

THE TURBLE TALES

of MARTIN KIDDO



Oregon Journal

SECOND SECTION

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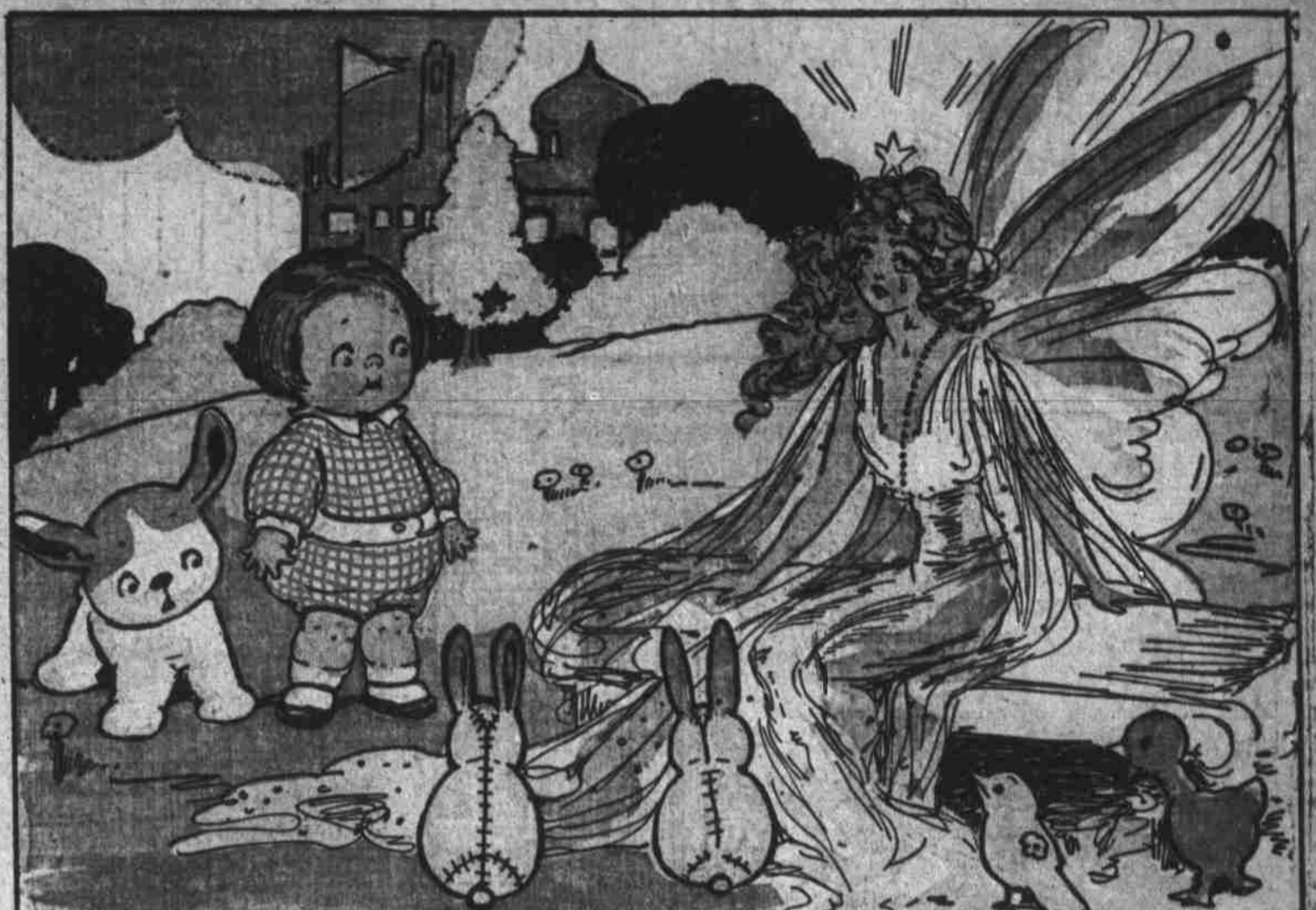
Pictured by GRACE G. DRAYTON

