

# FOR THE YOUNGER JUNIORS

## THE WINNERS OF 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



PUT IN THE WET

NAME ..... Age .....

ADDRESS .....

WE have been having a lot of rainy days recently, and so our little boy got out his rubber boots and cap and big coat, and he is perfectly happy when the rain is coming down, and although the wind may be blowing hard he doesn't mind it a bit. That's the right kind of a spirit for the younger juniors to cultivate—to be just as happy on a rainy day as on a fair one, so if it happens to be raining when you wake up this morning don't feel badly about it, but get your Junior Call and start right in to paint the picture of the little boy out in the wet while you are safely indoors.

When you have finished coloring the picture write below it, on the lines provided for that purpose, your name, age and address, and mail at once to the editor of The Junior Call, Call building, San Francisco, so that it will reach The Call office not later than Wednesday afternoon.

As in previous weeks 20 paint boxes will be awarded to the 20 younger juniors who send in the neatest and most artistically colored pictures. This contest is for the younger juniors only; those who are 10 years of age and younger.

The roll of honor is not published this week, only the names of the prize winners, but do not let that keep you from sending in the very best picture you can possibly paint, as it may be your turn next week for a prize. Who knows?

The children who have been awarded prizes for painting the picture of the little girl trying on sister's hat are:

- VIOLET HIBBARD, R. F. D. 1, Hayward.
- JOHN DAVID EMMONS, 2400 Geary, San Francisco.
- THELMA DEUTCH, 1233 1/2 Geary, San Francisco.
- ETHEL BONTZ, Redwood City.
- MILDRED BOLEWORTH, 3600 Putnam, Fruitvale.
- WILLIAM PUSEY BARLOW, 1014 Twenty-first, Oakland.
- JAMES DE WITT, 103 Webster, San Francisco.
- ELEANOR DONOGHUE, 1803 Dwight way, Berkeley.
- MATILDA FROST, 1164 Shotwell, San Francisco.
- TESSIE I. GIBLIN, 1410 Vermont, San Francisco.
- HERBERT GAINNEY, 1417 Thirteenth avenue, East Oakland.
- HUGO HORNLEIN, 269 Church, San Francisco.
- MARGARET MIRK, 45 Poplar avenue, San Mateo.
- RALPHINE MILLS, 1514 Oxford, Berkeley.
- PEARL MURRAY, Madera.
- EDWARD W. ROBERTSON, 81 Poplar avenue, San Mateo.
- HAROLD LOUISE STORDEN, R. F. D. 2, box 69, Petaluma.
- ALEXANDER STEVENSON, 211 Second avenue, San Francisco.
- GENEVIEVE WILSON, Sausalito.
- LILLIAN WELLS, 1111 First avenue, Oakland.

### JANIE AND THE PITCHFORK

BY RUTH INGRAHAM

"ONCE upon a time," said Auntie, "some little people were playing 'Babes in the Woods.' They were in the barn, for it was a showery day. The little boy they called Dear was the 'Babes in the Woods,' and Janie, as the robin, was covering him up with straw, for of course they didn't have any leaves in the barn. And Polly and Cousin Flossie and all the rest were standing by and singing:

'Poor babes in the woods! Poor babes in the woods!

O have you not heard of the babes in the woods?"

"That was a beautiful play, and all went well until Janie happened to notice the big pitchfork standing close by. Now, she knew just as well as could be, and the rest knew, too, that pitchforks are forbidden to little people. But it seemed to Janie that nothing would be quite so fine as to pitch straw the way papa and uncle did. My, how quickly she could cover up Dear!

"So the little girl took the pitchfork in her two hands and lifted hard while Polly and Flossie and all the rest held their breath to see her. She picked up some straw, which mostly fell off again, for the pitchfork wobbled and nearly turned over in spite of her efforts to hold it. Then, as she stepped forward to toss off the load, the way she had seen the men do, somehow the great handle slipped and went farther than she meant, and—oh! how can I tell it?—one of the long tines poked right into poor little Dear. Janie threw down the pitchfork quickly and cried and screamed, and Dear scrambled out from under the straw, howling like forty Babes in the Woods, and little Red Riding Hood besides when she thought the wolf was going to eat her up.

"Dreadful to relate, there was a tiny stream of blood trickling down from his right temple, at which sight they all screamed louder than ever. And didn't the big people come running, and the neighbors from ever so far! Janie never was so much as wanted to touch

a pitchfork again until she was a big girl."

Auntie stopped as though the story was finished, but the children who were listening didn't want it to end there.

