ANIMAL STORIES AND PRIZE WINNERS

WHAT is the best animal story you know? The immense success of the dog story contest has decided The Junior Call to ask the foregoing question, and the answer, in not more than 200 words nor less than 100, will constitute the stories which will be published in the present contest.

In this contest you may write about any animal that you prefer; a dog, cat, horse, cow or any other animal. Make your story as interesting as possible. It may be a true story or an imaginary one, but it must be in your own language and written in ink, on one side of the paper only.

As in the previous contests, write your subject on the first line, and on the next line your name, address and age, and if you are at school your school and grade. Write the number of words contained in your story in the upper left hand corner of the first page. Stories which are not marked with the number of words or are written on both sides of the paper will not be used.

This contest is open to the juniors of California, or elsewhere, who are between the ages of 10 and 16 years. Watches will be awarded to the six most interesting, best written stories.

For the younger juniors the puzzles, particulars of which are given on the fourth page, are continued:

Juniors who have not already prepared their stories in the animal story contest should hasten to do so, mailing same at the earliest possible moment to The Junior Call, Call building, San Francisco.

AWARDED A WATCH

BUMMER

ROWENA M. HONEY,
Quartz, Cal. Age 12 Years

Several years ago, before the railway came to this county, my father worked in a livery stable in Sonora. Where my father worked they were running an opposition stage to the regular mail stage to the nearest railway point. The keeper of the stable had a coach hound named Bummer. The stage used to start about 2 o'clock in the morning. Bummer was always on time to see the stage to the head of the street and then he would come back.

When time for the stage to return Bummer would run out in the street and listen. If he heard the stage coming he would listen, and if it was the mail stage he would not move, but when he heard the other stage coming he would jump up, put his tail in the air and start off; sometimes he would meet it half a mile out of town, and he would follow it all through town, barking behind it till it reached the stable. It is said that Bummer was never known to miss seeing the stage away and meet it on its return, and never made a a mistake in the rattle of the stages; that was always his daily duty.

AWARDED A WATCH

BRUNO

DAVID SULLIVAN,
4069 Twenty-fifth Street, San Francisco. James Lick Grammar School, B Fifth. Age 11 Years.

Last year I spent my summer vacation with my aunt and uncle in the country. My uncle owns a beautiful brown and white dog called Bruno that resembles a Teddy bear. He has been taught many tricks.

My uncle worked in the city and went back and forth on the train. Every night I went down to the depot to meet him and of course Bruno went too. When the train arrived and Bruno saw my uncle get off he would run up to him and bark, as much as if to say "Good evening, Master." Then my uncle would give Bruno the evening paper to carry home.

One evening as my uncle and I were walking home as usual we saw Bruno run ahead of us and drop the paper. He started to howl and bark. We looked around to see what the trouble was, but could find nothing. Then we heard a great whistle and noise and we saw a freight train coming. A little girl who did not notice the train coming ran directly in front of it and would have been crushed to pieces but for the heroic deed of Bruno. He ran and picked her up just in time to see the train go shooting past. Every one around ran to see if the girl was hurt, but they found that she was safe and sound, with not a bone in her body broken.

AWARDED A WATCH

KITTY CLOVER

DOROTHY SMITH,
Box 913, Palo Alto. Lytton Avenue School. Low Fifth Grade. Age 10 Years

My sister once found a little kitten which seemed to be deserted. She took it home and named it Kitty Clover, because she found it in the clover. The poor little thing did not have its eyes open, so, or course, it was too young to lap up milk with its tongue. My sister asked my father if he would buy a little doll's bottle. He bought one and my sister raised it on the bottle. Kitty Clover would not touch the milk if we put it in a pan for her, but would come running if she ever saw that bottle. One day we were going to pump up my sister's bicycle when Kitty Clover came running up, thinking that the bicycle pump was her bottle; she took hold of it with her mouth, but was surprised to find that it was not her bottle. She used to sleep in a doll's go-cart back of the kitchen stove and was covered with a little blanket to keep her warm. Kitty Clover grew to be a large cat, but one day she disappeared and we have never seen her since.

