

# THE JUNIOR PALLADIUM

The Junior Palladium is the children's section of the Richmond Palladium, founded May 6, 1916, and issued each Saturday afternoon. All boys and girls are invited to be reporters and contributors. News items, social events, "want" advertisements, stories, local jokes and original poems are acceptable and will be published. Articles should be written plainly and on one side of the paper, with the author's name and age signed. Aunt Molly is always glad to meet the children personally as they bring their articles to the Palladium office, or to receive letters addressed to the Junior Editor. This is your little newspaper and we hope each boy and girl will use it thoroughly.

## GRANDMOTHER GRAY STORY

### ABOUT CRY-BABIES

It was one of those first warm spring days when the boys and girls were all out playing on the street after school, and of course Jimmie G. wanted to play with the big boys.

Harold Jones had a hoop, and it was the most wonderful hoop any boy in that neighborhood had ever found. Instead of being the ordinary wooden kind, it was almost twice as large and iron, besides.

Now Harold Jones always had been a special hero in Jimmie G.'s eyes. In the first place Harold was in the third room while Jimmie G.



still was in kindergarten, and in the second place Harold Jones could run faster than any boy in that part of the city. But besides all that, Harold Jones had a blue American Eagle tattooed on his arm that had been put on by a real sailor.

And so this afternoon while all the boys were racing back and forth on the street with this new hoop, and even the girls were taking part in the fun, Jimmie G. came out to the edge of the fence, still drawing his little dapple grey horse after him, and there he stood looking on.

Jimmie had been standing there sometime when Harold suddenly called out to him, "Hey Jim, want to roll this hoop down to the corner and back?"

"Sure," shouted Jimmie as he ran out to join the group of boys, never noticing that he left his poor dappled horse in the middle of the sidewalk. "Give me a stick to hit it with and then just watch me make her go."

But Jimmie had no sooner started rolling the hoop than one of the other big boys came up saying, "Aw, what did you let him have the hoop for? This isn't any kindergarten." And with one push he sent Jimmie G. sprawling half across the pavement onto his little grey horse, where he broke the head all to pieces.

With a great cry, Jimmie G. picked up his headless horse, and started for the house, crying with every step.

"Ho, ho," laughed the boy, "listen to the cry-baby. He has to run and tell his grandma."

At this Jimmie G. ran faster than ever, going clear around the house and in the kitchen door, which he slammed behind him.

"G-grandma, there's a great big boy out in front that pushed me down and broke my horse and, and—an' then called me a cry-baby," sobbed that little fellow as he threw himself across his grandmother's knee. "And I'm not a cry-baby, am I grand-ma," he added, catching his breath between the words.

Grandmother Gray looked down at the little fellow whose shoulders were still heaving with the great sobs, and then in her most decided way she said, "Yes, Jimmie Gray, you are a cry-baby, and I'm ashamed of you."

Jimmie was so surprised that he sat up straight and looked at his grandmother. "Why I'm not a cry-baby," he said.

"Then why did you cry?" asked she.

"Well, he pushed me down, and broke my horse, and called me names, an—"

"Jimmie, do you suppose that if your father or your uncle Rob had been in your place, they would have cried and come running in to tell me?"

"Why no, but—"

"No, of course not. And aren't you expecting to be a man like them? Or do you want to grow up to be a cry-baby that runs and tells, every time anything goes wrong."

Jimmie G. was standing up by this time, and with the air of a little soldier he said, "I'm going to be a man just like my father."

"Then you better begin right now," said Grandmother Gray, "because the kind of a boy you are, shows what kind of a man you are going to be. And so now, Jimmie Boy, how are you going to show Harold Jones that you aren't a cry-baby any more."

Jimmie G. was thoughtful for a minute or two, and then squaring his shoulders, he came close to his grandmother and said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go there and roll my own hoop, and if any of the mean old big boys, except Harold Jones, say anything to me I'll just tell them to play with their own hoop; this isn't any old men's poor house."

And that was the last time that anybody ever could call Jimmie G. a cry-baby.

### THE FIREPLACE

Once upon a time a little girl was sitting by a fireplace. It was Christmas night too. Because I saw the stockings hanging up. Guess how many stockings there were. Well I will tell you. There were only two. The fire was burning brightly.

The stocking looked like they were the same size. She had no stockings on nor anything but her slippers. How would you like to be her. She had no light in the room. The fireplace gave her light. Her little cat was standing beside her. There was no ribbon around the cat's neck.

There was no one in the room with the little girl. The girl's mother was up town.

Would you like to be alone on Christmas night while your mother

was up town? Never be afraid.—From Maynard Milton, 4A Grade, Whitewater School.

### THE POOR DOG

Once there was a poor dog. He had caught rabbits for his master all his life. One day he heard his master say, "I will have to kill Bowser, he is getting too old to be of any use." Bowser felt very bad about this. So he decided to run away. But every place he would go the boys would kick him away. One day when it was raining he ran into a blacksmith shop for shelter. Here he found a friend at last. The blacksmith took him home to his little boy, who fed him and made him a nice warm bed to sleep in. Here he lived happy the rest of his life.—Delbert Jennings, Fourth grade, Whitewater, Ind., School.

