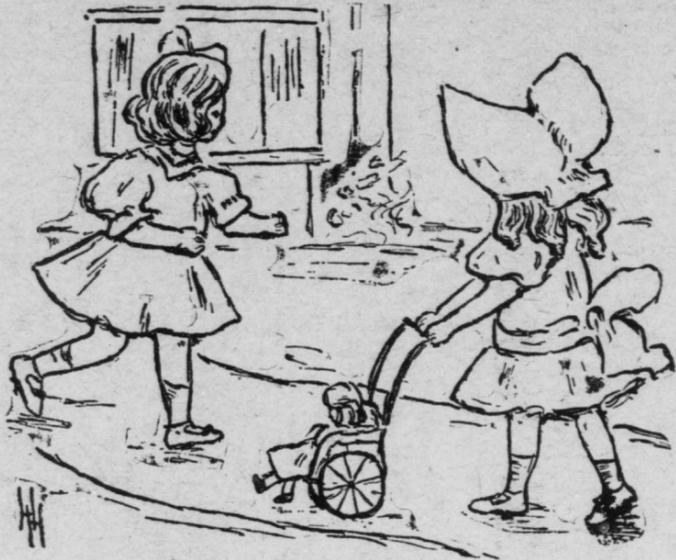


**"The Morning Call"**  
By Herald Junior Artists



HELEN M. HOWELL, 117 NORTH AVENUE 66, CITY  
(First Prize)

waiting for her in the hall. She looked about for her in vain. Then, going toward the dining room, where they always had their game of ball, the room being so big and without too much furniture, she called: "Kitty Puss! Kitty Puss! Kitty Puss! Where are you? Come, here I am—your chum, May. Come, let's have our game of ball. Kitty Puss! Kitty Puss! Kitty Puss!"

But no Kitty Puss responded to Little May's call, and the little girl ran from room to room, calling to her playmate. But no Kitty Puss was to be found. At last Little May went to the kitchen, asking cook if she had seen her kitten.

"Ah, yes, I saw the little beast running down the cellar steps awhile ago. Likely she's down there looking for a mouse. I called to her to come out, but she didn't mind me, so I shut the door and left her down there."

"Ah, Sally, how could you have shut the poor dear in the cellar?" exclaimed Little May. And she ran to the cellar door and opened it, calling gently: "Come, Kitty Puss. Here I am, ready and waiting to have our game of ball. Come, Kitty Puss."

But no Kitty Puss appeared. Little May, fearing something had happened to her pet, ran down the cellar steps as fast as she could and began hunting about among boxes and barrels and baskets for her. Pretty soon she espied a dark little object run across the cellar floor at her very feet, and in close pursuit ran Kitty Puss. "Ah, and so you are after a mouse, are you?" cried Little May, trying to come between the small beast of prey and her tiny victim. "Ah, how naughty you are, Kitty Puss, to be trying to kill that poor, helpless mouse!"

But the mouse had run behind some boxes that stood only a few inches

her, declaring that she meant to punish her for her naughtiness.

The cook, overhearing the threats of Little May, came to Kitty Puss' rescue, inquiring: "Why, what's all the racket about, Miss May? Has the kitten been in the cream jar?"

"No; if it had only been the cream jar I wouldn't have minded, for the cream jar can't feel," said Little May, stepping up into the kitchen. "But she had a dear little mouse and she was torturing it, and she's a naughty cat, and I mean to break her of that cruel habit."

The jolly fat cook laughed and laughed, and then said: "Why, child, it's human nature for a cat to catch a mouse. If your cat is good for anything she'll rid the cellar of them pesky mice. You should enjoy having her do her duty."

"Duty!" And Little May looked with scorn at the big cook's merry red face. Then she continued: "I guess you'd not think it a cat's duty to rid the cellar of mice—if you were a mouse and merely coming out of your dark little house to find a bite to eat. Bah! You are as cruel as Kitty Puss." And Little May tossed her curls and stamped her feet.

"Then we must let the nasty mice overrun our cellar just because they are hungry and because it's cruel for the cat to catch them?" cook asked, seriously.

"I don't mind your catching the mice with traps that kill them instantly," declared Little May. "They are not frightened nor tortured that way. But a cat—oh, a cat is so cruel! And I'll punish naughty Kitty Puss for her cruelty, so I will. She shan't have a game of ball this day, and never again shall she be allowed in the cellar. That is my order, Sally, and please remember it." And pretty, good-hearted Little May walked high-headed out of the kitchen. "That old Sally is as hard-hearted as a savage," she said to herself. "I only wish she were a mouse for just one minute and that a cat would get her cornered and give her a good scare—and maybe a bit of a bite, too. After that I guess she'd have some sympathy for the poor little mice that are so helpless."

Then Little May went to tell her mamma about the naughtiness of Kitty Puss and to ask for advice in her management of her future, and how to break her of her desire to be cruel to the poor little mice that never did her a bit of harm.

**A GOOD ANSWER**

Booker T. Washington, in a recent address on honesty, told a story of a slave boy.

"A smart, active boy slave," he said, "was put up for sale at a Memphis slave market."

"If I buy you will you be honest?"

The boy answered calmly:

"I will be honest, sir, whether you buy me or not."

