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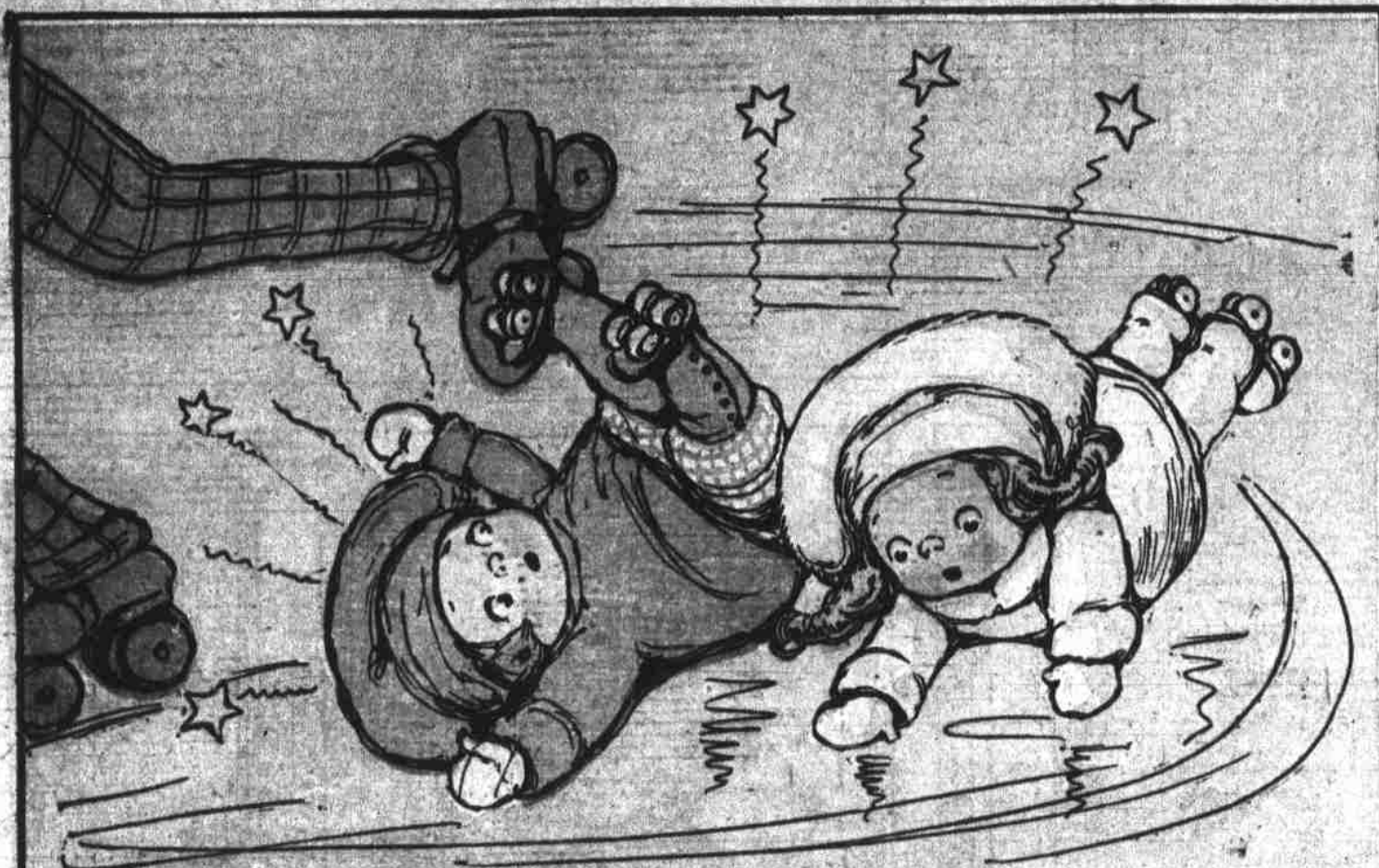
Oregon Journal

