

How to Collect Autumn Leaves, Interestingly Told By Prof. Markle

By MILLARD S. MARKLE

We see the leaves of the trees so much all summer long that we think little about them. But in April and May, when they are bursting from the buds, we are glad, for it means that spring has come. And in the autumn the glorious display of color again gives us pleasure.

Have you ever noticed how many different shapes these tree-leaves have? Have you ever tried to make a collection of them and find out their names? I knew a Richmond boy ten years old who had a book in which he had specimens of leaves of dozens of kinds of trees that he himself had collected. He said that it was great fun. Perhaps your teacher will help you to find out the names of the various kinds of trees.

In making a leaf-collection, the first thing to do is to find the different kinds of trees. A young man at Earlham found over 200 kinds near here one summer. There are many kinds in the woods, in Glen Miller Park, along streets, and in yards.

You will notice that some leaves have only one blade. These are called simple leaves. Maple, elm,

poplar, and oak are examples. Others have many blades, and are called compound leaves. Some compound leaves have all the blades, or leaflets, fastened to the tip of the leaf-stalk or petiole, coming out like the fingers from your palm. These are called palmately compound leaves. The ones of this kind that you are likely to find are horse chestnut and buckeye. Other compound leaves, such as hickory, ash, and walnut, have the leaflets arranged on each side of a central stalk.

You may wonder how you can tell a simple leaf from a leaflet of a compound leaf. A leaf always has a bud at the base of the leaf-stalk, where it is fastened to the twig. So if there is a bud at the base of the leaf-stalk of any blade, it is a leaf, not a leaflet. Did you ever look for a bud at the base of the leaf-stalk of the sycamore tree? See if you can be enough of a Sherlock Holmes to find it.

The best way to prepare leaves for a collection is to select nice, whole leaves and press them for some days between pages of newspaper, putting on some heavy weight, such as a pile of books. The leaves may be fastened to the

pages of a blank book. Stiff, unruled paper is best. Fasten them with glue, or by pasting across the leaves narrow strips of gummed paper. Write the name of the tree neatly below the leaf. You can find the names from Apgar's Tree Book. Is it in your school library?

Your teacher will show you how to use it. Now that the leaves are of so many colors, I am sure you will enjoy making a collection.

Another Little Leaf

This leaf was up in the tip-top of the tree, looking up at the blue sky.

In the daytime he saw the bright sunshine; at night the twinkling stars. Away, way off, they looked.

As soon as the other leaves began to fall he could see the ground too, but it looked near. Still he felt dizzy up there alone. How the wind did blow!

His stem began to get loose. "I am going to fall some day," said the leaf to himself. "I might as well jump. I hate to wait."

Now some children were making a bonfire just under him. He went down in the smoke and flames and was soon burned.—2-AB, Starr school.

WAYNE "SHOWED HIM"

School was out! Now, thought young Anthony, we can go fishing or fight a sham battle at the old Indian fort.

But Peter Iddings had planned a different program. Anthony had to wear the dunce-cap that afternoon in school. On it Peter had painted, "Anthony Wayne, His Hat." With great ceremony he presented it.

It was a challenge to Anthony. He tore off his coat and flew at the older boy.

For a long time the battle raged; at last a muffled "I've got enough" came from the vanquished Peter.

After that battle Anthony was "champion fighter" of the school.

Anthony Wayne loved battles and fighting.

In the Revolutionary war no man showed greater daring than did General, "Mad" Anthony, Wayne.

Liberty Bell Weighs a Ton

The "Liberty Bell" is seven feet in circumference, is three inches thick in its thickest part and weighs 2808 pounds.

Eugene Brodrick, Richmond Boy, Related to James Whitcomb Riley

James Whitcomb Riley's mother all, and was a kind and honorable man. His friends knew him as "Jim Riley." He was very retiring and did not like to be made over or noticed. He was fond of children and had his picture taken with a group of them just before he died.

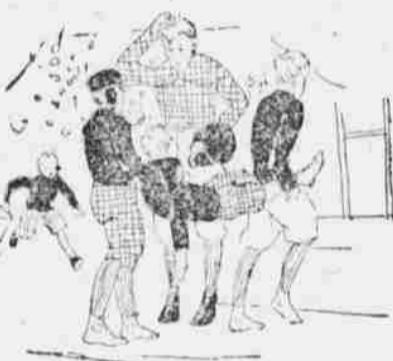
—Eugene Brodrick, 9B, Garfield school.

The Side Liner

George and Rannie reminded people of a big Newfoundland dog and a fox terrier. George was a bulky boy, big and slow moving; Rannie was a nervous little fellow who went along at a continual dog-trot. When the boys went out for the high school football team, the coach smiled a little at the earnest but undersized Rannie, but he gave George a quick, approving glance.

Both started to practice. Rannie was knocked out the second day and had to stay out for a while; but he came to practice just the same, and all the time George was not on the field the two of them sat together, while Rannie excitedly and shrilly gave George pointers and told him how fine he was coming along.

