

THE JUNIOR PALLADIUM

The Junior Palladium is the children's section of the Richmond Palladium, founded May 6, 1916, and issued each Saturday afternoon. Boys and girls are invited to be reporters and contributors. News items, social "wants," "want" advertisements, stories, local jokes and original poems are accepted 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 receive letters addressed to the Junior Editor. This is your little newspaper and we hope each boy and girl will use it thoroughly.

The All Round Girl

Red Cheeks and Pep

BOB SLEDS AND HAY RACKS.

By Mollie Price Cook

Grandmother looked out of the window at the heavily fallen snow. "It's a fine time for a bob sled ride," she said. "When I was a girl we had sleighing parties all winter long."

The girls thought over grandmother's suggestion and decided to give an up-to-date, old-fashioned sleighing party. First they went to a livery stable and hired a big bob sleigh with seats along both sides. The livery man said they could have two teams of horses.

The girls figured that by taxing each guest and securing a small donation from their parents they could meet expenses. Three of the girls' mothers offered to furnish doughnuts, apples and cocoa.

Everybody was warned to bundle up in the warmest dress to be found. They all met at one place



and piled into the waiting sleigh. The harness was covered with

EXCHANGE COLUMN

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

FOR SALE—High grade violin, three-quarter size; Heberlin make; 326 Pearl St., or phone 3133.

LOST—One overshoe at St. Mary's School. Call at 35 So. 19th St.

FOR SALE—Rabbits. One buck, two does. Call at once. Howard Brooks, Roscoe Street.

FOR SALE—Two pair of Cochin Bantams. Call at 524 So. West A Street.

FOR SALE—One 110 volt alternative electric motor, two speed, one Lincol Battery motor, one telegraph sounder. Will sell cheap. Call at 26 South Eleventh street or phone 1510.

LOST—Silver barrett between 12th and 14th streets. If found, return to the Palladium office.

WANTED—32 boys for a club. Training is given too. Leoline K. 915 North G. Street.

FOR SALE—Rabbits, two bucks, two does and three young ones, mixed breeds. To be sold at once. Call Earnest Cooper, 302 N. 22nd St.

FOR TRADE—One pair of ice skates No. 6, for 2 White Leghorn hens. Call Howard Brooks, East Haven, Roscoe street.

LOST—Pair child's tan mittens on street. Return 927½ Main street.

LOST—Fur neck piece at the Washington Theatre. If found, return to 103 North 16th St., or phone 1984.

sleighbells so the tingling of the bells and the happy songs of the girls attracted the attention of everyone.

They rode into the country and back, and just a minute before they were all stiff with cold, they were deposited on Mable Lane's doorstep. Mable's mother received them and soon thawed them out with hot cocoa, fresh doughnuts, and juicy apples. The girls said that the sleigh ride was the best sport of the whole year.

A HAY RACK RIDE.

Girls in warmer climates where there is no snow, will find it fun to rent a hay rack instead of a bob sled. They all wear broad-brimmed hats and gingham aprons to look like farmerettes, and one or two of the girls dress in overalls to play farmer. The girls plan refreshments to suit the time and place. A "wiener roast" is always fun, if arrangements can be made at some picnic for a fire.

A hay rack can be the source of much merriment—the amount of sport depending upon the ingenuity of the girls who lay the plans. Do not miss a sleigh ride this winter, you girls in the North, and don't forget the fun of a hay rack ride, you girls of the South—or you'll go down in the history of girlhood as a never-did-it-wall flower!

GOOD ROADS AND MUD.

By R. S. Alexander

"Well boy, we're stuck."

The farmer with whom Hunting Eye was riding climbed off his wagon, and took hold of a wheel. The Indian boy jumped down and, between the two of them, they helped the team pull the wagon out of the hole.

"That's a rotten road," said the farmer, as they started on, "the commissioners ought to see to fixing it."

"Why are the commissioners supposed to take care of the road?"

"Originally roads were private. Each person made and kept up his own just as he wanted them. But soon the state took over this work because it saw a better system of roads could be worked out that way than by allowing each person to make his own."

"Now the county usually takes care of the roads. The county commissioners usually decide when new roads are to be laid out; old roads changed, or important improvements made in them such as paving, etc. The ordinary upkeep and repair of the roads is usually under the control of Road Supervisors, one for each township, either elected by the people of the township or appointed by the township trustees or the county commissioners."

"These Supervisors either hire men to keep the roads in good repair, or require each man in the township to work on the roads for a certain length of time each year. Of course this method of doing the work varies in different states, but usually it is done about as I have described."

