

THE TERRIBLE TALES OF KAPTIN KIDDO

Oregon Journal

SECOND SECTION

Written by MARGARET GLAYS
Pictured by GRACE G. WIEDERHEIM

(Copyright, 1910, by The North American Company.)

PORTLAND, OREGON, SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 21, 1910



Say, fellers, did-che-ever go fishin'? It's lots o'-o' fun. I was goin' in bare-footed in a gr-r-eat big wiver called Sunny Brook, an' mine toesies was all covered up wif shivvelin' cold water, an' long comed a n'old Gemplum an' he sed, "Wanna go fishin', Bub?" An' I sed, "Yes-sir, but my name ain't not 'Bub.' I is Kaptin Kiddo." An' he laffed, an' sed, "Oh, you Kiddo!" An' he sed, "My name's Ikey Walldon."



He had a magniferous fishin' pole an' lots o' 'ittle twinkly fings, he called 'em "flies," but 'ey wasn't no flies, hadn't no buzzers ner winges. An' I tied a piece o' a 'ittle string on to a 'ittle stick, an' I stucked a pin on to it for a hook, an'—an' I finded a nice 'ittle fat wormie what sed he didn't mind for me to use him for a "bait," cause he didn't have no feelin's 'count o' his coal-blugginess.



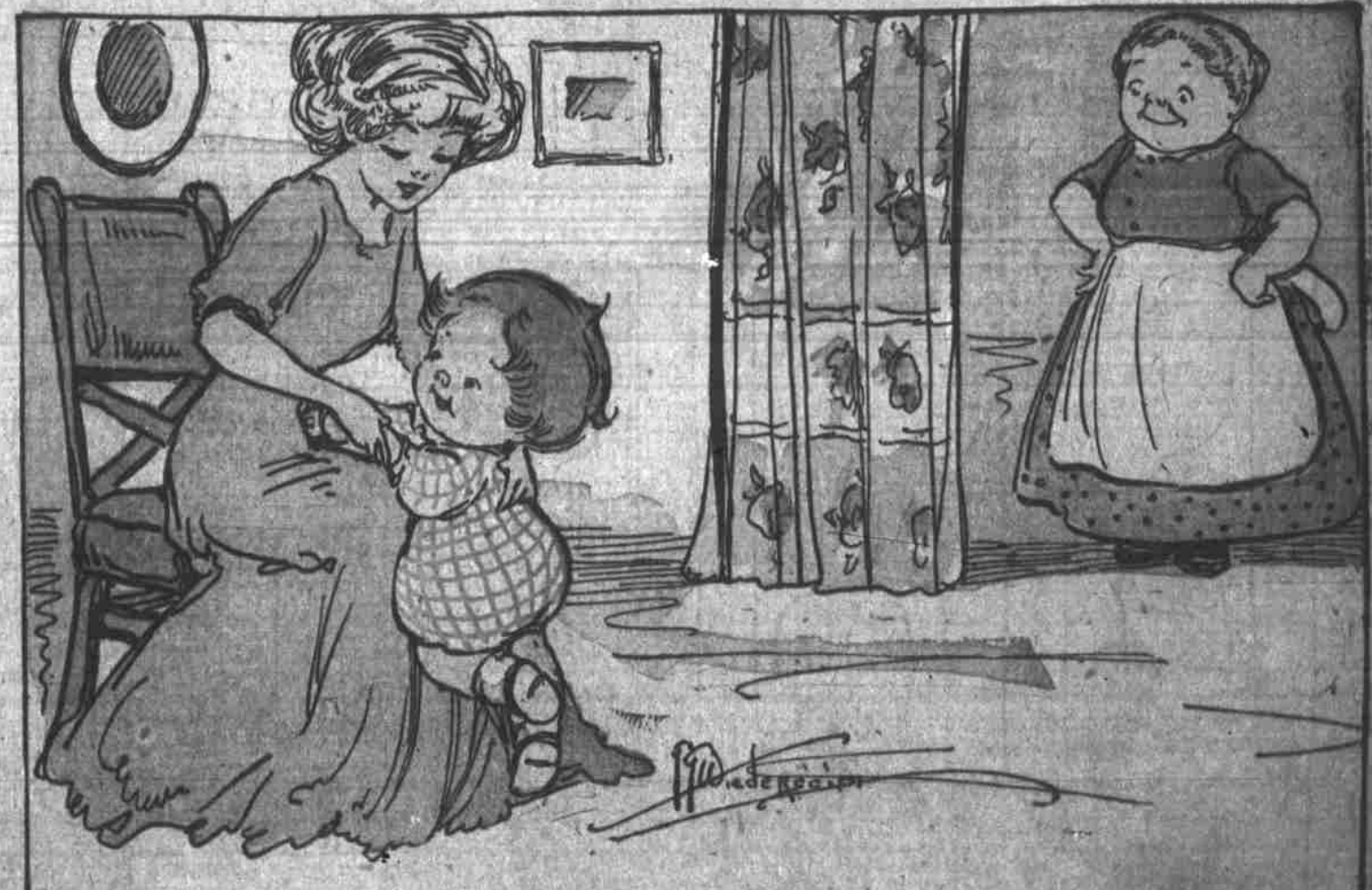
'En me an' Ikey sitted ther' an' ther' wasn't no bites on y musketeoes, an' once Ikey sitted on a poor 'ittle bumble-de-bee, an' he bited him, an' Ikey was orful mad, an' hopped aroun' like any fng an' upsetted his boxes o' glittery flies all over the wiver, an' 'en I catched a gr-r-eat big fishie, an' 'en I catched a nuvver one—what-che-know-bout-at?



An' 'en I catched a nuvver one, an' 'en I catched some more, an' 'en I catched two to once, an' 'en I catched free, an' 'en I gotted a big spoon an' I jus' ladled 'em out till ther' was fishies all 'roun' us, an'—an'—poo-oor o' Ikey he didn't catch not even one. (But I gived him some o' mine, 'cause he was cryin'.)



An' I catched such a muchness o' fishies 'at it was orful slippery to stand 'roun' ther', 'cause we had to climb all over 'em. An'—an' me an' Ikey we gotted a huckster's cart an'—an' we shuffled the fishies on to it, an' we tooked a load o' 'em to his house, an'—an' his Mamma was orful pleased an' she sed she'd cook them for Ikey's supper.



An' 'en I solded a lot o' mine for twenty millyuns o' dollars an' a jews harp an' a bag o' marbles, an'—an' I goed home to my Muvver an' she sed, "Wher' has you been all day?" An' when I telled her 'bout the fishies I catched, she laffed an' she telled Bridgie to cook some o' the shads for supper. An' 'ey gived me a leather meddle wif a—gold string, an' wried on it, "For the goodest fisherman ever was. 'Oh, you Kiddo!"

(Copyright, 1910, by The North American Company.)