

**An Oasis With a History**

In the mountain range of El Guetera, writes Captain A. H. Haywood in the July Wide World, I came across that precious and rare thing in the desert, a clear spring. Of course these springs are very few and far between, and there is a tragic little story attached to this particular one. A man and his wife were making their way across the desert not long ago, and their water supply ran short. They struggled on weak and parched with thirst. One by one their camels died, and at last, overcome with suffering, the woman died too. The man dragged himself painfully onward in the weary search for water. It was all in vain, however, and at last he, too, gave up the struggle; and tortured with a burning thirst, death came upon him and mercifully relieved his suffering. Some one passing that way soon after found the body—lying barely a hundred yards from the little mountain spring of El Guetera. Little he knew how close he was to his goal, poor fellow!

**Needed Interpretation**

Prince Henry of Reuss, who speaks superb English, laughed good-naturedly, at a dinner in New York, over the accent of certain officers of the German fleet.

"One of our chaplains," said the prince, "had the hardihood to preach in English at one of your Lutheran chapels the other day. He astonished his congregation by saying, as he rose, that he would choose for his text the words:

"And he tore his shirt."  
"A quite audible snicker went round. The chaplain noticed it, flushed and repeated the text in a louder, slower, more distinct and impressive voice:  
"And he tore his shirt."  
"The snicker became a laugh, and the pastor rose and said:  
"Our good brother is quoting, of course, the familiar words:  
"And the door is shut."—Los Angeles Times.

**Crabs and Their Battles**

The blue crab is a natural born fighter; the spider crab is more peacefully inclined, but he will fight. There are 10 big spider crabs in one of the tanks of the New York aquarium, and the other day two of the biggest met to settle their differences. They stood on their hind legs and faced each other, like two boys meeting in the street. Then they threw their upper legs around each other and grappled and began clawing with their pincers. A moment later one tripped up the other, fell on him and clawed him as hard as he could. Then they separated and scuttled off.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**WILD BEASTS**



**O**FTEN wonder if it's right  
To frighten Mother so at night,  
For every time I call out "Boo!"  
She jumps and says, "Oh, is it you?"  
I thought 'twas something from the Zoo.  
Now, wait until I get my breath;  
You've nearly frightened me to death.  
And when she's combing out her hair  
I growl exactly like a bear.  
She whispers then to Sister Sue:—  
"I heard a funny noise—did you?"  
It sounded something like the Zoo.  
You'd better run and lock the door,  
It might have been a lion's roar!  
When she's as "scare" as she can be  
I call out quick, "It's only me!"

**Being a Personal Matter**

The goose had been carved, and everybody had tasted it. It was excellent. The negro minister, who was the guest of honor, could not restrain his enthusiasm.

"Dat's as fine a goose as I evah see, Bruddah Williams," he said to his host. "Whar did you get such a fine goose?"

"Well, now, pahson," replied the carver of the goose, exhibiting great dignity and reticence, "when you preached a speshul good sermon, I never axes you whar you got it. I hopes you will show me de same consideration."—Popular Magazine.

**Didn't Hurt Fido**

Bessie—"Mrs. Nexidor seat word over that our Fido has dug up a lot of flowers."  
Mamma—"Well, run and tell her that it won't make any difference; he's to have a bath today, anyway."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**The Biggest Acorns in the World**

Nature is very prodigal in her gifts to tropical countries; vegetation grows with extraordinary profusion, and fruit and seeds are of an immense size. What is probably the largest acorn in the world, for instance, is found in New Guinea. Quite an ordinary Papuan acorn would be 1 1/2 inches in diameter, the cup being 3/4 inches, and the falling acorn is capable of giving one quite a nasty knock on the head. The magnificent oaks which bear these giant acorns are veritable monarchs of the forest, and grow at an elevation of about 3,000 to 4,000 feet.—Wide World.

**On Both Sides of the House**

"Grandma," said Brewster's young son one day, "which of my parents do I resemble?"  
"Both," the grandmother answered. "You have your mother's remarkable capacity for spending money, and your father's genius for not making it."

**The Wrong Impression**

General E. De V. Morrell, at a national guardsmen's dinner in Philadelphia, told an appropriate story.

"A young man was being entertained at luncheon at a young girl's home one Sunday evening," he said. "Little Jimmy, the girl's brother, broke the silence of the soup course to remark:  
"Say, Mr. Smith, you certainly did look fine last night, sittin' beside sister on the parlor sofa, with your arm—"  
"Jimmy, be quiet!" the girl screamed, blushing scarlet.  
"Well, he did look fine," said Jimmy. He had his arm—"  
"Jimmy, will you be still!" exclaimed the mother.  
"Why?" whined the lad. "He did have his arm—"  
"James," said the father, "go straight upstairs to bed!"  
"The boy rose. He began to cry. As he left the room he said:  
"I don't know what's the matter with you folks. I was only going to say he had his army uniform on—and he had, too!"—Los Angeles Times.

**The Latest in Playgrounds**

Mud pies, cakes and myriad other sorts of things that a youngster can fashion when he's given a sandpile and a little shovel will soon be in the making, 17 stories above the noise and bustle of downtown Chicago. The "final count" in playgrounds will soon become a reality on the roof of the Blackstone hotel.

It will be the chief feature of a roof garden to be installed on the hotel top. It is the idea of Walter Russell, a portrait painter, who has his studio on the sixteenth floor.

The unique notion of giving child guests of the hotel the "highest sandpile in the world" is the idea of William Louis Koehne, a photographer in the new Monroe building, who installed a nursery in his top floor studio, where children could forget, by their different surroundings, that they were looking into the picture man's machine.

**He Recognized Them**

"See here!" exclaimed the stranger as he stumbled into his twentieth puddle. "I thought you said you knew where all the bad places were on this road!"  
"Well," replied the boy who had volunteered to guide him through the darkness, "we're leadin' them, ain't we?"

**Misplaced**

Dorothy was watching her mother bathe her little sister, when she suddenly exclaimed:  
"O mama! Elsie's got frowns in her feet!"

**ANSWER THESE PICTURE PUZZLES---THREE BOOKS TO BE AWARDED**

**JUNIORS NOTICE**

These puzzles are for Juniors from 10 to 16 years only and ARE NOT for grownups.

Juniors must write name, address, age and school on postal bearing their solutions, otherwise they WILL NOT be considered.



What kind of carpet?



What body of water?



What kind of boat?



What shade of blue?



A word meaning to seize?

**WINNERS OF PUZZLE PRIZES**

The answers to the puzzles published in The Junior Call of Saturday, July 20, are as follows:

- 1, Parasol; 2, Phyllis; 3, Turban; 4, Cloud; 5, Shoemaker; 6, Cough.

The Juniors to whom prizes were awarded are:

- Ina Campbell, Suisun.
- Ruth Holland, Bay View and Newhall streets, San Francisco.
- Louise Walden, 2129 San Antonio avenue, Alameda.



What vegetable?