

## 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: Who is the ruler of Russia?—C. C.

Dear C. C.: Rulers in Russia are about as changeable and uncertain as the rulers in Mexico. Our news from Russia comes in very small amounts and cannot always be relied upon. As far as I can find out now, the Soviet government is in charge at Petrograd, with Lenin at the head. The troops of the Soviet government are called the Bolshevik troops and are fighting in different parts of Russia to try to conquer those districts which are against the Soviet government. Vladivostok, where the American soldiers were stationed for a time has recently been taken by the Bolshevik troops. General Semonoff is, I believe, the leader of the main Russian opposition to the Bolsheviks. He recently succeeded Admiral Kolchak. Japanese troops are in Siberian Russia opposed to the government of the present governing Soviet. So you see if there is any one ruler in Russia it is hard for us to decide just who he is.—Aunt Polly.

Dear Aunt Polly: See if you can guess my teacher's name. Here are her initials, L. P.—M. E. H.

Dear M. E. H.: All right, I'll guess! I guess your teacher's name is Lola Parry. Am I "warm"?—Aunt Polly.

Dear Aunt Polly: What is my name?—T. D. M.

Dear T. D. M.: Your name? Well, perhaps it is Telemachus Delphobus Mackay, or perhaps it is Tom Mackey. Anyway, it is Mackay.—Aunt Polly.

Dear Aunt Polly: Say, what's the biggest building in the world?—Me.

Dear Me: "Biggest" might mean lots of things. The highest building as far as I can find out is the Woolworth building in New York city, which is 750 feet high. Higher structures which cannot exactly be called buildings have been built by men, however, as the Eiffel Tower, the great iron tower of Paris, which shoots up 1,000 feet toward the clouds. The Maker of mountains far surpassed us however, for one peak, alone, Mount Everest in the Himalaya mountains in Asia measures 29,002 feet in height. And they tell us—those people who look through great telescopes—that we shall see even higher mountains when we can visit the moon.—Aunt Polly.

## RIDDLES

1. Why is a horse with his head hanging down, like next Monday?—Fern I. Via, age 11, Monroe school, grade 6.
2. Why does a dentist put his teeth in a show case?—Fern I. Via.
3. When is a man like a piece of wood?—Chester Collins, grade 6, Finley.
4. When is a bell in a church steeple like an orange?—Chester Collins.
5. What colors are the wind and the waves?—Ruth E. Smith, grade 5, White school.

(Answers will be published in next week's Junior.)

## WATCH FOR IT

His first name is Billy.  
He's off in disgrace.  
His last name's what some men  
Wear over their face.

Herein is contained the name of the lively new serial story which will begin in next Saturday night's Junior.

## WEEKLY TWELVE-SYLLABLE RHYME

Throw a stone  
At a bird,  
Meanest trick  
Ever heard.

## FINIS!

Aunt Polly: My grandpa at Greensfork gave me a sketch of the death of George Washington. George Washington died the last hour of the day, the last day of the week, of the last month of the year, of the last year of the last century.—Howard Brooks, Roscoe street, Richmond.

## PRINCESS PAT AND HER BABY



Lady Patricia Ramsay, who, as "Princess Pat" before her marriage to Capt. Alexander Robert Maule Ramsay, who known as one of the handsomest women in the British Empire, seems even more beautiful, her admiring friends say, since the birth of her son. Capt. Ramsay, who acquired the title of Lord Ramsay after his marriage to the princess, is a British naval attaché in Paris.

## Tom and Molly

## On the Farm

Tom Gartridge was a boy of 11, healthy, jolly and yet, he could be very serious if he wanted to be. His mother called him "My Little Man."

Molly Gartridge was Tom's twin sister. She was like him in every way. They both had dark brown eyes and curly hair. When they laughed their eyes danced. When they were angry, their eyes flashed.

Mr. Gartridge had died when Tom and Molly were six years of age. In the next five years Mrs. Gartridge had worked for her children and had taught them at home, raising them to be gentle, polite and intelligent.

But in the last year better times had come for the Gartridges. Mr. Beakler, Mrs. Gartridge's father, had often had Tom and Molly come up to Maple Brook, his farm, for the summer. He had been much pleased with his grand children, but Mrs. Gartridge refused all offers to come up to the farm and live, saying, "father you raised me, but you shall not raise my children. It would be too much of a strain on you. I will raise them myself."

But that year Mrs. Gartridge's health broke down and she was forced to stop work. She could no longer refuse her father's offer. So the Gartridges went to the country.

Maple Brook was a beautiful farm. It got its name from the fact that maple trees bordered the drive to the house and a brook ran through the grounds. There was the big barn to play in on rainy days, the hay mow to slide down and the big grassy lawn to play on. But don't think it was all play for the twins.

