

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 I like to read books?—L. W.

Dear L. W.:
I always tell whether people like to read books or not, by their looks. Now, let me think about you. Well, after much thinking, I would say yes, you do like to read books very much, all kinds of books—though, you especially like fairy stories.—Aunt Polly.

Dear Aunt Polly:
Do you think I write good?

Dear Bee:

The really correct way to say this is, "Do you think I write well?" But then, it sort of makes people sick to be real correct sometimes, doesn't it? Just thought I'd mention it, though. Yes, I think you write rather well and I can read it easily, and that is more than people can do with my writing sometimes, I'm afraid. Of course, you COULD write better; but then, most people can do that. So, cheer up and keep on trying. That's what I keep doing, but sometimes I am afraid I will have to buy a typewriter to write on, in self-defense. If I didn't ever think of things, it would be all right, but I get to thinking and dreaming about things and my thoughts seem to throw a challenge to my pen to keep up with them. The pen tries to, but it doesn't have a ghost of a chance.—Aunt Polly.

Dear Aunt Polly:
Let me see, let me see! Hee, hee, hee! Again I say to you, I said, Amen, amen! Yeow! Hee, hee! How many years have you been here?—Rose Merry.

Dear Rose Merry:
I like your name, but, oh, my, I'm afraid your firecrackers must have burned away part of your brain from the looks of the first part of your question. If you are sick, let me know and I will come around and visit you. If not, do relieve my mind and tell me, for I am worried about you! But to your question:—well, I have been here as long as the number of legs on a thousand-legged worm minus the number that comes just before 10 used twice in front of itself plus the number of months equal to the number of players on a baseball team when the catcher has been knocked out.—Aunt Polly.

Boys and Girls In
Central Europe
Wear Paper Clothes

"War games of all sorts were played by the children of Germany before the war, especially by the boys. These games were encouraged when the Kaiser was the biggest man in Germany. But now it is very different," said Alfred J. Brown, of Indianapolis, just returned from Europe after a five months service there with the American Friends' Relief Committee, spent mostly in Austria and Germany.

All during his stay he never saw any warlike games at all, but instead, the children were playing the charming old folklore games that were played in the old days before Germany became an empire. They are singing the folklore songs too; very few of the war songs, sung so much before the war, are heard now. Groups of young people from 16 to 25 years old, are forming groups of wandering minstrels over there and spend their Saturdays and Sundays and holidays walking from town to town playing guitars or other instruments and singing these lovely folk songs. Often groups of boys like our Boy Scouts will start out on these trips and camp along the way. Mr. Brown has heard them imitate bird songs and notes so well that you might easily be fooled into thinking you heard the birds themselves. They sing beautifully, too, the sound coming from their throats instead of from their heads.

Lived on Turnips Four Months.

During the war the people, especially the children of central Europe

with whom Mr. Brown was associated, did not have enough food, and in fact, do not have enough now, and often there was no variety at all. In one part of Saxony the people lived for four months eating nothing at all but turnips.

The European children's friend, Mr. Hoover, found out that there were many thousands of hungry children in Germany and asked the Friends to take charge of the relief work there. When Mr. Brown and other people of the Friends' Society arrived in Germany they started to serve an average meal. And what do you suppose happened? As hungry as the children were, they could not eat the meal that was set before them. Why? Because they had been living on such little bits of food for so long that the walls of their stomachs had caved in. But after three or four weeks of this feeding, they became stronger and could eat a meal more like the average amount needed to keep a person in good health.

Brought Kettle with Holes in It.

Rice, milk, cocoa, peas, sugar, noodles, and sometimes white bread were on the bill of fare which was served under Mr. Brown's direction. The children were usually fed in a school building. Each one was told to bring something that would hold about three-quarters of a quart of soup, and a spoon. And what do you think they brought the first day they came? Some brought crocks, china, plates and kettles. One child came bringing a kettle which had holes in it, and one little child came in with a rather large kettle tied on her back, so she wouldn't lose it, as china and such things were very scarce.

The first night that a meal was served to the hungriest children of Breslau, Silesia, in this way, the children, 200 of them, crowded so close around his automobile, not wanting to see him go, that he had to call the passersby to call the children away so they could start the car. They had been hungry for so long, and then all of a sudden came this good food, and now as they saw Mr. Brown and his party moving away they were afraid that he would not come back any more.

Wear Paper Suits and Dresses

Mr. Brown saw many children wearing paper suits and dresses, and he said they were quite pretty, too. These suits and dresses could be washed once and sometimes twice. Did you ever think that you could wash your paper doll's dresses?

