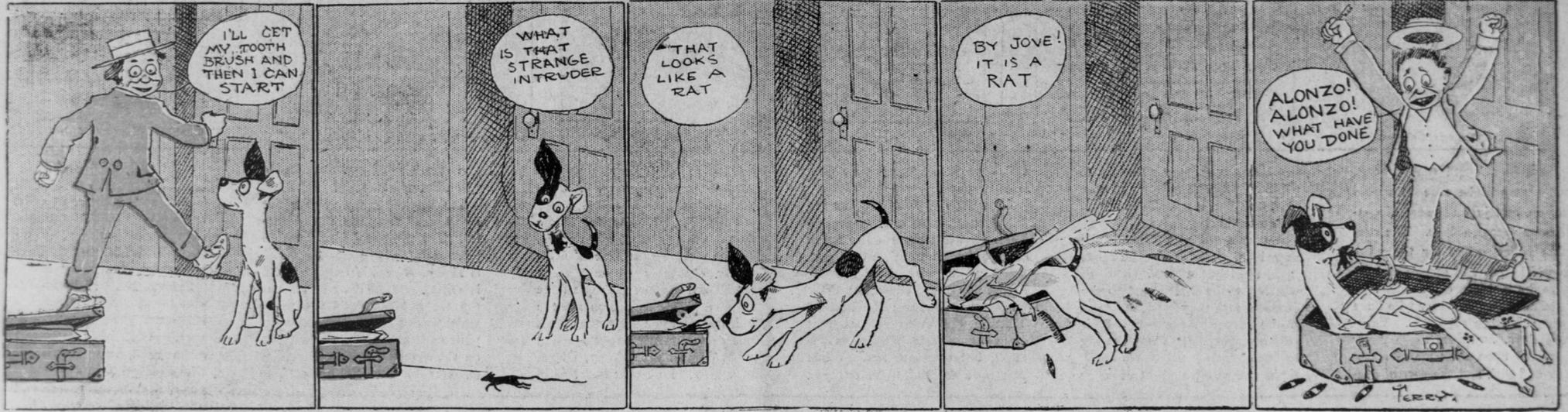


JUNIOR THE CALL SECTION

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1909

Issued Every Saturday For the Boys and Girls of San Francisco and California
HAVE YOU SEEN ALONZO? HE CAUSES HIS NEIGHBOR TO MISS THE TRAIN



WHERE OUR FOOD SUPPLIES COME FROM Bluebirds' Summer Home

THE government has published a book entitled "Sources of the Agricultural Imports of the United States," which tells how the entire world is drawn on for foodstuffs. Its pages present some surprises. As an example: Most of the imported beeswax comes from the island of the United States has just turned over to its people—Cuba. The second largest supply comes from Santo Domingo, while the republic of Haiti supplies a large quantity.

A large quantity of the onions we use comes from Egypt, but England sends us the most. We call also for this vegetable on Bermuda, Spain, Cuba, the British Isles in the West Indies, Italy, Canada, Mexico and France. A few years ago we imported many thousands of bushels of onions from Switzerland, and we have imported them from China.

Cheese comes from 21 countries. Some of them are the very last ones thought of in connection with the shipment of this product. We have been known to get a ton at a time from Turkey, and shipments have also been made from Egypt.

Not all the eggs consumed on the breakfast table are laid by the hens of the United States. Hundreds of thousands of eggs come from China. Eighty thousand dozens in a year are now considered a small shipment from China, while the shipments from Canada, Mexico and Japan reach large proportions.

Throughout the entire world sheep herders have to watch their flocks to supply citizens of the United States with lamb and mutton. They include men in rude shanties in Australia and New Zealand, half breeds on the wide plains of Argentina, little boys in Belgium, Germany and France; Mongolian rovers in China and Tartar herders on the Russian steppes are among the number. There are also Peruvians and Uruguayans, all of whom attend to sheep whose flesh or fleece finally reaches this country.

