

JUNIOR EDITORIAL CORNER



Junior Call, Market and Third streets, San Francisco, May 1, 1910.

Good Morning, Juniors!

Well, how do you think you're going to like the change—the Junior on Sunday instead of Saturday? I suppose some of you are sure it's going to be awful. Just because you have had it so long Saturday you think that's the only day. Why, I shouldn't be surprised if you thought it made a difference in the Junior itself, coming out on one day instead of another.

Perhaps it's natural to feel that way when one is young, but as you get older you learn this—every one does—you have to, because it gets beaten into you: that there's nothing that HAS to be exactly one way, the way you want it.

When I was a puppy I was the most impatient thing you ever saw. When I wanted a thing I wanted it so hard that I made myself and every one else sick until I got it. My, but it does look stupid to me now. Mother used to talk to me by the hour, tell me that I would have to learn that I was really a very small part of the world, and what troubled me wasn't disappointment when I couldn't make things go my way, but simply conceit. I can hear her voice now:

"You're the most conceited, uppish scrap of a dog, Alonzo," she used to say. "What do you think you are, anyway? Do you expect the world to stop still and ask you what you want? Because, if you do, the quicker you get over that idea the better. Now, listen to me"—when mother got that look in her eyes and that angle to her tail I just sat right down and listened—"never make a fuss until you're hurt. Wait till the cat scratches you, or some one steps on your paw, before you begin to yowl. If you do get stepped on, nine chances out of ten it will be your own fault." You'll be so busy yowling that you won't have time to get out of the way. And, another thing, because you're used to things one way is no reason for it's being the best way. If the world had never made any changes it would—well, I guess Mr. and Mrs. Jackson next door would be still living in a cave and, no doubt, we would be in the Jackson soup kettle. Change is the law of life, Alonzo; and now you go out and chase that cat off the back fence."

That's the way mother used to talk to me, and if I didn't understand it all at the time, I do now. That's why I'm passing it along to you. Don't yowl. Wait till you're hurt.

Because a thing is different doesn't mean that the new way isn't any good. Often it's much better. A black savage in the heart of Africa thinks the nicest morsel of food is a fat little boy or girl. He would rather have a Junior than turkey. That's what he thinks, which doesn't at all make it the best thing for the fat little boy or girl. But after he has learned our ways he doesn't want to gobble up possible Juniors any more. I haven't a doubt that he cries buckets of tears when he thinks of all the wicked meals he ate before.

You see, it all comes down to this: your own way isn't always the best way, and just because you happen to be used to a particular way of doing things is no reason why they should continue to be done in that way.

As mother used to say, "It may be hard for you to believe, Alonzo, but you're not the whole works."

So don't whine and say you liked the Junior better on Saturday. Wait and see if it isn't lots better on Sunday, after all.

Yours as ever,

ALONZO.

SHORT BARKS FROM ALONZO

THE STRANGER'S SONG

Way down to San Francisco,
Far, far away,
There's where my heart is turning,
There's where my thoughts do stray.
All up and down the whole creation,
Everywhere I go,
One thing they always ask me:
"Have you seen A-lon-zo?"

What on earth did you expect to be asked?

I heard a boy say the other day that his aeroplane model was a "bird." Now, will you tell me how an apparently intelligent boy thinks he's going to fly about inside a bird. Stupidity like that makes me awfully tired.

They tell me that this choice joke is going the rounds of school circles: What is the difference between a tree and a sausage? One has its bark outside and the other— But, really, such things aren't fit to repeat. They tell me, too, that the children just roared. It would have been more in keeping if they had brayed.

I wish some of you Juniors would explain this to me: I was talking to the head of the athletic league the other day, and he said you were going to have a big meet—the greatest kind of meet. I asked him if he wouldn't save the bones for the home for old dogs, and he almost died laughing. What was the matter with him, anyway?

Holiday calendar for May:

May 1—May day. Have to dance around a maypole whether I want to or not, or the organized play committee will be after me.

May 2—Dewey day. Have to address the California branch of the canine society of Manila on the benefits of American rule in the Philippines.

May 7—Kite day. Have to act as special policeman to see that the animal kites don't get to fighting.

