

THE JUNIOR PALLADIUM

WEEKLY SECTION OF RICHMOND PALLADIUM

WORK WITH ENERGY

RICHMOND, INDIANA, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1920

PLAY WITH SPIRIT

ROSS SAVES CHILD FROM SERIOUS BURNS

Saving a child from very painful burns, if not really saving its life, in the deed of honor attributed to James Ronald Ross, of North Eleventh street.

Sunday evening as a group of children were playing with fireworks in Northrop Elmer's yard, the dress of Eleanor Potter happened to catch on fire. As soon as Eleanor saw that her dress was burning she began to scream and run. With movements as quick and intelligent as those of the animal for which Ross' Boy Scout patrol is named—the Silver Fox—Ronald caught the little girl and rolled her vigorously in the grass, extinguishing the flames immediately. His sister, Dorothea Ross, also helped to put out the flames. As a result, though Eleanor suffered a few painful burns, there was nothing serious about her injuries.

The little girl who was hurt, is six years old, and lives in Mansfield, Ohio, but was visiting relatives here over the Fourth of July.

Honor is given to J. Ronald Ross for his action and to the Y troop of Boy Scouts in which he is a patrol leader.

"Y" NOTES

A hike for the Y boys is planned for the afternoon and evening of Saturday, July 10. Mr. Webb expected to leave the Association building at 10:30 o'clock and return about 6:30, after cooking their supper in the woods.

The Scout hike which was planned for Wednesday afternoon under the leadership of Dr. Williams, was postponed on account of unfavorable weather.

Mr. Harold Busch of the Earlham College summer school, is assisting acting Boys' Secretary Norvall Webb in the boys' department.

The Boys' Bible Class held no meeting last Saturday. The first meeting of this semester was held on Saturday, June 26, when 10 members were present. The lesson was about Saint Paul. The next meeting was scheduled for Saturday morning, July 10, at 8:45 o'clock. The subject of this lesson was "The Birth and Early Childhood of Christ."

Thomas Wilson, boys' secretary, left Monday evening for the Y. M. C. A. camp on Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, where he will spend two weeks. He will enter the summer school there, taking work especially connected with the Boys' department of Association work.

THE SHIP FOR FRANCE

Octavia is a little French girl that the Joseph Moore girls and boys are taking care of. Octavia has a brother and sister and a mother. Her father was in the French navy. He was killed.

The boys of the Fifth grade made a ship to put money in for Octavia. Roland Lane, John Evans and Lewis Wilson made the ship. They made the ship on Friday. They planned it in the morning and made it in the afternoon.

Mrs. Nice, our teacher, was sick that day. Miss Dunlop asked us to come to school that day and help sing. Most of us came. It was a pretty day, so we did not mind coming. Mr. Sloane came that afternoon.

When he went, Roland Lane, John Evans and Lewis Wilson went to Miss Dickson's room to make the ship. They got it made and hung it on the bulletin board. The Fifth grade got the most money for the ship. We paid \$18.25.

So that Octavia may live happy for a year; [Honorable Mention in the Story-Writing Contest.]

A DRAUGHT

Jack: You've got a bad cold, Pete.

Pete: Yeh.

Jack: How'd you get it?

Pete: I slept in a field last night and some one left the gate open.—Boys' Life.

Society

The children of Wernle Home had an all day picnic Monday, July 5. A picnic dinner was brought in baskets by the women of St. John's Lutheran church and served at noon. Games and exercises furnished entertainment during the day and fireworks were enjoyed in the evening.

Miss Catherine Newkirk has returned to her home in Evanston, Ill., after spending the Fourth with Miss Josephine Thorn.

Tommy, Proud Owner Of A New Straw Hat

Tommy and his mother entered Block's. They were in search of a new straw hat for Tommy, for Kitty had played with the other one and knocked it down a big well near the house, barely escaping going in herself.

With their friend one that suited them, and Tommy proudly of the store. It was a yellow straw and had a bright blue ribbon on it. Tommy wore it home and carefully placed it on the couch. Just then the door-bell rang, and in walked Aunt Mary Louise.

Tommy didn't like Aunt Mary Louise. He thought her name too long. He would rather call her Aunt Mary or Aunt Louise, but on telling her so, she told him that if he once called her that, he would wish he hadn't. Now, Tommy always called her by her full name.

Aunt Mary Louise always had something the matter with her, and usually carried a lot of medicine with her. She didn't like boys, especially rough ones.

"Now, if Thomas were like little George Abraham Meredith,"—but here Tommy broke in, saying,

"How are you feeling today, Aunt Mary—Louise?" asked Tommy, just remembering the 'Louise' in time.

