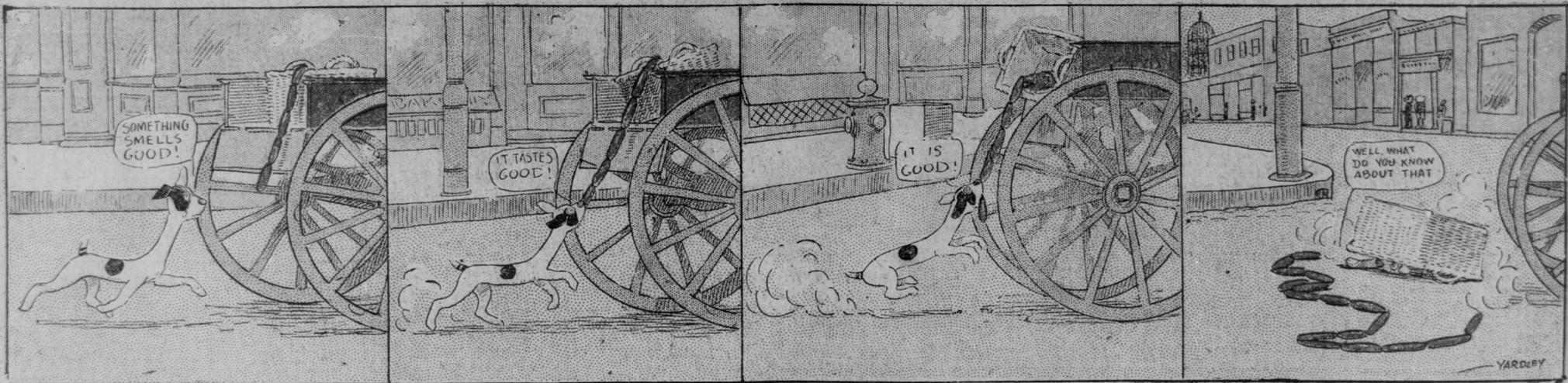


# JUNIOR THE CALL SECTION

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1909.

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

## HAVE YOU SEEN ALONZO? HE HAS A HOT TIME WITH THE SAUSAGE WAGON.



### A CHAT WITH THE JUNIOR FAMILY

THE Junior Call this week is full of the sort of reading and pictures that children love, and it will surely be of the greatest interest to many of the bigger children as well. For those girls who have a good school story there is a thrilling tale of the freshman adventures of Rosella, who went through a hard time, but came out triumphant, and every girl freshman will sympathize with her. Stephen of Cloyes, of which the second installment appears today, does more wonderful things and reaches the big sea in safety with his army of children, leaving us to imagine till next week what the rest of the story can be. The splendid, fairy like old bridges of Paris, in their beautiful rose and gold coloring, are told about for those who have not been abroad, and the accident which happened to the exquisite Paris doll who tried to learn how to row in the story of Mary Bell will be enjoyed by the youngest juniors, who, perhaps, have doll families of their own. How a funny little college hen boldly made her nest behind a trunk in a college room and laid an egg every day is exciting as well as amusing, and Rose Wilder has contributed a good article on seals, which will tell much about them, even to the Junior Call readers, some of whom are able to go out to the beach and see them any day of the week. Mrs. Spencer, principal of the Emerson primary school, tells how the little ones of the primary classes enjoy their work and their play, and what fine men and women she hopes they will make when they go out in the big world; and two boys, Richard Johnstone and Karl Neuman, tell what fun it is to experiment with wireless telegraph stations.

Alonzo is badly out up again, but the clever juniors can put him to rights with their skillful fingers as shown by the pictures that came in last week. And if you look at the top of this page you will see that Alonzo and the sausages have had a fine old time. Have you seen Alonzo this week? The editor of The Junior Call has. And wouldn't some of you like to go to Washington and sit on the steps of the capitol and hear the band of Juniorville play? The members will make merry music for Taft while they stay in Washington.

