

THE JUNIOR PALLADIUM

WEEKLY SECTION OF RICHMOND PALLADIUM

RICHMOND, INDIANA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1919

Children Speak at Chautauqua

The following program will be given by the children who have been attending Miss Bessie Buhl's School of Elocution at the Chautauqua, this week, on next Saturday afternoon, at 4:00 o'clock.

"Welcome, if You Keep Right Still"—Children.

"Who Speaks First?"—recitation, Martha Ellen Thomas.

"We Must All Scratch"—Little Folks.

"Sweet Confidence,"—recitation—Alice Ellen Page.

"What Mother Says,"—recitation—Beatrice Owens.

"The Sunday School Class"—Six Children.

"When I was a Baby,"—action song—Children.

"Nothing Suited Him,"—recitation—Martha Thomas.

"Our Banner,"—recitation—Josephine Thorn.

"The Bugaboo"—Boys.

"Hearin' Bad,"—recitation—Donald McKinney.

"Comin' Through the Rye,"—pantomime—Girls.

"Cinderella Interrupted,"—dialogue—Four Girls.

"Hard Times in Playland,"—Duet and Chorus.

"The Result,"—concert reading—Girls.

"Mamie Goes to Bed,"—monologue—Verda King.

"Reading the Locals,"—monologue—Dorothy McKinney.

"Grandma's Days,"—drill and song—Girls.

"Little Bit of Heaven,"—reading, and "Sunbonnet Days,"—solo—Erpha Lundy.

"Jesus, Lover of My Soul,"—pantomime—Thelma Boswell, assisted.

A Summer Grievance

When I'm hot and through with play,

And I'm lolling on the grass,

Watching tree tops sway and sway,

Watching big white clouds that pass,

Not exactly half asleep,

But with dreams, and nice ones, near,

When I'm comfy, 'way in deep,

Then I sure do hate to hear:

 "Willie!"

 Willie!

 Time to come and dress;

 WILLIE!"

Now the room my mother's got

 Has the sun all afternoon;

And she's always saying, "Hot?"

 Why, I really thought I'd swoon!"

And it's there I have to go

To be fussed with every day:

 "Getting clean," Ma calls it. Oh!

How it hurts to hear her say:

 "Willie!"

 Willie!

 Time to come and dress;

 WILLIE!"

If the room were not so small,

 Why, it wouldn't be so bad;

But there's trunks and clothes and all,

 And my mother gets so mad.

She declares I don't half try,

 And that all I do is sprawl

On the bed. "Oh, dear!" she'll sigh,

 How I dread the time I call,

 "Willie!"

 Willie!

 Time to come and dress;

 WILLIE!"

Don't I wish that we could go

 To some place where no one cares,

Where there isn't so much show,

 And where no one puts on airs!

Heigh-ho-hum! It's 5 o'clock;

 Just the nicest time of day—

Mother's chair has stopped its rock;

I know what she going to say:

 "Willie!"

 Willie!

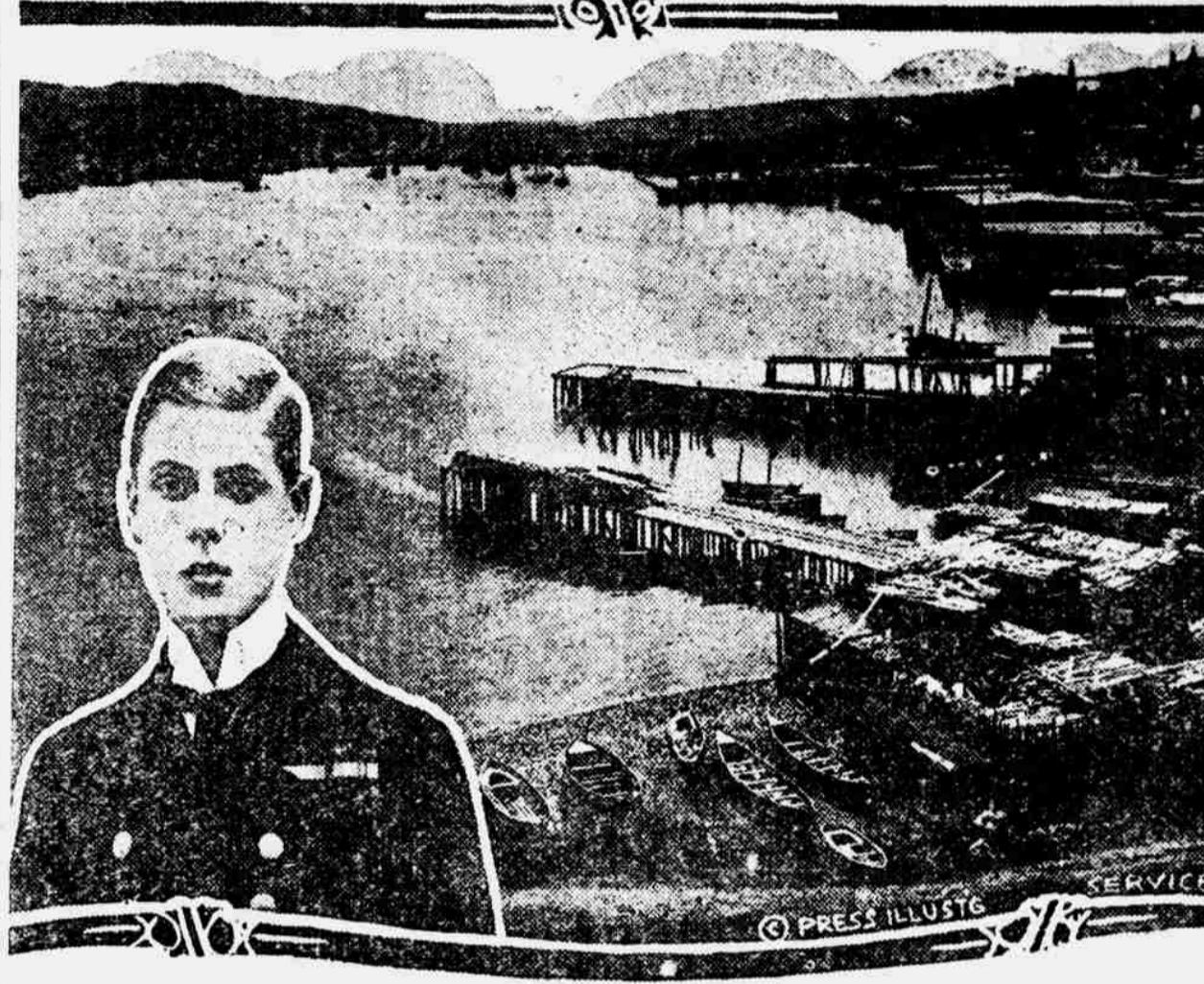
 Time to come and dress;

