

"Zoo" Man Tells Animal Stories

All of Richmond, both big and little, turned out Tuesday evening to hear "The Wild Animal Man," Cyrus B. DeVry, director of Lincoln Park zoo, at Chicago.

His lecture was illustrated with fine colored stereopticon and motion pictures.

Mr. DeVry is a lover of animals, and has spent the greater part of his life in taking care of them.

The boarding of the animals is the greatest responsibility, as the needs of each variety is studied separately. Different animals need different food, and there is \$40,000 spent every year on fruits and vegetables for them.

2,500 Hungry Mouths.

There are 85 different kinds of food, which is contracted for by the year. There are over 2,500 mouths to feed, and during the animals of Lincoln Park zoo had more to eat than some of the people of Chicago because the food was contracted for beforehand.

The keeper feeds the snakes every three or four months, and if he forgets a month or so, it makes no difference. Some snakes will not eat in captivity, so they have to force the food down them. They used to grease rabbits and force them down the snake, but as this was very dangerous. Mr. DeVry has now invented a machine something like a sausage mill, in which they grind meat and fill the snakes with hamburger, giving them 40 pounds at a feeding.

Pet Animals Dangerous.

Mr. DeVry said the pet animals were more dangerous than the wild ones. He has never been injured, except by a pet animal.

He considers the tiger the king of beasts and showed many kinds of tigers and leopards. He showed a picture of a baby elephant that weighed 160 pounds when it was born. It was fed 17 quarts of milk daily and gained 10 pounds a day.

Mr. DeVry has discovered that since he has been giving the animals plenty of fresh air in the winter, he has lost fewer of them from tuberculosis.

Monkeys the Favorites.

The pictures the children liked best of all were those of the monkeys. One of the baby monkeys had pneumonia, and Mrs. DeVry told her husband to bring it home and she would take care of it; so he wrapped it up in a blanket and called a taxicab, and took it home and put it on a couch in the dining room. Mrs. DeVry took care of it in the day time, but at night Mr. DeVry had to sleep with it to keep the covers on it, so that it would not take cold. The monkey died, though, and they grieved for it as if it had been their own child.

I am sure we will all want to go to the zoo and see Mr. DeVry and his animals if we ever go to Chicago.—Betty Price.

The Brave Pilgrims

One cold winter day a ship called Mayflower landed on the coast of Massachusetts. In it were eighty-one men and women, who called themselves Pilgrims. They had come from England to make homes for themselves in this country.

The ground was bare and frozen and the shores were covered with ice. Still the men went to work at once. They cut down trees and built rude houses. It was bitter cold, and the cold came in through the poorly built houses. The people had little to eat, and many of them fell ill, and some died. At last Spring came, and those who had been ill got better. The men planted gardens and the corn grew tall in the summer sun. When autumn came, the Pilgrims were more comfortable.

They had plenty of corn to eat. They had learned where to find wild ducks and wild turkeys, and they had built better homes. They had also made friends with the Indians. They were so happy over all these things, that late in the autumn, they had a big meeting of all the Pilgrims and gave thanks for their abundant harvest.

—Ralph Cunningham.

HIS DREAM CAME TRUE

Willie—"Do you believe in dreams?"

His brother—"Sure, I dreamed that I was awake last night, and in the morning it came true."

—Lone Scout.

"THOSE WERE THE DAYS!"



Liberty's Goddess in Bronze

If there is one thing that all returning soldiers hail with delight, it is the sight of the Goddess of Liberty. We have heard many remarks they have made about their joy at seeing her again, such as: "When I saw the Lady again I wanted to jump overboard and swim to her, just to show her how glad I was to see her again," and "If the Goddess of Liberty ever sees me again, she'll have to turn around."

Of course, the reason they say this, is because the Goddess of Liberty is the first sight the returning soldiers see, that makes them think they are really getting home again. But the Goddess of Liberty is a great deal more than just a wonderful, welcoming sight. It is a beautifully made statue that perfectly expresses what its maker wanted it to express, and that is more than some statues do. And this is what it stands for, and the message it sends out to people:

"Here is freedom, and wherever freedom is, people can live happily and grow splendidly."

The name of this statue is, "Liberty Enlightening the World."

A smaller copy of this statue is in Bordeaux, France, in a park there; and a very, very tiny copy of it is in the lobby of the Y. M. C. A., right here in Richmond, where you all have probably seen it.

Dedicated to U. S. in 1886.

The Goddess of Liberty was made by Frederic Bartholdi, and was given to the United States by the French Government in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. It was unveiled and dedicated by President Cleveland, on October 28, 1886. It is erected on a little island, called Bedloe's, one of the first islands

one sees when coming into the beautiful harbor of New York.

