

THE HERALD JUNIOR

FLORENCE BOSARD LAWRENCE, Editor

The Herald Junior is published by The Herald company for the children of the southwest. It is devoted to their interests and will publish principally their own writings. All children of public school age are welcome as contributors. The editor wishes to encourage correspondence and suggestions from the teachers.

The editor will be in her office for visitors Monday afternoon from 2 until 5 o'clock and Saturday from 12:30 until 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Special appointments may be made by telephone.

All prize winners living in Los Angeles must call for their prizes within two weeks after the award of same. Winners of prizes for three honorable mentions must present copies of the stories, letters or limericks as published and claim their prizes.

Prize winners living out of town will receive their prizes by mail without request, except for honorable mention, in which case copies of the stories, letters or limericks must be submitted and the prize claimed.

By a special arrangement with the circulation department, Aunt Laurie is enabled to make the following announcement: Whenever a prize of a book or of one dollar is awarded to a Junior, that prize will be exchanged if desired for subscription to The Herald as follows: A one dollar prize may be exchanged for a six months' subscription, while a book will be exchanged for a three months' subscription.

This is entirely optional with each boy and girl, and no effort whatever will be made to persuade any one to take the alternate prize. It is offered merely because of some laments which have come from boys and girls whose parents do not and will not take the paper, and this arrangement would enable the boys or girl to have the paper for themselves.

BLACK INK

My Dear Boys and Girls:

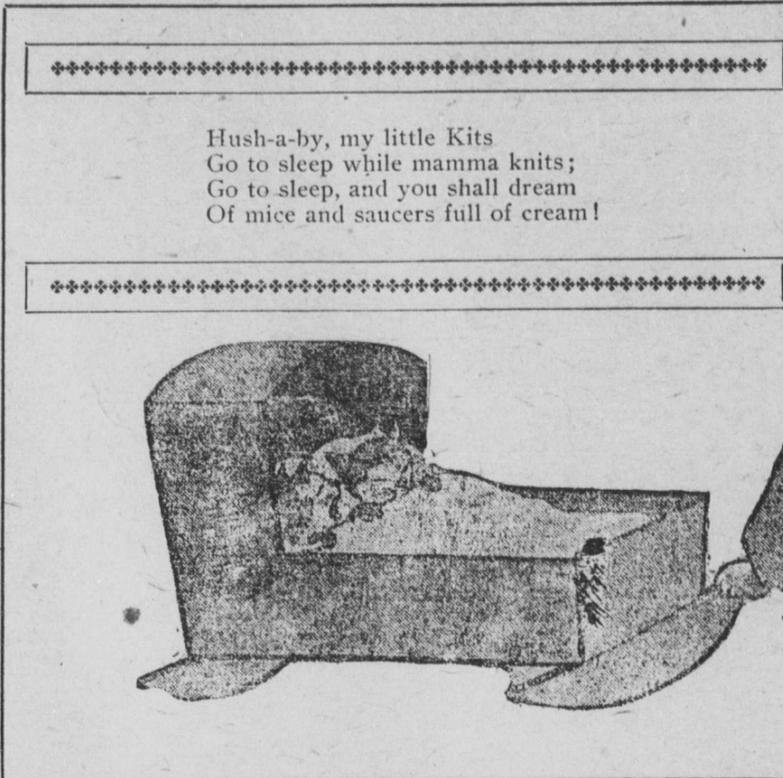
MOST of you have finished school now and there is plenty of time to have good times and still you will have time to write many nice letters for The Herald Junior. I think now that you have all safely passed your examinations you should write me something nice, as a sort of thank offering for having done so well in all your studies.

The new topics today will give you all the opportunity you may desire for humorous stories. Both the writers' topic and the historical contest will give you plenty of chance to write of amusing and funny happenings. The chance of something ridiculous or awkward or stupid occurring just as one is ready to start somewhere, upsetting a water pitcher over a clean white frock, or dropping the precious 25 or 50 cent piece between the cracks in the sidewalk are incidents that are too familiar to all of us to make these seem quite as funny as they will appear to other boys and girls when they read of them. However, if you have no such remarkable experiences to relate, you can let your imagination depict the adventures of Robert Fulton. Imagine him afloat on one of the magnificent steamships of the present day. Let him sample the delicious meals, enjoy the perfect heating and lighting systems installed on our big ocean liners and see with amazement the conveniences, wireless telegraphy and many thousands of other safeguards to comfort and security.