 WILLIE!"

The tongue of a moth or butterfly is marvelously made. It is a trunk of odd and delicate structure and varies in length, although often, as long as the entire body of the moth or butterfly. In some sphinx moths it measures nine inches long or more than three times the length of the body.

Tradition has it that the first big gun or cannon ever used in America was used by Champlain in a fight against the Indians.

... Where First Reception on American Soil Was Accorded Prince of Wales



View of St. Johns, Newfoundland. The prince is shown in a naval uniform similar to the one he wore upon landing.

Although the Prince of Wales first set foot on American soil at Topsail, a little fishing village on the Newfoundland coast near St. Johns, his first public appearance and reception were at St. Johns. He landed in a small boat at Topsail for a few minutes and was seen by only a few fishermen. Naval officers went by motor to St. Johns to arrange his reception there.

Little Music Lover Teaches Children Of Tenement Houses

Here is the story of what one girl did to enable tenement house children to take lessons on the piano, without money. The young girl was taking lessons herself, and loved music very dearly. She pitied all children who love music and have not the means to study it, and so she made a plan by which they could have their heart's desire, even if they were poor. It seems that in Bohemia instrumental music is taught along with reading and writing, but there is no such chance as that here.

The young girl we are writing about first went to see some people who were connected with charitable work in her city—those who knew where "deserving families" with children were to be found.

When she had the names of a few families she took her music teacher, and together they looked all over for a room to begin their work in—somewhere in the neighborhood where the children lived. They had a hard time finding the room they wanted, but at last they secured it, and then they went to look for a piano. They found a little "upright" still sweet, and very reasonable, because it was not up to date at all. Then the girl and the teacher next day went to see the little prospective pianists. They found six children longing to play the piano. So they began with them, the girl giving some of the lessons and her teacher directing affairs sometimes, and sometimes the young girl doing everything herself. None of the little pupils showed a great deal of talent. They were just nice and teachable and eager to learn. After the lessons had gone on some time the young girl had an evening musicale, when the parents of the children were invited to hear them play. After that the little pupils got on faster. They seemed to be much pleased at their own smartness, and went to work with a will to learn to be better performers. The last report that was heard of the tenement house music class was that it was getting on finely.—Helen Chase in The Brook-in Eagle Junior.

Tradition has it that the first big gun or cannon ever used in America was used by Champlain in a fight against the Indians.

A River in the Ocean

The gulf stream is a river in the ocean. It is the principal branch of the equatorial current, which is deflected in its course by a continent and flows along the northern coast of South America, across the Caribbean Sea to the Gulf of Mexico, where the gulf stream gets its name. After flowing around the Gulf of Mexico it issues forth between Cuba and Florida. It then flows northward up the coast of the United States until it reaches the vicinity of Newfoundland, where it is met by the cold currents of the north, and is pushed across the Atlantic. Off the coast of Ireland it is divided into two parts, one part flowing to the north, where all its heat is lost, and the other flowing south, once more rejoining the equatorial current.

Between the Strait of Cuba and Florida, it is thirty-two miles wide and 2,200 feet deep. The volume of water in the gulf stream is a thousand times more than that of the rivers Amazon or Mississippi. The heat of the gulf stream is enough to raise the temperature of the air over the British Isles and France from zero to an ordinary summer day. Its water is of a dark blue and is quite distinguishable from a boat. The stream is very warm and will melt ice in a couple of minutes. England and France are farther north than we are, but England and France have a much warmer climate and it is on account of the gulf stream. Many queer and interesting rivers and streams are in the ocean, but I think of all these the gulf stream is the most interesting.

