

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 Polly 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.

15-Year-Old Scout Hero Awarded D. S. C.

Just a minute while something is said of a young man who left his home almost two years ago, never to return. For there is a glory in the career of him who once was a happy boy learning this and that of being a Boy Scout, and who never forgot that the training was meant to let him serve.

Paul Jeffords, Kansas City, Kansas, when in the glow of his fifteen years of manhood love the outdoors, and, next to duty, the open field and the cool thicket were his masters. So it only was natural that he should take up Scoutcraft.

One day Paul and a little friend, much younger, went to the woods. They took a small rifle along. Out for fun to see what they might "shoot at," they wandered among the trees to a clump of willows, which they pushed through. Then—an explanation of such things hardly ever is possible—the rifle was discharged by accident, and Paul's little friend received a wound in the leg which severed an artery.

Paul remembered his Scoutcraft teaching. Luckily, two other scouts with their first aid kits—Paul had forgotten his—arrived at the scene. Paul bound up the smaller boy's wound, stopping the flow of blood and thereby saving a life. As Paul ran a mile for an ambulance he assured himself that never again would he go out without his kit.

Not long after that Paul enlisted in the Kansas National Guards. Although only 16 years old, he desired to know something of soldiering. His boy's mind took the hard work as play, nor did he realize how grim fields of battle make men of such laughing youths as he was.

Soon the drums of war. Paul bade his family good-by, for now he was a member of Company A, 137th Infantry, and in April, 1918, he was made corporal and sent to France.

Seeing much in the long months he fought, Paul practiced soldiering with the same zeal he had displayed in scoutcraft. Letters home never hinted at tiring of it all.

Jerry, an Airedale dog, visited old haunts of his master day after day in a fruitless search. Things didn't seem as they had, with Paul gone. And it took some time for Jerry to realize in his dog's way that his master had taken a longer journey than he ever had before.

When the 137th returned Paul was not with it. And only a few weeks ago Jerry disappeared.

The laconic reports of the War department tell part of the story:

Corp. Paul Jeffords, 137th Infantry, killed in action in the Argonne forest, by machine gun fire September 28, 1918.

Another minute now, while the and is told. For today the War department issued a report of those men to whom General Pershing has awarded the Distinguished Service Cross. And among the names was that of a boy who never forgot that his training was meant to let him serve.

—Kansas City Star.

Served Too Hot.

Grandpa's little weakness was for a specially strong peppermint sweet, and recently he gave one to 4 year old Muriel and waited to see what she would say.

A little while later, he saw her slip the peppermint out of her mouth, and place it on a table by the open window.

"What's the matter, dear?" he asked. "Don't you like the sweet?"

"Yes, thank you," said Muriel politely. "I'm only letting it cool a little."

SLUMBER SONG

Hush-a-bye,
In the sky,
Mother birds are singing,
In the morning, baby dear,
Your little voice
Be ringing.
—Alma Chamness, 339 Pearl street.

Only A Cloud.

Jane sat curled up in the big window seat looking at a bright gold sunset which had just appeared through a rift in a dark wintry sky. Her little body had a disconsolate droop and a worried frown had chased away her usual merry smile.

"Whatever is the matter," said her mother, coming into the room suddenly. "Such a beautiful evening and such a sad looking little girl, that is not harmonious—may I help?"

"Oh mother I'm remembering all the mean horrid things Elsie said this afternoon, and it makes me so unhappy!"

"Was Elsie unkind, dear? You usually are such happy little friends what seemed to be the trouble?"

"That's just it. Elsie and I have never had a quarrel before, and I just keep remembering every cross, horrid word she said."

"Well," said the mother, shaking her head. "Why do you keep thinking about all the horrid things?"

"I'm trying to understand her and see if I can learn whatever made her so mean."

"My dear," smiled the mother, pointing to the soft pastel colors of the fading sunset which still showed faintly between the clouds, "it didn't look, a while ago, as if there was any pretty sky anywhere because we couldn't see it—at night there doesn't seem to be any sun because something appears to be between us and the light, but the sun is shining all the time and the pretty sky is always behind the dark clouds."

Elsie is the same dear little girl you always knew, and the cross words were just the dark clouds hiding the real little friend—if you will remember that the bad temper isn't any part of your little playmate, you'll stop feeling so sorry and sad, and the ugly words won't have any power to hurt you because you'll know she did not say them. Then soon your smiles and your loving trust will bring you back the real little Elsie, who was friendly all the time."—Ruth Wardwell, in The Brooklyn Eagle Junior.

The Toad.

It's under a lavender foxglove flow'r
That leans from the garden edge;
It's where in the early springtime
hour

The white comes out on the
hedge!
It's close by the path I daily tread;
It's close by the trail he walks,
This hermit old with the years long
fed

There back of the garden
gates!

Oh, 'neath the snows of the winter
long
He sleeps in the earth's warm
heart
Till wakened there by the bluebird's
song

Across the mead and the mart,
He sits at the door of his cavern
deep

And swells his bagpipe throat;
And watches while the night-worlds
sleep

The things that fly and float!

He's brown and beaded, hunched
and old;
But he loves my garden well!

And I'd miss him there as I'd miss
the gold
In the heart of each fair blue-
bell!