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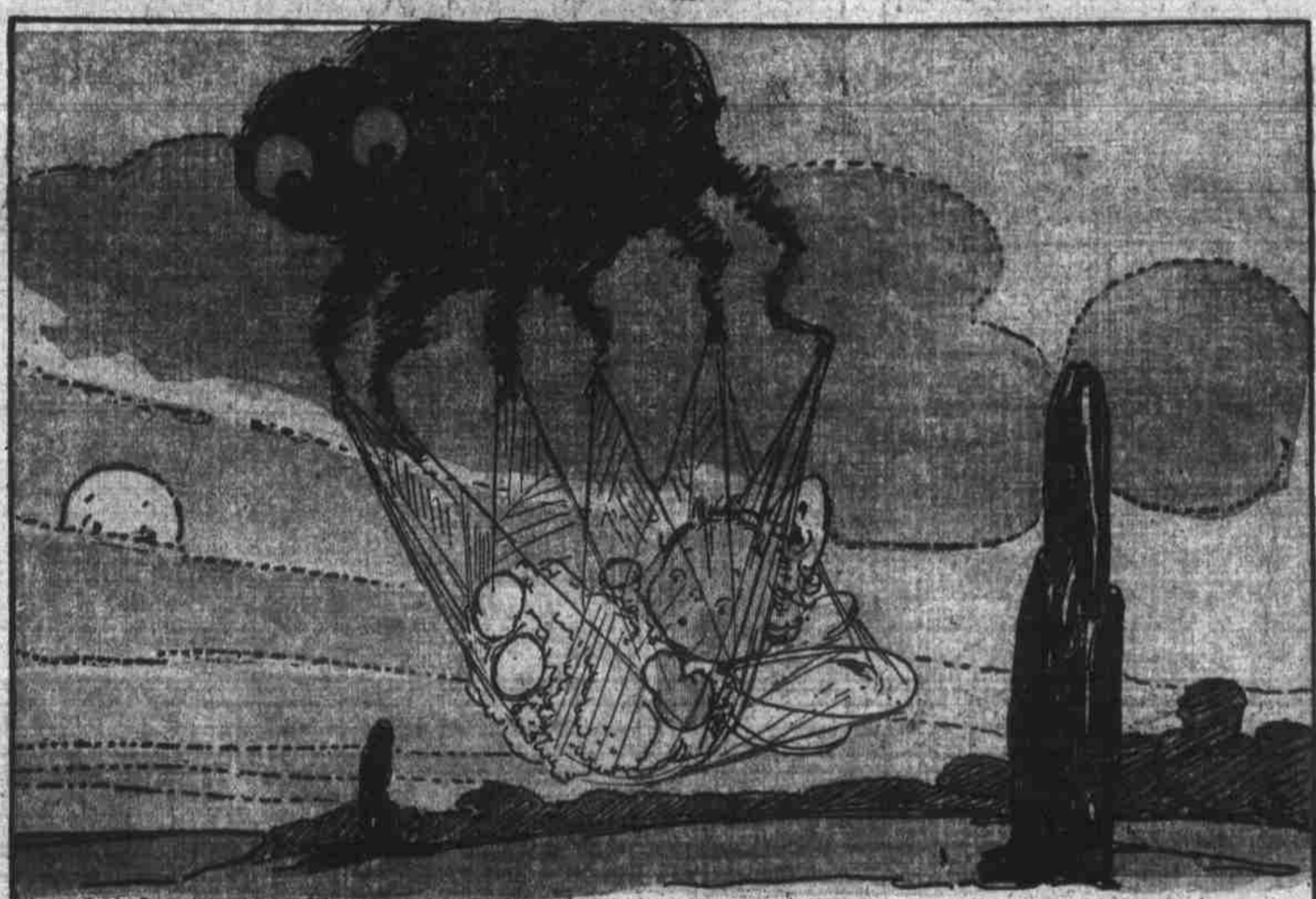
PORTLAND, OREGON, SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 23, 1912



