



# With the Journal's Juniors

## A Corner for the Small Person

By COUSIN CLOVER

He prayeth well who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast.  
He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things, both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us  
He made and loveth all.



CAESAR, KING EDWARD'S PET DOG.

Dear Girls and Boys:

Many of your mothers and aunts and big sisters think that the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL is the very nicest magazine of its kind in the country, and we are very glad that they do. Now we are going to have a page for you younger ones every month, and we hope that you too will think it the nicest in the country. But if it is going to be the best, you will have to help us to make it so.

You will notice that our flower is the clover. Every month it will be at the top of the page, and every month that little verse, written by the great poet Coleridge, will be there too. For the motto of our page is going to be kindness. Kindness to your friends, your parents, your brothers and sisters; kindness also to the dumb animals around you, the horses and dogs and cats. How bright and sweet and full of honey the flowers of the clover are, growing and blooming by all sorts of dusty lanes in the country and over the waste lands in the cities! And kindness is just like them, and grows bright and beautiful everywhere. True kindness generally includes all other things; you will very seldom find a boy or girl who is really kind and who is not brave and truthful and honorable as well. It is not enough to be kind to those from whom you expect a return. You should be kind to the very smallest and least of the living things around you.

And now we want to hear about your pets. You who live in the country have lots of pets, horses and dogs and chickens and cows; you who live in the cities have not so many; but still we want to hear about them all.

For the best letter, not longer than 400 words, about a pet animal, or about any deed of kindness done to an animal, we will give a prize of three dollars, and a prize of two dollars for the second best. Letters should be addressed to

"Cousin Clover,"

Canadian Home Journal,

59-61 John Street, Toronto.

They should be written on one side of the paper only, and neatness, good writing and spelling will all be taken into account. Letters must reach this office by October 1st. Children up to 13 years old may compete. Letters must be unaided work of the competitor, and a certificate to this effect must appear on the back of every letter sent in, signed by parent, teacher, or some other responsible person.

Don't forget any of these things, and be sure you write your best. I hope we shall get a great many nice letters.

"COUSIN CLOVER."

### The Giant's Plaything

LONG ago, giants lived among the German mountains. Now, there was a great castle, called Burg Niedeck, that stood on top of the highest mountain in Alsace, and here the most powerful of the giants lived with his wife and family. He had one child, a little girl named Freda.

Freda was as tall as a church steeple. She was a curious child, and very fond of prying about and looking at things which she had been told to leave alone. She was allowed to roam all about the mountains, and to play in the woods and forest, but she was not allowed to go down into the valley where the little people lived.

These little peasants tilled the ground, and plant-

ed corn and wheat and barley and grew the vines, and dug the ditches, things the giants could not do. And the giants lived by taking what the little people made. Now, it was said that the first time a peasant found his way up into Burg Niedeck it would be the end of the giants. But Burg Niedeck was very high and difficult to reach, and no peasant had ever thought of trying to get there.

One day Freda was playing outside the castle gates in the sunshine. The valley looked so cool and green and shady that, seeing no one about, she slipped down the mountain-side to find out what was below.

Presently she saw in a field in which she was standing a peasant ploughing. He had two horses, and the iron of the plough shone and glittered.

With a cry of delight Freda knelt down.

"What a dear little thing!" she said. "I will take it home to play with."

Spreading out her handkerchief, she carefully lifted the plough and the horses and the poor peasant into the middle; then, taking the corners in her hand, she ran up the mountain-side, skipping and jumping for pleasure. Her father met her at the gate.

"Now, little one," he said, "what is pleasing you so?"

"Look," said Freda, spreading out her handkerchief, "I have found a most wonderful new toy." And she lifted out the plough and the peasant.

But the old giant frowned and shook his head angrily.

"What have you done, thoughtless one?" he said. "The peasant is no toy. Have you not heard that as soon as a peasant comes to Burg Niedeck there will be an end of the giants for ever? Take it back instantly to the valley, and perhaps the spell will not break."

Sadly Freda took the plough and the horses and the peasant back and set them in the cornfield. But it was too late. That night all the giants disappeared, and in the morning the castle of Burg Niedeck stood in ruins. And, to this day no giant has ever been seen there since.—*The Children's Encyclopaedia*.

### Sweet Potatoes

THEY were having the greatest fun, Vera and Russell. Did you ever make candy potatoes? Because, if you didn't you don't know how good they are, nor how interesting it is to see how many different shapes you can make and still have all of them look like potatoes—little ones, of course, such as fairies or midgets might grow in their moonlit gardens. And they are good enough for fairies or midgets—or even children.

