

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.

THE HIGH SCHOOL CREDIT CONTEST.

THE third quarter of the High School Credit contest closes with Montevideo, Minn., and Independence, Iowa, in the lead.

It is now too late to frame and ship the pictures to these high schools, but the matter will be taken up the latter part of August, so that the prize pictures may be hung shortly after school opens again in the fall.

HOW TO PLAY.

DO YOU know how to play? It does not seem possible that there is a healthy child living who does not know how to play. Yet in certain quarters of London, "play schools" have been established where the children of the neighborhood are actually taught how to play games of all kinds. London is a very crowded city, land is very valuable, and the town grew into its established lines long before people understood the value of "breathing spots," so that the children of the poorer quarters have only crowded streets for playgrounds. Naturally, perhaps, they have come to think it hardly worth while trying to do anything in the way of play.

But there are children right in Minneapolis today, who do not seem to know how to play outdoor games. One principal, a newcomer, was impressed with the fact that at recess, the boys did not play any real games. The scuffled around, "punched each others' heads,"—and yelled,—but there was no general attempt to put thru some game.

That principal felt there was work already cut out at that school beside that of teaching the boys how to study. One day the boys were surprised at being taken in hand and taught to play a new game of ball. That was a beginning that has worked out to a most enthusiastic end for the public good of the school,—but it does seem strange that American children nowadays should not know enough games to fit any circumstances of time and place, and always be ready to play them.

SOUTH HIGH'S "ANNUAL."

FOR weeks past, the school reports from South High have contained passing comments upon the progress of the "Class Annual," comments which aroused more or less curiosity as to just what it was to be. The book was loosed upon a waiting public at the class day exercises last week and the editors and staff have been receiving well-deserved compliments ever since. It ripples and sparkles in every page, and its humor is so genuine that it is not necessary to know "all South High's secrets" in order to see the joke. Typographically, the Annual is almost perfect, the makeup is in good taste, and altogether the staff deserves high praise for its work.

Everybody knows that the grand canyon of the Colorado is big,—very big, in fact. But "big" is such an elastic term, its suggestion of size depending upon the object to which it is applied, that the majority do not realize just what an enormous stretch of country is included. The guides, however, have discovered a way to bring the bigness of the canyon home to people. They say,—and they seem to have the facts back of them,—that fifty cities like New York, the metropolis of America, could be set side by side in the canyon, and yet not overrun its borders. Moreover, its depth is so great that six Eiffel towers, set one upon the other, would just about reach from the bottom to the top. New York is a decidedly sizeable place as it stretches out over the island of Manhattan, and a spot that could hold fifty New Yorks without bulging out at the sides, certainly is something stupendous. Let's go out and see that big hole dug out by the rushing Colorado. "See Europe if you will, but see America first," you know.

One of the recent magazines has printed a very elaborate study of the geography of North America, and the earthquake moved the writer to consider certain "ifs." There is one "supposin'" that is of decided interest to us in the Mississippi valley. An illustration shows what would happen if North America should subside one thousand feet. About all that would be left in the eastern half of the continent are the great mountain ranges,—the Appalachian range, and the Laurentians. Beginning exactly on the west bank of the Mississippi river, however, there is a different story, for the rest of the continent out to the Pacific appears able to keep its head above water. The Journal Junior office is on the west side of the Mississippi river, but even with that assurance it is sincerely to be hoped that the "drop" will not occur. A thousand feet is a great distance, especially if one has to fall it.

A Lack in the Sunday Menu.

"Why," exclaimed Bobby, disappointedly, "where are the buckwheat cakes? We always have 'em for Sunday breakfast."  
"Not in the summer time," replied his mother; "they are too heating in the summer."  
"But couldn't you have 'em if cook would only make 'em thinner?"



TREES OF SHERWOOD FOREST  
XXXVII

**PILGRIM OAK. NEWSTEAD ABBEY.**  
SHERWOOD FOREST, where once upon a time, gay Robin Hood and his merry men held high revel, is nothing more than a name today. That enchanted stretch of woodland, where stately oaks and beeches formerly sheltered hart and doe and all kinds of wild forest life, where kings enjoyed the royal sport of hunting, and no man's hand was turned against the trees, is now only a memory, its glades and hills almost denuded of the old growth, being divided between five or six great estates, popularly called "the dukeries." Here and there, however, may be found single trees that were famous in the days of old Sherwood, and which, because of those associations, have been spared by the march of wealth and progress.

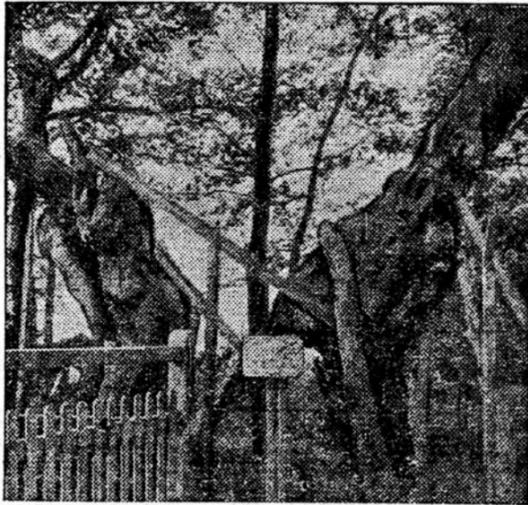
Just outside the gate of Newstead Abbey, the ancestral home of the poet Byron, at the southern edge of Sherwood forest, stands the Pilgrim oak, a tree of great size, whose branches shadow a wide stretch of the road. In the early days, when the abbey was a religious institution, and many pilgrims claimed its shelter and hospitality, there was a seat in the shade of the tree, where they rested before gaining admission to the monastery. When Henry VIII did away with these religious institutions, the name of Pilgrim Oak still clung to the tree, even though the monastery was dismantled and fallen into decay. Then the rustics began to gather in its shade on holidays to enjoy their simple sports and games. From one generation to another, the custom was observed, and the tree played such an important part in the life of the people that in time it came to be regarded as something almost sacred.

