

THE TURBLE TALES

KAPTIN KIDDO



Oregon Journal

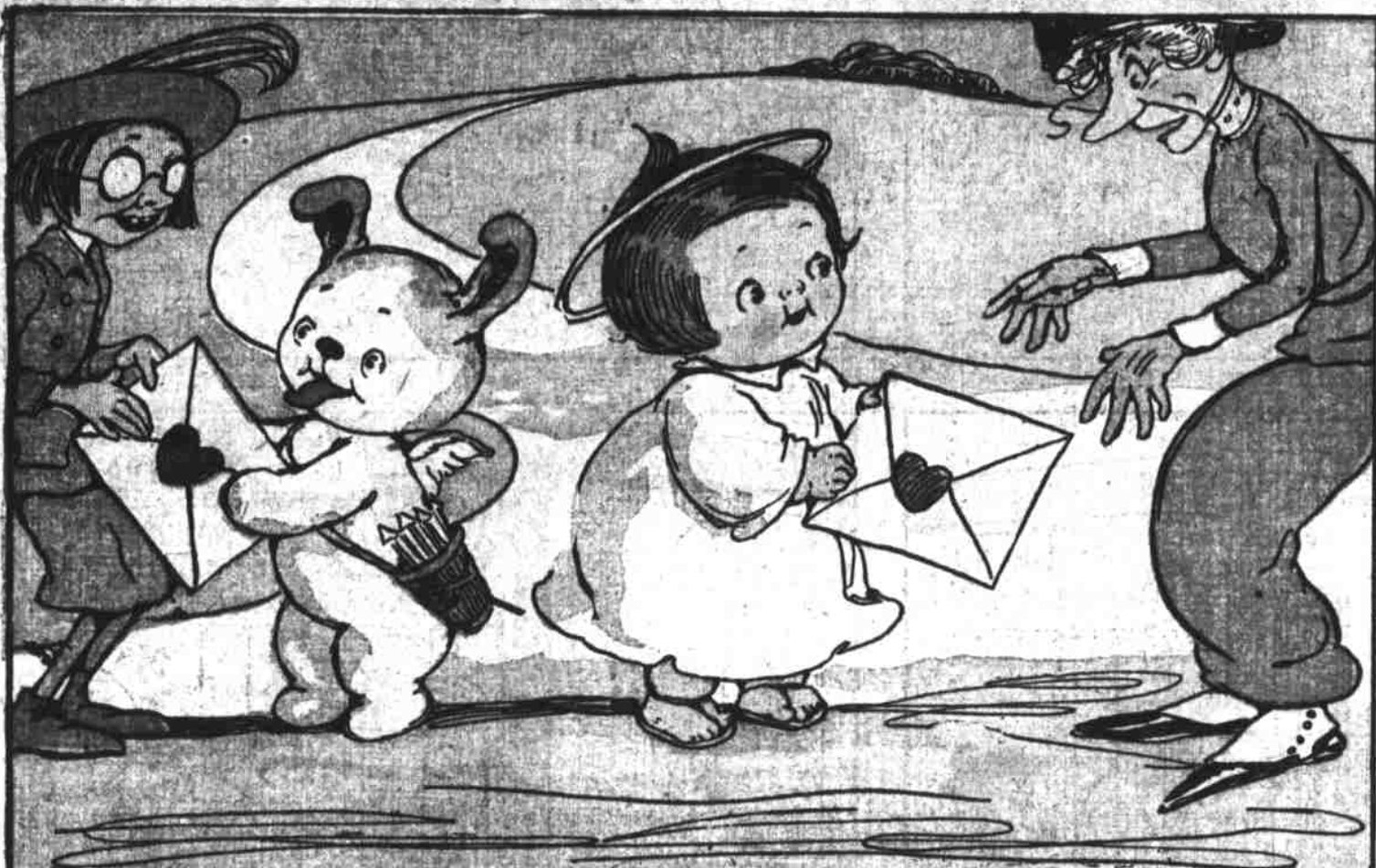
SECOND SECTION

Written by MARGARET G. HAYS

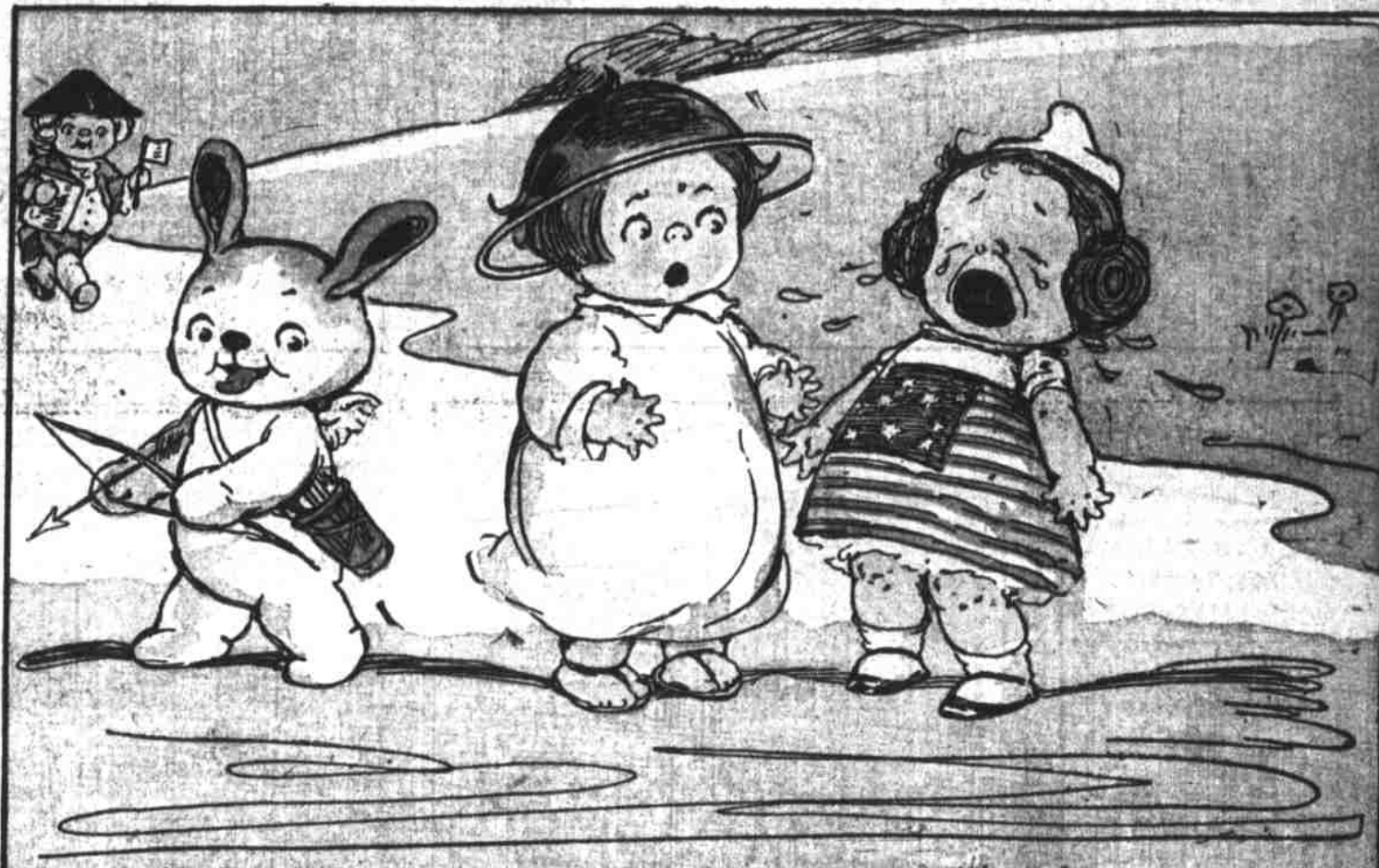
Pictured by GRACE G. DRAYTON

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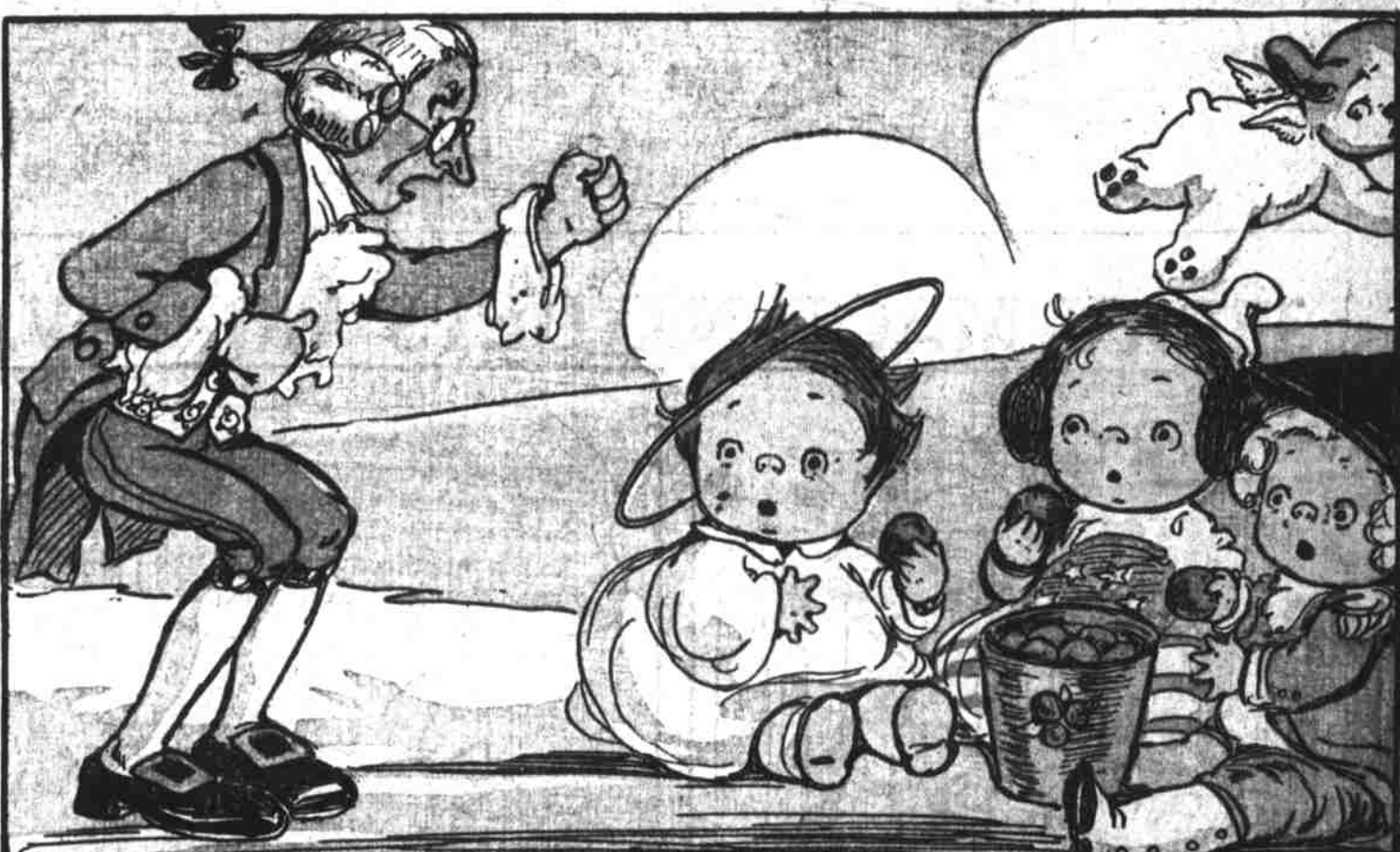
Once me n Puppo we—we was comin' home from a Valumtime Party an'—an' I was dressed up like Saint Valumtime wif—wif a "hello" round my head—an'—Puppo he was dressed up lovely like Cupid 'thout any dress on'y two bu'ful white wings an' a bow 'n arer—an' we was 'stributioning Valumtimes to all the peoples what didn't get none.



An' long comed a dearest 'ittle girl an' she was Miss C'lumbia, an' she sed, "Who will be my Valumtime?" An' I sed, "I can't not 'cause I is Gwendylin 'Vangeline May's Valumtime," an' 'en she 'menced to