

The Post's Boys and Girls

THE WASHINGTON POST: SUNDAY, APRIL 7, 1918

A Few Little "Cheeps" From the Pets' Corner

STORY OF A BROWN THRASHER. to stand on guard until the nesting sea- Sometimes a hawk would hover over sweet songs fill our hearts with gladson was over. \$1 in Thrift Stamps. Summer before last there was a brown thrasher that had its nest in the

EAR Children: And now has come the time to talk about our war gardens. Are you going to have a garden in your back yard, on an empty lot, help with the community garden or the school garden? Well, write and let us know about it. We want to know what the cousins are doing in this line of helpful effort just as we were told what they were doing in making things for the soldiers and the afflicted people of Europe. This is a cheerful topic, make things grow. See them jump up out of the ground under your kind ministrations. Oh, wonderful and beautiful is this work. Let us now start our garden contest with good will and cheery hearts. Of course, you haven't a growing garden as yet but you can tell about your plans and your garden will grow as you write. Yours for the . AUNT ANNA. success of the cousins' war gardens.

The Cousins'

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

SAY, can you see, by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming; And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there! O say, does the star-spangled banner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep. Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes, What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep, As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses? Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first gleam, In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream-'Tis the star-spangled banner. O long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

· And where is that band who so vauntingly swore, 'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion, A home and a country they'd leave us no more? Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution, No refuge could save the hireling and slave From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave-And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O thus be it ever when freemen shall stand

Between their loved homes and foul war's desolation, Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation. Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just.

BUSY BEE. (Nancy Spalding.) \$1 in Thrift Stamps. grapevines at the end of our garden. Dear Aunt Anna: Seeing as the bird He would sit on the back fence and contest, is continuing, I thought I grapevines at the end of our garden, sing all day and twitch his tail up and would try again, only this time I am down, and we were all very fond of writing about "Birds on My Grand-him. There lived next door at that father's Farm." I will be a true blue time a large tiger cat who had kittens. cousin. I think that I will try with She was known throughout the neigh- the next contest, as I want to get the borhood as'a birdcatcher, so when she thrift stamps. With love to you and came sauntering into our yard one day, the cousins, "JUANA" we were very much afraid that she (Elizabeth Shaw.) would go after the brown thrasher and BIRDS ON GRANDFATHER'S FARM. his nest. The cat went down to the end

suddenly the brown thrasher, who had home in an old oatmeal box on the little topnot on its head. The other only been singing, rushed at her, uttering side porch by the well. We always has a little red on its back. I certainly narsn cries and jerking his tail up and knew when spring had arrived, because felt sorry for them during all that cold days with their chirping, must not be and turned around and ran as fast as from an old tree nearby hung an dow sill for them bird the or the sorry for them during all that cold days with their chirping. must not be forgotten, now that our professional for them and the sorry for them during all that cold days with their chirping. she could. The bird followed her to the she could: The bird followed her to the oriole's nest. It was built on the end come near it. They do not sing much, fence and then flew back to his perch of a limb and swung with every breeze, but whistle a great deal. If you whistle and began singing again. so that the little birds were rocked But the next day she came again, constantly. sneaking behind the bushes and not In a birdhouse that my grandfather making the slightest sound; but the bird saw her and drove her away from In a birdhouse that my grandfather hole they have he gond study. In the had built in a corner of the barn lived, spring the cathirds come and build for the barn lived spring the cathirds. When the little a family of wrens. When grandfather pened the next day and the next and "Jenny" an answering "peep" called would come. it kept up for weeks, so that when the Mourning doves lived in the barn, cat was not going after the nest at all too, and under the eaves swallows had but simply taking her kittens for a walk in our garden, the brown thrasher would drive them away and she would

graveyard, where they would sit on the gravestones and coo. have to go walking in another direction. Down in the woods back of grand- singing. My canary that I had died last We could always tell when the bird father's house were a lot of birds. The summer, and it has been awfully lone-noisiest were the bluejays and the some without him. I wanted another was chasing the cat, by a very harsh sound that he made. We were all very much interested in them, of course; and catbirds. We had a large family of one Christmas, but could not get one, brought him with us in a little basket whenever we heard this sound we cats, and sometimes the kittens were as they come from Africa, and on acwould run to the windows. Many times sadly perplexed at hearing the meows count of the war they are not sending the cat could have caught him, but she coming from the tree-tops. A brown thrush had a nest in the never attempted to until one day when yerd and used to sing to us every day. was sitting on a rosebush just over We would hear the Phoebe birds her head, where she could easily reach She turned, snarled, and was though we never saw them, and every about to spring when her courage evening whip-poor-wills would sing failed her and she fled for home. Sometimes in mid-summer the mocking But the next day she became brave birds would sing in the evening. again, and when the brown thrasher was near her she jumped at him. She I saw a quail which scuttled away out caught a few feathers, but the bird was of sight.