M. Frederic Bartholdi was born in Alsace, in 1834, and died in Paris in 1904, famous as a sculptor. One time, when he could not work in Paris, on account of trouble in the government, he visited America, and it was when he arrived in the harbor of New York city that he thought of this wonderful statue as a flaming welcome to the Land of Liberty. He then returned to France, and was helped by his people with the money, so that after working upon it for twenty years, he saw finished, the finest work of his life.

Larger than Famous Rhodes Statue

The Americans made the pedestal on which the statue stands.

The figure of the Goddess herself is

151 feet high, or about forty feet

higher than the tower of the Reid Memorial church.

This measure is taken from the heel to the top of

the torch held in her upraised hand.

One finger nail measures 13 by 10

inches. Can you think of a finger nail as big as that?

In this torch there is always light kept there by the lighthouse service of the Government—in fact, it is really a great lighthouse, too.

Even the famous old statue at Rhodes, which was so big and so high that people called it one of the seven wonders of the world, was smaller than our Lady of Liberty, for it was supposed to have been only 105 feet high.

The statue weighs 225 tons, and forty people can stand comfortably in the head of it, while twelve can stand in the torch. There are 403 steps from the bottom of the pedestal to the top of the torch. The cost of this great figure which is all made of bronze, is about \$300,000, and the cost of the entire

statue with its pedestal, was \$600,000.

Welcomes to Land of Promise

No matter how hard the winds and storms blow, she is never afraid. She is sure she will not blow over. How can Liberty ever be overcome? Powerful, energetic, and yet peacefully, she stands there, always with one hand clasping a bronze tablet, on which are written many things; and with the other hand raised high above her head holding the flaming torch far up so that people far away beyond the line where the sky and ocean seem to meet—the line which the Goddess of Liberty is always watching—may see the way to the Land of Freedom and of Promise—our own America.

TOM'S HUNT

There was once a little boy named Tom. One day his father gave him a hunting spear, and his father and his father's friend went out hunting for a wild boar. Tom's father told him to stay at home, because he would be in the way.

Tom said he would. Then they set off after the wild boar. After a little bit Tom set off with his spear for the woods. It was not long when Tom turned round and saw a bear. Then he knelt and pointed his spear toward the bear. The bear came on. Tom jagged part of the front of the bear's body. The bear was ready to bug Tom to death, when a dog came leaping out of the woods with ten little puppies. She had been left behind with her puppies. She bounced on the bear's back and slung the bear off Tom. Then some wood choppers came along and chopped the bear's head off.—Richard Webb, Warner school, grade 4B.

A Glad Childhood

Yet, although history was very much alive to him, young Ferdinand Foch was anything but a bookworm writes Katherine Dunlap Cather, of St. Nicholas, where she tells the story of the great French commander. He enjoyed life and action as much as a boy can, and not a lad in the Midi looked forward with more eagerness to the sports and pastimes the different seasons brought. He loved the thought of spring, creeping up from the Saragossa border, spreads a blossom-studded carpet over the whole of southern France, and the Heath of the Moors and the banks of the Adour held scarlet the purple flowers. There were days of following the river courses. . . . There were nights with fireflies from cliff and tree. And, whether November or April, there was riding. Tarbes was famous for its Arabian horses, which were highly prized for cavalry mounts. . . . Nobody seems to know at just what age Ferdinand learned to ride; but even as long as when he wondered about the statue in the market place, he was no stranger to the back of a horse; and by the time he was twelve, not a youth in the country stood much chance of beating him in a race. A glad childhood in a storied region—such was the early fate of him who was to be supreme commander of the allied armies.—Christian Science Monitor.

Joe and the Cakes

Years ago there lived a bad boy whose name was Joseph. They nice named him Jo. One day his master said to him, "Jo, take this box of cakes to the baker to be sugared on top." Now Jo liked cakes and so he ate them all. When he got to the bakery, he gave the empty box to the baker and told him to sugar them on top. When the baker took the box out to the other men, Joe spied another box of cakes, which were already sugared. He sneaked out with it.

But when the baker found out that his box of cakes were gone, and when father found out that Joe had eaten the first box of cakes, sad, sad, was the ending of what Joe thought would have been a happy story.

The End.

George G. Snider, age 11.

CHICKEN SOUP A LA VACUUM

Landlady—You say this chicken soup isn't good? Why, I told the cook how to make it! Perhaps she didn't catch the idea?

Boader—No; I think it was the chicken she didn't catch.—London Tit-Bits.

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