Indeed, there was much work. Tom helped his grandfather in the barn, milked the cows, went after him at night, fed the horses and did other odd jobs. Molly helped her mother in the house, fed the chickens, went after the eggs, cooked and did all kinds of work a little girl could do. But still with all his work, Tom and Molly had much fun.

A friend of Tom's, Bert Hartly, often went swimming and took many picnics with the Gartridges. Jack and Margie Martin, and Edythe Tompsoom were also included in these trips.

One day grandpa went to the city and came back with a pony for Tom and Molly. Tom and Molly soon became quite skillful in riding and sometimes Tom rode the black mare, Maude, and then sometimes Jack and Bert, Margie and Edy would join them.

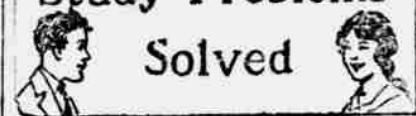
Mr. Beakler persuaded Mrs. Gartridge to stay there and keep house for him saying, "Mary I am get-

ting to be an old man and I will need help on the farm and Tom is a manly little fellow and I need him. So you must stay."

And they did. Tom, Molly, Bert, Jack, Edythe and Margie had many good times in the country riding, playing or working.

And now we must leave the twins, hoping that they may always be as happy as now.—Marion Chenoweth.

## Study Problems Solved



Jennie Hall, Francis W. Parker School.

## FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF

Want to find something out? Want to do something? Then go ahead and do it.

Don't wait for some one to wind you up and set you going. One of the glorious things in being a human being is that each one of us has a will of his own. A will is a sort of perpetual motion machine, which runs of itself, as long as you do. Take Joe, for example.

He wanted to know about eyes. Books told him a lot, but not in the way he wished. He was after practical knowledge. So he went and bought a sheep's head at the meat market.

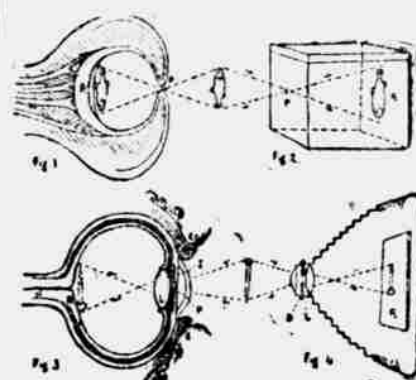


Fig. 1. Box of a camera. Fig. 2. Light rays entering. Fig. 3. Light rays converging. Fig. 4. Light rays forming image on screen.

He began by cutting out the eye. Going at the job carefully, he found the iris and the pupil and the lens. It took trouble to find, but he located the optic nerve.

Then, as soon as he had finished the roll of film in his camera, he studied the lens of that, and worked out the likeness between the eye of a mammal like a sheep (or a human being) and the modern camera.

So far, so good. But Joe knew, too, that he could take pictures by making a pinhole in a dark box, the "camera obscura" plan.

Now, he figured, if the complex

modern camera is a development of the pin-hole camera, why shouldn't the complex eye of the mammal be a development of some pin-hole form of eye in the simpler forms of life?

A book might have told him, but he wanted to find out for himself. So, sure enough, in the nautilus and similar forms, he found a regular pin-hole eye.

Then Joe really knew. He had found the clue to many of the wonderful secrets in the eye, which he would never have known if he had not hunted for them himself.

## A Red-Eyed Vireo Goes to School

Last September we found a nestling red-eyed vireo in the street. His leg was broken at ankle joint, and he was so tiny! We set the leg, and the little fellow was very tenacious and cheerful. From the first he was a great favorite and kept us all busy catching crickets and hoppers, for his appetite was a long one. We fed him blueberries, rum cherries, pears, and grapes, together with insects. All insect food was taken in his foot and held and eaten from there while he sang his little whee-ee. He visited each child several times daily, generally chatting a little. We never caged him and he never flew away, although there were many chances to do so, with forty children passing in and out.

On their Christmas-tree the children put some beefsteak for Vireo. This he liked slightly broiled.

The friendship between this mite and the children was beautiful to see. If we had not let him attend school each day he would have died of homesickness. He pined during our vacation and seemed so happy to see the children when school began once more. I carried him home every night. He wanted to come to the table every time we ate. We let him sit in a fern, and if nothing seemed to be coming his way he would throw dirt in my plate until I fed him. If visitors came to the school he generally flew to meet them. The fire-chief came to lecture on his department, and Red-eye picked his brass buttons and even tried to get the gold from the chief's teeth.

Several times the bird had been nearly under foot, as he would run on the floor under the seats in play. One day, on one of his jolly little trips, he was stepped on and was gone in an instant. Since then we have kept a good grip on ourselves, but each child feels the loss keenly. Vireo did more good in five months than people often do in as many years. We shall try harder than ever to help the birds on their return.

