

The JOURNAL JUNIOR

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The Journal Junior is published by The Minneapolis Journal for the public school children of the Northwest, and is devoted principally to their own writings. There is no expense attached and all are welcome as competitors. The editor wishes to encourage correspondence and suggestions from teachers. All correspondence should be addressed to the Editor Journal Junior.

STYLES IN STORIES.

YOU follow styles in clothes, but do you realize that you also follow styles in stories? Just as you are wearing fringed buckskin gloves today, and Juniors in general wore the limpsy, tasselled "stocking" caps a few years ago, so ghost stories and the favorites of other days have given place to tales containing automobiles, airships and other new and startling inventions that have not yet been heard of in real life. Even the once popular Indian stories are slipping out of sight in favor of other stories of the west.

Ten years ago, no Christmas magazine was considered complete without at least one ghost story, but not a ghost story figures in the holiday issues of 1905. Uneasy spirits of white ladies, headless monks, gray friars, wicked lords and weeping maidens all seem to have been laid by the simple sweep of the magic wand of fashion.

It is a custom, in most schools today, to read Dickens' "Christmas Carol," but how many of you would choose this old classic instead of one of the newest of new books that "everybody is reading?" Scott was the fashion in his day, tremendously the fashion, too. So was Thackeray, so were all the great writers,—but who of the present Junior generation knows either Scott, Dickens or Thackeray? Then there are the American writers, Cooper, Irving, Hawthorne, Emerson, etc. What Junior knows the works of any one of these great writers as well as he knows the tinkling stories of the popular writers of today,—the titles of whose books are forgotten tomorrow,—and which the world would be better for if they had been forgotten before they were written?

The change is not because these books by the master writers of other days are less good, but merely that the fickle world has rushed eagerly after a new style, choosing something because it is new without thought as to whether it is as good as the old.

While men, women and children all over the civilized world enjoyed their Christmas trees, with presents, nuts, candies and fruit, the monkeys gathered from the far corners of the world in the New York "Zoo" enjoyed their first Christmas tree also. When an attendant overheard a little girl ask if monkeys had Christmas trees, he said, "Why not?" As nobody higher up could say "why not," the Christmas tree idea was adopted. A great fir was dragged to the monkey house, and the minute the animals spied it and took note of the digging of the hole, they set up shrieks of delight, for all the world as if they had a human understanding of what it meant. It made considerable extra work for the keepers, but they felt the pleasure it gave made it all worth while.

After Many Years. One of the great battles of the world was that of Cressy, and one of the most stirring incidents in the history of the warring world was the going into this battle of the old blind King John of Bohemia, with his horse linked to those of two knights. The story is stirringly told by the old chroniclers, as readers of Froissart well know, and this is one of the few characters of those romantic times, which the "fact lover" has not been able to strip of its romance. It is only recently, however,—full five hundred and fifty years after the battle,—that a monument has been erected to the memory of this kingly hero, whose motto and crest were adopted by King Edward III, and are borne to this day by the Prince of Wales. It is a fitting recognition of a heroic and most touching figure in a strenuous age.

Some New Studies. Most American boys know nothing of cooking, and still more of them would scorn to know how to use a needle even to the extent of sewing on their own buttons. In England they consider that a boy should know how to sew on buttons, darn his hose and the rents in his underclothing, and not a scholar in certain of the boarding schools which are so popular in England is allowed to shirk these tasks. Attempted shirking is punished in the same way as ill-prepared lessons. Grown men frequently find themselves out of reach of a handy needlewoman, and tho the boys sometimes object to this part of their school curriculum, their fathers, to a man, approve of the practice.

No Bugles Blew. Another fiction woven by poets and lovers of the picturesque has just been punctured by "one who was there." Ever since the charge of the Light Brigade electrified the world at the battle of Balaclava, there have been myriads of bugles shown as "the one" that sounded the charge. Lord Tredegar, who was one of the immortal six hundred, now says that no charge whatever was sounded. It really is a shame that picturesque things like that seldom prove to be true.



THE
WAVERLY OAKS
Waverly, Mass.

NOT far from Boston, in Beaver Brook Reservation, which lies partly in Waverly and partly in Waltham, may be found the famous Waverly oaks, which Agassiz says are the oldest trees on the western hemisphere. They were aged when the first European touched the soil that was later called America. "They might have been standing when Lief and Thorfinn visited Vineland, the Good," one writer has observed. "And if Charles river is the 'river which flowed thru a lake into the sea,' then Gudrid, the wife of Thorfinn may have rested in the shade of their branches."

