

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

The Best of Greetings to All of You, Junior Friends:

Napoleon was a small man, but he attracted people to him mightily, and we read of midget rulers and there, but I know of no tiny monarch who holds within himself so much power should he be allowed to use it, as the little word, "if." Watch him as you meet him in his travels day by day, and see how important a sway he holds.

I have been reading a very splendid little poem which begins:

"If I were Lord of Tartary,
Myself and me alone:
My bed should be of ivory,
Of beaten gold, my throne;—"

And then it goes on to tell all the wonderful things that would happen "if" he were Lord of Tartary. There should be trumpeters to summon him to meals and the music of the harp and flute and mandolin, and seven zebras to draw his car when he should ride in state.

The word "if" is just like a magic carpet or the "wishing horse." We may take wonderful journeys on it if we wish. All we need to do is to say—"If I were a child in Egypt this very minute"—and, all of a sudden, it seems we are there, summoning a camel to arise and take us a little ride along the edge of the great desert. Or, perhaps, we would like to say: "If I were in southern France, on the coast of the Mediterranean sea, what fun I would have, playing with those French children there, and watching the white sails of many boats flashing in the bright sun as they make their way so swiftly over the blue, blue sea. Or, we might say: "If I were a child in Switzerland, how I would like to play with those other children among the foothills of the Alps, as Heide played."

Oh, there are thousands and thousands of places we can visit on such a magic carpet if—but, we must not get too practical; it would spoil the fun. How poorly our little poem would have ended should the writer have said: "But, of course, I CAN never really be Lord of Tartary, so I will never think of it at all." Instead, he just slipped in a little "if" and went on having his delightful dream.

After all journeys, however, it is nice to get home again. I think even the peasant, who suddenly took such a wonderful ride on his "wishing horse," must have been delighted when he reached home again, to see his folks and friends, and his dog, and, after a drink of cold, fresh milk, to sit by his doorway and tell the story of his strange adventures. And the men who rode on the magic carpet were, no doubt, very much pleased to alight in their own village again, walking up and down the narrow streets, looking at the gay little bazaars, and stopping to speak with some of the merchants, who were special friends, and tell them about their travels.

Then, too, lest we should get a little unhappy because our little "if" isn't really a magic carpet, let us remember that where we live and what we are doing, may be some one else's "if"—the place to which they would like to make a journey. Perhaps, some far away child says: "If I were a child in the central part of the great United States, I would have plenty of yard to play in, and plenty of air and sunlight, and I would like to visit their schools and play on their play-grounds, and run with them along country lanes and sail little paper boats in their shallow creeks."

And so, we learn that Fairy Land isn't far away, or here, unless we see it that way, and that even the merriest of teasing creeks can not be responded to if (that mighty little scamp!) we have our fingers in our ears. And now, good bye.—AUNT POLLY.

JUST for FUN

Poor Hearing

Angry mother (calling son, who is in garage helping his father): "Stanley! Stanley! Oh, Stanley!"
Father: "Why don't you answer your mother?"
Stanley: "Well, I didn't hear her until the third time."

The Big Stick

"Well," said Freddy, after being taken to hear the band, "I don't think that band leader can manage his men very well. Every time he stops shaking his stick at them, and turns his back, they stop working."

Hopeless Task

A woodpecker lit on a Freshman's head
And settled down to drill;
He bored away for half an hour
And then he broke his bill.
—Red and Blue, Jenkintown (Pa.) High.

Watching for Him

"Oh, you sing like an Ozark canary,"
Said my friend, and I thanked him, unwary;
Now, I'm looking around
For that guy since I've found
That the "bird" has four feet and is hairy.

The coconut palm tree grows chiefly in Ceylon, from which country 14,000,000 nuts are exported every year.

RIDDLES

1. The calendar is full of them, yet we eat them.
2. What character in a play by Shakespeare is represented here? The first is good meat, with eggs, a fine dish; The second's permit, or allow, if you wish.
3. Behead a word meaning to arrest, or check, and have one meaning the highest point. Curtail a word meaning to breathe quickly, and have something used in the kitchen.
4. "I poured on tar. Iona smoothed it with a flat stick." Somewhere in that sentence is hidden the name of a Canadian province. Sharp eyes will find it.
5. A word chain, as you know, is a group of words arranged so that the last letter of the first word is the first letter of the following word, and so on, the last letter of the last word being the first letter of the first word. Form a chain, using the following:
 - (a.) That which appears on the skin when it is exposed to the sun and weather.
 - (b.) Something used in the building of houses.
 - (c.) Something you write.
 - (d.) A pause.
 - (e.) Something in which we ride.
 - (f.) An article used by fishermen.
 Answers to these riddles may be found in another part of the Junior.

