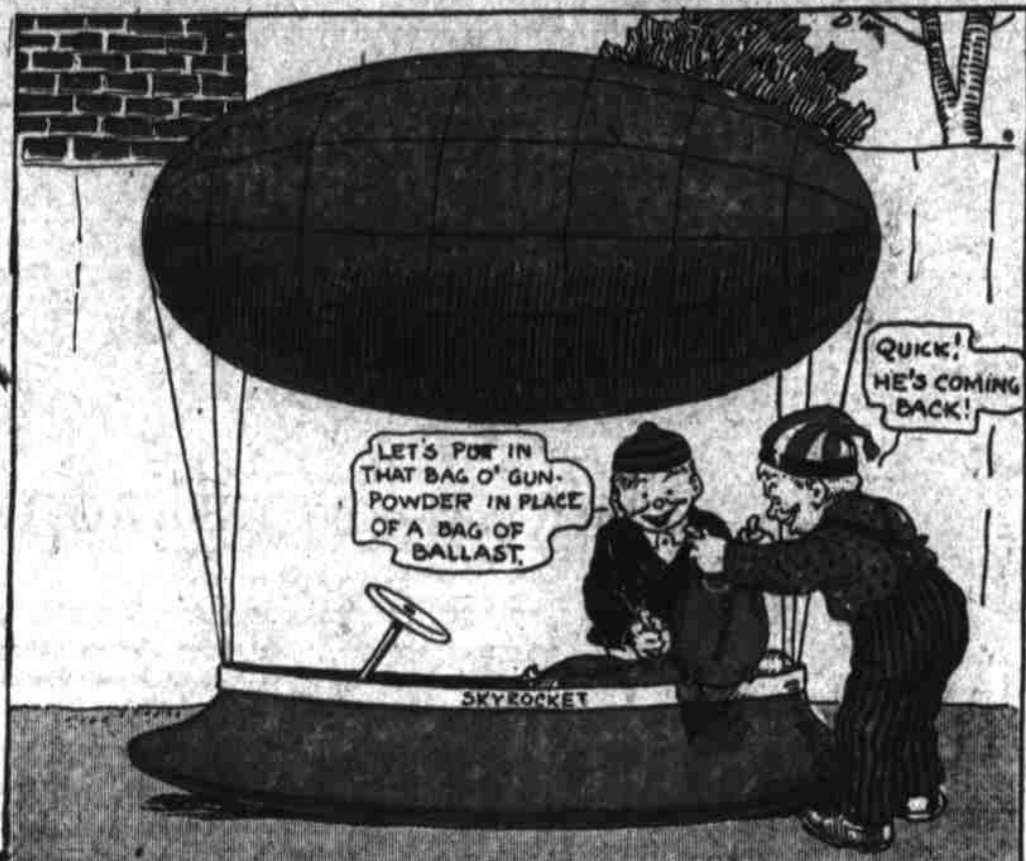
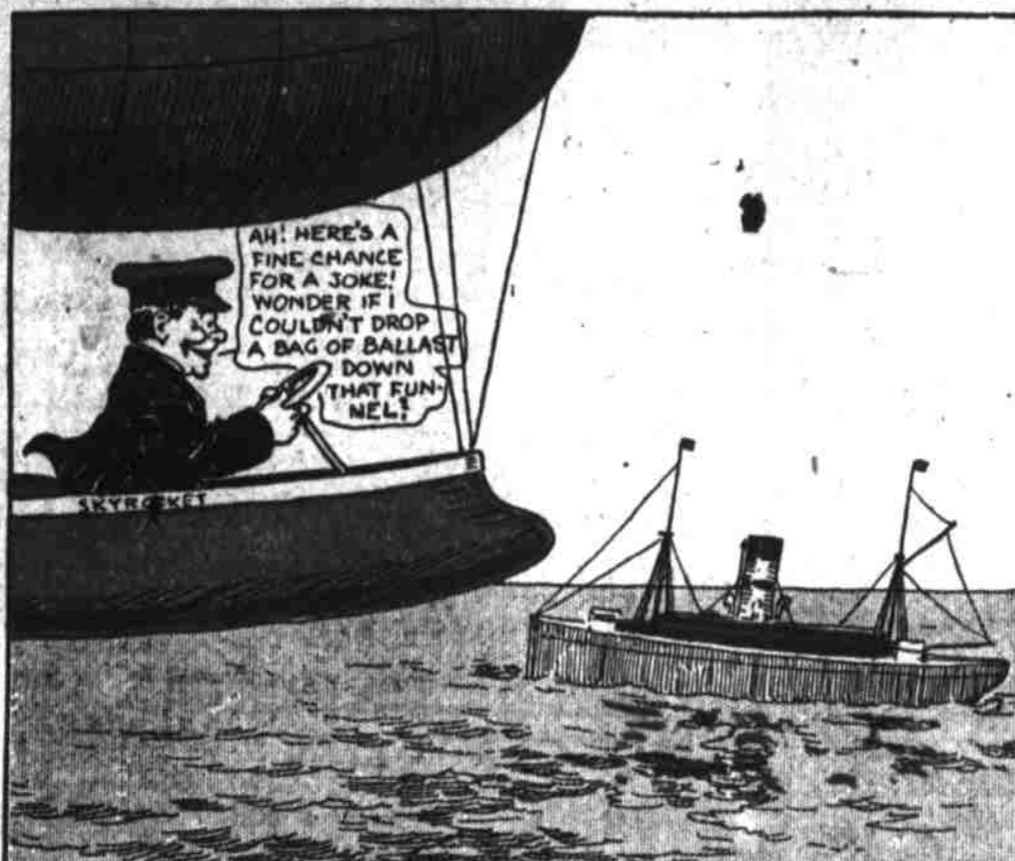


