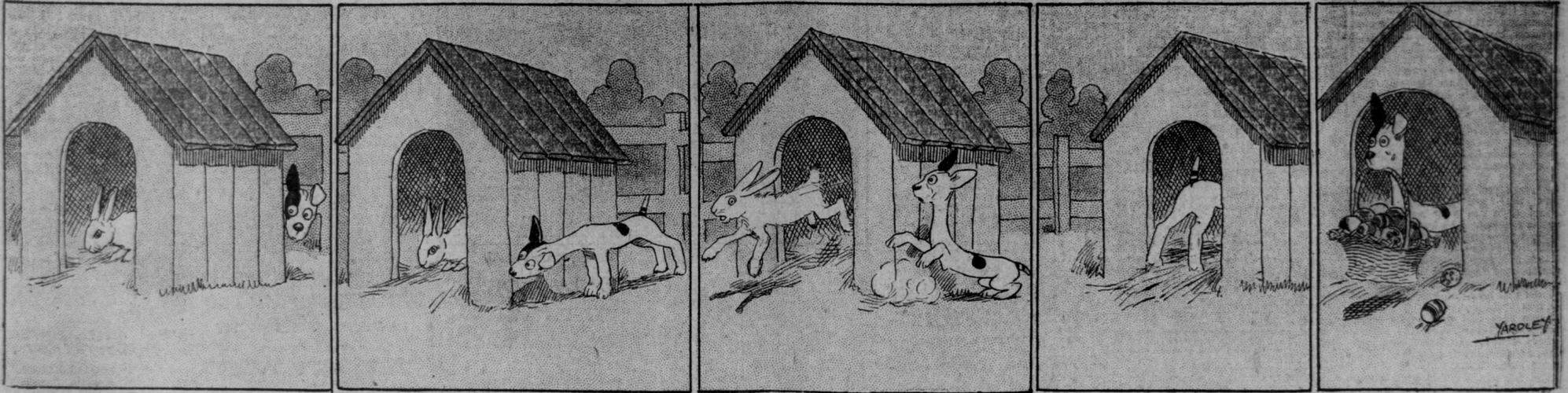


JUNIOR THE CALL SECTION

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1909

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

HAVE YOU SEEN ALONZO? EASTER EGGS BRING JOY TO THE JUNIOR CALL DOG



A CHAT WITH THE JUNIOR FAMILY

In "Freda's Easter Lily," Edgar Cowan has given to the readers of The Junior Call today a story which is a little classic; a story which will be read and reread, and then told and retold by the Juniors who have read it, and the hearing of which will bring great, salty drops to the eyes of many grownups. The Junior Call knows that the Juniors not only read the stories which are published in its columns week by week, but that they tell them also, because almost anywhere that a representative of The Junior Call may happen to go there is evidence to this effect.

Another interesting story today is the one about the market women of Paris who have helped to make the history of France, with illustrations of the Easter displays of flowers in that gay city and in more somber London.

Also will the Juniors read the quaint Eskimo legend about the origin of swallows, and other interesting data regarding that cheerful, companionable bird family.

The teachers' corner, however, contains the most interesting story in The Junior Call today, the article about the elementary schools of far off England, Scotland and Ireland, by Mrs. C. R. Pechin, who was one of the 500 American teachers who recently visited Great Britain in the interests of education. Says Mrs. Pechin:

"Having been frequently asked in the last few months why 500 American teachers were invited to visit the schools of Great Britain and Ireland, I think a brief explanation of the cause may prove generally interesting.

"Over 15 years ago, the mines of South Africa were in English hands and were fast losing money. The De Beers company decided to employ Gardner Williams, a graduate of Berkeley, to take charge of its affairs. At that time, Mr. Mosely, an English diamond merchant who happened to be on the ground, observed the improvement that soon took place in the management of the company's affairs, and drew his own conclusions, from which the following:

"To Gardner Williams, the California engineer, belongs the honor of being the first to put mining in South Africa on a paying basis. Louis Seymour, a friend of Mr. Williams, was instrumental in building roads and doing other engineering work of great advantage to the English during the Boer war. The success of these engineers turned my attention to the United States. So far as I was able to ascertain, the form of education given in the United States is responsible for much of its success."

"Mr. Mosely, having reached this conclusion, wished to prove through personal investigation the correctness of his opinion, and proceeded to organize a commission which became known as 'The Mosely Commission,' composed of legislators, merchants and teachers, who came to the United States to study our system of education. They visited schools of all types in the large eastern cities, a few of the commissioners finding their way to our distant shore. They were afforded every opportunity of pursuing their investigations, were everywhere cordially welcomed and most courteously entertained. Thoroughly appreciating this kindly reception of his commission, Mr. Mosely felt that it would be a gracious act to invite us in return to visit their schools. The National Civic federation became interested in the project, and the result was that every important and progressive center in our country made it a point to send its quota of representatives in answer to the invitation.

