

## 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:  
Do you think I write good? I don't. What is my name? R. E. S.

Dear R. E. S.:  
You write rather well, I think—at least you write plainly and that is much appreciated by an aunt who has looked until her eyes did jigs in crosswise diagonal lines at the letters sent in by some Juniors trying to keep up with my thoughts was about. Even if you do not write real well which means to write clearly and attractively at the same time, you may know you have lots of company. The class of medium and below medium writers is bigger—much bigger than the class of good writers, I believe. I belong to the bigger class too—it seems as if my pencil or pen just has to lag way behind what I want to write and makes such a distracted looking scrawl trying to keep up with my thoughts.

One good thing about it though, is that we can always keep trying and trying to make our handwriting better.

I almost forgot to add your name. It's Ruth E. Ruthey, however you like to pronounce it. —Aunt Polly

Dear Aunt Polly:  
Who wrote this verse:  
Zacheus he did climb the tree,  
Our Lord to see? —K. M.

Dear K. M.:  
Isn't that a funny little verse? We do not know who wrote it, but it is one of many little verses and sayings in the New England Primer. This book—just a small one it is—had been published we know—by the year 1691 and probably was published several years before that. The verse you quote should be written this way:

Zacchaeus he  
Did climb the tree  
Our Lord to see.

It seems in looking over this interesting little primer that the joggier the verses are, the better the people like them. Some other funny little verses in this book are:

"Young Obadies,  
David, Josias,—  
All were pious."

and  
"Xerxes did die  
And so must I."  
There were some better verses in this early American primer. The little prayer most children learn first of all, the one that begins "Now I lay me down to sleep" appears in this book. So you see children have been saying it for three hundred and fifty years at least.

Aunt Polly

Aunt Polly:  
What is your middle and last name? —C. C.

Dear C. C.:  
I always want to say "seesaw" instead of "C. C." when I write your name. My name? Well the middle one happens to be the same as that very well known (long time ago) Queen of England whom those who knew her well dared to call Queen Bess. My last name would be written Gfrd if there were no vowels in it, but there are some vowels. An "i" appears as the second letter and an "o" jumps in between the "i" and "r". Now, if you can't figure that out you will have to call me "no name," or else.

Aunt Polly

SOME POEMS FROM  
VERY YOUNG JUNIORS

1. A nice little girl,  
Had a dear little curl.
2. Kitty, kitty, how do you do?  
You see me and I see you.
3. A little red mill,  
Stood on a hill.
4. A little boy had a drum,  
Ant it went tum-tum.

1A-B, Finley

The largest Bible ever seen is now being made. It is five feet two inches long, three feet six inches wide and weighs three quarters of a ton. Every verse from Genesis to Revelation is being written by hand.

## AUNT POLLY'S LETTER.

Good evening, Junior folks:

I am going to write a letter tonight which is especially for boys and girls who live in the country. I have been wondering how many of you Juniors have ever taken part in, or would like to take a part in club work carried on by boys and girls all over the United States. There are corn clubs, poultry clubs, pig clubs, baby beef clubs, canning and many other sorts of clubs. So you see this club work especially concerns you Juniors who live on farms, though with a little extra effort town Juniors may take a part, too.

Do you children work on the farm, do you have your own chickens or pigs to take care of and to receive the money from, when you sell them? Do you help to can much of your produce for the winter?

In Iowa and many states not far from us, boys and girls have active clubs, are greatly interested and are making money and improving ways of doing things—growing better corn and fatter pigs by improved methods so that what would have brought SOME money, brings MORE money

A very interesting little paper, The Farm Boys' and Girls' Leader, comes to me every month and I read so many stories in it of boys and girls of all ages who raised a pig, calf or a lamb, grew corn or won honor in canning contests, and it all sounds so interesting and worth while that I thought I would write to you boys and girls who live in the country and ask you what you have done in other years along this line of club work and what you are planning to do this year. Last year club work started here in Wayne county but as far as I can learn not much was done with it, partly because the leaders in charge of Wayne county resigned at an important time in the club work year.

Does it pay to be a club member? Well, I do not know much about it, but from all I have read, it seems to pay very well indeed.

One girl in Nevada last year canned 353 quarts of products valued at \$305.78 at a cost of \$70.81. Besides, she received a prize in the Nevada State Fair of a Steam Pressure Cooker for canning.

