

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 Junior Friends:—

Have you heard about the old trail which will be built, in fact, it is already started, across some of the most beautiful and most "story-book-like" parts of our country? It will be called the Old Spanish Trail and it will follow the old, old trail made by the Spaniards as they traveled from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast long ago across the southern part of our country. The conquistadores (which is the Spanish word for conquerors) called it "The Trace" because when it went through some parts of our southern jungles and swamps it was really only a trace. In Florida (it begins at Miami Florida) this trail will be of gravel and crushed coral, in Alabama and Mississippi it will be of white shells taken right out of the sea; in some states it will be of stone and gravel on cypress logs and in many places it will be of natural hard rock. It will go over many states until it finds the city of Los Angeles, where it will end.

Many adventurers, from Castile (in Spain) have traveled this same old trail in going from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean, often in search of gold, and some traveled it seeking the Seven Cities of Cibola, which, so the stories said, were very, very rich cities indeed, and which have never yet been found. Sometimes they went over it on horseback and often whole families of them—probably many Mexican and Spanish children—rode over it in wagons pulled by oxen. Many Spanish priests probably have gone over it in their great desire to set up their picturesque mission houses, where with such energy and faithfulness and kindness they helped the new settlers in the lonely, often unexplored country. Oh, yes, this Old Spanish Trail is a regular story-book trail and it will be splendid to build it up and keep it as a permanent possession of our country.

I cannot close my letter tonight without telling you how excited I am about its being so nearly Christmas Eve. I know you are excited too, every one of you. It isn't especially because I am going to receive some presents—though I hope I will, one anyway—but it's just because it's Christmas—the triumph, the gladness of it—oh, it is wonderful, isn't it? I hauled out our decorations from the box today, where they have been for almost a year, asleep all the time—the little tree, just a small one, not a real for sure evergreen tree; the red and green paper, the poinsettias and the rest of the things, and I am so enthused. It's such fun to fix things "Christmasy". Then there are candles, songs, and all the home folks together—and, oh, well I think Christmas is the very best time in the whole year. Don't you?

AUNT POLLY.

DO YOU KNOW—

By THE "Y" SCOUTMASTER

This week's question: What is the armor of a Christian? In what book and chapter described?

Answer to last week's question, Where is the Ark of the Covenant today?

Historians agree that it is difficult to say definitely where the Ark of the Covenant is today. There are, however, several traditions which can be studied at the Morrison-Reeves Library.

Here are the traditions:

1. Being made of wood, the Ark had simply decayed through course of time.

2. King Josias hid it in a secret chamber when the temple was looted. This chamber was specially prepared by Solomon against such a disaster.

3. King Jeremias carried it to the Mountain where Moses went up and saw the inheritance of God, and that he hid it in a cave.

4. That it was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar's conquering forces, and still another that it was carried away by the Babylonian king's army when all the gold and silver and brass was taken from the looted Holy City in 587 B. C.

5. That at the final destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans it was taken to Rome and built into the Triumphal Arch of Titus which is standing today.

Revelation XI-19 says:

"And there was opened the temple of God that is in Heaven, and there was seen in His temple the Ark of His Covenant."

A STORY OF A LITTLE BOY

There was once a little boy in the room who could not pronounce the letter "r."

The teacher gave him this sentence to read:

Robert gave Richard a rap in the ribs for roasting the rabbit so rare.

He looked at it a minute and then read:

Bobby gave Dicky a thump in the side for cooking the bunny so little. —Ina Mae Swain, Economy school, grade 5.

Politeness should be the sincere expression of a chivalrous mind.

YOUNG CANADIAN HERO TWICE DECORATED FOR RESCUING HIS FRIENDS

Roy Shuttleworth, 15 years of age, Ottawa, Canada, has a remarkable record of heroism. Twice he has saved a friend from drowning.

While swimming in the Rideau Canal with several other boys, Willis Bain, 14 years of age, dived off a pier and accidentally got in the path of a fast motor boat. He was so badly cut up by the propeller that he sank before the boat could stop.

Roy Shuttleworth jumped in, swam to the spot and, diving, brought the injured boy to the surface. Then began a severe struggle. Although almost exhausted, Shuttleworth managed to hold Bain up till the motor boat got back.

When only 12 years old, Shuttleworth saved the life of a boy who, unable to swim, had gone in beyond his depth in the same Rideau Canal.

