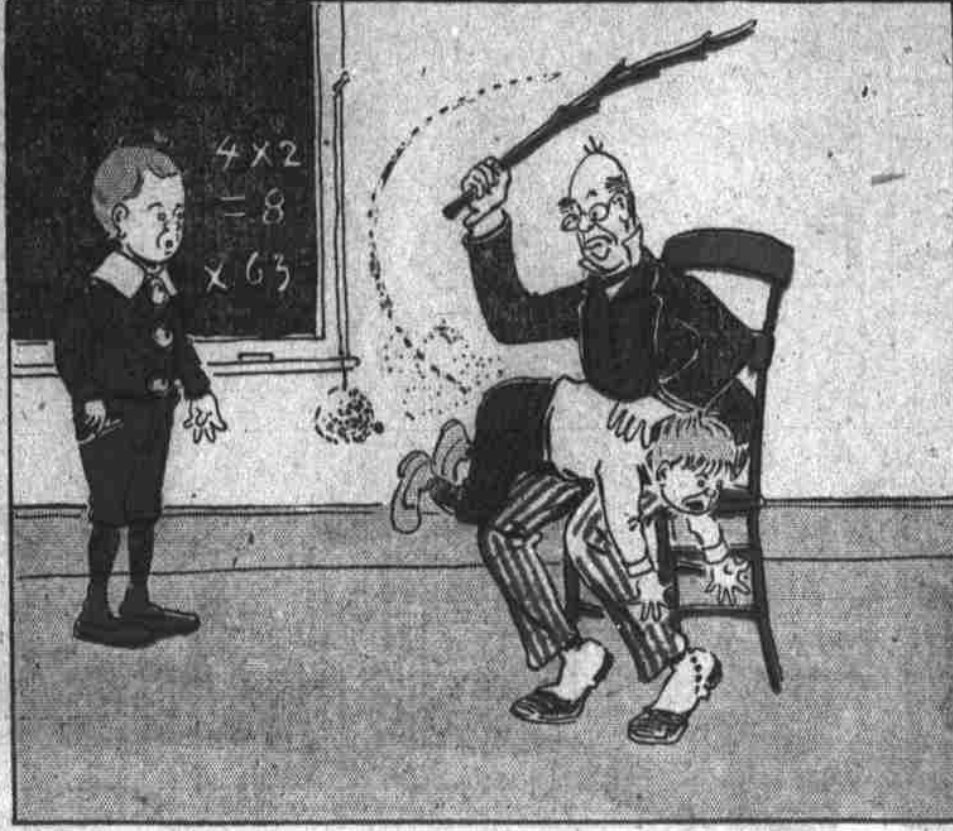


PORTLAND, OREGON, SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 5, 1904.

