

# JUNIOR EDITORIAL CORNER



Junior Call, Market and Third Streets, San Francisco, July 17, 1910.

Good morning, Juniors.

This week I'm going to scold you because I'm mad—mad clear through. You see, I go about talking, telling how much better you Juniors are than any other children, what an interest you take in the paper, and how well you do, and then, just when I have you cracked up to the skies you yourselves go and show the world that it's all talk. What's this about? The Open Letter Section.

There, I'm a little better already. Really I wouldn't feel so badly about it if I thought that only those who write for it have ideas that they want to air. But away down underneath I believe that the trouble is this: Some of you don't write because you are not offered a prize. That's what makes me mad—the stinginess of soul that keeps a person from doing a thing until he is sure that he is going to get something for it. My, but that kind of person makes me so furious—well, I just can't talk about him. Fido was inclined that way when he was quite young, but he was cured. Mother used to say it would happen. "Spot," I can hear mother now, "if you don't train Fido to do a few things without a reward he will be the most hated canine in the country." Mother has the prophets beaten hollow.

Now, one thing that Fido could do beautifully was to carry a package. Some dogs, you know, never learn, but he was born with that talent. Auntie's master was awfully proud of him and delighted in showing him off. Perhaps that was what went to Fido's head. He got to thinking that the titbits his master gave him as a reward and to show his pleasure really were a due. Once he got that into his head, he was the uppist, most ridiculous puppy on earth. Sometimes he would do as he was told, and again he wouldn't. Auntie was dreadfully ashamed of him.

One day his master had a party and he had been boasting of what a wonder his Fido was, how he could carry the most awkward package without letting it drop, etc., until a friend who had a dog of his own got angry and offered to bet that Fido couldn't do what his puppy could. Fido's master laughed and said he wouldn't bet money. He would bet something more valuable to him than money. He would bet Fido himself against an old pipe. His friend took the bet. Master called Fido and his friend called Tip.

Tip came running, took the package, which was a can of milk, mind you, ran to the end of the block and back with it. His master only patted his head and said: "Good Tippy." Tip was quite satisfied. Then it was Fido's turn. He came out slowly at his master's call, about the rate the czar of Russia would move if the coachman called, looked about, sniffed his master's hand to see if the piece of cake was there, and finding nothing deliberately walked away. In vain that man begged him to come out. That fool pup wouldn't come. Then master was furious and said he was glad to have found him out at last, and still more delighted to lose his bet, for he didn't want such an ungrateful animal about the house. "Here, take the brute," he said to his friend. But the other man wouldn't. No, sir! Would you believe it, he REFUSED Fido—said he wouldn't have a "cur" (that was the very word) like that in the house.

You can picture Auntie's humiliation. She wouldn't come out of the kennel for weeks, and at the end of that time she found another home. But, as mother said, it was partly her own fault. If she had trained Fido when he was little to do something once in a while without a reward, simply for love of the thing itself and the benefit to be gotten from work well done, it never would have happened.

So much for Fido. I'm afraid some of you Juniors would have lost the bet, too. If I'm mistaken, prove it to me.

ALONZO.

## SHORT BARKS FROM ALONZO

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,  
And a merry old soul was he.  
He had a Call—and that is all  
That's needed by you or me.

Cole's all right. He wouldn't miss his Junior for his whole kingdom. The royal watchdog told me that twice, when it was lost, he had a special edition printed just for himself.

I've been away for a few days' vacation, but I didn't have a bit of a good time. There was one of those hairless Mexicans at the hotel—not enough natural hair to cover her scalp, so she had to have every rat she saw. I spent two whole days chasing them for her, and then I quit. Some girls will let you work yourself to death for them and they hardly say thank you. I think those foreign girls are even worse than the Americans.

I heard a woman say the other day that she wouldn't wear a certain coat "even to a dog fight." Pardon me, but the coats worn by some of our blue ribbon leaders could not be bought by humans for love or money.  
A dog fight! The ideal!

