

THE TURR'BLE TALES of KAPTIN KIDDO

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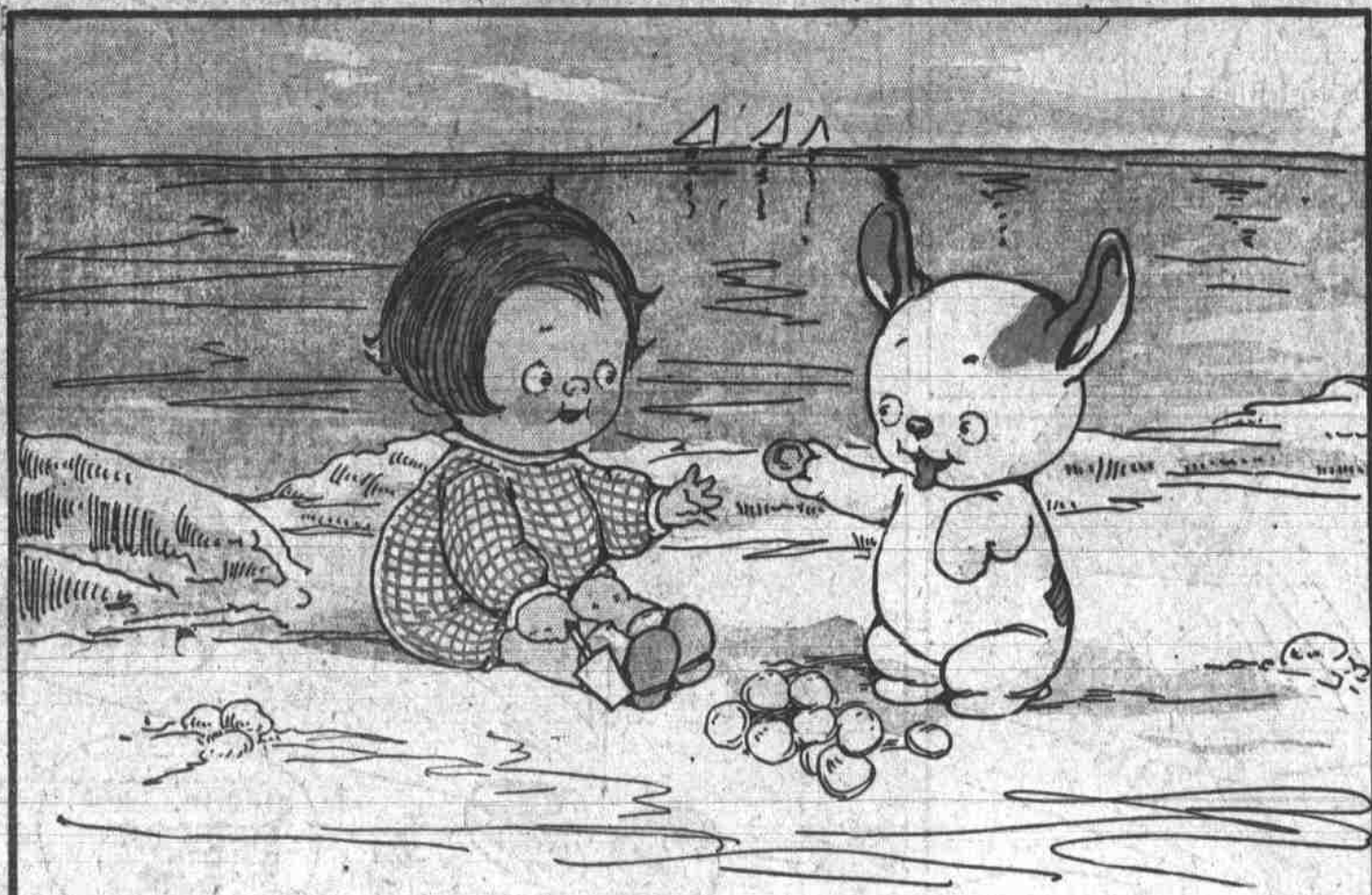


