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 Journal Junior.

What Counts.

DEAF and blind, but in spite of it an expert binder and able to earn her own living, is what an Iowa girl has done with the assistance of the state.

To many, who are blessed with all their faculties and possessed of all the members of their body, it seems as if anything affecting any one of them would be simply unbearable; as if all the pleasure of life would be gone.

That depends entirely upon the will.

No matter what affliction comes, short of anything which clouds the brain or paralyzes all motion, it is still only the victim's mental and moral cowardice which can make that life a failure. Will is unconquerable and can triumph over any bodily affliction if properly applied.

Sincerity, sympathy, and a brave, trusting heart are easy steps to a little niche in the world, and many a one in the hurrying throng of life will be glad to come again and again into such an atmosphere.

Edison, Boy Editor.

THOMAS EDISON, the "wizard," has been so long associated with his wonderful inventions in electricity that a good many forget that he was ever a telegraph operator for a living, and still fewer know that he ever was an editor. Edison was a boy who used his eyes to good advantage. When he was forced out into the world at the early age of twelve, he went as train boy on the Grand Trunk railroad in Michigan. Even then he was dabbling in chemistry in a laboratory fitted up in one end of the baggage car, but as a seller of papers he kept his eyes open and finally decided to edit and print a paper of his own. He bought some old type, managed somehow to get an old printing press and there in the same baggage car which held his little laboratory he printed his Grand Trunk Herald. He had no assistants but the baggagemen and brakemen, and his news was naturally only railway gossip, but nevertheless his little 3-cent publication became very popular and was noticed by the London Times.

Edison by this time had three boys working for him as assistants and many a boy would have been satisfied with this. Not so Edison. He left it all and started out on the career which has made him the master inventor of the nineteenth century.

This same career represents years of poverty, difficulties, ridicule, hard luck all the way around and innumerable trials and obstacles, and it is an unusual character as well as a man of unusual ability who could have kept to the track he believed he should travel, as Edison succeeded in doing. All the ability in the world will not take a man to the highest round of the ladder unless he also develops stability of character and tenacity of purpose.

As an offset to the stories of American presidents who had such hard times to gain an education is the story of President Loubet of France. He is the son of peasants and thought there was no need of his going to school. When his father decided that he must go, little Emile ran away and hid in the woods. It was long before he was found, and then they had to tie him hand and foot and deliver him to the schoolmaster that way. However, once at school, Emile proved a model scholar and became very popular with his mates.

Loyal Chinese courtiers have covered up the scars on the walls of Peking with painted canvas, so that the feelings of the court should not be hurt upon their return. This is the same old Chinese policy of covering up the very things which, for their own good, should be known. It is for the good of the emperor and above all else of that awful empress dowager that the full damage to the city should be shown. Otherwise half the good effect of the work of the army of the allies will be undone.

America plays such a big part on the maps of the world, and so much greater part in the affairs of the world that it seems odd indeed to hear of a map having been found which mentions America for the first time. It is known as the Waldseemuller map of the world of 1507, and to Waldseemuller is attributed the naming of the new continent after Americus Vespucius, rather than for Columbus.

Popcorn and apples are going to be great luxuries this winter, along with potatoes and some other common things. The same amount of money that you spent for them last year will bring about two-thirds as much this winter. If things keep on at this rate, it may come to a point where we have to pay for the privilege of breathing.

CURIOUS SOURCE OF WEALTH.

The French consul at Mengtze, in upper Hongkong, reports a curious source of wealth. It lies in the wood mines, the wood being what is left of what was originally a pine forest, which the earth has swallowed in some cataclysm. Some of the trees, he says, are a yard in diameter, and lie in a slanting direction in the sandy soil which covers them to a depth of about eight yards. The wood from these timber mines being thought to be imperishable by the Chinese, is gladly bought by them for coffins.

OUTPUT OF MATCHES.

At the present time Europe probably turns out about 500,000,000 matches a day and the United States twice that quantity. Fifty million feet of lumber are consumed annually in this country alone by the matchmakers, and yet not over 15,000 people are employed in the industry.

Lights and Shadows in the World of Animals, Insects and Feathered Things.

By James Speed.

Copyright, 1901, by Hughes & Ousley, Louisville.

The Hairy Woodpecker.

SUMMER lingers with us and seems loath to leave and as rough, jolly autumn with her boisterous winds pushes her southward she blushes in tender sunsets. When summer goes she takes in her train numbers of our birds to cheer her in her absence.

Autumn, hale and hearty, paints the woods in heavy pigments; no dainty, subtle shading of greens upon her palette, nothing but sharp, bold contrasts as she and her companion, Jack Frost, lay on the color with lavish hand.

