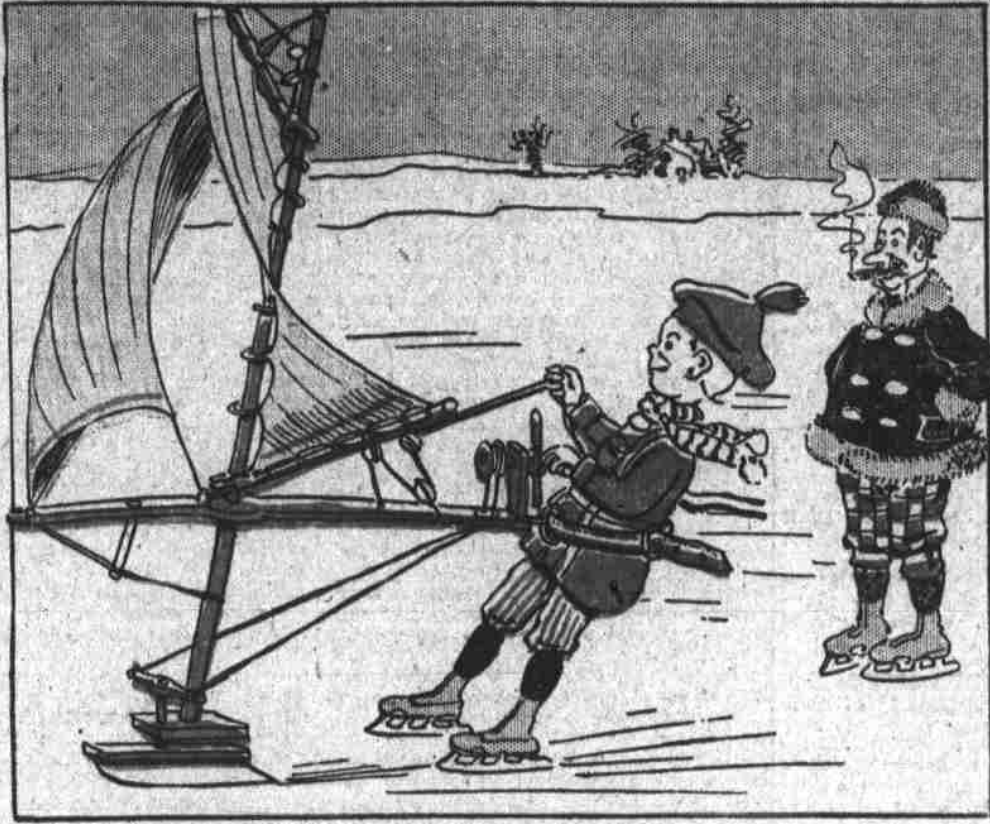
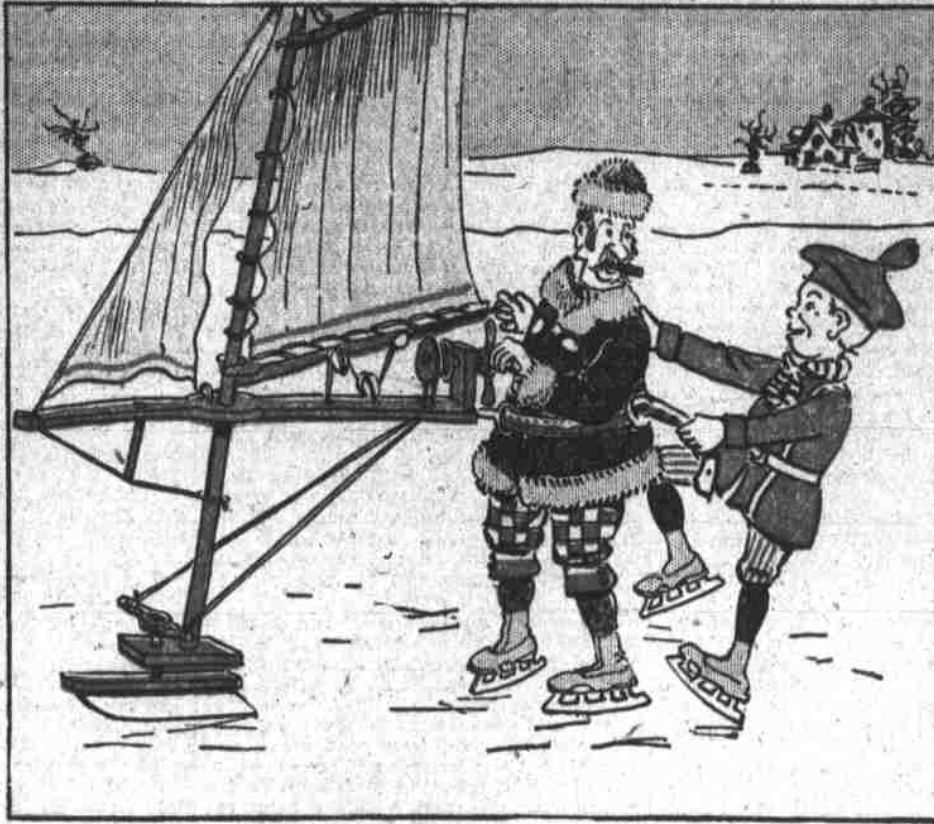


