

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.

Mr. Microbe's Busy Time.

It may be for the good of the race to know all about microbes and bacteria and the million and one things that prey upon humans thru the food they eat, the air they breathe and the water they drink, but how very uncomfortable to have to remember every time one opens his mouth, that unless he shuts it quickly, and keeps it empty, he is likely to swallow an army of infinitesimal foes. All this has been taken more or less seriously by senioriordom. Juniordom has gone merrily on its way, content to eat, drink and be merry with the microbes, so long as hunger was appeased and the sun shone.

But microbists are getting close to Juniordom now, and there are mutterings loud and deep. Fido and Tabby have come under the ban now and wise and well meaning grown-ups have issued orders that not only stray cats and dogs should be let alone, because they are strange and their tempers are an unknown quantity, but that all cats and dogs are likely to bristle with disease germs which they have caught in sick rooms or other gathering places of the infinitesimal terrorists.

But there are more concerned in this matter than even Juniors. Fido and Tabby would not think life worth living if they did not receive their accustomed petting. Just let Fido and Tabby learn what is in the air, and pouf! where would Mr. Microbe be? Right in the midst of the biggest fight of his life.

The Scholarship Prize,

THE second scholarship prize for the best work in the advertising contests has been awarded to Ray Buffington, B Tenth Grade, North Side High School. The advertising contests have been closed for the summer and there will be no further announcements of work in that department until later in the year.

The Vacation Prizes.

BEGINNING June 20, the prizes given for the best work on Journal Junior topics will be personal prizes, three each being awarded each week to Minneapolis and Northwestern Juniors.

The list of prizes is printed in to-night's paper, and it need hardly be said that they are of the same excellence as the prizes offered in past vacations. The books are among the best of the books of the year, and there are, also, one or two old favorites. In case another book by an author on this list is preferred to the one announced, the Junior will be given the preferred book, provided the cost of the volume is no more than the one announced.

What is the matter with Dame Nature? She seems to have a "rod in pickle" for the sons of men. Last year she tore things to bits down in the Caribbean sea, and wherever else there was a likely volcano for a vent. This year she has turned her attention to the United States and seems to be trying to see if she can do as much damage with water as she did last year with ashes and fire and flood. The damage done by floods in the middle west already show an appalling loss of life with more to be heard from when communication is opened with interior districts, while the property loss mounts into the tens of millions, with promise of worse to come.

When sparrows are dignified by active warfare against them by one of the largest railroad corporations of the north-west, they must indeed be a recognized institution,—the "nuisance" would probably fit the case much better. A circular letter has been sent to all agents of the system directing them to drive away the little pests, destroy their nests and keep all rubbish that would attract them away from the depot platforms. What a stir there must be in Sparrowville! Mass meetings and indignation meetings and shocks and thrills are all there for the little fellows.

"All things are fair in love and war," is an old and well known saying, but the methods threatened by the Macedonians are certainly anything but honorable even as honor goes in war. They claim to have come into possession of a large quantity of the bacilli of the dread bubonic plague and they threaten to turn these loose upon the cities of Constantinople and Salonica, and even Berlin. It is a funny way,—and a horrible one,—to make war, and even tho in the cause of freedom is hardly one of the things to add to the merit of the cause.

One of the Junior lovers of things as they were in the "good old days" announced very squarely last week that he would like to have water drawn with an old well sweep, rather than by turning a faucet. It certainly would be more picturesque, but would this special boy like to be the water drawer on an early winter morning with the thermometer playing with the fifteen degrees-below-zero mark?

A Seagull Passenger.

An entertaining incident occurred on the roof of a London coach one morning recently. As the vehicle was proceeding over Blackfriars bridge a seagull took his stand on the roof, and took little or no notice of his fellow passengers. He rode several blocks and a young working girl opened a parcel containing her day's food and gave the gull some bread, which it ate with avidity.

JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME

HERE is a garden belonging to a friend of mine that I fairly covet. To be sure, it would not fit in a tiny flat with not an inch of ground where to plant one's own vine and fig tree, but nevertheless, I want a garden just like it. Many and many a time in the early spring did the owner come down with a deep pink flush all over her face, the result of King Sol's approval of her work in the garden. I don't care for pink flushes on my face, but if I could have such a garden and get the enjoyment out of it that she does, I should be willing almost to have the pink flush degenerate into a red nose.

It is a garden, tho, that is within the reach of any one having the use of an ordinary city lot. Provided, of course, that the house is not large enough to cover nearly the whole space. There is no barn on this lot, but there used to be, and there has always been a garden, so that even a barn should not discourage a garden-wanter even tho the space seems too limited.

