

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 items, 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.

AUNT POLLY'S LETTER.

Dear Juniors: Isn't it queer that we people—juniors and grown-ups too—think that we would see so many interesting things and have such good times and grow to be much broader-minded, bigger (I don't mean fatter, though we might grow that way, too) folks if we lived somewhere else, some other city, or county, or state or even on some other continent? I think all this is true, it is mighty interesting and helpful to see other places, and people who live there and see what they do with life, but I think, too, that there are many buildings and places right here close to us which it would be well for us to find out about, whose story we would be glad to know.

I thought of this especially when I found out that Garfield girls were visiting several factories to see how butter for instance was made. Do you know how it's made? It's made right here in Richmond and yet probably most of us do not know how a creamery makes it.

I remember the trips our civics class in high school took to the City Jail, to the Courthouse (during a trial) and we learned so much that was interesting and got some idea how many things Uncle Sam has to think of at once.

Do you know what a hospital looks like, both kinds of hospitals, those for sick bodies and those for sick minds? We have both here in Richmond, within easy walking distance. Do you know where the members of our city council meet and how they carry on a meeting? Do you know how pianos are made, how electricity is secured, how thousands of cakes and crackers are baked in a large baking company (Um, it makes me hungry just to think about it!) You boys, who like to watch the beauty of great big machinery in perfect action doing the work of great numbers of men, have you seen the inside of the Water Works building near the Reservoir? It's a good hike there. I walked it about a week ago.

We have these buildings and factories in Richmond and most of the people in charge of them are glad to show their places to visitors. You could, perhaps, go with your teacher who would find out from the people in charge of the different places what time is best to visit their establishments.

Many things in Richmond are waiting for us to see them and understand how they are run and why they are needed here. A treasure of interesting facts awaits the boy or girl who decides to "see Richmond first."

AUNT POLLY.

The Silver Pin

This story won second place in Contest A of the Junior Palladium story-writing contest.

Chapter I

It was in grandmother's room that all this happened or there might never have been any such story like this. Well, as I was saying, it all happened in grandmother's room, a large, old-fashioned room with a large, old-fashioned fireplace and wide window. In a large chair sat a little, old woman with little, soft, white curls about her face. A little girl sat beside her with her head on her grandmother's lap. Her name was Kentucky, a queer name it may seem

to you, dear readers, but then it is used often in the hills and great cities of Kentucky.

Presently her grandmother spoke. "Tucky, dear, bring grandmother the third drawer from the top of that cupboard."

"Tucky ran to do as she was bid. She took the drawer back to her grandmother. Tucky expected to be sent from the room, but she was not. Instead her grandmother let her examine the drawer to her heart's content. The drawer contained dainty handkerchiefs, old creamy-colored gloves, brooches and numberless other old things. But what attracted Tucky's attention most was a velvet box, which had inside of it a silver pin.

"Oh! grandmother, where did you get such a darling little pin?" asked Tucky.

Her grandmother did not answer immediately. She seemed to be thinking of the past.

"Tucky repeated her question. At this her grandmother roused as one waking from a dream.

"Do you really want to know where that pin came from, dear?" she said.

"Oh, yes," said Tucky. "All right, I'll tell you, although it is a sad tale to me dear." And grandmother wipe away a tear; she cleared her throat before she began, and wiped away another tear.

In the next chapter you will hear grandmother's story.

Chapter II—Grandmother's Story
"In the year '59, when I was sixteen, I met a man whom I loved very much and who is your grandfather. We were married soon after we met. When I was 21 we had a baby, who is your father now. After a while another baby came. When he was four years old I gave him a pin exactly like this one, and I kept this. About a year later he was stolen by some gypsies who happened to be passing through the town at that time. Since then we have heard nothing from him."

"How old is he grandmother?" asked Tucky.

"He would be 45 tomorrow," said grandmother.

"Do you think he would recognize the pin if he saw it?" asked Tucky.

"Why, yes, I think he would," said grandmother. She was thinking of the happy years before she lost her baby boy.

"What was his name, grandma?"

"What? Oh, his name? My dear, his name was William Hill,

Little Tot Calls Great Britain's Queen "Mamma"



Queen Mary, at right, holding hand of baby who called her "mamma."

