

PORTLAND, OREGON, SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 11, 1908



1. Why shouldn't joy its outline trace  
 On Johnny's and each Teddy's face?  
 What youngster, if he had his wish,  
 Would ever miss a chance to fish?



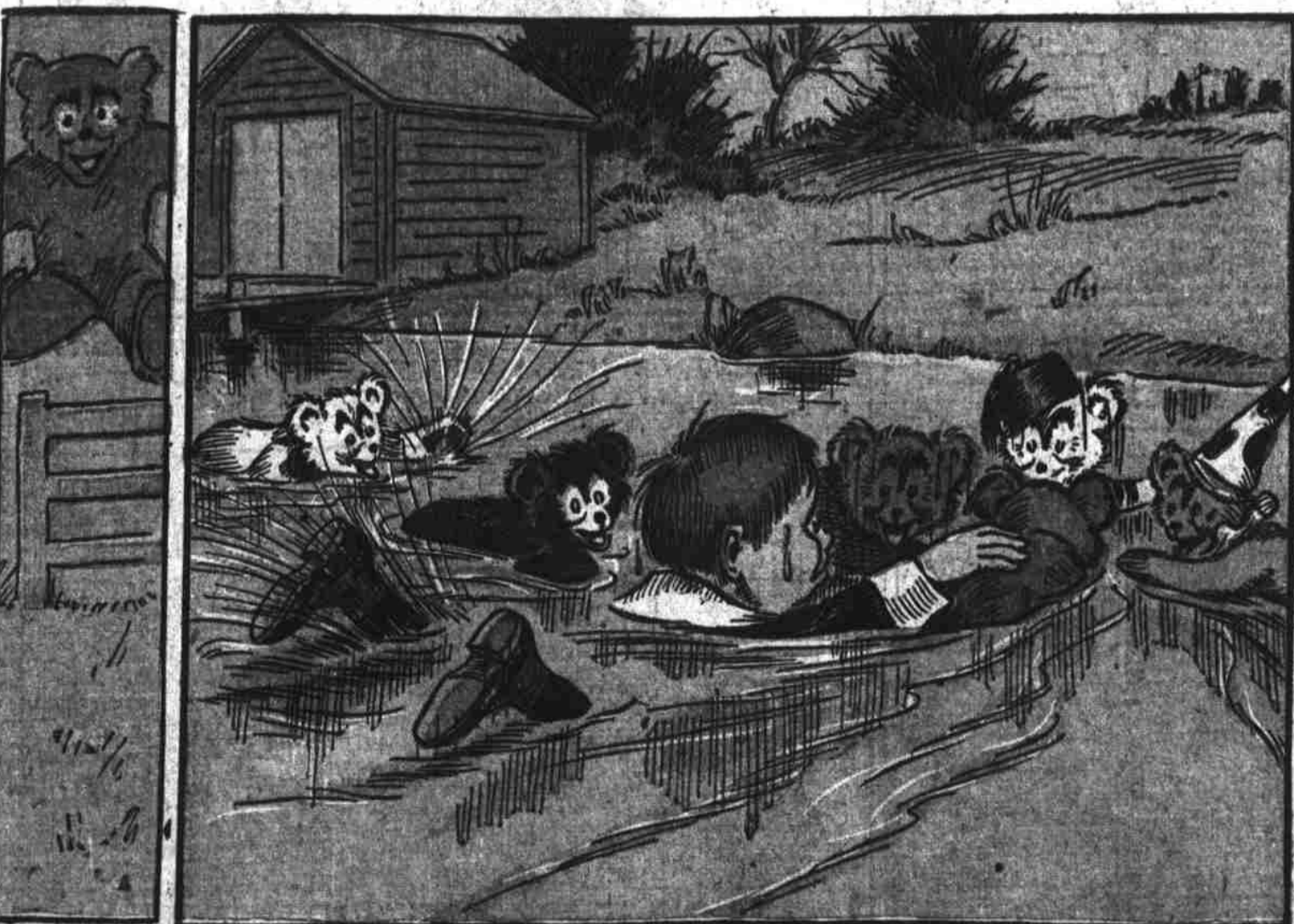
2. Amazed, intent, they crowd and look  
 While little Johnny baits his hook.  
 They push up close and eye the worm,  
 And watch its every twist and squirm.



3. In wonderment absorbed, profound,  
 So close they crowd and press around  
 That Johnny thoughtless steps aside  
 And tumbles backward in the tide.



4. The Teddies, nearly scared to death,  
 See him rise up, then hold their breath;  
 And, knowing not what else to do,  
 Plunge straightway in the water, too.



5. And now a funny thing occurred,  
 The Teddies, as you may have heard,  
 Are filled with sawdust to their throats,  
 And, since all sawdust's wood, they float!



6. And to this happy circumstance  
 We owe young John's deliverance.  
 John's pa surveys each dripping pet,  
 And then announces, "Why, you're well!"