

# JUNIOR EDITORIAL CORNER



Boys will be boys, they all say; but I say dogs will be dogs, and when it comes to getting into mischief and getting out of it again I do not think there is much difference between little boys and little dogs. Now, there is my friend Lassie. What! Never heard of Lassie? Well, well. It is enough to make one bark. Lassie is a little fox terrier, mostly all ear and wriggle, and no tail; at least hardly any to speak of—something like my own. In fact Lassie looks so much like me that when people pass her on the street they call out, "Hullo, Alonzo; how's the Junior Call?" This makes her quite proud, you may be sure.

But, you know, Lassie will get into trouble, and people who do not know any better think she is I, and I get the blame. However, she is such a nice, genial little playmate that one can not get angry with her.

Last week there was a great parade in San Francisco, and I guess all the dogs and all the children in the city were out to see it. Of course, I was there; but I did not expect to see Lassie out, for she is a little dog, and I knew her master would not let her loose in a crowd so big as that one for anything. Imagine my surprise then as the parade came into Market street, turning the corner, who should be in the lead but little Lassie! Her stump of a tail was straight up in the air and her ears stuck out like two fans, and she marched down the middle of the street as if she was the grand marshal. She looked so funny that I simply curled up on the sidewalk and howled with laughing. But the grand marshal and the policeman and the soldiers did not like it. They said she was spoiling the parade because every one looked at her and cheered her. So a big policeman ran up and began to shoo and swing his club as if he was going to hit her; but as soon as he came near Lassie stopped and then began to beg on her hind legs—as dogs will when they are trained. She looked so clever that the policeman began to laugh. Then Lassie marched on her hind legs toward him and did all her other tricks—for she is well trained. Well, that policeman looked at her and grinned, and Lassie looked back and grinned, and I guess she would have been allowed to march all along Market street if her master had not appeared. He knew her little ways and he whistled once, just once. Lassie knew her game was up, for she understood that if she did not behave herself at once her master would pull a leash out of his pocket and spank her one or two right smart flips—just as little boys are spanked when they are not good.

So Lassie came out of the parade and I went nosing up to her and I said:

"Look here, Lassie; how is it that you can do all these things and yet have everybody like you? Now, if another dog had tried to march ahead of that parade the policeman would have thrown things and everybody would have been angry. How do you do it? You always get into trouble and yet every one likes you. Why is it?"

"Well," said Lassie, "in the first place I learned my lessons well and know my tricks; secondly, I am afraid of no one; and, thirdly, I am pleasant with every one. Think it over, Alonzo."

Juniors, I give you Lassie's advice for getting along in the world. Think it over.

ALONZO.

## SHORT BARKS FROM ALONZO

The Man in the Moon looked out of the moon,  
And, spying a Junior, said:  
"Tis time for Juniors living on earth  
To think about getting to bed."

There's nothing like being popular. When I was taken to get my license the clerk looked at me and said: "Why, you're Alonzo. You don't need a license. The governor has let you off free." And I still wear the same size in collars.

I think they need a whole crowd of policemen at the baseball park. The other day I was standing outside the gate trying to sneak in, when I heard a man say that Smith biffed the pitcher for three bags, spiked the baseman, stole home and romped away with the game.

The Queen of Hearts  
She made some tarts  
All on a summer's day.  
The Knave of Hearts,  
He stole those tarts  
And took them clean away  
The King of Hearts,  
In search of tarts,  
Called in Alonzo, wise;  
Between the two  
They found a clew,  
And soon restored the pies.

## FLOWER LORE

### WATER LILY OF THE WESTERN WORLD

#### Purity of Heart

(Copyright, 1910, by C. Macmillan. All Rights Reserved.)  
"These virgin lilies all the night,  
Bathing their beauties in the lake;  
That they may rise more fresh and bright,  
When their beloved Sun's awake."  
—Moore. "Paradise and the Peri."

#### BY KATHARINE BEALS.

ANY, many years ago, when the Indians alone possessed the American wilderness, a band of warriors were camped on the shore of a lake. At night as they sat and smoked their pipes they watched the stars, for in them they believed dwelt the good who had been taken away by the Great Spirit.

One night they saw a star that seemed brighter and nearer than any of the others. A council of their wise men was called to ascertain the meaning of this wonder. Some thought that it was an omen of evil; others that it was a messenger of good. One whole moon passed and the mystery remained unsolved. One night a young brave dreamed that a radiant maiden stood beside him and said: "I love your land, its lakes and its mountains, its birds and its flowers, and I have left my sisters to dwell among you. Ask your people where I can live and what form I shall take to be loved of all."

At dawn the warriors were summoned to the council lodge and the young brave reported his dream. Three of the wisest were chosen to welcome the stranger. They were surprised to find that as they went toward the star it seemed to advance to meet them until it seemed almost within their reach. They offered a pipe of peace, filled with fragrant herbs, and it was taken by unseen hands. As they returned the star followed and hovered over the camp until dawn.

That night the maiden again appeared to the young brave to know what form she should take and where she should live. Numerous places were suggested, but at last it was decided to leave it to the maiden to choose for herself. At first she chose a white rose on the mountain, but no one could see her. Then she selected a prairie flower, but the hoof of the buffalo crushed her to earth. Then she went into a honeysuckle on the cliff, but the children could not reach her. At last the star said: "I know where I will go. I will be safe and I can watch the canoes as they come and go and the children can play with me."

So saying, she dropped gently into the cool water of the lake and the next morning thousands of white lilies were blooming in the lakes all about, and the Indians called it wah-be-gwan-nee (the white flower).

#### A SARANAC INDIAN LEGEND

Another account of the origin of the water lily comes from the Saranac Indians.

