

## The JOURNAL JUNIOR.

Mae Harris Anson - - - - - 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 welcomed as competitors. The editor wishes to encourage correspondence and suggestions from teachers. All correspondence should be addressed to the Editor Journal Junior.

### Two Hundred Years of Yale.

YALE college passed the two hundredth anniversary of its founding on October 16. Count back, now, with a second thought, and that takes us to 1701, almost a century before our present government was established. The Connecticut legislature of that day chartered the institution as a school where youth might be instructed "in the arts and sciences" in order that "through the blessings of Almighty God" they might be fitted "for public employment both in church and civil state."

To-day, New Haven alone is larger than the whole population of New England at the time the charter was granted. We have often been told to contrast institutions of to-day with those of fifty and one hundred years ago, and have had much amusement in the process as well as much satisfaction that we are living right when we do, but when it comes to going back two hundred years in the life of a college, it is almost too great a stretch of the imagination. Here in America things are considered ancient that can count one century to their credit.

### President Roosevelt—and Others.

COMPARISONS are odious, some one has said, but President Roosevelt was made the subject recently of some comparisons by a minister in New York that are the exceptions to prove there is such a rule. In speaking of him as a man, statesman and patriot, he said:

"He is as pure in character as George Washington, as cultured in mind as John Quincy Adams, as fiery and dauntless in spirit as Andrew Jackson, as capable of sacrifice as Abraham Lincoln, as brave as Ulysses S. Grant, and with the bulldog tenacity of Grover Cleveland." And he might have added, the tact of William McKinley, the aristocratic breeding of Chester A. Arthur, the democratic simplicity of Thomas Jefferson and the love of country of James Monroe.

We all know what President Roosevelt is in addition to possessing all these qualities so that there would seem to be no other man who in his own personality so thoroughly represents all phases of American thought and life.

A dainty little woman from Japan is Mrs. Hatoyama, and she tells us that the little women of the chrysanthemum land actually have clubs just as our women have here, and club breakfasts and dinners in honor of various people and occasions. All this does not seem to fit with the kimono, though, worst of all, Mrs. Hatoyama says that the Woman's Dress Reform Society has succeeded in inducing even the least progressive of their sisters to don a skirt in addition to the old-time Japanese costume. If we do not hurry up and all get to Japan within a few years, the people there will not be half so interesting as they have been in the past, with their quaint dress and quaint manners.

While there is so much talk as to the best plan for the memorial to President McKinley, it may be interesting to know that although President Lincoln has been dead some thirty-six years there are but six statues of him in the country. These are in Washington, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Rochester. There may be other memorials of the first of our martyred presidents, but they have not taken the shape of statues.

It is a good idea that has called a number of Chicago people together for the organization of a Cat Club. The members pledge themselves to support a certain number of stations which will provide shelter for the homeless cats of the city. If people did their duty by the dumb animals there would be no homeless ones among them, except such as were natural born "tramps."

### A Near Relation.

LUCILE has a book (she's a nice little girl,  
Though she might have a trifle more feeling!  
And I am as harmless a kitten as loves  
To blink at the flies on the ceiling).—

A book which they gave her one holiday time,  
All full of big pictures in color,  
And stories of "Felines," I think they are called,  
I'm sure that no tales could be duller!

But oh, just to look at the pictures, and think  
If one of those creatures should meet you!  
Such tigers, and lions with fierce yellow manes,  
And panthers just ready to eat you!

Lucile does not mind them—she knows every one,  
With his teeth and his whiskers so fearful,  
She shows them to me with a smile on her face,  
And expects I am going to look cheerful!

And then, when I'm ready to perish with fright,  
At seeing such things by the dozens,  
She tells me that I am a feline myself,  
And these terrible beasts are my cousins!

—Youth's Companion.

### Oh, For a Book.

OH, FOR a booke and a shadie nooke,  
Eytter in-a-doore or out;  
With the greene leaves whispering over hede,  
Or the streete cries all about.  
Where I maie reade all at my ease  
Both of the newe and olde;  
For a jolly goode booke wherein to looke  
Is better to me than golde.

—Old English Song.

## JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME.

SIX roomful of little people, rows upon rows of sparkling eyes, attention and the most perfect order were what I found myself in the midst of one day last week when I dropped in on Lincoln school. This is one of the oldest schools in the city, and not at all an attractive building, but it was one I went to for a short time, years ago, and I naturally have been interested in it ever since. The walks and steps are worn down just the same as they were when I was there, and they might be in this respect the same ones I stumbled and raced over.

