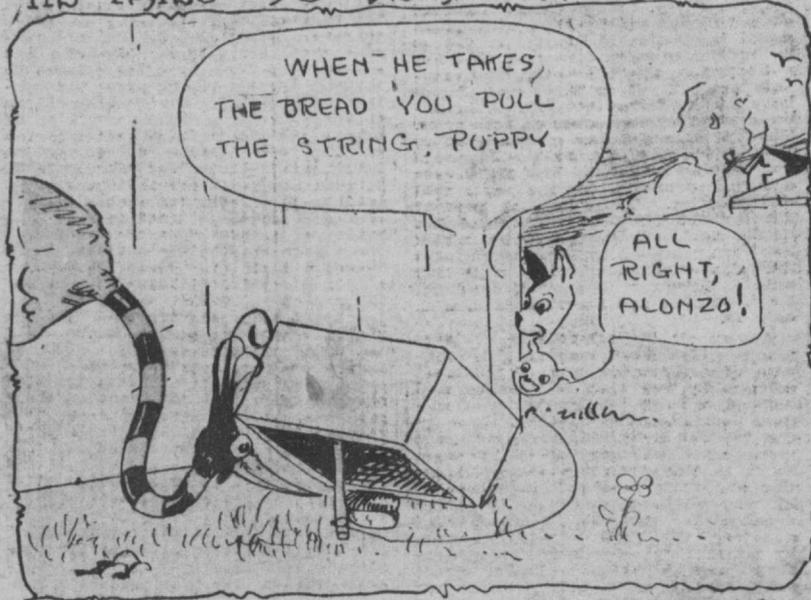


ALONZO

HE FAILS TO TRAP THE BIRD.



Disobedience Revealed by a Dog

By LOUISE HENNINGSEN, SAN JOSE

James and Helen stood disconsolately in the kitchen, which their mother had just left. The children had asked her if they might go out in their boat, but she had said it was too windy and there might be a storm.

After a few moments of pouting, James, who was 13 years old, called Helen, who was 9, out into the back yard and whispered something in her ear.

She looked very much astonished for a moment, then said: "Oh! James, mother said we couldn't go."

"Sh-h—! Don't talk so loud, cautioned her brother. "She'll hear us. But, anyway, Helen, come on; don't be a baby. We won't be gone long, and she won't even know."

"But there might be a storm," said Helen.

"Oh, pshaw! you baby!" scoffed James. "We won't be gone that long, anyway, and the storm won't come for at least two hours, anyhow."

At last Helen was persuaded to do what her brother wished, and so, calling Sim, the poodle, they crawled through an opening in the fence and started for the river.

When James got the boat unfastened they got in, taking Sim with them, and James took the oars and pushed out from the shore.

They were having a delightful time, and James pushed farther and farther away.

Sim was very restless and barked sharply all the time.

The children did not see the black clouds gathering in the sky, which got blacker and blacker all the time as the children got farther away from shore.

Suddenly a big drop of rain fell on Helen's hand, and, looking up, she noticed the black clouds, but said nothing about it to James. Soon James felt the rain, and he in turn saw the black sky.

Telling Helen that the storm was coming, he bent his all his strength to the oars, pulling for the shore. The rain fell in torrents now, and they were soon very wet, and Helen was crying.

Soon James' strength began to give out, but he kept on, knowing only too well what would happen if they did not reach the shore before the storm was at its highest.

Soon they came in sight of the shore. It seemed years to James, but at last the boat was fastened and they started on a run to the house. They went in the same way as they had gone out, and, sneaking noiselessly upstairs, they reached their rooms and changed their clothes.

Meantime, Sim appeared before Mrs. Arthur and pulled at her dress till she got up and followed him.

He led her upstairs to the children's room, and, running from her to the door, he made her understand that she should go in.

She went, and, to her astonishment, there stood Helen and James, changing their clothes.

She made them tell her everything.

THE JUNIORS NAME THE BIRD

Dear Editor: It's rather a gloomy day for May day, when everything ought to be bright and sunny, don't you think? I'm tired of this weather, and will be mighty glad when the sunshine comes to stay. Now the flowers all go to sleep and the birds fly away where it's warm, so to me it doesn't seem one bit like spring this year. Well, I hope when summer comes we won't have to keep the heaters going all day.

Hurrah! I have just received my prize. It's the dearest little watch I ever saw, and I am as proud as a queen of it. I certainly was surprised when I saw myself a prize winner, and thank you very, very much for choosing me as one. I think the Juniors' compositions are fine and enjoy reading them, especially the discussions in the prize contests. We can well be proud of The Junior Call with Alonzo as its mascot.

As to the peculiar looking bird which Alonzo hatched Easter morning, I think we should name it after him and call it Zonoal. I shall be interested to hear what the other Juniors wish to name it.

I must close now, but again thank you for the watch. Best regards to Alonzo and the pup. Your Junior friend,
MARJORIE MAUZY.
San Francisco.

Editor of the Junior Call: I write to acknowledge my receipt of the pretty watch you sent me as a prize and to

thank you heartily for it. I received it but a few minutes after I read the publication in the Junior and it rather surprised me to receive it in the first mail Saturday morning, but I was pleased beyond expression at having both paper and prize at nearly the same time.