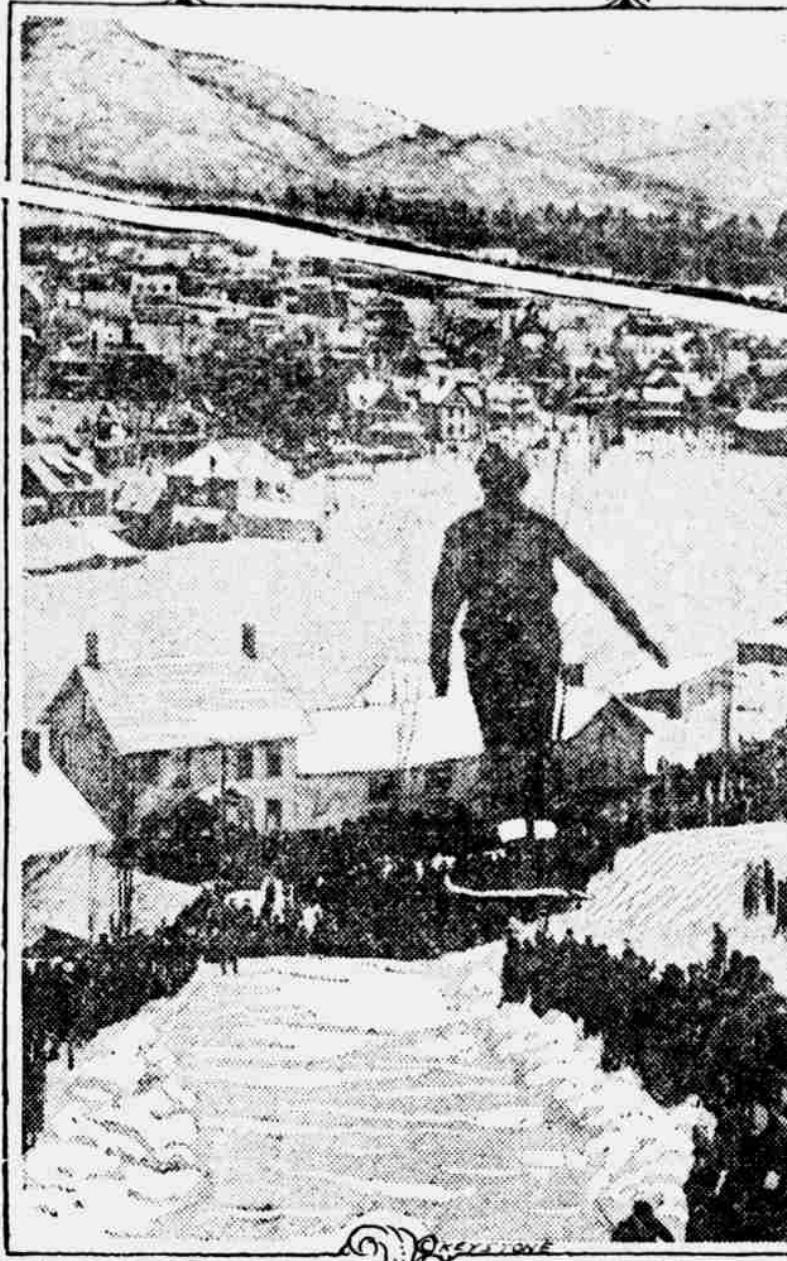
"Why is this road we are now on so much better than the one where we got stuck?"

"This is a state road. The state sometimes helps the counties to build roads between the larger cities. The state gives about half the money required to build this road on condition that the counties and townships raise the other half. Sometimes the state bears all of the expense of improving a road."

"Many roads are paved or otherwise improved by private organizations with some state or county help. The Lincoln Highway, the Dixie Highway, the Yellowstone Trail, and the Old National Pike were built by the combined work of private persons and the government."

It used to be that you could get only books for good boys and girls; now you can get good books for boys and girls.

SKI JUMPING FURNISHES THRILLS AND A WONDERFUL VIEW OF WINTER SCENERY



Ralph Whithall winning the jumping contest at Saranac Lake.

The photo above gives some idea of the thrills that accompany the winter sport of ski jumping. Ralph Whithall of Montreal is shown winning the ski jumping event at the recent carnival at Saranac Lake. His sensation is akin to that of flying as he leaves the "take off" on his jump down the hillside. The huge crowd can be seen at the sides of the runway below him watching his jump. In front of him lay Lake Pontiac, the city, and, in the distance, the snow-clad Adirondacks.

Study Problems Solved

By Irene Cleves
Francis W. Parker School

A group of children wrote about vacation experiences. Henry described an unexpected night-out-of-doors. Do pictured some Indian guides whom he watched packing "duffle" into canoes. Helen remembered a withered old woman, who peered from her door at their noisy picnic party. Lois wrote about a horseback ride at night. Every one, you see, selected an experience that was vivid in his or her mind.