"Isn't there any more to it?" they asked. "Did the little Dear boy get better?"

Auntie said, "Go over to Uncle Earle and smooth his hair back. You will find the rest of the story for yourselves."

So they made a rush for Uncle Earle and climbed up on him and smoothed and unsmoothed his hair till it certainly would have come off if it had not been so well fastened on. And on his right temple they found a tiny, round, white scar, just where the pitchfork had pricked years and years before.

"I never see that scar without thinking what made it," said Auntie very seriously. "Just think! If it had been the least bit deeper, you might never have had an Uncle Earle, and I should have had no brother Dear. I hope none of you will ever touch a pitchfork while you are little."

And the little people all promised faithfully that they never, never would.

### A Department Story

It was during the late Spanish-American war. A wealthy merchant, who had left his business to offer his services to his country, was pacing up and down on picket duty one dark night. Suddenly he detected sounds of approaching footsteps and, quickly bringing his gun into position, commanded in a sonorous voice:

"Give the countersign!"

The person challenged proved to be an enlisted dry goods clerk formerly employed by the merchant before the war broke out. As their eyes met a smile played around the corners of the clerk's mouth and he answered in a low whisper:

"Cash!"

Then the merchant, bringing his piece to a right shoulder, let him pass and resumed his pacing.

### A LESSON IN SELF CONTROL

ONE day Janie was down in the yard helping mamma to hang out the clothes. To be sure, Janie wasn't big enough to help very much. She couldn't lift even one end of the heavy basket. But she could hand mamma the towels and small pieces, one at a time, and pick up clothespins that dropped and be ready to run errands. She enjoyed helping mamma as much as she could, if she wasn't very big, and she meant to help still more when she was older.

Pretty soon they heard baby May laughing the merriest little laugh! They had left her asleep upstairs, and there were so many folks in the house that they thought she would be well taken care of. But papa had gone down to the shop and big sister was busy in the kitchen, thinking Polly would play with baby when she awoke, while Dear and Polly, thinking big sister was in charge, had gone off to carry out certain plans of their own. So, as often happens, what was everybody's business proved to be nobody's, and here was baby May standing all by herself, away up at the head of the long back stairs, throwing down clothespins as fast as she could. What fun she was having! Every time she threw one down she stood on her tiptoes and lurched forward until it seemed as though she would surely follow it down the long flight. How she laughed and crowed at the bouncing, rattling noise they made!

But mamma and Janie did not feel at all like laughing. Janie would have screamed out in terror when she saw the precious baby in such danger, but one look from mamma's white face made her stop before she began.

"Hush!" said mamma quietly. "Not a word, not a sound of fear." Then, as fast as she could without startling baby, she hurried across the yard and up the stairs, talking cheerily to little May all the while, calling her all the pet names in the dictionary of baby talk, just as she was used to. Baby thought it was all a part of the game, and crowed and shouted, and threw

dozens of clothespins down on her smiling mamma. She didn't know what a prayer there was behind that smile, nor that those arms were opened wide to catch her if she should fall before the stair top was reached. At last she was caught up and hugged close to a heart full of thanksgiving, and Janie, feeling rather limp after those moments of suspense, was glad to creep into that embrace also.

"Little daughter," said mamma, "learn self-control from this experience. If you or I had cried out or frightened baby by letting her see that we were frightened she would have started and fallen down those long stairs, without a doubt. The people who do brave deeds and who save lives are not the ones who scream the minute anything goes wrong. A man or woman, or even a little child can stay brave and calm, and think what is the wisest thing to do and how to keep others from becoming frightened, and so be very, very helpful. But one who screams and behaves foolishly does no good at all, and may do very great harm by frightening other people. Determine now that nothing can make you afraid; that you will always know the wise and right thing to do, quickly, when the need comes. To do this is to have self-control."

### Tired Birds at Sea

On May 14, on our way down from Poti, in the Russian Caucasus, a dense fog came down on us in the evening. The next morning about 11 o'clock it lifted and a bird like a night jar, several larks and some large kind of buzzard stayed on board for some hours, quite tame.

The same afternoon I noticed a small board floating on the sea with a bird like a sparrow hawk sitting on it, which when within 20 yards of us flew away. About 6 p. m. the fog came on thick again. About 7 p. m. great flocks of swallows came on the ship, and at least 800 to 1,000 were soon asleep.

They were not in the least disturbed by the fog horn going every few minutes; they were so dead beat that they would let us almost touch them.