AWARDED A WATCH

COONY'S PIG

ARTHUR GALLISON,
Mariposa. Mariposa Grammar School, B Seventh Grade. Age 12 Years

Coony has a little white pig that wades in the mud and gets dirty. He is so white that mud makes him look very funny. Then he rubs his little muddy nose against somebody's white stockings or dress. The pig's name is Chub. When he is clean he has a little pink snout and dark blue eyes; but when he is muddy he has a black snout and mud is dripping from his long ears.

When Chub was about two days old his mother died and Coony's uncle found Chub. He had almost starved to death, so Coony's uncle took him home. He gave him to Coony, who fed him with a nipple and bottle of milk for two weeks. Then Chub became old enough to feed himself.

Sometimes Chub takes Coony's sisters' dolls and drags them through the mud. He is just like a little puppy and surely as mischievous. He chases chickens like most puppies do, and drags off slippers and shoes and chews them to pieces.

AWARDED A WATCH

MY BROTHER'S DOG

LILLIAN NICHOLS,
Santa Cruz. Gault School, High Fourth Grade. Age 10 Years

About two years ago we were living on a prairie farm in southwestern Minnesota. My brother Walter owned a fine shepherd dog named Carlo. Walter used to hunt and trap every winter, and Carlo loved the sport as much as he did. One morning early they started out, and though there was lots of snow the sloughs were open in places. They were gone all day, and when Walter returned pretty late he was surprised that Carlo had not followed, and anxious, as they took no lunch along and were both hungry. We waited up very late, but no Carlo. At last mother asked Walter if he left any of his belongings in the boat. Yes, he said, an old coat. Well, mother said, when you find your coat you'll find your dog. And, sure enough, at 6 o'clock next morning there was Carlo guarding the coat so well that the man who owned the slough was standing by the gate afraid to move. That winter Carlo and Walter together got 728 muskrats, and as Carlo took most of them from the water and the skins brought from 22 to 27 cents each, I think Carlo was worth his food. Don't you?

AWARDED A WATCH

MY HAPPY DOG

DONALD A. DE WOLF,
135 Sixth Avenue, San Francisco. Richmond School, B Sixth Grade. Age 13 Years

My dog was given to me for a birthday present two years ago. He is a very beautiful dog, so I call him "Beauty."

One Saturday morning I was sitting on a chair in the house reading The Junior Call. Beauty came up to the chair where I was sitting and looked at Alonzo. He seemed to like it and began to wag his tail. When I asked him what was the matter he sat up on his hind legs and began to bark.

Then I put the paper on the floor so he could see it well. He began to bark and wag his tail and seemed to be very happy. Beauty soon learned that this paper was only left on a certain day.

Every Saturday now he watches for the man to leave the paper, and when he leaves it he runs out and gets it. Then he goes to the back door and barks until I go and let him in. When I let him in and show him the paper he is a very happy dog and I am a very happy boy.

BEECHER

ANNA JANSEN,
Lincoln, Cal. Public School, Fifth Grade. Age 11 Years

I will tell you of a friend of ours in Dakota that had a bulldog named Beecher. He was about as smart as any dog I ever knew and he was a fine watchdog, and no one dare come near the house at night. He was a great help to Mr. Whittimore, as he was in the grain business and carried considerable money on his person at times.

On returning home one evening from work Beecher started on a hard run. He had seen something at a distant strawstack and did not stop till he reached it. When Mr. Whittimore got there he found Beecher holding on to a poor tramp's trouser leg and the man speechless from fright. When Mr. Whittimore returned from work at night he would tell Beecher to go get his supper. He would beg for it by sitting up on his hind legs by baby's highchair with his nose on his front paws till Mr. Whittimore said, "Amen." He would also come into the parlor and play on the piano when the boys practiced, and he would sing by raising his voice to a howl; altogether he was a wonderful dog.

