

RICHMOND, IND.,

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1917

"HOW INDIANA GOT ITS NAME"

The night was dark, the rain falling in torrents, when the inmates of a small log cabin in the woods of early Indiana were aroused from their slumber by a low knocking at the only door of the cabin. The man of the house, as he had been accustomed to do on like occasions, rose from his bed and hallooed, "Who's here?" The outsiders answered, "Friends, out bird-catching. Can we stay till morning?" The door was opened, and the strangers entered. A good log fire soon gave light and warmth to the room.

Stranger to the host: "What did you say when I knocked?"

"I said, 'Who's here?'"

"I thought you said, 'Hoosier.'" The bird-catcher left after breakfast, but next night returned and hallooed at the door, "Hoosier!" And from that time the Indians have been called Hoosiers.—Russell Knoll, Whitewater School.

THE MORNING CALL

One morning, Viola was sound asleep in her bed, and Gip, her dog, was awake and wanted someone to play with him. He jumped upon the bed and crawled over it, but that didn't wake Viola so he thought he would try something else. He got up to her face and put one paw on her shoulder and slapped her face with the other paw.

Viola said, "Mamma, let me sleep a little longer."

Gip understood what she said, so he slapped her again and barked.

Viola opened her eyes, jumped out of bed and said, "Gip, I am glad to see you and I am glad you woke me up because it is eight o'clock."

Her mother was also glad that Gip woke her up and to find that Gip was so smart. Viola's mother dressed her and told her she could play till ten o'clock with Gip and they both were very happy. Viola and Gip played ball and they played hide and go seek.

Soon ten o'clock came and Viola's father and mother got ready and got Viola ready, then they got in the machine and went to the park. Viola's father and mother sat on the front seat and Viola and Gip on the back seat.

Presently they came to the Park. They bought Viola cracker-Jack, candy and everything she wanted and they took her to see the monkeys and other animals.

They stayed there about four hours and then went home. Gip and Viola had a nice time and she and Gip were happy all day.—Mary L. Dlis, Age Twelve, Seventh Year, Whitewater School, Whitewater, Indiana.

CHILDREN MADE MONEY

Sometime ago Marie told about her brother sweeping for her and making money, which their mother gave to them for the housework. Then Marie said that she took the money and forgot to tell about her brother's share. So now, she tells the rest.

Dear Aunt Molly:

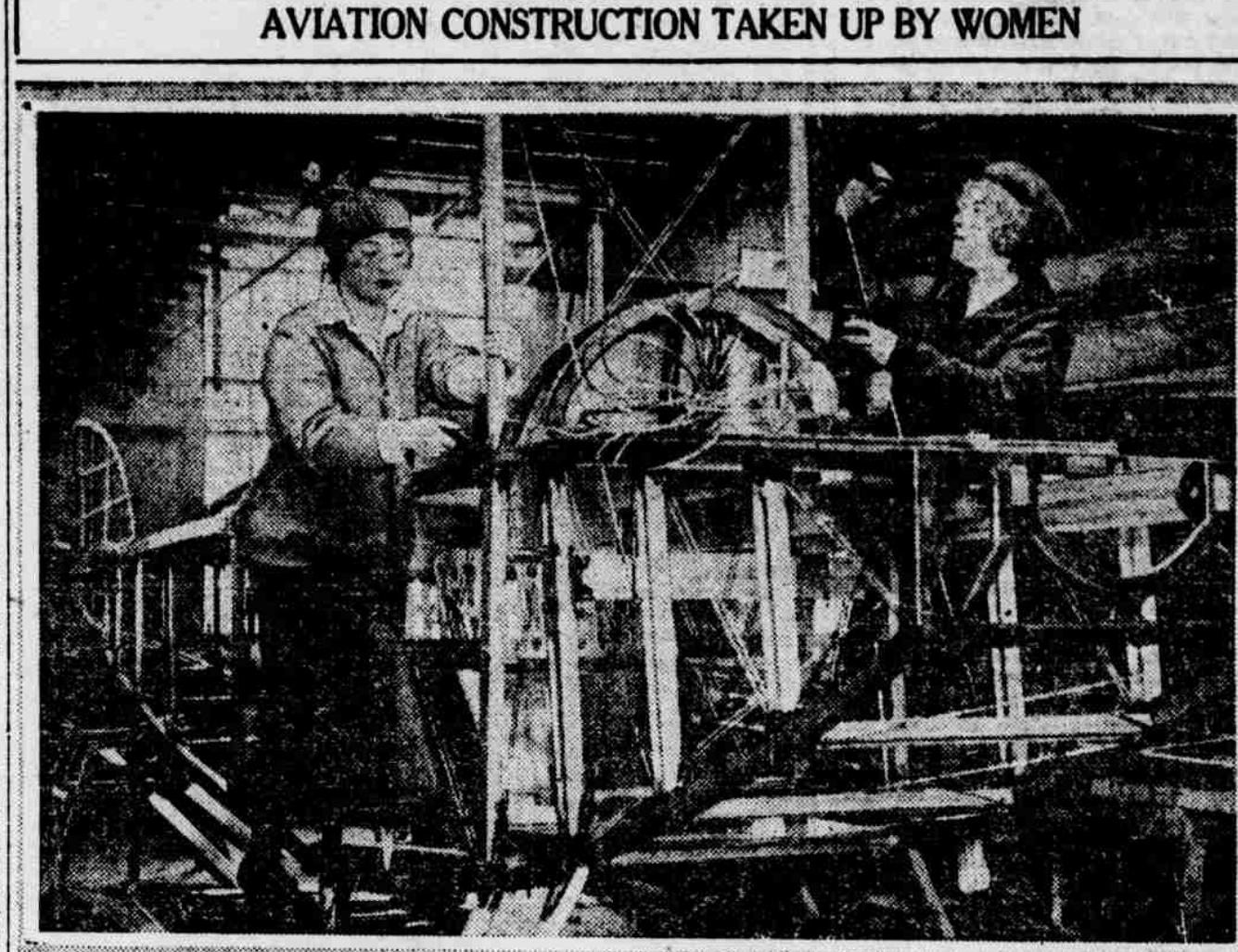
I forgot to tell you that I gave half of the money to my brother. And he said thanks. We went and bought some candy with the money.—Marie Sonsini, 3A, Whitewater School.

