

## 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 newspaper, and we hope each boy and girl will use it thoroughly.

## AUNT POLLY'S LETTER

Good Evening, Junior Folks:—Once upon a time, as all fairy stories commence, only this is a real story instead (too bad!), I saw two boys drawing by lot to decide a point on which they had "tied". The teacher thought up a way to do this. He took a small book, told the boys it had 285 pages, and showed them that he had put a little bookmark in one place in the book and the one who gave the number of the page nearest that one where the mark was, should be the winner in the tied-up contest. One of the boys looked at it carefully for just a part of a minute, then with a quick decision told the number of the page as he thought it. The other boy gave his guess, too, although in a more hesitating way and, it seemed, after looking at it less carefully. The first boy won. It impressed me that the first boy planned or judged the page, and the other one more or less guessed. Planning and thinking are all a part of criticism.

When we say "I like my teacher," or "I don't like somebody or other", we really just give our opinion—as Mr. Burgess did when he said:

"I never saw a purple cow;  
I hope I'll never see one.  
And yet it seems to me, somehow,  
I'd rather see than be one."

Criticism means something more than that. One who is a critic of books or pictures studies his subject very carefully, notes both good points and bad points about them, not just because he thinks that way but because after knowing what makes good pictures or good books and seeing many books or pictures of all different kinds—he tells us what he thinks, basing his opinion on his knowledge of the thing.

Criticism—and I am going to write it in real big letters because sometimes we forget—means "I LIKE" as well as "I DO NOT LIKE". When someone in a class has given a little speech or a report and the teacher says, "Now, class, criticise it," I wonder what most of us would say first, would we speak of something we liked or something we did not like? Watch next time and see what happens.

A good critic always has reasons and tells them to people who value his opinion. He says "I like this book because—" and then he gives several reasons, and then he says "I do not like this book in some ways" (or perhaps he would not say "someways"—it isn't good English) and then he would tell us why.

People whose heads are level (not flat, though) and who think straight, tell us that we may find things to like and things we may not like as well, in fact dislike, in almost everything and everybody. I think a person must have started on the happy road to living who hunts up and thinks about the good points in what happens around him and the people he meets. People of this kind are called optimists—and the very word means "best".

Do all of you know this little verse about one optimist?

"The optimist fell ten stories,  
And at each window bar,  
He shouted to his friends below:  
'All right so far!'"

Your friend, who likes optimists and Pollyannas, if they are sensible, and sometimes even if they are not.

AUNT POLLY.

**GIRLHOOD STORIES OF FAMOUS WOMEN**

**Pocahontas.**

Into an Indian village, and up to the big camp-fire dashed Ra-hen-ta bearing news for his chief.

Before he knew what had happened he collided with a stout little body. Both fell sprawling on the ground.

"O-Uch," screamed the little girl. "Ra-hen-ta, we are rolling into the fire." The Indians laughed heartily as Ra-hen-ta and the girl picked themselves up.

The deep voice of the old chief said not unkindly, "My daughter, you have well-nigh killed our brother Ra-hen-ta with your foolery. Why will you be such a Po-ca-hun-tas?"

The name, meaning "tomboy," stuck to the Indian maid. She was known in history as Pocahontas (1597-1617), who saved the life of Captain John Smith.

When she grew up she married John Rolfe, an Englishman, who was the first of all American colonists to raise tobacco.

## WHO IS HE?

He wrote "Locusts and Wild Honey."

Last week: William Cullen Bryant, the poet.

## MY DOG FIJI.

I have a little dog which I got Easter. Her name is Fiji, and she is very cute. She is about six weeks old. She is an English bull terrier, and very fat. When we fix her dinner she jumps around in a circle because she can smell it, but she can not see it. About a week ago I put some sticks around our garden, and Fiji pulled one out—Roy Rutherford, Vaille school.

## NOBODY KNOWS



## The Master's Music

## Chapter VII.

When Mr. Van Harritt started for Ruth's house, he stopped at the flower shop and bought a little bunch of red roses for Ruth to pin on her dress.

When Mr. Van Harritt came to Ruth's house he looked up and down the street to be sure that Ruth's father was not in sight when he knocked at the door. Presently the butler came to the door. He did not have to wait for a card from Mr. Van Harritt but told him to follow and the butler led Mr. Van Harritt to Ruth's room. Ruth met him at the door and was very glad to see him. Mr. Van Harritt then gave Ruth the bunch of roses which she pinned on her dress.

