

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

A good Christmas Eve to you, every one of you Juniors! Reverend Rae is sending such a splendid Christmas greeting to you that there is not much for me to say.

I cannot help, however, from popping into just enough space to tell you that you have someone right here in Richmond wishing you the gladdest Christmas you ever had. And that someone is—I (I wanted to say "me," and then I remembered what they told us in Better Speech Week and so decided to say "I" instead).

I happened to think the other day that life is a good deal like a Christmas stocking—easy enough to fill, if we do not care what we fill it with—say, some corn cobs, or sticks, or anything. But if we want to succeed in life as well as old Santa usually does in filling our stockings, it will take a good deal of thinking, and planning, and working.

And now, good-bye. If you have half as much fun reading this Christmas Junior Pal. as we had in planning and getting it ready to send to you, you will have so much fun that you will not do anything but smile or laugh all day Christmas. And I hope you will.

AUNT POLLY.

Copper Rain Cheers

Sixty Happy Guests at "Y" Men's Party

Did you ever see a shower of pennies, hundreds of them?

That is what the guests of the party given by the "Y" dormitory Monday evening in the association building saw and they smiled very broadly when they learned that they could keep all the copper "rain drops" that they could catch.

The party began at 6:30 o'clock and needless to say, all the 60 guests who were Richmond boys, aged not less than six and not more than twelve year, who do not usually see much of Santa Claus, were there at the very beginning and stayed till the very last, having an exciting, uproarious and altogether hilarious good time all the time.

During the first hour of the party when games were played in the gym, it was like an April day,—first there would be a shower of pennies from somewhere up in the direction of the running track and then it would clear and then it would rain again. One hundred and fifty of these copper rain drops was the average gathered by each one of the eager scramblers. They never wanted to get rained on so badly before. Prizes were given for each game, which were lively ones, too, with which every junior will agree who has played such games as Bombardment and similar ones which Mr. Harding knows about, and during all these games there was Santa Claus walking up and down scattering candy and pennies in such abundance that the guests began to think that they were really in some sort of a magic land where you picked candy off of bushes and money grew like trees.

After that, the guests and their hosts proceeded to the splendidly bright tree which was surrounded by a lot of big, bulging sacks, looking eager to be opened. Each guest was presented with a sack. What was in it? Well, there were two pair of wool stockings, a pair of wool gloves, a woolen cap, a pocket knife, one-half pound of candy, a pass to the Washington theatre, eight cookies, apples and oranges.

Having explored the innermost corners of their sacks, the boys were all given a ride home in automobiles, and now, if you ask any of these boys if they believe in Santa Claus, they will answer "Sure!"

P. S.: The Scouts of Troop 5 had the fun of getting the tree for this party. They hiked out a mile beyond Chester for it last Saturday morning and brought it home in a truck cart. Besides, they were on duty the night of the party as guards and guides.

Alice's Christmas

It was the day before Christmas and Alice and her brother were sitting on the floor before a big, old-fashioned fire place.

They were very poor. Their father was dead and their mother was sick in bed and Alice was crippled and she had never walked in her life.

It was hard work for Alice's brother, Melvin, to get wood and coal for a living.

On the other side of the street where Alice lived was a very rich



girl with her father and mother.

The rich girl was going to have a party that night and she wanted to invite Alice. Her mother said she could and the rich girl invited Alice to her party.

Alice said she could not go because she hadn't any dress to wear.

The rich girl gave her a dress and her father gave Alice's brother a suit and the rich girl's father was a doctor and he cured Alice's mother.

He sent Alice to a physician and he cured her.

(The End.)

—Frances Emily Harper, 5A grade, Sevastopol school.

P. S.: I was in the 5B about 8 weeks and the teacher put me in the A class.

(Ed. Note: Good for you! We are glad to hear this good news.)



Supposing we really could see him!



"SAY DAD - WOULD YOU MIND IF I BORROWED MY TOYS?"