You probably have all heard of wild flower gardens, but unless you have seen one, especially one right in the heart of the residence district as this is, you cannot imagine how delicious it can be. Why, in a little corner were meadow flower, jack-in-the-pulpit,—think of shy jack-in-the-pulpit growing contentedly year after year in the city,—hepatica, meadow rue, columbine, snakeroot, a great bunch of ferns, several kinds of violet, and one specimen of which the gardener has never been able to learn the name.

But all this is only a small part of the garden. There are beds of peonies, and poppies, and gladiolas, and lilies of the valley, and a bed that she speaks proudly of as "my bed of bulbs," and still others. All of these do not take up all the space of this city lot back yard. Screened off from the street by trellises that later on will be abloom with sweet peas, is a very orderly kitchen garden. This gardener friend of mine not only has her own lettuce, onions and radishes,—anybody could have those,—but she has peas and beans and corn, and has just started an asparagus bed. She has constructed her own little hotbeds, so that her vegetables are started long before they could be set out in the unprotected garden. All this sounds big, I know, quite as if there must be two lots, at least, if not an acre, but it really was all contained in the backyard of one lot, and, moreover, nothing seemed crowded at that.

Mention of the violets, in the last paragraph, reminds me of something in the June St. Nicholas about the dog-tooth violet. When one sees the long, pointed yellow leaves of this flower, the natural question is "Why is it called dog-tooth?" The "why" is not revealed either in the leaf of the flower or the plant, but when the seed pod ripens it will, if slightly opened, look exactly like a dog's mouth, the seeds being placed like the teeth. The picture of the pod thus treated is very realistic and as the writer says, once seen, the appropriateness of the name will never be questioned. The other name, "adder's tongue," is explained by the sharp purplish point which it sends up first thru the ground in the spring. After a trip out to the woods early in the spring with the Botanist, who knew all of the plants in their first dress, I am perfectly willing to agree with this nature writer in St. Nicholas that "few recognize their plant friends at all seasons of the year."

There is a delightful little story, too, in this same number of St. Nicholas about "The Schoolroom Dog." It must have been a very unusual schoolroom to have such a thing as a dog at all, and a very fortunate one to have had a dog like Murphy, when they did have one. Entirely aside from the story itself, the point that made the greatest impression upon me was that the universal interest in Murphy made each pupil in that room more kind to other animals,—cats, dogs, horses and all the rest. I know children who have pets, and who love these particular animals, who yet are unkind to the stray cats and dogs that fall into their hands from the street. The next time any of you are tempted to play even a rather harmless joke upon a stray cat or dog just stop and think how you would feel if somebody else should treat your cherished pet in that way. There is nothing like "putting yourself in his place" to make people see things in their true light.

The beginning of the woody season is also the heyday of poison ivy. Many people do not know poison ivy from woodbine because the leaves are so much alike. A recent writer has given the best distinction yet. The poison ivy has but three leaves, and he likens it to the gesture of the hand that means "Go!"—the index finger pointing and the second, third and fourth closed. On the other hand, woodbine with its five leaves suggests the open hand, extended in welcome. If you remember this "go" and "stay" description, you should have no fear of poison ivy, providing, of course, that you go into the woods prepared to keep your eyes open to your surroundings.

There are two ways of knowing,—one, knowing that you know, the other knowing where to go to find out. Doubtless, the angleworm and the cement walks is an old question to you now, but I have just had my last question answered and so long as the subject has been taken up from time to time here, it is well to settle the question effectually. A letter from a Junior in Prairie du Chien says that the reason that angleworms are found in so much greater numbers on cement walks is because the stone offers little foothold, so to speak, and they cannot crawl off from it easily. Board walks, on the other hand, give plenty of foothold and they "angle" off from them much more rapidly. It is a very simple solution of the question when one comes to think of it, but it might be classed under the head of those other things which are simple,—when one knows how.

Real boys, and sometimes the boys of older growth, are evidently bent upon exterminating the little striped gopher that annoys the farmers of the west so much. Several weeks ago you may remember that I spoke in the editorial column of the offer of twenty-five cents a head for gophers, made by a company which wished to take them to Australia to war against the pest of rabbits which is making life miserable there for farmers. A number of inquiries have come as to where to send the gophers or to whom to write for further particulars. My editorial on "Gopher Arithmetic" was based upon a news note sent out from Leola, S. D., the headquarters of the Rabbit Exterminating company of Australia. Here is good luck to the ambitious Juniors—and Seniors—who wish to take advantage of the offer.

This week, just as I was leaving, messages wishing me "bon voyage" came from two different schools. I thank the Juniors who so remembered me; much that I expect to see and do in Europe is to be seen and done for the benefit of Juniordom thru the Journal Junior, and it is very pleasant to go away knowing that many of you are taking such a personal interest in the trip. I can only say, with "TINY TIM"—"God bless you every one."
THE EDITOR.

THRILLING MIGRATIONS OF BIRDS.

Night Journeys Often Interrupted by Tempests Which Carry Tiny Travelers Out to Sea.

