

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:

Wouldn't it be just splendid if we could have a Christmas tree so big that a present for every single person in the world could be hung on its branches? Underneath this tree—we will have to close our real eyes now and open our "dream" eyes very wide even to see it at all—there would be children dressed in furs from Eskimo land, youngsters wrapped in hoods and shawls from the Far East, little Chinese girls in their fancy trousered suits, little boys and girls from Africa, blue-eyed Juniors from Australia—oh, there would be many millions of boys and girls just like us, except that they make different sounds in asking for what they need and want and telling how they think than we do, and dress differently. And all these children would be looking, oh, so eagerly at the great, big tree.

But, what does a difference in the way we look mean when we have great, big things in common, the wish wished so very hard by folks everywhere, to be happy, to see others happy, and to live life to its fullest, which means to make it most worth while.

Let's pretend that there is a tree as big as some great, big mountain and that on this tree there are presents—oh, loads of presents, carloads of them—enough for every single boy and girl there, which is, you remember, every boy and girl in the world. Then let us suppose that as the presents are given out they are passed to people who are close to the tree to pass on down the line to some other Junior—oh, so anxiously waiting for his present, which is sure to prove to be something real warm and nice to wear, or a splendid toy to play with. Then let us suppose that some of the children close to the tree begin opening their presents and are so happy and delighted with them that they forget all about passing the other presents on down the line.

Are your "dream" eyes fixed on the face of a boy or girl at the end of the line? Can you see the big, dark eyes so dancing at first and the blue eyes all laughing? Then do you watch the light in the eyes become less bright and the face sober, then anxious and worried, as the pile of presents dwindles and still his doesn't come—and at last, when all are given out and the gift-bearing children rush gayly past, can you bear to think of the grief in the little hearts as they crumple down on the ground and cry so hard and so long because no nice, warm dress or jolly ball, or doll with a dress that can be put on and taken off, has come to them? It is very sad to think of, isn't it?

Do you want to help these children "at the end of the line"? Go to the relief organizations or write to them if you want to feed the hungry children in war-torn Europe or great, big China land, where there is such a terrible famine, or, better still, send or give a present to some child you know who will not receive a present. I have the addresses of some of these relief organizations and know of several places where you can play Santa Claus, and will be glad to help you in any way I can.

Let me tell you a secret: If you want to really be happy on Christmas, earn the money for some present, little or big, something that you would really like to have yourself, and give it to some of these little children.

This is a long letter, but, oh, I want so much that the presents on the "tree for the whole world" will reach every single boy and girl in the world. And I'm sure you do, too.

AUNT POLLY.

Thought for Today

"If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost. That is where they should be; now put foundations under them."—Thoreau.

Answer to riddle No. 2: To keep their coats fastened.

DO YOU KNOW—

This week's Bible question by the "Y" Scoutmaster:

Where is the Ark of the Covenant today?

Answer to this question, if you cannot discover it, will appear in next week's Junior Palladium.



The Vain Turkey

There once lived a turkey on a large farm which belonged to Mr. Brown. This turkey was very vain. He always strutted around and kept thinking how much better he was than anyone else.

Mr. Gobbler (for that was the turkey's name) was strutting along one day when a cat came up to him and said, "You had better watch out, Mr. Gobbler, Mr. Brown is going to eat you for dinner tomorrow; because you know that tomorrow is Thanksgiving Day."

"Pooh," said Mr. Gobbler, "do you think Mr. Brown could catch me? He would have to run to the other end of nowhere to catch me."

"But he might shoot you," warned the cat.

"Why, he couldn't get near enough to me to shoot me," retorted the turkey.

"Well, anyway, he will get you tomorrow," said the cat, running away.

"Oh, that cat thinks he is so smart. He is always telling me that I'll be killed or something just as bad," yelled the turkey as he strutted along. The next morning the turkey was eating his breakfast, thinking how he would run and hide so that Mr. Brown wouldn't kill him. For Mr. Gobbler was a coward at heart. He was just finishing his breakfast when someone grabbed him by the neck. The next thing he knew his head was lying on a board. Then down went the hatchet, and that was the end of Mr. Gobbler! The only thing we know about him is that many people were remarking how good Mr. Gobbler tasted.—Elizabeth King, 6A Grade, Starr School.

Horace A. Wade, 11 year old boy author of "In the Shadow of Great Peril," is now writing advertisements for boys' shops. He has been employed by L. Bamberger & Company, Newark, New Jersey.

Wild Life of Forest and Field

HOMES OF MUSKRATS

By Adelia Belle Beard

He is very active just now, the savage little muskrat—no sleeping through the winter for him. The only terror cold weather brings is the deadly trap which springs and catches him without warning. Once in its clutches, it is all up with Mr. Muskrat, because his warm, winter coat is coveted by humans who dress and dye it and call it Hudson Seal.

Many boys trap muskrats and sell their skins; they do it near my home. From the price they receive, you would never think a Hudson Seal coat would cost almost five hundred dollars, but then it takes a good many skins to make one coat. In spite of the trappers, there seems little danger that these small animals will be exterminated, for, like Molly Cottontail, Mrs. Muskrat rears several large families in one season and they grow up very fast.

Muskrats live in and near the water and they are very good swimmers even under the ice. They have two kinds of homes: burrows and houses which closely resemble those of the beaver. The burrow is quite elaborate with numerous galleries, some leading to the several rooms from under the water front door and others extending inland with back doors opening on dry land. When these burrows cave in, they are liable to do some damage to levees and dams as well as fields.

