

The JOURNAL JUNIOR.

Mae Harris Anson **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.

Questions and Remarks

IF the Japanese can march all night and fight all day on a menu of rice and a few dried fish, why are they so fierce after bear meat?

If Korea is the Land of the Morning Calm when there is no war, what is she in the afternoon when there is?

If it is to be a land campaign from now on, what are the Russian and Japanese terms for kopje and veldt?

But these are beautiful days for the geography makers. They can get out a new edition every four weeks and sell it.

Some people were rather concerned at the beginning of the trouble because the Japanese have no swear words. So far, they don't seem to have found it necessary to say anything more than "That's all right."

Ten years from now the English language will not know itself. In spite of The Hague tribunal, wars keep on warring, and each one adds something to the language. Sub-zero weather froze up all the ferries in New York, and the papers announce "Brooklyn Vladivostoked." That certainly is the limit. It is like calling John "Jack-in-the-Box" for short.

Summer and Winter Stamps

THE postage stamps were curled up and broken at the edges, dry as chips and hard as boards, and ye editor had to chew on them for half an hour, more or less, before they would stick to anything.

"Oh," said the postoffice man, "by mistake a few summer postage stamps were sold and you probably got some of them."

Summer stamps and winter stamps! That seemed funny enough, but it is really so. Winter stamps are coated with a soft glue that will not harden even in zero weather, and summer stamps wear a very hard glue that withstands the softening effects of even 100 degrees in the shade, and all sorts of troubles come if summer stamps are used in winter, or winter stamps in summer.

And there are other interesting things about stamps, too. Have you ever noticed that it does not taste bad nowadays to lick a stamp? That is the wintergreen flavoring. The postoffice department really wants to keep on good terms with its public, and as the taste of glue is most dreadfully suggestive of hoofs and horns, rubber boots and gum shoes, it appointed a committee to examine into the preference of public taste, and by means best known to themselves, they learned that it was wintergreen. All things considered, there seems to be a good deal more to the make-up of stamps than is dreamed of in the letter writer's philosophy.

The czar wants the world to know Russia as she is and so has removed the ban of censorship on the news sent out to foreign papers. But the censorship of all the news printed in Russian papers is tighter than ever, so that the rank and file of the Russians know of their nation's reverses only as the news may happen to come back to them secretly from outside. It is a poor rule that will not work both ways, and the czar would probably be doing the greatest good to his people if he allowed them to know things exactly as they are, and not as the censors choose to have them appear.

Figures, those distressingly truthful things, show us to be a banana-eating nation. Nearly the entire banana crop of the West Indies and South America comes to the United States, and banana plantations are growing in size every year. This fact ought to influence the impudent little South American nations to treat us with a proper amount of respect. The banana trade is a matter of \$9,000,000 a year, and is increasing at the rate of \$2,000,000 annually—and money talks, especially in South America.

If you have a middle name, prepare to shed it. That is, if you are a boy, and hope ever to be president of the United States. Of the twenty-five presidents, seventeen have had only two names and none has had three, and since 1880 not a president has had three names. Mr. Cleveland once had a first name, but he dropped it in his early youth, and thus gained a chance at being president.

The girls of a certain New England college shocked the faculty recently by sliding down hill on dustpans. The grave and dignified professors have been wondering ever since what they ought to do about it. Any Junior boy who has enjoyed the unexcelled coasting this year would say, "Buy a few bobsleds. There's nothing like it."

The Houses of Parliament

II.—LORDS AND COMMONS.

"RETURNED to St. Stephen's." That is what they say when a man has been elected to the house of commons. Now, why? Mounting the steps down which one goes to see Westminster Hall, one enters a long corridor, marked on the ground plan of the building as St. Stephen's Hall. In the old palace of Westminster, the chapel was dedicated to St. Stephen, and within its walls the house of commons met for several centuries after leaving the Chapter House at Westminster Abbey. So the habit was formed of speaking of election to parliament as "returned to St. Stephen's." In the fire of 1834, which destroyed the old palace, with the exception of Westminster Hall, the chapel went with the rest, and was not rebuilt. However, the name "St. Stephen's" had become an Established Custom and still clings to the spot.

St. Stephen's Hall opens into a great octagonal hall, and there a visit to the houses of parliament may be said to begin.

At the capitol in Washington, every door leading to the inner and official rooms is guarded by men in civilian clothes, without a badge of any kind to distinguish them. Callers for one of the nation's law-makers will be taken into a semi-private waiting-room, and if the man he wishes to see is found, will be admitted to the reception-rooms, to await his coming.

Not so at the houses of parliament. Policemen in uniform, wearing helmets and a very dignified air, guard every approach. At the left of the octagonal hall is the corridor of the house of commons, and leading to this is a lane, marked by heavy, red velvet cords, thru which the members pass in and out, thus never being obliged to elbow their way thru any crowd that may congregate. At the ends nearest the house of commons, two policemen stand and attend to the business handled at Washington by the men in civilian clothes. They are courteous, able, helpful and very thoughtful. In fact the London policeman is a gem wherever one finds him, and that is everywhere and all the time. No matter where I went, what time of day, whether in the heart of the city or in the outskirts, I never was out of sight of at least one policeman.

Sending In a Card.

The Bobby takes the card, on which is written the name of the member desired, and in the course of time, it makes one jump to hear his name called out, very, very loud, loud enough, in fact, to reach anywhere in that great hall, sixty feet in diameter and seventy-five feet in height. It is not so bad if the member is coming, but if he is not, it is rather embarrassing to have a hundred others know it, too.

