

THE TURR'BLE TALES of KAPTIN KIDDO

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Oregon Journal

SECOND SECTION

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Pictured by GRACE G. WIEDERSEIM

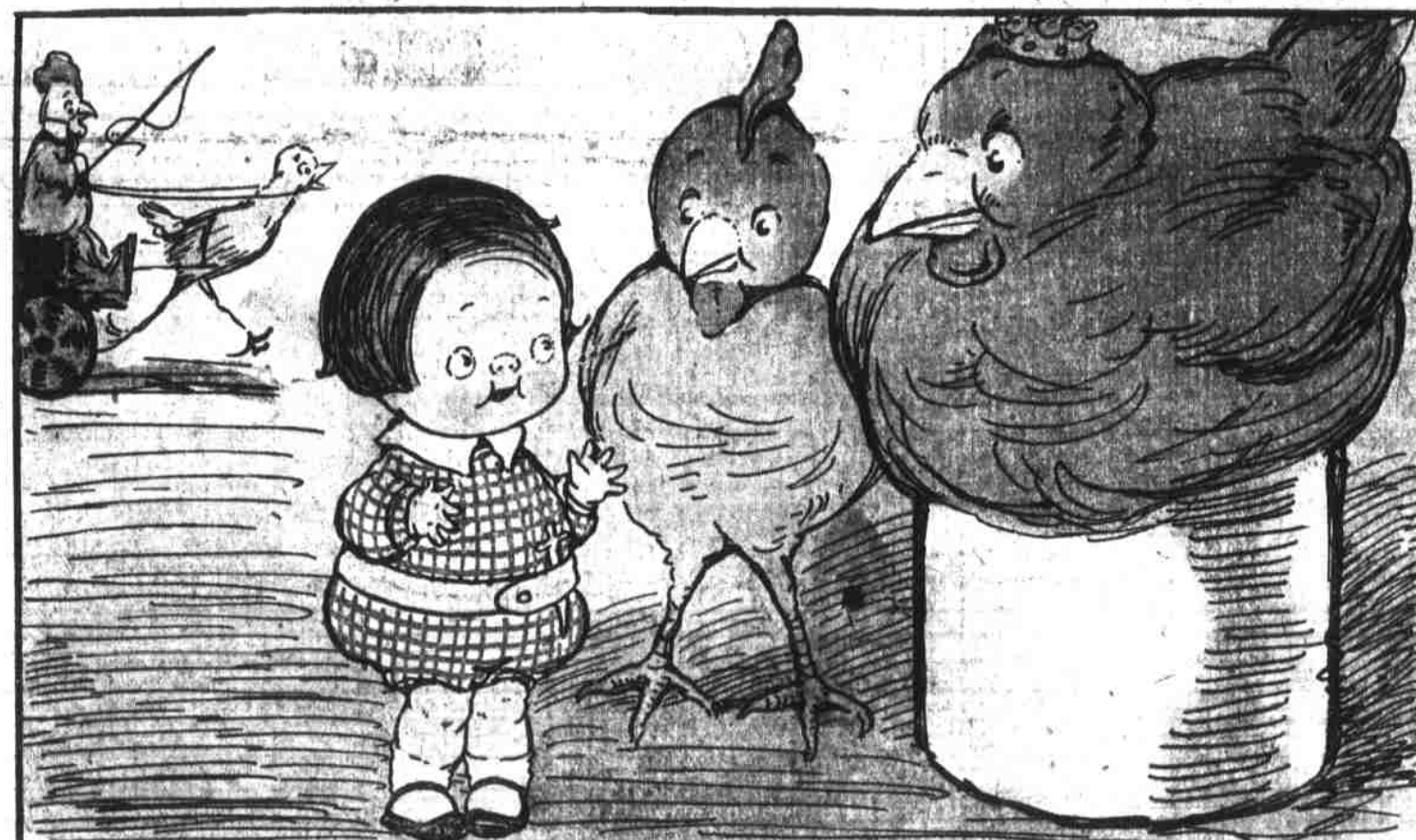
PORTLAND, OREGON, SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 21, 1911



