

# ESCAPE FROM A DEVIL-FISH

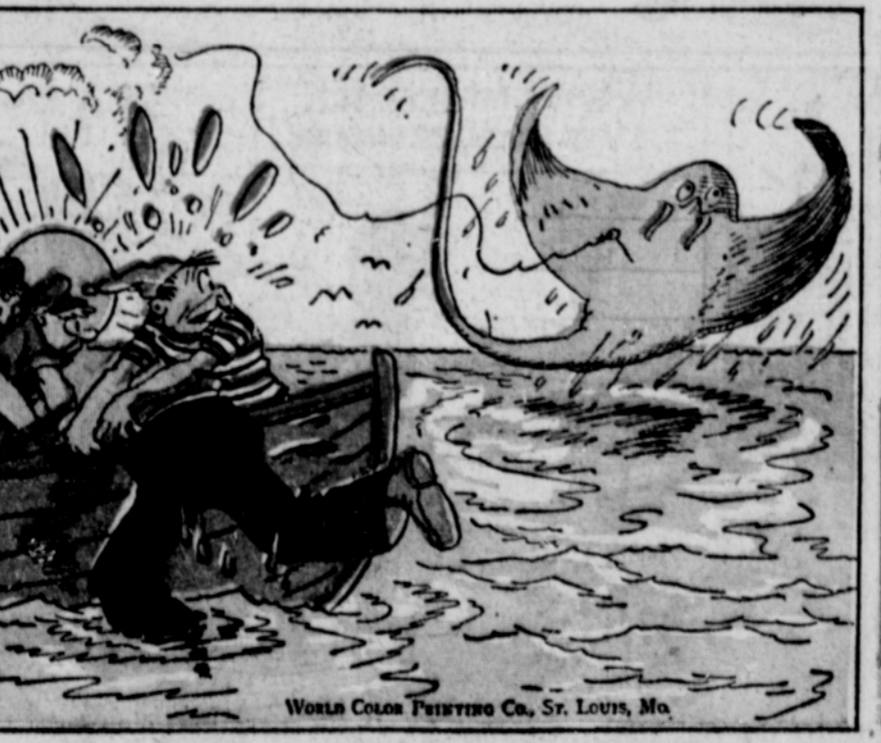
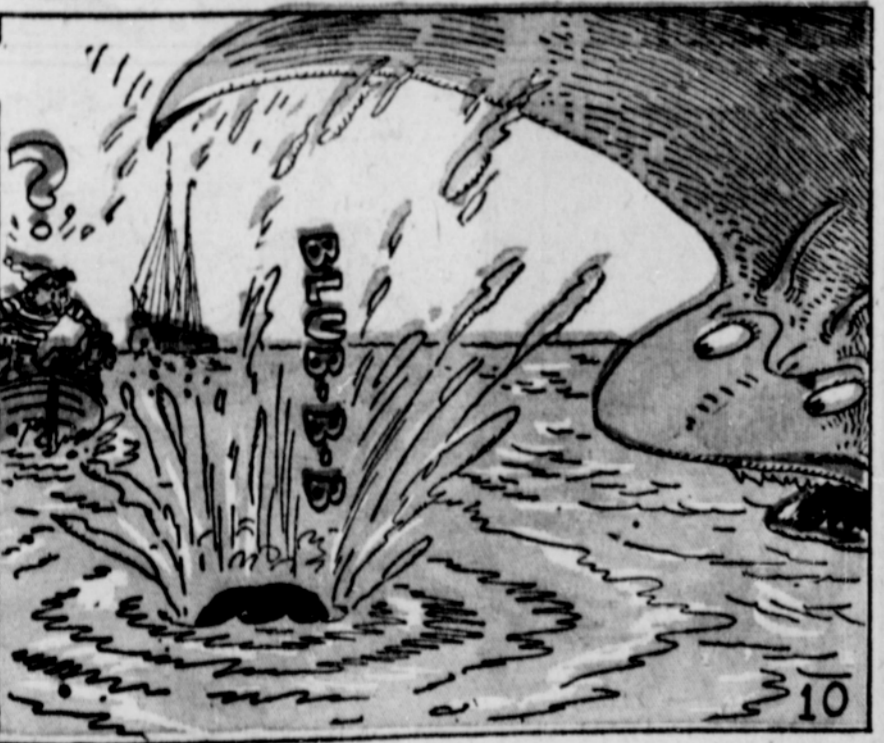
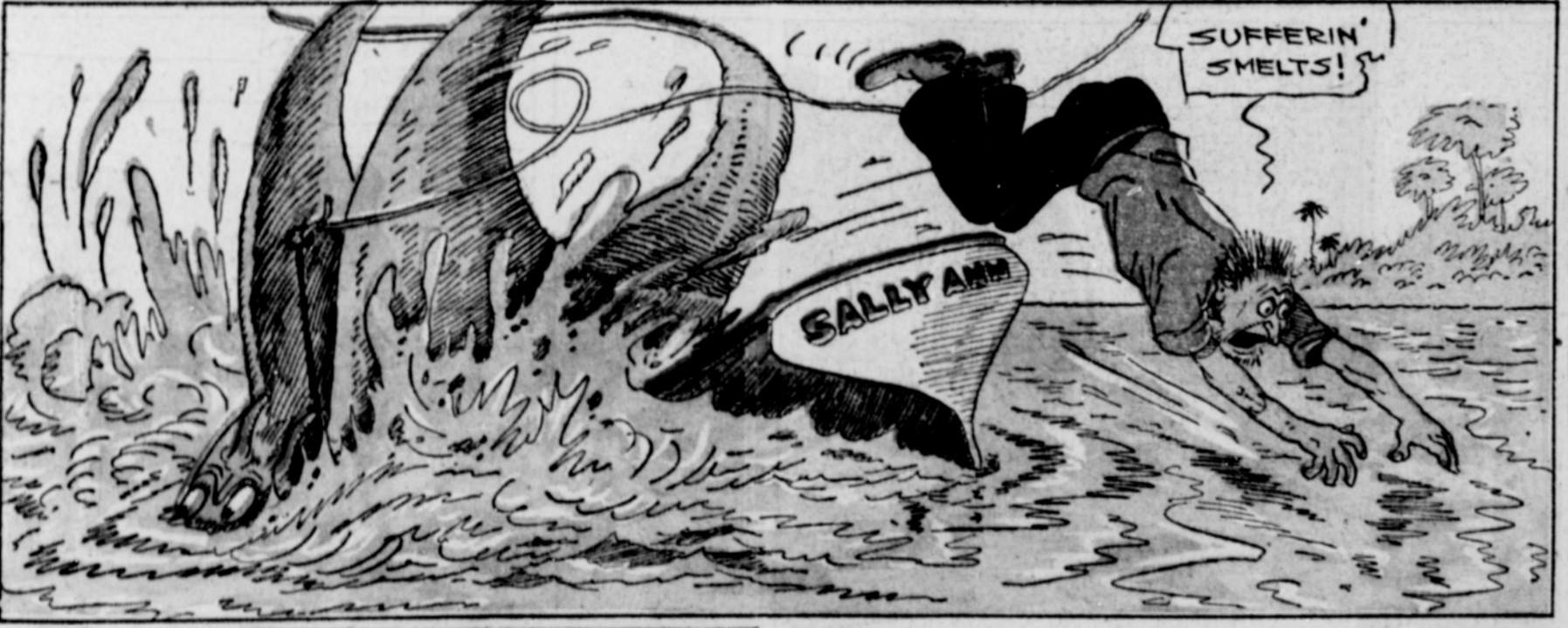
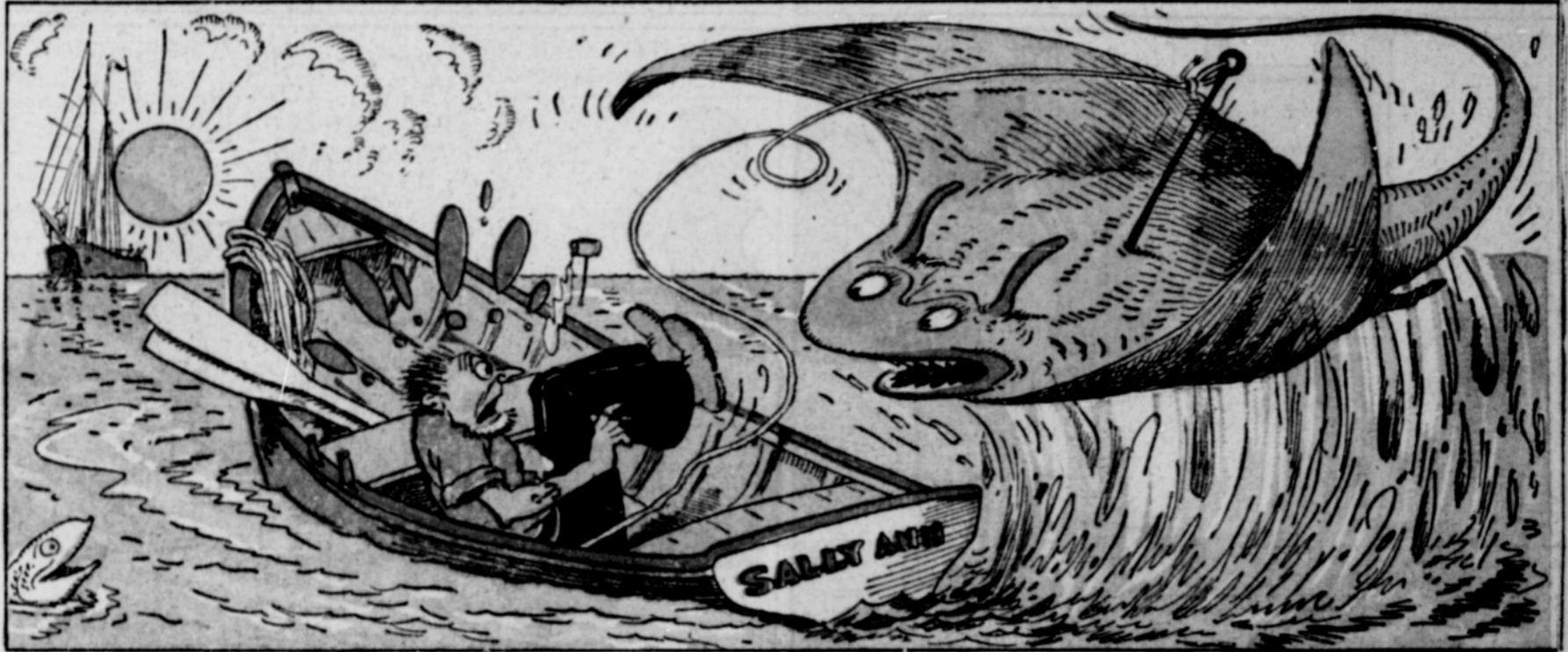
