

# THE TERRIBLE TALES OF KAPTIN KIDDO

(Copyright, 1910, by The North American Company)



## Oregon Journal

SECOND SECTION

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

PORTLAND, OREGON, SATURDAY, EVENING, NOVEMBER 19, 1910



We had a n'orful nice Fankgivin' Party up to our house, an'—an' ever'buddy comed, Grapny-mas an' Gran'pas an' Uncles an' Aunties an' Cousins an' Gwendylin Vangeline May an' Fido the Frenchpoodledog-giepup, an' me an' Puppo an'—an' we had a n'orful magniferous time, an' lots an' packs o' goodies to eat, an'—an' the door bell ringed, an' I sed, "I'll go an' save you the trouble, Bridgie."



An' I opened the front door an' ther' was a whole lot o' savagiferous Indians ther' an' 'ey was whoopin' an'—an' war-cryin', an'—an' brandy-shin tommy-hawks, an' 'ey sed, "Is your Muvver home?" An' I sed, "Yes, but she's orful busy now." An' 'ey sed, "No matter." 'ey sed, "No matter, busy or no, we've got to see her (or n'important bizzyness." ('Ey was orful onpolite, those Indians was.)



An' I sed, "You can't not see her." An' 'ey all rushed in a-past me, an'—an' 'ey runned out to the dinin room an' spoiled the dinner-party all up—an' ever'buddy hided un'neaf o' the table, an' on the mantelpiece—an' in the pantry—an'—an' ever'wher's 'ceptin' mine fatted Auntie, an'—an' the Indians gotted her scalp (not her ree-aly truly hurtin' scalp, jus' a switch an' a lot o' puffs an' curls 'at she buyed one day).



'En 'ey all sitted down an' eated up all o' the Fankgivin' dinner party goodies all up—an' me an' Puppo we bringed 'em a lot o' beer, an' we putted some splendiferous sleepin' powders into it, an'—an' the savagiferous ol' Indians, 'ey all good to sleep tight, an' when 'ey was all snorin' an' sleepin' hard as stones, me an' Puppo gotted some gr-r-eat big laundry bags.



An' we gotted all o' the naughty bad savagiferous Indians into these—er—er—mess here ogs, an'—an' we taked 'em down to the big deep river, an' we dropped 'em in, an' 'ey made a n'orful big ker-splash, an' lots an' packs o' bubbles, an'—an' 'en me an' Puppo goed back home 'gen to tell the folkses 'ey needn't not be scared enny more.



An' 'ey was all hidin' back o' doors an'—an' un'neaf o' tables, an'—an' ever'wher's an' I gived my fatted Auntie back her switches an' puffs an' curls an' I sed, "Here, Auntie de-ar, I safed 'em for you, an' the naughty rude ol' Indians is all drowned up." An'—an' the folkses all goed back to ther' dinner an' 'ey kissed me, an'—an' Puppo, an' 'ey sed, "We sure is fankful 'at we has got sech a big brave here to perteck us as you, Oh you Kiddo!"

(Copyright, 1910, by The North American Company)