

PALLADIUM SHORT STORY PAGE

IF GIANTS CAME TO EARTH

YOU doubtless have often heard the expression "knee-high to a grass-hopper" 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 handiwork of some boys living in Surrey, England—bright, clever little fellows, who have taken the very materials that big cities are made of—solid stone, cement, brick and iron—and constructed a miniature town that would look small even to Tom Thumb.

The work has been done in a training school campaign on model 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 construction 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 hands.

It is the only enterprise of its kind in the world, but is such a 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 our 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's "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 so 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 giants, 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 wonderful 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

ing the state of a giant's mind upon coming to human habitations, we would say that the first thing that would attract his attention and arouse his curiosity, after the people themselves, would be a long, narrow object moving fast over the ground, with smoke and steam coming from the front end.

This, doubtless, would be the giant's crude comprehension of a steam train. And just such a relatively small steam train would we see if we went to Surrey.

Miniature locomotives of very latest



When Our Cities Would Look Like This Odd Toy Village Built By Boys for an English Farm School's Work.

The Surrey Farm School Village and Some of Its Makers at Work.

—And Below—
One of the Village Streets, Everything Made to Scale.

and which is spanned by an iron-girdered 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 beside!
And if in grown-up days there came
A lover for this maid,
And children God entrusted 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?
Greening—Yes.
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,"
coolly answers the fair girl.
"Ah! That should make you happy."
"But they merely say that," she re-
plies. "They merely tell me the facts
in the case, and never prove their
statements."

THE WAY HE JUDGED.

The Thomas Oat (surveying his re-
flection 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!

Crossing the "Practical Bridge" of the Farm School.

pattern and furnished with all the intricate machinery of engines of the "Mogul" type drawn trains made up of Pullman, regular coaches, baggage, mail and freight cars. And, mind you, the interior of these cars conforms exactly with that of the large ones in

which we ride. Then there are other appurtenances to transportation, such as "Mogul" type drawn trains made up of Pullman, regular coaches, baggage, mail and freight cars. And, mind you, the interior of these cars conforms exactly with that of the large ones in

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. F. D. Galt Whitely, 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 the earlier explorers it seemed that one island, known as Lisakoff's Island, was "actually composed of the bones and tusks of elephants, cemented 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 mammoth tusks."

In 1886 a German, Dr. Bunge, visited Lisakoff'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, as is shown 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, rhinoceroses and buffaloes roamed over these plains. A great catastrophe at last overtook them. The land subsided, the sea rose, and the animals congregated in enormous numbers on the mountain tops. Even those that were at last submerged, and the destruction was complete. After a time the waters subsided slowly and the islands, which had formed mountains in the land, rose above the sea. Why the climate changed after these upheavals is still a problem to be solved.

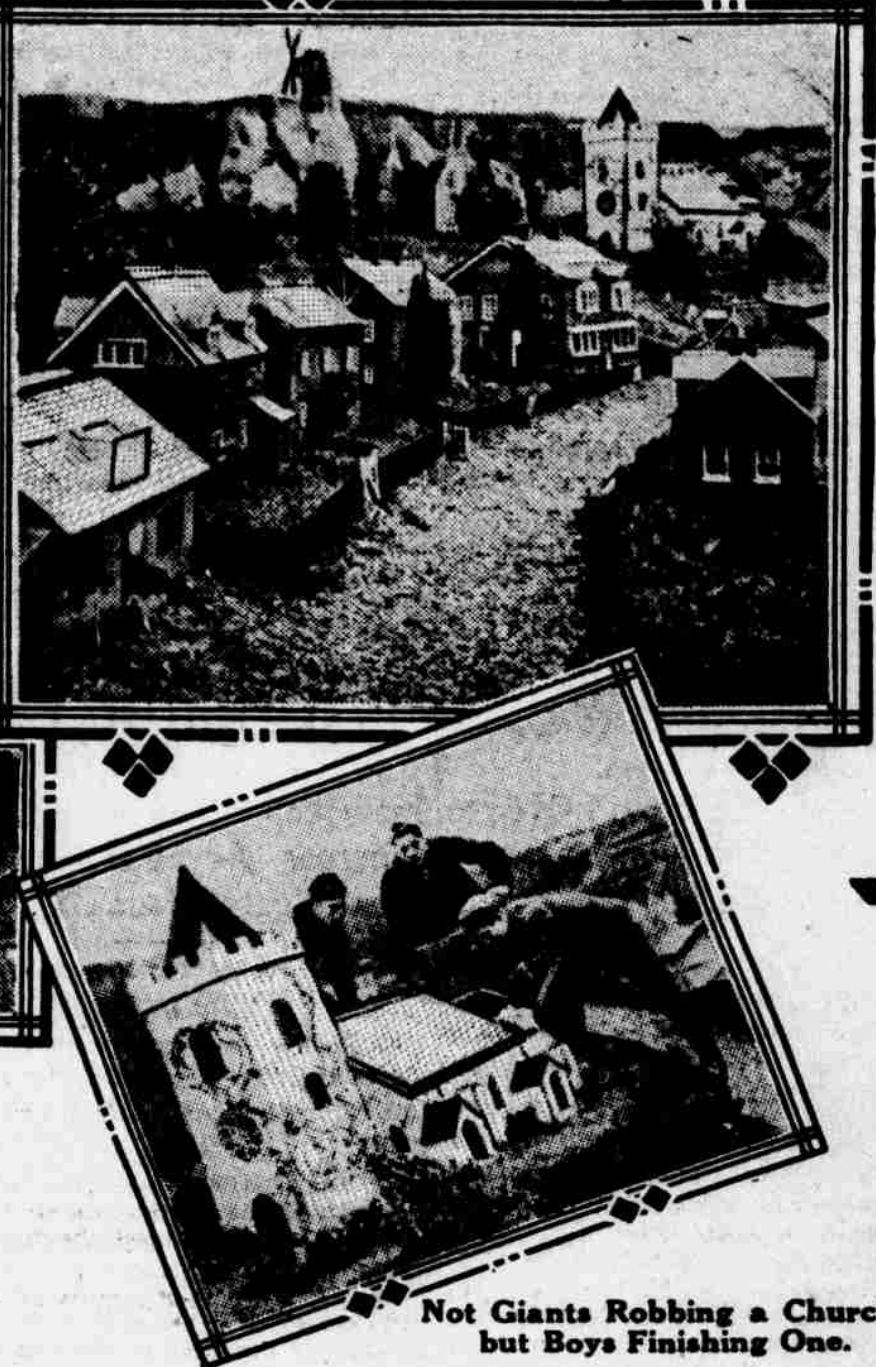
An Unique House Cleaning Method.

