

# THE TURR'BLE TALES OF KAPTIN KIDDO



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SECOND SECTION

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Pictured by GRACE G. WIEDERSEIM

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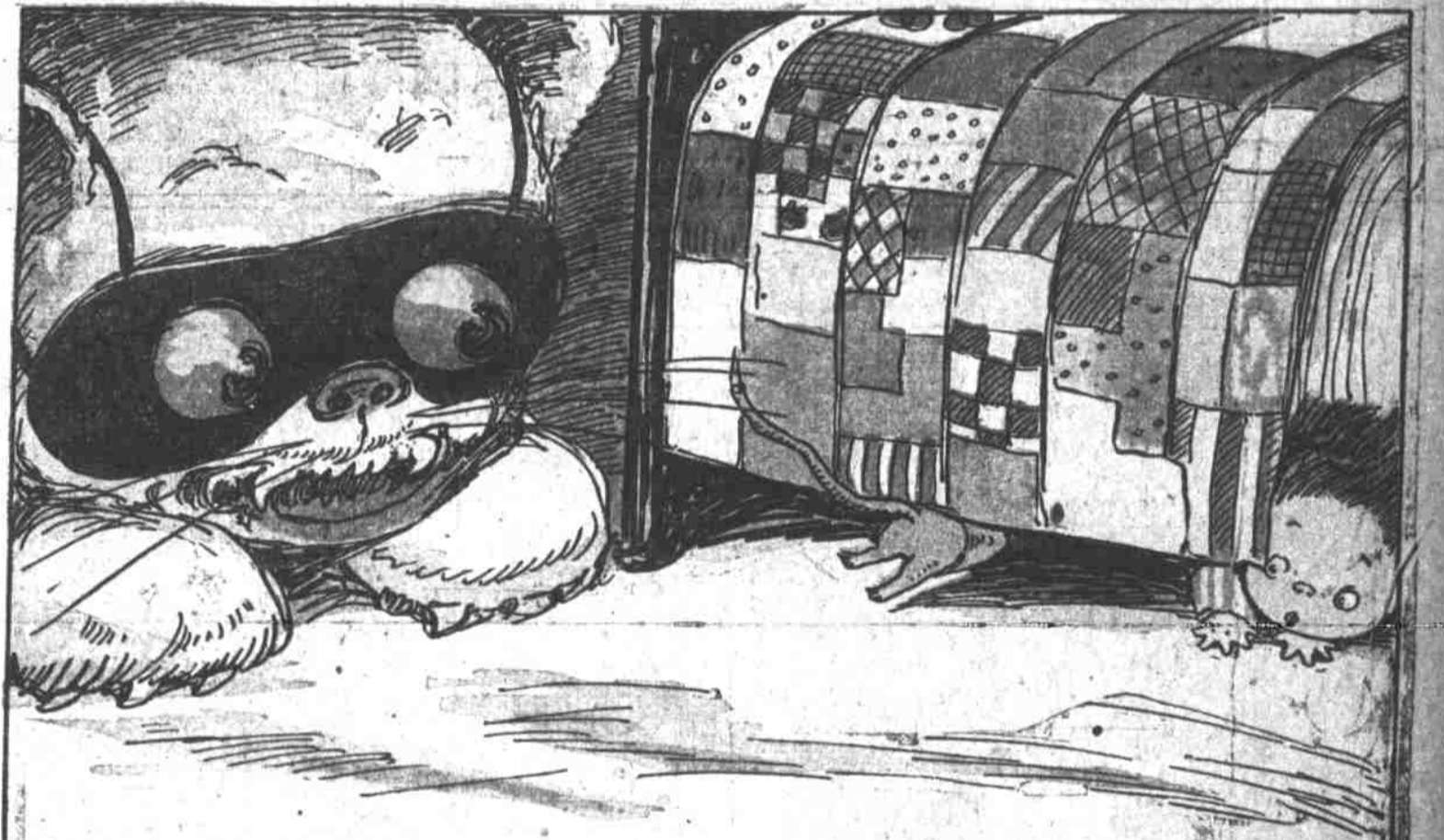
Sandy Klaws bring me the mos' magnificent lot o' fings in my stockin' on Chwistmus Day—a sled, an a n' engine, an' a drum an'—an' a s'p'wess waggin an' a—O! lots o' fings. An' I was glad 'at I'd been sech a n' orful nice good boy, I tell you. An' I gotted up early, 'fore ennybuddy else was up, I gotted the fings out o' my stockin', when it was all dark out o' doors yet, an' I was sittin' on be-side o' my bed, an' ther' comed cutes' little mouse out o' a hole in the floor.



An' he sed, "Merrie Chwistmus, Kaptin Kiddo!" An' I sed, "Same to you, Kind Sir." I sed, "An' many o' them." An' the mouse he asked me to come to his house wif him, an' he sed he'd make me little like him, an' 'en we'd go to the Chwistmus twee, downstairs, an' take a bag an' get a lot o' candy an' popcorn to take home to his little mouse childrun. 'En we went down stairs an' ther' was a magnificent, good-smellin' twinkly Chwistmus twee, an' we crawled along the branches an' gotted lots o' fings, an' a long white beard for me to play Sandy Klaws wif.



Nices' place, the mouse's house, an' cutes' little mousies, all putted to bed, an' littles' stockin's all hangin' befront o' the fireplace, an' I filled 'em bustin' full: I fink the Mousies was orful poor peoples, re-aly, so I was glad 'at I was Sandy Klaws. Ther' house was orful cold, so I builded a fire wif branches o' Chwistmus twee an' setted it orf wif my new box o' matches, an' the little mousies was orful excited, an' lighted, an' sed, "Hooray for Sandy Klaws." An' we was havin' the nices' time.



Suddenly I heard somebody say "Mee-bw." An' ther' comed a big Puss Cat robber, an' I said "Scat ther'!" An' the mousies hid underneaf the bed, an'—an' I went under it, too. 'Course I wasn't scared a bit, but I had to take care o' the poor little mousies. An' the Puss Cat robber sed, "Mee-ow." An' his eyes looked like gweat big gween lamps. 'Course I wasn't scared a bit, but 'sides that, see, I was shwinked up so small now 'at maybe the Puss Cat robber might fink 'at I was a mousee, too.



'En you know what? 'At bad ol' Puss Cat robber tooked his paw, an'—an' he drug us all out from under 'at bed, an'—an' he swallered us all up, me, an' the little mousies an' all. An' he swallered us so fast 'at his savageriferous too's never touched us, an' it was orful dark—in ther', an' I lighted a match an' sawed we was all safe—an' 'en I tooked my new sword out o' my pocket, an'—an' I cutted 'at bad ol' Puss Cat robber right in half wif it. An'—an' Wat-che-know-bout-at!

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Me an' the little mousies jumped out again, an' the Puss Cat robber was orful 'sprised, an' bof ends o' him runned away togever. An' the mousies was orful much 'bliged to me, an' 'en I said, "Well, I gussed my Muvver an' my Daddy wanted me now, to wish 'em a Merrie Chwistmus." An' I sed, "Good-bye, all o' you mousies." An' they sed, "Good-bye, an' Merrie Chwistmus, O you Kiddo!" An'—an' I hope 'at ever-buddy, an' all o' you little girls an' boys 'at joys my "Turr'ble Tales" will have a splendid Merrie Chwistmus, an'—What-che-know-bout-at!