When Queen Mary of England recently visited the Notting Hill infants' welfare center in London, one of the many tiny tots being cared for at that home looked up at her with her big baby eyes and said "Mamma." The queen was taken with the little one and played with her for several minutes.

Oh! if I could only—" but here grandmother stopped, for the doorbell was ringing. She pinned the pin on the front of her dress and went to open the door.

She found a handsome man, about 40 or 45 years old.

"Could you tell me where Marjorie Hill lives?" he asked in a pleasant voice.

"Why, my name is Marjorie Hill," said grandmother. "What do you want?"

"Mother!" the voice of the man rang out. "I have found you at last!"

"Have you proof that you are my son?" she asked, trembling with excitement.

"Yes, I have the silver pin," he said.

They went in while this was going on. Before sitting down he drew from an inside pocket a velvet box, and handed it to Mrs. Hill. On opening it she found a pin so like hers that you couldn't tell them apart if you had been there. She handed it back to him and asked how he had escaped from the gypsies and had gotten the pin.

He told her how, when it was dark, he had gotten up and had gone to the tent where he knew the pin was and had taken it and so escaped. He had traveled over the state even when he was quite small, looking for his father and mother.

"Here comes grandpa," sang out Tucky, suddenly.

Grandpa came in; he was embraced by his son. Next day he gave a feast in honor of his son. The two silver pins are still in the family to this day.—Georgia Vertrees, 13 years of age, Garfield Junior High School.

Windy Nights!

In March we learned Robert Louis Stevenson's "Windy Nights." We liked it very much. We can hear the man on the horse galloping all around our playground every windy day. After we learned the poem we made some stories about the wind, and we drew some pictures of the man that rides at night. Now we are making the cover for a book to hold our pictures and stories. Here are some of our stories.—Room 3, Joseph Moore school.

It is a very stormy night, the wind is blowing and it is dark. A man is riding along very fast. It is midnight and everything is still. The grass is wet and the rain is

splashing against the windows.—Meriam Jones, 4-A.

A Story About the Wind

Once upon a time when the fires were out, I heard a man on a horse, and it sounded as if he was roaring with all his might. So one night I watched and watched, but I could not find out who it was that galloped all night in the dark and the wet.—Ruth Allen, 4-A.

What Wind Makes Me Think Of
Whenever the wind is high it always makes me think of the old gray wolf going "Woof! woof!"—Miriam Dilks, 3-A.

What Wind Makes Me Think Of
The wind makes me think of a giant trying to knock down the house and the trees.—Maurice Evans, 4-B.

What Wind Makes Me Think Of
Did you ever hear the giant? It's the wind. It blows the kites and tosses the ships, and sometimes blows down trees or houses. That is why I call it the giant.—Roland Roller, 3-A.

Stormy Nights
One night it was windy, and I thought I heard a man whistling and dancing. Sometimes it sounds like a man on a horse. Then the horse runs away, and the man goes by alone. After that the man comes back on the horse again.—Alden Hunt, 4-A.

A Stormy Night

It was a stormy night. Jack and Mary were sitting around the fire. "Mother, please tell us a story about the wind." "All right," said their mother. "Once some men were on a ship. One night it was stormy. One of the men awoke and said, 'What is that noise? It sounds like a man on a horse!' Another man said it was the wind. Since then the people say the wind is a man on a horse." "Thank you, mother. I think he is riding now, don't you?"—Emma Rickels, 4-A.

What Wind Makes Me Think Of
The wind makes me think of a bear gnawing the corner of my house. He is growling around the house, chewing every corner. He runs up on the front porch, then he runs into the wire fence and makes it squeak.—Harold Hurst, 4-A.

Stormy Nights
Have you ever turned in bed and made pictures of the wind? I have! I think it is a hundred buffaloes. They run up and down our street. Then they meet and fight. Those that are not killed come back. There are not so many then. That is why the wind is sometimes loud and sometimes low.—Dale Williams, 4-A, Joseph Moore school.

Riddles

1. What goes up white and comes down yellow?
2. What goes round the house and makes 100 tracks?—Helen Smith.
3. What do you sit on and sleep on and brush your teeth with?—Marian Hodgkin.
4. What question is it to which you must always answer "yes"?—Ruth Smith, grade 5, White school. (Answers will be published next week)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST WEEK'S JUNIOR

1. An egg.—Russell Shafer.
2. A top.—R. S.
3. A white horse with a bell.—Betty Jones Holt.
4. There were three eggs left. All four names belonged to one girl.—Virginia Martin.

