

## 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: Tell me if my girl likes me.—F. D.

Dear F. D.: That is her place. This is Leap Year, you know.—Aunt Polly.

Dear Aunt Polly: Do you think I write good?—C.

Dear C.: Just at present I feel just like George Washington did when his father found his cherry tree amputated. "I cannot tell a lie," and, therefore, I must say, no, you really do not—at least, not when I have seen your writing. It seems to have the same wandering spirit that mine has, also a desire to go downhill. Hard luck! But perhaps, we can improve our handwriting in time. Here's hoping!—Aunt Polly.

Dear Aunt Polly: What is meant by the Marathon?—B. S.

Dear B. S.: Now we go back and dig up the dusty old records of ancient history and we find that the Battle of the Marathon is thought of as one of the very most important battles of the world. It was fought on the Marathon plain in Greece and resulted in victory for Athenians over the Persians and sent the Persians back to Asia and put up the sign "No Admittance" on the doorway of Europe to tell the people of Asia that they were not exactly wanted in this newer continent. The word is often used as the name of a race. This name is used because when the Athenians heard that the Persians were coming to fight them, they sent one of their swiftest runners to beg aid of another strong city, Sparta. This runner ran a distance of a little over one hundred and thirty miles and arrived in Sparta the next day after the day on which he had started. Do you think you could run that fast?—Aunt Polly.

Dear Aunt Polly: Most children are glad that school is closing, but I am not. Can you tell me why?—D. H.

Dear D. H.: The way you feel is unusual, but I think there is probably a number of boys and girls who feel the way you do. I think the reason is that you really like school; the work, your teacher, and your playmates, and you feel that you are leaving it for a long time. But even if you do not have so many playmates with you, you can think up all sorts of games and things to do that will make your vacation very happy. Besides, mother wants some help very much at times during the long days of summer. When you just can't think of anything interesting to do, come and see me and I am sure that you and I together can think of something to do that will be lots of fun.—Aunt Polly.

### Two Stories in One

Once there was a girl whose name was Sarah. She was 10 years old. She was in the fifth grade at school. She had brown hair and blue eyes. She was more rich than poor.

Her mother was dead. Her brother was at a large university studying and teaching. Her sister went to Earlham. She and her sister lived with their father.

One evening her sister was frying some pork chops for their simple dinner. Sarah was busy writing a story. It ran as follows:

Once a boy was always saying "I have went."

The teacher did his utmost to correct him.

One day his teacher told him if he said it again that day he would have to stay in after school and write it one hundred times correctly.

In about an hour he said it again. So he had to stay in. When he got through the teacher was getting wood. Fred thought he had better leave a note to tell the teacher he was going. The note was as follows:

"Dear Teacher: I have finished my task and I have went. FRED." Sarah sent it in. Do you think she won a prize?—Ruth Smith, age 10 years, School No. 2, fifth grade. (Honorable mention in story-writing contest).

## The Tale Of the Whispering Cave

### CHAPTER II.

It was a huge lioness that switched her tail back and forth and uttered growls. It was hungry too, and Jack knew his small rifle was useless against the huge beast. It would only enrage it the more. Then the lioness gave its freezing challenge and lay ready to spring, but just then Jack had the surprise of his life. A young creature slim and lithe with long black hair, hissed out a strange call and walked to the huge beast. Jack expected to see it tear this strange person to pieces, but no! Instead, the lioness slunk off into the high jungle grass. Jack was too surprised for words. Now the strange creature was looking at him he saw by its face it was a very beautiful woman and had large, black eyes with a tiny red mouth, sparkling white teeth, with long black eyelashes that shaded her black eyes. She was white like himself but was slightly tanned by the tropical sun. There was a long beaded panel that hung to her knees in front and one like it in the back and beaded breastplates that sparkled and glittered in the sun light. Her long, lovely, rippling hair hung a good way below her knees. She gazed at Jack in a puzzled way and then Jack finally found his voice and said:

