

## 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 is my middle name?—C. C.

Dear C. C.—There just isn't any middle name. How can there be a middle name when there are just two initials? What would you say if an eagle would say to you, "What part of the ocean do I live?" Wouldn't you say, "Because you would know that an eagle builds his home way up high on some tall crag or mountain peak and would drown if he stayed in the ocean very long. Guess that's what happened to your middle name. It was 'sunk without a trace.'"

Aunt Polly.

Dear Aunt Polly—Who am I?—R. B.

Dear Ruth Borton—That's all! Goodbye!—Aunt Polly.

Dear Aunt Polly—Why do they say that South America is smaller than N. A., when Brazil in S. A., is larger than N. A., and then they say S. A. is smaller than N. A.?

H. M.

Dear H. M.—That does sound bad, doesn't it? But I am afraid you are mistaken in the size of Brazil. As near as surveyors have been able to judge the area of these two continents, the area is 8,700,000 square miles for North America (and this includes the West Indies) and 7,300,000 square miles for South America. It has been figured that the area of Brazil is 3,218,130 square miles. The reason men have not been able to give exact figures for the areas of these two continents is that surveyors have not been able to work in some parts of both continents, as in parts of the frozen regions for instance, and there are some parts of South America that are not yet explored.

Aunt Polly.

## PERSONALS

Marguerite Muckridge spent the day Sunday with her grandmother on Starr street.

Helen Saxton visited her friend, Julia R. Burr, at her home on South Tenth street, Sunday afternoon and evening.

Virginia Brookbank is absent from Valle on account of illness.

Alice Margaret Test is ill at her home south of the city.

Miriam Dilks has returned to the Joseph Moore school after suffering a broken arm.

## A FEAST TO NEWSBOYS

Over in Indianapolis last Tuesday and Thursday evenings there was a very large number of boys with smiling faces and full stomachs. The reason for the especially smiling faces and the especially full stomachs is that the Scottish Rite Masons of Indianapolis were hosts to all the newsboys of that city on those evenings. It was announced that the men in charge of the feast remembered that boys have real appetites and made their plans accordingly. Because of the number of boys it was found necessary to give the dinner in two sections, to entertain half the boys Tuesday evening and the rest of the boys Thursday evening.

Captain E. S. Loughner, a popular Indianapolis speaker will talk to the boys briefly at each of the dinners about his opinion of "Our Own United States."

## Warner Girls Form

### New Ball Team

Warner has a girls' ball team that expects to be a winner. This is the team:

Captain—Margaret McKay.  
Catch—Helen Sell.  
Pitch—Thelma Abbott.

1 Fielder—Margaret McKay.  
2 Fielder—Dorothy Deiser.  
3 Fielder—Thelma May.

—Sent in by Margaret McKay.

Napoleon was a prodigious worker and always thought of himself as "the busy bee". As a symbol of this thought he had two huge gold bees placed above the red velvet canopy that was and still is draped above his throne in the throne room of the beautiful palace of Fontainebleau, near Paris.

## THE GRAND OPERA

Winner of the First Place in Contest A of the Junior Palladium Story Writing Contest.

Willie and Billie lived in Maplewood Center, North Carolina. Maplewood was a very small town, about the size of Chester, maybe a bit larger.

Well Willie and Billie were giving a very fine play, a grand opera in Billie's back yard. This is a sample of the program which Rex Huntington, a little Swede printed for them:

### GRANDE OPERA

Blue Bird!

Admission Two Pennys!

Come won, Come al.

CHARACKT

Willie Hobok... Blu Bird

Eva... Blu Bird's Wife

Billie Carona... Won Brother

Jimmie Spits... Other Brother

Rosalind Devero... The Wife's Sister

Such was the highly praised program. Note the excellent spelling.

Willie had gotten his mother's hairpins to fasten up the marvelous curtain being a sheet smuggled from his mother's bed. The girls having taken all the safety pins to help construct their dresses. Eva, who was to be Willie's wife, had, with great delight captured all the crystals from the crystal chandelier in the parlor, to fix a diamond crown!

The day of the show came at last everybody was up early in a whirl of delight to don their costumes for the dress rehearsal which was to take place that morning. The actors assembled in Billie's back yard behind the curtain to practice for the last time, for that afternoon the show was to take place.

Everything went fine! The judge being Willie's mother, said it was great. They went home to dinner after that. At Willie's house his father questioned him.

"Do you think that your show will be a success?"

Sure! Yes—er—Oh—What'd you say? I didn't understand you."

"I said Do you think your show will be a success?"

"Oh! Sure, You bet! Shoot me the jelly pop!"

