

JUNIOR THE CALL SECTION

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

HAVE YOU SEEN ALONZO? JUNIOR CALL DOG ENCOUNTERS DANGER IN THE PARK



HISTORICAL NEW ENGLAND INNS

The old inns scattered throughout New England during the early days of our country's history are for the most part but memories now. The great hotels with their palatial appointments have superseded them, as they better satisfy the luxury loving tastes of twentieth century humanity. In early days, however, the old inns were important factors and here our ancestors gathered to

discuss the latest gossip, as well as matters of importance, as they contentedly sipped their toddy before the great wood fire.

An inn was opened in every town by order of the general court and was placed under the jurisdiction of the minister and tithingman, who were invested with authority to enforce the laws prohibiting the inordinate sale of liquor.

The old ordinaries were often primitive affairs, sometimes consisting of but two rooms and a lean-to, and many a weary traveler found difficulty in securing sleeping accommodations. The price of a dinner was sixpence, and many of them were most interesting. At the Wolfe Tavern in Newburyport one of these old signs, representing a bust of General Wolfe, surrounded by a wreath of laurel, was carved by one Captain William Davenport, and was partially destroyed in the great fire that swept through Newburyport in 1811.

It was later replaced by another sign, painted by Moses Cole, which still swings from this old tavern. In Georgetown many still see a General Wolfe, bearing on his shield a banner which was built in 1640, and is still standing, though its appearance is somewhat somber from the days when it was an inn.

There is an interesting incident in connection with the old sign of worth narrating. Shortly after the battle of Lexington a company of Yankee soldiers were on their way from Ipswich to the seat of war. Passing through Georgetown they came to the old inn, over the front entrance of which the sign of General Wolfe swung in the breeze. The hatred of everything British was so intense that when they saw the picture of the English general they halted and lifting their old flintlocks to their shoulders riddled the sign with bullets. Several passed clean through it, while a few remained imbedded in the wood and are plainly discernible today.

At the Bunker of grapes taxed, that formerly stood on State street, Boston, was a queer old sign made of baked clay and brought from England. A portion of it may be seen yet at the Essex institute, Salem, while the rest of the sign is stored in a steel vault in the Masonic temple, Boston, for the Masons took every precaution to preserve this relic of the old inn, where the first meetings of the society in New England were held.

Here the first president of the United States stayed on a visit to Boston, it was afterward removed to Congress street, and here was visited by General Stark after his victory at Bennington. General Rufus Putnam and Manasseh Cutler, the moving spirits of the Ohio company, also called their first meeting here. The old inn has been torn down a good many years now, and a great granite building has been erected on its site.

In Concord, Mass., still stands the old Wright tavern, a favorite rendezvous for the patriots as the days of the Revolution. Here some of the English officers stopped for a few hours on April 19, 1775, and it was in the taproom of this tavern that Major John Pitcairn observed, as he stirred his brandy and sugar on that eventful day, "In this way we will stir the blood of the Yankees before night." Here also tarried the Concord minutemen on the morning of the battle, as they awaited tidings of the advance of the enemy.

GOOD STORIES IN FEW WORDS AND BRIEF, POINTED POEMS

Indians as Track Laborers

A section laborers the American Indian is claimed to equal the best of the foreign laborers, such as the Italians, Greeks, Austrians and Macedonians, the nationalities from which are drawn nearly all the track laborers used in the United States. Not only is the Indian claimed to be an equal of the foreign product, but superior to all laborers as far as tractability and willingness are concerned.

The Indians always obey any reasonable command exercised by proper authority, and no interpreter is required to make them know what is wanted, as they understand signs nearly as easily as a white man understands words.

It has only been in recent years that an opportunity has been given this race of people to demonstrate its ability in the various fields of skilled or unskilled labor. For many years Indians were not even considered worthy or possessed of the ability or intelligence to perform the most simple kinds of manual labor.

Break, Break, Break

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O, well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O, well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.
—Lord Tennyson.

The Nobel Prizes

Nobel, a Swedish civil engineer, invented dynamite and thereby accumulated a vast fortune of which he left, by his will, about \$8,000,000, the interest on which is to be given in five prizes on his birthday every year.

One prize goes to the person making the greatest discovery in physics, another in chemistry, another in medicine, the fourth to literature and the fifth to the person doing most for international peace. For 1907 the prizes each amounted to \$40,000; for 1908, \$37,000.

Preoccupied

"Ma," declared the excited little girl, "the baby's lost his breath!"
"Then put him right down," rejoined the preoccupied mother, "and hunt around till you find it."

The Stookumpf

Down in the poller once we saw a face
Just like a Stookumpf! It was in the place
Back of the p'anno—you know—where
it's all
Just kitty cornered there against the wall.

En once I squeeze in there en played
en played.
'Cause Stookumpfs they can't hurt you
when it's light.

En one time we went in there after
night
En pecked and hollered "Stookumpf!"
en then run

En was so scared! en had just lots
of fun.
En once we chased a little weeny mouse
En he run back there in the Stookumpfs
house

En then we pecked in en he wasn't
there.
The Stookumpf had just et him, tail
en hair!

En everything! En he'd eat me en you,
Just like the mouse, if he could ketch
us, too.

