

# JUNIOR EDITORIAL CORNER



Junior Call, Third and Market streets, San Francisco, Dec. 11, 1910.

The top o' the morning to you, boys and girls!

I say that like a real Irish terrier, don't I? However, unfortunately, I'm not a bit Irish; I'd like to have a sparkle of Irish wit to liven up these letters occasionally. It might be pleasanter reading for you all.

I received a letter from a friend of mine this week and am printing it in the paper today, that you may see what really nice friends I have. I can't begin to thank Whiskers enough for the lovely invitation, and I truly wish I could find it possible to get away. But work in a newspaper office is heavier at Christmas time than at any other time, and I couldn't possibly leave, no matter how greatly I wished to. The Pup also has a steady position during the holidays as office boy, and I am living in hopes of making a first class journalist of him at some future day.

I often wonder which is pleasanter, Christmas in the city or in the country? It must be lots of fun to go out in the woods and select your own Christmas-tree, and gather the brilliant red berries yourselves, but then, again, think of the joy of the shop windows in the cities, and visiting Santa Claus' land at some of the big department stores. I reckon Christmas is just a jolly time anywhere you happen to be, don't you, Juniors? And I hope each one of you will try to make it a merry one for others. It's awfully hard to believe that there are lots of little children who each year know nothing of the joys of the yuletide season; who have no mothers and fathers to love them or care for them. But it's a really, truly fact just the same. Every Christmas there must be some who are missed, and this fact should make us, oh! so grateful to those who are kind to us. You see, we're wonderfully blessed, and we should try to show our appreciation of our great good fortune by being just as kind and thoughtful of others as we can possibly be.

Mother says it's a joy nowadays just to be a dog. If she were a human she'd probably be stitching away on some piece of fancy work, ruining her eyes and her disposition, too, or else galloping madly up town to all the bargain sales. She'd have her toes stepped upon until it would really be a wonder if she could get into her shoes. She says it must be very hard to remember you're a lady when the woman just ahead of you snatches the biggest bargain on the counter right from under your nose.

Between you and me, I think it's really very funny to watch the contortions of some people when it comes to money. Now, I'd rather have a good bone any day. If you're properly careful of it, you can make it last for more than one meal. Just bury it and dig it up when you get hungry. A dog has very few needs. Provide me with a license and collar, and I can come pretty near supporting myself, and Mother, too, for that matter. It's the simple life for mine, Juniors. This mad rush for the unattainable, the thing you haven't got, is very wearing on the nervous system, and I can't afford to frazzle mine. Not for a minute. We haven't very long to live, and so while we're here let's just get all the sweetness out of living possible. And the best way to do that is to be kind to everybody, and try to live up to the golden rule. Don't you agree with me?

My! This letter is becoming altogether too fat. Now I'll thank Whiskers once more for his kind invitation, and possibly—I can't promise—the Pup and I can get away after the New Year for a Sunday with him. Love to you all from  
ALONZO.

## SHORT BARKS FROM ALONZO

There is trouble abroad in Santa Claus' land—  
That land where the toys grow on trees;  
For the reindeers have lost their snowshoes so staunch,  
And sink at each step to their knees.

So, of course, they are having to stay in the house  
Until Santa's cobbler can make  
For each deer's tiny feet long skees like they wear  
'Way off in the land of Tuake.

Have you heard the latest? Santa Claus' reindeer have gone on a strike, and refuse to work unless fed on candy. Now, wouldn't that upset your calculations? Santa Claus will most probably come up to date now and buy a few aeroplanes.

They're having a terrible time in Berlin. It seems that the long hatpins women are wearing have stuck in the throats of more than one man (that's no figure of speech, either), and so the police president has opened up a crusade against them. All the trouble started over one foolish man who, in running for a train, forgot to keep his eyes on the road in front of him. In consequence he suffered a headon collision with a Merry Widow bonnet and was promptly impaled on the end of a diabolical pin. Unwilling to suffer in the cause of beauty, the ungallant man had the lady arrested. Tut! Tut! Where are the days of chivalry?

The other day I made up my mind to buy an automobile. It seemed a very easy thing to do. Provided, of course, I possessed the required amount of cash, which latter I had safely tucked away in my left paddy. However, when I came to decide upon which machine to buy my troubles began. So many buzz wagons I never heard of before. By the time every one had finished talking his particular brand of car my head was going around like the inside of one. So I've decided to postpone my purchase indefinitely, and, in the meantime, am studying catalogues.

Alonzo went to sea one day,  
A-riding in a bone dish;  
He watched the giddy seals at play  
And shook hands with a dogfish.

## DRAWING CONTEST

Two prizes will be given for the two best drawings submitted by the Juniors each week, the prize winning sketches to be reproduced in the paper. The prizes awarded will be the best books for boys and girls obtainable and will embrace fiction, travel, fairy lore, aeroplane building, etc. These books are the newest publications and are being received every day from the east. Among them are such works as "Betty's Happy Year," by Carolyn Wells; "Clif Stirling," by Gilbert Patten; "That Freshman," by Christina Catrevas; "Hero Tales of the Far North," by Jacob Riis; "The New Boy at Hilltop," by Ralph Henry Barbour, and many others. This week's subject is,

"Saturday."

Be sure to give your name, age and school, as in the puzzle and writing contests; and, above all things, use black ink for your sketches, as the blue fluid will not permit of reproduction. Prize winners will be announced in the paper of December 25.

Below are reproduced the two prize winners for this week. Other drawings deserving of honorable mention will be found on pages 4 and 5 of The Junior.



Awarded a prize. Drawn by Florence M. Holmes, 367 East Fourteenth street, Oakland.



Awarded a prize. Drawn by Helen McCreary, 2318 Durant avenue, Berkeley.