AN AFFECTIONATE COLT

RICHARD TOWNLEY,
29 Bartlett Street. A Fifth Grade, Agassiz School. Age 10 Years.

A gentleman whom I knew once had in his possession a 3 year old colt, a dog and three sheep, which were his constant companions. Whenever he went for a walk his pets accompanied him, and it was a curious sight to see the gentleman strolling along followed by this motley escort. When the parlor window, which looked into the field, was open the colt had been known to leap through it, go up to and caress his master and leap back to his pasture, happy and contented when his master spoke kindly to him. When the colt died a monument was erected in his honor.

BRUNO AND BARNEY

KATHERINE MILFORD,
Stent, Cal. Poverty Hill School, Sixth Grade. Age 12 Years

This is an incident of two dogs. Bruno was a collie and Barney a fox terrier. They lived at the same house. Bruno was a stable dog and Barney a pet. They were a happy couple. They played on the lawn together and shared whatever they had together. Bruno got into a fight with another dog ope day. He was very angry, and not thinking of his love for the terrier bit him so bad that he had to be put out of his misery. His mistress was very sad after the loss of her pet. She could not stand to see the stable dog around her house, so she gave him away. One day when she was out walking she met the collie, and he came up to her and put his paw on her dress. She saw that a large thorn had run in. After she took it out he licked her hands, as if to say "thank you," and went away. He never came to see her again, because he thought of his wickedness to her fox terrier pet.

CALL

GEORGIA MIX
Vacaville, Cal. Rhine School, Third Grade. Age 10 years

I had a little dog given to me as a present and I did not know what to name it, so papa said as we are all interested in The San Francisco Call and its nice stories to name it Call, as we think it the best paper published. Well, Call certainly is a wise dog. He helps me gather the eggs when I feed the chickens, as our nests are all low. He stands on his hind legs and gently drops them into the pail; then I put them in my express wagon and Call gets in beside the eggs and rides over to the house, very proud of what he has done. If any one tries to take the bucket from the wagon he grabs the bucket by the handle and runs to the house as fast as he can, growling every step. Do you not think Call a wise dog?

AN INTELLIGENT SHEEP

HELEN SMITH,
2527 Mission Street, San Francisco. A Fifth Grade, Agassiz School. Age 11 Years

A gentleman traveling in a lonely part of the Highlands was met by a sheep, which came to meet him as if to ask assistance. When he stopped she turned and he followed her. She led him to a little hill, where he found a lamb which had fallen down between two large stones and was vainly struggling to get free. He pulled away one of the stones and helped the lamb to get out, and then the mother, in evident delight, poured forth her thanks in a long continued bleat. The lamb was given to the man for saving its life. The man was kind to the animal. When he died the lamb was found lying on his master's grave. When the animal died he was buried near his master's grave.

A BEAR STORY

ERNEST BLACKMAN
4123 East Fourteenth Street, Fruitvale, Cal. Franklin Grammar School, A Seventh Grade. Age 13 Years

There were once two children, one 4 and the other 6 years of age, who wandered away from their home into the woods. After a little while they were missed by their parents, who at once set out in search of them.

To their horror they found their children engaged playing with a large brown bear and they all seemed to be having a good time. One was feeding the large shaggy playmate with fruit, while the other was climbing up his back to get a ride.

The mother, seeing her children in such great danger, screamed. The little one, on hearing her, slid off the bear's back and ran to her mother, while the elder ran to her father.

The bear trotted off into the woods and was never seen again. The mother and father were very glad that the children were not hurt.

MASCOT

MASTER JOHN STERN of 1966 Pacific avenue, San Francisco, is the proud owner of Mascot and Mascot, who is a Griffon Brussels, is the proud owner of three prizes and a cup which he won at the Burlingame kennel show.

