

# THE TERRIBLE TALES of KAPTIN KIDDO

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## Oregon Journal

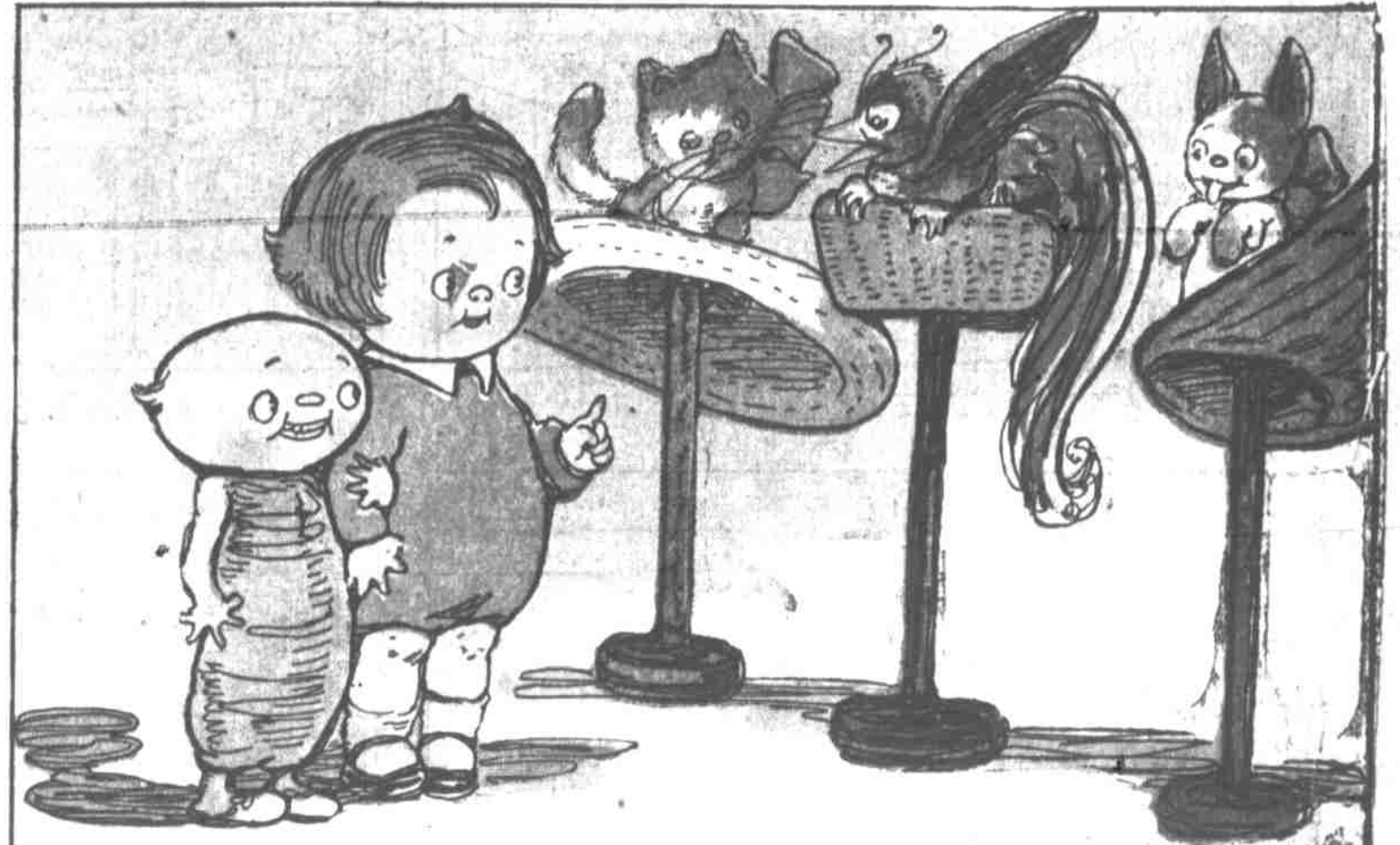
SECOND SECTION

Written by MARGARET G. HAYS  
Pictured by GRACE G. WIEDERSEIM

PORTLAND, OREGON, SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 26, 1910



