The JOURNAL JUNIOR.

Mae Harris Anson - - - - Editor

The Junior is pubtished 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 welcomed as competitors. The editor wishes to encourage correspondence and suggestions from teachers. All correspondence should be addressed to the Editor Jonrnal Junior.

At the State Fair.

THERE is going to be an exhibit at the state fair this year which all Junior visitors really ought to see. Last year Mrs. J. B. Hudson represented the Audubon Society of Lake City with a collection of birds' nests that was worth seeing and hearing about. She will be at the fair again this year with a better collection, and if you are at all interested in the matter you will thoroughly enjoy having a talk with her about them.

The exhibit will be in the Federation building and Mrs. Hudson will generally be in charge. Personally, the editor advises that you try to see Mrs. Hudson herself, for she understands the birds' nests thoroughly, having gathered many of them herself on summer tramps.

This little hint to the Juniors may make it rather a busy week for Mrs. Hudson, but she will be glad to talk to all of you that she can.

Our Island Schools.

THE latest school news from Porto Rico sounds like a fairy tale. The children actually did not want to leave when the end of the term came. They were such Oliver Twists when it came to getting an education that they clamored and begged for more school until the authorities heeded and established summer schools in various towns of the island. With this fact before you it will hardly do for any of you Juniors to complain or say that you wish you did not have to go to school. You have taken such advantages so much as a matter of course that you probably do not appreciate them so well as those who come into them suddenly. Perhaps, however, when those little Porto Ricans become a fraction better Americanized, they may be willing to take their vacations with a genuine American whoop of delight.

Over in Manila there is pretty much the same story to tell, except that the summer schools there are principally for the benefit of the native teachers who wish to fit themselves to American standards. Over 600 Filipino teachers, men and women, gathered by the middle of the first week of the free normal school. It was open for a month and thirty-three classes were held daily, at which the attendance averaged 98 per cent.

Both of these are a most promising feature in the life of the islands, and show bright sides to their occupation by Americans.

An Empress' Doll.

THE late Empress Frederick was a good mother, as well as an able ruler. This means that her children had pretty much the same delightful times with her that you have with your mothers. So it is likely that more than once her children gathered about her knee and begged for a story of something that she did when she was a little girl.

Probably one of the most delightful stories to her daughters was about the wonderful, mysterious chest which once arrived in London, bearing the royal arms and the inscription, "To the Doll of the Princess Royal of England." Direct from Paris it was, and the gift of good old King Louis Philippe. More wonderful still, every one of those dreams of gowns was made by the most famous dressmaker of Paris. In addition to a series of gowns that any woman might have envied, there were tiny embroidered handkerchiefs, silk stockings, cashmere shawls, bonnets and muffs, and as a crowning glory, a little jewel case filled with beautiful diamond ornaments, every one of which had been expressly made for the doll's chest.

All this sounds like a story from the Arabian Nights, to us of less degree, but when it is all sifted out, it is doubtful if all the gowns and gewgaws gave the little princess as much pleasure as those which your dolls wear, made by your own fingers, give to you. It is so much nicer to learn to sew on your doll clothes. It means many pleasant hours with your chosen friend in a shady nook with your dolls sitting near and your sewing materials strewn about, with perhaps a little lunch now and then provided by an accommodating mother.

Kings and queens and princesses and all the rest of the royal relations can not be nearly so humanly happy as you are. The fierce "light which beats upon a throne" naturally casts heavy shadows, and there are many simple, human pleasures which they desire, but from which they are cut off by the accident of their birth.

Perhaps all you Juniors who use matches would better handle those for the next two or three years with unusual reverence. There is no telling where the wood of which they are made may have come from. A manufacturing company has just bought the trees growing on the farm where Daniel Webster was born and is going to cut them up into friction matches. The pity of it all is that the state refused to pay $200 more than the present price, although many patriotic citizens petitioned to have the place preserved as a perpetual memorial of New Hampshire's greatest son.

Two little stowaways from Porto Rico landed at New York the other day. They were so poor that their clothes were gunny sacks with holes for their arms and heads. But they were determined to get to America and lack of clohes did not bother them in the least. Evidently there is more than one way of starting west to grow up with the country.

Cuba is becoming Americanized in earnest. There were only five cases of yellow fever in the whole island at last accounts. Heretofore, during August, the fever has claimed its victims by the hundreds.

The Story Teller

Himbroha, Slave of the Desert.

AS the sun tinted the western sky of the Egyptian desert, we might have seen an old man trudging along, with hair and beard as white as driven snow.