The Shipwrecked

Like a crow flopping its wings in flight,

Did the waves beat upon the shore that night.

As I stood upon the pier and gazed,

With wonder I saw upon the waves A scene that to me was a mystery. A scene that was full of misery.

At last the undistinguished came, A thing for which you could hardly find a name.

Way out upon the waves, A mother with a child clinging to her breast.

Hoping to find some comfort and rest,

How could they be saved?

Out in the middle of the desolate sea,

With no one to help them but me, Just me.

A weeping mother and a wailing child.

Was all you could hear upon the wild.

Nothing but this pitiful sound, "Oh, come, and save, my loving friends,

"Oh whom, oh whom, will you send To help us? Be it you?"

—Catherine M. Fye, Grade 8-A, Junior High School.

Where There's a Will, There's a Way

Near the little village of N—lived John Strattonboro, his wife and three children; James, the eldest, Peter and Mary. Mr. Strattonboro worked in the factory of a nearby city, and each day he was taken to his work by his neighbor, Mr. Mitchell, who was a very kind gentleman and the owner of a large department store in the city.

It was late in the winter, work had grown dull in the factory as few orders were received, and a number of the employees had been laid off, among them Mr. Strattonboro. For nearly three months he was without work and as there was no money coming in, the family grew in need.

It had been snowing for a week, the snow had drifted high on the country roads. Mr. Strattonboro, seeing this, said to his good wife: "Perhaps I can get work in the city helping to clear the streets. I'll go in this afternoon and see."

He went to the city hall, and was sent to work. It was a cold day and the wind was blowing hard; not being accustomed to working out doors, he contracted a cold, which later developed into pneumonia. After two weeks illness he died, leaving his little family without money or a home.

James being the eldest, he felt that he must take his father's place and support the family.

He quit school and went to work in a grocery store, where he received fifteen dollars a week. This, with the money the mother could earn by helping the women in the neighborhood kept the little family comfortable.

Although James had to leave school, he did not give up his education, but went to night school at the Richmond high school where he learned stenography and typewriting, and when he had finished the course he secured work in the office of a railroad man.

He was a bright, intelligent boy, and was soon promoted and finally was sent to work in the office of the president of the road in New York city. Here he "made good" and a few years later became the first vice-president of the road.

James never forgot his mother and the children. Each month he would send his mother a check and she no longer had to work for the neighbors.

When the president of the road died, James took his place as president. He bought a beautiful home in the suburbs of New York city and sent for his mother, brother and sister. They were both pleased and amazed with the things they saw, as it was their first visit to a large city.

Mary and Peter were educated, and at present Mary is an artist and Peter is in the office of his brother. The mother often tells the children of the early struggles she and her husband had to keep the little family together. After all these years she sometimes says: "I do not realize that I am here enjoying such a beautiful home and with plenty."

Virginia Smith,
Junior High School.

Boots and Shoes

Lynn is one of the chief manufacturing cities for shoes. The leather that the shoes are made out of comes from all parts of the world. The leather is first taken to tanneries where it is put in large vats which are filled with the tanning liquid. It is left in these vats for a certain length of time and then is taken out and oiled in order to make the leather soft and blacked and is sent on its way to the shoe factories.

At the shoe factories the shoes are all made by machinery. When our forefathers lived in this country one man made all the shoes. The cobbler thought he was working very fast if he completed one shoe a day.—Dorothea Lucile Dillman, Starr school.

HOW NATURAL!

"I can sing in any flat if I have the key."

Our Christmas edition of the Junior Palladium will appear on Friday evening instead of Saturday evening, of next week. Watch for it on Christmas Eve.

Ruth and Mary

Once upon a time there was a little girl who was very rich. Her name was Ruth. She was a very pretty little girl with brown eyes and black hair.

Ruth had a cousin, who was very poor. Her name was Mary. Mary lived in a little hut, but Ruth lived in a very pretty house. Ruth went to school every day, she rode in a carriage and had toys to play with. She had parties every Saturday and had a good time while poor Mary had to stand in the streets and sing to get money for bread.

The day before Ruth's birthday, Ruth asked her mother if she could invite her poor cousin to her party and her mother said "yes." So Ruth wrote a special invitation to Mary, but Mary was afraid she could not go because she had only one dress and it was all torn.

The day before the party was, Mary's birthday and her mother was very sad because she could not get Mary a present.

