

PORTLAND, OREGON, SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 24, 1904

WILLIE WESTINGHOUSE'S AUTOMATIC SNOW PLOUGH WAS A WONDER



Dear Tommy—Jim has so much snow to shovel around our place that I built a snow-plough to attach to the automobile.



The knives from the lawn mower chopped up the snow and a revolving brush threw it off.



Papa was so tickled with it that he got aboard and started for a big snowdrift.



The auto never stopped, but just went right into the bank.



All you could see was a little bit of Papa and a shower of snow.



When it finally stopped Jim had to dig Papa out. Yours truly, Willie.

PRETENDING PERCY GETS TRIPPED UP BY WILLIE AND HIS CAMERA



I'LL REFORM HIM, PA.

PERCY, YOUR COUSIN WILLIE SHARP IS COMING ON A VISIT TO-DAY. HE IS A BAD BOY AND I WANT YOU TO SHOW HIM WHAT A GOOD BOY YOU ARE.



GEE! THIS IS A CINC! NOW THAT COUSIN WILLIE IS HERE, I CAN SWIPE ANYTHING I WANT AND BLAME IT ON HIM. I'LL SEE IF THERE'S ANYTHING GOOD IN THE KE-CHEST.



WHY, THERE'S PERCY! I'LL TRY MY NEW CAMERA ON HIM.

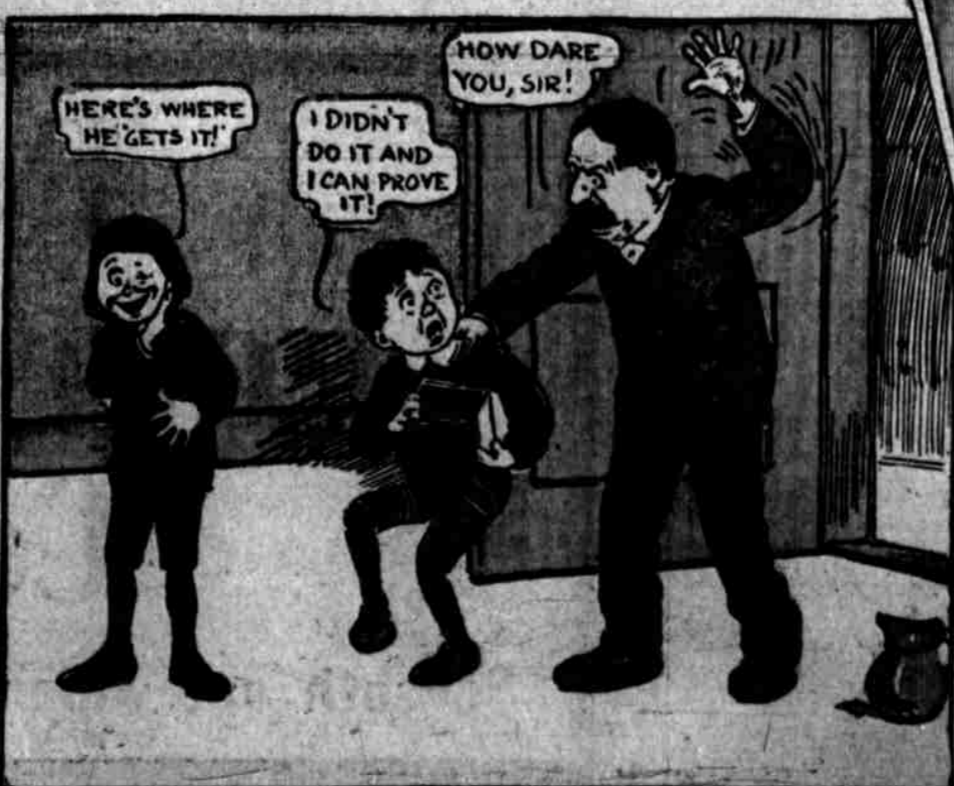
UM-M-M! THIS IS FINE CIDER.



WHO-ME?

I CANNOT TELL A LIE, PA; I SAW WILLIE DRINK IT.

WHO DRANK THIS PITCHER OF CIDER THAT I PUT AWAY FOR THE DINNER?



HERE'S WHERE HE GETS IT!

I DIDN'T DO IT AND I CAN PROVE IT!

HOW DARE YOU, SIR!



THE PICTURE

I CANNOT TELL A LIE, UNCLE, I TOOK IT THIS MORNING WITH MY LITTLE CAMERA.

WHY IT'S PERCY!

C. W. KAMES