If we had followed him he would have led us into one of the ancient cities of Egypt where Zibera, one of the greatest of magicians, lived. As the old man from the desert entered the gate, he was asked his name and what he came for, to which he answered:

"I am Himbroha, slave of the desert. I am hungry, thirsty, tired and poor. I have come to the city to obtain work." The man at the gate bade him enter.

Himbroha trudged along with a tired tread, traveling through the city and at last he came to a market street. Passing a small, low store, Himbroha saw an old man with a gray beard and wrinkled face, sitting on a bench with a large covered basket beside him. As Himbroha passed the old man asked him if he would be kind enough to help him home with his heavy basket. Himbroha first thought how hungry and tired he was, then how heavy the basket was, and made up his mind to help the old man.

The two old men trudged slowly along with their burden, for

A beautiful princess stepped before him.

it was heavy. They came from the outskirts of the city upon a sandy desert and after walking perhaps an hour the old man cried "Stop!" They set the basket down and raised the cover to find the basket half full of rocks. On the rocks was perched a raven black as night. The old man commanded the raven to call the black slave, whereupon the raven gave such a screech that poor Himbroha was frightened half to death. As he recovered he stood staring in the distance at something which came bounding over the sand with the speed of the wind, but as it came nearer he could see it was nothing but a black dog. Himbroha turned to look at the old man and saw that he held a gun aimed at the dog, and, as it neared, the old man pulled the trigger, and the dog fell dead. The old man pulled a knife from his pocket and cut from the dog's mouth a large tooth, and with this tooth he made three crosses in the sand, stamped his foot and instantly before them appeared a beautiful lake that shone like silver in the sunlight, and in the distance could be seen a little boat which skimmed over the lake and soon grounded on the sand at their feet. The old man turned to Himbroha and said:

"I am Zibera, the greatest of magicians. You have helped me and I shall give you youth and riches for your reward. Enter the boat with me and you shall go to my castle."

They entered and off glided the boat as swiftly as it had arrived. They soon came to an island covered with beautiful foliage and in the center loomed up the most magnificent castle that Himbroha had ever seen. Up steps of gold they went, to a hall which seemed to be lighted by archways of diamonds, and to Himbroha's ears came sweet swells of rare music which seemed to issue from a fountain in the center of the hall.

Zibera told Himbroha to bathe in the fountain and he would receive his youth. Himbroha did as he was told and great was his surprise to find his youth restored, with health and beauty. Himbroha then followed Zibera into a magnificent dining-room with a table set with golden dishes. After eating a hearty meal Zibera led the way down a flight of stairs into the cellar; then, taking ten steps, he took the tooth of the black slave from his pocket and made three crosses on the sand floor, and stamped his foot. The sand separated and two large stones rolled up, leaving an opening well lighted and a flight of stairs which led to the land of wonders. Zibera led the way through rooms which seemed to hold all the wealth of the world and finally came to a room that contained a large golden box locked with twelve large locks.

Zibera took twelve golden keys from his pocket and unlocked the box, only to find a smaller box; this being opened they found still another box, and so on until ten golden boxes were opened, the tenth one containing nothing but a small bottle in which was something dark in color, neither liquid nor powder. Zibera took the bottle carefully in his hand and said:

"This contains one of my many slaves, and one of the most wonderful. I give it to you, hoping you may obtain all the pleasures of this world by its aid. By taking the cork from the bottle you will have before you the slave in the appearance of a genii, which may frighten you at first, but make your wish, be it great or small, and it shall be granted. If at any time you have all you desire you may grant this slave its liberty, by dropping this bottle into a hot fire."

Himbroha took the bottle and thanking his friend for his kindness, bade him adieu and made his way from the castle. He found the little boat where they had left it and he was soon carried across the lake to the place they had first entered.

Himbroha started off on the desert, but had not gone far when he noticed a bad sand storm approaching. He was frightened at first, but when he thought of the bottle he drew it from his pocket, pulled the cork, and as the blue smoke arose he saw it gather into the form of a huge genii, which said:

"At your service, master."

Himbroha was so badly frightened at first that he could speak, but at last he said that he wanted the desert changed to a lake, bounded by trees with beautiful foliage and a castle with servants and all the riches of a king. The genii said:

"So shall it be."

Himbroha could scarcely believe his eyes, for the desert was changed to a lake with trees more beautiful than he had ever seen and the castle was equally as grand as Zibera's. Himbroha found himself seated on the steps of gold, with the bottle in front of him and the genii ready to return to its prison. He corked the bottle carefully and entered the castle and found it more beautiful than he expected.

