

Query Corner

The editor will try to answer questions readers of the Junior submit to her. She will not promise to answer all of them. The questions will be answered in rotation, so do not expect the answer to be printed in the same week in which you send it in.

Dear Aunt Polly:

What are the names of the men in President Woodrow Wilson's cabinet?

What is the name of the new President of France?

—Thany you, Dorothy

Dear Dorothy:

The names of the men who make up the president's cabinet are:

Secretary of state, Bainbridge Colby; secretary of the treasury, David F. Houston; secretary of war, Newton D. Baker, attorney general; Mitchell Palmer, Postmaster general; Albert S. Burleson; secretary of the navy, Josephus Daniels; secretary of the interior, John B. Payne; secretary of agriculture, Edwin T. Meredith; secretary of commerce, Joshua W. Alexander, and secretary of labor, William B. Wilson.

The new President of France is named Paul Deschanel.

I want to add that I appreciate your "Thank You" at the end of your question.

Aunt Polly

Dear Aunt Polly:

What is the largest river in the world?

N. T.

Dear N. T.:

When people considered what river they should call the largest in the world they found they would have to say what they thought the word "largest" meant in connection with rivers. They decided that the river that discharged the greatest amount of water should be called the largest. Looking at it in this way the Amazon is called the largest river in the world, although in length it is not so long as either our own Mississippi or the Nile. It has been figured that the Amazon drains 2,000,000 square miles of territory.

Aunt Polly.

Dear Aunt Polly:

Why are Jews always short men.

A. L. R.

Dear A. L. R.:

Jews are not always short men, for, though many of them are short, many are very large men. The Jews belong to the great group of races of people called the Semitic group in which the average man is of medium height. Often races are stunted in their development by having come up against very hard conditions. The Eskimos are dwarfed by their life in the frozen northlands and wherever there is great shortage of food as there is today in many parts of Europe and Asia, the growth of the people is stunted. We learn that babies that can live through the desperate conditions often do not walk at all till they are four years old, for they are not strong enough. Their growth is hindered, is almost stopped by their misfortune. So you see it is possible for races of people to fall short of an average growth by hard living conditions endured long, long ago, or being endured right now. However the Jews can not be said to be as a race, below the average height.

Aunt Polly.

How Two Robins Started to "Keep House"

One bright morning in the spring two little birds, a mother Robin and a father Robin flew into the school yard. The father Robin with his orange breast, brown coat and trousers with yellow and brown stockings, his mother bird all in soft brown with a few little tan trimmings.

These little birds were carrying in their beaks some bits of straw for a nest they were planning to build, some where they hardly knew where.

That same week those two little Robins had started to build a nest and each time the naughty sparrows had chased them away when the nest was half built. It was under the eaves of a house nearby, sheltered from the rain and wind.

The little Robins were up early

each morning hustling around to find material for this wonderful little home for father, mother and wee birds when they should come.

Snow had covered the ground all winter and old March wind had been doing fine house cleaning and though their eyes were sharp, suitable material was hard to find. The birds had to take many long trips to and from the nest. Returning one day with their yellow beaks bulging with sweet clean hay which had just dropped from a farmer's hay wagon, whom should they find sitting on their precious nest but a little brown sparrow, their worst enemy. Surrounding the nest were many other naughty sparrows. In the roughest way possible the Robins were chased from their home under the eaves. They must have a new shelter.

In the school yard were many trees, here at least they would be free to build as there were enough trees for all. In the fork of a maple tree with its fresh spring dress on, seemed the finest place ever. In a twinkling came the mother bird with a long string in her beak. While the mother and father birds were tugging away trying to fasten the string to some twigs, along came the meddlesome little brown sparrow, creating a disturbance. Stealing the string away they flew with it to the nest under the eaves.

Poor little Robins! This treatment was quite too severe. Where they slept that night no one knew but early the next morning they were chatting away. Once more they began to build. This time between the iron bars on the steps of the fire escape, just outside the Kindergarten window. This quite overjoyed the children, the process of watching the nest building was a great treat in store for them. They agreed however, that not a word should be said to anyone until the nest was finished, nor would they go too close to the window, lest something should frighten the little birds away.

For many days the Robins worked, bringing straw, string, balls of mud and finally tiny little feathers to line the nest and make it soft and warm. Mother bird laid some tiny blue eggs, one each day until the children counted 1-2-3 eggs.

