

## The JOURNAL JUNIOR.

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Editor

The Journal 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.

### Abram S. Hewitt, Grand Old Man

**A**BRAM STEVENS HEWITT, the grand old man of New York, is critically ill, and owing to his advanced age—eighty-one—his recovery seems doubtful. In his long life, Mr. Hewitt has played a most important part in the history of New York, city and state, as well as in the development of the country in his ten years of service in the house of representatives.

Any measure, any scheme, which counted Abram S. Hewitt at its head was generally accepted as "square." Abram S. Hewitt has always been that kind of a man.

The great subway, which is now building in New York, practically follows suggestions made by Mr. Hewitt fourteen years ago. As a trained engineer he showed where it should go and how, and quite as important he was able as a shrewd business man to suggest a practical plan for financing the undertaking. His recommendations led to no practical results at the time, but the subway is now being constructed almost wholly according to his plans. It would take too much space to attempt to tell all the things he has done for his city and state. Two years ago the New York Chamber of Commerce gave him a commemorative gold medal in recognition of his great services to New York, and not a person exists to-day who says the honor was too great or not merited. He is loved by the great public at large, and they delight to honor him whenever he appears at any public gathering.

Abram S. Hewitt is of English parentage, but he possesses the other qualifications that historians delight to lay to the credit of the true, self-made American. He was born in a log house, his early years were full of privation, he was self-educated and self-made in the true American sense. A recent writer thus tersely sums up the grand old man to-day:

"His eye is not dimmed, his step is still quick and firm; his mind is as keen as a knife, and his tongue can be equally incisive. He has decided opinions and a forcible way of expressing them. 'I believe,' he said not long ago, 'that every day, the world, instead of going down, is going forward,' and he has done more than his share to move it in that direction."

### Our Funny Words.

**I**T IS a stock joke for the funny men when everything else fails them, to make some game of the peculiarities of the English language where simple little words frequently have half a dozen very different meanings. Take the little word "fix," for instance. If a man has a comfortable income he is "fixed," but another man killed by a blow on the head is also "fixed"; the porter on a sleeping car smiles as he receives his tip and assures the giver that he will "fix" him all right. That means something good. But if an enemy says he will "fix" him, that means something bad. In certain parts of the country "fixings," generally pronounced without the "g," means furniture, or the trimmings of the house architecturally speaking, or fancy articles of food. Again, a man who is "in a fix" is one who has plenty of trouble upon his hands with little apparent ability to get rid of it.

Then, there is the word "box." A traveler making his first trip to this country might run across this combination of three letters in several different ways on the steamer carrying him to the great land of freedom. The man at the wheel must know how to "box" the compass; this same man has been seen to "box" the ears of the cabin boy; the carpenter he heard told to "box" some merchandise; the ship was stopped in midocean because the shaft of the propeller had a hot "box"; when he went through the custom house his case of mathematical instruments was called a "box," and the casing enclosing the wheel on the ferryboat was a "box," while the cabby he engaged to take him to the hotel mounted his seat, which he called the "box." It seems as if he could not get away from the word wherever he went. At dinner he found a "box" stew on the menu; a friend who had asked him to the theater tells him he has a "box," and then passing a hall he sees flaming advertisements of "boxing."

Certainly English is a brain-racking language to those who are not born into it.

It is an amusing story—to us—that of the traveler in Venezuela, who went into the country easily enough, and then spent eighteen months trying to get out. The natives were evidently determined to stop something, even if they could not stop the revolution, and every time he started out on a boat, it was halted and sent back. Finally he bought a mule and started overland for Caracas. Forty days it took him to make the hard, rough journey, and then the very day he entered the Venezuelan capital, the enemy declared that port to be in a state of blockade. However, diplomatic friends finally succeeded in getting him out of the country which was so much like a spider's web.

One of the many good things which Dr. Lorenz left in his train is the inspiration to build a three-million dollar hospital. Mr. J. Ogden Armour is so grateful at having his little daughter given the power to walk that he is going to build a hospital as a thank offering where children of the

poor, afflicted as his little girl was, may have treatment free of charge. Three million dollars is a very large sum of money, but it is nothing compared with the happiness which its investment in this way will bring.

### JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME

**O**WING to a slip somewhere, too late now to place exactly the story on the making of sugar, printed January 3, contained two misstatements. One was that in the process of carbonation there was in one corner of the room "eight tanks, holding 1,800 gallons of carbon dioxide." It should have been merely a statement that the tanks were capable of holding 1,800 gallons of juice. Carbon dioxide is used in the process of refining sugar, but in small quantities compared with this wholesale statement. The other misprint was the statement that the centrifugals whirled at the rate of 12,000 revolutions a minute. It is merely 1,200 revolutions a minute,—and that is plenty fast enough for anybody. These stories will be most carefully read after being set up so that no more mistakes of this nature should appear. It is especially unfortunate that these two were allowed to slip by, as the story was read by the "sugar man" before it was printed, and was pronounced correct in every detail.

