

APRIL FOOL THE YOUNGER JUNIORS

THE TWINS' APRIL FOOL

It was the 21st of March, and Billy and Betty sat on the cellar steps, their curly heads bent upon their hands, thinking, thinking, until it seemed as if they would think those same little curly heads right off.

"It's as bad as Christmas presents," sighed Betty.

"It's most as bad as examinations," echoed Billy.

The subject of this mental tribulation was the proper celebration of All Fools' day. Hitherto March 31, when the jokes were planned, had been almost as much fun as April 1, when they were executed. The twins' relatives were well adapted to be victims of April Fools' day, for they included an irritable father, a nervous maiden aunt, a grown up sister with a train of admirers, a dandified big brother and a guileless younger sister who tasted everything offered to her and tried to pick up all the pocketbooks she saw lying on the sidewalk. Their mother had long since adopted an attitude of such resignation to their pranks that the twins usually omitted her from their list, especially as she was invaluable as a peace maker. This year the household was increased by stout, good natured Uncle Will, who sometimes managed to spend Thanksgiving and Christmas with them, but had never before been available for an April Fool, and therefore Billy and Betty were reveling in anticipation when they were suddenly plunged by this same uncle into a state in which delight and difficulty were about evenly balanced.

The subject of jokes had been introduced that morning at breakfast upon some one's mentioning the date, and the family had one and all spoken most unkindly of the twins' annual efforts to make the day pass off well. The father threatened dire penalties if he were annoyed this year, and Betty's eyes flashed fire at George, the big brother, when he announced his fixed intention of walloping Billy if he caught either of them trying any of their monkey tricks on him.

It was then that Uncle Will hastened to pour oil on the troubled waters. He realized, he said, that April Fools' day was full of temptations that were hard for active youngsters to resist, so he would make a proposition: if Billy and Betty could perpetrate a brand new joke, a good April fool that they had never practiced before, he would not only undertake that they should escape punishment, but would also present them each—each, mind you—with a big round silver dollar to spend exactly as they liked. The twins' eyes sparkled with anticipation, and the burst of family protest was silenced by Uncle Will, who actually produced the coins, held them up to view and then put them away in a special pocket by themselves to be delivered at bedtime on April 1 provided the twins kept their part of the agreement. This, then, was the reason why Billy and Betty sat on the stairs and thought, "It's got to be good," said Betty, puckering her forehead.

"It's got to be new," said Billy, clutching his hair tightly. "We know lots of good jokes, but they're as old as the hills."

"If there's pudding we might put



"It's Got to Be Good," Said Billy

red pepper in the cinnamon tin."

"That's old."

"We could put an onion among George's handkerchiefs."

"Did that last year, I remember, because I got a licking. Say, we might make soap sandwiches—nice little pointed ones—if sister has any one to tea."

Betty shook her head emphatically. "She won't; she's too smart. Besides, we did that last year, too; I forgot and ate one by mistake, and it was awful!"

Billy giggled heartlessly. "You were pretty sick. Did we try the rat box?"

This was a favorite in the guise of an

innocent looking candy box, which you pressed a person, at the same time pressing a spring which caused a toy mouse to pop out at the unsuspecting victim.

"We tried it on auntie. Gracious, don't you remember how she yelled?"

The twins relapsed into silence again, taking a mental inventory of their stock of jokes—the placards they had pinned to the paternal coat tails, the purses and handkerchiefs they had jerked away from groping fingers, the jewelry boxes containing spiders they had presented to their sisters, the salt they had put in the coffee—all these annual pleasantries were reviewed and rejected.

"It looks as though we'd done most everything," sighed Betty. "Oh, Billy, can't you think of something new?"

Billy shook his head dejectedly. "All the new ones I know aren't any good. Let's think hard all the evening and maybe we'll dream of something; they always dream things in the 'Arabian Nights.'"

"And the bible," added Betty virtuously.