Aunt Mary Louise took a snuff-box out of her bag before answering, "Well, Thomas, I don't feel very well today. I fear I am getting appendicitis. I have felt bad lately. Headaches, sore throat, rheumatism—" but Tommy heard no more. It always made him sick when Aunt Mary Louise came. Now, when Aunt Josephine, or Aunt Jolly, as they called her, came, then it was fun.

Tommy decided to go out and play. "Where is my hat?" he asked himself. Then he saw Aunt Mary Louise was sitting on it! (To be continued.)—Marion Chenoweth.

DOES DECORATING WITH OLD SCRAPS



Mrs. H. K. Gellard.

Her ability to make something out of almost nothing has brought prosperity and a name to Mrs. H. K. Gellard, interior decorator of New York. She finds chairs, tapes, tries, curtains, wallpaper and hangings in scrap heaps, cellars and attics, and then with a magic touch all her own converts them into things of utility and beauty that may be used in the furnishing of any home.

THE MUMPS

When I was in the fourth grade, Lewis Wilson had the mumps. When I came into the fifth grade, Russell Richardson got them. Then I said I wanted the mumps, and in three days I had them. I had to lie in bed all day. I said I was coming to school on Wednesday.

Wednesday I could not get up. But I got all right in three days. Then I came to school on Monday. When I had come to school a week, Louise Overman took them and she still has them.—Maurice Allen Hurst, age 10, grade 5B, Joseph Moore school.

[Ed. Note: Sorry, but this story hid itself away under a pile of Junior Palladium contest stories, and did not let its hiding place be known until just now. But we thought it was too good a story not to print just because it was "behind the times," so—! We just wanted you to be sure that Louise doesn't still have the mumps.]

FRAZER DOLLS HAVE PRETTY FURNITURE

"Our father can make anything!" exclaimed Dorothy and Agnes Frazer the other morning as they



proudly exhibited their playthings, many of which their father had made for them.

And after we had seen the pretty doll furniture they had, we thought that they were right, that their father could make about anything.

Agnes and Dorothy have a white bureau with a little swinging mirror in it and little doors, like a wardrobe, and it is so roomy! They have had this for four years and always keep their dolls' best dresses in it.

Last Christmas their father made them a kitchen cabinet and a hand-

some buffet, all stained brown, so that it looked exactly like the big ones (that is, the big buffet) that are made of fumed oak. The kitchen cabinet looks just as if you might begin to roll out a pie crust on it right away. There are doors above and below, just like the real ones have. The buffet is long and splendid, with two little mirrors on top, and two swinging doors which hide the little toy dishes or whatever they want to keep there. The legs of the buffet have beautiful curves in them. Both Agnes and Dorothy have a doll's bed for their dolls, with a little quilt to keep the dollies warm.

Ernest, their little brother, has a train of cars which his father made for him out of wood. A most natural looking smoke stack is on top of the engine. A bell was there once, too, but it got lost in a wreck one time. But it goes whizzing



around anyway, and the only warning it has for anyone in its way is a call from Ernest.

Mr. Frazer made a large bureau, with real drawers in it, for the children in the Finley kindergarten, of which they are very proud.

Personals

Misses Rosemary and Catherine Sharkey and Master Jean Sharkey of Indianapolis, are the guests of their aunts on North Sixteenth street.

Lelah, Grace and Ruth Hamilton of North Nineteenth street, spent the week-end of July Fourth in Cambridge City.

Lieuseffa Campbell is in Richmond with her mother visiting her grandparents on East Main street.

Richard and Eloise Rossiter, of Dayton, are the guests of their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Russell, of Randolph street.

Betty Estelle, 111 North Third, spent Monday in Fountain City. She will spend Sunday in College Corner, the guest of relatives.

The Alphabet of Nature

A is for ALL of the wonder unfurled
B is in the BEAUTY of beautiful world.
C is for CLOUDLETS that fresh breezes sail.
D is for DAYLIGHT with dawn flooding dale.
E is for EVENING with soft call of birds.
F is for FIELDS with their low-grazing herds.
G is for GLADNESS of glad open air.
H is for HUMMING of bees everywhere.
I is for INSECTS with strange gleaming wings.
J is for JOY that the out-of-doors brings.
K is for little KNOLL climbed in our play.
L is for LILY-BELL picked by the way.
M is for MARSH where the gold kingcups grow.
N is the NOISE of the brook's gurgle-flow.
O is the OAK-TREE so stately and tall.
P squirrel's PICNIC of acorns that fall.
Q is for QUIET when rabbit darts past.
R is for RIVER that runs by so fast.
S is for SUN sinking low in the sky.—
T TIME to start for home!—Well, by an' by!—
U is for UPHILL road. Up it we roam—
V is for VIEW at the top of our home!
W is the WREN singing so full of glee.
X after X-ERCISE, x-ultant, free!
Y is for YOU, dear, with Z, ZEAL to start
Z Learning the Alphabet of Out-door's Heart!