SECOND SECTION

Written by MARGARET G HAYS

Pictured by GRACE G. DRAYTON

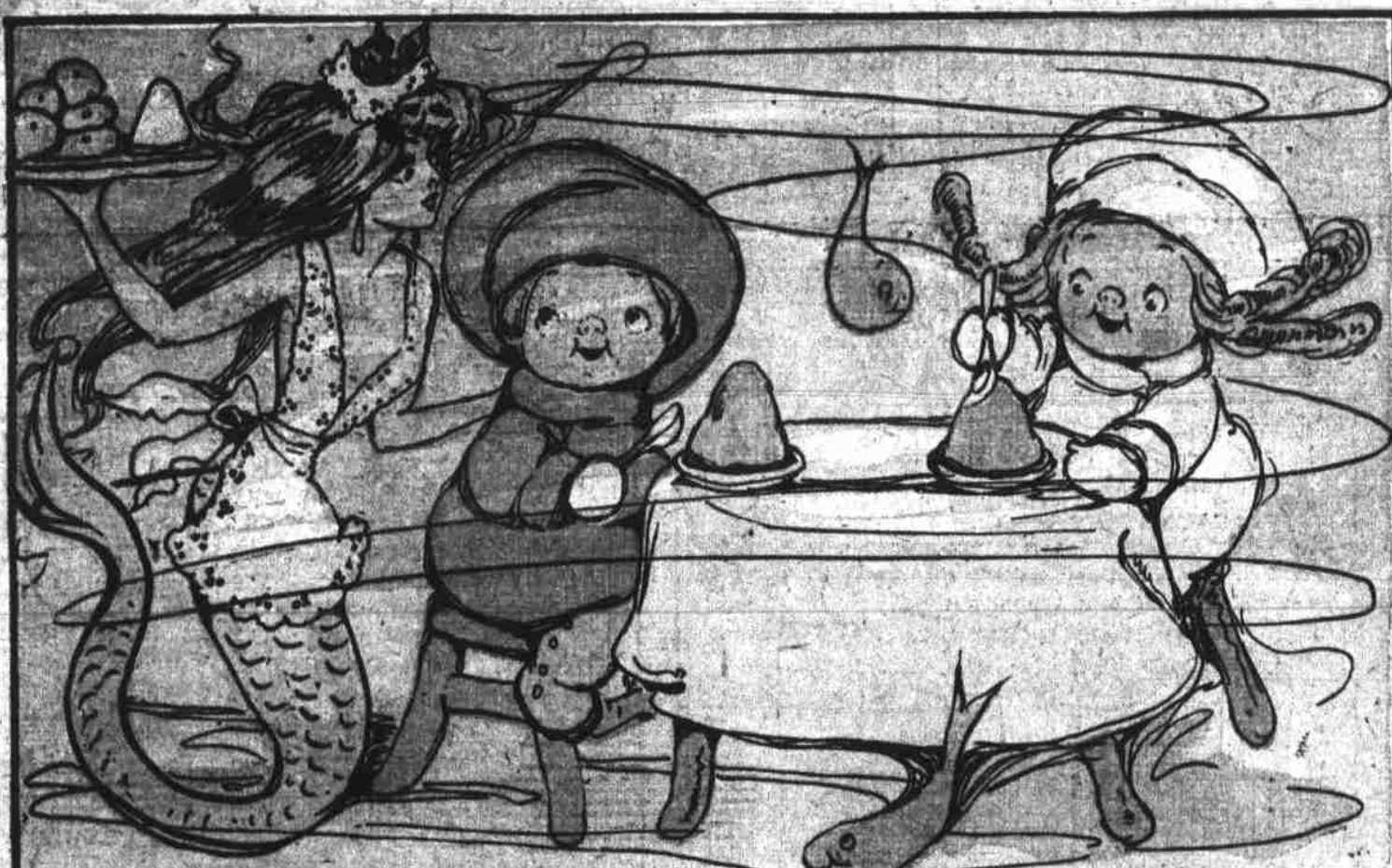
PORTLAND, OREGON, SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 13, 1912



Men'Gwendylin 'Vangelin' May—we goəd to 'Lantic City—wif' our 'dee-ar, Muvvers an' one day we putted on our new fur coats—it was a n'orful cold day—an' we goəd to the skatin' rink—an'—an' we goətted some skates—an' we skatin' magnificerously to the beautifules' music—an' suddenly somebuddy, knocked us bof down—Spang! Bang! an'—an'—at was when we goəd to the "Sea-magerie."



An' ther' was Sea-Lions in cages, an' they was tootin' big fog horns—an' they fed 'em wif—wif "Oyster kicktails" an' "fried sea serpents' wings." An' ther' was a mer-man for a guide—an'—an' Gwendlyn 'Vangelin' May 'n me—we—we—course we wasn't no scared nor nuffin—but it was all water down ther' at the Seamenagerie—deep, deep, horrible, horrible water, an' we had a n'orful time to keep from gettin' drowned-ed all up.



"En ther' was lots o' "Sea-Puss-Cats" an' "Sea-dogs" an' 'ey was playin' "Monkey" in the monkey cages. An' we—er—we buyed some bags o' "Sea-nuts" for 'em, an' we feed-ed 'em; an' the mer-man' guide sed, "You mustn't not feed the 'Sea-animiles!" An' we goed to a Coral "Pay-vilion"—an' eated Ice-Sea-Cream—an' Salt-Sea-nuts—an' ther' was orful pretty mer-maids for waitresses. An' 'ey winked to me an' sed, "Oh, you Kiddo!"



An'-an' en' we goed for a ride on a gr-rreat big Sea-Cow—all trimmed up wif 'ittle sea-bells, an' 'ey was goin' "tinkle-tinkle-peri-winkle." An' we goed all aroun' those "Sea-logical Gardings"—an'-an' we sawed a—Sea-Saw—an' it was maked out o'—out o' Sword-fishies. An' ther' was orful pretty flowers—Sea-weed—an' "Sea-enemies"—an' 'ittle sea-boys an' sea-girls a-pickin' 'em.



An' ther' was a fishes skatin' rink—an' ther' was lots o' "Skates" flyin' roun' there=wif=wif=Cat-fishes an' Porpoises sittin' lookin' on an' watchin' em. An' me'n Gwendilyn 'Vangelin' May we tried to skate wif em—but well—see it was night times now—an'—an'—a whole lot o' star fishes comed down out o' the sky—an'—an' hitted us—Bang! Spang! on the head.

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An' I seed 'em—an' I sed, "Here, you, I is Kaptin Kiddo, an' you lef' my girl alone," I sed. An' what she know 'bout at? Me'n! Gwendylin Vangelin' May was back in the re-ally truly Skatin' Rink, an' I was sittin' on some pretty lady's lap. An'—an' I telled her 'bout the "Seamagerie"—an' she kissed me—an' laffed an' sed, "You had a ree-al bad fall, oh, you dear little Kiddo!"

P. S.—But me'n Gwendylin 'Vangelin' May has two big lumps—wher' those Star Fishies hitted us.