Plenty of stories for the writers' contest on the subject of "What is the Most Fun?" are coming in, and from the looks of those received, the contest promises to be a particularly exciting and interesting one. The first of these stories will appear next week. Please do not send in any more animal stories, as that contest is closed. Think up the best fun you ever had, write out an account of it carefully and send it to the editor of The Junior Call and see if you can't win a prize.

### A LITERARY CHAT WITH THE JUNIORS

THE following books are excellent for young children: The Peter Rabbit books, by Beatrix Potter. These are a series of nine small volumes, each a complete story in itself. "Firelight Stories," by Carolyn S. Bailey, is a collection of 26 old folk tales of various nations, edited to meet the requirements of present day children. "For the Children's Hour," edited by Carolyn S. Bailey and Clara M. Lewis, is a collection of over 190 stories compiled from various sources. "Mother Stories and More Mother Stories," by Maud Lindsay, are two volumes of exceptional worth by a writer who has the rare ability to relate delightful tales in a bright, happy, childlike manner. "Fairy Tales Every Child Should Know" needs no other endorsement than the name of its editor, Hamilton Wright Mable. "Myths Every Child Should Know," edited by Mr. Mable, is equally good for older children. "Rhymes for Little Hands," by Maud Burnham, is a series of 60 finger plays

with illustrations designed for small children. The rhymes are intended for the child to memorize, accompanied by appropriate movements of the hands. The following books can also be recommended: "Descriptive Stories for All the Year," by Maud Burnham. "Cat Tails and Other Tales," by Mary H. Howlston. "Boston Collection of Kindergarten Stories." "Child Christ Tales," by Andrea Hofer Proudfoot. "Child's Garden of Verse," by Robert Louis Stevenson. "The Story Hour," by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith.

#### The Pig and the Pug

Said the Pig to the Pug, "You are proud, And you are not very clever or big." Said the Pug to the Pig, "You are right, But I'm glad that I'm not a pig." "Will you tell me the difference, I pray." Said the Pig with bel-l-i-ge-rent cry; And the Pug lost his grammar, As he hastened to stammer— "There's a difference between U and I." —Charles Irwin Junkin.

### Persian Dates

A writer in an English newspaper gives the following interesting information concerning Persian dates:

As soon as the fruit ripens in September it must be picked, and no time is lost in the packing, but, if packed in good condition and at the right time, it will keep for years. Other kinds of dates grow in different countries, with crops to be reckoned in hundreds of tons, but at Buseh the annual crop is reckoned in many thousands, totaling in some years over 100,000 tons. Here is a great harvest in the ingathering of which the whole population for many miles around, men and women, young and old, take part. A wonderful dispensation of providence is this provision of a palatable and highly nutritious food in the greatest abundance, for the Buseh, or so called Persian date, contains all the elements required for sustaining vigor and vitality, is portable and preservable, and is in fact the staple article of diet of millions of the inhabitants of the earth.

For many miles in every direction may be seen the graceful palms bearing as surely as the season comes round their hanging clusters of luscious fruit, each tree producing in its prime 100 to 200 pounds of fruit. Then has arrived the busy season of the year. The inhabitants awake from their long period of lethargy, and all is excitement and bustle.

From all the surrounding districts natives flock to the date gardens, where the fruit in white wood cases sent from Europe during the preceding summer. Many of the workers come 10 to 20 miles inland to reinforce the local people, and packing goes on at a high rate of speed, day and night, about 40,000 workers being employed. London imports and disposes of some 600,000 cases of dates annually. These are brought over 6,000 miles of sea, the journey occupying five weeks. Each case contains about 65 pounds of fruit, thus constituting a total import of 20,000 tons, most of which is consumed in Great Britain, a small portion only being exported to the continent and the British colonies.

As this fruit is always obtainable at 4 to 6 cents per pound it is very useful and economical as an article of diet. A convincing proof of the qualities of this product of the palm as an agent in establishing health and longevity is afforded by the fact that the natives in countless thousands on the shores of the Persian gulf and in Asia Minor exist from infancy to old age on dates and unleavened barley bread and drink nothing but water. Although meat is cheap, they eat practically none, and during the winter no other vegetable food is procurable throughout Turkish Arabia, yet they are a long lived race, and there is very little illness among them. In fact, the strength of this race is prodigious, and they are noted for their perfect digestion, as well as for the beauty and perfection of their teeth, which they do not lose even in old age.

