

THE LURDLE TALES OF KAPTIN KIDDO



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Comic Section

Written by MARGARET G. HAYS

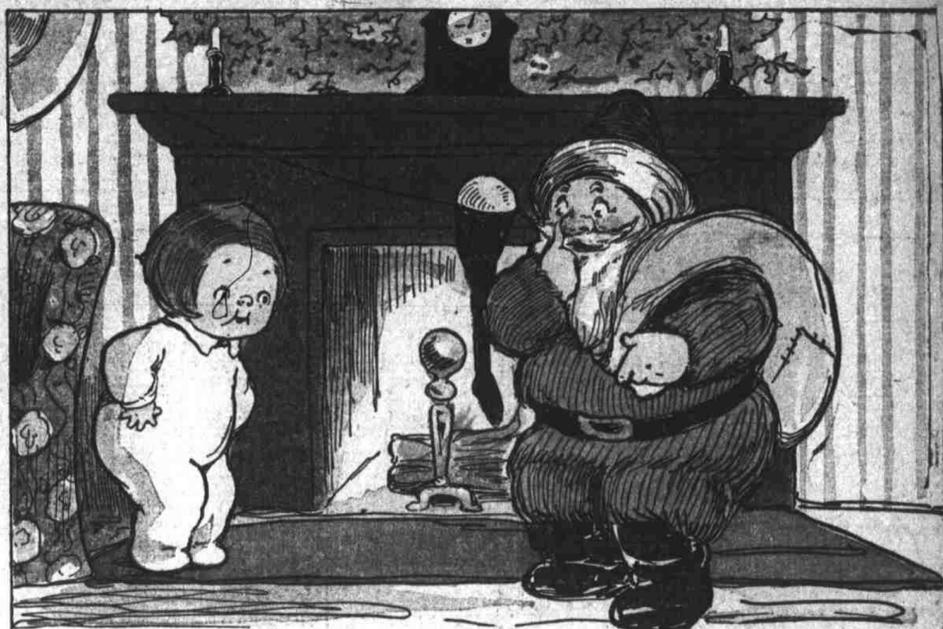
Pictured by GRACE G. DRAYTON

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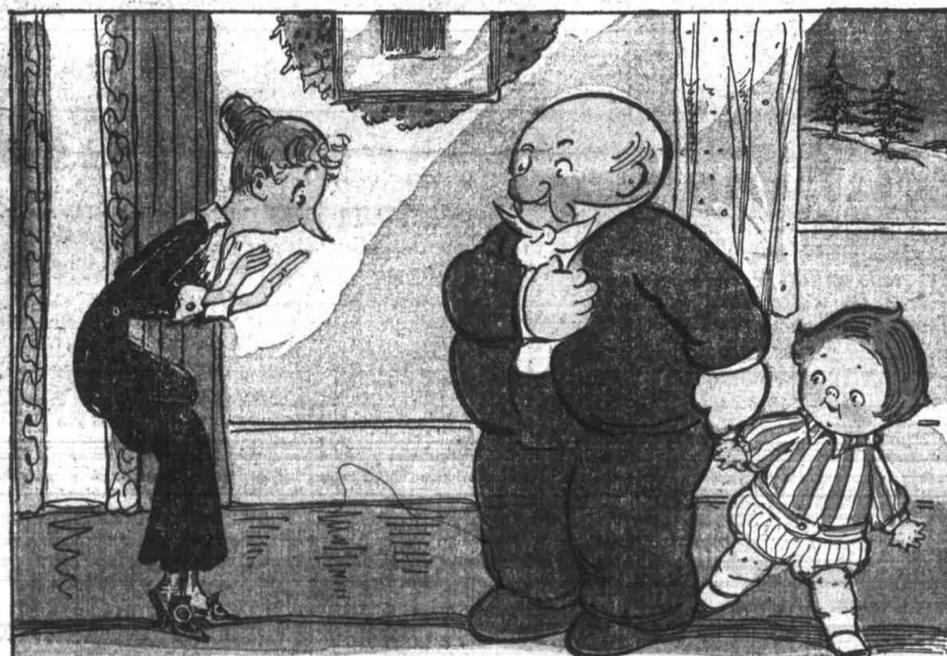
PORTLAND, OREGON, SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 21, 1912



It was Christmas Eve, an'—an' I goed to bed early—an'—an' I was jus' a-goin' to sleep an' I hee-ard somebuddy cryin'—so I woked up—an' I saw an orful thin ol' maid lady, an' she was hangin' up her stockin' 'longside o' mine—an' she sed, "Oh, I hope—I do hope Santy Klaws will bring me a husban'!" she sed.



