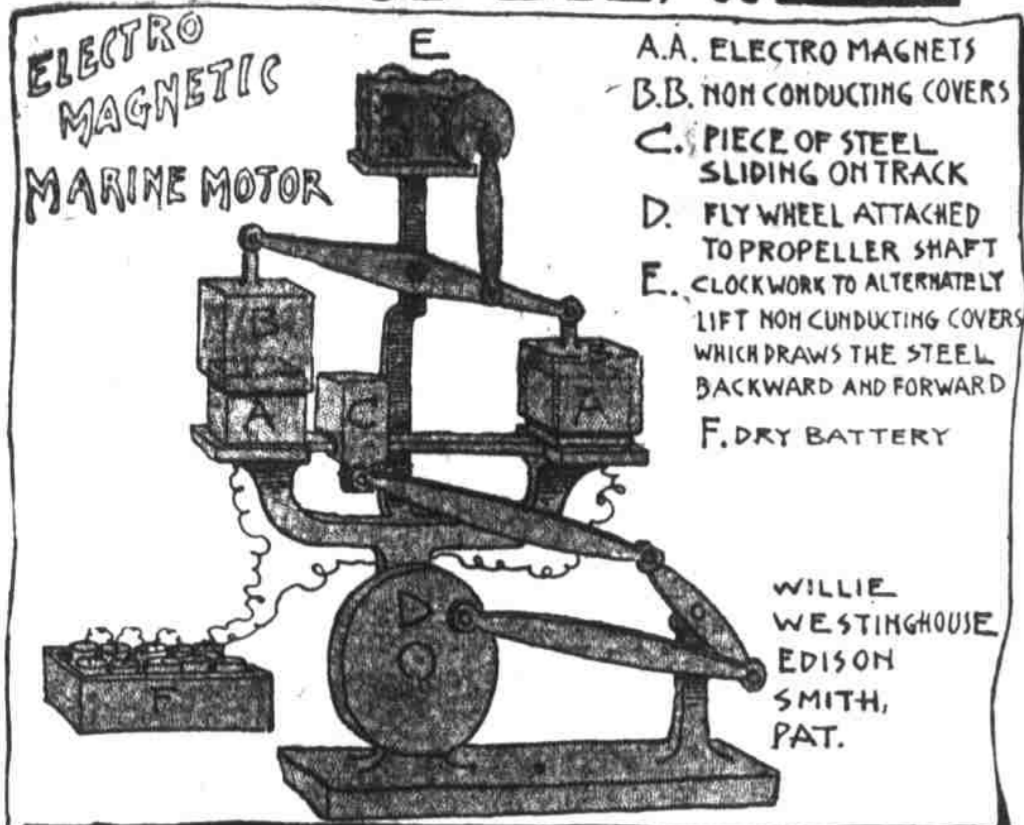
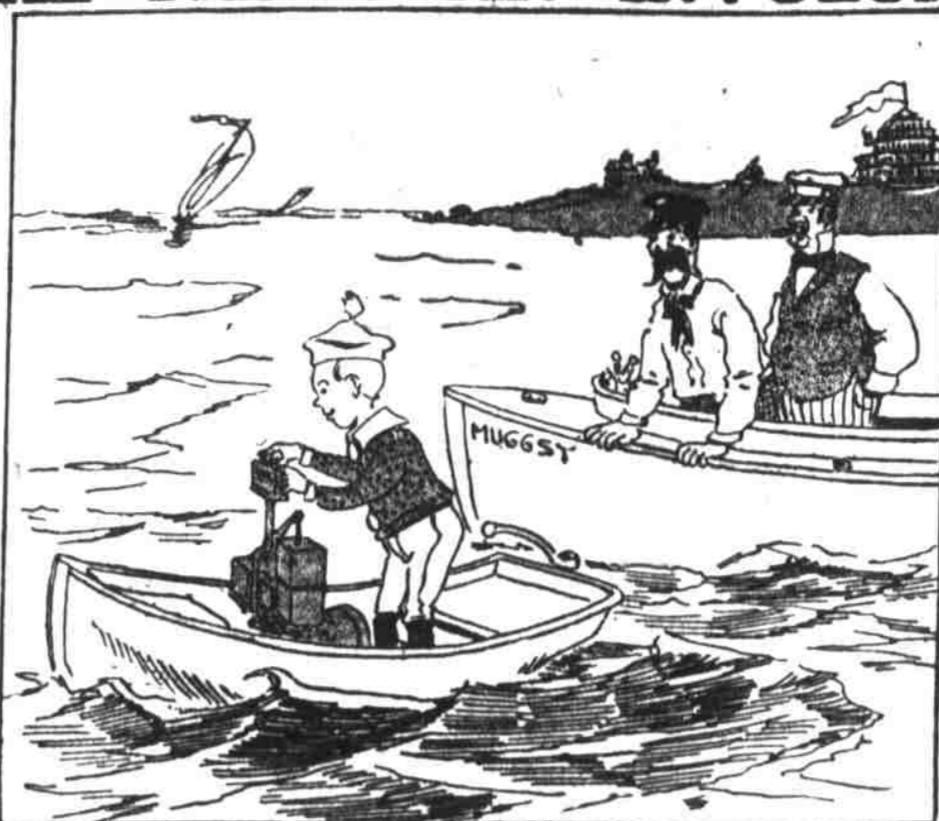


