

THE JUNIOR PALLADIUM

WEEKLY SECTION OF RICHMOND PALLADIUM

RICHMOND, INDIANA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1920

Tells About Father

and His Snowshoes

One winter I and my brother were going to have some fun when the snow came. So we went to bed early one night when it was a snowing and were going to get up early the next morning. When there was about 4 feet of snow on the ground. It had no crust, so we were about tickled to death. There was a pond about a mile away that was frozen over.

The people went fishing there by cutting holes in the ice. So one morning we were out in an old house putting on our snow shoes. Our father told us to bring his shoes in and put them on him.

There is where we thought we would have some fun so we took our knives and cut holes right in the center so he would go through them when we put them on. So we took them in to him and started putting them on him. We asked him if we could go with him. He said no. We got his shoes on and he took his pole and basket and started out. When he got up and tried to walk the first thing he did was to fall down. Then he got up and tried it again. That time he went through the shoes and into the snow over his head.

Then he was angry. He took them off and started after us. When he caught us he punished us.—Harry Bussard, Dis. No. 7, Arcanum, Ohio.

Lincoln Was Born

on February 12th

On the 12th day of February every year the people of the United States celebrate the birthday of our sixteenth President.

He was born in a log cabin in Kentucky and lived there until he was 8 years old. The family then moved to Indiana. When he was 11 his mother died. Abraham inherited much of his good character from her. The Lincoln family moved to Illinois eight years after Mrs. Lincoln's death.

At different times Abraham was a flatboat hand, clerk, country storekeeper and postmaster. He was also captain of volunteers in the Black Hawk War. He learned some law by borrowing books at an office at night. He never failed to return them in the morning. After he was admitted to the bar he rose rapidly.

He was tall and ungainly in appearance and little versed in refinement of society, but he was gifted with a great kindness of heart. He was earnest, sympathetic and faithful. Surrounded by his wife and friends he was assassinated by John Wilks Booth at Ford's Theatre, April, 1865. The whole nation mourned his death.—Madeline Clayton.

Toy Industry Is

Growing in U. S.

Germany will have a hard struggle to get its toy industry back. For several Christmases the German manufacturers have not been able to enter the American market and other means of supplying the demand have been found. One of the results of the war is the teaching of toy-making in the manual training departments of the city schools. Starting with the simpler toys made from cigar-box material and decorated with brilliant paint, the children are being encouraged to develop originality of design and coloring and it is forecasted that this form of instruction will be extended. There is certainly no reason why toys which are fully as good as any produced in Europe should not be manufactured in this country.

RIDDLES.

A riddle, a riddle, as I suppose, a hundred eyes and never a nose.

Answer—(A cinder sifter.)

I went out in the yard to get something. Picked it up, and couldn't find it; came in the house, put my foot down, picked it up again, looked for it and found it. What was it?

Answer—(It was a splinter.)

Fern I. Via,
Sixth Grade, Monroe school.

Appropriate Greetings and Games For the St. Valentine's Day Hostess



Some of the newest 1920 Valentines and place cards.

Many are the legends which cluster about St. Valentine's Day and all of them explain in one way or another why that day of all others is dedicated to the expression of love. Here are a few of the very modern ways of telling the "same old story." Place cards and invitations can be easily made by the prospective hostess. Correspondence cards decorated gayly with valentine symbols, hearts, arrows, and cupids which may be obtained in gummed seals will do for the invitations and small plain white cards of the calling card size will be suitable for place cards. An original little verse may be written by the clever hostess or any number of verses may be found which make appropriate invitations. These are effective if written in red ink.

The time and the address may be placed in the lower corners of the card, the signature just below the verse. The cards may be cut in heart shape if desired and may be of red or pink cardboard instead of white.

As the guests arrive the hostess gives to each girl a key and to each man a heart, made of water color paper, the hearts red, the keys gold. The men are told to find the keys which fit their hearts. As each heart contains a keyhole of different size, cut in the center, and only one key will fit it, this causes a deal of merriment and serves to "start things going."

The partners thus determined join in a "Heart Hunt," for which tiny baskets may be provided. The hostess has previously hidden about the rooms a large number of tiny, heart shaped candies or the old fashioned "conversation lozenges." To the couple finding the largest number of these a prize is awarded. Two kewpie dolls may serve as the point prize, or heart shaped pin cushions or something of that sort.

A FEW GOOD GAMES

Wedding ring titling is a lot of fun. Attach a plain band ring to a string and suspend it at a height of about 5 feet from the floor. Each guest in turn is asked to stand at a given place in the room, about 10 feet from the suspended ring, and point a pencil at the center of the ring. He is then told to walk rapidly toward the ring in an effort

to put the pencil through it, all the time rigidly holding the position assumed when aim was taken. To the successful one, marriage within the year is promised.

Then there is the heart stringing game, each guest being given a needle and thread. In the center of the table there is a pile of paper hearts, and three minutes are allowed to see who can string the most hearts on the thread.

Another stunt is to fill a glass jar full of candy hearts and have each guest guess the number it contains. The one who comes nearest the correct number wins the jar and its contents.

To secure supper partners, the hostess may bring in two little baskets of candy hearts, the contents of each basket being connected with those of the other by a perfect tangle of baby ribbons. The girls each select a heart from one basket and each man one from the other. Lined up on opposite sides of the room the two groups are connected by the tangled ribbons. At a signal from the hostess they begin to unwind only to become more enmeshed and confused as the cords cross and recross. But at last the heart of the girl and the heart of the man are freed from the others and united.