JOHN AND BYRON

GENEVIEVE AGERS,
Atlas. Atlas Peak School, Sixth Grade. Age 10 years

Byron was a large white horse. John was a stout boy, full of fun and frolic. Both lived and worked on grandma's farm. John had a habit that Byron greatly disliked. While he was eating his supper of hay and corn John would stand in front of the stall and tease him by making all kinds of ugly grimaces. John thought it fine fun to see Byron get angry and try to bite him through the bars of the stall. One day John went into the stable to bridle Byron and to lead him to the well. As he was reaching up to take hold of his mane Byron opened his mouth, siezed his curly hair, lifted him from the floor, and walked leisurely out into the barnyard. Grandma heard a loud scream and ran to see what was the matter. There was Byron with John hanging from his mouth, marching across the yard. John never played any tricks upon him again. All that Byron wanted was to be treated with proper respect.

POOR SHEP

JOHN O'NEILL
Sixth Grade, St. Charles School, San Francisco

My teacher read this story one day and I liked it very much. Some years ago a poor man died in a large city. Shep liked his master and followed him to the burial place. The next morning he was found lying on his master's grave. He was driven away several times, but he always came back.

The keeper of the ground took pity on him and gave him food. Afterwards a store keeper near the grounds fed him every day. He kept it up for four years and every night, even in the coldest weather, the dog lay on his master's grave. Afterwards the dog died and he was buried near his master's grave. And the picture of a dog has been placed over a drinking fountain in a street near the grave to tell the story of his faithful love.

FAITHFUL PUPPY (A True Story)

MARJORY GALLOWAY,
143 Jersey Street, Horace Mann School, B Sixth Grade. Age 12 Years

What I am about to relate to you occurred at the time of the catastrophe in San Francisco, 1906. Just before that time we were given a small jet black puppy, which looked more like a large ball of black darning cotton than a puppy. We became greatly attached to him and named him Rover. On the evening April 18, 1906, every one was in a state of great excitement. We spent the night in watching the red monster creep silently on and the next morning started out to seek shelter with relatives in the country. It was hard to leave our home, but it was still harder to leave our pet, who had now became one of us. Some kind neighbors offered to care for him while they stayed in the city, but they expected to leave very soon. In a few days they had gone, and had let Rover out into the street, so he would not be burned if the fire reached our house. But when we returned Rover had not stirred from the house. We still have him. He is a large, black dog with brown eyes full of expression. I often go so far as to call him my "black brother," and would not give him up for any amount of money.

FAITHFUL DON

LEONARD HARRINGTON,
1345 East Lindsay Street, Stockton. Jefferson School, Sixth Grade. Age 12 Years

Mrs. Brown lives on the bank of the Mokelumne river. She has one little girl, 3 years old.

One morning the butcher left the gate open.. That day when the little girl came out to play the first thing she saw was the open gate.

She was on the bank of the river before her mother caught sight of her. She gave a scream just as she fell in the river.

Don was lying asleep, but awoke when he heard the cry, and dashing to the river plunged in and catching the clothes of the child dragged her out of the water.

By this time the mother reached the shore and catching up Don hugged and kissed him and wept joyful tears to think he saved her dear baby.

That night when Mr. Brown came home she related the story of bravery of faithful Don, and you can be sure Don was treated with the best of care until his death.

ROVER SAVED THE TRAIN

RUTH KOHLHOFF
Union Street, San Rafael. A Seventh Grade

One summer my mother, father and I went to Santa Rosa for a summer vacation. While I was up there I became acquainted with a girl named Ada. Ada had a beautiful brown dog named Rover. Almost every day Ada and I went up the hills with Rover, but this day he didn't come, but we thought he wanted to play with the dogs.

When we came home we noticed Rover on the track, barking very loudly. We called him, but he wouldn't come. So we ran up to see what the trouble was and we saw a tree had fallen on the track. We knew the train would be in soon and we ran to tell the trainmen, who had it fixed before the train was in sight.