"Mr. Mosely said further in his report: "What struck me in going through the public schools, whether primary or college, of the United States, was the success attained in making the scholars self-reliant, in bringing out their individual qualities and in teaching them to reason. In some respects this seems to me to be the most important factor of all in American education, and I think it largely accounts for the success of the pupils in after life."

"Let us continue our work along the three lines so approved by this thoughtful, intelligent philanthropist and patriot—for who can be a greater patriot and benefit his country more substantially than he who spends his wealth and devotes his best efforts for the proper development of its youth? Let us have in mind the ultimate end of all our teaching, the self-reliance of our pupils, the development of their individual qualities and their power to reason. You will agree with me that thus equipped they will be prepared for the work we expect them to do as our successors. In them lies the hope of the world!"

Ever bearing in mind the necessity for plenty of good, healthy amusement, Alonzo, The Junior Call dog and the progressive citizens of Juniorville make it a point to present each week some new, original and striking proposition for the entertainment of their friends. Observe their activities today!

Waterproof Paper

Japanese waterproof paper is made of fibers of bamboo and eucalyptus, mixed with fibers of the gampi and other shrubs. The fibers are torn apart, dried, cleaned, scraped, boiled in weak lye and washed with water. They are then beaten and mixed with a viscous

infusion of certain roots and a solution containing camphor, caput-horn and rosin. The sheets formed from the pulp are calendared at various temperatures. The paper is light, washable and very difficult to tear. It is used to imitate leather and India rubber, and for a great many purposes.—Scientific American.

A Dramatic Moment

A writer in "Le Temps" tells this story of the French admiral, Dupetit-Thouars, who had been entrusted with the mission of exacting reparation from an African bey who had insulted a French consul.

As Dupetit-Thouars' demands were supported by the forcible argument of loaded cannon, the bey acknowledged that he had been too hasty, and professed many apologies. He even invited the admiral to his table and had a sumptuous repast prepared for his guest.

The consul warned the admiral to be on his guard. "The bey is inclined to be malicious," said he, "and when he strokes his beard and smiles, you may be sure that he is concocting some mischief."

"We shall see," was Dupetit-Thouars' reply. He reached the bey's palace in good time. Profuse compliments and salutations were exchanged. All at once the admiral's foot met some substance on the carpet under the table. He bent down and saw a huge lion showing his formidable teeth. The bey smiled and stroked his beard.

Dupetit-Thouars did not wince, but called his dragoman. "My pistols," was all he said. The servant saluted, retired, and returned, bringing a pair of pistols. The admiral took them and placed them on the table before him. But the bey still smiled and continued stroking his patriarchal beard.

"Tell the commander," he said to the dragoman, "that if those pistols are for the purpose of blowing out my lion's brains they are quite insufficient and perfectly useless."

Then, like a skilled fencer countering his opponent's thrust, after the bey's ironical advice had been translated, Dupetit-Thouars replied: "Tell the bey that my pistols are not there to kill his lion, but to blow out his own brains at the first movement of this objectionable carpet."

Gravely, but a little pale, the man interpreted. The smile died away on the bey's lips and he no longer stroked his beard.

"My lion," said he, "is too well trained even to scratch one of my guests, but since he is not wanted he shall be sent away."

At a word from the bey the lion left the room like an obedient dog.

Sewing Club

In Albany, N. Y., a very pretty idea for a sewing club was carried out last winter by nine young ladies. They met every Friday evening, taking their own sewing, and always accompanied, if possible, by their mothers. Each one sewed as much or as little as she desired, and there was generally music or reading. Simple refreshments were served by the hostess of the evening, but nothing elaborate was allowable.

Once during the winter they had a supper, and at another time a sleigh ride. But the most delightful part of their program was the charming association of mothers and daughters that is too often overlooked in our social plans. The oldest member of the club was over 70 and the youngest 18.

The Blossom

Merry, merry sparrow,
Under leaves so green,
A happy blossom
Sees you, swift as arrow
Seek your cradle narrow
Near my bosom.

Pretty, pretty robin,
Under leaves so green,
A happy blossom
Hears you sobbing, sobbing,
Pretty, pretty robin,
Near my bosom.
—William Blake.

