

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1909.

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

## HAVE YOU SEEN ALONZO? ALLEGED DISCOVERIES ASTONISH JUNIOR CALL DOG



### A CHAT WITH THE JUNIOR FAMILY

Have you seen The Junior Call? The Junior Call is now entering upon the seventh month of its existence. Although it was originally published as a newspaper for the boys and girls of California, it became in a very few weeks a newspaper for the boys and girls of the entire west, with many friends and supporters in the neighboring states. Subscriptions and contributions to the writers' and puzzles contests are daily being received from Oregon and Nevada as well as from California.

The Junior Call each week gets just as much good matter together which will interest, amuse and benefit the juniors as can be crowded into the four pages of its make-up.

Today there is on the third page a splendid animal story about a plucky American pony which distinguished itself in the Boer war, and which will be particularly appreciated by the juniors who during the contest recently finished demonstrated the universal interest which the public takes in animal stories. The story of how Livingston, the war correspondent, on his little pony, Brutus, broke through the enemy's lines will thrill juniors and grownups alike.

For the younger juniors "Stephen of Cloyes" is finished, and next week there will be another interesting story for the small men and women who read The Junior Call.

It is all right to read stories, but it is even better to write them, and there is a new writers' contest announced today, which The Junior Call believes will be of absorbing interest, as its effect will be to produce an immense party all over the west. Each junior is to imagine that he is entertaining his cousin and must tell the other juniors how he is doing it. This will be a very easy matter because every junior, as well as every grownup, is at his best at home, where he always has something to show and something to share. The greatest difficulty will be to get it all into 250 words, which is the limit in length of the stories to be submitted in this contest. For the juniors of San Francisco this contest will be particularly easy and attractive, for their city just now is teeming with interest and progress and that great spirit of cosmopolitan life which thrills every visitor who comes within its gates, and this contest will give each San Francisco junior an opportunity to tell what he most loves about his own beautiful city and what he will show first to his visiting cousin. For instance, the cousin who lives in the country will want to know all about the streets and the elevators in the big buildings, and the ferries that cross the bay, and the ships that come in from foreign countries, and the park and the museum, and the mint and new buildings and schools. In fact, there is so much for the San Francisco juniors to tell their cousins about that there will doubtless be many pages of interesting stories about San Francisco alone.

On the other hand, when the city juniors visit their cousins who live in the mountains or on the ranges, how much they will have to see and learn about! Perhaps they will go to some little town nestling at the foot of snow covered mountains, from which purple mists rise constantly, with gleams of dazzling sunshine between, and where the perfect stillness is only broken by the shrill whistle of an approaching train or the soaring song of the lark, the distant roar of a waterfall or the splash of a spring. The juniors who live in these beautiful places have much to show their city cousins, and they will derive almost as much pleasure from telling about their homes as they would from actually showing them to a real visitor.

Publication of the stories in the writers' contest will begin next Saturday, March 13, and must reach the editor of The Junior Call not later than Wednesday afternoon. How will you entertain your visitor? Read the directions on the second page carefully and conform to same.

The object of the writers' contests is to develop facility in the use of our native language. In the teachers' corner today Miss Helen M. McFarland, principal of the Adams cosmopolitan school, tells of some of the many advantages of a foreign language and the work of the cosmopolitan schools of this city.

Have you seen Alonzo? According to Mr. Yardley's idea everybody else has. There is scarcely a day that some one does not come into the office of The Junior Call and say: "I know where there is a dog exactly like Alonzo." Alonzo himself isn't quite so sure about it, nor is he altogether flattered by the startling discoveries.

Juniorville, which is now a republic, has inaugurated its president and will doubtless see that he performs his duties during his period of office.

There is another fascinating Alonzo puzzle today and there should be a long roll of honor next week.

Juniors and younger juniors, send in your stories and puzzles without delay!

### Sagacity of a Maltese

By Achsa B. Canfield

"JEFFERSON, you're just too lazy!" said Marjory. "Now run away and let me have this stool."

Jefferson stretched himself lazily, cat fashion, but before Marjory could occupy the confiscated stool grandma's voice was heard calling her.

