

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1908.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF SAN FRANCISCO AND CALIFORNIA

## Have You Seen Alonzo? The Junior Call Dog Is Rescued by the Mayor



### A FAMILY CHAT WITH THE JUNIORS

ONCE more The Junior Call extends happy greetings to its many friends. In this issue it presents many attractive features, including halloween stories and illustrations; and where is the Junior, or grown up junior, for that matter, who does not revel in the joyous spirit of adventure and romance that prevails at this season? From the grown up the years roll back, and if he does not actually participate in the frolics of the real juniors, in his mind he lives over again the days of his childhood, and with a twinkling eye, and, perhaps, quivering voice, tells his young son, or his grandson, of the pranks which he perpetrated in those far off days upon indulgent friends. And mother, too, or auntie, will likely confide in the small young ladies that she, in her joyous girlhood, has tried some of the "spells" so graphically described by "Mammy" in Mrs. Moses' story.

During the vacation contest one of the competitors wrote to The Junior Call that he thought he could write a better story on almost any other subject. There have been no such complaints in the history contest. The letters received show a comprehensive knowledge of historical events from the landing of Columbus to the present journey of the fleet, combined with an almost personal sympathetic interest. American patriotism is certainly in no possible danger of extinction. It is a foregone conclusion that the history page will be read each week with great interest, not only by the competitors and their friends, but by people who are not even acquainted with them. Six watches will be awarded each week, as heretofore.

The teachers' corner is proving an extraordinary success. The article on the conception of thought last week by W. W. Stone, principal of the Lincoln grammar school, attracted widespread attention and

created a great deal of favorable comment among teachers.

Today the teachers' corner is occupied by a cooking class from the Central cooking school of San Francisco, with Miss Florence M. Woodward in charge. In view of the great degree of interest in domestic economy and culinary science exhibited by the American women of today, this article can not fail to be greatly appreciated by mothers and daughters throughout the west. The Junior Call invites special articles and letters from teachers. In no other way can they better manifest their interest in an enterprise which is designed to promote and further the interests of teachers as well as pupils all over the state of California.

The long roll of honor which was published last week on the fourth page is the best possible indication of the extent to which The Junior Call is read by the younger juniors. The puzzle of the "Ages," prizes for which are awarded today, is a difficult one, many of the "ages" being capable of several interpretations. The roll of honor is, therefore, not so long, but the new puzzle which is offered today, the "Cape" puzzle, is unlike any of its predecessors, and will afford an excellent lesson in geography.

Alonzo, The Junior Call dog, today makes a dignified descent from his perilous position at the top of the city hall tower. Possibly this hazardous experience may teach him a lesson, but he will doubtless fall to profit by it, and we may expect to find him in an equally precarious situation next Saturday. Look out for him! And do not forget the new town of Juniorville, where all sorts of lively events take place. The football season is at hand and the Juniorville people are strictly up to date. The game today is especially designed to interest the juniors and younger juniors of The Junior Call. It is wildly exciting and well played.

### A Popular Game

Proverbs is one of the most popular games that children play. Here is the way to play it, in case you do not already know how:

One player leaves the room, and while he is absent the rest fix upon some proverb. The words of the proverb are distributed among them, and each player, in reply to a question asked by the guesser, has to introduce his particular word. When all the words have been introduced the guesser has to guess the name of the proverb.

Here are a few familiar proverbs:

"Hear twice before you speak once."

"Half a loaf is better than no bread."

"Good wares make quick markets."

"Friends are plenty when purse is full."

"Cut your coat according to your cloth."

"A little rain lays much dust."

"Better late than never."

"Barking dogs seldom bite."

"A good word costs nothing."

"All is not gold that glitters."

"A penny saved is a penny gained."

"A friend in need is a friend indeed."

"Make hay while the sun shines."

"One good turn deserves another."

"Out of sight out of mind."

"Still waters run deep."

"Waste not, want not."

"Whilful waste makes woeful want."

"Prevention is better than cure."