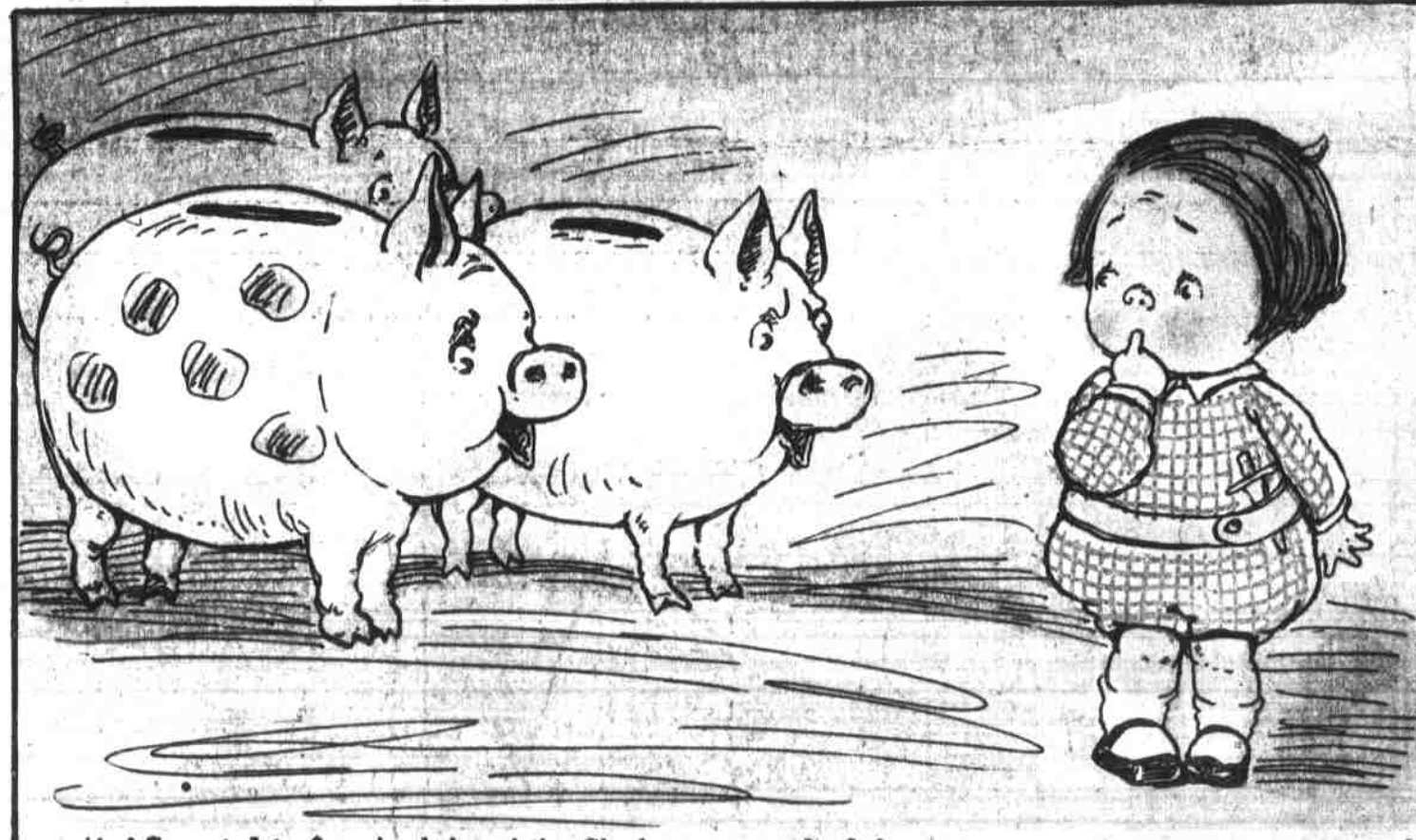
Oncet me an' mine dee-ar Muvver wented shoppin'. I taked fi cents an'—an' a button what I broked out o' mine china pig bank to buy Puppo a birfday present wif—a magniferous birfday present—maybe a collar wif a bell to it, an'—an' maybe a birfday cake wif candles on it, an'—an' a 'ittle sugar doggie on the topside o' it, or maybe somepin else. We went to a splendiferous place to lunch, and I had a Charlotte rooster for mine.



