

# FOR THE YOUNGER JUNIORS

## A VISIT WITH THE QUEEN OF THE FLOWERS

"Good morning, little girl." Trot rubbed her eyes and looked around. At first she couldn't see anything, although she looked very hard toward the spot from which the voice seemed to come.

"Good morning." It was very plain, a small, sweet sound, just like the wind makes in the grass.

Trot rubbed her eyes and looked again. She had never heard anything more plainly before, but peer as she would she could see nothing.

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the little voice. "You can't see me and you're looking right at me. Ha, ha, ha; and we are always told that you mortal children are so bright."

"Please," said Trot, who really was a very polite little girl, "won't you tell me where you are? I can hear you plainly, but I can't see you at all."

"Why, Trot, look right down here at your own feet. Here I am. I've been watching you for a long time. Look, can't you see me now?"

"Oh," said Trot. "I beg your pardon," for at her own feet she saw a beautiful, blue iris bowing and laughing at her.

"Sit down and talk to me," said the flower.

"I'm afraid," said Trot, "to stay very long. I got my feet wet crossing the brook. I guess I'll have to go home and change my stockings."

The flower laughed. "Really," she said, "you don't know how funny it seems to be afraid to get your feet wet. Mine are always wet and I never had a cold in my life."

"I'm very glad to hear that," replied Trot. "I hope you will never have one. Weren't you ever made to stay in bed in your life?"

"Oh dear, no," laughed the flower. "You see, I live out of doors, so I never get sick. What do you do all day?"

"Lots of things. I go to school, except on Saturday, and I have my lessons to study. I help mother, too. On Saturdays I generally play."

"And get your feet wet?"

"Not always. I most always get

across the brook without. Please, if it isn't rude, what do you do?"

"Oh," said the flower, "I'm a very busy person. You see, I am Iris, queen of the flowers. That keeps me pretty busy. I have a tremendous number of subjects and I have to go about in all parts of the world. Some places, of course, I simply can't go to. They're too hot and some are too cold. I like a climate just about like this, so I send messengers into the places where I don't like to go."

"It must be lovely," said Trot, "to be a queen."

"It's very hard work. Besides being queen I'm the national flower of France and that gives me a lot to see about. I have to be at all the public affairs. There are thousands of duties that go with being the national flower."

"I should think," ventured Trot, "that sometimes you would almost wish you were just an ordinary flower."

"I used to, sometimes, when I was little. I had so much more responsibility than any of the other flowers. And then I always had to look just so; they expect it from the queen, you know. But I grew out of that. As you get older you find that it's no good to find fault with things you have to do. It's better to do them without talking about them."

"Yes," said Trot politely.

"Besides," went on the flower, "I'm the messenger of heaven, too."

"Oh," breathed Trot. "Then you don't really live down here all the time?"

"No," said the flower. "When the angels want to send a message to earth I bring it. I don't have to come very often. It's generally just after a rain, when they want to tell the earth flowers something."

"How do you get down? Aren't you afraid to drop all that way?"

"Oh my, I don't fall. I come down on my bridge, the rainbow. Haven't you ever noticed that the colors of the rainbow are just like my dress? Well, that's so you mortals won't see me coming. If small boys, like your brother, could see me coming through the sky, they might try to shoot me, thinking I was a bird. But I glide

along over my rainbow bridge and nobody knows I'm here."

"I don't think," said Trot, slowly, "that it's such an awful lot of fun being queen. It seems to me you don't have much time for yourself."

"No, I don't, and you haven't heard half. I have to carry the seeds for all my people and send them around to parts of the world where there are no iris flowers. This is very important work, and I have to go outside my own kingdom for a messenger to do this. You see, there is no flower able to carry such a heavy weight, so I have to ask my cousin, the queen of bees, to lend me one of her subjects. Our families have been very good friends for thousands of years and we are always doing each other little favors like that. Besides, I never ask any one to do things for nothing. When I'm going to send a bee away to a distant country with some seeds, I let him come into my house first and drink all the sweet nectar that he wants. Sometimes he takes all I have, and nectar is very expensive. I always see that the pollen (that's another name for the seeds) is packed in a neat little bundle so that he can carry it away on his head, which is the easiest way for him."

"That's very kind of you," said Trot, "because I suppose he would have to carry it if you told him to whether you gave him any of that—I don't remember its name, but that stuff that sounds sweet—or not?"

"No," said the queen, "he wouldn't have to. There are no laws like that in my country. Everything is done in Flower Land through love."

"Do you think," asked Trot, slowly, "that little flower girls and boys—are there any flower boys?"

"Thousands," answered the queen.

"Do you think they could learn their lessons though love?"

"Of course they could," said the queen. "Haven't you learned something today that you didn't know before? And I didn't make you learn it, did I?"

"Oh, no," said Trot. "I—"

"Trot, T-r-o-t, T-R-O-T, aren't you ever coming? I've been waiting 10 min-

utes. What are you doing all curled up there?"

Trot scrambled to her feet. "I'm coming. Goodby," she whispered. "Somehow I don't just like to tell him you can talk. Boys are so different. But I'd like to come back again some time and—learn some more, if you don't mind."

"Why, of course you can come. Any time at all. Just come here and sit down, and if I'm not too busy I shall be delighted to tell you lots of things. Goodby," said the queen.

### Childhood

By a Junior

The meadows are green, the flowers are bright,  
The fairest that ever were seen;  
The birds are singing their songs of delight,  
For the joy of living is keen.

Children are singing their songs so gay,  
Free from all sorrow and care;  
Happy from dawn to closing day,  
Joyously do they fare.

Up with the larks, to bed with the sun,  
Busy the whole day long;  
Running and frisking never done,  
List to their joyous song.

Trials and troubles pass quickly by,  
Like clouds on a summer morn.  
Quickly the hours of childhood fly;  
Then the troubles of life will dawn.

"Oh, Dot!" said mamma. "How is it you never remember to say thank you?"

"I 'spect it's 'cause I don't get things given to me often enough to practice," answered the child, eyeing a box of candy.

Dot—Mamma, when a thing is bought does it go to the buyer?

"Yes, dear."

Dot—Then how is it that when you bought coal last week it went to the cellar?

## THE WINNERS OF PAINT BOX PRIZES

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



Paint boxes are awarded to the following juniors who painted the picture published last Saturday:

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- Harry Ross, 267 Lexington avenue, San Francisco.
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### A Painful Joke

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—What are you going to do with that porous plaster, John?

Mr. Crimsonbeak—I'm going to see what tune it will play on the pianola!—Yonkers Statesman.

### A Sharp Pupil

A schoolmaster inquired of one of his pupils on a cold day in winter what was the Latin word for "cold."

"I can't remember it at the moment," said the boy, "but I have it at my fingers' ends."

"No, no, Dot; no more cakes tonight," said mamma. "Don't you know you can't sleep on a full stomach?"

"Well," said Dot, "I can sleep on my back for once."

NAME ..... Age .....

ADDRESS .....