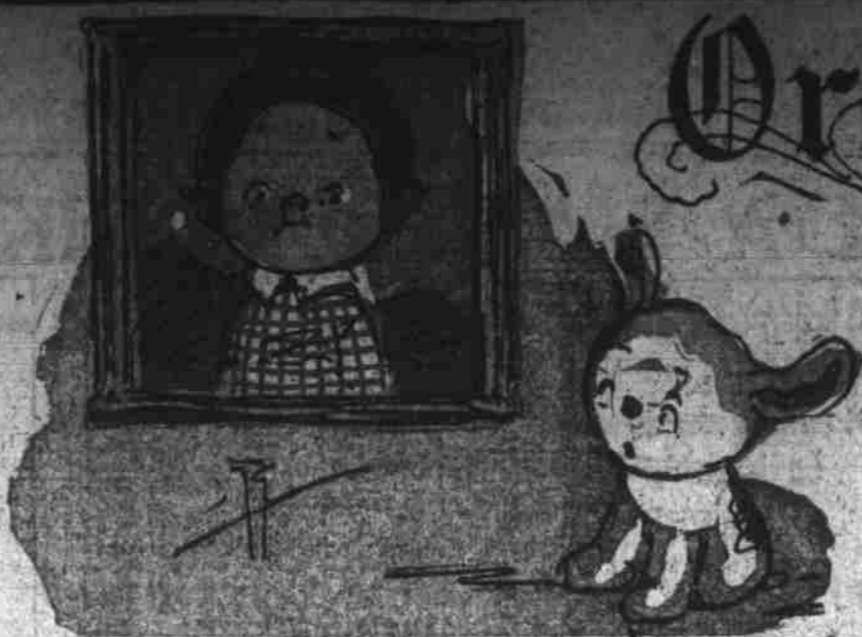


# THE TURBLE TALES of MARTIN KIDDO

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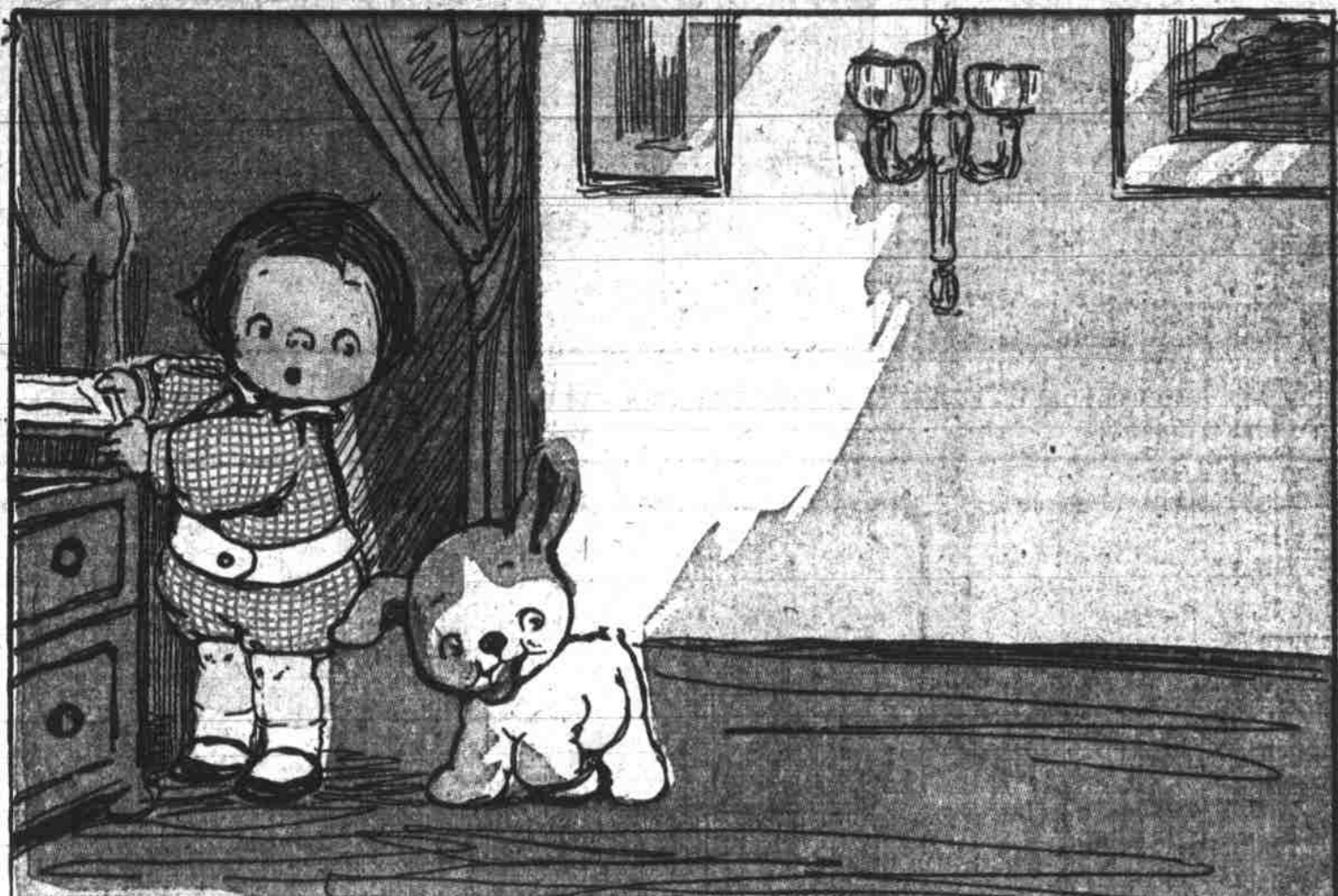
# Oregon Journal

