JUNIOR THE CALL SECTION

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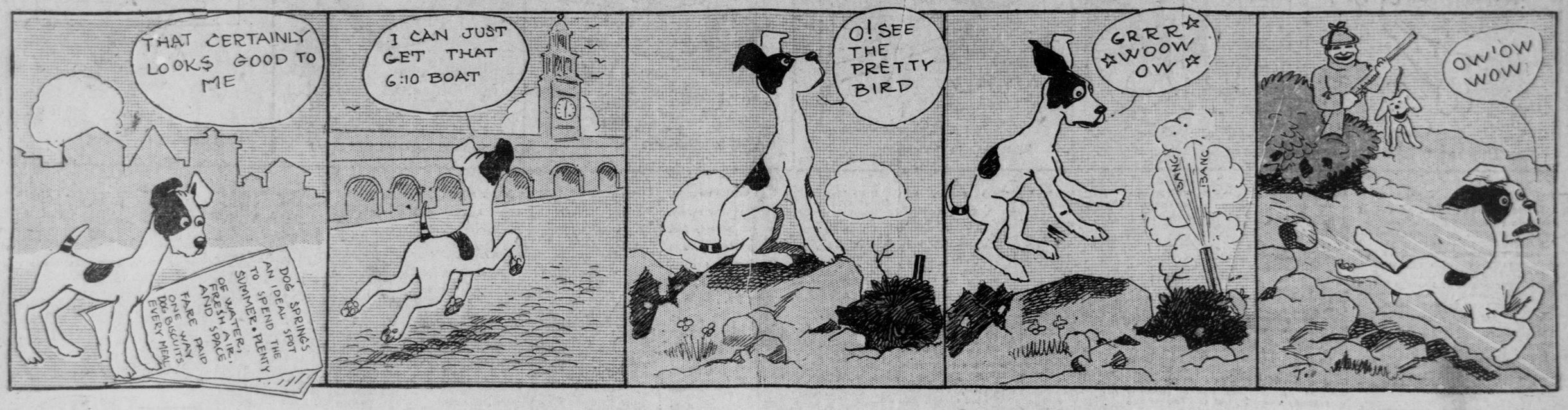
CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

HAVE YOU SEEN ALONZO? HE LEARNS ABOUT THE BARK OF A GUN



HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN FLAG

THE history of our glorious old flag is of exceeding interest, and brings back to us a throng of sacred and thrilling associations. The banner of St. Andrew was blue, charged with a white saltier or cross in the form of the letter X, and was used in Scotland as early as the eleventh century. The banner of St. George was white, charged with the red cross, and was used in England as early as the first part of the fourteenth century. By a royal proclamation dated April 12, 1700, these two crosses were joined together upon the same banner, forming the ancient national flag of England.

It was not until Ireland, in 1801, was made a part of Great Britain, that the present national flag of England, so well known as the union jack, was completed. But it was the ancient flag of England that constituted the basis of our American banner. Various other flags had indeed been raised at other times by our colonial ancestors. But they were not particularly associated with, or at least were not incorporated into and made a part of the destined "stars and stripes."

It was after Washington had taken command of the first army of the revolution, at Cambridge, that he unfolded before them the new flag of 13 stripes of alternate red and white, having upon one of its corners the red and white crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, on a field of blue. And this was the standard which was borne into the city of Boston when it was evacuated by the British troops and was entered by the American army.

Uniting, as it did, the flags of England and America, it showed that the colonists were not yet prepared to sever the tie that bound them to the mother country. By that union of flags they claimed to be a vital and substantial part of the empire of Great Britain, and demanded the rights and privileges which such a relation implied. Yet it was by these 13 stripes that they made known the union also of the 13 colonies, the stripes of white declaring the purity and innocence of their cause and the stripes of red giving forth defiance to cruelty and opposition.

On the 14th day of June, 1777, it was resolved by congress "That the flag of the 13 United States be 13 stripes, alternate red and white and the union be 13 white stars in the blue field." This resolution was made public September 3, 1777, and the flag that was first made and used in pursuance of it was that which led the Americans to victory at Saratoga. Here the 13 stars were arranged in a circle, as we sometimes see them now, in order better to express the union of the states.

In 1794, there having been two more new states added to the union, it was voted that the alternate stripes, as well as the circling stars, be fifteen in number, and the flag, as thus altered and enlarged, was the one which was borne through all the contests of the war of 1812. But it was thought that the flag would at length become too large if a new stripe should be added with every freshly admitted state. It was, therefore, enacted, in 1818, that a permanent return should be made to the original number of 13 stripes, and the number of stars should henceforth correspond to the growing number of states.

