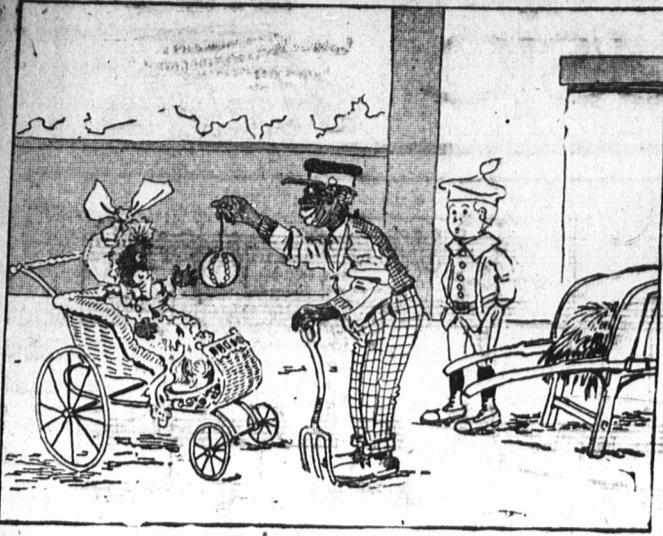
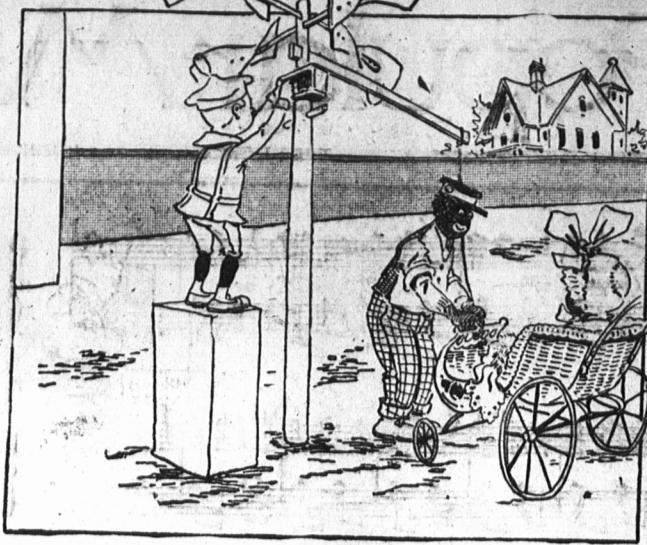


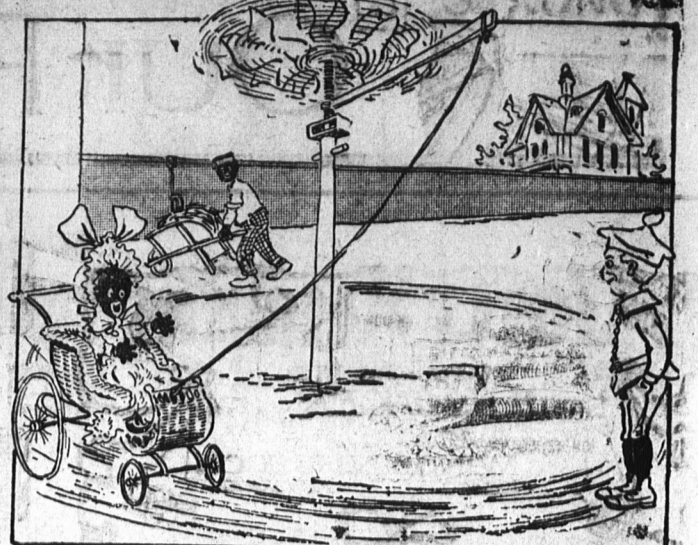
WILLIE'S WINDMILL WAS ALL RIGHT! BUT THE WIND WAS TOO STRONG



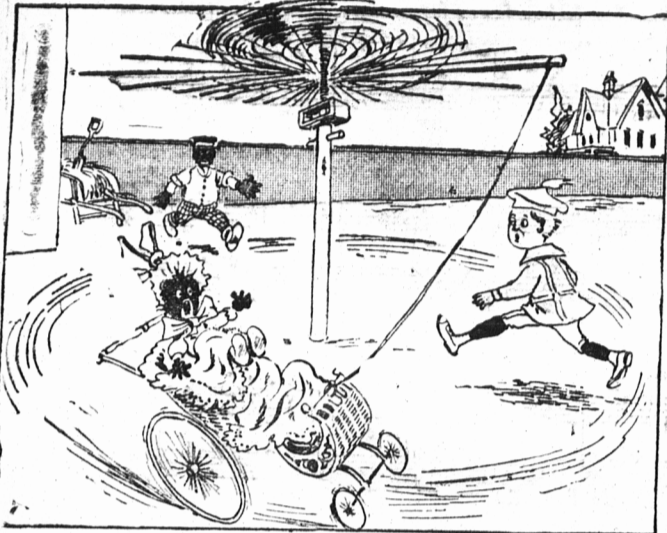
Dear Tommy—Jim brought his baby over to the house the other day, and spent more time playing with the kid than he did working.



I built a windmill on top of a clothes post to ride the baby.



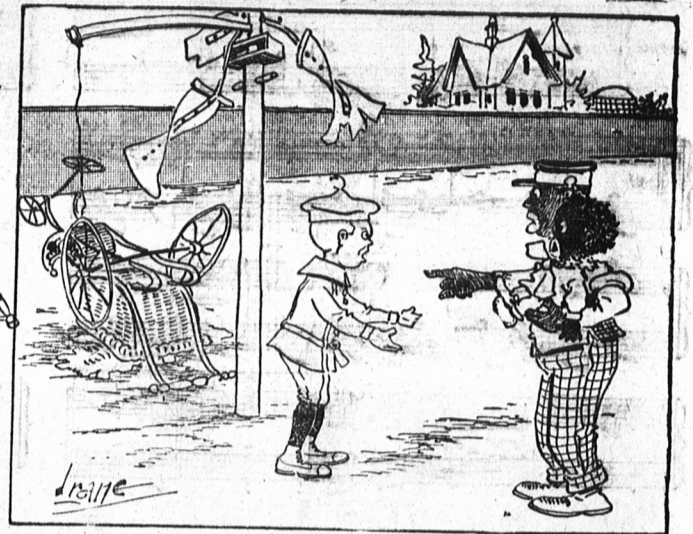
It worked fine at first, but the breeze freshened—



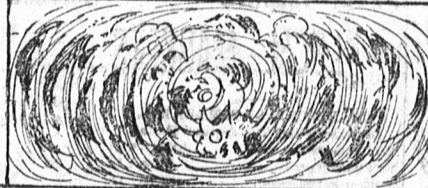
And, say, Tommy! you should have seen that pickaninny whiz around the lawn.



I climbed up the post and stopped the mill before it did any harm to the baby—



But Jim was awful mad about it. Yours, Willie.



PRETENDING PERCY EXPOSED AS A COUNTERFEIT HUMANITARIAN

