

THE TURBLE TALES of KAPTIN KIDDO



Oregon Journal

SECOND SECTION

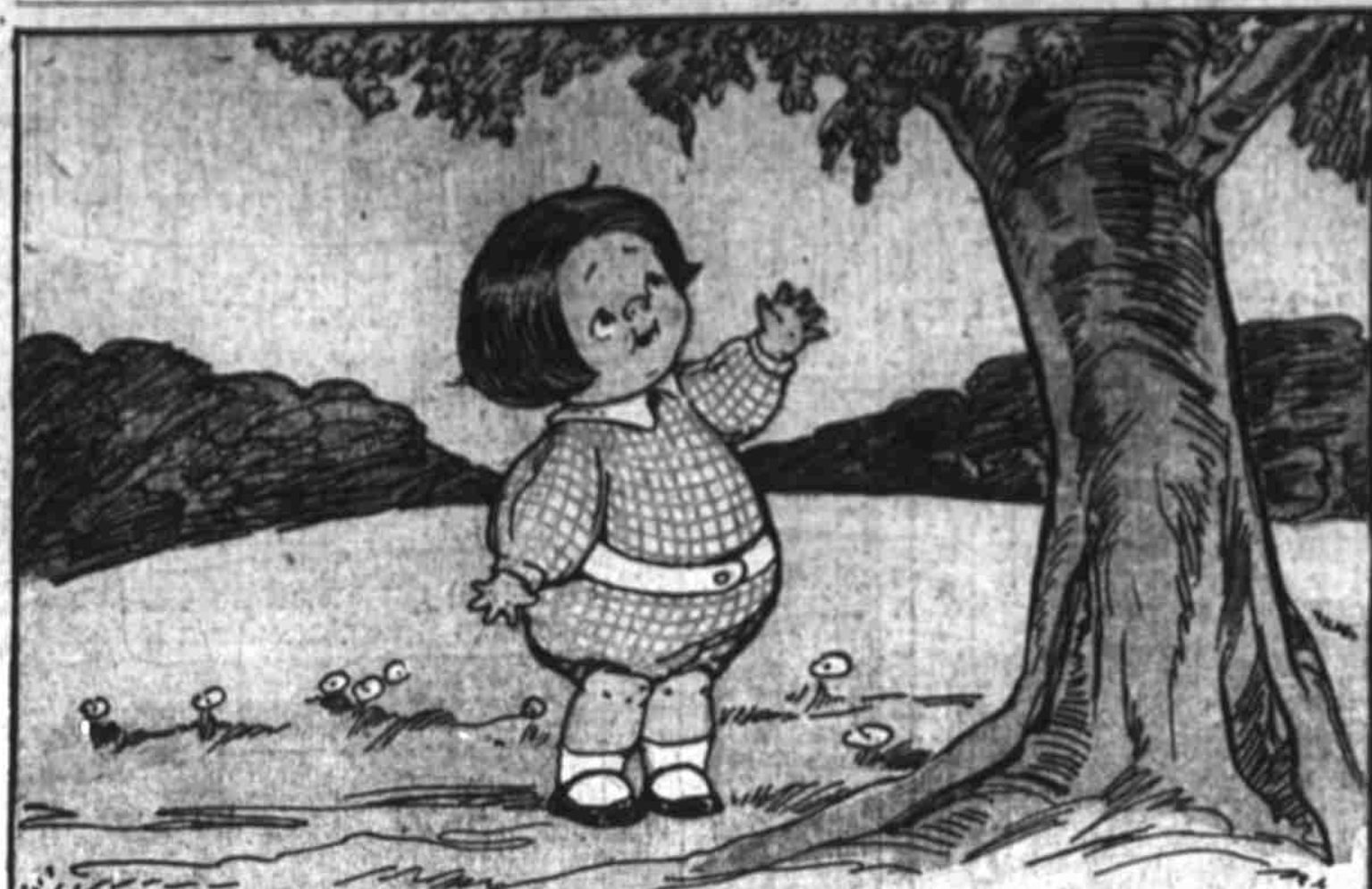
Written by MARGARET G. HAYS

Pictured by GRACE G. BRAYTON



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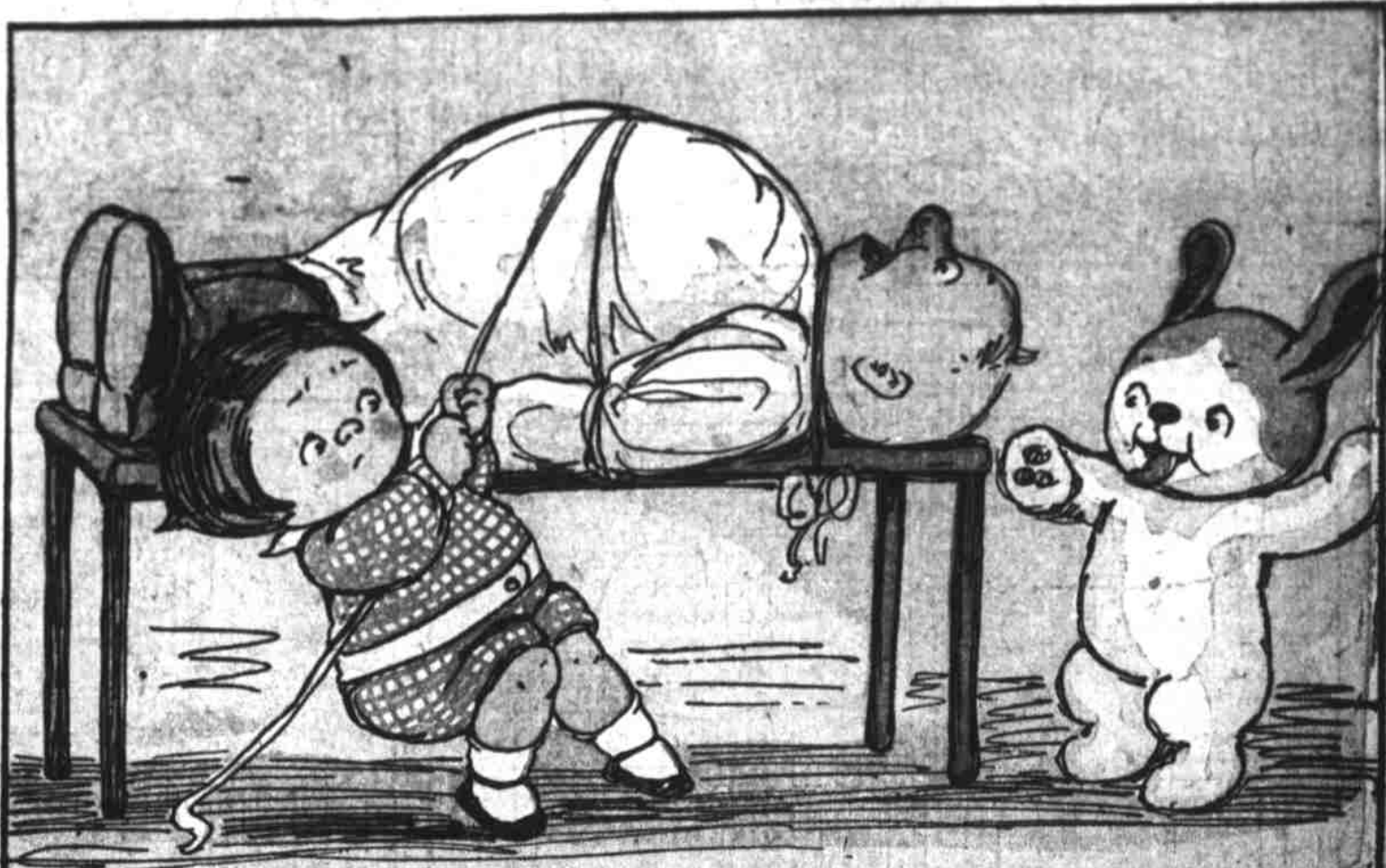
Once mine Puppo gotted losted an' I hunted an' hunted for him, an' I called "Puppo—Puppo! Wher is you at, Puppo!"—an' he didn't never ever come—an' I looked un'neaf o' the steps wher the 'tittle kitties lives at, an' up in the trees wher the 'tittle birdies lives at, but he wazan't not no-wher's. What-che-know-bout-at!



