



JANUARY.

Janus am I, oldest of potentates!
Forward I look, and backward and below.
I count—as god of avenues and gates—
The years that through my portals come and go.

I block the roads and drift the fields with snow,
I chase the wild fowl from the frozen land;
My frosts congeal the rivers in their flow,
My fires light up the hearths and hearts of men.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE NAME OF OUR MONTH.

The ancient Grecians, in their strange yet beautiful religion, believed that when they came to the end of a year they found it closed by a strong door.

They also imagined that this barrier was guarded by a porter, to whom they gave the name of Janus, and he alone had power to open to them the New Year. From the name of this heathen god was the first month of the new year formed.

The Romans also believed in Janus and erected many shrines for his worship in their wonderful city, the principal one being the great Temple of Janus.

Wherever you may chance to see a painting, statue or any representation of this god you will notice that he is given two heads, because every door and gate faces two ways.

The members and would-be members of C. R. C. have done splendidly with their answers and contributions this week.

The way in which you are interested in this work is very gratifying to your editor, and makes it worth while to try to interest you.

Don't ever think you write too often, because your letters are always welcome.

Please be careful to state whether your stories and puzzles are original or selected, and write your names in a good, legible hand.

Gringo and Greaser.

[Concluded.]

Chuckling at their indignant negatives, he continued, "Well, I ain't myself, because I never saw one. You can go that way home and see the berries. I'll put on my rubber suit and go with you," and although they assured him they knew the way, he would accompany them "in such a good cause."

On the way they passed several clumps of berry trees, but all had been robbed of their ruddy fruitage. However, when they reached the adobe they were delighted to see the groups of trees gloriously bedecked with their beautiful warm berries.

"Are these enough?" questioned Mr. Davis.

"Oh, twice as many as we need, thank you. Ain't they lovely? Won't Miss Nutter like them?"

"When do you want them?"

"We'll get them Monday. You see Tuesday's Christmas, and the decorations must be finished Wednesday morning. The teachers arrive at noon Wednesday."

"Well, take them when you want."

After thanking him heartily the boys went home, enthusiastic over "old man Davis," and positive that their berries would cast the other fellows' truck into the shade.

Sunday afternoon the clouds parted and the sun smiled so bewitchingly that people forgot his late desertion and hastened outdoors to pay him homage.

Mrs. Sales, Joe and Ruth spent an hour on the beach, letting Miss Thistle-down Lightness, as one of her admirers named her, run to her heart's content.

On their way home they saw approaching them the two Garcias, each loaded down with a gigantic basket heaped with bunches of Christmas berries.

"O mater! My heart tells me those are our berries. I must find out," and he accosted Jacinto, the elder brother.

"Hello, Jacinto. Do you want to sell some berries?"

"None of these," he set down the heavy basket while he paused. "These go to the city. Do you want me to get you some?"

"No, I guess I can get some. Did you get these near?"

But here Pedro called out in the Spanish dialect, "Jacinto, come on. Stand there talking and the ghost will get us when we go for the next load. Come on," Jacinto obeyed.

Joe whispered, "What did he say, mater?" Mrs. Sales had been raised among Spanish families and spoke their tongue as her own, so she readily interpreted for him.

"Oh, mater, you don't need me now. Let me hunt up the boys. We must save our berries."

"But, Joe, these boys are earning their living selling berries; besides I can't have you quarrel with them."

"I promise not to quarrel, and there are plenty berries for all if they only leave us our share. Do let me go." At her nod of consent he kissed her and added, "Don't expect me till after dark. We must go

and see how many are left." And with a kiss to baby Ruth he was off.

By the time Joe had found both the boys his mind was full of a plan for outwitting the Mexicans.

"You see it is 4 o'clock now. They can't get to their house, unload their baskets and get back those two mules before just dark. If we can rig up a ghost it will frighten them away for good."

"I don't want to take a hand in frightening them," remonstrated Bert. "Just remember they believe in ghosts and won't be able to see the joke."

"Well! I'd never have thought of it if Pedro hadn't suggested it. I don't see what else to do."

"I think it's all right," agreed Will.

"We told Miss Nutter we'd get the berries, and we can't break our word, can we? And Mr. Davis gave those berries to us, and the greasers had no right to take them after taking all the others. I'm with you, Joe."

