

# PUZZLE CONTEST! USE YOUR WITS! WIN A WATCH!



SIX more watches were awarded today to six fortunate juniors for the correct solution of the fascinating Junior Call puzzles, and a new puzzle is presented this week which is sure to prove as interesting as those which have preceded it. The editor was surprised to note the vast number of answers to last week's puzzle which contained one or more errors, and is inclined to think that in their enthusiasm the juniors do not take sufficient time to think the puzzles out. These puzzles are not so very difficult, but they require a little thought, and when one apparently correct interpretation has been arrived at you should continue thinking to see if

another and a better one can not be found. Send in your answers to this week's puzzle so they will reach the office of The Junior Call not later than Wednesday afternoon, in the following manner: No. 1 is —, No. 2 is —, and so on. Six watches will be awarded to six correct answers showing the greatest neatness and care. This contest is for juniors between the ages of 10 and 15 years. The younger juniors will find their contest on the fourth page. The correct answers to the puzzle presented in last Saturday's Junior Call are: 1, Webster; 2, Brush; 3, Rose Stahl; 4, Bread; 5, Pencil, and, 6, Dickens.

The juniors to whom prizes have been awarded for the correct solution of this puzzle are: Jerome Hughes, San Anselmo; Adah Mae Wolitz, 1556 Moss avenue, Elmhurst; William S. Cannon, 1214 Fortyninth avenue, San Francisco; Isabel Hodkins, 1041 Adelino street, Oakland; Milton A. Bequith, Rio Vista, and Christina M. Wright, 4 Twenty-seventh street, San Francisco.

Names of the other juniors who sent in the correct answers appear on the following roll of honor: Harold Crane, 2935 Howard street, San Francisco; Malcolm Beauchamp, Hotel Arlington, San Francisco; Helen Schuber, 2024 Brook street, Oakland; Marjory Towle, 898 South Ninth street; Helen Clothier, La Honda; Frank Henderson, San Anselmo.

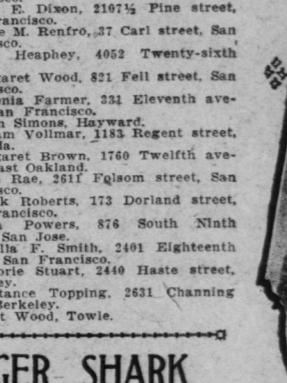
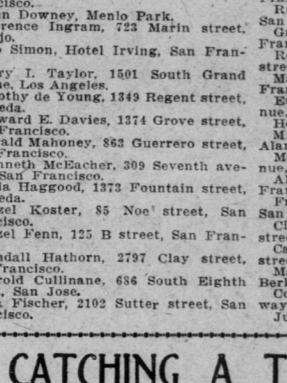
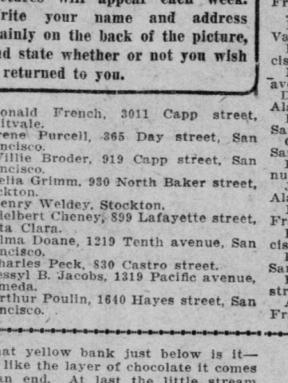
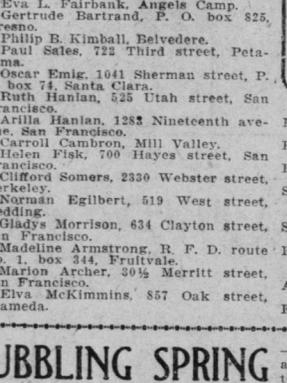
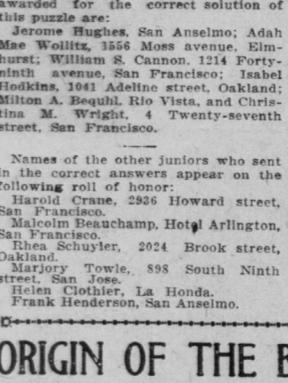
Margaret Cronin, 314 Madrid street, San Francisco; Aretta Pushard, 1171 East Twenty-second street, Oakland; Miriam Mendizabam, 1126 Union street, Alameda; Gregory Harrier, care L. G. Harrier, Chronicle building, Vallejo; Berkeford Somers, 2330 Webster street, Berkeley; Evelyn Hubert, McKendrick street, San Jose; Frances Day, 1232 First street, Monterey; Nellie Honeyman, 996 Page street, San Francisco; William Macdonald, 2622 Regent street, Berkeley; Mary Trade, 3955 Nineteenth street, San Francisco; Madeline Armstrong, R. F. D. route No. 1, box 344, Fruitvale; Edda Kelly, 569 Fourth avenue, San Francisco; Willard E. Sullivan, 308 Miller avenue, South San Francisco; Oscar Emig, 1041 Sherman street, P. O. box 74, Santa Clara; Ruth Hanlan, 525 Utah street, San Francisco; Arilla Hanlan, 1285 Nineteenth avenue, San Francisco; Carroll Cambron, Mill Valley; Helen Fisk, 700 Hayes street, San Francisco; Clifford Somers, 2330 Webster street, Berkeley; Norman Egilbert, 519 West street, Redding; Gladys Morrison, 634 Clayton street, San Francisco; Madeline Armstrong, R. F. D. route No. 1, box 344, Fruitvale; Marion Archer, 30 1/2 Merritt street, San Francisco; Elva McKimmins, 857 Oak street, Alameda.