PORTLAND, OREGON, SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 30, 1904.

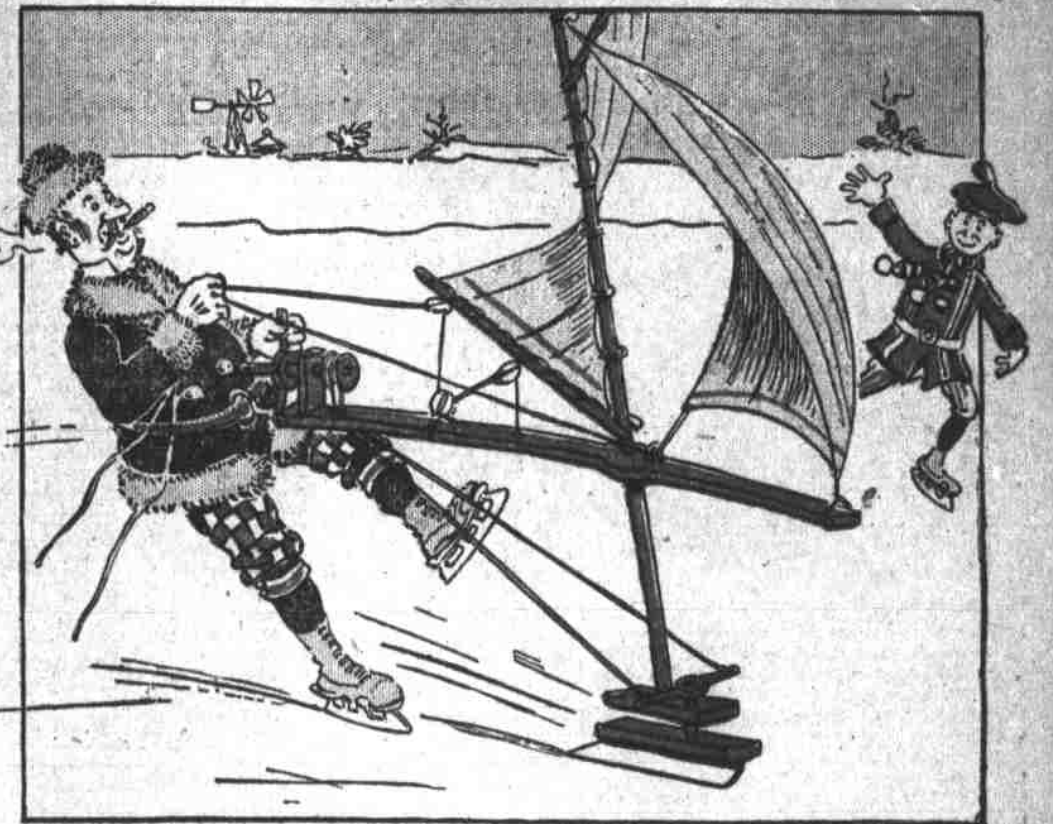
WILLIE'S PAPA GETS WRECKED ON A LEE SHORE