"I-I thank you and will you tell me the way back to the Zamto's camp? I am lost, hungry and thirsty." The strange woman looked more puzzled and Jack thinking she did not understand made signs as if he were eating and drinking. A smile on the girl's face told him she knew what he meant. Then she took him by the hand and led the way to a small lake of water where he drank his fill and then giving him some large blue berries watched him eat. He found the berries delicious and the water clear and cold. Then she led him throu the jungle and in a very short time he saw the Zamtos' village. He was overjoyed. Then the strange woman-creature started to leave, but Jack caught her slim hand and said:

"Your name?" She must at least have known what he meant for she said in a silvery low voice: "Armunta" and fled. Jack said slowly: "Armunta, Armunta!" "What a odd name." When the natives saw him they were too happy to speak. When Jack told the natives of Armunta they fell back and cried out: "The white spirit has saved you, beware lest some evil befall you." "Why do you call her the White Spirit?" said Jack. "Why?" said they. "Because she is the spirit of a white princess that haunts the 'Whispering Cave'." Ah! thought Jack. Here is that "Whispering Cave" again, aloud he said: "What and where is this 'Whispering Cave'?" "That is where the spirit of departing souls are and is quite two moons from here, but no one ever comes out alive. Do not wish to go there, white man, or the White Spirit will claim your soul as her own." "Well I don't think I care to go now, but some day I will."

So no more was said on the subject of the White Spirit until one day Armunta stepped out into Jack's way while he was hunting. She smiled and talked quickly in a queer, very odd language of hisses, moans, and chuckles, as near as Jack could make it out. Jack shook his head, then she broke into pearls of silvery laughter and seeing Jack's puzzled face her face grew serious. Then he got the greatest surprise of all, she said in perfectly good English: "I'm sorry White God."

Jack looked at her and grinned, then said: "Little White Spirit, I thought you could talk Uncle Sammie's language." But not another word would she say, only looked up at him with bright eyes. As they wandered thru the jungle the animals all slunk off at her approach but that afternoon as they were twining back Jack looked at something he saw in the grass. When he felt two soft lips on his cheeks and he looked around, but Armunta had gone. Jack wandered home and although he said nothing, the natives whispered among themselves: "White Man had again met White Spirit. She is luring him to the 'Whispering Cave' where she will claim his spirit." But an angry scowl from young Jack soon made them hush. Jack could not sleep for thoughts of beautiful Armunta. Could she be false? He would like to see the "Whispering Cave". Then he fell in a troubled sleep.

John Hartman lived in town in a large and beautiful house. He was a very good boy. (That is not saying he never did anything mischievous). For sometimes he was a little bit mischievous.

Across the street from John lived a little girl named Mary Hoover. She was a very attractive little girl. Her golden curls danced in the sunlight, her pretty blue eyes sparkled with joy, and her plump red cheeks always were rosy. She was also from a wealthy family. She and John were very good friends.

One day John came over to Mary's house, asking if she and her mother might go fishing with John and his mother. Mary was delighted with this plan and hurried fast to tell her mother. Her mother consented. So in a while they were ready to start in the big car, which was a Cole Eight. They went in the country and went down to a large creek. Then they got their fishing implements out and began to start fishing. Soon Mary had a large fish. Then John caught one. The mother prepared the lunch and they all ate heartily. Soon it was growing dusk and they went home.

This was a very happy day for the children.—The End.  
—Berenice Beeson, age 12, grade 8.

### Martha's Surprise

One day it was raining and little Martha did not know what to do. She was sitting by the window wishing it would stop raining so she could go out doors and play.

Just then Martha was surprised to see her Uncle Ben drive up to the gate in his big machine. He stopped his machine and got out and came up the walk into the house, with a package under his arm.

Martha wondered what it could be. She jumped up and down when he said it was a box full of paper dolls to paint and cut out.

Oh, what fun Martha had the rest of the day playing with the paper dolls.

On every rainy day after that she played with her paper dolls.—Kathryn Kimmel, age 8 years, grade 4, Centerville, Ind.