THE ARABS

The Arabs do not know much about the other part of the world, because they do not trade with other people at all. Their work is done by hand and their products are just what they need for their food and clothes.—Sara, grade 3B, Vaile school.

ANNA ELSIE

Anna Elsie, she jumped with surprise. The surprise was so quick, it played her a trick. The trick was so rare, she jumped in a chair; The chair was so frail, she jumped in a pail; The pail was so wet, she jumped in a net; The net was so small, she jumped on the ball; The ball was so round, she jumped on the ground; And ever since then, she's been turning around.—Old Rhyme.

If you have ideals, don't be ashamed of them, even if you do get kidded about them. They make conduct and conduct makes history

Dolly's Shopping Tour in the City

Dolly was going to the city with her mother. She was very glad for she liked to go with her mother.

Next Saturday was her birthday and she would be fourteen years old. "I wonder what I will get," she said. "I wish Uncle John would get me that little horse," she said to herself.

"My dear," said her mother, after they had got off of the train, "would you like to do your shopping alone and then meet me at the station?"

"All right," said Dolly gayly, and walked down the street.

"I believe," said Dolly, "I will buy mother a present first for she was so kind to let me come with her."

She went to the flower house and bought a beautiful little flower for her and while she was buying for her mother, her mother was on the other side of the street buying a birthday present for Dolly.

Dolly was waiting at the station for her mother. Dolly had all kinds of bundles around her.

"My goodness," said Dolly, "it is hot and I do wish mother would come." Mrs. Martin, Dolly's mother, came just as Dolly was wishing for her. Mrs. Martin was stacked with bundles too and when they saw each other they had to laugh. They waited about ten minutes for the train and when the train came rumbling in at the station the porter helped them on with their bundles.

"I'm so glad," said Dolly as she was seated in a seat near the window, "that you let me come, mother."

The next day was Saturday and Dolly was glad for it was her birthday. "I'm fourteen," she said, as she went down stairs for breakfast. There at her plate she found a little box. "Oh!" she said, "it's from mother!"

Her mother smiled across the table at her. Dolly opened the box and there lay a little blue watch with her initials on it. "Oh!" she cried, "how beautiful. Now I shall never be late."

She went out in the garden after breakfast and there stood the little horse for her. "It's from Uncle John," she said.

That afternoon she had at her house a party and she was a very happy girl.

RUTH TUTROW,
Grade 6, Milton School.

MARY'S VISIT TO ESKIMO LAND

Once there was a little girl named Mary. It was summer and very hot. She said she would like to go up north. One afternoon there came a little man up to her. He was dressed in bear skin. He was about as big as she was. He asked her to come and live with him. Mary went. After while she said she was hungry. We will soon have supper ready. Mary asked them what they would have. "Raw meat," they said. "I don't like that, can't you get some milk or cake?" "Milk or cake, what's that?" "Or can't you get some pie?" We don't have anything like that. We just have meat."

Can you guess where Mary was? She was in Eskimo land. Supper was ready and the Eskimo woman was calling her. No, it was her own mother. Mother said she had been asleep for a long time. Then she went and ate supper. And Mary was always satisfied with the weather.—Hazel Brumfield, Age 8, Third Grade, Centerville, Ind.

THE DOG CAME BACK

Once upon a time a little boy had a dog. One day the boy was playing with his dog and when he was not looking, the dog ran away. The little boy began to cry. Just then a fairy came up and said, "Why are you crying?" And he said, "My dog ran away." The fairy said, "Do not cry for he will come back." It soon began to rain and the little boy went to look for his dog and he saw him coming down the street. He ran as fast as he could to meet his dog and he was very happy to have him back again.—Robert Shelly, grade 3B, Starr school.

DISCIPLINE

Mother: Jimmy, is it possible you are teaching the parrot to swear?

Jimmy: No, mother, I am just telling him some words he must never say.

In 1917-18, 173 out of every 1000 babies born in Porto Rico died before they were a year old. In the United States only 94 out of 1000 died.

Pencil Twister

CAN YOU CHANGE THIS DOG INTO A TRAMP?



Answer will appear next week.

CAN YOU CHANGE THIS PURSE INTO A LITTLE GIRL?



Answer will appear next week.



Answer to last week's.