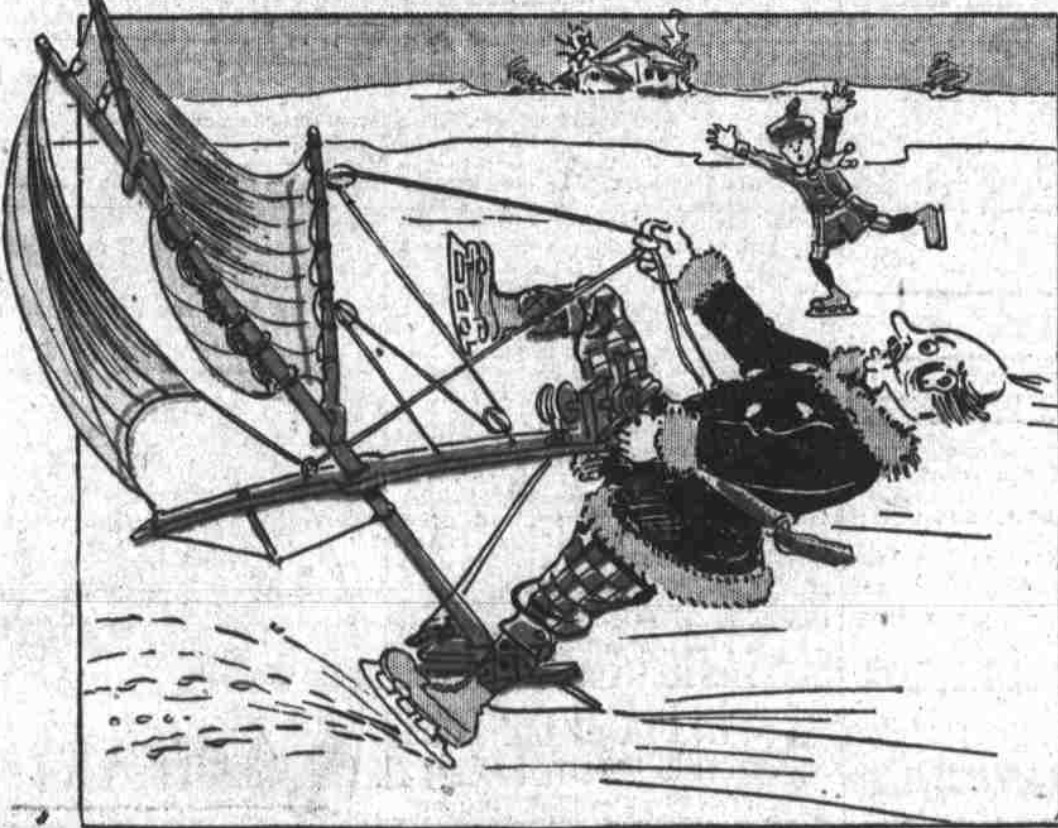
Dear Tommy—I built a new kind of ice-yacht the other day,