Then imagine him taking a trip in a steam railway—in fact, almost anywhere you could put him would cause him wonder and amazement. He could hardly walk along the street without finding some unusual incident to arouse his interest, the automobiles, the elevators, elevated trains, trolley cars—on every side he would find progress so marked that he would scarcely believe this could be the same world he had left so short a time ago.

I must speak to the boys and girls who contribute to the young artists' contests again regarding the quality of the ink they use. The picture which received second prize this week was almost unfit to use because instead of a good, substantial black ink the artist had used purple. Now, there is a flat rule against this and nothing but the exceptional quality of the drawing enabled it to get by the severe eye of the art critic. I hope, however, that such offenses will be rare and trust that when the prize winner receives his nice bottle of black ink and his splendid new drawing pens he will at once sit down and draw a much better picture to send to The Herald Junior, because there is no telling, maybe if his next work should be as good and the ink and pens of the proper sort, he might receive the first prize.

In a little while now I shall make some announcements about new prizes. I know you have been expecting them a long time and are perhaps just a little bit tired of so many promises upon my part and so little realization of



them all. This time I shall not make any rash promises as to time, however, but will content myself with saying that soon we will have some new prizes. With love for you all,
AUNT LAURIE.

WONDERFUL MECHANISM

We hear much from time to time of the wonders of this or that complicated and intricate machine, but there are few pieces of machinery, says Harper's Weekly, more marvelous than that of the common watch. A watch, it may be stated as a general proposition, is the smallest, most delicate instrument of the same number of parts that has ever been devised. About 175 different pieces of material enter into its construction, and upward of 2400 separate operations are comprised in its manufacture. Certain of the facts connected with its performances are well nigh incredible, when considered as a whole. A blacksmith strikes several hundred blows on his anvil a day, and, as a matter of course, is glad when Sunday comes; but the roller jewel of a watch makes every day—and day after day—432,000 impacts against the fork, or 157,680,000 blows during the course of a year, without stop or rest—some 3,153,600,000 blows during the space of twenty years, the period for which a watch is usually guaranteed to keep good time. But the wonder of it does not cease here. It has been calculated that the power that moves the watch is equivalent to only four times the force used in a flea's jump. The watch-power is, therefore, what might be termed the equivalent of a four-flea power. One-horse power would suffice to operate 270,000,000 watches. Furthermore, the balance-wheel of a watch is moved by this four-flea power 1.43 inches with each vibration, or 3558 1/2 miles continuously in one year. Not much oil is required to lubricate the little machine on its 3500-mile run. It takes only one-tenth of a drop to oil the entire machinery for a year's service.

THE PANSY FACE



Did you ever see the tiny face
Which lies in the pansy gay?
Ever so smiling and cheery,
The face of an elfin fay?

No matter what be the weather,
Sunshine or heat or storm,
Happy if all the world is right,
Or if everything goes wrong.

Always so cheery and smiling,
Always so bright and gay;
Never a frown or a fretful look,
The whole of the livelong day.

Peep at the wee face, my children,
In the pansy's heart so deep;
Beautiful thoughts will come to you,
Which you may cherish and keep.
—Philadelphia Record.

Queer Customs of Cannibals

Many Tribes, but All Unite in a Fondness for Eating of Human Flesh and Piercing the Ears

Capt. Ernest G. Rason of the British navy, late resident commissioner in the New Hebrides, who passed through New York recently on his way to England, had an interesting story to tell of the quaint ways and customs of the cannibal natives of those distant South sea islands, which have but recently come under the joint dominion of France and Great Britain.

For those who have no school atlas ready at hand it may be well to recall that the New Hebrides are a group of about a dozen large volcanic islands in the South sea, lying some 1200 miles from Australia, due northeast from Sydney. They were discovered in 1606 by the Spanish explorer Gueros, but they were never formally claimed as one of the colonies of Spain.

The New Hebrides are thickly inhabited by various tribes of Papuans, brown cannibals commonly called Negritos. These tribes differ very much from each other—in physical characteristics, in speech, customs and dress. In the northern islands the men sometimes attain a height of six feet and more, whereas in the southern islands the average height is about five feet. On the Solomon islands all the natives go stark naked, but on the New Hebrides proper most of the men wear a poor excuse for a breech cloth, a kind of geestring, while the women wear a thin gown of one piece that comes down to their knees. All the children up to the age of 10 or thereabouts run naked.