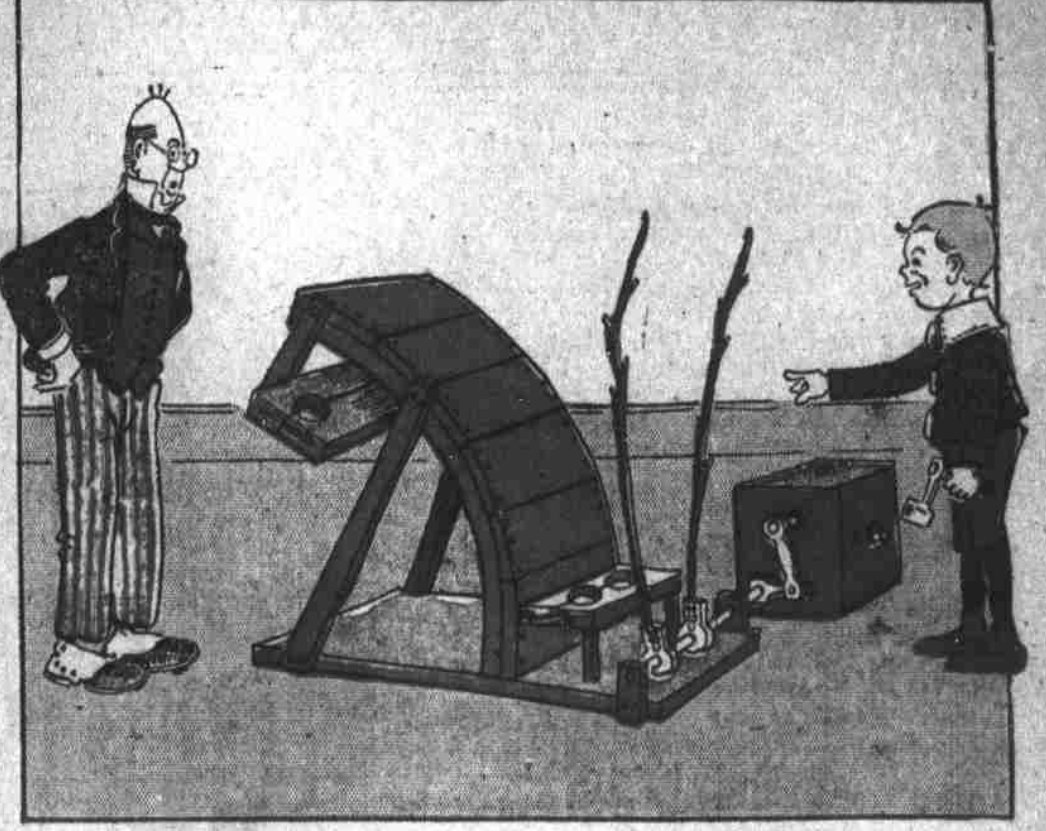
WILLIE AT BOARDING SCHOOL BUILDS A LABOR-SAVING DEVICE FOR TEACHER



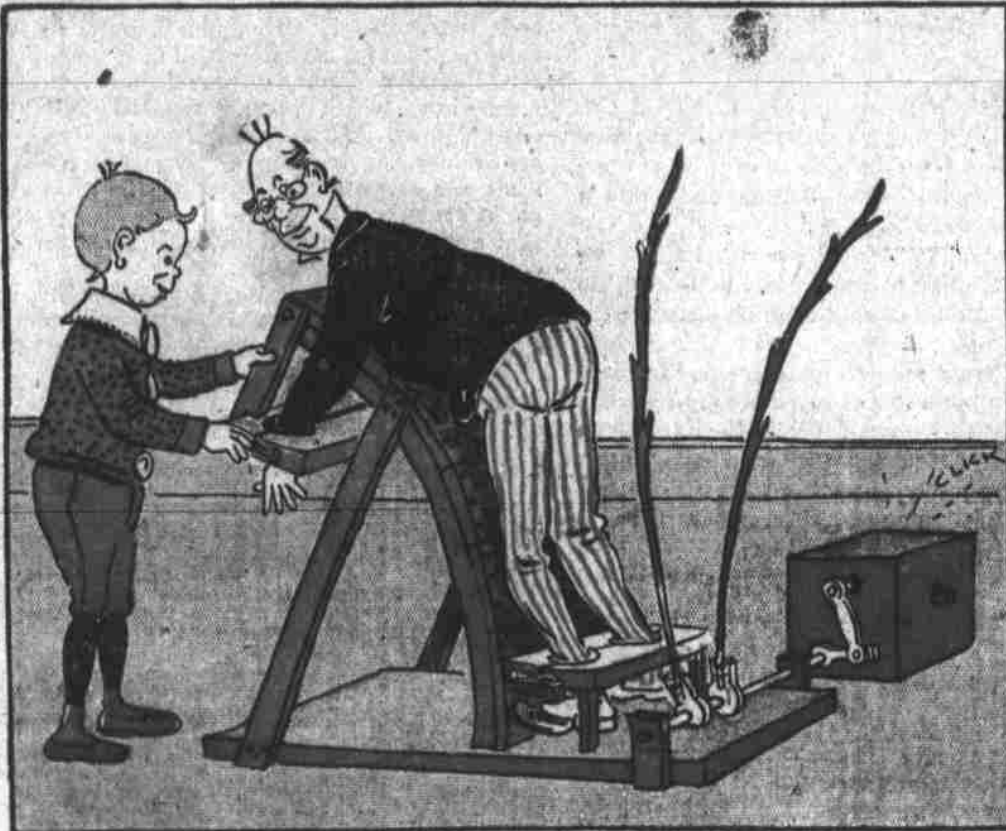
Dear Tommy—I've had such hard luck with my inventions lately that Papa has sent me to a boarding school.