The book shows large importations of pepper. The United States imported more than eight tons of it last year. All of Uncle Sam's pepper did not come from the East Indies. Half a ton came from the West Indies. Egypt and China sent some, too. Egypt is sending many products. We get tobacco, tea, sugar, opium, olive oil, raisins, figs, dates, cotton, hides and skins and butter from the ancient land. Uncle Sam buys something everywhere, even in the most unlikely places. His book shows that he bought horses in Sweden and Norway; bones, hoofs and horns in all sorts of places from Venezuela, in South America, to Japan; milk in Denmark and Mexico; feathers in Aden, on the Red sea, and China; grease as far away as Australia, and cider in Cuba and Spain. He sent to the islands of Malta, to Serbia, to Spanish Africa, to the Canary Islands and to the mouth of the Amazon river for goatskins. He bought sausages in Hongkong; painted Fiji Islanders sold

his traders sausage casings. The free men of Liberia, the African republic, sold him coffee, as did the Samoans, the negroes from the Congo, and the Central Americans.

Natural riches are very unevenly distributed. Civilized man must go far for many of the things he needs. There could be no vegetable life without the heat and light that come from the sun. As heat and sunshine are unequally distributed over the earth, they produce differences of climate and consequently many varieties of vegetation, as, for example, the wheat of the temperate zones and the cotton and rubber plants of warmer regions. Some regions also are far poorer in useful rocks and minerals than others. Thus Holland has no building stone, Switzerland no coal and the United States much less sulphur than it needs. Each country, therefore, must sell commodities in which it is rich and buy commodities in which it is poor.

What may be termed "commercial geography" describes the world in its relations to man as a producer and as a trader. It tells of the geographic and other conditions that help or hinder man in his efforts to produce commodities or to buy and sell them. Thus the slope of the land determines the direction of the rivers, and whether they may be utilized to carry commodities to market. Mountain ranges hinder commerce so far as they tend to keep people apart and increase the cost of transportation. Valleys and plains are the great sources of food for man and his domestic animals. Mountain regions are the largest sources of the metals and minerals he uses. The luxuriance and variety of vegetation decrease from the equator toward the poles and from sea level toward high altitudes. The ocean supplies fish and salt and is the cheapest highway of commerce. All these natural conditions have a direct bearing upon the needs of the merchant. He wishes to know where he may procure his commodities in large and regular supply at reasonable prices and at low cost of transportation.

The invention of machinery and other appliances has multiplied many fold the capacity for production, so that the United States, with one-fifth the population of China, has a greater productive capacity than that country, and the division of labor makes experts in all lines of production, thus improving the quality, increasing the quantity and thereby decreasing the cost of commodities.

Old-Time Magic

To remove a dime from the bottom of an old fashioned wine glass without touching the coin, first place the dime in the bottom of the glass and then drop a silver quarter in on top. The quarter will not go all the way down. Blow hard into the glass and the dime will fly out and strike the blower on the nose.

Bluebirds' Summer Home

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM BLUEBIRD arrived at the little town of Gillette early in April, and looking about for a day or two, decided it would be a pretty place to spend the summer in. Mr. Bluebird left Mrs. Bluebird in a nearby tree to rest while he looked about for a house. After an hour or more he returned and said: "My dear, I have found the cutest little cottage you ever saw, all ready to move in. Come and see it." It was near, beside a pretty brook, in the hollow stump of a tree. There was a large square doorway, and as cozy a home inside as any bird could wish for. Mrs. Bluebird was delighted, and said: "Billy, dear, this is just what we have been looking for."

They immediately began to collect grass, bits of wool and other things to make a warm nest, and after a few hours' work were comfortably settled. One day Mr. Bluebird flew away to get food, and on his return found that a bird fairy had left three little eggs to keep in the nest, which Mrs. Bluebird had agreed to keep nice and warm. A few days later, returning from a longer trip, he found that the fairy had been again and changed the tiny eggs into funny little baby Bluebirds. Of course, they were both delighted to have them, for they had been very lonesome at times. Daddy Bluebird had tried to keep them, but they were so tiny and so precious that he had to give them up. He had to give them up, for they were so tiny and so precious that he had to give them up. He had to give them up, for they were so tiny and so precious that he had to give them up.

