

THE WISHING PLANE

BY WILLIS WINTER



THE WISHING PLANE
Ladydear was telling Jack and me about the little Turkish babies when we had to stop our story last week. She had just reached the point where the papa presented with the baby.

"When the baby is carried into a papa for the first time," went on ladydear, "what do you suppose he does? Well, he stoops down with his mouth close to baby's ear and calls the baby's name three times as loud as he can.

"It must scare the baby half to death, for even bigger children like you have reason to be scared when someone shouted close to you when you don't know they are any place about."

"Then, after that ceremony is over, mother invites all the women nearby to come in to see the baby, but they don't coddle and kiss it and say nice things about it, the way mothers and friends do back home in Make Believe town. The Turkish women call it amny kinds of bad names and say ugly things about it. You'd think, if you could hear and understand them, that they were very angry, or displeased at least. But they aren't, this is simply another belief they have. The rough language and mean words are supposed to drive away the evil spirits if they are still lingering about."

"Now, you mustn't think from these stories, that the Turks do not love the children. On the contrary these people are noted for their love for the little ones. When one of the babies is taken very

sick the entire farm neglects house work, business duties and everything to visit the baby. Oftentimes mothers and fathers will adopt other children to bring up with their own and the adopted children share in whatever fortune the old folks leave.

"Although Turkish women are not allowed to visit with strange men or be seen with them any place, the little girls can play with the boys until they are about twelve years old and play games just like other girls in other lands. But after they are twelve the girls must wear veils and conduct themselves the same dignified way that the mothers do.

"And, now what kind of games do you think the Turkish children play, after such a queer start in life?

"Well, the same games practically, that little folks in America play. The Turkish boys spin tops, fly kites and play marbles. The girls join with them in games of hopscotch, mum'ble-peg and other sports.

"The boys spin tops a bit different than do the American boys. The little Mohammedans spin the top first with the thumb and finger or with a string and then keep it spinning by whipping it with a string made into a whip.

"When they fly kites they tie pieces of wood into the tails and try to hook these pieces into the other kite strings and bring the other kites down."

Now, I'm afraid we'll have to stop again until next week.

some of the alphabet letters were labeled "dark red," "light green," "emerald green," "pea green," "rasp green," "yellow purple," "blue purple," etc. The names of flowers makes a splendid code; also of trees, mountains, rivers, and cities; of tools, clothes, foods.

Our Cooking Class

The 6A and 6B classes of Vaile School (the boys do not go though) go to Hibberd school every Monday afternoon at 2:15 for cooking. Our cooking room is on the second floor. It is a great big room. It has four double stoves and ten single burners. Four girls use three stoves. Our teacher is Miss Murphy. We usually cook something good every week. We have made cocoa, macaroni and cheese, cheese pudding, spaghetti with tomatoes, pear tapioca and chocolate pudding this semester. I liked the cheese pudding best of all. Next week we will not cook anything as Miss Murphy told us we would copy receipts that lesson. After Easter we are going to make many things with eggs and to find out all we can about eggs.

The girls on our class are: Miriam Burbank, Marion Chenoweth, partners; Donna Mann, Ora Johnnings; Virginia Brookbank, and La Verne Davis; Anna Carson and Martha Ann Gennett; Marcia Dennis and Marguerite Burbank; Mary Freese and Agnes Ubert; Garnett Worley and Myrtle Schenk; Marion Harlan and Ruth Moorman; Marguerite J. Burbank, Grade 6A, Finley School.

Riddles

1. Twisted names of Animals
Unymb, ocw, tra, act, ogd.
—Agnes Huber, Age 11, Grade 6B
 2. What has an eye and cannot see? —Chester Collins, Finley
 3. Girls' names twisted.
Lidredm, arme, aslette, nana, lama, fronecel, edolig, garmarte.—Fern I. Via, Age 11, Modoc School.
- (Answers will appear in next week's Junior).

SNOW BOUND

One day I went away on the train to stay for a few days. On Sunday when I came home it snowed so hard and the snow drifted until I could not find the track.

I reached the station fifty minutes before train time and I asked the ticket agent how late the train was and he said it was six hours and twenty minutes late. I got to the station twenty five minutes after two and the train did not come until fifteen minutes before nine and the train had to have a snow plow to get through the snow.

When I got home I went to bed because I was so tired and sleepy.—Freeman K. Harris, 5A grade Starr School.

Tommy's Visit to Fairyland

Tommy was a little boy of about 8 years old who lived with his mother and nurse Nora, in a large white house on the hill called Willow Lane because there are so many willow trees.

One day Tommy's mother decided to go to town, and she promised him a bag of candy if he would be good, and stay at home with Nora, to which Tommy agreed.

After a while he grew tired of playing with his toys so he took his primer and went out and sat under a large willow tree and began to read.

Now the day was very sultry and now and then a small breeze would come and stir the leaves so that they were like a million fans fanning Tommy.

Presently Tommy grew tired of reading so he lay his head back on the trunk of the tree and immediately a little man dressed all in brown stood before him. The little man was about 3 feet tall with a large pointed cap upon his head and long pointed shoes which turned up on the end, while his short little jacket and trousers were a perfect fit, but you could hardly see the sharp little eyes that peeped out beneath his cap, but the funniest thing of all was that a bag large enough for Tommy to get into hung over his back which might have been the cause of him looking so queer.

