

FOR THE YOUNGER JUNIORS

Story of Adelaide de Montmorency and Tottie Spriggs

By ALICE LATIMER

LITTLE Tottie Spriggs was a dear little doll that Jennie Johnson received for a Christmas present. When Tottie arrived Christmas morning she wore a charming pink frock trimmed with swansdown, and a cap of swansdown to match. She had also a swansdown muff and collar and white boots and stockings and shoes, and altogether she was a very charming doll indeed.

Mabel Tillman, who was Jennie Johnson's very dearest friend, admired Tottie Spriggs very much. Mabel Tillman had a new doll also, but her doll was not pink and white and satin and swansdown like Tottie Spriggs. She had only a dark green chintz gown with a dark green sunbonnet and red stockings and black shoes. She was a large, wholesome creature, with a plain, kind face, but Mabel Tillman was not at all satisfied with her. She looked at Tottie Spriggs enviously, and she wished, oh, how she wished! that she was Jennie Johnson. But because her doll was so very plain she decided that she should have a very fancy name, so she called her Adelaide de Montmorency.

One afternoon Adelaide de Montmorency, Tottie Spriggs, Jennie Johnson and Mabel Tillman were all at Jennie Johnson's house playing tea party. They were having a perfectly delightful time, except that Mabel could not help feeling very much disturbed now and then because Adelaide de Montmorency was so exceedingly plain and so unfashionably attired. Still Mabel forgot all these troubles now and then and enjoyed the tea party very much because there was such a lovely tea set and pink and white candy hearts and sugar cake.

Presently, just as they were about finishing the tea party, Rover, who was a very large yellow dog, came bounding

into the room. Jennie asked Rover to come and have some tea and he seemed to like the idea very much and came over and sat down by the tea table and looked so very hungry that they were quite sure all the pink and white candies that were left would be too few to satisfy him. Then Rover looked around and blinked and bestowed some very tender glances on Tottie Spriggs, so

that Mabel Tillman felt more embarrassed than ever.

"Even Rover wouldn't look at Adelaide de Montmorency," she said. "She is so very plain and her clothes are so very poor that of course even kind old Rover would not care to see her."

Then Rover edged over nearer to Tottie Spriggs, and what do you think happened? Why, that naughty Rover

seized beautiful Tottie Spriggs in his teeth and got up from the table and started to run out of the room with her.

Both Mabel Tillman and Jennie Johnson were perfectly astonished and did not know what to do about it. They had never known Rover to behave in such a manner before, and they were perfectly horrified to see beautiful Tottie being hauled about in this fashion. Mabel Tillman started forward to rescue Tottie Spriggs from the naughty Rover, and so did Jennie Johnson, and what do you think happened next?

Why, Adelaide de Montmorency, who had been in Mabel Tillman's arms all this time, suddenly leaped out of them straight at naughty Mr. Rover and flew full in his face, whereupon Rover was so astonished that he dropped Tottie Spriggs and picked up Adelaide de Montmorency and dashed out of the room with her.

Jennie and Mabel picked up Tottie Spriggs and looked her over and they found that she wasn't very much hurt. Her satin frock had a couple of large spots on it, but Jennie said that these could easily be fixed by making a little tuck in the satin. There was nothing else the matter with Tottie Spriggs, and so they went to look for Adelaide de Montmorency.

They found poor Adelaide 'way at the other end of the house in a most dilapidated condition. Her clothes were torn and soiled, her gloves were missing, her stockings had been quite chewed up and her poor hair was terribly disheveled. They picked her up tenderly.

"You are a heroine, Adelaide de Montmorency," said Jennie, solemnly. "You saved Tottie Spriggs, and I just love you for it."

"But look at her dress," said Mabel. "Yes," said Jennie, but we will make her beautiful new clothes of blue satin and rose colored velvet and we will get her some new hair and she will look perfectly lovely."

And Adelaide de Montmorency smiled and smiled.

Baby's Compliment

His father and mother were both away,
And baby and I had been friends all day;
Many and gay were the games we played;
Baby ordered and I obeyed.

We hid in the most improbable nooks,
We looked at the pictures in all the books;
We played at touch till his cheeks grew red,
And his curls were tangled about his head.

He trampled my gown with his rough little feet,
He climbed on my lap and his kisses were sweet;
Then, as he scrambled from off my knee,
"You'd make a good mother," said baby to me.

I have had compliments now and then
From grownup women and grownup men;
Some were commonplace, some were new,
Never has one of them rung so true,
Never has one seemed half so real—
Baby compared me to his ideal!

He Would Never Know

"Half a pound of tea, please."
"Green or black?"
"Doesn't matter which. It's for a blind person."—Bon Vivant.

Biddy's Woe

A hen went out for a stroll one day
(It was lovely winter weather);
She'd laid an egg and she sang her lay,
As she proudly preened each feather.

"Dozens of eggs I have laid, I know,
But where are they gone, I wonder?
I wanted to raise a brood of chicks,
But some one has made a blunder

"And carried them off to scramble or boil,
Or perhaps make a custard pie!
I'm a childless hen, and I don't think it's fair,"
And a tear stood in Biddy's eye.

In an incubator safe were her eggs
With others, good care receiving,
And the hatch "came off," the brooders were full,
While Biddy was laying and grieving.

