

FOR THE YOUNGER JUNIORS

SOME SHORT STORIES BY YOUNG JUNIOR WRITERS

A Trip Up to the Milky Way

A Story Which Might Be True in 1920

By WILLIAM TEVIS STOLL

One day, while riding in my aeroplane, a thought struck me, "Couldn't I reach the stars if I went high enough?" I thought it over and finally decided to try it.

So the next morning I put some food in my little aeroplane and started. Two hours passed, but the stars could not be seen. Two hours more went by. By this time I was sailing in among some of the stars of the milky way.

I alighted on one large star and hid my aeroplane in some bushes, for fear some one might steal it.

Then I walked along a narrow path. To my surprise, a bicycle and a violin were growing on a tree near by. The stones at my feet were gumdrops. By the side of the road some chocolate creams were growing.

I ate a few of these and walked on. I soon spied a lake of whipped cream, and a small rowboat on the shore, so I went rowing along the shore, stopping now and then for a rest on a little island, made of fruit cake. But I soon tired of rowing and landed on shore. Then I picked a ripe bicycle off a tree, and rode back to my aeroplane.

I went to a box tree and picked a few ripe boxes. In these I put all the good things I could get, from the chocolate creams and bon bons, down to the gumdrops and the jelly beans. I also took three freezers of ice cream on board. Then, when I couldn't get any more on my ship, I started. Before doing this, however, I put up a big sign on the star, so when I came sailing up the milky way again I would know which star to alight on.

The aeroplane went down fast, as it had a heavy load on board. It did

not take long to reach earth, as it is easier to go down than to come up. It only took me an hour and a half to land on the roof of my house.

Then I hopped out and ran into the house. When my mother came out and saw all the things on my aeroplane she at first thought that I had stolen them. But when she heard that I had reached the stars she was much pleased.

And now most every Saturday my friend and I take a trip up to the milky way and bring home all we want, as everything grows on trees, in that land.

Tom or Charles

JOSEPH POSNER

1429 Polk Street, L. Lowell High. Age 13 Years

Two runners were seen on the two mile cinder path. The high schools of Rosedale and of Orangeville were in a dual meet. Each had 71 points to its credit, and this race determined whether the Rosedales or Orangevilles were the champions. The two mile event had but five contestants in it, three having dropped on the first lap; the winner was to be either Tom Suren or Charles Larson.

At the beginning of the second mile they were breast to breast. Yells and songs echoed through the air; banners and pennants waved to and fro; but still the two ran on without gaining or losing. Tom or Charles, who would be victor?

The latter was 8 inches ahead at the turn of the stretch, the distance traversed being one and one-half miles. Tom kept up the same gait, not minding his opponent's lead.

Charles, at the end of a mile and three-quarters was 17 inches ahead, but his pace began to tell that his energy was nearly gone. Rosedale's cheering helped him not; he continued to make

slower strides, meanwhile his rival gained on him.

By the time 220 yards were left it was a tie, with Charles almost "all in," and Tom still going, no worse for his run.

Orangeville's runner now forged ahead, and he won by 8 feet; his time being 11:31-5, commonly read, eleven minutes eight and one-fifth seconds. Thus by persevering he was champion and his school was victorious, winning by the score of 22 to 20.

King

By JOSEPH POSNER,

1429 Polk Street, San Francisco.

King was a St. Bernard who lived in Berné, Switzerland. His master relates the following tale, which took place during his career:

"Once a man came into my office and asked me if I would show him the beauties of the Alps. My reply was in the affirmative, not knowing what danger was threatening.

"While I was leaving the store my dog pulled at my coat, as if to prevent my going. This was the first time he had done this, and I thought something must be the matter with him. I pushed him off, but he persisted in repeating the action.

"Seeing that it was of no avail, he motioned to me, a thing I taught him, whenever his desire was to come with me.

"A bottle of brandy was put around his neck, and I thought no more of him. I locked the door, forgetting that King was in that room.

"When we were about 10 miles from town I discovered his absence, but it didn't bother me in the least.

"In the meantime, my dog jumped through an open window and was closely on our tracks.

"While we were busy climbing the mountains, it grew darker and darker.

"I knew a storm was likely to come, but, not to frighten my customer, I said nothing.

"My foretold prophecy was fulfilled, and we were buried in the snow. As I lay trying to forge my way out, I was sorry that I hadn't brought King with me.

"After giving up all attempts to come to the surface, a bottle containing a liquid confronted my view. I actually grabbed it, then drank some, and bade my man take the rest.

"My dog, although I didn't know he was there, dug the snow away and helped me to the pure air. I breathed it in as I never had done before. In all my life the sweet atmosphere didn't feel as good as it did then.

"The snow had covered all paths of any kind, but my faithful King led the way home.

"My comrades tended to us, and in a few days we were no worse off for our experience.

"For a month later King was the hero of Berné."

Miss Cat and Mr. Dog

ESTHER POSNER

1420 Polk Street, B Fourth, Redding School. Age 10 Years

Once upon a time there was a cat who was very proud of herself. Her neighbor, Mr. Dog, living in the next yard, was always running after her.

One day as she was walking out, her friend, Mr. Dog, met her and said: "Where are you going?" Miss Cat didn't pay any attention to him and ran away.

About a week later she met Mr. Dog, who asked: "Where are you going, madam?"

But Miss Cat didn't answer him. Then he said: "My dear lady, have you lost your tongue?" And with those words he pounced upon her and made an end of her.

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



Twenty boxes of paints will be given away each week in this department to the Juniors, boys or girls, who send in the best colored picture. The drawing opposite may be colored with either paints or crayons, and must reach the office by Wednesday afternoon. This contest is open to Juniors 10 years of age and younger. Write your name, age and address in the dotted lines below the picture.

Dolls were awarded to the following Juniors who painted the picture in the paper of March 11:

- Genevieve Ryan, 2616 Howard street, San Francisco.
- Lucy Ainsworth, 2442 Leavenworth street, San Francisco.
- Maury Coughlin, San Carlos.
- Mary Waterhouse, 551 Twenty-seventh street, Oakland.
- Clark Nemeyer, Strathmore.
- Catherine Pressley, 607 Benton street, Santa Rosa.
- Edmund W. Bergk, 3623 Galindo street, Fruitvale.
- Elizabeth Shippy, 611 South Bridge street, Visalia.
- Hiram Strand, Vista Grande.
- Annie Henderson, Clovis.
- Clarence Gardner, 1342 Utah street, San Francisco.
- Celia Donn Shanks, 1249 Fifth street, Richmond.
- Lilly Dale, Belmont.
- Helen Young, 2007 L street, Sacramento.
- Frances A. Stanley, Valmar apartments, 1751 Market street, San Francisco.
- Patricia von Reinschach, 1611 Alameda avenue, Alameda.
- Roy Wehr, 1524 Hyde street, San Francisco.
- Joseph Permento, 3502 Sixteenth street, San Francisco.
- Alice Gilmore, 1133 Hampshire street, San Francisco.
- Henry Happ, 49 Market street, Salinas.

Shipping Live Fish in Sealed Jars

Following the plan adopted by the large trans-Atlantic liners of keeping fish intended for the table alike in tanks until needed, an American firm is testing the possibility of shipping live fish from one country to another. A trial shipment was recently made on a German liner from New York. The method of shipping is this: The jars are filled with water, sealed and placed in large tanks. Here the jars are uncovered and compressed oxygen forced into them. The fish are then placed in the jars, which are again sealed. It is believed enough oxygen can be forced into the bottles or jars to keep the fish alive during an ocean voyage of ordinary length.

NAME Age

ADDRESS