

JUNIOR EDITORIAL CORNER



Junior Call, Market and Third streets, San Francisco, June 19, 1910.
Good Morning, Juniors:

Fido's been in the pound at last.

When I think it over calmly I'm not at all surprised. I always knew it was going to happen. Fido couldn't be Fido and keep out. What happened? I'm going to tell you in just a moment, but it wouldn't have made much difference what it was. No dog with Fido's nature could help it.

You see, the main trouble with Fido is that he's deceitful. Oh, he talks a lot, barks as if he were a whole menagerie. You would think sometimes that the biggest lion in the jungle would simply turn tail and flee away at his smallest yelp. Oh, he's a great barker, is Fido. Don't misunderstand me. I love Fido, but he is a coward, and if he would only own up—but I suppose that's too much to ask of a coward.

Well, for several weeks Fido has gone around looking very important, and he has been getting fat. We knew that he wasn't getting all his food at home. There was some place where he was going and getting the very marrowiest bones that ever came out of a cow. Nothing else would have laid the flesh over Fido in that way.

Now, no one objected to his having anything that he could get hold of, only his mother did want to know where he got them. She is older than he and has had a lot of sorrow and experience. She knows how many wicked people there are in the world, who find a satisfaction in killing dogs, giving them nice bones covered with poison. This is especially true when a man envies another man his dog, and several envied Fido. He certainly is a beauty. But Fido wouldn't tell. He strutted about and acted as if he had lived a thousand years, and told auntie that things like that might have been done when she was young, but poisoning wasn't the fashion any more. Besides, he said he could take care of himself; he wasn't a fool. Poor Fido, he does think he is so bright; but maybe he has changed his mind a little by this time.

At last auntie saw that she couldn't do anything with him, and he would have to find out for himself; but it did hurt her dreadfully that he wouldn't tell her and be open about it. Auntie does hate lies, and I agree with her. Auntie thinks they're wicked, and I think they're stupid. The truth always comes out in the end. Only last Wednesday I said to her: "For goodness sake, auntie, stop worrying. Perhaps it's the very best thing that could happen. Mark my barkings, Fido will get himself into a scrape that will convince him that, after all, his mother is his best friend; that there's nothing in the world you wouldn't give him for his good and that if you don't want him to have something it's because, from your older experience, you KNOW it's not best." "You're a dear, Alonzo," replied my aunt. "I wish God had made Fido like you." She's very fond of me, is auntie.

Well, we didn't have to wait long. Last night my words came true. Jip, who lives across the street, came tearing over about 9 o'clock and said that Fido, half dead, had been carried away late in the afternoon to the pound. Auntie never stopped to put on her collar or tag, but rushed away. Poor, poor Fido. You should have seen him. Why, he was so sick they wouldn't even shoot him. He just lay there panting, and he was the gladdest dog to cry it all out on auntie's neck that you ever saw.

It had happened exactly as auntie had foretold. Some man was jealous and had enticed Fido to his home with the nicest bones, and then, when he got good and ready, gave him one with a dose of arsenic. Fido had tried to crawl home, but he couldn't get a block. There he lay down until the poundman, driving by, saw and took him up.

Auntie paid the fine and we carried Fido home. He is feeling a little better this morning, and will be all right in a day or two. If it has taught him his lesson the fine was the best investment my aunt ever made, because at heart Fido is really a good fellow. As I always tell you, if Fido had had my mother for his mother it would never have happened, because, long before he could walk, she would have taught him this one thing, that "honesty IS the best policy." But, then, every one can't have my mother.

Yours,

ALONZO.

SHORT BARKS FROM ALONZO

Rub-a-dub-dub,
Three boys in a tub,
Each with a Junior Call;
They read all day,
Drifted far, far away,
And never came back at all.

Isn't that great, just to drift away with the Junior? I love to drift. I'd rather drift than eat.

I hear they're going to teach gardening in the public schools. They say it is good for children to dig in the ground. I'd like to know why I am always chased out of a front garden the moment I begin to turn up the earth. I suppose no one cares whether I keep well or not.

One of the open letters this week wants to protect the wild animals. How about the animals at home? It's just like the people who send missionaries to Africa. I could pick out a few heathen in—oh, well, what's the good of talking?

