

## THE JOURNAL JUNIOR

Mae Harris Anson - - - - - Editor

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.

### THRU A THUNDER-STORM IN A BALLOON.

THE Juniors who lie in hammocks, gazing at the clouds these lovely days and wishing, perhaps, that they might float among them, will be interested in the experience of a balloonist who made his ascent in New York several weeks ago. He had been riding along, his car swaying gently under the great bag, when suddenly the wind changed and before he knew it he had ridden into a thunder-storm. The effect was terrifying. The lightning played about on all sides. The wind increased to a gale and the car pitched and tossed in a frightful manner. Everything he touched was charged with electricity. The rain-soaked ropes were alive with it, everything he touched with his hands started a spark. From 9 until 5 in the morning the balloon was driven back and forth. The rain fell incessantly and the thunder seemed to boom behind him and then go rolling and rumbling past like the chariot of Thor.

Every flash of lightning revealed changes in the clouds. Blown about by the winds they piled up into mountain shapes with hollowed-out valleys. Here and there great gaps appeared in the cloud-mountains across which tongues of flame leaped and played, every dart of fire being answered by the heavy boom and crash of thunder. Toward morning he rode out of the storm and about 8:30 descended upon a farm north of the city.

### THE MONSTER LIBRARY.

IN THE great Library of Congress at Washington which covers three and a half acres of ground there are kept legions of things of interest to everybody. Among the number of things interesting for their oddity is a complete collection of insurance maps of the United States. There are more than ten thousand of them in more than sixty thousand sheets. An insurance map is compiled for insurance companies placing fire risks. It gives every structure existing at the date in every town where risks are placed; the height and character of each; the material of which it is built; the fire protection of the town; the prevalent direction of the wind; and other information to the purpose. New editions issued from time to time show the changes and the new structures. Eventually these successive editions will make a history of the building development of each town represented. Neither the publishers or insurance companies as a usual thing save all the editions, but they are all carefully kept at the National Library where the development of the towns may be traced.

Some Peculiar Hunters. "Following the hounds" carries with it many suggestions of a delightful sport. But the truffle hunters in Italy have a pleasure all their own in following their trained pigs on hunts for the delicious truffle. These hunters are firm believers in the importance of family traits in the animals. They think certain strains possess the hunting instinct to a greater degree than others. When a hunter desires to secure a new pig for his work, he visits the nearest county fair. With a truffle tied to his boot, he stands beside a road along which the hogs are driven. Should one stop to sniff at the delicacy, it is at once bargained for by the hunter.

Taken into the forests the pig's sense of truffle detection is further developed, until it has little difficulty in picking out the edible growths, no matter how well they seem to be concealed. It is amazing how keen their scent is when applied to that wonderful thing, the underground and most delicious truffle, which to be fully enjoyed, must be cooked in its earthy, if scrubbed jacket and roasted in greased paper—a dainty many think fit for a king.

Something New for Farmers. The man who thinks of ever so many nice convenient things has had his eyes upon the people who live in the country for a long while. He thought of the rural free delivery for them and of the rural telephone and now his latest brilliant idea is a unique little weather forecast to be sent to the farmers daily on the back of each letter. His method would be to add to the stamp which each postoffice marks on receiving letters several simple words "warm," "cold," "fair," "rain," inserted in accordance with the morning report of the weather bureau. Then the farmer going to his box after the rural carrier had passed could look on the back of a letter and get in a condensed form the official forecast for twenty-four hours.

### SHORT BUT ELOQUENT.

Senator Spooner tells a funny little story of a certain political gathering in Wisconsin. He was the speaker of the evening, introduced by a German-American who delivered what he says was the most eloquent speech of introduction he ever heard.

"Ladees und shentleman," he said, "I asked haf been to indrotosee you to the Honorable Senator Spooner, who to you vill make a speech, yes! I haf now done so, und he vill now do so!"

# THE WOODEN KILLER WHALES

A good, hard-working spearmaker lived with his wife and two children near the mouth of the Yukon river. He made spears for the people who went out to kill sea lions.

Near the village was a reef surrounding a pool of water. They used to go out in their canoes, drive the sea lions into the pool with a great shouting and splashing, and then spear them.

One day the spearmaker thought he would go fishing for sea lions, too. He went out in the canoe of his youngest brother-in-law, and had such great success spearing sea lions that the other people were jealous, and said: "Let us lure him to the little island over there and leave him."

So they all landed on the island and invited the spearmaker, as they were going to have a picnic. While he was strolling around the island they all leaped into their canoes and paddled away, taking away the canoe of the youngest brother-in-law.

The boy tried to go back to get his brother-in-law, the spearmaker, but the people would not let him.

Night came down, and the marooned spearmaker thought of his wife and children and felt very much like

"The sea lions are the servants of the killer whales. Why did you do it?"

"I did it to feed my children," answered the spearmaker, boldly.

Two small killer whales were blowing in a pool of water in a corner of the house. They were the chief's children, and he looked at them and thought a minute. "Well," said he at last, "that is a pretty good excuse; but I guess we shall have to make a killer whale out of you."

"If you please," said the spearmaker, "I would like something to eat first."

"Certainly," replied the chief. "Give him his breakfast."