The boys spend much of their play time spinning tops, but they do it differently from the way boys in the United States play with theirs. They lay the top on the ground and get a stick about 18 inches long with a string tied on it that is about the same length, and with this they start to whip the top, and then the top just spins and spins! They make the tops jump, with their whips, too! Mr. Brown saw one boy make his top jump 20 feet and alight spinning.

Try it and see if you can do it. Mr. Brown told his boys about it and now they are spinning tops that way.

Sang U. S. Folksong in English

In Dresden pretty exercises were held in the school especially to show Mr. Brown and his workers how much the children appreciated their help. Two girls fourteen years old, made little speeches of gratitude, all in English, and presented Mr. Brown with a very large bouquet of lilies of the valley.

After this, these same girls sang "Old Kentucky Home" in English. These children in Austria and Germany and Serbia will be fed by the Friends' Relief Committee until July 1921, when the new crops will be gathered in.

BEDTIME

My mother blows the candle out And says goodnight to me. I hear her bracelets as they ring And jingle merrily.

I hear her footsteps as they go Beyond the closing door. The night has fallen, just as it Has always done before.

—Christian Science Monitor.

European children are eager to learn about the United States. Scrapbooks filled with pictures of American life are to be sent across the sea and hundreds of boys and girls in the Atlantic and Middle Western states are making scissors and paste fly, completing 10,000 of these "happiness books."

Back to the U. S. A.

There are boys and men who are brave;
There are boys and men who are true;
But none are half as good as those
Who fought for the Red, White and Blue.

Some are home again
In the land of the U. S. A;
Others are lying in France,
The land so far away.

Many mothers' faces are sad
With tear stains on their face,
Thinking of loved ones far away,
For no one can take their place.

Many faces are smiling,
For their boys are no longer away,
But back at home with mother and
Dad,

In the land of the U. S. A.

Some far away in the land of
France,
With a white cross at their head;
The only way to mark the graves
Where our brave heroes lie dead.

Some are honored for bravery,
Some are not honored at all;
But one is just as brave as the rest,
Who faces the cannon ball.

—Vivian Marie Beare.

The skyscraper stands on concrete pillars sunk three hundred feet into the earth. Some day it will fall.

RIDDLES

1. Why is the Statue of Liberty's hand eleven inches long? Why could it not be twelve?—Rosemary Sharkey, age 11 years, Indianapolis, Ind.

2. There was a man that jumped off a high hotel. Why didn't it hurt him?—Catherine Sharkey, Indianapolis, Ind.

3. Some ages:

(a.) What age is it that people get stuck on?

(b.) What age is not good for digestion?—Lucille Wickett, age 11 years, grade 6.

4. Why is Sunday the strongest day?—Mary Louise Bills, West Fifth street.

5. Why are pen, ink and paper like fixed stars?—M. L. B.

6. What flower is most likely to be found in the shop of the shoemaker?—Eloise Mills, West Main street.

7. What flower would you wish for when oppressed with woe?—E. M.

Answers will be published in next week's Junior.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S RIDDLES

1. Some cans: Canvas, canoe, canteloupe, cantata, cancel.

2. Because they are moved by springs.—Eloise Mills.

3. Because it is most useful when most widely extended.—E. M.

4. Because he takes people up.—Mary Louise Bills.

5. The beech.—M. L. B.

6. He always has his pupil under the lash.—M. L. B.

7. Fire-crackers.

SENSE

Teacher: Which one of the five senses, sight, feeling, hearing, taste or smell, could you get along best without?

Small Boy: Feeling, because when you get in an accident you won't get hurt.—Boys' Life.

AN EMPTY JOKE

Snickson: Why is an empty purse always the same, my boy?

Snickson: 'Fraid I can't tell you!

Snickson: Why, because you never see any change in it!

Children of the ungraded schools of New York city have made many toys and sent them to Ellis Island where there are nearly 200 immigrant children in a hospital. They also sent stacks of toys to European children.

Pasadena, Calif., scouts have been given a 6 1/2 acre camp site located at the edge of the city overlooking the valley. The site is covered with oak, sycamore and olive trees.

HA! HA! HA!

At the foot of a steep hill stood a sign board on which the following notice was painted:

"DANGER.—Bicyclists and motorists are hereby notified that this hill is dangerous and they are cautioned to come down slowly."

Appended to this were the equally funny lines:

"Any person not able to read the above, will have it read for them if they call on the blacksmith who lives around the corner."

A Scotelman saw this notice and explained to his friends that the point of the joke was that the blacksmith might not be at home.

BUSINESS

The tail-end of the sales force who had been sitting around hoping that business would spruce up, put this question to the star salesman of his concern:

"How do you manage to get so many orders, while I don't seem to get any at all?"

