

# LIST OF JOBS TO HOLD DOWN

Commander of the Third Grenadiers.  
 Commander of the Second regiment, Saxon Grenadiers.  
 Commander of the Second Wurtemberg infantry.  
 Commander of the Second Baden Grenadiers.  
 Commander of the Second Hessian infantry.  
 Commander of the First regiment, Bavarian Uhlans.  
 Commander of the Sixth infantry.  
 This number of jobs would satisfy any ordinary man, but Emperor William has still more. He is a colonel of several regiments in the armies of other countries, named in honor of his departed relatives, and he holds honorary rank in the military establishments of a number of foreign nations. These supernumerary jobs are:

- Field marshal, Austrian army.
- Field marshal, English army.
- Honorary admiral, English navy.
- Admiral of the Swedish fleet.
- Honorary admiral of Norway.
- Admiral of the Russian fleet.
- Honorary admiral, Danish navy.
- Colonel of the Thirty-fourth Austrian infantry (William I, emperor of Germany and king of Prussia).
- Colonel of the Seventh Austrian Hussars (William II, German emperor and king of Prussia).
- Commander of the Russian Life Guards of St. Petersburg (King Frederick William III).
- Commander of the Eighty-fifth regiment of Russian infantry.
- Commander of the Thirty-ninth Russian dragoons.
- Commander of the First Royal dragoons, English army.
- Honorary colonel, Fourth Portuguese cavalry.
- Chief sovereign and master of the Order of the Black Eagle.
- Protector of the Order of St. John.
- Knight of the Garter.
- Knight of St. Andrew.
- Knight of the Elephant.
- Knight of the Annunciation.
- Knight of St. Hubert.
- Knight of the Seraphs.
- Knight of the Spanish Order of the Golden Fleece.
- Knight of the Order of the Norwegian Lion.

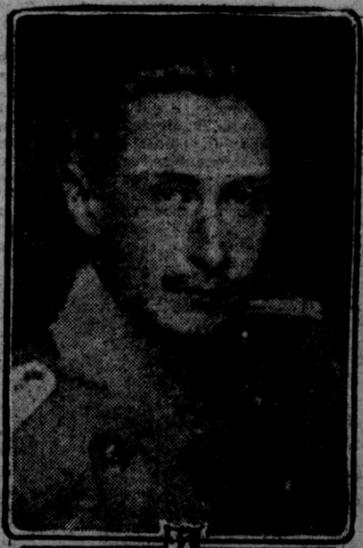
The crown prince of Germany isn't as busy as his father upholding the honors of his titles, but his military duties are extensive. He is captain in chief of a company of the First regiment of the Foot Guards, a staff officer of the Second regiment of Landwehr of the Prussian guard, on the staff of the First Grenadiers, on the staff of the Second Saxon Grenadiers and the First Bavarian Uhlans and officer of the second Wurtemberg infantry, an officer of the St. Petersburg regiment of Russian life guards and the Fourth dragoons of Little Russia and a lieutenant of the Seventh Austrian Hussars. In addition he is a Knight of the Garter, of the Black Eagle, of the Order of the Annunciation, of St. Hubert, of the Spanish Order of the Golden Fleece and of the Order of the Seraphs.

Victor Emmanuel Ferdinand Marie Janvier Savoy, whom the Italians he rules over call Victor Emmanuel III for short, is another king who has gone outside his own country for jobs. Beside king of Italy he is:

- Colonel of the Thirteenth Prussian Hussars.
- Chief of staff of the king's regiment.
- Colonel of the Nineteenth Bavarian Infantry.
- Colonel of the Twenty-eighth Austrian Infantry.
- Commander of the Fourteenth Russian dragoons.
- Sovereign of the Supreme Order of the Annunciation.
- Baillif and grand cross of honor, Order of Malta.
- Knight of St. Andrew.
- Knight of the Garter.
- Knight of the Spanish Order of the Golden Fleece.
- Knight of the Black Eagle.
- Knight of the Elephant.
- Knight of the Seraphs.
- Knight of St. Hubert.