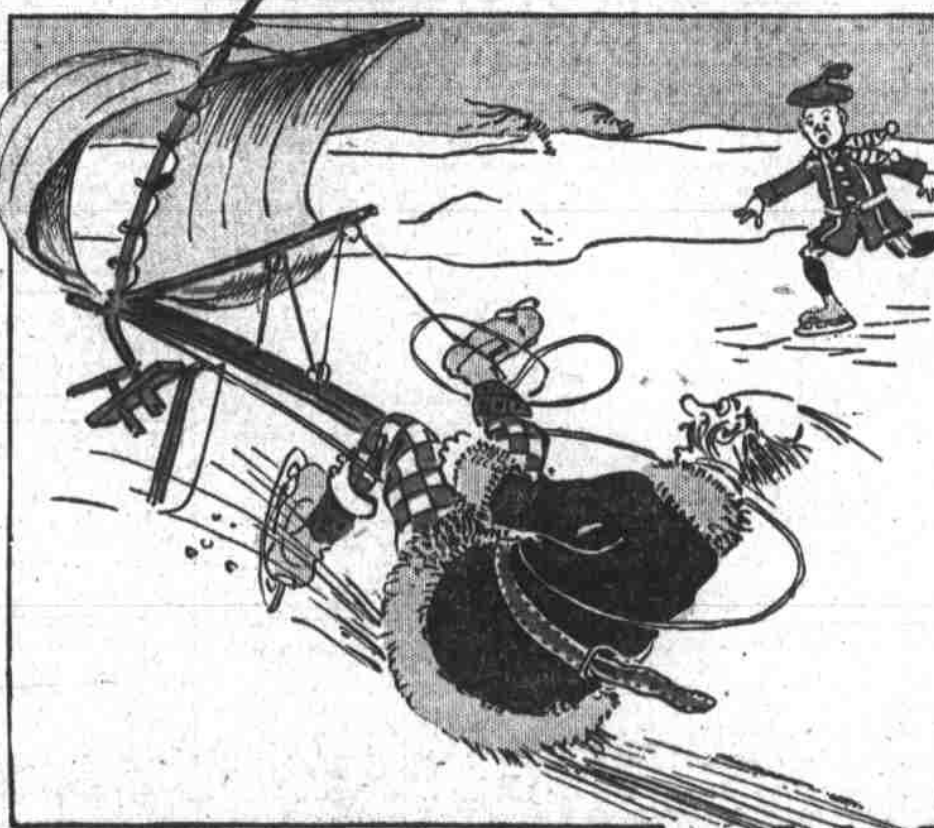
Papa wanted to try it, so I strapped him fast—



And he started to run before the wind like a train of cars.



But Papa didn't understand it, and he let her jibe.