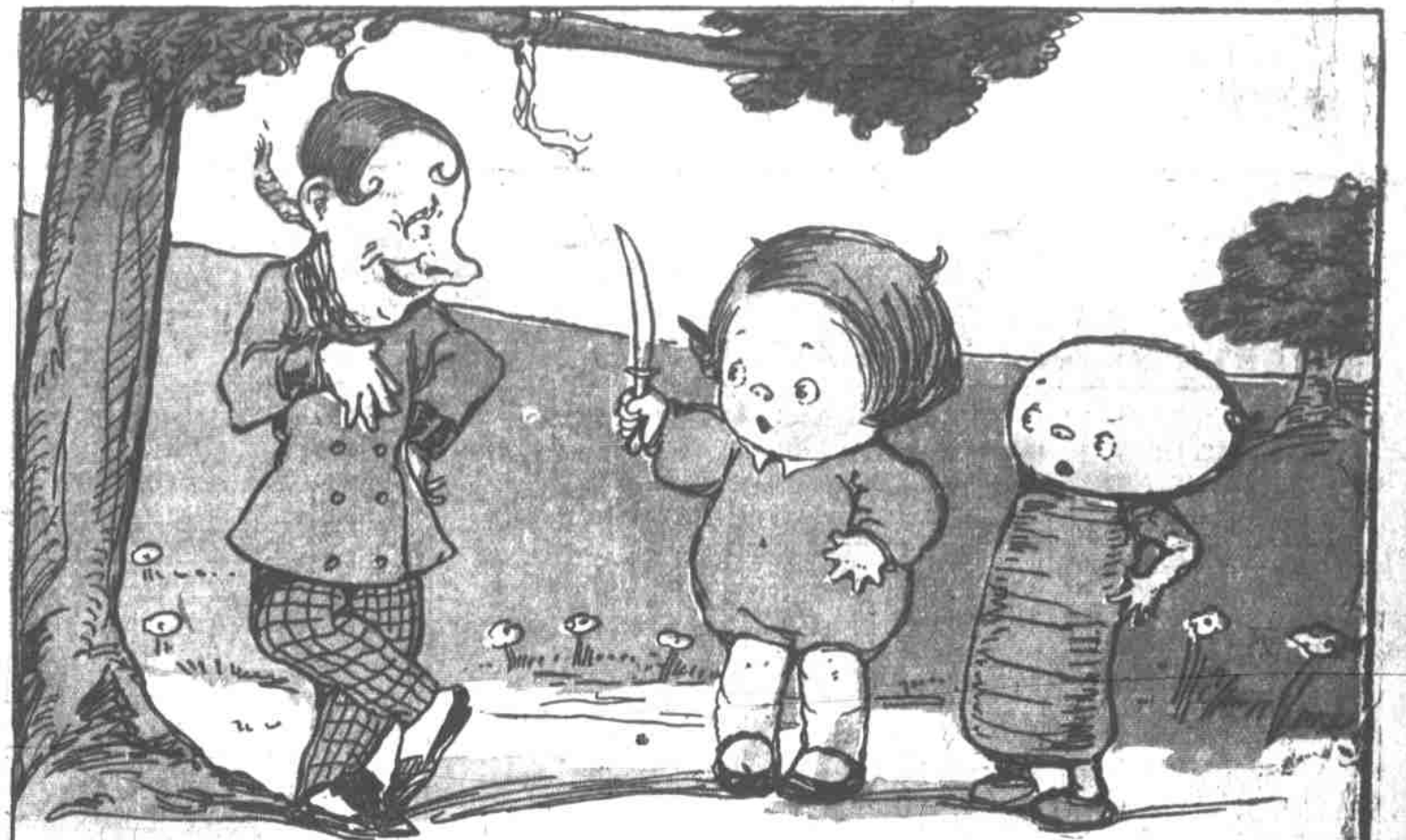
My Daddy's a n'orful magniferous story teller. He's got a lieberry wif forty 'leven hunderds o' books in it, an' I—er—I know what's inside o' 'em all, an' one day I was readin' a gr-r-eat n'ormous' big red one, an' a nices' fat little Bink comed out o' the leaves o' it, an' he sed, "Is you a bookworm, too?" An' he sed, "Hello, Oh, you Kiddo!" An' what-che-know-'bout 'at, ther' he was a bookworm his own self.