Here is part of Lois's story. You will find that in twelve places she tells you what reached her sense of sight; in seven places, what appealed to her hearing. She gives you the odor of the night, the feeling of the cold air on her face. The more senses she could appeal to, she knew, the more successfully she could make her reader feel that night ride as she felt it.

When you have to write your next theme or story, remember these two principals that Lois applied. First, write about something you know, and second, appeal to your reader's senses.

Lois's Story

The cold, dewy grass looked strange in the faint starlight, as I crossed the meadows to the barn to saddle my horse. I could hear the sounds of the night, indistinct, indefinable; I could see the shadows; and both sounds and shadows set my pulse a-tingle. The pines stood dark and cold across the dreary river. The road stretched in silence before me. As I rode off into the darkness, the trees on either hand stood like great straight giants. The stars twinkled. There was a sweet smell of clover. Away I galloped, the cool night breeze blowing my hair. The constant roar and splash of the waterfall came to my ears through the deep, silent night. The air felt crisp, the black road gave back the solemn thud of my horse's hoofs. The absence of the moon gave everything a dreary, fearful look. I



raced with the wind. The cold night air whistling past me. I saw the trees standing back against the sky ahead. The road flew underneath me. I heard the water rush past me. My pony galloped over the wooden bridge. A flickering candle light in a window told me somebody had heard me.

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ADELIA BELLE BEARD

Miss Adelia Belle Beard, who writes the "Woodcraft" and "Nature Study" articles that you read here each week is National Secretary of the Girl Pioneers of America.

Miss Beard and her sister, Miss Lina Beard, have written a number of outdoor books known and read by American girls everywhere. "On the trail," "The American Girl's Handy Book," "Mother Nature's Toy Shop," "Recreation for Girls," "What a Girl Can Make and Do," "Things Worth Doing and How to Do Them"—you have likely read some of these.

Miss Beard is a sister of Dan Beard, the famous pioneer Boy Scout.

CAN WE MAKE IT BETTER

This is your newspaper. The only thing that the Junior Editor cares about is to make this miniature newspaper exactly what all the boys and girls who read it think it should be.

Write us your ideas. May be you can tell us how to make this quarter page still better. If so, we will be ever so much obliged to you.

For Girls to Make Homecraft



STENCILING YOUR CURTAINS

By Carolyn Sherwin Bailey

Your own room, dainty and beautiful with the furniture you decorated, may have stenciled curtains to match. The same stencil design of flowers or fruits that you used for the chairs and table will be attractive for the curtains. Use heavy, unbleached cotton, cheesecloth, or scrim. These materials will wear well, and make good wear-

First Step

Lay a large piece of blotting paper on a board, and over this the edge or the corner of the curtain that you are going to stencil. The stencil pattern should then be pinned to these about half an inch from the hem. Then test your oil colors on an old piece of cloth. The paint should be as thin as possible to give the right color, so you may need to mix turpentine with it. An old cup may hold each color, and you should have short, bristle brushes, one for each color.

Putting on the Colors

Once you learn the process of stenciling, you can do it very well. Use as little paint on the brush as possible and dab the brush on the cloth that shows through the holes of the pattern, working from the edges of the design toward the center. As you remove the stencil to pin it farther along, hold the curtain up to the light to see if the color is right. Wipe off the pins before using them again, and be sure that



the edges of the stencil are clean of paint before you fasten it on for the next strip of the design.

Finishing Touches

Be sure not to hold the curtains until the stenciling is thoroughly dry. If your colors are not too thick, the curtains may be washed with the care given to ordinary colored ones. The hems may be done in hemstitching and a stenciled valance at the top of the window will add ever so much to them.

If you did your furniture in yellow the curtains may be decorated with stenciled nasturtiums in yellows and orange. A blue room needs roses on the curtains, and green painted furniture is attractive with a design of violets that is repeated in the hangings.

Doesn't this sound like your best-of-all craft work? And the nicest part about it is that stenciling is so easy.

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TWO GIRLS AND HISTORY

There were two little girls who studied history.

One read each lesson out loud five times. She hated her history.

The other read each lesson once, but she put her whole self into the work. She imagined she was living and doing the same thrilling things she read about.

When she read about the fleet of ships that Columbus had she took her scissors and cut out boats that looked like his and laid them down where they could sail across her table just as if it were an ocean.

When she read about the pilgrim fathers and their log cabins she built one of the cabins from the long blocks her brother had.

This girl liked history very much indeed; and, was it strange that she got much better grades?

COUNTING THE PIGS

A farmer who had twenty pigs, one day sent his little boy out to count them and see if they were all there. The little boy came back slowly, with a puzzled look on his face. "Well," said his father, "are they all right?" "I counted nineteen; but there was one little fellow that ran about so fast, I wasn't able to count him."