As soon as Fido is real strong again I'm going to send him to the country until the scandal of his having been arrested dies down. He feels dreadfully about it, especially as Peggy won't have any more to do with him. Girls are so silly that way. As long as Fido didn't actually get taken up, no matter how much he deserved it, Peggy went everywhere with him. He isn't any different now, unless he's better, but she says he has disgraced her. You never can trust a Spitz, you know. They have the reputation of being awfully treacherous.

Mother and I have to move. They've got a new baby in the house, whose crying keeps mother awake at night. Last night it was so bad that mother just got up and spoke her mind. Would you believe it, that baby's father actually opened the window and screamed at mother to "Stop making that hideous row." When she told him she would as soon as she had finished he threw a shoe at her. Polite, wasn't it?

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PENNY

By PETER PIPER

I WAS born at the United States mint in the city of Philadelphia in the year 1907. I had thousands of brothers who came into being at the same time—all of them looking so much alike that you would take any two of us to be twins. I felt very proud of myself as I lay upon the top of a heap of shining pennies, but before long I found myself being wrapped up with a number of my brothers in a neat little roll.

I could talk only to the penny on each side of me, and it was dark and sad in that cold silent vault in which we were placed. Yet after many days I felt myself being taken out, and I began to realize that I was about to make my first journey as a traveler. The penny on my right regretted so much that we didn't have a nice little window to look out of, for you can imagine how disagreeable a railway trip in a boxcar with sealed doors would be. We rode for a long time, but at last we reached our journey's end, where we were unwrapped. I was very glad of it, for I was sure that the feathers on my Indian head were all out of shape. Again I looked out on the beautiful sunlight, and the room I was in reminded me of my birthplace—the mint.

Near me was a large bright yellow coin who, I thought, could tell me where I was.

"Please, sir," I asked, "is this a mint?"

"No, silly," he replied, contemptuously, "this is a bank."

"And please, sir," I ventured again, "are you a full grown penny?"

"A full grown penny?" he repeated, with sarcasm in his cold metallic voice. "I'm a double eagle, and am worth 2,000 of such as you."

Then I began to realize how dreadfully small it was to be a penny.

Yet my adventures had just begun. Before long I found my way into the pay envelope of a big factory, where the whirring of wheels almost made me deaf. A man with big grimy hands took me out and shoved me in his pocket. I didn't know before that a man carried such a curiosity shop around with him. Perhaps if I had been a lady and had had a husband I might have known something more about the contents of men's pockets. Soon he was at home and I heard a child's voice asking for a penny for Sunday school. Near me in the pocket was another penny, by no means so bright as I. So I inquired of him what a Sunday school was.

"Why," he said, somewhat surprised, "haven't you ever been to church?"

"No," I replied, feeling a tinge of shame at my inexperience, "I'm very young as yet."

"So 'm I," he answered, "but I've been in the collection plate five times already."

There was another coin on the other side of me, white and small, who said he was a dime. He had been to church several times also, but hadn't been put in the plate quite so often.

After going to church I revisited the bank; next I went to a store; but one morning a little boy came in and bought a stick of candy and I was

given him in change. Down into his pocket I went—rather we went—candy, I and all. A boy's pocket hasn't got the money in it that a man's has, but the variety of contents is even greater. I heard him say that he was going to school. I was glad of it, for I wished to learn something, and the boy didn't seem to know very much; but in this I was disappointed.

"Hey, Jimmie," I heard some one say, "did you know fish was bitin' fine?"

Jimmie got interested. "How about hookey today?"

"Got sump'n to eat?"

"Sure—a stick of candy, two buns and two pennies."

Before long Jimmie and his friend were seated on a log, catching minnows; but a root very unkindly tangled Jimmie's line, and in a minute both Jimmie and I were in the water. I was real sorry then that I hadn't gone to school, and I think Jimmie was, too. Being still in Jimmie's pocket when we reached home that afternoon, I got part of Jimmie's licking.

Before many days I was back in the store cash drawer. I had lost most of my beautiful color, and was looking very ordinary, indeed. One night it began to grow warm, then hot.

