

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.

Aunt Polly: Who's the editor of The Wishing Plane?—L. K.

Dear L. K.: I suppose you mean "author," for an editor does a little of everything and when he writes, he writes letters called editorials, and not stories at all. An author writes stories. I suppose people might have called them "authorials" but I am glad they didn't, because it doesn't sound half so interesting as stories.

Look under the name "The Wishing Plane" and you will find the author's name—but (with apologies to "Comin' Thru the Rye")—

But where's his home,
Or 'sides his name
Indeed I cannot tell.

—Aunt Polly.

Dear Aunt Polly: Was you ever in a cyclone?—C. C.

Dear C. C.: No I wasn't—but I was pretty close to one once. I was visiting a girl friend of mine in Zanesville, Ohio, at the time and I was about fourteen years old. (Now count up how long ago that was!) and early one Sunday morning a terrible storm came up—all sorts of thunder and lightning and wind. Hilda (that was my friend's name) and I "snuck" way under the bed covers and tried to talk of something pleasant and pretend we weren't scared.

When it was all over and we got up, we learned that there was very little damage done by the storm in our part of the city which was separated from the other part by a river. In the part across the river a real cyclone had played its ruinous pranks along several streets. We went over to see the ruins—trees, great big ones, were uprooted and many wooden buildings were damaged. A church steeple had blown over and in one place the whole upper story of a brick house had been lifted up and scattered in a neighbor's yard.

That was the nearest I have ever come to being in a cyclone and I wouldn't mind a bit if I never came any nearer.—Aunt Polly.

Aunt Polly: Tell me the girl I'm thinking of.—Me.

Dear Me! What are you saying! Why, if I told you her name, you'd have two black eyes and a bloody nose before Saturday night was over. Because there are three or four other boys unknown to each other giving pencils and all-day suckers to the same girl, and if I mentioned that you were thinking of her, there would be trouble. I never like to start fights. Things like that are best kept to one's self. Safety First!—Aunt Polly.

