

# THE TURR'BLE TALES OF KAPTIN KIDDO

WRITTEN BY MARGARET G. HAYS

PICTURED BY GRACE G. WIEDERSEIM



One time they was orful mean to me at our house—somebuddy tooked some jam—an—Oh well, they was orful mean to me anny-ways, an' I was standin' in the corner o' the room—when suddenly there came Kaptin Peanut Ploochee in an' he sed—"Come quick, Kaptin Kiddo, whilst they isn't nobuddy lookin'."



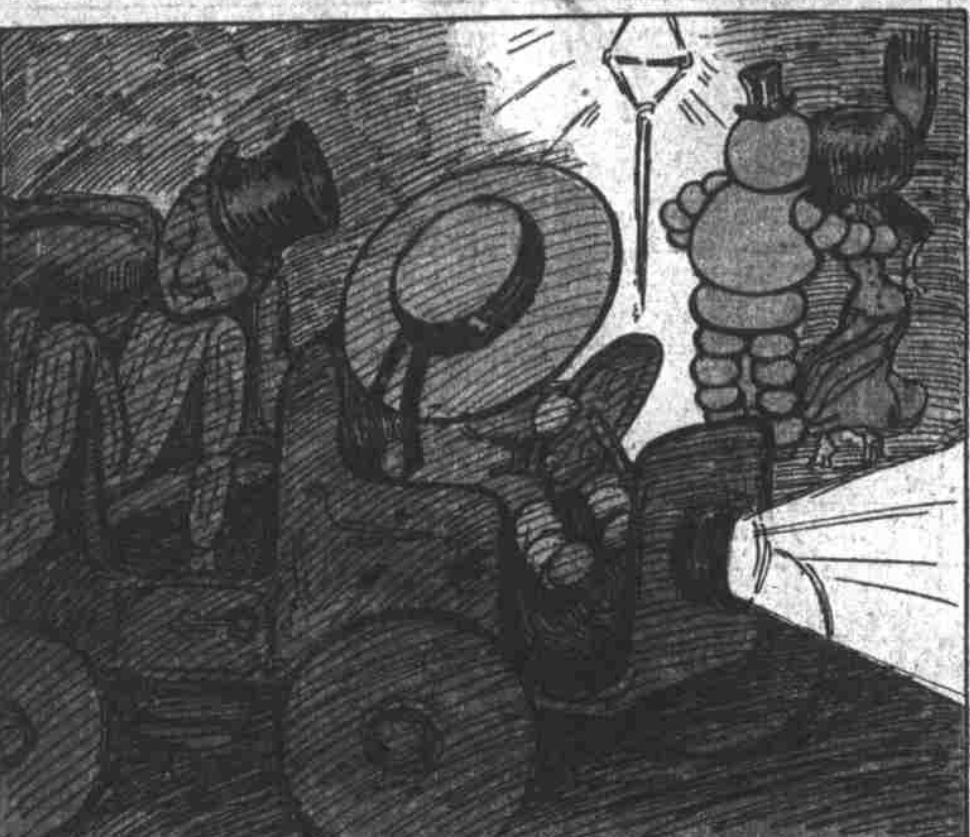
So I comed wif him an' when we was miles an' miles away—far out in the fields an' meadows—he sed, "At fat scallywag o' a Marmaduke Marmalade has stoled my Mrs. Ploochee away," he sed, an—en he laffed an' laffed an' 'most had the histericks wif grief. "Poor Kaptin Ploochee" I sed, but he winked some tears out o' his eyes an' sed—"Don-che-worry-'bout-'at-ol' feller," he sed Jes as Noble.



So we went to their house to look for her an' Kaptin Peanut Ploochee must o' bin crazy wif sadness, 'cause he was laffin' an' dancin' an' singin', "My Wife's Gone to Country Hooray!! Hooray!!" an' he putted on his high silk hat an' sed, "Come 'long ol' Sport Le's make a night o' it." An' he tooked me to a magnificent place to supper an' we had lots of goodies to eat an'—an' two big green bottles packed in a bucket o' ice, wiffed wif yellow soda water.



Mine gracious, 'at cold water was good, all bubbly an' chokin' wif little pieces o' ice—on a man bringed Kaptin Peanut Ploochee's nice long letter, but Kaptin Peanut Ploochee jes sed "Charge it." En we wented to a splendidous palace called a teeyater, an' lots o' bu'ful ladies in little bits o' shertes' pettiakirts, wif longes' pink silk stockin's (bu'ful), dancin' magnificentously. Me an' Kaptin Ploochee smacked our hands togever an' sed, "Inkkore" ('course we was orful sad, though, 'bout poor dear Mrs. Ploochee all the time).



En we wented out an' gotted in a naughty mobeel an' Kaptin Peanut Ploochee was so sad 'at he jus' layed down on the back seat an'—an' I had to make that naughty mobeel go mine own self, so I tooked ahead o' the wheel an' we went whizzin' a-long an' ther was two peoples in front o' us an' there if it wasn't Mrs. Ploochee an' a nice big plump gemp-lum all made out o'—o' oranges.



