

# THE TUMBLE TALES OF KARTIN KIDDO



## Oregon Journal

SECOND SECTION

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Pictured by GRACE G. DRAYTON

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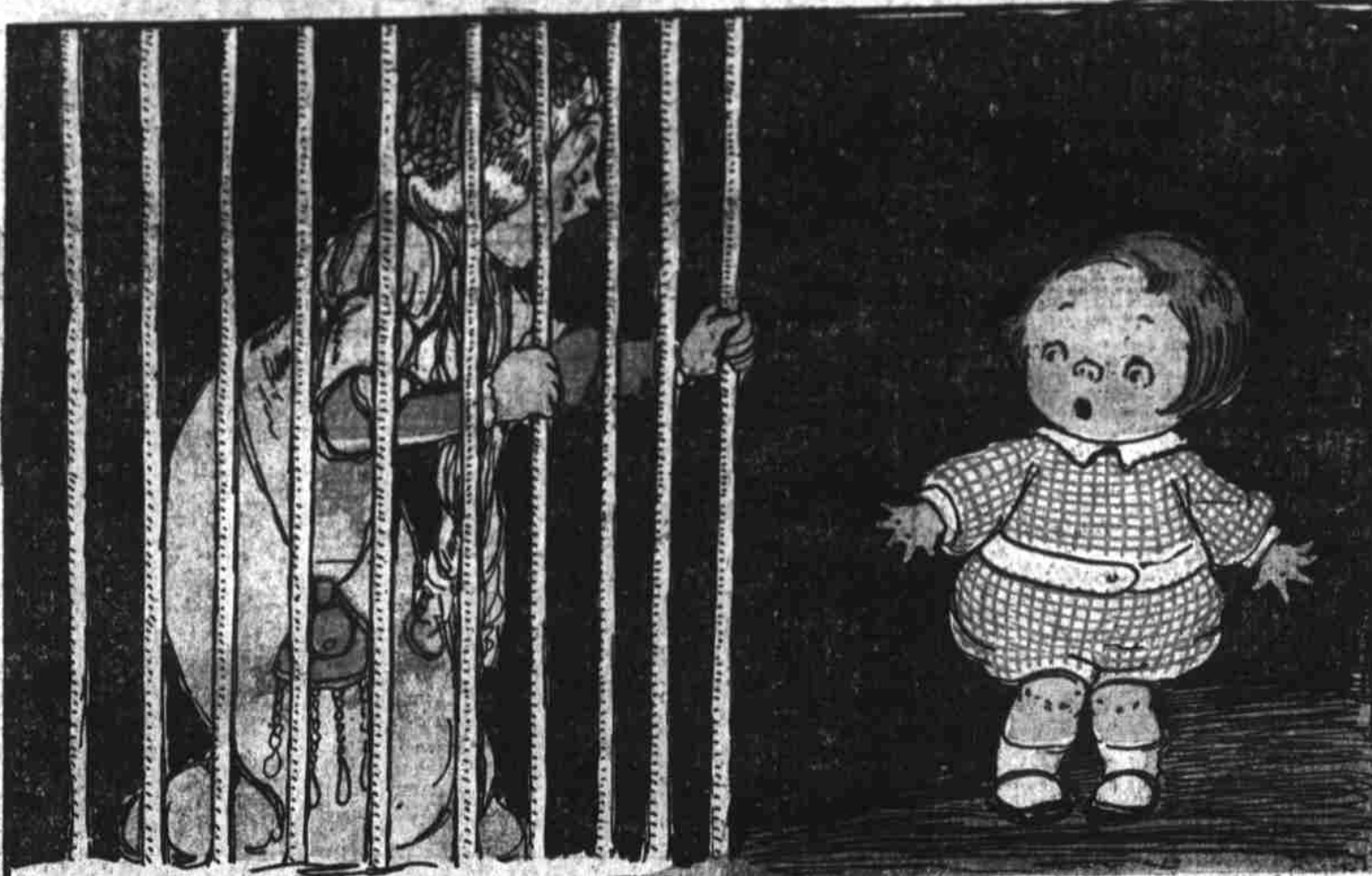
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Mine Uncle Ned gived me a—funny-graft for mine birtday. It's a n'orful nice fmg, a box an' a horn an' a lot o' black dinner plates called records, an' you put one o' the dinner plates on an' it goes roun' an' roun', an' one o' the ladies or gemplums what lives in the box commences to sing or talk magniferously jus' like grand uproar.



An' one day one o' the ladies was singin' a—a n'orful strong, squeaky kind o' a song, an' she was screemin' somepin orful, an' Pupp he gotted scared an' he roun' downstairs an' she was screemin' "tra-la-la-a-la! Hellup! Oh, hellup!" An'—an' I—I gotted a chair an' I climbed right into the horn o' the funny graft.



An' I roun' down some—er—some steps an'—I—I finded a bu'ful Prim—Prim-o-dumny, all locked up in a 'litle bird cage an' she was cryin' an' sobbin'—an' she sed a n'orful bad ol' magician had locked her up ther' an' he turned her into a crank so she'd sing for his funny-graft. Now, what-che-know-bout-at?



So I sed, "Don-che-cry, poor Prim-o-Dumny," I sed, "I'll set you free." 'En I opened the door o' the cage an' she flied out an' 'en ther' was a n'uvver cage wif a lovely big fat gemplum locked in it, an' he was cryin' an' cryin', an' I left him out, too, an' ther' was a lot o' folks shutted up ther' in the box o' mine birtday funny-graft, an' I setted 'em all free.



An' we squeeze out froo a litle's teenies' door an' we got out o' the big horn o' mine birtday funny-graft, an'—an' all o' those uproar ladies an' gemplums was so 'lighted to get free an' 'ey kissed me an' sed, "You is certainly one big magniferous hero!" An' 'ey—'ey—'ey—well, 'ey all flied out o' the winder far—fa-ar away, till you couldn't see 'em no more.

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An' 'ey broked a whole lot o' the big black dinner plates, an' mine Cousin Alice comed in an' she sed, "Oh, look! Somebody has broked all the uproar records!" An' she sed, "Naughty Kiddo! Did you?" An' I telled her 'bout me reskewin' the Prim-o-Dumny what cried, "Hellup!" an' she (mine Cousin Alice) jus' sittid down an' laffed an' laffed, an' sed, "Oh, you Kiddo! Oh, you Kiddo!"