FOR THE YOUNGER JUNIORS

SOME SHORT STORIES BY YOUNG JUNIOR WRITERS

Rolla's Little Red Cap

RUBY MULANAX

Rolla was a little boy only 8 years old, who lived in a little village, through which ran a one rail electric line. One day Rolla went uptown with his mamma, leaving his baby sister in care of papa at home. In one of the dry goods stores at which Rolla and his mamma traded the little boy saw a small red cap which took his fancy to such an extent that his mamma, seeing how hard he was pleading for it, paid the required price and gave it to her small son, He being a polite and good little fellow thanked her, and gave her a kiss into the bargain. They then went home.

The next day being Saturday, Rolla persuaded his mother to let him take his "fishing tackle" and a lunch and go a mile out in the country on a little picnic all by himself. By 9 o'clock he was walking briskly on his way, whistling merrily all the while. He reached the group of trees in and hour and sat down for a rest. After awhile he tried his skill at fishing, but did not have much luck. At about 11 he washed his hands and face in the brook and then ate his lunch. Then he gathered some flowers to take home, chased some birds and butterflies awhile and finally turned his steps homeward. He followed the railroad track, as boys are sure to do. After walking for about a quarter of a mile he came to where a large branch of a gigantic oak tree had fallen across the track in such a way that a train would be pitched headlong into the gulch below. Young as Rolla was, he saw in a moment that the express train, which was due in about 15 minutes, was in great peril and he wondered how he could prevent the disaster. What could he do? Go for help he could not, for there was not time. He got so frightened at the oncoming danger that he danced around without any idea what to do. At last far down the track he heard the whistle of the fast express and it startled him so he fairly jumped into the air. This caused his little red cap to fall off. Then a bright idea came to Rolla; he picked the bright colored cap up and hanging it on a pole he stepped into the middle of the track without any thought of danger and began to wave his signal. On and on came the great train, the bell rang, the whistle blew and then with a grind and a groan, as if it hated the thought of stopping, the fast express came to a dead halt not five feet from the danger point.

How the engineer did praise Rolla when he saw what a good and brave deed he had done; and the passengers kissed and petted him, calling him a brave boy. Much against Rolla's will a large purse was made up for him. The following appeared in the paper next day:

"Boy Saves One Hundred and Fifty Passengers.

"Rolla Marland, age 8 years, was the sole means of saving the fast express yesterday. He was liberally rewarded and it is thought he will receive a life saver's gold medal. The brave boy can not be too well repaid for his handsome act."

Rolla's parents were proud of him, you may be sure, and even his little sister seemed to smile upon him more lovingly than ever, although she was only 6 months old. Rolla's mother was deeply thankful that she had given her son his little cap and when you read this you will be glad, too, I hope.

Helen's Visit to Wonderland

ROBERTA DUNBAR

Helen was lying out in the hammock reading "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." She had just got to the part where Alice goes down into the earth, when she fell asleep and felt herself quite like Alice. She was in a narrow hallway with beautifully colored lights when she was met by an old lady, who said, "How do you do? Would you like to see my palace?"

"Ye—ye—yes," said Helen, almost afraid to speak.

"Very well, then," said the lady, "follow me." She took a bunch of keys out of her pocket and opened the first door. Helen saw a beautiful room with pretty pictures on the walls and pearls and diamonds and all kinds of jewels in chests. In another room she found chests of silver and gold. She went into still another room and here were five beautiful maidens. In the next room were the old lady's dresses, some gold, some with beads on and others silk embroidered with silver.

"There are three more rooms," said the lady, "would you like to see them?"

"If you please," said Helen. Her hostess unlocked them and she saw in one the little old lady's husband and son counting their gold. In the next were two young ladies talking and seeming to have a good time, while in the last there were Alonzo and the pup reading The Junior Call. Helen awoke and was sorry to find that her trip was a dream.

Not a Greyhound

An Englishman having decided to buy himself a dog, dropped into a store where they made a specialty of dogs. Approaching a clerk, he said:

"Hi wants a kind of dog about so high and so long. Hit's a kind of gr'yound, and yet hit ain't a gr'yound, because 's style is shorter nor any of these 'ere gr'younds an' 's nose is shorter an' 'e ain't so slim round the body. But still 'e's a kind of gr'yound. Do you keep such dogs?"

"We do not," said the clerk. "We drowns 'em."—Chicago Record-Herald.

How Kindness Won Its Reward

ESTHER POSNER
San Francisco

Once upon a time there was a girl named Florence. She was kind and polite to everybody. One day as she was going out with her largest doll she met a poor little orphan girl, who was in rags and was begging for money. It was a cold, winter day, and the little orphan was shivering with cold.

Florence went up to her and asked: "What is your name?"

At first the orphan was afraid, but soon saw how kind Florence was and answered:

"My—my name is Ethel."

Then Florence said: "Would you like to come home with me?"

Ethel looked her surprise. "You don't mean me, do you?"

"Of course, I do," answered Florence.