### American Flag In

#### Gay Blanket Knit

#### By Garfield Girl

Very bright and warm is the soldier blanket which Elizabeth Stevens, 711 West Main, knitted in 1918 for her uncle who was with the A. E. F. in France. Many bright colors are used—red, green, blue and many others.

Right in the center of the blanket is a large Red Cross and in one corner is an admirably knitted American flag which forms one block. There are sixty-three of these knitted blocks in the blanket, and almost all were made by Elizabeth herself. It is well made throughout. Elizabeth says she likes to knit. The blanket was finished too late and the war ended before it could be sent to the soldier-uncle overseas, which was a great disappointment to Elizabeth. She keeps the blanket very carefully.

Elizabeth goes to Garfield and is in the 7B grade. The blanket was exhibited a short time ago in Miss Henley's room in the Domestic Art department.

#### OH, I LIKE SPRING!

When the roses pipe up,  
They look like a cup,  
When they show their buds of gold,  
Then the curling leaves upfold.  
Hark! I hear the birds sing,  
Then I know it is Spring.  
The flowers bloom all day long,  
And the birds sing their best songs.

—Mary Helen Fosler, grade 4A, Baxter school.

#### THE RED BIRD

We love the pretty red bird  
That sits in the big cherry tree,  
That's in my yard, he sits there  
And sings and sings to me  
And you in the big cherry tree.

And with his bill of yellow,  
His suit of red that you can plainly see,  
Wherever he is sitting and  
You can hear him singing  
In the big cherry tree.

—[Name not Given.]

## The Autobiography Of An Airplane

The last thing the men did to me before I left the factory was to paint me blue and white, which they said would camouflage me very well. Two days later some men took a squad of airplanes of which I was one, to France. I was used for dropping bombs on the enemy and had many exciting times.

Once I was dropping some shells when two German airplanes attacked me. They fired some shells at me but none hit me. The pilot, pretending that I had been hit, pressed a button, and I found myself falling towards the earth. When I had fallen about two hundred feet, I faced the enemy, and the gunner fired at them. To my surprise they burst into flame and fell to the ground.

As soon as the war was over I was taken back to America and now I am used for carrying mail, but I am content because I know I have done my duty.—Ronald Macy, grade 7B, Garfield school.

### MacMonnies Chosen

#### Sculptor of Statue

Not long ago all the children of Richmond had the privilege of contributing some sum from a penny to a dime for the huge statue which America will give to France to be erected on the Battlefield of the Marne. Mr. Frederick MacMonnies, a distinguished American sculptor, has been chosen to be the sculptor of the statue.

A recent picture of the sculptor appeared in an American magazine recently, and the expression on the face of the artist is very kindly, and his eyes look large and dreamy as if he was in the habit of dreaming all sorts of beautiful dreams and then making his fingers express those dreams in bronze or stone, or whichever material he chooses to use.

Just what the statue will be, has not been announced. Mr. MacMonnies is working that out, but it is decided that it will be a very large statue, as large as our Statue of Liberty, which France gave to us, and will have a group of people in it, in which the main figure will be a woman.

The names of the school children in the United States who contributed to this statue have been written in subscription books and will be sent across the ocean with the statue and will be kept with other records in the town of Meaux, in France.

### NEWS OF CAPITAL

An elaborate pageant in celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the founding of Indianapolis was given Tuesday afternoon by one of the large grade schools of Indianapolis. Eight hundred children were expected to take part in it. Trumpet calls by heralds announced the beginning of the pageant. The episodes presented included: The New Purchase, the Choosing of the Site for the New Capitol, the Pioneers, the Civil War, Growth and Development of Indianapolis, The World War Triumph, and the Future of Indianapolis. All the children were in costume, and represented Indians, fairies, the living rainbow in colors and many other figures.

Indianapolis school children contributed \$415 to a fund for the erection of a memorial to the landing of the Pilgrims. The quota for the whole state was only \$500.

