

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

How do you do, Junior Friends!

To begin with, I want to tell you a little about a most interesting walk I took—over to and in and out, and 'round about the new west side junior high school building. (I started to end that sentence after "school", but decided that a school without a principal and teachers and boys and girls in it, was really only half a school, so I added the word "building.")

So many things interested and delighted me that I am glad I am still going to school (for I visit schools all the time, you know). It is an attractive looking building inside and out and everything seems just in the right place. For instance the quiet places where the study and class work in such studies as history, English and mathematics will be carried on are all together, rather apart from—may I call them the noisier places, as the metal and wood work rooms and the gym. The auditorium is rather apart from the group of class rooms, too, and may be entered directly from the outside. There are plenty of windows all around which invite the light and sunshine and, when wanted, plenty of fresh air to come in. The walls of the class rooms are a soft shade of brown, the woodwork a golden brown, the iron and metal work such as the lockers, stair railings and parts of the seats are green—and then I just have to mention the bright brass trimmings; the handles and knobs on doors, windows and cabinets. And we hear it will be furnished and equipped as completely and attractively as the building itself is built.

This means more opportunities. Not that a person if he decides to, hard enough and works toward something, can not succeed with far fewer opportunities—as Lincoln showed us was perfectly possible—but that the people who forwarded the building of this and many other schools as well believe that more opportunities in schools tied up (like boys in a three-legged race) to interest and decision, mean better development.

And the names of your schools? Do you ever think why just those names were given? Usually they are named after men whom other folks have called leaders in their city or perhaps in their country for their work and interest in schools, in government or in any one of many different lines. Do you think of these people as human and interested and enthusiastic? That is what they probably were.

The new school is named for David Worth Dennis, a man very much interested in school work—a teacher himself, in Earlham college. His scholars called him "Daddy Dennis" and liked his classes because he as a teacher had so much to give them—to tell them and talked so interestingly and often in such a droll funny way. So our schools are usually named for people who believed in and worked for a better present and a more splendid future.

So we are glad we have new schools and old schools (although sometimes probably, especially on Monday mornings when we are called to get up, we wish there weren't any such things as schools) and as I've said before, successful school work is half (or perhaps more than half) the result of the way the boys and girls and teachers think and work than it is of having a nice "school home" to live in.

Anyway, though, it is a forward step to build such a building as is our new Junior High School.

AUNT POLLY.

PUZZLES & RIDDLES

Hidden within the sentences below are names of things with which children and grown-ups have fun in many places where snow and ice appear. The letters of the words are all in their correct order.

1. "It snows! Ho!" Estelle cried joyously as she went running into the library to tell the news to Brother Dick, who was reading before the blazing fire.
 2. "I guess we're going to Slater's hill!" called Jack as Bobs led the group of boys away from the village taking a new direction.
 3. Happy, the toad, came out early that spring and setting himself to his task ate several hundred insects which might otherwise have blighted Don's vegetable garden in which he was so interested.
 4. Edward got a book on "Magic" from the library and soon he was able to do many sleight of hand tricks.
 5. Just as Jimmy starts away to the pond to try his new ice boat, I interrupt him—"Do you not see," ask I, "islands of snow scattered here and there over the surface of the pond?"
- The words which are hidden in these sentences are printed in another part of the Junior.

Near the Truth.

Freshie: "Oh, what an awful scar you have on your forehead."
Soph athlete (modestly): "Next to nothing—next to nothing."

HONORABLE MENTION

We wish to take this means of thanking Effie B. Smith of Hibberd school, grade 4B, for sending in a poem, which, however, we are very sorry to say we were unable to publish. It is a charming poem, but we cannot print, for lack of space, anything but "made up" poems and stories and letters from our junior readers and writers, in our Junior newspaper.

HIBBERD 1-AB'S WIN BANNER

The black and golden banner and standard of the Parent-Teachers' association of Hibberd school was won this month by children in Miss Steen's room, the 1-AB grades. This means that this room had the largest number of parents present at the last meeting of the Association.

OUR DOG TELLS A STORY

The Peeks from Pekin

"I was the royal dog of China, and now I am just the western woman's fad. The Imperial family of China guarded me carefully. It was not until 1860, that five of my ancestors were found by the English soldiers. These Pekinese were sent to Great Britain, and one of them, named "Lootie," was given to Queen Victoria.

"We palace dogs used to be 'regular fellows.' We never amounted

daily bread, and we are lugged hither and thither by women who coo over us and always speak in Baby Talk. Even their names for us are degrading. Imagine one who has a long and honorable ancestry being addressed as 'Chop Suey'!