Everybody talked about Rover and how he saved many lives. The trainmen sent Rover a gold collar for his bravery.

TOKYO'S CLEVERNESS

LISLE PRIDE,
640 Petaluma Avenue, San Rafael, Fourth Street School, Eighth Grade. Age 14 Years

I wish to tell you of our little fox terrier Tokyo. He was sent to us while we were living in the northern part of the state, where it is much colder than he had been used to in the south. Like all small house dogs, he liked to take his naps on the bed. Mother didn't want him to sleep on the bed, anyway, but when he left his muddy footprints on the spread it was too much, and she spanked him soundly.

The next day we were away and left Tokyo shut up in the house. On reaching home we found him curled up on the bed as usual, but he had turned back one corner of the spread and was lying on the quilt, which he seemed to think was all right.

He was also fond of playing ball and had his own ball, which he kept hidden in the woodbox. Whenever my brother and I played ball he would come running out with his ball, toss it up and catch it in his mouth until we quit playing. Then he would return it to the woodbox. This is a true story of our little dog.

BRAVE DEED OF JACK

Georgia W. Bell, Sixth Grade, St. Helena Grammar School, St. Helena, Cal. Age 12 Years

About two years ago my uncle, who lived on a farm, had a beautiful collie whose name was Jack.

One day Uncle Will went up on the mountains and left Jack at home with his wife. About an hour after he left the house caught fire.

Jack knew that my aunt was in the house somewhere, so he dashed into the kitchen, but not finding her there he went upstairs, where she was lying senseless on the bed.

Jack must have been a pretty bright dog, for he started at once for my uncle. He found him up in the hills and barked so frantically that my uncle jumped on his horse and followed Jack down the mountain at full speed.

When they reached the house it was all in flames, and Jack quickly ran upstairs and barked out the window.

My uncle brought a ladder and climbed up just in time to save his wife.

Jack, remembering that his playmate Tabby, the cat, was in the house, ran to find her, which he did, and brought her to the window, where he jumped with her to the ground.

TOM

ERLE BENJAMIN SMITH,
Maxwell, Cal. Maxwell Public School, Sixth Grade. Age 11 Years

Tom is a gray cat that weighed eight and a half pounds the last time we weighed him. He catches gophers and rats. He has all the rats and mice out of the store. Tom won't let another cat come into the store. He is very much afraid of dogs, but I don't believe he would be afraid of Alonzo. When he wants out he stands at the door and meouws till we let him out. When you sit down by the stove he will jump up into your lap and go to sleep. Tom would go to the cracker box and take two or three if we would let him. I would love to have Alonzo so I could see them together.

MY DOGS CARLO AND PUPPY

VEDA MUNCEY,
1117½ Alabama Street, San Francisco. Horace Mann Grammar School, A Sixth Grade. Age 11 Years

When I was living in San Jose I had two dogs, Carlo and Puppy. They were both pug dogs and were given to me by my aunt when they were puppies.

Carlo and Puppy would pull my little brother all around in a little wagon. These dogs always kept very good watch of my little brother.

When the mornings were cold Carlo and Puppy would always wait at the door for me to let them in. When I would let them in they were very happy and when the sun came out I would let them out again.

Every night the dogs would pull my little brother down to the car and they would stay there until my papa came and then they would pull my little brother home again.

Carlo and Puppy would always run after the automobiles and one day Puppy had one of his back legs run over by an automobile, but we soon had his leg in good condition again.

At last we moved to the city and we had to give the dogs away. I certainly miss my dogs very much and I guess they miss me.

