

THE JUNIOR PALLADIUM

The Junior Palladium is the children's section of the Richmond Palladium, founded May 6, 1916, and issued each Saturday afternoon.

Grandmother Gray's Story Corner

(Does the War Affect Us?)

Evening had come, and as Jean and Jimmie G. were playing dominoes before the big fire-place, Grandmother Gray settled her glasses on her nose and began to look over the evening paper. But no sooner was she settled comfortably in her low rocker than those bothersome children pounced down on her, coaxing, "Grandmother,

won't you tell us a story, please? You don't want to read this old paper about the war. What's the good of it anyhow?"

"So you want a story, do you?" began Grandmother Gray, as she laid down her paper, and put an arm around each of her all-to-anxious grandchildren, "all right. But just to show you how the war does interest me and should every one else in Richmond, I'll tell you a true story about a little boy named Julius that his own mother told me just last week."

Julius is a little Hungarian boy. His whole name is Henry Julius Meszeros, but that is so long and hard to say that his folks only use the one in speaking of him, and they do that often now, very often, because the father and mother are here in Richmond, and little Julius is way across the ocean in Hungary somewhere, they wonder where.

It all happened this way. About seven years ago Julius' father and mother decided to come here to America to live. And so, when they were making all the preparations to come, busily packing up all the furniture and clothes, his grandfather felt so badly to think of his only little grandson going way off to America to live, where he never would see him again, that he begged and begged for little Julius to stay there with him at least for a year, while the mother and father got really settled in their new home. And so, because they felt so sorry for the poor old grandfather who would be left all alone, they left their little boy back in Hungary while they came to America.

Julius was just six years old, then, ready to start to school. Each day he went trudging off with the other boys, dressed in their baggy blouses and high topped boots with a little red tassel bobbing at the top, and there at school he learned not only things that they teach here in America, but he also learned the polite way of speaking to older people, how to enter and leave a room; and even how to keep the finger nails clean and cared for as they should be. And all the time he kept saying, "Won't mother be proud of me when she sees how much I've learned?"

But when the year was passed, the grandfather had grown to love little Julius until his whole heart was centered in what his little grandson did and said, and then he wrote to the father and mother, he said, "If Julius leaves me now, there will be nothing for me in life except to die." And so for the sake of the dear old grandfather, the little boy stayed.

As soon as he had learned to write, each week Julius carefully stuck a funny Hungarian stamp on the letter to "mamma and papa," and sent it off across the ocean; at first funny sprawly letters with the words running over each other as wobbly as could be, but more and more even, until suddenly the mother and father way off in America realized that their little boy was growing up so fast they scarcely would know him. And yet when they spoke about having him come over to them, he said, "I love you,

mother, but I feel so sorry for grandpa."

Then suddenly war was declared. In vain the father and mother sent for them with letters, telegrams, and money orders. All money was seized by the government to buy guns and ammunition, and no one could leave the country. Once in a great while a letter from Julius did come through, and by it they would learn how all the men had gone off to war, and how hard the times were; and besides that they learned how even in the schools and churches the teachers and ministers taught boys and girls to hate the French and English and Russians.

It was in March, almost a year ago, that the last letter came from little Julius, only it was not little Julius any more. He was almost thirteen then, and already he was counting the time until he could go to war. He said then that all their floor and sugar, lard, coffee, almost everything was gone and all they ate was corn bread. And that is all the poor father and mother know.

Where is he now? Has the grandfather died and left him? Is he hungry and cold? Who can tell.

And so it is, Junior folks, that the terrible war touches us even here in our little Richmond, and that there is one father and one mother here with us who never can see the boys playing on the streets or going to school without longing to see their boy here among our American boys instead of suffering from the terrible war as he and his feeble old grandfather must in Hungary.

GRANDMOTHER GRAY'S ANSWER

(About Bay Boys.)

You remember, Jimmie G. had scattered mud-pies all over prim little Miss Edith's house, and she had called him a bad boy. So now, as a big salty tear zig-zagged down his cheek, Grandmother Gray was to give her ideas on the subject. "Now let's see, Jimmie Boy," be-

gan that little Grandmother, "mud really belongs out in the street, doesn't it? And when you got it in her house you put something in the wrong place, didn't you? And then she called you a bad boy. The other day you were asking me if soldiers killed people, remember? And I said sometimes. Now people don't say that soldiers are bad, but if a man kills another man here in this town, we say he is bad, because he does something at the wrong time. And so Jimmie, I believe you will find that people always will call you a bad boy when they think you do the wrong thing at the wrong time. So you have to be very careful."

