

A PAGE FOR THE JUNIOR JUNGLES

When the Princess Escaped From the Book of Fairy Tales

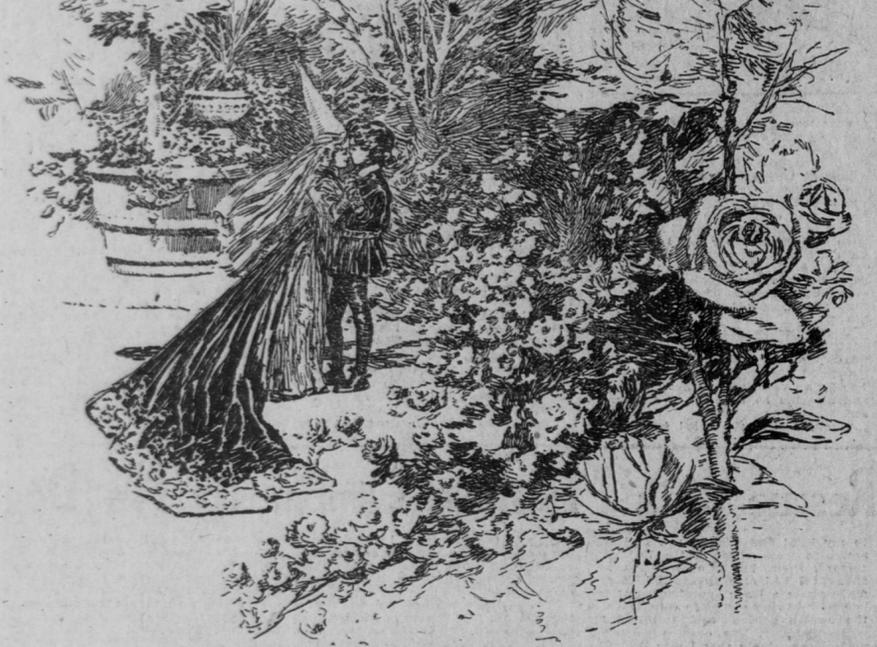
By Marion J. Edgar

In a fantastic picture of an old book of fairy tales lived a little golden haired princess. As far back as she could remember she had always been standing on the balcony of her turreted castle gazing at the never changing landscape. The little princess was fair and beautiful as only fairy tale princesses can be. Her dress was heavy with gold embroidery, a crested girdle hung at her side and on her young head she proudly wore the pointed cap

pictures she thought of calling for help. Her cry of distress passed through a hundred pages and fell on the ear of an old witch who lived in a picture near her own. Only here no sun shone and instead the moon shed her pale cold light on the snakes and blinking frogs which took the place of the princess' toubadour. The witch could, therefore, well comprehend the dullness of a monotonous existence, and once in days gone by, when she was young, she, too, had ventured out of her story book in search of adventures. Alas, age was creeping on her, and it is said that witches like to undertake the edu-

gathering her gold-embroidered train and, without warning, sprang heedlessly out of her picture. Hardly did she hear behind her the old witch's warning cry "Beware, daughter, of the king of the Green mountains. Return to your balcony at the cock's first crow or you will repent bitterly."
"I will return," murmured the little princess, and lightly she sprang from her book of fairy tales into reality.
Then she hesitated for an instant to cast a trembling glance about her. The world was crammed with books and of a terrifying darkness. But soon she perceived a table on which a miniature sun shone under a little green roof