THE FOX

EDWARD COUTTS,
270 Eleventh Street, San Francisco. Mission Grammar School, B Fifth Grade. 10 Years Old

Some huntsmen and hounds once hunted a fox across a common near the sea until they came to a steep cliff. Then they thought they would catch him, but when they came to the edge no fox was to be seen, and so they thought he had jumped over and was killed. This happened several times till at last some one watched and saw the fox, when he came to the edge of the cliff, catch hold with his teeth of a bramble and swing himself over into a hole a little way down the face of the cliff. The man who watched must have been very cruel, for instead of admiring him for his cleverness he determined to show the fox that he was cleverer. So one day when the hounds were hunting he cut off the bramble with his knife and let it lie on the cliff just as before. Presently up came the fox in a great hurry, laid hold of the bramble with his teeth, swung himself over, but instead of stopping at his hole tumbled down to the bottom and was dashed to pieces. So the hunters and the cruel man between them managed to kill the fox, and I suppose thought they had done a very fine thing.

GYP AND THE CAT

JAMES MILTON NEWELL,
St. Helena. St. Helena Public School, Sixth Grade. Age 12 Years.

Once we owned a dog. He was a fox terrier. He was white, with black ears and black tail. I had just started down the front stairs to go on an errand for my mother when I heard a patter of feet behind me and a cat ran between my legs, setting me on the stairs with a bump. Then I heard the dishes rattling in the kitchen. When I got there I found my mother chasing the cat with a broom. The cat jumped on the table and landed in a pan of milk. Then mamma knocked it out of doors, but Gyp wanted to get after the cat, so he jumped out of the window, knocking out a pane of glass and putting out one of his own eyes. Ever since he has let cats alone.

BUTTONS

MABEL A. HOAG,
686 Thirty-fourth Street, Oakland. Longfellow School, Fifth Grade. Age 11 Years

Buttons, my dear readers, you may think rather an odd name for a cat, but you will agree with me that it is a very appropriate one when I tell you our dear cat is black with small white spots dotting it all over, which caused us children to call him Buttons.

In our block Buttons is also called "The Good Samaritan," as one day when another cat was injured by a passing wagon and limped helplessly to a vacant lot near by Buttons was seen carrying it a fine bone and laying it down by the unfortunate one and sat close by with a most contented, satisfied air.

Buttons is also very playful and companionable and will sit with me in my swing or while I play jacks; but best of all I wish you could see him curled up in my little rocking chair while I practice my music lesson.

In my playroom Buttons has his own little bed and seems to enjoy watching me play with my dolls.

Buttons is now 8 years old, and we all think him a very remarkable cat. I would like to have all the readers of The Junior Call see him.

TIP

WILLIAM BENDER,
269 Parnassus Avenue, San Francisco. Pacific Heights School, B Seventh Grade. Age 13 Years

Tip is a shepherd dog. He is so intelligent that I think he can do all but talk.

He likes to sleep at the foot of my bed, but is made to stay in the clothes basket in the washroom.

Since he was given us we have moved to different towns a good deal and have always taken him with us. He had to stay in the baggage car, and when we reached our destination he was so glad to see us that he would jump all over us.

He is very fond of chasing automobiles and cars. I broke him of that habit by putting him in a dark cellar. But even now when sees a car going down the grade near where we live the temptation is great and he often chases it.

He likes very much to ride on anything, and once on the street he saw an automobile standing in front of a store and jumped in the single seat behind.

The owner came out, cranked the machine and started off with Tip still in it. He soon came back after probably the best ride he had ever had.

BRUNO

ELIZABETH HOYT,
Birds Landing. Grade Five and a Half. Age 11 Years

Bruno is a St. Bernard dog. He has saved many lives. Bruno belongs to a young Englishman. I am going to tell you the story Bruno's master told us.

One day while walking along on a part of the beach that was overhung by cliffs he heard a sudden scream and, looking up at the cliffs, saw a child caught by rocks hanging in the air. He was scared dreadfully; the child might fall any minute, and the women could not reach her. Luckily he had Bruno with him. He then sent Bruno climbing up.