I heard a couple of dogs talking the other day, and they said they read the Junior every week and they thought I was an awful fool. I stopped and asked them why, and they didn't know. Then I asked them why they always read what I said if they didn't like it, and they said it was a habit.  
Funny, isn't it, how some people take so much trouble over a fool?

Mother has come back from that convention in Constantinople. She had a great time—was the guest of honor everywhere she went. What mother doesn't know about the Turks they don't know themselves. She says if any one ever speaks in her presence about the "cruel, unspeakable Turk," she'll bite a piece out of the nearest place she can reach. Why, at one of mother's lectures on "The Tag, Its Use and Abuse," every Turkish dog in the place was crying. They wanted to come right straight out to America and civilize us.

I guess most people are like Turkish dogs. When you get right close up to them you're not so very superior after all.

## A VISIT TO A DISH FACTORY

By G. P. DU BOIS

If we were to take a trip to a modern dish factory we would first come upon the clay shed. Here is stored the china clay which has been shipped in the form of large square blocks. There are great iron vats near by, in which are machines with which to work together the clay and water to the proper consistency, just as the children mix the mud for their mud pies. Exposed to the sun, rain and frost outside, is a mass of darker looking clay; heaps of stone, blocks of granite and feldspar, and a pile of round gray flints are conveniently near.

Let us go inside. Here we find a large vat, having a stone bottom and huge stone grinders. In this vat are separate pans for each material, and here feldspar and flint are ground separately in water and carefully mixed with the clay. This mixing is a very exact process and it takes an expert to know just how much of each to put in. When these are all well mixed the liquor mixture is called "slip."

Most of our dishes are made in molds, which, for convenience, are in several parts, in order that the dish when hardened may readily be removed. A workman takes these parts, fits them exactly together and joins them with a little of the clay, then the slip is poured in and left to harden into shape.

Far more interesting is it to watch a worker at the potter's wheel. The clay for his use is made thick like dough. He takes a mass in his hand and with no guide but his trained eye shapes articles of beauty. Have you ever seen a potter's wheel? It is unchanged in shape and method of working since the day 4,000 years ago, when the ancient Egyptians worked with it, leaving pictures of it on their walls which we may see today.

It is a flat disk, about 14 inches in diameter, in fact, a revolving circular table, much like an ordinary turning lathe. Into the middle of this disk the potter throws his lump of clay, and as it whirls shapes it with his hands, gradually working it into the desired shape. Handles and other prominent parts are fastened on afterward by means of a thin paste of the clay. It is fascinating to watch the potter, and especially to see him hold his thumbs closely together above it and press firmly down, thus hollowing it out, and almost before the eye can follow the motion he has a bowl or a pitcher.

From the potter the work goes to the turner, who, with an ordinary lathe, rounds and smooths the edges or forms the foot of a cup or bowl.

Plates are made by a machine which is simply two strong heads and two revolving arms. In the center of one of these heads is placed a ball of clay, the arm descends and spreads it out in the shape of a pancake. The workman lifts this, lays it upon a plate mold before him, brings down the second arm upon it, and, as if by magic, the plate is formed and the machine is ready for another.

But these dishes, however beautiful in shape, are of no use until they are

baked; otherwise, they would dry and crumble like mud pies.

You would suppose that any one could put the dishes in the oven, but much of the success of the ware depends upon the skill of the "placer," as he is called. Fine china must be well supported during the baking, or the articles would twist and lose their shape; so they are placed in larger vessels, or rather boxes of baked clay. In these sand is placed, or beds of finely ground flint for the more delicate china. The placer makes mounds over which he inverts a plate or saucer, as the case may be, or rings to support the cups and other circular pieces. He fills one box, then fits a second one upon it, and fills that after the same fashion, until he has a pile of these boxes ready to go into the oven. At length the oven is as full as it will hold, then the narrow doorway is walled up and plastered over and the firing begins. The whole firing lasts from 40 to 42 hours. The heat must be raised very slowly, for a sudden heating would destroy the ware by cracking it. When the ware is thoroughly baked, the kiln is allowed to cool from 30 to 60 hours; then the dishes are taken out. At this stage the ware is called biscuit, and is ready for glazing.