Clara Ray, a girl in Fountain county, of our own state, secured a shorthorn calf when it was eleven months old and started feeding it according to suggestions and methods found successful in club work. Feed cost her a large sum and the calf took much of her time, but Clara liked Buster (the calf) and thought the work more fun than anything else. She won \$110 in prizes in Livestock Shows and sold Buster for \$368.30. She thinks it pays and is more eager to do more than ever this year.

I just give these ideas as suggestions. I wanted to call the attention of Wayne county boys and girls to the opportunities of club work.

Any time you boys and girls feel like writing me about your part of the work on the farm and whether or not you are interested in Junior Club work, I will indeed be very glad to receive your little letters.

AUNT POLLY.

## For Boys to Make

## Handicraft

HANDY BOYS MAKE KITE  
REELS FOR MARCH SPORT

B-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r.

Z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z.

A growl, a metallic hiss, and a rattle once in a while. What kind of a machine is that under Jack Black's arm? He ought not to make all that noise flying a kite.

"It's a kite reel, I made," said Jack. "It isn't hard either."

Kite Reel Does the Work

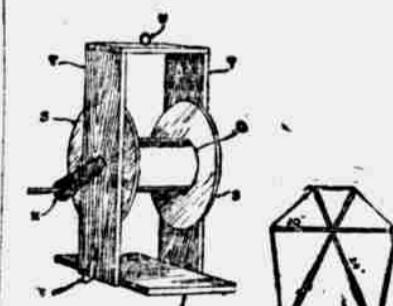
In the reel shown here, the framework consists of a flat bottom (V) about 4 1-2 by 8 inches, two side pieces (T and T) each 2x10, and a top 5 1-4 by 2. The reel itself is a large linen-thread spool (R) with two flanges of cigar-box wood (S and S), each 4 1-2 inches in diameter, fastened to its ends. For a pivot use a piece of old brass curtain rod. Fix the spool to the rod by filing flat spots on the rod just where it passes through the two ends of the spool and driving in wooden wedges against the flat spots. If the crank end of the pivot is filed roughly into square shape, the crank (X) can be fitted to it securely.

The crank is made of a piece of wood 4 inches long with a long nail driven through for a handle. Run the kite string through a screw-eye (U) in the top crosspiece. A loop of cardboard tacked on at W can be slipped over the crank handle to hold the reel and keep the kite-line from running out. The frame

work and other parts must be built carefully and strongly to stand the pull of the kite and the strain of cranking.

## An Everyday Kite

Three sticks, one 20 inches long and two, each 24 inches long, comprise the framework of a plain everyday kite. Each should be



1-8-inch thick and 3-8-inch wide and should have a notch in each end. Find the exact center of each and bind them together with cord at the crossing. Then fasten a cord tightly around from one stick to the next, following the outside lines.

To cover the kite, lay it on a sheet of light, strong paper, mark and cut around about one inch outside the string line, then lap the paper over the string and paste down. Belly bands for the kite line should be strung from each corner and brought together in front of crossing. Hang the tail from a cord fastened to the two lower corners.

## HERE'S THE ANSWER

Answer to last week's charade Named "Guess This"—Stripes.

The Boy Who Was  
Called "I Don't Know"

Once there was a very smart boy He was the smartest boy in the school.

One afternoon he met an old man. He said for him to always answer I don't know. This would lead him to a better life.

That evening his father asked him what he learned at school. He answered, I don't know.

His father didn't like this and said if he couldn't tell him by the next evening he would fire him from the house.

The evening came but he still answered I don't know. His father chased him out of the house.

The boy was tired running so he turned around to see if his father was coming. But no one was in sight. He walked on. By morning he came in sight of the King's castle. He asked the man if he could see the king.

The man asked for his name, but he answered I don't know. The man told the King, he said for him to enter, he did so. The king asked what he wanted. Not answering, he said for him to stay and do the gardening with the man in the garden.

He was shown the way to the garden. The old man was sleepy and soon fell asleep. Then the old man appeared and gave the boy three long hairs. One was gray, which he said if he would twist on his finger when no one was looking he might ride-around the garden three times.

Then the garden would look a little better if he put on the brown one.

If he would put on the black one the garden would look very pretty. Then he disappeared again.

The boy put on the black hair, looked around but saw no one. Just as this happened a horse appeared. The boy climbed on it. He rode around the field three times.

