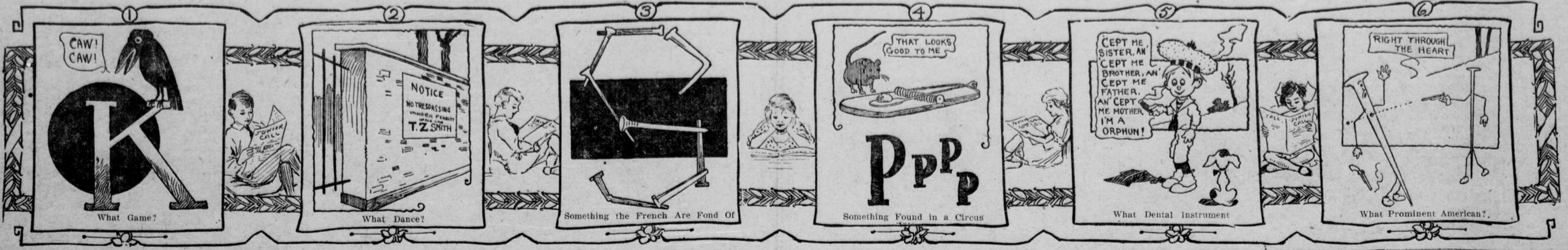


THREE HANDSOME WATCHES WILL BE GIVEN AS PRIZES FOR SOLVING THESE PUZZLES



WRITERS' CONTEST

THE CLEVEREST THING MY PET EVER DID

Last night the editor and Alonzo had the best time they've had for months. After supper they sat down in front of the fire and read over again all the Junior animal stories that came in during the week.

Alonzo and the editor are proud of you, Juniors. The stories themselves were not only good as stories, but they were well spelled and clear.

The editor had another subject ready for next week, but Alonzo begged so hard to have the same one that the decision went to him. As Alonzo says:

"I have to work so hard, and so seldom get a chance to get away from the office and find out what other animals are doing. It's a great treat for me."

So there was nothing else to do about it, was there, Juniors? Some of you might try writing accounts of the clever tricks in the form of stories or fables. That's a good idea, because you have all read Aesop's fables, and none of these animals are any more clever than your pets. It's just because they talk that they seem to be more human.

Alonzo says "Hurry up." He's looking forward to reading another batch just as interesting.

AWARDED A WATCH

TOODLES

MARGARET SMITH, 331 Cole Street, San Francisco, Dudley Stone School, Age 13 Years

Our Toodies is a beautiful black and white cat. He knows several tricks, but one trick saved his life, and I shall tell the Call Juniors about it. Toodies came to us a baby kitten. When he was a month old brother and I started to teach him tricks. He soon would sit up and beg, fetch and climb a broom handle.

We spent last summer in Ross valley and I cried when I left our cat with a neighbor. When we had been there three weeks Toodies ran away from our friend. I came home feeling blue, and as our home was near the park I looked for our cat there. I am sure I would sit up and beg, fetch and climb a broom handle.

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AWARDED A WATCH

TERRY SAVES THE HORSES

LEONARD B. SCHMITT, 543 Alvarado Street, San Francisco, Noy Valley School, B Fourth Grade, Age 10 Years

I have a dog whose name is Terry. He is a very handsome and very clever. Now I am going to tell you the cleverest thing he ever did.

I had gone to visit my grandpa, who lived on a farm and had taken Terry with him. The day after we arrived grandpa showed us the barn, chicken house, smoking house, where the meat is smoked, and all the other buildings. That night we were very tired, so we went to bed early. We were awakened about midnight by Terry, who was barking as loud as he could. We looked out the window and saw flames shooting from the barn and all the horses running around in panic and neighing. We knew if we did not put the fire out right away it would soon reach the house.

All of us dressed as quickly as we could and ran out to extinguish the fire. None of us knew how the horses got out.

We soon learned that Terry had got in the stable and gnawed the ropes. The horses were very valuable and grandpa was very glad that they were not burned.

Terry was burned, so we did what we could to relieve his pain. I am very proud of Terry and would not part with him for anything.

AWARDED A WATCH

BUNNY, THE THIEF

FRANK CORONADO, Vallejo, Age 11 Years

My pet was a squirrel and his name was Bunny. The cleverest trick he ever played was to steal some nuts from me.

One day last winter my papa bought a big box of all different kinds of nuts. He put it upon a shelf. My pet was in a washhouse, where he had his hole built in the top of a tree trunk. Out some time ago when the house was made. I gave him a few nuts, but it wasn't enough. He followed me to the house, went and filled my pockets, went outside and began cracking nuts with a hammer. Bunny was his name. He was very foxy. Sneaking

OUR PET DUKE

BERNICE BRANDT, San Anselmo, Age 10 Years. The household pet was our spaniel, Duke.

He could do very clever things, but one of his most clever acts was this: When it was time for my father to come in the evening he would bark and scratch at the side gate until some one opened it for him. Then he would run up and down the street until my father got off the car, when he would tear off with all his might to get the evening paper and carry it home. When he arrived home he would not let go of the paper until some one gave him a bite to eat.