Jerome Simon, Hotel Irving, San Francisco; Minnie McPeck, 1136 East Twenty-second street, Oakland; Jack Martin, 1649 Hayes street, San Francisco; May Carroll, 3948 Twenty-fifth street, San Francisco; Maud A. Banks, 3715 Twentieth street, San Francisco; Letha Beck, 259 Fourteenth street, San Francisco; Naomi Mears, 712 Kentucky street, Vallejo; Edith Hight, 1822 Felton street, Berkeley; Gladys Waibel, 1753 Hayes street, San Francisco; Constance Waibel, 1763 Hayes street, San Francisco; Marie Gianotti, 3639 Twenty-fifth street, San Francisco; Harold Waldo, 1933 Union street, San Francisco; John Downey, Menlo Park; Florence Ingram, 723 Marin street, Vallejo; Leo Simon, Hotel Irving, San Francisco; Oscar Taylor, 1501 South Grand avenue, Los Angeles; Dorothy de Young, 1349 Regent street, Alameda; Harold E. Davies, 1374 Grove street, San Francisco; Gerald Mahoney, 863 Guerrero street, San Francisco; Kenneth McEacher, 309 Seventh avenue, San Francisco; Hazel Haggood, 1373 Fountain street, Alameda; Hazel Koster, 85 Noe street, San Francisco; Hazel Fenn, 125 B street, San Francisco; Kendall Hathorn, 2797 Clay street, San Francisco; Harold Cullinane, 636 South Eighth street, San Jose; Ada Fischer, 2102 Sutter street, San Francisco.

Edna Grotheer, 103 John street, Salinas; Margaretta Wilson, 2301 Ward street, Berkeley; Emaline Aising, 3296 Washington street, Alameda; Darrell Kull, 1376 Eleventh avenue, San Francisco; Orta C. Hyde, 323 Nineteenth street, Oakland; Amelia Hoffman, 916 Hampshire street, San Francisco; Walter W. Witt, 510 Ninth avenue, Oakland; Ella McGuire, 1201 Treat avenue, San Francisco; Eunice V. Miller, 219 West Acacia street, Stockton; James C. Gow, 14 Harcourt street, San Rafael; Edna Vogel, 1640 Hayes street, San Francisco; Steve Burke, 1648 Hayes street, San Francisco; Ruth E. Dixon, 2107 1/2 Pine street, San Francisco; Grace M. Renfro, 37 Carl street, San Francisco; Rose Hoophey, 4052 Twenty-sixth street; Margaret Wood, 821 Fell street, San Francisco; Eugenia Farmer, 331 Eleventh avenue, San Francisco; Helen Simons, Hayward; Miriam Vollmar, 1183 Regent street, Alameda; Margaret Brown, 1760 Twelfth avenue, East Oakland; Alice Rae, 2511 Folsom street, San Francisco; Frank Roberts, 173 Dorland street, San Francisco; Clara Powers, 876 South Ninth street, San Jose; Catharine F. Smith, 2401 Eighteenth street, San Francisco; Marjorie Stuart, 2440 Haate street, Berkeley; Constance Topping, 2631 Channing way, Berkeley; Juliet Wood, Towle.