Mary had gone out to get some money for bread when a lady came to the door and knocked and when Mary's mother came to the door the lady asked her if her little girl was there and her mother said "No." The lady said she was very glad of that. She had two large bundles under each arm. Mary's mother asked her to come in and the lady did. She laid the bundles on the table and said: "This is a present for your little girl's birthday."

When Mary came home she was so pleased that she hollered in a loud voice. "Now I can go to the party!" "Now I can go to the party!" There was a new dress.

The next day she went to the party and had a fine time then she went home and went to bed.

The next morning it was snowing and Mary had no coat, there was snow on the ground but she had to go in the streets and sing.

While she was singing Ruth passed by her in a big closed automobile. Ruth saw Mary but Mary did not see Ruth. Ruth got out of the machine and told Mary to get in, and Mary did and Ruth told the driver to take them home. When they reached home Ruth told Mary to wait for her. Ruth asked her mother if she could have Mary's mother come and live with them and she said "yes."

Then Ruth went to Mary's house and asked her mother if she and Mary would come and live with them and she said she would be glad to, so she took the few things that she and Mary had and wrapped them in a bundle and went to live with Ruth and her mother and father and lived very, very happy forever. (The end.)—Nola Mae Arnold, 5A Sevastopol school.

New England's Farms

So many of the New England states are so hilly or mountainous and the soil is so strewn with boulders that this industry is not so important in this section as it is in other sections.

On the other hand these are fertile sections in these states. This is true of the large river valleys. The Connecticut river valley, for instance, has broad fertile plains in the valley.

Nearly every farmer raises some poultry such as ducks, hens and turkeys. Some duck farms raise as many as 5,000 ducks per year.

Products from the farms are: Sweet corn, tomatoes, cabbages and celery. These with milk are sent to the nearby cities to be sold. Some times as often the farmer will take his products from house to house thus securing a higher price because the people get them fresher.

Where the farms are so far from the city that the farmer can't drive in, dairying is common. Special arrangements are made so that a train will take whole carloads of milk to the city.

In some parts where vegetables can't be grown the nursery business or the raising of young fruit trees is common. For instance in Rochester, Peter Henderson has his nursery business there.—Richard Oliver, 5A, Starr school.

MARY'S CHRISTMAS

It was almost Christmas. Mary's mother was very poor. Mary thought she would not go to the woods to get a pine tree for Christmas, because it would not look pretty, if they did not have trimmings for it so she stayed home and played games.—Grace Shank, grade 3A, Whitewater school.

RIDDLES FOR JUNIORS

1. Why do railway men always speak of a locomotive as "she"?
2. On what toe does a corn never come?
3. Why is the letter F like death?
4. What is it that a gentleman has not, never can have and yet can give a lady?
5. Which is the oldest piece of furniture in the world?

Answer to riddle No. 5.—The multiplication table.

PUZZLES FOR JUNIORS

1. Read this:
I 8 O M-day
2. The foot of a ladder just 60 feet long, remaining in the same place, the top will just reach a window 40 feet high on one side of the street and one 30 feet high on the other. How wide is the street?
3. Square something that you play at recess with a word meaning "parched up," a measure of length, and a beautiful garden named in the Book of Genesis.
4. Divide 90 peanuts among Bill, Clyde and Gladys, giving Clyde twice as many as Bill, and Gladys five more than Clyde.

The answers to this week's riddles and puzzles—each one in a different place in this issue of the Junior—are waiting for you to find them.

An army officer was telling of his experiences in France. He said he had the most wonderful horse. Every time he went to put the feed bag on him the horse held his breath and thought it was a gas mask.

—Chester Collins, Junior High School.

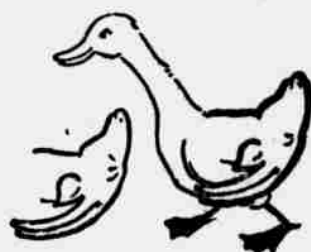
Pencil Twister

CAN YOU CHANGE THIS DOG INTO A MAN?



Copy Dog onto a sheet of white paper.

(Answer next week.)



He has a pencil.

(Answer to Last Week's.)

WANT ADS

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.

CANDY SALE

The girls of the 7A Art class of Junior high school, who study art with Miss Mawhood will give a candy sale next Wednesday, Dec. 22. Candy will be home-made. The money raised from this sale will go toward buying a new picture for Garfield.

FOR SALE—Doll wigs. Orders will be filled within two days' time. Phone 1821 or call 111 North Third.