

# PALLADIUM SHORT STORY PAGE

## IF GIANTS CAME TO EARTH

YOU doubtless have often heard the expression "knee-high to a grasshopper," as applied to the diminutive size of a boy in his very young days, but can you conceive of a village with real churches, houses, railway stations, factories and all "knee-high" to a boy?

There is just such a Lilliputian community, and it isn't in fairyland either. It is the handwork of some boys living in Surrey, England—bright, clever little fellows, who have taken the very materials that big cities are made of—solid stones, cement, brick and iron—and constructed a miniature town that would look small even to Tom Thumb.

The work has been part of a training school campaign on novel lines. The boys attend the Philanthropic Society's farm school at Redhill, Surrey, and this work, while a pastime in a sense, is fundamentally a course of instruction in the different mechanical and constructive trades. In addition to verbal instruction in these arts it was desired that the boys should have practical experience in the execution of them. The common idea of using models in the classroom was laid aside and in its place was substituted the more extensive plan of setting apart a large expanse of the school's land on which the boys could actually construct streets, buildings, bridges and all else which now makes a part of the wonderful village which has sprung up under their clever touch.

It is the only enterprise of its kind in the world, but it meets success that it no doubt will be widely copied.

The highest edifice in this novel town is the church, and its beautiful little steeple, towering high above the neighboring buildings, reaches just to the boys' knees. So you can get some idea of what diminutive structures this doll-like village is composed.

As we, who have not the privilege of visiting this remarkable town, look at it through out mind's eye and the accompanying illustrations, we find ourselves much in the position and with the perspective of a man who has eaten some of H. G. Wells' "Food of the Gods," which food, as the story goes, increased one's stature five times or more.

A man who indulged in this diet soon found himself set out of perspective to his surroundings, that he had to be careful not to kick houses over, or trample ordinary people under his feet. If he wasn't cautious he'd "bark" his shin against a church spire or stub his toe against a high office building.

How we would have to exert the same degree of care if we visited this little village in England, and, by reason of the accuracy of each detail in its construction, we would be able to see how a normal-sized city would look to a giant. Our arrival at its portals would suddenly transform us into great beings and from our lofty elevation we could look down, with the curiosity of a giant, upon the structures hardly large enough for us to get a foot inside.

The only thing missing, from a giant's point of view, would be the people that lived in this wonderland community. Everything else is there—church, dwellings, barns, bridges, railroad stations, railroad lines, farms, and, what adds greatly to the realism of it all, the ruins of an old abbey, vine-covered and in the last stages of decay.

If we may take the liberty of assuming

Crossing the "Practical Bridge" of the Farm School.

pattern and furnished with all the intricate machinery of engines of the appurtenances to transportation, such as well equipped stations, sidings and safety block signals.

As the giant's eye roved over one of our towns, his attention would naturally be drawn next by the high-

### Where Ivory Is Mined Like Coal.

ISLANDS of ivory hidden among the Arctic ice lying north of Siberia are described in an interesting paper by the Rev. P. D. Gath Whitley, of London.

These islands were discovered by Russian explorers at the end of the eighteenth century, and have been exploited by traders in fossil ivory ever since. As recently as 1898 some 80,000 pounds of fossil ivory were offered for sale at the fair of Yakutsk. To early explorers it seemed that the island, known as Liakoff's Island, was "actually composed of the bones and tusks of animals compacted together by ice sand. The horns of buffaloes (or rather of musk oxen) and rhinoceroses were also wonderfully abundant. The sandy shores and slopes were full of mammoths' tusks."

In 1898 a German, Dr. Bunge, visited Liakoff's Island. "The sand and gravel was found to rest in blocks of ice

and the alluvial beds were full of the bones of mammoths, rhinoceroses and musk oxen"—this after a hundred years of visits from ivory hunters. Trawling showed that the bottom of the sea near the islands was strewn with tusks and bones.