Mr. Van Harritt gave Ruth another piano lesson. While was giving her the lesson he spied the doll with only one eye. He began to sob. Ruth had often wondered why it was that Mr. Van Harritt would always sob when he saw that doll, so she made up her mind that she would ask him just out of curiosity.

Mr. Van Harritt thought that Ruth was his daughter because she had a doll like the one his little daughter had, dark curly hair, blue eyes, big dimples in her cheeks and a smooth face and hands.

Ruth also thought that Mr. Van Harritt was her father because he treated her more like a daughter than the man who said he was her father did.

Mr. Van Harritt thought that he would ask Ruth to tell the story of her life.

So he asked Ruth if she would be willing to tell him the story of her life. Ruth said that she would be willing so she got her music put away and then Mr. Van Harritt and she went into the next room. When Mr. Van Harritt and she were seated she began to tell the story of her life to Mr. Van Harritt who was seated in a Morris chair, listening very eagerly.

"When I was a little girl, I lived in Germany. When I was at the age of seven years, my mother ran away because the day before she and papa had a fuss, so mother ran away. Father was going to give a concert the day mother ran away. He had worked many years in getting the music ready, but after mother ran away he thought that his concert would be a failure."

"When he had gone away that night, mother came back after me."

"My father was a very, very rich man and lived in a very, very pretty castle better than any that kings and queens lived in."

"Mother came to America and later married a man by the name of Mr. Cornelius Heinonamos. He was a very rich man also but not nearly as rich as father."

"Mother seemed to be always sad, it seemed as though nothing would make her happy. I did everything that I could to make her happy."

"She died when I was 12 years old. I was very lonely then."

"About a year after that my American father married another woman by the name of Nioma Harding. She was very good to me and treated me like a daughter."

"About a year and a half ago she and my American father got into a fuss about some money and later she died."

"After that my American father worked out of town so much that it was hard for him to be home all the time, therefore I am alone most of the time. (To Be Continued.)—Nola Mae Arnold, 6B grade, Seavastopol school.

## THE FINDING OF "PARD"

## Eddie and Sam, Both Victims of Spring Fever, Plan a Hike

Northvale was the kind of town that would fit neatly into your hip pocket. Like all such places it had its full quota of "old settlers" (with Dad Hornblower as the leader) dogs, cats and boys.

Among the latter were two with whom we are particularly concerned. One of these was Eddie Clark, tall, gaunt, long-legged, long-armed, long-necked and long-eared, but a good fellow for all of that.

The other was Sam Arbuckle, Eddie's opposite, for he was short, inclined to be stout, pug-nosed, a little clumsy at times, and he had a host of freckles crowded across his nose. He also possessed what Miss Smith, Northvale's most prominent "old maid", called a "winning grin." If this was meant as a compliment Sam didn't care so very much about hearing it.

One Friday afternoon about the middle of the early barefoot season, Sam and Eddie were sauntering a bit lazily, and therefore slowly, up the old board walk that led into the main street of Northvale.

"This town—ouch!" remarked Eddie, with the accent on the "ouch" as he stubbed his toe on a warped board, "Is about the deadest place I ever did see."

No reply from Sam who, apparently was in deep thought, for his hands were thrust far into his pants pockets—a sure sign of thinking."

Ten feet further on, Eddie continued:

"I wish there was something to do. Gosh I wish there wasn't any school for a whole year."

Even this important statement brought no response from Sam. But fifteen feet later he opened up, and enthusiastically:

"Say—I know what let's. Let's you an' me take a hike to Porter's woods tomorrow an' explore that cave along Dolan's creek, that Dad Hornblower says is ha'nted."

The idea appealed to Eddie immediately. And so, one hour later, when they parted at Harper's drug store, they had arranged to set out for Porter's woods the next morning just as soon as Eddie finished helping his mother with the breakfast dishes.

## MYSTERY AT DOLAN'S CAVE.

It was at nine o'clock sharp Saturday morning that Sam Arbuckle hurried around to Eddie Clark's house and gave the signal—a long, drawn-out whistle followed by two sharp, shrill ones.

"Be with you in two shakes of a lamb's tail!" answered Eddie from the kitchen window, at the same time reaching to untie the apron strings about his neck. Breakfast dishes are a bother, aren't they? And it was not more than three shakes of the same lamb's tail that the two boys, barefoot, were plodding merrily toward Porter's woods, Dolan's cave and—something they weren't expecting.

Porter's was a real woods. Trees and underbrush grew thick. It was just like you read about in Indian stories.