Bruno went higher and higher and finally reached the child. Taking hold of the child by the band of its waist he brought it to the top of the cliff. The child was unconscious, but not hurt.

MY DOG SPORT

WALTER J. KEARNEY,
615E Fremont Street, Stockton. Tremont School. Age 12 Years

I have a fine dog at home. He is tall and slim. His name is Sport. Sport is a fine dog and can run very fast. He is brown, with a white star on his forehead.

One morning as I woke up I found Sport lying at the foot of my bed. I said, "Sport, what are you doing?" He jumped for joy when he saw me. When I got up he followed me around and wanted me to go up by my bed. I went up and saw that he had found a nest that had four little mice in it.

I did not bother the mice, but after they got big I took one and put it in a little cage and raised it.

After a while the mouse knew me. She liked Sport very much and they used to play together.

A FRIEND IN NEED

TESSIE FUCHS,
Colma. Jefferson School, Seventh Grade. Age 13 Years

A horse and a goat were lately grazing together in a field. They belonged to the same master and had grown to be true friends. The field was open and bordered by a low hedge row, and it sometimes happened that a cruel lot of boys saw fit to amuse themselves by throwing stones and different things at the poor, harmless goat. The horse did not attack, but although they left him in peace, whenever he saw his friend ill treated he left off grazing and came galloping across the field to drive away its enemies. But alas! they always came back, and when this had happened several times the horse lost patience. So the next time the young ruffians appeared and began teasing the poor goat as before he galloped up to the rescue, and suddenly seizing with his teeth one of the lads by the collar of his coat, flung him bodily into the road beyond. What a hero he must have been to the goat.

ROVER

ALAN BLEAN,
2313 Hilgard Street, Berkeley. Whittier School, B Sixth Grade. Age 12 Years

Once upon a time there was a dog by the name of Rover. One day his master took him on his travels, and, taking out his purse, looked at it to see if he had enough money to travel. In doing so he dropped a gold coin on the floor. The dog saw this and snatched it up in his mouth. When his food was brought to him he would not touch it. But when at night his master came home the dog went running up to his master, wagging his tail. His master petted him, and to his astonishment out dropped the gold coin from the dog's mouth. Then Rover ran to his dinner and did not stop until he had finished all on the plate. When he finished his master came in the room and put a lovely collar around the dog's neck. After that everybody that saw him always thought about what he did.

NEGLECTED PRINCE

PAULINE BENNETT,
64 Hartford Street, San Francisco. Everett Grammar School, B Seventh Grade. Age 13

Prince was a fox terrier who had been driven from the cemetery. His former master, whom he loved very much, had died, and he watched by his grave every day until he was finally driven away by the neighboring people.

So this day, though very cold, little Prince was looking for some one to give him a home. As he watched the people go by he noticed among them a man who had hit him. At first he slunk away, though the man did not see him, but he noticed that he dropped something. What was it? He picked it up and followed him.

Prince did not know that it was a pocket book, nor did he know that it contained a great deal of money. The man finally turned into a little residence street. Suddenly he began to search his pockets; he stood still, his face turned red and then white.

How could Prince attract his attention? He dropped the pocket book and gave a short, sharp bark. The man looked down and there was his pocket book! Yes, the money was all there.

There is no more to say, only that after that no one would want a happier home than had poor, neglected Prince.

FIDO

GEORGE MARTIN
317 North E Street, Tulare, Cal. Tulare Public School. Age 10 Years

Last winter, on one February morning, there was a whine at the door. I went to the door and opened it. It was a little Newfoundland pup. It was raining hard. I brought him in and gave him something to eat. I fed him for quite a while, and after a while he took a liking to me and I took a liking to him.

When he grew to be a big dog he wouldn't let anybody touch my playthings or let them hurt me.

One day I was walking through a mud puddle on stilts. Another boy pushed me over in it. Fido ran after him and bit him.