The extraordinary discoveries are explained by the following theory: In prehistoric times it is known by the remains of fossil forest and vegetation, Siberia enjoyed a comparatively mild climate, and a great tract of country, now under ice, stood at a considerable level above the sea. Vast herds of mammoths roamed over the land, and overtook them. The land subsided in the sea rose, and the animals congregated in the mountain tops, where they were all submerged, and the destruction was complete. After the destruction was complete, the climate changed after these upheavals is

### An Unique House Cleaning Method.

est or most prominent structure in view, and in the community of which we are telling, this would be the church—the architectural, mechanical and artistic wonder of the Pyramids, Sphinx, Eiffel Tower and Colossus at Rhodes are called "wonders" because they are so large—and for no other reason. This tiny church is entitled to a degree of the same consideration because it is so small. The accompanying illustration gives an idea of its exterior, but as in the case of the steam cars, mentioned above, the inside of this miniature house of worship is finished and furnished just as the one which we (or we do not) attend.

The Squire's mansion even has a billiard room, with a proper slate-bedecked table, and in the houses of the elite are drawing rooms, banquet halls, halls, and verdant fields and gardens. Through the centre of this tiny town flows a river, which is called Fountain,

might be nothing distinctive about any of them he might take off a roof or two and explore within. If we unpeopled with the tiny dwellings in the piping village at Surrey we would find quite as much to explore. Everything is in order.

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### Not Giants Robbing a Church, but Boys Finishing One.

with accommodations for the live stock.

Carrying out our illusion of the giant, we would be impressed with the tiny beds, chairs, tables, ranges, etc., with which all these dwellings are furnished. Everything is in proportion, but shrunk to minute size possible of construction. The giant's eye continued to roam about, and in the houses of the elite are billiard room, with a proper slate-bedecked table, and in the houses of the elite are drawing rooms, banquet halls, halls, and verdant fields and gardens. Through the centre of this tiny town flows a river, which is called Fountain,

and which is spanned by an iron-girded bridge capable of bearing the weight of our giant forms. On the upper reaches of this river are real working locks that control the flow of the water, and along the banks are typical river bungalows. Nothing is lacking, even to walls and fences, to keep out imaginary marauders.

Through the town the boys pass each day, keeping the roads in order and attending to the necessary cleaning and repairing of estates.

It is truly a world in miniature and makes us, as we look, feel like great, cumbersome giants of old.

## To an Old Sweetheart

By JOHN A. MOROSO.

HER name? I have forgotten it. Her eyes were gray, her hair was brown; We met when we were children, And the sun was going down.

We saw no shadow in the path; We met and kissed; she cried, A loveliness this woman hath, And wondrous grace besides!

And if in grown-up days there came A lover for this maid, And children God entreated them And at her feet they played.

How sweet the little ones must be! How fair these gentle flowers! How blessed is my old sweetheart In such enchanting hours!

And yet God's sweet beneficence Hath, even, spread to me: The first dear kiss is mine for aye In sacred memory.

SHE TOLD HIM.

Browning—I hear you are engaged to that young widow who is visiting relatives here. Is it true?

Browning—How did you discover that she was the one woman in the world for an old bachelor like you?

Greening—Why, she—er—told me so.

WORDS, NOT DEEDS.

"You look sweet enough to kiss," says the impressed man.

"So many gentlemen tell me that," coyly answers the fair girl.

"Ah! That should make you happy."

"But they merely say that," she replies. "They merely tell me the facts in the case, and never prove their statements."

THE WAY HE JUDGED.

The Thomas Cat (surying his reflection in the family water bucket)—One ear gone, one eye closed, thirteen gashes, part of the lower jaw missing, and nothing left of the whiskers but stumps. What a glorious time I must have had last night!

## The Judgment of Peter and Paul on Olympus by Henryk Sienkiewicz

A Poem in Prose by the Famous Author of "Quo Vadis."