**Where Judgment Counts**

"Pete," the White House bulldog, had a habit of going away with a nonchalant manner and reappearing all chewed up. One day last summer he returned from one of these trips while the president was at a tennis

**Little May and Naughty Puss**

Little Girl and Her Kitten Were Great Chums and Punishment of One Affected the Other, Just as the Happiness of One Caused the Other to Laugh and Play in Her Pleasure

LITTLE MAY and Kitty Puss were the best of friends. Little May was 7 years old and Kitty Puss was 6 months old. But they were chums, regardless of the difference in age. But, of course, looking at their respective ages in the true sense there was not any difference, for a cat is as old at 6 months as a human being is at 7 years of age. Therefore, one might say Little May and Kitty Puss were of an age.

Little May had found Kitty Puss in the street one day three months before this story opens, and had taken her up and carried her home, feeding her some warm milk and a bit of scraped meat. And from that day to the present one the little stray kitten and the dear good-hearted little girl had been on the best of terms. When Little May would run home from school in the afternoon Kitty Puss was sure to greet her as soon as she opened the hall door, and would look up into her little chum's face as if to say: "Dear Little May, I have been so lonely without you. Come, let's have a romp." And Little May, understanding Kitty Puss' desire, would stroke her pretty gray fur coat and go with her into the big dining room, where they would have a game of ball.

Now, did you ever hear of a kitten playing ball with any person? Well, Kitty Puss would play ball with Little May. But it was not the toss-and-catch sort of ball game. Their method of play was this: Little May would get the ball—a tiny rubber one—and would sit on the floor and roll it about the



FLORENCE CASEY, ALTADENA, CAL.

room, Kitty Puss running after it in the gayest mood possible. Of course, Little May had a string—a bit of twine—tied about the ball so that she could pull it back to her as soon as Kitty Puss was about to grasp it in her little furry paws. But sometimes Kitty Puss was too quick for Little May, and would get the ball in her paws, holding it and rolling over and over in great excitement. And then it was that the game was full of fun for both players, Kitty Puss trying to hold on to the ball and Little May determined to get it away from her.

Thus had Little May and Kitty Puss played ball every evening for many, many weeks. And as both had grown so fond of the game they looked forward to it each day with happy anticipation.

But there came a day of disappointment to Little May. On returning home in the afternoon after school she did not find her little four-footed chum

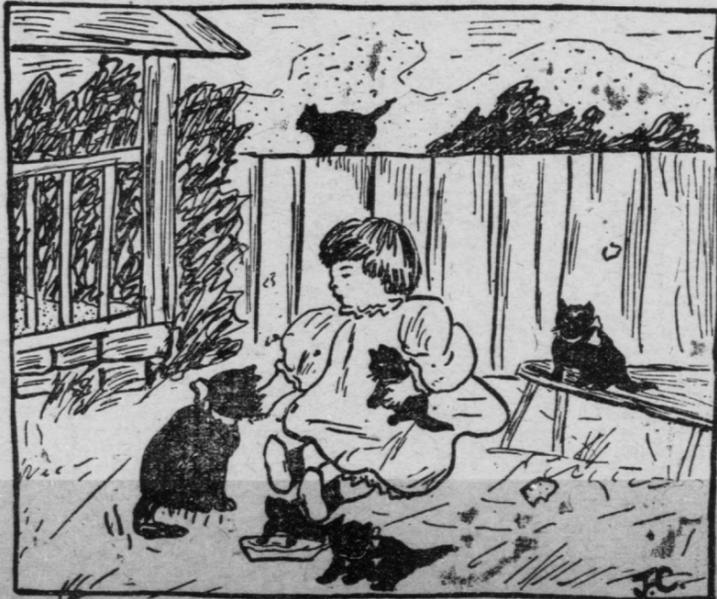
from the wall, and Kitty Puss had squeezed her own little body into the narrow space, catching the mouse between her sharp teeth. A woeful little squeak made Little May know that the victim was caught and that it was also being tortured. "Kill that poor little thing this instant, you naughty, naughty cat!" cried Little May, trying to get hold of Kitty Puss' back, but failing in the attempt. "I say kill that poor little mouse this instant, and put it out of its suffering," repeated Little May, shaking her fist at Kitty Puss.

But Kitty puss paid no attention to her little mistress' command. Indeed, this was Kitty Puss' first mouse, and she meant to make the most of her victorious catch. So she crept into a larger space beneath a table, which was so closely surrounded by boxes and barrels that it was almost impossible for Little May to reach her. And there she toyed with and tortured her poor suffering little victim till at last Little May reached her with the end of an old mop stick which she had found in a corner and which she quickly pressed into use as a weapon. Thump, thump, thump! went the big stick on Kitty Puss' back, and you had better believe she hurried to make short work of her prey, for she didn't like being thumped by such a hard stick in the hand of so angry a little mistress.

After killing the mouse outright, Kitty Puss sat down to devour it. But Little May would not permit this, and, poking Kitty Puss with a big stick, she forced her to leave the body of her victim and to rush out of her corner. Then up the cellar stairs she chased



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A MORNING CALL

JESSIE CLAUDINO, 1422 WEST NINTH STREET, CITY

game with the French ambassador, Assistant Attorney General Cooley and Secretary Garfield. Pete limped up to the wire netting, looking for sympathy. He got it from M. Jussaraud. "Mr. President," said the ambassador, peering through the netting, "your dog seems to be a poor fighter."

"No," replied Mr. Roosevelt, looking thoughtfully at his lacerated pet, "he's a splendid fighter, but he's a poor judge of dogs."—Success Magazine.

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