

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1909

Issued Every Saturday For the Boys and Girls of San Francisco and California
HAVE YOU SEEN ALONZO? HE RIDES ON A ROCKET TO THE PLANET MARS



OUR COMMON FROGS AND THEIR COUSINS

By W. SEWARD WALLACE

BIRDS and squirrels are such demonstrative, beautiful creatures that they absorb much attention when we are in the country. Yet we ought not to forget that our beautiful land is favored with natural dwellers in woodland and meadow which are not birds or squirrels, but which are nevertheless highly interesting.

Our true frogs are those that live in the water itself, or near it, and not on land or in trees. We will probably see first the common leopard frog and the pickerel frog, both ardent songsters of marsh and swamp. It seems puzzling that a frog should have four legs and no tail, while their tiny babies have a long fine tail and no legs. But as they grow and grow their tails become shorter, while the soft skin of their sides pushes out into knobs, where the legs are coming beneath. The hind legs appear first as short protrusions; then the front ones come, and gradually the tadpole finds he has four legs as well as a tail. And now he begins to swim, and to cling and cling more. Tail going, becoming smaller and smaller, while the tadpole is getting, oh, so hungry. He is absorbing his tail and his appetite is growing, while the curious gills with which his neck has been fringed, finally all along now wither and die. Finally he looks as much like a frog as can be, except that he still has a very short tail. His body has shortened up some, too, while the absurd little legs begin to grow long and strong. It is at first a race between the front and the hind legs and between gills and tail. But the "tails" have it, while the hind legs soon outrun the front ones. The last stage of his growth now commences. He loses all his tail, the front legs are bowed like a bulldog's, and the hind ones develop enormous muscles, with which later in life he will leap six to eight feet easily. It will take him two or three years to grow up.

Most frogs and toads undergo a similar change, which is called by a long word, metamorphosis. The butterfly grows from a worm by a similar sort of change, in its cocoon, the worm hatching from an egg first.

The pickerel frog you can tell by his handsome back, which is a fine light brown and has two rows of large oblong, square marks down it of darker brown. Along each side of his nose runs a black line. His relative, the leopard, is bright green or greenish brown sometimes, and his marks are irregular black blotches edged with white, whence his name, the leopard frog. Both these live in ponds and the deep, darkened places in swamps, where the yellow marigolds and the blue water lilies live also. They are by far the noisiest fellows if we except master bullfrog, and the rare spade footed toad, whose noise requires separate mention.

Another pretty and familiar frog is the quiet, gentle wood frog, whose scientific name, *Rana sylvatica*, or the sylvan frog, is well earned by his habit of dwelling in the prettiest wooded ponds and damp woods. He is a small, delicate creature, pale reddish brown, nearly plain, but with a broad, almost red band from his mouth to his eye, along the head. His note is feeble, so he has earned the name, the silent, also.

In clear springs, ponds and brooks we will meet almost everywhere east of the prairies a splendid green frog, whose white throat and bright eyes will make us love him on sight. He jumps, plump, splash into the water and then

Our Birthday

WE live in a comparatively young country, for we have had but a few real birthdays, dating back as we do to July 4, 1776, when our forefathers announced to the world that thereafter the United States of America was a free and independent nation. We are very young in the estimation of our cousins across the water and of such dynasties as India and China—and they also think we have lots to learn.

But although this is but the one hundred and thirty-third anniversary of our birth, it is doubtful if a majority of the people, especially in the newer settled parts of the country, could give a clear account of why we hold the day in remembrance, or why we seem to be more patriotic then than at any other time. This we must attribute to the great influx of foreigners during the last few years, who naturally are not well acquainted with our history. They know this is a land of freedom, where men are equal in the race for money and fame; where their children or grandchildren may aspire to the highest gifts of the nation; so they seek our shores from every quarter of the globe.

It is our task to teach these newcomers the reason of our fourth of July celebrations, to make them understand why the stars and stripes is the most beautiful flag in the world; why our men in civil life are ready at the first call to arms to drop everything and join the regular troops in defense of that flag; why we have no conscription; no forcing of our young men into the army. Our country belongs to each man, woman and child who is a citizen of it, and that is why we take a personal interest in it and love its flag, which stands for happy homes, work for all, liberty to choose our religion and our rulers.

And we are not so sure that all the children of American parents are well posted in the history of the fourth of July. The schools do all they can in teaching the facts and in training their pupils in love for their country, but the home teaching is also needed. So on this day let us tell the young people all about the revolutionary war and its results; of the handful of courageous men who at the risk of their lives signed the declaration of independence, and while the flags float and the fireworks light the heavens the children will remember who made this holiday possible.

