A Journal for the Little Folks

The Planet Junior

A Page for the Boys and Girls

Supplement to The Saturday Planet

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THE PLANET JUNIOR

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1906.

THE PRIZE WINNERS.

The prizes for the Essay Competition have been won by Miss Laura Paling, of Dresden, aged 14 years; Gerald Rhunke, of S. S. No. 10, Dover, aged 7 years. The other essays which were published, and which deserve Honorable Mention, were written by the following:

No. 1—(which ran over the limit allowed, was so good we published it, but it could only receive Honorable Mention) was written by Ethel McGregor, of Blenheim; aged 15.

No. 2—Laura Paling, of Dresden; aged 14; (Prize Winner).

No. 3—Iva Sloan, of S. S. No. 15, Harwich; aged 10.

No. 4—Frank Downey, of S. S. No. 15, Harwich; aged 10.

No. 5—Gerald Rhunke, of S. S. No. Dover; aged 7.

No. 6—Grace Webster, Chatham; aged 8.

No. 7—Anna Ribble, Dresden; aged 10.

No. 8—Carl Bresett, Dresden; aged 11.

No. 9—Lyla Brown, Thamesville; aged 12.

No. 10—Maggie Vance, Tupperville; aged 13.

No. 11—Elsie Powers, Tupperville; aged 13.

No. 12—Nellie Brubacker, Dresden; aged 13.

We wish all the Juniors a Very Happy New Year, and hope we will hear from a great many of them during the coming twelve months. If any of the Juniors can make suggestions of what they would like in The Planet Junior we will try to meet their wishes. How would you like a Post Card Exchange? If you would, send in your name and address; and if you are only collecting one kind of card say which kind you wish to exchange.

SEA VENTURES.

I stood and watched my ships go out,
Each one by one, unmooring free,
What time the quiet harbor filled
With flood tide from the sea.

The first that sailed, her name was Joy;
She spread a smooth, white ample sail;
And Eastward drove with bending spars
Before the singing gale.

Another sailed, her name was Hope,
No cargo in her hold she bore;
Thinking to find in Western lands
Of merchandise a store.

The next that sailed, her name was Love,
She showed a red flag at her mast—
A flag as red as blood she showed,
And she spread South right fast.

The last that sailed, her name was Faith;
Slowly she took her passage forth;
Tacked and lay to; at last she steered
A straight course for the North.

My gallant ships they sailed away,
Over the shimmering summer sea,
I stood at watch for many a day—
But one came back to me.

For Joy was caught by Pirate Pain—
Hope ran upon a hidden reef—
And Love took fire and foundered fast
In whelming seas of Grief.

Faith came at last, storm-beat and torn;
She recompensed me all my loss;
For as a cargo safe she brought
A crown linked to a cross.

—Selected.

NUTS TO CRACK

1. Charades.

I.

Upon my first we walk and play,
And spend the happy, livelong day;
My second is assistance sure
Mayhap to make content endure.
To know my whole, ten years must round,
And then you have its meaning found.

II.

My first is cast—its fate is sealed,
Unto your wit, lies unconcealed.
My second is the letter A—
I may as well give that away.
My third is something seamen keep,
And like it is the way they sleep.
My whole a tete-a-tete involves,
And human speech my riddle solves.

III.

An adjective of power that tells,
My first will always be;
A power, too, my second dwells,
As you will quickly see.
And in my whole a power you find
Of safety and defense;
May serve for goods, physique or mind
If used in double sense.

IV.

My first is a useful decoration
Gracefully hanging about a neck;
'Tis the twin of might—and the most important,
And it knows the tale of a woful wreck.
My last is the welcome bringer of beauty,
Anon it rises and runs away.
Its bed is hard, and it often murmurs,
Seeking my first by night and by day.
My whole is the cause of a daily action
That shows effect in a tell-tale face,
And busy hands that are ever faithful
It quietly moves from place to place.

V.

The first was the plant that second third to have described, but in this whole the pupil has written about the dandelion.

VI.

My first is an important part of sweet sounds. It is also in your arms and your shoulders. My last is a possession dear to children, although disposed of with pleasure. It is prized by wise men and called good. My whole is the foundation of my last, and is the distinctive characteristic of peppermint, and also of the President's message.

2. Riddle.

I am the hour on shipboard when the eye and ear are intent. I scan every passing object. I am carried about, and when left at home I still go. I tell you many useful things, but my voice is low. I may be expensive or cost but a trifle. I may be moving every hour of the day, and yet remain motionless for hours.