It was summer. All the spring the young brave chief of the Saranacs, with his warriors, had been away warring with a neighboring tribe, but they had returned victorious to their camp on the shore of the lake of the Reflected Stars. There was wild feasting and revelry to welcome them home. Every one was joyous, save one, and she should have been the happiest of all, for in one week she was to be the bride of the victorious chief.

It was Osteetah, the Bird, the sweet singer of the tribe. She had taken a vow that no one knew anything about save the Great Spirit, and she was sad. Silently she withdrew from the throng, and slipping into her canoe she paddled along the shore of the lake. But the chief had seen her, and running to the shore sprang into his canoe and followed her. On they went until the Bird, beaching her canoe, climbed up to the top of a high cliff. She called to her lover not to follow, but he either

did not or would not understand. On he came climbing after her to persuade her to renounce her vow and go back with him. Perceiving that she could not stop him, Osteetah turned her face to the sky and leaped from the cliff into the lake below. The chief sprang in after her, and swam with giant strokes, searching everywhere for her. But in vain; she was not there. And after a while he went sadly back to his people, and the feasting was changed into mourning, for the Bird was loved by all.

The next day a stranger came to the Indian village, holding in his hand a new flower. No Indian had ever seen a flower like it, and much wonder was expressed. Their surprise was still greater when he told them that in the lake of the Reflected Stars there were many more just like it. Hurriedly they went to see for themselves, and sure enough, there were hundreds of great white water lilies floating on the water.

While they were gazing a man appeared dressed in flowing robes, and he told them that because Osteetah had been true to her vow the Great Spirit had given her this form. The white leaves were for her goodness, the yellow center her faith, the green leaves a symbol that she should live forever, that every morning she would open to the sun as he rose, and close when he sank beneath the horizon in the evening.

And so to the Indian the water lily is the emblem of good faith.

#### WHERE THE UNDINES LIVE

In Germany it is believed that the Undines, or water spirits, make their homes in the heart of the water lilies. As the night comes on the petals of the flowers close tightly, shutting in the water spirits, and slowly sinking down into the water, to rise in all their beauty with the morning sun.

There is a story of a German knight, who loved one of these beautiful spirits, and made her his wife. Soon after the marriage he wanted to take his lady out on the water in a boat. She begged him not to go, but he laughed at her fears, and fearfully she slipped into the boat with him. They had not gone far when hundreds of little hands dragged the boat and all under the water, and the next morning two water lilies, larger and more beautiful than the others, appeared near where the boat had gone down.

The Wallachians in Roumania have a superstition that every flower has a soul, and that the water lily sits at the gate of paradise and solemnly demands of each blossom a strict account of the use it has made of its odor.

#### THE WONDERFUL WATER LILY

The most wonderful water lily in the world is the victoria regina. It was introduced into England from South America about 1850 and was named for England's good queen by Professor Lindley, who had written a monograph treating of the flower and its culture. The blossoms are enormous, and the leaves sometimes measure nine feet across and can bear up a man. The flower is night blooming. The first evening that it opens the blossom is white and the odor is almost oppressive. On the second day when it unfolds it displays a pink blossom. This remarkable flower is grown in many gardens, both public and private, in the United States.

There has been almost as much attention paid in literature to the water lily as to the rose or the violet. Thoreau's chapter on "Water Lilies" is cooling to the most fevered mind. Heine, Moore, Shelley and Wordsworth have all paid their tribute to the mystic flower. But it remained for a recent laureate of England to choose it as an exquisite emblem of affection.

"Now folds the lily all her sweetness up  
And slips into the bosom of the lake;  
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip  
Into my bosom, and be lost in me."  
—Tennyson, "The Princess."

#### Harbor Point Light

The only woman lighthouse keeper on Lake Michigan lives at Harbor point, the famous northern Michigan summer resort, where she has resided 26 years with her husband, Daniel Williams.

Mrs. Williams was Miss Elizabeth Whitney, and when she was very young her family moved to Beaver Island during the time that King James Jesse Strang, the Mormon leader, reigned there in all his glory. While there she had many exciting adventures and saw much pain and sorrow in connection with her life among the Mormons, about which she has written an interesting book entitled "A Child of the Sea and Life Among the Mormons," dedicated to the men who sail the seas.

The Harbor point lighthouse is an ideal home, furnished comfortably and containing many modern conveniences. Mrs. Williams is very fond of collecting stones and has a large number of glass jars filled with varicolored specimens of rock which she has gathered from the shores of the lake. She and her husband spend the season of navigation on the point and during a few months of every winter reside at Painesville, O.—Petoskey correspondence Detroit News.

#### "Rab and His Friends"

Doctor Brown's masterpiece in literature is the story, "Rab and His Friends." Rab was a great mastiff owned by a carter. The narrative begins with a dog fight, and includes one of the most pathetic incidents of human experience, told from beginning to end with a delicate touch and a perfect sympathy. Another story by him is almost equally famous—the tale of little Marjorie Fleming, the wonderful child, with her pretty ways and quaint ideas, which she wrote down some times in rhyme and some times in amusing prose. The story of Rab is founded on fact, and that of Marjorie is wholly true. The doctor's early love of Latin asserted itself when he gave his collected writings the title "Horae Subseclivae," which in the American edition is translated into "Spare Hours."—Rossiter Johnson, St. Nicholas.

#### Danny's Errand

"Oh, dear!" sighed Danny Dunn,  
"There's not a single breeze in sight!"  
Then Danny grabbed a basket  
And ran with all his might;  
"To the windmill," shouted Danny,  
"To buy wind to fly my kite."  
—S. Virginia Lewis in St. Nicholas.