Of course every one expected George to make the team, and of course, he did. They never expected Rannie to stay on the second team, but the coach, after watching the friendship between the two, decided it wouldn't hurt to keep Rannie.



RADIO NEWS

Radio Digest of September 23, states that one of our Palladium concerts was heard in the extreme southern end of Florida, a distance of 1,050 miles. This is a fine record for a small power set.

The inmates of the Atlanta federal prison broadcasted a beautiful concert recently. Among the soloists was a former grand opera star. The station is WSB, Atlanta Journal, Atlanta, Georgia.

H. C. Schultz received the conversation between the Atlanta Journal, WSB, and the Sweeney Auto school, of Kansas City, WHB. This was announced as the first official conversation of its kind.

NEAR-SIGHTED MR. MOLE

ONE of my young Junior friends, who has the very pleasant job of caddying, after school, on our local golf links, told me the other day that he had found a white mole. Do you know what a mole is?

You have no doubt heard that this little animal has no eyes, that it undergoes unheard of tortures in forcing its way through the earth, and spends a life of misery and darkness underneath the earth. But so far from being a miserable animal the mole seems to enjoy life quite as much as any other creature. It is beautifully fitted for its station in life, and would be unhappy if removed from its accustomed damp and darkness into warmth and light.

The eyes of the mole are very small, in order to prevent them from being injured by the earth through which the animal makes its way. Indeed larger eyes would be useless under ground. When, however, the mole requires to use its eyes, it can bring them forward from the mass of fur which conceals and protects them when not in use. The acute ears and delicate sense of smell supply the place of eyes. Its fur is very fine, soft, capable of turning in any direction and will not retain a bit of mold. The most extraordinary feature of the mole is the paw or hand with which it digs. The two forepaws are composed of five fingers armed with sharp strong nails with which to scrape up the earth and to prevent the accumulated soil from impeding the mole's progress. The hands are turned outwardly so as to throw the earth out of the way.

It is a hungry animal always, and cannot endure even a slight fast. Its principal food is the earth worm, in chase of which it builds its long tunnels underground. It also eats insects, bits of meat, and is said to catch birds, which it takes by surprise.

Its ravenous appetite causes it to suffer from thirst and for this reason he usually makes a tunnel toward a brook or spring, if there is one near. If no water is at hand it digs a number of little wells, which receive the rain and dew and enable it to quench its thirst.

Contrary to popular belief, the mole is a good swimmer and can

One - Two - Three!

The stars and I play hide and seek, And we play fair, we never peek— The stars and I. While I count one-two-three aloud The stars slip underneath a cloud Up in the sky. And when I've counted up to ten I try to find the stars, and then It's time for me To hide myself within my bed And pull my covers overhead; The stars can't count, so I, instead, Say one-two-three.

—Christian Science Monitor.

JUST KIDS—A Girl Among Girls

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IN THE COURSE OF A LITTLE SHOW
THEY WERE GIVING IN BUCK'S CELLAR
IN WHICH MARJORY JONES WAS THE HEROINE
PEE WEE MARTIN, WHO PLAYED THE VILLAIN, WAS TO
RUSH ON THE STAGE AND THREATEN HER LIFE
AND IN A MOMENT OF EXCITEMENT MARJORY
FORGOT HERSELF AND BLACKED BOTH HIS EYES

By Ad Carter

nie around. It proved the wise thing, for on the few days that Rannie didn't come out, George seemed nervous and bewildered.

Some of the boys who had expected to make the second team and didn't, made remarks about that "shrimp" being kept on, when he hardly knew how to pick up a football, let alone do anything with it. Rannie heard the remarks and grew more nervous, but they never dared to say anything in George's hearing.

The season opened and George made good in every game. Rannie was always by, ready to encourage and criticize at every chance, and at the same time he was keeping doggedly at his own practice. He was a little over-excited, and that is how it happened on the day of the big game with Stanerton that he was knocked out, when the subs were on the field for a few minutes of practice before the game. Rannie was up immediately, looking pale and rather shaky. "Where are you hurt?" the coach demanded. Rannie insisted he wasn't hurt, but the coach ordered him to let the doctor have a look at him and then go home.

George, who had been watching nervously, turned nearly as pale as Rannie. "Gosh," he exclaimed, "I couldn't play with Rannie gone!"

"I guess you're right," the coach smiled. "You're the bulk and Rannie's the spirit, and it takes the two to play the game. He can stay."

All through the game Rannie was the excited side-liner, and when George made the touchdown, you'd have thought he'd done it himself. Then, knowing victory was sure, he crept over to let the doctor look at his arm. "Don't tell George," he said, "but it's broken, all right."

That is why the coach always insists that Rannie is an "honorary member" of the first team.

Autumn

The leaves are falling to the ground,
The fires are burning all around;
While to the Southland lieing,
The little birds are flying.

—By Francis Hawekotte, 4A grade, St. John's school.