Trickling cheerfully in and out among the trees was Dolan's creek, and almost in the heart of the woods and in the side of one of the small, rocky hills that followed the course of the little stream was that much-storied place, Dolan's cave.

According to Dad Hornblower, self-appointed historian of Northvale, Dolan's cave had a history.

"My father was a very, very rich man and lived in a very, very pretty castle better than any that kings and queens lived in."

"Mother came to America and later married a man by the name of Mr. Cornelius Heinonamos. He was a very rich man also but not nearly as rich as father."

"Mother seemed to be always sad, it seemed as though nothing would make her happy. I did everything that I could to make her happy."

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er, "whar old man Dolan and his wife and three kids was massacred by the redskins when this yere territory was over-run by 'em." And what's more, Dad affirmed that the spirit of Dolan lingered about the spot.

Little wonder, then, that Eddie and Sam, having never ventured near the cave before, looked forward to the exploration with no little excitement. Who wouldn't?

Just a short while after leaving Eddie's house, the two arrived at that part of the woods where the cave was located. No time was lost in finding the entrance, for it was in plain sight, the ground near by being rocky and offering no chance for vegetation to grow.

"But now we've found it," said Eddie mopping his perspiring brow, "what do we do?"

"Explore it you fish—what'd we come for, huh?"

So they made ready. (More Next Week.)—Boys' and Girls' Newspaper.

## QUESTION FOR DEBATE.

Resolved: That when a moving picture is being made from a standard work of fiction it is better to change the plot to suit the ideas of the producer, for the reason that it will make a better movie, than to follow the plot in detail as it is laid down in the original story.

## QUERY CORNER

The editor will try to answer questions readers of the Junior submit to her. She will not promise to answer all of them. The questions will be answered in rotation, so do not expect the answer to be printed in the same week in which you send your question.

Dear Aunt Polly:

Will you please tell me the monarchies of the world, the kings, queen, dukes, duchesses and any other rulers of the world?

I thank you very much.

Question Katy.

Dear Katy:

I had heaps of fun with your question for the war had upset so many old governments and set up so many new ones, that sometimes it was just like playing "Button, Button, who's got the button," only I called it "King, king, who has a king?" with some of the kingdoms when I was trying to find out just who was ruling within their borders. Even now a king or two named in this list may abdicate soon after this edition is published, and perhaps some new ones will appear. To name all the nobility in all the countries—even if one could really find out all their names—would take from now until someone reaches the corner west of the East Pole of Shadowland (if anyone may ever reach that strange and mysterious land) to name them and enough paper to publish Juniors from now until the year 99,815 A.D., so I think I will just name the kings,—or perhaps the queens (in countries where the queen is really the heir to the throne), or the emperors or shahs—anyway the chief rulers in the countries which today are monarchies.

Here they are, all of them, and some of them have real nice long names such as I thought only people in Fairyland could have thought up: Belgium, King Albert; Bulgaria, King Boris III; Denmark, King Christian X; Great Britain, King George V; Greece, King Constantine I; Italy, King Victor Emmanuel III; Montenegro, King Petrovitch Nogosh; Netherlands, Queen Wilhelmina; Norway, King Haakon VII; Roumania, King Ferdinand I; Serbia, King Peter I; Spain, King Alfonso XIII; Sweden, Gustaf V; Turkey, Mohammed VI; Abyssinia or Ethiopia, Empress Zauditu; Afghanistan, Amir Amanullah; Japan, Emperor Yoshihito Harunomia; Luxembourg, Grand-Duchess Charlotte; Morocco, Sultan Mulai Yusef; Nepal, His Highness Maharajah Tribhanna Bir Bikram Jung Bahadur Shah Bahadur Shumshere Jung (we would not have to recite nearly so long if they called the roll in every class and everyone had names this long, would we?); Oman, Sultan Seyyid Taimur, Bin Feysil; Persia, Sultan Ahmad, Shah; and Siam, King Chao Maha Vajiravudh.

I am glad I live in a republic, aren't you? Then you can just say President Harding or President Wilson—and you have told the whole story.—Aunt Polly.



In this drawing seven words are represented. When they have been correctly guessed and the letters of each one arranged according to the numbers, a famous quotation will result.

Don't give up too soon.  
It isn't as hard as it looks.  
The answer to this picture is on another page of this issue.

## BILL, THE BOY INVENTOR

## HE HAS WORKED UP A NEW DEVICE FOR BEATING RUGS.