3. Transpositions.

If — — — on the fire, we must look for an explosion.
She looked up —, and asked, "Were there — — persons present?"
The — — a long way to see the picture — by Hogarth.
You cannot tell the success of a new — until you have the verdict of — — — .....
He did not dream of — the rights of others when quietly — his investigations.
The banker threw off half — — on the —;
Many a maid had a — — — — battle during the —.
If — — — in a person, I like them, — not.

4. Significant Subtractions.

An office, fat and lazy, just for show,
It is my earnest wish that I could get.
My brother's children often tell me so,
Because I struggle so with painful debt.
But draw who will the geometric line,
It seems a crime not to deserve my pay.
Within this conscience troublesome of mine
To me a voice would stern reproaches say.

5. Initial Subtraction.

One day a bee flew out of the window and a wild animal became part of the head.
While another animal became an aid to a fisherman.
What was brave became worn.
What was dark became a necessity.
There was gay became sinuous.
What holds the cool became a preposition.
Part of a harness became a pronoun.
A curve became linale.
An animal became a direction.
A beak became indisposed.

6. Numerical Enigmas.

I.

Grace found it quite a 12345678 to her hope of success, being unable to 1231 the 5678 ground to the teacher's satisfaction.

II.

Truly, I am in a 1234567. I can see just over your 123 a 4567 in the thicket.

III.

It was 12345 enough—the 1234567 89 had had a foolish 6789 with his neighbor.

IV.

1 456 23 make the 123456. I know it will be all right!

THE LAND OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

Over a map with its leaves outspread,
A black and a brown and a golden head
Were bending, with three pairs of eyes, to see
Where grows the wonderful Christmas Tree.

And brown-headed Elsie first had her say:
"I think it must grow in the land of Norway,
For I have heard tell that the cedar and pine
In that far-off country are stately and fine."

But Tom, looking wise, said, "Some one told me
The best Christmas Trees grow in old Germany;
But I know the tallest and handsomest trees
Grow just as well here as far over the seas!"

Then golden-haired Winnie, with voice like a bird,
And sweetest and softest of lips, spoke the third:
"I s'pect it's in Shanta Claus' garden it grows,
For Santa has gardens a-plenty, I knows!"

"But where is his garden? 'Tis not on the map,"
Said Elsie, now folding her hands in her lap;
"We need not search longer — you see 'tis in vain;
I've looked 'till I'm tired, and I won't look again!"

And, oh, how they wondered and worried, those three,
To find out the land of the dear Christmas Tree!
But, children, oh, children, surely you know
Just where and just how, all the Christmas Trees grow:

For not till the Christ-Child was born, long ago,
Did ever the beautiful Christmas Tree grow;
And now, through the wide world as far as men roam,
Wherever He comes is the Christmas Tree's home!

—Zitella Cocke.

FOR JUNIORS

LAMENT OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

Said the Christmas tree by the old back fence,
To the one just over the way:
"It seems to me it is hard to be
Out here in the cold to-day.
Last week I stood in a brilliant room,
With the children dancing by
And beautiful candles warmed me through."
Said the other tree, "So did I."

Said the Christmas tree by the old back fence,
To the one just over the way:
"I wish out there on the mountain side
They only had let me stay;
My roots were strong, I was warm and green,
While the merry snow flew by;
But now I am trembling, old and weak."
Said the other tree, "So am I."

Said the Christmas tree by the old back fence,
To the one just over the way:
"A little boy threw a rock at me
As he passed along to-day;
And last week up by a beautiful doll,
A sled was hanging high
For that bad little boy. I'm tired to death."
Said the other tree, "So am I."

Said the Christmas tree by the old back fence,
To the one just over the way:
"A little girl that I gave a ring
Came by and I heard her say:
'You ugly old tree, who cares for you?'
And she made up a face so wry,
I wouldn't believe folks could so forget."
Said the other tree, "Nor would I."

Said the Christmas tree by the old back fence,
To the one just over the way:
"I guess it's the way with life down here,
For I heard an old man say
As he sat in a corner back in the room,
While a tear roll'd out of his eye:
'We are soon forgot, we are soon forgot!'"
Said the other tree, "So am I."

Said the Christmas tree by the old back fence,
To the one just over the way:
"It's hard to die so far from home,
But I guess we've had our day;
And the children, maybe, in years to come,
Will think of us with a sigh,
And the joy we gave—I am reconciled."
Said the other tree, "So am I."

—May Ripley McNabb, in The Pittsburg Dispatch.

SIMPLE QUESTIONS.

I asked my papa why the world
Is round instead of square,
And why the piggies' tails are curled,
And why don't fish breathe air.
And why the moon don't hit a star,
And why this dark is black,
And just how many birds there are,
And will the wind come back.

