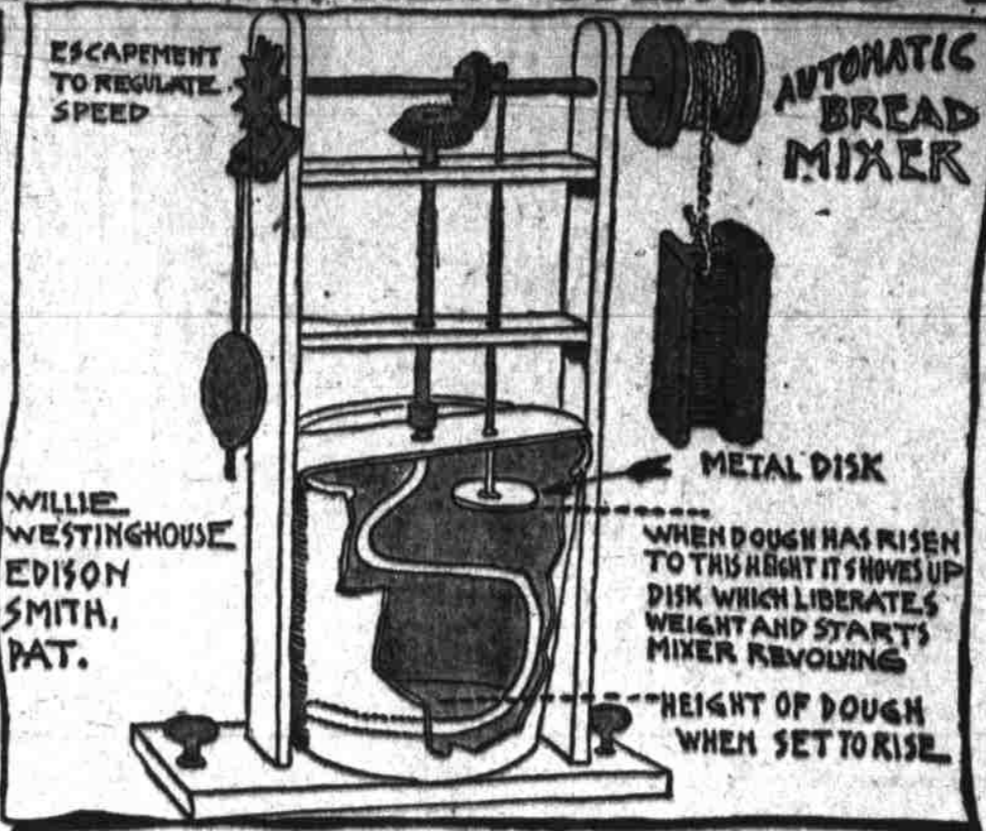
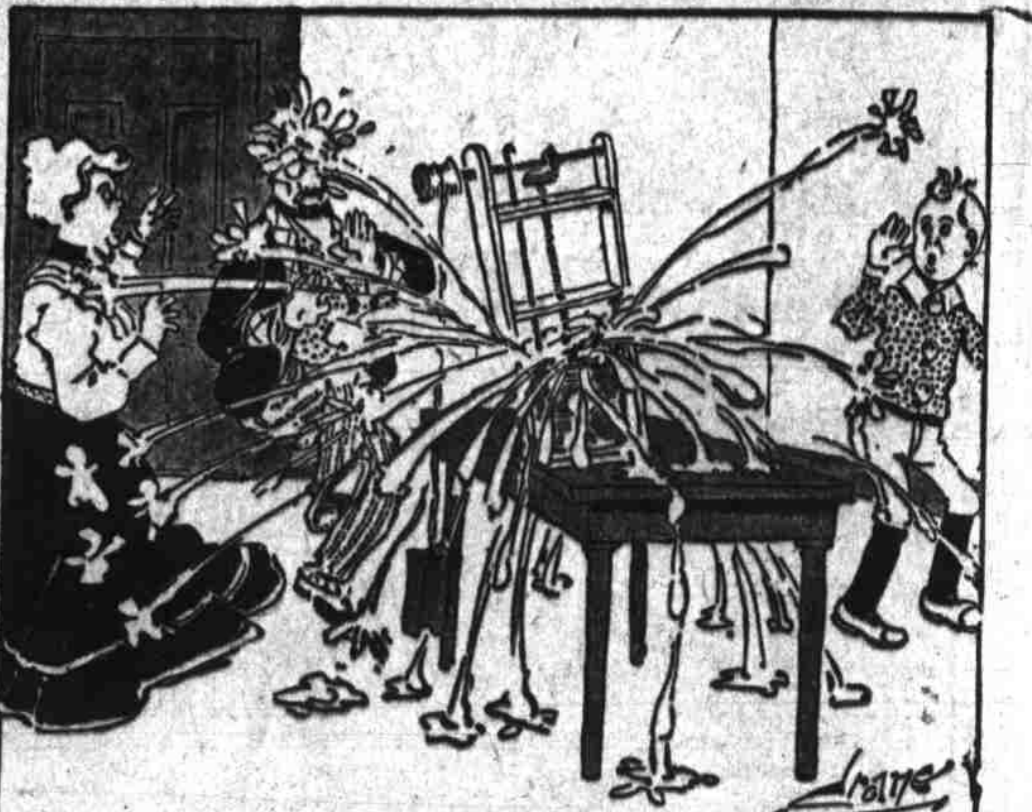