Thus the flag would symbolize the union as it might be at any given period of its history, and also as it was at the very hour of its birth. It was at the same time suggested that these stars, instead of being arranged in a circle, should be formed into a single star—a suggestion which we occasionally see adopted. In fine, no particular order seems now to be observed with respect to the arrangement of the constellation. It is enough if only the whole number be there upon that azure field—the blue to be emblematical of perseverance, vigilance and justice, the star to signify the glory of the state it may represent, and the whole to be eloquent forever of a union that must be "one and inseparable."

What precious associations cluster around our flag! Not alone have our fathers set up this banner in the name of God over the well won battlefields of the revolution and over the cities and towns which they rescued from despotic rule; but think where also their descendants have carried it, and raised it in conquest or protection; Through what clouds of dust and smoke has it passed—what storms of shot and shell—what scenes of fire and blood! Not only at Saratoga, at Monmouth and at Yorktown, but at Lundy's Lane and New Orleans, at Buena Vista and Chapultepec. It is the same glorious old flag which, inscribed with the dying words of Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship," was hoisted on Lake Erie by Commodore Perry just on the eve of his great naval victory—the same old flag which our great chieftain bore in triumph to the proud city of the Aztecs and planted upon the heights of her national palace. Brave hands raised it above the eternal regions of ice in the arctic seas, and have set it up on the summits of the lofty mountains of the distant west.

Where has it not gone, the pride of its friends and the terror of foes! What countries and what seas has it not visited? Where has not the American citizen been able to stand beneath its guardian folds and defy the world? With what joy and exultation seamen and tourists have gazed upon its stars and stripes, read in it the history of their nation's glory, received from it the full sense of security, and drawn from it the inspirations of patriotism! By it, how many have sworn fealty to their country!

What bursts of magnificent eloquence it has called forth from Webster and Everett! What lyric strains of poetry from Drake and Holmes! How many heroes its folds have covered in death! How many have lived for it, and how many have died for it! How many, living and dying, have said, in their enthusiastic devotion to its honor, like that young wounded sufferer in the streets of Baltimore, "Oh, the flag? the stars and stripes!" and wherever that flag has gone, it has been the herald of a better day—it has been the pledge of freedom, of justice, of order, of civilization and of Christianity. Tyrants only have hated it, and the enemies of mankind alone have trampled it to the earth. All who sigh for the triumph of truth and righteousness love and salute it.—Rev. A. P. Putnam.

A Graphophone in Africa

To get the shouts of the half civilized natives on the hunt for big game, the weird music and songs, the conversation among those who have only a dialect as a form of communication, as well as those who have a language; the roar of the wild beasts of the jungle, the shouts of the hunters and similar sounds in Africa, President Roosevelt has had a graphophone of aluminum specially made for him.

The machine is so light that it may be carried about by a member of the party without inconvenience and will be ready for use at all times.—New York Times.

A Pretty Incident

ELBERT HUBBARD, in his "Little Journey to the Home of Stephen Girard," tells this little anecdote: "On one of his trips to the West Indies, the ship of which Stephen Girard was mate stopped at the isle of Martinique.

"The captain and mate went ashore, and were invited to dine at the house of a merchant and planter up on the hillside overlooking the sea. The sugar with which the ship was loading belonged to this planter, hence the courtesies to the seafaring men. It was a great event to Girard. He would have evaded it if he could, and yet he wanted to see how folks who lived in houses really acted.

"Of that seemingly uneventful day one incident stood out in the mind of Girard to the day of his death. It seems the merchant and planter had a niece who lived in his household. This girl sat at the table next to Girard. She was only a child, about 12 years of age, and her presence caused the little first mate to lose all appetite. However, nothing worse happened than the spilling of a dish of soup in his lap when the girl tried to pass the plate to him, which was surely more polite than to spill it in hers.

"After dinner the young lady accompanied the party down to the wharf. Going down the hill she talked, and talked a good deal, but Girard could only say it was a fine day and looked as if there was going to be a storm.

"This girl was tall, angular and strong. She climbed the rigging to the lookout and then was scolded by her uncle, who was really proud of her and chuckled at her performance. Her features were rather coarse, but her lustrous eyes and bubbling vitality caused the one sound peeper of Girard to follow her in awe and reverence.