Glaze is really a hard glass. To make it soluble salts, such as soda, potash and borax, are melted, together with flint and clay. This is ground in water with white lead and feldspar, until the whole is a smooth, thin batter. Into a tub of this glaze the "dipper" dips each article, then the ware is again fired, making the glaze very hard and shiny.

If the ware is to remain white it is now ready for the warehouse, but if it is to be decorated it must go through another process or perhaps several. Fine decorating is done with a brush and paint, like a picture, and this is afterward fired or baked in. Commercial painting is done very rapidly, something like stenciling. The edges of plates are gilded on a wheel. Hand workers sometimes fill in outlines with leaves or sprays. The most expensive pottery is both shaped and painted by artists.

Ironstone ware is made of the slag of ironstone together with flint, Cornwall stone, clay and blue oxide of cobalt. It is a heavy class of earthenware. Porcelain, commonly called china, when held up to a strong light is transparent in a varying degree, according to thickness. All ware that is not transparent is earthenware. Rookwood pottery is made in Cincinnati. Teco ware is made near Chicago at the Terra Cotta works and the name is made from the words Terra Cotta. Grueby, Dedham and Merrimac potteries are in these three New England cities.

While Theodore Roosevelt was president a new service of china was made for use on state occasions at the White House. It is the work of the Wedgwood firm of England, one of the oldest known. It is of simple pattern and bears the great seal of the United States enameled in color upon each piece. The set consists of over 1,000 pieces.

### The Master of Fortune

Let fortune fume or fret, or fortune frown,  
There's a strength within you that will not down;  
There's a strength within you to conquer fate,  
Let fortune snarl or snap, or fortune break.

The darkest hour is just before the dawn;  
The heights arise beyond where chasms yawn;  
The storm gives way and flees before the sun;  
The light of day comes when the night is done.

Peace follows close the heels of grief and pain;  
The rainbow's promise grants that order reign;  
Faith, hope and trust abolish doubt and fear;  
The supreme source of help is always near.

Then fight your fight, be brave, with courage strong;  
There's a strength within you to abolish wrong;  
There's a strength within you that will not quail,  
Let fortune sulk or shirk, or fortune fall.

—Frederick R. Miner.

### Mary's Reading Lesson

The little girl in the class was reading laboriously. "See Mary and the lamb," she read slowly. "Does Mary love the lamb, button hook?"

"Why do you say button hook?" asked the teacher.  
"Picture of a button hook here," replied the child, triumphantly pointing to the interrogation mark.—Exchange.

### Great Pie

"See here, waijer! I found a collar button in this pie!"  
"Didn't see nothin' of an umbrella, did yo', boss? Dah was one los' heah las' night."

### About Larks

It is curious to observe how cattle when grazing in a meadow will carefully avoid damaging a lark's nest if it comes in their way. They will crop the grass all round the nest, leaving a high wall of green to form a protection, but the nest itself they will not disturb.

A lark will seldom alight on the ground in the immediate neighborhood of her nest. In this she shows like many other creatures a caution almost amounting to deceit. She will alight, say, a hundred yards away from her brood, but never on the same spot, and then she will run covertly along the ground till she reaches home without being observed. Her favorite nesting place is the center of a cornfield; this she knows will be untrodden by human foot till harvest time, long before which her cares will be over. But even among the young corn she will seldom alight in the same spot for fear of betraying her nest. You may be sure there is a nest within 50 yards, but it is a work of patience to find it.

It is possible to watch a nestful of young larks being brought up by placing them in a cage with the door open upon some tree in the neighborhood. The mother will come in and out and feed them. As they grow older remove the cage gradually nearer your house. It will require calculation to say when the young birds can do without their mother; if you are a day out you may lose the whole brood. Even though you calculate correctly, the mother has been known to bring some poisonous plant at the last moment and administer it to her offspring, preferring to take away their lives rather than to have them, as she thinks, made captive.

### Raised the Rate

The little daughter of a clergyman stubbed her toe and said "Darn!"  
"I'll give you 10 cents," said her father, "if you'll never say that word again."  
A few days afterward she came to him and said:  
"Papa, I've got a word worth half a dollar."