Many of the children have feeding tables for the birds now here. Last summer we raised over fifty injured and orphaned birds and still have two robins. We gave our summer vacation to the birds, and would like nothing better than to work with them all the time.

We write this about our vireo that you may see how social and lovable a bird he was. He was the most intelligent bird that we have lived with. MARY E. COBURN.

## Army Officers Of Finley School

Armies are being mobilized again, but this time, it is for peace, instead of war. The army we are speaking of is the United States School Garden Army.

The following boys and girls are officers in the Garden Army of Finley school:

Room 1, Grades 1 A, B—Richard Trowse, captain; Orval Fettes, first lieutenant; Lucy Borders, second lieutenant.

Room 2—Herman Meerhoff, captain; Laura Elizabeth Whitesell, first lieutenant; Elmer Holzappel, second lieutenant.

Room 3—Lynn Byrket, captain; Elizabeth Allison, first lieutenant; Reba Harris, second lieutenant.

Room 4—Zella Edith Weist, captain; Rob. Vertrees, first lieutenant; Ralph Simpson, second lieutenant.

Room 5, Grades 4A, 5B—Mark Graffis, captain; Paul Battenberg, first lieutenant; Thomas Moore, second lieutenant.

Room 6, Grades 5A, B—Melvin Studt, captain; Nina Murray, first lieutenant; Marim Allison, second lieutenant.

Room 7, Grades 6A, B—Clifford Burr, captain; Dale Anderson, first lieutenant; Mary Hodapp, second lieutenant.

## CLARENCE GOES TO POLAND

Clarence is only one of the many real American boys represented in the play by that name which has recently been published. The play "Clarence" was written by Booth Tarkington who is just a big boy himself, though from his age and appearance you would probably think he had grown up when you first met him. Mr. Tarkington is the man who tells us about Pedro and many other "regular fellows."

Clarence and his chums have become very popular wherever he has appeared on the real stage or in movies. But that is not all. Clarence is going to travel. A man named Richard Ordynski liked Clarence so well that he took several copies of the play home to Poland with him when he set sail for Europe last week. He is expecting it to have an important place in the series of plays he is planning to present in Poland.

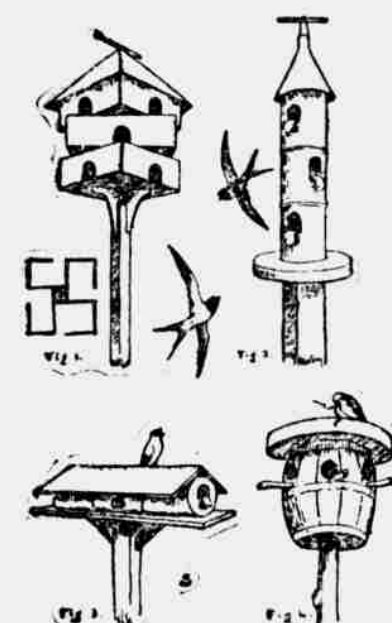
## For Boys to Make Handicraft

## SOME NOVEL BIRD-HOUSES

Grant M. Hyde

"Tell us how to build some bird-houses that are different, Uncle Bob—something that the other fellows haven't built."

"If you know what bird-houses should be like, Sonny," came the prompt reply, "you ought to be able to see ideas in any pile of boxes or tin cans. The birds don't care about the beauty of their houses. They seek safety and shelter. All that a bird-house need be is merely a box or a can that is weather-proof. It should have a perch. The door should be from 1½ to 2½ inches across, depending on the size



of the bird you wish to attract. It must be out of reach of cats and other enemies of birds. Here are some designs that will start you on the track of novel ideas:

"The Bird Apartment House (Fig. 1) is made of several flat boxes (say 18 inches square and 6 inches high) set on top of a pole and covered with a roof. Each box should have four doors and should be divided into four apartments, as shown. The boxes may be set squarely, on top of each other, or diagonally to provide perches.

"The Bird Tower (Fig. 2) is made of several tin cans, set on top of each other with an old funnel for a roof. Boil the cans to remove the labels and to clean them. Cut each door so that the tin flap that is cut may be bent out for a perch. Boards may be placed between, to fasten the cans together, or upright sticks outside may be used.

"The Bird Cabin (Fig. 3) consists of several tin cans, cleaned, and with doors and perches, set end to end on a flat board. Cleats on either side will hold them in place, and a couple of boards will make a roof.

"A Keg-o-Bird Nest (Fig. 4) is made of an old nail keg, divided inside into four nests, each with its own perch and door. A cheese box, with sides cut down to 3 inches and placed upside down, makes the roof.

"These will give you other ideas. Remember, though, whatever you build, be sure to paint it and to put it out of reach of cats."

## WHO'S MADE SOMETHING?

The boys of today are the inventors of tomorrow. Sometimes they're the inventors of today. Maybe you've made something that's quite new, or you know some one who has. Write and tell us about it.