

The JOURNAL JUNIOR.

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Editor

The Junior is published by the Minneapolis Journal for the public school children of the northwest, in and above the fifth grade, and is devoted principally to their own writings. There is no expense attached, and all are welcome as competitors. The editor wishes to encourage correspondence and suggestions from teachers. All correspondence should be addressed to the Editor Journal Junior.

Our Weights and Measures.

PERHAPS you have heard that the government is establishing a "standardizing bureau" at Washington. It may not have meant anything to you when you read it, but it really is an important step toward setting up in business wholly for ourselves. Why, do you know, if every weight and measure in the United States had been destroyed a few years ago, we should have had to send to the standardizing bureau of England for patterns to make the new ones by.

We pride ourselves upon being a nation of business men, but still we are unconsciously a very careless people about the weights and measures we trade by. They are made after all imaginable designs and, differing as they do in shape, they easily deceive purchasers—if the seller so wishes. But when the standardizing bureau gets into thorough working order all this will be changed. Weights and measures will not only be uniform throughout the country, but they will be absolutely correct. This standardizing will include scientific instruments, so that surveying will be done more accurately, gas and electricity will be measured exactly, physicians' prescriptions filled with greater exactness and all measurements, in fact, from dry goods to machinery, will be made with greater care.

The talk against the wearing of plumage of all kinds is bearing fruit all over the country. It is now the turn of the sea birds on the coast of Louisiana. A recent investigation of their one time famous breeding places shows that where they used to gather by the millions there is not a bird left. Hereafter they will be protected during their breeding season. You Juniors have had so many "s'posin'" topics that you can best appreciate the meaning of this destruction of birds and their eggs by just "s'posin'" what this world would be like if the birds were finally all destroyed.

The defense put up by the Boers really shows up very well in comparison with conflicts that Great Britain has had with far greater powers. It took two years to bring Russia to her knees in the war of the Crimea, and the South African war is already a year and a half old. England spent \$200,000,000 in the Crimea, and she has already spent three or four times that amount in South Africa and may even have to make it a round billion. But the grimmest story of all is the consequent loss to English interests in every other part of the world.

April 23 is celebrated as the birthday anniversary of William Shakspeare. One of the Minneapolis Juniors said that he would like to see Shakspeare and ask him when he was born, for among the other mysteries shrouding the life of this great master of English literature is that of the exact date of his birth. The records at Stratford show that he was baptized on April 23, 1564, and as custom made this ceremony follow close upon the birth of a child, it is considered near enough to the real birthday to warrant its use.

It is a cold shoulder that we are giving to the little green things trying so hard to come out in their nice, shiny spring clothes. It is to be hoped the summer will really come some time and that we shall not have a year without a summer, as they did in 1816. That year everything in the north was frosted regularly every month and water froze upon the slightest provocation. Crops of every description were a total failure and life must have seemed a failure, too, to the poor unfortunates who saw the summer come and go without their once having decent ice cream soda weather.

The little Eskimos play hide and seek among the ice fields just as the boys and girls of warmer climes indulge in it in the streets and yards, but, awful, awful to relate, they have to set one member of the company as a lookout for polar bears. Perhaps they are so familiar with these animals that the danger does not scare them, but doesn't it make your hair stand on end to think of the possibility of running rapidly around the corner of an iceberg to get to the goal first and running straight into the arms of a great white monster?

And the kaiser admires American roller skates. The story comes from Berlin that if he can get a pair exactly like those of a little American lad whom he encountered one day gliding along the pavements of Berlin he may use them. Kaiser Wilhelm seems to be such an all 'round good fellow in such things that it is a pity he is not an American instead of being just an emperor.

GUNS OF GOLD AND SILVER.

The Gackwar of Baroda, an Indian prince, has a battery of artillery, consisting of gold and silver guns. There are four guns, two of gold and two of silver. The gold guns were made in 1874 by an artisan of Lakha, who worked on them for five years. They weigh 400 pounds each, and, except for the steel lining, are of solid gold. They are mounted on gun carriages of carved wood overlaid with silver.

DUST AND LITTER ON LONDON BRIDGE.

So much dust and litter are left behind on London bridge by the passage over it of 200,000 pedestrians and 20,000 vehicles daily that three or four carts are required to carry off the fine debris from leather soles and iron tires.

READING BY THE MILE.

A French statistician has calculated that the human eye travels over 2,000 yards in reading an ordinary sized novel. The average human being is calculated to get through 2,500 miles of reading in a lifetime.

Youthful Portiere Makers

Beautiful Results of Work Done With a Spinning Wheel and an Old Hand Loom in the Heart of New York City.

