

Henry MacFarlane Says:--

I've climbed up eleven flights of stairs, ate two quarts of cream, swallowed a wooly worm, chased a cow, fell down out of a hay loft, read two books in one day, made love to a katy-did, wrote poetry, spilled an ink well, fell in a river, busted a window, climbed a hickory tree, seen an aeroplane, slept on a steam-boat, went swimming in the Erie, camped two weeks at the Chautauqua, played baseball, killed four crickets, broke a looking glass, lost my pocket book, went ice skating, took a hay ride, apologized to a girl for running into her, run into a telegraph pole, went to a movie—all in one summer.

But after all that the funniest thing I will do and the gloomiest thing, will be to go back to school for another 36 weeks—I'd sooner wash dishes. I really don't think that the school board has any right to make us poor elated or delated or belated kids come back to school because (1) it isn't right that we should work (2) it isn't right if we could work (3)—oh, you know.

Last Friday I proceeded to find all my books. I found my Geometry under the setting hen, my German in the rose bush—and well I hope that you sympathize.

Four thousand different times I wish that I could die and let my spirit descend into—oh well, and then I wouldn't have to go to school. Beside I wish I was all grown up and then I would only set up and retire and wait until the end came and then—

Of course you being a true American citizen and as full of air as I am understand my sentiments exactly but its dollars to doughnuts you couldn't hold me away from school with a steam roller.

RIDDLES

1. What is that which no man ever yet did see, which never was, but always is to be?

2. When does a dead ruler violate the truth?

3. Where would you send a man to get an appetite?

4. Why are real friends like ghosts?

5. What kind of medicine does a man take for a scolding wife?

6. When may a man be said to breakfast before he gets up?

7. Make five less by adding to it.

8. When is a sick man a contradiction?

9. When is coffee like the earth?

10. What does an artist like to draw best?

11. Why are your nose and chin like a quarreling couple?

(Answers Next Week.)

They Never Forgot

One of the most remarkable "men of memory" is George Harbottle, a quarry miner living near Newcastle. This "son of the soil" possesses a memory which retains an indelible impression of every word which he hears or reads. After once reading a dozen pages of any book, he can repeat them without omitting a single word. One morning this remarkable man purchased a volume of the "Faerie Queen," and before the evening he could recite Spenser's masterpiece from beginning to end.

Viscount Milner, a member of the War Cabinet, is the possessor of a wonderful memory. He once performed an astonishing feat whilst private secretary to Lord Goschen. He was asked to supply a copy of his chief's address to the electors of East Edinburg, and, failing to find the original, he wrote out the address from memory with such marvelous accuracy that on comparing it with the original it was found to contain only one trifling mistake.

Gladstone had a wonderful memory, and could "reel off" passages from Homer, Ovid and the "Iliad" at a moment's notice.

The greatest master of memory, however, was Lord Macaulay. From a very early age the retentiveness

of his memory was extraordinary. When only 3 or 4 years of age his mind mechanically retained the form of what he read or heard. Once, as a child, when making an afternoon call with his father, he picked up Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel" for the first time, and quietly read it while his elders were engaged in conversation. When they returned home Macaulay amazed his parents by reciting the whole of the poem without a mistake.

Cardinal Mezzofanti, the eminent linguist, who is said to have mastered more than a hundred languages, declared that he never forgot what he had once learned. How he acquired Welsh is related by Miss Mitford. In the course of the evening his servant brought a Welsh Bible which had been left for him. "Ah," said he, "this is the very thing! I want to learn Welsh." Six weeks later he was asked how he got on with his Welsh. "Oh," he replied, "I know it now. I have done with it."

The father of Winston Churchill, Lord Randolph Churchill, had a system of mnemonics which enabled him to execute marvelous feats of memory. After reading his morning paper he was able to recite to his wife all the news of the day without referring once to the source from which he had obtained his information.

Sir Benjamin Brodie, in his interesting "Psychological Inquiries," refers to Jesuit Suarez, who is said to have known the whole of the works of St. Augustine by heart—a matter of 11 large folio volumes! It is also recorded of Morphy, the famous chess player, that he could play several games of chess simultaneously without seeing any of the boards on which the various games were being conducted. This wonderful feat of memory was performed by him over and over again.