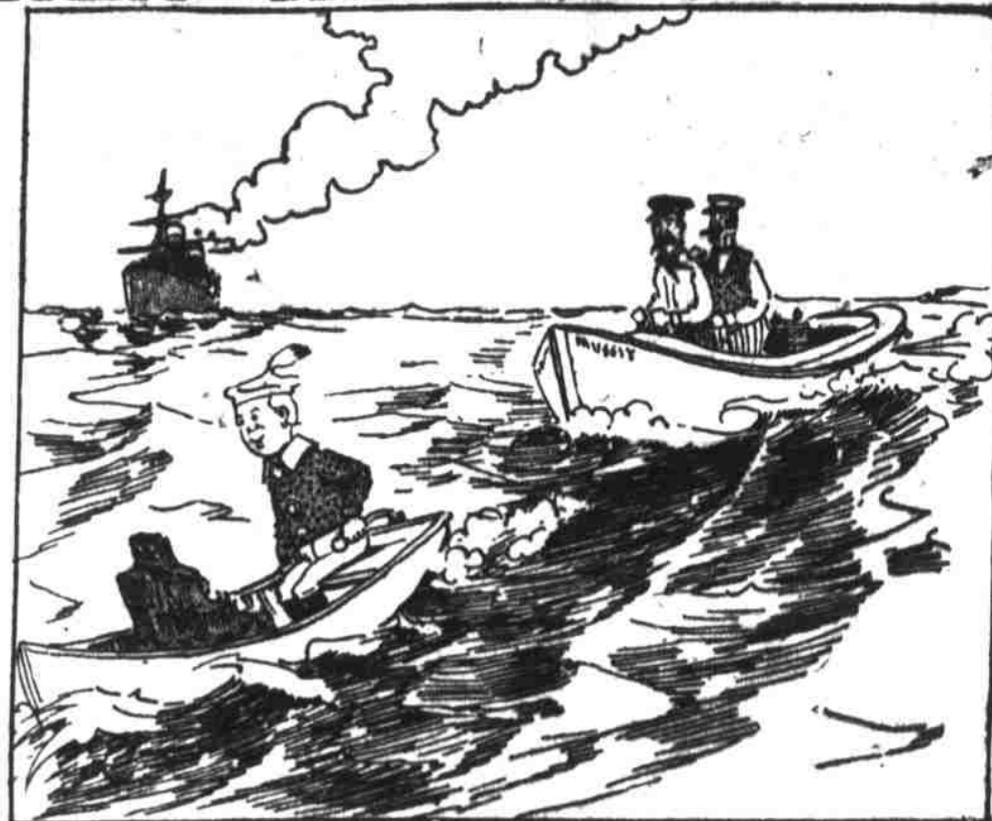
# GOOD-BYE, WILLIE—HE TAKES AN INVOLUNTARY TRIP ABROAD



My Dear Nephew:—This is poor Willie's last invention for some time to come.



I thought it was a good thing, and got the superintendent of a motor launch company to go and see it work.



When we started Willie ran right away from us.



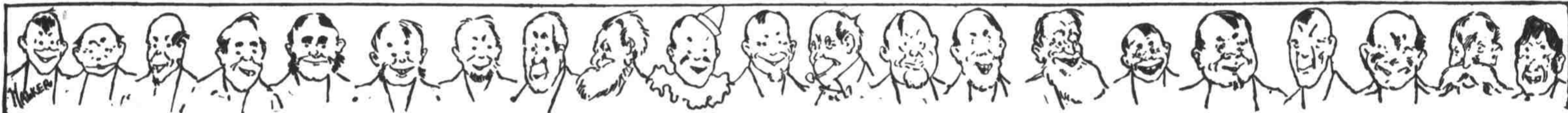
Then a big ship came along and Willie's launch ran right astern of us.



The engineer with me said that the steel hull of the ship attracted the magnets in Willie's motor.



Just as the sun went down we saw Willie pulled aboard the outward-bound ship, which kept on her course. Yours, Uncle Wm.



## WHEN DAD WAS A BOY—HE! HE! HA! HA!

