FOR THE YOUNGER JUNIORS

Entirely Too Sympathetic

No doubt many of us have noticed that when we are ailing there are always people ready to express their sympathy, and to make inquiries as to how we managed to catch cold, or the toothache, or the neuralgia, or whatever it may be that we are suffering from.

People can not be sick, and at the same time be in particularly equable temperament, and so it is not surprising that they occasionally resent the sympathy that is offered to them. It is bad enough to have to bear pain, without being compelled to enter into descriptive details of our symptoms.

Young people, especially, are apt to be irritable when, as they express it, a "fuss" is being made over them, and to answer questions in a somewhat sarcastic way. One day a boy who was employed in a public library was standing on a stepladder, putting a book back to its place on the shelves, when he slipped and fell. He made considerable noise in his fall, but did not hurt himself much.

All the other employes crowded around him as soon as he got up and began to ply him with questions.

"Have you hurt yourself?"

"How did it happen?"

"Did your foot slip?"

"Did you lose your balance?"

The boy answered all these questions as politely as he could, but he wanted to get away from the sympathizers. He was sure that some people, who had seen him fall and noticed his queer antics, which he indulged in to save himself, were quietly laughing at him. He knew also that his clothes had a very rumpled appearance and that he was all covered with dust.

Just as he was moving away a very prim and precise lady—one of the librarians, who had been attracted by the noise—rushed up and called out eagerly to the boy:

"Why, Eddie, did you fall?"

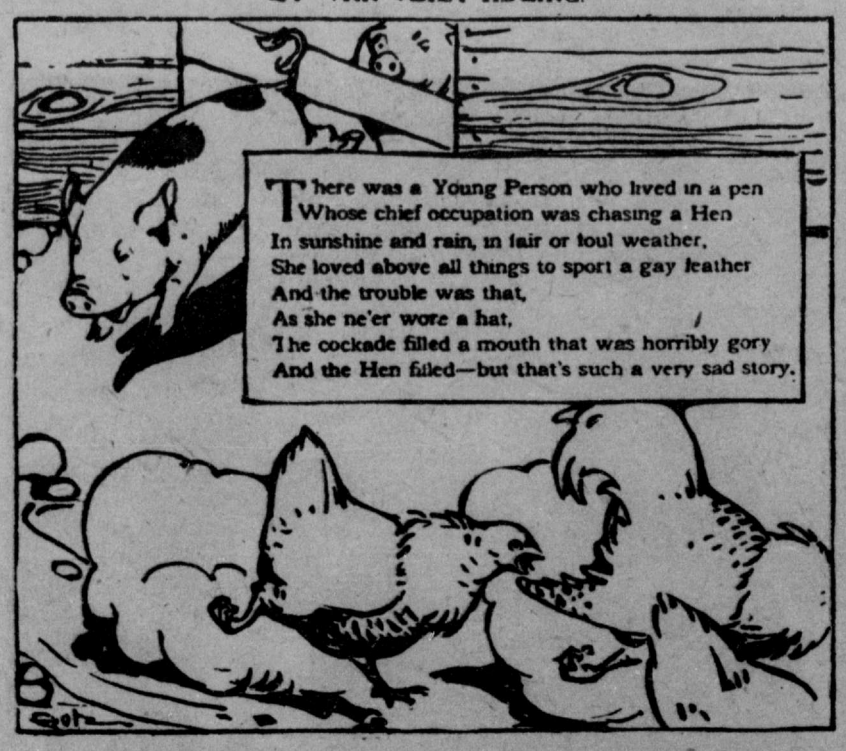
This was too much for Eddie.

"No, ma'am," he said. "I laid myself down on the floor and rolled around and rubbed my clothes in the dust just for fun."

Then each person looked at the other and walked away, and neither expressed any more sympathy nor asked any more questions.

A TASTE FOR FEATHERS

BY VAN VLIET ADLING.



