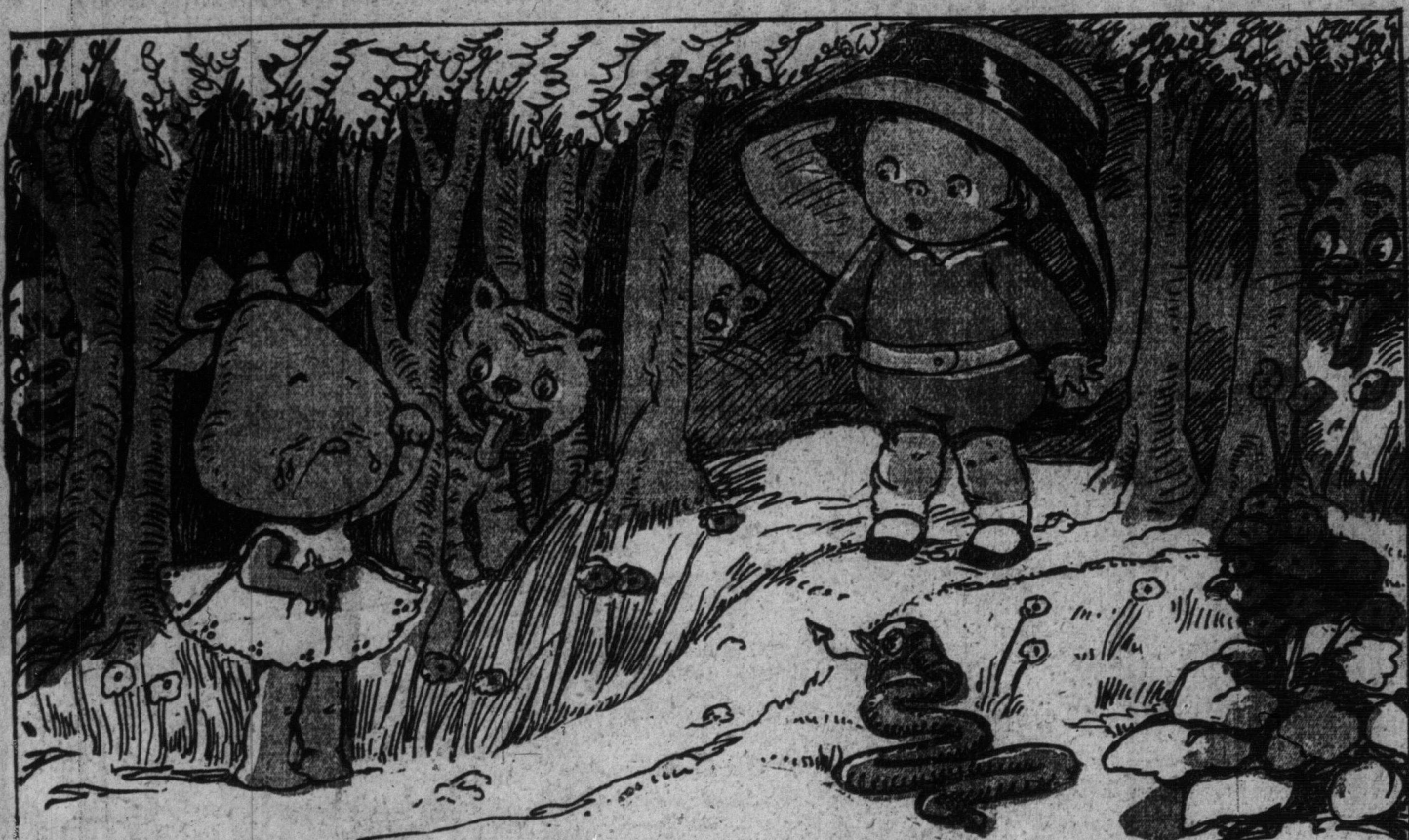


THE TURR'BLE TALES OF KAPTIN KIDDO

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"Oncet I was a-warkin' long a horful dark lonesome place, where ther' was wim beasts an' lions an' tigers an' tigeresses, an' they was all sayin' 'Ar-ooo, Ar-ooo' orful fierce. An' I was jus' walkin' long ther' an' I heerd somebuddy cryin' an' ther' it was the little Sweet Potater Girl, an' she was sittin' ther' cryin' an' I sed, 'What's a-matter wif you?' An' she sed (in Spinach) 'Oh! ther's a norful wildes' annimile has tooked my little bruvver way, an' I wan' my little bruvver, Boo-Hoo!'"



An' I sed, "Don-che-cry. I'll get him for you. Jus' show me wher' he is at." An' she sed, "Oh! will you? Come on." En we wented through scarin' forests an' rivers, an' everyfing, an' comed to a gr-r-eat big stone wall, an' we looked over it, an' she sed, "Ther' he is. That's him, the orful fierce Potater Mashereen." An' ther' he was, wif the poor little Sweet Potater Boy all ready to eat him up for his supper. An' he was a-growlin' somefin tur'bliferous, an' the de-ear little Sweet Potater Boy was screemin' an' cryin' an' dancin' round ther' an' sayin', "Ma-mar! I want my Ma-mar!"