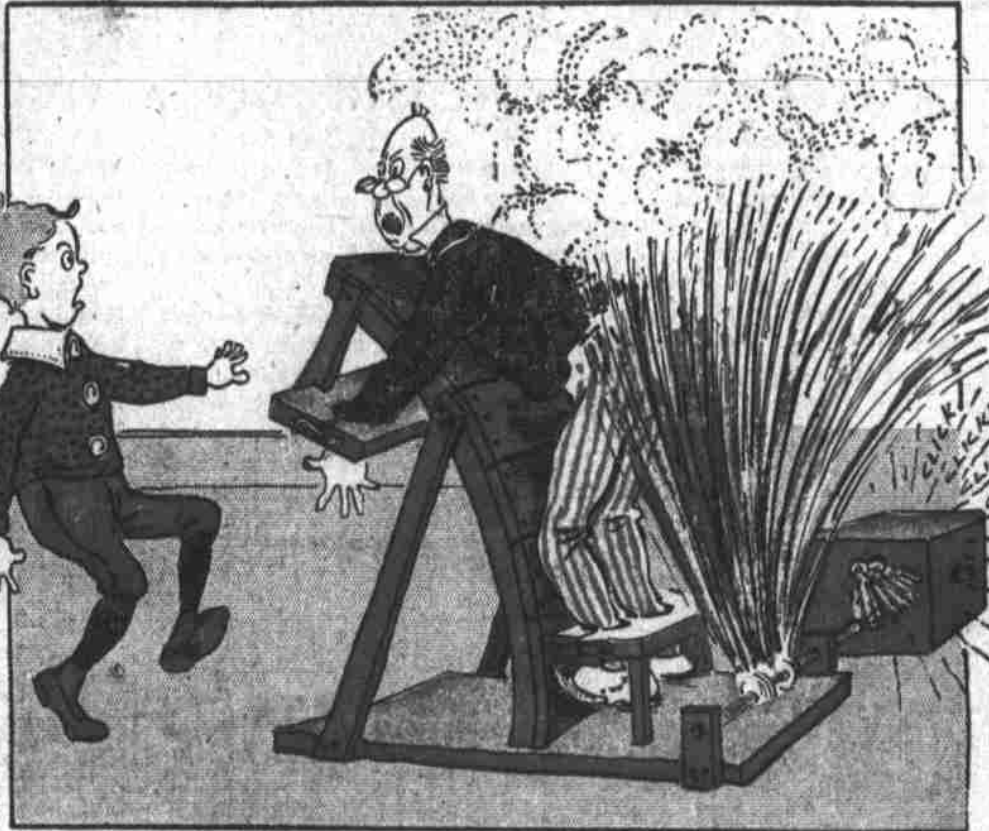
The teacher whips the boys when they're bad, and it keeps him pretty busy.