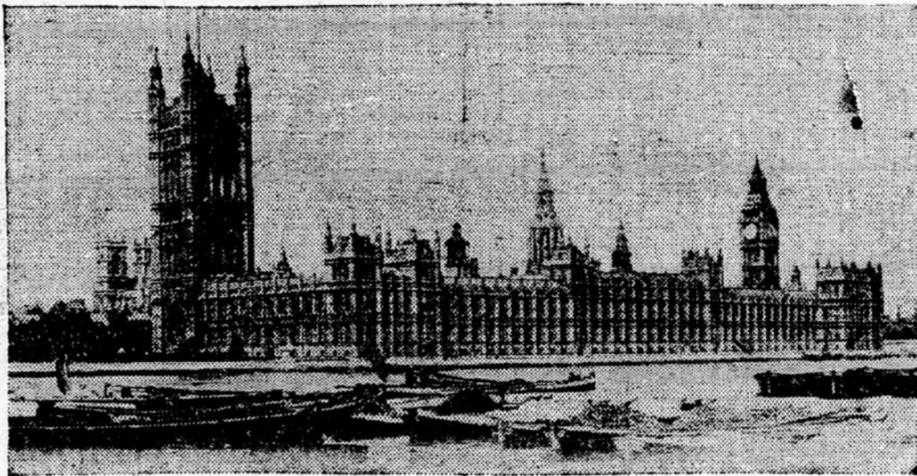
After giving my card to the Bobby, I told him I would be waiting in one of the seats scattered about the room, and would he please show the member to

throne, and one of the most vivid pictures I carried away with me was merely the one in my mind's eye, where I saw the king seated upon this purple and gilt throne, while the highest peers of the kingdom attended to his robing in the ermine-lined velvet mantle, and then ranged themselves in his train and swept slowly and in state thru the corridor leading to the house of lords.

"A sitting of the house of lords is really very interesting," said my kindly conductor. "Many of the old customs are still in existence, and if one only knows their origin some of the simplest forms mean the most. For instance, when the house is up, (ready to adjourn) the motion to adjourn is made in the words, 'Who goes home?' In ancient days the country between the old palace of Westminster and the city was infested with highwaymen, and it was the custom with the peers to leave in parties large enough for defense against their attacks. So periodically, the call went up, 'Who goes home?' and those who thought they had stayed long enough at their duties, or who had had enough of the social diversions that frequently followed a session, thereupon signified their intentions of leaving. The call has survived, altho it has lost its original significance."

When the King Breaks a Rule.

A rule is a rule in England, until the king breaks



Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey in the background at left.

it. The library of the house of lords was never polluted by smoke until a number of years ago. The rule against smoking in the mahogany and morocco leather fitted rooms was most rigidly enforced, and lovers of the weed always had to journey to the smoking-room on the floor below when the craving grew too strong to resist. But one day the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII, was at the house of lords and had just reached one of the rooms of the suite forming the library, when he was smitten with the desire to smoke. He produced a cigar, struck a match and lighted his cigar, without so much as asking if it were permitted, and from that day, that particular room, thus "smoked up" by a coming king, has been the refuge of smokers among the members of the higher house.

What the Woolsack Is.

The house of lords is gorgeous in a combination of morocco leather, gilt and carved wood. Screens and pillars, and corbels, and niches and window casings are either carved or set with heraldic decorations in colors, touched here and there with gilt. It seems as if every square inch were decorated in some fashion. The

walls to the height of eight or ten feet contain shields, set in a framing of oak, and bear coats of arms in all the beauty of the original colors. The windows are of stained glass, set with coats of arms and similar devices. And last of all, there upon the dais is the red and gold throne. It is nothing unusual as thrones go, but nevertheless, that single chair, set so conspicuously, draws the eyes again and again. "That seat just below the throne is the woolsack," said the pilot.

Woolsack! What did that funny word belong to? Just a big, big ottoman, as big as an old-fashioned, large, double bed with the corners cut off, and with an upholstered post rising thru the middle. The seat is so broad that there can be no comfort in sitting upon it, even if one is the lord chancellor.

Tea on the Terrace.

A visit to the houses of parliament, of course, would not be complete without a cup of tea on the terrace. So, before we returned to the house of commons side, out we went. It seems like a dream to me yet.

The broad, historic river flowed placidly and imposingly past, against a background of picturesque roofs and church spires. Oh, the beauty of the church spires in the English landscape. Behind, towered the great mass of the buildings, so vast, so beautiful, so overwhelming that the greatest among men would feel his littleness, his failures, his limitations, even while he gloried in the view.

Little tables in spotless covers were set conveniently far apart, and white-capped maids hovered near



Westminster Bridge and Clock Tower.

me, as I did not know him at all by sight, and might not hear my name called. With a bow that Lord Chesterfield himself might have given the grandest duchess of his acquaintance, Bobby watched where I sat, and a half hour later, when "my member" appeared, his memory did not fail him, and there was no wait, no awkwardness in showing him to the proper owner of the card.

Flying Thru the House of Lords.

The house of lords is not open to any one after 3:30, so that was the first destination. It is impossible to attempt to give any description of the rooms and halls and corridors thru which we passed. It was more or less a scamper, in order to see them at all before they were closed, and the pictures, the heraldic ornaments, the symbols, devices, monograms, etc., all mean too much to be taken in and understood in such a hurried tour. In the peers' lobby, there are pegs by the hundred, each bearing the name of a peer, and he is supposed to hang his hat upon that peg, and no other. In the king's robing room there is a dais and