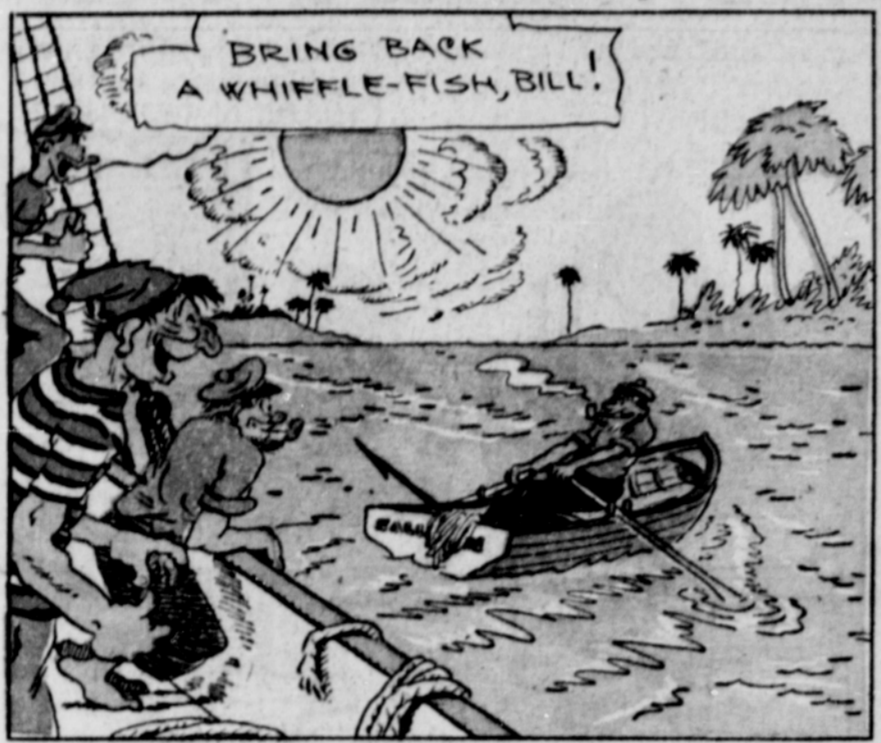
It makes me shiver in my shoes when I think about th' close squeak I had one time while fishin' in a South Sea Island lagoon.

