A Journal for the Little Folks

The Planet Junior

A Page for the Boys and Girls

Supplement to The Saturday Planet

VOL. IV. CHATHAM, ONT., SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 15, 1906 No. 16

THE PLANET JUNIOR

TO JUNIORS.

Dear Juniors,—We told you last week that we were offering two prizes for the best essays on "How I spent my vacation." We are republishing the conditions, as some of you may have overlooked our letter last week. We hope we may receive a great many essays, and that the Juniors who are scattered all over the continent will enter the competition just as keenly as those who reside in Kent County.

We are going to offer two prizes—one for the boys and one for the girls—for an essay on "How I spent my vacation." This time we are going to get the children to choose which they think should have the prizes, and this is how we will do it:

1. In the essays you may write a description of a trip you took, or an excursion or picnic you were at, or something you did at home. In fact, anything at all that you did in your holidays.

2. No essay of less than one hundred or more than one thousand words will be considered.

3. All essays to have the name and age of the writer, and the post office address.

All essays for competition are to be addressed Editor Planet Junior, Chatham, Ontario, and must reach us on or before Monday, October 15th. We will choose the twelve best and publish them, two each week. These will be numbered and the ages of writers will be given, as we cannot expect as much from a little child as from the older pupils. We will then ask the scholars to say which three of the twelve they like best, and the two who receive the greatest number of votes will get the prizes.

Those who compete for the prizes can also vote. If you think your own is best, vote for it, and the two that you think next best.

We hope some of our Juniors in other parts of Canada and in the United States will enter this competition, as all stand an equal chance, and the wider the competition the more interesting it will be.

If there is anything you do not understand, write to The Planet Junior and we will explain it.

Next week we hope to find plenty of news in the school boxes.

EDITOR PLANET JUNIOR.

SALT.

Put a pinch of salt in whites of eggs when beating them: also use it when whipping cream.

Place in oven under baking tins in order to prevent scorching of their contents.

Put salt in cool water when you wish to cool a dish.

Put salt in whitewash to make it stick.

Use salt in cleaning piano keys, knife handles and glass spotted by hard water.

Salt dissolved in alcohol will remove grease stains from clothing.

Use salt to remove ink stains from carpet when the ink is fresh.

Rub salt on prints before washing t oset their color.

To make a candle burn all night put finely powered salt on it until the salt reaches the black part of the wick. In this way a mild and steady light may be kept all through the night by a small piece of candle.

A HAPPY DAY.

Tw olittle girls, in gowns of blue;
Two little boys, with blouses new;
Four little spades, to dig the sand;
One little pail for each right hand.
Now, if we put all these together,
And add blue skies and sunny weather,
The yellow sand and the rippling sea,
What do they make? Pray tell to me,
Ah! you need not count. That's not the way
To find out the sum of a happy day.

—E. M. Morris.

DRESDEN JUNIORS

Miss Carrie Stephens spent her holidays in London.

Miss Eva Bateman is in town again because the dressmaking shop has opened.

Mr. Hoyt, of Chatham, preached in the Baptist church here on Sunday.

Byron Baker got his arm sprained at the wrist last week by falling out of a tree.

Little Osgoode McVean was down at Leamington. While there he fell off the fence and got what they call a green break in his arm.

The cocoons have started to form, because to-day I got a fresh one. I brought it to school and in our nature study we studied about it.

In summer holidays Alex. McVean got his arm broke in two places and he had to get it taken off.

Jennie Slater brought Miss Watterworth a bunch of yellow asters, which grow along the river bank. We were glad to have them, because we have been studying about asters this week. We have a number of kinds of asters. Some are large double ones; others are small and single.

I have six bantams. I have four young ones, and two old ones. They run on Mr. McVean's lawn and so I have to go after them. Howard Brubacker.

One day Willie Adkin and Leland Burns went for a boat ride and they saw a big water snake. It dived and came up right up beside their boat and then it went away.

Dear Editor: We have a new inspector. His name is Mr. Colles.

