

JUNIOR EDITORIAL CORNER



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Good Morning, Juniors!

If there are any of you Juniors who haven't already read the article on Annapolis, page 3, of the paper this week, hurry up and read it. I don't believe it was quite daylight when mother poked her nose into my kennel this morning, carrying the Junior in her mouth. At first I didn't want to wake up. I tried awfully hard not to, but when she said "Alonzo," in that particular tone—I'd describe it if I could, but no one could describe it, you have to hear it, especially in the cold, gray dawn, to really appreciate it—I knew it wasn't any use to try to sleep. Mother had decided otherwise for me.

She hadn't read half a dozen lines, however, before I was glad she had awakened me. If there is one thing that I admire more than another it's a clear cut idea of what's right and what's wrong, with courage to stick by your beliefs. You've heard that from me before. There's so much talk nowadays about things being right or wrong, according to the point of view, or the time you happen to be living, or by some standard invented for convenience of persons who want to do wrong, but don't want to call it wrong, that any person or institution who has what are called the "old fashioned" ideas is like a breath of fresh air.

Why mother was so anxious to read that article to me is because we both abominate lies. We hate them so that we refuse to call them falsehoods. Lies are lies. It's an ugly word, but then the thing is ugly. In my opinion, a lie is the ugliest thing there is. It can do more harm for its size than almost any other wrong act. It's like some deadly germ, a microbe, often so small that you can't see it. But just let it fall into the right place and it grows and grows, spreading trouble far beyond all seemingly possible limits.

Evidently mother and I are not the only ones who think this. The United States, Uncle Sam himself, is of the same opinion. If not why, at this great government school of Annapolis, is lying listed as the blackest offense? There must be lots of other things that the boys are tempted to do; but for any other misdeed, although there is doubtless a punishment, it is only for a lie that the payment is so heavy, for no payment can be heavier than being shunned by one's fellow creatures. Nothing is so terrible as that.

What sicknesses are dreaded most? Those that make it necessary to be shut away by oneself; for, besides the pain, there is horror in the very idea of having something that makes other people wish to keep away. So in punishment, the very worst punishment invented is that of being shut up alone. Do you know that in some countries murderers are not hanged but are shut up all alone in tiny cells for years and years, until they die or go mad, under strict guard so that they never get a chance to speak to a soul.

There is no law at the naval academy that a liar shall not be spoken to, but the boys themselves have made this the penalty for two reasons. First because they know that a lie is the most dangerous, the most despicable sin. A person who lies can never be trusted. If he will lie about one thing he will lie about anything. Association with a liar is like living in a house without foundations. You never know what may happen. Everything may go along fairly well and then—down you go. The students know this, as every one knows it who stops to think, and for it they have prescribed the hardest punishment of all—loneliness.

My, but I'd die if I couldn't talk to my friends and to have done something so that my friends wouldn't WANT to talk to me—well, it's simply unthinkable how one can live under such conditions. —ALONZO.

SHORT BARKS FROM ALONZO

I see that the pure blooded Angoras are getting up a petition to congress to make it a prison offense to use the epithet Tabby or Tom when addressing or speaking about a cat, no matter what the social rank or breed of the said cat. That is real democracy, all right.

Doctors are awfully careless. The surgeon out at the dog hospital has been asked to resign. One of the swellest fox terriers in society went out there to have his tail docked a half an inch and that stupid man actually went and cut off 1-32 more. Of course, he could be sued, but there are some things money won't buy, and a piece of clipped tail is one of them.

There's one act of kindness that costs nothing and still is very seldom given. Did you ever see a dog trying to reach the water trough on a hot day? Did you ever see any one give poor old Towser a friendly boost? That would be something worth seeing.

Fido took Peggy, his Spitz friend, to the Orpheum a couple of weeks ago to see the trained dogs, and if Peggy didn't go and get stage struck. You know Peggy and Fido are engaged and he offered to give her anything if she would give up this theatrical idea. Why, he tried to bribe her with another solitaire for her tag, but she just yelped at him. Poor Fido. Peggy is so pretty.

Smile Provokers

Convincing: A woman who was doing her Saturday marketing was difficult to please. She had overhauled every eatable in the shop and insisted on getting the best in stock at a penny a pound cheaper than the market price, and now it was a question of eggs.