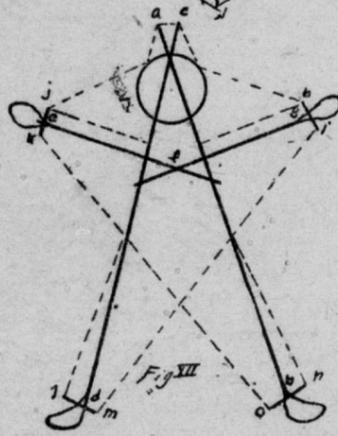
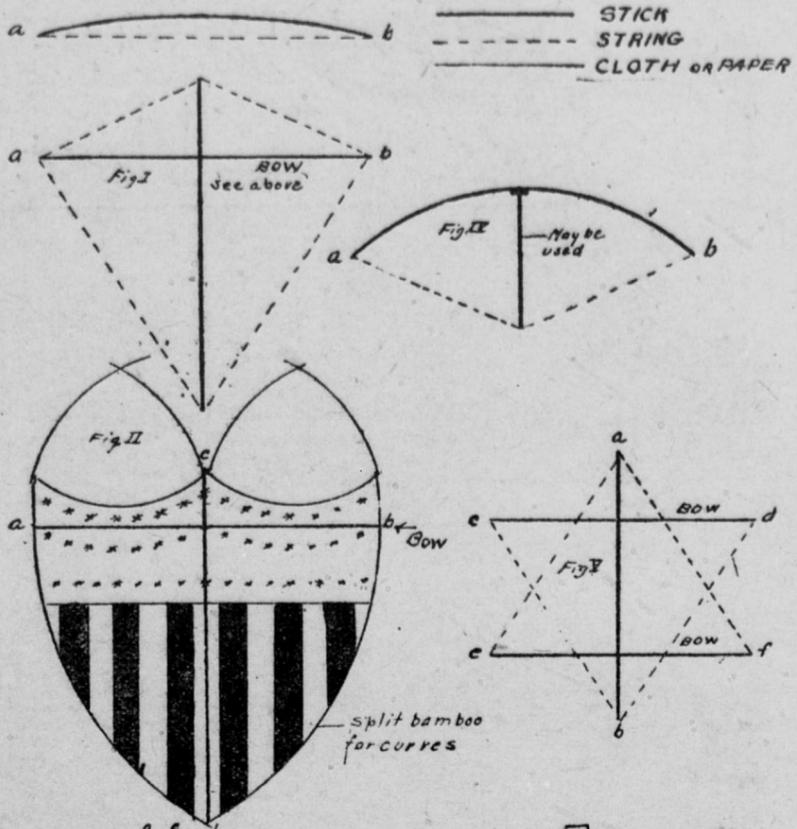
May 18-19-20—Have to demonstrate my aeroplane model at the Pacific club contest.

May 30—Decoration day. Have to decorate the graves in the pound cemetery. Also preach for the society for preserving the memories of unfortunates run over by sausage machines during the last year.

Fido is really the limit in the way of a relative. He's been getting up every morning in the middle of the night to look for the comet. Thought he saw it coming over the top of the hill yesterday and rushed out. The front tire of the "Comet" went over his hind leg, and he'll have to stay in the kennel two weeks. I wish auntie would send for him to come home.

SOME EASILY MADE KITES

TAILLESS KITES



BOY KITE

CHINESE "JOSS" PAPER

"Joss" paper is a product of bamboo which is used by the Chinese for smoke sacrifices at religious and family celebrations, "joss" being in "pidgin" English, the language of the Chinese seaports, the term for God. The rough paper weighs about 21 grams (0.74 ounce) the square meter (1.196 square yards). It is covered on one side with tin, and then weighs about 40 grams (1.29 ounces) the square meter. The sheets, which are 13 by 16 centimeters, (5.12 by 6.30 inches), or 16½ by 26 centimeters (6.50 by 10.24 inches), are folded into the shape of little boats, placed upon the altar and ignited. Rapid burning and white ashes are invariably demanded. The attempts at imitation on the part of European manufacturers have usually failed on account of the second requirement. Efforts have been made in England, France and Germany to imitate joss paper, but up to the present the product has been unable to compete with the Chinese original, either in quality or in price.

From the following figures may be seen what an imitation joss paper which could compete with the Chinese article would mean to the inventor: In the Saoshing district alone \$1,300,000 (gold) worth of joss paper is manufactured annually, in Shanghai \$654,000 worth is sold annually, and in the Yangtze valley the sales are said to amount to \$3,927,000 a year.

The principal districts in which the manufacture of joss paper is carried on—Saoshing, Ninpo, Hangtschau and Futschau—lie to the south of Shanghai. Young bamboo trunks are placed in ditches in layers with a covering of lime between them. The ditches are sometimes as large as 30 feet wide and 90 feet long. Water is poured over the mass and the contents allowed to remain until the trunks have rotted, which sometimes takes as long as three months. After the lime water has been drawn off the mass is placed in a ditch provided with stirrers, where it is

washed. The reduction to fibers takes place in mills driven by buffaloes. After a second washing the material is ready for the mold of the paper maker. In China, as well as in Japan, the mold consists of fine bamboo sticks; for this reason the paper is always ribbed. The product is squeezed in wedge presses, dried on a board, and then covered with tin. The pulverized metal is strewn over the sheets and hammered between the fibers with hammers of soft wood. The chief difficulty lies in this hammering and, in spite of the thinness of the paper, the Chinese attain a shining surface of tin. The paper is packed in bales of 3,000 or 3,200 sheets of the sizes mentioned.—Papier Zeitung of Germany.

Wild Mustard

Tramping away,
As bright and as gay
As any old rover
You'll find the world over,
In sunniest yellow
This happiest fellow
May be early or laggard—
My saucy wild mustard!

Seamanship

"I see that the Lusitania can steam 26 knots an hour," said Smithers from his paper.

His wife looked up from her knitting with a bright smile.

"I suppose they steam the knots so that the poor sailors can untie them more easily," she observed tranquilly.—Unidentified.

What's a Name

Said a handsome gray kitten from Malta,
"I wish you would please call me Wai-tah;

For names such as Tom on
This street are so common
The very idea makes me faihah!"
—Judge.