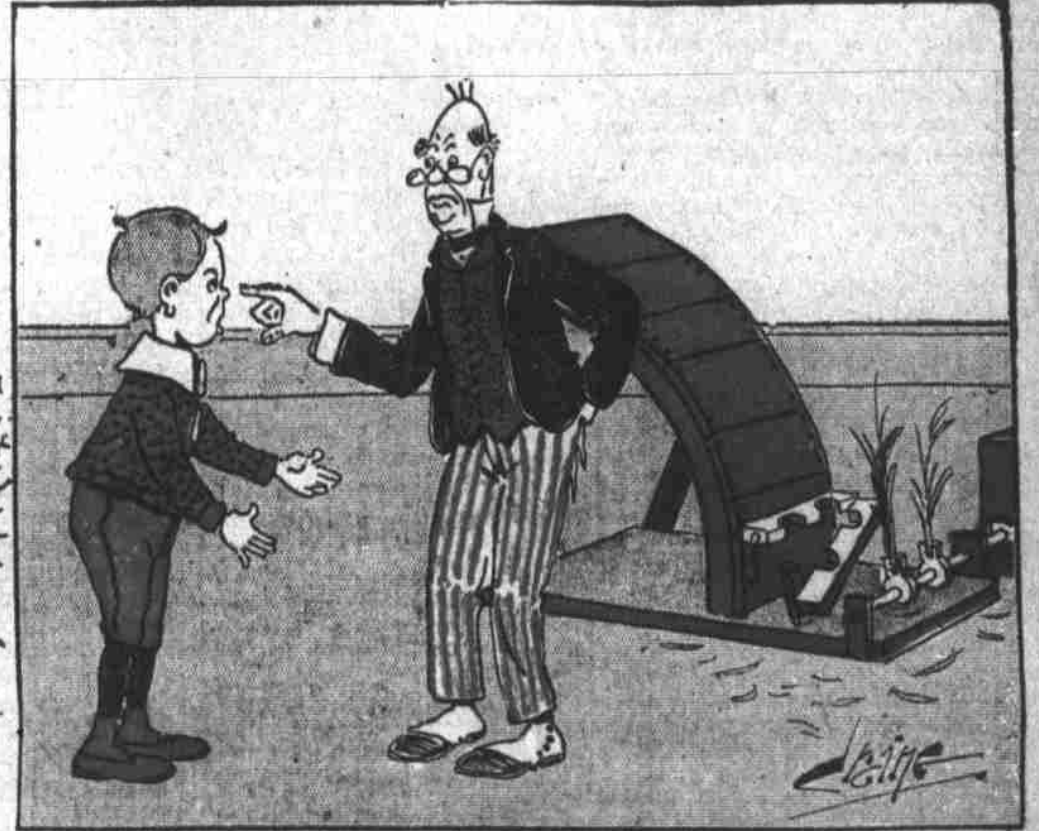
So I built a whipping machine for him, and he thought it was great.



He got in so I could show him how to fasten the boys. I had just snapped the catches when the spring slipped.



Say, Tommy, the whipping the teacher got was something awful! It sounded like a pack of fire-crackers going off.



From what he said when the thing ran down, I'm afraid something is going to happen to me to-night. Yours apprehensive, Willie.