"William Hobokon! I bet I've told you forty times I'd skin you alive if I heard you use profane language again, say that sentence correctly, and do, say, sir."

"Oh! Sure sir, you may bet on it, sir—kindly present the jelly to me sir!"

There was a titter at this, but his father said nothing and the dinner passed by in silence.

At 1 o'clock Billie's yard was crowded with people. Almost all of the town were there. The show was to begin at 1:30. Everybody that was to be in the play, was there except Willie. Billie began to fear that he might be late, 1:15 came, 1:20 and finally 1:30. No Billie. The audience was getting impatient. 1:45 and still he did not come. Billie went to Willie's house to see if he was ready. He stepped in the door. Sounds of commotion were heard above.

"Ouch! Ma—er! Hey! stop it, your getting the soap all in my mouth!"

"William, do behave, turn around now, let me see if your all—"

"Oh, no, heavens its late."

"And look at your neck, what will all the girls say."

"Come on, let my neck go!"

"William, do you mean to tell me you don't have any more pride in yourself than that? Why it's as black as coal dust!"

"Is it?"

"Yes."

"I love coal dust!"

"Do you?"

"William Hobokon stand up here there's Billie calling you and heaven's sakes alive! It's five till two. Now then go on—oh, wait, you forgot your tie."

"Oh, murder. Yes I'll be down in a minute Billie."

"Oh, Willie, where is the sheet to my bed, and all of my hair pins are gone," the terrific mother shouted.

"Oh, murder," was the only response.

"Willie!"

"Yes?"

"Where is my sheet and my hair pins?"

"I don't know." (Very softly.)

"William don't you dare tell me any lies, but you're late now so run on, maybe I can find them."

"Oh, sure," (brightening up.)

Grabbing his costume Willie accompanied by Billie soon reached their destination.

The show had begun, only Eva and Rosalind being in the first act.

That one went fine. The second

act went by in a similar manner. Then came the Balcony scene.

The Balcony consisted of a dozen soap boxes piled upon one another. This was surmounted by a marble topped wash stand upon which Eva was to sit. The whole affair leaned against the high brick wall which furnished the scenery.

After climbing up in the most grave manner, Eva seated herself on a pile of soap boxes behind the rail of the wonderful balcony. Billie then appeared on the scene.

After scaling the pile of soap boxes he leaned over the rail and made love to her, violent love!

"Oh my fair one," he began.

"How I love you," she finished shortly, "Oh, your wig fell off! Jump down and get it."

After performing this feat and again mounting to the heights he began anew.

"Dearest will you marry me?"

"How this thing totters, Oh, why most certainly dear," she answered.

A fly lit on Billie's nose and the marvelous contortions of his face made Eva laugh.

"Ha, ha, ha, oh my! Please don't do that again or I'll fall off."

A certain boy in the crowd by the name of James Wiggins Coe uttered a plaintive "Bah! Humbug!"

This was too much for Eva and she began to laugh out right, after burying her head in her arms she pretended to cry.

When she was herself again, she said, "But 'od give me strength, I cannot, Oh I'm going to faint!"

"My you did that wonderfully, he whispered. I almost thought you did!" Then aloud:

"Oh what shall I do, she's fainted," and pushing back her hair from her forehead he kissed her!

A whispered "Good Land!" was the only response from the fair damsel. But the boys in the crowd, especially "Bah! Humbug! Oh, look, there's Fatty on the bean-stock!"

The whole crowd just roared but this too subsided for Billie had succeeded in bringing Eva back to life.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "My husband is calling me, I must go."

"Good night! my darling betrothed" and stepping over the top of the wall onto an ash can behind she disappeared from view.

The irritable Billie descended on the opposite side and strutting slowly back and forth he muttered soft love words to himself. Finally he tripped over a jumping rope and fell flat. That was the climax. The curtain fell.

The next scene was in the castle. Only Eva and Willie were on the stage. Eva spoke first.

"Why did you return home so soon?"

"Oh, my darling Fatina, I fairly died of love for you. But let us give the grand ball we planned."

"Most certainly!"

"When?"

"Tonight!"

"Are You willing?"

"Certainly!"

"Very well we shall do so, you go and invite the guests and I'll arrange for everything."

"Oh, dear, what a most elegant, marvelous, exquisite, impulsive and insupportable husband you are!"

"That I am, darling!" (very doleful.)

"I'm so glad, aren't you?"

"Yes—s."

"Your too good to be true! really!"

"Then I'm not!"

"Aren't you?" Oh, come on, we're wasting time!"

They departed, but Eva came back soon with a small key which was stained with blood. She tried to wash it clean but could not.

Very soon the guests began piling in the large banquet hall, Blue Beard sat on a throne which had originally constituted the wonderful balcony. Eva sat on another throne beside him.