The house stands in shallow water and looks like a heap of drifted sticks, marsh grass and reeds. Nev-



THE MUSKRAT IS ABOUT TWO FEET LONG, COLOR DARK BROWN

ertheless, it is well built, supported by growing reeds, and held together with mud. Above water level, there is a room from which several passages lead downward; the entrance is under water.

You cannot get very near the muskrat house without a boat, because the marshy ground is so insecure to try it means being very spry and jumping instantly from one sinking foothold to another—as I have done—to keep from going in over shoe top.

Fairview's Song is Sung With Pride by Sevastopol Juniors

(Sung to the tune of On Wisconsin) On with Fairview, On with Fairview, Let us all be true, We're the best of all the rest, As we can prove to you. We're for Fairview, We're for Fairview, We're for her, heart and soul, So let's unite and work for old Fairview.

"DREAM HOME" PLANNED AS PART OF SCHOOL WORK

A dream home is planned and worked out as a study problem in Flower Technical High School, Chicago.

The girls plan house, shrubbery, and garden and then choose the furnishings for each room. They do not plan elaborate mansions, but pretty practical bungalows, cozy apartments, or small two-story frame houses, such as they will probably call their own some day.

WHO IS HE?

"Success is one-tenth inspiration, and nine-tenths perspiration."

Answer next week.

Answer to last week's: Admiral Dewey.



CHRISTMAS SEALS

Do the boys and girls like to help the Red Cross relieve and prevent disease? Just look at the cards showing the sales of the American Red Cross stamps in the schools will prove that they do. "The seals are selling rapidly" is the report which has come in from many of the schools.

Young Citizen's Adventures

LINCOLN AND THE SLAVES

By R. S. Alexander

"Old Abe's looking mighty frisky this morning," said Hunting Eye's friend, the mayor, looking at the statue of Lincoln in front of the town hall. "But he has a right to look that way; it's his birthday."

"Who was Old Abe and what did he do?" asked the boy from the North Woods.

"His real name was Abraham Lincoln and he freed the slaves."

"Slaves! What are they?"

"They were persons who were owned by other people. Long ago, when two peoples or nations fought, the members of the nation which conquered took the men and women of the other as slaves; that is, they made them their property and forced them to work for them. The white men who first came over the Great Water made slaves of many of your people in this fashion."

"Shortly after the white men began to come over the Great Water, they commenced to bring with them black men from Africa as slaves. These black men were still wild and uncivilized without improved methods of warfare. Thus they were easy to capture. These slaves were needed in the southern part of the country to help grow cotton. The industry of the north was so organized that it could not use them. So they were sent mostly to the south."

"Gradually people began to feel that slavery was wrong. England, one of the greatest of the nations across the Big Water prohibited it nearly one hundred years ago. The people in the north of this country wished at that time to follow England's example. But the people in the land of cotton, who had grown up among the slaves and had been trained by the conditions about them to think that slavery was right, did not wish to abolish it."

"The controversy over the question became hotter and hotter until, finally, it resulted in the great war which we call the Civil War. Abraham Lincoln was the leader of the party which was opposed to slavery. For four long years the con-



lict lasted. During the war, Lincoln issued the famous Emancipation Proclamation which declared that the slaves should be free. Under his leadership, the north was victorious."

"But don't the people of the south hate the north and Lincoln?"

"No, this was like a quarrel between two brothers. No matter how hard they may fight each other they love each other just the same after they get over their anger. Both north and south now see that slavery was wrong and are glad that it was abolished. So both pay tribute to the great Lincoln."

MARY'S CHRISTMAS DECISION.

It was almost Christmas, and Mary's mother was very poor. Mary thought she would not go out to the woods to get a Christmas tree because her mother was very poor, and she thought it would not be pretty without any trimmings. She wanted to help her mother work. She swept the floor, she washed the dishes and made the beds.

—Lena Imperial, Grade 3-A, Whitewater School.

SAW WOOD



Honorable Mention

Dear Josephine Thorn (Starr Platoon School):

Junior so very much, but we can I liked the story you sent to the ing to send to some little children not print it because it is too much So it will go on a journey.—Aunt into a little scrap-book I am making thinking right. A Christmas story will be just the thing. Come up and see me and I will tell you an idea I have to suggest to you about your story. Also know that your time in writing the long story, "The Vesper Star," is not wasted, because the story is so beautiful and so well written that it will just fit like a "story-book" story, though it is very charming. I believe, in fact, I feel sure, since I have seen some of your very own stories before, that you can write some very nice little stories. Please try real soon and let me know that I am Polly.

HIGH HONORS FOR TWO SUCCESSIVE YEARS GO TO CANADIAN CADETS

For the second year in succession the cadets of the Kingston Collegiate Institute won the King's Challenge Cup at the Ontario Rifle Association meeting in Toronto, and retained the title of champions of the province as cadet marksmen.

Hamilton cadets were second and the cadets from the Peterboro Collegiate Institute were third. In addition to winning the cup, each member of the Kingston team received a silver medal, and the sum of two dollars.

Pencil Twister

CAN YOU CHANGE THIS RABBIT INTO A YOUNG GIRL?



(Answer next week).



(Answer to Last Week's.)

WANT ADS

WANTED, TO BUY—A girl's bicycle. Call 215 South 12th street or phone 1014 and ask for Mr. Chenoweth.

DOLL BEDS—I make them to sell. Handsome they are too. Every doll would be proud to sleep in one of these beds. They are about 20 inches long and 9 inches wide and made of wood. Call No. 116 S. W. Seventh street.

CHRISTMAS SEALS for sale. Save money by phoning your order to me. Sold only in packages. Margaret Livingston. Call phone 2366.

FOR SALE—Stamps, foreign and United States. Large number offered for sale. Will sell reasonably. Apply Frederic Essenmacher, 126 South Fifth street.