So—pretty soon ol' Santy Klaws comed down the chimley—an'—an'—I know Santy Klaws—so I sed, "Hello!" I sed, an' I telled him 'bout the poor thin ol' maid lady—an' Santy Klaws he luffed an' he sed, "All right, Kiddo!" an' he putted one o' those blowin' up b'loons into the orful thin ol' maid lady's orful thin long stockin'—en he putted his finger 'longside o' his nose—an' goed up the chimley!



An' pretty soon it was mornin', an' ther orful thin ol' maid lady comed in—an' she see'd only the little blowin' b'loon, an' she 'menced to cry—an' cry—an' I jumped up an' I sed, "Let me blow it up for you," I sed, an' I did—an' ther' if it wasn't the nices' big—fat—riches' husban'—an' he sed, "Will you be my bride?"

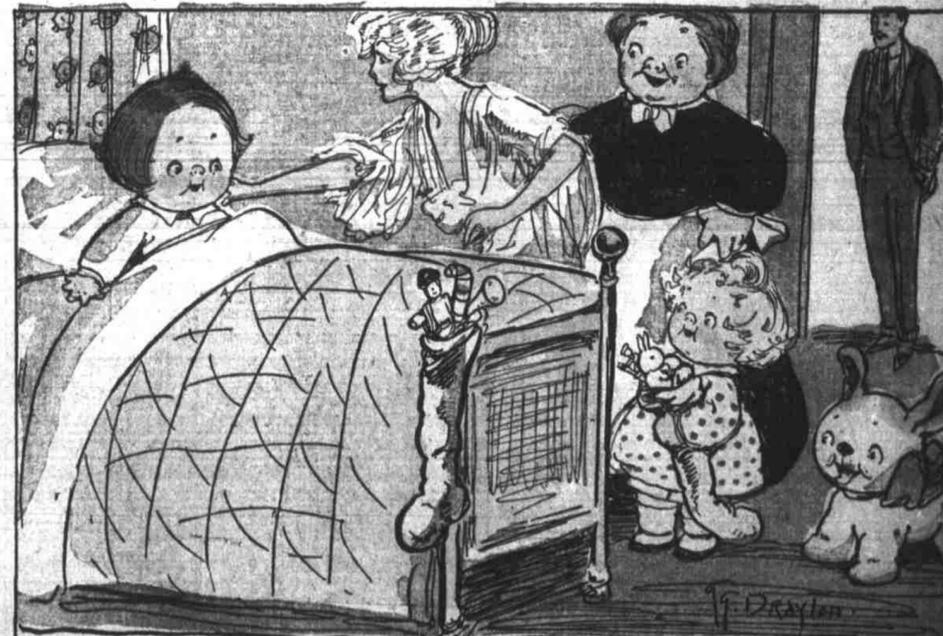


An' the orful thin ol' maid lady she sed, "Yes, sure!" an' we had a magniferous weddin'—an' the minister comed—an'—an' the bride went to kiss the groom—an' her nose was so—er—so sharp that it pricked him, an'—"BANG!" the b'loon busted an' ther' wasn't no more bridegroom. What-che-know-bout-nt!



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So the poor ol' bride was cryin', an' I sed, "Here, I is Kaptin Kiddo, I is." An' I gavvered all o' the pieces togever an' I sewed—an' I sewed 'em up—an'—an' ther' was the bridegroom jus' as good as ever—an' rich, an' fat, an' nice as could be—an' I sed, "Let the ceremonious perceed!"



An' 'en—'en I woked up all of a suddently—an' mine dee-ar Muvver—an' mine Baby Bruvver—an' Puppo—an' Daddy—an' Bridgie was all roun' mine bed, an' ey sed, "Isn't you ever a-goin' to wake up! Come on downstairs an' see what Santy Klaws has bringed you. Merry Christmas, Oh you Kiddo!"
P. S.—An' I wish you all a magniferous, splendiferous Christmas!—K. K.