Dr. Leyden could repeat any act of Parliament or any single document after having once read it, and he acknowledged that his memory

was a great inconvenience to him. This he explained by saying that when he wished to recollect a particular point in anything which he had read, he could only do it by repeating to himself the whole from the commencement till he reached the point which he wished to recall.

FOUND! A NEW CONTRIBUTOR TO THE JUNIOR

Junior Palladium,

North 9th St.

Richmond, Ind.

My dear aunt Molly:—I suppose you would like to have an other boy to write storys for the junior readers, you know the kind I mean, those real funny kind, like Jimmie G writes.

Now after figurin awhile i jis gess i gess i'll glist go und cal mi self "Jimmie J." sounds sunthin like Gimmie G dont it.

You can put this in your Junior this week, and next week i will be a regular contributor. Anounce me this week and then the Junior read-

EXCHANGE COLUMN

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

FOR SALE—9 Belgian hares. Phone 4722.

CHILD'S SULKY—And Kodak-Brownie No. 2, to sell, or trade for Belgian hares. Harold Hanson, 1618 E. Main St.

ers will look for me in next weeks next week.—Jimmie J.

I am going to have somthing very interesting for my first Junior, so every-body justs wants to see what i have for the junior next week. There that's somthing to look forward to isn't it. Whatch for me next week.

For Windy News
Take the Breeze

THE HICKSVILLE BREEZE

"THE OFFICIAL WIND-JAMMER OF THE COMMUNITY"

Today's Edition
Smile Extra

ISSUED—CONTINUALLY

Hicksville—"Somewhere in America"

PRICE—ONE SMILE

THE BANANA FLOP

TOO MUCH FOR AL

BANEVILLE—Al Biskew went to the dance over at Stone's last Wednesday and he was learning some of the new dances. The one dance that got Al's goat was the Banana Flop. Al had this dance with a lady that perhaps weighed at least two hundred pounds, and they were doing pretty fine when the lady became overbalanced and fell on top of Al. Naturally, the lady blamed it on to poor Al and she was very much peeved and said, "I don't know what to call you." "Well," said Al, "You can call me an ambulance." Al says, "No more of them Banana Flops for him, unless his pardner can be supported with a scuffle."

NO MORE ECHOES

Henry McFarlane, the noted "Echo" writer of the Junior Palladium, has decided not to "echo" any more—but instead will come direct with his stuff with a heading, "Henry McFarlane Says—"

Well, we will wait and see what he says, and you had better be careful, Henry.

SQUIBETTES

A man must have a lot of "sand" to start in the cement business.

—And he must have a lot of "pull" to start in the dentistry business.

—And he must have a good "punch" to be a railroad conductor.

—And he must "raise the earth" to be a good plowman.

—And he must get to work on time or loose his "time"—and then find time to get another place to kill more time.

TOMMY PLAYED SAFE

BLUNKSVILLE—Another country heard from—"Why don't you get up and give that seat to your father, Tommy?" suggested a woman on a street car.

"Doesn't it pane you to see your dear father reaching for a strap?" "Not on a car" chuckled Tommy.

IGNORANCE IS BLISS

A young city couple who wished "to do their bit" by planting a garden, were discussing what to plant—and the husband said, "Dearie, we ought to plant some pieplant."

"To be sure. What sort of pies shall we raise?" said the unexperienced gardener's wife.

Nothing New Under the Sun

"Why, I helped with moving pictures twenty years ago," said Hiriam.

"Moving pictures were not in existence then," the smart city visitor said.

"Yea, but moving pictures were, because I was a drayman over in the city then," came back Hiriam.

WE ANSWER ALL QUESTIONS

Dear Huck—"It is said, 'The face is the index of the mind.' Is this true?"—Bob X.

Answer—Not always. Just because a woman's face is made-up, that's no sign her mind is.—Ed.

After the Battle



HICKSVILLE BREEZE

HUCKLEBERRY FINN, EDITOR

Published every now and then to let the people of the community know "almost the truth" and lives up to its reputation.