By dint of much coaxing they got Bert to accompany them, and, armed with a sheet, a candle and a small gray pumpkin, they finally reached the adobe and immediately prepared the ghost. The head they made as they often had, a jack-o'-lantern. They planned the sheet around and into the head. Then Will held the pumpkin on his head and, with sheet falling around him and light shining through the cavities of the pumpkin, he made an apparition that might have started even a brave heart on a dark night. Then they sat waiting for the victims.

Dusk deepened into darkness, and suddenly they were started at hearing:

"Joel! Joe Sales! Your little sister's



THE FAITHFUL SENTINEL.

sick. O, Joe! Joe Sales! Your mother wants you. Cinto's gone for the doctor. Your sister's sick"—all in Pedro Garcia's hoarse voice.

With a bound Joe was out in the darkness and the other boys followed, though Will suggested, "It's only a trick." "No; his voice is frightened," replied Bert.

"Pedro! Tell me quick—quick! Is it true? Is Ruth sick?" But as he heard the quick breaths of the Mexican he waited not for the "yes," but raced homeward. Will and Bert started after him, with Pedro at their heels. Never had any of them made two miles in better time.

As Joe opened the kitchen door he saw Jacinto putting wood in the stove, his mother, with Ruth in her arms, in her low rocker before the fire and the doctor standing beside her, talking softly.

"She's better now, thank God," said his mother as Joe knelt at her side. The little sister opened her eyes, her lips formed a weak little smile, her tiny hand just touched his hair, and she sank into a quiet slumber.

"The danger is over," said the doctor. "Just keep her warm, and if she wakes give her a teaspoonful of this medicine.

Johnny Boys Is Johnny Glad.

Better than a fortune is the gift of a cheerful, sunny disposition. No one could afford to surrender the blessing if in exchange fifty thousand a year were offered, for, after all, happiness is the great good of life and with a melancholy spirit there is neither comfort nor enjoyment.

Cheerfulness has been called the bright weather of the heart, and happy the one with whom the bright weather is inherent. But the faculty is susceptible of cultivation, and nothing promotes its growth better than employment.

Johnny bid is Johnny glad.

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," says the Bible, and even in these days, when medicines have much higher healing qualities than of old, a happy frame of mind will do more for a man than all the doctors' skill can.

Domestics belong to the hire class of society.

A Useful Ornament.

Secure a clay pipe—one with the knob well up on the bowl—then carve eyes and mouth upon it, shaping the knob for the nose. By blackening the outline of the eyes, eyebrows and mouth and coloring the hair, the face can be made quite effective.



Insert the stem of the pipe in a spool of linen thread, such as is used for sewing on shoe buttons. Make a skirt of black silk, quite full and long enough to cover the spool. Cut out a waist of any bright color silk, shirring it tightly about neck and belt.

Fit on a cape of black and a hood of any desired color, with a wide frill all around. On the inside of the cape sew two pieces of white flannel for needles, and attach a small silk bag to her waist containing shoe buttons.

Though quite attractive as an ornament made of a common pipe, the old lady will always be handy with needles, thread and buttons.

Just What He Wanted.

There was a little boy whose mother had made a little Lord Fauntleroy of him,



training his hair in long curls and dressing him in black velvet knickerbockers and jacket, ornamented with white lace. One day a large girl thought to frighten the picturesque little chap by rushing toward him and brandishing a large pair of scissors and exclaiming, "I'll cut off your curls!" The little Lord Fauntleroy was not frightened. He merely replied in a shrill little voice, "Wish you would!"—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

To a Boy

Who Wanted Sugar to Make the Kisses Grow.

Kisses are sweet,
Give me a plenty;
One's not enough,
I must have twenty.

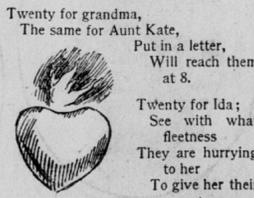
Love makes them grow,
Sugar can't do it;
They root in the heart,
And come up right through it.

Give them freely
As time flies past;
With a soul full of love
They grow very fast.

Twenty for grandma,
The same for Aunt Kate,
Put in a letter,
Will reach them at 8.

Twenty for Ida;
See with what fleetness
They are hurrying
To give her their sweetness.

Lou loves you the most,
She'll want a caress;
Just send her a tubful,
They'll go by express. F. M. W.



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He Plowed to the Mark.

