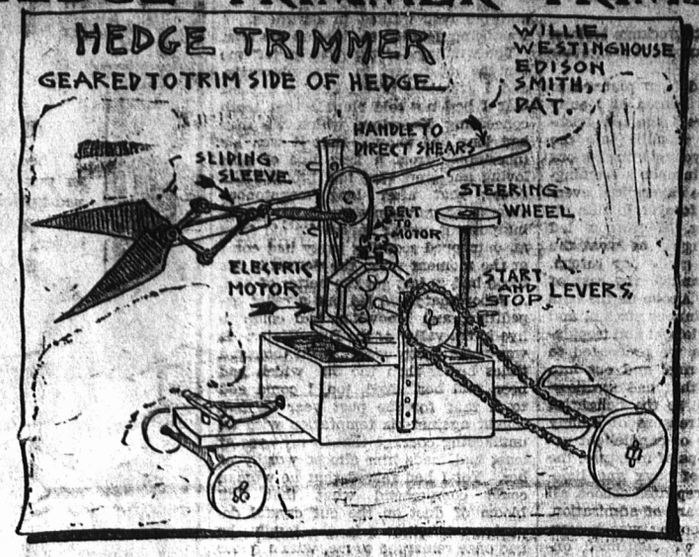
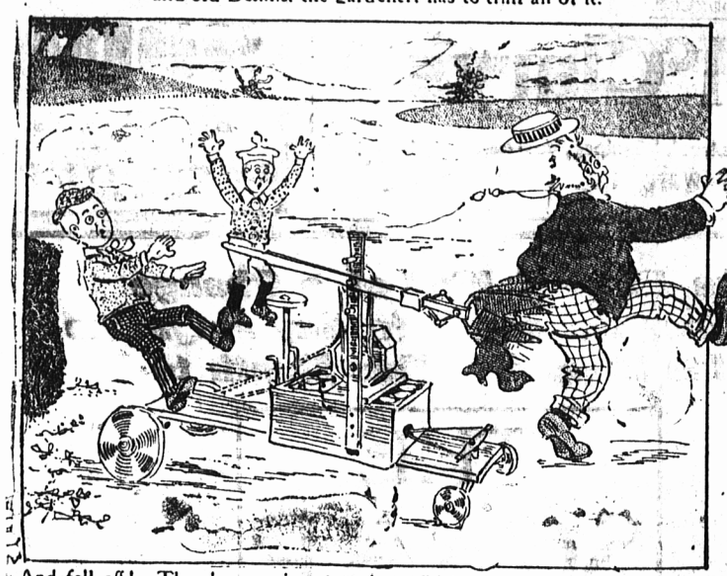
WILLIE'S HEDGE TRIMMER TRIMS MR. JONES

Dear Tommy—They've got about a mile of hedge on the Jones place, and old Dennis, the gardener, has to trim all of it.



It's such slow work that Johnny and I built a machine like this to help Dennis out.

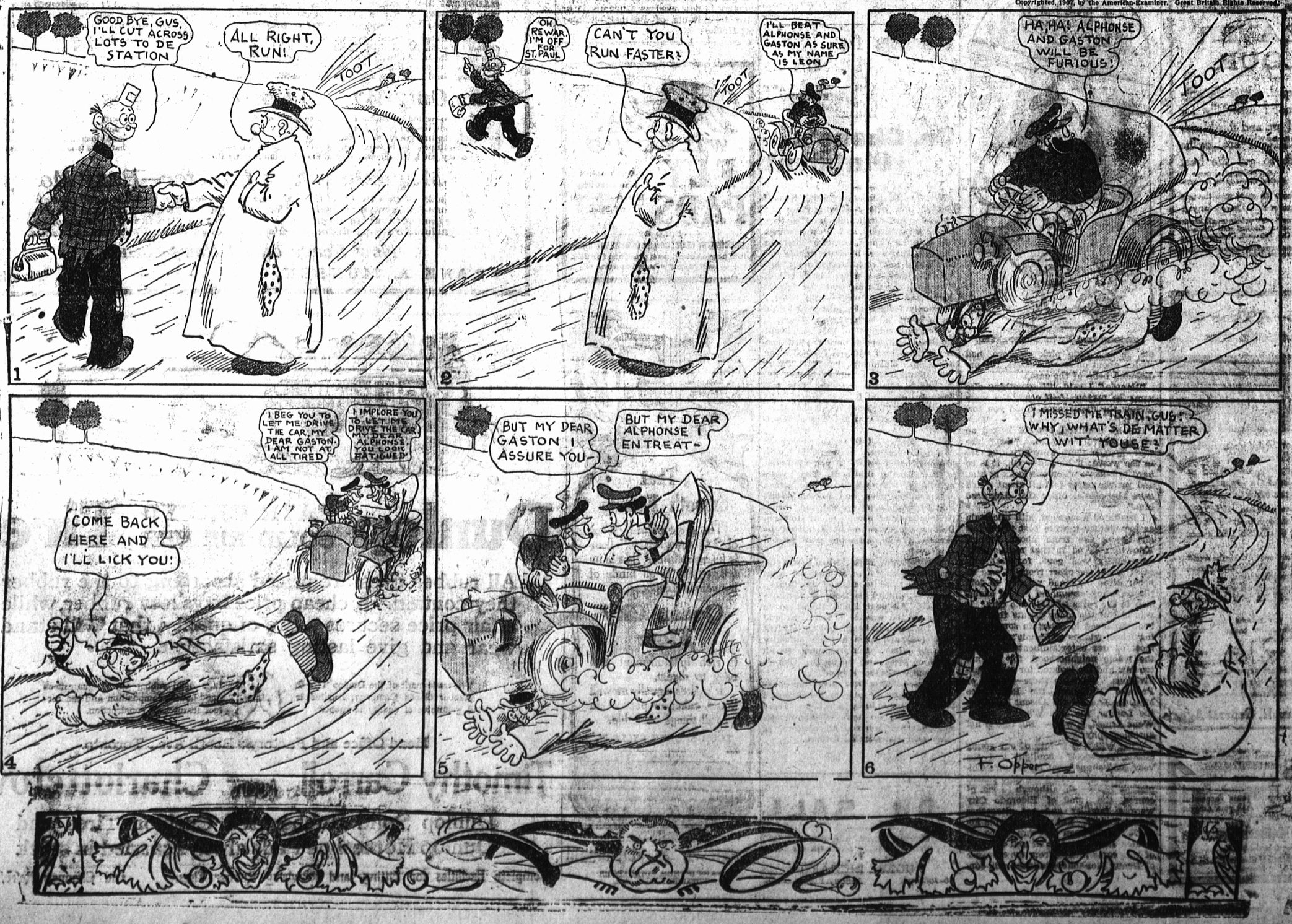
It did the work in no time at all, until Johnny tried to turn it around.



And fell off! The shears snipped a piece off Mr. Jones' coat and ran wild.

We all had an exciting time, but nobody got hurt.

Mr. Jones told me that if I didn't stop inventing things he wouldn't let Johnny play with me any more. Yours, Willie.

HAPPY HOOLIGAN IS OFF AT LAST! (BUT HE COMES BACK)

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