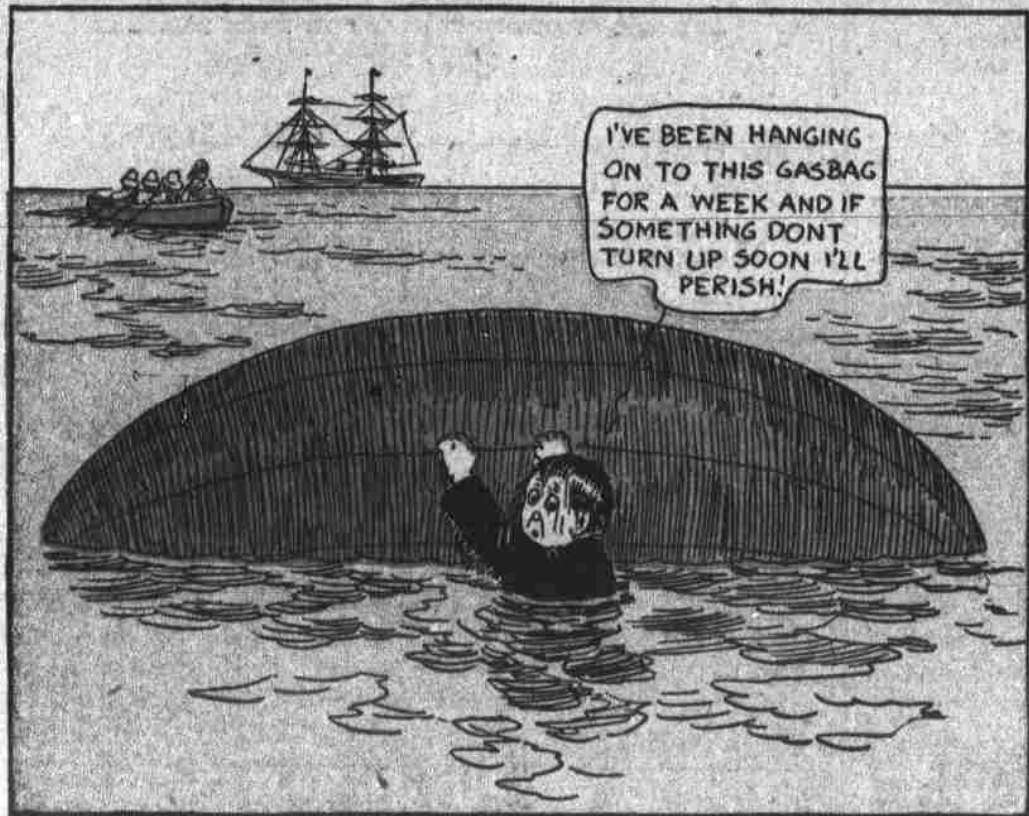


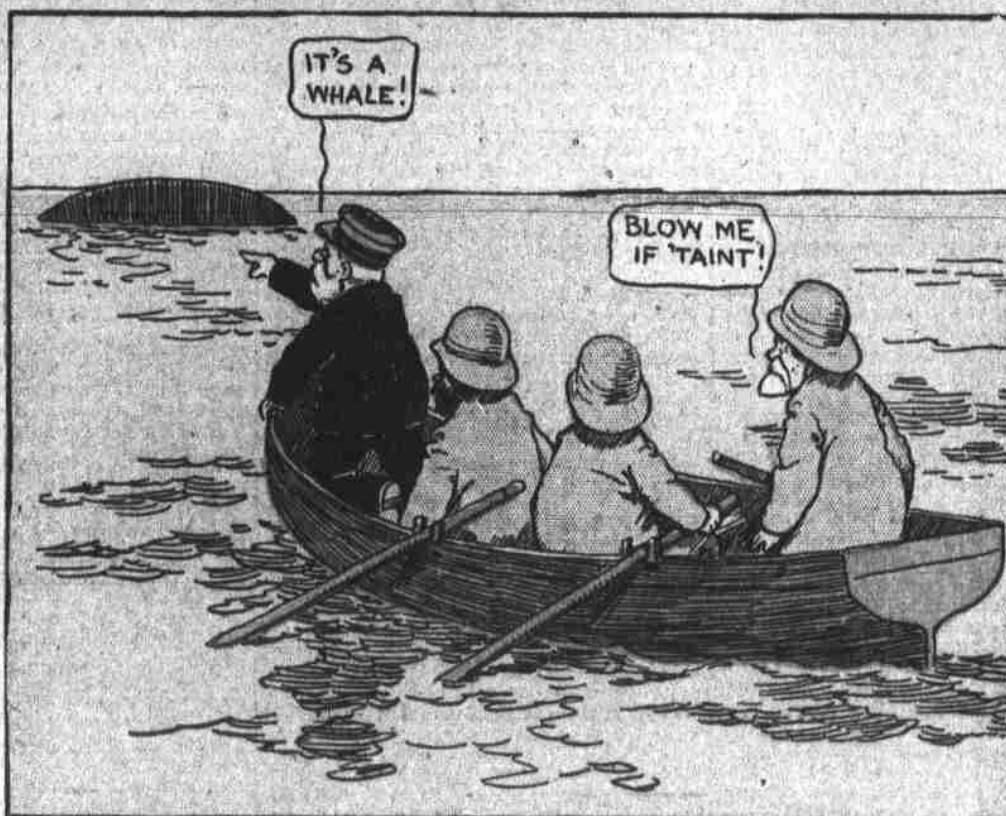
PORTLAND, OREGON, SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 9, 1904.

SANDY HIGHFLYER'S ADVENTURE WITH THE SUBMARINE BOAT IN TWO INSTALMENTS—NO. 2



I'VE BEEN HANGING ON TO THIS GASBAG FOR A WEEK AND IF SOMETHING DONT TURN UP SOON I'LL PERISH!

Poor Sandy is still clinging where we left him last Sunday.



IT'S A WHALE!

BLOW ME IF 'TAINT!

But unknown to him a whaler's crew is approaching.



