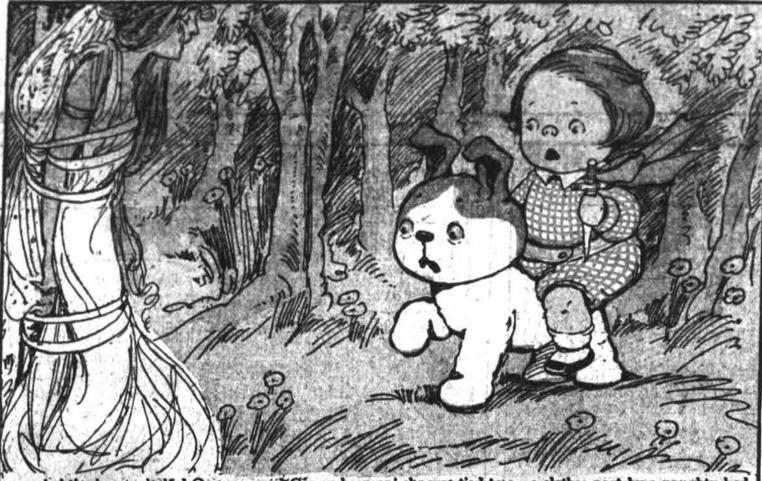
PORTLAND, OREGON, SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 14, 1911



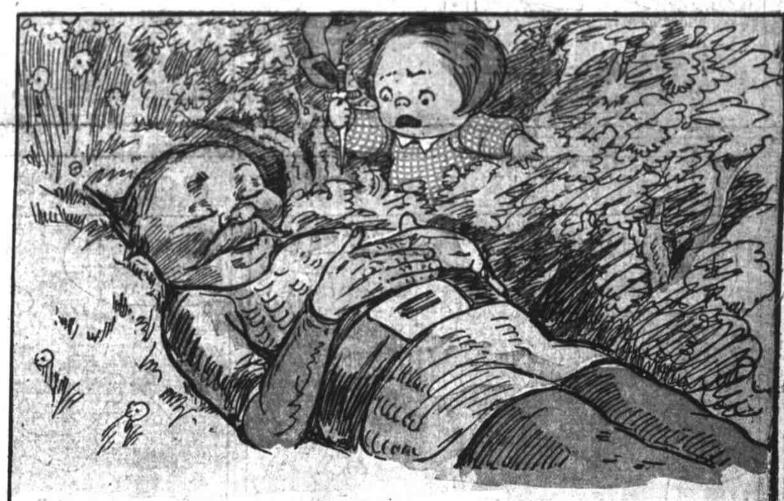
Ther' was oncet a man what had Ten-sons an' one was named King Arthur an' he was a "night." Ay "night" is a person what rides a trusty steed an' has a sword called X-scallywag an' slews peoples, an'—an' I readed bout turn-o-mints an'—an' ever'fing like 'at, an' I sed, "I is goin' to be a 'night' too."



An' I taked Puppo for mine trusty steed, an' I called mine dagger X-scallawag, an' I tied Gwendylin 'Vangelin May's red hair ribbon to it—for a color—'cause it was a n'orful bright color—an' I rided forth to a deep wood—back of our back fence—an' Puppo he didn't not want to be a trusty steed a t-all.



An' ther' was a bu'ful Queen named Gin-an-beer an' she was tied to a—a clothes post by a naughty bad enchanter—an' she see'd me comin' an' she sed, "Oh, safe me! Safe me! Lance-a-lot!" An' I sed, "I isn't not Lance-a-lot, I is Kaptin Kiddo—but all the more I'll safe you, Gin-an-beer!" An' I taked X-scallywag an' I cutted the ropes.



'En I goed to—to seek the naughty bad enchanter—his name was Maryland—an' I finded him asleep an' I picked a lot o' mint an' covered him all up, an' he was a turn-o-mint, an' he shrivvelled all up till he wasn't not ther' a-t-all an' en I taked X-scallywag an'—an' I slewed him all up.



'En Queen Gin-an-beer she sed she'd marry me, but I sed, "No" mine dee ar Muvver wouldn't let me, an' 'sides I was 'gaged to the fair maid who's heir ribbon was tied on K-scallywag. 'En Queen Gin-an-beer she cried an' cried till she was all cried to pieces—what-che-know-bout-'at!



En-well 'en I rided home an' mine dec-ar Muvver she sed, "You is too heavy to ride poor Puppo."

An' I telled her 'bout me bein' a "night" an' slewin' fings wif X-scallywag, an' mine dec-ar Muvver ahe;
hugged me an' she squeezed me, an' she sed, "Oh you funny, cute 'ittle Kiddo!"