

A PAGE FOR THE JUNGLE

JAM ON BOTH SIDES OF HIS BREAD, OR WHAT HAPPENED TO THE DISCONTENTED KING.

BY GERTRUDE CROWFIELD.

ONCE upon a time a king lived in a beautiful ivory palace. I don't know where they ever got enough ivory with which to build it, but there it was, and if one may believe the old time stories it was quite a common thing for a monarch to have a palace made of that sort of stuff.

Now, this king was not one bit contented, for no matter what he had or how much he liked it at first he very soon began to see flaws in it, and if he could not find them in the beginning he kept on hunting until he did.

On the day that I am going to tell of he was feeling particularly cross and fretful, and what do you think it was about? Nothing that would have troubled a reasonable person at all. It was this: A day or two before a king friend who lived a few countries away had sent him a large box of jars of the most delicious jam, every kind and a few kegs of the finest butter ever made. The king enjoyed them tremendously and had some for every meal. But all of a sudden as he sat munching away—for even kings munch if they really like what they are eating—he turned to his favorite and said, as soon as his mouth was empty enough: "What's the use of having all this jam and butter if I can't eat it on both sides of my bread? My next slice must be fixed that way."

Now that may seem easy enough when you first hear of it, but it is most inconvenient when you begin to try it. In the first place, the king liked his jam and butter spread on very thick and smooth and even, and though the servant managed the upper side very nicely, as soon as he tried to turn it over his troubles began. It stuck to the plate and smeared things generally, and pretty soon the servant was in despair and the king was cross because he had to wait.

At last one plan was fairly respectable looking, and the king began to try to eat it, but he could not manage it and keep his fingers clean, and that displeased him, for he was rather fussy about sticky fingers. I suppose you think he might have taken a fork, patient, not, of course, because it was polite, but because he was a king and could do it if he chose.

Without any fork and with a strong longing for double spread jam and butter and bread and clean fingers all at once he said in a grumbly voice: "What's the use of having a favorite if he can't think of some way for me to get what I want?"

When the court heard these words they all came as near to staring as court people ever do come, for the favorite had been the only person so far who had never been found fault with by the king. The favorite himself grew quite white with dismay, for the problem was difficult, but his brain began to work as fast as it could to think of some scheme by which the king's desire could be accomplished.

For a few minutes it was very quiet in the ivory banquet hall. Yes, that was ivory, too, all over everywhere, except what was pure gold, with a certain number of rubies and diamonds and emeralds and amethysts set in it to brighten things up. Then the favorite bowed very respectfully to the king and said with his most pleasing manner: "Perhaps it could be managed, your majesty, if your cup bearer would cut it up in small pieces and present it to your lips on a long dagger. In that way you need not soil your royal fingers."

"That is an idea," cried the king, and he looked pleasanter at once.

This way of doing was tried and went very nicely indeed for a while, so long as the king paid attention to his food, but before long he became interested in talking, and the cup bearer found it more and more difficult to place the morsel properly in his



The Cup Bearer Found It More and More Difficult to Place the Morsel Properly in His Mouth

mouth, until at last, all of a sudden, the king moved his head too quickly as a splendid jammy, buttery piece was going in, and the poor cup bearer not only had the piece knocked off the dagger, down on the king's new silk robe, which he was wearing for the first time, but he actually pricked his majesty in the lip, so that the blood came.

Of course the king flew into a rage at once, and things began to look pretty black for the cup bearer, who trembled so violently, even to the tops of his toes, that his horse had not been strong and heavy he would have tumbled down. To be sure, the favorite came in for a share of the scolding, because the idea had been his in the first place, and he began to realize that he would have to get a better idea for the next meal, or lose his place as a favorite, even if he didn't lose his head.

"Pardon us, your majesty," he said with a humble bow, "no saving done things to suit you. If you will give me another trial I will do my best to have things more to your desire before the next meal comes around."

The king scowled a little less, but looked pretty much disgusted, on the whole; still he was willing to give the favorite one more chance.

They all went away from the table in a rather bad humor, but only the king had the right to show how he felt, the rest had to look pleasant. The cup bearer hurried down to the kitchen to tell the cook and take some hot food to cheer himself up. The favorite had to go off alone, in a high tower, to think like everything else, and try experiments before another jam time came around, and every once in a while, when his head felt sore from so much thinking and he was almost desperate, he would look out the court having a good time playing skittles, and he wished with all his heart that he was there too.

At least I suppose it was skittles that they were amusing themselves with, though maybe they didn't play skittles in the days of ivory palaces; but it must have been some such jolly named game as that anyway. However, that was, the favorite wanted to be there instead of in the tower.

