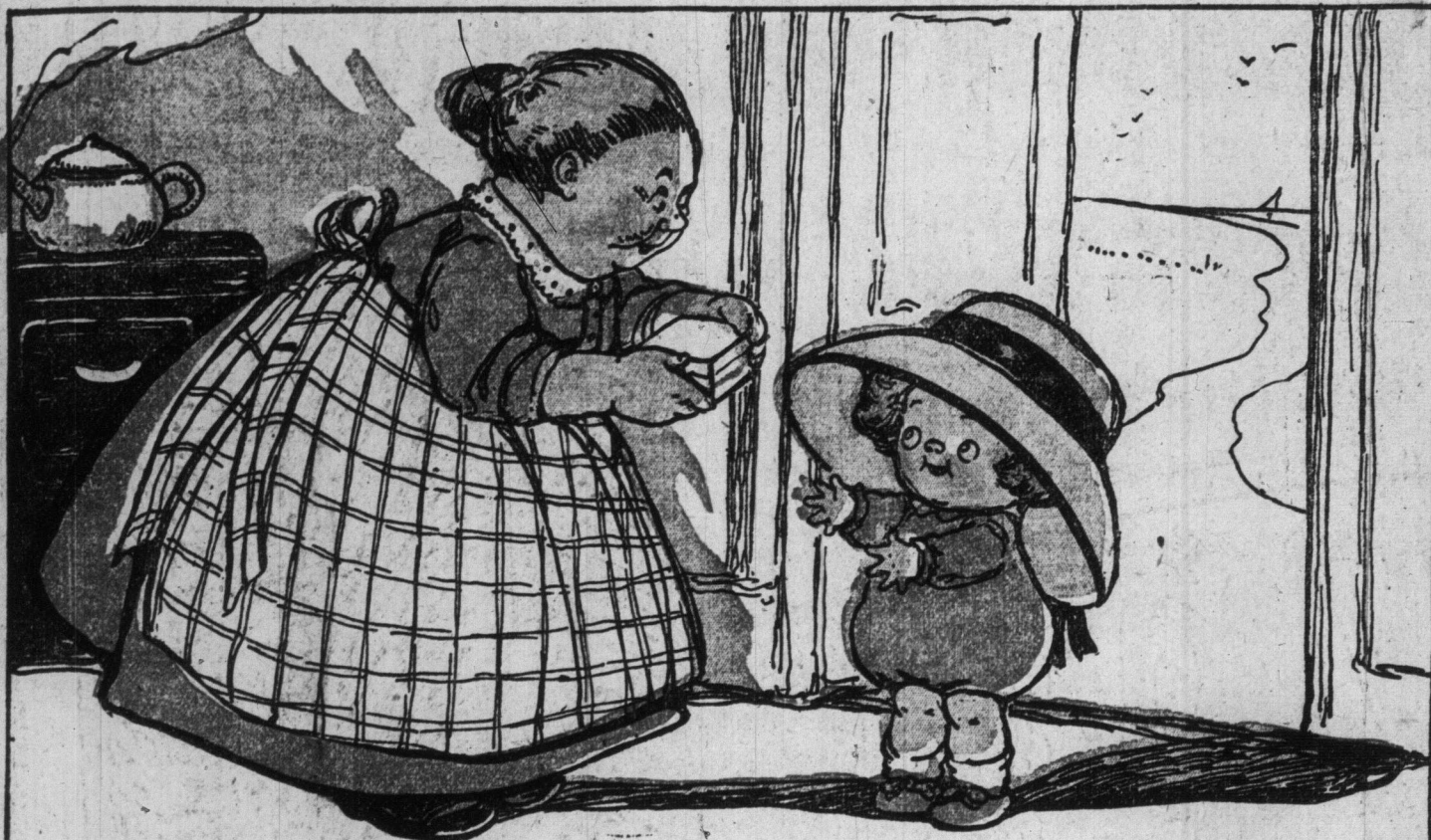


THE TERRIBLE TALES OF KAPTIN KIDDO



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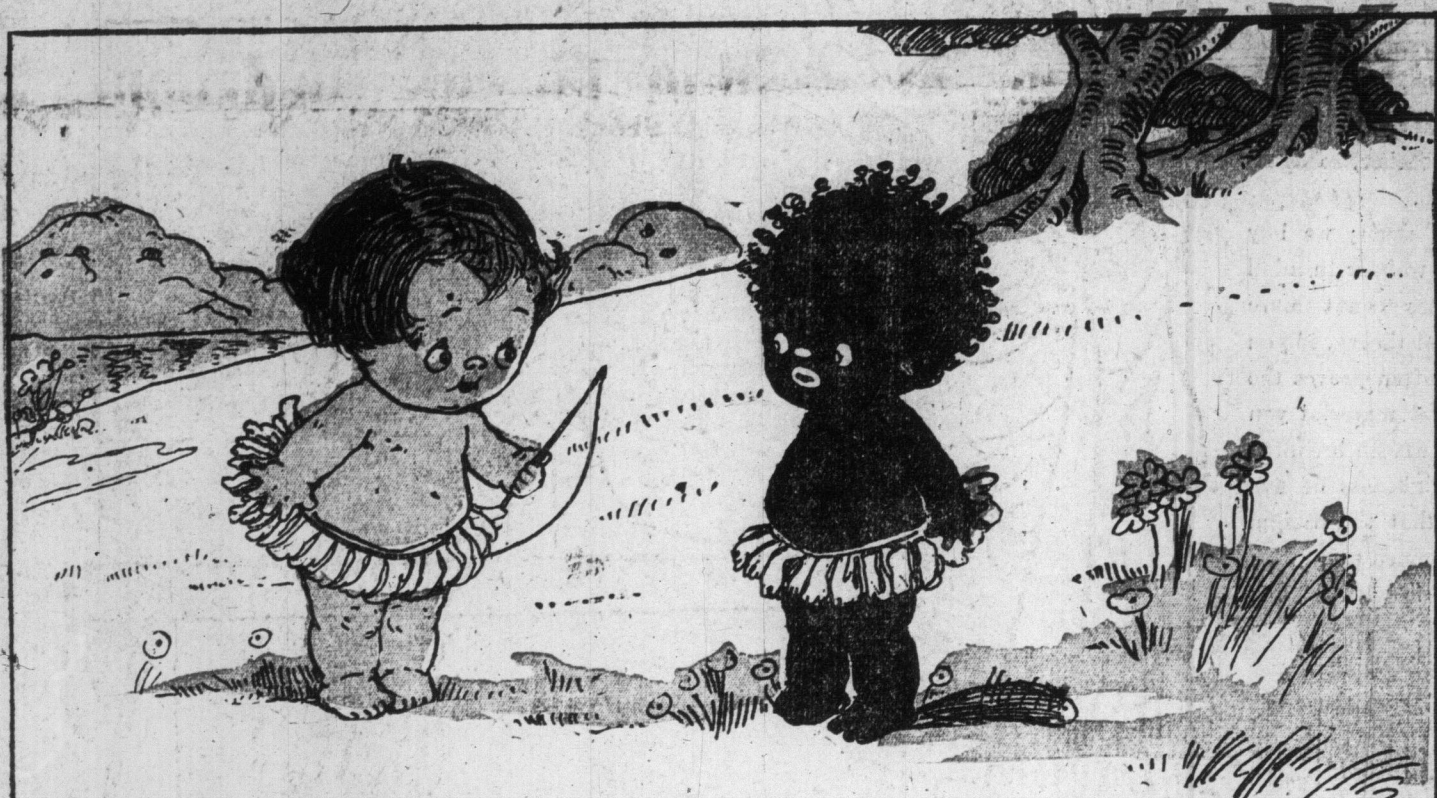
JANUARY 2 1910



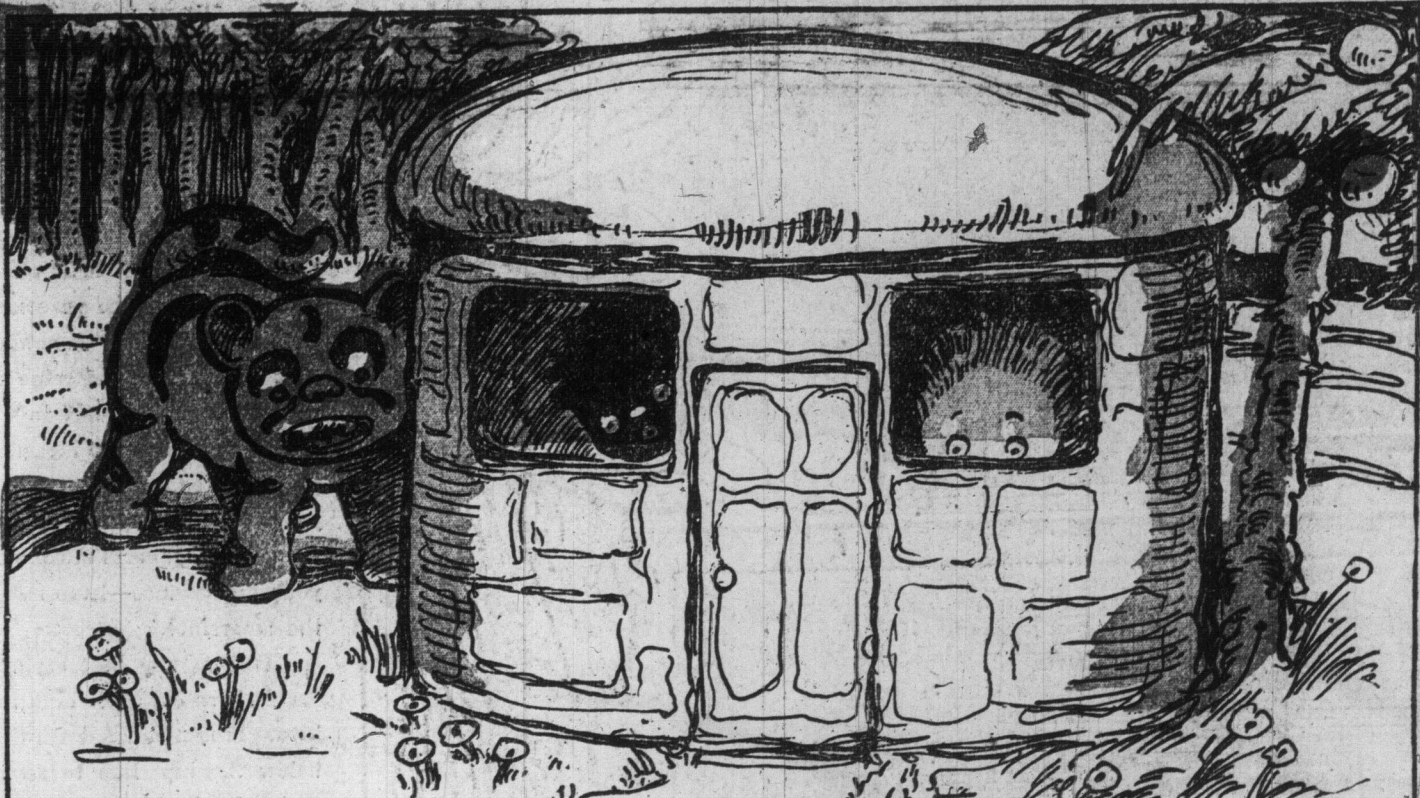
Bridgie, the cook, gived me a bag full o' bread an' sand-itches, once, 'cause Bridgie is orful fond o' me, an' an' sides 'at she knowed I was goin' on a "Kroose." A "Kroose" is a boat wif sails to it, an' an' it takes you to a n'island far—far—away in the very middle o' the 'Lantic Ocean, an' it is a dessert islan' an' you live there all 'lone by yourself for years an' monfs, an' ever so long. So I sed "Fank you, Bridgie." An' I kissed her good-bye an' an' the bag o' goodies was orful heavy, an' an' it was time to go now, anyways.