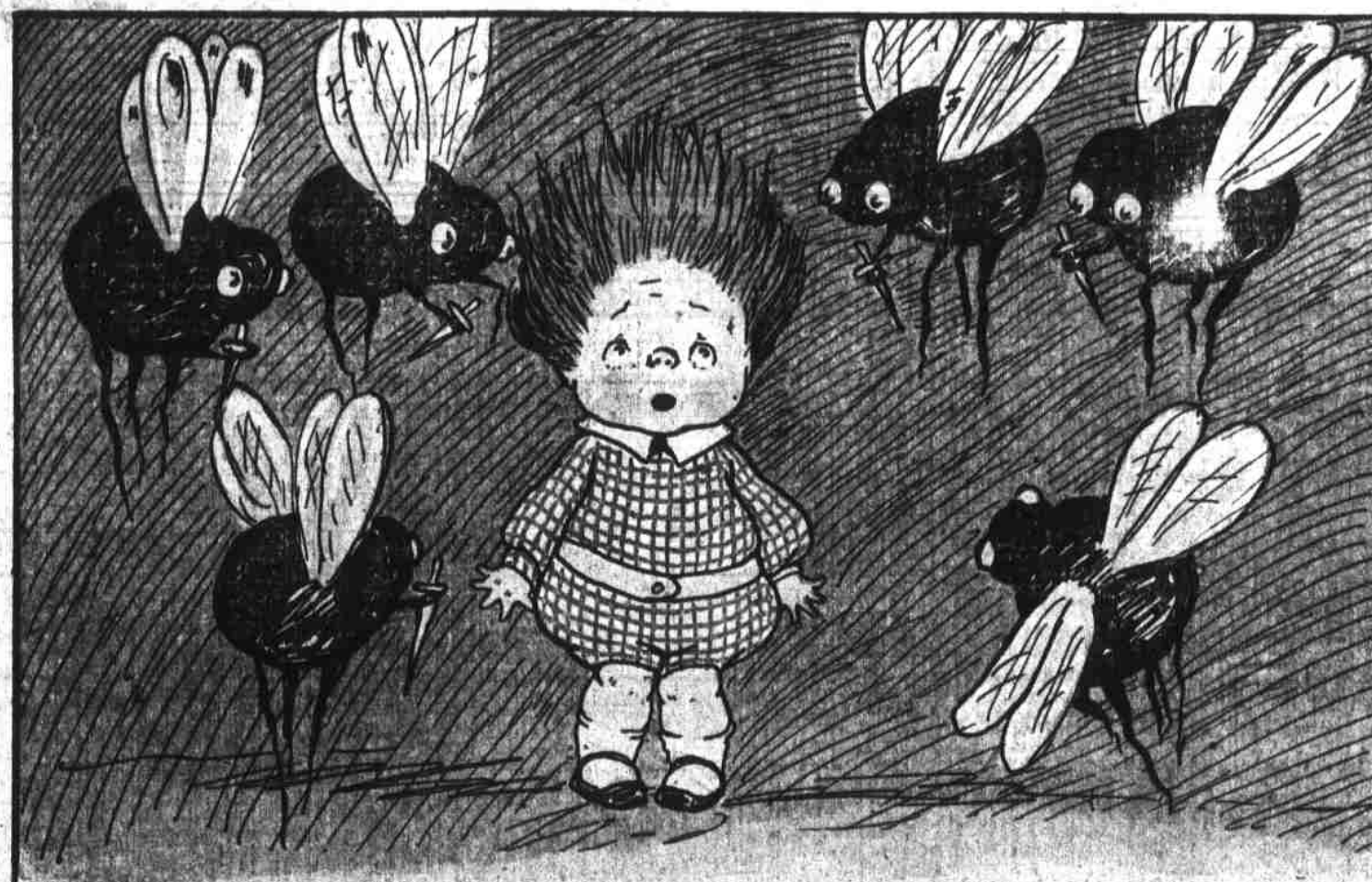
An' I taked the box home wif me 'cause I wanted to keep mine pet fly in it—after I caught him—an' I was too tired to catch him when I gotted home 'cause mine dee-ar Muvver an' me we had good to so many 'normouses' stores—but we gotted the Charlotte rooster at a n'orful nice place wher' ther' was cakes an' pretty ladies an' ice cream an' sand'iches an' 'ittle girls an' boys all eatin' 'em—an' lots o' goodies.



'An' I lied down on the sofer when I gotted home, wif Puppo, an' suddently I heard somebody say, "Cock-a-doodle-doo." An' ther' it was mine Charlotte rooster—grewed to a real live bird—an' he was goin' roun' the sittin' room peckin' at the flowers in the carpet an'—an' suddently the sittin' room changed to a—gr-r-eat big palace—an' ther' was a lot o' chickings all dressed up an' ridin' in carriages—an' a big fat white hen sittin' on a throne wif a magniferous golden crown on her head—an' ther' she had taked mine Charlotte rooster box for a throne. What-che-know-'bout-'at!

