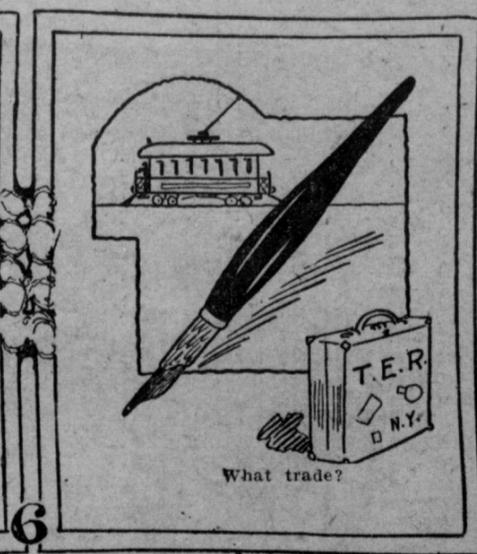


AWARDED FOR SOLVING THESE PUZZLES



The Heroine

Merle School, Sixth Grade, Age 13 Years

Watching the black speck in the sky gradually, even as she gazed at the form and substance of a large aeroplane. The skirtful of poppies which she had gathered on the ground as the great ship came on and on. Suddenly it swooped downward, and she watched something broken.

Very large, but was very near the aeroplane. She ran into her yard and sat on the porch, still gazing at the ship coming toward her.

And on and on the great ship came, and it was right above Susie's house. Finally it shot forward and landed in the front yard where Susie was. She ran to the aeroplane, thinking it was some one to visit her. When she got near the machine she was seized by two kidnapers.

"I don't want to get in this thing," shouted Susie, bewildered. The mother heard her and came to her rescue, but in vain. The great ship had started. A policeman heard the commotion and shot at the aeroplane, but it was a waste of bullets. The ship sailed through the air for an hour and then alighted on the summit of a great mountain. Here a small tent was fixed up, and this was to be Susie's home.

She passed a week, receiving brutal treatment, and then she began to grow exhausted with the hard work. An Indian squaw passed by the tent one day and saw the child, lying on the ground as if dead. The Indian took Susie up in her arms and carried her to her tent. The woman had been sent out of camp. She gave the child water, which began to revive her. The squaw asked her where she lived and Susie told her. The squaw took her home, and ever afterward she was Susie's friend and lived with her.

My Dream to Come

ALBERTA COLLINS, 1846 McAllister Street, San Francisco, Fremont School, B Fifth Grade, Age 11 Years

Susie stood watching the black speck in the sky, which gradually, even as she gazed, took on the form and substance of a huge aeroplane. The skirtful of poppies which she had gathered on the ground as the great ship came on and on. Suddenly it swooped downward, running along for about 20 feet, then stopped.

Susie was surprised at the sight, and stood still and stared with open mouthed wonder. "Oh, little girl, are you a stone image, or made of flesh and blood?" This was asked by a male voice, and Susie was certainly frightened now. "Ned, let me speak to the child; see,

Kidnapers

MA ZEHENDER, Street, San Mateo, Burlingame School, Seventh A Grade, Age 12 Years

Watching the black speck in the sky gradually, even as she gazed at the form and substance of a large aeroplane. The skirtful of poppies which she had gathered on the ground as the great ship came on and on. Suddenly it swooped downward, and she watched something broken.

you have frightened her," Susie heard the sweet voice, and shut her mouth and tried to use her limbs, but they were still shaky, and at last she squatted down and cried.

"Now see what you have done, Ned, Let us try and comfort her." So "The Lady" and "The Man," as Susie always called them, came from the machine and joined her on the grass. They had a nice lunch and many goodies, and, of course, Susie soon joined them and forgot to be scared. They told her how this was their trial trip, also their bridal trip; but the airship was a success and their ideas perfect, so were assured of a fortune in the future. Of course, Susie didn't understand all their talk, but was interested as long as lunch lasted. They promised soon to pay a visit to Susie's home, near by, and take her for a spin in the air. So if you see a little freckled faced girl looking skyward with a hopeful expression on her face, you may be sure it is Susan.

Mamma declared it was a midsummer day dream, but Susie says: "Wait until they call some day for me; then you'll know I wasn't dreaming." Let us hope for their success and happiness, that "The Lady" and "The Man" won't forget the poor little girl who was the first witness to their first successful flight.