"Dear me!" screamed a nickel in the next hole. "The house is on fire!" And so it was. Soon I felt my sides begin to blister and then to glow. I thought I must have been in the bad place I heard the Sunday school teacher tell about. I must have fainted, for the next thing I knew was that I was lying in a bed of hot ashes, all scarred and disfigured. Then some one stirred me with a long stick, and before I could scarcely realize it I was again in the possession of my old friend, Jimmie.

Jimmie had just been given a new watch, and, lacking a charm, he cruelly bored a hole right through my date, so that I can hardly remember the year in which I was born. Then Jimmie attached me to his chain; but it wasn't long, however, in the course of Jimmie's travels till he discovered a chewing gum machine. Off the chain I came, my wounded body plugged with lead from a fishing line sinker, and into the slot I went.

"Oh, Jimmie!" I heard some one say, "that money isn't any good." I felt deeply humiliated to think that at last I was worthless; but I was much encouraged when Jimmie replied: "Tain't tainted—it's just holey. An' I ain't Rockyfeller or any other feller 'cept Jimmie. An' besides, I'm going to give you half." This last statement was both conclusive and silencing.

Since then my travels have been continuous. Often I stay in one man's possession just long enough for him to get rid of me. I have been in several chewing gum machines, two or three beggars' boxes, and (although I myself am honest in my dishonesty) I am ashamed to confess that I have learned something more about the size of church collections. If I should ever come your way, please remember the story of my life. You know money talks, so please forgive a penny for having his say. Kindly take me out of circulation and give me a rest—such as now I am going to give you.

Yours truly, A BAD PENNY.

GREATER OAKLAND NEWS

Grant School Wins Championship

BY ARTHUR TAVEIRA

The Grant school won a fast and exciting game from the Upper Piedmonts on June 2, by a score of 12 to 9. The pitcher had good support and no errors were made during the game. This last game played is the third straight victory for us from the Piedmonts. The Grant school is classed as one of the best grammar school baseball teams in Oakland. The lineup follows: G. Glavin, first base; Shindler, second base; Hunt, shortstop; McDonald, third base; McKim, left field; White, center field; W. Cur, right field; Oberg, pitcher; Brown, catcher.

Grant School Takes Another Game

BY ARTHUR TAVEIRA

The Grant school defeated the Piedmont Juniors, in a 11 inning game, Memorial day, by a score of 5 to 4. The features of the game were the pitching of Will McKim and the stealing of bases by Kirby Hunt, in which resulted the Grant school the winner. The lineup is as follows:

Judson, first base; Shindler, second base; Oberg, shortstop; Haswell, third base; White, right field; Lambert, center field; Maganui, left field; K. Hunt, catcher; McKim, pitcher.

A LITTLE LEARNING, ETC.

The higher education shows
That learning sometimes comes to naught,
The fish that swim in schools are those
That are the very soonest caught.

The Word "Yankee"

The origin of this word has been variously explained. Some authorities think it is a corruption of the word English, as pronounced by our aborigines, who called it "Yenghies, Yanghies, Yankees." It seems first to have been applied by British soldiers, about 1775, as a term of reproach to the New Englanders, who afterward adopted it themselves. Others hold that Yankee is a corruption of Jankin, diminutive of John, a nickname given to the English colonists of Connecticut by the Dutch settlers of New York. Yankee is also said to have been in use as early as 1713, meaning "very good." It is supposed to have been used by the students of Cambridge, Mass. By and by it was used throughout New England and applied to the settlers there.

"Yankee Doodle" was originally "Nankee Doodle," and was applied to Oliver Cromwell in this well known verse:

Nankee Doodle came to town upon a little pony,
Stuck a feather in his hat and called it macaroni.

The air was known in England before the revolution. A story is told of how, after the battle of Lexington, the brigade under Lord Percy marched out of Boston playing it in derision of the popular nickname of the colonists, the latter afterward adopting the nickname, saying the British had been made to dance to the tune of "Yankee Doodle."

REAL POLITENESS

Little Barbara's mother is careful about her manners and teaches her to answer everybody politely. But Barbara has a faculty of mixing up her polite speeches. The other day she came running into the house with some letters, and cried, "Mamma, I met the postman at the gate and I took the letters, and he said, 'Thank you!'" "And what did you say to him, then?" asked her mother. "Oh, I said, 'Pleasant dreams!'" answered Barbara.