In spite of historic precedent the night brought no counsel to the would-be jokers, and they awoke after a dreamless sleep refreshed in body but perturbed in mind.

"We've got the whole day, anyhow," said Billy, as they went down to breakfast, where they were only partially cheered to observe the others carefully examining their chairs before they sat down and taking very small preliminary tastes of the food set before them.

To tell the truth, the family were almost as uncomfortable as if they were actually victimized, for the prize offered, coupled with the twins' exceeding quiet, led them to expect something harrowing in the way of a joke.

"It is like living over a volcano," exclaimed the nervous aunt, as the morning gave place to afternoon and nothing but happy faces and smiles, which they would do something and have it over."

But the day wore on and still the twins displayed no signs of activity. When dinner time came they sat down to the table with such grave faces that their mother regarded them anxiously and wondered if they were quite well.

"What perfect little actors those children are," thought the big sister, as she waited for some one else to taste the pudding. But it was not acting. Billy and Betty felt quite as solemn as they looked, for the day had been one long, cruel disappointment. In order to achieve a grand new April fool they had entirely neglected to practice those minor ones which enhance the day's amusements, while their preoccupation had more than once made them the victims of their less ambitious playmates who, having no dollars in view, did not disdain the old method of placing tacks, pins, glue, etc., where they would be most annoying, and in numerous other ways outwitting the twins, who were usually as quick to foresee an April fool as to invent one. The evening passed peacefully, al-

most solemnly, and when the clock struck the bedtime note Billy and Betty, who were apt to be seized with an acute attack of deafness at that hour, glanced at each other and with one accord slid toward the door. Once out of the room Billy squared his shoulders.

"Well," he said, with a sigh in which disappointment and relief were equally mingled, "it's over and we've got nicely left. I guess I never thought so hard in my life, and when I wasn't thinking of jokes I was spending that dollar. I guess we're the April fools this time, Betty."

"I was going to buy candy and a book and something for mother and have such a good time," said Betty, with a little sob, "and now we haven't had any fun at all and we're nothing but April fools ourselves. Oh!" she squealed as a tall figure rose before her out of the dimness of the stairs.

"What's all this?" said a familiar voice. "You're surely not going to bed without your prizes? Come back into the sitting room and I'll present them in form," and Uncle Will put a hand on a shoulder of each of the twins and, disregarding their attempted protests, propelled them into the room again.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began impressively, "you were witnesses yesterday to my offer of a large round dollar apiece to my accomplished namesake and his equally brilliant sister, Elizabeth, if on this day of April 1, 1909, they would severally or together perpetrate an absolutely novel and distinctly humorous April fool and I have always understood that their talents in this line were almost unsurpassable, but I will acknowledge that I have never heretofore gauged the depth and brilliancy of their intellects. Ladies and gentlemen, the

hearty congratulations upon the success of their brilliant scheme." So saying, Uncle Will placed a big, bright coin in the hands of each astonished child, amid a clapping of hands and cries of "Hear! Hear!" from the rest of the auditors.

Betty's confusion was so great that she promptly dropped her dollar and subsided under the table to recover it, but Billy, after the first amazement, held out his to his uncle.

"If you mean you're going to give us the money because we didn't do anything, we can't take it. We didn't intend to fool you that way—it was because we couldn't think of a new joke that was good enough; so it wouldn't be fair to take the dollars, would it, Betty?" And Betty, emerging from beneath the table, reluctantly agreed and tendered her recovered prize to its donor.

But Uncle Will made no move to take it. "It seems to me," he said, reflectively, "that nothing whatever was said about whether you meant to play a joke or not—the prizes were offered if you succeeded, which you certainly did. Your method was perfectly new, judging from what I have heard of your former style, and, considering the state of suspense in which the rest of us have been all day long, I think the family will agree with me that your joke was an extremely good one."

There was a unanimous assent, and a slow smile spread over the twins' faces as they realized that they had unwittingly earned the reward.