MIDWAUGH OPENS DOORS

FLORENCE GAMBLE, Amsterdam, Cal., Washington District School, Fifth Grade, Age 12 Years

Our pet is an old cow. One day, when grandpa was here, he went down into the potato cellar. When he came back he left the door open. Our old cow saw that she could go down, so she went. My sister saw her and called us. We went to see if she would come out. She just turned around and walked up six steps. Another time papa went to where the grain is kept. When he came out he shut the door, but did not lock it. The old cow saw her chance and walked up the steps, opened the door with her horns and went in. We did not know she was in till about 10 minutes after. She had spilled the grain all over. I guess she is a circus cow. You could hardly believe that a cow could do this.

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A MOTHER'S PROTECTION

BARBARA BALL, 23 Belmont Avenue, San Francisco, Grant School, A Fourth Grade, Age 10 Years

One night we heard a great commotion in the chicken yard. Old Speckle had been brooding her seven chickens in a barrel turned down on its side. A rat had got in and eaten the heads off two of them. Papa took her and the other five chicks and shut them up for the night. The next day she took them up the ladder in the chicken house and showed them how to roost. After sitting a while she took them down the ladder to the yard, talking to them all the while. She did this five or six times during the day, and that night they all went to roost out of harm's way.

PUSHING A CART

BERNICE FISHER, 3208 Briggs Avenue, Alameda, Age 10. I have a dog whom I like very well. She knows many tricks. She sits up on her hind legs when she wants to see something. If I sit out in the back yard, or even go out there to do something, she will bring a stone and put it at my feet for me to throw. If I don't pay any attention to her she will bark and paw at my feet until I throw it. If I stay out there long enough she will keep doing it all the time. When I tell her to go and lie down she will pick up her rock and walk away as if she were going to stay, but she turns around and comes back again.

UNFRIENDLY MOSES

ALVA ANDERSON, 1220 Twenty-sixth St., San Francisco, Noe Valley School, B Fourth Grade, Age 12 Years

I have a cat. He is gray and white. His name is Moses and he is a very clever cat. He scratches, and when he bites it hurts very much. He eats cake, candy and nuts, and he won't drink anything except warm milk.

One day a little girl came over to play with my sister. When the cat saw her he began to growl. When she wanted to touch him he began to scratch and bite her. After a little while the cat couldn't be found. When the girl went away Moses came back. He didn't growl any more, he was so happy the girl had gone away, and always when she comes he does the same thing to her.

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A DYING DOG

ALICE KIRCHMANN, 13 Years. San Anselmo, Seventh Grade, Age 13 Years

"A Dying Dog" is rather a peculiar name for my composition, but my little dog really died.

He is a black and white fox terrier and is named Snookums, after the Newlyweds' baby, although he does not look like a dog.

Last Friday Snookums and I were out in our yard, when I said to him, "Now, Snookie, you have to die," and I then helped him to roll over, because he is so fat, and there he was with all four feet sticking straight up in the air and not moving a muscle.

I watched him a few minutes and then went into the house, banging the door after me, so as to make a noise, but Snookums was not to be bothered with a slight noise and remained as quiet as ever.

I paid no attention to him, but in a little while I looked out of the window and he was still there, so, taking pity on him, I opened the window and told him to wake up, and you never saw a happier dog. He ran to me and then of course we had a good tussle.

"Do you not think he is a clever dog?" He will also sneeze when I tell him to, and shake hands, and you never saw a dog that could jump higher.

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PUZZLE CONTEST

The correct answers to the puzzles in last Friday's Junior are as follows:

- (1) Palace. (2) Sailor. (3) Magpie. (4) Lilies. (5) Potato. (6) Bowling.

Watches are awarded to the following:

- Wallace Porter, 125 Judah street, San Francisco.
- Janita Krueger, 968 Third street, San Francisco, Oakland.
- Elnae Liddcoat, 473 Fourteenth street, San Francisco.

Answers to puzzles must be sent in on postals. Those received in other ways will not be considered.

RAG'S JOURNEY

SIBYL CONKLIN, 2231 Vine Street, Berkeley, Berkeley High School, H Ninth Grade, Age 14 Years

A number of years ago we had a pet dog which we called Rags.

Such a ragged looking little fellow as he was, but there never was such a smart one. Whenever my little brother cried Rags would come running to mamma and looking up into her face, would wag his tail as if to say, "The baby is crying. Come to him."

One day we decided to go to Independence, a small town just a short distance from where we lived. Papa could not leave his business to go with us, but he and Rags went to see us off.

The next evening as we were sitting in my aunt's front room talking there was a queer pawing noise at the door. We paid no attention to it at first, but when the whining of a dog was heard my aunt went to see what it could be.

The door was opened and who should come darting into the room, barking and wagging his tail, but Rags!

How did he know that we had gone to Independence and at which house to find us? If he had ever been there before it would not be such a puzzling question, but he had not. I think this is the cleverest thing any dog has ever done.