The king of Spain, whose right name is Alphonse Leon Ferdinand Marie Jacques Isidore Pascal Anthony Bourbon, just to be sure that everybody will know where he stands when it comes to the territory over which he reigns,

calls himself king of Spain, of Castile, of Leon, of Aragon, of the two Sicilies, of Jerusalem, of Navarre, of Granada, of Toledo, of Valencia, of Galicia, of Morjorca, of Minorca, of Seville, of Cerdena, of Cordone, of Corcega, of Murcia, of Jaen, of Algarva, of Algezire, of Gibraltar, of the Canary islands.

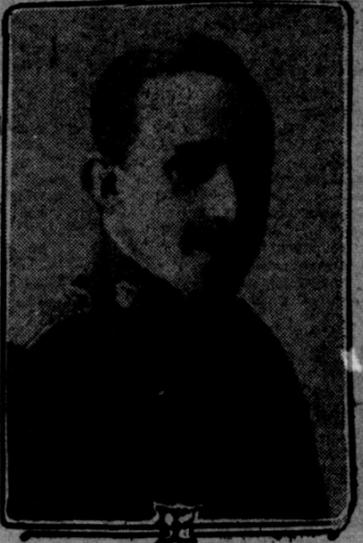


CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY

of the East and West Indies and of the Continent of Oceana.

All this sounds like a pretty big kingdom to have, but some of it does not belong to Spain any longer, though the king still holds on to the name. If Mayor Preston followed King Alfonso's style he could call himself James H. Preston, mayor of Baltimore, of Locust point, of Light street wharf, of Fells point, of Eutaw place, of Peach alley, of Walbrook, of North Central avenue, of Federal hill, of Waverly, of London Park Cemetery, of Marsh Market space, of North avenue and Charles street, of Broadway, of Berry bar and of Clinton park.

The king of Spain is a little shy on titles, outside of his kingly ones, when compared to King George and Emperor William. He is sovereign of the Spanish Order of the Golden Fleece and belongs, of course, to the same knight-hood lodges that the other kings and emperors belong to, but his other titles are not numerous. He is an archduke of Austria, duke of Burgundy, duke of Brahan and Milan, count of Hapsburg, count of Flanders, count of Tyrol



THE KING OF SPAIN

and Barcelona and lord of Biscay and Molina.

In the military way Alphonse is commander of the Sixty-sixth regiment of Prussian infantry, commander of the Fifth Bavarian field artillery, which is named in his honor, and is a member of the staff of the German navy.

## BEAR CAPPED WITH MILK PAIL

Somewhere in the wilds of northern Maine there is cruising a big bear, for whose arrest Pete Tarrio of Shin Pond is willing to pay a suitable reward. Pete charges this bear with assault and battery, disturbance of the peace and larceny, and he is willing to go to almost any expense and trouble to get him. The bear can be identified easily. He is wearing over his head one of Tarrio's best 10 quart tin milking pails with five bullet holes in it, and on that account staggers about like a drunken man.

It was sunset at Shin Pond, which peaceful locality is a few miles north of Patten, and Mrs. Pete Tarrio, who is fat and 50, was sitting on a stool just outside the barn milking their best cow. Pete was just inside the barn door milking another cow. Suddenly Mrs. Pete was startled by a loud "Woof! Woof!" behind her.

At first she merely smiled and kept on milking, for she knew that her husband was a great joker and thought that he was trying to have some fun with her. But when she got a cuff across the back that knocked her sprawling she knew that it was no joke, that Pete wouldn't treat her that way, and when she saw the cow gallop wildly off down the lane she knew that some one or something had declared war.

Scrambling to her feet as quickly as her 200 pounds weight would allow, Mrs. Pete was astonished to see a 400 pound bear with his nose stuck into the pail of warm milk. She yelled to her husband, who came out, took one look and raced to the house for his rifle.

While Pete was gone the bear lapped up most of the milk, and then, in an effort to get what was in the bottom of the pail, he lifted his head to allow the milk to run down his throat. That was a bad move for the bear, for the instant he tilted the pail the milk fell down over his neck and caught in the thick fur. He paused in a puzzled way, then began to run around in circles, occasionally butting into something, which had the effect of forcing the milk more firmly down over his shoulders.

