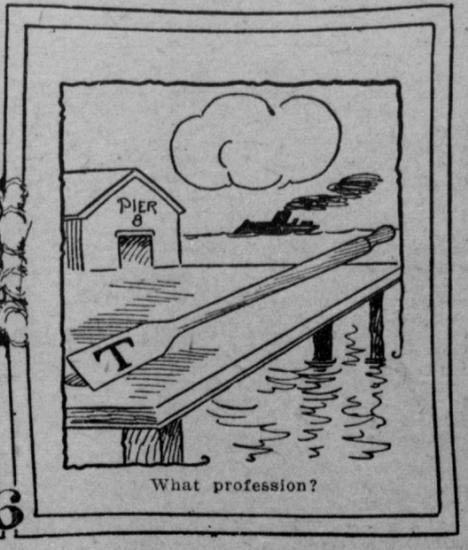
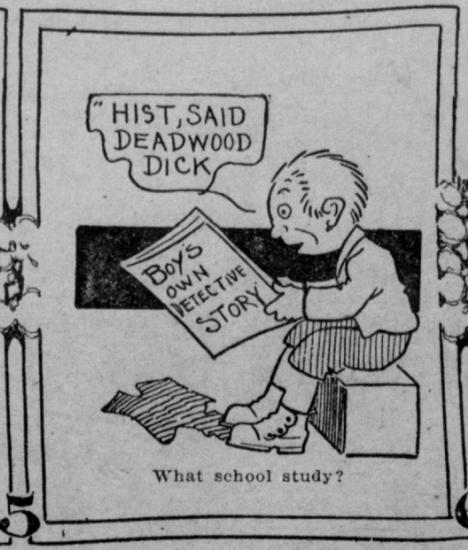
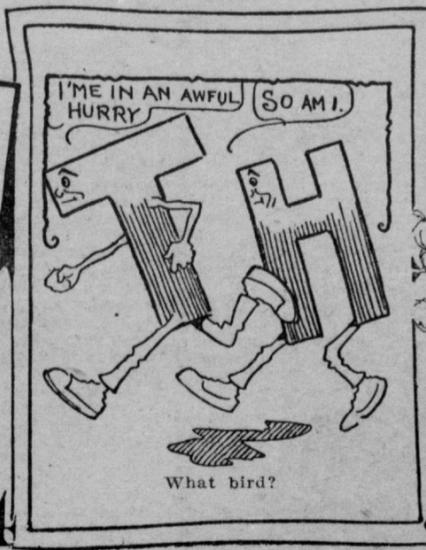


AWARDED FOR SOLVING THESE PUZZLES



Old Man of the Cave

MILDRED BREMLER,
Visadero Street, Al of Girls' High School. Age 15 Years

Ralph came home from school one afternoon he found the big house empty and lifeless. Father and mother and all the noisy, cheerful brothers and sisters were away on one errand or another. He shouted upstairs and downstairs, but there was no response. He felt lonely and desolate, so he put on his cap to go out again into the bright sunlight, when suddenly there was a vigorous rapping at the door, opening it Ralph saw, to his astonishment, his friend Bud's Newfoundland, Prince. He was drenching, although the day was warm, red.

"What are you doing?" said Ralph. "I've been looking for you," said Prince. "I've been looking for you," said Prince. "I've been looking for you," said Prince. "I've been looking for you," said Prince.

"Where's your master?" said Prince. "He's gone to the office," said Ralph. "He's gone to the office," said Ralph. "He's gone to the office," said Ralph.

"What's the matter?" said Prince. "I've been looking for you," said Ralph. "I've been looking for you," said Prince. "I've been looking for you," said Ralph.

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The Burglar

JOHN HAFLICH,
2291 East Sonora Street, Fair Oaks School, Third Grade. Age 11 Years

When Ralph came home from school one afternoon he found the big house empty and lifeless. Father and mother and all the noisy, cheerful brothers and sisters were away on one errand or another. He shouted upstairs and downstairs, but there was no response. He felt lonely and desolate, so he put on his cap to go out again into the bright sunlight, when suddenly there was a vigorous rapping at the door. Laying his cap on the table he started to answer it, when, oh, horrors! some one grabbed him and bound his arms tightly to his sides, then placed a gag in his mouth.

