TRANGE ADVENTURES OF BESSIE BUSYBODY



s-WELL. I JES' got a heap to tell you about my narrow escape from being caten by the Mongolian Man-cater. You see, we didn't know whose land we were passing,, but it didn't make much difference, as we had so stop and get water for the submarine boat anyhow.



SAWA BIG Chinese glant flying a life as hig as a house, so I went ashore and saked him if we could get some water for our boat. My, but he war an ugly looking meater? As soon as I got near anough to par how frightful he, was I wanted to run bod, to the ship.



bamboo cage that was chock full of little kids. And they were squealin' and ballin' and yallin' for their mammas, and I soon found out they had all been captured by the Mongolian Man-estes, who was very lovel of children especially when broiled and attend an access?



wouldn't by right, 'cause it didn't have tail enough. So he pulled is down and looked around for something heavy to weight the tail down. Well, sin you wouldn't believe it, but goes what he didly



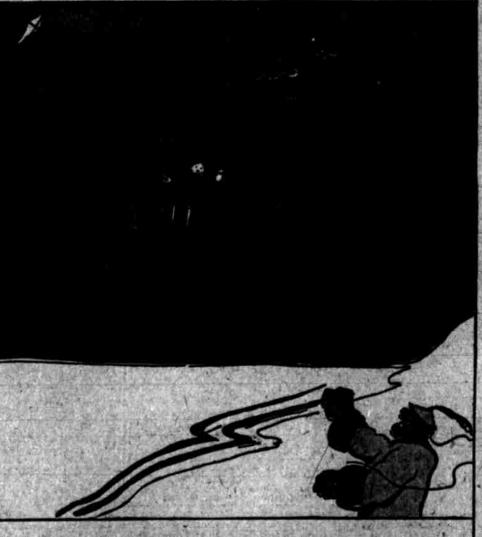
g-HE JES' OPENED that eage and took every has kid, 'cepe me, out of it and tied 'em in a string to the tail of the kite. Then he started the kite up again and it sailed heautifully, with all those poor little boys and girls acreamin' like madi



G-BUT IT WOULD not get very high, because he didn't have string enough, so he sied Mr. Kite to a stabs and started oil for more string. Then I saw my clance so make one last desperate effort to escape and gerhap ease all those poor little children.



SNATCHED up a knife the giant had been using and cut off a pace of the heavy cord. With this I tied myself to the kite string. Jes' then the grant booked around and saw I was up to some mischief. So be came, running, back shouting, frightful Chines swear words at me.



8-AN' JES' AS ME was about to carch me, shah! I cur the cord and up shot the kite, Brasic Busybody and all, leaving the Mongolian Man-enter, giving a perfect imitation of a wild man.



9-WELL, IT WAS a thrilling ride through the ser, I can tell you!
And when I dured look down, I saw the captain on the Bessie B, which was
tearing through the water after us. We did not go very high, for the
weight was too heavy on the kite, and as soon as the brocae let up a bit we
dropped down until I struck the water. It was not long then until the kite
was fastened to the bont and all the kids were hauled safely aboard.