

Hepatica

By Helen A. D. Leeming

Spring is coming, for out in the woods, under the dead leaves, the little blue flowers of the hepatica are peeping up. They do not wait until every scrap of brownward has melted away, but, just as soon as their green and purple leaves of last year get thoroughly warmed through, they send down word, by some magical telegraph that we don't know anything about, and say, "Wake up, children! Spring is coming." And then the dear hepaticas put on their furs—very fine furs, soft as the down on a baby's head—for they know there may be cold breezes and damp nights. Over their faces they draw little gray hoods, and all up and down their stems they clothe themselves with their delicate fur covering, and then they climb bravely out to meet the Spring when she comes to the woods.

Sometimes Spring waits, and the poor little flowers are frozen in spite of their furs; but they generally live long enough to tell somebody, if only a robin, that Spring is



The Hepatica

truly coming; and when at last she does come, the hepaticas throw back their hoods and lift up their heads. Their stems grow long and straight, and the fur drops off, and the flowers stand out like blue or pink stars dropped on the moss. Nobody wants to pull such a tender little flower to pieces to see how it grows; but nobody

needs to, for all its beauty may be seen by looking down into it with a magnifying-glass or a microscope.

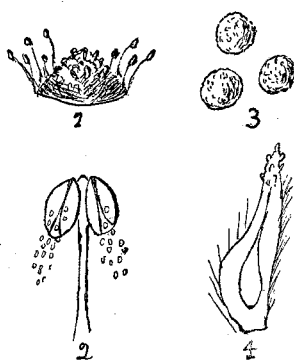
The part that made the furry hood is the three sepals that open out flat and make what is called the calyx. It is the saucer that holds the cup of the flower. The cup of the hepatica is prettier than any of our great-grandmothers' blue china; but it would not hold much more than a dewdrop for a fairy's afternoon tea, for it is made of six separate pieces called petals.

In the very center of the flower is something that looks like a green pincushion, with golden-headed pins stuck all around the edge, as in Fig. 1. The green center is made up of parts called pistils, and the pins are stamens. They are the precious parts of the flower, and it was to keep them warm that the hepatica put on furs; for if anything happened to the stamens and pistils the flower would have no seed.

Under a microscope the stamens look like Fig. 2—a long white stalk, with two little bags, named anthers, splitting open at the sides and spilling quantities of gold-dust. This gold-dust is called pollen. When it is magnified about three hundred times, it looks like Fig. 3.

The pistils, which are crowded together in the middle, want the pollen-grains, for they help them to make their seeds. Fig. 4 is a picture of one of these pistils. It has a little bag where the seed is to grow, and it sends out sticking points at the top to catch the golden pollen, and all over its sides it has long hairs that will scrape the pollen off any insect that has been visiting another hepatica, because each flower likes its neighbor's pollen better than its own.

When every pistil has a pollen-grain to help its seeds grow, the blue petals wither and the sepals drop off, and the pretty flower is left with only a bunch of knobby seeds; but when the flowers go, beautiful dark glossy green leaves, with three rounded lobes, spring up on long stems, and all



summer long show the place where the hepaticas will come to meet the Spring next year.

Sunday Afternoons with My Girls

The Pleasure of Struggle

By Heloise E. Hersey

Mountain-climbing has become a fashionable amusement, and rightly. There is inherent pleasure in struggle. We go to the top of the mountain, not only for the view, but for the enjoyment of climbing. But often when our vacation tramp is over, and we come back to our every-day lives, we forget our lesson, and do our work perfunctorily, relying for joy upon the distractions and diversions that we can invent. But character does not thrive thus fed. Let us go back to our illustration of mountain-climbing and find what are the conditions necessary to make effort pleasurable.

In the first place, we must have a fair chance. It is depressing to climb through a dense fog, or under a pros- trating sun. The path may be steep, but not too steep. Again, we must have energy of spirit. When a man climbs a mountain he must be eager to do it, or it will be the most irksome of occupations. In the third place, we must be serene as to the result. Pleasure and worry are incompatible. A young fellow, out of breath and anxious, once had from an old man bred on the mountains the sage advice: "Young man, the way to climb a mountain is to act as if ye didn't care a hang whether ye ever got ter the top er not."

