

THE TURR'BLE TALES of KAPTIN KIDDO



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SECOND SECTION

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One o' these days—er—las' week, ther' was a lot o' people comed to me, an' 'ey asked me to run a n'airship 'crost to Yurrupe, an' I sed all right, I would, an' 'ey sed, "It's never been did, Kiddo, an' maybe you'se the on'y body 'at can do it." An' I sed, "Course I can do it." An' I sed, "Course I can, on'y Puppo he's got to be the crew." An'—an' the airship was called "The White—er—the White Ellyfunt."



'En we flied up high, up over top side o' the ocean, an' the hotels an' the light houses an' horribliferous sea-serpents, an'—an'—everfing, an' we was sailin' long ther', an'—an' suddently Puppo he—he dropped Bing spang! out o' ther'—er—the White Ellyfunt, an' he sed, "Ki-yi!" An' he maked a big deep hole down in the waves, an' I taked the binnakle ('at's a spy-glass) an' ther' a bu'ful mermaid lady had caught him for a pet.



'En I taked a life line an' a life preserve-us, an' I fished down dee-cep for Puppo, an' I caught him, an' dried him orf wif—wif my han'kercher, an' the mermaid lady she waved her—er—flynn to us an' we looked at the tax—tax—taxesmeter an' it sed, "Half-way to Yurrupe." What-che-know-bout-'at? An' it was runnin' 'long nicely so me an' Puppo we taked a ni-ice lo-ong nap.



'En when we waked up it was black scarin' night-times, an' ther' was a terribliferous storm goin' on—hail an' ice—an' snowballs fallin'—an' a n'icicle busted our b'loon, an' we had a n'orful time, but I taked a new b'loon out o' mine pocket, an' I fixed it up right away. An' I telled 'at naughty storm 'at I was Kap-tin Kiddo, an'—an' it better 'have itself right away. An' so it did, an' opr White Ellyfunt was all hanged, wif icicles.



'En we comed to Yurrupe pretty soon, an' we stopped the White Ellyfunt in front o' the King's Pallis, an' King Georgie Georgie comed out wif his crown on, an' he sed, "Hello, Kaptin Kiddo!" An' he taked me an' Puppo into his house an' we sitted 'side o' him, an' ever'buddy comed to see us an' gived us taffy candy, an' bags o' big fat pennies wif pickshers o' King Georgie Georgie on 'em. (Orful ugly pennies 'ey was.)



'An' we putted our White Ellyfunt airship in ther'—er—the stable, an' we left it ther' to show 'em we comed 'at way—'cause since Dr. Cook folks mus' have the proofs. An'—an'—well, we wented home 'en, 'cause—'cause Bridgie was makin' ginger cake for my supper an' it smelled orful good, an' mine dee-ar Muvver had goed out, an' when we telled Bridgie 'bout the airship, she sed, "Ye'll be the death o' me yet wif yer yarns, Oh you Kiddo!"

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