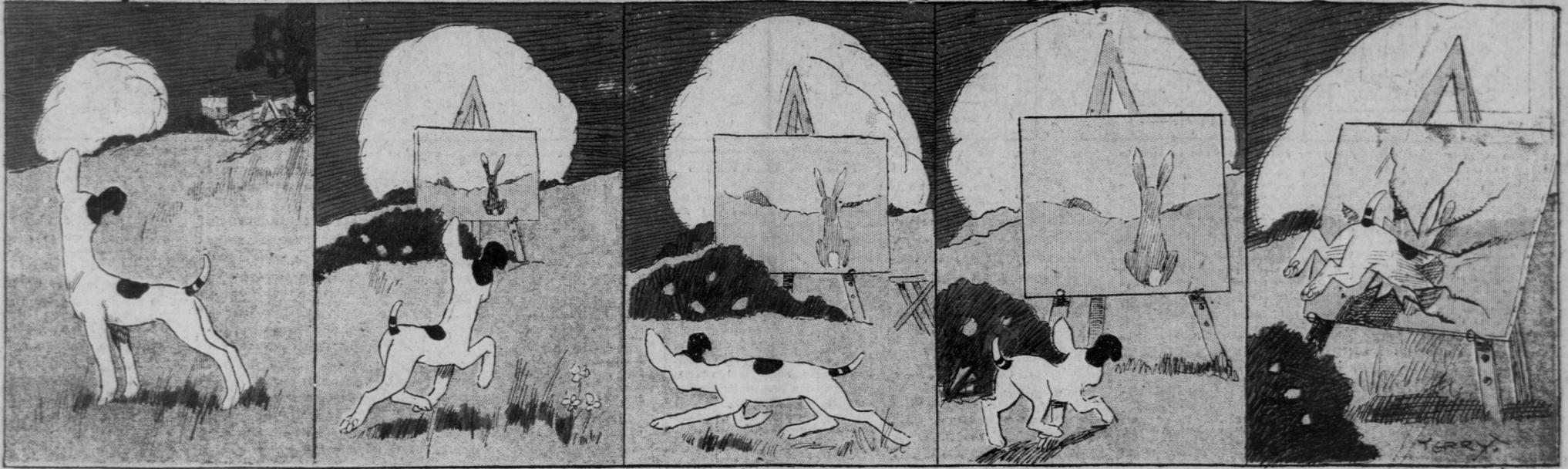


JUNIOR THE CALL SECTION

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1909

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

HAVE YOU SEEN ALONZO? HE HUNTS A RABBIT AND FINDS A CANVAS BACK



LEGEND OF THE MAGPIE'S NEST BUILDING

ACCORDING to an old story the magpie was the last bird to learn nest building. When it became necessary for her to establish a home, though she was proud and arrogant, she finally put away her pride to the extent of asking the other birds to give her some instruction in the art. In their generosity they agreed and assembled on the appointed day to assist her.

The materials having been collected the headless magpie chattered: "Ah! Place that stick there," and laid it in place. "Ah," said the conceited magpie, "I knew that before." Each of the other birds there assembled followed with useful suggestions, demonstrating every step, but all through the lesson the headless magpie chattered: "Ah! I knew that before. Ah! I knew that before."

At length, when the nest was but half completed and the patience of her instructors entirely exhausted, they said with one voice: "Well, Mistress Mag, since you know all about it you may build your nest yourself."

From that day on no bird of the wood would allow the foolish magpie to see her building her own nest even, and so it is that magpies ever since have built ramshackle nests.

In almost all of the valleys among our western mountains one is likely to find these beautiful and entertaining birds in their fullest perfection, and seldom are magpies seen alone. Usually, except during the nesting period, they go about in pairs, or in late summer with their families of the season.

When foraging they bound over the ground with charming grace, stopping now and then to tug at a worm, after the manner of our friends the robins.

While picking their way among the wet grasses and low herbage or over muddy places their beautiful tails, as their most precious treasures, are held defiantly aloft and free from all pollution, as the birds search for snails, caterpillars, young mice and frogs.

The ramshackle nest, wholly incompatible with either the fastidiousness or the intelligence of the bird, is an absurd structure of mingled sticks and mud indiscriminately arranged, somewhat resembling one of the great tumble weeds of the western plains, placed several feet from the ground among thick masses of oak brush or similar growths in the wilder regions, or in more civilized territory in some fruit tree.

