

# JUNIOR THE CALL SECTION

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

## HAVE YOU SEEN ALONZO? FIVE IMPERTINENT PUPS GIVE HIM A DARE AND HE LOSES



### THE LIFE OF THE EAGLE

**A** PERCH on a tall tree, standing higher than his fellows on some rugged hill or mountain-side, with all his surroundings—trees, rocks and waters—expressing majesty and strength—with all his chosen environment in perfect harmony with the spirit of the bird, the eagle seems eminently worthy of all the honor given to him by the ancients and of being exalted above all feathered creatures. His chosen perch, the tree on which he rests, is an expression of his staunch, uncompromising nature.

From his high watch tower there, what wonders does he see! The making of each new day—and its passing; and the great mountains with their upland peaks and their quiet valleys between, changing with the successive seasons and with every passing mood of the sky. No long hours of laborious toiling up a pathless mountain side for him that he may view a scene of grandeur; such views as mortals are permitted to see but once or twice in a lifetime—perhaps never—are spread out before him always. He sees the dawn rising from the purple east and striking every cloud with gold and crimson and rosy purple, while the waters below multiply their lights and colors until the whole world is suffused and aglow. At noonday he gazes with unflinching eyes at a scorching sun under whose glance the grasses burn and curl up on the plains below, and later in the day he sees the watch fires lighted in the evening sky; and when these burn low and darkness closes in, he sees the forests of pine as a green bloom on the bronze mountains—like the purple bloom on the grape—gradually sink into their dark background, leaving them black and somber—then the mountains themselves sink into and become a part of the darkness.

Again he sees the life going out of the living clouds as the sunlight leaves them—their rose and pale gold and amethyst lights purpling and grayling till they are deadened and darksome as the mountains beneath them. And when the clouds have grown heavy and the storm gathers, when the fierce lightning darts about among the cleft peaks in the distance, when, as it comes nearer, great trees bend to the blast or are uprooted by its force, when all living creatures in the comparatively safe valleys below are filled with terror—rabbits covering in their burrows, fieldmice seeking home shelter, the owl perching close to the trunk of her homestead, and the woodpecker scarcely daring to peep from her hole—the eagle shows no fear. Facing the storm on his solitary bough, by the flapping of his great wings, he shows his enjoyment in the warfare of the elements. The fierce heart of the eagle is made glad as he defiantly faces the storm.

Compared with this, what, to him, were the conflicts of men at the head of those armies he was borne in the years that are gone?

When he chooses to leave his lofty perch, one stroke of his mighty wings carries him far into the air, and he mounts to heights far beyond mortal vision, in ever narrowing spirals till he seems to disappear in the sun itself.

When again he is seen, seemingly motionless wings are bearing him along, far above the highest peaks—and beyond the mountains, where a different world lies beneath him—broad valleys veiled by streams that seem but curved and bent threads of silver, viewed distantly—and plains whose windswept grasses are like the smooth waves on the surface of the

### Caught by a Tree

A natural history student was one afternoon, during a prolonged drought, hunting for ferns in a dense wood. Toward evening it grew suddenly dark, and a few drops of rain gave warning that a storm was coming. At that moment the student's eye fell upon a big, hollow tree trunk on the ground. Striking a match, the man peered within, and saw, as he thought, a convenient place of shelter. With feet foremost and arms pressed closely to his side, he wormed himself into the log.

Presently the rain came down in torrents, and the student congratulated himself on having found so snug a shelter. Fatigued with his long tramp, he fell asleep. How long he slept he did not know, but by and by he was awakened by a sharp pain in his head, and a feeling of cramp in his whole body. The rain was still falling, the darkness was intense. The bodily discomfort was, of course, due to the man's cramped position; the pain in his head was caused by a continual drip of water from above, on his forehead.

He drew his head back out of the way of the drops, and in spite of his uncomfortable position, actually fell asleep again. But the next time he awoke the pain in his head was intolerable. It seemed impossible to get out of reach of those maddening drops, and "wherever they fell," says the student, "they seemed like a sharp iron boring into the skull."

But the worst was yet to come. When the poor fellow tried to crawl out of the log, he was unable to do so. The opening by which he had so foolishly entered had been only just large enough to admit his body, and the wood, shrunken by the long drought, had in the rain swelled to such an extent that he was now caught, as he says, "like a rat in a trap."