"And now," finished Uncle Will, "I like your idea for an April fool so well that, on behalf of the family, I will renew this offer a year from today on condition that you play the same joke exactly the same way."

Propelled Them Into the Room

These young people have today played upon us inimitable from its very simplicity—they have done absolutely nothing. Instead of concentrating their powers on a single effort, they have made this day one long April fool on the rest of us, and I am more than happy to bestow upon them their well earned rewards, joined to my

TOP

WHO IS HE?

BY LINA BEARD

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TOP

HOW TO ATTACH STRING

TOP

TO find out who he is cut out Fig. 1 and paste it on stiff cardboard—the lid of a pasteboard box will do. When dry cut the edges of the cardboard to exactly fit Fig. 1; then cut out Fig. 2 and paste it upside down on the back so that the cardboard will be sandwiched between Fig. 1 and Fig. 2. Notice particularly that Fig. 2 is printed upside down and be sure to paste it upside down to the cardboard, fitting it on perfectly. Pierce a hole at either end of the card and thread a short string through each hole, tying it securely to the card Fig. 3; then hold one spring in each hand and whirl the card over and over, turning it from you, until the motion becomes rapid, when you must stop, hold your hands still, draw the strings taut and watch the card intently. The card will immediately reverse its motion, turning rapidly toward you, and you will see the face and recognize the great, good man.

ROBERTA Speddy, 1201 Pacific avenue, Alameda, age 9 years.

Edward Fraters, box 276 San Leandro, age 7 years.

Burns Perkins, 1140 Guerrero street, San Francisco, age 7 years.

George Spellman, 45 Alvarado street, Woodland, age 4 years.

Donna Leggett, box 39, Wright, age 10 years.

Frances Ryall, 2097 Harrison street, San Francisco, age 8 years.

Ethert Barrett, 1576 Sixth street, Eureka, age 7 years.

Roland Tisne, 124 Newman street, San Francisco, age 9 years.

J. Donald Guthrie, box 1452, San Anselmo, age 9 years.

Richard Dunn, 2822 Hazel street, Berkeley, age 8 years.

Leo Harris, 26 Washington street, Santa Cruz, age 4 years.

Maurice Combs, 1318 Twelfth avenue, Sunset district, age 9 years.

Lily La Berge, 441 Point Lobos avenue, San Francisco, age 9 years.

Marie Kinsley, Burlingame, age 7 years.

Tony Lamarra, 243 Race street, San Jose, age 9 years.

Joseph Herven, 3737 West street, San Francisco, age 10 years.

Walter Farnbacher, 1664 Fulton street, San Francisco, age 10 years.

Ethel Sresovich, Lompoc, age 5 years.

Victoria Coates, 1320 Eighteenth avenue, Bay View, San Francisco, age 10 years.

WINNERS OF JUNIOR PAINT BOX PRIZES

THE Yak is a very popular animal with the younger juniors, judging by the size of the herd that made its appearance at the office of the puzzle editor this week.

The Xenurus is the alphabet animal which the patchwork picture puzzle presents today, and the puzzle editor hopes to have a long roll of honor to publish next Saturday, in addition to the prize winners.

Follow the directions carefully and mail the puzzle when complete to the puzzle editor of The Junior Call, so that it will arrive not later than Wednesday afternoon, as puzzles received after that time can not be used. There is one important point that it is necessary to mention, and that is that each puzzle must be marked with the age of the younger junior who sends it. The puzzle contests are for the younger juniors only. Those who are older than 10 years will please not compete, as they are eligible for the writers' contest, particulars of which are given on the second page. Twenty paint boxes will be awarded to 20 correct answers displaying the greatest neatness in appearance.