Coach Hopes for Better Playing

The Shamrock Basket ball squad got together for the first time Saturday and showed some speedy passing and was fairly good at hitting the basket, but had too much football spirit, Coach Harrington says that no practice will be held until suitable weather is here, because it is not good for the leather. Richard Harrington leaves the team and Linus Moore takes his place. Summary: Frank Cook, Guard; Coach Harrington, Forward; Linus Moore, Center; Joe Borton, Forward; Fred Paley, F. Guard; Subs, Ryan, Jenkins, Bud Borton.

Horses Still Used In Nation's Capital

In these days of transatlantic airplane flights, automobiles, and other swift features of modern transportation, a horse-drawn vehicle for the conveyance of passengers is something to make the average person look twice. There are few hacks and cabs operating in the larger cities of the United States, but in Washington, D. C., it is not uncommon to see dozens of carriages, cabs and hacks drawn up at a railway station, waiting for passengers, in competition with the gasoline-propelled taxicabs. Sight-seers quite frequently choose the slower vehicles for a leisurely tour of the nation's capital.

How to Make Solid Bicycle Tires

Old bicycle tires can be rendered puncture-proof by an extremely simple and inexpensive treatment. Scrap rubber of almost any description is cut into small pieces, none larger than one-half an inch square. A slit, about four inches long, is made in the tire on the side which fits on the rim, and while this is held open by a short length of stiff wire, the bits of rubber are forced through it into the casing, and pushed as far as possible away from the opening. The hole is then closed by tying a piece of string around the tire. Another slit is cut about 10 inches from the first, and the same operation performed again. This is continued until the entire casing is packed with the rubber chunks, when the strings holding the edges of the slits together are removed, and the tire placed on the wheel rim. After the bicycle is ridden a short distance, more rubber can be placed in it. This makes it practically solid. It can then be cemented to the rim. A tire treated in this manner will not ride quite as easily as a pneumatic tire, but it protects the rim from injury at slight cost.

HIS LOGIC

Willie—Pa, buy me a pair of skates.

Pa—But, Willie, you need shoes worse than you need roller skates.

Willie—I know, but when I have my roller skates on the people can't see the holes in my shoes.—Detroit Free Press.

Mournful Mail

From Room No. 20

Room 20, R. H. S.

Deer Ant Polley—I am a brand new freshie at R. H. S. and of course I don't no much, cordin' to the other High School kids. That's what they say. I don't want to be called a freshie by the high school fellers, but when it comes to havin' yer ole Garfield frends callin' you that too, well, it's pretty hard on a poor fellow. So when one of those stale Garfield ginks said, "Hello freshie," why I jest up and said, "Don't you wish you was one?" I guess that prit nigh cuts em off, as to the ole High school smarties at say "Freshie" I jest say "Sure, I'd rather be fresh any ole day than stale. But I guess they're pretty fresh them selfs, especially in tricks. Why, ant poly, they duck you in the fountains and even tell a feller a wrong room sometimes. Sich is life, though. Me sweetheart is a first term junior and she even silted me for a second term junior. She said I had ter wait til I were a junior for I'd git her back. She cin go to the dickens, now. Well, ant Polley, I want's to ask you a queiston. I want to no if ye don't simphannize with me? and by ther way, ant Polley, I's goin' advise you to quit school afore you come to R. H. S. as a freshie, but I'll jist add to that, that you will ave a fine, nice joly time if you ever does gits here, cause you'll never be a freshie al yer life. Well, ant polley, I guess I bitter close and rite again. Please excuse my spellin an my writtim cause you no that Freshies don't know no better. I hope to remane

Yours in Simpethie,
FRESHIE.

Tree Seeds Are

Sent to Europe

The American Forestry Association turned over to the foreign consuls of Belgium, France and England 35,000,000 tree seeds at a ceremony on the Boston Common, on Jan. 15. In a hundred years from now these trees will be full grown and will stand as monuments to those who fell in the great war.

Names for Dolls.

A doll or a fluffy cat for a child should have a real name. Dolly or kitty is not enough. Nor should a common name like John or Mary serve when Penelope or Sophronisba or Alcibiades is at hand for a mouth-filler. Of course, Jane and Pete are better than hosts of Dorothys and Geofreys. Half the fun is in learning to pronounce something new. For this reason, perhaps it is well to change a doll's name, say, every month or so. Benjamin, Alexander, and Abijah, Hepzibah, or Christopher, and Millicent, any one of these would wear well for a doll of dignity and character. And no doll should be burdened with more than one name at a time. How much better to have one good name, remember it, and then change it later if necessary, than to dabble with a Mary Viola Elizabeth Genevieve, or a Hector Ferdinand La Rochefoucauld Jones.

CHILDREN'S LETTERS

Any child, writing a letter, may easily illustrate it, by cutting out small pictures from an old magazine, and pasting them in the proper places on the paper. Once such a letter is written, it deserves really to be mailed, without any just pretending, for any grown-up will be glad to get it, and to send an answer by the regular postman.

A SNAKE STORY

Once when my little sister had a birthday, my mamma gave a party for her. While mamma was getting ready to serve lunch, of cake, ice cream, nuts and candies, we went to Ratliff's woods to look for spring beauties. While we was there, a big snake came near falling on me out of a big tree.

We didn't stay long after that. It gave us all a scare we won't soon forget. We didn't even haave the nerve to kill it. Well this is all for this time as I am a new Junior this is my first storie, next time maybe I will do better.—Martin C. Bishop.