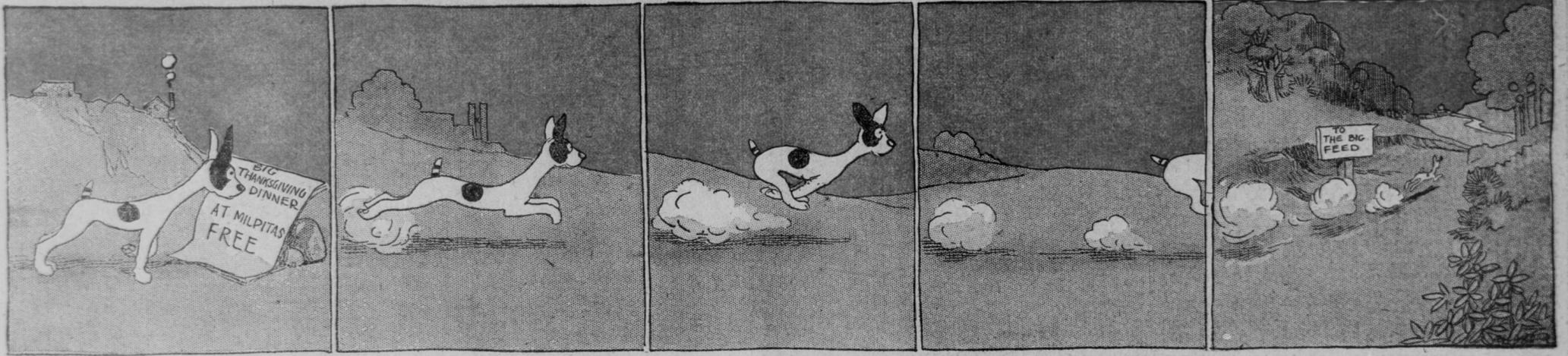


JUNIOR THE CALL SECTION

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1908.

Issued Every Saturday For the Boys and Girls of San Francisco and California

HAVE YOU SEEN ALONZO? THE JUNIOR CALL DOG SCENTS THANKSGIVING DINNER



A FAMILY CHAT WITH THE JUNIORS

Although The Junior Call has only been in existence a few weeks, it has abundant cause to welcome the advent of the Thanksgiving season, so fraught with the satisfaction and joy that come with the knowledge of complete success have been those few weeks of its existence. Every day brings increased evidence of the popularity of The Junior Call among both juniors and adults of the west.

The teachers' corner today is devoted to physical education in the public schools, and Professors Barth and Meihling, supervisors in the San Francisco schools, have furnished a comprehensive article covering this important department, which is complete in every detail. It becomes the duty of the schools to improve the health and vigor of the children, if the American people are to maintain an adequate physical, mental and moral standard.

Again The Junior Call repeats its invitation to the educators of California to avail themselves of the columns of the teachers' corner to assist in the dissemination of information regarding the work of their particular departments. There is no teacher in California who can not, out of his or her own knowledge and experience, assist some other teacher, as The Junior Call also desires to assist. The Junior Call appreciates the work of the teacher. It knows that the teacher is not working for individual aggrandizement, nor for the benefit of any individual child or group of children, but for America—a bigger, better, greater America. The teacher knows that the time will come when the world will demand of the child that he do something to further the progress of civilization, and that something and how he will do it depends not only upon his ability to pass a brilliant examination, but upon habits of thoroughness and industry, and, above all, upon his perception and appreciation of the moral law. Truly the responsibility upon the teacher is not a slight one!

In regard to the history contest, which is continued, it is necessary to repeat that the contributions must be written on only one side of the paper, with ink or a soft black pencil, and they must be not more than 300 words in length nor less than 200. So many stories are received that are written on both sides of the paper that it is evident that many of the juniors do not read the conditions, or they would surely comply with them. Read the particulars on the second page.

In this issue, on the third page,

the younger readers of The Junior Call will find something that will especially interest them, namely, a boat that was designed and built by Herbert Alexander Dickey of Piedmont, who is only 9 years old, and which is a most creditable piece of work, and further illustrates the fact that a child of almost any age enjoys doing things and making things. To design and build a boat, at least one that will sail, requires inventive genius and perseverance. Children should be encouraged to experiment, and should have free scope to develop their ideas.

Also on the third page there is today a very interesting story of her own experience at Mme. Tussaud's famous Waxworks museum in London, by Miss Shulman of Oakland, and any one who has ever attempted to pass a few hours alone among the wax people can sympathize with Miss Shulman's feelings when she found herself mistaken for a wax figure, as almost every visitor to the waxworks has the same experience, the wax figures being so terribly lifelike. Travel experiences are always interesting and Miss Shulman's fellow juniors will appreciate her contribution.