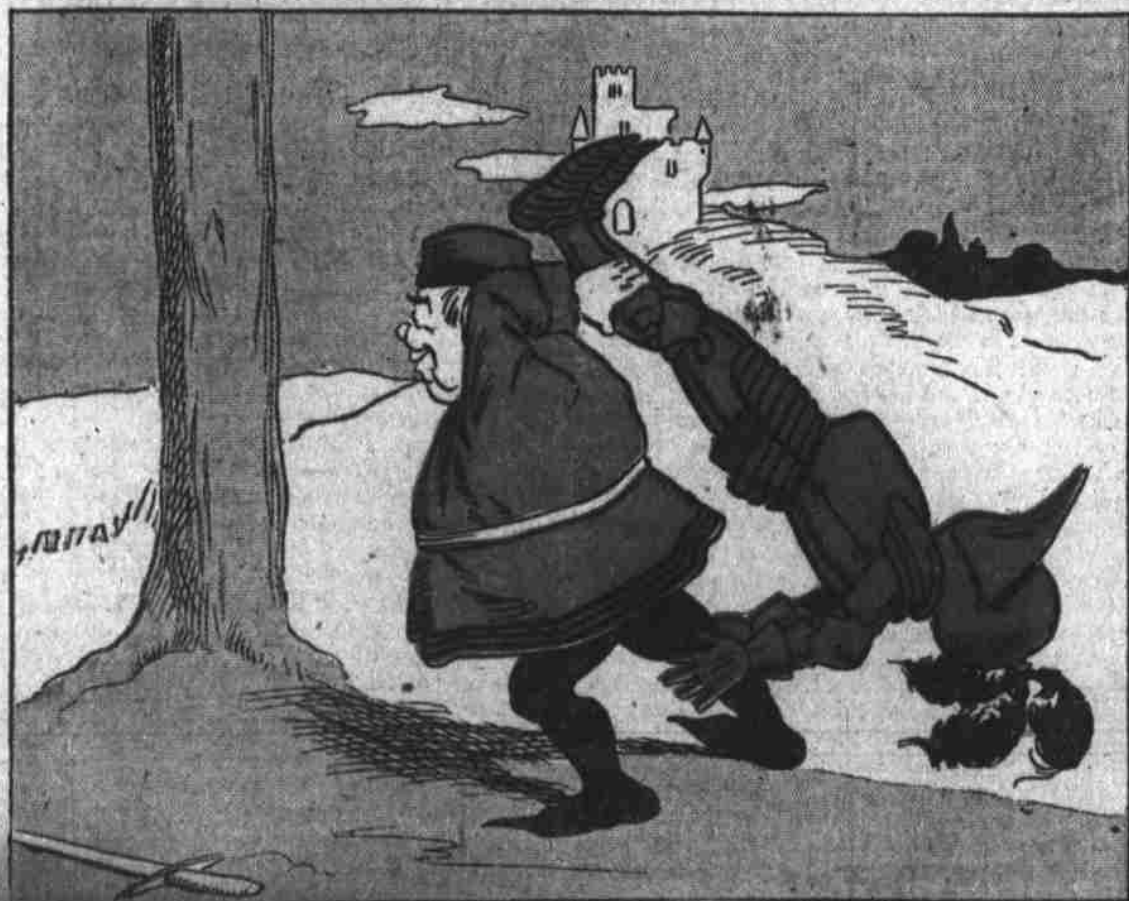
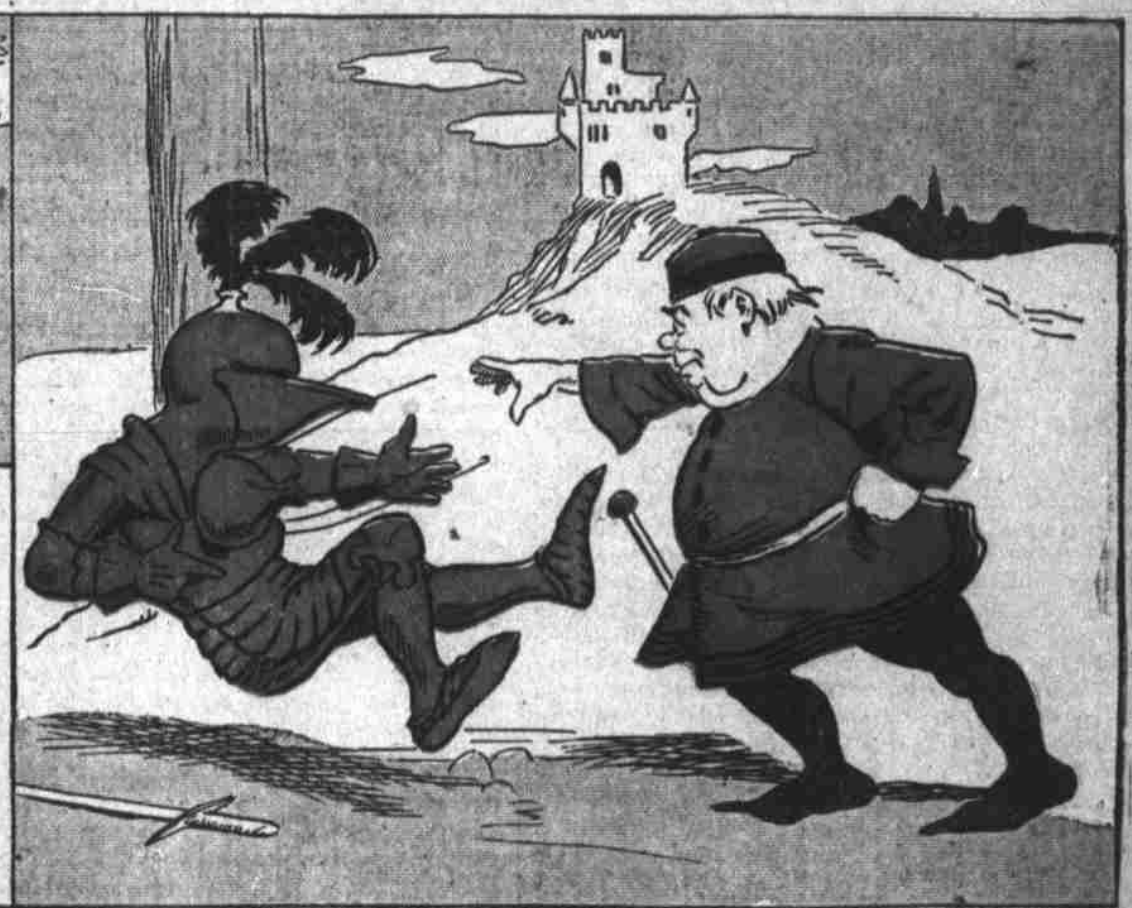
A HOLD-UP IN THE ANCIENT DAYS