Oregon Journal

SECOND SECTION

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

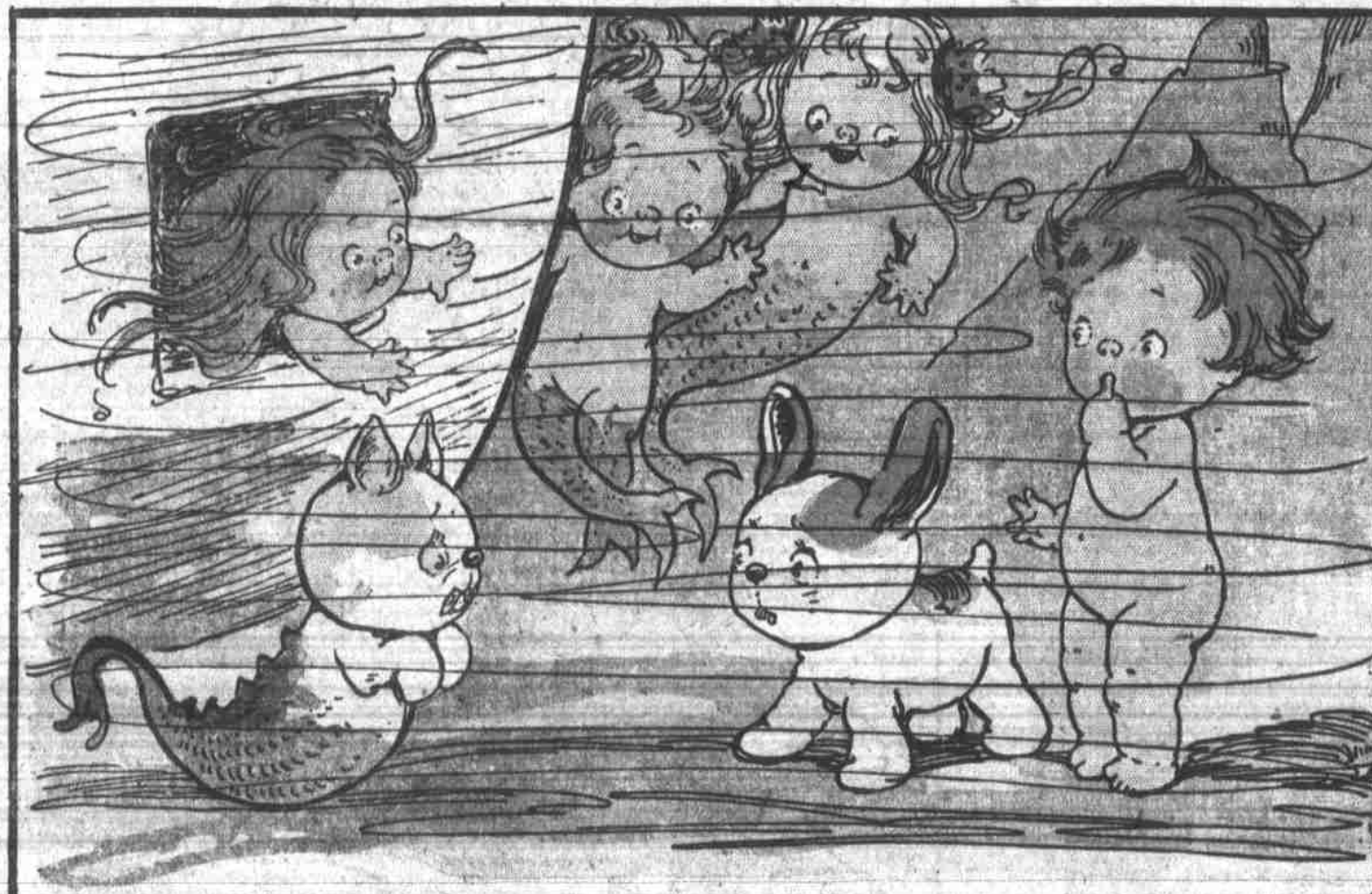
PORTLAND, OREGON, SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 13, 1910