And why a horse can't learn to moo,
And why a cow can't neigh,
And do the fairies live on dew,
And what makes hair grow gray.
And then my pa got up an' oh,
The offul words he said!
I hadn't done a thing, but he
Jest sen' me off to bed!

—Woman's Magazine.

PAY MORE AND GET THE BEST.

A cheap, flesh burning corn remedy is never satisfactory. The best is Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, costs but a quarter, and is guaranteed to cure thoroughly. Use only Putnam's.

Gertrude's Grove

By Priscilla Leonard

"Two hundred and fifty dollars on the sixteenth of March," said Gertrude, wrinkling up her forehead. "And here it is February, Dick, and we have only one hundred and ten. We've gone without new clothes all the year; we've eaten only what we couldn't sell; we've been equal to all the articles on 'How to Live on Ten Cents a Week—'"

"Indeed we have!" growled fifteen-year-old Dick. "We could run a vegetarian restaurant on our experience. I never want to see a turnip again, or a bowl of mush. There's been enough mush cooked in this house this year to float a battle-ship—and neither of us ever did like mush, either. As for clothes, I can save the farm the expense of a scarecrow, anyway," and he held up one boyish arm, the shabby coat-sleeve far outgrown by the muscular young wrist. "The advantages of poverty, as a school of greatness, ought to make up for it all, of course, but—"

There was an eloquent pause. Gertrude began figuring again, for the twentieth time, on a scrap of paper.

"I wouldn't mind so much," she said, disconsolately, "if we'd had our chance and failed. But I can't get my chance.

"There are the chickens," she went on. "If I could afford even fifty dollars to put into settings of eggs and weather-tight accommodations and enclosed yards, I could make money. There's the trolley-line coming this spring right by the foot of the lane, so that we can market the eggs and chickens in the city, which we never could do before, because the horse is too old to drive in and out twice a week and do the farm-work besides. With your fancy vegetables and my chickens we could make this place pay by spending a little. Instead of that, we have to strip everything to get the interest on the mortgage together and pay off the notes—and even then we can't do it!"

"There's only fifty dollars on the notes," said Dick, encouragingly. "Get old Slater to renew them once more."

"He won't," said Gertrude. "As long as this farm was off in the backwoods he didn't care. But the trolley changes all that. Mr. Slater told me last week he had waited long enough for his money. He is going to foreclose—he said as much—unless we can raise the money for both notes and interest. He wants the farm. He thinks it's worth having, Dick. That's the hardest part of it; it is worth having, just as we have to lose it." And Gertrude's head went down in her hands in despair.

Dick looked at his sister in dismay. She was only four years older than he, but she had been mother as well as sister to him for so long that he looked up to her strength and ability. His father had been a dreamy, thriftless man, who had come back to the old farm from the city for his health, and whose creed had been that "things would last his time." But Gertrude! The place had already prospered better since Mr. Henderson's death, through her energy. Another year would have seen them through the worst of the debts, with a little indulgence on the old money-lender's part. If Gertrude gave up, if Gertrude felt the fight was hopeless, then indeed the crisis was desperate! Dick felt he must say something.

"We can sell the horse and—and the furniture, if it comes to that," he said.

"We can't farm without Rex, and he wouldn't sell for twenty dollars, either," replied his sister. "The furniture wouldn't bring anything to speak of. One hundred and forty dollars more before the sixteenth of March! Dick, I've lain awake and gone over everything we have in the world to sell, and seventy-five dollars is the very most, even if anybody wanted to buy. We haven't any relations that aren't as poor as we are, and father never had a rich friend, nor mother, either. All we've got is the farm, and it hasn't even any timber land, or water right, or anything on it to sell except the house and barn and fences. That grove father planted might be worth cutting down some day, but not yet."

"There was a man driving by yesterday who stopped and asked me about those trees," said Dick, suddenly. "He wanted to know how old they were, and how many of them. There he is, driving in again. Look!"

A well-dressed man, in a light buggy, drove up the lane and tied his horse by the barn. He looked round the farmyard, with its lack of prosperity, with a considering eye, and then came up to the shabby house.

Gertrude and Dick met him hospitably on the door-step.

"Thank you, I haven't time," was his brusque answer to their invitation to come in. "I see you have a few elm trees out there that might be worth transplanting. There are a great many round this part of the country, and I sometimes buy several of them here and there, that look as if they might live through transplanting. It's a lottery, for you never can tell, until three years afterward, whether a transplanted tree will live or die. But at a low price I can take the risk. I'm willing to give three or four dollars apiece for good trees the size of yours. If you're willing to take my price, it's a bargain."

Gertrude's heart fairly jumped. "How many would you want?" she asked.