Pete appeared with his rifle and took a shot at the blindfolded bear, the bullet making a nice round hole in the tin pail but not disturbing the animal at all. The bear raced around the barnyard like a hen with its head cut off, knocking over a churn, a beehive and a swinging clothes reel.

Another shot made another hole in the pail but didn't stop the war dance and the bear now raced across to the house, climbed up on the back porch and knocked into eternal smash three dozen jars of raspberry preserves that Mrs. Pete had set out to cool. He daubed his fur with the hot mess of sugar and berries and thereafter everything stuck to him—burrs, feathers, dried grass and dust, so that presently he was a disgrace to bear society.

Tarrio's dog now took a hand and worried the bear, while Pete made

more holes in the critter's tin helmet. Finally the bear, with muffled grunts and snorts of rage and fear, managed to steer out of the yard and put off down the road toward Shin pond.

Here he met two or three log drivers trudging along toward Patten. One of them jabbed the bear with a cantdog and another gave him a kick with a heavy caked shoe, which attentions greatly accelerated the bear's speed. The stage came along next and the driver had all he could do to keep his horses from bolting into the woods. Two men got off and with a pitchfork and a shotgun did what they could to add gayety to the proceedings, but the bear was making such time that no one could keep up with him.

Six miles north on the Shin pond road Albert Byther was sitting on his doorstep reading about the formation of the bull moose party and wondering what the country was coming to, when he noticed a cloud of dust up the road, coming fast, like a baby cyclone. Albert Byther had not been drinking, but he rubbed his eyes and felt of himself when he saw a big bear with feathers and burrs in his fur and a tin helmet over his head come racing and grunting into his dooryard.

Byther's two dogs came out to give battle to the invader, and for a while it was better than a moving picture show. Albert himself sat watching the fray for a minute, then got up and reached inside the door for his rifle. He managed to hit one of the dogs and then the bear ducked out of the yard and down the road, followed by the other dog.

At the store that night Mr. Byther inquired cautiously if any one had ever heard of a bear being tarred and feathered.

"No," said Ira Cooper, old settler, "can't say I have, but I jest herd o' one bein' preshaved 'n feathered. Happened up at Pete Tarrio's this afternoon 'bout milkin' time. Critter went past my place like a wild ottermobee right after that. Seen him, Albert?"

Then Mr. Cooper went on to tell of what happened at Pete Tarrio's, and added that Pete was the maddest man in Penobscot county at having wasted five shots on a bear that had made a wreck of his place, spilled six quarts of milk and a lot of raspberry preserves and given his wife a whack that would lame her for a week.

In the course of two days reports were received from various places as far north as Golden Ridge, to the effect that a bear with a bright tin pail jammed down over his head and a mass of burrs, dirt and feathers clinging to his fur, had been seen raging along the road and through the woods. It was figured that at the rate of speed he was making when last seen he would reach the St. John river inside of three days.

Many of those who beheld the apparition of the feathered bear wearing a tin helmet have taken the pledge, which they are likely to keep until they know the circumstances.—New York Sun.

## A PLEBE'S LIFE AT WEST POINT

Notwithstanding the efforts to suppress hazing, the path of a "plebe" at our famous military academy is not exactly rose-strewn. W. S. Sample, in the September Lippincott's, gives an amusing and enlightening account of the experiences of one "plebe."

"For the first days in camp," the author tells us, "plebes are made to walk with their little fingers on the seams of their trousers, palms of the hands to the front, and depressing their toes as they walk; that is, striking the ground with the toe of the shoe first. It is a very tiresome and ludicrous process, and is called 'inning out.'

"A plebe walking quietly down the company street is observed by some visitors, when suddenly he throws out his hands and digs in his toes.

"Oh, Cadet Beanpole, why is that cadet walking so queerly?" asks a pretty girl.

"That isn't a cadet; it's a plebe. He walks that way because he wants to be graceful."

"The true reason is that the poor plebe heard some upper classman say: 'Fin out there, Mister; dig in those toes; tear up the gravel. What do you mean by deadbeating and going bow-legged?'