Pat was new at the business, and the first attempt was anything but successful. "Look here," said the farmer, "that kind of thing won't do. The corn will be dizzy that grows in a furrow so crooked as that. Fix your eye on something across the field and head straight for it, That

cow there by the gate is right opposite us. Aim at her and you'll do pretty well."

"All right, sir," said Pat, and just then the farmer was called away to the barn.

Ten minutes later he returned, and was horrified to see that the plow had been wandering in a zigzag course all over the field.

"Hold on there!" he shouted; "hold on! What are you up to?"

"And sure, sir," said Pat, "I did what you told me. I worked straight for the cow, but the creature wouldn't kape still."

Legend of Robin Redbreast

What time the Christ to Calvary was led
And hung all bleeding on the cross of same,
While frenzied hordes reviled and mocked
his name,
O'er thorns the golden aureole's flame was shed.

When o'er his face death's deadly pallor spread
And one great cry of anguish shook his frame,
On rapid wings a pitying robin came,
And fluttered sorrowful about his head.

From out the wounded brow, with eager beak,
The robin plucked a thorn, when like a tear,
Upon its breast one drop of life-blood fell,
And even now the blessed mark will speak,
From every robin's bosom, of the dear
And tender pity that he knew so well.

The Blind Quadrille.

The "blind quadrille" is generally voted the dullest sort of a performance on record; it invariably results in shouts of uncontrollable laughter.

Its plan of procedure is this: Four couples who are blindfolded attempt to go correctly through the figures of a quadrille. In this, however, they miserably fail and wobble about in out-of-the-way corners of the room and fall over furniture in a condition at once helpless and ridiculous. For example, in the ladies' chain, they imagine they are performing



POLLY AND RAGS.

thing for his papa he doesn't get anything, but if another man's boy does it he gets a penny.

"When Found Make a Note of."

What could be a more timely saying for our day and country, asks the Youth's Companion, than this remark of a famous English writer:

"The soul is dyed by its thoughts; we cannot keep our minds pure if we allow them to be sullied by detailed accounts of crime and sin."

One Good Reason.

Bettie Wileless—Why does that little boy always go barefooted?

Sallie Knowall—Why, because he has more feet than shoes.—Harper's Round Table.

A little boy, 4 years old, having often been told it was wrong to ask for anything at the table, was down at dessert. After patiently waiting for some time without being noticed he exclaimed:

"Mamma, please, may I have an orange if I don't ask for it?"

"Yes, dear," was the reply.

But, after a considerable interval, the little fellow, not getting his orange, again addressed his mother with:

"Please, mamma, I'm not asking for an orange."

This time he was duly rewarded.

Dear Editor: This is my second letter to THE CALL. I wrote once before, but it was not in my name I saw. Now I'll tell you how I spent my vacation. I was in Sebastopol, a town in Sonoma County, which is noted for timber and fruit. We spent a merry Christmas and had lots of good things. Santa Claus treated me very well. I wish you all a happy new year. I think I will close now, hoping to see this letter in Sunday's paper.

ESTHER INDIQ.

which were in the last paper and hope they are right. I also send you some puzzles and hope they will be published.

Hoping that this letter has not become tiresome, I am, your new friend,

CARRIE GONZALES.

MILL VALLEY.

Dear Editor: I have been reading some of the letters in THE CALL and I thought I would write one. I have a pet cat named Tribby. Mill Valley is built in the hills and is a very pretty place. I often go fern-hunting and pick berries and mushrooms. I go to school, but we have vacation now. I hope my letter will not be put in the waste-basket, but that you will publish it in next Sunday's CALL.

GRACE DEAN HOFFMAN, 9 years old.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 3, 1897.

Dear Editor: This is my second letter to THE CALL. I wrote once before, but it was not in my name I saw. Now I'll tell you how I spent my vacation. I was in Sebastopol, a town in Sonoma County, which is noted for timber and fruit. We spent a merry Christmas and had lots of good things. Santa Claus treated me very well. I wish you all a happy new year. I think I will close now, hoping to see this letter in Sunday's paper.

ESTHER INDIQ.

PUZZLES



New Puzzles, Questions, Etc.