## GOOD STORIES IN FEW WORDS AND BRIEF, POINTED POEMS

### The Skylark

Bird of the wilderness, Blithe and cumberless, Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea! Emblem of happiness, Blest is thy dwelling place— Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud, Far in the downy cloud Love gives it energy, love gave it birth, Where, on thy dewy wing, Over the rainbow's rim, Musical cherub, roar, singing, away!

Then, when the gloaming comes, Low in the heather blooms Sweet thy welcome and bed of love be!

Emblem of happiness, Blest is thy dwelling place— Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

### The Gackwar's Jewels

Indian princes are known to possess gems of remarkable brilliancy and of enormous value, but of all the princes of India, Hindu and Mahometan not one has gems that can compare with those of the gackwar of Baroda, who visited Europe recently.

The most remarkable of the gackwar's jewel treasures is a carpet, said to be about four yards square, composed of ropes of rubies, diamonds and pearls woven into a pattern of exquisite and dazzling beauty.

The gems in this carpet are of an estimated value of \$800,000, and it is the product of three years' work of skilled artists and jewel setters. This carpet was intended to cover Mahomet's coffin at Mecca, but for some reason could not be sent there. Since then it has been kept by the gackwar as a most valued possession, and was exhibited by him in the art exhibition at Delhi in 1903.

Still more costly is one of the gackwar's diamond necklaces, which is said to be worth well over two million pounds, and which, one can easily imagine, is the most magnificent in the world.

### The Caged Bird

Oh! who would keep a little bird confined When cowslip bells are nodding in the wind; When every hedge as with "good morning" rings; And, heard from wood to wood, the blackbird sings? Oh! who would keep a little bird confined In his cold, wiry prison?—Let him fly, And hear him sing, "How sweet is liberty!"

### SEALS

#### ROSE WILDER

WATCHING the sleek black heads bobbing in the waves around Seal rocks would never suggest that a young seal must learn to swim and doesn't like it a bit at first. But a baby seal can't no more swim than a little child.

He is all head and shoulders, a tiny, soft bundle of black fur. If he should tumble into the water his big head would sink and his little hind flippers fly up. Before he knew what was happening a big wave would carry him out to sea, or the killer whale, who eats baby seals, would catch him.

Away up north, of the hard, smooth beaches of the Pribilof islands, near Alaska, millions of little seals have just learned to use their flippers. They are having glorious times frolicking in the breakers and clambering about on the slippery rocks in the spray. Ever since the middle of August they have been learning to swim.

The Pribilof islands are the summer homes of millions of seals. Early in May the big "bull" seals come from the south to choose the place for their nurseries. Then the beaches for miles are a mass of fighting seals. Each one has to defend his place on the crowded sands—and far out to sea their bellows drown the roar of the breakers. In early June their small, gentle-eyed wives arrive and add their piping whistles to the clamor.

When the baby seal opens his pale blue eyes on this confusion the first thing he does is to crawl inland. Here on the hard, smooth sand he joins the play of thousands of other tiny seals. Behind him are the crowded nurseries. Farther inland droves of young seals from one to four years old, who have not gone to house keeping, herd by themselves. Undisturbed by these older ones, the babies have their own grounds, where they play together together like kittens. Here the little seal has a happy time.

Miles out over the restless blue waves his mother goes to feed, protected from hunters by the United States boats. The government must see that she is not killed while fishing, or the little one would starve. Every few days the mother comes back to the playground. She bleats for the baby seal just as a sheep calls for her lamb, listening eagerly for the tiny answering "ba—"

Though fed only at intervals the little one thrives and grows rapidly. In about six weeks he first ventures into the shallows near the shore or braves the edge of the waves on the beach. Then how he sneezes and coughs and sputters! What unexpected ducklings he gets and how much salt water he swallows by mistake! He splashes about for weeks before he can manage his flippers properly.