SECOND SECTION

Written by MARGARET G. HAYS

Pictured by GRACE G. DRAYTON

PORTLAND, OREGON, SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 13, 1912



Once me'n Puppo was a-playin' wif—wif mine dee-ar Muvver's jew'ly box—an'—an' Puppo he goed to snap at a fly—an'—an' suddently we losted mine dee-ar Muvver's dimont necklace what she had buyed for one-dollar-ninety-eight—an' we couldn't not find it—not no-wher's—so—so we putted the jew'ly box away an' said nuffin to nobuddy.



An' me'n Puppo goed out to play base ball, an' I was the pitcher an'—an'—Puppo he feeled orful sick, an' he sed he's 'fraid he's got the hookworm 'cause he's got sech a pain in his 'ittle insides an' I gotted a pillow for him to lie down on—an'—an'—an' he was cryin'.



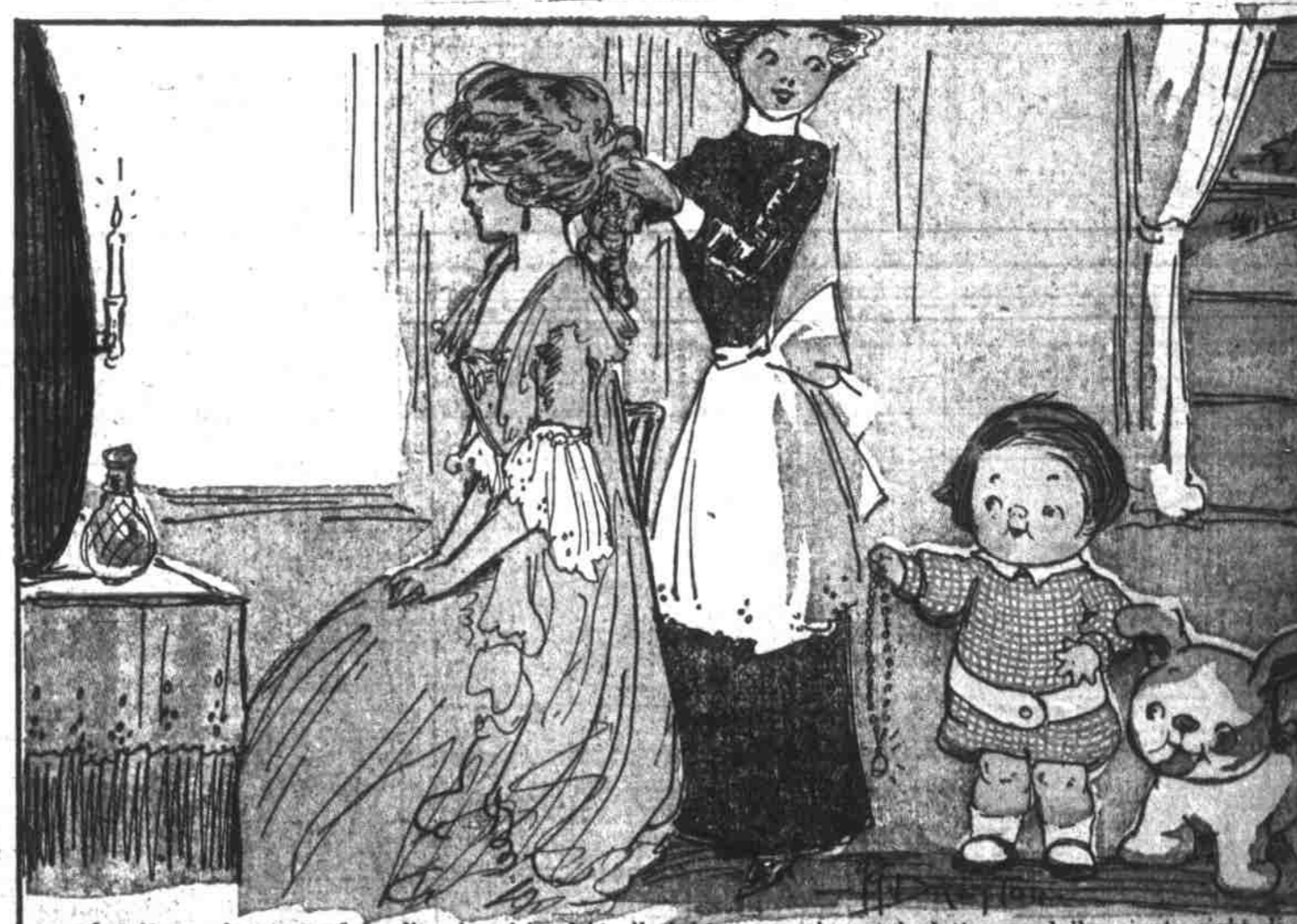
An' by'm'by I gotted mine magic lantern an' I made some X-rays an' I turned 'em on to Puppo an'—an'—what-che-know-'bout-'at? Ther' was mine dee-ar Muvver's one-dollar-ninety-eight dimont necklace all twined up in Puppo's stummick, an' it was glitterin' magniferously—but Puppo said it hurted his insides sumpin' turble.



'En mine dee-ar Muvver looked out o' the winder an' she sed, "Kiddo, where is mine one-dollar-ninety-eight dimont necklace at? I want to wear it to Mrs. Gab-fest's bridget party." An'—an'—I sed, "Wait a minute, Muvver dee-ar." I sed, "an'—an'—I'll get it for you." I sed, "I know jus' wher it is at." I sed.



So I—I gotted a little pump what was in the garding—an'—an'—I putted it down Puppo's froat an'—an' I pumped—an' I pumped—an'—an' out comed mine dee-ar Muvver's one-dollar-ninety-eight dimont necklace jus' as splendiferous as new. What-che-know-'bout-'at? (Copyright, 1912, by The North American Company.)



An' Puppo he was orful relieved, an' he felt all right now, an' we taked the one-dollar-ninety-eight dimont necklace up to mine dee-ar Muvver, an' she putted it on—an'—an' I telled her 'bout how I reskeved poor ol' Puppo wif the stummick pump, an' I sed she ort to gimme a reward for findin' the necklace, an' she gived me a kiss an' sed, "Losers makes the best finders. Oh you Kiddo!"