When the king came to breakfast next morning he was all ready to find fault, if there was any chance for it. The favorite stood by his ivory chair with a smile on his face, though he looked pretty tired, for he had been up all night. At the king's palace stood a small frame, just big enough to hold a slice of bread nicely. It was mounted on a little tripod, which did not interfere with the frame, look out the window and see all the rest of the court having a good time playing skittles, and he wished with all his heart that he was there too.

"By all means," replied the king, "and do put on plenty of jam and butter."

The favorite spread it most beautifully on one side, and then took the little frame by the handle and turned

the other side of the bread up. The slice did not tumble off, for the frame held it quite firmly by the crusts. When both sides were ready the favorite said, "If your majesty will put your knife point into the part of the slice that you desire I will cut carefully around it, and you can yourself convey it to your mouth without danger. By beginning near the center of the slice it can be managed without trouble."

The king was not at all shocked at the idea of eating with his knife, for everybody did it in those days, so he began at once, and enjoyed it very much. He became so pleased at last that everybody cheered up, and the court had a really happy day, for the scheme worked to perfection.

In spite of that when the king went to bed that night he was heard to murmur, just before he went to sleep: "Yes, it works very nicely, but it does not taste quite so good as if I should take it in my fingers. I think I shall have to ask the favorite to try to manage it so that I can do that too."

When the favorite came to the breakfast table next morning all ready to enjoy the day, for he felt as though he had earned the right to it, he was very much disappointed and astonished to find that he was expected to stay at home and give his time to inventing some means of satisfying the king's new wish. He felt almost as discontented as the monarch himself as he took his way up the steep and narrow stairway to the tower where he did his thinking and planning.

The day was very long and hot, and no matter how the poor favorite cudgeled his brain not a single idea would come to him, and as he walked slowly down to his supper that evening he felt very desperate and astonished.

"Well," said the king, "where is your new invention? I am ready to try it this evening."

"Your majesty," stammered the favorite, "I have done my best, but—"

"You don't begin with excuses," thundered the king impatiently, as he pushed away the tripod which a page had placed before him. "If you haven't enough ingenuity to supply my needs I shall have another favorite without loss of time."

The poor favorite turned quite white and was just about to beg for mercy when a messenger came from the kitchen with a most urgent communication.

"Your majesty," said the boy, bowing very low, "the cook has sent me to say that your majesty has eaten so freely of the jam and butter that were presented to you that there is no more left."

"That settles it, then," said the king crossly, "for the butter and jam that we have in our own country are not worth eating or planning for."

WINNERS OF THE JUNIOR PAINT BOX PRIZES

HERE is the picture of the girl and the flowers, and another fine chance for the artistic and industrious younger junior to do some more beautiful coloring. The boy feeding the swans brought a very large number of lovely pictures to the office of the Junior Call, and the editor hopes to have seen many great works.

This picture work is for the younger juniors only, those who are 10 years of age and younger. Twenty paint boxes will be awarded to 20 pictures most artistically and neatly colored. Color your picture as quickly as possible and mail it to the editor of the Junior Call, so that it will arrive not later than Wednesday afternoon, as pictures received after that time can not be used.

There is one point upon which the editor desires the children to be a little more particular, and that is to write their names and addresses as plainly as possible, and in all cases to give the city or town as well as the street and number. This is very important, indeed, because the editor has no means of knowing whether the city is San Francisco, or Oakland, or Berkeley, or Sacramento, or some other town, unless it is written on the picture that it is submitted.

The younger juniors who have been awarded prizes for painting the picture of the boy feeding the swans are: Bessie Gotelli, 845 Bryant street, San Francisco, age 7 years.

Charlotte Bell, 1816 Eighth street, West Berkeley, age 10 years.

H. Kenneth, Thompson, Kenwood, Sonoma county, age 8 years.

Eduard O'Connell, 66 Carmelita street, San Francisco, age 4 years.

Marie Gertrude Griffin, Lenoogk, Monterey county, age 9 years.