Early in October he begins to feel that he really belongs to the sea. Then his mother shows him how to fish and how to sleep comfortably in the water,

### The Kid

A tear bedews my Della's eye. To think you playful kid must die: From crystal spring and flowery mead Must, in his prime of life, recede.

Erewhile in sportive circles round, She saw him wheel and frisk and bound; From rock to rock pursue his way, And on the fearful margin play.

Pleased on his various freaks to dwell, Then saw him climb my rustic cell; Thence eyes my lawns with verdure bright, And seem all ravished at the sight.

She tells me how with eager speed, He flew to bear my vocal reed; And how with critic face profound, And steadfast ear, devoured the sound.

His every frolic, light as air, Deserves the gentle Della's care; And tears bedew her tender eye To think the playful kid must die. —William Shenstone.

### A Disagreeable Color

Mr. Oyster went up to his tailor's To order an ev'ryday suit. "Just tell me the color," said Scissors; "The price I can better compute." The customer sighed, and the tailor In his measuring came to a halt. "I should like," Mr. Oyster said sadly, "Any color but pepper and salt!" —Margaret Ashmun.

### After the Rain

Diamonds in the grasses, Rubies in the trees, Sapphires, emeralds, topazes, Moved by every breeze.

Breezes from the forests, Fresh washed by the rain, Sweet with woodland essences Blown from hill and plain.

Music from the tree tops, Birch and spruce and pine, Making wordless melodies For your heart and mine. —Bertha Parker.

with his flippers folded and just the tip of his nose above the waves. He learns to dive deep after codfish. Soon he can stay beneath the surface twenty minutes at a time.

Late in October the little seal and his mother set off across the Pacific for the shores of southern California. When he returns to the northern islands the next summer he has had months of deep sea life. Wandering through thousands of miles of ocean he has learned all the secrets of the sea. He is now more at home in the water than on land.

### The Cheshire Cat

(From Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.)

"PLEASE, would you tell me," said Alice, a little timidly, for she was not quite sure whether it was good manners for her to speak first, "why your cat grins like that?"

"It's a Cheshire cat," said the Duchess, "and that's why. Fig!" She said the last word with such sudden violence that Alice quite jumped; but she saw in another moment that it was addressed to the baby, and not to her, so she took courage and went on again:

"I didn't know that Cheshire cats always grinned; in fact, I didn't know that cats could grin." "They all can," said the Duchess, "and most of 'em do." "I don't know of any that do," Alice said very politely, feeling quite pleased to have got into a conversation. "You don't know much," said the Duchess, "and that's a fact."

### Have You Seen a Bright Lily Grow?

Have you seen but a bright lily grow Before rude hands have touched it? Have you marked but the fall of the snow, Before the soil hath smothered it? Or swan's down ever? Or have smelt o' the bud of the brier? Or the nard i' the fire? Or have tasted the soft of the bee? Oh, so white! oh, so soft! oh, so sweet, is she! —Ben Jonson.

### The Sundial

The sundial, which is the most ancient of all devices for telling time, is having such a popular revival that its manufacture has become quite an industry. The real cause for this revival is, of course, its adaptability as an artistic ornament, but it is also extremely useful. For people living in the country, or other places where opportunities for obtaining standard time are infrequent, the sundial affords a means for setting clocks. If the dial is carefully made and placed, time can be determined with a correctness which will not err five minutes.

### Big Ears

A young mother had punished her small child and put him to bed, and stealing quietly up later to see if he had subsided, heard him murmuring. "All that I am and all that I hope to be I owe to my angel mother." This quotation of Lincoln had been discussed with a guest a short time previous while the child was present.

### A Good Business

"What business is papa in, mamma?" "Why, he is a tea sampler; he samples the different kinds of tea." "Mamma, do you know what I want to be when I grow up? —A pie sampler!"

## THE JUNIORVILLE BAND PLAYS MARTIAL AIRS ON STEPS OF THE CAPITOL

