

The JOURNAL JUNIOR.

Mac 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.

PEARY AND THE POLE.

LIEUTENANT PEARY is going after the north pole again. In fact, he will never be happy until he comes home with it packed in ice. In a recent article Lieutenant Peary gives the reasons why he longs with a big, big L for the frosty, illusive pole. He says:

"What I want is the north pole. And what is the north pole? It is the exact center of the northern hemisphere. It is the mathematical point at which the axis on which the earth revolves intersects the earth's surface. It is the spot where there is but one night and one day in every year; where there are no time, no longitude, no east, no west, no north, only south; where every wind that blows is a south wind; where only two steps separate noon from midnight; where all heavenly bodies move forever in horizontal circles. And it is the last great geographical prize that the earth has to offer; the prize for which the civilized nations of the earth have been struggling for nearly four centuries."

If the north pole really is all that, it is no wonder that Peary wants it. Most any one with half a grain of real ambition would. Lieutenant Peary, in addition, has the courage of his convictions and considers no effort too much, no sacrifice too great that means its possible winning.

EXPENSIVE COMMAS.

THEY are uncomfortable days that Juniors spend learning to punctuate. The proper places for commas, and semicolons and periods and all the rest seem never to be where Juniors think. Perhaps if teacher or somebody else would make up a game of the dreadful things that might happen if messages and documents were not properly punctuated, it would be more interesting and very much easier.

Some of the papers are telling the story just now of an American woman of wealth who found a pearl necklace at a jeweler's in Paris that was just what she wanted. The price, however, was \$18,000 and she did not dare to buy it without consulting her husband. He replied by cable, "No, price too much." When the message reached her, however, there was no comma, and with the nicest of thoughts of her husband who considered "no price too much" for anything that gave her pleasure, she promptly went to the jeweler's and bought another necklace at \$25,000! The story neglected to say what the husband did when he learned how his message had been mutilated in the sending.

Outlook, some time ago, told of a still more expensive comma. One of the provisions of the tariff was that "all foreign fruit-plants" should be admitted to this country free. The clerk, in copying, made the hyphen into a comma, and the bill as passed read "all foreign fruit, plants." By the time congress got around to rectify the mistake, over \$2,000,000 worth of foreign fruit had been imported free of charge.

Stamps of Tibet.

Stamp collectors will probably be surprised to hear that the Tibetans have a full fledged postal service with properly authorized

government stamps. They have always managed to keep foreigners out of their internal affairs and have been considered a more or less unorganized, barbarous nation. The stamp, however, is not of paper. The writer of a letter takes it to the nearest postoffice, pays the postage, and the postmaster thereupon drops a piece of melted wax upon the envelop and stamps it with a seal. What would happen if the wax broke off after cooling, as civilized wax has a way of doing, is something the narrator forgot to say anything about.

Korea's Chewed Fireproof Material.

The emperor of Korea is determined to have a new palace that is fireproof, and yet he thinks he cannot afford to import the so-called fireproof building materials of the west. Somebody has suggested the use of papier-mache and claims that it would be especially practicable because it would give employment to so many of the emperor's subjects to chew it up. But for every chewer a guard would have to be employed, "seems if," to prevent the swallowing of the well-chewed morsels.

Smart Filipinos.

Those of the Juniors who have been to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis need not think that the little Filipinos are

as backward in their ability to appreciate the beauties of civilization as appearances in their villages seem to indicate. Four hundred of them that were brought over for education as scouts have taken such a liking to the country that they have decided to stay in America for good.

Elephants as Nurse Girls.

If American mothers should adopt the Siamese fashion in nurse girls, circusmen would find their occupation pretty nearly

gone. Elephants are considered the proper thing in nurses in Siam, and the little children play about among the huge animals without a thought of fear. It is said, too, that these nurse-girl-elephants have never betrayed their trust.

PAPER HOUSE LAND

Pictures From Child Life in Japan

By MAE HARRIS ANSON

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Taro and Taka lived in a paper house with Father Manyemon, Mother Mitsu, O Ba San—grandma—and ever so many servants. The paper house was in Japan, and was not a doll house at all. It was just like thou-



A JAPANESE SCHOOLROOM.

(From "Japan: The Place and the People." Courtesy Dana, Estes & Co.)

sands of other houses that people lived in all over the country. To be sure, there were heavy, wooden, outside shutters that rolled back and forth at night and in the coldest weather, but all the partitions in the



AT THE WELL.

house were paper screens. Sometimes there were ten rooms in the house and sometimes only four. A room could be made any time and almost anywhere by just pulling out a sliding paper screen from the wall. There



IN THE KITCHEN.