'Tis then that he creeps from the wood to play,

But he must get back ere the break of day,

With his guards ahead with their cattail guns,

He rides a grasshopper from Bogie Town,

Oo-oo, Oo-oo, the Bogie Bo-o-o!

The king comes first on a gray snail's back,

He quickly takes to his heels and runs,

And if a body they meet, alack,

But even this did not scare the fear- we loved and fed; and chickadees. Ocless little fellow, and he never failed casionally a redbird would flash by.

the place, and the hens would utter ness. A few days ago I was walking in little squawks and try to hide the chickens: Rock Creek Park with a friend when I . Then my uncle would rush into the heard one of the sweetest or all bird house and seize the gun, and Mr. Hawk notes, for it seemed to say, cheer up,

was either killed or frightened off. cheer up, the dreary winter with all its JUANA. ice and snow is past. We stopped to 1820 Lamont street. listen and trace the location of the little singer. Finally, perched on top of a \$1 in Thrift Stamps. tree, I spied a Kentucky cardinal pour-

but whistle a great deal. If you whistle to the male, he will always answer. I

have not seen them around lately. I do hope they have not gone away. In the

ones begin to learn to fly we feed them

with blackberries. As soon as any one

goes near them they hold their heads

up and their mouths open for some-

thing to eat. We have a hard time to

Once in a while we hear a mockingbird

BIRDS.

\$1 in Thrift Stamps.

(Frances Haltzclaw).

ing his whole soul into his song. - That same day I saw two robin red-Dear Aunt Anna and Cousins: I hope Granny Scrapbag is asleep this time, That same day I saw two robin red-for she got my last letter. I am going breasts hopping up and down on the to tell you about the birds of my neigh- grass, apparently telling one another of borhood. We have two big cedar trees the joyous blue sky in bird language, in our yard, and the birds seem very which is incomprehensible to mortals. fond of them. Last winter two beauti- I have seen many blackbirds, with the his nest. The cat went down to the end My grandfather had a variety of fond of them. Last whiter two beauti- I have seen many blackbirds, with the intently at the nest in the vines, when birds came every spring and made a winter. One bird is bright red, with a shimmering blue and gold. The cheerful sparrows, who tried to bring some.

I love the birds and am sure all the cousing who have any feeling for animals are just as fond of them as I. Greetings to all from LILAC. (Anita Mueller, 1529 Rhode Island venue northwest.)

\$1 in Thrift Stamps. Dear Aunt Anna: I want to tell you

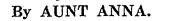
about a bird that their nests. The favorite place for, keep the cats from getting them. There in all parts of lower California. I am the mourning doves was in the nearby graveyard, where they would sit on but the boys kill a great many of them. The one we have came to us almost country is not wild, but is often seen from its nest, such a dear, fluffy little green thing that we fed it on bread and milk. He still was a baby when we left the little village of Santa Maria and we purposes. Many people told us that he would not live through the winter on Long Island, but it was early summer when we took him there, and when the corn was ripe we gave him all he would cat and he grew strong and kept well, so that by the winter he was thinking of anything but dying and was learning

Welcome back, glorious spring, the to speak new words every day, and always has his liberty. COLOMBINE.

(Catherine Holloway, 2007 O street.)



Hampton, Va.





Our Own Page Patriotic Poems

ON, AMERICA! ON TO VICTORY! On America, on! On to victory! Send your sons, With their guns, On to Victory! On to fight for Liberty! For sisters and brothers, For sweethearts and mothers, On to Victory! On at the bugle's call! On to fight For freedom and right, That this nation may not fall! MOONLIGHT. Rose Bradley.

WE WILL WIN THIS WAR. By Dorothen May Finkel (Age 12). We must have Victory, Freedom for you and me And help Uncle Sam all we can. Don't loaf and leave it for the , other man, We must win this war As it was before In the Revolutionary, But now England is for Humanity. Once our foe But now our Ally, England, France and America, Fight for you and me And as the Jackies walk If you listen to them talk, You hear: Up with Democracy Up with its height, Down with Autocracy, Down with its might. Fight for Humanity For you and me. Fight for Miss Liberty, Boy, fight to be free. -Weak is Germany And Autocracy, Strong is Liberty And Democracy And as their eyes like diamonds shine, You hear them whisper as they

And this be our motto, "In God is our trust"— And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave While the land of the free is the home of the brave.