I was to Detroit and was in a big car. It went around twice and went through a tunnel. I went in an alligator's mouth. It was an open car. I went in a boat which went on a steep hill and went in a narrow pool of water. James McVean.

Miss Nelson and I were taking the layers out of an egg crate and a mouse jumped out and ran in the back of the store. She screamed as if someone was killing her and she ran right out of the store. I tried to kill it but I couldn't. Carl Brett.

Wallis Kimmerly spent his vacation in Chicago.

Through my summer vacation I was only away to stay over a week once. That was to Wallaceburg. But I had as much fun or more at home. I either had company or visited every day. Anna Bibble.

Through holidays I was in Tupperville and our old horse got fastened in a barb wire fence and tore her leg from nearly her knee down and they had to shoot her. Papa had to bring the colt home with him. Beatrice Burns.

Phyllis Watson spent her vacation in Chatham and Detroit.

Helen Watson is going to the Convent in Chatham.

To Editor of The Planet Junior: I spent one week of my summer holidays in Lambton. I went on the Presbyterian excursion. At Lambton I went in bathing a lot. We boarded at Mr. Booth's house. Ina Laird.

I have two dogs—Jack and Prince. They are big dogs. Father got them from a man that had them on sledges. He would have long trips to make. They are collies. Scott McDermand.

To Editor of The Planet Junior: I enjoyed my holidays very much. I think I gained five pounds, and I know that I got lots of tan. One week I spent near Florence at my great uncle's, Mr. D. D. Budd. I certainly had a big time. Then the last week a friend of mine from Chatham, Madeline Winters, came to visit her grandma and grandpa, Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham, our neighbors, so I had another big week. The only accident we had was the day before she was going home—Jack, their dog, bit her arm four times. We had some fun out of it by seeing Mr. Jack's head blown off. I have one brother and sister, Mary, three years, and Harold, four months, and I am eight this fall. Hazel Hicks.

The fellow who always stands on his dignity makes other people tired.

FOR JUNIORS

THE MIDDLE BOY.

I'm only just the middle boy,
So all last year I wore
Delancey's clothes. Most ev'ry toy
But I'm "so hard on ev'rything!"
(That's what my fam'ly say.)
Right from the shops they have to bring
New clothes for Richard Gray.

Delancey always says, "Why, Jim,
I wouldn't care one bit!"
You'd think they'd be just fun for him—
Old clothes that don't quite fit.
But father talks a diff'rent way
"Not very long ago
I was a middle boy," he'll say.
"You hurry up and grow!"

COULDN'T KEEP HIM OUT.

I had a curious dream, said the youngest member of the Aero Club. I thought I died and went to heaven.

A curious dream, indeed, said the oldest member.

Yes. Of course I went up in my balloon, and impelled by a favoring breeze landed close to St. Peter's feet.

Who are you? he asked.

I told him and he shook his snowy head. Your record is too well known, he said; you cannot enter this gate.

I stepped into my car and drew in the anchor. Thanks for the hint, I said, and rising in my balloon over the walls of jasper, I dropped lightly on the principal gold-paved thoroughfare—and the sudden bump awoke me.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

QUEER THINGS ABOUT FROGS.

The frog's skin is so important as a breathing apparatus that the creature would die at once of suffocation if the pores were closed by a coat of sticky varnish, by dust, or in any other way. While we are speaking of his breathing, you will notice that his sides do not heave as ours do at each breath we take. A frog has no ribs, and cannot inhale and exhale as we do, but is obliged to swallow his air in gulps, and if you will watch this little fellow's throat you will see it continually moving in and out as one gulp follows another. In order to swallow his mouth must be closed; just try to swallow with your mouth wide open, and you will see what I mean. A frog, then, always breathes through his nose, and if you held his mouth open he would suffocate as surely as though you gave his skin a coat of varnish. Mr. Frog has an enormous mouth for his size, and if we were to put a finger inside it, we would find that he has a row of teeth in the upper jaw, and his soft white tongue, unlike our own, is attached in front and is free behind. When he wishes to catch any insect, he throws out the free end of the tongue, then draws it in so rapidly that it is difficult to see whether he has been successful or not. As the tongue is coated with a gummy fluid, the insect sticks to it and is carried back into the mouth, which closes upon it like the door of a tomb. Frogs, however, are not limited to one mode of feeding; they often leap open-mouthed upon larger prey, which includes, besides insects, small fish, mice, small ducklings, polywogs and tiny frogs.—Ernest Harold Baynes, in the May Woman's Home Companion.

