

## FOR THE CHILDREN

### Why The Eagle Is Bald

"Ho! Ho!" laughed a small voice right by Donald's elbow. I've been riding around on the back of that bald-headed eagle for the last ten minutes and you didn't see me! Why, bless you, I had to walk right up to you and touch you on the elbow before you even knew I was around! Come to think of it, I daresay your nurse is right, Donald, when she says you are asleep most of the time!

"Well, well, how are you today, my little man? And would you like me to tell you a story about eagles? Let me see—oh, yes, suppose, I tell you why the eagle is bald. Look at the engraving of him on any of our American coins and you'll see that, always, he's as bald as—a funny old man who lives next door to you and gives you pennies for candy. Shall I tell you about it?"

Now wasn't it odd, but would you believe it, Donald had been thinking about that very thing as he was standing in front of the huge aviary at the Zoo watching the eagles fly about, their giant wings beating the air with mighty strokes. But then, remember, his queer little friend seemed always to know just what Donald was thinking when at the Zoo.

He was called the Old Man of the Woods; and you may be quite sure you have never seen such a queer half-sprite, half-fairy as he was. To begin with, he was no bigger than a minute—so you can see for yourself how tiny he was. And then, he wore the cutest little breeches imaginable, made of the fur of the brown and the polar bear.

His coat, or cloak, was fashioned of the wings of humming-birds and, sticking straight up on either side of his shiny bald head, were two horns. His face was old and wrinkled, yet the jolliest face you ever saw. He carried a magic wand—and, goodness me, what strange things he could accomplish by waving it!

Of course little Donald wanted to hear the story. For his friend, the Old Man of the Woods, had often before bobbed up from nowhere, while Donald was looking at the animals at the Zoo, and told him the most miraculous of yarns.

"Well," said the Old Man, making himself comfortable on the grass, "it was this way, Donald. Way back in the old, old days when all the animals lived in the Big Jungle and I was their Ruler, the Eagle wasn't bald at all. In fact, he had the most luxuriant crop of bright red feathers you ever saw. Yes indeed, and it was parted in the middle, too! But Eagle was miserable. My, my, what an unhappy fellow he was!

"And all because Miss Eagle would have none of him! He had tried to woo her—long and ardently—but to no avail. She simply wouldn't marry him and told him so. So poor Eagle wandered around through the jungle, too heart-sick to even stretch his giant wings and soar aloft into the clear sunshine.

"So, one day, while sunning himself on a rock and brooding over his unhappy lot, who should come along but Old Gray Monk. Now this monkey, you must know, was the chief trouble-maker of the entire Jungle. And there was nothing he loved quite so much as a practical joke. Indeed, he never overlooked an opportunity to play some prank on one of the animals.

"My, my, Eagle," said Gray Monk in sympathetic tones, "what is the matter? Did your breakfast disagree with you?"

But Eagle just looked at him out of the corner of one eye and said never a word.

"Hum-m-m-m," remarked Gray Monk presently. "I've just had a most interesting talk with the fair Miss Eagle."

"This time Eagle turned his head."

"Yes," continued Gray Monk, looking off into space and speaking quite as though the subject didn't really interest him in the least, "and she was telling me what a handsome fellow you—"

"Eagle turned all the way round and smiled."

"What a handsome fellow—you would be," continued Gray Monk, "if the feathers on your head were only some other color."

"Oh!" gasped Eagle, very much disappointed. And then again, "Oh!"

"Old Gray Monk sat himself down on the rock very deliberately and began toying with a loose pebble or two. But he said never a word."

"Finally, unable to bear the suspense any longer, Eagle spoke

up, 'Gray Monk, he said, I've always been good to you, haven't I, always your friend? Certainly! Well—well—did she say—er—that I—er—was all right except for my red top-knot?'"

"Old Gray Monk smiled softly behind his paw. 'Yes,' he replied soberly, 'she did. But she—now you won't get mad, will you, Eagle?—but she said that your red head gave her the jim-jams. Now—er—now I've a suggestion to make, Eagle, that I think will fix everything just about right for you! But I don't suppose you really care what she thinks of you, after all, do you?'"

"Did he? Why right then and there poor Eagle broke down and told Old Gray Monk all his troubles. And he wept and wept until the tears ran down his sharp beak like water out of a garden hose. Oh, if only Gray Monk would help him! Anything—he would do anything—if it would but win favor for him in the eyes of his fair charmer!"

"Old Gray Monk scratched his head a moment or two, deep in thought. 'Ah!' he cried presently. 'I have it! The very thing! Now! see here, Eagle, let me pull out every one of those red feathers of yours—yes, it'll hurt, I dare say, but just think of your reward! Then I'll take them to my good friend, Bunny Rabbit and get him to make them up into a wig and then dye it purple and yellow and green with a special dye he makes out of herbs and roots and dandelions. It'll fit so snugly on your head that you'll never even dream it isn't growing there. Ah! I can just see Miss Eagle when she gazes upon you then! Why, she'll fall right into your arms—I mean your outstretched wings!'"