Looking Back

Sometimes I look back to my childhood days, The lessons I learned and the games I played, And the path I walked with my brother Bill That led to the school house that stood on the hill.

The old dinner pail I can never forget, The big red apples I can taste them yet, The good mince pies and doughnuts sweet, That mother made for us to eat.

We wore red top boots with copper toes, A knit wool scarf to protect our nose, A calico shirt and a black cravat, Blue jeans pants and a coat to match.

Our gloves were made from our old clothes, From white wool yarn mother knit our hose.

We wore plain clothes, that was true, But we had more to eat than town folks do.

My father owned a little farm, A one-room log house and a big red barn; Bill watered the horses and fed them hay, I milked the cows two times a day.

We gathered the pumpkins at morning light, And picked the apples after school at night, On Saturday we husked the yellow corn, We all went to church on Sunday morn.

The old fire-place was a sacred scene, Yet it seems to me like a wakeful dream, We studied our lessons by its cheerful light, We popped corn and told stories until late at night.

There we hung our stockings at Christmas time, My baby brother's and Bill's and then came mine.

It was my old home, the place of my birth, Where we all knelt and prayed by the old brick hearth.

—Betty Estelle, Junior high school.

A NICE CHRISTMAS

Once upon a time there was a little girl whose name was Grace. Grace was a very poor little girl. Her father was dead and all the money they had was what her mother made by doing washings. Grace had to go the grocer's for her mother one day before Xmas. She met a little girl on her way who was crying very hard. Grace ask her what was the matter and she said she was lost. Grace took the little girl home. The little girl's father and mother gave Grace a great deal of money and they had a very nice Xmas.—Freda Laymon, Vaile school, 4A grade.

TOMMIE'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

On Christmas morning Tommie found his gifts. The first thing Tommie found was a wagon with red wheels. The other gifts were a sled, roller skates and a book besides his stocking full of candy and nuts.

Tommie's little sister Anna got a doll, doll carriage and her stocking full of candy and nuts.

The first thing Tommie said was, "Mother, may I take Anna a ride in my new wagon?"

Mother said, "You may if you be careful."

At first Anna did not want to but Tommie said he would give her one of his candy canes. Anna said she would go.

They were so excited about taking a ride that they forgot to put on their hats and coats. Mother looked for them when she got breakfast ready and could not find them. She told father and he went down the street looking for them, and could not find them. Pretty

soon he saw them about a square away. When he got them, they told him that they could not stop the wagon. When father got Anna home she was scared and cold. She told him that she nearly fell out of the wagon.

Mother said, "Jack, you cannot take her again today."

The rest of the day was pleasant.

—Mary Louise Bills, Grade 6-B, Joseph Moore School.



A Child's Poem

We are going to have a Christmas tree; It will be as pretty as can be. When I am supposed to be asleep I shall slip down stairs and peep. Now, don't you tell mother what I've said, Or she will see that I stay in bed.

LUVERA ZIEGLER, Junior High School.



Once there was a little girl that did not believe in Santa Claus. This little girl was named Betty and she had a little brother and his name was Jack.

Jack said, "Sister, do you believe in Santa Claus?"

She said, "No, I don't."

Jack said, "Why don't you believe in Santa Claus?"

She said, "Because you always get more when you don't believe in him."

So when Christmas eve came she gave her mother her best kiss and Jack came and she went to bed happy. When she got up, Jack beat her up, and then she got up and tore downstairs and went into the front room and looked at the tree. Then she saw her stocking

hanging on the tree. She looked in it. She did not get but two things. That was a piece of coal and a corn cob. She was awful mad.

Jack said, "I got lots of things. Did you? Sister, you see I told you Santa Claus would hear you when you said that?"

She said, "I will believe in Santa Claus now." She did not tell him so until a long time after Christmas.

So the next time that Christmas time came they both got the same present. Do you want to know what it was? It was a little baby sister. It made the boy Jack mad. He said, "Mother, will you get me a baby brother next Christmas?"

They were very happy after Christmas.—Mary Ellen Newland, grade 5A, Starr school.