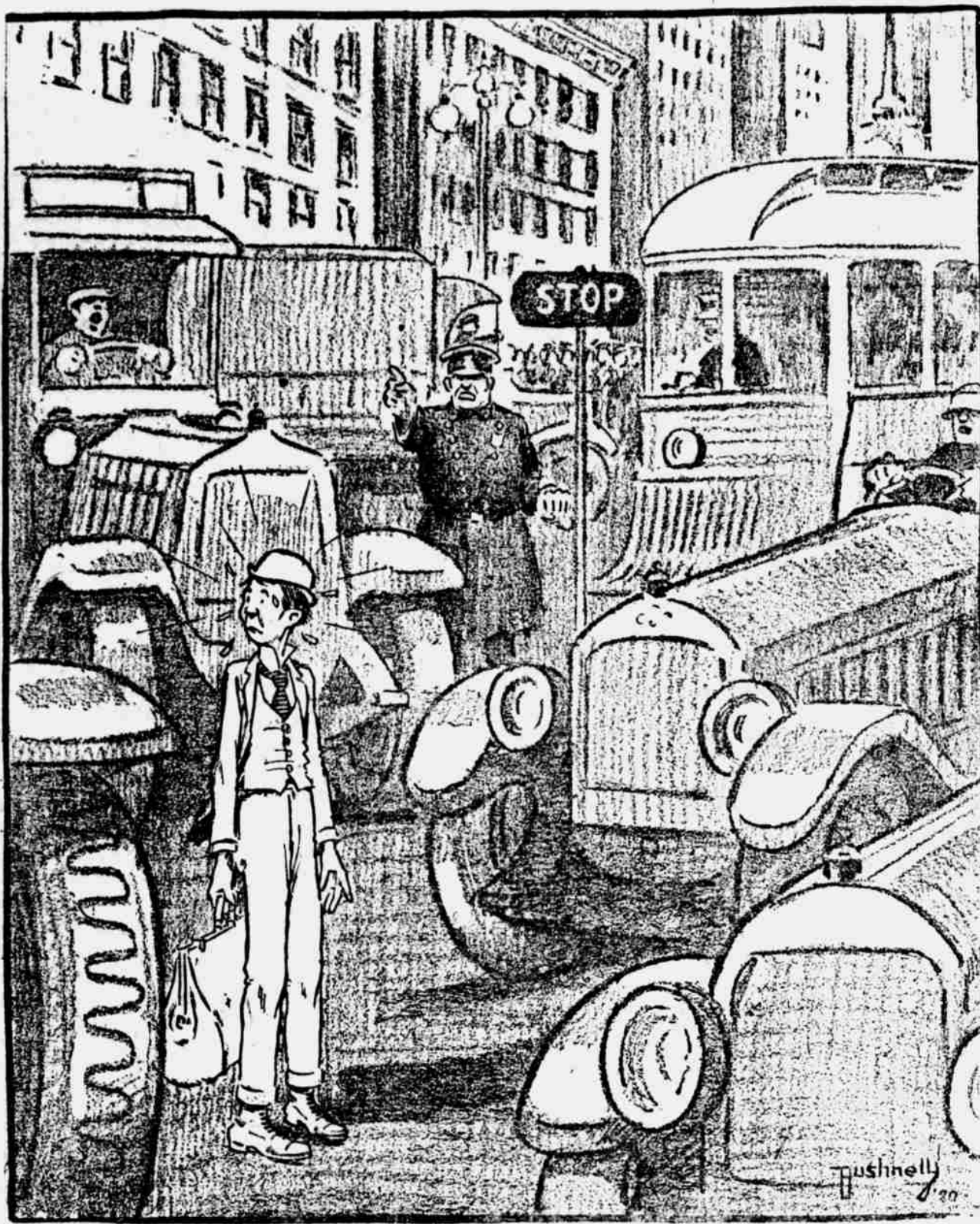
The Sword of Opis

CHAP. V.

When the Princess left Mok o' Toor and ran across the court she ran to her apartment of rooms in the castle and flinging herself on her bed, burst into a storm of tears for ah!—the fair Princess of Vorkes loved Mok o' Toor also her father's servant whom she saved from the law. He dared to ask for her love—she the Royal Princess but again she loved this man her father's servant but he would never know and she knew she must go by the rules on that marble slab or she and hers were cursed and doomed. If her own fair beautiful mother Queen Atenna were alive she could comfort this fair daughter but nay! Queen Atenna died in a few minutes after Bemtatz was born. At first Bemtatz decided to tell her father but fearing he would kill her lover she refrained from doing it.

That night the Princess could not sleep, her lovers words kept running thru her brain but all at once she heard a noise at the window and raising up she saw three or four terrible looking men. She knew at once it was the "Ruppets" the robbers of fair maidens, children and jewels, they were cruel, evil looking men with dark shaggy hair which was cut short; little evil eyes, on their heads were close fitting caps and they were clothed in a long sort of dress costume and it was made of bright red material

HOME AGAIN HIRAM—He Found Traffic Conditions in the City Much More Dangerous and Bewildering Than It Ever Was on Main Street Back Home During Fair Time.



and there they stood looking at Bemtatz pulling on their black whiskers. Bemtatz knew it was no use to try to get away because they were five thousand men in this one section of men but she started to scream but one of the Ruppets put a large dirty hand over her mouth and dragged her struggling out the window. She tried to bite the Ruppet's hand, he cursed and took a large handkerchief, bound it around her mouth. She was taken out and put on a horse and tied.

Morning dawned bright and the King and his household were up. One dark handsome young man had laid awake nearly all night thinking of Princess Bemtatz and early in the morning fell into a troubled sleep and dreamed a huge crocodile ate the Princess and he could not save her; he cried out and woke himself up finding out it was all a dream he prepared for his daily work. He went out into the garden thinking maybe the Princess would be there as she always was in the mornings but no! She was not there; he went into the king's presence to get his orders and just as he entered he heard the king order Bemtatz's old nurse to wake her up and called her "a little sleepy head," but in a few minutes the old nurse ran into the room crying, she is gone, the window is wide open. The old king's face grew white and he clung on to Mok for support but Mok said quietly to him: "Your majesty perchance she has wandered out to the garden or around the castle, shall I go and see?" "Yea, boy, go and search for her, dost thou think thou art right?" "I do not know, your Royalty, but I shall search and I will try to find her for thee," and saying this the young man ran thru the open door out into the garden, making a trumpet of his hands, he called Princess Bemtatz, Bemtatz, but nothing answered back. Everywhere was the same, no voice came back in answer, naught but the echo of his own voice.

He came back and told the king,

but thinking for a moment he said: "Your majesty perchance thou has a mount I shall search for her, neither shall I return without her." The king gazed up into the deep black eyes above him, he noted the pale face and said: "Yea you shall have a horse, and calling one of the stable servants told him to saddle 'Tilmote' one of the king's fastest mounts and so saying farewell, this brave youth rode away even in his servant's dress of a short coarse black tunic with the coarse black sandals on his feet and sitting erect on the black horse Tilmote he was all blackness indeed but his pale handsome face and the silver bridle of the horse he rode.

