

# JUNIOR EDITORIAL CORNER



Junior Call, Third and Market streets, San Francisco, August 14, 1910.  
Good Morning, Boys and Girls:

How does this old world wag with you this morning, and how has the first week of school left you? Has it been a bit hard to settle down to the old routine of school work and forget the green hills and the yellow, sandy seashore? Or have you enjoyed coming back from vacation trips to meet the old comrades of the year past and exchange experiences? Some of you have been to the mountains, some to the ocean side, and some to the country, and all of you must have many things to talk over. However, Juniors, be sure not to talk during school. See if you can't make your teachers glad to be back, too.

You know, I am growing prouder of my Juniors every day I live. My chest expansion has increased three inches in the last month, and that is doing very well for a small dog. For bright, clever children you certainly take first prize, and I'll lick any dog who disputes me. Your contest letters are improving every week, until it has grown to be no easy task to tell which are the four best. Your open letters show careful study and thought, and the short story section is receiving some clever contributions. My tail is wagging fast and furiously nowadays, and I'm wearing a sun in my soul expression that doesn't come off.

This week on the contest page you have told of your ambitions for the future, and I am glad to see so many of you have mapped out your work for the coming years. Now, bear this in mind: the things worth having are those hardest to get. As usual, that reminds me of a story, one of mother's best.

A couple of dogs were traveling along a highroad together. They were footsore and hungry, and anxious to find a place to spend the night. Presently they came to a steep, rocky mountain. The trail up its side was hard to climb and seemed a dreadful ordeal for the two weary travelers.

"Why," said one, "what is the use of trudging up that terrible mountain? There is water here, and we can lie down and rest under that bush over there."

"No," said the other dog. "The water here is muddy and dirty, and the ground around is stony and rough. I am going up the trail to try my luck at the top."

His companion refused to accompany him, however, so he was forced to journey on alone. After a long, hard pull he reached the top, and right across the summit came to a house, where he was fed and comfortably lodged. The first dog, meanwhile, had tasted the water below, only to find it bitter from poisonous plants growing by the edge of the stream, while the stony ground afforded him little comfort.

Things may look mighty hard at times, but just grit your teeth and keep on a-climbing, and you'll get to the top some time. And when you start journeying be sure to take along the little jewel of perseverance. You'll need it badly. In fact, it's one of the main essentials to success. Good luck to you!

ALONZO.

## SHORT BARKS FROM ALONZO

Little Bo Peep had lost her sheep,  
And couldn't tell where to find them.  
All through the fields and woods she looked,  
Wherever she used to mind them.

Sadly, at last, she gave it up,  
And sat herself down, despairing;  
Then came Alonzo, sheep and all,  
And each his own tail was wearing.

I went to a circus the other day—never you mind where—and got caught in a terrible crowd. The man who was standing beside me stepped on my left hind foot, then shifted his weight to my left front foot. Now, I'm a bit cranky when it comes to my feet. So I told him politely that, while I knew my feet were made to stand upon, I generally reserved the privilege for myself.

The latest thing in dog attire is the new blanket coat, the distinguishing feature of which is a hood provided with ear flaps. I went in to buy one the other day. It was all right until it came to the flaps. They were fitted carefully over my ears, and I was then led to the nearest looking glass. I give you my word I looked like a rabbit! My right front paw is up in the air. Never again!

Mother is the busiest dog in San Francisco today. There is a movement on foot to lend aid to the poor, homeless waif dogs, who are roaming the streets hungry, and mother is devoting all of her spare time to it. The very best canines in town are interested in the society, and it is being organized to not only feed these wanderers but to warn and help them escape the traps of the poundman.

## FLOWER LORE THE CLOVER

### CLOVER—1 Promise

Sweet by the roadside, sweet by the rills,  
Sweet in the meadows, sweet on the hills,  
Sweet in its white, sweet in its red—  
Oh, half of its sweetness can not be said;  
Sweet in its every living breath,  
Sweetest, perhaps, at last in death.  
Saxe Holm, "Song of the Clover."

There is music at our feet  
In the clover, honey sweet.  
—Walter Thornbury.

### By KATHARINE BEAS

WHILE there is no myth as to the origin of the clover, it is certain that the ancients held it in great favor. Hope is represented as a child standing on tip toe and holding out clover blossoms. Summer is also holding clover, as a promise of future good. The Greeks used it extensively, for garlands, and in decorations for their festivals. It was introduced in Greece, so says Pliny, from Media, during the reign of Darius, the Persian. The Druids, an ancient order of the Celtic priests, whose name is derived from a word meaning tree, regarded it as one of their sacred plants and held it in veneration second only to the mistletoe.

The name clover is from clava, a club, and the little three-part leaf is supposed to have been given its name from its resemblance to the three-headed club of the great Hercules. The generic name of the plant is trifolium, meaning one leaf with three parts, and the latest authorities give 300 varieties.

### IRELAND'S FLORAL EMBLEM

But interest in the clover centers chiefly in the fact that it is the floral emblem of the Emerald Isle. In the early days of the mission of the great St. Patrick he was preaching one day in the neighborhood of Meath, and was endeavoring to explain the doctrine of the Trinity to an audience who found it difficult to comprehend.

"How," asked one of the chiefs, "can there be three in one?"

The saint stooped and picked from the sod at his feet a clover leaf, and holding it before them, he said: "Behold in this trifoliate leaf how three persons in the Godhead can exist, and yet be one."

The illustration was so simple, and yet so forcible, that the chief and his whole clan accepted the Christian faith.

