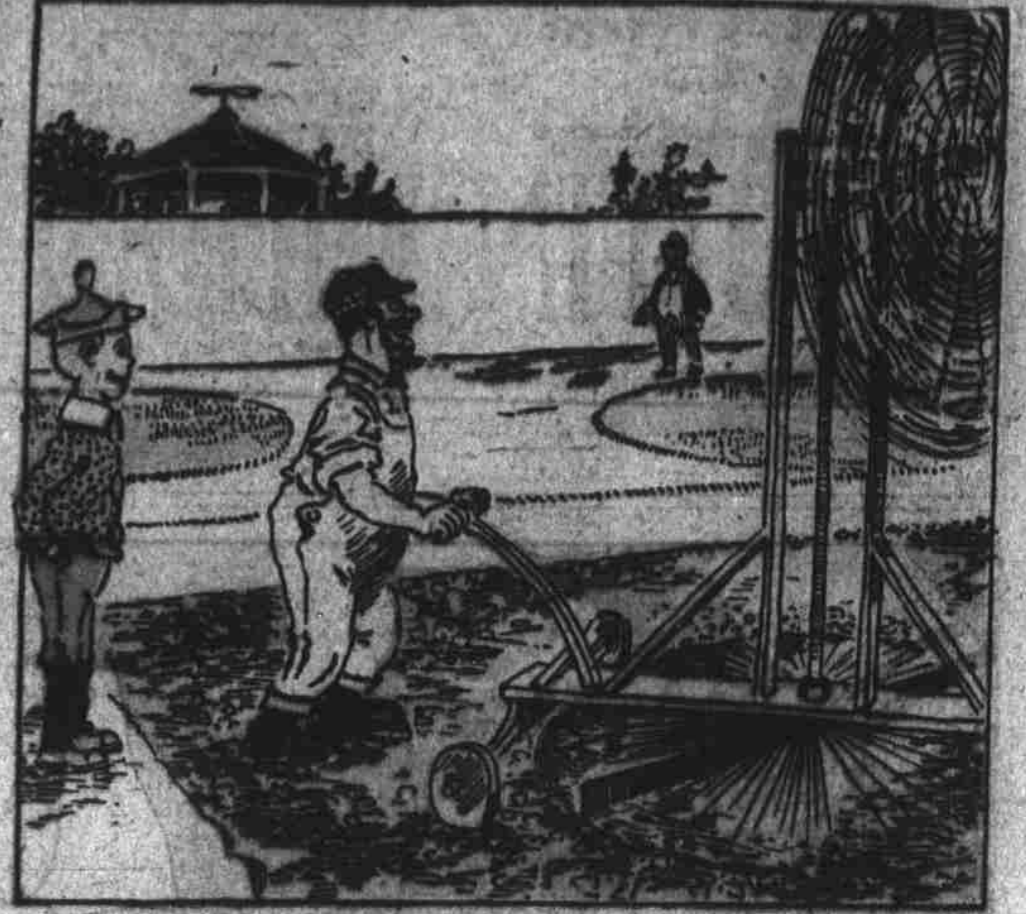
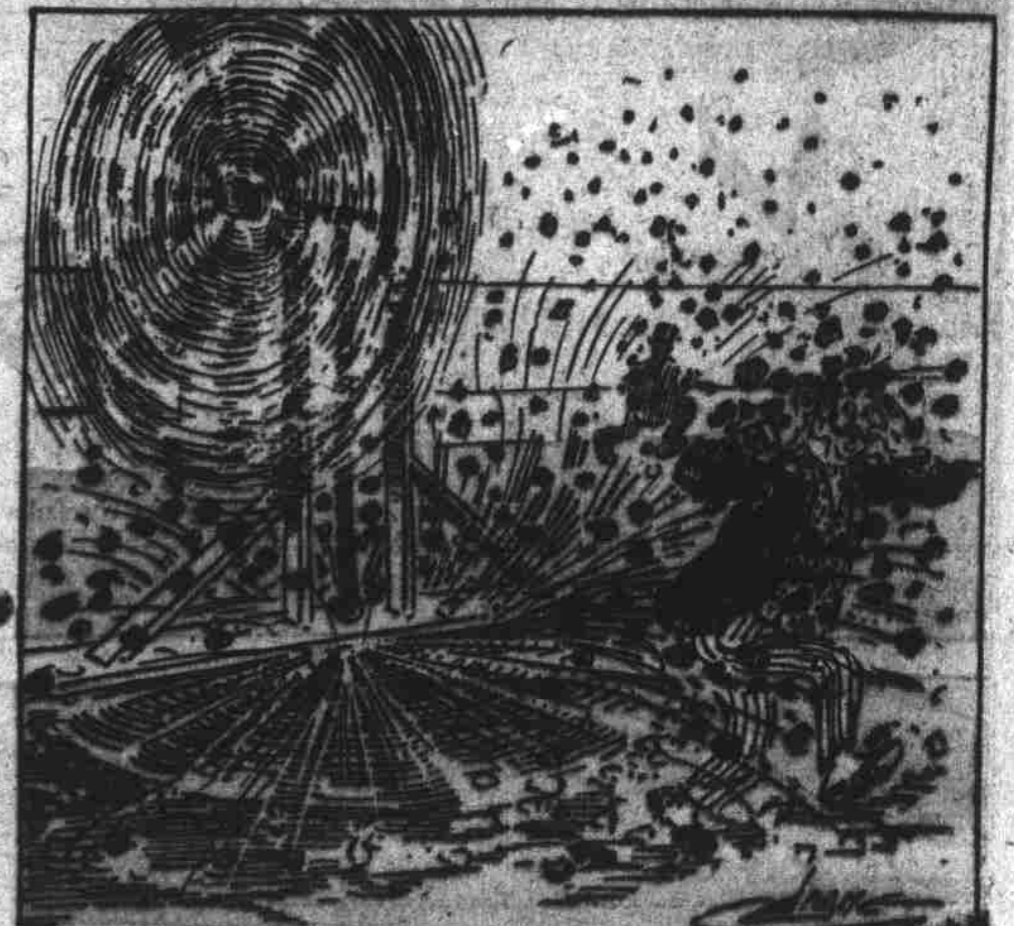
