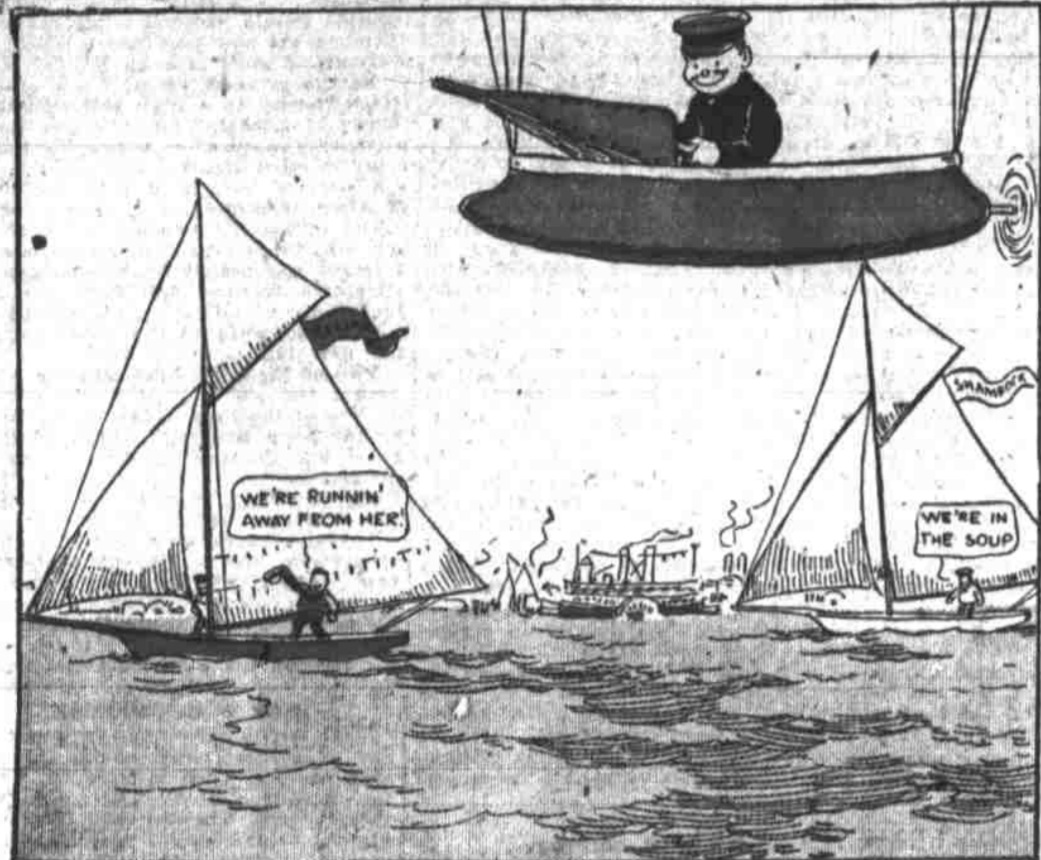
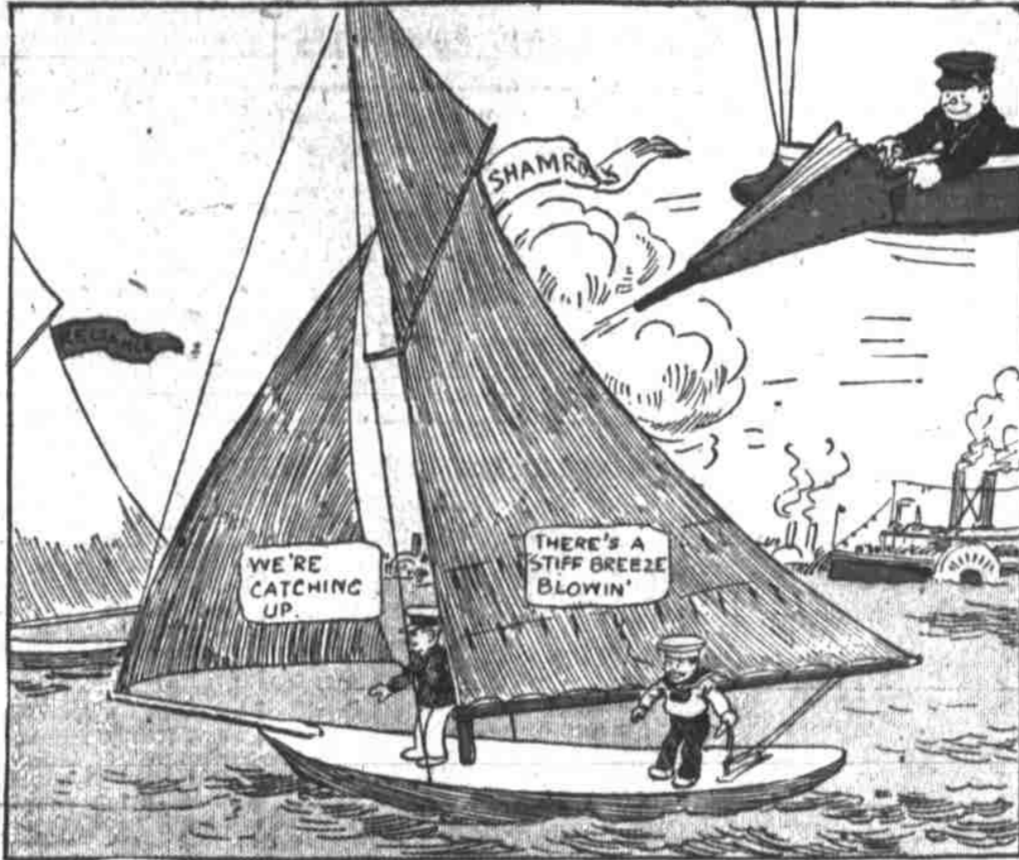