There was a difference, a great big difference, however, in the things the pupils of to-day are taught and the way they are coaxed to learn them. Why, the teachers actually try to make their studies seem like play to them. No wonder you children of to-day get through so much more than we used to. Lessons—geography, arithmetic, spelling, reading and writing would be learned some way of course, but in my time nobody ever dreamed of weaving raffia or rugs, or plaiting straw, or making boxes, hats, bags, etc., as all these Lincoln school children were doing when I came upon the scene.

The "baby" room was actually painting! Dear me! When I went to school drawing lessons were the most unpopular of the whole week. You see, I longed to draw faces—and they made us draw set designs in squares of curves, angles, circles and conventional leaves and flowers. These required a steady hand like a machine, which cannot slip. I really am not willing to acknowledge that the children of to-day are so much smarter than they were when I was a child, but prefer to think that the grownups have somehow had their eyes opened, and so you lucky things get the benefit of it, and have such fun with your lessons.

One room had drawn some autumn leaves from life. Wonder upon wonders! It made me feel like Rip Van Winkle come back to life after a twenty years' sleep.

Lincoln school has no grade above the sixth, but they are bookishly inclined, so bookish, in fact, that they made up their minds they must have a library. The school is small and brick buildings are certainly not elastic, but a library they must have. Finally a tiny storeroom was remembered, and then teachers and pupils went to work to change it into a little reading room where the books could be kept that are sent periodically from the public library.

I am not so sure but what the history of this little room, with all it means, is the thing that pleased me most. Books, you know, are the best of friends anyone can have, and are especially valuable to the scholar.

I can't go further into details, for it would take up all the space I have, but the pupils of Lincoln school pleased me in many other ways than these.

Queer ideas they have over in Europe, anyway. Why should a man on a bicycle in the plaza of St. Mark's at Venice set the whole police force after him? Venice has allowed steamboats to go puffing and wheezing about her canals, why should a poor

harmless cyclist stir up such a commotion? He was an American, and he must have gained some enjoyment out of it, for before he was caught he had managed to get twenty-four of the police after him. Of course, we should not smile over such a break of some city regulation, but we would not be true Americans if we did not see the funny side to the episode—that solitary cyclist dodging twenty-four angry, madly careering policemen.

Early in the week I expected to have the chance to make a telling point in favor of the girls, because the Postal Telegraph company at Cleveland, Ohio, had engaged girls to act as messengers in place of boys, especially as the girls arrived in answer to a summons in half the time it took a boy to come upon the scene. But alas! The girls themselves shattered my hopes. One day's experience as messenger girls was enough for them and the next day none of the old ones returned to work and no new ones came to take their places. Just what point is to be made out of this I do not know. Probably the best way will be to let each one of you take the solution that best suits him.

Girls, do you think you would like to go to school where there are no boys? Boys, do you believe you would like a school where there were no girls? Probably we are about the only great nation in the world where girls and boys sit side by side in the school-room. Over in Germany, Hans and Gretchen are greatly excited over the talk of coeducation by some of their progressive mothers and aunts. Said mothers and aunts held their meetings under great disadvantages and even had a small-sized riot with the police, so you can see that the ideas we are so familiar with that they are a very part of our institutions, are not so welcome in other lands.

A friend of mine, born and educated in Germany, although of American parentage, came over here a few years ago to get a taste of American college life. She had always heard of our co-educational schools, where girls have the opportunity to learn just as much as the boys, and so, being a real student, she looked forward to much pleasure in her experience as well as enlightenment. She took everything as a part of the game, was initiated into one of the Greek letter societies with all the nonsense that could be concocted for her special benefit, and when finally she went back to Germany with her university cap and gown, she had the memory of many delightful days spent in a true American university.

You would have to go abroad to thoroughly understand just what the attitude there is toward women and girls, when it comes to education. I really believe that co-education from infancy is what makes the American girl the wholesome, independent creature she is, and the American man the most respectful to women in the world. Boys may pull the girls' hair, and the girls may think some boys are "the meanest things," but nevertheless, both learn something valuable from each other which counts for their making stronger, better men and women when they grow up.

THE EDITOR.

## The Story Teller ☞ Down By the Sea

"OH, DEAR! I'm getting tired of sitting here on the sand by the seashore all day. There isn't anything else to do at all and I'm so warm. I'm getting quite tired of myself. Tomorrow's my birthday and I'm going to be six years old, and nobody has mentioned it yet. I'm going to be quite a big girl now. I believe they've forgot all about it. I'm just as unhappy as I can be. I asked mama to-day what I could do to pass away time and she said that I should go to the seashore, that it was nice down there, and I did; but it isn't nice at all. I thought maybe she would ask me to help her bake cakes and pies for my birthday to-morrow, but she didn't. She wasn't baking anything when I left and I know she won't. She's forgotten all about it! Oh, why did they all forget my birthday? My sixth birthday!"