or leather, or in paper, which looked like a mandarin's multicolored robe. But alas! the bookshelf was so high and the princess so small. Where could she look for help? Luckily in a narrow aisle between two volumes lived a young lord by the name of Romeo, who always kept within reach a silken ladder. Boldly she borrowed it from him and breathlessly hazarded the perilous descent. An instant he was on the ground near a window ledge. The window was open and a branch of climbing roses had thrust its flowers through and amiably lent its help to the fragile little person who clung to it. The branch bent under the tiny weight and touched the ground and then rebounded joyfully in the air.
The vagrant princess found herself at last outside, and oh, most wonderful, in a garden as beautiful as her own—roses everywhere, flowers everywhere, a grove of lilacs, exactly as in her picture. All but the sun, which shone here with a pale, mild light, like the fabulous silver flowers in her fairy tales. All nature seemed wrapped in an azure mist, and in a nebulous alley of flowers a young man was coming toward her. He might almost have been her faithful toubadour. But the stranger's rapid stride brought him straight to the princess, who dared not speak, each breath seeming to draw him nearer to her side. Now he had reached her, and clasping her in his arms, he exclaimed in tenderest tones, "You are the fairest and most beautiful princess in the world."
"Never did I hear a word of this in my book of fairy tales. A kiss—what is it?"
"I know," whispered the stranger, with a mysterious smile, "and that is why I can not explain it to you. He who can say what is a kiss is the one who does not know."
And henceforth the little golden haired princess, her heart full of love, escaped every night from her book and listened to the silent words her lover's lips spoke to hers. Hastily at the cock's crow she would slip back into the old volume's pages, and she did not see that gradually everything in the picture was changing. The lilacs which each morning she found where she had thrown them were slowly fading—the faithful toubadour grew pale, and the shadow of the flowering hindens. Then it was the turn of the old book. It played hide and seek, withdrew from its place and in its yellow pages hid mysteriously passionate love letters.
Apparently was the sad eyed lady who at night hid these letters, for at dawn, when the little princess returned, often she found her in the library bending over a book, under the green roofed light.
But the days gave her little thought. Her old friend often burst into tears and seemed to be unhappy, but the princess did not know yet what grief meant, for the happy bear sunshine in their eyes and see a rain-

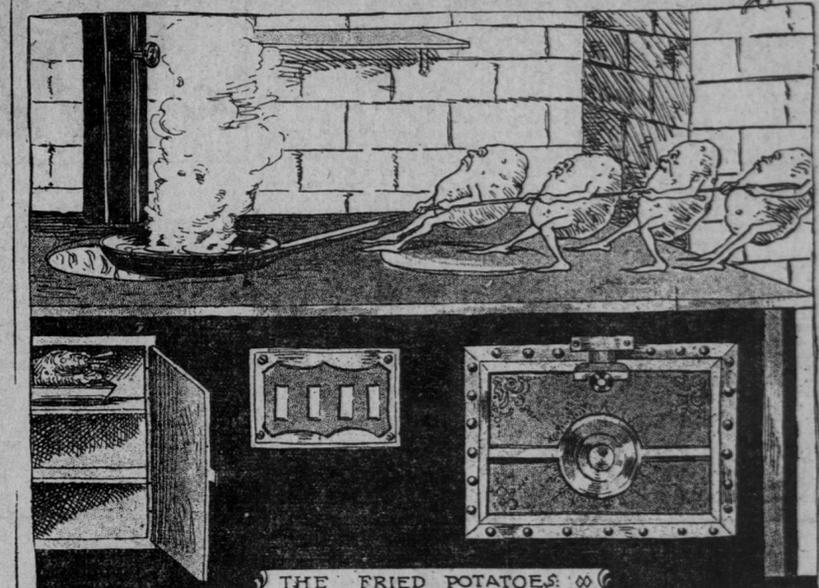


"YOU ARE THE FAIREST AND MOST BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS IN THE WORLD"
with its floating veil.
How weary she was of the lily in her hand. How gladly would she have cast it from her to step out of her picture and learn what was taking place in the vast world. For everything in the book seemed to her, the sun because it always shone, the creeping roses because they never ceased to bloom on the turrets; and, above all, the velvet coated young toubadour who, walking in the shady alley of flowering hindens, was ever coming to her—and yet never came. How dismal life seemed! No wonder then that one night when the soft, lengthening shadows enveloped the outside world and the sun still obstinately shone on all the
cation of young princesses; so losing no time in trivial reflections, the witch set her pointed cap on her head and wrapping herself in her cloak of darkness strode with her crooked foot across a hundred printed pages to appear suddenly in the sunny garden of the little princess.
The air vibrated under the stroke of her magic wand and a gay burst of laughter broke from the lips of the youthful chatelaine leaning over her balcony. The little madcap flung far from her the lily branch and flew to her garden. But not indeed to meet her faithful toubadour who since time immemorial had been coming toward her. With a graceful movement she

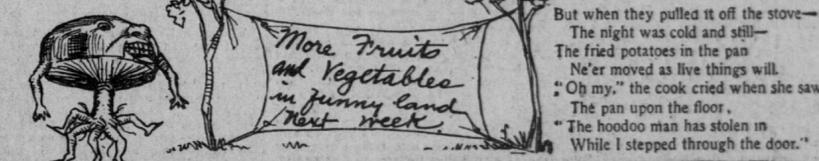
VEGETABLES AND FRUITS IN FUNNY LAND



BY GRACIA KASSON AND ERNEST TSCHANTRÉ JR.