PORTLAND, OREGON, SATURDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 19, 1903.

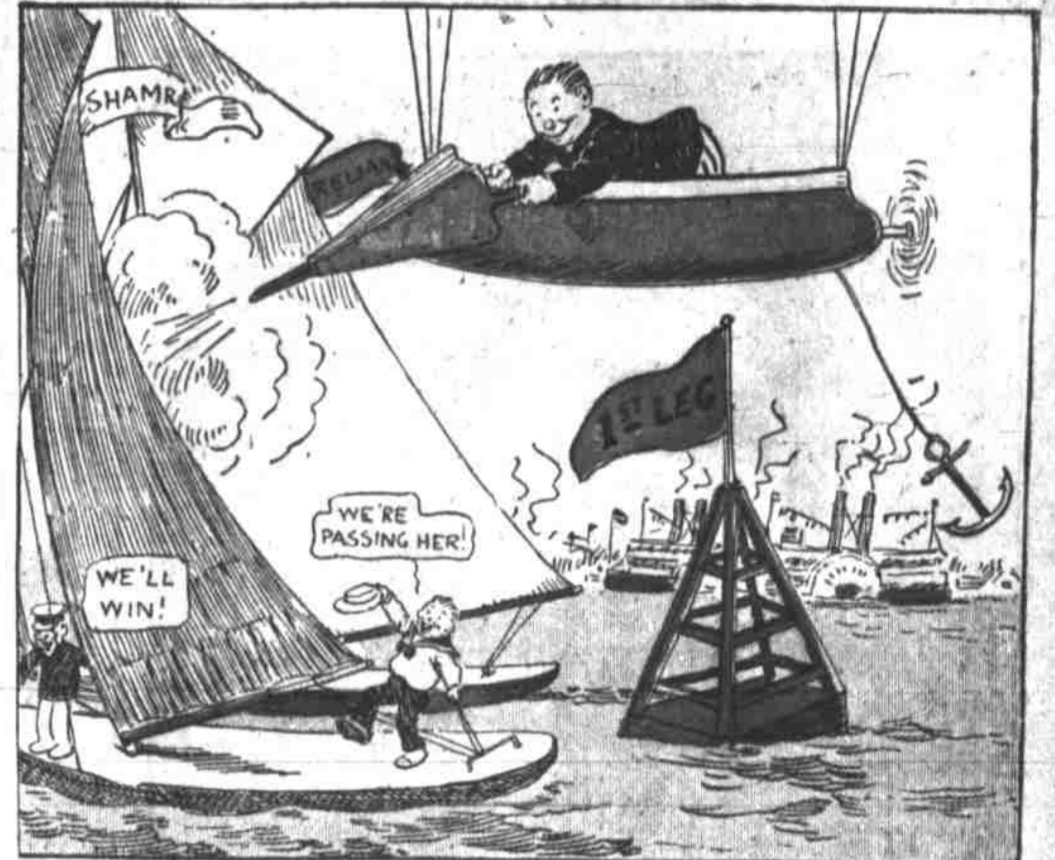
## THE AIRSHIP MAN PUTS A FINGER IN THE YACHT RACE