Nationality

If you would contemplate nationality as an active virtue, look around you. Is not our own history one witness and one record of what it can do? This day—fourth of July—and all which it stands for—did it not give us these? The glory of the fields of that war, this one wide sheet of flame which wrapped tyrant and tyranny, and swept all that escaped from it away, forever and forever, the courage to fight, to retreat, to rally, to advance, to guard the young flag by the young arm and the young heart's blood, to hold up and hold on till the magnificent consummation crowned the work—were not all these imparted as inspired by this imperial sentiment? Has it not been begun the master work of man—the creation of a national life? Did it not call out that prodigious development of wisdom, the wisdom of constructiveness, which illustrated the years after the war, and the framing and adopting of the constitution? Has it not, in the general, contributed to the administering of that government wisely and well since? Look at it! It has kindled us to no aims of conquest; it has involved us in no entangling alliances; it has kept our neutrality dignified and just; the victories of peace have been our prized victories, but the larger and truer grandeur of the nations, for which they are created, and for which they must one day before some tribunal lead her armies.

Jehovah guide the state, power being through all our lengthened borders. From all our clustered homes; The cry for God and Freedom. From heart and hearthstone comes. —Alice Rogers.

The Fourth of July

Our country's day of gladness, The day we love to keep, Remembering the fathers Who long since fell in sleep. The day which marked an era, When faint we were and few, With our history all before us, And our work laid out to do.

Brave were the hearts that challenged The haughty mother land; Strong were the hands that carried The musket and the brand. Staunch were the souls that waited, Pure were the hopes that flamed, And righteous were the leaders, For God the land who claimed.

With banner and with bugle, With song and happy cheer, With tumult and rejoicing, We hail this day of year. Our country's day of gladness, That marks from sea to sea, Through mount and stream and prairie, The birthday of the free.

God keep our land forever; God guard and make her great! Jehovah lead her armies; Jehovah guide the state, power being through all our lengthened borders. From all our clustered homes; The cry for God and Freedom. From heart and hearthstone comes. —Alice Rogers.

An Object Lesson

AS a boy before going to college the writer entered a wholesale dry goods store in the city of New York, owned by men of national reputation. In the linen room were the boy and a single salesman, both newcomers. On the first morning, after their arrival, one of the heads of the house came into the room with a customer, and himself showed him the goods. The business was done after this fashion: the merchant said this linen is such a make, so many threads to the inch, so many yards to the pound, at such a price. And the customer said I will take so many pieces. In 15 minutes he sold him \$2,500 worth of goods. The customer went out and the merchant then turned to the salesman and said: "That's the way to sell goods. I can sell that man at any time all that he wants, because he knows that, so far as it is in my power, I will tell him the exact truth. If you treat your customers in that way, you can sell goods." That was our introduction to the wholesale business of New York. It was an object lesson which has influenced the life of the writer. In his judgment there are many thousands of businessmen who are doing business in that honest way and prospering, because they are honest. To make a statement contradictory to this we hold to imply a lack of knowledge of things as they are.—Exchange.

The Boy and His Top

A little boy had bought a top. The best in all the toyman's shop; He made a whip with good eel's skin, He lashed the top and made it spin; All the children within call, And the servants, one and all, Stood around to see it and admire. At last the top began to tire; He cried out, "Pray don't hit me, Master. You whip too hard—I can't spin faster, I can spin quite as well without it." The little boy replied, "I doubt it, I only whip you for your good. You were a foolish lump of wood, By dint of whipping you were raised. To see yourself admired and praised, And if I left you, you'd remain A foolish lump of wood again."

EXPLANATION
Whipping sounds a little odd, I don't mean whipping with a rod. It means to teach a boy necessarily. Whether by lessons or more pleasantly. Every hour and every day. By every means in every way. By reading, writing, rhyming, talking. By riding to see sights, and walking. If you leave off he drops at once. A lumps, wooden headed dunc.

—John Hookham Frere.

Some Old Games

Fingers for Scissors—Scissors usually come under the ban of the nursery authorities, even those with blunt points representing precarious playthings for small children. A substitute for "cutting out" may, however, be found in tearing paper into the shapes of animals and figures with the fingers, and proves just as popular with the small nursery people as the more dangerous amusement. Ordinary kitchen paper may be used, or preferably the common white paper which is used to line shelves. Trees, animals, little men and women, or even doll's furniture can be "torn out" with the fingers.

To Make Them Stand Alone—With rounds of cork and matches, ribbons of small Noah's ark men can be made, the skeleton bodies being wound with stiff paper, on which buttons can be painted or marked in chalk, while rounds of cork instead of feet will enable the family to stand alone.

Summer
"Neath summer skies all earth is glad And smiling meets the day, The hills and valleys flower clad Wherever we may stray. Each starry blossom lifts its face In greeting, mute but sweet, The roses in their tender grace And violets at our feet. There's tints of beauty everywhere, On leaf, on flower and leaf, A perfect scene of loveliness, Alike by land or sea. —Lizzie M. Souden.

A Good Reason
Teacher—And why are you so late, Tommy?
Tommy—Please, miss, it's mudder's washing day, she's been and lost the lid of the copper, so I've been sitting on top to keep the steam in.—Sketchy Bits.

By the Moon We Sport and Play
By the moon we sport and play, With the night begins our day; As we dance the dew drops fall, Trip it, little urchins all! Two by two, and three by three, And about go we, and about go we!

JUNIORVILLE PEOPLE CELEBRATE THE FOURTH OF JULY IN GRAND STYLE