One by one the great trees of the historic forest fell under the ax of the ducal landowners who had decided to erect their country seats upon its site. Acre by acre the haunts of Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, Little John and all the rest of that merry outlaw band, disappeared as "the dukeries" took shape; but thru it all, the "Pilgrim Oak" was left untouched. Even when "old Lord Byron," predecessor of the poet, Lord Byron, cut ruthlessly into the forests of Newstead, they never dreamed that he would think of laying hands upon the Pilgrim Oak.

In time, however, word went around that the "old lord" had given orders for the felling of the Pilgrim Oak, and that his expectations were great as to the quantity and quality of the wood it would yield. When the people of Nottingham heard the news, they rose in a body and protested, but not until they had actually paid ransom for it, was the traditional tree safe from the wicked old lord's greed. When the handsome young Lord Byron came to reign in place of his grand uncle, the people of Nottingham presented the old tree to him, and so thoroly is the popular regard for the tree understood that it will probably never again be threatened.

PARLIAMENT OAK. CLIPSTONE.

In the heart of what was old Sherwood Forest, and about a mile from the village of Clipstone, stands the



Parliament Oak. Clipstone.

Parliament Oak, one of the oldest trees in the "tight little isle." It has seen fifteen hundred years come and go, and for fully six centuries of that time it has borne

A STRIKING NEW SERIAL.

"PAUL TRAVERS' ADVENTURES"

On July 15, The Journal Junior will print the first installment of a most interesting new serial, "Paul Travers' Adventures," by S. T. Clover, editor of the Los Angeles News. Junior boys will especially enjoy it, not only because the adventures are stirring, but also because they are 90 per cent true.

The real "Paul Travers" is the author himself, the "T" in his name standing for "Travers." According to Mr. Clover, the incidents of which he has written in "Paul Travers' Adventures" were those of a boyhood tour of his own, when he started around the world as an education for what he intended to make his life work—journalism.

Altogether, "Paul Travers' Adventures" will undoubtedly prove to be one of the most popular serials which The Journal Junior has yet published.

the name of Parliament Oak, and if tradition be true, another century might be added to the name. When John was king of England, he often hunted in Sherwood Forest, and one of his favorite abodes was at the palace he built at Clipstone. In the early part of the century, John forced his rebellious Welsh neighbors to give hostages for their good faith as to keeping peace. Most of the hostages were young, some nothing more than children, but in spite of their tender years, John ordered them confined within Nottingham castle.

One day in 1212, while hunting in Sherwood Forest, King John received word that the Welsh had again risen in revolt. No time was to be lost, and without waiting to return to his palace and formally call his council, King John had the bugle sounded, and they rallied about him as he awaited them in the shade of a great oak. In very short order it was decided that desperate ills demanded desperate remedies, and the order was speedily given that the cavalcade was to ride at once to Nottingham, fifteen miles away, execute the hapless hostages, twenty-eight in all, and return in time for dinner at Clipstone.

Today, this old tree shows the weight of years sadly. Its trunk is much decayed and is cleft in two distinct portions, the top of each being terminated by an arm still vigorous and bearing acorns in abundance every year.

ROBIN HOOD'S LARDER. WELBECK.

Just within the gates of Welbeck Abbey, the magnificent home of the Duke of Portland, there stands an



Robin Hood's Larder. Birklands.

ancient tree bearing the romantic name of "Robin Hood's Larder." Sometimes it is also called "The Shambles," but most people prefer the name that associates it with the delightful outlaw of Sherwood Forest. In the days of Robin Hood, deer hunting was held to be sport only for kings, and it was high treason against the crown for any subject to kill deer or even be found with a piece of venison in his possession. Like most everybody else who dwelt within any English forests, Robin Hood snapped his fingers at the hunting laws and killed deer and ate venison as often as the mood came on.

He was reasonably sly about it, however, and long sought a sure hiding place from the sharp eyes of the game keeper. Several hiding places were tried in turn, but eventually the keeper always found them. One day, as he roved beneath the trees, Robin Hood's eye was attracted by an oak tree with an enormous trunk. It seemed too big to be solid, and an examination showed that it was not. In a very short time Robin Hood had constructed a "larder" that eluded the sharp eyes of the game keeper until Robin was no more an outlaw. Years ago, this tree was accidentally set afire, but the trunk is charred and hollow, it still stands and flourishes.

GREENDALE OAK. WELBECK.

Not far from Welbeck Abbey, there stands a shattered hulk of a tree, which is famous, not because of any



Greendale Oak. Welbeck Abbey.

historical or romantic associations, but because of its enormous size. Just how old it is, no one can tell, but most authorities agree that it is as old as "one-sixth of the whole life of man on the earth." It was once a giant, forty feet in circumference at the base, but is now