

# JUNIOR EDITORIAL CORNER



Monday will be Arbor day. In all the schools there will be exercises, recitations about birds and flowers, songs and stories. The custom of making a real festival of this day is growing all over the United States. It is not a child's day only. It was started by the grownups—by those who love flowers and trees and birds, who understand and know something of their habits and lives, by those who realize the importance of preserving all living things. Soon, chiefly through the keeping of Arbor day, there will not be a child anywhere without some knowledge of bird and flower life.

Of course, you can not all live in the country and learn these things directly. But you can all read something about them and when Arbor day comes round do your best to bring a little of the spirit of the woods into the schoolroom.

Perhaps you think there is nothing very interesting about trees and birds; that, like Topsy, they just grew. Yet trees and flowers and birds have lives of their own, as real, as wonderful as yours. Century after century they go on, obeying their own laws, coming into existence, living, dying in their own ways, forming little worlds in themselves.

Californians should be very proud of their birds and trees, and try to make Arbor day a great success, because, besides being very beautiful, some of our birds and trees are found nowhere else in the whole world. If the state owned some wonderful jewel, or a great picture, it would be very careful. Such things would be locked up for safety and people would come many miles to see them. The birds and the giant redwoods can not be locked up, but every one can learn something about them, can be rightly proud of them, can tell others about them, and, best of all, do everything possible to keep from injuring even the smallest of them.

## SHORT BARKS FROM ALONZO

One of the writers in the story contest really wants to know "if I exist!" Now, will you please tell me how I could have done all the things I have done if there is no Alonzo? You wouldn't like to be told you weren't alive, and you haven't had half the adventures I have.

There was an advertisement in one of the papers on Sunday for a "barker" for a cheap show. I wonder if I could get the job? It would be easy money to get paid for barking.

I get dozens of letters every week asking about all sorts of things, but yesterday I got the silliest ever. Some one wanted to know how I got my black eye! No, it wasn't a Junior who gave it to me, I'm glad to say. An eye like that is born, not made.

I was at Land's End last Sunday. I was sleeping on a nice, soft rock at the foot of a cliff when an intelligent man threw his fish line and tangled it around my tail. You ought—that is, you ought not—to have heard the things he said about my tail! I never answered a word. Mother told me never to talk when I was mad. But I'd like to meet that man real close—I wouldn't have to SAY anything.

## The Rose

How fair is the rose, what a beautiful flower,  
The glory of April and May,  
But the leaves are beginning to fade  
In an hour,  
And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has a powerful virtue to boast,  
Above all the flowers of the field,  
When its leaves are all dead and fine  
Colors are lost  
Still how sweet a perfume it will  
Yield!

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,  
Though they bloom and look like the rose;  
But all our fond care to preserve them  
Is vain;  
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,  
Since both of them wither and fade;  
But gain a good name by well doing  
My duty;  
This will scent like a rose when I'm  
Dead.

—Isaac Watts.

## Clothes

Although my clothes are fine and gay  
They should not make me vain,  
For nurse can take them all away  
And put them on again,  
Each flower grows her pretty gown,  
So does each little weed;  
Their dresses are their very own,  
They may be proud indeed!  
—Abbie Farwell Brown.

## Lion Photographs Himself

Moving pictures of giraffes and crocodiles and hippopotami, all in their natural surroundings, and wild beasts at their nests, and queer small creatures of the ground, were shown at the Alhambra theater, London, recently. These pictures were brought from British East Africa by Cherry Kearton, the skilled nature photographer. More fascinating than the pictures, however, is the story of how Mr. Kearton hunted the wild beasts, not to shoot them, but to take their pictures. He spent a week of days and nights in a tree with his apparatus waiting to get a picture of a lion, but the lion never came near enough. Then Mr. Kearton left a camera shielded in a leather case near the lion's drinking pool. In the tree above the pool he put a flashlight apparatus and stretched a thread from this across the path by which the lion usually came. In the middle of the night down came the lion to drink. He broke the thread, ignited the magnesium and took an instantaneous picture of himself before the brilliant flash sent him crashing away in terror through the forest.

## In Love

A professor of the class in English history was telling his young men of the impressionable age about the Elizabethan era, when, suddenly turning to one of the young men who seemed to be in a dream with a far away gaze, he said:  
"And how old was Elizabeth, Mr. Case?"  
"Eighteen last birthday," came the instant reply.—Tit-Bits.

## THE CHILD AND THE VERSE

By RUTH INGRAHAM



Sister and Charlie learned verses to say  
To their Sunday school teacher each week;  
And baby so wanted to! Poor little May  
Wasn't old enough yet, but she would be some day,  
And then she should have one to speak.

But she begged and she teased and she pleaded and prayed  
That she, too, might be taught a verse,  
Till, just as they started, one day, mamma said:  
"Say, 'I am the light of the world,' little maid;  
You'll forget it, perhaps, but no worse."

When the children with verses were called on to rise,  
May said, as her apron she twirled,  
While sister and Charlie sat dumb with surprise  
And all the good people they opened their eyes:  
"My mother's the light of the world!"

