

FOR THE YOUNGER JUNIORS

THE RIVAL ROSE BUSHES

[Translated from the French of J. N. Bouilly, by Joseph Dilhan, for The Junior Call.]

ONE of those fine spring mornings when Paris is filled with flowers Mr. Dorlis, a merchant, returning from the botanical gardens, accompanied by his two daughters, Anais and Celina, visited the flower market where the horticulturist had gathered his treasures. In that delightful place everything that art and nature could produce in rare shrubs and strange, foreign plants seemed to be gathered together. As much as the eye was pleased by the richness and variety of colors, just as much was the sense of smell flattered by the various perfumes from the bouquets of fresh cut flowers.

Anais and Celina in passing through that enchanting place instinctively felt the desire to participate in the spirit of the spring and asked their father to buy for each of them a rosebush.

"I am perfectly willing," said Mr. Dorlis, "and you may choose what you like, the rarest and the most beautiful."

Anais, very particular in her tastes, chose a beautiful rosebush from China, whose rarity was its greatest merit. This she proposed to place in a rich porcelain vase which ornamented the top of her chiffonier.

Celina, simple in her tastes, disdainful of display and fashion, and preferring that which by experience she knew would afford her certain and permanent pleasure, chose a large rosebush of the four seasons, the thick foliage of which was interspersed with an immense quantity of buds and which she intended to put in a simple wooden box painted green at her window.

Each rosebush was accordingly put in the place prepared for it. The one belonging to Anais, having been forced by the temperature of the hot-house where it had passed the winter, was soon in full bloom and produced

a large number of beautiful foreign roses, which Anais showed with great pride to all her father's guests.

Celina's simple rosebush, however, following slowly the order prescribed by nature, had hardly a flower. Its half developed foliage had no attraction but that of hope. In its wooden case on Celina's window sill it did not attract the eye nor give any pleasure. All the felicitation and admiration were for the rose from China, which, proudly standing in the beautiful porcelain vase, ornamented the boudoir of Anais.

Nature, however, does not suffer her march to be forced with impunity. One would almost think that she is jealous of the effects of art, so quickly fade the hothouse flowers.

And so Anais' fine rosebush did not give her pleasure very long. Its second flowers were very different from the first. Hardly was a bud open when the rose expanded and lost its freshness; its petals dried and dropped. Very soon the brilliant rosebush was deprived of its elegant attire. Its foliage became yellow and long before the summer was ended the foreign rosebush found itself in the nudity of winter and offered to Anais only a bunch of dry leaves. No longer did it deserve to fill the porcelain vase, the beauty and richness of which it had enhanced.

Meanwhile the simple rosebush which Celina had chosen, less precocious and less showy at first, became little by little ornamented by a thick foliage. The pure air and sunshine that it received in the window where it was modestly placed gave to its branches more strength and larger growth. Insensibly its numerous buds opened until it became covered with an immense quantity of roses, the perfume of which exceeded greatly that temporarily exhaled by its rival.

Its greatest advantage over the other, however, was that while the flowers were opening they were renewed by hundreds of buds which

came one after the other during all the summer season, perpetuating its beauty.

Every morning you could see Celina with a rose in her hand which she offered to her father. She was not afraid to despoil the fertile bush on which a single night was sufficient to produce new flowers.

Anais, who for a long time had not had a single rose to give her father, began to realize that her choice had not been so happy as her sister's and as the remembrance of something that one has possessed is vanished by the sight of that which some one else has, she acknowledged that the perfume of the flowers from Celina's bush was sweeter than that of the rose from China, which, even though rarer and more highly prized, was less durable and gave less pleasure than the common rose.

What served to confirm Anais in that opinion was that at the end of autumn and even in the beginning of winter the indefatigable rosebush, laughing at the snow and first frost, ornamented itself for the fourth time in the year with a great quantity of roses, the perfume of which was sweeter than ever and the freshness of which with nature all around in mourning afforded a much greater brightness than it had in the springtime.

Celina, happy and triumphant, had, in her turn, the pleasure of ornamenting her room with the dear rosebush, and of offering some of her flowers to Anais, who in her vexation proposed to pull up and throw into the fire the famous rosebush from China, so that she might give to the more fertile bush the beautiful porcelain vase. But Celina feared that her beautiful rosebush, so fruitful in its simple case of wood, might catch from the porcelain vase the dryness and sterility of its rival.