"Are you quite sure these eggs are fresh?" she asked.
"They are, madam."
"Will you guarantee them?"
"I will, madam."
"But how am I to know that you know they are fresh?"
"My dear lady," said the exhausted shopman with incisive emphasis, "if

you will kindly step to the telephone and ring up our farm you will hear the hens that laid them still cackling! I'm afraid I can't say any more than that."

Cheap Wages

On the government lands in France are thousands of oak trees, and each fall the government sells the right to gather the acorns to various individuals. They are used altogether to make bread for the peasant class, and it finally becomes so hard that it has to be cut with an ax. Last fall, during the gathering season, more than 3,000 boys and girls were employed in the forests and were paid only at the rate of 3 cents a day for their work and were required to work 14 hours a day.

HOW DID ROVER FIND THE HOUSE?

By JESSIE NILES BURNERS

HERE is a true story, Juniors, of how Rover saved Jim's life and in a fashion it would be hard for many dogs to understand, though Alonzo could tell you that most dogs understand a great deal more than people think.

Rover lives in Oregon, in the valley of the Big Elk river. The house where Jim, his master, lives, is really way, way up on the mountain, but along the coast slope all the land between two water sheds drained by any main river and its branches is called that river's valley, Jim's cabin is more than two miles away from the nearest road, and part of the trail to it lies through the timber, where it is dark and lonely even at noonday, and one part of the trail is over a mountain side so steep the path zigzags to get to the top—switchback, they call it when it is a real road or railroad. Jim is homesteading a government claim, and he chose to go back there in the hills because he is a cattleman. He raises some cattle and buys, sells, fattens and trades others and he thinks the open range beyond him will not be settled for a good while and the cattle like to feed on the wild grass that grows there and thrive well on it.

Rover is a brown, brindled fellow, not very big, with a rough, shaggy coat and beautiful brown eyes. Nobody would think of picking him out for a ribbon winner at a dog show. His father was Pete, a "cow dog," which is a mongrel breed peculiar, I believe, to that locality. They are not very wise, but the farmers find them useful in driving the cattle, because they are so swift and strong. In open range country—that is, unfenced—the grass is not good high up on the mountain sides until late fall, and cattle will not often climb over a divide into fresher pasturage unless driven, so the owners every few weeks drive them to a new range, and that is when the cow dog is valuable, for he can turn the wildest, fleetest, biggest steer back into the trail when his master says, "Hi! Pete! Look! Round him up!" Except when at this work Pete was a real no account dog. He usually stayed with Mr. White around the home place, but there were some kinds of work that must often be done in clearing a homestead that Pete hated. One was clearing, when brush and trees would come toppling and flopping he didn't know where, and he couldn't get even a little good nap even on the hottest day; and one was plowing, in which there is no fun for anybody and in which he couldn't see any use. Any morning when he saw preparation for either of these Pete would march out of the lane gate with the cows when they were turned out and stay with them until night.

Rover's mother was a black and white collie, very, very well bred. Collies, you know, have been trained to the handling of animals until they seem to know by instinct, and with just a little training they can manage a bunch of sheep or cattle much better than a man can. Sheep are timid, foolish creatures, and out there in the hills they will stampede at sight of a strange dog in as great a panic as though it were a bear, and yet "Lady," as Rover's mother was called, could round them up even when they had been frightened, and keep them moving slowly along without startling even the wildest ones. They knew her and seemed to understand what she wanted them to do.

Jim lives alone on his homestead, and

his brother Will lives alone on another homestead across the river, about three miles from Jim's house and a mile from their father's place, where they stay quite a good deal. They would like to stay at home more, because sister Olivia cooks and keeps house much better than they can, but in order to prove their homestead claim they have to stay and work most of the time on their own places, though they often work together several days on one claim and then go over and work together for a while on the other. They have an uncle living about four miles up river, where they visit, Will often staying two or three days at a time there.

Well, one night not long ago, Jim woke up very, very sick. He was at his own cabin, alone except Rover and his horse, which he found he was not able even to saddle, let alone ride, and he didn't know what to do. He had been driving in some cattle he had bought that day, and he'd had to rope a couple of wild ones—that is, lasso and drag them a bit till he got them going right along with the others. In such a scrimmage a cowman is apt to be thrown, rolled over and sometimes trampled. It would be dangerous work if he were not quick as a cat on his feet, perfectly fearless and hadn't a cool head, a steady hand and a quick eye to seize every advantage. When he got to the cabin at night he was too tired to realize he was hurt, but after a few hours of the deep sleep of utter weariness he waked to know he was terribly sick and in danger if he couldn't get help.

