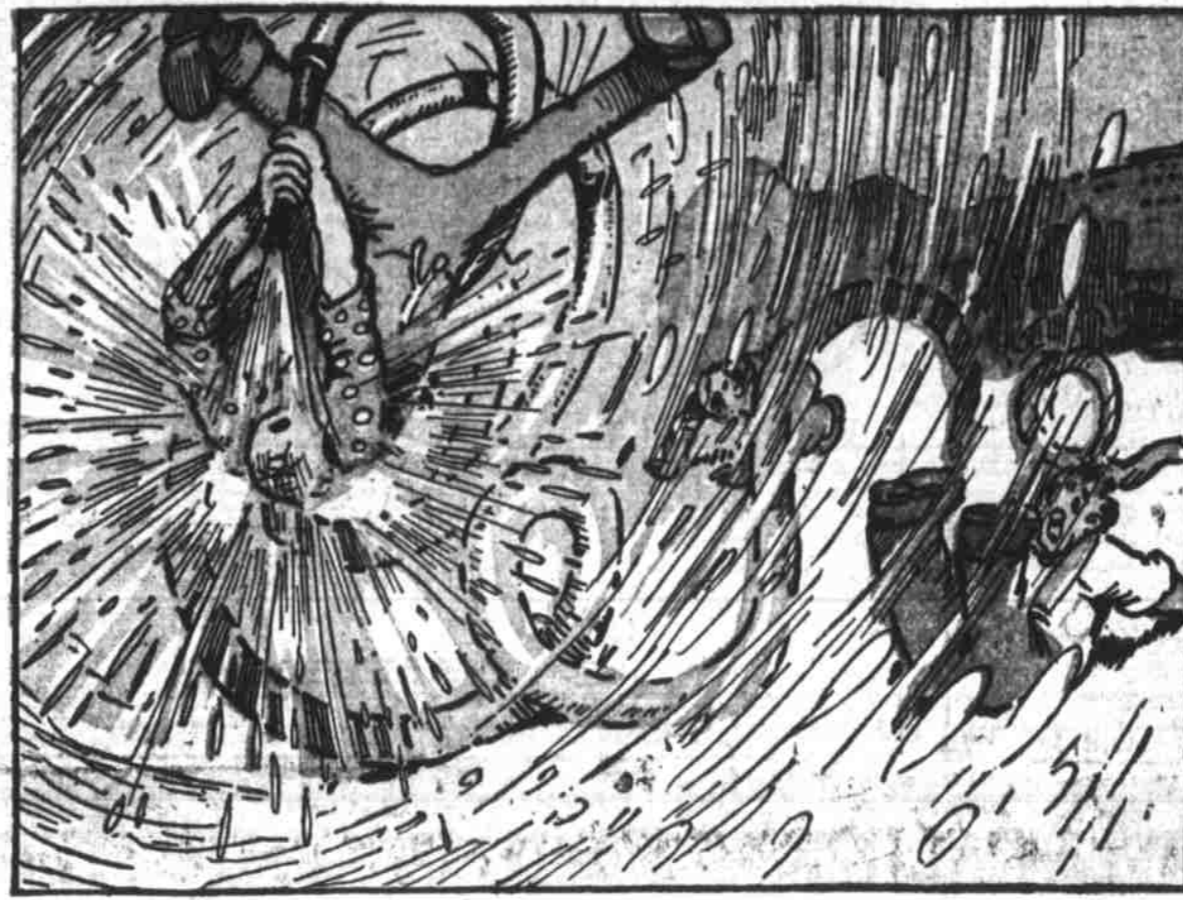
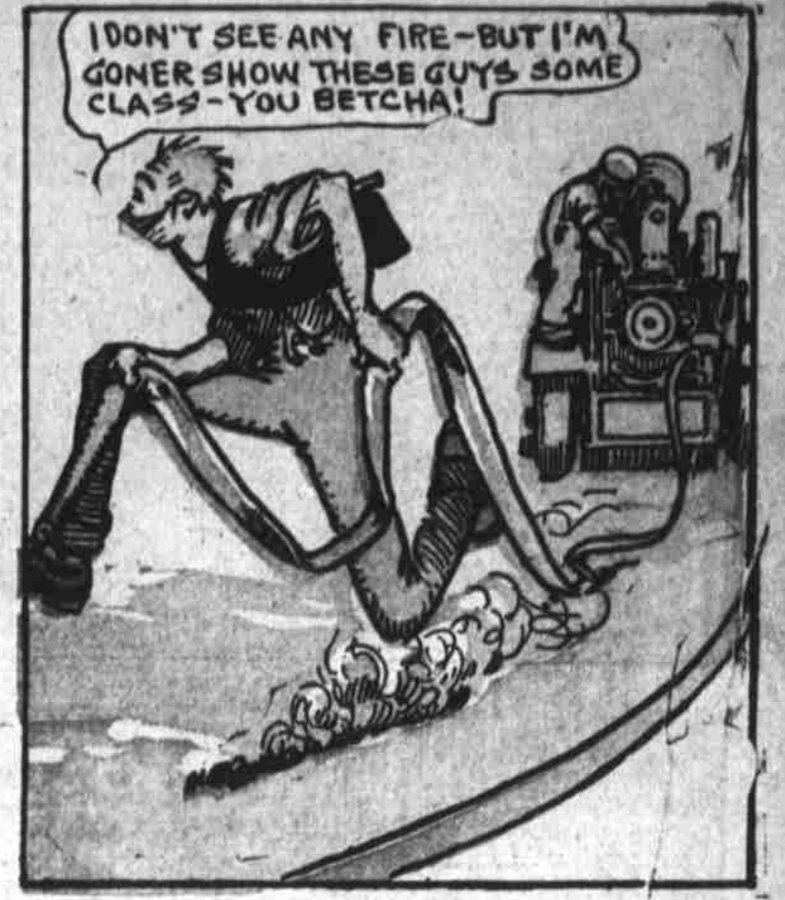
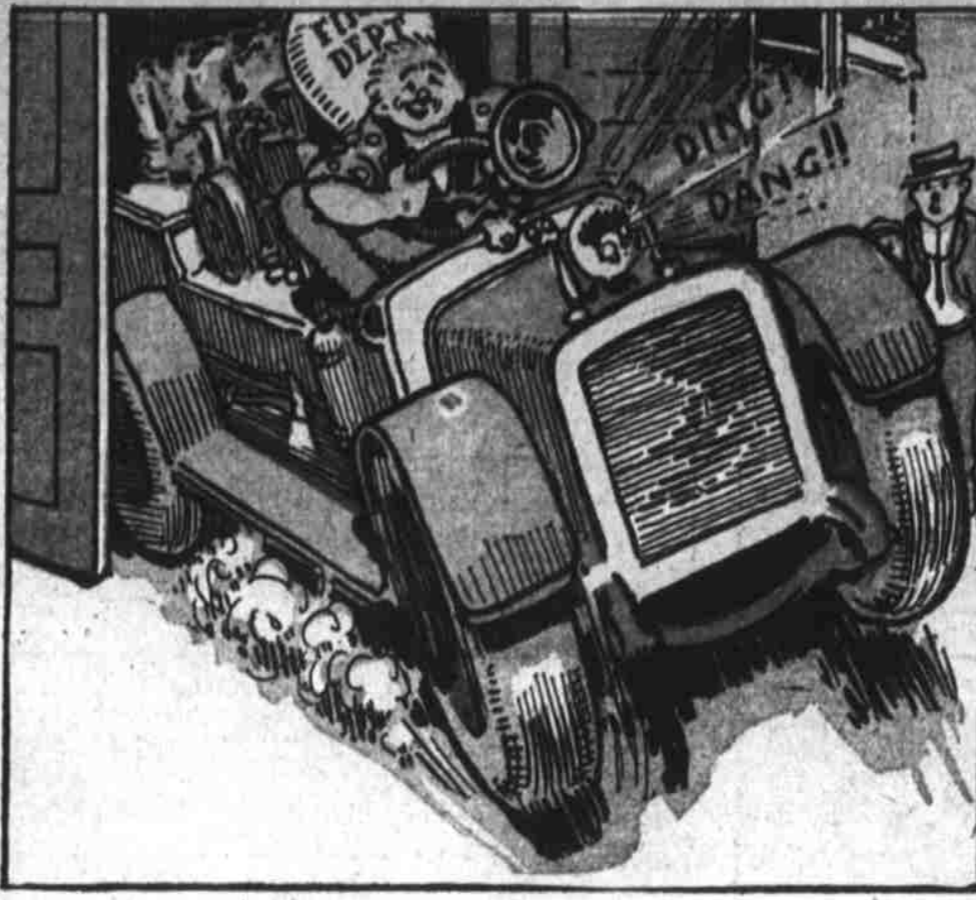


PORTLAND, OREGON, SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 28, 1913

GASOLINE GUS GOES TO THE FIRE



DOLLY DIMPLE AND HER FIREWORKS



"If other folks have fireworks," says Dolly, "why not I! Perhaps I'll find some in my book. My goodness! there's a pie!"



"What kind of pie?" she asks. "I'll get a knife and cut the crust." "Stop! Stop!" a warning voice halloos. "Look out! The thing might bust!"



"It's four-and-twenty-blackbird pie, and I'm the king, you know. It's just as good as fireworks. Stand back! I'll let her go!"



Out flies a blackbird—POP!—and bursts, with smoke and sudden roar. And POP! another one flies out. And POP—POP—POP! three more!



Out pop the blackbirds thick and fast—a glorious blaze appears. "It's dandy!" Dolly Dimple cries. "Old Glory now! Three cheers!"



"Oh, bless my heart!" the monarch gasps. "You know that I'm a king! I'll have to let you cheer, my dear, for all that sort of thing."