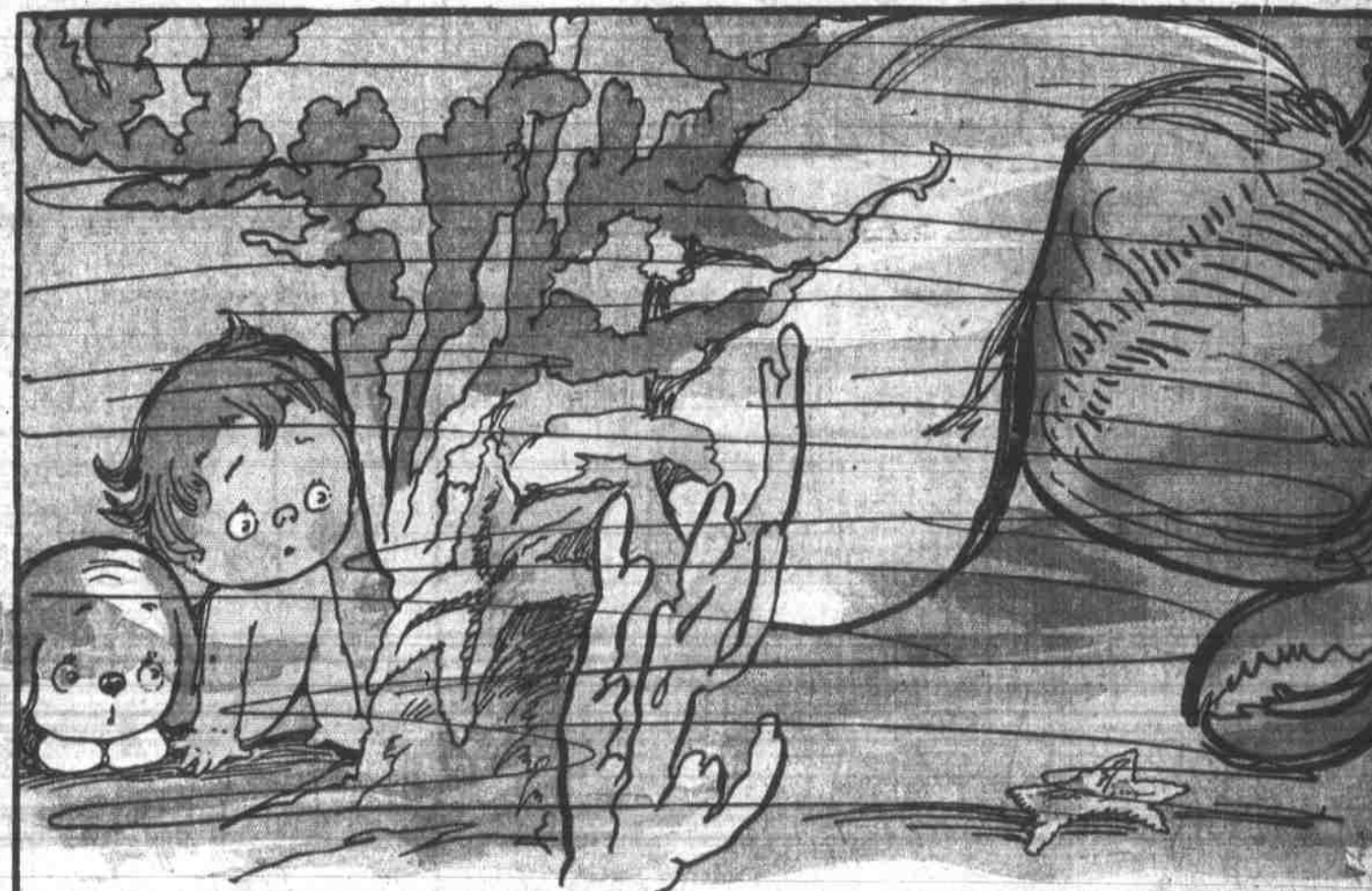
Say, folkses, did-che-ever see a 'skeeter? Puppo an' me an' Daddy we wented to a place called Jersey oncet, an' it was a 'norful nice place—lots o' good fings to eat even in the sand. Puppo digged up clams an'—an' broke 'em wif his front paws an' washed 'em orf in the big—big river, an' 'en we eated 'em. What-che-know-'bout-'at?



An' Daddy he was shootin' wif a gun some dear 'ittle birdies called Snipers—an' me an' Puppo we taked some o' our cloes orf an' wented in wadin'. An' suddently 'long comed a lot o' big savagiferous 'skeeters flyin' 'long, an' 'ey was sharpenin' ther' biters an' singin' "eee-eee eee-eee-eee" orful loud an' fierce like, an' me an' Puppo hurried an' hidet un'neaf the water.