'En I had a n'orful time wif the "Kroose" 'cause it gotted all full o' wif wetness, an' an' some sharks an' sharkesses an' little baby sharks was tryin' to climb over the side o' the "Kroose" an' an' steal the bag o' goodies what Bridgie gived to me. An' I had a n'orful time wif the sails, an' an' a n'orful funder storm comed 'long, an' an' I was flyin' 'round there on the "Kroose," an' gigantiferous waves was splashin' 'roun' an' an' dollfins, an' an' whayuls, an' by m-by the Kroose gotted to the dessert islan', an' was a re-ely truly wreck. What-che-know-bout-at?



A n'orful nice place, 'at dessert islan'—custard an'—an' fluff wif big dots o' red curran' jelly—such a buful place, magniferous! An' I only wored a little pettiskirt o' fevvers an' a bow 'n'arrer an' I shooted birds. Not real live birdies, what would hurt, but jes' roasted chickens an' turkeys an' jes' good 'n' dead ones—like those. An' ther' comed 'long nices' little black boy, an' he sed his name was Monday 'cause his Muvver called him 'at 'count o' bein' a washin' lady, but she'd low him to play wif me.



'En Monday an' me we builded a house o' lumps o' sugar, an' we was havin' nios' festivorous time, an' we wasn't a bit hungry yet. An' we sitted down befront o' our house an' we was goin' to sleep in the sun, an' ther' comed a gr-r-eat monsters big animal, an' Monday sed, "Skedaddle, in the house. It's the shugarkat!" An' we locked the door up tight, an' the ol' orful Shugarkat growled an' shuffled aroun', but he couldn't get in not ever anyways. An' after whiles he runned orf to the woods an' me and Monday comed out o' doors again then.

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An' we was havin' nices' time an' we was goin' in bathin' an' the water was all splendiferous lemonade. An' we heard some one sayin' "Bizz—Bizz—Bizz—Bizz." An' ther' comes a whole lot o' big fat yellow bumble-dees all woozy an' fuzzy wif big paws, an' an' stingers an' they catched up me an' poor little black Monday an' carried us up to ther' house an' sed they was goin' to have us for their chilruns for refreshments to a party. An' poor Monday was orful scared. 'Course I wasn't, though, 'count o' me bein' Kaptin Kiddo.



'En the bumbledee bees went orf to get ther' chilrun to come for the party, an' I finded two pairs o' ther' wings, what they wasn't usin' an' I tacked 'em on to me an' Monday, an' we flied home. I tooked him to his own home first, an' he sed, "Fank you." An' I sed, "Well, good-bye, Monday. I mus' be gettin' home now." So I jus' flied home, 'cause the Kroose was all wrecked up now, anyways, on that ther' dessert islan'. An' I heard Monday an' his Mamma callin' after me. "Good-bye, Good-bye, Oh! you Kiddo!"