That her seclusion may be more complete and to protect herself and young against the incursions of predatory birds, the magpie covers her dwelling with a dome of twigs, leaving two openings at opposite sides for entrance and exit. As she sits with her head at one, her unspread tail sometimes protrudes visibly from the other, betraying her whereabouts at a time when she is especially desirous of escaping notice.

Like the robin this bird often reconstructs the old nest from year to year, and like the wren she often builds sham nests either for the purpose of diverting attention from the one occupied or to live in should accident befall.

An Interesting Game

THIS game is used by the boys and girls of England as one of their pleasantest of pastimes, and you of America will welcome it heartily, for combined with its fun, the exercise of some wit is necessary. So, out with your "thinking caps!"

To prepare for the game, a number of lists should be written like the one that you will find below. The players are then seated and each one is supplied with a pencil and a sheet of paper, on which the list is arranged. Here is the list and the key to it, and you will see that the object is to supply the correct letter in the place of each "x."

1. Max (first in every home).
2. Lxxx (couldn't live without it).
3. Xxle (the more you take from it the larger it gets).
4. Xxxx (it's all over the house).
5. Lxxx (found in the suburbs).
6. Xxxx (gives a cold, cures a cold and pays the doctor).
7. Xxxy (desirable for unattractive women).
8. Xxxx (that for which women spend too much money).
9. Lxxxx (near to every maiden's heart).
10. Xxxxxtxxxxtxxxxtxxx (the longest word in the English language).

Of course several words could be evolved for each one of the 10 numbers, but the following "key" is to be your standard for the answers:

1. Mat.
2. Life.
3. Hole.
4. Roof.
5. Lots.
6. Draft.
7. Realty.
8. Dress.
9. Lungs.
10. Transubstantiation.

Either the hostess or one of the players is chosen as a leader, and to that one only should a copy of the "key" be given. Each player writes the word he guesses against its corresponding number in the list, and as one finishes his paper may be examined by the leader. The papers may be corrected again and again until the leader finds one that is like the "key," when he announces the winner.

If some sort of prize is offered for the correct answer even more interest will be taken in the test, and, if desired, a second prize may be given to the one who made the greatest number of words out of the list.

Now that it is practically certain that dirigible airships flying above within the next few years to make some means of signaling necessary, Major von Frankenberg, president of the German Aero club, advises that huge signboards shall be placed on the roofs of church towers and high buildings, with a certain code of signals, visible from airships aloft, inscribed upon them. He also suggests that the frontiers of the different European countries shall be marked by the same method, and that at night the signs shall be illuminated in such way as to make them visible. Aeronauts would carry a signal code book enabling them to decipher the meaning of the signals. The club is now conducting experiments to test the value of such signals.

GOOD STORIES IN FEW WORDS AND BRIEF, POINTED POEMS

A Wonderful Friendship

One of the most remarkable friendships among animals is that which exists between a cat in the elephant house at the zoological gardens in London and the large two horned African rhinoceros which is kept there.

It is even more strange than Aesop's fable of the mouse and the lion, for the little sleek mouse was able to be of great service to the lion in nibbling the meshes of his net; but the huge rhinoceros can scarcely believe that pussy is able to set him free, yet that a great affection exists between the two is certain.

They may be often seen together, puss toying with the formidable head of the monster, who appears to lay aside his strength and is as gentle as a lamb, allowing her to do almost anything, even to lie sleeping contentedly close to his nose, or playfully patting his horn with her paws; yet with one mighty charge that same horn could easily destroy an elephant.

True affection may exist between the most opposite natures, and the strong have it always in their power to be gentle to the weak.—Young Folks' Catholic Weekly.

Under the Apple Tree

Under an apple tree, with drooping One eve I sat to watch the day decline; A melancholy mood had long been mine.

By thwarted purpose brewed, and faithless vows an anguish, That scourged the years: But time at last allows A season for reflection; to refine Untoward circumstance with hope benign; Which did my mind from lethargy arouse.

For as I watched the slowly sinking sun, With cloud wrought drapery around him thrown, An inspiration thrilled me: And behold, A marvelous change within my soul begun.

Such as before my days had never known; Meanwhile the sun was merged in seas of gold!