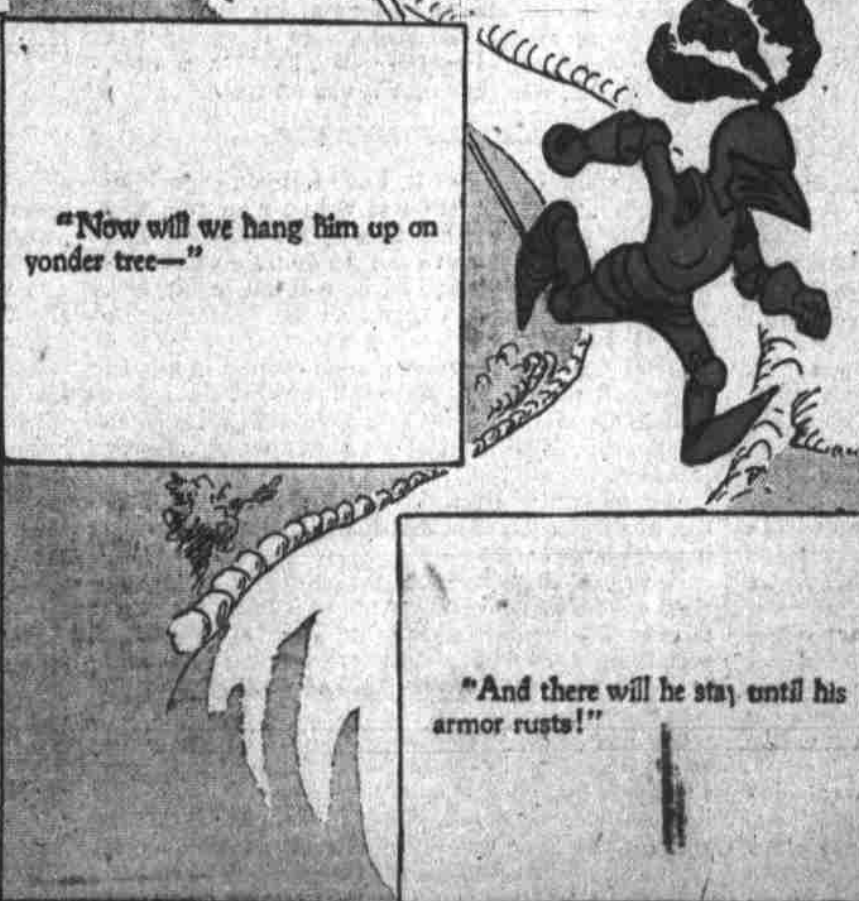
Robber Knight—"Base-born wretch, give me thy bag of gold!"



Base-born Wretch—"Willingly, Sir Knight!—right in the solar plexus!"



"Now will we hang him up on yonder tree—"



"And there will he stay until his armor rusts!"