From "Japan: The Place and the People," by G. Waldo Browne, Courtesy Dana, Estes & Co.

was no furniture, no chairs, no beds, no tables, no pictures, no bric-a-brac, so it did not make much difference where the rooms were made or unmade.

For a whole year now, Taro had teased to be al-

lowed to go to school. Every morning when Taka had started off with her limp crepe paper copybook under her arm, he had wished to go with her. So when one night Father Manyemon came home with a copybook and a small box containing a stone ink vessel, a cake of India ink, an earthen water bottle and some brushes and told Taro to take them and go to school, he was wild with delight.

The next day he started proudly off with Taka, his copybook under one arm and his paper umbrella and jar of rice dangling from the other. But the nearer he went to the schoolhouse, the less happy he felt. When they reached the gate he stopped and nothing that Taka could say or do would make him go any farther. At last, Taka went off and left him. For a long time Taro stood watching the other children. Boys and girls by the dozen were going in, many of them attended by servants.

On the grounds, other boys and girls were gayly playing games that he had never seen. Taro felt very lonesome. He knew that no real, manly little Japanese boy would show his feelings, but he was so much of nowhere in it all. He wanted his mother, his father, or his sister. Down, down went the corners of his mouth, and just when he thought he could stand it no longer, a merry little boy among the players looked up and saw him. He smiled at Taro's anxious face and running up to him, asked him to join his game. After that, Taro felt brave enough to face anything.

By and by, a bell rang and they all went into the school. At the door each scholar slipped off his straw sandals or his high wooden clogs and pattered into the schoolhouse in his stocking feet. Taro, like most of the boys,—and the girls, too, for that matter,—wore a scant little coat called a kimona, that came down to his heels, with great big sleeves that fell way over his hands. Wound round and round his waist, and tied in a loose, flappy, funny bow at the back was an obi or wide sash. If it was cold, he wore ever so many kimonas, and if it was warm, he wore just as few as Mother Mitsu would let him off with.

Taro had a clear, brown skin, as velvety as peaches, with red cheeks and a perfect little rosebud of a mouth. His eyes were like black beads and his little hickory-nut head was shaved all over except for tufts of jet black hair left at the top of his head and over each ear.

Taro never heard of shoes. He used, instead, either straw sandals or wooden clogs that lifted him several inches from the street and kept his feet dry when it was muddy. These were held upon his feet by a strap passing between his great and second toes. For this reason, his stockings had pockets for his great toes. He was so used to the flapping, clapping things that he could hold them on just by the pressure of his great toes and could run and play in them easily.

Taro's schoolroom was very much like the rooms at home. It had no desks, no seats, no tables, no blackboards. There were no windows, either, and when, on cold or stormy days, the wooden screens were set to keep out the air, they shut the light out, too, and he could hardly see to do his lessons. Teacher sat on his heels at one end of the room, and his pupils sat on their heels opposite him. Before each one of them was a little low table, not more than twelve inches higher than the floor. Except that he was larger, the mat on which he sat a little bigger and his table a little higher, teacher might have been one of the pupils himself.

One by one he called the children up before him and made them recite the lessons he had given them the day before. There were no books, and nothing to study except the lessons he set for them in their copybooks, so that it was rather hard for those who did not have good memories. When one scholar had recited his lesson, teacher wrote a new one in his copybook and sent him to his seat to study it. He wrote them all from left to right and from the bottom of the page up.

By and by, Taro heard his name called by teacher, and picking up his copybook and his little box, he walked up to him, very glad, indeed, that his kimona hid his shaking knees. Taro did not know how to write one of the forty-eight letters of the alphabet, so he had to begin at the very beginning. Teacher poured a little water out of the waterbottle into the hollow in the ink vessel, and rubbed Taro's cake of India ink in it until the water was black and thick. Then he opened the copybook, took one of the brushes, dipped it into the ink, painted two letters—and told Taro to copy them.

Taro looked at the letters and then at teacher. What kind of man was he to expect a little boy only six years old to do such a thing as that? He was sure he never could learn how to make them. Still, he had been taught from babyhood that he must obey anyone who was in authority over him, so he went back to his seat without a word and tried his best to make his chubby hand trace the funny marks.

Teacher paid no attention to Taro for quite awhile. When he did look at him, he saw that he was very much discouraged. So he told one of the older boys to show him how. The boy knelt behind Taro, grasped his hand firmly and began to move it. Wonder of wonders! Taro saw those same awkward fingers of his tracing the letters over and over again, and after a little, he learned the proper movements. The