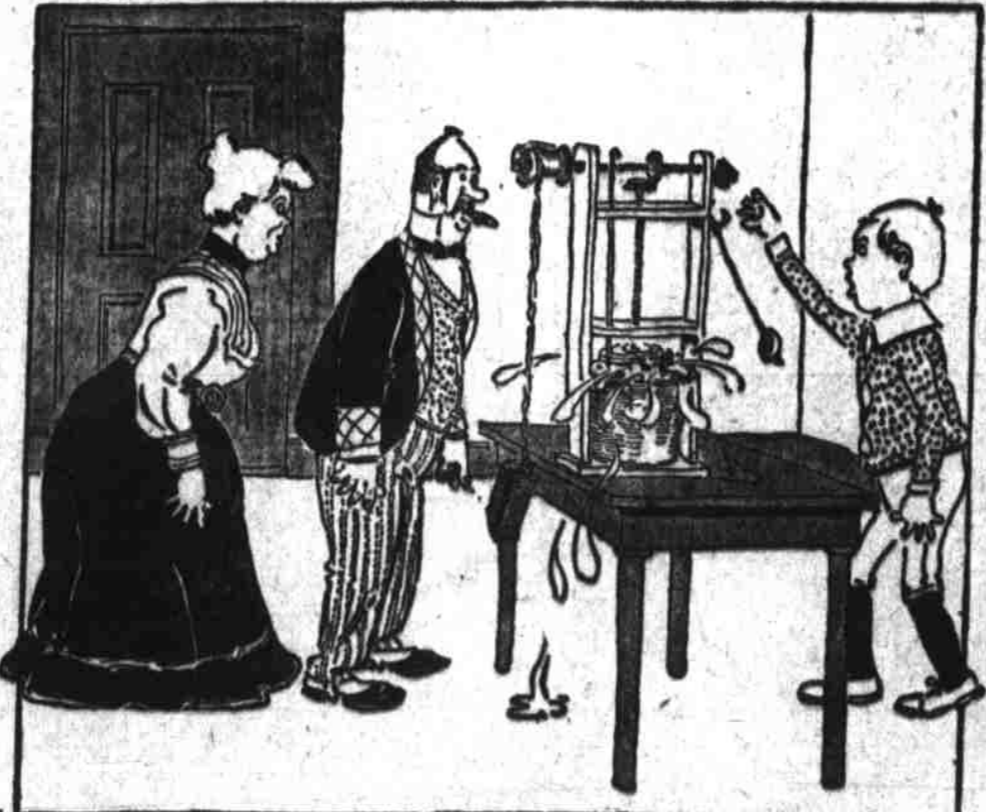
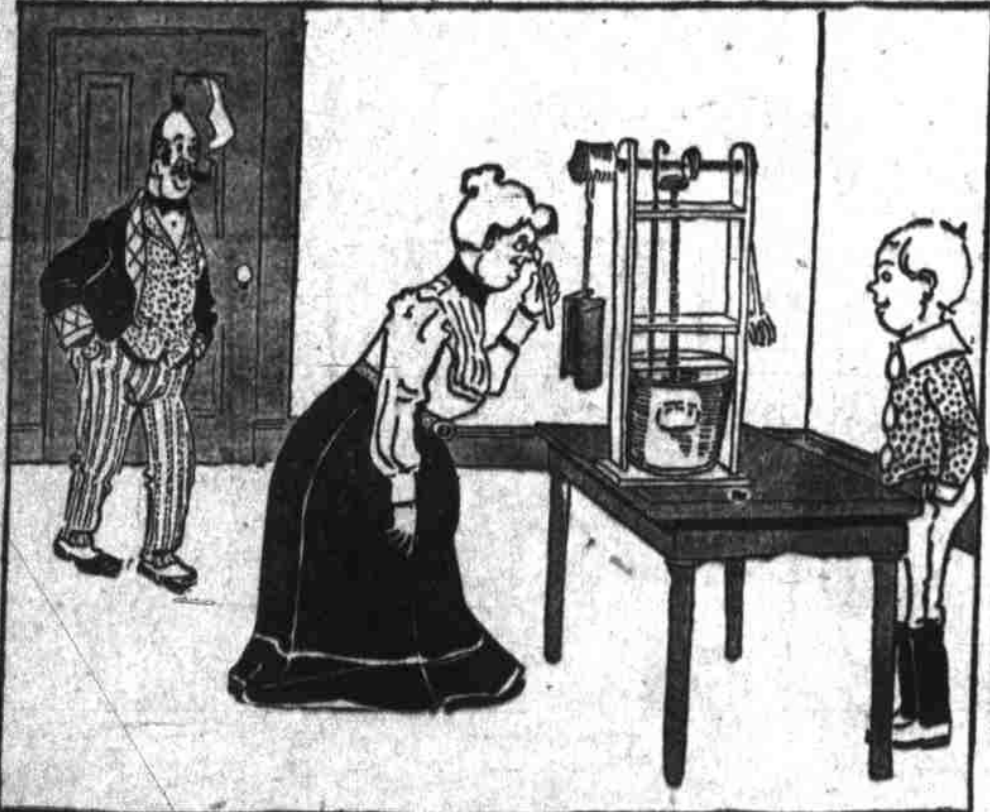