Grandma was shelling peas on the side porch. Marjory dropped down on the step. "I'll shell too, grandma. Is that why you called me?"

"Partly," answered grandma. "And partly to hear a story."

"Oh, goodie," said Marjory. "And this is what the story is."

"One evening last March grandpa and I had gone to bed. It must have been 11 o'clock when grandpa awoke and remembered that he had not shut the henhouse door. The nights were pretty cold, and grandpa could not go to sleep again for thinking of the poor biddies. At last he arose and dressed himself, moving softly, so as not to awaken me. The kitchen door was not shut without a slam, so grandpa left it ajar.

"Jefferson slept in the barn, and hearing grandpa moving about, ran out and rubbed against him, purring loudly. Grandpa closed the henhouse door and turned to come in, when he slipped upon a piece of ice and fell to the ground, striking his head so that he was unconscious.

"The first I knew of all this was that a cat was meowing loudly at the kitchen door. There I found grandpa rushing into the bedroom.

"Grandpa," said I, half asleep, "didn't you put Jefferson out?"

"There was no answer, except loud meows from Jefferson, and, awakening at last, I found that I was alone.

"As I arose Jefferson ran wildly about, and, not knowing what else to do, I followed him to the kitchen door and down the walk. There I found poor grandpa. I roused him and helped him into the house. He was all right in a few days, but had it not been for Jefferson he might have lain in the cold so long that he would have been very ill."

"Jefferson," said Marjory, putting her arms around the great Maltese, who had followed her to the porch, "Jefferson, you are more than a cat. You are a hero."

### The Quotation Club

We met very informally and decided to organize a club, which, for lack of a better name, we called the "Quotation Club." We had no officers and no constitution. Our only rule was that each girl should learn a quotation to recite at the weekly meeting. These quotations almost invariably came to be one of the subjects of conversation during the afternoon, and it was surprising what different ideas we had about their meanings and what fun it was to discuss them. We usually copied them in a little book, and I find that I refer to this book quite frequently when I want a quotation.

We brought sewing or fancy work with us, but we always stopped work at 5 o'clock and enjoyed a simple luncheon before coming home. In the luncheon we met at each other's homes, but in the summer we usually found that the woods made the pleasant meeting place. Once or twice during the summer we took memorable drives several miles into the country.—Anna S. de Free.

### In the Springtime

When we go to my uncle's house Out in the country every spring, My mother always says, "Poor child, She's worn out with her studying. And needs the country milk and air. To make her strong again, I know." But it isn't for these things I care. Or think about before we go— I'm thinking of the buttercups.

And when we get to uncle's house It seems just hours before they say "Those things relations talk about Before they tell you 'run and play.' 'Bout how you've grown, and if you're well."

And who you look like; and I try To sit quite still and smile and tell. But all the while they're talking, I— I'm thinking of the buttercups.

They grow so yellow and so high— A field all full across the brook; Sometimes I think they shine at night— It hurts my eyes, at first, to look. My mother says, "Remember, dear, The gingham dresses are for play. Tell auntie that the bow ties here."

"Yes, ma'am," I say, but right away I'm thinking of the buttercups.

And when at last they change my dress And let me go, why I just run And cross the brook and look—and then It's just like dropping in the sun; A million, million yellow wings I make believe they are, and lie Right down among them, and dream

Of flying through the trees and sky. Just thinking of the buttercups.

And sometimes when we sit at tea And all the other talk, they say, "What are you thinking of, my child. To make you look and smile that way?"

And I say, "Nothing," for I know They'd surely laugh, those queer The grownups.

If I should truly answer so, "I'm thinking of the buttercups— Just thinking of the buttercups." —Theodosia Garrison.

### All Knew It

"What is the secret of success?" asked the seeker after knowledge. "Push," said the button.

"Never be led," said the pencil. "Take pains," said the window. "Always keep cool," said the ice. "Be up to date," said the calendar. "Make light of everything," said the fire.

"Do a driving business," said the hammer. "Be sharp in all your dealings," said the knife. "Find a good thing and stick to it," said the glue.