"She went into the cabin and looked at his books; this pleased Girard. He asked her if she could read, and she loftily wrote her name for him, thus: Marie Josephine Rose Tascher de la Pagerie.

"She handed him the slip of paper and remarked, 'You could never remember my name, so I write it out for you like this.'

"In a few minutes the order was given, 'All ashore who are going ashore!'

"Girard kept that slip of paper, and a few years afterward, in a generous mood, sent the girl a present of a blue shawl. She wrote in acknowledgment and incidentally said that she was soon to sail for France 'to get an education.'

"Girard was surprised that any woman should want an education, and still more amazed at the probability that she could acquire one. In fact, when the girl had written her name for him he kept the slip of paper more as a curiosity than anything else—it was the handwriting of a woman! Girard never received but that one letter from the young lady, but from his shipping agent in Martinique word came that Marie Josephine Rose had married, when 16, the Vicomte Beauharnais.

"Some years after, Girard heard from the same source that she was a widow.

"Later, he learned that she married a Corsican by the name of Napoleon Bonaparte."

A Charm

In the morning when you rise
Wash your hands and cleanse your eyes;
Next, be sure ye have a care
To disperse the water far;
For as far as it doth light,
So far keeps the evil sprite.
—Robert Herrick.

GOOD STORIES IN FEW WORDS AND BRIEF, POINTED POEMS

Why Does the Moon's Reflection Follow Us on the Sea?

Wherever we choose to stand on the seashore it looks as if the moon throws its light on the water just opposite us, and as if when we move the moon alters the path of its light on the water just to suit us. But if two persons are together, and one walks and the other does not, they both see the light of the moon on the sea. And if we placed a long row of people all along the shore they would all see a line of light, and they would have to agree among themselves that the whole of the sea and not merely the line of it between the moon and any one of them, is brightly lighted. That is, of course, the fact; the whole sea is lighted as brightly as the line we see. As the light strikes the sea from the moon, it is reflected, and passes onward in the same line, just as a ball does when it is thrown on a smooth surface.

So our eyes catch the light that rebounds from the sea straight to them, and miss the light that is reflected on either side. The line is broader when the sea is rough, because then many of the little waves are placed at angles, so that they turn the light toward our eyes.—Monitor.

The Water! The Water!

The water! the water!
The joyous brook for me,
That tuneth through the quiet night
Its ever living glee.

The water! the water!
That sleepless, merry heart,
Which gurgles on unstintedly,
And loveth to impart
To all around it, some small measure
Of its own most perfect pleasure.

The water! the water!
The gentle stream for me,
That gushes from the old gray stone
Beside the alder tree.

The water! the water!
That ever bubbling spring
I loved and look'd on while a child,
In deepest wondering—
And ask'd it whence it came and went,
And when its treasures would be spent.

The water! the water!
The merry wanton brook
That bent itself to pleasure me,
Like mine old shepherd crook.

The water! the water!
That sang so sweet at noon,
And sweeter still all night, to win
Smiles from the pale, proud moon,
And from the little fairy faces
That gleam in heaven's remotest places.
—William Motherwell.

Placing the Stomach

Charlie was a bright boy, with a good memory. He was the prize pupil in geography and physiology and when the school had any visitors the teacher liked to show him off. One day a member of the school committee happened in as the class was reciting geography and asked a few questions and received fairly accurate answers. When he expressed a desire to switch off to physiology, however, the teacher thought it was about time to show him something particularly precocious.

So when he asked, "Where is the stomach located?" she called on Charlie to answer. He did so with ready assurance:

"The stomach," he said, "is situated just south of the lungs in a hole in the diagram."

Good Morning

Up! quit thy bower, late wears the hour,
Long have the rooks cawed round the tower;
O'er flower and tree loud hums the bee,
And the wild-kid sports merrily—
The sun is bright, the skies are clear,
Wake, lady! wake! and hasten here.

Up! maiden fair, and bind thy hair,
And rouse thee in the breezy air;
The lulling stream that soothed thy dream
Is dancing in the sunny beam;
Waste not these hours, so fresh, so gay;
Leave thy soft couch and haste away.
Up! time will tell; the morning bell
Its service sound has chimed well;
The aged crone keeps house alone,
The reapers to the fields are gone.
Lose not these hours, so cool, so gay,
Lo! whilst thou sleep'est they haste away.
—Joanna Baillie.

White "Rhinos"

Among the rare equatorial animals of which former President Roosevelt and his son Kermit, who is accompanying him across the plains and forests of eastern and central Africa, expect to get specimens is the so called "white" rhinoceros. This creature is not really white. It is a sort of yellowish gray, not much lighter in color that the common rhinoceros. It is taller, however, and has a larger and squarer snout.