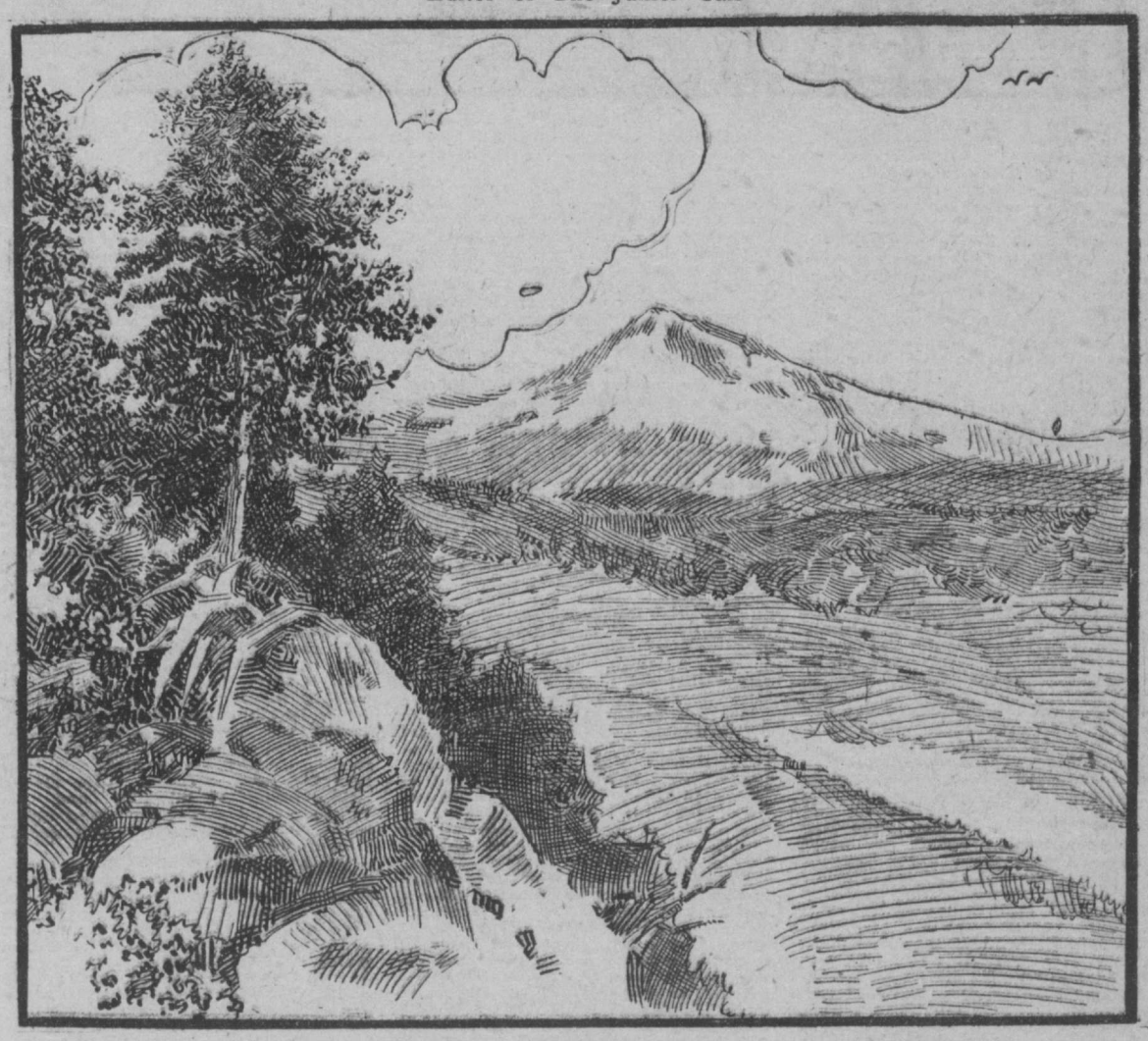
Ethel was delighted and said "Yes" right away. So Florence took Ethel home.

Mrs. Cook, Florence's mother, was pleased with her daughter's kindness. Two years passed and Ethel was 12 years old and Florence 12 years and 6 months. One day Florence and Ethel went out. Florence went across a busy street nearby, but Ethel went in a store to purchase some things. As she came out of the store she saw Florence about two inches from a wagon with four horses drawing it. Ethel rushed in front of the horses and pulled Florence away. She was hurt a little, but had saved Florence's life.

After Ethel's recovery she said: "Florence and I shall be faithful friends always," and they were for many, many years."

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



NAME..... Age.....

ADDRESS.....

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.

Paints were awarded to the following Juniors who painted the picture in the paper of May 6:

Joy Harris, box 47, Kentfield.
Ada Robles, R. D. 2, box 73, Acampo.
Fred Henry Jr., 422 K street, Fresno.
Carman Turner, Crows Landing.
Maxine le Doux, Sutter Creek.
Evelyn Keehner, 6424 Colby street, Oakland.
Sturmer Slissman, Oroville.
Lizzie Wilson, Ceres.
Loraine Biagini, 1775 Mason street, San Francisco.
Ruth Gray, 2016 Brook street, Oakland.
Viola Bowen, 1123 Pierce street, San Francisco.
Dorothy Josephine Billings, box 8, Calistoga.
Andrew L. Solaris, 4799 Telegraph avenue, Oakland.
Vivian Campili, box 351, Petaluma.
Flora Ayres, Geyserville.
Beatrice Zumini, Point Reyes.
Fern Bradford, Bruceville.
Dorothy Bancroft Gray, 2124 Encinal avenue, Alameda.
Hull Peppin, Hillside club, Cedar street, Berkeley.
Joseph Fogarty, 1675 Sanchez street, San Francisco.

A Dream and Its Result

In 1720 a terrible epidemic decimated Marseilles and Provence, and Sardinia owed its escape to a dream. At this period the viceroy of Sardinia dreamed that the disease had invaded Sardinia and that the ravages were frightful. When the viceroy awake he was deeply impressed by his dream, and a little later a merchantman put in its appearance at Cagliari and demanded a place to berth.

The Sardinian refused, and when it was hinted that the merchantman wanted to land some sick, the viceroy threatened to train the guns of the forts upon the vessel if the captain did not depart instantly. The people of Cagliari thought that the viceroy was mad, but great was their joy later when they learned that this very ship, which went on to Marseilles, was responsible for introducing the plague into the famous port.—London Globe.