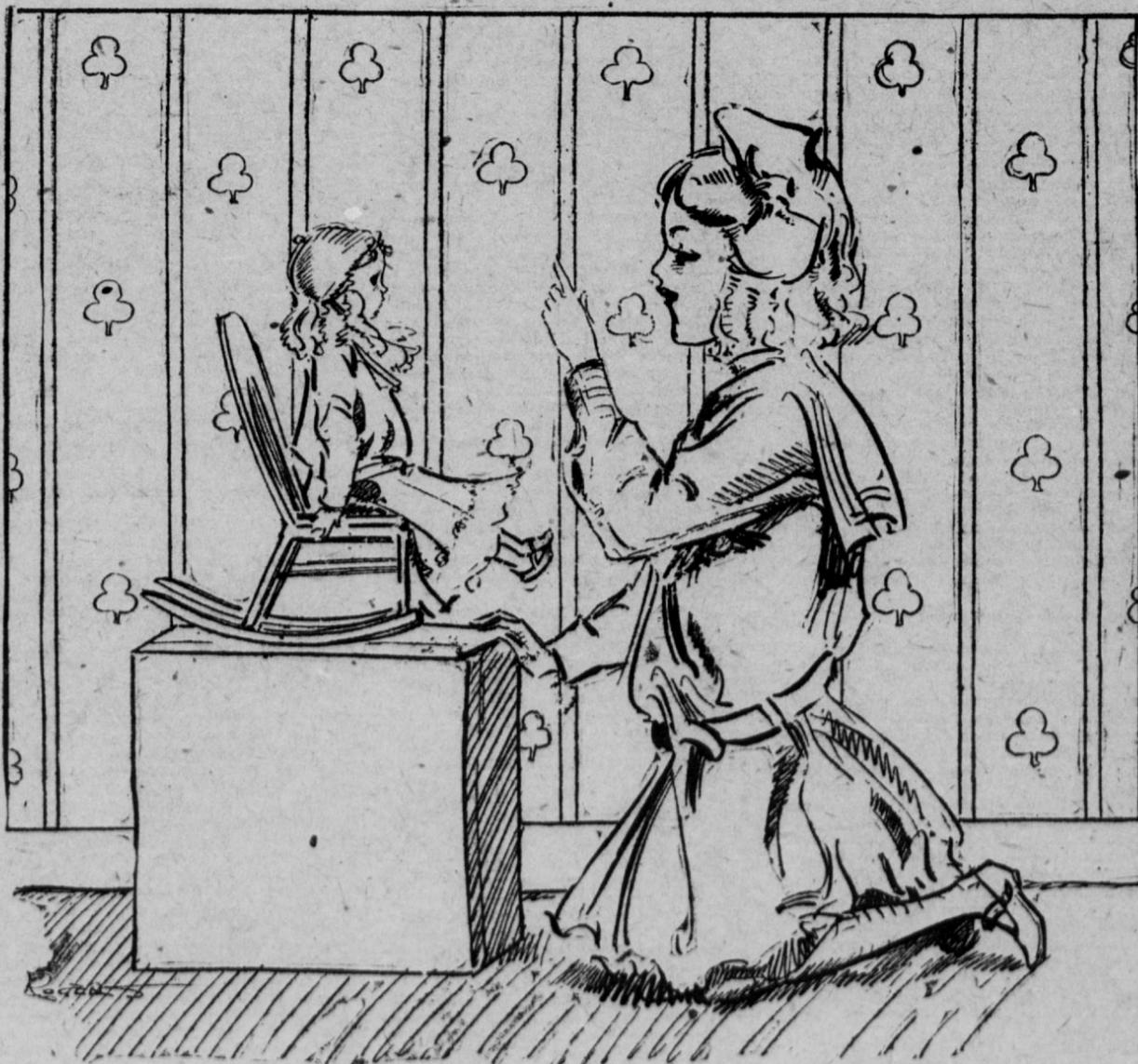
But, oh, dear me! when the chickens ran out,
Each one was just like the other,
And poor little orphan chickens were they,
For they never knew father nor mother!

And now don't you think that many of us
Can feel for the hen in this story?
For so often it is that we do the hard work,
And somebody else gets the glory!

—Sallie M. More.

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



MAKING MISS DOLLY SIT UP

"DOLLY, you sit up!" It takes a lot of work to train Miss Dolly to sit up in a proper attitude and the younger juniors are going to learn just how to do it when they paint the picture which the artist has given them today.

The picture painting contest grows more popular every day with the younger juniors and a great many pictures are received each week that are exquisitely painted.

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.

The prizes this week are awarded to:
Lurline Butler, Mirabel Mine, Lake county.

Frank Cozine, box 374, Elmhurst.
Eleanor Farrel, 1403 Lawrence street, Fruitvale.

Bernice Grabe, box 1034, Angels Camp.

Irene Glas, box 263, Madera.
Letha Hahn, Ashland, Ore.

Virginia Inham, 4114 Seventeenth street, San Francisco.

Harry E. Jarratt, 205 Riverside avenue, Santa Cruz.

Eileen Miller, Maine Prairie, Solano county.

Dorrington B. Mott, 1319 Josephine street, North Berkeley.

Della Manderville, Clovis.

George Maisel, 2884 Twenty-third street, San Francisco.

Percy E. Newman, 250 Vienna street, San Francisco.

Edward Bradford Page, 1414 Lafayette street, Alameda.

Wilma Rorden, care of R. J. Rorden, R. R. 2, box 69, Petaluma.

Arthur F. Rossi, St. Helena.

Ha L. Wolf, 1404 East Weber avenue, Stockton.

Raymond Weinman, 384 Eureka street, San Francisco.

Charles Herbert Smith, P. O. box 75, Saratoga.

Grace Drew Skinner, 2119 Clinton avenue, Alameda.

NAME

Age

ADDRESS