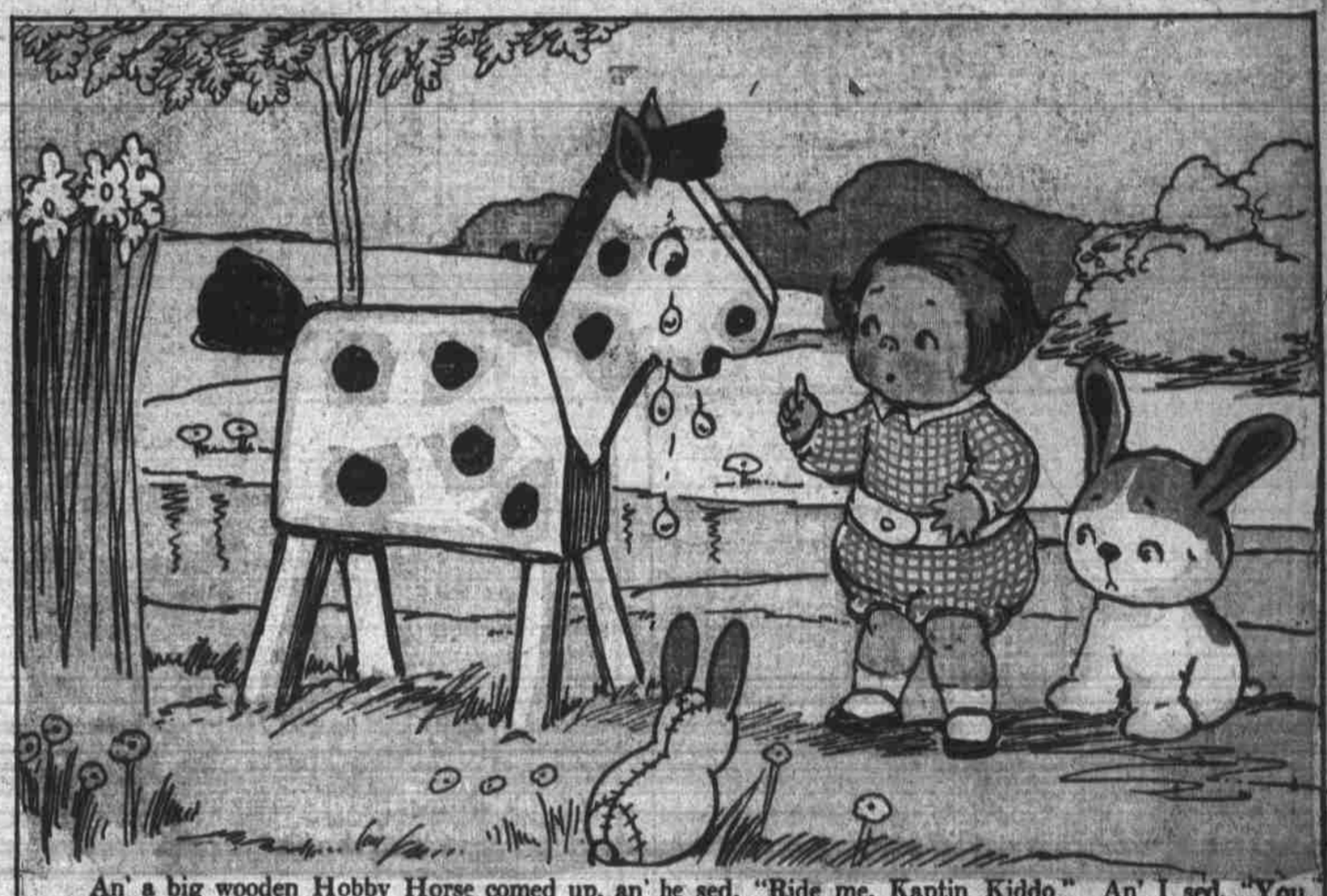
Mine Granny-ma has got a n'orful nice barn, an' one day me'n Puppo we goed up—way up—to see the golding weather cock-s-doodle-doo what lives up on top o' the barn, an'—an' what-che-know-'bout-'at—me'n Puppo sitted on his back an'—an' he flied 'way, far away wif us.



An' we flied—an' we flied till we come to—a Fairy Queen's palace, an' ther' was stuffed flannen bunnies a-playin' on the grass an' ther' was lots o' flower ladys and gemplums dancin' roun' ther' an' the bufules' Fairy Queen you mos' ever saw.



An' she was a-cryin' 'cause she sed a n'orful bad Spider had takened her dee-ar' 'ittle fairy girl 'way, far away in a cobweb airship an' nobody couldn't not save her, 'cause, see, the fairies'd all get ther' wingses all tangled up wif cobwebs, an' she'd asked the weather cock to bring me to help her.



An' a big wooden Hobby Horse come up, an' he sed, "Ride me, Kaptin Kiddo" An' I sed, "You can't fly, can you?" An' he cried, an' cried, an' the tears turned to marbles, an' me'n Puppo we safed bags an' bags full o' 'em to play wif, an' the Hobby Horse runned back to his—back to his box 'cause he couldn't not fly.



So me'n Puppo we gotted on board o' the weather cock 'cause he was made o' pure sollit gold, an' we goed to reskew the Fairy Queen's 'ittle girl, an'—an' I shooted the bad ol' Spider A-a-a-vee-a-tor spang! bang! in his stummick—an'—an' I taked the 'ittle Fairy Girl back to her Mamma.



En the Fairy Queen she wanted me'n Puppo to stay in Fairy Land an' be fairies, but we sed we couldn't not 'cause mine dee-ar' Muvver wanted us—so we flied home on the weather cock, an'—an' we was climbin' down the ladder from the barn roof—an'—an' I telled Mickey, the stable boy, wher' I'd been at, an' he scratched his red head an' sed, "Oh you Kiddo!"

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