Then he took the hair off his finger. The man awoke and was amazed at the beauty of the garden.

The King came to look at the garden that morning. He asked how it happened. The man answered that he fell asleep, when he awoke it was like it was then.

The king invited all his friends for a party the next day and to see his garden. The next day the boy put on the brown hair, seeing no one, rode around the garden three times. The ground was all thrown all around. When the man awoke he was very mad because the king was coming out with visitors to see the garden.

They heard the king coming so they started filling the ground away from the door. The king was very mad at this. The company soon left.

The next day the boy put on the gray hair and rode around the field. The king then invited the people to come again the next day. The next day they again came. That morning the boy put on the black hair. It was prettier than ever. The king was highly pleased.

Then he told his visitors they would have a little fun. So they went into the palace again. Then the king ordered a servant to dress up "I don't know.". He did this and while the servant was out of the room the old man told him to speak a little more.

After he was dressed the servant waited for the king to call for him. He soon did.

The boy was led in to the room to the king. The king asked him what his name was.

The boy having been given permission to talk, said, my name is "John Smith." The king was greatly surprised at his answer. He asked why he would not speak before and the boy said, "I was bidden not to."

The king now said they would go out hunting. So he told the Princess to choose whom they liked best. They all departed but the smallest princess, who had fallen in love with, I don't know, and went to him. The king seeing this was not pleased. But he would say nothing. They started off (Now the little girl had seen all John did in the garden.) He gave an old horse to John. After they entered the forest he got stuck in the mud. They all went on. But the little girl stayed.

The boy told her to go on, but not to say a word. They soon disappeared, he picked out the black hair put it on his finger. Then jumped on the horse and drove all the animals out of the field toward the king. He told them not to shoot but take what they wanted.

So that is the way he won the

princess. —Bertha Popp, Garfield School.

Wild Life  
of Forest  
and Field

By Adelia Belle Beard

You must not think that neighbor Gray Squirrel is less interesting than his cousin of the woods, the Red and Fox Squirrels, just because he lives next door and you may see him any day and every day.

To be sure, like the birds, he will make his home in almost any village, town, or park where there are large trees and where he is protected, and sometimes he becomes tame enough to eat from your hand, but that does not mean that his nature is changed. At heart he is still as wild as any wilderness animal and he lives according to laws of the wild.

By making his home most conveniently in our midst, Neighbor Gray Squirrel is giving us a great chance to study the life and habits of one of Nature's wild children, a chance we should not miss.



RUNNING  
OVER THE  
HIGH BRANCHES  
OF BIG TREES

Forget, then, that you are sitting on your own doorstep, or looking from your own window, and watch your little neighbor as you would a creature in the woods.

See how he flattens himself out and spreads wide his short legs as he climbs up and down the trunk of the tree where he has built his nest. Notice how alert he is, how quick to take flight at any moving object, and how he disappears on the opposite side of the tree where, though you run to look for him immediately, he is not.

On the ground see how he moves in leaps, how he searches for acorns nuts, or roots and then, with tail curled up comfortably on his back, he sets on his haunches and eats what he has found, using his fore feet like hands.

In the Spring the Gray Squirrels are very active and, now and then, you can see one running over the high branches of big trees, jumping from one tree to the next and catching a swaying branch with the sureness of an acrobat leaping from one swinging trapeze to another. Later you may see whole families of young squirrels at play scampering over the lawn like kittens. Usually the nest is in a hole in the tree, but is sometimes built in a crotch of the branches.

Grade Pupils Make  
Exhibit Posters

Boys and girls in the art classes of the fifth and sixth grades are making posters to advertise the Public School Art Exhibit which will be held sometime in May. Each pupil makes his own design, and may draw or paint them or make them of cut paper, whichever way suits him best. The best three out of each room will be chosen and will be placed in conspicuous places around the city to announce the coming exhibit.

We are Making A  
Book of the Desert

We are making a little booklet, 'Tis about the desert land Where the people travel on camels, Across the beautiful sand.

The winds blow across the desert, It carries the sand all around; It whirls it up and throws it down In heaps upon the ground.

The palm trees grow on the desert, We made them very tall, Away up high in their branches, Are bunches of dates so small!

The people live in little tents, Which are made from camel's hair They load their things on the camel's back, And travel everywhere. —Co-operative poem from Second grade of Whitewater School.