The only help in sight was Rover, dear, ragged old Rover, who loves him so that he never spends a single minute out of Jim's sight if he can help it. Why one day he and Jim stopped at my cabin and I gave Rover a dish of good dinner when I fed my Jack dog, and Rover had been working hard and was hungry, and enjoying his meal, but Jim started before he had eaten half. Rover kept eating until Jim passed my lane gate and was out of sight, then he couldn't stand it and left the remainder of his dinner and scampered after Jim.

I think Rover must have understood Jim was in some kind of trouble. At any rate Jim wrote a letter telling Will all about it. He tied this safely to Rover's collar and then opened the door and said: "Go find Will; go bring Will." And Rover started away like a streaking wolf, the way he always traveled when in a hurry, and he kept going till he found Will, who telephoned for the doctor and then hurried to Jim; and it wasn't but a few days till Jim was all right again. Now, Rover didn't know where Will would be that night, whether at his own house, to reach which Rover would have to swim the river, because he couldn't manage the boat, or whether he might be down at their father's place, or up river at his uncle's; and it wasn't certain Will wouldn't be some place else. And we don't know how Rover reasoned it out, or what route he traveled or how he managed it. It was storming, so his coat would be wet, whether he swam the river or not. All we know is that he was sent to find Will and kept going till he did find him. There's one thing, though, that I do feel sure about. I've heard Jim say you couldn't make a trade with him of the finest steer in the county for Rover, and now I would wager anything you like that you couldn't buy Rover for the price of a whole drove of fat steers, and that, let me tell you, is a whole lot of money, too.

O, Little Maid, in Your Rosebud Bower

O little maid, in your rosebud bower,
Dreaming of growing old,
Wishing youth always would linger, a flower,
Never in haste to unfold;
Lift from the shadow your sunshiny head!
Growing old is nothing to dread!

O little maid, in the rose tree shade,
See how its dry boughs shoot,
The green leaves fall and the blossoms fade,
But youth is a living root;
There are always buds in the old tree's heart,
Ready at beckon of spring to start.

O little maid, be never afraid
That youth from your heart will go;
Reach forth into heaven, thro' shower and shade;
We are always young while we grow.
Breathe out in a blessing your happy breath;
For love keeps the spirit from age and from death.

—Lucy Larson.

Wise Dogs

When an Egyptian dog wishes to drink at the Nile he goes a short distance up the river and howls for some time. The crocodiles are attracted by the sound and immediately crowd to the place, while the dog hastily runs to the part which the crocodiles have left and drinks in safety.—Home Notes.

Two and two do not always make four. Of course not; sometimes they make twenty-two (22).

About Snakes' Jaws

If you read the book on "Snakes," you would learn that the swallowing powers of snakes are so great that even a greedy boy at Thanksgiving time is not in it. The jaws of the chicken snake are hung on hinges that can be taken apart or displaced for the time being, and an entire Texas cottontail rabbit can be persuaded to enter this unpleasant opening. The snake's body being made of elastic material, the kicking little animal soon finds a lodgment in the stomach. His snakeship then carefully resets his jaws, so that his mouth assumes its normal size, and blissfully reposes for six hours. The powerful gastric juice does the rest, and no one has ever heard of a chicken snake suffering from indigestion or chronic dyspepsia. The capture and digesting of chickens, song birds, turkey eggs and rats constitute simple pastime to the chicken snake, and do not call for a six hour nap.

The rattler's jaw can unhinge when he has to tuck away an exceptional morsel of food like a grown rabbit, and, like his harmless competitor, his body can expand to four times the usual size. An old time cowboy Texan, who has spent a lifetime roaming over the fertile prairies and along the creek bottoms of Calhoun county, which are covered with brush and timber, has seen a monster rattler conceal a jack rabbit with two vigorous gulps. When killed, the deadly reptile was found to have 18 rattles and the jack rabbit was still kicking for dear life.

OPTIMISTIC

The kangaroo jumps to and fro,
Remarking in his glee:
"Though seasons come and seasons go,
It's always spring with me."