"About fifteen or twenty, if you have as many as that that are worth taking. I'll go over and take a look at them," and off he started, with Dick at his heels.

Gertrude's heart fell again. Four dollars for twenty trees — to take the highest rate and largest number—would be only eighty dollars. That was not enough. Then another thought came into her mind, and as she followed it out, her face grew determined. She could look business-like when she chose. It was her business look, well known of Dick, that greeted the tree man when he came back, but quietly satisfied with what he had seen.

"I'll send my men out some day next week," he said. "The trees are not as large as I should like, but they'll pass muster at three dollars apiece."

"We have not made any bargain," said Gertrude, quietly.

The tree man looked at her. He had noticed only her youth and Dick's, the tumble-down farm, and the evident poverty of the place. Now he noticed Gertrude's mouth, and because he was something of a physiognomist, he changed his tone.

"I make you an offer of three dollars a tree for twenty trees, and I will put it in writing if you wish. I represent the firm of Williams & Prendergast"—and he took a business card out of his pocket and handed it to her. "My name is Sutton."

"I will consider the offer and write to you within a week, Mr. Sutton," said Gertrude, slowly.

The tree man looked at her now harder than ever.

"I am not sure our offer will hold a week," he said, "as I am in treaty for some other trees in the neighborhood."

"Very well," said Gertrude. "I will wait, then, till you write to me instead."

Mr. Sutton smiled uneasily. "We can wait—er—till next Friday," he said. Dick stared, and felt his confidence in Gertrude returning. He was not surprised when, after the man drove away, she turned a cheerful face upon him.

"Dick, those trees are worth something!" she cried.

"Three dollars apiece," responded Dick. "But twenty times three—"

"I did that sum while you took him to the grove. It isn't enough. But, Dick, the next thing I thought of was that there aren't any other elm trees like those for a good many miles around. Mr. Sutton saw them yesterday, and asked you about them. Then he drove on—to look for others. He had to come back—because he didn't find any others. And if he wants them, he will have to pay us five dollars apiece at least. What I wanted, Dick, was time to find out what trees are worth. You hitch up Rex, and we'll drive into the city."

Dick's eyes widened. "You're a daisy!" was his brotherly comment, and he hurried old Rex into the harness with boyish zeal.

The roads were rough, the wagon springs old. It was a jolted and shabby pair of young people that drove into the city two hours later, but hope rode with them and made the way easy.

"I don't know a soul we can ask," Gertrude had said, as she jumped into the wagon, "except the editor of the Farm Journal. Father once wrote an article for it, and always took it."

But the girl fell very shy, just the same, when she was ushered into the editor's office, to find, instead of the gray-haired sage she expected, an energetic young man who was busy with a stenographer and a printer's boy. He was not too busy, however, to give her attention in a few minutes, and ask her leading questions when she did not know exactly how to tell her story.

"H'm! Three dollars. How old are the trees, did you say? Sutton? Five dollars a possible price? My dear Miss Henderson, I know a man who paid one hundred and fifty dollars for a single eighteen-inch elm for his lawn the other day. He paid it—I don't say you can get it for yours. The tree man needs the lion's share, for he has to have special carts, built in sections, with a chute to slide the trees, earth and all, into the holes prepared for them; and he has to know just how and when to dig up the trees; and knowledge is money. I wouldn't advise you to ask more than twenty-five dollars apiece for your trees, because you might not get it. You write Mr. Sutton that you've consulted some one who is familiar with the rates, and that twenty-five is your price—for twenty trees. I think I can guess whom Sutton wants them for—Allen, the millionaire, whose new house is just finished, out by the lake. In that case you might get more, but twenty-five is a certainty. I'd be glad to know how you succeed—you needn't thank me. I wish I had a few elm trees myself for sale. Good-bye, Miss Henderson!" and Gertrude went out to the elevator, not knowing whether she wanted to go up or down, the confusion of her joy was so great.

"But I can't believe it, Dick, till it really happens," she said, over and over again on the way home.

"Never you mind," said Dick. "You write the letter to-night, and make it hot and strong about expert opinion. Say, don't you think thirty would be worth trying for?"

"No, I don't," said Gertrude, laughing. "When I ask expert opinion, Dick, I take it."

When Mr. Sutton, of Williams & Prendergast, opened his mail two days later, he whistled dolefully over one letter.

"Whew! Wherever did she find out?" he said to himself. "That's straight enough, though. First-rate eighteen-inch elms are scarce even at twenty-five, and that grove has just about the same exposure and soil as Allen's place, so the trees will take the transplanting kindly. The girl couldn't know that, though. She's clever—that's all. When a woman has business sense, she has it, young or old, and that's there is to it. Well, if I can't get the profit out of her, we'll have to get it out of Allen, or get on with less." And he passed to the next letter with a cordial admiration for Miss Gertrude Henderson.