All at once he remembered the item in last night's paper telling of a daring robbery that had been committed. A handsome reward was offered to the person or persons who could capture the robber. As Ralph lay there he could hear some one rummaging in his mother's bureau, and knowing that her jewel case was there and that one locket contained a picture of a dear little sister who had gone to dwell among the angels, the frightened boy tugged and strained with all his might to liberate himself. Just as he was giving up all hope he felt one of the knots give, so he tugged and tugged, when, oh, joy! he pulled one hand loose, and, slipping it into his pocket, got his knife and cut the remaining cords.

Now all seemed quiet and poor Ralph was afraid to stir, for fear his late assailant would grab him again and perhaps kill him this time. Then the thought of what sorrow the loss of the jewels would be to his mother came to him, and he crept noiselessly toward the library, where his father's revolver lay in the writing desk. Oh, how slowly he went, listening and trembling at every sound. At last he reached the desk and secured the weapon. Then he stole quietly upstairs and before the man was aware of it, so interested was he in tying up his valuable bundle, that brave Ralph had his weapon on him. He marched him up to the telephone and notified the sheriff's office, and just as the sheriff's automobile arrived Ralph's father and mother returned. The burglar was handcuffed and taken to jail. Ralph received the reward, and as Christmas was near at hand he bought all of his friends and relatives Christmas presents and had a jolly good time.

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A Strange Visitor

EDNA WARE
4351 Eighteenth Street, San Francisco, Everett Grammar School, A Fifth Grade. Age 11 Years

When Ralph came home from school one afternoon he found the big house empty and lifeless. Father and mother and all the noisy, cheerful brothers and sisters were away on one errand or another. He shouted upstairs and downstairs, but there was no response. He felt lonely and desolate, so he put on his cap to go out again into the bright sunlight, when suddenly there was a vigorous rapping at the door. Laying his cap on the table he started to answer it, when, oh, horrors! some one grabbed him and bound his arms tightly to his sides, then placed a gag in his mouth.

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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 September 23 are as follows:
1. Smelt; 2. Jackal; 3. Quarter; 4. Checkers; 5. Page; 6. Grip.

Those of the Juniors who this week answered the puzzles successfully are: Roy Kispert, 172 Belvedere street, San Francisco. Fred Lucas, 2284 Union street, San Francisco. Darrel Morley, Gustine.

The Halfbreed's Revenge

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

When Ralph came home from school one afternoon he found the big house empty and lifeless. Father and mother and all the noisy, cheerful brothers and sisters were away on one errand or another. He shouted upstairs and downstairs, but there was no response. He felt lonely and desolate, so he put on his cap to go out again into the bright sunlight, when suddenly there came a vigorous rapping at the door and, thinking it was his mother, he did not hesitate to open it. Just as he did so a halfbreed sprang in. His clothes were ragged and his eyes flashed fire.

"Boy," he cried, "I am going to ask a favor of you; or at least, it is not a favor, for if you don't do it—," he pulled a pistol from his belt and pointed it at Ralph, and then laughed harshly. Ralph, though a brave lad, stood overcome with fear. Finally he managed to stammer, "What is the favor?"

"Your father, your dog of a father," began the halfbreed, angrily, "refused to give me any help after I saved him from drowning. All I wanted was \$2. Now, if you don't give me those three 'bones'—," he again pointed the pistol at him threateningly.

Ralph drew from his pocket \$3, which the halfbreed hungrily grabbed. Ralph rejoiced at having got off so easily, but that was not the end. His father came home that night with a long story to tell.

"Last Saturday, as I was walking along the river," began Mr. Holster, "I noticed a halfbreed slyly following me. I did not think anything of it until he was right behind me. He gave me a sudden push that knocked me right into the water."

