

# 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 original 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:

I have been wondering just what part boys and girls (as well as grownups) can play best on this day on which once a year we pay tribute to the men who died in service for America. We can give flowers to help decorate the graves of our soldiers in this country and we can name over with pride and big, full hearts of reverence the soldier boys from our town and county who went to serve in America's army during the great war and never came back. These are beautiful ways of saying "thank you" for the victory they helped to win for us.

Boys and girls of America will not be the only children who decorate the graves of American soldiers on this Memorial Day. Children who live in French villages near any of the large cemeteries where the soldiers who died in the great war are buried, care for the graves of American soldiers. One Red Cross worker tells of a little boy she knew who lived near the cemetery of Chateauroux, France, who always kept a flower or a wreath (probably a paper wreath which they use so much in France) on a certain grave in that cemetery. He was a little French boy, George Peyratout, twelve years old. He knew the history of every grave where a soldier from Chateauroux lay, could tell who he was, where he fought and how he was killed. On our Memorial Day the French decorate all the graves of American soldiers. I think it must be a very comforting thought to the families of those whose soldier sons and brothers lie in France, to know that the people and especially the children and women of France are decorating the American graves.

Many towns and cities of the United States have thought of even a better way to say "thank you" to our soldiers. They are planning to build in honor of our soldiers all sorts of buildings and sometimes a group of buildings, hospitals, community houses (where everybody goes and where public entertainments and meetings are held), auditoriums or coliseums. I think that is a splendid idea, don't you? Because then we will have something beautiful and useful at the same time, and that is just twice as good as something that is only beautiful, as a monument. It will stand for service and will serve the people of the community and so will really be "carrying on" the work of the soldiers who served and sacrificed for all of us.

In 254 communities already these public buildings are being planned, and new plans are being made all the time by other cities. Washington, D. C., Plymouth, Mass., Portsmouth, Va., Seattle, Wash., Birmingham, Ala., Portland, Ore., are just a very few of the cities that are planning these splendid memorials. The only thing of the kind that I know of like this in Indiana is the Community House in Evansville, which was built in honor of the soldiers of the Civil and Spanish-American wars.

You all know the beautiful little poem "In Flanders Fields" do you not? And do you remember how it makes the soldiers who lie in Flanders fields say that they give us, who are still living, the torch? It seems to me the very best answer we can give on Decoration Day is "Be ours the task to hold it high". Isn't that what you think, too?

AUNT POLLY.

## Gwendolyn Lawrence And the Gypsies

Gwendolyn was the only child of Mr. Lawrence, a rich merchant. Her mother was dead and Gwendolyn's father was very strict with her. He had a tutor instead of having her go to school, and also a maid to go out with her. She was very lonesome and she often watched the other girls and boys going home from school, and wished she was one of them. Oh, how awful it was for one's father to be so strict.

One day as usual she and her maid went to the park. Marie, her maid, sat down on a bench to read. Gwendolyn went off to play. Somehow she got too near the pond and fell in.

A dark man sprang out of the bushes and grabbed her. He made her stop screaming. As soon as he saw how nicely she was dressed he muttered to himself, "Oh, young lady! I will make a fortune off of you. Come this way!" And he led her off.

When Marie, her maid, heard the scream, she began running to and fro weeping. The house was just two squares away so Marie ran home. Gwendolyn's father was in the reading room.

"Oh, monsieur, ze daughter Gwendolyn—" And that was all she could say for a few minutes. In about ten minutes Gwendolyn's fa-

ther had heard all. He was very worried and telephoned to the police (as he was putting on his coat and hat).

Gwendolyn was too afraid to scream as the man seized her arm. As soon as she saw who the man was she fainted.

When she came to she was in a tent with a lot of dark children about. They were very dirty with short stringy hair. Everything looked very dirty. How would this little room compare with her rooms at home! In the farther end of the tent an old woman sat stirring soup. She was humming to herself.

As Gwendolyn was looking around a man came toward her. She saw that he was the man who had brought her to the tent and she turned her head from him.

"Mazie, take those clothes off of her and put on these," he held up a dark red and black dress, "and make her look like these other kids."

The woman took Gwendolyn into another tent and made her put on the red and black dress which she hated at the first sight. "I will call you Peggy and be sure you go by that name or everything will go wrong with you." Oh, how good it would be if she were home.

Gwendolyn admitted to herself she liked to be free a little while. It was nice to chase butterflies and feel you could do as you wished.

But the gypsy man had certain reasons. "I will let her run around a bit and then I will tie her down," he said. About a week later Gwendolyn was told to cook dinner. Of course she could not, for she had never tried. But the woman named Mazie taught her. Gwendolyn now had to work very hard. She would cook, sweep, amuse the others and do many other hard tasks which she did not like to do.

One woman she liked better than the other women and that was a woman by the name of Mamie. She said she had been kidnapped by the gypsies when she was a little girl. Her mother had died from the shock and her father was already dead. "I also had a brother Rob,"

she continued. He had been a very dear brother and she cried as she recollected it.

