Junior Call, Third and Market streets, San Francisco, October 23, 1910.
Good Morning, Juniors!

Only a week more and Halloween will be with us, along with the apples, tubbed and strung, and the ghosts, and I am sure you are all planning different ways of enjoying yourselves. I expect to be the worst scared dog in town, for I never can resist the temptation of strolling out after dusk to see the fun; but I'll try to bear in mind the fact that all the white clad figures that I meet are Juniors dressed up in sheets, and that the mocking, grinning faces that peer at me suddenly out of the dark are nothing more harmful than plebeian pumpkins dressed up in their Sunday clothes. And when you see a small dog wandering around, boys and girls, with an inquisitive air, think of me and don't frighten him too badly, for, you know, it might be Alonzo himself. You never can tell.

I wonder how many of you inflict pain on dumb animals thoughtlessly? Did you ever stop to think that when you raise a full grown cat by the loose skin on its neck you are hurting it dreadfully? I know you have probably been told that that is the one way to lift a cat without causing it pain, but, like a number of other bits of wisdom we have had handed down to us, it is entirely wrong. Reason it out yourselves.

A full grown cat is heavy, as you all must know. Naturally, all this weight hanging by a bit of skin grasped in your hand means a considerable strain, unless you take care to support the animal's feet with the other hand. That the cat does not seem to object signifies nothing, for that is where the terrible cruelty of the practice comes in. Your grasp on the creature's neck paralyzes certain muscles in its throat for the time being, so that it is perfectly helpless so far as making any sound that would express its suffering. A particularly heavy cat endures torture when treated in this manner. Many people contend that, so long as a mother carries her kittens that way, it must of necessity be painless. That is true enough, but a kitten weighs only a few ounces, while a big kitty puss figures its weight in pounds. Do you see the difference.

Another animal that is put through a needless lot of suffering is the rabbit. How many people make a practice of lifting a rabbit by its ears! Did any of you ever have an earache? If you have, you know what intense suffering that is, and you also realize what a delicate organ the ear really is. Then fancy what torment it must be to dangle in midair all of your weight resting on your ears. You wouldn't like it, would you?

There are people who say that boys are naturally cruel. I do not believe it. I think that every boy has an instinctive love of dumb animals tucked away in his makeup somewhere. And I think, furthermore, that most of the cruelty we hear of boys perpetrating on helpless creatures comes from lack of knowledge and not through a malicious desire to make something suffer. There are very few natural bullies. So try to remember always to be kind to the animals and children smaller and weaker than yourselves. Don't ever hurt anything just because you can.

I received a letter from my friend, Rover, this week, that I am using today, for I want you all to see that he bears me out in my statements. Those children didn't mean to hurt him, but you see how thoughtlessly unkind they were. I think we must all congratulate Rover on his forgiving disposition. He must be a very fine dog, and I would like much to meet him face to face. Now, think over what I've said and let me hear from each and every one of you this week. I'm quite sure that there never were nor ever will be Juniors quite so fine as you, and I grow prouder of you every day I live.

ALONZO.

SHORT BARKS FROM ALONZO

Now, Mary had a puppy dog,
Mustopha was his name;
One day she up and washed his face—
He never looked the same.

You see, this pup was made of wool,
With painted eyes and nose;
And when she scrubbed his little face
She'd naught left there but woes.

Have you seen the latest things in dog fashions? Well, the very newest of the winter novelties is the umbrella. It is fastened very securely to a strap that passes around your waist, and when raised protects you fore and aft from the raindrops. Just the same, I believe I'd rather be drenched from ears to tail than look like a mushroom afloat. Tut, tut! Who said I was vain?

I received a letter the other day from Barnum & Bailey, asking me to join the circus, but after careful consideration decided that a dog's life in the open is better than being a star under cover.

Mother is planning extensive preparations for her trip to St. Louis next month, and the Pup is making the days hideous with his requests to accompany her. Mother has offered to take him along in the capacity of a maid, but he says he'd rather hook my collar every morning than undertake to guide her new umbrella in a storm. In other words, if he can't travel first class he won't go tourist.

Said Alonzo in the paper:
"I will surely cut a caper,
If the Fair to San Francisco does not come;
For we need an exposition,
And for congressmen we're fishin',
So it's up to us to really make things hum."

And the Juniors cried in answer:
"We will surely make them dance, sir,
When we start to work to boost the coming fair.
We will beat it up with drums, sir,
And we'll keep things on the jump sir;
So depend on us to more than do our share!"

WORDS OF THANKS

Editor Junior Call—Dear Sir: I thank you very much for the "masterpieces" you sent me. Excuse me for not writing to you before. I remain yours respectfully, EDWARD PEASLEE.
Gonzales, Cal.

Dear Editor: I thank you very much for the box of paints. I think they are very nice. Yours respectfully,
ROBERT BOWEN.
Los Gatos, Cal.