One afternoon the sun was hot,
The air was clear and dry,
When from the great big frying pan
Arose a feeble cry.
And soon there came a smell of lard,
'Twas neither meat nor jam,
Now can the lost potatoes be
A frying in the pan?
The new potatoes rushed to save
Them from a fatal plight,
They hauled a ladder to the stove
And crawled up to the light.
At last they stood upon the stove
And saw them face to face.
The lost potatoes fringed there
In that most dreadful place.



But when they pulled it off the stove—
The night was cold and still—
The fried potatoes in the pan
Ne'er moved as live things will.
'Oh my,' the cook cried when she saw
The pan upon the floor,
'The hoodoo man has stolen in
While I stepped through the door.'

WINNERS OF THE JUNIOR PAINT BOX PRIZES

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



GIRL BLOWING SOAP BUBBLES

THE picture presented today is that of the girl blowing soap bubbles and is an excellent subject for the youthful artists to exercise their skill upon. This picture painting is splendid practice for the children and The Junior Call is delighted with the interest they take in it.

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.

Be sure that you write your name and address plainly.

The children who have been awarded prizes for painting the picture of "The Singing Boy" are:

- Irene Ruzzo, 3735 Twenty-sixth street, San Francisco, age 9 years.
- Dorothy Sales, 722 Third street, Petaluma.
- Olive Boswell, Soledad, age 9 years.
- Lucile E. Jones, Suisun City, age 6 years.
- Hippolyte Humbert, 922 Pacific street, San Francisco, age 10 years.
- Aileen Too Bow, 804 F street, Fresno, age 10 years.
- Joe Martin, Twenty-sixth street hospital, age 9 years.
- Irvine Green, 421 East Poplar street, Stockton, age 9 years.
- Georgie Bates, La Grange, age 5 years.
- Amy Dubois, 2245 Market street, San Francisco, age 9 years.
- Elmer Short, 4171 Twenty-fifth street, San Francisco, age 7 years.
- Francis B. Corcoran, Fairfield, age 10 years.
- Harry E. Heinz, 839 Alvarado street, San Francisco, age 9 years.
- John Whitaker, 220 James avenue, Oakland, age 10 years.
- Phyllis Condon, 215 Santa Inez avenue, San Mateo, age 10 years.
- Andrew Van Tassel, 2213 Devisadero street, San Francisco, age 7 years.
- Camilla Loyal, 829 Kentucky street, Vallejo, age 10 years.
- Harry Murphy, 3688 King street, San Francisco, age 7 years.
- William Skelly, 307 South C street, San Mateo, age 8 years.
- Madie Montgomery, Jamestown, age 7 years.

ROLL OF HONOR

- In addition, The Junior Call is very happy to be able to publish the following roll of honor.
- Rosie Alves, 2327 Greenwich street, San Francisco, age 10 years.
- J. Hatten, 2522 Bancroft way, Berkeley, age 9 years.
- Arthur Hobson, 2137 Virginia street, Berkeley, age 7 years.
- Dorothy Lang, 248 East Poplar street, Stockton, age 6 years.
- Frances Coffey, Cloverdale, age 9 years.
- Emilia Elsa Sherwood, 1182 Filbert street, San Francisco, age 9 years.
- Mary V. Holmes, 267 East Fourteenth street, Oakland, age 10 years.
- Virginia Treadwell, Nevada City, age 7 years.
- Edward Maxwell, Chico, age 6 years.
- Edward Ritter, 355 Shotwell street, San Francisco, age 9 years.
- Murphy Cobb, 3108 Lewiston street, Berkeley, age 9 years.
- Sybil Hawkins, 329 Athens street, San Francisco, age 10 years.
- Oscar Arnesen, 40 Lundy lane, age 7 years.
- Marie E. Hunter, 2220 Twenty-fourth street, San Francisco, age 10 years.
- William Skelly, 307 South C street, San Mateo, age 8 years.

