

PRIZEWINNERS IN THE SNAPSHOT CONTEST



"CATCHING BUTTERFLIES" - WALTER SMITH -
1149 JACKSON ST., OAKLAND



"KITTY GETS MILK" - M MAUZY -
1165 O'FARRELL ST., - SAN FRANCISCO.



"CHIEF MANY FEATHERS" -
ANNA PAUL - SUISUN

HERE are the prize pictures in the snapshot contest. "Catching Butterflies," sent by Walter Smith, 1149 Jackson street, Oakland, gets the boy's watch, while the girls' watches go to M. Mauzy, 1165 O'Farrell street, San Francisco, for "Kitty Gets Milk," and

to Anna Paul, Suisun, for "Chief Many Feathers." These pictures are interesting and out of the ordinary, as are also many others which are being received each day, the best of which will appear in The Junior Call in due course. In the meantime juniors who have not yet contributed to this con-

test should hasten to do so, bearing in mind, however, that no pictures will be returned. So do not send any picture that you wish to keep. One thing more: Each picture must be plainly marked on the back with the subject and your name and address. Pictures that are not so marked will not be considered in the contest. This is im-

portant, as so many pictures have been received accompanied by the sender's name and address and perhaps other data written on a separate sheet of paper.

Send any good snapshot that you may have or be able to get, addressing same to the editor of The Junior Call, Call building, San Francisco.

THE POWER OF THE MAGIC HAND

BY CHARLES BATTRELL LOOMIS

Touch him with your right hand if you wish to see

Just how small and harmless an animal can be. Should you wish to make him large or fierce once more,

Left hand touch him, and he'll be as he was before.

HARRY KIMBERLY woke up with these lines ringing in his ears. He had just been dreaming that a huge hippopotamus was running down a hill to play tag with him, and the size of the beast had frightened him. He was looking for some place to hide when out of the air had come a musical voice, which said these words:

Touch him with your right hand if you wish to see

Just how small and harmless an animal can be. Should you wish to make him large or fierce once more,

Left hand touch him, and he'll be as he was before.

In his dream the words had given him courage and he had run up the hill to meet the huge beast, his right hand extended, palm out, but just then some one in the house had slammed a door and he had waked up.

He liked the sound of the verses and for fear he might forget them—for your dream is apt to fade away before lunch time—he got out of bed and wrote them down on the flyleaf of his geography. Then (for he had overslept) he scrambled through his dressing and his breakfast and hurried off to the little district schoolhouse.

His lesson for that day dealt with the coast of Africa, where Roosevelt has been hunting, and, strangely enough, his teacher gave the class a very interesting account of the habits of hippopotamuses. Harry did not forget his dream. On the contrary, as the day advanced he imagined that his right hand had a sort of strength in it that was unusual and he longed for recess that he might see if the dream was to come true in regard to his power.

At noon he ran out faster than any of the other children and hunted around for an animal on which to try his touch. There was a cow in a field, but she wasn't fierce, and there was a terrier at the blacksmith's, but he wasn't large. He wished that there was a fierce bull on which he might try the power he suspected he had, but there was no bull nearer than Jepson's, and



He Had Run Up the Hill
to Meet the Huge Beast

he wouldn't have time to go there and back before the bell rang.

But as he ran home to lunch he heard Danby's hog grunting in its pen. When the hog saw him it scrambled up the side of the pen and stood on its hind legs, sniffing fiercely, its small red eyes hungry looking and its snout sniffing and sniffing as if it thought Harry would make a good meal.

Harry went up to the fence with a green apple in his hand, which he dropped inside the pen; then, when the ungainly beast dropped to gobble it, Harry laid his right hand on his bristly back, and in a twinkling there was a nice little pig about as large as a kitten, to whom the apple was far too big a mouthful.

Just then a man's voice said, "Hello, Harry, isn't that a fine, big fellow? Don't you think I ought to win a prize at Harwinton fair?" Mr. Danby, kindly and genial, had just come out of his barn. When he saw the little pig he said, "Hello, how did that get there? Why, he'll be eaten as sure as guns if my hog sees him. Why, where is the hog?"

Harry did not answer for two reasons. If he told the truth Mr. Danby would not believe him, and he could think of no yarn that would satisfy him. He decided that the best place for him was home, so he started off. Mr. Danby did not wait for him to answer his question, but got into the pen to see if by any chance the hog could

be hidden in his shelter, but he was not there.

Mr. Danby was out and up the road in a minute, on his way to a gipsy encampment. "I'll bet those gipsies have stolen my hog," said he to Harry as he passed him on a run.