Susie's Mistake

EDITH DASEKING, 2823 Broderick Street, Grant School, A Seventh Grade, Age 11 Years

Susie stood watching the black speck in the sky, which gradually, even as she gazed at it, took the form and substance of a large aeroplane. The skirtful of poppies fell unheeded to the ground as the huge ship came on and on. Suddenly it swooped downward and then shot up again.

The aeroplane Susie had taken for a large bird, as her knowledge of the modern times was scant. She lived on a small farm 20 miles from the nearest city, and as there were no schools around there she found no way of learning, for in the daytime her mother and father were too busy to answer questions and at night too tired to talk.

"Oh, mother, mother!" cried Susie, running into the kitchen where her mother was cooking. "I saw the most wonderful bird, that was all white and as large as this room."

"Dear me, what a wonderful imagination that child has," murmured her mother. A week later a letter came from Susie's rich aunt Alice, who lived in the city, asking her to come and visit her little girl, Lucy.

Susie's mother and father both said she should go, so accordingly a week later Susie started to the city. The day after she arrived her aunt Alice announced she was going to take them to the aviation meet.

The Poppy Girl

Pauline Weilheimer, 2621 Baker Street, Grant School, A Eighth Grade, Age 13 Years

Susie stood watching the black speck in the sky which gradually, even as she gazed, took on the form and substance of a huge aeroplane. The skirtful of poppies which she had gathered on the ground as the great ship came on and on. Suddenly it swooped downward and as it came close she recognized former President Roosevelt. The ship came down very near Susie. As Roosevelt saw her beautiful poppies lying at her feet he said: "Three cheers for the California Poppy Girl."

Seeing these flowers, beautiful both in color and shape, and hearing Susie talk of the poppies prized by the state of California and herself, he took her up in his ship so they could talk more of our lovely poppy state.

Susie was picked up near San Mateo, so they were soon in San Francisco. The child was a poor girl of 8 years

and had never been to our great city. When she saw the different buildings she was so excited that she could hardly speak.

When above Market street she saw many beautiful buildings. The ferry building she thought handsome and The Call building very large and artistic.

Susie said a neighbor of hers, gave her the Junior Call every Saturday. She was very glad to know where Alonzo lived, because she had a dog at home named Alonzo. "The Junior Call and Alonzo are my only amusements," she said.

After seeing the city and the fair site they turned toward home. On their way back they saw the beautiful Golden Gate park, with its many amusements, buildings and statues. Susie spent many hours when at home wondering if she would be living in San Francisco in 1915.

John's Aeroplane

ROBIN McQUESTEN, 1529 Union Street, Alameda, Haight School, B Sixth Grade, Age 12

Susie stood watching the black speck in the sky, which gradually, even as she gazed, took on the form and substance of a huge aeroplane. The skirtful of poppies which she had gathered on the ground as the great ship came on and on. Suddenly it swooped downward and alighted on the ground not far from where she stood. She did not know that the great ship was the one that her own brother, John, and his uncle, William, had been building for more than a year, and great was her surprise when her brother, John, stepped from the aeroplane, ran to her and said:

"Sister Susie, how do you like my new aeroplane?" "I just think it fine," said Susie; "it looks so pretty flying in the air."

"Won't you have a ride in it?" asked John. "No, no," answered Susie. "Mamma would not be pleased if I did not ask her permission first."

"Well, I guess you are right," said John. John then turned around and went toward his aeroplane. Susie was sorry that she could not go with him. But, instead, she turned, picked up her poppies and brought them home to her mother.

"Do you know, mamma, I wanted to go so badly with John for a ride in his new aeroplane, but I did not because I had not asked your permission. Please, may I take a ride with John?" Her mother was so impressed with Susie's obedience that she said, "Yes, indeed, you may."

Susie, when she heard those words, ran out of the house and, calling to John to wait a minute, ran to the aeroplane, climbed in and in two seconds she and John were flying above the sky, two very happy children.

The Higher Education

A Georgia school teacher, having instructed a pupil to purchase a grammar, the next day received the following note from the child's mother: "I do not desire for Lula shall engage in grammar as I prefer her engage in youseful studies and can learn her how to spoke and write properly myself. I have went through two grammars and can't say as they did me no good. I prefer her engage in german and drawing and vokal music on the piano."