The younger juniors who have been awarded prizes for last week's puzzle are:

- Rita Purcell, 265 Day street, San Francisco, age 7 years.
- John Cahill, 156 Henry street, San Francisco, age 9 years.
- Laura Baldwin, 78 Circular avenue, San Francisco, age 5 years.
- Elizabeth Mougier, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, age 9 years.
- Francis Hughes, San Anselmo, age 9 years.
- Amelia Hoffmann, 54 Pryce street, Santa Cruz, age 5 years.
- Herbert Wall, 645 Battery street, San Francisco, age 8 years.
- Josie Persico, box 31, Mount Pleasant district, San Jose.
- Florence McDevitt, 524 Fulton street, San Francisco, age 6 years.
- Lydia Blauvelt, Hayward, age 10 years.
- Willie Herbst, 2623 Mission street, San Francisco, age 9 years.
- Norma Sober, 324 Pierce street, San Francisco, age 7 years.
- Katie Ludv, Inverness, age 7 years.
- Matilda Murken, 428 Upham street, Petaluma, age 10 years.

- Bessie Groce, 3830A Eighteenth street, San Francisco, age 10 years.
- Ionie T. Moore, Halfmoon bay, age 10 years.
- Lawrence M. Green, Redwood City, age 8 years.
- Vera Brown, 2017 Pine street, San Francisco, age 8 years.
- Chester Hildebrand, San Pedro, age 8 years.
- Dorothy Handley, 716 K street, Bakerfield, age 10 years.

ROLL OF HONOR

- The names of the children who sent in the correct solution of the puzzle, in addition to those to whom prizes have been awarded, appear on the following roll of honor.
- Burnett Johnson, 439 North River street, San Jose, age 6 years.
- Norman Avery, 2266 Grove street, San Francisco, age 8 years.
- Wilbur M. Wilson, Dixon, age 8 years.
- Edward Rosberg, 4165 Twentieth street, San Francisco, age 7 years.
- Gladys Decker, 22 Hoffman avenue, San Francisco, age 8 years.
- Irving Duncro, 224 Twenty-seventh avenue, Parkside, San Francisco, age 7 years.
- Annie Johnson, 2225 Union street, San Francisco, age 9 years.
- Eleanor Greenwood, 3843 Army street, San Francisco, age 8 years.
- Jeanette Greenwood, 3543 Army street, San Francisco, age 8 years.
- Eddie Rask, 201 South California street, Richmond district, San Francisco, age 9 years.
- Antoinette Meagher, 326 Valley street, San Francisco, age 9 years.
- Richard Cain, 324 Twenty-eighth street, San Francisco, age 6 years.
- Madeline Kane, 917 Central avenue, San Francisco, age 5 years.
- Mary Whitsett, 3211 Boile street, Berkeley, age 7 years.
- Marie Beck, 769 Capp street, San Francisco, age 8 years.
- Gertrude Justin, 1200 Franklin street, San Francisco, age 10 years.
- Lillian Flaherty, 2614 Twenty-sixth street, San Francisco, age 9 years.
- Victoria Blackwood, 1729 Sonoma street, Vallejo, age 10 years.
- Donald McLean, P. O. box 105, Beveridge, age 10 years.
- Worth Havens Dikeman, 2511 Dwight way, Berkeley, age 5 years.
- John Hayes, 18 Juri street, San Francisco, age 10 years.
- Ellen Redding, Nicasio, age 9 years.
- Kate Bromley, 642 Broderick street, San Francisco, age 10 years.
- Henry Richardson, 327 Church street,

