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VOL. I

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Priscilla and the Hopolanthus

BY SIDNEY MARLOW

PRISCILLA just laughed quietly to herself and lay perfectly still. Then Susette called again, but now you could tell from the sound that she had taken Grace and Halbert and gone further into the woods. Probably she had decided that Priscilla had run on ahead and would be waiting for them at the shaky little bridge or the old red saw mill. What a scare Susette would have when she reached the old mill and Priscilla wasn't there? And what business had Susette to make such an awful fuss just because a person chose to eat quite a good deal of cake, and a pickle, and a rather large plate of ice cream at the same meal? They wouldn't hurt Susette, anyway.

Then once more the little girl heard her nurse calling her, and the voice came from such a long way off that somehow the sound made Priscilla feel just the least bit lonely. In about a minute and a half she would get up and follow the others. She would hide, though, and watch Susette clap her hands to her ears, and hear her give one of those jumpy little French screams when she came to the mill and there was no one there. No one could be quite so funny as Susette when she was really and truly frightened.

Priscilla was still smiling at the way the prim little nurse was sure to behave when

she caught sight of something that made Susette, and the children, and the bridge, and the old mill, all fly out of her head just the way she had seen a flock of English sparrows dart out of the front lawn when Rover pounced down upon them from the terrace. It was only a big yellow and black bumble-bee, but who in this world ever saw a bumble-bee act like—well, the best way is just to go ahead and tell what it really did.

Almost the very first thing, and before Priscilla had time to even think whether she liked him or not, he put his little front foot up to his pert little countenance and wiggled his saucy little fingers at her, in a most objectionable manner. It was exactly for all the world like what the butcher's boy did when Priscilla offered him a cream chocolate on the first day of April. At least, that's the way it looked to Priscilla, but, between you and me, I rather suspect the bumble-bee was just wiping off the pollen that had stuck to his lips ever since dinner time. He hadn't any napkin, you know, so what else could he do?

However, that wasn't any excuse at all for what he did next. Remember, Priscilla had her eyes on him all the time, so there couldn't be any mistake about it. The bumble-bee just simply reached up and raised his—yes, it was really—a dainty lit-

JUNE MEADOWS

BY JULIA MCNAIR WRIGHT

JUNE is the month of flowers, as May is of leaves; it is also the month of the richest and most varied colors. The leaves are in their prime and their flowers are in their greatest luxuriance. Green is the chief color in the plant world. It is so constantly the color of leaves that "green as a leaf" and "leaf green" are common expressions.

Next to green, yellow is the most conspicuous color. This is the chief color of stamens and pistils; it is also the chief color of spring flowers, though white blossoms also abound. When the warmth and glow of the sunshine return to us many flowers seem to assume the livery of the sun; flecks and streaks of sunshine gleam at us from hundreds of nooks and corners. The blue-bird and the jay come to us decked in the clear blue of the sky, but the spring flowers outbid them a hundred to one in choosing the "class color" of the season.

The very thought of spring is associated with dandelions, buttercups, hawksweed, mustard, cinquefoil, primroses, cowslips, marsh marigolds, adder's tongue, and a hundred other yellow beauties, from the inconspicuous parsnip and wild radish to the sunny splendor of the meadow lily and lady's slipper.

In Alaska the flowers are nearly all yellow or white; blue and pink blossoms are the exceptions.

After yellow, white is the most frequent color, and we recall a succession of blossoms, from little white chickweed through star-flower and trillium, bunch-berry, and bell-wort, up to the great white fragrant lilies. Next in order of abundance comes blue, then pink, purple, red, and, least seen of all, that rich scarlet that graces the cardinal flower and salvia.

Although light seems to have such in-

fluence on the production of color in plants, we find many plants deeply green or gaudily colored, that grow where there is little or no light. Sea weeds of intense green, or painted as gayly as parrots, come from depths under water where the light must have been very dim.

The most vivid colors are often found in the mold in jars of preserves that have been kept entirely in the dark. This mold is a vegetable growth.

In the spring one may notice early in the morning a bed of chickory in bloom; it is a clear, exquisite blue; by ten o'clock the blue will be very pale, by twelve the flowers are white, by one they are all folded up, to open the next day as richly blue as ever. The sun plays such tricks on blue cotton cloth. When it is exposed to the sun the blue vanishes, and when the cloth has been put away in the darkness the fled color returns. Other flowers besides chickory grow pale with the excess of light, just as some grow pale from darkness. The study of color in the plant world affords opportunity for interesting experiments.

Bryant calls June "flowery June," Coleridge calls the month "leafy June"—it might also be called fragrant June, for it seems the natal month of most fragrant flowers. One may notice sometimes in Scotland such a rich, almost overwhelming fragrance on a ripple of wind that one will stop to consider its origin. The source is not far to seek; it is a bean field in full blossom.

Another very common and fragrant family of June blooming plants is that of the trefoil, or clover family. A field of common red clover in full blossom will rival in richness of perfume the famous Scotch bean field. The clover field is a blaze of beauty—full, round, rosy heads spread under the

sunshine a cloth, not of gold, but of purplish pink, strong, healthy plants these, full of suggestions of vigor.

Across this field boom thousands of bumble bees, and here we are reminded that the bumble bee is the special partner of the red clover, carrying its pollen and paid by the honey from the deep cups. The red clover is not a native of America. It was introduced here, as in Australia, from England, but seems to have taken a special hold on the hearts of the people and upon the soil as well.

Each head of red clover is composed of hundreds of little florets, tube-shaped, each with its own calyx, each with its own nectary, honey-full and deeply hidden, each pouring its portion of perfume on the warm June air.

Another clover becoming naturalized, a stranger from afar, is the crimson or Hungarian clover. The head of the blossoms is not round, but long, shaped like the first joint of a forefinger. The color is rich, vivid crimson or blood-red. This is the clover so provided with tough hairs that it has proved injurious to cattle.

An entire contrast to the large and showy Hungarian clover is the modest, low-growing, dainty, white clover, its fragrance equally delicious, but more subtle and delicate. The white clover has a short, simple stem, its leaves are much smaller than those

of the red clover, and the plant hugs the ground, having a running habit. It is such a close grower that where it once possesses the soil it is capable of crowding out the most noxious weeds, even the much-detested plantain. Among these white clover will be found heads of a larger growth, more rounded and of a pure flesh tint. The head of white clover is somewhat flattened, is loose, and has a greenish tint under its whiteness, because the little green calyx of each tube is seen.

Leaving the meadows and the clover bloom and entering some long undisturbed wood lot, or passing near the thick undergrowth beside some little brook, a rich, special fragrance greets us, more delicious than any spicy waft from Araby the blest. It is lavishly poured upon the air by the inconspicuous green blossoms of the wild grape; once we meet a breeze heavily laden with this exquisite odor it is never forgotten, and the sensitive nostril is likely to try all other per-

fumes by that one unattainable standard.

The month of June marshals in the choicest of the fragrant bands—the rose. The lilies also are June flowers; the golden lily, the stately white lily, each one pouring from its chalice a wealth of sweetness, each one fair enough to be the long-sought Holy Grail. These, together with the honeysuckle tribe, well substantiate the claim of June as the especial month of fragrance.



SUMMER NOON