Your stomach churns and digests the food you eat, and if foul, or torpid, or out of order, your whole system suffers from blood poison. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea keeps you well. 35 cents Tea or Tablets.

A. I. McCall & Co.

Even the political machine is apt to get rusty without constant oiling.

Junior Personals

CENTRAL SCHOOL.

The G. T. R. presented the Central School with two new pictures. One is a scene of Muskoka and the other Frontenac Square, Quebec.

Nearly all our boys and girls are back and ready for a hard term's work.

Mrs. Richard Wanless, of Chatham, has returned home from a month's visit with friends.

The Lacrcix St boys are going to play Lloyd Thompson's team a game of baseball to-night at 4 o'clock, across the track.

Ethel Carswell brought us some nice stones from Balls Falls.

Miss McCormick is going to burn our names on our rulers.

We have four window boxes in Room 7.

Irene Thomas spent her holidays in Detroit.

Mr. Plowes is very much pleased with the girls' lines.

Our school has been fixed up nicely during the holidays.

Every boy and girl passed out of Room 8.

Room 7 has a beautiful new sign, "Pictures of the Christ," done in burnt wood, to match the color scheme.

The senior eighth grade enjoyed Friday afternoon by painting while while the orchestra played.

Room 7 was decorated in green and white for visitors' day.

We have been drawing an Indian wigwam this week.

Friday, Sept. 14th, was the Central School reception day.

This is Ethel Carswell's birthday and we are celebrating.

Friday, Sept. 14th, was reception day at the Central School, when all the mothers visited the school to see the work of the children.

Well, it's nice to be back to school and have the orchestra playing beside the door.

Our school was decorated beautifully yesterday for the reception to our friends and mothers.

The music at the Central School on Visitors' Day was very sweet.

The children in Room 4B have brought a lot of stones and Miss McCormick is having a lesson on on them.

Hazel White would like to exchange post cards.

In Room 7 there is a nice lot of pretty flowers.

In Room 7 there is a beautiful lot of craffia work which the children have done for the visitors to view.

McKEOUGH SCHOOL.

Helen Martin has returned from Tilbury and started to school.

There were a lot of happy children Monday morning. They came from the four corners of the earth.

Rachel Cottingham is taking a course at the High School.

B. Drago has started going to McKeough School.

Maggie Murray is improving nicely after her illness.

In every clime its colors are unfurled,
Its fame has spread from sea to sea;
Be not surprised if in the other world,
You hear of Rocky Mountain Tea.

A. I. McCall & Co.

TOO SHARP FOR EVEN HIM.

He—Oh, the scoundrel.

She—It serves you right; every one told you when you went into business with him that he was the biggest thief in the country.

Yes, I know, but I thought I—I—knew more than he did.

WEEKLY STORIES FOR JUNIORS

SOME THEORIES AND A BEAR TRAP.

Uncle Peter Scott, farmer on the outskirts of the village of Hillside, had lost his good wife, and his daughter Jennie kept house for him. He had got to be fifty years old and finicky, while she had got to be twenty and was called one of the nicest girls in Adams county.

Tom Barlow, the youngest of the village merchants, agreed with all others. He had driven out to see Jennie on half a dozen occasions on Sunday afternoons, and it was whispered around that a marriage would come of it. The father had scratched his head and said nothing, but in his own mind he had regarded it as a good match.