CAMP FIRE NEWS

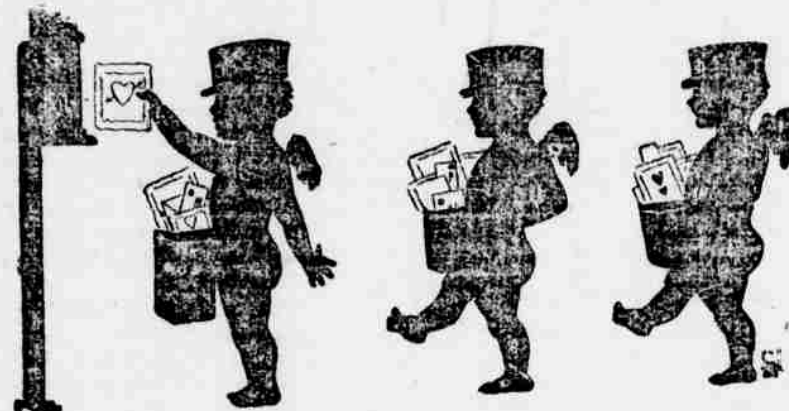
A meeting of the Kodakichiopi Camp Fire was held last Tuesday at the home of Catharine Binkly. The next meeting, on the twenty-seventh of February, will probably be held in the High School building.

AN INVITATION

You are cordially invited to attend my moonlight afternoon tea party which will be held upstairs in the cellar. Admission free; children half fare. Orphans accompanied by their parents are admitted free. Take the elevator you just missed; if you miss the boat, swim after the train for nothing is charged for swimming. You are requested to bring a basket of water in case your friends get hungry. The men without legs will have to run a race and the winner will get a silver medal made out of tin. Three dummies will deliver a speech. Bill of fare very fine, long short cake 5c per ton, African style spaghetti, 5c per yard.

NOTICE—Anyone found dead on our property will be arrested and liable to 6c fine. You will surely enjoy yourself and be sorry afterwards.—Gayle Bailey, 8A Garfield Junior High School.

GIRL RECEIVES MANY VALENTINES



Gertrude Dunlop of South 11 street received more valentines than almost anyone else in Vaile School last Wednesday. Almost everyone in the 6A class gave her one because probably next week she will move out of the city.

The other day Paul Monroe asked her if she was going to be a farmer, and she said, "You bet."

But if she is at least she will have plenty of nice valentines by which she can remember her friends.

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 it in.

*Dear Aunt Molly—Will you please tell me how to make snowshoes.—George Slick.

My dear George—Of course I don't know much about it, but I should think you could take several very strong reeds, soak them until flexible, bend them into the right shape for the frame and bind them firmly. Then take very heavy twine to weave a strong net over the frame, varnish it to make it still stronger, and then use the finished product to your heart's content. Otherwise, you might take two tennis racquets.—Ed.

Say Aunt Molly—What would you do if a girl you just despised sent you one of them sweet lovin' Valentines.—Jimmie G.

My dear Jimmie—This is a secret but once there used to be a boy who would wait for me every night after school and give me some of those nasty red drops and licorice babies, and so I just waited until he was out of sight and then dropped them down the sewer.—Aunt M.

Dear Junior Editor—I would like to know what there is in steam that makes a steam engine run.—Ralph Harris.

Dear Ralph—There is power in steam. When you study chemistry you will find that steam, as a gas, is made up of tiny little particles called molecules all darting back and forth as fast as they can, and the faster they vibrate, the hotter it gets. And so when you put this tremendous energy into a boiler, with the only means of escape driving forward a piston rod, no wonder it makes the wheels turn round.—Ed.

Dear Editor—Why do camels have humps?—E. Arnold.

Dear E.—Probably for the same reason we have a porous hump on our faces, but farther than that, I'm afraid I couldn't tell since I was not consulted when the camel was first manufactured.—Ed.

Dear Aunt Molly—Can you tell me if there is any difference between the days and nights here and in North Dakota?—Gladys Mervin.

Dear Gladys—Of course there is, because days and nights are caused by the relation of portions of the earth to the sun, and when two parts of the world are as far separated as Indiana and the Dakotas the light cannot strike them both in the same way.—Ed.

Dear Aunt Molly—What kind of a flag did the South carry in the Civil War?—E. M. H.

There were several different ones used during the war. The Encyclopedia Americana says: "At the outset of the war their congress adopted the 'stars and bars'—having a white stripe between two red ones, and a blue union with seven white stars in a circle. The usual battle flag was red with a blue cross and white stars diagonally."—Ed.

PRIZE COMPOSITION

(Uncorrected)
A FAIRY STORY

Once there was a little fairy who lived under a log and never came out to see the world, so one day she was out with the other fairies and she didn't know where she was going because she was never out. The fairies were out all night they were out singing and dancing and having the most fun. Now this fairy didn't know how to dance, but could sing better than any fairy there, so they called her a bird.

Their names were Redlight Blacklight because he wore a black coat and Greenlight whitey and yellowlight.

When this fairy went home she was thinking about what she saw. Next time she went out she knew more than they did.

Because if she stayed in the house next time she would go out she wouldn't know where she had to go. And that's what happened to a man or woman or child, who never goes out to see how the world looks.—By Giuseppe Di Federico, 5B grade, Whitewater school.

Her Greatest Moments—By C. D. Batchelor

