

THE TUMBLE TALES

OF MARTIN KIDDO



Oregon Daily Journal

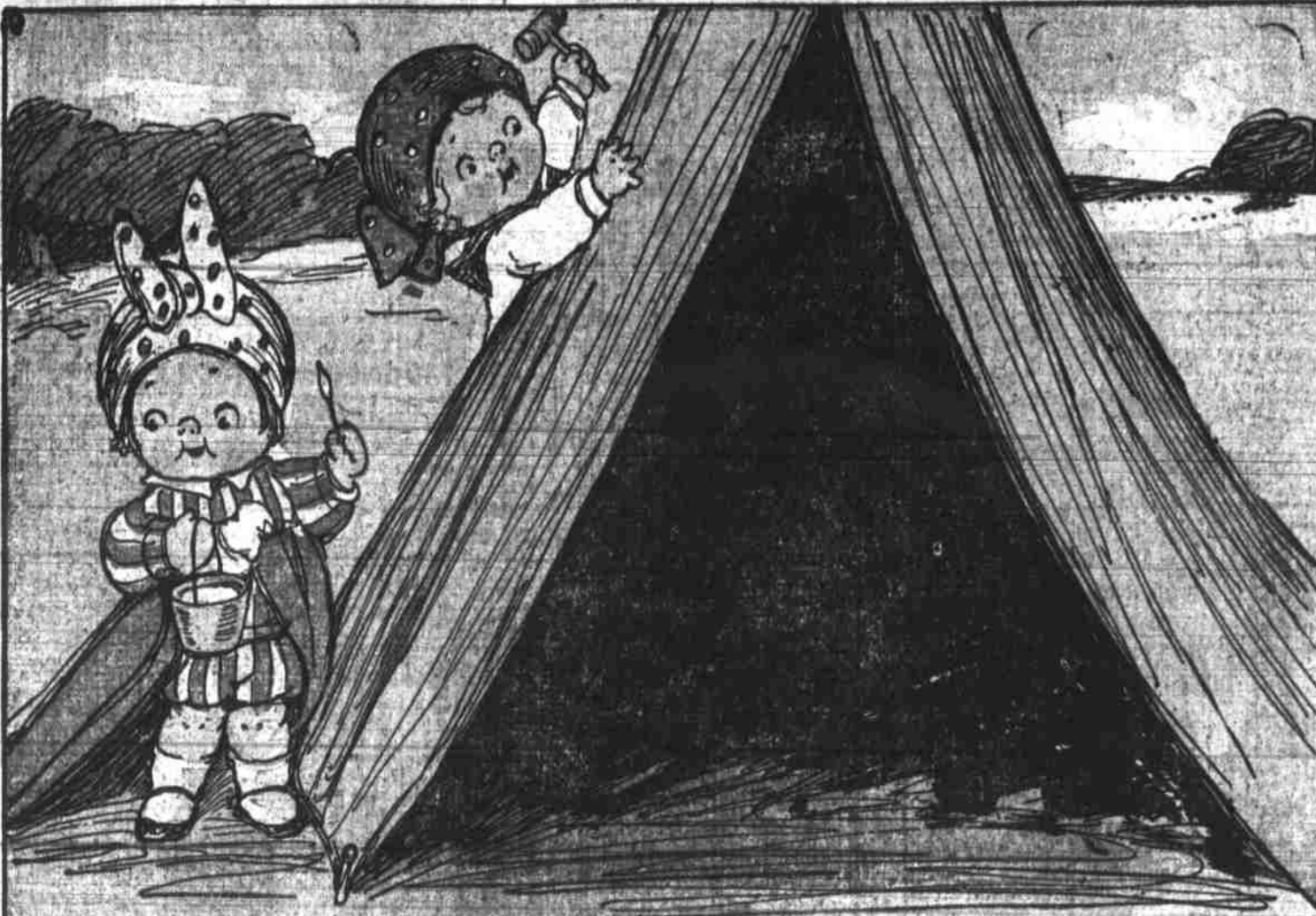
Comic Section

Written by MARGARET G. HAYS

Pictured by GRACE G. DRAYTON

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Once me'n Tommy (Tommy's the boy what sits next to me in school) we started a Palm-mystery shop—an' we gotted a lot o' Palms an' rubber trees—an' we builded a tent an' we dressed ourselfs all up rec-aly like sure-nuff Gipsy ladies—yes we did. What-che-know-bout-at?