All was going well when an interruption suddenly occurred. Mr. Barlow dealt in hoes, rakes and shovels as well as in dry goods and groceries. Uncle Peter bought a hoe of him and started into the cornfield one morning to make the dirt fly. The hoe pleased him, the air was balmy and the corn was knee high and still growing. He was humming to himself and wondering how long before he would lose Jennie when he pulled over a sod with his hoe and caught sight of a big fat mole underneath.

The life or death of that mole had little to do with the future prosperity of Adams county, but Uncle Peter jumped in with intent to slaughter. He made three or four blows with the hoe and finally one tremendous blow. The mole was immolated, but at the same time the handle of the hoe was broken and the old man fell forward and plowed his nose into the ground. He got up mad. He was mad at the mole, the hoe and himself, and he jumped up and down and used cuss words.

One does not remain mad at himself very long. He finds some one else to blame for the whole thing. In this case Uncle Peter put the calamity on the shoulders of Mr. Barlow. He had sold him a hoe handle that was weak in the back—sold it with intent to defraud and deceive. Uncle Peter had sold short tons of hay more than once, but when any one cheated him he looked upon it as a wrong to all humanity. He was near the roadside fence when he massacred the mole, and he had just got the dirt out of his mouth after the fall when a man he knew came driving along in his buggy.

He naturally asked what was the matter, and the old man cut loose. He called the merchant a cheat, fraud and swindler and vowed by the whiskers of his ancestors that he would never, never buy aught more of him. He wanted his words repeated, and they were.

When the father went up to the house after another hoe and the daughter asked what was the matter he had more to say about the merchant and something particular to say to her. He made more fuss about that broken hoe handle than the county commissioners had in building a bridge over Goose creek, and he ended off with:

"Now, you gal, listen to me. If that swindler ever sets foot on my land ag'in I'll c-r-u-s-h him as I would a-a-a mouse!"

Jennie argued and protested and tried to soothe, but the father was obdurate. He told her of the message he had sent to town, and she wrote a few lines of excuse to Mr. Barlow and sent them by a passing boy. That afternoon several persons had several theories to advance to themselves.

Uncle Peter held to his anger. His theory was that Mr. Barlow would drive out in the evening and try to get speech with Jennie and seek to excuse his disgraceful conduct in selling for 25 cents a hoe not worth a dime.

Jennie's theory was that the merchant would drive out with half a dozen hoes in his buggy and tell her father to take them all, but she feared the result. The old man was mad all through, and it always took him at least a week to get over one of his fits. Old Mrs. Davis, who lived just across the road, heard something about the broken hoe, and her theory was that there would be a row of some sort and that she would be there to hear and to see.

The merchant didn't have any particular theory. He simply made up his mind to drive out to Uncle Peter's and tell him to come in and help himself to hoes, rakes and shovels without stint.

Nothing further of moment happened during the day. It was after supper when Uncle Peter was milking the brindle cow that he got another theory. It might have worked well had not his daughter observed him half an hour later oiling up the springs of a bear trap that had hung in the barn for the last twenty years. Then she got a new theory. Her father hoped and intended that some one should walk into that trap. It must be the man who sold him the deceptive hoe that he was laying for. Old Mrs. Davis kept her eye on the Scott homestead between sundown and dark, and, though no tragedy took place, she turned to her husband and said:

"Andrew, something is goin' to happen. I feel it in my bones. I've got a theory that there's goin' to be awful doin's across the road tonight."

Father and daughter sat on the porch till the clock struck 9, and then the girl arose and entered the house to go to bed. That was his chance. He jumped down on the grass and ran for his bear trap and set it just inside the gate and ten minutes later was winding up the clock with an innocent expression of countenance calculated to deceive the cat.

"Now, why did father linger behind?" asked Jennie of herself as she went upstairs, and, poking her head out of a front window, she saw him engaged in some nefarious business on the path—something that she investigated fifteen minutes later and dragged to one side on the lawn.