Winter blows a blast, the gaily painted leaves shiver on their slender stems, then fall and dance in swirling eddies" through the forest aisles." Only a few of the oaks and beeches retain their leaves and they seem to feel the loss of their gaily dressed comrades, for all winter long they make a low, moaning noise as the wind hurries through the forest.

When winter reigns supreme in the wild life in wood and field, there comes a strange hush over all the earth. No murmur of glad, soft leaves, no gentle, happy splash of water as it falls, no bright bird music, no shrill insect fiddling in the palpitating heat. The wind has a torn, harsh sound as it tosses the grinding branches and often whistles in its haste. The water has a cold, shivering sound as it drops from ledge to ledge of icy rock. The occasional tapping of a woodpecker of the querulous lisping of some sparrow are the only bird sounds and the insect voices are waiting for the return of spring.

The Cheery Little Carpenter.

The little hairy woodpecker is with us all the year, but in summer, with its grand chorus of bird voices, we are apt to overlook him. When fall and winter have got a firm hold upon the world of nature, this cheery little carpenter can be seen and heard constantly. No weather seems to bother him or dampen his ever buoyant spirits. No matter how much snow covers the food of other birds, his larder—snug in dead and dying timber—is always ready for his sharp bill. At this season he is constantly seen about houses in the country, especially if there are red cedars in the yard. I have often seen these busy birds eating the beautiful dark berries and hopping about on the ground for the fallen ones. Now they will allow a person to approach quite close, simply keeping on the opposite side of the tree trunk, peeping around to see that he means no mischief.

If you have never watched a woodpecker when he is busy running over a dead tree searching for insects, it will repay you to do so at your first opportunity. He climbs up and around, tapping gently here and there. After he taps once or twice, he turns his head to one side and places it close to the wood to listen for any insects which the noise has frightened. If he detects no sound, he moves and taps again. When finally he hears an insect in the wood he braces himself with his stiff little tail and chips away the shield which covers his dinner.

Nature's Physicians.

During the summer months these birds do a tremendous amount of good, but during the winter their benefit to timber is beyond calculation. Every insect destroyed during the winter months means that many less broods for other birds to destroy during the coming summer.

How wonderfully nature has balanced and planned all life, animal and vegetable. The woodpeckers, with heavy bills and equally heavy heads, cut into dead and dying timber and hold the borers and other enemies of forest trees in check. The nuthatchers and creepers, with long, slender, probe-like bills, ferret out all insects, their larvae and eggs, which lurk in the crevices of the bark. The warblers and vireos return from the south as soon as the buds begin to swell and carefully rid them of hidden enemies. Thus we see how the whole tree is tended by nature's physicians. The small warblers and vireos might be called the tree's nurses; and when heroic measures are necessary, the surgeons, the woodpeckers, come in.

The Mystery of His Home Building.

Like all the rest of the woodpecker family, this small bird chisels himself a nest in a dead piece of timber in which to rear his family. The nest is invariably so placed that the driving rains of early spring will not inundate it. I have never been able to understand how a woodpecker can chisel out the nest as he does. The hole is perfectly round and just large enough for the bird to enter. As soon as the opening has been got well into the wood, it is turned downward at a sharp angle. After being carried down for some distance, it is enlarged so that the female bird may be able to sit on her eggs and also to turn around. How the woodpecker can, in the narrow passage, give sufficient stroke to cut away the hard wood has always been a mystery to me. Of course it is easy enough to watch a woodpecker when he has just started cutting on the outside of a limb, but his operations become puzzling when he gets out of sight, seemingly standing on his head and still busily chiseling away. He not only chisels out the nest, but working in such close quarters, is able to make the surface quite smooth and at the same time keep the diameter of the hole nearly the same throughout.

The plumage of the hairy woodpecker is well adapted to his hole-breeding habits. If his feathers were firm and round-ended, such as we see in common fowls, they would be constantly worn and frayed from passing in and out of the small opening of the nest. Nature has given him a coat perfectly suited to his habits. They are very loose, hairy-looking feathers; indeed, they so much resemble hair at the first glance that they have given the bird his name—hairy woodpecker. This same peculiarity of loose, hairy feathering is seen in the titmice, the chickadees and other birds which breed in holes in trees.

The voice of the hairy woodpecker is a typical woodpecker voice. It is harsh and unmusical but it is one of the pleasant, cheery sounds which break the chilly silence of the long winter sleep of nature. In size the bird is next the smallest woodpecker we have. His colors are plain black and white, having a slightly checkered look upon the wings. The back has two black stripes divided by a decided white line. There is a white line above and below the eye. The whole under surface is white and the male bird has a small red mark on the base of the head.

JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME.

PROBABLY there are many among you Juniors who wish that you could have a little different surname, one that is not so common or else one that is prettier when spoken, or perhaps which looks especially well when written. I know exactly what you feel and think, but I do hope that none of you will ever go to law and try to mend matters that way; that is, unless you have such names as the Russian language turns out, or the Polish, which are all consonants and splutters.

All of this grumble is because of what Ernest Seton-Thompson has just done. He always spelled his name with a hyphen, you know, and if you said Seton-Thompson, every one who knew anything at all about the books of the past five years knew exactly who was meant. But it seems that Mr. Seton-Thompson has found that Tompson is a very common name in the United States, so he has applied to the court for legal right to change it about and make it read Ernest Thompson Seton (without the hyphen). So long as one remembers the name Seton, perhaps it will not make much difference which side of it the Thompson is put, but to those of us who wish to be proper and call things by their names, and who at the same time have memories only half an inch long, it comes especially hard to have such a mix-up in the name of a man who has to be referred to so frequently as the author of "Wild Animals I Have Known."

Mr. Thompson Seton makes out quite a good case, however. The family name was really Seton, and 'way back in those stirring times when Bonnie Prince Charlie was proving a thorne in the flesh of the law-abiding majority who had banished the Stuarts from the English throne, the several times great-grandfather of the author unwisely took Prince Charlie's part, and when the cause of the Stuarts was lost he either had to lose his identity or his head—so he took the name of Thompson.

More than one family in the United States could tell some similar tale of its ancestor of colonial times. In fact, if all of the family names so assumed were changed back again, many of us would not know our old friends.

Julia Johnsen, Agnes Hixon, Fanny Wolfenson and Sarah Ginsberg are responsible for the quotations about flowers which appear among the Minneapolis Junior papers to-day. I am always extremely grateful for any such help, for all these little touches aid in making the Junior attractive. People frequently say that the Junior seems to grow better every week, and I want to acknowledge right here that it is you Juniors who help to make each advance. It seems as if every one of you who has ever had a paper printed develops a feeling of part ownership in the Junior and tries to do everything to push it along. Many willing hands make light work, as some one has already said, and I find it especially true of my association with loyal Juniors in this work.

Do read the "new story" of Lincoln printed elsewhere in today's paper. I can't tell where it is, for it will have to be tucked in wherever it will fit. However, I should like very much to have you read it, and if possible remember it, so that the next time you feel it necessary to tell an anecdote showing his humanity, you will have something to tell beside the story of the pig.

The Juniors who send in questions to the Junior will find them answered in turn in the Saturday Journal Senior. The Junior has no such department now.

St. Nicholas has something to say about books that all of the bookish Juniors ought to read. This quotation from Carlyle is used as the text: "All that mankind has done, thought, gained, or been is lying as in magic preservation in the pages of books." Then the writer continues: "We know all this, but we do not always remember that books contain almost the only wealth that men can hand on from age to age. Everything else passes away, but books renew themselves like living things. Each race of books gives birth to another. What else is there that man makes of which this can be said?"

This seems to cover the subject so well that I do not seem to have anything to add to it, except that I understand better why a little girl said that she did not like to put any books on the back row in a bookcase except school books, because she thought it hurt their feelings and made them sorry they were not nicer.

Lafayette was really such a great and good man that it seems a very serious matter to criticize his personal appearance in any way. Those of you who see the Century magazine will find a peculiar picture of him in "Colonies and Nation." Is it possible, do you suppose, that Lafayette's brains were stowed away behind that very retreating forehead? Or is that angle the result of the painter's desire to make him according to the fashion in foreheads? I hope it is the latter, for really, it is hard to associate Lafayette with this picture.

The famous artists in days gone by were guilty more than once of painting their subjects on lines of beauty that happened to be the fad of the hour. If a long neck was the desire of the fashionable woman, a long neck she had in her portrait; if it was sloping shoulders that would not hold anything upon them, then every beauty had sloping shoulders given her for posterity. In the same way, all of them had beautiful hands, even the great burly men having fingers that were daintily tapered. You remember, do you not, that Cromwell thundered at the artist who dared to leave out the wart on his nose? That was the protest of an honest man against a misleading and insincere custom, and this in many cases is the one hope we have that many of our oldtime heroes really did not look as artists have sent them down to us.

THE EDITOR.

ELEPHANTS GROWING SCARCE.

The scarcity of elephants in India may be inferred from the fact that in 1835 an elephant could be bought there for $225, now the price has advanced to $4,000.