PORTLAND, OREGON, SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 8, 1903.

# SANDY HIGHFLYER HAS SOME FUN WITH A FUNNEL



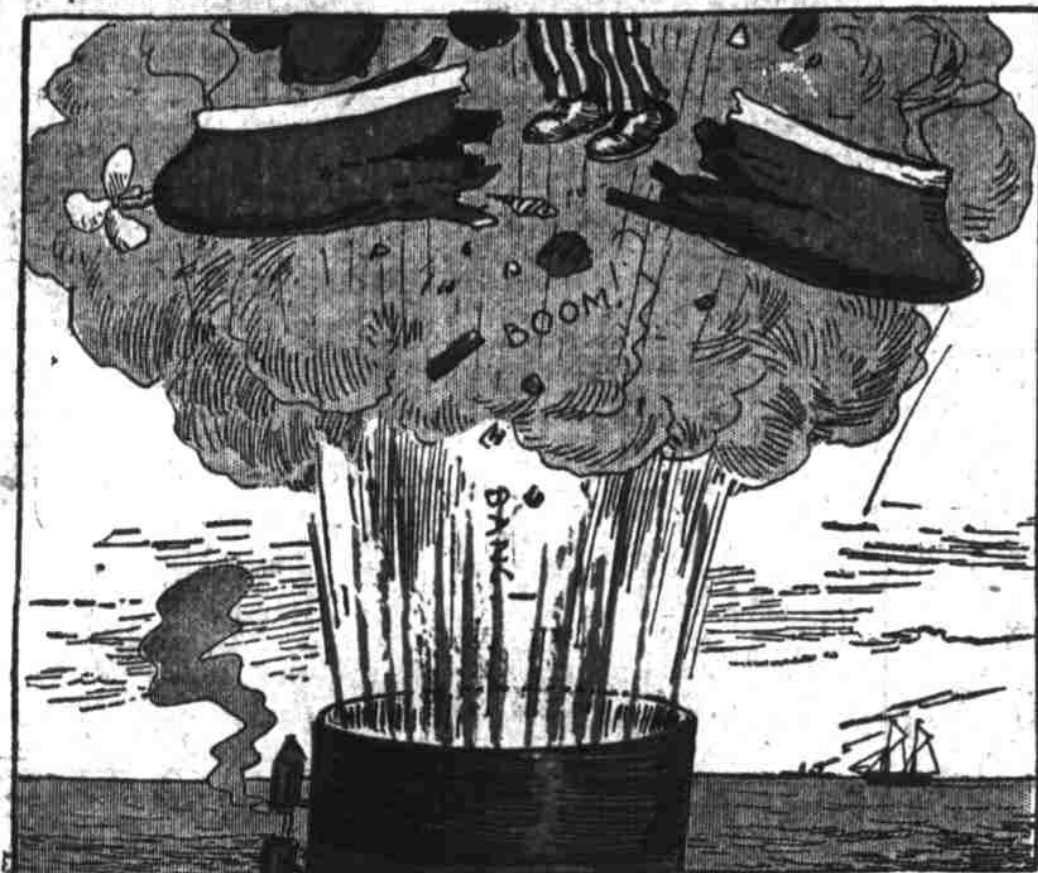
His harmless sand was exchanged for gunpowder.



A novel form of amusement suggests itself.



And is unsuspectingly carried out.



Alas, he is hoist with his own petard!



Fate grimly drops him into the funnel.



The stokers rake him over the coals, for which he is duly grateful.