"Just think," said Gertrude, a week later, as she and Dick were again driving into the city, "you're going to get a suit of clothes and I'm going to buy a wonderful dress, and we can have poultry-yards, and an incubator, and cold-frames for the early vegetables; and next year we can look Mr. Slater in the face and pay his interest without trouble. But one hundred and forty dollars is going into the bank to-day, Dick, so as to be ready for him."

"There are still a dozen elms left," suggested Dick. "If ever I have a crest, Gertrude, it will be an elm rampant, on a mortgage, gules, with the motto, 'Treed at last!' Aren't you going to ask the editor of the Farm Journal out to tea? If you don't, you are a heartless ingrate."

This accounts for—but that is another story, of romance, not of mortgages.

WHEN YOUR BACK HURTS.

Of course it's hard to work. Stooping over hurts, lifting is tedious, and you wonder what to do. Ever try Nerviline? Nothing like it for weak or lame back. It penetrates to the core of the pain, eases from the first application, brings cure that defies a relapse. No liniment is so clean, so soothing, so certain to kill muscular rheumatic or sciatic pains. Your dealer sells Polson's Nerviline in large 25c. bottles. Why not try it?

Why is the baker a very improvident person?

He is always selling what he kneads himself.

What bird tells in its name the thing which if we had not we should die?

A swallow.

HOW PERFUMES ARE MADE

Almost the entire population of the city of Grasse, in Southern France, is devoted to the cultivation of flowers and the extraction of perfumes from them—with the result, says Harper's Magazine, that the community controls the market for the most delicate essences. For ten months in the year the Grassois are employed gathering, sorting and distilling blooms. About the town are flower-gardens which extend for many miles, and from which are plucked in a single season more than three million pounds of roses, half as many again of orange blossoms, a million pounds of jassamine, nearly as much of violets, and hundreds of thousands of pounds of other flowers, including lavender, tuberoses, thyme, rosemary, myrtle and jonquils.

After these are picked they must be carefully sorted, and in the case of the roses, at least, the petals carefully separated from the pistils by hand.

The essential oils are extracted in several different ways, in each of which the Grassois have kept quite abreast of modern science and have utilized the latest discoveries of the chemical laboratory.

Rosemary, thyme, lavender, geranium, roses and orange-flowers they distil by steam, in huge alembics, which hold from three hundred to sixty thousand quarts. The oil is skimmed from the water after condensation. The water itself is preserved and used over and over again, for it is saturated with the perfume, and great quantities of it are sold as jassamine-water, rose-water and other flower waters.

For the extraction of the more delicate essences the method in highest favor is that of cold enfleurage. On the purest of cold lard, spread on glass plates in wooden frames, the fresh flowers are laid until the lard becomes a saturated pomade of essence. Cold alcohol is then added to the lard, and the two continually paddled together, until the alcohol has dissolved out the floral oil. After the evaporation of the alcohol the perfume remains as the "quintessence" of the flower.

The third method, by which the "quintessences" of rose and violet are obtained, is hot maceration, in which the flowers are put into hot lard and there continually stirred, the lard being afterward pressed out. The most modern of all methods, although not the best in results, is that in which the perfumes are extracted in a closed vessel by some light spirit of petroleum.

A pound of oil extracted from orange-flowers by the steam process is worth thirty-six dollars; extracted by petroleum it is worth twice as much, and by melted lard, one hundred and thirty-six dollars. Violet essence extracted by the petroleum method is worth one hundred and sixty-three dollars a pound, but a pound extracted through lard is worth more than fourteen hundred dollars.

It is a curious characteristic of the perfume manufacture that although chemists have succeeded in closely imitating many of the odors by synthesis, this competition has stimulated and not cut down the demand for the natural product. Artificial odors, used to scent soaps and other toilet articles, apparently add to the desire for the finest essences in the scent bottle.

The chemical manufacture of scents proceeds in three ways — by the actual synthesis of the essential oil, by the production of some other substance having the same odor, and by the development of new odors not found in nature. In the first manner is produced annually a great quantity of artificial vanillin exactly like the extract of the vanilla bean. By the second is produced an artificial musk, entirely unlike the natural product except in odor. By the third are made helitropin, which constitutes the perfume known as "white helitrope," and terpinold,—from turpentine,—which is made into "white lilac" scent.

What is the difference between a watchmaker and a jailer?

One sells watches and the other watches cells.

What is the oldest tree in America?

The elder tree.