

# JUNIOR EDITORIAL CORNER



Junior Call, Market and Third streets, San Francisco, July 3, 1910.

Good Morning, Juniors!

Tomorrow is the fourth of July. What does it mean to you—a day for firecrackers and a good time or the greatest day in the history of your country?

Of course, you have always heard and been taught that it IS the greatest holiday, but why? Why does it mean more than any other day and why do we honor the men behind it more than we honor many other brave men? True, the fourth marks our freedom, the greatest thing in the world; but back of this is the knowledge of what the men stood for who made it possible for us to call ourselves a nation at all.

We hear so much always of the great bravery of a few soldiers attacking a great many that almost without our knowing it we grow to think only of physical bravery, men killing others and being ready to take their chances at being killed, too. We forget all about that other greater bravery—the bravery that made our ancestors decide that life wasn't worth having at all except under certain conditions; that men living without the right to think for themselves were of no value.

By thinking for themselves I don't mean thinking only. No one can stop you having an idea. I mean living up to your idea after you have it. That takes the greatest kind of bravery; don't you think so? It isn't easy to stand up and say, "I KNOW this is right, and I'm going to do it," or "That is wrong, and I won't do it." It sounds easy enough before you're up against it; but—well this is what I mean by real bravery:

I was quite a little puppy when it happened. There were a lot of us who used to play together. Among the number was a Scotch terrier named Jock. He was a great cutup and the best kind of fun. For any mischief you could count on Jock. One day Fido suggested that we rob the butcher shop. The butcher was a mean, cantankerous fellow, who would rather throw a bone in the garbage barrel than let us have it. Nothing pleased us better than to annoy him. So when Fido suggested his plan we were delighted. We were going to go at night, eat all the sausages in the place and throw the rest of his meat about on the floor. It was all planned before we saw Jock to tell him. Not one of us dreamed for a moment that he would object. At first he said nothing, just listened quietly. When we had finished he shook his tail. "No, boys," he said. "Count me out, and, what's more, I shall tell on you."

If Jock had suddenly turned into a bird we couldn't have been more surprised. "You see," he went on, "barking at him, running into his store and annoying him in daylight is one thing, while stealing his stuff when he isn't there is another. No, boys, I won't do it, and if I can help it I won't let you, either. I love you all and I don't like him, but I shall go straight and warn him. It's the RIGHT thing to do."

Jock was quite pale round the lips when he finished, because he knew exactly what some of us would say. They did—people always do—called him a traitor, a tattletale, a 'fraid cat, etc. Jock stuck to his plea. No ridiculing bugged him.

Then the rest got mad. They were six to one, so they started for the shop. But Jock was the best sprinter of the bunch, and he got there first. When the others reached the store they found the butcher up and waiting and Jock with a sprained leg where the old man's shoe had hit. No, he never thanked Jock, but that terrier didn't care a scrap. He wasn't even angry about the sprain. He told me after:

"The old fellow didn't understand what I was barking, so he wasn't doing anything mean according to his standards. I undertook of my own accord to wake him, so it was up to me to take what came—even if it was a No. 12. Perhaps there might have been a better way to go about it, but I didn't see it, and I could only do what I did see."

That's just it. Make up your mind what's right and then go in and do it. Never mind what others say. Don't waste your time wondering about the best way to begin. Do the one thing you see to do; that will keep you true to yourself.

Quite a little sermon, isn't it?

ALONZO.

## SHORT BARKS FROM ALONZO

Little Jack Horner  
Sat in a corner  
Reading a Junior Call.  
He saw his own name,  
Cried, "Now I have fame,  
For my letter heads them all."

Some people pretend they don't like to see their names in the paper, but—I never minded it and neither did Jack, it seems.

I don't care what the editor says, it doesn't always pay to be honest. I saw a boy steal a lady's purse the other day, so I ran right up and grabbed her skirt and began telling her about it.

Was she grateful? Did she say, "Here's a bone, Alonzo, and thank you very much."

The policeman she called beat me off with his club—me, Alonzo!

If they have a smokeless Fourth how on earth am I going to get my dinner? They use coal in our house. What harm does a little smoke do anyway, and I do hate cold meat from the day before.

Some kind Junior has sent me a whole box of crackers for tomorrow. They came in just in the nick of time because mother is off on her vacation, and I never was any good at cooking. There wasn't a cracker in the house until these came.