- ANAGRAMS AND DEFINITIONS.
- I. The tear, a place of amusement.
 - II. Steel trap, one of the ingredients used in composition of an explosive.
- EVELINE CORDAN (C. R. C.).
- BEHEADINGS.
- III. (a) Behead coin and have a tree.
 - (b) Behead the claw of a bird and have a measure.
 - (c) Behead a house for beasts and have an article of furniture.
- GLADYS BELL (C. R. C.).
- IV. (a) Behead a flower and have a fluid.
 - (b) Behead an animal and have an expression.
 - (c) Behead what makes little boys' legs ache and have what were burned in olden times.
 - (d) Behead a piece of ground and have a part of the body.
- W. T. BRITS (C. R. C.).
- RIDDLES.
- V. What letters five will firmly do
The same five letters sever too;
And when the second five are done,
Again the first can join in one.
- MARY F. MERRILL.
- VI. I am a familiar saying.
My 1, 2, 4 is to proffer.
My 3, 8, 12, 5 are small animals.
My 6, 13 an exclamation.
My 7, 10, 11, 15 is apprehension.
My 9, 14, 24, 17 to touch.
My 16, 22, 23 is watery vapor.
My 5, 18, 19, 20 a covering for the foot.
My 23, 27, 21 is to stain.
My 26, 27, 8, 28 organ of affection.
- ALICE BELL (C. R. C.).
- HISTORY QUESTIONS.
- January's patriotic days.
 - (a) What great man was born January 2, 1757?
 - (b) What did he do?
 - (c) When was Pestalozzi born?
 - (d) Why should we care about his birthday?

Correct Answers to Puzzles of January 3.

- I. Cart-art.
- II. Brace-race.
- III. Taunt-sunt.
- IV. L-arch-larch.
- V. L-edges-ledge.
- VI. L-aves-leaves.
- VII. Car-pat.
- VIII. The Emancipation Proclamation by President Lincoln, January 1, 1863.
- IX. Battle of New Orleans, January 8, 1815.
- X. (a) The sound of a bell.
- (b) The roar of a lion.

Answers to Puzzles of January 3

Have been received from the following members of C. R. C.: Retha Waldan, Ethel McClure, Ida Wichtman, Ella Hartwell, Eva M. Bolger and J. L. Warboys. For December 27 from Ethel McClure and Jessie Harkin.

From non-members for December 27: Ward C. Huff and Mary Carroll. For January 3 from Nona Herbert, Ray Manasse, Fred Anthes, Carrie Gonzales and Birdella Cluff.

Letters Acknowledged.

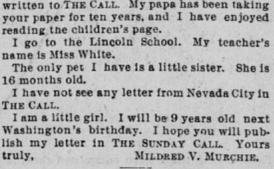
Besides letters published pleasant communications have been received from the boys and girls whose names follow: Retha Waldan (C. R. C.), Nona Herbert, Josie Shanahan, Fred Anthes, Mae Reynolds, Ella Hartwell, Eva M. Bolger (C. R. C.), Lena Woodson, Eva M. Bolger (C. R. C.), William Lyons (C. R. C.).



How to Make a Balloon

It is easy enough to make a neat little balloon at a cost of only a few cents.

Buy several large sheets of stout tissue-paper and cut them into fourteen sections the shape of that shown in the picture, and of such size as you may wish—three feet is a good length. Now paste these strips together at their edges, being careful to leave no slits nor holes any-



where in the balloon. Trim the bottom off evenly all around, and in the neck fasten a circular piece of thin wire by folding over the tissue-paper and pasting it down firmly. Now provide two cross pieces of wire, which may be hooked to the circular piece, as shown in the picture. Where these pieces cross fasten a piece of soft cotton.

To inflate the balloon have some boy hold it up by the top, then dip the cotton in alcohol and set it afire, being very careful not to let the blaze touch the tissue-paper. The hot air will expand the balloon and cause it to rise to a great height. Any boy or girl can make this balloon.

Which Was It?

"Our Tommy is either dreadfully greedy or dreadfully lazy."

"Why?"

"Well, instead of writing to Santa Claus he just cut a page of advertisements from the newspaper and stuck it up the chimney."

Like Papa's.

A six-year-old was seated in a barber's chair.

"Well, my little man, how would you like your hair cut?"

"Oh, like papa's, with a little round hole at the top."

Falls Nearer Home.

Edith—Where are you going to spend your vacation?

Bessie—Mamma wanted to go to the Falls, but papa said that if she went to a bicycle academy she could see all the falls she cared to.—Harper's Round Table.

"Isn't Fathers Queer?"

New York Mercury.

Little Boy—Isn't fathers queer?
Auntie—In what way?
Little Boy—When a little boy does any-