

FOR THE YOUNGER JUNIORS

SOME SHORT STORIES BY YOUNG JUNIOR WRITERS

The Giant Orion

MILDRED BREMLER

Once upon a time many years ago there dwelt on the borders of fairyland a cruel giant. The fairies feared him and almost always managed to keep out of his way.

One day, though, little Violet, a dear little fairy and a great favorite of the queen's, was imprisoned in a dark cell by Orion, the cruel giant.

The fairy people did not know what to do. They knew it was almost impossible to conquer him. The only consolation they had were the messages they received from Violet. Of course the birds carried them.

One night as Lilla, the fairy queen, lay on her mossy bed gazing at the moon and thinking of dear little Violet, she found a way that might free her.

Perhaps the moon could help her, as she always professed friendliness toward the fairies. Lilla was very restless the rest of the night.

As soon as the morning had come the little queen dressed quickly, and, calling Flower, her favorite courier, sent him with a message to the moon, asking her assistance in delivering Violet from the cruel giant.

All of the fairies anxiously awaited his return. One day they heard a tiny bugle in the distance and all hastened to the gates to welcome Flower home, as they knew it was he.

The queen gave orders that as soon as he arrived he should be immediately brought to her. In a few minutes Flower came. "What news?" asked Lilla. "Pretty good," said Flower, "but then you can rely on it the old moon will look out for her own interests," he murmured. "Why, what did she say?" asked Lilla.

"Well, she wants a ray of the sun, and she said if we got it for her she knew a way we could wreak our ven-

geance on Orion," was the answer. "That will be easy," said Lilla. "We'll send little Sunny, old Sol's namesake, and perhaps he will give her a ray. He likes her so well."

So the next day Sunny was sent on the errand. Soon she returned successful. The ray was quickly sent on to the moon, who then sent a message telling all fairyland to turn out that night and they would see a sight that would greatly gratify them.

Of course, every one of the little people stayed out to view the wonder. About 8 o'clock the fairies heard a cry and then the earth under their feet began to move and rumble. All at once one little fairy, Marguerite by name, called, "Lilla, look quick!" The little queen looked up and saw to her great delight a huge piece of glass slowly but surely rising toward the sky. Lilla understood that the moon first had turned Orion into glass and then was going to chisel him and make stars.

As soon as the fairies were over their excitement they hastened to the castle to free little Violet. They found her in a cold, desolate cell, sickly and almost starved. The little people quickly revived her and she soon recovered.

Now, Juniors, if you do not believe my story, look toward the east on some clear night and you will see a group of stars fashioned like a giant, and if you ask your mother or father the name of it they will say Orion. Now you know my story is true.

Teacher—What part of speech is nose?

John—It ain't no part of speech, sir.

Teacher—But it is.

John—Yours may be, 'cause you talk through it; but the only part of speech I've got is my mouth.

Tom—Ma, is 13 an unlucky number?

Mother—Some persons think it is.

Tom—Well, there were 13 candies on the dish, so I took one to break the hoodoo.

My First Deer Hunt

By IRWIN GROVES

Frank had suggested a deer hunt in the mountains above his place, so I agreed. I knew about as much about hunting deer as a cat, though I thought I knew it all.

In the early morning we started. I carried a 30-30 Winchester rifle, while Frank carried a 44 of the same make. After walking a while we suddenly came to a deep ravine, which we started to descend, when suddenly Frank stopped me with a sh-h-h. I said, "What is it," out loud. Instantly a yellow colored animal jumped out of an opposite bush, ran across a small opening and disappeared. I never in all my life saw any one in such a temper as Frank was, and the funny thing about it was it was directed at me.

Again we started, this time going down a small stream. All at once I saw a funny looking animal. It was black with white spots, and at the same time there was a terrible odor in the air, so I raised my gun and fired. A tree about 40 yards behind this funny animal received the charge, while the funny animal ran in the brush and out of sight. Immediately afterward the air was again filled with Frank's violent remarks because I had fired a shot and scared all the deer within a radius of miles.