Mother has been elected a delegate from the United Barkers of America, ladies' branch, to go to Constantinople. The object of the delegation is to study the methods of Turkish dogs who have succeeded in having themselves considered sacred for hundreds of years, and see if it is not possible to bring about the same conditions in other countries. They did a good thing for themselves when they elected mother. If there's any improving to be done, mother's the lady to do it.

## Have You Ever Seen Her?

By RUTH INGRAHAM



Who is this peculiar person  
Whom I have to write a verse on?  
What will answer her description,  
Holland maiden or Egyptian?  
Is her head dress oriental?  
Is this costume occidental?  
Who she is or where she came from,  
What she ought to take her name from,  
How to count and classify her,  
With what bundle I should tie her,  
Where to place in my collection  
This of puzzles the perfection—  
These are questions I must leave you  
To decide. Don't let it grieve you!

## A Few Facts About Turtles

BY CHARLES CHRISTADORO

If we can believe the dates that we now and then find on the backs of turtles we must credit the turtle with being a long liver if he is a slow walker. If it takes him a long time to get from one place to another, nature seemingly makes up to him by extending his lifetime accordingly.

There are turtles and turtles. The little land turtle that crawls through the lettuce bed and lies snugly tucked away under the hedge, goes along his peaceful way, disturbed by no one except, perhaps, to have some initials and a date cut into its hornlike skin, the turtle to be then freed, and no one has suffered any damage.

Then comes our friend who frequents the ponds and ditches, and, with his vicelike jaws, can give the bulldog pointers about holding on—the snapping turtle. The ditcher, who is careless enough to go barefooted at his work, meets with trouble as his foot sinks into the soft, black mud—and he remembers. It's well enough to cut off the turtle's head, but that does not loosen its grip and only when the jointures of the jaws are cut does his grip loosen.

The snapping turtle does not make a good playfellow for the inquisitive boy. The swimming hole in the mill pond often is productive of turtle features that for a time make things interesting for the boy most interested.

The farmer who tries to raise goslings and ducklings, and who takes no precautions to keep his pond free from snapping turtles, makes very little progress. If there is any one thing a snapping turtle likes it's young or partially grown ducklings. He gave the Chinamen lessons in duck hunting, who with head covered and buoyed up, floats into a flock of wild ducks and pulls one after another down by its feet. So does the turtle, unnoticed bob up under a swimming duck, grab him by the thigh and down to the bottom of the pond goes Mr. Turtle and Mr. Duck. And the turtle has duck for dinner, not necessarily roasted nor carved, either.

The snapping turtle makes a good second to a pickerel when it comes to cleaning up young ducks when the ducklings are small, but as they grow and become too large for the pickerel the turtle, who feeds differently from a pickerel, continues to live on duck.

With terrapin at \$50 or thereabouts

a dozen, a market is made for snapping turtles and they are elevated on the bill of fare to eminent respectability.

Terrapin for many years made Baltimore famous and as the years went on, they becoming scarcer and scarcer, the prices advanced until the ordinary restaurant was unable to stand the strain. Sam Ward, with his champagne boiled ham and terrapin a la Maryland, lobbied many a bill through by taking the senatorial stomach by storm. After one of Sam Ward's terrapin dinners you could get a senator to do anything. Terrapin undoubtedly has had much to do with the senatorial archives of this country and Sam Ward could have well placed it in his coat of arms.

The good old sea turtle that gave the calipash and calpee that Thackeray tells us Joseph Sedley liked so well is dear to any closely associated with the lord mayor of London. For 100 years or more the guild hall banquet tables have groaned under the great tureens of turtle soup. Books have been written upon the guzzling London alderman and his turtle soup.

A turtle on his back in front of a restaurant with his flippers tied with the legend, "Served tomorrow," is no guarantee that this same turtle may not go the rounds of other restaurants and mock turtle be the lot of the trustful diners.

They lay for these old fellows and as they come upon the beach deftly turn them upon their backs and the law of the center of gravity does the rest. The sand hatched eggs, as they give forth their swarming procession of little turtles, illustrate the instinct of animals, for the moment the egg is hatched of the little turtle away it goes directly toward the sea without a moment's loss of time.

Turtles' eggs are prized as food and, carrying out the principle that a nest of turtle eggs in hand is worth a million little turtles swimming in the ocean, the beach comber uncovers the nest and secures both the eggs and, previously, the mother turtle as well. The hen that lays eggs suffers the same fate as the turtle, its eggs are taken from her and she loses her life as well—in time.

The old Hoboken Turtle club has been the cause of many an old sea monster's untimely end that even today might be roaming the mighty deep.