**A Naturalized Wombat**

"I should like to know," quoth the Persian cat,

"What the tapir just said to the dingoes."

"Well, you needn't ask me," returned the wombat,

"For I don't understand foreign lingo goes!"

—G. L. M. BROWN.

### INVENTIONS OF BOYS

Some of the most important inventions have been the work of boys. The invention of the valve motion to the steam engine was made by a mere boy. Newcome's engine was in very incomplete condition from the fact that there was no way to open or close the valves except by means of levers operated by the hand.

Newcome set up a large engine at one of the mines, and a boy, Humphrey Potter, was hired to work these valve levers; although this was not hard work, yet it required his constant attention.

As he was working the levers he saw that parts of the engine moved in the right direction and at the same time that he had to open or close the valves. He procured a strong cord, and made one end fast to the proper part of the engine and the other end to the valve lever; and then he had the satisfaction of seeing the engine move with perfect regularity of motion.

A short time after, the foreman came around and saw the boy playing marbles at the door. Looking at the engine he saw the ingenuity of the boy and also the advantage of so great an invention.

The idea suggested by the boy's inventive genius was put in a practical form, and made the steam engine an automatic working machine.

The power loom is the invention of a farmer's boy who had never seen or heard of such a thing. He whittled one out with his jack-knife, and after he had got it all done, he, with great enthusiasm, showed it to his father, who at once kicked it to pieces, saying that he would have no boy about him who would spend his time on such foolish things.

The boy was sent to a blacksmith to learn a trade, and his master took a lively interest in him. He made a loom of what was left of the one his father had broken up and showed it to his master.

The blacksmith saw he had no common lad as an apprentice, and that the invention was a valuable one. He had a loom constructed under the supervision of the boy.

It worked to their perfect satisfaction, and the blacksmith furnished the means to manufacture the looms and the boy received half the profits. In about a year the blacksmith wrote to the boy's father that he should bring with him a wealthy gentleman, who was the inventor of the celebrated power loom.

You may be able to judge of the astonishment at the old home when his son was presented to him as the inventor, who told him that the loom was the same as the model that he had kicked to pieces but a year before.

### An Ineffectual Disguise

Rev. Dr. Somers was in the habit of addressing his wife, Sarah, in polysyllables when he wished the children to leave the room. He never dreamed that they understood until 9 year old Jack, recovering from measles, was one day enjoying the dear privilege of hearing his mother read aloud. The doctor ventured in, and began softly, "Sarah—" Up rose Master Jack in bed. "Sarah," quoth he, "eliminate the obnoxious element."—Lippincott's.

### Logic of a Small Boy

ON an important fete day, Raoul, attired in a beautiful yellow dress, not having arrived at the age for trousers, was standing on the veranda watching with envious longing plainly pictured on his small face a group of boys playing across the street.

Mama had said: "You must not go to play with the boys because you will get dirty, and we must look our best when the procession comes along," and had then gone away to make her own toilet.

In Raoul's mind at the moment there was but one thought and one desire. He wanted to play with the boys. He could not play with the boys because he would get dirty; therefore, he argued, with logical insistence, if he were already dirty there could be no reason why he should not play with the boys. So much for cause and effect. That point arrived at, the next thing was to get dirty. In the yard there was a large cherry tree. The grass beneath the tree was covered with ripe cherries. The very thing! An easy way to get dirty right at hand!

Swiftly to the cherry tree ran Raoul and rolled upon the ripe cherries on the grass until his beautiful dress that had caused his mother so much pride presented all the colors of the original rainbow. Then, satisfied that the desired stage of dirtiness had been attained, he ran with equal swiftness to his mother, crying, "Mama, mama, I am dirty now; may I go and play with the boys?"

### The New Game of Tema

A new lawn game has been invented in London, and as it can be played with equal enjoyment by both boys and girls, it possesses many claims to popular favor.