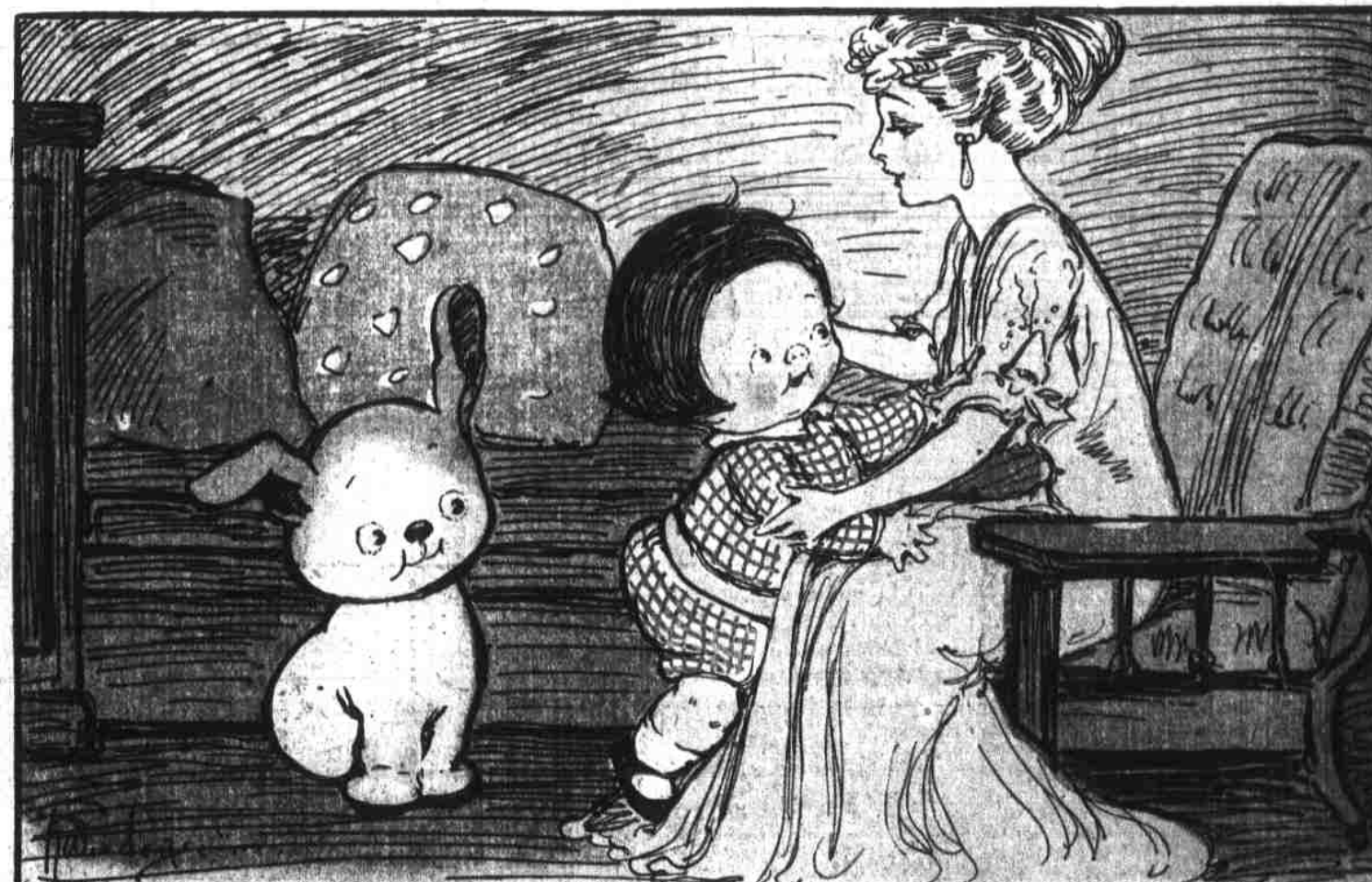


An' I wanted to fix mine hair an' the Charlotte rooster lended me his comb, an'—an' en fore I knowed what—long comed a parade o' china bank pigs an' 'ey was rollin' ther' eyes toward me an' sayin', "Kill him! Kill him! He's a robber!" An' I sed, "I ain't not a robber, an' you is—you is a whole lot o' story-tellers—you big ugly pigs!" 'En 'ey comed rushin' over after me, but I—I—I—well—I jus' taked mine dagger an'—an' I stabbed 'em ever' one till 'ey was all busted up to pieces an' all the moneys comed out o' 'em. Ha! Ha! Such a lot—an' the chickies—O, didn't I tell you—the chickies was all gonod 'way—on'y me an' the money pigs lef'.



An' I was puttin' some o' the twenty cents o' dollars in to mine pockets 'en suddently I heard somepin say, "Buzz-buzz-buzz." An' ther' comed a lot o' big black flies an' 'ey was crawlin' long ther' orful quick, an' 'ey was a horribliforous sight 'cause 'ey had—er—'ey had daggers an' swords an'—an' bombs—an' ever' fing—an' some o' 'em had pants on—an'—an' hats.

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An' 'ey comed buzzin' long an' sayin', "Wher' is 'at Kaptin Kiddo! We wants to make turkey hash out o' him for our supper." An' I sed "Here I is," I sed, an' I taked mine dagger an' I would of killed ever' one o' 'em—but—well—jus' 'en I felled orf the sofer wif a bang, an' mine dee-ar Muvver an' Puppo comed runnin' in an' I sed, "Wher's mine Charlotte rooster box?" An' mine dee-ar Muvver sed, "It's all squashed up, but I'll buy you anuvver one, O you kiddo!"
P. S.—But I don't fink I'll keep 'at pet fly—I hasn't caught him yet.