

THE TERRIBLE TALES of KAPTIN KIDDO

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SECOND SECTION

Written by MARGARET CHAYS
Pictured by GRACE G. WIEDERSEIM

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I been goin' to Sunday School lately—a magniferous place, an' I been learnin' to be a splendiferous good 'tittle boy, an' I been learnin' to sing—er—hims, or heers—I don't know 'zactly what ther' names is but 'ey is songs 'bout wantin' "to be a n'angel, an' wif the angels stand, a—a—a—crown upon my—my buzzum an'—an' a 'shark' wif in my hand." Anyways it's a n'orful place to go, an' lots o' uvver 'tittle girls goes too. Puppo he can't 'cause 'ey doesn't not take dogs.



Puppo was waitin' for me outside an'—an' the baby bruvver was wif him—Puppo had bringed him in his go-cart, an' we wented to the place wher' Santie Claws is makin' all o' the nice fings for good 'tittle boys an' girls—an' ther' was a lot o'—o' gobble-uns—an' 'ey was makin' packs o' wonderfules fings, dollies an' doggies—an' airships—an' funnygraffs—an'—an' a wooden leg for a poor lady what on'y had one 'count o' a naughty mobeel runnin' over the uvver one. Poo-or fing!



An' ther' was a whole lot o' hirdies in cages—wax birdies what could eat, an' sing like "grand uproar" an' mine baby bruvver he wanted one—an' I telled him wait till Santie Claws bringed him one, but he wanted one right 'way, now, an' he taked one out o' his cage, an' he growed an' gr-growed to a n'ormous, great big sneaky bird, an' he sed, "I is the 'tittle bird what tells Muvvers when chil'runs is naughty—an' my name is 'Tall-tale-tit.'" En he gr-roweled somepin' horribiferous, but mine baby bruvver he jus' laffed an' clapped his han's.



An'—an' ther' was a whole pack o' snow boys, an' 'ey was makin' cigars an' pipes an' smokin' jackets for Muvvers to give to Daddys for Xmas presents, an' 'ey was laffin' "Har, Har!" an' laffin' "Har, Har!" an' 'ey caught me an' Puppo an' mine baby bruvver an' rolled us up in 'bacco leafs an' sed, "Hurray! Look at the Kaptin Kiddo cigarros!" An' 'en 'ey laffed, "Har, Har!" an' laffed some more till icicle tears comed out o' ther' eyes. An' I sed, "Lef' us out, you ol' bad snow boys, er I'll call Santie Claws!" An'—an' Santie Claws he—he comed 'long ther' jus' then. What-che-know-'bout-'at!



An' the naughty snow boys was orful scared 'en, an' Santie Claws he maked 'em stand in the corner, he did, an'—an' he spanked 'em all good first, an' me an' Puppo an' the baby bruvver we laffed 'en, "Har, Har!" an' after 'at we laffed some more, an' the snow boys cried some more icicles out o' ther' eyes, an' Santie Claws sed, "Now, Kiddo, I hears 'at you is sech a splendiferous boy 'at I requests—er—I requests you an' your frien's to s'lect all the fings what you want for Xmas," an' so we did.



'En Mrs. Santie Claws she comed an' all o' the dwarfs an' gobble-uns an' some big Jack Frost gi-ants—orful savagiferous—an' me an' Puppo an' the baby bruvver we sed we better be goin' home now, an' Santie Claws kissed us good-bye an'—an'—an' well it was Chris'mus Eve now, an'—an' I telled mine dee-ar Muvver all 'bout it when I was hangin' up mine stockin' an' she sed, "Oh you funny 'tittle Kiddo!"
P. S.—I hanged up one o' the baby bruvver's stockies for Puppo 'cause 'poor ol' Pappo he hasn't got no stockin's.

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