"Other dogs scorn us. When I am on the sidewalk, I challenge the dogs who pass my way. The big ones look at me with positive gentleness in their eyes. The little



to much in size, but in the East this was an advantage, as our masters carried us in their sleeves. Thus the smallest of us are often called 'sleeve dogs.'

"In the Orient we were prized highly, but My Lady of the Western Hemisphere pampered and spoiled us. We are no longer a strong and hardy little race—instead, we peer out on the world from behind a limousine window, a foolish diet is our

ones merely yelp back in an amused fashion. It is both infuriating and disheartening.

"They say this is the Land of the Free—but not so for your Chinese plaything. We came a long way to you, but neither time nor custom have made us lose our identity in the Occident. You have made us a fad, but we would rather be just dogs."—Boys' and Girls' Newspaper.

Home Talent Plays

LUCK

Scene: Interior of the Adams cabin. Jessica Adams, a young Negro girl, neatly dressed, is sitting at a table, peeling potatoes. Her old bent grandfather, a boy made up as a Negro with a bald head and white beard, is sitting in a big chair.

JESSICA: But, Gran'fathah, you really don't believe in things like that!

GRANDFATHER: B'lieve in 'em! Sho Ah does. Chile, when youah old as Ah is, you-all won't talk like dat.

JESSICA: My teachah says it's silly to be all the time b'lieving in old sup'stitions.

GRANDFATHER: Don't know nothin' 'bout sup'—sup'—

JESSICA: Stitions.

GRANDFATHER: Don't know nothin' 'bout stishuns, but Ah does know you can't take no chances with ha'n'ts an' 'luck an' things like dem. Heah's dis ole rabbit foot in mah pocket. Bin carryin' it yeahs an' yeahs. You think dat don't bring good luck? Nevah begun to have real good luck till Ah got dat rabbit's foot. Let' hin' leg of a rabbit, dat's what it am. Caught in a graveyard at midnight. Cahn't no bad luck come to a pusion with a rabbit's foot like dis un. If Ah lose dat rabbit's foot Ah lose mah luck. Don't make no diff'ence what youah teachah or de pres'dunt say. Luck am luck. Rabbit's foot am rabbit's foot. Dat's all. (Grandfather slips rabbit's foot into pocket of old, tattered coat.)

JESSICA: All right, Gran'fathah, have it—oh, I forgot to tell you. The sugah is all gone. I want to have 'ppah all ready when mothah comes back. Won't you go down to the stoah I can't leave the cooking.

GRANDFATHER: Aw, right, honey, aw right. (He gets up very slowly and hobbles toward the door.)

JESSICA: That's a nice gran'fathah. (She puts her arm around his shoulders and pats him on the arm. As she draws her hand away she slips it into his coat pocket and pulls out the rabbit's foot. Then she opens the door for him.) Now, don't stop to talk with some of youah friends, Gran'fathah. It's late.

(Jessica closes the door behind him, and, grinning, holds up the rabbit's foot. She crosses the room and places the "charm" in the drawer of the table.)

JESSICA: Poah gran'fathah an' his rabbit's foot! Wondah what he'll do when he finds it's gone. Prob'ly he'll be positive he's going to be run ovah, or the house will bu'n up or something. (Glances at clock.) It's most time foh mothah to be heah. Guess I'd better look at the meat again.

(She starts toward the kitchen, but as she does so the door opens and Grandfather comes in.)

GRANDFATHER: Jessica! Jessica! Whaere am dat chile!

JESSICA: Heah, Gran'fathah.

GRANDFATHER: What you-all think Ah foun' right out by dis house? A dollah, right on dat sidewalk! Ain't dat luck! Look! (Holds up coin.)

JESSICA: I s'pose you think that's youah rabbit's foot again?

GRANDFATHER: Dat's right. Dat's right. Dat's some rabbit's foot. If Ah didn't have dat rabbit's foot Ah wouldn't 'a' foun' dis dollah.

JESSICA: (Goes to table and gets rabbit's foot which she holds in front of Grandfather. She grins.) Look heah, Gran'fathah. I took it from youah pocket.

(Grandfather looks in astonishment. He drops loosely into his chair. Then he takes the dollar from his pocket, and, without looking at it, throws it through the open window.)

JESSICA: Gran'fathah, what did you do that, foh?

GRANDFATHER: Why, chile. Ah knowed without lookin' at it dat it was plugged—jus mah luck when Ah didn't have dat rabbit's foot.

THE TUMBLING PLANT

In Arkansas and other states of the south and southwest grows the strange plant called the tumbleweed. It grows into a thick round mass of small branches, attached to the roots each by a small stem that in the fall becomes dry and brittle. When the high winds of autumn sweep over the prairies, the stems of these plants break off and the tumbleweeds go bounding along, scattering their seeds as they go.

