

SEVENTY-FIVE CLUB MEMBERS RECEIVED PIGS—RIVALRY KEEN

"I like the looks of that pig," a certain little girl in the Wayne County Pig club probably said to herself last Saturday afternoon in Centerville as the pigs were being viewed by the future pig growers, all of whom are juniors. This particular girl did not get the pig she had admired, however, when her time came to draw.

"I'll make this one the best anyway," the girl said as she received the pig she had drawn by lot.

Over sixty of the seventy-five members of the Wayne County Pig Club were present for the allotment and showed great pride and interest in their newly acquired possessions. One boy tumbled his pig into a gunny sack and escorted it home that way. We are not certain whether it cried "wee, wee, wee all the way home" as the pig we used to hear about in our sandpile days did or not. Most of the children brought crates to put their pigs in.

One girl just happened to draw a pig raised by her father. It was probably surprised to find it was going home to the same place it had always lived, after expecting to go on a journey.

The pig belonging to Leonard Duke, of Boston township, ran away from its new home after it had been there a day or two. It was found later, however, and is safely penned up now.

Records To Be Kept.

Mr. J. L. Dolan, who is Agricultural agent of Wayne County and leader of the Junior Pig Clubs, has been receiving letters from club members asking for directions about proper feeding. A few juniors took sacks of feed at the same time they received their pigs.

Letters telling how to feed the pigs and cards for keeping account of the weight of the pig from time to time and the amount and kind of feed given it, were sent to the club members this week by Mr. Dolan.

Nothing is complete without a story of course, so space is left in the record books, plenty of it, that junior pig owners may write the story, telling all the details about how they take care of the pig and how well behaved a pig it proves to be. Perhaps they will name their stories "The Fortunes of Reddy" or "What Happened to Blackie" and then some of them, the best stories will probably appear in the Junior Palladium sometime.

Ed. Note—When any juniors who are members of these clubs feel like writing a letter to the Junior about the joys and troubles of raising a pig, please do so, as we will be very glad to receive them.

Mary Jane's Party

Once there lived a very rich girl whose name was Helen Mae. She lived in a very nice house. Across the street there lived a very poor girl whose name was Mary Jane. One day Helen Mae said she was going to have a birthday party. She invited Mary Jane, and Mary Jane was very glad because she had never been to a birthday party before. When she told her mother, her mother said it would be impossible because she had no nice clothes to wear, and that she must go over and tell Helen Mae why she could not come. Helen Mae was very sad because she wanted Mary Jane to come. Helen Mae hesitated for a moment, then she ran into the house and told Mary Jane to wait a few minutes. Soon she came back with a smiling face and said, "Come with me!"

Mary Jane followed her upstairs and into the attic, where there was a chest full of clothes.

Helen Mae gave Mary Jane a pair of slippers, a hat, a pair of stockings, and a dress and said, "Now, you can come to the party."

Mary Jane got to come to Helen Mae's party and had a very good time.—George Thompson, 3A grade, Whitewater school.

San Marino, located in the midst of Italy, is the smallest republic in the world and was founded in the fourth century to help oppressed Christians. This little country covers 38 square miles of territory and is 2,500 feet above sea level.



How the Bobbsey Frisks Help to Furnish Guns for American Soldiers

"There now, Bobbsey Bob, there is another one in our store house," spoke up Mrs. Bobbsey Frisk briskly, giving the ground a last energetic pat, after having dug a neat little hole in the ground and deposited therein a big, round, black walnut.

It was a crisp day in late autumn, the sky was very, very blue, about as blue as little Jean's blue dress, Mrs. Bobbsey thought, and the leaves of the maple trees in the woods were already putting on the gayest dresses they wore all year, though the beech trees still were wearing their dark green summer dresses. The walnut trees—which grew very thick in the back part of the woods, and near Farmer Trump's place, could be seen among the thinning leaves.

Mr. and Mrs. Bobbsey Frisk were two little red brown squirrels who lived in the rather large piece of woods which was behind Jean's home, and just now they had stopped in a corner of the woods near the old rail fence to take a rest.