A boy is considered a man as soon as he can throw a heavy spear. Girls are married from the age of 12 upward. The men do up their hair in braids or tassels, often very grotesque. This headdress, like their garments, varies according to the tribes. There are some forty tribes with no less than thirty languages.

The only traits these tribes have in common are their fondness for eating human flesh, their custom of piercing the nose and a peculiar trading lingo for intercourse with European traders, known as beche de mer. This queer speech, made up of hodge podge or native words, Spanish, French and pidgin English, bears resemblance to a similarly made up lingo of the West Indies, the papimento of Trinidad and Curacao.

The Papuans have ten degrees of caste or rank, graduated strictly according to a man's ownership of pigs. Wives, too, are rated according to the number of pigs it took to purchase them. The Papuan who has but one or two razorbacks is a plebeian, while he who can boast of a whole drove of pigs is rated as a magnate and will thus rank in heaven. In addition to this there is a system of promotion by which men who enter heaven rich will become richer, while those poor souls who had the misfortune to die pigless stay poor forever.

Pigs, by the way, as well as chickens and a species of mongrel terriers, are indigenous to the New Hebrides, at least Captain Cook, the explorer, reported that he found these animals domesticated there when he first touched among these islands. Our other domestic animals, such as cats, sheep, goats, horses and cattle, have been introduced into the New Hebrides only during the last century by missionaries. In the native tongue horses

have no distinctive name as yet, but are called "big pigs," while cattle are called "horned pigs."

"The least lovely trait of the Papuans is their cowardice," said Captain Rason. "They never fight in the open. A native Papuan never kills his enemy openly, but always from behind, from hidden ambush. When enemies meet they dissemble and pretend to be friendly.

"Next they go stalking one another, or lure them into ambush with the help of apparently friendly confederates. In this kind of hidden warfare they are rather redoubtable, thanks to the steep, mountainous character of most of the island, and thanks also to the fact that they have acquired good firearms, Sniders and Enfields, from the American traders. In later years I was able to put a stop to much of this ugly business by disarming the natives at times of large gatherings or dances, when I caught them off guard.

"Now all firearms they have left are fowling pieces. Even with birdshot they are very poor marksmen. Mostly they close their eyes as they pull the trigger. All shooting is done at very close range, because of the thick jungle and dense forests. Yet in former times when they used bows and poisoned arrows they were very good marksmen.

"An old Papuan standing beside me one time when I was shooting at a target with a revolver at a distance of 50 yards put his five arrows into the inner ring of the target in less time than it took me to put my six bullets. Now they have entirely lost the art or archery and likewise the craft of making bows and arrows. It is just as well, perhaps, for in the old days murders were frequent and the murderers always escaped."

THE KING'S NAME

Since the death of King Edward and the accession of his son there has been no Prince of Wales. The title remains in the possession of the king, to be conferred at such a time as pleases him upon his eldest son. King Edward was a month old before Victoria made him Prince of Wales, and King George was not made Prince of Wales till about ten months after Victoria's death. But Prince Edward, the new heir apparent, becomes at once Duke of Cornwall, and enters into the enjoyment of its vast revenues. The income is said now to be about half a million dollars a year, or more than double the amount which King Edward received from the duchy in the early years of his life. The surname of the king has at various times been said to be Guelph and at other times to be Wettin. A. C. Fox-Davies, however, the editor of Dod's Peerage, and author of a book in which he discusses the family history of the British kings, says that the king never had a surname. His ancestors in the male line have always enjoyed territorial titles, and had no use for the "name upon a name" to distinguish them. Surnames were not generally used until the thirteenth century, and the present king is descended from Wittkind, Duke of Saxony, who died eleven hundred years ago.—Youth's Companion.

FORGETTING DATES

Chicago school children will be much happier in a few months if the plan is adopted to abandon forcing them to learn a lot of dates in history. The superintendent of schools says that very little of such things that the children learn remains in their minds, and that it is useless to burden them with it. She is probably correct; but undoubtedly she does not propose to shut out the great dates of American history, such as the year of the discovery of Columbus, the year of the landing of the Pilgrims, the dates of the Declaration of Independence, of the second war with Great Britain and of the Civil War.—Youth's Companion.