FOR THE YOUNGER JUNIORS

Bob and Betty Playing Injun

GLADYS ROMAN
Hotel Dorchester, San Francisco

THEIR mother was in the kitchen preparing the turkey for their Sunday dinner on the morrow. It was a rainy afternoon, and Bob and Betty sat playing in the nursery.

"Oh, I'm tired of playing with these toys. Let's play something new," exclaimed Betty, letting the book she had been looking at fall to the floor.

"I know," exclaimed Bob; "let's play Injun! That will be lots of fun."

"No, that's a boys' game, and I'm not a boy, besides boys' games are too rough," answered his sister.

"Well, I'll be Injun and you can capture me and bind me with rope. Now, will you play?" asked the little fellow.

Finally Betty consented to play and both children ran off to prepare for the game. They were half way downstairs when Betty stopped, exclaiming, "We have no feathers, and it won't be any fun to play without them."

But Bob's wit came to their aid. Taking Betty by the hand he led her upstairs to their mother's bedroom, where he opened a closet door and took down one of his mother's hats. This, as it happened, was his mother's new Christmas bonnet, but Bob didn't know this. One by one the feathers were pulled off, and the hat thrown into the closet.

"Now, what are we going to do for the rope to bind you with?" asked Betty.

"I know," exclaimed Bob, whose wits again came to their aid. "There is a lot of rope on the barn door to keep it closed. I'll go and loosen it so that we can use it."

So off crept Bob down the back stairs and out into the yard. He returned in a few minutes with the rope, and the game began.

At the most exciting point an unexpected accident occurred. In binding Bob with the rope Betty accidentally knocked over a beautiful new lamp, their father's Christmas gift to their mother. At the sound of the crash Betty turned to find a heap of broken glass before her. "Oh," she cried in a horrified tone. "Oh what shall I do?"

Bob, who had been a silent witness, sprang up, exclaiming, "Now look what you went and done; I'm going to tell mama." So off the little fellow went, returning in a few minutes with his mother, who was surprised to see Betty sitting on the floor trying to paste the broken pieces together. Before the children knew it they were upstairs and in their room.

Now, my dear readers, I guess you can imagine what happened after that, but in conclusion I will say that Bob and Betty had no dinner and when tucked snugly in bed they both resolved never to play Injun again.

How It Looked to Willie

Willie had been a good boy lately, so papa promised to take him down to the wharves to see boats for the first time. The first thing the little fellow saw was a whistling, puffing little tug pulling a large cruiser. Finally, after a few minutes, Willie exclaimed: "Oh, look, pop! The big boat's got the little one by the tail and he's squealing."—The Delineator.

Not So Bad

"I asked my class of small boys if any could tell me the meaning of the word 'apprentice,'" said a teacher recently, "and all looked at me blankly until one lad arose.

"'Can you tell me what apprentice means?'" I repeated.

"'Yes. It means practicing work.'" Exchange.

The eruptions of Vesuvius greatly increase the fertility of the ground in the vicinity.

Hold your tongue and you will pass for a philosopher.—Italian proverb.

Grandma's Happiest Christmas

HAZEL D'VERAIGNE
4041 Seventeenth Street, San Francisco.
Age 14 Years

"All right, children. I'll tell you about my happiest Christmas."

"Goody, goody. I knew you would," exclaimed several childish voices in unison.

"Drama, me wanth sith in yo' lap," lisped Dot, the youngest.

"Very well, Dot. Now, children, get settled. Are we all comfy?"

"Yes, grandma; we're all ready to hear it."

They made a pretty picture, all seated in front of the fireplace, grandma in the rocker with Dot in her lap and three other children around her in attentive attitudes, waiting for her to begin.

"Well, a long time ago, when I was a little girl, my father and mother, your great-grandparents, lived in a big house in New York. I had everything a little girl could want, except sisters and brothers, and I think I wanted them most of all. Being an only child I was petted a good deal and had my own way more than children usually do, where there is more than one, anyway.

"Your great-grandma was a very charitable woman and was always doing little acts of kindness for the poor. Often she would take me with her on her visit to some family in need. Thus I learned the happiness of giving to others.