To be sure the fence that met the old wooden fence in this corner was a brand new wire one that sparkled in the sun and which Mr. Stanley, Jean's father, had just put up the week before, but Mr. and Mrs. Bobbsey rather liked the old wooden fence best. Jean called these squirrels flying squirrels, because they ran so fast up and down the trees and gave such quick leaps from the branches of one tree to the very ends of the branches on the next tree. On sunny mornings Jean was allowed to play in the woods, on the very edge of them, and always Mr. and Mrs. Bobbsey would pay her a flying visit as people say. This pleased Jean very much and she was very fond of these quick little friends with their wise faces and bright eyes and had begged Daddy Tom that no hunters should be allowed to come near them.

This morning as usual, the squirrels were busy putting away the newly fallen nuts—so that they

might have plenty to eat in winter. The evening before they had made many trips to Farmer Trump's walnut grove and were especially busy today hiding them away.

"There now, my dear," Mrs. Bobbsey said again, "how many do you think that makes?" addressing her lord who was sitting up very straight on one of the large above-ground roots of a beech tree with his handsome tail arched splendidly behind him, just like a plume on Mother Stanley's winter hat, Mrs. Frisk thought. Bobbsey Bob was indeed proud of his tail.

"My dear Bobbsey, how do you expect me to know?" answered Bobbsey Bob in a surprised tone. "You always keep the household accounts you know."

"Yes, yes, Bobbsey Bob, but I thought you would know, too. I stopped counting after we had put away as many as we had last year. We had plenty, you know, even enough to entertain the Grays and Chippies on Christmas and New Years. I do so love to entertain, Bobbsey Frisk," added Mrs. Bobbsey with housewifely pride.

"To be sure, my dear, it is pleasant. Shall we go over to Farmer Trump's again now? Let us put away plenty to have for company, and then, too, it might be that winter would stay longer this year again, as he did two years ago and we might need more. Besides visiting squirrels sometimes find our nuts, you know, and sometimes, too, we forget just where we hid them all."

"Yes, indeed, Bob Frisk, I quite agree with you. Let's go right away and then hurry back again for I think Jean will be here to see us soon. It is long after noon now and school will soon be out."

And together they started running in the direction of Farmer Trump's well laden walnut grove.

And this is the way that most of the large walnut groves are planted, so the Forest Service of the United States department of agriculture tells us. The Frisks and the Grays and their friends plant nuts so wisely and in such large numbers that there are always many left in the ground after the squirrels have eaten all they wish during the winter time.

Black walnut is a very valuable wood and supplies lumber for many articles. Most of the gunstocks for the soldiers in the American army are made out of this wood.

PAGEANT AND GAMES

(Continued from Page One)

own encampment, and lunch will be eaten at this time, in fact it will be a very important part of these programs.

The senior high school pageant, "The Pageant of the Seasons," will begin at 2 o'clock on Roosevelt Hill. This will be presented in dances and pantomime. Spring will be represented by the coming up of flowers; Summer by a thunderstorm, in which a group of 20 girls of the fifth grade of Vaile school will assist, giving a dance representing little white clouds in the beginning of a thunderstorm; Autumn will be represented by the autumn leaves and Jack Frost, and Winter by snow and Santa Claus.

Every care has been taken by the people in charge of the great event for the welfare and happiness of everyone who will be there. Appreciation of the work done by all these people planning the affair will be fully proved, we are sure, by the good time everyone will have, and the breadth of the smile each guest of the affair will take home with him that evening.

"Ain't Nature wonderful?"

"Why?"

"She gave us all a face, but we can pick our own teeth."—The Student, Oklahoma High School, Oklahoma City, Okla.

RICHARD AND JANE FOOL TRAIN ROBBERS

Richard and Jane lived in the country. The school they went to was about a mile from their home.

One evening school held later than usual. It was beginning to get dark.

When they came to the covered bridge they had to cross, they saw two men go under the bridge. Richard and Jane crept softly into the bridge and listened. The men were talking just loud enough for Richard and Jane to hear them. One man was saying, "The train comes along here about 6:30. We'll have plenty of time."

"Well, that's all the better. It will give us time to get a long ways," said the other man.

Richard and Jane saw the men go to the railroad bridge and put a bomb under it.

"Oh, Richard! They are going to blow up the train," said Jane. "I know it," said Richard, "and I know that we can keep them from doing it, too." "How?" asked Jane. "I don't know yet," said Richard, "but we've got to think of some way."

"Oh! I know!" cried Jane. "How?" asked Richard. "We can take my red scarf and flag the train." "Oh yes, we could do that," said Richard.

So they walked a good piece from the bridge and waited. Pretty soon they saw the train coming. They began to wave the scarf. He asked them what was the matter. They told him. He was greatly moved. He went back to the train and told the people about it.