"Do the work you are suited for," said the chimney.

### The Early Morning

O world of crowing cocks and dew, O early morning, sweetest you Of all the hours of summer day! Blow, little wind, across the bay, And bring to me contentment sweet And lay your treasures at my feet.

O sun, half hidden by the hill, Be slow to rise! for sweet and still The early morning gives to me In all its airy ecstasy A newer, gladder strength to bear My load across the fields of care. —Miriam S. Clark.

### Wanted Temptation Removed

Laura was very much interested in aiding foreign missions. She resolved to save all her pennies to help the poor heathen children. But it was so very hard that the little girl finally made this addition to her usual evening prayers: "O, Lord, please help me save my money, and please don't let the ice cream man come down the street!"

### Realistic

A little boy sat in Sunday school watching the superintendent illustrate a lesson on the board. The superintendent drew one straight line, the path to heaven, and then started the figure of a man on it. Larger and larger became the man, until, when he at last reached the door of heaven he was too big to enter.

Turning to his audience of eager children, the superintendent said, in a sorrowful tone: "You see, he is so puffed up with sin that he can not enter in."

"Try him sideways! Try him sideways!" shrieked the little boy.

### An Innocent Wish

I wish I could be like the breeze; He races over lands and seas, And shakes the treetops till they roar As if the surf was at your door.

If I could be the breeze, I'd go To lots of places that I know Only from what I read or see At present in the geography.

I wouldn't have to wash and dress The way that I do now, I guess; But I'd just jump, and rush, and play, If I could be the breeze one day.

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### Raccoon Brains

Prof. H. B. Davis of Wesleyan academy, Wilbraham, Mass. is pursuing some very interesting studies of animal life. His specialty is comparative psychology, and he is now trying to find out something new about the workings of the mind of man by studying lower orders of life. At present he is confining his attention to raccoons, of which he has a thriving pair. Under his tutelage they are gradually beginning to do things that wild "coons" do not do. One is nervous and excitable, while the other is slow of movement. The animals are about 3 years old.

The most remarkable task they have learned to perform is to slide bolts and lift bars to get at their food. Professor Davis made a box to hold their eatables, on which he put an ordinary iron bolt. After considerable fussing the animals shot the bolt and made a dash for the bread.

Then a button was added for a fastening, and the raccoons mastered this also. Next a wooden slide was added in such a way that it had to be pushed in, a feat which the animals accomplished. Two other arrangements similar to the button were put on. They had to be swung up and down. The "coons" found the way.

Now, to get to their food they have to wrestle with five sorts of fastenings, but they do it easily. The different manner in which the two animals go about it is interesting. The nervous one works fast and excitedly and makes many false moves. The calm one goes at it deliberately. He never loses patience and often opens the door in advance of his nervous companion.

"Cord" is different from "word"; "Cow" is cow, but "low" is low; "Shoe" is never rhymed with "foe"; Think of "goose" and "dose" and "lose"; And of "goose"—and yet of "chose." Think of "comb" and "tomb" and "bomb"; "Doll" and "roll"; and "home" and "some"; And since "pay" is rhymed with "say," Why not "paid" with "said," I pray? We have "blood" and "food" and "good"; "Mould" is not pronounced like "could." Wherefore "done," but "gone" and "lone"?

Is there any reason shown? And, in short, it seems to me, Sounds and letters disagree. —St. Nicholas.

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### Our Queer Language

When the English tongue we speak, Why is "break" not rhymed with "freak"? We say "sew," but likewise "few." And the maker of a verse Can not cap his "horse" with "worse"? "Beard" sounds not the same as "heard."

"Cord" is different from "word"; "Cow" is cow, but "low" is low; "Shoe" is never rhymed with "foe"; Think of "goose" and "dose" and "lose"; And of "goose"—and yet of "chose." Think of "comb" and "tomb" and "bomb"; "Doll" and "roll"; and "home" and "some"; And since "pay" is rhymed with "say," Why not "paid" with "said," I pray? We have "blood" and "food" and "good"; "Mould" is not pronounced like "could." Wherefore "done," but "gone" and "lone"?

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