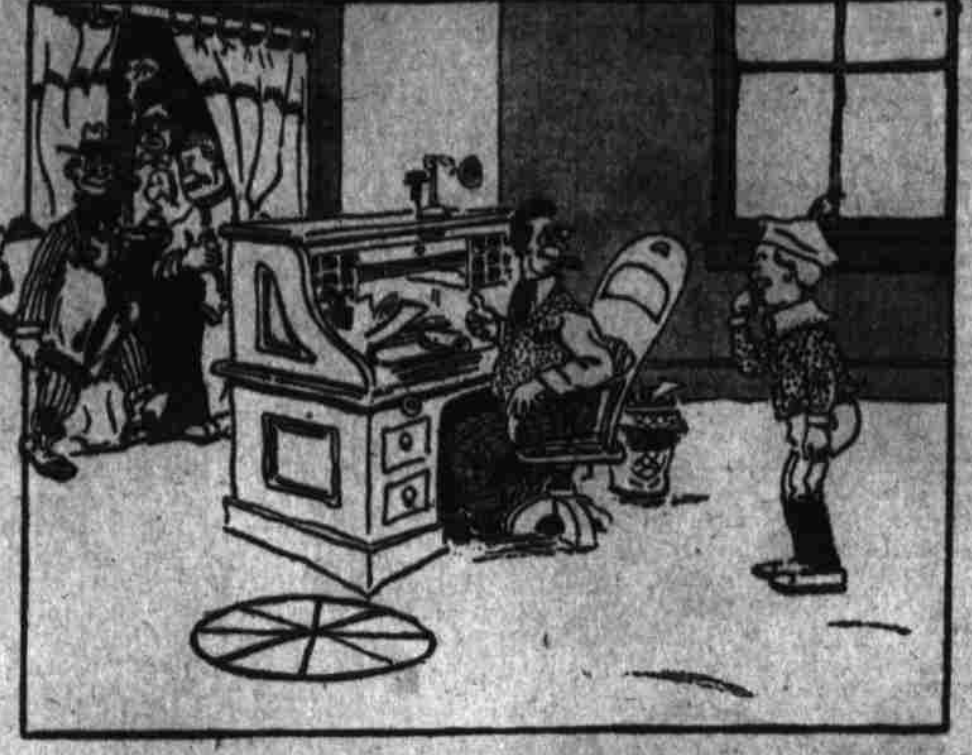
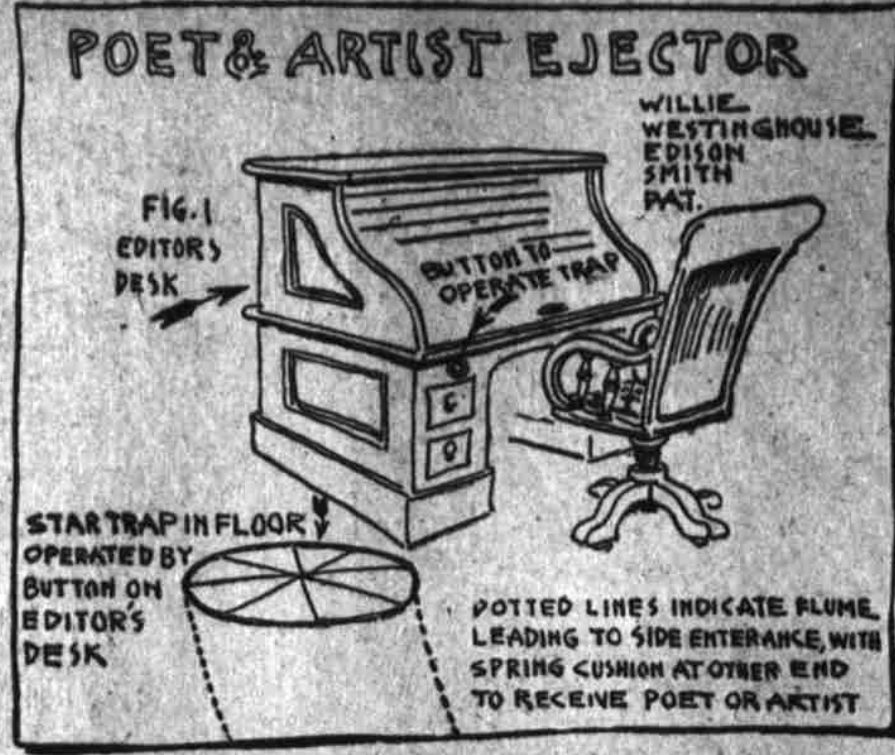