But when the little man spoke it was funnier because he had such a shrill voice that it sounded like the shrill piping of a blue jay. But when he asked Tommy if he would like to visit fairy land, he was quite delighted for he had read of it so he quite willingly gave his consent so the little man told him to get in and they would soon be there.

When Tommy opened his eyes he was indeed in another world because butter cups and daisies instead of grass made a soft carpet for the earth and it seemed as if he couldn't believe his eyes but when again the little man's voice came to his ears he knew that he was alive and he asked him if he wouldn't like to see the fairy queen, before he went to explore fairyland and at this Tommy was delighted, so after Tommy had washed and made himself presentable, they went into the presence of the fairy queen.

After the Queen had asked Tommy about himself and where he lived she asked him if he was hungry. Tommy answered that he was terribly hungry so she summoned her waiters to bring him a light lunch, whereupon he sat down and ate greedily, which, I am afraid did not please the queen, but nevertheless she said nothing.

When Tommy had eaten his fill he and his guide went to explore fairyland.

Soon they came to a large field where all kinds of flowers were and

when he was told that this was where all of the little fairies played he went in and looked around, but all the little fairies were so busy playing with their playmates that they hardly noticed Tommy, but occasionally, if they would throw a sidelong glance at him it was indeed only to turn their saucy little heads away again.

When he grew tired of this place he asked his companion who was this little man to show him something more interesting, so they went on.

Presently they came to a large rose garden wherein Tommy was told all the girl fairies lived, but he did not wish to go in, but when they came to a tulip garden and he was told that the boy fairies lived, he at once became interested and he wanted to go in, but as the sun was sinking the little man told him that if he wanted to be home before dark they must hurry, but up to this time Tommy had forgotten about his home and his mother, declared that he was not in the least ready to go home, the little man went on taking Tommy through some of the most beautiful places he had ever seen.

Finally they came to a pretty steep and high hill which would have looked like a mountain to fairies and right near the top was the most beautiful fountain Tommy had ever seen and right then and there he resolved to go up and get a closer view of it for he could be quite stubborn when he wanted to, so he asked the little man to go with him to which the little man gave a hysterical little laugh and said that the queen would be very angry if any one went near the fountain. But as I said, Tommy was more stubborn than usual so he told the little man that he was going, so the little man seeing that nothing could be done, said, "Very well you may go, but I will remain behind," so Tommy went.

When he almost reached the top he was so delighted that he danced and frolicked because the fountain was so beautiful that it seemed to beckon him on.

When Tommy had almost reached the top he was more delighted than anything so he jumped and skipped so hard that all at once Tommy felt his foot hit against something hard which caused him to roll down the hill, hitting first one bump and then another, but when he had almost reached the bottom he called help! help! Then immediately some one shook him by the shoulders and he opened his eyes to see his mother bending over him, saying, Why Tommy you have been dreaming, get up and come into the house and tell me all about what made you call help!

When Tommy had related his adventures to his mother and had been duly comforted he openly resolved that he would never like to visit Fair Land again.—Louise Volkert, 7th Grade, Cambridge City School.

Young Citizen's Adventures

HUNTING EYE FINDS OUT ABOUT POLITICAL PARTIES

By R. S. Alexander

"Look here boy I'm going to shake the stuffing out of you. You can't insult the Republican Party while I'm around and get away with it. Where'd you ever get the idea that Republicans were crooks?" A big man standing near had seized Hunting Eye and made this threat when he had repeated what his friend, the mayor, had told him—that all Republicans were crooks.

"Why," faltered the boy from the North Woods, "the mayor said so the other day."

"Well, the old scamp," laughed the Republican. "I'm a friend of his. He is a Democrat. You're not so bad as I thought."

"The Democrats and the Republicans are two different political parties. The story of the difference between them is a long one.

"When the government was first formed, there were no real parties. Soon after it was started however, a big question came up as to what sort of a government this was. Some men thought it should have very broad powers. Others were



of the opinion that its powers be very narrow. These two different kinds of men got together into the first great parties, the Federalists and the Anti-Federalist.

"But after the question which first started them died down these two parties began to be better organized. Now there is an organization clear from the national committee down to the smallest precinct.

"Now most men do not think of the party to which they belong as a side to any question. They think of it as a party instead of a body of men who think the same on a big question. Now a Democrat is a Democrat because he is one and a Republican the same. Of course they take different sides on questions that come up but often largely because they are different parties and not because they really have thought the question out and decided it."

THE BUMBLE BEE

I heard a funny little noise,
One lovely summer day,
"Buzz-buzz," it whispered in my ear
And then it flew away.

And lit upon a yellow flower,
And then upon a white,
Then buzzed and buzzed and buzzed some more,
And then flew out of sight.

It was a little bumble bee,
I heard somebody say,
Who whispered to the pretty flowers,
That lovely summer day.

—Christian Science Monitor

A RIDDLE OF THE AGES

Multiply the number of the month you were born in by 2, add 5, multiply by 50, add your age, subtract 365, add 115, then the first number, if the remainder is of three figures only, is the number of the month, the other two are your age, or if it has four numbers the first numbers are the month and the last two the age.—Lucile Barnhouse.

KNIGHTS OF THE HOE & RAKE
In "The Farm Boys' and Girls' Leader" the boys and girls of the Garden club of the Junior High School of Manhattan, Kansas are given special mention for the enthusiasm and ability they showed last year in their school garden work. They were called "Knights of the Hoe and Rake."