### PHOTOS OF PRIZE WINNERS

You see today on this page the portraits of five boys and five girls who have won watches in the contests conducted by The Junior Call. If you are one of the fortunate winners and have not already sent in your picture, please do so at once, as The Junior Call wishes to publish the pictures of all the successful contestants in the contests for the older juniors. A number of pictures will appear each week. Write your name and address plainly on the back of the picture, and state whether or not you wish it returned to you.



## ORIGIN OF THE BUBBLING SPRING

By JOHN O'BRIEN  
YOU have all seen at some time or other while in a quiet, out of the way nook in the country a sparkling little stream flowing out from under a mossy rock. You have no doubt wondered why it was bubbling away so merrily, why it was so clear and cold and where all the water came from anyway. Let me tell you a little story. We will imagine we are on a quiet, shady hillside somewhere near a forest. Just above us and at the foot of a great weather beaten rock we see a sparkling little pool. In the damp earth all around the mossy basin are many small footprints; evidently this little babbling spring is the meeting place for all the squirrels and chipmunks of the vicinity. Now let us turn and look far up the valley. Do you see those hazy, shadowy mountains away off in the distance? Well, on a certain day not very long ago great puffy dark clouds slowly gathered over those bleak peaks. Gradually the sun was obscured; it grew darker and darker until finally the birds, thinking that night was approaching, flocked to their nests. The little chipmunks and squirrels hurried to their castles high in the swaying trees and, peeping out, watched the bears and rabbits scurry by on the way to their underground homes. The clouds grew thicker and thicker, darker and darker became the day, and amid the whistle of the wind could be heard the deep booming and rolling of far off thunder. Harder blew the wind, deeper came the thunder and brighter

flashed the lightning, until suddenly, as if the heavens had opened, the storm broke overhead. The rain came down in sheets and torrents. Soon pools and puddles collected, and these, quickly joining, formed the little streams and streams which hurried down the mountain side to swell the river in the valley. But here is where we see something that interests us. Although great quantities of rain had run off in the streams and brooks, a very large part soaked into the ground. This gradually descended through the surface soil and, going deeper and deeper, finally reached a bed of clay. You have all seen clay—that awfully sticky, solid mass, like putty—well, the first water to reach this layer found it could not sink any further, so a pool was formed. As more water came down from the surface this pool grew and grew, until finally, under the pressure of the ever increasing supply, it stretched out over the clay bed in the form of a little underground brook. Now this clay bed is spread through the earth like a chocolate layer in a cake. The little stream, therefore, followed the upper surface of the bed through hills and valleys, under towns and villages and across counties and states. At times the course led through caverns and tunnels dark and deep and, unlike surface streams, it often ran up hill, just like the water in the pipes at home. It traveled through sand that, acting like a filter, cleansed it; through mineral beds that purified and gave to it that nice taste, and through deep, dark caverns, in which it was cooled. Finally the clay bed reached the surface

## CATCHING A TIGER SHARK

By ARTHUR H. DUTTON  
SHARKS of all kinds have long been recognized as among the worst pests of the sea, foes not only to food fishes but to human beings as well. Of the several kinds of shark the most dangerous, the ugliest and the most pugnacious is the tiger shark, so named because of his tawny skin with transverse stripes around his body. He is strong, grows sometimes to a length of 15 to 20 feet, and has a cavernous mouth quite large enough to take in a man's head and sometimes his whole upper body at one gulp. Of the Central American coast tiger sharks are particularly numerous and sailors in that region take every opportunity to slay them; so dangerous are they. A popular way is to bait a large meat hook with some sort of meat, then use a cork life preserver or some good substitute as a float, suspending the baited hook beneath it. A long stout line is then carried from the float to the vessel or rock where the shark fisher is stationed. The rest of the play is just like ordinary fishing in principle, but very different in the degree of excitement. The moment the shark nibbles at the hook the excitement is tense. When he swallows the bait and gets caught the struggle begins, and a genuine struggle it is. These sharks are powerful fellows, and when they find themselves hooked their

## A Summer Invocation

O, gentle, gentle summer rain,  
Let not the silver lily pine,  
The drooping lily pine in vain  
To feel that dewy touch of thine—  
To drink thy freshness once again,  
O, gentle, gentle summer rain!