Corny laid her head on the warm sand and said no more, but



"I will make you forget your sorrow, poor little creature."

she was very unhappy. The great waves would now and then dash furiously against the beach. Corny had lain there quite a long time, but it seemed to her a very short time, when suddenly she heard a voice from the depths of the sea:

"I will make you forget your sorrow, poor little creature, and show you our home at the bottom of the sea."

Corny did not know what to make of this, so she asked: "Who are you?" A beautiful maiden then came halfway out of the water. Corny was very much surprised at first: to see that she was a girl just like her big sister. But she became very much frightened when the girl came way out of the water and she saw that she had a fish's tail instead of feet. Corny started to run, but the maiden called so kindly to her that she stopped.

"Come here, dear child," she said; "I will do no harm to you. I just wish to give you a little pleasure in your sorrow and take you down to the bottom of the sea, where I live, and show you many things."

"Well, who are you, anyway?" asked Corny again, "you look so queer." "I am what they call a mermaid. People think that we exist only in fairy tales, but we really do live, only nobody can see us unless we want them to, and that we never do, but to-day, for the first time, I let myself be seen."

Corny felt very much honored by this.

"Oh, I would like to see your home, for I never saw the bottom of the sea. I often wondered how it looks down there. You are an awfully good Mirda. How do you say it? Was that right?"

"Mermaid," she answered.

The mermaid then took Corny's hand and led her down to the bottom of the sea. On her way Corny saw many strange sights. The fish all looked very much surprised at seeing their friend, the mermaid, coming with one of those human beings who caught and ate so many fish every day. But they soon got acquainted with her and told her how nicely they lived. But there was one thing that bothered them and that was the people who always came and caught so many of their brothers and sisters. Corny felt very sorry for them and she promised she would never go fishing again and would prevent everybody that she could from fish!

When they reached the bottom of the sea Corny saw many mermaids, some lying down and others swimming. They were all very glad to see her and began showing her many things.

"Now, I will take you to supper, for I suppose you are quite hungry," said her pilot, and indeed she was. Many of the mermaids were already eating their supper, but the things they ate were very queer and did not look very appetizing to Corny, for they consisted of stones, shells and other things that are in the sea. The mermaid then told her to sit down while she went to get her something to eat. She soon came back with a handful of stones, shells, seaweed and water lilies and gave them to Corny. She hesitated about eating them, but soon began to pretend to eat, for she saw the mermaids all looking at her very much surprised, and she thought she might offend them if she refused to eat.

She took a petal of a lily in her mouth and to her great surprise it melted in her mouth like ice cream and it tasted better. She began to eat more and everything tasted better than anything she had ever tasted before. Corny asked the mermaids how they made these things taste so good and they told her it was in their power to do so. When she finished she told them it was the best supper she had ever eaten.

Just then Corny heard her name called and she soon saw that she was lying cozily in her little bed.

"Happy birthday, Corny!" came from all sides, and she soon remembered that it was her birthday, but it took her some time to realize that it was all a dream about the mermaids. There in front of her stood her mother, father, brothers and sisters with many beautiful presents for her and she quickly jumped out of bed. She was no more a sad little girl but a very happy one. She kept herself busy all morning with her presents and in the afternoon she had a party consisting of six of her best friends. When she went to bed that night her mother told her how they had found her sleeping on the sand and brought her home and put her to bed without her waking.

A Eighth Grade,  
Grant School.

—Isabel Waper,  
1321 Irving Avenue N.

### SOME ENGLISH EQUIVALENTS.

The French cannot "kick" a man. The best they can do is to give him "a hit with the foot." A Portuguese cannot "wink" at a girl. He must lengthen it into "closing and opening of the eyes." Most of the Indian languages are stated to have no word to express the idea of "stealing," and one of the early missionaries who translated the Bible into the Algonquin speech, finding they had no word to express "love," was forced to invent one.

### A TREE IS PLANTED.

At the birth of a Japanese baby a tree is planted that must remain untouched until the marriage of the child. When the nuptial hour arrives the tree is cut down and the wood is transformed into furniture.

### GLACIERS DECREASING.

Of fifty-six glaciers observed in 1897, thirty-nine were found to be decreasing, while five were stationary and twelve were increasing.