

THE TERRIBLE TALES OF KAPTIN KIDDO

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SECOND SECTION

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

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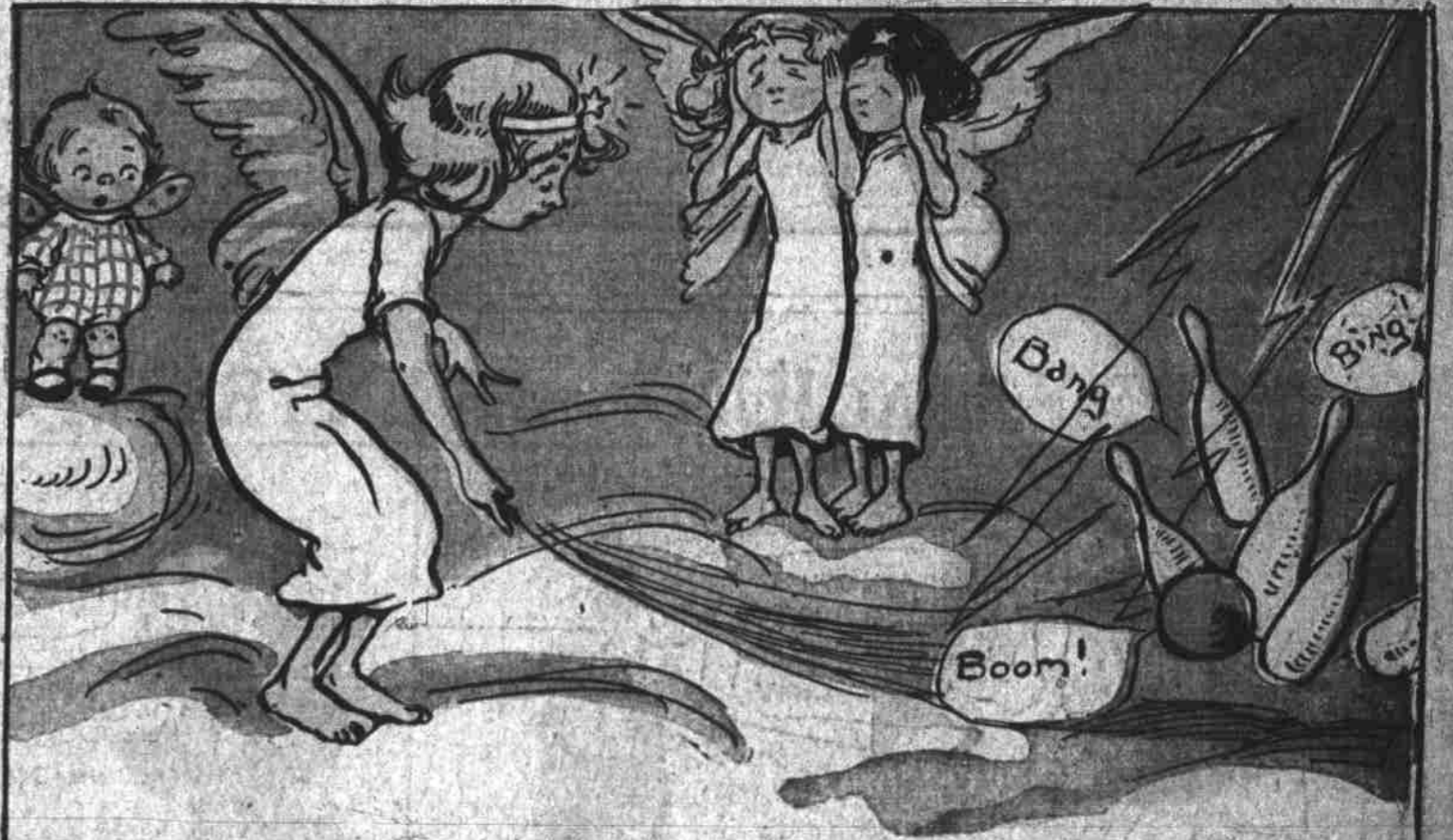
My Muvver was up in the attic the uvver day—mos' spendiferous attic we has to our house—an' some-biddy comed, an' my Muvver she goed down steps, an'—an' I was sittin' on a twunk, an'—an' the lid opened. BANG! an' frowed me, heels over back-boards on to the floor. An'—an' out comed a—gr-r-eat big savagif-erous tagger wif n'ormous big sharp toofs, an' fiery eyes, an' he sed, "Ar-roo-o! Ar-roo! Ar-roo-oo-oo-oo!"



I hided 'hind o' the twunk, 'course I wasn't one bit scared (guess not), I jus' wanted to see what the tagger'd do. An' he eated up some—some birdies off o' Muvver's hat, an' 'en he sed, "Fee-fie-foe-fum, I smell the blug o' a n' Englishmum!!!" 'En I looked 'round the corner o' the twunk, an' I sed, "Peek!" I sed jus' like 'at, "Pee-ek!" An' the tagger was orful 'stonished.



'En the tagger sitted down befront o' me, an' he sed, "Har! Har! Har! Kiddo, I'm goin' to kill an' eat you." An' I sed, "No you ain't, neither." An'—an' I jus' putted on some—er—winges—what I had in mine pocket, an' I—er—I flied out o' the open winder—O, ever so far 'way—an' I shooted the bad ol' tagger 'fore I goed, so's he couldn't bite mine de-ear Muvver when she comed back.



'En I flied orf an' ther was a gr-r-eat big funder an' litenin' storm, an'—an' I could see a whole lot o'—o' angels a-playin' ten pins up in the sky—'cause I flied up so high. An' 'ey had ther' nighties on, an' bare foots—an'—an' winges too, jus' like me. An' 'ev'ry time the ball'd hit, that'd be the funder. What-che-know-'bout-'at!



An' it rained, an' my winges was all wetted up, an' all the "fy-ness" was out o' 'em. An'—an' I felled 'down into a twee, an' ther was a nes' full o' fat 'litle birdies, an' 'ey was all dressed up wif caps, an'—an' fings what babies wear—an' a big hungry hawk comed to eat 'em all up—but I tooked mine big pistol, an'—an' I shooted him in the eye an' he was all dended up.

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An' the baby birdies' muvver an' daddy comed home wif worms for 'em, an' 'ey sed, "You has saved our chil'rings' lifes." An' 'en I wented home 'gen, I was orful glad to see mine dear Muvver was all safe. An'—an' she was puttin' the tagger 'way in tar paper an' campfire for a wug. An' I telled 'er 'bout me shootin' him so's he wouldn't bite her, an' she sed, "What ever would I do 'bout my 'litle brava here, Oh, you Kiddo!"