Again we started, following the same course as before, when a large deer ran out of the bush, across our path, into a bush, but not before the gun of Frank had sounded. I jeered Frank because he had missed the deer. He said not a word, but began to follow the route taken by the deer, when, to my amazement, we came upon a large 2 year old buck, kicking in the last throes of death. We were both exultant, especially Frank, as I had said he missed the deer.

After cutting long poles we hoisted the deer and started homeward. Excitement helped me with the deer for

a way, but soon I grew tired and wished Frank had never killed it. But it was too late to grumble, as I did not want Frank to think I was a quitter, so I struggled along.

We soon reached home, where we proceeded to cut up the deer, and as I did not know anything about cutting up a deer I went and got a saw and started to saw his neck off, when I was stopped by Frank, who told me I would spoil the meat if I did that. Then I took an ax, but was stopped by Frank, as I laid bare the whole front leg. Frank grabbed the ax from me and told me to go into the house, as he did not want his deer spoiled, so I gladly went.

That night I had a dandy dinner, and the next morning I left for the city, swearing that I had the best time of my life, which I believe was true.

My Towser

My Towser is a teasy dog;

He likes to just pretend
He's biting big holes in my dress,
You'd think I'd have to mend
And patch it most ev'ry day,
But that is just his teasy way.

My Towser is a handsome dog,

With curls so short and brown,
He likes to stand before the glass,
Until I tell him "down."
"He's very vain," I s'pose you'd say,
But that is just his tidy way.

My Towser knows an awful lot;

When dinner time is here,
Or when the butcher boy should come
With bones for him—how queer
That he can tell the time of day
In such a funny, hungry way.

My Towser likes to follow me,

Oh, everywhere I go,
Or stands beside my chair or bed
With tall a-wagging so
I know he's saying "Come and play"
In just his dear old doggie way.
—Constance M. Wright, St. Paul.

THE WINNERS OF PAINT BOX PRIZES

This is the picture to be colored. Paint it in water colors or crayon and send immediately to the Editor of the Junior Call.

Paint boxes are awarded to the following Juniors who painted the picture in the paper of June 19:

- Blauche Barnes, Healdsburg.
- Greeman Black, 221 East Poplar street, Stockton.
- Otto Becker, box 301, Sausalito.
- Inez Cockwald, 2134 Post street, San Francisco.
- Alice Cullen, Redwood City.
- Alice de Martini, 2319 Lombard street, San Francisco.
- Frances Gray, 1150 Byron street, Palo Alto.
- Lydia Gulliksen, 1337 Alabama street, San Francisco.
- Edna Gabriel, 1913 Hyde street, San Francisco.
- Genevieve Kerdell, 2021 Encinal avenue, Alameda.
- Ruth Krantz, 1640 Union street, San Francisco.
- Daniel Kissan, 1207 Gough street, San Francisco.
- Miriam Morris, 1424 Lake street, San Francisco.
- Gertrude Pomsel, 955 Page street, San Francisco.
- Charles Pridcaux, 705 Fifth avenue, Richmond district, San Francisco.
- Dorothy Rich, Belmont.
- Ralph Smith, 380 Euclid avenue, Oakland.
- Delos Springsteen, Martinez.
- Lucille Witham, Bodega, Sonoma county.
- Hazel West, 520 Lake street, San Francisco.

It Was the Teacher

The school had the reputation of being the most turbulent in the district and for salutary purposes the new superintendent was a massive, muscular man with the strength of a giant and a habit of sudden, decisive action. He had just arrived in his new office and was busy examining a mass of data when an uproar arose in the room next to him. It ceased, then it broke out anew and with more intensity. It was more than he could stand. He looked over the glass partition into the uproarious room and saw among the noisy lads there a tall chap, who seemed to be making more of a row than all the rest combined. Beside himself with rage, the superintendent seized the tall boy by the collar, dragged him over the partition and banged him down into a chair beside his desk.

"Now," he said, "sit still there and don't open your lips till I give you the word."

Then he bent over his papers and in the ensuing quietude worked away busily. Fifteen minutes passed. Then the head of a small boy peered timidly over the partition and a meek little voice said:

"Please, sir, you've got our teacher."

Some people will cry over milk even before it is spilled.



NAME

Age

ADDRESS