

THE TERRIBLE TALES OF KAPTIN KIDDO

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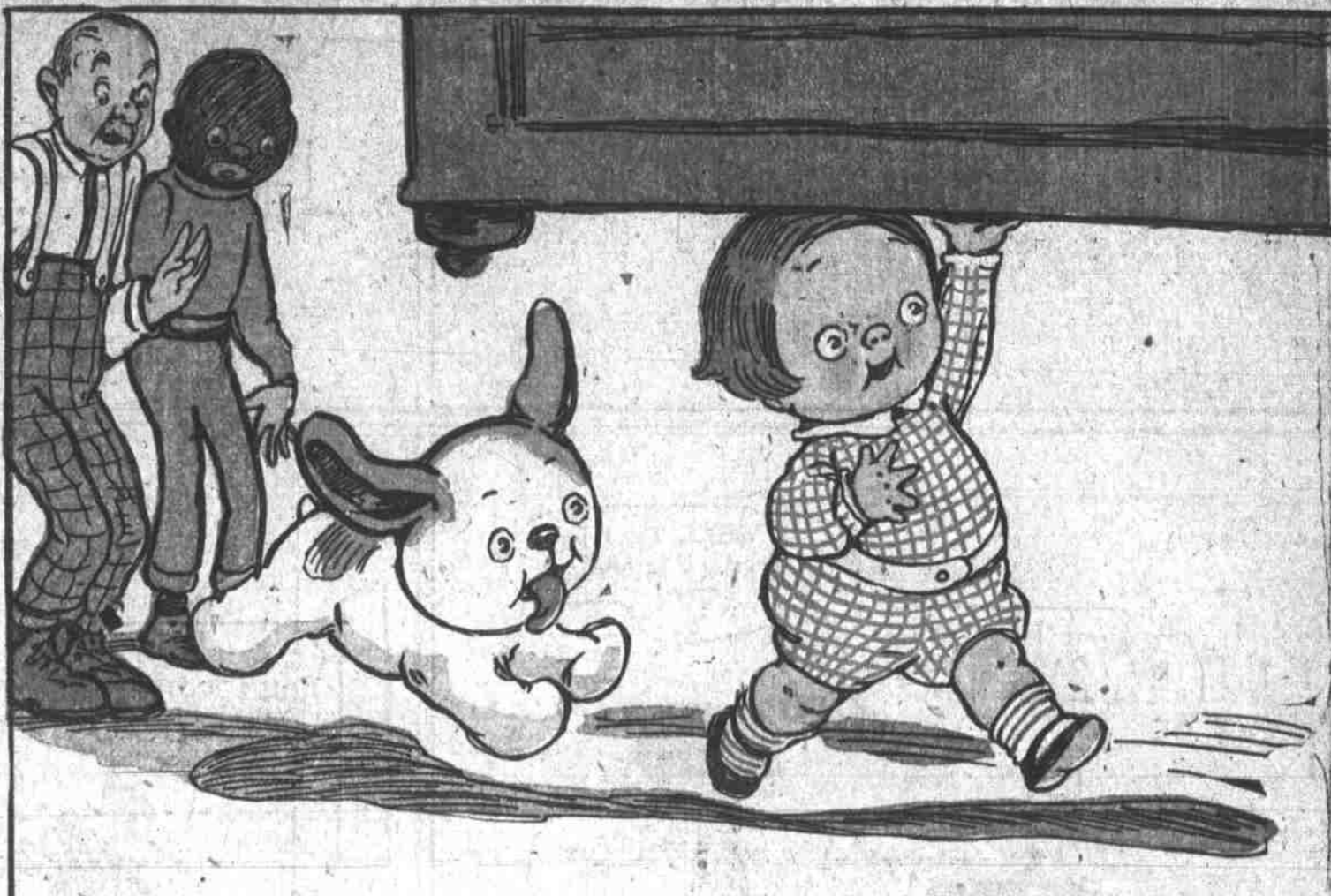
SECOND SECTION

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

PORTLAND, OREGON, SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 8, 1910



We was movin' way from our house to a-nuvver gr-r-eat big house, an'-an' the movin'-mans comed wif-wif gr-r-eat big movin' waggins, an'-an' ey had a n'orful time a-movin' the gr-r-eat big furniture, an'-an' ey dropped the pianner—bangetty smash, an' one o' the movin'-mans sed, "Oh Lor', mine toe!" An' he sed somefin 'bout Ham, too—but ther' wasn't not enny Ham enny place.



An' I sed, "Here you!" I sed, "I'll move 'at pian-ner!" I sed, an'-an' I pushed all o' those mens aside, an'-an' I—er—I—er—I taked 'at pianner out wif-wif one han', jus' one han', jus' as ee-ee-zy, an' I lifted it into the waggin, an'-an' I wrapped some satting quilts roun' it so's it wouldn't not catch cold ner nuffin, an' Puppo he sed, "Hurry fer Kaptin Kiddo!"