# WILLIE INVENTS A NEW-FANGLED BREAD MIXER



Dear Tommy:—Papa insists upon having home-made rolls for breakfast. As I had to get up early and turn the bread-mixer, I invented a scheme like this.

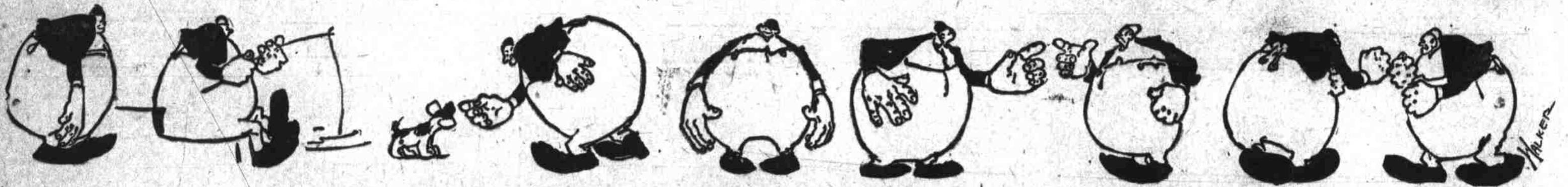
You set the dough to rise over night, and when it gets high enough, it starts the motor.



Then, when you come flower in the morning, the bread is ready to put in the oven

We were just admiring how it worked when the escapement broke.

Say, Tommy, the way the dough flew around that kitchen was something awful. Yours, Willie



# PA'S NIGHTMARE--DON'T WAKE HIM UP