Little Gems of Wit

The paper doll loved the china doll.
"Will you be my wife?" said he
"Oh, you're just sheer nonsense!" she
laughed, "that's all;
You weren't cut out for me."

Jamie—Mamma, I thought you said our new girl could not talk English.

Mamma—That is what I said. Jamie, Gretchen has only been in this country a few weeks, and she knows nothing at all about our language.

Jamie—Why, she coughs in English.

Johnny—Mamma thinks I should live among deaf people.

Papa—Is that so?

Johnny—Yes. She thinks I should be seen, not heard.

A thief is generally distant in his manner if he suspects an officer is after him.

News costs. You can't even get a report from a gun free of charge.

The Extinct British Crocodile

In the river Ganges, in India, there is a huge reptile called the Gavial, of Garial, distinguished from the Egyptian crocodile by the extraordinary shape of its head and jaws; there is no other living species of crocodile like it; but Britain once possessed a crocodile resembling that of the distant Ganges, and of even larger dimentions.

The Telyeosaurus, or "Perfect Lizard," was a reptile of that remote period that preceded the age of the great elephants and tigers. It sometimes attained the length of thirty feet; and the jaws, which had an opening of six feet, were shaped like those of the gavial, being long, narrow and straight, till at the extremity they widened out like the beak of the bird called the spoonbill. Its teeth were more numerous, and set closer together, than those of the Egyptian crocodile; and it was covered with plates on its under side as well as on its back. Though it was longer and more slender than the crocodile of the Ganges, and the vertebrae of its backbone were united by flat plates instead of a ball and socket, it resembled it more than any other animal.

In those ages, so long passed away, when such monstrous creatures lurked amongst the reed-like plants of the rivers, and the forests of strange trees were haunted by reptiles of still more vast dimensions, how different must the aspect of the country have been from what it is now, when the largest lizard is only two or three inches long.

Sunset

By ROBERT GILBERT WELSH

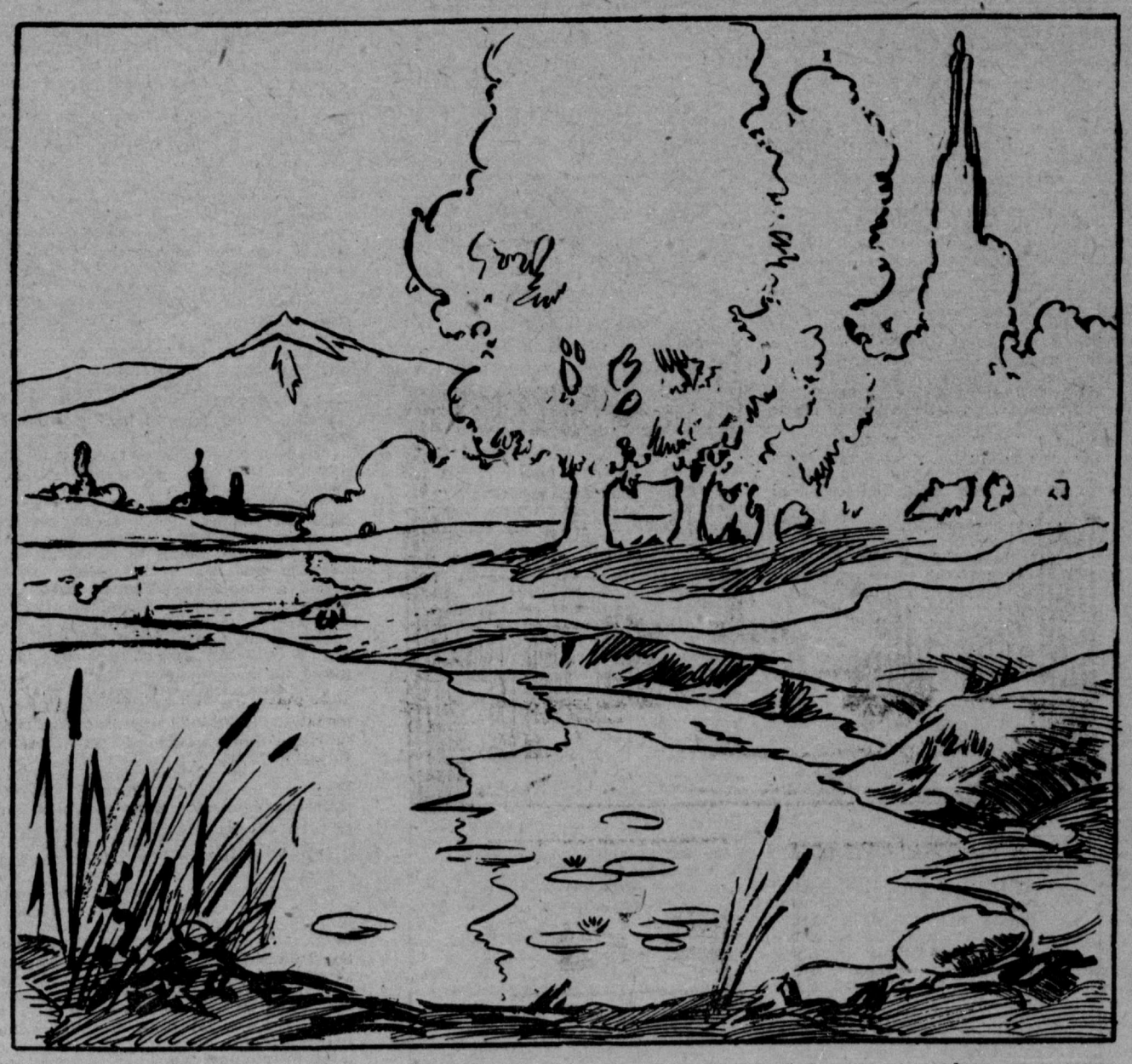
Just when the sun gets pretty low,
And thinks it's time he slipped away,
He does not seem to move so slow
As earlier in the day.