Joy Series of Plays

Sir Walter Raleigh

Scenery: A street in London. A mud puddle close to where Raleigh stands.

Characters: Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir James, his companion; Queen Elizabeth, Courtiers and Ladies-in-Waiting.

QUEEN ELIZABETH: Oh, dear! I can't get over the puddle of mud. I will get my slippers all muddy.
(Raleigh steps forward, throws down his velvet cape. Queen Elizabeth walks daintily across.)

QUEEN ELIZABETH: Oh, thank you very much! I will make you the head of my nobles.

SIR JAMES: Ah! You have found grace in the queen's sight. You are a very lucky man, Raleigh. (Sir Raleigh stepped up to the queen.)

RALEIGH—Queen Elizabeth, I wish you to become acquainted with my friend, Sir James. He is a very honest man. If I am to be head of your nobles, I wish to have Sir James as one of them. Will you grant this to me?

QUEEN ELIZABETH: Yes, sir. RALEIGH: Sir Walter Raleigh is my name, gracious Queen.

QUEEN ELIZABETH: Yes, Sir Walter Raleigh, you can have any noble you choose, just so he is honest.

(With a smile she exits, leaving Raleigh and his friend, Sir James, bewildered on the stage.)

SIR JAMES: You lucky man!

RALEIGH: I count you lucky for getting the queen's grace through me.

(Queen enters with her court.)

QUEEN ELIZABETH: Oh, dear me, I forgot to tell you, you are to pick out the men you want knighted and come to the court at four o'clock this afternoon.

RALEIGH: Yes.—Written by Leneta Cox, 5A grade, Finley school.

How Do You Say It?

The four words listed here are often mispronounced. Get them right yourself and then listen very closely when others speak to see how they say the words.

Often—never pronounce the "t."
Roof—use a long "double o."
Food—ditto.
Root—ditto.

BILLY WHISKERS

by FRANCES TREGO MONTGOMERY

One day Billy was trotting around the deck. He had fought the tiger, and Hans Zug never was through praising him, but nevertheless, every time he went to speak to Billy he came toward him from behind, for Billy still had a way of shaking his head at him that made Hans feel like climbing a ladder. But, true to his name, Billy could not stay out of mischief.

Soon tiring of pacing the long decks, he went below in the cook's galley and began to hunt for some dainties. He had learned by this time that people were very curious about things to eat. When they saw a goat helping himself, something was almost sure to happen to the goat and he could not understand it. You see, he could not know that everything belonged to somebody. All he knew about it was that if you saw anything you wanted, and were lucky enough or strong enough, or quick enough, to get it, it was all right. Accordingly, he watched the cook, and when the cook's back was turned, Billy took a fine, big bunch of celery and then trotted off with it. When he got in a dark corner he ate it and it was so fine that he wanted more. He went back to the cook's galley but he could not see any. Then he went into a little, dark room that opened into it and found himself in a place full of the nicest things to eat he had ever seen in one pile. There were carrots and radishes and peas and fine, crisp, tender lettuce and all sorts of green stuff that had been brought aboard for the captain's table. Billy ate until he could hold no more, and then he happened to think that his mother would like some of that nice celery, so he picked out an extra fine bunch and trotted off with it. No one saw him and he made his way down into the hold where his mother was crowded in the pen with the other goats. He gave her the celery and while she was eat-

BEAR CUB ATTENDS PICNIC

A TRUE STORY

No, he didn't just stumble into it by accident. This little bear was really invited—it was a Sunday school picnic, too! So, you see, he could not have been brought up the way most little bears are.

One day, a man who was hunting up in the mountains out west heard something crying in distress in the woods near him. He began to look around, and there, behind a big rock, he found a little bear cub. It's mother must have been killed by some other hunter, for, it was so lonesome and so hungry. It was nearly starved! The man decided to take it with him, for he had a friend who was very fond of pets. He knew she would be glad to have this little cub. You may be sure that he bought a bottle of milk in the first town he reached, and that the little bear drank it all down as fast as he could.

Cub Becomes Mischievous

His friend, who lived in Newberg, Ore., was very glad to have this strange pet, and the cub soon became badly spoiled. As he grew older, he learned many mischievous tricks. One he learned was how to open a refrigerator door, and after that all the neighbors had to keep a close watch on their dinners would disappear from the table. The kitchen wasn't the only place where he caused trouble, either! Once, when a woman was out in the back part of the house, she heard a great commotion in the living room. She hurried in, and found the little bear pulling the books out of the bookcase and throwing them around the room. He thought it was great fun. In spite of all the trouble he caused, the neighbors made a pet of him, because he was so amusing.