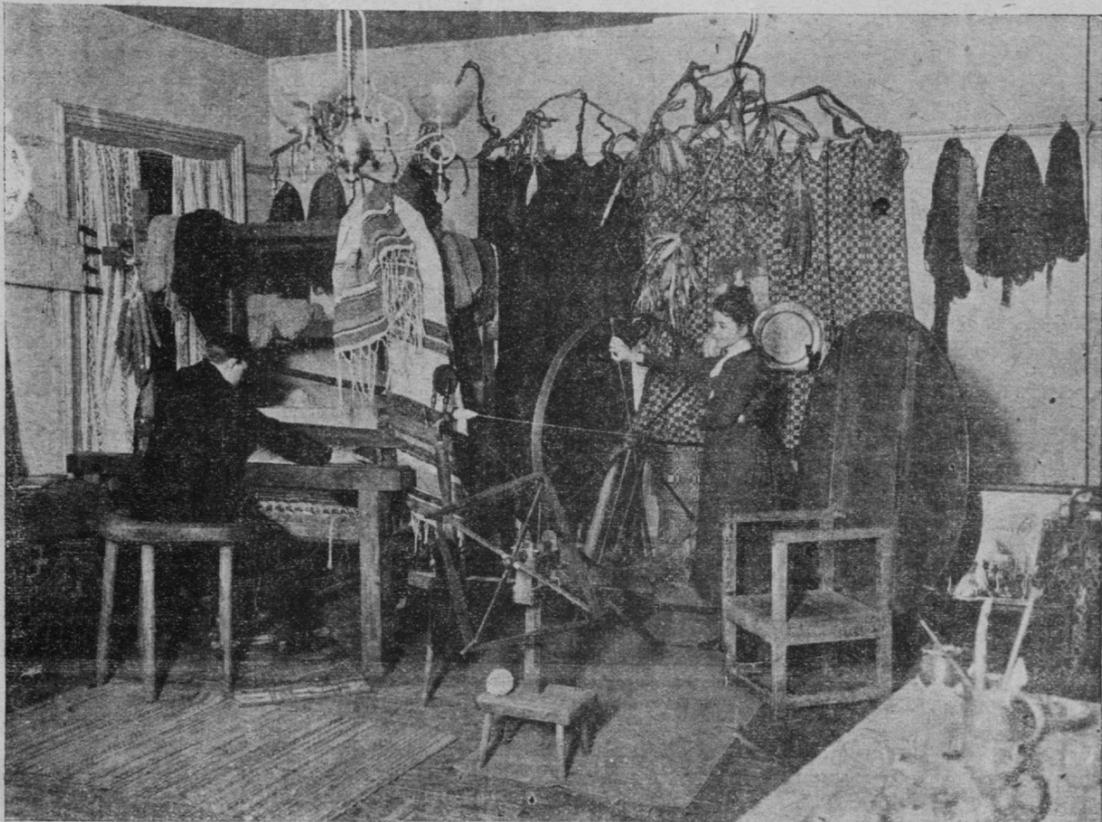
THE Juniors who are deep in the delights of weaving rugs like those shown recently at the exhibition of the Arts and Crafts Society, will be interested in the work of Marian and Wendell Volk in the same line. They are the children of Douglas Volk, the artist, who lived in Minneapolis at one time. The New York Tribune has this to say about their work:

One of the most interesting exhibits in the National Exposition of Children's Work, now open at No. 18 East Sixteenth street, is the portiere made by the young son and daughter of Douglas Volk, the artist. The wool was spun and dyed by Marian Volk with vegetable dyes of her own making, and Wendell wove it in the old loom. It is extremely artistic, with its groundwork of creamy tint striped horizontally with soft blues, reds and yellows. Wendell is deeply interested in the art, and is making a study of the Navajo rugs at the Museum of Natural History. His ambi-

tion now is to make a loom such as the natives use to work with outdoors in the summer. He and his sister have made several portieres of excellent designs and tones, and are now at work upon a strikingly fine example, dark blue in color. This work they do in their home in the heart of New York city, strange as it may seem, as farmhouse appurtenances are not common in city houses. The room in which they spin and weave might easily be mistaken for the "living-room" in a Maine farmhouse. The floor is covered with home-made rugs, the chairs and tables are of the simple designs of the early nineteenth century, not one being less than seventy-five years old, and old brass candlesticks stand on the mantel shelf ready to give light. But, strangest of all, near one window stands a loom of heavy beams, in which is a piece of unfinished weaving, and by another window is a spinning wheel with reel beside it and a bunch of wool half spun into yarn.

that there were undeveloped possibilities in the work. She began to experiment, but found the ordinary woolen rugs, even when carefully selected, unsuited to really artistic effects. Then she tried the original yarn, using for color the old fashioned dyes made by the farmers' wives for their own wools.

There lay the solution of the problem. The tints produced, being vegetable dyes, had all the characteristics of oriental coloring, and Mrs. Volk triumphantly spun the wool, dyed the yarn and made a rug of decided beauty, all with her own hands. Mrs. Volk did not wholly approve of the "webbing" used. By inquiry among the neighboring farms she found a loom that had stood in the garret unused for many years and was at least one hundred years old. This she bought, and from an old woman in the village learned to weave the foundation on which the rugs were to be made.