- Helen Webb, Richmond, age 8 years.
- John Hanlon, 1007 South M street, age 9 years.
- Daisy Christiansen, 1232 Fourth street, San Francisco, age 6 years.
- Oscar Arnesen, 40 Lundy lane, San Francisco, age 7 years.
- Edna Miller, 1 Kentucky place, Potrero.
- Robert McKinley, 337 San Jose avenue, San Francisco, age 8 years.
- Audrey Cannon, 4123 Bartlett street, San Francisco, age 6 years.
- Hilda Lehrke, 422 Lyon street, San Francisco, age 10 years.
- Margaret Jones, 756 Filbert street, San Francisco, age 7 years.
- Hazel Rains, Talmage, age 8 years.
- Athol Smith, 902 Oak street, San Francisco, age 6 years.
- Cecil Smith, 902 Oak street, San Francisco, age 9 years.
- Henry Segalar, 285 Ninth street, age 9 years.
- Thomas Wishard, 1525 Eighth avenue, San Francisco, age 7 years.
- Grace Elizabeth Guth, Novato.
- Dorothy Helen Zentner, 1372 McAlister street, San Francisco, age 9 years.
- Dorothy Dukas, 233 Eighth avenue, Pacific Grove, age 8 years.
- Lawrence Gann, 184 Collingwood street, San Francisco, age 8 years.
- Helen Noe, 357 Third avenue, San Francisco, age 6 years.
- Margaret Poage, Ukiah, age 7 years.
- Bernardina Ahern, Menlo Park, age 7 years.
- Lucy Pepe, 1708 Broderick street, San Francisco, age 9 years.
- Stanley G. Holmes, 1250 Twenty-third avenue, Oakland, age 7 years.
- Helen Bonn, 440 Capp street, age 8 years.
- Viola Loveland, 1812 Sixth street, West Berkeley, age 10 years.
- Virginia Treadwell, Nevada City, age 7 years.
- Marie I. Steven, 118 Fourth street, Marysville, age 9 years.

This is the picture to be colored. Paint it in water colors or crayon and send immediately to the Editor of the Junior Call



THE GIRL AND THE FLOWERS

Name Age Address

- Elwood Franquelin, 812 Petaluma avenue, San Rafael, age 2 years.
- Margaret Decker, 22 Hoffman avenue, age 10 years.
- Myrtle Leahy, 321 Valley street, age 9 years.
- Walter O'Brien, 15 Dwight road, Burlingame, age 9 years.
- Lolita Brown, 2026 Magnolia street, Oakland, age 10 years.
- Rowland H. Gass, 1128 Tenth street, Sacramento, age 5 years.
- Madeline Torrey, 2208 Raymond street, Oakland, age 10 years.
- Genevieve McCarthy, Sixteen Mile house, Millbrae, San Mateo, age 9 years.
- Dorothy Chase, 225 Church street, Sallinas, age 9 years.
- Dorothy Wainwright, 1814 Sixth street, West Berkeley, age 7 years.
- Ruth Welch, 1814 Sixth street, West Berkeley, age 3 years.
- Josephine Witt, 1926 Broderick street, San Francisco, age 7 years.
- Annika Planzer, Mount Eden, age 8 years.
- Harriett Stove, 1170 McAllister street, San Francisco, age 7 years.
- Frank Simpson, 623 Andover street, San Francisco, age 8 years.
- Mary Phillips, 1170 Treat avenue, San Francisco, age 10 years.
- Genevieve Brohen, box 203, Napa, age 8 years.
- Ann Leahy, 321 Valley street, San Francisco, age 8 years.
- Ethel Knapp, 862 Guerrero street, San Francisco, age 9 years.
- Vernie Litch, P. O. box 364, Chico, age 10 years.
- Raleigh Peabody, Vacaville, age 10 years.
- Bessie Iris Prater, 23 Sierra Nevada street, Stockton, age 9 years.
- Edward Breith, Santa Clara, age 7 years.
- Lizzie Bourdette, 3581 Eighteenth street, San Francisco, age 9 years.
- Alice Galeas, Sausalito, age 8 years.
- Genevieve Everson, 985 Lombard street, San Francisco, age 10 years.
- Alice Barby, 151 Golden Gate avenue, San Francisco, age 10 years.
- Mabel Brink, 632 Lincoln avenue, Alameda, age 10 years.
- Mildred Joy Morris, 229 Twenty-eighth street, San Francisco, age 10 years.
- Gertrude Dunn, 117 Treat avenue, San Francisco, age 10 years.
- Gladys Smith, Ocean View, San Francisco, age 10 years.
- Enid Volquards, 830 Douglas street, San Francisco, age 10 years.
- Maehly Cobb, 2525 Dwight way, Berkeley, age 8 years.
- Muriel Cavanaugh, 2276 Fulton street, San Francisco, age 6 years.
- Arlyn Joy Dixon, age 7 years.
- John Engler, 885 Alvarado street, San Francisco, age 6 years.
- Roseth Hippy, 194 Grove street, San Francisco, age 9 years.
- Alexander Leidl, 11 Prentiss street, Fruitvale, age 10 years.
- Lucille Marsh, Nevada City, age 6 years.
- Alice Dodge, 138 Poplar avenue, Fresno, age 9 years.
- Frank Avery, 1109 Ellis street, San Francisco, age 7 years.
- John Ramax, 114 Kentucky street, Vallejo, age 10 years.
- A. M. Prosser Jr., 2016 San Antonio avenue, Alameda, age 8 years.
- Irene Barbe, 1533 Pacific avenue, San Francisco, age 10 years.
- Elton Kane, 864 Haight street, age 6 years.
- Dora Blacklock, Bullfrog, Rhyolite P. O., Nevada, age 7 years.
- Edna Barthold, 445 Tenth avenue, San Francisco, age 10 years.
- Adrian Prothero, 690 Brockhurst street, Oakland, age 10 years.
- Paula Ritter, 759 Webster street, San Francisco.
- Marjorie Doyle, 1623 Scenic avenue, Berkeley, age 9 years.
- Terry H. Connitt, 6298 Colby street, age 9 years.
- Gladys Lewetz, 2814 Pine street, age 8 years.
- Harvey Anderson, 39 Hardy street, age 9 years.
- Olga Husted, 2052 Taylor street, age 8 years.
- Thomas, R. R. No. 1, Chico, age 9 years.
- Olive Blanch Blauvelt, Hayward, age 6 years.
- Anabelle Barker, 438 Clement street, age 8 years.
- May Olson, 195 Page street, age 10 years.
- Lillian Deluche, 1809 East Lafayette street, Stockton, age 8 years.
- Alfred Donovan, Octavia, age 10 years.
- Anita Chiappari, 600 Somerset street, San Francisco, age 10 years.
- Luan Galeas, Sausalito, age 5 years.
- Alfred Galeas, Sausalito, age 7 years.
- Elizabeth Rhyner, 1505 Kentucky street, age 8 years.
- Hazel Hoffman, 922 Oak street, San Francisco, age 10 years.