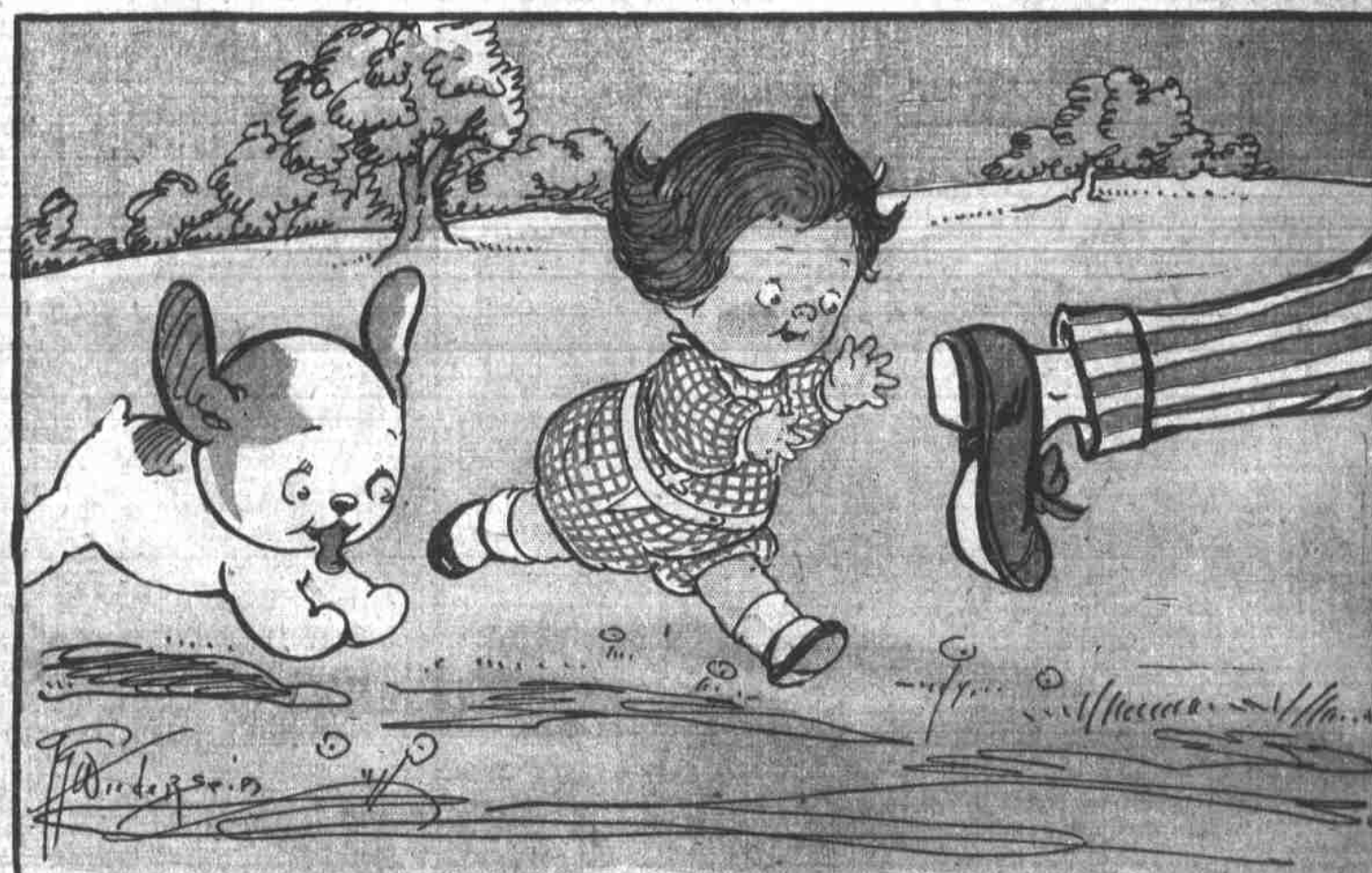
'En me an' Puppo we dived down an' down an' down till we—er—we comed to the bottomest bottom o' the big river, an' ther' was a—er—a gr-r-eat big 'normous big wreck wif a lot o' little Mermaids an' boys playin' hide-an'-seek. An' 'ey had a little doggie-fish an'—an' he growled an' barked orful rude to Puppo, an' 'ey gived us some candy—salt water taffy it was.



An' we was havin' nices' time till suddently ther' comed a horriblifereous gr-r-eat big Devil Crab. An' he was a scarin' sight—an' he had a pitch-fork in his—er—in his claws—an' he caught all o' those Mermaids an' Merboys an' doggie-fishies, an' he putted 'em in a bag. An' me an' Puppo we hidet un'neaf some seaweed.



'En the ol' Devil-Crab swimmied orf, but I caught a-holt o' the bag an' I—er—I cut a hole in it wif my dagger, an' I left all o' those little Merboys an' Mermaids an' doggie-fishies out, an'—an' 'en somebuddy caught the Devil Crab wif a fi, in' hook an' line an' dragged him way from ther' orful fast.



An' 'en we swimmied up out o' the water an' we findet Daddy—an' Daddy tooked us home for lunch, an' the 'skeeters chased us, an' they was sharpenin' ther' biters an' skreechin' "eee-eee eee-eee—" an'—an' we all runned home liketty-kut ('at means faster 'en orful faster) an' Daddy sed, "We has Devil Crabs for lunch." An' I sed, "Not for me! I doesn't want any." An' Puppo winked to me an' he sed, "Bow-wow, Oh, you Kiddo!"

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