When mamma plays the p'anno, way
down there,
The Stookumpf growls en ruffles up his
hair.

En when she plays up on the other
side,
It sounds as if the Stookumpf kind of
cried.

En once the Stookumpf put his big front
heel
Right on the p'anno en he give a squeal
En started to jump over, en he fell
En broke himself en couldn't make it
well.

En the poor old Stookumpf cried
en cried
En we hung crape cloth there, because
he died.

En I just bet that might of been the
end!
Of Stookumpf—only we was just
p'endin'.

There ain't no Stookumpf anywhere,
you know.
Except our Stookumpf—en he isn't so.
—Edward Vance Cook.

Top Buggy Built Quickly

During a reception at the factory of an Australian buggy company 2,000 people were entertained by a unique buggy building demonstration. At 7 o'clock in the evening the men set to work with raw materials, and for 2 hours and 48 minutes forges roared, machinery whirled and the entire factory hummed with activity. At the end of that time a top buggy was completed and a horse harnessed in.

Garages for Airships

The French government has voted \$20,000 with which to begin the establishment of a system of garages for airships along the principal serial routes of travel in France.

A Gingerbread Barometer

A clever Frenchman who has original ideas on most subjects employs a kind of barometer that may safely be called unique, says Science Sitings. It is nothing more or less than the figure of a warlike general made of gingerbread, which the Frenchman hangs by a string attached to a nail at an appropriate place in his dwelling. Gingerbread, as everyone knows, is easily affected by changes in the atmosphere. The slightest moisture renders it soft; in dry weather, on the contrary, it grows hard and tough. Every morning on going out the Frenchman asks his servant, "What does the general say?" and the man applies his thumb to the gingerbread figure. Sometimes he replies, "The general feels flabby about the chest; he would advise monsieur taking an umbrella." On the other hand, when the general's symptoms are "hard and unyielding," the Frenchman sallies forth arrayed in his best, with no fears for his spotless suit or his new hat. He says the general has so far never proved unworthy of the confidence placed in his prognostications.

Mercy

The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice
blessed;

It blesseth him that gives, and him that
takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becometh
the throned monarch better than his crown.

His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;

But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
An earthly power doth then show
likest God's,

When mercy seasons justice. Think of
this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation. We do pray for
mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all
To render to the doer of it.

The deeds of mercy.
—William Shakespeare.

Two enormous loaves of bread
It has always been a habit of bakers as far back as the chronicles of the profession go and that means hundreds of years, to turn out loaves of bread or other productions of their skill in extraordinary shapes and sizes, as a means of drawing attention. The public has never grown tired of this kind of advertising and it generally repays the baker.

Two huge loaves of bread were made recently by a North Dakota baker on the occasion of a harvest festival. Each loaf measured 8 feet 6 inches in length and they weighed 135 and 145 pounds respectively.

The Ocean

Beautiful, sublime, and glorious,
Mild, majestic, feaming, free—
Over time itself victorious,
Image of eternity!

Sun, and moon, and stars shine o'er
these,
See thy surface ebb and flow;
Yet attempt not to explore
thine,
In thy soundless depths below.

Whether morning's splendors steep thee
With the rainbow's glowing grace,
Tempests rouse, or navies sweep thee,
'Tis but for a moment's space.

Earth—her valleys and her mountains,
Mortal man's behests obey;
Thy unshakable fountains
Scold his search, and scorn his sway.

Such art thou—stupendous ocean!
But, if overwhelmed by thee,
Can we think, without emotion,
What must thy Creator be?

—Bernard Barton.

A Prohibited Weapon

Every traveler knows that there are certain restrictions upon the introduction of arms into foreign countries. Among the weapons which it is forbidden to take into France is the "tromblon," which is expressly mentioned in the Bengal code as a weapon the carrying and sale of which are not allowed. And yet the tromblon is not a firearm which is commonly used nowadays, for it is nothing else than the blunderbuss, a weapon which old caricatures show to have been carried by the guards of coaches as a protection against highwaymen and to have been hung over his fireplace by John Bull at the time of the scare of a Napoleonic invasion 160 years ago. The blunderbuss had a flintlock, a short barrel and a muzzle like a trumpet, the bell mouth being designed to scatter the slugs with which the primitive piece was charged.

Epitaph on a Robin Redbreast
Tread lightly here, for here, 'tis said
When piping winds are hush'd around,
A small note wakes from underground,
Where now his tiny bones are laid.

Nor morn in lone or leafless groves,
With ruffled wing and faded breast,
His friendless, homeless spirit roves;
Gone to the world where birds are

Where never cat glides o'er the green,
Or schoolboy's giant form is seen;
But love and joy and smiling spring
Inspire their little souls to sing.
—Samuel Rogers.

Tibet
Tibet is an inhabited land covering between 700,000 and 800,000 square miles, and having a mean elevation exceeding 16,400 feet. The loftiest peaks reach an altitude of about 29,000 feet, while the deepest valleys, in the higher parts of the plateau, do not descend below 14,000 feet, which is higher than Pike's peak. Toward the south the valleys sink lower, and rice and fruit are cultivated up to 11,500 feet.

JUNIORVILLE CELEBRATES CENTENARY ANNIVERSARY WITH GREAT ENTHUSIASM

