

# THE TURR'BLE TALES of KAPTIN KIDDO



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SECOND SECTION

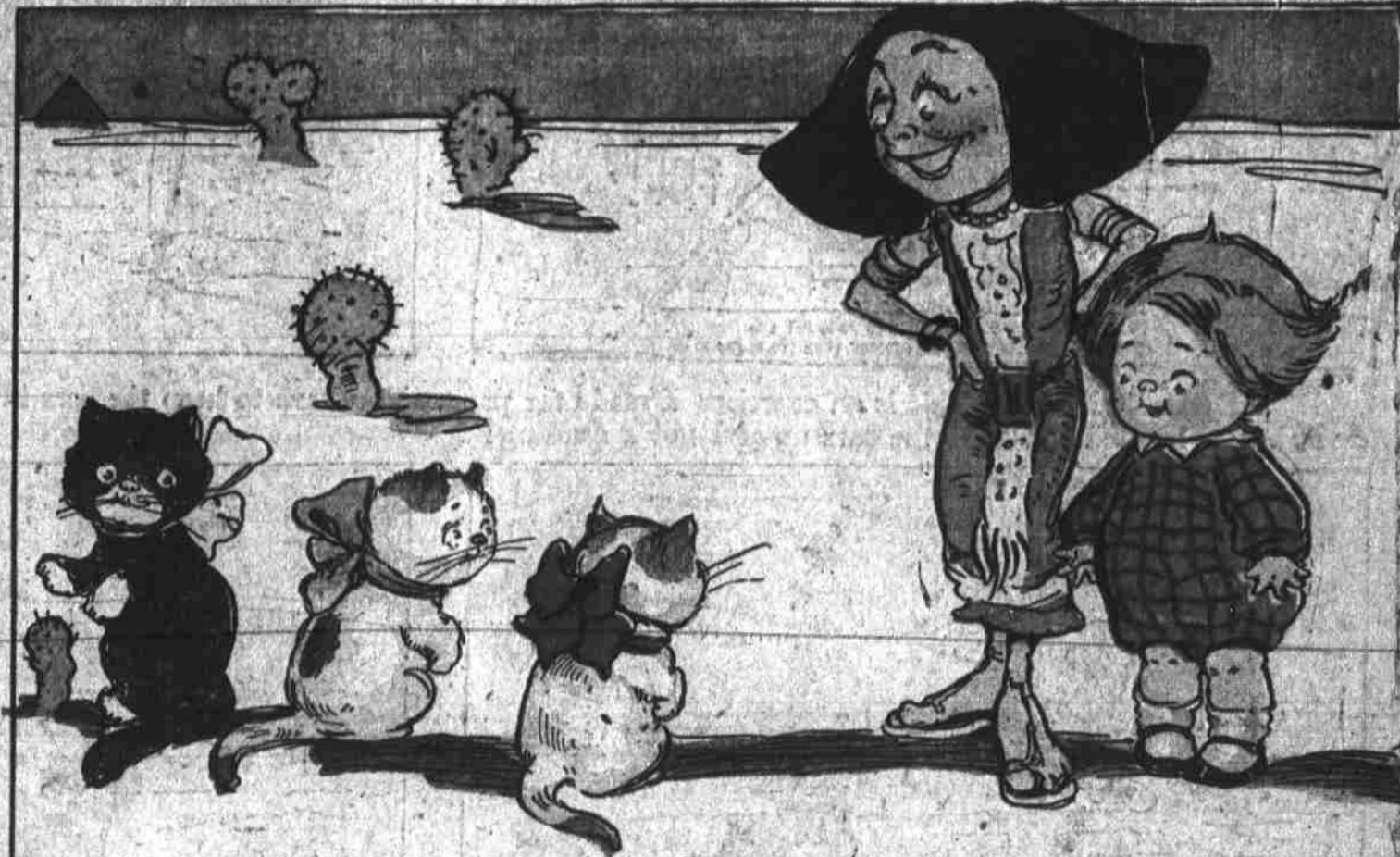
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Pictured by GRACE G. WIEDERSEIM

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One day me an' Bridgie, the cook, was lookin' at a pickaher book, an' ther' was a sort o' a mounting wit lady's head sticked on to it. An' I sed, "What's 'at, Bridgie dear?" An' she sed, "Lemme see. What's 'at?" 'At's one o' those ther' Spinkses. 'At's what it is." An' jus' 'en the doorbell ringed an' Bridgie goed to see who it was, an'—"What-che-know-'bout 'at," the Spinks Lady comed right out o' the book.



An' she sed, "Hello, Kiddo!" An' I sed, "Hello, Misses Spinks!" An' we wented to a n'ormous desert, an' she sed, "It's S'egypt." An' ther' was let o' lovelies' little Kitty Pusses, all runnin' 'roun' ther' an' eatin' "Cat-cuss" plants. An' all o' 'em sed, "Hello, Kaptin Kiddo!" An' they wanted me to eat some o' those Cat-cusses, but 'ey was too prickly. (Sounded like swears, I fink, Cat-cuss, don't you?)



'N'en we was havin' a tea party wif strawberry ice cream, the kitty pusses an' 'us, an' suddenly somefin sed, "Gr-r-owl," jus' like 'at. An' the kitty pusses all runned orf an' hid 'hind the catcusses. An' the Spinks Lady looked orful scared an' she hid 'behin' '—er— a swarm o' muskeeters, an' she sed, "Oh! here comes a N'African lion. Hellup! Hellup!"



'N'en I sed, "Keep still, I'm not 'fraid!" An' it was a whole lot o'—o'—o' savageriferous lions, an' 'ey comed runnin', an'—an' gashin' ther' toofs, an' I—well I—er—I tooked my Granny Ma's scissors what I had in mine pocket, an' I cutted ther' heads orf each one comed along. An' the Spinks Lady thinked I was a n'orful smart little boy. An' we sed, "Come, Kitty! Kitty! Kitty!"



'En all the Kitty Pusses comed back to the tea-party, an' ever'buddy gived me the bestes' cakes an'—an' ever'fing, an' suddenly a gr-r-owl big cloud o' dust comed 'long, an' 'ey was all scared, an' the Spinks Lady sed, "Oh! milk and sourkraut! Here comes a tiefoon!" An' I sed, "Don' che-be-scared, Ladies." An' I putted up some parasols what I—er—I had in mine pocket.



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An' (What-che-know-'bout 'at) all o' 'us was saved, an' the Spinks Lady gived me packs o' bracelets an' n' earrings, an' the Kitty Pusses sed, "Fank you, brave hero!" An' 'ey all wanted me to stay ther', an'—an' be a n'emperor, but I sed I was too busy today, much 'bliged, an' 'ey wanted me to be a mummy, too, but I wouldn't. 'En I wented home an' 'ey sed, "Good-bye, Oh you Kiddo!"