READY? LET 'ER GO!

Mistaking the gas bag for a sleeping whale, the mate harpoons it.



HE EXPLODED!

When the gas bag explodes Sandy is thrown high into the air.



IT'S JONAH! HE CAME OUT OF THE WHALE!

And he descends into the midst of the startled whaleboat crew—



SOUSE ME TARRY GIG LAMPS WITH A BUCKET O' BILGE WATER! WHAT BUSTED THE WHALE!

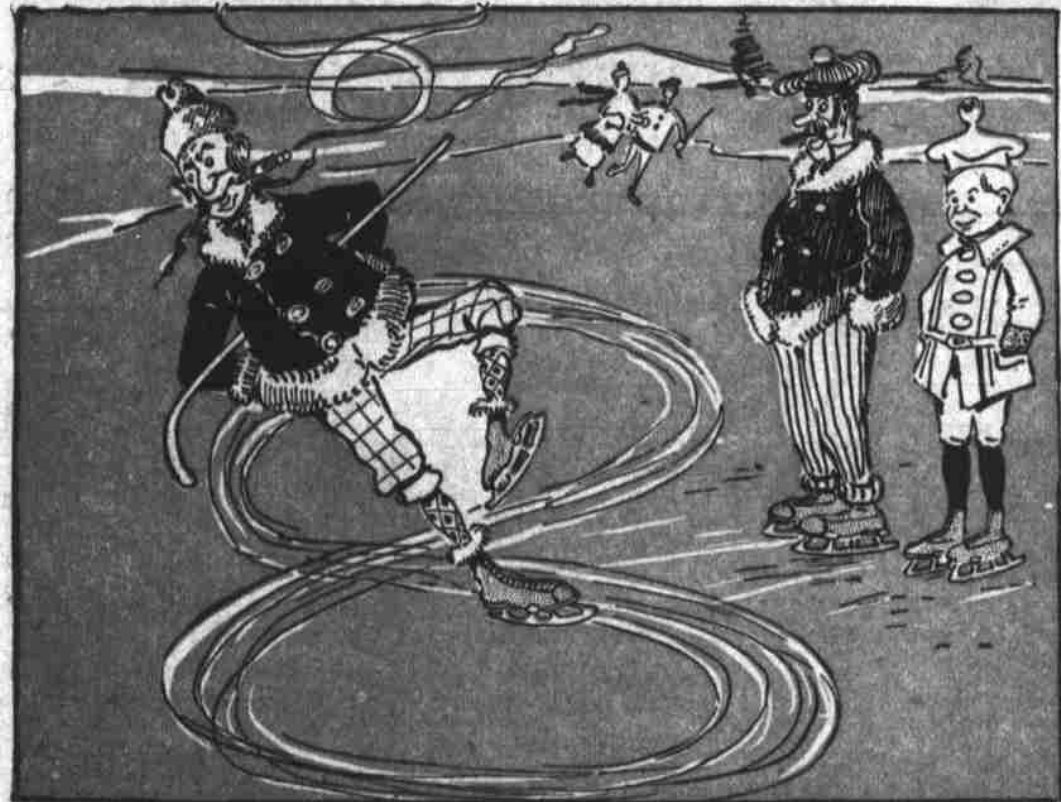
HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE IN A WHALE'S STUM'K?