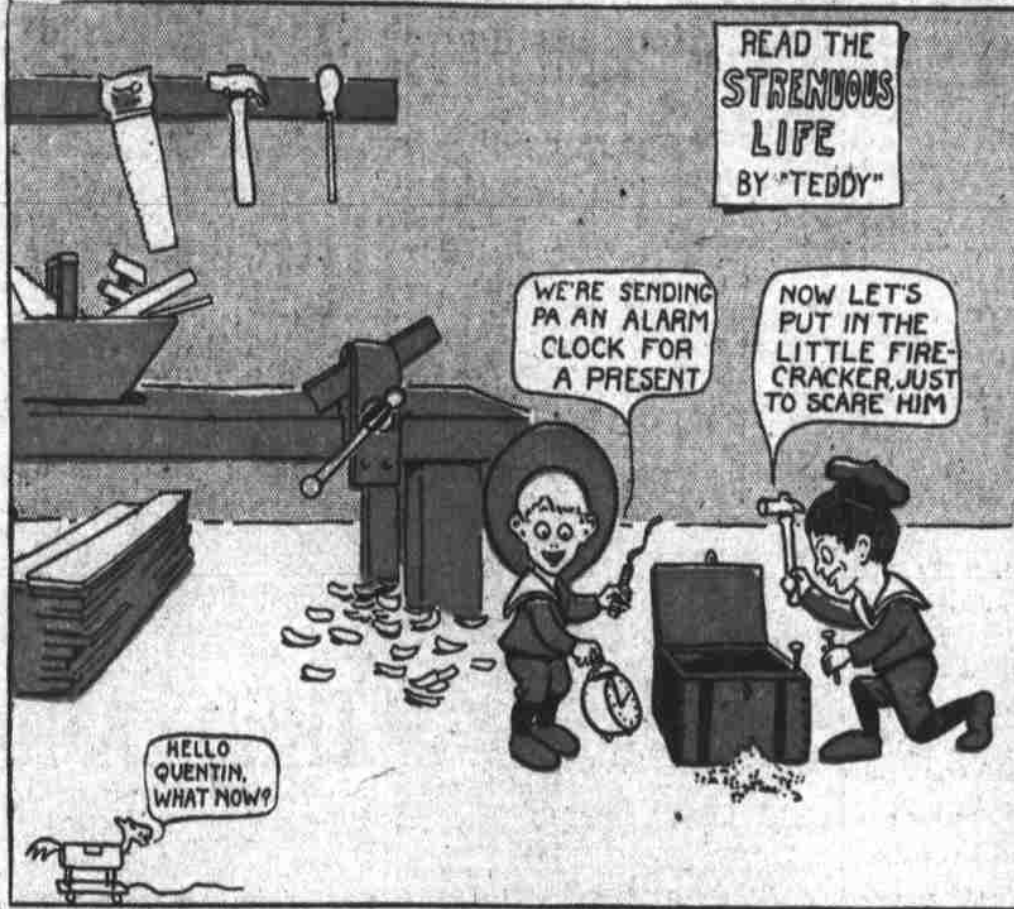


Soon he was scudding along on the seat of his pants.



And of course I got blamed for the wreck. Yours, Willie.

STRENUOUS ROOSEVELT FUN BY THE WHITE HOUSE KIDS



READ THE STRENUOUS LIFE BY "TEDDY"

WE'RE SENDING PA AN ALARM CLOCK FOR A PRESENT

NOW LET'S PUT IN THE LITTLE FIRE-CRACKER JUST TO SCARE HIM

HELLO QUENTIN, WHAT NOW?



LOOKOUT MAN! IT'S AN INFERNAL MACHINE! POLICE! HELP! POLICE!!

A BOX FOR YOU SIR!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH PA?

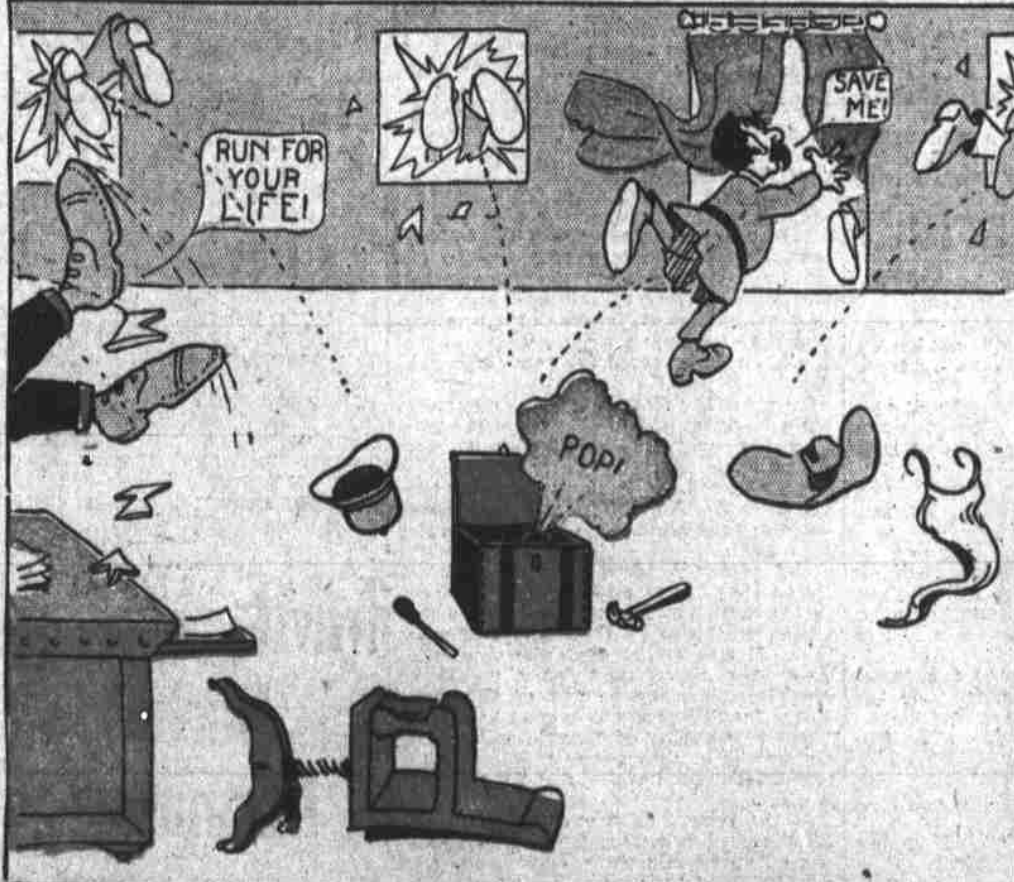


LOOKOUT BOYS, IT'S FIZZING!