In heat the landscape quivering lies;  
The cattle part beneath the tree;  
Through parching air and purple skies  
The earth looks up in vain, for thee:  
For thee—for thee it looks in vain,  
O, gentle, gentle summer rain!

Come thou, and brim the meadow streams,  
And soften all the hills with mist,  
O, falling dew; from burning dreams  
By thee shall herb and flower be kissed;  
And earth shall bless thee yet again,  
O, gentle, gentle summer rain!

—William Cox Bennett.

One day at dinner grandpa, having so much larger a family than usual, was somewhat absent minded and waited on all except Helen. She sat quietly back in her chair and said very demurely:  
"Poor little girl! Poor little Helen!"

# A Pelican Who Plays Ball and Stops Street Cars at Will

UNIQUE friendship exists at Santa Barbara between a big pelican and a small dog, and the antics of the two make this oddly assorted pair a source of unceasing interest to the townspeople. Jim, the pelican, appeared first upon the scene; then, his master having discovered that Jim was an adept at playing ball, he needed a partner in the game, secured a clever fox terrier puppy as a playmate for the big bird. Before the advent of the puppy Jim had an unfortunate habit of playing ball with small chickens, who yielded up their short, uneventful lives trying to furnish him with amusement. As soon as he spotted a chicken the small, downy morsel of life would be tossed in the air by the long bill, and then, standing with open pouch, he would pocket it as neatly as an expert ball player pockets a ball. This was rather disastrous for his master's attempt at chicken raising, and so the little, restless fox terrier was secured to keep the bird out of mischief. At first Jim tried to play the same game with the puppy that he had with the chickens, but the puppy was heavy and besides, objected to being treated so unceremoniously. He will circle the pelican six times while the bird sedately waddles around one, and the only relief he can get from his tormentor is to open his basketlike aperture and apparently swallow the puppy. A truce is then formed and the bird and the puppy proceed to the house, from the side of which dangles a rope attached to a bell. The puppy jumps, grabs the rope in his mouth and violently rings the bell until some one appears. The puppy and the bird are bathed together and during this proceeding play tricks upon each other like a couple of mischievous boys. They sit very gravely upon a box while their master plays the hose upon them. Jim pushes the puppy and the dog retaliates by pretending to nip Jim from behind, knowing that if the bird tries to turn around on the small box he will fall off. But ball is the favorite game, and the rivalry between the dog and the pelican is very keen. The barn yard gossip is that the two are training for outfield positions in the Fur and Feather team of the Domestic League. At any rate the rivalry is actual and of convincing intensity. The sight of a baseball is all that is needed to fan the ever smoldering fire into a fierce flame. Toss the ball in the direction of the pelican and the dog will be on hand, and vice versa. The pelican is the better player, however, and can



which will get the ball?  
In the days before the advent of electric cars at Santa Barbara Jim had many interesting experiences with the horsecars. It was one of these cars that he first encountered on his initial trip down State street. He was sauntering leisurely down the track that seemed the easiest, walking when a car appeared going in the opposite direction. The driver clanged his bell vigorously, but Jim never budged. Instead he slowly lifted one big, white wing and began to preen his feathers. This was too much for the horses. They began to back away from the ghost-like figure, but, finding this impossible, sat down to think it over and then just as suddenly concluded that perhaps they could ward off the vision if they stood upon their hindlegs and stirred the atmosphere with their forelegs. Nevertheless, in spite of their maneuvers, Jim continued to hold the driver kept on ringing the bell. Jim apparently liked the sound of that bell, and he seemed to know that he had managed to tie up Santa Barbara's streetcar line as successfully as though

he were a dissatisfied labor union. The passengers, not having any ferry to catch, were amused by the ludicrous situation and laughed and made jokes. At the expense of the driver, who finally left the car, and went in search of the owner of the pelican, who was able to induce the big bird to waddle peacefully homeward, and traffic was allowed to proceed. After that adventure, whenever the gate was open, Jim would sneak out and repeat his little joke, until finally people began to take him into consideration in making their engagements.

"I shall meet you at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning if Jim is not on the track again," one lady would say to another. But, like many another joker, Jim joked once too often. In the course of time electric power was substituted for the sleepy, ambling horses, and it cost Jim a broken leg, a dislocated jaw and sundry minor injuries before he realized that he could not hold up the streetcar service with the same facility as of yore. Now, a sadder and a wiser bird, he steers clear of the streetcar tracks.