First you take two cupfuls of granulated sugar and put it in a granite saucepan with a little more than half a cupful of water. Then you cook it without stirring until, when you drop a little into cold water, it cuddles all together in a soft ball. It is time to take it off the fire, then, quickly, and pour it gently into a soup-plate. When it is cool enough so it won't burn your finger, you stir it for two or three minutes, till it gets all white and creamy and lovely. You have to flavor it before you stir it, though—a few drops of vanilla makes it nice. After it is all white and creamy and lovely, you can take it right up in your fingers and make the little potatoes, using a wooden toothpick to press eyes in the sides, and last of all you roll each one in powdered cinnamon. Oh, no; that's next to the last. The very last thing—and the best—is to eat them.

That was what Vera and Russell were doing, all of it but the last. That part was to come later on. They were making a good many (three cups of sugar instead of two), and piling them in cunning little paper cases, which they called their peck measures, because they were going to have company to help enjoy them.

They had begged Harry to help—it's more fun for three than two—and then Harry made such beauties you could hardly tell them from truly ones, only by their size. But Harry had a new book, and, when that happened, even candy couldn't tempt him away from it. Vera begged, Russell teased, they both scolded, but Harry read serenely on.

"Who cares? If you want to miss all the fun, you just can," declared Russell. Harry nodded, absent-mindedly, as if he'd known that before; and Vera and Russell ran for the kitchen.

They had fine success and no end of a good time. At last every little paper case was brimful, and there was still a little cream left. "I'd love to eat it, but I won't. I'd rather pay Harry back," said Vera, carefully shaping a fat potato.

"So would I. How shall we do it?"

"Roll these in powdered cloves and give them

to him. Those cloves are awfully strong, and they'll bite his tongue like everything and serve him right."

"Go ahead, make 'em big and cover 'em good and thick, so he'll get a hot mouthful. No, he won't notice the difference in the color—not while he's reading."

A few minutes later two innocent faces peered through the sitting-room door, and two meek children walked quietly in.

"Here is some candy for you, Harry. We want you to see if it's all right," Russell said, holding out a glass dish.

"Thanks awfully." The reader reached for a potato, ate it, reached for another, and still another before he said, "They're prime, kids. Never ate any better. Clove is my favorite spice, beats cinnamon forty ways. How'd you happen to think of it?"

Vera looked soberly at Russell and Russell looked sadly back. Where had the joke come in? All the leftover gone, and Harry still unpunished. Suddenly "Treasure Island" went down with a bang. "You're a good pair of kids to fix these up specially for me when I wouldn't play fair. I'm downright ashamed of myself. Come on, I'll make you some sea-foam that'll melt in your mouth."

Of course, they owned up after that, but they go their sea-foam just the same; and, when it came time to eat the candy potatoes, Harry sprinkled every one of his with powdered cloves.—*Elizabeth Price, in Sunday School Times*.

### Lullaby of the Iroquois

BY E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

Little brown baby-bird, lapped in your nest,  
Wrapped in your nest,  
Strapped in your nest,  
Your straight little cradle-board rocks you to rest;  
Its hands are your nest,  
Its hands are your nest;  
It swings from the down-bending branch of the oak;  
You watch the camp-fire and the curling grey smoke;  
But, oh, for your pretty black eyes sleep is best—  
Little brown baby of mine, go to rest.

Little brown baby-bird swinging to sleep,  
Winging to sleep,  
Singing to sleep,  
Your wonder-black eyes that so wide open keep,  
Shielding their sleep,  
Unyielding to sleep,  
The heron is homing, the plover is still,  
The night-owl calls from his haunt on the hill,  
Afar the fox barks, afar the stars peep—  
Little brown baby of mine, go to sleep.

Reproduced by courtesy of Geo. N. Morang & Co., publishers of "Canadian Born."

### A Jolly Birthday Group

THE children we show you in the photograph on this page are having just the merriest kind of birthday party. The clotheslines in the backyard have been cleverly draped with linen, so as to



A JOLLY BIRTHDAY GROUP.

form a white canopy, and decorations of various bright-colored festoons, interspersed with lanterns, make it a very pretty scene, like a bit of Christmas in the summertime. Perhaps some of our small readers would like to have just such a gathering when their birthdays come round.