He's a friend to the folk that tra-
vel and trade

And circle the world around;
He's a friend, a friend, though he's
humbly made

Of the shards of sinew and
sound!

—From "Our Dumb Animals"

What the Brook Tells Me.

I
There are some things
That the brook tells me;
Tells of the flowers
And the tall green trees,
Tells of the birds
And the skies so fair,
Tells of its visit
Away up there!

II
There are more things
That the brook tells me,
Tells of the baby,
Chick-a-dee,
Tells of the great big river
That it runs from,
Tells of the children
It has seen,
Tells of the grass,
So very green.

III
Tells of beautiful
Bright sun,
And of the wind
That makes it run
Tells of the lands
It has been through,
I wish I could
See them too!

—Alma Chamness, Grade 6B, Age 11 years.

How Strong Are You?

How strong are you? I suppose every real boy has heard some fellow say: "If you're strong, pick up this." Well, here's another kind of strength and you'll find fun testing yourself for it. It is generally called strength of character.

Try to sit perfectly still in a cramped position for five minutes and when you've tried it you'll sympathize with spies who had all kinds of situations to put up with.

Take a piece of pie and put it in front of you and see if you can keep from eating it for five minutes. Do not read or think of anything but the pie during the five minutes.

While reading a very interesting book, close it and do something else.

Walk right past a soda store with the money jingling in your pocket. Finish a thing when you start it.

All of these tests are of character or will power.

Strength of mind counts a lot these days. Let's all try to cultivate it. Try to get strength so you'll be able to resist wrong and be a leader.

A MASTERPIECE
A cuckoo cooed in a cocoanut tree,
A cocoanut fell on his cocoanut,
Gee!
Both nuts cracked, viz.: the coco-
nuts, see?
Both cocoanuts in the cocoanut
tree.

THE WISHING PLANE

BY WILLIS WINTER

When their stay in London was over the airplane whisked the children over to Liverpool, the great English seaport where thousands upon thousands of American soldiers were landed during the war, and where hundreds of ships each year in peace time unload goods sent to England from America and other countries. There were miles and miles of docks and mountains of goods. Jack and Jane wondered how everything was handled without all being mixed up and sent to the wrong place.

There were steamers from all parts of the world lying along the docks, too. Captain Brave pointed out boats that had come from Australia, South America, Canada, Italy and other places.

From here the plane carried them to Wales.

"Wales is a great mining country, where millions of tons of coal for use in England, are cut out of the ground each year," said Captain Brave. "If you little folk care anything about it we can go into one of the mines."

Jack and Jane said they would like to go—"If you and Ladydear go with us," added Jane.

So landing at one of the great mines, Captain Brave arranged with the superintendent to allow them to go down into one of the mines.

Not very many children have been in a mine so I'll tell you what happened to Jane and Jack.

First of all caps were fitted to their heads and little oil lamps were fastened to the caps.

"These are to furnish the light when we get far into the mines," said the man sent along to guide them.

Next, everybody climbed into a real small elevator which lowered them what seemed miles down into the ground. Tiny electric lights were strung along the side of the hole down which they fairly dropped. Jack was afraid they would land on the bottom with a horrible thump. But they didn't.

Finally the little elevator stopped and all stepped out into a wide passageway.

Along the passageway ran a tiny railroad track. A train of dumpy little cars filled with coal went past them as they walked along the passage. A blinky-eyed donkey pulled the train. A young fellow, covered with coal dust until he looked like a negro, was driving the donkey and riding on the first car.

The guide told the children and their friends that this coal was hauled from rooms several hundred



feet away to the elevators and then lifted out of the ground.

Jack wondered how anyone could work all day under the ground the way the miners did without seeing any sunlight or even daylight. The air didn't smell good either.

The children were taken only a short way—to where a group of men were beginning to dig a new passageway through the coal. The guide told them that they couldn't go farther without going into what he called "looks" where they could be forced to breathe air pumped in from outside and where they might be in danger from gas which leaked out of the ground sometimes.

I guess we'll have to leave the children in the mine until tomorrow, as I haven't room to tell you any more today.

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The First Day of School.

Betty trudged wearily on her way to school.

"I know I want like Miss Brown," she complained to herself.

Soon she came to the school and went in. Miss Brown was just coming down the stairs.

"Hello, Betty, how are you?" she asked gaily.

Betty smiled and said, "Oh, pretty fair."

Miss Brown laughed and went in Miss Hunt's room.

Betty looked thoughtfully after her and said, "I like her all right now. But I don't know what about after." With that she went on to her room.

Pretty soon she found out "about what about after." Miss Brown had no pets (as the children call them). She treated all of the children just the same.

—Alma Blanche Chamness, Grade 4B.

Obsolete Ferry Boats Turned Into Outdoor Schools for Sick Children



Tuberculous children using ferry boat as school room.

The building of new tubes has rendered many of New York's ferry boats obsolete for the purpose for which they were intended, but the department of health has put them to use as "preventoriums" or open air schools for poor children liable to succumb to tuberculosis. They are equipped with school rooms, play rooms, kitchens, dining rooms, shower baths and dental clinics. Doctors and nurses are in attendance. The boats are fastened to piers along the river.