One afternoon our tradin' schooner dropped anchor near one of th' Paumotu Islands. It was too late to start tradin' with th' natives, so I got a boat over th' side and pulled for th' reef to see if I could spear some fish.

I dropped anchor close to th' reef, picked up my spear, and took a squint down into th' water. Just below, partly hidden by th' seaweed, I saw somethin' movin'. Down went my spear. Well, s'r, th' bottom of that lagoon seemed to fly right up into th' air and explode. And then a fin that looked as big as a house crashed down onto th' boat, and missed me by just about th' length of a fly's whisker.

Down went th' boat, and there I was, kickin' about in th' water and yellin' for help. Almost 'longside of me that big devil-fish was snappin' his jaws and whackin' th' surface of th' lagoon with his great bat-like fins.

What with yellin', and divin' under water to keep from bein' squashed by those fins, I was just about all in when some of th' men from th' schooner picked me up in another boat. Later, as we were watchin' th' antics of th' big fish, we saw him shake th' spear from his back, head for th' break in th' reef, and th' deep sea beyond. After that when I went fishin' I was pretty careful not to spear a devil-fish.



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THESE LITERARY BUMS ARE CUT UPS - ONE REEL -

AIN'T YOU COMIN' UP TO THE PICNIC?

SURE! BUT YOU CANT GO UP YET.

WHY CANT WE?

THERE'S AT LEAST FIFTY PICNIC BASKETS HERE.

WELL, WHAT ABOUT 'EM?

THEY'VE GOTTA BE CARRIED UP YONDER.

THAT'S ALL RIGHT.

YEAH, BUT WHAT ARE WE GOIN' TO DO ABOUT THE CARRIYIN'?

AW, LET THE CARRIYON ROT.