how even in the depths of a tear.
Alas, time, which stands still in fairy tales, was hastening pitilessly on in the world outside. On the earth the roses were dying slowly and the turbulent autumn wind was chasing the clouds to cover with their opaque masses the moon's pale silvery disk. The dry branches bent and broke under the breath of the icy north wind. Darkness and cold fell upon the garden.
Often the poor little princess shivered, and fear of being alone in the night fell upon her, and each day she waited longer for her lover. And when at last he came his footsteps seemed those of her faithful toubadour. She did not know of the change that had come upon her heart of her friend and that now he wished to leave her, whereas she desired to keep him ever by her side. And so one night she did not hear the cock's crow. Alas! when a woman yearns to keep a love which is taking flight does she heed the cock's warning cry? The unfortunate princess remembered too late the prophecy of the old witch, and the following night she was cruelly punished, for her lover never came back.

Long she waited patiently, and in those hours of pain the tears effaced from her cheeks youth's tender roses and a strange unknown pain pierced her left side, and when the morning broke and she returned to her old book of fairy tales the paper was torn at the place of her broken heart.
In vain the sun threw its ardent rays over the picture, in vain the radiant roses bloomed incessantly, in vain the sad velvet cloaked toubadour approached her with his motionless step. Now she knew it was all a fairy tale, and a dumb hatred filled her heart for him who was always coming to meet her while the other had gone forever.
"It is finished! Never again will I escape from my fairy tale," sighed the unhappy princess. At that moment a small trembling hand lifted the old book from the shelf. And she raised herself on tiptoe and leaned far over her balcony to see. The movement opened the book at the very place of her picture.
The faded lily wearily fell from her hand. Her old friend was not alone, for by her side stood a young man; the princess recognized him. It was

He. Then the little chatelaine began to tremble so that the romantic castle with its towers and turrets, its sunny skies and shady trees, all shook and trembled in unison with the fragile little body. For one moment she thought that all this fairy tale world was crumbling away.
As if he had never known her the young man let his indifferent gaze fall upon the poor forsaken princess, while the sad eyed lady drew from the book her faithless lover's passionate letters with their written promises of never changing love.
But he, annoyed and impatient, shrugged his shoulders and repeated that he must leave and travel far away. Of course he would return some day; was she not his only love?
"So he vowed to me," thought the little princess, letting her sad eyes rest on the pale face of her old friend. "What! Has she also come out of her fairy tale? She, too, was deaf at the cock's crow! Poor unhappy one! Your heart, too, is being torn, since it is not only the princesses in fairy tales whose hearts are made of paper."

The Stag and The Fawn

A PLAYLET
Copyright, 1909, by Augusta Stevenson.

Branches of cedar in vases or boxes will do very well for the forest. A looking glass makes a splendid pool. The thicket might be shown by chair with legs caught together.

CAST OF CHARACTERS
THE STAG.
THE FAWN.
THE HUNTERS.

SCENE I
The stag and the fawn enter the forest.

FAWN—Here is a pool!
STAG—We will stop and drink.
FAWN—I see your horns in the water, father.
STAG—Ah, yes!
FAWN—Like a strong tree they look down there, father.
STAG—They are strong! And are they not beautiful, child?
FAWN—They make you very grand, dear father.
STAG—No king with crown looks grander!
FAWN—I see your feet in the water, father.
STAG—Do not speak of my feet, child!
FAWN—Why not? They are small and slender.
STAG—But they look so weak. I do not like my feet at all. I wish that they were different.
(A hunter's horn is heard.)
STAG—Come, child, come!

SCENE II—A LITTLE LATER
THE STAG.
THE FAWN.
THE HUNTERS.

(The stag is caught in a thicket by his horns.)
FAWN—A man is near! I hear him running.
STAG—I can not free myself!
FAWN—Ah, if you only had no horns!
STAG—Or if they were only not so strong and not so grand.
FAWN—Your feet, could you see them, dear father.
STAG—Go, child, and let your feet save you.
FAWN—I can not bear to leave you, father!
STAG—Go save yourself. Go, go!
(The fawn goes. The hunter enters.)
HUNTER—Ah, I have you now!
(He aims his gun at the stag and shoots.)

Name Age
Address