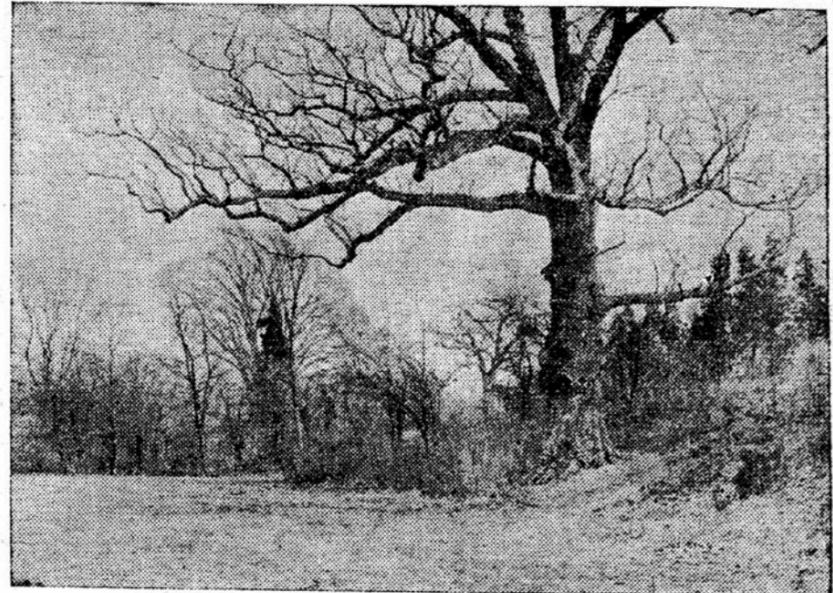
All sorts of fancies have been woven about these great old trees, and far fetched as some of them may be, the facts still remain that one of the smaller trees which fell some years ago showed that it had withstood the tempests of 800 years.

There are twenty-six of these old oak trees in Beaver Brook Reservation, a spot small in comparison with other parks near Boston, but embracing within its 58 acres, exquisite natural beauties that have inspired poets and painters. The largest of the group are eight that stand on the ridge and of these "The Monarch," grows on the north slope. It is 80 feet high and 18½ feet in circumference at a height of five feet from the base, widening to 28 feet in circumference in the swell over the roots. Lowell probably had this monarch of the forest in mind when he wrote:

He is the gem; and all the landscape wide
(So doth his grandeur isolate the sense)
Seems but the setting, worthless all beside,
An empty socket, were he fallen thence.



Agassiz Oak.



Oldest Tree on the Reservation.

LAYSAN THE BIRDS' KINGDOM

A Little Pacific Isle Is Given Over Entirely to the Habitations of Birds.

NATURALISTS commissioned by the United States government have discovered on the distant island of Laysan, in the Pacific, some new birds and many novel facts in regard to known species, says Harold J. Bolce, in the Scientific American. The visiting scientists were perhaps the first human beings whom the myriads of birds that crowd this tiny speck of land had ever seen. In consequence, the visitors enjoyed an experience unusual in modern adventures. Birds representing species which in other lands wing hurriedly away at the sight of man, came up to the naturalists, looked curiously into their faces, perched on their writing tables, wonderingly inspected the tripod and other accessories of the cameras, and permitted themselves to be stroked.

It was not only the marvelous gentleness of the birds of Laysan, which had not yet learned of the aggressiveness of man against their kind, that impressed the naturalists, but also their astounding abundance. Small as this island is, it furnishes an asylum for uncounted millions of birds. Their combined cries and minstrelsy make such a deafening chorus that if the naturalists wished to converse they found it necessary to shout at one another.

So dense is the bird life on this little island that the various species have economized space by building their nests one above the other, and the scientists say their similarity of these tiers of nests to the flats in tall apartment houses is quite marked. Nesting room is at a premium, and every available inch in the island is preempted by some species. A curious thing is that these birds seem to understand that certain sections are allotted to them by inherited custom.

It was found that on this little island, crowded with birds, the white tern deposits its one egg in a shallow cavity on the edge of a shelf of rock. It would seem that with all the bustling bird life these eggs would be brushed off and destroyed, but such was not the case, also some of the eggs were balanced at the very brink of little escarpments.

The naturalists paid special attention to the subterranean bird homes. Those tunneled by the white-breasted petrel (*Aestrelata hypoleuca*) are no less than six feet in length, and are crowded side by side. Those made by

the wedge-tailed shearwater (*Puffinus cuneatus*) are frequently three feet long and often much deeper.

The study of these excavated nesting places revealed the fact that they are very ancient. Year after year they have served as breeding homes for these birds. Laysan is in such demand as a bird home that one species of migrants no sooner departs than another flocks in to take its place, and the times of departure of one kind and the arrival of another are as precise as the movements of planets.

UNDER-THE-SEA FIGHTS

A Greedy Crab Is Forced to an Ungraceful Retreat with His Appetite Lessened.

The sea anemone is the last animal on sea or land that one would pick as a fighter; but a certain blue crab in the New York aquarium knows that he is. A battle between the fighting anemone and a thieving crab was described by L. B. Spencer, who has charge of the aquarium laboratory.

"I was feeding the anemone, a fair-sized brown specimen," said Mr. Spencer, "with bits of chopped clam from a long stick. The crab, not content with its own share, darted at the anemone and attempted to steal the choice morsel from its mouth.

"Then a funny thing happened. Fully thirty small threadlike coils shot out from near the anemone's mouth, striking the crab on all sides. These threads are said to have stinging powers equal to a nettle.

"Instantly the crab doubled up in apparent pain and started round that glass tank like all possessed. After numerous turns he approached again, and this time the anemone stung him hard, for after a turn or two he turned over on his back and wagged his flippers feebly.

"It was some time before he recovered. I tell you that crab has not been within hailing distance of the brown anemone since."—New York Mail.

QUITE RIGHT

Boy: "Jack, what is a hero?"
Elder Brother: "A hero is a man who tries to read a newspaper in the same room with a boy your size."