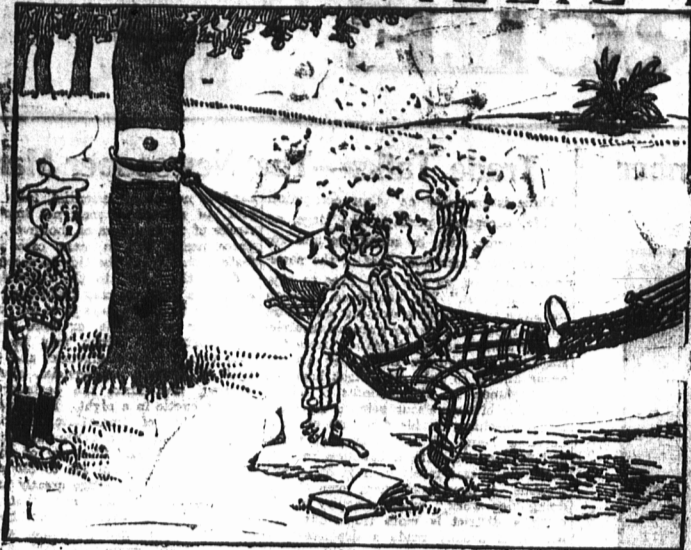


WILLIE INVENTS A SCIENTIFIC FAN.



Dear Fommy.—The mosquitoes are awfully bothersome here. They pester old Mr. Jones almost to death.



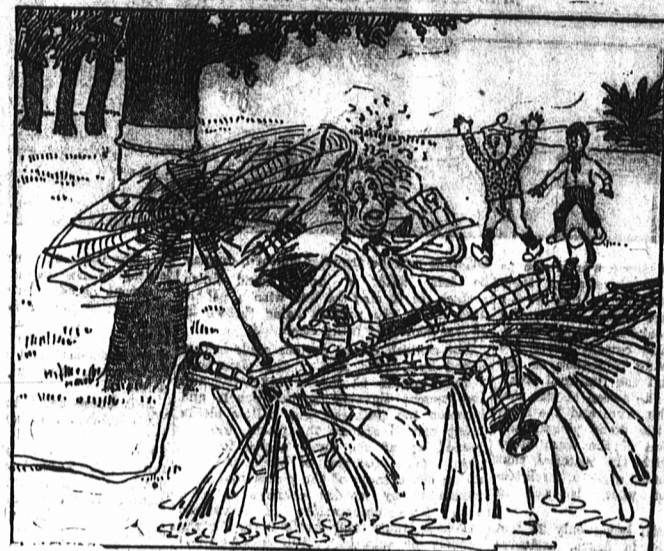
This is a new kind of fan I made for him.



It worked fine and blew all the mosquitoes away from the hammock.



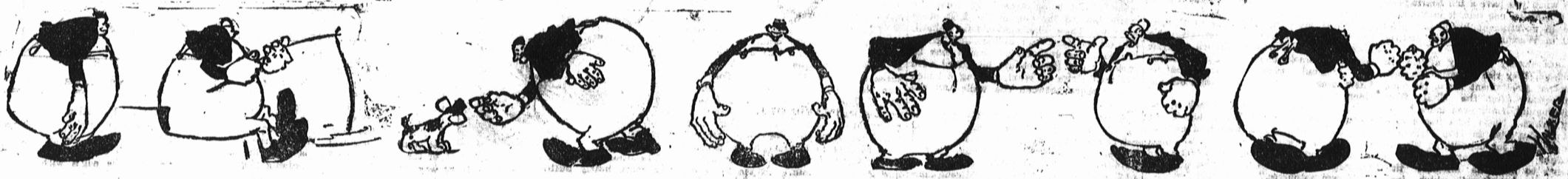
But Mr. Jones fell asleep—



and the fan caught in his hair.



Of course, Mr. Jones got soaked, and blamed me for it. Yours, Willie.



WHEN DAD WAS A BOY--HE! HE!