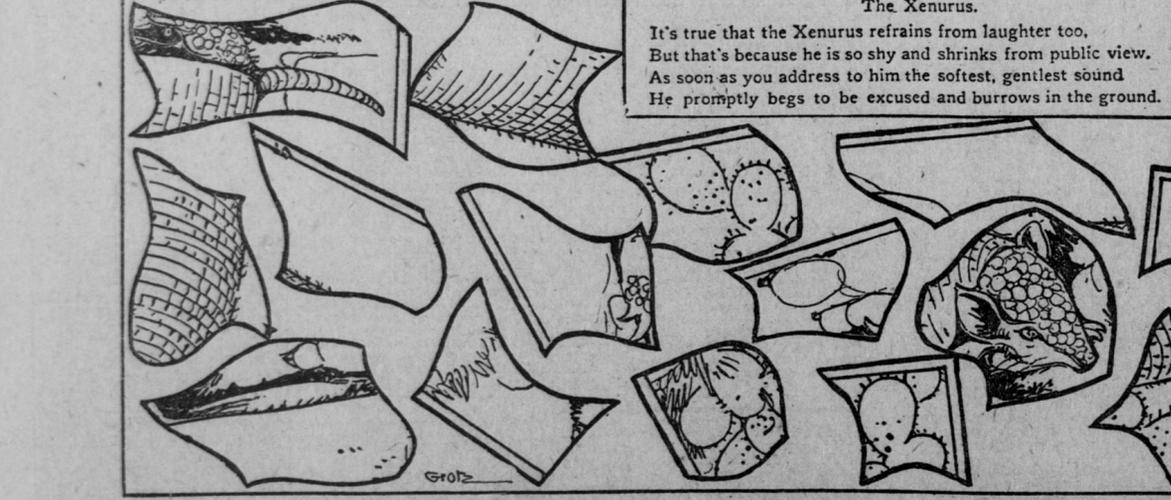
- San Francisco, age 7 years.
- Donald McLean, 1929 Page street, San Francisco, age 6 years.
- Lily Kennig, 650 Rhode Island street, San Francisco, age 7 years.
- Myrtle Francis, 1299 South Sixteenth avenue, San Francisco.
- Mabel Bianchini, Petaluma, age 6 years.
- Hal Curtis, 217 Thirty-second avenue, San Francisco, age 8 years.
- Lorraine Meyer, 638 Ivy avenue, San Francisco.
- Etella Shoemaker, Richmond, age 10 years.
- Albert Petersen, San Lorenzo, age 6 years.
- Willie Ross, 242 Tremont avenue, San Francisco, age 9 years.
- Eddie McBride, 4600 Eighteenth street, San Francisco, age 10 years.
- Marguerite Mayo, Pleasanton.
- Carl Ludemann, 1371 Hayes street, San Francisco, age 8 years.
- Arthur Granucci, 2526 Sutter street, San Francisco, age 7 years.
- Anna Wentzel, 6 Cherry street, Santa Cruz, age 7 years.
- Willie Bleacher, 20 Hale street, San Francisco, age 6 years.
- Stanley Bixby, Watsonville, age 10 years.
- Robbie McCord, 1186 Fulton street, San Francisco, age 10 years.
- Lloyd Holden, 3179 Twenty-third street, San Francisco, age 10 years.
- Cornelius Herb, 1624 Hopkins street, Berkeley, age 10 years.
- Annie Barrett, 226 Seventh avenue, San Francisco, age 9 years.
- Robert Allen, 255 Seventh avenue, San Francisco, age 9 years.
- Jane Kreis, Redwood City, age 8 years.
- Langley Collis, Brentwood, age 5 years.
- Clarence A. Jorgensen, 1201 1/2 Guerrero street, San Francisco.
- Robert McCulloch, 820 Pacific avenue, Alameda, age 8 years.
- Marjorie Keefe, 3280 Twenty-second street, San Francisco, age 10 years.
- Edna Kommer, 3835 Army street, San Francisco, age 7 years.
- Jeanette Eckart, 531 Dolores street, San Francisco, age 6 years.
- Raymond Smith, 931 Chestnut street, Alameda, age 7 years.
- Adrian Michaelis, 233 Lake street, San Francisco, age 7 years.
- Helen Goldthwaite, 871 Cedar street, Alameda, age 8 years.
- Florence E. Entzmenger, Trenton, age 8 years.
- James Gilbert, 401 C street, Redwood City, age 6 years.
- Alfred Allesbrook, 351 Alvarado street, San Francisco, age 10 years.