Given, then, these three conditions—a fair chance, energy, and freedom from anxiety—and no obstacles are too difficult to be inspiring. Now, turning to the mental and spiritual facts of young life, we shall find that our analogy will apply to the struggle to be wise and good. Righteousness pays, not only "in the long run," but "as it goes along," when it is justly estimated. If any folk ever had the chance to be good, it is the American girls of to-day. They are unbound by the fetters of habit, they are strong, hopeful, free. They may have some hard struggles with uncontrolled imagination, with grasping selfishness, with deceit, harsh speaking, frivolity. But these are only opportunities, with a clear "chance" to be good.

Girls do not much need urging to zeal; but it may be worth while to say that pleasure must be subordinated to business if either is to be relished. The Egyptians worshiped the fly, and offered oxen on its altar. We must not deify the trifle of personal enjoyment in that pagan fashion. The work of self-conquest has inspiration enough to kindle our very souls. Righteousness does not come by accident. One does not yawn it into being with a wish. We must be low-minded if we do not find the keenest pleasure in the work of steady, conscious self-improvement—the solemn, all-controlling purpose that each day shall see us better, holier than the last.

But no favoring conditions and no zeal can make work pleasant if we are in doubt of its successful issue; and opportunity and energy are easier to command than certainty, confidence, freedom. There are two essentials for the poise upon which happy work depends. The first is the true notion of success. Success does not mean the winning of high honors, or the reaching of distinguished attainments. Success means character. In the struggle for that there are no known limits to the results of will. But we must have more than a high philosophy of relative values if we will be content. Were we not sure that the stars will not fall upon our heads, that the laws of nature will stand firm, we should live in an agony of terror. Are we not sure that there is a Power above us, strong enough and tender enough to keep us, we can never face our work; we shall live in misery in face of life and of death, or in an indifference no less terrible. Believing that God is, the prospect of battle with temptation is a joyous one. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" The grief of parting from pleasures or wishes or friends is made light. "Lo, I am with you alway." Even the long outlook upon life, with its perspective closed by the black door of death, will have no terror.

For the Little People

The Land of Contrariwise

By Elie Lee Hardenbrook

I found myself in a land, one day,
Where everything went the other way—
“Suffered reverses,” as one might say.

A land where all things under the sun,
Turning around as in craziest fun,
Ended where we should have just begun.

The newly born in this queerest town
Did not grow up, they had to grow down;
A wee, wee face wore a hoary crown;

Old men were babes, for the babes were old—
They dwindled down till they reached the mold;
While their pennies bought far more than gold.

They toiled to be poor, despising wealth,
Coveted sickness and doctored health,
And did not know what is meant by “self.”

Eating was quite a comical job:
They cut off the corn and ate the cob;
And not a fowl of an egg would rob.

They served the pods of the pea and bean,
Rejecting the useless seeds between,
And ranked potatoes with bulbs unclean.

Where we find food, they saw but a root;
And only chose the stone of a fruit
As the choicest bit beyond dispute.

They worked all night, so they slept all day,
Skimmed milk and threw the cream away,
Preferring to drink the thinnest whey.

They sweetened the soup and salted the tea,
Chewed up the grounds of the stewed coffee,
Nor aught absurd in their ways could see.

They seldom rode when they might have walked,
They held their peace when they could have talked,
And calmly saw their purposes balked.

They had no laws and they had no rule:
Every one did as he pleased at school,
Where highest honors they gave the fool.

Folks laughed for sorrow, and wept in glee,
And—most remarkable fact to me!—
All the citizens seemed to agree.

I do not know where under the skies
Or on what page of the atlas lies
This jumble-land of Contrariwise.

It may be the place where grumblers go
Who forever wish that “things weren’t so,”
And breed discomfort while here below.



Hector

I am glad the snow is gone, not because I do not love it, but because a beautiful dog, who lives opposite, has been tormented all winter while the snow was on the ground. We live, both the dog and I, at the top of a hill on a city street. The street slopes so gradually that it makes a beautiful hill for coasting, and the children, for blocks around, use it. They have delightful times, and the air is musical, before and after school, with their laughter.

This beautiful dog, Hector, used to have a lovely time running down with the sleds, bounding and barking in wild glee. One day his owner, a boy about nine years old, harnessed him to a sled. He took a piece of rope and tied it on the dog's collar, just at the middle of his neck in the back, then tied it to the sled. He got on the sled, and with a

whip he lashed Hector, who pulled with all his might. The rope was tied to his collar in such a way that it pulled against his throat, making it very hard for him to breathe. Poor Hector pulled and pulled, his tongue hanging from his mouth, and his beautiful white breast heaving with the effort to breathe.