Accepted With Pleasure

A minister had traveled some distance to preach at a small town, and at the conclusion of the morning service waited for some one to invite him to dinner, but the congregation gradually dispersed and left him standing alone. Finally he stepped up to a gentleman and said: "Brother, will you go home to dinner with me today?" "Where do you live?" asked the gentleman. "About 18 miles from here," was the unexpected reply. "No, but you must dine with me," answered the gentleman, with a flushed face; which invitation the clergyman gravely accepted.

A Lesson in Politeness

A pretty story about the delicate wit of Mrs. Taft has recently amused Washington society. Mrs. Taft, at a diplomatic dinner, had for a neighbor a distinguished French traveler, who boasted a little unduly of his nation's politeness. "We French," the traveler declared, "are the politest people in the world. Everybody acknowledges it. You Americans are a remarkable nation, but the French exceed you in politeness. You admit it yourselves, don't you?" Mrs. Taft smiled delicately. "Yes," she said. "That is our politeness."—Los Angeles Times.

Winners of the Puzzle Prizes

Three very fine watches will be given away each week for correct answers to the puzzles. This does not mean that every one answering the puzzles gets a prize. But if you persist you will surely get one. If you do not get one this week keep on trying. Perhaps you will be successful next time. The Junior follows the fairest possible method of awarding its prizes. All answers must be spelled correctly, written neatly and sent in on postal cards. Those received in other ways will not be considered. The answers to the puzzles published in The Junior Call of August 5 are as follows:

- 1, Sabre; 2, Morocco; 3, Apollo; 4, Peking; 5, Cockatoo; 6, Morgan.

Those of the Juniors who this week answered the puzzles successfully are:

- Robert Marsh, 2249 Market street, San Francisco.
- Henry Kraft, Arbuckle.
- Margaret Ross, Bishop school, La Jolla.

Three Times—and Out

A resourceful canvasser is a hard man to get the best of. Witness the experiences of the Cohoes man, of whom Attorney General Wickersham told in a recent after dinner speech. On the way to the railroad station one morning he was halted by a book agent, and being a great reader he bought a book for \$5.

"It will be something to read on the train," he thought, as he gave his name and accepted a receipt. It was a dull book, however, and the Cohoes man left it at his office; but on his return home that evening there was another copy on the library table, and his wife explained that the agent had left it, and had collected \$5, saying that such were her husband's orders.

The Cohoes man was wild with rage. "If I had that agent here," he growled, "I'd kill him, the dastardly hound!" "Why, there he goes now!" cried his wife. "Look—hurrying down the street toward the station!"

The Cohoes man rushed upstairs for his coat and shoes; but while he was dressing a neighbor came along in a motor car. He halted the neighbor from the window. "Hurry down to the station and hold up that chap for me!" he cried. "That chap with the books! See?" "Sure!" said the obliging neighbor; and he put on full speed and soon reached the agent.

"That man up there on the hill wants you," he said. "Oh, yes," said the agent, as the train steamed in. "That's Mr. Smith. He wants one of my books. Do you mind taking it for him? It's \$5, please."

Then the train steamed off, with the agent on it, and the motorist sped back to Smith again. "Here's your book," he shouted, holding it aloft, "and you owe me \$5."—Youth's Companion.

A Lesson in Politeness

A pretty story about the delicate wit of Mrs. Taft has recently amused Washington society.

Mrs. Taft, at a diplomatic dinner, had for a neighbor a distinguished French traveler, who boasted a little unduly of his nation's politeness. "We French," the traveler declared, "are the politest people in the world. Everybody acknowledges it. You Americans are a remarkable nation, but the French exceed you in politeness. You admit it yourselves, don't you?" Mrs. Taft smiled delicately. "Yes," she said. "That is our politeness."—Los Angeles Times.

MEGAPHONE MAN

ROBERT GILBERT WELSH

ON the station platform, all alone,
Stands a queer little man with a megaphone,
And calls the names out one by one
From early morning till set of sun.
Through the megaphone hear him say
"Change cars here for Rockaway,
Wading River and Valley Stream,
Shady Nook and the Hills of Dream!"
And the travellers all, with happy faces,
Start away for the pleasant places.
But the queer little man with the megaphone
Says on the platform all alone.