- Alberta Heinrich, 115 Alabama street, Vallejo, age 6 years.
- Kenwick Melver, Monterey, age 7 years.
- Charles Brown, 335 Webster street, Palo Alto, age 8 years.
- Raymond Ganoung, Jolon, age 9 years.
- Irvin Andersen, Watsonville, age 10 years.
- Eileen Horgan, 1211 Point Lobos avenue, San Francisco, age 10 years.
- Anne S. Ireland, 908 East Twenty-seventh street, Oakland, age 8 years.
- Harold Yari, 230 Brighton avenue, San Francisco, Ingleisle, age 6 years.
- Virginia Lane, 2730 Parker street, Berkeley, age 10 years.
- Howard Davies, 1374 Grove street, San Francisco, age 8 years.
- Edith Froyl, 3930 Twenty-sixth street, San Francisco, age 10 years.
- Edward Witzel, 4321 Twenty-third street, San Francisco, age 10 years.
- Kathryn Martinehl, Inverness, age 7 years.
- Walter Gemetti, Martinez, age 7 years.
- Joe Adams Jr., Point Reyes, age 7 years.
- Elizabeth Sweeney, 3106 California street, San Francisco, age 10 years.
- Pauline Frank, Elmhurst, age 9 years.
- Gladys Courtney, 2086 Twenty-fifth street, San Francisco, age 10 years.
- Elsie Winks, 2106 Alameda avenue, Alameda, age 9 years.
- Whitney Zeh, 3875 Jackson street, San Francisco.
- Willis Brown, 2221 Elm street, Oakland, age 8 years.
- Edward Poage, Richmond, age 8 years.
- Edie Schenk, 3120 Clay street, San Francisco, age 8 years.
- Minnette Cullinan, 302 Thirtieth street, San Francisco.
- Inman Beck, 1619 scenic avenue, Berkeley.
- Alma Baigalupl, Kentfield, Marin county.
- Marshall Ducoing, 548 South First street, San Jose, age 8 years.
- Lion E. White, P. O. box 266, Del Monte, Monterey, age 4 years.
- Florence C. Kohn, 2005 Buchanan street, San Francisco, age 5 years.
- Salome Herring, 2328 Twenty-third street, San Francisco, age 7 years.
- Ethel Gilbert, 929 Central avenue, Alameda, age 10 years.
- Otto Wernhold, 318 Main street, Watsonville.
- Louis Valsan, 126 Fair Oaks street, San Francisco, age 8 years.
- John M. Libby, 1720 Broadway, San Francisco, age 9 years.

ALPHABET ANIMALS IN PATCHWORK PICTURE PUZZLES

The Xenurus.

It's true that the Xenurus refrains from laughter too. But that's because he is so shy and shrinks from public view. As soon as you address to him the softest, gentlest sound He promptly begs to be excused and burrows in the ground.



Why the Hat Was Brushed the Wrong Way

"Well, now, Pierrot, why have you brushed my silk hat the wrong way?" "Why, papa, I wanted to find out if it would send forth sparks in the night like the cat does!"

Cuddle Baby
Cuddle Baby ran away— Old Man Walker's here to stay.
Cuddle Baby's gone, I thought he Never would be quite so naughty.
Old Man Walker's mighty proud, Walks three steps and crows out loud.
If he isn't much more humble Old Man Walker's bound to tumble.
Cuddle Baby isn't so, Blinks his peepers, crooning low, Glad to let his mamma rock her Cuddle-Baby-Old-Man-Walker.
Sleepy time come soon, for then Cuddle Baby's home again.
—Charlton Lawrence Edholm.

THE PICTURE PUZZLE To find the animal which is hidden in the patchwork picture puzzle proceed along the same lines as in putting together a jigsaw puzzle. The story which the picture that is to be made from the pieces illustrates. First cut the entire mosaic and paste it on heavy wrapping paper before cutting out the separate pieces. This is merely to make it easier to handle the pieces. Then cut the separate pieces. The picture be very careful to cut just within the black lines or the pieces will not fit nicely.