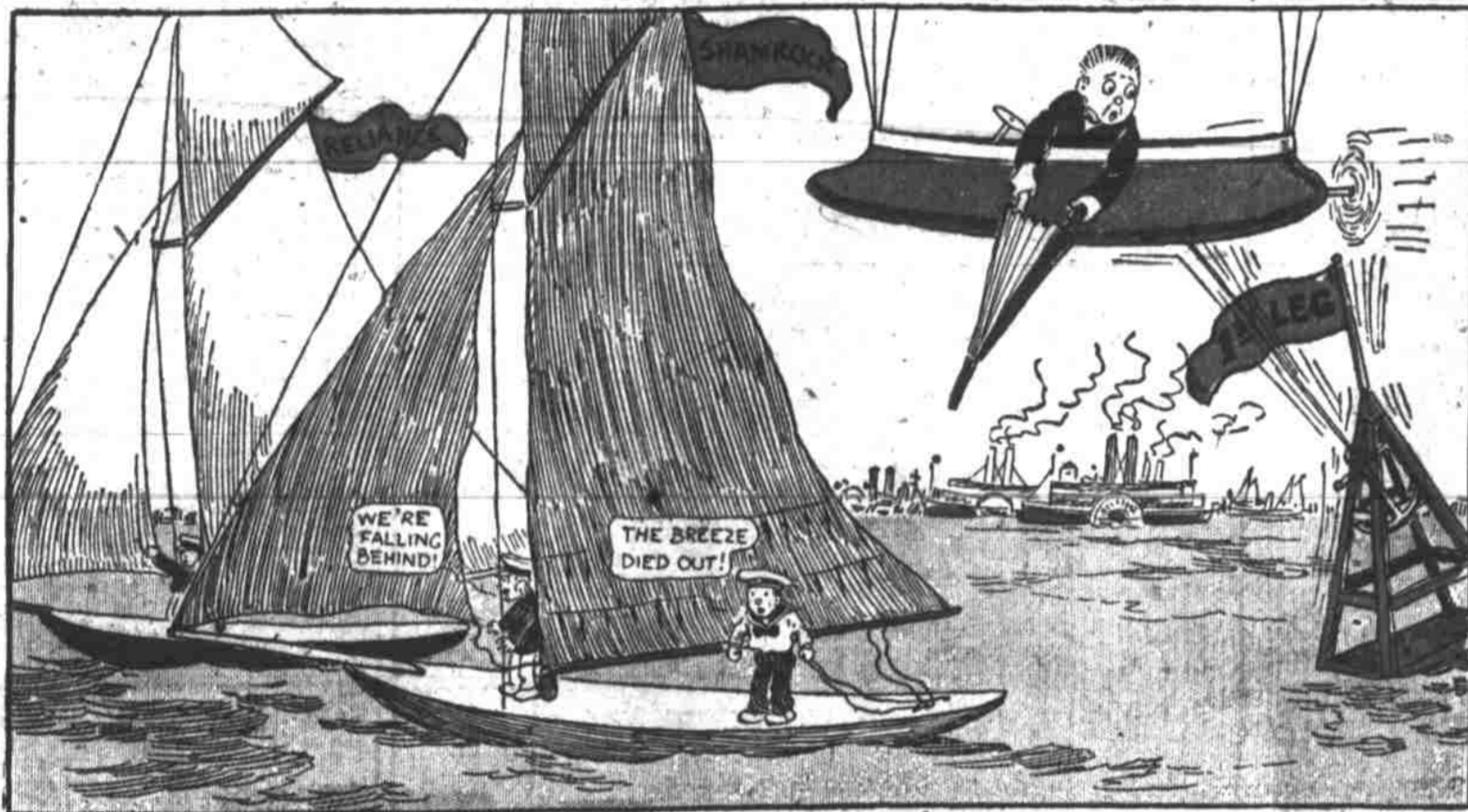
"Lucky I brought these bellows along—all my money's on Shamrocks."