About Our Flag

 $D_{composition of my own composure. I}^{\rm EAR}$ Aunt Anna: I am sending a Our national anthem is today as it has always been "The battle hymn of U composition of my own composure. would like to become a cousin. I read our page most every Sunday. Please do not let Granny Scrapbag get this,

OUR FLAG.

The day has come when our flag, the scendents of Lieut. Col. Armitage. It Star-Spangled Banner, takes on a new is the original "Star Spangled Banner," significance in the eyes of this war-torn which flew over Fort McHenry in the world, not only in our own land, but "dawn's early light" and inspired the whole wide world, which is un-Francis Scott Key to write his im-

true American. Safely tucked away in a New York bank is a valuable heirloom of the dc-

bloody, and his splendid plumes were

grew long, and today, all of the camel

birds, as they are called, have ugly

the whole wide world, which is un- realities to the furled in order that human rights may mortal verses. CATHERINE GARNER.

Story of a Bird

IF you have never seen a real ostrich turned upon Mr. Ostrich and clutched in the life, perhaps you have seen him by the neck.

him in the movies, for pictures of os- Mr. Ostrich was now hopping mad, trich farms have frequently been so he hung to Mr. Monkey's tail and shown. So you know that he is big pulled and stretched to get loose; but and ungainly, and has a bare ugly Mrs. Monkey held on and pulled and neck, and very long it is, too. You pulled also. As a result of all this have often heard. I am sure. that Mr. pulling and tugging, Mr. Monkey's tall Ostrich has so little sense that if he began to stretch, getting longer and ostrich has so inthe sense that if he began to stretch, getting longer and sees any one approaching he sticks his head into the sand and imagines that he cannot be seen. Well, now I am going to tell you why he does such a foolish trick. Once upon a time a tall haughty in sheer amazement at their strange young ostrich was severely scolded by appearance. his mother for losing one of his hand-Just then the python poked his head

his mother for losing one of his hand-some plumes, so in a fit of the sulks he out to see what all the fuss was about decided to spend the day away from home. Now in those days, these huge birds, the largest living birds in the birds of the bir world, which can be ridden as a horse hissed at the group below until Mr. Os-is ridden, did not have the long, ugly, trich turned and ran away as fast as naked necks which the birds of this die could, which was pretty fast, as his species now have. No. indeed. Their long legs could go a mile a minute and necks were neither long nor short, but make big strides of from 22 to 28 feet just a nice, medium length, and covered each. with beautiful feathers. In : In a short time he saw some of his

Now, young Mr. Ostrich having fallen out with his family, and feeling par-ticularly grouchy, because of the scold-ing that his mother had given him, feathers off and left it all scratched and word ord from the part of the fact. vandered off from the rest of the flock. and by and by he came to a bit of a all gone, and he was terribly upset over jungle: This young bird did not know what to do to get his neck back to its very much about jungles, for he had natural condition. He hid his head in always been warned to keep out of the sand, for he thought he could not them. This day, however, he decided to be seen if he had his head covered.

investigate for himself, for the was a most inquisitive fellow, and a diso-bedient big boy ostrich as well. The other birds all came up and stood around and made remarks about his queer looks, which he could hear very So he went along stretching himself well indeed, even if his head was covup to tiptoe to see what the people in ered. You may be sure that his vanity the upper boughs of the tree were do-ing; for, of course, there were monkey would not see that he was in retirepeople living in these apartment houses ment, he again got angry and, pulling of the deep forest. At last he came to a his head out, began whacking them all regular tenement tree, for the bald- around with his hard, horny beak, and faced monkey with his wife and chil- then he found out how very convenient dren occupied the first leafy floor; the the long neck could be in reaching all huge python, the king snake of the directions and, therefore, instead of be-jungle, also had an apartment on the ing worried any longer, he grew very

second floor, and the upper floors were proud, in spite of the fact taken up by a whole troop of feathered songsters, who were practicing for the feathers ever grew to keep his neck warm, although more plumes grew on his wings and back in a very short

Songatots and nevery imaginable key. Young Mr. Ostrich came along just When Mr. and Mrs. Bald-faced Monkey were having a family row over the management of their eldest son, and, sad to relate, Mr. Monkey was engaged in the ungentlemanly. recreation of beating his wife. Mr. Ostrich was just in the mood for a fight, so, forgetting the wisdom of minding his own affairs, in the mood for a ngmt, so, forgetting the wisdom of minding his own affairs, he plunged into the thick of the fray and attempted to help Mrs. Monkey by firmly, grasping Mr. Monkey's short, firmly, makey and the ostriches.

nrmiy, grasping and honkey's tail was studby tail. Air. Monkey's tail was short, because in those days the mon-key had not grown the nice long, curly-grew long, and today all of the card cue tail that he now wears.

