

THE TUMBLE TALES

KAPTIN KIDDO

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J.F.



Oregon Journal

SECOND SECTION

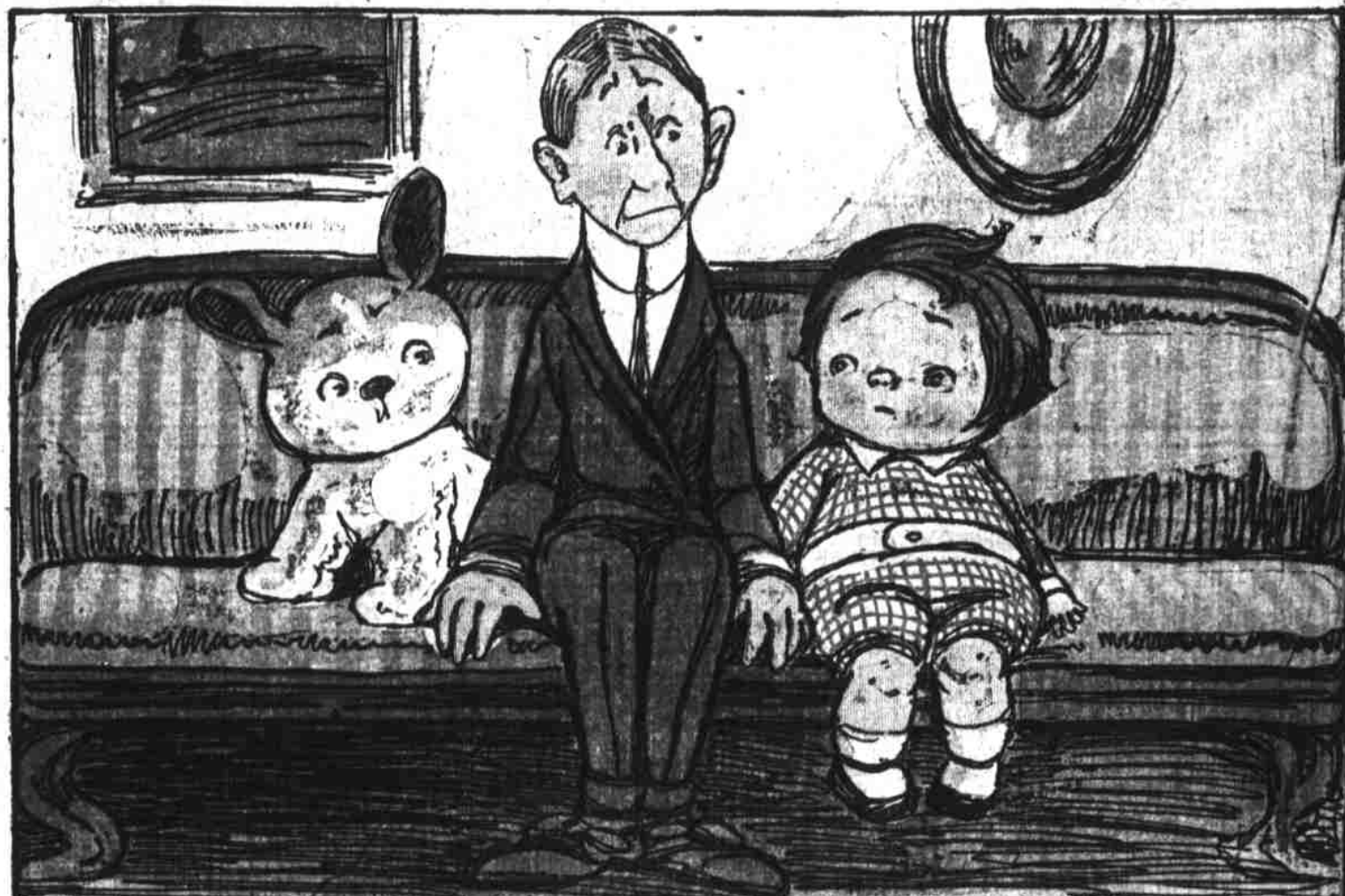
Written by MARGARET G. HAYS

Pictured by GRACE G. WIEDERSEIM

PORTLAND, OREGON, SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 15, 1911



Once mine Cousin Alice she comed to visit us, an'—an' mine Cousin Alice she's—she's orful pretty, an' she brought a whole lot o' gr-r-ent big, 'normous trunks an' she—she couldn't get nobuddy to carry 'em up steps for her's t'all an' 'course girls—girls 'ey, can't not do fings like 'at, so I—er—I— I jus' sed, "Get out o' my way all o' you, I'll— I'll carry 'em up mine own self." So I did.



An' mine Cousin Alice she said, "You is certingly a magnificent big brave hero, an' so strong!" An'—an' Cousin Alice she had a beau an' he comed to see her, an'—an' me'n Puppo we—we didn't not like him, so when he comed we sitted wif him whiles Cousin Alice was fixin' her—her hair an' some uvver curls an' puffs what she wears when comp'ny comes—an' the beau's name was Mr. Gotrox an' he's orful ugly.



An' whiles we was talkin' togever suddently—er—suddently mine Cousin Alice she—er—she setted fire to the window curtains upstairs wif the curlin' iron an' she sed, "Fi-er! Fi-er! Safe me! Hel-lup!" An' 'at ol' Mr. Gotrox he—he jus' was a n'arful coward, an' he hided un'neaf o' the sofer. Har! Har! What-che-know-'bout-'at!



An' the smoke an' fier was jus' a-pourin' down the steps an' out o' the winders an'—an'—an' flames an' ever-fing—so me'n Puppo we—we runned up the steps froo the thickest black fiery smoke, an' we hee-ard mine Cousin Alice screamin' "Hel-lup! Hel-lup!" An'—an' we hee-ard Bridgie, an' mine dee-ar Muvver sayin' "Safe me! Fire! Fire! Fire!" An' we couldn't see nobuddy but smoke.



An' suddently I finded mine dee-ar Muvver an' I—er—I safed her, an' en I tied a—er—a couple o' pillows roon' Bridgie an' I dropped her out o' the sittin' room winder wifout breakin' nuffin, an' en I finded mine Cousin Alice an' she was all fainted up, an' I carried her down steps to the parlor an' Mr. Gotrox was hidin' un'neaf o' the sofer yet.

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Ap' en me'n Puppo we putted the fire out wif—well—we putted it out—an' en—well 'en we wented down steps an' Cousin Alice she kissed me an' she sended 'at ol' horribliforous coward mans home to his own house, an' she sed, "Go home, Mr. Gotrox. You ain't no more beau o' mine—never no more!" An' she sed, "I has a magnificent big brave hero for a beau!" An' Puppo he waggled his tail an' he said, "Har! Har! Har! Oh you kiddo!"