All news notes that would sound like it would make good reading for the Breeze, should be sent to Hicksville Breeze, care of the Junior Palladium.

KEEP YOUR HANDS TO YOURSELF, MANADA!

BEANVIEW—Last Saturday Miss Manada Whiggins who runs the correspondence school millinery store at our village was over to the city.

Manada boarded a car which was very crowded, but finally squeezed into a seat beside a monstrous fat man. After she had got settled the conductor came around for the tickets, and Manada produced a piece of paste-board and handed it to the conductor.

"This is a pawn ticket, Miss," said the conductor severely.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Manada, blushing deeply. "I'm sure I don't know—"

"Oh, that's all right, Miss," said the fat man next to her. "You put your hand into my pocket by mistake."

NOT ENOUGH WIND FOR MILLER'S WIND MILLS

TIBBY BEND—Blunk Miller who has two wind mills on his farm says he is going to take one of them down next week as there's not enough wind to run both of them.

HE'S CAREFUL WHAT HE SAYS SINCE MARRIED

HAPPY HOLLOW—Sillas Briggs who use to do so much talking before he was married, has been much "quieter" since married. Squire Tarryfoot says that Sillas told him that his wife thinks he is the smartest man on earth, and that is the reason for keeping his mouth shut, as he has to be mighty careful what he says.

SQUIRREL FOOD

I love to write of Eloise; For knees, and trees, and bees, and leas, And seas, and cheese, and fleas, and ease, And breeze, all rhyme with Eloise.

I like to write of Marie, For glee, and she, and be, and see, And we, and plea, and free, and me, All go nicely with Marie.

I love to write of Fluffy Ruff, For miff, and cuff, and buff, and luff, And huff, and rough, and all such stuff, Remind me so much of Fluffy Ruff.

I love to write of Marguerite, For sweet, and neat, petite, discreet, And greet, and meet, and eat, and treat, Are the words that rhyme with Marguerite.

Help!

We had an egg the other day— We thought we were in Heaven; To make it do we scrambled it And served it to our seven.

UNDER THE OLD APPLE TREE THERE WAS A FLIVVER

Haddon's Bend—Urk Biskow's oldest boy, Bill, who purchased a new flivver recently, went over to Bean Ridge to make a call at his sweetheart's home. He parked his flivver under the shade of an old apple tree, and about midnight he went out to prepare for his start homeward. After fifteen minutes of hard labor cranking the machine, he decided there must be something wrong. Bill struck a match and come to find out he had been cranking the old farm grindstone which stood under the tree.

LEARN TO SAVE

To buy her presents his cash is spent, And her words of thanks are sweeter than honey; But when he had squandered his last red cent, She married the youth who saved his money.

THE MOST USELESS THINGS

Trying to shovel snow in July, near the equator.

Trying to husk corn that grows on your toe.

Trying to dig a ditch with a toothpick.

TRY THIS ON YOUR VOICE!

Hurray, horray, said the bed bug to the flea, You bite 'er on the ankle, and I'll bite 'er on the knee, And then we will go marching to Georgia.

The above may be sang to the tune of Marching Thru Georgia.—Try it.

OH FINE!

"I love you so," he said, "that I, When you are near, am dumb." The maiden made the sweet reply: "That sure is loving some."

A CHEERFUL GARDENER

Moles are under the onions, Bugs are chewing the squash, The worms have taken my cabbage But I'm happy still, b'gosh!

WHIZ-Z-Z

Skippers on the water, Skippers in the air, Skippers in the cheeses, And skippers everywhere.

KEEP THE DIRT OUT THE EYES

PODUNKUS—Jim Timikins told Bill Whistletree he should wrap his potatoes up in paper before he planted them. And of course Bill bit right away and found out it was to keep the dirt out of their eyes. Then Bill comes back with another one and says, "it might be well to not plant potatoes near the onions as it would make their eyes water."

Only 92 more shopping days 'till Christmas—Do your shopping early.

Cruel World.

Arbrutis Long who works at the new saw mill got a piece of metal in his eye this week. It separated him from \$1.50 to have it extracted.