cry—an' cry—an' cry, an' Puppo he 'menced shootin' arrers roun' ther' 'cause see he was Cupid an'—an' 'at's the way Cupid catches Valumtimes for peoples—an' long comed a boy wif a new hatchet.



An' here if it wasn't dee-ar 'ittle Georgie Wash'n'ton an' he sed, "Have some cherries, Kiddo, it's my birfday an' I fink you deserve the cherries 's much as me." 'En I asked him won't he please be Miss C'lumbia's Valumtime, an' he sed, "All right." An' he sed, "I always did love fruit, an' Miss C'lumbia's a peach." What-che-know-'bout-'at!



An' jus' 'en long comed Georgie Wash'n'ton's papa, an' he was orful mad, an' he had a switch an' he sed, "See here! Who tooked all mine cherries?" An'—an' he sed, "Who tooked all mine red ripe cherries?" An'—an' me'n Puppo 'n Georgie Wash'n'ton an' Miss C'lumbia we was all eatin' some cherries.—"Course—er—course I wasn't not scared—on'y the uver rest o' 'em was.



An'—an' I sed, "Mr. Georgie Wash'n'ton's papa," I sed, "I—I looks like Saint Valumtime, but I—I is Kaptin Kiddo, an'—an' I cannot not tell a lie. These is not your cherries," I sed, "'cause the cherries wasn't not ripe yet on your 'ittle tree what Georgie cutted down wif his birfday hatchet, an'—an' I is a big brave hero, an'—an' I can't not tell a lie."



'En—en Georgie Wash'n'ton's papa he—he busted into tears, an' he sed, "Noble youfs, all the whole—whole lot o' yous!" An' he kissed Puppo an' me an' all o' 'em, an' he sed, "I'd ravver tell ten millions lies than lose one cherry tree!" An'—an' 'at's what all happened an' when I was in bed I telled mune dee-ar muvver 'bout it, an' she sed, "Go to sleep now, oh you Kiddo!"

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