The Day of the Picnic Arrives

After awhile summer and the time for picnics arrived. At last, even the day for the Sunday school picnic was here. The little bear's mistress had decided to take him, for she knew he would enjoy being out in the woods. And so, he did. At first, he hardly knew what to make of it, but soon he started out on an exploration trip. You would never guess what he found!

It was something all bears love—a bear tree, where the bees store up their honey. He climbed up it at once, and was soon feasting on the honey which he pulled out with (his paw. Of course, the bees were very angry, and buzzed around try-

ing to sting him. But, his long fur protected everything except the end of his nose, and he was so busy eating honey he didn't have time to notice any stings there.

Interrupts a picnic.

Finally, all the honey he could reach was gone, and then he noticed the bees. He decided to hunt up his human friends, for aid, so down he climbed and started off on the run. The bees followed, still angry, for his fur was all smeared up with honey. When the picnickers saw him, surrounded by a by a swarm of angry bees, they did not hesitate a moment. They didn't have any fur coats to protect them from the stings, so, they ran wildly away. And they left their baskets behind them! Once again, the little bear forgot all about the bees in the joy of eating. So, I think you could say this little bear had a Sunday school picnic.

Recognizes Mistress at Zoo

It was not very long before the cub grew so big his mistress could not keep him at home, and had to give him to a park in Portland, Ore. He never forgot her, and, whenever she went to Portland, she would visit him in his cage. For all I know, he is still alive.ewberg, I know, he may still be alive.—By Dorothy Heironimus.

One-Reel Yarns

The Snowman

"Why don't you run out and play in the snow?" asked Aunt Carolyn, as Nita sat listlessly by the window watching the pretty flakes swirl down.

"I'd rather not, please," said Nita quietly. That was her usual reply to any suggestion that she amuse herself, ever since she had lost her mother and had come to stay with Aunt Carolyn.

"There's little Jimmy Foster out in the yard," persisted Aunt Carolyn. "He looks lonely. Why don't you go help him make a snowman?"

"I'm too big for snowmen," replied Nita, smiling a little.

"Nonsense," her aunt laughed, hurrying to get Nita's coat and hat for her. She bundled the girl up before she had a chance to make much of a fuss, and before Nita knew what had happened she was out in front, shyly making plans with the little boy next door. And in a short time she had forgotten she was beginning to grow up, as she and Jimmy rolled up huge balls of snow to make their wonderful snowman. The crisp air made her cheeks red, and she laughed as she had not done for many days.

"Goodness," said Nita an hour later, as she stood before the grate. "I'm nearly frozen, Aunt Carolyn, but just look at our lovely snowman. I'm as proud of it as Jimmy is!"

During the night the weather turned unexpectedly warmer and the sun came out like a big ball of fire next morning. Nita had slept late, and Aunt Carolyn was putting on the breakfast when she came running down stairs. "I must go out to say good morning to my snowman," said Nita. She ran to the window. In a minute she was back, and there were tears in her eyes.

"The snowman has melted away," she said. "He's gone. All gone. That's just the way—things go." Nita was very quiet while they ate breakfast. They were just finishing when there was a knock at the door and little Jimmy came shyly in. "Our snowman's melted," said Nita, trying to smile. "Oh, well, don't you mind," said Jimmy. "Mother says that when the snow begins to melt that's a sign spring is coming, with all the nice flowers. And I like flowers better than snow."

Nita's face lit up. "That's right," she said, and she turned to smile at Aunt Carolyn. "I had forgotten about spring."—Boys' and Girls' Newspaper.

ANSWERS to RIDDLES

1. Dates.
2. Hamlet.
3. S-top. Pant.
4. Ontario.
5. Tan, nail, letter, rest, train, net.

Times Have Changed.

A young colored fellow in Wooster One night made away with a rooster;
The cock chanced to crow,
The boy was too slow—
Now he can't relish fowl like he use'ter.



world to eat. What you need now is a bunch of tender lettuce to finish off with, and I'll go get you some," and he hurried off, leaving his mother very proud of his rise in the world.

Billy trotted boldly through the cook's galley, and the cook, who knew all about Billy's fight, tossed him some carrot tops as he passed. Billy was not at all hungry, but he ate the carrot tops just out of politeness, then he went on into the store room and picked out a nice big head of lettuce for his mother. He was just going out of the cook's galley when the cook turned and saw him.

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