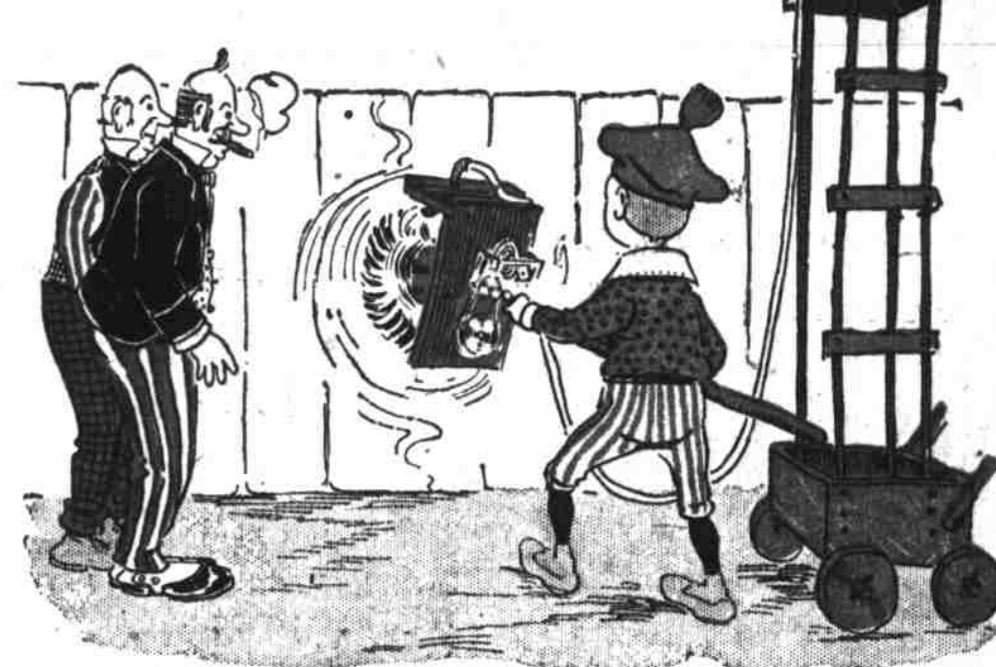
# PAPA COMES TO SEE WILLIE AT UNCLE TOM'S FARM



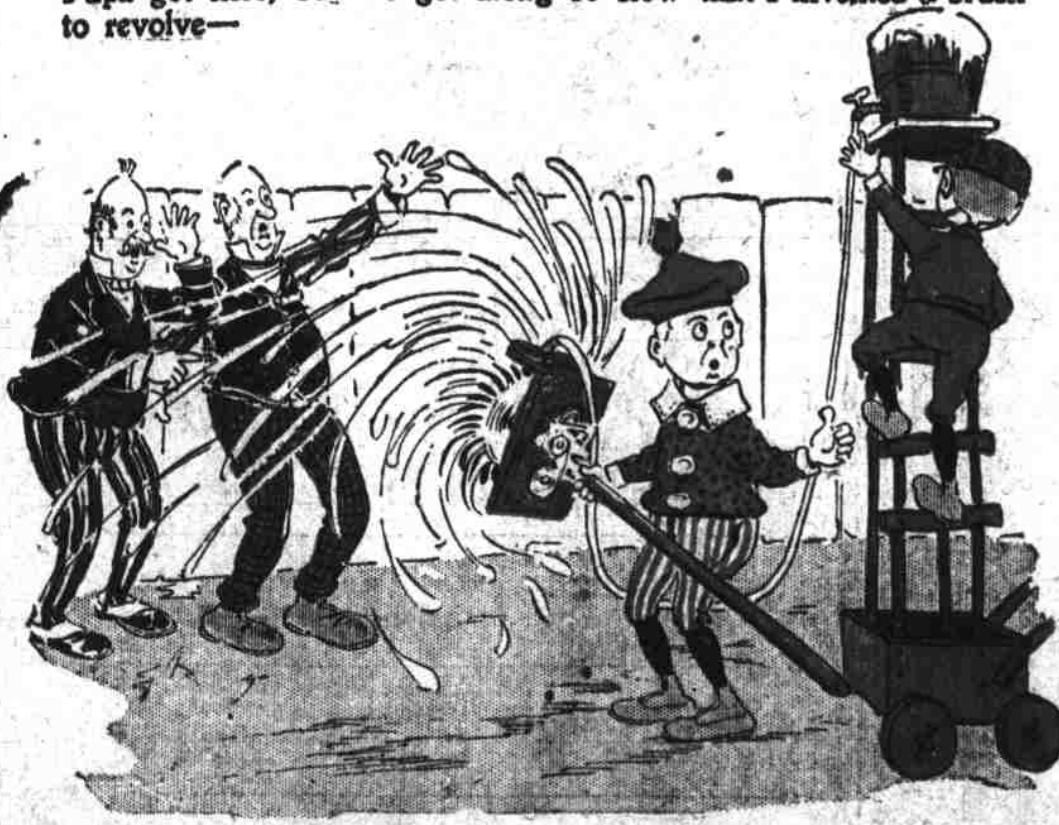
"Dear Mamma:—We was trying to get the whitewashing done before Papa got here, but we got along so slow that I invented a brush to revolve—"



"By clockwork and then attached a hose from a movable tank to feed it with whitewash. We was all ready to try it when Papa came."



"We was just throwing the whitewash on the fence when the old spring slipped off the cog and the brush began to splash the whitewash—"



"All around on everybody. I told Tommy to shut it off and he tried to climb up and reach it, but he upset the tank—"



"And then there was a row and Oh, my Uncle Tom got awful mad and told Papa that I was all the time playing such tricks and said he—"



"Wouldn't have me around for a thousand dollars a week. Then Papa got mad and said Uncle Tom was a hayseed and didn't know a genius when he saw one, so I guess I'm coming home sure now. Your loving Willie."