GOOD STORIES IN FEW WORDS AND BRIEF, POINTED POEMS

Feasts That Lasted Hours

Sir Robert Hart, the veteran inspector general of the Chinese customs, says the Chicago Daily News, speaking at a dinner in London the other day said that he once in Peking sat out a banquet that lasted 17 consecutive hours. There were 125 courses, and he tasted them all. Mr. Ward, the American envoy to China, who tried to secure an interview with the Emperor Hien-Fung in 1899, tells how he was entertained at a dinner that lasted from noon one day until 6 o'clock on the evening of the day following. Ward mentions that he had to give in after partaking of 138 different dishes.

"Whereupon his hosts wondered greatly," presumably at his abstemiousness. Probably, however, the Eskimo banquet lasted longer than any other and the quantity of food swallowed is also proportionately greater. Ross records that seven of his party of natives once ate continuously for 33 hours, during which time they consumed 200 pounds of seal meats. Europeans exposed to the same climatic conditions act in much the same way. Captain Scott of the Discovery on his return from his long arctic journey over the inland ice of the Antarctic continent did nothing but eat and sleep for the space of three days and nights, and even then he was still hungry.

Commander Peary and his party, returning famished from their futile dash for the pole in 1906, slaughtered a herd of seven musk oxen on Hazen Island, off the extreme north of Greenland. For two days and nights thereafter they crocheted inside their snow huts, eating continuously, and when they had finished the pile of bones outside was "as high as a tall man's chin."

Under the Greenwood Tree

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Here shall he see
No winter and rough weather,
But winter and rough weather.
Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to lie with me,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleasuring with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.
—William Shakespeare.

Ingenious Johnnie

Mother had a bright red apple which she wished to give to the children at the same time teaching the little brother a lesson in generosity. Johnnie had a peculiar fondness for apples. Calling him to her side, she said, "Now, dear, mamma has a nice, rosy apple to give you, and she wants you to be generous." That word was not in Johnnie's vocabulary, so he said, "Mamma, what do you mean by being generous?"

"Oh, dear, that means you are to divide the apple into two parts, and give sister the larger."

Johnnie was silent. Suddenly his face brightened, as he handed the apple to his mother, saying, "Mamma, give it to sister and tell her to be generous."—The Delinquent.

Scotland's Strange Birds

From the small island of St. Kilda, off Scotland, 29,000 young gannets and an immense number of eggs are annually collected, and although this bird lays only one egg per annum and is four years in obtaining its maturity, its numbers do not diminish. Obviously such birds must reach a great age or they would long ago have been exterminated.

The Graves of a Household

They grew in beauty, side by side;
They filled one home with glee;
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mount and stream and sea.

The same for other bent at night
O'er each bed sleeping brow;
She had each bedded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One midst the forest of the west
By a dark stream is laid;
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue, lone sea, hath one;
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are
As dressed,
Above the noble slain;
He wrapped the colors 'round his breast
On a blood red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves by soft winds fanned;
She faded midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band.

And, parted thus, they rest who played
Beneath the same green tree,
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
'Round one parent knee.

They that with smiles lit up the hall
And cheered with song the hearth—
Alas for love, if thou wert all
And naught beyond, O earth!

—Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

A New Star

The examination of some photographs taken at the observatory of Arequipa, (Peru) has revealed what appears to be a new star. According to Professor Pickering of Harvard university this star was of less than eleventh magnitude June 1, 1906. It rose to a magnitude of 8.9 from June 14 to July 2, and then diminished in brightness. At the present time it has again fallen below the eleventh magnitude. This star is probably not new in the strict sense of the word, but is a variable star of long period, or perhaps rather of irregular period. The Arequipa photographs happen to have caught one of the maxima of brightness. It is a matter of the greatest scientific interest to make a close study of such new stars which continue to remain visible, for there is always the possibility that they may manifest some unforeseen phenomena of great importance.—Scientific American.

Aeronautics

Twice lately have the Wright brothers given exhibitions before royalty. A few weeks ago King Alfonso XIII of Spain visited them, and was greatly impressed in their flights. Last week King Edward of Great Britain also paid them a visit. On this occasion Wilbur Wright first made a flight of seven minutes, in which he performed difficult evolutions with great precision. He afterward took his sister, Miss Katherine, for a six minute spin in the direction of Pau. King Edward was greatly pleased, and congratulated Mr. Wright upon his achievement. In a few weeks Wilbur Wright expects to go to Rome and make exhibition flights. He has started the construction of half a dozen aeroplanes in England, in addition to the 14 already nearing completion in France. Several of his pupils at Pau have mastered the machine, and have made successful flights alone.

Paid in His Own Coin

"I've got nothing else, and you'll have to take it," said the consequential man in the tram car.

"But we ain't supposed to change half sovereigns," said the conductor. "Can't help that," said the passenger. "You'll have to find change; that's all. I'm not going to get off."

A man in the corner with a big black bag beckoned to the conductor. There was a whispering confab, and a smiling conductor returned to the wealthy passenger.

