

JUNIOR THE CALL SECTION

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1909

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

HAVE YOU SEEN ALONZO? HE DISTURBS A BIG SNAKE AND GOES TO THE HOSPITAL



USEFULNESS OF THE ENGLISH SPARROW

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He does it just the same. No eight hour law or union dictation clips his wings or shrivels his ambition. And where he is most assiduous there will be gathered the largest and fairest fruit in the fall. No man or set of men can perform for you this trick of the sparrow.

The worm that infests rose bushes does his worst from the under side of the leaf, difficult to reach with any manner of spraying. And the spray that destroys the worm is no help to the bush. The sparrow hustles among and under the branches and captures these worms by the thousands. Though working for his living, he incidentally saves the bush and gives us roses. What is his clatter and harmless clutter compared with a fresh leafed bush, covered with bright and perfect roses?

If a sparrow does not attack tent caterpillars, neither does the robin, who is not reproached for the same neglect. And what of it? They each pursue the prey of their special liking, very much like "other folks" in this respect, is it not?

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But the latest and most astonishing discovery against the sparrow emanates from a moth exterminator in Essex county, Mass. He says the English sparrow has driven away the woodpecker. Do you tell me! Of course, he has never seen a "downy" tumble a sparrow end over end, which is not infrequent, and he forgets he is cutting down every dead tree he can find and is plugging every hole he sees in trees not dead. Where, then, can he suppose the woodpecker whose home is in a hole in a tree, is going to live? Certainly if such a home can not be found in Essex county the woodpecker will seek some place where there are trees with holes in them, or dead trees in which he can peck holes for himself. It is contemptible officialdom that

A Pelican Weather Prophet

JACK lives at Santa Barbara. He is an enormous salt water pelican, captured years ago by some fishermen on the islands that can be seen plainly a few miles out in the ocean from Santa Barbara. A fish hook covered with a small smelt was the means of bringing Jack and the fisherman together. The pelican was pursuing fish under water, according to his usual routine, expecting to rise to the surface later and swallow those it had captured in its capacious pouch. The smelt dangled temptingly in front of him and met the fate of all small fish that came within reach of his long bill. But unfortunately Jack swallowed the fish hook at the same time and was jerked to the surface by the fishermen, who thought by the weight that they must surely have something well worth their while.

When the dark gray plumage of the bird came in sight the men were so surprised that they almost let the catch drop into the water again. The hook was carefully extracted and the large water fowl fed with numerous small fish to keep him content and good natured until his captors landed. He was taken to the home of Mr. Larco, in Santa Barbara, where for six months of the year he makes his home. The other six months he lives on the islands or takes short trips. But always before a storm he comes home. He was taken to the home of Mr. Larco, in Santa Barbara, where for six months of the year he makes his home. The other six months he lives on the islands or takes short trips. But always before a storm he comes home. He was taken to the home of Mr. Larco, in Santa Barbara, where for six months of the year he makes his home. The other six months he lives on the islands or takes short trips. But always before a storm he comes home.

GOOD STORIES IN FEW WORDS AND BRIEF, POINTED POEMS

The Balanced Handkerchief
This trick is so simple that the veriest amateur will be able to perform it quite easily, while it is effective enough to be presented on any stage. A large cambric handkerchief is borrowed and rolled to twice its length and balanced. That is the effect, and this is the secret of the performance: First obtain a piece of whalebone, or, failing that, a piece of stout wire, about 20 inches long. To the end of this fix a fish hook and then push this piece of apparatus up the left sleeve. Take the borrowed handkerchief by the corners diagonally and twist it round in the form of a rope; then attempt to balance it upon the first finger of the left hand. The first attempt will, of course, be unsuccessful and the handkerchief will drop down. Now take the top corner of the handkerchief between the thumb and first finger of the right hand and hook it to the top of the piece of whalebone protruding from the top of your sleeve; drag this through your left hand so that the handkerchief hides the apparatus. Directly the whole length of the support has been pulled out of the sleeve the handkerchief must again be twisted into a rope, which readily forms round the top of your sleeve; drag this through your left hand so that the handkerchief hides the apparatus. Directly the whole length of the support has been pulled out of the sleeve the handkerchief must again be twisted into a rope, which readily forms round the top of your sleeve; drag this through your left hand so that the handkerchief hides the apparatus.

The Sea
The sea knows all the truth of time; / The sea sings ever that it knows, Now in a lulling, laxy rhyme, Now hurling it in billowy blows. The sea bears thoughts too great for speech, For it has known creation's gleams, And it holds memories that reach The heart of the eternal dreams.

The Only Baby
She was a tiny little girl, with sun-tanned hair, a blue calico dress and bare feet. She carried in her arms a baby half as large as herself, and the baby was so heavy that it sagged down in the middle, giving the infant the appearance of being held by the feet and the nape of the neck. There was some excitement around the corner of the next block, and the children were hurrying forward like mad from all directions. The little girl tried to run, but the baby was too heavy, and her breath gave out. Said I, in a spirit of badinage; "Drop the baby, sis, and go see what the trouble is." She stopped and stared at me. "I say, put the baby down on the sidewalk and run." "Ver must take me for a fool, mister?" "Why?" "Cos this is our baby." "Well, suppose it is? I'll stay here and watch it for you." "No, yer won't, mister. Yer might carry it off." "What if I did? Aren't you tired carrying it around and making your back ache?" "Naw, I ain't. Say, mister, this is the only little baby we've got, and if yer only anowed how she can crawl and laugh, yer wouldn't want me to do no such thing. This baby hasn't got no ma, 'cept me and pa, and me couldn't do 'trout her. She sets up in a high chair at the table and crows and kicks while me and pa eats, and at night I rock her to sleep like ma used to do. When me-died the baby didn't know no better, but just laughed and hollered, and I cried so I couldn't keep her still. Put her down on the sidewalk! Fool killer! get you, mister, ef yer stay around here long."

A Children's Song by Kipling
Father in Heaven who overest all, Oh, help Thy children when they call; That they may build from age to age An undefiled heritage. Teach us to rule ourselves alway, And control and cleanly night and day; That we may bring, if need arise, No maimed or worthless sacrifice. Teach us to look, in all our ends, On Thee for judge, and not our friends; That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed By fear and favor of the crowd. Teach us the strength that can not seek; By deed or thought, to hurt the weak; That, under Thee, we may possess Man's strength to comfort man's distress. Teach us delight in simple things, And mirth that has no bitter springs; Forgiveness free of evil done, And love to all men 'neath the sun!

A Polite Child
A minister's little daughter was visiting a family in a parish which her father had recently left. One day she explained to her hostess that he hoped the people of the church would not send for him to conduct funerals, but would have the present pastor of the church. Thinking perhaps she might have given offense, she looked up with a bright smile and added: "But of course, he would be very glad to attend your funeral."

The Copy
John, aged 6, was sent by his mother to the chicken coop for some eggs. He soon returned with the report: "There ain't no eggs in the nests at all, 'cept the ones they copies from."

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JUNIORVILLE FOLK PENETRATE THE WILDS OF CHICAGO HUNTING FOR GENE