The two city people thought it would be good fun to put up a door to the cottage to puzzle the Bluebirds on their return, and to listen to what they would have to say about it, so the man took a big skunk's cabbage leaf and tacked it up with a pin, covering the doorway completely. Then they sat on the fence a little way off and watched. Presently Mr. Bluebird returned, and seeing them, sat down on the fence at a safe distance, also to watch. Presently Mrs. Bluebird came along and sat down beside him and asked him why he did not go home. He replied: "Don't you see those two persons there? I don't want them to see the cottage, for fear they may hurt our children." Mrs. Bluebird said: "I think I hear them crying," and without waiting for a reply, flew to the house and immediately saw that it was closed with a big green door. With wild cries she flew back to Mr. Bluebird and told him about it, and thinking that perhaps their babies had been killed, they made frantic efforts to pull down the door, and finally succeeded. Looking in and seeing the little Bluebirds all safe and sound, they laughed and called to the watching couple: "City folks, you are not so smart as you thought you were."

GOOD STORIES IN FEW WORDS AND BRIEF, POINTED POEMS

What Nature Bestows

A SMALL boy was recently taken during the night from the most squallid of city tenements into the country, and in the early morning came his first vision of nature. After standing spellbound and speechless for a few moments he suddenly exclaimed in awe-stricken tones: "I'll bet this is where God lives!"

Circumscribed and woeful as his life must have been, that child was rich in two things—a fine idea of God and eyes that saw. How he came by them we, of course, must guess, but this I know, the poorest parent may leave a child this legacy, a seeing eye and an intense love for the beautiful.

And the gift is so easily bestowed! Take the little stranger as soon as it can toddle out upon the grass plot and teach the wee hands to caress some bright flower, handling it as though it were a rare and precious thing. (All values are learned from the estimate we set before them.) As soon as the baby interprets words, tell it nature stories; and when it begins to gather knowledge, let it ponder first of all the wonders God hath wrought from the dust of the earth. Then as the mind broadens to receive, the heart deepens to enfold the beauty of it all, and the child, growing into a man or a woman, can say:

"Whatever comes into my life, whatever goes from it, I shall have the hills, the trees, the sky, and over all the God who said: 'Seedtime and harvest, summer and winter, heat and cold, shall not fail.' Daybreak, dusk and starlight, curling smoke, blue haze, mist, softened waving shadows and rainbow lights will be mine; miracles will be wrought in my window box and in the weed patches, and glory will be spread over the grasses for me—for me because my eyes see. I can not be lonely because these things talk to me; I can not be poor, however I may toil for bread; I can not be long unhappy, for love and cheer flutter from every leaf. So, as long as my eyes see and my heart throbs, I shall murmur: 'This is where God lives.'"

—Sir Walter Scott.

Branksome Hall

Nine and twenty knights of fame Hung their shields in Branksome hall; Nine and twenty squires of name Brought them their steeds to bowers from stall;

Nine and twenty yeomen tall Waited dutious, on them all; They were all knights of mettle true, Kinmen to the bold Buccleuch.

Ten of them were sheathed in steel, With belted sword and spur on heel; They girted not their harness bright; Neither by day nor yet by night;

They lay down to rest, With corslet laced, Pillowed on buckler cold and hard; They carved at the meal With gloves of steel, And they drank the red wine through the helmet barred.

Ten squires, ten yeomen, mailclad men, Waited the beck of the warder's ten; Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight, Stood saddled in stable day and night; Barbed with frontier of steel, I trow, And with Jedwood axe at saddle bow; A hundred more fed free in stall— Such was the custom of Branksome hall. —Sir Walter Scott.

Better Than Baedeker

A lady chanced to be left in a certain German city to "do" the points of interest without her party. She could not speak a word of German and she did not want a guide. This is what she did: She secured at a neighboring shop an assortment of picture post-cards of the most interesting buildings and spots in the city. Then she selected one of a public square, which showed in the distance some of the buildings pictured in detail on the other postals. Copley square would serve as a similar center for sight-seeing radiations in Boston. She presented this card to the first amiable and intelligent looking passerby, and indicated by expression and gesture her desire to be directed. Her informant tried first to tell her in German, but finally drew a diagram of the streets for her. She thus reached the square and then it was easy to find many of her buildings. Whenever she needed help she showed some one the picture she wanted to match to its original and each time returned to the square to start out afresh.