Then all the windows facing west
Blaze up as if a fire came
And danced on every chair and chest,
And filled the room with flame.

Soon all the sky gets sort of black
That just before was rosy red;
Perhaps Night gives the Sun a whack
And sends him off to bed!

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 and girls, who send in the best colored pictures. 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 October 14:

Harriet F. Price, Fallen Leaf, Lake Tahoe.
Ellen Nelson, Oakley.
Jack Millis, 471 Addison avenue, Palo Alto.
May Murphy, route 4, Santa Rosa.
Helen Dunn, 201 Ramona avenue, Piedmont.
Jean Fletcher, 2044 Thirty-fourth avenue, Oakland.
Doris Barber, Mill Valley.
Elsie Burdick, 204 Downey street, San Francisco.
Francis Bourn Hayne, St. Helena.
Richard Ward, Duncan Mills.
Gertrude Bishop, 38 Sanchez street, San Francisco.
Theodore Witts, 33 Fountain street, San Francisco.
Clarise Wright, box 140, R. F. D. 1, Hayward.
Betty Chambers, Clovis.
Evelyn Prosser, 2435 East Twenty-third street, Oakland.
George Jukich, Sausalito.
Walter Danton, 771½ Hayes street, San Francisco.
Ruth Reed, 2321 Twenty-third avenue, Oakland.
Jean Kurdall, 2021 Encinal avenue, Alameda.
Lena Mundwyler, 1314 Shotwell street, San Francisco.

A Life Lesson

There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your doll, I know;
And your teaset blue
And your playhouse, too,
Are things of the long ago;
But childish troubles will soon pass by—
There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your slate, I know,
And the glad, wild ways
Of your schoolgirl days
Are things of the long ago;
But life and love will soon come by—
There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your heart, I know;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your beautiful dreams
Are things of long ago;
But heaven holds all for which you sigh—
There! little girl; don't cry!

—James Whitcomb Riley.