—Lone Scout, Harold Banks.

PRECOCITY

It was washing day, and John had been kept from school to look after the baby. Mother sent them into the garden to play, but it was not long before cries disturbed her.

"John what is the matter with baby, now?" she inquired from her wash tub.

"I don't know what to do with him, mother," replied John.

"He's dug a hole and wants to bring it into the house."—London Tit-bits.

The first whale caught off the new whaling station at Monterey, California, was a giant of its kind.

It was a sperm whale, 60 feet long,

weighed 60 tons and was valued at \$5,000.

You're A Brick

When you hear that slang expression "you're a brick," passed between a couple of admiring boys, haven't you wondered where the phrase originated? I will tell you.

A long time ago, in old Greece, an ambassador once came from Epirus to Sparta and was shown over the capital by the king. He was very much surprised to find no walls around the city.

"Sire," he exclaimed, turning to the king, "I have visited in Greece, but I find no walls for their defense. Why is this?"

"Indeed," replied the king, "you cannot have looked very carefully. Come with me tomorrow, and I will show you the walls of Sparta."

The next morning the king led his guest out upon the plains, where his army was drawn up in battle array. Pointing to the brave soldiers, he said proudly, "Behold the walls of Sparta—every man a brick." Thus the saying originated.

—Lone Scout, Kyle Sneybley.

THE LOST FISHERMAN

One day men of Gotham went fishing. Some waded in the water and some stood on dry land. On the way home, one man said, "We have been near the water and some of us have been in it. I hope no one is drowned." "Let us count," said another man. "There were twelve of us this morning." They all counted, but each man forgot to count himself, so each made the number eleven. "Some one is surely drowned," they said. "Which of us is it?" They asked a man who was riding by on a horse to help them out of their trouble. He laughed and said, "I will count you." He struck the nearest man over the shoulders with his whip and said, "One." Then he struck the next man and said, "Two!" So he went on striking them till he had counted twelve. "God bless you!" they said all together. "You have found out that we are all safe!"—Sent in by Carl Allee.

ELIMINATED

Marie and Ellen were playing house one day, when Ruth joined them. They were not particularly anxious to see her that day, and finally said, "Well, you can be the maid and this is your day out."—Nebraska Awgwan.

Indians Told

Why Storms Cease

Now we are going to tell you a story that Indians used to tell their children. It is the story of what makes the storm stop.

But first come outside and sit down on the grass where we can see the growing things. Now then, here is this little worm—the measuring worm. Take a good look at him.

Notice that he is not half as long as your little fingers—sometimes he is longer; and see, he has red and yellow stripes on his green body.

Notice, too, how he curves his back upward when he walks. Now, the measuring worm eats the colors out of the grass and flowers, so we say, and the colors come out on his body and make him beautiful. But when he takes the colors out of the flowers they wither and die.

Well, the rainbow is a big measuring worm. For does he not bow his back upward like that worm, and are not his colors like the colors of the flowers.

The rainbow is the chief of all of the measuring worms.

There comes the time when the thunderbird and the rattlesnake have a fight up in the above (which, as the story goes makes the storms and rain).

But the rainbow, who has been away getting the colors out of the flowers, hears them fighting up there, and all at once he bows his back, walks up on to the cloud and makes them quit. So he makes the storm stop.

"Children," old grandfather used to say to us, "you must never point your finger at the rainbow, for as he makes the flowers wither, so he might make your fingers crooked. The rainbow is a grandfather," he used to say, "and you must be respectful toward him; then he will be your friend."

In the far-away time, so the story goes a boy was lost in a storm on the desert.

"Why are you crying my grandchild?" a voice said.

"I am lost," replied the boy. Pretty soon he saw the rainbow and he knew that it was the rainbow that had spoken to him.

"Do not cry," said the rainbow, "for I will help you."

Then the rainbow unbent his back, drooped low, and wrapped his beautiful robe around the boy.

"My footsteps are sometimes many, many days apart and I know the way," said the rainbow as he arched his back high on the cloud and carried the boy along as a sunbeam carries a speck of dust. Then he unbent, straightened out, sped away like an arrow. Across the silent spaces of the desert he went, until his shadow fell on a shining lake. It was the Lake of the Smile of the Good Spirit. On the shore of the lake was the boy's home, and ther he gave him to his father and mother.

Farewell," whispered the rainbow, "I hear the wings of the thunderbird. I must go and say to him be still." So he did, and so it was.—Lone Scout.

Riddles

1.

I went to the woods and got it,
I sat me down and looked at it
The more I looked at it, the less
I like it

And brought it home because I
could not help it.

—Kenneth Rother, St. Andrew's
school.

2.

Put four letters before a Southern city and spell a vehicle.

3.

What is the best thing to take
before singing?

4.

What word may be pronounced
quickly by adding a syllable?
Answers will appear in next
week's Junior.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S RIDDLES

1. Air.—Thelma Marie Nicholson.

2. Mississippi.—Duane Snodgrass, grade 3B, Valle school.