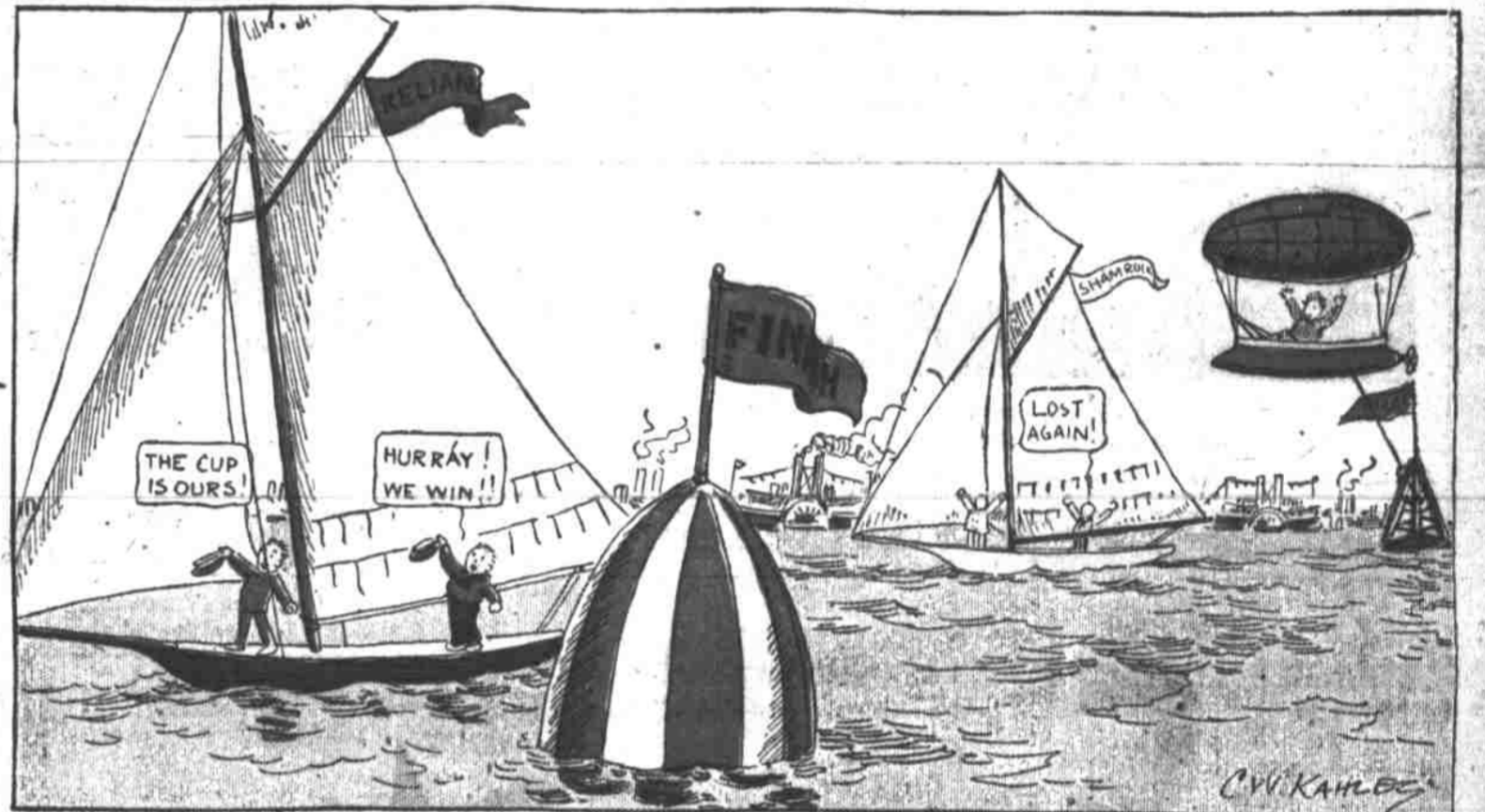
"She's 'way behind, but here's where she looks up some."



"Nothing can lose this race for us now."



"Dash it all! there's that blooming mudhook afool of something again!"