Throughout the night the wretched victim shrieked, struggled, pushed, kicked and wriggled in vain. He could not raise his hands to tear at the wood. Happily, he was discovered the next morning through the good services of a sagacious dog, which led a search party to the spot.

Even then, however, his sufferings were not at an end. Before he could get out of his prison, it was found necessary to cut away a part of the log with an ax.

**My Garden**  
I dug it a little garden,  
I dug it with my spade,  
I raked it with my little rake,  
And then three holes I made,  
I made 'em with my fingers—so,  
To put things into 'em to grow.

In one I put a penny,  
In one I put a bean,  
And in the other one I put  
A button that was green.  
I'm waiting now quite patiently  
To see what each will grow to be.

I think they can't be growing  
The way they ought to grow—  
And so, perhaps, I'll dig them up;  
I'd really like to know.  
This morning, when I first went out,  
I planted them and they don't sprout!

**A Good Student**  
Little Helen had been promoted to the fourth grade. "Which of your studies do you like best?" asked an interested friend.

"Oh, I like them all," was the quick reply; "but I believe I'm more better on grammar."—Exchange.

### Friendship

There's a chord of deepest feeling  
Hid in every human heart,  
That is touched in earliest meaning  
When we from our friends must part.  
Thoughts of hours we've spent together,  
And of stories said and sung,  
Smiles and tears like April weather  
Mingle all our thoughts among.  
—Lizzie M. Souden.

### GOOD STORIES IN FEW WORDS AND BRIEF, POINTED POEMS

#### Origin of the Woodpecker

In the days when our Lord walked upon the earth with the good Saint Peter, they came to a hut where an old wife sat baking. Tired from the long walk and from fasting, they begged of old Gertrude a bannock to stay their hunger.

The tiny piece of dough which she decided should be their cake, though rolled to thinness, grew so large on the griddle that she refused to part with it. Still a finer bit she took, but it, too, grew as the first had done—too large to be given as alms. The third and last time a piece so small it could scarcely be seen was taken, but the bannock was again too large, and again she refused to part with it. As the wayfarers departed in hunger and thirst from her door, she through her selfishness began to grow small in punishment for her deed, so small that a human habitation was no longer suitable for her. Up through the chimney she flew, as a woodpecker, blackening her back on the sooty walls. The white apron she wore, and the scarlet smock on her head, remained just as they were.

As a further punishment she was compelled to seek her food in most difficult places. If she could not find it in the trees between bark and hole, she must dig for it in the hard dry wood. And she was allowed no drink save the raindrops.

In scarlet hood and soot-stained gown she is seen today, laboriously digging her tiny home in the solid wood, or flying about the trees hitting the food she will not eat, or hacking and tapping at the bark for food, and whistling for the rain to come, for she is ever ahunger and ever athirst and craving for a drop to cool her tongue.

**Shelter**  
There lies a dell, wood sheltered from the wind,  
Where, in close clusters, violets earliest bloom,  
Where comes the red deer, followed by the stag,  
For herbs and perfume;  
In such a spot a poet soul might dwell,  
With troops of dreams and fancies;  
Guarded well  
From weariness and gloom.

**Boys Representing the Centaur**  
This is a diversion in which two boys personate a centaur, a creature of Greek mythology, half man and half horse. One of the players stands erect and the other behind him in a stooping position with his hands upon the first player's hips. The second player is covered over with a shawl or table cover which is pinned around the waist of the first player. A tall made of strips of cloth or paper is pinned to the rear end of the cover. The first player should hold a bow and arrow and have a cloak thrown loosely over his shoulder. Imitation hoofs of pasteboard may be made and fastened over the shoes.

#### The Old Arm Chair

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare  
To chide me for loving that old arm chair!  
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize—  
I've bedewed it with tears, I've embalmed it with sighs,  
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart.  
Not a tie will break, not a link will start;  
Would you learn the spell? A mother sat there,  
And a sacred thing is that old arm chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near  
The hallowed seat with listening ear;  
And gentle words that mother would give  
To fit me to die and teach me to live,  
She told me shame would never betide  
With truth for my creed and God for my guide;  
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,  
As I knelt beside that old arm chair.

I sat and watched her many a day  
When her eyes were dim and her locks were gray,  
And I almost worshipped her when she smiled,  
And turned from her bible to bless her child.  
Years rolled on, but the last one sped,  
My idol was shattered—my earth star fled;  
I learnt how much the heart can bear  
When I saw her die in that old arm chair.