## Feathered Fighters

BY CHARLES CRISTADORA

LET a cat approach the vicinity of a nest full of young mocking birds and then wait and see. With a hoarse "Ca-a-a-ar!" the male or female parent sounds the note of alarm.

No time is lost in driving the prowling marauder away. First one and then the other feathered soldier advances, swooping upon the cat and retreating with a mouthful of fur. How the cat would jump, and, mounting on its hind feet, claw the air in its attempts to strike the fleeting bird. First one and then the other mocking bird would lead the assault, but the cat had a certain sense of dignity about him that would not allow him to be halted or turned back and he stood his ground. It was evident that if the birds wished him out of the neighborhood, more strenuous measures must be taken, and the assault became simultaneous, front and rear. Beaks were sharp and came away filled with fur and now and then a reddish something showed that they were striking home.

Even a cat knows when it has enough, and after many attempts to catch its tormentors there was nothing left for it to do but take refuge under a distant geranium bush, the feathered pursuers speeding him on his way by several well directed prods.

But at daylight the next morning the cat was seen to carry a mocking bird away in its mouth. The bird was full grown and yet warm. Red pepper was well rubbed into the feathers and the bird then given to the cat. The bird disappeared, all but the wings, tail and legs, and further than a rubbing of its jaws with its paws the cat seemed to enjoy the meal. It was thought that red pepper and mocking birds might become associated in that cat's memory and in future the songsters would remain unmolested, but to no avail.

A mocking bird will fight with the spirit of a hawk and its bravery only too frequently brings about its doom. We have seen it cuffed by a cat in a fight and advance again and again to the assault.

To investigate the nest of a mocking bird is attended with more or less danger, as in their fury they are apt to strike one in the face and inflict a serious injury to the eye.

They will fight an egg hunting snake and seem to be able to resist the advances made by the snake to the birds. Other birds in the vicinity of their favorite feeding grounds are driven off with little ceremony.

We knew of a mocking bird which when its cage was put in the yard would deliberately place some of its food along the outer edge of the cage, a temptation to the thieving sparrows. And when the sparrows came—well, the same sparrow never came the second time. But there were many sparrows who were fond of mocking bird food and who could not resist the temptation? And the mocking bird in time became very expert in sparrow baiting, to the amusement of the neighborhood, that loved not the sparrow.

The butcher bird or shrike is perhaps the most despicable of all the birds that fly. It is aggressive, but only as the bully is aggressive who tackles the little fellow. The small bird and the fledgling are the prey of this feathered, ruthless butcher.

We have seen a frightened shrike drop a fledgling linnnet from its claws, the little feathered body yet warm but with its head torn off. We have seen a linnnet feed its fledgling upon the ground and then fly to a nearby perch

and chirp encouragingly to the downy nestling hopping in the grass.

And before the eyes of the mother bird we have seen the butcher bird dart upon the helpless little thing, strike it in the head with its beak and, grasping it in its claws, sail away with it, the mother linnnet in distressful pursuit, a pursuit only too soon abandoned, realizing that its offspring was past relief.

One must guess and yet guess again at the pleasure the butcher bird can get by killing and impaling these small birds and fledglings upon thorn bushes and barbed wire fencing, to ultimately drop off and feed the ants and worms. There may be a method in this seeming wanton butchery, but if so we do not know of it.

## The Comet

The comet, he is on his way  
And singing as he flies,  
The whizzing planets shrink before  
This spectre of the skies;  
Ah! well may regal orbs burn blue  
And satellites turn pale;  
Ten million cubic miles of head,  
Ten billion miles of tail,  
And what would happen to the land,  
And how would look the sea  
If in the bearded demon's path  
Our earth should chance to be?  
—O. W. Holmes.

In the year 1835 there lived in a large, old fashioned house in a small New England village a young girl by the name of Martha. She was a rather peculiar child, very studious and thoughtful. At this time she was 12 years of age. In the house there was a long dining room extending quite through the building from north to south. In each end of this room were two windows which overlooked a large landscape. In the long winter evenings when the rest of the family were otherwise occupied Martha had a habit of watching from the north windows the frequent and brilliant display of the aurora borealis or northern lights. She stood for hours at these windows, trying vainly to transfix these rapidly changing lights before they had vanished and others had taken their places.

One night as she came into the dining room to partake of the evening meal called supper (there was breakfast, dinner and supper in those days) she chanced to look out of the south windows as she passed them and saw a very peculiar looking cloud just above the horizon stretching from the place where the sun had just gone down more than half way around the visible world from the west far into the northeast. She called the attention of the family to its strange appearance, but they only gave a passing glance and sat down around the table, while Martha ran from window to window out of one door and in at another. She made the circuit of the house several times, talking all the time about the wonderful cloud until it passed from sight. Then she came to the supper table and found the biscuits, tea and gingerbread quite cold.

On the following morning when the stage coast came in bringing the mails from Boston and Portland they found in the Boston Courier an explanation of the white cloud of the previous evening. It was the tail of a great comet, Halley's comet. It had crossed between the earth and the sun, but was not visible until dark.

Martha, now an inhabitant of California, is still living, and she expects to see the celestial visitor entire, as it returns this spring, after 74 years' absence on its long journey.