est or most prominent structure in view, and in the community of which we are telling this would be the church—an architectural, mechanical and artistic wonder. 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 for we do not attend.

As the giant's eye continued to roam he would note a large number of little places similar in character and design, known to us as houses, and as there

might be nothing distinctive about any of them he might take off a roof or two and explore within. If we unroofed some of the tiny dwellings in the pigmy village at Redhill, Surrey, we would find quite as much to which all these dwellings are furnished. Everything is in proportion, but shrunk to minutest size possible of construction. And outside, our sight would be regaled with stretches of fine farm land, verdant fields and gardens. Through the centre of this tiny town flows a river, which is called Fountainis,

Not Giants Robbing a Church, but Boys Finishing One.



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 allurement, by languor, by sighs. These sounds flowed 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 ambrosial 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 wings, 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 the feeling of ancient supremacy fled his breast. He raised his head haughtily, and fixed on the face of the aged fisherman of Galilee his proud and glittering eyes, which were as angry and as terrible as lightning.

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



"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.'"

of the Apostle. The night became clearer, the jasmine gave out a stronger perfume, the glad fountains sounded, the Muses gathered together like a flock of white swans, and, with voices still quivering from fear, began to sing in low tones marvellous words never heard on the heights of Olympus till that hour:

To thy protection we flee, holy Mother of God.
We come with our prayers; deign thou not to reject us.

But be pleased to preserve us from every evil,
O thou, our Lady!
Thus they sang on the heather, raising their eyes like pious nuns with heads covered with white.

Other gods came now. Bacchus and his chorus dashed past, wild, unrestrained, crowned with ivy and grapevine, and bearing the cithara and the thyrsus. They rushed on madly, with shouts of despair, and fell into the bottomless pit.

Then before the Apostles stood a lofty, proud, sarcastic divinity, who, without waiting for question or sentence, spoke first. On her lips was a smile of derision.

I am Calliope, Muse of epic song, and I do not beg life of you. I am an illusion, nothing more. Odysseus honored and obeyed me only when he had become senile. Telemachus listened to me only till his hair covered his chin. Ye cannot take immortality from me, and I declare that I have been a shadow, that I am a shadow now, and shall remain a shadow forever.

At last her turn came to the most beautiful, the most honored goddess. As she approached, sweet, marvellous, tearful, the heart under her snow-white breast beat like the heart in a bird, and her lips quivered like those of a child that fears cruel punishment. She fell at their feet, and stretching forth her divine arms, cried in fear and humility:

"I am sinful, I deserve blame, but I am Joy. Have mercy, forgive; I am the one happiness of mankind. Then sobbing and fear took away her voice.

But Peter looked at the goddess with compassion, and placed his aged palm on her golden hair, while 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."

Then came dawn—the divine dawn that looked out from beyond a depression between two peaks. The nightingales stopped singing, and immediately snatches, hatches and wrens began to draw their sleepy little heads from under their molten wings, shaking the dew from their feathers, and repeating in low voices, "Eviti eviti" ("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, Cambridge, 1904, 1907, 1909, 1910, by Josephine Curtis.

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