"When the Christmas holidays were on and I was helping my mother to prepare useful presents for those we knew and wondering what I would get—I always got a great number of beautiful presents—an idea entered my head that made me dance for joy at the thought of being able to execute it. I put my arms around my mother's neck and asked:

"'Mamma, will you let me do something I want to do more than anything else? Please say yes.'

"'Well, what is it, my darling?' she asked.

"'First, please promise you'll let me do it, mamma; oh, please do.'

"So mamma promised, smiling, and not anticipating what it was to be. And when I said: 'Well, mamma, I want to hold a "fair" right after Christmas and raffle my presents and give the money to Mrs. Peyson so Jimmy can get his eyes treated,' mamma hugged and hugged me and said: 'Yes, indeed, dear, you may and I will help you.'

"Mamma told her friends about it. They in turn told their children, and many came and asked if they couldn't help at my 'fair.'

"I was only too glad to have them help, and with our parents' help we made quite a lot of money.

"Little Jimmy Peyson wasn't the only one that was helped, and I think it was the happiest Christmas of my life."

Dot was asleep, but the older children kissed their grandmother and smiled at each other knowingly. They had learned the lesson that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Grown Up Town

How can you get to Grown Up Town?
You ask me with wistful eyes,
As you steal to my side in the window seat,
While the summer daylight dies.
Dear child, it is far and far away—
Adown the river of years,
And your bark may glide through the sunbeams fair
Or struggle through stormy tears.

You may sail perchance with a flowing tide
On the waves of joy and love,
Or the gales of sorrow may check your course
And the clouds be dark above.
It is far—so far—to Grown Up Town,
That port on the tide of life;
And some will reach it on sunlit waves,
And others through toil and strife.

Is it fair, you ask me, in Grown Up Town?
Dear heart, it is hard to tell,
For our fortune there will depend, be sure,
On guiding our journey well;
If we steer our bark past the quicksands deep,
By a narrow way and straight,
While we shun the rocks, we shall reach with joy
The City's mighty gate!

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

THE DRUMMER BOY

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

ADDRESS .....

THIS week the artist has given the younger juniors the picture of the little boy and his drum, which you will all enjoy coloring.

This picture painting contest is growing more popular each week and the Junior Call is glad to see a great many new names on the list of younger junior artists. Today the prizes are awarded to:

Philip Alcorn, care Butler's Plant, Virginia City, Nev.
Frank Davey, R 6, box 76, San Jose.
Willie Domenici, 429 East Anderson street, Stockton.
Charlie Gandanbert, 232 South First street, San Jose.
Claire G. Gifford, 411 East Proctor street, Carson City, Nev.
Albert Hyman, 1125 Crestnut street, Oakland.
Robert Roswell Hawley, 1436 Euclid avenue, Berkeley.
Agnes Lenore Terry, 126 Grattan street, San Francisco.
Frieda Hirsch, 303 Placer street, Redding.
Leland Ingham, 330 Lincoln avenue, San Jose.
Gladys Andrena Lawson, box 213, Newman.
Fred Peters, 198 Castro street, San Francisco.
Louise Pendleton, 807 Oak street, Red Bluff.
Haster Ring, Le Grand.
Agnes Ring, Halfmoon Bay.
Elizabeth Rhymer, 1505 Kentucky street, near Twenty-second, San Francisco.
Charles Edward Thomas, 674 Fifty-sixth street, Oakland.
Mildred Taylor, 240 Athol avenue, Oakland.
Harold von Arx, 369 Twenty-ninth street, San Francisco.
Naomi Walton, care Mr. Nitto, 520 Walnut street, Woodland.

This picture painting contest is for the younger juniors only, those who are 10 years of age and younger. Twenty paint boxes will be awarded to the 20 younger juniors who send in the most artistically and neatly painted pictures. See if you can not be one of them!

When your picture is finished mail it to the editor of The Junior Call so that it will reach the office not later than Wednesday afternoon, as pictures received after that time are too late for use.

Please be quite sure that you write your name, age and address in full below the picture on the lines provided for that purpose. Remember that no picture can be awarded a prize that is not so marked, no matter how well it is colored. Remember that the judges can not know that you live in San Francisco or Oakland or Berkeley, or somewhere else unless you tell them.