

JUNIOR EDITORIAL CORNER



Junior Call, Third and Market Streets, San Francisco, August 7, 1910.
Good morning, Juniors!

And how are you today? Last Sunday, if you will remember, I was in a very bad humor, and my conversation was made up mostly of groans and growls. Today everything looks rose colored, and The Junior Call is on the boom. I want to say to you right here that the many splendid suggestions you made in your letters this week will be taken into careful consideration, and I am more than delighted to see that you take such a deep interest in the welfare of The Junior. I was so tickled when I saw those contest letters that I turned four somersaults right across the front lawn, and then chased my tail in the most frivolous way for 10 minutes. Knowing the length of my tail, as you all do, there is no need to tell you that I failed to make connections.

The other day I saw something that made me boil with anger, and now I'm going to tell it to you and see what you think about it. I was passing along one of the finer residence streets when I came to a house with wide, spreading grounds, and the entire place was inclosed by a high iron fence. A garden party was evidently going on, and I could see groups of elegantly gowned women moving back and forth on the lawn amid the shrubbery in one corner of the garden. Suddenly from around the side of the house darted a small dog carrying in his teeth a handsome silver money bag, such as are carried by ladies nowadays.

I could tell he was up to mischief by the wicked glint in his eye. He put it down upon the grass and began to worry it, when, without warning, it flew open, spilling upon the ground several pieces of jewelry and not a little silver and gold.

About that time a visiting puppy came wandering along, and, seeing his host, went over to pass the time of day with him. No sooner had he arrived at the scene of action, however, than the older dog, spying his mistress and one of her guests approaching, dashed away and out of sight, leaving the innocent puppy to bear the blame. In spite of his pitiful attempts to make himself understood, the little fellow was whipped and for somebody else's misdeed.

I think you can catch the lesson without my going into explanations. There are two kinds of courage, Juniors—physical courage and moral courage—and of the twain the latter is much the finer. Never be afraid to tell the truth. Don't let anything, particularly so small a thing as a lie, intimidate you. If you've done the wrong thing, why, just make a clean breast of it and start over again. Always take your share of the blame, and when you fall down, GET UP! Don't stay in the mire. ALONZO.

SHORT BARKS FROM ALONZO

Little Polly Flinders
Sat among the cinders,
Perusing there a weekly Junior Call;
Her mother came and caught her,
And kissed her little daughter,
And said, "My child, be sure you read it all!"

A woman in Venezuela thinks it would be a fine idea to make rats—those bulbous looking things that are used in the construction of the modern woman's coiffure—out of the hair of live dogs. She claims that hair thus obtained is not so injurious as some of the cheaper imitations now in vogue, and that the animal (that's me) could be shaved twice a year. If that Venezuela lady comes north, it's me for the mountains!

There was a man of Thessaly,
And he was wondrous wise;
He read The Call so earnestly
He put out both his eyes.

And when he found his eyes were out
He called Alonzo in;
They went down to an oculist
And bought him eyes of tin.

The eyes of tin were wondrous bright,
And shone afar by day;
The wise man read his Call once more
And lived forever and aye.

A Word of Thanks

Dear Sir:
I received my lovely post cards, and I thank you very much.
Give my love to Alonzo and the Junior Call.

CECILIA DOLAN,
441 Virginia street.

As Jimmie Saw It

Jimmie had spent his first day at school.
"What did you learn?" was his aunt's question.
"Didn't learn anything."
"Well, what did you do?"
"Didn't do anything. There was a woman wanting to know how to spell cat and I told her."

FLOWER LORE

By KATHARINE BEALS

IRIS, or Fleur de Lis. (A Message.)

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"Oh Flower de luce, bloom on, and let the river
Linger to kiss thy feet!
Oh flower of song, bloom on, and make for-
ever
The world more fair and sweet."
—Longfellow. "Flower de luce."

IRIS, the sister of the Harpies, or Deities of the storm, represented the rainbow. She was swift as the wind and had wings of gold, and was employed by Juno as her especial messenger, as Mercury was Jupiter's. She carried messages unto the end of the earth, and even into the depths of the seas. One day the flowers all assembled at the invitation of Juno to celebrate the birthday of Iris. They all came in their prettiest dresses, and were having a fine time when three new sister flowers were seen approaching dressed in gowns of red, yellow and purple, and wearing gorgeous jewels. No one knew who they were. At last some one said, "We will call them: Iris because they wear the colors of the rainbow." And so they bear the name of the messenger of the gods.

There are more than 170 different varieties of iris, and they grow in almost every country of the world.

As one of the duties of Mercury was to conduct the souls of dead men to their final resting place, so Iris performed the same duty for the women, and the Greeks used the purple iris to decorate the graves of the women.

The Egyptians introduced the flower into architecture. As the symbol of eloquence and power it was placed upon the brow of the Sphinx, and upon the scepters of their rulers. In ancient Babylon and Assyria the iris was recognized as one of the flowers of royalty.

PLANT WAS USED AS MEDICINE

The ancients esteemed the iris highly for medical purposes. The roots, which had many of the properties of honey, were used in the preparation of 41 different remedies. The plant when attached to the body of an infant was supposed to correct all the disorders that arise from teething. Used as a syrup, it was said to cure coughs and inflammation of the throat. Mixed with vinegar it was good for diseases of the liver. Applied externally it was a cure for the bites of serpents and scorpions. A powder made from the root and mixed with honey was used as a splint for broken bones. The same powder, used dry, was beneficial in cases of scrofulous sores. In this latter case the person gathering the iris should mention the name of the patient and the disease for which it was to be used.