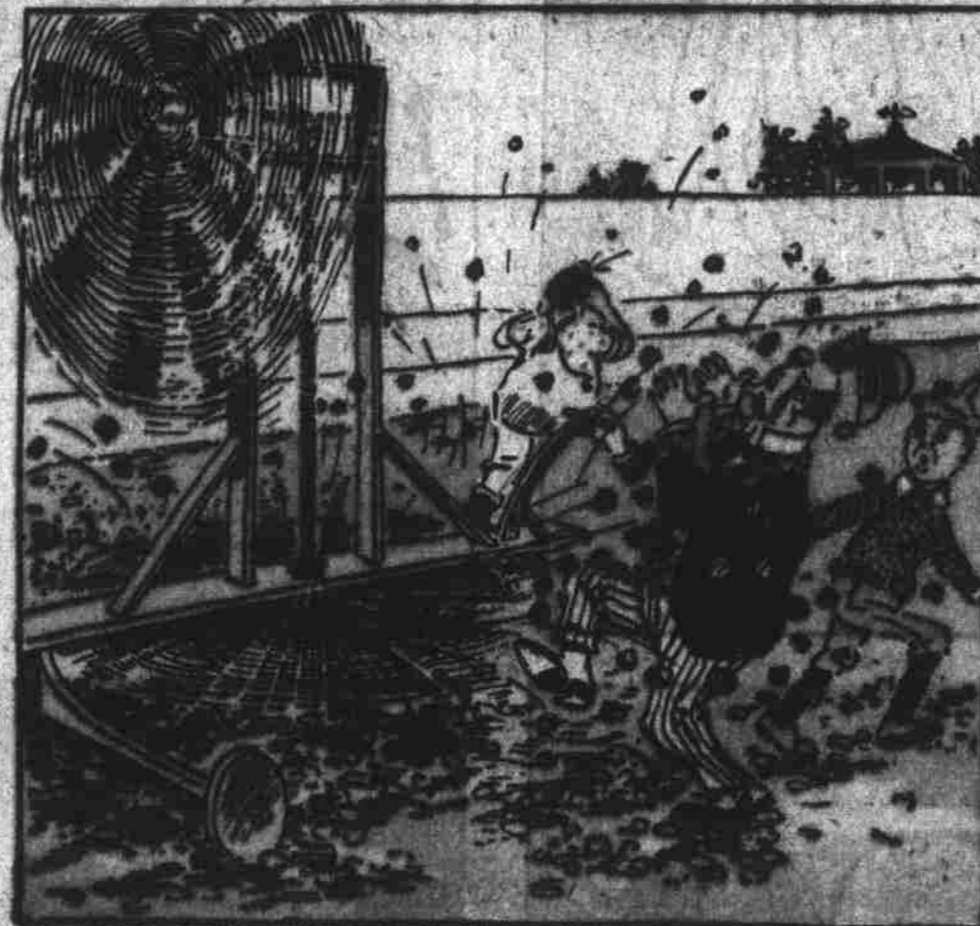
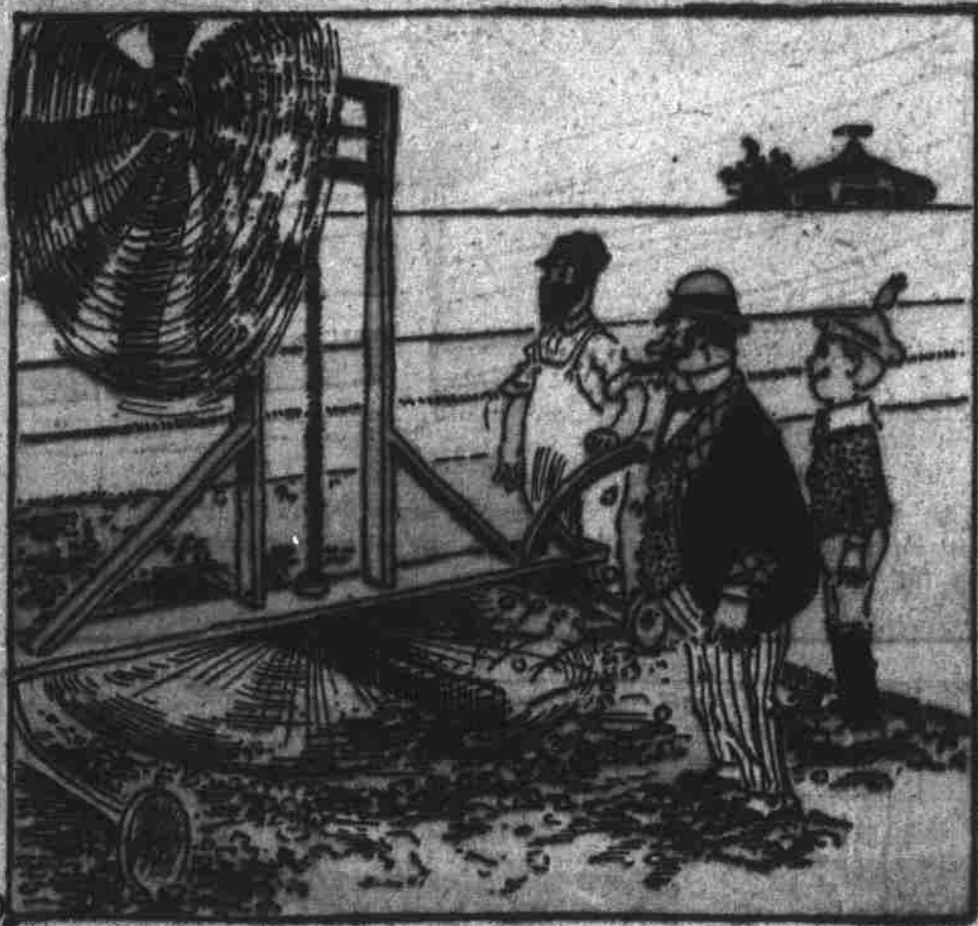