It can be followed in any season, and by as few as four or as many as 14 persons at once. Skill, agility and a good eye are far more requisite than mere physical strength, and the proper manipulation of the wand by means of quick wrist turns develops and renders flexible the muscles of the arms and wrists.

A screen of wood or canvas, fixed on a light frame, and having in the center a circular aperture 18 inches in diameter, is erected. Behind the hole is fixed a bag net, and the main object of the players, who stand some distance away, is to throw a number of colored balls by means of the wand, into this bag.

The wand has at one end a peculiarly shaped crook for holding the ball, but some little skill is necessary to retain the ball in it for the purpose of making the throw.

The number of "pot balls" to be scored by each side before it can complete the first stage of the game corresponds with the number of players on each side. When either side has scored the number of "pot balls" agreed upon, it enters upon the second stage, and it at once obtains a single "zoned" ball. Whichever side then first succeeds in scoring its "zoned ball" wins the game.

### WITH THE SHORT STORY TELLER AND THE POET

#### To My Grammatical Niece

The Nominative case which I study's  
Who is Genitive ever of kindness to me;  
When I'm sad she's so Dative of comfort and Peace,  
That I scarce against fate can Accusative be!  
O, Friendship, (this Vocative most I prefer),  
Makes my case always Ablative, "by and with her."

Your Mother's a Verb from Anomaly free,  
Though Indicative always of learning and sense;  
In all of her moods she's Potential o'er me,  
And the Perfect is still her Invariable Tense!

Though Passive in temper, most active in spirit,  
And we are Deponents who swear to her merit!

For a Syntax like that which unites her and you  
Through folios of Grammar in vain we may sue;  
As in Gender, in Number your Concord's most true,  
For as Mother and Daughter you both are—Unique.

And in goodness to all, as in kindness to me!  
You both, in all cases, are sure to agree!

From Proseid perhaps I might learn (if I tried)  
"To scan my own many defects" (vide Gray);  
But in vain are all metrical rules when applied.

To charms which both Mother and Daughter display,  
For who could'er learn, with all labor and leisure,  
To scan what are quite without number and measure!  
—Hon. William Robert Spencer.

#### The Boy Soliloquizes

On Friday night I'm always glad  
There'll be no school next day;  
It's lot of fun to think what fun  
We'll have when we can play.  
All day without a lesson or  
A single tiresome rule,  
Or anything to make us think  
Of teacher or of school.

But, after all, on Sunday night  
I'm glad that next day's Monday;  
I've had enough of freedom with  
Just Saturday and Sunday.  
I want to see the whole big school  
And get out on the playground, where  
There's really noisy noise.

LENOVI

It seems to me in our back yard  
We never make it go  
With quite the bang that makes us all  
Just have recess time so.

#### One of the Seasons

The children were to have a fancy dress party. Little Annette was advised to appear as one of the seasons. She chose nutmeg.