A shipwrecked man who is picked up at sea, after enduring days of privation in an open boat has generally an exciting story of adventures to relate. If birds could talk, some of those in the New York zoological park could tell of experiences which would dwarf any tale that a mariner could spin.

When the birds migrate north in spring and toward the tropics in the autumn, they sometimes pass over large bodies of water, and a favorite route is along the seacoast of the countries over which they fly. These routes are so fixed by the law of precedence that even where islands have disappeared in the process of geological changes birds will still concentrate their flocks and cross considerable bodies of water at the exact places where formerly the passage was made less difficult and the way more clearly marked by the long since submerged land. On these nocturnal journeys—for most birds fly at night, from fear of hawks—storms at times come up suddenly from the landward side and drive the birds helplessly out to sea. All they can do is to keep their balance, which the very velocity makes an easy matter, and drift along, fortunate if they can manage to avoid the black waves and the stinging spray beneath them.

A European heron recently flew on board the steamship Glencartney when the vessel was about two hundred and five miles southwest of Cape Comorin, the southern extremity of India. The bird did not appear exhausted, although it could not have rested since it left the land. There is no migration route near this place, so it must have been forced seaward while feeding or flying along the shore. The bird was caught and, after one wing was clipped, made itself perfectly at home on board ship. It fell overboard twice, but kept afloat until rescued by a boat's crew. The heron was confined for a time in the potato bin, and defended this base of supplies so vigorously that the daily ration for the crew was obtained only with difficulty. Fish scraps kept the bird in fine condition until it reached New York, and finally its home in the zoological park.

The bird which thus far holds the record for a sensational capture among the birds in the collection is a little English turtle dove, which flew exhausted on board the Hamburg-American liner Phoenixia when that ship was not less than seven hundred and fifty miles from the nearest land, the coast of Ireland. It was so fatigued and bruised by the wind and rain that it showed no fear, but allowed itself to be caught and carried to the dining-room, where it ate to its heart's content. What a terrible experience it must have passed through, heading mile after mile for midocean, powerless to turn and beat back against the irresistible force of the tempest! How it must have strained for a glimpse of some resting place, some hint of a haven, and how welcome must have been the sight of the ship, whose path it so fortunately crossed!

Hundreds of birds must perish in this way, judging from the number which occasionally find temporary resting places on the yards of ships. The storms which carry them from shore die away and leave them bewildered in a waste of waters with no food, drink or perching place within sight, and ravenous fishes waiting for the moment when at last the tired wings refuse to do their work.

Seven hundred and fifty miles with nothing but its wings to support it ought indeed to make a bird trust itself to the hands of any one, but none could be so base as to refuse such a supplicant the rest and food it craves. As we look at this dove, contentedly preening its feathers in its cage, the imagination easily pictures it, a speck amid the raging wind and waters of the mid-Atlantic.—New York Tribune.

A DAINY COURT BEAUTY.

Doll Brought from England by William Penn Is the Oldest in America.

In 1699, when William Penn sailed from England in the good ship Canterbury for his second visit to his American colony, he brought with him an English doll, of which, so far, scant notice has been taken, altho it is believed to be to-day the sole surviving representative of that voyage across the Atlantic. The doll, selected by William Penn's daughter, Letitia, was sent by her to a little Miss Rankin of Philadelphia and after 200 eventful years still retains in a marked degree much of the brightness and beauty of those early days when she was the pet of one little Quakeress or another. Her dress, not having changed with the changing fashions, is the court dress of that period, and is made of striped and delicately tinted brocade and velvet; the skirt is very full and is spread over an enormous hoop. She is twenty inches in height, and her figure is long waisted and slender, as are the pictures of court beauties in those days. The full basque, spreading out from the belt over the skirt increases the slender effect. The hair is rolled away from the face much in the fashion of to-day. She now lives in Montgomery county, Maryland, in the retirement her great age demands, only being removed from her careful wrappings when strangers, whom her quiet fame has reached, come to make close acquaintance with this, the oldest doll in America.—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Polite Thing to Do.

While a small girl was visiting at a neighbor's house the summer frocks for her two little friends came home from the dressmakers. Their mother took them out of the boxes for them to see, and then turning to Julia, she asked her how she liked them. Julia made no reply as to her opinion of them, so the lady asked her again. Still Julia kept her lips firmly pressed together and the lady said: "Why, Julia, why don't you answer me?"

"My mama says if I don't like a thing not to say so," was Julia's reply.—The Little Chronicle.

Some Strange Eskimos.

The remnant of a strange tribe of Eskimos has been discovered on Southampton island, at the north end of Hudson bay. These people had never seen a white man until recently. Their huts are built of the great jaws of whales, covered with skins.



Drawn by Mauretz Landgren, A 6th Grade, Tuttle School.