A sea lion servant brought salmon and a lot of good things to eat, and when he had consumed a hearty meal the chief exclaimed:

"Now bring the fin."

There were a lot of killer whale fins hanging about the room, and one of these they took down and warmed the lower end of it.

They made the spearmaker bare his back and bend over. Then they tried to stick the fin on between his shoulders, but he slipped the whetstone up his back and the fin stuck on the stone instead of his bare skin. When he straightened up of course it fell to the floor.

Three times they tried it, and each time he slipped the whetstone up his back and the fin fell off on the floor. Then they all cried out:

"He refuses the fin. What shall we do with him?"

The spearmaker now told the chief all about the way in which the people had abandoned him on the island, and how anxious he was to get back to his wife and children.

The chief listened to his story attentively, and at its close said:

"I will let you go; and more, I will give you a magic knife. With this knife you can whittle out killer whales of wood, which will become alive when you throw them into the water. They will be your servants, and there will be no more hunger in your family, for they will fish for you for ten days. After that you can sell them, and that will make you rich."

The next thing the spearmaker knew a lot of sea lions caught him, hustled him out of the house, and up, up, up, he went, thru the water, until he found himself coming out of the waves right near his own house.

It was night now, and the village was asleep. He knocked softly at the door and his wife opened it. She was greatly rejoiced to see her husband again, but he told her not to tell anybody of his return until he came back from the woods, where he was going to whittle out a few whales.

A few nights after that he knocked at the door again and told his wife to wake her youngest brother, the same who had fought to rescue him when he had been abandoned on the island, and to come with him to the woods.

The three brought back to the beach before morning ten wooden killer whales, which they threw into the water. The whales immediately became alive and began to rush about and blow.

As day broke all the people of the village came running to the spot to see what had happened, and they were greatly surprised when they saw the spearmaker. He read the people a lecture on the evils of jealousy, and told them that because of their attempt to destroy him he would become wealthy. They were all much ashamed, and promised never to act so again. Then he told the killer whales to go and fish. Off they went, returning presently with their mouths full of red cod, spring salmon and halibut, which they deposited on the beach.

So the whole village was supplied with food, and the spearmaker, out of gratitude to the chief of the killer whales who had given him the magic knife, made the people promise that they would not kill any more sea lions, as the chief strongly disapproved of having his servants slaughtered.

Afterward the spearmaker sold the killer whales, and what he received for them made him rich. He brought up his youngest brother-in-law like a chief's son and lived happy ever afterward.



"Why Did You Kill My Servants?"

crying. He wrapped himself in his marten skin blanket and went to sleep.

When he awoke it was morning and he heard some one calling to him. Peeping out thru the eye-holes in the blanket, which was drawn up over his head, he saw a small bird called a grebe swimming toward him. "The chief wants you," called the grebe, and dived below the waves.

The spearmaker was astonished and went to the beach to look closer. Again the grebe came up and cried out, "The chief wants you."

The spearmaker picked up a long, flat whetstone which he carried to sharpen his spears, and jumped in after the grebe. He went down, down, until he found himself at the bottom of the sea, standing before a large house.

He was surprised to find that he could walk around and breathe as well at the bottom of the sea as he could on the dry land, and that there were houses down there. Some one inside the big house called to him to come in, and he entered.

There he saw several beings who were half human and half killer whales. The chief was a dignified old killer whale, who said sternly to the spearmaker:

"Why did you kill my servants?"

"Who are your servants?" replied the spearmaker.

"Why, the sea lions, of course," answered the chief.

### SKELETONS OF THE SEA

How Our Sponges Look when Alive, Where They Grow and How They Are Gathered.

Unless they have been to the seashore where sponges are gathered, few people have an accurate idea of how the sponge animal looks in its living condition. The familiar object called a sponge is only the skeleton or framework of the animal.

When first brought up from the rocks of the sea bottom where they grow the sponge is described as being much like a tough mass of jelly or piece of liver. The jelly-like flesh has to be allowed to decay on the seashore, leaving the bleached skeletons, which are then gathered up and sold as sponges.

The bulk of the world's supply of sponges comes from Florida and the West Indies and from the Mediterranean sea. Here they grow best at a depth of from ten to fifty feet, and the deeper the finer the sponge.

Diving for sponges is a trying occupation. Recently sponges have been taken chiefly by means of sharp-curved hooks attached to the end of a long pole.

Sponges are propagated naturally by a kind of egg produced in the soft, fleshy tissue. These, when fertilized, pass out as larvae and, finding a suitable resting

place, grow into a sponge of commercial size in about three years.

Since this is much too slow to satisfy the demands of commerce, a method has been seriously considered of artificially propagating by cutting the sponge in pieces and planting the pieces much as a farmer does potato tubers.

The method is described in the American Journal of Pharmacy by Albert Hart. He states that the sponge can be lifted out of the water and cut into pieces of suitable size with a knife or small saw on a moist board. The preferred size of cutting is about one-inch cubes. The outer skin must be preserved as far as possible. These pieces must then be made fast in an upright position on the bottom. Bamboo pegs have been used for fastening, and the cuttings have given good results in as short a time as one year.

### The Bootblack's Shining Example.

"If people will, they may learn useful lessons from the humblest. There's the bootblack, for instance."

"And his moral is!"

"He not only sets a shining example, but is willing to start at the foot."