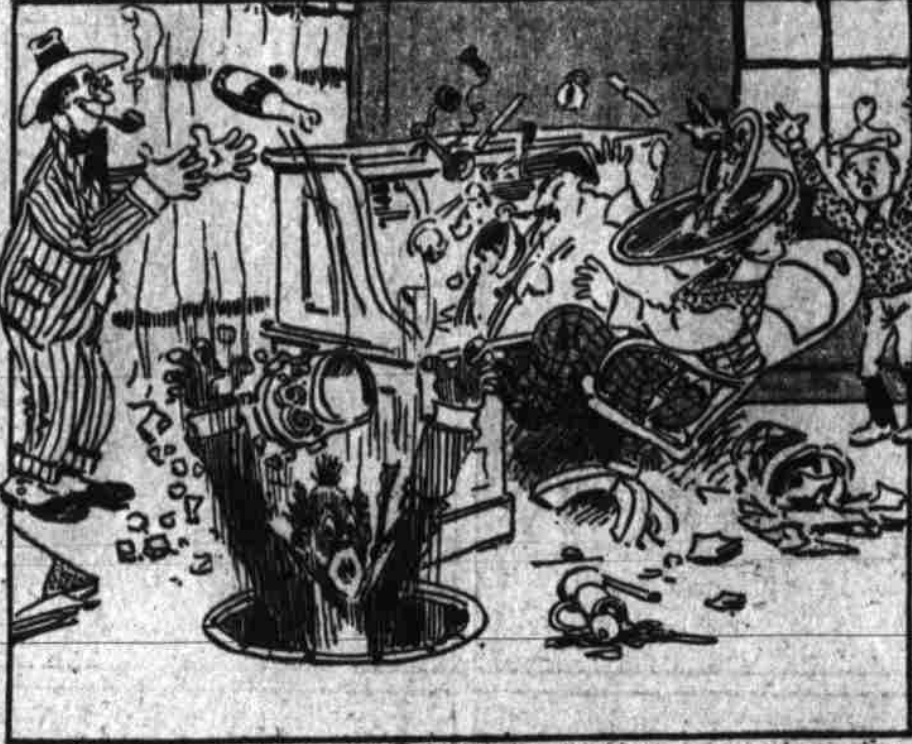
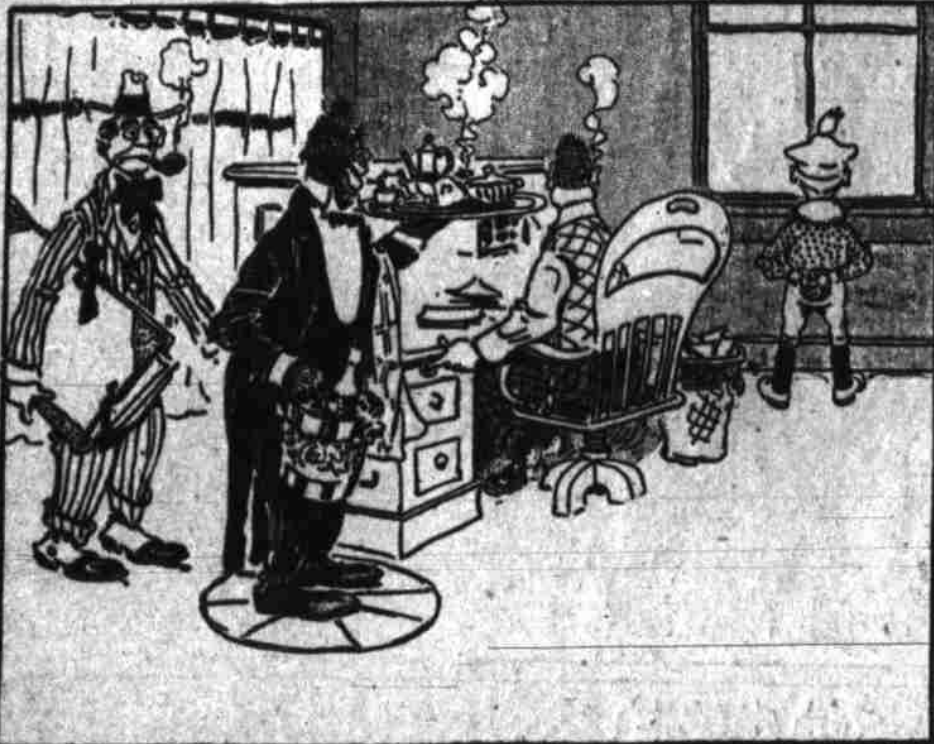
WILLIE'S EJECTOR WORKED FINE, ONLY THEY GOT THE WRONG MAN



Dear Tommy: I've been visiting Uncle Pete. He's Editor of the Gazoo. There's so many poets and artists bothering him that he has to have a prize fighter to keep them in line.

I invented a scheme like this, and the proprietor had it installed in Uncle's office.

The first man to come in was an artist. I knew he was an artist because he wore diamonds.



I walked over to the window, and Uncle pretended he hadn't seen him and pushed the button.

But we didn't get the artist! A waiter with Uncle's lunch pushed by him and got on the trap.

Uncle Pete got real angry and suggested I return home. Yours, Willie. P. S.—The waiter had a quart bottle of wine which must have gone down the flume with him.



THE ALMOST FAMILY—THEY GO TO BERMUDA—VERY NEARLY