Anais, admitting the truth of her sister's reasoning, decided to hereafter select objects of permanent usefulness in preference to those of mode and

fashion, and she neglected entirely the foreign rosebush, regardless of its illustrious origin.

Celina, who, unlike her sister, did not carry everything to extremes and was good and generous, then took charge of the discarded rosebush, and under her care had the satisfaction of enjoying when the springtime came again its beautiful flowers, truly of short life, but contrasting greatly with the rose of the four seasons. When Anais reproached her for cultivating a rosebush which bloomed for so short a time Celina answered that while we should give preference to the products of our own country we should not exclude entirely those which come to us from foreign lands. And that while deriving our greatest pleasures from the plants which we know to be the most useful, we can also enjoy ourselves in studying those of foreign countries and learning about the wonderful variety in the production of nature, which often leads to useful results and important discoveries.

"Pack, Clouds, Away!"

Pack, clouds, away! and welcome day!

With night we banish sorrow;

Sweet air, blow soft! mount, lark, aloft!

To give my Love good-morrow;

Wings from the wind, to please her mind,

Notes from the lark I'll borrow.

Bird, prune thy wing! nightingales, sing!

To give my Love good-morrow.

To give my Love good-morrow,

Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast!

Sing, birds, in every furrow!

And from each hill let music shrill

Give my fair Love good-morrow.

Blackbird and thrush, in every bush—

Stare, linnet, and cock sparrow,

You pretty elves—amongst yourselves

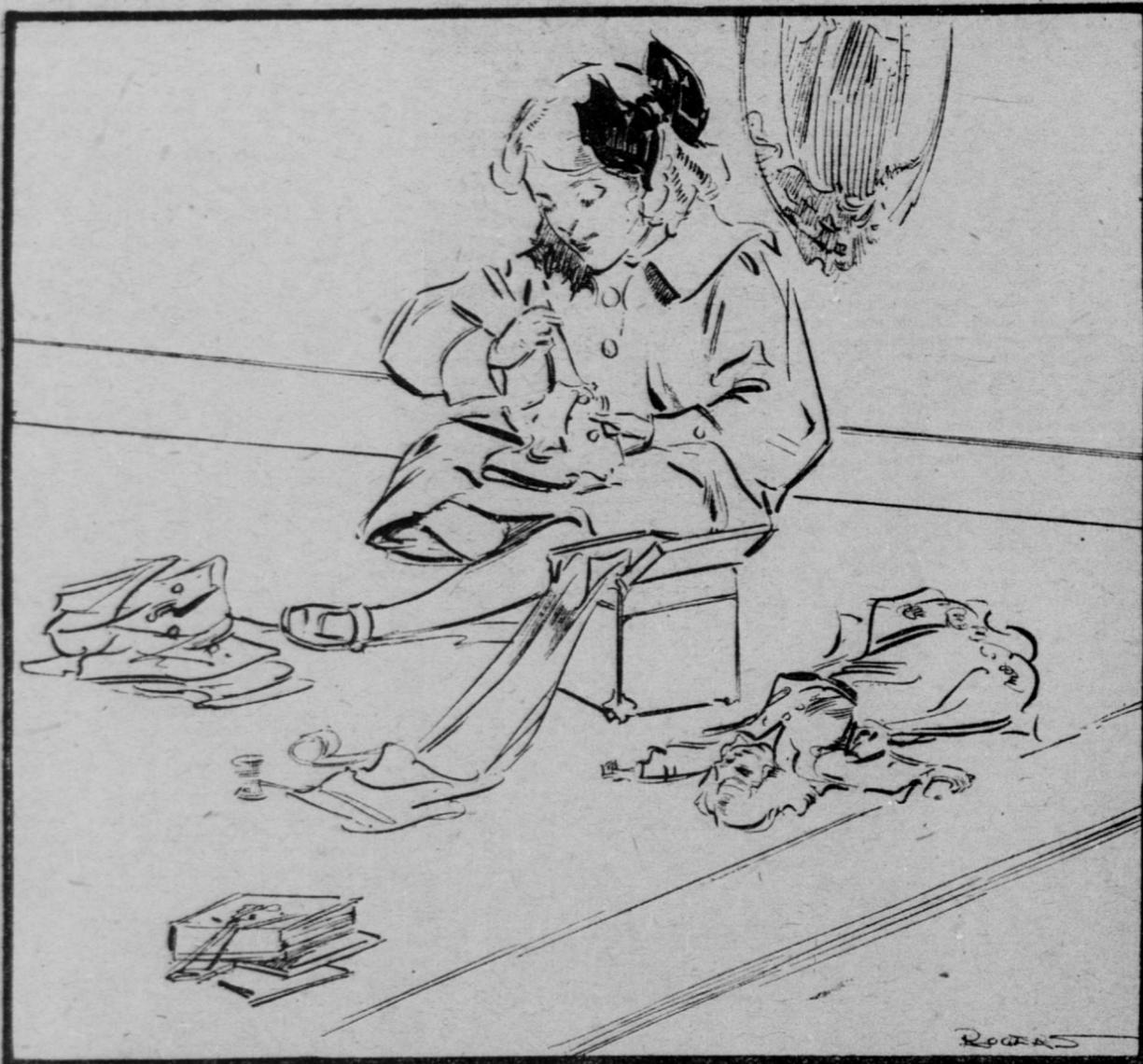
Sing my fair Love good-morrow!

