

THE JUNIOR RICHMOND 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 news paper, and we hope each boy and girl will use it thoroughly.

AUNT POLLY'S LETTER

Dear Junior Friends:—Do you remember the story—of course you do, though—of the jolly old miller who lived on the banks of the River Dee in England and who was so happy that the king envied him? And do you remember the king said to the miller, "Now tell me, what makes you so cheerful and glad here in your dusty mill, while I, who am king, am sad and in trouble every day?"

Then the miller smiled and said, "I do not know why you are sad, but I can easily tell why I am glad. I earn my own bread; I love my wife and my children; I love my friends and they love me; and I owe not penny to any man. Why should I not be happy?"

I am thinking especially tonight of his statement, "I love my friends and they love me". Do you know it is one of the very gladdest things in the world to know that you have friends—little friends and big friends—who always like you. It is just as glad a thought every bit, too, to know that you are a friend of others and that you make them happy for they know you are their friend. Friendship is needed everywhere. There are many lonely little hearts right here in Richmond. The way to become friends with other boys and girls as well as grown-ups is to work with them and play with them, and may I add—to dream with them—to see with our dream eyes beautiful things ahead for the world; lovely dreams which it is perfectly possible may, and will come true.

In Richmond we work with many people every day—do we really work "with" them or just near them? And when you play 'Farmer in the Dell' do you just have your "bunch" in the circle or does everyone play? Try enlarging your circle and giving a friendly invitation to everyone to "please come and play" and see how much more fun you will have. About dreaming together—there are always, as there were in a certain fairy story I know about—peddlers of beautiful dreams, who scatter beautiful dreams all the way as they go along—torch-bearers, bringers of happy light to folks who perhaps have never learned to dream.

But it is about "play" that I most want to write, because that is what so many people in Richmond are thinking about just now. There is a group of people here now who stay part of the time in the Chamber of Commerce rooms in the Knights of Pythias building on South Eighth street, and who are helping people to get together more for play, grownups as well as children, for this is a secret I'll tell you, grownups really like to play very much. In the churches, in the schools, in the vacant lots and school playgrounds, wherever there are people, they are making plans to meet together for play. The Wayne County Community House which is planned for Richmond in memory of the country's soldiers and sailors will be a center for everyone in Richmond to come together and become friendly. There will be a large auditorium in it and a large stage for pageants and plays, and probably a big music room and large reading room with perhaps a great fireplace where the children may come for story hours, and we hope, plenty of ground outside so that boys and girls and grownups can play games. Two school playgrounds will be opened this summer we know for you boys and girls and that is just a beginning. We want a friendly world and that must begin with a friendly town—a friendly community and a friendly playground. Begin Monday morning at recess time being just as friendly and happy on the playgrounds as you know how. You'll have more fun.

AUNT POLLY.

THE SMOKE CHILDREN

DID SANTA CLAUS COME TO STARR?

Have you ever watched smoke come from a chimney? Have you ever seen the smoke children? The smoke children are many. They come from the chimney in a black cloud which fades to silver grey; then, in graceful curves and flutters they dance on the wind. In summer, the smoke children rest. But all the winter they dance in what seems a never ending line, and play with the wind till it sighs.

If you believe in fairies, or have an imagination, you can see the smoke children on a winter day. Carolyn Nice, Junior High school.

TWO GIRLS GO VISITING

Last Saturday morning my little friend Charlotte Phillips and I went to Springfield, Ohio, with my mother to visit my little cousin, Nan Smith. We started about 6 a. m.

and when we got there, it was raining so hard, we had to get a taxi. We had a fine time. We did not get home till 12:30 Sunday night.

We had a good time coming home. We looked so much alike, a lady on the train asked us if we were sisters. I went to sleep, but Charlotte could not sleep. A man coughed so much it made her sick.—Leona Fay Bullerdick, Grade 3B, Vaille School.

QUERY CORNER

Dear Aunt Polly: Was Warren G. Harding ever in Wayne county? I mean, was he ever off the train in Wayne county?—R. M. H., Cambridge City, Ind.

Dear R. M. H.: Yes, indeed, he was here in Richmond last spring when there was a conference of five men who were running for the governorship in Indiana. He spoke at the Coliseum that night and stayed at the Westcott hotel. It was in the early part of the political campaign. Aunt Polly.

GIRLHOOD STORIES OF FAMOUS WOMEN

Mary Antin

"My country 'tis of thee"—sang the school children joyfully.

The teacher looked around the room and her eyes stopped when they saw Mary Antin, the new little Jewish girl, who had just come from Russia.

Mary's face had paled and she quit singing when they came to the words—"Land where my fathers died." The teacher kindly explained to her that she was as much a patriot as were the pilgrims who had come to America for the same reasons her father had come. Mary felt better and realized that she was indeed a citizen of the wonderful new country.

Mary Antin appreciated the liberty and the privileges of America. She tells of her early life in Russia in "The Promised Land."—Boys' and Girls' Newspaper.

P. S.:—If we may be allowed to add one to this little story. We wish to say that the girls in the 8B English classes of Junior High school are now reading "The Promised Land" and are much interested in the little Jewish girl and in immigrants, in general. They are studying also the immigration pictures secured from the Morrison-Reeves library.—Ed.

SARAH'S PARTY

Tuesday afternoon I went to Sarah Long's birthday party. She got many nice presents.

We played fruit basket upset, and we tried to find little Easter eggs. Evelyn and Jean Grotendick got the prizes.

The children that were there were: Elizabeth, Ellen, Janet, Evelyn, Sally, Anna, Laura, Carolyn, and some other children.

We had a very nice lunch. We had ice cream, cakes and candy. The table looked very nice. It was decorated in green. The children that were there looked very nice.