George A. Powers, 525 North Grant street, Stockton, age 8 years.

Phyllis Hill, 137 Seventeenth street, Bakersfield, age 7 years.

Harry Devine, 1322 Q street, Sacramento, age 7 years.

Mary Carmel Hurry, 411 K street, Sacramento, age 7 years.

Charles A. Willis Jr., Corcoran, age 5 years.

Ruth Stevenson, 1623 Woblesey street, Berkeley.

Fred Levens, 4828 Eighteenth street, Oakland.

Keyes Curran, 3225 Twenty-fifth street, San Francisco.

Teeny-Weeny

Every evening, after tea,
Teeny-Weeny comes to me,
And, astride my willing knee,
Plies his lash and rides away;

Though that palfrey, all too spare,
Fits his burden, hard to bear,
Teeny-Weeny doesn't care,
He commands, and I obey!

First it's trot; and gallop then—
Now it's back to trot again;
Teeny-Weeny likes it when
He is riding fierce and fast!

Then his dark eyes brighter grow
And his cheeks are all aglow;
"More!" he cries, and never "Whoa!"
Till the horse breaks down at last!

Oh, the strange and lovely sights
Teeny-Weeny sees of nights,
As he makes those famous flights
On his wondrous horse of his!

Offentimes, before he knows,
Wearylike his eyelids close,
And, still smiling, off he goes
Where the land of By-low is.

There he sees the folk of fay
Hard at ring-a-rosie play,
And he hears those fairies say,
"Come, let's chase him to and fro!"

But, with a defiant shout,
Teeny puts that host to rout—
Of this tale I make no doubt—
Every night he tells it so!

So I feel a tender pride
In my boy who dares to ride
(That fierce horse of his astride)
Off into those misty lands;

And as my breast he lies,
Dreaming in that wondrous wise,
I cress his folded eyes—
Pat his little dimpled hands.

On a time he went away,
Just a little while to stay,
And I'm not ashamed to say
I was very lonely then.

Life without him was so sad,
You can fancy I was glad
And made merry when I had
Teeny-Weeny back again!

The Sugarplum Tree

Have you ever heard of the sugarplum tree?
"A marvel of great renown!"
It blooms on the shore of the Lollipop sea
In the garden of Shut Eye Town.

The fruit that it bears is so wondrously sweet
(As those who have tasted it say),
That good little children have only to eat
Of that fruit to be happy next day.

When you've got to the tree you would
Have a hard time
To capture the fruit which I sing:
The tree is so tall that no person could climb
To the bough where the sugar plums swing!

But up in that tree sits a chocolate cat,
And a gingerbread dog prowls below;
And this is the way you contrive to get at
Those sugar plums (tempting you so):

You say but the world to that gingerbread dog,
And he barks with such terrible zest
That the chocolate cat is at once all agog,
As her swelling proportions attest,
And the chocolate cat goes cavorting around

From this leafy limb unto that,
And the sugar plums tumble, of course,
To the ground.
Hurrah for that chocolate cat!

There are marshmallows, gumdrops
and peppermint canes,
With striplings of scarlet or gold,
And you carry away of the treasure
that rains.

As much as your apron can hold!
So, come, little child, cuddle closer to me,
In your dainty white nightcap and gown,
And I'll rock you away to that sugar plumb tree.

In the garden of Shut Eye Town.