In a recent magazine, the suggestion was made that owners of books add the portrait of the author, clipped from some of the illustrated magazines or the better class of illustrated papers. Also that anything of importance bearing upon the author's life or the subject matter contained in the book, be pasted in the book. I have frequently seen similar suggestions, but have never realized just what they might mean until I ran across an old book in the public library. It was a history of one of the campaigns of the civil war, written by an Englishman for use in the military schools of Great Britain. There were a dozen clippings of all sorts bearing upon the author's peculiar fitness for the work, his success in treating the subject or some criticism concerning the very campaigns and the generals conducting them which he had taken up in his book. Each clipping was pasted close to the matter upon which it bore, so that there were all sorts of valuable sidelights. This kind of work is especially valuable in histories, biographies, historical novels, books of travel, etc. For instance, those of you who possess "The Crisis" should gather all that you can bearing upon civil war conditions in St. Louis and the section covered by the action of the novel during the time in which its scenes are laid. Then, too, every story of the real people who live in its pages, either under their own names, like General Fremont, or under fictitious names, like Stephen Brice, Captain Lige Brent or the wicked, ungrateful Eliphalet Hopper.

Anything of this nature gives an added interest to a book, and if the pasting is done carefully the scraps need not be untidy in appearance. Anyway, books in one's library belong wholly to the owner, and so long as they are not mistreated, the owner ought to feel at liberty to do whatever he likes in the line suggested above, no matter what other people may think. Books are borrowed, of course, but borrowers, like beggars, should not be critical as to the personal touches in the things they receive.

You are very well aware that I frequently complain a little because you are careless in reading the topics or in fulfilling directions to fit a special contest or adapted to certain circumstances. I never try to set traps to see how many careless people there are. I always weigh every word in every statement I make, in fact, I nearly always do a little Sherlock Holmes work, trying to see if there is a trap, and even then when I do send an announcement of something new broadcast into Juniorland, I never fail to find some who makes a trap out of my supposedly trapless statements. Sometimes it is founded on a slip that no one would think of except those who "don't think," and sometimes it is made out of whole cloth. Just what this carelessness may do is shown in a story told of a teacher who came to the conclusion that his pupils did not listen as accurately as they ought. One day, he asked them new versions of two very old stories to see what the replies would be.

"Whose hatchet never told a lie?" was the first query. "George Washington's!" the class cried, not a single voice being missing.

"Whom did the negro slaves of this country free?" "Abraham Lincoln!"

You see, they had always had certain ideas associated with these stories, and because they had always been questioned as to them in certain grammatical forms, they had always given certain answers without having to think. When, however, the stories were suggested, but twisted from the usual manner of expression, they took it for granted that the same old answer would fit, and did not wait to hear the end before replying in the stereotyped words. Never try to answer questions until you have heard them to the end. Never try to do a new piece of work without reading—and digesting—all instructions. Carelessness in these things always means trouble. Moreover, this kind of inaccuracy makes one unreliable in the eyes of his associates.

THE EDITOR.

### THE TALE OF A CURL.

An elephant large met a pug dog small,  
While both were out walking one day,  
And the former began criticizing the pug  
In this really discourteous way:  
"My dear little friend, the whole world knows that curls  
Have been long out of style; but I see  
That you cling to them still, for the curl in your tail  
Is as tight as can possibly be!"  
"Well, what if it is?" and the pug dog's wrath  
Could be seen in his very toes;  
"Full many a beast has a curl in its tail,  
But you have a curl in your nose!"  
Then the elephant trumpeted loud with rage,  
While the pug, in a fright, ran away,  
And the elephant's hated the sight of a dog  
Ever since that unfortunate day.

—Florence A. Evans.

### Knowledge Applied.

Teacher—Willie, you may spell "felt."  
Willie—F-e-l-t.  
Teacher—That's right. Now, Johnny, what is felt?  
Johnny—Mama's slipper.

### Ancient Velocipedes.

Bicycles are generally considered very modern inventions, but some of the Egyptian obelisks bear figures mounted on two wheel vehicles resembling the old velocipedes.

### The Time to Cut Flowers.

A flower cut in the morning will last twice as long as a flower cut later in the day, when the sun has been upon it.