A Boy Strategist

Among the hopefuls of a large family in Washington are two youngsters named Harry and John. One day Harry, to the great disgust and terror of the girls of the family, dragged into the house a most disreputable looking dog.

After a hurried consultation on the part of his sisters it was decided to bribe Harry, to the extent of 25 cents, either to sell or give away the dog. The proposition was duly laid before Harry, the result being that he soon marched off with the mangy canine. In an hour or two he returned, his face exhibiting evidences of the candy debauch he had procured with the 25 cents.

"Now, Harry," asked a sister, "what have you done with that awful brute?" "Gave him to John," replied Harry with an ingenuous leer.

To the Indian Chief

The tall green trees are around us, Onward the mighty river sweeps to the sea, Before us are the Indian mounds The burial place of a chief who was free.

In fancy we hear his fierce warcry As his wild and threatening form Drags the tomahawk red with blood And enters the fierce battle's storm.

His eyes are bright with a savage flame, His plumes wave high o'er his head, His features are clothed with a warrior's pride And he moves with a monarch's tread.

From streams where fish abound, Over prairie and through woodland, We have tracked him with rifle and spear And scattered his faithful band.

But he will never ask for mercy, You can never make him a slave, He will break the sea of battle Or lie will sing beneath its wave.

He has struggled long and well, He has nobly braved the storm; But his warcry is ended at last, And stilled is the chieftain's fair form.

A voice comes forth from the dust, As his burial place we scan, Is there not good and bad in the Indian, The same as in every man? —Ella Hynes.

How to Fasten a Handle on an Umbrella

Sometimes a person would like to change some expensive umbrella handle to another umbrella and fasten it on solid. This can be done by cleaning out the hole left in the handle from the old rod and fill the hole with powdered sulphur. Place the handle in a solid upright position, and after heating the umbrella rod red hot push the rod down into the hole containing the sulphur. The hot rod fuses the sulphur and when cold it will hold the rod solid. This method may be applied to fastening rods into stone, iron or wood.

I traveled among unknown men, In lands beyond the sea; Nor, England! did I know till then What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream! Nor will I quit thy shore A second time; for still I seem To love thee more and more.

Among the mountains did I feel The joy of my desire; And she I cherished turned her wheel Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed The joy of my desire; And thine, too, is the last green field That Lucy's eye surveyed. —William Wordsworth.

Cock Fighting

This is a most amusing game, and although only two boys can play at it at one time, they will keep the rest of the company in roars of laughter. The two who are to represent the "cocks" having been chosen, they are both seated upon the floor.

Each boy has his wrists tied together with a handkerchief and his legs secured just above the ankles with another handkerchief; his arms are then passed over his knees and a broomstick is pushed over one arm, under both knees and out again on the other side over the other arm. The "cocks" are now considered ready for fighting, and are carried into the center of the room and placed opposite each other with their toes just touching. The fun now commences.

Each "cock" tries with the aid of his toes to turn his opponent over on his back or side.

The one who can succeed in doing this first wins the game. The fun now commences.

It often happens that both "cocks" turn over at the same time, when the fight commences again.

Find Maria

Maria lost time as she lingered one And so lost her train, I am sorry to say, And then—what was worse—lost her temper, I fear— Because she had quite lost all patience, poor dear!

At dinner she lost all her appetite, too, And then lost her head when the dinner was through, Now see what delaying and careless—ness cost— Maria's completely and entirely lost!

Hidden Nicknames of Presidents

As we sailed down the harbor I stood at the rail of the little steamer and watched the angry clouds that hung over the city. Now and then was a peal of thunder, and the lightning split terrifically all about us. I could see the shore where the old houses stood, and saw a hickory tree laid low by a blast. The old steamer was as tippy as a canoe, and young and old were afraid. Three children were in tears, but soon the tempest was over and the stars came out one by one. It had not been long after all Tom forgot his homesickness in a little while.

Somebody's coming across the street, Picking her way with dainty feet, To keep herself all clean and neat.

Somebody's coat is white and gray, Trimmed in black in a jaunty way, And she wears it all and every day.

Somebody's eyes are blue and bright; They sparkle by day and glow at night; She can hear every sound, no matter how dimly light.

Oh, somebody dear, so soft and fine, With pretty coat and eyes that shine, I'm proud, my pussy, that you are mine.

THE JUNIORVILLE PEOPLE ARRIVE AT CONEY ISLAND AND FIND LONG LOST GENE