Then came days of patient sitting on the nest with occasional trips for food. The father bird would sit on a twig near by to see that no harm came to his dear little mate. He would sing and chatter away while the motherbird crooned her lullabies. One happy morning something moved underneath the mother bird. Father bird caught a sound—Peep! Peep! Peep! from three tiny throats underneath the mother bird's soft warm breast. Three hungry mouths were wide open for food. Such ugly little babies, too, but father and mother Robin knew the secret. Worms and bugs were plentiful and wee birds must have water to make them grow.

The birdies grew and grew and learned to hop around the nest. Sometimes they grew quite venturesome. One day when the father and mother returned from a long grubbing trip, they found their babies on the edge of the nest just ready to try their wings, a perilous position for such wee birds, and oh, how the mother bird scolded until they hopped back into the nest. When night came and the crickets and owls and frogs came out for their evening frolic, father, mother and all the little Robins tucked their heads under their wings and went to sleep. Each day wee birds learn something new.

And this is what they tried to do. They flew and flew and flew and flew.

In the nest on the fire escape the Robins lived unmolested and unharmed until they outgrew the nest. One day they bade the nest goodbye and far away they flew.—Mable Caroline Ellis.

Ed. Note. (This story is told by Miss Ellis who teaches kindergarten at Finley School and is a true story of what happened when she was teaching kindergarten at Warner school.)

Seven of the nineteen national coast-to-coast highways pass through Indiana. The trails passing through the Hoosier state are the Lincoln highway, the Old National Road, Pikes Peak Ocean-to-Ocean highway, the Yellowstone trail, the Midland trail, the Dixie and Jackson highways. No other one state has as many nationally projected highways passing through it as Indiana.

AUNT POLLY'S LETTER.

Dear Juniors:

I have read so many perfectly delightful stories which end this way: "They lived happily ever after"; and I have often wondered what really makes people happy. So many of you Juniors write stories about a rich man who buys a pretty home and pretty clothes for a poor little girl and then you say she lives happily ever after. And I wonder if she really does. Pretty homes and pretty clothes are nice but really and truly I doubt that thousands and hundred thousands of dollars ever made anyone happy—real, real happy. Maybe it has. I do not know. I have never reached the point where I had as much money as a Carnegie or a Rockefeller, so I can not really say anything from that point of view. I can say this, though, that I have been very happy many times when my pocketbook was a true image of something that "felt like thirty cents".

Do you know the beautiful fairy story that Maurice Maeterlinck tells about the long trip the two children, Tyltyl and Mytyl take to try to find the Blue Bird of Happiness? A wonderful journey they had and strange sights they saw such as talking trees and dogs and loaves of bread as well as fairies—grownup ones and fairy children—but they did not find the blue bird till they came back home and noticed that their little turtle dove swinging happily in his little cage, looked blue to them. Then somehow when Tyltyl gave the bird away to the little neighbor girl who was a cripple and wanted a bird so much, the little dove seemed to get bluer and bluer. So Tyltyl found his happiness after he had the courage to give something he wanted himself to someone who wanted it even more than he did. There are probably many, many ways of finding the real Blue Bird of Happiness.

Many people feel especially happy when Spring is coming. The return of singing birds, the swelling buds, the fresh warm winds, the little leaves beginning to peek out of their hiding places and blue skies chased over by gay white clouds have a way of making everything seem new again and people seem to wake up again and realize that it really is a wonderful thing to live after all.

Do you know, I think we ought to feel that we who live in Richmond and near it are very lucky for we live so close to the great "out-of-doors".

But my, this letter is getting long indeed and I was just going to write you a little letter. Before I close, though, I want to tell you a little poem about happiness that tells its own little story.

"Cleon hath a million acres;
Not a one have I.
Cleon dwelleth in a palace;
In a cottage, I.
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes;
Not a penny, I.
Yet the poorer of the twain is
Cleon, and not I.

Cleon, true, posseseth acres,
But the landscape, I.
Half the charm to me it yieldeth
Money cannot buy."

I hope we all will "live happily ever after".

AUNT POLLY.

Two Brand New Scout Troops; Oh, Boy!

Two Boy Scout Troops with fifteen members each have been organized by boys of the Grace Methodist church. They are fortunate to have secured as Scoutmasters, men who have seen service in Europe. The Scout Master of Troop No. 1 is Everett Lawson, with Thomas Noel as assistant Scout Master. Frederick Ashing er is Scout Master of Troop No. 2 and Paul Minor is Assistant Scout Master. The Patrol Leaders for the troops are as follows: Troop No. 1—Senior Patrol Leader, Harold Percifield, Patrol Leader, Wayne Reid and assistant patrol leader, John Pinnick.

