

JUNIOR EDITORIAL CORNER



Junior Call, Market and Third streets, San Francisco, March 26, 1910. Good Morning, Juniors!

Well, you young people seem to be the center of the universe these days. When I was a puppy we went to school and played the best we could when we got home and there wasn't anything else to do. But NOW—I wish I was a puppy now. There are things doing these days that are worth while, and they're fun, too.

When I was a puppy if I thought I could run faster or bite harder than another fellow I told him so, and we had a fight about it. Sometimes our fathers took sides and the whole neighborhood got stirred up over it. But NOW, why, I'd just enter one of those contests that are taking place every day and show him. I'd get into that schools athletic league the first thing and—well, I'll leave it to you.

When I was a puppy we never heard of such things as kite days or aeroplane contests. When I wanted to make a kite I did the best I could by myself, but there was no good, kind man to tell me how nor to give me a prize. As for those flying machines, say, do you know, I think that will be a great thing. I'm so interested I'm thinking of entering myself. I've written to Mr. Hidalgo already, asking him if I'm eligible. He said, "Go ahead, Alonzo; of course you are." What do you Juniors think? Have you any objections? Of course, if you don't want me to I won't, but I'd just love to try. I've thought about it a lot, and I've got one of the best ideas. This is the way I figured it—oh, well, I guess I'd better not say anything about it yet.

In that case I shall have to say goodbye, because I can't talk and keep off the subject. So bowwow for the present.

Yours as ever, ALONZO.

SHORT BARKS FROM ALONZO

Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light
What they thought was the comet, afloat all the night?
It was only Alonzo, most plain to be seen,
Taking a ride in his flying machine.

As long as athletics are so popular I might as well tell what I've been doing this week in the way of exercise myself. Here is my calendar:

- Saturday, March 19—Ran 50 miles selling tags for the Children's Hospital.
- Sunday, March 20—Stacked the dimes I had collected into three foot piles.
- Monday, March 21—Helped a policeman chase a yellow cat that had stolen a sardine from the fish trust.
- Tuesday, March 22—Caught the cat and had a paw to paw encounter, but couldn't prove that it was the same sardine.
- Wednesday, March 23—took my model kite to the park to try it out and had it taken in by a policeman for exceeding the speed limit. Sometimes I wish I lived in a free country.
- Thursday, March 24—Climbed stairs to the elevation of 10,000 feet helping mother try on the new Junior button.
- Friday, March 24—took a rest. Thursday nearly finished me.

I hope Sunday will be a fine day. Some men don't take much interest in styles, but I do. There is nothing I enjoy more than seeing a natty French poodless in her Easter collar and tag.

Really, girls, I can't. I sent you all the hair I could spare Christmas and New Year, and I can't do it for Easter, too. Why, I'd look like one of those hairless Mexican frights if I did.

THE ANCIENTS' IDEA OF THE COMET

As we are so often visited by comets—those tramps of the universe—it may be interesting to the young folks to know something about the theories held by the ancients regarding these mysterious bodies, with their streamers of light extending across the heavens. The following extract is quoted from an exhaustive and authentic work, a "History of the Universe."

The term 'comet,' derived from the Latin coma, or hair, applied to celestial bodies, which appear to have a hairy appendage, goes back to the time of the Romans. A similar word, 'cometa,' was used by Cicero, Tibullus and other ancient writers.

While the ancients distinguished between comets and meteors, yet they believed them to be of the same nature, and to be found in the earth's atmosphere not far above the clouds, or at all events, much lower than the moon. The earlier and Pythagorean view, however, was much more correct, according to modern doctrine, for it held that comets were bodies with long periods of revolution, which idea, like others of Pythagoras, probably came from eastern philosophers of unknown

nationality. Apollonius, the Myndian, believed that the Chaldeans were responsible for that notion of the comets, for they spoke of them as travelers that penetrated far into the upper or most distant celestial space. Aristotle even believed that the milky way was a vast comet which perpetually reproduced itself.

"The comet could not be regarded otherwise than as a divine omen to announce some remarkable event or to forbode evil, particularly pestilence and war. Indeed, for many years the deaths of monarchs were believed to be announced by these brilliant messengers in the sky."

"Well, my boy," said John's fond mother to him last Sunday, "what was your lesson about this morning?"
"Oh," exclaimed John, "it was about a good 'sanitarium' who went down to Mexico and fell among thorns, which sprang up and choked him to death—and then he passed by on the other side."

Read the following surprising sentence: ALL O.
Answer—Nothing after all.

Junior Call Club Buttons Will Be Presented to You

"Button! Button! Who's got the button?"

The Junior Call is to have a button, and YOU are to wear it.

The button is for every boy and for every girl who reads The Junior Call. See that nobody else gets yours.

The button is a pretty emblem that is to be worn on the lapel of the coat or the front of a dress, or in any other conspicuous place that suits your fancy. It fastens with a clasp pin.

This new button is an inch and a quarter in diameter. The lettering and picture are printed in black upon an orange background. The inscription reads thus, "Member Junior Call Club." And from behind the words "Junior Call" our old friend Alonzo, the most famous dog in the country, greets you with his friendliest smile. Underneath him is the familiar question, "Have you seen Alonzo?"

The Junior Call is to include all the boys and girls who read and love The Junior Call. Girls and boys who are reading the same stories, solving the same puzzles, writing compositions on the same subjects or coloring the same picture are naturally very much interested in each other. They feel that they all belong to the same big family—the sort of family that is embraced in the club idea. The new button is to be the emblem and badge of the club. You will be able to tell a member as far as you can see him or her by the button with the orange background and the black letters. The



words can be read half way across the schoolyard, and you will know when you see a fellow club member on the opposite side of the street.

When you see a boy or a girl wearing this button you feel at once that there is a friend, whether you have had any personal acquaintance previously or not. The button will serve to introduce you to each other. You can guess that the boy or girl who likes the same sort of stories and puzzles that you do is somebody you would like to know.

Wear your button and you'll find that you are among friends wherever you go.

HOW TO GET THE BUTTONS

These buttons are to be distributed by The Junior Call among its readers without any charge whatever. It is a sort of Easter gift.

A button will be issued free to every boy and girl under 18 years of age who applies for it.

If you live in San Francisco come to the main business office of The Call at Market and Third streets, in the corner of the building on the ground floor, or to the branch office of The Call at 1651 Fillmore street between Geary and Post.

If you live on the Oakland side of the bay, apply for your button at the Oakland office of The Call in the Bacon block in Eleventh street near Broadway.

If you live outside of San Francisco or Oakland, or if for any reason you can not come after your button, inclose your name and address and a 2 cent stamp in an envelope and mail it to The Junior Call. The stamp is to pay postage on the button, which will be sent you by mail.

WEAR YOUR BUTTON

When you get the button, wear it. It is not a toy nor a plaything, but a badge which you can wear with pride. It shows that you belong to that army of bright young Californians for whose special pleasure and instruction The Junior Call is published. The button on your coat will show that you keep up with the times. Get yours and wear it.