FROM WHITE SCHOOL

Not very long ago at White School, the question was asked, "How was Pocahontas connected with the life of John Smith?" And one girl in the fourth grade answered, "Pocahontas was connected with the life of John Smith because she liked that kind of work."—From Myrtle Gibson.

YOUNG WILD WEST

I am young wild west, champion dead shot, prince of the saddle, laso king, champion mine owner, swift and westward, double-breasted, never have been whipped or never will be. What am I?—George Slick, 6B Grade, Starr School.



AVIATION CONSTRUCTION TAKEN UP BY WOMEN

GIRL AERO MECHANICS.

Anticipating the time when the Government may call on the women of this country to aid in war-time preparations, Miss Irene Davis and Miss Dorothy Webb, two of the principals in the tuneful Oliver Morosco musical comedy, "Canary Cottage," are studying the construction of aeroplanes at the United Eastern Aviation plant in Brooklyn. The two spend practically every day when not at matinees at the factory, where they toil alongside the men who are building the aircraft. They are rapidly becoming adepts at the work, and it is only a question of time when they will be as proficient as any of the men who have been at the business for years.

BOY FALLS IN POND

One day my friend and I were going on a swimming and fishing trip.

One April day we got our lines and poles and other articles from their places. We were going on our bicycles. It was about one-half mile from home to the pond. After we got a little way from home it was gravel roads so we had to go out to the side where it was smooth.

When we got to the pond we went on the north side where the wind wasn't blowing. And then set our poles. While we tried to find a better place. I went ahead because it was only a narrow path. After awhile I heard John hallo for help! When I turned around I saw that he had slipped and fell in the water. So I ran and jumped in after him. After I got him to the bank he was all right. Then we fished for a while. He said, "Let's go in swimming and not fish any longer." So then we went and swam for about twenty minutes and then went home.

When we got home we had to tell our story several times to our parents.—Orville Brown, Seventh Year, Whitewater School.

PRIZE COMPOSITION

"THE BIRD HOUSE"

One bright day in March a boy and a girl were playing. The boy's name was Carl and the girl's was Kate.

While they were playing they saw a bluebird looking for a home. All at once Carl had an idea. He said, "Let us make a bird house."

Kate drew the plans while Carl went to the barn and got a board.

They marked the board and sawed it out. Then Carl got a hammer and nailed it together. They made a door and painted the house green.

They placed it in a cherry tree near their home. The bluebird built a nest in it. She laid three speckled eggs. She sang sweet songs every day.

She was very happy when her birds were hatched.

When winter came she flew south, but when spring returned the birds came back to their little green house in the cherry tree.—Ernest Sturgis, 5A, Whitewater School.

Women are said to be more honest in business than men.

Walter Ratliff Talks To Warner School

Dear Aunt Molly:

Walter Ratliff came to Warner school on Friday. He brought with him beautiful colored birds and told us about them. Our room went into Miss Sanderson's room. Then in the afternoon he came to our room (room 6) and Miss Walker's children came to our room. He talked about wolves and Indians. And then he went to the third grade and talked.—Mary J. Bell, 5B Grade, Starr School.

TWISTED GIRL'S NAMES

Dear Aunt Molly—I am sending you some girls' names which I hope to see in the Junior Palladium this week.