The children of the Indianapolis orphans' home were the guests of the Federated Club women and the theater management Thursday afternoon at a presentation of the film, "The Bluebird."

### THREE WHITE FEET ON GENERAL'S HORSE

Jeff, the beautiful chestnut horse which was presented to General Pershing by a Virginia admirer, is the "pal" of the general every morning in his daily canter. Jeff has three white feet. An old superstition says of horses: "Three white feet, deny him; If four, take him by the nose And go and throw him to the crows."

But Jeff is not superstitious, nor is his master, and proves by his beauty that the old saying is wrong. He won the first prize in the "Be Kind to Animals Parade" held recently.

## RIDDLES

1. If your uncle's sister is not your aunt, what relation is she to you?—Elzina M. Mann, age 11, grade 4, Antioch school.
2. What is an old lady in the middle of a river like?
3. Why is the figure 9 like a peacock?—E. M. M.

4. State Puzzle: I am composed of ten letters. My eighth, ninth, and tenth is what 2,000 pounds equals. My first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh is the process of cleaning clothes.—Allen David Hole, Jr., age 10 years, Grade 7B, Garfield school.

5. I am composed of five letters. My first, second, fourth and second is the way a small boy treats a cat. My fifth, second, and third is a word which indicates gender.

(Answers will appear in next week's Junior.)

### Answers to Last Week's Riddles

1. Indiana.—Allen David Hole, Jr.
2. Yesterday.
3. Your promise.
4. When she lies at the wharf.
5. Helen, Martha, Ruth, Anna, Elizabeth, Lucile Marie, Bertha, Ethel.—Ruth Moorman.

### GUESS THESE!

Dear Aunt Polly: I have some riddles, as follows:

1. Why does a miller wear a white hat? 2. What is it that grows shorter in summer and longer in winter? 3. What is the hardest key to turn? 4. What is the newest thing in stockings?—Lillian Smelker, age 9 years, New Paris, Ohio.

We will publish the answers to these riddles next week.

Dear Lillian: Thank you, so very much, for your pretty card and your riddles. It tickled me pink, or, perhaps, I should say, purple, since the card had violets on it. When you come to Richmond, some afternoon and come to North Ninth street, and up the stairs to the second floor of the Palladium building, you will find, waiting to receive you (doesn't this sound nice and formal?)—anyway, you will find someone who will be very glad to see you, and that someone is—your Aunt Polly.

### Beeson Makes Old

#### Pole Vault Record

#### Look Pale and Sick

Tom Beeson broke the Richmond Junior High School record in pole vaulting at the school meet Saturday, May 22. Beeson holds the record now with a 7 foot 6 inch vault. He not only made this record, but he made it in such beautiful form that he was cheered by the admiring spectators.

The girls made a total of 80 points, of which the Purples won 48 and the Whites 32. Mildred Ware broke the girls' record in standing broad jump when she cleared a distance of 7 feet 3 inches.

In the baseball game played by seventh grade girls the Whites showed up superior, and in that played by eighth grade girls the Purples came out victors. The Purple team captured first place in four of the seven races entered by girls. Those who captured a notable number of first places are Berenice Richards, Mildred Ware, Marguerite Minix and Martha Perkins.

The boys were entered in some 13 events, out of which Beeson easily emerged as victor with a total of 34½ points and five first places to his credit. Kesler came next with a total of 29 points and four firsts. Martzell scored 28 points, with three firsts; Beck secured 25 points, including three firsts; Throckmorton and Kelley each are credited with 22 points, the former having two first places and the latter one.

### MR. BROWN OFFERS CLASS

Mr. Brown, for three years instructor of Art in the Richmond schools, has announced a special class for six weeks after school closes, for the benefit of those who desire to continue and develop their work in art.

He offers to teach a public school class which will be made up entirely of school children. This course will consist of simple drawing from nature in pencil, crayon and pastel. The course will commence June 10 and close July 16, meeting every week. On rainy afternoons the class will meet in his studio on the corner of Ninth and Main streets.