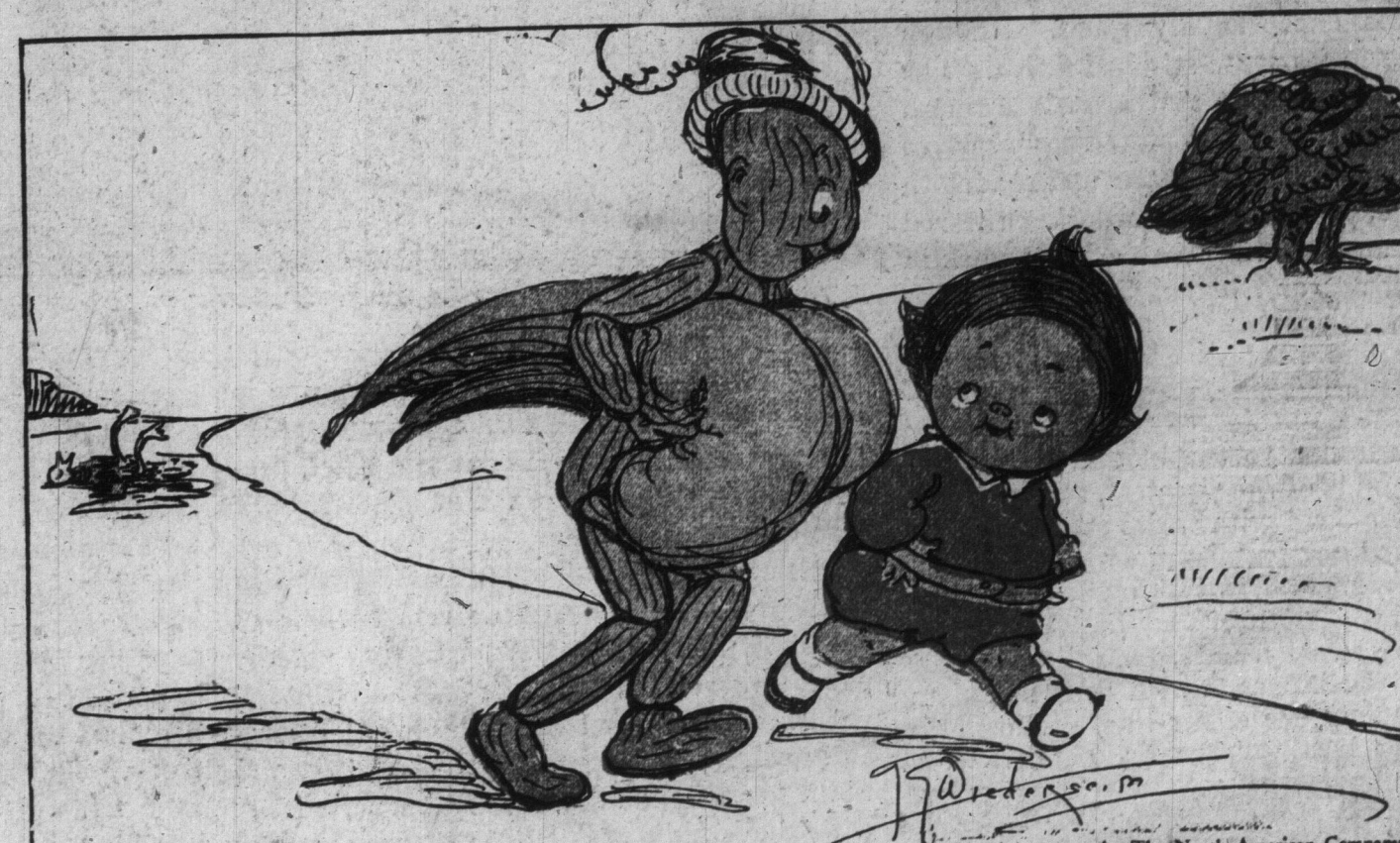
"En I sed, "S-sh! Don't say a word." An' I tooked a—er—a lasso, 'at I had in my—er—pocket an' I frowed it round the Potater Mashereen's tail, an' I pulled him so hard 'at his tail comed orf from his head, an' —an'—er—course you know 'at killed him stone deaded. An'—an' he couldn't hurt the poor little Sweet Potater Girl's poor little Sweet Potater Bruvver if he was all stone-deaded an' killed, could he? 'En the little Sweet Potater Boy see'd us, an' he was so 'lighted.



'En the little Sweet Potater Girl was so 'lighted too, an' she sed, "Come an' give Kaptin Kiddo a kiss, Murphy darling!" 'At was the little Sweet Potater Boy's name—Murphy—orful pretty name, an' he was a norful nice little boy. An' 'en she tooked him home wif her to ther' house, an' sed, "Fank you, Kaptin Kiddo." 'En I heerd somebuddy screemin' an' screechin', "Hellup! Hellup!" An' ther' comed Kaptin Peanut Ploochee jus' tearin' long, orful scared, wif a horribliferous Rhineostrich after him. 'Course I wasn't scared a mite though.



The Rhineostrich was a—er—orful fierce sort o' a bird wif a bottle body, an' fevvers, an' a—er—a gr-r-eat big hat, orful savagiferous. An' he was snappin' an' grabbin' an' tryin' to catch poor Kaptin Peanut Ploochee an' he sed, "Oh! brave little Kaptin Kiddo," he sed, "Save me! Save me!" An' he runned up an' kneeled down befront o' me, an' sed, "Here he comes! Oh! Hellup! Hellup! Hellup!"



An' I sed, "Fear not, me friend!" An' I tooked out my pistol an' I shooted 'at ol' Rhineostrich full o' holes, an' he was all shooted up to pieces—a norful mess. 'En Kaptin Peanut Ploochee an' me we—er—we gavvered up the fevvers an' the hat (it was a norful beautiful hat). An' Kaptin Ploochee sed, "I'll jus' take these fings home to Mrs. Ploochee." 'En he sed, "I'd a bin a goner, sure, if it hadn't a bin for you, Oh! you Kiddo!" An' I sed, "What-che-know—bout—'at?"

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