SAVED AT LAST!

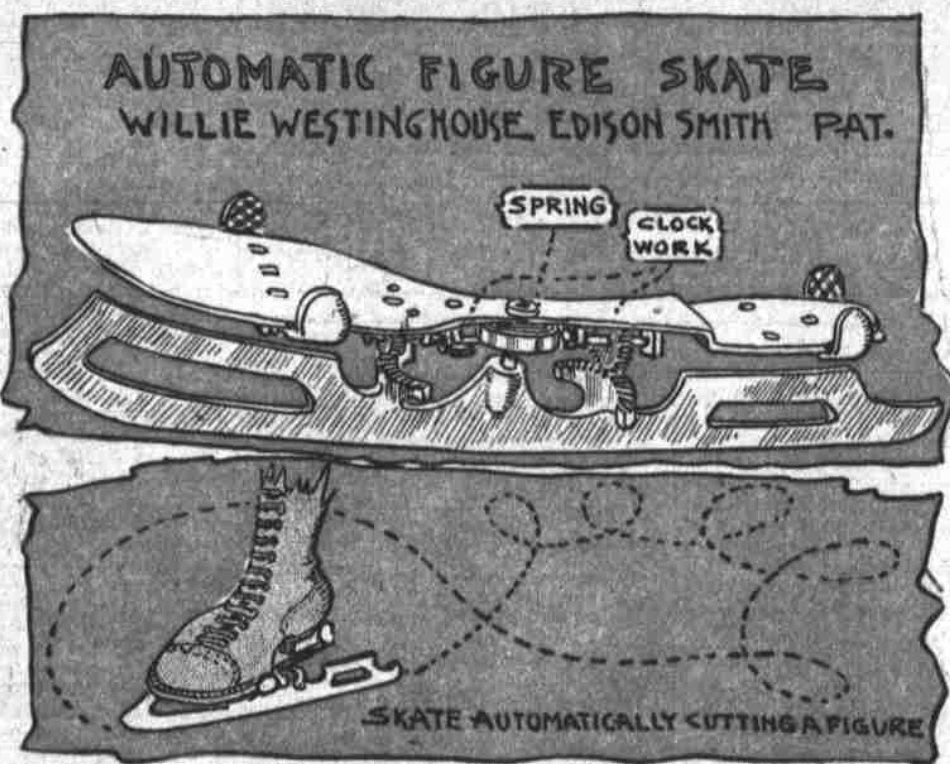
HOW LONG WAS YOU IN!

With a wonderful yarn to relate.