"Then he sprang in after me and dragged me on shore. The people all thought he was a hero, but I told them how he had pushed me in. 'The halfbreed gave one yell, sprang into the river, made quick time to cross it and disappeared.'

"Today he came to my office and asked me for three dollars, and when I refused to give it to him he left the office declaring he would have revenge. 'After a while I sent one of my men down to the basement to get something. He came back again very flushed and excited and begged me and the rest of the men to come into the cellar.'

"There lay the halfbreed asleep on the basement floor with some dynamite and some matches by his side. 'When he woke up, which was just as we were going to seize him, he jumped up and with one terrible dash which knocked most of us over, made his escape.'

Ralph turned pale and then told his father all that had happened that afternoon. Being a reasonable man his father forgave him, as he saw the boy could have done nothing else. The halfbreed never was seen again in the town.

The Burning of the School

ALICE PALMER,
3144 Twenty-first street, Horace Mann School, B 6 Grade. Age 12 Years

When Ralph came home from school one afternoon he found the big house empty and lifeless. Father and mother and all the noisy, cheerful brothers and sisters were away on one errand or another. He shouted upstairs and downstairs, but there was no response. He felt lonely and desolate, so he put on his cap to go out again into the bright sunlight, when suddenly there was a vigorous rapping at the door and he ran to open it. There stood his friend, Fred Ainsworth.

"Oh, Ralph, the schoolhouse is on fire and there are some girls and five teachers imprisoned in the building," he cried.

Ralph gasped. He shut and locked the door and, putting the key in its hiding place, the two boys raced off toward the school. The smoke and flames were pouring out of the second story windows. The other two stories were safe for a short time.

Then a shout went up from the vast crowd of onlookers, for out of the windows on the fourth story two girls were looking.

When Ralph saw that he started toward the burning building. "Come on, Fred," he cried to his chum, "we may be able to save one or two of the girls."

The two boys darted forward and were soon struggling up the stairs from the first floor. The heat was intense and the smoke was already beginning to strangle them, but they fought bravely on.

At last they reached the third story where they found seven girls and five teachers huddled together. "Run up stairs, Fred," shouted Ralph, "and get the other two down. We may be able to make it."

Soon they were struggling through the mass of fire, heat and smoke that reigned in triumph over the first two stories of the school. One of the girls fainted, but was picked up and carried by Ralph. Soon they were all out of the building but one girl, who had fainted on the stairs and been passed unnoticed. When Ralph heard this he turned, though he was weak and almost blinded by the smoke, and staggered up the stairs to where the girl lay, picked her up and started downstairs with her. He fainted half way down, but was picked up by a fireman, who carried them to safety. Ralph's picture was put in the paper and he was lauded as a brave boy.

The Hero

LLEWELLYN HASKELL,
1395 Franklin Street, Oakland, McKinley School, Low Ninth Grade.

When Ralph came home from school one afternoon he found the big house empty and lifeless. Father and mother and all the noisy brothers and sisters were away on one errand or another. He shouted upstairs and downstairs, but there was no response. He felt lonely and desolate, so he put on his cap to go out again into the bright sunlight, when suddenly there was a vigorous rapping at the door, and a gruff voice cried out, "Open the door!"

Ralph, although generally a brave boy, did not like to go to the door, and yet he did not know what else to do. Then he thought that maybe the man had not heard him and would not know he was in the house, so he hid behind a door.

The tramp, hearing no reply, walked in the back door, which was, unfortunately, open. He then looked in the pantry and got some pie and a piece of cake to eat. Then finding that he was still hungry (for he had not eaten since the evening before), he got something else to eat. After having satisfied his hunger he looked around to see what he could take. Just as he was disposing of his second handful of silver a policeman, accompanied by Ralph, appeared on the scene. The policeman lost no time in arresting the tramp, who afterwards turned out to be a notorious robber.

Just then Ralph's father and mother came home and asked him what had happened. He told them that while hiding behind the door he had seen the tramp, and so went to get an officer. Then before long in some mysterious way the story reached all the neighbors, and he was the hero of the day.

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