"A gentleman has offered to give you change," he said.

"Ha, ha! So you had to find change after all, my fine fellow, eh! Well, here's the half sovereign."

It was five minutes before he got his change.

When the conductor brought it, it was in a double handful. "There you are, sir," he said. And dumping down 119 pence and a penny ticket upon the cantankerous one, he left him to gasp out his expostulations.

The man with the black bag was an automatic gas meter collector.—London Tit-Bits.

Rhythm in Nature

"Buzz-z-z," said the golden bee;
They meant they were too busy;
I watched a spider spin a web,
Until my head grew dizzy.

Plunge, went the freckled frog,
I saw the waters dimple—
I heard the cawing of a crow,
His story seemed so simple.

"Sweet," sang the robin red;
"No sweeter" teased the sparrow,
I saw a pigeon wing its flight—
As straight as flies an arrow.

"Kling" rang the pasture chimes,
I love the silver rattle;
The golden coined bright dandelions
The fields and pastures sprinkle.

"Honk" came a distant call—
The wild geese mate is crying;
I watched a hovering kingfisher—
Low o'er the small pond flying.

An acorn fell—that frisky squirrel—
He's thinking of the future;
I learned upon my country walk,
There's rhythm in all nature.

How He Corrected the Sentence

"Father, Miss West gave us each a sentence to correct, and mine was, 'I went to the tonsorial parlors to get a hair cut.'" "And how did you correct it?" asked the father. "Why, I corrected it the only way you could correct it, of course; and Miss West laughed when she read it, and then she read it aloud, and every one in the class shouted. They didn't know it was my sentence, but I did." "But what did you write?" "Why, father! What would any one write? I wrote, 'I went to the tonsorial parlors to get my tonsils cut,' of course!"—Youth's Companion.

Wishing

Do you wish the world were better?
Let me tell you what to do;
Set a watch upon your actions,
Keep them always straight and true;
Rid your mind of selfish motives.

Let your thoughts be clear and high;
You can make a little Eden
Of the sphere you occupy.

Do you wish the world were happy?
Then remember day by day
Just to scatter seeds of kindness
As you pass along the way;
For the pleasures of the many
May be oftentimes traced to one.
As the hand that plants the acorn
Shelters armies from the sun.

Her Malady

It's been the awfulest longest while
My mother's been away!
You see, my grandma's pretty sick,
And don't get well so very quick;
"Course mother has to stay.

Aunt Nan is kind, but she don't make
The rightest kind of curls,
Or know just how to button me;
She isn't used to it, you see—
She has no little girls.

And father, well, he doesn't know
Just how I go to bed,
He gets things all hindside before,
And hangs my clothes up by the door,
Away above my head.

Now, mother always puts them 'cross
My little willow chair;
That's pretty comfortable, I think—
She brings me something nice to drink,
And then she braids my hair.

But father sometimes he forgets
To wash my hands and face,
And he can't ever remember where
He stopped in telling 'bout the bear;
He just forgets the place.

There's something father does I like,
When I have said my prayers;
He tells me stories in the dark;
They're full of whist, and hist! and
And lovely creepy scares.

But then when I have snuggled down,
All comfy in my bed,
And everybody's very kind—
And cuddle me, and then begin
To sing and smooze my head.

Of course Aunt Nan and father do
Their best—I know they've tried;
And every body's very kind—
I try my hardest not to mind,
But something aches inside.

I don't believe it's homesickness
That makes my eyelids prick;
I wish I knew what 'tis I've got—
"Course, home's right here—but mother's
er's not!

I believe I'm mothersick!
—Edna Kingaley Wallace in The Century.

"Influence"

A little bit of sunshine,
A gentle shower of rain,
A little cloud and shadow
And then the sun again.
A little bit of melody
As birds sweetly sing
A bursting forth of verdure
And then the welcome spring.

A kindly word of welcome
May bring to you a friend,
A little loving sympathy
May cruel sorrow end!
A little help you've given
To some one in distress
Unconsciously may carry
The laurels of success.

And loving smiles from you, dear,
Or whispered words of love
Shall raise me from life's pitfalls
To spirit realms above.
It fills with pure endeavor
This troubled soul of mine
And bind it, dear, forever
In perfect love to thine.

Police Dogs

As a result of the successful work of the 10 Belgian hounds doing police work in Brooklyn, their working hours have been lengthened and their beats will be extended. Police records show that since the advent of the dogs, about a year ago, the number of burglaries has been reduced at least 50 per cent. They previously occurred at the rate of about three a week.

THE JUNIORVILLE EASTER PARADE SURPASSES ALL PREVIOUS EXHIBITIONS