AW IT'S A FAKE!

SECRET SERVICE TO

CLICK!



RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!

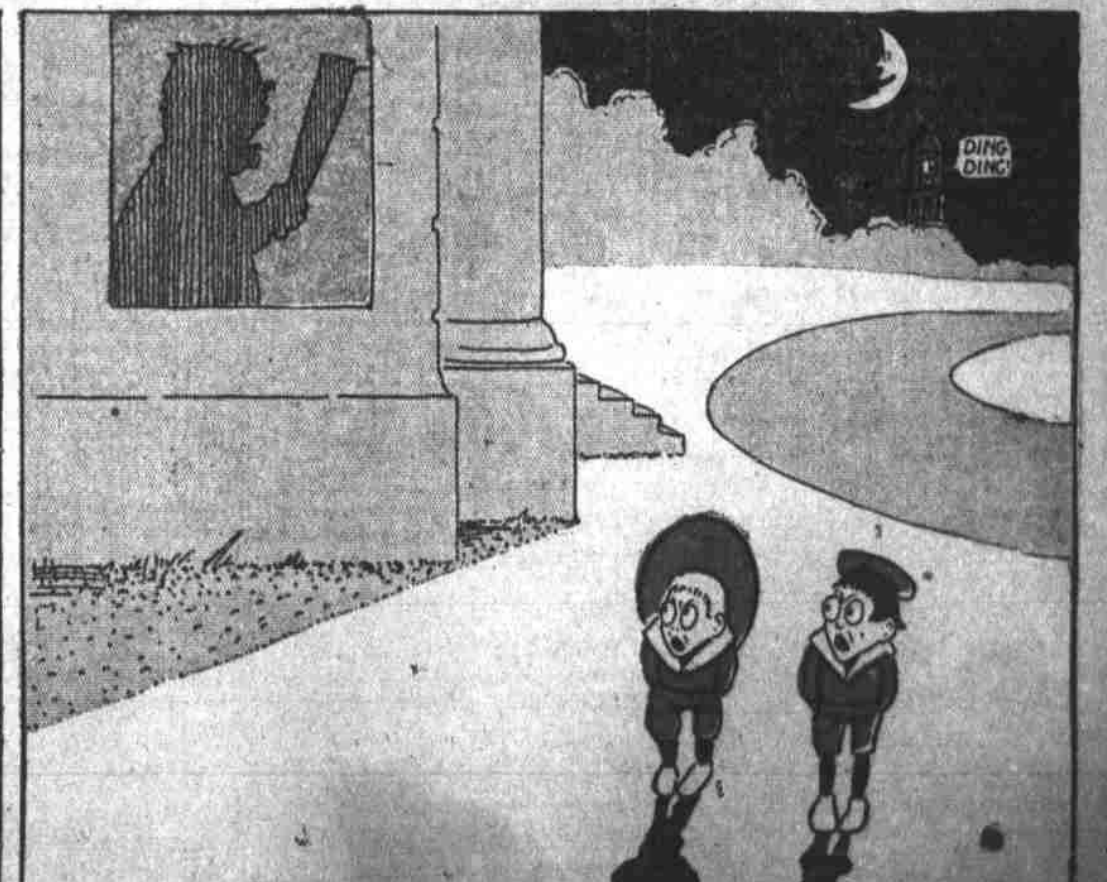
SAVE ME!

POP!



WHAT'S THIS? ALARM CLOCK, AND A FIRE-CRACKER? O WAIT TILL I CATCH THOSE BOYS!

GEE! LET'S RUM!



DING DING