Himbroha lived for a while in perfect health and luxury, and finding he had everything that the soul could wish for, he decided to grant the slave genii liberty. So, taking the bottle to the huge fireplace he tossed it into the fire and to Himbroha's great surprise a beautiful princess stepped before him. She explained to Himbroha how for a hundred years she had been bewitched in the form of a genii as a slave, and asked him what she could do to pay him for her liberty. He told her that he had always lived alone and would be more than pleased if she would be queen of his humble kingdom.

His wish was granted and their future life was spent in happiness and this is the true story of the life of Himbroha, the slave of the desert.

—Nellie Croker,
High School. Montevideo, Minn.

SHOOTING BUTTERFLIES

A New Way of Capturing a Rare Australian Beauty Skill of South Americans With the Blow Gun.

IN THE forests of northern Australia lives a butterfly which is always hunted with powder and shot. This is a brilliant-hued creature, highly valued by collectors. It is very shy, and hovers about the upper branches of the trees, seldom approaching within twenty feet of the ground. A traveling American naturalist went to Australia determined to get some perfect specimens of this rare insect. For several days he strove with long nets to entrap some of the beautiful creatures of the upper air. He raised ladders and climbed trees at the peril of life and limb, but the wary butterflies kept beyond range of his swooping net. Yankee ingenuity was not to be beaten so easily, however. The entomologist hit upon the brilliant idea of a decoy. Loading a gun with the smallest shot he had, he brought down one of the high flyers. It was badly battered, but he patched and furbished it up to an appearance of respectability, and spread it on a bush top in a conspicuous spot ten feet above the ground, arranging the wings with as close a resemblance to life as possible. Curiosity is a besetting failing of butterflies. Presently two of them noticed their departed comrade and began to circle lower and lower above the bush. Others joined the investigation, and finally the patient collector was able to capture one of them by a swift movement. This sent the others soaring away in alarm, but in a few moments they were back again, and before the day was over the naturalist's ingenuity was rewarded by the capture of half a dozen perfect specimens, which afterward became the property of various scientific museums. Since then this has been the recognized method of taking that species of insect.

Somewhat similar was the capture of some rare South American butterflies several years ago. An entomologist, traveling on the Orinoco, failed, after many attempts, to take a single specimen of a swallowtail butterfly, which haunted the upper foliage of the forest. One day his party came across a band of half-savage natives, armed with blowguns, bows and spears, one of whom offered to supply the collector with a number of the desired insects at a price. An offer of twenty-five cents a specimen represented opulence to the native, who returned on the following evening with six of the butterflies—all perfect or nearly so. How the Indian could catch the shy and delicate insect, which he himself, with all the implements of the chase, could not capture, was a problem to the traveler. Not until he was about to leave would the native explain. His method was very simple, he said, and pointed to his blowgun, a weapon with which these people are marvelously accurate and deadly marksmen, even killing big game with darts blown from them. He had "marked down" his butterfly, waited for it to alight, and then shot a pellet to the leaf upon which it was poising. The impact was sufficient to stun the prey and bring it to the ground without injuring its fragile wings.—Youth's Companion.

BIG RETURNS FROM ONE TREE.

A man in North Carolina was selling standing timber—walnut trees. The man who was buying came to one very handsome tree. He told the owner he would pay as much as $50 for that tree. The owner did not sell but sent for experts. He got $1,500 for the tree (curled walnut) as it stood. The man who cut it down realized $3,000 for it on the cars. It was shipped to New York and veneered one-sixth to half an inch. The sales were watched. The tree brought $60,000.

MILLIONS AT WORK ON ONE PYRAMID.

The greatest number of men ever employed on one structure was the Gizeh pyramid, where 7,000,000 men were in forced labor. This pyramid is 450 feet high and covers an area of thirteen acres, twice the dimensions of any other building in the world, in one instance taking 2,000 men three years in bringing a single stone from the quarry.

THREE YEARS LATER.

One of the most remarkable instances of a long-absent homing pigeon eventually returning to its loft recently came to light at Winnington, England, when a bird that had been liberated three years previously, to the very day, made its reappearance. Its identity was established by the racing ring round one of its legs.

MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD.

The general impression is that gold is the greatest of all precious metals, but scientists assert that there are at least seventeen metals on the roll of metallurgy that are greater in value than the yellow metal.

A CARGO OF TURTLES.

Once every year the British ship Wye makes a trip to the Island of Ascension and returns with a cargo of turtles, from which royalty is supplied with soup.