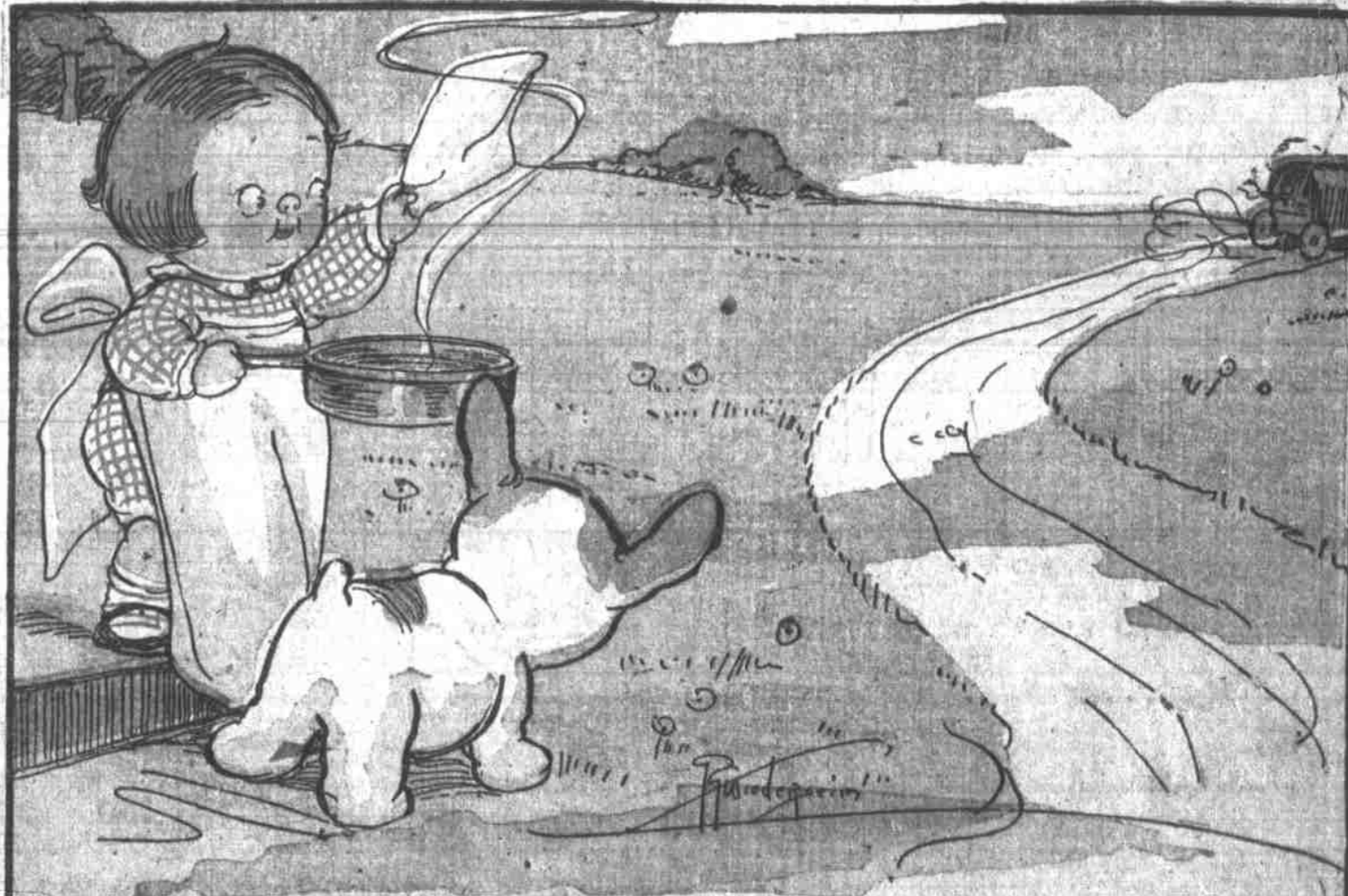
An'-an' whiles I was a-movin' 'at pianner, those o' movin'-mans had lef' the gold fishes' house fall on the pa'ment, an' it was all broken, an' ey was so scared 'ey was sittin' down ther' cryin'—an' one man sed, "Oh, Golly-me, what-ever-shall-we-do!" An' I comed up an' I sed, "Quit your swearin' an' stop bawlin' like a cry-baby!" I sed, "I'll fix it!"



'En me an' Puppo we gavvered up the pieces, an'-an' I—er—I mended 'em all togetver, wif-wif some glue what I had in mine pocket—an' 'en I gavvered all o' the gold fishes up an' put 'em in ther' house—some o' 'em wasn't ther' enny more, but Puppo sed he didn't not swaller enny, so I 'spect 'ey mus' o' fyled far 'way from ther'.



'En those movin'-mans was so 'lighted, an' one o' 'em drinked a bottle o'-o'-o' milk, an'-an' he felled downstairs wif mine dee-ar Muvver's very bestes' lookin' glass—the one she looks pretties' in—an' I—er—I tooked mine bottle o' glue an' I mended it all up magniforously, an' I telled the man to be more carefuller after this, an' he sed, all right, Sir.—Sir, he sed, he would.



An' me an' Puppo likes our new house, an'-an' we moved all o' our fings, an'-an' it was a n'orful busy day—an'-an' I had to cook—to cook the dinner, 'cause poor Bridgie was so—so-o' tired, an' those movin'-mans sed, "Good-bye" an' "Saddy," an' ey sed, "You is certingly a splendiforous movin'-mans, oh you Kiddo!"

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