The white rhinoceros feeds more extensively upon vegetables than does its commoner relative. One of its two horns is dwarfed, a fact which has given rise at different times to stories of a "one horned species of rhino." Its skin is covered with many small, warty tubercles, and altogether its appearance is scarcely beautiful. Its keen scent and rapid gait make it extremely difficult to approach. The species is rapidly disappearing. In 1890 it had practically vanished from east Africa, except for a small reserve in Zululand, where a number of specimens still haunted.

Good-night

The sun is down, and time gone by,
The stars are twinkling in the sky,
Nor torch nor taper longer may
Eke out a blithe but stinted day;
The hours have passed with stealthy flight,
We needs must part: Good night, good night!

The lady in her curtained bed,
The herdsman in his wattled shed,
The clansman in the heathered hall
Sweet sleep be with you, one and all!
We part in hopes of days as bright
As this gone by: Good night, good night!

Sweet sleep be with us, one and all!
And if upon its stillness fall
The visions of a busy brain,
We'll have our pleasures o'er again,
To warm the heart, to charm the sight,
Gay dreams to all! Good night, good night!
—Joanna Baillie.

Chinese Ink

Chinese ink is made by carbonizing a mixture of colza or sesame oil, varnish and lard, and mixing the product with gum water and a little camphor and musk. The paste thus obtained is beaten with steel hammers on a block of wood. A metallic luster is given to the ink by adding from 25 to 140 leaves of gold to each pound. The ink is then pressed and dried in wooden molds.

Only a Cup of Tea

China is the land of tea, yet, strange to say, it is sometimes very hard to get a good cup of that beverage there. The tea the Chinese drink is quite different from ours, and that suited to American taste is sent out of the country.

It is also in many parts equally difficult to get good milk; the cows are poor, lean creatures, and the milkman is not particular about keeping his utensils clean. In one instance two missionary ladies found so many foreign substances in the fluid that they decided to take only tinned milk in the future. The day after the decision, as they were sitting on the veranda of their little house, the garden gate opened and the milkman appeared leading a miserable looking cow by the halter. He had brought the animal to milk it in the presence of the ladies, to assure them that the milk was pure.

When missionaries make an afternoon call they are expected to take tea, and it is an offense if they do not do so. This is a trial, especially when several calls must be made in one day.

On one occasion the missionary, chatting while tea was being prepared, saw the hostess take the cup that was intended for her, and, finding it not quite clean, wet her fingers in her mouth to rub off the dirt. The poor lady wondered how she could drink her tea, but, happily, a native Christian, who was present and had observed the incident, came to her rescue.

Advancing to the table, he politely said to the hostess:

"May I be allowed to pour out the tea for our visitor, as I know exactly how the ladies like it?"

He then took the cup, poured a little tea into it and thoroughly rinsed it out before putting in that which the missionary was to drink.

This gave no offense to the hostess, who watched the proceedings with interest, thinking that the rinsing process was a foreign peculiarity. The act was that of a true gentleman, and yet he was only a poor Chinese whose finer instincts had been quickened by Christianity.—Globe Democrat.

A Snap

My little cousin, Marguerite,
Has everything her way.
She doesn't ever do a thing
But run around and play.
She sasses back like anything
And gets her apron soiled,
And all the aunts and uncles say,
"Too bad that she is spoiled."

Her mother says: "I wish you'd try
To be more ladylike.
It isn't nice when you get mad
Like naughty boys and strike."
But she pretends she doesn't hear,
And when her ma is through
She simply goes ahead and does
The things she wants to do.

And all the neighbors in the row,
You may be sure, are shocked.
When she's around the hired girl
Must keep the pantry locked.
She tears her dresses shamefully
And gets her stockings wet,
And no one round dares say a word
To papa's little pet.

She plays with little alley kids
And lets them call her "sis,"
And she has just a lot of fun
That other children miss.
Down in the basement with the cats
She always has a bully time.
I wish that I was spoiled!
You're apt to find her coiled.

The Sunbeam and the Tulip

A sparkling dewdrop lay in the cup
Of a blushing tulip, red;
"'Tis a nectar fit for the gods to quaff,"
The elfs and fairies said.
But the sun, with a knowing wink,
bent low,
And drank from her lips a kiss,
Fusing her heart with his beams of gold.
And thrilling her being with bliss.
He stole the diamond dewdrop gem,
That was spilled from the chalice above,
Leaving a brighter radiance there,
As her heart awoke to his love.
But alas! The sun, ere he shut his fan
At the close of that fair spring day,
Had kissed each scented flower he saw,
And wooed her the self-same way.