The owner refused to get off the sled, or to change the way the rope was tied. Day after day Hector was seen drawing his master and his master's friends up the hill and along the street, suffering with every breath he drew. He was strong enough to easily draw his master on the hard snow, if only he had been harnessed properly. One day he was toiling up the hill with the sled, on which sat two little girls, friends of his master, when a gentleman, who was walking up the hill, watched him. When he reached the top of the hill he stood still, and when Hector reached the top, and the little girls got off the sled, the gentleman took his knife and cut the rope. The little master was furious. The gentleman paid no attention to him, but calmly made from the same pieces of rope a saddle for Hector's back, and shafts that fastened on each side of his collar and held the saddle in place; then he fastened the shafts to the sled, and told the little master to get on it. Taking Hector by the collar, he led him along the sidewalk to show how easily he could draw the sled when properly harnessed. The little master looked thoroughly ashamed, while Hector looked very grateful. Before winter was over, Hector had a pretty leather harness, and seemed proud of it.



Bird-Time

Now is the time to show what you can do to protect the birds. They are coming to us in greater numbers every day. A stone thrown may break a wing, and leave a family to starve to death.

If you watch birds, you will find them often as interesting as people. In a city where the trolley-cars have been recently introduced, the sparrows at first were filled with terror; they would fly, and give startled cries, and for a time they deserted the streets given over to the trolley; but now they will let the trolley-cars almost run on to them. When the cars are moving slowly, they will hop and hop just in front of the car, fearlessly.

When you cross the Brooklyn Bridge, if you look up to the roof of the station on the New York end, you will see pigeons flying about. Steam is escaping from the locomotives that are constantly moving, whistles are blowing, and people passing back and forth in crowds, but the pigeons do not seem to notice any of these disturbances; it is home for them, and they love it. If the men were not kind to them, they would not stay.

Be careful to leave water for the birds about your house when the sun grows warm. Not only are the birds beautiful, and messengers of music, but they are useful. They eat up insects and worms that would destroy the trees, and more than pay for what they eat. Protect them, because they make the world more beautiful.



Not Menagerie Horses

He was just an ordinary cab-horse standing at the corner of a street, and this gentleman was attracted to him because of the kindly expression of his face. So one morning he put some sugar in his overcoat pocket, and when he passed the cab-horse he gave him the lump. The next morning he did it again, and so for a week each morning he stopped and gave the

horse his piece of sugar. Before the week was up he discovered that the horse knew his step, and that as he approached he raised his head and was all alive and alert waiting for him, and that when he passed, the horse would turn as far as he could in the shafts to look after him. This has gone on until now as soon as the horse hears his friend's footsteps he will reach as far as he can stretch over the sidewalk toward him and rub his nose against his sleeve, showing that friendship is as highly valued as the piece of sugar. The other day I was waiting for a car; there came in sight while I was waiting a heavy truck, heavily loaded, drawn by two magnificent Norman horses. The horses were so handsome, carried their heads so magnificently, that they held one's attention. The driver sitting on his high seat noticed that his horses were exciting admiration, and said to them, “Behave pretty now, behave pretty: the lady is looking at you,” and both horses nodded their heads toward the corner where I stood, and then tossed back their manes, as though they thoroughly enjoyed being objects of admiration.



A Wise Canary

He hung in a room where there was a stove. The family were going out, and had put coal in the stove and opened the drafts; they forgot to close them. When they returned, a couple of hours later, the room was intensely, unbearably hot. They looked at the cage, expecting to find that the heat had killed the bird. In the bottom of the cage was the bath-tub, and in this sat the bird, who had evidently been dipping his head under the water. If he had not done this, he would have suffocated.



A Guess

Did you ever think how many new, crisp Treasury notes it would take to weigh a pound? Hold a twenty-dollar gold piece in your hand and weigh it. A gentleman did that the other day in Washington, and he was asked how many new Treasury notes it would take to weigh as much as that twenty-dollar gold piece. He said, “About one hundred;” when the cashier who was talking to him said, “You are mistaken; it takes just twenty-three.”



Puzzle

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1. A positive order. 2. A foreign intruder. 3. A kind of pigeon. 4. A pianist's business. 5. A fashionable bonnet. 6. A preserved plum. 7. A title of royalty. 8. A rich lacteal. 9. Made of flax. 10. To put on. 11. Frequently. 12. A fine art. 13. Money. 14. A companion. 15. An Egyptian flower. 16. A sticky substance.

The central letters form the name of one of the most interesting characters in history.