1. Dmeka.
2. Dilewdr.
3. Inupale.
4. Alireeon.
5. Renaelo.
6. Arceg.
7. Jena.

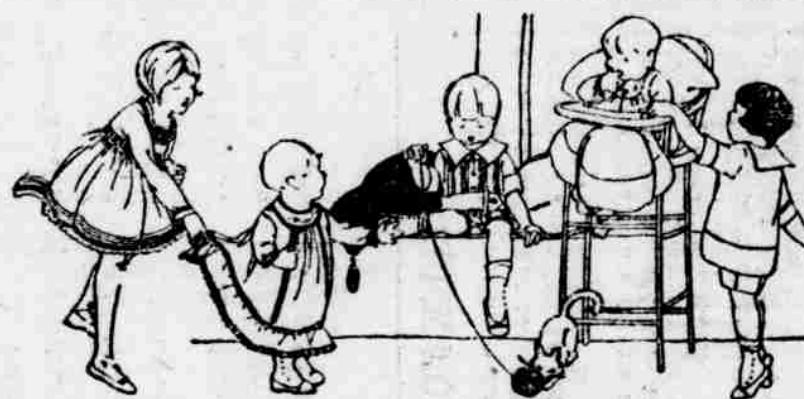
Answers next week.—Margaret Livingstone, 4A Grade, Starr School.

FIVE LITTLE FOLKS AND A KITTEN

Once upon a time there were five little cousins and they had more fun than most any other five little cousins in the whole world. Every Sunday afternoon their fathers and mothers would take them out to their grandmother's house where they would stay for supper and have all sorts of games, playing horse and fire engine, building blocks for little Helen to knock down again, and looking at picture books.

But one day something happened. John had been cross all day long and quarreled with every one he came near. Then all at once Nancy, the oldest cousin, who had been going to school long enough to know what some things mean, said, "Why John Blackburn, you're all broken out with the measles." And sure enough, John was.

There was nothing to do but for all the cousins to stay there together, since they all had been exposed; and so grandmother's house was



turned into a hospital. Nancy and Helen did not take the measles, but Howard and little Lucy did, although they only had a light case. And so, before very long those five little cousins were ready to play together once more.

One day as they were romping around upstairs, Howard happened to look out of the window and there in the yard he saw a little white kitten. "Oh, grandmother," he cried, "please may we have that little kitten that's out in the yard?"

Their grandmother said yes, and so before another minute had passed, the children had the kitten upstairs and from that time on, the little white kitten formed the center of their games. But of all the games they played the one they liked best was having baby Helen to sit in her high chair and play queen while all the others came to London to visit her, and Howard would roll a ball of string under the chair, playing that it was a mouse so that the kitten would run after it. And as long as the five little cousins were shut in with the little white kitten, they had such a good time that the kitten purred all day long, and the children never had a single quarrel.

HOW ONE LITTLE BOY MET A BEAR

Many years ago when Indiana was young, father, mother, Frank, Jim and I started from our Pennsylvania home to find a new one in the much praised "Hoosier" state. All of our goods was packed in a shambling covered wagon, drawn by four big, red oxen, Jerry, Cheery, Berry and Star. Our one milk cow (Brindle) was tied to the wagon.

The journey, which was tiresome and often discouraging to grown people, was a pleasure to us boys, whose ages ranged from ten to fifteen years. It was spring-time and as the wagon went slowly we boys often loitered along to secure small game, but when evening came we took turns leading the cow to fresh water. Our stops were made near springs or running streams. One rainy night it was my evening to lead the cow to water, which was in an out-of-the-way place. It was nearly dark and never did a cow seem to walk so slowly. The rain poured down upon me. Finally I was within a yard of the spring when Brindle gave a jerk of her head, freed herself and flourishing her tail like a wind-blown flag, rushed madly through the woods. When the cow freed herself I lost my balance on the slippery ground and fell against something which stunned me.

"Humph, humph, gr-r-r-r" was the sound which greeted my ears causing me to open my eyes. Huge objects loomed up in the darkness before me. They were alive; they moved toward me. What were they? I could distinguish a swaying motion which gradually lessened the distance between them and me.

"Humph, humph, gr-r-r-r" The objects were so near that I could feel their warm breath upon my face. All became dark and still. When again I opened my eyes I was in the wagon. I looked about. The cow was tied to the wagon. And father, in answer to my astonished gaze, said, "So, son, the first sight of bears caused you to faint, but let us be thankful, for the hunters who were pursuing the bears and came in time to save you from furnishing a feast for them." And the little boy thought he could be thankful.

How Johnny Pulled His Tooth

Johnny had a loose tooth he did not know how to pull. He tied a string around it and pulled but it did not come out.

Then he tied the string on the door knob but the door would swing when he ran, and that did not pull it out.

He went to the barn and the hired man said he would pull it but the boy was afraid for him to do it.

Then he tied an apple on the string. He would toss the apple to his little sister but the tooth did not come out.

He left the string with the apple fastened to his tooth and then they went to the woods where they lay down and went to sleep.

While they were asleep a cow named Boss came and saw the red apple and went to eat it and pulled Johnny's tooth.

Johnny went home very happy and his father gave him a dime because the tooth was out.—Garnet Addleman, Sixth Grade, Whitewater, Indiana, School.

NOT IN HIS CLASS

At a recent teachers' convention a small boy who had been asked to take part in an entertainment, looked at the assemblage thoroughly and then turned to his teacher, "Are they all teachers?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, "every one of them."

"My," he exclaimed, "aren't there going to be any plain folks there?"—Louise Ballard, Economy.

THE NEW INVENTION

Tom—"Say, John, did you hear about the new horseless carriage?"

John—"No, I didn't, Tom."

Tom—"They hitched a mule to it."—From William Sasser.