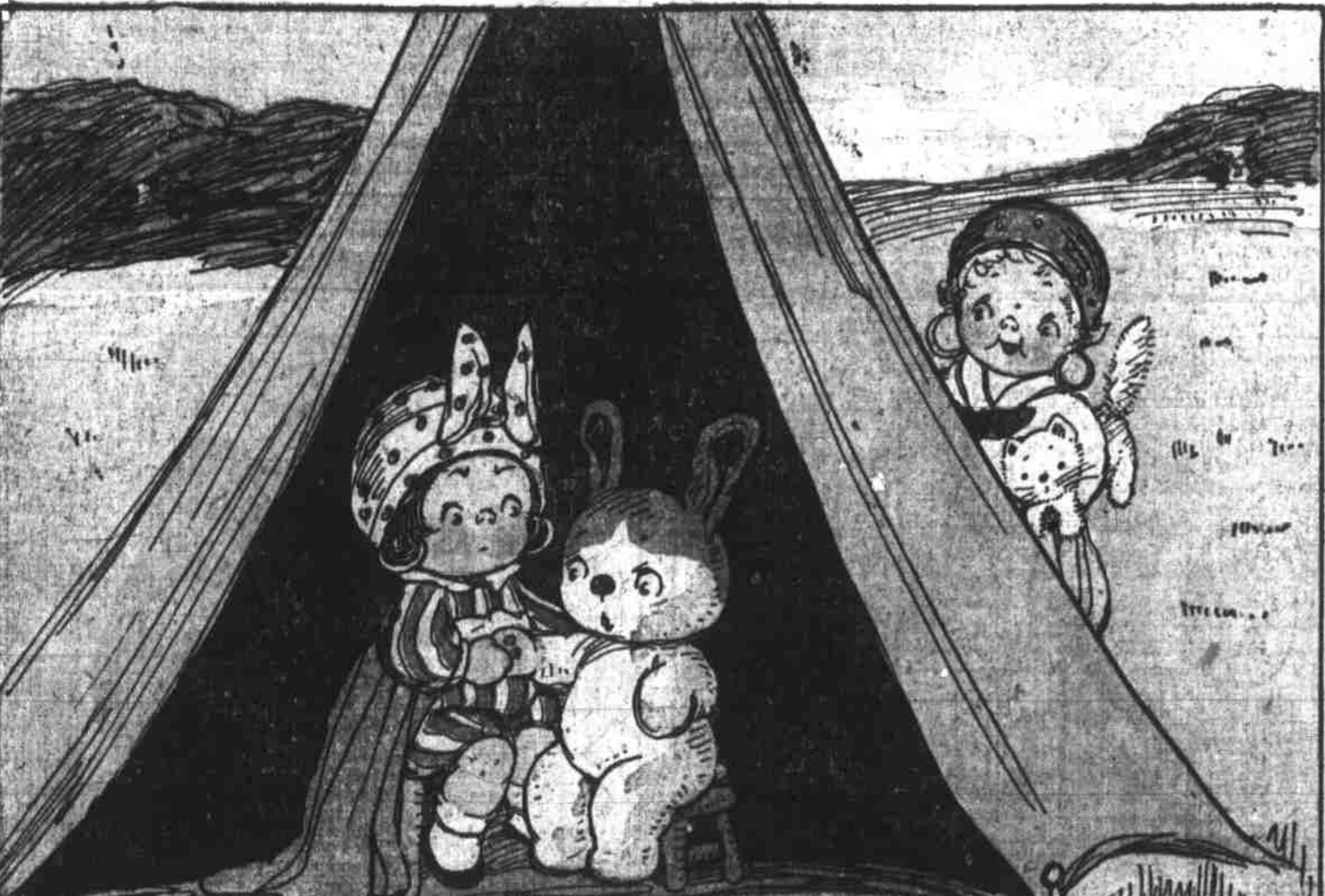
An' first comed teacher—an' I telled her fortune—I sed, "You is goin' to marry a n'orful rich gemplum—an' a naughty-mobeel—an' di-monds—an' horsies—an' moneys—an' rec-al Irish lace dresses—an'—an' candy an' eve'yfing—but—you mussent never punish a dee-ar 'ittle boy named Kiddo, 'less you'll marry the Slop Man," I sed. An' teacher luffed, but she looked scart.



'En long comed Gwendyline Vangeline May, an' I telled her, I sed, "I can see 'at you is a verry young lady," I sed, "an' you is in love wif a handsome noble youth by the name o' Kiddo. Your folks won't leave you get married yet, but pashuns, fair maid." An' Gwendyline Vangeline May sed, "Tee-hee."



'En comed Susie Smith, an' I sed, "My 'istant ('at was Tommy) will tell your forchune, fair lady," an' Tommy telled her, "I can see you is a n'orful story-teller, an' I can see you is a n'orful greedy-gut—an' I can see you is a n'orful coward—an' I can see you is a Proudly-stuck-up-tattle-taler—an'—" But Susie Smith didn't let him tell the rest—she punched his nose—an' runned 'way bawlin' an' cryin' like annyfing.



'En in comed Puppo, an' I sed, "You mus' cross my palm wif silver!" An' Puppo sed, "Ki-yi! I ain't got none!" So I sed, "Well, seein's it's you, ol' sport, never mind," I sed. An' I tooked his paw, an' I sed, "Hah! What's this! I see a sudden end—by a cat!!!" I sed. An' Puppo sed, "Ki-yi!" An' he runned 'way orful fast.



'En in comed mine-dee-ar Muvver, an' I sed, "The lions in your Palm Garden, dee-ar Lady, says 'at you have a magniferous 'ittle boy, an' you must not never scold him—an' let him eat all the jam, an' pie, an' candy he ever wants, an' you must give him ten golden pennies as soon as you go home." An' mine-dee-ar Muvver luffed an' luffed, an' she sed, "Ho-ho! Oh you funny 'ittle Kiddo!" (Copyright, 1912, by The North American Company)