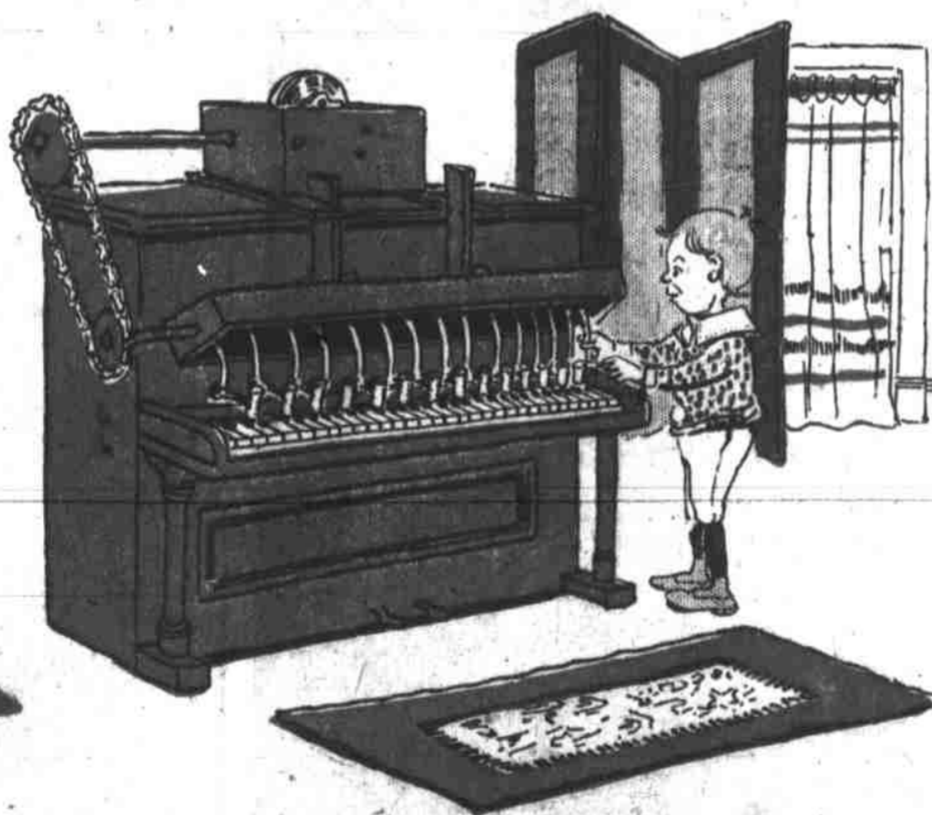


"Oh, the fozzling idiot that I am to leave that anchor hanging out!"

## WILLIE WESTINGHOUSE HAS AN EXPENSIVE MUSIC LESSON



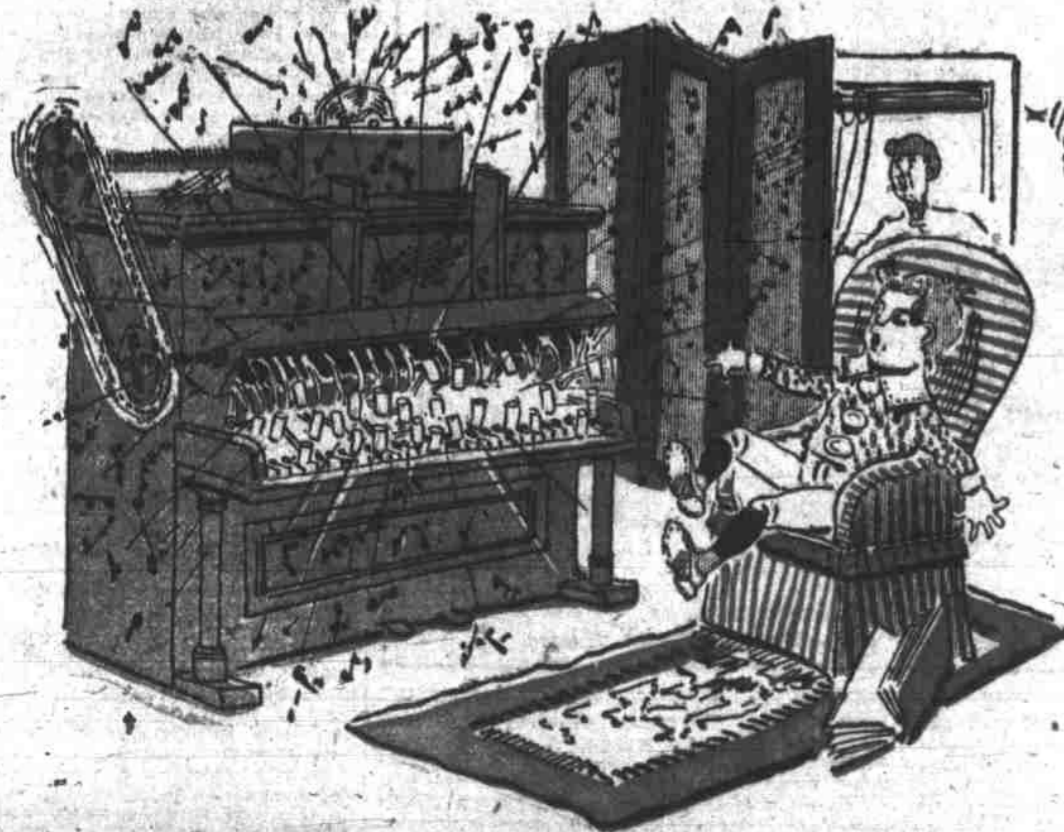
Sister Marie insisted on teaching Willie to play—