Such a chattering and screeching as was then heard from Mr. Monkey, for he could do nothing but claw the air and say bad words, while Mr. Ostrich and say bad words, at all between his had his stump of a tail between his

strong bill Now, like the manner of Dear Aunt Anna: I want to join the strong off. Ins. Monkey came to the Cousins' Club, and now that spring is all wives, Mrs. Monkey came to the Cousins' Club, and now that spring is rescue of her spouse. A family row here I would like my pen name to be. And they frolic and feast in a fairy dell, And they leave behind them a grassy ring; They tinkle a tune on the cowslip bell, And a jibbering song do the bogies sing, Oo-oo, Oo-oo, the Bogie Bo-o-o'!

'And this is the tale of the Bogie Boo, (Shiver and shake, he's a fearsome wight.) He's as big as the buckle upon your shoe, (And you'd hate to meet him at dead of night),

form in line, "We will win this wark"

The above verse was written by a private school for her high school little Dorothea Finkel, the talented young daughter of Mr. Henry C. Finkel. Dorothea attends H. O. Cooke School. She expects to attend

course and then enter the Peabody Institute of Baltimore. She is unusually gifted in music. She also is a fine rider and is proficient in a number of outdoor sports.—A. A.

AS A SMALL BOY SEES IT.

By Clagett Bowie (age 11).

DO YOUR DUTY.

N^{OW} that your country is at war, You must fight for it, Whether you're afraid of shells. Or whether you get hit.

Fight! Fight! For your country's sake, For life or death is at stake. Get your gun when the bugle calls to arms, But if you cannot fight then work the farms.

THE AMERICAN CHARGE.

When it is time to have a fight, Then we charge with all our might. With cannon pointed high or low, 'Tise better than an arrow and bow. The Germans come, we fight them fair, And they drop their guns; I declare! When we charge and see them run, On our side 'tis a lot of fun. The flagbearer is killed; Oh, grab the flag! And if we save it we will be glad. 'Tis the American army that charges fair, And kills the Germans; I declare! We charge again against their fort, And sign their score a great big "nought."

More Bird Notes

I will tell you about a few of the tree in our front yard that sang and birds I have seen in Washington. Sev-eral weeks ago I saw hundreds of crows flying from Virginia toward Difference a contribution of the grade Beabody School 619 (Fourth grade Beabody School 619 Maryland. There was a continuous (Fourth grade' Peabody School, 619 stream of them for about five minutes. East Capitol street.) I think they were going toward the

\$1 in Thrift Stamps.

Soldiers' Home grounds, as I saw lots I have a large woodpecker in my of them there last spring. The same afternoon that I saw the yard. He wears a large red can-that crows I noticed some birds about the is Mr. Woodpecker, but there is Mrs. size of a robin fly, on a tall persim- Woodpecker, too. She does not wear mon tree near our back yard. Instead such a bright red one, but she is pretty, of coming in droves, they came in too. Last spring, I guess it was about pairs. They sat very high in the tree in June, I saw Mr. Woodpecker fly into and always two together. I thought my barn and come out after a while they must be looking for a place to my barn and come out after a while make a nest. I also saw droves of with a big mouthful of hay. Then he snow birds and sparrows in our back built a nice little nest, and then one yard this winter on a cherry tree and day I was out on my front porch when on the ground. The little birds were I heard a lot of chirping. When I porch to get crumbs of bread. looked up, much to my surprise there Pigeons are plentiful in my neigh- were Mr. and Mrs. Woodpecker teachborhood, and can be seen nearly every ing the little ones to fly. I fed them are of great use in carrying messages, until time for them to go South, and The carrier pigeon which brought Mrs. I hope they will come back again, al-

Wilson, our President's wife, a mes-sage from New York, got here before though they have not come yet. I have always loved birds and I the train did. the train did. Yesterday a week ago while I was care for and feed them all of the time. watching the airplane near the river, I saw a very large bird, something like. a crane, of a light gray color, fly over the river. Guess the crane thought the airoplane a mighty big bird as it cir-cled around the site of the solution of the worst weather! I am solution the solution of the worst weather! I am solution the solution the solution of the solution t weather! I am so glad that they have cled around the sky. weather! I am so glad that they have I think the birds that are useful to us should be protected, fed in winter. I think knowing the birds better will and homes built or places saved for make the people love them more. I them to build their nests. On account have never had a caged bird, 'I don't of the war, we need much grain, so think I could enjoy it very much. every effort should be made to protect when we thank to thank Him for the the birds that keep down insects that ings we ought to thank Him for the destroy food. In the city little wooden birds, too. Just think! Birds might houses are best, as liread in the Farm win the war, who can tell? Journal never to put up tin cans for LADY OF THE LAKE. every effort should be made to protect When we thank God for our bless.