## For Junior Artists and Designers

### Suggestions for Designers.

The designs may contain drawings, photographs, poems, anything, in fact, that will attract attention to the firm that is advertising.

There is no expense attached to the work.

The designs should be at least six inches and a quarter wide.

All drawings must be in black and white only. India ink should be used. Avoid all colored inks, even blue black or greenish black ink.

Do not make the designs too crowded.

White spaces show off advertising matter.

Name, address, grade and school should be written on the back of the design itself, and not on a separate piece of paper.

One dollar each is offered for the best advertisements for H. E. HUSKINS.

The designs must contain the name, "H. E. Huskins," and the address, "34 6th St. S."

This is a firm that has carried a large line of men's and boy's hats, shoes and overcoats. After February 1 they will add a complete line of men's suits and furnishings, so that it will become a complete outfitting establishment for men and boys. These points must be made very strong. This addition to the stock means a great change, a great addition to the business and it is most important to Mr. Huskins that this point be made clear in the advertisements. Try to get something new, something different, something snappy in your wording. The old line of phrases should not be used. These designs must be in the hands of the editor of The Journal Junior

Not Later Than Monday Evening, January 26,

at five o'clock. They must be strictly original, and each must be signed with the grade, school, name and address of the designer. The designs should not be rolled.

One dollar each is offered for the best advertisements for the GINTER GROCERY CO.

Each advertisement must contain the name "Ginter Grocery Co.," the address, "23 6th St. S.," and some phrase making the point that Ginter sells groceries at wholesale prices. The designs must also contain one or both of the following phrases, "Ginter can save you money," "Ginter's groceries are the best."

These designs must be in the hands of the editor of The Journal Junior

Not Later Than Monday Evening, January 19,

at five o'clock. They must be strictly original, and each must be signed with the grade, school, name and address of the designers. The designs must not be rolled.

### TERRIBLE TOWERING TWISTERS.

Whirling Land Tornadoes Are Nearly Related to the Whirling Water Spouts at Sea.

These local whirlwinds, of great energy, are usually formed within thunder storms. The funnel-shaped cloud passes along at the rate of from twenty to forty miles an hour, with deafening roaring noise.

This gigantic upward whirlwind takes up trees by their roots, tears houses to pieces, and scatters the fragments for miles. Children, and even grown up folk, are taken up into the air and carried long distances, falling at last so violently as to cause instant death or at least very serious injuries.

In such land tornadoes the destruction is so terrible that it makes what is known as a "path" of devastation. People within this path can, of course, know but little of the appearance of the cloud overhead or of the appearance between the cloud and earth, but there are many descriptive accounts from people who have been at a safe distance. Such observers tell of the funnel-shaped cloud and the whirling, twisting, whirling spout of the "funnel," that reaches down to the ground, sweeping or taking up nearly everything, forming the path as it passes along. A tornado at sea is called a waterspout, and then it indeed is a funnel, for it is one tubular column of water and vapor, that is drawn in from the surrounding atmosphere or from the sea. It is generally admitted that in at least the outer part of the spout the water and vapor are going upward in violent whirling motion. One observation has led scientists to think that there is in the center of water and vapor the spout moving downward. There are also differences of opinion as to whether the water on the outside is wholly fresh from the falling rain and surrounding vapor or at least partly salt from the water of the sea.

### THE CALIFORNIA OF EUROPE.

Portugal, a Land of Fruit and Flowers, Resembles Our Golden State in Several Particulars.

Portugal reminded me in many ways of California. It occupies the same relation to the map of Europe that California does to that of the United States.

It is long and comparatively narrow, and stretches down the eastern Atlantic seaboard as our own golden state stretches along the eastern Pacific.

Portugal, moreover, like California is a land of fruit and flowers, flowers all the year around, fruit from January to December. Here flourish the orange and lemon, the olive and the loquat, the almond and the walnut, while all deciduous fruits, peaches, apricots, prunes and cherries, reach their highest perfection.

Roses climb over every humble door as in California, and geraniums, heliotrope, and callas are considered almost as weeds to be exterminated.

Perhaps there is something in the climate and the flowers and fruits that affects the hearts of the people on both coasts, for I imagine that it was the same exuberant welcome that I received in Lisbon that I have so often met in California.

As I left the train in Lisbon a cheer broke out from fifty people gathered in the station, in true California style. I could not believe it was for me in this strange, until, to my still greater surprise, fifty voices began to sing an American tune to some Portuguese words, and the air of

"Tramp, tramp, tramp,

The boys are marching,"

resounded through the echoing station.—The Christian Endeavor World.