From this tradition in all probability came the adoption in later years of the shamrock as the national emblem. There has been some conflict as to whether the wood sorrel or the white clover was the shamrock of Ireland; but decision has been generally in favor of the clover.

### OTHER INTERPRETATIONS

As the trefoil is the emblem of the Trinity, it is used in decoration for Trinity Sunday.

Another significance given to the leaf by the early Christians was that the stem represented the path of life, the right hand leaf purgatory, the left hand leaf hades, and the center leaf paradise. Still another interpretation was that the threefold leaf was an emblem of faith, hope and love, the three great elements in Christian life.

The trefoil has been introduced as a feature of ecclesiastical architecture. The extremities of crosses and church windows, as well as interior and exterior decorations, are often made in the form of the "three leaves."

The clover is one of the plants that undergoes a radical change in the nighttime. As evening comes on the side leaves fold together and the center leaf bends over them in a prayerful attitude. The transformation was, no doubt, an additional reason for the reverence with which the plant was cherished and accounted for the idea which prevailed that it was antagonistic to

evil spirits and counteracted their influence.

### CLOVER SUPERSTITIONS

In some places it was believed that if a farmer brought home with him a handful of clover from each corner of his neighbor's field his cattle would thrive during that year. A dream of a clover field meant health and prosperity. Occasionally a leaf of the white clover is found that has four or more parts, and this is popularly accepted as a token of great good fortune, and a four leaved clover is supposed to invest the finder with great magical powers. Samuel Lover in his "Four Leaved Shamrock" gives voice to the superstition:

I'll seek a four-leaved shamrock—in all the  
fairy dells  
And if I find the charmed leaves, oh, how I'll  
weave my spells;  
But I would play the enchanter's part in cast-  
ing bliss around—  
Oh, not a tear or aching heart should in the  
world be found.

### IN FAIRY TALES

The fairy folk—every one knows that there are fairies—have appropriated the clover as one of their especial plants, and wherever a fairy foot has touched the ground, there comes up a four leaf clover, which is endowed with magical power. Whoever finds one is immediately taken under the protection of the little people. If it is a maiden, she will see her true love before the day closes. If a youth, it ensures him success in his wooing. If a lover is going on a journey and his sweetheart can put a four leaf clover in his shoe without his knowledge, he will have a safe return.

The fortunate possessors of this talisman are the only mortals who can hold converse with the fairies. It will bring all sorts of good luck at play, and this is supposed to have been the occasion of the club, which in France is called "Trefle," having been put on the playing cards.

### THE CLOVER'S MATERIAL MERITS

The clover grows in almost every part of the world and its uses are manifold. It enriches the ground where it grows. It provides fine pasturage and superior fodder. In times of famine in Ireland, it has been reported that when reduced to the last extremity, it was used as food by the starving people. And it delights the senses with its beauty and sweet odor. The bee and the clover are fast friends, indeed one can scarcely exist without the other.

Some years ago an effort was made to introduce the red clover into Australia. It grew well but failed to produce any seed. After one or two unsuccessful efforts a number of bumble bees were imported from America and let loose when the clover had begun to blossom, and from that time the red clover has been a success in Australia. Bee keepers say the finest quality of honey is obtained from the white clover, and on a bright summer day great numbers may be seen hovering over a field of clover.

### "LIVING IN CLOVER"

It was no doubt this luxuriance of sweets, both of odor and taste, that gave rise to the expression, "Living in clover." The earliest record of this saying is in 1710; during that century it was frequently used to denote the height of luxurious living.

### STATE FLOWER OF VERMONT

The red clover is the state flower of Vermont, chosen by the pupils of the public schools, and New England literature is filled with tributes to its virtues.

Thoreau in his "Summer" likens the "blushing fields of clover" to the "western sky at evening." Emerson in both his prose and poetry lauds it. The old country poets have not overlooked it. Dryden, Shakespeare, Burns and Tennyson sing its praises, but the bards of Ireland write most enthusiastically about the beauty of their national flower.

Next Sunday the Poppy.

### The Making of a Businessman

So many panes of glass in old Mr. Viner's greenhouse had been broken that he had at last offered a reward of 10 shillings to any one who should give information as to the identity of the latest offender. The bait soon drew. A youngster called on Mr. Viner and informed him that a lad named Archie Thompson was the guilty party. He received his reward, went away rejoicing and the old gentleman forthwith wrote to the local schoolmaster, demanding the production of the said Archie Thompson, to make good the damage he had done to his windows.

Next day the informer called again. "The schoolmaster sent me," he said briskly. "I've seen a glazier and he'll put your glass right for 3 shillings. Here it is, and—"

"Not so fast, my lad," said Mr. Viner. "Have you come on behalf of Archie Thompson?"

"Well, yes, sir, in a way," said the boy. "Fact is," he continued, confidentially, "I'm him!"

### The King and the Beggar

There are few more democratic monarchs alive today than King Victor of Italy. He is very fond of going out chamois hunting quite unattended, and one day he met with an amusing experience. He had shot a chamois and a peasant boy, who had seen the animal fall, offered to go and fetch it. The king thanked him, but the lad inquired what was to be his reward.

"Well, what do you want?" asked King Victor.

"A franc and half your luncheon," was the reply.

The bargain was struck and the peasant went off and brought the dead chamois. The king handed him a franc and proceeded to divide his luncheon into two equal portions. But the peasant turned away in contempt, for the royal luncheon consisted only of black bread and a large raw onion.

"Bah!" exclaimed the boy disdainfully, "I thought you were a real gentleman, signor; but I see you are only a poor beggar like myself after all."—Montreal Standard.