A Roman naturalist mentions the criminal practice of some herbists, who, if they think that they have not been paid enough, keep back a portion of the iris, and, burying it in the same place from which they obtained it, thus insure a recurrence of the illness and consequent retention of their services. An exquisite perfume was made from some varieties of the plant, which was much in demand by women of fashion; also a perfumed oil which was a valued addition to the toilet.

FRENCH LEGENDS ABOUT IT

The iris is the national flower of France, where it was first called fleur de lis. There are several legends in regard to its adoption. According to heraldic traditions, the ancient Franks at proclamation of a king were accustomed to place in his hand a reed of flag in blossom, and later kings are represented with the scepters ornamented with the same flower.

Another legend is traced to the sixth century, when Clotilda, the wife of Clovis, endeavored by prayers and good deeds to bring about the conversion of her warlike husband. For a long time he resisted her efforts. At length, having led his army against the Huns, and being in danger of defeat, he called for assistance upon the god whom his wife worshiped. The tide of battle turned, he won a complete victory and upon his return he was baptized in the Christian faith.

The night after his baptism an angel appeared to a holy hermit, who dwelt near the castle, and gave him a beautiful blue shield emblazoned with three golden fleur de lis, which he bade the hermit take to the queen, to give to her husband. The device of Clovis theretofore had been three black toads.

The banner of Charlemagne is said to have been blue decorated with golden fleur de lis.

NATIONAL FLOWER OF FRANCE

A later tradition is that when Louis VII was about to start on his crusade to the holy land the white banner of the French crusaders was found one morning covered with purple fleurs de lis. Louis regarded it as an evidence of divine approval and adopted it as the emblem of France and had it engraved upon his signet ring.

The soldiers called the flower the

"Fleur de Louis," which later was contracted into "fleur de luce," and still later in to the present form "fleur de lis." It was incorporated into the arms of France and used in the decoration of the crown itself. Charles VI reduced the number of fleur de lis used in emblazoning the French arms to three, supposedly in recognition of the holy trinity.

Edward III claimed France as belonging to the English crown, and added the French lily to the English coat of arms, and it took many bloody battles to make the English renounce the claim, but in 1801 the lily disappeared from the English shield.

During the revolution the fleur de lis was proscribed, and any one wearing it or having it in his possession was put to death, and where it was conspicuous in decoration or sculpture it was destroyed by the frenzied mob.

Upon the base of the statue of Jeanne d'Arc, in Rowen, are sculptured fleur de lis with this inscription:

"Beneath the maiden's sword the lilies safely bloom."

JAPANESE HAVE PERFECTED IT

The Japanese, with their extravagant love for flowers, celebrate a flower festival every month. According to their calendar the "Fete of the Iris" or Hana-Shobu, occurs in June. In contrast to the riotous carnival of the cherry blossom, the iris fete is a very dignified garden party.

In Japan the flower has been brought to a perfection that the French never dreamed of. Purple, yellow and white are the principal colors, with some shades of blue. The most important display is at Horikiri, near Tokyo, and the plants are arranged to produce a wonderful color effect. During the celebration the hot water in the public bath houses is perfumed with iris root and the public conveyances are decorated with garlands of the flowers.

It has long been the custom for the Japanese, on the 5th day of June, to hang bunches of sweet flag under the eaves of their houses, to warn off evil spirits, and to prevent misfortune coming to their homes. Sometimes beds of iris were planted on the thatched roofs of the cottages to ward off pestilence.

This custom is accounted for in another manner. Once there was a famine in Japan, and no one was allowed to plant anything in the ground that could not be used as food. The powdered root of the iris was used by Japanese women as a cosmetic and as a powder to whiten their faces, so the little ladies all planted gardens of iris on the roofs of their houses, and in many of the country places they are still there.

It is customary in Japan to send flowers upon all occasions, and the iris is in great demand for all events requiring congratulations, except at weddings, when it is undesirable on account of its purple color. Japanese literature has many references to the flower. One of their poets has written these lines:

The iris grown between my house and the neighbors
Is just burnishing in its deepest color and glory;
I wish that some one would come and see it
Before it withers away and returns to the dust.

The French poets naturally have made their national flower a theme of frequent verse, and the earlier English writers have numerous references to it. Chaucer and Johnson both seem to have been familiar with it. Spenser includes it in his "Shepherd's Calendar." Shakespeare often refers to it in his historical plays and Milton numbers it with the flowers of Paradise. In "Paradise Lost" he says:
Iris, all hues, roses and jassamin,
Reared high their heads and wrought mosaic.

The Children in the Moon

Harken, child, unto a story!
For the moon is in the sky,
And across her shield of silver
See two tiny cloudlets fly.

Watch them closely, mark them sharply,
As across the light they pass;
Seem they not to have the figures
Of a little lad and lass?

See, my child, across their shoulders
Lies a little pot! and lo,
Yonder speck is just the bucket,
Swinging softly to and fro!

It is said these little children,
Many and many a summer night,
To a little well far northward
Wandered in the still moonlight.

To the wayside well they trotted,
Filled their little buckets there;
And the moonman, looking downward,
Saw how beautiful they were.

Never is the bucket empty,
Never are the children old;
Ever when the moon is shining
We the children may behold.
By Robert Buchanan.

Ancient Baseball

"Who was Leonidas?"
"The man who captured the Spartan nine the year they gave Persia such a tussle. It was a great game."—Washington Herald.