The merchant had been detained. He had also forgotten that farmers retired to their beds when the hens went to roost. It was 10 o'clock when he came driving out. Jennie heard him coming and walked down the road to meet him. Knowing her father as she did, she knew that a present of a dozen new hoes that night would not suffice to soothe his injured feelings. It would be best to notify Mr. Barlow of this fact and turn him back and say good night.

At about the hour mentioned above Uncle Peter roused up out of a doze with a new theory. It was to the effect that some lightning rod men might come along in the night and seek to arouse the house for lodgings and step into that waiting bear trap. He was about to get up when he remembered that a man of lightning had cheated him out of $10 five years before, and he therefore decided not to budge. He had just come to this decision when old Mrs. Davis said:

"Andrew, I'm goin' to get up and go over to Scott's."

"What fur?" he dreamily asked.

"I've got a theory that Uncle Peter

"Nonsense."

"Don't say 'nonsense' to me. I never had a theory yet that didn't turn out right. I'm goin' right over there, and if you hear me yell out you'll know what has happened."

She partly dressed and left the house. Jennie and Mr. Barlow and the horse and buggy were not so far away that she could not have made them out had she been less occupied with her theory, but as it was they escaped her notice. The wood shed to every well regulated house is in the rear. It was so in the case of the Scott home. To reach it old Mrs. Davis had to leave the straight path, and she hadn't made above ten steps when there was a scream and a long drawn yell to freeze the blood of all hearers. Uncle Peter heard it as he was beginning to dream of broken hoe handles and fat moles, and he jumped out of bed.

Old Mr. Davis heard it as he dozed and wondered about theories, and out of bed he came with his hair trying to stand on end. Jennie and Mr. Barlow heard it and started forward with exclamations of alarm, and thus it happened that the four reached old Mrs. Davis at about the same time. She had been caught in the bear trap, of course. In leaving the path she had stepped fairly into it, and as the jaws came together she felt, as she said afterward, that the last day had come and she was ready to sail away.

There was an exciting time for the next ten minutes. The poor old woman was frightened half to death, and a good deal bruised by the teeth of the trap, and while she was being carried across the road her husband was announcing his determination to give satisfaction under the law. Uncle Peter realized that his theory had failed, and Jennie and Mr. Barlow had been discovered conspiring, as it were. It wasn't until the victim had been put to bed, her hurts attended to by a doctor and her husband calmed down by a promise that the right thing should be done that Uncle Peter turned on the young folks and demanded:

"Well, what you got to say about all this?"

"Nothing, father," answered Jennie.

"Nothing, Mr. Scott," added the merchant.

"Wall, I dunno as I have, either," observed the mole killer, as he jogged into the house and left the others at the gate to talk things over.

One of the Family.

"Are you the editor that takes in the society news?" inquired the caller, an undersized man, with a timid, appealing look on his face.

"Yes, sir," replied the young man at the desk. "I can take in any kind of news. What have you?"

"Why, it's this way," said the caller, lowering his voice: "My wife gave a swell party last night, and I'm willing to pay to have this report of the affair put in your paper."

"We don't charge anything for publishing society notes," observed the young man at the desk, taking the proffered manuscript and looking it over.

"That's all right," was the reply. "You don't understand. I wrote this up myself, and I put in a line or two that says, 'Mr. Halfstick assisted his distinguished wife in receiving the guests.' That's the way I want it to go in, and I don't care if it costs $5 a line. I want my friends to know, by George, that I still belong to the family!"

Not Soon Enough.