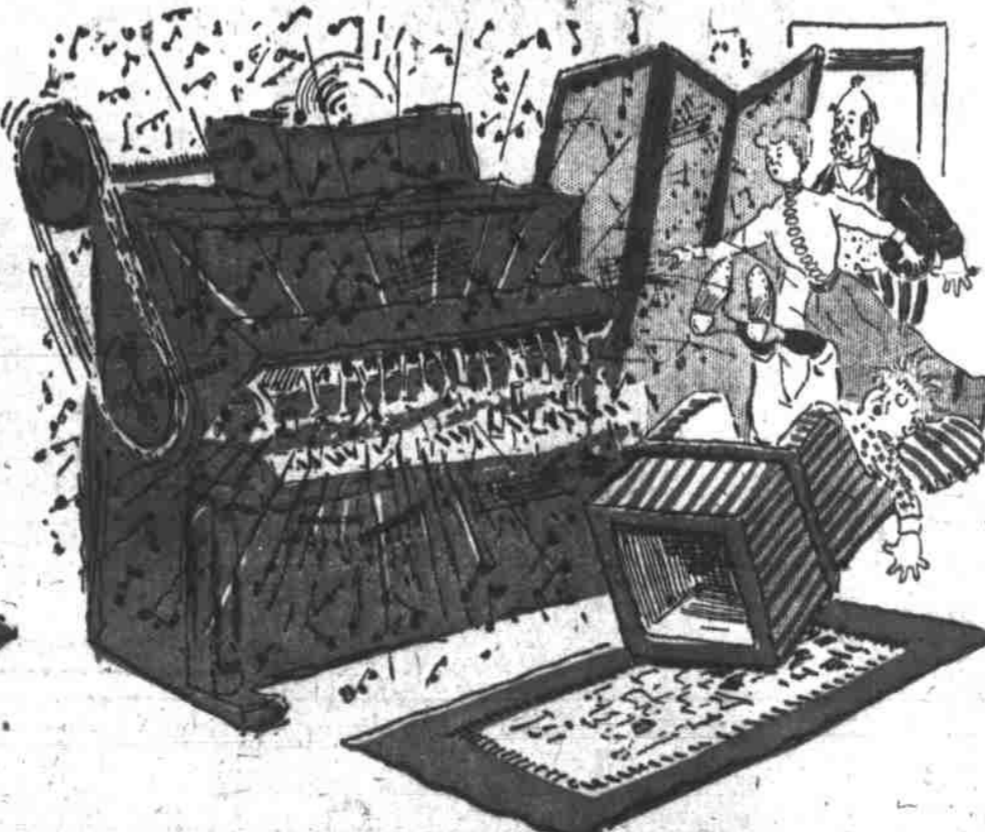
But the young inventor rigged up a machine to run the scales.



It worked very well, and he enjoyed the lesson.



Until the hammers began to pound too rapidly—



And the music sounded like a Wagner opera.



When the spring finally ran down the piano was a wreck.