SANDSTORM

EVA KINLOCH,
Ukiah. Lima School, Eighth Grade. Age 13 Years

Steve had just as fine a pony as any boy might wish to ride.

One day Sandstorm—that was his pony's name—was stolen. Steve knew where he had been taken and set out on foot to get him.

He got to the place at night and went softly into the barn. Sandstorm knew his master right away. Steve knew that he had to ride long and fast. He rode all night and in the morning he stopped to eat his breakfast.

He led Sandstorm up the side of a steep hill and while he stood there he heard the hurried tramp of horses and he knew that they were looking for him. He slept in a cave all day and when night came he started on again.

He was shot by some Indians and he fell from his horse. Sandstorm went back to look at him. Then he galloped away until he came to a girl. She followed him and found Steve. She took him to her home and there he stayed until he was well. He took good care of Sandstorm after that.

PUBLIC SCHOOL LIFE

CLASS AT THE HAMILTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL, SAN FRANCISCO

A. KELLOGG, PRINCIPAL HAMILTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL

By A. E. Kellogg,
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IT IS a common but mistaken notion that the teacher's hours, duties and responsibilities end at 3 o'clock, that all school activities cease at that stroke of the hour. I was, at one time, under a similar misapprehension regarding the bank clerk, and it was a distinct surprise to learn that after banking hours there was for him a period of toil behind the closed doors.

So the teacher remains to clear up the fag ends of a day's work or takes home a goodly roll of papers to look over. The unlucky pupil also may have his half hour overtime to make good some neglected duty.

But there are schools where 3 o'clock ushers another set of supplemental activities. Should a visitor on some fine afternoon "after school" make his call he might well find the yard so full of children engaged in handball and other games as to stagger him into the belief that he had by miscalculation come at recess time. No, my friend, but call after 4 o'clock if you wish simply to view school grounds. This, sir, is a very important part of the school session, at least to those in attendance. They would not be here had they not made reasonable showing in a day's work and conduct.

Yes, everything that goes to make up our school system seems important. The subjects of study are, of course, important—arithmetic, history, geography and language; content of each; methods of presentation; arrangement in course of study, etc. This, that and any or every other thing, as one expands upon it, seems for the moment everything. Even the child is to be reckoned with. Is not this last the real and vital consideration? The child, his individual building up in character, his adjustment by living in the school to the wider, larger living afterward—is not this the center toward which all lines are to converge?

The school is a community and the child should be led to realize himself as a member of that community—an accepted and acceptable member of it, a member with pride and satisfaction in his school citizenship. There should be in every school a public opinion making toward rightness. A school that grows no such common and saving sentiment is sterile of the best product.

Then, too, the school community should foster other virtues and abilities suited and essential to American life and manners, such as initiative, readiness or co-operation with one's fellows, facility to combine and organize to secure desired ends.

While it is true that every movement of study and recitation and routine exercise should make toward these ends it is curious to note that other activities, often slightly regarded or considered as extra and extraneous, make the real traveled highways for the boys and girls thereto.

In our public school life the school grounds during school recess and after session hours, the details of direction and responsibility resting on pupil managers, with the principal acting as a sort of supreme court, give opportunity for human contact, rare lessons in self-government, management and control of others. These privileges of play and exercise in handball court, tennis or basket ball, properly related and allied to the other and more prosaic portions of school experience, give zest and vigor to the whole.

Then, again, improvement clubs in each class, under general charge of the teacher, make opportunity to develop sound leadership and give practice in the management of persons in assembly. There may be subcommittees to look after the rooms and suggest improvements; committees for keeping the flowers or the garden in proper shape; decoration committees, etc. In this way a community and civic spirit is nurtured. A federation composed of the presidents and secretaries of the several clubs may complete the organization and give a notion of large school enterprise considered as a whole.

But by whatever road we come at it the issue should be an active, self-reliant, desirable member of the society, great or small, in which he may be placed.