The couples were dancing to their heart's content when two pages entered, bearing between them a large tray upon which was arranged a large pounce bowl, with the pounce sparkling with incredible brightness within.

Bearing this up the long array of steps they stopped before Willie and Eva.

One of the pages got his feet tangled in Eva's train and falling flat upon the platform he distributed the pounce all over the place. Willie as Blue Beard received a goodly portion in the face. Willie was too taken back, to do anything

for a moment. But when he did he did a plenty.

Sputtering with anger he managed to gasp out—

"Oh—Why-why-what'd ye—do—that for?" and then—

"Oh—Ha Villan," he yelled "To the tower with him! Off with his head!"

But Eva's tender heart saved him falling upon her knees he cried out—

"Oh, spare him! Please spare him!"

But she tossed her head around in such a manner that a high purple plume, lodged itself straight in the page's eye. Whereupon he left immediately without even thanking her.

After many other uninteresting things happened the last act came! Eva had been sentenced to die, as all who know the story know, for going into the Blue Closet which Blue Beard had forbidden her. Blue Beard drew his sword and grabbing the half fainting Eva by the hair called out:

"Ah, you little rude, impulsive, inquisitive, and impudent Villainess, I have caught you. Oh,—Ha, Ha! Ha—My joy is so great at the thought of this that I don't know what to do."

A loud noise was heard without. The locked door fell in. Their brothers and the prince had come at last.

The prince running his sword through Blue Beard's body, tossed it over his head to the ground.

But Blue Beard landing on the spike of his helmet leaped up into the air again much too gaily for a corpse. Billie and Eva were married.

That was the end of the play. Willie brought back his mother's sheet and hair pins all neatly folded up. As a rule children do not clean up quite as good as they fix up. But Willie did not relish the idea of looking forward to the scene where his father's razor strap would be the main figure, if he did not perform this feat, so he did so with great reluctance. Eva and Billie strolled through the woods to Lovers' Leap, that night. It was a grand old place, on the brink of a great cliff overlooking the valley. Seating themselves on an old time rustic bench and after glancing about at the numerous initials displayed on the trunks of the beeches which grew thick about them. Eva said: "I like you Willie!" "Same here," was the only answer and Eva raised her dark brilliant eyes and looked out over the valley to the golden sunset beyond.

(The End.)

Written by Northop R. Elmer, age 12, Garfield school, 7B.

## She Told the Truth

Once there was a little girl. Her name was Julia Helene Davis. She was about five years of age. One day her mother gave her a basket of eggs. She was a good little girl. Her mother had no money and her father was dead. Her mother sent her to sell the eggs. As she was going along she fell and broke the eggs. Every one! Then she said to herself, "What would mother say if she knew it?" She thought she would not tell her at first. And then she did. She went home told her mother. And her mother kissed her and she went on playing as happy as could be.—Madge Bawender, age 8 years, grade 3, Greensfork, Ind.

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## Every Day Science

for Boy Mechanics

HOW PHONOGRAPHS TALK

Grant M. Hyde

"What makes a phonograph talk, Daddy?"

"Well, sonny, that's a hard one. The phonograph can talk because sounds are nothing more than waves in the air caused by vibrations. When you hit a tin pan it vibrates and sends out waves in the air like the waves in a pond sent out by a pebble thrown into it. When you blow a horn you send out similar air waves. The two kinds sound differently, or have a different tone or pitch, because the waves are of different strengths—because there are more or less waves per second. A on the piano has 435 waves or vibrations per second; middle C sounds lower because it is caused by fewer vibrations per second.

"Musical instruments are simply devices that can be made to vibrate at certain speeds so as to produce certain waves—and, therefore, certain tones. In a piano, violin, guitar the strings are the vibrators; in certain wind instruments the waves are set up by a vibrating reed. Our voices are vibrating chords in our throats. All sounds are thus the result of something that vibrates. We hear them because they strike a tiny drum in the ear and cause it to vibrate with them.

"A phonograph is a device for reproducing vibrations that have been

preserved in a wax record. To make the record, someone sings or plays into the horn of a phonograph whose steel needle is running on a soft wax record. The sound waves, beating upon the drum to which it is attached cause the needle to vibrate in unison. It, in turn, makes little dents and nicks in the wax. Then the wax is hardened to keep the dents. Later, to "play" the record, you run the needle over it and the hardened dents and bumps set the needle to vibrating and producing the original sounds.

"You cannot see the bumps in the record because they are in the circular grooves. The vibrations are increased by the drum of the sounding box to which the needle is attached and by the horn or sound chamber. The rest of the mechanism is a spring clockworks to turn the record."

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