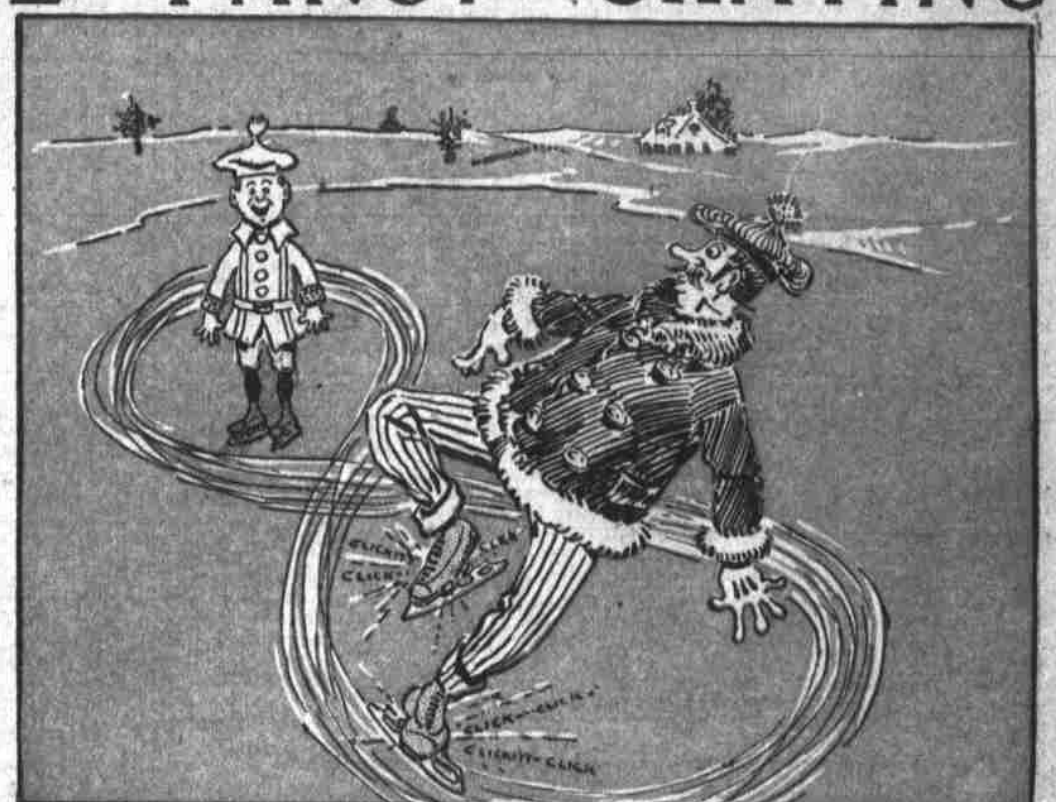
WILLIE HELPS HIS PAPA DO SOME FANCY SKATING



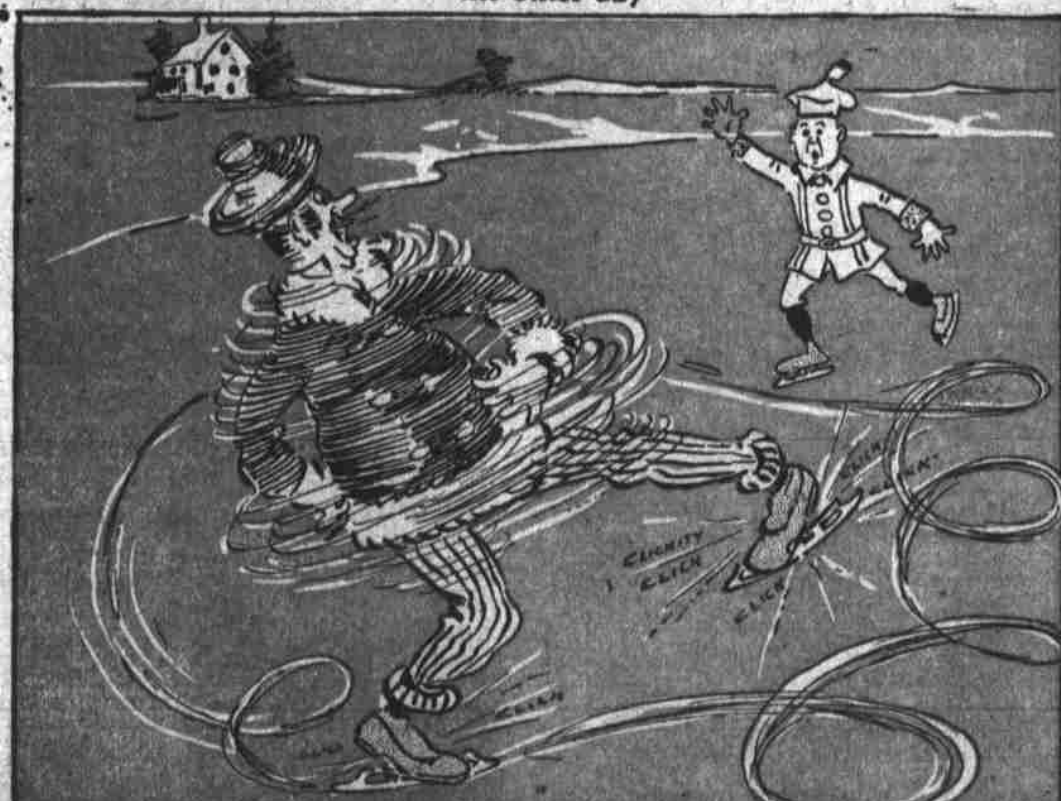
Dear Tommy—Papa was so much interested in a fancy skater we saw the other day—