Quickly forgetting he had no breakfast and was thirsty he rode thru the hot hours of the morning. Mile after mile passed him and still following the raiders' horses' feet in the sand he came to the side of a sparkling stream dancing thru the forest. He drank and so did the steed Tilmote and then resuming his journey he saw in the distance the town of Cae and knew the Ruppets were there and sure enough the sun shown down on the white tents close to the city for men feared the Ruppets and never fought them unless necessary and then Mok knew he must wait for the friendly darkness to do his deed. So pausing by a breadfruit tree ate his fill, feeding the horse also and sitting down fell to watching the tents with anxious eyes; at last darkness fell and spread her black wings over the city. Mok was satisfied. Slipping on his stomach he moved slowly towards the largest tents (leaving his horse tied behind him to the tree) and thinking perhaps Bemtatz would be in that tent as that was the chief's, he slipped quietly behind it and heard loud conversations, one loud voice was saying: "I say she is the Princess Bemtatz and a great ransom thou wilt have for stealing her." And another lower voice: "Yea, she is fair dost thou know her to be the Princess." "Yea," came the loud voice, he heard a strange noise in the tents as though someone moving.

The men snarled: "Get back thou witch, do not move or thou will surely die," and a sweet voice proudly answered them from the back of the tent. "Oh, men of Satan wilt thou not take me back, my father wilt reward thee richly?" "Nay, charmer," said the soft voice, then both men came out of the tent, it was the chief and his man. Now as their voices died away it was Mok's hour!

HIS SONG.

When the nuthatches call, it sounds as if they were saying, "Yank, yank, yank," and this is true both of the white-breasted and the red-breasted birds of this species, says the American Forestry Association of Washington, which is conducting the national birdhouse building contest for school children that is arousing much interest. These birds have a clever manner of cracking nuts. They will wedge them in the crevices of bark on the tree and then peck at them with their bills until the nut is opened. Woodpeckers use their tails for support as they climb the trunk of a tree but the nuthatches usually climb with their head down and their tail pointed toward the zenith.

GOOD SPORT!

A dollar right now buys what fifty cents used to buy. The chances are that normal times will come back and then a dollar will again buy a dollar's worth of goods. The dollar you save now will buy just twice as much then as it would if you spent it now. You are just doubling your money on every dollar you save. Buying Thrift Stamps is a sport not to be sneezed at these days.

THE DANGER SIGNAL.

Little Margaret returned home in tears and said her teacher had scolded her. Asked the reason, she said she had just tied a boy's tie for him, explaining that it was a red tie. Immediately her 6-year-old brother Arthur, spoke up; Don't you know that red always means danger?—Ill. News.

What Shall I Be?

Answered for Boys



THE CHEMICAL ENGINEER

By R. S. Alexander

Skeets Lowe and Skinny Allen were doing experiments in high school chemistry.

"Man," said Skeets, "but this H₂S does smell rotten."

"Yeah, how'd you like to work with it all your life?"

"Tex Bradford told me last night about his brother Bill. He's a chemical engineer. Got a job with the Wellington Chemical company."

"What is a chemical engineer?"

"As near as I can make out he is a fellow who works with chemistry dope."

Probably your ideas about a chemical engineer are as sketchy as those of Skeets Lowe. So we'll tell you a little about his job.

He must know chemistry. It is a hard thing to learn chemistry if



you don't like it. So if you are not fond of it don't plan to become a chemical engineer. One great chemist when a boy worked for a living during the day and studied at night in a little laboratory which he set up in a shed. Thus he got his training. It is easier for most boys. A high school education, by all means, and a college education, if possible, followed by a course in a technical school should be the aim of the young chemical engineer. In addition some training in general engineering is valuable; the work of the chemical engineer is often associated with that of other engineers.

After he finishes his training, the chemist may follow the example of Tex Bradford's brother and enter the employ of some chemical company. From this position there is an opportunity for promotion to chief chemist or even to an executive position in the business.

He may set up as a consulting chemist. This is risky business unless he has sufficient capital to carry him through till he gets a practice established. The opportunities are many and varied and, with the increase in the use of chemical processes in industry, these opportunities are continually increasing. You will not go begging for a job, if you have a chemical education.

For further information, write to the head of the department of chemistry in any large university or technical school or to the secretary of the American Chemical Society, 1709 G St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

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THE FALL OF WARREN

An Englishman was being shown around Bunker Hill by an American who was proud of his knowledge of American history.

As they neared the monument the American said: "You know, this is the place where Warren fell."

"Was he seriously hurt?" asked the Englishman, who was staring at the gigantic column of stone.

"Hurt?" said the American scornfully. "He was killed."

"Well," said the Englishman, still eyeing the monument, "I should think he would have been, falling that far."

—Lone Scout.

A TRIPLE ALIBI.

Teacher — Bennie Beanbrough, were you making faces at Herman Hemmandhaw?

Bennie—No, mam, I wasn't.

"He said you were."

"I wasn't, teacher; you see, I had a tooth pulled and I can't keep my tongue out of the hole, and there is something in my eye and my nose itches so I have to twiddle it."—Youngstown Telegram.