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now  
With quivering breath and throbbing brow;  
'Twas there she nursed me—'twas there she died,  
And memory flows with lava tide!  
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,  
While the scalding tears run down my cheek;  
But I love it—I love it, and can not tear  
My soul from my mother's old arm chair.  
—Eliza Cook.

#### Now the Hungry Lion Roars

Now the hungry lion roars,  
And the wolf howls the moon;  
Whilst the heavy plowman snores,  
All with weary task foredone,  
Now the wasted brands do glow,  
Whilst the scritch owl, scritchling loud,  
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,  
In remembrance of a shroud,  
Now it is the time of night  
That the graves all gaping wide,  
Every one lets forth his spirit,  
In the churchway paths to glide;  
And we fairies that do run,  
By the triple Hecate's team,  
From the presence of the sun,  
Following darkness like a dream,  
Now are frolic; not a mouse  
Shall disturb this hallowed house:  
I am sent with broom before,  
To sweep the dust behind the door.

**The Eagle**  
He clasps the crag with hooked hands;  
Close to the sun in lonely lands,  
Ringed with the azure world he stands.  
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;  
He watches from his mountain walls,  
And like a thunderbolt he falls.  
—Alfred Tennyson.

#### Wild Sheep and Goats

Wild sheep and goats are always interesting because of their resemblance to our common paper eating Billy. But one would hardly think the aoudad, or Syrian wild goat, a real member of the family of humble billygoats, so dignified and beautiful is he. Have a good look at him next time you are at the menagerie; notice his rich sand color, his large hazel eyes and long dewlap and beard.

But it is to those horns I wish to call attention, now that he is lying down in the hot sand this warm morning. The forefeet are tucked under him, goat fashion, and he is in apparent blindness, tossing the sand about, digging a hole in it as if to find out hidden treasure. First on this side he digs in his horn, then on the other side, making the sand fly. I can tell you, but we must not judge him harshly or say, "What a silly, lazy thing!" For now you can see thousands of tiny gnats whirling around him, and a moment's thought brings respect for this Syrian prisoner. He is bothered by those gnats, whose "hot feet sting him"—that is, their tails. "Add" he is stupidly covering his back up with a layer of sand, as we ourselves would had we no other clothes to protect us from the gnats.

**Meg Merrilies**  
Old Meg she was a slipper;  
And lived upon the moors;  
Her bed it was the brown heath turf  
And her house was out of doors.  
Her apples were swart blackberries,  
Her currants pods of wild white rose,  
Her book a church yard tomb.  
Her brothers were the craggy hills,  
Her sisters larchen trees;  
Alone with her great family  
She lived as she did please.

No breakfast had she many a morn,  
No dinner many a noon;  
And 'stead of supper she would stare  
Full hard against the moon.  
But every morn of woodbine fresh,  
She made her garlanding,  
And every night the dark elen yew  
She wove, and she would sing,  
And with her fingers, old and brown,  
She plaited mats of rushes  
And gave them to the cottagers  
She met among the bushes.

Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen,  
And tall as Amazon;  
An old red blanket cloak she wore,  
A chip hat had she on,  
God rest her aged bones somewhere;  
She died full long ago.

**Safety Devices in Mines**  
A very simple method has been found which thus far has proved absolutely effective for overcoming the explosive tendencies of coal dust in mines. It consists merely of turning enough steam into the mine to thoroughly moisten the dust. Whether the effect is due to the moisture or the heightened temperature has not been determined absolutely, but that the steam does destroy the explosive character of coal dust, there is no longer any question.—Van Norden.

**The Plan**  
Oh, little star, so very high,  
Oh, little flower, so low,  
From the great living source of life  
You each of you do flow.  
The star burns from the sun's great heart,  
Up from the soil the flower doth start;  
Each hath its place on Nature's chart,  
An order rules that all things show.

Oh, magnate, in your high estate,  
Oh, humble life, bereft of grace,  
In the long lines of battle rank  
Each of you has some place.  
Set are the fight for every man—  
Both gain and loss are in the plan.  
But God's love shines throughout all space.

## THE JUNIORVILLE AERO CLUB HUNTING FOR GENE REACHES BROOKLYN BRIDGE