So I called to her, an' the orange gemp-lum runned away, an' she gotted in the naughty mobeel—an' we waked up Kaptin Peanut Ploochee an' I sed, "Oh, here's Mrs. Ploochee an' I founded her for you." En Kaptin Ploochee was orful rude to me—he sed—"You better run 'long home, you orful little Bizzy-body, you." Now what-che-know-'bout-that for ungratitufness! He didn't say "Tank you" or "Saddy" on'y lef' me on my doorstep o' my house an' so they drived off. He shooked his fist to me an' sed "Oh, you Kiddo, Oh you Kiddo."

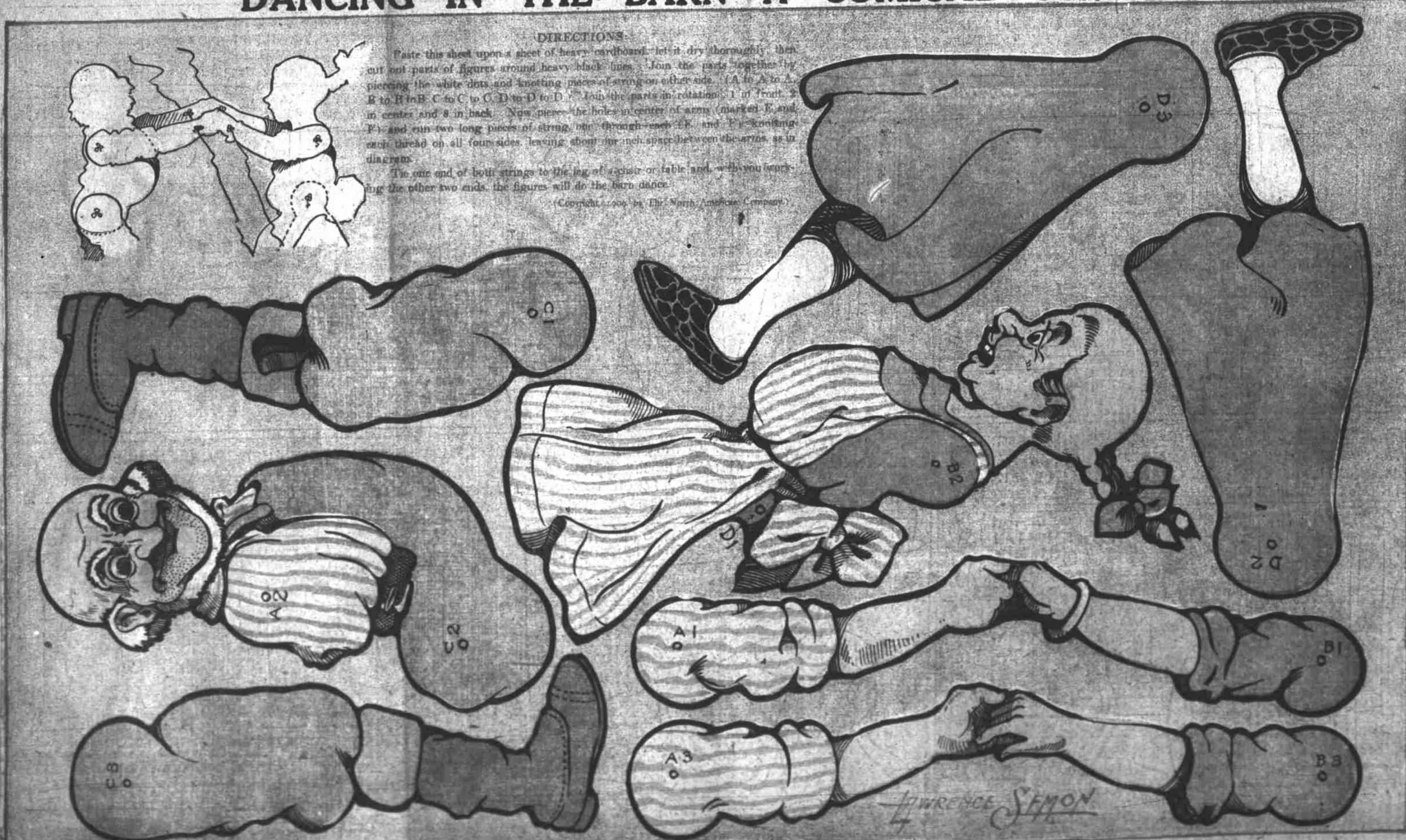
## DANCING IN THE BARN--A COMICAL CUT-OUT

### DIRECTIONS

Paste this sheet upon a sheet of heavy cardboard, let it dry thoroughly, then cut out parts of figures around heavy black lines. Join the parts together by piercing the white dots and knotting pieces of string on either side. (A to A, B to B, C to C, D to D, E to E, F to F, G to G, H to H, I to I, J to J, K to K, L to L, M to M, N to N, O to O, P to P, Q to Q, R to R, S to S, T to T, U to U, V to V, W to W, X to X, Y to Y, Z to Z.) Join the parts in rotation: 1 in front, 2 in center and 3 in back. Now pierce the holes in center of arms (marked E and F) and run two long pieces of string, one through each E and F, knotting each thread on all four sides, leaving about one inch space between the arms, as in diagram.

In one end of both strings to the top of a chair or table and, with you working the other two ends, the figures will do the barn dance.

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Lawrence Simon