DELL'S CUTENESS

WINIFRED CONWELL, 1324 Twentieth Street, Richmond, Richmond High School, Age 15 Years

We have a very dear little spaniel about 8 months old. He is very smart and also very mischievous. When I go to the shed for coal he tries to make me play with him.

One day when I went to the shed he tried to jump in my lap and did everything to attract my attention, but as I was in a hurry I did not notice him. As he bothered me I picked up a stick and put it on the edge of my lap by way of hint, but instead of taking the hint Dell took the stick and carried it off. When he came back he went behind me and gently pulled one of my curls, then he went in front of me and lay down and was very still for a short time; but as I paid him no attention he got up and pulled another curl. He did this several times and looked at me in such an innocent manner I could not help but caress him.

One day I was coming home from school and I had my books with me. I was very tired carrying them. Just then I saw my dog coming up the street. I laid my books down to pet him, when what was my surprise to see her pick them up, and I ran after her, thinking she might tear them. When I got home she was standing at the door with the books beside her. I brought her in the house and gave her a bone. Every day after that she brought my books home.

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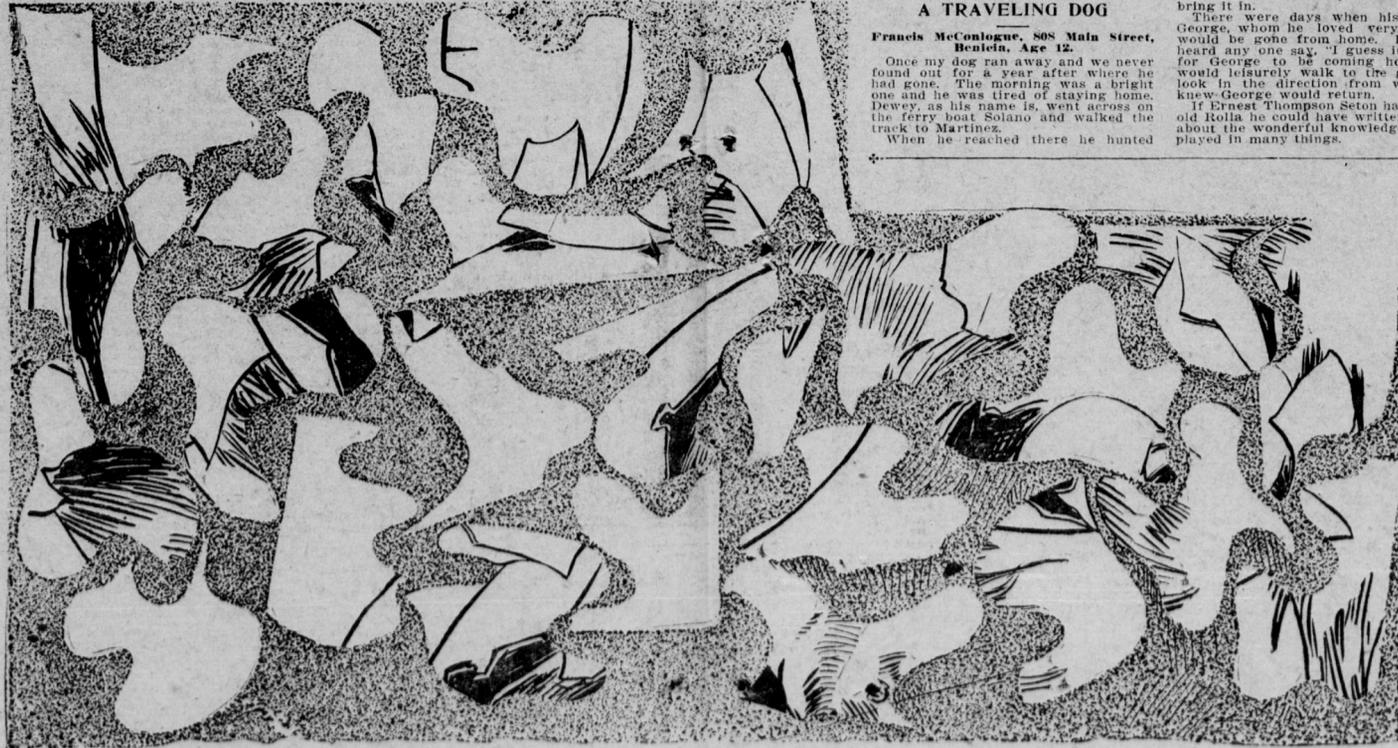
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AN EGG SHELL EASTER PUZZLE



Directions—Cut the pieces of egg shell and put them together neatly. You will be pleased with the completed picture

A TRAVELING DOG

Francis McConlogue, 808 Main Street, Benicia, Age 12 Years

Once my dog ran away and we never found out for a year after where he had gone. The morning was a bright one and he was tired of staying home. Dewey, as his name is, went across on the ferry boat Solano and walked the track to Martinez.

When he reached there he hunted for a new home, which he found soon. A man took him and fed him. Long after some boys went there and saw our dog. When they came back the boys told my father they had seen Dewey.

My father went the next day to get him. He brought him home that evening. This is the cleverest thing my pet did. He is still with me.

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