The Patchwork Picture Puzzles are the fad of the hour, and the younger juniors are fortunate in being able to participate in a game that is so fascinating and so thoroughly up to date. The puzzles, however, are for the younger juniors only, and not for boys and girls who are over 10 years of age. Contestants in the puzzle contest are requested to give their ages.

The story by Margaret Forrester, Jakey Klein's Thanksgiving, on the third page, is well worth reading. The picture of the little, motherless, foreign born boy, who had never heard of Thanksgiving and had nothing to be thankful for, is extremely pathetic, and his joy and gratitude at the advent of his new friend, the little "Red Riding Hood," who appeared momentarily, out of the snow, or, rather, out of a transcontinental train, is a lesson to those who have so many more blessings to be grateful for.

Alonzo, The Junior Call dog, is also appreciative of the Thanksgiving season, as will be seen by his wild rush across the center of the stage today, in the direction of the turkey dinner which is awaiting him. At Junierville, His Royal Highness, the turkey, occupies the center of the stage, and there is very little question as to whether or not those juniors are going to enjoy their dinner. Watch them!

Seven Toed Cats

An interesting family of cats which frisk about the Oak street police station, New York city, is the talk of the district, and many persons have come from all over the city to see them, while an expert has been sent down from the Bronx Zoo to try to fathom the secret of this strange family, each member of which has seven toes on its fore feet.

Seven Toed Dick is the father of the flock, but strange as it appears, their mother, Six Toed Judy, did not develop seven toes until she was almost a year old, though now she has that number, like the others.

The rest of the seven toed family have not been named yet, but there are six of them, about two months old, of all colors, each of which has seven well defined toes on its front paws. Their feet are abnormally large, too.

According to Lieutenant "Bull" McCarthy, who was in every country in the world when in the United States navy, seven toed cats are not rare in some countries. He says:

"The island of Madagascar is renowned for its freak cats, and Maïta is a close second, but legend says that a hundred years or so ago a ship from the far east which was wrecked on the Jersey coast off Fair Haven had a number of seven toed cats aboard, some of which swam ashore—for they are good swimmers—and ever since that locality has produced any number of them."

"One big yellow one that I remember seeing in Djokjakarta, on the island of Java, was the pet of an old deep sea sailor. He had taught him many tricks. It could turn a somersault like a trick dog, roll over, play dead cat and do other strange tricks, but its best stunt next to swimming was to carry the mail, for it seemed to recollect locations like a human being and would go for the old jack tar's mail a mile off to the postoffice and always brought it back safely."

Less than a year ago "Bull" was sitting behind his desk on the late tour in the Oak street police station, when a sailor who had shipped too much grog was brought in for safe keeping.

"What's your name?" asked the lieutenant, and the old salt drawled out "Dick Sanford." Then he proudly asserted that he was a sailor and had been all over the world.

McCarthy's brow knitted hard as he looked up, but he only said, "Take him back and give him a good soft bunk in the fo'c'stle and bring him to me in the morning when he sobers up."

McCarthy saw that Sanford was discharged in court the next morning and brought back to the police station.

There he restored to him his sheath knife and other belongings and accompanied him to South street, where the good old clipper ship Asa Eldridge was moored.

Sanford produced from the chain locker a little mite of a kitten and gave it to McCarthy. It was all he had to give.

"It was black and white and had seven toes on its fore feet," said Dick, said the lieutenant, "I'll name this cat after you. I will call it 'Seven Toed Dick' from Madagascar."

"Seven Toed Dick" at once became popular with the men at the police station, for none of them had ever seen the like before.

WITH THE SHORT STORY TELLER AND THE POET

Some Quaint Definitions

Schoolroom humor is usually accidental, spasmodic in appearance, and charged with varying degrees of intensity.

The boy who in his essay on milk remarked that "when the cow has milked it is passed through a sieve" discerned no humor in the statement even after a demonstration in analytical grammar.

The general optimism of boys is illustrated by the confidence with which they tackle definitions of difficult terms, in writing a description of happiness, one boy decided that "happiness means lively, jolly, and plenty of it." Another with a mind of more searching trend said, "Happiness is a living state of being which no person can see. There are many ways of getting it. It can also be got by saving people's lives and going to meetings about associations, arranging for socials and balls. A man can be happy when he is at work and enjoying a walk with his outdoor neighbors."

Questions in "general knowledge" frequently provide pitfalls, a hospital being variously described as "a place where people are taken who are not ill," but have something to do with some part of their body," and "a place where people go when they have a bad disease."