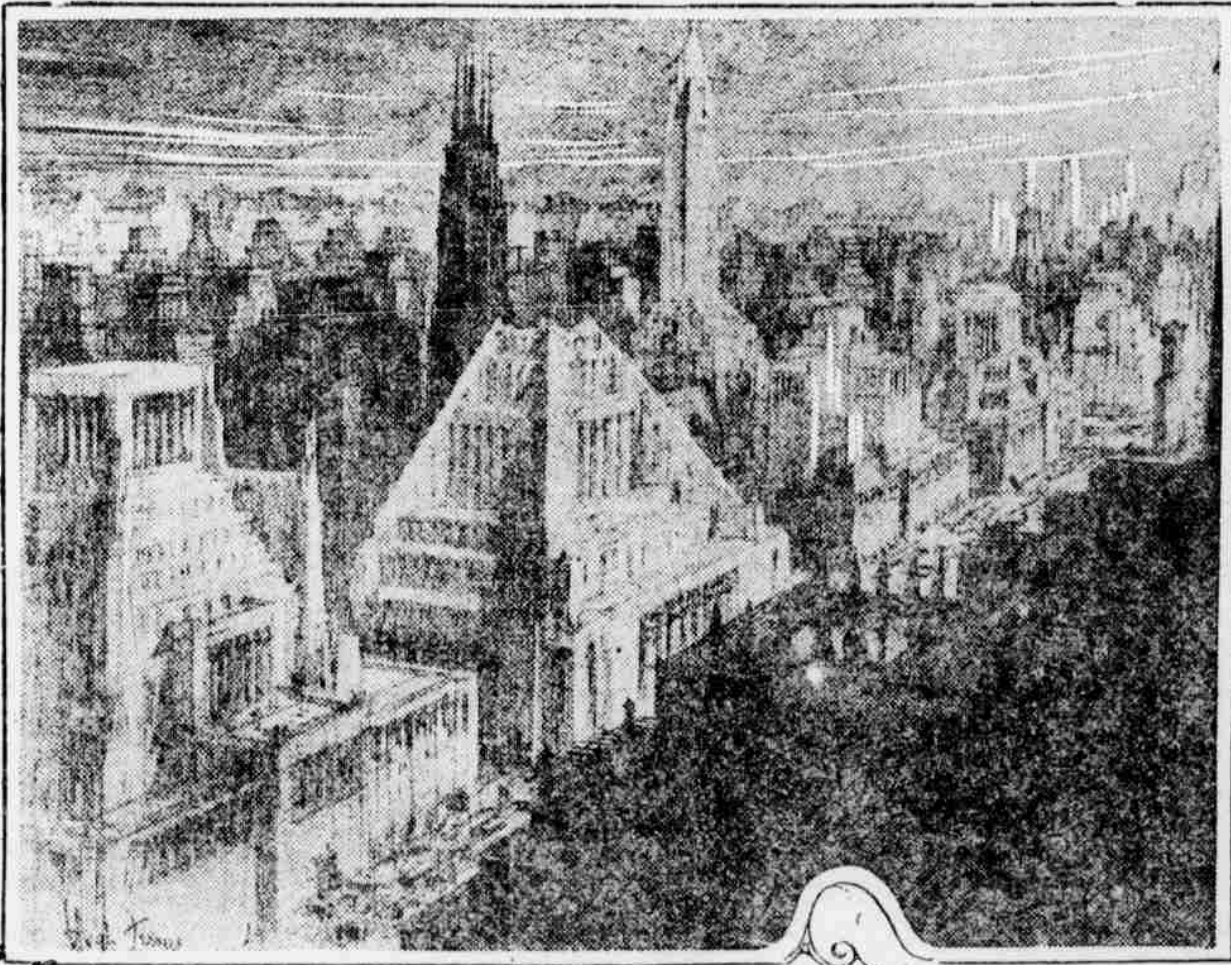
BOYS RANG CURFEW

Twenty years ago boys in the Stratford school had charge of ringing the curfew every night in this famous old English town, the home of Shakespeare. Now the curfew is still rung but it is the duty of the headmaster of the school, not of the boys.

ANSWERS to RIDDLES

1. Snow shoes.
2. Bob-sled.
3. Skates.
4. Sleigh.
5. Skis.

How New York City Will Appear to Children 100 Years From Now



Architects' idea of how the metropolis would look in the year 2022 if "zoning laws" were carried out. Zoning laws already adopted in a number of the large American cities require that the upper stories of tall buildings shall be "set back" or recede to give more light and air to offices and office workers. The New York zoning laws already have begun to produce a modification in the architecture of New York's newest tall buildings and their result will become increasingly evident as new buildings conform to them, according to Helmlé and Corbett, New York architects.