Troop No. 2, Senior Patrol Leader, Elbert Apt, Patrol, William Abler and assistant patrol leader, William Huber.

Hope Valentine

The organ pipes seem to change to prison bars with her father behind them. She cried and cried.

Hope grew to be a young lady and became engaged to Roland.

At the table one evening a man called to see Hope. She said she would see him at another time. The servant returned and told him. The man gave him a jewel and said, "Tell her I give this to my little Queen." The servant returned and gave her the jewel and said, "He gives this to his little Queen." She jumped up quickly and left

the room and went to where her father was waiting. He embraced her. She told the servant to tell Roland to come immediately. When Roland came into the room she said, "I told a lie. My name is not Hope Valentine. It is Marjory Morgan! This is my father who was sent to prison for stealing bonds from the bank, but he didn't steal them. Mr. Carpenter did it. "Mr. Carpenter was the man who had tried to persuade Mr. Morgan to steal the bonds.

Mr. Carpenter was found and sent to prison for twenty years for stealing the bonds and five other years for saying somebody else did it.

Marjory and Roland were married after that. Marjorie had a little girl whom she named Hope for she had gone by the name for so long herself. And so Roland, Hope, Marjory and her father lived happily together to the end of their lives.

THE END

—A Junior reader

GUESS THIS

Red and white and blue and green, In every color they are seen.

The chipmunk has one down his back,

The zebra wears his, round and 'round.

Upon your clothes they may be found.

They're on our flag in colors true, I like them best of all. Don't you?

Boys Make Toys for Friends Overseas

Boys of the fifth and sixth grades of all the public schools of Richmond are making jointed animals and other wooden toys which will be sent to the Junior Cross Headquarters by the first day of May. There these animals will join hundreds of others and will set sail in a great big boat—which will almost be a real Noah's Ark—for ports in Serbia, Syria and other places where little children's lives are very sad and dreary, taking a message of cheer and friendship from the boys and girls of the United States. About fifty of these toys are being made in these grades under the direction of Miss Josephine Buhl.

THE BRAVE KNIGHT

A long time ago lived a king named Arthur. He had a very beautiful daughter named Beatrice. He also had four knights named Patrick, Henry, John and William. Beatrice had been stolen.

King Arthur was very sad to think he would see his daughter no more. He said, "Whosoever finds my daughter shall have her for a wife." The knights began to look for her.

One day King Arthur was riding out into the country when he happened to see a slipper like one Beatrice had worn when she had been stolen. But he thought nothing about it. He had gone but a little ways farther when he saw a piece of goods like a dress Beatrice had worn. Very soon he went back to the castle and told Patrick.

Patrick got on his horse and went the way King Arthur had directed him. Finally he came to a dragon's den. He went in and found that the dragon was not there. He saw nothing of Beatrice. He got discouraged and came back. He told Henry about it.

Henry got on his horse and started off. When he came to the den he went in. Henry saw nothing of the dragon or Beatrice. He came back to the castle.

John decided he would try his luck. But he lost his way.

William got tired waiting for John to come back.

The other two knights had gone before King Arthur knew anything about their going.

William reached the den armed in armor. He went in. He killed the dragon while it was sleeping. Beatrice jumped on the horse with William. They went back to the castle.

King Arthur was very much pleased to see his beautiful daughter.

William and Beatrice were married shortly after and lived happily ever after.

LUCILLE OGBORN, Age 12
Cambridge City.

NEVER AGAIN

Once there was a little boy, and it was Halloween night, and he wanted to go out, but his mother said no and he went to bed, and after his father and mother were asleep he crept out of bed and dressed and went out.

When he was down by the church he heard something behind him. He turned around and saw a white thing coming at him. He began to run, but after he ran an inch, the ghost had him.

He said where are you going at this time of night. Oh, oh, my mother let me come out. Now tell the truth you ran away didn't you? Yes I wanted to go out and play but she said no and I just ran away.

Do you know that's a bad thing to do? Yes sir. Come and go with me. Oh no I want to go home now. Come on or I will eat you.

So he went in the church and when he went in what should he see but a hole in the floor and a big rope up over it and a kettle and there was a fire under the kettle and there was water in it. The ghost said come here and he went there and he took the little boy and put him in it, and he was home and his mother was spanking him and he never ran off again.

—Thomas Brown, Finley School.

PYRAMIDS IN EGYPT

The Egypt pyramids number 75 in all, and some of them are entirely in ruins. The group of these structures which is most important contains the Great Pyramid, named also Cheops, after an Egyptian King. It is built of about 2,300,000 blocks of stone.