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S QUESTIONS

1. Shakespeare, the most warlike of all the poets.
2. Crabbe, the poet who always walked sidewise.
3. Hunt, the poet who represents part of favorite sport.
4. Campbell, the poet who represents a beast of burden.
5. Hood, the poet, named after a mount.
6. Lamb was the gentlest of poets.
7. Wolfe, the poet who would never have been a reliable shepherd.
8. Moore, the only poet never mentioned by Oliver Twist.
9. Falconer, the poet who was fond of hawking.
10. White, the poet who was never blue. —Gustav Pfafflin, St. Mary's School.

### The Boy Who Did Not Mind

Once there was a little boy who wanted to go fishing. His mother would not let him. But this little boy ran a way from home and went anyway. When he was sitting on the edge of the bank of the river the earth caved in the water with him. He got all wet. He went home then and told his mother. But his mother only said, "I told you to stay home."

That evening his father came home. His mother told his father what he had done. His father gave him a whipping for not minding his mamma. And after that he never ran away or went anywhere unless he got permission from his parents. —India Perkins, Whitewater School.

### A SURPRISE PARTY

One pretty afternoon in May, which was my birthday, my mother told me she would like for me to go uptown and get some groceries for the next day. We were going to have company for dinner. So I got ready and went to get them. When I got back my mother told me to open the parlor door, and as I stepped into the room there were thirteen girls sitting there, it surprised me very much, at first I wondered what they were there for and then I happened to think it was my birthday. In the afternoon we pulled candy and popped corn, and we played games until it was time for them to go home.—Lucile Robinson, Whitewater School.

### FISK CLUB PLANS WORK

The Fisk Club, of which Richard A. Thornburgh is leader, is planning all sorts of good times for the summer. There will be about thirty members in the club this year, and the applications are being sent in already, so that the equipment may come at once.

One of the first trips planned is the Paul Revere ride for the first Saturday after the memorable date, making it April 21, this year. As many boys who have signed as members and go on this ride will be given belt drinking cups for souvenirs by the Fisk Rubber Company.

### ROSLIE'S BAD LUCK

Rosie thought she would write a letter to her mother, who was in Indianapolis and tell her how they were getting along. For a long time she could not find paper, pen or ink. Finally she found them and was writing on the chair when her kitten came in the house and jumped up in the chair and upset the ink bottle. The ink was all over the chair and carpet. Then she had to stop her letter and clean it up. She thought while she was writing to her mamma she would tell her what her kitten had done. —Mildred Coppock, Whitewater, Ind., Seventh Year.

### ON MAIN STREET

On Main Street when the sun seems low,  
All black lay the trodden snow;  
All dark as Europe was the flow  
Of rolling Whitewater River.  
—By Martha Kenney.

### ANSWERED PUZZLE

Elgar Walker of Whitewater school has sent in the correct answers to all questions of the Geographical Puzzle of last week.

In Newfoundland the importation, manufacture, and sale of intoxicants is now forbidden.

### TWO RUSSIAN LEADERS



### 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 Molly: Why do roosters crow so early in the morning?—Martha R.

My Dear Martha: To wake all the good folks up.—Ed.

Dear Editor: How large is the District of Columbia?—Bridget McCarty.

Dear Bridget: It is ten miles square.—Ed.

Dear Mr. Editor: What kind of a young man do you think Claude Miller is?—Dado Jones, Whitewater, Ind.

Dear Dado: Since the English language doesn't have more than 5,000,000 words, I'm afraid I can't tell you all that I think, but he is rather a large sized fellow to say mean things about smaller boys.—Ed.

What was the man's name that wrote The Bare Foot Boy?—Madonna Newton.

Whittier was the author of "Bare Foot Boy."—Ed.

Say Aunt Molly don't little boy angels get there wings in the way when they play football?—Jimmy G.

Well Jimmie, you see it has been so long since I was an angel, I forgot how the little boy angels did manage.—Aunt M.

### EXCHANGE COLUMN

Open to All Boys and Girls. These Ads Cost You Nothing; Send in Your "Wants" to The Palladium Junior.

FOR SALE—Canary birds, cheap. Gerald Surface, 219 South B St.

LOST—A locket and chain with the initial M on it. Please return to Finley school. Mildred Jones.

FOR SALE—Rabbits, at 422 Pearl St., and oblige, yours truly, Albert Benn.

LOST—Clifford A. Burr lost a knife with a little brass thing on it. Please return to 417 North 17 St., or at Starr School.

FOR SALE—A bicycle, as good as new. It has been use one season. Call at 2209 North F street.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Belgium hare. 6 months old. Apply Lawrence Lady, 1529 W. A. St.

LOST—Jean Shiveley lost a white scarf with rose colored stripes. Who finds it please return it to 58 South 15th street.—Jean Shiveley, Vaile School, Grade 4B.

LOST—A blue and grey scarf, between 12th and 9th on Main, or between 12th and Main to Garfield. Phone number 4130. Elizabeth Doren, Boston Pike.

FOUND—Ring of keys on 14th; owner apply Edwin Taggart, Vale School.

WANTED—A wireless key. See J. Miner at Garfield.

LOST—A compass. See J. Miner at Garfield.

LOST—A blue school bag. If found return to Alma Williams, 133 No. 18th St.

FOUND—A small handbag with fur trimming. Call 1308 Main or 2036. Robert King.

WANTED—Girls and boys for our army. If you want to join please call at 312 No. 11th, or see William Campfield or Richard Campfield at Starr School.

LOST—Pair of kid gloves between Pearl Street and Fairview. If found, call 3239 or 244 Pearl Street.