They were so thankful their lives had been saved that they took up a collection. When the money was counted there was five hundred dollars. By this time Richard and Jane's father had become worried and had started to look for them. He saw that the train had stopped so he went over to see what was the matter. When he found out what had happened, he was very grateful to the people for giving them so much money.

He took the children home and their mother was very glad to see them.

A few days later they saw in the paper where the two men were caught that had tried to blow up the train. They were put in jail for ten years.—Thelma Macey, age 11, Fountain City, Ind.

ARAXIE AZGAPETIAN

(Continued from Page One)

country of Armenia. It is for these other children that Lady Anne Azgapetian is speaking and asking that we here in America who have plenty, send money for food, and good old clothing to these Armenian children to help them through this next winter.

Hungry Children Show Great Respect for a Piece of Bread

One time on the great Arabian desert, Lady Anne, as people call her, saw a boy coming toward her riding on a donkey. All of a sudden he jumped down from the donkey and knelt for a long time in the sand. As he got up and mounted his donkey again and came on toward their tent, Lady Anne thought she would ask him what he had been doing. The boy, about ten years old, showed her a piece of dry bread which he was carrying in his blouse. He told her that by some mistake he had dropped it on the ground and that he was praying for forgiveness for letting his bread touch the ground. The children there learn that bread is so precious that they must never let it fall to the ground.

It comes as a new idea to many of us in America, who often let pieces of bread go to waste.



From BIG LEAGUE Ball Players

Written especially for the Boys and Girls Newspaper by

BOB SHAWKEY

Of the New York American League Club.

Tips for Pitchers

To deceive the players of the other team is a part of the art of pitching. One way is to throw the various kinds of ball, such as the curve ball and the fast ball, with the same kind of an arm swing. The curve ball is made with but a simple twist of the wrist, and this twist can be made so rapidly it can easily be concealed from the eyes of spectators.

Control of the ball is what good pitching is based upon. Practice brings control.

Don't Become "Stale."

In practice, choose some spot on the catcher's uniform, his belt, the letters on his shirt—and aim at that. Practice till you are able to throw exactly for that spot every time.

The pitcher who plays the game only once or twice a week should be sure to get in plenty of practice during the other days, or he will become "stale."

There is no training for pitchers that beats actual pitching.

Should the crowd try to rattle you in a game, don't listen to them. If you do, it means trouble. Keep your mind on your work.

Take Plenty of Time.

Take your time. Don't rush through a game. Especially when you are in a pinch go slow and use good judgment. But always be ready to take care of the unexpected.

If the catcher signals for a ball that the pitcher believes should not be thrown, he shouldn't go ahead and pitch what he wants to without first warning the catcher.

"Bullheadedness" on the part of some pitchers has caused many a broken finger for catchers.

WHAT TOBACCO DOES TO GOLDFISH

If some goldfish are put in separate bowls it is easy to find out what tobacco will do to them. Fix two pipes in the bowl so that the smoke will go down to the bottom and rise. In this way the smoke will have the same effect on the fish as it would on the body. Fill one pipe with tobacco and the other with bran and smoke this in the pipe. After that change the fish to clean water. In a few minutes the fish that inhaled the tobacco smoke will be dead while the ones that inhaled the bran smoke will only be in a stupor.—Helen Carmichael, Junior High School.

JANE'S EXPERIENCES

Once upon a time there was a man who was very poor and the little girl whose name was Jane, went and sold candy.

Once when she went and was selling candy a lady came up to her who was very rich. Did I tell you where the mother was? Well she was dead and the woman had known her mother, who had died on June 1, 1913. So she took the little girl home and the father came and lived with her and they had good times together.—Sara Kathryn Long, age 8, grade 4B, Vaile School.

ANSWER TO THIS WEEK'S PUZZLE PICTURE

The words represented in the picture are coin, toy, student, Crusoe, onion, ninety, note. The quotation: "One country, one constitution, one destiny."

Instructor—"My boy, do you think you can handle the English language?"

Student—"My knowledge of the English language always has been my greatest asset."

"Good; take this dictionary down stairs."—The Phillipsite, Wendell Phillips High School, Chicago, Ill.

WANT ADS

FOR SALE—One good Crown bicycle, good tires, only been ridden two months. No terms. Call 4049 or see Everett W. Lemon, Box 15, National Road east, Richmond, Ind.