"The cadets march to meals, to church, to swimming, to dancing, to everything. The plebes are placed in the rear rank of all formations; and in counting fours they are supposed to count for their front rank file.

"The first meal a plebe eats in the mess hall with the corps is never forgotten. Twelve cadets are seated at a table, at least three of whom are plebes. The cadet in charge of the table sits at the head, while a plebe, called 'the gunner' sits at the foot. It is the duty of the gunner to call the table to attention each day, and to announce the kind of dessert. As there is no bill of fare, and the dessert is different every day, this is not always an easy job. If the gunner announces the desert incorrectly, he is deprived of his portion.

"The plebe on the gunner's right is called the cocoa corporal, and on the left the water corporal. It is the duty of the cocoa corporal to pour out the cocoa and the water corporal pours the water.

"The cadets often have a fierce and

wonderfully built jelly called 'Felix trembled.' This concoction wobbles all over your plate, and derives its name from a cadet named Felix, one of the oldest living graduates, who ate some of the mixture and trembled violently. Cadets who eat it have been trembling ever since. Molasses is called 'Sammy' by the upper classmen. Plebes are required to call it the 'Right Reverend Mr. Samuel, sir,' until they qualify, which is done by eating seven slices of bread and molasses, when they may call it 'Sammy.'

"After finishing their meals plebes are required to sit bolt upright and gaze fixedly at a potato stuck on matches in the center of the table. They are not allowed to feast their eyes upon the portraits of the great generals that decorate the walls of the mess hall, but must sit and 'brace' until the command: 'Battalions, rise,' is given, when they fall in and march back to camp."

### Words of Thanks

Editor of Junior Call—Dear Sir: I wish to thank you for the delightful book I received for having successfully answered the puzzles. I have read it already, and I found it very interesting. Thanking you again, I remain, Respectfully yours,  
 OLIVE M. WARD.

Santa Maria.  
 \* \* \*  
 Dear Editor: I received the very nice book which you awarded me for guessing the puzzles. I am very thankful to you for the same. Some of my chums are going to try to win too. Many thanks from your friend,  
 M. MERKEL.

\* \* \*  
 To the Editor of the Junior Call: Dear Sir—I have received the box of paints which you have awarded me as a prize and thank you for it. I am very pleased with the paints and know that I will find them very useful. Yours gratefully,  
 HELEN OUER.

\* \* \*  
 Editor Junior Call: Dear Sir—Received my box of paints and I thank you very much for them. I was happy when I received them. Thanking you again, I remain your little friend,  
 ANNE DEWAR.  
 Berkeley.

### Worth Knowing

The European races the said to be the tallest, and of them have erect, handsome. Physical exercise, common the Swedish schools, is held suitable for the fine man-nation.

### Grammar School Pupils:



Fill This Space!

## MODERN RED INDIANS

Arthur C. Parker, secretary of the Society of American Indians, maintains stoutly that the redskins are not a vanishing race; they have become adjusted to the modern environment. They are university bred, and "of the older families." Those who attend the forthcoming conference in Columbus, O., in the interest of the 266,000 Indians of the United States, will see an assemblage of statesmen and men in all ranks of professional life. Parker, himself of Indian blood, is this state's archaeologist at Albany.

The American Indians' society is formed for "racial independence." They are the nobler red men without the bloodthirstiness of their sires and their capacity for rum and mischief. They have passed through the critical period of contact with the white races, and have emerged into the full light of civilization. Something more than 30 years has elapsed since the Indian

school at Carlisle was started with 129 pupils; there are now nearly 300 schools, with students exceeding 70,000 and supported at a cost of more than \$4,000,000 a year. Parker notes that some of the "unearned increment" of the aboriginal property in America has accrued to the red men of today, and they are actually worth more per capita than their white brethren.

Racial prejudice has never been manifested against the American Indian. Many aristocratic families of the United States boast a strain of red-American blood; nearly half of the redskins alive today have intermingled with other races. Probably, as their native capabilities develop, and as they step freely into the walks of civilized life, they will tend more and more to lose their racial identity. Anthropologists say that the mixture of the red men with the whites is a fortunate one and is no whit a mar to the racial excellence of either.—New York Times.