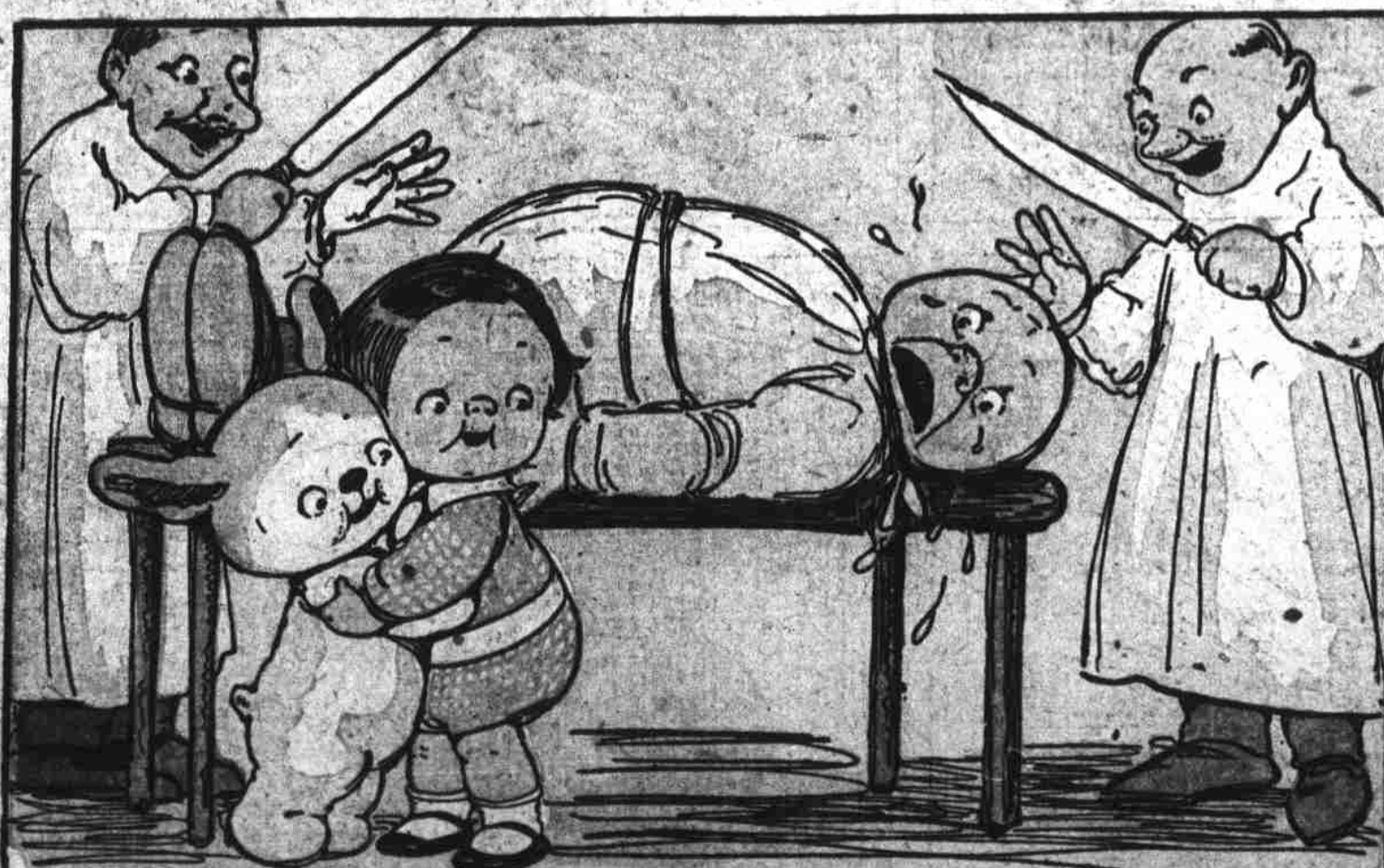
'An' I was passin' by a N'University an' it was a big storie house, an' I heard Puppo's voice cryin'. "Oh-yi! Oh safe me, Kaptin Kiddo!" An'—an' I rushed right in ther' an' it was a big white room an' ther' was a whole lot o' mens wif white nighties on, an' 'ey had knifs in ther' han's, an' it was horribliferos.