A man who is now one of the leading members of the Stock Exchange was rather wild in his youth, which is not an exclusive characteristic of this member of the Stock Exchange. But this man was a favorite with his mother and generally called on her to help him out of his scrapes, and she usually responded freely, even lavishly. On one occasion, however, when his demands had been especially frequent and extravagant, it was with considerable trepidation that, on discovering himself "the morning after" in a distant city and picked as clean as a new fledged sparrow, he penned the following heart moving appeal, to be sent C. O. D.:

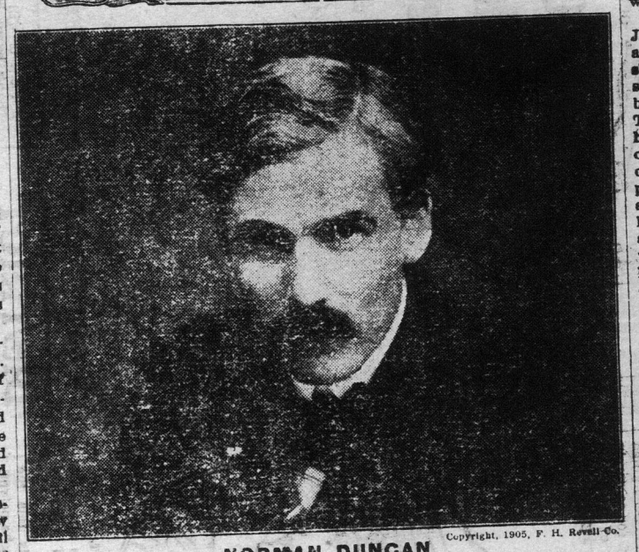
"Send $50 and save disgrace."

His worst fears were realized when, an hour later, he received the reply from his mother, "Too late."—New York Tribune.

Domestic happiness is largely due to the clubs a woman doesn't belong to.

FAMOUS PEOPLE

BY FANNIE M. LOTHROP



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NORMAN DUNCAN

A Successful Canadian Writer.

One of the brilliant young writers of Canada who has won recognition by his splendid work which foreshadows still greater performance, is Norman Duncan, of whom the "London Spectator" which is usually chary of praise, said: "It is a pleasure to know that there is a writer in the world from whom we may hope for greater things."

He was born in the City of Brantford, in 1871, and spent eight years at Mitchell, Ont., and from there entered the University of Toronto. He took almost the full course, but left before attaining a degree, as the scientific course did not prove congenial, and the further he progressed the more distasteful it became. His first work at journalism was at Auburn, N.Y., in 1895 and two years later he joined the staff of the "New York Evening Post." In this literary atmosphere, which harmonized with his tastes and needs, he began to develop, and his first stories—tales of life in the Syrian quarter of New York—appeared serially. They were simple, natural, heart-stories, told with sympathy, poetic insight and dramatic power, and had that subtle quality of refinement and artistic finish that reveal the personality of a fine mind radiating itself in print. When they appeared in book form as "The Soul of the Street," they won instant favor with the discerning ones who appreciate individuality in literature.

Then he turned his attention to the fishermen of Newfoundland and spent a summer on the "French Shore," the northern section of the eastern coast of Britain's oldest colony. In this quaint, primitive locality where the spinning wheel still turns blithely, where no desecrating railroads invade the solitude of nature or the seclusion of man, and where brave men fight fierce battles with ocean storm for a livelihood, he lived in close companionship with the people and in "The Way of the Sea," published his Newfoundland stories after they had delighted thousands of magazine readers.

Then came "Dr. Luke of the Labrador," another book in which the reader feels the sharp, crisp, cool ocean spray in his face as he lives with the people whom Mr. Duncan has created, and feels with them the little joys and sorrows that make up their daily lives. In all his stories—vital and pulsing with human energy—the work always seems like that of one who thinks in poetry and writes in prose, —the work of one, who, knowing life and its struggles at close range, never permits his experience to dull the edge of his optimism or of his faith in humanity. Mr. Duncan is now professor of rhetoric in Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Penn.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1905, by W. C. Mack, at the Department of Agriculture

A CINCH.

I say, de book-keeper's in love.
Well, how do you really know?
Oh, it's a cinch. When he sticks his pen in de mucilage bottle all he does is sigh.

Taken as directed, it becomes the greatest curative agent for the relief of suffering humanity ever devised. Such is Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.

A. I. McCall & Co.