That I fixed up a pair of automatic spring skates for his tricks.



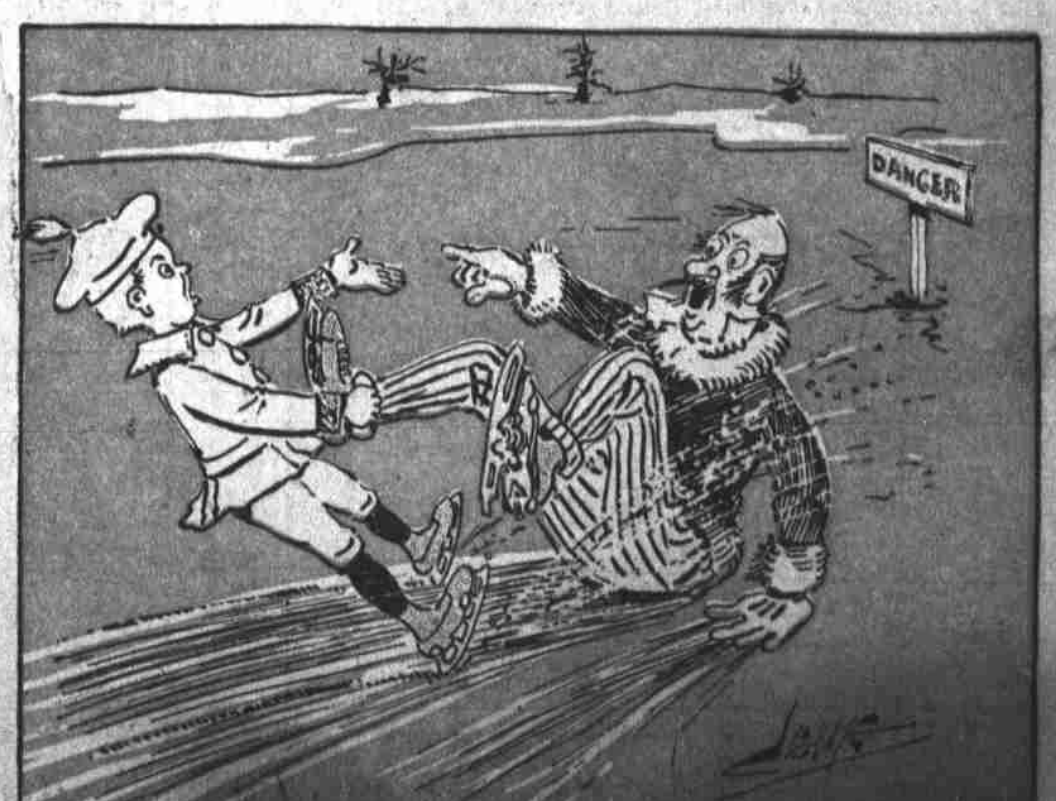
They worked beautifully in the figure eight and Papa was tickled.



But the turn was too sudden in the grapevine twist—



And, say, Tommy, you should have seen the pinwheel.



At the end, though, things were not pleasant for me. Yours, Willie.