Holiday or Every Day

As father and Joey were trudging home about sundown under a load of approved picnic paraphernalia, Joey spoke, "Father," he said thoughtfully, "holiday is lots harder work than just every day, isn't it?"

Told of Tails

A cat never actually wags its tail. Why should it when it can purr? But nevertheless it seems to serve the same purpose in permitting a temporary expenditure of nervous energy when the animal is under great strain, says the *Outing Magazine*. When an angry lion is roaring his loudest his tail will frequently lash from side to side, giving rise among the ancients to the belief that he scourged his body with a hook or thorn which grew from the end of the tail.

When a jaguar walks along a slender bough or a cat perambulates the top of a fence we perceive another important function of the tail—that of an aid in balancing. As a tightrope performer sways his pole, so the cat shifts its tail to preserve the center of gravity.

The tail of a sheep seems to be of little use to its owner, although in the breed which is found in Asia Minor and on the tablelands of Tartary this organ is as a storehouse of fat. Viewed from behind the animal seems all tail, and when this appendage reaches its full size it is either fastened between two sticks which drag on the ground, or it is suspended on two small wheels.

The weasel, or ermine, as it is incorrectly called in its winter coat, has an easy time of it with the mice and birds upon which it preys, but when a hawk goes after it in an open field in the sunlight, or an owl in the moonlight, it would have but short shrift with all its sinuous leaping were it not that the black tail tip is so conspicuous that it constantly attracts the eye and allows the pure white of the body to be confused with the spotless snow. Even when we place a dead weasel on the snow and look at it from a distance we realize how true this is, and how valuable must be the tuft of black hairs to this little ermine who spends his life in hunting or being hunted.

The Angler

An angler by a brook doth lie; Upon his hook a painted fly. A dream's soft shadow in his eye. Destined a charmed prince he seems, While like a jeweled javelin, Poised, as in air, on quivering fin Before his vision gleams.

With purest blue, the blissful sky Pavilions him right royally. Sometimes an oriole flares on high; A bee, impetuous, sparkles by; A bobolink, ecstatic, flings Bubbles of music down the air; And so he gathers everywhere. From realms of ease, all joys most rare, Like pearls on silken strings. —A Masque of Poets.

Sounds at Evening

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close, Up yonder hill the village myrmur rose. There, as I passed with careless steps and slow, The mingling notes came softened from below; The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung, The sober herd that lowed to meet their young, The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool, The playful children just let loose from school, The watchdog's voice that bayed the whispering wind, And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind; These all in sweet confusion sought the shade And filled each pause the nightingale had made. —Oliver Goldsmith.

Roller Skates

The inventor of the roller skate was a Dutchman named Merlin, who came to this country in 1760. Eight years later he exhibited a "pair of skates contrived to run on wheels" at a museum in Spring Gardens, home of the London county council, and also gave public exhibitions of his prowess in skating over a smooth floor, playing a violin the while. It appears, however, that his demonstrations were on occasions rather more exciting than successful, for it is recorded that he used to fall about and smash into mirrors and pictures which covered the walls of the room. About sixty years ago a ballet entitled "The Pleasures of the Winter" was produced at Her Majesty's theater, London, and in this the artists acted on wheeled skates. The ballet made a "tremendous sensation," we are told, and helped to establish the pastime in public favor.

Fable

A certain bird in a certain wood, Feeling the springtime warm and good, Sang to it in melodious mood. On other neighboring branches stood Other birds who heard this song: Loudly he sang and clear and strong; Sweetly he sang, and it stirred their gall. There should be a voice so musical. They said to themselves: "We must stop that bird. He's the sweetest voice we ever heard! That rich, deep chest note, crystal clear, is a mortifying thing to hear. We have sharper beaks and harder wings. Yet we but croak: this fellow sings!" So they planned and planned, and killed the bird. With the sweetest voice that was ever heard. —T. B. Aldrich.

THE JUNIORVILLE PROMOTION COMMITTEE VISITS THE SEATTLE EXPOSITION