To give my Love good-morrow,

Sing, birds, in every furrow!

THE WINNERS OF PAINT BOX PRIZES

This is the picture to be colored. Paint it in water colors or crayon and send immediately to the Editor of the Junior Call



DRESSING THE CHRISTMAS DOLL.

NAME Age

ADDRESS

A LITTLE girl dressing her doll is a picture that nearly everybody will be familiar with in the next few weeks. Many little girls are going to dress a doll for a Christmas present to some. Many a little girl is going to dress a likely doll that Santa Claus has given to her. She can learn just how to do this by practicing on The Junior Call picture which is presented today. Although little boys do not play with dolls, yet every little boy who has a box of crayons or water colors can color this picture just as neatly and prettily as his little sister, and both girls and boys should start right away to paint the picture, so that it can be mailed in time to reach the office of The Junior Call not later than Wednesday afternoon, as pictures received after that time are too late to be considered in awarding the prizes.

This contest is for the younger juniors only, those who are 10 years of age and younger. Twenty paint boxes will be awarded to the 20 younger juniors for 20 pictures most artistically and neatly colored.

Be sure that you write your name and address in full below the picture on the lines provided for that purpose, and not on a separate piece of paper. The name and address must be written plainly. Many of the younger juniors are very careless about this, and even send in nicely painted pictures with no name at all on them. See if you can not be more careful in future and have your picture properly identified.

The children who have been awarded the paint boxes this week for painting the picture of the little boy out in the rain are:

- FLORENCE BREED, 2071 Webster street, Oakland.
- MYRTLE BORGENSEN, 139A Thirteenth, San Francisco.
- JACK BROLAN, 875 Clayton, San Francisco.
- JEREMIAH DONOGHUE, 1863 Dwight way, Berkeley.
- GRACE M. COCKCROFT, Corning.
- EARL CALDERWOOD, 474 Fifth avenue, San Francisco.
- JACK M. GASSNER, 812 Turk, San Francisco.
- THEODORE C. HOFFMAN, 492 Forty-third, Oakland.
- EDWARD KELLER, 14 Devisadero, San Francisco.
- PAUL LORETZ, 471 East Eleventh, East Oakland.
- LOUISE MAINO, 1432 Valencia, San Francisco.
- NORMA MORIARTY, 5852 Adeline, Oakland.
- DONALD McCURRIE, 79 Devisadero, San Francisco.
- KILDORF NISSEN, 2419 Hilgard avenue, Berkeley.
- MARY POLLOCK, Morgan Hill.
- ALMA REUBEN, 989 McAllister, San Francisco.
- EFFIE A. WINSTON, 1324 Fruitvale avenue, Fruitvale.
- EILEEN O'BRIEN, 2304 Fulton, San Francisco.
- WILLIE GOODALE, box 41, route 1, Denair.
- MABEL GWYNNE, 812 Nineteenth, Oakland.