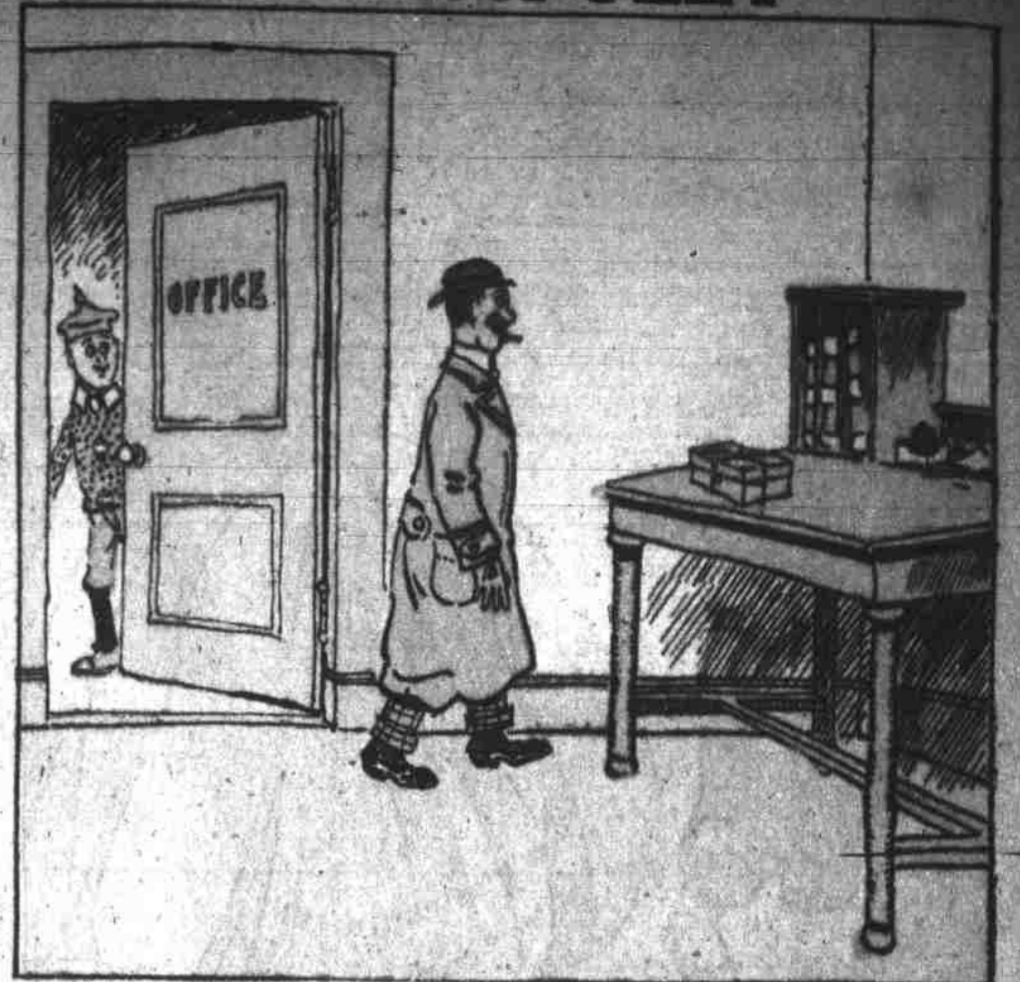
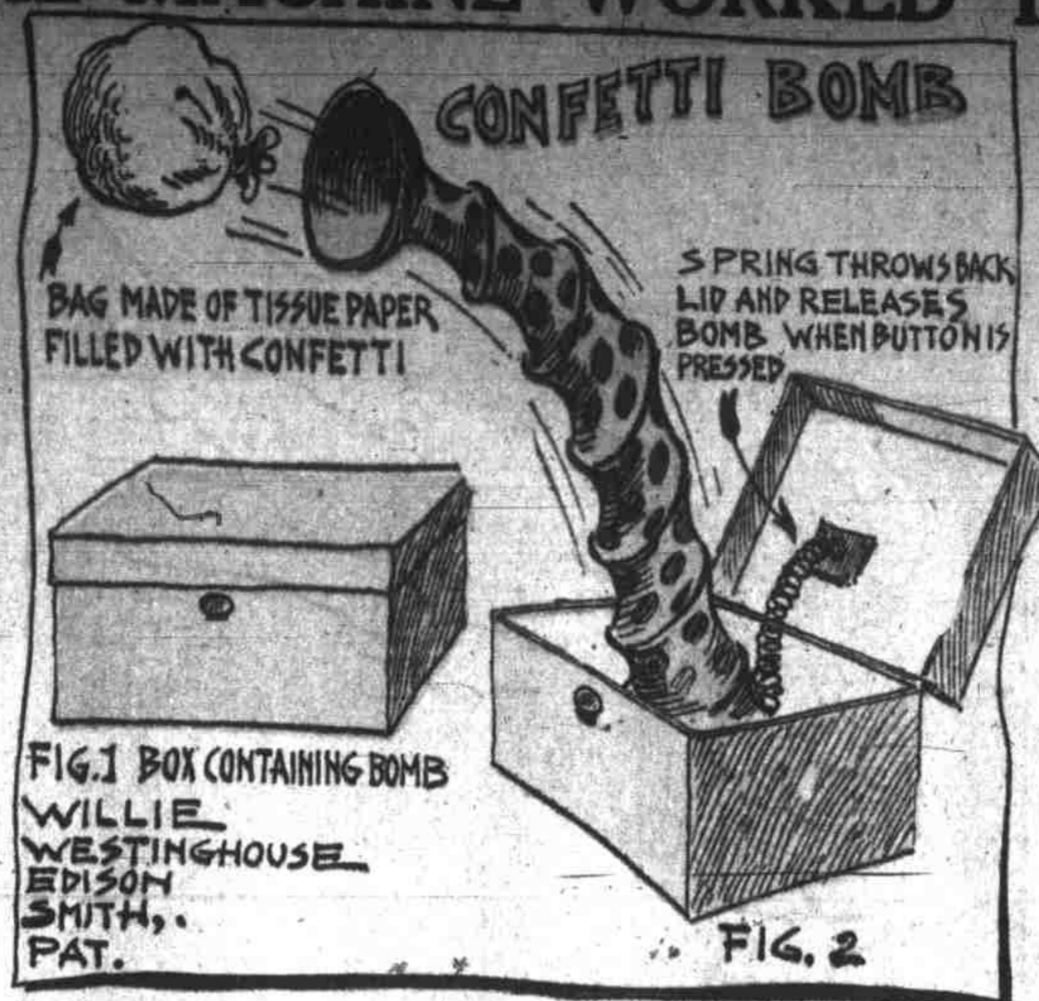
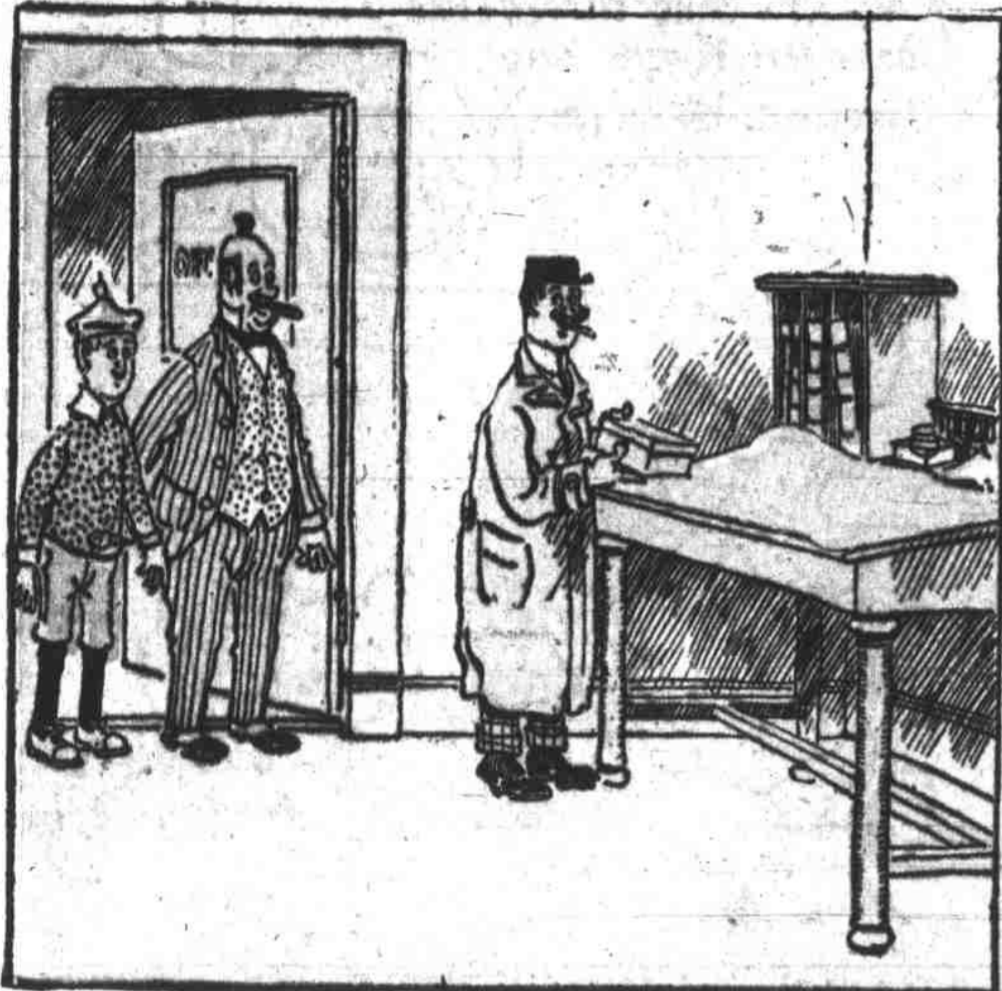


WILLIE'S INFERNAL MACHINE WORKED TOO SUCCESSFULLY



DEAR TOMMY: Our shipping clerk wastes about half his time drawing pictures of the office force. After I caught him making a caricature of me, I fixed up a box like this and sent it to him by parcel post. He must have suspected something, as he held it above his head to open it, and the bomb hit Papa. Tommy, it was awful, because I had mixed lampblack with the confetti!
Yours, etc.,
WILLIE.



THE MILLION-DOLLAR KID—HE MAKES A CALL