#### Some Odd Encounters

A drove of wild horses were grazing on a Colorado plain, near the edge of a ravine. Nearest of all was a mare with a young colt. Suddenly from the ravine there arose a huge grizzly bear, which reached the colt, and, before it had time to turn, struck it down with a blow of its paw. The poor mother turned to protect her offspring, when the bear made for her with a savage roar and tore her haunches, until she galloped in wild terror among her comrades. The bear returned to the colt, which he began to tear, while the band of horses gathered in a knot, with their heads face inward and their heels forming a circle of defense. A magnificent stallion, dark bay, with a white star on his forehead, wonderfully alert and free of gait, with a powerful neck, proudly curved, and a great sweep of mane and tail, dashed about them like one in command until their arrangements were complete. Then, leaving the other horses and neighing shrilly, he trotted straight toward the bear, which now was dragging the colt toward the canyon. The bear was promptly on the defensive, and when the stallion came near, he raised him, with a growl and a forward movement; but, instead of turning tail to flee, the stallion met him at a gallop and plunged straight at him, striking terrifically with his fore feet, with the swiftness and certainty of a boxer, in the endeavor to trample down his enemy. The bear half rose on his haunches, and, protecting his head as well as he could with his great paws, struck out in return on the defensive. The onslaught of the horse was quick and furious, and the bear was knocked backward under the descending hoofs, but, twisting around on all fours, almost under the horse, he suddenly reared, and, clutching each side of his opponent's neck with his fore paws, pulled himself downward and caught with his teeth at the horse's throat. Nothing but the astonishing strength and quickness of the stallion saved him from being caught in a deadly grapple, which, once secured by the bear, could hardly have been broken. Then he trotted in a wide circle around the bear, occasionally making a feint with his fore feet, until, with a sudden wheel, he landed his sharp heels fairly on the bear's nose, knocking the grizzly over. Whirling again, the wild horse came a second time at the bear, which had gained his feet, and was crawling toward the canyon. He struck at him once with his fore paws, pulled himself then, suddenly whirling he planted his fore legs against the ground at an angle of 45 degrees, and backing toward the retreating animal, let fly a succession of kicks with a terrific force and swiftness. Followed all the way by these launching heels, the bear scrambled and was kicked to the edge of the ravine, which he seemed pleased to reach and down which he plunged with eager willingness. Just as his body rounded the brink, the stallion's hind hoofs landed solidly, knocking him heels over head, so that he rolled like a ball down the steep, rocky sides to the very bottom.

#### A Trip Through the States

In this story there are ever so many nicknames of the different states of

the union. See if you can find what all these names are.

On the Old Dominion steamer a beautiful young creole girl sailed from her home in the sunny south. She was full of happy anticipations of her visit to the Old North, but she felt a little forlorn as they left the land of Palmettos, and to ward off any homesickness she went on deck, where she soon became interested in her fellow passengers, particularly a westerner, resident of the Prairie, who hotly contended with a Hoosier and a Buckeye the merits of their respective states. Next to this little group two men were leaning on the railings, and the young girl decided they were architect and lumber merchant, for the latter was much exercised over the wholesale felling of the Pine in the Green Mountain. The architect, whose name was Hawkeye, was strangely in contrast to the great soft eyes to which the southern girl was accustomed, discussed the relative value of Granite and Freestone for the Keystone of an arch to be erected in New York bay. Just then the girl was attracted by a woman, conspicuous for her inappropriate costume. She wore a velvet Empire gown and was sparkling with diamonds. Tripping over her train, a small boy followed, busily endeavoring to get outside of an all day Sucker. In their wake a smiling steward followed, bearing cunning cup custards, made of Blue Hen eggs and nicely flavored with Nutmeg, accompanied by a plate of Corn Crackers.

By this time the sun had set and a Lone Star pierced the fading blue, so the young creole retired to her stateroom to write the adventures of the day to her Mother.

#### The Blood Horse

Gamarra is a dainty steed,  
Strong, black and of a noble breed,  
Full of fire and full of bone,  
All his line of fathers known;  
Fine his nose, his nostrils thin,  
But blown abroad by the pride within!  
His mane, a stormy river flowing,  
And his eyes like embers glowing,  
In the darkness of the night,  
And his pace as swift as light.

Look—around his straining throat,  
Grace and shifting beauty float!  
Sweaty strength is in his veins,  
And the red blood gallops through his veins.

Richer, redder, never ran  
Through the boasting heart of man,  
He can trace his lineage higher  
Than the Bourbon dare aspire—  
Douglas, Guzman or the Gueph, Or O'Brien's blood itself!

He who hath no peer was born,  
Here, upon a red March morn;  
But his famous father's dead  
Were Arabs all, and Arab breed,  
And the last of that great line  
Trod like one of race divine!

And yet—he was but friend to one,  
Who fed him at the set of sun,  
By some lone fountain fringed with green.

With him, a roving Bedouin,  
He lived (more else would he obey  
Through all the hot Arabian day),  
And died untamed, upon the sands  
Where Balkh amidst the deserts stands!  
—Harry Cornwall

## The Inhabitants of Juniorville See the First Football Game of the Season