The difference between a physician and a surgeon is expressed as follows, "A physician is a man which mixes medicines for the people, and a surgeon is a man who takes legs off when any one requires it or arms."

There is a general agreement on the subject of gluttony, as witnessed the following definitions: "A glutton is a person who wants all the meat to himself"; "Glutton means a man who eats that much that he doesn't know what to do with himself"; "A glutton is a man who thinks that he can eat all the lot, and when he comes to the end their eyes are bigger than themselves."

The question, "What are the chief beasts of burden in Egypt, South America, India and South Africa?" was answered laconically by the words, "The peasant."

One boy, conspicuous for his regularity of attendance, defined a wag as "a person who does not attend a place where he ought to go"; another described a critic as "a man who takes everything serious."

A Boy's Song

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to bant and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay;
Or love to bant and fight so well,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Bequests to Animals

Of bequests to animals a few may be mentioned. In 1781 a peasant of Toulouse made his horse his heir. Doctor Cristiano of Venice left 6,000 florins for the maintenance of his three dogs, with a condition that at their death the capital sum should be handed over to the University of Vienna.

A Mrs. Elizabeth Hunter, in 1813, left 250 pounds a year to her parrot, and the Count of Mirandola bequeathed a legacy to a pet cat.

Lord Chesterfield left a sum for the support of his favorite cat, so also did Frederick Harper, who settled \$625 on his "young black cat," the interest to be paid to his house keeper as long as the cat should remain alive.

The most singular of these wills, however, was that of a Mr. Berkeley of England, who died in 1805. He left \$155 to four of his dogs. During a journey through France and Italy this gentleman, being attacked by brigands, had been protected and saved by his dog; the four animals he pensioned by his will were the descendants of this faithful friend. Feeling his end near, Mr. Berkeley desired that two arm chairs might be brought to his bedside and his four dogs seated on them; they received their last caresses, which he returned with the best of his falling strength.

The Stormy Petrel

A thousand miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea;
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast;
The sails are scattered abroad like weeds;
The strong masts shake like quivering reeds;
The mighty cables, and iron chains,
The hull, which all earthly strength disdains,
They strain and they crack, and hearts like stone
Their natural proud strength disown.

Up and down! Up and down!
From the base of the wave to the billows' crown,
And midst the flashing and feathery foam
The Stormy Petrel finds a home—
A home, if such a place may be,
For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
And only seeketh her rocky lair,
To warm her young, and to teach them
Up and down!
At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing!
—Barry Cornwall.

A Book

I'm a new contradiction; I'm new and I'm old,
I'm often in tatters, and oft deck'd in gold;
Though I never could read, yet letter'd I'm found;
Though blind, I enlighten; though loose, I am bound—
I am always in black, and I'm always in white;
I am grave and I'm gay, I am heavy and light.

In form, too, I differ—I'm thick and I'm thin,
I've no flesh, and no bones, yet I'm cover'd with skin;
I've more points than the compass,
More stops than a flute—
I sing without voice, without speaking confute;
I'm English, I'm German, I'm French and I'm Dutch;
Some love me too fondly; some slight me too much;
I often die soon, though I sometimes live ages,
And no monarch alive has so many pages.
—Hannah More.

Steamer Losses

The total steamer losses in 1907, "as reported to July 1, 1908," were 273 tons, of 253,513 net and 408,338 gross tons. Of these, 90 were British, 19 belonged to British colonies, 11 to the United States, 2 to Austria-Hungary, 6 to Denmark, 1 to the Netherlands, 14 to France, 27 to Germany, 4 to Italy, 27 to Japan, 29 to Norway, 7 to Russia, 13 to Spain, 7 to Sweden, 15 to other European countries, and 10 to Central and South America.

A Lesson in Grammar

"Now," said a teacher who was giving a lesson in grammar, "can any one give me a word ending with 'ous,' meaning 'full of,' as in 'dangerous'—'full of danger'—and 'hazardous'—'full of hazard'?" There was silence in the class for a moment. Then a boy put up his hand. "Well, John," said the teacher, "what is your word?" "Please, sir," came the reply, "'Pious'—full of piety!"

Axle Grease for North Pole

Perry, the arctic explorer, never started on one of his expeditions without receiving a variety of packages from people each of whom thought he

needed some particular article. A few days before he set off on one of his trips there arrived a parcel labeled "To be opened at the farthest point north." Perry opened it at once. Inside was a small barrel inscribed, "Axle grease for the pole!"

AS THANKSGIVING DAY APPROACHES THE SPORTSMEN OF JUNIORVILLE GET BUSY