When Mr. Danby was out of sight Harry ran back to the pen. He supposed that this little hog would grow to its former size if well fed, but why give his neighbor all that extra trouble? No, he would get into the pen, for he couldn't reach the pig without doing so, and touch him with his left hand, so he'd "be as he was before."

The little pig came snuffling at his feet, and Harry stooped over and laid his left hand on him, when, presto! once more the hog was there and almost on a level with Harry's chest. What's more, he charged at Harry, as if angry at having been trifled with, and if the boy hadn't kept his presence of mind and vaulted the fence he might have been trampled under foot by the angry beast before he could again "right hand" him.

The encampment was not far off, and as Harry went home he met Mr. Danby returning from his unsuccessful search. "Your hog's down there all right, Mr.

Danby," said he, and then waited to see the farmer's surprise when he should see the big beast rooting where the tiny pig had been.

But when Mr. Danby saw the hog he gave a loud cry that brought his wife to the door of the farmhouse across the road.

"What's the matter?" cried she in a frightened tone, running down to meet him.

"Matter enough," said he. "What's in the hog pen? You look!"

His wife went and looked. "Why, your hog, of course."

"Yes, so he is now, but five minutes ago all I could find in that pen was a little pig. At least that's what I thought, and I actually went up to the gipsy camp and taxed Long John with having stolen my hog. Of course he denied it and talked about his honesty and made me feel pretty small. Then I came back, and there was the hog as usual. I tell you I can't explain it. If I was a drinking man I'd lay it to drink. As it is I guess I've been working in the sun too long and I'm not going to do a stroke of work this afternoon."

Harry heard all this with great amusement, but he was afraid that he would not be believed if he accounted for the strange occurrence, so he went on home to lunch and this time got there without any further interruptions. On the way he passed Mr. Smithson's new barn, and there on its east side were brilliant and exciting posters of a circus that was to visit Winston on the 28th. And today was the 25th.

Perhaps there would be a hippopotamus. Yes, there was a picture of a huge one coming out of the river.

"Well," said Harry out loud, "if I have the power I'll make the audience see something not down on the program."

Touch him with your right hand if you wish to see

Just how small and harmless an animal can be. Should you wish to make him large or fierce once more,

Left hand touch him, and he'll be as he was before.

All that afternoon his thoughts were more on the circus than on his books, and when in the course of the geography lesson the teacher asked him how large a hippopotamus was he answered without thinking, "About as large as a spaniel," at which there was a roar on the part of the boys and girls, and Harry was kept in until 5 o'clock.

THE IMPRISONED SPARROW

By REA MARSHALL

One Tuesday morning in one of the public schools of San Francisco about 15 minutes before the noon intermission the children in a certain classroom having finished geography were filling up the intervening time with language. The room was so still that you could hear a pin drop. Just then a squeaking noise was heard which sounded like a bird inside of one of the windows trying to get out.

The teacher went to the window and pulled the curtain aside, but found nothing. Presently the noise was repeated, but this time it came from the

stovepipe. One boy said it was a rat and another it was a mouse. The teacher did not know what it was. The children filed out, all except two girls who, more curious than the others, stayed, and creeping cautiously up, raised the lid of the stove, and what do you think they saw? A sparrow hawk perched upon its tail and nearly exhausted from fright and want of air. As there was no fire in the stove one of the teachers removed the sticks of kindling wood from the prisoner. Another teacher, fearing to touch the bird with her hands, procured a towel to handle him with. But just then he flew out of the stove, over the desks, through the window and out into the clear blue sky.

∴ AFTER ALL ∴

We take our share of fretting,
Of grieving and forgetting,
The paths are often rough and steep
and heedless feet may fall.
But yet the days are cheery,
And nights bring rest when weary,
And somehow this old planet is a good
world after all.

Though sharp may be our trouble
The joys are more than double,
The brave surpass the cowards, and the
leal are like a wall!
To guard their dearest ever,
To fall the feeblest never,
And somehow this old earth remains a
bright world, after all.

There's always love that's caring,
And shielding and forbearing,
Dear woman's love to hold us close and
keep our hearts in thrill;
There's home to share together
In calm or stormy weather,
And while the hearth flame burns it is
a good world after all.

The lisp of children's voices,
The chance of happy choices,
The bugle sounds of hope and faith,
through fogs and mists that
call;
The heaven that stretches o'er us,
The better days before us,
They all combine to make this earth a
good world, after all.
—Margaret Sangster.