The watch is a dandy little time-keeper and looks as if it would last quite a long time.

And, by the way, when is Alonzo going on that faraway European jaunt with the Pup and perhaps the bird? He seems to have been "thinking it over" for about the last year or so, but he never seems to get any further. Of course we'd all miss him dreadfully, but then if he'd write his letters to us as regular as ever why it might possibly be bearable. I remain as ever, your faithful Junior,

P. S.—I think a good name for Alonzo's new acquaintance, the bird, would be Marco Polo. Will you kindly tell Alonzo?

DOROTHY FRIEDENTHAL,
San Francisco.

Dear Alonzo: I see that you are lacking a name for the bird which will, as I hope, appear in the Junior Call every Saturday. Now, I think that Dickie Tweedledee would be very nice, but if you think Tweedledee would be a little too hard for the children to pronounce, I believe Tweedledee could be left off very easily and his first name, Dickie, could be used very well. I read Alonzo every Saturday and I think that he and the Pup are very good. Hoping that you will have success with the bird and that you like the name Dickie, I remain yours truly,
GEORGE H. BOARDMAN.

Winters.
P. S.—I am 10 years old and my birthday is on Christmas eve.

Dear Alonzo: Seeing that you have started a new contest I wish to offer a name of the "mysterious bird." I have several of them in stock, but the one I think is most appropriate reads "Aldiboroniphosphorhnia." Hoping I may have the pleasure of naming the gentleman, I remain, an enthusiastic Junior,
GEORGE HERRINGTON.
San Francisco.

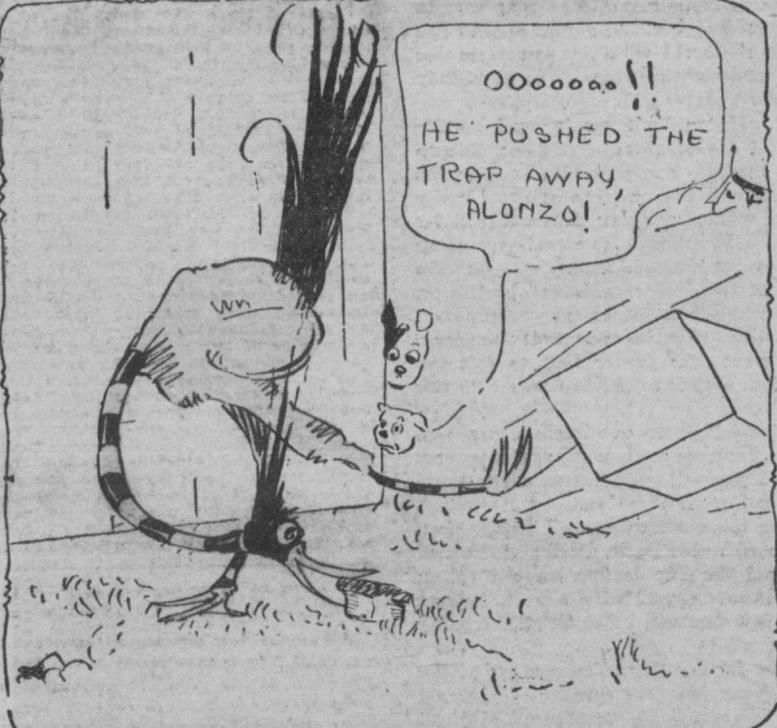
Dear Alonzo: I think the most appropriate name for your mysterious bird would be "The Dingwall." I thank you for your patience in considering my view. I remain, very truly yours,
San Francisco. LESLIE WERLE.

Alonzo, Dear Sir: I have done my humble best to give "the bird" a name. Here is the name, "Stoncraneostwigifmutarobeak." Here is the way to pronounce it: Ston-crane-ost-wi-gif-muta-rob-eak. Yours truly,
Tulare. RUBY MULANOX.

Dear Alonzo: You might name the mysterious bird "Spring Fever." Your constant reader,
Berkeley. LUCILE SLEEPER.

Dear Alonzo: Call the mysterious bird Bamboozle. Very truly,
Belvedere, Cal. HAROLD MASSANO.

Dear Alonzo: Call your bird the Tiddly Wink. HAROLD SULLY.
San Francisco.



WORDS OF THANKS

Editor of Junior Call. Dear Sir: The watch which was awarded me reached here last Thursday. It is a very nice one and I thank you very much. It certainly was worth trying for. Thanking you again, I remain sincerely yours,
LAURA F. STEWART.

P. S.—Give my best regards to Alonzo.
El Centro.

Editor Junior Call: Dear Sir—I received the nice box of paints today, and am very much pleased with them. I will show them to my friends. Thanking you many times, I remain, yours truly,
TURLOCK. MAE BROTHERS.

Editor Junior Call: Dear Sir—The postman just this minute brought me the lovely book, for which I wish to thank you very much. Yours truly,
IRENE ANDERSON.

Dear Editor: I wish to thank you for the lovely paint box I received this morning. I am so pleased with it! Yours truly,
SEBASTOPOL. FRED JANSSEN.

James took all the blame, saying that he had persuaded Helen to do it. She did not scold them, but told them never to disobey her again.

They promised, and tried to be better children, and did not go sailing without her permission again.