MARION AND WENDELL VOLK MAKING A PORTIERE.

Courtesy of the New York Tribune.

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The oddest part of the story is that the loom and spinning wheel are not mere "studio properties," but implements in almost daily use by Mrs. Volk. The explanation of their presence is suggestive of the influences that are developing an artistic industry among the rustic population of the eastern states. Mrs. Volk has been accustomed to pass her summers, with her entire family, on their farm in Center Lovell, Maine, and a few years ago it occurred to her, as she watched a neighbor make a "drawn mat,"

Thus far Mrs. Volk's work was carried on merely as an interesting novelty, but she soon saw that it might be developed into a useful and remunerative occupation for the women of the village. The families on the farms were comfortably well-to-do, it was true, but had little ready money, and that seldom went into the hands of the women. Mrs. Volk sent a few rugs to New York to show to her friends. They were so complete a success that she was asked if she could supply a number more. By this time she had succeeded in interesting her neighbors in her enterprise and they were delighted to begin to work under her direction as regarded colors and designs. In a year the industry was thoroughly established in the village, and the women find new interest in it, not merely as a means of securing money of their own, but because the element of originality now possible is an added incentive.

Mrs. Volk has named the new product the "Sabatis rug," and feels delighted with her success. So great is her interest in the occupation that she brought the loom and other implements to her New York home where, in the winter, she constantly studies new effects.

Mrs. Volk will permit no "easy way," such as the use of ready made dyes, either in her own work or that of her pupils, as she feels that the only way to secure the perfection of quality is to have every process marked by the sincerity of handwork.

Miss Peary in the Strange Land of Her Birth

LITTLE Miss Marie Ahnighito Peary is now again in the strange land of her birth, far away amid the gleaming ice fields of the north and surrounded once more by her kindly friends, the Eskimos. For little Marie was born farther north than any white child in the world, during one of her father's expeditions to northern Greenland. She was born on Sept. 12, 1893, at Anniversary Lodge, then Lieutenant Peary's headquarters in northern Greenland.

Anniversary Lodge was built by Lieutenant Peary and the members of his expedition in the summer of 1893. It was situated upon Bowdoin bay, and was built of wood which was carried up in the steamer Falcon.

It was on July 20 last that Marie and her mother sailed from St. John's, Newfoundland, on the stanch ship, the Windward, to join Lieutenant Peary in the frozen north. The Windward was the ship that carried the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition to the arctic regions in 1896, and was presented to Lieutenant Peary by Alfred Harmsworth. It is a strong and well built steamer, and is especially adapted for the rough, hard service to be met with in the arctic regions. The ship's destination was Etah, an inlet in Smith's sound, well up the coast of Greenland. Here Lieutenant Peary has established his headquarters, and here it was expected that he would be found by his wife and little daughter.

During the spring and early summer the great explorer was to have made a dash with dogs and sleds up into the uttermost confines of the north in an attempt to discover the pole. By the time that the Windward would reach Etah, some time in August, it was expected that Lieutenant Peary would have returned from his adventurous trip. Here, then, a joyful surprise would be in store for him, for he did not know that his wife and little daughter would join him again in Greenland, and did not expect to see them again until his return to the United States.

This is Marie Ahnighito's second visit to Greenland since

she left that country in her infancy. In the summer of 1897 she made a trip to the arctic regions with her father and mother. The main object of this expedition was to secure a large meteorite which the Eskimos had discovered to Lieutenant Peary on one of his former expeditions. The meteorite, weighing about ninety tons, was secured and brought to New York, where it is now on exhibition at the United States navy yard at Brooklyn. One of the members of this expedition of 1897, Albert Opertl, the well-known arctic artist, told me how the little Marie was received by her Eskimo friends, who had not seen her since she was eleven months old. She was at that time four years of age. Of course Marie could hardly be expected to remember the Eskimos, but they had not forgotten her, and many a time had she been a subject of conversation among them, especially during the long, dark polar night, when there is little to hunt, and consequently for the Eskimos little to do.

An Eskimo named Keshu was the first to reach the ship, and his oily face fairly shone with delight as he greeted Lieutenant Peary. For the explorer had always treated the Eskimos with much kindness, and he is held in the greatest esteem by them. When Keshu reached the ship he shouted and danced to express his joy, and his delight was unbounded when the nurse held up the little Marie in her arms. He recognized the child at once, notwithstanding the change that a few years had made in her appearance, and he danced about her so vigorously in his excess of delight and kept up such a succession of shouts that Marie at first was somewhat alarmed. But perhaps memories, long forgotten, came back to her and soothed her fears.

Keshu was quickly followed by all the inhabitants of Cape York who were able to jump along the ice, and they gathered in a ring around Marie, their faces shining with pleasure, and all ejaculating in chorus: "Na, na, nana, nana!" which is an Eskimo greeting of welcome and expressive of great delight.—Ledger Monthly.