IT was a night of Spring, calm, silvery, and fragrant with dewy jasmine. The full moon was sailing above Olympus, and on the glittering, snowy summit of the mountain it shone with a clear, pensive, greenish light. Farther down in the Vale of Tempe was a dark thicket of thorn-bushes, shaken by the songs of nightingales—by entreaties, by complaints, by calls, by afflures, by languor, by sighs. These sounds fanned like the music of flutes, filling the night; they fell like a pouring rain, and rushed on like rivers. At moments they ceased; then such silence followed that one might almost hear the snow thawing on the heights under the warm breath of May. It was an abrosial night.

On that night, came Peter and Paul, and sat on the highest grass-mound of the slope to pass judgment on the gods of antiquity. The heads of the Apostles were encircled by halos, which illuminated their gray hair, stern brows, and severe eyes. Below, in the deep shade of beeches, stood the assembly of gods, abandoned and in dread, awaiting their sentence.

Peter motioned with his hand, and at the sign Zeus stepped forth first from the assembly and approached the Apostles. The Cloud-Compeller was still mighty, and as huge as if cut out of marble by Phidias, but weakened and gloomy. His old eagle dragged along at his feet with broken wing, and the blue thunderbolt, grown reddish in places from rust, and partly quenched, seemed to be slipping from the stiffening right hand of the former father of gods and men. But when he stood before the Apostles he was a mere shadow.

Olympus, accustomed to tremble before its ruler, shook to its foundations. The beeches quivered with fear, the song of the nightingales ceased, and the moon sailing above the snows grew as white as the linen web of Arachne. The eagle screamed through his crooked beak for the last time, and the lightning, as if animated by its

ancient force, flashed and began to roar terribly at the feet of its master; it reared, hissed, snapped, and raised its three-cornered, flaming forehead, like a serpent ready to stab with poisonous fangs, and pressed the fiery bolts with his foot and crushed them to the earth. Turning then to the Cloud-Compeller, he pronounced this sentence: "Thou art cursed and condemned through all eternity." At once Zeus was extinguished. Growing pale in the twinkle of an eye, he whispered, with blackening lips, "Necessity," and vanished through the earth.

Poseidon of the dark curls next stood before the Apostles, with night in his eyes, and in his hand the blunted trident. To him then spoke Peter:

"It is not thou who wilt rouse the billows. It is not thou who wilt lead the storm-tossed ships to a quiet haven, but she who is called the Star of the Sea."

When Poseidon heard this he screamed, as if pierced with sudden pain, and turned into vanishing mist.

Next rose Apollo, the Silver-bowed, with a hollow lute in his hand, and walked toward the holy men. Behind him moved slowly the nine Muses, looking like nine white pillars. Terror-stricken, they stood before the Judgment-seat, as if petrified, breathless, and without hope; but the radiant Apollo turned to Paul, and, in a voice which resembled wondrous music, said:

"Stay me not! Protect me, lord; for shouldst thou stay me, thou wouldest have to restore me to life again. I am the blossom of the soul of humanity; I am its gladness; I am light; I am the yearning for God. You know best that the song of earth will not reach heaven if thou break its wings. Hence I implore thee, O saint, not to smite down Song."

A moment of silence came. Peter raised his eyes toward the stars. Paul placed his hands on his sword-hilt, rested his forehead on them, and for a time fell into deep thought. At last he rose, made the sign of the cross calmly above the radiant head of the god, and said:

"Let Song live!"

Apollo sat down with his lute at the feet



"Paul, bending toward a cluster of white field lilies, broke off one blossom, and touching her with it, said: 'Joy, be henceforth like this flower, and live thou for mankind.'"

"Joy, be henceforth like this flower, and live thou for mankind."

Then came dawn—the divine dawn that looked out from beyond a depression between two peaks. The nightingales stopped singing, and immediately finches, hummers and wrens began to draw their sleepy little heads from under their moistened wings, shaking the dew from their feathers, and repeating in low voices, "Swell! swell!"

"Light! light!"

The earth awoke, smiled, and was delighted, because Song and Joy had not been taken from it.

Translated from the original Polish by Josephine Curtis for Little, Brown & Company, Copyright 1897, 1900, 1904, by Josephine Curtis.

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