

Saving the Bison

The American Bison society, now in the fifth year of its existence, is doing a good work. The announcement by Director Hornaday, of the New York Zoological society, that it will aid the Bison society in stocking the proposed Wind Cave National bison range in South Dakota with a "nucleus herd" as soon as the range is established by congress, follows the recent shipment by it and interested individuals of gift bison to the national ranges in Montana and south-western Oklahoma, Yellowstone park, of course, includes a flourishing herd, and the Corbin herd at Newport, N. H., and the well kept group in the Bronx zoological garden, show how far east these fine animals may graze and increase in number. Yet there are but 2,000, more or less, of the American buffalo in existence. There should be millions of them, as once there were. They are still in imminent danger of extinction. It is not merely that the bison makes a valuable beef animal, and that its hide is more valuable than that of any domesticated beast; there is a sentimental value in its preservation. It is the most conspicuous of the American fauna. The New York Zoological society has not abandoned its efforts to establish a state preserve in the Adirondacks, and in each of the states in which the bison originally ranged. It is difficult, however, to stir state pride in this matter. The bill now before the senate committee on agriculture appropriates only \$32,000 for the purchase and fencing of a valuable tract in the Black Hills district of South Dakota. It is little for the nation to pay. The return will be rich and lasting.—New York Times.

Talented

The foreman of a large iron works was short of laborers one morning and as a last resort, says the Bristol Times, went to an old tramp who was lying asleep beside one of the furnaces and roused him with the questions:

"I say, my man, are you wanting work?"

"What kind of work?" asked the tramp.

"Can you do anything with a shovel?"

"Yes," replied the tramp, rubbing his eyes, "I could fry a piece of ham on it."—St. Louis Republican.

A Dead Give Away

"Willie," said the mother sorrowfully, "every time you are naughty I get another gray hair."

"Gee!" said Willie, "you must have been a terror. Look at grandpa."—Ladies' Home Journal.



"Mushrooms to let", they're fine & dandy
They're clean & bright & very handy
With each one goes a bowl of mush—
The landlord's name is Mr. Thrush.

"Mushrooms to let", they're bright & sunny,
The agent's name is Mister Bunny;
They're situated near the brook
Where you can iron wash and cook.



UNPROFITABLE REFORMATION

In a restaurant that strives to inculcate good manners a man who admitted that he was rather slow on etiquette, but was trying to learn, besought the waiter to assist in the reformation.

"My chief trouble," said he, "is splashing. I used to splash like anything. But by degrees I am curing myself. Know how? Well, sir, I have made it a rule to cover all the spots I make on the table cloth with silver money, nickels, dimes, quarters, halves, whatever it takes to cover them, and then give the money away. As I am

not a rich man, that nearly broke me and I began to reform."

The waiter nodded encouragingly and said he was glad to hear it. The man ate a substantial meal. When he had finished, the cloth was disfigured with only one small coffee stain which a dime easily covered. He handed the dime to the waiter.

"My fines," he said, "constitute my tips."

Mournfully the waiter watched him depart.

"How I wish," he sighed, "that I had known him in his sloppy days."—

The Commuter

By CHARLOTTE BECKER

I would enjoy the mornings bright,
The robins' greeting each new day,
The hedges fringed with hawthorn white,
The meadows, where the new mown hay
Allures a lazy soul to stray,
But if I pause in field or lane
I hear the voice of conscience say:
"You won't have time to catch the train!"

I could enjoy my breakfast quite
In leisurely, old fashioned way,
And ponder with a wild delight
O'er politics or foreign fray,
Yet, be my coffee weak and gray,
I've not a moment to complain—
Cries Bridget: "Sure, if ye delay
Ye'll not have time to catch the train!"

I could enjoy in town at night
The latest music or the play,
And afterward perhaps a bite
At some great laughter filled cafe.
Alas! The billboards but portray
The pleasures from which I abstain—
My tyrant holds them all at bay;
I won't have time to catch the train!

ENVOI

Ah! prince of medieval sway,
Though naught was yours of modern gain,
The price of Time you did not pay—
You never had to catch a train!
—Philadelphia Ledger.

Tame Animals I Have Known

A thick fleeced lamb came trotting by.
"Pray, whither now, my lamb?" quoth I.
"To have," said he, with ne'er a stop,
"My wool clipped off at the ba-ba shop."

I asked the dog, "Why all this din?"
Said he, "I'm fashioned outside in,
And all my nights and days I've tried
My best to get the bark outside."

A hen was cackling loud and long.
Said I to her, "How strange your song!"
Said she, "'Tis scarce a song, in fact,
It's just a lay, to be eggs-act."

I asked the cat, "Pray tell me why
You love to sing?" She blinked her eye,
"My pur-puss, sir, as you can see,
Is to a-mews myself," said she.

I asked the cow, "Why don't you kick
The man who whips you with a stick?"
"Alas! I must be lashed," said she,
"So I can give whipped cream, you see!"
—Christian Endeavor World.

THE WINNERS OF TWENTY PAINT BOXES

Twenty boxes of paints will be given away next 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 July 6:

- Catherine Butler, 1426 Oxford street, Berkeley.
- Helen Rosenthal, 1522 Webster street, San Francisco.
- Gustavus A. Herzog, 376 Bartlett street, San Francisco.
- May McGreal, 3359 Twenty-second street, San Francisco.
- Ira Delaney, 567 Thirty-sixth avenue, San Francisco.
- Rose Amaral, Hayward.
- Willie Vogler, Sausalito.
- Lille Bonkofsky, 1967 Eighty-eighth avenue, Elmhurst.
- Johanne Breschial, Blanco.
- James E. Howe, 1114 Sutter street, San Francisco.
- Stella Ghisla, 2585 Fruitvale avenue, Fruitvale.
- Julius Benesch, 1650 Webster street, San Francisco.
- Blanche Collins, 500 North Court street, Visalia.
- Frances Howard, 551 Ivy avenue, San Francisco.
- Frances Stanley, 506 Tenth avenue, San Francisco.
- Lillian Elkins, 1780 O'Farrell street, San Francisco.
- Helen Gill, 281 San Jose avenue, San Francisco.
- Katharine Sheldon, 344 Capp street, San Francisco.
- Louis Barbont, 154 South River street, San Jose.
- A. Collins, Redwood City.

Oh, That's Different

Judge—What is your name?
Olson—Jan Olson.
Judge—Married?
Olson—Ya.
Judge—Whom did you marry?
Olson—Ay married a woman.
Judge—Well, you fool, did you ever know any one who didn't marry a woman?
Olson—Ya, my sister; she married a man.

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.....