—Written for The Christian Science Monitor.

SPEED

An Englishman was boasting to an Irishman, about the fastness of English trains.

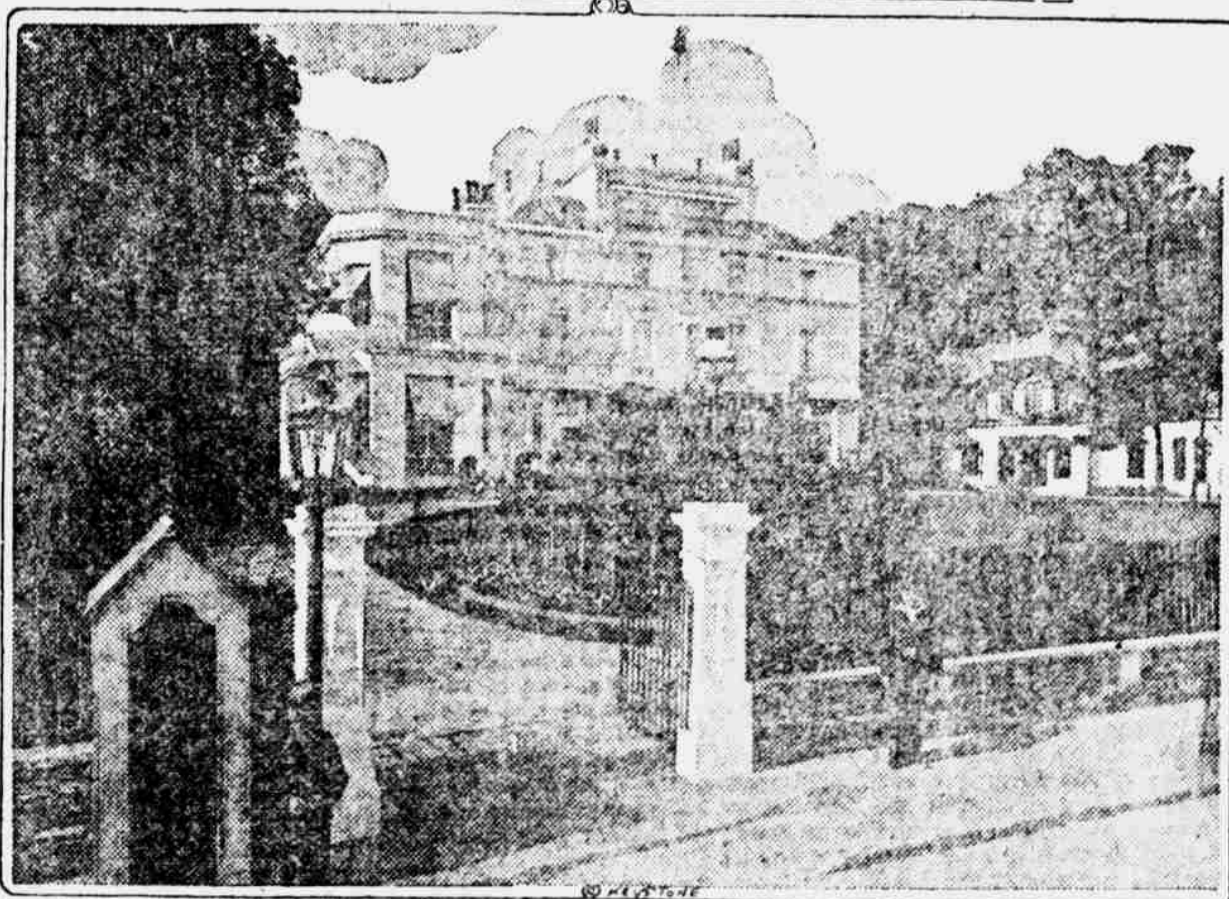
"Why, Pat," said the Englishman, "we run our trains so fast in England that the telegraph poles look like a continuous fence!"

"Do they now?" said Pat. "Well, sir, I was on a train wan day in Ireland, and we passed first a field of turnips, then wan of carrots, then wan of cabbage and a large pond of water and we were going so fast that it looked like soup."

HOW NOT TO

Don't never use no double negatives.

WHERE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE IS SPENDING SUMMER



Glimpse of President Deschanel's summer home at Havre.

The sumptuous residence of President Deschanel at Havre has become the summer "White House" of the French republic.

The president is spending the warm months there resting up from the injuries and nervous shock sustained when he tumbled

out of the railway coach window. The grounds about the house are carefully guarded by soldiers and all strangers are questioned.