Dear Sir: I received your beautiful fountain pen and thank you 100 times. It was much more beautiful than I expected it to be. Thanking you again, I remain your loving Junior,
IVY MYRTLE TOCKEY.
Napa, Cal.

Editor Junior Call—Dear Sir: Thank you many times for my lovely box of paints. I use them nearly every day. Very sincerely, DORIS HOWELL.
Piedmont.

Editor Junior Call—Dear Sir: I received the fountain pen which you so kindly offered as a prize, and I am very much pleased with it.

I was glad to know that you appreciated my little story about the Najaqui falls, and I will continue to contribute, as I like to write short stories for your interesting paper. Respectfully, BRODERICK ORTEGA.
San Francisco.

Dear Sir: I thank you very much for the paintbox I received from you. Yours truly, LEOPOLD BLANK.
San Anselmo.

Dear Editor: I wish to thank you very much for the pretty fountain pen which I received this morning. I am very proud of it. Yours very sincerely, BERTHA M. ELLINGWOOD.
Penn Grove, Cal.

Dear Editor of Junior Call—I wish to thank you for the box of paints I received. Was very pleased to get them. I enjoy painting very much. We have drawing and painting at school so I will be able to use them a great deal. I hope all the other children that haven't paint boxes will soon get them. Yours truly, GERTRUDE HIPPEN,
1512 Baker street.
San Francisco, Oct. 11, 1910.

Dear Editor—I wish to thank you for the lovely fountain pen that you sent me. It writes splendidly.

I enjoy the "Junior" very much and I think it a nice pastime to write for it. Thanking you again, I remain, Your little Junior friend,
IRENE ANDERSON.
San Francisco, Oct. 10, 1910.

The Secret

The gateway to the Land of Dreams
Is often dark and low,
Yet past that magic entrance lives
Earth's golden Long Ago.

The Dream and Wonder is denied
To us grown overwise,
Unless we wait as children wait
And stand with childish eyes,

And watch some singing Fairy walk
Our Valleys of Regret,
And learn that Youth knows many things
The crabbed years forget!

—Arthur Stringer in Everybody's for October.

FIRST LION IN AMERICA

IN the year 1796 there were no steamships or railroads, but American ships could be found on every sea. In one of these ships, after a long voyage from the coast of Africa, in the month of September, a distinguished stranger arrived in New York. After concluding to remain for a short time he took up his residence in "the fields," directly opposite Murray street, where he began to receive and entertain company. It is said he became very popular until circumstances induced him to change his residence.

This distinguished stranger was a lion, and it is thought he was the first of his kind visiting New York, preceding circuses and menageries of all kinds.

The place of his exhibition was "the fields," or what is now the city hall park, New York City. In 1796 it was quite a different place from the park of today.

"The fields" then extended beyond Broadway to the west and part way to Greenwich street. There was no city hall or any buildings but a jail and poorhouse at the northern end. There were no trees or fountains. Only grass and walks.

The lion was shown at a place called the "Ball alley," in the west side of Broadway, where his royal cage was very large and commodious. The lion was a young one and had been caught on the island of Goree, on the west coast of Africa. No doubt on the long voyage, as he grew up to some size and accustomed to human society, he doubtless continued for a time free from the disturbing vice of man eating common to his race. How long he visited New York I can not tell.

From the yellow pages of the New York Gazette for September 24, 1796, I copy the following advertisement, verbatim:

"TO THE CURIOUS.
"A BEAUTIFUL AFRICAN LION.

"To be seen every day, Sunday excepted, at the Ball Alley in the Fields, next to the corner of Murray street, in Broadway, where the proprietor has provided a cage, in which the lion moves at large and which exhibits him to the greatest advantage.

"Great attention has been paid to the choice of so pleasant a place and in the convenience of the enclosure to the accommodation of those ladies and gentlmen who may favor the proprietor with their presence.

"This noble animal is between three and four feet high, measures eight feet from nostril to tail, is of a beautiful dun color, between 6 and 7 years old, and uncommonly strong built. His legs and tail are as thick as those of a common sized ox. He was caught in the woods of Goree, in Africa, when a whelp and brought from thence to New York. He is tame as any domestic animal whatever, and is well worth the contemplation of the curious.

"Price of admittance, two shillings.

"To be removed the last of this month."

Was He an Infant Prodigy?

"Young man," said a rich and pompous old gentleman, "I was not always thus. I did not always ride in a motor car of my own. When I first started in life I had to walk."

"You were lucky," rejoined the young man. "When I first started I had to crawl. It took me a long time to learn to walk."—Ladies' Home Journal.

A PICTURE CHARADE

First Syllable

Second and Third Syllables

Fourth Syllable

The Whole Word

These Pictures Represent a Word of Four Syllables