The elfs and fairies caper and dance;
The sky with deep crimson glows;
Hushed are the little song bird's trills,
While dreamily droops the rose.
The tulip is lifting her blushing face
In search of her lover—the sun—
Yet he looks down upon many loves,
While the tulip sees but one.
—Agnes Lockhart Hughes.

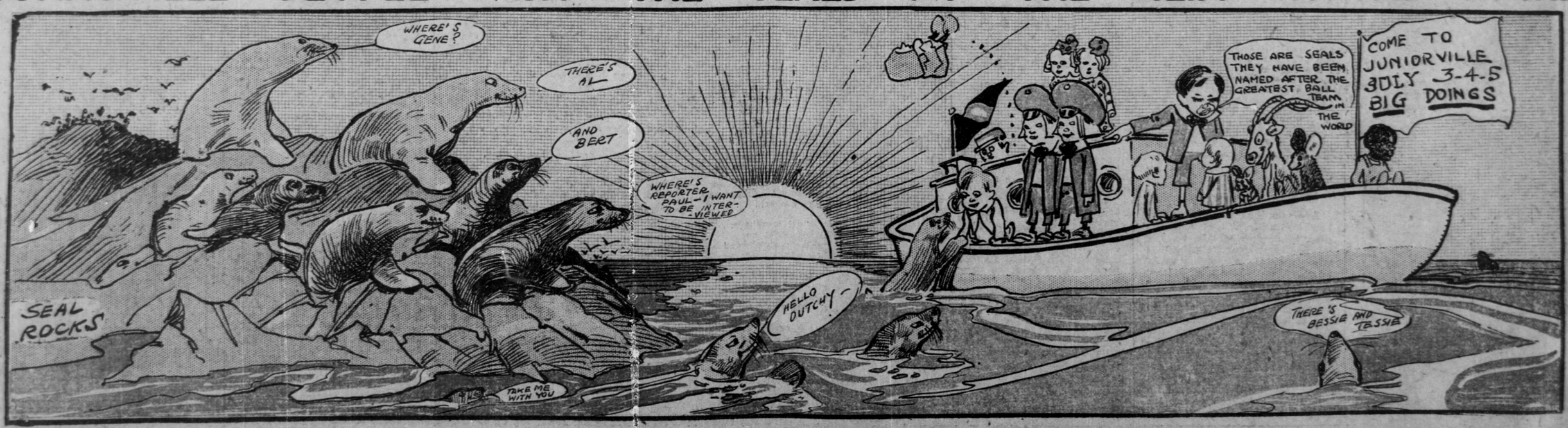
The Line He Was On

Two telephone girls were talking over the wire. Both were discussing what they should wear. In the midst of this important conversation a masculine voice interrupted, asking humbly for a number. One of the girls became indignant and scornfully asked: "What line do you think you are on, anyhow?" "Well," said the man, "I am not sure, but judging from what I have heard I should say I was on a clothes line."

The War Horse

The fiery courser, when he hears from far
The sprightly trumpets and the shouts of war,
Pricks up his ears and trembling with delight,
Shifts place and paws, and hopes the promised fight
On his right shoulder his thick mane reclined,
Ruffles at speed and dances in the wind.
Eager he stands—then, starting with a bound,
He turns the turf, and shakes the solid ground;
Fire from his eyes, clouds from his nostrils flow,
He bears his rider headlong on the foe.
—John Dryden (from Virgil).

Boy and the Drum

In Prof. Nathaniel Shaler's "Autobiography," now running in the Atlantic, there is a delicious glimpse of babyhood's recollections. He says: "The first recollections are of the parade ground and of the soldiers, above all of the music and the bugle calls. Those notes are so embedded in me that they seem a part of me and strangely move me to this far off day. The earliest trace of any activity that I recall is an adventure with the musician who beat the great drum of the barracks band. It was my delight to see the band march around the parade ground and my cherished ambition to have a whack at the drum. So, craftily, stick in hand, I hid behind a boxed tree and managed to get in a stroke, only to be bowled over by the marching drummer. I could not have been more than 4 years old at the time, yet the delight of that deed stays by me."

JUNIORVILLE PEOPLE VISIT THE SEALS AT THE CLIFF HOUSE ROCKS