"Well," said the other, dropping his voice to an impressive whisper, "I make it a point to wear out the soles of my shoes instead of the seat of my trousers."

There is an old saying that any one born in the month of June will be small of stature and very fond of children.

Mr. James A. Wilder, chief sea scout of the Boy Scout organization, directed the launching of the sea scoutship "Mohawk," at Schenectady in May with due ceremonial.

My Trip to Texas

I started from Columbus and went over to Indiana and stopped at Richmond and ate dinner at a hotel.

Then I got on my train and by the time I got to Illinois, it was pretty well the middle of the afternoon. The train stopped at Springfield, but I did not get off, for I did not want anything. The next stop, Kansas City, Missouri, my train route ended and I had to board another train.

Then my train took me to Oklahoma and I got off to see a friend of mine and stayed two days and boarded another train and hit the trail for Texas.

I stopped at San Antonio and saw a couple of cow-punchers sitting on a fence, and in the cattle yard was a fellow trying to throw a bull, and believe me, when that fellow came out there was not much left of his clothes.

He said he would have to get a new suit and I asked him if I could go along and get some cowboy togs and he said, "Sure!" So, I went with him and bought a suit and a couple of bandana handkerchiefs and I put one of them around my neck and put the other one in my pocket.

Then I thought it was about time to get something to eat, so I went to a restaurant and asked for a glass of milk, and a bunch of cowboys crowded around me and kicked me out the door, yelling "Tenderfoot! Tenderfoot!" after me.

I went to a little cottage and knocked at the door and a motherly lady came to the door and I got a good dinner for fifty cents, and she would not take any more.

Then I walked out of town a little piece and I came to a ranch and I went and asked if I could board and room, and the owner said yes.

I stayed there about a month without buying any more clothes and I was running out.

And as I had no revolver I thought I had better get one, so I started to walk to town. I came to a lonely place in the road and in the middle of the road I saw a robber holding up an old man.

I crept up quietly and grabbed a long club and hit the robber on the head, but just as I hit him, his horse kicked me in the leg, and I fell to the ground with a broken leg.

The old man picked me up and put me on the robber's horse and rolled the robber into the ditch. Then he got on his horse and took me to town and I had my leg set, and that kept me in town for about three weeks.

Then I got my revolver and some shirts and went back to the ranch. When I got there they were rounding up cattle, so I got a horse and took part in the roundup.

The next day we branded them and I branded thirteen.

The next day my job was to

mend harness and I mended five sets in the morning and three in the afternoon.

This morning I looked in my diary and I found out I had been here three months and three days and I thought it was about time I went back to my old home; so, I took the same route I came on, and when I hit good old Ohio it was pretty hard to get used to the quiet life again.—Dick Kast, age 10 years, Lewisburg public school, grade 5.

[This story received very favorable criticism from the judges in the Junior Palladium Story-Writing Contest.]

Young Citizen's Adventures

Francis Rolt-Wheeler

The Secret Service Man had been so struck by Hunting Eye's intense interest in the Navy and Army, and by the Indian lad's eagerness to don his country's uniform, that he decided to take him with him on his next trip to Washington.

There was a great deal to be shown to Hunting Eye: the Mint, where the money is made; the great government buildings; the General Post office, where Hunting Eye told his friend of his adventures on a mail train; the White House, where, as the Secret Service man explained, the "temporary big chief" of all the United States lived; but, last of all, and best of all, came the Capitol.

"Bigger than the Army and the Navy," the Secret Service man explained, "bigger than the courts of



justice, bigger than the President—what do you suppose that can be, Hunting Eye?"

The Indian lad did not hesitate for a moment.

"I know," he said, "the Council."

"Yes," said the Secret Service man, "the Council, or as we call it, Congress. And it is bigger than everything else for the same reason that an Indian tribal council is bigger than the chief—because everyone has a part in it.

"You spoke of the promise that a soldier makes when he puts on a uniform. But it isn't only the soldier who makes a promise, Hunting Eye. Every American citizen makes a promise—he vows to do everything he can to help his country, not only to obey the laws, but to help make the laws; not only to pay his taxes, but to help see that they are rightly imposed and properly spent. Every American citizen should have as his chief desire to make his country better, cleaner, more industrious, more frugal, more deserving of honor with every day he lives. He can do that by being so himself. The pride of America depends on the pride of Americans, pride in those things of which a man should be proud."

Hunting Eye looked up, his eyes shining.

"The Indian will not fail!" he said.

"Nor anyone else, I trust," came the reply. "America cannot fail!"

—Boys' and Girls' Newspaper Service.