"Here, you old woman, stop telling your pitiful tales and get to work. We are going to move near the next town by the name of Brownsville. Pack your things," ordered the gypsy man.

All this time Gwendolyn's father had been looking for his daughter. He would go for hours with nothing to eat, thinking of his daughter all the time. "I would not be so strict," he said to himself, "if she were back."

The policemen said they had heard a band of gypsies were camping near a place by the name of Brownsville (for everybody had supposed she was stolen by gypsies), and that they would look, and if she was not one of them, everything would be lost.

Gwendolyn was standing over a red hot fire cooking dinner when she heard voices. They did not sound like the gypsies talking. Soon she heard a familiar voice.

She sprang out of the tent and was in her father's arms in a second.

"Why, who is this?" exclaimed the astonished man. But he soon found out and a glad cry fell from his lips. The gypsy man was sent to jail.

Gwendolyn, remembering Mamie, told her father all about her. Mr. Lawrence asked what her old name was. "Mamie Evelyn Lawrence," answered Gwendolyn.

Everything turned out well, for Mamie was Mr. Lawrence's sister (Gwendolyn's aunt). She had been stolen while Mr. Lawrence was a small boy and they had searched everywhere but without success. Mr. Lawrence said he was never so happy in his life, for he had found his sister and daughter. Gwendolyn after that was never dissatisfied and found much pleasure in her home.—By Mildred Gardner, Garfield School.

## For Boys to Make Handicraft

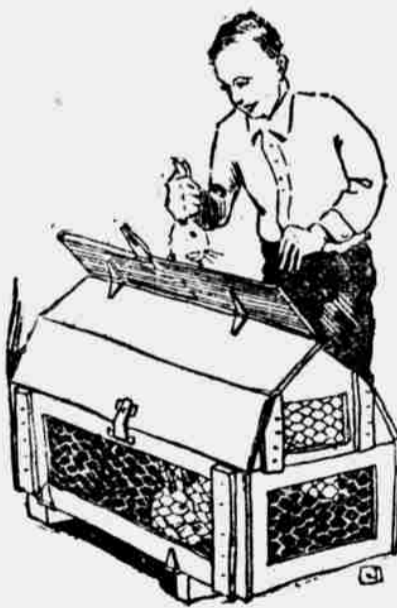
### TWO-STORY RABBIT HUTCH

Grant M. Hyde

"Mother says she won't let me have rabbits this summer, because their pen messes up the yard. Can you tell me, Uncle Bob, how to build a rabbit house that will look nice? Then she won't mind."

"I think so. It will be different from any rabbit house I ever saw, but it will come out all right. If you paint it and keep it clean, your mother will not object to it."

"Get a fairly large and flat dry-goods box—about 36x72x16 inches. Lay it flat on its best side and fasten cleats for legs to keep it off the ground. Then, on each of the four faces, draw lines four inches from each edge for panels, and saw out these panels with a key-hole saw."

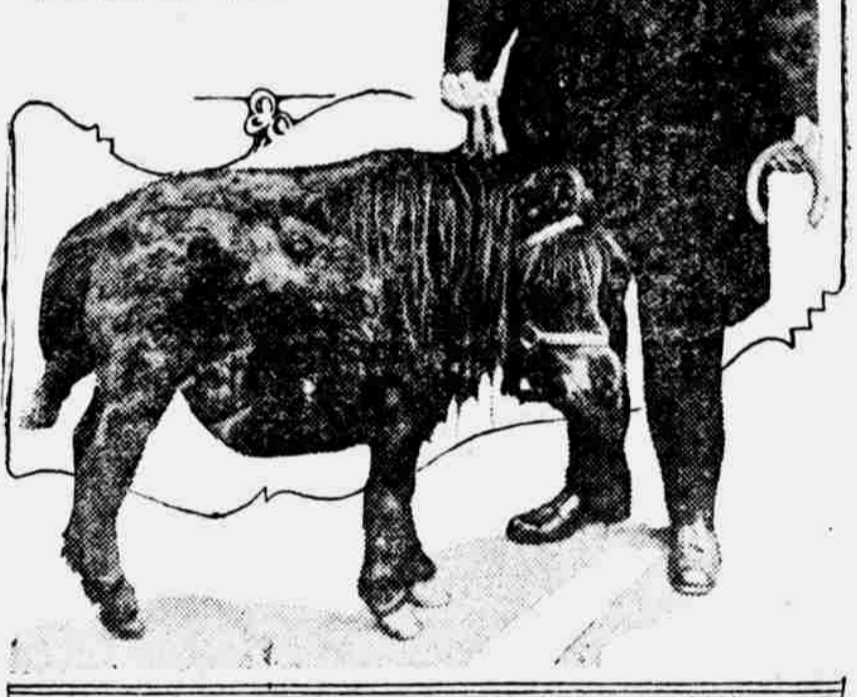


Tack fine-woven chicken wire over these holes, on the inside. One long side can be made into a door, by fastening strap hinges to the bottom edge, tacking upright cleats at the ends of the panel and drawing out the original nails so that the side will open downward on its hinges. This is the first floor.