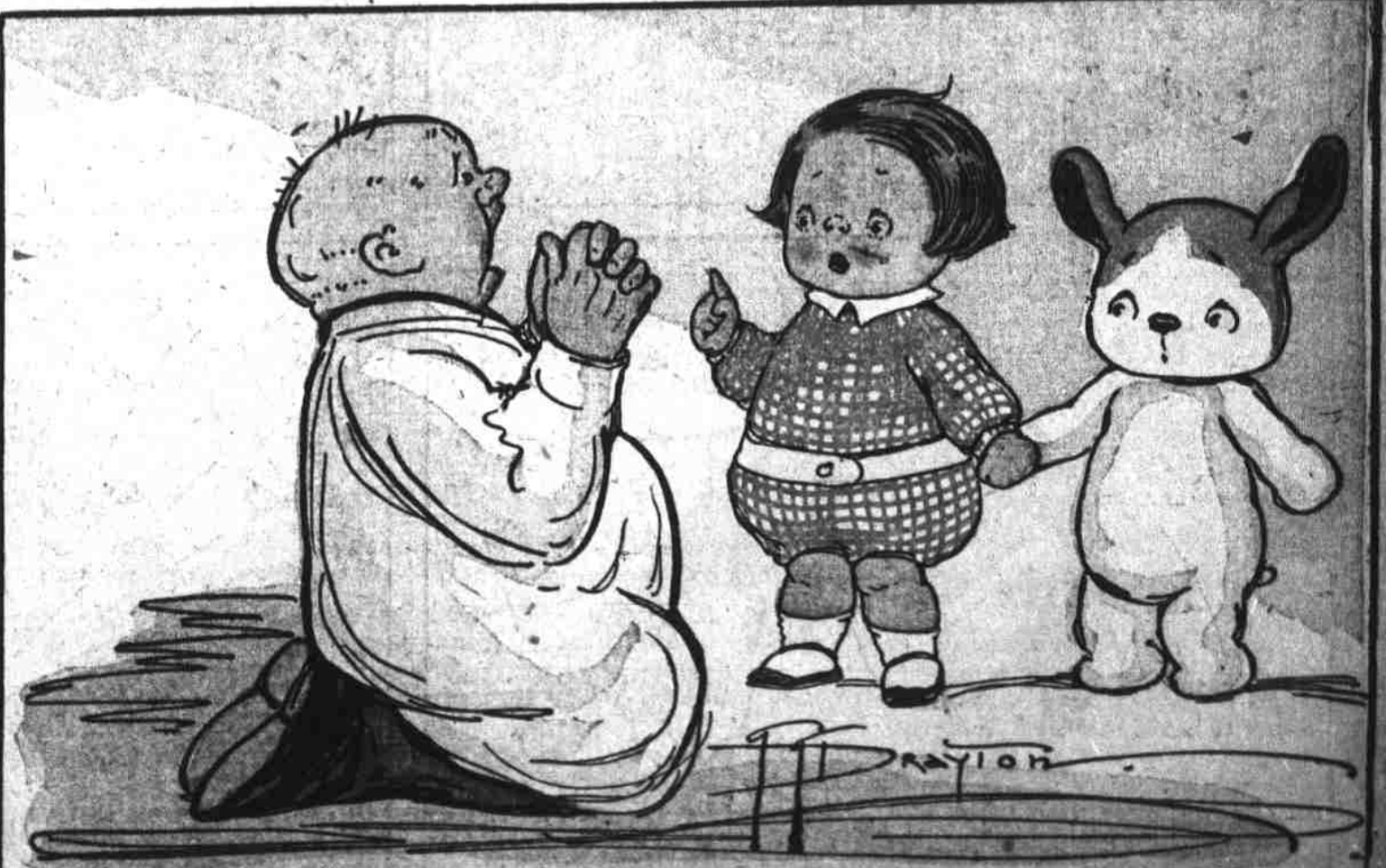
An' I sed, "Wher's mine dog, Wher's Puppo!" An'—an' they had poor fat ol' Puppo strapped down to a table an' 'ey was vi-vi-sectioners—an' one big fat vi-vi-sectioner mans he sed, "We is goin' to operate on your dog in the intrust o' human-anity an' find-out what causes this x-cess o' addipose tishue." An' poor ol' Puppo he waggled his tail an' sed, "Hello, Kaptin Kiddo, I is orful glad to see you, 'deed I is."



An' I sed, "No you is not goin' to operate on mine Puppo, you bad ol' vi-vi-sectioner," I sed, "'cause I is Kaptin Kiddo, an' I won't lef' you do it, neither!" An' I—I—I lef' Puppo free, an' 'en I jus' taked 'at fat ol' vi-vi-sectioner an'—an' I strapped him on to the table his ownself, an' I strapped him down good an' hard, an' tight—orful tight.



'En I sed to all o' the mens in white nighties, I sed, "Now go on an' operate an' find out what causes that x-cess o' addipose tishue—ther's plenty o' it!" 'En ol' Puppo he danced roun' an' kissed me, an' all o' those vi-vi-sectioners menced sharpenin' up ther' knifs 'ceptin' the bigges', fatter's one, what was strapped tight to the table—an' his tears was flowin' fast.



An' he sed, "Oh please, please let me be free, Kaptin Kiddo!" An' I sed, "Well if you promises never—never—cross your heart—hope you'll die if you ever vi-vi-sectionize a poor 'tittle dumb animile 'gen'—An' he kneeled down befront o' me an' he promised, an' all o' the doggies an' pussy cats, an' bunny rabbits in the world likes me now, an' laffe, an' says, "Oh you Kiddo!"

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