I had a lovely time.—Nancy Jay, 5A grade, Vaille school.

INQUIRIES ABOUT COTTON.

The pupils in the 5-AB grade at Whitewater school are writing letters to the Chamber of Commerce in several southern cities, making inquiries about cotton—how it is grown and marketed.

WHO IS HE?

He walked in his garden to plan his victories.

Last week's King Albert of Belgium.



The Wind in a Frolic

The wind one morning sprang up from sleep,
Saying: "Now for a frolic! Now for a leap!
Now for a mad-cap galloping chase!"
I'll make a commotion in every place!"
So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,
Creaking the signs and scattering down
Shutters; and whisking, with merciless squalls,
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls.
There never was heard a much lustier shout
As the apples and oranges tumbled about;
And the urchins, that stand with their thievish eyes
Forever on watch, ran off each with a prize.
Then away to the field it went blustering and humming,
And the cattle all wondered whatever was coming.
It plucked by the tails the grave matronly cows,
And tossed the colts' manes all over their brows.
'Till, offended at such a familiar salute,
They all turned their backs and stood sulkily mute.
So on it went, capering and playing its pranks.
Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray.
Or the traveller grave on the king's highway.
It was not too nice to hustle the bags
Of the beggar and flutter his dirty rags;
'Twas so bold, that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig, or the gentleman's cloak.
Through the forest it roared and cried, gaily: "Now,
You sturdy old oak, I'll make you bow!"
And it made them bow without more ado.
Or cracked their great branches through and through.
Then it rushed like a monster on cottage and farm,
Striking their dwellers with sudden alarm.
So they ran out like bees when threatened with harm.
There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over their caps,
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps;
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd.
There was rearing of ladders and logs laying on
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be gone.
But the wind had swept on, and met in a lane
With a school boy, who panted and struggled in vain;
For it tossed him and twirled him, then passed and he stood
With his hat in a pool and his shoe in the mud.
Then away went the wind in its holiday glee!
And now it was far on the billowy sea;
And the lordly ships felt its staggering blow,
And the little boats darted to and fro—
But, lo! night came, and it sank to rest
On the sea-birds' rock in the gleaming west.
Laughing to think, in its fearful fun.
How little of mischief it had done.

—William Howitt, Derbyshire, England.

March

March has come very fast,
Starting with sunshine
Which I hope will last.
It came in like a lamb.
I hope it will stay.
Nice and sunny, just like today.

Leslie E. Anderson, age 14 years,
Bethel school.

DO YOU KNOW?

This week's question by the "Y" scoutmaster: How did the twelve apostles die?

If you cannot guess the answer to this question, look in this corner next week and you will see it.

Answer to last week's: Annanias and Sapphira, his wife, were struck dead for lying.

A NONSENSE STORY

Vun day as me vas walking along der street in the street car I saw a sycaraper held up by der foundation.

I went down into the cellar on der top floor to wash the windows. I used rat poison instead of soap. And so I vas fired because it tarnished the window.

Der next day I went out to find a nudder job. I met a farmer and he said I should hoe the potatoes. I was fired because I used a spoon instead of a pitch fork.

I was sent out to clean stove pipes, and I used a tooth brush instead of a broom.

So I was fired again and never did hunt a job.—Pauline Korthaus, grade 8, St. Andrew's school.

"Take care of your inner tubes," is the main idea in a health crusade in Chicago schools.

The Master's Music

CHAPTER III.

Every one had left except Mr. Van Harritt.

When he came to, he wondered whether that would be a disgrace or not. He did not know what to do, but after awhile he made up his mind to come to America, which, he thought, must be a very friendly place, and, perhaps, he could forget all his troubles, and start life all over again.

He had very little money, for he had paid police, messengers, and phoned to different places to see if he could find any traces of the kidnapper who kidnapped his little daughter; but could not.

All that he had now was home and a few other things. He sold some of the things to get money to come to America. The others he kept so as to remember his old home. These he put in his trunk and sailed for America. The ship landed at Boston, Mass. The people were very friendly there. They often offered to take him in their homes, gave him food and were very kind to him.

Mr. Van Harritt thought he would go to New York, for he thought that the people would be friendly there, just as they were at Boston, because New York is larger than Boston, so he went to New York, but the people were not nearly so friendly.

Some of the people were rich and they would not speak to the poor people. They would walk up and down the streets while the rich people rode around in big automobiles. Sometimes they would walk up and down the street and toss their heads from the poor, too proud to speak.

The first thing that Mr. Van Harritt had to do was to find a room for rent, so he went out a long distance from town. He had to walk because he did not have a machine and he did not know any one in New York that had one. He walked until he came to a house that looked as if it would rent cheaply; so he knocked at the door and the landlady came to the door. She was very much astonished to see such a man as Mr. Van Harritt, for he looked like a distinguished gentleman. She could not imagine why it was that he had come to such a place as that, because only poor people came there, and Mr. Van Harritt had on good clothes and looked like a rich man.

She did not know that he was not a rich man and that his little daughter (she was ten years old, but she was little to him and she was the only daughter he had) had been kidnapped. (To Be Continued).—Nora Mae Arnold, 6B grade, Sebastopol school, age 11 years.

A MUD TURTLE FRIGHT

One day Mary and her dog were out in the field by the brook, when she decided to wade. She kicked her shoes off and went in wading, when something was right at her big toe. She jerked her foot out of the water. She screamed with all her might. Her dog came to her and began barking. The dog's name was Buster. Her brother came down to the brook to see what was the matter. Her brother's name was John. They got a can and caught the turtle and ate it for supper.—Martha Orin, Carlos City school, age 11 years, 4th grade.

A TASTY DISH