"The second story is the original

## SMALLEST HORSE IN THE WORLD, A DWARF SHETLAND, IS 2 FEET HIGH

"Tiny," the smallest horse in the world, is owned by W. E. Hilliker of Fremont, Nebraska. The wee animal is a dwarf Shetland, twenty-four inches high and weighing ninety pounds. She is six years old. She doesn't care for grownup folks at all, but will unlimber for kids. She wears Fay Templeton bangs and has a Roman nose something like J. Warren Kerrigan's.



"Tiny" and her owner.

top of the box. Cut a hole 18x6 inches on one side 10 inches from one end, and fasten a long slanting board to the lower floor for a staircase. Then cut-out of other boards—two end pieces shaped like the gable ends of a gambrel roof house. Cut panels in them, too, and cover with chicken wire. Toe-nail them securely in place. Four 1/2-inch pine boards form the roof, and three of these should be nailed fast, the fourth left loose for a door to clean the second story. Put strap fastenings on these. In some neighborhoods good padlocks might be advisable. Living in town, as you do, better nail stout mosquito netting over the whole affair bottom, sides and roof, just as you would have to do if in the country weasels might be common. The house, thus finished and painted, gives a large airy living room downstairs and a cozy rabbit dormitory overhead."

### GUESS THIS BIRD!

This letter was written to Marguerite Burbank of Vaile school describing a certain bird. Can you juniors guess what it is?

I wish you members of the Nature club could have been at our house Sunday morning for maybe you could have helped me out. You know my mother has an incubator and about forty little chicks, so in the back porch, which is latticed, I had a sack of alfalfa cut up very fine which mother uses on the floor of the chickens' box and this sack was set upright in an old peach basket so that it would be handy to get at. Sunday morning I decided that the back porch had too many things in it so decided to move the sack of alfalfa and as I went to close the top of it I noticed something dark inside and on investigation found that it was a nice little nest made of feathers and pieces of thread, etc., so I decided to leave it for a little while and try to decide what I had better do. It was a terrible thought that in moving the sack I would be taking the birds' home so I stepped inside of the back door and watched and, sure enough, in a minute a tiny bird (and I simply can't make out what kind of a bird it was) flew in through the lattice and after carefully looking around it deposited a feather in the nest and flew out again and just then its mate came in with another little

something to help with the nest. Now I simply could not leave that sack of alfalfa where it was and besides mother would want the alfalfa for use. I do not see what made the birds build so close to the back door as we went in and out all the time and I should think they would have been alarmed at the slamming of the door within a couple of feet of their nest. I finally decided that I had better move it before the mother bird laid her eggs there so I got a little strawberry box and removed the nest to it without hurting it in any way and put it out in the grape arbor. If I knew what kind of birds they were I could look up and see where they like to build their nests, and I think they must be in the habit of building close to the ground. They were little brown birds and long pointed bills, and seemed to me more like a hummingbird than anything I had ever seen. If you and Miriam can tell me what they are I should like to know. They had not touched the nest in the grape arbor Sunday evening and I have not looked since."

## How Brother Played Santa Claus

Once upon a time there was a boy and his sister and his mother was dead, and so they lived at the uncle's house and their uncle did not believe in Santa Claus. So the little girl thought she would not get anything. The little boy had one penny and he said that he would play like he was Santa Claus. He went to the store and it showed in the case a set of blue dishes. He went in asked the man how much they were and he said ten cents, and the boy said, "Well, then, I have not enough money." So the next day he went to a candy store and he saw something hard in the corner. It was a pink candy heart and he asked the man how much it was and he bought it and put it in his sister's stocking. A boy upstairs happened to pass the door and saw the stocking and went in there and took out the candy heart and ate it. Then, after he had done that, he wished he had not eaten it. So, he went to the store and bought the set of blue dishes that was in the showcase. He put them in the place of the heart. When the little girl got up in the morning she was so happy and the boy was, too.—Elizabeth Holt, age 11 years, Finley school.

General Pershing is now living in Washington and it is said that one of the things he likes to do most is to frolic with all the children he meets.

Infanta Christina, second daughter of the king of Spain is an enthusiastic donkey rider.

## WANT ADS

LOST—Girl's wrist watch, oxidized silver. Believed to have been lost between South Eighth and Fourteenth streets on Main. Please return to Talerna Davis, 46 South Twenty-first street.

FOR SALE—A No. 2 "Auto Wheel" Coaster. In good condition. \$5.00. Call at 222 South Eighth street.

LOST—Ingersoll dark face watch, with fob, letter "T". John Torbeck, 302 S. Ninth street.

## TO THE MEMORY OF ALL THE DEAD WHO DIED FOR LIBERTY

For you, our dead, beyond the sea,  
Who gave your lives to hold us free,  
By us who can keep your memory—  
What can be said?  
We can but honor, cherish, bless  
Your sacred names, no words express  
The measure of our thankfulness  
To our dead.

By Catherine Fye, 8B 4-2 Garfield.