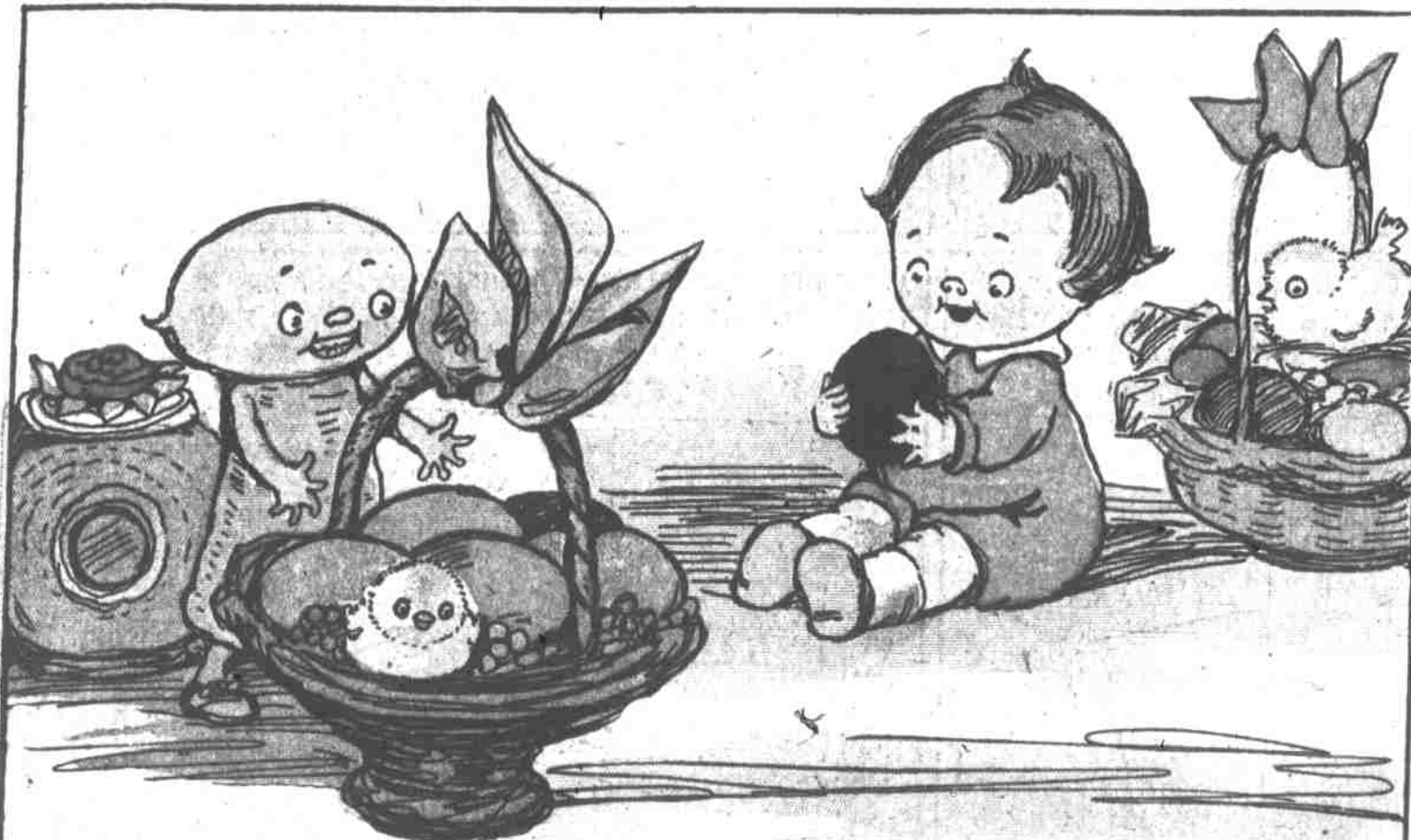
An' he was cutes' little fat Bink you ever did see, an' he had whites' toofties, an' he sed, "The muchest you use toof powder all the better your teeth gets whiter." An' I sed, "Indeed, is 'at so?" An' he sed, "Yes." An' he sed, "Let's go into this Fashion Book an'—an' get some spring hats." An' we did, an' ther' was buffest hats, an' I gotted a-one wif fevvers an' ribbons an'—an' spangles, an' a n'orange velvet pussy kitten on to it, the Bink he gotted a magniferous one, too. Ther' wasn't on'y lady's hats ther'. No little boy hats 'at all.



'En I sed, "We can take 'ese home to our muvvers," I sed, "an' 'en' ey can wear 'em for Easter Sunday," I sed. 'En we wented to a nuvver book, an' it was a savagiferous forest an' a n'Indian book. An' big Indian chiefs comed rushin' after us, an' we was almost caught, on'y we jus' crawled over into a nuvver page in time. An' ther' was a man tied by his head to a tree an' it was chokin' him so's he couldn't hardly breeve.



'En I tooked mine sword, an' I cutted the rope an' the poor man felled down ker-plunk. An' me an' the Bink asked him what he tied hisself up to a tree for, an' he sed, "Oh, jus' for fun, to make peoples laff." An' he sed he was much 'bliged to me for cuttin' the rope 'cause it wasn't such a good joke after, all. 'En we crawled out o' that page onto a nuvver one.



An' ther' was lots o' baskets fulled wif Easter eggs an'—an' toys, an' the Bink an' me we had fines' time, 'cause we was hungry, now, an' we eated much as we wanted. An' we tooked some baskets, an' we sed we'd give 'em to some peoples what didn't have not any. 'En long comed that big savagiferous Indian chief 'gen, an' he chased us onto—er—he chased us clean out o' the book.



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En we tumbled out on the lieberry table, an' we'd losted our Easter hats, an'—an' ever'fing an' we couldn't find those baskets o' Easter eggs no-wheres. An' the Bink sed, "I hear sombuddy comin'." An' he sed, "I mus' go now, 'cause nobuddy mustn't see me 'ceptin' you." So I sed, "Good-bye, Oh, you Binkie." An' he laffed a n'orful big, nice, pleasant laff, an' he sed, "Good-bye, Oh, you Kiddo!"