WILLIE GETS INTO TROUBLE WITH HIS LATEST INVENTION



DEAR TOMMY: I invented this rake to help Sandy, our gardener. It was doing the work nicely, when the wind freshened, and we all got pelted with the dirt.
Yours, etc., WILLIE.



JINGLING JOHNSON MEETS AN OBSTREPEROUS MULE

BIRDS HAVE NESTS AND FOXES, HOLES TO REST IN, WHEN THEY'RE WEARY WE HAVE NO PLACE TO LAY OUR HEADS AND ALL IS DARK AND DREARY.



WE HAVE NO PILLOWS, STUFFED WITH HAIR AND NOT A SINGLE BLANKET. BUT GLORY BE! WE'RE FREE FROM BOILS, FOR WHICH WE CAN BE THANKIT.



MAN WANTS BUT LITTLE HERE BELOW BEFORE HE'S DEAD AND BURIED. WE'VE SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR— WE NEITHER ONE ARE MARRIED.



FAIR GREETING, LONG HAIR, LEATHER BEAST. I GIVE THE GLAD SOME GREETING, BENEATH THAT INKY RUBBER, WIDE A NOBLE HEART IS BEATING.



THE AVALANCHE ROLLED DOWN THE HILL INTO THE BAY OF FUNDY THE POPULATION FELT QUITE BLUE— THIS HAPPENED ON A MONDAY



A GATLING GUN AND THE HEELS OF A MULE. MAKE A CARNAGE THAT IS FEARFUL! THE GATLING GUN KILLS YOU OUTRIGHT, WHILE THE OTHER LEAVES YOU TEARFUL.