"Eagle consented instantly. And, one by one, while the tears streamed from his eyes, the offending red feathers were plucked from his head. Then Gray Monk hurried away with them to Bunny Rabbit. Late in the afternoon he returned with the many colored wig. Behold! It fitted Eagle perfectly! And it surely was a gorgeous affair!"

"Now," said Gray Monk, standing off a bit, head cocked on one side, and pretending to admire his handiwork, "you certainly are handsome! Hurry now—hurry to the beautiful lady and plead your cause again before sun down. I know she will think you just scrumptious! Good luck to you, oldfellow, good luck! One glance will fix her, I am sure!"

"It did, too, for when Eagle ap-

### Planting Tonight

Many are the backs that are weary tonight, From using the spade and the hoe;

Many are the man who are straining their sight Watching for the stuff to grow.

Planting tonight, planting tonight, planting in the old back yard. —F. P. A. in the New York Tribune.

### LOCAL NOTICE TO MARINES

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS—Maui Island—Northeast Coast—Pauwulu Point Light. Heretofore reported extinguished, was relighted May 21, 1917.

C. & G. S. Charts 4102, 4116. Light List, Pacific Coast, 1917, p. 154, No. 628.

Buoy List, 19th. District, 1915, p. 12. By order of the Commissioner of Lighthouses:

A. E. ARLEDGE, Inspector, 19th. Lighthouse Dist.

### PASSENGERS ARRIVED

W. W. Thayer, C. F. Loomis, S. M. Walter, S. Holcan, A. Jacobs, L. C. Ming, J. H. Hakulo, Mrs. H. Cooke, Lady Herrson G. F. Perkins, Mrs. Ho B. Long and two children, J. Harada, K. Okazaki, K. Hirayama, T. Seike, O. Lihan, Mrs. Sexton maid and two children, W. A. Louisson, Mr. and Mrs. Truscott maid and child Mrs. N. Hapaku, Mrs. J. Charman, Mrs. Ching Tai.

peared before his lady-love she gave one look at him and let out a screech that could be heard for miles and miles around.

"Old Gray Monk, you may be sure, had followed Eagle along through the underbrush and witnessed the entire scene. And he lay on the grass, behind a big bush, doubled up with laughter and rolled over and over the while he held on to his sides to keep them from splitting.

"What? What's that, Donald? How did that make Eagle bald? Why, bless you, right then and there Miss Eagle snatched him bald-headed! Whew! Here's Nurse—I must fly! Good-bye!"

"For pity's sake, Donald!"—it was Nurse speaking now, and she jerked Donald to his feet in no gentle manner—"cant I so much as turn my head but what you fall down on the ground and go to sleep! What? What! For the land sake! Who snatched who bald-headed? What!! No, of course eagles don't wear wigs! Who ever heard of—Donald, if I had the bad dreams you do, honest to goodness, I'd be afraid to go to sleep!"

### A Communication

EDITOR GARDEN ISLAND: While we take great pleasure in flying our flag these days, it may be well to realize that the Stars and Stripes symbolize more than mere patriotism.

In the last few years before the atrocities of this war were put on the screen it has been demonstrated beyond a doubt in one of the states of Europe, that the cultivated pride of caste of a minority was getting the best of the sane intellect in the majority. A number of happenings in those days showed to the well informed which way the wind blew, and in bowing to the arbitrary dictates of a self-appointed ruling class the civil authorities were losing their safeguards and rights to an alarming degree.

The inevitable soon happened: The right of might, the strength of the mailed fist, urged by selfish passion, broke loose and caught the democracy of the world napping; a self interested, apathetic, neutral, defenseless state of mind had to go through bitter and humiliating experiences many times before it awakened to the imperative call of duty. Only at the threatened loss of our priceless possessions do we offer fight, while we could have safeguarded them by a continual effort for their attainment in proving the forever might of Right.

Let the privileges we are naturally enjoying in this country never blind us to the necessity of constant vigilance in each one's daily life. Peace at any price cannot be had without a constant strife for the qualities of virtue which alone make for durable peace. Our material possessions are not the only ones. The tendencies to wastefulness, self-indulgence, hypocrisy at large in our public life rightly cause much apprehension to the awakened thought. The object-lesson of this world-strife should quicken us all to a better realization of what constitutes our real treasure "which neither moth nor rust doth corrupt."

Then we would fly our flag to the breeze with a well-founded pride in the assurance that it will continue to stand for right, liberty and the permit of happiness. And the sooner we do it the better.

P. B. P.

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### TECHNICAL DEPARTMENT BULLETIN

DATE \_\_\_\_\_ NUMBER \_\_\_\_\_

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